

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 6.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

By R. H. D.

ABOUT fifteen years before Sir Joshua Reynolds painted little Penelope Boothby, whose pitiful story we told you in November, he sent one spring day into the great London exhibition certain portraits of a few famous and royal people. This exhibition was held in the magnificent hall of the Royal Academy in Pall Mall; and I wish the boys and girls who read this dull black and white page could have a glimpse, instead, of the crowd that gathered quickly before these pictures. For the little Joshua who used to draw with charcoal on the cellar walls of his father's school-house was now President of this Royal Academy, and the people who crowded up to see these pictures (one of which he had said himself was his masterpiece) had all been painted by him,—princes and dukes, and noble "macaronies" splendid in velvet and lace and great wigs of powdered hair and jewel-hilted swords; and great ladies in their thin, scant dresses and nodding plumes of feathers or straw a yard high.

You would have seen them all uncover and bow to the ground as a fat, pretty boy of eleven, dressed in crimson slashed with white satin, came in under charge of his tutor. This was the little Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and you might have heard it whispered about that the boy, with all the other royal children, was kept in strict seclusion, with no play between lessons except planting wheat, weeding, reaping, and thrashing it, by which means the Queen proposed to make them understand the lives of the common people.

In spite of all this care, the lad had already showed that he cared for nothing beyond his fine clothes. The "common people" never were to him of more value than the pigs which chased each other through dirty London gutters; useful animals, perhaps, but not to be touched or smelled, by any means. The little George was concerned on this day about a new jeweled buckle on his shoe,—and, indeed, the great George which he became, whom you may hear called "the first gentleman of Europe," was always more concerned about buckles and wigs than anything else until the day of his death.

There were at the exhibition, among these noblemen and ladies with their fine dress and brilliant talk and coarse lives, a few of the common people. One big, burly, stoop-shouldered, near-sighted man, with slovenly coat and snuff-drabbed waistcoat, went about peering at the pictures closely, and grunting out an answer when he was spoken to. This was the great Dr. Johnson, in a worse humor than usual. You may be sure the macaronies and fine ladies gave him plenty of room. Low birth and rough manner were crimes they did not forgive. The man behind him, with the quick, nervous eyes and red nose, is Mr. Boswell.

There was there, too, a young, smooth-faced, smooth-spoken young man with his hat on, who was pointed out as Mr. West, the Quaker painter, from Penn's colony in America, whom the King had just taken into his own protection. The sight



THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

of him brought up among the gentlemen the story of the rumor which had just come from America by a ship only ten weeks out, that there was likely to be some trouble about the four shiploads of tea just sent over. They were all of opinion, however, that it would be a little fire soon stamped out, as the Americans were, with few exceptions, of the paltry lower classes.

Sir Joshua himself comes in for a few minutes,—a large, heavily built man, with a sincere and kindly face, which a deep scar on his upper lip does not hurt. He wears spectacles, and there is an ear-trumpet hanging over his frilled shirt, and great golden seals dangling below his embroidered waistcoat, while the big rolled collar of his coat reaches high behind his ears. He finds the crowd all gathered about one of his pictures, and it is not one of the famous or royal portraits either, but that of a little girl in a coarse dress creeping down a lane, glancing from side to side, her pottle of strawberries on her arm. She is one of the "common people."

If the Earl of Carysfort, who is looking at the picture with loud expressions of delight, had met the little girl alive in one of the narrow streets, he would, quite unmoved, have seen his coachman crowd her to the wall as though she were a dog; but now he declares his palace unfurnished and a poor place without her, and whispers to Sir Joshua to name his own price. Whereupon the painter smiles quietly, and says that "it is given to no man to accomplish more than three or four great works in his life, and this is one of mine."

Since then, the Strawberry Girl has gone down with her immortal beauty from one palace to another; the last time she was sold, 11,000 dollars were paid for her. Artists have learned from her new conceptions of their divine art, and critics alike have raved over the "glowing golden tone" of the air that surrounds her, which breathes, say they, "of purple vintage and the balmy south." Now she has come into ST. NICHOLAS, to show us the face with which a little innocent English girl met the world a hundred years ago.

There is something in the eyes which is far alien from palaces, and which tells us that England, as she knew it, was by no means the merry England of which we read in the histories of those who lived in them. Very few of the children of the titled crowd who crowded the exhibition could have met us with a look so innocent and pure. The little sons of noble and gentlemen not only dressed precisely as their fathers did, but swaggered and swore like them, and drew and flashed their tiny swords on occasion. Boys of fourteen at school were carried in sedan-chairs to masquerades at night, drank their two glasses of port or four of claret for dinner,

at eighteen shut their books, made the grand tour of Europe, and came home as ready as their fathers, as we may believe, for all the follies of the town.

Girls of the same age finished their studies at fifteen; and after that, if they too did not plunge into the mad rout of fashion, gave themselves up to embroidery and card-playing and the narrowest of home lives. But little was known by them of the great world outside of England, nothing of the greater world of stars, trees, animals living about them. There were but half a dozen books for children then; but one or two readable novels, and the little and ill-printed newspapers were filled with dreary stories of the loves of Lady Amelia or Lord John, news months old from other countries, and dismal accounts of burglaries and highway robberies. We do not believe our strawberry girl was one of these well-born maidens; but neither will we credit the story that Sir Joshua found her on the street one day and paid her to sit as his model.

Innocent little girls were no plentier in the hovels of London then than in the palaces. The city was shut in by roads made impassable by mud half the year, and blockaded by snows, sometimes ten feet deep, the other half. The "common people" were wretchedly poor and weighed down with taxes. They made gangs of "'Prentices" or "Craftsmen," and at the cry of "Clubs!" were ready to break each other's heads, or to follow any leader like Lord George Gordon to burn the houses of the rich or to open Newgate, and were quite as ready to halloo when their leader was hung. Ladies could not drive abroad at noonday in the streets without danger of footpads, who presented masked faces and a pistol at the coach-window. In return, the rich hung and quartered these poor folks very much as we do sheep. Women were hung for stealing a quartern loaf or a piece of cloth. Men —

But why should we lift this black curtain any higher? The little strawberry girl has come from behind it to say that even in that old time, as now, there were pure and good mothers and happy children who slept upon their bosoms. We are sure Sir Joshua caught sight of the little girl peeping out of some shady lane, when he made his annual journey to his old village home at Plympton Maurice; and carrying her face and sweet innocence away in his memory, gave them to the wicked world about him, and to us, as a perpetual lesson and benison to us all. Meanwhile, the child, no doubt, grew into a gentle, gracious-natured woman, lived out her quiet life among the shady lanes, and is dead, and never knew that her beauty and purity had become a priceless possession to the world—an

immortal heritage to be handed down from generation to generation.

The little children who look at her may not all have beautiful faces to give pleasure to others, and no Sir Joshua to make them enduring if they had; they may live in as obscure a corner of the world

as the nameless little strawberry girl, and die there unknown; but they may be quite sure that there is not a kindly word of theirs, nor an honest act, nor a true, noble thought which will not go out into the world as her innocence has done, to help to make it better and be like it—immortal.

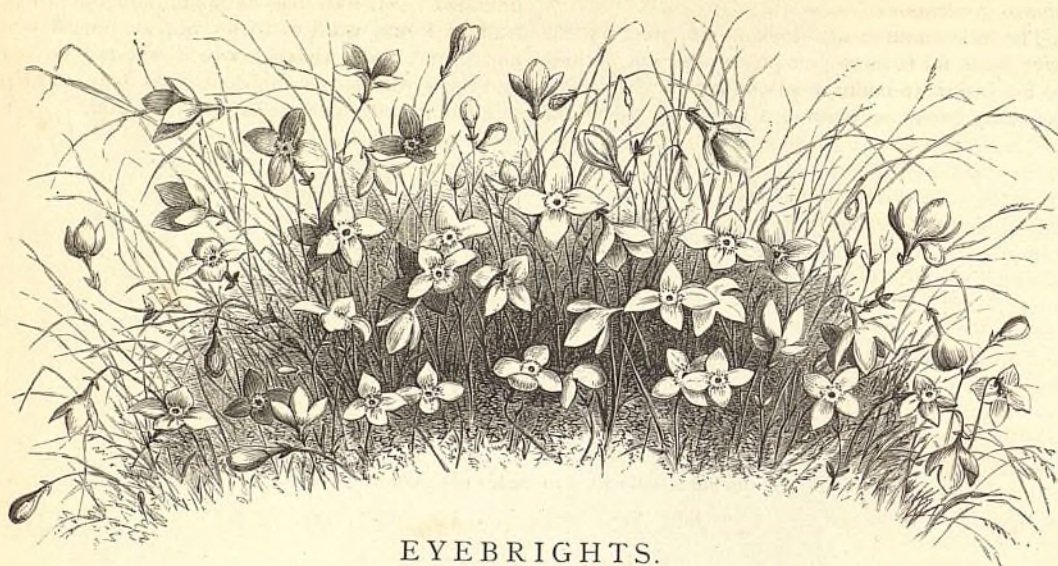
THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. VI.)

[For the benefit, this time, of our readers who are learning French.]



PETITE Marie Martin,
En mangeant du pain,
D'un corbeau reçoit une visite.
Dit-elle, "Eh bien !
Je vous laiss'rai mon pain.
Au revoir !" Et elle sortit très-vite.



EYEBRIGHTS.

BY L. G. WARNER.

"OH, how came you here,
 You sweet, airy things—
 Such troops and troops of you?
 Had n't you wings?
 For here but yesterday
 Snow lay cold,—
 Who ever heard
 Of babies so bold!"

"Wings?—oh, not at all!
 But down in our bed,
 Under the leaves,
 We heard overhead
 The quick little feet
 Of a robin run;
 And a warm, soft ray
 From the kind, great sun
 Was sent that moment,
 Just for our sake;
 While a bluebird sang:
 'Wake, little dears, wake!'
 Then the queer little bugs
 That had cuddled up warm
 In a moss-bed near,
 Through the wind and storm
 And some spry little ants,
 Of a sudden stirred,
 And were off on their travels,
 Without one word.
 So up through the leaves
 All shining with rain,

We sprang back to life,
 Right happy again
 To see the green grass
 And blue, blue skies,
 The buds and the birds,
 With our own bright eyes.
 Some of us came
 Ere the moon's pale light
 Had faded away,
 And are fair and white;
 And some slept on
 The still night through,
 And caught in our faces
 The day's warm blue.
 Such a bright, glad world,
 No matter what weather,
 For in sunshine or shade
 We're always together!
 On us all alike
 The rain must fall;
 When the wind waves one
 It waves us all.
 Such a joy to breathe
 The sweet, soft air!
 To hear the music
 That's everywhere!
 To look far up
 At the trees so high,
 And watch the branches
 Against the sky!
 But when the children

That love us well
Come through the meadow
And down the dell,
With merry laughter
And happy plays,
'T is the sweetest day
Of all our days."

Then the golden sun
Sank down to rest,
And the color faded
Out of the west.

And when I looked,
In the dim twilight,
For the tender innocents,
Blue and white,
Whose sweet, calm faces
To us seemed sent
To make us braver
And more content,—
With heads dropt low,
And folded eyes,
They were fast asleep
'Neath the brooding skies.

HOW A GRIZZLY TREED OBED ROLLINS;

OR, "TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"HE might ez well be'n struck by a grizzly; he's stone dead," said Obed Rollins, as he bent over the body of a small dog, just killed by an unlucky kick from my mule.

"I would n't hev took ten dollars for that dorg this mornin'; he waz the best one for b'ars in all Truckee; an', ef he waz a yaller dorg, he could whip twice his weight in wild cats any day.

"Jest ter think," continued he, "that Pete should hev be'n kicked ter de'th by a mule, after what he's be'n through; I allers reckoned he knowed too much tu git behind a mule. He's be'n knocked over more 'n twenty times by b'ars, and it never discouraged him a mite; but he's done for this time sure 'n shootin', ef he did hev more clean grit then enny other yaller dorg I ever seed. I could tell Pete's yelp two miles away, when he'd treed a b'ar, an' yer mought bet you'd find him right at the foot of the tree every time; an' now he's be'n an' gone an' got kicked ter de'th by a mule."

I expressed my regret for the accident that had deprived its owner of so valuable a favorite, and then, for the purpose of introducing the object of my visit, inquired if Pete "had ever treed many grizzlies?"

"Treed grizzlies!" repeated Obed, with a look of supreme contempt; "why, grizzlies can't climb! Pete's treed many a' other b'ar, but never no grizzly."

And Obed cast upon me such a look of perfect scorn, that I actually blushed at my own igno-

rance; for Obed Rollins, although the most shiftless and improvident man in Truckee, bore the reputation of being the most expert bear-hunter in the settlement.

Like all frontiersmen, he believed implicitly in his own powers, and if he failed to secure the game of which he was in search to-day, was confident that to-morrow would certainly bring him better luck.

Careless, extravagant, jolly and ragged, he was the very embodiment of good-natured laziness, and would return empty-handed to his family, after a week's absence in the mountains, with as much complacency as though he brought with him a fine fat buck or the carcass of a grizzly. Even the fretting and scolding of his wife failed to ruffle his invariable good temper, and he would turn from her taunts and reproaches, to play with the dogs or the children, with as much indifference and apathy as though she did not exist, or the larder, instead of being as bare as "Old Mother Hubbard's" cupboard, was stocked with a month's provisions.

In despite of Obed's faults, his good nature made him a great favorite in the settlement, and his appearance upon the street was generally regarded as an invitation to listen to one of his famous bear-stories.

Sometimes it was an old gray-headed miner, sometimes a neighbor or a stranger, who made the request. Whoever it was, Obed was rarely known to refuse. Nor was it an unfrequent sight to

see him, surrounded by his dogs, the center of a group of boys and girls, lazily reposing under the shade of some spreading oak, while he narrated for their amusement some of his own thrilling adventures or hair-breadth escapes.

Although a new-comer in Truckee, Obed's fame as a bear-hunter had reached my ears; and on that bright October morning, I had gone over to confer with him regarding the chances of capturing a troublesome grizzly that had recently been raiding upon my corral.

While engaged in conversation, one of his dogs that had, unwittingly, approached too near my mule, had been instantly killed by a blow from the animal's hind-foot. Hence Obed's lamentations.

After some time spent in condoling with him over the untimely death of Pete, I succeeded in enlisting his services, and a couple of hours later saw us, accompanied by his dogs, *en route* for the mountains in pursuit of the grizzly. While sitting around our camp-fire that evening, Obed entertained me with the following story, which I shall relate as nearly as possible in his own words:

"Five year ago, when I jest come ter Truckee, a-minin' was pretty nigh played out; but the woods round waz full of b'ars, so I took ter huntin' em. It's a mighty onsartin' bizness, but I've been pretty lucky; I haint lost no b'ars yit, nor haint got 'chawed up,' ez most b'ar-hunters do afore they've be'n at it ez long ez me.

"I got me a couple of bull-purps to start with, but I soon found out thet blooded dorgs warn't no account in a b'ar-hunt. You see they close right in with a b'ar, and the konsiquens is, they don't last no time. Mongrels is what yer want in a b'ar-hunt; no account dorgs is the ones to worry a b'ar powerful; snappin' and snarlin' and bitin' in the rear is more'n a b'ar can stan' by considerable. You see it confuses 'em so, that they naturally take to a tree, and then you hev got 'em. Why, Squire, the hardest fight I ever had with a black b'ar was right here, and the biggest one I ever killed I shot on the crotch er that beech thar" (pointing to a large tree close at hand). "I'll tell yer about it ef yer like, ez soon ez I light my pipe."

The pipe being lighted, Obed commenced as follows:

"It was a mornin' in November. I had n't slep' much all night, and along jest afore daylight I heerd Pete yelp.

"I knowed from the sound, thet he waz on ther track o' somethin', so I got up and dressed and went out ter see what it waz. Putty soon I heerd him ag'in down in these woods, so I took old Kaintuck* and started.

"Jest after daylight, I struck a b'ar's trail in thet same corn-field we come through this afternoon; I

see plenty of places, too, where he'd helped himself to ther corn. I follard the tracks till I got well inter these woods, and then waited for Pete ter speak again. In a little while I heerd him yelp, and I know'd by the sound he'd got the b'ar treed, an' he'd stay by it till I got thar. I stepped along putty lively, though I did n't keer to hurry much, and I got ter jest about where you're sittin' afore I seed the dorgs. There old Pete was, a-standin' straight up on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws braced agin' the tree, lookin' at the b'ar, and ev'ry few minutes yellin' 'Obed!' ez plain ez anybody could say it.

"Well, Squire, that waz the crossest-lookin' b'ar I ever seed, an' I knowed thet I should hev trouble with him ez soon ez I sot eyes on him; 'cause, yer see, ther dorgs had got him riled cl'ar through. He waz so mad, he did n't seem ter take no notice o' me, so I crep' round ter whar I could git a fair shot. Yer see, in shootin' a b'ar, ef yer can put a bullet right in behind the fore-shoulder, ten ter one one shot's 'nuff. So I crep' round till I got jest the position I wanted, and then I drew old Kaintuck on him.

"He kinder looked round at me when I fired, and then settled down on ter thet big limb thar, as though he waz detarmined to stick thar. So I fired once more; the critter jest give a low growl, and hugged it all the closer.

"I hed to fire ag'in afore he dropped, and ez quick as he struck the ground the dorgs made for him; but, bless yer, quicker'n I hev took ter tell yer, three o' them dorgs waz dead. Pete waz the only live one left. I never see a b'ar thet could handle his paws as thet one did; they made me think o' that wind-mill down in the Merced Valley, more'n ennything I ever seed afore.

"Pete knowed better 'ern ter tackle thet critter; he jest sot and watched ev'ry motion—ez knowin' ez enny man would 'a' done; and ef he seed the b'ar look toward where he waz a-sittin', he'd 'ki-yi' like all posset, and put inter the woods. Wal, I seed I could n't do nothin' with ther dorg, so I made up my mind to go for the critter myself. I drewed my knife and started toward him; but afore I got within six feet of him, he riz up an' hit me a lick with one of his paws, thet knocked me more'n ten feet, and sent my knife whar I never hev seed it ter this day. Nor I haint never found out how he done it either, for 't waz did so awful quick. When I come to, the b'ar lay thar dead. I hunted for my knife awhile, an' then went back ter the settlement, an' got some of the boys ter come out an' help me carry the critter home, for 't waz the biggest black b'ar ever killed in Truckee. My head did n't get over akin' for a month arter thet, though I never should hev got him ennyway, ef it had n't

* His rifle.

a be'n fur Pete;—an' ter think that a dorg thet knowed ez much ez Pete should hev be'n and gone an got kicked ter de'th by a mule at last! Thet's what beats me; it do, sure," and Obed shook his head as though he indeed failed to comprehend how it could possibly be. After some further conversation upon bears, Obed replenished our camp-fire for the night, and we both turned in.

I was wakened just after daylight in the morning by the quick, sharp yelp of the dogs. Obed sprang to his feet, and seizing his rifle, shouted, "It's a deer," and a moment later had disappeared in the forest. Thinking it but little use to follow him, and supposing he would soon return, as I noticed he had left his ammunition-belt behind, I composed myself for another nap, and upon awaking an hour or two later, was surprised to find that Obed was still absent. However, I busied myself getting breakfast and eating it; smoked my pipe, and amused myself prospecting near the camp, indulging in a pleasant reverie of what might happen if I should chance to discover a rich deposit of the precious metal, instead of the grizzly we were in search of. Thus hour after hour passed, but no Obed appeared.

I was alone, in the midst of a vast forest, whose stillness was undisturbed save by the rustle of some falling leaf, or the occasional notes of some "deep-wood songster," whose flute-like tones—now so soft and low, and again so loud and shrill; a moment since so far away, and now so very near—startled me from my musings by their almost unearthly sweetness. I knew that it must be nearly noon, and Obed was still absent.

"What could have become of him?" I asked myself the question many times over.

No sound disturbed the death-like stillness of the vast solitude about me. Alarmed at Obed's long absence, not knowing what to do, yet hardly daring to do nothing, I determined to venture forth in search of him.

Taking the direction in which I knew he had started in the morning, I followed upon his trail, using great care to so mark my course that I should be enabled to find my way back to camp.

I walked for some time, anxiously watching for the slightest trace that would help me solve the mystery of Obed's absence, when my attention was attracted by the print of an enormous foot in the soft earth. My first impression was that it must be the track of some giant, so closely did it resemble the print of a human foot in form and size. By actual measurement I found it to be more than eleven inches in length by seven in breadth. I soon discovered other tracks, however, although none were so well defined and distinct as the one first seen. A little reflection convinced me that

they must be the tracks of a grizzly, or, judging from their numbers, perhaps half-a-dozen. The prospect was not a pleasing one. What should I do?

The thought of my situation caused me to hesitate some time before deciding. I remembered stories I had heard old hunters tell of the habits of the grizzly,—of their immense size and strength, as well as the celerity of their movements,—and I almost concluded to return to camp. But then, would I be any better off? Might not Obed require my services? The bare idea that so renowned a bear-hunter should need the services of any person, caused me to laugh so heartily that forthwith all hesitation vanished, and I decided to go on until I should find it necessary to retrace my steps in order to reach camp before darkness should set in.

I had, perhaps, traveled three or four miles, occasionally pausing to listen for the yelp of the dogs, or perchance expecting to hear Obed's voice in the distance, when, somewhat tired and fatigued, I seated myself on a rock upon the side of a ledge, for the purpose of taking a rest preparatory to my return to camp, where I had, by this time, persuaded myself I should find Obed with a good supply of venison.

While thus resting, my attention was attracted by a singular noise that appeared to come from the other side of the ledge. What it was I could not imagine, but determined to see for myself. Creeping cautiously to the top of the bluff, I peered over.

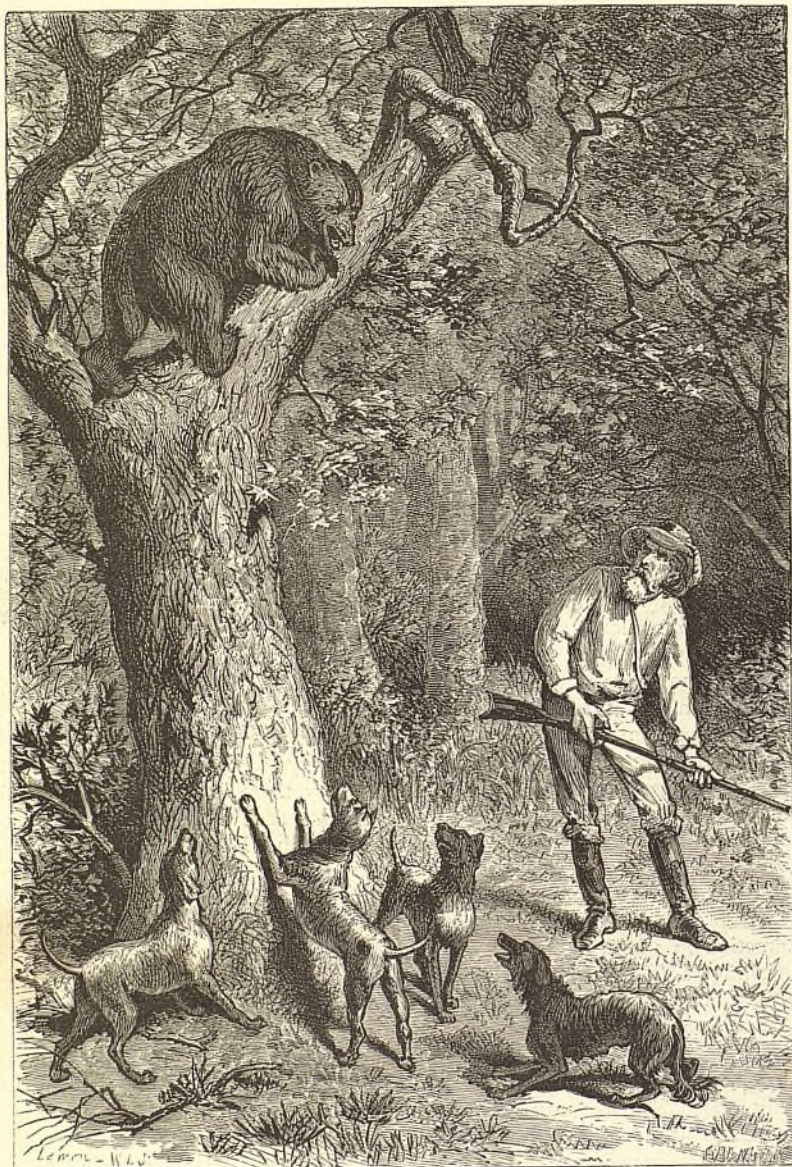
Not twenty feet away was a huge bear and two cubs, each as large as a small calf. I realized at once, from the size of the mother, as well as from her shaggy coat of dun-brown hair, thickly flecked with gray, that she was a grizzly. My first impulse, to quickly seek a safer locality, was overcome by curiosity, and I decided to remain and watch the animals for a few minutes. The cubs were having a nice time, rolling over and over upon the pinecones, with which the ground was strewn, reminding me, in their antics, of two great Newfoundland dogs at play—while the mother was evidently enjoying the scene quite as much as myself.

Occasionally, she would sit upright upon the ground, and, rubbing her nose with her paws, cast a glance upward, while she uttered the low wheezing growl that had first attracted my attention. Then, stretching herself at full length upon the ground, she would playfully push with her paws what, at first sight, I thought was a crooked stick, but which, to my horror, I soon discovered was the broken stock of a rifle. Instantly there flashed across my mind a story that I once heard a trapper tell of a comrade, who, being pursued by a grizzly and finding escape impossible, threw himself on the ground and feigned death, while the creature ab-

solutely dug a hole, and pushing him into it, covered him over, intending to return at some future time and devour him.

