



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1876.

No. 8.

THE LITTLE MAID OF DOMREMY.

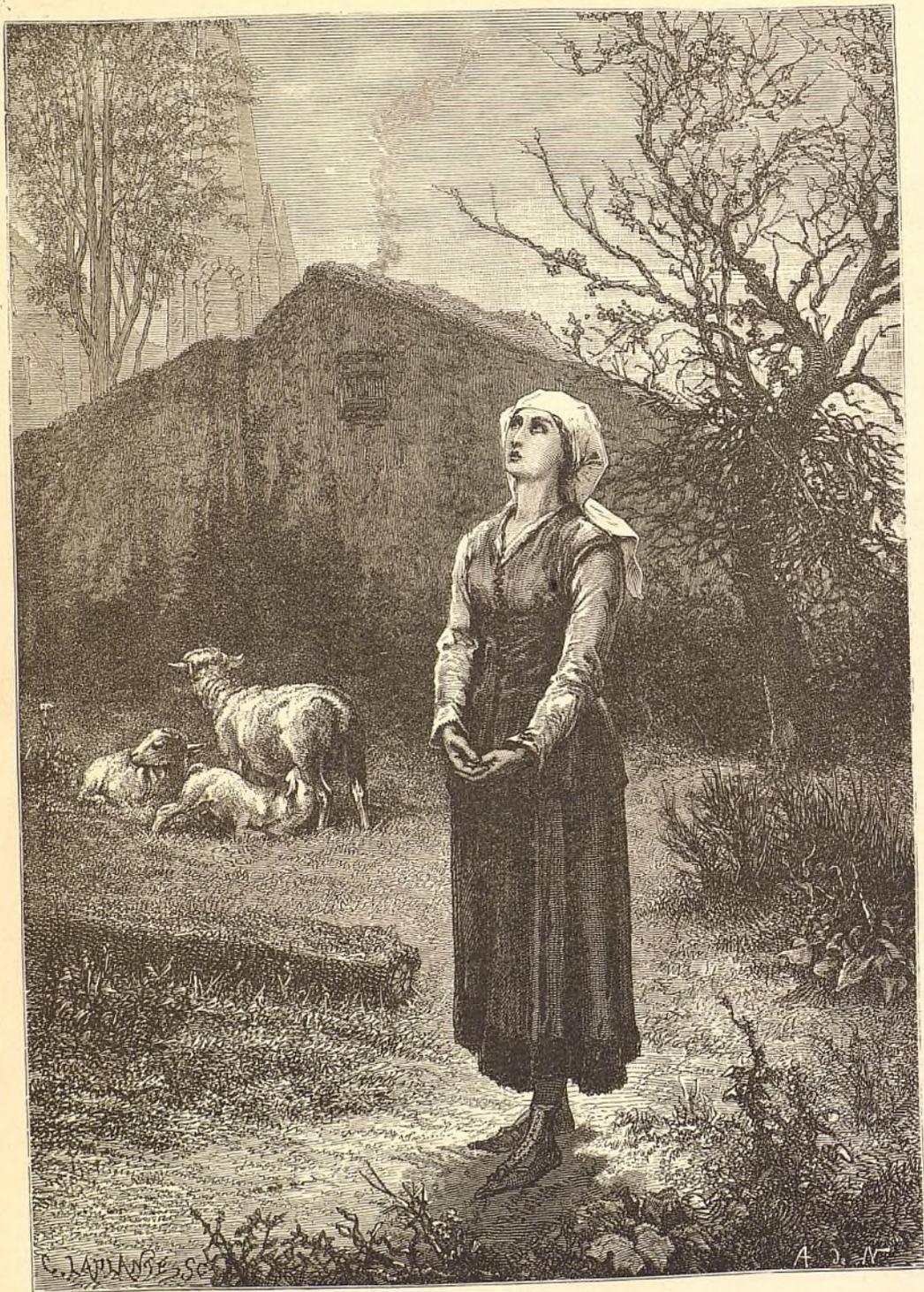
BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT is more than four hundred and fifty years, since, in the village of Domremy on the river Meuse, was born a little girl to whom they gave the name of *Jeanne* (in English, Joan or Jane). It is probable that her father, a poor and respectable peasant, was named Darc. Later, when the little girl had grown famous, people altered the name and called her Jeanne d'Arc (of Arc), which is as though one of you should be called Kate of Rochester, or Lucy of Minneapolis. France was not then the rich and powerful country which it has since become. For a long time it had been governed or misgoverned by a king who was insane, and first one party and then another, getting tired of his rule, had thrown it off, so that the nation was in a state of civil war. We know, from our own experience, what a sad and bad thing civil war is. Then, besides civil war, France had to contend also with an outside enemy, for the English, who were always fighting with France in those days, had sent a large army across the Channel, and captured many important French towns. Mrs. Oliphant told you something of these times in her "Windsor" paper of last month. Some of the people thought they would like to be ruled by the English, and offered the crown to the English king, Henry V., who accepted it gladly, and had, first himself, and then his little son, crowned kings of France. The rest of the nation were angry at this, and refused to acknowledge any king but their own. Great quarreling and bloodshed followed and went on for years; the people were heavily taxed, the fields remained untilled, there was famine and scarcity of all sorts, and the poor suffered greatly.

It was in the midst of these unhappy times that Jeanne was born, and grew to be, first a hardy lit-

tle girl, and then a vigorous maiden, with a noble, beautiful face, though its expression was thoughtful and sad. She had a rough, hard life, working in the fields and caring for the farm animals; and when feeding the oxen or tending the sheep in the dim twilight, she had plenty of time to think of the miseries amid which she lived. The peasants in that part of the country used to repeat an old prophecy that France, in her time of deepest distress, would be saved by a maiden. Nobody knew who made the prophecy, but every one believed it, for those were superstitious days, and people put great faith in legends and old sayings. There were no books and newspapers, as there are now, to make persons wide-awake and intelligent. Jeanne believed with the rest. And when she felt sad and hopeless at the sufferings she saw and the worse sufferings she heard about, she thought a great deal about this prophecy, and wondered when the wonderful maiden would come to aid them. "For surely," thought she, "France can never be worse off than she is now, with the wicked English having their own way everywhere, and our poor king shut up like a prisoner in his own land."

She dwelt so much upon these things that at last it seemed to her that a voice spoke, whether from within or without she could not be sure, and said that *she* was the maiden appointed to save the land from its troubles. Just then the crazy king died, and his son, Charles VII., a young man of twenty, succeeded to the throne. It was a miserable inheritance truly, for few acknowledged his authority, and he was too poor to pay for soldiers, who in those days were always to be had for pay. He and the little army which he contrived to get together, fought two or three times with the Eng-



THE MAID OF DOMREMY.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

lish and were beaten, and at last the only important city left him, the city of Orleans, was closely besieged by the enemy. For months it held out, but little by little the foe gained, till it became evident that before long Orleans would be forced to yield, and with it would go the last hope of the royal family of France.

Jeanne Darc was eighteen years old at this time, and the "voices" which had been speaking to her for five years were growing each day louder and calling her to do something, she knew not what, to save the country. At last she became so certain of her divine mission that she could keep silent no longer, and she persuaded her uncle to take her to Baudricourt, one of the king's officers, who was governor of the town of Vaucouleurs. To him she explained about the voices, and begged him to send her to the king, promising that if he would do so she would raise the siege of Orleans, and that the king, in less than three months, should be crowned in the city of Rheims, which was at that time fast held by the English. The governor did not believe in her a bit at first, but matters had got so desperate that he was willing to try anything, so at last he sent Jeanne to Chinon, where the king was residing.

It must have been a singular sight, Jeanne in her simple peasant's garb in the midst of the gay court. But she was too much in earnest to think about herself or be frightened. The king stood among the other gentlemen, dressed exactly like them, but Jeanne went straight up and knelt before him without a moment's hesitation, which surprised everybody very much.

So eloquent was she, so full of enthusiasm and confidence in her own powers, that the king and his counselors believed in her at once. They gave her a suit of armor and a horse, which she knew very well how to manage, for she had often ridden the horses to water in Domremy. When they fetched the sword which belonged to her armor, she rejected it, and begged them to send to the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, where, buried in the ground, would be found a consecrated sword which it was meant she should carry. They did so, and, sure enough, the sword was discovered just as she had said, which made people believe in her more than ever. Thus equipped, with a white banner in her hand, she took command of ten thousand troops headed by the brave Dunois, and marched straight to Orleans. The news of this wonderful event spread everywhere. The English, who were as superstitious as the French, took fright. Whole regiments deserted "for fear of the Mayde," for there is nothing like superstition to make cowards even of brave men. Jeanne's own soldiers, fired by her noble courage, fought as

if inspired. In less than a week the siege of Orleans was raised, and the enemy in full retreat. Other battles followed, in all of which Jeanne was victorious. Rheims was given up without a blow, and there, in three months from the time of Jeanne's first appearance at the court, Charles was solemnly crowned king,—the "Maid of Orleans," as she was now called, standing beside him in full armor, with her white banner in her hand! She had kept her promise, and the work was done.

When the coronation was over, she knelt down before the throne and prayed the king to let her go back again to Domremy and tend her sheep. The "voices" which had led her so far, promised nothing beyond this day. She desired to return to her simple life, and be plain Jeanne Darc again, as she was before these great things came to pass.

But the king would not consent. He and the army had learned to look upon "the Mayde" as an inspired being, and they insisted that she could not be spared till all the English were driven across the sea. So Jeanne staid, though unwillingly. I wish they had let her go back to peaceful Domremy; then I should not have to tell of the sad and painful ending of her story.

For nothing went well with her or with the army that she led, from that day. She had ceased to believe in herself, and that is a fatal thing. More than once they were beaten, and at last, at the siege of Paris, Jeanne was wounded, dragged from her horse, and taken prisoner by a Frenchman, who, to his shame, afterward sold her for a sum of money to her mortal foes, the English. By the laws of military honor, she should have been regarded as a prisoner of war. But the English, who were all the more cruel because they had once been afraid of her, preferred to consider her as a sorceress, and called a court together to try her as such. The French king was too selfish and cowardly to interfere, and without a friend to help or advise her, deserted by the monarch she had served and the nation she had saved, poor Jeanne was left to her fate.

Poor, simple girl, puzzled and terrified, she could neither understand nor answer the charges they brought against her. When she told with simple truthfulness the story of the voices which had spoken to her in the fields, and bidden her go forth to find the king, they scoffed at her, and said that nobody but the devil would have anything to say to a sorceress. Weary, confused, and heart-sick, she even doubted herself at last, and when they brought a paper which stated that she had lied in claiming a mission from Heaven, and had purposely deceived people, she signed it, hoping that they would spare her life and let her go free. Her persecutors were sorry that she signed,

for what they wanted was an excuse to kill her. They were afraid to let her live, lest she should escape from them, and the French army rally round her again. It is never difficult to make an excuse when the strong desire to oppress the weak. They put a suit of armor in her room, and took away all her other clothes, and when the poor girl, not knowing what else to do, put on the armor, they declared that this was a sign that she took back her confession, and accordingly condemned her to be burned alive as a witch. It was a cruel and cowardly thing, but cruelty is always cowardice.

So in the market-place of Rouen, surrounded by a great crowd of priests and soldiers, Jeanne Darc was burned at the stake on the last day of May, 1431. The Seine carried her ashes down to the sea. She was patient and courageous to the last; and though her face was covered with tears, her constancy never wavered. She kept her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and, when the flames rose up about her, was heard to murmur, "God be blessed!"

So ended the wonderful life of the sweet maid of Domremy. The market-place in Rouen where she suffered is still called the "Place de la Pucelle," or "The Place of the Maiden," and on the

spot where the stake was erected stands a bronze statue of Jeanne in armor, holding her consecrated banner. The shame of her death lies heavily on all who took part in it; on the Frenchman who gave her up, the English who slew her, and the weak young king who did nothing to aid or avenge her, and who allowed ten years to go by before he reversed the verdict by which she was condemned, and proclaimed her the heroine and martyr which she undoubtedly was.

Better things than these, however, can be said about our Jeanne. Heroism and martyrdom are great, but to live purely and worthily is greater still. The character of the maid of Domremy was spotless. She was distinguished for her innocence and modesty; her hand never shed blood, and the gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect in all who came near her, and even restrained the violence of her rough soldiers. She did what we must call unwomanly things, but she did them at the call of duty, and in a truly womanly spirit, full of purity, self-sacrifice, and patience. So we, who live so many hundreds of years after, can afford to love as well as admire her, which we could not have done had she merely dreamed dreams and won battles.

IF a pretty fairy should come to me,
And ask: "What thing would you like to be?"
I'd say: "On the whole,
I will be a mole."
Oh, that would be just the thing for me!
I'd go straight down, and not care a fig
What squirming things in the ground I'd meet;
For if I were a mole, I'd dig and dig
Till my nose should tickle the Chinamen's feet!



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIÈRE.)

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

CHAPTER IV.

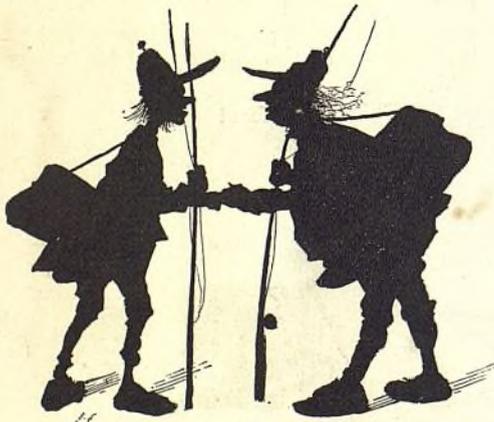
IN WHICH THE CAT DISPLAYS INTELLIGENCE BEYOND HIS STATION IN LIFE, AND BEHAVES HANDSOMELY IN ADVERSITY.



HE lost sight of Moumouth at the moment when, precipitated from the parapet of the bridge of Notre Dame, he found himself struggling in the water.

Luckily for him, the piles of the principal arch had a wide ledge, to which he was able to attach himself. From this place he cast a glance around him. The Seine appeared to him a boundless ocean, which it was beyond his strength to cross; rather than attempt to reach the shores that seemed to recede before him, he prepared to stay where he was, at the risk of perishing with hunger or cold, or being swept away by a wave. He mewed at first in sign of distress, but very soon, believing himself hopelessly lost, he judged it useless to tire his lungs, and awaited the end with a resignation which formed the basis of his character.

Toward five o'clock in the morning, two gentlemen from the island of Saint-Louis,—two very skillful amateur fishermen,—came to throw their lines from the top of the bridge of Notre Dame.



"AGREED!" SAID M. GUINOLET.

"You are early, neighbor Guignolet," said the person who arrived last; "it appears that we have both had the same idea."

"And we have done well, neighbor Groquemouche; there was a rise in the river last night, great numbers of fish have descended from the upper Seine, and one will have to be dreadfully awkward not to take them."

"Will you enter into an agreement, neighbor Guignolet? Let us fish in partnership, divide the catch, and dine together to-day."

"Agreed!" said M. Guignolet, and as each held his line in his right hand, they clasped their left hands together in token of the treaty.

On seeing the two cords descend, Moumouth conceived some hope. As soon as they were within his reach he grappled them, and the fishermen, feeling the unusual weight, cried out with one voice, "A bite! a bite!" and hastened to haul in their lines.

"I bet I have caught a wattle," said M. Guignolet, regretting that he could not rub his hands together to testify his satisfaction.

"I must have an immense carp," replied M. Groquemouche. He had scarcely finished the sentence when Moumouth leaped over the parapet.

"Treason!" cried the two fishers, who started in pursuit of the quadruped that had come so miraculously out of the water; but Moumouth ran faster than they did and easily escaped them.

When he was alone, he took breath, examined the houses, and, not finding one that resembled his, naturally concluded that it was not there. It was necessary, however, to find shelter; shivering with cold and panting with his exertions, he could not remain a moment longer in the street without exposing himself to an inflammation of the chest. Guided by a light, he made his way into the basement of a baker's shop, and, hiding himself behind a pile of bread-baskets, went quietly to sleep.

He was awakened by hunger.



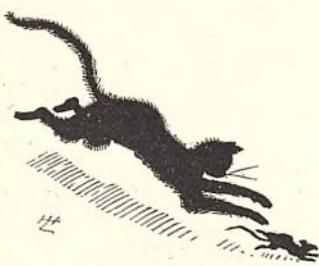
MOUMOUTH GRAPPLES THE LINES.



THE FISHERMEN PURSUE THE CAT.

Moumouth was born of poor parents, who had abandoned him in his earliest infancy; he had been brought up in the streets, obliged to procure his own living, and trained in the school of adversity. Thus he was very skillful in the art of catching rats and mice,—a useful art, too often neglected by cats belonging to the first families.

He placed himself on the watch, and surprised a mouse that had stolen out of its hole to eat some flour. He dropped upon the imprudent mouse, in describing what is called in geometry a parabola, and seized it by the nose, to prevent it from crying out. This feat, although performed with address and in silence, attracted the attention of the baker's boy. "Hi! a cat!" cried the apprentice, arming himself with a scoop.



THE IMPRUDENT MOUSE.

The master-baker turned his eyes toward Mou-



"DON'T HURT HIM," SAID THE BAKER."

mouth, saw him devouring the mouse, and said to the boy:

"Don't hurt him; he is doing us a service."

"But where did he come from?"

"What does that matter, provided he is useful here?" answered the baker, who was a man of intelligence. "Eat, eat, my friend," he continued,

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I wanted a good cat; Heaven sent me one, and I shall not forgive myself if I let him escape. Hulloo! Jacques, shut up all the openings, and if this rogue makes a show of running off, give him three or four smart blows with the broom."

Thus the host of Moumouth became his tyrant; so true is it that personal interest depraves the best natures. Our cat, as if comprehending what was passing, leaped without hesitation upon the shoulders of the baker's boy, and thence into the street.



MOUMOUTH JUMPS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

There a new danger awaited him. Surprised by this unexpected apparition, an enormous bulldog planted himself directly in front of Moumouth. Moumouth had a lively desire to avoid an unequal contest; but the dog kept an eye on him, and did not lose one of his movements,



HE MEETS A BULL-DOG.

going to the right when Moumouth went to the left, and to the left when Moumouth moved to the



ALL THE STREET-DOGS PURSUE MOUMOUTH.

right, and growled all the while in a malicious fashion. For an instant they stood motionless, observing each other,—the dog with paws extended, teeth displayed, and body drawn back, and the cat with open mouth, his back arched and his head thrust forward.

Neither seemed disposed to begin hostilities. Finally the dog rushed upon his adversary, who avoided him adroitly, passed underneath him, and fled in the direction of the quay, the bull-dog giving chase. Away they went, darting among the crowd of pedestrians and in and out between the carriages. In a natural spirit of imitation, the wandering dogs that encountered them running

and scrambles to the top of the wall. He is soon beyond the reach of the dogs, but he is not yet in safety; if he makes a false step, if his strength gives out, if the plaster crumbles under his claws, twenty yawning mouths, hungry for slaughter, are there to tear him to pieces!

In the meanwhile, Mother Michel had passed the night in lamentation. She could not control her grief for the loss of Moumouth; she called him continually in a plaintive voice, and—if we may credit the popular song—the neighbors heard her cry at the window: "Who will bring him back to me?"



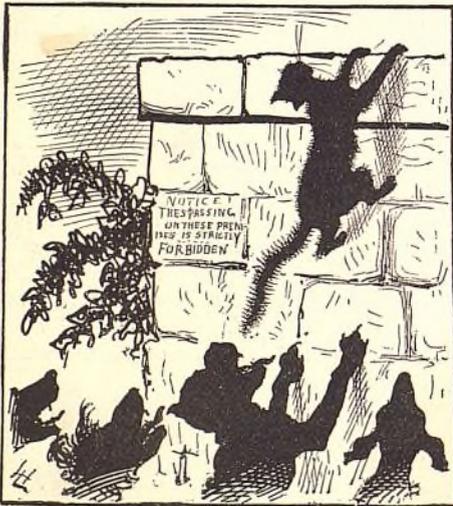
MOTHER MICHEL LAMENTS.

The next morning, at the rising of the smiling sun, the perfidious Lustucru presented himself before Mother Michel in order to say to her:

"Well, my dear companion, have you found him?"

"Alas, no!" she murmured. "Have you any news of him?"

"Nothing positive," replied the steward, who wished to torment the poor woman; "but I dreamed of him all night long; he appeared to me

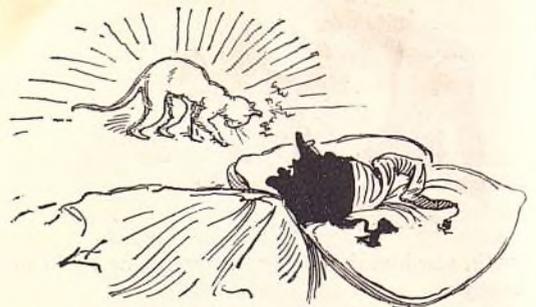


HE CLIMBS A WALL.

joined in the race, and at the end of a minute Moumouth had more than thirty-seven dogs in pursuit of him.

"I am lost," he says to himself, "but at least I shall sell my life dearly."

He backs against a wall, and braces himself haughtily on his feet; his teeth gnashing, his hair bristling, he faces his numerous enemies with so terrible an eye that they recoil like a single man. Profiting by their hesitation, he turns suddenly



FATHER LUSTUCRU DREAMS.

in a dream, with his face pale and an exhausted air, like a cat who did not feel very well."

"In what place was he?"

"He seemed to be in a garden, at the foot of a lilac-bush."

Mother Michel instantly ran to the garden, where, as you may imagine, she did not find Moumouth.

During the whole day Lustucru amused himself by giving her false exultations, which were followed by increased despondency.

"Mother Michel," said he, "just now, in passing the store-room, I thought I heard a kind of meowing."

Mother Michel hastened to visit the store-room.

Presently he came to her out of breath, and said:

"We have him at last! I am nearly certain that he is rummaging in the cellar."

And Mother Michel ventured into the gloomy vaults of the cellar, where she encountered nothing but rats.

It was near the close of the day that Lustucru pronounced these words, which a popular song has happily preserved for us:

"Oh, Mother Michel,
Your cat is not lost;
He is up in the garret
A-hunting the rats,
With his little straw gun
And his saber of wood!"

The words were full of a bitter raillery, which Father Lustucru was unable to disguise. To pretend that Moumouth was hunting rats with his little straw gun and his wooden sword, was to suppose



SHE SEARCHES THE ATTIC.

something quite unlikely, for nobody ever saw a cat make use of such arms. But the agonies of Mother Michel had so confused her mind, that she noticed only what could give her a gleam of hope.

"He is in the garret!" she cried, without paying attention to the rest of the verse. "Let us hasten there, my dear sir; let us search for him. Give me your arm, for I am so nervous, so troubled, so harassed by fatigue, that I have not the strength to get up alone."

The two mounted to the garret, and Mother

Michel, lantern in hand, searched in the attic and under the roof. Silence and solitude reigned everywhere.

"You are again mistaken," murmured Mother Michel.

"No, no," replied the malicious man; "let us continue to hunt, we shall finish by finding. We have n't looked there—behind those fagots."

The credulous Mother Michel advanced in the direction indicated, and—to the great stupefaction of Lustucru—the cat, which he believed drowned, appeared in full health and strength, and fixed its gaze upon him indignantly.

"It is he! it is he!" cried Mother Michel, seizing Moumouth in her arms. "Ah, my dear



"IT IS HE! IT IS HE!" CRIED MOTHER MICHEL."

Lustucru! my good and true friend, how I thank you for conducting me here!"

The steward had scarcely any taste for compliments which he so little merited. Pale-faced and cold, he hung his head before his victim, whose preservation he could not explain to himself. It was, however, a very simple thing: Moumouth, pursued by the dogs, succeeded in leaping from the wall, and, passing from gutter to gutter, from garden to garden, from roof to roof, had reached his domicile; but, dreading the resentment of his enemy, he had not dared to appear, and had hidden himself in the garret.

"Am I the dupe of a nightmare?" said Father Lustucru to himself. "Is it really that rascal of a Moumouth that I have there under my eyes, in flesh and bone? Is n't it his ghost that has come back to torment me? This cat, then, is the evil one in person!"

The cat was not the evil one—Providence had protected him.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE CAT CONTENTS SUCCESSFULLY AGAINST HIS ENEMY.

THE events we have recorded indicate very clearly the position of our personages. Fearing to lose both the well-beloved cat and the advantages

she was ambitious to obtain, Mother Michel redoubled her vigilance and attention.

Moumouth, knowing henceforth with whom he had to deal, promised himself to avoid the steward, or to fight him, if need be, with tooth and nail.



LUSTUCRU MEDITATES.

As to Father Lustucru, it was enough that his projects had been defeated, in order that he should persist in them with desperation. He now wished the destruction of the poor and innocent cat, not only on account of his jealousy of Mother Michel, but because he hated the cat itself.

"Oh, what humiliation!" he said to himself, with bitterness. "I ought to hide myself, retire to a desert, and bury me in the bowels of the earth! What! I, Jérôme Lustucru, a grown man, a man of knowledge and experience, a man—I dare say it—charming in society, I am vanquished, scoffed at, taken for a dupe, by a cat of the gutter! . . . I leave him at the bottom of a river, and find him at the top of a house! I wish to separate him from



THE GREEN PACKAGE.

his guardian, and I am the means of bringing them together! I lead Mother Michel to the garret to torture her, and there I witness her transports of

joy! The cat I believed dead re-appears to defy me! . . . He shall not defy me long!"

And Father Lustucru remained absorbed in deep meditation.

Moumouth had not yet dined that day, and he made it plain by expressive miau-ing that he would very willingly place something under his teeth. Presently, Mother Michel said to him—for she spoke to him as if he were an intelligent being:

"Have patience, sir; we are going to attend to you."

She descended to the parlor, which she habitually occupied since the departure of Madam de la Grenouillère, and the cat, who accompanied Mother Michel, was clearly displeased at seeing her take the road to the chamber of Lustucru. Nevertheless, he went in with her, persuaded that in the presence of that faithful friend, the steward would not dare to undertake anything against him.

At the moment she knocked at the door, Father Lustucru was taking from the shelf a green package which bore this label: *Death to Rats*.

"This is the thing," he said to himself, thrusting the paper into his vest. "*Death to Rats* should also be *Death to Cats*."

Our dear Moumouth shall make the trial. . . . What can one do to serve you, my good Mother Michel?"

"It is five o'clock, M. Lustucru, and you forget my cat."

"I forget him!" cried the steward, clasping his hands as if very much hurt by the suspicion; "I was just thinking of him. . . . I am going to prepare for him such a delicious hash that he will never want another!"

"Thanks, Monsieur Lustucru; I shall inform madam, the Countess, of your care for her favorite. I have received a letter from her this very day; she sends me word that she shall return shortly, that she hopes to find Moumouth in good condition, and that she has in reserve for me a very handsome reward. You comprehend my joy, Monsieur Lustucru! My sister is left a widow with four children, to whom I hand over my little savings each year. Until now this assistance has not been much; but, thanks to the gifts of madam, the Countess, the poor children will be able to go to school and learn a trade."

In pronouncing these words, the eyes of Mother Michel were moist and bright with the most sweet joy,—that which one experiences in performing or meditating good actions. The steward, however, was not affected. He had so given himself up to



"COME, LET US GO!"

his evil passions that they completely mastered him, and had by degrees stifled all generous sentiments in his soul, as the tares which one lets grow choke the good grain.

One would have said that Moumouth understood this man. The cat approached Mother Michel, who had seated herself to chat awhile, and looking at her with supplicating eyes, pulled at the skirt of her robe, as if to say to her:

"Come, let us go!"

"Take care!" said the good creature; "you will tear my dress."

Moumouth began again.

"What is it? Do you want to get out of here?" asked Mother Michel.

Moumouth made several affirmative capers in the air.

"Decidedly," she added, "this cat is not contented anywhere but in the parlor."



MOUMOUTH IS PLEASED TO SEE THE HASH.

She rose and withdrew, preceded by Moumouth, who bounded with joy.

A quarter of an hour afterward the steward had prepared a most appetizing hash, composed of the breast of chicken, the best quality of bread, and other ingredients justly esteemed by dainty eaters. After adding a large dose of the "death to rats," he set the hash down in an adjoining room, and opening the parlor door, cried:

"Monsieur is served!!"

On beholding this delicate dish, Moumouth thrilled with pleasure, for, to tell the truth, he was rather greedy. He stretched his nose over the plate, and then suddenly retreated, arching his back. A sickening and infectious odor had mounted to his nostrils. He made a tour round the plate, took another sniff, and again retreated. This animal, full of sagacity, had scented the poison.

"Well, that is very extraordinary," said Mother Michel; and, having vainly offered the food to her cat, she went to find Lustucru, to inform him what had occurred.

The traitor listened with inward rage.

"What!" said he, "he has refused to eat it? It is probably because he is not hungry."

"So I suppose, Monsieur Lustucru; for your hash looks very nice. I should like it myself, and I've half a mind to taste it, to set Moumouth an example."

