

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1876.

No. 7.

## THE PALACE OF GONDOFORUS.

*(A Legend of St. Thomas.)*

By H. H.

WHEN King Gondoforus desired  
To have a palace built that should  
Be finer than all palaces  
Which in the Roman Empire stood,

He sent his provost Abanes  
To search the countries far and wide  
For builders and for architects,  
Whose skill and knowledge had been tried.

Then God unto St. Thomas said:  
"Go, Thomas, now, and tell this king  
That thou wilt build a palace which  
Immortal fame to him shall bring."

Then to the saint, Gondoforus  
Gave stores of silver and of gold,  
And precious stones and jewels rich;  
Nought did the eager king withhold.

"Now see thou build, O saint," he cried,  
All proud and arrogant of mien—  
"Now see thou build right speedily  
Such palace as was never seen!"

Then to far countries journeyed he—  
Two years and more he staid away;  
At other sovereigns' palaces  
All scornful gazing, he would say:

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"St. Thomas, sent from God, doth build  
For me a palace. God hath said  
Its splendor an immortal fame  
Upon my name and reign shall shed."

Gondoforus returned and sought  
With eager haste his palace site;  
The field was bare as when he went,  
The sod with peaceful daisies white!

"What has the man called Thomas done  
With all my gold?" he hotly cried.  
"Given it all unto the poor,"  
The courtiers sneeringly replied.

The king, in rage no words could tell,  
St. Thomas into prison threw,  
And racked his brains to think what he  
For fitting punishment could do.

That very day, his brother died;  
His vengeance now must cool and wait;  
Until a royal tomb was built,  
The royal corpse must lie in state.

Lo! on the fourth day, sat erect  
The royal corpse, and cried aloud,  
While all the mourners and the guards  
Fled terror-stricken in a crowd:





VARIOUS HEAD-DRESSES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

[See Letter-Box.]  
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



"O king! O brother! listen now.  
 These four days I in Paradise  
 Have wander'd, and return to tell  
 Thee what I saw with my own eyes.

"This man whom thou wouldst torture is  
 God's servant, dear to God's own heart.  
 Behold, the angels showed to me  
 A palace wrought with wondrous art,

"Of silver, gold, and precious stones:  
 Most marvelously it did shine;  
 And when I asked whose name it bore,  
 O brother! then they told me thine!

"St. Thomas this hath built,' they said,  
 'For one Gondoforus, a king.'  
 'It is my brother!' I exclaimed,  
 And fled to thee the news to bring."

Then fell the royal corpse again  
 Back, silent, solemn in its state;  
 Until the royal tomb was built,  
 The royal corpse must lie and wait.

Oh! swift the king the prison doors,  
 With his own hands, did open wide.  
 "Come forth! come forth! O worthy saint!"  
 He, kneeling on the threshold, cried.

"The dead from heaven this day hath come,  
 To tell me how in Paradise  
 The palace thou has built for me  
 Shines beautiful in angels' eyes;

"Come forth! come forth! O noble saint!  
 And graciously forgive my sin.  
 As honored guest, my palace gates  
 Oh condescend to enter in!"

Then, smiling, said St. Thomas, calm  
 And gracious as an angel might:  
 "O king! didst thou not know that we  
 Build not God's palaces in sight

"Of men, nor from the things of earth?  
 All heaven lieth full and fair  
 With palaces which charity  
 Alone can build, alone can share.

"Before the world began, were laid  
 Their bright foundations by God's hand,  
 For Charity to build upon,  
 As God and his son Christ had planned.

"No other palaces endure;  
 No other riches can remain;  
 No other kingdoms are secure;  
 No other kings eternal reign."

Henceforth the king, Gondoforus,  
 Went on his way, triumphant, glad,  
 Remembering what a palace he  
 Already in the heavens had.

No more the Roman emperors  
 With envy could his bosom move.  
 How poor their palaces by side  
 Of one not made with hands, above!

His treasures in the good saint's hands  
 He poured, and left for him to use,  
 In adding to that palace fair  
 Such courts and towers as he might choose.

And there to-day they dwell, I ween,  
 With other saints and other kings;  
 And roam with hosts of angels bright,  
 From place to place, on shining wings.



## THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIÈRE.)

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

[Last winter, when I turned this charming little story into English,—for the entertainment of two small critics, who were amiable enough to accord the translation their difficult approval,—I was not aware that the interesting cat of Mother Michel had already domesticated itself in this country. Indeed, it was not until these pages were in type that I learned the fact. On finding that a translation of M. Bédollière's story had appeared in Philadelphia ten or eleven years ago, my impulse was to suppress my own version; but, on reflection, I decided to print it. There are I know not how many translations of the "Iliad." Now, the cat Moumouth is every inch as fine a fellow, in his way, as Achilles, and very much superior to many of the impossible persons who figure in the siege of Troy. In one respect, he is superior to Achilles himself—there is no weak spot in Moumouth's heel! It seems to me that two translations of the narrative recording his adventures are not too many. Moreover, if I were to destroy my work, the world would lose the exquisite series of *silhouettes* which Mr. Hopkins has prepared to illustrate the text. These drawings are so ingenious and spirited, that they form in themselves a sufficient excuse for a Twice-told Tale.—T. B. ALDRICH.]

## CHAPTER I.

## HOW MOTHER MICHEL MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HER CAT.



HERE lived in Paris, under the reign of King Louis XV., a very rich old countess named Yolande de la Grenouillère. She was a worthy and charitable lady, who distributed alms not only to the poor of her own parish, Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, but to the unfortunate of other quarters. Her husband,

Roch-Eustache-Jérémie, Count of Grenouillère, had fallen gloriously at the battle of Fontenoy,



THE APE FATALLY EXPOSES HIMSELF.

on the 11th of May, 1745. The noble widow had long mourned for him, and even now at times wept

over his death. Left without children, and almost entirely alone in the world, she gave herself up to a strange fancy,—a fancy, it is true, which in no manner detracted from her real virtues and admirable qualities: she had a passion for animals. And an unhappy passion it was, since all those she had possessed had died in her arms.

The first, in date, in her affections had been a



THE COUNTESS DISTRIBUTES ALMS.

green parrot, which, having been so imprudent as to eat some parsley, fell a victim to frightful colics. An indigestion, caused by sweet biscuits, had taken from Madam de la Grenouillère a pug-dog of the most brilliant promise. A third favorite, an ape of a very interesting species, having broken his chain one night, went clambering over the trees in the garden, where, during a shower, he caught a cold in the head, which conducted him to the tomb.

Following these, the Countess had birds of divers kinds; but some of them had flown away, and the others had died of the pip. Cast down by such continuous disasters, Madam de la Grenouillère shed many tears. Seeing her inconsolable, the friends of the Countess proposed successively squir-





THE BOYS AFTER THE CAT.

rels, learned canaries, white mice, cockatoos; but she would not listen to them; she even refused a superb spaniel who played dominoes, danced to music, ate salad, and translated Greek.

"No, no," she said, "I do not want any more animals; the air of my house is death to them."

She had ended by believing in fatality.

One day, as the Countess was leaving the church, she saw a crowd of boys hustling and elbowing each other, and giving vent to peals of joyous laughter. When, seated in her carriage, she was able to overlook the throng, she discovered that the cause of this tumult was a poor cat to whose tail the little wretches had tied a tin saucepan.

The unfortunate cat had evidently been running a long time, for he seemed overcome with fatigue. Seeing that he slackened his speed, his tormentors formed a circle around him, and began pelting him with stones. The luckless creature bowed his head, and, recognizing that he was surrounded by none but enemies, resigned himself to his hard fate with the heroism of a Roman senator. Several stones had already reached him, when Madam de la Grenouillère, seized with deep compassion, descended from her

carriage, and, pushing the crowd aside, exclaimed: "I will give a louis to whoever will save that animal!"

These words produced a magical effect; they transformed the persecutors into liberators; the poor cat came near being suffocated by those who now disputed the honor of rescuing him safe and sound. Finally a sort of young Hercules overthrew his rivals, brought off the cat, and presented it half dead to the Countess.



HER FRIENDS PROPOSE SQUIRRELS, CANARIES, MICE, ETC.

"Very well," she said; "here, my brave little man, is the reward I promised." She gave him a bright golden louis just out of the mint, and then added, "Relieve this poor animal of his inconvenient burden."

While the young Hercules obeyed, Madam de la



"THE LUCKLESS CREATURE BOWED HIS HEAD."





THE CAT IS PRESENTED, HALF DEAD, TO THE COUNTESS.

Grenouillère regarded the creature she had rescued. It was a true type of the street-cat. His natural hideousness was increased by the accidents of a long and irregular career; his short hair was soiled with mud; one could scarcely distinguish beneath the various splashes his gray fur robe striped with black. He was so thin as to be nearly transparent, so shrunk that one could count his ribs, and so dispirited that a mouse might have beaten him. There was only one thing in his favor, and that was his physiognomy.

"Dear me, how homely he is!" said Madam de la Grenouillère, after finishing her examination.

At the moment she stepped into the carriage, the cat fixed his great sea-green eyes upon her and gave her a look, strange, indefinable, full at the same time of gratitude and reproach, and so expressive that the good lady was instantly fascinated. She read in this glance a discourse of great eloquence. The look seemed to wish to say:

"You have obeyed a generous impulse; you saw me feeble, suffering, oppressed, and you took pity on me. Now that your benevolence is satisfied, my deformity inspires you with contempt. I thought you were good, but you are not good; you have the instinct of kindness, but you are not kind. If you were really charitable you would continue to interest yourself in me for the very reason that I am homely; you would reflect that my misfortunes are owing to my ugly appearance, and that the same cause,—should you leave me there in the street, at the mercy of the wicked boys,—the same cause, I say, would produce the same effects.

Go! you need n't pride yourself on your half-way benevolence!—you have not done me a service, you have only prolonged my agony. I am an outcast, the whole world is against me, I am condemned to die; let my destiny be accomplished!"

Madam de la Grenouillère was moved to tears. The cat seemed to her superhuman—no, it was a cat; it seemed to her superanimal! She thought of the mysteries of transformation, and imagined that the cat, before assuming his present form, had been a great orator and a person of standing. She said to her maid, Mother Michel, who was in the carriage:

"Take the cat and carry him."

"What, you will bring him with you, madam?" cried Mother Michel.

"Certainly. As long as I live that animal shall have a place at my fireside and at my table. If you wish to please me, you will treat him



"DEAR ME! HOW HOMELY HE IS!"





MOTHER MICHEL IS TOLD TO TAKE THE CAT.

with the same zeal and affection you show to myself."

"Madam shall be obeyed."

"That is well,—and now for home!"

## CHAPTER II.

HOW THE CAT WAS INSTALLED WITH MADAM DE LA GRENOUILLÈRE, AND CONFIDED TO THE CARE OF MOTHER MICHEL.

MADAM de la Grenouillère inhabited a magnificent mansion situated on the corner of the streets Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre and Orties-Saint-Louis; there she led a very retired life, on almost intimate terms with her two principal domestics—Madam Michel, her maid and companion, and M. Lustucru, the steward. These servants being elderly persons, the Countess, who was possessed of a pleasant humor, had christened them Mother Michel and Father Lustucru.



MOTHER MICHEL.

The features of Mother Michel bore the imprint of her amiable disposition; she was as open and candid as Father Lustucru was sly and dissimulating. The plausible air of the steward might deceive persons without much experience; but close observers could easily discover the most perverse inclinations under

his false mask of good nature. There was duplicity in his great blue eyes, anger concentrated in his nostrils, something wily in the end of his tapering nose, and malice in the shape of his lips.

However, this man had never, in appearance at least, done anything to forfeit his honor; he had been able to guard an outside air of honesty, hiding very carefully the blackness of his nature. His wickedness was like a mine to which one has not yet applied the match—it waited only for an occasion to flash out.

Lustucru detested animals, but, in order to flat-



FATHER LUSTUCRU.

ter the taste of his mistress, he pretended to idolize them. On seeing Mother Michel bearing in her arms the rescued cat, he said to himself:





"OH, THE BEAUTIFUL CAT!"

"What, another beast! As if there were not enough of us in the house!"

He could not help throwing a glance of antipathy at the new-comer; then, curbing himself quickly, he cried, with an affected admiration:

"Oh, the beautiful cat! the pretty cat! that cat has n't his equal!"—and he caressed it in the most perfidious fashion.

"Truly?" said Madam de la Grenouillère; "you do not find him too homely?"

"Too homely! But, then, he has charming eyes. But if he was frightful, your interesting yourself in him would change him."

cat was found. An old scholar, whom she consulted the next day, suggested that of Moumouth, composed of two Hebrew words which signify *saved from saucepans*.

At the end of a few days, Moumouth was unrecognizable. His fur was polished with care; nourishing food had filled out his form; his mustaches stood

up like those of a swordsman of the seventeenth

century; his eyes shone as emeralds. He was a living proof of the influence of good fare upon the race. He owed his excellent condition chiefly to Mother Michel, whom he held in affectionate consideration; he showed, on the other hand, for Father Lustucru a very marked dislike. As if he had divined that here he had to do with an enemy, he refused to accept anything presented by the steward. However, they saw but lit-



THE OLD SCHOLAR LOOKS FOR A NAME.



THE CAT IS WASHED.



tle of each other. The days passed very happily with Moumouth, and everything promised a smiling future for him; but, like the sword of Damocles, troubles are ever suspended above the heads of men and of cats. On the 24th of January, 1753, an unusual sadness was observed in Moumouth; he scarcely responded to the caresses which Madam de la Grenouillère lavished upon him; he ate nothing, and spent the day crouched on a corner of the hearth, gazing mournfully into the fire. He had a presentiment of some misfortune, and the misfortune came.



THE CAT GROWS FAT.

That night a messenger, sent from the Chateau

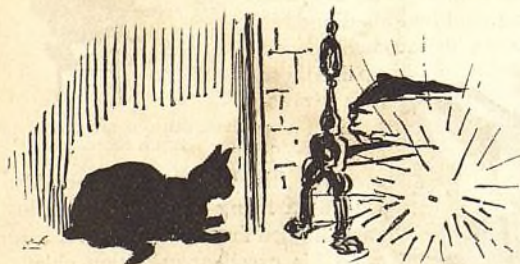


HE WILL TAKE NOTHING FROM THE STEWARD.

de la Gingeole in Normandy, brought a letter to the Countess from her younger sister, who, having broken a leg in getting out of her carriage, begged the Countess, her only relative, to come to her at once. Madam de la Grenouillère was too sympathetic and kind-hearted to hesitate an instant.

"I depart to-morrow," said she.

At these words, Moumouth, who followed his benefactress with his eyes, gave a melancholy *miau*.



HE CROUCHES IN A CORNER OF THE HEARTH.

"Poor cat!" resumed the lady, with emotion, "it is necessary that we should be separated! I cannot bring you with me, for my sister has the weakness to hate animals of your species; she pretends they are treacherous. What slander! In her youth, she caressed a kitten, who, too much excited by marks of affection, scratched her involun-

tarily. Was it from wickedness? No, it was from sensibility. However, since that day my sister has sworn an eternal hatred for cats."

Moumouth regarded his mistress with an air which seemed to say:

"But you, at least, you do us justice, truly superior woman!"

After a moment of silence and meditation, the Countess added:

"Mother Michel, I confide my cat to you."

"We will take good care of him, madam," said Father Lustucru.

"Don't you trouble yourself about him, I pray you," interrupted the Countess. "You know that he has taken a dislike to you; your presence merely is sufficient to irritate him. Why, I don't know; but you are insupportable to him."

"That is true," said Father Lustucru, with contrition; "but the cat is unjust, for I love him and he does n't love me."

"My sister is also unjust. Cats, perhaps, love her, and she does not love them. I respect her opinion. Respect that of Moumouth."



"IN HER YOUTH SHE CARESSED A KITTEN."

Having pronounced these words in a firm tone, Madam de la Grenouillère addressed herself to Mother Michel.

"It is to you, Mother Michel, and to you alone, that I confide him. Return him to me safe and sound, and I will cover you with benefits. I am sixty-five years of age, you are ten years younger; it is probable that you will live to close my eyes —"

"Ah, madam! why such sorrowful ideas?"



"MOTHER MICHEL, I CONFIDE MY CAT TO YOU."





THE POST-CHAISE IS READY.

"Let me finish. To guard against mischance, I have already thought to provide for you comfortably; but, if you keep Moumouth for me, I will give you a pension of fifteen hundred livres."

"Ah, madam!" said Mother Michel, in an impressive tone, "it is not necessary to hire my



THE CAT WISHES TO GO WITH THE CARRIAGE.

services; I love the cat with all my heart, and I will always be devoted to him."

"I am sure of it, and I shall also know how to reward your zeal."

During this conversation, Father Lustucru employed all his forces to conceal the expression of his jealousy.

"Everything for her, and nothing for me!" he said to himself. "Fifteen hundred livres a year! It is a fortune, and she will have it! Oh, no! she shall not have it!"

The next morning, at half-past seven, four lively horses were harnessed to the post-chaise which was to convey the excellent old lady to Normandy. She said a last adieu to her favorite, pressed him to her heart, and stepped into the carriage.

Until then, Moumouth had felt only a vague uneasiness; but at this moment he understood it all! He saw his benefactress ready to depart; and, trembling at the thought of losing her, he made one bound to her side.



MOUMOUTH FAINTS.

"It is necessary for you to stay here," said Madam de la Grenouillère, making an effort to restrain her tears.

Will it be believed?—the cat also wept!

To put an end to this painful scene, Mother Michel seized the cat by the shoulders and detached him from the carriage-cushion, to which he clung; the door closed, the horses gave a vigorous pull, and started off at a speed of not less than three leagues an hour. Moumouth rolled in a convulsion, and then fainted.

Madam de la Grenouillère, her head stretched out of the post-chaise, waved her handkerchief, crying:

"Mother Michel, I commend my cat to you!"

"Be tranquil, madam; I swear you shall find him large and plump when you return."

"And I," muttered Father Lustucru, in a deep voice, "I swear he shall die!"



"HE SHALL DIE!"

## CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH ARE SHOWN THE GOODNESS OF MOTHER MICHEL AND THE WICKEDNESS OF FATHER LUSTUCRU.



MOTHER MICHEL, worthy of the confidence which had been reposed in her, displayed for Moumouth a truly maternal tenderness; she tended him, coddled him, took

such pains with him, in short, that he became one of the most beautiful cats in that quarter of the town where the cats are magnificent. She watched over him constantly, gave him the choicest bits to



FATHER LUSTUCRU'S STRATAGEM.

eat, and put him to bed at night on the softest of eider-down quilts.

Fearing that he might fall ill some day, and wishing to inform herself concerning the maladies



to which cats are liable, she procured various books on that important subject; she even went so far in her devotion as to read the "History of Cats," by François-Auguste Paradis de Moncrif, a member of the French Academy.

The conduct of Mother Michel had no low motive of personal interest. She gave scarcely a thought to herself, the good old soul! Content with little, she would always have enough to live on; she required nothing but a small room, brown bread, a supply of wood in winter, and a spinning-wheel. But

she had nephews and nieces, god-children, whom she hoped to be able to help; it was to them that she destined in advance the gifts of Madam de la Grenouillère.

The continually increasing prosperity of Moumouth exasperated Father Lustucru. He saw with a sort of dread the approach of the hour when the faithful guardian would be rewarded; he dreamt day and night of the means to prevent it—to carry off her four-footed pupil, and bring down on her the wrath of their mistress. By dint of indulging his hatred and envy in solitary reflections, he ceased at last to back at the prospect of committing a crime.

"How," he said—"how rid the house of that



THE STEWARD SEIZES MOUMOUTH.

miserable cat? What arms shall I use against him? Fire, poison, or water? I will try water!"

This resolution taken, he thought of nothing but

to put it into execution. It was difficult to get possession of Moumouth, of whom Mother Michel



THE CAT IS PLUNGED INTO THE BASKET.

rarely lost sight; and Moumouth too, not having the slightest confidence in the steward, was always on the defensive. Lustucru watched during several days for a favorable occasion.

One night, after making an excellent supper, Moumouth curled himself up near the fire in the parlor, at the feet of Mother Michel, and slept the sleep of the just with good digestion. In the midst of this, Father Lustucru came into the room.

"Good!" he thought. "The cat sleeps. Let us get the guardian out of the way."

"How amiable of you to come and keep me company!" said Mother Michel, politely. "You are quite well this evening?"

"Perfectly; but everybody is not like me. Our porter, for example, is in a deplorable state; he is suffering excessively from his rheumatism, and would be very happy to see you a moment. You have gentle words to console the afflicted, and excellent receipts to cure them. Go, then, and pay a little visit to our friend Krautman; I am persuaded that your presence will help him."

Mother Michel got up at once and descended to the apartment of the porter, who was, indeed, suffering from a violent rheumatic pain.

"Now for us two!" cried Father Lustucru to himself.

He went stealthily into an adjoining room, walk-



THE STEWARD HURRIES AWAY.



HE DANCES WITH DELIGHT.



ing upon the tips of his toes, and took a covered basket which he had hidden in the bottom of a closet. Then he returned to Moumouth, whom he seized roughly by the neck. The unfortunate animal awoke with a start, and found himself suspended in the air face to face with Father Lustucru, his enemy. In that horrible situation he would have cried, and struggled, and called for assistance, but he had no time.

The odious steward plunged the poor cat into the basket, quickly clapped down the solid cover, and ran rapidly to the staircase, his eyes haggard and his hair standing on end, like a man who commits a crime.

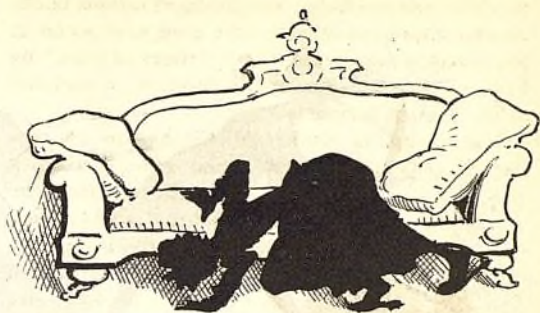
It was a beautiful night in February, with a clear sky and a dry, cold atmosphere. The moon shone with all her brightness; but, at intervals, great clouds drifted over her face and rendered the obscurity complete. Father Lustucru was obliged to cross the garden, in order to pass out by a small door, of which he had taken the key. He glided from bush to bush, carefully avoiding the paths, except when the clouds veiled the moon. He had half-opened the door, when he heard a sound of footsteps and voices outside. He started back involuntarily, then stood still and listened.

"What foolishness!" he said, after a moment of silent observation. "I had forgotten that it was carnival-time; those are masqueraders passing."

It was, in effect, a band of masqueraders from the Palais Royal. Lustucru waited until they were gone; then he hurried out. When he reached the quay, in the joy of success, he began to whistle a dancing-tune and cut capers; his transports resembled those

of a cannibal who dances around his victim.

He went up the Seine as far as the bridge of Notre Dame, in the middle of which he halted, and holding the basket over the parapet, turned it



MOTHER MICHEL LOOKS FOR THE CAT.

suddenly upside down, and launched the luckless Moumouth into the icy waters of the river. The cat, in dropping through space, gave a cry that seemed to come from a human voice. The assassin shuddered, but his emotion did not last long. He thrust his hands into his pockets and said, in a tone of bitter mockery:

"Pleasant voyage to you, dear Moumouth; endeavor to arrive all right! By the way," added he, "I think cats know how to swim; that brigand is capable of getting himself out of this business. Bah! it is a long distance from the bridge of Notre Dame to Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre!"

Re-assured by this reflection, Lustucru continued on his way home, re-entered by the door of the garden, climbed cautiously up to his room, and held himself in readiness to enjoy the lamentations of Mother Michel.

Mother Michel was detained some time by the porter; finally, she left him, to give her cat the cup of milk and sugar with which she regaled him every night.

She ascended to the parlor with measured steps, calmly, not anticipating any catastrophe. Failing to see Moumouth in the place he had occupied, she simply believed that he had smuggled himself behind the cushions of the sofa. She looked there, and beneath the sofa, and searched under the other



SHE KNOCKS AT THE STEWARD'S DOOR.

pieces of furniture. Then, running to the staircase, she called: "Moumouth! Moumouth!"

"He does n't answer me," said she. "But when



THE CAT IS THROWN INTO THE RIVER.





EVERY NOOK AND CORNER IS RANSACKED.

I went down-stairs, Lustucru was here; may be he can tell me what has become of the cat."

She knocked without delay at the door of the steward, who pretended to rouse himself from a deep slumber, and, in a gruff voice, demanded what was wanted.

"Is n't Moumouth with you?"

"Does your cat ever come where I am? You know very well that he can't bear me."

"Alas! where is he? I left him in the parlor, near the fire, and I cannot find him."

"Can he be lost?" said Father Lustucru, feigning the most lively anxiety.

"Lost! Oh, no, it is impossible! He is somewhere in the house."

"He ought to be found," said the villain, gravely. "He ought to be searched for this very instant. Moumouth is a precious animal, whose merit makes it well worth while to wake up the servants."

All the inmates of the house were soon on foot, each armed with a candle. They ransacked the nooks and corners, from the cellar to the garret, from the court to the garden. Lustucru directed the operations with apparent zeal. After ineffectual searches, Mother Michel, exhausted by emotion and fatigue, threw herself helplessly into an arm-chair.