Was that Obed's fate, and was the broken rifle his? The very thought frightened me half out of

position, I at length discovered through the thick foliage the form of Obed perched high up in the branches of a large birch, regarding, with a most lugubrious countenance, the playful gambols of the affectionate trio beneath him.



OBED TREES A BEAR.

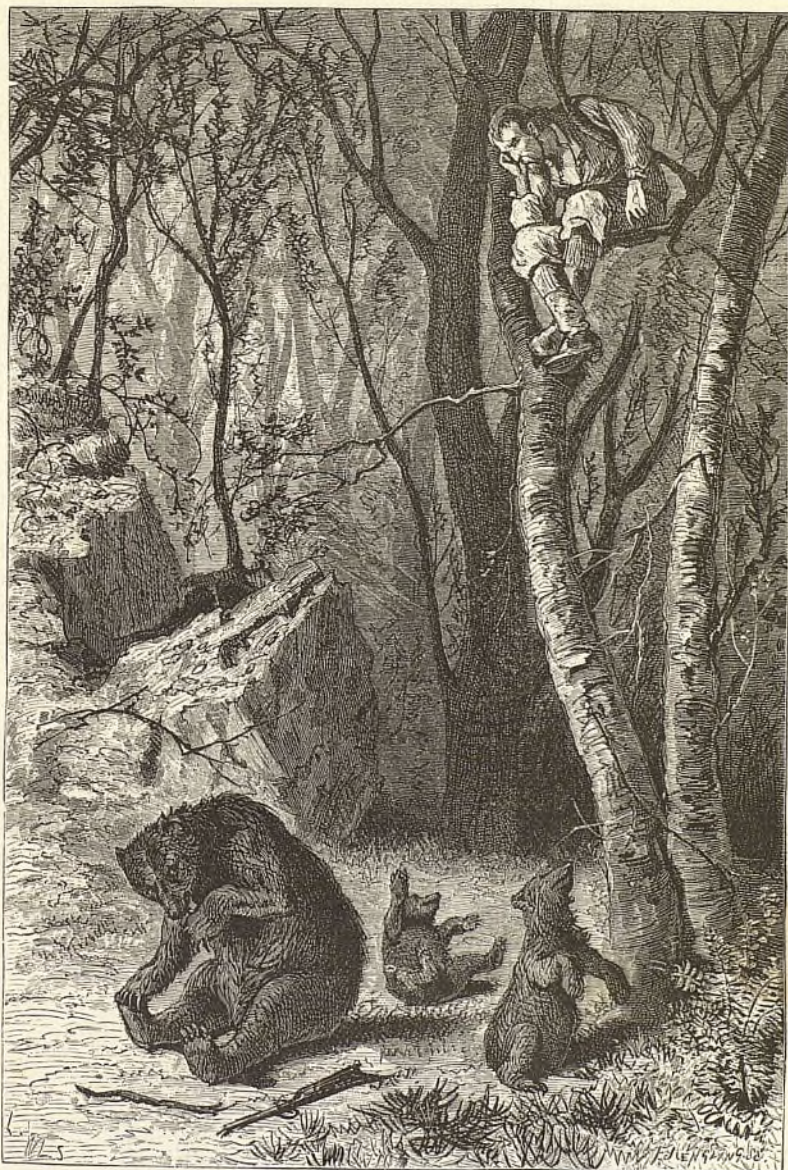
my senses, yet I was so fascinated by the scene that I had no power to leave it. I noticed that the cubs, like the old bear, appeared to be especially attracted toward one particular tree, rubbing themselves against it, scratching it and reaching up toward the top. By dint of repeatedly changing my

Nothing but the fear of attracting the attention of the bears to myself prevented me from bursting into a loud laugh at the sight of the unpleasant predicament of the renowned bear-hunter of Truckee. I knew that I must make no noise, and I certainly did not dare to fire, lest I should only

wound the bear; and even if I were so fortunate as to kill the old bear, how could I dispose of the cubs? How could I give Obed information of my presence, without imparting the same to his enemies?

What should I do? After much hesitation, I

the exercise of the greatest caution, I managed to reach the foot of the ledge, and no better time was ever made in the woods of Truckee than I made in reaching camp, where I immediately kindled a huge fire and seated myself, rifle in hand, with



A BEAR TREES OBED.

decided to withdraw from the vicinity as quietly as possible, trusting that Bruin would become tired of keeping vigil, and leave Obed to descend from his uncomfortable position.

I hardly dared to breathe, so careful was I of interrupting the playful scene I had witnessed. By

eyes and ears wide on the alert, to wait the appearance of Obed.

I waited through all the long hours of that night, listening to the crackling of the burning wood, and fancying that the rustle of every leaf, or the swaying of a bough over my head, was the stealthy tread

of a grizzly or a panther. At last, toward morning, with my rifle in my lap, I fell asleep, worn out with excitement and fatigue. How long I slept I do not know. When I sprang to my feet the sun was shining brightly, and the first object that met my gaze was Obed, with his face buried in the water of the spring by which we were encamped.

Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation of surprise at the sight! Obed, raising his head, while the water ran from his beard in streams, said, "Don't speak to me till I git through drinkin'," and immediately plunged his head into the water once more, declaring that "a drink of cold water waz worth more'n all the whisky in Californy." I finally succeeded in inducing him to narrate his adventures after leaving the camp.

"Yer see, when I started, Squire, I 'spected ter find that deer close by; but them dorgs waz furdur away than I thought for. I follered 'em putty lively though, until I turned the corner of a ledge, and, blast my picter, ef I did n't come slap on ter a grizzly ez big ez a ox, with two cubs. She was so clus I could n't fire, so I jest fetched her one clip on the nose (that's the tender part of a grizzly) with my gun, and clim' a tree; fer yer see, Squire, I did n't hev no time ter spare.

"Well, ez soon ez she see I was out er her reach, she went for that tree. She bit, an' scratched, an' pawed, and rubbed it, till I thought, for the life of

me, she'd hev me down. All at once she spied the gun lyin' on the ground, an', quicker'n lightnin', she grabbed it in her paws, broke it an' twisted the barrel for all the world jest like a corkscrew.

"Wal, sir, thet old b'ar and her cubs jest staid at the foot of that tree, a-waitin' for me to come down, all day an' all night; an' jest after daylight this mornin' they lit out, an' then I lit out, for I knowed they'd gone for good. I would n't hev minded the sittin' part so much, Squire, ef I'd hed suthin' to take, 'cause yer see, Squire, I got powerful thirsty up thar; but after all, the most aggravating part of it waz to see the old b'ar an' them two cubs jest a-foolin' round the foot o' that tree, an' no chance to get a shot at 'em."

I deemed it advisable not to acquaint Obed of my visit to the scene of his discomfiture until after a more successful attempt to capture the grizzly, although I could not forbear rallying him some upon his manner of hunting bears.

He bore my remarks with his usual good-nature, until I referred to the loss of his rifle, when he replied by saying:

"Ef yer want me ter hunt b'ars with ye, the less yer say 'bout old Kaintuck the better. 'Turn about is fair play,' I reckon. I've treed many a b'ar afore now, an' thet's the fust one thet ever treed me. Nor he would n't hev done it, ef Pete had n't gone an' got kicked ter de'th by a mule."

THE FROG, THE CRAB, AND THE LIMPSY EEL.

A FROG, a crab, and a limpsy eel
 Agreed to run a race.
 The frog leaped so far he lost his way,
 And tumbled on his face.
 The crab went well, but quite forgot
 To go ahead as he went,
 And so crawled backward every step—
 On winning the race intent.
 And the limpsy eel, he curled and curled,
 And waved to left and right,
 Till the crab came backing the other way,
 And the frog jumped past them quite.
 But when last I looked, the limpsy eel
 Was curling himself apace,
 The frog had tangled his two hind-legs,
 And the crab had won the race!

CHEERY PEOPLE.

By H. H.



H, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost—*i. e.* to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine, to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all—in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing their very best to make it dismal? Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offense. In fact, I believe they will always be such good friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow—fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do, feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in—only more so;

for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make them brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up, and help everybody along!—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole life-time to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman I know whose face was always cheery and bright; "the face of her does one good, shure!"

I said if there were only a recipe—a sure and certain recipe—for making a cheery person, we would all be glad to try it. There is no such recipe, and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it. It would take time and trouble. Cheeriness cannot be taught like writing, "in twenty lessons;" nor analyzed and classified and set forth in a manual, such as "The Art of Polite Conversation," or "Etiquette Made Easy for Ladies and Gentlemen." It lies so deep that no surface rules of behavior, no description

ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up" and "master" it, like a trade or a study. I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have. But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations. To do this we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know, and follow their example. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds—or if he minds, never says a word about—small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about him laugh, at every amusing thing; no matter how small, he has his laugh, and

a good hearty laugh too, and tries to make everybody share it. Patience, sympathy, and humor—these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person. But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which "doeth good like a medicine."

Somebody once asked a great painter, whose pictures were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring: "Pray, Mr. —, how *do* you mix your colors?"

"With brains, madam—with brains," growled the painter. His ill-nature spoke a truth. All men had or might have the colors he used; but no man produced the colors he produced.

So I would say of cheeriness. Patience, sympathy, and humor are the colors; but patience may be mere doggedness and reticence, sympathy may be wordy and shallow and selfish, and humor may be only a sharp perception of the ridiculous. Only when they are mixed with love—love, three times love—do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

A LAKE ON FIRE.

BY PAIGE DWIGHT.

BOB and Nan live up among the icicles. What there is between them and the North Pole is at present of small account to anybody except the fur traders. Just behind their house the woods begin, and I do not believe they end very much this side of that open Polar Sea, about which such a time has been made during the last hundred years.

Bob is seven, Nan is five. She is not his own sister, but a little motherless child that had drifted into Bob's house with the pleasant sunlight one summer's morning. She was warmly welcomed, and so well cared for that by the time the autumn days set in, the buttons on her waist began to pop off like Peggotty's in Mr. Dickens's story, for she grew as plump as the plovers Bob was following over the wild hill-sides all those golden afternoons.

Early in November, Jack Frost came dashing out of the woods on his way to the south, for like many another fine gentleman, you know, Jack

travels toward the south in the winter, and takes his diamonds with him.

How every one at Bob's house flew about when they found Jack Frost's presents lavishly strewn over the place in the morning, for he had entered town by moonlight the night before. The little lawn looked as though somebody had been shaking a huge sugar-sifter over it, and here and there were delicate ferns and crystallized snow-flakes upon the panes, and to every one, old and young, had been generously given a shiver and a red nose. The truth is, nobody expected Jack so early, and the whole household at once set to work to give him a warm reception. Double windows and doors went up, and warm blankets and coats came down, and cotton went into cracks, and furs came out of boxes, and men banked up the house with saw-dust, and boxes of winter stores came from the grocer's; and mamma, who liked winter, sang; and

papa, who liked summer, growled; and as for Bob and Nan, they frisked from one end of the house to the other, watching the snow-flakes from every window, and thought it was the "most delightful" day they had ever experienced.

After a day or two, papa—who, as mamma said, was fearfully "bundled up"—took Bob down town; and the little fellow was bundled up too when he came home. First, besides his warm stockings, he had on a pair of German socks—curious cloth stockings, lined with thick rows of tufted white wool, reaching up to his short trousers—and drawn over the feet of these were yellow moccasins.

Flannel wrappers, a flannel jacket, a thick coat, a Cardigan jacket, an overcoat and cape, a thick scarf, a heavy fur cap, and two pairs of mittens, one of woolen and one of buckskin, so effectually



BOB'S FATHER.

barricaded Bob's body from the cold that he declared it was as "warm as toast" out of doors, when the thermometer was below zero.

Thus equipped, our muffled young gentleman dragged behind him what every boy who wears mittens expects to have—a beautiful sled. I often think the people who sell boys mittens ought to throw in sleds with them, for of what earthly use would the mittens be if there were no sleds to drag? Bob's was scarlet, and its name was Racer.

The snow came down day after day, silently in large flakes, or noisily, sifted fine by the north wind, and after awhile the clouds gathered up their skirts and skipped away from the sky, and the sun shone brilliantly in the clear blue.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" cried Bob's mamma, gazing out upon the snow touched by rosy and golden hues, with rich colors of delicate shades blending on the opposite shore of the bay, miles away.

"Here, untie my shoes, quick!" cried Bob, rushing in. "I want to put on my moccasins, and there's a hard knot. I mean, please untie them—please hurry, quick!"

"Do you expect the snow will melt away if you wait long enough to be polite?" said mamma. "We shall probably have one hundred and twenty-one days for the sleds. I presume ninety pleasant days like this are before us. Lake Superior winters are famous for them, you know. Spelling first, sir, sledding afterward. These are the two we will attend to this winter."

Bob ran for his book, studied half a dozen words with all his might, and then caught sight of the cat and began to tease her. Nan sat down promptly, studied each word slowly and patiently, and in due time came with a perfect lesson, while Bob was obliged to guess at half the words. He was very much like the hare in the fable, and Nan was steady, like the tortoise. He did not take kindly to being outspelled by a girl.

"Where did you learn your letters?" he asked, impudently.

"Here," answered Nan, innocently.

"Then, if you had n't come here, you'd have been a dunce, I suppose?" said naughty Bob.

"But I *did* come here," said practical Nan.

"But if you *had* n't come, I say?" persisted Bob.

"But I *did* come, and so I'm not a dunce, you see," answered Nan, triumphantly.

"But if you had n't?"

"But I *did*."

This dialogue might have gone on all day, but just then mamma quietly put an end to the dispute by advising the unhappy couple to "go out and play," a hint that was instantly accepted with great glee.

The house in which Bob and Nan lived was built upon the side of a hill. The woods began a little way behind it, and the town ran in half a dozen straggling streets, bordered by frame houses and stumps down the hill to the lake, with the bay far to the right. From the back gate to the front walk was a very respectable sliding-place.

"Oh, Bob! look at the houses smoking up," cried Nan, as they turned for their first slide.

Not only the houses, but the whole lake was also sending up soft, pearly vapor into the light blue sky. Lake Superior does not get warm until the last of the summer, it is so deep and large, and then it takes a good share of the winter to cool it off again; so during the first weeks of December it steams away like a great tub of warm water on a cold day, and the sun shining upon this sometimes has the effect of making the mist seem on fire.

"I guess the lake's all afire, and the houses are catching it," said Bob. "I wish I was down there; don't you, Nan?"

"Yes, I do—pretty much," answered Nan.

"Let's go; mother won't care," said Bob.

"Let's go and ask her."

"Oh, she wont care! I don't want to go in. Mother said it would wet my moccasins to go in by the stove when they had snow on. I don't want to wet my feet, do I?"

"There is n't a scrap of snow on your feet," said Nan. "The snow does n't stick, it only squeaks."



BOB'S UNCLE.

"We'll take the sled, you see, and slide down by the church; and I'll draw you across the next street, and then we'll slide down that magnificent hill by the printing-office, and then we'll be there—don't you see? That is n't much. Come on."

Nan wanted to see the fire, she wanted to slide down that "magnificent hill," and she was always ready to go down town. There were three temptations all in one.

"I mostly guess I will," she said, reflectively, and off they started.

All the way down they kept watching to see the flames burst forth somewhere.

"The men are all so busy, they don't see it, I s'pose," said Nan.

"We might tell somebody," said Bob.

They were passing a butcher's shop just then, and Bob ran in and cried out:

"The lake's all afire, and the engine does n't know it."

Two fat Germans were cutting venison at the counter. They gave a loud laugh, and one said to Bob:

"Te lake pe purnt up, you say. Oh my! dat pe treatful. Tell de man vat stays at te engine-house. Pe quick now, Bup."

"I've got to go straight and tell the fireman,"

said Bob, coming out with a great air of importance. "I say, Nan, you stay here and watch my sled, while I run up street. I'll be back in a minute."

"Oh! I dare n't stay, Bob. Come back," cried Nan, bursting into tears. But Bob, who had started off on a run, was already out of hearing. The tears ran down her cheeks, and she tried to rub them off with her mittens. But the woolen mittens scratched her face, and the tears were only kept by the salt in them from freezing the moment they dropped out of her blue eyes, the air was so cold.

Just then two very wicked-looking boys came across the street. One of them had the stump of a cigar in his mouth, but he took it out as he crossed the street, and a sly smile took its place.

"Now, Bill, a fellow could n't be to the inconvenience of walkin' round that sled," said he, nudging his companion. "That ud be jest a leetle too much to ax of us. Too fur below the freezin' p'int, ye know. Sis, we'd like to hev a slide. We'd be obleeged to ye fur a turn or two on that sled o' your'n."

Before Nan could find her voice, or even get a fair look at them through her tears, the miserable little thieves were round a corner and safely beyond capture. Then she cried harder than ever; but being a lady-like little girl, she was very quiet about it. However, Bob came back after a little time, looking quite crest-fallen.

"The engineer laughed at me," said he, "and said the lake was only 'drying up.' Said they wanted to get a 'suction,' or something, more on the town, and were going to make farms of it. Don't stand there crying like a big baby, Nan. Let's go home. Where's my sled?"

"Some boys borrowed it," sobbed Nan.

Bob gave one blank look around the neighborhood, in a vain search for the sled and the boys. Then he set up a roar so astonishingly loud, that Nan stopped crying from sheer surprise and meekly stood watching him.

It was just noon, and, fortunately, his uncle was obliged to pass that street on his way to dinner.

As Bob was in the midst of his wailing, his uncle came along. The children did not know him at first, for the gentlemen who passed were remarkably like one another.

In fact, you can judge for yourselves, from the exact picture of Bob's uncle on this page, how very difficult it must have been for Bob to distinguish him from any other boy's uncle.

"What are you doing down here?" asked uncle.

"I don't know!" blurted out Bob.

"You see, we thought the lake was burnin' up," explained Nan, "and we wanted to put it out."

"Be quiet, can't you?" cried mortified Bob.

"Did you have permission to come?"

"I b'lieve not," said Nan, demurely. "We slided, slided down, I mean."

"Where 's your sled?"

At this Bob's grief burst forth afresh.

"Some boys came and took it off and have n't come back," said Nan. "I guess they'll come pretty soon, though."

"Could you point out the boys if you should see them again?"

"Course I could," answered Nan, promptly.

"I guess that's one of 'em, now," pointing to a tall, slim lad not far off.

"Are you sure?"

"I think I'm sure. No, I don't believe 't was that boy. I guess he looked zactly like this boy," as a fat little urchin trotted down the hill.

Bob's uncle smiled at Nan's very uncertain ideas.

"Bob," he said, solemnly, "I'm afraid your sled is gone for good and all. There is no one who can testify positively against the boys, and even if you could find the sled, you could not prove that some other boy had not bought one of the same color and name. Children who run away from good mothers must always expect to get the worst of it. Now come home."

Mamma was very kind to her erring children, for she thought their punishment had been sufficiently severe. She even intimated to Bob that Santa Claus might possibly bring another sled—perhaps a red Racer—that is, if he were willing to promise that he would always consult her before he started out in search of adventure, or to quench the lakes on fire.



EASTER, APRIL 9TH.

THE POOR BOY'S "ASTOR HOUSE."

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

DID you ever see a newsboy? He is a queer-looking little fellow. His cap has n't any front, and it is pulled down so as to hide his hair, which is all tangled up so that you could almost make a bird's-nest of it. He has no shirt, but his ragged coat is buttoned up tightly to his neck, and his

mister, there aint nothing like a box o' sand, 'cause you can kind o' snuggle in and git warm all 'round; but on course, the best is the Astor House, when you aint stuck!"

"The Astor House! What's that?"

"Why, don't you know that, sir?—that big lodge



NEWSBOYS GETTING THEIR LODGING AND SUPPER TICKETS.

trousers seem likely to fall off, if they are not soon sewn together. He has no shoes, and his toes look half frozen this bitter weather.

But he does n't care; he is the most light-hearted youngster you ever saw. Suppose we consider ourselves strangers in the city, and speak to him.

"Where do you live, my boy?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"Well, where do you sleep?"

"Oh, sometimes I sleeps in the hay-barge there by Harrison Street, and sometimes we git 'round the steam gratin's there by Ann Street, and when the M. P.'s drives us off, we finds a box o' sand. Oh,

there, which the kind gen'lemen have opened for us bummers!"

"But, my boy, have n't you a father or mother?"

"No, sir (the bright face looking a little more serious). "You see, me mother was sent up (to prison), and I niver seed her sence; and me father—he licked me with a strap, and tould me for to clear out; and I don't know where he is—I heerd he was dead. But may be, sir, you'd like to see the lodge, and I'll show you my bank (with an important air). I've got fifty-nine cents saved; and I tell you, there's a nice,—what do you call it,

Jim?—something there. I can whirl to the ceiling, and go all 'round the room on the bars!"

We follow our little guide to a large door in Duane Street, near Chambers Street, on the south side of a huge seven-story building, with a sign—"NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE." We mount a fireproof stair-way.

"I see you can get out if there is a fire here."

"I tell you, sir, we would n't be many seconds scootin' down them stairs."

We look into a large dining-hall, the ceiling supported on pine columns, and finished off with Georgia pine wainscoting. A comely matron is setting tables for over a hundred boys, with tea, mutton stew, and good bread. Everything is as clean as a ship's deck.

"That's Mrs. O'Connor, sir; she's jist as good as pie. But don't it smell good! We must go upstairs, or I won't be let in to supper."

We enter a large, handsome audience-room, with school-desks and a piano; well lighted and cheerful, and windows on three sides, and no



"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

hair, are waiting about before going down to supper. The notices on the walls are worth reading:

BOYS WITH HOMES NOT ADMITTED HERE.

BOYS WANTING HOMES IN THE COUNTRY MUST APPLY TO THE SUPERINTENDENT.

BOYS CAN HAVE THEIR UNDERCLOTHES WASHED, FREE OF CHARGE, ON THURSDAYS.

At the door sits an elderly clerk behind a railing, with keys hanging around him. Our little newsboy falls into a line of boys, till his turn comes.

"Three tickets, sir—lodgin', breakfast, and supper. There's eighteen, sir, and twenty-five I owed you when I was stuck"—*i. e.*, when he could not sell his papers.

"But, Johnnie, where were you last night?"

"You see, sir, I was at the Bowery, and I got to the door just one minit after twelve; and so, on course, I had to turn in under the steps down at Beekman Street."

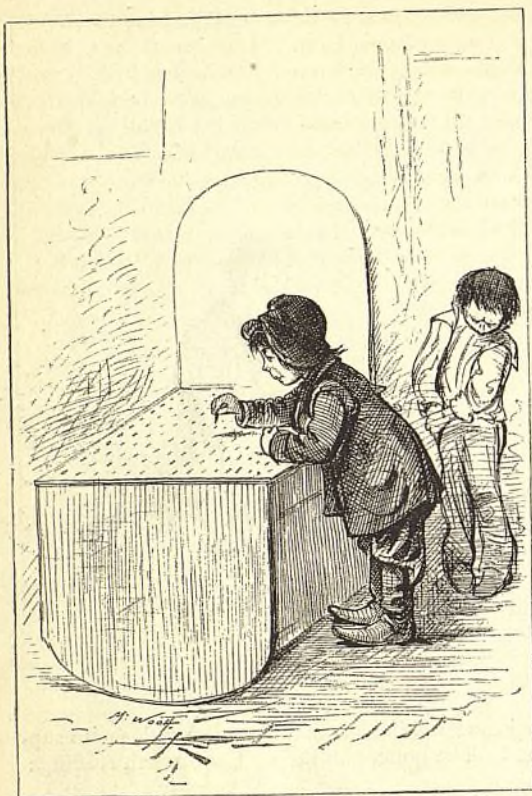
"Ah, there's where your money goes! You'll never get enough to buy that coat and go out West. There's your key, but get your hair cut and go to the bath before you come to supper."

Johnnie disappears in the ample bath-rooms. We watch his operations. He has warm foot-baths, wherein he plunges his dirty feet, but ingenious spikes on the edges prevent his sitting too long in them; wash-basins and towels are in abundance, and bath-rooms with hot and cold water.



THE BARBER.

"institutional" smell, though a hundred or more ragged little fellows, with washed faces and combed



THE SAVINGS-BANK.

For his hair, a large boy takes him in hand, and soon shaves him close, rubbing his head with larkspur, for which operation Johnny rather reluctantly pays his three cents.

Now he rushes out, a clean and decent-looking boy, so far as his skin.

"Is that clean shirt ready?"

His wet, ragged coat is put in the drying-room, and his valuables are hid away in the locker, for which he has a key, and he puts on a clean, comfortable shirt, and soon enters the supper-room, delivering his ticket for payment at the door, and is deep in his stew and bowl of tea. Several boys are hanging about in the upper room, looking rather hungry.

"Why don't you get your supper, boys?"

"Have n't got no stamps, sir; we're stuck."

The Superintendent, a kind, firm-looking man, Mr. O'Connor, comes forward and speaks to each:

"Jack, you know where your stamps went—it was to the Bowery (theater); and, Pat, I told you to let those policy (lottery) tickets alone; and you, Dan, why did you eat all your money up yesterday in that big dinner? As for you (to a quiet, depressed-looking lad), I believe you were unlucky; you shall have 'credit,' so go down!"

We pay the tickets of the others, and they all rejoice in their mutton stew and overflowing bowls of tea.

After supper, they all fly upstairs to the gymnasium, and there is a kind of athletic pandemonium for awhile—boys in the air, boys jumping, boys pulling, climbing, and tumbling—the large room resounding with the laughter and shouts.

"You see," says Mr. O'Connor, "this is our opposition to the low theaters and grog-shops."

Precisely at half-past seven, they all descend to the school-room. We look in at the dormitories: rooms some ninety feet long, filled with double iron bedsteads; the beds of straw, and very comfortable; warm comforters and clean sheets over each.

"That's my bed," Johnny points; "number six! There's where a feller sleeps, I tell you!"

