ST. NICHOLAS.

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AT FIESOLE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FIESOLE is a quaint old town which perches on a hill-top above the valley of the Arno and the city of Florence. You must not pronounce it as it is spelt, but like this—Fu-es-o-lee. From the Florence streets people catch glimpses of its bell-towers and roofs shining above the olive orchards and vineyards of the hill-side. A white road winds upward toward it in long, easy zigzags, and seems to say, "Come with me and I will show you something pretty."

Not long ago there were two girls in Florence to whom, plainly as road could speak, the white road seemed to utter these very words. Pauline and Molly Hale were the names of these girls. It was six months since they had left America with their father and mother, and it seemed much longer, because so much had happened in the time. First, the sea voyage, not pleasant, and yet not exactly unpleasant, because papa got better all the way, and that made mamma happy. Now papa would be quite well at once, they thought. His people (for papa was a clergyman) had sent him away for that purpose. They were not a rich people, but each gave a little, and altogether it made enough to carry the pastor and his family across the sea and keep them there one year, with very prudent management. The Hales, therefore, did not travel about as most people do, but went straight to Italy, where they hoped to find that sun and warm air which are an invalid's best medicines.

"Going straight to Italy" means, however, a great many pleasant things by the way. Molly was always reminding Maria Matilda, her doll, of the sights she had seen and the superior advantages she enjoyed over the dolls at home.

After this mention of a doll, what will you say when I tell you that Molly was almost thirteen? Most girls of thirteen scorn to play with dolls, but Molly was not of their number. She was childish for her years, and possessed a faithful little heart, which clung to Maria Matilda as to an old friend whom it would be unkind to lay aside.

"First, there was Paris," Molly would say to her. "No, first there was *Deep*, where the people all talked so queerly that we could n't understand a word. That was funny, Matilda, was n't it? Then don't you recollect that beautiful church which we saw when we went past *Ruin?*" (Molly meant Rouen, but I am sorry to say her pronunciation of French names was apt to be bad.) "And Paris too, where I took you to walk in the gardens, and papa let us both ride in a whirligig. None of the home dollies have ever ridden in whirligigs, have they? They wont understand what you mean unless I draw them a picture on my slate. Then we got into the cars and went and went till we came to that great dark tunnel. Were n't we frightened? and you cried, Matilda—I heard you. You need n't look so ashamed, though, for it *was* horrid. But we got out of it at last, though I thought we never should; and here we are at the padrona's, and it 's ever so nice, only I wish papa would come back."

For Florence had proved too cold, and papa had joined a party and gone off to Egypt, leaving mamma and the children to live quietly and cheaply at Signora Goldi's boarding-house. It was a dingy house in the old part of Florence, but for all that it was a very interesting place to live in. The street in which the house stood was extremely narrow. High buildings on either side shut out the sun, the

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From a Painting by Sir George Hayter. (See "Windsor Castle," page 759.)

cobble-stone pavement was always dirty, but all day long a stream of people poured through it wearing all sorts of curious clothes, talking all sorts of languages, and selling all sorts of things. Men with orange-baskets on their heads strolled along crying, "Oranges, sweet oranges!" Others, with panniers of flowers, chanted, "Fiori, belli fiori!" Peddlars displayed their wares, or waved gay stuffs; boys held up candied fruits, wood-carvings, and toys; women went to and fro bearing trays full of a chocolate-colored mixture dotted with the white kernels of pine-cones. This looked very rich and nice, and the poor people bought great slices of it. Pauline once invested a penny therein, but a single taste proved enough; it was sour and oily at once, and she gave the rest to a small Italian girl, who looked delighted and gobbled it up in huge mouthfuls. Whenever they went out to walk, there were fresh pleasures. The narrow street led directly to a shining sunlit river, which streamed through the heart of the city like a silver ribbon. Beautiful bridges spanned this river, some reared on graceful arches, some with statues at either end, one set all along its course by quaint stalls filled with gold and silver filagree, chains of amber, and turquoises blue as the sky. All over the city were delightful pictures, churches, and gardens, open and free to all who chose to come. Every day mamma and the children went somewhere and saw something, and, in spite of papa's absence, the winter was a happy one.

Going to and fro in the city, the children had often looked up the Fiesole hill, which is visible from many parts of Florence, and Pauline had conceived a strong wish to go there. Molly did not care so much, but as she always wanted to do what Pauline did, she joined her older sister in begging to go. Mamma, however, thought it too far for a walk, and carriage hire cost something; so she said no, and the girls were forced to content themselves with "making believe" what they would do if ever they went there, a sort of play in which they both delighted. None of the things they imagined proved true when they did go there, as you shall hear.

It was just as they were expecting papa back, that, coming in one day from a walk with Signora Goldi, Pauline and Molly found mamma hard at work packing a traveling-bag. She looked very pale and had been crying. No wonder, for the mail had brought a letter to say that papa, traveling alone from Egypt, had landed at Brindisi very ill with Syrian fever. The kind strangers who wrote the letter would stay with and take care of him till mamma could get there, but she must come at once.

"What *shall* I do?" cried poor Mrs. Hale, appealing in her distress to Signora Goldi. "I cannot take the children into a fever-room, and even if that were safe, the journey costs so much that it would be out of the question. Mr. Hale left me only money enough to last till his return. After settling with you and buying my ticket, I shall have very little remaining. Help me, padrona! Advise me what to do."

Signora Goldi's advertisement said, "English spoken," but the English was of a kind which English people found it hard to understand. Her kind heart, however, stood her instead of language, and helped her to guess the meaning of Mrs. Hale's words.

"Such peety!" she said. "Had I know, I not have let rooms for week after. The signora said 'let,' and she sure to go, so I let, else the *piccoli* should stay wiss me. Now what?" and she rubbed her nose hard, and wrinkled her forehead in a puzzled way. "I have!" she cried at last, her face beaming. "How the *piccolini* like go to Fiesole for a little? My brother who dead, he leave Engleis wife. She lady-maid once, speak Engleis well as me!—better! She have *pensione*—very small, but good—ah, so good, and it cost little, with air *si buono, si fresco!*"

The signora was drifting into Italian without knowing it, but was stopped by the joyous exclamations of the two girls.

"Fiesole! Oh, mamma! just what we wanted so much!" cried Pauline. "Do let us go there!"

"Do, do!" chimed in Molly. "I saw the padrona's sister once, and she 's so nice. Say yes, please mamma."

The "yes" was not quite a happy one, but what could poor Mrs. Hale do? No better plan offered, time pressed, she hoped not to be obliged to stay long away from the children, and, as the signora said, the Fiesole hill-top must be airy and wholesome. So the arrangement was made, the terms settled, a carriage was called, and in what seemed to the girls a single moment, mamma had rattled away, with the signora to buy her ticket and see her off at the station. They looked at each other disconsolately, and their faces grew very long.

"We 're just like orphans in a book," sobbed Pauline at last, while Molly watered Matilda's best frock with salt tears. The signora had a specially nice supper that night, and petted them a great deal, but they were very homesick for mamma and cried themselves to sleep.

Matters seemed brighter when they woke up next morning to find a lovely day, such a day as only Italy knows, with sunshine like gold, sky of clearest blue, and the river valley shining through soft mists like finest filtered rainbows. By a happy chance, the Fiesole sister-in-law came to Florence that

morning, and drove up to the door in a droll little cart drawn by a mouse-colored mule, with a green carrot-top stuck over his left ear and a bell round his neck. She gladly agreed to lodge the children, and her pleasant old face and English voice made them at once at home with her. There was just room in the cart for their trunk, and about five in the afternoon they set out, perched on the narrow bench in front, one on each side of their new friend, and holding each other's hands tightly behind her ample back. Signora Bianchi was the sister-in-law's name, but "padrona" was easier to say, and they called her so from the beginning.

THE SIDE-STREET IN FIESOLE.

The hill-road was nowhere steep, but each winding turn took them higher and higher above Florence. They could see the curvings of the river, the bridges, the cathedral dome, and the tall, beautiful bell-tower, which they had been told was the work of the great artist Giotto. Further on, the road was shut in between stone walls. Over the tops of these hung rose-vines, full of fresh pink roses, though it was early March. Pauline and Molly screamed with pleasure, and the padrona, driving her mule close under the wall, dragged down a branch and let them gather the flowers for themselves, which was delightful. She would not stop however when, a little later, they came to fields gay with red and purple anemones, yellow tulips, and oddly-colored wild lilies so dark as to be almost black; there were plenty of such on top of the hill, she said, and they must not be too late in getting home. The black lilies were *giglios*—the emblem or badge of the city of Florence; the children had not seen them before, but they remembered the form of the flower in the carved shields over the door of some of the old buildings.

The road ended in a small paved *piazza*, which is the Italian name for an open square. All about it stood old buildings, houses and churches, and a very ancient cathedral with a dirty leather curtain hanging before its door. Passing these, the mule clattered down a narrow side-street, or rather lane. The streets in Florence had seemed dark and dirty, but what were they compared with this alley, in which the wheels of the little cart grazed the walls on either side as it passed along? Ricketty flights of outside stairs led to the upper stories of the buildings; overhead, lines of linen, hung out to dry, were flapping in the wind. An ill-smelling stream of water trickled over the rough cobble-stone pavement. Jolt, jolt, jolt!—then the mule turned suddenly into a dark place which looked like a shabby stable-yard. It was the ground-floor of the padrona's house, and this was the place where Pauline and Molly were to stay! They looked at each other with dismayed faces.

But the padrona called them to follow, and led

the way up one stone stair-case after another till they came to the third story. Here things were pleasanter. It was plain and bare; the floors were of brick, there were no carpets, and the furniture was scanty and old. But the rooms were large and airy, and through the open casement bright rays of sunshine streamed in. Pauline ran to the window, and behold, instead of the dirty lane, she saw the open piazza, and beyond, a glimpse of the blue hills and the Florence valley! She called Molly, and, perched on the broad sill, they watched the sunset and chattered like happy birds, while the padrona bustled to and fro, preparing supper and spreading coarse clean linen on the beds of a little chamber which opened from the sitting-room. The padrona's kitchen was about the size of an American closet. The stove was a stone shelf with two holes in it, just big enough to contain a couple of quarts of charcoal. It was like a doll's kitchen, Molly thought; and Pauline stared when she saw the padrona produce a palm-leaf fan and begin to fan the fire, as if it were faint and needed to be revived. But as she gazed, the charcoal was coaxed into a glow, the little pots and pans bubbled, and hey, presto! supper was ready, with half the trouble and a quarter the fuel which would have been needed to set one of our big home ranges going. It was a queer supper, but very good, the children thought; their long drive had made them hungry, and the omelette, salad, and *polenta*, or fried mush, tasted delicious. Everything was nice but the bread, which was dark in color and had an unpleasant sour taste. The padrona smiled when she saw them put aside their untasted slices, and said that she too used to dislike Italian bread, but that now she preferred it to any other.

The padrona was delighted with her young visitors. She had long been a widow. One of her sons was in the army, and seldom at home; the other helped her about the house and tilled a little meadow which belonged to them. She had no daughter to keep her company, and the sweet, bright-faced American girls pleased her greatly. She helped the sisters to undress, and tucked them into their beds as kindly as any old nurse, and they fell asleep with her pleasant voice in their ears. "Good-night and good dreams, little miss."

The morrow brought another fine day, and the girls improved it for a ramble about the quaint town. It seemed to them the very *oldest* place they had ever seen—and, in fact, Fiesole is older far than Florence, of which it was first the cradle and afterward the foe. They stood a long time before the windows of the straw-shop, choosing the things they would like to buy *if* they had any money! Pauline fell in love with a straw parasol, and Molly hankered after a work-basket for mamma. Both of them felt that it was dreadful to be poor, but there was no help for it. Then they climbed to an upper terrace and sat a long time looking on the fine view it commanded, and talking in gestures to some brown little children who came up to beg from them. After that, they lifted the curtain over the cathedral door, and stole quietly about the ancient church. It was dark and shabby and worm-eaten; but as they wandered to and fro, they came upon beautiful things—tombs of sculptured marble with figures of saints and madonnas, wreaths of marble flowers, bits of old carved wood as black as ebony. It was strange to find such treasures hidden away in the dust and gloom, and to think that there they were, dusty and gloomy and old, before Columbus discovered the very new continent which we call America! A queer smell breathed about the place, a smell of must and age and dried-up incense. Pauline and Molly were glad to get away from it and feel the fresh air and the sunshine again. They rambled on to the western slope of the hill, and a little way down, where the land descends in terraces to the wooded valley below, they came upon the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. They had never seen an amphitheater before, but they guessed what it was from a picture which mamma had shown them. On the ledges which once were seats, where spectators seated in rows had watched the lions and the gladiators fight, crowds of purple violets now lifted their sweet faces to the sky.

After that the amphitheater became their favorite walk, and they went back every day. The padrona warned them against sitting long on the ground or staying out till the sunset dews fell, but they heeded what she said very little; it seemed impossible that so pleasant a spot could have any harm about it. But at last came a morning when Pauline recollected the padrona's warnings, with a great frightened heart-jump, for Molly waked up hot and thirsty, and, when she lifted her head from the pillow, let it fall back again and complained of being dizzy. The padrona made her some tea, and after awhile she felt better and got up. But all that day and the next she looked pale and dragged one foot after the other as she went about, and the third day fever came upon her in good earnest. Tea did no good this time, and she lay still and heavy, with burning hands and flushed cheeks. The padrona tried various simple medicines, and Pauline sat all day bathing Molly's head and fanning her, but neither medicine nor fanning was of use; and as night came on, and the fever grew higher, Molly began to toss and call for mamma, and to cry out about her pillow, which was stuffed with wool and very hard.

"I don't like this pillow, Pauline—indeed I

don't. It makes my neck ache so! Why don't you take it away, Pauline, and give me a nice soft pillow, such as we used to have at home? And I want some ice, and some good American water to drink. This water is bad. I can't drink it. Make the ice clink in the tumbler, please—because if I hear it clink I sha' n't be thirsty any more. And call mamma. I must see mamma. Mamma!"

And Molly tried to get up, and then tumbled back and fell into a doze for awhile, while poor Pauline sat beside her with a lump in her throat which seemed to grow worse every moment, and to bid fair to choke her entirely if it did n't stop. She did not dare to sob aloud, for fear of rousing Molly, but the tears ran quietly down her cheeks as she thought of home and mamma. Where was she? How was papa? Why did n't they write? And, oh dear! what should she, should she do, if Molly were to be very ill in that lonely place, where there was no doctor or any of the nice things which people in sickness need so much? No one can imagine how forlorn Pauline felt—that is, no one who has not tried the experiment of taking care of a sick friend in a foreign land, where the ways and customs are strange and uncomfortable, and the necessaries of good nursing cannot be had.

Nobody in the world could be kinder than was the padrona to her young invalid guest. Night after night she sat up, all day long she watched and nursed and cooked and comforted. Pauline clung to this friend in need as to the only helper left in the wide world. Beppo, the padrona's son, walked into Florence and brought out a little Italian doctor, who ordered beef-tea, horrified Pauline by a hint of bleeding, and left, promising to come again, which promise he did n't keep. Pauline was glad that he did not; she felt no confidence in the little doctor, and she knew, besides, that doctors cost money, and the small sum which mamma left was almost gone. Day after day passed, Molly growing no better, the padrona more anxious, Pauline more unhappy. It seemed as if years and years had gone by since mamma left them—almost as if it were a dream that they ever had a mamma, or a home, or any of the happy things which now looked so sadly far away.

"SHE BENT OVER MOLLY AND LISTENED."

Then came the darkest day of all, when Molly lay so white and motionless that Pauline thought her dead; when the padrona sat for hours, putting a spoonful of something between the pale lips every little while, but never speaking, and the moments dragged along as though shod with lead. Morning grew to noon, noon faded into the dimness of twilight, still the white face on the pillow did not stir, and still the padrona sat silently and dropped in her spoonfuls. At last she stopped, laid down the spoon, bent over Molly, and listened. Was any breath at all coming from the quiet lips?

"Oh, padrona, is she dead?" sobbed Pauline, burying her face in the bed-clothes.

"No, she is asleep," said the padrona. Then she hid her own face and said a prayer of thankfulness, while Pauline wept for joy, hushing herself as much as possible that Molly might not be disturbed.

All that night and far into the morning, the blessed sleep continued, and when Molly awoke the fever was gone. She was very white, and as weak as a baby; but Pauline and the padrona were happy again, for they knew that she was going to get well.

So another week crept by, each day bringing a little more strength and appetite to Molly, and a little more color to her pale face, and then the padrona thought she might venture to sit up. They propped her into a big chair with many pillows ("brickbats" Molly called them), and had just pulled her across the room to the window, when a carriage rattled on the stones below, somebody ran upstairs, and into the room burst mamma! Yes, the little mamma herself, pale as Molly almost, from the fright she had gone through; but so overjoyed to see them, and so relieved at finding Molly up and getting well, that there was nothing for it but a hearty cry, in which all took part and which did them all a great deal of good.

Then came explanations. Papa was a great deal better. The doctor thought the fever would do him good in the end rather than harm. But he was still weak, and mamma had left him to rest at the hotel in Florence while she flew up the hill to her children. Why did n't she write? She *had* written, again and again, but the letters had gone astray somehow, and none of the girls' notes had reached her except one from Molly, written just after they went to Fiesole. I may as well say now that all these missing letters followed them to America three months later, with a great deal of postage to be paid on them; but they were not of much use *then*, as you can imagine!

There was so much to say and to hear that it seemed as though they could never get through. Pauline held mamma's hand tight, and cried and laughed by turns.

"It was dreadful!" she said. "It was just exactly as if you and papa and everybody we knew were dead and we were left all alone. And I thought Molly would die too, and then what would have become of me? The padrona has been so kind—you can't think how kind. She sat up nine nights with Molly, and always said she was n't tired; but I knew she was. I used to think it must be the nicest place in the world up here at Fiesole, but I never want to see it again in all my life."

"Don't say that, for Molly has got well here. And the good padrona too! You ought to love Fiesole for her sake."

"So I ought. And I do love her. But you 'll not ever go away and leave us *anywhere* again, will you, mamma?"

"Not if I can help it," replied mamma, speaking over Molly's head, which was nestled comfortably on her shoulder. There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. It had not been possible to help it, but the tender mother's heart felt it a wrong to her children that they should have been without her in sickness.

It was another week before Molly could be moved. Mamma drove up twice during that time, bringing oranges and wine and all sorts of nice things, and the last time a parcel with a present in it for the children to give to the padrona. It was a pretty silk shawl and a small gold pin to fasten it. Pauline and Molly were enchanted to make this gift, and the padrona admired the shawl extremely, but Mrs. Hale sorrowfully longed to be richer that she might heap many tokens of gratitude in the kind hands which had worked so lovingly for her little girls in their trouble.

"I can't bear to say good-bye," were Molly's last words as she leaned from the carriage for a parting hug. "Dear padrona, how I wish you would just come with us to America and live there. We would call you "aunty," and love you so, and be so glad, you can't think! Do come!"

But the padrona, smiling and tearful, shook her head and declared that she could never leave her boys and the hill-top and old neighbors, but must stay in Fiesole as long as she lived. So with many kisses and blessings the good-byes were uttered, and out of the narrow street and across the piazza rattled the carriage, and so down the hill-road to Florence.

Pauline and Molly are safe in America now. They tell the girls at school a great deal about what they saw and where they went, but they don't talk much of the time of Molly's illness, and when Matilda Maria, who lives in a drawer now, entertains the other dolls with tales of travel, she skips that. It is still too fresh in their memories, and too sad, for them to like to speak of it. But sometimes after they go to bed at night, they put their heads on the same pillow and whisper to each other about the old church, the amphitheater, the padrona, those days of fever, and all the other things that happened to them when mamma went away and left them alone at Fiesole.

THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

By Richard A. Proctor.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere."
—Milton.