"Alas!" said she, "I left him only an instant, and it was to do a good action."

"I begin to believe that your cat is really lost," replied Lustucru, in a severe tone. "It is a great misfortune for you! What will Madam de la Grenouillère say when she comes back? She is capable of turning you out of doors!"

"Turn me out of doors!" cried Mother Michel, suddenly drawing herself up to her full height.



THE SHOCK IS TOO MUCH FOR MOTHER MICHEL.

Then she sunk down again, her face grew pallid, her eyes closed, and she fell back without consciousness.

Father Lustucru regarded her with a dry eye, and without feeling the slightest remorse. He laughed, the infamous man!

(To be continued.)



## WHAT THEY SAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

WHAT does the brook say, flashing its feet  
Under the lilies' blue, brimming bowls,  
Brightening the shades with its tender song,  
Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls?  
It says not, "Be merry!" but, deep in the  
wood,  
Rings back, "Little maiden, be good, be good!"

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails  
Over the great, troubled path of the sea;  
Whirling the mill on the breezy height,  
Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree?  
It breathes not, "Be happy!" but sings, loud  
and long,  
"O bright little maiden, be strong, be strong!"

What says the river, gliding along,  
To its home on far-off Ocean's breast;  
Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,  
Ever weary, but singing of rest?  
It says not, "Be bright!" but, in whisperings grave,  
"Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave!"

What do the stars say, keeping their watch  
Over our slumbers, the long, lone night;  
Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,  
Though great storms blind them, and tempests  
fright?  
They say not, "Be splendid!" but write on the  
blue,  
In clear silver letters, "Maiden, be true!"

## THE POSTMAN'S BOY.

(A German Game for the Little Folks.)

BY JULIA STENDWICK TUTWILER.

YOU have all heard a great deal about kindergartens, and if you live in a city you have perhaps visited one. But I am not going to take you into one of these, but into an old-fashioned *klein kinderschule*, or infant school, much older than any of the kindergartens; in fact, the latter have drawn a great many things in their system from this—so far as I can learn, the first school ever established in Prussia for children too young to go to the public schools. The story of its origin, more than forty years ago, is very interesting; but I must make it here very short. When the good Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswertz, saw how hard it was for the poor laboring women to go away in the morning to their work, leaving their little ones exposed to all the dangers that can befall the careless, meddling little bodies, he opened a knitting-school and playing-school in a little stone summer-house in his garden, which I see every day; there the younger children were amused and taken care of all day, and the elder ones, in the evenings, taught to knit their own stockings, like true little Germans, singing all the time they worked, the merriest little

knitting songs written, or selected, for them by the good pastor. Aunt Hetty, as the children called the good young woman who took charge of them, showed such skill in her work, that first one and then another young girl came to stay with her and learn from her how to take care of a similar school. The busy pastor, who found time for everything, took great interest both in the little scholars and the grown ones; for the former he invented all sorts of pretty games, and set them to music with suitable words.

I want to tell children outside of Germany how to play some of these games. Somebody once said that there are two great heaps in the world, one of human happiness, and the other of human misery; and that everybody in the world is busily engaged all day long in taking something from one heap and carrying it to the other; also that each of us should strive every day to let it be the heap of misery we are diminishing and the heap of happiness we are increasing, if only by one little grain. What a large armful that man added to the heap of human happiness who invented blindman's



buff, or puss in the corner! I do not know but that I, for my own part, would have preferred to be that benefactor of humanity, rather than the man who invented the steam-engine. But the names of the inventors of these time-honored pastimes are forever lost to the world; however, in Pastor Flidner we can honor the representative of their class—the grown-up man who really went to work and invented all sorts of games which the German children will play as long as the language lasts.

I live in Germany, and when I am tired, even of interesting lectures on German literature, I slip away into the klein kinderschule for an hour of play; the school grew too large for the summer-house long years ago, and the children have now three comfortable rooms. I come back so refreshed and pleased from these visits that I want to let others share them with me. I think the children who speak another language would enjoy playing these games, and singing these songs, just as much as little Germans do; so I have written some of them out in English; and I want American boys and girls to try them with a party of their younger brothers and sisters and their playmates.

Here is one, music and all: this game is called "The Postman's Boy;" the players must provide beforehand a military cap for the postman's boy, a satchel for him to hang over his shoulder, in which to carry the letters, and a tin or paper horn. Also quite a number of letters and packages must be made up beforehand, their number depending on that of the little players, or the number of times the game is to be repeated. If the postman's boy is very young a stick horse, if possible with a stuffed head, will be an improvement.

All the children clasp hands in a circle, except the postman's boy; he puts on his official cap, swings his satchel over his shoulder, takes his horn in his hand, and comes running or riding post-haste into their circle, round and round, on this side and on that, singing:

"Good folks, I wish you joy!  
I am the postman's boy!  
I ride post-haste from morning light  
Till fall the dews of night;  
I bring you valentines,  
Letters and magazines;  
Or packages of books and rings,  
And lovely Christmas things.  
That you may hear,  
When I am near  
I always blow my horn! tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!  
I am the postman's boy! tra-ra!  
I am the little postman's boy,  
I am the little postman's boy,  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Every time he sings "tra-ra," he raises his horn to his lips, and pretends that the note comes through that. I have made the translation exactly in the measure of the German song, and send the music

with it; so that, if the editor will be so good as to print the music for us, a little American postboy, with help from sister or mamma, can sing it quite as well as the young Germans do.

Then the circle of players sing the next verse, extending their arms toward the postman's boy and keeping time to their music with bows and waving hands. They sing only the last twelve bars of the music; and whenever "tra-ra" comes, raise both hands, hold them before them, and move the fingers as if they were using the keys on a flute or horn:

"What brings the postman's boy? Tra-ra!  
What brings the little postman's boy?  
What brings the little postman's boy?  
What brings the little postman's boy?  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Then the little postman's boy opens his satchel, and gallops round the circle on his gallant steed, distributing his mail, singing as he goes:

"A letter, { sir, } for you. Tra-ra!  
I bring for you a magazine;  
I bring for you a valentine,  
I bring for you a valentine.  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Then all the circle, with polite gestures, sing in reply:

"We thank you, postman's boy; tra-ra!  
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;  
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;  
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!  
Adieu, now, postman's boy; tra-ra!  
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;  
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;  
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

And the postman's boy gallops off on his steed. Does it all seem too simple to be pretty? Try it! I assure you when thirty little folks play it together with spirit, it is quite as pretty as the prettiest dance you know. Only try it with half a dozen or more little sisters, and cousins, and brothers, at the next children's party, and I think all other young folks present will soon be glad to join the game.

If the children are quite young it will do just to read the superscriptions of the letters to them, and then give them back to the postman for the next time, and if they are large enough to enjoy it, you can prepare beforehand comical letters, with comical addresses, complimentary or otherwise: "For little Miss Muffet, who sat on a tuffet;" "For Lord Blue Beard;" "For little Blue Eyes;" "For Lady Bird;" "For Mrs. Scroggins, of Nubbin Ridge;" "For Mr. Squeers, of Do-the-boys Hall." (This last one for the teacher, if he has condescended to play with you.) Names from fairy tales will always be pretty for the children; and if any of the grown folks have enough of the child left in them to enjoy



taking part in these games as much as I have done, there will be no end of suitable addresses to be found.

One of the letters should be a large envelope, resembling exactly a number of others; and that it may be used over and over again, not sealed. In this must be placed a pasteboard badge, as gay as possible, with the words "Postman's Boy" in bright letters upon it; the one who receives this envelope puts on the badge, and becomes the second post-

man's boy; and so on until the game has been played as often as the little folks wish.

A pretty way to close it, will be for the last postman's boy to hand to every one of the circle a package containing a cake, bonbons, or whatever else mamma has provided for refreshments.

An accompaniment to the song, played on the piano, or violin, or both together, will add very much to it. In fact, the game will be nothing at all without the music—so here it is:

Good folks, I wish you joy! I am the Post-man's Boy; I ride post haste from morn-ing light Till  
fall the dews of night. I bring you Val-en-tines, let-ters, and mag-a-zines, And pack-a-ges of  
books and rings, And love-ly Christmas things; That you may hear, when I am near, I al-ways blow my  
horn, Tra-ra! Tra-ra! Tra-ra! I am the Post-man's Boy! Tra-ra! I am the Postman's Boy! Tra-  
ra! I am the lit-tle Postman's Boy! I am the lit-tle Postman's Boy! Tra-ra! Tra-ra! Tra-ra!

## ANIMATED SHOT-GUNS.

ANIMATED, not because they kick, like so many of the guns our readers are familiar with, but because they swim; because they shoot themselves off, not accidentally, like ordinary guns, but purposely; because they shoot to kill, and to eat what they shoot; more remarkable still, because they load themselves with water, which they live in, and shoot their game in the air, which they can't live in.

They are about six inches long, and the naturalists call them *Toxotes jaculator*. You will see on the next page a picture of one in the act of shooting a fly that is resting on a leaf. They look very much like perch, only more beautiful. Their general color is greenish above, and greenish silvery-gray below. Across the back are four short dark brown stripes, shaded with green. Those who have seen them flashing through the water, speak with enthusiasm of their lovely and ever-changing hues. No wonder they are a favorite with the pet-

loving Chinese, who keep them in jars, as we do gold-fish, and amuse themselves by tempting the fish to display their skill by dangling a fly over the water.

The *Toxotes* are natives of the waters of Java, but have been widely distributed throughout the East as an ornamental fish. It is said that their aim is so accurate that they can bring down an insect from the height of three or four feet above the water.

This fish has a near relative, *Chatodon rostratus* by name, which inhabits the Chinese seas and rivers,—a beautifully colored fish, which may be called an animated rifle, from the fact that it shoots, not a shower of drops, like the *Toxotes*, but a single drop, bringing down its game with wonderful certainty and precision. In this fish the jaws are prolonged into a sort of beak, which serves as a rifle barrel. In other respects it resembles the scaly shot-gun above described, although we may





AN ANIMATED SHOT-GUN.

suppose that a fish furnished with a rifle is able to bring down its game with greater accuracy and at a longer range than one which is obliged to shoot with a shot-gun, and a single-barreled one at that.

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marshes, and to the invisible forces that burst the strongest vessels, in their experiments in alchemy."

"And they called their vessels crucibles, because they marked upon them the sign of the cross, to keep the evil spirits from breaking them," I added, by way of helping Uncle Ned.

"But, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "I don't understand yet why starving is burning."

"No, pet," he answered, "I do not suppose you do, but I'll try to make it plain to you. But, first, are you sure you know what fire is?"

"You said it was oxidation," she replied.

"And what did I mean by that?"

Susie hesitated, and Uncle Ned answered for her: "That when a thing is burned, the oxygen from the air unites with such of its elements as it can, and sets the rest free."

"Now," said he, "what makes a fire quick or slow? To make the stove give out more heat, what would you do?"

"Open the drafts," said Harry.

"Exactly," replied Ned. "You would give the fire more air, and, of course, more oxygen. The intensity of fire depends upon the amount of oxygen consumed in a minute. The difference between burning a piece of iron in a flame and consuming it in a furnace is only in time. The same quantity of oxygen is used in each case, but in the one case the heat produced are easily perceived, while in the other they are not. The iron is burned in one instance as in the other."

"Is that true of vegetable matter?" asked Susie, beginning to be much interested. "That pan of spoiled peaches into which I put the fire, burn quickly, and if I do not stir it, but let the chemical process and the heat go on, is that it?"

"Yes," answered Ned. "When a supply of nutriment is cut off, the process will continue until every-

thing combustible is used up; and it is the same with animals."

"Now he is coming back to your kitten, Susie," said I.

"Yes," said he. "Kitty, when she was eating nothing, was supplying no fuel to the fire that was constantly burning within her."

"You don't mean that we are all burning all the time!" cried Susie, in a horrified tone.

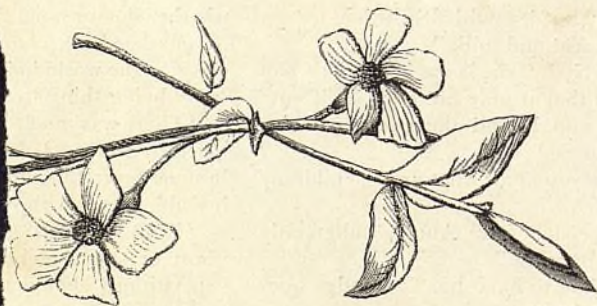
"Yes, I do," he replied. "Our bodies are furnaces in which continual fire is kept. The oxygen is supplied by the air we breathe, and the other elements by what we eat and drink; so you see if either supply is cut off the fire goes out, and death is the result. That is what I meant by saying that starvation was burning. Do you understand now, Susie?"

She did, and so did Annie and Harry, who, being several years older, and knowing something about chemistry, had comprehended what their uncle meant with much less difficulty.

"Ned," said I, when he had eaten a few peaches in silence, "I do not like a term you used several times. You spoke of substances being destroyed by being burned. They are not destroyed, only made over."

"You are right," said he. "Nothing is ever lost or wasted in this world. Nature is too thrifty a housewife for that. Whenever changes take place the elements are re-arranged in some new and useful form. Gas and vapors, poisonous to animals, are eagerly taken up by vegetables, and made over into forms suited to our use. A constant interchange is thus kept up; the vegetable world supplying the animal with food, and the animal returning it to the vegetable in a form to be again used by it, each serving the other."

"And teaching us a lesson, that you and Harry will please to obey, by throwing this rubbish to the hens, while the girls and I clear up here," said I, stoning the last peach and beginning to scrape the skins together.





## THE DOTTERELS' LUCK.

BY JOHN RIVERSIDE.

It is a very queer story, that about the way the Dotterels found gold. The Dotterels, you must know, were not all men whose names were Dotterel. They went to California, in early times, from a small town in Missouri, and that town was Dotterel, in Pike County. You need not look on the map for it; it is too small to be put on any map, unless it might be a county map. But Peletiah

gold. How hungry everybody was for gold! You would have supposed that gold was the only thing that could save the lives of these excited men. From morning until night, it was nothing but gold! gold! gold! in the talk of everybody.

The Dotterels would not have been human if they had not been stirred up by all these stories. Obe Murch could scarcely eat, he was so excited



THE VISITORS AT THE DOTTERELS' CAMP.

Persimmons, Sam Handy, Obed Murch, and Sol Taggart were from that town, and that is why they were called "The Dotterels." In those early days it seems almost nobody was known by his right name. Men had nicknames given them before they had traveled half way across the continent. For instance, Sam Handy wore a suit of buckskin that he had bought of a Winnebago Indian, so emigrants whom they met on the road called him "Buckskin Sam," and Buckskin he is to this day, for all I know to the contrary.

When the Dotterels, who were a pretty jolly party, had crossed Honey Lake Valley and got into the thick forests that cover the Sierra Nevada, they began to be very much interested in the stories of gold-digging brought to them by men who were wandering about everywhere, hunting, hunting for

now, although he and the rest of the Dotterels had expected to hear just such tales when they first started from home.

"Tell yer what," said Buckskin Sam, "this yer gold business aint near so fillin' as corn-dodgers and side-meat." For Sam liked his "regular rations" of corn-bread and bacon, even if he was hunting for gold.

So when they had climbed to the dividing ridge of the Sierra, and had begun to go down on the other side, Sam was more intent on shooting game than he was about anything else. Somehow the Dotterels began to grow suspicious of each other, and while one was "prospecting," or trying the creeks and rivulets for gold, the others would watch as if afraid that he would keep his findings to himself if he discovered anything.



One evening, as they were sitting about their camp-fire, eating their scanty supper, a party of men came up from an adjoining camp, and the spokesman said:

"See here, boys, we'd like to chip in with you on supper, if you've no objection. We've lost our cooking outfit down by Dry Creek ford."

The Dotterels said that they had no objection to the strangers sharing their meal if they had anything to put into the common stock.

"Well, we allow we've got a right smart show of bread left over yet, and here's a bunch of ducks one of our fellers brought in to-day. How's that?"

It was agreed upon, and the strangers sat down, helped dress the ducks and prepare the supper, which was all made over by this welcome addition. The Dotterels liked game, especially Buckskin Sam, who went into the work of dressing the ducks with a great deal of gusto.

Cutting through the craw of one of the birds, Sam's knife struck something hard and gritty. "Gravel stones, most likely," thought Sam, as he turned the contents of the thing to the light. Gravel it was to be sure, but in the midst of the pebbles shone a bit of bright yellow gold!

"What makes yer hand tremble so, stranger?" asked one of the visitors, as Sam hurriedly dropped the whole mass into his pocket. Sam muttered something that meant nothing, and went on with his work, his heart thumping against his ribs.

It was the first piece of gold he had ever found. He had no idea how much it might be worth. But it was the genuine metal, he was sure, although he had no real knowledge of the ore. He felt it almost burning in his pocket, as he sat by the fire with his supper a little later.

"'Pears like you are off yer feed, Sam," said Persimmons, who noticed that Sam eat almost nothing. The fact was that he could not enjoy even stewed wild duck while he was hot with the gold-fever.

"Where'd you shoot these yere birds, stranger?" he asked of his visitor.

"Over on the south fork of the north fork of the Feather," said he. "And there's as good shootin' around those parts as you'll find in all Californy."

"Ponds?" queried Sam.

"Mostly; that is, mostly ponds where the ducks flock in; but the Feather's a right good stream for trout. And it was trout I was after when I knocked over them yer ducks?"

"Any gold over there?" spoke up Sol Taggart.

That was just what Sam wanted to ask, but dared not.

"No, none so high up as this. There's good



PERSIMMONS' DISCOVERY.

diggings lower down, but no color up this way."

Sam made a mental calculation as to how far from camp the ducks had been shot, how long the gold had been in the bird's craw, and he began to speculate on the nearness of the place where the golden ore had been picked up.

He thought the strangers would never go, they lounged about the fire so long after supper. But, gathering up their blankets, they went off to their



own camp, and left the Dotterels to themselves. Sam got up, followed them stealthily until sure they were out of sight and hearing, came back softly, and, putting his hand into his pocket, took out the little wad of sand and gravel, and said: "Boys, we've struck it!"

"Gold!" everybody exclaimed. Yes, there it was, shining in the fire-light, about the size and shape of a good-sized bean. Gold at last! and Sam was the hero.

He told his story, and before they went to sleep—only to sink into uneasy golden dreams—they resolved to strike over to the south fork of the north fork of the Feather River next morning.

Bright and early they were up and away. Crossing a sharp ridge, they descended into a narrow valley filled with enormous trees and tangled with undergrowth. A charming stream, foaming and fretting, ran down in the midst; and as they scrambled over the mossy rocks, a flock of black ducks whirled away from a pool where the dimpling water softly flowed round and round.

"The very spot!" shouted Persimmons. They divided, Sol Taggart and Persimmons going up the spring, and Murch and Sam going down. These latter took the "prospecting pan" for washing out the dirt for gold, while Persimmons and Murch took the "cradle," a rude but useful contrivance for the same purpose. For hours they "panned out" the dirt, but without finding anything.

"We're too far up, I say. Those chaps allowed gold was never found up here away," said Taggart, who was nearly discouraged after all. "Besides,"

he added, "my back aches powerful," and he straightened himself up as he spoke.

Just then Persimmons dropped his pick, leaped into the air like a wild man, and yelled: "Struck it! struck it! struck it!"

Sol stooped down and saw, just in the edge of the stream, a yellow mass which Persimmons was too excited to do more than look at. He picked it up. It was a lump of gold as big as a hickory-nut, with a small bit of straw-colored quartz sticking to it.

Persimmons moderated his raptures and suddenly said: "Shall we keep it to ourselves?" Sol Taggart put his two hands by his mouth, trumpet-fashion, and bawled, "Ho! Dotterels!" until the forest rang again, and a flock of ducks passing over sharply turned their course from east to south, as if alarmed by the din. In answer to the call, Buckskin Sam and Murch came hurrying up the stream, crashing through the brushwood like mad.

"There she is, boys!" said Persimmons, with great dignity, for he had, by this time, laid bare quite a streak of ore and "pay-dirt."

"That was a lucky duck for us, boys," said Sam excitedly, and much relieved to find that his mates had been fair with him.

There they camped, built a cabin, and mined all summer. How much they dug I never knew. They all went back with money, in a few years. Buckskin Sam lives in Pike County, in a big house full of children. On the top of his cupola is a large gilt duck that serves for a weather-vane. Sam regards it every day with great pride and affection, "for that there bird," he says, "brought luck to the Dotterels."

## A NEST WITHOUT EGGS.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

SOME crushed shells lie, 'neath the tree, in the grass—

And there's so much room in a rifled nest!

And ah! for the poor little, brown little mother,

With no eggs under her lonely breast!

Oh, there's too much room in a rifled nest!

Just to think how hard, in the still, black night,

When in dreams she cuddles them closer and closer,

To wake and to find they are all gone quite!

The poor little drooping, limp-winged mother!

She counted those blue speckled eggs too soon!

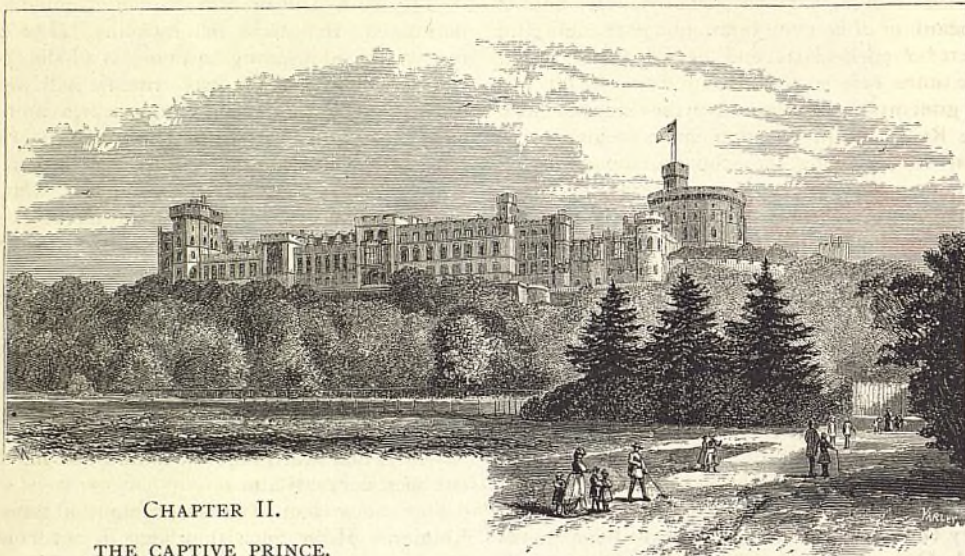
Now nothing is left but some broken shells,

That gleam on the grass, in the light of the moon!



## WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

WE will make a leap over more than half a century of history, to come to the next incident in the long story of our great Castle, which I think will interest you. During that half century a great many stirring events took place; and if you are as fond of Shakespeare's historical plays as I used to be at your age, you will remember how, with more power and vividness than any historian, our great poet brings before us the gay and thoughtless Richard II., beginning with so much light-hearted folly and vanity, and ending in such sad and utter downfall; and how Bolingbroke, his cousin, took the crown from him, and became Henry IV.; to be followed in due time by Henry V., one of those bold, generous, open-hearted men whom the English people are fond of taking as types of the race. All this, however, you will find in your Shakespeare and in your histories; in which latter you will also read that the young Prince of Scotland, who was afterward James I. of Scotland, was taken a prisoner by the English during the reign of Henry IV. of England, and kept in confinement for many years—some of which, and the most important, were spent in Windsor. I must tell you first, however, who Prince James of Scotland was, and how he got there into the hands of the hereditary enemies of his family and kingdom.

You have all heard of the Stuarts, one of the fated races of kings who have done more mischief and

suffered more misery in their day than ever falls to the lot of families in a less distinguished position. There is scarcely one of them who is not more or less interesting—brave, beautiful, accomplished, wicked, wrong-headed, unhappy people!

King Robert III. of Scotland was one of the mildest and weakest of the race; and he had, like his contemporary, Henry IV. of England, a mad-cap son, the Duke of Rothesay, as wild and wayward as Prince Hal himself, but without the strength of mind to reform and amend—or perhaps only it was the time this poor young fellow wanted; for he did not live long enough, even if he had possessed the higher impulse, to turn into a great soldier, and noble, honest, chivalrous king, as Henry V. did, who began as foolishly.

King Robert's brother, the Duke of Albany, was the able man of the family, and, unfortunately, he was bad as well as clever, and took advantage of the foolish young Rothesay, and was believed to have murdered him in the cruelest way by starvation. When the poor, sickly Scotch king heard that his heir had been killed, he hurriedly sent away his younger son, James, a boy of eleven or twelve, to France, to be educated there, and kept in safety out of the reach of cruel uncles and all the dangers of the time. But alas! King Robert had not reckoned on the dangers of the way. Before the rude little ship in which the Prince was



had got beyond the rugged coast of Northumberland, an English vessel coming up with it, though there was peace between the two countries, took the boy prisoner, with his attendants. He was the only remaining hope of his father, who, helpless, heart-broken, and aged, had taken a little comfort from the thought that his child was safe. When he heard of this new calamity, poor old King Robert bowed his head and died of it; for though those times were so different and so distant, love and grief were the same then as they are now. King Robert died, and little James in his English prison became King of Scotland, though it was but an empty title, for nineteen weary years.