"But don't you ever fall out, or have a lark with another boy?"

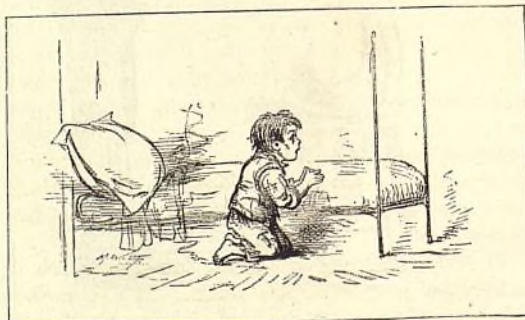
"No, sir! Griffith would catch us; besides, we has to be called at five o'clock, and we sleeps like tops!"

There is no smell about the rooms. Everything is clean and pure as possible. We go below to the audience-room.

"This is my bank, sir—number thirty-one," pointing with pride to a mysterious table near the door, with slits in the top, and each slit numbered. "Fifty-nine cents; but it's slow work. Oh, I thank'ee, sir!—that makes just a dollar. Two more, and I'll have a Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat and a b'iled shirt."

The teacher has already begun his evening work, by reading some letters from boys who had made fortunes at the West, and were writing back to their old friends.

"Go West, young man!" whispers our guide, and he seats himself demurely among the scholars. Now they sing in excellent accord the sweet hymn,



"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

"If there's love at home." Perhaps here and there a shadow falls across the young faces, as they think of how little "love at home," or anywhere

else, they have known; but they all are soon lively and indifferent as ever—as ready for chaffing or being chaffed.

Each boy goes at the lessons as vigorously as he usually works at selling his papers. At the close, a few earnest words are said by the teacher, of "Him who sticketh closer than a brother;" who would befriend them though all others deserted, and who feels for all human creatures; and the more, the poorer and the more unhappy they are. A dirty hand, here and there, slyly wipes away a tear from some begrimed face, at the thought of

anybody's caring for them; and perhaps the dream of that "Happy Land" which they sang about crosses some child's mind, and he fancies a mother whom he has never known on earth meeting him there, and a father who never got drunk, or cursed or beat him, at last welcoming him, and a place where hunger or desertion and homelessness are unknown; but before he can think much about it, school is out, and the boy next to him hits him a lick with his ruler, and under a general scrimmage, the stern words "Order! order!" end the meeting and our visit.

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE DUCKS.

(Translation of French Story in ST. NICHOLAS for January.)

It was a beautiful morning in spring; the sun shone, the birds sang, the grass was all covered with a fresh dew. In the brook which flows through the garden—a pretty little brook which flows quietly across fields enameled with flowers—Madam Duck gave lessons in swimming to her little ones. You know, of course, that the first duty of a duck is to learn to swim well and naturally. Madam Duck took good care of that branch of the education of her children. She corrected them when they did not swim well, made them hold their heads straight, and, moreover, taught the older ones to dive. The young ducklings were not now at their first lesson, and already made a good figure in the water. So, after having studied for some time, the young scholars asked of their mistress permission to go and have a little promenade on the water. She gave permission, and soon our ducklings were sailing gayly down the stream. The two elder ones headed the march, and served as advance guards; after them came the three others. It was the first time they had been out alone, and they gazed at everything on the right and on the left, because to them everything was new and strange. As they swam on, the brook grew larger; gay butterflies fluttered about among the flowers, and beautiful birds sang on the bushes.

They had already swum for some time, when suddenly a great noise was heard. The water was agitated. The ducks, frightened, turned back just in time to see the hind-foot of a great old frog disappear under the water. "Indeed, it was not worth while to be frightened about such a little thing," said the largest of the ducks, who was called Nep-

tune; but he also had been well scared. They laughed off their fear, and continued their course. At this moment, their attention was attracted by piteous cries from one of the three little ducks; he had seen something on the bank of the stream which he thought to be good to eat, and had thrust his beak between two stones, and could not draw it out again. He was beating himself about like a madman when the others arrived. The two large ones seized him, each by a wing; the two little ones took him by the tail, and they pulled as hard as they could. At length, by dint of pulling, they succeeded in disengaging their little brother, with his beak half dislocated and a prey to a horrible toothache. He wept bitterly, but his comrades succeeded in consoling him, and he followed them at a distance, but without laughing and joking with them. Still swimming, they arrived before a house where there was a little dog. As soon as he perceived them, he rushed straight at them, barking with all his might, as if he wished to swallow at least two of them at a time. But, coming to the bank of the stream, he stopped, undecided, not having the courage to plunge in. When the ducklings saw how cowardly he was, they stopped, looked at him with disdain, and joined their quacks of defiance to his furious barking. At the noise they made, the door of the house opened; a little boy stepped out, and came running toward our ducks. He had not a very agreeable look, and when, instead of chasing away the little dog, he commenced to pick up stones, the ducks began to doubt his intentions. The advance-guard gave the signal to retreat, and, turning about, they fled off at full speed. It was time, for the little boy had



already begun to throw stones at them. But, happily, the more stones he threw the less he succeeded in hitting them. When they were out of reach of his attacks, they turned to see what he would do. The little rascal almost cried with rage, and ran along the stream to get nearer to them; but his anger hindered him from seeing where he walked; he made a false step—plump! and there he was in the water. Hearing his cries of distress, his mother ran and pulled him out of the water,

and giving him two good cuffs, sent him into the house to dry himself. The fall of the angry little fellow raised a wild laugh among the ducks; but they thought it would not be prudent for them to continue their explorations further on that day, so they started to return to their mamma.

On their return nothing happened to them which it would be worth while to record, and they passed the rest of the day in talking of their adventures, and in recounting them to Mamma Duck.

Translations of "Les Aventures des Cinq Canards" were received from Nellie S. Colby, J. D. Early, Clotilda A. Arban, Edgar Francis Jordan, Isabel Tanes, Harry Forde, Belle Betts, Fred Eastman, Anne J. Thomas, Esther M. Turlay, Hattie A. Barstow, Edith Monroe Pollard, Thérèse Mosenthal, Alice H. Popham, C. C. Bixby, Agnes L. Pollard, Philip Richardson, Sarah A. Huntington, Oliver Everett, Mary M. Hoppin, Arthur C. Miller, Gertrude G. Porter, Josie Perry, Sallie C. Scofield, Aline M. Godfrey, Madelaine Palmer, L. W. Lewis, Henry F. Perry, M. T. A., Mary E. Blanchard, Kate St. Claire Dalton, A. G. D., Ella M. Darrell, J. Dorsey Ash, George D. Dey, Pamela W. Mack, Lizzie B. Allen, Frank Taylor, and Gertrude Turner (who sends hers from Lausanne, Switzerland).

THE EDUCATION OF THE LION.

(A Russian Fable.)

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

The lion had a son just twelve months old;
And lion-cubs—as everybody knows,
Unlike a royal child—are wise and bold,
Have got their teeth, and given up baby-clothes;
And so the lion-king, who destined him to rule,
Sought anxiously for some good teacher, or good school.

The fox applied the first. The lion thought:
"The fox is clever—clever is not wise;
Besides, those say who knowledge dearly bought,
His cleverness consists in telling lies.
A king is not a lawyer, that he must talk double;
And then a liar is perpetually in trouble."

The mole, methodical in all his ways,
Not taking any step without wise cares,
Put forth his claim. All gave him fullest praise
For being very great in small affairs.
His work that lay before his nose was perfect found—
But, then, a lion's kingdom is not underground!

Then said the panther: "Give the cub to me;
I'll make him brave, and teach him how to fight."
But panthers have contempt for policy
And civic principles of wrong or right.
A king who only fights is but a fighting fool;
He must be also fit to judge and wisely rule.

And sheep were good, but could not save their fleece;
In short, no beast, not even the elephant
(Revered in woods, as Plato was in Greece),
Could furnish all the lion-cub did want.

But kings for kings can feel, and for the beast's content,
The eagle, king of birds, this royal message sent:

"My brother! In these times it is not wise
Our kingly brood to subjects' rule to trust;
Familiar grown, they next learn to despise,
And hold our royalty as common dust.
I'll teach your son myself,—teaching 's, my forte."
And so the lion-cub went to the eagle's court.



Three years go by, but long before they're past
All tongues are loud in the young lion's praise,
His wisdom and his wit; first thing and last,
The birds were singing through the woods his praise.
His coming home was one long scene of splendid feasts,
And the king called a parliament of beasts,

Embraced and kissed his son, and said: "To-day
My scepter and my power to you I give;
But, first, your subjects want to hear you say
How far your learning will help them to live.
They would be glad to learn what knowledge you have gained,
And hear your future policy and plans explained."

"Papa," replied the prince, "no beast but me
Can tell each bird that haunts the woods and lea;
From eagle unto wren, know where they brood,
Where they find water and each season's food.
When these beasts are my subjects, which are now my guests,
I shall at once instruct them *how to build their nests!*"

Could you have seen the council hang their heads,
And heard the mingled howl of shame and rage,
As hopes were torn into a thousand shreds,
You might have read as on a printed page:
*He is a fool, if with strange knowledge all replete,
He knows not his own wants, and how those wants to meet.*

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE BOSTON BOYS LOSE AN OLD FRIEND AND FIND A NEW ONE.

"WE are from Cedar Rapids, Iowa," was the answer of the buffalo-ruined emigrant, when Mont asked him about his company. "The way we came to be here was this: My brother Jake here and I wanted to hunt buffaloes, so we left the train back at Crab Creek, and just scooted on ahead to to get a crack at 'em. She wanted to come, and as she would n't leave the children, we all bundled into the wagon and allowed to stay here a couple of days before the rest of the train came along."

"How many teams are there in your train?" asked Mont.

"Twenty-five teams, ten horses, and a hundred and seventy-five head of cattle."

"Oh, well," said Mont, "you will get along all right."

"I aint so sure of that, strannger. The train's getting short of grub already; and if we are able to get to Salt Lake without being on allowance, we'll be lucky."

"Well, ole man," put in the wife, "you've lost your wagon and all yer fixin's. How'll ye get to go back to the road? Here's these young ones to be toted somehow."

One of the men staid to look for the missing oxen, which he never found; and the other, assisted by Mont and Arthur, made his way to the emigrant track with the children. They staid with our boys until night, when the well-known Cedar Rapids train, to which they belonged, came up and received their unlucky comrades.

The country at this point grew more broken and woody, and, for some reason, the emigrant trains became more numerous. Feed for the cattle was not always to be had, and there were many animals to be pastured on the short, bunchy buffalo grass of the region. Each separate party drove its oxen out among the hills when the camps were pitched; but it was necessary to watch them at night, and, for this purpose, many companies combined, and so divided their burdens by standing "watch and watch" with each other.

Mont was anxious about poor old Bally. His foot grew continually worse, and it seemed cruel to drive him in the team, but there was no help for it. They must get on somehow, and Bally, lame though he was, could not be spared from the yoke:

"If we only had money enough now," said Arty, "we could buy a steer from some of these droves. There are cattle enough and to spare."

"But not money enough and to spare," responded Hi, gloomily. "If Bally don't get shut of his lameness, we shall have to leave him. And I don't see no way of goin' through with one yoke of oxen and a cow and one old hoss."

This was the first time the subject had been openly discussed with such a despondent conclusion. But each one of the party had thought it over by himself. There was silence in the camp. Every day they passed cattle and horses left by their owners because they were unfit to travel. Their dead bodies were common by the way. But these were usually animals from large trains, or from the teams of parties too weak to get along alone, and who had joined forces with others.

"What could we do?" asked Arthur to himself. Then he said, almost in a whisper: "If we have to leave Bally, what shall we do next, Hi?"

Hi had no answer. But Mont said, decidedly:

"I shall go on, if I have to walk or take passage in Bush's go-cart."

"I just b'lieve you'd do it, Mont," said Hi, with admiration. "If the wust comes to the wust, we can lighten our load and hitch up Jim ahead of Tige and Bally's mate, and try that."

"Lighten our load?" asked Tom. "How's that? We've thrown out all the loose truck we could spare."

"Tommy, my boy," said Hi, with great solemnity, "there's heaps of fellers, this very minute, agoin' on to Californy and livin' only on half-rations, for the sake of gettin' through. I seen a man back at Buffalo Creek who allowed that he had n't had a square meal since he left the Bluffs, except when he had buffalo-meat, and that is not to be got only just now. Bumbye, it'll be out of reach."

"So you mean to chuck out the flour and bacon, do ye?" said Tom, with great disgust.

"That's about it, sonny."

"Then I'll go back with the first feller we meet bound for the States."

The others agreed that they would stay by each other and get through *somehow*. Even little Johnny was appalled at the bare idea of turning back. There was nothing for him behind; his world was all before him; his friends were here with him.

But no such necessity overtook them.

They had looked forward with curiosity to Chimney Rock, a singular pillar of stone, standing like a round chimney on a cone-shaped mass of rock, on the south bank of the Platte. This natural landmark, several hundred feet high, is seen long before it can be reached by the emigrants toiling along the wagon-track by the river. The boys had sighted its tall spire from afar, and when they camped opposite it, one night, they felt as if they had really got into the heart of the continent.



JOHNNY.

They had long ago heard of this wonderful rock; its strange shape, apparently sculptured by some giant architect, towered before their eyes at last.

"I reckon that there rock must have been pushed up by a volcano," said a tall stranger, joining the boys, as they were wondering at Chimney Rock, after having camped.

"Perhaps the soft rock and soil which once lay around it have been cut away by the rains and wind," said Barney, diffidently. "You see the bluffs near by are still wasting away by the same cause."

"Like enough, like enough. But what's the matter with that critter of your'n? 'Pears like he was gone lame."

Hi explained the difficulty, and told their visitor

that they were traveling slowly for the purpose of making the trip as easy as possible for poor Bally.

"What! you don't drive that beast, do ye?"

"We have to. We have only two yoke of cattle, counting him."

"Well, he'll never get well in the team. Take him out and let him crawl on by himself, and mebbe he'll mend. I've got one hundred and fifty or sixty head over there,"—and the stranger pointed to his camp on the other side of the road.

There were three wagons; two of them were immense square-topped affairs, with openings at the side, like a stage-coach door. The people lived in these wagons and slept in them at night, having several feather beds packed away in their depths. One team was made up wholly of bulls, of which there were four pair. Just now, the cattle were at rest, and two hired men were herding them, while the women, of whom there were several, prepared supper.

"My name's Rose," the stranger said, when his offer of assistance had been gladly accepted. "They call us 'The Roses' along the road. I have my mother, father, and sister along with me; then there's Scoofey and his wife and baby; and Al and Shanghai, they're workin' their passage through."

"What part of the country are you from?" asked Hi.

"Sangamon County, Illinoy," replied Rose. "I've heerd tell of you boys. 'The Boston Boys' they call you on the trail, don't they?"

"No, we are the Lee County boys," said Mont, smiling.

"But," explained Arthur, "we are called 'The Boston Boys,' too; I've often heard that name, lately. Mont here is from Boston, Captain Rose."

"It don't make no difference how you are called, boys, and I allow we'll get along together for a spell. We're traveling the same road, and as long as we are, you're welcome to the use of one of my steers. I allow that you'll be willing to take hold and help us drive the herd now and then?"

The boys gladly consented to this arrangement, and poor Bally, next morning, was taken out of the yoke and allowed to go free in the drove of the Roses. But the relief came too late. Each day the ox traveled with more difficulty. Every morning, before starting, and every noon, when stopping for the usual rest, Bally was thrown down and his foot re-shod and cleansed. It was of no avail. Barney took him out of the herd and drove him alone, ahead of the rest. But it was agony for the poor creature; he could hardly limp along.

In a day or two the train, now quite a large one, reached Ancient Ruins Bluffs, a wonderful rocky formation resembling towers, walls, palaces, and

domes, worn by time and crumbling to decay. Here the road became rough and stony, and the way by the side of the beaten track was hard for the lame ox. Barney and Arthur clung affectionately to Bally. He was an old friend, and, notwithstanding his vicious manner of using his horns, they did not like to leave him. Reluctantly, they gave him up here. They must go on without him, after all.

When they moved out of camp in the morning, Bally, who had been lying down watching the preparations for the day's march, got on his feet with difficulty, as if ready to go on.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Mont. "You need n't bother yourself. We will leave you here to feed by yourself and get well, if you can."

"Good-bye, Bally," said Arthur, with a little pang, as they moved off. The great creature stopped chewing his cud and looked after his comrades with a mild surprise in his big brown eyes. He stood on a little knoll, regarding the whole proceeding as if it were an entirely novel turn of affairs.

"Good-bye, Bally," again said Arty, this time with a queer choking sensation in his throat. Hi actually snuffled in his bandanna handkerchief. Tom, by way of changing the subject, walked by Tige's head, and, looking into the eyes of that intelligent animal, said:

"Well! if there aint a tear on Tige's nose! He's sorry to get shut of Bally, after all!"

"Oh, you talk too much," said Barney, testily.

So they left Bally looking after them as they climbed the ridge and disappeared behind Ancient Ruins Bluffs.

That very night, as if to supply the place of their lost friend, a new acquaintance came to their camp. It was a large mongrel dog, yellow as to color, compactly built, and with a fox-like head. Dogs were not common on the plains. This waif had been running along the road alone for some days past. The boys had often seen him, and had supposed that he belonged to some train behind them. His feet were sore with travel, and he was evidently masterless.

"Poor fellow!" said Mont, pityingly. "Give me the arnica out of the medicine-box, and I will fix some buckskin socks on his feet."

The dog accepted these kind attentions, and, as soon as he was let loose again, sat down and deliberately tore off his moccasins with his teeth. While he was licking his sore feet, Johnny, who had been out with Tom, gathering fuel on the bluffs, came in with a load on his back. He dropped his burden with an air of astonishment, and exclaimed: "Bill Bunce's dog!"

"Sho!" said Hi. "What's his name?"

"Pete," replied the boy, who could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well, Pete," said Hi, "where's yer master? 'Cordin' to all accounts he's a bad egg. Pity that there dog can't talk."

But Pete had nothing to say. He shyly accepted Arthur's proffers of friendship, and from that moment became a regular member of the company.

"We've got such a lot of grub, I s'pose, we must needs take in a yaller dog to divide with," privately grumbled Tom to his brother that night. "Reckon Arthur'll want to pick up a jackass rabbit for a pet, next thing yer know."

"If you don't like it, sonny, you can go back, you know," replied Hi, who was cross and sleepy. Pete's position in the camp was assured.

A few days after this, while near Fort Laramie, they had a chance to dispose of their new friend. Just as they were camping, a party of mounted Indians, of the Brule Sioux band, came galloping up to their tent. They were splendid fellows, dressed in the fullest and gayest costume of the Indian dandy. They wore their hair loosely knotted behind and stuck full of brilliantly dyed feathers, which hung down their backs. Their buckskin leggings, moccasins and hunting-frocks were covered with embroidery in colored quills, the handiwork of their squaws. Bright red blankets dangled from their shoulders, and about their necks were hung strings of shells, beads, and bears' claws, with rude silver ornaments. Their faces were painted with red and yellow ochre, and one of them, the chief, wore a tortoise-shell plate over his decorated forehead, like the visor of a cap.

These gorgeous visitors sat stately on their horses, and regarded our young emigrants with an air of lofty disdain.

"How!" said Mont, who had been taught good manners if the Sioux had not. The chief grunted, "Ugh!" in reply to this customary salutation. Then he happened to see Pete.

"You sell him?" pointing to the dog.

"No, no," said Arthur, in a whisper. "Don't sell him, Mont. He wants to eat him, probably."

"No sell him," promptly replied Mont. "Good dog. We keep him."

Thus rebuffed, the Indians unbent somewhat from their dignity, and the chief, carefully extracting from a bead-worked pouch a bit of paper, handed it to Barnard with the remark, "You read um."

The paper proved to be a certificate from Indian Agent Thomans that the bearer was a peaceable Indian, "Big Partisan" by name, and that he and his band were not to be molested by white people whom they meet. These dusky visitors, thus introduced, dismounted and stalked through the camp,

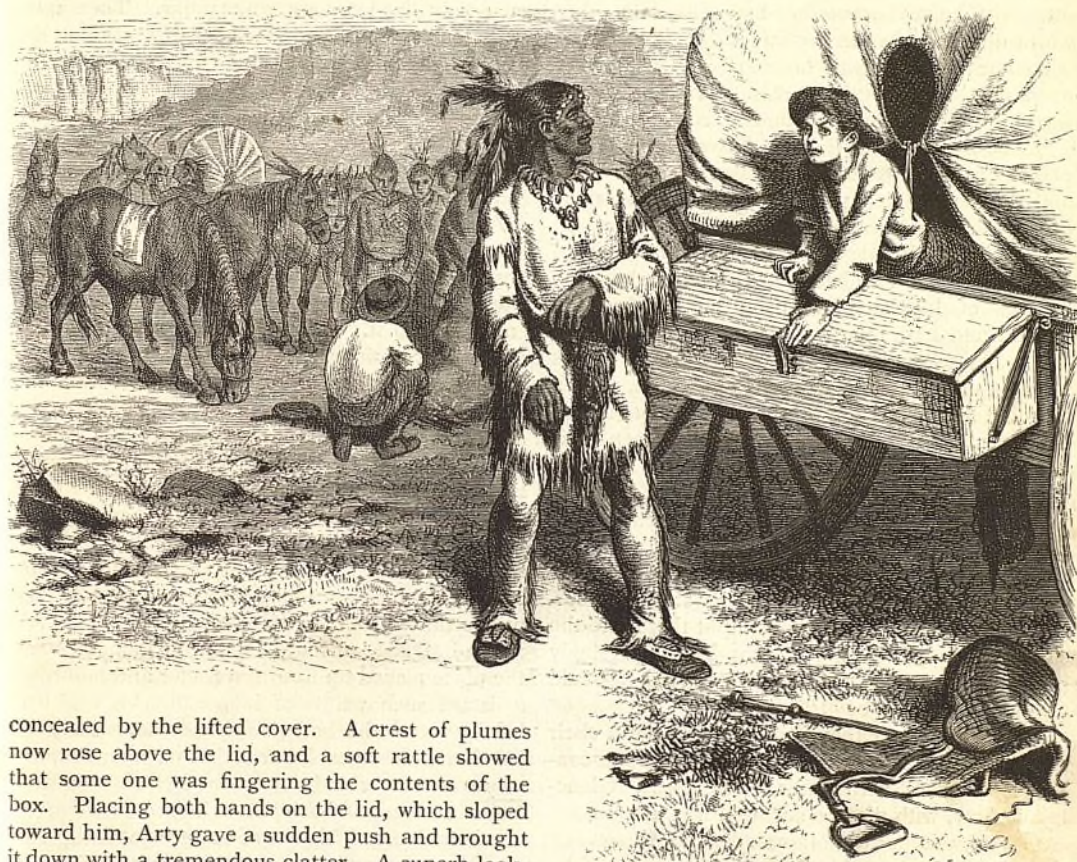
saying nothing but looking at everything with stolid gravity. While the rest were trying to engage in conversation with the Indians, Arty climbed into the wagon to get out some provisions. While opening a flour-sack, he saw the lid of the "feed-box," at the rear end of the wagon, in which were kept their small stores, cups and plates, raised from the outside by an unseen hand. Wondering at this, the boy softly worked his way toward the box,

When they went away, Arty said, grumblingly, as he went on with his preparations for supper :

"Now I suppose I can turn my back on the wagon without something being stolen."

"Pooh ! Arty thinks he is the only one who keeps watch," sneered Tom.

"If it had n't been for me, that big dandy Indian would have carried off everything in the grub-box," returned the boy, who was cross, tired and generally



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

concealed by the lifted cover. A crest of plumes now rose above the lid, and a soft rattle showed that some one was fingering the contents of the box. Placing both hands on the lid, which sloped toward him, Arty gave a sudden push and brought it down with a tremendous clatter. A superb-looking Indian stood revealed, having barely snatched his hands away as the box-cover slammed down.

"How !" he said, not in the least abashed. Then, raising the lid again and curiously examining the hinges, as if admiring their mechanism, he said : "Heap good ! White man know everything."

"The white man knows too much to let you hook things out of his grub-box," said Arty, angrily.

The Indian smiled in the blandest manner and joined his companions. The party staid about the camp some time, as if waiting an invitation to sup with the white men. But entertainment for Indians was out of the question ; there was not provision enough to spare any for visitors.

out of sorts. He was making an antelope stew for supper, and Barnard coming up, looked into the camp-kettle.

"What ! no potatoes ?" he said, with a tone of disgust.

"No," replied Arthur, sharply. "No potatoes. We've only a precious few left. We've got to make the most of them."

"I would n't give a cent for a stew without potatoes," remonstrated Barnard.

"Nor I neither," joined in Tom, only too glad to see a little unpleasantness between the brothers.

"Well, you'll have to eat a good many things

that you don't like, before we get through—'specially if I have to do the cooking. Barney Crogan thinks too much of what he eats, anyhow." Arty fired this last shot at his brother as Barney moved away without a word.

On the plains, where men are by themselves, little things like this sometimes seem to be very important. Men have quarreled like wild animals with each other over a dispute about flap-jacks. Two old friends, on the emigrant trail, fought each other with knives because one had twitted the other with riding too often in the wagon.

Arthur went on with his cooking, feeling very uncomfortable, as well as cross. They had had a weary day's drive, and all hands were fagged.

"The worst of it is, I have to work around this plaguey camp-stove, while the others can lop down and rest," grumbled poor Arty to himself, as he became more and more heated.

Running to the wagon for a spoon, after awhile, Arty stooped and looked into the tent, where the bundles of blankets had been tumbled on the ground and left. Barney was lying on the heap, fast asleep, and with a tired, unhappy look on his handsome face. Arty paused and gazed, with a troubled feeling, at his brother lying there so unconscious, pale and still. Barney had been sick, and the night before he had started up in his sleep crying "Mother!" much to Arty's alarm.