At this, Father Lustucru, in spite of his hardness, could not help trembling. For a minute he was horrified at his crime, and cried hastily:

"Don't touch it, I beg of you!"

"Why not? Is there anything wrong in the hash?"

"No, certainly not," stammered Father Lustucru; "but what has been prepared for a cat should not serve for a Christian. It is necessary to guard propriety, and not trifle with the dignity of human nature."

Mother Michel accepted this reasoning, and said, a little snappishly:

"Very well; Moumouth may suit himself! I do not wish to yield to all his fancies, and I shall not give him anything else."

The following day the hash was still uneaten.

The steward had hoped that the cat, pressed by hunger, would have thrown himself upon the poisoned food; but Moumouth knew how to suffer. He put up with abstinence, lived on scraps and crumbs of bread, and recoiled with terror



HE SNIFFS WITH DISGUST.



"DON'T TOUCH IT, I BEG OF YOU."

every time that his guardian offered him the fatal plate, which finally remained forgotten in a corner of the closet in the antechamber.

Father Lustucru, seeing that his plot had not

succeeded, was more irritable than ever. The desire to rid himself of Moumouth became a fixed idea with him, a passion, a monomania; he dreamed of it day and night. Each letter in which Madam de la Grenouillère demanded news of the cat and repeated her promise of recompense to Mother Michel, each sign of interest given by the Countess to her two favorites, increased the blind fury of their enemy. He thought of the most infernal plans to demolish Moumouth without risk to himself, but none of them seemed sufficiently safe and expeditious. Finally he decided on this one:

On a heavy pedestal, in the chamber of Mother Michel, was a marble bust of Louis XIV., represented with a Roman helmet and a peruke interlaced with laurel-leaves. Behind this bust was a round window, which looked upon the staircase; and just in front of the pedestal was the downy cushion that served as a bed for Moumouth, who would certainly have been crushed if the bust had taken it into its head to topple over.

One night Lustucru stole noiselessly into the chamber of Mother Michel, opened the round window, which he was careful to leave ajar, and retired silently. At midnight, when everybody was asleep in the house, he took one of those long brooms, commonly called a wolf-head, placed himself on the staircase opposite the small window, rested his back firmly against the banister, and, with the aid of the wolf-head, pushed over the bust, which tumbled with a loud crash on the cushion beneath.

The wicked man had expected this result of his movement; it was for him the signal of his triumph and the death of Moumouth. However, when he heard the bust roll heavily on the floor, he was seized by a panic, and, with trembling

steps, regained his chamber. Mother Michel awoke with a start; she was in complete darkness, and unable to procure a light, for German chemical

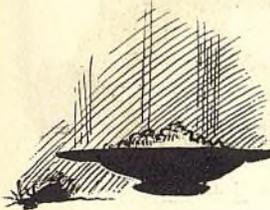
matches were not yet invented. Surprise and fright had taken away her faculties for an instant, then she cried, "Stop thief!" with all the strength of her lungs. Very soon the whole house was roused, and all the servants came running in to learn what was the matter.

Lustucru appeared last, with a cotton night-cap on his head, and, for the rest, very simply clad.

"What has happened?" he demanded.

"I see now," answered Mother Michel; "it is the bust of Louis XIV. that has fallen down."

"Bah!" said Father Lustucru, playing astonish-



THE FATAL PLATE REMAINS FORGOTTEN.



DOWNFALL OF LOUIS XIV

ment. "But, in that case, your cat must have received it on his head."

As he said these words, Moumouth came out from under the bed and threw himself before Mother Michel, as if to implore her aid and protection. Lustucru stood amazed.

Everybody knows how light is the slumber of cats. Moumouth, who had the habit of sleeping with only one eye, had risen quickly on hearing a rustling behind the round window. Like nearly all animals, he was curious, and sought to understand anything that astonished him; so he camped himself in the middle of the chamber, the better to observe with what intention the wolf-head advanced at that unseasonable hour by so unusual a route. Startled by the fall of the bust, he had fled for refuge to the bottom of the alcove.

They gave Mother Michel, to revive her, a glass of sugar and water, flavored with orange-flower; they picked up the great king, who had smashed his nose and



LOUIS XIV.



LUSTUCRU APPEARS.

chin, and lost half of his beautiful peruke; then everybody went to bed once more.

"Saved again!" said Father Lustucru to himself. "He always escapes me! I shall not be able, then, to send him to his fathers before the return of the Countess! Mother Michel will get



MOUMOUTH COMES FORTH.

her pension of fifteen hundred livres, and I shall remain a nobody, the same as before. That rascally cat distrusts me; everything I undertake alone against him fails. . . . Decidedly, I must get somebody to help me!"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW FATHER LUSTUCRU CONFIDES HIS ODIOS PLANS TO NICHOLAS FARIBOLE.



FATHER LUSTUCRU searched then for an accomplice. He at first thought of finding one among the domestics of the household; but he reflected that they all were devoted to Mother Michel, and were capable of betraying him, and causing him to be shamefully

turned out of the mansion, in which he held so honorable and lucrative a post. However, he had great desire for an accomplice. In what class, of what age and sex, and on what terms should he select one?

Occupied with these thoughts, Lustucru went out one morning at about half-past six, to take a walk on the quay. As he had crossed the threshold, he noticed on the other side of the street a large woman, dry and angular, clothed in cheap, flashy colors. This woman had sunken eyes, a copper-colored complexion, the nose of a bird of prey, and a face as wrinkled as an old apple. She was talking with a boy of thirteen or fourteen, covered with rags, but possessing a sharp, intelligent countenance.



MOTHER MICHEL IS REVIVED.

Father Lustucru thought he recognized the old woman, but without recalling where he had seen her. If he had been less occupied he would have searched longer into his memory; but the idea of making away with the cat absorbed him entirely, and he continued his route with a thoughtful air, his head bent forward, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if the accomplice he wanted might possibly spring up out of the earth.

Thus he wandered for some time; the breeze of the morning failed to cool his blood, heated with evil passions. Neither the spectacle of the pure skies, nor the songs of the birds, who enjoyed



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE BOY.

themselves on the border of the river, awoke in him those calm and sweet emotions with which they inspire honest people.

At the moment when he returned, the old woman was no longer to be seen; but the boy remained



LUSTUCRU IS ABSORBED.

in the same place, seated upon a stone post, with his nose in the air, regarding the mansion of Madam de la Grenouillère very attentively. Lustucru approached him and addressed him in these terms:

"What are you doing there, youngster?"

"I? Nothing. I am looking at that mansion."

"I believe that without difficulty; but why do you look at it?"

"Because I find it handsome, and would like to

live in it; one ought to be happy there."

"Yes, indeed," answered the steward, with emphasis; "they pass the days there happily enough. Who is that woman with whom you were speaking awhile since?"

"It was Madam Bradamor."

"Madam Bradamor, the famous fortune-teller, who lives below, at the other end of the street?"

"The same."

"You know her?"

"A little; I sometimes do errands for her."

"Ah, ah! . . . And what did the old wizard say to you?"

"She said that if I could enter that house as a domestic, I should have a very agreeable existence."

"Madam de la Grenouillère is absent, my little friend; and, besides, her house is full."



THE BOY ON THE STONE POST.

"That is a pity," said the boy, drawing a deep sigh.

Father Lustucru made several steps as if to re-enter, rested his hand upon the knocker of the door, then turned abruptly and walked up to the boy.

"What is your name?"

"Nicholas Langlumé, the same as my father's; but I am more generally known under the nickname of Faribole."

"What do you do?"

"Nothing; my father works on the quay, and

I,—I live from day to day, gaining my bread as I can. I run errands, I sell May-bugs and black-

birds and sparrows, I pick up nails in the gutters and sell them, I open the doors of carriages, I fish for logs in the Seine, I sing verses in the streets, I light lamps, and sometimes I play in the pantomimes at the theater of Nicolet. These trades, sir, are not worth much; and I have all I can do to get something to eat every day."

"You interest me," replied Father Lustucru, "and I've a wish to help you on in the world. Tell me, Faribole, have you a taste for cooking?"

"Rather! I love the tid-bits, but my means do not allow me——"

"I did not ask you if you were fond of eating, stupid! I asked you if you had the taste, the inclination to do cooking."

"I don't know; I never tried."

"Well, then, Faribole, I will give you lessons. Come, follow me; I will clothe you and take care of you at my own expense, in awaiting the arrival of Madam de la Grenouillère. She is a good lady,



THE STEWARD ENGAGES FARIBOLE.

and will doubtless retain you; but if she does not, your education will be commenced, and you'll be able to place yourself elsewhere."

"You are, then, in the service of the Countess?"

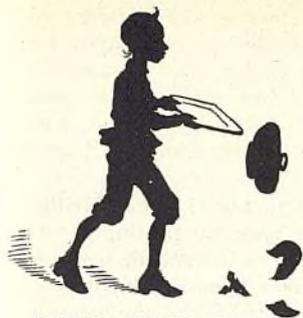
"I am her steward," said Father Lustucru, with dignity.

The eyes of Faribole sparkled with pleasure; he bowed respectfully before the steward, and said with warmth:

"Ah, how much I owe to you!"

Faribole was installed that same day, and cordially received by the other servants of the household. He was a good-natured boy, serviceable and quick, and, although a little awkward in his new clothes and at his new duties, he showed plenty of willingness.

"Faribole," said the steward to his protégé, several days afterward, "it is well to let you know the ways of the house. There is an individual



A LITTLE AWKWARD AT FIRST.

records you his affections, you will also have that of Madam de la Grenouillère and her companion, Mother Michel."

here, all-powerful, who reigns as sovereign master, whose will is obeyed, whose whims are anticipated,—and that individual is a cat. If you wish to make your way in the world, it is necessary to seek to please Moumouth; if the cat Moumouth ac-

"The cat shall be my friend, and I will be the friend of the cat," responded the young fellow, confidently.

In effect, he showered on Moumouth so many kindnesses and caresses and attentions, that the cat, although naturally suspicious, conceived a lively attachment for Faribole, followed him with pleasure, teased him, and invited him to frolics. Mother Michel was nearly jealous of the small boy; Father Lustucru, who had ideas of his own, laughed in his sleeve, and rubbed his hands together.



THE CAT AND THE BOY BECOME FRIENDS.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST CUCUMBER.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

LOOK, little Tom! Come, Nellie, look!
Here's something to be seen—
Down underneath these yellow flowers,
Green hiding in the green.

I am so glad to have them back!
The cucumbers have come!
See, here's a funny baby one,
No bigger than my thumb!

And here is one that's fully grown!
Come, let me have your knife;
I'll take it off; you never saw
One finer in your life.

But yesterday, for me to pluck
It was too hard and small;
'To-morrow, it will be so old
'T will not be good at all.

But if we gather it to-day,
We get it in its prime.
The way to have good cucumbers
Is, "Cut them off in time."

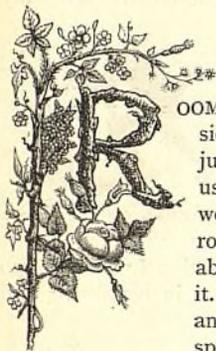
Oh, if this little cucumber
Could speak to you and me,
And give to us some good advice,
I know what it would be:

"Be sure you never hurry when
'T is wiser to delay,
Nor put off till to-morrow what
You ought to do to-day."

For better things than cucumbers
As quickly pass their prime,
And nothing in the world succeeds
Like taking them in time.

THE EXPRESSION OF ROOMS.

By H. H.



ROOMS have just as much expression as faces. They produce just as strong an impression on us at first sight. The instant we cross the threshold of a room, we know certain things about the person who lives in it. The walls and the floor, and the tables and chairs, all speak out at once, and betray some of their owner's secrets. They tell us whether she is neat or unneat, orderly or disorderly, and, more than all, whether she is of a cheerful, sunny temperament, and loves beauty in all things, or is dull and heavy, and does not know pretty things from ugly ones. And just as these traits in a person act on us, making us happy and cheerful, or gloomy and sad, so does the room act upon us. We may not know, perhaps, what it is that is raising or depressing our spirits; we may not suspect that we could be influenced by such a thing; but it is true, nevertheless.

I have been in many rooms in which it was next to impossible to talk with any animation or pleasure, or to have any sort of good time. They were dark and dismal; they were full of ugly furniture, badly arranged; the walls and the floors were covered with hideous colors; no two things seemed to belong together, or to have any relation to each other; so that the whole effect on the eye was almost as torturing as the effect on the ear would be of hearing a band of musicians playing on bad instruments, and all playing different tunes.

I have also been in many rooms where you could not help having a good time, even if there were nothing especial going on in the way of conversation or amusement, just because the room was so bright and cosy. It did you good simply to sit still there. You almost thought you would like to go sometimes when the owner was away, and you need not talk with anybody but the room itself.

In very many instances the dismal rooms were the rooms on which a great deal of money had been spent, and the cosy rooms belonged to people who were by no means rich. Therefore, since rooms can be made cosy and cheerful with very little money, I think it is right to say that it is every woman's duty to make her rooms cosy and cheerful. I do not forget that, in speaking to

the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I am speaking to girls who are for the most part living in their parents' houses, and who have not, therefore, the full control of their own rooms. But it is precisely during these years of life that the habits and tastes are formed; and the girl who allows her own room in her father's house to be untidy and unadorned, will inevitably, if she ever has a house of her own, let that be untidy and unadorned too.

There is not a reader of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I am sure, who does not have in the course of the year pocket-money enough to do a great deal toward making her room beautiful. There is not one whose parents do not spend for her, on Christmas and New Year's and her birthday, a sum of money, more or less, which they would gladly give to her, if she preferred it, to be spent in adorning her room.

It is not at all impossible that her parents would like to give her also a small sum to be spent in ornamenting the common living-room of the house. This is really a work which daughters ought to do, and which busy, tired mothers would be very glad to have them do, if they show good taste in their arrangements. The girl who cares enough and understands enough about the expression of rooms to make her own room pretty, will not be long content while her mother's rooms are bare and uninviting, and she will come to have a new standard of values in the matter of spending money, as soon as she begins to want to buy things to make rooms pretty.

How much better to have a fine plaster cast of Apollo or Clytie, than a gilt locket, for instance! How much better to have a heliotype picture of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas, than seventy-five cents worth of candy! Six shillings will buy the heliotype, and three dollars the Clytie and Apollo both!

No! It is not a question of money; it is a question of taste; it is a question of choosing between good and beautiful things, and bad and ugly things; between things which last for years, and do you good every hour of every day, as often as you look at them, and things which are gone in an hour or a few days, and even for the few days or the hour do harm rather than good.

Therefore I think it is right to say that it is the duty of every one to have his or her rooms cheerful and cosy and, as far as possible, beautiful; the

duty of every man and woman, the duty of every boy and girl.

To give minute directions for all the things which help to make rooms cosy and cheerful and beautiful, would require at least twelve numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Volumes have been written on the subject, and I often see these volumes lying on tables in very dismal rooms. The truth is, these recipes are like many recipes for good things to eat; it takes a good cook, in the beginning, to know how to make use of the recipe. But there are some first principles of the art which can be told in a very few words.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a south-east or south-west corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright color. Don't be afraid of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or of crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest, most triumphant color everywhere.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best

and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut, or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark-brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern, either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly. If one is so unfortunate as to enter on the possession of a room with such a carpet as this, or with a wall-paper of a similar nature, the first thing to be done, if possible, is to get rid of them or cover them up. Better have a ten-cent paper of neutral tints, and indistinguishable figures on the wall, and have bare floors painted brown or gray.

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosy, cheerful, and beautiful, come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all intents and purposes as good as an engraving), of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas. But you can buy pictures much cheaper than that. A Japanese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color too. They cost anywhere from two to six cents. There are also Japanese pictures, printed on coarse paper, some two feet long and one broad, to be bought for twenty-five cents each; with a dozen of these, a dozen or two of fans, and say four good heliotypes, you can make the walls of a small room so gay that a stranger's first impression on entering it will be that it is adorned for a festival. The fans can be pinned on the walls in endlessly picturesque combinations. One of the most effective is to pin them across the corners of the room, in overlapping rows, like an old-fashioned card-rack.

And here let me say a word about corners. They are woefully neglected. Even in rooms where very much has been done in way of decoration, you

will see all the four corners left bare—forcing their ugly sharp right angle on your sight at every turn. They are as ugly as so many elbows! Make the four corners pretty, and the room is pretty, even if very little else be done. Instead of having one stiff, straight-shelved book-case hanging on the wall, have a carpenter put triangular shelves into the corners. He will make them for thirty cents apiece, and screw them on the walls. Put a dozen books on each of the lower shelves, a bunch of autumn leaves, a pretty vase, a little bust of Clytie, or a photograph on a small easel, on the upper ones, and with a line of Japanese fans coming down to meet them from the cornice, the four corners are furnished and adorned. This is merely a suggestion of one out of dozens of ways in which walls can be made pleasant to look at without much cost.

If the room has chintz curtains, these shelves will look well covered with the same chintz, with a plaited ruffle tacked on their front edge. If the room has a predominant color, say a green carpet, or a border on the walls of claret or crimson, the shelves will look well with a narrow, straight border of billiard-cloth or baize (to match the ruling color of the room) pinked on the lower edge, and tacked on. Some people put on borders of gay colors, in embroidery. It is generally unsafe to add these to a room, but sometimes they have a good effect.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosy, cheerful room, I put order. This is a dangerous thing to say, perhaps; but it is my honest conviction that sunlight, color, books and pictures come before order. Observe, however, that while it

comes fourth on the list, it is *only* fourth; it is by no means last! I am not making an exhaustive list. I do not know where I should stop if I undertook that. I am mentioning only a few of the first principles,—the essentials. And in regard to this very question of order, I am partly at a loss to know how far it is safe to permit it to lay down its law in a room. I think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order, as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side the inscription: "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."

I read once in a child's letter a paragraph somewhat like this:

"I look every day in the glass to see how my countenance is growing. My nurse has told me that every one creates his own countenance; that God gives us our faces, but we can make a good or bad countenance, by thinking good or bad thoughts, keeping in a good or bad temper."

I have often thought of this in regard to rooms. When we first take possession of a room, it has no especial expression, perhaps—at any rate, no expression peculiar to us; but day by day we create its countenance, and at the end of a few years it is sure to be a pretty good reflection of our own.

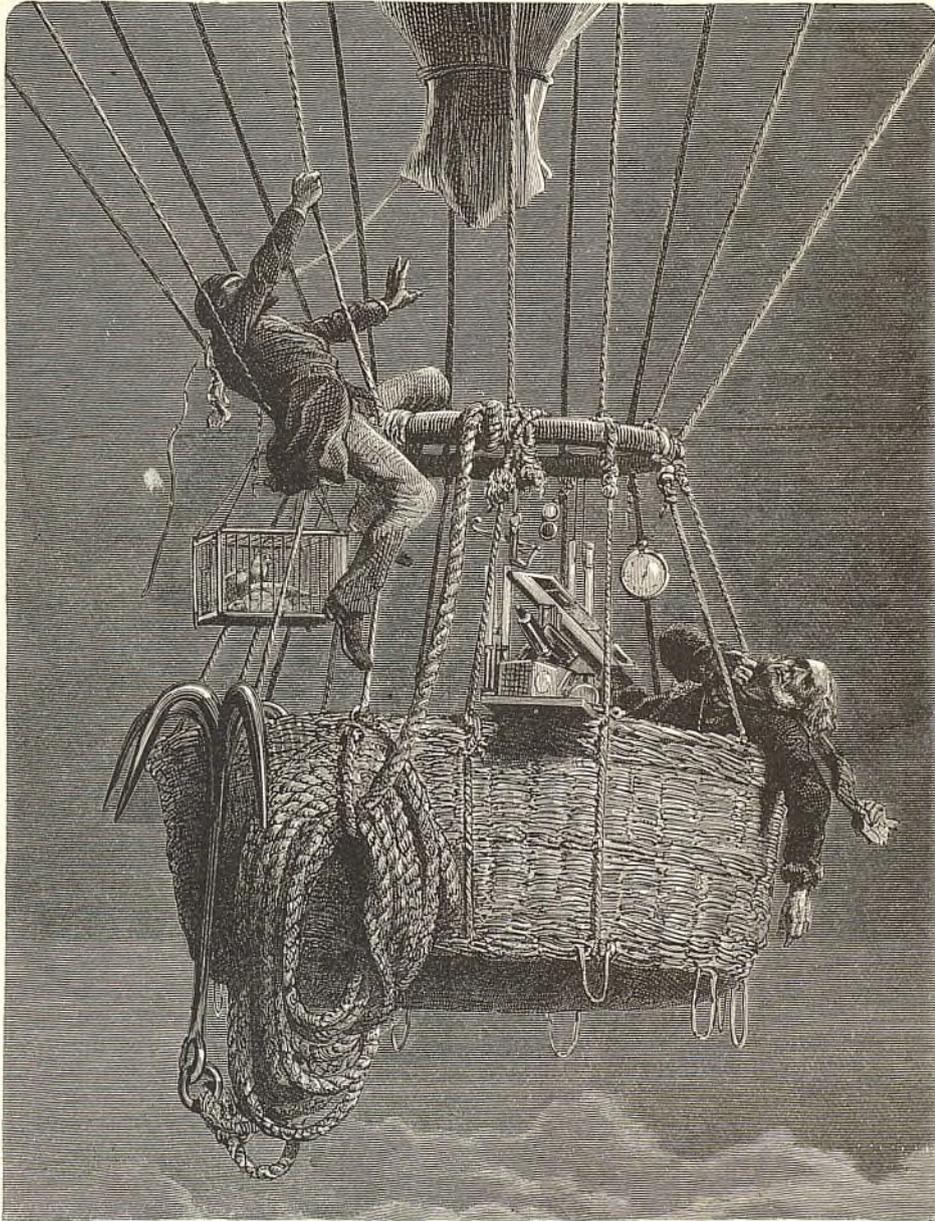
GOOD NIGHT!

WHAT do I see in Baby's eyes?
So bright! so bright!
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle in the dark—
Now shut them tight.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?
Shut tight—shut tight.
The blue is gone, the light is hid—
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good night! good night!

SEVEN MILES UP IN THE AIR.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.



TOO HIGH FOR COMFORT.

ON the fifth day of September, 1862, two English aeronauts, Glaisher and Coxwell by name, made one of the most remarkable ascents recorded in the history of ballooning. They started from Wolverhampton, England, and the elevation reached was the highest ever attained by man—nearly or quite

seven miles above the earth. Last summer, three scientific Frenchmen rose to nearly as great a height, but only one returned alive; the other two were suffocated in the thin air so far above the clouds.

Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell were more fortunate, but their escape was a narrow one. Mr. Glaisher had already lost his senses, and Mr. Coxwell the use of his hands, when the upward course of the balloon was stayed by Mr. Coxwell, who succeeded in grasping the valve-rope with his teeth, and by ducking his head was able to open the safety-valve and allow some of the gas to escape.

Mr. Glaisher has given a modest yet thrilling account of this almost fatal adventure. The balloon left the earth at three minutes past one P. M. Nothing important occurred until the party, at forty minutes past one, reached the altitude of four miles from the earth. Discharging sand, they rose to the height of five miles during the next ten minutes. Up to this time Mr. Glaisher had taken observations with comfort, though Mr. Coxwell, having more to do, found some difficulty in breathing. More sand was discharged, and the balloon shot rapidly upward. Soon Mr. Glaisher's sight failed, and he could not read the fine divisions on his instruments. All the time the balloon had been spinning round and round, and the valve-line had become so entangled that Mr. Coxwell had to climb into the ring above the car to adjust it.

At this moment (one o'clock and fifty-four minutes) Mr. Glaisher looked at the barometer and found its reading to be $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches, implying a height of over 29,000 feet. Wishing to record the observation, he found his right arm powerless. He tried to move the other arm, and found it powerless too.

"Then I tried to shake myself, and succeeded, but I seemed to have no limbs. On looking at the barometer, my head fell over my left shoulder; I struggled and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. Getting my head upright for an instant only, it fell on my right shoulder; then I fell backward, my back resting upon the side of the car and my head on its edge. In this position my eyes were directed to Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body I seemed to have full power over the muscles of the back, and considerably so over those of the neck, but none over either my arms or my legs. As in the case of the arms, so all muscular power was lost in an instant from my back and neck. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavored to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame me, but I was still conscious, with as active a brain as at the present moment whilst writing this. I thought I had been

seized with asphyxia, and believed I should experience nothing more, as death would come unless we descended speedily; other thoughts were entering my mind, when I suddenly became unconscious as on going to sleep."

Meanwhile, Mr. Coxwell was in quite as critical a condition. Hoar-frost was all around the neck of the balloon, and the ring was piercingly cold. He attempted to leave the ring, and found that his hands were frozen. He dropped to the car almost insensible, and discovered that his companion was apparently dead. He tried to go to him, but could not. He wished to open the valve, but his hands were frozen and his arms powerless. Feeling insensibility coming rapidly over him, he made a desperate effort, caught the valve-line with his teeth, and held the valve open until the balloon took a decided downward turn.

In a few minutes Mr. Glaisher began to revive, and soon became conscious that Mr. Coxwell was trying to rouse him.

"I then heard him speak more emphatically, but could not see, speak, or move. I heard him again say: 'Do try; now do.' Then the instruments became dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly I saw clearly. Next I arose from my seat and looked around as though waking from sleep, though not refreshed, and said to Mr. Coxwell, 'I have been insensible.' He said, 'You have, and I too, very nearly.' I then drew up my legs, which had been extended, and took a pencil in my hand to begin observations. Mr. Coxwell told me that he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and I poured brandy over them."

What if Mr. Coxwell had lost the use of his neck also!

It has been said that during the critical moments when Mr. Glaisher was unconscious and Mr. Coxwell nearly so, the balloon reached the fearful height of seven miles; and some of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS may wonder how two half-dead men could tell that.

As you have already been informed, the barometer, when Mr. Glaisher's last observation was made, showed that the balloon was 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half, above the earth. The observations he had been making from minute to minute showed how fast the balloon was rising when he lost his senses. His first act on recovering was to look at the chronometer and barometer before him. The one showed that he had lost several minutes, the other that the balloon was falling. In a minute or two he was able to tell how fast they were falling. From these data he was able to calculate closely how long the balloon must have continued to rise before Mr. Coxwell was able to arrest its upward course, and from

that he could estimate the probable height it had reached.

But this was not their only means of telling how high they had gone. Mr. Glaisher had before him, among the instruments partially seen in the engraving, a very sensitive spirit thermometer, so made as to leave a mark at the lowest point the spirit reached in the tube. The observations made during the ascent had told him just how rapidly the temperature fell that day as the balloon rose: you know that the air grows cold very rapidly as one ascends. Now the thermometer recorded nearly twelve degrees below zero as the coldest temperature experienced; this, at the rate of decline observed—so many degrees for each thousand feet of ascent—indicated an elevation corresponding to that obtained by calculation, that is, about 37,000 feet.

Again, when Mr. Coxwell dropped from the ring into the car, he noticed that the hand of the aneroid barometer they carried stood at 7, indicating an air pressure of only seven inches, which corresponds to a height of 37,000 feet. The agreement of these three different methods of estimating the height of the balloon is so close that there can be little doubt of their united testimony.

What has air pressure to do with the height of a balloon?

Everything. It would n't go up at all if the air did not press it upward. Besides, by measuring the pressure at any point by means of a barometer, one is able to tell how much of the atmosphere is below him,—in other words, how high he is above the earth.

That the air does press upward, as well as in every other direction, can be easily proved. This is one way. Fill a goblet to the level with water, and cover it nicely with a piece of writing-paper, rubbing the rim of the goblet well to make a snug joint. This done, turn the goblet upside down. The pressure of the air against the paper will hold the water up, and if the experiment be dexterously made, not a drop will fall out. If the goblet were thirty feet high, the water would be supported just the same; in other words, the upward pressure of the air will support a column of water thirty feet high, and a little more, *at the level of the sea*. As one rises above the sea the pressure is less, because less of the air is left above. By rising three miles and three-quarters, half the atmosphere is passed, and the air pressure is then sufficient to support only about fifteen feet of water; or, as mercury is about twelve times as heavy as water, about fifteen inches of mercury, as in a common barometer. At a height of between five and

six miles, the barometer reading is only ten inches; at twenty miles it would be less than one inch—the height of the recording column of mercury decreasing very rapidly with the elevation.

Thus the barometric readings tell the mountain climber or the aëronaut very nearly his exact height above the sea, at any moment. Combined with other observations familiar to men of science, the height can be told with great precision.

I can hear many of you asking: What made Mr. Glaisher lose his senses? And why were the unlucky Frenchmen suffocated?

