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THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

BY EDWARD KING.

CHAPTER I.

ONE sunny morning, a few years ago, Jan Kammerick came up from the cabin of his barge—which his men were slowly working through a lock near the quaint and ancient city of Antwerp—and set his huge Dutch feet upon the deck. His first act was to bellow ferociously at the good-natured fellows who were doing their best to get the barge through without even so much as scraping the fresh paint on her sides; his next was deliberately and cruelly to kick a small moon-faced boy who was lying on his back, and looking up at a carved wooden figure whose grotesque head grinned from a side rail.

Many of the loungers along the banks of the lock knew old Jan Kammerick for a mean and cruel Flemish boor, who maltreated his wife, his children, his bargemen, and who sometimes flew into such terrific fits of anger that he thrashed his own sides with his round fists. You may see people just like him in some of Teniers' paintings,—men with low, cunning faces, small, twinkling, greedy eyes, thick lips; men with broad shoulders and stout limbs; men who seem always ready to get down and scramble away on all fours, like the animals they so much resemble. No one in Antwerp—not a market-woman on the shore of the Scheldt, nor a bargeman on river or canal—liked the choleric and brutal Jan Kammerick; many times the wretch had narrowly escaped a ducking at the hands of a mob because of his cruelties; and on this occasion, seeing the poor child who was kicked begin to cry and to crawl away toward a refuge under a pile of rope, every one shouted:

"Jan Kammerick! Jan Kammerick! you are a mean, bad man, and no one will be sorry when you come to harm!" or "Jan Kammerick! you

shall be complained of to the judge of the district!"

The women shook their fists at him, and the men muttered that the boy must be taken away from his cruel father and cared for. Kammerick's poor wife, who was washing her pots and kettles on deck, looked as if she inwardly sympathized with the people on shore; but she trembled, and dared say nothing.

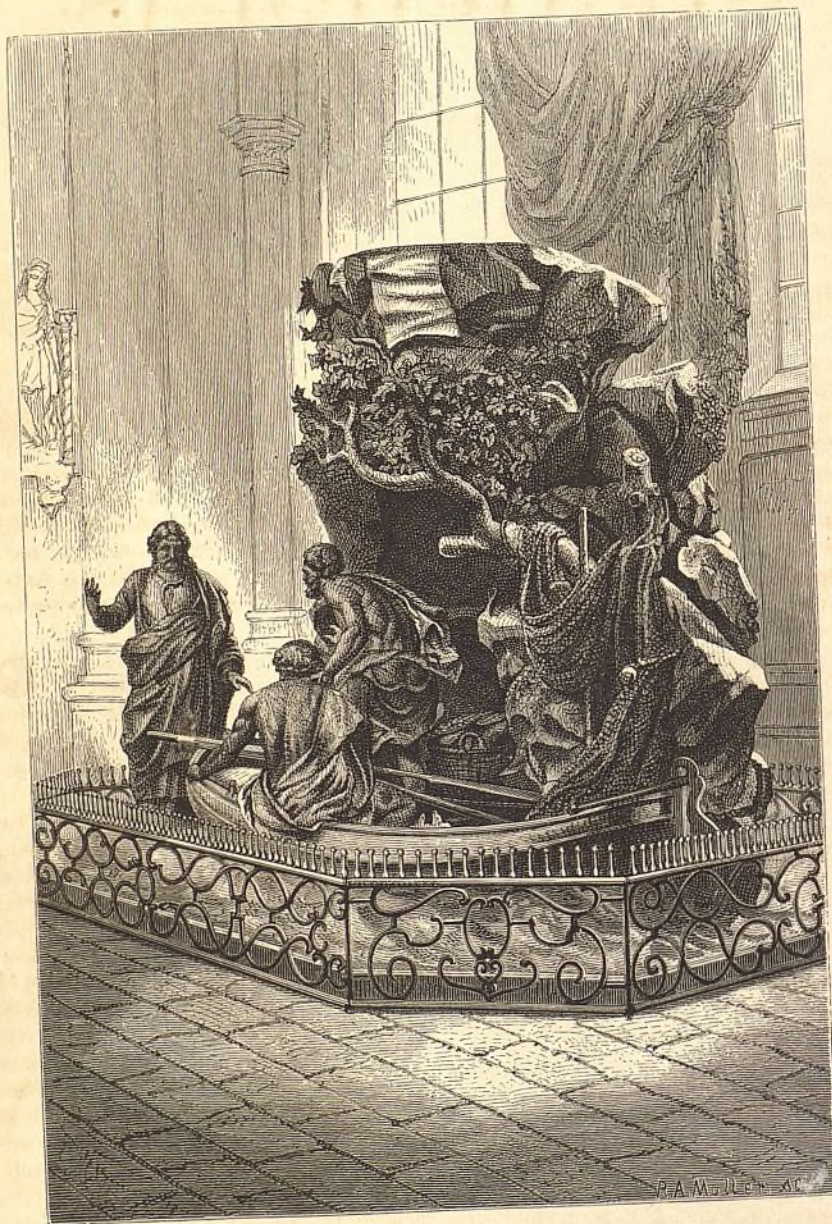
Jan was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still.

"It's none of your business," he shouted, "how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he carves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him adrift. Then you will have what you want! Then, neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table-legs."

Then he vanished down the hatchway, followed by the maledictions of the by-standers.

"If I were you," cried one of them to the boy, "I would run away."

The barge went on through the locks, and the boy still crouched in his corner. The tears yet dimmed his eyes, but he had already forgotten his bruises. There was no resentment in his heart toward his wretched father. His mind was filled with a thousand beautiful and fantastic images,—delicate fancies which he now and then sought to embody in bits of wood that he laboriously carved with clumsy knives or chisels. He longed to be free from the rude work which he was compelled to do upon the barge, and to study, that he might become a great sculptor in wood. When the barge



WOODEN PULPIT IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW, ANTWERP.

(See "The Mother's Stratagem.")

passed near some of the curiously adorned old houses of which there are so many in Antwerp,—houses whose windows, whose roofs, whose arches, whose doors were richly and profusely adorned with carvings of birds and foliage, of beasts and dragons, of mystical figures from mythologies, or comical transcripts from every-day Dutch life,—he studied them carefully and with passionate adoration. He had never been allowed to go into the streets, and look at them for hours at a time, as he could have wished to do; for old Jan, who plied to and from a little village on the banks of the Scheldt, at some distance from Antwerp, would never allow his child to go on shore during any of their tri-weekly visits to the city. He yearned for a sight of the grand churches of which his mother had told him—cathedrals in whose solemn stillness he could stand undisturbed all the day long, drinking in beauty at every pore. The harshness and hardship of his life, the beatings of his unnatural father, would have been as nothing to him if he could have been allowed to learn something of art. But old Jan not only refused to allow him to work, but had thrown into the river many beautiful images of saints, of birds, of dragons, which the child had carved by stealth when the bargeman was not near, and had then offered to the boor, asking him to sell them and buy tobacco for himself with the money.

"No child of mine shall waste his life over such mummeries," said old Jan.

While the boy was musing bitterly on his lot, his mother, who had finished washing her pots and kettles, came to him, and while she wrung out her dishcloth with her lean and blistered hands, she said, in a low voice:

"Jan, boy, you are small and feeble, but you are now thirteen, and I think you would be brave and resolute. The good soul down-stairs" (she always called Father Jan good soul, because she knew that he was an old brute)—"the good soul has made up his mind that you are to be a bargeman, and he is stern, as you know. Now—do not speak—we must try a new way to get you launched in the world." (Here the mother's tears began to fall fast, and she thought of the beatings which she might receive if she carried out her plan.) "My child, you must leave us; you must run away!"

The boy's eyes flashed; he rose, and limped toward his mother.

"Never!" he said. "I cannot leave you, mother-kin! Leave you with that man!"

"Listen, child!" she said. "We will try a little way which the good God has put into my head. You will be a genius, my son—one of those great people who can express just what they want to say. You will carve out your thoughts in wood—in

stone, perhaps. To-night, when the barge stops near the lock, I will make an errand for your father on shore. I will give you a few pieces of money out of the sum which we had saved for Bertha's dowry, and you shall fly. Your father will not hunt for you; his heart is hard, and he will say that he is glad you are gone."

The boy looked at his mother with wonder in his eyes. But there was no longer any sign of tears in them. A new fire lit them up.

"Go," she continued, "to Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's. There take a chamber, and may God be with you! Now and then, perhaps, I may come to see you. But it is better that I should not, and that your father should think you gone away, no one knows where. But—and now listen earnestly—in a year from this day, toward sunset, I will bring your father to Saint Andrew's Church. It was there that he first saw me, twenty years ago; there by the great carved pulpit, which you, poor child, have never seen, but which will delight your eyes. Jan, one year is not a long time, but you have already done much, and perhaps, before twelve months have passed, you will have done a noble work. Meet us, then, by the pulpit in St. Andrew's Church in a year from this day, at the sunset hour. Bring with you some delicate carving as an offering to him, and at the same time say that you wish to return to us. Perhaps his heart will have been softened by your absence;" and the good little mother almost smiled, and looked very wise, through her tears.

"Motherkin," said Jan, "I will obey you."

Then the poor child began to tremble at the thought of going out alone into the world. But his courage came to him finally, and he kissed his mother again and again.

"If anything dreadful happens, I will let you know," said she, "but father Jan must not hear from you, nor see you, until a year from this day."

"Farewell, then, motherkin," said the child; "farewell for a long, long year. By the carved pulpit in Saint Andrew's, in a twelvemonth!"

They took their farewells then and there, lest old Jan should suspect them, if they were crying toward evening.

At night-fall, as the barge approached the lock again, after its station near a market all day, the mother went on shore to get a pail of clear water; old Jan followed her, storming and threatening, as she knew he would, because supper for the workmen was not ready. The boy took the little bag of clothes and the money which his mother had prepared for him; as the boat grazed the side of the lock he jumped out, and was speedily lost to view in the crowd.

Two hours later, he had been received at the

house of Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's Church. He slept in an old carven bedstead, whose head-board was a pictured history of the destruction of Pharaoh's host, whose feet were griffins' claws, whose curtain-posts were lovely angels with uplifted faces—angels whose very silence seemed eternally to praise God.

CHAPTER II.

A year brought sad changes to old Jan Kammerick. At first, when he learned of his son's flight, he ascribed it to meddlesome neighbors, and his rage knew no bounds. He stoutly insisted that he would never try to bring back the vagabond wood-hacker. He would not hear the boy's name spoken. Sometimes, when he saw that the mother looked paler than was her wont, and that she wept silently when she was polishing her pots and kettles, his conscience smote him. But he would never have been really sorry if misfortune had not come upon him. One of his bargemen, whom he had once beaten, scuttled the barge and fled. Jan and his wife had a narrow escape from drowning, and, had it not been for friendly aid, would have lost all their pots and kettles. Young Jan had been sent away to Brussels by the good Gasker Willems, a few days before this, and knew nothing of it until many days afterward. He was busy with his art, in which he made astonishing progress.

The next misfortune which befell old Jan was the loss of his little house on the banks of the Scheldt. A fire burned out the interior, and cracked the stone walls. Old Jan had not money enough to rebuild it. Then his limbs began to fail him; they shook and trembled. The neighbors said: "It is because he kicked and beat his son!" And old Jan himself began to be very much of their opinion. He had now only a small barge; was obliged always to live in it, and was very poor and discouraged. Sometimes his heart was softened toward his patient wife, and he would say:

"You will be the first to be killed by my poverty. It would have been better for you if I never had seen you in St. Andrew's Church."

Then she would answer: "No, indeed! Our fortune is yet to come out of that church, Jan."

She said this so often, and with such emphasis, that one day he looked at her curiously and said:

"Why, Anneken, what do you mean?"

"To-morrow," she answered, "we shall see. Jan, it is many a year since we have taken a holiday. We are as good as the rest of the world; let us live our youth over again; let us stay in Antwerp, and at sunset to-morrow let us visit St. Andrew's Church, and stand by the carven pulpit where —"

"Stuff!" the old man was saying, when the mother put her hand upon his mouth. He no longer threatened or beat her; his punishments had sobered him; his heart almost yearned for his lost son.

"By the carven pulpit," continued the mother, "where we may say a prayer for our lost son."

"Well, if you will have it so, Anneken," he answered, almost gently.

In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altarpieces, shrines, pulpits, choirs, vestries, fonts, and sacristies laden with a wealth of intricate work, done in wood by skillful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious labor are to be found. In the great Cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peer curiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed strictly in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's Church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories, stands a large carven pulpit, of a peculiarly daring design for artists who work in wood. It represents a rocky crag near the sea-shore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing-boat, in which stand the figures of the apostles Andrew and Peter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing-nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Saviour, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning them; as if saying, "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men." Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent to this delightful carving. Van Hool did the foliage, the nets, the rocks; Van Gheel the figures of the apostles and the Saviour. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it; the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When evening light—the last ray of the declining sun, reflected through the stained glasses of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight—falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble,—nay more, they appear to live!

So thought the good mother Anneken, as on the appointed day, one year from the time when she had sent forth her child into the world to give his

genius scope, and to escape from his hard-hearted father, she led the feeble and now quite subdued old Jan Kammerick into St. Andrew's Church. As the couple came in view of the pulpit, memories, endearing and solemn, came to them; the specters of their vanished youth rose up before them, not in mocking shape, but as good spirits, come to cheer them on the path of life. Old Jan remembered how he had seen the fair maiden standing near the pulpit, with her hands folded, and her eyes closed in prayer, and how he had sworn to win her for his wife. He was glad he had come into the church, and then—he thought of his son.

At that moment there was a joyful cry from the mother, and young Jan, wonderfully improved in voice, in manner, and in health, rushed into her arms. A hundred kisses, and half a hundred words sufficed for them; for the good little mother had kept herself informed of all her son's progress, through the medium of old Gasker Willems. But the father was astonished beyond measure. He stepped back, trembling; and, shading his eyes with his hands, he looked long at the youth.

"Hey day, son!" he said; "we thought we had lost you! But here you are back again, and no word of repentance?"

Old Jan tried to be severe, but his voice softened at every word.

"Father," said the youth, "I bring you a peace-offering."

Just then Gasker Willems came hobbling up, bearing a large box, which he placed upon the cathedral floor. Young Jan opened it, and took from it a piece of wood carving.

"Quickly!" said Gasker Willems, after he had been greeted; "look at this before the beadle sees us, for it is a time when many stroll into the church. Quickly, and then let us all go to my house."

Young Jan stepped to a point near the pulpit, where the light still fell with some sharpness, and

held up the carving. Then the astonished parents saw that it was an exact reproduction, on a tiny scale, but done with surpassing finish, of the pulpit before which they stood at that instant. But this was not all. In front of the miniature pulpit, stood a maiden, with eyes downcast, and hands folded in prayer; and near her, watching her reverently, with parted lips and expectant air, was a brave young bargeman, exactly like those one may see every day on the Scheldt. In this carving old Jan and his wife saw the story of their first meeting told, as the mother had so often told it to her son.

"Father," said the youth, "this, and another like it, have been my year's work. The fellow to this has been sold to a prince for a large sum of money; and the prince wishes to help me to study until I can help myself more. But I shall not need him; and neither mother nor you will ever work more, for the prince's bounty, with my future work, will be enough for us all. Father, will you take my offering?"

Old Jan bowed his head, and took the carving. He set it down upon the cathedral floor, and took his son to his arms.

"I was an old brute," he said; "how did I ever become such a scoundrel?"

On the way to Gasker Willems', where the party took supper, the good mother told the husband of her stratagem to help her child. Old Jan said but this: "A good wife is a good thing; but I have not merited one!"

Gasker Willems, who was bringing up the rear with the carving in his arms, said:

"Say, rather, that you have merited nothing, like the rest of us; but that God is good, and moves in mysterious ways; and that your tough heart could only have been softened by the stratagem which He sent into the mother's mind!"

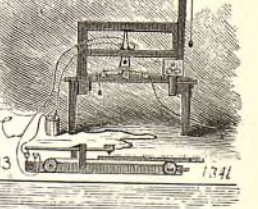
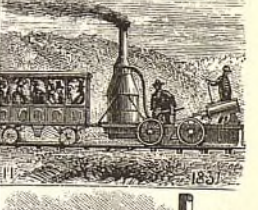
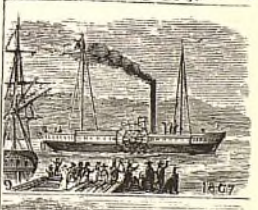
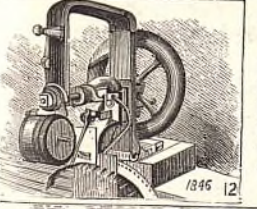
"Well, well!" said old Jan, "I must try and get grace enough to thank Him properly."

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Declaration of Independence signed ¹	1776
Lafayette came to America—Valley Forge ²	1777
France acknowledged our independence, and sent men and ships	1778
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown ³	1781
American independence recognized by Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Russia and Holland	1782
Treaty of Peace signed at Paris	1783
Washington's farewell ⁷	1783
The Constitution adopted	1787
George Washington elected the first President	1789
The first cotton-gin invented ⁸	1793
Death of Washington at Mount Vernon	1799
The Territory of Louisiana ceded by France	1803
Impressment of American seamen by Gt. Britain	1806
The first steamboat launched on the Hudson ⁹	1807
War declared against Great Britain	1812
Capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution ⁴	1812
Perry's victory on Lake Erie ⁵	1813
Treaty of peace signed at Ghent	1814
War declared against Algiers for piracy	1815
Florida ceded to us by Spain	1819
Lafayette's visit to this country ⁶	1824
The first American locomotive started ¹¹	1831
The first reaping-machine patented ¹⁰	1834
Texas declared its independence	1836
The North-west boundary line settled	1842
The first telegraph apparatus used ¹³	1844
War declared against Mexico	1846
The first sewing-machine invented ¹²	1846
Treaty of peace with Mexico and cession of Cali- fornia and New Mexico	1848
Beginning of the Civil War	1861
Proclamation of Emancipation	1862
End of the Civil War	1867
Purchase of Alaska from Russia	1867
The Pacific railroad opened	1869
The Centennial Celebration and Exhibition	1876



THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIÈRE.)

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

CHAPTER VI.

(CONTINUED.)



HE steward, one evening, ordered Faribole to come to his chamber, and after closing the door carefully and assuring himself that no one was listening, he said :

"Moumouth is your friend; you

have followed my recommendations exactly."

"I shall remain in the house—is it not so?"

"Probably. You find yourself very well here?"

"Without doubt! I, who lived on black bread, I make four good meals a day. I had a wretched blouse, full of holes, and patched trousers, and now I am dressed like a prince. I suffer no more from cold, and, instead of lying out under the stars, I go to sleep every night in a comfortable bed, where I dream of gingerbread and fruit-cake."

Father Lustucru rested his chin on the palm of his right hand, and, fixing his piercing eyes upon Faribole, said to him :

"Suppose you were obliged to take up again with the vagabond life from which I lifted you?"

"I believe I should die with shame!"



LUSTUCRU AND FARIBOLE.

"Then you would do anything to preserve your present position?"

"I would do anything."

"Anything?"

"Anything, absolutely."

"Very well. Now, this is what I demand of you imperatively; Moumouth follows you willingly; to-morrow, just at night-fall, you will lead him into the garden; you will put him into a sack which I have made expressly, and tightly draw the cords of the sack——"

"And then?" said Faribole, who opened his eyes wide.

"We will each arm us with a stick, and we will beat upon the sack until he is dead."

"Never! never!" cried the poor boy, whose hair stood up with fright.



FARIBOLE'S OLD CLOTHES.

"Then pack your bundle quickly, and be off; I turn you away!"

"You turn me away!" repeated young Faribole, lifting up his hands to the sky.

"I do not give you five minutes to be gone; you depend upon me here, solely on me."

The unhappy Faribole began to weep, and the steward added, in a savage voice :

"Come, now! no faces! Take off your clothes, and put on your rags, and disappear!"

Having pronounced these words, Lustucru took from a closet the miserable vestments which Faribole had worn the day of his installation. The steward seized them disdainfully between his thumb and forefinger, and threw them upon the floor.

The boy looked with an air of despair at the habits he had on, compared them with those which he was obliged to resume, and the comparison was so little to the advantage of the latter, that he broke into loud sobs.

However, he was decided not to purchase handsome clothes at the price of a perfidy and a horri-

ble murder. He resolutely threw off his vest, then his neckerchief; but at the idea of giving up his new shoes, of walking barefoot, as formerly, over roads paved with gravel and broken glass, the luckless Faribole had a moment of hesitation.



"ONLY ONE IS KEPT—THE REST ARE TOSSED INTO THE RIVER."

Father Lustucru, who observed him closely, profited by this circumstance with consummate cunning.

"Foolish fellow!" said he; "you refuse happiness when it would be so easy for you to retain it. If I proposed to you the death of a man, I could understand, I could even approve of your scruples; but I propose that of a cat—a simple cat! What do you find in that so

terrible? What is a cat? Nothing—less than nothing; one does n't attach the least value to the lives of cats. Inn-keepers give them to their customers to eat; the most celebrated surgeons massacre them in making certain experiments. Cats are thought so little of, that when a litter of six or seven are born, only one is kept; the rest are tossed into the river."

"But Moumouth is large, Moumouth is fully grown," said Faribole in a plaintive tone; "and then, you do not know, I love him."

"You love him! you dare to love him!" cried the steward with inexpressible rage. "Very well! I—I detest him, and I wish his death!"

"But what has he done to you, then?"

"What business is that to you? I desire his death, and that's enough."

"Mercy for him!" cried Faribole, throwing himself at the feet of hard-hearted Lustucru.



"GET UP! DEPART!"

"No mercy!" replied Lustucru, hissing the words through his clenched teeth.

"No mercy, neither for him nor for you. Get up, depart, be off this very instant! It rains in torrents; you will be drenched, you will die of cold this night,—so much the better!"

A beating rain, mixed with hailstones, pattered against the window-panes, and the wind swept with a mournful sound

through the halls of the house. Then poor Faribole thought of the cold that would seize him, of the privations which awaited him, of his few resources, of his immense appetite, and how disagreeable it was to sleep on the damp earth. His evil genius took possession of him, and whispered into his ear these words of Father Lustucru: "What is a cat?"

"Monsieur Lustucru," said he, weeping, "do not send me away, I will do all that you wish."

"To-morrow, at night-fall, you will lead Moumouth into the garden?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

"You will put him in this sack?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

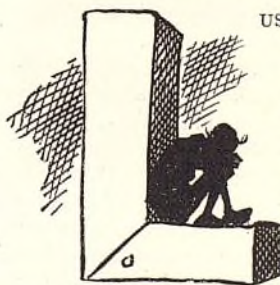
"And you will beat it with me?"

The response to this question was long coming; Faribole turned pale, his legs bent under him; finally he bowed his head, letting his arms droop at his sides, as if he had sunk under the weight of his destiny, and murmured, in a stifled voice:

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH FATHER LUSTUCRU IS ON THE POINT OF ACCOMPLISHING HIS PURPOSE, AND MOTHER MICHEL'S CAT IS IN AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.



LUSTUCRU had fixed the following day for the cruel execution of Moumouth—for he knew that Mother Michel on that day was to carry to the express office a package destined for her sister.

All the forenoon and afternoon Faribole was plunged in the darkest

despondency, and when the fatal hour sounded, he was assailed by the irresolutions of the previous day. When Mother Michel, before going out, said to him, "I leave Moumouth in your charge; you must take care of him, and make him play, so that he will not fret too much during my absence," the poor lad felt his heart fail, and his natural loyalty revolted.

"Come, we have not a minute to lose," said Father Lustucru to Faribole; "here is the sack; go look for the beast!"

Faribole once more appealed to the pity of the steward; he was eloquent, he had tears in his voice, he pronounced a most touching plea, but without being able to gain his cause. The executioner was immovable; he insisted on the death of



"THE STEWARD LIFTED HIS CUDGEL

the cat; and the boy, overpowered by this evil spirit, saw himself forced to obey.

Moumouth allowed himself to be enticed into the garden; he followed his treacherous friend with the confidence of the lamb following the butcher, and, at the very moment when he least thought of it, he found himself fastened in the sack that was to be his tomb. Lustucru, who was hiding, appeared suddenly, bearing two enormous cudgels; he handed one to his accomplice, and taking hold of the sack, cried: "Now!—to work, and no quarter!"

Faribole heard him not; the boy was struck with stupor—his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his face was livid, his mouth open, his arms without strength.

Father Lustucru, animated by the nearness of his vengeance, did not remark what passed in the mind of his companion. Having thrown the sack rudely on the ground, the steward lifted his cudgel, and was about to strike when the small door of the garden opened.

"How unfortunate!" he muttered; "Faribole, hide yourself in the hedge; I will come back here presently."

He approached the person who had entered, and halted, petrified with amazement, on beholding Mother Michel. He imagined at first that she had been brought back by some vague suspicion, by some presentiment; but he recovered himself, hearing her say:

"I am obliged to postpone my walk, for I have seen Madam de la Grenouillère's carriage coming; it turned out of its way on account of the repairs being made in the street. By re-entering through the garden I was able to get here in advance. Come, Monsieur Lustucru, let us hasten to receive our good mistress."

"I am with you, madam," said the steward; then, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand, he cried to Faribole:

"Strike all alone! strike until the cat has ceased to move!" and he rejoined Mother Michel in the court, where the domestics were drawn up in a line like a well-drilled battalion.

On stepping from the carriage Madam de la Gre-

nouillère honored her servitors with a benevolent glance, embraced Mother Michel with touching familiarity, and demanded news of Moumouth.

"Your protégé is wonderfully well," said Mother Michel, "he grows fatter and handsomer under our very eyes; but it may be said, without injury to the truth, that his moral qualities are even beyond his physical charms."

"Poor friend, if he does not love me he will be a monster of ingratitude, for since our separation I have thought of him constantly; Heaven has taken



"MAKING A SPEAKING-TRUMPET OF HIS HAND."

away many beings that were dear to me, but Moumouth will be the consolation of my old age!"



THE COUNTESS EMBRACES MOTHER MICHEL.

As soon as the Countess had given the orders which her arrival made necessary, she prayed Mother Michel to fetch Moumouth.

"He will be charmed to see you again, madam," Mother Michel answered; "he is in the garden in the care of Faribole, a little young man whom your steward judged proper to admit to the house; the young rogue and the cat have become a pair of intimate friends."

Mother Michel went down to the garden and there found Faribole alone, seated upon a bench, and with a preoccupied air stripping the leaves from a branch of boxwood which he held in his hand.

"My friend," said the good woman, "Madam the Countess desires you to bring Moumouth to her."

"Mou-mouth!" stammered Faribole, starting at the name as if he had been stung by a wasp.

"Yes, Moumouth; I thought he was with you."



FARIBOLE SEATED IN THE GARDEN.

"He just quitted me; some persons passing in the street made a noise that frightened him, and he leaped into the hedge."

Mother Michel, after having spent more than half an hour in scouring the garden, returned to Madam de la Grenouillère, and said: "Moumouth is absent, madam; but do not be anxious; he disappeared once before, and we found him in the garret."

"Let him be searched for! I do not wish to wait. I desire to see him this instant!"

Alas! this desire was not likely to be gratified, if any reliance could be placed upon the words exchanged in the dark between Lustucru and his accomplice.

"Well, did you do it?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru, I pounded until the cat ceased to move."

"What have you done with the body?"

"I have thrown it into the Seine."

"Was he quite dead?"

"He did n't stir."

"Anyway, the sack was securely fastened. Justice is done!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MOTHER MICHEL SEARCHES FOR HER CAT.



SEVERAL days passed in painful expectation; but the cat, like General Marlborough, did not come back. The despair of Madam de la Grenouillère was sincere, profound, and silent,—all the more intense because it was suppressed. She continually pictured to herself the charming ways of Moumouth,

his natural goodness, his superior intelligence. No animal had ever displayed to her so many brilliant qualities; not one of her previous favorites had ever caused her such bitter regrets.

Generous in her misfortune, she did not reproach Mother Michel; on the contrary, the Countess sought to comfort that poor woman, who had given herself up wholly to grief. The Countess said to her one night:

"What can you do against an irresistible calamity? The wisdom of man consists not in struggling with unhappiness, but in submitting himself to the will of Heaven."

"I am of your opinion," replied Mother Michel. "If I believed, like you, in the death of Moumouth, I would resign myself without a murmur. But I have the idea that he still lives; I picture him running through the streets, the victim of ill treatment, with saucepans, may be —"

"Go to, Mother Michel, you deceive yourself; Moumouth is dead, otherwise he would have come back to us."

"Something tells me that he is still in this world, and if Madam the Countess wishes to have tidings of him, she has only to address herself —"



MOTHER MICHEL PAYS THREE CROWNS.

"To whom?"

"To our neighbor, Madam Bradamor, that celebrated fortune-teller, who predicts the future, removes freckles, reads in the Book of Destinies, and charms away the toothache."

"Fie, Mother Michel! how can you, a sensible woman, have any confidence in the juggling of an adventuress?"

"But, madam, I am not alone; the most distinguished people go to Madam Bradamor; she is more learned and less dear than her rivals, and asks only ten crowns to make you behold the devil Astaroth."

"Enough, for pity's sake!" responded the Countess, dryly.

Mother Michel remained silent; but she had made up her mind, and, the first time she had a moment of liberty, she ran to the house of the necromancer.

The fortune-teller occupied a spacious apartment richly furnished, for she gained a great deal of money by cheating the public. Her consultation-room was draped with hangings of black velvet sprinkled with gilt stars; upon a square table, in the center of the chamber, stood painted tin obelisks, jars of electricity, retorts, and divers mathematical instruments, of whose uses the pretended sorceress was quite ignorant, but which she had placed there in order to impose on the weak-minded persons who came to consult her.

She at first showed some embarrassment on beholding Mother Michel; however, after having closed a glass door which communicated with the other apartments, she returned to salute her new client, and said in a solemn tone:

"What is your desire?"

"To question the present, the past, and the future."

"I am the very one to satisfy you," replied Madam Bradamor; "but what you demand is very difficult, and will cost you three crowns."

"There they are; I give them to you with all my heart."

Madam Bradamor, full of regret that she had not insisted on having more, pocketed the money, and began in these terms:

"What is the date of your birth?"

"The 24th of May,* 1698."

"What are the initials of your name and the first letter of the place in which you were born?"

"A, R, M, N, L, S."

Madam Michel was named Anastasie Ravegot; the widow, since twelve years, of François Michel, in life inspector of butter in the Paris markets; she was born in Noisy-le-Sec.

"What is your favorite flower?"

"The Jerusalem artichoke."

After these customary questions, the fortune-teller examined some coffee-grounds poured into a saucer, and said:

"Phaldarus, the genie of things unknown, informs me that you are in search of a being very dear to you."

Mother Michel bounded in her chair with sur-



THE FORTUNE-TELLER CONSULTS HER CARDS.

prise. Madam Bradamor continued: "This being is not a man; it is a quadruped—either a dog or a cat. Ariel, spirit celestial, reveals to me that it is a cat."

Mother Michel was more and more impressed; without giving her time to recover herself, the for-



MOUMOUTH APPEARS.

tune-teller took a pack of cards, shuffled them, cut them three times, then disposed them in a systematic order on the table, and said gravely:

"Your cat is the knave of clubs; let us see what happens to him. One, two, three, four; ten of spades! He is a wanderer, he has a passion for travel, he sets out at night to see the curiosities of Paris. One, two, three, four; the queen of spades! It is a woman who manufactures ermine fur out of cat-skin. One, two, three, four; the knave of spades! It is a rag-picker. One, two, three, four; the king of spades! It is a restaurant-keeper. The falling together of these three persons alarms me. One, two, three, four,—clubs! One, two, three, four,—clubs again! One, two, three, four,—always clubs. Your cat would bring money to these three persons: the rag-picker wishes to kill him in order to sell the skin to the furrier, and the body to the restaurant-keeper, who will serve it up to his customers as stewed rabbit. Will the cat be able to resist his persecutors? One, two, three, four; seven of spades! It is all over, madam; your cat no longer exists!"

"They have eaten him, the cannibals!" cried Mother Michel, sinking back, and she fancied she heard a plaintive *miau*, the last agonized cry of Moumouth. But it was not an illusion; a cat had miaued, and was still miauing in the next chamber. Suddenly a pane of glass in the door described was shivered to atoms, and Moumouth in person tumbled at the feet of Mother Michel.

From the top of a wardrobe he had perceived his

affectionate guardian; he had called to her several times, and as she did not answer him, he had thrown himself, in his desperation, against the glass door, through which he had broken a passage.

"My cat was with you!" said Mother Michel; "you have stolen him! My mistress is powerful; my mistress is the Countess Yolande de la Grenouillère; she will have you chastised as you deserve to be!"

While making these threats Mother Michel placed Moumouth under her arm, and prepared to depart. Madam Bradamor stopped her, saying:

"Do not ruin me, I conjure you! I have not stolen your cat!"

"How is it in your house then?"

"I have it from a little boy named Faribole; he got this cat for me, which I have long desired to have, on account of his supernatural shape and appearance, to figure in my cabalistic conjurations. This is the truth, the whole truth. I beg of you that your mistress will not disturb me."

"Madam the Countess will act as she thinks proper," responded Mother Michel, haughtily; and she vanished with her cat.

She made but one step from the house of Madam Bradamor to that of Madam de la Grenouillère; one would have said that Mother Michel had on the seven-league boots of little Tom Thumb. She did not linger in the parlor, when she arrived out of breath and unable to speak a word, but carried Moumouth straight to the Countess.

On recognizing the animal, the Countess gave so



"DO NOT RUIN ME, I CONJURE YOU!"

loud a cry of joy that it was heard as far as the Place de la Carrousel.

Lustucru assisted at this touching scene. At the



"LUSTUCRU ASSISTED AT THIS TOUCHING SCENE."

sight of the cat he was so dumbfounded that his reason wavered for a moment. He imagined that the cat, so many times saved, was a fantastic being, capable of speaking, like the beasts in the fairy-tales, and he said to himself with a shiver: "I am lost! Moumouth is going to denounce me!"

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH IS SATISFACTORY
TO EVERYBODY BUT THE
GUILTY.