All through the spring months, and onward to the end of June, the evening star shone brightly in the west, slowly passing downward along the track which the sun had followed. She had been growing brighter and brighter up to the end of May, and for a week or so longer, but then she began to lose luster, night after night. She also drew nearer and nearer to the sun's place on the sky, so as to set sooner and sooner after him. At last she was no more seen. But if, during this September and October, and afterward till next spring, you get up before sunrise, you will see the morning star in the east, shining very brightly in September, but gradually with less and less splendor, until at length, late in spring next year, it will be lost to view. This morning star is the same body which before had shone in the evening. It shines half the time as an evening star, and half the time as a morning star; or, to be more exact, I ought to say that after shining for a long time as an evening star, and being lost for a time from view, it shines for just as long a time as a morning star, then is again lost from view, then shines for as long a time as before in the evening, and so on continually. It also changes in brightness all the time, in this way:

For rather more than eight months you see it in the evening, getting brighter and brighter, slowly, for the first seven months, and then getting fainter much more quickly, until at last you lose sight of it. In about a fortnight you see it as a morning star, getting brighter and brighter quickly during rather more than a month, and then getting slowly fainter and fainter during seven months, after which it can no more be seen. So that it shines about eight months as a morning star. After this it remains out of sight for about two months, and is then seen as an evening star. And so it goes on changing from a morning to an evening star, and from an evening star to a morning star continually, and always changing in brightness in the way just described.

The star which shows these strange changes is called by astronomers Venus, and is the most beautiful of all the stars. Venus was called the Planet of Love; and in old times, when men thought that the stars rule our fortunes, the rays of Venus were supposed to do a great deal of good to those who were born when she was shining brightly. But in our time, men no longer fancy that because a star looks beautiful like Venus, it brings good luck; or that because a star looks dim and yellow, like Saturn, it brings bad fortune. They know that Venus is a globe like our own earth, going round the sun just as the earth does. Our earth seen from Venus looks like a star, just as Venus looks like a star to us. And if there are any creatures living on Venus who can study the stars as we do, they have quite as much reason for thinking that the globe on which we live brings them good luck, as we have for thinking that *their* globe brings *us* good luck.

It is strange that of all the stars we see, Venus is the only one which is in reality like the earth in size. All the others are either very much smaller or very much larger. Most of them—in fact all the stars properly so called—are great globes of fire like our sun, and are thousands of times larger than the globe we live on. A few others are like Venus and the earth in not being true stars, but bodies traveling round the sun and owing all their light to him. But it so happens that not one even of these is nearly of the same size as the earth; they are all either very much larger or very much smaller. Venus is the only sister-world the earth has, among all the orbs which travel round the sun. There may be others in the far off depths of space, traveling round some one or other of those suns which we call "stars," but if so, we can never know that such sister-worlds exist, for no telescope could ever be made which would show them to us.

And as Venus is the earth's sister-world, so is she her nearest neighbor, except the moon, which is the earth's constant companion. The globes which form the sun's family, go round him in paths which lie nearly in the same level. Venus is the second in order of distance, our earth the third, and Mars (a bright red body, of which you will see a good deal next year) is the fourth. So that Mars is our next neighbor on the outside, and Venus our next neighbor on the inside; but the path of Venus lies nearer to ours than that of Mars. Fig. 1 shows the shape and size of the paths of Venus and the earth, S being the sun, the inside circle (with eight little globes shown upon it) being the path of Venus, and the outside circle the path of the earth. The earth takes a year going round

her path, while Venus goes round hers in about seven months and a half, so that just as the two hands of a clock going round at different rates come together at regular intervals, so Venus and the earth come at regular intervals on a line with the sun, as shown at E and V_5 in Fig. 1. But it will be easier to see what changes must happen in the appearance of Venus, if we suppose the earth to stay still as at E, and Venus to go round from

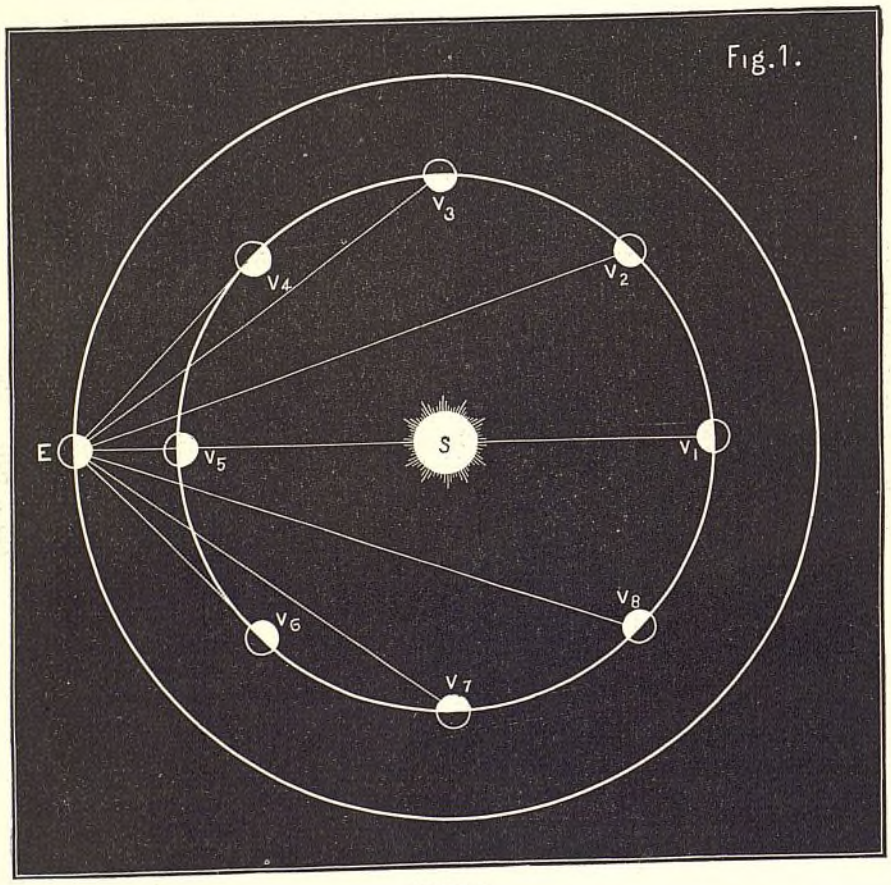


FIGURE 1.

the position V_1 to all the other places V_2, V_3, etc., shown in the figure. It takes her about nineteen months to get through all these changes. When she is at V_1 she is very far away, as the figure shows. Her bright face—that is, the face the sun shines on—is turned toward the earth full front, and the face she shows is therefore like 1 in Fig. 2. She goes on to V_2, drawing nearer, and turning a small part of her dark half toward the earth; so she looks as 2, Fig. 2. At V_3 she is still nearer, and turns still more of her dark half toward the earth; looking like 3, Fig. 2. At V_4 she turns rather more than half her dark side toward the earth, and looks like 4. At this time she looks much brighter than when she was on any part of the path from V_1 to V_3. But now she draws up to the place V_5 where her dark side is turned fully toward the earth. Her face is like the horned moon during this part of her course, but grows larger and larger, until when she is at V_5 it would be as large as 5 in Fig. 2, if it could be seen. But at this time it is out of sight, just as the moon is before she shows as a new moon. Afterward Venus goes through the same changes, but in the reverse order, getting smaller and smaller, but turning more and more of her bright face toward us, as shown at 6, 7, 8 and 1, Fig. 2. If you remember that Venus takes nineteen months in passing through all these changes, you will see how it is that for about seven months she gets brighter and brighter as an evening star (this is while she is moving from near V_1 to V_4). She then continues about a month more as an evening star, but growing fainter (while she is moving from V_4 to near V_5). After this she becomes a morning star,

growing brighter for a month or so (while she is moving from near V_5 to V_6). And lastly, for eight months more, remaining a morning star, she gets gradually fainter (while she is moving from V_6 to V_1).

When you look at Venus without a telescope, she always looks like a bright point of light, because she is so far away. But with a telescope, even a small one, the changes of shape and size shown in Fig. 2 can be easily seen. They were first seen by Galileo, the great Italian astronomer, in the year 1610. If we could only see Venus's bright face instead of her dark one, when she is nearest to us, we could learn more about her; but as it is, Venus cannot be seen at all when nearest, and the more of her bright face she turns toward us the farther away she gets. Yet we have learned some things about her which are very curious, and a few which no one ever could have thought we should know. Venus looks very beautiful to us, but our earth must look far more beautiful to creatures living on Venus. For if you look at Fig. 1, you will see that when Venus is nearest to the earth, and turns her dark side to the earth, the earth turns her bright face to Venus.

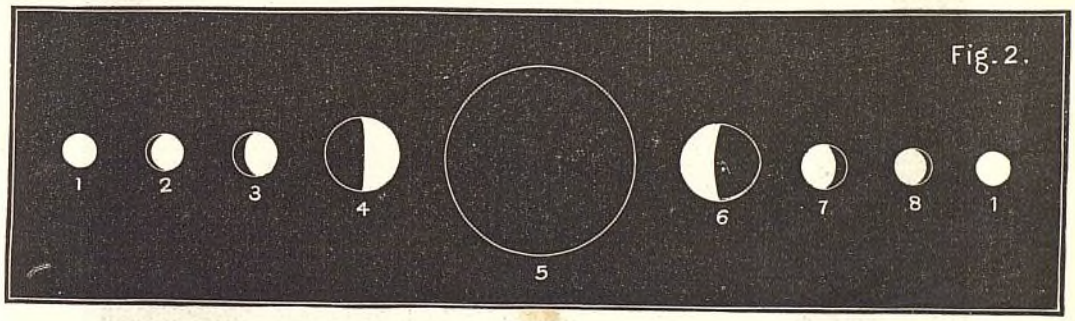


FIGURE 2.

Now if Venus looks so bright as she does when only turning toward us a small half-face like 4 or 6 (Fig. 2), and when shining on a bright sky, how glorious must the earth appear when turning a bright disc as large as 5 (Fig. 2), toward Venus, and shining on a black sky. For, observe,—when Venus is at V_5, Fig. 1, the earth E is on that side of her which is just opposite the sun. The earth is therefore seen at midnight. So that beautiful as our sister world looks to us, our own world looks still more beautiful to Venus. It shines at midnight in her sky as a star far brighter than our star of morning and evening, and close by it the moon must be quite clearly seen, now on one side, now on the other. One cannot but wonder whether there are creatures on Venus who admire this beautiful sight in their skies, or try to find out if that distant world, our own earth, is the abode of other living creatures.

PART II.

IN the first part of this article, I have given an account of the various changes of appearance presented by the beautiful star which sometimes shines as Hesperus, the star of evening, and sometimes as Lucifer, the morning star. Let us now consider what this star really is, so far, at least, as we can learn by using telescopes and other instruments.

Venus has, in the first place, been measured, and we find that she is a globe nearly as large as the earth. Like the earth, she travels round and round the sun continually, but not in the same time as the earth. The earth goes round the sun once in twelve months, while Venus goes round once in about seven and a half months; so that *her* year, the time in which the seasons run through their changes, is four and a half months less than ours. If Venus has four seasons like ours,—spring, summer, autumn, and winter,—each of these seasons lasts eight weeks. Venus also, like our earth, turns on her axis, and so has night and day as we have. Her day is not quite so long as ours, but the difference—about twenty-five minutes—is not very important.

So far there is nothing in what we have learned about Venus which does not agree well with the idea that the planet is a world like our earth, where people like ourselves might live very comfortably. For it would not matter much to us, probably, if the year were shortened by four or five months, and the day by half an hour—supposing always that trees and vegetables were so made that they could thrive under the change. In fact, if anyone leaves the temperate regions to visit the tropics, he has to undergo a greater change. For here in England (where I am writing), and throughout the United States, the seasons change from the heat of summer to the cold of winter, and back again to the heat of summer, in twelve months; but at the equator, the greatest heat occurs in spring and autumn, or at intervals of only six months. So far as the length of the year is concerned, an American or an Englishman could very well bear the change

to the temperate zone of Venus, where the interval between the successive seasons of greatest heat amounts to seven and a half months.

But when we consider some other points, we see that Venus, beautiful though she looks, would not be a comfortable home for us. In the first place, we know that if we draw nearer to a fire we get more heat from it. Now Venus is much nearer to the sun—the great fire of the solar system—than our earth is. She receives, then, much more heat from him. In fact, it is easily calculated that if our earth were set traveling on the path of Venus, we should receive almost exactly twice as much heat from the sun as we do at present. This would be unbearable, except, perhaps, in the polar regions; and even there the summer, with that tremendous sun above the horizon all through the twenty-four hours, would be scarcely bearable. Besides, what a contrast between the hot polar summer and the cold polar winter, when for weeks together the sun would not be seen at all. Altogether, this earth would be a miserable home for us if her path were as close to the sun as that of Venus.

We see, then, that either there must be some peculiarities about Venus which prevent the sun from heating people there as he would certainly heat us if our home were there, or else the creatures which live on Venus must be different from ourselves and the other animal inhabitants of our earth. Unfortunately, we cannot make telescopes large enough to show us what is going on upon that planet, and there is no reason for hoping that such telescopes can ever be made. What we know, however, about the planet's condition does not seem to show that creatures living there would be more comfortable than we should be if the earth were put where Venus is. Just the contrary, so far as we can judge. You know that the seasons on our earth are caused by the fact that she turns on a slanted axis. If her axis were upright, there would be no seasons; if it were more slanted, the contrast between summer and winter would be greater.

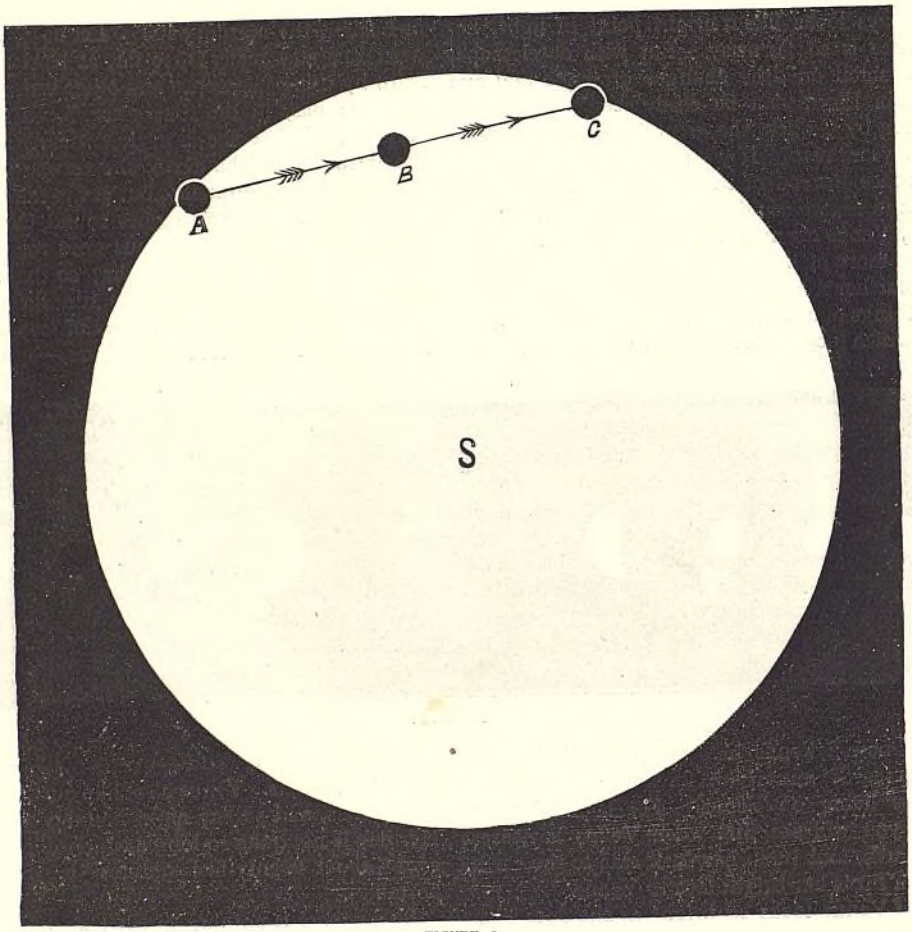


FIGURE 3.

Now Venus has her axis much more slanted than the earth's, so that her seasons must be very marked indeed. Thus the heat of her summer weather must be even more terrible than we thought just now.

But there is yet another point to be noticed. You know that on the upper slopes of lofty mountains, there is snow all the year round, even in the torrid zone. That is because the air up there is so rare that it does not act like the denser air lower down, which is a sort of clothing for the earth, keeping the heat from escaping. Now if the air of Venus were very rare, something of the same sort might happen on that planet. Just as people who live in torrid zones seek the high mountain slopes in the hottest seasons of the year, and find there a temperate climate, so the inhabitants of Venus might find it possible to bear the sun's intense heat if the air of the planet were rare like that above the snow-line in our mountain regions.

But it seems that, on the contrary, the air of Venus is even denser than ours. And it seems also to be a moist air, which is just the kind of air that keeps the heat in most. The air of Venus is, in fact, so dense and moist that it must be very uncomfortable to live in, quite apart from the intense heat; that is to say, it would be very uncomfortable for creatures like ourselves.

You will ask, however, how it can possibly be known that the air of Venus is dense. And you will wonder still more how astronomers can pretend to know that the air is moist. If no telescope can show living creatures on the planet, how can the planet's air be seen, and how can it be known whether the air is dense or rare, wet or dry? Although I cannot explain to you exactly how this has been found out (because to understand it you would have to study several rather dry books), I can tell you enough to show how it is possible for astronomers to find out these things.

From what was explained in the first part, you could see that Venus comes between the earth and the sun at regular intervals of about nineteen and a half months. Sometimes when this happens, she can be seen with a telescope crossing the sun's face, as shown in Fig. 3, where A is the black body of the planet entering on the sun's face, S; B is the planet in the middle of its path on the sun's face; and C is the planet passing off the sun's face. This happened on December 9, 1874, and will happen again on December 6, 1882, in such a way that every one in America will be able to see Venus on the sun, if the weather is clear.

Now, last December, when the planet was as at A, a bright arc of light was seen round the part of the planet which had not yet entered upon the sun's face. This arc was not a mere faint light, but strong sunlight. When the planet was as at C, a similar arc of light was seen, as shown in Fig. 3. There is only one way in which this arc of light can be accounted for, and that is by the action of air upon Venus bending the sun's rays, as shown in the second picture of Fig. 4, so that the sun is seen *round the corner*. Our air shows us the sun in this way, when he would be quite out of sight if there were no air; for when you see the sun's disc just touching the horizon, it is the air which really brings him into view, by bending his rays round the curved surface of the earth.

So we are quite certain that there is air of some kind on Venus. And we can even tell how much there is. Your countryman, Professor Lyman, has made observations of this kind (not exactly the same as are illustrated in Fig. 3, but depending upon the same bending power of the air on rays of light); and from what he has seen, it appears that the air on Venus is about twice as dense as the air on the earth.

But how can it possibly be shown that the air of Venus is moist? Why, if you remember that the sunlight has passed through that air, you will understand that this light when it comes to us may tell us what sort of air it has passed through. In the first picture of Fig. 4 there is shown an eye, a

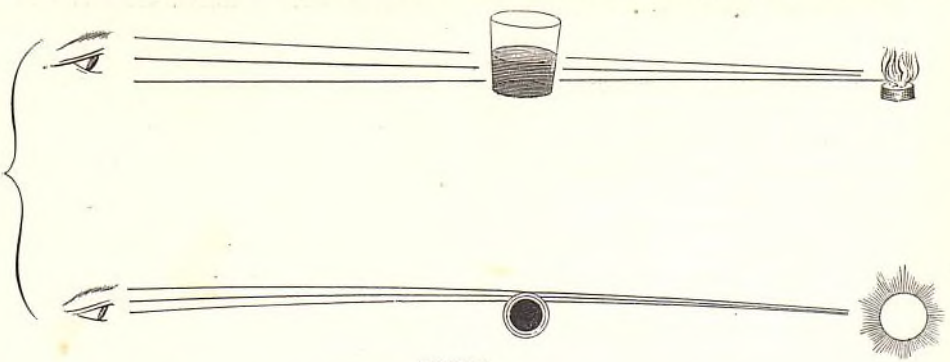


FIGURE 4.

tumbler with liquid in it, and a light. If the liquid is water, and a few drops of wine are added to it, the eye immediately perceives that the liquid has become faintly colored; and you can easily see that this does not depend on the distance of the tumbler and the light. So long, at least, as the light reaches the eye, it can convey its message, telling the eye that some colored fluid has been added to the water. Now there is an instrument called the spectroscope, by means of which the eye could not only learn this, but also precisely what fluid had been added. Consider, then, the second picture of Fig. 4. Here we have the eye as before, Venus with her air all round her instead of the tumbler of water, and the sun instead of the lamp. Can you not now understand that if there is moisture in the heavy air of Venus, the eye, properly armed with a spectroscope and a telescope, can learn the fact from the sun's rays which have passed through that air? That is what astronomers actually did last December, when the globe of Venus was passing, as in Fig. 3, between our earth and the sun. There cannot be moisture in the air of a planet unless there are seas and oceans on the planet's surface. No doubt, then, Venus has her continents and oceans, her islands and promontories, and inland seas and lakes, very much as our earth has. Then there must be rivers on the land and currents in the ocean; there must be clouds and rain, wind and storm, thunder and lightning, and perhaps snow and hail.