Two very grave evils are encountered on ascending to great heights above the earth, both due, directly or indirectly, to the diminishing pressure of the air. Our lungs are used to working under a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and to air of corresponding density. Every time the lungs are filled in ordinary breathing, a quantity of air of this density is brought to act on the blood in them, purifying it so as to make it fit to sustain life. But when the aëronaut has risen, say to a height of four miles, the atmosphere is less than half as dense as the air he is used to breathing; its pressure upon the body and the lungs is only half as great as that which by use they are fitted to withstand; and the machinery of breathing and the circulation of the blood are more or less disturbed in consequence. At the height of five or six miles this disturbance may seriously interfere with health and comfort. Besides, the air is so very much thinner up there, that when the lungs are filled with it a much smaller quantity of air than usual is brought to bear on the blood. The blood is consequently less completely purified; its color darkens; the impurities retained in it act like poison; and in a little while, unless a descent is made into a denser atmosphere, the victim may be suffocated past recovery, as the two Frenchmen were who lost their lives in a balloon ascent last summer.

One of the pigeons taken up with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell died from this cause, and another lost its senses but recovered. There were six in the cage when they started. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, going up; it spread its wings and dropped like a piece of paper. The second was thrown out at the height of four miles; it flew vigorously, but the air was too thin to sustain it. The third, thrown out between four and five miles up, fell downward like a stone. The fourth was thrown out at four miles, coming down, and took refuge on the top of the balloon. The fifth, as already noticed, was dead; and the sixth was so stupid that it could not fly for some time after reaching the ground.



"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."

THE PEPPER-OWL.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE Pepper-owl and the Fluffy-owl, and little Patty,—that is the whole name of the story. And first, you must hear about the pepper-owl. He was made of silver, and thought a great deal of himself on that account. Patty's father brought him home one afternoon, and stood him on the dinner-table beside his plate, and waited to see if the children would notice him. The pepper-owl expected attention, and began to feel cross because the children were hungry, and were so busy with their soup that they did not look beyond their own plates until they were empty, and did not stop eating for even one glance at him. "They are so impolite to strangers, these people!" said he to himself; but for all that, he kept his yellow eyes

wide open, and his silver feathers glistened bravely. There was a tumbler near him, in which he could see himself, and that was a great pleasure.

In a few minutes one of the children saw him and shouted, for she thought he was a new plaything. "Oh, please let me take that dear little fat silver bird!" said she, and all the children looked around until they saw him too. Now, our friend the pepper-owl was proud of his figure, and he did not like to be called a little fat silver bird; but being polite as well as proud, he said nothing. Each of the children begged that he might be her own; but their father said he was not to be given away—he meant to keep him for himself. Then he showed them that the owl was not a plaything

at all; for he unscrewed his head, and holding it toward the light, they saw that the top was full of little holes, and the rest of the owl was hollow.

"He is meant to hold pepper," said papa.

"Can we take turns in having him stand beside our plates?" said Nelly.

"I think he is too pretty for pepper," said little Patty; and Kate asked if Bridget could not fill him with pepper at once, so that they might begin to use him that very day. "He will look so nice on the table!" said she; but Patty thought it would have been great fun to have kept him a day or two for a plaything.

It was some time before he was brought back to the table, for Bridget and Nora looked at him in the kitchen, and by this time the pepper-owl felt quite contented, and was sure he should like the family, they all thought he was so handsome. When he was brought back at last, Nelly had the first shake, because she was the oldest, and he sent a generous shower into her plate. Papa said, "Don't shake him so hard, my dear; you know I don't like your eating too much pepper,"—but it was not Nelly's fault, it was the owl's. "I might have known better," said he to himself; and when Kate had shaken him, and it came Patty's turn, she could hardly see a grain of pepper fall on her potato; but she was glad, for she did not like anything biting to the tongue, and only wished to shake the owl because her sisters had done so, and she liked to do as they did. One does not like to be left out of any pleasure.

After this, Nelly stood him just in front of her plate, and could hardly eat her dinner, he was so beautiful.

Now I will tell you about the fluffy-owl.

Only the week before this, all three of the children had spent an afternoon at the natural history rooms, and while the other girls had walked about with their father, little Patty had lingered a long time before a case of stuffed owls. She had never seen but one before, and that was in a shop-window when she was out walking one day with Nancy. Here there were brown owls with feather horns and brown owls without, and gray owls and white owls, large and small, from the great Arctic owl down to one little fellow hardly larger than the pepper-owl himself. He sat all by himself in the lower left-hand corner of the case, seeming very lonely and dismal, and his soft little gray feathers were almost like fur. Patty looked at him a long time by herself, and then she brought her father there to see the owl, and asked him to buy it; but papa said he could not buy any of the things in the cases, though perhaps he could find her just such a fluffy-owl in a shop some day. Patty went back four or five times to look at the little owl once more,

and wished for him with all her heart; and, to tell you the truth, the fluffy-owl knew it, and he promised to make her a visit some time; but she did not hear him. And the pepper-owl also knew when he came that Patty liked him, and said that he would call upon her that very night; but Patty did not hear that either.

Now I will tell you a little more about Patty.

Her two elder sisters, Nelly and Kate, were very apt to think that little Patty was too young to know a great deal; but, in fact, she knew much more about some things than they did, just because she was young.

That day when they were to go to the natural history rooms, they both thought she would be tired, and would not understand, and that it would be best to leave her at home with Nancy, who was taking all the care of them while their mamma was away. Kate said that Patty did not know anything about animals; but, though Patty could only read the very least little bit, she had used her ears in hearing Nancy read, and had used her eyes in seeing the pictures in books; so she had grown wiser than anybody suspected, and insisted upon going with them. Papa did not mind taking her, for she was a good little girl, and did not give him trouble; so she went, and enjoyed herself very much. She had been there some time before she saw the fluffy-owl on his perch, and, as I have told you, she liked him, and pitied him so much that she could not help going back four or five times to look at him. She felt that he liked to have her come back, and he did not look cross like the great owls in the case. She was almost sure he was alive, though papa had told her all the birds were dead. But the fluffy-owl's eyes were bright, and he seemed to look after her.

Now the story begins to be about the Pepper-owl, the Fluffy-owl, and little Patty—all together.

It was that very night after Pepper-owl had come. Patty had gone to bed, and Nancy had gone downstairs. Soon after this, our little friend heard something scratching at the window; so she sat up in bed, and looked that way. There was certainly something trying to get through the mosquito-bar, and in another minute it had torn a little hole, and was poking its head through the netting. Finally, it came flying across the room, and lit on the foot-board of the bed. It sat there, round and trig, and little Patty knew at once that it was the fluffy-owl from the natural history rooms.

"You are very kind to come so far to see me, you dear owl!" said Patty.

"I have not been out before for several weeks," said the fluffy-owl; "and I assure you this is a great pleasure, only my wings are stiff. The people who dust left the case open when they went

away to-night, so I have escaped for a time; but I must be back before morning. It is a very stupid place sometimes, though, to be sure, one may learn a great deal in such fine society from all parts of the world."

"You poor thing," said little Patty, "I have a great mind to keep you; I can shut you up in the garret of the baby-house in the day-time, and you can go where you please at night. I truly will not forget to feed you."

"But that would be stealing me, you know," said the fluffy-owl.

"I did n't think of that," said little Patty, who felt much mortified.

Now there was another scratching, and this time it was at the door which led from the hall into Patty's room. It was not a minute before the door swung open a little way, and in marched the kitten, and after her something that glistened. It was the pepper-owl. The kitten hurried across to the big chair where Nancy sat and sewed in the day-time, and after turning round and round on the cushion, she settled down and went to sleep. Patty laughed aloud,—it was such fun to see the silver owl walk along the floor. His legs were too short altogether, and so he moved slowly, and then he had to make three attempts to fly as high as the foot-board, where the other owl sat. Finally he succeeded, and perched himself beside the fluffy-owl, who turned and shook claws with him, and then they kissed each other with affection.

"How nice that you know each other!" said Patty. "I am so glad to see you both!" And here both her guests made an elegant bow, though the pepper-owl's claws slipped on the smooth, hard wood, and he nearly fell head-foremost. Some pepper shook down on the bed, and Patty and the other owl both sneezed twice; and after this the fluffy-owl held up first one foot and then the other, and winked his eyes and ruffled up his feathers, until he was more like a ball than a bird. He looked softer and fluffier than ever, and Patty asked him to fly down and let her smooth him with her hand, which he kindly did. The pepper-owl came down with a bounce, and told Patty she might smooth him too; but he could not fluff up his feathers at all, and he was sprinkled with grains of pepper, so she did n't care to have him too near.

"Dear Patty," said the fluffy-owl, "we both like you dearly, and we have come to play with you. Don't you think it would be nicer if you were about as tall as we are?"

"If you will make me grow tall again when you go away," said Patty; "for you know none of my clothes would fit me, though I could borrow from the dolls."

"That will be all right," said the owls; and each took hold of one of her hands and pulled, and in a few minutes Patty was only three or four inches tall. And she saw some of the dolls' clothes near by; so she dressed herself in them, and then she and the pepper-owl and the fluffy-owl danced around the room together. The pepper-owl was a clumsy creature, and the others laughed until they could laugh no longer at his capers, though they were much troubled because he would persist in carelessly spilling his pepper, and they sneezed and sneezed until Patty had to hunt up one of the dolls' pocket-handkerchiefs for herself, and one for the fluffy-owl.

"Now what shall we do?" asked the pepper-owl. "It shall be anything Patty chooses."

"I always thought I should like to go to the place where the white clouds live," said Patty; "and if one were just starting we could have a ride, you know."

"That is too far," said the pepper-owl. "I could n't fly there in a year."

"And are the stars too far?" said Patty.

"The stars are beyond the clouds," said the fluffy-owl; "only the great owls can fly so far as that. You must choose some nearer place."

"Suppose we go to see the dolls in the baby-house," said Patty; "you know I am just the right size, and it will be such fun!" So they all went to the baby-house door and knocked. Black Dinah, the kitchen doll, came at once, and was very glad to see them. She had on her new bright turban, which Patty had given her the day before. She said the ladies were at home, and had been wishing somebody would come in. Before they went upstairs to the parlor, Patty showed the owls her baby-house kitchen and the cellar where the provisions were kept. It seemed funny to Patty to be going up the baby-house staircase herself, and to be just the right height to take hold of the railing; and the steps were just high enough, too. The owls hopped up after her with both feet at once, and followed her into the parlor, where all the dolls sat with their very best dresses on. "That is the reason their nice clothes wear out so soon," thought Patty; "they wear them at night." But she did n't say anything, for they looked so pretty; and it would not have been polite to have scolded them before the owls.

The owls perched themselves on two little ottomans which Patty had made out of small blocks of wood, with blue paper pasted on; they said they preferred them to chairs. The dolls evidently thought the pepper-owl very handsome; and, indeed, he did shine gallantly, and his eyes seemed to grow larger and larger. The fluffy-owl puffed up his feathers several times and settled them again,

and the dolls thought it was very funny, and did not hesitate to say that they were the most interesting visitors who had ever been in the baby-house.

Patty thought now that it would be best for her to go upstairs to see two of the dolls who had been taken very ill with scarlet fever the day before, and asked her favorite doll Bessie to go with her. It was so nice to walk upstairs arm-in-arm with Bessie, and they stopped and kissed each

went in, the other dolls had pulled a table to the middle of the floor, and all sat round; the owls, however, being still perched on the ottomans, which they thought very comfortable. The dolls had been trying to learn them to play dominoes, as they had had a present of a new box just the right size, and hardly larger than Patty's thumb before she had grown small. But the owls were dreadfully stupid, and could not be made to learn; so one of the dolls proposed that they should all



PATTY HAS A DANCE WITH THE PEPPER-OWL AND THE FLUFFY-OWL.

other half-way, and gave each other such a hug! Bessie said she wished Patty need never grow large again, and that they could always live together; and our friend herself thought it would be pleasant. She had never known what a nice place the baby-house was. The sick dollies seemed to be much better; in fact, when Patty pulled off the bits of red silk she had tied over their faces to show what the matter was, they looked as well as ever. She had had to stay in bed a long time when she had the scarlet fever, so she had to say no to the dolls when they wished to be dressed and to go down to see the owls. Bessie and Patty had a long talk before they went back to the parlor, sitting by themselves on the stairs; and when they

sit round the fire and tell stories. There was a beautiful fire in the little grate, made of bits of real coal, and a great deal of red tinsel which had come off a card of pearl buttons; and though this was in summer, the dolls always kept the fire burning, and did not feel too warm.

The dolls passed round some candy which Patty had left in the baby-house closet the day before; but the pieces were hard, and altogether too large. Patty said to herself that she must always have something for the dolls to give their friends who came to see them at night; they must have felt badly to have no refreshments for them. But Patty never had known before that they were not sound asleep all night like herself.

The pepper-owl was now requested to tell a story. So he said he only knew one, and he should like to tell it very much. It was about seven kittens; and, first, they should hear an interesting story about each little kitten separately, and then there was a nice long story about all the family together.

"Don't you know a shorter story?" asked the other owl, "as we cannot stay much longer—at least I cannot."

Strange to say, the pepper-owl was very angry, and would not tell any story at all; and all the dolls tried to persuade him to change his mind, and even asked him to tell about the seven kittens; but he looked cross, and was certainly disobliging, though one of the dolls, whose name was Adeline, made up this little poem, hoping it would please him, which it luckily did:

"Tell me about the kittens, love!
I long to hear you speak.
Oh, tell me everything you know!
Unclose that silver beak.

"Oh, do not look so sad, my dear!
And cease that dismal scowl:
Smile gently with your yellow eyes,
My useful pepper-owl!"

After this, I have no doubt that he would have told the story; but the fluffy-owl said it was time for him to go home. Patty and her doll Bessie were very sorry to say good-bye, though they could see each other in the morning. They had been sitting on the baby-house sofa, holding each other's hand, and had grown much fonder of each other than ever they had been before.

All the dolls urged their visitors to stay longer;

and as they could not do that, they promised to come again very soon.

Before the owls could go away, they had to pull Patty up again, and make her tall; but this did not seem much trouble. First, they stood on a book which had fallen on the floor, and pulled from that; next, they mounted a cricket, and next a chair, and afterward the bed. They made her a little taller than she had been in the first place, and several people said, during the next week: "How fast Patty grows!"

The fluffy-owl went out through the hole in the mosquito-bar, and pulled it together afterward so that nobody would know there had been a hole. The pepper-owl stood on the window-sill, and said, "Good-night—come again!" in the most good-natured way. That was one good thing about the pepper-owl—his fits of anger were very short, and he was always sorry afterward. Perhaps it was the pepper which made him lose his temper, poor thing! He waked the kitten, for she had to show him the way to and from the dining-room. You know he had only come to Patty's house that day.

In the morning, it was Patty's turn to have the pepper-owl stand beside her plate, and she told him softly that she wished he would come upstairs again and tell her that story about the seven kittens. He looked very stupid, and said nothing; but the light was shining in his eyes, and owls do not like that. Patty thought it would be nicer to have Fluffy-owl, and was just going to tell her father so; but she remembered it would be likely to hurt Pepper-owl's feelings. I dare say our friends will go calling again some night, and if they do, of course I shall tell you about it.

"SEE, SAW, MARJORIE DAW!"

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

I THINK of a pictured saint,
With a halo round the hair,
As she sits, so motherly, grave and quaint.
In her little rocking-chair.
Her dolly is on her breast,
And her tender-lidded eyes
Gaze softly downward on its rest—
Loving, Madonna-wise.
What is the lullaby she sings
As back and forth she swings and swings?
"See, saw,
Marjorie Daw!"

Not a dimpled baby at all
 Is this which her arms caress,
 But it bears the mark of many a fall,
 And is sadly scant of dress.
 And the washed-out cheeks display
 Proof that it must have lain,
 After some tired summer play,
 Out overnight in the rain.
 Yet doth the little mother sing
 Tenderly to the battered thing—
 "See, saw,
 Marjorie Daw!"



What words for a cradle song!
 But I know the sleepy sign:
 She will croon awhile, and then ere long
 Will leave her chair for mine;
 And her voice will sink away
 To a feeble nestling's caw,
 Till the little tongue can scarcely say—
 "See, saw, Marjorie Daw!"
 Now, back and forth we swing and swing,
 But it is only I who sing—
 "See, saw,
 Marjorie Daw!"

A FROG AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

BY W. K. BROOKS.

He was not the frog that "lived in a well," nor "the frog who would a-wooing go;" in fact, he was not a frog at all at the time I first knew him. He had a tail, and a name very much longer than "frog," although he himself was very much smaller than any frog that I ever saw or heard of; but as he grew larger his name and his tail grew shorter, until, when he was full grown, he had no tail at all, and his name had only four letters instead of the eight that it had at first.

When he was very small indeed, he had a great many long, funny names. "Polliwog" was the one he was called by most, but sometimes he was called polliwiggle, and purwiggie, and purwiggle and polliwig.

When he was a little larger, and had got past being a baby, they called him "Master Tadpole;" and when he was full-grown they called him Mr. Frog.

He lived in a little pond at the edge of a wood—a mud-puddle some folks would call it, for it was rather a dirty pond, and as you passed it, you would not think there could be anything worth looking at in it. It was not very deep; the bottom was covered with leaves and sticks that had fallen from the trees, and in one place there was half of a crockery plate that a picnic party had broken and thrown away.

This old plate was covered with a little plant that grew all over it. The plant was not a bit like any of the trees or plants that grow in the woods or gardens, or even like anything in a greenhouse.

It did not have any stem or leaves, and it was not fastened to the ground by roots, and it never had any flowers or fruit. It looked more like a coat of dirty green paint than like a plant.

In some places it was cleaned off from the plate in narrow, zigzag lines, as if some one had been poking the plate with a stick, and had scraped it off in this way. At the end of one of these lines was a snail eating his dinner off the plate, and his dinner was this little plant. As he ate it, he crawled along, eating all the time, so that behind him the plate was white and clean, and this is what made the lines on it. Each line was a path the snail had crawled over, trying, like Jack Sprat and his wife, to eat the platter clean.

Then there was an old tin can that had been thrown into the pond, and was nearly buried in the leaves that had fallen into the water. There was a

plant fastened to this, too, but not a bit like either the one on the plate, or any of the common land-plants.

It was made of long green threads, tangled and twisted, so that it made a large green bunch that floated under the surface of the water, over the tin can; and a few of the threads had become twisted around the cover of the can, so that the bunch was anchored and could not float away.

It looked quite large as it floated in the water, but it was really very small, and might easily have been squeezed into a coffee-cup. It was not a pretty plant, for part of it was dead and brown, and it was covered with dust and pieces of leaves and sticks that were tangled in with the threads of the plant; but it was a very useful plant, and was at work all the time.

Its work was to make fresh air for the fishes and polliwogs, and other animals that lived in the water; for water animals need fresh air as much as we do, and die very quickly if they cannot get it; but they cannot go out of the water for it, and they cannot breathe it unless it is mixed with water.

When a fish is taken out of the water he dies, and we say that he dies for want of water; but he really dies from want of air. A fish breathes with its gills, and as soon as it is taken out of the water its gills stick together, and become dry and hard, so that it cannot breathe, although there is plenty of air all around it.

When water is boiled, the air that is in it bubbles up to the top, and goes away; and if you let it cool, and then put a fish in it, he will die about as quickly as if he were out of water; but if you shake it up well and pour it back and forth through the air from one dish to another, so that the air may get mixed with it, the fish will be able to live in it.

This shows that the fish does not breathe the water, but the air that is mixed with it; so this plant worked all the time to make pure air for the fish, and as fast as it was made the water soaked it up, as it soaks up sugar.

You could not see the air in the water, any more than you can the sugar dissolved in tea or in water; but you can find the sugar by tasting, and the fish can find the air by breathing.

You know that if you put too much sugar into a cup of tea, some of it does not dissolve, but sinks to the bottom, and is wasted. So sometimes, when the weather was very warm and the sun was shin-

ing brightly, the plant would make air faster than the water could take it up, and it would bubble up to the top; but some of the bubbles would get caught among the threads of the plant, and at last there would be so many of these that the whole bunch would go up, like a balloon, to the top of the water, and spread out like a green cover, so that you could hardly see the water under it.

People call this plant frog-spit, sometimes, and think it is a very useless thing; but you understand now that it is very useful to the fish and polliwogs, if it is not very handsome. The things which look the best are not always the most useful.

At one side of the pond the water was very shallow, and the bottom was muddy; and this part of the pond, the part farthest from the trees, is where I first saw our frog. He was lying on the muddy bottom, with his brothers and sisters.

I am afraid to tell you how many there were, but it was a very large family. There were more than there are children in the school you go to, and the ground was black with them, although each one

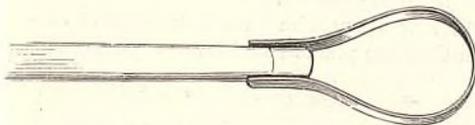


FIG. 1.—THE CANE AND THE WHALEBONE.

was not much larger than a shoe-peg or a carpet tack, and only a few feet off there was another family just as large. They were little black fellows with very big heads, very small bodies, and long, broad tails. When I saw them, all of them were wagging their tails very fast, but their heads were so heavy that the motion of the tails did not move them a bit. It looked very much as if all the tails wanted to go somewhere, but the heads were very comfortable where they were, and would not move.

Now I must tell you how I made the acquaintance of one out of this large family. While I was looking at them, I saw a friend of mine who owns a microscope, and often goes off wading in the mud with his pockets full of wide-mouthed bottles, and small vials, and pill-boxes, and magnifying-glasses, and forceps, and glass tubes, and a great many other strange things which he finds very useful.

He goes off into the swamps and ponds, and finds a great many strange plants and wonderful animals, and takes them home in his bottles to look at in his microscope, and to study; for he finds a great many things may be learned from each one of them.

He had a cane in his hand, and when he came to the little pond he took a long strip of whalebone out of one of his deep pockets, and bending it in a

loop around the end of the cane, like Fig. 1, he slipped two rubber rings around it to hold it. Then

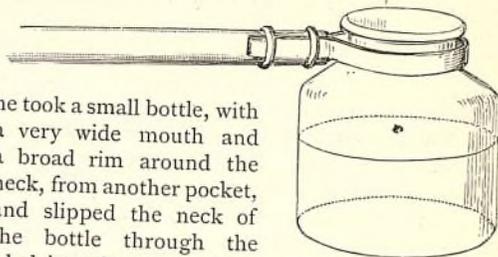


FIG. 2.—THE SCOOP.

he took a small bottle, with a very wide mouth and a broad rim around the neck, from another pocket, and slipped the neck of the bottle through the whalebone loop; and when he had pulled the whalebone tight around it, he had a very good ready-made scoop on the end of his cane, as you see in Fig. 2.

With this he reached out to where the polliwogs were lying on the mud, and scooped up three or four of them, and put each one into a little vial of water and handed me one to examine; and this is the way I made his acquaintance, for this is the frog I am to tell you about; for my friend said that if I would take it home and put it into a tumbler of water, with some of the mud and pieces of stick from the bottom of the pond, I could keep it, and watch it grow up, and lose its tail and get legs, and become a perfect frog.

As my friend the naturalist said he was hunting for frogs' eggs, I went around the pond with him after I had found a few pieces of wood covered with water-moss to keep with my young frog.

We soon found what looked like a large lump of jelly fastened to some grass that grew in the water a few feet from the shore. This, the naturalist

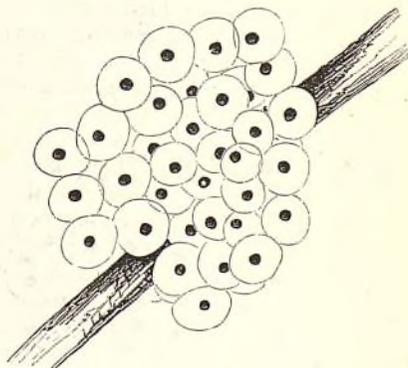


FIG. 3.—EGGS OF A FROG.

said, was a bunch of frogs' eggs, and he reached out and pulled it toward the shore with the handle of his cane; and as soon as it was near enough for me to reach it, I broke off part and put it into a bottle of water.

It looked very much like the white of a hen's egg, but it was firmer and stronger, and filled with little round black specks about as large as small shot.

These black specks are the real eggs, and the clear jelly is a cover to keep them from harm and fasten them together, so that they may not drift off and be destroyed or injured. The jelly also supplies food for the young animals when first hatched; for nothing is ever wasted or thrown away in nature, and the same jelly that is a blanket to wrap up the eggs and keep them from harm is used as food as soon as there is no more need of a cover. When the time comes for the young to leave the eggs, they very sensibly eat their way out through their nourishing blanket, and their child-life begins.

Fig. 3 is a rough sketch of some of the eggs, so that you may see how they look; but you may easily find some for yourselves in the spring, and keep them in water and watch them hatch, and see the young eat their way out.

After we had put this bottle of eggs away, we found another bunch, in which the eggs were older, and in these we could see the little polliwogs curled up; and in a few eggs around the outside of the bunch, the little animals were moving very actively, and seemed to be trying to break out and go away. Fig. 4 will give you some idea how they looked at this time, just before leaving the egg.

Besides these eggs, we found some that were not in bunches fastened to water-plants, but in long strings, floating in the water. These, my friend said, were the eggs of a toad. Then we found others on the plants, but not in bunches; these are the eggs of tree-frogs. The tree-frog lives on high trees all summer and catches mosquitoes and insects, and never goes into the water except in

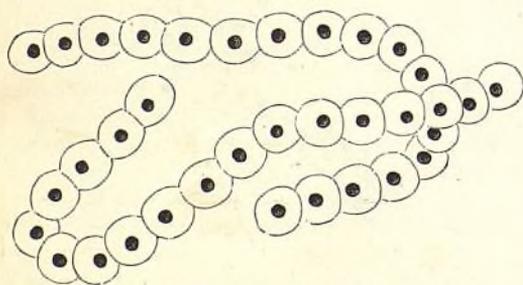


FIG. 5.—EGGS OF A TOAD.

spring, when it goes there to lay its eggs, and immediately returns to its life in the trees.

The young stay in the water until they become perfect frogs, when they leave it, and go to help



FIG. 4.
OLDER EGGS.

their parents catch mosquitoes among the branches of the trees. One kind of tree-frog does not even go to the water to lay its eggs, but fastens them to the leaves of branches which hang over the water, and as soon as the young polliwogs are hatched they fall into the water and grow up there; for nearly all frogs must live in the water while they are in the polliwog state, because they cannot then breathe unless the air is mixed with water, in the way that I have already explained to you.

While searching the pond, we found one more instance of an excellent way to protect the eggs from danger. I noticed several blades of grass that were bent so as to form loops, and in each loop was a little egg, perfectly protected on all sides by the piece of grass. These eggs were very much like those of a frog or toad, but smaller; and my friend said they were the eggs of the water-triton, an animal much like a frog.

I have now told you how I found my young frog and took him home with me, and I will go on and give you some account of the way I kept him and watched him grow up.

At first I put him into a tumblerful of water with the little plants I had brought home with me;

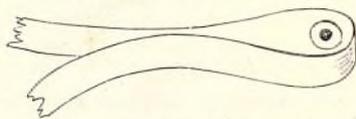


FIG. 6.—EGG OF WATER-TRITON.

but in a few days I made a much better home for him. I found an old glass candy-jar, and put in the bottom of it a layer of mud from the pond where I found the frog and eggs, with a few white pebbles and small shells on the mud, and then filled the jar with spring-water; and after all the mud had settled to the bottom, I laid in a few stones, which were covered with the little plant which looks so much like green paint; and I put in also a few threads of the other plant I spoke of, which floats in a large bunch in the water, and two or three of the little plants which float on the surface of the water. Then I set my jar on a large plate, and placed it in a window, so that the sunlight should strike it, and left it in the sunshine for a few days, until I could see little bubbles of air glistening on the plants and rising to the surface of the water.

I knew then that they would keep the water pure and fresh, and that, if I put a few animals into the water, they would not die, but would be healthy and contented. So I put in my polliwog, and then went back to the little pond and found two water-snails, a very small minnow, and a water-beetle, and brought them all home with me in bottles

of water, and put them into my jar and moved it away from the window, so that the sun should not shine directly on it and make the water too warm.

Then I filled the edges of the plate outside the bottom of the jar with dirt, and planted some

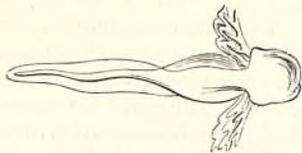


FIG. 7.—A FEW DAYS OLD.

grass-seed in it, that the grass might grow up and help to keep the water shady and cool, as well as hide the layer of mud in the bottom.

In a short time, after the grass began to grow up around the jar on the outside, and the water-plants had begun to grow nicely on the inside, I had a very pretty aquarium, and one in which my animals seemed very happy.

I kept my frog in this jar for more than four weeks, and watched him grow up; and during this time I noticed a great many remarkable things, but the most interesting were the changes that the frog went through while he was growing up; and we must let the other animals go at present, and give all our attention to him.

A few days after the young frog breaks from the egg, it looks, when viewed from above, very much



FIG. 8.—TWO WEEKS OLD.

as I have drawn it for you in Fig. 7, which is a view of its back.