AS SOON as Madam de la Grenouillère learned how Moumouth had been recovered, she ordered young Faribole to be brought before her.

"I'll go and look him up," said Father Lustucru, with alacrity. He was very anxious to warn his accomplice, and sought an excuse to steal off.

"No, remain! You have admitted him to the mansion, you shall see him turned away, and will learn to bestow your confidence more wisely in future."

Lustucru remained, and, recovering from his first stupor, resolved to boldly deny everything, if Faribole should dare to accuse him.

Introduced into the parlor, Faribole did not wait to be interrogated.

"Madam the Countess," said he, "the presence of your cat tells me why you have called me; but

I am less guilty than I appear; permit me to explain."

"It is useless," replied Madam de la Grenouillère; "your justification is impossible."

The steward, believing it best to play a bold game, said with irony:

"I am curious to know what unlikely story this rogue has to tell," and in accenting these words slowly he gave Faribole a glance which signified: "If you accuse me, woe to you!"

Without allowing himself to be confused, Faribole commenced in these terms:

"It is necessary to avow it, madam; I entered into your service with the intention of stealing your cat; the fortune-teller wished to have him, to make him play the part of the devil Astaroth; and she had seduced me by the promise of a crown of six livres and a pair of shoes. They treated me so well, and Moumouth appeared to me so charming, that I renounced my wicked plans; I never, no, never would have put them into execution, if I had not found it was necessary to get Moumouth out of the way in order to rescue him from the attacks of an enemy all the more terrible because he was hidden."

"Of whom does he wish to speak?" demanded Lustucru.

"Of you! of you who have said to me, 'Kill Moumouth, or I chase you from the house!'"

"I, I have said that! what an impudent falsehood! Ah, Madam the Countess, you know me well enough not to hesitate between the declarations of this fellow and my flat denial."



FARIBOLE EXPLAINS.

"Faribole," said the Countess severely, "your charge is grave; can you bring any proof to support it?"

"Proof, alas! no, madam; but I am ready to swear to you——"

"Enough," interrupted the Countess; "do not add calumny to the theft of the cat, but deliver me of your presence."

The miserable Faribole wished to protest, but at a sign from Madam de la Grenouillère, Lustucru seized him by the arm, led him through the door without further ceremony, and treated him in so rough a manner on the staircase as to quite relieve him of any idea of asking for his personal effects.

However, the iniquities of the steward were not to remain long unpunished; that same day, Mother Michel, in arranging the closet in the antechamber, was very much astonished at finding the bodies of several dead rats and mice; she was wondering what had caused their death, when she recognized the famous hash that the cat had refused to eat, and which had been left there by mistake. Two mice were dead in the plate itself—so powerful and subtle was the poison!

This discovery tore away the veil which covered the past of Lustucru. Mother Michel, divining that the charges of Faribole were well founded, hastened to inform Madam de la Grenouillère, who recommended her to keep silent, and sent for the steward.

"Have you still the 'death to rats?'" she asked him.

"Yes, madam, I think I have a little left."

"Some should be placed in the antechamber; you have not thought of that before?"

"Never, madam; I did not know there were rats in that part of the house."

"Very well; you can retire."

Madam de la Grenouillère wrote to a celebrated chemist, who, after having analyzed the hash, declared that it contained a prodigious quantity of poison.

The crime of Lustucru was then evident; but other proofs were not long in rising against him. The adventure of Croquemouche and Guignolet was talked about among the boatmen; Faribole heard the story from one of them, and discovered a person who had seen Lustucru throw Moumouth from the bridge of Notre Dame.

The steward, confounded, did not wait to be discharged; he fled, and, to escape the vengeance of Madam de la



FARIBOLE IS TREATED ROUGHLY ON THE STAIRCASE.

Grenouillère, embarked as cook on board of a merchant vessel bound for Oceanica.

It was afterward learned that this ship had been wrecked on the Sandwich Islands, and that the savages had eaten Lustucru. History records that at the moment of expiring he pronounced but a single word, the name of Moumouth!

What was it that brought this name to the lips of the guilty man? Was it remorse? or was it the last explosion of an unforgiving hatred? This is what history has neglected to inform us.

The health of Madam de la Grenouillère had been altered by the heavy shocks she had experienced in losing her favorite animals. The tenderness and graces of Moumouth would perhaps have been sufficient to attach her to life; but the respectable lady had reached an age when sorrows press

of all her lovable qualities, that one would have believed she slept. She was nearly in her seventy-ninth year.

By her will, which she had deposited with her lawyer, she had left to Moumouth and Mother Michel an income of two thousand livres, to revert, in case of the death of either, to the survivor.

Mother Michel took up her residence near her sister, provided handsomely for all the children, and selected for her own retreat a pretty cottage situated in Low-Breton upon the banks of the river among the green trees.

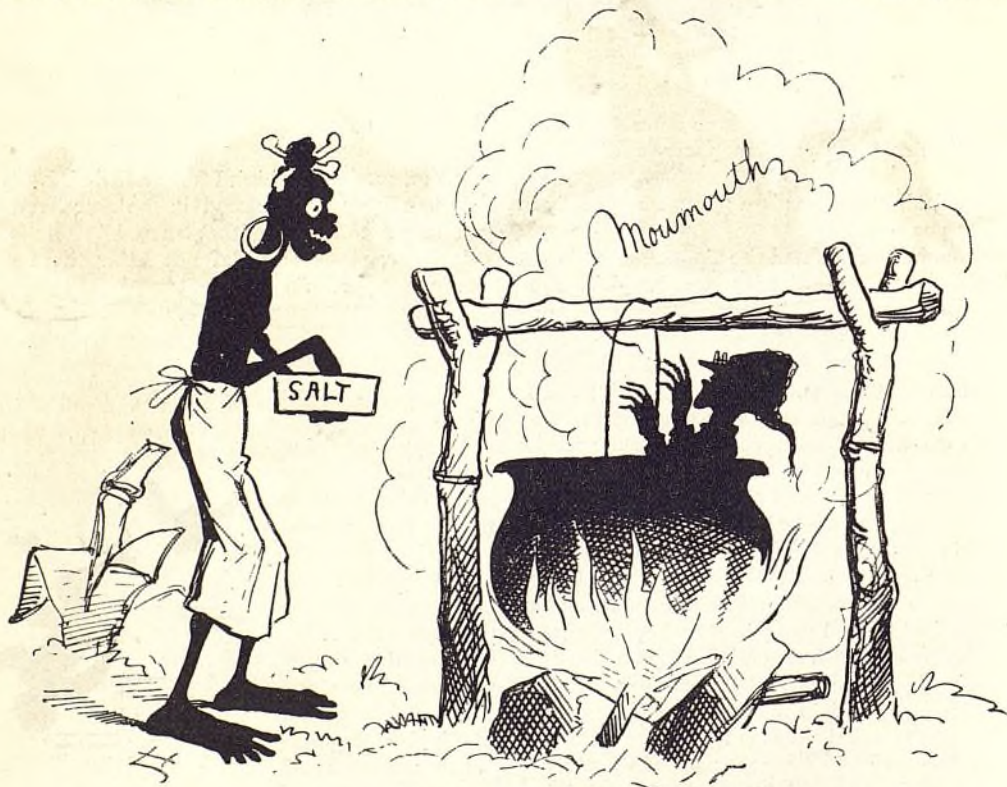
Faribole, received again into the service of Madam de la Grenouillère, conducted himself so well that his transient error was forgotten. He would have been able to distinguish himself in the kitchen,



A CELEBRATED CHEMIST ANALYZES THE HASH.



LUSTUCRU FLIES.



THE FATE OF THE STEWARD.

very heavily. Mother Michel had the grief, one morning, to find the Countess dead in her bed: her face was so calm and bore so plainly the impress

but he preferred to serve the State, and enlisted at the age of sixteen in an infantry regiment. He took part in the expedition against Majorca under

the command of Marshal Richelieu, and was named corporal after the capture of Port-Mahon, June the 29th, 1756. When he obtained his discharge, he returned to live near Mother Michel, for whom he had an affection truly filial. To the agitations of their existence succeeded calm and happy days, embellished by the constantly increasing graces of Moumouth.

Our cat henceforth was without an enemy; he won, on the contrary, the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His adventures had made him quite famous. Besides the ballad,—of which, unfortunately, only two couplets have been preserved,—the poets of the period wrote in his honor a large number of verses that have not come down to us. He received visits from the most distinguished men of the time, even from the King himself, who once, on his way to the Chateau of Bellevue, dropped in for a moment on Moumouth.

A grand lady of the court condescended to choose for Moumouth a very gentle and very pretty companion, whom he accepted with gratitude. In see-

You wish to know what finally became of Moumouth? He died,—but it was not until after a long and joyous career. His eyes, in closing, looked with sweet satisfaction upon groups of



MOTHER MICHEL'S COTTAGE.

weeping children and grandchildren. His mortal remains were not treated like those of ordinary cats. Mother Michel had built for him a magnificent mausoleum of white marble. Following a custom then adopted at the burial of all illustrious



MOUMOUTH AND HIS FAMILY.

ing himself a father Moumouth's happiness was at its highest, as was also that of Mother Michel, who felt that she lived again in the posterity of her cat.

personages, they engraved upon the tomb of Moumouth an epitaph in Latin, composed by a learned professor of the University of Paris.

THE END.

BOSTON BOYS.

(Grandfather's Story.)

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT! you want to hear a story all about that old-time glory,
 When your grandsires fought for freedom against the British crown;
 When King George's red-coats mustered all their forces, to be flustered
 By our Yankee raw recruits, from each village and each town;

And the very boys protested, when they thought their rights molested?
 My father used to tell us how the British General stared
 With a curious, dazed expression when the youngsters in procession
 Filed before him in a column, not a whit put out or scared.



"THEN THE LEADER TOLD HIS STORY."

Then the leader told his story,—told the haughty, handsome Tory
 How his troops there, on the mall there (what you call "the common," dears),
 All the winter through had vexed them, meddled with them and perplexed them,
 Flinging back to their remonstrance only laughter, threats, and sneers.

"What!" the General cried in wonder,—and his tones were tones of thunder,—
 "Are these the rebel lessons that your fathers taught you, pray?
 Did they send such lads as you here, to make such bold ado here,
 And flout King George's officers upon the King's highway?"

Up the little leader started, while heat lightning flashed and darted
 From his blue eyes, as he answered, stout of voice, with all his might:
 "No one taught us, let me say, sir,—no one sent us here to-day, sir;
 But we're Yankees, Yankees, Yankees, and the Yankees know their rights!

"And your soldiers at the first, sir, on the mall there, did their worst, sir;
Pulled our snow hills down we'd built there, broke the ice upon our pond.
'Help it, help it if you can, then!' back they answered every man then,
When we asked them, sir, to quit it; and we said, 'This goes beyond

"Soldiers' rights or soldiers' orders, for we've kept within our borders
To the south'ard of the mall there, where we've always had our play!"
"Where you always shall hereafter, undisturbed by threats or laughter
From my officers or soldiers. Go, my brave boys, from this day

"Troops of mine shall never harm you, never trouble or alarm you,"
Suddenly the British Gen'ral, moved with admiration, cried.
In a minute caps were swinging, five and twenty voices ringing
In a shout and cheer that summoned every neighbor far and wide.

And these neighbors told the story how the haughty, handsome Tory,
Bowling, smiling, hat in hand there, faced the little rebel band;
How he said, just then and after, half in earnest, half in laughter:
"So it seems the very children strike for freedom in this land!"

So I tell you now the story all about that old-time glory,
As my father's father told it long and long ago to me;
How they met and had it out there, what he called their bloodless bout there;
How he felt — "What! was he there, then?" Why, the *leader*, that was he!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III.

THE BABY KING.

ON a dark December afternoon, when the days were short and the winter at its hardest, a little wailing infant, weakly from its birth, though born Prince of Wales and heir to the most powerful of European kingdoms, was born in Windsor Castle in the year 1421: Henry, only child of Henry V., the conqueror of the age, and grandson of Henry IV., one of the most wise of English kings. He himself was not destined to be either brave or wise or fortunate. His mother, Katherine of France, had been won at the sword's point; and the marriage was supposed to give some claim of right to the sovereignty of France, which Henry V. had got by right of conquest before he married her. What her own feelings were about it, or whether she loved her bold English husband and her feeble English baby well enough to be willing that her brother should be disinherited for them, and her country brought under a stranger's rule, no one

knows—for it is always difficult to make out what the poor women felt about it, who have to take a passive place in history and say nothing about what they are thinking. Anyhow, poor Katherine, one would imagine, must have been sad enough in those dull wintry days at Windsor—her husband far off in France, fighting against her family and her people, and doing all he could to crush out every germ of freedom in the conquered country; for in those days, and even in our own days, a man may be very fond of freedom for himself and for his own country, who is quite ready to call the love of liberty rebellion in other people.

Henry V. was a patriotic and popular monarch, doing everything he could to enrich England and secure her peace by ruining her neighbor, as the most of us have lived to see another great nation do. But Henry did not succeed, and I hope the other enemy of France will not succeed either. He was far away in France, at his favorite work of fighting, when he got the news of his son's birth—his first and only child. It seems that brave Henry

had in him some touch of superstition, as is not very unusual with fighting men; and he did not wish his child to be born at Windsor, no doubt from some idea that it was unlucky or unwholesome. When he heard where the event had taken place, he turned to his chamberlain, Lord Fitzhugh, and gave vent to a dreary prophecy: "I, Henry, born at Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get," said the foreboding King, "and Henry, born at Windsor, shall long reign and all lose; but

old when his father died, and he in his swaddling clothes became King of England; and the first time that history shows us any glimpse of him is in a strange, gorgeous scene which took place in the September after his birth, when a procession of splendid noblemen in all their robes of state, bishops and archbishops, and all the great officials of the country, came thronging into the Castle to bring the Great Seal of England, the highest emblem of imperial authority, to the new monarch.



THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND IS PRESENTED TO THE BABY KING.

as God wills, so be it." This was Henry VI.'s welcome into this cold and wintry world. And, after a while, his mother went away to France, and the baby was left solitary in the great silent Castle; so great and powerful, heir to two kingdoms, yet so feeble and helpless and small. You cannot fancy a greater difference than there was between this poor little atom of humanity and his position; and if he had died then in his cradle, or been suffered to grow up among the grooms in the stable, a humble servant of the King's household, one cannot but think it would have been better for that last Henry Plantagenet—better for England, and certainly better for him.

The poor little baby prince was but eight months

Poor little soul, in his nurse's arms! There he sat while all the fine people came in, carrying the Seal in an embroidered bag, itself sealed by the Lord Chancellor, that no one might tamper with it. Perhaps the gold and the jewels, the ribbons of the Garter, and the beautiful badge (of which I told you) all wrought in enamel and gold,—the "George," which all the Knights of the Garter wore,—dazzled and delighted the baby. Or, perhaps, he only sat and looked on with that solemnity which you see in babies sometimes, as if, just newly arrived out of heaven, they were too much above us to trouble themselves about such trifles. It was at the hour of vespers, when the bell was pealing from St. George's Chapel, and all the chorister boys in

their white robes were streaming into the cool, dim choir out of the slanting sunshine; and all about the Castle the fair woods lay green, and the sun dropping into the west made the long line of the Thames into a shining, golden pathway. This outside; and all the great lords within bowing and doing homage, offering the Seal to the infant, handing it back again with elaborate ceremonies, at which perhaps in their hearts they did not know whether to laugh or to weep: for what could be more pitiful than the thought that their great Harry whom they loved, he of Agincourt, who had conquered France, was lying dead, and that this was King Henry of England—this speechless, unconscious child? I do not think there could have been a more pathetic scene—though, indeed, you may call it laughable, if you like. The great dukes, the bishops who were princes, the Chancellor of England, and all those splendid officers of state, kneeling to kiss the baby's feeble fingers. "The King's Majesty,"—that is what they called him, though he was but nine months old.

Poor little Henry staid at Windsor without moving, apparently, till he was nearly two years old. His great father was brought sadly home and buried in Westminster, and all the affairs of State rolled on as usual, and laws were made and a great many important matters settled in the child's name. "Our present lord, the King, with the advice and consent of his Council," is supposed to have done a great many things of which he could have known nothing; and it was he, nominally, who set King James, his "cousin of Scotland," free after his long captivity. There is an account, in an old chronicle of the time, of his baby naughtiness, put down very solemnly as if it had the highest meaning in it. His mother set out with him in November, 1423, to open Parliament, as Queen Victoria is just now, while I write, preparing to do. Queen Victoria, however, can travel from Windsor to Buckingham Palace in half an hour whenever she pleases, whereas it was a long journey for Queen Katherine and her baby. They started upon a Saturday, and lodged that night at Staines, a small town a few miles from Windsor. But next day being Sunday, when the Queen's chair (in which, I suppose, she was carried) was brought out to continue the journey, "the Kyng shrieked and cried and sprang, and wolde not be carried forthere; wherefore he was borne again into the inne, and there abode the Soneday al day"—for who could venture to cross the King? On Monday, however, you will be glad to hear, Henry's temper improved, and "he beyng then gladde and merye," was carried off in triumph as far as Kingston, where they rested for the night. Next day brought them to Kennington, and on the

Wednesday they arrived in London, and "with a glad sembland and mery chere, in his modyer's arms in the chare, he rode through London to Westminster," where, poor babe! the "Kyng's Majesty" opened the great English Parliament the next day. And of all those powerful, ambitious lords, his uncles, of the same royal blood as himself, and those of the house of York, who were afterward to dethrone him, not one endeavored then to twitch the reins of State out of those little helpless hands.

A little later there is a record that, being carried into St. Paul's, he "went upon his fete" from the west door to the choir,—evidently quite a long walk for the little fellow,—and that he kept his seat "diverse daies in the Parliament." Imagine the poor child, in his heavy dress all shining with gold and jewels, and small forlorn, pale face, seated there, frightened, no doubt, and weary, wondering at the discussions and talk that were carried on before him—most solitary of children, upon the throne so much too big for him! I am sure, if you think of all that he had to go through in this way, you will pity the baby King from the bottom of your hearts.

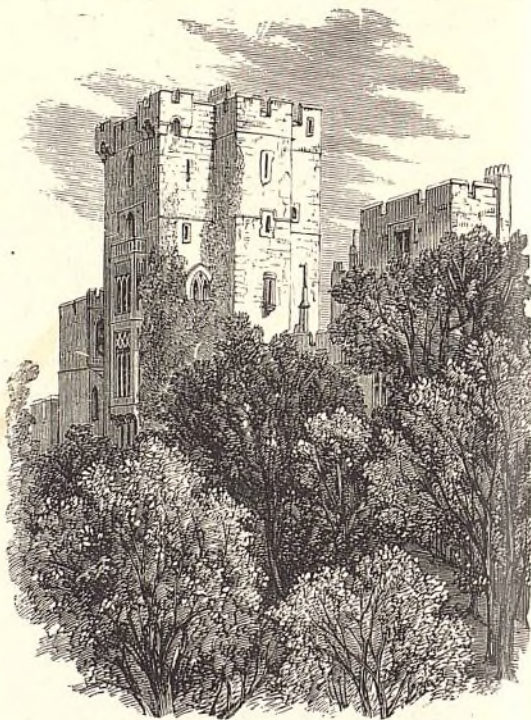
It is more amusing, though, when he began his education, to find a special Act of Parliament in his name, giving authority to the Earl of Warwick, his "governor," to whip him when necessary! I do not suppose Henry had much to do with this, but it had to be put in his name. "If we are negligent in learning, or commit any fault, or do anything contrary to instructions of our said cousin, we give him full power, authority, license, and directions reasonably to chastise us from time to time, according to his discretion, in the manner that other princes of our age, as well in this kingdom as in others, have hitherto been accustomed to be chastised—without being impeached or molested by us or by any other person in future for so doing." Let us hope that Warwick was not very hard upon poor, gentle Harry, who loved learning, and no doubt prepared all his lessons like the meek and tranquil boy he was. It was a great deal better, was it not, that he should be whipped for his own faults than that he should have had, as it is said James VI. of Scotland and I. of England had—a "whipping-boy," who was punished when his little master did wrong, and whose cries were supposed to have the same effect upon the royal sinner as if he had himself been whipped? In Henry's time, I suppose, such a clever idea had not been thought of; so he was made to forgive Earl Warwick beforehand for chastising him. He was so gentle and so good that I believe he would have forgiven him anyhow, and taken his punishment very sweetly, if he had required any. How-

ever, whether he was punished or not, he was so trained that he came to love learning and to do a great deal for the education of his country. And of this, as it was, perhaps, the only one successful enterprise of his life, I will tell you now.

From the north side of the Castle, where stands the Winchester Tower (of which you have here a picture), and where now there is the fine terrace which Queen Elizabeth made, you look down upon a broad stretch of country spreading far away in level lines rich with wood, and showing close at hand, at the foot of the hill, a glimpse here and there of the Thames as it travels downward to London and to the sea. From this point, nowadays, the most conspicuous object is the beautiful Chapel of Eton, and the buildings of the college which is, as I dare say you have heard, the chief public school in England; and were you to visit Windsor now, you would meet at every turn shoals of Eton boys, in their black jackets and tall hats, walking about in twos and threes in the streets, in the park, on the terrace of the Castle, everywhere—and see them on the river, and in the fields at play by hundreds (but not in jackets and tall hats then).

When Henry VI. spent his own boyhood in Windsor Castle, under Earl Warwick's charge, there was no great college at Eton, but only a little village half a mile off on the other side of the river, lying peacefully with its red cottage roofs in the sun, where young Henry at his lessons saw it every day. Education had sunk low in England at that time, and William of Wykeham (as I told you), he who was once architect of Windsor Castle, had founded the great school at Winchester, and a college in Oxford in which the Winchester boys could finish their studies, not very long before, by way of reviving learning in England, and training the new generations to be more enlightened than the old. Young Henry, as he grew to be a man, took more interest in this than in tournaments and hunts and feasting. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," his grandfather had said—or at least Shakespeare said it for him; and when you think that the crown had been heavy on Henry's brow since ever he could remember, you will be less surprised that his spirit had been crushed by it. I think he must have been frightened in his very childhood by the commotions of the world—the fighting in France and the confusions at home, and the bloodshed and all the troubles. "He was fitter for a cowl than a crown," says old Fuller, "and of so easie a nature that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valor." You must not despise him, however, for few of the fighting men have left behind them such a monument as did this patient Henry. He set his heart upon establishing a school as Wykeham had done,

and, in addition to the school, a college where the boys might be trained to be ripe scholars, and teach others in their turn. Before he was nineteen he went to Winchester to see the foundation there, and how it was going on. Young men of nineteen seldom took much interest in such undertakings in those days, or indeed much later; and immediately after he had made that inspection, he announced his wish to found a similar school close to Windsor. That he should have chosen Eton, the village which lay under his windows, and where he could watch every stone as it was laid, and see the buildings



WINCHESTER TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

rising day by day, was very natural; and years before he is said to have begun planning for his great object, getting the parish church transferred from the authority of the Bishop of Lincoln to attach it to his new foundation, and buying up little properties from the country folks about. Thus, while he was but a boy himself, he began to provide for English boys to countless generations. I fear the lively Etonians would not have thought very much of the gentle, weakly little King. They would have said (and probably so would you boys on the other side of the seas) that he was "not good at anything," and laughed at his plans and quiet pleasures. But, you perceive, while all the great soldiers and statesmen left little more than troubles and wars between them, this boy King,

who was not good at anything, who could not fight, and was not fit to make any noise in the world, has left behind him an institution which is one of the most flourishing in all England, which has had an influence more or less upon the country for four hundred years back, and which is now the greatest school in the world.

In King Henry's days, however, there was no education thought of except by the side, and under the protection, of the Church; so that the very center of the foundation was the chapel and the little corporation belonging to it, who were to keep up the worship of God without fail, which at that time was supposed to be the only way of making any undertaking blessed and prosperous—and I think it was a very beautiful thought, and one which we should all do very well to imitate still. So the first thing Henry did was to secure for his school-boys that great advantage. He "established," as an old historian says, "an honest college of sad priests, with a great number of children, which he there of his cost frankly and freely taught the rudiments and rules of grammar." You must not think, however, that the expression "sad priests" means anything very melancholy, like the monks of La Trappe, for instance, who never say anything to each other except, "Brother, we must die." All that was meant was, that these were serious men, giving themselves gravely to their work. They had nothing to do with the school, which was to be taught by "one master in grammar, who should gratuitously instruct the poor and indigent scholars, and others coming there from every part of the kingdom, in the knowledge of letters, and especially in the art of grammar." Besides the "provost and fellows, priests, clerks, and choristers," who were to maintain the daily services, and the "poor and indigent scholars," with their master, there was also a charitable establishment for "poor and infirm men." Thus, you see, the buildings which Henry watched from his windows were to be used for all the good deeds that a man of his day could think of—the worship of God, the education of the young, and the relief of the poor.

This was the first public act of the young King. When his father, Henry, won that great battle at Agincourt, which you can read of in Shakespeare as well as in history, it made a great deal more commotion in the world. That was Henry V.'s way of beginning—in fire and flame, and warlike glory; and if I must tell you so, I am obliged to confess that I like that bold Harry, with all his faults, better than the timid, patient son whom he left behind him. But Henry V.'s conquest of France came to nothing except heart-breaking wars and bloodshed, and double bitterness between the

two nations France and England, which were enemies for the reason which ought to have made them friends—*i. e.* because they were close neighbors. Henry VI.'s first act was done with no excitement or glory about it, to make it look splendid in the eyes of the world; but it has had very different results. It has helped to keep up education in England for all these centuries. It has trained for us statesmen, philosophers, historians, great lawyers, even great soldiers—for the Duke of Wellington was an Eton boy; and at this present moment it is greater, more active and flourishing than ever—a living power in England, though Agincourt for centuries past has been nothing but a name.

This will show how the gentle and timid may be greater conquerors sometimes than the boldest and bravest. To do a startling, splendid feat for the moment, and to do a quiet, worthy work which no one remarks—which is best? I do not expect you to choose the last; and perhaps it is as well, while you are young, that you should like the idea of taking the world by storm, for that is very necessary too. But let no one despise the meek Henry, sitting there over his studies in his palace window, and watching the new walls rise across the river on that flat meadow land, where the trees grow to such noble size, and the grass is so green. All that he hoped for, I suppose, was that the bells should jangle on for ever and ever, calling the homely village folks and the poor scholars to God's service, and that there for ever priests should pray and poor boys learn. How could he tell that his seventy poor scholars, with the one master in grammar (and one usher afterward allowed to help him), should grow and increase, until now there are more nearly fifty ushers, and more than nine hundred boys, to celebrate the memory of the pious founder, whose statue stands in the quadrangle, and whose recollection has been kept sacred through all these years?

While he was doing this, a great deal was going on in the King's name in France, which you have read in your histories. The Maid of Orleans, the wonderful young saint and soldier, Jeanne (or, as we call her, Joan) of Arc, had delivered France and had fallen into English hands—alas that we should have to say so!—and had been tortured and burned in the old market-place at Rouen. Not long ago, when I passed through that market-place, I felt inclined to go down on my knees, among all the people, and pray God to pardon England for such a cruel deed. But they did not see things then in the same light, and thought that noble and pure peasant-maiden was a bold madwoman. This was done in King Henry's name, but it did not win back France for him; and perhaps so great a

wickedness had something to do with the misfortunes that befell him. The Duke of York, who represented an elder branch of the house of Plantagenet, thrust aside by King Henry IV. when he seized the crown, took advantage of Henry VI.'s weakness and made a terrible civil war, which, you know, was called the War of the Roses—Henry taking the red rose for his emblem, and York the white. Both of the poor Roses were dyed red enough with blood before that wicked war was done; and our poor King Henry was dethroned, and at last killed by his cousins. After his death, however, so good and so patient and so holy had he been, that the people made pilgrimages to his tomb in St. George's Chapel, and paid honors to him as a martyr; for the world always finds out the good man in the end, though often too late to give any pleasure to him. He lies in his grave in the Castle where he was born; and is Henry of Windsor in history for ever.

Thus you see that no sadder life could be than that of him who was a king in his cradle. He who was so gentle, it was his fate to be tossed about continually among feuds and quarrels and rebellions, all sorts of people struggling over him, though he hated contention. And often he was sick in body

and often in mind; and his life and his reign are little more than a muddle of confusion and misery, helplessness, weakness, and final downfall. But when, in the freshness of his youth, from the battlements of the Castle on a summer evening, or at his window on the wintry days, he looked across the green country and planned out his beautiful chapel and the lodgings for his poor scholars, and thought with tender sympathy of all the books that would be read there, and all the good men who might grow up pure and peaceable to serve God and England, I think the poor young King must have been happy—happy as he never was again. Long after, when happiness was over for Henry, if ever he met some wandering pair of his school-boys about the Castle yard or in the park, he would stop to ask their names and talk kindly to the lads, "and, besides his words, would give them money to win their good-will, saying to them (in the only language which was then thought worthy for learned men to use), 'Sitis boni pueri: mites et docibiles et servi Domini.'" "Be good boys,"—you shall translate the rest for yourselves. But, you see, from gentle King Henry downward, this is all we elders have to say to you. Be good! and, whether you are very happy or not, all will be well.

JEMIMA BROWN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BRING her here, my little Alice—
Poor Jemima Brown!
Make the little cradle ready,
Softly lay her down.
Once she lived in ease and comfort,
Slept on couch of down;
Now upon the floor she's lying—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,
Rosy-cheeked and fair,
With her eyes of brightest azure,
And her golden hair.
Now, alas! no hair's remaining
On her poor old crown;
And the crown itself is broken—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely,
And her nose was straight;
And that arm, now hanging lonely,
Had, methinks, a mate.

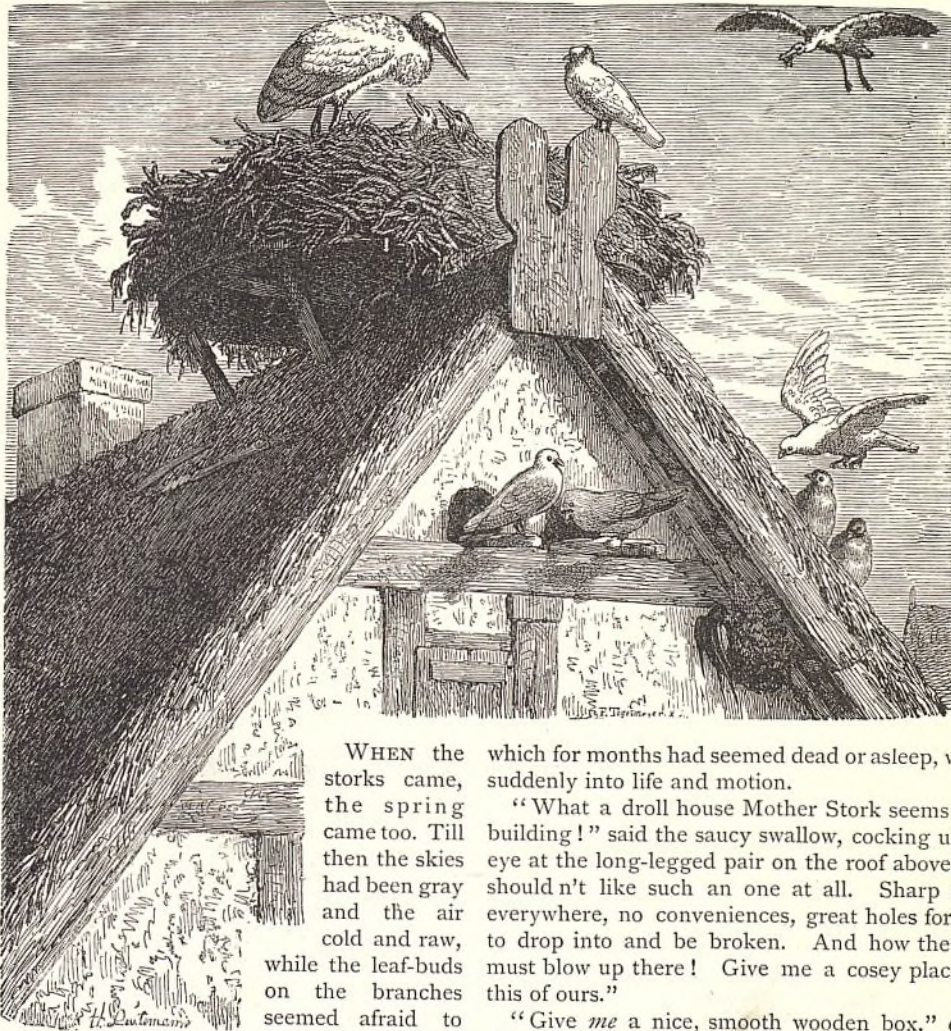
Ah, she was as finely dressed as
Any doll in town.
Now she's old, forlorn and ragged—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!
'T is no fault of hers
If her willful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.
Did *she* pull her pretty hair out?
Did *she* break her crown?
Did *she* tear her arms and legs off?
Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,
You must do your best
Now to give the poor old dolly
Comfortable rest.
So we'll make the cradle ready,
And we'll lay her down;
And we'll ask papa to mend her—
Poor Jemima Brown!

HOW THE STORKS CAME AND WENT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



WHEN the storks came, the spring came too. Till then the skies had been gray and the air cold and raw, while the leaf-buds on the branches seemed afraid to peep from their cov-

erings. But when the call of the storks was heard, and the click of their large white wings, the leaves took courage, unrolled their woolly blankets, and presently the trees were green. Soon other birds came too. The doves went to housekeeping in their cote under the peak of the roof-gable. Just beneath, a pair of swallows built a nest of plastered clay: the cherry-tree in the garden was chosen as home by a colony of lively sparrows. All the air was astir with wings and songs, and the world,

which for months had seemed dead or asleep, waked suddenly into life and motion.

"What a droll house Mother Stork seems to be building!" said the saucy swallow, cocking up one eye at the long-legged pair on the roof above. "I should n't like such an one at all. Sharp sticks everywhere, no conveniences, great holes for eggs to drop into and be broken. And how the wind must blow up there! Give me a cosey place like this of ours."

"Give me a nice, smooth wooden box," cooed the dove. "I don't fancy plaster; it's damp and rheumatic, my mate says. But you need n't worry about Mother Stork's eggs. They're too large to drop through the holes in the branches and be broken."