Whether the planet is an inhabited world or not, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it is a world getting ready for use as a home for living creatures. Some astronomers think that the sun is gradually parting with his heat. If, millions of years hence, the sun should only give out half as much heat as now, perhaps Venus would be as comfortable a place to live in as our earth is now. That may seem to us a long time for a planet to wait, but it is not long to Him in whose eyes "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day."

DICK HARDIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY LUCY S. RIDER.

Philadelphia, March 28, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: We got here. I like to live here. We went into a sleeping-car, and a black man let down a little cupboard, and made a bed in it. I slept in a top cupboard, and Uncle Ben down below. It had sheets just like a bed, only you bumped your head pretty often.

I climbed up. It was worse than a tree. There was a lady, and she had to sleep up high too. She did n't climb. The man brought some stairs, and she went to the top and worked herself in.

There was a little baby, and it cried worse than Tooty, and some man snored, and my bed joggled, and I thought I 'd sleep with Uncle Ben. His bed did n't joggle. He is never afraid.

There is a horse-car in New York, and we rode in it. It has bells. A man can stop it any time. I can stop it. The other teams get on the track too, but the driver has a whistle, and the other man gets off.

A man comes in, and everybody gives him some money. He has a silver thing that rings to make him honest. Uncle Ben says he would like to put one on some folks. May be he will give me one. The women come in, and stop and look at some man, and he stands up and she sits down, except the ones with an old bonnet on.

There is a road called Broadway. There is no grass. There is a stone floor and folks, and teams. like going home from meeting.

Uncle Ben showed me the house where they make my ST. NICHOLAS. It is a big house. Mr. Scribner lives in it. I saw his name 'way up on top in gold letters. It says "Scribner and Co." That means him and company. He has got lots of books.

Every little while there is a big man in the road, with a blue coat on, and a round stick as long as my leg, and he is a policeman, and he walks up and down, and everybody has to do just as he says. He walks across the road with the ladies, and they are not afraid. He has a silver star on his coat, and a belt with a silver buckle, and silver buttons. I am going to be a policeman after I get through college. Your son,

DICKERSON HARDIN.

Philadelphia, April 8, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: I am well. Aunt Martha is well, and Willie is well too. Willie wears shirts

and collars just like Uncle Ben, and neck-ties. He gave me a neck-tie. They have stiff bosoms in them. They do not have to be made. Aunt Martha buys them at the store. I wish I had a shiny shirt to wear with my neck-tie.

They have all brick houses here, with white boards for blinds. It makes it night inside when you shut them up. They do not pump up the water. It comes out in pipes, like my squirt-gun, only bigger, and more fun. It makes it fly half-a-mile, I guess.

There is a woman with a big dish on her head.

"HE IS A POLICEMAN (I DREW THIS LAST TIME)."

She walks fast, and does not hold it on, but it stays on. She sings a kind of song that says,

"Shadow! shadow!
Nice, fresh shadow!"

and that means that she has some shad to sell, and Hannah buys some.

There are men too, but they have a cart and a horse instead of their head, and they sing a kind of tune too, but you can't tell what they say pretty often.

Aunt M. (for Martha) thinks she will write you the letter next week. She s'poses that will be keeping my promise, and because this is a long one too. Willie don't like to write letters. I tell him I guess he would write letters if his mother let him come to the Centennial. Then he said you was a jolly good woman, anyway.

He'd better believe. Your son,

DICK HAR

P. S.—There was n't room for the rest of the name, but I thought you would remember.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: Me and Willie went down to the Independence Hall. Aunt Martha says that is where they made the first Fourth of July.

There is a marble statute before the house that stands for George Washington. He is leaning onto a stump, and has holes cut in his eyes. There is a gold fence in the room, to keep folks from touching the things. There is a table with seven drawers, and a big old chair, and some other chairs, and they signed it on it.

There was a man behind the fence. I think he was a general. He had gold spectacles.

There was more 'n a hundred pictures on the wall, and two flags. One was yellow, and they had that on the ships; and one was red and white, and that was on the land; and there was a snake on them, and he said, "Don't tread on me." Benjamin Franklin was in a gold frame on the wall. There is another man up over him, in his shirt-sleeves, because he is a minister; and another man with his trousers tucked into his stockings. They are very tight. There is a sofa that Washington had; but nobody cannot sit on it. It looks hard. May be it was softer then. We saw the big bell. It has a crack and some Bible on it. The man behind the fence had some wood bells to sell. They had a crack too, but the tongue was gold. I wanted to buy one for Tooty, but we did not have enough.

Your son, D. HARDIN.

P. S.—We had only 33.

May 12, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: It has opened. There is a yellow place to go in, and a little hole to drop the money in, and a thing that goes around.

There is a tall thing too that goes around when the folks want to go out. It has arms, and you are afraid it will catch you.

I went in. I heard the band, and that was the parade. Uncle Ben put me on a ladder, and I saw it. The sash was blue, and the men looked splendid with the red tassels on them.

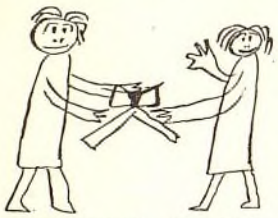
President Grant came first, with a lady, and she bowed to the people; and then Mrs. Grant came, and then some generals, and then some men with hats made of fur, about as high as Tooty. There was a muddy place, and they talked and some folks sung, and they shot off some guns and bells that

opened it. Then they went to another place, and the President pulled something, and it hissed, and all the machinery began to go, and it made a great noise. So good-bye. Your son,

DICKERSON H.

May 25th, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: Me and Willie go up to the Centennial every Saturday, all alone. Men never get lost, but little boys get lost. We never get lost. There is a long place, and that is the Main Building. It has flags on it. Every house has flags on it. There is a gold monument in the M. B. (you know what that means), and it says it was dug in five years, and it is sixty-five tons, and you must not touch it. There is lots of policemen, and there is a red stripe in their trouser-legs, and they don't have to pay to go in.



"HE GAVE ME A NECKTIE."

I drew this picture of Willie and me last month, but did n't put it in the letter.

I saw a cane that had a little gold man on the top of it. There was some chickens' feet with gold on them, to pin a shawl with, and a real goat's head with a hole in the top to put snuff in. Uncle Ben says snuff is good for goat's heads.

There was a bear, and he was stuffed and stood up straight, and held a tray, and said he was a dumb waiter on the card; but I guess he could growl once.

There is a organ that plays by turning a handle. I think we might sell the piano and get one. You don't have to learn to play on it; you just turn the handle. It has little things that hop up on the under-side to make the music. The man plays a beautiful tune. I could play a beautiful tune if I had it. The man said so.

There is a little silver boy on horseback, and he pours a drop of water out of a silver cup all the time. Everybody holds their handkerchiefs under it, and then it smells sweet.

Your boy, D. H.

P. S.—How is the baby?

June 2, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: There is a Remorial Hall, with a woman on the top, and some eagles. There is a soldier and two black horses in front, up on a block, with a woman on one side, and a wing on the other, and a big tail. She is big.

There are statutes inside. There are some people without any clothes on. There is Washington, but he is cut off, so he has n't got any legs; and there is a little boy that has pounded his fingers. There is a little horse, and a man came and said, "Where is the lady that belongs to that little horse?" But she had gone. There is a room full of old dirty heads and things that were dug up. The folks hold a telescope up to their eyes. It has two round places, and you look through. There are 'bout a million pictures, and you must not point a stick at them; it says so, or you 'll get 'rested. There are some boots made of a alligator skin. A alligator is a snake. There is one in a glass box. There are some whales too. When they are little the mouth reaches almost to his tail, but when they grow big it is smaller. There are some folks that have shot a elk. They stand up and have guns, but they are not real folks. There is a fountain where four women hold a dish on their heads, and there is another fountain made out of snakes. The snakes hold their heads down, and the water comes out of their mouths, and squirts back. They are pretty, so good-bye.

Your son, D. H.

P. S.—They are not alive.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: I am glad you are coming. Bring Tooty and bring the money in my bank. There is a Japanese place, and there is some turtles in a glass box, and I am going to buy one. They cost 25 cents, and they stick out their heads and feet and tail. There are canes for 20 cents. They are very good for a young man. The Japanese folks have funny eyes, and don't talk very well. I know one. He asked me what was my name, and I asked him what was his, but I don't remember. They have little things that stick their tongue out at folks. They are 15 cents. I asked him if he wanted another clerk, but he did not. There is a old woman churning and a man whipping a horse; but they are only toys. I think they might do for Tooty. There is a meter that fell down out of the sky. It is a black stone. There is a looking-glass that makes you fat. My legs are as short as Tooty's, but big around, and I step about two miles it looks like. I 'll put in a picture I made of it.

IT MAKES YOU FAT.

There is only a little more about it, and I guess Aunt Martha will write that. I got your letter.

Your son, D. HARDIN.

P. S.—Please don't forget the money in my bank.

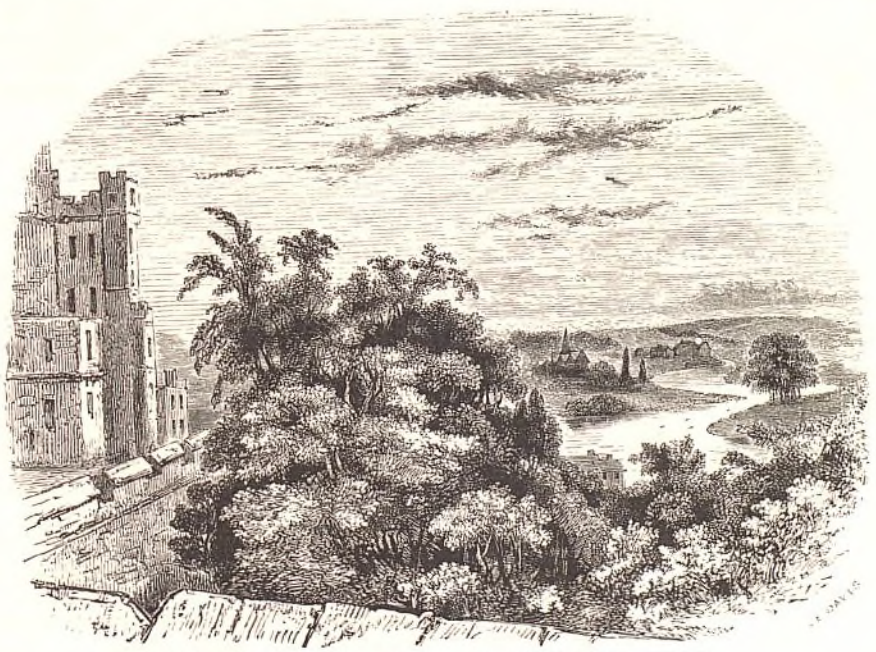
WINDSOR CASTLE.

By Mrs. Oliphant.

Chapter VI.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

If you have been at all interested in the history of English rulers past and gone, who have each had their day in the old Castle of Windsor, and lent interest to its gray walls, I do not doubt that you will feel an equal, or perhaps even a warmer, interest in hearing something about their present representative, that lady whom we in England call Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and whom everybody has heard of all over the world, not only as a great queen, but as a good woman. The Queen is one of those fortunate persons to whom the world does full justice, a thing which does not always happen even to good people. Some, indeed, who do not take the popular fancy, never get justice done them at all, until, perhaps, some enthusiast arises who searches out the record and sets them in their right place; but the Queen, perhaps because of the interest of her position when she first succeeded to the throne, has always been appreciated. Her position was so interesting that it was not wonderful if all spectators were attracted. There is a picture in the Castle, which, although not a very good picture, catches the eye from this interest of subject merely. It is called "The Queen's First Council." There she sits, the young girl of eighteen, very simple, simpler in the girlish dress of that period than any girl of eighteen looks nowadays, in the midst of the grave circle of experienced statesmen, looking so young, so innocent, so unlike the rest, that it is impossible not to be touched by the sight. That is a long time ago, and it is said now that among the statesmen of the present day there are few so experienced or so judicious as the Queen, who has won that name for herself by the attention she has always given to public business, and the long training she has had under the best masters; and, perhaps, by the cool head and clear intelligence which is in the Coburg family, to which she belongs by the mother's side. Queen Victoria was born in the year 1819, in the month of May, the only child of George III.'s fourth son, the Duke of Kent. Curiously enough, of all that large family, seven sons and several daughters, there are very few immediate representatives left in the world. George IV. had but one daughter, the Princess



VIEW FROM THE NORTH TERRACE—THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES.

Charlotte, who died very sadly, poor young soul, in the height of her happiness, a young wife, her little baby dying with her. William IV., who succeeded him, had two daughters, who died in their infancy; so you see that Providence, one way or another, had determined upon a queen for us.

I wish I had time to tell you about the old king, George III., who had more to do with Windsor Castle than almost any of his predecessors; and, indeed, he had a great deal to do with you also—for, I suppose, it was his obstinacy more than anything else which enraged the great American colony, and prompted your grandfathers to make that stand for independence and separation from the mother country which has ended in your great republican America. So that you ought to have more interest than usual in good

THE LITTLE VICTORIA.

old virtuous, narrow-minded, stubborn "Farmer George," who lived in princely Windsor, like an honest country squire, a good, dull, happy, domestic life, and gossiped and poked about everywhere—meddling, friendly, troublesome and kind; with a great many sons and daughters, and a good, plain, homely wife. Gainsborough painted Queen Charlotte and her daughters with powdered hair and simple smiles on their faces, plain women, but with natural, friendly looks; and they all lived together in Windsor, and did needle-work in the evenings, and yawned a good deal, and had grave, beautiful concerts of Handel's music for their only amusement. Poor Princesses! The music was beautiful, but I fear they were very dull as they sat round the table and "knotted," which was the fancy-work of the time. Their brothers went out into the world and amused themselves, and were not good at all; but Princess Augusta, and Princess Sophia, and the rest, were very good and had very little amusement.

All at once, however, this dull, royal, domestic drama turned into a tragedy. The good father went mad, the family broke up, and Windsor Castle was made into a kind of prison, through which this poor, old, crazed King went roaming in melancholy distraction, sometimes drawing long wailing notes out of his organ, moping about the great, old, vacant suites of rooms where he was left to himself. Nothing could be more pitiful than this family story. When King George was young and his children were little, he used to take them all out to walk on the Slopes—such a train of them in their elaborate dresses, with high-heeled shoes and hoops, little swords at the little princes' sides, and cocked hats; and the princesses with funny little mobcaps upon their powdered heads. And the people came from far and near to look at them and make their bows and courtesies to the royal family, all friendly and smiling. That was in the beginning of his career, when he was King of America too, and all your grandfathers were our fellow-subjects. But fancy what a sad change there was when this old, mad king, like Shakspeare's King Lear, was left alone, his family all gone away from him, the little princes turned into bad, unkind men, the dutiful daughters dispersed, and he alone wandering with wild eyes and long white beard through the deserted rooms, bewildered and crazed and knowing nothing except that he was miserable. Poor old, foolish, friendly King George! He was never a great or dignified king; but when he went mad, the sacredness of great misfortune and sorrow came upon him, and you may fancy how melancholy our Castle looked when all the life was thus hushed out of it, and only this melancholy, wild-eyed, white-bearded old man was left in his madness there.

However, all that was changed before Queen Victoria's time. King George III.'s family had almost died away, surviving only in the persons of two respectable, not very clever old gentlemen, and some old ladies, when the little princess came to the throne. There is a pretty story told by her governess, which was published not very long ago, and which I am sure you will be pleased to hear, of how this little girl of twelve summers felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the Queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself.

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough,] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It

was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'"

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA WHEN FIRST TOLD THAT SHE WAS TO BECOME QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl, overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for elegant expressions, what could she have found better?) than those dear child's-words "I will be good!" I think there could not be a more charming little historical scene. "I cried much

on learning it." is the note which the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which, as we are fond of saying, "the sun never sets"—yet only twelve years old, a little girl in a white frock, with big blue eyes opening wide with wonder. Think how you would feel who are the same age, if anything a tenth part as wonderful were told to you!

Princess Victoria was but eighteen when her uncle William IV. died, and she became actually Queen of England. We are very steady-going people, you know, in the British Islands, and don't excite ourselves easily; but if the country had not been smitten with some enthusiasm for this young, slight creature, with those royal blue eyes looking full and fearless upon all the world, Englishmen would not have been what they are. You may fancy how touched and fatherly the statesmen felt who had to submit all their plans to her, and get her girlish approbation, and watch her first steps in life. Lord Melbourne, who was the Prime Minister then, had "tears in his eyes," we are told, several times, as he watched her. I do not suppose the Queen was ever beautiful, though that is a word which is used to describe many persons whose features would not bear any severe test of beauty; but yet her face was one which you would have remarked anywhere had she been only *Miss* Victoria. She had not much color in her youth; and it was a time of simplicity, as you will see by the portrait, when girls wore their pretty hair in a natural way without swelling it out by artificial means, or building it up like towers on their heads, and when their dresses were very simple, almost childish in their plainness. All this increased the sentiment of youth and naturalness and innocence in the little Queen; but I remember very distinctly when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. She was then a young mother and approaching the maturity of womanhood. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still—looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness, quite poetical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose she was at all aware of this, for the Queen does not take credit for being so calmly royal; but this was how she looked to a fanciful girl seeing Her Majesty for the first time.

PARK ENTRANCE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE, IN LONDON.

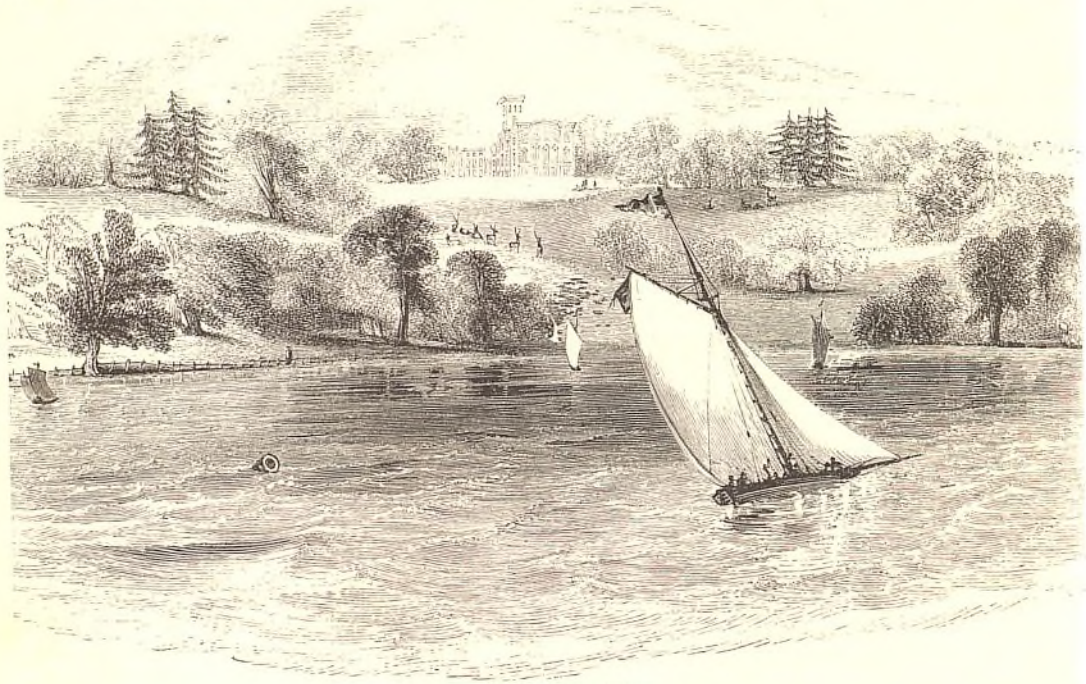
And then after the beginning, so full of touching interest, there came to this little maiden on the throne the prettiest simple love-story. The Queen has told it herself with touching and tender simplicity to her people, whose sympathy she was sure of, as a mother might tell her children, with tears and smiles, how their dead father wooed her. A queen

is so separated, so isolated, without equals like the rest of us, that when her heart is full you can fancy what a relief it must be to her to say it out to all her kindly people—the women who have loved like herself and wept like herself, and all the unknown friends whom she is more sure of than almost any one else can be. Poets do the same. Many of the best books and the finest poems ever written have been more or less a secret appeal to those unknown friends, those hearts which can understand and sympathize. The books which Queen Victoria has published, or sanctioned the publication of, are like this. She has no doubt of our tender friendship for her, our Queen, nor that we will be ready to take an interest in all that has happened to her: so, now that her individual romance is over, she has taken us all into her confidence, as it seems so natural that she should do, but as perhaps no one else ever did before. Therefore, without any breach of privacy, as she has herself told it, I can give you an account of this romance as it happened six and thirty years ago.

