ST. NICHOLAS.

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FERRUCCI AND HIS FOES.

BY R. H. D.

IF this soldier could speak and tell us why he turns such a grim face to the world, and holds his flag with so fierce a grip, we should hear a chapter of one of the strangest stories in history. The story belongs to a stretch of country in middle Italy (you can find it on your map), reaching from the sea-coast to the high hills, over malarious marshes through which no traveler will pass, any more than through the Dead Sea.

A thousand years before our Lord was born, before ancient Rome (dead and buried ages ago) was ever heard of, a mysterious people suddenly took possession of this country. No human being knows to this day whence they came; not a man or woman among them betrayed that secret. They were a dwarfish, thick-set race, with black hair and eyes, very different from the tall, graceful Greeks. They worshiped drunken, death-dealing gods, and every day tried to put them in a good humor by human sacrifices; or rather, to be precise, they left these murderous gods and murderous feasts to the priests to attend to, and went about their other business. Now you would hardly guess what this business was. When we go back into these moldering, gray regions of time, we expect to be met by men in skins, but little better than the beasts that they hunted. These men, surrounded by skin-clad, beast-hunting nations, built for themselves comfortable and splendid homes, where the wife ruled equal with the husband; they dressed in richly embroidered garments, and fine linen of their own weaving; played upon many instruments, invented bronze, filled their houses with statues, vases, and pictures of fantastic design. If any fighting was to be done, they hired soldiers to do it, and remained comfortably at home, trading, farming, or building towns to which magnificent aqueducts brought water, and beneath which were vast systems of sewers and drains, such as none of our modern cities can equal.

This mysterious people long ago disappeared from off the face of the earth, but some of their great bronzes and marbles remain, and every year vessels of their wonderful pottery are dug up out of the ground. Some of their necklaces and jewels, crusted gray with time, are among the wonders of the Exposition. You will find in many an American cabinet, a red or yellow unglazed vase or urn with black figures of strange men and women upon it; they are at prayer, or eating, or marrying, but even about the death-ded they are dancing, or in some way making the best they can of their lives. These are portraits which the Etruscans made of themselves thousands of years ago. If it were not for these bits of clay, they would seem to us but a fable of the old ages.

One of their cities was named Fiesole, and as it stood on too high ground for the market-people to climb with their produce, a few sheds were put up at the base of the hill, under which they could trade. The sheds grew, in course of time, into a hamlet; the hamlet into a busy trading-town. Etruscans and Romans here bought, and sold, and married together. Money ruled; Firenze (or Florence, as we call it) was but a great market-place; the wealthy traders became princes, while the man without money was a slave except in name.

The boy who reads ST. NICHOLAS is apt to think very little about money. He is not likely, however poor, to envel before his rich neighbor. He knows

STATUE OF FERRUCCI, IN FLORENCE.

that knowledge is cheap and work plenty, and that he has free chance to win power or fortune. But any boy, born poor in Florence, knew that there was no chance for him; the collar was on his neck, he was a drudge for life. One family had put a yoke upon his class, and for four centuries drove them like dumb beasts.

When New York was a wilderness, peopled by bears and wolves, a wool merchant, on a wharf in Florence, named De Medici, began to attract notice by the enormous sums which he made and spent as rapidly. He built magnificent ships,—gondolas, to float upon the blue Arno,—princely palaces in which he held a royal state. He built palaces for the city too, established schools in them where the sons of the nobles learned philosophy; furnished great libraries of rare manuscript. The greatest architects, sculptors, painters, and philosophers of the world worked for this wool-merchant gladly, he was so generous and friendly a patron. They gave him the name of the father of his country, and under his rule Florence became the most beautiful city in the world. But Cosimo de Medici was the father only of the rich and noble. The poor he trampled under foot; they were of no more value to him than the swine in the stalls of Fiesole.

If we could keep these unfortunate wretches out of sight, the story of Cosimo, his sons and grandsons, would be splendid as a dream of enchantment. They wakened all Italy to new, wonderful industries. The great magicians in art, science, and song worked at their bidding. Gardens, churches, marvelous work in gold and silver, more marvelous pictures sprang into being; great poems were written, scholars from all countries thronged to Florence, and in the shadows of vast palaces were given place to pursue their studies in peace; the whole known world, in a word, flushed into a glory of beauty and grace under the rule of the Medici, as a tropical forest into flower beneath the summer sun. But the poor, remember, shared the fate of the creeping things in the forest. The only men who took any account of them were a few good, common-sensed Christians, headed by a monk named Savonarola, who went about with such gloomy foreboding faces in this sunshiny, beautiful city, that they were called "weepers."

Lorenzo, the grandson of Cosimo, was known as the Magnificent; the poor were almost willing to be crushed to death by such a genial, superb master. There was a little boy of eight, employed as a page in the palace, of noble blood we may be sure, or the great Lorenzo would not have noticed, as he did, his fancy for molding figures in clay. Walking, one day in the garden, the prince found the little fellow copying the figure of an old faun. He had altered the mouth to make it laugh. "Well done, Michelangelo," he said; "but old men do not have such teeth as thou hast given thy faun. Close his mouth."

The boy bowed, but said nothing. The next day, Lorenzo, passing that way, found the faun still laughing, but with his teeth broken and decayed with age. The prince placed the boy at once in a gallery of sculpture, and employed the first masters of the age to teach him. Now Lorenzo is chiefly known in history as the patron of Michael Angelo. Lorenzo's son, who was made Cardinal at thirteen, and Pope at thirty-seven, was of the same age as the young sculptor, and had known him as a boy; he was so anxious that he should finish the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, that he raised the money necessary by means which Luther protested against as unlawful, and out of this small dissension began and widened the great breach of the Reformation.

Another of this family was the Catharine of France who laughed and joked while seventy thousand of her subjects were slaughtered in one night.

You must not think that the Florentines submitted tamely to the iron rule of the Medici. The common people took courage, from time to time, fought and were always beaten, only to rise again. The great war of the Guelphs and Ghibellines had been going on for four hundred years; the Guelphs usually meaning those who fought for the cause of the down-trodden people, and the Ghibellines for the imperial power. The long fight came to an end in the siege of Florence, in August, 1530, when the treacherous Giulio de Medici, then Pope Clement, with the help of Charles V., invested his native city, determined to destroy or conquer it, to give it over to the rule of his villainous son, Alessandro. For a year, the people within suffered terrible straits of disease, want, and at last starvation. Our brave soldier, Ferrucci, was within, commanding part of the Florentine forces. He led a forlorn hope out of the city through the lines of the enemy, and was returning with a transport of provisions to his starving people, when the imperialist army attacked him. The account of the battle has almost faded from the ancient, yellow pages of Guicciardini, where we read it. But we find that Francesco "was born of the common people, and discovered a mighty bravery of heart and military skill." He was taken prisoner and put to death in this battle, and the beautiful city struggling to be free, finding that he was dead, surrendered herself up to her tyrants. She was given over to plunder, and for two centuries after, to the rule of the Medici. When the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS have grown old enough to turn from it willingly to great books of

history, they will find no story in them stranger than that of this mighty family, who wore their royalty so graciously; who were keen lovers of all art, learning, and progress; who were generous as children to their few friends, but studied murder as a science for the annihilation of their enemies. The sword and guillotine served them when thousands were to perish; but all subtle poisons were at their command—they gave death with a smile in a flower, or sent it with loving words in a letter. There is not one of the name alive, fortunately for the world.

But the honest, grim face of Francesco Ferrucci tells us a story of bravery and freedom, better worth the reading of little children than the story of the Medici.

MY RICHES.

By E. G. Taylor.

FOLKS are complaining now, I hear, about their poverty,—
Of money scarce, and times as hard as times, perhaps, can be;
But I am very rich, for I have raiment, food and health,
And multitudes of treasures—yes, I 'm rolling in my wealth.

I have two eyes to see with—they are worth ten thousand pound;
A pair of ears to hear with, and feet for walking round;
No one could purchase these from me for twenty thousand more;
My hands, so useful, raise the sum of thousands to three score.

My tongue, though oft unruly, yet to me is such a prize,
I would not sell it cheaper than I would my precious eyes;
My head, though somewhat empty, fits upon my neck so well,
I would not part with it though you the price to millions swell.

I own a life-long interest in that huge world, the sun;
The moon is partly mine also; my list is but begun,
For I have stock in all the stars that seem to crowd the sky;
They shine their dividends on me, although they are so high.

The clouds that gather in the sky, and shed on me their rain,
And winds that bring them hither, are my servants, it is plain;
I plant no fields, and yet I garner harvests full and grand,
In eye-crops, rich and beautiful, o'er all our fruitful land.

I hold no houses in my name,—that is, they 're not called mine,—
For to the cares of property I never did incline;
But if I held by legal claim all dwellings 'neath the sun,
I 'd do as now—let others have them all, excepting one.

I 've had great artists painting for me very many years,
For centuries before my name among Earth's sons appears;
The masters, old and new, for my delight have done their part;
I go to see my galleries, rejoicing in their art.

Romancers, poets, essayists, historians, all have vied
With one another zealously, their skill and genius tried,
To offer me a literature; and let their very selves,
From divers climes and ages, speak from the book-case shelves.

Astronomers are on the watch, like sentinels, to see
The movements of the heavenly host, and they report to me
The latest news received from constellation or from star,
Or of the frisky comets plunging into space so far.

Inventors tax their brains for me,—sharp-witted men and keen,—
To put in my possession some new wonderful machine,
By which my toil is easy made, and I subdue, as king,
The stubborn earth, and make it all to me its tribute bring.

The railways spanning our broad land, and managed with such skill,
Are mine, to all intents at least; they take me where I will.
My telegraph thrills through the world, down underneath the sea,
And brings each distant country a near neighbor unto me.

And thus from ev'ry quarter, whether sea or earth or sky,
My riches are enormous; and I cannot, if I try,
Join in the murmurs of my friends, pretending I am poor.
All things are mine—God says it, and His word is ever sure.

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE MOSQUITO.

SCENE I.

SCENE II.

SCENE III.

HOW THE CHILDREN CRUISED IN THE WATER-WITCH.

By E. W. Olney.

Once upon a time, during a heavy gale in December, a pleasure-boat was driven in from sea and stranded far above high-water mark on old Rye Beach. Her name was the Water-witch. She never again rode over the crested waves, yet when winter storms raged loudly, cold hissing surges struck her side once more, great blocks of ice piled up around her, icicles hung from her boom and froze on to her deck below. When the days of darkness and tempest were passed and the light-house keeper's children came out to look for drift-wood in the early spring, there she lay against the rocks high out of water, her tattered sail still set, her rudder hard down to starboard, and her keel deeply imbedded in the sand.

And there she staid all summer, her canvas rotting and her seams yawning, while the children took possession and played at voyages. Many a cruise up and down, far and wide over the world they took, many a fair island they discovered in fancy, while they sat in the boat bedded in rocks and sea-weed, and told over and over again all the sea-tales their father had ever related to them.

The light-house keeper's children's names were Malcolm, Frank and Nanny. Malcolm was a tall boy of thirteen, with a pale determined face, and large gray eyes that seemed always looking in dream-land. He was full of fancies. Sometimes he was silent, and seemed so busy listening to some voice beyond the hearing of other mortal ears, that he never once heard the voices of the other children who talked from morning until night. Then, by and by, he would wake up and tell Frank and Nanny such wonderful tales as made their hearts beat. Frank was nine years old, with big brown eyes, rosy cheeks and curly hair. He thought his tall brother was the cleverest and dearest fellow in the world, and only wanted to do his will without a wish of his own. Nanny was a little maid of five. Her eyes were blue as the skies, and her hair had surely learned its trick of golden color from the sunbeams. She loved everybody in the world, was happy anywhere, whether playing with her brothers or wandering alone along the beach searching for the little pools of water left by the receding tides, and singing little songs to her own sweet image mirrored in the tiny lakes, believing the reflection to be a little sweet maiden smiling up at her.

Sometimes her brothers went on stern warlike cruises after pirates and buccaneers, and left her safe behind them. Then again, they would put her in the hammock and let her sail with them to the

"Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

When she did not share their voyage, and they waved their hands to her and threw her kisses in fond adieux, she would cry a little at the parting and desolately feel as if their sail was really set to waft the Water-witch across the seas; but presently, when she still heard their voices as they rushed about their little ship, cutting cables and drawing up their anchors, she would smile again and busy herself gathering sea-weeds, of which she made wreaths fantastically to crown her sunny hair, or gathered shells and strung them into girdles and necklaces, or held a great conch to her ear and listened with thoughtful eyes, and lips apart, to the story it was forever telling.

"The little sister shall go with us to-morrow," Malcolm would often say when tea-time came, and he and Frank had cast their anchors and were at home again; and in the morning he would take the little girl's hand and ask:

"Where does Nanny want to sail to-day?"

"Where the oranges grow," the little sister answered, with such a queer little lisp, and such a dear, eager little face, that both Malcolm and Frank kissed her at once.

"Now we are on shipboard," said Malcolm, after they had climbed into the boat. It was very pleasant thus to be on shipboard. The sail flapped in the wind and the sun shone warmly, and down beyond the wet beach the sea rippled and glittered, and the birds shrieked and dipped as they flew after the fish, leaping out of water in their play. It was almost better than being really on shipboard on the ocean, for here no one could be seasick; yet if they looked off on the one hand, they could see nothing but the blue sea line, dotted with the white sails of ships and the smoke-stacks of the steamers crossing and recrossing each other in the offing, while at the same time, in the other distance, was the familiar rocky beach where the children had played all their lives, with the high light-house on the point beyond and the little stone cottage nestling beside it, where their mother was sitting sewing in the door-way, with her loving face turned toward them. Now when you in sober earnest start on a voyage and go to sea, there is nothing but water, water everywhere about you, and your heart will ache with longing many and many a time before

you can see the dear home faces turned toward you with a smile.

"This is a calm voyage," said Malcolm, who was at the helm. "We are in the Tropics now. This is the sun that burns the people brown, quite brown, and crisps their hair when it is at its hottest."

"Where the oranges grow," put in Nanny.

"Oh, yes," cried Frank, "oranges and figs, and dates and bananas, and cocoa-nuts and guava-jelly! They all grow here."

"Guava-jelly does not grow," corrected Malcolm wisely. "The guava is a fruit like an apple, and jelly is made from that as mother makes it from quinces."

"I don't care how it 's made," said Frank; "I only know it 's awfully good with bread and butter."

Malcolm grew silent, and sat with his gaze steadily fixed upon the sea; his pale face flushed a little, and his eyes shone.

"When Columbus made his great voyage and discovered America," said he after a time, "he sailed on west and west, always without knowing where he was, to find land at last. He had a great faith which kept up his patience, but his men grew angry and mutinous and were eager to turn back. Columbus could have done nothing if his crew had risen against him; he begged them almost on his knees to wait just one day, just twenty-four hours more, and then he would go back, if no signs of land appeared. Then, while his heart was turning faint within him, and while he was almost in despair, the bough of a tree, with fresh green leaves on it, floated past him. Oh, how he thanked the good God! And soon he heard the voice of singing-birds, and butterflies appeared dancing hither and thither, as if to beckon him on to the new lands. Let us play that we, too, are looking for beautiful islands, all flowers and fruits, and singing-birds."

So they chatted to each other about such a voyage; and Malcolm, as if in a dream, felt himself really to be sailing beneath warm, eternal suns, with a crystal sea spreading far about him, broken here and there into shifting rainbow tints, as great fishes turned on their sides and showed fins of silver and gold. And the wind that blew softly through and through the tatters of the old sail made it a sort of harp, on which it sang wonderful songs, sweet and restful as a mother's lullaby to her babe. Nanny too, as she swung in the hammock rocked by Frank, lay listening to the wind-song and the distant cries of the sea-gulls. It was, indeed, just like a fairy-tale, this journey to the Tropics.

"Do you not see," said Malcolm, with his eyes half closed in his dream, "do you not see now the sea-weeds all growing thicker and thicker, and

GOING ON BOARD THE WATER-WITCH.

how the slow waves upbear a thousand floating things? There are husks of the cocoa-nut and branches of the palm. Smell the warm, faint air ——"

They seemed indeed to inhale the perfume of fruits and flowers, and their hearts hailed the islands, with their lofty mountain-peaks in the distance, while in the foreground rose now strange and beautiful trees, unlike any they had ever seen before. They made believe that they were really touching these palm-fringed islands, where tree and flower and vine were tangled together in a rich growth, fragrant with delicious odors, and covered with bloom; radiant birds, like flowers themselves, darted from flower to flower, and parrots of gorgeous plumage chattered from the trees, where monkeys were swinging by their tails and chattering in return. Dusky natives, their eyes shining like stars, swam in the transparent waters; others put off from the shore in canoes, and brought them juicy fruits with which they freighted their little ship.

"You have got a wonderful cargo," said Frank, laughing; "who ever saw such a ship-load of oranges?"

"Have we?" cried Nanny, waking up suddenly, to find Frank swinging her hammock, and holding a handful of fruit toward her. Her brothers' voices had lulled her to sleep as they talked of the transparent waters through which they could look down, down, and see the coral reefs far below them like a miniature forest. She had now dreamed, while she was asleep, of a sunshiny island, with birds like flowers, and flowers like marvelous birds, and heavily laden trees holding out their juicy fruits to her.

"Here is an orange for you," said Frank, "and a bunch of raisins, and some Brazil-nuts." And she woke up quite ready to believe they really had touched at wonderful islands while she slept, since here she found such fruits from the Tropics in her lap.

"That was a fine journey, was it not, little sister?" asked Malcolm, as by and by their mother rang the dinner-bell on the cliff, and they all hungrily scampered home along the sands. "To-morrow we are going to the cold countries. We never took you so far as that, Nanny."

"Oh, let me go too," cried the little maid. "Was I not very good to-day, brother?"

"You went to sleep," said Malcolm, "and lost a great many beautiful sights. Girls were never made for travelers, I expect; yet you shall go to-morrow, if you will."

"Now this is different," said Malcolm next day, as they all sat in the boat again. We will wrap ourselves up in cloaks, for we are no longer in the Tropics."

They were setting out for the North Pole, you know, and, as if the sun and wind were in the joke of it, they had withdrawn all their warmth and the day was cold, and the east gale blew hard and made one shiver as if it came off an iceberg.

"I expect we shall see icebergs to-day," said Malcolm. "Far out at sea, you suddenly catch a glimpse of something shining in the horizon. Then it begins to appear like a white cloud, and after awhile, you see what it really is that floats down slowly but with wonderful force against tide and current across your path. The sun shines into it until it gleams like a million broken rainbows; and it is shaped in all sorts of beautiful forms, like steeples and towers and domes; and all its cold white height is reflected far, far down into the water with a sort of strange, ghostly light that makes you shiver."

"Who told you about it, Mal?" asked Frank.

"Father. Father has often seen them at sea. Once he saw one so large it looked like a great cathedral; like the cathedrals on earth, yet more glorified—like the cathedrals they have in heaven, I suppose."

So Malcolm talked as they sat in the boat, and dreamed they were sailing due north to look for a North-west Passage. He told them of those frozen seas where

> "The ice was here,
> The ice was there,
> The ice was all around:
> It crashed and growled,
> And roared and howled
> Like voices in a swound,"—

and all the terrible tales he had ever read of the fate of explorers among those floating fleets of icebergs. But little Nanny cried to hear about such brave men as had perished there by lingering and painful deaths; so Malcolm endeavored to make her forget her grief by stories of the queer animals that show themselves in sunny weather, disporting on the ice and in the water—the polar bears, and the human-faced walruses and seals. He imitated the playful roar of the walrus and the husky bark of the seal, until the little sister was merry again. She heard about the reindeer too, and the eider-ducks, covered with their wonderful down, and the funny-faced, large-mouthed, small-eyed Esquimaux, as they traveled on sledges or paddled about in their little canoes.

Nor did Malcolm fail to tell about the summer sun which set away in the north at midnight, dipping low into the sea only to rise again without any interval of night, and begin a new day. There was no bed-time there for little people, no proverbs

either about rising with the sun. But in winter it was all bed-time; the gloom and darkness were almost unbroken by any dawn, yet the aurora-borealis would flash down its fires of red and gold, lighting up this strange, ghostly, frozen world with its flames that moved to and fro from horizon to zenith, like the slow waving of gorgeous banners.

Yet, notwithstanding all these wonderful tales, neither Nanny nor Frank loved to be in the frozen seas, and were glad when Malcolm said they would sail for brighter lands. So, without waiting for the explorers to discover the North-west Passage for them, they sailed across the open Polar ocean and emerged pleasantly into the sea of Kamschatka, through Behring Straits, and steered straight for Japan. These were queer countries which the children heard of then, as Malcolm told them wonderful tales of the far distant lands of China and Japan, filled with a swarming population, grotesque to foreign eyes, yet highly civilized and excelling in arts.

Surely their little boat must have entered that wide, land-locked harbor, filled with ships of war, trading junks and merchant craft from every country; for the world's trade finds in Hong Kong its connecting link, and brings its merchandise and gold to exchange for the fragrant tea, the creamy silks, the wonderful porcelains, carved ivories, and rare lacquered work, which they find ready for them there.

You cannot guess at these wonderful stories that Malcolm told about these far-away peoples, nor how wide open little Nanny's blue eyes grew with an ever fresh surprise.

And it was in this way that the children cruised in the Water-witch in the silence and solitude of the old Rye Beach, with the cool sea-winds blowing about their hair, and the sound of the Atlantic waves in their ears. So the summer passed while they played in the old boat, and rattled its chains, and cast their anchors, or pulled at the creaking ropes, shouting the quaint song they had heard from the 'long-shore men:

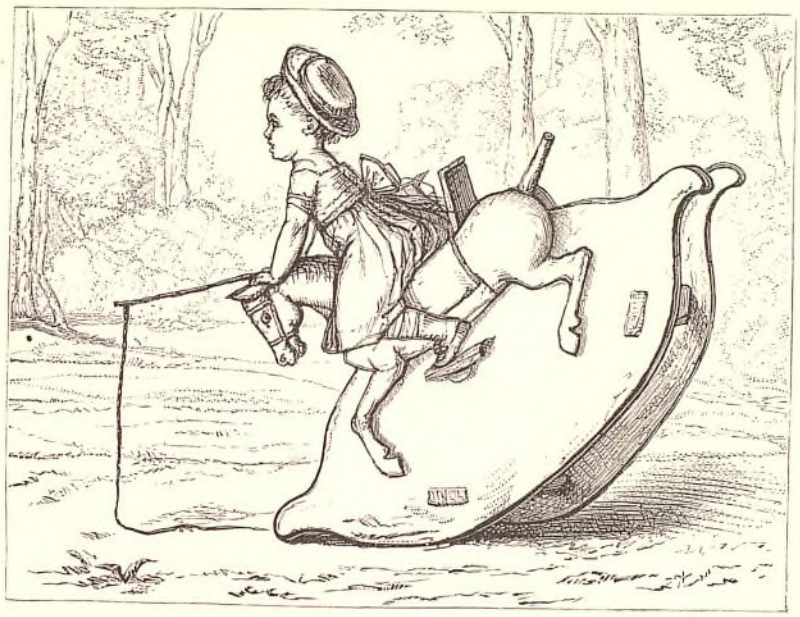
"Heave away, my bully boys,
Heave away, my Johnnies;
Heave up the anchor, boys,
Brace round the main yard,
Haul taut your port bow-line,
And let the good ship fly."

But alas, one night in September, a great gale came up at sunset, and blew hard from the south-east until dawn, and the light-house keeper's children, as they lay in their beds in the little stone cottage, dreamed they were far out at sea, storm-tossed and rocked by tempest. It was a fair, still morning when they awoke, and they ate their breakfast hurriedly and ran out on the beach to discover what the storm had brought them this time; what strange, beautiful gift had been borne up to them from the mystic ocean-world.

But the gale had offered them no treasure save spoils of sea-weed, shells, and dead star-fish, yet had carried away what they loved best. For when they looked for the familiar mast, prow and keel of the Water-witch, lo! they had vanished. The wind and rain had battered her to pieces; the high equinoctial tide had floated away her planks, and only here and there a tattered fragment of discolored sail, a shrunken timber, or planks strewn over the rocks, remained to tell the sad story.

The children set up a great cry of sorrow for their lost ship. Never again, though they might cruise from Pole to Equator, could they find such wonderful lands as those to which the Water-witch had borne them while she lay stranded above high-water mark; search as they might the wide earth over, no treasures could they gather half so fair as those they had dreamed of.

The timbers floated in again by the next tide, and the children gathered them for the drift-wood fires around which they all sat telling stories during the long winter evenings that followed their short summer of delight.



"SOMEBODY STOP HIM! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!"

WINDSOR CASTLE.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

Chapter V.

THE STUARTS.

Again a change of dynasty. The brilliant, bloody, terrible and momentous reign of the Tudors lasted from the accession of Henry VII. in 1485, to the death of Elizabeth in 1603. Elizabeth, you know, would never marry; and indeed, considering how much she must have been disgusted by her father's feats in that way, and by the unpleasant marriage of her sister, I do not wonder that she should have set her mind against it. And the nearest heir Elizabeth had was the son of her cousin, Mary Stuart of Scotland, whom she beheaded, you remember, and who was her rival and opponent in everything as long as she lived, as she still is in history. Mary was beautiful and fascinating and unfortunate; and because of this, a great many people have always been very ready to forget that she was as willful, hot-headed, cruel and wicked in some portions of her career as the worst of the Tudors. Her son James, however, was neither beautiful nor fascinating. He was an awkward, ungainly, learned person; and public opinion has perhaps done him almost as much injury on account of his want of personal advantages as it has given undue favor to his mother on account of her beauty. I told you before about the early Stuarts in Scotland, what a gallant unfortunate family they were, always in trouble, and often wrong, but, on the whole, lovable and honest, and doing their best for their country. That Tudor blood which the Lady Margaret, Henry VIII.'s sister, brought them, did not do the race any good; neither did the hot French blood of the Guises, one of whom was Queen Mary's mother. And the whole existence of these unfortunate people in England was disastrous—bad for themselves and bad for the country. I have very little to tell about James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, except that the Windsor account-books

are full of sums paid for ringing the bells when the King came to the Castle; and there is one thing he did when he held his first chapter of the Garter, which will give you a little idea of the extravagance and costliness of the time. He made a rule that no knight should have more than fifty attendants. This the English historians said was because the Scots lords, upon whom the King conferred the order, were not so rich as the English. "Whatsoever they might do in their own country, I know not, but here they have not such numbers of tenants and attendants as might any way equal the number of the English." "Every one had a multitude of servants and all of them in their chains of gold." You may imagine how the followers of these wealthy English lords would swagger about in their gold chains through the narrow Windsor streets, and how they would jibe at the proud, poor Scots with their smaller following. Englishmen, we fear, have always had a little inclination to pique themselves on their wealth. But you might see a great many Knights of the Garter nowadays, assembled at Windsor for a chapter of the order, without seeing any trace of the fifty servants in golden chains, to which King James limited his nobles. But the town was a great deal gayer, as you may well suppose, when all these gorgeous knights in their fine dresses, each with fifty men after him, embroidered and plumed and gilded like himself, came riding one after another over the bridge and up the steep causeway that sweeps round the base of the Curfew Tower, with the bells ringing and all the good people gazing. When they come now, they come by the railway in ordinary morning dress, with one smooth valet perhaps in charge of my lord's luggage. What a difference! On the whole, in some things there must have been more variety and amusement in Windsor in the old days.