"What coarse things they must be!" remarked the swallow, looking complacently at the tiny clouded spheres beneath her own wings.

"They are big," agreed the dove. "But, then, Mother Stork is big too."

"Listen to those absurd creatures!" said Mother

Stork to her partner. "Coarse, indeed! My eggs! I like that."

"Never mind them," replied Papa Stork, good-humoredly, giving a crooked twig the final shove to the side of the nest.

Below on the grass, which was still winter-brown, three little children stood gazing wistfully up at the storks.

"They flew straight to our roof," said Annchen. "Frau Perl says that means good luck before the year ends."

"What does good luck mean?" asked Carl, the youngest boy.

"It means—oh, all sorts of things," replied Annchen, vaguely: "That the mother should not work so hard; that we should have plenty,—plenty to eat every day,—and money, I suppose,—and my new shoes I've waited for so long;—all sorts of things."

"Perhaps my father'll come back," suggested Fritz, with a joyful leap.

Annchen shook her brown head. The boys were too little to understand, but she knew well that the father would never come back. She recollected the day when he marched away with the other soldiers to fight the French. He had lifted her in his arms. She had played with his beard and kissed him, and Fritz had cried after the glittering helmet-spike, till at last the father took the helmet off and gave it him to play with. Then the drum-tap sounded, and he had to go. The mother had watched awhile from the window, and when she could no longer see anything, had sat down to sob and cry with her apron over her face. Annchen recollected it perfectly, and that other dreadful day when Corporal Spes of the same regiment had come, with his arm tied up and a bandage round his head, to tell how the father had been shot in one of the battles before Paris, and buried in French soil. Everything had been sad since. There was less black bread at dinner-time, less soup in the pot, sometimes no soup at all, and the mother worked all day and far into the night, and cried bitterly when she thought the children were not looking. Annchen was too young to comprehend the full cause of these tears, but she *felt* the sadness; it was like a constant cloud over her childish sun. Now the stork was come to their roof, which all the neighbors said meant something good. Perhaps the happy days would begin again.

"How I hope they will!" she whispered to herself.

"Hope who will?" asked the mother, passing behind with an armful of wood.

Annchen felt abashed.

"The storks," she murmured. "Frau Perl said

when they build on a roof it brings good fortune always." The mother sighed.

"There is no good fortune for us any more," she said, sadly. "Even the dear stork cannot undo what is done."

"But are n't the storks lucky birds?" asked Fritz. "Jan Stein said they were."

"Ah, luck, luck!" answered the mother. "That is a word only. People use it, but what does it mean?"

"Is n't there any luck, then?" asked Annchen.

"There is the good God, dear,—that is better," replied the mother, and carried her wood into the house.

"Jan said the stork was God's bird," observed little Carl.

"That's it," said Annchen, brightening. "God's bird; and the good God may let the stork bring us good fortune. Dear storkie, do! If only you would!"

Mamma Stork looked solemnly down on the children, and wagged her head gravely up and down. Annchen thought it was in answer to her appeal.

"See, Fritz! see, Carl! She says she will!"

The stork kept on nodding, and Annchen went in to supper, feeling happy.

Days grew into weeks, and spring into full summer. The big eggs and the little eggs had in turn cracked and given place to young birds, who sat in the nests clamoring for food, and being fed, caressed and kept warm by their mothers. At first the nestlings were ugly, featherless creatures, and seemed all beaks and appetites; but presently they began to grow, to put out plumage, and become round and fat. Soon they could hop; then they could flutter their wings; the air was full of their calls and their swift-moving bodies. Mother Stork's babies were white like herself, and had long legs and big bills. The swallow thought them awkward, and contrasted them proudly with her own brisk, glancing brood; but in Mother Stork's eyes they were perfect in every way, and graceful as birds should be. The dove thought the same of her plump squabs,—each parent was entirely satisfied with the kind of child which the Lord had sent her; and that was a happy thing, was it not?

Summer was over, and now it was September, but Annchen had not ceased to hope for the good fortune which the stork's coming prophesied. Each morning, when she woke, she ran to the window to see if the lucky birds were still in the nest. There they were, but nothing else happened, and the mother worked harder than ever, and the black loaf grew smaller. Still Annchen hoped.

"Do you notice what a kind bird the stork is?"

said the mother one night, as she was putting the children to bed. "She never gets tired of taking care of her babies, nor beats them with her wings, nor scolds them. Do you not love her for being so amiable?"

"Sometimes the babies scold her," remarked Fritz from his corner.

"I don't think that is scolding. What they say is, 'Mother, we are hungry. We want a fish or a couple of young frogs; when will the father bring them?' The little storks do not like to wait for their dinners any more than you children do. I heard once a story about a good Mother Stork. Shall I tell it you?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the children; but the mother went first for her knitting-work, for even at the twilight hour she dared not let her fingers be idle for a moment.

"Once there was a Frau Stork," she began, "who built a nest in the roof of an old shed, and in it laid three blue eggs. Presently out of the eggs came three baby storks, large and hungry. Then was Frau Stork very proud and glad. All day she sat in the nest, keeping her little ones warm under her feathers, while Papa Stork flew to and fro, seeking places where were ponds with fish and frogs; and these he fetched home in his beak, and with them fed his brood, who sat always with open mouths ready for anything good which should come along.

"One day when Papa Stork was absent, and Mother Stork had hopped from the nest to the roof, she heard a crackling sound which she did not at all understand. Then the air grew thick and smoky, and there was a smell of burning wood. The shed was on fire! Frau Stork became uneasy, and called loudly for her mate, but he was too far away to hear her voice. Presently the smoke became more dense, and a little red tongue of flame crept through the thatch. When it felt the air it grew large, swelled, and at last, like a fiery serpent, darted at the nest and the screaming brood within."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the children, sitting up in their beds. "What *did* the poor stork do?"

"She could easily have flown away, you know," continued the mother. "There were her strong wings, which would have borne her faster than the fire could follow. But she loved her babies too well to leave them like that. She seized them with

her beak, and tried to drag them from the nest. But they were too heavy, and flapped and struggled, hindering her, for they did not understand what she wished to do. The flames drew nearer, the branches began to blaze. Then Mother Stork took her usual place in the nest, gathered her brood under her wings as if to shield them, bent her poor head, and——"

"Oh, she did n't burn up!—please don't say she did!" interrupted Annchen.



THE FAITHFUL MOTHER-STORK.

"Yes. When Papa Stork came from the pond with a fresh fish in his beak, there was no roof there, no nest, no little storks,—only a heap of ashes and curling smoke. Frau Stork loved her children too well to desert them, and they all died together."

There was silence for a minute or two. Annchen was sobbing softly, and a suspicious sniff was heard from the direction of Fritz's pillow.

"I hope *our* stork wont burn up," said Carl, solemnly.

"Yes,—because then she wont bring us good luck, you know," added Fritz.

"Do you think the stork has forgotten?" whispered Annchen to her mother. "I've waited and waited for her so long that I'm tired. Do they forget sometimes?"

"She will have to bestir herself if she is to do anything for us this year," said the mother; and though her heart was heavy enough just then, she smiled into Annchen's eager eyes. "Autumn is here; the winter will come before long. Frau Stork and her family may fly off any day."

"I shall *have* to remind her," murmured Annchen, sleepily.

She remembered this resolution next morning, and went out into the yard. The day was chilly; the blue sky, all dappled with gray, looked as if a storm were coming. Mother Stork was alone on the roof. Her young ones could fly now, and they and their father were off somewhere together.

"Mother Stork," said Annchen, standing close to the wall, and speaking in a loud, confidential whisper, "you won't forget what you promised, will you—that day when you nodded your head, you know? The mother says you will fly away soon, but please bring us our good luck first. Poor mother works so hard and looks so pale, and sometimes there is almost no dinner at all, and the cold winter is coming, and I don't know what we shall do, if you don't help us. Please do, Mother Stork. We can't wait till you come again, it's such a long time. Pray fetch our good luck before you go."

Mother Stork, perched on one leg on the roof's edge, nodded her head up and down, as if considering the point. Then she rose on her large wings and flew away. Annchen marked her course through the air, and her eyes grew large and eager with delight.

"She has gone to the fen!" she cried. "That's where she keeps it. Oh, the dear stork!"

"What is it? Who has gone where?" asked the boys, running into the yard.

"Frau Stork," explained Annchen. "I reminded her about it,—our good luck, you know,—and she flew straight off to fetch it. She went to the fen, the beautiful fen, where I went once with the father—*such* a place! How I should like to go there again! You never saw such a place, boys!"

"I want to go to the fen too," said Carl.

"I wonder if we might!" went on Annchen, thoughtfully. "It is n't so very far. I did n't get tired at all that day when I went before. And we could help Frau Stork, perhaps. I wonder if we might."

"I'll go in and ask the mother," said Fritz, running to the door with an eager demand: "Mother, may we go for a walk,—Annchen, and Carl, and I?"

The mother, who was very busy, nodded.

"Don't go too far," she called after him.

"Mother says we may," shouted Fritz, as he ran again into the yard; and the children, overjoyed, set forth at once.

It was quite a distance to the fen, but the road was a plain one, and Annchen had no difficulty in following it. When she went there before, not only her father had been along, but Ernst the wood-cutter, with his donkey; so, when tired, she had rested herself by riding on top of the fagots. She was three years older now, and the sturdy lads did not mind the distance at all, but ran forward merrily, encouraging each other to make haste.

The sun had broken through the clouds, and shone hotly on the white road. But as they neared the fen, they passed into shade. Softly they lifted the drooping branches of the trees, and entered, moving carefully, that they might not disturb the stork. A little farther, and the ground grew wet under foot. Bright streams of water appeared here and there. But between the streams were ridges and island-like tufts of moss and dried grasses, and stepping from one of these to the other, the little ones passed on, dry-shod. Tall reeds and lance-shaped rushes rose above their heads as they crept along, whispering low to each other. The air was hushed and warm, there was a pleasant fragrance of damp roots and leaves. The children liked the fen extremely. Their feet danced and skipped, and they would gladly have shouted, had it not been for the need of keeping quiet.

Suddenly a beautiful water-rat, with a long tail, glanced like a ray of gray sunshine from under a bank, and at sight of the intruders flashed back again into his hole. Fritz was enchanted at this sight. He longed to stay and dig into the bank in search of the rat. What fun it would be to take him home and tame him! But Annchen whispered imploringly, and Carl tugged at his fingers; so at last he gave up searching for the rat, and went on with the others. They were near the middle of the fen now, and Mother Stork, they thought, must be close at hand.

Pop! glug! An enormous bull-frog leaped from a log, and vanished into the pool with a splash. Next a couple of lovely water-flies, with blue, shining bodies and gauze-like wings, appeared hovering in the air. They rose and sank and circled and whirled like enchanted things; the children, who had never seen such flies before, felt as if they had met the first chapter of a fairy-story, and stood holding their breaths, lest the pretty creatures should take alarm and fly away. It was not till the water-flies suddenly whirled off and disappeared, that they recollected their errand, and moved on.

All at once Annchen, who was in advance of the rest, stopped short and uttered an exclamation. The parting of the reeds had shown her a pool larger than any they had seen before, round which grew a fringe of tall flowering water-plants. Half in, half out of the pool, lay a black log with a hollow end, and beside it, dabbling with her beak as if searching for something, stood a large white bird. At the sound of voices and rustling feet, the bird

"I want to go home," whined Carl. "It's dinner-time. I want my dinner very much."

All of them wanted to go home, but it was not an easy or quick task to do so. The children had wandered farther than they knew. It took a long time to find their way out of the fen, and when at last they reached the rushy limits and stood on open ground, it was an unfamiliar place, and much farther from home than the side where they had



"THE BIRD SPREAD A PAIR OF BROAD WINGS AND FLEW SLOWLY UPWARD."

spread a pair of broad wings and flew slowly upward, turning her head to look at the children as she went.

"It was," cried Annchen. "Oh, Mother Stork, we did n't mean to frighten you. Please come back again. We'll go away at once if you don't like to have us here."

But Mother Stork was no longer visible. She had dropped into some distant part of the fen—where, the children could not see.

"Her eyes looked angry," said little Carl.

"Oh dear!" sighed Annchen. "I hope she is n't angry. That *would* be dreadful! What will poor mother do if she is? And it would be all our fault."

entered. Weary, hungry, and disheartened, they trudged along for what to them seemed hours, and it was long past midday when at last they reached the familiar gate.

Frau Stork had got there before them, and stood on the roof beside her mate, gazing down as the sorry little procession filed beneath. Annchen had no heart to greet her as she passed. She was tired, and a dread lest their long absence should have frightened or angered the mother added weight to her fatigue, and made her heart sink heavily as they opened the door.

The mother did not start or run forward to meet them as the children expected she would do. She

sat by the table, and some one sat opposite her—a tall, stately officer in uniform, with an order on his breast. His helmet lay on the table, with some papers scattered about it. When the children came in, he turned and looked at them out of a pair of kind blue eyes.

"Ah," he said. "These are the little ones, dame?"

"Yes," said the mother, "these are *his* children. Take off your hats, boys; and, Annchen, make your reverence. This is the Herr Baron, your father's captain, children."

Carl stared with round eyes at the splendid Herr Baron, while Annchen demurely dropped her courtesy. The captain lifted Fritz and perched him on his knee.

"My fine fellow," he said, "you have your father's face,"—and he stroked Fritz's yellow hair, while Fritz played with the bright buttons of the uniform. The captain and the mother went on talking. Annchen did not understand all they said, but she saw that her mother looked happier than for a long time before, and that made her feel happy too.

At last the captain rose to go. He kissed the children, and Annchen saw him put a purse into her mother's hands.

"I take shame to myself that I left you so long without aid," he said; "but keep up heart, dame.

Your pension will no doubt be granted you, and I will see that you and the children are cared for, as a brave man's family should be. So good-day, and God bless you!"

"May He bless you, Herr Baron," sobbed the widow, as he went away.

"What is it, mother,—why do you cry?" asked little Carl at last, pulling her sleeve.

"For joy, dear. The good Baron has brought your father's back-pay. I can discharge my debts now, and you need hunger no more."

"It is the good luck come at last. I knew it would," said Annchen.

"We will thank God for it," said her mother. And they all knelt down and repeated "Our Father," that beautiful prayer which suits equally our time of joy and our time of sorrow.

But when the prayer was said, and the mother, smiling through her tears, was bustling about to cook such a supper as the little family had not tasted for many a day, dear, superstitious little Annchen stole softly to the door and went into the yard.

The young storks were asleep with their heads under their wings, and Frau Stork, poised on one leg, was gazing about with drowsy eyes. She looked bigger than ever against the dim evening sky.

"Thank you, dear stork!" said Annchen.

1876.



FOURTH OF JULY.

OUR FLAG.

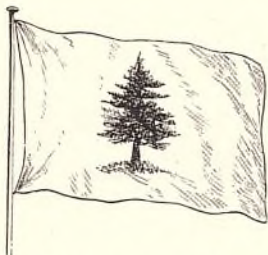
BY KATE FOOTE.

EVERY nation has its flag. Every ship in foreign waters is known by the colors she shows at her peak. The French frigate hoists her bunting of three vertical stripes, red, white and blue; the English man-of-war shows a red flag, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a blue

and on the opposite side the motto, "Appeal to Heaven."

Washington, in his character of General-in-Chief, commissioned several privateer schooners, and they all carried this flag.

The Alfred was one of the few large ships we



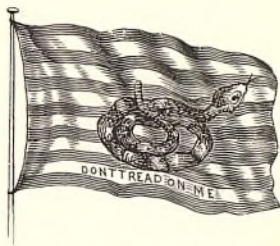
THE OLD MASSACHUSETTS STATE FLAG.

union in the upper left-hand corner; and the Austrian, a double-headed black eagle, on a yellow ground,—every nation with a name and a place, having its own appropriate symbol.

When we were colonies of England, we sailed and fought under her flag. Twenty years before the Revolution, when we were at war with the French and their allies the Indians, many a brave man in some hot skirmish with Indians would have welcomed the sight of the red flag of England—it would mean aid and comfort when sorely pressed.

But the time was coming when he was to hate it as much as he had hated the French colors. The time was coming when the sight of it was to mean oppression and tyranny to him, and every feeling of his nature would be roused against it. Every child knows how we finally rebelled; it was nothing less, and, to England, our George Washington was merely a leading rebel. It was a bold proceeding. We were thirteen little States, fringed along on the Atlantic coast, with the unbroken forest behind us, and among the great family of nations we had neither place nor name. We were like the last new boy at a public school—we had to fight to obtain due respect from all the great old nations who were looking on.

Of course we had no flag; we had to earn that too. For a year or so our privateers carried the Massachusetts State flag. It was better, they thought, than the English flag, at any rate. The field was of white bunting; in the middle, a green pine-tree, as you see in the above picture;

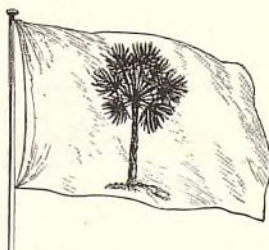


THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

had, and she carried the pine-tree flag, and beside that, one with thirteen stripes, in red and white, but with no stars; while on the stripes was coiled a rattle-snake, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." The rattle-snake being found only in America, there was, of course, a peculiar meaning in this emblem.

In the early part of the Revolution, some of the South Carolina regiments carried the palmetto-tree on their flag. That was a very good symbol, and the State yet keeps it on her coat of arms, though it grows everywhere in the South. The palmetto logs at Fort Moultrie were found very good things to receive cannon balls when that fort was besieged by the British in June of 1776.

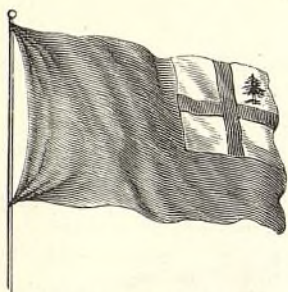
There was this multiplicity of flags, because we did not clearly know what we were. No nation had



THE PALMETTO FLAG.

acknowledged us as belonging to their great family yet; in fact, we had not quite cut loose from England, yet we were fighting her with all our might, and it seemed absurd to be under her colors. In

the fight at Bunker Hill, the flag planted in the corner of that famous redoubt was of blue bunting, with the cross of St. George in red in the corner,



OUR FLAG AT BUNKER HILL.

and a pine-tree, that same pine-tree, in the upper right-hand quarter of the cross.

Our army at Cambridge celebrated New Year's Day, Jan. 1st, 1776, not as the Chinese, by firing crackers and illuminating lanterns in the evening, nor yet by making calls, but by unfurling for the first time in an American camp the flag of thirteen stripes. But even then we had not declared ourselves independent of Great Britain, and this flag had the British union in the corner, and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

Finally, on the 14th of June, 1776, Congress, which met then in Philadelphia, settled upon our style of flag. "It shall have," said they, "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the union of the States shall be indicated by thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

They followed up the adoption of a flag by a Declaration of Independence, and then we went to fighting harder than ever, and, either because we showed better pluck under our new flag, or be-



THE FLAG OF JAN. 1, 1776.

cause other nations began to feel some respect for our courage under difficulties, or for some other reason, France acknowledged our independence.

It was not until about forty years ago that it was

decided to add another star for every new State as it joined the Union. So that the constellation as it is now, with nearly forty stars in it, has grown a good deal from the original thirteen. But the stripes still remain the same in number, to remind us of the first little band of States who "fought it out" against Great Britain.

In the late war of the Rebellion every regiment carried, in addition to the United States flag, a State flag, so that the soldiers if they were lost or separated from their company, in the confusion of battle, could at least find, if not their own regiment, one belonging to their State. How many eyes may have looked wearily over the broken and scattered columns of marching men on a field of fight, searching through the wreathing smoke for the bannered eagle of Illinois, the crossed arrows of Ohio, or the rising sun of the New York State flag, which might bear healing on its folds!

While the siege of Sumter was in progress in 1864, a review of the troops at Morris Island was



THE FLAG OF 1876.

ordered. They stood, twenty-five thousand men drawn out in line of battle, on the white hard sand beach, with the Atlantic sending in its long thundering surges behind them. Then it was pleasant to look along the glittering line where the sun struck lightning from bayonet and gun-barrel, as they stood at "parade rest," and notice the flags. There on its silken ground ramped the black and white horses supporting the shield of Pennsylvania; then Maine, with the pine-tree and the deer; then the vines of Connecticut, three clusters on the shield—going back to the time when the Norsemen called her shores Vineland: those old pirates who roamed further and knew more in their day of the other side of the world than all the rest of Europe. Then the shield of good old Massachusetts, with its mailed arm ever ready to strike, but with a motto enjoining peace; and my eyes grew misty as I saw that of my own State,—but I shall not tell which that was, for every State flag waved by the side of the great United States flag, as much as to say, "We are not for ourselves, but for all."

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CROWBAIT GULCH.

THERE was not much time for the young miners to look about them. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, cold weather was coming on, and what mining was to be done must quickly be undertaken. They had settled on one of the innumerable branches of the Rio de los Plumas, or, as the newcomers called it, "for short," Feather River. This branch was only a shallow creek now, rippling over a bed of gravel. Later, it would be swollen with the fall rains, and choked with floating ice. Their stock of ready cash, which had seemed considerable when they left home, was now so small that it would hardly buy a hundred pounds of flour. Their bacon was quite gone, and the only staple article of food left them was a goodly bag of beans. Farmer Stevens had insisted on their taking a plenty of beans. The boys had remonstrated, and Barney had laughingly said that the miners would accuse them of being bean-merchants. But he and Arty now acknowledged the wisdom of their father's advice. Beans were in great demand. Sixteen dollars for two quarts of beans had been paid at the Chapparral Hill diggings; and the boys had nearly a bushel.

By some miscalculation, as they once thought, they had brought more coffee than they needed. Often and often, the weather was so bad that they could not roast and grind the coffee which was part of their outfit; they had used the tea, because that could be easily steeped, whenever they could heat a pot of water. But the coffee had resisted all their efforts to get rid of it. When their wagon was upset in the hard places on the plains and over the mountains, the coffee was always safe. The passing emigrants, who asked them if they had any stores to sell or exchange, never wanted green coffee. It was too much trouble to prepare it. The boys had thirty pounds of coffee, now worth eight dollars a pound, and almost a bushel of beans. This represented a small fortune, though they had no money.

They had one ox, one cow, and one horse. But poor old Jim was so thin and feeble that he was at once named by the friendly miners "Crowbait." Their wagon was in fair condition. The tent was as good as new. They had pans, picks, and shovels for gold mining; and with stout hearts, strong hands, and high hopes, what was not possible to

them? The gold was hidden all about them in the ravines, gulches and river-beds. They had come to dig it out, and were impatient to begin.

Scattered up and down the stream, were small encampments of diggers. A few had tents; many slept in the open air, wrapped in their blankets, though the nights were cold. Some of the more home-loving miners had built booths of boughs and logs, and had fashioned rude tables, benches, and a few bunks from the costly lumber which found its way up here from Greasertown, a small camp down the river, where some industrious Mexicans had established a saw-pit. These little settlements were at once given names of some sort, in order to distinguish them from each other in the rude gossip of the country. One group of tents, cabins and booths, which boasted a population of twenty-five men, was known as "Forty Thieves," though there were only twenty-five people in the camp, and not one was a thief. Another was called "Fatty Gulch," because one of the members of the party in the camp happened to be an excessively lean fellow; and another was dubbed "Swellhead Diggings," on account of the personal character of several miners located there. Further down stream were "Slap-Jack Bar," "Bogus Thunder," and "One Eye," names which might have meant something yesterday, and which stuck there long after men had forgotten why they were ever given.

"I allow I'll light out of this," said Captain Rose, when they had been two days in camp. They had settled up accounts all around, and were ready to dissolve partnership now.

"Well, if you go, we allow to stay, and if you stay, we allow to go," said Hiram, very frankly. "There aint room for all of us."

"You can stay then, boys," said Rose. "There's nothin' doin' here. Nobody's makin' more than one or two ounces a day; and I want more than that."

"More than that!" cried Arty, opening his eyes with amazement. "Why! one ounce is sixteen dollars. Sixteen or thirty dollars a day!"

"That may suit you young fellers," said Rose, discontentedly. "I've heerd tell of chaps down on the American River takin' out a thousand dollars at a lick. That's about my size. I'm bound to go on to the American. Be you fellers goin' to hang together?"

"Really, we had not thought of that," said Mont, with a smile. "We have not divided up our little

property. I suppose we shall stick together for the present."

"I thought ye were limited pardners," rejoined Rose. "And if ye are, I'd like to have Arty along with me. Arty's a chirpy boy, and I'll give him a good show if he'd like to go along."

Arthur had heard a great deal about the fabulous riches dug up along the banks of the American, and he was fired with ambition to make money suddenly. Here was a chance for him to go. He looked at Barney and Johnny. He caught Mont's eye watching him with an expression of anxiety, and, breathing a little quicker than usual, he said: "Thank you, Captain Rose, I'll stay with the rest of the boys."

"Hope you'll never be sorry for it. There's lots of gold down there. None here to speak of," and Captain Rose went away disappointed, for he liked the lad.

"How about this pardnership, anyhow?" said Hiram, when Rose, a few days later, had left them to themselves.

"My idea about it is that we go right on together," said Barney. "Arty and I must hang together, of course. And I don't see how we can give up Johnny. He's bound to stay with Arty there, so that's three of us, to begin with. How about you and Tom, Hi?"

Hi "allowed" that he could not go off by himself. Tom was willing to do as Hi said, but he preferred to stay with the Stevens boys.

"I was the last one of the firm at Council Bluffs, you know," said Mont, "and I agreed that it should be a limited partnership, lasting only until we reached the diggings; and here we are."

"And you want to bust up the pardnership?" demanded Hi.

"Oh no, I'm in favor of continuing the old firm as long as we can live and work together harmoniously."

"That's just my gait," said Hi, enthusiastically. "Shake!" and he extended his rough hand in token of concluding the bargain. Mont took his hand, and, with a laugh, put his arm on Arty's shoulder and said:

"This is the little chap that keeps us together. So long as he has not set the example of running off on a wild-goose chase, we can do no less than stay here and work it out."

"I'd have liked to have seen him going off with John Rose," grumbled Barney.

"It's share and share alike, is n't it?" asked Hi. Just then his eye lighted on Johnny, who was busily cooking over the plentiful camp-fire. Hi's countenance fell, and he asked, with some constraint, "How about the little kid, yonder?"

"Don't call him a kid," said Arthur, indignantly.

"That's slang. Besides, Johnny's quite a big boy now."

"Yes," laughed Hi. "He's four or five months older than when we took him in at Council Bluffs. He can't do no hard work. You can, because you're two or three years older than he is, and are right smart at things."

"Johnny can do as much as I can, come now; and I'm willing to share with him. Tom, he and I will have to do the drudgery anyhow."

"No more drudgery for me," put in Tom, with a frown.

"See here," said Mont, "there are three of us grown fellows and three boys. Arty and Barney belong together, and Tom, of course, joins his brother Hi. Let Johnny's share be with mine; that will make three equal partners in the camp. For my part I am willing to give Johnny one-third of all I make. How's that, youngster?" he said to Johnny, who had left his bean-stew to listen to this interesting discussion.

"Oh, that's too much, Mont," said the lad, gratefully. "I am willing to work for my board."

"And clothes," added Tom, who was astonished at Mont's liberal proposition.

"Yes, and clothes," said Johnny, who had by this time found his Council Bluffs outfit necessary to cover his growing limbs.

"We shall all become covetous, by and by," said Mont, seriously. "I want to make a bargain now, that we shall all keep. Barney, you and Hi ought to be willing to divide with your brothers as I shall divide with little Johnny here. I suppose you are. Then we shall have only three shares, though each of us will have to divide with one of the boys; that is, provided we have anything to divide. For after all," he added with a sober smile, "we are counting our chickens before they are hatched."

"The fact is," said Barney, "Arty and I are equal partners with each other. We settled that before we left home. But I am agreed that there shall be three equal shares in the new concern—yours, Hi's, and mine. Never mind what we do with each share of any division we may make. How's that, Hi?"

"It's a whack," said Hi, heartily. So the partnership was re-organized and the partners were ready for work.

They had "panned out" enough gold from a dry gulch near by to assure them that they could make fair wages there for a time. Most of the mining in that region was done by digging up the gold-bearing earth and carrying it to the river-bank, where it was washed out with pans, and the gold picked out. The commonest way was to carry, or "pack," the earth in sacks on men's backs, and

then "pan" it out by the river. It was wearisome work. The pan was partly filled with dirt, then filled to the brim with water, and twirled around and round, first one way, then another, in the hands of the operator. The fine earth rose to the top, and was carried over the edge of the pan with a peculiar turn of the wrist. Water was added, and was whirled off again, carrying the refuse earth with it, until nothing was left in the bottom of the pan but coarse sand, and gold. Sometimes,—very

often indeed,—after all the washing and watching, there was nothing found in the bottom but coarse black sand. But a miner who had a shovel and a pan had all his necessary mining tools. With these on his back, sometimes carrying a pick, he traversed the country, searching for good diggings. If

own paths. Then these grew more and more beaten, and it was not long before gold-seekers were hurrying up and down the land on routes which led, like roads, from one gold-bearing region to another.

On the very first day after the boys had camped on Chapparal Creek they had "prospected" for gold. The precious stuff, in lumps, nuggets, dust, and coarse grains, was already familiar to their sight. They had sold a quart pot full of coffee for an ounce of golden ore. But they had never dug any out of the ground.

It was an exciting time. In a gulch which led down from the mountains and opened out to the creek was a flat place, overgrown with brambles and small shrubs of chapparal—a thorny bush—and cut up with the action of winter torrents. This had once been the bed of a stream, but only a slender thread of water crept down under the rocks which had formed the bottom of the old creek. The top soil was red and dry. Beneath, it grew darker, browner, and more gravelly. This they shoveled into pans, and lugged to the edge of the creek

below. Mont and Hi each took a pan and began to wash. Hi threw the water over his legs, instead of from him, amidst the laughter of the boys, who anxiously looked on. Mont twirled his panful of mud, sand, and water quite dexterously, flirting off the superfluous stuff with a professional skill that delighted Arty, who secretly hoped that Mont would be the first to find the gold. Hi wobbled his pan about clumsily, and soon covered his legs with mud and water. The turbid currents rippled over the edge of Mont's pan as it deftly revolved in his hands. Arty thought he saw the shimmer of the gold in the cloudy mass.

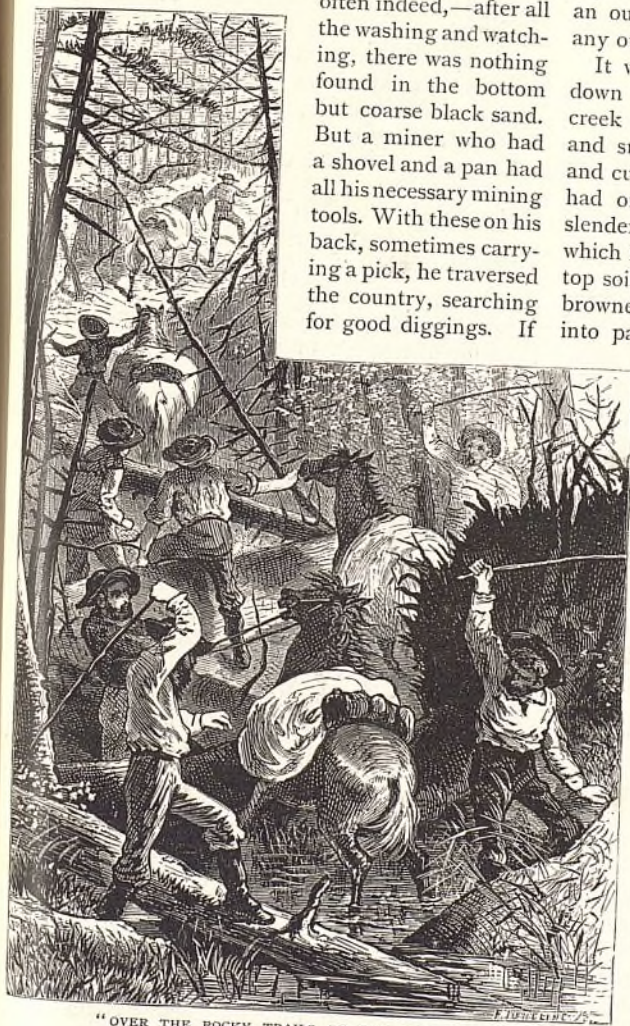
"Hear it! Hear it!" shouted Hi. "Hear it scratchin' on the bottom of the pan!"

Sure enough, there was a rattle of something in the pan different from the steady grinding of the coarse sand. Just then, Hi, who was highly excited, twirled his pan out of his hands, and it fell, amidst a chorus of "Ohs" from the boys, bottom up, and, with its contents, spilled all about. Hi impatiently snatched up

his pan, and there, in a confused heap of sand and gravel, was a lump of bright, hard and shining gold! With a great hurrah, Hi seized it, held it in the air, cut a clumsy caper, and cried:

"The fust gold for the Fender family!"

It was a smooth, water-worn lump, of a dark yellow color, about as big as a robin's egg, and



"OVER THE ROCKY TRAILS OF THE MOUNTAINS."

he found a poor prospect, he journeyed on and on looking for gold.

Some of these wandering diggers, or prospectors, formed themselves into parties, bought mules, or the fiery little horses of the country, and carried their outfit over the rocky trails of the mountains. At first, the travelers were obliged to make their

shaped very much like a pear that has been squeezed nearly flat.

Before the boys could sufficiently express their joy over this first gold of their own finding, Mont, who had only looked up with glittering eyes as he kept on with his work, whirled off the watery contents of his pan and showed the heavier mass at the bottom. There was about half an inch of black sand, and, shining on the surface, were four or five particles of gold. One was almost as big as a pea. The others were a little larger than pin-heads, and one was a crumb so small that it would have been lost if the black sand had not shown it so plainly.

"Sho! that aint nothin'," said Tom, contemptuously.

"Nothin'!" exclaimed Hi, with equal contempt. "Mont's got the color there, and more too. That's over two dollars; and I allow one dollar a pan is a mighty big thing. Them fellers up to Forty Thieves said that twenty-five cents to a pan was good diggin's."