The boy regarded his brother for a moment with pity, as his uneasy sleeping attitude recalled home and its comforts. Then he went silently to the wagon, took out six of their slender stock of potatoes, pared and sliced them, and put them into the stew now bubbling in the camp-kettle. Nobody but Hi noticed this; and he only grinned and said to himself, "Good boy!"

Afterward, when they had squatted about their rude supper-table, Barnard uncovered the pan containing the stew, with an air of discontent. Glancing at Arty, with pleased surprise, he said:

"Why, you put in potatoes, after all!"

Arthur's cheeks reddened, and he said, as if by way of apology:

"Mont likes them, you know."

Mont laughed; and so did they all. After that, there was good humor in the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

FORT Laramie was not a very interesting place to the boys. It hardly repaid them for the trouble they had in crossing the river to get to it. But here they found a store kept by an army sutler, and Mont said that he should really enjoy buying

something, by way of proving to himself that he was in a spot where something besides Indian manufactures were for sale. Arty looked longingly on some dry, powdery figs and crumbly candy which were among the sutler's stock in trade; but he compromised with himself by buying ten cents' worth of aged raisins, which he generously divided with his comrades, Tom and Johnny.

They all very much admired the nicely dressed officers, who "put on as many airs" (as Bush said) as if they lived among white folks. Then there were houses—real houses—finished with siding and painted white, and with stone chimneys. Some of these were used for officers' quarters, and some were barracks for the soldiers. These they examined with curious interest. They had seen no houses for several weeks. This was a little village in the wilderness.

At the crossing of the South Platte, a few days after, the young emigrants found another trading-post. It was in a rude log hut on the bank of the stream; and a very queer stock of goods was crowded into it. There were pipes, mining tools, playing-cards, flour, bacon, sugar, boots and shoes, and even buttons, thread and needles. But the prices! They were tremendous. Flour was twenty-five cents a pound; pipes were a dollar each; and a little glass tumbler of jam, which Tom very much hankered after, was two dollars and a-half. Here, too, was a sort of news exchange; there were no newspapers, to be sure, except one well-worn paper from St. Louis, now more than two months old, carefully hung over a long string of buck-skin, and not permitted to be handled by anybody. But the rough-bearded, uncouth men who lounged about the place picked up from the trader and half-breed assistant such points of information as had been left by those who had gone on ahead. They also left here messages for friends and acquaintances who were yet behind.

On the walls of this store in the heart of the continent were stuck bits of paper containing rude directions for emigrants. These were written by men who had gone on ahead and had sent back some report of their experience. For instance, one scrap was:

35 miles from this post to Hoss Crik. Dont stop at Willer springs which it is no springs and feed mighty pore.

Right under this was another bulletin, which read:

Nigh 60 miles to Sweetwater—powerful bad road till you get to independence Rock—blacksmith shop and tradin post—the traders a thief.

Some charitable person had tried to rub "thief" from this notice, and had written in "good feller" instead; but both titles staid there.

"You pays yer money and takes yer choice,"

said Bush, grimly, as he read this gazette. "But I'll bet the fust man was right."

Here, too, they learned that the ferryman at "Columbus," or the Loup Fork crossing, had been robbed.

"When was that?" asked Mont.

"I allow it was about the middle of June. Me and my pard, we crossed there June the ten, and

of a couple of suspicious characters who had swum the fork with their hosses, about four miles upstream. The boys at the ferry said the old man had a good description of the chaps that they suspected. One of 'em had a hare-lip and 't other had a game leg."

"A game leg!" exclaimed Johnny. "That's Bill Bunce!"

"And who's Bill Bunce, my little kid?" asked the stranger, turning to the boy.

"Oh, he's a scaly feller that left this boy to shift for himself, away back on the river. But you aint noways certain that this thief was Bill Bunce, Johnny, you know," said Hi.

The lounging emigrants were so much kindled by this bit of possible evidence in the Loup Fork robbery, information of which had slowly overtaken them here, that they gathered around and expressed their opinions very freely about Bill Bunce.

"He'll swing from the fust tree he meets after some of us fellers finds him on the trail, now yer bet yer life," was one comment.

"Thar's nary tree between here and Bridger big enough to hang a man on, 'cordin' to them things," said another, waving his pipe toward the rude bulletins on the cabin wall. "See, nothin' but 'No wood' on 'em, from here to Salt Lake, so far as I kin see."

The boys, after this, did find a rough road, and they were glad enough that they were within reach of help. Rose's drove of cattle was drawn upon often for fresh recruits for the yoke. Here, too, they found the springs often poisoned with alkali. Some of the shallow pools were colored a dark brown with the alkali in the soil; others were white about the edges with a dry powder which looked and tasted like saleratus. The cattle refused to drink the stuff; and now, along the track, they overtook a great many animals turned out to die, suffering from the effects of the alkali which they carelessly lapped up with their scanty feed. Here and there, they met a few poor fellows limping along with all their possessions packed on their backs. These had lost their cattle, one by one, and had been obliged to abandon their wagons and baggage. Taking a sack of flour, a frying-pan, a few pieces of "side-meat," or bacon, some coffee and a tin cup, these courageous fellows went forward, determined to get through, somehow. Usually, they managed to sell some part of their outfit. The rest they left by the side of the wagon track. But, begging, borrowing, or buying from day to day, they trudged on with their faces turned westward—always westward.

"Hello! what's that on that wagon?—'Or Bust'—and a gaudy old wagon it is," said Hi, one day. The wagon was a two-wheeled affair, drawn by



ARTHUR.

it was some time after that," explained a short, thick-set fellow, whom the boys had met before somewhere.

"Well, we passed there on the fifth of June," said Barnard. "Did the thieves get away with much money?"

"Nigh onto five hundred dollars, I've heerd tell; but thar's no knowin'; it mought have been five thousand. That mean skunk took in heaps of coin at the ferry."

"Does he suspect anybody?"

"Could n't say; 't was after I war thar. How's that, Dave?" said he, addressing another emigrant.

"I came by there the day after the robbery," replied Dave. "Old Columbus was off on the trail

one yoke of oxen, and looking exactly like one-half of what might have been a long vehicle. On the canvas cover was painted the words, "Or Bust," which had attracted Hi's attention.

This strange-looking craft was creeping along in the shadow of Independence Rock, when overtaken by our party. Barnard, recognizing the good-natured young fellow who was driving, said:

"What's happened to your wagon since we saw you at Council Bluffs?"

The man laughed lightly, and replied: "Well, you see, Jake and I, we could n't agree with our pardners—Jake's brother Joe and Bill Jenness—so we divided."

"How? Divided everything?"

"Sartin, sartin. We could n't go on without a waggin, you know. So we sawed the old thing in two. Thar was a ch'ice; the fore part had the tongue, and we played a game of seven-up for the ch'ice. Joe and Bill held over us—beat us by one p'int; and they've gone on with their share of the waggin."

"So your brother Joe has gone with the 'California' part of your wagon?" said Mont, addressing Jake, who was one of a quarrelsome family.

"That's about the size of it," surlily replied Jake. "It was 'Californy or Bust.' Joe and Bill have got the 'Californy,' and we've got the 'Bust.' Howsoever, if you go round on the other side, you'll see we've got 'Californy' there, too. We've got the entire thing, but a feller has to go all around us to see it."

"Could n't you agree about the road?" asked Hi, with some curiosity.

"No, it was beans."

"Beans?" said Hi, opening his eyes.

"Yes, beans," answered Jacob, growing angry. "I don't give in to no ornery half-baked sucker, even if he is my brother. An' when it comes to beans cooked in a ground oven, when wood is plenty, and you have time to dig yer oven and kin spare yer camp-kettle long enough to bake 'em overnight, I'm thar. But beans is better and more economical-like stewed. Leastways, I think so. Joe, he don't think so. Bill Jenness—well, he always was a pore shoat—he don't think so. So we divided the plunder and are going through. Gee! Lion!—whar be yer goin' to? The most obstinate steer I ever see. Good day!"

And the men who preferred their beans stewed drove on.

Independence Rock was such a famous landmark that our boys would not pass it without climbing it. The rock is an immense ledge, rising nearly one hundred feet from the ground; it is almost flat on top, and covers a space equal to an acre or two. All around it the country is undulating, but

without any large rocks. Independence Rock looms up like a huge flat boulder that had been left out there by mistake when the world was built. Resting their team, the party scrambled up the enormous mass. The top was worn by the flow of uncounted ages. Here and there were depressions in which little pools left by the late rains were standing; and all around, on the smooth places of the rock, were rudely chiseled the names, or initials, of passing emigrants. Some of these were laboriously carved, some were painted with the soft tar which should have been saved to use on wagon-wheels. On the perpendicular wall of the rock, facing the west, was a roughly cut inscription setting forth how "Joshua F. Gibbonson, a native of Norway, aged 24 yrs," was buried near. Another gave the name and age of a young woman, also sleeping close at hand.

Arthur, walking over the multitude of letters inscribed on the top of the rock, suddenly paused, and, looking down at his feet, exclaimed: "Bill Bunce!"

The rest, hurrying up, saw on the rugged surface this inscription:

W BUNCE

"But his name is Bill. That's a W," said Johnny, gazing at the mysterious letters, with a sort of fascination.

Mont and Barney laughed, but Arty said: "To be sure his name is Bill, but it was William before it was Bill, and so he spells it with a W."

"I don't believe it's Bill Bunce, anyhow," said Hi. "He would n't be such a fool as to leave his name like that here, where he knows people are looking for him."

Mont got down on his knees to inspect the letters, as if he thought they might give him some clue to the man who had carved them, and had then gone on, leaving this mute witness behind him. He shook his head, and said:

"I don't know, Hi. Guilty men, somehow, always drop something by which they can be traced. If he stole old Columbus's money, it is just as likely as not he would be foolish enough to put this here. Anyhow, I guess this is Bill Bunce's autograph."

Nothing positive came of the discussion; but Johnny lingered over the letters, and murmured to himself: "If they could only tell, now!"

"But they are silent letters, Johnny," whispered Arty, who had staid behind with his little mate. The boy laughed, without understanding why, and the youngsters left the inscription still staring up to the sky.

Passing Devil's Gate, and camping on the western side of that famous gap a few days after, the boys felt that they were at last in the Rocky Mountains. The Gate is a huge chasm, its black rocky walls towering up on either side. Another gap in the rocky chain, near by, affords an outlet for the Sweetwater, which foams and roars in its narrow channel. Westward is a grassy plain, dotted with trees, and affording a charming camping-ground. Here the young emigrants pitched their tent, in the midst of a mighty company. From a hundred camp-fires arose the odors of many suppers, and, as the sun went down behind the purple peaks, the cheerful groups made a pretty picture, framed by the blue and gray ledges, covered with wild vines, which stretched around the amphitheater.

"That 's a mighty knowin' dog of your'n," said a visitor loafing by the camp-stove and watching Arty cooking flap-jacks.

"Yes," said Arty. "It 's agreed that he is to have every flap-jack that I lose when I toss 'em up—so;" and he tossed his pan dexterously in the air, and brought his flap-jacks down again in it, brown side up.

"Sometimes, when the wind blows, I can't exactly gauge the force of it, and away goes a flap-jack over on the ground. That 's Pete's, and he goes for it almost before it lights. He can tell whether it will miss the pan or not."

"And I'll match Arty at tossing flap-jacks with any grown man on the plains," said Hi, with a glow of honest pride. "You bet that dog don't get many, 'cept when the wind blows variable-like."

Just then, Pete, who was assiduously gnawing a bone, ran to Arty, crying with pain, and put his head on the boy's knee. Arthur tenderly stroked the poor brute's jaw, and exclaimed:

"Poor old Pete! You see he has had a bad blow on the side of his head at some time. I think some of the small bones are broken. When he gets his jaw into a certain position, it hurts him confoundedly, and he runs to me. I found out that I could relieve him by softly pressing the place—so fashion. See!"

A sudden light gleamed in the man's face, and he said:

"I know that dog. I saw him back on the Platte with a couple of chaps—scamps I should say. One had a game leg, and I saw him bang that very identical dog with the butt of his gun, just because he scared up a big jack rabbit. Powerful cruel it was."

"Aha!" said Barney. "That 's Bill Bunce again. Where was this, stranger?"

"Well, I disremember now. But I allow it was

on the other side of Chimney Rock, say about the twentieth of June."

"That would give the thieves time to come up from Loup Fork," said Barney, who told their visitor the story of Bill Bunce and his companions. But the stranger declared that the only companion of the man with the dog was a fellow with a hare-lip. He added:

"And I just believe that that there dog got up and dusted out of that, he was treated so all-fired mean."

Soon after this, the emigrants entered the great passage across the mountains—South Pass. It was not easy to realize that they were actually going over the Rocky Mountains. The emigrant road gradually ascended the enormous ridge which forms the backbone of the continent—so gradually that the ascent was hardly noticed. To the north and south were grand peaks, purple in the distance, silvery with streaks of snow, and piercing the clouds. Nearer, gray masses were broken into chasms, and were partly covered with a stunted growth of trees. As they pressed on, the road mounted higher and higher. But the way was easy, broad, and pleasant to travel. The nights were cold—so cold that the boys were thankful for the shelter of their tent; and they burrowed under all the blankets and coverings they could collect. But the days were hot, and though the travelers turned out in the morning air, their teeth chattering with cold, they marched along at noon perspiring in the sun.

Snow crept down nearer and nearer to their track, from up among the steep slopes which hung above the pass. While camping one day in this region, Captain Rose and some of our boys went up to the snow-banks and had a July game of snow-ball. They brought back flowers gathered at the edge of the melting snow; and they reported butterflies and mosquitoes fluttering over the banks, as if brought to life by the dazzling sun. These reports seemed like travelers' tales, difficult of belief, but they were verified to the satisfaction of the unbelievers.

One day, they reached a spring of which they had often heard. They approached it with a certain feeling of awe. It was on the dividing ridge of the continent. It was a boggy pool, rising out of a mass of rock and turf, trampled by many feet and spreading out into a considerable space. Some wayfarer had set up a rude sign-board, on which was inscribed the name—"Pacific Spring." Stepping from rock to rock, the boys made their way to the fountain head, and silently gazed on the source of a stream which soon divided itself between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Here the emigrant trail pitched abruptly down

a rocky cañon to the west. The water flowing from the spring and saturating the grassy soil, was parted by a low, sharp ledge of rock. From this, two little rivulets crept away, one to the east, one to the west. One gurgled down into the cañon, was joined by numberless runnels from the snow-peaks above, meandered away for many miles, sunk into Green River, flowed south and west to the Colorado, entered the Gulf of California, and was lost in the Pacific. The other slipped silently down the long slope by which the boy emigrants had come, joined itself to other tiny streams, and so, finding the far-off Missouri, by the way of the Yellowstone, reached the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic.

"Go, little stream," said Mont, "and tell the folks at home that we have left the old world. Boys! this is a new world before us now."

"We are on the down-hill grade," added Hi.

"We can scoot to Californy now. Westward it is, and we are agoin' with the stream."

Barney turned and looked back. "We are on the ridge. Shall we go down on the other side, Arty?"

But Arty said: "I should be glad if I could send a message back to the folks at Sugar Grove. It would be like a message out of the sea. As long as we can't do that, suppose we follow the other stream to the Pacific?"

"We cannot be sentimental over this spring, my boy," said Mont, laughing. "But, as Hi says, we are going with the current now. That's it! Westward is the word!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Captain Rose, from the down-hill road. "It's a rough drive yet to Sunset Cañon."

So the young fellows followed the stream, and turned their faces again to the west.

(To be continued.)

THE MICROSCOPIC BRICK-MAKER.

BY MARY TREAT.

THE microscope reveals to us many wonderful and beautiful creatures. It opens to us a new world of plants and animals, not at all like those we see with the naked eye.

Water which is shallow and still enough for plants to grow in, is always the home of millions upon millions of tiny creatures. Some of them can be seen with the naked eye darting about in the water, where they look like mere specks; and many others are so small that they cannot be seen at all with the naked eye.

The practiced hunter after microscopic animals can tell by the look of the water, and the plants which grow in it, where to look for certain kinds of these tiny creatures, just as the hunter knows where to look for deer and wild turkeys and other game.

Last winter it was so cold at the North that it froze all the ponds solid, so that I had to keep some of the pond-water in my study to prevent the little animals from freezing to death; but this winter I concluded to leave the cold North and come to Florida—to the land of flowers and of singing-birds—and I wondered if I should find the same tiny animals here that I found there.

As soon as I visited the ponds and looked at the plants growing in them, I knew I should see many of my favorite fairy-like creatures. As I took a plant from the water and held it up to the light, the first thing I saw was a colony of Brick-makers sticking fast to the stem and leaves of the plant. (Fig. 1 represents a colony of Brick-makers, natural size.) You may be sure that I was delighted to find these tiny creatures building their little towns and cities, more numerous here than at the North.

And now I will try to tell the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about this Brick-maker. Fig. 2 represents it as it appears through the microscope. At a you see one of the flower-like wheels, and when they are spread out in this way, they are always in rapid motion; there are four of these wheels, but the picture cannot give you much of an idea of the creature's beauty—it needs the rhythmical motion and the changing positions to see how charming it is. The wheels are the machinery that he works with, and they serve a two-fold purpose: they form a current in the water, to bring the food to his mouth, and also the material to make the brick of which he builds his house.

The apparatus for making the brick is situated at the top of the head, between the wheels; it is a little tube (see B), open at the top, into which the tiny particles are carried by the force of the current; at the bottom of the tube (C) we can see these particles rapidly whirling, and they are cemented together (probably by some sticky substance secreted from the body) into a round ball. It takes the little animal about three minutes to make one of these round bricks. When it is completed, he stops the machinery for a moment, and takes the brick from the mold; and now he bends over and lays it carefully by the side of the last one; so the

bricks are laid in regular tiers, one above another, with no space between. Out of these almost numberless little bricks he has built himself a house (see D).

The mouth (E) is just below the wheels and between the two horns (F, F). Our little Brick-maker never leaves his home to go in search of food, but he makes his machinery bring him his meals as well as the material to make his bricks, and his jaws are almost always in motion, crunching something or other; but he often rejects some of the particles that the current brings, which shows that he has the power of selecting his food.

What an industrious creature he is, and what talent and ingenuity he must have!

But, with all his skill and ingenuity, he is a very sensitive, timid creature; a slight tap on the table, or on the tube of the microscope, will send him down into his house as quick as a flash. He has one foot, which is firmly planted on the floor of his house, and a long leg or footstalk with telescopic joints; so he can double up his leg like a telescope, and this brings the body down into the house; but it is a mystery how he can fold up his wheels and double up his leg so quickly. When all is quiet, he comes slowly up to the door of his house, and puts out his feelers to see if all is right; if he finds nothing in the way, he is soon at work again.

The mother Brick-maker often has eggs lying around in her house, which we can see very plainly

with a good microscope; but as soon as the little things are hatched she sends them out of the house into the great world of water to take care of themselves, and the first thing the poor little houseless things do is to lay claim to some unoccupied place near their mother's house, for a foundation on which to build their own domicile. (The letter G indicates a magnified portion of a leaf, the foundation on which the house stands.) And now, without having to serve an apprenticeship, the little animal goes to work at once to make the brick with which

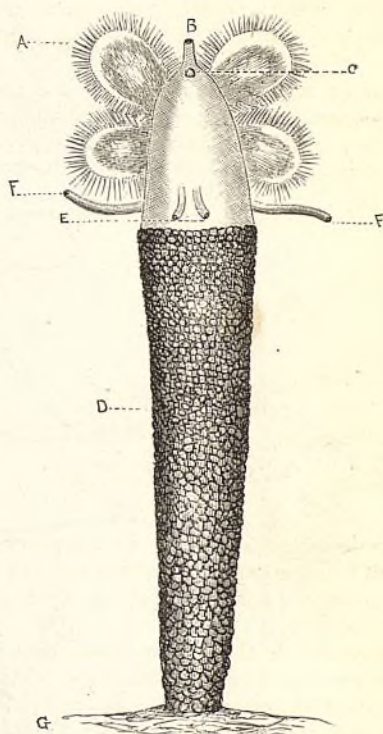


FIG. 2.—THE BRICK-MAKER (MAGNIFIED).

to build its house. In a few days it will have erected quite an edifice of its own to live in; and when it is tired of working, it can fold up its wheels and draw in its horns, and go down into its house, where it can rest secure from all danger.

THE QUEEN OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



OH, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
 She's traveling over the sea;
 She's bringing a cuttle-fish with her,
 To play with my baby and me.

Oh, his head is three miles long, dear;
 His tail is three miles short;
 And when he goes out, he wriggles his snout
 In a way that no cuttle-fish ought.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
 She rides on a sea-green whale.
 He takes her a mile, with an elegant smile,
 At every flip of his tail.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
 She dresses in wonderful taste;
 The sea-serpent coils, all painted in oils,
 Around her bee-yutiful waist.

Oh, her gown is made of the green sea-kale,
 And though she knows nothing of feet,
 She can manage her train, with an air of disdain,
 In a way that is perfectly sweet.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
 She's traveling over the main;
 So we'll hire a hack, and send her right back
 To her beautiful islands again.

THE GRAVES'S GRANDMA.

BY LILY BRAYTON.

"TELL you a story! See how mamma is laughing at you—and no wonder, children. Why, you're too old, every one of you—sixteen, eighteen, and twenty! Well, shall it be Jack the Giant-killer or Cinderella?"

"Neither! Did n't I say you had outgrown all of grandma's stories? Then let me see. One of papa's college scrapes—no, it must n't be that, for he's shaking his head like a Mandarin.

"Tom, I can't tell you about either base-ball or cricket; and Fred, grandma has forgotten all her little store of Latin and Greek long ago, so she cannot fire you with any tales of valiant Greeks and Romans; and Lily—there! why, what does she think of now but ruffles, fine hemming, patterns of silk, and the latest fashions, except, indeed, certain letters which are watched for so eagerly and devoured so secretly?"

"But, grandma, it would n't be like having you with us if we could not sit in the fire-light and hear you talk, no matter about what; you turn everything you touch or talk of to gold. We shall be content if we are just sitting by you. But I really can't be idle; I must just whittle this plug for my hydraulic press. No, mamma, they won't fly about, for I'll spread a paper down, and will be ever so careful. And then, grandma, you see, just as you said, we are too old for silly stories, and I don't mind a bit to-night if it is not exciting, for somehow when it comes just this time I always feel rather—well, you know how; and since Lily is to go so soon—there, dear girl, I won't talk of it. But go on, granny. Don't think about it, but talk right ahead."

"Well, Tom, I think we all are glad of this peaceful hour after the busy day, and what you

have said brings to my mind a little scene that has dwelt in my memory like a quiet picture ever since last spring.

"You will remember that I made one of my long visits to Aunt Mary Graves in New York; and fondly as I love my dear daughter, the great city does not suit an old lady like myself quite as well as this lovely country home of yours, where I can go about in my sun-hat, and know every creature and flower on the place. So I had some long quiet days, when Aunt Mary placed my arm-chair in the window, and for hours I watched the passers-by, or my neighbors around me.

"Well, I became very much interested in a family opposite—so much so that I was afraid they might think me impertinent in what must seem to them my constant watch from the window; but my mind was soon relieved, for presently, as the young ladies grew accustomed to my cap and knitting-needles, they would always look up and give me a cordial little nod. There were three daughters—the youngest fourteen, perhaps, and a school-girl; the other two, young ladies in society, were sweet and lady-like; and one would know they were a happy family, just to see the little lady mother, so quiet and unpretending, entering into all her girls' pleasures; and I could see that they loved to have her with them, and that she was really like one of them.

"That they were interested in good works I knew from the meeting of societies at the house, and the early start for Sunday-school on Sundays—a thing hard to accomplish in city life, after the gayeties and late hours of the week.

"There was a brother, too—a tall, handsome, fair young man, with honor and honesty written on

his blue eyes and earnest mouth. He was married, but the young couple were constantly at home, and between the brother and youngest sister there seemed to be a special tenderness, for she was a slim, delicate child, and I could see him take her on his knee or mount her on his broad shoulder and run upstairs.

"But the second daughter became my object of interest, for soon I noticed how regularly every morning the eight o'clock postman stopped, and would smile in a very knowing way at the maid as he handed her a thick square letter—(Tom, let Lily alone; you're a wicked tease!)—and every week or two a gentleman with brown hair and mustache would come out of the house on Sunday morning with my young lady, as I soon began to call her; so I knew he lived at a distance, and could not come very often to see her.

"She reminded me of you, Lily; fair skin and hair and blue eyes,—honest eyes, like her brother's,—with an energetic, earnest way in her walk and manner, not without grace, and which made me sure I could congratulate the young fellow on his choice of a good wife.

"Presently, mysterious bundles in white jeweler's paper were left at the door, and an Adams' Express wagon was almost as regular as the postman in its morning delivery. The young girls, too, flocked to the house in twos and threes, and the curtains would be drawn up their full height in the upper chamber, where I could see them huddled together, conversing in an excited manner, with uplifted hands and admiring looks. Your young eyes, Lily, might have discovered the pretty gifts; but I could only see now and then the flash of silver or the gleam of a lustrous silk.

"What good times they did have! and how interested I became in everything you cannot imagine till you have grown out of your own immediate pleasures and learned to live in those of others. I do believe I grew to love those dear girls, and when somebody told the housemaid that there was to be 'a wedding over the way next Wednesday,' and the happy day drew near, I became so anxious lest it should not be bright and fair enough for my little girl, that the night before I scarcely slept, and was up at sunrise to take a peep at the weather.