And there was variety enough later, when King Charles I. succeeded King James, and when the troubles began between the King and the Parliament, of which you have read in your histories. You ought to know about these troubles very well indeed, for, but for them, America perhaps might never have been the country it is, and you might have been born (as many of you as we had room for) in the old villages and old towns of England, instead of beginning your lives all the way over that great salt ocean, without any love for England in your young transatlantic bosoms; though it cost your great-grandfathers and mothers many a pang and many a tear ere they could wrench themselves from their English home. I do not suppose that there can be many Americans who believe in that unhappy King Charles, as some old-fashioned people in England still do—as a saint and martyr. But he was one of the most remarkable of that curious and generally unfortunate class who do wrong, intensely believing it to be right. I cannot tell how it is that this sort of people (virtuous criminals we may call them) should suffer more for their wrong-doing than the people who do wrong out of sheer wickedness, and who are far more wicked than they; and I do not suppose that you are able to discuss such a strange question. King Charles was not a bad man; he lied and broke faith not because he liked it, but because he thought he was so right, and his adversaries so wrong, that it did not matter what he said to them, nor what he did to establish his grand object. There are several pictures of him in Windsor, with that strange narrow, obstinate, melancholy face which makes some foolish folks forget his great sins against his country. Such a man as this, determined in his own way and beyond the reach of reason, is one of the most dangerous and terrible creatures in the world. The Tudors, too, were determined to have their own way, but simply because it was their own way and pleased them; but Charles thought his way the most right way, the only right way, and this made him fatal. If he had succeeded, there is no telling what might have become of us all; but even in not succeeding he managed to do a great deal of harm. He put the big Atlantic between us and you, and he made England red with blood and war and murder, and he lost his own head—unhappy king—in the end, for which a great many excellent people forgive him everything that went before.

But there was little thought of all this when the bells rang for the young prince, the heir of the kingdom, who was more loved than his father as being more English, every time he came into Windsor. The Court were always coming and going, making "progresses" from London, sometimes by land, sometimes by water, hunting in the Forest and holding all kinds of stately revels, though the King was often as much in want of money as many of us are. There are huntings of stags in Berkshire still, when a poor innocent, half-tamed deer from the Forest is carried to a considerable distance, and then let loose to find its way back to cover if it can, with men and dogs in full cry after it; but in earlier days the stag-hunt was more natural, and the woods and forest paths rang with hunting-horns. Then Prince Charles and his favorite, Buckingham, would go to the river in the summer evenings, "into the Thames near Eton, where the best swimming is; but," says the worthy old chronicler, lest we should be alarmed for our Prince, "so attended with choice company and a boat or two, that there could be no danger." All the evil was brewing, but no one knew how bad it was to be in those tranquil days; and if the strong Thames, rushing then as it rushes now with a great

CHARLES I. (FROM A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

swirl and foaming current under the elm-trees and drooping willows, had carried away Prince Charles one of those evenings when the sun was setting, and drowned him safe down the stream among the water-lilies, no doubt all the histories would have said, as they say of his elder brother Henry, who died young, that if this gracious Prince had been spared he would have made one of England's noblest kings.

But what a change it made in Windsor when

King Charles's power fell, and the Roundheads, as they were called, took possession of the Castle. It is never pleasant to hear, even when a great and rich person may not happen to be good, of his poorer neighbors becoming unkind to him in his downfall; and this, I fear, is what the people of Windsor were when Charles began to sit unsafely on his throne. His neighbors in the little town, instead of being sorry for him, broke down the park palings, and began to hunt the deer and spoil the beautiful park; and they took down the King's arms from the church; and they rang the bells when the dark, serious Parliamentary soldiers, with their hair cut short and no long love-locks falling on their shoulders (which is what is meant by the name Roundhead) came in and took possession of the Castle. It did not much matter to the Mayor and the Corporation for whom they rang their bells. And this is not a pleasant thing to know. But it is astonishing how quietly people take great public events. I have a curious old MS. book, the diary of a clergyman at that time, written in the most beautiful old-fashioned handwriting, which you would almost want a microscope to see; and do you know, he seems to have been much more excited by the wind that blew down one of his apple-trees than by the execution of King Charles! The apple-tree has a much longer sentence than the king. Is not this strange? But instead of Triumphs and Tournaments and royal Progresses and glorious Knights of the Garter with fifty gentlemen in gold chains behind each of them, there was nothing but simple dresses and simple living and long preachings in the Castle when the army of the Parliament was there. One fast-day we are told of, was kept from nine in the morning till seven at night. Now there was very great occasion for prayer and serious thinking at such a time of national trouble; but ten hours, I am afraid, was longer than any one could fix their thoughts upon such solemn subjects. Oliver Cromwell was at Windsor that day. He was not like any of the splendid kings of whom I have told you, but he too was a great ruler and prince among men, doing a very hard and terrible work in the world, with mistakes like other people, but yet better than any other man of his time could have done it. He and some of his officers "prayed very fervently and pathetically" on that long fast-day; and if you can fancy this great man, a new world in his own person, moving about through the Castle, which was the very embodiment of the old world, and thinking sadly perhaps, as he looked across the sunshiny country, of all the miseries of that battle between the old and the new, which he had to lead and carry through, you will find him as interesting in his sad-colored suit, a plain Englishman, as any of the gay princes that ever swaggered there. But you will understand this better when you grow older, and can enter into all the great changes that were involved, and learn how the salvation of a country is seldom managed easily without pain or bloodshed. It would be too serious and too long a story if I were to tell you about Cromwell; so instead I will tell how sad was the ending of King Charles. Had Charles I. got his way he would have ruined England as his sons afterward tried hard to do; but that is not to prevent us, when he failed and paid for all his falsehoods and his sins and mistakes with his life, from being sorry for him. For in himself he was not a bad man; but only the terrible misfortune had happened to him that he mistook wrong for right. There is no memory belonging to Windsor, and no scene in all its history so melancholy and tragical as that of his burial, which took place in the dark time of the year,—the "dead of winter," as we call it in Scotland,—in gloom and silence, as you shall hear.

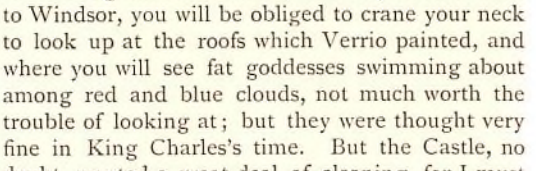
Charles was brought to Windsor before his trial for a few melancholy days. There had been a plan made for his rescue on the way, but that failed like so many other of his enterprises. He reached the Castle where he had spent so much of his youth, and which he had entered so often in royal progresses, everything gay and bright around him, "placed in the middle of a hundred horse, every soldier having a pistol in one hand." The townspeople, though they were not partisans of the King, had their hearts touched by this melancholy sight. They went out upon the road to meet the gloomy procession. "A great influence of people resorted to the town's end, and upon his Majesty's passing by, a great echo arose from the voice of the people crying, 'God bless your Majesty, and grant you long to reign!'" Unhappy Charles! His face, which had been sad in its best days, had no doubt a tragical dignity in it now as he came out of the wintry park in that gray December afternoon, and heard the people shouting. His reign had been over for some time, though he was still the King's majesty, and some five weeks or so was all the time he had to live; but perhaps a little hope awoke in his forlorn bosom when he heard those shouts which meant so little. As soon as he had entered the gates, the Royalists in Windsor went off to drink his health at the public-houses; that was a great deal easier than standing up against those stern, strong Roundhead soldiers and setting the King free. As for Charles, he was the kind of man who shows best in trouble. The disposition which made him seem morose in his better days became him now. "Since the King came to Windsor he shows little altera-

tion of courage or gesture," says one of the people who were watching him, "and as he was formerly seldom seen to be very merry or much transported with any news, either with joy or sorrow, so now, although he expects a severe change and tryal, yet doth he not show any great discontent." But he did remark the difference of the behavior of those about him from what he had been used to. No one now served the fallen monarch with the devout respect of former times, or knelt to him as of old. He asked about this, we are told, but hearing that it was by order of the Parliament, said with natural dignity that he "had never looked upon these as more than things ceremonious which were at the election of any whether they would use them or not." He had "three new suits" supplied to him, poor king, after all his wanderings and fightings, "two of them cloth, with rich gold and silver lace, the other of black satin, the cloak lined with plushe," and put on one of them on the first Sunday in the year; and there he lived sorrowful in his old rooms all despoiled and bare, refusing to keep the Puritan fast-days, but "using his own private devotions when he pleaseth," and keeping a cheerful aspect, as cheerful as it was in his nature to look,—sometimes saying that he hoped in six months to see peace in England, sometimes that help from without would set him on his throne,—brave in his narrow, tenacious way, showing no signs of trouble. "He hears of the preparations to bring him to tryall and seems to be well satisfied for what follows; but is very reserved in his discourse thereupon, having not fully delivered his mind whether he intends to plead or not." Thus he lived for some three weeks through the dark short winter days, and those long tedious nights which hang so heavily over the unfortunate. Christmas-time! What feastings there had been in Windsor! What heavenly singing in the great chapel! What solemn services and joyful meetings! But all was silent now. No butterfly courtiers to make the old town look gay; no merry good wishes; no music in St. George's, which was all stripped and bare, the knights' stalls and banners, and the altar with its plate and candlesticks, all taken away, and nothing but a blank, silent, shivering space under the glorious roof. And rough soldiers snatching their hasty meals in the banqueting-hall, instead of all the fine company that used to assemble there; and in the royal rooms King Charles alone, only a sad friend or two with him, the people admitted to stare at him by times, and nothing before him but humiliation and downfall. But Vandyke's portrait of him on the walls was not more rigid, less unbending, than he.

In the middle of January he was taken to London, and there was tried and beheaded, as you know. You and I have not the time to inquire (and perhaps, between ourselves, are not clever enough to decide) how far this could have been helped, or what excuse they had who did it. The only thing we can be sure of was, that Charles was not a bad man, nor Cromwell an ambitious hypocrite, though I do not think the one was a martyr, nor the other a spotless hero. It was on the 30th of January, 1649, that this terrible event took place, and, after that, occurred the saddest scene that old Windsor ever saw. Four of the King's faithful servants (and he had faithful servants all through his career), the "Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Earls of Southampton and Lindsay," requested leave to bury him, and carried the body back to the Castle. They took with them that Bishop Juxon who attended the King on the scaffold, to read the service over him now. But the Governor of the Castle, who was a certain Colonel Whitchcott, would not allow the Burial Service. He told them that "the Common Prayer-book had been put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison when he commanded." You will see from this that persecution was not all on one side, but that whoever was uppermost in these violent times did his best to crush his neighbor. You could not fancy anything more heartless than the Puritan's refusal to allow these heart-broken men to say holy prayers over their king's and their friend's grave—except, indeed, the refusal of that same king to let these Puritans live along with him in the native England which had room for them all. When the faithful lords found it impossible to change this decision, they went sadly to St. George's to find a place to lay him, but found the chapel so bare, so naked, so altered that it was only with hard ado that they found a vault in the middle of what had once been the choir, where they could lay the King. Here they found a little space for King Charles, close by the great leaden coffin where Henry VIII. lay peacefully, unwitting who was coming. The Duke of Richmond marked out roughly upon "a scarfe of lead" the letters of his name and the date. Then, all in silence, at three o'clock in the January afternoon, when it was no more than twilight in the cold and naked chapel, they carried the coffin, then covered with a black pall, of which "the foure lords" carried the corners, with a forlorn attempt at state. As they came down the Castle hill toward the chapel with their burden, it began suddenly to snow, and the snow fell so thickly and fast that soon "the black pall was all white." Was there ever a more mournful sight? In the dim chapel that snow-covered coffin would be the one spot of wintry lightness. "The Bishop of London stood weeping by to tender that his service, which might not be accepted." Thus they laid him in the dark

vault to molder with the other royal bones, dropping the whiteness of the snow-covered pall (an emblem, they said, of his innocence) into the black gulf with him—not a word said, not a prayer except in their hearts, the Puritan governor of the Castle standing by to see his orders executed. When all was over, he locked up the empty echoing chapel and took the keys away. Windsor has seen weeping and sorrow like every other old house where men for generations have lived and died, and more than most, for in the old days suffering and sorrow were apt to follow in the paths of kings; but never has our venerable Castle seen so melancholy a sight.

If the story of the Stuarts had been a drama, a great tragedy such as Shakspeare could have made, no doubt it would have ended here; but human creatures are dreadfully careless of dramatic completeness, and never know when to stop. If Napoleon, now, had been killed at Waterloo, what a much finer finish that would have made to his life than the miserable exile at St. Helena! But he was not killed, and the Stuarts did not come to an end. After a time, as you know, they were restored, and King Charles II. reigned in his father's stead; but he was not at all like his father. Charles I. was a good, perverse soul in his way, with a purpose for which he thought he was justified in lying as well as in dying—yet, if he did the one he could do the other also; but Charles II. was a man without any purpose at all except his own miserable pleasure, and his life was a thing too base, too unclean, too selfish to be worth talking about. When the great Italian poet, Dante (of whom, I have no doubt, you have heard), wrote his wonderful poem about heaven and hell, he described a place where there was a crowd of wretched spirits gibbering in an unintelligible language. When he asked who they were, his guide, who was leading him through that world of spirits, answered him: "Let us not talk of them—*non ragionam di lor;* look at them and pass by." These were the men who lived only for themselves. And Charles II. was one of these—he is not worth the trouble of telling you about. The country voted him £70,000 to build a tomb for his father; but he never did it, and, it is even said, never tried to find out the place where the snow-covered pall was thrown down. But he kept the money all the same. However, he filled old Windsor once more with gayety and brightness, and lodged his wicked favorites in the gray towers, and made the walls ring with riot. And, if the truth must be told, the people, who were tired of fast-days and preachings, and of the severity of their Puritan rulers who would have liked to make them good by force, were glad of a little dancing and singing again, and forgave the second Charles his wickedness on account of the brighter colors, and gayer customs, and careless ways which he brought into fashion. And he built a little and decorated a great deal. "Then was now the terrace brought almost round the old Castle; the grass made clean, even, and curiously turfed; the avenues to the new park and other walks planted with elms and limes, and a pretty canal and receptacle for fowl." And inside there were also great decorations; and if you ever come to Windsor, you will be obliged to crane your neck to look up at the roofs which Verrio painted, and where you will see fat goddesses swimming about among red and blue clouds, not much worth the trouble of looking at; but they were thought very fine in King Charles's time. But the Castle, no doubt, wanted a great deal of cleaning, for I must



NORTH FRONT OF WINDSOR CASTLE—PARTIALLY BUILT BY CHARLES II.

tell you one thing about those Puritans who were, as I have just said, so severe. When the King was killed and the royal family banished, they took in a great many poor people into the big Castle, and gave lodging there to the houseless. They might have done worse, don't you think? and this shows you that what they did was not done for their own advantage. The poor folk were all bundled out at the Restoration when the Stuarts came back, and I have no doubt there was a great deal of cleaning wanted. But I do not think it is one of the worst associations of our Castle that in that time of misery it opened its old towers and chambers to the desolate.

Charles II. was neither a good man nor a good king; but he was popular, and had those gracious manners which are of so much importance to a prince. But his brother, James II., who succeeded him, was not popular; and when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, which was the most honest

thing he did, and showed an inclination to carry out his father's tyrannical intentions, the country made short work with him, and sent him away, putting his daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange, in his place. Indeed the bringing back of the Stuarts was evidently a mistake altogether. They had not learned anything by their misfortunes, and the country had learned that it could get on very well without them. There is not very much to say about this King James at Windsor.

There was one strange custom, however, of which I must tell you, though it did not belong exclusively to his reign. It would appear that a great many people suffered from scrofula in those days, and at certain fixed times all those who were ill of this complaint came to be "touched" by the King, which was supposed to be a certain cure. This strange superstition procured the name of "the king's evil" for one of the most penetrating and miserable of diseases. More than fifty people, according to the record, came to Windsor from Eton alone to be "touched for the evil" in one year. It was a strange prerogative, was it not, to give to a king?

James's daughter, Mary, accepted his throne in his life-time, while he went sadly to France to live the rest of his life and die in exile. But it was not she who reigned, but her husband, William of Orange, a powerful prince, though he was not a pleasant one.

And after them came Queen Anne, in whose days there was such a great revival both of letters and arms, and prosperity for the nation, that, though she did not count for very much in it, her time was like an echo of Queen Elizabeth's, and her name is associated as Elizabeth's was, with success and splendor of every kind. I told you of a little octagon room opening out of Queen Elizabeth's gallery, where this other royal lady was taking tea when she got the news of the battle of Blenheim. In a big hall close by there hangs a little flag worked with the French *fleur-de-lis*, which the Duke of Marlborough still presents every year, as a kind of quit-rent, the tenure by which he holds his splendid house of Blenheim, near Oxford, which the country gave him. Opposite to this flag is another little tri-colored flag, also renewed every year, which is the Duke of Wellington's homage for the estate of Strathfieldsaye, which he got in the same way after the battle of Waterloo.

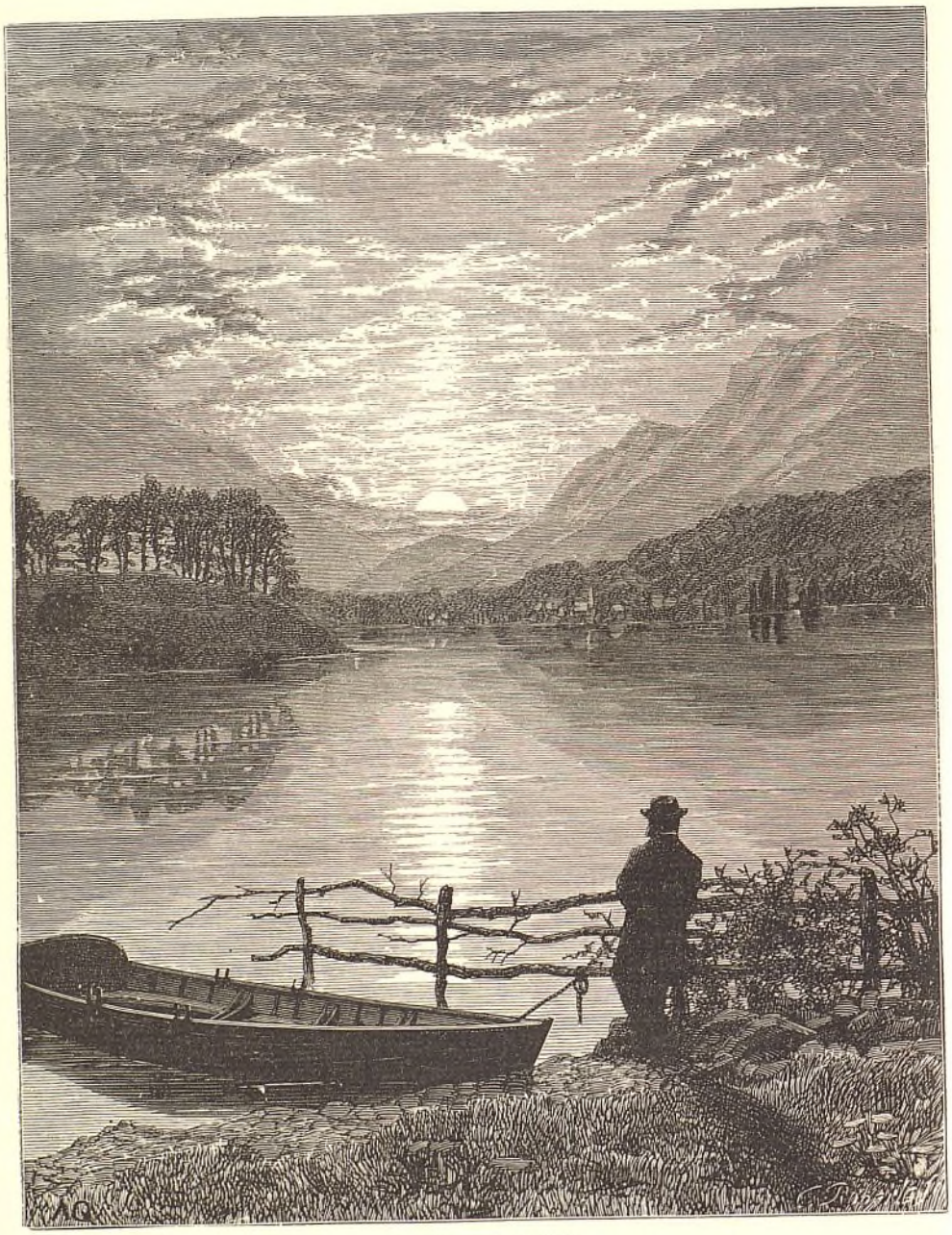
It happened to me once to go over the Castle with a great French lady, when these flags, signs of victory over her nation, were quite fresh and bright. You may suppose it would have been very disagreeable to have explained to such a visitor what they meant, and perhaps there was a little satisfaction in the smile with which we English looked at each other and agreed to say nothing about them. But there they hang, and there every year the two dukes send these proud offerings, signs of the services by which they got their lands, just as they might have done four or five hundred years ago. It is a curious little bit of the middle-ages amid all the less picturesque proceedings of to-day.

And so the Stuarts ended in Anne as the Tudors ended in Elizabeth. You may have heard the romantic stories of the two Pretenders, as they were called—James II.'s son and grandson, both of whom tried to recover the throne of which they were the legitimate heirs in succession. Prince Charles Edward, whom in Scotland we call Prince Charlie, with a lingering fondness, roused all the Highlands and made a dash at the crown, which for a moment looked as if it might be successful. But their day was past, and there was no more hope for this race. These two unfortunate princes died eating the bread of strangers—mock kings in melancholy exile—and the story of this family is written all the way through in blood and tears. The only comfortable, matter-of-fact sovereign among them was Queen Anne, and she was the most fortunate; yet she too, poor lady, saw all her children die, and knew that her successor to the crown would be a far-off German cousin, whom England accepted but did not love.

But these changes mattered little to the old Castle, which saw them come and saw them go, and gave shelter to all in their turn, inclosing their splendors and their sorrows impartially within its gray walls, preserving their names here and there in a gallery or a tower, serene and indifferent like the green earth herself, which takes no notice what kind of petty creatures we are who walk about her fields and woods. The kings and the queens pass on like a long procession, every one leaving some little trace, no one affecting much the royal old house which is hospitable to all. Some have built, and some have mended; some have planted the great trees and made the soft green glades of the park, which are so delightful to us now; others have hung the walls inside with carvings and tapestries, and thrown up those vaulted roofs, and smoothed those princely terraces. Queen Victoria goes on doing now what her predecessors began to do four hundred years ago. Apart altogether from the big imperial history with all its political changes, you might write a little peaceful history of all the English sovereigns without ever stirring out of Windsor.

And now that they are in their graves,—some under our feet in St. George's, with the music

pealing over them daily, like King Charles in his pall of snow; some in Westminster, some in other tombs less royal,—their old home stands as fair as ever, remembering them and making them remembered, stronger and richer and more beautiful for each of them, yet surviving all.



A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

THE LAND OF THE GRIGS.

By Eliza Wood.

The little boy Allen went to the "Land of the Grigs," one rainy night in the month of June. He says he was wide awake in his bed, and just stepped out of a window on to a roof, slid down the roof for a mile, and went through a blazing light-house, and landed on a rock in a meadow where a great many voices were singing and croaking and calling all around him.

Now we know this was all a dream; but he did go to Grigland, because he can tell you a great deal about it.

He found himself sitting on a warm stone by the edge of a pool of black water, little grasses waving in it, bushes shutting it in from the meadows, large trees not very far off, and in the sky were violet and golden clouds as if at sundown, and everywhere were little white violets. "Take me," whispered one dear little violet, that he could reach without getting off his stone. "Take me, and you will know what all the voices are saying." The breath of the violet was so sweet that the little boy took it into his hand and looked into its fair face.

"Now what would you like to know?" asked a voice in the black water.

"Nothing," answered the little boy.

"Then you can come again," said the voice, and there was a loud splash.

"Why did n't you ask him something?" said the violet.

"Because I know things," said the boy.

"Then tell me what that small boat is in the water that comes later every night?"

"The moon, of course," said the boy.

"What is it for?" asked the violet.

"For shining when the sun goes down."

"What else did you say you could tell me?"

"Oh, everything, most,—how to whistle, and ring the school bell, and rattle bones, and spin tops, and fly kites, and you can't have a gun till you are big, and when something black chases you, it is your shadow, and 'thou shalt not steal;' but I forget the long one about gravy images."

"Thank you," said the violet.

"Where is this?" asked the little boy.

"The Land of the Grigs, this is; you can hear them talking in the water down there with your—your moon."

"Do they tell nice stories?" he asked.

"Sometimes they do. I like to hear them talk to the cows when they come here to drink. Just scratch a frog on the back, and they will begin talking to you in a minute."

The little boy stepped off his stone and scratched a green frog with a small stick.

"If you should ever want to swim," said the frog, "just do this in the water."

He did it so quickly that Allen could not see what he did; but he thanked the frog when he came back, hanging his fore-legs down, and slanting his hind-legs.

"I 'd like to know how to lie in the water that way without touching bottom," he remarked.

"This! do you mean this?" asked the frog. "This is just done by—doing it, you know. Hang your legs down, slant your legs out; don't think about it at all. Any baby frog can do this.

"I 'd like to know," said the frog, in his turn, "how you get across the meadow with your fore-legs anywhere,—hanging down, or in the air; and sometimes you swing them around your head, with a piece of your head in one foot."

"Perhaps that 's my cap," said the boy. "Why you just take it off and swing it round, or throw it in the air, if you like, and kick it; my little brother can do that."

"Mine can't," said the frog

"I was a boy first," began a voice in the water, "but I did not like it."

Little boy Allen listened with both his ears. He liked to hear about "boys once." The Grig's voice was soft and pleasant, like a rustle in the reeds.

"No, I did not like to be a boy," he said. "I had to go to bed every night, and had a velvet cap tied under my chin to go to school, as soon as I had eaten my breakfast, and school was the worst place of all. You sat on a bench, and if you did n't know all there was in the books, somebody was whipped for it."

"Did you know then?" asked a crow.

"Not any more," answered the Grig, "and the teacher said what was worst was, 'you don't want to know, and you never will know, and you never will be a man, sir.'"

The Grig's breezy voice grew quite awful when he talked like his teacher.

"They would not let me alone to be a boy," he continued, "they kept poking me up to read like a man, and hold up my head like a man, to have my hat tied under my chin, and do sums and geog'fy like a man."

"You do know about the battle of Bunker's Hill, don't you?" asked Allen.

"No," shouted the Grig.

"Nor Putnam, and Adam and Eve, and Cornwallis and Cæsar, and Daniel Boone, and the Ionian Isles?"

"No—no—no!" roared the Grig.