It has a very large head, a small body, and a long tail; and as it has no legs or feet, it uses its tail to swim with, like a fish; for a fish, you know, swims with its tail, and not with its fins, which are only balancers. On each side of its head it has three little tufts, which are very delicate and soft; these are the gills, with which it breathes the air that is mixed with the water, just as a fish does; and if it is taken out of the water, it drowns like a fish, and if we did not know that it would at last grow up and get legs, and lose its tail and gills, and live on land and breathe air, we should probably call it a fish.

After ten days or two weeks it has lost its gill-tufts, but instead of them it has a new set on each side of its neck, but covered up by a lid or flap, so that you cannot see them from the outside; and about this time the fore-legs begin to grow, but as

they are covered up by the same lid that hides the gills, you cannot see them either. In Fig. 8 you have a side view of the animal at this time, and you can see the slit in the side of the neck, and the lid or flap that hides the gills and the fore-legs.

Very soon after this the hind-legs begin to grow, and as they are not covered up, they can be seen sooner than the fore-legs; and it is usually said in books on this subject that the hind-legs grow first; but books are not always right on every subject. The fact is, the fore-legs grow first, but are covered up so that the hind ones are seen first.

Fig. 9 shows you the animal at this time, viewed from above. The tail begins to grow smaller soon afterward, and lungs begin to be formed, but the animal still lives in the water, and breathes by gills like a fish.

In the next state (Fig. 10) the legs are fully formed, so that the animal can walk as well as

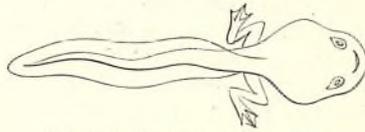


FIG. 9.—THE HIND-LEGS COME OUT.

swim, and the lungs are quite well grown, and the gills have nearly disappeared. The tadpole can now go on the land, but it still passes almost all its time in the water. As it has no gills, it cannot breathe under water, and is compelled to come up to the surface very often for fresh air.

At this time the tail is growing smaller very rapidly. It does not drop off, but is taken up a little at a time, and carried back into the body and used to build up the other parts, which are growing larger very fast, while the tail is growing smaller. It is very wonderful that a part of the body which

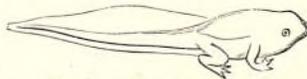


FIG. 10.—FOUR LEGS OUT.

is no longer of use can be built over into something else in this way.

About five or six weeks after the egg is hatched, the tail has almost disappeared, and the frog is perfectly formed and leaves the water to commence life on the land; and as very many of them reach this form at about the same time, and leave the water together, usually during a shower, some people believe that the



FIG. 11.—TAIL ALMOST GONE.

great numbers of little frogs which they find on the land after a summer shower have rained down.

A young frog might be carried up among the clouds by a water-spout or a whirlwind, and come down again in the rain, but this is not the reason they are so plentiful after a shower; for we know that they leave the water in great numbers when it rains.

In Fig. 11 you see how the young frog looks when the tail is almost gone.

Besides these changes in the body of the animal, an equally great change in its habits takes place while it is growing up. While it lives in the water and breathes by gills, it feeds upon small water-

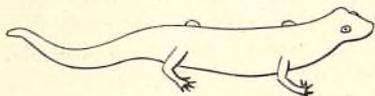


FIG. 12.—A SALAMANDER.

plants; but when it grows up and has lungs, and the legs grow, it changes its diet and lives on insects and worms; and some of the larger frogs catch fish and smaller frogs, and the large bull-frog is said to catch small birds and eat them.

The way in which a frog catches flies and mosquitoes is very curious; and it is very easy to tame a frog or toad so that it will take flies from your fingers, and give you a fine chance to see how it is done, if your eye is quick enough.

Its tongue is fastened to the front of the mouth instead of the back part, and is turned backward and points down the throat, and the tip is covered with a very sticky substance like strong glue. The frog sits very still, watching for a fly to come near, and seems to be almost asleep, but it is really wide awake, as you may see by looking at its eyes, which are in constant motion watching for an insect to come within reach. At last a fly comes near enough, and the tongue is thrown out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow its motion, and the point strikes the fly, which sticks fast, and is drawn into the mouth and swallowed; and on a summer evening, when the flies and gnats are very abundant, one toad will catch them at the rate of ten or twelve a minute.

You see that the body of a young frog is not as much like that of an old one as a squirrel's body is like a man's; for a squirrel has four limbs like a man, and breathes with lungs as a man does, and would drown in the water just as a man would; but the young frog lives under water all the time, while the full-grown one is a land animal, although it often goes into the water, and nearly always lives near it, in damp places.

The young frog breathes by gills, and would die very quickly if taken from the water; but the old one has lungs, and would die if kept under water, just as a man would, only not so quickly, for it

can hold its breath for a very long time; and the skin of a frog answers the purpose of gills, and he can breathe a little under water with that, and thus go without fresh air for several days, if necessary, without drowning. Finally, the young frog lives on entirely different food from that of the full-grown frog.

There are a great many animals which are so much like a frog or a toad, that men who have studied them have placed them all in one class, and given them a name which means "living in water and on land;" because all of them, like the frog, pass the first part of their life in the water, and are able to breathe air without water when full-grown.

These animals belong to the class *Amphibia*, and are called amphibious animals. We have in our own country examples of most of the forms belonging to this class, and I wish to tell you a little about some of the more common ones, as it will help us to understand the meaning of the changes that the frog goes through.

If you go, in summer, to some cool ravine, where the dead leaves lie thick and damp, and sit down beside some old fallen tree or large rock, and carefully turn over the cool, wet leaves, you will find a great many curious and interesting animals. Do not be afraid, for nothing will hurt you; but handle every living thing carefully, for remember that, although snails or beetles cannot hurt you, you may easily kill them by a little roughness.

There is another reason why you must be very careful in turning over the leaves. The animal I wish you to find is very timid and very quick, and if you are not gentle you will drive it away, and will not see it at all. You must go down very deep, to the leaves which have lain on the ground

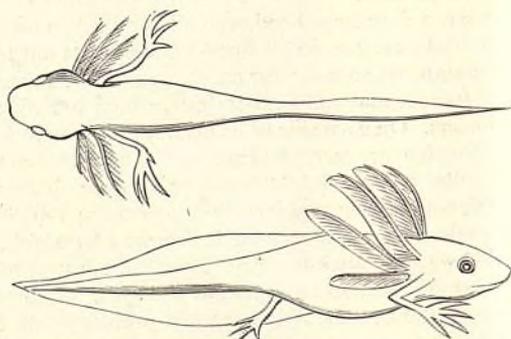


FIG. 13.—YOUNG TRITON, AT TWO OF THE EARLY STAGES OF GROWTH.

for several years, and are all matted together, and there you may find the little animal of which I have given you a sketch in Fig. 12. It is about

an inch long, covered with bright spots, and with very bright eyes.

Do not be afraid of it, for it is perfectly harmless to anything larger than a fly; but if you wish to catch it, you must be very quick, and hold your

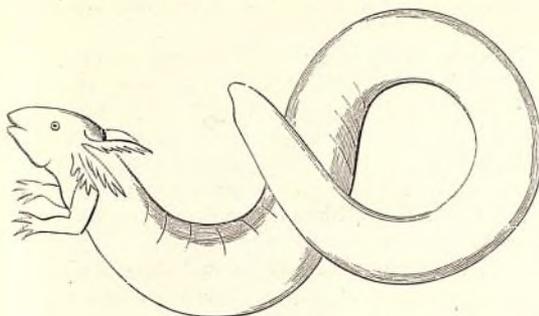


FIG. 14.—MUD-EEL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

fingers close together, for it can run out between them almost as easily as water. It moves so quickly, and is so delicate, that you can hardly catch it without injuring it; and, as it usually lies quite still in the day-time, when it is not alarmed, it is much better to take a good look at it without trying to catch it at all.

It has a long tail, and four legs that look very weak, and in shape it resembles a very small alligator, or a lizard; but alligators and lizards have scales, and this animal has none.

It is called a salamander, and was once supposed by ignorant persons to be very poisonous; but, as I have said, it is entirely harmless and very timid. It does not look at all like a frog, and you may be surprised to hear that it is very closely related to it.

It lives in the woods almost all the year, and comes out and catches insects every summer night, and hides under the leaves all day; for it dies very quickly in the hot sunshine. When fall comes, and all the insects die, it finds a warm place under ground, and sleeps till spring.

When it wakes up it goes to the water to lay its eggs, and wraps each one in a blade of grass to protect it, as is shown in Fig. 6. The eggs hatch into little polliwogs, which are almost exactly like those of a frog, and as they grow up they go through the same changes. They have gills at first, and live in the water, and swim with their tails, and feed on plants; but as they grow up the front-legs appear; then the hind-legs, and they lose their gills, and have lungs, and become air-breathers, and feed on insects. They never lose their tails, so that, although the full-grown animal is not a bit like a full-grown frog, it is very much like one just before

it loses its tail, as you may see by comparing Figs. 11 and 12.

Fig. 13 is an outline drawing of some of the changes that an animal very much like it, found in Europe, goes through; and you see how much like those of the frog they are.

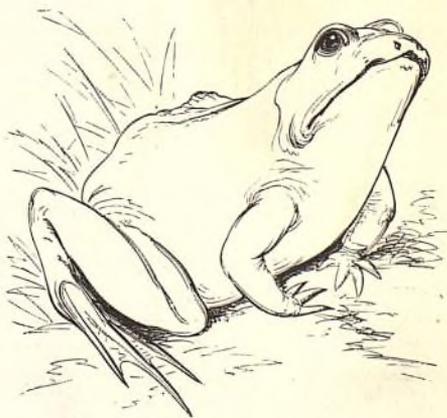
There is an amphibian found in the Southern States, and called the mud-eel; it is quite a large animal, and Fig. 14 will give you some idea of its appearance. It lives in the mud of the swamps and ditches of the South, and the negroes are very much afraid of it, and believe it to be very poisonous. I do not know of a poisonous amphibian in any part of the world, yet almost all of them are very much feared by ignorant persons in the countries where they are found.

Some reptiles are poisonous, and the amphibia look like reptiles; and this seems to be the reason why they have such a bad reputation.

The mud-eel resembles a tadpole at first, and passes through the same changes; but it has only one pair of legs, the fore pair, and when full-grown resembles the form of the frog shown in Fig. 8, where the fore-legs have begun to grow, but not the hind ones; in one respect it goes farther than the form shown in Fig. 8, for when full-grown it has lungs as well as gills.

I have now shown you that all the forms except the first that the frog takes as it grows up, are represented by full-grown animals; but the first state is so like a fish, that we should call it a fish if it did not grow up and become a frog.

You can now see the meaning of the changes of the frog; for who would suppose, unless he knew their history, that such animals as Figs. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 could be relations, or that they all were related to fishes?



MR. FROG GROWN-UP.



THE FOUR LITTLE IMPS.

BY JOEL STACY.

FOUR little imps and four little birds
Lived up in the self same tree ;
And the kindly ways of those four little imps
Was a beautiful sight to see.

They fed and tended those orphan birds
All through the blossoming days ;
And never were tired of sitting around
And watching their comical ways.

Their pitiful squeak they took for a song
As sweet as they ever had heard ;
And they sometimes laughed, and oftener sighed,
In feeding each motherless bird.

So, gently they tended them, day by day,
Till their four little pets had grown,
And, longing to go to the beautiful sky,
Each bird from the nest had flown.

And when all were gone, the four little imps
Did wipe their eight little eyes,
And scamper away to assuage their grief—
Which seems to me rather wise.

THE OLD SAW-MILL.

BY MARTHA J. LAMB.

AN enticing place it was for little folks. It stands now just where it stood then—over the knoll, a few rods from my childhood's home. The way to it was down a broad, straight, dusty road, bordered with rocks and raspberry-bushes. There was another and a more popular route, of which I will tell you presently.

I would like to sketch the old mill as it appeared to my childish eyes. It had a smooth pine floor with wide cracks, and many an hour have I passed peering through them into the deep waters of the flume beneath. It had a big beam with a piece of

china upon it, which I filled with nails and called my money-box. It had a wonderful saw, with two great arms. How I used to laugh when it fixed its sharp teeth into the end of a log ! And after that, the log seemed to slide along itself just for fun, or for the sake of being split. I often got upon the log-carriage and took a nice ride. I was not at all afraid of bumping my head against the mill-roof, which sloped at one end to an acute angle with the floor. Neither did I see the slightest danger of losing my balance and falling through the timbers a hundred feet or more, into the abyss of water

below. When I hopped off, I was so delightfully near the back door that I never could resist the inclination to skip out upon the ragged edge of the mill-dam, to see how long I could stand there without getting dizzy.

My mamma was an invalid. She could not bear anxiety without serious injury. She passed a law to the effect that I should not visit the mill unless under the care of some older member of the family. This law lay very heavily upon my heart. But it would probably have never been transgressed had not my cousin Frank visited us, a daring little rascal about my own age.

"Come across lots," he whispered, with that persuasive eloquence so natural to boys.

So we crept through the bars, and the orchard and the clover-field, round the big rock and under the ash-tree, and, lastly, scrambled over the stone wall, which was surmounted by a rail fence. It was my first lesson in disobedience. But after that Frank and I often went secretly to the mill together.

The saw-mill belonged to a good-natured neighbor, whom we styled "Uncle Willard." He petted me, sometimes he gave me raisins, and called me a venturesome little girl. I was not very happy about it. I remember how a bunch came in my throat one night when I was saying my prayers, and how I asked my mamma, when she kissed me good-night:

"If God is everywhere, does that mean that He is in all the little places?"

"Yes, my darling."

I was silent for a few minutes. "In the orchard, and on the big rocks, behind the stone wall, and away down by the little bridge—and—and—and—and—in the saw-mill?"

"Yes, and he sees you at all times."

I said no more. I pressed my face into my pillow and thought to myself, "Oh, dear! then God knows all about it! I wonder what He will do to me! I 'spect He 'll punish me with fire, and I shall be all singed up!" And I fell asleep and dreamed I had a new play-house with a saw-mill in the backyard, and that my dolls were all getting ready to go to the moon on water-wheels.

The next day Alvey Stone came to visit me. We played tea; and dressed the dolls in their best clothes; and changed Violet's name to Esther, because the latter was a Bible name, and we agreed that it would make her a better doll; and trimmed Rosabella's new bonnet with the ends of Alvey's blue hair-ribbons, which she said were too long, anyway; and made soap-bubbles, and tried to set them on fire with the sickly flame of a tallow candle; and went to the carriage-house to play drive; and visited the hens and the geese and

the pigs and the calves and the pony; and ran along the great beams in the barn; and played hide-and-peek in the hay-mow. Finally, I said to Alvey:

"If you never 'll tell—*never*, NEVER, as long as you live and breathe—I will take you somewhere."

She promised with satisfactory protestations. In a few minutes we had reached the fence near the mill. On the top of it Alvey stepped upon a teetering stone, and was thrown headlong into the briars and thistles on the other side. She shed a few tears over her bruises, and then laughed quite merrily, and said she could fall twice as far if she were a mind to.

"Uncle Willard" was haying in the lower meadow, and no one was in the mill. I was glad, for I had long coveted an opportunity of starting the saw myself. How surprised Alvey would be! Would n't she think I was grand if I could run a saw-mill?

I proceeded to my task proudly. The log was in the right place. "Uncle Willard" always fixed everything at night ready for the next day's work. It was necessary to push down a small shaft, which I called a "pump-handle," in order to open the water-gate, and it required the united strength of both Alvey and myself to accomplish it. There was a low gurgle, then a splash, and up went the saw!

We screamed and clapped our hands. I grew self-possessed in a moment, and told Alvey, with a consequential air, that the saw was only walking now. When we should push down the other two "pump-handles," it would just fly on a double canter. We soon had the machinery all in motion. Alvey was perfectly awe-stricken. But my happiness remained to be completed.

"Come down under the mill and see the great gush," I said.

There was a rough path by which the workmen descended on the side of the mill, and, holding fast to the alder-bushes by the way, we reached the edge of the bed of the river in safety. Standing upon a large stone, we could see the rolling, foaming torrent as it whirled the mill-wheel and came dancing madly over the rocks.

"What a big water!" exclaimed Alvey.

"Yes," I replied, exultingly. "It is just like the cataract of Niagara in the geography."

Alvey's face was pale, and her eyes were sufficiently large to reward me for my masterly performance.

"Are there any whales here?" she asked.

"Perhaps," I replied. If she had made the same inquiry relative to steamboats and icebergs, she would doubtless have received an affirmative response at that interesting moment; for was it not

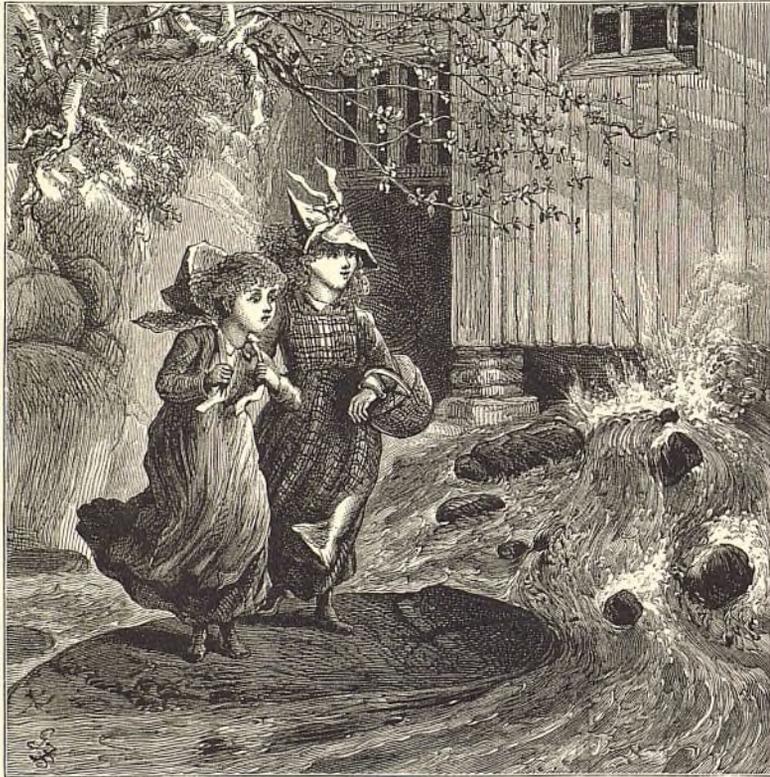
my exhibition, and was it not my privilege to put it in the most attractive light?

The spray rendered our standing-place slippery, and we put our arms about each other for mutual protection. In attempting to turn a little we lost our balance, and in an instant went spinning into the uneasy water, to the bottom, where shiny pebbles seemed to come half-way up to meet us, then to the surface again, rolling and tumbling until we were stranded insensible upon a small

to inspire two little helpless girls with speechless terror.

"Is it a flood?" cried Alvey.

"I suppose so," I said, humbly now. "I have been doing awful disobedient lately. Mamma forbade my going to the mill, and God has been there and watched me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I had ever so much rather been burned than drown-ded. We are washed away just as the other wicked folks were in the Flood," and I burst into a loud cry.



"WHAT A BIG WATER!" EXCLAIMED ALVEY.

hillock of weeds and brambles in the middle of the river some distance below.

How long we remained there I am not able to say. My first recollections are of a floating cloud, which resembled a chariot. While I was wondering if it belonged to Elijah, I heard Alvey gasp:

"Mattie, I'll be drown-ded."

"So shall I."

I took hold of a big burdock-leaf to pull myself up, and that came up instead. Then a pine-shrub gave me more efficient aid, and I sat upright. I helped Alvey up, and we looked about us, but everything was strange and new. The river on both sides of us was tearing over the rocks, and high wooded banks finished a picture well calculated

"I guess He will forgive you if you pray real hard. I will help you, Mattie," said little Alvey, pityingly.

I laid my face into a bunch of plantain and commenced a little petition, mixed with sharp, jerking cries of sorrow.

By this time, the sudden rise of water in the lower meadow had attracted the attention of the haymakers. "Uncle Willard" went upon a run to discover the cause. There was his mill making boards on its own hook! He shut the gate, and looked about for the author of the mischief. He was not a believer in ghosts, and mischievous boys did not infest our neighborhood. He went straight to my mamma's door and inquired for me.

Then there was much hurrying to and fro. It was "Uncle Willard" who explored the river and rescued us from our perilous position. He asked me no questions; he only kissed me and said, in his

rough way, "Never mind it." It was he himself who put me in my terrified mamma's arms. With mine tightly clasped about her neck, I said: "I will *never* disobey you again—NEVER."

WISE MRS. SWALLOW.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MRS. SWALLOW had just finished her nest, and fastened it snugly on one side of the chimney, when along came the North Wind in a terrible passion.

He had had a quarrel with some of his relations in Greenland, and had rushed out, like the silly, bad-tempered old fellow he was, to wreak his spite on whatever came in his way.

So, growling and shrieking and whistling and groaning, he blew off any number of hats, scared hundreds of young blossoms from the cherry-trees and left them to die on the road, rocked all the little wooden houses like so many cradles, and then flew from the streets to the chimneys.

Away went a brick here and there, and, alas! at the second great puff, away went Mrs. Swallow's nest too.

She had built it so carefully and wonderfully, carrying up wisps of hay and bits of straw from the tan-yard, and lining it with some of Gray Hen's softest breast feathers!

And now where was it? "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the spiteful old Wind, "would n't you like to know?"

Then he spied Mr. Swallow hurrying home with a fine worm he had found, and he hastened to get behind him and drive him along so fast that he came bump up against Mrs. Swallow, nearly knocking her from her perch, and at the same time dropped the worm he had carried so far.

"Whew!" said Mr. Swallow when he got his breath again. "This *is* a blow."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," muttered the worm, as it crawled quickly away.

"But what's the matter, my dear?" continued Mr. Swallow. "Why do you look so serious? And—bless my heart! where's our nest?"

"That horrid old North Wind snatched it from the chimney, first tumbling me out and rumping all my feathers," answered Mrs. Swallow, with tears in her round, black eyes. "And now what *are* we to do?"

"Cheer up, my own wee birdie," chirruped her

husband. "I can't bear to see you cry. We'll get just inside the chimney until we are quite sure he's gone, and then we'll call on Madam Owl and ask her advice. They say she has become so wise through studying the stars night after night, and night after night, that she knows everything, and so, of course, *she* will be able to tell us what to do."

"But, Swally," said Mrs. Swallow, "our family don't like Madam Owl, and have never been friends with her. Only the other day, when she was dozing, I pulled a feather out of her head myself."

"That was very naughty, my dear," said Mr. Swallow, looking as though he *thought* it rather cunning, "but I don't believe she'll remember it if we are very polite to her and pay her some compliments. And now you'd better take a little nap, for Madam Owl only receives company at night, and I'm afraid you can't stay awake when it becomes dark unless you do."

So Mrs. Swallow, like an obedient wife, took a nap, and Mr. Swallow did too, for that matter, although he said, when Mrs. Swallow woke him, "he'd only been thinking."

As soon as evening came, away they flew to the old oak-tree where Madam Owl lived.

She had just supped off a plump young field-mouse and was very good-natured, and listened with the utmost patience until they had told their story. Then she said, "Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! yes!"

"Was n't it too bad of the Wind?" asked Mrs. Swallow.

"Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! yes!" answered the Owl.

"Can you tell us what to do?" asked Mr. Swallow.

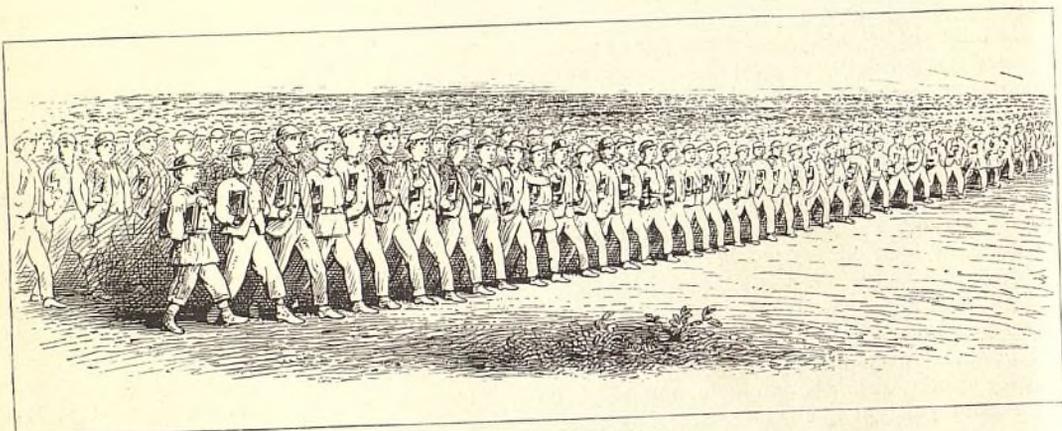
Madam Owl looked at the moon half-an-hour—looked at the stars half-an-hour—looked at nothing half-an-hour—and then said very slowly, "Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! n-o-o-o."

"Good night," twittered the angry swallows, and flew quickly back to their chimney again.

"Much good it did us going to Madam Owl," said Mrs. Swallow, with a pout, as soon as they reached home. "I never did believe those stories about her knowing so much. Why, if I said as little and had as big eyes as Madam Owl, no doubt all the birds would call me wise too. And

now I'll tell you, my love, what I think we'd better do. Get up with the sun to-morrow morning—make another nest, and fasten it on the other side of the chimney."

"Upon my word, my dear," said Mr. Swallow, "you're an ex-traor-di-na-ry bird!" and being very tired, he tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.



THE COMING ARMY OF VOTERS.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XV.

A GREAT DISASTER.

AFTER leaving Salt Lake Valley, the young emigrants passed into a wild, desolate, and barren region. Immediately outside of the Mormon settlements, they found a most unpromising country. The surface of the earth was red and dusty—"red hot," Hi said. No grass grew except in small dry bunches, and the pools of water were thick and brown with alkali, or they were boiling hot with hidden fires. Some of these streams rushed out of their fountains with a hurrying and hissing noise that reminded the boys of a steamboat. Others were bluish pools of water, with clean and pebbly bottoms, and just warm enough to be comfortable for

a bath. Into these the weary and dusty travelers plunged themselves with great content. The waters seemed to be healing, they were so soft and pleasant to joints stiffened by long marches, and to skins made rough and dry by many days of travel on alkali plains. The air was still loaded with the alkali dust, like fine saleratus, which floated everywhere. But the natural hot-baths, steel blue in their depths, and gurgling over stones covered with some kind of white mineral deposit, were luxurious beyond anything they had ever dreamed of.

Some of the hot springs were so near the cold ones, that the boys tried experiments of dipping their hands into a pool of cold water while their feet dabbled in warm water, as they lay along the ground. Once they came to a huge round pool,

nearly fifty feet across, black, still, and with neither outlet nor inlet. Yet it was not stagnant; a slight current showed that there was some sort of movement going on beneath the surface.

"I allow this yer pool runs down inter the bowels of the yearth," said Philo Dobbs, pensively, as he stood on the brink and gazed into the mysterious depths.

"Well, aint the bowels of the earth deep enough to take down this hull pool at one swaller, if it runs down so fur?" asked Bush, with some impatience. "Stands to reason it would be all drawn off to once-t, if the bottom was clean dropped out."

"Anyway, there is no bottom," said Arty. "Lots of people have sounded it and found none."

But Philo Dobbs was firm in his opinion that the pool led directly into the center of the earth; and Nance, as a dutiful daughter, informed the boys that what her father did not know about such things was not worth knowing.

They drew out from this region of wonders and traversed an exceedingly dull and uninteresting tract of country, lying between Salt Lake Valley and the head-waters of the Humboldt River.

About three weeks' march from the Mormon capital, late in August, they reached the Goose Creek Mountains. Here good pasturage was found by selecting spots along the creek, and here, too, the road became more easy for the cattle, many of which were weak and sick with the effects of alkali. Passing down through Thousand Spring Valley, the emigrants camped at the head of a rocky cañon, one night, two or three companies being together. The ground was dotted with scrubby knots of wild sage, grease-weed and cactus. The soil was red and gray, and pebbly; but a small stream slipped through a gully near by, and along its banks grew a scanty crop of grass, well browsed by the innumerable cattle which had passed on the way to California.

"This is awful lonesome," sighed Arty, as he wearily went through the usual and monotonous task of getting supper.

"Does n't pay, does it, Arty?" said his brother, curiously watching the boy, with half-closed eyes, as he turned his sizzling bacon in the frying-pan, and kept his fire going with handfuls of dry weeds, their only fuel.

"No, Crogan, it does not pay. I'm getting clean beat out. And there's poor old Pete, licking his paws again. I can't keep shoes on that dog's feet, and he has worn the skin off of them so that he can hardly walk. Heigho! I wonder what mother would say to this mess?"—and Arty, with great disgust, stirred in the flour which was to thicken the bacon-fat and make "dope" to eat with bread, instead of butter.