A tall miner from One Eye, who was on his way up the creek, paused as he went by, and looked on curiously at the boys, who with much excitement examined the half-washed heaps of earth on the ground.

"Right smart sort of a scad you've thar, strannger," he said, looking at Hi's find. "Must be more whar that come from."

"Yes," said Mont, "we have just been prospecting up the ravine. Shouldn't you think it worth while to follow it up?"

"Wal, I reckon yes. Chispas like that yere don't grow into every mud-hole. Thar's quartz rock whar that yere come from. But that's a long ways from yere." And the tall stranger took his way on up the stream, quite unconcerned at the sight of the yellow metal which had so excited our boys.

This was before Rose had left them. Rose, for his part, was not in favor of creek-diggings. He had heard of "crevicing," where the miners dug out the precious stuff from crevices in the rocks, after tearing away the earth; and nothing but "crevicing" would suit him now. Accepting the advice of some friendly neighbors at Forty Thieves, the boys formally made claim to the dry gulch, which they called "Hi's Gulch" from that day. They were mortified, some weeks later, to find that the miners of the neighborhood had christened this "Crowbait Gulch," on account of some fancied connection which old Jim had with their good fortune. Their discomfiture was further increased when they discovered that the name was extended over their camp and party, so that they were called "The Crowbaits," just as if they had been a tribe of Indians with that singular title.

No disrespect was meant to them, however, and they thought they could endure being known as "The Crowbaits" so long as their nearest neighbors were content to be called "Forty Thieves."

Now, at last, they had money enough to buy flour and meat, a claim that was as good as a mine, and a tent over their heads. Already gleams of gold shone in their hands, and rosy visions of wealth began to rise. There was a tolerably sure prospect for the future. Their trials were over, they thought. Their riches were almost on the surface of the ground.

"Do you know what this means, Arty?" said Barnard, one day, showing him a crumb of gold.

"Victuals and drink, board and clothes," said the matter-of-fact lad.

Barney stooped and whispered in his ear one word—"Home!"

CHAPTER XIX.

GOLD.

IN a few weeks the young gold-seekers accumulated quite a stock of the precious ore. They could hardly believe their eyes when they weighed it over and over again, figured up the value of it, estimated it, and speculated on the chances of there being more like it in their gulch. It was a marvelous thing that they should actually dig this stuff out of the ground.

But there it was. It cost them many a weary day and many a backache. They had stuck to their gold-pans; and two of the elder members of the party washed out the earth, which the others dug up in the gulch, and carried in sacks to the brink of the creek, where water was plenty. They had tried to make use of the little stream in the bottom of the gulch, but it was too slight to afford water enough; and they were continually digging under it, in hopes of finding rich lumps, or "chispas." The younger boys, in their intervals of packing the gold-bearing earth to the washing party by the creek, often washed out a panful of earth, furtively and eagerly, hoping to find a rich return for their own labor. The gold however was, for the most part, in small bits, like a very coarse gunpowder, with occasional flakes as fine as meal. No such lump as that found by Hi at the beginning of their prospecting could be discovered in the gulch.

The diggings extended, so far as they could judge, quite across the flat mouth of the gulch or ravine, which was four or five hundred feet across, and outward to a sharp ledge, which ran diagonally across it, and thence sloped off to the edge of the creek. This ravine narrowed rapidly, and ran up into the woody ridge, about two thousand feet

from its mouth. So the gold-bearing claim of the young emigrants was a V-shaped patch of earth about four or five hundred feet wide, and tapering off to a point about one thousand feet from the mouth, and thence gradually ascending into the slope in the rear. Mont and Barney made a very systematic "prospecting" of the claim before the boys decided to stay. They sunk deep holes at intervals along the V which has just been described, digging sometimes to a depth of six or eight feet before they reached the bottom layer of coarse black sand, gravel and rock. The top surface was a rich soil, filled with vegetable mold and roots; next below was a clayey loam, and then the gold-bearing sand, gravel and pebbles. Below all was an uneven layer of solid rock, which seemed like the bottom of a basin. This was the bed-rock, and it rose gradually on either side of the ravine, until its nearly perpendicular sides were lost in the abrupt slopes which formed the walls of the gulch. Under this rock, which could be broken through in places, no gold was ever found. The bed-rock, then, was like a dish; it rested on a layer of sterile, yellow gravel and clay. Into its platter-like surface the rain and floods of ages had washed down the soil, gravel, and water-worn gold which had once been scattered among the hills. Perhaps this gulch had once been the outlet of an ancient river. Here the wash of the mountains had been carried down by freshets. The sand and gravel had sunk to the bottom, resting on the bed-rock. The gold, washed out of ledges, now hidden in the hills, had been worn smooth or into fantastic forms as it was tumbled along in the current and over the rocks; it had been swept into the river, and had gone to the bottom with the gravel and stone. The sand had followed it, and the soft soil which settled in, as the stream slackened its current and became shallow, filled in all the interstices. Strange changes took place in the surface of the country. Hills rose up where none had been before, and grass, shrubs and trees grew luxuriantly where once a river had flowed swiftly along. In Crowbait Gulch, for instance, the water almost ceased. The winter rains washed down the soil from the surrounding hills, covering up the rocks, the gravel, the gold, and the sand. Each season added its deposit of vegetable loam, and grass, wild roses, chapparal, and manzanita-bushes grew up, as if to hide the golden secret which lay buried far beneath.

Into this tangled thicket, broken only by the bed of a little stream, and by a few grassy spaces, came the young treasure-seekers. Countless ages had been necessary to prepare for them. While centuries came and went, this wonderful work had gone on unseen. The gold had been rolled and

tumbled, age after age, until it was rounded or smoothed like water-worn pebbles; and generations lived and died, not even knowing of the existence of this wonder-land. The precious ore, for which men go so far and work so hard, sunk into its latest resting-place, and was covered from all human eyes. But not forever, for into this primeval solitude, in the fullness of time, had come the new masters of the mine.

The gold was laid in Crowbait Gulch for the boy emigrants. But it was not yielded up to them without a struggle. Mont dug manfully, Arthur helping him at times, and at times packing the earth and gravel to Hi and Barney, who squatted all day long by the bank of the stream, twirling, twirling their pans, until their eyes ached and their heads reeled with the constant whirling of water, sand and gravel, water, sand and gravel, sand and water again. Not every panful of earth held gold. Very often it happened that the patient labor required to wash out a pan brought nothing but disappointment. Nevertheless, it was fascinating business. As the soil disappeared over the edge of the pan, and the sand began to show through the clearing water, the washer might expect to see the golden gleam of the ore. Or he saw nothing but common sand and gravel; and he began again with the hope that never died in him.

Hi grew intensely interested in the work. He was continually expecting to find a big lump. He washed eagerly, almost feverishly. If he found a few rich grains of gold, his eyes sparkled, and his face beamed with pleasure. If his pan showed nothing but barren sand, his countenance changed, and he scooped up a fresh panful of earth with a mutter of impatience. He was seldom rewarded by any marvelous return, and when Barney, one day, washed out a lump of gold as large as a hickory nut, Hi broke out in open rebellion against his "luck;" and he regarded Barney's find with eyes of covetousness, as if it were not one more acquisition to the common stock. Then, another day, when Arthur, uttering a cry of joy and triumph, dug out a lump of gold almost as big as that first found by Hi, he threw down his pan with an exclamation of disgust, and "allowed" that he had washed long enough. He would take his turn at digging. And so he did, until after a while Mont, thinking that Hi was growing thin and haggard with that work, exchanged places with him again, and Hi went back to the pan.

One day, while all hands were hard at work in and around the gulch, a voice up the thickly wooded hill cried, "Hillo you! How does a fellow get down?"

"Slide," said Mont, with a smile, as he straightened himself up from his toil and looked up the

ridge. There was a crashing and rustling in the brush, and presently a small cart came down the steep slope, backward, and dragging after it a familiar figure. It was Bush. His wagon had lost its cover, and he was partly harnessed in the traces, as his little cow had been.

Breaking through the undergrowth, and half-riding, half-tumbling, Bush and his go-cart reached bottom at last. Bush was brown, ragged, and as cheerful as ever.

"Sh'd think you might hev a road for visitors, leastways," he managed to say, when he could catch his breath. Then, having disengaged himself from his rude harness, he advanced with both hands outstretched, cordially exclaiming, "I'm lookin' for the honest miners of Crowbait; and I reckon I've struck 'em at last. Shake!" and Bush warmly greeted his old companions.

"Where's your cow?" asked Barney, when their former comrade had been duly welcomed.

"Wal, Suke, you see, she up and died one day. After I left you at the divide, I struck off toward the north part of the Yuba, and a powerful rough time we had of it. No trail—rocks, gulches and precipices, till you can't rest. Suke was more or less alkali'd on the plains, I reckon; and the pull through the timber was too much for her. She pegged out one night, and the coyotes picked her bones before day. Poor Suke!" and Bush twinkled a genuine tear from his eye, as he thought of his vicious little cow.

"Well! how are you making it?" he continued, briskly—"struck it rich?"

"Yes, we're doing first-rate," answered Barnard, heartily.

"Oh, not so powerful rich, though," said Hi, with an uneasy glance at the rest who were gathered around. "Just a livin', you know."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid of me," said Bush, very frankly, "I ain't a-goin' to stay here; I'm just a-pushin' my way across to Dogtown, where I hear there's great diggings. Thought I would take Crowbait on my way. I seen Rose over on the North Yuba. He told me where you were, and when I inquired for 'the Boston boys,' I learned you was Crowbait. Crowbait! I s'pose that means Old Jim?"

"Yes," laughed Arty, "poor old Jim, who ought to have died on the plains, has lived long enough to give us his name. How's your luck at mining, Bush?"

"Well, just ornery; just ornery, boys," and here Bush fished out of the bottom of his go-cart a canvas shot-bag, which he untied, and poured therefrom into his gold-pan about ten ounces of gold-dust. "I should say about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth. That's all I've got to show.

And that there cow of mine would have fetched almost twice as much if she'd lived."

"Where did you pick up that dust?" asked Mont.

"Oh, in spots; just in spots. I have n't worked reg'lar anywheres. No sooner do I get squared off for a wrastle with the pick and shovel than I hear of a better place, and I can't stay."

"Why, you aint earnin' great wages," said Hi, disdainfully.

"Sure's you live," rejoined Bush with a sigh. Then, brightening up, as if recalling a pleasant thought, he said: "And do you believe it, boys, a feller over on Rattlesnake Bar had the cheek to offer me day wages! Fact, he did!" he added, at the expression of surprise on the boys' faces.

"How much?" asked Tom.

"Why, twenty dollars a day, and found. Did you ever see such a fool?"

"What! so much?" exclaimed Arty.

"Much! much!" almost screamed Bush. "What do you take me for? 'D'yer s'pose I'm a Josh to come away over here across the plains to work for wages? Not much," he added scornfully. "I'm goin' to strike for a pile."

But Bush, if he had not made much money, had been busy enough collecting news of all his old acquaintances. He consented to stay overnight with the boys, and gave them all the information he had concerning the country and the people in it. Philo Dobbs, Nance and her mother, were over near Table Mountain. When last heard from they were stopping in a camp of Maine men, whose little settlement and diggings were called Bangor. Dobbs had "struck it rich;" then he had invested it in gold in a new claim, and had lost it; and all this had happened in a week or two. Messer was still "down on his luck," and was over in the San Joaquin country somewhere.

"Then there was that Dot-and-carry-one chap," added Bush.

"Yes!" exclaimed Arthur, "Bill Bunce."

"Bunce was his name. But he is 'Dot-and-carry-one' in places where he stays now. 'Dot,' for short, I should say. He's down on the next branch to this, making money hand over fist. A fool for luck, I say. Not any for me."

Bush gave the boys a great many valuable hints about mining. Though he had not been himself successful, he knew how to instruct others. Particularly he urged them to get a rocker; it would wash as fast with one man to run it as ten men could with pans. A rocker, or cradle, he showed them, was merely an oblong box, open at one end, and made to rattle like a winnowing machine by shaking. In this the earth was washed, precisely as in a pan, but with much greater speed and thoroughness.

The boys told Bush that they had resolved to stay where they were all winter. He shook his head at this and said:

"I never have seen any man that has been in this country much longer than we have. Nobody's been here over one winter, 's far 's I know. But the Injuns, they say the snow's right deep up this far in winter. If you winter it here, you may as well get up a log-house. You 'll freeze in this cloth tent. It's gettin' on to November now, and the nights are fallish already."

This was a new view of the situation to the boys, to whom the climate was utterly unknown, and about which they had taken no thought.

Bush pushed on cheerily next morning, and, as the boys watched him on his way up the branch, shoving his go-cart before him, he stopped in the midst of his song and called back:

"How about grub?"

"Plenty for the present," answered Mont.

"Lay in enough before snow flies, or you 'll get pinched before spring. There's traders down to Nye's Ranch, and that's your place to buy."

With this farewell warning and advice, Bush waded deliberately into the stream, forded it, poured the water out of his boots, whistled cheerily to himself, and disappeared up the bank.

CHAPTER XX.

HOUSE-BUILDING.

To build a house without lumber was the next task which our boys were to attempt. The Mexicans, commonly called "Greasers," who had set up a jig-saw in their saw-pit down the river, asked such enormous prices for the few boards and planks which they produced, that the boys were at once discouraged from buying of them. Lumber was in demand for cradles, sluice-boxes, and other mining appliances, and the green stuff got out at Greasertown was all that could be obtained in that region of the country.

But the lads were bent on having a house over their heads. They must build it themselves. They had no money to hire laborers with, for their little accumulation, handsome as it was to them, would not go far toward hiring assistance, even if there had been men to hire.

But timber was plenty on the hills near them, and they had nearly tools enough to build a cabin with, and what they did not have, their good-natured neighbors at Forty Thieves were willing to lend. Choosing out the clean, slender pines and firs of the forest above, the young settlers cut down enough to make the walls of their hut. Trimmed and cut into lengths, these were "snaked" out of the woods by their single yoke of cattle, now

brought into use once more. Then, a suitable underpinning of solid logs having been prepared, the tree-trunks were notched at the ends, so as to fit into each other.

It was heavy work handling these logs, and the younger boys were almost in despair when they reflected that the upper part of the cabin walls must be made by hoisting the sticks to a height above their heads. But Mont soon showed them that, by raising one end of a log on the unfinished structure, and sliding the other end up on an inclined stick of timber, each went merrily into its place, and the walls steadily arose until the pen, as it seemed to be, was eight logs high, and just about as many feet from the ground. This was the work of days, and the boys surveyed the result of their labors with admiration.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Arthur, "we've forgotten the doors and windows."

"Sure enough," said Mont, with a comical smile.

"How shall we manage to put them in, now that the walls are up?"

"Will the whole thing have to come down again?" asked the boy, anxiously.

Hi burst out laughing, and said:

"Mont knows a thing or two. All we have to do now, Arty, is to cut one hole for the door, and a couple more for the windows."

"But the logs will all fall out if they are cut in two in the middle."

"We chink up the logs first, Arty," explained Mont, "so that they cannot fall apart, then we saw out the openings."

"Where did you learn all that? In Boston?" demanded Arthur.

"Oh, he's got a head onto him, he has," murmured Hi, with an admiring look at Mont, who, somehow, was the "boss carpenter" of the house in the wilderness.

Hi, it must be confessed, did not take kindly to house-building. He found the work very "disagreeable," as he often remarked. He had chopped timber in Sugar Grove, times enough before now; but this labor, he thought, was unprofitable. It interfered with mining. He looked longingly at the neglected pans and picks while he was hauling logs, hewing timber, and splitting out "shakes" for the covering of their roof. And one moonlight night, Mont, hearing a strange noise outside as he awoke from a deep sleep, crept out and saw Hi making a pan of earth by the side of the creek, Pete sitting by on his haunches an interested spectator.

"Why, what's the matter, Hi?" asked Mont. "Have n't you done work enough to sleep on?"

Hi looked a little confused and startled, and replied: "'Pears like I could n't sleep to-night. I

dreamed of finding a big chunk of gold up there by that there boulder. So I thought I'd come out and shake the old pan for a while."

Mont put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder and said:

"My dear old fellow, I am afraid you are getting avaricious. Don't let us try to be rich in a hurry. You will get sick with over-work and anxiety, and then where are you?"

Hi, with a little heat of manner, and growing red in the moonlight, said: "I allow my health's my own. I put my gold into the company, don't I?"

Barney struggled out of the tent, half awake, and with a blanket clinging about him.

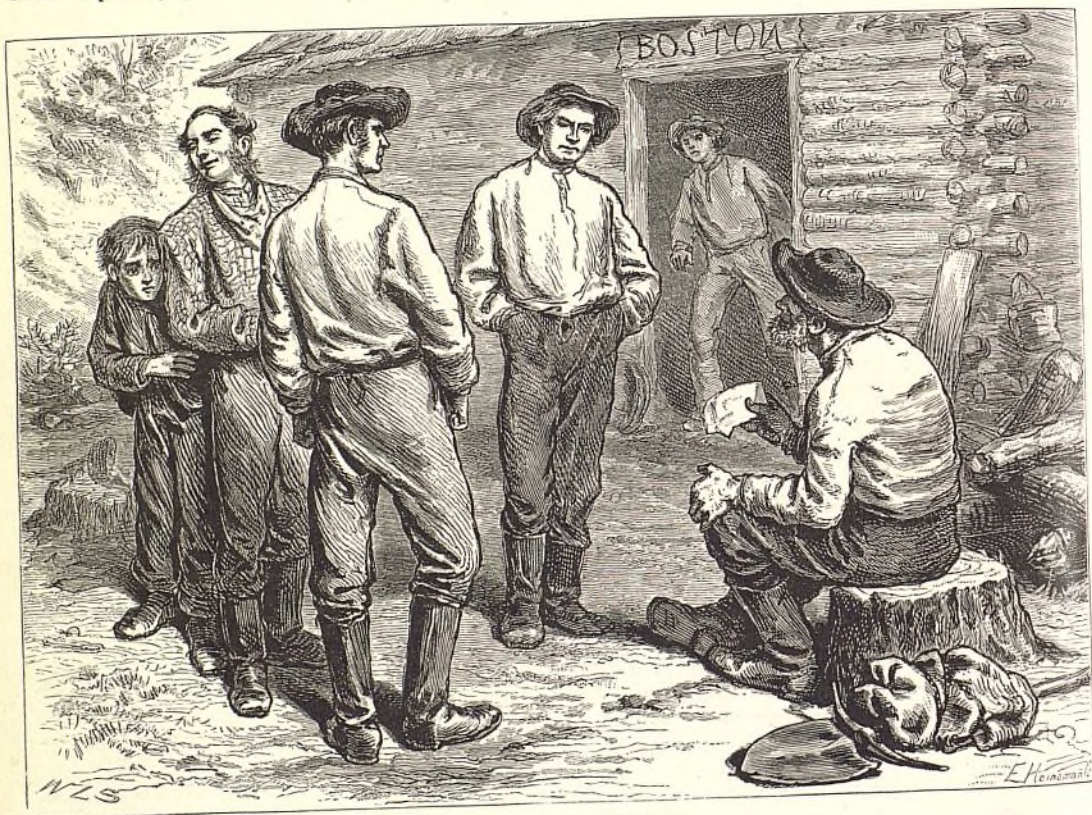
"Here, you Crogan," cried Arty from within, "bring back my blanket!"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mont, cheerily; "only Hi has had a dream of gold, and he has come out to find it in his pan. I followed to see it come true."

"Did it come true?" asked Barney, grimly.

"Not yet."

"And it's a nice time of night for you to be out here washing gold," said Arty, who had crawled out



BILL BUNCE VISITS THE CAMP.

"But that is n't the question, Hi. It makes me sorry to see you growing so care-worn and old before your time. We have a good claim, and nobody can take it from us —"

"I'd like to see 'em try it on!" broke in Hi.

"And, as I was saying," resumed Mont, "nobody can take it from us. We shall have it in the spring. We can live comfortable until then. What's the use of being in a hurry?"

"What!" exclaimed Hi, almost with horror. "Knock off washin' until spring! Not if I know it," and he shook his pan with new energy.

"Hillo! what's up now?" and, as he asked,

into the moonlight, and was trying to read the time on Barney's white-faced watch. "Past two o'clock, as I live! Hi Fender! you're as crazy as a loon! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, if you are all goin' to make a row about it, I'll go back to bed." And back to bed he went, saying to himself, "I allow that Arty's just about half right, anyhow."

Notwithstanding Hi's discontent, the cabin rose. Light spruce poles formed the rafters of the roof, and these were covered with shingles, or "shakes," split out from the beautiful white pine of the region. Rudely hewn timbers supported the floor, which was

made of thick oblong blocks, called "puncheons," split from the short lengths of oak which had been chopped in the forest. A hole was cut in the rear, and a huge fire-place of stone was built in it, with a chimney of bricks, piled "cob-house fashion," and plastered with mud, leading above the roof. Two openings, protected by cloth from their wagon-cover, furnished light and air. Boards, sparingly taken from their wagon-box, furnished a door and material for a table and bench within. The chinks in the logs were filled in with sticks, dry grass, and clay. The house was done, and Arty, having lettered the name on a spare scrap of canvas, and fastened it to the front of this new castle, christened it "Boston," amidst the applause of his comrades. Hi meditatively cocked his head on one side and said:

"I never did like Boston for a name; but it's enough sight better than Crowbait."

While they were yet admiring the general effect of their new home, a lame man, wearing a slouched felt hat, a red shirt, and a pair of canvas trousers, slid painfully down the bank, dropped his kit of mining tools with a sigh of relief, and said:

"Mornin'."

Arthur and Tom looked at him with amazement, and Barney, with elaborate politeness, said:

"Good-morning to you, Mr. William Bunce."

"Knowed you 'd know me! Yes, I knowed it," and Mr. William Bunce rubbed his game leg, as if he thought it a great joke. "Fixed up mighty comfortable here. D' ye allow to winter here?"

"Yes, we allow to winter here," replied Hi, with some asperity. "What mischief are you up to?"

"See here, strannger," replied Bunce, "I aint up to no mischief, leastways so long as I'm civil spoken to. It's the boss of this ranch I want to see—Boston, is it?" And the man looked curiously at Arty's sign. "I was told it was Crowbait."

"Who told you it was Crowbait?" demanded Barnard.

"The man with the go-cart. I disremember his name. Woods?"

"Bush?"

"That's the name. I knowed it war something to do with woods."

"Well, what's your will with us?" asked Barnard.

The man fumbled about his shirt, and took out a buckskin bag, in which was a handful of gold-dust and a greasy wad of paper. Smoothing the paper on his knee, he read from it in silence, lifted up his head, and said:

"Thar war a man."

"Well?" said Mont, for Bunce had stopped.

"Whar's the kid?" he asked.

"Who? Johnny?"

"That's what you call him."

Johnny was called from the gulch, where he was experimenting with pick and shovel. As soon as he saw Bunce, he shrunk back and took shelter behind Mont. Bunce grinned and began again:

"Thar war a man. His name war Jenness, M. D. Leastways, that thar war on his shingle in Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. He had a widder sister a-livin' in Ogle County, Illinoy, likewise. She up and died, leavin' a little boy. Jenness, M. D., I allow he war the boy's gardeen. He got the boy. Now thar was property—how much I never heerd tell; it war the kid's if he lived, and Jenness's if he did n't. Do ye begin to sarvy?"

His listeners nodded assent.

"In course you see, then, that that thar little kid is the boy. Jenness, M. D.,—well, he aint no doctor, leastways not more'n a hoss doctor,—Jenness, he tell me and Eph Mullet, if we'd take the boy, like we war a-goin' to Californy, and get shut of him somehow, he'd gin us our outfit. So he did."

"And you got your California outfit for promising to make away with this boy, did you?" asked Mont, with a shudder.

"That's about the size of it. But, mind ye, we only got part of the outfit; it war only a matter of a hundred dollars or so. There war two of us."

"The smaller the price, the meaner your crime," exclaimed Barney, with a great glow of indignation.

"Thar wan't no crime. Yon's the kid; I've nothin' ag'in him. He's alive and kickin'; but Jenness, M. D., he thinks he's dead."

"Can you give us any clue by which we can ascertain this boy's parentage?" asked Mont.

"Which?" said the man, with a vacant stare.

"Can you tell us how we can find out the boy's real name, and the names of his father and mother?"

"All I know is—Jenness, M. D., Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. Kid's mother was in Ogle County, some such name as Brownbecker—"

"Bluebaker!" exclaimed Hi.

"You've struck it, strannger. Bluebaker is the word. I know'd it had a blue or a brown onto it."

More than this, they could not extract from Bunce. His information was limited, or he was determined to tell no more. Here was enough to begin an inquiry upon, at any rate. Johnny had never heard the name of Bluebaker. He had been called "Johnny" always. He was not at all moved when Arty said that he might become heir to something handsome, by and by.

Bunce listened to the questions and comments of the party and then began again.

"Thar war a hoss."

He paused, but nobody made reply, and he went on:

"A yaller hoss."

"A sorrel," corrected Barney, "with a raw-hide braided halter about his neck." And here he drew that article of horse-gear from a heap of stuff on the ground.

The man's eyes flashed recognition when he saw the riata, and Barnard continued:

"This was on the sorrel horse which was ridden into our camp near Thousand Spring Valley, and the man that was shot off that horse had another just like it around our Old Jim's neck. He was a horse-thief."

The man never winced. He said, "Strannger, that yallar hoss war mine."

"How came he in our camp?"

"He war stole from me in Echo Cañon. I tracked him into Salt Lake City; thar I lost him."

"How did you know we knew anything about him," asked Mont.

The man turned uneasily on the stump where he sat and said, "The go-cart man told me you had a yaller hoss."

"So we had."

"*Had?*"

"*Yes, had,*" answered Barney, impatiently. "That yellow horse, as you call him, war drowned in Seven Mile Cañon, on the day of the great cloud-bust."

The man slowly, as if in a deep thought, rolled

up his greasy and crumpled paper, put it in his buckskin pouch, drew the strings tight, put it in his bosom, stood up and said:

"Powerful nice weather we're havin' now. Sure about that yaller hoss?"

"Sure. He was drowned with half of Rose's cattle," said Mont.

The man turned to go, gathering up his pack with an air of deep dejection.

"Give us that paper!" said Arty, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, let us have the memorandum," said Mont. "It will help us find out what we want to know about Johnny."

"It's got writin' onto the other side of it," said Bill Bunce. "Private writin' that I can't spare to give away. Write down what I've told ye—Jenness, M. D., Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. Kid's mother was a Brownpecker. Ogle County, likewise."

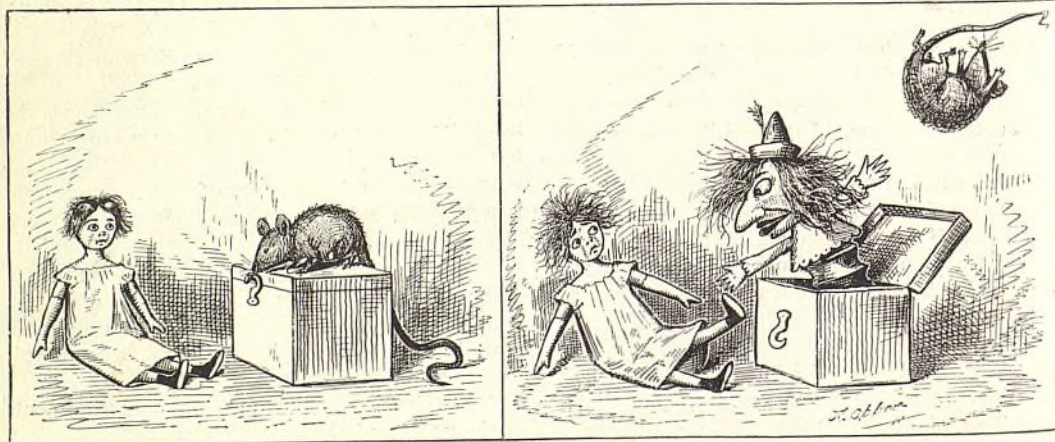
"And that's the way you leave this matter, after you have confessed that you agreed, for money, to put this little chap out of the way," said Barney, bitterly.

The man turned and looked at him with a dim gleam of fire in his bleary eye, and said, "What are ye goin' to do about it?"

So saying, he stumped along the trail, perpetually rolling over on one side, as if to pick up something which he, continually changing his mind, did not take. And so he rocked irresolutely out of sight.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUSE'S MISTAKE.



"I WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE!—IT SMELLS LIKE CHEESE."

BUT IT WAS N'T.

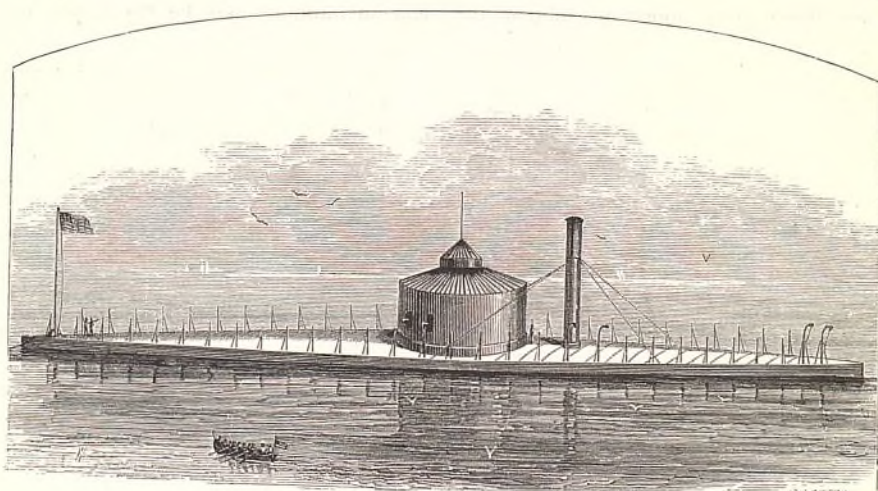
TURRET-SHIPS AND TORPEDOES.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A SHORT time before the civil war broke out in America, two iron-clad vessels, one called the *Warrior* and the other the *Black Prince*, were added to the British fleet. The world looked upon them with awe. Their armor was so thick that it seemed impossible for a shot to penetrate them; while the caliber of their guns was such that it seemed equally impossible for other vessels to resist them. The other maritime nations of Europe followed England's example, and built iron-clads of the same

brain with an idea which many people sneered at. I have heard it said that no one laughs so much at a fool as a fool, and I think it even more true that it is the fool who laughs oftenest at the wise man. You all know how nearly all great astronomers, chemists and inventors have been derided in the pursuit of extraordinary discoveries. The old story has to be repeated in the case of this sharp-witted, persevering man named Ericsson.

His idea was entirely novel. A less ingenious



AN AMERICAN MONITOR.

kind; but America did nothing and remained idle, with only a fleet of wooden vessels for protection of her great sea-coast.

All the famous naval battles of history had been fought by broadside frigates, which in some instances carried as many as three tiers of cannon on each side. The iron-clads were also built on the broadside plan; that is to say, their guns were ranged along on the decks, and pointed at the enemy through port-holes; but they were different from the older-fashioned vessels in being covered with plates of wrought iron. They had fewer but more effective guns, and were propelled by steam and sails.

The position of America was not a proud one, and we were at times visited by a French or English man-of-war, compared with which our own vessels appeared dwarf-like.

Meanwhile, however, an ingenious American engineer, named John Ericsson, was puzzling his

mechanic would have suggested the building of a much larger and stronger iron-clad than any in Europe; but Ericsson planned an exceedingly small one—so small, indeed, that the enemy would have scarcely any space to aim at. He saw that in a broadside ship all the cannons on one side were practically useless, as only those opposite her combatant could be used effectively, unless she happened to fall between two of the enemy's vessels at once. He saw, too, the dangers and hinderances caused by falling spars and rigging, and how large a space such an iron-clad as the *La Gloire* of France, or the *Warrior* of England, presented to the fire of a smaller vessel.

So he proposed to build an iron ship with a deck not more than one or two feet above the level of the water, and without sails, masts, or bulwarks. Her armament was to consist of not more than two guns, which were to be sheltered in a little round house, which he called a turret. This turret was

to revolve by steam power in such a way that the guns could be fired astern, over the bow, or from the port or starboard side.

Thus her two guns would be equivalent to six of the same size on a broadside ship, but as they were to be about three times the ordinary size, they really would be equivalent to eighteen. In this way Ericsson's ship would be a match for an eighteen gun iron-clad in shooting power, while in the power of resisting, the inventor claimed she would be much more than a match for the strongest iron-clad afloat.

The iron-clads had high, black sides standing far out of the water, which, as I have said, offered an ample target for the guns of a combatant; but the hull of Ericsson's ship would lie so low in the water that it would be difficult to get a shot at it, and the only object to be aimed at would be the little turret. Even that could not be hit easily, as it would be round, and the shots would be likely to glance off.

The "new-fangled notion" was to be clad in an armor of iron and wood twenty-five inches thick at the bow and stern, and four inches thick amidships. The deck was to be bomb-proof, and the turret inclosed with plates of iron eleven inches thick.

The plan seemed wild, and both sailors and landsmen who heard of it declared it to be impracticable, saying, with an idle laugh, that if Ericsson ever tried to launch such a vessel he would have a chance to exhaust his remaining energy in fishing her from the mud into which she would sink at the bottom. But the inventor went on with his idea, and worked patiently in his machine-shop, until he obtained some encouragement for his labor from the Government.

The war of the Rebellion was declared, and our ships were patched up and sent out to meet the enemy. On the 7th of March, 1862, part of the fleet lay at anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when a fierce antagonist stole in upon them.