This young prisoner grew up to be not only a brave and able man, but a poet; which is the reason why we know a great deal more of him than we do of most kings; for writers, though they are often not very highly esteemed in their life-time, are much more easy to remember than the great people who have no power of expressing themselves. The King of England, perhaps, was not very kind to the boy, but he had a sense of what was due to his rank, and gave him a good education, so far as was attainable in that age. But the early days of James's captivity seem to have been dreary enough. He has left a poem called "The King's Quhair," which many writers think might almost have been written by Chaucer himself, who was still living when the little Scottish prince came to England. In this poem he tells us how his days were passed "in strait ward and in strong prison," and how he would often question with himself and with his imprisoned companions what he had done to be thus deprived of everything that made life sweet to others.

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,  
They live in freedom, each one in his kind.  
And I a man, and lacketh liberty!  
What shall I say—what reason shall I find  
Why fortune should do so —?"

This question the young prisoner would argue with his "folk," the little band who had been taken along with him, and who now, no doubt, in the lingering days of captivity, made many a beautiful picture for him of the fresh breezes and healthy hill-sides of their own country. They must have had hard work sometimes to answer the lad, who was shut up now in the gloomy Tower of London, where so many prisoners have languished, now in other strong castles, at the age when nature most longs for movement and freedom. He writes as if he had been shut out from the natural pleasures of his early age; and if you will think of it, what a dreary time it must have been for him, and what a dismal thing to *grow up* in a prison!—worse than being merely imprisoned in mature

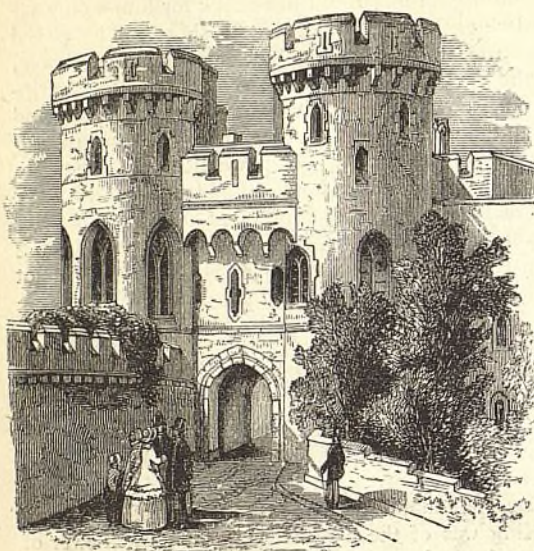
years,—though even that is bad enough. How sorry you are, you vigorous boys, for the invalid who cannot go out with you—cannot know anything of your games and your delights! Young King James, though he was well and strong, must have been like an invalid. No breezy rush across country on foot or on horseback for him—no wanderings by river-bank or sea-shore. The paved court-yards and strong battlements of the Tower, the dark and stony rooms, already with inscriptions on the walls made by other prisoners—and all the while the old father dying broken-hearted, and poor Scotland, which we Scots love next to our mothers, pining under the bloody hands of the cruel uncle who was supreme, and longing for her young monarch! And the boy must have been a patriot-boy, as he was a patriot-man. So his lot was a hard one, as you will perceive.

However, after awhile, brighter days dawned for James Stuart. Old King Henry IV. died, and a new King Henry came to the throne, whom no one understood as yet,—whom some people were afraid of, and many people doubted, but who turned out to be the king whom we know as Henry V.,—one of the bravest, most popular, and most generous of monarchs. The first thought of the young King was of the Scottish prince in the Tower of London, whose boyhood had been so melancholy. Eight long years had he languished there in prison, getting to be a man. He was somewhere about twenty at the time of the other young man's accession, and you may fancy that Henry had been sorry for him many a day, when he himself was playing his pranks in London or at Windsor—his cousin, as kings call each other, a pale, sad prisoner, while he, young Henry, was making all that commotion.

So one of the first things that the new king did was to send for the prisoner, to change his confinement in the Tower for at least a much lighter confinement in one of the towers of Windsor looking out upon the fresh, green woods, and the silvery windings of the river. His life, too, was changed, as well as his locality. What was then a princely allowance, seven hundred pounds a year, was set apart for his expenses; and such pleasures and splendors as were going on at Windsor, you may be sure young James had now his share of. Henry took him with him to France even when he invaded it. The historians say this was because the King of France had many Scots in his army, and Henry believed these brave soldiers would not fight against the invader when once they were aware that the King of Scots was with him, although as a prisoner. We may hope, however, that bold King Henry, who was not of the calculating kind, had less cunning and more



kindness in his meaning; and that he wished the pale prisoner to know something of the larger excitements and commotions of life, the management of fighting men, and of war itself, and to get accustomed to the clang of arms and battle, which



NORMAN GATE-WAY.

in those days were so much more frequently encountered, and more necessary, than now.

How the captive acquitted himself, or if he was allowed to fight, we have no information; but are only told that he accompanied Henry through at least one of his brilliant campaigns. And he was present at the coronation of Henry's queen, Katherine of France, and had a place of honor at her left hand at the feast afterward. So that he had his share both in the battles and banquets, and was allowed to enter into the life of the gay, triumphant young court, full of success and merry-making and prosperity. For Henry, you remember, had carried everything before him in France and was, as foolish people supposed, to be the king of that conquered country, and his children after him, for ever and ever; and all wars between France and England were henceforward to cease.

It does not seem, however, that young King James was quite happy, notwithstanding all the pleasures around him. You can fancy that to be kept out of your rights and away from your home, and obliged to spend your time doing nothing, when in your own place there are a great many things that ought to be done, is too great a misfortune to be made up for by feasts and merry-makings; and when James was in his turret-prison

at Windsor, though he was better off than before, his heart was very heavy still. He knew that poor Scotland was suffering sadly: the common people oppressed, the great people spending their time in feuds and quarrels among themselves, and the whole country bleeding and torn asunder, with no government to speak of, no just laws, nor firm authority. Did you ever see some one else doing very badly what you could do well, but were not allowed to do? This is a thing which is always very hard to bear. James felt that he had it in him to be a good king, and his heart bled for his people, who were being crushed and ruined by rulers who were not good, and who never thought of the people, but only of themselves. When he went to his window, as prisoners are always fond of doing, he could see nothing but the flat, rich English plain, waving with green woods and golden corn, happy and rich and peaceful; and, no doubt, his heart ached for the blue hills which appeared more beautiful to him in recollection than any landscape ever is in reality—"a woeful wretch that to no wight may speed" (*i. e.* that could come to no strength or heroic use), he calls himself. But while he "bemoaned his fortune in this wise," something happened to him of which I am going to tell you now.

There is a tower close by the foot of the great Round Tower of Windsor, which you have already been told about, overlooking the steep slope of turf and the old garden which occupies what might once have been the moat around the donjon. This tower forms part of what is called the Norman gate, and I think this Norman tower is the very place where James Stuart was languishing when the event, of which you shall now hear, happened. The lady who at present lives in the house adjoining—one of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court—has lately cleared out the ancient rooms, and penetrated, through partitions and false roofs and layers of old paper-hangings, to the real walls of the old prison, and its vaulted roof and curious windows; one of which, reached by a high step from the floor, was covered up altogether, and its very existence unknown. The small window with two lights in the front of the Norman tower, given in the accompanying picture, answers exactly to the description which King James gives of his prison. It looks down upon the old garden, deep below the level of the road, narrow and rich and warm between the old gray walls on one side, and the steep sunny mound of the Round Tower on the other, which is still a wilderness of sweets in summer-time.

If you were there now, and were awakened by the sweet sunshine on a May morning, no doubt you would do as James did, and rush, if not so



early as he, to the deep recess raised from the floor in which this little window shines—from which you would see, low at your feet, the greenness and the sweetness of the garden, all fragrant with old-fashioned flowers, nestling under gray walls so thickly covered with green net-work of jessamine and flush of early roses that you scarcely can see the stone; and beyond, a great soft plain losing itself in haze of distance, the Thames winding through it, the trees waving, the red roofs of Windsor town burning in the sunshine.

Thus the royal prisoner, James Stuart, one summer morning, got up to look out,—“as early as day,” he says, “to see the world and folk that went forby,”—trying to forget his dreary thoughts a little. He had been “despairing of all joy and remedy”—with nothing to cheer him, yet feeling that “to look, it did me good,” for he was not churlish, poor captive prince! but glad, if he could, to be distracted from his heavy thoughts and made for a little to forget his trouble. The description of the garden which he gives in his poem is too long to be quoted, and you might find it difficult to understand the old English in its quaint spelling.

consecrat of luvis use;” that the walls rang with the “sweet harmony.” When he saw nature so joyful, and all the birds singing and flitting about among the branches, the heart of the prisoner grew full. “Ah! what have I done,” he cried, “that I am thrall, and the birds so free?” But lo! suddenly, while he was thinking these melancholy thoughts, a beautiful vision appeared to him. Coming through the shady alleys toward his prison, he saw walking under the tower a lady—“the fairest or the freshest young flower” that he had ever seen.

“In my head I drew right hastily,  
And oftsoons I leaned it out again,  
And saw her walk that very womanly,  
With no wight more, but only women twain  
Then ‘gan I study in myself and sayne:  
“Oh, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,  
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?”

What a thing it is to be a poet, greater than to be a king! Cannot you see the young man at his window drawing in his head in his surprise at this sudden apparition, yet quickly looking out again, dazzled and eager to see all he can of her in her fresh beauty, wondering if she can be “a worldly



SCENE IN WINDSOR FOREST.

He tells us that it was “fast by the tower’s wall,” closed round with hawthorn hedges, with green bowers, and thick boughs and leaves which “be-shaded all the alleys that there were;” and how on the branches sat “the littel swete nyghtingale and song so loud and clere the ymynis (hymns)

creature” or some dream-lady out of heaven? Then he tells us how she looked, and how she was dressed, and how lightly she passed, walking “so womanly,” underneath the green shadows, while he stood holding his breath, in the early quiet of the morning. Her hair was like gold; “there was



no token in her sweet face" of pride or haughtiness. Her dress made of "white tissue" was rich with pearls, twisted "fretwise" over it, and adorned with other jewels, one "great balas (ruby?) lowing like the fire," fastened the feather, let us suppose, in her velvet cap; another ruby, in the form of a heart, hung by a little gold chain "burning upon her white throat" like "a spark of lowe" or flame. This wonderful dress, so rich and splendid, was "halflyng loose for haste," held but by one clasp this early morning, too early for any one to see her. Is not this a beautiful picture? When young ladies walk out in the morning nowadays they do not wear such magnificent robes. You might see our young Princess Beatrice, the only royal maiden left to England, from King James's window often enough if you were fortunate, but never brushing the dew from the grass in such a royal gown. The fret-work of pearls and the great balas rubies, red like flame, never meet the sunshine now except on very splendid occasions indeed. Fashions change, but nature does not change, and what so natural as that the young prisoner should forget all his troubles as he gazed breathless at this beautiful creature?

"On whom to rest mine eye, so much good  
It did my woful heart. I you assure  
That it was to me joy without measure."

The young lady in her flowing white robes, upon whom the imprisoned King looked down from his window, was of royal blood like himself, and a very fit partner for him. She was not called Princess, but only the Lady Jane, niece of the late King, cousin-german to Henry, the very woman of all the world whom James Stuart ought to have married. So you perceive it was very unusual good fortune on his part that it was she and not any one else who happened to be in the garden on that "fresh May's morrow," and thus decided the happiness of his life.

Those of you who may have got so far on in literature as to read Chaucer, will find a story very like this of King James and the Lady Jane in the Knight's Tale, where Palemon in prison sees Emily walking in the garden and forgets all his troubles in so sweet a sight. Chaucer had been clerk of the works at Windsor Castle not so many years before the true romance happened, and perhaps the very same narrow prison window and low-lying dewy garden were in the greater poet's thoughts. And if you came there this very year, "on a fresh May's morrow," with the lilies-of-the-valley like a white sweet carpet in all the angles of the old walls, and every spring flower bursting out of the husk, and the hawthorns white upon the slope, and perhaps in the early morning here and there a belated nightingale forgetting in the fullness

of her song that the day had broken, you would find the old prison window as fit a place as ever for a romantic lover, and the old garden as beautiful a setting for the lady of his dreams.

This gentle pair were married in the year 1424, when James was freed from his long captivity, after nineteen years of prison and exile. He was then just over thirty, having spent the whole of his youth in England. But sorrowful things had happened before this conclusion came to the love-story. Henry V. had died in France, and poor little Henry VI. had been born in Windsor—a helpless, wailing little king in his cradle. Poor child of woe! I will try to tell you something in the next number about the baby-king.

In the meantime, you will like to hear that our present King James, after his long trials, turned out the best king that Scotland had known since Robert Bruce recovered her independence. It was he who set in order the confused system of Scotch law, reformed the ancient parliament, improved arms and modes of war, and took energetic measures to check the private strife of feud and family quarrel which kept the country in trouble.

But he was too patriotic for his age, and after a reign of twelve years, on a cold February night, when he lingered unarmed over the fire with his wife and her ladies, a mad party of infuriated rebels poured in and killed the royal poet and patriot. To keep them back for a moment, when they were heard approaching, Catharine Douglas, one of the Queen's ladies, thrust her arm through the staples of the great door, from which traitorous hands had removed the bolt. You may fancy that delicate bar did not keep off the murderers for more than a minute or two, but long enough to win for this brave girl a place of honor in the history of her country. And I am sure many an American girl when she reads this, will feel with a swelling heart, as many an English and Scotch girl has felt, that she, too, would have done the same.

So you see that the first James Stuart, notwithstanding the beautiful romance that crowned his youth, had but a tragic life, accompanied from beginning to end with sorrow. Nineteen years a captive, twelve years a king, and then death, bloody and violent—his body pierced with many stabs; his heart, no doubt, with one sharp sword of anguish, to think of the work he left incomplete, with only an infant heir to take it up after a long interval. He was the first remarkable Stuart, and almost the only entirely noble one—blameless, brave, and true, but beginning with a tradition of misfortune, which was never broken, the story of his race.

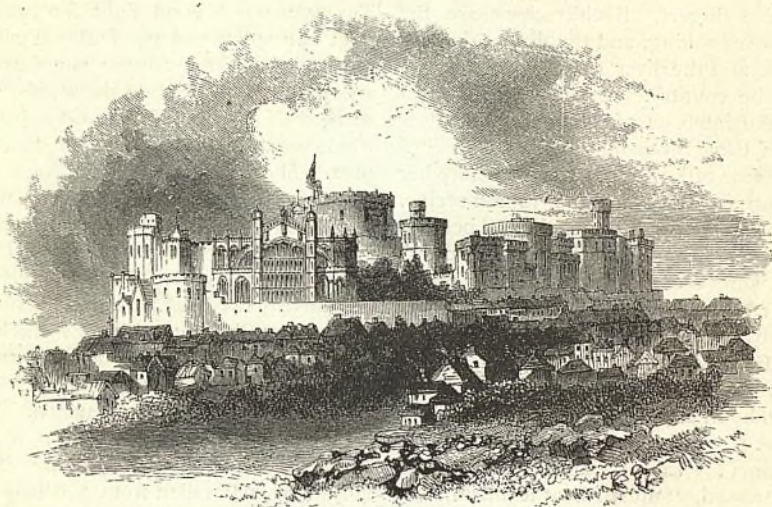
This ending, however, of King James's life has



nothing to do with our Windsor, where he saw that beautiful vision at his window. "Thanked be thee, fair castle wall, where as I whilom looked forth," he says, and so goes on thanking the green branches, and the sweet nightingale, and the goddess of love,—

"That has me given wholly mine asking,  
Which has my heart forever set above  
In perfect joy that never may remove."

Thus he had great and perfect happiness given him by God, to make up for the tedious, sad beginning, and the tragical end of his life.



## CLOUGH'S TOP-KNOT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THERE was once a little boy who had no brother or sister; but he did have a white pullet, and the white pullet had a top-knot,—after awhile. She had been given to the little boy, Clough, when she was in pinafores; that is to say, she would have been in them if chickens wore pinafores. But they don't, you see. They are so neat that they don't need bibs and napkins at all.

Clough had proposed, immediately on the pullet's arrival, to call it Toppy.

"Toppy's such a pretty name for a little chicken what's going to have a top-knot!" he said. "Mamma, when do you think the top-knot'll be along?"

"By and by," said mamma, in an absent-minded way. She was trying to write out a muffin-recipe for Mrs. Podhammer.

"When will by 'n' by be, mamma?" Clough

asked, with a puzzled look in his face. "When will by 'n' by be, mamma?" repeated Clough, when his mother did not answer. "To-morrow, mamma? Will it be this week? When will the top-knot get growed, mamma?"

"When you have beaten it fifteen minutes," said mamma, intent on getting Mrs. Podhammer's recipe just right, and unconscious, except in the vaguest, dreamiest way, that Clough was speaking to her.

You must know that Mrs. Podhammer was very particular about her recipes.

"Be sure," she had said to Clough's mother, "that you tell me *exactly* how you make muffins, —just how long you beat the eggs and the batter; how long you bake; what kind of an oven, and all about it. And please don't leave anything to the judgment; I never cook by judgment; I go by



mathematics; figures can't lie, you know. I do hate a recipe with 'a pinch of salt;' 'a sprinkle of pepper;' 'a handful of flour;' 'a stick of cinnamon;' as if all sticks were exactly the same size. A handful of flour! I dare say there'd be a difference of the eighth of a pound between my handful and Mrs. Pollock's. What tremendous hands she has! Her pinch of salt I could n't lift between my five fingers. Such recipes are the cause of the poor cooking, and the dyspepsia, and the heart-burn, and the liver complaints that are depopulating the country. A woman who cares anything for the interests of humanity will never send out one of these hit-or-miss recipes."

So, with the fear of Mrs. Podhammer before her eyes, Mrs. Spitts was writing the muffin-recipe. She had written "beat well," and then "beat till light," and had successively drawn her pencil through both, sure that Mrs. Podhammer would object to either as indefinite, and come flying over to demand the exact time in minutes and seconds. And Mrs. Podhammer made such endless talks and stays when she flew over, especially if she claimed to be in a great hurry, as she seemed generally to be.

"Oh, mamma!" said Clough, sorely bewildered and distressed, "must I beat it fifteen minutes? I can't; I love Toppo too much. Wont it grow till I beat it, mamma?"

Clough fairly shouted these last words, with a desperate determination to get his mother's attention.

"Beat what?" asked his mother, with a look in her face as though she had just got back from somewhere. "What *are* you talking about?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Clough, with an accent of despair, "did n't you hear? Have I got to tell it all over again? It's so far back to the beginning!"

"You poor little Clough!" said mamma, laughing, when she at last comprehended the situation, "I'm such an absent-minded body that I'm not fit for a mother."

But Clough declared that she was fitter for a mother than anybody that ever was. Mamma laid down her portfolio. Clough climbed on her knee, and soon everything between them was explained.

One would have thought that the only chicken of an only child, as in the case of Toppo and Clough, was destined to be handled, petted, spoiled; and cook was "certain sure" that Toppo would become a nuisance—"all round the house, under everybody's heels." She just knew it would be getting at her shelled peas, and that not a dish or a pan could ever be left uncovered on the kitchen dresser. Papa said it would spoil the gar-

den; mamma feared it would scratch up the flower-beds for its dust-baths; Clough was sure it would be good.

But Toppo disappointed all prophecies. The very first afternoon, she escaped from the coop to the vineyard. Day after day, Clough's fat legs ran up and down between the latticed rows of grape-vines, trying to overtake the runaway. But Toppo made a good fight for her liberty. She ran; she spluttered and fluttered with her stubbed tail and unfinished wings; she darted in and out among the vines, hid in the weeds, and altogether wearied Clough out, body and spirit. Finally, he tried coaxing. He went to the vineyard, his pocket filled with corn. He threw this at Toppo exactly as he would have thrown stones at her if he had meant to kill her. Perhaps Toppo thought he did mean to, for she ran away as fast as her two legs could carry her, which was very fast, indeed, considering their size. Clough pursued her bravely, shouting "Chickey! chickey! chickey!" in a desperate way, all the while dashing the corn at her. This he thought was coaxing.

Soon the corn was exhausted. Then he went to the barn and climbed into a corn-bin. He found a basket there, which he filled with loose corn that had fallen from the cobs. The basket was too heavy for one arm, so he took both hands to it. If you ever carried a heavy basket with two hands, you know it's an awkward thing to do. I don't suppose the boy expected Toppo to eat all that grain, but before he got through with his race Clough had sown that vineyard with corn. There was forage enough there for one little pullet for weeks. Toppo doubtless decided that her quarters could not be bettered, for she did not leave the vineyard that summer. In the mean time, Clough might have been often seen, walking up and down between the grape-rows, peering through the vines with eager, expectant eyes, trying to be cautious, but making a great deal of noise. And very occasionally he would catch sight of a white pullet with a top-knot, that would stretch up her graceful neck, and turn her neat tufted head to one side in a listening attitude, and then with a frightened cackle would start off on a wild run, like some bird of the woods, and not at all like a civilized chicken, as she was supposed to be.

In the fall, anybody who listened at the right seasons might have heard from the vineyard as exultant "kut-a-kut-dah-kuts" as the boldest, sauciest hen ever uttered. There is never a lady-chicken so youthful, or so shy, that she can forbear telling it to the world when she has laid an egg.

Poor Clough! He was as proud of Toppo's achievements as Toppo herself. Every time he



heard that "kut-a-kut-dah-kut," he'd rush to the vineyard, calling out, "Topsy's laid an egg!" You would have thought, from his eagerness, that he was going to bring back a golden egg; but he never brought back any. Topsy's nest could n't be found.

After awhile, Topsy's kut-a-kut-dah-kuts ceased to ring out on the air, and for days Clough did not get sight of her top-knot. He thought she must be dead; but his mother suggested that she was probably setting. One day, Topsy showed herself about the kitchen door-steps, the crossest-looking bird that Clough ever saw, or hoped to see. She clucked as though she was quarreling with the whole world. She seemed to be frowning all over. Her tail was spread out, and turned back toward her head, and so was every other feather on her body. She looked as though somebody had been rubbing her backward, and she appeared ready to fly in the face of the whole world. If she had possessed the gift of speech instead of simply the gift of cluck, she would have probably said:

"I'm no longer a giddy, harum-scarum pullet. I'm a matron,—a hen, with life's responsibilities on me. I have rights,—a great many of them,—and I'll scratch anybody's eyes out who dares meddle with them."

Clough seemed to read this threat in her new aspect. He was mortally afraid of her, in her changed character, though proud of his property, and very glad to see her. Through a crack in the kitchen door, he threw out crumbs and pop-corn to her. Cook went out and set a basin of water for her refreshment. Topsy ate and drank in a fretful, ungrateful manner, and then went away, warning everybody, by her scolding cluck, not to follow her.

You are doubtless expecting to hear that shortly after this, Topsy appeared, the proud head of a magnificent brood of chickens. Can't you see them in your mind's eye?—red, white, black, speckled, gray. Now listen:

One morning there was heard about the kitchen door an important, defiant cluck! cluck! accompanied by the appealing peep! peep! of a baby chicken. Cook looked out. There was Topsy, striding and strutting over the earth, and running after her, with twinkling little feet, was a solitary chick,—a downy-white little thing, that seemed dragged and cold. How lonely it looked! Cook called Clough to come and see, saying: "Here's your white pullet come ag'in, and it's got the homesickest-looking chick at its heels that ever I set eyes on." But Clough thought it was a beauty, and acted as proud over it as though it had been his grand-baby, cook said.

Mamma suggested that Topsy, in her vanity

and inexperience, had left her nest with the first chicken that showed its head, abandoning all the unhatched young to perish; that if this favored chick could be taken from the foolish mother, she might return to her nest and save the rest of the brood. So Clough undertook to abduct Topsy's baby. My patience! you ought to have seen the outraged mother fly at him. Clough thought he was murdered. He ran trembling and crying to his mother, "Topsy's the hatefulest top-knot chicken I ever saw!" he declared, with tears in his astonished eyes. "I wish I did not have her!"

Mamma and cook and Clough went out to the vineyard, and found Topsy's nest in a basket that somebody had left hanging on a grape-post. The eggs were cold; the little chickens in them probably dead. But they concluded to make an effort to save the dozen lives, if possible. Topsy's chicken was taken from her, and she was put back on her nest, over which a piece of mosquito-netting had been stretched. But Topsy would not cover the eggs. She paced back and forth in the vacant part of the basket, clucking and looking askance at the eggs. All the folks went away, hoping that Topsy's nervousness would be sooner allayed if she were unwatched. An hour later, the net showed a most ghastly sight. Every egg except two had been picked and torn open by the ruthless young mother. She was released from her prison; the two unbroken eggs were taken to the kitchen and kept warm. In the evening, one of them began to peep. Clough was wild with delight when he heard the little voice shut up in the egg, as he said. Cook carefully pecked a little hole in the shell, and Clough saw that the chick had a red head.

He was so interested that they could n't get him off to bed, and after awhile he had the satisfaction of seeing a little blotched chicken staggering about, and cheeping as though it was lost in a great strange world. As it was without its mother's brooding wing, it was put with the white chicken in a basket lined with light, fleecy wool. Some more fleece covered them; a cloth was spread over the whole basket, and it set behind the kitchen stove, which never got cold. Papa said the two chickens were as much trouble as a pair of twin babies.