"I need not have feared; it was one of those warm, spring-like days that come at the end of March, when, having run his course as a lion, he seems to rejoice in his peaceful, lamb-like ending. I early posted myself at the window to enjoy the bustle, which seemed to increase every moment. As there was no need of those unsightly awnings which they are obliged to put up in the city to protect the guests in unpleasant weather, I could see

to full advantage the lovely dresses, as carriage after carriage rolled up and the pretty girls tripped up the steps. Then a lull, and my whole attention was riveted on those parlor curtains.

"As though they thought of poor old grandma opposite, a young man drew aside the draperies and pushed up the window to let the warm spring air into the heated rooms. The buzz and murmur were quite audible; then suddenly all was still, and my little bride, on her father's arm, crossed the room and stood beside the man who was to unite her lot with his 'for better, for worse.' Of course I could hear nothing, and could only watch the young head as it bent reverentially, then lifted in heart-felt love as she pledged her faith; but I prayed to Our Father that he would not only grant her all earthly happiness, but would unite both their hearts and hands in loving service to Him, without which there is no perfect union.

"Then the kisses and hand-shakes! For an hour music and laughter resounded; and I caught glimpses of my little bride's white dress, as she flittered about. Everything seemed to be so homelike and happy—none of the cold ceremony which chills every grand city wedding. About two o'clock the carriage drew up, and the trunk was brought down; the door-way, and far back in the hall, was filled with the young friends—bright dresses packed in with black coats and favors in the button-holes; and, presently, out from among them stepped a modest little figure in a brown dress and hat. Her important young husband assisted her into the carriage, amid shouts of laughter, jokes and good wishes, and they drove off as a shower of old shoes fell behind them.

"In my excitement I had pushed up the window and leaned out. Yes, she did not forget the old lady even in her happiness; my last sight was an upturned, smiling face, and a wave of the hand—a good omen, for she who could be thoughtful for an utter stranger at such a time will not fail in kind acts every day of her life.

"The ever-present groups of little vagabonds were hanging to every available railing, with open-mouthed curiosity. 'Why, I thought we should see the bride,' said one little mite, as he became aware that something had gone by, and he had lost it. 'Did n't you see her get into that carriage and drive off?' answered one of the gentlemen. 'Oh! we thought she'd be all in white,' said he, in a disappointed tone, and all the other little dirty faces fell many degrees. Then, with a burst of laughter, the whole group at the door turned and fluttered back into the house. The door was closed, and grandma leaned back in her chair, shut her eyes, and gave herself up to dreams of 'the days that are no more.'"

QUEER PEOPLE.

(For Home or School representation.)

BY LUCY B. WIGGIN.

[THREE boys, dressed as Esquimaux, Highlander, and Chinese, and three girls, as Turk, Indian, and Spaniard, form a semicircle on the stage. A boy and a girl, in plain dress, standing, one at each end, bring forward the characters alternately, repeating the appropriate part. Instead of two, six boys and girls, representing a geography class, may recite the verses. The opening and closing stanzas are to be spoken in concert.]

ALL around this world of ours,
Whirling swift as thought,
Through the icebergs and the flowers,
Glimpses we have caught
Of such curious folk, we know
You would like to have us show
Their queer ways, so we'll produce
them,
One by one, and introduce them.

ESQUIMAUX.

Over the snow,
The Esquimaux,
Drawn by his snarling pack,
Follows the bear through the Arctic
night,
Sweeping on in a rapid flight,
Under the gay Aurora's light,
Over the frozen track.
To and fro,
As the north winds blow,
The rude lamp swings in his hut of snow.
Bunches of moss they burn for wicks,
Tallow candles their candy-sticks.



THE ESQUIMAUX.

Never a doll do the children see,
Scarcely a flower, or shrub, or tree.
Smothered in furs from toes to chin,
Head wrapped up so you can't peep in,
Only their small, dull eyes look through;
Funny enough it would seem to you!
Do you wish that you were an Esquimaux,
To eat and sleep in the land of snow?



THE TURK.

TURK.

Where the tiny waves of heat
Quiver upward like a prayer,
Dainty perfumes, shy and sweet,
Tremble on the sultry air—
In the dim seraglio lie
Cushion-heaps of richest silk;
Languid beauties charm the eye,
Almond-eyed, with teeth like milk.
As the dreamy days go by,
Breezes from the outer world
Sometimes breathe a gentle sigh,
Pausing at the casement high,
Where the white smoke, upward curled,
Struggles through the heavy air.
Breezes are not wanted there.
All unvexed by aspiration,
Dreams the Turk her life away;
Scarcely stirred by expectation,
As the tranquil fountains play,
While the roses' ceaseless bloom

Steeps her senses in perfume.
Would you rather be an indolent Turk,
Or your own bright self, with plenty of work?

HIGHLANDER.

When crossing bonnie Scotland,
A Highlander I saw.
His bonnet it was canty,
His stockings they were braw;
Between his stocking and his kilt,
His bare knee might be seen,
And the kilt fell beneath his belt
In faulds o' brightest green.
But oh! the plaid on his shoulders braid,
That pleased me best of a';—
But the peaks are touched wi' a glimmer o' gowd,
And he must up and awa',
Where the burn comes springing adown the hill,
Wi' mony an eddyin' laugh,
I watch him climbing from crag to crag,
Aye grasping a sturdy staff.
His sheep, wi' fleece like the mountain snow,
Grazed o'er the slopes aboon;
He hugs his plaid as the cauld winds blow,
And scornfully he looks doon
On the braid green fields, where the stream
winds slow,
And the sleek herds crop the grass,



THE HIGHLANDER.

And the gentle Lowlander follows the plow,
From the height of his mountain pass.
Oh! who would not a Highlander be,
To roam o'er the hill-tops, blithe and free?

INDIAN.

The desert stretches eastward
From the foot-hills bare and dry,
Beneath the cloudless reaches
Of the desert wastes of sky.



THE INDIAN.

There are clusters of dingy wigwams grouped
In spots where the sage-brush grows,
And the alkali dust drifts thick and white,
Wherever the hot wind blows.
In the shade of the tent, an Indian stout
Lies smoking his pipe at ease,
While his patient squaw, moving in and out,
Seems striving her lord to please.
When the dinner is simmering over the fire,
And the skins have all been dressed,
She lifts her droll papoose to her back,
And starts on some weary quest.
All the burden and all the care
Fall on the weaker of the pair;
Bad for Indian and bad for squaw,
That the will of one should be always law.
Oh! let us be glad of our clear white skin,
And the dear home happiness all may win.

CHINESE.

I should like to bring
My friend Ching Ling,
And give him an introduction.
Now confess to me
That you rarely see
Such a curious foreign production!

From his shaven pate to his turned-up toes,
 His singular costume plainly shows
 That he thinks his way the best.
 He is ready to swear,
 With a serious air,
 That of all the countries under the sun,
 His own dear China's the only one
 With wisdom supremely blest.
 Dogs and rats are good in their place,
 Birds'-nest soups may a banquet grace,
 Chop-sticks, too, will do very well,
 If you play the regular Chinese swell;
 But oh! give me
 A cup of their tea,
 Odorous, black, and strong!
 Ching Ling is coming across this spring,
 But a chest of his own he must surely bring,
 Or his stay will not be long.
 It will be our gain,
 If we can retain
 Our friend from the Flowery Land,
 For patience and skill,
 And strength of will,
 He holds in his yellow hand.



CHING LING.

Now, boys, remember how much depends
 On being polite to our Chinese friends.

SPANIARD.

Languidly, dreamily, float to my ear,
 Strains from a distant guitar;

Soon in the moonlighted darkness appear—
 Blended the near and the far—
 Dusky-robed figures of marvelous grace,
 Weaving the forms of the dance;



THE SPANIARD.

Dark eyes gleam brightly through half-veiling
 lace,
 Eyes that can melt with a glance;
 Fountains arise from the stones at our feet,
 Plashing their musical rain;
 Vineyards, and olives, and orange-trees sweet,
 Tell us that we are in Spain.
 Picturesque creatures upon us attend,—
 What if they say, "In an hour,"
 When on some mission we quickly would send?
 Calmness gives token of power.
 Would you prefer such slow service to wait,
 Or with decision to carve your own fate?

TOGETHER.

These are a few of the folks we have found;
 How do you like their looks?
 If you're not able to travel around,
 You may meet them in your books.
 But, among the people that we have seen,
 The queerest of all are those
 Who never notice their neighbors' ways,
 But live in ignorance all their days,
 Of facts which the whole world knows.

GILBERT STUART.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

MORE than a century ago, when that city of summer palaces, Newport, was a little fishing hamlet, where ships from the Barbary coast landed droves of slaves for the New England market, the best-known inhabitant of the village was a boy—a slovenly, handsome, lazy boy. Everybody abused “Gil Stuart,” and everybody loved him; everybody said that there was the making of a great man in him, and in the next breath declared that he was going headlong to perdition. If he chose to play truant and to lie on the beach all day setting soldier crabs to fight, teacher, mother, and assuredly grandmother, hurried to make excuses for him; if he chose to go to school, his chum, Ben Waterhouse, was ready to help him with his sums, or with his exercise. What matter if he were the idlest boy in class? Was n’t he the only genius in the village? Had he not sketched everybody he knew?—the ships and the beach and the gangs of slaves? Had not the mysterious Scotch gentlemen (just arrived in the country on some secret political embassy) declared that the lad was a Rubens, a Vandyke, or what not? There was a whisper that one of them, Mr. Cosmo Alexander, himself a painter, proposed to take Gil back to Europe, and set him on the high way to fame and fortune. At least so the lad told on the beach, in his bragging way, though the people received the story with doubt, as “one of Gibby’s lies.” This time, however, the story proved true; old Gilbert Stuart was questioned when he came out of the snuff-mill in the evening, and said that he had consented that the boy should go. “Onybody could see that he was meant to be something beyond the ordinar’, and Mr. Alexander had promised to send him home a great man.”

So Gil’s bright, saucy face disappeared from the drowsy street for a year. At the end of that time, one drizzly November day, a ragged, filthy lad crept after dark out of the hatchway of an English collier, and ran up to the Stuarts’ house by the snuff-mill. It was weeks before Gilbert, in a new suit, but haggard and lean, came out on the beach to meet his old friends. He talked but little of his adventures. When he did, he had astounding tales to tell of his hard study and great success abroad. A whisper went about afterward that he had been an idle dog—worked when the humor seized him, lying in bed half the time, until after Mr. Alexander died, and the patience of his other friends was

wearied out with him. It was hard to know the truth of the matter.

But Gil, everybody said, was a genius, and not to be expected to drudge like commonplace men. He was an affectionate fellow, and, while he was gone, had made a little picture of his grandmother, who had petted him since he was a baby. This little show of tender feeling laid the foundation of his fortune. His Uncle Joseph, a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia, saw this picture of his old mother, and, profoundly touched by it, employed young Stuart to paint his own family. Orders came from other well-to-do people. The villagers were always ready to applaud the young genius, in whom they had trusted so long, and to be blind to his fits of idleness or sulky ill-temper. His friend Ben Waterhouse, who seems to have been a sensible, downright man of honor, stood by him, let him do what he might, giving him a sharp rap now and then, to bring him to his senses.

Young Waterhouse soon afterward was sent to London to study medicine, and Gilbert Stuart took flight to escape the fighting just then beginning between the colonies and mother-country, and, with the help of his neighbors in Newport, followed him. His father was ruined by the war, and could send him no money. Waterhouse had left London before he arrived; he was an absolute stranger in the great city. There are many pitiful stories of how he struggled against starvation—sometimes with a gusty energy; sometimes, when good fortune came close, slapping her on the face, with the passion of a petted baby. One day, when he was actually without a penny, he competed for the situation of organist in a church, and gained it, with the salary of thirty pounds. Another day, a Scotch gentleman, charmed by his winning manner and evident ability, commissioned him to paint a family group, paying him in advance. Stuart took the money, and thereafter troubled himself no more about the picture.

His faithful friend, Waterhouse, came back about this time, shared his purse with him, kept him straight with his landlady and laundress, and went about proclaiming to his friends the advent into the world of this incomparable genius, and almost forcing them to sit down and be painted. The young men in Waterhouse’s class made up a purse to procure a portrait of their favorite teacher, Dr. Fordyce, and Ben unfortunately handed it to Gilbert

before he began the picture. Nothing could induce the inspired youth either to put pencil to canvas or to refund the money. Waterhouse, from mortification and anxiety, fell into a brain fever, when the sum was made up for him by a wealthy friend. But Stuart carried the matter off in his jaunty, brilliant fashion, and had no symptoms of brain fever.

People who knew the young men set down this incomparable genius as a shabby fellow, but Waterhouse clung to and believed in him still. When he recovered, the two set out to walk through all London. They walked through the great streets where fat and fussy King George, with his vacant face, drove out in state, good Queen Charlotte beside him, gorgeous in scarlet and gold; walked through the suburbs, where ladies in their coaches were surrounded by armed guards to protect them from foot-pads. "We saw into the heart of that monstrous, dirty, overgrown city," says Dr. Waterhouse, "and found the people, not humming a song or laughing like the populace of Paris, but wearing a stern, anxious, and discontented phiz." The poor Londoner of that day might well wear the discontented phiz at which the Yankee boys laughed—his children most probably had not tasted meat in a year. The nobles flaunted their diamonds and priceless lace every day in Pall Mall; the good Queen Charlotte gave nothing away but advice. Sometimes this discontented Londoner stole a few shillings' worth of bread, and was hung for it. No wonder he and his fellows envied the Americans across the sea, who, if they were fighting King George's soldiers at desperate odds, had plenty to eat in the mean time.

We catch a glimpse now and then during the next few years of the brilliant "Gibby" in London. He goes to the American painter West, who has plodded his way to the highest success, and is now President of the Academy, and first in favor at court. When he discovers that the well-dressed, dashing young fellow is without a shilling, he gives him a place in his studio, and is thereafter steadily kind to him. Even the staid Quaker was charmed by the wit and grace of Stuart, and proposed to instruct him, with two other pupils, in the evening. The other men eagerly seized the opportunity, but Gilbert "scratched his paper black, threw it down in a passion, and gave it up." He laughed at his patron, West, behind his back, and had no patience with his slow, steady industry. It was useless to tell this erratic lad of how Sir Joshua had drudged to achieve his present eminence, or how Michael Angelo himself had been the most indefatigable of laborers. He flattered himself that he was made of other stuff. He had the usual school-boy belief. Fame and

success were to be taken in one desperate assault, or not at all. There are stories of how a fellow-student found him in his lodgings ill and ready to die, and how Stuart told him his disease was hunger, he having had nothing to eat but a biscuit in a week. But it is hard to know how much of his talk was worthy of belief. His stories were dramatic as his figures on canvas, and he did not spare the color in either. Hungry or not, his tongue was always ready. Meeting Dr. Johnson in Mr. West's studio, the gruff old lexicographer interrupted him while he was speaking, with:

"Young man, you speak decent English, for an American. Where did you learn it?"

"Not, sir, from your dictionary," answered the spoiled urchin of the fishing hamlet.

After leaving West, Stuart opened a studio in London. His undoubted ability, and the singular personal magnetism of the man, drew crowds of sitters before his easel. He rapidly raised his scale of prices, took a fine house and lived in great splendor and gayety, buying whatever luxury chanced to hit his fancy, but seldom remembering to pay for it. When debt or disaster brought a cloudy day into the beautiful house, and the painter's good spirits left him, he trusted to wine to bring them back.

Debt and disaster are not to be driven out of a house by wit or wine. Stuart was forced to leave London to escape his creditors. He fled to Dublin, and was followed by them and thrown into prison. While there, he set up his easel and began the portraits of many Irish noblemen, receiving, as usual, half-price at the first sitting. With this money he freed himself and ran away, leaving the half-finished Irish lords in gaol. We will charitably hope that he finished the pictures afterward; but there is room for doubt. With every year, wine and idleness made of the inspired genius a more shabby fellow.

In 1793, Stuart returned to America, and for a few months remained in New York, painting the portraits of the most famous men and women of the time. He then went to Philadelphia, then the capital of the new Republic, "his highest ambition in life," as he declared, "being to paint the face of Washington." There is a story of his first introduction to the Father of his Country, significant of the character of the two men. Stuart's natural ease of manner (or self-conceit, as we may choose to think it) had often carried him unabashed into the presence of royalty in Europe. The man of genius, he declared, honored kings by his notice. But when Secretary Dandridge brought him into the little parlor where Washington awaited him, he utterly lost his self-possession and stood awed and dumb for several minutes. The President

talked to him quietly until he recovered himself. There must have been some fine quality in Stuart himself, thus to appreciate the majesty of simple truth.

The painter lived in Germantown, a quiet little suburb of Philadelphia, to which the yellow fever that year had driven President Washington and the officers of state. He turned an ivy-grown stable or barn in a field near his house into a studio, and there he executed the truest and greatest work of his life, the head of Washington, working at it with a patient and anxious zeal. Something of the sin-

which it now belongs. It gives us, perhaps, our only true knowledge of the appearance of Washington, if we except the bust made by Houdin, who came from France for the express purpose of modeling it, for the State of Virginia.

There are told in Germantown many stories of Stuart—of the great men and the stately, beautiful women who came to him to be painted (and one likes to believe that in those first days of the Republic all the men were great and all the women fair); of his skill, his excesses, his mad fury when angered, his generosity when pleased; at work this



STABLE-STUDIO WHERE GILBERT STUART PAINTED HIS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

cerity of his sitter seems to have communicated itself, for the moment, to the flighty artist; and Stuart's fascination conquered even the grave and impassive Washington. After his own portrait was finished, we are told in the legends of the village that he and Lady Washington would often stroll across the fields and sit for hours in the stable-studio, talking to the painter as he worked. The portrait of Washington, in fact, was not finished at all; when the head was done, Stuart declared he would never touch it again, and never did, although he finished inferior copies made from it, sold them, and squabbled about the selling. This one great picture was bought by the Boston Athenæum, to

morning, with Thomas Jefferson as his charmed, attentive listener; this afternoon, kicking a roast of beef back to his butcher's in a tempest of fury, followed by the shouting, delighted boys of the village.

His record after this date is briefly told. He went to Washington, then to Boston, and there died, the first portrait-painter in the country, after an old age beset by disease, debt and drink.

No boy ever set out on the journey of life with a larger capital of health, winning manner, friendships, or natural ability; no man ever brought that journey to a sadder end of disappointment and loss.



AN EASTER CAROL.

BY EMILY D. CHAPMAN.

SWEETLY the birds are singing
At Easter dawn,
Sweetly the bells are ringing
On Easter morn,
And the words that they say
On Easter day
Are—"Christ the Lord is risen."

Birds! forget not your singing
At Easter dawn;
Bells! be ye ever ringing
On Easter morn.
In the spring of the year,
When Easter is here,
Sing—"Christ the Lord is risen."

Buds! ye will soon be flowers,
Cherry and white;
Snowstorms are changing to showers,
Darkness to light.
With the wakening of spring,
Oh, sweetly sing—
"Lo! Christ the Lord is risen."

Easter buds were growing
Ages ago;
Easter lilies were blowing
By the water's flow.
All nature was glad,
Not a creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord was risen.



THE ASH-GIRL.

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

"Motherless baby and babyless mother,
Bring them together to love one another."

Christina G. Rossetti.



AM going to tell you a story about a little girl who lived in a miserable, lowly place, among poor untaught people, who left her to take care of herself. She saw a kind of life from which your parents would shield you with loving tenderness. I shall have to repeat the language she used, and, perhaps, tell you of some of the things she saw and heard;

but if you will read my story carefully to the end, I do not believe it will hurt you. I hope rather it will make you think, when you see little street-sweepers, beggars, or poor children, that there may be hidden away under all their rough exterior, tender, warm feelings, and hearts that are taught through suffering to be pure and true.

One bright May morning, a little ash-girl was sitting on the pavement, leaning back against the railing of Stuyvesant Square, thinking. A little while before, a lady had appeared at a window in one of the houses opposite, looked across into the park, and smiled to her children who were playing there. The ash-girl had laughed and blushed, through all the dirt upon her face and under the tangled mass of hair that hung over it, for she thought the lady had smiled at her too, and she had never before caught a look of so much love from anybody. A few minutes afterward, the lady had come out upon the door-step, the children had run to meet her, calling, "Mother! mother!" and they had all walked away together.

The ash-girl, thinking that the lady would certainly see her and smile again to her, jumped up,

stood first on one bare foot, then on the other, clasped and unclasped her hands, brushed her hair away from her eyes, pulled off her hood, swung it to and fro, wound the strings around her wrists, and did not know at all what she was about. But the lady had only said, "Come, my darlings!" to her children, and walked away. So the ash-girl had sat down on the pavement, and was thinking about it all.

"Mother!" she muttered. "They all said, 'Mother!' The little one could n't talk plain, but even she said, 'Muzzer!' Ha! ha!" laughed the ash-girl all to herself, and hugging her knee a little tighter. "Did I ever in my life see anything so funny as three childers all running after a woman and callin', 'Mother?' One on 'em was as big as me, too! What's she want of a mother to be lookin' out for her all the time? I'd be 'shamed, if I was her. How'd I look, now, runnin' after somebody—so?"

Here she let go of her knee and walked on the tips of her bare toes, taking very little steps, making affected gestures, thrusting her chin out, and, with a scornful, jeering tone and manner, drawing through her nose, to some imaginary person before her, "Mo-ther!—mo-ther!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed again, stopping and sitting down on the curb-stone. "Would n't I look fine, now? In course, I would n't be goin' after any such lady as that. If I had a mother, I s'pose she'd be dirty—with ole clothes on an' a red face, like Biddy Dolan's. Jes' s'pose I was to go after Biddy Dolan, callin', 'Mother!' My! oh! would n't she turn round on a sudden an' let fly a blast at me? 'Get out wid ye, ye good for nothing little young baste of a street rag-picker!' she'd say. Ho! ho! would n't it be fun to see her?"

She stopped to enjoy the joke for a moment, but suddenly she looked grave and whispered, in a tone of mystery and some awe:

"I wonder—I wonder what a lady'd say if I wur after her! If I'd a-run after that mother, now! I wonder what she'd a-done! I aint so awful diff'rent from them childers, I don't think. If I was washed, an' had my hair fixed in curls, an' a pink dress on, an' a white hat an' ribbons an' a feather down behind—I wonder if I'd look then as if I b'longed to a good, beautiful, reel mother, that'd come to the window an' see me rollin' my hoop, an' look down at me a-smilin' the beautiful way that lady did! Was n't her cheeks red,

though?—and did n't her teeth shine when she laughed? She looked at me, too! Reelly, she did. I'm certain sure she looked right straight into my face, a-smilin' an' noddin' to me! If I'd a-screamed out, 'Mother! mother!' along with the others, what'd she a-done? She clean forgot she'd seen me, when she come out to the door. For, when the rest o' the childers ran over to her, I could n't make her look back across the way to me ag'in, all I could do—an' I tried ever so hard. She never seen me at all then; but she walked off out o' sight, with all the other childers—every one on 'em—holdin' onto her."

The ash-girl sat, resting her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, for a long time, thinking about all this. After awhile, another thought came.

"I wish—I wish I had a mother!" she said at last. "I would n't care if Biddy Dolan an' the others did laugh at me, then! I would n't care if all the ash-boys an' rag-pickers that ever I seen in my life follered after me a-mockin' of me. *She* would n't! My mother would n't laugh at me! No, indeed, she would n't. When the others did it, she'd hold out her hand an' take mine into it, an' pull me close to her side an' look down at me an' say—what that lady did to her childers—she'd say, 'Come, my darling!' An' if she said that, the boys and gals might call me anything they liked, an' I would n't care. Oh! I wonder—I wonder, if I went all over the city, an' hunted an' hunted an' watched in the streets, an' axed at the doors—I wonder if I could find any one that'd be my mother! Oh, if I could! Biddy Dolan would n't care. She don't want me. I don't git 'nough to pay her for seein' me round—she often says I don't. She often says she wishes I'd take myself off, an' that the day my own mother died, an' she tuk me for to carry roun' an' beg with, brought bad luck to her. That's all I ever heerd o' my mother. Nor I don't want to hear no more, for that aint the kind o' mother I'm goin' to be lookin' for. I don't want nobody like Biddy Dolan, an' all the mothers roun' our place is like that. I want a reel mother, and I'm a-goin' to try an' try an' see if I can't find one! Let's see, now, where I'll go to hunt first. I wont ax that lady that lives across the way, 'cause she don't want me; she never looked at me when she came out ag'in. An' she's got all o' them others, too. But she's a reel mother. She's the first reel mother that ever I seen. She come out of a pretty house, too. They's flowers in the windies, an' lace curtains all the way up. I guess the best mothers is in the beautifulest houses. I'll go to all o' them I can find. An' I'll go right off, now—just as soon as I git my basket full an' take it to Biddy's."

She sprang up gayly at the thought, and went to work at raking out the half-burnt coals from every barrel, box, or pan she could find. Mischievous boys, passing by, gave her a poke in the ribs now and then, pulled her hood off, or even drove her from her post; but she was so absorbed in her scheme that she minded nothing, and toiled so faithfully that she reached Biddy Dolan's shanty—the shabbiest one in Mackerelville—long before her usual time for returning. She subjected her coals to Biddy's inspection, emptied them into the barrel kept for the purpose, and was hurrying away again when a new thought stopped her.

"I said I did n't want a mother like Biddy," she said to herself; "nor I know my mother wont want a young un like me, neither! I better fix myself up. I can't help my clothes" (looking down at her rags, hopelessly), "but I'll wash myself, an' my mother'll put me on a nice, pretty dress an' things. Yes, I know she'll do that."

So she pulled off her hood, caught up a tin basin, and proceeded to wash her face. She wiped it on an old towel, and then, having tried to smooth her hair with a piece of a broken comb, she hurried away unobserved.

She made her way as fast as possible to a more decent part of the city, bent upon finding the prettiest houses, and soon reached Fifth Avenue. She walked slowly along for a number of blocks, looking, not at the basement doors, as she did on her begging tours, but up at the windows, trying to decide at which house to try her luck first. But they all looked pretty much alike.