Just three months after Princess Victoria was born, another child came into the world, who was her cousin, the son of her mother's brother, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a pretty, gentle boy, who grew into one of the best and most blameless of men. He was not born to such great fortunes as the little Victoria, but he belonged to one of the wisest and most able families existing, and before he and his cousin were more than children, it began to enter into the minds of the fathers and mothers, and still more of the wise uncle, Leopold, who was King of the Belgians, that here was a pair who would be each other's fit helpmates, and would make a perfect marriage. They did not say very much about it, but they educated the young Prince as carefully as they were educating the young Princess, and taught him to think of life as something noble and serious, to be used for the good of his fellow-creatures, and not merely for pleasure to himself. When he was grown up and had become a handsome young man, he went to England to visit his aunt, who was Princess Victoria's mother. And there these two met, young, blooming, hopeful creatures, both of them loving everything, as St. Paul says, that was honest and lovely and of good report; fond of music, fond of art, and deeply touched with a sense of their own responsibilities and the high duty to which they were born. They met, unconscious of the plans that had been formed when they were in their cradles, and made each other's acquaintance in the frank and simple intercourse of relationship. At that moment, though destined to such great fortunes, they were but a boy and girl together. In the meantime, however, contrary to the usual rule, it was the girl upon whom the more serious weight of life fell first. The youth went away to travel and study; the little maiden, modest and awe-stricken, yet brave in her deep sense of the responsibility of this honor to which she was born, had to mount the steps of the throne and seat herself there, all tremulous in grandeur and solitude, at an age when the biggest event that happens to most girls is a first ball! Her dearest friends, even her mother, had all to be left a step behind, below that lonely eminence. The ordinary rules of a girl's life, the sweet dependence, the support and control which keeps youth safe and blessed, have all to be reversed and changed when the girl is a reigning queen.

And this made the strangest change in the preliminaries of the romance that followed. Her cousin, Albert, who had kept a tender thought for Victoria in his heart, sending her now a flower, now a little picture, as he wandered about in Switzerland and Italy, through those thousand places where every one longs to go, came back three years after to England, with more definite hopes in his mind. And on her side the young sovereign had been pondering. She had made up her mind, she thought, not to marry, at least for the time. She was so young still, just twenty, and though she had begun to feel that it was a hard task to be a queen, and that of all chilly and unkindly seats there was none so lonely and cold as a throne, yet she was coy, as a girl has a right to be, and would not marry—not yet—not till she was older. So she said, and so, no doubt, she thought; and the lover-cousin came with his heart beating, but no words to plead his suit with, for what was he, a poor young German prince, her uncle's second son, to offer love to a queen? How it happened I cannot tell, but strangely enough, the Queen's unwillingness to marry all melted away like frost under the sunshine when this fair-haired young knight came into her enchanted palace. She did not say another word about being so young. But then there ensued a tremulous moment of uncertainty. It was her part, not his, to say the word which should make all clear between them, and you may suppose how the young Queen faltered and trembled over that necessary advance. At last—all the spectators about, you may be sure, watching with breathless interest—Prince Albert was told that the Queen wanted to see him. How it came about exactly only the two know who were most concerned, but it did not take long to settle matters. "These last few days have passed like a dream to me," the Queen wrote to her uncle after this agitating moment was over. "I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy." As for the young lover, he struck, as he ought, a bolder note. "The eyes see heaven open. The heart is drowned in blessedness," he writes, quoting Schiller, his

favorite poet. And how bright was all the world around them—the October sun still warm, the woods all green, yet touched with autumn, mists of sweet completion and harvest fullness, softening



VIEW OF OSBORNE HOUSE.

the outlines of the broad, warm, sunny landscape! For it was at our old Windsor that all this pretty romance took place, and the royal lady offered her shy hand, all tremulous in sweet agitation and trouble, to the eager lover who dared not ask for it. The old Castle ought to have looked the brighter ever after for such a pretty scene.

And after they were married, with all the pomp and joy that you can imagine, all London turning out to see them, and people crowding along the whole twenty miles of road to watch for the carriages coming, it was in Windsor that they passed the few short days of happy seclusion which was all that could be permitted to a royal bride. Those gray, ancient towers, that had seen so many royal races, became a real home, with the happy young pair coming and going, Her Majesty learning to get up early in the morning (which, with artless girlish regret, she tells us had not been a habit of hers), and taking delightful walks in the park, brushing the dew from the grass, and finding out day by day how sweet life was, and love and kind companionship. "At Windsor the Prince was in his element," we are told. "I feel," were his own words, "as if in Paradise in this fine fresh air." After a while the house began to fill, and little feet of children went pattering about the galleries and towers. "Victoria plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping—as *old*, though I fear still *little*, Victoria of former days used to do," says the Queen. They had plenty of work, the two young people,—for you must not think that if a woman is idle the trade of Queen will suit her,—as they had a great deal to do and a great many troubles and annoyances to put up with, as people have everywhere, whether they be great or small; but God was very good to them and they were very happy. The house grew fuller and fuller with boys and girls, all smiling and strong, and St. George's has never looked more beautiful and splendid than when everything was brightened up for the christening of the heir of England, the Prince of Wales, who now, you know, has an heir of his own. The Queen's little boys and girls were perhaps not so quaint as George III.'s funny little princes and princesses in their cocked hats and hoops, but you may imagine how merry and how bright they made Windsor, and how the strangers and visitors, who are always coming to see our old Castle, rushed to get sight of the children, and liked to hear how well looked after they were, and what good, careful parents were the young Queen and young Prince. I should not wonder if you too liked to hear about those children, who were just like yourselves except

that they were princes and princesses. The Queen tells us a great deal about the Princess Royal, she who one day will be Empress of Germany, when she was quite a little girl—how good "Vicky" was, and how it amused and delighted herself to feel that her child was old enough to travel with her; "it puts me so in mind of myself when I was 'the little Princess,'" she says. And then she tells us how "Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window." This was the little lady's first journey, and she was not quite four years old. You see how soon a baby can learn what it is to be a great personage, and how a princess is bound to be courteous, as, indeed, every lady is, even when she is only four years old. Here is another anecdote of Vicky, who was also called "Pussy," as I dare say many of you girls are, or have been:

"Our *Pussy* learns a verse of Lamartine by heart, which ends with 'le tableau se déroule à mes pieds.' To show how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bon-mot*. When she was riding on her pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charnier (her governess), and said: 'Voilà le tableau qui se déroule a mes pieds!' Is not this extraordinary for a child of three?"

I think it was a wonderful performance for such a baby; and it is said now that the Princess Royal, Crown Princess of Prussia (but in England we like to give her her old title), is the cleverest of all the Queen's family, and has great good sense and talent. Perhaps it is because she was the eldest that there is more about her in the Queen's book than about the others; for when there is a large family, it becomes impossible to remember all the funny things the children do, and their cleverness; whereas the young father and mother have their minds free to treasure up all these wonders when there is but one. Never were children more carefully brought up than these children of England. Little nobodies may be permitted sometimes to be saucy to their inferiors (which, you know, is very bad breeding in any one), but you may be sure the children at Windsor were never allowed any such vulgar privilege. They had to do as they were told, and to be kind and respectful, and you may see by that story about "Pussy" how very early they began. Even when the Queen was traveling about round the shores of Scotland in her yacht, she used to find time to give little Victoria a lesson, and to hear her read in her history book; and when the boys grew older, the Prince Consort was very earnest about their instruction. Here is one thing they did, and I think most of you boys would like this kind of education too:

As part of the system which the Prince upheld as inseparable from sound education, of making the pupil put into practice what he has learned in theory, the Prince's two eldest sons, while still boys, had also to construct, with their own hands, a fortress, small in size, but complete in all its details. All the work, including the making of the bricks, was executed by the young Princes' own hands. It remains a creditable monument of their constructive skill close to the Swiss cottage at Osborne, which was used by the Prince as a museum and school of practical science and industry in the education of the royal children.

I must tell you what Osborne is, of which this mention is made. It is a pretty house in the Isle of Wight, which the Queen and the Prince bought and improved, to be their very own, all made by themselves, and belonging to themselves, more homely than princely Windsor. ST. NICHOLAS has given you a very good picture of this pretty sea-side place, where the big waves come in rolling and thundering upon the shore, and the air comes wild and salt and delightful from the great sea.

VIEW OF BALMORAL.

They built also another house in the Highlands, among the mountains, which is called Balmoral;

and as the Prince directed everything himself at both these places,—laying out the grounds, and superintending the building, and putting the stamp of his own fine taste upon everything,—the Queen loves them so much that we are sometimes jealous for our beautiful royal Windsor, and think Her Majesty neglects the Castle. Alas! there is a reason why Windsor is very sad to her, sadder than any place upon earth, though it witnessed so much of her happiness. After they had been married for twenty-two years, and while they were both still in the very strength and fullness of their life, with their children growing up, and their house full of happiness, quite suddenly, when scarcely any one had begun to be frightened about his illness, this good Prince, who had made Queen Victoria so happy, died.

You should have heard the universal cry that went up over all the country on that terrible day. "The poor Queen!"—everybody, high and low, said the same words. What would she do? How could she live when he was gone? The very skies seemed to darken over England in sympathy. And from that day the skies have never been so blue, nor the sunshine so sweet to the Queen. For years, though she did her duty always, she hid herself, so far as a queen could, from the light of day; and all the splendors that become a Court have been toned down ever since in harmony with the mourning dress which she has never put off, and, I suppose, never will. There are many people in England who complain of this, and grudge that the head of society should thus withdraw her countenance from all that is gay and bright in the national life. But when time has gone a little further on, and the reign of Queen Victoria lies in the past, like the reign of Queen Elizabeth, history, you may be sure, will make a very affecting chapter out of this romance of royal life—the true love, the young happiness, the faithful sorrow of the Queen.

It is chiefly in consequence of this last sad event that the life and the brightness have again fled away from Windsor. The Queen still comes here for some part of the year, and now and then a foreign prince makes a brief visit, and the Castle wakes up to something like the gayety of old; but it is not the same. Now and then, too, the married sons and daughters come and fill the old house with their children—fresh voices, always cheerful, with again and again a new Victoria, to renew the recollection of the others. I cannot tell you how many these children are; already they have grown beyond counting, and make a little tribe in themselves. But better than the stately towers of Windsor the Queen loves Highland Balmoral, with its Scotch-French turrets—this "dear paradise," as she calls it, "where all has become my dearest Albert's own creation;" or Osborne, by the sea, where "he delighted in the song of birds, and especially of nightingales, listening for them in the happy, peaceful walks he used to take with the Queen in the woods, and whistling to them in their own peculiar long note which they invariably answer." These are the Queen's own words; and those two private houses, so to speak, which the Prince made, are the places she loves best.

But our Castle, hospitable and calm in its stately old age, does not resent even this desertion. The trees rise round the gray walls as green as ever; the music peals as sweetly through St. George's; the sun shines as in its brightest days. These towers reign in a tranquil, unbroken sovereignty over the broad rich country as far as eye can reach; more proudly royal when the great standard floats from the Round Tower, yet never less than kingly; as fine an embodiment of state and strength and beauty as ever was made in stone. How many lives have come and gone under their shelter! How many touching stories of happiness and suffering, and love and pity, cling to the old walls, which are so much older than most things; older than steamships and railways, and all other modern discoveries which we are so proud of; older than your America—nay, older than Shakspeare and all our poets! England had no literature, and the great Republic of the West no existence, when the circle of the Keep first wore the English flag to show that the king was there; and we shall all of us be moldered into dust and forgotten, before decay will be able to gnaw away this almost everlasting stone.

OUT OF THE SKY.

By M. M. D.

"Ho! birdie, come play!
Ho! birdie, do stay
Just one little minute!
You 've been to the sky,
Away up so high,
And know all that 's in it;
You 've pierced with your flight
Its wonderful light—
What makes it so blue?
Now tell me, oh do,
Little birdie!"

The bird stopped awhile
To rest on a stile,
With mosses upon it;
And ere very long,
He poured forth a song
As sweet as a sonnet.
But never a word
My waiting ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Though he told all he knew—
Stupid birdie!

I went in to look
For the facts in a book,
All told to a letter;
Yet somehow it seemed—
Though may be I dreamed—
The bird told it better.
Oh, never a word
My willing ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Yet he told me quite true—
Knowing birdie!

HOW THE SCOTCH-CAP FAMILY SAVED ITS BACON.*

(A Tale of the Revolution.)

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

IT was September in 1781. The little rocky promontory of Scotch-Cap—so called from its shape, was covered with the soft sheen of a fast drying dew. On the highest point of the Cap stood a frame house, two stories high on the front side, with rear roof sloping long and low. The unpainted wood was just taking on the prettiest of soft gray tints, but otherwise all was still as unpicturesque as newness always is. Beyond a wagon-track in front of the house running to the east beach, a thick growth of chestnuts, oaks and elms stretched for more than a mile toward the south shore. To the west, the woods were broken only by very small patches of clearing, protected by rude brush-wood fences, and bright with the ripening crops of corn and buckwheat, or noisy with flocks of half-wild hens and turkeys, pecking among the oat stubble.

Around the house was a cleared space of several rods square, but beyond this clearing rose a wall of dull green cedar-trees. In these woods the cows and sheep found whatever pasturage they might.

North and west of the house the ground was level, but on the east and south it dipped so abruptly that one standing on the door-step could see over the tree-tops for twenty miles away across the bright waters of the Sound (here at its widest) to the sand-cliffs of Long Island; or, looking ten miles to the eastward, could watch the coming of a sail round Guilford Point.

In the clearing, with one hand shading her blue eyes, stood the young dame of Scotch-Cap, wistfully gazing at a sail fast disappearing round the wooded point at the south-westward. She was comely, tall, and so well-proportioned that she seemed rather slender than robust. But her lithe ease of motion, her assured step, and the firm texture of her well-formed hand and arm, betokened a muscular strength unusual among even the hardy women of the coast. At this time, it must be remembered, nearly all of the men of our sea-coasts were sailors in the service of their country; and their wives, with the poor help of some fellow too shiftless to "follow the water," or of some superannuated sailor, or one on shore for a week or two, and with the aid of their young children, were forced to plow and plant, and hoe and reap, as well as cook and wash, and spin and weave and sew. With all these things to do, the young dame was content to clothe herself in the scantiest of butternut-colored gowns, and to bind up her thick, soft, shining yellow hair in the loosest and simplest fashion.

By her side were four children. The eldest, a stout, energetic, sun-browned lad of twelve years; the youngest, a pretty little girl in her second summer; the others, boys of ten and eight years of age.

Out of the woods shambled a loose-jointed figure, topped with a coarse straw hat that shaded but did not hide a face, the two-fold expression of which was of craft and greed.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Steele. Glad to see ye so well. Did n't know how 't would be, though, seeing the Cap'n was off ag'in. I did n't know 's he was to hum, till I saw the Chloe Ann a-makin' off, or I 'd ha' be'n round to seen him."

"Guess I 'll go clammin' neow, seein' 's I 'm deown here, an' the tide 's eout. Could n't lend me a hoe, could ye?"

"Yes," said the dame, pleasantly, "only mind and not leave it down on the beach for the tide to carry off, like the last one you had. This is the only one I have now."

"Wal, I 'll be keerful; an' I 'll bring ye back some clams if you want."

"Thank you," replied the dame, "I would like some," and her visitor shambled off. After a few steps, however, he turned:

"I say," he cried, "hev ye heerd the news? There 's two or three of His Majesty's frigates deown Stratford way, so they say. Hope they 'll never think t' land here; it 's so lonesome like for wimmen folks. But they 'd never dew yew no harm; that is, so long 's yew did n't say nur dew nothin' t' exarsperate 'em, ye know. Bein' 's I 'm a good fren' tew ye, I 'd 'vise ye, if they was tew come, jist tew let 'em hev anything they wanted, an' not try tew hide nothin'. That 's the best way."

* This story is true. It was told me when I was a child, by an old man—once the very boy who kept watch upon the roof.—E. C. G.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Steele, energetically, as the shambling figure at last shuffled itself out of hearing. "There 's nobody can give advice quite so easy as a fool, unless it 's a knave; and I believe *he's* both. I suppose he thought I 'd heed him, just because he offered to pick up a few clams! But I 'll take his counsel as folks do their morning dreams, by contraries.

"If the British are in the Sound at all, they sail up this way; and if they do they 'll be sure to shall have a sparrib. But the porkers sha' n't drown, either, for they 're the only meat we shall get this winter. I 'm glad your father took with him all the oats and rye we could spare. We must manage some way to save what there is left."

"Who would think that a great war would make so many little troubles, mother? I wish it was over."

"So do I," replied the dame, with a sigh. "But not until we have our freedom. Otherwise, I 'd

TORY JAKE AND THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

stop at the beach spring for fresh water; and then Jake 'll tell 'em what he suspects about the Chloe Ann's being a privateer, so that the red-coats will pillage the house, and he 'll get the information money."

"He 'd like some of our fat pigs, as well as the money, mother, for his own are as thin as July shad," responded the eldest boy. "He half starves everything he owns."

"He wont get our pigs without working for 'em," said the dame with decision; "I 'll sink 'em in the Sound before Tory Jake or his masters rather that the war, hard and cruel as it is, should last till doomsday. There are some things worth going bare for."

"Mother, how came Tory Jake to know where the British are?"

"I don't know, Ollie, but I 'm glad he gave us warning. We must hurry, too. To-day we must hide the grain and every other thing that they or Jake would be apt to want, and to-night the hogs must be killed."

"Hogs must be killed, mother! Why, who could do it? There is n't a man anywhere near

here now but Jake and his brother, and to get them would be like bringing the wolves to the sheep."

"Of course it would," replied the mother. "You and I and the boys must do it."

"You—and I—and the boys?" repeated Oliver. "Why, mother, we might perhaps do the rest, but we can *never* scald and hang up those big hogs."

"Never 's a long day," said the dame, proudly. "The wife of the bravest sailor on this coast has never yet learned to say *can't*."

"Then his children and yours shall never learn to say it, either," said Oliver; and kissing each other, mother and son moved briskly toward the house.

"There is, first of all, the grain—forty bushels of rye and fifty of oats."

"Shall we bury it, mother?"

"No. I 'm afraid it would take too much time to dig a hole large enough."

"There 's the dry well, mother. We could put the grain in there, and then fill in with stones till it looked just like a heap of stones."

"That 's a good thought, Ollie; at least for the oats. As for the rye, I 'd be a little afraid to trust it there; for you know when it rains water runs in the well, then the rye would sprout and be useless for bread.