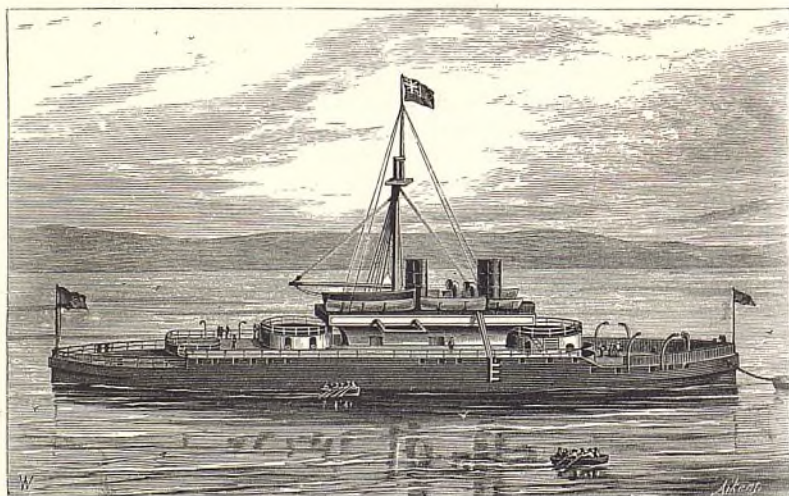
The Confederates had hastily fitted up one of their wooden vessels, sheathed her with iron and lowered the deck to within a few feet of the water-level. She had no masts or sails, and was not

unlike Ericsson's proposed ship; but her guns were hidden in a sort of oblong shed, which extended nearly the whole length of her deck. One gun was pointed out of the forward end, another out of the stern end, four out of the port side, and four out of the starboard side. Her bow was provided with a sharp iron blade or ram, with which she could cut any wooden vessel in two. Her name was the Merrimack.

On that memorable seventh of March she came from Norfolk, Virginia, attacked the ships at Hampton Roads, and beat them. Her shot pierced and splintered their oak and pine, while their shots struck her and glanced off without doing serious injury. After peppering them with fire, she ran on them, like a mad ox, with her knife-like iron, threatening to destroy the whole fleet. The battle had an ominous look for the Federals, but salvation came on the next day in Ericsson's little Monitor, as his vessel was called. She had been built in a hundred days, and had not only been launched, but had proved an excellent sea-going boat.

The rest, many of you know. The Monitor, with two guns in a revolving turret, beat the Merrimack with ten guns in a shed; and when the news of her achievements was carried to Europe, it demonstrated to the cunning statesmen there that the best of the new seventy-gun iron-clads might be beaten by a two-gun turret-ship.

In appearance the Monitor was as ugly as could be. Side by side with a full-rigged iron-clad, or with one of our own wooden frigates, she looked shabby and contemptible; but she reminded us



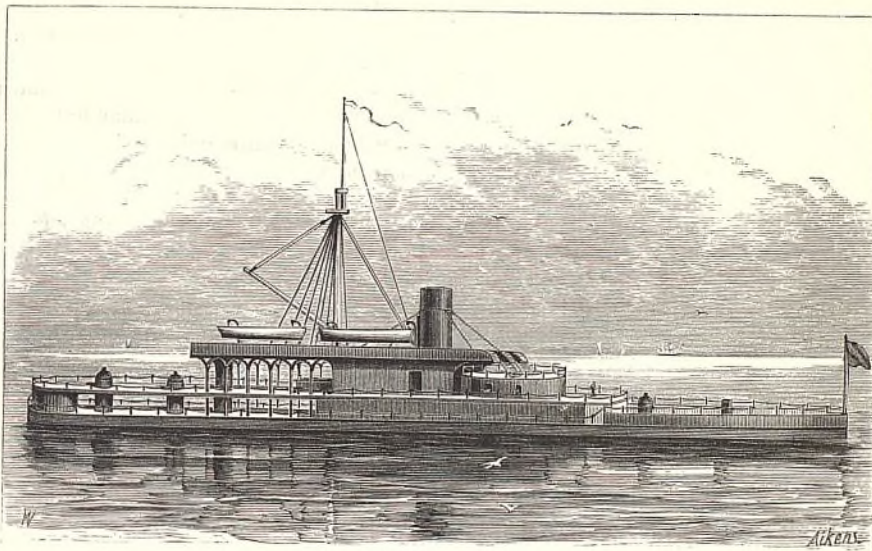
THE DEVASTATION.

of a truth taught by Faraday, that it is the best-acting thing, and not the best-looking thing, which is of greatest service.

You can make a good model of her by taking a little oval fig-box, painting it black, and sinking it in a basin until the top of the lid is nearly level with the water. Then place a small pill-box in the center of the deck, and you will have a capital

sharp blade of steel projects eight feet from her bow, with which she can cut her antagonist in halves as with a knife.

Some time ago, I found the Montauk, an American monitor, lying disabled and dismantled at a



THE GLATTON.

miniature turret; but if the pill-box has unpleasant associations, any other small round box will answer your purpose equally well. The smoke-stack may be represented by a lucifer match inserted in the deck near the stern.

Soon after the success of the Monitor, several other turret-ships were built for the Government on Ericsson's plan, with two turrets and four guns, and nearly all did excellent service during the war.

While Ericsson was busy in America, a naval officer was engaged in England with other plans for turret-ships, and the fleet of Great Britain now includes several magnificent vessels of that class, which, in strength of armor and guns, are superior to ours. Perhaps you remember reading in the newspapers about the launch of the Devastation some time ago. As you see in the picture, she is a very grand and formidable ship. The Glatton is another British turret-ship, and her dimensions are so wonderful that I do not doubt they will interest you. Her hull about the water-line is plated with iron twelve inches thick, backed with twenty inches of wood, and behind this again there is an inner plate of iron one inch thick. Thus her sides are nearly three feet thick. She has one revolving turret, containing two guns. The turret itself is plated with fourteen-inch iron; and for its further protection, it is surrounded by a breast-work of wood and iron thirty inches thick. A

secluded pier on the East River. She had not been repaired since her last battle. Her smoke-stack, turrets and sides were dingy and torn. Here a plate of seven-inch wrought iron, with a wood backing, had been shattered; there a shot had struck the turret and left a deep dent in it. Near the stern a shell had fallen and burst with terrific force, tearing a part of the iron deck away.

I tried to count the marks of all the shots that had hit her; but there were so many that I could not. The old watchman assured me that he had counted two hundred and sixty-five; and he pointed out some of the largest with a calm satisfaction in his face. He also told me how part of her bottom had been blown out by a torpedo; how her brave commander had run her ashore to avoid sinking; and how, after she had been patched with wood, she was sent into battle again, like a wounded gladiator, to complete her work. The watchman was an old marine, and his face shone with pride as he led me over the old ship.

When I next saw the Montauk, she was lying refitted and ready for sea in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All the rust and wreck had been scraped away. The dented plates were replaced by new ones; the paint was fresh, and the brass-work polished. The records of a good many shots could still be read on her sides and turrets; but she was as stanch as when she was launched. Perhaps it

was well for Spain that we did not go to war with her during the excitement of 1873, for the Montauk and our other monitors would have been very dangerous foes.

Yet you must remember that these turret-ships are not very formidable in appearance. They lie low in the water. Their enormous guns are secreted in the turrets, and a few tiny saluting cannon on deck, are the only weapons exposed to view. The Jersey City ferry-boats are much stronger-looking vessels, and a country boy may well wonder how the turret-ships can endure the rain of shot and shell that a large broadside iron-clad has the power to throw at them.

It is their extreme compactness that makes them impregnable. As I have told you, they offer but a small mark for the enemy's guns, and a frigate would have difficulty in getting a shot at them, while they would have difficulty in missing a shot at the frigate.

The harbor of New York was guarded by the Roanoke, which has four turrets and eight guns; but most of the other turret-ships have only two turrets each. The turrets are armored with solid iron plates, eleven inches thick, backed with wadding; and the guns which they contain weigh twenty-two tons. A twenty-two ton gun, you may be sure, is a terrible instrument of destruction; but I don't suppose you can guess the immense weight of the shot which it will throw. A hundred pounds seems great, but the actual weight of each shot fired by the Roanoke is four hundred and forty pounds, and thus the eight guns fired at once would pour three thousand five hundred and twenty pounds of steel into her antagonist's side!

Think for a moment of the effect of such a volley on the most heavily armored broadside vessel,—how it would make her reel and groan like a great beast struck at the heart! Think of the thunder that such a weight would cause, and the terror it would carry to an enemy!

And some of the British turret-ships, like the Glatton and the Thunderer, even carry guns which throw shots weighing six hundred pounds each!

I once heard an old sailor who fought in a monitor, describe the sound of the shots beating against the vessel's plates. You know what it is to be in a long railway tunnel,—how intensely dark it is, far darker than a starless night, and how yellow and feeble the lights look. Well, it is much the same in the bowels of a turret-ship, when all the hatchways are closed. Oil-lamps swing from the beams, but they give no luster, and each flame seems like a little bit of yellow floating in the air. The men grope about and knock against each other, some bearing ammunition to the elevator connecting with the turrets, others carrying coal from the bunkers

to the furnaces underneath the boilers. The engines groan and rattle, and at times the captain's bell rings a sharp order to slacken or increase the speed.

Meanwhile, if there has been a lull in the firing, the men move about feeling very like a timid boy who is alone in a country lane after dark—not that they are afraid. The boy looks at every shadow, thinking there is a robber or a kidnapper behind it. The men anxiously await each moment, not knowing what deadly surprise it may bring forth.

And as the battle goes on, it is not long before there is a ringing sound that is calculated to fill the bravest and strongest of nerve with a momentary terror. It is as though the inner deck and walls were falling in upon them, and for a little while they are unable to realize what has happened—uncertain that they are not on their way to the bottom. Every ear is stung with the awful sound, and every nerve is thrilled.

The great mass of iron seems to tumble over on one side and moan with pain before the vessel rights herself again and steadies herself for fresh exertions. Then she returns the compliments paid her with a vengeance, and her bull-dogs in the turrets bark and spit fire at the enemy until we pity that unfortunate, and wish she would retire from the field.

The turrets are ranged along the deck. They are about ten feet in diameter, fifteen feet high, and each one is fastened to a massive upright pillar of iron passing through the center and working in a socket on the lower deck. The pillar is connected by a series of cog-wheels with a steam-engine, which causes it to turn the turret in the direction the captain requires.

Two small port-holes are cut in the plates of the turret, and furnished with solid iron doors. When the guns are to be fired, they are worked on slides to the port-holes, which remind us of the mouth of a dog's kennel, and their noses are pointed at the enemy. A second after they have uttered their bark, they are dragged in, and the doors are closed, just in time, perhaps, to avoid two return shots which crack like thunder on the plates outside. While the guns are being loaded again, the men are hastened by the whistle and crash of the shot and shell, which strike the iron walls of the turret.

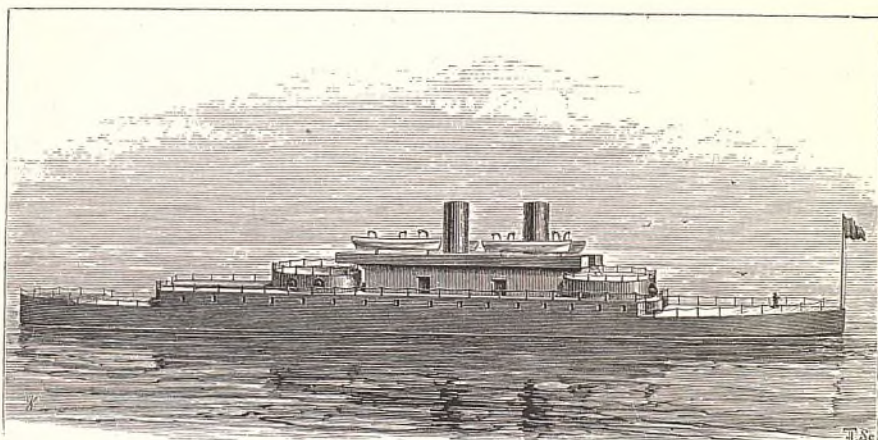
Above one of the turrets there is a little iron-clad pilot-house, whence the captain directs the movements of his vessel. It has no window, and the only outlook is through slits, about an inch wide, in the plates. The intrepid man, whose position is the most dangerous of all, stands there throughout the thick of the fight, controlling the rudder, the engines, and the turrets, by a motion of the hand or the tinkle of a bell.

You may remember what I told you in a previous article,—I am beginning to look upon you as old friends, by the way,—about Admiral Worden, the hero of the Monitor. He was watching the Merrimack from the slits in his little look-out box, when a shell struck the outside and knocked him senseless. All captains of turret-ships are exposed to such dangers as this, and even greater ones; indeed, as I have said, their positions are the most perilous.

A sailor's life is not overburdened with comforts under the most favorable circumstances, and in a turret-ship it is extremely miserable. Even in moderate weather, the sea sweeps the deck from end to end, leaving no dry space where the men can get exercise or a taste of the breeze. Most of the time the hull is completely under water, and the hatchways are screwed down. A supply of air

lution in naval warfare. I will add a few words about another destructive vessel, which has not yet reached the perfection of the turret-ships, although it is destined to play an even more important part in the defense of our coast.

You are all familiar, of course, with the torpedoes which make such a racket on the Fourth of July; but there are others, called submarine torpedoes, of which you may have heard without understanding their nature. In action and in composition they are not very different from those sold at the toy shops; but in size, and consequently in effect, there is no comparison between the two. The toy-torpedoes explode with a loud report and a cloud of smoke. So do the submarine torpedoes; but while the former are harmless and are let off just for fun, the latter have sufficient force to blow a large steamer into the air.



THE THUNDERER.

is forced below by machinery, but it soon becomes impure and damp. Not a gleam of sunlight finds its way down. The crew move about with the aid of flickering oil lamps, going to bed in darkness and arising in darkness.

When a gale blows, they can see none of its effects, and can only hear the monstrous waves rushing along the deck, or breaking against the sides. They pine, if they are true salts, for a sail to furl or set; for a swing from the yard; for the excitement attending a frigate or a clipper in a storm. But they are pent up like men in a diving-bell; and, for all a sailor's duties they have, they might as well be land-lubbers. The close atmosphere, the moisture and darkness, tell upon their health severely. Six months of active service is usually enough to break down a strong man, and fill his limbs with fevers and aching.

You now understand what a turret-ship is, and how John Ericsson's invention has caused a revo-

lution in naval warfare. In olden times, when two countries were at war, one would send fire-ships drifting among the other's fleet. These fire-ships were useless old hulks loaded with gunpowder and other inflammable materials. When the enemy's vessels were becalmed, the fire-ships were lighted and sent among them, often causing fearful havoc. The submarine torpedoes are used for the same purpose—that is, to destroy the vessels of a nation which is at war with another.

They are operated in different ways. Some are used to guard the entrances of rivers and harbors, and are held at a certain distance below the surface by buoys. Others are floated on the surface, and others are attached to long poles projecting from the bows of small steamers called torpedo-boats. But they all are exploded either by striking a vessel's side or bottom, or by electricity, which is sent to them through a wire connected with the shore, or controlled by the captain of the torpedo-boat.

I am forgetting to tell you, however, what the

torpedoes are in appearance and in fact. In appearance they are like enormous percussion caps, and in fact they are metal canisters, perfectly watertight, containing a charge of some explosive substance—gun-cotton, gunpowder, or dynamite. The size of the charge may be large or small, of course, according to the service for which it is required; but the tiny spark produced by the concussion or by electricity always ignites it.

At the time I am writing, the newspapers are publishing accounts of a novel torpedo-boat built in England for the Venezuelan Government, which is designed to run quickly toward an enemy's ship, explode a torpedo under her bottom, and retire. That she should be able to retire uninjured seems a wonderful, almost impossible thing to you, no doubt.

You can easily understand how a floating or submerged torpedo may be fired by a telegraph wire, and how a little steamer with a torpedo attached to a pole at bow, might run against a vessel and blow her up; but you cannot understand how she can escape from all the consequences of her terrible work. You think that, approaching so near her victim, she also would suffer from the explosion. It has been found, however, that if the torpedo is exploded ten feet below the surface, and the pole to which it is attached is twenty-five feet long, there is little danger to the boat. But should she be discovered approaching, she would be exposed to the fire of her intended victim, and might be sunk before she reached her.

The boat built for the Venezuelan navy is only fifty-five feet long and seven feet broad. She is

propelled by steam, and can run thirteen miles in an hour. So small a vessel in rapid motion would stand only a small chance of being hit even in broad daylight; and as her movements will usually be made in the dark, she may be accounted tolerably safe.

The effect of a torpedo explosion is exceedingly grand and destructive. Among other Federal vessels destroyed by the Confederates was the steamer *Commodore Jones*. She was sailing on the James River, when suddenly, and without apparent cause, she was lifted bodily out of the river, and her paddle wheels revolved in mid-air. An immense fountain of foaming water shot through her, and she seemed to dissolve in a cloud of spray, mud, water and smoke.

In October, 1863, the *New Ironsides*, another Federal war ship, lay off Charleston. Late one evening, a small object was seen approaching and was challenged. A rifle shot, which killed the officer of the watch, came in answer, and the next moment, a tremendous explosion shook the frigate, deluging her deck with water, and severely injuring her, while the torpedo-boat drifted out of sight.

A few minutes afterward, the corvette *Housatonic* was attacked by a torpedo-boat. The boat was seen approaching when about a hundred yards off, and the corvette slipped her moorings and tried to move out of the way; but in two minutes she was struck by the torpedo, and went to the bottom, with one hundred and fifty men clinging to the rigging. I might mention many other instances, but these three are enough to teach you the destructive power of torpedoes.

HOW OLD MARTIN AND WASHINGTON CAME TO BE FRIENDS.

(A Fourth of July Story.)

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

BANG!—bang!—bang! Old Martin Fruauff rubbed his eyes and pulled off his night-cap.

"I never did hear a noise like dat vas!" he said. "I vake up meinseelf too early mit it." But he laughed as he spoke in the best of humors, and he got up and set about preparing his breakfast of black coffee and toasted brown bread. Martin was a cobbler by trade, and his little basement workshop served also for his bed-room, kitchen, dining-room and parlor. He slept on top of a big chest

in which he kept his mattress and pillows by day; and with the aid of an oil-cloth cover and a big napkin he turned the chest into a dining-table. He was sipping his coffee out of his gold-bound bowl, when there came a rapping at the door—and a boy stepped in, wearing a very shabby pair of shoes.

"I want 'em mended," said the boy, looking at his toes, which protruded from the shoes.

"All right," said Martin, "I vill fix 'em up zis week."

"But I want to wear 'em to-day—right off—in an hour," said the boy.

"Vants me to vork on de Forf o' July," said Martin, with a droll look. "Old Martin never vorks on de Forf. You dakes dem soomvere else."

"I have," said the boy, "and they say 'No.' You might mend 'em. I want to take the eight o'clock boat up to Newburgh and be back time enough to see the Park fire-works."

"Dat is joost vat I do meinseelf," said Martin.

"Who go mitt you?"

"I go alone."

"And I go alone," said Martin, "in de same boat mitt you, mein bhoy."

"Yes, if you'll mend my shoes," said the boy, "else I must stay at home. I'd had 'em done be-

"Yes," said the boy, and he sat down and pulled a pair of stockings out of his pocket, slipped them on, and then put on his shoes. "How much is it?" he asked.

"I don't vork on de Forf for mooney," said the old man; "I only vorks for pleesure."

"Yes?" said the boy, surprised. "Well, I'm obliged to you. Hope you'll have a grand Fourth." He went toward the door as he spoke.

"Shtop!" exclaimed the old shoemaker, his face falling. "I tinks you and me vas going in de same boat."

"Oh!" answered the boy, starting, "I didn't understand it that way. And you are not ready at all," he added rather impatiently.

Martin glanced down at his faded brown trousers and rusty old-fashioned alpaca coat.

"It ish de best I've got," he said. "Do I looke too pad to go along mitt you?"

"N—o," said the boy, slowly, "you look well enough."

"Bhoys ish proud, I know," said Martin, with a sigh. "Ah, vell, in my own kountree I dress ver' fine on de holy days; ze leetle chil'ren all come to zee me. Vell, never mind; I go alone mitt meinseelf already."

"Oh, I'd like well enough to go with you," said the boy, "if you'll only hurry up so as not to be late."

"Yaas?" said Martin, well pleased; "den I will be ready in von minoot."

He plunged his face and hands in a basin of water, rubbed himself dry, brushed down the few gray hairs that surrounded his bald head, put on a broad-brimmed straw hat, yellowed by many seasons' wear, took a stout black cane in one hand, and then gave the other to his visitor.

"Now, we vill set out like too brinces," he said. "All de beoples in de Yooniteed States ish brinces."

The boy laughed with him, and they started on their way, walking briskly. As they went through Canal street toward the Hudson River, old Martin questioned his young companion as to his name and occupation, and learned that his name was Washington Hays, and that he was an errand boy in a grocery.

"Vashington Hays," said Martin, "dat is von goot name. Vashington ish de fader of freedoom. And you carry home tings. How mooch dey bays you?"

"Two dollars a week, and my board and washing," answered Washington, rather annoyed at so many questions from a stranger.

"And vat you do mitt your two tollar a week?" continued Martin.



"ZE LEETLE CHIL'REN ALL COME TO ZEE ME."

fore, but I did n't get some money that was owed me until last night."

"And so you dinks you'll keep de Forf mitt it," said Martin. "I mends 'em dees vonce. Coom pack at seven o'clock, mein bhoy."

The boy nodded and went out, and Martin, after heartily swallowing the rest of his black coffee, set about mending the shoes. It wanted just five minutes of seven when he finished them.

"Hei! so late!" exclaimed Martin, glancing at his big wooden clock. "I moost pe quick."

He brushed his boots, and had just put them on, when the boy came back dressed very neatly in a linen suit.

"You coom in goot time," said Martin, "and you looke nice."

"Why, I spend part and save part," answered the boy.

"Eef you savsh part, vot for you get not your shoes mended pefore?" asked old Martin. "Or, vas de mooney not baid dill last nights?"

"Oh yes," said Washington. "I am paid every week. That was some money I lent to a boy."

"And de bhoy baid you," went on Martin; "but vat pecooms of de mooney you savsh?"

"I'll pay you," said Washington; "I'd rather, and go alone."

Before the old man could recover from his astonishment, the boy had thrust half-a-dollar into his pocket, and was running full-speed down the street. Martin ran too, but he was so fat that he could not run fast, and Washington was soon out of his sight.

"Vell," said old Martin, "I will keep the Forf mitout Vashington den; but vat a bhoy he vas!"

So on he went alone, smiling. He reached the boat just in time. "All aboard." He was among the very last, and he made his way up to the upper deck only to find that every seat was occupied.

"Dat ish too pad," he said. "I tinks I looke on de river and shmoke mein pipe in de air. Vell, I shtands up."

But he found it tiresome standing, so he went down below, searching for a comfortable place. Outside of the ladies' cabin he espied a narrow, shady spot, where a boy sat all alone on a long, low bench. Martin approached him. It was Washington.

"Hei! Vashington! ish dere room for me?" asked the old man.

Washington started. "Yes, sir," he said, politely, but not cordially.

Martin sat down and filled his pipe. "Do you shmoke?" he asked.

"No, no," answered the boy, quickly, and he made a movement as if to go away.

"I drivsh you away from me again," said the old man. "No, I will go, or I will not shmoke."

"I don't mind the smoke," answered the boy, "at least not much," and he sat down again. Martin put the pipe away. "No, smoke, or I must go away," Washington said.

Then Martin pulled out his pipe again and smoked away in silence a long time.

"You ish a still bhoy, Vashington," he said at last.

Then there was another long pause. "You keeps up a-tinking," said the old man; "vat you tink?"

Washington blushed. "Why," said he, "I was thinking that it was n't very polite of me to run away from you."

"Put I am mitt you vonce more," said Martin,

smiling. "Only tell me vy you run away all zo fast?"

"It was because you asked so many questions," said Washington, frankly.

"Ah!" said Martin, "ven you coom to pe an old poy like me you vill like beoples to talk mitt you about yourself. Nopody asks old Martin now how goes the vorld mitt him. Dere vas a poy vonce who vood have cared for his old fader, but he vas wrecked at sea. I tink you ail alone like me; dat ish de reason I dake an eenterest. I tink your fader and mudder be dead, and you looke out for yourself—all alone. Ish dat so?"

"Yes," answered Washington.

"And de bhoy?" went on Martin. "Who ish he?"

"Oh, he used to work in another store with me," replied the boy.

"And vat did he vant your mooney for?" asked Martin, inquisitively.

Washington kept his face straight with difficulty while he answered: "He wanted just what I wanted this morning—decent shoes. But his were past mending. So I lent him two dollars for a pair."

"And vawks mitt your toes out!" exclaimed Martin, astonished.

"Why," said Washington, "he had to have good shoes or lose his place; but they would n't turn me away where I am for being out at the toes."

Martin shook his head, more perplexed than ever.

"Vat he do mitt his money?" he asked, "and vat pecooms of de mooney you savsh up?"

Washington had to laugh.

"I see I'll have to tell you," he said. "He had to give all his money to his mother, for his little sister was sick, and his mother could n't do anything but take care of her. And his money was n't enough, so I lent him all I had saved up, which was n't much—only fifteen dollars. Now his sister is well, and his mother is working again, and so he paid me two dollars last night, and will pay the rest when he can."

"Ah! you ish von grand boy!" cried Martin, grasping Washington's hands. "But vy you keep not the Forf mitt your frien?"

"They were all going to keep it at Central Park," said Washington, "and I wanted to see the river, and the mountains, and the country so much."

"Ah! you loove de kountree," said Martin.

"Yes," said Washington, "and I love my country. Don't you?"

"Mein kountree—do I loove it?—de old Faderland?" cried Martin, enthusiastically. "Ah! I

loove it better dan de whole world." Tears came into his faded blue eyes. "It vill soom tay be free like de Yooniteed Staats," he said, "but old Martin vill pe dead. But ve vill keep de Forf o' July," he went on, his wrinkled face brightening, "Ve vill see de kountry, ve vill eat de goot tings, ve vill fire off de fire-voorks, and pe happy,—eef you roon not ovay again," he added.

"Not I," said Washington.

So they kept the Fourth together, and before the day was over Washington learned that an in-

quisitive old man may be the soul of generosity and a friend worth having. And old Martin, as he lay down on his chest that night, said to himself:

"Ah! I never did see a Forf like dees vas mitt Vashington Hays. I vill keep all de Forfs mitt Vashington, and pe a fader to de poy, mitt de leetle mooney I poot py."

And Washington was saying:

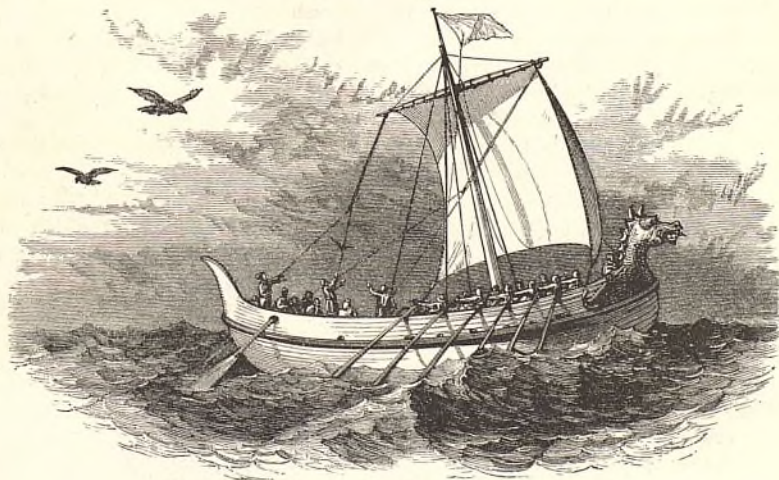
"Ah! old Martin shall have some one hereafter to ask how the world goes with him. He loves my country, and I love him."

THE VIKINGS IN AMERICA.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

THE Northmen, in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries after the birth of Our Lord, inhabited the great peninsula of Norway and Sweden, with branches established in Denmark, Finland, the

These people, who have left their names all over Europe, were never welcome anywhere. Even at home, they quarreled among themselves. And it would seem that when things grew uncomfort-



FLOKKO SENDING OUT THE RAVENS.

Faroe Islands, and all about the coasts of Northern Europe. They were a wild, rough and tumultuous race, so given to roving and adventure that they made their appearance, at one time or another in their history, in every part of Europe which could be reached by sea. They certainly visited the shores of the Mediterranean, and they once held such complete possession of a part of France that their name is still preserved in the title of the province of Normandy. Before the time of King Alfred, they ravaged England continually.

able for them in their own country, they took ship and sailed the sea, carrying destruction and terror wherever they went. The chiefs were called Jarls, or Earls, and the sons of chiefs to whom were given maritime command were called Vikings. These were usually the younger sons, who were driven out by contentions at home, as well as by their own fierce desires, to find plunder and occupation in ravaging the coasts of the rich Southlands. In course of time, these wild sea-rovers were masters of the seas of Europe. Their captains came

to be known generally as Vikings. In these days we should call them pirates. Would you like to hear the rules which one of these terrible fellows laid down for the government of his crew? Here is an extract which has been handed down to us in Frithiof's Saga, or chronicle:

Not a tent upon deck, and no sleeping ashore, within houses but enemies go.

Vikings sleep on their shields, with their swords in their hands, and for tent have they heaven the blue.

When wild hurricanes rage, hoist the sail high above; it is blithe on the rough rolling deep.

Let her drive, let her drive; he who strikes is afraid, and I'd rather beneath the sea sleep.

When the merchant ye meet, ye may spare his good ship; but the weaker his wealth must unfold.

Thou art king on the wave; he is slave of his gain, and thy steel is as good as his gold.

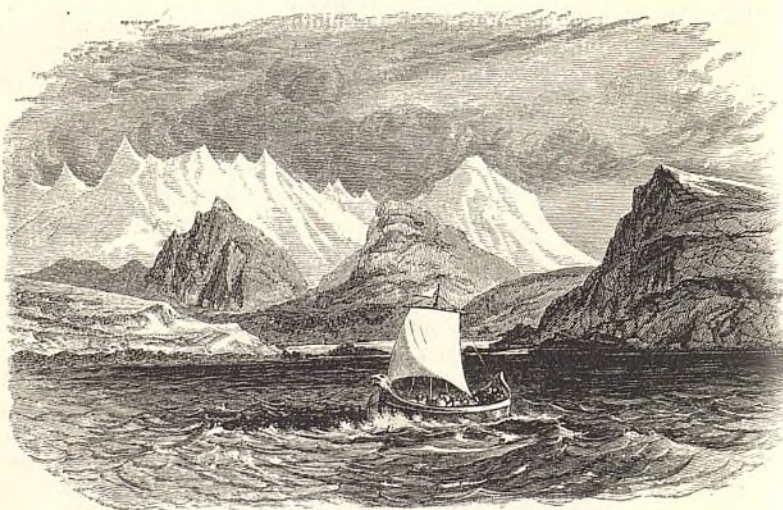
There is more of this, but these lines are enough to show you what sort of men were the Vikings of the North. Such a man, we may be sure, was Flokko, who, in the ninth century, discovered Iceland. It was said that one Naddok had been to Iceland before Flokko's voyage of discovery, and that he, disgusted with the coldness of the region, which was supposed to be a peninsula, called the land Snowland. Then there is another story of one Gardar, who sailed all about the island and called it Gardarholm, or Gardar's Island. But the first actual settler is spoken of in history somewhat disrespectfully, as "a certain pyrate whose name was Flokko." Pirate he may have been, but he took with him families, cattle and tools, as if intending to live like an honest man.

Warned by the trials which other voyagers had had when trying to find new lands, Flokko carried in his ship three ravens which had previously been consecrated by the pagan priests of Norway. Two ravens were supposed to bring to Odin, or Woden, the chief deity of the Northmen, news of all that happens in the world. And Flokko relied on the ravens to tell him when land was in sight. The first raven, when set free, returned to the land whence the ship had sailed; therefore, this was yet the nearest shore. The second was let loose some

days afterward, and after wandering in the air, came back to the ship, showing thereby that there was no land in sight. But this and the third, when set at liberty after two days, mounted up into the sky, circled about as if to take a view of the horizon, and then took a straight flight into the West. Flokko followed in that direction, and so reached the island for which he searched.

The colony did not thrive. It was broken up, and the colonists returned to Norway, bringing an evil report of the land, which they called Iceland. But in 875, ten years after Flokko's failure, one Earl Ingolf, who had quarreled with one of his neighbors and had killed some of his thralls, or bondmen, found it necessary for him to flee from the wrath of the king, Harold Haarfager (Harold the Fair-haired), and he accordingly took his ships and went to Iceland. Here he founded a colony which has lasted through all the centuries—a remarkable community.

Though Iceland was thus settled by the Vikings,



THE DISCOVERY OF GREENLAND.

and although these sea-rovers still followed their wave-wandering life, we must believe that they were no longer like the "pyrates" of the mainland. One of these sailors was Gunnbiorn, who, driven westward by a storm, soon after the settlement of Iceland, fell upon the shores of Greenland, to which region he gave the name of Gunnbiorn's Rocks. He made his way home again, for the strait between Greenland and Iceland is not so wide but one may see the shores of each, when midway between them, of a clear day. He gave, like all discoverers, a very glowing account of his new land, but none went thither until the next century.

In 985, Eric the Red, who, like Ingolf, had been

obliged violence West. three y wonder chronicle new cou it out as and fish by twen nished t cattle of arrived. were wr Amon was one son Bja called, w descenda voyage had gon petuous ping to t West, to the sout days of f whither, was flat could no "the hi expect. would no only the with the ship. A they app wooded; course, w a third t Viking fo and mou ing out to ing, Biar when he his father ness, or I Biarne plore the seems to was more voyages v servation of Earl E the myst crew had Accord details, I

obliged to quit his own country on account of his violence and crimes, went to the new land in the West. He established a home for himself, and three years later, he was back in Iceland with a wonderful tale. In the quaint language of the chronicle, "In order to entice people to go to his new country, he called it Greenland, and painted it out as such an excellent place for pasture, wood, and fish, that the next year he was followed thither by twenty-five ships full of colonists, who had furnished themselves richly with household goods and cattle of all sorts; but only fourteen of these ships arrived." The other eleven, we are left to surmise, were wrecked on the way.