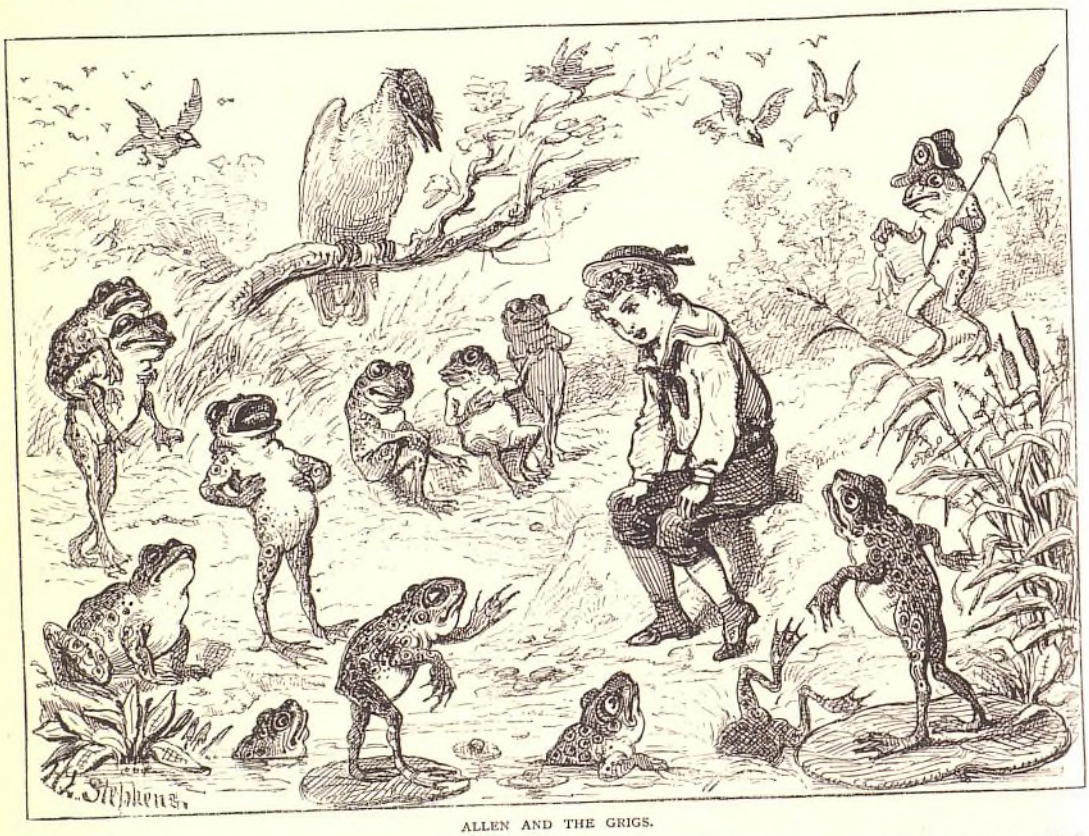
"Tell us some more things that you don't know about," said Allen.

"Oh, there 's lot o' things! Five times six is sixty-six. If you put three eggs, and two pigs, and six dogs in one cart, and go five miles, how many carts will go one mile in an hour?

"Stop him up there!" called out a Grig. "We always laugh when anybody knows anything, especially a boy," explained the Grig who had been talking. "We feel so sorry for him, for

We are merry, laughing Grigs!
We are shouting, chaffing Grigs!
And we don't know a thing,
And can only dance and sing,
With the Grigs, Grigs, Grigs,
With the Grigs."

All the Grigs in the black water joined in the chorus; some high, some low, and there was a sound of castanets and pipes and reeds.



ALLEN AND THE GRIGS.

"I don't know that, nor geog'fy!" continued the Grig. "They would turn over as soon as I had found out what was on one side of the world; slap over, and ask you what is on the other side."

"Eastern Hemisphere," said Allen, so promptly and gravely that all the Grigs laughed in chorus, and he thought that even the crow smiled. He was very much confused; but the white violets looked kindly at him and gave him courage to say: "Why do you laugh at me? It is the Eastern Hemisphere on the other side. Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia."

"But I like to know things," insisted the little boy. "My big brothers and father knows things," he added sadly and ungrammatically. "You must know 'em before you grow up to be a man."

"No, you need n't," called out a piping little voice on the farther edge of the pool.

"Yes, you need, too," said the boy, very stoutly, for he was beginning to doubt.

Just then it seemed as if it must be pleasant to be "A merry, laughing Grig," and not to know a thing. He was oppressed by the extent of his knowledge. "You do have to know things," he

asserted, daringly, "and I like it. I like to very much, I do."

"What do you like?" asked his friend the Grig with the pleasant voice.

"I like the things you didn't like when you were a boy—sums and geography and history. I am at the reign of George III., to find out why we had to break away from the mother country," he intended to say, but the Grigs laughed so immoderately that he had to join in with them, or sit still and look very foolish.

"Come down here and tell us all about it, old fellow," said a Grig, at last; but he could hardly speak for laughter. "It will be fun to have a little chap like you tell us why we br-broke away from the m-mother country. Excuse my smiling."

"I 'll tell you up here as much as I know about," Allen answered, "if you don't laugh all the time, for that confuses me and makes me laugh too,—and it was a very sad time in our Colonial history, you know; but you don't know, I think you said?"

There was some stifled laughter, but one Grig remarked sternly: "No, we do not know. Crack your little whip, my hearty, and whoever laughs again during this very sad time of our co-colonial history, shall be immediately changed into a wise, studious, learned little boy."

Little boy Allen cleared his throat and blushed. He squeezed the white violet in his hand, and looked down at the moon that seemed a silver boat in the very black water.

The Grigs were suddenly as silent as the moon; the white violets seemed to listen, too; he thought he felt their fragrant breath against his cheek. The crow, with his head sidewise, fixed one eye upon him, and muttered unintelligibly.

"I can't speak it like the books," he said, apologetically, "because sometimes I forget the long words."

"Oh, no! Don't, don't, don't!" roared the Grigs.

"Dear me, I was afraid you had all gone away, you were so still. I am glad you have n't, though. I 'll tell you as well as I can." His voice was very faint as he began.

"We had come over from England, the mother country; and this America was our home, and we loved it very much, as much as English people loved their home, and perhaps more, because we had, most of us, to work hard to keep warm in winter, and to get food and clothes. It was a struggling time for us, a hundred years ago, it was a struggling time. It ——"

"Oh my, how many times are you going to repeat that fact?" asked a Grig.

"That 's what we always have to do in our Debating Society, when we are not quite sure what will come out next. Where was I?"

"'It was a struggling time for us.' There 's where you are," said a Grig, "and you 'll set us off roaring again, if you don't look out. What made it a struggling time for us, Little Gravity, if I may presume to ask your honor a question?"

"Certainly," said Allen, politely, "we always like questions in our Society. It was a struggling time, because it was. We were in our infancy, and infants always do struggle."

"Yes, they always do," shouted the Grigs, "tell us some more."

"The British nation had adopted measures that made matters so very alarming," continued the boy.

"Ha, ha! Excuse me," said the breezy Grig. "What had the dear old mother done? We want to be clear about this. It is so much more fun than dragging it out of books at school. But what had the British nation done? Five minutes for deliberation."

"Thank you," said little boy Allen. He tried hard to remember the long words of the history; but he could not help counting the stars in the water, till a voice said:

"Time is up."

"She had nagged us for a long time, and was so hard upon us, that even Lord Chatham said, we could n't be expected to make up, if they did n't ease off a little."

"But what had she done to us,—that is the point?" insisted the pleasant-voiced Grig.

"I 'll have to look over it again, and come back and tell you," answered little boy Allen. "It seems to me that we were taxed very much more than we could pay, and badly used about a great many things; and when Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and other Americans, went to England to see about it, they were snubbed, and told they had n't any right to ask questions. Then Lord Chatham tried again to arrange our affairs, by asking that we might not be taxed any more unless we agreed to it ourselves at home, in our assemblies, and they just would not listen to him."

"A scrubby lot!" remarked a Grig.

"It was taxation without representation, that we objected to," said the little boy. He had thought very hard until he remembered the words of the book.

"'Taxation without representation,'" repeated a deep-voiced Grig, who seemed to be near the surface, "and he 's a fat little chap sitting on a stone, and if you 'll believe me, even those long words don't upset him."

"I learned them to-day," said the boy. "Whoever understands the subject best, when we debate

before the master next term, is to have a gold medal."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Grigs, and for a few moments there was such a clapping and clacking, and piping and bassooning, that Allen could not speak at all.

He was much encouraged, however, by their applause, and continued with great solemnity as soon as they were silent.

"We had no representatives in England, and yet we were taxed in the Colonies. When we found that the Tax Bill had really passed both houses of Parliament, and had become a law, our indignation was boundless. In Boston harbor the flags were hung at half-mast; the bells in the churches were muffled to ring a funeral peal; the Act was burned as soon as it came from the King's printing-house, and on the day upon which it was to be enforced, not a sheet of stamped paper was to be found anywhere, so they could not carry on any business that required stamps, and the courts of justice were closed."

"Good! very good!" said the deep-voiced Grig near the surface. "How did it end? How did it end?" called out a great many voices.

"It ended in the repeal of the Act in the British Parliament; but I have n't quite got to that."

"Enough! enough! enough!" piped up shrill voices in great numbers all around the edge of the pond.

"Don't you want to hear how they enforced the Stamp Act again, and the heavy duty upon tea, and glass, and ——"

"Too much at a time, young un!" said a gruff voice.

"But we rebelled and fought about it, and declared our independence, Fourth of July, and ever so much more,—American Revolution!"

"Come again! come again!" shouted all the Grigs, in all their voices, high and low, clear and shrill, deep and sweet, breezy and strong.

"There 's George Washington," said the little boy; "I have not brought him in yet. And 'Hail Columbia, happy land!' and 'Star-Spangled ——'"

"Oh, scratch my back!" said a frog.

"And all men free and equal."

"Come again! come again! Scratch my back, bully boy! Come again! Scratch my back." All the voices joining in to stop little boy Allen, and the crow still looking at him sidewise, and drawing a lead-colored shade over his eye. The little white violets hanging their heads, and no silver boat now in the black water.

He thinks he saw in the sedge near him just the very point of a red silk night-cap, that must have been on the head of the breezy-voiced Grig, and if so, he is sure he will know that voice again, and he is going back, he says, the first night that he hears all the voices calling at once:

"Come again! come again! Scratch my back! Come again, bully boy, come again!"

THE LEGEND OF ANTWERP.

BY M. R. H.

MORE than three thousand years ago,
Antigonus lived, the merchants' foe;
The grim old giant his castle held
On a bend of the lovely river Scheld.

Dark and gloomy against the sky,
The castle lifted its turret high;
While planted upon the rocky crag
Always floated the battle flag.

Around and about those vine-decked shores
Flashed white-winged ships and gleaming oars;
And happy and lucky the sailor bold
Who passed unchallenged, for goods or gold.

For the giant claimed, as a tax and fee,
Half the treasure brought over the sea;
And far and wide as the eye could reach,
Bales and boxes bestrewed the beach.

From early morning to set of sun,
The task of robbing the ships was done;
All grimly clad in his coat of mail,
Antigonus watched for the coming sail.

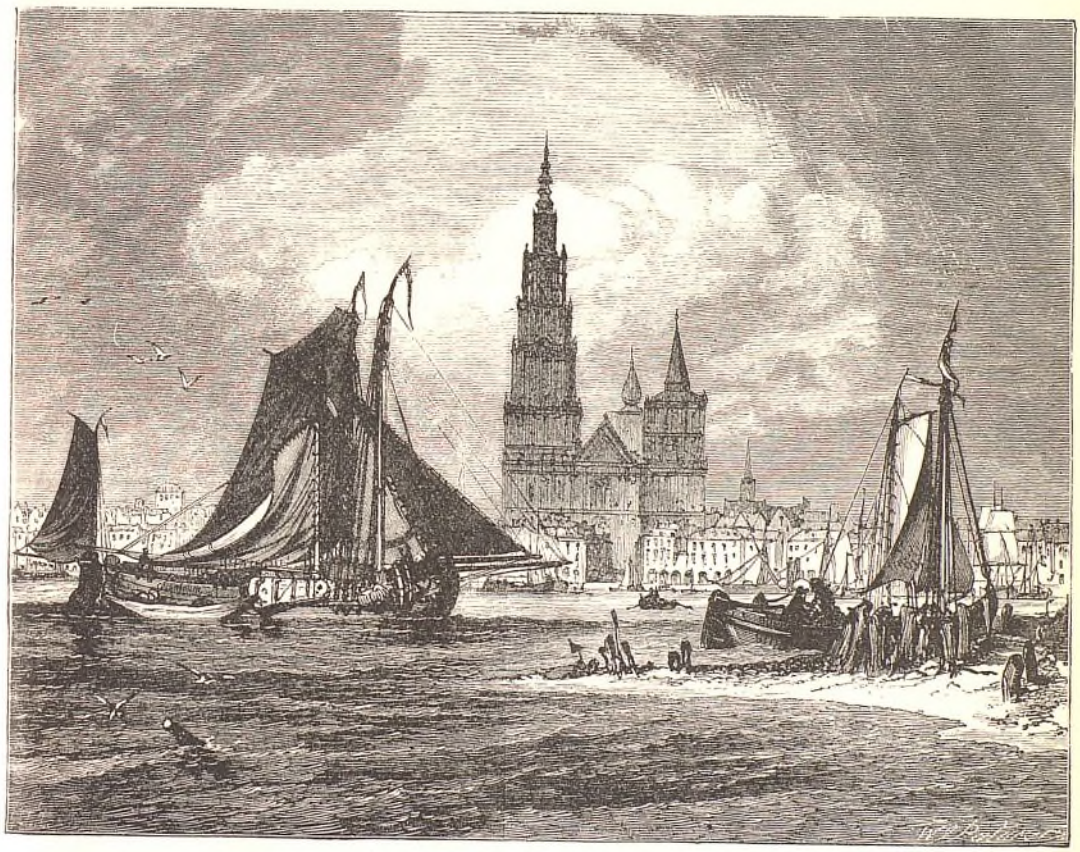
This was the rule that the giant made,
Briskly plying his robber trade:
Failing to bring the gold to land,
He cut off the skipper's good right hand.

Then up rose the valiant knight Brabo,
To fight the giant, of course, you know;
And the good old legend tells, beside,
How by Brabo's weapon the giant died.

So the conquering hero's deed and fame
Is kept alive by the country's name;
Brabant they call the land this day,
For love of the knight, the legends say.

Many and many a winter night,
When hearths are cheery and faces bright,
The children will cease their noisy play,
To hear of the giant, passed away.

"Ah! he never lived!" laughs a gay fraulein;
"I know very well what the elders mean!
Why, the name is from *ae'ntwerf*,* I've been told,
And not from *hand-werpen*† of giant bold!"



THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

Still past the quaint old Belgian town
Of Antwerp the river runneth down;
And still on the city arms doth stand
A hand that's clasping another hand.

"Oh, scoffing fraulein!" the children plead,
"We believe the story—we do, indeed!"
And over and over they hear it told,
The legend that now is centuries old.

It will last, they say, to the end of time;
It is told in prose, it is told in rhyme;
But the little ones say, in whispers low,
"It is well that it happened so long ago!"

* On the wharf.

† Hand-throwing: because the hands, when cut off, were thrown into the sea.

BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

A TASTE FOR READING.

By Olive Thorne.

Many years ago an enthusiastic girl, whose name you never heard, deliberately set out to "improve her mind." Blindly and secretly groping about for the best way, she stumbled upon various maxims for the guidance of earnest young souls, and putting them all together, she adopted for herself a set of rules intended to correct all her faults and complete her education, and of which I will tell you only those which were to direct her reading. The first required her to rise at five o'clock, retire to a cold room in the third story, and read for two hours in some "solid" work; and the second, never to read a second sentence until she understood the first.

Dear me! I see her now, poor struggling soul! wrapped in a shawl, eyes half open, poring over "Finney's Theology," the most solid book in her father's library. No one can ever know the tough wrestles she had with the "Theory of Divine Government," and "Moral Obligation," nor the faithfulness with which she adhered to the second rule, of understanding each sentence; which often resulted, by the way, in limiting her reading to a single half-page in a morning.

Have *you* found out that you know very little?—that books are full of allusions totally dark to you? Have you learned that graduating, even at a college, will not complete your education? Do you long for cultivation? Then to you I hold out my hands. Let us see if we cannot avoid the rocks that have wrecked so many honest endeavorers besides the girl of that far-off day with her Theology.

For the first, and greatest of these rocks—you will attempt too much. You will wake up to your needy condition suddenly, perhaps, and looking over the biography of Franklin, or some one else who lived by rule,—or at least made rules to live by,—you will, if you're an earnest soul, lay out for yourself such a code of laws, mental, moral and physical, as an aged philosopher would find hard to live by. Eagerly you will begin, and faithfully carry them out for a while; but human nature is weak, enthusiasm will die out, your lapses from rules will become more frequent, and you will fall back into the old careless life, discouraged; perhaps resume your novel-reading, and never advance beyond the shallow life you see about you and find so easy.

My dear girl! don't be so hard with yourself. Don't expect to jump from light novels to Carlyle, and to relish his bracing atmosphere. Do not begin with a book that requires the close attention of a student, and force yourself to read, yawning,

with wandering mind and closing eyes. Do not open a dry history, beginning at the first chapter, resolved to read it through anyway. Never stint your sleep, nor freeze nor starve yourself. All these are worse than useless; they discourage you. A taste for solid reading must be cultivated, and books that are tedious at fourteen may be lamps to your feet at forty.

There is an easier and better way. You need not despair of acquiring an interest in instructive reading, even if you have always read novels, have little time at your disposal, or have reached the age of gray hairs. It is never too late to begin to cultivate yourself.

Do not lay out in detail a "course of reading." Probably you would not follow it, and the moral effect of making a plan and giving it up is injurious. But there is another reason for my advice. When you become interested in a subject, *then* is the time to follow it up, and read everything you can get hold of about it. What you read when thus keenly interested you will remember and make your own, and that is the secret of acquiring knowledge: to study a thing when your mind is awake and eager to know more. No matter if it leads you away from the book with which you set out; and if it sends you to another subject, so that you never again open the original book, so much the better; you are eager, you are learning, and the object of reading is to learn, not to get through a certain number of books.

"What we read with inclination," said wise old Dr. Johnson, "makes a strong impression. What we read as a task, is of little use."

When you read a book that interests you, you naturally wish to know more of its author. That is the time to make his acquaintance. Read his life, or an account of him in an encyclopedia; look over his other writings, and become familiar with him. Then you have really added something to your knowledge. If you fettered yourself with a "course," you could not do this, and before you finished a book, you would have forgotten the special points which interested you as you went through.

You think that history is dull reading, perhaps. I'm afraid that is because you have a dull way of reading it, not realizing that it is a series of true and wonderful stories of men's lives, beyond comparison more marvelous and interesting than the fictitious lives we read in novels. The first pages are usually dry, I admit, and I advise you not to look at them till you feel a desire to do so; but select some person, and follow out the story of his life, or some event, and read about that, and I assure you, you will find a new life in the old books.

After getting, in this way, a fragmentary acquaintance with a nation, its prominent men and striking events, you will doubtless feel anxious to know its whole story, and then, reading it with interest, you will remember what you read.

But there are other subjects in which you may be interested. You wish first to know about the few great books and authors generally regarded and referred to as the fountain-heads of the world's literature. It is impossible, in a little "talk" like this, to give definite directions for gaining a knowledge of these. Needs vary in almost every case, and a book that might wisely be selected for one girl, might be a very poor choice for another. Almost every one can turn to some judicious relative or friend who, at least, can start her in a good direction. Once started, the way is delightful and easy. There are many entrances into the great temples of literature—you need not go in by all of them.

There are many well known and often quoted authors, concerning whom you will wish to be informed, even if you never read their works. You want to know when they lived and what they wrote. The world of books is too large for any one to know thoroughly; you must select from the wide range what suits your taste, and be content to have an outside, or title-page, knowledge of the rest.

Above all, in your reading you want to avoid becoming narrow and one-sided. Read both sides of a question. If you read a eulogistic biography of a person, read also, if possible, one written from an opposite stand-point. You will find that no one is wholly bad, nor wholly good, and you will grow broad in your views.

But perhaps you don't know how to read by subjects. Let me tell you. Suppose you see an allusion to something that interests you—say Sir Walter Raleigh; look for his name in an encyclopedia or biographical dictionary (which you will find in every tolerable village library). Reading of him, you will become interested in Queen Elizabeth; look her up, in the same books, and in English history; observe the noted men of her reign, look them up, read their lives; read historical novels and poems of her times; look at the table of contents of magazines and reviews, and read essays on the subject. You see the way open before you. Once make a start, and there is scarcely an end to the paths you will wish to follow.

If you have no special subject of interest, take up an encyclopedia, slowly turn the leaves, and read any item that attracts you, not forcing yourself to read anything. If you have any life in you you will find something to interest you; then you have your subject. If it is some historical person

or event, proceed as I have already indicated; if scientific, overhaul the dictionaries of science, lives of scientific men, discussions of disputed points, etc.; if geographical, turn to a gazetteer, books of travels, etc. One book will lead to another.

Right here let me say, I hope you have access to these works of reference, either in your own house, or that of a friend, or at a public library. But if your case is the very worst—if you have none, cannot buy them, and have no public library in your neighborhood, let me advise you to drop everything else, and make it your sole and special mission to start one, either by influencing your parents and older friends, or by getting up a club of your mates. A strong will and earnest effort will accomplish wonders, and all older people are willing to help younger ones to useful tools.

To return to your reading. Your memory is bad, perhaps—every one complains of that; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One I mentioned above: to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a lifelong lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh, and ready for use, as to have always on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case, you will not "forget your French" with the majority of your schoolmates.

A love of books, dear girls, is one of the greatest comforts in life. No one can be wholly unhappy or solitary who possesses it. From thoughtless youth to hoary age, books are a refreshment for the weary, society for the lonely, helpers for the weak. A taste for good reading is one of the best gifts in the world—better than beauty, almost better than health, and incalculably better than wealth. The pleasures of a comfortably filled mind can never be estimated.

In conclusion, let me beg that whatever you learn in books you will learn thoroughly. Content yourself with no smattering surface acquaintance, but endeavor to thoroughly know and understand your subject, step by step, as you go on. Master one subject, and you have taken a long step toward a broad and cultivated womanhood.

JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LITTLE John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,
And a blithe little man was he;
And he won the heart of a little mermaid
Who lived in the deep blue sea.
And every evening she used to sit
And sing on the rocks by the sea:
"Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Wont you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,
And he opened his little door;
And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped
Until he came down to the shore.

And there on a rock sat the little mermaid,
And still she was singing so free—
"Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Wont you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
And the mermaid she made one, too,
And she said: "Oh! I never saw anything half
So perfectly sweet as you.

In my beautiful home, 'neath the ocean foam,
How happy we both should be!
Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Wont you come down with me?"

Little John Bottlejohn said: "Oh, yes,
I'll willingly go with you;
And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,
For perhaps I may grow one too."
So he took her hand, and he left the land.
And he plunged in the foaming main;
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.

OUR COLONIAL COINS.

By G. D. Mathews.

PROBABLY very few of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know anything of the coins of this land before it was *a country*, when it was merely a home

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

REVERSE.

and a shelter for colonists from Europe. This Centennial year, therefore, will be a fitting season for saying something about those odd-looking pennies that one sometimes meets with, and which have so close a connection with our early history. Many of these coins were semi-national in their origin, being issued by State authorities, before as well as after the Declaration of Independence. Some were private ventures, struck here or in Great Britain; while others, again, were issued by France for her colonies in Louisiana. Of these pieces, many are now rare, but we shall describe a number of them, coming down to the period when

MASSACHUSETTS CENT.

REVERSE.

the United States Government exercised its prerogative as an independent power, of issuing its own money.

Wampum—that is, strings of shells ground down so that each piece was about the size of a grain of corn—was used by the Indians for ornament and for barter. The early colonists, through trading with the Indians, became accustomed to this article, and used it to some extent among themselves. But as it would not be taken by the merchants in Europe for goods ordered from them, a metallic currency was soon demanded.

In 1652, therefore, the General Court of Massachusetts issued at Boston some silver pieces of the value of twelve and of six English pennies each. These coins were merely round, flat pieces of silver, with "N. E." (New England) on the one side, and the value, XII. or VI., on the other. The frugal authorities wasted no money on engraving, not even announcing the year in which the coins were issued.

This coinage was, however, so distasteful, because of the absence of any design, that another series was at once issued, on some of which is a scraggy oak-tree, inclosed in a circle of dots, outside of which are the words "Masathvsets . in," while round the edge on the reverse is the remainder of the legend, "New England, An: Dom."

CONNECTICUT CENT.

REVERSE.

On this reverse is the date, 1652, in the center, with the numeral of value. XII., VI., III. or II., below it. On others of this design is a pine-tree; and while of both these designs occasional issues took place during nearly thirty years, yet the date 1652 is the only one used.

Charles the Second, it is said, regarded this coinage of the colony as an encroachment on his prerogative. We believe, however, that his dislike was overcome by the statement that the design was a memorial of the famous oak-tree hiding-place of his father!

In 1685 the Boston Mint was closed by royal

CONNECTICUT CENT.

REVERSE.

command, and remained so for more than a century. After the Revolution, Massachusetts issued

for local use copper cent and half-cent pieces. On these the device is that of an Indian chief with bow and arrow. To the left of his face there is a star,

CONNECTICUT CENT.

REVERSE.

while the legend is the word "Commonwealth." On the reverse is an eagle, with arrows in its left talon and an olive branch in its right, the breast being covered with a shield, on which is the word "Cent." The legend on this side is "Massachusetts," and the coins bear the date 1787 or 1788, the former being much the rarer piece. In 1788 the Federal Government prohibited all further coinages by the local States, intending to establish a national mint, and thus a second time the Boston Mint ceased operations.

While Massachusetts was the only State that ever issued silver coins, other States surpassed her in the amount of their issues of copper. In 1785, Connecticut issued a copper cent, stamped with a bust that passed for Washington, with the legend, "Auctori Connec." (By the authority of Connecti-

VERMONT CENT (REVERSE).

REVERSE, 1787.

cut). On the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the words, "Inde. et Lib.," contracted for "Independentia et Libertas," with the date. Copper cents were also issued by this State in 1786, 1787, and in 1788.

To Vermont belongs the honor of having a coinage issued by her own authorities even before she was recognized by Congress as an independent State. In 1785, this State coined a cent with a device as poetical as it was patriotic. On the obverse is the All-seeing Eye; around this are thirteen radiating lines, alternately long and short, with a star between each; while the legend reads, "Quarta . Decima . Stella"—Vermont claiming to be the fourteenth star in the Federal galaxy. On the reverse is a portion of the sun's disk as he rises over pine-crowned mountains; while between the date (1785) and the base of the mountains is a plow, the legend being, "Vermonts . (in some cases Vermontis) Res . Publica." In the following year on cents of this design we have "Vermontensium;" but on other cents, in place of this early design, there appears a conventional bust of Washington in armor, with the legend "Vermon Auctori," while on the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the customary "Inde. et Lib.," and the date, 1786, 1787, or 1788.

New Jersey, or, as it was first called, Nova Cæsarea, had no State coinage till 1786; but in that year, as also in 1787 and 1788, cents were issued of a very distinctive device. On the obverse

NEW JERSEY CENT.

REVERSE.

is a plow, surmounted by a horse's head, with the legend, "Nova Cæsarea," and bearing the date 1786. On the reverse is a large heart-shaped shield, the legend being "E Pluribus Unum."

We have now described the designs on the State coinages of money previous to our national issues; but a second division of this early money may be made of the coins prepared abroad for use here. Of these the rarest, and, at the same time, the most interesting, is the silver shilling, or groat, struck in 1659 in England by Lord Baltimore for circulation in Maryland, of which territory he was governor and proprietor. These pieces, known as the Baltimore shillings, show considerable taste in their device.

Another of these foreign coined pieces is called the Carolina halfpenny. This has on the obverse

CAROLINA HALFPENNY.

REVERSE.

a large elephant, standing. On the reverse are the words, "God preserve Carolina and the Lords. Proprieters, 1694." The date shows that this was.

struck during the reign of William and Mary, while the device of the elephant connects it with some of the great firms that traded with the East Indies. This halfpenny was, therefore, probably issued by some persons who had an interest in American as well as in Asiatic commerce.

In 1722, an Englishman named Wood obtained leave to coin twopennies, pennies, and halfpennies for use in the colonies. Having to pay a large sum

ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY.

REVERSE.

for this privilege, Wood re-imbursed himself by making the coins worth intrinsically only half their legal value. From their legend, these are known as the "Rosa Americana" series.