"Let me see. That well,—I used to wish your father had never tried to dig it, going so deep and never finding water,—that well is twenty feet deep and three feet across. The oats would fill it a little more than half full, and then there 's all that way to fill in with stones. Here, Horace! Georgie! Tie Betsey in her high chair by the table, and give her some clam-shells to play with, while you take your little hand-cart and fill it with stones, and empty it close alongside the dry well."

The dame and Oliver were already in the house-garret, where, for want of a barn, the grain was stored, and were putting the oats into bags to be lowered first to the ground, and then into the well.

"Mother," said Oliver, "you know we need n't fill in the whole distance with stones. We can fill in with bundles of oat-straw to within a foot of the top, and then pile on the stones."

"Well thought of, Ollie. That will save ever so much trouble, and some of the straw too."

As soon as the oats and straw were in the well, the little boys were left to pile stones over its mouth, that there might seem to be only a heap from the clearing.

Meanwhile little Betsey's chair had been moved to the front door, where she was told to watch for "Uncle Jake," and ask him how many clams he had brought for her dinner. "This," said the dame, "will give us warning of his coming. He must n't see what we are doing."

"Mother," said Oliver, despairingly, "I can't think of any place for the rye."

"I 've thought of four places for it," said his mother, "places where I don't believe any one would think of looking for it. No," she added, as if in answer to a doubt of her own. "No, I don't think that even the British would rob a poor woman of the beds under herself and children."

"Beds, mother?" said Oliver.

"Yes. We will empty the four straw beds, and then put in each of them four sacks of rye. Each sack holds two and a half bushels; would hold three, only I think it would be better to give a little more room. After the four sacks are in each bed, there will still be room to fill up the spaces with straw."

"That 'll be tip-top, mother." And as fast as they could, mother and son worked away until little Betsey's sweet pipe to "Untle Dake" warned them to go out, thank him for the few clams he brought, and receive the hoe.

"Now that we 're rid of him," said Mrs. Steele, "I suppose we must have some dinner, though we 've little time to get it or eat it. Just make a chip fire, Ollie, in the rock fire-place, and hang on a kettle of water to open the clams and boil the eggs in. They 'll be the quickest got ready of anything."

The rock fire-place was a little in the rear of the house. Here, upon a large flat stone, which formed a hearth-stone, a fire burned merrily up against the smoke-blackened sides of two rocks, each about four feet high, which made an obtuse angle. Across from rock to rock, lay a broken-pointed iron crow-bar, on which hung the iron pot, or the brass boiler, or the copper tea-kettle, as either was needed. For, in pleasant summer weather, cooking and washing were done out-of-doors.

"Now," said Mrs. Steele, after the hurried dinner was over, "I must hide my butter. Perhaps we can bury the jars under the ash-heaps in the cellar. I think I remember hearing your father say that there was one place in the rock floor where there was earth enough to bury things. I guess it must be in the corner under the ash-heap, for there is nothing but solid rock everywhere else. At any rate, we had best shovel up ashes enough to see."

"Mother," said Oliver, "I 'm most glad the barn was burnt down last spring."

"Why, Oliver?"

"Because, as there was n't any barn to draw the

hay into, or to feed the cattle in this winter, father stacked the salt-meadow hay in that rocky cedar grove near the east shore. That 's such an out-of-the-way hollow that I don't believe even old Jake knows anything of it."

"By the way," said his mother, "did your father and you ever make the shed down there that you talked about?"

"Yes, 'm. Why, mother, how did it happen that you have n't seen it?"

"Oh, you know when your father is at home to look after things out-of-doors, I take the chance to get things ahead indoors. I remember hearing you talk about it, and thinking I 'd go down there. I 've never seen the place, I believe."

"Well, no wonder. It was just a hit that we found it this summer. There 's about an acre of nice smooth land, with a natural wall of high rocks all around it; only in one place there 's a sort of gate just big enough for a hay-cart to squeeze through. The cedar-trees grow so thick on top of the rocks that you can't see through 'em. I 'm sure I did n't, till I fell into the hole when I was looking after the cows one day. So there 's where we stacked the hay and built the shed."

Thus talking, mother and son were busily shoveling away the ashes from the great heap left from the last winter's big fires, until they came to the earth floor. Here they very carefully buried the butter jars.

"Mother, had n't we better put in your silver spoons, and grandpa Goldthwaite's silver tankard, and your brooch with the purple stones in it, and the money that father brought home with him last time?"

"I think so, Ollie, and your father's papers too. We 'll wrap them all up in that big piece of sheet-lead in the garret. And then," she added, with a sigh, "if the house is burned from over our heads they will be safer here than in any other place I can think of."

The night brought no sleep. While the boys were milking the cows, and Mrs. Steele was preparing for the proposed work of the night, there came first the sound of a horse's gallop, and then of a tremulous halloo. Going quickly to the door, Mrs. Steele found a mounted messenger, sent by the select-men of the township, to warn all in exposed situations of impending danger. The enemy, he said, were not "down Stratford way," as Tory Jake had reported, but at New London. Yesterday, the sixth of September, they had captured Fort Griswold, after a most heroic resistance, massacred the garrison of one hundred and fifty men after they had surrendered,* and then burned the towns of New London and Groton.

"The British commander," said the messenger, "set an example of cruelty and treachery even worse than those of the savages, by murdering the brave Captain Ledyard with the sword he had just honorably surrendered.

"But what better could be expected?" pursued the messenger, "when we know that the whole fifty or sixty ships, and some say as many as five thousand soldiers,† are under that black-hearted villain and traitor, the accursed Benedict Arnold? But," he went on, "I was sent to you in particular, because, as Arnold knows all this coast well (the more 's the pity and shame), he 'll know about the spring by the beach here,—the best water on all the coast,—where ships can come so close, and if they land here to water ship, the wife of the captain of the Chloe Ann might be in danger. So Parson Perry told me to tell you his house was open to you and the children, if you choose to come, and welcome."

"Tell him," said Mrs. Steele, gratefully, "that I thank him with all my heart for his kind offer, and I know he means it well; but, if my husband should desert his ship without striking a blow, he 'd be a traitor to his country. And if I desert the house he confided to my charge, without an effort to protect it, I 'd not be much better. I am his deputy, and must do what he would do."

"But, Mrs. Steele, what can you do? A woman with four children! Remember Fort Griswold, and burning Groton and New London!"

"Yes," she replied, with pale face and burning eyes, "I do remember them all. But you know that where the British find a deserted house they always burn and destroy whatever they can't carry off. But, bad as they are, I don't think they 'd burn the roof over the heads of a defenseless woman and children."

"Well, 'a willfu' woman maun hae her way,' as my Scotch grandfather used to say; and I 'm sure I don't know but you are right. Anyhow, I must ride around to the Point and the Neck to give warning to the Wilmots and Blackstones."

So saying, the messenger turned his horse and galloped off through the woods. For a moment, the mother's heart sank at being left again in the loneliness of Scotch-Cap, six or seven miles from any neighbors, save traitorous Jake Cooke and his brother. In an instant more her resolution arose strong within her. "I will do the best I can for my children," she said to herself. Turning, she met Oliver, pale and resolute.

* Eighty-five were killed outright, and sixty wounded, most of whom afterward died of their wounds.

† There were in reality thirty-two ships, of which twenty-four were transports, carrying between 1,700 and 1,800 soldiers.

"I heard you, mother," he said, "and I'm glad we're going to stick it out."

Putting their arms around each other, the mother and son, looking oddly near in age,—the boy had suddenly grown so manly,—went in to finish their preparations and begin their task.

The work was to be done behind the house. In the cleared space there, coming and going, in and out of the shadows and the fire-light, four figures moved busily about. Over the fire in the rock fire-place hung two enormous three-footed iron pots of scalding water; near by stood the half of a molasses hogshead for a scalding-tub; while, skeleton-like in the fire-light, rose the rough gallows made of barkless cedar poles.

Five heavy hogs, and only one woman and three boys to kill, scald, hang and dress them, in the depth of night! It required more heroism, believe me, to do this hard, disagreeable, and dirty task, than has been spent many a time upon deeds of great renown.

It was a long night's work and a weary one; but by sunrise the fire was smoldering in ashes, and all traces of the butchery were carefully buried in the garden; the hogs had been taken down with great difficulty from the gallows, upon which, with equal difficulty, they had been hung, laid one by one upon the wheel-barrow, and slowly wheeled into the house.

Mother and boys were all weary enough, as may be supposed, from their twenty-four hours of hard work, but there could be no rest yet, for the pork must be divided and packed. This was done by Mrs. Steele and Oliver, while Horace was boy-of-all-work, and Georgie was sent to keep a bright look-out from the scuttle, at the same time keeping a watchful eye upon little Betsey, sleeping on the garret floor beneath him.

"Mother," said Oliver, "I don't see that the pork in that big barrel will be any safer than the poor pigs would have been, if we had left them alive."

"That's so, dear; but you see I'm cutting the pieces very large and putting them into the strongest possible brine. The moment a strange sail is seen rounding Guilford Point, we must take every bit out of the barrel and hang it up in the chimney. As soon as the pork is in the brine, we must put a ladder up in the chimney and drive spikes to hang it on."

The great chimney was twelve feet square. In one side was built the big brick oven; in two other sides were small fire-places; on the remaining side was the large kitchen fire-place, nine feet broad by four feet deep, and five feet high. Through this great mouth it was easy to put up a ladder and lay a couple of planks across the inside of the chimney, resting on projections in the masonry. Standing on these planks, Oliver and his mother drew the ladder up. Resting its foot firmly on the planks, Oliver could again mount it and drive spikes around the inside of the wide chimney, so that, whatever should hang there might get the full benefit of the smoke without being injured by the blaze from the fire, or exposed to the gaze of inquisitive eyes below.

The spikes being driven, mother and son descended by means of an extemporized scaffolding of tables and chairs, that the ladder might be left up the chimney ready for an emergency.

The dreaded emergency did not come on that day or the next, and all had time to recover somewhat from their great fatigue. But early on the morning of the third day, the "look-out-from-the-mast-head," as Georgie called himself, reported three strange sails rounding Guilford Point.

The pork was unpacked, and hung around the chimney; ladder, planks and scaffolding were taken down, and a fire was started on the hearth, with big kettles of lye and grease bubbling over it (for only soap-making could explain so large a fire in warm weather), before the vessels reached the Scotch-Cap beach.

Only one of the three schooners cast anchor in the little Scotch-Cap harbor, the others continuing their westward course.

The captain proved a kinder man than many of the coasters who were in those days the terror of the Connecticut coast; and though he did not hinder his men from carrying off money, provisions, arms or anything that might be useful to the King's service, he would not permit useless destruction or violence.

"If the house had been deserted," he said to Mrs. Steele, "I suppose I could n't have kept my men from pillaging and burning it; but as you have had the pluck to stay here, you sha' n't be troubled."

Diligent search, however, was made for valuables, and the ash-heap in the cellar was prodded with long sticks to find hidden treasure. But the sailors did not think of shoveling it away. The unwelcome guests only delayed to take in fresh water for the ship, and to enjoy a dinner of fish, wild ducks and turkeys, the fowls having been shot by the sailors.

Oliver had already driven the cows and sheep down to the hidden pasture, so they had not been discovered. But Tory Jake—full of confidence in the favorable disposition of His Majesty's forces toward one so well affected as himself—had the mortification to behold his own three cows driven off and killed, nothwithstanding his tearfully earnest protestations of loyalty.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH.

That evening, soon after the departure of the British, the Scotch-Cap family saw flames shooting up across the harbor from the dwelling of the Wilmots, which, being abandoned by its inmates, was burned after having been pillaged.

"I 'm so glad we stuck it out, mother," said Oliver, "and father 'll be glad too when he comes home and finds nothing gone but a few turkeys."

"Wont he laugh," said Horace, "when he hears what a time we had to 'save our bacon?'"

LIZZY OF LA BOURGET.

By H. H.

I TELL you the tale as 't was told to me;
'T is a tale that I dearly love to tell,—
The tale of Lizzy of La Bourget,
Of faithful Lizzy who ran so well.

This Lizzy of La Bourget was a mare;
She was all snow-white except two black feet;
Her sire was an Arab steed coal-black;
Her dam was a wild Cossack pony fleet.

Her Arab blood made her tireless and strong;
Her Cossack blood made her loving and true;
Oh, Lizzy of La Bourget could love
As warmly as human beings do.

She followed her peasant master to work;
Obeyed at a sign, or call of her name;
All day she tugged at his cart or plow,
And bounding at night she homeward came.

She was never groomed, but she shone like silk,
And fattened well on the scanty fare;
She played with the children like a dog,
And the children fed her with her share.

When the war broke out, and her master went
To fight with the French, good Lizzy went too,
And many a battle, night and day,
She carried him bravely, safely through.

But at last there came a turn in the tide,
For Lizzy and master disastrous day,—
The day on which a battle was fought,
A bloody battle at La Bourget.

The cavalry regiment, horse and man,
Were caught in an ambush, and hemmed in;
The Frenchman captured them every one,
And held them, a ransom large to win.

The captors were tipsy: 't was late at night:
The foolish men drank, because they were glad.
Alone, by a half-open casement low,
Sat Lizzy's master, weary and sad,

When sudden he heard a sound that he knew;
He could not mistake—it was Lizzy's neigh;
She had broken loose, and was seeking him,—
Oh, brave, good Lizzy of La Bourget!

The captors were tipsy,—they did not hear
Their prisoner call "Lizzy," in whisper low;
They did not notice the joyous neigh;
The first they knew, with one ringing blow,

The casement was burst from its hinges strong;
The captive had leaped on his horse's back,
And through the darkness he raced, he flew,
With a hundred bullets on his track.

No bridle, no spur; but well Lizzy knew
The life of her master lay in her speed;
She ran like a whirlwind, and paid to the shots,
No more than to summer rain-drops, heed.

No compass, no guide; naught knew the hussar
Of right, of left, in his perilous way;
But safe, sure instinct his Lizzy had;
She knew the road back to La Bourget.

A night and the most of a day she ran;
She had no water, she was not fed;
And when she arrived at La Bourget.
You well may think she was almost dead.

But a shout arose from each man who saw
Her dash into camp with her gallant stride;
And the General himself came out to see
The horse and master of such a ride.

The fight had been fierce, and many men won
Great fame in the heat of that bloody day;
But long after they are forgotten all,
The world will know Lizzy of La Bourget!

PATCHES.

By Rosa Graham.

"STRAWBERRIES! nice fresh strawberries!"

There was such a soft melody in the cry, that Aunt Ruth stopped her ironing to listen. Twice repeated, and then a quick step trotted up the path, and an odd little face peeped in at the window.

"Strawberries, ma'am? Want some nice fresh strawberries to-day?"

Aunt Ruth could ill afford berries so early in the season, but she came forward in answer to the pleading look.

"Please, ma'am," continued the child, brokenly, "please to buy *one* box. Patches is *so* tired!"—and a tear dropped upon the fruit.

A fountain swelled in Aunt Ruth's kind heart; she wasted no time in words, but lifted the child, basket and all, through the window, and settled her in the cosey rocking-chair. And before Patches could recover from her astonishment, the same hands brought to her a bowl of milk, and a plate heaped with doughnuts.

The eyes danced hungrily; but Aunt Ruth, without heeding the child's timid "thank you," motioned to her quite imperatively to eat, and ironed away furiously at Win's shirt-front.

Win found the shadow of a scorch on that bosom the next Sunday.

"It was righteous indignation did it," explained

Aunt Ruth, "and I wish it could always leave as good a mark."

Patches drank the milk and promptly disposed of two doughnuts; then stopped and sighed.

Aunt Ruth eyed her keenly. "Had enough?" she asked, with a show of brusqueness.

Patches hesitated. "Yes, ma'am, thank you," bubbled to her lips, but burst into thin air as a plump doughnut tumbled accidentally toward her.

"No, ma'am," she replied, decidedly.

The fact is, Patches at that moment felt equal to the occasion.

Aunt Ruth, with a sudden gesture, emptied the plate into her lap. "Eat," she said; which Patches did, indefinitely, while Aunt Ruth stood watching her in open astonishment.

"Mercy!" said that good lady, under her breath. "I verily believe the child is hungry. What a bursting shame! What an abomination to the Lord!"

A tired, hungry child! No greater crime could the world be guilty of, in Aunt Ruth's estimation.

Patches ate, and Aunt Ruth reflected. The child puzzled her; the honestly heaped boxes of berries puzzled her still more. It was evident not one had been abstracted; and yet this starved baby had been traveling all the day, with sight, sense, and smell square on the tempting fruit!

Patches seemed to divine her thoughts, and glanced toward the berries with a triumphant smile.

"It was awful hard not to," she said, "but I never touched one."

"And why did n't you?" burst forth Aunt Ruth, with a vigorous iron-slap that made both Patches and the berries jump. "Why did n't you, I 'd like to know? Berries were made to eat."

A wondering reproach crept into Patches' face.

"It would n't have been right," spoke the sweet little voice.

The iron rested on the white-covered board, and Aunt Ruth stepped to Patches' side.

"Who taught you that?" she asked, huskily.

"Nobody, ma'am; I just knew it."

There was a moment's silence. Patches gazed curiously at Aunt Ruth's sober face, but the striking of the clock caused her to start and take up the basket.

"I must go now," she said. "It is *so* late, and Tim wont like it if I don't sell all the berries. They 'll be stale by to-morrow, you know, ma'am."

"Who is Tim?" asked Aunt Ruth, gently, "and where do you live, little girl?"

"Tim is the grocer I sell things for, and I live at Milton, with Tim's wife, ma'am."

"Live at Milton! And you are going there to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The childish voice quivered, and the little stockingless feet curled wearily sideways.

Aunt Ruth could stand it no longer. With a bound she snatched the basket from Patches' hand, and emptied the contents into the nearest receptacle, which chanced to be the bread-bowl.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Patty—Patsy—or whatever you said your name was ——"

"Patches, please, ma'am," and the child stared, astonished at her good fortune.

"Patches!"

"Yes, ma'am. That 's what the boys call me, because I wear such patched clothes. I used to cry at first, but I don't mind now."

"And have n't you got any other name?" Aunt Ruth burst forth indignantly, but with tears in her eyes.

"I don't know, ma'am. Somebody, a good while ago, I think used to call me Mamie, but I can't remember, ma'am. I asked Tim, but he can't tell, either."

"And who is Tim? Your brother?"

"Oh, ma'am, no. He 's only the man I live with. I aint got any relations."

"Ah!" and Aunt Ruth gave vent to an involuntary sigh of relief. "Well, see here, Patches,—that 'll do till we find a better," she muttered in an undertone,—"between you and me, you 're not going one step toward Milton to-night. You 're going to stay here with me, help eat these berries, and sleep in the snuggest little bed I ever made in my life. Win shall carry the money over to Tim after tea, and in the morning *we 'll see!*" And Aunt Ruth kicked the strawberry-basket into the corner with a gusto that meant something, as our story will show.

Whatever that something was, it developed into a settled determination when, on undressing Patches that night, she found the little feet streaked with blisters, and the worn-out shoes ugly with nails.

Early next morning Patches awoke from a dream of the old hard life with glad surprise. Her sleep-dewed eyes opened plump on a pair of soft gaiters, near which lay a set of snow-white stockings, and a calico dress, faded but whole. The naily shoes, the patched, dust-stained frock, were nowhere to be seen.

Patches could but think that some kind fairy had visited her in the night; but she jumped up quickly, and in great glee arrayed herself in the garments she honestly thought fit for a princess.

Aunt Ruth was picking over the berries when Patches burst into the kitchen, and her great heart swelled at the sight of the child's joyful face.

"Oh, ma'am, are these for me—these *beau*tiful things?"

Win laughed outright, but Aunt Ruth could only

answer curtly, and hasten breakfast, lest she should "burst with righteous indignation."

The meal ended, a shadow crept into the little face. "I must go now," she said, with a choked sigh. "Tim will expect me early."

"Look here, Patches," exclaimed Aunt Ruth, quite severely, "you 've never got to go away from here as long as you live—that is if you want to stay. There 's no Tim expecting you at all. Win and I drove over last night while you were asleep, and arranged it all; so you see you don't belong to anybody but yourself now—that is if you 're willing. I 'll be fair, though. I 'll give you your choice. Which will you do? Stay here and be taught, and fed, and clothed as is fit for a Christian child, or take the old strawberry-basket and go back to Tim?"