The thought of what his mother might say brought water to the boy's eyes. This was Saturday night. Away off in the groves of the valley of the Rock, his mother was drawing the New England brown bread and beans from the brick oven. His father, perhaps, was sitting in the fading light by the door-way, looking westward and thinking of his wandering boys. His brothers were out at the well-curb, dipping their heads into the water-trough with much rough play, and making ready for their welcome Sunday rest.

Here was a wilderness, a desert, scanty fare, and with the Land of Gold still a long way off.

"Hullo! there's a drop of salt water running down your nose, Arty," cried Tom, "and if it drops into that dope, you'll —"

But Tom never finished his sentence, for at that moment Mont, with righteous indignation, knocked him off the roll of blankets on which he had been sitting.

"Yer might let a feller know when you was a-comin' fur him," said Tom, wrathfully, as he scrambled out of the way.

"Sarve yer right, yer grinnin' chessie-cat," said Hi. "Yer'll never keep yer mouth shut. Now hustle that thar coffee-pot onto the table, and we'll sit by."

"Tom, I beg your pardon," spoke up Mont Morse. "I really did n't intend to knock you over, only just to give you a gentle poke by way of reminder."

Tom sullenly eat his supper, without any comment on his brother's remark that he was a very "ornery blatherskite, anyway."

Somehow, the evening was more gloomy and cheerless than usual; and, as it was now necessary to keep a sharp watch for thieves who were prowling about the trail, those who were to go out on the second watch went early to their blankets. The rest took their several stations about the edge of the camp.

It was a little past midnight when the sleeping boys were awakened by a shot, and the voice of John Rose crying, "Stop that man!"

Barnard broke out of the tent with a wild rush, cocking his pistol as he ran through the low brush in which the camp was set. In the cloudy night he saw a light sorrel horse running close by the side of Old Jim, and coming toward him. As the horses passed swiftly across his vision, he saw a man rise and fall, and rise and fall again in the sage-brush—rise and fall and disappear in the darkness.

Pursuing him was John Rose, his tall figure and bright red shirt making him conspicuous in the gloom. Barney ran on, but the fugitive was gone, and Rose came back, excitedly saying:

"Dog on that chap! I just believe I winged him. Did you see him limp?"

Barney was not sure that he limped, but was burning to know what it was all about.

"I was sittin' behind that thar rock," said Rose, "a-wonderin' about them stars just peekin' out of the clouds, when I heern a cracklin' in the brush, and if thar wa'n't a yaller hoss—a strange hoss—sidlin' up, queer-like, as if somebody was leadin' him. I see no man, no lariat onto the hoss, when he gets up alongside of Old Jim. Then he stops short, and then I seen a man's legs on the off side, and just in range of the sorrel's. I slid down from behind the rock and crep' along on the ground like, holding my rifle steady, when, all to once, the chap jumps up on the sorrel and away he kited, pullin' Old Jim after him."

"Yes! yes! and you fired then?"

"Fired! Well, I just allow I did, and you should have seen that chap drop. But he got away, and we have got his hoss—that's all."

Sure enough, the sorrel horse was found to have a lariat, or halter, of twisted raw-hide about his neck, one end of which had been knotted into the rope which Jim wore loosely about his neck. There was great excitement in the camp as the emigrants woke and came out to see "what was up." Here was the evidence of horse-thieves being about, and the men expressed themselves as being in favor of hanging the rascal—if he could be caught.

"Ouch!" cried Barney suddenly, sitting down. "Bring a light, Johnny."

Barney's bare feet were filled with the prickly spines of the ground-cactus.

"Strange I never felt them until just now, and I must have clipped it through that whole bed of cactus plants."

But he felt them now, and, what was more, he was lame for a week afterward.

Next morning, on examining the ground, the boys discovered the tracks of the strange horse, where, coming up to the regular trail from the north, they crossed a damp patch of alkali earth, breaking in the crust which forms on top when the heat of the sun evaporates the alkali water. Nearer the camps, the tracks were lost in the confused beating of the feet of many passing animals. But in the sage-brush, where Captain Rose had fired at the horse-thief, the foot-prints were plainly seen.

In the loose sandy soil beyond were the tracks of a man, left in the dry surface; and on the twigs of a low grease-weed bush they saw a few drops of blood.

"Yes, yes, he was wounded. I was sure of that," cried Rose.

"And here is where he limped," said Hi, dropping on his knees and examining the foot-prints in

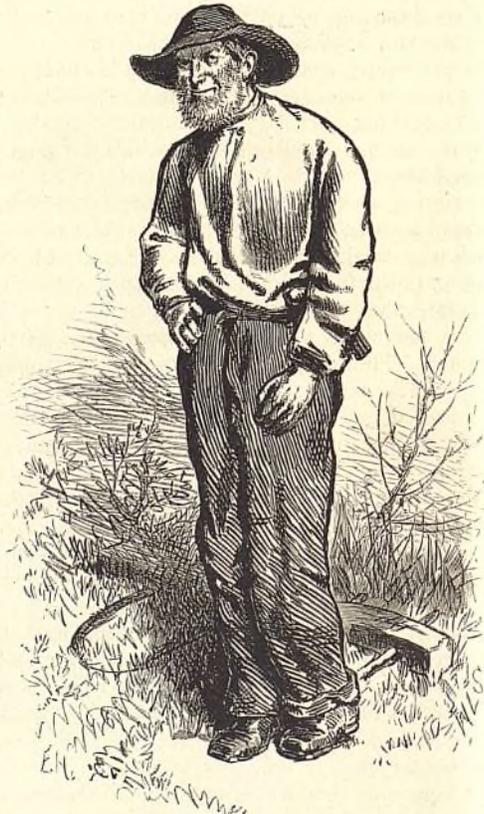
the light gray soil. "Come yere, Mont, and tell us what you think of these yere. See! thar's a print set squar' down; then yere's one that's only light-like, just half-made."

Mont got down on his knees and followed the tracks along. The man had fled in great haste. Sometimes he had gone over the bushes, sometimes he had lighted in the midst of one. But, here and there, was a print, sometimes of the right foot, sometimes of the left; but one was always lightly made—"half-made," as Hi said.

"That man limped, sure enough," said Mont, finally. "But I guess he did n't limp from a wound, though he may have been wounded. I should say that he had a game leg."

"A game leg!" repeated Johnny and Arty together.

"I allow you're right, Monty, my boy," said Hi, who had been stooping again over the myste-



BILL BUNCE.

rious foot-prints. "That thar man had a game leg, for sure."

"Which leg was Bill Bunce lame of, Johnny?" demanded Barnard.

"The left leg," replied the lad.

Arty looked up triumphantly from the ground and exclaimed :

"So was this man that tried to steal Old Jim."

"It was Bill Bunce! It was Bill Bunce! I'm sure it was," cried little Johnny, in great excitement.

He looked at the foot-prints of the fugitive horse-thief and fairly trembled with apprehension; he could not have told why.

"Oh! sho!" said Hi. "You must n't think that every game-legged man you meet on the plains is Bill Bunce. Why, thar was that feller that picked up Barney's boots when they fell out of the wagon, down at Pilot Springs. He wa' n't no Bill Bunce, and he was the game-leggedest man I ever seen."

"If he had not been too game-legged to wear those boots, I am not so sure that Crogan would have seen them again," laughed Mont.

"Well, boys, thar's nothin' more to be p'arned of them foot-prints," said Hi. "We may as well get breakfast and be off."

"But this is Sunday," said Barnard.

"Yes," replied Hi, "Sunday and no feed, and no water. Camp here all day and starve the critters? Not much."

"But we have never traveled Sundays," remonstrated Mont.

"Oh yes, we did, Mont," interposed Arty. "Once before, at Stony Point, you know we had to when there was no grass; and we traveled from the Salt Lick to Deep Creek on Sunday, because we had no water."

"Which is the Christianest, Mont,—to let the cattle go without feed, or travel Sunday?" asked Hi.

"I don't know. I give up that conundrum."

"So do I," said Hi, with a grin.

They went on, however. Leaving Thousand Spring Valley, and crossing several rocky ridges, they descended and entered a long, narrow cañon, through which flowed a considerable stream.

Precipitous walls of rock rose up on either side, leaving barely room for the narrow wagon-trail and the creek. The trail crossed and recrossed the stream many times, and the fording-places were not all safe or convenient. But the day was bright and pleasant, and high, high above their heads, above the beetling crags, the blue sky looked cool and tender.

A long train passed down the cañon, the procession being strung out with numerous companies of emigrants. They had got half-way through the passage, which was several miles long, when, late in the afternoon, the sky grew overcast, and thick clouds gathered suddenly in the west.

"An awkward place to get caught in a shower," muttered Captain Wise. "Thar's poor crossing

at the best of times, and if this yere creek should rise, we'd be cut off in the midst of the cañon."

"But there is no danger of that, is there?" said Mont, who was striding along with the Captain.

"Could n't say, Mont. These yere creeks do swell up dreffle sudd'n sometimes." And he anxiously regarded the sky, from which a heavy shower now began to fall.

The boys lightly laughed at the discomfort. They were used to it, and, wrapping their heavy coats about their shoulders, they plodded on in the pouring rain.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the shower increased with such force that Hi, who was behind with the team, shouted to Captain Wise :

"Say, had n't we better lay by? Yere's a place whar we can turn in and let the others pass us."

"The cattle's necks are gettin' chafed with their yokes," cried Tom, who particularly disliked getting wet.

"We must drive on until we're out of this yere cañon," was the Captain's only reply.

And they pressed on in the midst of a tempest of rain. The sky overhead was only a narrow patch between the frowning walls of the cañon. It was as black as ink.

They had now reached a sharp bend in the cañon; a huge elbow in the rocky precipice at the left of the track came down and made a deep recess just beyond it, where the trail turned in to the left. On their right was the creek, now foaming along in its stony bed, and opposite was a sheer wall of rock rising into the low-hung clouds.

As they struggled around the corner of the rock and entered a little elevated place, where the cañon widened, the tall angle behind them shut out the trail down which they had just passed. Arthur, hearing a strange whirring noise in the air, looked back and up the cañon. He saw an inky black mass, tremendous and tumbling over and over, drift helplessly over the wall of the cañon, like a huge balloon. It struck the opposite wall, and in an instant the solid rock seemed to burst in cata-racts of water.

Suddenly, the air was filled with a portentous roar. The rain no longer fell in sheets, but in solid masses. The creek, black except where it was lashed into foam, rose like a mighty river and tore down the cañon, hoarsely howling on its way. The sides of the narrow pass seemed to melt into dropping streams of water. The trail disappeared, and along the foaming tide rushed wagons, horses, oxen, men, and the floating wrecks of trains which had been farther up the cañon.

The angry flood, checked by the sharp angle of rock around which the boys had just passed, roared in a solid wall over that part of the trail, spread

out and curled, hissing, up to the little eminence on which the party, with scared faces, stood as if spell-bound. The loose cattle of the Rose drove were in the rear. They were swept off like insects. Then the flood, as if holding on by its claws at the rocky angle behind, backed up and backed up, until, with one mighty effort, it swept the wagon-bodies off their beds, overturned the cattle in their yokes, and then slunk off down the cañon, and slowly fell away.

Captain Rose, mounting a wrecked wagon, in the midst of the still falling rain, looked about anxiously, gave a great sob, and said:

"I'm a ruined man; but, thank God, we're all here!"

The angry current yet fled down the cañon, making the trail impassable. But the worst was over. They were all alive. Even Pete, to whom Arty had clung in the extremity of his terror, was safe and sound. All were drenched, and it was only by clinging to the half-floating wagons that they had been saved from drowning. But the yoke cattle were all here. So was poor Old Jim, and a few of Rose's loose cattle, as well as his horse.

"What was that?" asked Tom, his teeth chattering with fear and cold.

"A cloud-burst," said Mont, solemnly. "And it will be a wonderful thing if hundreds of people in this cañon are not drowned by it."

More than an hour passed before the creek had fallen enough to permit the emigrants to pass down the trail. But the cañon was free of the flood in an astonishingly short time. Before dark, the little party, gathering up their wet goods and straightening out their teams, ventured down the trail.

The alders were crowded with fragments of wreck. Wagon-covers, clothing, and bits of small household stuff, were hanging from rocks and brush. The trail was washed out by the flood, and along it were strewn the bodies of drowned animals. For the most part, however, the wrecks had been swept clean out of the cañon, and were now lying on the sandy plain beyond.

Nobody ever knew how many lives were lost in that memorable cloud-burst. They were many. The boy emigrants passed out and camped on the fast-drying plain at the mouth of the cañon, where they found Philo Dobbs, his wife, and Nance. They, with Messer, had laid by outside before the storm came up, having been one day's travel ahead of our boys.

Rose had lost sixty head of cattle, a few of those first missing having been picked up afterward.

"Where's yer yaller hoss?" asked Hi of Barney.

The sorrel horse was gone.

"Light come, light go," said Hi, sententiously. Then he added, "So much for traveling Sunday."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE DESERT.

It was early in September when the emigrants reached the head-waters of the Humboldt. Here the road led by the side of the stream, which flowed through a narrow valley. Outside of this valley, the country was a tumultuous mass of rocks, mountains, and sand. No tree nor shrub relieved the prospect anywhere. It was an utterly desolate and trackless desert. Close by the stream, whose bluish white current was shaded by willows, there was plenty of grass, and the water was at least fit to drink. So the party journeyed on blithely, forgetful of the dangers behind, and careless of the privations before them.

Occasionally, the road left the river and crossed over a rough ridge of hills, for ten or twelve miles, and then, having made a straight line across a curve of the stream, struck it again farther down. But, after about two weeks of travel, with some days of rest, orders went out to cut grass for the long stretch of desert which was now to be traversed. Knives of all sorts were brought out and sharpened, and the emigrants spent one afternoon in cutting and binding up the lush coarse grass which grew plentifully in the meadows. Not far from this point, the Humboldt spreads out in a boggy lake, overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, and is lost in the desert. About the edges of this strange swamp the whole surface of the earth is dry and parched. The spreading river seems discouraged by the barren waste before it, and it sinks away in the sands and is gone.

"This everlasting sage-brush!" murmured Arty, as the party left the verdure of the Humboldt meadows and struck once more into the arid plain, where the only vegetation was the yellow-brown sage-brush or the whity-yellow grease-weed. "This everlasting sage-brush! How sick I am of it!"

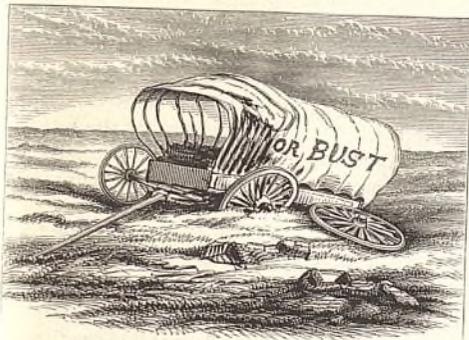
"Oh, well, don't speak ill of the sage-brush, Arty," said Mont, pleasantly. "Besides, it is called artemisia, which is a much nicer name; and if it was not for the artemisia, otherwise sage-brush, I don't know what you would do for fuel."

"That's so, Mont," added Hi. "And though I don't know much about your arty-what-d'ye-call-it, I allow it's put here for some good end. See, that there sage-stalk is nigh as thick as my leg, and good fire-wood it is. Howsoever it gets to grow in this sand gets me, I must say. Still, I shall be glad when we are shut of it. Hit's a sure sign of desert wherever it grows."

It was an abominable country. The face of the earth was undulating, but gradually rising as the trail ran westward, and was covered with loose black, yellow, and red boulders, and split masses

of rock. The wagon-trail was almost knee-deep with red dust, and was sprinkled with broken stones, over which the wagons jolted dismally. Beyond, as far as the eye could reach, and disappearing over the swales of the surface, stretched a long, long line of teams, over which a pillar of dust continually rose into the hot air. The sun poured down its fiercest beams, and the far-off hills to the north looked as if they were calcined in the terrible heat, and ashes seemed to cover their glowing sides.

After a long and weary tramp, the boys reached Antelope Springs, a place whose name had such a pleasant sound to them, that they had longed for it very much. It was a bitter disappointment. Hundreds of teams were already on the ground before them, and the two feeble little springs which had gushed out from under a ledge of rocks in this dryness, were trampled and choked with mud. The water which trickled down from these pools was not fit to drink; even the suffering cattle would



"CALIFORNIA OR BUST."

not touch it. After waiting several hours, and taking up a spoonful of water at a time, the boys secured enough to make some coffee—the first nourishment they had had since morning; and it was now nearly sundown.

Rabbit-hole Springs, twenty miles off, must be reached before any water for the cattle and horses could be found. It was a day's drive, in the best of times. Now they must make it in one night.

The poor animals, hungry and thirsty, could hardly drag the wagons over the rough roads; and the boys, faint, foot-sore and sleepy, stumbled along in the dark, ready to fall down and sleep forever in the rocky way. As the night wore on, the air grew cool, and they toiled up and down the steep ridges with some sense of relief.

During the night, while sweeping down a mountain side, the party suddenly blundered into the midst of the encampment of a large company of emigrants. These people were evidently tired out with their march; not one was to be seen. Their

cattle were scattered about in all directions, and all their tents were silent. Into this tranquil settlement suddenly burst the train of the Roses, the young emigrants, and several others who had "bunched" together while crossing the desert. In a twinkling, the loose animals rushed to the right and left among the tents and wagons, startled by the unexpected sight, or searching for something to eat.

The confusion was instant and dire. Men rushed out from their tents, or from under their wagons, half-dressed and panic-stricken. Their alarm changed to rage when they saw the cause of the midnight invasion; and they tried in vain to stop the bewildered cattle, who charged on the tents, tore down the canvas, and hungrily grabbed at anything eatable and in reach. Old Jim snatched a huge bundle of grass in his teeth, and bore it off triumphantly, never heeding the stones and yells flung after him.

Men shouted, women screamed, children bawled, dogs barked, and cattle bellowed. The surprise was complete, and the stampede perfect. It took a long time to straighten out the trains, separate the cattle, and pacify the strangers, who returned to their dismantled tents in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"Should n't hev camped right on the trail if ye did n't want to git up and dust in the middle of the night," was Bush's remark as he collected his small equipage of cow and cart and went swinging down into the valley, with as much self-complacency as if he had commanded the whole train.

The night grew cooler, and when the caravan reached the long sandy plain which now stretched out toward Rabbit-hole Springs, Arty wrapped his blanket about his shoulders and journeyed out into the mysterious star-lighted waste, accompanied only by his faithful Pete. The road was heavy with loose sand, but not difficult to walk in, and the boy soon passed out of all sight and hearing of the teams behind him. He was alone in a sea of sand, the dog keeping close behind him at his heels. The sky, spangled with stars, bent over him, and, far off, the dim horizon shaded away into the gloom of the distant hills. Arthur fancied himself a lost traveler, far from human habitation or human trace, and he pressed on against the rising breeze with a keen sense of the novel loneliness of his condition. The cries of the ox-drivers and the crush of wheels had died away in the distance, and only when Pete, terrified at the unearthly stillness, came up from behind, whined for a word of recognition and dropped back to his place, did the lad hear any sound that reminded him that he was in the land of the living.

Reaching a drift of sand, where the wind had

curled up a wave in the shape of a furrow, Arty wrapped his blanket about him and lay down and gazed out on the lonely desert waste, with a strange sort of fascination. Pete whimpered at this unusual proceeding. He seemed anxious and disturbed by the strange influence of the night; and he crept under the boy's blanket and snuggled up close, as if for companionship.

Presently, while Arty was dreamily looking off into the gloom, and wondering why he was not sleepy, the dog growled uneasily.

"Oh, keep still, Pete! One would suppose you saw a ghost."

But the dog, thus reproved, was silent only for a moment. He growled again with more positiveness. and Arty, straining his ear, caught no sound coming out of the mysterious shadows.

"What a fool I was to come out here alone," he muttered. "Keep still, Pete, can't you? But there are no Indians on this desert, I'm sure; nothing for 'em to eat. Wild animals, perhaps!"

And here Pete, who could endure it no longer, bounced out from under the blanket, where he had been growling and grumbling to himself, and barked loud, long, and without restraint.

The boy hushed him for a moment, when a faint cry of "Halloo! Arty!" came out of the darkness. It was Mont's voice, and Pete bounded off to meet him.

"Gracious! how you scared me, Mont!" said Arty, as his comrade came up. "What are you ahead for?"

"Well, you see, Hi is driving. Barney Crogan is asleep in the wagon, and Tom is riding with Nance's folks. So I got lonesome and came on ahead to find you. Nice night."

"Yes, but how strange it is. See those stars. That's Orion, you know. My mother showed me that constellation ever so many years ago; and, do you know, I was just thinking how queer it is that all those stars should shine over us here, away off in the desert, just as they used to at Sugar Grove; just as they used to shine in Vermont, I suppose—but I don't remember much about that."

The young man made no answer, but sat down by Arty's side, clasped his hands over his knees, and looked out into the shadowy plain. The boy was silent again, and the dog curled up and slept at his feet. Mont thought of the stars shining over his New England home, far away. He saw the gable windows of his mother's house gleaming in the moonlight, the bronzed elms that made dark shadows over the lanes of the suburban town where his old home was, and the silvery river that rushed under the bridge with wooden piers which he had crossed so often. Around him stretched a trackless, uninhabitable waste. It was as silent as the

tomb. Out of its depths came no sound; only the chill night wind whispered over the sand-dunes and among the pebbles lying in the dark hollows of this sea of sand.

Suddenly, as he mused, out somewhere in the vague mystery of the plain he heard the boom of a deep-toned bell—once, twice, thrice, four times—sounding on the air.

"The bell! the bell!" he shouted, and started to his feet. Pete barked in sympathy.

"Golly! what bell?" asked Arty.

"The nine o'clock bell at Cambridgeport! At least, I thought I heard it just then!" He added: "Good heavens! Am I mad?—or dreaming?" Then he laughed confusedly, and said: "Well, I must have been in a waking dream. Don't mind it. Here comes the train."

And, as he spoke, the teams came, slowly grinding their way through the darkness of the night.

The moon rose and faded away again in the early gray of the morning before the tired emigrants reached Rabbit-hole Springs. It was a queer place. A dry, smooth hill, rounded and baked, bore on its topmost curve a cluster of wells. These were dug by emigrants, and they reached a vein of water which kept these square holes always supplied. Rude steps were cut in the sides of the pits, and, cautiously creeping down them, the precious water was dipped up plentifully. No matter how many were filled, the supply never gave out.

Here the party drank and gave to their beasts. Then, filling all available vessels, they went on to the plain below, where, at four o'clock in the morning, they halted long enough to get ready a meager breakfast. The air began to grow warm again as the wind fell, and Arty, half-dead with fatigue and sleeplessness, stumbled about his camp-stove in a daze. Everybody but himself had dropped in the dust to sleep. He was alone, although a thousand people were camped all about on the sandy plain.

There was no fuel but dry grease-weed, and his hands were in the dough.

"Get up and get something to burn, you Crogan," he said crossly, kicking his sleeping brother's shins as he lay under the wagon.

"Yes, mother," drawled the young fellow in his dreams; "I'm coming—coming," and he was asleep again.

Half-crying with vexation, Arty sat down on the wagon-tongue and shouted out, in the most general way:

"If some of you fellows don't wake up and get some firing, you'll have no breakfast, so now!"

Nobody stirred, but Nance, gingerly picking her way over the pebbly ground, barefooted and dusty, came up and said:

"I'll help ye, Arty. Take yer hands out o' that

dough and get yer firewood, and I'll finish yer bread. Salt? Bakin'-powder? Now git."

"Nancy, you're the best girl I ever knew," said Arty.

"That's what she is," interposed Johnny, who was now sitting up in the sand. "Did you call, Arty?"

"Lie down again and nap it while you can," said Arty, his anger all gone. "You've a long tramp before you to-day, my little man."

Only two hours were allowed for rest and breakfast, and then the weary march began again. One of Rose's men—a tall, dangling young fellow, known in the camp as "Shanghai"—threw up his contract and determined to "get out and walk." He declared that he had been "put upon" long enough. He had not been provided with the cattle-whip which had been promised him. He had been compelled to drive loose cattle in the fearful dust of the day before, while some more favored person was allowed to drive the steers. To crown all, he had had but one spoonful of "dope" at breakfast that day. This was too much. He would go on alone.

Van Dusen, a stolid, black-bearded man, one of Rose's teamsters, who had very profound views on the subject of earthquakes and volcanoes, and who never, under any circumstances, could get enough to eat, listened to poor Shanghai's tearful complaints, threw down his whip, and said:

"Hang it! Shanghai, I'll go with ye!"

And these two pilgrims, packing all their worldly effects in one small bundle, took their way over the arid hills toward the Golden Land.

At noon, the long caravan, passing over a succession of rocky and dusty ridges, reached the last one, from which they gazed off into the Great Plain. It was like a vast sea. Far to the westward, a chain of sharp, needle-like peaks towered up to the sky. Northward, a range of hills, flaming in red and blue, looked as if they were masses of hot iron. South, the undulating level melted into the brassy sky. Across the dusty waste before them a long line of wagons traveled, far below the point on which the boy emigrants paused before they began their descent.

Looking toward the red-hot hills, and over the plain, tremulous with heated air, Arthur saw, to his intense surprise, a crooked line of shining blue. It glided out and in among clumps of willows, and rippled in the sunshine. It was a creek of considerable size, and, even from this distance, he could almost hear the gurgle of the blessed water.

"Water! water!" he cried.

Everybody gazed. Even the sullen cattle sniffed it with their noses, and poor Tige set up a disconsolate bellow as he looked.

"Only a mirage, Arty," said Mont, with a tinge of despondency. "See it pass?"

And, as he spoke, the trees faded away, the blue waters sunk into the earth, and only the parched rocks and hills remained. Then, moving down, the illusion seemed to strike the caravans below. The wagons grew and grew until they appeared to be fifteen or twenty feet high. Then these spectral figures broke in two, and on each wagon was the shape of another, bottom up and its wheels in the air. Then on this ghostly figure was another wagon, its wheels resting on the wheels of that below. This weird procession lasted a moment, shuddered, and melted away like a dream. Only the commonplace caravan plodded its weary way through the powdery dust.

At sunset, after a second distressing day's drive, the travelers reached the range of peaks which, like an island, divided the desert into two parts. Here was water, but so hot that an egg might have been boiled in it. Tige, who was on the sick list, put his black muzzle into it, and, astonished at the phenomenon, set off on a brisk run with his tail in the air.

"Poor old chap! He has not got all his wits about him now that he is sick," said Mont, compassionately.

Even when the water was cooled in pails, the cattle distrusted it and hesitated to taste it. The boys stewed their beans, baked biscuit, and made coffee, using a portion of the scanty stock of fuel brought a long way for this purpose; for here not even grease-weed, nor the tiniest blade of grass, ever grew. The surface of the ground was utterly bare.

A little withered grass, brought from the Humboldt, remained in the wagons, and was distributed among the cattle. Tige refused to eat it, and as the boys sat in the door of their tent, eating their desert fare, the docile animal came up, and, resting his nose on Arty's shoulder, looked, winking, into his tin plate of stewed beans.

"Have some, Tige?" said Arty. "Poor old Tige, he's off his grub."

And the steer, cautiously sniffing at the plate, put out his tongue, tasted with apparent satisfaction, and licked up the whole.

"Now, I call that extravagance!" said Tom, lading out another plateful of beans.

"And I call it genewine humanity. That's what it is, Mister Smarty," rejoined Hi. "Whatever else we have n't got, I allow we've beans enough to get us through with."

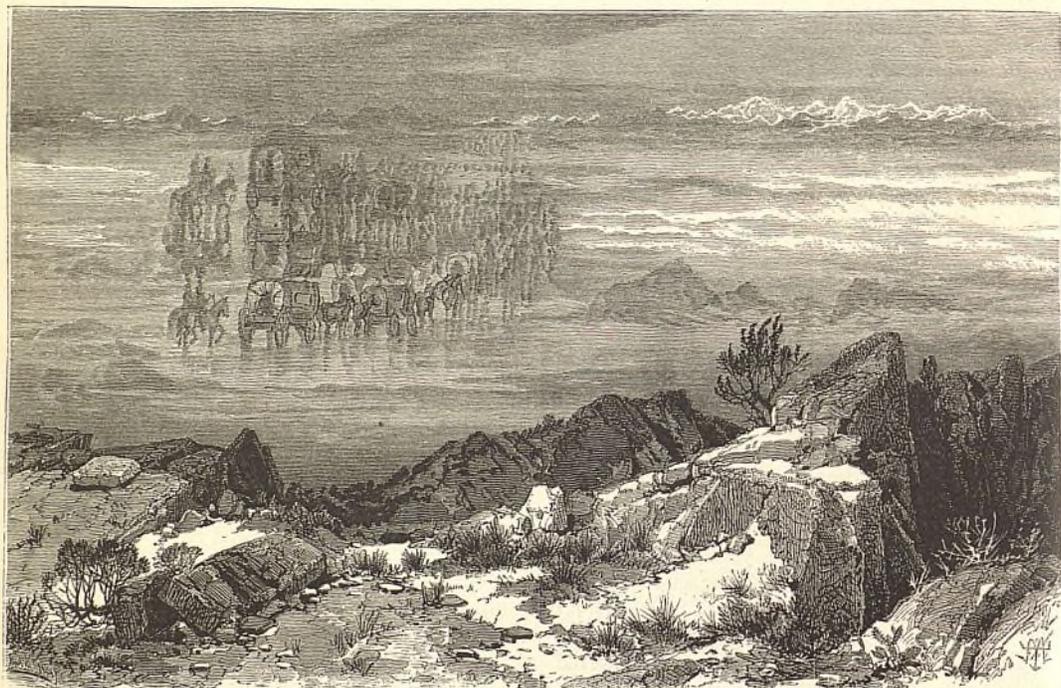
On again at sundown went the emigrants, as if pursued by some hidden enemy. Out into the desert swept a great train of wagons, cattle, men, and women—out into the desert, with the tall and

motionless peaks of purple towering above them into the evening sky, now flushed and rosy. How they tramped on and on, like a caravan of life, out into an unknown world, rich and poor, young and old, together! Leaving behind them their homes, and leaving by the way their dead, they swept past the islanded mountains, and so pressed on to the West.