The next morning the little things seemed well and bright, and were put with their mother. But, shocking to relate, Topsy pecked both of the innocents to death. Clough cried, and said he knew Topsy was crazy; she'd always acted like "a raving-go-stracted idiot."

Mamma thought she was wanting in the maternal instincts; that she'd never make a good mother, yet she'd be forever attempting the part of mother, and so would be a perpetual aggravation.



"We'd better make a Thanksgiving chicken pie of her," papa suggested.

"No," said Clough, stoutly; "she belongs to me, and I must have the good of her."

"There is n't any good of her; she's bad from her top-knot to her toe-nails. Clear case of total depravity," said papa, who was a funny man. "Besides, you may eat all the chicken pie at Thanksgiving."

"I can't eat a whole chicken pie to onct," said

Clough was delighted with the solution of the difficulty. He'd thus get the good of her, and he'd get rid of the bother of her, and yet do no violence to his feeling. He wanted to start right off to market with her, but papa said she was so worn by her family cares that she needed to be fattened.

So Clough rushed to the bread-box and crumbed up three biscuits, a rusk, and two ginger-snaps for Toppo's dinner. For the next few weeks he was



MR. MERRYMAN IS EXCITED ABOUT HIS GOLD DOLLAR.

Clough, pouting slightly. "'Sides, I could n't eat any of Toppo. I love her so."

"After all her *wicket puffawnances*?" said papa, imitating black Judy's pronunciation.

"Mamma loves me when I'm naughty as well as when I'm good; but she does n't love my naughty ways," Clough argued. "That's the way I feel about Toppo."

"Sell her for a spring chicken," said papa, snapping his brown eyes at the happy suggestion.

very industrious in throwing shelled corn at Toppo, and in scattering it under her nose, if she had one. Mamma said more was wasted on the pullet than it was worth, but papa suggested, "For every grain Toppo gets, she gives a peck." I don't think this was original with papa, but it pleased Clough very much when it was explained to him.

At length Toppo was pronounced in good condition, and the impatient Clough had permission to put her on the market. The Spitts family lived



in a village where a weekly paper was published. Clough wanted to advertise a splendid fat top-knot pullet for sale; but this, he was shown, would delay matters. Then he proposed posters with a life-size likeness of Toppy. That would be irresistible. But he finally decided that it would be jolly to go from door to door among the villagers until he should find a purchaser. As most of the villagers kept chickens, Clough had a weary tramp before he found even a bid. One came at length, from old Mr. Merryman, whose character did not harmonize with his name. He was an old bachelor who lived all alone in a shanty of two rooms, and did his own work. He was rich,—had thousands of dollars in bank, and might have lived in comfort if he had n't loved his money too well to part with it. When he examined Toppy, he found she was very fat, and would make him many nice gravies.

"She's awful fat," said Clough. "I most know she's et a hundred bushels of corn in two or three weeks, 'sides biscuits, cakes, and things."

"Don't tell lies, boy," said Mr. Merryman, severely. "How much do you want for your chicken?"

"Thirty-five cents," said Clough, remembering what his mother had told him to ask for Toppy.

"Too much!" grunted the miser. "I'll give you twenty-five cents for it; and that's enough, because I'll have to dress it myself."

By this time Tony Simpson had come up. He was a big boy who liked Clough, and who did not like Mr. Merryman. The old man had beaten Tony's dog Trip, one day. Indeed, none of the boys liked Mr. Merryman. He was hard on them, as well as on the village dogs and cats.

"No," said Clough, "I charge thirty-five cents for Toppy. Mamma said I must."

"And she's worth it," said Tony Simpson, determined to stand by Clough.

"I won't give thirty-five cents if I never eat another bite of chicken in my life," the miser declared. "Take a quarter, and be done with it"—and he opened his purse.

"Don't you do it," said Tony.

Just then a gold dollar from Mr. Merryman's purse fell into Toppy's basket. I have no doubt but that Toppy thought the coin was a grain of yellow corn, such as Clough had been in the habit

of throwing to her so lavishly. At all events, she snapped it up instantly, and swallowed it.

"She's swallowed my dollar!" cried the miser, excitedly. "I'll wring her neck. I'll have my dollar"—and he roughly seized poor Toppy.

"No you don't, though," said Tony Simpson, with determination. "You dar' n't harm a feather of her body till you pay for her. I'll call the judge, and the constable, and every lawyer in town"—and Tony forthwith began to shout to one and another passer-by to bring this and that officer of the law, till quite a crowd was assembled, when there was much laughing and chuckling at Mr. Merryman's expense.

"Of course he's got to pay for the chicken to get his dollar," said one.

"He's no right to the chicken's life till he pays for it," another remarked.

"The chicken's worth a dollar and thirty-five cents now. Make him pay a dollar for it," Pete Martin advised.

"Go for him!" cried Mr. Walters, who owed the miser a grudge.

In the mean time, Mr. Merryman was raving and whining by turns. The spectators were a pack of thieves who meant to rob him, a poor lone man. They wanted to bring him, their neighbor and fellow-citizen, to the poor-house; they'd like to see his gray hairs in a pauper's grave; he'd never harmed a living thing.

"'Cept dogs, and cats, and boys," put in a lad of twelve.

The crowd laughed and hooted at the miser's remarks, while some continued to urge Clough to demand a dollar for the pullet. Young as he was, the child saw that he had the advantage of the old man. But he also saw, in a vague way, that it would n't be noble to make use of his advantage. Besides, he meant to "mind his mamma." She had told him to ask thirty-five cents for Toppy. So he said resolutely, he did n't want a dollar; he wanted thirty-five cents. He got it, 'mid the cheers of the crowd. Then he started home, escorted by a squad of boys, such as always follow a small boy who has money of his own, as flies follow a honey-jug. At the first candy-shop Clough stopped and treated. He got home with a one-cent piece and two peppermint-drops.



## THE KING OF THE HOBBLEDYGOBLINS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



His eyes are green and his nose is brown,  
 His feet go up and his head goes down,  
 And so he goes galloping through the town,  
 The King of the Hobbledygoblins!  
 His heels stick out and his toes stick in,  
 He wears a calabash on his chin,  
 And he glares about with a horrible grin,  
 The King of the Hobbledygoblins!

Now, Johnny and Tommy, you'd better look out!  
 All day you've done nothing but quarrel and pout,  
 And nobody knows what it's all about,  
 But it gives me a great deal of pain, dears.  
 So, Johnny and Tommy, be good, I pray!  
 Or the king will come after you some fine day,  
 And off to his castle he'll whisk you away,  
 And we never shall see you again, dears!



## READY FOR EUROPE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A GOOD many of you girls who read ST. NICHOLAS will go to Europe some day or other. Just now, perhaps, you don't think or care much about it; but by and by, when you are older, and hear people who have been there talk of their doings and seeings, the desire to go will strengthen, and you will wish it very much indeed. There are some persons who will tell you that this desire is foolish and wrong; that going to Europe is just now the fashion, and silly folks who like to follow the fashions go for that reason. But I think this a mistake. To travel anywhere, intelligently, has a great deal of education in it, and for an American to go to Europe, where is so much we cannot as yet have in our own country, is education of the very best sort.

I want, therefore, to talk about this journey which some of you are to take, and the way in which to get the greatest good and pleasure out of it. This is not to make any one discontented who cannot go. That would be a pity, indeed. But nobody knows beforehand what their chances are going to be; and as business, or sickness, or unforeseen changes of various kinds may bring the opportunity to any of you when it is least looked for, it will not be lost time to get ready to take advantage of it should it come. Then, if it never comes, you will at least have had the improvement of getting ready, which in itself is a very good thing.

First, then, let us decide what it is that makes it worth while to go at all. To be amused, to buy pretty things, and have what you girls call "a good time," is not enough. Good times and shopping and amusement are to be had in America; it would scarcely pay to cross the Atlantic in search of them, though they are nice things to catch at by the way. A great many do go with no other wish or idea in their minds; but something higher there must be, or the wise would not follow their example.

To begin with, then: there are better chances for study in certain branches than we can have at home. The most famous masters for music and painting live in Europe, and languages can be acquired there more readily and perfectly than with us. To pick up French or German by the ear as a little child does, is indeed learning made easy. It is thus that children on the Continent are taught. It is nothing uncommon to find a girl of eighteen who speaks and thinks equally well in four or five tongues. She has had a French nurse,

and a German and an Italian; or has gone to school in the different countries; and as people about her are using the languages continually, her chance for practice is perpetual, and a good accent comes without trouble. Each little Russian boy, when admitted to the Government schools, is required to speak French and German; and Russian parents often carry their families to spend a year or two in France and Germany, so that they may absorb languages, as it were, without knowing that there is any difficulty in the matter.

But apart from actual study,—for some of you will not have time for that,—there is great and constant instruction to be gained by what you see. We read in books about wonderful things, such as cathedrals, temples, Alpine scenery, Raphael's Madonnas; but, however hard we try, we cannot distinctly picture them until we see. One hour spent in a real cathedral teaches more of the true meaning and glory of architecture than weeks spent over books. One glance at a snow-peak sets an image in our brain which never could have been there without that glance. I once heard a lady say that she was sure she knew just how Mont Blanc must look, because it was just twice and a half as high as Mount Washington, and she could easily imagine two and a half Mount Washingtons piled on top of one another, and covered with snow! But when she came to see the actual Mont Blanc, she found that none of her imaginary pilings-up had in the least prepared her for the look of the real thing.

Then, it is not only certain great objects which are made real to us by seeing them, but also everything, however small, which we have learned about or been told of. We read Hume and Gibbon, and that this or that happened in such a year or such a reign, but it is all dim and fabulous, and must be, so long as it is merely a statement on a printed page. One visit to the Tower or the Forum makes a sudden change. The fabulous becomes distinct. It is like sunlight flashing into a dusky corner. And the best of all is, that the sunlight stays; and facts never go off again into the vague distance where they were before, but remain near and clear forever to your mind.

I want to warn you of one disagreeable thing sure to happen, which is, that the minute you visit any of these celebrated places, a sharp and mortifying sense of ignorance will take possession of you. "Dear me, who *was* Guy, Earl of War-



wick?" you will ask yourself. "And Lady Jane Grey's father,—I can't recollect his name at all,—and why was it that they cut off her head?" Then the guide will lead the way into a dark cell, and tell you it was Sir Walter Raleigh's bed-chamber during his long imprisonment, and you will conjure up a vague recollection of the great Sir Walter, as a young man flinging his cloak down before the Queen, and will long to know more, except that the party is moving on, and you are ashamed to ask. Or, if it is in Rome that you happen to be sight-seeing, you will trip down the long steps which lead into the great Forum, and look at the beautiful groups of columns and the broken arches, and all at once it will come to you with a shock that you know nothing at all about the Forum; that up to this time it has only been a name in your memory. In a general way, you have gathered that it was the place where the Roman Senators and people met to discuss public matters, but it does n't look in the least as you had expected it would; and besides, you hear of other Forums, many others, in different parts of the city, and instead of enjoying intelligently, you stand bewildered and confused, and listen helplessly while some one reads a few bald pages of Murray's guide-book; and the guide explains what he does n't know, in Italian which you don't understand. You long to go straight home, hunt up the proper books, study the subject well, and then come back and see the Forum again. But, alas! the books are in the home book-case in America, and the Roman Circulating Library seems to have nothing in it but novels; and even if it had, what time could you find to read where there is so much to be seen and done? All that is left is for you to put the matter aside, with a dull, unsatisfied feeling, and resolve to find out about it when you can; but before that time comes, the full, fresh interest will have worn off. And, oh! what a pity it was that you could not have been prepared before you went there!

Every traveler feels this want at times, even the best-educated ones, for no education is so complete as to prepare its owner on all points and against all surprises. What the ill-educated ones lose cannot be calculated! It is like voyaging with one eye blinded and the other half shut. You see, hear, feel only a little piece of things, impressions enter your brain only part way, and what with the puzzle and vexation at your own ignorance and the sting of a missed opportunity, you go about with so much annoyance in your mind that you but half enjoy the delightful chance which perhaps will never be yours to enjoy again.

So, dear girls, take my advice, and while you have libraries and leisure, and people ready to explain things, and a mind free to receive the

explanations, get yourselves ready to profit by what may come. You will be very glad afterward. Every subject carefully looked into, every bit of history tucked away into its proper place in your memory, every little interesting fact, every cell made ready for the reception of mental honey, will prove, when the right moment comes, a thing to be thankful for. Each scrap of French, or Italian, or German will find its place; each hard word which seems so dry now, will be useful then; every fragment of scientific knowledge—nothing will be lost or valueless, and the most casual and unlikely thing may turn out to be a friend at need and a friend indeed.

If you go in Rome to see the mosaic works belonging to the Government, you will find that the great pictures which you have admired on the walls of St. Peter's are made up of an immense number of small bits of stone and marble, chosen for their color, and fitted, each into exactly its prepared place. The mosaic workers who make the pictures would never think of beginning till the bits of marble were all ready, polished and sorted out. It would be awkward indeed to stop in the middle of the work, because there was no blue left with which to finish the Madonna's eye, or to leave a hole in the Saint's robe for the lack of half a dozen little red stones.

I want you to imitate their carefulness, and get ready these precious small bits of knowledge before the time comes to work them into the beautiful whole. Then, when the great chance arrives, your material will be ready, and fitting one with another, a valuable thing will grow of them, which will be yours for life. But don't let the pattern be spoiled for lack of a tiny scrap of this or that which you have not had the forethought to prepare in time.

And just one thing more. Let your minds grow as fast as they will, but let your souls grow too. Don't go about regarding the nations of the earth in general as "queer foreigners," who must be undervalued and scorned because their ways are not like our own. To us our own ways seem best, but there is good everywhere, and things are not necessarily ridiculous because they differ from those which we are accustomed to. And then, though you must n't think I want to preach, God has made all men of one family, and, in spite of varieties of complexion, tastes and habits, all have the same needs, the same human nature, the same death to die, the same Everlasting Father, and so all, in a sense, are brothers and sisters to each other. This thought going along with you, charity, patience, and kindliness will go too, blessed fellow-travelers these, and good helpers on the road. Your mind will widen, your sympathies grow big, and all the world become wonderful and delightful,



as it must always be to people whose hearts are large enough to take it in. After a journey made in this spirit, you will come back, as American girls should come, not merely with Paris bonnets and Genoese filigree, but sweeter and stronger than when you went away; wiser, too, and better fitted

to see the meanings of things at home, and take your place as dwellers in a free land. For, beautiful, and instructive, and full of charm as Europe is, to be an American in the true sense of the word is better yet; and I hope you will all continue to feel that, however many times you go abroad.

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

"WAUGH! how I hate hog-meat!" exclaimed Barnard, looking into his plate of fried bacon, with an expression of extreme disgust.

"And no game since week before last," added Arthur, dolefully.

"When you can't get butter, you must make salt pork do, my old grandmother used to say," was Mont Morse's wise comment on this outbreak of discontent. "We enlisted for the campaign with hog-meat, boys, and you wont back out now, will you?"

"But we did reckon on more game, you know," argued Barney; "and we have had precious little since we got out of the antelope country."

"You disremember the dogs and frogs," said Hi, with a grimace.

Both the Stevens boys laughed. When they were in the prairie-dog region, they had killed and eaten all of those animals they could get at. But Hi had steadfastly refused to "eat dog," as he expressed it, and his brother Tom had thought it necessary to follow his example. It was in vain that Mont had urged that "prairie-dogs" were not dogs at all, but a species of marmot; that they fed on roots and vegetables, and that their meat was as sweet and wholesome as that of rabbits.

"You need n't tell me," was Hi's constant reply. "They set up on end, and bark just like dogs. They live with rattlesnakes and owls, and they're not fit for a white man to eat. General Fremont may eat dogs, but I wont, until I'm starving."

His refusal to partake of this strange food, as he considered it, gave the others a larger share. The prairie-dogs, numerous though they were, were never plenty in the camp. They sat up cunningly on their haunches and barked at the hunters, very much in the squeaky fashion of toy-dogs; but,

when shot at, they tumbled into their holes and were seldom recovered, even though severely wounded. They posted themselves by the opening of their dens, each one a sentinel to warn of danger. When they fell over, their comrades below dragged them into the burrow, where the young hunters could hear them whining and crying, in a half-human fashion, over their wounds. They were good to eat, but tender-hearted Arthur, much as he desired a change from their diet of "side-meat," never could take pleasure in killing the pretty little creatures.

As for frogs, when the party occasionally reached a pond of melted snow-water, warmed by the summer sun and musical with frogs, Mont rolled up his trousers, and, armed with a thick stick, waded in and slew them, right and left.

"But Boston folks consider them a great luxury," he remonstrated, when Hi and Tom expressed their profound disgust at such proceedings. "Take off the hind-legs, skin them and fry them—what can you want better?"

"Hog-meat," replied Hi, sententiously.

But it must be confessed that Hi looked on with interest while Mont and Barnard daintily nibbled at the delicate bones of the frogs' legs, nicely browned and having all the appearance of fried chicken.

"Stands to reason," muttered Hi, with his mouth watering, "that frogs is vermin, and vermin aint fit to eat."

"Frogs is toads, and toads is insex," sneered Tom. "Dad told me so. Think yer know more'n dad, do yer?"

They were drawing near Salt Lake City now, and even the small game which Hi and Tom despised was no longer to be had. Occasionally, they shot a hare,—one of the long-eared, long-legged kind known as the jackass-rabbit. Sage-hens, too, had been plentiful in some localities, and, though the flesh of these was dark and bitter



with the wild sage on which they fed, the addition of a brace of them to their daily fare was a great event. Now, however, they were reduced to their staple of smoked "hog-meat" once more.

They had been lying by for a few days, hoping that they might find some game while they rested their stock. John Rose and Mont had scoured the country with their rifles, but they brought back nothing to show for their long tramps. Flour biscuit, fried salt meat, and coffee without milk, formed their regular bill of fare now. The cows in the drove had ceased to give milk, and the boys were reduced to the "short commons" which they had been taught to expect.

Nevertheless, they were better provided than many emigrants whom they met on the way. A company of Germans, with whom they traveled, had nothing in their stores but smoked sausages, flour and coffee.

"No sugar?" asked Arty, in amazement.

"Nein," civilly replied the genial German.

"No baking-powders? no salt?"

"Nein. No kraut," responded the traveler, with gloom in his face.

Nevertheless, the light-hearted Germans had a merry camp. And, when they marched on by day, they locked arms over each other's shoulders, and kept step to the music of their own songs, chanting as they went.

"Queer chaps, those singing Dutchmen," mused Hi, as he watched them, day by day striding along and singing the marching songs of their native land. The boys heard one of their favorite pieces so often that Mont caught the words and wrote them down. So one day, to the astonishment of the rest of the party, Mont and Arty locked arms and marched down the trail, singing thus:

Wohlauf in Gottes schöne Welt!

Ade! ade! ade!

Die Luft ist blau, und grün das Feld—

Ade! ade! ade!

Die Berge glüh'n wie Edelstein;

Ich wandre mit dem Sonnenschein

In's weite Land hinein.

Ade! ade!

Du traute Stadt am Bergeshang,

Ade! ade! ade!

Du hoher Thurm, du Glockenklang,

Ade! ade! ade!

Ihr Häuser alle, wohl bekannt,

Noch einmal wink' ich mit der Hand,

Und nun seitab gewandt!

Ade! ade!

An meinem Wege fließt der Bach—

Ade! ade! ade!

Der ruft den letzten Gruss mir nach—

Ade! ade! ade!

Ach, Gott! da wird so eigen mir,

So milde weh'n die Lüfte hier,

Als wär's ein Gruss von dir—

Ade! ade!

Ein Gruss von dir, du schlankes Kind—

Ade! ade! ade!

Doch nun den Berg hinab geschwind—

Ade! ade! ade!

Wer wandern will, der darf nicht steh'n,

Der darf niemals zurücke seh'n,

Musz immer, weiter geh'n.

Ade! ade!

"But that's Dutch!" exclaimed Hi. "Give us the English of it!"

"No; it's German," said Arty, laughing at his success as a "Singing Dutchman."

"What's the odds?" replied Hi. "It's as Dutch as Dutch kin be. I don't see no difference between Dutch and German."

"Well," said Mont, "we will give you the English of it some day." And when, not long after, Mont read his translation of the verses by the night camp-fire, the whole party were loud in their praises of their marching-song.

"It's a great thing to be a scholar," sighed Hi, with a glance of envy at the rude verses of the young "Boston feller." And he murmured, with a thrill of honest admiration: "And that thar feller kin set a wagon-tire with any man on the plains. It do beat all how some folks is gifted!"

They overtook the "Singing Dutchmen," one bright day soon after this, and great was the delight of those sturdy tramps to see our boys marching by, sedately singing as they went Mont's free translation of their own song, something like this:

Forward in God's beautiful world!

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

The sky is blue, and green the fields—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

The mountains gleam like jewels bright,

I wander in the warm sunlight,

Far into distant lands.

Farewell! farewell!

Dear village by the mountain-side,

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thou lofty tower, ye chiming bells,

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Ye happy homes, well-known to me,

Toward you once more I wave my hand,

But turn away mine eyes!

Farewell! farewell!

Beside my pathway flows the brook—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Which calls to me a last farewell—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Ah, Heaven above, so sad am I!

The zephyrs float so softly by,

As if they brought from thee a sigh—

Farewell! farewell!

From thee a sigh, thou fairest maid!

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

But down the hill-side now I speed—

Farewell! farewell! farewell!

For he who wanders must not pause,

Nor once behind him cast his glance,

But forward, forward march.

Farewell! farewell!



"Ach! it is better as never was," cried the honest Germans.

"Where get you so much good song, mine friend?" asked one of the party, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"We borrowed it from you," said Mont, modestly. "I hope you don't think us rude."

"Rudt? It is a what you call a compliment, and we to you are much obliged," was the hearty reply.

"He did it, all by himself," said Hi, proudly. "He turned it into English from Dutch, and he sings it both ways like a reg'lar medder-lark—so he does."

"Yaw," answered the German emigrant, as if in doubt whether he understood Hi's explanations.

Barnard, not to be outdone, drilled Arthur and Tom in a marching song of his own, and one day produced this novelty.

"When we lived in Vermont," said Barney, "there was a military company in our village. There were not men enough to make two companies, the place was so small. So the same men appeared as an infantry company one month, and as an artillery company the next. They had a snare drum and a bass drum when they turned out as infantry; but when they paraded as artillery, with one cannon, they had a spare man, so they used to carry two bass drums and the snare drum.

Marching tune to the statelier music of the artillery band.

"Here go the two bass drums and the tenor," cried Arty."

"Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!

How's your marm?

Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!

How's your marm?

Oh, she's boozy, boozy, boozy, boozy!

Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!"

&c., &c.

"Ho! ho! what nonsense!" roared Hi. "But it's just like a couple of bass drums. I think I hear 'em now"—and, lying back on his pile of blankets, Hi laughed again, Mont and the rest joining in the chorus.

The boys practiced this marching song as they had the others, and their fellow-travelers were often thereafter edified with the rough music which the party made as they stepped out with alacrity, chanting—

"Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!

Boom! boom! boom!"

Or they assumed a more funereal gait as they walked, and sung—

"Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!

How's your marm?"

Their laughter was hushed when Nance, whose family had come up with them lately, marched up to their tent one night with the solemn announcement of "The baby's dead!"

"What baby?" they asked, with a startled air.

"Just like stoopid men-folks, you air!" replied the girl. But she added, with a softened tone: "Why, it's the Messer folkses baby. Them that was upst in Dry Creek and had a lovely bonnit along."

"It was the sick baby that we tended down there just this side of Papeses, yer know, Arty," said Tom, with solemnity.

Old Mrs. Rose, Captain John's mother, who sat near by, said: "I knowed she'd never raise that there child. It allus was a weakly thing. It's a marcy it's took away now"—and the good old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and sighed.

"Death in the camp," thought Barney to himself, and he looked around and wondered how it would seem if death was in their camp as it was in their neighbor's. His eyes rested lovingly on his brother's golden head, and he asked: "Can we be of any service, do you think, Nance?"



A FAMILY WAGON.

This is the way the infantry band went." And Barney got up and marched around the camp-fire, Arty and Tom following with—

"Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!

Boom! boom! boom!

Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!

Boom! boom! boom!"

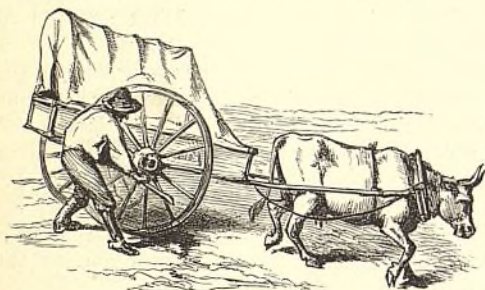
Everybody laughed uproariously at the whimsical sight of the lads, who were half-undressed for the night, as they paraded about and about, chanting the odd melody of the village drum-corps. Then, with solemn step and slow, they changed their



"I reckon. The baby's to be buried at sun-up to-morrow; and dad said if one of you fellers would go down to the mouth of the cañon with him to-night, he'd help dig a little grave." And the girl turned away to hide her tears as she uttered the word so full of sadness to all ears.