Among those who followed Eric to Greenland was one Herjulf, a bold and skillful navigator. His son Bjarni, or Biarne, as he is most commonly called, was also an intrepid sailor, and a worthy descendant of the Vikings. Returning from a voyage to Norway, Biarne found that his father had gone after Eric to the new land. This impetuous youth, without more ado, and without stopping to unload his ship, immediately set sail into the West, to find his father. He and his crew missed the southern point of Greenland, and, after many days of fog and violent wind, driven they knew not whither, they came in sight of land. The country was flat and well-wooded, but Biarne knew that it could not be Greenland. He looked in vain for "the high ice-hills," which he had been told to expect. Though his men grumbled mightily, he would not go ashore, but, sailing on the wind, as only the Northmen then knew how, he kept on with the land on the larboard (or left) side of the ship. After two days and two nights of voyaging, they approached land again. It was low and wooded; it was not Greenland. Keeping on his course, with a south-west wind, Biarne made land a third time. This was an island, as the young Viking found by sailing around it, and it was "high and mountainous, with snowy mountains." Standing out to sea, with the south-west wind still blowing, Biarne sailed for three more days and nights, when he made the coast of Greenland. He found his father well established at a point called Herjulfness, or Herjulf's Cape.

Biarne was much blamed for his failure to explore the countries which he had seen. But he seems to have taken matters very coolly; and as it was more profitable for him to carry on his trading voyages with Norway, he made no use of his observations in the unknown Western sea. The sons of Earl Eric, however, burned with desire to explore the mysterious regions of which Biarne and his crew had brought such vague accounts.

Accordingly, a family council having settled the details, Leif, the eldest son of Eric the Red, in

1000, bought Biarne's ship, and fitted her for the cruise. Thirty-five men, among whom was Biarne, composed the crew, and Leif entreated his father to take the command. The old Viking reluctantly consented; but, on the way to the point of departure, his horse stumbled and threw his rider. This was a bad omen to the superstitious Eric, who declared that it was ordained that he should discover no more new countries. He therefore gave up the command to Leif, who sailed prosperously into the West.

Reversing the order of Biarne's voyage, Leif first found the land which Biarne had last seen. This region is now known as Newfoundland. Leif went on shore. From the sea to the inland mountains was a plain of flat stones. So he called it Helluland, from *hella*, a flat stone. In like manner, when he came to the next land, which was a country covered with wood, he gave that the name of Markland, or Woodland. The name of that region is now Nova Scotia. The young Viking kept on with a north-east wind, and, in two days and two nights, made land a third time. This was undoubtedly on the coast of New England; precisely where, has never been satisfactorily settled. Leif first landed on an island, where he waited for good weather. Then, coasting along the shoreline, he went up a river that came through a lake, says the chronicle. Here they cast anchor and made preparations to winter, for it was now autumn.

It is generally conceded that this was the discovery by the Northmen of the coast of what is now Rhode Island, and that Leif built his booths, or houses, somewhere on the shore of Mount Hope Bay, or Narragansett Bay. The hardy Greenlanders thought this a favored and rich country. Especially were they delighted when one Tyrker, a Southern foreigner of the company, discovered grapes growing wild in the woods, just as one may now see them ripening on the fir-covered and sandy hills of Cape Cod.

This was a precious discovery to the Northmen. Never in Iceland, nor yet in Norway, had any of their ancestors found grapes. So, heaping up their deck and filling their long-boat with the dried fruit, they prepared to return to Greenland. In the spring they set sail, taking with them specimens of timber and a great store of the kinds of wood most prized in their own country, where trees were scarce. On his homeward voyage, Leif picked up a shipwrecked crew, which he kindly carried to shore. This, and his marvelous adventures in the New World, gave him the title of Leif the Fortunate. It was not long before the news reached Europe. Vineland, as Leif called it, was known as Vinland the Good. By this name one historian,

Adam of Bremen, heard of the land when he visited Sweden in 1075.

If the reports which the Northmen brought back to Europe painted the world beyond the seas in too glowing colors, we should remember that this has been the weakness of all explorers. The accounts of America afterward carried to Spain represented this to be a fairy-land. One of those who followed Columbus actually searched for a fountain the waters of which would give eternal youth to those who drank thereof. An English explorer, two hundred years ago, declared that nutmegs grew in Maine; and, in our day, ingenious gentlemen who write for the newspapers have reported, and honestly believed, that Alaska was a fertile and productive country, and that there was no snow in the Black Hills.

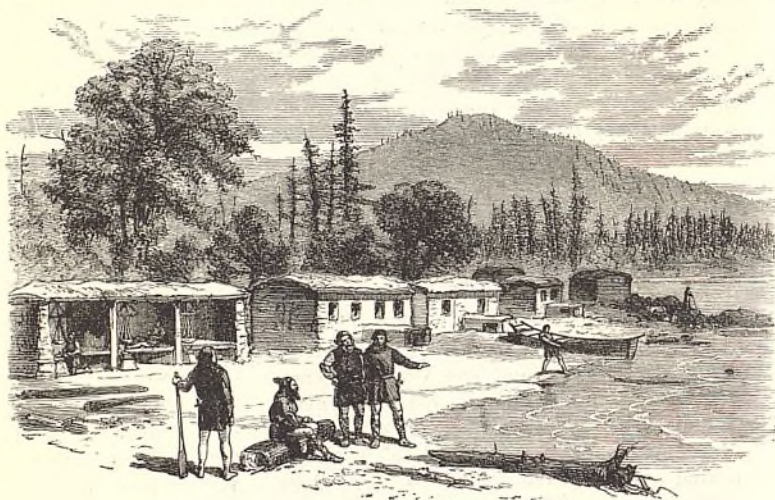
The hardy Vikings from Iceland and Greenland thought that New England was a land of almost unbroken summer. Considering what a cold and sterile region was their home, this is by no means surprising.

During this time, Christianity had been slowly working its way from Northern Europe across the seas. The gods of the Northmen were many, but the chief of these was Woden, or Odin. His eldest son was Thor, the Thunderer, and his daughter, Freya, was the goddess of spring, flowers, music, and the gentle fairies. Woden has given his name to one of the days of the week, for Wednesday was formerly called Woden's-day. Thursday is also derived from Thor's-day, and Friday was Freya's-day. So, though the Vikings and their strange paganism have long since vanished, these faint traces of their ancient faith survive.

After Leif returned from his voyage to the New World, he went to Norway, where it is supposed he became converted to Christianity, Olaf being then king. At any rate, he carried some Christian priests to Greenland, much to the displeasure of Earl Eric, it was said. This was the first planting of the religion of Our Lord on this side of the Atlantic. Traces of the buildings of these early Greenland churches are still in existence to vouch for the truth of the tale of the foundation of the Christian faith in America.

Soon after this, Eric died, and Leif, now the head

of the family, sailed the seas no more. His brother, Thorvald, took up the enterprise, and, in 1002, set sail in Leif's ship for Vinland the Good. He found the booths built by his brother and took possession of them, and there he spent the winter. In the following spring, he coasted far to the westward.



LEIF'S SETTLEMENT.

and we conclude, from the description of the country which he saw, that he passed through the whole length of Long Island Sound. Possibly, he went as far as New York Bay, and there found "another lake through which a river flowed to the sea," of which he spoke. The party landed on many islands, and were enchanted with the groves of great trees, the green grass, and the abundance of vegetable growths which were so new and strange to them.

Up to this time, the Northmen had seen no natives. Once only had Thorvald found a trace of them; it was a deserted corn-house by the shore. But during a more extended voyage of discovery which Thorvald made during his second year on the continent, in 1004, he encountered three skin-boats, set up as tents, under which nine savages were sleeping. The Northmen probably believed that these creatures were scarcely human. In those days, the waste places of the earth were supposed to be peopled with goblins, dwarfs, and strange monsters. The history which relates the adventures of the Vikings in America calls the natives "Skrællings," a term of contempt and reproach, which meant "pygmies, parings, or chips." When the nine Skrællings were found peaceably sleeping under their boats, they were at once fallen upon and killed by the cruel Northmen. Only one escaped with his life. This first bloodshed by the Europeans in the New World was a dark token of

all that was to come after. It brought woe and disaster to Thorvald.

While the explorers were resting in fancied security, a great army of Skrælings, roused by the report of their escaped comrade, fell upon the Northmen and surprised them with the war-whoop, which to Thorvald seemed to say, "Wake thou! Thorvald! and all thy companions, if thou wilt preserve life, and return thou to thy ship, with all thy men, and leave the land without delay!" The Northmen fled to their ship and set up the wooden screen, or shield, from behind which they let fly the arrows with which they fought. Only one man was wounded in the ship. When the fight was over, Thorvald, drawing an arrow from a cruel wound under his arm, said that this would be to him a mortal hurt.

Now it happened that when he had been at a pleasant point on what we now suppose to have been Cape Cod, he had said, "Here I should like to raise my dwelling." So when he knew that he was likely to die of his wound, he made request that he be borne thither and buried. He said: "It may be that a true word fell from my mouth, that I should dwell there for a time; there shall ye bury me, and set up crosses at my feet and head, and call the place Krossaness forever in all time to come." The chronicle relates that this was done, and on the fir-covered cape where Thorvald had thought to dwell, the cross of Christ, newly set up in America, marked where the young Viking, slain in fight, slept in peace.

Thorvald's companions returned to Greenland in the following spring. Another of the sons of Eric, Thorstein of Ericsfiord, who had married Gudrid, wife of the captain of the shipwrecked crew rescued by Leif, set out to find and bring back the body of his brother. He cruised along the New England coast in 1005, but he failed to find Krossaness, or Cross Cape, and returned to Greenland without Thorvald's remains. He died soon after, and the sons of Eric knew America no more.

But a daughter of the Red Earl, one Freydis, was to go thither. She had married Thorvard, a hardy mariner, who commanded a trading ship. Gudrid, the widow of Thorstein, had married Thorfinn Karlsefne, a rich trader and merchant, of Ice-

land. This family group, one winter, planned a new expedition to Vinland the Good, and in the spring of 1007 they sailed thither with two ships, with women, cattle and stores. They made out the various landmarks along the coast, and, running past Cape Cod, called it Furdustrands, or Wonderstrands, because, as they said, it was so long to sail by. On the shores of Buzzard's Bay, which they called Stream Frith, because of its rapid currents, they spent their first winter. Next spring they went somewhere to the south, nobody knows exactly where, but it is supposed that their settlement was fixed somewhere near what is now Mount Hope Bay. Here they found the bays and inlets full of fish, the great trees were festooned with grapes, and game was abundant. Inland a little way were fields of "self-sown wheat,"—that is to say, patches of Indian corn planted by the natives.

In this pleasant land they thought to be left to themselves. But the Skrælings soon found them out, looked on them with amazement, and went away. They were described as "black and ill-favored, and with coarse hair on the head; they had large eyes and broad cheeks." After awhile, they returned in such numbers that the sea seemed to be sowed with black coals. They bartered valuable furs and skins for red cloth, and, when this was gone, they were content to take in exchange milk porridge which the Norsewomen made for them. By and by, when all was going merrily on, a bull belonging to Karlsefne burst from the woods with a terrifying bellow, and charged upon the Skrælings, who, affrighted by the strange beast, took to their boats and fled in great dismay. For



NORSEMEN EXPLORING THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

a long time they kept away from the colony; but when they came again, says the chronicle, it was like a rushing torrent.

A battle followed, and the Norsemen were worsted. The natives outnumbered them and killed many. The colonists took to the woods, pursued by the once despised Skrælings. Freydis, the daughter of Eric, vainly tried to rally the fugitives; then, seizing a weapon from the dead body of one of her company, she turned upon the natives, uttering loud cries and making wild gestures. The Skrælings, terrified by this strange apparition, turned and fled. They scrambled into their boats, paddled away, and were seen no more. This affair discouraged Karlsefne and his companions, who soon afterward returned to Greenland.

Freydis, however, who seems to have been a bold and daring woman, organized another expedition in 1011. Accompanied by two brothers, Helgi and Finnbagi, of Iceland, with whom she and her husband had formed a partnership, she set sail in the spring and landed at the spot, now so well known to the Northmen, where the booths originally built by Leif were yet standing. Very soon there was trouble in the camp. Freydis quarreled with Helgi and Finnbagi, and plotted against their lives. Inspired by this bad woman's counsel, her husband, Thorvard, and his men fell upon the two brothers and their company, as they slept in their own quarters, and slew them all. There were left of these unhappy ones five women, whom the men would fain have spared. These the daughter of Eric, in her rage, killed with her own hand.

A dark and gloomy winter followed this deed of wickedness, and in the spring the colony broke up and returned to Greenland. When Leif heard the story of Freydis's crimes, he said: "I like not to do to Freydis, my sister, that which she has deserved; but this will I predict, that their posterity will never thrive."

We hear no more of the family of Eric the Red. With this sorrowful tale of crime ends the history of the Vikings in Vinland the Good. Freydis disappears in a thick cloud of execration and shame. We only know that the adventures and deeds of the Vikings long thereafter lived in the chronicles of the saga-men, or story-tellers, and in the songs of the scalds, or poets, of the Northland. About the feast-table, when these wonderful tales were told again, the descendants of the Vikings heard them with pride and shouted "Skoal!" (Hail!), as the prowess of their ancestors stirred their warlike fire.

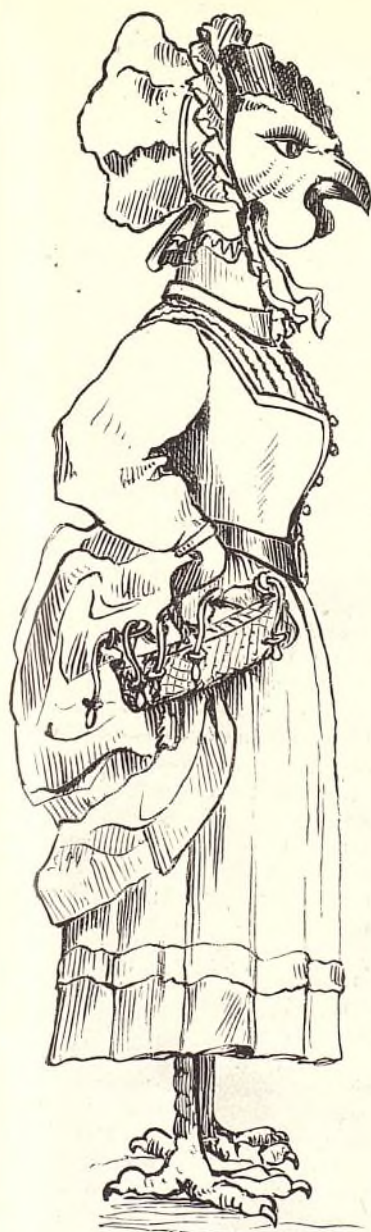
When the Icelanders had a written language, and the rude characters (or runes) which they had used gave place to Roman letters, these sagas (or chronicles), by word of mouth so long, were com-

mitted to writing. In ancient monasteries these precious rolls were hoarded until they were forgotten. In later years they have been gradually brought to light, translated and partly printed. From them we draw the story of the Northmen, and of their voyagings in the strange wide seas. Many books have been written to compare these sagas with the ancient traditions of the world, as well as to show how many well-understood facts compel us to accept the genuineness of their history. The best account of the discovery of the Western hemisphere by the Northmen is to be found in the opening chapters of the popular history of the United States by Mr. William Cullen Bryant and Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, from the advance sheets of which the illustrations to this article were taken. In that admirable work the historical events touched upon here are gathered into one harmonious story.

It should be said that the Northmen left no traces of their stay on the coast of New England. Their colonies were too short-lived. Their entire occupation, from the time of Leif's landing to the departure of Freydis and her companions, was less than fifteen years. The Greenlanders soon had much ado to maintain themselves in their own adopted country, without making distant voyages. The Esquimaux made war upon them, and plagues swept over the land. In 1350 a dreadful disease, called the black death, spread over Northern Europe and Greenland. The latter country became almost depopulated. Navigation ceased, and, though voyagers said they had caught glimpses of the land while driven before adverse storms, all knowledge of the Greenland of Eric the Red faded from the minds of men. It was not until after the voyages of Columbus that Greenland was rediscovered. But substantial masonry in ruins, with runic inscriptions, was found to recall the memory of the adventurous Northmen and perpetuate their fame.

The Vikings have long since vanished from the sea. The tales of their prowess have become almost as vague as the story of Ulysses, or the history of the Trojan war. But even in the peaceful fleets which fleck the waters of the globe we find some traces of the seamanship for which they were so famed. They have left their names on many a stormy cape of the Northern seas, and the blood of their descendants flows in the veins of thousands of the hardy sons of America. So, in this New World, as we recall their fascinating story, we lift our hands and cheer:

"Skoal to the Northland! Skoal!"



BROILED CHICKEN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

I DO not mean a whole one. Even one of these little fellows who are crowing over their release from the egg, and over whom Madam Partlet, their none-too-good-looking mamma, is swell-



ing her throat with delight, would be too much for a little housekeeper to manage. Ask *your* ever-so-good-looking mamma, some day when there are spring chickens in the pantry, to cut off one leg for your first lesson in cooking poultry. Set on the range a sheet-iron baking-pan, half full of boiling water. Lay your chicken for ten minutes in slightly salted *cold* water; then wipe it dry and put it upon the gridiron. Set this across the baking-pan, taking care the water does not touch it. Cover with another pan, and steam it half-an-hour. This cooks and softens the outer skin, keeps in the juices and loosens the strings about the knee-joint, called *tendons*. Have a clear, hot fire. Rake down the ashes when you have taken the chicken from its vapor-bath. Rub the upper part of the gridiron with a very little butter. Set it over an open hole in the range, until warm—not hot. Lay your chicken upon the gridiron. When it “fizzes” on the lower side, turn it over. Repeat this turning often, that the juices may not drip upon the coals and cause a smoke. Don’t fall into the notion which seems to be entertained by some grown-up cooks, that the flavor of smoke does not injure steaks, or chops, or chickens, any more than does a “bit of a scorch.” The chicken should be done in ten minutes, if young and tender. Have ready a slice of nice dry toast; butter it and put it upon a hot plate. Make a cut at the joint of the chicken, to be sure the browned coat does not hide raw flesh.

Sprinkle it with salt and pepper; put half of a tea-spoonful of butter over it, and lay on the toast. Put a few sprays of parsley about it.

DEVILED CHICKEN.

BROIL the part of a chicken as I have directed. Have ready in a tin cup a table-spoonful of butter, half a salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pepper as you have salt, and the same quantity of mustard as pepper. Heat to a boil on the range. Lay the chicken on a hot plate; pour the mixture in the cup over it. Cover closely, and set in an open oven, or upon a hot register five minutes before sending to the table.



"TOBY, WITH THE SLIPPERS IN HIS MOUTH."

TOBY.

You see him in the picture. That is Toby, with the slippers in his mouth. He has just brought them down-stairs. Does his mistress praise him for fetching the slippers? Not at all.

"You stupid Toby," she says. "I said boots; I did n't say slippers! Boots, Toby. Go and bring them, right away!"

Off flies Toby upstairs; then down again he tumbles—Toby and the boots in a moving bundle, which ends with a wag! The mistress says, "Good Toby!" while Toby capers and all but laughs.

After that, he begins to beg. What does he want? The mistress knows. She opens the little drawer and takes out a ball. It is Toby's. As soon as he sees it, he runs away into the hall. That is because he wants her to hide it. She puts it under the sofa-pillow. Toby comes back.

First he looks behind the window-curtain, then under the table, then in the corners, then at the back of the door. The ball is not in any of these places. At last he climbs the sofa. Ah, there it is! and Toby, giving it a bite of joy, rolls it across the room, runs after, seizes, brings it back, and stands, with a look in his eyes which says plain as words, "Please hide it again."

But the mistress says: "You must have your breakfast first. No more ball, Toby, till you have eaten your bread-and-milk."

Toby hates bread-and-milk. He eyes the plate and growls, but will not go near it. So the mistress, who knows Toby's ways, brings his deadly foe, Mrs. Cracker. Mrs. Cracker is an ugly, black India-rubber doll, with the marks of Toby's teeth all over her body.

"Here she comes," cries the mistress, jerking Mrs. Cracker across the carpet. "Hurry, Toby, hurry! Mrs. Cracker will get it, if you don't."

Mrs. Cracker leans over the plate, and puts her head in the milk. This is too much! Toby makes one bound, flings her aside, and begins to gobble his breakfast as fast as possible. If he shows signs of stopping, Mrs. Cracker is made to draw near. Then Toby is furious. He catches her by the neck, stirs her round in the milk, growls hard, and eats on till every drop of the breakfast is gone and Mrs. Cracker lies high and dry in the empty plate. Then Toby feels that he has conquered, wags a proud tail, and makes a queer noise, which I think must be a song of joy.

Would n't you like to know Toby?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

YOU never saw any one so pleased as the Deacon is, my children. Why, his face is so sunshiny that it lights up the very grass as he walks along,—or so it seems to me,—and all on account of the remarkable way in which his boys and girls are sending in copies of the Declaration of Independence.

Well, well! Jack could have told him that the young folks would come out handsomely in this matter.

Then the prizes! The pretty, shining things stand there on the Deacon's shelf, I hear, waiting to be awarded, and beaming with satisfaction. What wonder! It must be a very pleasant thing to go into a family as a prize.

Jack is no orator,—so he cannot give you an address on this grand Centennial "Fourth." But you can be your own orators, my chicks, and that is better yet. Deep in your heart of hearts, let each one of you say:

"My hearer! America is a great country, and her strength is in her honest, upright, loyal and intelligent citizens. See to it that you become one of them!"

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

SOME of my birds have been talking to the sea-gulls, and they've brought me this news:

The Atlantic Ocean was named after a mighty mythical giant named Atlas, who, as the Greeks believed, carried the world on his shoulders—the same Atlas who has a great mountain-range in Africa for his namesake.

The other great ocean did n't have to go to Greece for a name. It just staid where it was and behaved itself, until at last, from its peaceful aspect, it was called the Pacific.

This is as it should be, my little Americans—*Power* on one side of us, and *Peace* on the other.

And, what is better yet, they're permanent institutions. Fifty Centennials from now, Jack (or somebody else) will find this country trig and trim between its oceans, with the Peace of Power its highest virtue, and the Power of Peace its proudest boast.

A BIRD STORY.

DEAR JACK: I send a true story about some birds that lived in a tree in our yard. My pussy killed the mother bird just after the little birds were hatched, and the papa bird was left all alone to feed them. He attended to them one day very carefully, and the next day he returned to his nest with another wife much larger than himself. When the little birds began to fly, they used to come down on our croquet ground and hop about. One day, mamma stooped to pick one of them up, so that the cat could not get it, when the new wife struck her on the side of her head twice with her bill. Well, this bird looked after the little birds and fed them till they left the nest. We think it quite curious—don't you?

EDITH STONE.

A FISH THAT LIVES IN THE MUD.

DEAR me!—what next? Now, here's a story of a fish who can live without water! Who ever heard of such a thing! This very accomplished scaly gentleman is a native of Africa,—where most of the wonders come from, nowadays,—and has the misfortune to belong to a river which dries up every summer. Rather a discouraging circumstance to a fish, I should say; but this little fellow does n't mind it. When the water gets low, he very coolly burrows nearly two feet into the mud on the bottom, and there he stays, while the hot sun dries up the water, and bakes the mud till it is full of deep cracks. When the water comes back, fills the cracks, and soaks into the ground, the mud-fish comes out as lively as ever. One of this family has lately gone to live in an aquarium in England, where his ways can be studied; and now we shall know how he gets on in water all the year round. Who can tell me his name?

FLOWER DOLLS.

DEAR JACK: We girls made lovely flower-dolls last summer, and wont you please tell the St. NICHOLAS girls about it, so that they can make some this season? We made charming little lady dolls out of hollyhock blossoms in this way: We took a fine hollyhock flower, broke off the outer green leaves—the calyx, I mean; then we picked out the inside parts, so as to leave a little hole in the stem end of the flower. Into this we stuck a poppy-head, marking features on it as well as we could. Then we tied a long spear of grass around the leaves, just where the waist should be; this made a pretty green sash. Next we formed the apron out of a white rose leaf, and put a bit of green twig through the body for arms. We thought she was complete then, for she could stand alone, and she was just as pretty as could be; but when afterward we put a daisy hat on her little head, she was perfect.

We made other flower-dolls after that out of trumpet-creepers and fox-gloves and all sorts of flowers, and it was real sport. Mother said a group of our blossom-ladies standing on the lawn was a beautiful sight to behold.

If other girls try our plan and get any new ideas, I hope, dear Jack, they'll send us word through you.—Your true little friends,

MARION AND WINNIE T.

TALLOW-TREES.

IN the woods where I live there grows a low shrub, with glossy, fragrant leaves, called the bayberry. From its small green berries a kind of wax is obtained, of which candles are sometimes made. But I don't believe the candles are much liked, as I see few people picking the berries.

My friend the parrot quite despises such candles. He thinks that the people who use them should see those made from the seeds of the tallow-tree

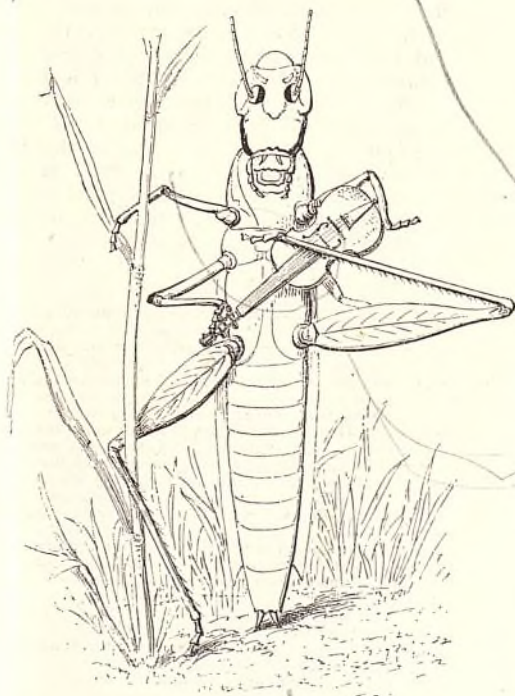
which grows in the province of Malabar, in British India.

This tallow-tree, I am told, is very large, and has thick, leathery leaves, varying from four to ten feet in length. The flowers are white and very fragrant, and by boiling its seeds the natives obtain a firm white vegetable tallow, which has no unpleasant smell. Candles made of this tallow, my friend the parrot says, are something worth having—worth having, that is, if human beings will persist in going about after dark. He thinks it very strange that creatures with eyes made expressly for the daylight, should wish to imitate the habits of bats and cats and owls, whose eyes are specially adapted to seeing things at night.

A GRASSHOPPER'S FIDDLE.

"WE lay ninety-nine eggs; if we laid one hundred we should devastate the earth." It is a Mohammedan legend that the Prophet found this motto written on the wings of a locust, an insect as nearly related to the grasshopper as the Mohammedan is to a Yankee.

Last May, the farmer in Eastern Kansas who



saw ten acres of corn entirely eaten between ten o'clock Saturday morning and four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and who caught ninety-eight grasshoppers with one sweep of his hand, must have thought the hundredth egg was hatched at last. But the hum of the vast swarms was soon lost to the northward. Then bird and parasite, and Minnesota boys and girls, who were paid for

gathering them so much a bushel, soon ended the brood of jumping fiddlers; for as truly as the cricket sings, so truly does the grasshopper play the fiddle. Any how—if he does n't play the fiddle, he does something like it, as each of you may prove if you will watch him when you hear him playing his monotonous tune. When he begins to play "he bends the shank of one hind-leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down several times against the projecting lateral edge and veins of the wing-cover." A learned naturalist, named Harris, once wrote this, and your Jack repeats it. It is plain enough if you remember that the *front* wings are called wing-covers, as they are used for protection and not for flight. Grasshoppers play the fiddle on each side alternately, supporting themselves, meanwhile, as well as they can. Who knows *why* they do it?

A MAN IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

THE Little Schoolma'am made the Deacon laugh the other day. Because the dear child had a bit of stiff linen about her pretty throat, the Deacon accused her of wearing a man's collar. They had a few words about "women aping the styles of men," as the Deacon jocosely put it, when the little lady laid him down gently with a description of the dress of a Malay priest which she had found in Dr. Livingstone's book. This was it, as nearly as your Jack can remember:

A long rose-colored silk dress, and over it one of white gauze, trimmed with three broad flounces, [the Little Schoolma'am said something about "bias," whatever that means], sleeves full, and trimmed with lace. The whole thing perfectly suitable for a lady to wear to a party. Over this, however, was a man's white waistcoat, and a belt, in which weapons were stuck. A white turban covered his head, and the toilet was completed by a large lace veil (like a bride's), which was thrown over his head, and half covered him!

A BIG FLOWER.

WHAT do you say to a flower bigger than a dining-plate, and weighing three or four pounds? What a button-hole bouquet that would make,—especially if you added one of its leaves, over eight feet across! This is the giant flower of the world,—I'm sure,—and it is a water-lily which grows in South America, near the giant river of the world. Just fancy a pond covered with these enormous leaves, each weighing about a dozen pounds, and covered with long-legged water-birds, of all sorts, who run about on them, without the least danger of wetting their toes. And think of the buds, as big as your head, and the large white, fragrant flowers!

Should n't you like one of those leaves for a boat, to sail about in?

DEACON GREEN'S PRIZES.

THE Deacon says, look out for the "Declaration prizes" next month.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

(Illustrated by a Young Contributor.)

MR. PEMBERTON.

ONCE upon a time, there was a young girl who, with her aunt, lived all alone. Auntie Louise, the young girl called her aunt. Auntie Louise lived on a nice little farm, three miles from the village where was her post-office, and where she and Annie attended church.

Her neighbor on the right, a wise and good man, worked the land for her; and his boy milked the two cows, and fed the fat little pony that she kept.

Now, Auntie Louise was wise—for a woman. She taught Annie grammar, arithmetic and algebra, history and geography; to knit and to sew, to make butter and cheese and bread (the lightest, whitest bread that ever you ate was Auntie Louise's); she taught Annie music also, both vocal and instrumental.

Auntie Louise was not old or cross. Annie was just sixteen, and Auntie Louise was thirty-two. I will tell you how they came to be all alone on a farm. Fifty years ago this Centennial year, Louise's father and mother began housekeeping, as gay and happy as two young robins. In the course of time three children were born to them. The eldest, a daughter, married and removed to a distant State; the second, a son, married and brought his bride home; and then Louise, the youngest, was sent away to be educated. She wished to become a teacher. She completed a course of study, taught a few years; then the father's health failed. He wanted daughter Louise to come home; the dutiful daughter came, and gradually became eyes and hands and feet to her failing father. Only a few years, and then he was laid in the village church-yard; a few months, the mother followed him; then, only a year after, a fever took Annie's father and mother, and left them alone. Louise and Annie were almost heart-broken.

"There is nothing left to us but the old home, Annie," Auntie Louise said one morning; "and we will stay here until we, too, are carried out to lie down by the side of those who have gone before."

The old home was so dear to them, they would not willingly see it pass into strangers' hands. They had lived alone two years, and Auntie Louise began to feel that Annie needed more companionship. So, one day, she asked Annie if she would not like to go away to school.

"And leave you, darling auntie? I can never find so good a teacher as you. If you think I need more companions, let us go out more; let us visit the people in the village oftener."

"With all my heart, Annie. Our parents, yours and mine, were most social and hospitable; we can but please them in doing so. But you know, Annie, we cannot go out evenings much without an escort."

"Well, auntie dear, don't bother yourself about it one bit; you are all I have left in the world, and I cannot leave you. Shall I go now for my ride?"

Auntie Louise had taught Annie how to manage Neddie, the fat little pony; and he was a little fly-away too sometimes, but, withal, the best-natured little fellow in the world. He was always so impatient to start, but not a step forward would he take, though he would paw the ground, first with one little foot, then with the other, until Annie and Louise were all ready. Then how he would fly, for such a fat little body!

This particular afternoon Annie was going to the woods, on horseback, to look for autumn leaves (it was a beautiful October day), running pine, and other evergreens.

Away cantered Neddie, as glad to be out in the beautiful sunshine as Annie herself. When they came to the woods, fastening Neddie's bridle to a low branch of a hickory-tree, Annie began her search. On she went—now a strip of running pine, now a fallen leaf more beautiful than any she had gathered, again a delicate fern, leading her on until she was thoroughly tired. She sat down to rest at the foot of a great pine-tree. The soft wind sighing in the branches above made plaintive music; but it accorded well with Annie's heart, which had beaten little but minor music since she and Auntie Louise had been left alone.

Presently, a dainty little lady stood before her—a dainty little lady, smiling and holding out to her a tiny bunch of autumn leaves, the loveliest she had ever seen. Annie asked her to sit down, but she said:

"No. I must not stay; my friends are waiting for me in yonder dell. Take the leaves; they were gathered on purpose for you. They possess a peculiar power. You have only to wave them three times before Neddie's eyes, and he will instantly become a most polished gallant."

"But I would rather have him as he is," said the astonished Annie.

"You have only to wave them three times before the eyes of your gallant, and he will become Neddie, the fat pony, again; and do you not see that when you and Auntie Louise wish to go out evenings, you can drive Neddie, carrying these leaves with you? and when you reach any place, you have only to wave these leaves before Neddie's eyes three times, and you have a gentleman attendant. Then, when you wish to return, he will lead you to your carriage; you wave

the leaves three times before his eyes, and he becomes Neddie again, ready to take you home."

"Oh, won't that be nice for Auntie Louise!" cried Annie, lifting her eyes to thank the lady; but she was gone, and the bunch of tiny autumn leaves lay in her lap. They were very elastic and tough, and were fastened firmly in a little silver holder. In examining them, Annie touched a spring, and, lo! a silver leaf sprang out and rolled quickly around all the others, and then they were nicely protected and easily carried in her pocket. She started up, and ran until she came in sight of Neddie.

"Oh, such a secret, Neddie, you could never guess! Auntie Louise shall be the first to try it!" and springing on Neddie's back, she cantered gayly home. Louise was arranging a bouquet of pansies on the porch when Annie came up.

"Oh, auntie, the queerest thing!" she began.

"Why, Annie, where is your hat?—and how warm Neddie is!" "My hat just tumbled off the other side of the barn. I will go and get it. But just listen, and just see here," drawing from her pocket the wonderful little roll, and touching the spring that unrolled the silver leaf. "We have only to wave this three times before Neddie's eyes and he becomes a fine gentleman, ready to attend us everywhere." Then she told her about the little lady in the woods, and all that she said. Auntie Louise did not seem as much surprised as



"THERE STOOD AN ELEGANT GENTLEMAN."

Annie thought she would. "You are to try it first," she concluded, springing from the pony.