Aunt Ruth waited with mock gravity for the decision.

Two tears were coursing slowly down the child's cheeks. She came to Aunt Ruth's side, and said:

"Oh, ma'am, is it true? Wont I ever have to go back to Tim? Wont I never have to go away from here as long as I live?"

And for answer Aunt Ruth gathered her up in her motherly arms, and between sobs and kisses, exclaimed:

"Never, never, never, so long as there 's a world to hang on to!"

And so it was settled. Patches, henceforth to be called Mamie, staid with Aunt Ruth, and developed into such a bright, healthy girl, that in six months her old associates could scarcely recognize her. She was by nature an industrious little body, and tried her best to lighten the labors of the good woman to whom she owed so much. Aunt Ruth fed and clothed and taught her, and came to love her so dearly, that Win used to say jocosely that her own flesh and blood was "nowheres alongside of her adopted daughter."

Mamie has grown to maidenhood now, and as Aunt Ruth gazes fondly on the sweet young face, her heart rejoices in the hour that brought little Patches to her door.

THE cat and dog resolved to be good,
Truly kind and forgiving.
"What 's the use," they sweetly said,
"Of such unpleasant living?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm,
And out they sallied over the farm;
And all who saw them laughed with glee,
And wondering, said, "Can such things be?"

WORTH YOUR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

By M. M. D.

"YES, Miss Mamie, dat 's jes' what de missus sed to me. 'Aunt Patsy,' sez she, 'you 's jes' wuf yer weight in gole.' An' so I wuz, Miss Mamie; I know'd it. Poor weak ole cull'd pusson as I is, I know'd she war tellin' d' exac' trufe. De Lord knows 't aint no vain-gloruf'cation fur ole Patsy t' say dem words. I don' take no pus'nal credit 'bout it, Miss Mamie. Cookin' takes practice, but it 's got to come fus' by natur'. De ang'l Gabr'el hisse'f could n' make a cook out o' some folks. It 's got to be born inter yer like. I 'se mighty 'umble and fearful ub myse'f 'bout some t'ings, but not 'bout cookin'. *Dat* I un'stan'; an' dat 's what made me wuf my weight in gole. Missus did n' hab no sort troubl' 'bout nothin' af'er once dis chile come. She *sed* so. Aint no use talkin' 'bout it—dere 's her 'cise words to prove it.

"Well, de work wuz mighty heavy in dat house. Stocks o' comp'ny, and massa war one ob dem perwiders dat don' hab no sort notion how many pots kin go onto de stobe, and seem t' t'ink de oben was 'mos' big as de barn. Many 's de time I got so tired seem'd to me 's if I 'd drop; but af'er missus sed *dat*, I did n' mind nuffin'. 'Patsy,' sez I, when I seed myse'f gettin' done up, 'yer goo' f' nuffin' lazy nigger, wha's matter wid yer? Don' yer know yer 's wuf yer weight in gole?'—and dat ud fotch me squar' up. Many 's de time I 'se sed dem words to myse'f sence dat day, but wid dis diff'ence: Missus, dear soul! she done gone to Ab'am's bosom four year 'go; an' ole Patsy eber sence 's bin mos' too fur on wid dis ere cough to be much 'count to white folks—and so I keep sayin' to myse'f, 'Yer *wuz* wuf yer weight in gole. Don' nebber forgit dat.'"

And, all this time, the brightly kerchiefed and check-aproned speaker was going on briskly with her work, while I sat looking at her with an amused smile?

Not a bit of it. She was in bed, dying of a slow consumption, and my heart was full of reverence as I stood gently fanning her. She was talking beyond her strength, but I knew it was useless to check her while her thoughts were with this treasured saying of her "missus." Presently she sank into a doze. I stood there, afraid to move lest I should wake her.

In a few moments she opened her eyes.

"Bress yer heart, Miss Mamie, don' stan' dere no longer. Ole Patsy don' want ter be nussed like she war a queen."

Her eyes were so bright and her tones so cheerful that I thought she was going to laugh; but, instead, she said softly:

"'T aint fur much longer; de Lord 'll soon sen' his char'ot an' take me to glory."

She ceased speaking. I knew by her face, though not a sound could be heard, that she was singing under her breath one of the dear old negro hymns that we had been used to hearing when she was up and at work; and then she fell into another doze.

Two weeks from that day the chariot came.

Happy old Aunt Patsy! (Even with the memory of her illness and suffering fresh in mind, I always think of her as "happy old Aunt Patsy," for had she not been worth her weight in gold?) The dear old soul always had laid great stress, not at being prized at her weight in gold, but in being really *wuf it*. That was the point. And the best of it was, that her weight being mainly in her being a good servant, it increased just so much in proportion as she excelled. Simple-hearted creature though she was, she would have scorned the idea of weight, in this connection, being a matter of mere flesh and bones. No, it was Patsy the cook who was weighed in the balance.

It seems to me now, that if I had seen Aunt Patsy when I was a little girl, and heard her tell her story, it would have been a great help. It would have taught me, in one easy lesson, that to be worth your weight in gold is a great advantage, and that the best way of becoming worth your weight in gold is to learn to do some one thing thoroughly well. Aunt Patsy could cook. That is a fine thing in itself. Cooking is a good business when one has a living to make, and a valuable accomplishment when one has a living ready made. Every one of us girls, little and big, young and old, should know something about it, and should seize all good opportunities to improve in the art. But I am not going to ask you to learn to cook; that is, not now, especially if it is not "born into you." I only throw out as a friendly suggestion that every girl should make it an object, as Aunt Patsy did, to learn to do one thing well at a time. If, as a start, she selects some style of housework, so much the better. Let it be sweeping and dusting; let it be bed-making; let it be clear-starching, silver-cleaning or butter-making, or even a single branch of cookery, such as bread-making, or that rare art, potato-boiling. Let her aim at real excellence in

any one of these, taking the most exact pains, looking out day by day for ways of improvement, aiming to excel herself at each effort, until, at last, "Jenny did it" (or whatever her fortunate name may be) shall stand as a guarantee for excellence in this or that special department. Let Jenny's butter or Jenny's bread be the best her father and mother ever tasted; or let them feel that no one else can so brighten the silver, or the tins, or furniture; that it is sure to be all right if Jenny but sweeps the halls and stairs, or Jenny but makes the pudding,—"It 's her specialty, you know,"—and you will see, if you are Jenny, what satisfaction there is in it.

Then, when one style of work is mastered, another can be taken up and made a study; and so on, till you are worth your weight in gold to your family. Mind, I do not mean to say that while these special endeavors are going on you are to do all other work carelessly and without interest. Not so, of course. I mean only that one branch at a time shall receive most care and attention till it is mastered to the utmost of your ability. Nor do I mean that you are to spend all of your young life in housework. An average of half an hour a day devoted to such work, or even less, all through one's girlhood, will in many cases be all that is necessary or desirable. But certainly a little girl is to be pitied who never has a chance to learn practically the rudiments of housewifery. I hope none of you who read this are so unfortunate.

There are other fields of effort which you may cultivate. Sewing or music, reading, fancy-work, drawing, certain school-studies, gardening—whichever of them seems most attractive to you—will serve as a starting-point. I have dwelt principally upon the art of cooking, because Aunt Patsy set me talking; but there are many fair paths opening in every direction. Take the one nearest by, whether it lead to the kitchen, the parlor, the library, or out-of-doors. But be sure to be thorough as you go along. Don't shimble-shamble through everything, and then wonder that those who love you best are not quite satisfied with your progress—that you do not really add to any one's comfort or interest; in short, that you are not worth your weight in gold.

"I love books best, but can I be a help to anybody at home if I sit and read all day?" you may ask.

And I answer, you cannot. If you read too much, you are not reading well. If you read too steadily, you are not reading well. And if you read books that do not make you more intelligent, more sunny, more charitable and Christian than you otherwise would be, you are reading very badly indeed. If you sit curled up on a sofa, selfishly neglecting some duty, and filling your mind with false ideas of life, and arousing thoughts that in your secret heart you know are not good for you, you are doing not only yourself an injury, but every one else with whom you may henceforth be brought in contact.

But if at seasonable times, and after proper intervals of play or bodily exercise, you read in an inquiring, sincere way books that entertain or instruct the best part of you (we all soon find out what that best part of ourselves is), and that have been selected under guidance of some one competent to help you, then you *are* doing others good as well as yourself by your reading. You can hardly go up or down stairs when in the mood such reading engenders without doing somebody good. If it is only the cat on the landing, she 'll get the benefit of it somehow. A sunny, healthy mind sheds beams of light unconsciously; and then there are the cheery word, the pleasant smile, the ready spirit of fun, the thoughtful question or answer, the entertaining bubbles of talk that rise to the surface of a mind set sparkling by good books worthily read. You will soon find the value of it all; or some one else will.

It is not so much what good thing we do, though that is of great consequence, but how well we do it that determines our success. A pragmatic, conceited manner, or a too selfish eagerness, will spoil any pursuit. There is such a thing, you must know, as being unpleasantly pleasant, meanly generous, incompetently competent, or even wickedly pious. If you will think a moment, you will see that it must be so. The wrong side of the prettiest fabric is always very near its smooth surface. If you do not keep the right side up with care, the wrong side will show itself. It is so with all desires and efforts for self-improvement. They have their wrong side.

Some persons, if once started on a road, will be so confident of their way that they 'll forget to make the proper turnings; and there *are* persons who, if left to themselves, would from very earnestness hack a finger to pieces in getting out a splinter. That 's over-zeal. Such persons are not worth their weight in gold to anybody. Then there 's the self-satisfied kind, the worst kind of all, perhaps. Self-satisfaction is a wall that, builded by a girl's own vanity, shuts her in completely. She cannot get outside of it herself, and no one cares to scale it in order to get at her. A state of entire self-satisfaction is the loneliest thing on earth. Self-approbation is another matter. It is worth trying for because it is, in itself, good. But we must build steps with it, not walls.

That is what Aunt Patsy did. She cooked better and better every day. She worked hard for self-

approbation, and slowly made steps of it. Steadily she mounted, always humble and fearful of herself, but always hearing her mistress's words, "worth your weight in gold;" and when at last she stood on the top step of her little flight, she felt sure the Lord would be pleased that Old Patsy had been of use to somebody, and she was ready to go when the chariot came.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home."

THE LEGEND ON THE PANE.

By Olive A. Wadsworth.

Down in the old ancestral home,
Where sweet salt sea-winds blow,
And twice a day the crystal tide
Goes pulsing to and fro,
A dim old chamber, shadowy-bright,
Dear in its tarnished glow,
Stands as it stood, in simple pomp,
A hundred years ago.

Quaint is the Blue-room's ancient grace,—
Named from the azure tints
That zigzagged vividly across
Great-granddame's wedding chintz.
Here cherished guest was bade to rest,
The sweets of home to know,
Within this flowery, bowery nest,
A hundred years ago.

On every side, in rainbow hues,
The cheerful draperies fall,
A paradise of birds and leaves
And cherries on the wall,
And trellis-work of heavenly blue
Meandering over all;
They gleam from out the great arm-chair,
Where two may sit and sew,—
The people were so very wide
A hundred years ago.

Such wild luxuriance of leaf
Would set a gardener mad;
Such mammoth cherries only may
In Wonderland be had;
Such portly robins plucking them,
Each bigger than a crow!
Oh, nature was most prodigal
A hundred years ago.

The stately bed, with testered top,
And tapestries fold on fold,
Mysterious, deep and shadow-filled,
Turns timid hearts a-cold;
For countless ghosts might cower there,
Or wander wan and slow,
As once they lurked and walked, perhaps,
A hundred years ago.

But on the narrow window-pane
No ghost has left his sign;
A little Great-aunt's little hand
Engraved the wavering line.
What marvel that her youthful heart
Must needs proclaim its woe,
For lovers had to go and fight
A hundred years ago.

No other cross, she sadly felt,
Was ever quite the same!
She meant to write, "Life is a blank,"
And sign it with her name.
She carved it with her diamond hoop,—
His gift should grave her woe,
And tell what deep despair prevailed
A hundred years ago.

But ah! it slipped! The diamond slipped,
And burlesqued all her grief!
And girlish laughter, long and light,
Brought sorrow swift relief;
And brothers gibed, and mother smiled,—
The diamond *would n't* go!
She tried, and tried in vain, for still
The mocking letters show
How "life" was said to be a "bean"
A hundred years ago.

The little Great-aunt's little hand
Has turned to phantom dust;
The diamond hoop is dimmed beneath
A century of rust;
The loyal lover long ago
Went up among the just;
And still the shadowy Blue-room stands,
With birds and fruits aglow,
As primly gay as on that day
A hundred years ago.

And still, as then, in happy youth
Joy soon succeeds to woe;
And still around the dear old home
The wild salt sea-winds blow;
And still th' unchanging crystal tide
Goes pulsing to and fro;
And still men's hearts are what they were
A hundred years ago.

A COLORADO WOMAN'S MUSEUM.

By H. H.

YOU will ask yourselves, "What does that mean —a woman's museum?" and you will think, I suppose, that it means only a collection of curious things which some woman has bought and arranged in glass cases. Ah, it is quite different from that. I will try to tell you about it, and perhaps by the help of the pictures, and what I say, you will get some idea of how wonderful a museum it is.

There are many things in this museum—shells, minerals, coins, curious armor from Japan, queer garments from Alaska, tapa cloth from the Sandwich Islands, and a great many other curiosities, more than I can remember, or could have room in the ST. NICHOLAS to tell you about. I am going

THE BISON.

to tell you only about the stuffed animals and birds. These are the most interesting things in the museum, and the wonderful thing about them is, that they all were stuffed and many of them killed by the woman who owns the museum. Think of that!—of a woman's being able to fire her rifle as well as any old hunter could, and then, after she has brought down her bear or her wild-cat, knowing how to skin it and stuff it so that it looks exactly as if it were alive. This is really the most wonderful thing of all. You know very well how stuffed animals generally look. You know they are dead as far off as you can see them; but these animals all look as if they might walk off any minute they liked. Mrs. Maxwell (that is the name of the woman who has made this remarkable museum) is really a sculptor of animals. Most people who stuff animals, take the skin, I fancy, very much as a sausage-maker takes a sausage-skin, and simply cram into it as much as it will hold without bursting; and an animal's skin will hold a great deal without bursting, for it is very elastic. I have heard that the skin of any animal will bear stretching till it is one-third larger than the animal was when alive. Well, if a dead animal's skin is as elastic as that, it is very easy to see how, in stuffing it, one might entirely spoil its shape and make it look unnatural. I have seen many a stuffed animal that did n't look any more like what it was when it was alive, than a sausage looks like a pig!

Mrs. Maxwell stuffs her animals on a totally different plan, and this is why I say she is a sculptor of animals. The first thing she does is to mold the animal out of plaster, of the size and in the position she wishes. Then she fits the skin on the plaster shape. In the case of large animals, such as the bison or buffalo, she makes the figure partly of hay as well as of plaster, and what sort of a bison this results in you can see by the picture. I have never seen a live bison, but if I ever do, I do not believe he will put his head down and glare out from under his horns in one whit fiercer a way than this one does.

When I went into Mrs. Maxwell's museum, the first thing that caught my eye was a little black and tan terrier dog, lying under the table. He was a remarkably pretty dog, and, as we walked toward him, he fixed his eyes on us with a very keen and suspicious look, I thought. But he did not stir. I said to myself, "Why, what is the matter with that dog? Why does n't he get up?" And then I saw that he was only a stuffed dog! Then I wished I had had a real live dog with me, to see if he would n't have been deceived too. I think he would.

Now I must tell you how the large groups of animals are arranged, for one reason that they look so natural is that Mrs. Maxwell has made an "outdoors" for them at one end of the room. She has had built up a sort of wooden frame-work, in the shape of rocks. This is covered with a coarse canvas cloth, which has been prepared with glue or some sticky substance. Over this, coarse shining sand of a dark gray color is sprinkled thick; and as the cloth is sticky, the sand remains. At a very little distance nobody would know the rocks from real rocks of dark gray stone. Then she has set

real pine and fir trees among them, and little clumps of grasses, and mounds of real dirt. You can see all these in the pictures.

One of the most effective groups is the one where you see a large animal springing from a tree.

A GROUP OF ANIMALS.

That is a mountain lion. They are often found in the woods of Colorado. He is leaping down in pursuit of the poor stag, which you see just to the right. The stag has run till he can run no longer; he is falling down on his knees, and his tongue is lolling out of his mouth, he is so out of breath. Just below these is a happy family of deer —father and mother and two little fawns. The little fawns are only a few days old. They are beautifully mottled with white spots on light brown. The doe is bending her neck down and licking one of them as affectionately as a cat licks her kitten, and the father, just behind, is holding up his head and looking off very proudly, as much as to say, "Who 's got a prettier family than I have, I 'd like to know!"

Below them are some porcupines, musk-rats, weasels, and small creatures; and off on the left, two splendid great bears, one a grizzly fellow that you would n't like to meet in the woods. Once, when I was riding in the woods on the rim of the Yosemite Valley, I saw the tracks of a grizzly bear in the sand. He had been there only a short time before us, for the tracks were very fresh. They looked just like the print of a giant's mittens, and they made us all feel very uncomfortable.

Another happy family in this museum is that of the mountain sheep—father, mother, and an only child. The father looks like a huge goat, with queer curling horns. The Colorado hunters see a great many like him, scrambling around on the rocks in high and precipitous places. Below him in the group is a fox, just ready to spring on a mouse, and near by is a wild-cat creeping out of a cave, and making up her mind to have a gray rabbit in front of her for dinner.

This group is not shown you, but you will have many a good laugh over those that the engraver has copied so admirably. As I sit here in my Colorado home, it does my very heart good to think how many thousand children will shout over the pictures of the monkeys playing cards, and of the little house out of which Mr. Brown Squirrel and Miss Yellow Duckling are coming arm-in-arm to take a walk. Mrs. Maxwell calls this "The Moonlight Walk." The duckling is all covered with bright yellow down, and is not more than three or four inches high. I think she must have been caught as soon as she was fairly out of the shell. The squirrel is a head taller, as he ought to be, and has the most comical air of gallant protection toward his lady-love. They both look so droll, that nobody can help laughing at the first sight of them.

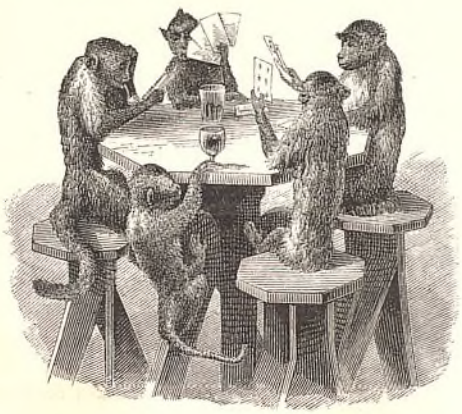
The monkeys, too, are very droll. One old fellow, with a pipe in his mouth, is scratching his head in his perplexity to know what card to play. The one next him is peering out from behind his cards, and watching the opposite monkey's face most keenly, to discover, if he can, what cards he holds; and while they are all too absorbed in their game to see what is going on, a sly little rascal of

"THE MOONLIGHT WALK."

a monkey is climbing up the leg of the table and taking their goblet.

But of all the groups, I am not sure that the prairie-dog's hole is not the very best. I see dozens

of such mounds every day when I drive out, in Colorado, and on all the warm sunshiny days I see just such little prairie-dogs popping their heads out of the hole to find out who is going by, and there are always one or two more courageous ones who sit up on their haunches and look boldly at us. I have never happened to see either an owl or a



AN EXCITING GAME.

rattlesnake on the mounds, but it is a well-known fact that they live in them. Mrs. Maxwell says she has often seen them come out of the holes, but "what their arrangements are for living there" she does not know, and nobody ever can know.

There would not be room here to tell you about half of the animals, neither can I tell you about the stuffed birds. They are as wonderful as the animals, and there are hundreds of them—all the birds of Colorado, and a great many of other countries. You will see by the two groups on the next page, however, that they look just as natural as the animals, and not at all like the usual double guide-post arrangements of stuffed birds. They look like flocks that had just alighted on a dead tree. You must not forget to look at the old mother-quail at the foot of one of these trees, with her little chickens all about her, one on her back and one sticking its head out through her wing. You'd think, if you called, "Chick, chick, chick," they'd all come running to get corn.