The colony of Virginia could not be overlooked by the industrious money-makers across the Atlantic, and in 1773 the "Virginia halfpenny" made its appearance. On the obverse is a head of George the Third, and on the reverse the arms of Great Britain, a crown, and the word "Virgi nia."

Our Declaration of Independence, and the hostilities which followed it, did not prevent the engravers of Great Britain from still seeking to profit by the American market. An immense number

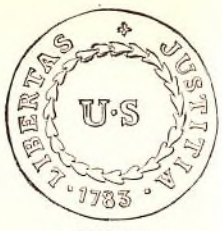
VIRGINIA HALFPENNY.

REVERSE.

of coins and tokens were now struck in England and sent here to be used as halfpennies or cents. Of these, we have the "Nova Constelatio" series, having on the obverse the All-seeing Eye, with radiating beams, between each of which is a star, the legend being "Nova Constelatio." On the reverse, a wreath incloses the letters "U. S." in Roman characters, while the legend is "Libertas + Justitia," the date being 1783. In 1785 there was another issue, the legend reading, "Libertas et Justitia," while the "U. S." is in script characters.

Another extensive issue was that of the "Washington cents," of which there were several varieties.

NOVA CONSTELATIO CENT.



REVERSE.

The earliest of these is called the "small-head cent," from the size of the bust of Washington, the legend being "Washington and Independence," with the date 1783. On the reverse is a figure of Liberty seated, with the legend "United States."

On a second type of this series we have the obverse and the reverse alike, the design being that of the obverse of the cent just described, the word Washington alone appearing, so that this is known as the "double-headed Washington cent." A third type has an entirely different head, and, from the

WASHINGTON CENT.

WASHINGTON "UNITY" CENT (REVERSE).

error in the legend on the reverse, is known as the "unity cent."

New York State seems to have had no local mint, so that the coins called "New York cents" were all imported. On some of these there is a bust of Washington, with the boastful and un-Washingtonian legend, "Non vi sed virtute vici" (not by force, but by virtue, I conquered); with a reverse of Liberty seated, the legend being "Neo Eboracensis" (New York), and the date 1786.

To our very incomplete sketch we must yet add a brief description of the currency used in the

ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY (ANOTHER ISSUE).

SMALL-HEAD CENT (REVERSE).

French colonies of Louisiana. In the beginning of the last century, Louis XV. issued a copper piece

having two L's crossed beneath a crown, with the usual French legend, "Sit nomen Domini Benedictum" (Blessed be the name of the Lord); while on the reverse there is simply, in three lines across the field, "Colonies Françoises, 1721," or 1722.

In 1767, there was another issue of copper money, but with a different device. On the obverse there is a wreath inclosing the French arms,

LOUISIANA CENT.

REVERSE.

with the legend and date. On the reverse are two scepters crossed with L., XV. in the angles, the letter A denoting the Paris Mint mark, while the

LOUISIANA CENT.

REVERSE.

words "Colonies Françoises" are in two curved lines.

A fuller description of the coins that go under the general name of American colonials is forbidden by our space. Should any of our readers be coin-collecting, we wish them, however, to remember that the most useful collection is that which contains good specimens of the different types or patterns of the various coins, and not merely "full sets" of the issues of any particular coin.

TWO OF THEM.

By Carrie W. Thompson.

A brook and wee Elsie
Were playing together,
One frolicsome day
Of the sunshiny weather,
At "tag" and "bo-peep;"
Naughty creatures were they,
For the brook and wee Elsie
Had both run away.

One time, when they paused
In a lovely cool place,
Elsie saw in the water
Her round dimpled face;
And "How funny!" she said,
With a wondering look,—
"Now, how could my face
Get into the brook?"

A half-minute later,
A gypsying bee
Left Elsie in tears,
Sorry object to see.
"Here 's another queer problem,"
The little brook cries;
"Now, how did I ever
Get into her eyes?"

THE RACES AT SHARK BAY.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

THIS picture of the fox and stork always puts me in mind of the Great Races at Shark Bay. The true account of that affair is this:

It was Uncle Jeems that brought the boys down to the bay. Their fathers had gone out to sea for a day's trolling for mackerel, and, being afraid to leave a lot of city boys running loose over the farm, called the old man out of the stable, and put them under his care.

"Fuss-rate," said Uncle Jeems, coming up when the gentlemen were gone. "I 'll gib yoh a day's spoht, young gemplems!"

"You 'll attend to your own concerns," said Pugh, loftily. "Come, Potter. If we are to spend the day at Shark's Bay, we can provide amusement for ourselves, I imagine."—and they walked away arm in arm. Ted and Joe and little Polly clung to Uncle Jeems, and trotted after them.

Pugh and Potter were academy boys, and quite ten years old. They always "imagined" and "presumed" when Ted would have said he "thinked it out." When they landed from the boat, the other day, they were quite sure all the boarders were looking at them, just as at home on Broadway they thought the crowd admired them passing by. Their only reason for expecting this public attention was that Pugh was studying Greek verbs and Potter had a watch; and there are a great many persons of whom these things can be said.

Though we do meet people sometimes, who think everybody is admiring them, who do not even study Greek, and have not a watch.

Since they came to the country, Pugh wore his best clothes of gray cloth, and Potter a full suit of white linen, with magnificent neck-ties and scarf-rings. They were very much ashamed of the flannel shirts and old trousers in which their fathers would go fishing.

"What kind of sport shall we have?" Ted asked the old man when they came in sight of the bay.

"Dat 's foh de young men to say, sah,"—and Uncle Jeems sat down on a log and began to pick the barnacles off it.

"Never you mind," said Potter, graciously. "We 'll take care of you little fellows."

The bay was a very little bay, only two or three miles wide. It sparkled in the sun, and now and then a crab came to the top and made a ring of ripples on the tan-colored water. There was a strip of sandy beach all around it, and back of that, green and brown marshes, as far as you could see inland. The bay opened out into the sea, which, no doubt, was a very grand background; but Ted and Polly took very little account of it—it was so

big and uncomfortable. Sand-hills and the mud in the marsh were the things,—that is if you went in for enjoyment.

Pugh and Potter consulted awhile. Then Pugh said, as if he were making a speech:

"We are going to have races ——"

"Oh, goody!" cried Polly.

"Hooray!" shrieked Ted and Joe. "Races!"

"The Grand Races of Shark Bay!—that's the name of them. Two heats. I'm to lay down the rules for the first heat, and Potter for the second. Now d' ye understand? Two heats?"

"Two heats! Hooray!" yelled Ted and Joe, while Polly swung her sun-bonnet by the strings and screamed louder than either.

"That will do. You'll make me deaf, child. Now I'll make the rules for the first race. The starting-point is this log—just here, and that boat drawn up on the beach is the goal. Every man entering the race must put down a quarter of a dollar ——"

"Have n't got a quarter," sung out Ted.

"Hooray!" began Polly, but stopped short.

"Well, put in what you have got."

Potter and Pugh each took out their porte-monnaies, and flung down a quarter of a dollar on a mossy log. Ted and Joe whispered eagerly together.

"Is the one that wins to have *all* the money?" asked Joe.

"Yes, yes. Come, don't be all day about it."

"Now, I've got fifteen cents and Ted's got fifteen. If we put in ten each, we'll have five for the second heat. Will that do?"

"Don't yoh resk yoh money, chillen," growled Jeems. "You have n't got de ghost of a chance 'gainst dah long legs. Don't yoh see?"

But Ted and Joe were breathless with eagerness.

"Can we go in on that? Can Polly go in, too?"

"Oh yes, yes." Pugh and Potter laughed and exchanged significant glances. "Now," said Pugh, "fifteen minutes for preparation."

He disappeared suddenly in the marsh-grass. Potter took off his coat. Ted and Joe, anxiously watching him, did the same.

"Mine's a frock," said Polly, ready to cry. But when Potter unlaced his shoes, and Ted and Joe did likewise, she tore off both shoes and stockings and hopped about in her fat, bare feet.

"Take your places!" said Potter, throwing back his suspenders. His face was very red, and he looked now and then anxiously at the little heap of twenty-five and ten-cent notes.

They all stood in a row by the log, right foot out, looking impatiently about for Pugh.

"I think Polly ought to have a start. She's the littlest," said Ted.

"That's against Latin rules," said Potter, solemnly. "'*Mensa*, *mensæ*, *mensæ*, *mensam*.'"

"Oh!" said Ted, looking aghast. "I did n't know."

"Come along, Pugh!" shouted Potter, sharply. "I hear you back there. Time's up! I'll give the word. One—two—three! Go!"

They all dashed off, Potter ahead. But he stopped short when Pugh broke through the marsh-grass mounted on his velocipede, which he had brought down with him from town. It ran like lightning over the hard beach.

"Unfair! Foul! Back! back!" shouted Potter, and after him Ted and Joe.

"It *is* fair," said Pugh. "There was no agreement that it was to be a foot-race."

Potter was silent a moment. "Come on, then," he said, sullenly.

"We can beat him, anyhow, Potter," shouted Ted, wild with excitement.

They made a fresh start. Potter ran leisurely, not trying to win. Poor little Polly tumbled down after a yard or two, and came back crying to Uncle Jeems. Ted and Joe went tearing along only to see Pugh, seated on his crimson velvet cushion, run easily before them all the way and round the goal with a triumphant sweep of the wheels. He rode back laughing, gathered up the money, and put it in his pockets.

"Yoh gwine t' take dem chillen's money?" said Uncle Jeems.

"That's the rules of the race," said Pugh.

"Why, of course, that's the rules of the race!" cried Ted. "Come on! Second heat! Plank down your five cents, Joe."

Joe obeyed. Pugh and Potter put down their stakes.

"Starting-point and goal the same," said Potter. "Fifteen minutes for preparation." And *he* disappeared in the marsh-grass.

"*I* wont run this time, boys," said Polly, looking first at one red little sole and then the other.

But Ted and Joe were hot with eagerness to be off. They danced up and down in front of the log. Pugh sat, smiling, on his velocipede.

There was a stir presently in the grass.

"Time's up!" cried Joe. "One—two—three ——"

"Go!" shouted Potter, dashing into the course on his pony. He had not had time to saddle him, and rode clinging to the mane. Pugh rushed forward for a few rods, but was left far behind.

Ted and Joe raced furiously along until they were out of breath. The flying heels of the pony left only a cloud of sand in their faces.

They came back red and perspiring, ready to cry, but swallowed down the sobs as they pulled on

their coats. Potter cantered up and stuffed his winnings into his pocket.

There was a miserable silence. The sun was hot and glared upon the sand.

"*I* don't think races is very good fun," said Polly.

Potter and Pugh chuckled.

"Is that all the sport you know?" asked Ted.

"That 's all," said Pugh.

His velocipede would not run except on the narrow strip of hard beach; he gave it a kick and sat down. Potter's pony was minded to go to its stable; he abused it for an obstinate little beast, and, jumping off, let it gallop back. Then he sat down beside Pugh. Their full pockets did not seem to put the two boys into a good humor. Ted and Joe put their hands into their empty ones, tried to look indifferent, and yawned.

"Is dem dar races done run?" said Uncle Jeems, dryly.

"Yes," said Ted. Polly nodded two or three times. A tear ran down to the tip of her little red nose, and hung there.

"Wal!" (the old man got up slowly) "reckon it 's our tuhn now, chillen!"—and *he* disappeared in the marsh-grass.

Pugh and Potter sneered, but Ted and Joe stared all about them with wide-open eyes.

In two minutes, on the water from behind a clump of cedars and bay bushes, appeared Uncle Jeems, aboard of the dirtiest, loveliest little boat you ever saw. A regular schooner, fully twenty feet long, with two masts and sails, and a red streamer fluttering at the peak!

"Dis yere 's de full-rigged, fast-going ship Polly, bound foh Europe, Californy, *and* Japan!" cried Uncle Jeems, steering her up to the shore. "Ted, commander! Joe, fust captain! Polly, passenger! Uncle Jeems, crew! All aboard. Rig your maintopsail, my hearties!"

Ted and Joe had no breath to cheer. Their eyes were set with astonishment and delight. Polly gave a little cackle of a "Hooray!" and then jumped up and down, holding up her arms. "Me? me? Did you mean *me*, Uncle Jeems?"

"Yoh 's de on'y lady ob de name ob Polly I know yereabouts," lifting her on deck with a jump. "All aboard, captain!"

Ted and Joe swarmed over the bow. Pugh and Potter came close as they could. They had quite forgotten their dignity in the excitement.

"Is n't she a beauty? Regular sea-going vessel, is n't she, Uncle Jeems? Something like a boat, to have two masts!"

"Look at the anchor!" shrieked Polly. "And the dear little house shut up by a lid!"

"That 's the forecastle, you goose," said Ted. "But just see the rudder! Why, you can turn it! Can I steer—oh, can I steer?"

"Ob course. And Mars Joe, he min' de sail. Miss Polly, she captain ob de center-board. You hold dat stick tight, honey. Now we 's off. Rig yer jib-boom! Man yer topsail halyards, my hearties!'

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted Ted and Joe; and the little boat went plunging out into the flashing waves, the red streamer flapping overhead in the sunlight, and the masts, with Ted's steering, rocking topsily to and fro.

"We 've got to take keer of shipwreck," said Uncle Jeems, gravely.

"Of course! of course!" cried Ted and Joe.

The water in the bay was not two feet deep, but they did not know that.

Pugh and Potter looked disconsolately at them and the boat, driven here and there before a free wind.

"Father would never let me go in a boat alone," said Pugh.

"Seems as if we 'd lost our one chance," rejoined Potter. "Hang the old darkey! Look here, Uncle Jeems," he shouted, "are n't we to go aboard?"

"Ship 's commanded by Cap'in Teddy, sah. I 'se de crew."

"I say, fellows!" cried Pugh. "This is poor fun for us."

"That 's so!" said Joe. "Put about, Ted. Take 'em aboard."

"Take 'em aboard!" cried Polly. "Hooray!"

"Let dem dar alone. Dat 's my 'dvice," muttered Jeems. But he brought the boat ashore, and the boys jumped on deck.

No sooner did they find themselves safely there than they began to take command.

"Give me that rudder, Ted," said Potter. "Joe, let Pugh have that rope. Let that stick alone, Polly. What do such chubs as you know about sailing a vessel?"

He dropped the rudder in a minute, however, to rush with Pugh to the bow, to look at a fish jump out of the water. And then—how it came about nobody could say (Uncle Jeems had the sheet in hand, and surely he knew how to manage it)—the boom swung around, and over went Potter and Pugh headlong into the water.

"Dat ar bow 's a dangerous place," said Uncle Jeems, quietly.

The children screamed. Potter and Pugh scrambled up and stood with the sea-weed and muddy water up to their knees, spitting it out of their mouths, wringing it out of their hair.

"Take us aboard!" they shouted, as the Polly sailed swiftly away. "We 're drowning! Take us aboard!"

"Dis yer ship 's under full headway," said Uncle Jeems. "It 's onpossible to turn her. I reckon yoh wont drown dis day."

They waded ashore and looked back, dripping and soggy with mud, to see the crew in the boat unpacking a basket full of cold chicken, biscuits, and delicious fruit. The sun was warm overhead, and the wind filled the sails, and the bright ripples dashed against the sides of the boat.

"They 'll not come home until night," said Pugh. "They 're having too good a time to think of coming ashore before night. We may as well go to the house."

Polly's father went down to meet them that evening, for they did not come in until the moon was shining. He carried Polly in his arms.

"Uncle Jeems has given my girl a grand holiday!" he said. "It was a pity those lads fell overboard, Uncle!"

"Yes, sah," said the old man, gravely. "Dat was a most onfortunate—accident!"

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

THE BUCK-SKIN BREECHES.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

GRANDPAPAS all were once little boys—
Is not that a remarkable poser?—
Devoted to toys,
Nonsense and noise,
Addicted to jack-stones and similar joys,
Crazy for races with Rover and Tozer,
Yet forced to sit still and say, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir;"
And the boys of all time, experience teaches,
Have their first new balls and their first new breeches.

Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six!
That is the date—like a burr it sticks;
For grandpapa told it, many 's the while,
As he spoke of the past with a sigh and a smile;
The wondrous year,
To memory dear,
Which of all his youth rose up most clear,
When his homespun suit was kicked to the rear;
When his father took him o'er dale and down,
Three hundred miles to the Quaker town,

And in bliss that humanity rarely reaches,
He donned his first buff buck-skin breeches.

Grandpapa had a most notable sire—
Brave, the Old General, and stout and true;
Prompted by honor and duteous ire,
He pledged himself with the noble few,—
Look in the list,
It cannot be missed,
He wrote it himself with his resolute fist;
Among the old Signers his name you will see,
Beginning with "William" and ending with "d";
Strong to bear stress in Church and State,
He wanted his boy to be just as great.

"This lad of mine," said the fervid sire,
"I 'd like him filled with a patriot's fire!"
So, to foster the feeling, what did he do
But buy him the suit of a patriot true;
Waistcoat of buff,
Surcoat of blue,
Queer-cornered hat of a somber hue,
Buckles of silver, shining and new,
Stockings of silk, to the knee each reaches,
And a sumptuous pair of buck-skin breeches.

There was the happiest boy in creation!
What cared he for the great Declaration,
The throes of a kingdom, the birth of a nation?
Matters of state,
Little or great,
Hearts of oak that compelled their fate,
Sacredest vows and death-drawn speeches,—
He 'd have sold them all for his buck-skin breeches!

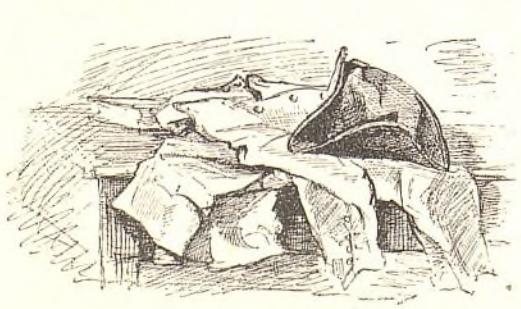
But, alas, for the bliss of the bounding heart!
A slip, and the cup and the lip must part;
A breath, and the sweet becomes a smart;
A flash, and the smile has grown a tear;
A space, and the boy is crying, "Oh dear!
The hour is near,
The breeches are here,
But I can't get into them, that 's quite clear!
I can't get in, nor anywhere near!"

"Can't!" said the General, and frowning heard,
While the soldier's pride in his breast was stirred.
"Never, again, sir, utter that word!
You 're a free-born *man*,
That always *can*,
And *must*, and *shall* perfect his plan!
See that your aim be just and right,
Then cleave your way with a dauntless might!
Leave 'can'ts' to cowards that fear the fight!

"Come, Pomp and Cæsar!" he quickly cried,
"Catch hold here, both of you, one on a side;
The suit is right, but the boy is too wide;
Now firmly take it,
And thoroughly shake it.
And if it wont bend, why then we 'll break it;
Many a pillow too plump for the case
Has to be shaken down into its place!"

So the fat little boy was put in at the top,
While the breeches were shaken, flippety-flop;
They tossed him up with a jump and a hop,
They settled him down with a sudden pop,
And with every jerk the deeper he 'd drop,
Till, finally, word was given to stop.
The boy was in,
As snug as a pin;
Pomp and Cæsar were all of a grin,
And the breeches fitted as tight as his skin.

Ah, that was the spirit of Seventy-Six!
It would n't confess itself caught in a fix;
If there was a way, 't would find and take it;
If there was n't a way, 't would speedily make it;
When laws were vexing, or breeches straight,
It rarely tarried to ruminate,
But couched its lance, and conquered Fate!
Yet happily, still
Its place we can fill,—
Can span the deep river, or breast the hill,
Or leap the abyss with a hero's thrill;
For a golden heart and an iron will
Are the lords of every earthly ill.



THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

By Noah Brooks.

Chapter XXIV.

WANDERING ONCE MORE.

When the boys finally resolved to leave Crow-bait diggings, they found it easier to remove than they had thought. Little by little they had reduced their outfit. The cattle had been sold, their horse was dead, the tent had been used up in various ways, the box of their wagon made into trunks and benches, and the running gear traded off for flour to a man who had happened that way early in the spring. Nevertheless, as they loaded themselves with their mining tools and slender stock of provisions, and made ready to turn their backs on what had been home to them, they could not help feeling sad. Since they had left the States no place had so long been their camp.

But their preparations for a tramp were soon finished, and, one bright spring morning, they marched up the creek. The faithful Pete trotted along at Arty's heels, very much surprised, apparently, at this sudden desertion of the old home.

"Good-bye, old Boston!" said Arty, as they turned a bend in the river which would shut the log-cabin from view. "Good-bye! we 've had a good time and some hard luck with you."

"Good riddance to old Boston, I say," grumbled Tom, who was staggering along under the weight of sundry pots and pans; "I'm glad to get shut of the place. Too much work, and too little gold."

"Oh, shut your mouth and come ahead!" scolded Hi. "It appears like you all wanted to make speeches on the old shebang." Nevertheless, Hi breathed a long sigh, and set his face with a hard look, as if he was determined that he would not regret leaving their first home in California.

They had heard of Table Mountain as being a very rich mining region, and thither the little company of gold-seekers now bent their steps. Their way was along the foot-hills, covered with verdure, and knee-deep in wild flowers. The slopes were splashed with great patches of blue, white, orange, and yellow, showing where the wild larkspur, heliotrope and poppy grew in prodigal luxuriance. The pines and spruces were spicy with balsamic odors, and the air was soft with the early summer heat swept up from the Sacramento Valley.

Now and then they encountered a party of miners—two, three, or half-a-dozen—laboriously climbing the steep trails which led among the hills; and, now and again, they stumbled on others who were working at claims which they had taken up by streams and in gulches. But, for the most part, the young lads had the country to themselves, as they tramped steadily onward to the north. It was a vast solitude, almost untrodden by the foot of man. The few prospectors who came and went were soon lost in the well-nigh pathless wilderness. There were no houses to be seen, no roads, and even the trails which they crossed occasionally seemed to have been traced out since the snow had melted. Gray rabbits bounded out and in among the ferns. Ground-squirrels set up their tails like banners, and drifted on before the wayfarers, and the parti-colored magpies screamed angrily from the bushes, as if resenting this intrusion by human strangers.

On the second day, climbing up a sharp ridge, late in the afternoon, they beheld a little village on the summit of the next divide. Between the ridge and the divide was a wide ravine, through which ran a pretty stream, and all along its banks the fresh earth was tumbled and heaped. A few rough-hewn beams and puncheons showed where men had been working. But no miners were in sight.

"Those fellows knock off work pretty early in the afternoon," said Barney, as the party rested on the ridge.

"Good diggin's, and makin' lots of money, most likely," added Hi.

"From this distance their camp looks quite homelike," said Mont, "though I suppose we should find it mean enough when we get into it. But see how well that double row of cabins is set against the background of trees. If there was only a little paint on some of those shanties, it would look quite like a hamlet among the mountains of Vermont."

"Only you never see that nasty red earth among the Green Mountains," added Barnard, with disgust, for the natural scenery of the country never pleased him. It was "foreign," he said.

The boys wondered what the settlement was, and so, picking up their burdens, they scrambled down the hill-side, waded through the tall grass in the bottom, and crossed the creek on a rude little bridge, which had evidently been made to enable the miners to drag in their lumber from the woods near by.

"'Pears like as if these fellows had n't been at work here lately," said Hi, curiously scanning the diggings. Water had settled in the holes where the miners had been digging. The only tools to

be seen were worthless and rust-covered, and a broken sluice-box lay warping in the hot sun. It looked as if the place had been left for a night, and that the workers had never waked again to their labors.

The boys climbed the divide and entered the settlement. It was traversed by a single street or alley, which ran through the middle. There were eight cabins on one side, and seven on the other. These were built of rough logs, hewn boards or puncheons, and one or two were pieced out with blue cloth, now faded and mildewed. Looking down the street, the lads saw that every door was open, and that most of these, swinging outward, had an unhinged and neglected look. Here and there, in the middle of the narrow street, was a scrap of cast-off clothing, an old hat, a broken tool, or a battered bit of tin-ware; and, thickly strewing the ground, were dozens and dozens of empty tins, in which meat, vegetables, or oysters had been preserved.

But nobody was in sight. Arty timidly peeped into the first cabin on the left. Nobody there. Tom blundered into the house on the right. Nobody there. So they went, almost holding their breath, half-suspecting a surprise, down through the little village. Every house was empty, silent and tenantless. All save one. In the last house on the left, where somebody had planted wild columbines about the door-step, and a few pink flowers were unfolding themselves, as if satisfied that the old solitude of the place had returned, little Johnny started back in affright. In the gloom of the interior, a pair of huge fiery eyes gleamed from one corner.

"Wha-what 's that?" he stammered, and backed toward the door. Arty came and looked over his shoulder, and when the eyes of the boys had become a little accustomed to the darkness, they descried a solitary cat sitting on a table strewn with bones, broken pipes and bottles, the only surviving inhabitant of this deserted village.

"Poor puss!" said Arty, advancing toward her. Puss set up her tail, cried "Phit! phit!" darted through the door, and disappeared in the underbrush, pursued by Pete, who was apparently delighted at seeing an old acquaintance. It was the first cat he had met in California.

The boys stood still, with a sort of awe which even the comical flight of the cat could not quite dispel. They were in a deserted camp. A village of the dead. Where were its inhabitants? Had a plague carried them off? If so, who had buried the last man? The untenanted settlement bore no sign to show who had lived here or where they had gone. Some unmeaning letters, hacked in the door-ways in moments of idleness, probably gave the initials of some of the vanished settlers; and a few rabbit-skins shriveling on the cabin-walls, where they had been nailed by the hunters, reminded the visitors that destructive men had lived here. But that was all. The red sunlight sifted down in an empty street, and partly glorified the silent, shabby and forlorn mining camp.

"These chaps have heard of some rich diggings somewhere. They have been easily discouraged here. And they have packed up their traps in a hurry and vamosed the ranch." This was Barney's deliberate opinion, after he had surveyed the ground with some care.

It was the most reasonable explanation possible. Mont said that if the entire community of Swellhead diggings had vanished in a single day, bound for Gold Lake, as the boys knew, why should not a bigger settlement leave in a hurry, and make a rush for some other such folly?

"Anyhow, here 's a house apiece for to-night," added Mont, "and a plenty left for storage. We may as well camp here."

The young adventurers examined the habitations with a critical air, but finally agreed to keep together in one of the largest of the cabins. Arty declared that it was "too poky" to sleep alone in any one of these deserted mansions. Somehow the others were of the same opinion.

When they straggled out into the early daylight, in answer to Mont's cheerful call, next morning, Barney crossly said:

"I thought you said this was a deserted village, Mont?"

"So I did."

"'T is n't so, there 's plenty of tenants."

"I know what he means," said Arty, with a comical look.

"What then?" demanded Mont.

"Fleas!"

Everybody laughed. They had been long enough in California to find out that these were tenants which never caught the gold fever, and never vacated any premises whatever.

That day brought them, after frequent stoppages for prospecting, to Table Mountain. It was a long flat-topped eminence, almost perpendicular as to its sides, and shelving rapidly down into a well-wooded and broken country, cut up by small streams. All along these streams were good diggings, it was said, and the chances were promising for gold-mining almost anywhere.

In a broad open space, through which a shallow creek poured over bars of sand and gravel, was Hoosiertown. Miners' cabins, tents and booths, were dotted over the rocky interval, and all along the creeks were men working like beavers. There were sluices, long-toms, cradles, and all sorts of

contrivances for mining. At one place on the stream, the miners had run a dam out into the current from one bank, and then, curving it down stream, had turned it back again to a point a little below the side from which it had started. This was a "wingdam." By making it tolerably tight, the place thus inclosed was partially free of water. Rude pumps were also put in to pump out the water, and these were worked by means of "flutter-wheels," which were moved by the flowing stream outside of the dam very like the wheel of a water-mill. In this wingdam men worked with the water up to their middle. They dug up the bottom of the stream—sand, gravel and stone. As the water sunk away and the bottom was cleaned, they found gold—gold in lumps and fine scales—which had been washed there in the far-off times.