When the night came on, and the yellow moon flooded the vast level plain with liquid light, the sight was very strange. The air was cool, the ground white with a firm sand which scarcely yielded to the easily running wheels. In the weird

of mountains. Without waiting to examine the ground, which was a rough plain bordering on a creek, the boys put up their tent, unyoked the cattle, who were too tired to stray, dropped into their blankets, and slept until long after the next day's sunrise.

Many of the cattle brought here, after the drive across the Great Plains, were left to die. The boys rested one day, and, when another night came on, they yoked their unwilling oxen, and were off again. It was sunset when they passed southward around the spur of mountains which lay across their path. And it was four o'clock on the follow-



THE MIRAGE.

luster that covered the plain, a lame steer, turned out to die, and standing away off from the trail, loomed up like a giraffe. To the startled lads, it seemed at first a balloon; then a phantom cow. Looking back, the long train seemed to rise up and melt away into the air; and forward, the blue-black mountains that bounded the plain were flecked with silver where the moonlight fell on quartz ledges and patches of belated snow.

Occasionally, a cry from the rear told that another "critter" had fallen, and some one must be detailed to bring it along, if possible. But the train rolled on until the camp-fires of Granite Creek shone on the desert. At two o'clock in the morning, inexpressibly weary, the emigrants reached a slightly raised bench at the foot of another range

ing morning when they paused and built another camp-fire in the midst of the last stretch of desert, on the western side of the range. Here was a level, floor-like plain, and the tents pitched with the flaps rolled up gave the scene an Oriental air. No Arabian coffee in the desert was ever more delicious than that which our weary young pilgrims drank. And no delicacies of a luxurious city could have been more welcome to these wandering sons than the well-browned biscuits which Arty's deft hands drew from their camp-oven.

The last day's travel was the hardest of all. Cattle dropped by the wayside. Strong men fainted with fatigue, or grew delirious with sleeplessness. In some of the trains there was real want, and strange rumors of a plot to rob the better-provided

ones floated back and forth among the trains, now moving once more in single file over the bleak and barren hills. No vegetation met the eye, no insect nor bird cried in the joyless air; a fierce sun poured down its rays upon the struggling line. Here and there, a grave, newly made and rudely marked, showed where some poor soul had fallen by the way. The very sky seemed to add to the utter desolation of the land.

But, at sunset, the young emigrants, after fording a salt creek, climbed the rocky ridge which separated the desert from the fertile region known as the Smoke Creek country. The train toiled on and passed over the divide. Arthur and Mont paused and looked back. The setting sun bathed the plain below in golden radiance. A flood of yellow sunshine poured over the arid waste, and broke in masses among the violet shadows of the mountain range beyond. Eastward, the rocky pinnacles, glorified with purple, gold, and crimson, pierced a sky rosy and flecked with yellow. It was like a glimpse of fairy-land.

Arty held his breath as he gazed and for a moment forgot his fatigue.

"It is as beautiful as a dream," said the boy.

"And as cruel as death," added Mont.

"I shall never forget it, Mont."

"Nor I."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

"POOR old Tige! We may as well take him out of the yoke."

The plucky little ox would have dragged on with his mate Molly until he dropped. But he was too sick to travel. The boys were now near Honey Lake Valley, where feed was good and water plenty. They had crossed the last considerable ridge, or divide, before reaching the Sierra; a few days more would bring them to their journey's end.

The faithful beast had pulled steadily through the awful desert and over the volcanic region which lay between that region and the Honey Lake country. As Johnny and Arthur unfastened the yoke to let the invalid Tige go free, the creature looked around in wonder, as if to ask the reason of this unwonted proceeding.

"Tige, my boy," said Arthur, "I am afraid you won't wear the yoke again."

"Is he so bad as that, Arty?" asked Johnny, sympathetically, and almost with tears.

"Well, you see, Johnny," interposed Barnard, "there is very little chance for a critter that's alkali'd ever to get well. That dose of melted fat we gave him yesterday did n't do him a bit of good. Hi says that he allows that his milt is all

eaten away by alkali. Whatever the milt may be, I don't know; do you, Mont?"

"Diaphragm, I guess," said Mont.

"Dyer what?" asked Tom. "Dyer—well, that's a good one. I tell you it's the milt. Don't you know what the milt is?"

"Give it up," said Barney, shortly. "Hurrah! there's the Sierra!"

And, as he spoke, their team, drawn now by one yoke, rounded the ragged summit of the ridge, and they beheld the Sierra Nevada.

Below was a winding valley, dotted with isolated lofty pines, and bright with green grass. A blue stream rambled about the vale and emptied into a muddy-looking lake at the south. This was Honey Lake, and the stream was Susan's River. Beyond, westward, was a vast wall, bristling with trees and crowned with white peaks. It was the Snowy Range of Mountains. Beyond was the promised land.

The boys gazed with delight on the emerald valley and the sparkling river; but chiefly were they fascinated by the majestic mountains beyond these. They were not near enough to see the smaller features of the range. But their eyes at last beheld the boundary that shut them out of the Land of Gold. The pale green of the lower hills faded into a purple-blue, which marked where the heavy growth of pines began. Above this, and broken with many a densely shadowed gulch and ravine, rose the higher Sierra, bald and rocky in places, and shading off into a tender blue where the tallest peaks, laced with snow, were sharply cut against the sky.

Before the young emigrants were water, rest, and pasturage. Beyond were the mysterious fastnesses in which men, while they gazed, were unlocking the golden secrets of the earth. Up there, in those vague blue shadows, where the mountain torrents have their birth, miners were rending the soil, breaking the rocks, and searching for hidden treasure. The boys pressed on.

But days passed before the emigrants, with their single yoke of cattle, and often delayed by swamps, and by getting on false trails, reached the base of the Sierra. It was now late in September, and the nights were cool. While on the high ridges west of the Great Desert, they had had a touch of cold weather. Ice had formed outside of the tent on more than one night; and, inside, the boys had shivered under their blankets and buffalo skins, though the days were hot. But here was fuel.

Here, too, at the foot of the mountains, they found a ranch, or farm, the tiller of which had steadily refused to be charmed away by tales of gold discoveries on the other side of the wall of mountains.

He leaned on his rail fence and eyed the vast procession of emigrants with a cynical air. The boys almost envied him the possession of such a trim little farm; for, though it was rude and straggling, it looked like a home, a haven of rest, after their long march in the desert and wilderness. They felt, for the first time, that they were ragged, uncouth, toil-stained, and vagabondish in appearance. Here was a man wearing a white shirt, or one that had once been white; and a woman stood in the door-way, with knitting-work in her hands. It was a domestic picture, and in sharp contrast to emigrant life on the plains.

"Oh, you're bound to the gold-diggin's, you be?" he said, with an unpleasant leer. "Wal, now, I've heerd that men were makin' wages over there—day wages jest—and flour at twenty dollars a hundred. But boys—wal, now, this gets me! Boys? No wages yonder fur boys, you jest bet yer life!"

"Don't you worry yourself, old man," retorted Hi, who always did the rude joking of the party. "We'll come back next week and buy out your shebang, boys or no boys, wages or no wages."

"Got any vegetables to sell?" asked Barney, civilly.

"Vegetables! Stranger, look a-there!" said the ranchoero, pointing to a patch of ground well dug over. "D'ye see that there patch? Wal, that there patch was full of corn and taters. Corn don't do well here; too cold and short seasons. But this year them crazy critters that hev been pilin' over the mountains hev carried off every stalk and blade and ear. What they did n't beg, they stole; and what was n't growed, was carried off half-growed."

"Stole your crop?"

"That's about the size of it. I'm from Michigan, I am, and was brought up reg'lar; but I jest laid out in that corn-field, nights, with a double-barrel shot-gun, untel there wa' n't no corn for me to hide in. Stole? Why, them pesky gold-hunters would hev carried the ground away from under my feet, if they'd a-wanted it. Smart fellers, they be!"

"Why don't you go on and try your luck in the mines?" asked Barnard, who, with Mont and Arty, had lingered behind, hoping that they might buy a few fresh vegetables.

"So far as I've heerd tell, there's no luck there. Here and there a chunk, but nothin' stiddy. The mines hev gi'n out; they've been givin' out ever since they was struck, and now they've gi'n out clean."

"And are you going to stay here and farm it?" asked Barney.

"Young feller,"—and here the rough-faced

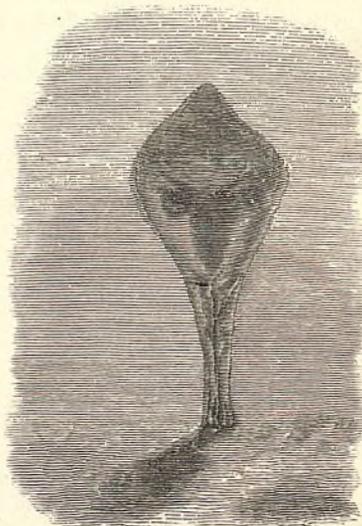
ranchoero put on a most sagacious air,—“ranchin' heré is better than gold-diggin' over yender. Here I stay. That there's my wife, Susan; that's Susan's River yender, and this here's Susanville, now hear me.”

“And you find farming profitable, although the emigrants steal your crop?”

“Wal, young feller,” he said to Mont, “you're a sort of civil-spoken chap; seein' it's you, I'll sell you a few taters for a dollar a pound.”

The boys bought two pounds of potatoes and went on, alarmed at their first great extravagance.

“Never mind,” said Rose, when they told him of their purchase. “You'll have no more chance to buy potatoes after this. Reckon you might as well get yer fust and last taste of 'em now.”



THE PHANTOM COW.

Camping at night in the forests of the Sierra was like being in paradise. No more sand, no more sage-brush, no more brackish or hot water in the rivulets. Gigantic pines stretched far up into the star-lit sky. Ice-cold streams fell over the mountain-side. The cattle lay down to rest in nooks carpeted with rich grass. The boys built a tremendous fire in the midst of their camp, piling on the abundant fuel in very wantonness, as they remembered how lately they had been obliged to economize handfuls of dry grass and weeds in their little camp-stove.

This was luxury and comfort unspeakable; and as they basked in the cheerful light and heat, Hi said: “I allow I'd just as soon stay here forever. The gold-mines are a fool to this place.”

Barney poked the glowing fire, which was kindled against a mighty half-dead pine, and said: “Who votes this is a good place to stay in?”

There was a chorus of laughing "I's" about the fire, as the boys lounged in every comfortable attitude possible. At that, there was a horrible roar from the pine-tree by the fire, and from the midst of the curling flames suddenly appeared a huge creature, which bounded through the blaze, scattered the brands in all directions, broke up the circle of loungers, who fled in all directions, knocked over little Johnny, and disappeared down the side of the mountain, with a savage growl.

The boys stared at each other in blank amazement, and with some terror.

"An elephant!"

"A tiger!"

"A catamount!"

"A grizzly bear!"

"It *was* a bear! I felt his fur as he scabbled over me!" said Johnny, with a scared face and his teeth chattering.

Just then, there was a shot down the mountain in the direction in which the monster had gone crashing through the underbrush. Then another, and another shot sounded. Everybody ran. They came up with two or three men from a neighboring camp, running in the same direction. Reaching a little hollow in the wood, they found two emigrants examining a confused dark heap on the ground.

"What is it?" cried the new-comers.

"A b'ar," said one of the men, taking out his knife and making ready to skin the animal. "Heerd him crashin' through the brush and let him have it."

"A grizzly?" asked Tom.

"No, a cinnamon, I allow," said the other man, striking a light for his pipe, before he began to help his comrade.

Johnny, who had not quite recovered from his fright, looked at the bronzed face of the emigrant, illuminated as it was for a moment by the flaming match, and exclaimed:

"Bill Bunce!"

"Hello! my little kid," said the fellow, unconcernedly. "Whar've yer bin this long back?"

Johnny was too much astonished to reply, and Mont, with some severity of manner, said:

"This is the boy you abandoned on the Mississippi River, is it not, Bunce?"

"Well now, stranger, I allow you are too many for me. My understandin' was that he throwed off on me. Say, pard," he continued, addressing his mate, "just yank him over on his back. There now, this skin's wuth savin'. He's fat, he is; must weigh nigh onto three hundred."

The boys went back to their camp-fire very discontentedly. After all, there was nothing to be done. They might have accused him of attempting to steal Old Jim.

"Well, we've got our baked potatoes, anyhow," grumbled Barney, as he raked two dollars' worth of that useful vegetable out of the ashes.

Later, while they were debating as to what they might demand of Bill Bunce, when they should see him again, the comrade of that mysterious person appeared by the camp-fire with a huge bear-steak.

"With Mr. Bunce's compliments," he said, with a grin. "It was your bear, like, as it mought be; came outen your back-log," and the stranger disappeared.

"Cheeky," said Barney.

"Now, a b'ar-steak is not to be sneezed at. We'll have a jaw with that Bunce feller to-morrow," said Hi, surveying the welcome fresh meat with great gratification.

But, next day, when the boys awoke at sunrise, and surveyed the neighboring camping-grounds, no trace of Bill Bunce's party was to be found. They had "lit out" early in the dawning, a good-natured emigrant informed them.

On the second day after this adventure, the party reached a narrow ridge, the summit of the gap in the Sierra over which they were passing. They had toiled up a steep incline, winding among rocks and forests. Here was a descent too steep for any team to be driven down. Yet the road pitched over this tremendous incline, and they saw the tracks of wagons that had just gone on ahead.

"See here," said Mont, who had been spying about. "Here are marks on the trees, as if ropes had been slipped around them. They have let the wagons down this inclined plane by ropes."

"But where are the ropes for us? And how do they get the cattle down? Slide 'em?" asked Barney.

"I don't know where our ropes are to be got," replied Morse. "But you can see the tracks of the cattle in the underbrush. They have been driven down that way."

It was a dilemma. They could hardly urge the cattle up the steep slope on the eastern side. There was not room enough for two teams to stand on top, and westward the ridge dropped away sharply, like the smooth roof of a house, for several hundred feet.

"Oh, here comes the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!" said Mont. "He has a coil of rope." And the sad-faced Messer came urging his cattle up the hill. The situation was explained to him.

"Yes, I allow I've heerd tell of this yere place," he said, "and powerful bad sleddin' hit is. Now, how d'yer allow to get down?"

Barnard explained to him how other people must have gone down. The rope was produced from Messer's wagon, one end made fast to the hinder

axle of a wagon. Then a turn was taken about a tree, and some of the party carefully steadied the vehicle down the hill, while the others held the rope taut, and let it slip around the tree-trunk, as the wagon slid slowly down. The oxen and loose cattle were driven over by a roundabout way through the brush. Poor old Tige at once lay down on reaching the valley below, and Arthur almost wept as the sick creature staggered to his feet and struggled on after the train, when they had crossed the divide and yoked up on the western side of the range.

Passing through "Devil's Corral," a curious, huge bowl of rocks, set up like a gigantic wall about a grassy hollow, the party camped on the margin of a magnificent meadow. Here was a flat valley, filled with springs and rank with grass and herbage. A pure stream circled about its edge, and, like a wall, a tall growth of pines and firs shut it in all about. The forest which sloped down this enchanted spot was aromatic with gums and balsams, and multitudes of strange birds filled the air.

In this lavish plenty, the boys camped for two days, in order that the tired cattle might be rested. It seemed as if this abundant grass and sparkling water would restore Tige's health, if anything could. Arty carefully tended the poor beast. But he was filled with forebodings, and, rising early in the morning after their first night in the valley, went out to look after his favorite. Johnny was up before him, and came toward Arty, dashing something from his eyes with his brown fist.

"Well?" said Arthur, with a little quiver in his voice.

"He's all swelled up," sobbed the boy.

Arthur ran down into the meadow. The little black steer was lying cold and stiff. Tige's journey was done.

There was lamentation in the camp, and the sad-faced Missourian, who had camped with Capt. Rose and the boys, said, with the deepest melancholy:

"Such luck! Wish I had n't a-come!"

From this point, many emigrants dropped out to the north and south, and some pressed on to the

westward, striking for the rich mines said to exist on the edge of the Sacramento Valley.

The news was good. More than that, it was intoxicating. Men raced about as if they had a fever in their bones. The wildest stories of gold-finds floated among the camps, faces grew sharp with anxiety and covetousness, and mysterious murmurs of robberies and darker crimes began to fill the air. The boys were on the edge of the gold diggings. The wildness and lawlessness came up from the whirl beneath like faint echoes into these peaceful old forest solitudes.

On the last day of September, the boy emigrants mounted Chapparral Hill. Mont, Arty, and Barnard, climbing a peak near by, looked off on a golden valley, rolling far to the west, sparkling with streams and checkered with patches of timber. Westward, a misty mountain wall of blue melted into the pale sky. Nearer, a range of purple peaks rose, like a floating island in the midst of a yellow sea. This was the valley of the Sacramento, with the Coast Range in the distance and the Sutter Buttes in the midst. Beyond all, but unseen, rolled the Pacific.

The wagons crept over Chapparral Hill and halted by a group of canvas and log houses. Some uncouth-looking men were loitering about the camp. Beyond, by a creek, others were shoveling soil into a long wooden trough, in which water was running. Others were wading, waist deep, in the stream.

There was an odor of fried bacon in the air, and the sinking sun shone red over the camp-fires, where the men were cooking their supper.

"How's the diggings?" asked Capt. Rose of a tall fellow, who was lying at full length on the ground, and teasing a captive magpie.

"Slim," was the reply.

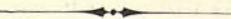
"Well, I reckon we'll stop here for the present. Claims all taken up?"

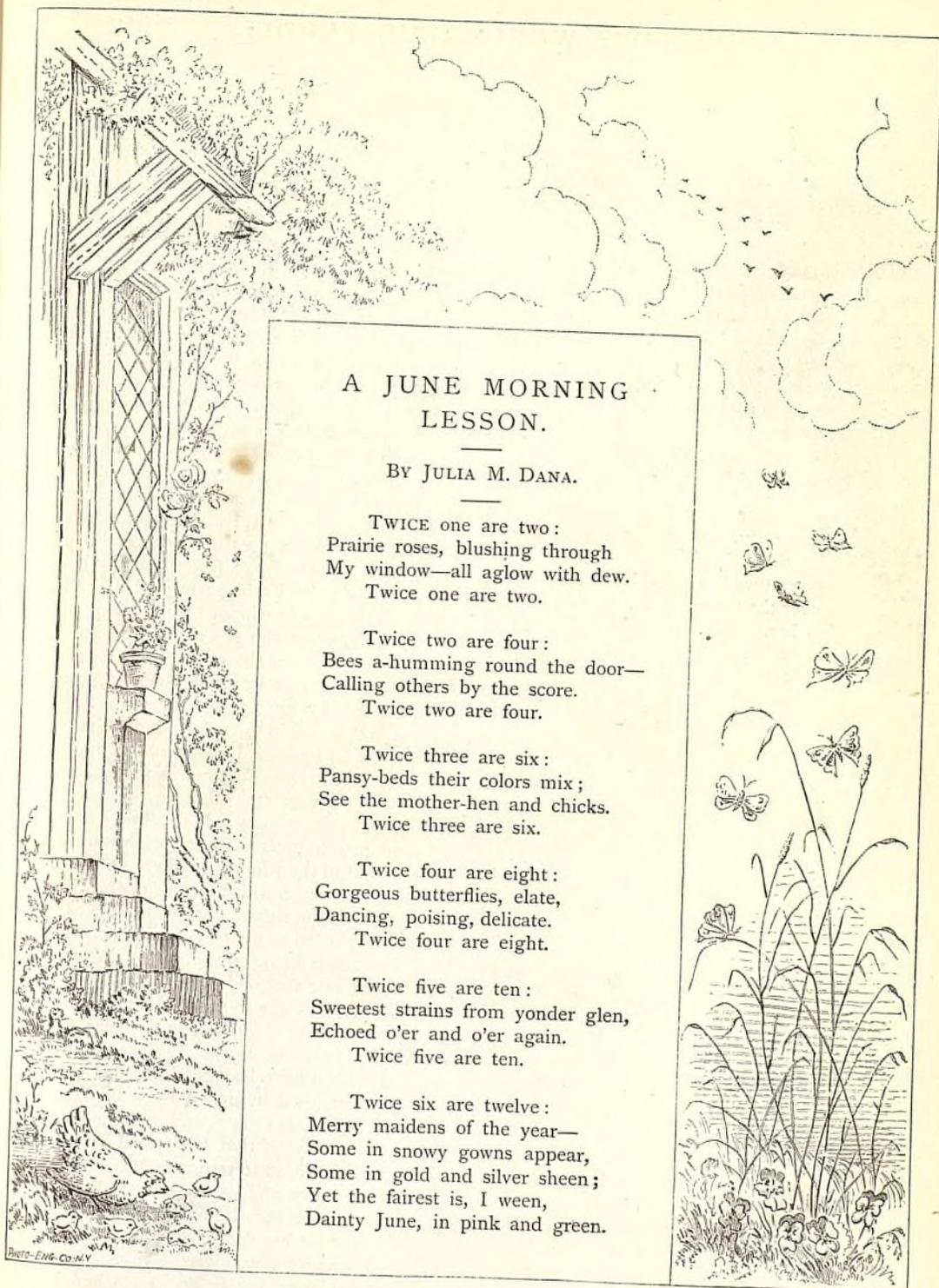
"Thar's room enough;" and the miner laughed as he went on playing with the bird.

The boys, somewhat dejected, drove down by "the branch," unyoked their cattle, and set up their tent.

This was the Golden Land.

(To be continued.)





A JUNE MORNING LESSON.

BY JULIA M. DANA.

Twice one are two:
Prairie roses, blushing through
My window—all aglow with dew.
Twice one are two.

Twice two are four:
Bees a-humming round the door—
Calling others by the score.
Twice two are four.

Twice three are six:
Pansy-beds their colors mix;
See the mother-hen and chicks.
Twice three are six.

Twice four are eight:
Gorgeous butterflies, elate,
Dancing, poising, delicate.
Twice four are eight.

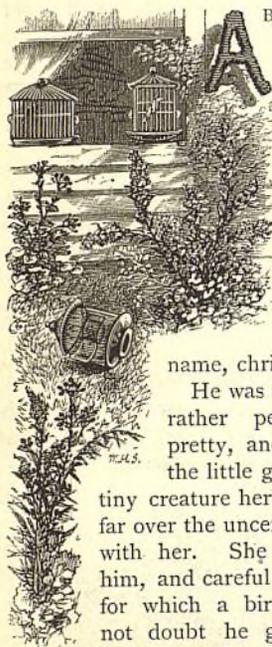
Twice five are ten:
Sweetest strains from yonder glen,
Echoed o'er and o'er again.
Twice five are ten.

Twice six are twelve:
Merry maidens of the year—
Some in snowy gowns appear,
Some in gold and silver sheen;
Yet the fairest is, I ween,
Dainty June, in pink and green.

WILLIE'S WONDERFUL FLIGHT.

(A True Incident.)

BY CELIA THAXTER.



ABOUT thirteen years ago there lived in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, two little girls who each had a canary-bird. The grandfather of these children lived in Fayal, and had sent from that distant island her bird to the eldest girl a short time before my story begins. May, for that was her

name, christened him Willie.

He was a green and yellow bird, rather peculiarly marked, very pretty, and he sang sweetly, and the little girl was very fond of the tiny creature her grandfather had sent so far over the uncertain sea to find a home with her. She was kind and good to him, and careful he should lack nothing for which a bird might wish; so I do not doubt he grew very fond of her, and was as happy as he could be. But

into that pleasant home the war of the Rebellion brought its inevitable sorrow, and May's father joining the army, the household was broken up, and the family went to New York for the winter. Before going, May wrote to me asking if I would keep Willie for her till the spring, when they hoped to return. Of course I was glad to do so, and Willie was brought from Jamaica Plain to Newton one day in late autumn. His cage was covered with brown paper, so that he might not be alarmed at all the unaccustomed confusion about him; he was taken in the cars to Boston, and from Boston brought out to Newton in another train of cars, and at last deposited safely in my hands. I took the paper off the cage and hung it up at one of the four windows of my sunny parlor, already cheerful with birds and flowers, and Willie looked about him with bright black eyes surveying his new surroundings. It was a pleasant place, where the sun shone all day. He saw a robin and a song-sparrow at one window, a yellow canary at another, and still another bird, with dusky plumage like his own, stood in the middle of the flower-stand in a bower of green. All about the windows ivies and smilax were climbing, nasturtiums and geraniums blossomed brightly, and

every plant bloomed and spread gay leaves of freshest green to make a summer in the place when winter should storm without. I think he missed his dear little May at first, but he soon grew accustomed to the change and seemed quite content. A cherry-tree stood close to the window inside which his cage was hung, and to the boughs of this tree I was in the habit of tying mutton and beef bones to feed the wild-birds when the snow was on the ground. How he used to watch them when they came! Sometimes the tree seemed alive with pretty woodpeckers, chickadees, and Canada sparrows with red brown caps, and handsome, screaming jays, resplendent in brilliant blue. I wondered what he thought about them, but apparently he was not troubled with many thoughts. He ate, and drank, and sang his prettiest for me, till at last, the winter ended, the final snow-storm flung us a bitter good-bye; the strong sun unlocked the frozen earth, the grass crept out, and the world grew glad and glorious again. The outside windows were taken off, and all day long, when the sun shone, the inner ones stood wide open with the cages close together on the sills, shaded now by vines which grew outside, and touched by long sprays of pink flowering-almond that waved in the warm wind. Every night before sunset I took the birds in and hung them up in their places. One afternoon I went as usual to take care of my pets. What was my distress to find Willie's cage missing! Half afraid lest I should see some prowling cat in the act of devouring him, I looked out of the window. There on the ground lay the empty cage, with the door open. How my heart sank at the sight! May's little bird, which she had intrusted to my care, was gone. Though we did not own a cat, our neighbors did, and how could I be sure that one of the stealthy creatures had not found its way to the birds and selected my dear guest to destroy! I was in despair; fond as I was of my pets, I would gladly have sacrificed all the rest could I have brought back that one which had been intrusted to me. I knew the family had returned to Jamaica Plain, and only the day before I had said to myself that I was glad Willie was in such good condition to return to May. And there lay the open cage and he was gone! Very sad and sorry, I sat down to write to the little girl that she would never see her dear bird again.

Now happened a wonderful thing.

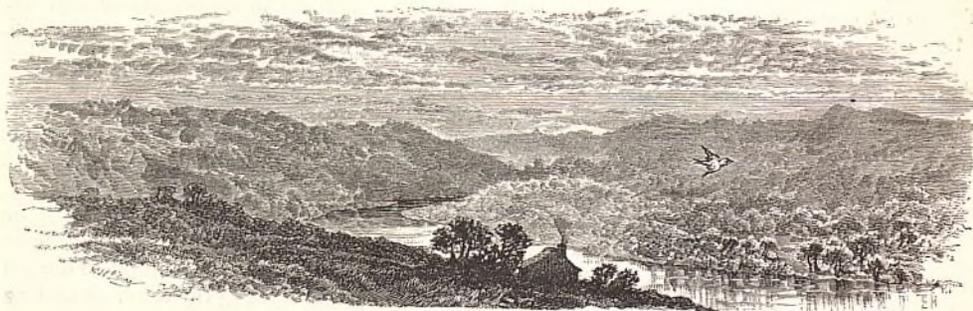
I sent my letter, but before it reached its desti-

nation that little bird had arrived in its old home, and was safe in May's possession again! He flew straight from Newton to Jamaica Plain, a distance of ten miles as the crow flies, and entered at the nursery window where of old his cage had hung. It was Willie himself, there was no mistaking the bird.

Now, was it not amazing that he should find his way with such unerring certainty across the wide and varying country, to that town, to that house, to that window? When his cage fell off my window ledge to the ground, and the door sprang open with the shock and set him free, how did he instantly know which way to fly to reach his former home? What told him to select a course due south-east instead of any other point of the compass? For the world was all before him, where to choose. Evidently he lost no time, for he arrived at his destination toward nightfall the next day. The children heard him fluttering at the window that night, but, supposing it some wild bird, took no notice of him. So he lingered without, and when in the morning the window was thrown open, swiftly the little wanderer flew in and perched on the cage of the other canary, which hung where he used to see it before he was carried to Newton.