Louise took the mysterious leaves and waved them solemnly three times before Neddie's eyes, and behold! the pony was nowhere to be seen, but there stood an elegant gentleman, with his hat in his hand, politely bowing to Miss Louise and her niece. Annie brought him a chair, and for an hour the learned gentleman entertained them with descriptions of European life and travel. Then, suddenly remembering that it was time for Neddie to have his evening meal of hay and oats, Auntie Louise waved the bright leaves three times before the eyes of Mr. Pemberton (that is the name the gentleman gave himself), and there stood Neddie, equipped in saddle and bridle, just as Annie had left him. Annie led him away to the barn.

"Won't it be convenient, auntie?" asked Annie when she came back.

"Nothing could be more so," returned Auntie Louise. "You may think it strange, but Louise and Annie did not avail themselves of the magic leaves until the week before Christmas."

The sewing society had been very busy all the latter part of the summer and all the fall, meeting once in two weeks, sewing for a missionary box, then for the two or three poor families in the town. Auntie Louise and Annie met with them quite often, because they could drive Neddie and be at home by dark.

Now, for a few weeks, the society had been preparing for a fair, which was to be held one evening a week before Christmas. Annie wished much to attend the fair.

"Let us try the charm, auntie," said she.

"Very well, Annie; but it must be kept a secret."

So they bade the boy harness Neddie to the little carriage, and they drove away just after sunset. Reaching the village, Annie stepped from the carriage, and, waving the leaves, the gentlemanly attendant stood by them, and Neddie was gone.

"Do not forget that I am Mr. Pemberton," said a low, pleasant

voice, as he led them to the door of the lecture-room where the fair was held.

An apron and neck-tie festival was to be held besides, and Annie was in a flutter lest Mr. Pemberton's neck-tie should not match Aunt Louise's apron; but it did, and Annie was delighted. Their friends were almost guilty of staring at the stranger, so fine a gentleman he appeared. Auntie Louise introduced him to one and another as Mr. Pemberton, lately returned from Europe; and every one who listened to his discourse was charmed. The three spent a most delightful evening.

When it was time to go, Mr. Pemberton took them to the carriage. Annie waved the leaves before his eyes, and there was Neddie impatient to go home. The farm-boy was waiting in the kitchen to care for him.

After this, they drove Neddie wherever they wished to go, transforming him into Mr. Pemberton when they wished an attendant. It was so convenient and pleasant, when they were a little early or a little late at church, and no one saw them, to have only to step out of their carriage and transform Neddie into Mr. Pemberton; then there was some one to wait upon them into their pew, and find the readings and the hymns.

What a treasure Neddie was! A gentleman called one day, asking if Miss Louise would sell her pony.

"Sell Mr. Pemberton?" thought Annie.

"We do not wish to sell him," answered Miss Louise, with dignity that was assumed to hide her mirth.

"Did you ever, auntie? Sell Neddie! Sell Mr. Pemberton!" said Annie, when the gentleman had gone. "I wonder how much Mr. Pemberton would call himself worth! I'll go this minute to the stables and bring him in."

And so she did. He smiled, remarking that he thought himself far too valuable.

What is that? Neddie neighing impatiently where he is tied below the hill; Annie just waking under the pine-tree on the hill-top!

"Why! how long *can* I have been asleep?"

Again Neddie's shrill whinny.

"Neddie! Mr. Pemberton! Oh, what a dream!" exclaimed Annie, gathering up her pines and her autumn leaves hastily. And this part of her dream came true:



"THERE WAS NEDDY, IMPATIENT TO GO HOME."

She *did* canter gayly home; she *did* find Auntie Louise on the porch arranging a bouquet of pansies; and Auntie Louise *did* say: "Why, Annie, where is your hat? and how warm Neddie is!"

K. D.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE announcement of the award of the prizes offered by Deacon Green for the best copies of the Declaration of Independence, will be printed in the August number.

Hudson, 1876.

DEAR JACK: I am visiting my friend Hattie Forsheew. We are both twelve years old, and this morning we made a cake from the receipt in the ST. NICHOLAS for May. The cake proved excellent. It was large enough for each one of the family to have a small piece. We helped each other in making it. When it was done and frosted it looked very nicely.

The beef-tea we intend to make when we have an opportunity. We like the receipts very much.—Your friends,

MARY E. COFFIN AND HATTIE E. FORSHEEW.

F. H. S.—We do not expect to publish any stories for translation until cool weather. We shall give our young French and German scholars a rest.

MARY G. YOUNG's questions about her canary have received a variety of answers. Willie Hayden says that when his canary would not bathe, Willie's mother took a brush and sprinkled him slightly, and that after undergoing this process a few times Master Canary concluded to take a bath regularly for himself. This treatment is also recommended by Nellie Emerson and by "A Bird-raiser," who writes:

It is a rare exception that a canary-bird should fail to wash when well, though I have known a few instances. One authority suggests sprinkling the bird, as this causes them to be obliged to prune their feathers and set them straight, etc.

Overgrown claws seem the next trouble with Mary's bird. This is not called a disense, but has a bad effect, as it makes the canaries mope and refuse food. The claws must be trimmed with a pair of scissors, taking care not to cut close enough to draw blood. By holding up to the light, you can see how far down the toes the blood-vessels extend. Hold the bird firmly, but gently; do not be in too great a hurry.

Florence A. Meriam thinks that "if the seed-vessels were taken away, and the bath put in with some seeds in the bottom of it, when

the bird should get hungry it would go into the bath to get the seeds, and, finding no harm came by it, would get into the habit of taking its bath."

Finally, Grace Glessner writes:

I have a yellow canary who will not bathe in his cage; but we fill a large plate with water, put it on the oil-cloth with a chair over it, open the cage, and soon he splashes about beautifully. To prevent long claws, make the perches as large round as can go between the wires. This wears the claws smooth and short.

"HOPPERS AND WALKERS."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had at different times in our family five tame crows as pets, and, strange to relate, they all of them hopped!

Now, I do not want the successful young folks who, some months ago, puzzled over the "hoppers and walkers," to think they were mistaken; nor do I want the Little Schoolma'am to think that I question her knowledge. The facts of the case are that we are both right.

Calling to mind the peculiarities of our crows, one of them still alive, I found it hard to reconcile my experience with that of the hundreds and hundreds who detected the four mistakes in the bird-story; so I applied to a naturalist for information. He told me that the natural gait of a crow was a sort of waddling *walk*, but that they do *hop* when in a hurry.

Tame crows are generally in a hurry, and nearly always in mischief. I have been quite lame for over a year, and never take a step which can be avoided; but one day last fall I was pretty thoroughly exercised in trying to put three crows out of the dining-room. In the center of the room stood a large extension-table, and the way in which those crows hopped in and out, and under and around, would have convinced even the Little Schoolma'am, could she have been there to see, that crows do sometimes hop, and actively too.

Crows make excellent pets for people who need to cultivate patience. They are very intelligent, very cunning, and extremely mischievous. Anything that they can carry off will mysteriously disappear, and what they cannot take away they will peck at and destroy. One of our crows once got on the stove, and danced up and down in the most absurd manner until I flew to his rescue. It seemed strange that, with all his cunning intelligence, he did not know enough to spread his wings and fly from his hot perch.

Another could never go into the garden without being attacked by

king-birds. They would fly upon him and peck him, and actually drive him into the house.

The crow which still exists in the family belongs to my sister. He will not let anybody molest her, and if one attempts to tease him by doing so, he will fly at the person and peck sharply. When I walk about the garden, he will catch the edge of my skirt and hop after me, occasionally taking a swing. He is no favorite of mine, and he knows it, although I am always kind to him; but I am too much of a bird-defender to like a crow.

I suspect that the secret of the attacks of the king-birds was that Dandy Jim had meddled with their nests. Still, let us give the crow his due. He is bright and amusing and capable of being taught a variety of tricks, and his one saving grace is a fond affection for any one who is fond of him.

MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if "Mississippi" is the Indian word meaning "Father of Waters?" Bancroft's History calls the river Mississippi from the time of its discovery, but does not tell us whether the Indians gave it that name.—Your little friend,

ELLA L. REED.

The name Mississippi is derived from two Indian words (spelt by some authorities "Miche sepe," and by others "Missi sipi"), meaning "Father of Waters." The words have also been translated "The Great River" and "The Great Water."

Aiken, South Carolina, April 17th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a simple narration, in rhyme, of a little incident among the children here, which I fancy it might please them, as well as other children, to see in print. Nearly every child in the house seems to be a subscriber to your magazine.

ONE OF THE GUESTS AT "WEST VIEW."

On Easter morn, at fair West View,
The guests all tried what they could do
To please the little girls and boys
Who left at home their games and toys,
Their skates and sleds and loved snow-balls,
To live some months where no snow falls.
So, as they could not have their sled,
The cook stained eggs bright blue and red,
And one sweet lady 'mong the guests
By this contrivance was impressed
To make their bright and loving eyes
Grow brighter with a glad surprise.
She hid away in various places
Eggs painted with fair shapes and faces;
Tied up with ribbons red and blue,
Fair, pretty things they were to view.
So off they went for Easter eggs,
And sadly tired their little legs,
Poking about in all odd places,
Without regard to dirty faces.
Then, rushing in with shout and bound,
To show the wonders they had found.
"Oh, see how pretty! what a treat!
I never saw eggs look so sweet."
"These are too good to eat, mamma;
I'll take mine with me in the car."
"Now is n't this a jolly go?
I never saw eggs dressed up so!"
One little boy of three or four
To dear mamma the treasure bore,
And, open wide his wond'ring eyes,
Grown larger with the strange surprise,
Said, thoughtful as a youthful Gibbon,
"How could the hens put on the ribbon?"

AUGUSTA CARTER, of Baltimore, wishes us to call attention to the following account of a supplement to the Declaration of Independence, made fifty years ago by one of the original signers:

Supplemental Declaration to the Declaration of Independence, by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* lately contained the following article in relation to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only survivor in 1826 of the men who signed the Declaration of American Independence:

"In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The

aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and pious supplemental Declaration which follows:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer,—I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man.

"CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

"August 2, 1826."

We have received a great many answers to H. E. H.'s question regarding the origin of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel;" and all of them agree in tracing it to a ballad called "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, 1754. The following stanza is given by all, in support of this authority:

"Tush! tush, my lasse! Such thoughts resign.
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine;
Consistency's a jewel.
For thee and me coarse clothes are best—
Rude folks in homely raiment drest—
Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn."

One of our correspondents adds the following: "Mr. Richard Grant White says that he has never succeeded in finding 'Murtagh's Collection,' and doubts if 'Robyn Rough-head' be a genuine old ballad. He thinks the fourth line of the above stanza, like the second, is probably an adaptation of a saying much older than Shakspeare—to whom it is commonly attributed. Mr. White says that he has never been able to discover the origin of the phrase."

Baltimore, March 29, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where this line is taken from: "And fools who came to scoff remained to pray"?—Yours truly,

FANNY N. OSBURN.

The quotation is a line from "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith.

Marysville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like a good dog. I like some dogs a good way off. I have a dog that is very good to keep meat from spoiling; he will bite a piece of beef broiled and buttered on both sides. Some dogs are spotted, and some are not. My dog is yellow and white, and I call him my calico dog. Some ladies think a great deal of dogs; they will take a little poodle dog, and put a piece of ribbon around his neck, and take him with them when they go out riding. I think they must be sick. I know a dog that bit a boy on the leg; it did n't kill either the boy or the dog, but the boy got after him with an old hoe-handle, and beat him until his sister called the dog into the house, and sat down on him, to keep the boy away. She said that boy was a wicked beast, and so he was. I would n't do anything near so bad as that. I have heard of dogs that, when they saw their master drowning, would run and pull him out by the teeth. I am afraid if I was drowning, and there was no one to save me but my dog, I should never have another chance to drown. I guess I'll take my chances on dry land, anyhow.

EUGENE.

MADDIE H. sends the Letter-Box this dainty French riddle, trusting that it may be new to American boys and girls:

A French girl received the following love-letter. Who can read it? (Answer will be given next month):

"ADELE: Janvier, Fevrier, Mars, Avril, Mai, Juin, Juillet, Aout, Septembre, Octobre—tu tu tu tu tu tu, n'aime?"

ADOLPHE."

THE correct answer to L. M.'s problem in the April number is "\$45 and the boots," and it has been received from the following boys and girls: Arnold Guyot Cameron, Carrie B. Wells, "Cleveland Boy," S. P. Maslin, Willie T. Sheffield, J. M. Paton, John H. H., and Thomas E. Jefferson.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 3, 16, 10, 13, 2 is a large and bright constellation. My 4, 9, 7, 8, 15 is one of the mechanical powers. My 11, 12, 3, 1, 6 is part of a wheel. My 11, 5, 13, 3, 12 is a vessel. My 14, 13, 7, 6, 2 was a deity for whom a day of the week was named. My whole is a proverb.

ISOLA.

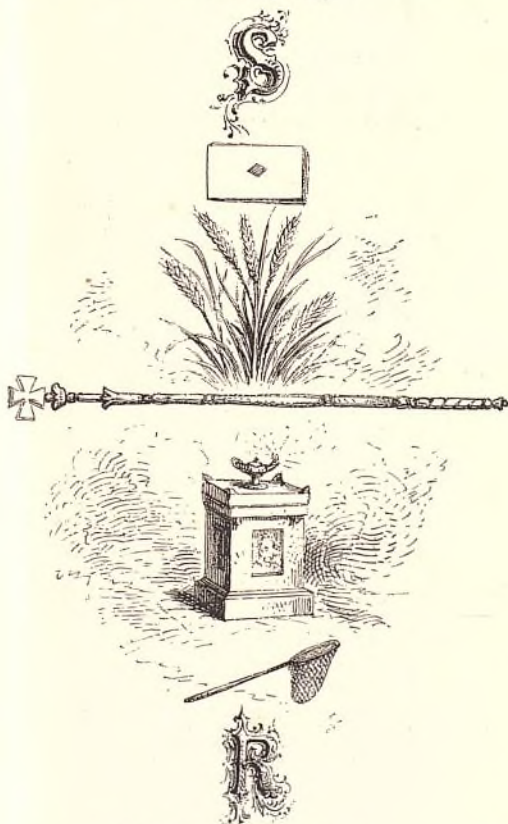
CHARADE.

WITHIN my first the traveler rests and dreams;
My next names one of Scotland's famous streams;
My third sometimes the porcine frame surrounds;
My fourth is one of five familiar sounds;
My fifth and sixth together you may take,
And something found in architecture make.
If you are that denoted by my whole,
You are a patient, persevering soul.

L. W. H.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Substitute the name of each picture for the picture itself, and find a diamond puzzle.)



EASY TRANSPOSITION.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence and you will find three articles of furniture: A Maple Latch Rib.

C. D.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A PECULIAR bird. 2. Apart. 3. Part of a plant. 4. To decay.
5. A preposition. 6. A consonant.

E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals name an officer of the Revolutionary war.
1. A celebrated exclamation. 2. A mason's tool. 3. Part of a ship.
4. A precious stone. 5. A French coin.

ISOLA.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word curtailed.

1. In the — we found your —. 2. Will it harm the — to — it? 3. The — was burned in the — fire. 4. Where did — have his —? 5. On the — I will draw a — of the house. 6. I think the — is too — away.

CYRIL DEANE.

A CHARADE FOR 1876.

My first, if you will read aright,
Graces the queenly rose,
And floats from blossoming hill and vale
On every breeze that blows.
It wears a crown, and yet its head
Oft rests in lowly spot;
'Tis known among the rich and great,
And in the poor man's cot.
Its course, like true love's, is not smooth;
It meets with scorn and frown;
It sees great changes, but through all
Still wears the regal crown.

Without my second's aid you ne'er
Could boldly utter No;
The sun himself would cease to shine:
We'd have no rain or snow.
The Frenchman gay could never dress
En deshabelle again;
Nor could he say his lady-love
Appeared with skirts *en train*.

My third is very near, and if
To seek it you should try,
You'll find it in the darkest nights,
When least you think it nigh.

My fourth the lawyer often writes
Upon his brief with care;
But with a partner it appears,
And has a foreign air.

My whole with hopes and fears is fraught,
'Tis old, and yet 'tis young;
Its history is still untold,
Its songs are yet unsung.
It brings a thought of ruins old,
Of perfumes fine and rare,
Of cruel war, of meek-eyed peace,
Of all things new and fair.
O poets, weave your sweetest verse
To chronicle its fame;
And all ye wise and witty ones,
Now give to it a name.

M. W.

INITIAL CHANGES.

CHANGE the initial of a word often applied to a quantity of bread, and get to secure; again, and get part of a ship; again, and find a fastening; again, and discover to mate; again, and you will get what most boys like to possess.

C.

MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a river in the United States, and find a title. 2. Curtail the river, and find a fruit. 3. Syncope the river, and find a sound. 4. Transpose the title, and find a Shakespearean king. 5. Transpose the fruit, and find to gather; again, and find to diminish. 6. Transpose the sound, and get a jump; again, and get an inclosure; again, and find an excuse. 7. Syncope to gather, and get a blow. 8. Curtail the fruit, and obtain a vegetable. 9. Behead the inclosure, and get a liquor. 10. Behead the excuse, and get a meadow. 11. Curtail the title, and find a part of the body.

ISOLA.

BROKEN WORDS.

FILL the first blanks with words made by dividing the word chosen for the remaining blank.

1. I was not, with so small a —, — to make the business a — one. 2. Unless he could — prejudices, he had no other — than to leave the country. 3. I saw at my — offered him which showed there had been great — since the simple customs of earlier days. 4. To — — would not have been deemed — by the Whigs in Revolutionary times. 5. She, taking his —, — him away from the delicate toy he so roughly —.

B.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(Prefix the same syllable of two letters to the name of each of the objects represented, and form a word.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Light gains make heavy purses.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Canton.

WORD-SQUARE.—

R	A	P	I	D
A	R	O	M	A
P	O	L	A	R
I	M	A	G	E
D	A	R	E	D

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be above oppressing those beneath you.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A	C	E				
H	I	R	A	M		
S	C	R	A	P	E	R
T	A	P	E	S		
W	E	D				

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bullet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Iceland, Volcano.

I	—	V
C	—om—	O
E	—ar—	L
L	—aconi—	C
A	—nn—	A
N	—ewto—	N
D	—od—	O

CHARADE, No. 2.—Nobility.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.—

L	Y	R	I	C
Y	O	U	T	H
R	U	P	E	R
I	T	E	M	S
C	H	E	S	S

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—A, Apt, April, Tin, L.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Maxwell W. Turner and Marion Abbot answered correctly all the puzzles in the May number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES in the same number were received, previous to May 18, from Nelly Perry, "Alex," Arnold Guyot Cameron, E. D. Hennessy, Marien McG. Dwight, Nellie Emerson, "Violet, Lily-of-the-Valley, and Heliotrope," Allie Bertram, "Golden Eagle," Martin Sampson, E. L. M., Nettie Marcellus, "Cad," Harriet Brewer, Charlie Hotchins, Nellie Chase, Frieda E. Lippert, Charles S. Riché, Lulie M. French, Archie Wellington, Eddie H. Eckel, Nellie S. Smith, Brainerd P. Emery, "Lulie," Ethan Allen, Tillie Alden Plume, Martin W. Sampson, Henry O. Fetter, Grace and Lucian Tripp, Camilla Ridgeley, Grace D. Hubbard, Fred Cook, Howard Steele Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, A. E. and C. Mestre, Emily Dibblee, Lillie J. Studebaker, John Hinkley, Herbert P. Moore, "Hodena," Alice L. Campbell, Belle W. Brown, "Captain Nemo," "Killdeer," Nellie A. Morton, Albert Strong, Nessie E. Stevens, F. L. O., Mary L. Boyd, Minnie W. Hitchcock, Carrie S. Simpson, Louie Lawrence, E. A. Townsend, Emma Tritch, Willie H. Johnson, Wilson Rockhill, Fannie H. Townsend, "Apollo," R. L. Parsons, S. Clinton Willets, Nellie Kellogg, L. A. Kittinger, Nell T. Davis, Robert L. Groendycke, Fannie H. Smith, Carrie Lawson, Annie Hayden, C. W. Horner, Jr., H. Engelbert, May P. Daly, Lilla M. Rowland, John Pyne, "Lou," E. N. Hughes.

THE ARMY OF BIRD-DEFENDERS.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

(The Grand Muster-Roll was published in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1875. The first supplement appeared in July, and the second in August, of the same year.)

Sallie Wilson, of Philadelphia, sends the following long list: Sallie Wilson, Josie B. Schell, Arolean F. Schell, Marion E. Schell, Mary Kelly, Mamie J. Monaghan, Susie A. Monaghan, Minnie Dreher, Minnie Lomax, Katie Lomax, Annie Lomax, Celia Cozen, Laura V. Price, Harry W. Naulty, Lillie Walters, Henrietta Wenerd, Maggie Doyle, Julia Kean, Emma Fellenbaum, Lizzie Culbertson, Nellie Munyon, Essie McGuire, Maggie Wallace, Tacy Stagner, Maude R. Johnson, Susie R. Pugh, Emelie Pascoe, Katie Kirk, Annie E. Kirk, Bella Canning, Clara Hoffman, Lizzie Scattergood, Clara Myers, Fannie Myers, Mary Rodgers, Katie Moore, Annie Percy, Annie Marley, Mary McClosky, Lizzie O'Neil, Lizzie McClinchy, Frank McGonigal, Ellie McGonigal, Rose McGonigal, Katie McGonigal, Tessie McGonigal, Annie McGonigal, Jennie McGonigal, Ignatius McGonigal, Jim McGonigal, Dennie McGonigal, Annie Caral, Emma Brown, John Brown, Bill Brown, Susie Clard, Willie Gable, Carrie Gable, Harry Loback, Coll Biennum, Carrie Brown, Ellic Nugent, Alice Nugent, Davy Nugent, Mamie Nugent, Joe Buckman, Regina Flanagan, Sallie Flanagan, Maggie Kelly, Katie Kelly, Mary Power, Mary McNeils, Kate Brumaker, Clara Heron, Annie Murry, Mary Boyd, Mary Shepherd, Mary Patton, Pauline Patton, Mary O'Donnell, Lizzie O'Donnell, Willie O'Donnell, Katie Percy, Mary Percy, Maggie Perry, Mary Cramp, Mary Daly, Ellic Daly, Jennie Johann, Alice Anderson, Florence Mercy, Mamie Sausfield, Rose Brown, Sarah Dougherty, Mary Dougherty, Jennie Corrigan, Maggie Woods, Maggie Miller, Mary Ryan, Mary Gabil, Harry Gabil, Harry Mollhead, Kate Emitten, Annie McLoughlin, Susie McLoughlin, Katie English, Maggie McGarvy, Mamie Rian, Katie Rian, Katie Brown, Katie McGee, Mary McGee, Lizzie Roman, Bessie Rob, Mary Donovan, Susie McTague, Mary Casset, Fressie O'Neil, Emelie Lyons, Race Brown, Annie Denner, Agnes Denner, Alice Conelly, and Agnes Comy.

E. Benj. Cushing sends a list of one hundred and thirteen names for Company A, First Regiment Texas Bird-defenders: B. Rice, D. C. Rice, E. S. Wickes, Terry Smith, Dan Cushing, Dabney Tabb, Ed. Taylor, Oscar Reynaud, J. Shearn, Jr., E. McAsham, W. K. Mendenhall, Bennie Barke, Walter Tabb, O. Edgarley, W. Edgarley, George Burse, Ben Wettermark (lieutenant), James McKeever, Eddie McKeever, J. H. Wright, O. Fenn, E. F. McGowan, P. H. Hardcastle, A. F. Sharpe, Jr., C. G. Glass, H. D. Taylor, Jr., W. R. Taylor, John Stewart, Burrell Stewart, A. S. J. Hohenthal, T. H. Franklin, H. House, Jr., L. Levy, J. A. Adery, F. W. Adery, S. McDonough, F. McDonough, R. A. Scurry, George R. Bursee, Egan Benniffeil, C. Hand, J. T. Hall, Jr., S. H. Moore, B. Gonzalez, W. G. Burke, John Underwood, Floya King, Prodel King, Ed. Smith, Mug Smith, Alf. Smith, Henry Smith, Robt. McCloy, Willie Winfield, Shine Pennefiel, Wm. Stuart, Frank Fenn, Major Anderson, May Johnson, Lillie Burke, Willie Gillette, Virginia Gillette, Lilla Gillette, Anna Allen, Tana Couradi, Carrie Bryan, Elice Watterman, Anna Forsgard, Emma Johnson, Lola Johnson, Lila Baynaud, Sarah Lofton, Gussie Edgarley, Emma Mitchell, S. Bond, Tom Bond, Jr., L. Martin, John Flewallen, Percy Mitchell, Joe Hamilton, William Faqua, W. Bailey, Geo. Brown, Geo. McAttee, Lucy Everett, Sarah Gillette, Jennie Harris, Matt Hall, Alice Butler, Fannie Phillips, Liza Anderson, Lucy Childers, Sarah Moore, Rachel Smith, Jennie Palmer, Louise Hopkins, Eloise Szabb, Stella Jones, Lotta Jones, Shirley Whitaker, Courtney Whitaker, Nettie Cushing, Mattie Burke, Fannie Burke, Johanna Johnson, Harry Mitchell, John Parrott, Sam Lego, Percy D. Moore, C. C. McGowan, Willie Grey, and Sam Wastheimer.

Mollie Wade, of Newton, N. J., sends this list: Carrie Wentworth, Ernest Wentworth, May Wentworth, Maud Clifford, Belle Clifford, Harry St. Clare, Mabel St. Clare, Ray St. Clare, Clinton Rogers, Frank Harrison, Herbert Harrison, Dick Harrison, Minnie Harrison, Will Re Monn, Grace Re Monn, H. Louis Hanford, Jessie De Lon, Frank De Lon, H. Howard Willard, Jr., Blanche Russell, Harry Stockton, Jr., Edith Stockton, Bertha Hastings, Maud Hastings, Ned Hastings, Clara Howard, Carl Howard, Rob Atherton, Jr., Annie Rober, Marie Baldwin, Mattie Stoll, Louise Reynolds, Gert-

rude Reynolds, Frank Reynolds, Clarence Reynolds, Bessie Reynolds, Harvey Reynolds, Harry Reynolds, Eva Reynolds, Joe Reynolds, H. D. Horton, Jr., Katie Horton, Rod Horton, Frank Insley, Rhoda Crawford, Isabel Crawford, Lillie Pellet, Fred Pellet, J. R. S. Howard Sanford, Bertie Sanford, Pearl Clifford, Frank Hewett, Percy Clifton, Nellie Denver, Frank Denver, Carrie Goldthaite, Edith Mansfield, Rose Mansfield, Herbert Scribner, Fan Martini, Stella Conway, Charlie Conway, Art. Conway, Louise Dayton, Tillie Dayton, Theo. Wade, Cleveland Wade, Mollie Wade, Katie Watson, Will H. Harford, M. Minnie Leon, H. Joe Leon, Clifford Leon, Sam Bonner, Dora Bonner, Kittie Willis, and Mabel Willis.

Sadie B. Williams and Ella R. Robb, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, join, and send other names as follows: Amanda Park, Ella Foerg, Annie Nourse, Mollie Wood, Laura Wintersmith, Sallie Getting, Bettie McMutury, Katie Cisell, Allie Vandupe, Lena Moore, Ella Bunnell, Nannie West, Nannie Quigley, Alice Chenault, Bettie English, Julia Park, Missie Warfield, Mattie Hill, Nellie Hill, Birdie Weaver, Lizzie English, Nannie Campbell, Annie Jagger, Lillie Brown, Rose Heagan, Katie Grimm, Annie Grimm, Sam Dick, Lulu Showers, Lizzie Sweets, Carrie Sweets, Mattie Collins, Maggie Stanger, Jessie Bryce, Allie Stoval, Carter Brown, Nannie Wood, Hallie Hall, Mollie Crow, Ella Crow, S. Campbell, E. A. Rowell, William Hammond, Charlie Campbell, James Allen, Charlie Allen, Ed. Runer, Jos. P. Vance, Ed. Campbell, Wm. Spence, Kate Jacob, Annie Eliza Cresap, Lulu Dyer, Ella Nourse, Essie White, Nat Danial, Della Barnes, Rosa Danial, Lillie Phillips, Rob Phillips, Kate Nevit, Jennie Hawkins, Mollie Quiggins, Eloie Dyer, Mary Edney, Willie King, Lizzie Tolson, Belle Percy, Della Campbell, Archie Dick, Jim Heagan, Jane Perry, E. G. Robb, W. D. Robb, S. A. Campbell, Carrie Albert, and Mattie Cofer.

Jennie K. Doyle, of Buffalo, sends the following names: Mrs. Newman, Clara Harwood, Katie Sexaner, Matilda Herman, Mary Crowley, Fanny Swans, Maggie Jones, Katie Mang, Maggie Ewald, Mary Scheaney, Christine School, Maggie Darmstater, Kate Newman, Kate R. Hanson, Mrs. A. De Voe, Mrs. Kinneer, Nettie Kinneer, Blanche Kinneer, Nettie Miller, A. Siret, C. A. Kinneer, Mrs. Shattuck, Clara Wolf, Oliver Wolf, Mary Wolf, Delia Kraus, Allie Kraus, Grace Parker, Ella Baker, Hattie Oaks, Nellie Soule, Fanny Crowley, John Kraus, Nellie Crowley, Alice Nelson, Alice Doyle, Susie Parker, Lizzie McArthur, Cora Matice, Mary Larnered, Cornelia Norton, Fannie Moulton, Lillie Rasdon, Maggie Rasdon, Mary Gray, Lillie Davis, Jennie Fulman, Phoebe Evans, Charlie Stoddard, Jessie Brown, Fannie Mister, Jennie Franketrine, Minnie Franketrine, Aggie Maentrey, Lizzie Crowley, Mary Bush, Annie Hager, Minnie Caskley, Annie K. Doyle, Hattie Morrey, Jennie K. Doyle.

Nellie Panchen, of Jersey City, sends her name with a number of her friends': Nellie Panchen, Theora Barber, Nettie Huggins, Emile Mernard, Jessie Constant, Julia La Boyteau, Julia Sawent, Annie Menge, Jessie Welwood, Addie Stickel, Lizzie Williams, Katie Hargitan, Lucretie Hewitt, Annie Hewitt, Mary Grant, Lydia Paterson, Fannie Van Pelt, Francis Verhoff, Gussie Reuter, Emma Reuter, Jennie Kessler, Emma Graves, Fannie Reehill, Minnie Smith, Charlie Smith, Eddie Smith, Willie Smith, Ollie Coles, George Coles, Alex. Coles, Eddie Stodought, Harry Clarkson, Lewis Mernard, Willie Van Riper, Libbie Panchen, Mollie Taylor, Lillie Reeves, Mattie Seymour, Cynthia Huggins, Orly Huggins, Kate Constant, Hattie Stodought, Sarah Francis, Kate Van Riper, Libbie Elmendorf, J. Van Riper, W. Elmendorf, Harry Schoonmaker, William Matie, Frank Welwood, Eddie Hill, Frank Bell, William Hill, C. Reeves, William Reeves, Addie Hathaway, Frank Davis, Elmer Haskill, Mamie Brown, Susan Little, and Hattie Lockwood.

Annie U. Wood, of Buffalo, N. Y., sends this list: Annie U. Wood, Lizzie C. Wood, William H. Wood, Lillie Farquhar, Henry Saunders, May Loomis, Mattie Ingersoll, Lillie Cheney, Belle McCartney, Edna Hyde, Clara Dollinger, Charley Dollinger, Mary Robertson, Anna Allen, Nellie Roberts, Lulu Morgan, Lizzie Andrews, Maggie Hogan, Katie Albro, Ella Johnson, L. M. Stevenson, Miss Collins, A. F. Hitchcock, Wilmett Turner, Addison Smith, Theodore Smith,

Hattie Wood, Alice Parker, Elmer Parker, Frank Williams, Clark Roberts, Clara Stangel, Flora Smith, Nellie Smith, John Caudell, Hattie Gale, Hattie Clark, Lillie Swarts, Willie Clark, May Bidwell, Katie Roberts, Katie Clark, Hattie Roberts, Jennie Robertson, Frank Rose, Luella Hall, Nellie Thayer, Alice Baker, Alice Gorham, Katie Chatfield, and Frank Gorham.

Willie O. Lovell, of Malden, Mass., sends the following names: Howard Cook, Bertie Turner, Willie Lovell, George King, Belle Turner, Nora Twoomey, Lucy Durand, Lawrence Shepard, Susan Durand, Frederick Hall, Albert Hamnett, Willie Came, Edwin Knight, Charlie Chamberlain, Edwin Litch, Gregory Charlton, Gertrude Rhoades, Emma Lovell, Everett Marchant, Arthur Scribner, Edward Shepard, Lynde Sullivan, Bessie Turner, Lawrence Newhall, Ambrose Aldrich, Frederick Brown, Charles Fogg, Louise Rafferty, Dana Johnson, Amelia Johnson, George Osborne, Everett Lovejoy, Carrie Bickford, Frederick Horner, Harry Allen, Ida McKenzie, Clarence Josselyn, Allie Green, Frank Bagnall, James Fernald, Leon Robie, Frank Fisher, Walter Lewis, Willie Beardslee, Harry Stanion, John Cronin, Carrie Brooks, Rebecca Garfield, Ebbie Wells, Harry Keith, Frank Johnson, Fannie Brown, Mary Putnam, and Willie O. Lovell.

Louise Scribner, of Newton, N. J., sends the following list: Louise Scribner, Leigh Scribner, Jr., Ida Scribner, Frank Scribner, Maude Carleton, Janie Carleton, Louis Mitchell, Will De Long, Ethel De Long, Ned De Long, Eloise Henkei, Bertha Russell, Arthur Hope, Fred Hope, Ruby Hope, Maggie Hope, Fan Hope, Hattie Hope, Daisy Robinson, Blanche Darling, Alice Westbrook, Laura Westbrook, Adele Heidenthal, Walter Heidenthal, Frank Fletcher, Fred Heitz, Richard Le Roy, Dick Harrington, Ada Willard, Clara Willard, Lill Willard, Milton Willard, Harry K. Willard, Stephen S. Hubbard, Frantz McCoy, Mabel Howell, Monroe Howard, Rosa Leigh, Charlie Leigh, Herbert Langley, Evelyn Percy, Harold Percy, Rose Percy, Rio Percy, Lio Percy, La Forge Bonnel, Bessie Rose-dale, Daisy Rosedale, Nellie Stearns, Madeleine Fawn, Claude Snow, Claudia Snow, Edith Frost, Marguerite Frost, Theo. Frost, Victor Frost, Charlie Arlington, Grace Atherton, Leonore Norwood, Edna Erle, and Clare St. Lo.