Now I can tell you about only two more things—an owl and a bird's nest. The owl is alive; it is Mrs. Maxwell's pet. She had two, but, unfortunately, her live bear ate up one of them. She found these young owls in their nest, when they were tiny little creatures, all covered with soft fluffy down. I saw them just after she found them, a year ago. They looked like little balls of gray feathers, with two big glass beads sewed on them for eyes. Now, this little owl's downy feathers are all smooth and flat, and two small feather horns, looking just like cats' ears, have grown out of his head; and though he is only a few inches high, he looks as wise as any owl in the world. If you rub him gently on his head between his ears, he shuts his eyes right up and goes to sleep; but however sound asleep he seems to be, if you touch him on his back ever so lightly, he wakes up, makes a sharp angry noise, and whirls round and round quick as lightning, to bite your finger. Whenever he did this, he reminded me of a kitten going round and round after its tail. His head seems to be set on a pivot, for, without moving his body, he can turn it clear round, and see anything he wants to see behind him. He can also wink with one eye, while the other eye looks at you in a fixed stare. When he does this, his expression is more impudent than any human face could possibly wear. We laughed till the tears came into our eyes, watching this comical little creature.

I think that tears almost came into my eyes also when I looked at the bird's nest I am going to tell you of. They would not have been tears from laughter, however; they would have been tears of tender wonder and admiration for the little bird who built it.

Up in the mountains some thirty miles northwest of Denver is a wild cañon called Bowlder Cañon. A cañon is a steep-sided valley between two mountains; sometimes it is little more than a rift between two precipices of rock. In this Bowlder Cañon there is just room for a carriage-road and a swift little river, which is hardly more

THE PRAIRIE-DOG'S MOUND.

than a brook. Half-way down this cañon another cañon opens into it, and another swift little brook comes leaping down and fairly bounds into the first one. A few rods up this second cañon is a fine fall, or succession of falls, known as Bowlder Falls.

One day, a young man, sitting near these falls, saw a small bird fly apparently into the falling sheet of water. Presently it came back, was gone

GROUP OF BIRDS, NO. 1.

a short time, returned, bringing something in its beak, and a second time darted into the spray and disappeared. This young man was an enthusiastic lover of natural history, and he determined to find out what that bird was doing behind Bowlder Falls. If you only could see the place, you would wonder he ever had courage to venture where he did. He had to build a sort of bridge, and he had to wade in between rocks, where the stream was swift enough to knock him senseless in a very few minutes if he lost his footing; he really risked his life to track that little bird to her home. And do you not think he was rewarded when he found, snugly stowed away in a hollow behind the sheet of falling water, the nest, with the young birds in it?

Poor little bird! One would have thought she had found the very safest sort of a place which the whole world could offer; and so she had—safe against storm, against wild animals, against sportsmen, against everything except a naturalist!

The nest is made of clay and green moss; its mouth looks like the mouth of an old-fashioned brick oven; and there are all the little birds, with their mouths wide open, just as they waited for their mother to bring them food that day. The mother, too, he shot and brought away with the beautiful little house she had built. I think I could not have had the heart to kill her, even for the sake of the science of natural history. However, many things which seem cruel in themselves, must be done, or else we should never learn the truth about the wonderful creatures of which the world is full. But while I stood looking at the nest, I would have given a great deal to put it back under Bowlder Falls again, with some happy little live birds in it, getting their dinner from their wet and dripping mamma. And the more I thought about it, the more I wondered whether it were really right for us ever to kill a living creature except for food. If there were a race of beings as much larger and stronger than we are, as we are than the birds, we would think it pretty hard, would we not, if they were in the habit of pulling our houses down over our heads, and killing us and our children, merely that they might classify us and label us and keep us in their museums?

If you visit the Centennial Exposition at Phila-

GROUP OF BIRDS, NO. 2.

delphia, you may see these stuffed animals and birds in the Kansas and Colorado building, where Mrs. Maxwell has arranged them for exhibition.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

By Noah Brooks.

Chapter XXVII.

NEWS AND DISCOVERIES.

"Letters! letters!" shouted Arthur, with great glee, one night, as the tired miners came up to their cabin from the claim. They had had good luck during the past few days; but even the sight of much gold, now no longer strange, could not wholly relieve the feeling of weariness of long and exacting labor. The glimpse of a bundle of letters from home, which Arty shook in their faces as they approached the cabin, banished all fatigue. Nothing was so precious as these much-worn packets of news and loving messages from friends far away. They had been handled a great deal since they arrived in San Francisco. Bearing the marks of travel, as well as the queer red and blue stamps of the express companies, these letters had hunted for the young emigrants all the way from Sacramento and Nye's Ranch through various diggings and camps. A bright-eyed, alert-looking young fellow, mounted on a scrubby but speedy mustang, had dashed into town, dropped a few packages at "Freeman & Co.'s Agency," bandied compliments with the loungers about the place, mounted his steed again, and had loped off in a more leisurely way toward Sardine Gulch.

Dropping his preparations for supper, Arty had raced across "the branch" to the store, where he was rewarded with a huge package of letters, for which the enormous express charges seemed to him a small price. Letter-carriage in those days was costly; nobody knew what the rates were; they varied every week, but anywhere from a dollar to five dollars for a single letter—the original postage on which was ten or twenty cents—was not an unusual charge. The boys murmured sometimes, after they had read their infrequent letters many times; but nobody thought of grumbling until the first excitement of receiving letters was over, and the brisk young express-rider was far away.

A pleasant excitement reigned in the cabin of the young miners while news from home was read and discussed. The Sugar Grove folks had received their California gold with great pride and delight. The neighbors had all been in to look at it before it was taken to town and sold. Other Lee County people, scattered through California, had sent home gold, but the brothers of Barnard and Arthur wrote that no such gold as this had ever been seen before in those parts. How proud and thankful they were! The mortgage on the farm was now to be paid off; brother Sam was to have the double-barreled shot-gun (which he had long coveted) before the season for prairie-chickens came again. The mother had bought a new rocking-chair for father; and there was even some talk of having a hired girl to help about the house.

Arty read and re-read these simple details of the far-away home-life with glistening eyes, and then looked out on the ragged mining-camp, the turbid creek, the hill-sides covered with furze and chaparral, and wondered if it were possible that these existed on the same planet that held his old home—the tidy Lee County farm.

Hi, who was now able to get about his work after a feeble fashion, grew pensive over his letters, and began to think that home was, after all, a better place for him than this, even though he should not carry a fortune to it. Mont encouraged this idea; and he too looked up, with a bright face and with tenderness in his eyes, from the finely written pages which had come to him all the way from New England.

Most of all, however, were the boys interested in an extraordinary letter which Johnny received from a lawyer in Richardson. Farmer Stevens had put into this man's hands all the facts about Johnny's parentage and supposed wrongs, and he had traced up the case as far as possible. Mr. Stevens wrote to his boys that there was a good prospect of recovering the property which Johnny's faithless guardian had taken possession of, but some legal documents were needed; and the lawyer had written to Johnny of all that had been done. This is the lawyer's letter, written in a stiff, upright hand:

Richardson, Lee County, Ills., April 9, 18—.

Master J. F. Bluebaker.

Respected Sir: I have to communicate to you the following facts concerning your case, which I have undertaken at the instance of Obadiah L. Stevens, Esq., a worthy citizen of Sugar Grove township, this county, with whose sons, or other relatives, I understand you are associated in business.

To wit: Jane Ann Bluebaker, maiden name Jenness, your mother, as I now understand the case, was left a widow with one child, name, John Francis Bluebaker, about seven years ago. The widow resided near Oregon, Ogle County, this State, where she held legal possession of landed property, stock, fixtures, agricultural implements, the schedule of which now exists in the Probate Court records of said Ogle County, Oregon being the shire town thereof. In due process of nature, Mrs. Bluebaker died, leaving her infant son to the guardianship of her brother, one John F. Jenness, a veterinary surgeon, commonly called a horse-doctor, of Lick Springs, Vermilion County, this State

The property hereinbefore mentioned passed with the boy (who was, I understand and beg leave to say, yourself) into the custody of said Jenness. This person, being the only surviving relative of Mrs. Blue-

baker, your respected mother, except yourself, seems to have conceived the idea of secreting or otherwise fraudulently disposing of the lad—meaning yourself. Jenness, commonly called Dr. Jenness, as nearly as I can discover, had already managed to convert to his own use and behoof a portion of the income of the estate of the late Bluebaker; and, if the facts which come to me are trustworthy, he employed one William Bunce and Ephraim W. Mullet to carry the boy, meaning yourself, to California and "lose" him on the way. For this unlawful service said Bunce and Mullet were to receive an outfit for California, and the boy was to be provided with a sum of money which would subsist him for a time if left in a strange place; but it may occur to an unprejudiced person that the money given to the boy, which was in gold, might also have been intended to tempt the ruffians to dealing foully with him.

These facts are partly derived from the admissions which the said W. Bunce has made to the Messrs. Stevens, Morse and Fender, in California. But they are, with additions, confirmed by the affidavits of one Polly Gardner, an inmate and housekeeper in the family of the late Jenness. I say the late Jenness, because that person was killed by being thrown from his wagon, in February last. Proceedings may be instituted to recover for you the unexpended portion of your estate, as soon as you choose a legal guardian and have forwarded to your attorney (in which capacity I should be pleased to serve you) the necessary papers. I am unfamiliar with the laws in your somewhat unsettled country; but presume that a power of attorney given to Mr. Stevens, from your guardian when chosen, would enable him to institute proceedings to recover.

I have the honor, sir, to subscribe myself,
Your ob't serv't,
CYRIL H. DUFFER, Att'y-at-Law.

P. S.—It may interest you to know that the estate hereinbefore referred to is variously estimated by experts, who are neighbors, at from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars value.
C. H. D.

"What a prosy old duffer!" cried Tom, when the reading was concluded.

"Twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars!" said Hi, putting his hand painfully to his head. "That's a power of money. More'n I ever hope to take home with me. Thirty thousand! That beats me."

"You're rich before us, Johnny," said Arty, with an honest glow of satisfaction. "But," he added with concern, "you'll have to leave us and go home to look after your property."

"Oh, no," Mont explained. "He need not go until he gets ready. We can go down to Sacramento, or to the new mayor at Marysville, and have the papers fixed up for him. By the way, Johnny, what are you going to do about a guardian?"

"A guardeen," repeated Johnny, with a troubled air. "Who'll be my guardeen? Will you, Arty?"

Everybody laughed, and Mont said:

"No, Johnny, you must have a guardian who is twenty-one years of age. Arty's too young."

"Then I'll take Barney," said the boy, quickly; and appealing to Barnard, he said: "Will you be my guardeen, Barney? I must have one, and I don't know anybody else, scarcely, but you."

"Yes," cried Barney, heartily, "I'll be your guardian. But I shall have to give bonds, I suppose. Shall I, Mont?"

Mont, thus appealed to, thought all that could be arranged satisfactorily, but he was not sure about the bonds; and Johnny, with a gleam of light in his sober face, put his hand in Barnard's, and said: "Is n't it something like a father-in-law, this guardeen?"

The matter was, on the whole, easily arranged. It was not necessary to go to Sacramento in order to secure the necessary legal papers. An accommodating magistrate was found nearer home; and though the machinery of the law was somewhat rude in the region of Hoosiertown, it satisfied the needs of the young miners, and the papers were made out and sent home.

"You can call him 'pap,' I suppose, now," said Tom, curiously, when Barnard was declared to be the lawful guardian of Master John F. Bluebaker.

"And a young-looking father he is, too!" struck in Arty, who was highly amused with this novel turn of affairs. "Call him 'guardy,' Johnny; it's just as good as anything else."

"I never called anybody 'pap,'" said the poor boy. "I never knew anybody to call 'father;' but I'll do just what Barney says."

"Never mind," said Barnard. "Call me whatever you please. But I don't want any handle to *my* name. 'Barney,' or even 'Barney Crogan,' is good enough for me, although that young scapegrace of a brother of mine did put on the Crogan."

"Now don't put on any airs, Barney Crogan," joined in Nance, who took part in all the family councils on the subject of Johnny's future prospects. "Crogan you be, and Crogan you'll stay, guardeen or no guardeen, you can jest bet yer—I mean, that is, you may be very sure," and Nance coughed violently to hide her confusion.

"Hello!" cried Tom, rudely, "if Nance did n't come nigh saying 'you bet yer life,' jest like she used to. Laws sakes alive! Miss Nancy Dobbs, how peart you have growed!" and the boy minced along the cabin floor, stepping on the tips of his bare toes and drawing up his shoulders, as if imitating some imaginary fine lady.

The girl flashed up suddenly, and before Tom knew what was about to happen, she gave him such a cuff that he tumbled headlong into a corner, where he fell ingloriously into a confused huddle of pots and pans.

"Come, now! I say, Nance, jest you strike a feller of your size, can't you?"

And, red with anger, Tom scrambled out of the way and regarded Nance with some defiance as well as mortification.

The boys laughed at Tom's discomfiture, but Nance, with some mortification in her turn, said:

"I beg pardon, Tom; I did n't mean to cuff you. But if you give me any of your chin—I mean if you sass me that way—well, no matter what I mean." And she walked off without another word.

"There, now!" said Hi, angrily; "you 've been and vexed the best gal in Hoosiertown, and it'll

serve you right if she don't come into this shebang ag'in for a week."

"Say the only gal in Hoosiertown and you 'll hit it," replied Tom, surlily. "'Cause you 're sweet on Nance, must she give me a whack on the side of the cabesa like that? Whew! but she 's got a heavy hand, though!"—and Tom rubbed his head, with a comical air of misery.

"If you did n't know I was weakly," said his brother, with a very red face, "you would n't dare to sass me like that. Take that, impudence!" and here Hi's tin cup flew over Tom's head, that young gentleman having dodged just in time.

But, though Hiram was yet "weakly," he was now able to work quite regularly in his claim. He had insisted on timbering the rude tunnel; he had a dread of its caving in upon him "again," as he expressed it—for Hi had never been able to get rid of the idea that he had been injured by the falling of the roof of his tunnel. As a matter of opinion, he "allowed" that Dr. Carson was right; but he spoke of his wounds as the result of "that cave." He was afraid the roof would "drop again."

"But the roof *did not* drop, Hiram," said the doctor one day when Hiram was discussing the prospects of his claim.

"How did my head get hit, then?" petulantly demanded Hi. "That 's what I want to know."

"And that 's what *I* want to know," replied the doctor, fixing his keen eyes on Hi's face. "You are found wounded and bleeding in the road, a quarter of a mile from the claim. You say you have been caved in upon by the tunnel. But the tunnel is not disturbed in the least. To this day it is all sound overhead. Nobody supposes you would tell a wrong story about your misadventure, Hiram. But how were you injured? That 's the question."

Hi had only one story to tell. And if Dr. Carson had any theory of his own (and very likely he had), he gave no hint of what it was. In his occasional "spells," as Tom impatiently called them, Hi maundered on about his jacket being heavy and the day warm; and he almost always pleaded with some imaginary comrade that "it" was "in the other pocket."

Mont tried at such times to get Hi to explain. "What is in the other pocket, old fellow? Where is your pocket?" But Hi only struggled painfully, and begged, "Don't hit me ag'in! Oh, don't!" It was pitiful. "I give it up," said Mont. It was no use trying to draw the secret from him.

Hi murmured and grumbled a great deal about his lost bag of dust. Nevertheless, he was now meeting with good fortune in his claim. He worked at a great disadvantage. Tom was not a valuable assistant, and Hi's health was very feeble indeed. He seemed to have lost much of his old ambition, though he grew covetous and avaricious. Sometimes, he was obliged to leave off work for several days at a time. When he went back to his claim, he felt more like sitting down in the mouth of the tunnel and musing—while Tom went gunning for gophers—than striking with pick or shovel.

"Just my ornery luck," he said, discontentedly, one day, as he sat complaining to himself by a heap of dirt thrown out from the tunnel. He aimlessly threw the lumps of sand and dried earth at a stake which marked a miner's "corner" near by. And as he sat tossing the dirt, his thoughts were not in the diggings. He was thinking of Nance.

"Powerful nice gal!" muttered Hi to himself. "Chirky and peart, but dreffle sassy. My gosh, what a tongue!"—and Hi threw another lump at Gubbins's corner stake. "Just my ornery luck!"

Then he got half-way up, and, trembling with excitement, crawled on his hands and knees to the little heap of earth, fallen apart where it struck the stake. He snatched the crumbly mass in his hands. It was whitish-yellow, sprinkled with small angular bits of pure white stone; but all through it were lumps, streaks, and jagged wires of gold.

"Gosh all Friday! I've struck a quartz lead! I've struck it! I've struck it!" And Hi, in a delirium of joy, pressed the precious handful to his lips, as if to devour it.

Tom, who was patiently waiting by the side of a gopher-hole on the hill-side above, his pistol ready for the appearance of its persecuted tenant, looked down and saw his brother's extraordinary actions.

"Another spell onto him, I s'pose," complained Tom, and he sauntered down to Hi's relief.

Poor Hiram looked vacantly at his brother when he came down, brushed the glittering dust off his face with a great effort, and said: "Don't hit me ag'in! It 's in the other pocket!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEVELOPMENTS.

THE news that a rich quartz lead had been discovered on Brush Hill created a tremendous excitement in Hoosiertown. Only a few claims had been located in that region, and those that were worked were considered as paying only fairly. Before night every foot of ground along the hill was taken up. Very little was then known about quartz-mining. Here and there, deposits of decayed yellowish quartz rock, richly speckled with gold, had been found. These had usually been dug out speedily with pick and shovel. The rock was easily pulverized, and, being pounded in an iron mortar, or even between two smooth stones, the golden grains in it were thus loosened and secured. But much of this flint-like quartz was pure white

and as hard as adamant. The miners looked at it covetously and passed on to find gold in a more accessible condition.

Lately, however, there had been some experiments at quartz mining with machinery in the southern mines. There ran a rumor that fabulous sums had been made by pounding up the gold-bearing quartz in the Mariposa country, where some new kind of machinery had been put up for that purpose. Then, too, there came inflaming reports of rich quartz mines being found and worked in Tuolumne. The rock was crushed by "arastras," as the Mexicans called them, a simple invention of old times. The arastra was something like a huge grindstone, revolving on an axis, one end of which was made fast to an upright, but turning, post in the center of a circle; the other end was moved around by mules or cattle. The great stone, revolving over the broken quartz which was laid in a large circular trough, crushed all before it. Powdered quartz and free gold were gathered up in a wet paste, and the precious stuff was then separated from the refuse.

Very soon, quartz mining became "all the rage," and everybody wanted to try it. The rude mortar and arastra served to extract only the larger particles of gold; probably, more was wasted than was saved. The miners, in their eagerness to crack open the rocky ledges, snatch the large pieces of gold and go away, threw aside everything that did not promise them an immediate return.

The fame of the Mariposa and Tuolumne quartz ledges had reached Hoosiertown and Brush Hill diggings. Some restless prospectors had dug down below the surface wherever they had found lumps of white rock sticking up through the soil, like a coat-sleeve out at the elbow. But nobody had found gold-bearing quartz; it was thought an unlikely thing that it should exist here. And when Hi's discovery was announced, everybody said at once that they "always knew there was quartz in that hill." In Hi's little tunnel, now famous, he found a thin vein of rock just cropping above the irregular floor of the chamber. It was a loose, friable sort of rock, full of cracks and holes, easily scraped off with a strong shovel, yellowish-white and gray in color, and mottled with gold. Hi had previously shoveled up some of this loose stuff, which soon became covered with dirt, and was dumped out with what was thought to be worthless stuff. When Hi accidentally cracked open one of these rich lumps of golden rock, it flashed on him that he had at last found what the whole country was looking for—a quartz lead.