Now, how *did* that little bird find out the way over woods and fields, and hills and dales, and many a town and group of houses? How could he be so wise as to select Jamaica Plain from all the places he must have passed over? Though he had lived there he had never really seen it, you know, and he was brought to Newton by the way of Boston, with his cage covered close with brown paper. Then, among all the houses, how did he find the house where little May lived? What led him straight to that nursery window? Of whom could he have inquired the way? To think that this tiny tuft of feathers should carry a spark of intelligence so divine, so far beyond the power of man's subtlest thought! Through the trackless air he found his way without hesitation or difficulty; his frail and delicate wings bore him safely across all those weary miles, and he entered contentedly the cage prepared for him, and dwelt there peacefully the rest of his little life.

Well may we look with wonder on everything that exists on this wonderful earth, and that a canary-bird can, in one sense, be so much wiser than the wisest man that ever lived, is not the least astonishing thing among many marvels.



MABEL'S MAIDS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

"O FAIRY GOD-MA! I do want"—
Said Mabel to her own dear Aunt—
"I want a little Maid,
To wash and dress me, with me play,
And mend my clothes, and—but you'll say
That's lazy, I'm afraid.

"But see! this button's off again;
And on my hand there is a stain—
It is not dirt, I'm sure.

Oh dear! there is so much to do:
Dear Fairy God-Ma! cannot you
A little Maid procure?"

"One's not enough for all you want,
My Mabel!" said the Fairy Aunt:
"At least some eight or ten
Your needs require. Well, well, we'll see.
Be a good girl and trust to me,
And you shall have them, then.

"Say, Mabel! ten smart little elves
Like those in the books upon your shelves—
I think I know a few—
To brush your hair, to wash your hands,
And do what now poor Aunt demands
So many times of you."

"How nice!" said Mabel. "Will they stay?
You're sure they will not run away?
Will they be always good?"
Said Aunt: "They'll stay, and every hour
They'll grow more clever, have more power
To do the things you would."

"That is, dear, if you use them well:
Else you may break the fairy spell.
Now look! we have not far
To go for them. At my first call
The little Maids come, one and all."
"Why, these my fingers are!"

"Well, Mabel! are not they enough
For your small doings, smooth or rough,
These cunning little elves?
I guess they'll help. And, my own Mabel!
Once set to work, you'll find them able
To do it all themselves."

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOY EMIGRANTS."

AT last ST. NICHOLAS can answer, and answer truly, the often-asked question, How does Mr. Brooks look?—for on the next page is his picture, taken from the life.

"Tell us all about him, dear ST. NICHOLAS," write the girls. "Where does he live?" ask the boys. "Did he really go to California by the overland route, years ago? Is he Arthur? Is he Mont? Who is he?"

Noah Brooks was born in the quaint old-fashioned town of Castine, Maine, in 1830. His father was of a well-known Massachusetts family, a ship-builder by trade, in the palmy days when the seaport towns of Maine were enlivened by the sound of the ax and mallet. It is quite likely that this Brooks lad, loitering about his father's ship-yard, and on the wharves, beaches, and rocky ledges of Castine, absorbed some of the romance of the sea and shore which since have appeared in his writings. He was left an orphan at the age of eight years, and was kept at the homestead by his elder sisters. Leaving school when eighteen years old, he went to Boston, where he studied drawing and painting; but, as this did not quite suit him, he, after awhile, drifted into new work, as a newspaper correspondent and writer.

In 1854, Mr. Brooks, then twenty-four years old, went to Illinois, where he engaged in business, but very soon, with an intimate friend and companion, he struck out for the Far West. The two young fellows took up a claim in the extreme western part of the then Territory of Kansas, but beyond hunting buffalo and winged game, nothing seems to have come of their visionary scheme of making their fortune as "settlers." The Kansas

experiment having failed, the two friends moved on toward California. After returning to Illinois for an outfit, they started from Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the overland emigrant route. There were many changes in the original party, but five finally began the trip. Of these, one true, faithful friend of young Brooks did not survive to reach California. His tragical death by drowning in the river Platte, near Fort Laramie, was a painful disaster to the little company. Otherwise the journey went prosperously on, and the young emigrants seemed to have had a good time.

The story of "The Boy Emigrants" is understood to be a faithful relation of life on the Plains and in the California gold mines. Many of the adventures of the young travelers, as told in this realistic tale, actually happened to Mr. Brooks's party, or under their own eyes, and from the notebooks of the author have been drawn the materials for the story, as well as for some of its illustrations; and almost all of the characters introduced are real people who crossed the Plains with the young emigrants.

Arriving in California, Mr. Brooks and his companions, as was the free-and-easy custom in those days, engaged in any pursuit which appeared most in demand. Mr. Brooks very soon returned to newspaper work, and in partnership with B. P. Avery, whose recent death in Pekin, where he was United States Minister, may be known to some of our readers, he established a daily newspaper, *The Appeal*. This was at Marysville, originally the "Nye's Ranch" of "The Boy Emigrants." In 1862, just after the sudden death of his wife and an infant child (for he had been married in 1856),

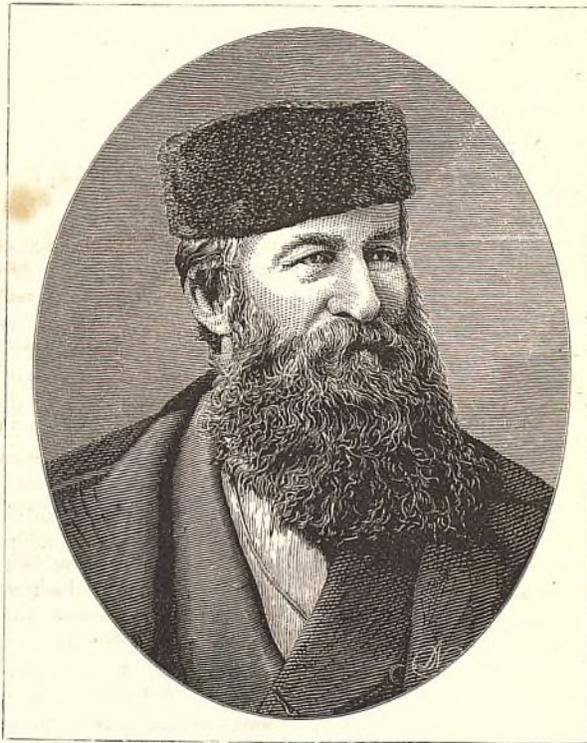
Mr. Brooks sold out his newspaper interest, and accepted the position of Washington correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, an influential California paper.

His letters during the war, signed "Castine," gained for him a wide and very favorable reputation in California and the adjoining States and Territories. It is pleasant to see now that some of the California newspapers, noticing "The Boy Emigrants" in ST. NICHOLAS, refer to the author as the "Castine" of those old days.

In Washington, Mr. Brooks renewed a former acquaintance with President Lincoln, who offered

had been writing for the magazines. He was one of the little band of writers whose pens were engaged in the early numbers of the *Overland Monthly*, a magazine edited by Bret Harte. Mr. Brooks supplied stories, sketches, book reviews, and other work demanded by the lively young magazine, meantime superintending the publication of a semi-monthly newspaper for young folks.

In 1871, Mr. Brooks left California and came to New York, where he became one of the editors of the *New York Tribune*. Two years ago, he transferred his services to the *Times*, in which journal he is now engaged as an editorial writer. Since



NOAH BROOKS.

him the appointment of Private Secretary, when the gentleman then filling that office was about to go abroad as Consul at Paris. This offer was accepted, but, before the change could be made, the good President was assassinated.

Immediately after this, Mr. Brooks returned to California, having been commissioned Naval Officer of the port of San Francisco. He occupied this office about a year and a half, when he was removed during the political excitement which President Johnson's administration created. Mr. Brooks returned to his newspaper work with great zest, and until 1871 was the managing editor of a San Francisco paper, the *Alta California*. All this while he

Mr. Brooks has been in New York, he has frequently contributed to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, some of its most powerful stories being from his pen; and the young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have known him almost ever since they have known the magazine. Sometimes in ST. NICHOLAS Mr. Brooks hides away under a *nom de plume*, but the boys soon find him out, for they know his touches. "The Boy Emigrants" has gained him hosts of young friends and admirers, both here and on the other side of the ocean; and, as already intimated, this brief sketch is a response to many letters the burden of which is,— "Please tell us about Noah Brooks."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JUST after the middle of June, one hundred and one years ago, a battle was fought in New England; and on the same day of the month, fifty years afterward, a great American orator stood on the old battle-ground and told its story. The reason I mention these facts is that, on the 17th of June, the Deacon has promised to read that very oration to the boys of the red school-house. Should you like to read it on the same day, my patriotic youngsters? Then look for the "Address of Daniel Webster, delivered at Bunker Hill on the seventeenth of June, 1825."

PROF. GOBBA'S EXPERIMENT.

I CANNOT tell you how many girls and boys have tried Professor Gobba's experiment, of which I told you in February ST. NICHOLAS. Dozens and dozens have astonished themselves and their friends with their success, and I dare say the flowers have been more astonished still. One little chap turned a pink primrose green and a white carnation yellow. The latest experimenter, a little Southern girl, writes: "I tried the aqua ammonia, dear Jack, and it turned a blue hyacinth into a green one, and a pink one into a yellow one, and a piece of white spiræa into lemon-color. I tried a bunch of wild violets, and they became green; some of the flowers of the Judas-tree or red-bud became a pale sea-green. We have a great many flowers in bloom now,—such as violets, red-bud, yellow jasmine, sassafras, and wild plums."

THE LEAF OF LIFE.

THERE'S a certain curious member of the plant family, very common in Jamaica, I'm informed, called the life plant, or leaf of life, because it is almost impossible to kill the leaves. You may cut one off, and hang it up by a thread, where any

ordinary leaf would be discouraged, and dry up. It will send out long, white, thread-like roots, and set about growing new leaves. You may cut off half a leaf, and throw it into a tight box, where it can get neither light nor moisture (necessaries of life to other plants); the spirited little leaf puts out its delicate roots all the same. Even pressed, and packed away in a botanist's herbarium,—the very dryest and dullest place you ever *did* see,—it will keep up its work, throw out roots and new leaves, and actually grow out of its covers! I'm told that botanists who want to dry this pertinacious vegetable are obliged to kill it with a hot iron or with boiling water.

TRUE TALKING.

I THOUGHT, at first, Deacon Green was lecturing the young fellows; but no, he was reading, and reading with a certain look upon his face,—half stern, half sorrowful,—that showed very plainly how much in earnest he was. He told the boys that the writer's name was John Ruskin. Some other deacon, I suppose.

This is what he read, word for word:

In general I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently; I would infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.

EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE.

CHILDREN, and grown people, in Africa think it quite a dreadful thing to eat an egg, and some of them would rather be severely punished than to drink cow's milk, yet one and all are very fond of a cake made of ants!

These ants, I believe, are called Ter, ter— It's very strange, now, that I cannot remember that word; it's ter—something, though, and may be some of you may be able to find it out.

TOO MUCH SUCCESS.

TOO much success is sometimes as bad as defeat. "How's that, Mr. Jack," do you say? Well, I'll tell you a true story, and then you shall think the matter over and find your own answer:

Last spring a colony of crow blackbirds occupied the evergreen trees in a neighboring yard. Among the earliest of our spring arrivals, their noisy chattering usually mingles with the song of the robin, and the mellow music of the blue-bird, and they begin to prepare for housekeeping, while both robin and blue bird are shivering with the cold. Even before the winter's snow had gone from the north side of the fences, they had been busily carrying straw, sticks and string to the trees. May-day came, finding the ground white and frozen; but

the sun was riding too high for such weather to last, and my black chatteringers were soon hard at work again measuring and weighing their treasures, with that busy strut which makes the crow black-bird a character in his way. Watching them, I saw one seize a long rag, the tail of a last year's kite, perhaps, and take the usual step or two before flying. The rag was stretched to its full length, and one end was frozen into the dirt. The bird pulled lightly at first, then gave harder jerks, and, finally, began pulling with all his might, bracing himself backward like a boy tugging at some high, tightly set weed. At last the end of the rag loosened, and, as it suddenly yielded, the bird dropped squarely on its back, kicking in fine style. He arose ashamed or astonished at the mishap, and flew away leaving the rag behind.

Is n't it sometimes true, then, that too much success is as bad as defeat?

A HORN-BOOK.

HAVE you a school-book there under your arm, my boy? Well, there's a tradition in my family that little folks used to learn their letters from a horn-book. A curious-looking thing it was, too, I've heard. A frame something like that of a small slate, with a handle on one end, and where the slate should be, a piece of paper, with letters and figures on it, all nicely covered up from meddling little fingers, with a sheet of very thin horn,—so thin that the letters showed through. No pictures,—no nice little stories like "The Cat can Run," or those in your old primer; no gayly colored big letters with "A was an Archer," to tempt the very babies to learn. Nothing but the alphabet, and figures. Sometimes they contained a verse of a pretty hymn, or perhaps a copy of the Lord's Prayer, but this was not very common. Yet the youngsters in those times did learn to read, I've heard; and they went through some pretty hard books, too.

[The Little Schoolma'am sends a picture of a horn-book of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and if the editors will kindly copy it I shall be much obliged.]

CURIOS LETTERS.

SPEAKING of old times—curious letter sheets the ancient Romans used to have! It was n't paper at all, I'm told, but a pair of ivory leaves, held together with hinges, like the slates some of you school-boys carry. The inside was thinly coated with wax, and the letter was written with some sharp implement. One could write a letter on the wax, tie it up, seal it, and send it to a friend. When it was read, the writing could be rubbed out with a knife, or any smooth, flat thing, and then it was ready to use again. I fancy people did n't write many letters in those days.

MORE ABOUT THE WOODPECKERS.

Santa Cruz, California.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Happening to-day to take up St. NICHOLAS of last November, I read aloud "How certain Woodpeckers Pack their Trunks," and we all thought Jennie Lanner, of Nordhoff, Cal., had told it very well, but had not waited or watched to find out the whole story. May I tell it to your young folks?

The California woodpecker is a stock-grower, and raises his own fresh meat. He sticks the tree full of acorns, to be sure; and, by and by, the acorns are all lively with worms, and then it is that he reaps the rich reward of his toil.

We have been told that the blue jay often helps at the business. Boss Woodpecker drills the hole, and if the blue jay is not at hand with an acorn to fit it, the brisk little workman screams out in loud, sharp tones, as if scolding the lazy blue jay.

Whether this partnership extends to the harvest season, we have not yet learned. Some sharp-eyed little Jennie must find that out for us.

MARY JAMESON LOCKE.

Here is still further evidence, from a Chicago girl:

As to woodpeckers "packing their trunks," some years since, a friend, who is a great enthusiast in natural history, and has noticed the habits of birds, told me of this practice of the woodpeckers; but he said that it is for the sake of the worms which, after a sufficiently long time, will inhabit them, that the acorns are so carefully packed away, where they can easily be found when wanted. It may be that the woodpeckers like the meat of the acorn also; but what wonderful instinct it is that teaches them thus cunningly to plan for their winter food!

SUSY H. WELLES.



A HORN-BOOK OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SAND-WRITING IN INDIA.

THIS letter from a Baltimore girl will interest you, especially after hearing about the horn-book and the wax writing-tables, of which your Jack tells you this month:

DEAR JACK: I have been reading a very interesting book that tells about schools in India, and I thought the information well worth sending to you. These schools must be curious affairs. A village school is held under a large spreading tree, where the soil is all sand. About thirty or forty boys sit around in a circle, and the master stands in the middle, with his rod in his hand. He gives out a question in spelling or arithmetic, and all the scholars answer together, each boy writing the word in the sand with his fingers; and when done, springing to his feet, raising his right hand to his forehead, and making a bow, to indicate that he is ready for another question.

Even in universities, where young men are taught, they sit in circles on the floor, cross-legged,—hundreds of them. The professors stand between them, so as to teach several circles at once. Each student has a book, and studies the text out aloud, swinging back and forth, and all do this at once! It sounds like Babel.—Yours,

H. M.



"WELL, YOU STRANGE CAT!—NOT A WORD FROM YOU YET?"

wl
sta
of
too
ha
an
for
so
tie
an
lik
fol
at
lea
wa
can
an
aft

be
fro
we
ove
mar

be
And

kno
her

I'm
mot
you

WHAT KITTIKIN SAID TO THE KITTEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MIAOU! What sort of a kitten do you call yourself, I wonder!—and where are your manners, I should like to know? Here have I been standing for a quarter of an hour, saying all the pretty things I can think of to you, and not so much as a purr can I get in reply. It is very rude, too, to mock me in that way, and imitate everything I do. My mother has always taught me to be polite to strangers; but perhaps you have n't any mother, poor thing! and never learned any manners. It is a pity, for you are a good-looking kitten,—something like me, in fact, only not so pretty. Miss Jenny, my mistress, said yesterday that I was the prettiest kitten in the world—and of course she knows, for she goes to school and learns lessons out of a book. I thought awhile ago that I should like to go to school too, and learn lessons. So one day I started to follow Miss Jenny up the lane; but a great ugly monster of a dog barked at me, and frightened me out of my wits. —So then I thought I would learn to read too; and as all the reading is in books, I thought the best way would be to eat one. But before I had eaten half a leaf, Miss Jenny came in, and she took away the book and called me a naughty kitten, and mother boxed my ears and sent me to bed without any supper; so after that I decided that reading was not good for kittens.

Well, you strange cat!—not a word from you yet? Come now, do be good-natured and come out from behind that window. Such a grand frolic as we might have together! My brother Tom was given away last week. He jumped up on the breakfast-table, and upset the cream-jug all over my mistress's new dress; and she said, "That comes of having so many cats about! One of them must go to-day"—and so Tom went.

Well, I cannot waste my time here any longer, for there is nothing to be got out of you but rudeness. I shall never come to see you again. And of all the ugly, rude, disagreeable kittens I ever saw —

There! See what you've done! You made me so mad that I've knocked over Miss Jenny's beautiful blue and gold smelling-bottle, that her grandpapa gave her on Christmas!

There! it has rolled off the dressing-table and broken into bits. Oh! I'm sure I'll get no supper to-night; and—oh dear—what *shall* I do if mother boxes my ears again! . . . Oh! oh! You've knocked off your bottle, too! My! wont you get whipped, though!

VIOLETS.

Words by "ALBA" (From "Little Folk Songs").
Allegretto.

Music by F. BOOTT.

1. Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from
2. Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your eyes, Do you not hear all the

un - der the eaves; The great sun shines warm, and the sky is all blue, My sis - ter and I are
bus - tle and noise Of the lit - tle nest build - ers at work o - ver - head, While the cuck - oo is call - ing, "Make

wait - ing for you. So o - pen your leaves like good flow - ers, do! So o - pen your leaves now like
me, too, a bed." Yet there you lie sleep - ing as if you were dead, Yet there you lie sleep - ing as

good flow - ers, do!..... Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from
if you were dead!.... Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from

rallent..... f a tempo. dim.

un - der the eaves,
un - der the eaves.

f dim.

The farm - seem - gard - barn low - He s - gener - Bu - sheep - old lo - over - glass - was a - The - John, four - oth - crip - I wro - moth - as she - The - boys v - provi - they s - boys h - it, and - the hu - got wo - The - such a - But - farmer - He ha - sel. I - "How - days th - One of - some a - him till - They - brough - cripple.

1.-A of Old, 2 -N- robed in 3.-Th The clo clock of 4.-Th sion of O 5.-Th stately as Old. 6.-Th but no or

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

THE sun rose above the hills, and sent its rays down upon the old farm-house. All were lively, and at work; even the house itself seemed very busy doing something. Behind the old house stood a garden, in which grew vegetables. On the other hand were a large barn and barn-yard. The cattle came running out, and were followed by a lad whistling. He was going to drive them to pasture. He soon came home, and had a good breakfast, as country people generally do.

But I must not forget to mention that they had a great many sheep, hogs, and fowls. A little brook ran down past the house. An old log hut, which served for a duck-house, was made on a bridge over the river or stream. Behind the hill was an old shanty with glass on one side, and here was the hen-house. Under the barn was a large cellar, where the pigs dwelt.

The family consisted of the old farmer, his wife, and six boys: John, the oldest, about eighteen years old; Will, sixteen; Charles, fourteen; then Harry, the rogue of the family, eleven, and two others, twins, Arthur and Edwin, eight years old. Arthur was a cripple, owing to a fall on the ice three years before the time of which I write. There were also three girls: Ann, seventeen years old, her mother's help in everything; Jennie, twelve; and "Golden Locks," as she was called in the family, a bright little girl four years old.

The farmer had a large lot of land far back in the woods. The boys were going down some day, and so, packing up a large stock of provisions and clothing, each one taking a gun and some powder, they started. There was a large log hut, close and warm, which the boys had made some time ago. They got there all safe, and entered it, and packed the things away. Soon everything was in order, and the hut comfortable for their stay. Some of the boys went out and got wood, and a blazing fire was made.

They went hunting, and returned with much game from the forest, such as rabbits, foxes, and a deer.

But let us see what was going on at the old farm-house. The farmer had gone to work, it seemed, but it was different from usual. He had no one to give orders to, but had to take that position himself. He worked away as well as he could, and thought to himself, "How silly I was to let those boys go away!" After two or three days the boys came back, and made the farm-house cheerful again. One of the boys harnessed up the old horse to a wagon, and, taking some apples and potatoes, went to the city to sell them. They watched him till he was over the hill, and then went to work.

They waited several days before he came home. On his return he brought money with him, and a volume of ST. NICHOLAS for the little cripple.

F. M. P.

BUBBLES.

BEAUTIFUL soap-bubbles, castles of air,
Colors are coming and vanishing there,
Free as thought which hath no care—
Now dark and rich, now bright and fair;

Now pink, now green, now purple and blue,
Now red as roses all wet with dew;
Some of the colors are strange and new,
Always changing to different hue.

Now comes the bronze just tipped with blue,
And a black streak running through and through.
This bubble must go as all others do,
And I've no more time to scribble to you.

S. S.

THE MANSION OF OLD.

1.—A LITTLE way back from the village street stands the Mansion of Old, and its antique porticoes are clad in its armor of holly bright.

2.—No one to care for the Mansion of Old, it stands like a corpse robed in her shroud of decay.

3.—The world goes on, and little it thinks of the Mansion of Old. The clock on the stair went tick, tick, tick, but no one to wind the clock of old.

4.—The years roll on, and people married and went, but the Mansion of Old still stands alone.

5.—The tall poplars that shade the Mansion of Old still stand as stately as kings; they are the only ones that care for the Mansion of Old.

6.—The years roll on, and the people came and the people went, but no one thinks of the Mansion of Old.

7.—The poplars mourn, and the clock on the stair stills its "tick, tick, tick," but no one sees the Mansion of Old.

8.—The summer comes, and the flowers doth bloom, and the poplars robe themselves in their shroud of green, and still they mourn for the Mansion of Old.

9.—The bird doth come and build her nest, and the bee flies back to her hive, the butterfly comes for pleasure and gain, but they never think of the Mansion of Old.

C. W. M'L.

SNYDER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a long account of a dog, now living in the city of New York, whose extraordinary performances entitle him to be considered a great prodigy. We should be glad to give our young friends the pleasure of reading the entire letter, but lack of space compels us to print only the principal portions.

"Snyder," says the writer, "for by this familiar name is the little fellow known, is a lank, awkward, uncanny Scotch terrier, of about medium size, wide-mouthed, small-eyed, and shaggy-haired. His appearance is far from prepossessing, and it is not until you are near enough to peer through the shaggy fringe overlapping his small brown eyes, and perceive how exceedingly brilliant and alert they are, that you suspect him of possessing remarkable powers.

Nothing is known of his early history, for the little fellow was a vagrant, as dogs often are. He came to the store one morning, of his own accord, and with a fixed resolve to claim it thenceforward as his residence. During the first few months after his arrival, he was repeatedly given and driven away by the inmates, but he invariably returned, until it was evident that they would be obliged to keep him. Snyder soon proved a most valuable acquisition. His faithfulness and intelligence surprised everybody in the store; the tricks which he learned to perform made pleasant many an idle hour; and the things he did that were *not* tricks, and that none but his own native wisdom could have taught him, were not only remarkable, but of real and substantial value. As the news of his achievements got abroad, the master found the new-comer a valuable possession, and some very tempting offers for his purchase were freely made to the one who, not long before, would willingly have given him away. To his credit be it said, he now declined all these, and steadily refused to part with his faithful little servant.

"One wintry night, Snyder's faithfulness saved his owner at least one hundred and fifty dollars. The dog always sleeps in the store, and is an excellent watch-dog, not only as regards intruders from without, but accidents or mishaps within. On the night referred to, some accident happened to the water-pipes on the floor above, and the water soon after began to ooze through the ceiling. So rapidly did it make its way, that in a few minutes a large portion of the plastering fell, which must have attracted Snyder to the spot. He saw the hole in the dripping ceiling, saw the water gathering into a little stream, saw that it would soon be pouring upon the goods,—and the next moment was upstairs in the room where the porter slept, pawing and scratching at the sleeper's head and face. Of course, the porter was soon thoroughly awakened; and then there was no rest or peace until he was down-stairs, the leak stopped, the goods removed, the buckets placed in position, and Snyder left watching, ready to give the alarm again if the water should burst out a second time. And Snyder stood at his post and watched faithfully; and the porter, knowing his fidelity, slept peacefully all night.

"He has made other nocturnal visits to the porter—each time with a repetition of his peculiar 'tattoo' upon the dreamer's face. On one occasion, it was because the gas was escaping at a ruinous rate, and Snyder, who did not know exactly what had happened, but was sure that there was 'something in the air,' was obliged to invoke the honest porter's aid, whereby he again saved money for his master. As for still another of his disturbing calls, it must be owned that it was of no profit to anybody, and of much less credit to himself. It happened that one of the employees, on his departure at evening, had carelessly left his old hat and an office-coat hanging upon a broom-stick, which, adorned in this way, looked almost as if endowed with life, and presented a very respectable resemblance to a man. Snyder, on his nightly rounds, had discovered the strange apparition, had mistaken it for a burglar, and not choosing to fly at the intruder's throat, had fulfilled the old adage about valor and discretion, and flown at the porter's throat instead.

"It may be supposed that he is allowed to have his own way in the store where he resides, and his life there is a very quiet and peaceful one. He is usually to be found lying before the stove, or wandering restlessly, as is his frequent habit, about the premises, glancing intently at everybody and prying into everything. As you

enter, he will probably come toward you, slowly and with a kind of listless swagger, until within six feet of you, when he will halt and look steadily at you for a few moments, as if to fix your image in his mind, or perhaps to satisfy himself—who knows?—that your purposes are innocent and praiseworthy. And then, after this careful inspection, he will wheel around as listlessly as ever, and return to his old place beside the stove.

"Such, at least, was the way that he welcomed me when I first saw him. I went to the store, at the request of a friend, with the single purpose of seeing the dog, and was standing idly by the counter, when I suddenly became conscious of a gleam like that which dazzles us in the reflection of a ray of light from a bit of mirror. Looking downward, I perceived that it came from Snyder's eyes, which were fixed strongly and steadily on mine. He had two heavy door-keys in his mouth (which seemed large enough to hold a dozen more), and, having approached me unperceived, was standing there in his usual way, gazing up at me from out his saucy ugliness. His look, half-careless, half-defiant, was this time rendered laughably serious and important by the two keys dangling from his jaws. He was evidently an officious and suspicious janitor; but after the usual time of searching scrutiny, he turned away, satisfied, apparently, that I was worthy of no further notice—a compliment which I should certainly have returned but for the action of the clerk, who suddenly stooped, and, snatching the keys from Snyder's mouth, placed them on a shelf as high as one's head.

"This interference transformed the dog into a state of restless activity, which engaged all eyes. He first began to whine as if entreating the restoration of his stolen property; then gave a few sharp and sudden barks of indignation; and, finally, became silent, as he began a curious gyration, wheeling gradually around in a circle, and scanning intently everything within range of his eyes. He was evidently measuring his chances and searching for his means; and the latter he was not long in finding, for there, about twenty feet away, stood the book-keeper's stool, which, being then vacant, was as much his property as anybody's. And so he thought, indeed, for in an instant what should he do but rush forward to that stool (which was heavy enough to have broken his back if it had fallen on him, but which he, being a very wily little fellow, was quite able and determined to manage); and what should he do next but drag it slowly forward toward the shelf, holding to the round with one foot, and moving at an awkward but very steady gait upon the other three. And then, as we stood watching the sly fellow and wondering if he would succeed, on he drew the stool until quite near the shelf, and up he went with a bound; till at last, seated upon three legs, he stretched out the remaining paw toward his treasures, in a way so eager but vain (since the stool was not yet near enough), so serious but utterly comical,

that the tenderest and hardest-hearted must have laughed alike at his ambitious pawing of the empty air.