"They looks kind o' shut up," she thought, "as if nobody was movin' in 'em, and as if folks'd be kind o' 'feerd to ring."

After awhile, however, she got courage to go into one of the court-yards and pull the servants' bell. A scowling woman opened the door, and banged it to without a word.

"That's the way they does when I'm a-beggin'," thought the child. "How can I let 'em know I aint? Mebbly it's the basket. I'll leave it outside."

So she put the basket down, and rang at another door. Pretty soon that door opened, and a boy showed himself just long enough to say: "Clear out! Haint got nothing an' never will have!" and slammed the door as the woman had done.

"Ugh!" she grunted. "Ye need n't think, I wont come ag'in to ax ye, though, if it's for nothin' but jes' to plague ye!"

She rang at a good many bells, with like results, but she was not to be discouraged. Her eyes gleamed still, and she was smiling proudly as she shook her small bony fist at the last iron gate which had clanged in her face, and screeched to the foot-

man who had closed it: "You thinks I'm a-beggin', don't ye? Well, ye don't know jes' nothin' at all, ye don't! Ye drives me away now, but wait till ye see me walkin' by with my mother! Jes' wait, I tell ye, till ye sees me then, an' see what ye'll do!"

"Do look at that funny little creature talking to herself," said a lady to her companion, as they were passing along the noisy street. "Did you ever see such gestures? See the movement of that sharp little chin!"

"Wait! Suppose we astonish her!" said the other lady—and, taking a coin from her purse, she tossed it into the lap of the child, who, looking up in wonder, saw the two ladies smiling back at her as they walked on.

She sprang up, ran after them, the coin in one hand, and mechanically holding out the other, said: "Oh, if ye please——"

"No!" said one of the ladies, sharply, and they turned the corner, saying to each other: "That's what one gets for giving to beggars! To think of a child of that size following you and asking for more!"

But the ash-girl looked after them and said: "I don't care. You aint reel mothers, for it was n't that kind o' way the lady looked this mornin'."

She put the money in the bosom of her dress, and walked a little farther up the street. Seeing another iron gate open under a high door-step, and a servant just going in, she ran into the courtyard and called after him: "Say, mister!"

"What do you want?" he asked, turning upon her.

"I aint a-beggin'—but I want—do ye—is they—is they a lady in this house wants a little girl?" she stammered out at last, not knowing; now that she was actually listened to for a moment, in what form to put her question.

"By gosh! No, ther' aint. An' if ther' was, she would n't be lookin' after one of exactly your style and cut!" he answered, not ill-naturedly. "But—hold on!" he called, struck by something in her manner as she turned to go. "You aint a-beggin'—of course not! But do ye want some cold victuals?"

"Yes, if ye please," she answered; and she peered through the bars of the gate as he went into the house. She had not thought of it before, but she was really very hungry. In a moment or two, the man returned with some food wrapped in a paper, which he put into her basket.

"It aint my business, this giving to beggars, and I might a' sent Jane," he said to himself; "but there was something queer in that youngster's eyes, and kind o' taking too, in her looking for a place at her time o' life!"

Sitting on the door-step, the child, in her hunger, forgot her imaginary mother for awhile, as she eagerly picked over her treat of bones and bits. Her hunger satisfied, she started once more on her errand.

She rang at more bells, ran after more ladies, asked of more servants, men and women, and gradually heaped more fragments into her basket. But the street-lamps were all lighted, and many stars were out, when she turned her steps toward Biddy Dolan's and gave up her pursuit for the day. Though she had not succeeded in making a single person understand what she was in search of, she was not disheartened. Her experience in begging had taught her to expect to be turned away, and she received a rebuff as indifferently as she threw aside a bit of coal that "had n't any more burn left in it." There were always more ashes to poke, and there were always more houses to ask at.

There was only one saddening effect of her failure. The sudden idea of finding a mother had filled her mind with fanciful dreams and pictures, which grew more and more real to her. Whereas in the morning she had started with only an indefinite idea that perhaps some day she might find a mother, now, as she was returning to Biddy Dolan's, she felt a great deal more sure of her success in the end, and in her heart disappointment seemed impossible. So, as she drew nearer and nearer to the old shanty, the contrast between its surroundings and her bright visions made the place seem drearier than it had ever done before; and, unconscious of the reason for it, her spirits drooped.

The other ash-girls and boys, rag-pickers, and various scavengers of the neighborhood returned from their day's work or lounging, and there was the usual scene of gossip, quarrels, and confusion which belongs to such places of an evening.

Our little ash-girl sat alone, thinking and dreaming, until by and by she crept into her corner in the little dingy room under the roof of the shanty, and, with the pictures coming still, fell asleep at last upon her bed of old rags.

Hours afterward, the moon, rising over the rooftops, sent a beam of light across the dreary yard, into a little window in the room, and resting for a moment on the tired ash-girl's face, revealed upon it an expression of so much joy and sweetness that, for that one moment at least, it might have answered for the face of the Sleeping Beauty herself!

In the morning that look had faded, but one of strong hope had taken its place, and the child looked very bright when she went on her round again. She took her coals back to Biddy Dolan, washed her face in the old tin basin as before, and once more made her way to the Fifth Avenue.

Up the street she went, ringing at the bells and

trying to obtain a hearing of every one to whom she had a chance to speak, with about the same result as before. And so, for many days, over and over again, up and down Fifth, Madison, and Lexington Avenues, around the squares, through all the streets where she thought the prettiest houses were, she tramped, so full of hope and longing that she never knew she was tired until she went back to the shanty at night.

More and more difficult her search became to her; but, with a steady, persistent, increasing brightness, the pictures grew and grew in her imagination. Every day her faith in the possibility of success grew stronger, her feet traveled over the pavements with more courage, more eagerness, and less and less often she stopped to sit on the door-steps or curb-stones to think. Every day her visions grew brighter and her heart stronger in its purpose; and every night the old shanty seemed dingier and drearier than ever.

Always on the alert to catch sight of a lady with a child or children about her, or who seemed to her to have a motherly air, she went along, looking up at the windows, peering in at open doors, into carriages, and at the faces of people passing by. Now and then, when she would see mothers with their children passing in or out of houses, looking in at the shop-windows, or coming out, the little hands laden with sugar-plums and toys, she would, if it was possible, follow them, sometimes a long distance, watching them, trying to catch what they were saying to each other, and always delighted if she overheard a mother call a child by any endearing name.

"My dear! my dear!" she would whisper to herself afterward, imitating the tone and manner in which it had been said. "That was good! My mother'll call me that, I know. Catch her ever sayin', 'You Cathern!' like Biddy Dolan does."

And often, when she heard an expression which was new and strange to her, it would delight and amuse her as a story might have done.

"My precious! my precious one!" as if it were half a joke and half beautiful. "Aint that a funny one, though? My mother'll say that to me, too. 'Ho! my precious!' she'll say, and then I'll laugh. But the best—the very best of all—is 'My darling!' Somehow I liked that, an' it sounded best of all. When my mother says that, I'll put my two arms 'round her neck." And the child would repeat it to herself hundreds of times as she went along.

She very rarely tried to address women with children, although she soon discovered that they were more apt than any others to notice her, and often spoke kindly to her, giving her pennies or bits of good things from their parcels. An idea

had taken possession of her that no mother who already had any children of her own would want her.

"No," she would say, "I aint like the others, an' the mothers would n't care for me aside o' them. I must find a mother that'll have only just me."

One day, she was wandering about Madison Square, when an elegant carriage stopped before a house she was passing. The footman, in finest livery, opened the door; a lady stepped out of it, and Cathern, stopping to look at her, could hear her give the driver an order to come later in the day to drive her to the Park. Turning to go up the steps of the house, she brushed by Cathern, who, as she passed, caught at her dress, and for a moment held a fold of the delicate lace shawl she wore, while she looked up at her and said, in a pleading voice:

"Oh! please, ma'am, wont ye tell me —"

"Tell you what, child?" asked the lady, petulantly, and frowning a little. "Let go of my lace; you will soil it. I have nothing for you."

"I don't want nothing; I don't want nothing at all," said Cathern, letting go of the lace and squeezing her hands together. "I only want to know if—if—they's any lady in that house that wants a little girl for her own?"

A merry, light laugh rang from the lady as she answered: "No, there is n't. I can tell you that very decidedly."

And she ran up the steps, laughing still, her lace shawl and the folds of her delicate silk dress fluttering gracefully, and making little soft breezes touch the ash-girl's cheek as she passed.

The child watched her waiting on the step for the servant to open the door, and then, when she had disappeared through it, looked up at the windows of the house, shading her eyes with her hand. Then she turned away with a perplexed look, and, after her old way, sat down on the curb-stone to think the whole question over in a new light.

"It's queer!" she said to herself, after thinking a long time. "It's very queer, and it must be all wrong. I guess, after all, that they don't have no reel mothers at all living in the illegant houses. That must be it! But"—after another pause—"that first mother was in one. How did she come in it, then? I wonder how she did! But they aint no more of 'em, for I've been everyw'eres. She was a reel mother, too. She was the first one. I don't b'lieve—I don't b'lieve that house was her'n. I guess she only come to stay in it, an' she lives somew'eres else. That's it!—that's it! I'm sure it is. I've been a-doin' it all wrong. I'll have to begin ag'in."

She sprang up with new hope at the thought, and was going to hurry away when, looking up

again at the house the lady had entered, and seeing a group of children in one of the windows, she stopped.

"That's queer, too!" she thought. "I wonder who takes care o' the childers in the big houses!" She puzzled over the problem for a moment or two, and then said: "I s'pose the ladies does it. The ladies an' the nusses, an' the servants an' the fine waiters! An' the childers is like me—they don't have no reel mothers! Poor little things!—poor little things!" And the ash-girl's heart was full of tenderness and pity for the rich children as she went on, slowly repeating, "Poor little things!—poor little things!"

She now took to wandering through the side-streets, seeking out blocks of more modest-looking houses; for she felt sure that, in any case, real mothers were not to be found in handsome ones; and whenever she saw ladies whom she took for such going in or coming out of them, she decided that they were only "stopping" in them for a time.

Once in a great while, in her earnestness, she made herself partially understood; and, one day, a lady whom she addressed stopped, drew her aside and asked her to repeat her question.

"I said, do ye want a young un for yer own—to live with yez always, ma'am?" said Cathern.

"Do I want a little girl? Do you mean that you would like to come and live with me?"

"Yes, ma'am—yes. I'm a-lookin' for somebody to live with," said Cathern, getting very eager and anxious as the lady seemed to be understanding her.

"But what could you do, if you lived with me? And what would you expect me to do for you?" asked the lady.

"You'd," said the ash-girl, taken aback and puzzled—"you'd put me on a pretty new dress an' nice clothes, an'—an' a feather in my hat, an' new shoes an' stockin's. An' what'd I do? I don't know, ma'am. I'd play out, an' I'd laugh up at the winder to ye when you looked out at me, an' I'd catch hold o' yer hand when we run acrost the streets together. An' I'd—I don't know! I don't know what I'd do—I don't!" And Cathern took hold of two bars of an iron railing at her side, put her head down, and began to cry.

"Oh, there! there!" said the lady kindly, patting her shoulder. "You must n't cry. I'll see what I can do for you. I have two little girls of my own at home, and I could n't take you; but I can show you a place where they take just such little girls as you, and —"

"Can ye, ma'am? An' will ye do it?" cried Cathern. "An' is they—is they —"

"Is they what?" asked the lady, as she hesitated.

"Is they any mothers at it that wants girls—any reel mothers, I mean?"

Still holding on to the bars, she gazed up into the lady's face with a pitiful and yearning look.

"Why, no; not exactly, my poor child," said the lady, moved and puzzled. "But there are very kind ladies there, who would take care of you and teach you."

"No, no, no!" cried Cathern, drearily, letting go of the bars. "I wont—I wont go there! No, I wont!—no, I wont!"

And as the lady put out her hand to try to detain her and persuade her farther, the child started away and ran down the street with all her might. Before long, she sat down on a step, panting and crying still.

"Hello! What ye cryin' for, sis?" said a boy, passing.

"Aint a-cryin', no more 'n you are!" she answered, giving a mighty sniff, pulling her hood lower over her face and straightening herself up.

"Oh, well, I aint a-goin' to, nuther! But ye can stop the leak with that, if ye want to," he said; and tossing an apple, which he had bitten, into her lap, he went on.

She laughed, took it, began eating it at once, and by the time it was finished she was ready to pursue her wanderings again.

Up and down the streets, day after day, she went still, and still she sought in vain. From the time when she met the lady who spoke to her of the kind of home she might go to, she became more afraid to make her want known; a timidity she had not felt before crept over her, and she began to appreciate, more and more, the real difficulty of her search. The pretty pictures of a home and a mother, which had made for her, in the midst of her dismal surroundings, a beautiful, ideal life, began to fade. Unconsciously, she came to learn that they were only fancies, with nothing real about them; and when the moon looked into her little window, it shone upon a pale, wan face, which no prince or any one would ever think of mistaking for that of the Sleeping Beauty.

She still raked the ashes every morning, took them to the shanty, washed her face, and went to beg in the streets where she had decided that mothers were most likely to be found; but her feet often ached, her little frame grew weary, and she took again to sitting on the door-steps and curbstones to think, not of the time when she would be walking by "her mother," but whether, after all, she would not have to give up looking for one altogether.

One afternoon in the autumn, she was sitting on a door-step idly watching a house opposite, where in the morning she had noticed some black and

white ribbons on the bell. The shutters were closed, but she had seen flowers handed in at the door, carriages collect, something carried out all covered with the flowers, then people get into the carriages and drive away. Now the ribbons had been taken off the bell, and nothing, except the closed blinds, distinguished the house from all the others.

"I wonder," she was thinking, drawing her rags about her, for it was chilly, "if it was a boy or a

and untied her hood, and at last, forgetting her basket, darted across the street, up the steps of the house, and rang the bell. She stood there, restless and nervous, for a moment, until the door was opened by the girl. Then, putting her hands, one on the door and the other on the side, where it could not shut without crushing her fingers, she said, eagerly: "I want to see the missus!"

"You can't," answered the girl. "She can't see nobody. What do you want with her?"



CATHERN AND THE LADY.

girl!—it was n't very big, whichever it was," when a carriage stopped at the door, and a lady, dressed in black and half covered with a long black veil, was helped out and supported tenderly up the steps and into the house by another lady who was with her. The carriage rolled away, and then there was nothing more for the little ash-girl to look at but the closed blinds again. Still, perhaps because she did not know what else to do, she sat there, looking and thinking.

Suddenly, her old fancy took possession of her. She stood up, sat down again, rubbed her face, tied

"I want to see her! Tell me—tell me if it was a girl; an' has she got any others? Tell me that—do, please!" said Cathern so earnestly, that the woman, at first disposed to send her rudely away, answered: "Yes, it was a girl; an' she has n't ne'er a one left—boy nor girl. Tell me what you want with her."

"No, no; I must see her! I knows she'll see me. Do—do tell her!" cried Cathern, pleading very hard.

"Who is it, Ann?" asked a sweet voice, and the parlor door opened a little way.

"It's a poor child, ma'am, says she must see you, an' I'm tellin' her —"

"No matter," said the lady, opening the door wider, "let her come in. Come in, child, and tell me what you want."

Cathern stood in a pretty, quiet room, in the glow of a bright fire, squeezing her hands very tight together and looking up at the lady with all the yearning of her search in her little pinched face. After a moment, she said, pausing between every few words, her breath coming and going strangely:

"I come—I come—to ax you, ma'am—oh! I've been a-huntin' an' a-huntin' through the streets—axin' at the houses an' everyw'eres for the mothers—'cause Biddy Dolan don't want me—an' nobody wants me, if—if— An' *she* told me now at the door that it was a girl, an'—I foun' out that you

have n't any—any little girl—and I— Oh, ma'am, don't—don't you cry, too! I—I aint like any nice little girl—I'm only ugly. But I wants—oh, *I wants a mother!* An' they aint any mother in the whole world that wants a little girl like me!"

Her hood thrown back, her hands clasped over her face, she stood, sobbing and trembling, before the lady, who at first, as the child's meaning dawned upon her, drew herself away, turned her face to the wall, and bowed her head, weeping. But when she turned again and saw the weak little frame trembling from head to foot, and heard her desolate cry, she suddenly knelt down, spread wide her arms, and cried:

"Come! come to me! It is as if my child cried out to me from heaven! Put your little head, so, upon my breast, and I will be as true—as true a mother to you as I can. Yes, I will, my darling!"

AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY-PARTY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I SUPPOSE there is scarcely an American boy or girl who has not heard of the great party which is to be given on the occasion of the one-hundredth birthday of our country—a party which will last six months, and to which the whole world is invited.

It is probable that this "Centennial Exhibition" will be the grandest affair of the kind that the world has ever known. In ancient times, it was impossible to have such celebrations, as the different countries of the world had very little to do with each other when they were not fighting; and although we have had several "World's Fairs" in our day, it must be remembered that this is more than an "International Exhibition,"—it is the celebration of a nation's birthday, and so it will not be surprising if it excites, even in foreigners, much more interest and enthusiasm than the great exhibitions at London, Vienna, and other cities.

One thing is certain, and that is, it will excite interest and enthusiasm enough in the people of the United States. I suppose there is scarcely a person in this country old enough to care about such things, who will not go to the Centennial—or want to go.

The United States is not a very old country—

Iceland recently celebrated its one thousandth birthday. But then we have done so much more in one hundred years than Iceland has done in its thousand, that we feel very proud about our birthday, and proud that all the world is coming to help us celebrate it. Even England, who did not want us to have our first birthday, and who fought so hard to prevent us ever becoming a nation at all, is among the first to accept our invitation, and seems to take almost as much interest in the matter as if she had been fighting on our side all through the Revolution.

And we are happier to have England come than any one else. For we can never forget that she is our mother-country, that her language is our language, and that, in great part, her blood is our blood. The British lion is a noble beast, and we welcome him warmly when he comes to us in jolly good-humor, wagging his tail with gladness to see us. This is very different from the way he came growling and roaring a hundred years ago. He is a terrible animal to fight. I doubt if any national bird or beast, except the American eagle, could have torn itself away from the British lion, as our bird did in the last century.

From almost every land the people will come—from countries that have always been our friends,

and from countries that have only recently made our acquaintance. Even Japan, who for thousands of years has shut herself up from the rest of the world, and who, only twenty years ago, would not think of such a thing as allowing commerce or intercourse between her people and the rest of mankind, has sent architects and carpenters to build a house for her people on our Centennial grounds.

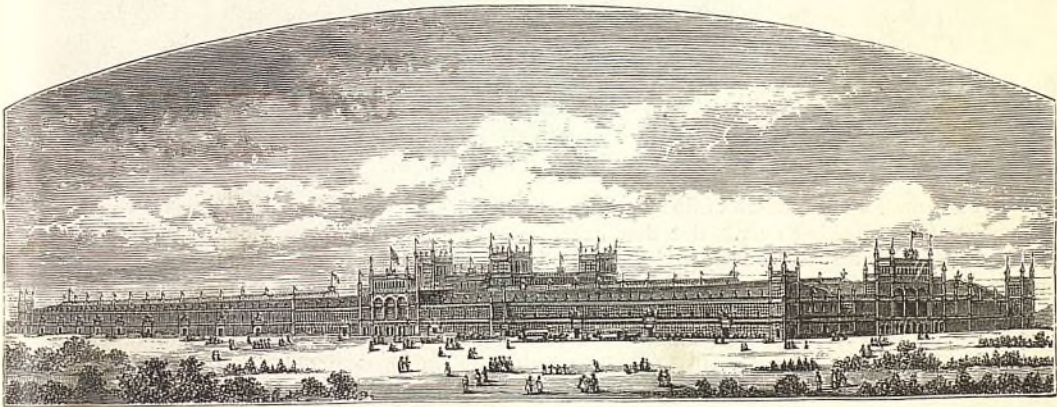
Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica will send to America their representatives, who will come laden with specimens of the products of their soil, their labor, and their ingenuity; so that at our great birthday celebration we can see gathered together the productions and manufactures of every land, as well as the people who dwell therein.

And now we will take a glance at the preparations we are making for this Birthday-party.

and smooth, wide roads, and lovely shady walks, and through the whole of it runs the placid river Schuylkill.

More than two hundred acres of this park have been appropriated for the Centennial buildings and for Exhibition purposes generally.

There are five principal buildings on the grounds, the largest of which is the Main Exhibition Building, which is truly immense. It is difficult to make any one, who has not seen this building, understand how large it really is. It is 1,880 feet long and 464 feet wide. Three such buildings, set end to end, would extend over a mile. Boys and girls who live in the country will appreciate its size when I tell them it covers a space of over twenty acres, all in one room! Twenty acres in some parts of the country is considered a snug little farm; and when you think of the whole of



THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Philadelphia was wisely selected as the most fitting place for the celebration, for in that city the nation truly had its birthplace. There, as soon as the Declaration of Independence was signed in the Old State House, the little baby "United States of America" opened its eyes, and began to cry and kick. It was not a very strong little baby at first, but it cried pretty loud and kicked pretty hard, and very soon let the world know that it was alive, and intended to live. "Faneuil Hall" in Boston is called "The Cradle of Liberty," and it is true that our baby was well rocked and cared for there, and that from North to South he received the greatest support and attention until he grew up to be a stout fellow. But he was born in Philadelphia, and so there his birthday is to be celebrated.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia is a magnificent park called Fairmount Park, which contains about three thousand acres of land. There are meadows and grassy hills, and beautiful groves,

such a farm,—house, barns, barn-yard, wagon-houses, vegetable garden, lawn, wheat-field, corn-field, potato-patch, pasture-lot, and everything under one roof,—you can imagine a pretty big house.

If you live in the city, in an ordinary four-story house, the comparative size of your house and this main building may be inferred from these two black marks:

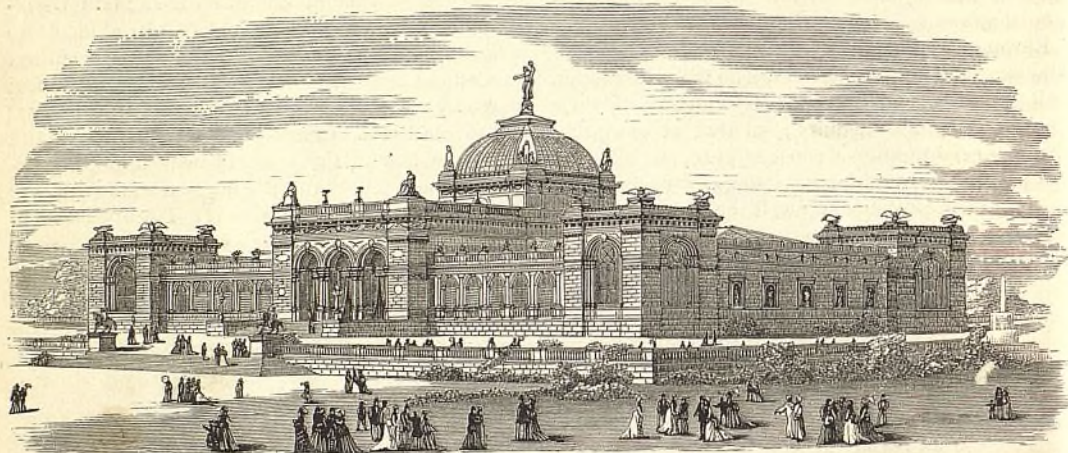


The little mark is your house; the large one is the Main Centennial Building.

This great house is constructed almost entirely of iron and glass, and when the sun shines it is nearly as light inside as it is out of doors. There are rows of iron pillars running up and down the building to support the roof, but these are so slender and so far apart that they do not interfere with the view of the interior. When I last saw the building, it was just finished; and as I stood at

one end and looked over the immense, smooth, and vacant floor, I could see that off in the distance the roof was higher, and there were great entrance-doors to the right and the left; beyond that there did not seem to be much. In reality, however, that higher portion was the center of the building,

than any one's imagination is likely to be. Just think of fourteen acres of machinery, all in motion at once! There you will see printing, weaving, grinding, sawing, pounding, rolling, stamping, with the buzz and the whirr and the clash and the clatter of thousands of wheels and belts and



MEMORIAL HALL, OR ART GALLERY.

and beyond it was a vast stretch of floor as great as that which I was looking over. But that distant half of the building was so far away that the central portion seemed to be the end of the building.

In this great hall will be exhibited goods and manufactures of every possible kind, from all quarters of the world. There will be wide passage-ways up and down the building, and cross-ways intersecting these, and all the rest of the space will be filled with the curious, beautiful, and wonderful things that man's ingenuity has taught him to make or adapt to his needs. If a person were determined to see everything in this main building, and would therefore walk up one side of every passage and avenue and down the other (and that would be the only way of seeing everything), he would have to walk at least ten miles!

Near this building is another, very much like it, but not so large, covering over fourteen acres, which is called Machinery Hall. In this will be exhibited all kinds of machines, the greater part of which will be in operation, so that visitors can see what work they do, and how they do it. Steam-boilers and engines are to be set up in this hall to provide the power to set all this machinery going.

I expect there will be machinery in this hall which will do almost everything under the sun that a machine can possibly be made to do. I will not try to imagine, in advance, what will be there, for the reality will be far more astonishing

levers and arms of every kind—of iron and steel and brass hard at work doing all sorts of things and making all sorts of things.

At a short distance from the Main Building, which stands on a line with the machinery building, is a beautiful edifice, quite different from either of these. This is Memorial Hall, or the Art Gallery. It is an imposing structure of granite, which cost a million and a half dollars, and is intended to remain always as a memento of the Great Exhibition, and to serve as a permanent art gallery. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and is built entirely of stone and iron, so that it is absolutely fire-proof. It would not do to have a building in which will be placed so many valuable paintings and statues, exposed to any danger from fire.