The boys eagerly volunteered to assist in everything that was to be done; and by the edge of a dry ravine, under a lone tree, they hollowed a little cell before they slept.

Next day, before the camps were broken up, all of the emigrants on the ground gathered about the



BUSH'S GO-CART.

wagon of the Messers, where a little white bundle was lying on a square pile of yokes, covered smoothly with a blanket. On this white shape was laid a poor little knot of stunted cactus-flowers, the only blooming thing which the arid plains produced. Near by sat the mother, crouched on the ground and moaning to herself, "Such a little thing!—such a little thing!"

"It's powerful rough to have to bury the baby out yer in the wilderness-like," complained the father. "I wished I had n't a-come."

"Don't take on so, 'ole man," said his wife. "He's better on 't—he's better on 't."

The youngest boys raised the burden at a signal from Captain Rose. They bore it to the open grave, all the company following with uncovered heads. Then the little white bundle was lowered tenderly into the earth. The tearful mother picked up the yellow cactus-flowers, which had fallen to the ground, kissed them and cast them in. Then stout branches of sage-brush were laid over the figure beneath, forming a shelter from the soil.

Now a white-haired old man, the patriarch of one of the companies, lifted up his hands and prayed by the open grave. There was a stifled sigh here and there in the little assemblage when he spoke of "the loved ones left behind," and of others "who had gone on before." Then he said a few pleasant and cheery words to the mourning parents, who were leaving their only child here alone in the heart of the continent.

"And yet," he said, "not here, but up yonder," and he pointed upward, where Nance, whose wondering eye involuntarily followed the speaker's, saw a little bird cheerily winging its solitary way across the rosy sky. She plucked her mother's sleeve and whispered: "I'm so glad I picked them posies!"

The grave was filled up, the simple ceremony was over, and each party betook itself to preparing for another day's journey.

"Poor little thing!" said Mont. "His journey is done early; and he rests just as well here as anywhere."

"I'm glad they buried it in the morning," added Arthur. "It is not nearly so sorrowful as it is in the evening, when the shadows creep and creep, just as if they would never stop creeping. Seems to me it's a good thing to bury children at sunrise. I don't know why, though."

"Neither do I, Arty," said Hi; "but a buryin' is a solemn thing, for all that. I allow it's the solemnest thing agoin'. I was a-thinkin' just now, when we was takin' down the tent, of a hymn my sister Pamelly Ann used to sing. By gum, now! I've forgot the words, but they're powerful nice," added Hi, looking rather foolish. "Something about pitching your tent, anyhow."

"Oh, yes! I remember," said Arty, brightly; "it is this:

'Here in the body pent,  
Absent from thee I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.'

"That's it! that's it! Good boy, Arty!" said Hi, with shining eyes. "Now, d'yer know, I often have them thar words a-buzzin' through my head when we set up the tent, nights, all along this yere trail?"

"So do I, Hi," answered Mont. "And so I do when we take it down next day, because, somehow, the place where we have spent even one night seems like home when we leave it out of doors, as it were, and go on, knowing we shall never see it again."

"Well, we're getting really sentimental, Mont," said Barnard, "and all along of that little funeral."

"I allow that a funeral, big or little, is the solemnest thing out. Whoa haw! Star! whar in thunder are yer goin' ter?" And Hi drove on in the train that moved out of camp.

Nance trudged along in the dust behind the Missourians' wagon, holding on by one hand to the tail-board, by way of speechless sympathy. The poor mother sat looking out from the wagon-cover as the team moved slowly away. She saw the deserted camping-ground, where a few dying fires were smoldering in ashes. She even marked the lame and worn-out steer that some emigrant had



left behind, and which now stood looking wistfully after the departing train. But most she noted the little mound, fresh with yellow earth, and decently fenced about with broken wagon-tires, by the lone tree. The morning sun gilded the small heap of disturbed soil and deluged all the plain with unsupportable brightness. She shaded her eyes with her hand and moaned: "Such a little thing!—such a little thing!"

Nance's brown hand closed tenderly on the woman's gown, and a few gracious tears dropped in the dust as she walked.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### IN MORMONDOM.

THE way now grew more and more crowded. It seemed as if the teams sprang out of the earth, they were so numerous, and they collected on the trail so suddenly, day by day. Desperate characters, too, became more frequent as the tide of emigration drew near the city of the Great Salt Lake. There was much talk about hostile Indians. The boys had heard this before, when passing through the Rocky Mountains. Once or twice, they knew of Indian attacks before or behind them; and one day they had overtaken a party of emigrants who had lost three of their party during one of these attacks. They saw, with their own eyes, the bullet-holes in the wagons of this company, and they had helped to bury the men left dead on the ground, after the firing was over and the cowardly Indians were gone.

During that exciting and alarming time, they had mounted guard every night with the full consciousness that they might be fired upon before morning. The cattle were kept near the camp, and the wagons were placed close together, so that, in case of an attack, they could be arranged in the form of a circle, like a fort. In those days, while in a hostile country, they had plenty of company for mutual assistance, however, and they almost lost the pleasant little privacy of their own camp. They traveled with a crowd; they camped with a crowd. Nance's father, Philo Dobbs, and her mother, and Nance herself, formed one small party; and they were glad to keep along with the Roses and our boys, for the sake of better security from danger.

Now there were rumors of the Goshoots being about, and as the Goshoots were a marauding tribe of Indians, though not so warlike as the Cheyennes, then very unfriendly, the emigrants were uneasy. Between Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City, was a very bad section of road. The country was sandy and dry. Here and there were poisonous springs of water, and the undulating surface of the ground

was dotted with clumps of grease-weed and sage-brush; there was nothing for the animals to feed on, and no water fit to drink. To get through this desolate region, the emigrants traveled night and day, or, rather, one day and one night.

The moon was nearly at the full, and the night was pleasant and cool. As they drove on through the shadowy hollows and over the ghostly ridges, in the moonlight, utterly in the wilderness, even the cattle seemed to think something unusual was going forward. Tige turned his head, every now and then, and looked at Arthur, as much as to say, "Queer doings these, my boy." And Pete, who never barked except on great occasions, stalked along by the side of the team, growling with suppressed excitement. Everybody felt nervous and "scary," as Bush expressed it, but very little was said, and the company swept on, wagon after wagon, bands of cattle, men on foot and men on horseback, silently pressing on in the night, in the midst of a wild, strange country, with danger lurking near and an unknown and untrodden space before them.

About midnight, when the men were beginning to feel drowsy, when the women had climbed into the wagons to sleep, and the oxen showed their fatigue by lagging, a sudden panic seized the whole line. Instantly, and as if all agreed to scatter, the droves of loose cattle darted off in all directions, to the right and left of the road, scampering among the bushes, with their tails in the air. The yoked cattle followed them, jolting and bouncing the wagons over the hillocks and rough ground, and shaking the women and children, who fell out screaming and terrified. All along the line was



AN EARLY SETTLER.

confusion and dismay. The men yelled at their cattle, but in vain. The animals ran like mad buffaloes, and careered through the sage-brush pursued by their drivers, who could neither stop nor turn them.



The ground was speedily strewn with camp-stuff, loose garments, and mining "traps." Here and there, a wagon was overturned, and the frantic oxen dragged it a little way and then stopped in sullen despair. Tige and Molly joined in the general stampede, and Arthur and Hi breathlessly pursued, Barnard having tumbled out of the rear end of the wagon, where he had been taking a nap. As Arty caught up with the team, and ran around their heads to turn them back, he suddenly saw a dusky figure rise up from behind a wild-sage bush,

was now broken and scattered in all directions. Some of the loose cattle had disappeared in the night, and not a few wagons lay overturned and half-wrecked among the bushes. People went wandering around seeking for their comrades or gathering up their goods and animals. But the panic was over.

"It was only a stampede, after all, Arty," said Hi, cheerily.

"Well, if that's a stampede, I allow I don't want any more of 'em," said Tom, with his teeth still



THE STAMPEDE.

within a few feet of him. He felt his hair rising on his head, and he instinctively reached behind him for his revolver. It was gone!

Just then, the figure stumbled and fell, rose again, and said:

"I just allow this yer is the ornerest, toughest piece of ground I ever traveled."

It was Messer, whose team had disappeared in the struggling mass which had now gathered at the foot of a rise of ground. Arty breathed freer, and, with Mont's help, he and Hi quieted their oxen, stopped them, and began to look about.

The long procession, which had been moving along so quietly and steadily a few minutes before,

chattering. "I own up that I was orful scared. Wha'—wha's that?" he exclaimed, starting back as he spoke.

"Nothin', nothin'; ye're scart of yer own shadder," replied Hi, who looked in the direction of Tom's fears, but with a little shake in his voice.

It was only Johnny, who was hunting about in the brush for Arty's pistol.

"Come out of that thar brush, you young one," remonstrated Hi, with some asperity, as he began to straighten out the team before driving back to the road. "'Spos'n' yer'd be ketched by the Goshoots, who'd hev yer share of the outfit, I'd like to know? Haw there, you Tige!"



"D'yer 'spose there's Injuns about, Hi?" said Tom.

"Could n't say—could n't say, Tom. Mont here allows that Injuns hev a way of stampedin' a train like that, and then firing into the crowd and pickin' off the heft of 'em."

"Yes," exclaimed Mont, "they say that the Indians will sometimes scare cattle and make them stampede in that way, and then fall on the disordered train and destroy the people and capture the property. But we have seen no Indians. They had a chance to attack us just now, if they wanted to."

"Well, then, why did the cattle all run like that?" demanded Arthur. "They must have been scared by something."

"I just allow it was shadders. The cattle werē skittish and scary-like," said Hi. "And I must say I was sorter panicky myself, before the stampede began. Shadders creeping along side of the road, shadders stealing along behind in the moonlight. Ouch! what's that?"

Everybody started, and then everybody laughed. It was Pete who came bounding in from the sagebrush with Barney's cap, which he had picked up somewhere. Barney had not missed his cap, he had been so taken by surprise when he was shaken out of the wagon. Arty picked up his pistol near where the stampede began, and, after recovering the other things scattered along the path of their sudden flight, they went back to the road. Many hands make light work; the overturned wagons were righted, the cattle were gathered in, and the train moved on once more. As usual, however, the panic-stricken oxen did not easily recover their peace of mind. Once again in the course of the night, terrified by the weird shadows, perhaps, they bolted from the track; but they were soon recovered, and they plodded on until daybreak.

In a short time after this great scare, the young emigrants passed into Echo Cañon, then a famous resting-place for the gold-seekers. High walls of red, yellow, and cream-colored rock rose on either side. These walls were topped out with pinnacles, towers, and steeples. It was like a fairy scene. Below were charming groves, overshadowing a winding stream. Above were fantastic rocky shapes resembling castles, donjon-keeps, cathedral spires, battlements, and massive walls. Trailing vines grew in the high crevices of the precipices and swung in the breeze. The cañon was rich with grass and wild berries, and here the boys camped for several days, trying curious experiments in cooking the fruit which grew so abundantly about them. "Sass," as Hi called it, was the easiest to manage. They made a few pies, too; but the pastry was made with bacon-fat and lard, and Bar-

nard turned up his nose at it, with the remark that "it was hog-meat in another shape."

They attempted a berry pudding, and Nance lent them a cloth to boil it in. Arty would not permit the cover of the camp-kettle to be taken off, as that would "make the pudding heavy." Nance had said so. When the hungry company gathered about the kettle, at dinner-time, to see that famous pudding taken out, Arthur poked around in a thin purple broth with a long stick, only to fish out an unpleasant-looking cloth. The bag had been tied too tight. The pudding had burst, and was now a porridge of flour, water, and "sarvice-berries."

"I allow the proof of that pudd'n' aint in the eatin' of it," solemnly remarked Hi.

But Nance consoled Arty by informing him that this was an accident which happened to the very smartest folks, sometimes.

"It aint nigh so bad as scaldin' yer bread, Arty," said the girl, with a sly laugh.

When they reached the mouth of Emigrant Cañon, a few days later, one fine August morning, they gazed with admiration upon the city in the wilderness—Great Salt Lake City. The cañon opened to the west, high up among the mountains. Below stretched the broad valley, north and south. Above their heads rose snowy peaks; beneath, was a vast plain, belted with winding streams, and green and gold with grass, orchards, and grain-fields. In the midst of this lovely panorama shone the City of the Saints. It was like a fairy city, or like a dream. Nearly three months had passed since they had seen a town, and here was a great, well-built, and beautiful city. The houses were gray-tinted or white-washed, the roofs were red, and innumerable trees embowered the whole. The plain, in the midst of which the city was set like a jewel, rolled far to the westward, where it was bounded by the shining waters of Great Salt Lake. Beyond this towered a range of purple mountains, their sharp peaks flecked with silvery snow.

"This is a view from the Delectable Mountains!" murmured Mont, as he sat down.

"Putty as a picter," said honest Hi, leaning on his whip-stock, and gazing at the wonderful panorama. "But it minds me of the hymn—

'Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.'

They do say them Mormons will steal like all possessed."

It was a difficult and a zigzag road down the mountain-side. Many a wrecked emigrant-wagon lay by the side of the descent, now continually crowded with the trains of the gold-seekers. At one place, looking over a low natural parapet, they saw a wagon and four oxen, lying in a heap of ruin,



just where they had fallen from the dizzy height above. So, with much trembling and anxiety, they crept down by rocky slopes, beetling precipices, and foamy mountain-torrents, and reached the grassy plain at last. Here was comfort—an easy road, plenty of feed and water for the cattle, and fruit and vegetables growing in the neat farms by which they passed. It was like paradise.

Driving into the city, which was only a huge village, with orchards and grain-fields all about, they were directed to an open square where emigrants were allowed to camp. Fresh meat, vegetables, and new flour were to be had here, and in these unaccustomed luxuries the boys reveled with great delight. It seemed as if they were near their journey's end. The mishaps, discomforts, and perils through which they had passed, were far away now. Here were flower-gardens, people living in houses; and here were families abiding, not camping out for a night. Their tent, which had become their home, almost beloved as such, appeared frail and shadowy by the side of these substantial and comfortable houses, in which people actually lived.

"We must get up and dust out of this. I'm homesick," was Hi's plaintive remark.

"Lor!" said Nance, whose family was on the spot when they drove into town. "Lor! the women is orful ornery. So old-fashioned, you can't think! Nothin' but sun-bunnits and caliker gownds. I aint seen a sunshade since I've bin here. Ugh! such a place, I want to git."

The boys thought that they never could "git," when they woke up one fine morning and found their cattle gone. They had been chained to the wheels of the wagon when they "turned in" to sleep the night before. Mont had waked in the night and heard Star, who was a restless creature, chafing with his chain. Now they were gone!

They looked in blank amazement, wondering how the thieves could have taken them away without disturbing anybody. It was useless to look for tracks. The turf was trodden by numerous hoofs, coming and going.

"Where's that rascal Pete that he did n't bark? If there had been a chipmunk about the camp, he'd have wakened up everybody," stormed Barnard, with great anger.

"Sure enough, where's Pete?" asked Arthur. He was not to be seen. The boy whistled for his old friend, but had no response. Pete had disappeared.

This was a great calamity, and, leaving the younger ones to get breakfast and watch the camp, Mont, Hi, and Barnard went out to look for the stolen cattle. They came back, late in the morning, one after another, without tidings. Everybody

had told them that the Mormons would steal the tires off the wagon-wheels; that it was more dangerous here than in the Indian country; and then, there were dreadful rumors of emigrants—"Gentiles," the Mormons called them—disappearing suddenly and never being heard of again. If strangers made trouble about being robbed, they were quietly "put out of the way," nobody knew how.

The boys looked at the useless yokes, left piled on each other by the wagon, thought of their stolen cattle, and sat down to a very gloomy breakfast. Sympathizing friends and acquaintances from neighboring camps came in with offers of help, but they could not give up all hope of finding their own again. Arty confessed to himself that he rather enjoyed the celebrity which the affair gave his party, though he was not pleased when some rough stranger laughed at "the youngsters who had their cattle stolen from under their blankets while they slept." But next day, after they had spent one whole day in hunting for their stock, they heard that another party, on the west side of the city, had been robbed of a horse and three yoke of cattle.

Mont went to a Mormon justice of the peace and stated his case. He was received with great grimness, and a constable was sent down to the camp. This official looked at the wagon, tent, and camp-stove, asked if they had any tea to sell, and went away. They never saw him again.

On the third day, Mont, Hi, and Arthur were prowling about on the outskirts of the city, where the denser settlement melted away into small farms. The boy had strayed away from his companions, and was attracted by a neat little cottage built of adobe, or sun-dried brick. The roof was of thatch, and in the trim door-yard bloomed marigolds, hollyhocks, larkspur, and other old-fashioned flowers. A cat purred in the sun, and a flock of white-haired children played on the low door-step.

"This seems like home," murmured the poor, dispirited and lonesome boy.

A sad-looking, sallow-faced woman, coming to the door, said: "Would you like to come in among the posies, my lad?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am," civilly replied Arthur. "But I should like a sprig of that lavender, if you can spare it."

As the boy spoke, a short, sharp bark, strangely like Pete's, sounded from the house. He heard a man's voice, then a whine, and, as the woman gave him the spray of lavender, a low-browed, dark-faced man put his head out of the window, and said:

"What are you tolling these tramps about the place for? Get out of that!"



Two more sad-looking and sallow-faced women now appeared in the door-way, and Arthur walked away, half-angry, but muttering to himself:

"That man's a Mormon! Those are his wives!"

This discovery aroused the boy from his gloomy thoughts, and his curiosity was stirred to find out how a man with at least three wives could live. Loitering down a lane by the side of the cottage, he passed by a neat hedge which inclosed a paddock behind the house. He stooped in an aimless way and peered through an opening in the bottom of the hedge. The inclosure was about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide. The upper end was bounded by a paling which separated the Mormon's garden from the paddock. The lower end opened, by a pair of bars, covered with cut boughs, on a common uninclosed space. In the middle of this cattle-yard, quietly chewing their cud, were eight or ten cattle. Among them, to his amazement, Arthur recognized Tige, Molly, Star, and his mate.

Scarcely believing his eyes, Arty looked once more, and then dashed away across the fields and over the ditches, to find Hi and Mont. They were sitting disconsolately by some wild raspberry bushes, making a poor pretense of picking the fruit, when Arty rushed up, his eyes sparkling, his face all in a glow, and his breath coming and going fast.

"What luck?" exclaimed Mont, whose quick eye saw that something had happened.

"Found 'em!—found 'em!" panted the boy. "The whole lot are together in that corral with the hedge around it!"

"Gosh all Friday!" said Hi.

The three boys now walked rapidly back in the direction of the adobe house, which was about a mile off, but in plain sight. Arriving at the opening in the rear of the paddock, they reconnoitered through the brush which was ingeniously twisted into the bars, so that the hedge, from the outside, seemed unbroken.

"There's Tige, and Molly, and all hands," whispered Hi, with glistening eyes.

"We've two pistols among us. Let's march boldly in and drive them out," said Mont.

Without a word, Hi tore out the screen of boughs, let down the bars, and strode in. Just then, the back-door of the house opened and the dark-faced man appeared.

"Get out of that corral, or I'll shoot you!" he cried, and he raised a fowling-piece to his shoulder as he spoke.

"Don't be afeard, boys; it aint loaded!" called one of the sad-looking women, who suddenly came around the corner of the house. The man muttered an oath, and pursued her as she disappeared among the hollyhocks.

The boys hastily separated their cattle from the rest, and drove them down the paddock. Just then, the man, who had run around the hedge, appeared at the opening and began to put up the bars.

"Leave those cattle alone," said he, savagely.

"They're our cattle, and we are goin' to take 'em," was Hi's dogged reply.

The man went on putting up the bars. Then Mont drew his pistol,—a wicked-looking little machine,—and, pointing it directly at the fellow's head, said:

"Put down those bars, or I'll shoot you! Now then: One!—two!—three!"

The man turned and fled.

Arty ran down, dropped the bars, and the cattle passed out. The opening was closed behind them, and the little party, triumphant, but not without fears, took their way back to town. They were received at the camp with great acclamations, Barnard having returned in the worst possible spirits. The neighboring emigrants gathered in to congratulate them on their good luck, as well as their pluck.

"But suppose that chap takes it into his head to come down on us with legal documents, constables and things!" said Barnard.

Captain John Rose took up his favorite rifle, which was lying in the sun, and remarked:

"If thar's Mormons enough in this yer city to capture the gang of Gentiles lyin' around loose in this yer squar', let 'em come on. No better fun than that fur me!"

As a matter of precaution, however, it was thought best to get out of town as soon as possible. The few necessary purchases had been made. Letters were written home; and, yoking up their recovered team, they hastily departed out of the city.

The affair had been noised about, and several Mormons came around them as they drove away, threatening dreadful things. The dark-faced man did not appear. "If he wants his property, let him come and take it," said Hi. Strange to say, he did not come. The emigrants were numerous, lawless, and angry.

The boys drove out to the north-west, their road leading them by a cluster of boiling hot-springs, across the Weber, and so on to Box Elder. The first part of their way was through broad fields thick with grass and yellow with wild flowers. Across these they saw behind them the City of the Saints, now no longer attractive, as they drove away. Something came bounding toward them across the grassy plain, now lost in the tall growth, and now springing into the streams which laced the plain. It seemed an animal, and yet it appeared like a man running on all fours with marvelous swiftness.



It came from the direction of an adobe house, on the edge of the city, in the midst of the fields. As it leaped nearer and nearer, it gave a joyful bark.

"It's Pete! it's Pete!" cried Arthur, and his tears must needs flow. In another instant, Pete, with a ragged rope about his neck, was in Arty's arms, on Hi's back, on Barnard's neck, and knocking little Johnny over in his paroxysm of delight.

"Whar hev yer b'en, old feller?" asked Hi.

"What a powerful shame it is that yer can't talk!"

"I just believe that the man who stole the cattle took Pete away," said Arthur. "I was sure I heard him in that house. He heard me outside talking with the woman, and he barked."

"But how could he get Pete away without poisoning him?" demanded Mont.

"Drugged him," suggested Hi.

"There's that knowing old Tige," said Arthur, playfully. "He looks around as if he could tell all about it."

But he never did.

*(To be continued.)*



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."



## THE SPARROWS' MAY-DAY.

BY ALFRED NELSON.

SAID Mr. Sparrow to his wife,  
One morning in the early spring:  
"Dear Mrs. S——, upon my life,  
I've come across the grandest thing—

"A brand-new house, with floors to let,  
A mansard roof, and all complete!  
We'll take a floor to-day, my pet,  
And you must keep it nice and neat.

"The situation is tip-top—  
None better wheresoe'r you hop,  
And quite within the reach of all  
The windows where the crumbs do fall."

So off they flew in haste, to see  
The brand-new house; and, deary me!  
Did n't they flutter in and out,  
Scarce knowing what they were about!

Good Mrs. S., with straw in mouth,  
Picked out a room that faced the south;  
For, very prudently, thought she:  
"The sun will warm both eggs and me."

But Mr. Sparrow did declare  
The sun would surely scorch her there;  
And as the room was very high,  
Their little ones would fall and die.

At last they settled with each other  
The first floor front to be the best;  
And how they did help one another  
To build a cozy little nest!

They both flew up, they both flew down,  
With threads, and rags, and bits of straw;  
They were the busiest birds in town,  
And each day busier than before.

At last, the nest is all complete,  
And Mrs. Sparrow stays inside,  
And keeps the house so nice and neat,  
That Mr. S. looks on with pride.

And when the little birds appear,  
Wont Mr. Sparrow hop and sing,  
And sa' to Mrs. S.: "My dear,  
Our brand-new house is just the thing!"

## ROBIN AND CROCUS.

BY EMMA BURT.

CROCUS peeped out of the earth, in the chill April weather. The sky was gray, and not a spear of grass was to be seen, nor a single green leaf; a few old ones clung to the vines and trees, withered and brown.

But Crocus, brave and sweet, lifted its cup of gold out of the earth, close beside a patch of snow, and looked shyly about, contented and glad, though so quite—quite alone, and so cold.

"Forward thing!" said a voice. Crocus started and shuddered—it was *not* alone.

"Forward thing!" repeated the voice, dismally. "It would be more becoming were you to wait until your betters had come—not flaunt out your prettiness uninvited."

Now, poor Crocus knew that the Pine-tree was

near, and had rebuked it; and the Pine was tall, and old and great.

Just then Robin came hopping blithely along.

"How do you do, little Crocus? Well met again!" said he. "Hey-dey! What is the matter? Why so sorrowful, dear?" he gently added.

But Crocus was so very cast-down, it could scarcely reply. At last it told Robin how it came out of the dark earth so early, because the world was so very lonesome; and that by and by, when the fast company of grand and lovely flowers appeared, so simple a flower as itself would not be needed.

"And when one means to do right, it is very bad to be thought wrong by those who are great and wise," added Crocus, sadly.



And Robin answered, he felt so sorry he hardly knew *what* to do:

"Those who are cruel are never great, though they reach to the very skies! But never mind, little Crocus. Let me tell you. Whenever I plume

North, to tell them the spring is coming—for fear they will all be discouraged.

"And is it not something to make people glad, even if we must be chided?"