This was going on all along the stream, and everywhere men were busy with all sorts of wooden machines, rude and clumsy, to be sure, but good enough for the present purpose.

The boys looked on with silent amazement. This was a real mining settlement. Here were more than one hundred men at work, and using contrivances that had cost much labor and money. They seemed to be determined to get every scrap of gold, even though they had to wipe up the river, scrape down the mountain, and root out the forest. They were very much in earnest, anxious, without comfort, and, for the most part, haggard and ragged.

The borders of the once pleasant stream were gashed with diggings, and disfigured with timber-like mining apparatus. Even upon the hill-sides the surface was dotted with heaps of red and yellow earth, where greedy prospectors had burrowed in for gold. In the valley, on either side of the stream, the cabins, with gaping seams open to storm or wind, weltered in the sun; and the barren and comfortless place wore a homesick look to the young gold-hunters.

Arty's quick eye detected a woman's frock hanging on the thorny branches of a manzanita-bush near a cabin which looked less untidy than the others.

"Hooray! there 's a woman in this camp, anyhow," said Hi, with enthusiasm, when Arty had pointed out the purple calico on the manzanita. "Let 's go and take a look at her."

Rather shamefacedly, as if afraid of womankind, the lads straggled up to the cabin and dropped their packs on the ground. A comely young woman, brown in face and bare of arms, but wearing a smart ribbon in her hair, came to the door with a sharp, "Are you here again?"

"Nance, with hoops on, as sure as I 'm alive!" exclaimed Hi; and his under jaw dropped clean down to express his utter amazement. Nance blushed to the roots of her hair, and said:

"Why, I thought it was that ornery feller, Missouri Joe; he 's a-sparkin' round here just continual."

"Howdy? boys, howdy?" broke in the good Mrs. Dobbs, who now came forward and looked over her daughter's shoulder. "We 're powerful glad

NANCE COMES TO THE DOOR.

to see ye. 'Pears like old time to see you, boys. My old man war a-speaking about you no more 'n yesterday."

Nance, recovering herself after her first surprise, welcomed the lads, and the whole party, seated on the door-step and about the cabin, exchanged all the news they had to tell. The Dobbs family had been here since the snow left, which was early, for not much snow fell in these parts. They had done well. They were doing well. Philo Dobbs had a "pardner," and the two had a wingdam, from which great things were expected. Yes, there were plenty of chances here. Why, even tunneling had been tried, and from some of these holes

men had got out gold, as Mrs. Dobbs expressed it, "hand over fist."

"Yes," she said, when Mont had remarked Nance's rapid growth,—"yes, Nance has got to be right peart of a gal. If she had a little more age onto her, and did n't kick up her heels now and then, she 'd be quite a young woman."

"La, ma, how you run on," pouted Nancy, the warm blood glowing through her brown cheeks.

"You see we 've put her into long gowns. Clothes is powerful dear in these parts, to be sure; but she 's the only young lady in Hoosiertown, and I tell my old man, says I, something must be sacrificed to appearances, says I."

What with a hoop skirt, a long calico dress, shoes on her feet, and a ribbon in her hair, Nance was really quite a changed person. Arty and Tom regarded her with an unwonted respect, and Hi blushed every time he looked at her.

The boys set up their camp in a deserted cabin which Philo Dobbs had once occupied, and which he gave them full use of for the present. At last they were in a considerable community again. They felt almost as if they had got back into civilization. At night, the notes of a violin and a flute from one of the cabins, showed that the tired miners were solacing themselves with music, and sounds of talk and laughter floated on the evening air. After all, "it was homelike to be among folks again."

So said honest Hi, as the boys contentedly sat about the door of their new home. Then, clasping his hands over his knees, Hi looked absently at Pete, who was winking and blinking at him, and added: "And she 's the only young lady in this yere town!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A SEPARATION AND A CALAMITY.

A GREAT variety of mining was carried on in the vicinity of Hoosiertown. As we have seen, the stream was lined with works for extracting gold in several different ways. And, back from the valley, in the low hills of the region, were some of the operations known as "dry diggings;" here the earth was pierced to a great depth by perpendicular holes, or shafts. Sinking through the dirt which had no gold in it, the miner finally reached a layer of earth far under the non-paying mass, where coarse gold was found; then, striking this "pay-streak" underneath the ground, dug it out carefully and hoisted it up to the surface, where the gold was washed out.

They burrowed in all directions as long as the pay-streak led them on; and the holes thus made were so much like the dens of coyotes, or little prairie wolves, that this sort of mining was called "coyoting." As the "coyoting" miner advanced with his burrow far below the surface, crawling on his hands and knees, and laboriously dragging his basket of dirt to the shaft, where his partner hoisted it up, he was nothing more or less than a burrower. "Dirty work brings clean money," he thought; or his mind went back to wife, mother, children, and friends at home, as he dug in the gloom and silence underground.

The earth thus undermined was propped up as the "coyoters" burrowed in all directions, to keep it from caving in upon them. Usually, the overhanging roof of the burrow was so tough that it needed no support. But it often happened that the mass settled and quietly shut down forever upon the workers below.

Prospecting over the hills with Philo Dobbs one day, Hi and Mont came upon a flat place where a considerable patch of the ground had settled a foot or two, leaving a ragged brown edge to show how far the surface had dropped.

"This yere," said Dobbs, striding into the middle of the depression, "is where the Redman boys was caved in on last fall. That there hole is where their shaft was."

"Caved in upon?" asked Mont, with a shiver. "How many of them were there?"

"There was the three Redman boys; they were from Maine, they was; two brothers and a cousin. Then there was a chap from Illinoy; name was Eph Mullet. They were the chaps that was caved on."

"Eph Mullet!" exclaimed Mont. "Why, Hi, that was Bill Bunce's partner. Don't you remember?"

"Sure enough," said Philo Dobbs. "I mind me now that that Bunce had a pardner, but I did n't know his name was Mullet. He and Bunce must have fallen out, for he was surely in the Redman party, and is buried under this very spot." And, as if to give emphasis to his words, Dobbs rose on his toes and came down heavily on his heels in the middle of this strange grave.

"And where was the man at the mouth of the shaft all this time?" asked Hi, indignantly. "Why did n't he run down to the camp at Hoosiertown and give the alarm, and have these poor fellows dug out?"

"Oh, he got off safe. But as for Hoosiertown, that was n't built then. This was last fall, and nothing had been done at Hoosiertown except a little prospecting on the creek by some stragglers, who had scratched about a bit and had lit out again for better diggin's. Here you can see where the survivin' pardner, as it were, started in to dig for his mates. But, lor! he had to go down twenty

odd feet. No wonder he gave it up as a bad job, and put out by himself."

"What a horrible story!" said Mont, looking at the sunken tract of earth, which covered so much sorrow.

"Yas, yas," replied Dobbs, "there 's any number of poor fellers huntin' for gold, and leavin' their bones among these yere hills, in pits, ravines, and gulches; and their folks at home a-wonderin' why they don't never turn up. Turn up! Why, they 'll never show a hand till the Day of Jedgment." And Philo Dobbs thoughtfully picked up a bit of pay-dirt, and rubbed it out in the palm of his hand.

Coyote-mining had a gloomy outlook to the boys, but Hi was very much taken with the hill-diggings in which we saw some of the miners at work. Some of these were nothing more than coyote holes run horizontally into the side of a hill, until the pay-dirt was reached. As these rude tunnels were easily dug, and the gold so found was coarse, the temptation to carry on that sort of mining was great. Hi declared in favor of hill-diggings.

But Mont and Barnard had found a place nearer the camp, which promised better. Besides, it was the only kind of mining which they knew anything about, and they were afraid of any new experiments. Hi was obstinate, and, moreover, he was tired, he said, of the old way, which had not been profitable enough. He wanted to get his money—lots of it—and leave. Miners were already going back to the States with their "piles." Poor Hi thought he must make his "pile" right away, and leave for home.

Mont and Barnard shook their heads, sorrowfully. Mont kindly argued the matter with their obstinate comrade. But Barney indignantly blurted out, "Why you would n't burst up the partnership, would you?"

"Yes," said Hi, doggedly. "I 'll go into the hill-diggin's myself, if you don't. That is, Tom and I."

"Tom and I, indeed!" broke in that young person. "I 'd like to know what makes you think I 'd go along with you. I 'm goin' to stay with the rest of the crowd. If you want to git, git!"

"See yere, youngster," said Hiram, red with anger," you are to go where I go. I 'm yer gardeen; if you don't go with me, where 's yer pardner? Who 'll ye work with? The chances are all taken."

"I allow I 'll work for myself," said the boy, sullenly, but somewhat in doubt.

"We 're very sorry to have you think of going," said Mont, "but if you must go, Tom may as well go with you. Is n't that so, boys?"

The rest of the party took this view of the case, and, after much consultation, it was agreed that Hi should draw out of the partnership, take his and Tom's share of the profits, and strike out for himself. The boys were all sorry over this first break in their company.

They sat uneasily about their cabin, in an embarrassed way, as if there was to be a ceremony of some sort which they dreaded to meet.

"Hang it all!" said Hi, with a sheepish look. "I allow it is powerful mean for me to quit and go off by myself. D'ye s'pose it 'll pay, after all?"

"You 're the best judge of that," said Barney, coldly. "It 's your own proposition."

"No, no," broke in Arty, eagerly, and leaning over the table toward Hi; "share and share alike is always better than going it alone, you know. It 's more sociable, anyhow."

Hi's eyes softened a little as he looked in the bright face of the lad; but just then his hand struck the heavy canvas pouch in which his and Tom's portion of the company's savings had been put. He drew a long, hard breath, and said, "I allow I 'll try the hill-diggin's."

At Arty's suggestion, Hi and Tom decided to mess with the boys for the present. The spot which Hi had fixed upon for his trial at tunneling was not so far from the cabin that he could not come back at night, get his supper, and sleep.

Hi was secretly glad to make this arrangement. He would be willing to endure some additional fatigue rather than lodge elsewhere than with his old comrades. Besides, he craftily argued with himself, it would be more economical.

Hi took possession of a hole, or tunnel, which somebody had begun to drive into a hill just above Table Mountain to the north. Near this were two or three good claims in which men were busily at work and taking out gold. Hi's tunnel had been begun by two or three men from Poverty Hill, the deserted village on the divide. When the rush from Poverty Hill to Rattlesnake Bar was made early in the spring, said a friendly Hoosiertown settler, these miners had tried their luck at river mining on Hoosier Creek. A week's work disgusted them, when they essayed hill diggings; put in a few feet of tunneling, and then were off to Trinity River, away up in the northern part of the State.

Hi now entered into their labors, accompanied with much grumbling by Tom. As for Barnard, Mont, Arthur and Johnny, after prospecting about the flat near Hoosiertown, they took up and worked in a claim, not much unlike that which they had held at Crowbait. They met with fair success at once, and, within a week, they "cleaned up" eight hundred dollars. This was encouraging. Hi, whose first question when, weary and fagged, he reached the cabin at night was always, "What luck to-day, boys?" heard the good news with ill-con-

cealed chagrin, though he tried hard to rejoice heartily in the good fortune of his late comrades.

Nevertheless, Hi soon struck the pay streak and begun to bring home every night a goodly harvest from his day's work. Three ounces, four ounces, five ounces, and even ten ounces, did he turn out of his buckskin bag, at the end of some days of labor. He spread the golden grains on the surface of their rude table, caressing the heap with real joy. Sixteen dollars to the ounce was the rate of reckoning gold in those days, and at this rate, Hi had done well, for he had only just begun to work into the pay dirt. He was very much elated by his good luck, and if everybody else had not been too busy with his own concerns to bother about those of others, he would have had the reputation of being a highly successful miner. As it was, his wealth was chiefly in the future.

The whole company, meanwhile, got on very harmoniously in their cabin. They all went to work in the morning, taking their ready-cooked dinner with them. At night they met around their supper, told over the events of the day, and speculated on the possibilities of to-morrow. It was a simple sort of life. They enjoyed it, and Nance, commonly known in the camp as "Dobbs's gal," was kind enough to receive a call from them once in a while, or drop in and give Arthur and Johnny a hint about cooking bacon and bread, which articles yet remained the staple of their fare.

Hi regarded Nance with bashful aversion. She made him blush in spite of himself; and once, when she reproved him for using slang, he grew very angry and said she was "putting on airs." It must be confessed that the girl grew womanly, sedate and almost dignified. She never seemed to forget that she was "the only young lady in the camp."

"Cut for home, boys," said Barney, cheerily, one afternoon. "The sun is down behind the lone pine, and its time you were getting supper ready."

Arty and Johnny very gladly dropped their tools and climbed the hill which lay between the claim and Hoosiertown. The sun was sinking low, and as the lads passed over the brow of the hill and began to descend the slope on the other side, they could see the broken, perpendicular walls of Table Mountain gilded with yellow light.

The edge of the mountain nearest them was low in places, with benches or ledges running along just above the road which wound through the valley at the foot of the mountain. As the hurrying boys paused for an instant and looked off over the landscape, bathed in the setting sun, Arty saw the figure of a man stooping and running along the precipitous edge of the opposite cliff, and occasionally stopping as if to watch something moving along the road beneath, which was not in sight from where the boy stood on the distant hill. Like a bird of prey, the man swiftly ran and watched, then stooped and ran, and watched again. Now and then he made a motion as if to drop something from his hand into the road beneath his feet. Then he seemed to think better of it, and he ran on, watching and waiting.

"Curious critter that," muttered Arty.

"Pshaw! it looks like Bill Bunce," answered Johnny, with a little start of disgust. "Let's run," and with that he trotted toward home as fast as his tired legs could carry him.

Just then the strange figure across the valley, now near the angle which Table Mountain makes where the valley opens out toward Hoosiertown, let fall something which seemed to be a heavy stone. Then he quickly pitched down another and another. Then he jumped over the edge of the cliff and scrambled down out of sight toward the road below.

"Queer boy Johnny is; always thinking of Bill Bunce!" So said Arty to himself, as he bounded along light-heartedly and overtook his comrade.

When they reached the cabin, Tom was there before them and was already chopping the fire-wood for their evening cooking.

"Yes," he said, "Hi 's always higgling and haggling. He 's afraid to leave the leastest speck of gold anywhere about that confounded old tunnel overnight. There 's no thieves about. Honest country, I say. But Hi, he 's dreffle suspicious. Sly folks always is."

Arty remonstrated with Tom for holding such a mean opinion of his brother, and Barney and Mont, who soon came over the hill, rebuked the lad for not staying with Hi to help him clear up his day's work.

"Hi is a good brother, anyhow," said Barnard, heartily, as he blew the water off his red face, and began to polish it with a coarse towel. "And, my little man, it stands you in hand to hold up your end of the yoke, as Arty says. Still, Hi is late to-night."

Just then, four or five red-shirted miners, bearing some strange burden, came out from the mouth of the valley above and made straight for the cabin where our boys were making ready for supper.

They seemed to be carrying a wounded man; and as they drew nearer, the tender-hearted Barney burst out with, "My grief! its poor old Hi!" And so it was. The miners, coming home from work, had encountered a figure sitting up in the dust and feebly trying to rise. There was a ghastly wound on the top of his head. His hair was clotted, and dark red stains were on his face. Groping about in the dazzling light of the sun, then level

with the valley, Hi, for the miners recognized Hi Fender, had murmured something indistinctly and had become unconscious.

The poor fellow was laid upon his bunk. Mont said at once, "We must have a doctor."

steed in the camp, a fiery mustang, rode to Smith's Bar, four miles away, and brought back the doctor.

Meanwhile, Mont and Arthur bathed poor Hi's head, cleansed his face, and tried to relieve his suf-

THE BOYS WATCH THE STRANGE FIGURE.

"Thar's nary doctor round yere," said one of the miners, roughly but kindly. "Yer pard 's hurt powerful bad. He may as well pass in his checks."

"Perhaps doctorin' will do him no good. But there's a young chap down to Smith's Bar who does something in that line," said another.

It seemed an age to the sorrowful, anxious group in the cabin while Barney, mounted on the only

ferings. He only groaned and made no sign of intelligence.

Tom, heavy-hearted and remorseful, went on with the cooking of supper, in an absent-minded way. The men who had brought Hi home, said, "Just send word over to yon blue tent, if there's anything we can do for you—whisky, camphire, watchers, or anything the like of that." Then they went their way.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STRANGE CASE.

MONT scrutinized with some sharpness and anxiety the doctor from Smith's Bar. He was a tall, lithe, sinewy young fellow, with a long, full beard, like a tangle of flax, a brown face, and cold gray eyes. He wore a slouch hat and a blue flannel shirt; his trousers were tucked into his boots, and a belt at his waist carried a little wallet, where less peaceable people usually wore a pistol.

Arty was immediately disgusted with the cold, hard way with which the young doctor asked a few questions about the accident, and with the business-like and unsympathetic manner with which he studied the wounds of the unconscious Hi, who still lay breathing heavily and unable to speak.

"A queer looking doctor, I must say," muttered Mont to himself, very much dissatisfied with his general appearance. And his thoughts went back to the white-haired, dignified physician of his New England home, a man whose presence seemed to shed a balm of healing wherever he went. But when Dr. Carson lifted Hi's wounded head, dressed the poor mangled scalp with light swiftness, and cleansed, with all of a woman's skillfulness of touch, the parts that the boys had not dared to handle, Mont changed his mind, and Barney and Arty looked on with grateful admiration.

"I will stay with you until he recovers consciousness," said the doctor. "He will rally presently."

It was now late into the night, but nobody cared to sleep until they knew whether life or death was before their comrade. Dr. Carson had spoken cheerily, but he had given no opinion; none had been asked, and the boys dropped wearily about, while the doctor, with his chin resting on his hand, sat steadfastly and thoughtfully regarding Hi.

Presently the young fellow stirred out of his long trance, and, moving his right hand, heavily whispered: "The other pocket! the other pocket!"

The doctor started forward to catch the words, when Hi, calmly opening his eyes, looked up at him with surprise and said, "Well, what of it?"

Dr. Carson smiled and said, pleasantly: "So it was the other pocket, was it?"

Hi looked at him with a queer, puzzled air, and feebly replied: "I don't know about that. Was I hurt much?"

"Not much to speak of, my man. But I would n't talk about it now. In the morning you can tell us all about it."

But Hi persisted. "I always allowed that there tunnel would cave. I meant to have timbered it to-morrow or next day." And here Hi painfully raised his hand to his head, shuddered, and, as if shocked at the discovery of his wounds, relapsed into unconsciousness again.

The gray dawn was struggling into the cabin, when Arty, sick and faint with waiting and watching, awoke from an uneasy sleep on the floor. The young doctor still sat, alert and vigilant, by the side of Hi's bunk; Mont was near at hand with all his usual freshness and helpfulness. Barney slept with his head leaning forward on the table; while Tom and Johnny were yet sound asleep in their own places.

Hi had asked for water once or twice during the night, but beyond that he had made no sign of coming back to life. So they sat and watched and waited. The bright morning sun rose up, fresh and clear, over Table Mountain, flooding the valley with its redness. Sounds of early labor came from the scattered cabins in the flat. The creaking of the flutter-wheels which had kept on through the night was now confused with other noises, as the miners began another day's work. Smoke rose from the rude chimneys of Hoosiertown; faint odors of frying meat floated on the tranquil air, and two or three red-shirted citizens, groping their way out into the light, stretched themselves heavily and yawned with a tremendous yawn, the echoes of which reached Arty where he sat against the wall of the cabin looking out, sad-eyed and dejected, through the open door.

Mrs. Dobbs, who had been early by the sick man's side the night before, now put her head in at the door and whispered: "How is he by this time?"

The doctor said: "He 's looking better."

Then Hi suddenly awoke and said: "You allow it 's a pretty bad hurt, do you, mister?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "but you will come out all right. Don't worry about it. You are feeling pretty well now?"

"Right peart, 'cept about the head. My head is as light as a feather. Oh, yes, I remember it all now. The tunnel caved in on me. When I felt the rock coming down on me, and heard 'em patterin' on my head and shoulders, I made for the mouth of the tunnel. I just remember how the sun blazed into my eyes when I staggered out on the side hill. It seemed as if the world was all afire, comin' out of that there dark hole and facin' the glare of the sun."

"Well, well, I would n't go on no more about it now, Hi," said Mrs. Dobbs. "The doctor says you must be kept quiet."

But, though Dr. Carson urged him to keep still, Hi continued: "I allow I must have put for home. I saw the road. It was all red dust, and the sun poured down over it. But I disremember how I got over it. It appears like I was carried."

"Yes," said Mont, "the fellows over to the blue tent were coming up from their claim. They saw you sitting in the road, wounded, and they brought you home."

"Good fellows, those blue tent chaps. Whereabouts was I then?"

"Just at the angle of the road, where it breaks around the Mountain."

"What! away down there!" exclaimed Hi. "Why, I must have staggered along right smart.

DR. CARSON.

Certainly I disremember anything that happened after I got out into the sun-light."

The doctor here put in his emphatic protest against Hi's having any more talk. So the wounded man lay quite still, muttering to himself: "Cur'ous! cur'ous!"

Although Hoosiertown was a busy place, the good-hearted miners found time to call at the cabin and inquire how Hi was getting on, and to bring little gifts to the invalid.

In a day or two he grew weaker and more infirm in his mind, and sometimes he seemed wandering and "luny," as Nance expressed it. The girl was very helpful to the distressed family, but Arty was quite out of patience with her shyness. She was as bright and impertinent as ever, at times; but usually she seemed so dignified and reserved that Arty quite agreed with Tom, who pronounced her "stuck up."

Dr. Carson came and went every day, and looked on Hi's frequent lapses of mind with some anxiety. On one of these occasions, Hi, as if struggling with some imaginary foe, painfully muttered: "Don't strike again. Don't! don't! It 's in the other pocket!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tom, "he 's always saying that when he has those spells."

"Always saying that?" asked the doctor, sharply. He had been watching Hiram; but he could make nothing satisfactory out of the case.

"Yes," replied Tom, "two or three times, when he has had these wandering spells, he talks like that. But he talks all sorts of ridiculous things. Drivin' cattle, and so on."

Dr. Carson was puzzled. When Hi grew better, he asked him all about the accident. Hi was very clear in his story. He perfectly remembered the caving in of the tunnel. He felt the rocks fall on his head and shoulders; but most completely he recalled to mind how the bright sunshine dazzled his eyes when he came out to the mouth of the tunnel, and how red the dusty road under the bluff looked, as he caught a glimpse of it and fell. It was a clear case to him. "I allow I know what happened," he said, with some impatience.

Hiram murmured and fretted over this loss of time. "It was just his luck," he said, "to be laid up when he was on the edge of a good streak of dirt." But he consoled himself with the reflection that his last day's work was a good one.

"Must have had ten or twelve ounces," he chuckled. "By the way, where is that there bag?"

Nobody had seen it. Hi had been in the habit of bringing home the result of his day's work in a buckskin bag, which had been a company affair. Arty had printed "Bostons" on it with pen and ink; and a scorched mark near the mouth of it gave it another feature. But that particular bag was nowhere to be found. Nobody had seen it since the day when Hi put it in his pocket, and had gone to work on that unfortunate day. Hi was sure that he had his gold in it when he left the tunnel. He had crammed it into the left-hand pocket of his jacket, for he was just ready to leave the tunnel when the crash came. But it was not in the garments which he wore on that day.

"I must have dropped it when I staggered down the hill. Some of you boys go look for it, wont you? You 'll find it in the grass along the trail, may be, or at the mouth of the tunnel."

Tom and Johnny darted off to look. They

were gone an hour or two, but found no pouch. Hi fretted and worried.

"Did you go into the tunnel?" he demanded.

"Of course not," replied Tom, sharply. "We just looked in a little ways. You must have dropped it on the trail and somebody picked it up."

"Oh, you shiftless!" scolded Hi. "I'll look myself as soon as I get out."

But the poor fellow did not get out as soon as he expected. He recovered slowly, and his spells of mental wandering returned frequently, to the great distress of his comrades.

They made no account of his queer mutterings. He was continually talking in a vague way, and about all sorts of things, when his mind was thus unsettled. He seemed to be in a kind of nightmare at such times. He raved incessantly about gold. Gold was the burden of his talk, and if he was not picking it up in his dreams, he was defending his treasure against the assaults of imaginary robbers, with whom he often pleaded: "Don't strike me again! It's in the other pocket!"

Dr. Carson questioned Hi about his accident, when he was in full possession of senses. He weighed his words and vigilantly watched him while he was awake or asleep, and when he was wandering in his mind. There was no clue to his wild talk. But the doctor was sure that the wounds on Hi's head were not made by a caving wall.

One day, having ascertained the shortest way to the tunnel, Dr. Carson rode up to that long-neglected work. Dismounting, he lighted a candle, which he found laid in a rift of rock, just where Hi had left it, and stepped carefully into the tunnel. It had been run in about twenty feet. Groping along almost on his knees, he soon reached the face wall at the end where Hi's pick and shovel lay as he left them, weeks ago. The roof was as solid and firm as ever. The few rough props put in to support it were all there. There had been no cave.

Amazed, yet partly relieved, the doctor felt his way back to the light, blew out his taper, and sat down to think. There was the flood of sunlight, just as Hi saw it; and the red road, which met his eye as he staggered out, still wound down to the camp.

When Dr. Carson returned and gravely said there was no cave in the tunnel, everybody echoed, "No cave!"

Hi said: "I'll have to take your word for it, Doctor. But I'll give you my word that that there tunnel did cave and bust my crust, so now!"

(To be continued.)