Lulie Miles, of Newport, Maine, sends the following list: Alice Harriman, Effie Miles, Annie Miles, Mattie Harriman, Sophia Harriman, Sarah Severance, Ada Day, Myrtle Day, Jennie Fernald, Lillie McFarland, Hattie Russell, May Williams, May Bean, Abbie Judkins, Nora Jenkins, Lizzy Willey, Annie Hasty, Vesta Oakes, Mamie Pike, Julia Rowe, Lulie Loud, Mattie Merrill, Delia Merrill, Theo. Joice, Ellie Moore, Effie Moore, Cora Manning, Augusta Barnes, Mary Harriman, Allie Knights, Dimple Merrill, Dora Howard, Carrie Pickeren, Josie Springer, Lulie Miles, Charley Sargent, Ruil Larri-bee, Bert Chase, Frank Gurney, George Merrill, Nat Springer, Frank Jenkins, Alfred Miles, Lindsay Hasty, Willie Steadman, Percy Oakes, Hollis Luce, James Harriman, Frank Bayman, Orsa Lowell, and Robert Jenkins.

Annie Cutler, of New Haven, Conn., sends these names: Annie Cutler, Sophie Olmstead, Susie Olmstead, Kittie Blair, Miss Mary Blair, Nannie B. Trowbridge, Alice B. Forbes, Lottie R. Fisher, Ella Williams, Louise Alden, Ethel Gale, Sadie Brush, Lizzie Brush, Annie Dexter, Maud Ingersoll, Ethel C. Walker, Hattie Woodruff, Maud Magill, Marion Thurston, Jennie Chapman, Florence Graves, Belle Murdock, Bertha Hawes, Mabel Hawes, Susie Candee, Etta Winchell, Carlton Graves, May Wehner, Helen Morris, Nemmie Morris, Charley Morris, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Tuttle, Julia Hart, Howard Hart, Hattie Peck, Sumner Peck, and Alice Chapman.

Nellie Hoge, of Bellaire, Ohio, sends the following list: Nellie Hoge, Alice Felton, Belle Montgomery, Ella Gorby, Annie Hoge, Bessie Hoge, Mary Megaw, Ida Wetherald, Maggie Faris, Ida Thompson, Lyle Thoburn, Willie Stuart, Willie Smith, Calvin MacCullough, Maggie Westlake, Lyde Heatherington, Katie Muth, Mack Gray, John Jennings, Mary Powell, Laura Anshutz, Sallie Mills, Pheny Schven, Martha Crystal, Jennie Crisswell, Mary Marsh, Florence Williams, Delora Osborne, Mary Hall, Lella Snively, Mary Richardson, Luella Fulton, Viola Osborne, Julia Faupel, Maggie Nelson, Louisa Halen, Annie Miller, and Willie Dee.

Anna S. Shannon, Mary W. Price, and Allie L. Carter send the following list: Mollie J. Freeman, Spencer Douglass, Caroline T. Smidt, Isabella Tayler, Charles M. Price, Henry C. Johnson, Horatio G. Manville, Mattie Tompkins, Maud Young, Lizzie Ferguson, Jennie L. Jones, Annie E. Anderson, Emma J. Moore, Alice L. Howe, Laura E. Anthony, Amelia M. Draper, Peter A. Hays, Geo. Moon,

Simeon Hunt, Lillie Underwood, Aaron Edmunds, Caroline D. Norton, Richard McCarty, Caroline M. Vroman, Lizzie M. Vedder, Ella O. Cook, Della C. Greene, Alfred Swartfigure, Catharine O. Kent, Minnie T. Goodrich, and Annie L. Lewis.

Willie Simpson, of Prattville, Ala., sends this list: Jessie Howell, Julia Smith, Nora McWilliams, Ellen Rush, Annie Bowen, Lula Smith, Mary Smith, Mary Rush, John Simpson, Lizzie Rush, Hattie Morgan, Carrie Morgan, Emma Jenkins, Zula Gardner, Katie Gardner, Mary Sims, Julia Spigner, Tabula Davis, Annie Howell, Katie Doster, Eunice Hazen, L. M. Whetstone, Sallie Jones, Freddie and Charlie Hildreth, Hallie and Sallie Hamilton, Emmet Smith, Hattie Pearce, Corinne Doster, Daisy Golsen, Octavia Rush, Edna Davis, Olive Booth, Mary Pratt, Bell Northington, Mary Simpson, Charles Hazen, Charles Rush, Lula and Ada Ellis, Ellen Morgan, and Percy Howell.

Katie E. Gilligan, of Plainfield, sends the following names: Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Belcazar, Constance Burke, Elsie Gilligan, John Stevens, Bob Stevens, Anna Stevens, Minnie Stevens, Bessie Stevens, Ada Marsh, Emily Groff, Irene Affeck, Howard Naylor, Willie Moore, George Moore, Maggie Warnock, Minnie Stephenson, Annie Gillies, Beulah Ketcham, Jessie Munger, Emma Keller, Jennie Leeland, George Cramer, Katy Stryker, Mamie Woodhouse, Norma Freeman, Jennie Vosseller, Louie Kaufman, Grace Daniels, Jennie Harriott, and Katie Gilligan.

C. Jennie Knight and Mary F. Carew, of South Hadley Falls, send the following names: C. Jennie Knight, Mary F. Carew, Joseph Carew, Frank Carew, Sr., Frank Carew, Jr., George Carew, Jennie Benton, Mary B. Dwight, Virginia A. Hawkins, Thomas Pendigast, Richard Knight, Jane M. Knight, Alice C. Knight, Alice Cummings, H. W. Taylor, W. T. Hollister, George Camp, James Sinclair, May Walker, Mary Sinclair, Jennie Douglas, Kittie Walker, Effie Walker, Edith Allen, Eddie Long, Mary Q. Colman, Grace M. Knight, Georgia S. Hitchcock, Edith Avery, and Lizzie L. Whitney.

Willie H. Van Allen, of Holland Patent, Oneida Co., N. Y., joins the army and sends the following list of names: D. D. Van Allen, Fanny J. Van Allen, Fred Chasseil, E. F. Carrier, Owen Owens, Freda Crane, Jennie Williams, George Peabody, Laura Peabody, Eddie Peabody, E. C. Peabody, E. W. Peabody, Mary Owens, Wallace Owens, Robert Evans, Robert R. Owens, Willie Sizer, David Davis, Willie Rowlands, John E. Jones, Welcome Jones, Annie Williams, Charlie Moulton, David R. Davis, Marion Robinson, Richard Davis, Tommy Davis, Mary Williams, Hattie Olin, J. McK. Brayton, Grant Rollins, and Gurdon Pride.

Jessie Boning, of Paoli, Wis., sends her own and other names, as follows: Helen Boning, Margaret Boning, Lilly Boning, Jessie Boyd, Peter Boyd, Jessie Greene, Archie Greene, Jessie Parkhurst, Varnie Parkhurst, Ellen Parkhurst, Alice Ulrich, Sarah Berg, Johnnie Berg, Flora Crocker, John Meyers, Adolphus Meyers, Mary Meyers, Elmer Matts, Helen Matts, Alma Matts, Alice Matts, Florence Matts, Willie Clark, Willie Gaefke, Anna Gaefke, Lizzie Gaefke, Fritz Gaefke, Elmer Cooper, Alminie Cooper, John Warner, Edna Warner, Frank Bethel, Albert Keve, Oscar Minch, Carl Minch, Alphas Seward, Alonzo Greene, Henry Boning, and John Boyd.

W. M. Tewksbury, of Newburyport, sends the following list: Mary Clark, Mary Kidder, Elizabeth Christopher, Gertie Fogg, Susie Fogg, Carrie Gonzales, Lizzie Gonzales, Gracie Gonzales, Flora Fisher, Ida Spencer, Ella Spencer, Lil Brookes, Aggie Cheney, Bella Morris, Lizzie Cotter, Milton Clark, George Graves, Frankie McKinney, Willie Tewksbury, Walter Morgan, L. G. Bonney, Benny Brooks, I. L. Stickney, Benny Chandler, James Morse, G. H. Lorel, Willie Abbot, G. Forsaith, John Vanney, Charlie Chase, W. Jewell, Henry Kinball, and Willie Morgan.

Adelia A. Nichols, of Chicago, Ill., sends this list: Amelia F. Nichols, Kittie W. Haven, Alice Haven, Carrie Densmore, Kittie Danforth, Harry Danforth, Albert Palmer, Adam Koehler, Fannie Mauran, Ellen Swartley, May Thompson, Libbie Reed, May Crockett, Katie Strader, Cora Pierce, Louie Watson, Richard Watson, Mamie King, Bell King, Nellie Leach, Carrie Tait, Hattie Wilson, Olive White, Shreeve Badger, George Cole, and Adelia A. Nichols.

Maud McLean, of Rochester, Minn., sends the following list: John Cook, May Cook, Jane Cook, Charlie Wilson, Annie Wilson, Emily Wilson, Mate Cross, Myra Cross, Annie Cross, Helen Lete, Louise McLean, Marshall McLean, Maud McLean, Charley Vandouyen, Stella Vandouyen, Emma Vandouyen, Charlie Chadburne, Etta Chadburne, Archie Stevenson, Wm. Mayo, Wm. Murdock, Elwin Briggs, Cordie Jones, Nathalie McLean, Dorcas Carr, and Yora Baxter.

Belle Eddy, of Albion, N. Y., joins and sends other names as follows: Yune Bedell, Jennie Bishop, Grace Billings, Lottie Billings, Cora Billings, Minnie Powers, Hen. Holland, Clio Smiley, Sue Berry, Kate Berry, Edwin Bidleman, Harlon Billings, Geo. Billings, Sammy Smiley, Frank Smiley, George Smiley, Frank Colburn, Charlie Colburn, Johnnie Bishop, Frank Bishop, G. Benton, Lavant Bedell, Steph Bedell, and Frank Bedell.

Richard L. Hovey, of Washington, D. C., sends these names: Walter S. Dodge, Mattie Dodge, Horace Austin Dodge, Daisy Mills, Ballard N. Morris, Emma Morris, Kate Griggs, Dottie Griggs, Belle Price, Ida Price, Wm. S. Knox, Anna Bray, Mr. John Bray, Gen. C. E. Hovey, Mrs. Gen. C. E. Hovey, Mr. Farnham Spofford, Mrs. F. Spofford, James A. Hovey, and Jennie Dodge.

Willie Hyde, of Pottsville, Pa., sends the following names: Florence Ryan, Maria Bracken, Mary Beatty, Sallie Walker, Tillie Garretson, Maria Thompson, Bessie Thompson, Clara Dengler, Paul Sheaffer, Phoebe Atkins, Laura Lanagan, Silver Ghay, Tillie Patterson, Florrie Hyde, Emily Beck, Katie Boyer, Willie Whitney, Mallie Moorhead, Julia Smith, Maria Garretson, John Carpenter, Willie Beck, and Willie Hyde.

Carrie B. Salmon, of Fulton, sends her own name with those of the following friends: Minnie B. Salmon, Frankie A. Lake, Lilian E. Lake, Gussie F. Shaw, Bertie H. Hoff, Putnam H. Allen, Addie Shaw, Gertie Nichols, Ada F. Thayer, Gracie L. Smith, Julia Kimball, Jessie Kimball, Gertie Dada, Willie Hoff, Charlie White, Bertha Lee, Hattie M. Bradshaw, Bertha E. Elder, and Bessie Davenport.

Louie Flagg, of Cedar Grove, R. I., joins and sends other names as follows: Alice R. Brigham, Edward F. Brigham, Belle Adams, Addie A. White, Nellie A. Hammond, Luena J. Winsor, Ella A. Dunham, Hattie E. Hathaway, Charlie F. Martin, Hattie J. Peck, Sarah McMillan, Mary A. E. Ferris, Cassie Ferris, Susan D. White, Nellie M. Chace, Nellie White, Cora T. Brown, and Geo. D. Peck.

Lewis T. Austerwell, of St. Louis, sends these names: Ida W. Thomas, Alfred Taussig, Mary Bean, Florence Austerwell, Isaac N. Hayden, H. Edward Thompson, Annie J. Bean, Mattie Taussig, Forrester Hardy, Alice D. Austerwell, Ashton G. Bean, Alice H. Thompson, Julia V. Austerwell, Chas. T. Thompson, Junia Austerwell, William Wills, and Ellen Wills.

Laura Lyon, of Ithaca, N. Y., sends the following list: Mary McGaugh, Kate McGaugh, Nellie Russel, Gussie Clark, Minnie Clark, Lulu Heggie, Mamie Finch, Rose Mulligan, Eliza Robinson, Lucy Lyon, Phil Lyon, Mary Lyon, Susan Lyon, Marcus Lyon, and Laura Lyon.

Alice Gale, of Minneapolis, Minn., sends the following list: Bell Gale, Eddie Gale, Laura Philip, Anna Gale, Harlon Gale, Harry Philip, Florence Brooks, Gerty Leonard, Belle Cadwell, Kate Hawkins, Minnie Brackett, Nelly Young, Mattie Phelps, Marion Gale, Tamar Gale, Anna Kokes, Maria Hardy, and Alice Gale.

Mary D. Gunn, of Lexington, Ky., sends the following names: Emma Kenney, Lena Hoeing, Lizette Hayman, Fannie Todd, Ophelia Childs, Almira Woolfolk, Mary Woolfolk, Mattie Berkley, Sallie Young, Annie Williams, Willie Gunn, and Mary D. Gunn.

Norman G. Dakin, of Laporte, Indiana, sends this list: Norman Dakin, Minnie Ash, Louie Weaver, Lloyd Weaver, Allie Dakin, Annie Taber, Hattie Ash, Addison Catron, Fred King, Ellie Wier, Fred Wier, Allie Cochran, Ollie Ludlow, Josie Will, and Rosa Will.

Ned M. Hayden, of Wolcottville, Conn., sends these names: Ned M. Hayden, Helen E. Hayden, Carrie B. Lathrop, Merritt McNeil, Jerry Phelps, Henry Clark, Freddie Lyons, Benny Hopkins, John Davy, Clinton Goodwin, Lenny Wheeler, Charlie Finn, Henry Bell.

Julia Ashley, of Providence, R. I., sends these names: Julia B. Ashley, Fannie O. Ashley, Laura E. Healy, Nellie Hutchins, Annie L. Wilde, and Jennie P. Barton.

May Smith, of Brooklyn, sends the following names: Alice Boughton, Herbert Boughton, Eva Clafin, Alice Howell, Nellie Brimsmaid, Hampton Howell, Louis Smith, Julia Smith, and May Smith.

Lizzie Mease, of Pleasantville, sends these names: Jessie Sheffield, Delia Germer, Nettie Newkirk, Lida Peterman, Nettie Miller, Mattie Holman, Nettie Brinker, Emma Smith, Eddie Mease, Watt Mease, Mrs. Mease, Mrs. Skinner, Rena Lapham, and Lizzie Mease.

C. R. Fultz sends these names: C. Fultz, F. Fultz, G. Fultz, S. Vivian, S. Crafts, A. McClosky, L. Abbott, A. Hamblin, G. Freeman, W. Toomy, and W. Miller.

Olive Ann Freratt, of New Orleans, sends the following names: Julia Scott Ogden, Hatty B. Britton, Edith Davies, Nelly Hall, and Bertha Frankenbush.

Abbie N. Gunnison, of Dorchester, sends this list: Lottie M. Gunnison, Jennie A. Carr, Charlie Hewins, Walter Hewins, Alfred P. Rexford, Lizzie D. Coolidge, Minnie L. Stone, Amanda R. Wood, Nilla Howe, Annie Howe, and Abbie N. Gunnison.

James A. Hill, of Hackensack, N. J., sends the following names: Harry Labagh, Irvie Labagh, Louey Labagh, and Jennie Labagh.

Eva G. Wanzer, of Chicago, sends these names: Wallie Wood, Katie Wood, Lizzie Pridham, Jessie Pridham, Carrie Hubbard, Jennie Hubbard, Emma Finch, Willie Wanzer, and Eva G. Wanzer.

Montie Horton, of Amesbury, Mass., sends the following names: Lillie Little, Gracie Bailey, Fannie Burlingame, Josie Burlingame, Fannie Osgood, and Montie Horton.

Blanche Lientz, of Cedar Lawn, sends these names: Mattie Carlie, Carrie McKinney, Ella Wilhite, Ella Lientz, Rollin Lyman, Mary Lyman, Annie McQuitty, Ottie Hickman, and Mollie Sampson.

Lillie May Farman, of Claremont, N. H., sends these names: Willie Bean, Nathan Fay, Charlotte Hubbard, Willie Hubbard, Fred S. Carr, Ida M. Carr, and Lillie May Farman.

Eldridge W. Hutchins, of Billerica, Mass., sends the following list: Emily Hazen, Charlotte Hazen, Jessie Underhill, Annie T. Shedd, Carrie Baker, Lucy Baker, Lizzie Morrissey, and E. W. Hutchins.

Jodie A. McCullough, of Line Creek, S. C., sends these names: Ida Charles, Anna Stepp, Clara McCullough, Jodie A. McCullough, Ida Brooks, and Sullie Eppes.

Ida E. Skidd, of Mobile, Ala., sends this list: Minnie Mackay, Adelia Mackay, Olive Russel, Gracie Mighell, Jennie Flinn, Mary Mighell, Eugenia Skidd, Alice Flinn, and Cornelia Schoots.

Harry C. Wiles sends the following list: Harry C. Wiles, Thomas Corbin, Willie Corbin, Chas. Hall, Abraham Phillips, Johnny Williams, Charles Halstead, and Willie Smithey.

H. C. J. J. Cameron, of Camden, N. Y., sends the following list: Aggie Huyck, Lena Goodyear, A. W. F. Clapp, Nellie Carman, Kittie More, Sarah Witchley, Jennie Park, Dora Upson, Frank Raymond, Mary Robson, Jennie More, and Jimmie Stark.

Harry G. Perkins, of Fitzwilliam, sends this list: Fanny A. Cahill, Aggie Cahill, Susy Haskell, Hatty White, Fanny Batcheller, David Fullam, Edith Perkins, Helen A. Parker, and Harry G. Perkins.

John Gilbert, of Catawissa, Pa., sends these names: Lambert Osmun, Martha Long, Kate Sharpless, Sarah Gilbert, Fannie Keiler, Mary L. Gilbert, Jennie Brobst, Anna Gilbert, and John Gilbert.

Mrs. A. J. Miller, of Patterson, Ga., sends these names: Westcott Miller, Sarah Miller, Montie Miller, Waver Theus, Silvanus Theus, Ida Theus, Martin Theus, Mamie Carter, Lizzie Carter, and Julia Carter.

Birdie and Mabel Bennett send the following list: E. L. Grant, J. R. Grant, Charlie Grant, Mabel Bennett, Charlie Bennett, Birdie Bennett, Ed Parker, L. S. Prest, Belle Smith, Katie Smith, Fanny Smith, Sadie Smith, Tom Garnett, and Laura Garnett.

Jennie and Susie Russell, of Cobleskill, join, and send the following additional names: Lillie Ross, Maud Raymond, Grace Emerson, Louise Laurence, Minnie Lester, and Rose Wilcox.

Fanny T. Quinby, of Pittsfield, Ill., sends these names: Dora Greathouse, Georgiana Gough, Ida Grimes, Lillie Kellogg, Alice Grimes, Lulu Quinby, Lizzie Gallaher, May Crisswell, Laura Mills, and Fanny Quinby.

"Olive," of Hastings, N. Y., sends these names: Katie Koch, Floy Brooks, Lillie Stull, Eric Westlake, Anna Ridgway, Anna Reist, Katie Hershey, Sadie Searight, Alice Beans, Eddie Brooks, Ada Reihman, Ella Crawford, Fannie Stryker, Agnes Bard, Viola Hannum, Hattie Hannum, and Fannie Nabb.

Alice A. Carter sends these names: Alice Carter, Nina Carter, Jennie Woodman, Emma B. Keith, Emma A. Jones, Constance Keith, Carrie Holbrook, Lucia Peabody, Carrie Y. Keith, Lulu Lawrence, Nettie Wilton, and Gracie Eliot.

George E. Stockle, of Cherry Creek, Nevada, sends these names: Edna Scramblen, Mabel Eastwood, Florence Mollinella, Jerald Calder, Frank Burjoice, Jackie Shiller, Elbert Sissin, Arlo Eastwood, Sam Burjoice, and Geo. E. Stockle.

Georgie N. Kerbey, of Braddock's Field, Pa., joins and sends the following names: George W. Kerbey, Cora P. Kerbey, Bessie S. Kerbey, Charley Swemm, Julia Swemm, Johnny Swemm, Bobby Lucas, Charley Lucas, Fannie McConnell, Florence McConnell, Winnie Wilkinson, Mary Wilkinson, and Lulu Wilkinson.

Bessie Kuhn sends these names: Bessie P. Kuhn, Anna M. Bosley, Anna C. Carner, Nettie Wheeler, Elmer Carner, Neil Wheeler, Jas. W. Allison, Edna Meeks, Annie L. Sharp, and W. S. Sutton.

Mary M. Harris, of Moreton Farm, joins and sends other names as follows: Sarah A. Harris, Bella Kewley, Johnny Kewley, Willie Kewley, Lizzie Kewley, Julia Kewley, Sarah J. Renolds, Maggie Harris, Selah Harris, Mary M. Harris, and Annie M. Morton.

Jennie E. Holland, of Hope, Ind., sends these names: Hattie Fishel, Emily Laisy, Augusta Rensswig, Mary Laisy, Ida Laisy, Georgia Keating, and Jennie Holland.

Bessie Morrill, of Cincinnati, sends these names: Albert Henry Morrill, Bessie Morrill, Nellie Morrill, Katie Stewart, Katie Ledyard, Helen Annan, Jessie Brown, Flora D. Brown, Lottie Brown, and Edie Brown.

Fred C. McDonald, of White Plains, sends the following list: Lizzie B. McDonald, Julie R. Fisher, Annie S. Fisher, Mamie B. Fisher, M. Rosalie Cunningham, J. Henry Armbruster, Gertrude P. Schmid, Julia A. Quinby, and Fred C. McDonald.

Grant McNeil, of Akron, O., sends these names: Grant McNeil, Sarah G. McNeil, Jennie A. Gale, Jenny L. Echoren, Helen Echoren, Mrs. M. G. McNeil, Eddie Angier, Ollie Cahow, and Oral Cahow.

"Their Teacher" sends the names of these Oswego boys: Wallie Dempsey, James Hillock, Charles Burt, Frank English, Jimmie Barry, Johnnie Hillock, and George Sloan.

Besides all these lists, the following names have been received: James Montgomery, Morton Montgomery, Jennie Scofield, Arthur C. Miller, Antoinette C. Starkweather, E. and A. Herron, Eliot H. Moore, Carry Preston, Achsa Preston, Robert Preston, Alexander Preston, Laura Stotsenburg, Frank C. Higgins, Nellie Chapin, Chester Yeaman, Marion Yeaman, Lela Yeaman, Maggie M. Ross, Nellie Kellogg, Florence Cleaves, May B. Moulton, Fred Bell, Donald Bell, Bessie and Nellie Morrell, Willie B. Mount, Ella Mount, Clara Hiseock, Minnie Mansfield, Mary King, Katie Windle, Emma A. Hance, Minnie Morgan, Mabel and Ethel Wyant, Lila E. Burton, Clara Muncey, Ralph Clapp, Alexander Laist, L. L. Ropes, Bertie Child, Olivia G. Sherman, Alice M. Sherman, Annie O. Gerry, Johnnie and Marnie Pennington, Lottie Hatch, Louis M. Pratt, Edgar B. Sampson, Annie Dean, Sarah Carlisle Lord, Florence M. Easton, Bessie Vroom, May C. Deane, Eddie F. Pickett, Grace Greenough, Willie Greenough, Mary Gaddis, Harry Stephens Washington, Charles Milnor Washington, Belle Betts, Marshall R. Pugh, Lida A. Clark, Freddy McCrosky, Herbert V. Abbott, Harriet F. Abbott, Ernest Abbott, Hattie L. Emerson, Allina G. Emerson, Sue M. Littell, Charlotte S. Blanchard, Hollie Goodisill, Sadie Goodisill, Constance Clifford, George H. Dale, Eleanor L. Reed, Bertie Reed, Effie Reed, Mollie Russell, Cornelia Russell, Charlie W. Barnes, Alfred J. Barnes, F. Mabel Webster, Richard L. Hill, Jr., Willie Hill, Allie Hill, Joe Hill, Bessie Hotchkiss, Allie Potter, Bessie L. Dickson, Charlie M. Child, Weldon Coltrin, Carrie Salters, Agnes Drew, Bertha Torrance, Lloyd Salters, Rollin Salters, Ethel Salters, Louis M. Sawdon, Edwin I. Sawdon, Nellie S. McCord, May Harvey, Annie Harvey, Hattie Harvey, May Darling, Katie Todd, Nettie Pitt, Virginia Jones, Abby Allen, Alice Godfrey, J. Lauriston Howland, Fannie C. Cushing, Jessie Moon, Egbert P. Watson, Harry E. Miller, Daisy P. Miller, Emily F. Miller, Elizabeth Dyer, Charlotte Dyer, John Dyer, Jr., Mary Jungé, Susan Jungé, William Jungé, Anna Jungé, Lizzie S. Howard, Bessie Daingerfield, Harry James Gilmour, Louis and Finley Shepard, Hattie M. Plummer, A. M. Stillman, Norman Leslie Archer, S. Louise Jessup, Minnie B. Mulford, Carrie Vandercook, George A. Laughlin, Willie Laughlin, Otis Laughlin, Eugene E. Peirce, Florence C. R. Biddle, Marion Miller, Fannie Miller, Sallie E. Harrold, Ida J. Harrold, Ella B. Smith, Anne C. Harper, Allie F. Vineyard, Rosa M. Deuchar, Mrs. Fannie McClain, Emma P. Morton, Ella A. Morton, Jennie C. Morton, Fanny H. H. Kennedy, Henry M. Beal, Maggie Robertson, Katie Robertson, Ida S. Irwin, Louie McMynn, Lucy D. Denison, Mabel E. D. Cumming, Katharine D. Schaus, Mabel Schaus, Fanny Packard, Helen H. Green, Willie Reynolds, Eva Bishop, Minnie Stanwood, Leslie Ashley, George V. Hunt, Bernice Curtis, Alma Jones, Mamie Newell, Annie Newell, Emma Newell, Johnnie Johnson, Amy C. Johnson, James Frazer, Katherine H. Leonard, Clifford Smyth, Grayson G. Knapp, Lulu Haywood, Genevieve Haywood, Aggie Johnson, Jennie Barrett, Sue M. Littell, Mary E. Palmer, Annie Montgomery Horton, Annie Du Bois, Amy Du Bois, Ella Du Bois, Peachy Bacon, George Bacon, Fanny H. H. Kennedy, Mamie L. Rowland, Marion O. Rowland, Charles B. Howard, Fannie J. Pusey, Willie H. Atkinson, Fanny N. Osburn, Lily Uniacke, Katie Uniacke, Robert R. Gibson, Edith E. Stone, Annie Atkinson, Mary L. Middleton, Madeleine D. W. Smith, L. D. Schäffer, Fannie Mil-

ler, Marion Miller, Edwin C. Garrigues, Lee Brand, Charlie Brand, Johnnie Brand, Addie Lawrence, Gracie Arden, Lulu Stone, Willie Lawrence, M. Ella Wright, Anne Henderson, Mary Elizabeth Henderson, Guy E. Pattison, Fannie and Jeanie Brady, Corrie F. Smith, Ellie Arbuckle, Ray Arbuckle, Fred Arbuckle, Jennie Arbuckle, Joey Taplin, Charley Taplin, Eugene C. Holton, Lily Van Riper, Julia Grice, Lulu J. Way, Katie L. Bigelow, Carrie L. Bigelow, Jenny D. Wheeler, Neddie E. Wayland, Rawleigh Colston Blackford, Charles M. Blackford, Willie Larzelere, Leigh Larzelere, William Nelson, George Nelson, Joseph Nelson, Cambol Bowley, Fanny Britton, Jenny Messer, Florence Wilkinson, Frank Britton, Richard and James Morley, Gertrude Turner, Fred Bright, Bessie Bright, Paul Bright, John Bright, Clara Bright, Clare Randolph, Marion Taylor, David H. Shipman, E. May Stedman, Ella Stedman, Mamie Haydock, Mary Vose, Emmie Vose, Ellen C. Emerson, May Nicolovius, Sadie A. Wood, Bertha Wood, Emily Wood, Alice Wood, John V. T. Wood, Bessie Baker, Lillie Baker, Daisy Wood, Tommy W. Fry, Robt. T. Brewer, Caleb W. Hammill, Helen A. Brewer, Mary L. Hammill, C. S. Butterfield, Johnny A. Fry, Herbert P. Kelly, Norton R. Bond, Howard P. Forrest, H. Stanley Leshner, Robert P. Hayes, Myra O. Sutton, Etie Sutton, Georgie V. Hunt, Mamie B. French, Willie A. French, Emily Shaw Sargent, Georgina Warhurst, Lulu Clinton, Arthur Leon Giblin, Albert H. Southwell, Mattie S. Evans, Emma Amelia Gould, Mattie Vaughan Holladay, Annie W. Hayward, Hattie Winfield, Robert H. Birdsall, Thornton Birdsall, Annie K. Emery, Fannie Binswanger, Clifford Brown, Ellsworth Griffith, Marion W. Bond, Frank Bowman, Grace Gould, Alice Gould, Ellen Bowers, Fred Worthington, Ralph Bowman, Anna Wood, Sarah Wood, Ella Davenport, Leonora Davenport, Ada Gasswell, Gussie Sisson, Helissa Swinney, Bettie Thacker, Belle Sebastian, Susie Bellah, Ida Harkey, Lizzie Rondebush, Harry G. Chamberlin, Lulie F. Schock, Geo. W. Gluck, Frank A. Gluck, Mary A. Gluck, Willie Reynolds, Carrie L. Bidleman, Eddie C. Bissell, Walter Norton, Emma Turner, May Turner, Belle Camp, Eva Shaw, Mabel Shaw, Libbie Owen, Delia Judd, Eliza Teeter, Harry Lincoln, Gertie Lincoln, Marjorie Hallett, Grace R. Newton, Winsor Brown, Gracie Brownell, Hattie Brownell, Harry Brownell, Jennie L. Brownell, Charles H. Hull, Mary I. Hull, Rissa Stockwell, Mattie Stockwell, Georgie Stockwell, Johnnie and Clara Miller, Eddie Smith, Clara Meisel, Lila B. Aiken, W. B. Aiken, Charles Yschiffely, Allie Pizey, Georgiana Hollister, Carrie A. Granger, Ruthie E. Granger, Rosie B. Granger, Hattie Learned, Stella T. Johnson, Lizzie L. Howard, Cora L. Shailer, Edith Harrison, Katy E. Raud, Katie W. Nash, Willie Perrine, James E. Bartlett, Lilian Constable, Edwin W. Fay, Nannie C. Long, Clara Long, Helen S. Mackintosh, Fred Collins, Grace S. Emerson, Cora N. Emerson, Carrie M. Kernochan, Josephine Kernochan, Minnie M. Walker, Lulie H. Walker, Henry Owen Fetter, Cecilia Rice, W. L. Young, Nessie Stevens, Bessie G. McLaren, John B. Greiner, Mamie Cummings, Belle Fawcett, Nina Eggleston, Harlow Billings, Nellie Robinson, Lottie Griswold, May G. Holmes, David Holmes, Georgie Holmes, Edith Foster, Florence Foster, Alice Foster, H. W. Lung, James P. Waring, Isabelle B. S. Nichols, Mary E. Coffin, Fannie Tilotson, Susie May Ryder, Alice M. Douglas, Lillie McGowan, Katie Milner, Ellie T. Brewster, R. W. Spalding, Samuel Spalding, Mary De Bard, Helen De Bard, Dora Seaton, Samuel Seaton, Tom E. Willard, Hattie E. Forshe, Madeleine D. W. Smith, Charles W. Reed, Clara Temple Livermore, Jennie Burlingame Livermore, Susie B. Waring, L. E. B. Noxon, Hyland C. Murphy, Elsie F. Eilers, Emma Eilers, Carleton D. Murphy, Carrie B. Wells, Edwin Haviland, Jr., Clarence Haviland, Willie Biddle, Andrew Biddle, May Young, Leila Williams, Eugenie Cole, Emma Butler, Antoinette Matthews, Grace Walker, Agnes Askew, Blanche Morrison, Lila Wood, May Meyers, Clara Phillips, Isabel McKenzie, Laura Griffin, Grace Higbee, Cassie Hamilton, Charles Butler, Willie Butler, Lindsey Barbour, Robert Richardson, Jeanie Finlay, Lizzie C. McMartin, Archie McMartin, Mary McMartin, Bertha Allen, William H. Atkinson, Robbie W. Atkinson, Steven P. Cabot, Moses Williams, Jr., May Fisher, Mary S. Kennedy, Fred Cook, May Smith, Charlie Hotchkiss, Belle Kellogg, Willie Coddington, Freddie Coddington, Robbie Coddington, Silas S. Stone, Gerrie Harter, Bruce Throckmorton, Mamie E. Throckmorton, J. Craig Crawford, Georgie Madden, Eva A. Madden, Sebia Goodie, Anna Jevenson, J. B. McCartney, Nellie Kellogg, Johnnie Seeley, Florence Seeley, Loretta C. Holloway, Alice Ames, Eleanor Beattie, Nellie Fairbairn, Lucy Y. Thompson, Minnie May Schilling, Nettie W. Cobb, Madde Hawley, Clinton Weed, and Belle Little.

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