Just then Claribel came down the path, and saw



"OH! THE FIRST ROBIN! I SHALL HAVE MY WISH!"

myself ready to flit away from the sunny South, every one says to me:

"'Foolish bird! Foolish bird! 'Tis chilly and drear up there. Wait a little. You will find no leaves to hide away your nest.' But the more they say the merrier I sing; and away I fly to the chilly

the Robin and Crocus together. She sang out:

"Oh! the first Robin! I shall have my wish!"

Then she paused with lifted hand, thinking which of all the delightful things in the world she now most wanted.

"It shall be a hat with blue ribbons, and a



flower like Crocus in the blue, for me to wear at Easter."

So Robin, when he heard this, soared away well pleased. And Claribel tenderly picked the flower,

saying: "Dearest blossom of all the year, you are like a drop from the sun, after the winter days. I will put you very near my heart." So she fastened the flower on her dress, and Crocus was comforted.

## A PEEP AT OLD LOMBARDY.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

As the traveler enters Italy from the north, he finds himself in the midst of a rich and fruitful valley, where olives, mulberries, and grapes abound, and the peasantry seem industrious, and most of them free from want. But as he passes along, although he finds large cities, in which the people seem as full of life as in ours, he notices continually evidences of great antiquity in their churches, public buildings, bridges, and monuments, and naturally wishes to know something of their history. But no doubt he is surprised, as you will be, to learn that the cities of Northern Italy are many of them older than Rome, some being so ancient that nothing is known of their foundation. Among them, Cremona is the most important, it having been taken by the Tuscans in the fifth century, who found it a great and powerful city. Then it was overrun and destroyed by the Gauls, after which it lay a ruin for two hundred years. Later, there came down from about the Danube a horde of Teutonic people, called Longobardi (or Longbeards), who swept over and took possession of Northern Italy, their king making Pavia his capital and giving their name to the country, which they held one hundred and fifty-seven years. Then, when Lindprand; their greatest king, tried to extend his territory too near Rome, the Pope, Gregory II., called upon the French to aid him, and, crossing the Alps twice, they conquered Lindprand, and placed his kingdom under control of the Pope, who ruled by exarchs (or governors).

The cathedral, of which we have a view, was begun in 1107, just after a sharp struggle with a neighboring city; but soon after, the Normans, under Hastings, crossed the Alps, and the Hungarians came over from the east, so that between their conflicts the Cremonese only finished the nave and aisles ninety-seven years later, when it was consecrated. Then came the German emperor Frederick Barbarossa, or "Redbeard," claiming these cities as his; and as some of them joined

him, and others adhered to the Pope, a new war broke out, which lasted until he had destroyed so many cities that the people formed a league against him while he was gone to Rome, and on his return he was stopped by a new fortified city—which, although he called it a town of straw, was strong enough to keep him in check—and an army before the gates of Milan sufficient to entirely defeat him. The "Lombard League" was formed in 1167, but it was eighty years before there was a lasting peace, which the tower beside the church was built to commemorate. Being the highest in any city of Northern Italy, it was called the Great Tower, and all the cities joined in paying for it. The Cremonese are so proud of it, that an old Latin rhyme is repeated by them to this day, which says:

Rome has the St. Peter's,  
Cremona the tower."

It is three hundred and ninety-six feet high, and in two years was carried up to where the square portion terminates, while the top was not added until 1518, when it was needed to cover the great bells; and the enormous clock was placed in the third story in 1594. It is of brick, and has a stairway of four hundred and ninety-eight steps leading to the highest cupola; and the old watchman who lives away up in some of the dark nooks, is always ready to point out the beauties of the landscape to any visitor who has the courage to mount to his eyrie.

A story is told that, in 1414, the Emperor Sigismund and the Pope came to Cremona to consult with its ruler—a cruel, treacherous man, but wise and crafty, who, after gaining all he desired, invited his guests to mount to the top of the tower, to see the magnificent prospect. He went up alone with them, and they all came down in safety. But a few years later, when brought to the scaffold at Milan, he said the one thing he regretted most of all in his life was, that he had not had courage enough to



push the Pope and Emperor over the battlements of the tower at Cremona, which he had then planned to do, and make himself emperor.

But to go back to the church. After the tower was raised, and an arched loggia connected it with the cathedral, the front, as you see it here, was

time; and the pillars in the arched door-way are supported on the backs of lions and griffins, while all about on the sides are sculptured strange figures, all of which were peculiar to the Lombards, and belong especially to their churches. But the glory of gilding and painting in the interior makes



THE CATHEDRAL OF CREMONA.

commenced, but was not finished for three hundred and thirty years; and although all of marble, is, of course, of many different styles, according to the tastes of those who carried it forward. The great rose window is surrounded by a rich molding, with delicately carved vine, executed in 1274 by Porata of Como, one of the most famous workmen of that

up for all the dimness and want of beautiful exterior. To perfect it cost one hundred and thirty-five years of labor, and it has long been considered a rival of the Sistine Chapel at Rome in magnificence, being very lofty and almost covered with frescoes by great artists, most of them representing Bible scenes.



The dome of the choir is especially beautiful, illustrating the life of Christ from the manger to the cross; and the south transept fairly glows with pictures from the Old Testament, painted by Giorgio Caselli in 1383. The beautiful wood-work in the choir, too, which all visitors admire, was executed nearly three hundred years ago; and all about are fine pieces of ancient sculpture.

The baptistery is very interesting also, having been built about 800. It is octagonal, and has high small windows, like those of a Norman castle. The great font in the center is a curiosity, being formed of a single block of marble.

Besides these, there are all about the city interesting buildings, affording perfect specimens of middle-age architecture, and highly ornamented with terra cotta statues, vases, and plants. The municipal palace, begun in 1206, is supported on lofty arches, has two fire-towers, and is even now occupied by the government. The market, as you see, is held in the great square in front of the cathedral, and although it seems rather a strange

place for it, we find the same custom in most of the cities of Europe. And if one rises early enough to see the peasants as they come in from the country, I assure you he is fully repaid by novel sights. Their carts, of the rudest pattern, are drawn by—what shall I say?—sometimes a pair of oxen, sometimes one ox, then by a cow and donkey, and again by a cow or donkey and a woman; in such cases, one is fastened between the shafts and the other pulls at the side. Dogs, too, are used, but not so much as in the north of Europe; and it is not uncommon to see a man or woman hauling into town a very large load. There are no booths, but the produce is arranged on tables or in baskets, and large umbrellas keep off either the sun or rain. The articles for sale are wonderfully like those in our markets, excepting silkworms, figs, olives, and flax; and the climate is so warm that our summer vegetables abound there in winter.

Thus there is at Cremona, as everywhere in Italy, a mingling of ancient and modern things, and every spot is full of interest for old and young.

## YACOB AND HIS DONKEY.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

YACOB was the name of an Arab boy in the Oriental city of Cairo. He was poor, and, like most of the poor boys of that city, his chief ambition was to own a donkey and hire him out to the travelers to go to the pyramids and other places of interest in the neighborhood of Cairo. As it was, he was only the driver of another man's donkey; that is, when the animal was mounted by the traveler, he ran behind, poking the quadruped with a sharp stick to keep him in a brisk trot.

One day, while Yacob was standing in front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, wishing he had a donkey of his own, an English traveler on the veranda beckoned to him and asked him why he looked so wistful, and Yacob answered that he was unhappy because he had no donkey.

And when the Englishman heard his story, he called his servant and told him to bring up Mafish, which was an old sleepy donkey. Then he said to Yacob:

"Would you be happy if you owned that donkey, my lad?"

"Oh, master, I would be happy with any donkey!" said Yacob.

"Then," said the Englishman, "he is yours—I make him a present to you."

When he said this, the other travelers gathered around, with smiles on their faces, for it appeared that the Englishman was a man much given to making fun. He told Yacob to get on the donkey and ride him up and down in front of the hotel a few times, to show his gait. Yacob got astride of him, and found that he was stiff in the legs and moved slowly, notwithstanding the sharp pokes he gave him with his stick.

"I shall give the donkey a name that will draw custom for you," said the Englishman as the lad rode up to the veranda.

Yacob was much pleased that his benefactor should give the donkey a name, for he had seen some of his companions who hired their donkeys more easily than others, on account of fortunate names given to them by travelers.

"I shall be much glad to call him what my master pleases," said Yacob.

"Then his name shall be Lightning," said the Englishman, and the other travelers laughed.

Yacob did not know what Lightning meant, and



he continued to call his donkey by that name after the Englishman went away. He did not have much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their journey, they told Yacob he was a humbug, and that he had imposed on them with his animal. So that they only kept Lightning for a few minutes, and the same people never hired him twice.

One day, as he led his old donkey toward the hotel veranda, after being called a little humbug by an angry traveler, who refused to pay him for hire of half an hour, he was spoken to by a fat man in a long black coat, who told him he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach.

After that, Yacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about that name than he did about Lightning. But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey any more on any condition, and Yacob and Slow-coach were a rueful pair, as they stood idly before the hotel.

One day, as he stood thus, the Prince of Wales came out from the veranda (the Prince was then on his way to the East Indies), mounted Slow-

coach, and rode him two or three yards, and then got off and took another donkey. Thereupon Yacob bemoaned his bad luck in hearing of an American sitting on a tilted chair on the veranda.

"Yacob," said the American, "your donkey shall be hired as much as any other, but hereafter his name must be the Prince of Wales."

The American had a certificate drawn up and sworn to before the American Consul in Cairo, to show that the Prince of Wales had, without any doubt, mounted Yacob's donkey; and when the lad wanted to hire the animal to any man, woman or child from England, all he had to do was to show this certificate, and they straightway engaged him, notwithstanding his moping gait and stiff legs. They engaged him for whole days, fondled him, and begged Yacob not to poke him up too sharp from behind. They fed him with whatever he would eat, and the only drawback to the donkey's pleasant life was that his tail was plucked a good deal for mementos.

Yacob said, and says still, that the luckiest day of his life was when he was spoken to by the American gentleman on a tilted chair.

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## SNOW-FLAKES.

By M. M. D.

WHENEVER a snow-flake leaves the sky,  
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!  
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"  
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snow-flake finds a tree,  
Good-day!" it says—"Good-day to thee!  
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,  
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snow-flake, brave and meek,  
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,  
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!  
'Tis summer!"—and it melts away.



# MAY-DAY INDOORS; OR, THE YOTOPSKI FAMILY'S REHEARSAL.

(For Home Representation.)

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

## CHARACTERS.

William Tell ..... ARTHUR. | Tell's Son ..... TOMMY.  
The Tyrant ..... NED. | ..... GEORGE.  
Girls of the May Party ..... CAROLINE, LUCY, ANNA, POLLY, KATE.

(Girls are dressed in white, with bright sashes, and have little flags. George has a larger flag.)

## SCENE.

Room in residence of Ned, Polly, and Tommy. Lunch-baskets, &c., on chairs. Polly sits, holding her hat, shawl, and sack. Tommy is seated on the floor, playing with marbles. Ned, a much larger boy, leans over a chair back.

Ned [dolefully]. We shall have to give it up, Polly. No May-party to-day! [Goes to window.] Polly [earnestly]. Oh, don't you think the clouds will blow over?

Ned. The whole sky will have to blow over. It's all lead color!

Polly [sighing]. O dear, dear, dear!

[Voices heard outside. Enter, with a rush, Caroline, Lucy, Anna, Kate, George, and Arthur, with baskets, tin pails, &c. The boys' hats are trimmed with evergreen, the girls' with wreaths and posies. The girls have baskets of flowers. Tommy leaves off playing with his marbles, to watch the new-comers.]

George [throwing down a long coil of evergreen]. Here we come!

Lucy [almost out of breath, and speaking fast]. Yes, here we come, pell-mell! It's going to pour!

Caroline [speaking before Lucy finishes]. Oh, how we have hurried! I felt a great drop fall on my nose.

Anna [speaking before Caroline finishes]. And think of our dresses! Spand-clean, white dresses?

Kate [speaking before Anna finishes]. No procession to-day! No dancing around the May-pole! [Arthur throws up his hat and catches it. George does the same.]

Lucy. They got all that evergreen to trim the Maypole! and George brought his flag!

George. If it had only been pleasant to-day, I'd have let it rain a week afterward!

George [stepping to the window]. There! It pours! It's lucky we hurried.

Polly. Now all of you stay here and keep May-day with us [clapping hands]. Do! Do!

Caroline. Will your mother like it?

Polly. I'll go ask her [runs out].

Ned [walking to the window]. Anyway, you can't go till it holds up. [Girls go to the window.]

Arthur. That may not be for a week. [Enter Polly, in haste.]

Polly. She says we may do anything but make glasses candy!

Ned. The last time we made it, father said he found some in his slipper-toes.

[Girls take off hats and shawls, which, with baskets, etc., are placed in a corner. Some take seats, with some confusion, others remain standing.]

Arthur. Now what shall we do with ourselves?

Ned. Let's get up an entertainment. Tickets, ten cents; grown folks, double price.

Kate. So I say. And call ourselves a "troupe," or a "family," or something.

George. Something that has a foreign sound.

Arthur. How would "Yotopski" do?

Caroline, Lucy and Anna. Splendid!

Anna. Let's call ourselves "The Yotopski Family."

Lucy. But what shall we have for our entertainment?

Polly. I think *tableaux* are perfectly splendid!

Anna. Oh, I'll tell you! Have the kind that winds up!

George. Why, all entertainments wind up when they are done!

Anna. I mean, have each one wound up with a key, and then they move.

Arthur. She means Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks.

Ned. All right. We'll have the winding kind!

Caroline. What Waxworks shall we have?

Ned. We might have William Tell shooting the apple, for one.

Tommy. I've seen that! 'T will take three to do that! Mr. Tell, and his son, and the cross tyrant.

George. And the apple makes four.

Anna. Who'll be Mr. Tell? You, Ned?

Ned. No. I'd rather be the cross tyrant; I feel just right for that. Arthur'll be Mr. Tell.

Arthur. Oh, yes, I'll be Mr. Tell; and Tommy can be the boy. [Tommy moves toward the door.] Where you going, Tommy?

Tommy [going out]. After my bow 'n' arrow!

Lucy [bringing an apple from her basket]. Here's the apple.

Caroline. What shall we do for a feather? Mr. Tell's hat must have a feather.

Kate. Twist up a piece of newspaper. [Turns Arthur's hat up at one side and fastens it with a twist of paper, left open at the top.] There you have it. And Polly's sack, turned wrong side out, will do for a tunic.

[Arthur puts on hat and sack. Sack is lined with a bright color; or with different colors.]



*Polly.* He ought to have a wide sash.

*Lucy* [taking off hers]. Here, take mine!

*Polly, Anna,* { Not that kind of a sash!  
and *Caroline.* { Oh, that won't do!  
Funny sash for a man!

*Ned* [tying sash, at the side, around *Arthur's* waist]. Oh, never mind. We're only rehearsing.

*Lucy.* How must the cross tyrant be dressed? Who knows?

*Anna.* The tyrant I saw had a cape hung on one shoulder. A shawl will do for that. [Brings shawl, which *Ned* hangs over his left shoulder.] Now what must he wear on his head?

*Lucy.* I should think a tyrant ought to wear a tall hat.

*Polly* [going]. I'll get father's.

*Anna* [to *Polly*]. And something bright to put on it. I remember that part, plainly.

*George* [calling after *Polly*]. And something long, for a sword! [Exit *Polly*.]

*Caroline.* If the boys do that, can't we girls make ourselves into wax-works?

*Anna.* Let's be a May-day wax-work, singing and dancing round a May-pole.

*George.* I'll be the pole.

*Caroline.* But you're not long enough.

*George* [mounting a chair]. Now I am!

*Girls* [laughing and clapping]. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! He'll do! Trim him up! Trim him up!

*Ned* [to *George*]. Yes. Come down and be trimmed up!

[*George* steps down, stands erect, arms close to his body. *Girls* hand garlands. *Ned* winds them around *George*.]

*Kate.* Shall we hoist the flag?

*Ned.* Oh, yes! bring the flag! And here's a string [taking ball of string out of pocket] to fasten it on with. [*Ned* fastens the flag-stick to *George's* head by winding the string around, then helps him mount the chair.] Three cheers for the flag! Now, one, two, three! [All cheer and clap.]

[Enter *Polly* with an old hat and a paper.]

*Polly.* Won't this hat do? Mother can't have father's good one banged about.

*George.* Oh that's good enough. We're only rehearsing. Did you get something bright?

[*Ned* puts on hat.]

*Polly* [taking out yellow bandanna handkerchief]. Mother said this was quite bright.

*Anna.* Why, I meant something shiny, like a clasp, or a buckle.

*Kate.* No matter, we're only rehearsing.

[*Ned* ties handkerchief round the hat so that the corners hang down.]

*Polly* [hands the poker]. Here's your sword. That's the longest thing I could find.

[All laugh. *Ned* seizes poker and strikes a military attitude. Enter *Tommy*, with bow and arrow.]

*Tommy.* Where shall I stand up?

*Arthur.* Come this way [leads *Tommy* to one side the stage; *Ned* follows]. *Ned*, you must scowl and look fierce. *Tommy*, fold your arms and stand still as a post.

[Puts apple on *Tommy's* head, and takes aim with bow and arrow.]

*Tommy.* Oh, I'm afraid! Look out for my eyes! The arrow might go off!

*Arthur.* Turn your back, then.

[*Tommy* turns around with apple on his head; *Arthur* aims at apple: *Ned* stands by with drawn sword; then all three resume their former positions.]

*Kate.* Now, we girls, must stand around the May-pole [they gather around the pole]. Who'll wind?

*The girls.* You! You! You!

*Polly.* What a little circle! I wish we had more girls!

*Kate.* So do I! [To *Anna*] How shall I wind up the waxworks?

*Anna.* The ones I saw all stood on a string, and the string led to a box, and when the box was wound up, the waxworks began to act their parts. A door-key will do to wind with.

*Kate.* We'll manage in the same way.

[Lays a long string on the floor, passes it under the feet of the waxworks, and drops the end of it in a work-box upon the table.]

*Arthur.* Don't you think you girls ought to be holding your posies, and your flags, and your flower-baskets, and wearing your wreaths? They'll make your waxwork look handsomer.

*Caroline.* So they will.

[*Girls* get their posies, little flags and baskets, take wreaths from hats and put them on their heads.]

*Anna.* You must take a key and pretend to wind up the machinery. What song shall we sing?

*Lucy.* "The merry month of May" is perfectly splendid!

*Caroline.* I wonder if we know the words? Let's try. [They sing a May song.]

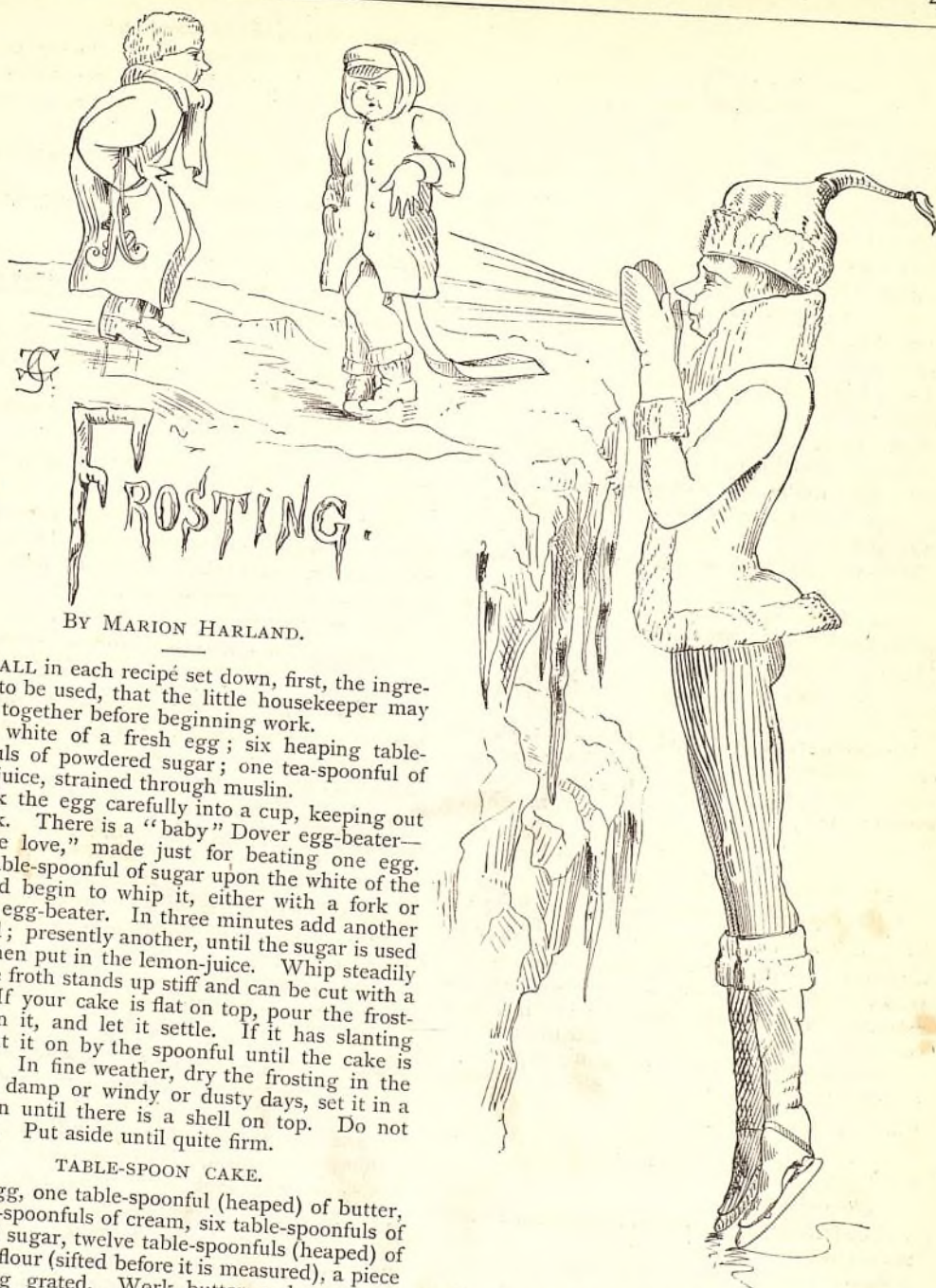
*Kate.* That's a good song. Now then! All ready! Stand in your places [gets the door-key]. Arms folded, *Tommy*! When I've done winding up, *Arthur* will begin to take aim, *Ned* will begin to scowl and to hold up his sword, and you girls will begin to sing and dance around. Can't you hold your hands high, so the flowers and flags will show? [Girls raise their hands.] That's prettier. Now all stand just as still as real waxworks, till the machinery is wound up, then begin. We'll play that when I throw up my handkerchief, the curtain falls. Now!

[*Kate* winds the machinery, the actors remaining quiet. When the winding stops they begin to perform their parts. When the dancers have danced twice around the circle *Kate* throws up her handkerchief.]

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

[If desirable, more singing and dancing can be introduced under pretense of practicing.]





BY MARION HARLAND.

I SHALL in each recipe set down, first, the ingredients to be used, that the little housekeeper may get all together before beginning work.

The white of a fresh egg; six heaping table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar; one tea-spoonful of lemon-juice, strained through muslin.

Break the egg carefully into a cup, keeping out the yolk. There is a "baby" Dover egg-beater—a "little love," made just for beating one egg. Put a table-spoonful of sugar upon the white of the egg, and begin to whip it, either with a fork or with an egg-beater. In three minutes add another spoonful; presently another, until the sugar is used up. Then put in the lemon-juice. Whip steadily until the froth stands up stiff and can be cut with a knife. If your cake is flat on top, pour the frosting upon it, and let it settle. If it has slanting sides, put it on by the spoonful until the cake is covered. In fine weather, dry the frosting in the sun; on damp or windy or dusty days, set it in a slow oven until there is a shell on top. Do not scorch it. Put aside until quite firm.

#### TABLE-SPOON CAKE.

ONE egg, one table-spoonful (heaped) of butter, two table-spoonfuls of cream, six table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, twelve table-spoonfuls (heaped) of prepared flour (sifted before it is measured), a piece of nutmeg grated. Work butter and sugar together in a bowl with a spoon until they look like soft putty. Beat your egg, till it is thick and smooth, in another bowl. Stir the egg, butter, and sugar together; then add the cream, and beat hard. Then the nutmeg; lastly, the flour, and stir this in lightly with a wooden spoon. Butter your pans, and divide the mixture equally between them. Small

shallow tins, as large around as a saucer, are nice for jelly-cake. Do not have too hot an oven for cake. Should it brown too fast on top, cover with white paper. Do not take it out of the oven until a clean straw, thrust into the thickest part, comes out perfectly dry and clean. Move it while baking as little as possible. Leave it in the pan until nearly cold. Do not ice it while warm.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER month here? Well, well; they use themselves up so fast, these months, that, if they don't take care, they'll not last the year out. A pretty piece of business that would be—and a centennial year, too!

Hurrah for Deacon Green! I hear he is coming out handsomely this month in behalf of centennials, and youngsters, and so on. I knew he would, sooner or later. You can't do better, my chicks, than to stand by the Deacon.