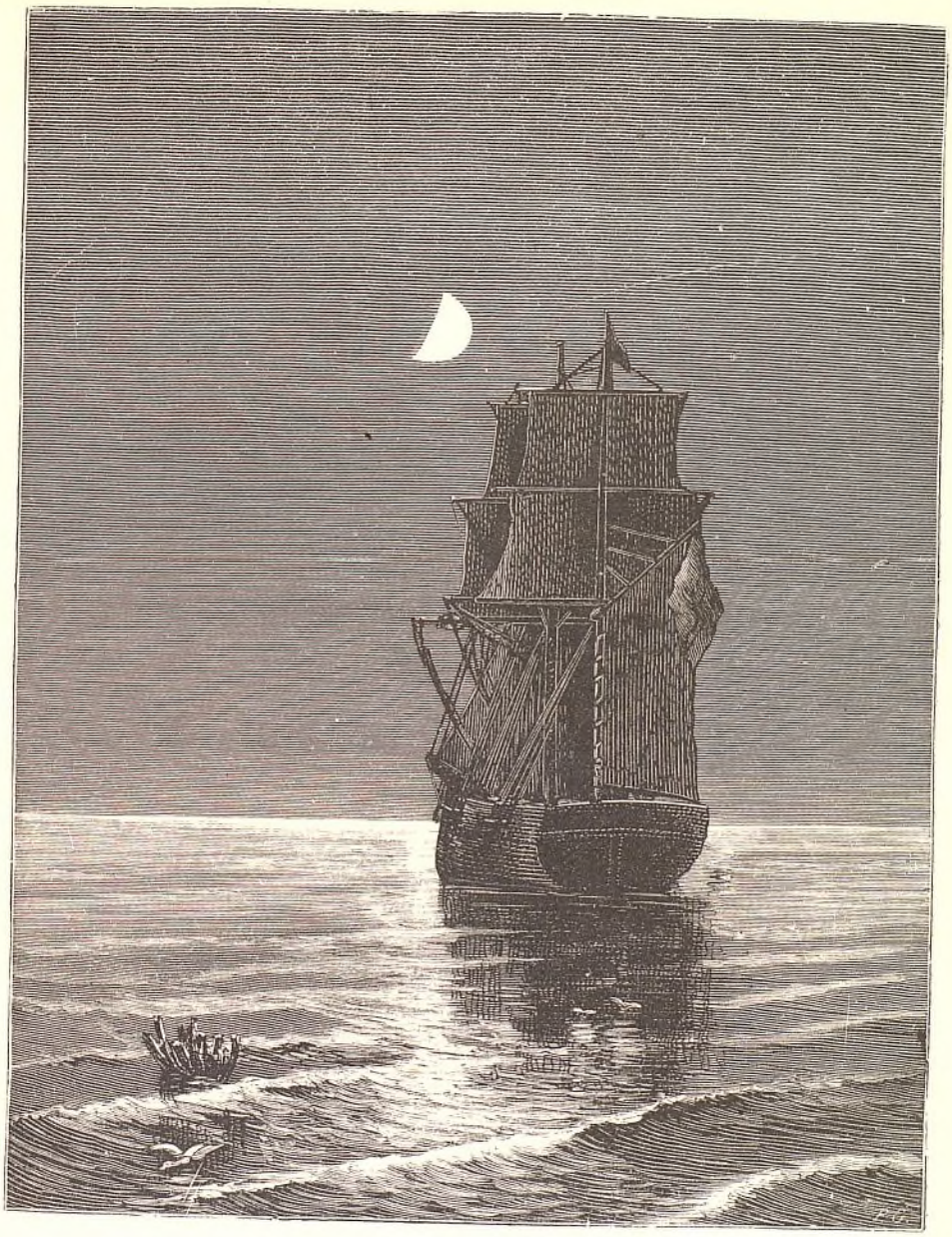
MY SHIP ON THE OCEAN.

BY BESSIE HILL.

YES, somewhere far off on the ocean,
A lover is sailing to me—
A beautiful lover—Nurse found him
One night in my cup after tea.

I laughed when she said it—who would n't?—
Yet often a thought comes to me
Of the ship that is bringing my lover,—
My lover across the blue sea.

Whenever the cruel wind whistles,
I think of that ship on the sea,
And tremble with terror lest something
May happen quite dreadful to me.

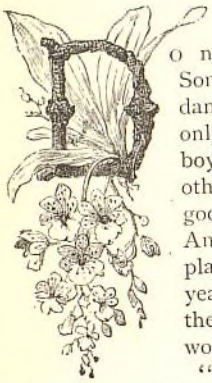


And then, when the moon rises softly,
I hardly can sleep in my glee,
For I know that its beautiful splendor
Is lighting my lover to me.

But oh, if he *should* come! Why, Nursey,
I'd hide like a mouse. Deary me,
What nonsense it is! But you should n't
Be finding such things in my tea.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

By L. W. J.



Do not all children like parties? Some enjoy the games, some the dancing, and some, sad to say, only the eating. At least, a fat boy was heard to remark, the other day, that parties were "no good, except for the supper." And two little girls, who were playing at having a party last year, said that "all the party they could get was three cents' worth of gum-drops."

"All out-doors" is the best place for a party, and a summer's day is the time, when children can have grand games of hide-and-seek among the bushes, with no late hours or unwholesome food to give them headaches, no silk dresses to spoil, or jewelry to lose in the grass. How pretty their white dresses and bright sashes look in sunshine and shadow, how the curls and braids toss about, how gayly their shrieks and shouts ring through the country stillness! Some are playing at croquet, some at "tag" or "kick-stick," some wander off to pick wild flowers, some are resting quite out of breath—all are happy. Then, after a good play, how refreshing are the strawberries and ice-cream that are spread upon the table under the elms! A children's party is a pretty sight at all times, but far more so out-of-doors. Even in the city, a party is far better in the day-time, and a luncheon party on Saturday is delightful; don't you think so?

But you shall hear of a better one still, such an one as few of you have ever seen, perhaps. On one of the loveliest days of last June, I was invited to be present at a party given by a lady in memory of some one whom she loved, who was dead. Every year, on the day of his death, she invited about fifty of the poorest children of New York, from one of the schools of the Children's Aid Society, to her country place, to enjoy themselves in the fresh air and the free sunshine.

Poor little things! they came in the best clothes they had or could borrow, and it was touching to see the girls' attempts at finery. Most of them were clean and neat, some had hardly clothes to cover them, but all wore a faded ribbon or cravat, a crumpled artificial flower, or a shabby feather—all made some endeavor to dress for the occasion.

As soon as the little procession, headed by their teacher, entered the gate, they gave themselves up to the wildest enjoyment; they rolled and turned somersaults on the grass, they shouted, they rushed to the "scupp," as they called the swing, or to the croquet ground. They filled their hands with daisies, with buttercups, and all sorts of weeds; they blew the dandelion balls, and made chains of the stems; but not one bit of mischief did they do, nor did they meddle with the flower-beds or the green fruit.

One poor boy, who had been for a while in the penitentiary for some petty theft, lay half the day at the foot of a big tulip-tree, full of blossoms, looking up into the sky. What do you suppose he was thinking of? These children played at wild games of their own, with little refrains and rhymes of the street, such as you probably never heard. Even their "counting out" was different from yours. They wandered about, never weary of looking at everything; for many of them had never been in the country before, and all was new and wonderful to them.

The teacher said that in the cars they had been delighted with a sight quite strange to them,—a field of growing grain, with the wind rippling over it in lovely waves,—and that every green thing, such as turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables in the gardens, seemed to interest them, and they wanted to know their names. Some colts, standing with their mothers in a field, seemed wonderful to them. But the things that pleased them most were the toads. "There's a frog! there's a frog!" they cried. "No; it's a hop-tud! Catch him! catch him!" And they were never tired of chasing the odd little speckled fellows, and trying to keep them in their pockets.

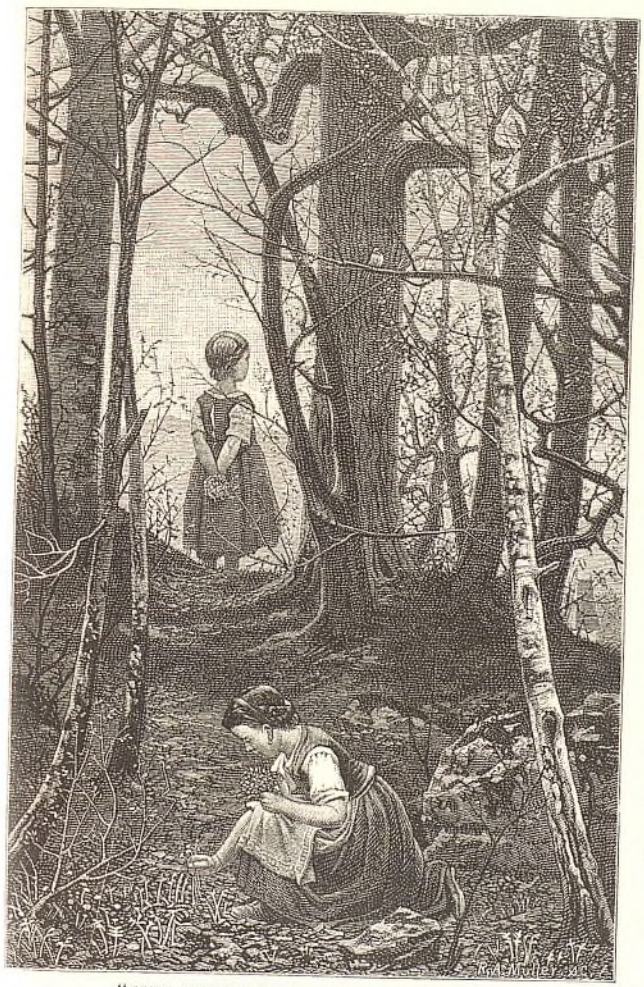
One child said to my friend: "Mis' Blank, does all this grove belong to you?" and others asked where they could find a candy-stall—taking the place for a picnic grove, their only idea of the country.

After awhile they all stood in a ring and sung some very pretty hymns, about "The sweet story of old," which you have often heard, and "The land bright and fair," that must have seemed a more possible dream to them on this lovely June day than when they wandered among the hot, dirty streets of the city.

By and by a table was spread for them under the tall trees, whose boughs formed a dense shade, and they had just as much as they wanted of strawberries, ice-cream, sandwiches, cookies, and lemonade.

One poor little girl had to go away alone, and before the feast, because if she were not at her newspaper stand at a certain hour she would lose her place, and, perhaps, be beaten. She could not even have one whole holiday. Another child had not been able to come at all, because her mother had sold her only dress for drink!

At last the time came when they all had to go.



"SOME WANDER OFF TO PICK WILD FLOWERS."

They formed their little procession, and bade good-bye, very unwillingly. Almost every one said, "May n't we come again next year?"

My friend told me that they began to count the time for the next party almost immediately, and that one of them said to her once: "Mis' Blank, it 's only nine months and three days before we are going to your house."

Think of that! This was the only day of pleasure, perhaps, that those children had in a whole year! Think of that, all you happy children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, who are often taken to parties and picnics, and entertainments of minstrels and magicians and ventriloquists, and who have little journeys and excursions every summer!

As the party went out of the gate, one boy called out, "Good-bye, Mis' Blank! good-bye, trees! good-bye, old 'scupp!'" And they all chorused, "Good-bye, trees! Good-bye, Mis' Blank!" and gave a shrill cheer.

Now are there not some children who would be glad to have such little folks as these have a good time rather oftener? Would it not be nice if they could have several such feasts as this in the year, instead of only one; if their hard lives, in which there is so little pleasure, and often suffering from cold and hunger, might be oftener cheered in this way?

Mrs. Blank told me that the whole festival cost her but fifty cents for each child, including their fares, their luncheon, and all their expenses. How cheap a way of giving so much delight! Many families who are well off, and living out-of-town, could afford such an outlay once a year, or several families could club together, and, with very little money and very little trouble, give a great deal of happiness. People must give up one day to it, and get a little tired, that is all.

It is not what we give, but how we give, that counts. We should all try to leave the world better than we found it, if it is only by planting a tree. When we give pennies to street-beggars, we do more harm than good. But if we *share* with others our pretty gardens, our sweet air, our green trees, we do real good to them and to ourselves.

You remember Lowell says it is

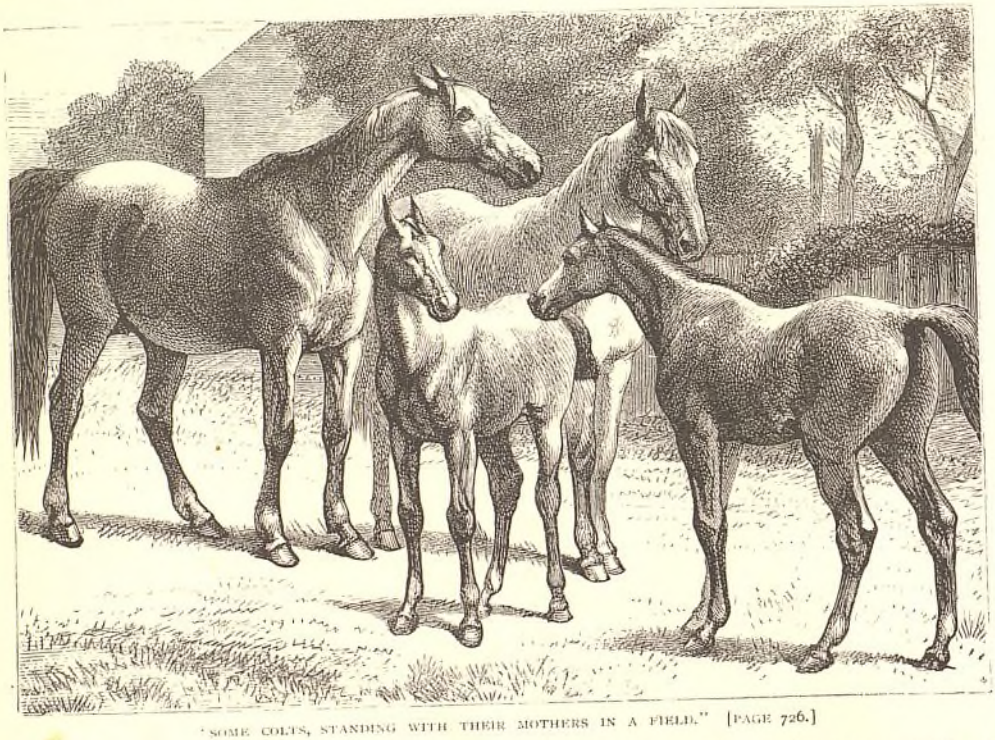
"Not that which we give, but that which we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

And Christ tells us that when we have a feast we need not invite our rich neighbors, who may ask us in return. "But thou, when thou makest a feast, call thither the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed."

Not that we should never ask the rich. Many of them are poor in some way—are lonely, or weary, or ignorant, or tasteless—and might be better for sharing with us, at least our good-will, if we have nothing more. Rich people do not always know how to enjoy simple things, and may learn this

secret from a poorer neighbor, and be happier for it always. It is something only to know how much better everything tastes out-of-doors. "Fine folk oft scorn shoals o' blessin'," says a Scotch song.

enjoy in the country; who never see a bird except in a cage, or hear the pine-boughs murmuring, or the running of water; who never chase butterflies, or know the meaning of that best of things, "a



"SOME COLTS, STANDING WITH THEIR MOTHERS IN A FIELD." [PAGE 726.]

But do not forget the poor children, many of them born blind, with the blindness of ignorance; whose lives are empty of all the pleasant things we

long summer's day." Perhaps you may have the power, during this very September, to help some of them to keep one happy holiday with you.

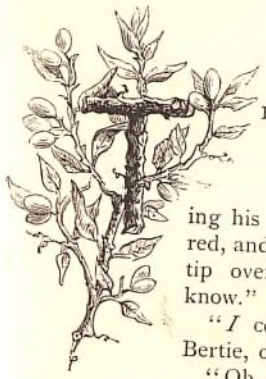
THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee.
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree:
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.

ROSY.

By Mary L. B. Branch.



"THE very color I wanted, and just the kind I wanted!" said Louis, as he stood on the steps surveying his new velocipede. "Fire-red, and three wheels; you can't tip over on three wheels, you know."

"*I* could," said his brother Bertie, confidently.

"Oh, well, *you!* That 's another thing. Here, Bert, help me buckle on my sword, and give me my soldier-cap. I 'm a cavalry officer to-day, and I shall charge up and down the street exactly twenty times before I go to school."

Kitty and Willy boy watched from the window, and Bertie, book-strap in hand, waited on the steps, to see Louis' grand charge.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he exclaimed, the first time he dashed by. "On, boys, and at them! Hurrah!"

A second and a third time he went swiftly and safely the whole length of the sidewalk, but the fourth time, just as he was shouting "Hurrah!" with a backward glance at Bertie, some one suddenly turned the corner ahead. There was a cry, a collision, and the next instant Louis and his velocipede lay flat on the ground, while a little girl of about ten sat near by, holding her ankle and crying bitterly.

Louis was on his feet in a moment, very sorry and very much ashamed; Kittie and Bertie flew to help the little girl, but could not reach her so soon as did a strong, broad-shouldered man who had been only a few steps behind her when she fell.

"Poor little lass!" he said, gathering her up in his arms. "Don't cry, for there 's an orange in my pocket."

"My ankle hurts me," sobbed the child.

"I 'm very, very sorry," said Louis, ruefully. "Please bring her into our house, sir, and my mother will put on something to cure her ankle right away."

"Oh, do please bring her in," joined in Bertie and Kitty, full of anxiety, and just then mamma herself appeared at the door, having been summoned in great haste by Willy boy. That decided it, for no one ever could resist mamma, and as soon as they were all in the house, she took the stranger child tenderly in her lap, and drew off the shoe from the little aching foot.

"There, move your foot now, dearie," she said, "That 's right, move it again. It is n't sprained—only bruised a little. Run, Kitty, and bring my arnica bottle."

The little foot was bathed, the tears were dried, and then they all began to notice what blue eyes, and what pretty golden hair the stranger had.

"Is she your little girl?" asked Mrs. Neal of the broad-shouldered man.

"I guess I shall have to claim her," he said, good-naturedly, "though I never set eyes on her till yesterday. Her name 's Rosy. She 's the daughter of an old messmate of mine who died off the Ivory Coast, and I promised him I 'd keep a lookout for her. So when the 'Laughing Sally' dropped anchor yesterday, I made for head-quarters straight off. We thought we 'd have a walk this morning, but the little craft kept sailing ahead, and first thing I knew, she ran among breakers."

At this point Kitty, who had disappeared for a moment, returned with a rather dingy-looking little pie in her hands, which she insisted on giving to Rosy.

"I made it myself," she said, radiantly. "Bridget let me. I was saving it for my dolls, but now I would rather give it to you."

Rosy received it in the same spirit in which it was given, and regarded it with great admiration.

Meanwhile Louis and Bertie reluctantly gathered up their books and started for school, while Mrs. Neal pursued her conversation with the kind-hearted sailor. She found he had neither kith nor kin in the world, and had decided to adopt Rosy as his own little girl. He had found her not quite happy in the rough boarding-house which was all her home, and what do you think he was going to do about it? Kitty fairly lost her breath when she heard him say:

"I shall take her along next voyage; she 'll be happier aboard the 'Laughing Sally.'"

Mrs. Neal involuntarily pressed the little waif closer, thinking of her own Kitty as she did so. What would become of a little, motherless ten-year-old girl, on a three years' whaling voyage?

"Do you want to go, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Rosy, brightly. "Papa was going to take me next voyage himself; he wrote me a letter that said so, after mamma died. Papa always lived on the sea, and it will seem nearer to him if I live there too."

Mrs. Neal considered. It comes so natural to us to shelter our children, to want them safely

housed and guarded at every point. And the sea seemed to her so strong and terrible. But then her family had always been lands-people. She recalled a verse of Rossetti's:

"Three little children
On the wide, wide sea,—
Motherless children,—
Safe as safe can be
With guardian angels."

"The captain's wife promised Uncle Ben she'd take care of me," continued Rosy, "and I'm going to have a little hammock put up for me down in her cabin!"

"Oh, mamma, I wish I could go too!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Let Rosy stay here to-day," said Mrs. Neal to Uncle Ben. "Her ankle will pain her a little, and she should let it rest. Let her remain to-day and to-night with Kitty, and to-morrow you may come for her again."

"Well, ma'am, I will," said the good-natured sailor, glad to leave the little lass in so snug a harbor. And he went, but not before he took the orange out of his pocket.

Was n't that a great day for Rosy! To sit in an easy-chair in Kitty's room, and be made much of; to have picture-books heaped around her, and toys, and bits of fancy-work; to have white grapes brought to her on a lovely china plate; and for dinner such delicious chicken pie. Then not only did she have

"SHE TOOK THE STRANGER CHILD TENDERLY IN HER LAP."

Kitty for company, but all Kitty's dolls sat in order before her, dressed in their best. She said she wished her own dolly was there; and when Kitty inquired and found that the absent dolly had only one dress, what a hunting there was through mamma's piece-bags, until silk and lace had been found for Rosy to take home, to make a party-costume for her, fully equal to that worn by Kitty's own Florietta.

"I like dolls better than any other playthings," said Rosy, "because they seem just like folks. I should be real lonesome without mine."

So the two little girls played and talked all day long together, and liked each other better and better.

"If you were not going to sea, we could be friends all the time," said Kitty, regretfully.

"We 'll be friends when I come back," replied Rosy, "and I 'll bring you pink corals and shells."

Louis and Bertie were very much impressed when they found out the destiny that lay before Rosy; and hearing the children talk it over with so much enthusiasm, Mrs. Neal grew reconciled. After all it would make life broader and richer. Just think what it would be to any of us who have led quiet, uneventful lives, if we had three years to look back upon, of life on the broad blue ocean, under other skies, with strange stars overhead at night, sailing from zone to zone, stopping at tropical islands, catching the spicy breezes, seeing fruit-laden palms, seeing birds of bright rare plumage, and gathering wonderful shells on coral strands. Louis brought out his atlas, and all the children bending over it, marked out a voyage for Rosy, in which no sea was unvisited, no coast untouched, no island unexplored.

When Uncle Ben came for his little girl the next day, he found her bright and eager, quite willing to go with him at once, and begin to make ready for her ship-life. Mrs. Neal made some sensible suggestions in Rosy's behalf, which the bluff sailor gratefully accepted.

Louis and Kitty went once to visit Rosy at the boarding-house before she left it, and brought home a vivid account of its dreary discomfort.

"Not one bright thing about it, mamma," said Kitty, "only Rosy and her doll; and oh, mamma, she has made a dress for her dolly out of that blue silk I gave her, a great, *great* deal prettier than Florietta's!"

At last the "Laughing Sally" sailed out of port, with a little smiling figure on deck, waving a farewell to the group of friends who stood on the shore to see her depart. It was to be a three years' voyage. When they could no longer distinguish Rosy, the Neals went home, and from day to day tried to imagine how her new life must seem to her, and what was happening.

The months slipped by, and season followed season. The children talked often of Rosy, and wondered how she fared. Sometimes, on the very coldest, stormiest nights they would picture her walking at that moment on some sunlit shore, gathering curious shells for them. But their mother was haunted by the thought of a little shrinking, trembling creature, with only a few boards between her and the raging, cruel waters.

A year went by, two years, and the third was almost gone. Louis was now a tall boy of sixteen, and Kitty was growing a great girl. They wondered if Rosy would know them when she came back; she must be growing a great girl now herself. When the third twelvemonth had quite passed, they began to study the shipping list in the paper, expecting every time to see the "Laughing Sally" reported. But she was never even named. Month after month rolled by, and still no news. No "Laughing Sally" came sailing into port, with a little smiling figure at the bow waving a glad salute. No one seemed to know anything about Rosy's ship. The owners lived in some far-off city, so there was no one who could answer their inquiries. The Neals only knew that the ship never was hailed, never was sighted, never came to shore. So many ships went down each year, could it be that Rosy's was among the doomed?

At last it was five years since she sailed away. The Neals no longer spoke merrily and gayly of Rosy, but always gently and gravely. They had moved now from the house which had so long been their home, to another even pleasanter in the distant suburbs. Louis was almost ready for college, and Kitty was almost a young lady. Even Bertie had grown past belief, and Willy was the only one who now cared for velocipedes.

Still another year was slipping away, time goes so fast, and Mrs. Neal's birthday, which the family always celebrated, was close at hand. Louis and Kitty, in search of something lovely enough for a present, came into the city one day together, and went among all the stores. Louis complained that they should not get through before night, Kitty kept stopping so before all the show-windows.

"I can't help it, when everything looks so pretty," she said, laughing; "now just see that windowful of lovely dolls. If I live to be sixty, I shall always stop to look at dolls. If you feel too big and grand, Louis, you can be looking at that other window of books while you wait for me."

So Louis stood before the window of books, and Kitty grew absorbed in the charming groups of gayly dressed dolls. She said afterward she felt impressed that she must look at them all. There

was a bridal party, and a group at a ball, a cunning little tea-party, and a comical sewing society. In a corner of the window was a family group, at which finally Kitty found herself gazing with intensest interest. She could not make out its meaning at first. There was a sweet-faced lady-doll, holding a little girl-doll in her lap while other doll-children stood around. Then there was a great, good-natured man-doll, with a big coat and long beard, looking on. Suddenly it all flashed over Kitty.

"Louis! Louis! come over here quick!" she cried excitedly. "See, only see those dolls!"

"I see them," said Louis, casting an indifferent glance that way.

"But you don't notice. Oh, Louis, don't you remember the day your velocipede knocked Rosy down, and how we children all stood around while mother took her shoe off, and Uncle Ben?. There we all are, there you are yourself, with a sword at your side! I am going right in to find out who dressed those dolls."

And impulsive Kitty, followed by her bewildered brother, rushed into the store at once, and made her inquiries.

"THERE SHE SAT AT WORK."

"We have two girls who dress dolls at work now in the back room," said the forewoman of the establishment. Kitty went eagerly to the glass door and peeped through. Alas! both were brunettes—no Rosy there.

"Who arranged the groups in the window?" she asked, pertinaciously.

"Ah, that," said the forewoman, "was done by our most skillful worker. She does the most of her work at home, then brings the dolls here and groups them. Her name is Ferguson."

"Her address?" demanded Kitty, breathlessly.

"No. 16 Weir Street," said the woman, referring to the books.

Louis was now interested too, and ordering a carriage, he and Kitty in a moment more were on their way to the place designated.

"Oh, Louis, Louis! can it be Rose?" said Kitty, as they alighted, and began to ascend the narrow stairs. A little boy showed them the door, Louis rapped, and a pleasant voice said, "Come in."

There she sat at work. It was she—dear, sweet Rose! Six years older, of course, and paler than when they saw her last, but it was Rose. Kitty threw her arms about her, with a storm of questions and tender reproaches, while Louis, much moved, made his way to the bed where poor Uncle Ben lay, evidently ill, and grasped his hand.

Then it all came out, the story of the delay and the long silence. The "Laughing Sally" had made out her cargo of oil in good time, and had started on the return, when she was met at Tahiti by another ship of the same owners, commissioned to take the oil, and to order the "Sally" back for another cruise. Uncle Ben's health had even then began to fail, he was becoming subject to rheumatism, and after five years' absence from his native land, he exchanged ships, took one homeward bound, and he and Rosy had now been back in the city for five months. Of course his little funds were soon exhausted, but Rosy luckily had been able to find work, and so they had lived.

"But why did n't you come to us? Why *did n't* you come straight to us?" Kitty asked again and again as the story was told.

"I did go," said Rose, "but there was another family in the house, and no one could tell me where you lived. It was not in the directory either."

"Because we had moved out of town," exclaimed Kitty, "and there we were lost to each other, though less than five miles apart!"

"And did you reach the Fortunate Islands and find the coral strands, and the palm groves, Rose?" asked Louis.

Rose laughed merrily.

"I have kept a log," she said, "and you and Bertie shall read it. But whatever I found, there was nothing fairer than my native land!"

HORRIFIED ELDER BROTHER: "BEEN A-WHITEWASHIN' BABY, HAS YER? WHAT DOES YER S'POSE DE S'IETY FUR DE INVENTION OB ANIMALS 'LL DO TO YER WHEN HE HEARS OB IT?"

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE DEACON sends you a verse this month, my beloved, with his compliments. He says there is comfort in it for scores of ambitious young folk who sent him letters, during the "Declaration" competition, complaining that they felt themselves to be so useless, in this great busy world. It was written by Mrs. Browning, who wrote "The Cry of the Children," and the Deacon says that in this verse, which somehow answers the cry of the boys and girls, she hits the pin exactly on the head:

"Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'T will employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point agrees to miss the head;
And if a man should cry: 'I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway head and point,'
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants."

AN ARMY SLIDING DOWN HILL.

I SHOULD really have liked to see the sight. An army of many thousands of great, grown men all sliding down hill for the fun of the thing.

It seems that when one of the barbarous tribes called the Cimbri came from their homes in northern Europe to attack ancient Rome, they were obliged to cross the Alps. They, however, did n't object to that. They rather liked it in fact, for they were strong, and hardy. So it was a favorite amusement of theirs to climb to the tops of the snow and ice-covered peaks, carrying with them their great broad shields, and, arrived at the summits, to cast themselves down on the shields, very much as boys now do upon their sleds, and with great rough shouts of laughter to swiftly glide down the vast and dangerous descents.