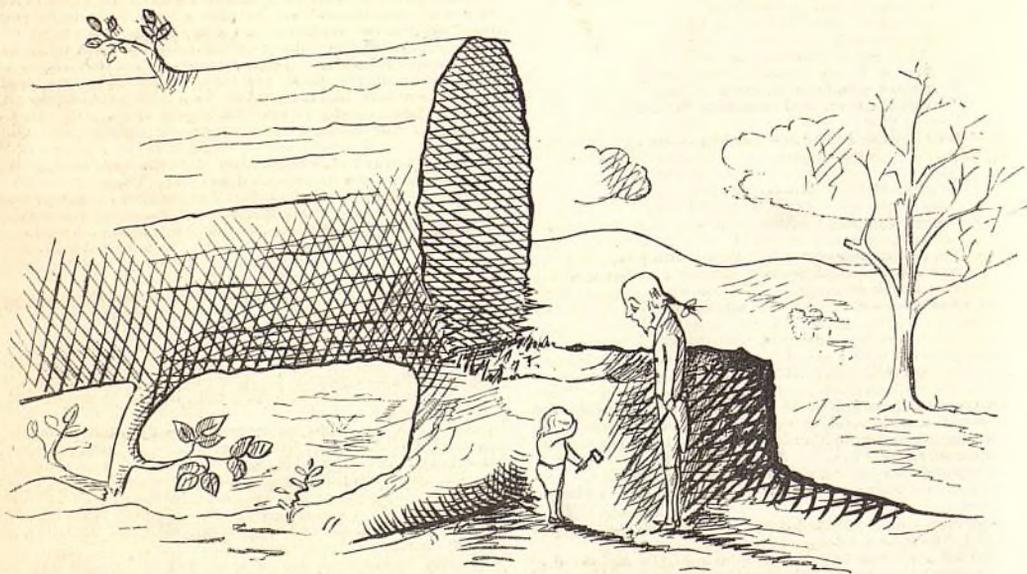
"It was a sorry grief to Snyder to see that he had erred in calculation; but he jumped down from his pedestal and moved it nearer, keeping all the time a wary eye upon the clerk, who did not interfere a second time. And then, a moment after, there was the little hero on the stool again; and there was his paw stretched anxiously and tremulously forward, as if he were afraid that some accident might happen even yet; and there, just below the shelf, and ready to receive the keys as they should drop, was his great yawning mouth; and there, finally, were the keys themselves, caught beautifully between his teeth, and with a snap of victory, as he raked them off the shelf!

"Of course, the applause which followed Snyder's piece of generalship was loud and hearty; but he seemed careless, if not actually resentful, of our admiration (which, seeing that our aid would have been of much more real value to him, was not unnatural); and I fancied that he considered his achievement as something quite ordinary, which we might have foreseen or expected, had we possessed as full a knowledge of his powers as he had. He came down from his perch quite modestly, and went to his customary place beside the stove, only still keeping the keys in his mouth, and not taking the trouble to replace the stool, which little discourtesies were readily forgiven.

As for personal habits, there was never a being born who was better able to care for himself than Snyder is; and every day of his eventful life (at regular hours, too, I suppose), he goes to a certain keg, wherein he keeps his dinner-basket; and, with the handle of the basket between his teeth, he walks demurely to the door, opens and closes it, turning the latch as handsomely as anybody could, and goes up the street and into the butcher's shop where he is fed. Then the meat must be clean and perfectly untainted, for he is a connoisseur at marketing, and is known to have deserted a butcher who gave him food of a somewhat doubtful quality, and to have gone of his own accord to another, some distance farther up the street. This latter caterer, by prompt and faithful attention, still enjoys his patronage, and gives him regularly a fine piece of meat.

"And so he lives, and so he has gradually become known to all the customers of the store and all their friends, until Snyder is now quite an advertisement for his owner. And I, when I had read about Victor Royle and his wonderful Wild Mazeppa and Professor Macfozelem, imagined that many a Victor Royle among the ST. NICHOLAS readers would be glad to hear about this homely little fellow, who has no such high-sounding name as either of Victor's prodigies, but who has actually done almost as marvelous things as he *'thought they would do in time.'*

"For this story of Snyder is true."



"FATHER! I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."

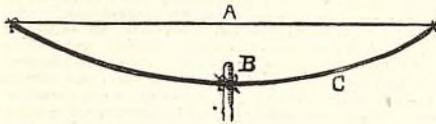
(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, contributors who wish to favor the magazine will please postpone sending their articles until after the last-named date.

Oakland, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here, in California, we have the new sort of kite mentioned in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS. I have two of them. One of them represents a pair of fish, and the other two birds. You are not quite right about the character of the music, the "soft, charming music," sounding like a young saw-mill in operation. The hummer, as we call it, is fastened above the kite, and looks like this:



A is a thin strip of bamboo, which is kept tight by the bow, C; B is the vertical stick of the kite. The kites were given to me by the Chinese servant we employ, Ah Line by name.

The Chinese kites represent various things. Some represent the moon and seven stars, others centipedes, others fish, and others butterflies.

Saturday night I sent my kite up with a paper-lantern on the end. It looked very funny, as you could not see the kite.

Hoping this will throw some light on how the music is produced, — I remain your constant reader,
WM. ARMES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What is the solution, and who is the author of the following riddle?

There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling-place;
He had a house all covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since or before.
It was not built by human art,
Of brick or lime in any part,
Of rock or stone, in cave or kiln,
But curiously was wrought within.
'Twas not in Heaven, nor yet in hell,
Nor on the earth, where mortals dwell.
Now, if you know this man of fame,
Tell where he lived, and what his name.

I have never been able to find out anything about it, except that it is very old.—Your constant reader,
STELLA M. KENYON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last winter, on a very cold day, I went down to the chicken-coop, and in one of the nests I found a little kitten, that was almost dead with cold. After covering her carefully, I came into the house, and left her there all night. Next morning she came out to eat with the chickens. We always give our chickens meat, and the kitten ate that. She soon became strong and well, but still she slept in the nest at night. She would play with the chickens all day, and when they lay under the bushes she would lie by them, and I never knew her to hurt any of the little chickens or the old ones. We began to expect to hear her crow, or to see her tail-feathers growing. When we had little chickens she would play with them. When the chickens went to eat, she would run and rub against them and under their necks, so they could not get their bills to the ground. She is a large cat now, but she still makes visits to the chickens, and we call her the chicken-cat.
ROBERT THORNE NEWBERRY.

Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw that list of cities, with their names, that Lewis L. Smith sent. I think that he has forgotten one.

Toledo, Ohio, is called "Corn City." My mother thought that Toledo was not important enough, but as I live there, I could not let it go.

In 1870, it had about 31,000; now it has over 50,000. Please tell the children about this.
ALEXIS COLEMAN.

THE following lines, as we are assured by her friends, were improvised at Rye Beach, N. H., by a little girl six years old:

Cold, blue ocean, dark and deep,
How I love thy placid sleep!
Waves of fierceness, do not roar
Upon the sand-beach lonely shore.
For thou art so deep and wild,
Thou frightenest a little child.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to know about my journey to Heidelberg, in Germany.

Heidelberg is a queer old town, with narrow streets, and most of them without side-walks. There are some very old churches, and one, called the Church of the Holy Spirit, is one-half Protestant and the other Catholic. But the best of all is the castle. We used to have such fun finding our way in and out the ruins. Sometimes we would take a candle, and trudge along through long, dark, lonely underground passages, which were, I suppose, in their days, often trodden by knights and princes. I was there two years, and got to know the castle pretty thoroughly.

Will you please print this if there is room in the Letter-Box?

I have taken you for two or three years, and like your stories very much. So does my brother.—Good-bye. From a friend. E. T. E.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me to congratulate the prize winners of the "Pilot Puzzle" through you; and I am sure that in doing so I am heartily joined by all who were in any way interested in the puzzle.—Your constant friend and reader,

FLORENCE P. SPOFFORD.

Hope Seminary, Hope, Ind., March, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted for some time to write you a letter about our birds, and must really not put it off any longer.

I wish some of your readers could see what we see every day, but most particularly yesterday morning. During the night there had been a fall of snow that covered the ground completely, and it was still snowing when we came down-stairs in the morning.

Before the door there was such an array of robins, we counted as many as one hundred. Mamma has a feeding-tray there, upon the stump of an old peach tree, and they and all the other wild birds depend on finding food there all the winter.

It was bitter cold. The birds of passage had come to us with the very mild days of February, and here they were in the greatest need. The first thing we did was to have a large loaf of corn bread baked, and from that we had to keep feeding them all day long.

Now, I will give you a list of all the birds that came to us, and then what we gave them. Besides flocks of robins, there were wood-peckers, cardinal red birds, blue jays, cedar birds, blackbirds, sparrows, blue-birds, and snow-birds. During the winter we feed the birds with bread-crumbs, scraps of cold meat chopped up, cracked hickory nuts and walnuts, dried pokeberries, hemp and canary seed, &c.

The ground was covered with birds, and they were so cold that they crouched upon their little feet to keep them warm.

They staid about the house till it was almost dark, and we were afraid they would perish; but while we were watching and wondering, they all flew off to their sleeping-places among the evergreens — Your very devoted reader,
JENNIE E. HOLLAND.

W. E.—You can be a Bird-defender. The next muster-roll will appear in the July number.

Portland, Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading about how to make Christmas presents in the December number, I thought I would write and tell you how to make a very pretty picture-book for children, one that they can't tear.

For materials, you will need some white, and any other color you prefer (blue is pretty), sarsenet cambric, some worsted the shade of your cambric, and some bright pictures. Now, cut your cambric into twelve sheets, about the size of a sheet of music, half white and half colored, then button-hole them together separately, two at a time, a white one and a colored one, and when you have them all done, tie them together with three ribbon-bows, the color of the worsted, and then paste in your pictures prettily, the bright ones on the white cambric and the prints on the colored, and then you have a pretty book at a very little expense, and one that will last longer than the ones that you buy.

I am very much interested in cooking, and I like the Little Housekeepers' page very much.—Yours truly,
M. S.

Newport, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please inquire through your Letter-Box, if any of your readers know of the whereabouts of "Marmaduke Multiply," who used to be such a friend to the children in teaching the multiplication-table when our mamma was a little girl? It is full of bright pictures, and begins, "Twice one are two, this book is something new;" and thus goes on through the whole table in rhyme. Mamma has in vain tried to get it, but thinks it is out of print. Can't a copy be procured somewhere to have some printed like it? We are sure all the children would like to have one.—Yours respectfully,
B. AND M.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will introduce myself by telling you I am eight years old, and have never been to school, as I am not very strong. I have been taught the little I know by my mother. Santa Claus sends me the St. NICHOLAS this year, and I like it very much. I will send a poem to you I composed, which my mother thinks will do to publish in it.—Yours with love,
CARL S. HUBNER.

THE VIOLET.

By a spring a flower stood,
In a green and shady wood;
Bright and fragrant little flower,
Waiting for a golden shower.

Such a pretty little thing,
Growing by the mossy spring;
Trying hard its head to sink,
To get a sweet and cooling drink.

When the sun has gone to rest,
Sinking in the glowing west,
Then the dew your lips will wet,
Tender little violet.

Orphan Home, Bath, Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine is perfectly splendid, and I don't believe there are any boys in the country so glad to get it as we are. I think the most of Mr. Trowbridge's stories—he is my man; and Willie C. always asks if there is anything of Mr. Bonwig in the book, and then he exclaims, "Bless me, I am suprised!" "The Young Surveyor" was tip-top, and we are interested in "The Boy Emigrants." I hope they'll come out well, but it seems to me rather risky for those fellows to be out there in that wild region alone. Do you suppose Bill Bunce will get hung? Perhaps I ought to say "W. Bunce!"

But you don't know who I am, do you? Well, we are all soldier boys. Our fathers were in the war, and we live together at the Orphan Home. We are just like other boys: some of us are pretty good, and some are going to be better by and by. If ever you come to Maine, you must come and see us, and we will show you how well we keep you. The numbers we have of you are beautifully bound, and we have to have our hands clean when we take them.

Good-by till next May, when I shall be happy to greet you.—
Yours truly,
R. FRANK SAWYER.

The frontispiece of the present number is taken from Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's beautiful edition of Guizot's "History of France."

ANNA M. (aged twelve) and "MADGE WILDFIRE" (aged ten).—
Your trick is too transparent.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. I sold my setter pup for two dollars, and mamma gave me one dollar for helping her with her flowers, and I took all of my money to get ST. NICHOLAS, and I think it the best spent three dollars I ever spent.

I hope you will read my "Short Tale," and give me one of the nice premiums you promised for it.—Your little friend,
T. L. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Minnesota, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, in Kandiyohi Station, Kandiyohi County. I take the St. NICHOLAS; I like it very much. We have a horse and a cow. We call the horse Doll. I have a little brother and sister. Freddie (that is my brother's name) has a little rocking-horse, which he calls Doll, after our horse, and does not like for his sister to touch it, and for that very reason she likes to get at it. The other day I went to ride on Doll; when I had done riding, nothing would do Freddie but he must ride on the real horse, too. So pa got on Doll, and took Freddie on with him, and they took a ride. Freddie went to sleep while they were riding. May (that is my sister) wanted to go, too, but pa did not know it till he had put Doll away, and then it was too late. I was looking at the St. NICHOLAS the other day, Freddie came up to me, and said "Find Doll." I found Bob. After looking at it, Freddie said, "That is Bob." Freddie is two years old, and May is nine months old. I go to school. We have six months' school this year, three in the summer and three in the

winter. The winter term began in January, and ends this month. I love your paper very much, for I like reading better than anything else.—Waiting for your paper, I remain, your constant reader,
OSMER ABBOTT.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMAM: I want to send the little "tale" to you, and I hope it is accurate, neat, and of good penmanship, and I hope I will get a prize. I am thirteen years and a few days more than two months, and I have got red hair, but it is dark red.—Your faithful reader,
G. T.

Garden Grove, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what land-snails live on, and if there are snails that have no shells?—Yours truly,
JULIA HOWES.

Snails live principally upon plants or vegetables, though they sometimes devour each other. They are often very injurious to gardens, doing great mischief to the plants in a single night. There are species that are without shells.

Ishpeming, Mich., April 10, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wishing summer would come, and thinking what fun I had last summer. I live in such a cold country, where the winters are so long, I get very tired of them, though when the sleighing is good I have fun with my sled—a very nice sled that my cousin Will gave me, because he broke my old one. But now it is so muddy and slushy I can't take my sled out, so I long for the time to come when we can play ball.

We have a nice yard, all sodded, on the north side of our house, and a large rock at one side of the yard, that we use when we play "Indian." I have a little brother named Willie, who will be four years old this month. I am seven now, will be eight in September. I take the St. NICHOLAS, my brother takes the *Nursery*. I read them to him, and we both enjoy them very much.

I like the "Boy Emigrants" better than any story I ever read, and I think the St. NICHOLAS is the best magazine ever published. Here I will end.—Your most constant reader,
FRANK B. MYERS.

East Greenbush, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you so much. Santa Claus sent you to me more than a year ago, and you have come every month since. I want to tell you something: Last winter my auntie took me to New York, to see the grand sights. Soon after I arrived there I was taken sick, and had to lie in bed a great many days. Of course, I was very much disappointed, and the days seemed very long. And this is the way I became acquainted with Miss Alcott, who writes for your magazine. She was staying at the same hotel, and when she heard I was sick, she used to come in my room and tell me stories. I thought she was very kind and interesting, and I enjoyed her stories so much. I am well now, and my mamma has promised to get all the numbers bound, so that I may lend the book to any little boys who are sick and don't have Miss Alcott to tell them nice stories.—Your little friend,
WILLIE A. RICHARDSON.

BOOKS AND MUSIC RECEIVED.

LITERATURE FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Selections from Standard Authors and Easy Lessons in Composition. By Elizabeth Lloyd. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

WATER WAIF: A Story of the Revolution. By Elizabeth S. Bladen. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From American Tract Society, New York: THE STORM OF LIFE, by Hesba Stretton; WHAT ROBBIE WAS GOOD FOR, by Mrs. M. D. Brine; THE VICTORY WON, by C. S. M.

MY YOUNG ALCIDES. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

The following music has been received:

From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York:

MURMURS. Song. Words by Adelaide Anne Procter Music by Thos. P. Murphy.

NIL DESPERANDUM. Galop. By Thos. P. Murphy.

DOST THOU REMEMBER STILL? Song.

EVENING BREEZE. Wachtmann.

From Bigelow & Main, New York:

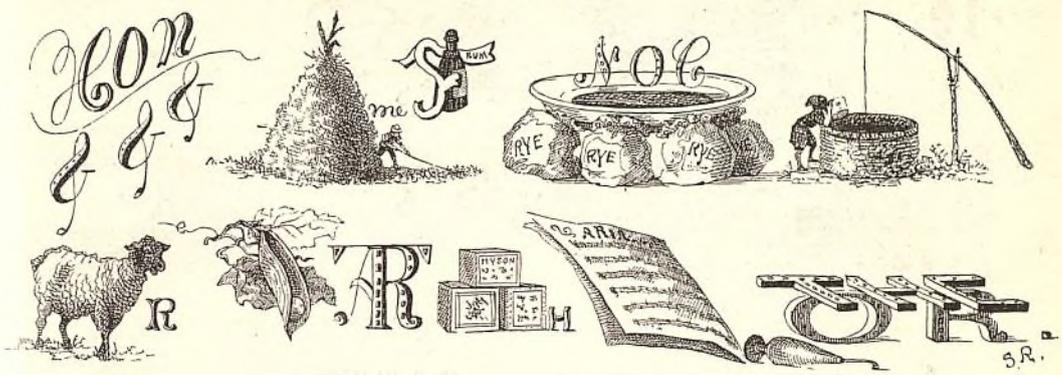
BYE, BABY, BYE. Lullaby. Words by Mary Mapes Dodge. Music by Hubert P. Main.

From F. W. Helmick, New York:

THAT BANNER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. Words by B. De Vere. Music by Eddie Fox.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters. My 3, 22, 7, 20, 14 is a small fruit. My 5, 15, 19, 11, 24 is an aromatic plant. My 7, 9, 18, 8, 1 is a blacksmith's tool. My 14, 12, 6, 1, 16 is a rapacious bird. My 18, 24, 9, 21, 10 is a planet. My 20, 17, 22, 2, 23 is a European city. My 25, 4, 12, 22, 13 is a voracious fish. My whole is a proverb.

CHARADE, No. 1.

My first a much-used vessel is,
Or means to have capacities;
My second is a heavy load,
And also the prevailing mode;
My whole you'll quickly understand,
If I send you off to Switzerland.

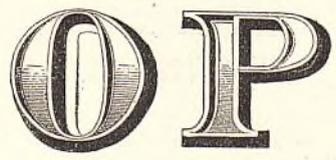
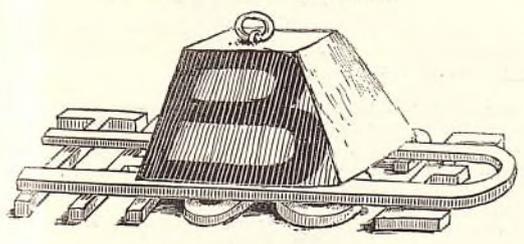
L. W. H.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. SWIFT. 2. Fragrance. 3. Pertaining to the poles. 4. A likeness. 5. Challenged.

PICTURE-PUZZLE.

(Advice to those in high stations.)



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials name a famous island, and the finals the largest object to be found upon it. 1. Four. 2. A famous lake. 3. A title of nobility. 4. Brief and concise in style. 5. A prophetic. 6. A celebrated philosopher. 7. An extinct bird.

L. W. H.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a complete diamond: 1. A card. 2. A masculine name. 3. Useful on a door-step. 4. Narrow fillets or bands. 5. To unite. The following form the diamond: 1. In city and country. 2. A masculine name. 3. A kind of cloth. 4. An animal. 5. In vice and virtue.

CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bugle, but not in horn;
My second's in sunset, but not in morn;
My third is in land, but not in sea;
My fourth is in flower, but not in tree;
My fifth is in earl, but not in king;
My sixth is in twist, but not in wring.

Put these together,
You have my all;
Swift as an arrow,
Round as a ball.

F. B.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.

CONCEALED in the following sentence are five words, occurring in their order, which when found and placed in proper positions will form a square word:

The short lyric poem the frail youth wrote was not worth a rupee, being filled with stale, prosy items, and as tedious as a game of chess.

J. P. B.

CHARADE, No. 2.

My first the suitor hears with dread,
However sweetly it be said.
The debtor fears my second more;
With first repels it o'er and o'er.
Could he, through all his future days,
Have first and second meet his gaze,
He'd feed and fatten on his neighbor
Who lives and thrives by honest labor.

I know you'd count it dreadful loss
If you should have my third a cross.

My fourth is used by ancient maids,
Who say their intellect it aids;
Of gossip and of wit provocative,
It warms their blood and makes them talkative.

My whole by virtue is not won,
Where father gives it the son;
With *us* the candid mind discerns it
In every man who fairly earns it.

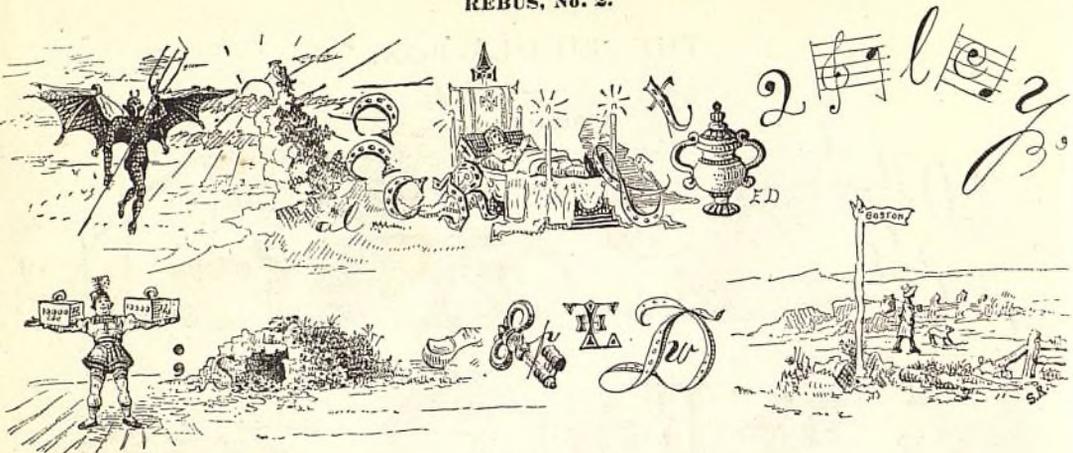
H. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. Quick. 3. Part of the year. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant.

C. G. B.

REBUS, No. 2.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Schuyler, Burgoyne.

S —hru— B
C —hapea— U
H —eife— R
U —mbago— G
Y —edd— O
L —il— Y
E —nsig— N
R —ifl— E

LOGOGRAPH.—Cat, mat, bat, sat, Pat, hat, fat, pat.
EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.—Finches, inches. Bringing, ringing.
NOVEL PUZZLE.—1. Madden. 2. Denmark. 3. Market. 4. Etna.
5. Naval. 6. Valley. 7. Leyden. 8. Dental. 9. Talon. 10. Onset.
11. Settee.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be intent on charity (B in tent on chair at tea).
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Pulp, in, jacket, hit, Jack-in-the-Pulpit.
DECAPITATIONS.—1. Scoffer, coffer, offer. 2. Preparation, reparation.
3. Bore, ore. 4. Oliver, liver.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—“A friend in need is a friend indeed.”
CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Astronomer, Moon-starer.

A —lar— M
S —ol— O
T —oled— O
R —ave— N
O —pera— S
N —ea— T
O —meg— A
M —a— R
E —v— E
R —oa— R

SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Crow, cow. 2. Meat, mat. 3. Cart, cat. 4. Dime, die. 5. Pain, pan. 6. Boat, bat. 7. Load, lad. 8. Bread, bead. 9. Clock, cock. 10. Coat, cot.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Ireland, England.
CHARADE.—Cupboard.

REBUS.—
Off in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—W, Cap, Wales, Pen, S.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Robert Burns, Robert Bruce.

R —amble— R
O —th— O
B—abel Mande—B
E —rskin— E
R —uyte— R
T —rea— T
B —om— B
U —she— R
R —ichelie— U
N. C. (North Carolina)
S —ax— E

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—Baton-Rouge.

B
B A D T O E
B A T O N - R O U G E
D O G E G G
N
E

SQUARE-WORD.—Lark, Aloe, Rose, Keel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Alice Robinson, Charlie Loesch, “Restissimo,” Katie A. Nicholls, Nellie S. Colby, F. B. N. and K. W. N., Lucy A. Barbour, “C. O. B. Webb,” Emma Elliott, S. H. Griest, “Lulie,” “Cupid, Venus, and Psyche,” May W. Bond, Alice Taylor, Blanche Nichols, M. W. Collet, Lehman D. Schaffer, Edna B. Smith, Annie C. Edmonds, John R. Lapham, Edith S. C., Lillie May Farman, Rachel Geddes, Georgie and Helen Hayes, Ella Higbee, Mollie Ritchie, Howard S. Rodgers, Bessie Taylor, O. Delancie Ward, “Roderick,” C. W. Hornor, Jr., Lulie French, Alice W. Edwards, Stella B. Mitchell, Anna J. Oppor, Joseph O. Davis, H. Engelbert, Daisy and Dollie Deane, Alice Broome, Kitty Loomis, M. M. Tronson, Marie Couchard, Harold Nathan, Guy W. Currier, “Caiy and Carlo,” “Bunker Hill,” “Lou Marie,” Fred W. McKee, Lizzie and Bertha Lee, Geo. H. Dale, Oda Deuchar, J. Le B. Drumm, P. P. Emery, Howard D. Humphrey, Harry C. Wiles, Clara T. Walworth, Lena Long, Jessie E. Hay, Samuel E. Lusk, “Hunter,” Howard S. Rodgers, Nannie C. Long, Willie Perrine, Bessie Cocke, Florence E. Hyde, Helen S. Mackintosh, E. Benj. Cushing, W. H. Rowe, Mary B. Stebbins, Lida B. Graves, John Zebley, Jr., Wm. F. Bridge, Jr., P. Emery, Allie Anthony, Harriet B. Townsend, Sue Slaymaker, Addie C. Mead, “Golden Eagle,” Nellie Beach “Two Friends,” Winifred P. Ballard, Hattie Hamilton, Brenda B., George A. Townsend, Helen L. Brainerd, Edward Fiske, Mamie L. Harrison, Gertie B. Adams, M. N. Ballinger, Gertrude C. Eager, “Killdeer,” Maggie Acheson, Kitty H. Chapman, Fred Collins, Louise Ensign, Lillie J. Studebaker, A. J. Lewis, Cecil Grey, Carrie E. Powell, John C. Robertson, Wm. Creighton Spencer, Nellie Emerson, “Apollo,” Addie S. Church, Belle Benton, Alice Robinson, Henry O. Fetter, Lizzie B. Allen, “Alex,” Cecelia Rice, Thomas Hunt, John Hinkley, Lizzie Little, Lucy M. Josie McLaughlin, Libbie E. Noxon, C. T. S., Grant McCargo, Lizzie G. Hea, Mary W. Wadsworth, Clive Mechlin, Albertus Seabrook, Ted Butler, Willie Locke, Mary H. Washburne, W. L. Young, Nessie Stevens, Albert L. Gould, E. C. Wilstach, Lizzie C. Brown, Madeline D. W. Smith, Edward S. Emory, Genevieve Allis, Freddie S. Pickett, “Maria and Katy,” H. T., “Roland,” J. K. W., Hattie Gibson, “Max and Helen,” Cornelia A. Pratt, Jennie W. Ward, S. M. Beekley, Arthur H. Brown, Lena Trego, Kitie Warren, Susie N. Pierce, N. Blanche Mosier, E. D. and C. F. Hennessey, Mamie E. Sanders, Robert L. Parsons, “Helen,” C. H. Tibbitts, Jr., Ernest L. Browne, Robert L. McAlpine, Kenneth L. Browne, “Hodena,” Grace Keysham, A. E. and C. Mestre, Fannie Stone, Bessie G. McLaren, Nellie J. Evans, Fannie M. Beck, Clayton S. Fitch, H. L., Minnie M. Tilden, Alice H. Fuller, Gertrude C. Eager, Helen W. Clarkson, Polly Light, “Leila,” Bessie V. McCargo, Warren E. Thomas, Rachel Hutchins Winnie Howells, Hattie H. Johnson, Perlee and Isabel Riemann, Mary Lill, John B. Greiner, Allie Bertram, Bessie B. McElhinney, John Pyne, Fletcher Dubois, L. F. C., Carrie Johnson, Anna F. De Witt, Bestor G. Brown, Mamie Cummings, Edith S. McCargo, Louise Merriam, and Emma R.