## MUD PIES.

THERE is great sport in making mud pies, I'm informed. Well, let me tell you that Jack has heard of a city—St. Petersburg it is called—where the principal ingredient of that sort of pastry is regularly prepared in great piles in the public parks, and all the children of the city are invited to come, with pails and shovels, and dig and play and make mud pies all day. At night, the clean sand is carefully swept up again into high, smooth piles, ready for another day's sport.

Sensible city fathers those—eh?

## MAY BASKETS.

I SUPPOSE the children of the red school-house will be bringing May baskets to the little schoolma'am and to each other this year as they did last season. It's a pretty custom, but the birds tell me it is not so common as it should be. A May basket is the sweetest and freshest thing I know of, always excepting the little schoolma'am. Sometimes it is hardly more than a tiny white paper box with ribbon handles, filled with violets, but it is always lovely, with its white or blue ribbon streamers, and its moss and early wild flowers. I hope all little lame children, who can't go out and play, and children in hospitals, will have May baskets sent

them this year. May baskets are such simple little things, they can be made and filled in any way one pleases—and, what is more, they grow like a flower, right out of loving hearts!

## EATING INSECTS.

HAVE you heard the shocking story that Mr. Darwin and Mrs. Treat have been telling about certain plant-relatives of mine—the sundew and others—that they actually catch and eat insects?

Between ourselves, your Jack is very much concerned about this, and I intend to ask the rice-birds—who are well acquainted in North Carolina, where that naughty plant lives—what they know about it. The proofs are very complete, to be sure; but we'll see what the birds say.

## CRYING TREES.

"YES, sirs," said the Deacon to the little boys, "I've seen them often—crying trees: that is, trees that shed tears. The tears are not salt like yours, but they are very respectable tears, and the poor tree weeps from morning till night, and from night till morning. It's called the miningo-tree, and you can find out all about it if you look into your encyclopedia.

## AN UNHAPPY TRAVELER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever hear of a quail living for three days and nights without food or drink? A few days ago, my father, who is in the produce commission business in this city, received a box of quails (supposed to be dead, of course) from Whitesburg, Tenn. The time taken in transporting them was about seventy-two hours. When the porter opened the box, you may imagine his surprise when one of the quails jumped out and made a weak attempt to escape. The bird was taken and put into a basket and supplied with rye and water. These quails had been trapped, and their necks then wrung; but, in some way, this little fellow had escaped injury, for he was in perfect condition, and soon revived.

Yours truly,

JNO. C. W., New York city.

## THE GREATEST TOOTHACHE EVER KNOWN.

IF ever any of you should have a toothache, my poor children, and it's very likely that you will, just look into the brook, or any other mirror, with your tear-dimmed eyes, and notice how small is the little white tormentor that is causing so much pain. Then, by way of comfort, I want you to reflect how much worse it would be if this tiny white thing were an elephant's great tusk, with toothache all through it.

Perhaps you will say that elephants can't have toothache? Then listen to the sad story of Chunee, the elephant of Exeter Change.

At Exeter Change, in the great city of London, there was, many years ago, a menagerie in the second story of a building. Here the elephant, Chunee by name,—a very quiet, well-trained beast,—was confined in a cage, under which the floor had been strengthened to support his weight. Chunee never came out, but seemed very happy, for all that. Suddenly he became raving mad, and screamed and trumpeted, and endeavored vigorously to tear away the iron bars of his cage.

Now, if he had succeeded in getting out upon the floor, Mr. Chunee would have immediately



dropped through into an apothecary shop below. If he had fallen into the scales, his exact weight might have been ascertained, after a fashion; but, in other respects, a mad elephant in a drug-store would have been far worse than a bull in a china-shop. If he had been sane, he might have had a nice time, eating the liquorice and cough-lozenges and sugar-coated pills and candy; but as he was n't sane, the accident was not to be desired.

Well, Chunee grew more and more wild and dangerous, until, at last, the "Beef-eaters," who are the keepers of the Tower of London, were called upon to destroy the poor beast. They discharged many balls from their old-fashioned muskets into his body, but loss of blood seemed to increase his fury, and not lessen his strength. There were no rifle teams in those days, to reach his brain with a single shot, so a piece of artillery was actually brought up, and poor Chunee, obeying his keeper's voice, even in his rage, kneeled down, and was shot to death with a cannon-ball.

Then the surgeons discovered that the elephant had been suffering from the greatest toothache ever known. His tusk, preserved in the warehouse of the East India Company, shows this.

Now just think of what an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been, and pity poor Chunee!

#### CLEANING FLOORS WITH ORANGES.

THAT'S shocking, is n't it? But, then, they have more of them than we do, for it is in Jamaica that they make scrubbing brushes of oranges, and you may be sure it's true, because Mr. Gosse saw them do it. The floor was of hard, polished wood, and, before the family were out of bed, two or three colored servants scrubbed over the whole of it with sour oranges, cut in halves. When the juice was rubbed out of one piece, they would take another, and so they used up a big trayful of them. A polish was put on by rubbing with cocoanut husk, and the floor looked as if it had been waxed.

#### MURRE EGGS.

THE murre is a queer bird. It is of about the size of a small duck, and it sits on only one egg at a time. If her nest is robbed, the mother murre lays another egg and sits again. The strangest

part of the story is that the eggs are not alike; in fact, it would be almost impossible, among thousands of them, to find a single pair that matched in color. They are brown, green, white, blue, or gray, as the case may be, with streaks or spots of blue, black, green, olive, or brown. But all these fancy styles are only shell deep. The little murrelets that come out of the eggs are all after the same pattern, and in time they take after their parents in a way that is beautiful to behold.

If you want to see them, go to the Farallone Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. Climb the first cliff you come to, and turn to the right.

#### HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

WELL, now! Here's news for the birds and beasts and insects! I wish they all could go to India to live, though I should be lonely enough without them. In India there is a religious sect whose members make it their peculiar business to care for and nurse wounded and sick animals, from oxen down to flies. Hospitals have been built in Bombay, and are full of disabled cattle, dogs, cats, birds, rats, and sparrows sent there for treatment. It must be an odd sight to see cows with their eyes bandaged, and fowls strutting around with one wooden leg, and men feeding and waiting on them. But it is much pleasanter than to see boys teasing a cat, or throwing stones at a bird. I wish a few dozen of those pious Jains would come to America—don't you?

#### A CHURCH BUILT OF PETRIFIED WOOD.

AT Mumford, in Napa County, California, there is an unfinished church, I'm told, which is built of petrified wood (all of you who do not know what petrified means, may have five minutes' recess for hunting up the word in your dictionaries). Already it has become famous, and strangers from various parts flock to see it. I am told that in the stone of its walls and tower various objects may be clearly traced. Besides different kinds of wood showing the grain perfectly, there are leaves, ferns, twigs, tendrils, berries, and mosses, all perfect and beautiful in form, and grouped together in wonderful variety.

#### THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

##### TWENTY PRIZES OFFERED BY DEACON GREEN.

YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS! The dear little schoolma'am has had the pleasure of giving you good work to do and of awarding prizes for the same, and now ST. NICHOLAS says I may take my turn. Therefore be it understood that I, Silas Green, hereby request all boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS, of twenty years and under, to send me cleanly written copies of the *Declaration of Independence* of the United States of America, as finally adopted and signed (the same to be the work of their own hands), with the names and States of all the signers. To the best five, copies sent in by children from ten to thirteen years of age, I shall award and deliver five beautiful inkstands modeled after the Old Liberty Bell, crack and all. Also, to the five best copies sent in by young folk from fourteen to twenty years of age, five beautiful inkstands as above described. These inkstands will be fine historic mementos of this centennial year, suitable for any library or parlor, and I wish I could afford to offer a hundred of them. Besides these, I hereby offer second prizes of five Swiss villages in miniature (card-board models of Swiss architecture), to the

next best five by children from ten to thirteen years of age, and five prize books to the next best five to those from fourteen to twenty years of age. Besides this there will be a Roll of Honor, which is a capital place of satisfaction outside of the prize list.

Now, my young friends, these are the conditions which are required of all competitors: All "Declarations" to be sent in by June 1st. They must be neatly and plainly written, word for word (no illegible copy will be examined), and the full name, age, and Post-office address of the writer must be given both on the "Declaration" and on a separate slip of paper. Direct your letters and "Declarations" to Deacon Green, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, N. Y. Be careful, my friends, to make no mistake in copying. Accuracy, correct spelling, neatness, penmanship and promptness all shall be taken into account in awarding the prizes, which are to be decided by a committee of five, including

Your friend and well-wisher to command,  
SILAS GREEN.



## THE FATE OF A GINGER-BREAD MAN.



HERE'S a nice brown ginger-bread man,  
Freshly baked in the baker's pan,  
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span;  
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie—  
Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
Looking in at the ginger-bread man  
(Spiced and sugared, and spick and span,  
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie),  
Wondering whether the price is high.



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
Going home with the ginger-bread man  
That was baked in the baker's pan.  
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said;  
"Keep the man for a dolly, instead."



Here behold the ginger-bread man,  
That was baked in the baker's pan,  
In the doll-house of Mary Ann.  
See him stand, with his round, fat face,  
Among the dolls in silk and lace!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
Sleeping sound as ever they can,  
Dreaming about the ginger-bread man  
Left in the doll-house, set away,  
Till they wake in the morn to play.



See this rat; since the night began  
He has prowled to get what he can.  
Ah, he smells the ginger-bread man!  
There's the doll-house under the shelf,  
Just where the rat can climb himself!





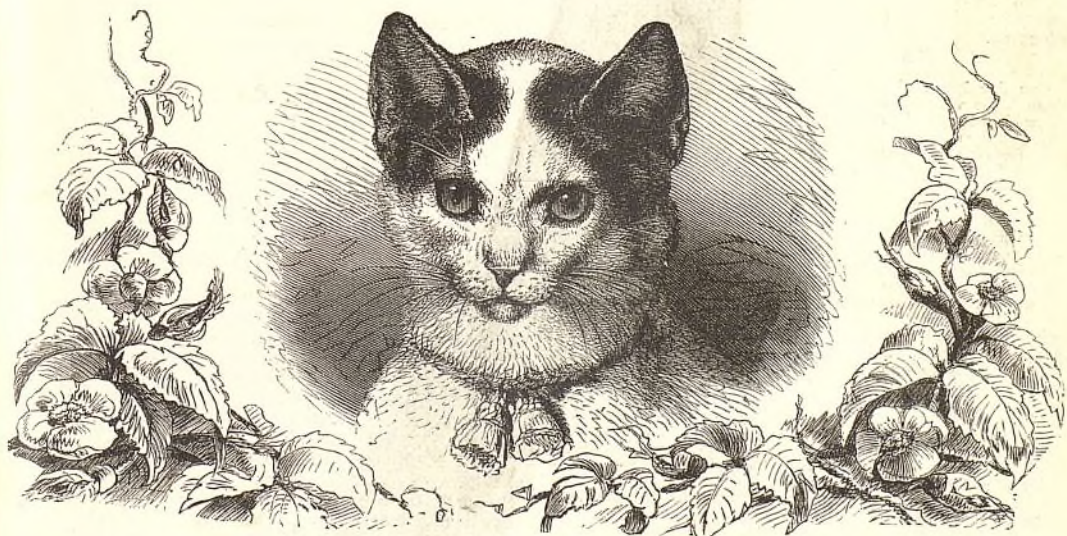
Every rat will get what he can.  
 Ah, the poor, sweet ginger-bread man!  
 Wake, O Felix and Mary Ann!  
 There's a patter, a jump, a squeak—  
 Ah, if the ginger-bread man could speak!



See the rat, as quick as he can,  
 Climbing up for the ginger-bread man  
 In the doll-house of Mary Ann!  
 Ah, if the ginger-bread man could run!  
 Oh, to see what the rat has done!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
 Come to play with the ginger-bread man,  
 Spiced and sugared, and spick and span.  
 Ah, behold, where he stood before,  
 Only crumbs on the doll-house floor!





## THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S REPORT ON "A SHORT TALE."

### AWARD OF PRIZES.

AGAIN the children have come out superbly in behalf of ST. NICHOLAS work! This time only girls and boys of thirteen years of age or younger have competed for the prizes, and yet two thousand and nine of these, from all parts of our continent and from England, have sent corrected copies of this "Short Tale" (published in February number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 260).

So very many sent in absolutely correct renderings, that we must have a very long Roll of Honor to do them justice. Not one whose version contained a single mistake in spelling is admitted upon this list; therefore, those who did not win prizes may be well content to find their names on the Roll of Honor.

As for the prizes, it was so impossible, taking all the conditions into account, to pick out the best twelve correct versions without doing injustice to two or three, that finally we, the committee, were constrained to award fifteen prizes, as follows:

### PRIZE LIST.

Fanny Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mary Sloan, St. Paul, Minn.  
Wm. Proctor Gould Harding, Tuscaloosa, Ala.  
Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.  
Charlotte Ethel Brown, Yarmouth, N. S.  
Glenn R. Gardner, New Oxford, Pa.  
Robert B. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Lizzie Shepherd Pitman, Fair Haven, Ct.  
Nellie Collins, Dallas, Oregon.  
Fred. M. Pease, Rockland, Maine.  
Alice Maud Thackray, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Maggie Cady, Nichols, N. Y.  
Katharine Gibbs, Gillwell Park, Sewardstone, Essex, England.  
Frank D. Kemp, South Hadley, Mass.  
Carrie W. Mitchell, Daytona, Florida.

Our hearty congratulations to you, young friends! The prizes already are on their way, and we shall be glad to hear of their safe arrival. Two large envelopes containing, in all, sixteen colored pictures with sixteen stories by Aunt Fanny, author of "Night-cap Stories," go to each prize-winner. These stories were written expressly for Scribner & Co., and have never been published in any other form.

### THE STORY CORRECTED.

One day last week, I set forth to roam o'er the plains and through the vales. The sky was fair and blue, and the low sun threw his pale rays o'er the scene. Deer, ewes, and hares were gamboling on one side, while on my right rose long, straight rows of maize, eight feet high or so, and as fresh as rains and dews could make them. "Oh," said I, raising one of the sweet kernels to my nose, "surely this plant has no peer among the cereals! See the rich hue of its waving leaf—its flower like a lock of silken hair—its golden seed in rows of kernels, which, made into flour and then into dough or bread, charm our palates. It feeds not man alone, but the fowl of the air and fish of the seas."

I might have continued in this style an hour, but I saw the sun had set and the night was coming fast, and it began to rain. My way lay through a lone wood of firs, yews, and beeches. The clouds rose higher, the lightning shone, and the thunder pealed aloud, till my whole soul was faint with fear. I flew on my course, though my feet hardly could bear my weight, till my toe was caught by a decayed limb and I was thrown down, striking my heel on a rock, which was the cause of a great pain. I had no sense left. I heard something in my head like the ringing of a knell, or like the thrill of the air after a bell is tolled. It took some time to climb back to the road, but then the rain was done, and the stars shone forth. I knew the way, and soon reached home. My aunt was at the gate, waiting, and she hied to meet me. She led me in, took off my wet wraps, gave me hot teas and a supper of fried soles, with new rye bread, so sweet that it needed no praise. I soon retired to my pallet, glad to lie down in peace and rest.

Before giving the Roll of Honor, let me say a few words to all who sent in corrected versions of this "Short Tale."

In the first place, my boys and girls, every single answer, whether correct or not, has been read with interest, and its points carefully noted. Some of you have worked under disadvantages which would

have discouraged many older heads, and all of you have shown a zeal and intelligence which make me the proudest and happiest little schoolma'am in the world. Whole schools have sent in answers, and budgets have been forwarded by families of brothers and sisters, from the big boy of thirteen years, who can write like a book-keeper, to the little tot who can only print. Some who have tried very, very hard to be correct, have made one or two mistakes, which, though excluding them from the prizes and Roll of Honor, need not by any means discourage them from future effort. I am not sure that I do not at heart think most of the dear little folks who have tried and failed. The successful ones, you see, can take care of themselves.

Now I shall point out the most common errors, so that you all may avoid them in future. Many have written the plural of nouns with an apostrophe, as though they were meant to be in the possessive singular, as *dew's*, *tea's*; others have divided words of one syllable, such as *fat-ut*, *thrill-i*, *clim-b*, placing part on one line and part on the next; others, in copying, have accidentally left out words and phrases, and many have tripped on the following words: *wav'ing*, *lighten'ing* (for lightning), *gambli'ng* (for gamboling), *cerials* and *serials* (for cereals), *strait* (for straight), *o're* (for o'er), *waive* (for wave). Spelling according to either Worcester or Webster was, of course, allowed; but when the wrong word was used, as *strait* for straight, we could not let it pass. As a great many gave the interjection "O!" when they should have written "Oh!" I call attention to the proper distinction between these exclamations as given in Worcester's Unabridged.

In conclusion, with a full heart I thank you, one and all, parents and children, for your good letters and the hearty love you show for dear ST. NICHOLAS. And now for the grand

### ROLL OF HONOR!

|                      |                       |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Jeanie J. Sprunt     | Kittie H. Hoyte       | Minnie H. Bridgman    |
| Jessie M. Meeker     | Sarah W. Learned      | Annie Grace Allyn     |
| Augustus P. Murdoch  | Cally Comstock        | Mamie A. Morse        |
| Howard G. Tuthill    | Silas H. Elliot       | Mary Lillie Keyes     |
| Glover E. Sanford    | Lillie H. Vandegrift  | Philo P. Safford      |
| Nellie Divelbiss     | Mabel Wilder Baldwin  | Alma Bertram          |
| Annie May Christian  | May P. Elden          | Alice Bartow Moore    |
| Julia C. Perry       | Hattie T. Remington   | E. W. Grabill         |
| Max Ulrich           | Wm. H. Hollister      | Harvey B. Dale        |
| Alfred E. Forstall   | Jack S. Sturtevant    | Winnie Louise Bryant  |
| Daisy Hunt           | Maude Merriam         | Sophie C. Johnson     |
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| Alice Steger         | Alida Mitchell        | Duzen                 |
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| Annie Laurie Adams   | Katharine Nash Noble  | Laurie T. Sanders     |
| Willie T. Jenney     | Clara L. Monroe       | Bessie Beebe          |
| Wm. P. Illensworth   | Jennie F. Draper      | Eugenia B. Knight     |
| Sadie E. Prescott    | Annie C. Ray          | Louise Rankin Albee   |
| Julia Bradbury       | Birdie Lodge          | Bessie Israel         |
| Mary Alice Reiff     | Susie H. Cooper       | Nellie A. Merrill     |
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| Nellie P. Harris     | Tommy W. Fry          | Eddie H. Eckel        |
| Lilian Graves        | Martha S. Davis       | Haldane Williams      |
| Maggie C. Elmer      | Anna P. Coffin        | Clara Louisa Thayer   |
| Annie DeWasse Hanks  | Gertrude H. Abbey     | Helen Ristan          |
| Ethel Curnalt        | Lucile Gex Freeman    | Grace M. Newhall      |
| Albin P. Ingram      | Louise Vreeland       | Edward H. Tower       |
| Sanford Norris Knapp | Josie W. Myers        | Jessie Baldwin        |
| Hattie Frazier       | Walter G. Hanks       | Lucy F. Soule         |
| Thornton M. Ware     | Helen W. Clarkson     | Allen Hastings        |
| Susan Eliz. Murray,  | Frank and Chas. Alex- | Grace L. Furness      |
| England              | ander                 | Bessie R. Vroom       |
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| Gertie B. Adams      | Lucy E. Maxwell       | Mary Bowditch Whit-   |
| Cora M. Lundy        | Ida E. Decker         | ney                   |
| Florence Graham      | Mary B. Sands         | Maribell Woolman      |
| Jennie B. Priestley  | Lucy Amelia Barbour   | Allie Anthony         |
| Ethel A. Reynolds    | Mary Chase            | Louie McMynn          |



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| Lilian May Heath       | Lucy Hoyt             | Julia B. Ashley          | Mary H. Wilson       | Lucia D. Lane          | Arthur Mitchell       |
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| Willie Lighton         | Anna Holmes           | Agnes Vail               | Lefferts Knox        | Harriet B. Townsend    | Gertrude D. Savage    |
| Clara B. Presbry       | S. Lizzie Dole        | Fred A. Very             | Harriet L. Lagowitz  | Rufus Story Paret      | Theodore H. Bartlett  |
| Lucie Gardner          | Lulu E. Danforth      | Lottie Overacker         | Fanny Chilcott       | Susy Dunton Rice       | Nellie Fairbairn      |
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| Agnes Kennedy          | Fanny Rose Calhoun    | Milton R. Hall           | Mary J. Wellington   | Ida Weaver             | John W. Potter        |
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| Edith Emily Edwards    | Mary F. Knox          | Mamie Newell             | Grace Lee Williams   | Virgie Castleman       | Charlie G. Gawthrop   |
| Nellie T. Seymour      | Ethel Todd            | Albert E. Putnam         | Fanny Eliza Conner   | Nannie F. Richardson   | Gertrude Ross         |
| Margaret Miller        | Evelyn M. Gill        | Anna Kate Barkley        | Florence Wicklin     | Alfred Mitchell        | Kyda Richards         |
| Edwin R. Furness       | Wm. Bates Greenough   | Tracey L. Newton         | Alma L. Dunlap       | Charles E. Smith       | Lucy Huntin           |
| Belle Hyde             | Mary S. Corsee        | George L. Richardson     | Lizzie Meredith      | David C. Gilmore       | Clarence A. Kemp      |
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| Nelly Chase            | Gertie I. Huntington  | Lizzie S. Warren         | Kittie L. Campbell   | Grace Williamson       | Allice Pepon          |
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| Leila M. Crandon       | Willard Placide Reid  | Mamie E. Koons           | Walter D. Spaulding  | J. Couch Flanders      | Jennie B. Cumming     |
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| Bailey Brown           | Emily N. Titus        | Charlie C. Smith         | Anna Ford            | Oliver Field           | Harry W. Weeks        |
| Florence M. Easton     | Mary Eliz. Banning    | Maggie B. Boardman       | "Allie"              | Lydia Buckingham       | Bertha L. Deane       |
| Grace S. Dewey         | Celia Frederica Hill  | Willie C. De Witt        | Lucia D. Leffingwell | Charles F. Bradbury    | Mary A. Brush         |
| Mary Alice Littlefield | Isaac W. Van Buskirk  | Edith Wight              | Ida Diserens         | Margie A. Brewer       | Lucia Lee Bates       |
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| Charles Lewis Griffin  | Alice McClure Platt   | Norman W. Dederick       | Willie S. Brazelton  | Geo. Arthur Allen      | Etta Beckman          |
| Ned Jones              | Charles Lawrence      | Willie E. Dederick       | Nellie G. Du Puy     | S. B. Smith            | Mamie N. Parsley      |
| Louie and Allie Smith  | Mary Emerson          | Harriet Eames            | Martha G. Barr       | Minnie E. Blass        | Marion W. Woodrow     |
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| Thomas W. Ross         | Ernest Andrew Thearle | Alice P. Baker           | May Brown            | H. Rebecca Ashburn     | "Titan"               |
| Louie E. Brown         | Florence V. Hughes    | Harry W. Hogue           | Dollie W. Kirk       | Jerusha M. Coult       | James Alexander, Jr.  |
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| Sallie Wilson          | Harry Chapman         | Bella B. Tuthill         | Aggie H. Smith       | Robt. S. La Motte, Jr. | Frances Julia Parker  |
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| Launcelot M. Berkeley  | Nellie Kellogg        | Emma J. Smith            | Evelyn Matz          | Grace E. Young         | Robt. H. Laird        |
| Rachel E. Hutchins     | Lilian M. Chambers    | Rollin N. Larrabee       | Lulu B. Monroe       | Mary Deering Davis     | Ethel Willis          |
| Annie Dean Stratton    | Mamie Grasselli       |                          | Elsie Maud McLaurin  | Minnie May Curtis      | Mina Hayes Goddard    |
| Edward K. Butler, Jr.  | Fanny Ellenwood       |                          |                      |                        | Laura G. Jones        |



|                     |                     |                       |                      |                         |                       |
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| Clara A. Sawyer     | Minnie J. Conrad    | Minnie Warner         | Eleazar B. Homer     | Nannie Day Meech        | Sadie W. Alvord       |
| Walter D. Loring    | James H. Skinner    | Mary R. Boardman      | Hattie Winfield      | Clara de Russey Nichols | Belle B. Roberts      |
| Annie C. Lufburrow  | Alice Robinson      | Carrie E. Bartlett    | Amy H. Franklin      | Hiram B. Morse          | James Laubri          |
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| Lester A. Boyce     | Naomi Carter        | Marion L. Works       | J. Florence Holden   | Abba L. Briggs          | Arthur F. Stone       |
| Arthur L. Giblin    | Annie R. Paul       | Kittie L. Brainerd    | Emily D. Garretson   | Henry Dakin             | Clara Louisa Beesley, |
| Herbert A. Howland  | John B. Townsend    | Edith L. Robinson     | Lulu Clinton         | Constance Hallett       | England               |
| Charles D. Pickard  | Cora A. Lock        | Alice T. Learned      | James D. Davis       | Wm. O. Hand             | Carrie Drey           |
| Arthur Remington    | Helen Marshall      | Fred H. Day           | Alice C. Vose        |                         |                       |

## THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month will, we think, be sure to interest you. All of these queer head-dresses are worn at the present day. When you travel about among the old cities and towns of Europe, you will find just such as these in the market-places, where the old women, who still cling to old fashions, assemble on market-days from all parts of the country with their vegetables and poultry. Or, when you step into some grand cathedral you may see praying in dark corners peasants with strange, high caps, such as that in the middle of the page. This woman was at prayer in the Cathedral of Coutance, little dreaming that our artist was taking her coiffure. Then, on the Cornice road, you will see hats like that at the top of the picture worn by all the brown, dark-eyed girls. The four or five queerest of all (except the one that looks like an inverted flower-basket, which is seen in Maçon) are to be met in Brittany in those little towns near the sea. There the fashions never change, and the same high, starched cap may be worn by many generations.