How do I know all this? Why from hearing somebody reading aloud from a book called "Mallet's Northern Antiquities."

HOME-MADE BEAUTY.

THE more they use their muscles, the stronger, and consequently the more beautiful, my girls and boys will grow. They are something like trees and plants. The more these are stirred by the wind the more rapidly the sap flows through their trunks and branches, and the stronger and more beautiful they become. Boys and girls have this advantage: they can exercise just when they wish, and need never wait for the wind to come and blow them.

A HORSE THAT KNEW IT WAS SUNDAY.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you a true horse story.

The horse was raised on Long Island by my father, who used her for many years,—on week days for farm-work, and on Sundays to take the family to meeting. She was not a beauty, but she was strong and trusty. She always went by the name of "Miss Finley." When the faithful creature had grown old in long service, father took her, one summer morning, across the bay to Robin's Island, that lay over half a mile off, and left her there to rest, and to crop the good grass at will. In other words, she was placed on the "retired veteran list," with all the honors. This was on a Monday. Well, all that week the old mare stayed there and enjoyed herself to her heart's content; but when Sunday came, and the first ringing of the Church bell began, the knowing animal pricked up her ears and listened. Then she trotted along the sand-bar as far as it went, and, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water, swam over to the main land, and went straight to the stable. She knew it was Sunday, and that she should be needed to take the family to meeting! Dear old Miss Finley! But the hardest part of it was that father, not thinking of ever using her again, had already purchased a new horse. Miss Finley found her own empty stall. But something was wrong All was silent. There was no familiar voice; no familiar touch, and the harness did not fall clanking about her as usual. Could it be that the folks were not going to meeting, after all? No one knows what Miss Finley thought, nor how she felt, when, after a while, the new horse came trotting briskly home with the family. But you may believe she was patted and praised when we found her. We gave her water; called her a good old girl; hugged her neck; pulled handfuls of fresh clover for her; gave her lumps of sugar, and did all we could to do her honor One and all agreed that nothing was too good for the faithful old horse who knew it was Sunday.—Yours truly, J. G. T.

New Suffolk, L. I.

A KIND O' GARDEN.

"POOH! your sister is too little to go to school. She 's almost a baby."

"But she *does* go to school, any way."

"It is n't a real school."

"Yes it is, too. It 's a German school ——"

The big boy who had been speaking so ungallantly to the rosy-faced little girl fairly jumped.

"*What!* that little bit of a thing go to a *German* school! Can she speak German?"

"Oh no," laughed the other, "she don't have to speak German. It 's a *Kind-er-Garten*."

"A kind o' garden? Oh! That 's a great school! Who could n't go to a kind o' garden. Oho!"

The rosy girl laughed, but she had caught the boy's saucy way: "It is n't a kind o' garden, neither; it 's a *Kinder garten*."

Just then the Little Schoolma'am, who chanced to be near by, called out pleasantly:

"Not so fast, Lizzie! You both are right, and both wrong. It *is* a school, and it also is a kind of garden, dear. *Kinder garten* (pronounced, Kinder, not *Kind-er*, Lizzie!) means, literally, a children's garden. In fact, many of the German Kinder-gartens do have bright little greeneries, where the children may play. But whether it be indoors or out, a true Kinder-garten always should

be as sunny and fresh with heart-shine as an out-of-door garden is with sunshine."

(If Lizzie had seen the word "heart-shine" in a book it might have puzzled her, but the pretty Schoolma'am's bright eyes and kind voice were so full of it that Lizzie understood right away just what heart-shine meant.)

Then Lizzie and the saucy boy went off together in the most friendly manner, and the pretty Schoolma'am was quite pleased as she saw the boy's rough straw hat and Lizzie's pink sun-bonnet bobbing in close conversation.

Dear soul! Jack would n't for anything have had her hear what that conversation was:

Straw-hat: "Humph. Great school! I told you so! It is n't nothin' but a garden, after all. The Schoolma'am said so."

Sun-bonnet: "Aint you smart! It *is* a school, too. The schoolma'am said it was."

BERNARD, THE HERMIT.

A GOOD friend sends, in care of your Jack, a bit of writing, which she says she translated on purpose for you, "from one of *Merimée's Lettres à une Inconnue*, published not very long ago":

Cannes, January 22, 1859.

You should know that I have given myself up wholly to the study of nature, and shall have a pretty account of a kid for you when we meet. Have you ever happened to see an odd little animal called here "Bernard, the hermit"?

It is a little creature of the lobster species, no larger than a grasshopper. Nature has omitted to provide any covering for his tail. So when the hermit would go about upon the shore, he picks up some shell large enough to admit his unsheltered tail, crams it in, and promenades entirely at his ease.

Yesterday, happening to come across one thus equipped, I picked it up, carefully broke the shell, without injury to the contents, and put my captive into a plate of sea-water. After a time, I placed an empty shell of suitable size in his dish, when the little fellow quickly approached and surveyed the object on all sides; then, raising one claw, he evidently took a measurement of its dimensions, and ended by thrusting his pincers inside, to make sure the former occupant had vacated the dwelling. All being satisfactory, he finally seized the shell with his front claws, and, turning some sort of somersault, he managed to thrust his tail into its extemporized shelter; and finding it fairly in, he strutted about on his plate, with the air of a man emerging from a fashionable tailor's dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes.

READY-MADE CLOTHING—GROWN ON A TREE.

VERY singular, I must say, but one can't doubt the word of Humboldt, and the Little Schoolma'am read about it in his works. The garment grows on the trunk of the tree; it is, in fact, a very wide ring of the bark, cut around as you boys cut a willow twig to make a whistle of it, and taken off the beheaded trunk in one piece. Two holes are cut for the arms. The South American native slips it over his head and considers himself in full dress. Now, if you boys would dress in that style, what a saving of trouble for mothers it would be!

A COLD-COUNTRY DRESS.

THAT last was a hot-country dress. Now you shall hear how the natives of Siberia array themselves.

It 's cold up there, I understand, and that is why they dress so warmly. Two complete suits of fur from neck to heels—one suit with the hair side in, the other with the hair side out. A hood, tied under the chin, is made of the fur from a reindeer's head, and besides the holes for eyes and mouth, it has often the ears of the departed deer sticking up on top of the man's head. He 's an object to behold; but he is comfortable, and he does n't care if he does look like some wild animal. His wife dresses in almost exactly the same style, so do his children; in fact, everybody does. It 's the fashion.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO OUR ROBIN.

HERE is a letter from the pretty Blue Jay of Scotland, to our dear American Robin. It has come a long way, and a little bird tells me that Robin will enjoy it all the more if he reads it over your shoulders. So gather close, and with Robin's help we 'll all spell it out together:

Ayr, on the Firth o' Clyde, Scotland.

DEAR MR. ROBIN: I hae been tauld that certain flooers o' Scot's Lan' an' America hae been holdin' converse thro' the pages o' ane New York buik belongin' to the wee bit bonnie bairns o' a' lan's, an' luved by a' alike. Du ye ken ony reason why you an' I should na hae a bit o' talk efter the same manner o' correspondence? Surely we are luved by lads an' lassies een amaist as dearly as the flooers are, an' they 'll nae be loath to let us hae a word wi' them.

Hae they not great armies o' bird-defenders, wha's names are writ in the same child's buik? Ane thing, dear Maister Robin, wad seem befittin', an' that is, that we singers o' bird songs should aye strive to mak' oor sangs far bonnier an' stranger than iver before, oot o' pure gratitude to a' the kin' herted weans who hae taen a pledge o' bird-defense. Think ye sae? Nae doubt ye 'll teach a sweeter chirp to yer ain wee birdies in the spring o' the year, an' that 'll be a fine kind o' handin' doon yer thankfu'ness o' hert, frae ane generation to anither. Ane canna wonner at the o'erflow o' hert an' voice in praise-fu' sang frae birdie throats, when ane considers a' the "gifties God has gied," in showin' them hames an' families o' their verra ain, aside frae a' the sunlight an' leaf shelter.

Hae ye larches in America an' Scotch pine-trees? Do ye ken that they are leal o' hert in their aye-green coaties? Nae tree o' ony clime boasts o' mair o' nature's true nobility. And hae ye the wee wrinkled willow, a dwarfie wha grows but ane or twa feet tall upon oor great an' sma "Bens?" [Do ye name your Bens "Mountains?"] I wish ye kenned the lark o' oor lan'. His voice is mony measures bonnier than my ain, an nae melody o' wind amang the tops o' spruce or fir, or e'en amang the fields o' ripenin' grain is sae sweet an' heaven-like as his. It isna strange that a' folk, o' human family, or o' oor ain, aye luve the dear brown birdie.

Hae ye wren, an' bobolink, an' swallow cousins in yer lan', an' du ye claim kinship wi ilka wee bit warbler?

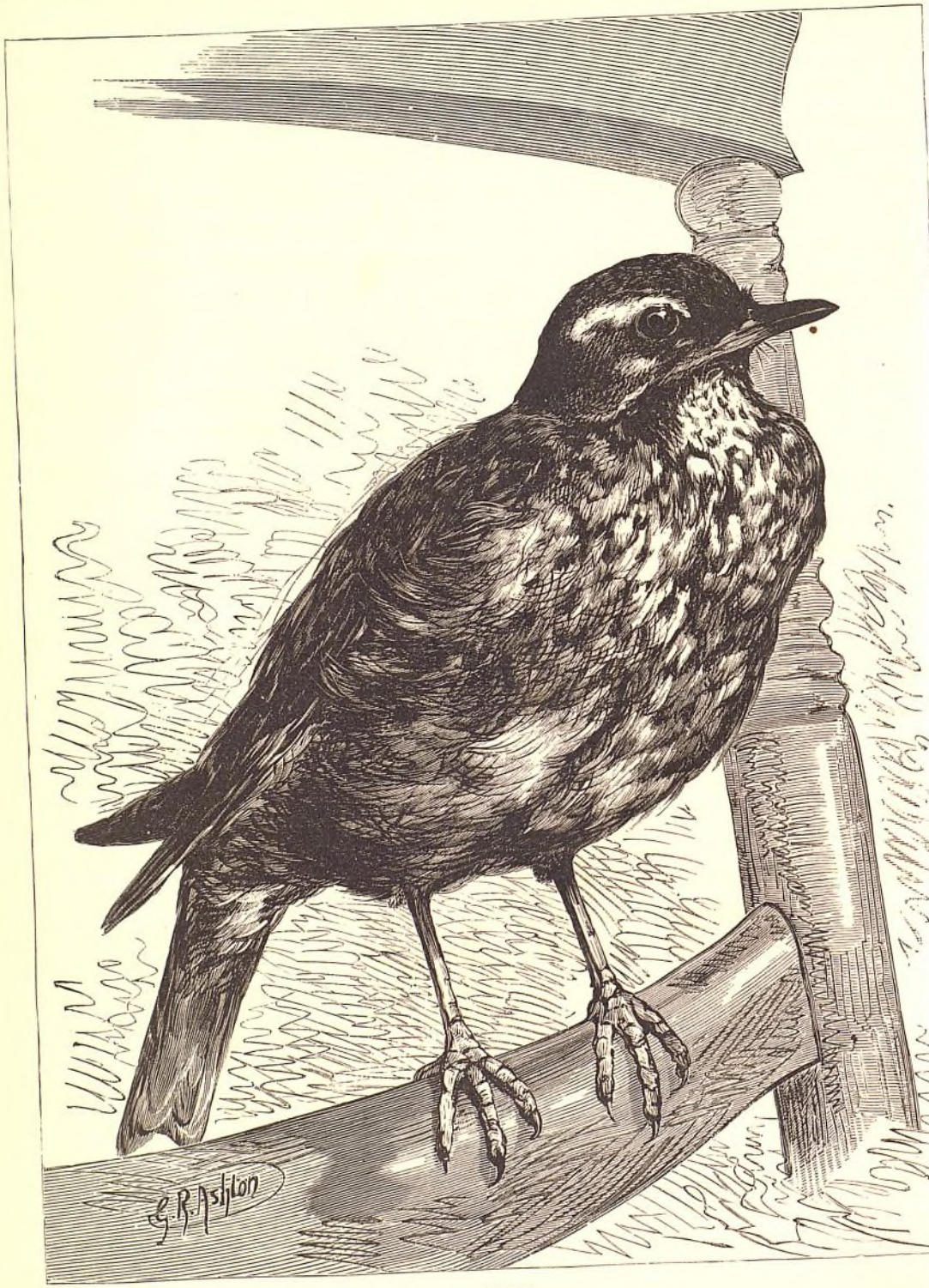
My kin' regards to Mistress Robin, in which I am joined by my wifie. Ken ye the couplet: "It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name?" It weel applies to a bird's ain feelin', altho' it was writ by a human singer o' Scotia.—Farewell.

BLUE JAY.

To Robin-Red-Breast, in care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

I HEARD the Little Schoolma'am, one day, telling some girls that Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," was rejected three times by London editors before it found any one willing to accept it. She said this should be a comfort to all young contributors whose articles are declined by ST. NICHOLAS. I don't quite understand this myself, but if the pretty Schoolma'am says so it must be right. The Deacon remarked that three rejections must be rather discouraging, but that all the children had to do was to produce something better than the "Song of the Shirt," and then it would n't be rejected but once or twice. But my birds don't believe a word of the story. They say shirts can't sing a note. Nonsense! Just as if the pretty Schoolma'am could make a mistake!



TOMMY.

HOW TOMMY CAME HOME.

TOMMY was a tame bird. You see him in the picture, sitting on the back of a chair. Sometimes he was shut up in his cage; but he was so tame, and knew the family so well, that he was often allowed to fly about the room. One day, a window happened to be open when Tommy was out of his cage, and he thought it would be a good thing for him to go out of doors for a little while. So he went out. He flew up into a tree, and it was so nice and cool there that he soon flew into another tree, and so he kept on flying about until it was night, and he was a long way from home. Tommy now began to get hungry, and to wish himself back in his cage, where he knew there was plenty of nice seed. But he did not know exactly which way to go, for it was quite dark, and he was not used to being out-of-doors at night. So he went to sleep on a limb of a tree; but before he shut his eyes, he made up his mind that he would wake up very early and try to catch a worm. But when he awoke it was not very early, and the country birds, who live out-of-doors all the time, had caught all the worms. So poor Tommy felt so badly that he did not even try to find his way home.

When his kind master missed Tommy, he was very sorry, and he went looking all about for him, whistling a little tune that Tommy liked. But no Tommy answered him. After breakfast, the next day, a gentleman came to Tommy's master's house and said, "I saw a bird like your Tommy in a tree back of Mr. Scott's barn. He whistled just like Tommy." So Tommy's master took the bird-cage and ran all the way to Mr. Scott's barn. And there in a tree was Tommy! So his master began to whistle the little tune Tommy liked, and Tommy was glad enough to hear that tune, and he whistled it too. His master put the cage on the ground and opened the door, and then he stepped to one side and whistled again. In a few minutes Tommy flew down on the ground and hopped along to the cage. When he saw that it was really his own cage, he went in and began to eat seed as fast as he could. Then his master shut the door and took him home, and he was very glad indeed to get Tommy again.

Now you see that if Tommy's master had not been kind to him, the poor lost bird would have been afraid to come down from the tree and go into his cage. But Tommy had been so kindly treated that he was not afraid, and so his master got him again.

If you have a bird or any other pet, you ought to remember this story and be kind to your pet, and then, if it should get lost, it may be as glad to see you as Tommy was to see his master.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DIAMOND AND THE LOADSTONE.

ONCE a Diamond and a Loadstone on a shelf together lay,
While with looks of mutual wonder, each the other did survey.
Quoth the Diamond, in her scorning: "Will you please to kindly state
Why we 're treated so like equals when our difference is so great?
Why does stupid man consider an unpolished stone like you
Fit to be the near companion of a gem so bright to view?
Mine are bright and shining virtues—I am sought alike by all;
The haughty great, the humble little, by my light are held in thrall.
I appear with equal splendor when a vesture rich I clasp;
Or, with glow and sparkle, hold a slender finger in my grasp.
I am chosen by the beauty, with my charms her own to grace,
In the glittering crowns of monarchs do I also find a place!
But for you, a simple pebble!—I confess 'tis not quite clear
On what merit rests your title to the station you hold here."

Then the Loadstone humbly answered, "It is true I 've been denied
All those bright, external beauties which so justly swell your pride.
I am conscious of my plainness—my slight value too, I fear,
To those who, like you, wish worth on the surface to appear.
'T is your province to adorn—but 'mid the graver cares of life
Men have found that you but please them, while I help them in their strife.
By my aid their ships hold commerce with the ports of distant lands,
By my aid the world's great circle comes to their industrious hands.
I bring from France her silks and laces; carry back as rich a store,
Bear to England what she values, gather fabrics from her shore.
I skim along the perfumed tropics, seek the wealth of every clime;
I lead the traveler's eager footsteps to the mold'ring halls of Time.

I spread the fame of noble deeds and bear love's message sweet,
Unite hearts by distance severed in a living band complete.
I explore the earth; I conquer nations; men owe their wealth to me.
For my magic guides their passage o'er the boundless, pathless sea.
You 're indeed a pretty bauble, I am pleased to hear you tell,
Since to shine is all you can do, you succeed in that so well.
But in future, pray remember, when to scorn you feel inclined,
'T was I who brought, with other blessings, even *you* to grace mankind!"

Thus we learn a useful lesson—one that people often need,
And among the gay and thoughtless, I would have them ever heed:
Though the outside seem attractive, and its beauties please the eye,
Yet beneath a plain exterior, great virtues sometimes lie. G. H.

IN THE DARK.

"OH, mother, it is so hard to have nothing one wants, it seems just like living in the dark!"

"Hush, Mary! There, take this work home and bring me some more, and think of your blessings child, think of your blessings."

Mary shut the creaking door behind her, and set off at a brisk pace for Mrs. Holt's, really trying to think of her blessings.

"First, there's mother. But she always looks so tired, and the sewing machine makes her back ache; why can't she rest, and be comfortable sometimes? Then the boys,—they are strong and well, and they can go to school while I have to stay at home to help with the sewing. Oh, if I *could* go to school, I would study so hard! And if I could learn French like Ada Holt, and take music lessons, and live in a pretty house instead of that draughty little brown one"—and Mary found herself, almost crying, at Mrs. Holt's door. The housemaid let her in, saying,

"Sit in the parlor and get warm, while I take this work up to Mrs. Holt."

Mary would usually have been glad of such an invitation, but to-day she felt too unhappy to care, and seated herself, thinking,

"They live in the sunshine, and I in the dark."

What did she hear? Not an echo, surely, but the words were very like her own.

"It is so sad to be here in the dark."

Where did that thin, silvery voice come from? Ah! the closet door was half-open, and on the shelf stood a whole row of hyacinth bulbs in glasses. One of them was certainly speaking.

"See those other plants by the window. How they put forth new leaves and blossoms and enjoy the sunshine while we are shut up here. How can our tops grow without light?"

"You don't understand," said another bulb, "if we were put in the sun our tops would grow, but we should have no roots, and soon die. I heard our mistress say that our roots need darkness, and when they are long enough she will put us on the shelf by the window."

"Really?" said all the other bulbs in chorus.

"Really," said the speaker.

Mary had listened with interest.

"Hyacinths," she said, "why do I have to live in the dark? I can't have anything I want, like other girls, but I am not a plant like you."

"Perhaps patience and energy in people are like roots in flowers," said the wisest bulb. "Anyway, you had better learn patience."

"Yes," sang the rest, "learn patience."

"I will," said Mary.

At that moment Mrs. Holt entered the room with some work for Mary's mother, and the little girl went home.

That happened weeks ago, and now the hyacinths stand in full bloom on the shelf by the window. Whenever Mary comes to the house, she thinks they nod to her and say,

"Patience! your good times are coming!" H. N. G.

ANNA'S PIG.

ONCE a little dark-eyed girl, whose name was Anna, was made a present of a little white pig. A pig was something unusual to Anna, because she did not live in the country, but in the limits of a flourishing little town on the Lake Erie shore, where pigs and cattle could not be very conveniently kept. But this little pig was a present, and of course must have the greatest care and attention. Accordingly a little sty was made for it, and not of the common order either. An inclosure was made of boards, nice and smooth. Boards were laid at the bottom; but that was not all. A little house was made of boards and shingles. Hay was put inside for piggy to sleep on. Every thing seemed to be quite flourishing and pleasant for piggy. But Anna soon discovered that piggy was not contented in his new home. Anna concluded that he must be very lonesome in there, all alone, from the way he squealed, and kept on squealing, from morning until night; but Anna could not very well see how she could help it, and it sorely troubled her, and finally concluded to let piggy squeal; perhaps he would get used to his new home in time. As piggy was fed by the man of the house, he very soon and naturally slipped out of Anna's mind, until one day Anna descried piggy's tail and hind parts just disappearing through the front door-yard fence.

Anna was thoroughly aroused, and decided that piggy must be caught at once. Away she flew after piggy, her little sister following after her at her heels. But such a tiresome chase from street to street; with steady determination piggy dodged, and Anna and her little sister dodged. They tried their best to head piggy, but could not, until some little boy came to their assistance, and then it was all up with piggy. He was cornered and hopelessly caught. Anna held him by the fore feet and head as firmly as she could, and her little sister held him by the hind feet and tail. Piggy squealed louder than ever, and nearly succeeded in kicking himself loose, but the three arrived home safely, all panting and out of breath. Although it took all of Anna's strength, and left her weak and trembling, yet such was her determination to conquer that she would not give up.

Piggy was taken good care of until it began to be cold weather, and great fears were entertained that piggy would not stand the cold. And, alas, such was only too true. Poor piggy was brought in the house, one bitter frosty morning, frozen stiff. Anna felt very sorry, and did all she could to revive him by the heat of the stove, but it was of no use, piggy was frozen too stiff and hard. A. E. F.

THE RAIN.

RAIN, rain! what do you mean?
By raining so hard all this day.
Quoth the rain, "That remains to be seen,
I was not born for mere play.

"What you do, do with all your might;
So I rain, rain, rain,
And as I consider that right,
Please do not complain.

"This rain will bring forth tiny buds,
To blossom into larger flowers;
It will help the washing-tub
To wash out ladies' dowers.

"By and by the sun will burst out laughing,
And you will forget I stayed so long.
So after this, please, away with your chaffing,
For, I hope, now you see that is wrong."

BABS.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

THE sky was gray and dark o'erhead.
"We shall have snow at last," they said.
Truly they spake. The earth, ere night,
Was robed in a mantle pure and white.
And still the flakes came floating down,
Into the country and into the town;
Floating and flying, in groups and rings,
Like flocks of birds with snow-white wings,
Till the air was white with the whirling clouds,
And still came the rollicking, frolicking crowds.
And wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,
They were hailed by all with joy and delight.

Folks said the spring had come at last;
The winter cold was over and past.
The sun shone warmly, brightly down,
Into the country and into the town.
Then came a night that was chilly and cold,
And lo! a shower of snow-flakes bold.
But wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,
They met with scorn, reproach, and slight.
"For surely 't is not the time for snow;
The winter is past, 't is spring-time now.
Ah! poor little flakes, so dainty and white,
You should not have left your home to-night.
You thought, because once you were loved so well,
You would always be welcome whenever you fell.
There 's a time for sunshine, a time for showers;
There 's a time for snow, little flakes, and for flowers."

So the snow-flakes all unheeded lay,
Till the sun came shining, warm and gay—
And, weeping, then they vanished away.
But from each spot their tears had wet,
There sprang a blue-eyed violet.

M. J.

A FINE YACHT-RACE.

I THINK ST. NICHOLAS would like to print something about the races which have occurred between the Resolute, Dreadnought, and Vesta, and so I will write some account of one of them.

The Resolute is a center-board schooner 113 feet long, and is enrolled in the papers of the New York and Atlantic Yacht Club.

The Dreadnought is a famous keel schooner, and is of the New York and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs.

The Vesta is a center-board schooner, and was a partaker of the famous ocean race won by the Henrietta.

Suppose we go on board of the Dreadnought for this race.

The wind was a strong north-west, and the waves now were crested with foam, and we had promise from a grayish cloud to windward of plenty of wind during the night.

We had picked crews, and the yachts were in splendid trim. We were to be taken down to the light-ship by the steamer Cyclops, but, as there was plenty of wind, we preferred to sail.

We were all to be in the vicinity of the light-ship at 3 o'clock, and so we were.

But it had been agreed that we should not start till 4, so we had to sail, or lie about till that time.

The Resolute fired two guns as a signal at six minutes before 4 o'clock.

As soon as the signal was given we ran up our topsails, and soon we had our canvas full.

The Vesta got past the light-ship one-sixth of a second before us, and we a few seconds before the Resolute.

The start was a superb one, and we had (we thought) the wind fair both ways for the 112 miles of race.

For the first minutes of the race neither seemed to gain, but the Resolute began to get to windward of us.

But our yacht would not have this, so we ran up so as to leave the Vesta a good deal to leeward.

As the breeze freshened, both of us began to leave the Vesta.

We could not gain on the Resolute, for she kept to windward.

About this time we looked back to see the Vesta haul up her jib topsail; but that was only to be hauled up and then pulled down again.

We then held our own well, and once in a while our main boom would go into the waves and throw up showers of spray.

The Vesta then hauled up closer to the wind, and then was farthest to windward, but farthest from the next turning-point, which was the Five Fathom light-ship of Cape May.

About 6 o'clock the Resolute passed and kept passing us, until she cleared us entirely by half a mile.

We then cast our log, which showed that we made 11¾ knots an hour.

The wind now veered round north-east, and we concluded that we would have a rough time tacking back to New York.

When we rounded the light-ship about midnight, we were very much astern of the Resolute, while the Vesta had bettered her situation toward us a good deal.

During the night the Vesta split her foresail, which spoilt her entirely for finishing the race with anything but a good record, for she came in very late.

We laid upon the wind so close that the sails sometimes shook.

When the Resolute tacked the second time, she passed under our stern, and was now to chase us, but we got past the goal first. This was at a quarter past 8.

The Vesta did not get in till a quarter of nine.

You immediately sling down this magazine, and inform your friend, who is waiting to play chess, that the Dreadnought has beaten the Resolute; but hold on a few minutes, there is a time allowance.

Time allowance? you say, incredulously.

Yes. For instance, take this very race. The Dreadnought started say one minute ahead of the Resolute, and came in 59 seconds ahead. You can easily see what they call a time allowance, can you not?

H.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON DISCOVERING GRAVITATION.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are my favorite reading-book. I do not subscribe for you, but papa buys you every month. I will tell you about the first time I ever tried to make bread, which was last Saturday. I am twelve years old, and mamma thinks I ought to begin to learn something about cooking. So she mixed the yeast, gave me directions how to make the bread, and went off to visit the Centennial Buildings. As soon as the yeast was light, I poured it into a bread-pan of flour, and mixed it with lukewarm water, put it on the bread-board and began to knead it. It was so stiff that I did not know what to do. I remembered mamma's telling me about the first time she made bread; so I made holes in the dough, put water in them, and kneaded it until it was about right. I then set it by to rise again, and when it looked like it was light I kneaded it, put it in the bake-pans to rise, and then in the oven to bake. You may be sure I felt very much worried, and watched it very close, for fear it would not bake right.

When the bread was cut and brought to the table, they all declared it was splendid. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.—Your friend,

STELLA.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we do not know the address of H. H., the author of the article in the June number called "The Expression of Rooms," and as we wish to know what H. H. means in that article by Japanese fans being put on the walls of a room, from the cornice to the book-case, we write to you for information.—Respectfully,

MARY ARMSTRONG AND NORA ABBOTT.

New York, June 28th, 1876.