Over the center of this structure, which is of a higher order of architecture than any of the other buildings, most of which are temporary and intended to be taken down when the Great Exhibition is over, is a magnificent dome one hundred and fifty feet high. On the highest point of this dome stands a colossal statue of Columbia.

In this great hall will be collected together thousands of the finest pictures and statues that the artists of the world can produce. The building itself, with its galleries and halls and pavilions and arcades, will be a grand sight in itself. It is estimated that eight thousand people can assemble in this building at one time, but I hope that when

you and I are there to look at the pictures and statues, there will be not quite so many spectators present.

To the northward of the three buildings we have already seen, and separated from them by a beautiful little valley with a romantic little stream running through it, stands a very peculiar edifice, built in the Moorish style. This is of marble, iron, and glass, and is called Horticultural Hall.

In the other buildings will be exhibited the wonders of man's art; here we may see the wonders of nature.

Here there will be fruits, flowers, trees, shrubs, and plants from every part of the world. Growing in a climate as soft and mild as that of their native land, may be seen oranges, lemons, palms, and all manner of luxuriant tropical plants; while in parts of the great building will be the most delicious and lovely fruits and flowers, filling the air with their fragrance. In the central portion are four large garden-beds, which are to be filled with the loveliest things that gardeners know how to cultivate; and these gardens can be dug, and raked, and hoed, and weeded, and enjoyed in all weathers; for they are under roof, and protected from all rain and storm. There are many boys and girls, I think, who would consider it a grand thing to have a large garden in the house; one in which they could work at any time in the year, and in all weathers.

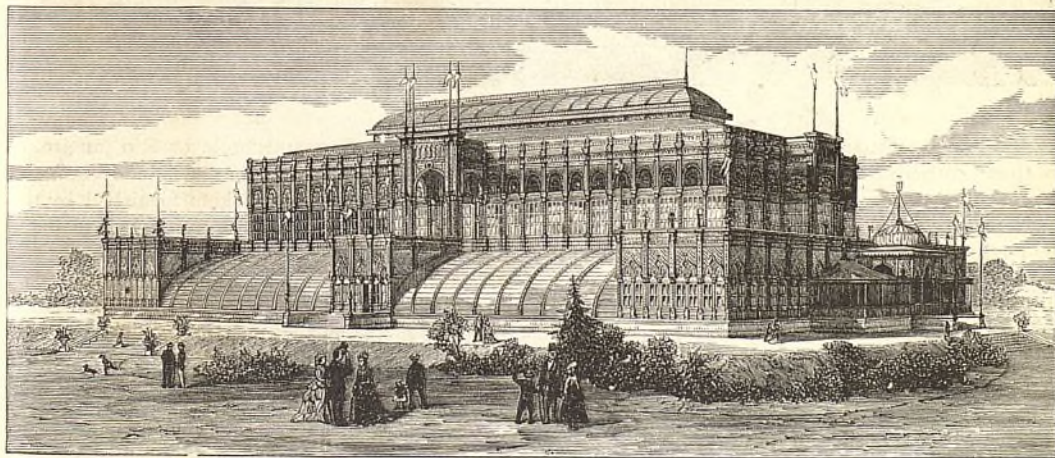
Horticultural Hall, like the Art Gallery, is a

farmers' work all over the world. We know that people in other countries farm in many peculiar ways—different from each other, and from our plans of working. And even in the various sections of our country farm-work and farm products are so entirely different, that it will be of great interest to the people from Maine to see how sugar and cotton are grown, and what they look like in their various stages. There are things, too, which grow in the North which will be quite novel to the people of the South. And we shall all be interested in the farm products of China, Persia, Tunis, Siam, Hawaii, and other far-away countries. We are familiar with the productions of some of these countries, but only in the condition in which they are ready for our use.

This building looks like a great cathedral, or four or five churches crowded into one, and is one of the most peculiar structures on the ground.

Besides these five principal buildings, there are many others, large and imposing in themselves, though inferior in size and appearance to those that we have described.

The United States Government has erected a building which covers more than an acre of ground, in which a great many things appertaining especially to our National Government will be exhibited. There will be, of course, a large collection of materials of war; and already there stands near one entrance of this building a great cannon into which a small boy could easily creep. It is about



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

permanent building, and will be maintained as a grand public conservatory for the citizens of Philadelphia.

The last of the five great buildings is Agricultural Hall. This covers over ten acres of ground, and will be filled with everything that relates to

long enough to accommodate a moderate-sized infant-class.

Then there will be a Woman's Pavilion, where all sorts of things, illustrating the work that the women of the world are doing, will be shown.

Buildings have been erected by Great Britain

and other countries for the use of the Commissioners who have been sent over to attend to their interests, and many of our States will have separate houses for their officers.

One of the most curious edifices on the ground is one erected for Japan. This has been built entirely by Japanese workmen, and in its construction not a nail or a screw has been used. The boards and timbers are all fitted together in such a way that they need not be screwed or nailed; and yet the building is as firm and strong as any other frame-house, and the joints are all very tight and neat.

It was a curious sight to see the Japanese carpenters at work. They did everything in their own style, just as they were accustomed to work at home. In Japan they do not *push* a plane or a

an elevator, and then they can see the whole Exhibition spread out before them, and have, besides, a view of the city of Philadelphia and all the beautiful scenery round about.

There are a great many other preparations, either completed or nearly so, for this great Birthday-party which our country is about to give; but I cannot begin to tell you all about them now. It is expected that millions of people will visit these grounds and buildings during the Exhibition, which will continue from the tenth of May until the tenth of November.

The most extensive arrangements have been made for accommodating these vast crowds from all parts of the world. A company has been formed to find board and lodgings in private houses for all visitors who do not want to go to hotels, and a



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

saw, but the workman pulls them toward himself. So these carpenters, when they used American saws, tied cloths around the lower end of the saw-blade, and held the saw by that end, so that the saw-teeth would cut into the wood as they pulled it toward them. They seemed to do everything hind-part foremost. I suppose that if they had used nails they would have driven them in heads first.

There will also be buildings for photographers, carriage-builders, and many other exhibitors who desire separate accommodations. Six large restaurants will be put up on the grounds, and in some of these we shall have a chance of seeing how the French and other foreign nations cook and serve meals. It is supposed that there will be over two hundred buildings in all, making quite a little town out in Fairmount Park.

Just outside of the Exhibition grounds, a tall observatory, one hundred and fifty feet high, has been erected. Visitors can go to the top of this in

person living in Constantinople or Rio Janeiro, or any other city of the world accessible by railroads or steam-vessels, can buy tickets furnished by this company, which will take him to Philadelphia, where he will be met on the cars, just before he reaches the city, by a messenger, who will conduct him with his baggage to a comfortable room in a house where his meals and lodging will be provided for him for as long a time as he has bargained for.

Of course, it is expected that a great deal of money will be made by those who supply all these people with what they need. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been paid for the privilege of setting up eating-houses, &c., on the grounds, and one man paid seven thousand dollars just for the privilege of selling pop-corn during the Exhibition!

Apart from the vast number of curious and interesting things which may be seen at this Centennial Exhibition, it will be a wonderful thing to

see the great multitude of people of all nations which will be collected together there.

To those of us who are not able to travel in foreign countries, it will seem as if those foreign countries had come to us. And surely this is the next best thing to traveling one's self.

And there will be more to see for people who live outside the city of Philadelphia than the great crowds and the great Exhibition. For there, in the city itself, is the Old State House in which Independence was declared, and there is the very room in which the Declaration was signed, and around the room the very chairs in which the signers sat, and on the walls their portraits are hanging. There is the table on which the great paper was signed, and there is the old silver inkstand which was then used by John Adams, who wrote his name so boldly, and by Stephen Hopkins, whose hand trembled—on account of palsy, not fear—so that he could scarcely write at all, and by all the rest of those brave men. In another room of that Old State House may be seen all sorts of relics of our forefathers: Letters written by Washington, furniture and china and glass-ware used by him; clothes worn by the patriots of the Revolution, and swords and guns carried and used by them, and many other things of the kind, which carry one back to those old days better than the pages of the best book of history that ever was written.

There, too, is to be seen the Old Liberty Bell which was rung when our nation was born, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

It is well worth seeing, this grand old bell. It will never ring again, for it is broken; but it has done its duty. We do not need it now, for liberty is proclaimed to all the land.

But I cannot tell you about all the curious and interesting things, some belonging to old times and some to new times, that may be seen in Philadelphia. There is one thing, however, that I must mention, because every boy and girl will care to know something about it.

This is the Zoological Garden, where all kinds of animals are to be seen, not shut up in narrow cages, but many of them in such commodious and extensive quarters that their condition must seem to them to be the next best thing to being free. To be sure, the lions and tigers and other savage beasts are in cages; but then they have very large

cages, where they can run and jump around and have a good time.

In one of the cages is a large leopard, who is named Commodore Perry, because for three days he commanded the Chesapeake. The "Chesapeake" in this case was a schooner in which the leopard was brought from Africa. He got loose while the ship was lying in the Delaware River, on its arrival at Philadelphia, and everybody speedily departed from the vessel, leaving him in sole command. The schooner was towed out into the middle of the river and anchored. Every plan was tried to coax the leopard on deck and into a cage, but he would not go. Boats rowed around the ship night and day, to kill the animal if he jumped overboard and tried to swim ashore. For three days he held the vessel, but, at last, another vessel was brought near the Chesapeake, and a cage containing a little pig was put on board. The Commodore was very hungry by this time, and, hearing the pig squeak, he bounced on deck and into the cage, the door of which was immediately pulled shut by persons on the other vessel. I do not know whether or not the little pig was jerked out of the cage before the leopard reached it, but I hope it was.

Besides all the wild beasts in the various houses—and most of these have out-door accommodations in warm weather—there are many animals who live altogether in yards in the open air. Five or six big buffaloes roam about in a half-acre lot, and there is even an inclosed stream where the beavers live and where they have built a dam. In another place, with a wire fence around it, is a whole colony of prairie dogs. It is amusing to see these little fellows, sitting up on their hind-legs at the entrances of their underground dwellings, the doors to which are always at the top of a little mound like an enormous ant-hill. In other large inclosures are beautiful deer and antelopes; and there are three great stone pits for the bears, who climb up posts which are planted in the middle of the pits. Then they seem quite near you, but they can't jump from the posts to the edge of the pit.

But if I go on telling about all the things that are to be seen here, there will not be room for anything else in the magazine.

If possible, you must all attend America's Birthday-party. You are all invited, you know. And it will be a hundred years before there is such another celebration.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, my dear April fools? No, no! I don't mean that—I mean, How d'ye do, my dear friends? The fact is, somebody asked me to tell you this month all about April fools' day, and I said I was sorry, but I would n't and could n't; and so, you see, my ideas got slightly mixed. I don't want to blight your young lives with dry details of "Days," and their whys and wherefores, especially when ever so many other things are pressing close and whispering: "Tell the children about us, good Jack—tell them about us!"

By the way, just for a change, I think I'll begin with

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FALL FROM A BALLOON.

THIS is n't told about in all the books. The latest biographies of Her Majesty, for some reason, ignore the incident altogether; but if you happen to meet with a volume called "Paskin's Adventures of Royalty," with a preface by Sir Walter Scott, you'll find an account of this affair, with a full-page illustration of the exciting scene.

A WOLF OR A FOX?

OF the letters sent by my boys and girls, in reply to the picture-query in the February ST. NICHOLAS (page 260), the little schoolma'am says the following should be printed. If there were room to spare, the good answers of Addie Howard, Arthur Walker, Daniel B. Bidwell, and Willie Locke should also appear in Jack's pages, though none of them step this time into the "Young Contributors' Department."

Geneva, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1876.

DEAR JACK: You ask us to give an account of foxes and wolves—their habits, looks, and dispositions.

The fox is an exceedingly crafty animal, nearly allied to the dog species. It seeks its food by night, and is fond of poultry, hares and rabbits. Foxes emit an odor, which enables dogs to scent and follow them with readiness. These animals adopt a great deal of cunning

in eluding the pursuit of dogs. They differ from wolves in these particulars, namely: they have a smaller body, smaller and shorter feet, and much finer fur. The silver fox's fur is rare and costly. A fox ran into one of our men's stone houses, near Geneva, last winter, for refuge from the hounds. They are scarce in this part of New York State now, although formerly they were in plenty.

The wolf is also nearly allied to the dog family, and is generally at his growth about two and a half feet high. He is naturally of a fierce disposition, while the fox is simply cunning. The form of the wolf is gaunt and thin, and he has an emaciated look. He carries his tail nearly straight. The common species are gray, and they are to be found in both Europe and America. A species of black wolf was common in North America a few years ago, but I do not know if any still exist or not. Captain Franklin mentions seeing white wolves in his voyage to the polar seas. They prey on sheep, deer, &c., and, when pressed by hunger, will even attack man. The wolf looks much more like a dog than the fox does.

The picture in the February number was a fox.

Yours very respectfully,

E. L. V.

Calera, Ala., Jan. 30, 1876.

DEAR JACK: "Which is it?" Why, it is a fox. The difference between a fox and a wolf is this: The fox's nose, or snout, is longer and more tapering than the wolf's; his ears are more upright and pointed, and his tail more bushy. He belongs to the genus *vulpes*. He burrows in the earth; is remarkable for his cunning; and preys on lambs, geese, hens, and other small animals. The common fox of Europe is the *vulpes vulgaris*; the red fox of America, the *vulpes fulvus*.

The wolf is a carnivorous animal, of the genus *canis*. So is the dog. The common wolf of Europe is *canis lupus*. The common American wolf is *canis occidentalis*; the prairie wolf, *canis latrans*. Wolves are very fierce, and often attack man and large animals. They usually go in droves. I suppose all of us have read, in one of the school readers, of the Russian woman who was followed by a pack of wolves, and, to save her own life, threw out her children to them. Such a story of a mother is hard to believe. I am glad there is no "Brudra Wolf" about here to pay me a visit.

Yours truly,

CLIFTON B. D.

WHIPPING THE SEA.

YOU 'VE heard about Xerxes? Of course you have; every history scholar that comes into my field to study talks about Xerxes of old, and his great armies. Well, I heard a very queer story about this same Xerxes the other day—picked out of one of the big books, you know. In one of his wars he wanted his soldiers to cross a piece of water a mile wide. So he caused a bridge of boats to be made. But before his men had crossed, a storm came up and destroyed the bridge; whereupon this brave general flew into a passion, like a little boy, and ordered the sea to be whipped with three hundred lashes, and a set of fetters cast into it, to punish it for its disrespectful conduct!

Dear, dear! I'm told the little waves are sobbing on the beach to this day.

A NEW SORT OF KITE.

SPEAKING of some of the droll ways of those far-off places, reminds Jack of a bit of news about kites that he heard from Central Asia, through a late traveler there. Now, of course, you know all about American kites, and you've seen in ST. NICHOLAS pictures of comical Chinese kites; but did you ever even hear of a kite that gives out sweet music as it floats in the air? Never? Well, then, you must go to Asia, or make one yourself. As near as I can make out, the musical kite is like a common American square one, with the string and tail fastened to the upright stick, and the cross stick bent back like a bow, and held by a string of catgut. This makes an Æolian harp, on which passing breezes play, and make charming, soft music.

Try it, boys, and let Jack know how you succeed.

HOW STRANGE!

"It is astonishing," said Deacon Green, "how sensitive persons are in some ways and how dull in others. I knew a lady once who went about in high spirits gossiping and telling tales, thereby openly proclaiming herself a gossip and a tale-bearer, and yet she was furious when told that she had not a good ear for music; and I've known men who could tell a lie without a pang, but to have any one 'doubt their word' was more than they could stand."

DROWNED FISHES.

YOU think there cannot be such a thing as a drowned fish? Well, you may accept Jack's word for it that the thing is quite possible. If you take the air out of a body of water, the fishes in that water will suffocate and *drown*. Any chemist, or, in fact, almost any educated person, can tell you how to deprive water of its proper portion of air. A live fish laid down on the grass on a bright, clear day does n't die for want of water, but for want of air. A little bird tells me that Mr. Brooks will lay this whole matter before you in the next number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is n't an April fool story either. It is, every word of it, true.

A SUCCESS.

DEAR JACK: I tried the experiment of changing the color of a flower, as you asked us to. I had two carnations, and I bought only five cents' worth of spirits of hartshorn. I poured in a little at a time. I changed the white to yellow, and the red to black.

GERTIE WEIL, N. Y. City.

THE SLANDERER'S MASK.

WHAT do you think of this picture, my chicks? Should *you* like to wear such a mask as that?—should you like to deserve to wear such a mask?

No, no, no!

I thought so.

On the whole, I'm glad it is such a hideous-looking thing. It ought to be hideous, if it is for slanderers.

Here is a letter sent you, in Jack's care, by a lady who saw this slanderer's mask in the "Frosch Thurn," or under-ground prisons of Nuremberg, and whose brother made a picture of it in pen and ink, so that you might know just how it looks:

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: Two summers ago, I was staying for a few days in the quaint old town of Nuremberg. In this ancient city a great number of your toys are made; in fact, it is one of the largest of St. Nicholas's workshops.

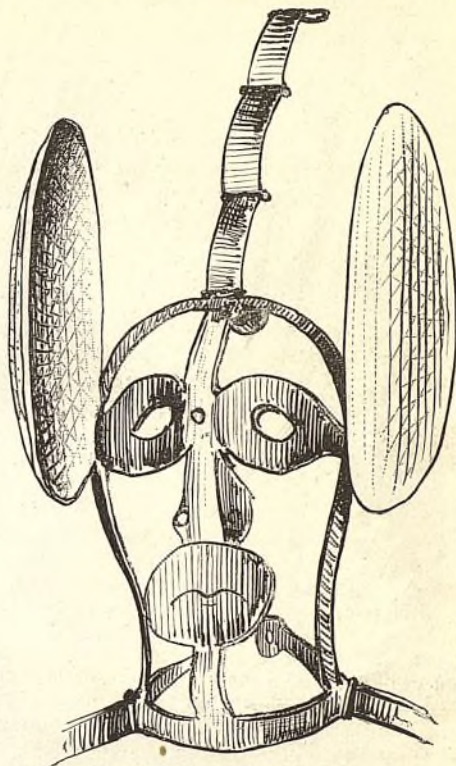
All around Nuremberg are high, strong walls, under which are dungeons where, many years ago, people were often imprisoned. Some were held for only a few days, others were never again seen; they either died from the close confinement, or perished in a cruel manner.

One beautiful morning, we were invited to visit these under-ground prisons. On our way, we crossed the bridge spanning the moat, or ditch, which surrounds the city. In ancient times this moat was filled with water, but at present it is planted with trees and gardens.

Soon we came in sight of Albert Dürer's picturesque studio-house, but a short distance from our destination. I have seen a beautiful story about this artist in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS. The entrance to the prison is quite damp and gloomy, and, although it was a warm day, we felt chilled on going in.

In a large corridor were a number of cruel-looking instruments used for torturing prisoners, especially those from whom the authorities wished to force some secret, or suspected plot. There also were contrivances for torturing in punishment of various moral offenses. Among other things, you must know that, several hundred years

ago, what some persons now wrongly consider a slight offense, was then very severely punished. For instance, slanderers and gossips were compelled to wear an iron mask about the city for a certain length of time, so securely fastened with iron clasps that it was impossible for the wearer to remove it. This mask had great horns



or ear flaps, to add to its weight and ugliness, while sometimes it was provided with spikes inside that pierced the flesh with every movement of the head.

Imagine how dreadful it must have been to wear this, and how humiliating to walk through the streets with such a sign of disgrace—an object of scorn and the laughing-stock of all! How shamefacedly must the culprit have avoided his family, and dreaded the idea of again following in his former pursuits, or ever holding intercourse with any human being!

If people would only see how a matter is apt to be exaggerated when repeated from mouth to mouth! Many sensitive persons have suffered for a life-time from only "a little piece of news," which some one confided to a "bosom friend," who told a very dear acquaintance, who told his friend in strict confidence, and so sent the story on, until the harmless item stretched to a disgraceful scandal, which tale-bearer number one could never have recognized. Often when it has so grown, the starter of a bit of scandal would gladly recall it; but it is too late. The deed is done.

Slanderers nowadays are not forced to wear an iron mask, but they wear a badge of shame wherever they go, and, sooner or later, they suffer in their own conscience the tortures they have given to others. It is a good rule never to say anything at all about a person unless you can speak well of him.

MARY S. HUSS.

BARK CLOTHES.

STRANGE stuff for clothes, is n't it? But it is what whole tribes of Africans wear. Hard and stiff? Oh, no! It is soaked and pounded and beaten until it becomes soft and fine in texture, and then it is ornamented with black patterns, drawn on it, which makes it quite "the style" in Uganda, I have been told—I've never been there myself.

THE OLD HEN AND HER FAMILY.



THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do, they did.

One day, this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone, and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen-talk:

"Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come now!"

"Oh, mother, we can't, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.

"Yes, you can, if you try," clucked the old hen. "Just flop your wings as I did, and you can jump over, easy enough."

"I *am* a-flopping my wings," said one little fellow, named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, "but I can't jump any better than I did before."

"I never saw such children," said the old hen. "You don't try at all."

"We can't try, mother," said the little chicks. "We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!" chirped the little chicks.

"Well," said the old hen, "I suppose I must give it up"—and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.

"Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?" said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.

"Yes," said the other little chick. "Asking us to jump so far as that, when we have n't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!"

"Well, I tried my best," said Chippy. "I flopped as well as I could."

"I did n't," said one of the others. "It's no use to try to flop when you've got nothing to flop."

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen-door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

"No, no!" cried the old hen. "This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flopped. This nice piece of bread is for you."

SIPPITY SUP.

Words by "ALBA (Little Folk Songs).

Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegro Moderato.

1. Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup, Bread and milk from a
 2. Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash, Wash his face with a
 3. Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip, Un - tie his strings with a
 4. Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot, Off, off he goes to his

chi - - na cup, Bread and milk from a bright sil - ver spoon,
 mer - ry splash! Pol - ish it well with a nice tow - el fine,
 pull and a slip; Down go his pet - ti-coats on to the ground, And a-
 pret - ty cot, Where he falls fast a - sleep with a sweet lit - tle song, Where the

Made of a piece of the bright sil - ver moon! Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup,
 Oh, how his eyes and his red cheeks will shine! Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash,
 way now he dan - ces a - round and a - round! Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip,
 an - gels watch o - ver him all the night long! Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot,

Last verse.
 Sip - pi - ty, Sip - pi - ty sup.
 Dip - pi - ty, Dip - pi - ty dash.
 Rip - pi - ty, Rip - pi - ty rip.
 Trit - te - ry, Trit - te - ry trot.

a tempo. ped.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

SOMETHING ABOUT PRAGUE.

I AM going to tell you what I saw on the hill called Hradschin in Prague. My father and mother, another gentleman, my brother, and myself went to see the Hradschin before we left the city.

First, we went to see the great library; but it was not open, as the monks were eating (a certain order of monks have this building in charge). Then we went to the Palace, and saw where the old Emperor Ferdinand (who has since died) lived. Next we went to a great hall where, in olden times, the nobles used to hold their tournaments; but now the floor is used to mark out the plan of the new cathedral upon. From there we went into the room where the Thirty Years' War began, by the Protestants throwing three Catholic councillors from the high window. The room is just the same now as it was then, and you can see where the bullets went through the door.

Then we went into two of the largest halls in Europe. In one of them there are 3078 candle-lights. From those halls we went into the place where the Emperor used to hold court, and afterward it was used for Parliament. Next we went to the Cathedral, and saw a plan of the city of Prague, cut in wood, and the coffin of the patron saint of Bohemia, Johann Nepomuck. The coffin was of silver. It had four large silver angels, with wreaths in their hands, hanging by silver chains over it. Then we went into a little chapel dedicated to the holy Wenzel. The sides of the chapel are made of precious stones, and in one place there is a piece of Wenzel's armor. In the side of the wall is a little door that leads to another which has seven locks. The Emperor has one key, the chief of the police one, the mayor one, the governor one, and so on; and you can only get in when they are all together. Then comes another door, with seven locks also, and after that a room, and in that room is the Bohemian crown and the rest of Wenzel's armor. Then we went out of the Cathedral and had a fine view of Prague.

We saw also a big tower that reaches deep down into the hill, and in olden times they used to throw their prisoners down, and give them a piece of bread every day for their food, and there they died of starvation. Now the woman that keeps the castle throws some lighted paper down, and you can see the bones of the prisoners, and whole Bohemian verses scratched into the side of the rock.

After seeing a number of the palaces of the nobility, we returned home.
W. G. S.

THE BUMBLE-BEES' PARTY.

I HEARD a great secret the other day,
And what it was I here will say;
Down in the valley, under the hill,
Where the hawthorn grows, and the little rill
Hurries along to meet the brook,
Into a bumble-bee's nest I'll look.

The bee-queen sits on her dainty throne,
Now and then calling to some lazy drone;
While out in the pantry the little bee-cook
First kneads up her honey, then looks at her book
To see how many dewdrops for this loaf of cake,
And how many eggs for the next one to take.

And what do you think this was all about?
Some very great event, no doubt;
For there was the sparkling dewdrop wine,
And grasshopper molasses all so fine,
And by the light of the silver moon
The bees are to give a party soon.

So ere the light began to dawn,
Or chancicleer sounded forth his horn,
Each little bee was up early and bright,
To secure her friends for the festival night;
And after they'd sent all their messages out,
Not a bee or a drone was seen stirring about.

At last, when the moon began to peep
From over the hills where the rabbits sleep,
Each bee was arrayed in her pretty brown silk,
And the finest of handkerchiefs, white as milk;
The guests, too, were starting away from their nests
Also attired in their very best.