Do you see the two German women on the right hand side of our page? These country women have on their holiday clothes, and are from the depths of the Black Forest. How different they look from the smiling Spanish lady at the bottom of the page! She needs no hat. The graceful black mantilla fastened to her comb, and the red rose coquettishly placed in her black hair, are quite enough for her.

St. Helena, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will send you some violets from my garden. This is a new home, and much pleasanter than my old home in Massachusetts, but I miss my little friends very much. We have many pretty flowers in our garden; the wild flowers here are beginning to bloom, too. I wish all the ministers preached as interesting sermons as Jack-in-the-Pulpit does.—Your loving valentine,

BESSIE M. RUTHERFORD.

Chelsea, London, Great Britain.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Will you allow a little English girl, eleven years of age, to try for one of your prizes offered in the February magazine? Papa takes the magazine in for Amy and me,

and baby is very fond of looking at the pictures. Papa says it is the best book for little girls in the world. Amy is nine years old, and goes with me to Whitelands College School, where there are over 200 scholars, all girls. Papa goes to the city every day. In summer he goes by steamer down the Thames, and in winter he goes by the Underground Railway. He comes home very late at night now, because he goes to the House of Commons and writes down the speeches of members of Parliament. But papa writes books as well, and he gives us children a copy of every book of his published. The last was called "Dick Whittington;" it was such a thick book, with plenty of pictures! We live not far from the great Thomas Carlyle, and I often see him. One day I was wheeling baby in the perambulator, and Amy was with me, and we met Carlyle. He stopped us, patted baby on her cheeks, and said, "Well, Tommy, how are you?" So we call her "Tommy" now, although she is a little girl, named Lena. Mr. Carlyle looks such an old man! he stoops as he walks, and his hair is nearly white.—I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your loving child,

LILY VERNON MARSH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to put a question through you to the Bird-defenders. It is this. Would you see the army of Bird-defenders thinned in numbers and yet stand by without raising a finger to help it? P.—T.—, acted basely and treacherously in this matter, and I think ST. NICHOLAS did quite right in not giving him an answer. Long live the Bird-defenders, and down with those who oppose them!—Yours truly,

J. B. THOMPSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a copy (written with my "typewriter") of some "Home Rules," which I saw in a western paper. I am trying to follow these rules myself, and I have not violated one of them as yet. I intend to keep them as long as I can, and I think that if the readers of ST. NICHOLAS were to do the same, everybody would regard them as very well-behaved children.—Yours respectfully,

CHARLES A. R. (aged 12).

HOME RULES.

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to them.



3. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
4. Tell of your *own* faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
5. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
6. Be prompt at every meal hour.
7. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
8. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait your turn to speak.
9. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
10. Let your *first, last, and best* confidant be your mother.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your description of the Fighting Fleet you had your deck above the guns; how can you reach the guns to fire them off?

A. W.

It is not necessary to reach the guns on the ship, as they are merely little sticks, and cannot be fired. Each stick represents two cannon, when passed through the vessel from port-hole to port-hole, and it would not do to have them *above* the deck, where they would be seen. The firing is done by the guns described in the first part of the article.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a Latin sentence for the boys and girls to translate: "SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS." As you can see, it spells backward and forward the same; and, besides, the first letters of each word spell the first word, the second letters the second, and so on.—Yours respectfully,

FANNIE B. JOHNSTON.

Eastford, Ct.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tell the Little Schoolma'am I wish she was my truly schoolma'am. We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much. I was seven years old the 8th of last January. My name is Lizzie Kingsley Jones. I go to school in the warm weather. I can print some, but my mamma has to write for me. I can spell all the words in that funny "Short Tale," and mamma has written it from my printing, and I send it to you. I live in a white house, on a hill, and we have a great, big elm-tree in our yard. I have one brother and two sisters. My papa is a minister, and he reads the ST. NICHOLAS, too. I can't think of anything more to say—so, good by.

LIZZIE K. JONES.

A PRACTICAL reader thus rebukes Dr. Eggleston's fancy touches in the Hoosier Fairy story in our January number:

Portland, Maine.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: In reading in your January number "Bobby and the Key-hole," by Edward Eggleston, I should like to correct a slight mistake. I find the common names given by him (according to Samuels) belong to different birds. Samuels' "Birds of New England" gives, p. 405, *Botaurus lentiginosus*, the bittern—*stake-driver*. He also gives, on page 406, *Eulorides virescens*, the green heron—*fly-up-the-creek*. I have in my collection mounted specimens of each. The green heron measures 1.11 by 1.32 inches; the bittern measures 1.51 by 2.10 inches.

R. R. LONGFELLOW.

Wilkesbarre.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your book, and I like "Eight Cousins" ever so much. "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid; I don't like Tom a bit, but I like all the rest.—Your affectionate reader,

DAISY HILLARD.

We are sure that all our readers, young or old, will welcome with delight our new serial, translated by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and its fascinating illustrations by Mr. Hopkins. The latter, indeed, are such gems in their way, and show so clearly to what wonderful expressiveness the art of silhouette drawing may be brought, that a word or two about the history and meaning of the term will probably interest all.

The word *silhouette* is really a proper name. Etienne de Silhouette was the French Minister of Finance in 1759. He managed affairs with the strictest economy, and, as the people followed his example, all the fashions became plain and simple. All adornments and trimmings that could possibly be spared were given up, and to dress cheaply was the approved "style." As the system of economy progressed, it soon included portraits, drawn in outline, and filled up with India ink, instead of being painted in detail. And as fashions must have names, these new ones were called *à la Silhouette*, in honor of the economic minister. But the term has narrowed, as the

fashions have changed, since that time, and is not now applied to anything but the little black pictures with which we are familiar, and of which Mr. Hopkins has given us excellent and beautiful specimens.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an "old boy," but, for all that, very fond of you and of little folks; and, as I have often interested myself in their questions addressed to you, I want now to ask those same little folks to help me.

The other day a friend came to me and asked where he could find the line—"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

I told him, in Shakespeare, but he said he could n't find it there; so then I looked myself, and finally consulted Clark's Concordance, resulting in my being convinced that Shakespeare never wrote the sentence. Then I referred to Allibone's Dictionary, and to Familiar Quotations, and to ever so many other books, and I can't find what I want! Everybody that I ask about it says at once, "Shakespeare," and passes on, with contempt for my ignorance; but it is n't there, nor in Pope, nor Byron, nor—nor—anywhere, I begin to think; and yet I hear it used as a quotation so often, that it seems as if there must be authority for it somewhere.

There is my trouble; and if some of your bright little friends will help me out, I shall thank them very much.

H. E. H.

A. L. R.'s drawings are very good indeed for a girl of twelve, but the young artist must practice for some time yet before she can draw well enough to have her pictures engraved. But if she *studies* and *practices*, she will be surprised to see how she will improve, as she grows older.

Agency City, Wapello Co., Iowa.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will not "Jack" or somebody answer the following queries?

1. How was the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic to Venice performed by the Pope?
  2. Was the same ring used on each occasion?
  3. Did the Pope furnish the ring?
- "Fast Friends," "The Young Surveyor," and "The Story of Seven" have been read in my school to eager listeners.—Respectfully yours,

G. G. SAMPSON

London, Eng., 27 Ovington Square, Brompton, S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enclose you "a short tale" corrected, and hope that you will find that it is really correct. It has been an amusement to me this dreadfully foggy afternoon. It is what the English people call "beastly." We tried to go out this morning, but found we could hardly see our hands before our faces, and the smoke nearly strangled us. You could not see people until they were close upon you, and every passer by had on a respirator, or was holding a handkerchief to his mouth. Men had to get out of their cabs and wagons and lead their horses, shouting all the time to let each other know where they were. This evening the house is full of the smoke and fog. I assure you that I shall be glad to get back to the blue skies of my native land.—I remain, yours truly,

PHILIP RICHARDSON.

OUR readers will excuse the absence of the "Young Contributors' Department" this month when they learn that it was omitted to make room for Mrs. Diaz's lively parlor-play, "May-Day Indoors."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a hen once with a brood of young chickens; and one day a hawk got hold of one of the chickens, and the hen got on his back before he could fly away, and pecked him so hard that he had to let the chicken go.

ARTHUR S. HODGES.

Fort Ripley, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just straightened up my misspelled story. Mamma excused me from my other lessons to give me time to write it. She says it has been an excellent spelling and writing lesson for me. You have come to our house every month since you were born, and we like you better as you grow older.

My papa is an officer in the regular army, and so we live in a fort, and seldom see any citizens. I do not think that many of your readers would like it, as there is no school to attend. It is very cold here in the winter, but in the summer the woods and prairies abound in beautiful flowers and the lakes, which are numerous, are filled with fish. Papa keeps a hunting dog of whom I am very fond; his name is Dash; he is just splendid to point prairie chickens, which are very nice to eat.

When we go out to any place from the fort, we ride after four mules in a big, clumsy, canvas-covered wagon.

I will write no more at present, but perhaps will tell you more about the soldiers another time if you would like to hear it.

MARY A. MANLEY.



New Orleans.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you or sent you any answers to your pleasant riddles, although I have found out a good many of them; so I thought I would send you answers to some of those in the February number. I think our ST. NICHOLAS is splendid, and I am not the only one who thinks so. I read all the stories, and I like Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and Miss Alcott's stories best of all. Long life and success to dear old ST. NICHOLAS.—Your loving reader,  
ORA L. DOWTY.

Bloomfield, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much I can scarcely wait till it comes. I have a parrot my uncle brought me from South America. She talks Portuguese.—I am seven years old.  
MARY EICHELBERGER.

30 W. 58th Street, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and thank you for the pleasant entertainment you afford me every month. I think it would interest some of the girls and boys if I told them about the jewel-box of Catharine de Medicis, which is now in the Hotel de Cluny in Paris, and interested me a great deal. It is a large, square, steel box, about the size of a common trunk; the sides are beautifully carved, but the carving on the lid is the most wonderful, representing a bed of roses, each leaf and petal being distinct. In the middle of this bed, under a tiny rose leaf, is a hidden spring; when this leaf is pressed it slowly moves aside, disclosing a lock which has to be opened with two curiously carved keys. All the old plates which Pallissy made, with curious figures on them, are to be seen in this same Hotel de Cluny; also the golden rose which the Pope presented to Catharine de Medicis (when a French King was crowned the Pope almost always sent a golden rose), and a great many other interesting things.  
KATHARINE D. SCHAUS.

Jolon, Monterey Co.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl fourteen years old; I weigh only seventy-one pounds, so you can see by that I am very small for one of my age. I live one mile from the Post-office. My papa has a ranch of eight hundred acres; he has a thousand head of sheep. I like very much to go in the evening with mamma and watch the little lambs play. I do not go to school; it is three miles to the school-house. I do not like to live in the country; I like best to live in the city. I have two brothers, but no sister.—From your friend,  
LIZZIE WAGNER.

Sandwich, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few evenings ago, at the tea-table, my papa told me that he would continue to take ST. NICHOLAS for me only on one condition, and that is that I should write a letter which the editor of ST. NICHOLAS will think good enough to print in the "Letter-Box." The idea of losing ST. NICHOLAS almost took my breath away, and quite took my appetite, although I was so hungry a minute before. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS from the very first. The first piece I ever spoke at a Sabbath-school concert was selected from ST. NICHOLAS, called "A Cloud Picture."

My papa says he will do anything in his power that will improve my mind, he is so anxious to have me educated. I have "Rhymes and Jingles," by the dear editor of ST. NICHOLAS. I am studying Latin, and hope soon to be able to translate the interesting Latin stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

Now I anxiously await your decision whether I shall keep ST. NICHOLAS or not.  
WILLIE REYNOLDS.

Sacramento, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a late number I find a communication from E. S. and A. M. F., asking how to keep cats away from birds. I have a canary. One day my pet cat was found trying to get on the table where the bird was. My mother caught the cat before it could get away, and rubbed its nose against the bars of the cage. Since then it has kept away from the cages. It will even run if you take the cage and go toward it. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since it began and think it is splendid. I take it of a book-store.  
—Yours truly,  
WILLIE L. BROOKS.

Waupun, Wisconsin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Maggie and I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much. We have just received our March number. We live in a different place from most little girls. My father is the Warden of the Wisconsin State Prison, which is in the town of Waupun, 68 miles from Milwaukee, the largest city in Wisconsin. We have our private rooms, which are very pleasant. I would like to describe the prison better, but I cannot. There is one thing which is very pleasant for the prisoners. Papa has two or three times had concerts, or something of that kind, for them. The people of Waupun have given them two or three concerts. So the prisoners have organized a concert club for singing. There are some very fine singers here; two or three play the violin very nicely, and one plays the flute, and two the organ. They sing some very pretty songs. One of their solos is "Homeless and Motherless." It is an old song, but it is sung so sweetly; and a great many of their other

songs are very nice. There is one man here who is a splendid singer; his voice seems loud enough to fill two or three halls of that size, but it does not sound harsh. He can sing Negro songs nicely, and then sings beautifully when he sings a sad song. Isn't that queer for prisoners? They have a chapel for the prisoners, and a chaplain officiates every Sunday, and that is where they practice. Some other time I will try and describe the prison as well as a girl of twelve can.

Please publish this in the Letter-Box, and tell me whether girls can be Bird-defenders.  
LAURA G. SMITH.

Yes, indeed, girls can be Bird-defenders. There are many hundreds of them in our ranks already.

Fishkill-on-Hudson.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are two things I would like to tell you about. One is beef-tea. I read your recipe in the March number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and, as my mamma makes beef-tea in a different way, I thought, perhaps, the girls would like to have her recipe too. We have a very dear friend staying with us, who has been very sick, and has needed a great deal of beef-tea, and this is the way we make it for her: We cut the meat in small pieces, put it in an earthen bowl, cover with water, and let it stand two hours and a half. Then set it on the stove, and let it boil gently until the meat looks like rags. Then remove it, and let it cool; when cool, strain through a fine strainer. Salt to taste. We warm it as the patient needs it. A very pleasant change can be made by putting in a little celery or parsley, while the tea is boiling. My mamma says it is very important to use an earthen vessel. Our friend, who has tasted beef-tea made in both ways, says she prefers ours, as she does not tire of it so quickly.—Yours truly,  
M. G. YOUNG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A dear friend of ours has two birds, and I think they are the prettiest canaries I ever saw. One of them (Dot by name) is a cross between a goldfinch and a canary, and he sings beautifully; besides which, he is the cleanest little fellow imaginable. He loves his bath, and splashes the water about at a great rate, much to the disgust of little Goldie, who is a pure yellow canary, and whose cage stands just below Dot's. It is about Goldie I wish especially to ask your help.

We cannot make him take a bath. Once, in a long while, he will stand on the edge of his tub, shut his eyes, dip his bill into the water, and make a tremendous fluttering; but not a drop of water gets on him, except on the tip end of his beak. The consequence is, that his feet are all clogged and look horribly, and his nails are so long that he often tumbles off his perch, and gets his feet caught in the wires of his cage; and, too, his feathers, instead of looking smooth and bright, like Dot's, are rough-looking. We consulted a book on canaries, which said we must "catch the bird and hold him in tepid water;" but, when we tried to catch him, the poor little fellow nearly died of fright, and it was pitiful to see his terror and to hear him cry; and Dot was so afraid we were going to hurt his little companion, that he got terribly excited too.

Now, will you please ask if any of the Bird-defenders, or other readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, can tell us what to do for our little pet? We have not the heart to terrify him again by trying to catch him, and we don't like to see him looking so queer. He is a sweet singer, but we are afraid he is getting some disease.

We would be very much obliged for any suggestions on the subject, and, also, to our dear ST. NICHOLAS, for obtaining them for us.  
—Your sincere admirer, and devoted reader,  
MARY G. YOUNG.

Amboy, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since you have been published, and I think I love you better than almost anything else. And my father and mother are just as interested in you as I am.

I heard mother say to a lady that she "could utilize every word in the magazine." I looked in the dictionary to see what utilize meant; and I guess she can, for she always says "the reading matter is first-class; not only instructive to young folks, but to old folks too; and the illustrations are also very fine." I was thirteen years old last Monday. I like J. T. Trowbridge's stories best, but I am particularly interested in "The Young Emigrants," as I live in Lee County, Illinois, and only three miles from Lee Center. My mother said "there was no sugar grove near there," but I went to one of the old settlers and found out that there was. I have tried to correct the "Short Tail," and send it with this letter, and hope to be one of the lucky ones. Our family are all Bird-defenders, also cat and dog defenders. My mother picks up and cares for all the stray cats in the neighborhood, so our house is quite an asylum for cats. If this is worth printing, I hope you will put it in "The Letter-Box."—Ever your admirer,  
V. CARTER.

The promised account of "A Frog and his Neighbors" was unavoidably crowded out of this number, but will appear next month.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of an American general, and the finals that of an English general, of the Revolutionary war. 1. A low, dwarf tree. 2. A cap, or other head-covering. 3. A domestic animal. 4. A lake in the Eastern States. 5. An Oriental city. 6. A beautiful flower. 7. A flag or banner. 8. A kind of gun. ISOLA.

## LOGOGRAPH.

WHOLE, I am an animal. Change my head, and I am what we often step on in entering a house. Change again, I am what boys often use. Change once more, and I am the past tense of a verb. Change again to a nickname. Change again to an article of apparel. Change again to a plump condition. And, finally, change my head and make a light, quick blow. NINBLE DICK.

## EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word, beheaded.)

Oh, what pretty little —  
Every one about three —  
Long;  
Every one rich music —  
With a throat full of sweet —  
Song.

J. P. B.

## NOVEL PUZZLE.

EACH sentence refers to a word of two syllables. Find the first word, drop the first syllable and add one to the second, to form the second word. Then drop the first syllable of the word thus made, and add another, to form the third word, and so keep on until you have all the required words.

1. To enrage. 2. A kingdom of Europe. 3. A place of sale. 4. A volcanic mountain. 5. Relating to ships. 6. A vale. 7. A city of the Netherlands. 8. Relating to the teeth. 9. A claw. 10. An assault. 11. A kind of seat. CYRIL DEANE.

## PICTURE-PUZZLE.

(Good advice.)



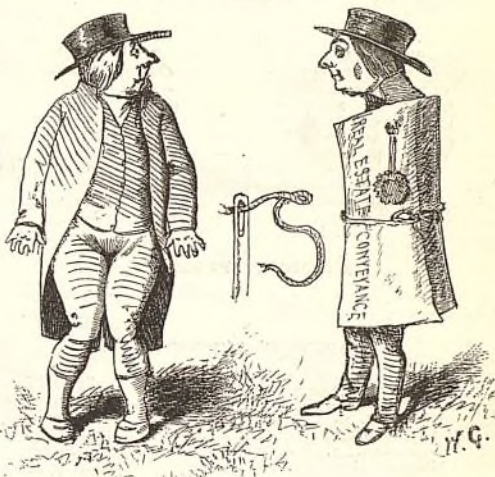
## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A boy put the 10, 11, 12, 13 of the fruit 14, 6 his 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 7, so he would not 8, 5, 15 it against a stone, as he wanted to show it to that wise little fellow, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. D.

## DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a mocker, and leave a money-chest; again, and leave to present. 2. Behead an act of making ready, and leave atonement. 3. Behead a word meaning to weary or vex, and leave a mineral. 4. Behead a boy's name, and leave part of the body. C. D.

## ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



## SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a bird, and leave a domestic animal. 2. Syncopate an article of food, and leave an article of furniture. 3. Syncopate a vehicle, and leave a domestic animal. 4. Syncopate a coin, and leave a stamp. 5. Syncopate distress, and leave a household utensil. 6. Syncopate a water-craft, and leave a small animal. 7. Syncopate a burden, and leave a boy. 8. Syncopate an article of food, and leave an ornament. 9. Syncopate a machine for measuring time, and leave a fowl. 10. Syncopate an article of clothing, and leave a dwelling. ISOLA.

## DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In time, not in day;  
2. In earn, not in pay;  
3. In leg, not in arm;  
4. In kill, not in harm;  
5. In Ada, not in Sue;  
6. In Nancy, not in Lou;  
7. In Druid, not in Jew.  
These, two countries bring to view.

C. D.

## CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. It was real armor I saw. 2. It is so long to wait for a letter. 3. Otto led Oliver through the woods. 4. Did you crave Nora's pardon? 5. I hope rash feelings will not occur. 6. Meet me in the lane at nine o'clock. 7. Come, gather the fruit at once. 8. This apple is from a rare tree. 9. I miss Jane very much. 10. It is a poor oar, I imagine. Concealed in the above sentences are words having the following significations: 1. To frighten. 2. A song by one person. 3. A place famous for sword-blades. 4. A bird. 5. Musical dramas. 6. Clean. 7. The last. 8. To injure. 9. A girl's name. 10. A loud noise. These words, written down in order, will form a double acrostic, the initials of which name a person who "looks aloft." The finals form an appropriate anagram of the same. CYRIL DEANE.

## CHARADE.

My first may be filled with good cheer or great woe;  
My second's pressed oft by "light, fantastic toe;"  
My whole is a favorite haunt of the mouse,  
And a very convenient place in a house.

L. W. H.



## REBUS.



## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A country. 4. A useful article. 5. A consonant. C. G. B.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS and finals form the names of two of Scotland's most famous men. 1. A periodical issued by Dr. Johnson. 2. The name of several German kings. 3. A strait in Asia. 4. One of England's noted advocates. 5. A famous Dutch admiral. 6. One of the early governors of Connecticut. 7. A hollow iron ball. 8. The man who purchased Maine for Massachusetts. 9. A French cardinal. 10. Initial letters of one of the United States. 11. A humorous American poet. L. W. H.

## CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

The central words of the two puzzles, read together, make one word.

First diamond: 1. In bread and butter. 2. Wicked. 3. A kind of staff or truncheon. 4. An animal. 5. In morning and evening.

Second diamond: 1. In fairies and spirits. 2. Always on foot. 3. A word meaning red. 4. An edible. 5. In pies and cakes.

Connected: A town in Louisiana

CYRIL DEANE.

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SINGING bird. 2. A tropical plant. 3. A beautiful flower. 4. Part of a ship. ISOLA.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER

## DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A— L —E  
S— P O T —S  
P—L O V E R—S  
S— T E A —L  
A— R —T

## CHARADE.—Fire-fly.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

H  
B O Y  
H O M E R  
Y E S  
R

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Clover, lover, over. Glowing, lowing, owing. Spinning, pinning, inning. Flashes, lashes, ashes. Women, omen, men. Smother, mother, other.

## EASY SQUARE-WORD.—

T E A  
E A R  
A R E

## REBUS.—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—1. Note. 2. Crotchet. 3. Staff. 4. Sharp. 5. Turn. 6. Bar. 7. Measure. 8. Chord (cord). 9. Brace. 10. Hold. 11. Flat. 12. Time. 13. Sharp. 14. Scale. 15. Run. 16. Natural.

17. Tie. 18. Slur. 19. Bass (base). 20. Bar. 21. Hold. 22. Shake. 23. Rest. 24. Close. 25. Signature.

## CHARADE.—Pen.

## CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

B —ca— M  
E —ll— A  
H —ill— S  
E —lec— T  
M —ari— O  
O —d— D  
T —omat— O  
H —ele— N

PICTURE PUZZLE.—If in excellency you excel,  
And any envy you,  
Be easy, and essay to be  
Benign and honest, too.  
Oh, essay to extenuate,  
Oh, essay to excuse,  
Oh, pause before you deviate,  
Oh, naught save kindness use!

## SQUARE-WORD.—

R O B I N  
O P E R A  
B E G E M  
I R E N E  
N A M E S

EASY ENIGMA.—Miser—able. Miserable.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to MARCH 18, from Silas H. Elliott, Eugene Lockwood, Lillie M. Heath, Charlie James, W. H. P., Edgar G. Miller, Jr., John Has-dine, William Henry Rowe, Ray Marsh, Louie E. Hill, Brainerd P. Emery, "Cadiz," R. H. Downman, Jr., Daisy Hillard, Howard S. Williams, Francis H. Williams, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Marion Abbot, Maudie Paddon, Henry L. Bailey, Sargent P. Maslin, "Golden Eagle," Violet Graham, Prentiss Maslin, Willie Dibblee, Arthur Hodges, Agnes Hodges, Cora Hodges, Harry Dike, Mary S. Henry, "Tom Collins," Mary C. Goodwin, L. D. Schaeffer, Emma Elliott, John Hinkley, Henry O. Fetter, Florence Dow, C. W. Hornor, Jr., "Roderick," Edward Roome, G. Brady, Robert S. Parsons, "Lulie," John C. Robertson, Eleanor N. Hughes.