DEAR GIRLS: I ought to have said, "Pin the fans on the wall." I was very stupid. The fans are very light, and two pins will hold one firm. You can pin them across the corners also. Try it. They are very pretty. I happened to be in the ST. NICHOLAS office this hot afternoon, and Mrs. Dodge showed me your note.

Your friend, H. H.

Great Eastern Mine, Guerneville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen other letters printed in the Letter-Box, so I thought I would like to see mine there. I am living for the summer at the quicksilver mines, and there is some vermilion color in the rock that they call cinnabar, and they crush it and put it into furnaces and roast it, and get the mercury or quicksilver out.

We are surrounded by mountains here, and the redwood trees are just a little way from the house, and they are from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and most are two hundred feet high. I will not say any more, or there will not be room for my letter.—Yours respectfully,

EDITH EAMES.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like all the stories of ST. NICHOLAS, but my favorite ones are "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Story of Jon of Iceland." I wish your book could come out oftener. I would be pleased to have you print this. Last summer, when I was in the country, I took a walk in the apple orchard. I noticed a snake crawling off one of the trees. Full of curiosity, like most boys, I climbed the tree; but what a sight met my eyes! There were five little dead birds in a nest. Being certain the snake had killed them, I hurried down from the tree to kill the snake, but was too late; it had disappeared.—One of your true friends, NORMAN LESLIE ARCHER.

"POOR CHUNEE!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" brings out of his well-filled store-house every month such a charming variety of wisdom and wit, fact and fancy, for his large family of boys and girls, that I, for one, have often wondered where in the world he gets it from—perhaps from that wonderful leaf—no, *pulpit*, I guess, in which he stands; anyway, he is about as eloquent a preacher as I ever heard, and when, in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, he told us of poor Chunee, and that horrid toothache that drove him crazy, I felt as if I must write and tell "Jack" that dear Chunee was an old friend of mine.

You see, many years ago, when I was a little girl in my teens, I used to spend weeks at a time with a dear friend, "Aunt Anna," I called her, who had a shop for the sale of fine perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, in Exeter Change, the lower floor of which *was*,—for I believe it is not standing now,—a splendid arcade or bazaar, on each side of which were arranged beautiful compartments, fitted up with counters, show cases, etc., for the sale of the finest kind of light goods, such as jewelry, stationery, "Tunbridge Wells" toys, and fancy articles, each compartment divided by light screens. Aunt Anna's pretty, cozy, little place was just opposite the wide and massive stairs that led to Mr. Cross's "Royal Menagerie," on the floor above: and a pretty substantial floor it was, to bear the weight of such a big fellow as Chunee, besides lions, tigers, camels, bears, and lots of monkeys.

As the young friend of "Aunt Anna," I received a free invitation from Mr. Cross to visit Chunee and his friends whenever I chose, and stay as long as I liked. And what nice times I had in *seeing* the lions and tigers fed, and in feeding Chunee and the monkeys myself. The former so intelligent, so gentle, and so grateful for the "goodies" I used to take him, while the monkies seemed leagued together to teaze me; thrusting their long arms through the bars of their cages, they would catch the straw hat from my head, fill it with saw dust, and then pelt me with it; they seemed to think me fair game for their antics.

The docile elephant had never been tortured into unnatural performances by his kind owner, or keeper, but there was one trick that I used to delight in seeing him do. I would lay a small silver coin on the palm of my hand which he would pick up very gently, and then ring a bell for his keeper to come, when he would deposit the money in his pocket, always trumpeting his "thank you" for favors received.

Poor, dear Chunee! How badly I felt when, several years after, and when I was far away from London, I heard of his sad death. I did not then know the cause of his sudden madness, but as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" says: "What an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been."

ANNIE F. STUART.

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your magazine this morning, and was very glad. I saw that Gussie wanted to know how to make candy. I have a receipt, although I do not know whether Gussie will like it. It is this:

1. Take a sheet of foolscap paper and make a box by bending and pinning the corners 2. Take a little butter and rub the bottom of the box. 3. Take three table-spoonfuls of granulated white sugar. 4. Put in two table-spoonfuls of hot water, and then put the paper box on the stove, not having it too hot, and be careful not to let any water touch the bottom of the box. Then let it boil for ten minutes. You would think the paper would burn, but it will not. If you try it, Gussie, I hope you will succeed.—Yours truly, JOHN F. H.

Who will try this experiment?

JOHN L.—Captain Ericsson is not an American, but a Swede. Mr. Rideing, in his "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes" (July ST. NICHOLAS), called him an American engineer because he has so thoroughly identified himself with American engineering that it is almost impossible for us to consider him as anything but an American engineer.

Monroe, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a few lines. I am twelve years old, and go to school in the grammar-room at Monroe Public Schools. I live about a mile from the school-house. I feed the chickens and three cows. Some way, I cannot think of so much as the other boys to write. Oh yes, if you hear of any boys who want to buy a scroll-saw, I will sell one cheap. I like the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.—Your reader, WALTER T. ANDERSON.

Garrison, May, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the midst of the grand old mountains of the Highlands of the Hudson; the surrounding scenery is sublimely beautiful. I will tell you about some of the wild flowers that I find in my rambles over the mountains. The trailing arbutus is the most beautiful, and you always find it in great abundance where the laurel grows. There are so many violets they give the fields a purple tint. In the marshes I find the delicate anemone, or as some people call it, the wind-flower, and that is a very appropriate name, for it looks as though a very small breeze would shake all its snowy petals off.

In midsummer the flowers are so very abundant that one cannot step without crushing some of the little darlings; but in autumn, when the birds have flown, the flowers all gone, and you hear the sad sound of the leaves dropping one by one, then the fringed gentian lifts its blue eye to cheer the lonely wood.

I am a great lover of nature, and am very fond of walking in the

woods and watching the little squirrels gather nuts, and the birds building their nests.

I think the story of "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid, and "The Eight Cousins" was delightful.

I watch for you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as a friend, and indeed you are a very dear friend to me.

Long live the ST. NICHOLAS and the dear little schoolma'am.

I remain your constant friend, MATTIE A. GARRISON.

Tyre, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I submit a question which I wish the readers of ST. NICHOLAS or yourself to decide. If a person is born on the 29th of February, does their birthday occur only once in four years? If every year, does it occur in February or March, when it is not leap-year? RUEL L. S.

IN reply to Stella M. Kenyon's request for the answer to the riddle beginning "There was a man of Adam's race," the following persons send the answer—"Jonah in the whale's belly:"

Edward W. Robinson, Wm. C. Bowden, Charlie Goodrich, Maggie Harbison, Gordon Buchanan, Julia P. Ballard, Anne A. Butts, "Lillian," Vanie H. Cobb, Nellie L. Tate, Ada M. Duchar, E. D. J. Hennessy, Mrs. G. C. W., "Charlie and Belle," "The Briton," Gertrude Vickery, M. W. C., D. B. McLean, Alice E. Clark, "Minnie," K. M. S., Hattie L. Hamilton, Libbie Montross, Katie, Mr. C. B. Stent, Ida Belsham, Euphemia F. Secor, and "Violet."

"Launcelot" sends his answer in the form of an ingenious rhyme:

There's a strange and wonderful story
In the Holy Scriptures told
Of one, of the race of Adam,
Who lived in the days of old,
And who by the will of Heaven,
And by reason of his sin,
Was doomed to live in a dwelling
All "curiously wrought within;"
It was not built of timbers,
Nor yet of wood or stone,
No hand had part in its building
Save the hand of God alone;
It was not in hell, nor in Heaven,
Nor on land, where a house *should* be,
'T was a restless, roving dwelling,
And roamed about in the sea;
The tenant was not the owner,
The house was n't his "to keep,"
So JONAH made brief sojourn
In this monster of the deep.

And "Maggie May," with her answer, sends another riddle with the same answer:

There was a creature formed of God,
That showed His mighty power!
That ne'er in path of sinners trod,
Nor name of Christian bore.
It had no hope of future bliss,
Nor feared its Master's rod,
Yet did a living soul possess
That panted after God.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine ever since it was first published, and I think it improves with every number. I liked "Eight Cousins" better than any story that has appeared in ST. NICHOLAS; it is perfectly splendid, as all of Miss Alcott's books are.

Perhaps some of the readers of your magazine will be interested in the following information, which I found in an old English book. The phrase "He 's a brick" seems to be of classic origin, as follows: King Agesilaus being asked by an ambassador from Epirus why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have," pointing to his marshaled army. "There are the walls of Sparta, and every man you see is a brick." NELLIE.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to put my name in the Bird-defenders. I have a little story here which, if you think worth putting in the Letter-Box, I wish you would do so. When I lived in Wilmington I had a black and white cat, which I thought very smart. She could not endure music. One day mamma was sitting in an armchair and began to sing. The cat (who was asleep on the floor) got up and climbed on the back of the chair, and would keep putting her paw on mamma's mouth in order to keep her from singing. She did a good many other things, one of which was ringing the door-bell when she wanted to go out-of-doors, and pulling the wire from the other side when she wished to come in. I must tell you the name of this cat,—we called her "Lady from Philadelphia," because she was born there.—Yours truly, MAY LOBDELL.

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We 've got a bird. Thank you for the books that you sent me. We 've had a good time out on Pacific Street. A sweet little girl lives around here, named Margie. Another sweet little girl lives down town, named Meta. I 've got a little bell and some cologne, and a lot of shells that Margie gave me in a little red bag. She made a necklace for me. We 've got a greenhouse. We 've got a new, big ST. NICHOLAS; the pictures in it are very nice. I send you some kisses. LULU.

Boston, June 8, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very well. I have just come home from the Centennial, and it is perfectly splendid. I liked the Main Building best, and next to that Memorial Hall or Art Gallery. We used the rolling chairs a great deal, so we did not get very tired.

The Japanese and Chinese Departments were very interesting, and the furnished rooms in the English Department are lovely; there was one room, a drawing-room, furnished in beautiful shades of green and blue, that I liked particularly; the curtains had yellow fringe on them, and the carpet was blue with pink rosebuds on it. Just think of all these colors in one room; but it was selected with such care that it has a charming effect. There are many, many other beautiful things there. I am afraid this is getting too long, but I hope you will put it in the Letter-Box. A. H. R.

A CHEAP MICROSCOPE.

ALLEN T. MOORE sends the following directions for making a cheap microscope. His experiment is a novel one, and is at least worthy of a trial by all those who desire such an instrument:

First, take an oblong slip of glass (a microscope slide, such as microscopic objects are mounted upon, is just the thing), and, after cleaning the glass slip, pour a drop of Canada balsam upon the center of it. If the drop fall properly, it will form a lens. If it does not assume a circular form, push the edges into as true a circle as possible by means of a pin or pointed stick. If you should fail in this effort and spoil the drop, scrape off as much of the balsam as possible, and dissolve the remainder in turpentine until the glass is once more entirely clean. Keep trying until you get a circular drop, or lens, free from dirt or air-bubbles (by looking through it at some small object, you can easily make sure that it is perfectly clear), and set it away to harden. The more convex the lens is, the higher will be its power. After leaving it in a horizontal position for a week or more, take a piece of cork, a little thicker than the lens, and cut a hole in it, with a diameter a little greater than that of the lens. Blacken the glass around the lens, and also blacken the cork. Fasten the cork to the glass, so as to have the lens in the center of the hole, and fasten a piece of thin glass (called by microscopists a thin glass cover) over the lens, which will prevent dust from settling upon it.

The edges of the glass slip may be ground, or some narrow strips of paper may be gummed around them, in order to prevent cutting or scratching.

Schenectady.

DEACON GREEN: I send you the Declaration of Independence written out, and I hope it will prove satisfactory. It was written by Thomas Jefferson, and was proclaimed on the 4th of July, 1776. There are 56 signers, and the number of States is 13. Will you please ask the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, when Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the American colonies? I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I am very much pleased with it. I hope I will take it all the time. I must now close.—I remain one of your most interested readers, H. E. B.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS have ever seen this strange and far-away country, or can tell how old Santa Fé, the capital, is? This country was settled by the Spaniards several hundreds of years ago, and their descendants are very dark-skinned, and all speak the Spanish language. The little children nearly all go without any clothes in the summer-time, and they can make mud-pies without being afraid of soiling their clothes.

There are a great many strange things in this country. The houses are built of *adobes*. The adobes are very large unburned bricks—just square chunks of mud dried in the sun. They build the houses of these bricks, and build them like a hollow square, and the windows nearly all look into this square, or *placita*, as it is called. At home in the States we have the yard all round the house; but here in New

Mexico they build the house all round the yard. Then they have not many wagons here, but carry everything on the backs of *burros*. These burros are very small donkeys, with very large ears, and are only to be found in mountainous countries. The little baby burros are the most cunning little things you ever saw; they are so little, about as large as a small Newfoundland dog, and their ears are so very large, they look very funny. But they are very intelligent and very comical in their actions.

Then the horned toads are a great curiosity, and a very large black spider, that lives in the ground, is to be found here. These spiders are called tarantulas, and their bite is poisonous.

The coyotes, or prairie wolves, are found in this country also, and one of my neighbors caught a little one and made a pet of it. It grew to be a large wolf, and was as tame as a dog. He and I were great friends, and he would follow me home whenever he had a chance. He would run and scamper through the Alfalfa, and roll and have great fun. He would eat ice-cream and cake; but he got to be a great thief. He went into a lady's house one day and found a nice pound-cake, which she had baked for tea, and he ate it every bit; and a few days afterward he went into another lady's house and found three pounds of fresh butter, and he ate that too. Was n't he a very naughty wolf? L. W.

Brooklyn, May 18th, 1876

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have not any sisters or brothers, yet I am not lonely. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me. I learn geography, spelling, grammar and arithmetic, but I like grammar best. I like your magazine ever so much, and think it is perfectly splendid, and wish it would come every week. I read every story in it, and could read the "Eight Cousins," also "The Boy Emigrants," over and over again and not tire of them. I will not write you any more now, so good-bye.—I remain your little friend, HELEN.

Bunker Hill, Feb. 25th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a little piece cut from a paper, as I liked it, and thought if your readers had n't seen it they might like it too.—Your delighted reader, ALLIE BERTRAM.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, B'nevolent, willing to learn;
B punctual, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you 'll B secure.

Newburyport, Mass., May 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter calls my attention to the acting-ballad of "Queer People," in your April number, and thinks the statement about the Esquimaux, that "Never a doll the children see," must be a poetic license, as she still cherishes the mortal remains of what was once quite a respectable rag-baby, or rather fur-baby, which I brought some years ago from the British side of Baffin's Bay. To be sure, dolls are rare there even among the children of the *aristocracy*, though I have seen quite artistic specimens, which in figure, features, and dress were perfect counterparts of the adult natives, even to the hood-cape, with a tiny pappoose in it, which must be a peculiarly Esquimaux conception, as I never saw a *Christian* doll carrying an infant. W. S. S.

A CURIOUS CALENDAR.

1 2 3 4 5 6
At Dover dwelt George Brown, Esquire,
7 8 9 10 11 12
Good Caleb French, and David Frire.

THE words, in their order, represent the twelve calendar months; and the initial letters—to wit, A, B, C, D, E, F and G—represent the seven days of the week.

Knowing the day of the week on which falls the first day of January, in any year, you can tell on what day of the week the first day of each month in that year falls. When it is leap-year, you must add one day to the count for the months after February.

Example: The first of January, 1876, falls on Saturday—A. To find on what day of the week falls the first day of November, 1876, you first find the initial letter of November, which is D(avid), the eleventh word in the above couplet. Now commence and count on your fingers, A (1), B (2), C (3), D (4). So the first of November falls on the fourth day after the day on which falls January 1st. Now count again: Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), Tuesday (4): but 1876 being leap-year, and November following February, you add one, and thus find Wednesday, the first of November, 1876. Now take August, initial letter C(aleb): Count A (1), B (2), C (3): then count again, Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), and add one for leap-year, and we have Tuesday, August 1. And so on for all the months. You will notice that the initial letter of February is also D(over), but not being affected by leap-year, the first day of that month falls on Tuesday; while the succeeding month, March, initial letter D(welt), being affected by leap-year, makes the first day Wednesday. X.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you know this sentence, which reads the same backward and forward. If not, here it is: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."—Yours, LULU.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how much I like your last continued story, called "The Boy Emigrants." I like it very much, and am in a great hurry to get the rest of it to read. I like all the stories in the magazine very much, and hope you will keep on having such nice ones.—Yours affectionately,
AMY W. HERBERT.

Kingston, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a regular visitor at our house for a year, and you are always welcomed with delight. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very amusing. I tried for the "prize puzzle," but did not succeed. Two years ago, just two days after my birthday, I had the second and third fingers of my right hand taken off. They were crushed and torn terribly in a reaping-machine, and had to be amputated.—Yours truly, HENRY HAMILTON.

Rose Hill, Mahaska County, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a tortoise-shell cat, and she is a good one too. She had three little kittens; the Tommy cat killed two, and would have killed the other one, if I had not put it in the sitting-room on the lounge. My doll is at the head, and the kitten goes up and plays with its blue shoes. Our hired man found two little squirrels, and gave them to me. I fed them with milk at first, and then gave them to the old cat and watched her, to see if she would hurt them; but she fondled them as much as she did her kitten, and nurses them. The squirrels have got their eyes open now. They will hold bread in their paws and eat it; and will run all over my arms and into my sleeves.—Yours truly, FANNIE M. JARVIS (aged 9).

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago you described how to make a boat; but it was a flat-bottomed one. Now, can you not describe how to make a round-bottomed one; also a small yacht?—and oblige
A CONSTANT READER.

ST. NICHOLAS thinks that there are few boys who could make a serviceable or safe round-bottomed boat.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 23d, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I only began to take you this year, and I think you are splendid; but I wish you came oftener.

My brother has a little donkey and carriage, and we enjoy riding in it very much. A great many little girls and myself are getting up a fair. It is to be held on the 25th of this month, and I think we shall enjoy it very much. Will you please make me a Bird-defender? —Yours truly, SUSIE B. WARING.

Yonkers, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I think the "Boy Emigrants" is the nicest story. I have a goat, and I am going to sell it, if I can, for $20. We have a pond. Yesterday I found a duck's egg in the water. I am eleven years old. I have a donkey, and a cart, and I drive my sister to school and back.—Good by, from
JAMES A. WARING.

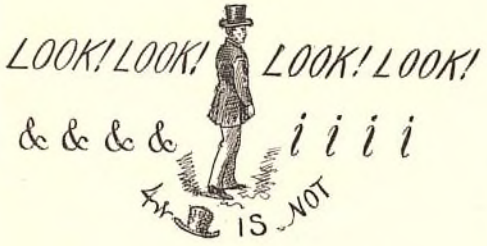
BOYS and girls who write to ST. NICHOLAS and sign only their initials, must not expect their letters to receive attention. When we print letters, we often use only the initials of the writer, but the full name should be sent to the editor with the letter.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. THE witch was accused of —— cattle through her —— influence. 2. Can you find a —— orange on one of the ——? 3. I think the Mexican's —— was of ——. 4. My horse appears to have a —— pain in his ——. 5 Those figures in colored —— will —— deeply into your ——. 6. Was her —— correct with regard to his ——? 7. You cannot —— the fact that he —— all that is needful. 8. He perfectly —— me about sending him some Egyptian ——. 9. The —— used was, that she sang like a ——. 10. As he —— the ancient ——, the —— danced in the sunlight. 11. He returns by one who —— him now the —— cup and the —— I sent him, which, of course, —— our former ties. 12. I cannot —— the name on this ——. RUTH.

REBUS.



ENIGMA.

HERE combine
Letters nine,
To name a city of our lard,
By Eastern breezes fanned.
8, 7, 6, 9 has a wider fame,
A higher and more ancient name,
And boasts the 4, 5, 1, 9, 8 river,
Which through it pours its waters ever.
3, 5, 6, 2 a wider view
May boast, and harder earthquakes too;
But our good city, fair and bright
In its own and strangers' sight,
Where, in 6, 2, 8, 1, 3, 9,
Tall, grateful piles uprising shine,
Need envy none
Beneath the sun.
'T is a bustling, great 6, 2, 8, 4,
Where many a 1, 2, 3, 9 goes,
And as a river flows,
Hastening by 1, 7, 2, 4,
Or 8, 2, 5, 3, with loud roar,
To find an entrance or an exit door.
And now, without 6, 7, 8, 9,
Declare by name this city fine. OSWY.

REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail three times words having the following significations, and leave one of the United States.
1. Things of little importance. 2. Shaped or modeled. 3. From end to end. 4. Attics. 5. One of the subdivisions of mute letters. 6. The scepter of the God of the Sea. 7. More renowned or important. IVANHOE.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in truth, but not in lie;
My second is in heath, but not in sky;
My third is in even, but not in night;
My fourth is in clear, but not in white;
My fifth is in eight, but not in two;
My sixth is in toad, but not in gnu;
My seventh is in stand, but not in lie:
My eighth is in sell, but not in buy;
My ninth is in Charles, but not in Bill;
My tenth is in Bob, but not in Will;
My eleventh is in goose, but not in whales;
My twelfth is in Xerxes, but not in Phales.
Read this right, and you will view
Two things that are liked by you. CYRIL DEANE.

WORD-SQUARE.

My first is a kind of solemn music. My second is to revere. My third is a girl's name. My fourth is sound. My fifth are both useful and ornamental. L. B. H.

RIDDLE.

COLOR green am I, and lie
Quiet in my garden-bed;
Let me hit you as I fly,
And I stain you color red.

Wood or iron, black or blue;
I am musical or dumb;
Many shapes; of every hue:
But as hollow as a drum. SOPHIE MAY.

EXCEPTIONS.

1. FROM the name of a certain kind of book except the middle letter and leave a mineral. 2. From a word of three letters except the second and leave a preposition. 3. Except the third letter from a garland and leave rage. 4. Except the middle letter from a native of a certain city in Europe and leave a color. 5. Except the third letter from the name of an animal and leave a pipe. 6. From the name of a favorite flower except the third letter and leave a female animal. 7. From an article of furniture except the middle letter and leave a story. M. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THREE merry boys, they built a ——
That looked a little like a ——
They manned it well, both fore and ——
Then started for a sail.

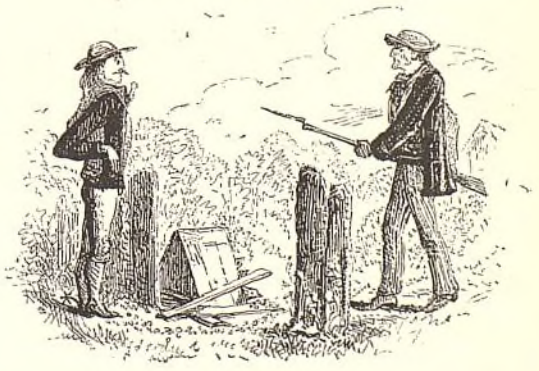
There came just then an evil ——
Near and more near the boat, when ——
He, splashing round their little ——
Upset it with his tail!

So he these merry boys did ——
Which was to them a bitter ——
Indeed they took it very ——
And thus at him did rail:

"O wicked one, who gave the ——
That laid our hopes and pleasures ——
A grudge to you we surely ——
But 't is of no avail;

"For spread around you is a ——
That holds you safe from every ——
You have no fear of mortal ——
And so we make our wail." A. M.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



ANAGRAMS.

1. MAD traitors sin. 2. Green meats. 3. Nip nose. 4. Spice parent. 5. On, Snipe! 6. Re-gag Tom. CYRIL DEANE.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Good Advice.)

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

SWEET songs my first bring every year,
My second will two-celled appear;
My third is in the court-room found,
And sometimes does my fourth all around.
'T were well if but my fifth might fall
With justice on the heads of all;
My sixth a trait to shun we hold,
My next in value is untold;
My eighth a workman is of skill,
My ninth will wait upon your will.

Diagonals from left to right,
A home for birds, secure and light.
When read from right to left, you 'll find
An enviable state of mind.

J. P. B.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

To be read in four directions. 1. From left to right, downward and across, relating to the tides. 2. From right to left, downward and across, a dipper. 3. Centrals, downward, a command. 4. First line across, to sing; second line across, a man's name; third line across, a consonant; fourth line across, a meadow; fifth line across, a town in New Hampshire.

CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. AN adjective whereby our relish is expressed.
2. Another, meaning graceful, stylish or well dressed.
3. A stately tree, of which the leaves are broad, the wood is white.
4. Deceitful phantom, fitful lights, oft followed in the night.
5. A term sometimes applied to Frenchy customs, words or deeds.
6. A poison slow on which the Oriental dreamer feeds.
7. A city of a government, close neighbor to our own.
8. A name connected with a cave formed of basaltic stone.
9. A very grateful shield from rain or from the sultry sun.
10. A word which means light-giving; now guess it every one.

In terminals you 'll read the name
Of one, an ever-welcome guest.
In primals, too, with loud acclaim,
He 's hailed by those who love him best.

HERVEY DARNEAL.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A vowel. 2. A large Australian bird. 3. The proclamation in a church of an intended marriage. 4. Ridiculed or treated with contempt. 5. First attempt or appearance. 6. Owed. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. The channel of a river. 3. Having ears. 4. A conveyance. 5. Out of place, improper. 6. To place. 7. A consonant.

IVANHOE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Croquet, Boating.

C —o— B
R —ome— O
O —meg— A
Q —ui— T
U —r— I
E —ar— N
T —a— G

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Grace, race. 2. Price, rice. 3. Sold, old. 4. Easter, aster. 5. Bride, ride. 6. Table, able. 7. Where, here.

SQUARE-WORD.—

A R R O W
R E A C H
R A T H E
O C H E R
W H E R E

METAGRAM.—Bake, cake, hake, lake, make, rake, sake, take.

A LITTLE STORY.—Augusta, Salem, Fall River, Norfolk, Hartford, Washington, New Haven, Dover, Richmond, Toledo, Lowell, Little Rock, Brooklyn, Bangor, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Madison, Raleigh, Omaha, Mobile, Oswego, Portland, Cleveland, Frankfort, Springfield.

CHARADE.—Penitent.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Bird-defenders.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Washington.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
H E R
R O B I N
R O M U L U S
B E S E T
R E D
S

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.—1. Director, rector. 2. Accurate, curate. 3. Administer, minister.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE —

C O T T O N
G I N G E R
N U T M E G
C H E R R Y
M A N I O C
B A N Y A N

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Ivanhoe, Marmion.

I —nfor— M
V —ictori— A
A —i— R
N —y— M
H —ayt— I
O —li— O
E —nsig— N

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Desolation: Seal, one, Don, slate, sled, net, onset, lane, old, sea, sale, nest, stone, oats, lion, ten.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 15, from Willie Dibblee, J. D. Early, "Jupiter, Juno and Apollo," Arthur B., Howard Steele Rogers, Gertrude Weller, Ernest W. Ford, Elsie Thalheimer, Isabelle B. E. Nichols, Fred Wright, Nettie A. Ives, Frieda E. Lippert, Helen Green and Bessie McLaren, Arthur W. Osborn, Nessie E. Stevens, Lizzie L. Green, "Flora," David P. Arnold, Jr., Nellie Emerson, Ora Dowty, "Golden Eagle," A. J. Lewis, "Mab," B. O'H., Agnes M. Hodges, "Miantinomi and Narragansett," Aline H. Merriam, Arthur Rogers, Minnie D. B., Eddie H. Eckel, "Roderick," Robert L. Groendycke, Amy Hodges, Mamie Baldwin, Katie T. Hughes, Iras and Bertha Wolfe, Lester Woodbridge, Brainerd P. Emery, Alice B. Moore, "Alex," Arnold Guyot Cameron, C. W. Hornor, Jr., "Brazilian and Cuban Danse," H. B. Lathrop, Belle Evans, John R. Eldridge, Edith Lowry, Belle Gibson.