First came the butterflies, all so bright,
Arrayed in their beautiful robes of light;
And right behind, in a stately train,
The flies and daddy-longlegs came.
And all the guests arrived at last,
Before the hour of seven was past.

The tables were set by the hawthorn-tree,
And everything looked as nice as could be;
But all of a sudden there rose on the air
A tiny wail of intense despair,
And all because some naughty bee
Had spilt the wine by the hawthorn-tree.

They then went to supper and had a nice time,
Although they had not the dewdrop wine.
Then daddy-longlegs proposed a dance,
And over the green sward they all did prance,
Till young butterfly trod on the bee-queen's toe,
And into the hive they must carry her, O!

The little bee fainted, but rallied quite soon,
And bade them put all their fiddles in tune.
They danced till the light began to dawn,
Till four o'clock in the dewy morn;
Then started for home, to get one hour's sleep
Before the sun began to peep.

So this is the end of the great party,
In the moonbeams bright, by the hawthorn-tree.
The hawthorn is there, and the little rill
Runs in the same way over the hill;
And the wind, as it sighs through the branches bare,
Tells what a wonderful dance was there.
H. G. W.

HOW WE WENT JACK-FISHING.

WE had often seen the lights moving about on the river, which was about a half a mile from our house, and knew that they were fishing-boats, and that the men or boys were spearing fish. One day we made up our minds to go fishing. The day we set to go on was a pleasant one about the first of June. There were three of us boys—my brother Will, a school-mate by the name of Bert, and myself. At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Bert and I started for a piece of woodland that grew on the bank of the river to cut some wood to use on our jack.

When about half way to the woods, crossing a field of underbrush, we saw a couple of snakes. Where is the person who does not hate a snake? I know I do: so we soon killed them with the ax. We had not taken but two or three steps before we saw some more snakes,—it seemed to be the land of snakes. We killed all that we could of them. Some people do not think it right to kill anything, not even snakes, but we do; I hate anything that looks like, or acts like, a snake.

One old fellow, about three feet long, made a spring at me, and caught me by the trousers just below the knee. Bert hollered, "Hit him, Charlie, hit him!" But I was not in the position for hitting him just then; I whirled around and 'round, and at last, by stepping on him with one foot and drawing with the other, I freed myself. He looked ugly, but we sent him after the others, and went on our way rejoicing.

We had now reached the river bank, and we cut our wood and went home to supper.

The sun had just set when we pushed off from the shore about a mile above the place where we cut our wood. We floated slowly down the river and landed by our wood-pile (not daddy's). We built a fire in the jack, which is a sort of basket made of iron. It was about seven o'clock when we pulled out in the river; I took the oars, Bert a paddle to steer with, while Will took the spear. The fish were plenty, but somehow he could not hit them. Then I took the spear; but I do not believe that I came as near them as Will did. Then Bert tried, but without success. We went up and down the river half a dozen times, but did not get any fish. We were surprised every time each of us took the spear. We were sure we could spear fish; we speared at them, and laughed at each other because we could not hit them.

At last we gave up, because it was getting late; and a little after ten o'clock we emptied our fire into the river and started for home.

We did not say anything to the boys at school about fishing the next day; but I did not hear any one say we did not have a pleasant evening. If any one said it was not profitable, we would say, there are all of those snakes; if we had not killed them they might have bitten somebody. To which Will would remark, "Yes, and that old chap might have bitten you if you had not moved faster than you usually do." And I sometimes think that if I was as slow as he usually is, the snake would have surely bitten me.

We afterward learned the reason we did not get any fish. It was because our spear was not heavy enough for the kind of fish we were trying to catch. We resolved that the next time we went jack fishing we would take a spear that was heavy enough, if it was as heavy as Goliath's.
C. A. P.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR MUSIC PAGE.—The pretty song with which the well-known Boston composer, Mr. Boot, favors you this month, is not, as you will see, an easy lesson for beginners. It is a song that children can readily sing; but, though its accompaniment is not difficult, it will require a little practice to play it well and lead the voices. In this way you all can join in producing really good music, which is not the less fine because it is adapted to one of Alba's dainty and simple songs.

Brooklyn, Feb. 2, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that my father had a cat that weighed more than the cat that Deacon Green spoke about. It was given to him by a lady in Connecticut. It weighed twenty-three, and sometimes twenty-four pounds. This is no exaggeration. Please put this in your magazine.

I tried Professor Gobbo's experiment. It was a white pink, and it turned yellow. I hope he will tell some more.

I like the story of "The Boy Emigrants."—Respectfully,
WILLIE H. T.

Dayville.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in a new school-house, and enjoy being there very much. Somehow, I can learn my lessons better when I am warm than when I am cold. I am studying physical geography, grammar, practical arithmetic, United States history, and composition. I do not class reading and spelling as studies. A new farm near us has some singular tenants. One of them is a man who said that an evil spirit told him to cut off his hand, and that the spirit of his mother told him not to; but, like most men, he obeyed the evil spirit. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and SCRIBNER very much. I tried to get out that "Pilot" puzzle, but did not make much headway. I read "The Boy Emigrants" aloud to mother, and we enjoy it. Mother said that when she was rolling out her pies she composed better letters than she ever wrote. I can't say it is the same with me, as I don't roll out pies.—Your friend,
FRANCIS BACHELER.

CHARLEY B—, who secretly requested information about the "Tower of the Thundering Winds," now writes to thank ST. NICHOLAS for the hint to "take a bird's-eye view of the globe," and says that in doing so (with a cyclopedia for an eye-glass), he finally caught sight of the wonderful tower on an eminence in the vicinity of Hang-choo-foo, one of the chief cities of China. He says also that he found it to be about 2500 years old, and, excepting the Great Wall of China, the only remaining monument of ancient Chinese architecture—all of which he revealed in triumph to his unsuspecting uncle.

We hope the worthy gentleman will pardon us, if ever he should learn of our hint to Charley, and are glad to know that our young friend found the "Tower" without any further aid; though, if he had failed, Charles H. R. Benedict, Sidney P. Hollingsworth, S. M. Brice, and Mabel S. Clarke would have relieved ST. NICHOLAS of the responsibility of telling him, since each of them sent in correct information regarding the noted tower.

A TRUE STORY.

In a lonely country neighborhood in Virginia, a family of eight or ten children were in the habit of reading ST. NICHOLAS, and through the long winter evenings, as in the bright summer days, it was ever a welcome visitor. Papa and mamma had also their magazine, but money was scarcer this year than before, and the heads of the family, after some consultation, decided, reluctantly, that one periodical must be given up, and it was proper for the children to resign theirs rather than the grown people. When this decision was announced great was the concern in the nursery. They all met together, big and little, these eager boys and girls, to see if any means could be devised for retaining their favorite. They counted up their little savings, and discussed plans for making more. It was just before Christmas, and with the New Year they were to lose ST. NICHOLAS. While in the midst of their conclave, the announcement was made that a package had arrived from an aunt in a distant city. Christmas gifts of course. What was their delight, on opening it, to find the bound numbers of ST. NICHOLAS and the subscription paid for them through the coming year. Such rejoicing and excitement followed, and one little fellow, jumping upon a chair, made his voice heard above the rest: "I knew it—I knew God did n't mean for us to do without ST. NICHOLAS!"

We are glad to acknowledge here the excellent answers to the "Pilot Puzzle" sent us by English boys and girls, but received too late for acknowledgment in the March number. The senders are: Charles Harold, of Christchurch, Hampshire; Katherine Gilling Lax, of Fitzhead, Taunton, Somerset; and Mary Cecilia Boyce, Edward Theodore Boyce, and Thomas Riddell Boyce, of Wakefield,—England.

Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 28th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your stories very much. I think "The Story of Jon of Iceland" and "The Boy Emigrants" are about the best, though all of them are good. I write to find out about that society, namely, the Bird-defenders. I only began to take the ST. NICHOLAS when *The Little Corporal* stopped, so I know nothing about the rules. Would you please inform me of the regulations. Perhaps I would join if you would tell me, and oblige your true friend,
CHAS. H. ELDRIDGE.

If Charles can obtain a copy of ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1875, he will find in the supplement, entitled "Grand Muster-Roll," a full statement of the aim, organization, and "regulations" of the Army of Bird-defenders. We have received several such inquiries, to which we have not space to reply, except by referring them to the supplement mentioned above, which will fully answer all questions propounded. We may also state, for the benefit of those who have sent in their names during the last few months, that another muster-roll will be published very soon.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My attention was called lately to an article in ST. NICHOLAS on the ancient custom of hand-shaking. I go to one of the Latin schools here, and my investigations lead me to disagree with Mr. F. De Grey on the antiquity of this custom. I find that Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," says, "*Cæsar ejus dextram prendit.*" Virgil also, in the first book of his "*Æneid*," says, "*avidæ conjungere dextras ardebant.*" Also, in Tacitus it is spoken of as a pledge of friendship.

Now, as this clearly shows that the custom extends back to the time of Virgil (B. C. 70-19) and Cæsar (B. C. 100-44), which was in the "golden age" of Latin literature, why cannot we, then, with equal right, claim it as a custom as far back as the Heroic Age? It is well known that the Romans copied a great many of their customs from the Greeks, and it seems more than likely that it was a common custom in the times of Achilles and Hector.—Yours,
OWEN STANLEY.

Washington.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS there was a letter about the number of words that can be written on a postal-card. Did Amos Morse write simply 1055 *disjointed words* on the postal-card, or make sentences and put them in the form of a connected and intelligible letter?
J. S. NEWTON.

We cannot answer the above question, as our correspondent did not send the postal-card, or make any further statement concerning it than that published in the January number. It may interest Amos Morse, however, to know that his feat has been excelled. After reading Amos' letter, Allen Curtis, a Boston boy now living in Florence, Italy, tries the experiment, fills his postal-card, and sends a letter all the way across the ocean to say that his count of the words crowded on that card amounts to 1185! And as if this were not miracle enough, there comes, only two days later, from Harry Cooper, of Philadelphia, a postal-card, the mere sight of which amazes and almost blinds us. On that single small card are inscribed with pen and ink, one short story, two small poems, and two newspaper paragraphs—in all, 1500 legibly written words!

But, young friends, at sight of such mistaken achievements as these, ST. NICHOLAS cannot refrain from protesting against this sort of amusement. Aside from the time wasted in the great and unprofitable labor, the harm done to the eyes of all those who are unwise enough to write or to read such cards, is likely to be very great. A good clear vision, such as most boys have, is too precious a thing to be tampered with, and to injure it in a frivolous competition of this kind is an actual crime against which we cannot too emphatically warn our readers. Eyes are better than spectacles or goggles, young friends: keep those ugly things away from yours, then, as long as possible.

IN the article on "Snow-shoes" in ST. NICHOLAS for March, there are some mistakes. H, and not A, is the toe of the shoe. The wearer's toes are inserted under a strap at D, and project part way over the opening there. As his heel rises at every step, his toes (and not his heel) dip through the hole D, and the shoe is trailed behind him, the front part being raised just enough to clear the snow, while the tail-end slips along over the surface.

"FRED'S" request in the February number for the words of an old song entitled "The White Pilgrim," has called forth many answers from the boys and girls. There is considerable disagreement, however, among those sent in, since, besides mere verbal differences, some correspondents furnish six stanzas, some seven, and some only five. We print below the version sent by Libbie Lee, and which is the one most generally given. Critically, we do not rejoice in its publication; but those to whom the poem is hallowed by home associations may be glad to see it:

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I came to the spot where a White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively mused by his tomb;
When, in a low whisper, I heard something say:
"How sweetly I sleep here alone!"

"The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

"'T was the call of my Master that led me from home,
I bade my companions farewell;
I left my dear children, who now for me mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

"I wandered a pilgrim, a stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavoring to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

"But when I was distant, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I caught the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascending on high.

"Go tell my companions, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly assisted me home."

Similar versions were sent in by Fred Woodworth, "Clarissa and Norah," Mary F. Matthews, Frank H. Stiles, Jennie N. Potter, Benjamin Fletcher, Jr., Wynne G. Woods, Sarah C. Spottiswoode, Clara Williams, Clifton B. Dare, Fannie B. Eller, D. B. McLean, Mrs. O. A. Barto, Lulu E. Bliss, Mrs. S. Rosa Stewart, Birdie Lodge, "Helen," C. Q. Kirkpatrick, Samuel McKee, Charles T. Bennett, Mattie P. Thompson, Olivia M. Bell, Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Mary G., A. D. Brumback, S. R. H. and W. C. R. Kemp.

LEWIS L. SMITH sends the following list of "popular names" for several of the chief states and cities of our country. Probably many of our readers are familiar with a part or all of them; but there are, perhaps, some boys and girls who do not understand these very common allusions when they hear them:

STATES.—New York: *Excelsior State*. Pennsylvania: *Keystone State*. Iowa: *Harvey State*. Massachusetts: *Bay State*. Connecticut: *Land of Steady Habits*. Arkansas: *Bear State*. Ohio: *Buckeye State*. Louisiana: *Creole State*. Kentucky: *Dark and Bloody Ground*. Indiana: *Hoosier State*. Michigan: *Lake State*. Rhode Island: *Little Rhody*. Texas: *Lone Star State*. Maine: *Lumber State*. Virginia: *Old Dominion*. North Carolina: *Old North State*. South Carolina: *Palmetto State*. Florida: *Peninsula State*. Vermont: *Green Mountain State*. Illinois: *Prairie State*.

CITIES.—New York: *Empire City*. Philadelphia: *City of Brotherly Love*. Pittsburgh: *Iron City*. Keokuk: *The Gate City*. Boston: *Hub of the Universe*, or *Athens of America*. Lowell: *City of Spindles*. New Haven: *City of Elms*. Brooklyn: *City of Churches*. Washington: *City of Magnificent Distances*. Nashville: *City of Rocks*. Detroit: *City of Straits*. New Orleans: *Crescent City*. Chicago: *Garden City*. Baltimore: *Monumental City*. St. Louis: *Mound City*. Cincinnati: *Queen City*. Indianapolis: *Railroad City*.

Newton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me why the name "Roman nose" is given to large hooked noses? Is it because the ancient Romans generally had that kind?

MINNA E. THOMAS.

No, Minna; the name "Roman" is given to the curved or aquiline nose, because the Romans regarded that form of the feature as the most beautiful one, just as the Grecians esteemed most the straight line from the forehead to the tip, which shape is therefore called "the Grecian" nose.

Negaunee, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter about the winters we have on Lake Superior. It begins to snow about the latter part of October, and is quite deep early in November. Then our sleighing begins for the season, and lasts until the first of April. In March, when the crust is hard, you can see the boys and girls sliding on almost every hill that is clear of stumps and trees. The lake is always frozen over, but it is a long way from our house, so my brother Harry has made a skating rink on our croquet ground, and we have lots of fun skating and sliding. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I must close.—Yours,

MINNIE MERRY.

SINCE our acknowledgment, in the January number, of answers to Sarah B. Wilson's riddle, we have received these few additional ones: Rev. J. H. Sweet, Rector of Kilmacow, near Waterford, Ireland, sends the answer "Adrianople," and Stella M. Kenyon the one most generally given, "Litchfield;" while three other answers are quite new and original—"Adramyrium" by C. S. P., "City of Rome" by Helen M. Motter, and "Hybla Major" (a city of Sicily) by Olive A. Wadsworth. In connection also with this riddle, "Mayflower" sends word that, as published in Miss Seward's will, it was not complete, but was found, after competition for the prize had been exhausted, to be a curtailed copy of a rebus published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1757, and attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can a boy who shoots ducks and black-birds be one of the Bird-defenders? Whenever we want a really nice dinner, I and my brother Charles take our guns and kill some wild ducks, and then we have a grand dinner. We live in Grant County, New Mexico, twenty miles from Silver City, and we have no little boys and girls to play with, and we do not go to school, so it is quite lonesome. But we take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much, and we think the stories are very interesting.—One of your friends,

JOHN LACE METCALFE.

It is not contrary to the principles of the Bird-defenders to kill birds for food.

L. M. sends this problem to the boys and girls. It is not new, but many of our readers may not have met with it:

Mr. A. went into a store to buy a pair of boots. The boots were worth \$5.00, and Mr. A. gave the shoemaker a \$50.00 bill to change. The shoemaker, having no small bills, went to a neighbor with the \$50.00 and received from him small bills in exchange. He (the shoemaker) then gave Mr. A. \$45.00 and the boots. Later in the day the neighbor went to the shoemaker, saying that the \$50.00 bill was counterfeit, and he must have good money. The shoemaker gave him what he asked. How much did the shoemaker lose?

Stone Ridge, Ulster Co., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Early last summer, my brother made three bird-houses. We have three trees out in front of our store, so he put one in each. First, there came a pair of blue-birds and looked at the largest house; but I guess it did not suit them, for they left. Next came a pair of wrens. They took possession and commenced building a nest; but a pair of sparrows came and drove them out. They did n't use it themselves, or let the wrens use it; so my brother took it down. Then the wrens took one of the other boxes, and would n't let the sparrows drive them out this one, but built a nest in it, and the female laid four little eggs. After hatching them about two weeks, four little birds came out. Then the father and mother were very busy carrying insects for them to eat. We had a cat in the store, and when the little wrens got about big enough to leave the nest, the old birds would make a great time when the cat went outdoors—fly around her head and scold. One day, I heard them making a great noise. I went out. The cat was sitting right on top of the box. I climbed up in the tree and made her get down. She had not hurt the little ones.

When the little ones left the nest, the father took them away to take care of them, and the mother took the one remaining box and built another nest. It was great fun to watch her. Sometimes she would get a stick so heavy she could hardly carry it; twice she let one fall

and caught it before it reached the ground. At one time she took a heavy one (for her), and, with a great deal of difficulty, got it to her nest; but when she got there, the opening in the box was so small she could n't get in with the stick crosswise as she had it; so she let it slip along in her bill till she came nearly to the end, and then put it in endwise. Just as she got it nicely in, it slipped back again and fell to the ground. She went back and picked it up, dropped it again, then concluded to let it alone. She flew away off, and came back with a still larger one. Dropped that, then took that same old one, and took it to her nest. After that, she got smaller ones. Then she finished it, and began hatching again.—From a friend,

ANNIE LOUNSBERY.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me, by way of the Letter-Box, some good recipe for making good candy? I have tried several ways, but, somehow, do not succeed very well; so I thought you might be able to tell me.

I have taken you a year or more, and think you are splendid. I liked "Eight Cousins" best, and my brother likes "Jon of Iceland" better than any of your stories.—Your friend,

GUSSIE.

"Gussie" will find a recipe for making sugar-candy in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Me and my brother are going to send you a letter, and we hope you will put it in the Letter-Box. My sister Annie says you won't bother with a little girl like me. My brother's name is Harry. He can't even print, for he is only five years old. Will you please make us Bird-defenders; we want to be very much.

But we are agoing to eat some turkey to-morrow. Is it wicked? We have got two dear cats; must we kill them? We can't wait to know if you will please to print this letter; we shall be so sorry if you don't.—Good by, from

GERTIE LINCOLN.

ALL readers who have enjoyed Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt's contributions to ST. NICHOLAS, will be glad to know that Nelson & Philips, of New York, have just published her first book. It is called "Arthur and Bessie in Egypt," and it shows how children of the present who live in that ancient country pass their time, and how they enjoy themselves among its palaces and gardens and ruins

MUSIC RECEIVED.

CALVARY SONGS. By Rev. C. S. Robinson and Theo. E. Perkins. Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union.—This new collection of hymns and tunes has evidently been made with scrupulous care, and with an eye to meeting the wants of Sunday-schools and families. New songs and old favorites are wisely brought together, and, in some instances, familiar tunes have been given fresh words, to the gain of the singers.

From S. T. Gordon & Co., New York: Dream of the Sea Waltzes.—Le Beau Monde—Who is this Little Maiden?—Speak to Me—Rienzi March—Indigo Polka-Mazurka—Beauties of "Madame L'Archiduc"—La Belle Galathée—Over the Beautiful Stars—Who's at My Window?—The Children's Carnival.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a diamond puzzle: 1. A liquor. 2. Blemishes. 3. Birds. 4. To filch. 5. Cunning.

The following form the diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. A household utensil. 3. An admirer. 4. A beverage. 5. In literature.

CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

WHERE late the forest grew and shed balsamic breath,
No tree remains, nor anything but black and awful death.

Thou, wanton fiend, with ruthless touch and cruel haste,
Hast changed those sylvan shades into a barren waste!

SECOND.

To mount, on some fair morn, on mighty soaring wings,
And gain one lofty view of earth's most wondrous things!

Or on some tranquil eve, with pinions strong to rise,
And spend one glorious hour adrift in sunset skies!

WHOLE.

One of a multitude of merry little dancers—
He flashes out a gleam, and then another answers.
How they do dance o' nights away down in the meadow!
While they can flash around they'll never go to bed O!

A. O'N.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A juvenile. 3. A classical author. 4. An affirmative. 5. A consonant. G. and T.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Fill the first blank in each stanza with a certain word, the second with the same word beheaded, and the third with same word again beheaded.)

PEGGOTTY and Barkis, walking in the —,
She a charming sweetheart, he a knightly —
Sweetest sweetness of the sweet, how it bubbles —!

All the birds are quite in tune, earth and sky are —;
E'en the heifer at the bars keeps a friendly —;
All the joy, the damsel thinks, to the day is —.

"Peggotty," the suitor sighs, "do you tire of —?"
She her home-made blanket is most diligently —.
"T is for you my hands are strong in the tasks of —."

"Barkis!" 'T is not on her lips, but the meaning —
From the blushing eloquence of her downcast —;
What were words compared with this more than smoke and —!

Barkis answers to the glance: "Oh, you puzzling —,
How you love to worry us with token and with —!"
Quick the maiden finds her speech: "How is it with you —?"

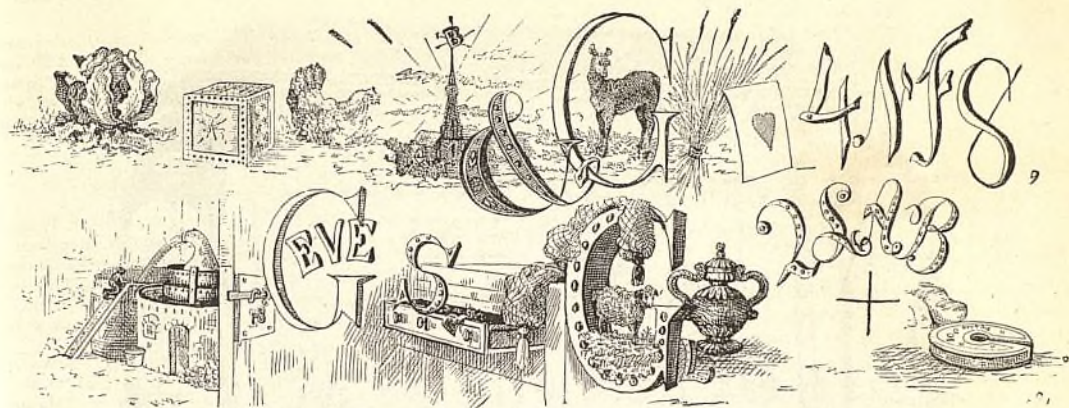
But the honest love no jest can avail to —;
So the swain his cottage seeks, and the maid her —;
Hand in hand, and heart to heart, home they lead each —.

E. L. E.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.








1. COMES from a distance. 2. Part of the body. 3. Part of a much-used verb. M. A. J.



REBUS.








MUSICAL ANECDOTE.





(Read this, by pronouncing the names of the musical signs wherever they occur.)



LAST evening, an aged musician of considerable (1)  started out to attend a concert. He had a new (2)  in his head, and so hurried off without his (3)  His eyesight is not very (4)  and when he tried to (5)  a corner, he stumbled over a (6)  that some one had left in the way, after using it to (7) 

a (8)  of wood. He attempted to (9) 

himself, but lost his (10)  and fell (11)  at the same (12)  striking his head a (13)  blow. A neighbor saw the accident, and it was but the work of

an instant to (14)  the fence,

and (15)  to his assistance. It was but (16)  that the  old gentleman should be vexed, for he was obliged to return home, in order to get some one to (17) 

up his wounded head. He said he did not wish to cast a (18)  upon any one; but if the (19)  fellow who left that (20) on the walk,

were where he could (21) him, he would (22) the scamp till he could not (23) I (24) this

true statement with my own (25)

ALLE—GRETTO.

CHARADE.

My first in the kitchen garden grows,
'T is known to poetry and to prose,
To poverty, but not to wealth,
To physical pain, but not to health.

My second is seen in river and sea,
In leaf and flower, valley and lea,
In the water, but not in the sky,
Strange to the lip, yet dear to the eye.

My third and last in darkness, not light,
But appears in morning, noon, and night,
In the heart of a friend, but not of a foe,
In happiness, honor, but not in woe.

My whole is a friend worth having, I ween,
As generous a friend as ever was seen;
Whenever I seek her, in day or night-time,
She gives me a song or a story or rhyme.

She's small, but important; in fact I may say
She's a wonderful creature in every way;
Without her you'd have no magazines,
With fairy stories and pictured scenes.

And dear St. NICHOLAS never would come
To gladden your heart and brighten your home.
Now guess who my queer little friend can be,
Short, stiff, and black, formed of letters three.

M. R. C.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Is the other robe a more beautiful one? 2. How can I tell, Annie, when I have not seen it? 3. If you wish, I'll send for it. 4. I would like to wear one to the lecture. 5. I told Sam a riot would occur if we did n't go. 6. Sam is a good doctor, I think. 7. I bought the robe of Tom at one o'clock. 8. He lent you the one you have, I think you said.

Concealed in the above are seven words, one to each sentence, having the following signification: 1. A ray. 2. A girl's name. 3. Elevations. 4. To choose. 5. A well-known operatic artist. 6. Queer. 7. A vegetable. 8. A girl's name. These words will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals naming two monsters.

CYRIL DEANE.