"A fool for luck," said some of the Hoosiertown miners when they found that Hi had blundered on a mine of gold. Then they rushed out to Brush Hill and covered it over with stakes and notices of claims. Men who were making fortunes in the river diggings, or in the ravine claims, dropped everything else and seized upon quartz mining as affording the very shortest road to riches. It was early in the forenoon when Hi, weak and overcome by his sudden discovery, had fallen in a fit. Tom, with great amazement, had wiped the golden dust and dirt from his brother's face, and had dragged him into the cool shadow of the tunnel, where he gradually recovered. It was noon when Hiram, feverish and trembling, was able to examine his

"HI PRESSED THE PRECIOUS HANDFUL TO HIS LIPS."

vein of quartz and gold, and tell his nearest neighbors of his luck. Before the sun went down that night, Brush Hill was looked upon as a bank on which hundreds of men were to present checks in the shape of picks and shovels, and draw gold in any quantity.

Hiram was the hero of the hour. He bore his fame with indifference, and announced his readiness to sell out and go back to the States. Everybody wanted to buy. Nobody was willing to say what the claim was worth. Some men thought it ought to bring one hundred thousand dollars. There were those who said that capitalists at the

Bay, as San Francisco was called, would jump at a chance to give two millions for it.

"Two millions!" whispered Hi to himself. "What a heap of money! Is there so much in this yere world?"

However, nobody offered to buy the mine at any price, and Hi and Tom went on slowly digging in it.

One Sunday morning, when Hoosiertown was given up to the cleaning, cooking, mending, and letter-writing, with which that day was always occupied in the mines, a rough-bearded, red-shirted, booted miner rode down the divide just south of Table Mountain, and made his way into Hoosiertown. Stopping at the express-office, a log hut of noble dimensions, he inquired for "the boys from Crowbait, whosumever they might be."

He was directed to the cabin where Mont, Barnard, Hi, and the three boys were gathered about the door. Without wasting words on the loungers at the express-office, he cantered across the branch, dismounted, and saluted the party with, "Howdy? Nice day."

Seating himself on Arty's chopping-block, he opened his errand.

"Which of you fellers is Hi Fender?"

"That's my name," answered Hi.

"How's yer head?" he asked, with a curious grin. "I'm from Cherokee Flat, t' other side of the divide."

"All right," said Hi. "Glad to see ye. My head's improvin', thank ye. How's yerself?"

"It's just like this," said the stranger, in a queer and inconsequent way. "We caught a feller a-robbin' Kentucky Bob's sluice, over to Cherokee, last night. Bob let drive at him and shot him in the leg—winged him, so to speak. Dark night, yer see, or Bob 'd done better. Anyhow, the thief could n't get away, and we boys turned out and tied him up for the night. This mornin' he war tried. Do yer foller me?"

His listeners assured him that they understood him, and he went on.

"When he was gone through with, we lighted on a bag of dust stowed away in his traps. Look yar," and the man opened a buck-skin bag and poured into the crown of his hat a handful of coarse gold. "This yar," he said, parting some grains of light-colored yellow metal from the other, "is Cherokee gold. All on our side of the divide, leastways as fur as we 've prospected, is like that thar. This yar,"—and here his stumpy finger poked out some coarser bits of dark reddish gold,—"this yar came from your side of Table Mountain. Brush Hill gold, bein' a gold-sharp, I mought say."

Nobody spoke.

"Now yer see that when we went through this yar galoot, we found his buck-skin full of all sorts and kinds. Sure as shootin', he had bin playin' it low down on any number of honest miners. Not bein' an honest miner himself, he had bin goin' for everything in sight on both sides of Table Mount'in. D' yer foller my meanin'?"

Mont, rather impatiently, said that they did, and would like the rest of his story.

"*Pre*-cisely," said the man, "and jest what I was comin' to when you interrupted me. Seein' as how this chap did n't hev long to live, we gave him warnin' to make a clean breast of it, which he did. He had n't sold no dust, but had packed it away in holes and crevices, where we found most of it. This yar dark gold, from the south of the divide, he allowed was some out of a lot that he got away with belongin' to a chap named Fender. Yar it is writ out, yer see, by the clerk of the meetin'. 'Hiram Fender,' which is you, accordin' to 'pearances"—and the man saluted Hi, with gravity.

Hiram looked at him painfully and with a troubled expression, and said:

"I allow he must have found my bag when I dropped, the day I was caved in on."

"Nary time, strannger. He confessed that he laid for you better 'n four days, a-waitin' fur you to get where he could knock you over and go fur yer buck-skin. One day, he war on the nigh side of Table Mount'in as yer went down the trail from yer claim. Yer slouched along right under whar he war, leastways so he allowed to us. Then he rocked yer. The first dornick took yer plum' on the cabesa, and yer dropped in yer tracks. He let fly another at yer, climbed down the bluff, went through yer clothes, nipped yer buck-skin, and lit out. Leastways, so he let on to us at the meetin'."

"Good heavens!" said Mont, "this is an amazing story!"

Arthur, whose eyes had opened wider and wider while the story was being told, exclaimed:

"Do you know this man's name?"

"Well, I disremember; usual he war called Lame Bill, but I allow it war some such name as Bunch."

"Bunce!" cried the boys.

"You 've hit it. Bunce war his name."

"*Was* his name?" said Barnard. "You don't mean ——"

"*Pre*-cisely. What little he had to say, he said a-standin' on a wagon-box, with rope around his neck, and it over a convenient sycamore handy by. The boys war buryin' of him when I left."

"Lynched?" said the boys, with horror.

"Lynched it war. But everything reg'lar. He could n't hev asked for no squarer game. Chairman, clerk, rope committee, and everything accordin' to rule. Oh, we 're a law-abidin' lot on *our* side of the divide."

This was slightly sarcastic, for there had been

some scandalous irregularities reported of the Hoosiertown people.

"Law-abidin' people and travel on the squar'. Your friend Bunch went off like a lamb."

"Did he really say that he dropped rocks on my head?" asked Hi, who could not believe this story.

"Sartin, sartin. Did n't yer feel 'em?"

"No," said Mont. "Hi has never had a clear idea of what happened. The first blow made him insensible, probably, and his brain was so affected by the hurt that he had a notion that he had been caved in on while in the tunnel. He never knew what hurt him."

"Sho, now!"

"It's a strange case. Did Bunce say how Hi behaved when he was robbed of his bag of dust?"

"I disremember pertickeler. But he did say that while he war a-goin' through yer pardner thar, that he sorter freshened up a bit and sung out to Bunch, so he did, and says, 'Don't hit me ag'in; it's in the other pocket'—meanin' the dust, yer see. With that, Bunch he clips him another, which finishes him, he allowed. Then he grabs the buck-skin, does Bunch, and breaks for tall timber."

"The story is complete, Hi, my boy," added Barney. "I guess Dr. Carson had it all figured out except as to the robber. You know Arty saw Bunce from the hill."

"I 'm clean beat, and don't know anything about it," said Hiram, discontentedly. And he sat back from the group with the air of one who has no further interest in a discussion.

"And yar," said the stranger, producing an empty buck-skin bag, "yar is a bag that we allowed belonged over yar. Hit 's got 'Boston' onto it,' and you chaps hail from thereaway, they say."

"My bag!" exclaimed Arty. "I marked that on there and gave the bag to Hi. Was there anything in it?"

"No," said the man. "Hit war stowed inside of another buck-skin. Both on 'em war buried near a lone pine, where we found 'em 'cordin' to directions."

It was then explained that the "meetin'" at Cherokee had directed this envoy to leave with Hiram Fender the gold which had been sent over. It belonged to nobody at Cherokee. It was about equal in weight to the darker gold found among Bunce's deposits. The rest had been confiscated, by popular vote, for the relief of a distressed miner who was laid up with the rheumatism.

"One more question before you go," said Mont. "Did Bunce confess any other crimes before he was—hanged?"

"Heaps, heaps on 'em," replied the man. "But none that I set much by. Except he denied that he stole Columbus's money at Loup Fork, as one of our fellers said he did. It war his pardner, Eph Mullet, that did that. Leastways, so Lame Bill allowed. Hit don't matter now, anyhow."

So saying, he swung himself into his saddle, touched his horse's flank, clattered over the branch, down the trail, and disappeared in the thickets which covered the divide.

The boys looked at each other with a feeling of awe. Bill Bunce had at last met with his fate. He would lie and steal no more. With his awful taking-off had come the explanation of Hi's mysterious disaster. Here was conclusive proof that Hi had been living under a strange delusion. Indeed, he was still deluded. His comrades were satisfied that he had been waylaid, cruelly wounded, and robbed by Bunce. Arty and Johnny had seen the crime from the hill, though they had not seen Hiram in the road below. Arty went over the whole story again, point by point.

Hi only said: "Boys, it gets me. I give it up. I s'pose you 're right. But I allow I shall never know how it happened."

CHAPTER XXIX.

RECKONING UP THE GAINS.

HI'S "luck" did not seem to desert him, although nobody made a distinct offer to buy his quartz lead. There was much talk about capitalists coming up from the Bay in search of just such investments as this. Somehow, they never came, and Hi went on with his work, his comrades occasionally giving him a helping hand. A week had passed since his great discovery, and the people who had taken up claims on Brush Hill were becoming discontented with their failure to "strike it rich." Hi steadily took out gold-bearing quartz in paying quantities; the gold was pounded out in a big iron mortar, brought at great expense from San Francisco.

One day, Tom was industriously picking away at the loose vein of rock inside the tunnel, when he uttered a wild shriek, which made Hi drop his basket and hurry to the spot. Tom had cleft off a thin layer of rock which had slanted downward beneath the surface. About six inches below this was another similar layer, and between these two, as far as uncovered, was a reddish-gray deposit of rotten rock veined and mottled through and through with virgin gold. It was nearly one-half gold, glittering, sparkling, and in all sorts of shapes. Some of it was like ferns, in long and leafy sprays; some was like sheets of foil crumpled by pressure; and some was in thick splinters, as if it had been hammered into the crevices of the rock, ages ago, before these quartz crystals had begun to decay.

Hi uttered a howl of delight, and seized the pick from Tom's unwilling hand. In a moment, he

had laid bare the vein, which did not extend quite across the tunnel, and was of unknown depth. Trembling with eagerness, he held the candle down to the shining mass, and said: "Millions! millions! millions!"

"And I struck it," added Tom, proudly.

"So you did, Tommy, my boy," said Hi, fondly. "So you did, and a right peart striker you are. You shall have a specimen out of this for a buzzumpin, so you shall; and we 'll go back to Sugar Grove and hold up our heads with them proud Gashwilers and Perkinses and all the rest."

And Hi lovingly laid a golden leaf in his hands and doubled it up, as if in mere wantonness of wealth. It was a wonderful thing to be able to handle one's own gold like that—just as if it were sheets of common tin.

"Now, you Tom, just keep your mouth shet about this. Don't let it get around. We 'll have the whole camp down on us if ye do."

"What!" cried Tom, opening his eyes very wide. "Not tell Mont and the boys?"

"Sartinly not! sartinly not!" replied his brother, and his face grew haggard and anxious as he regarded the glittering vein. "Nothin' to nobody. D' ye hear that?"

"Yes, I hear," said Tom, who was bursting to rush out and tell the news.

That night, Hi went staggering home with the proceeds of his day's work, mingled with bits of broken quartz with gold sticking to them.

"What luck to-day?" asked Dr. Carson, checking his horse as he rode past the two brothers.

"Oh, just ornery, just ornery, Doctor. Times is dreffle mixed up here," answered Hi, with something like a whine.

"Golly! what a whopper!" cried Tom, as the doctor rode off with a pleasant word for the boys.

"Keep yer head shet, will ye, young one. You are the talkinest creetur I ever came acrost. Did n't I say that things was mixed? Aint that gettin' around the truth without strainin' it?"

But Hi felt guilty; and when he remembered how Dr. Carson had guessed out the truth about the affair of Bunce, he was afraid that he might somehow divine the golden secret of the mine.

When Hi and Tom reached the cabin, they found the rest of the party in great excitement. Arty had that day found in the claim two nuggets, or chispas, worth at least five hundred dollars each.

"Are n't they beauties, Hi?" asked Johnny; and he rolled the potato-shaped lumps over and over on the supper-table.

"Hang it all, boys," said Hi, with a sudden burst of candor. "I did n't mean to tell. But just look at this yere." And he poured out the glittering contents of his sack.

"There now!" exclaimed Tom. "You 've been and gone and told, and I kept shut about it!"

"Did n't mean to tell?" said Mont, with a look of surprise. "You don't mean to say that you would keep the good news from us, Hi?"

Hi blushed and explained that he wanted to keep the news from the rest of the camp. He could not keep it from the boys when he saw how frank they were. But it was all out now. Would the boys say nothing about it for the present?

There was no need. The very next day, Hi, scooping out the contents of the rift of rock in which his treasure lay, suddenly struck his pick against a hard wall. It was the virgin quartz—pure, white, adamantine, and without a flaw or seam. In this shallow fissure the decayed gold-bearing quartz had been shut up for ages. A day's work had been sufficient to scrape it all out; and the pocket was empty.

Hi nervously plied his pick and shovel in all directions. For hours he dug and scratched at the rock, above, below, to the left and to the right. In vain; only barren quartz met him on all sides. Hi wiped his heated head and shoulders and sat down to rest, saying: "There 's no use talkin', Tom. This yere claim 's played out. I 'm goin' home."

And, in spite of Tom's remonstrances, Hiram deliberately shouldered his bag of ore and mining-tools, and set his face toward the tunnel's mouth. Reaching the open air, he blew out his candle, laid it carefully away in a crevice of rock, as if he was going away for the night. But, turning about, he said: "Good-bye, old tunnel. You 've given me sorrer, and you 've given me gold. We part friends. I 'm bound for the States!"

"To the States!" re-echoed the boys in grand chorus, when Hiram, that night, announced his sudden determination.

"Yes. I 've made my pile, you see. Not millions, nor even hundred thousands, but more 'n I ever thought for when I started. It don't pay, this livin' in a hole in the ground."

"Well, I must say," said Barney, with deliberation, "this is a new freak for you. What has happened to change your mind about making that million that you thought you had struck?"

"Oh, I say, I wonder if it is n't because Nance and her folks are going home?" broke in little Johnny, with great simplicity.

"Yer know too much, youngster," interrupted Hi, wrathfully; but he blushed red, nevertheless.

"We may as well all go together," said Arty. "We 've sent home five thousand dollars, all told. Have n't we got as much more, share and share alike, Barney Crogan?"

They took account of stock, went over all their gains, and found that they would have, after selling

their claim, forty thousand dollars. This was a fortune to the boys. Divided, it gave Barney and Arthur twenty thousand dollars between them, and the same to Mont and his little partner.

Hi and his brother, notwithstanding their occasional "spurts of luck," had not accumulated quite so much. Hi's sickness had disabled him, various expenses had eaten into the profits, and the gold never turned out to be so much in value as it looked.

The boys decided to go home.

players within: "Can any of this gay and garrulous crowd tell a passing stranger where to find the Boston Boys?"

"Reckon you'll find 'em down about the Bay somewhar, strannger. It's your deal, Kaintuck," and the man went on with his play.

"Sho! you don't tell me so! Gone to the Bay! Made their pile?"

"They 've made right smart, I hear," explained one of the lounging group. "Yer see Nance, she went with the old man Dobbs. Then the feller

STARTING HOMEWARD.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

PEOPLE moved suddenly in those days. A miner would go to his cabin at night, grimy with a day's work, and leaving his pick and shovel in his claim. Next day, clad in a "biled" (or white) shirt, and uncomfortable in "store clothes," he would wave a farewell from the top of the stage, or from the back of his mule, as he took his way to Sacramento, San Francisco, and the States.

Late in September, Jehiel Bush, seedy but cheery, dropped his mining kit in front of the Hoosiertown express-office, and said to a noisy party of card-

that struck it up on Brush Hill, he went. Then that smart Boston chap, he went, and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em went."

"To the States?" said Bush, aghast.

"That 's the size of it, strannger."

Bush looked down dejectedly, and murmured:

"And I'm clean busted! Oh, it gets 'em! it gets 'em! One gal like that can clear out a hull camp."

So saying, he shouldered his pack and moved on.

In those days there were steamers plying between San Francisco and Panama, laden with homeward-bound gold-hunters. Now and then, there was a fearful disaster, and hundreds of men, with

their faces turned toward home, sunk in the waters. In a little space, a ship-load of hopefulness, life, manhood, and treasure was swallowed in the sea. But, safely creeping down the coast, across the hot and gorgeous isthmus of Panama, and up the boisterous Atlantic, went our young adventurers.

It was a happy day when the boys, so lately from the rough wilds of California, found themselves in the glitter and excitement of New York. The streets seemed foreign to them, and the great stores were almost awful in their magnificence. But their thoughts ran out to the West, where father, mother, brothers and sisters waited for them day by day. It was hard parting with Mont; but he manfully insisted that it was only for a time. They should meet again, and soon. He had lost his taste for city-life; he would go out West and settle down in Lee County, by and by. So he sped home to his mother.

In the houses of Stevens and Fender, at Sugar Grove, there was great rejoicing when the fortunate young gold-seekers, like seamen from the waters, came home in triumph. Farmer Stevens and [illegible]er had gone into town with their new farm-wagon, and, meeting the wanderers at the stage, had brought them out, bag and baggage, and with great acclaim, Arty standing up with a flag handkerchief on a ramrod, as the party drove up the farm-road. It was like the last act in a play, when all is happiness, reunion and congratulation. The boys who had gone out with slender equipment, followed by hopes and fears, prayers and forebodings, had come again, rejoicing and bringing their golden sheaves with them.

"And this is little Johnny?" said the good mother, when Barney and Arty had been welcomed again and again.

"Yes, mother," broke in Arthur. "And he shall never go away, shall he? Say that 's so, quick, because you know," and the lad dropped his voice, "he 's got no home unless it is with us."

"Johnny shall stay with my boys ever and always, if he likes," said the mother.

Barnard, with a little air of authority, added: "I 'm Johnny's guardian, and he shall stay with me."

"My son!" said the home-mother, her kindly arm about the orphan's shoulder. The lad's blue eyes were moist as he kissed his new mother. He was at home at last.

How Johnny came into his own again, and how he sent back to Mont all that was left of his own share of the gold, when he was once more settled—these and other things can be left to the imagination of the dear young folks who have followed the varying fortunes of the Boy Emigrants.

Prosperity has come back to the Grove from the Golden Land. Barney, Arty, and Johnny tell their adventures over and over again in the comfortable home of the Stevens family, and to willing ears.

Old man Fender thought that Hi had "missed it" by leaving his mining partners and striking out for himself. If Hi had not been ignorant, he said, he would have been more patient and more successful. So, as he leans over his fence-rail, smoking his pipe at eventide, he looks at the thrifty Stevens' farm, and mutters:

"Tell yer what—eddication 's a great thing!"

THE END.

IN THE CLOSET.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THEY 'VE taken away the ball,
Oh dear!
And I 'll never get it back,
I fear.
And now they 've gone away,
And left me here to stay
All alone the livelong day,
In here.

It was *my* ball, anyway,—
Not his;
For he never had a ball
Like this.
Such a coward you 'll not see,
E'en if you should live to be
Old as Deuteronomy,
As he is.

I 'm sure I meant no harm—
None at all!
I just held out my hand
For the ball,

And somehow it hit his head;
Then his nose it went and bled;
And as if I 'd killed him dead,
He did bawl.

Nursey said I was a horrid
Little wretch,
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch;
And cook, who 's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said, "Indeed, she niver *had*
Seen setch!"

No, I never, never *will*
Be good!
I 'll go and be a babe
In the wood!
I 'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be!
Then they 'll never call me
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting,—
Let me see!
I wonder what they 're going to have
For tea!
Of course there will be jam,
And that lovely potted ham.
How unfortunate I am!
Dear me!

Oh! it 's growing very dark
In here,
And the shadow in that corner
Looks so queer!
Wont they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright,
Oh dear!

Mother, darling! will you never
Come back?
I am sorry that I hit him
Such a crack.
Hark! Yes, 't is her voice I hear!
Now good-bye to every fear,
For she 's calling me her dear
Little Jack.

SEA-JELLIES.

By J. RICHARDSON.

THEY are commonly called jelly-fish; but, strictly speaking, they are no more fish than toad-stools are trees. They live and move in water, but there their likeness to true fish is at an end.

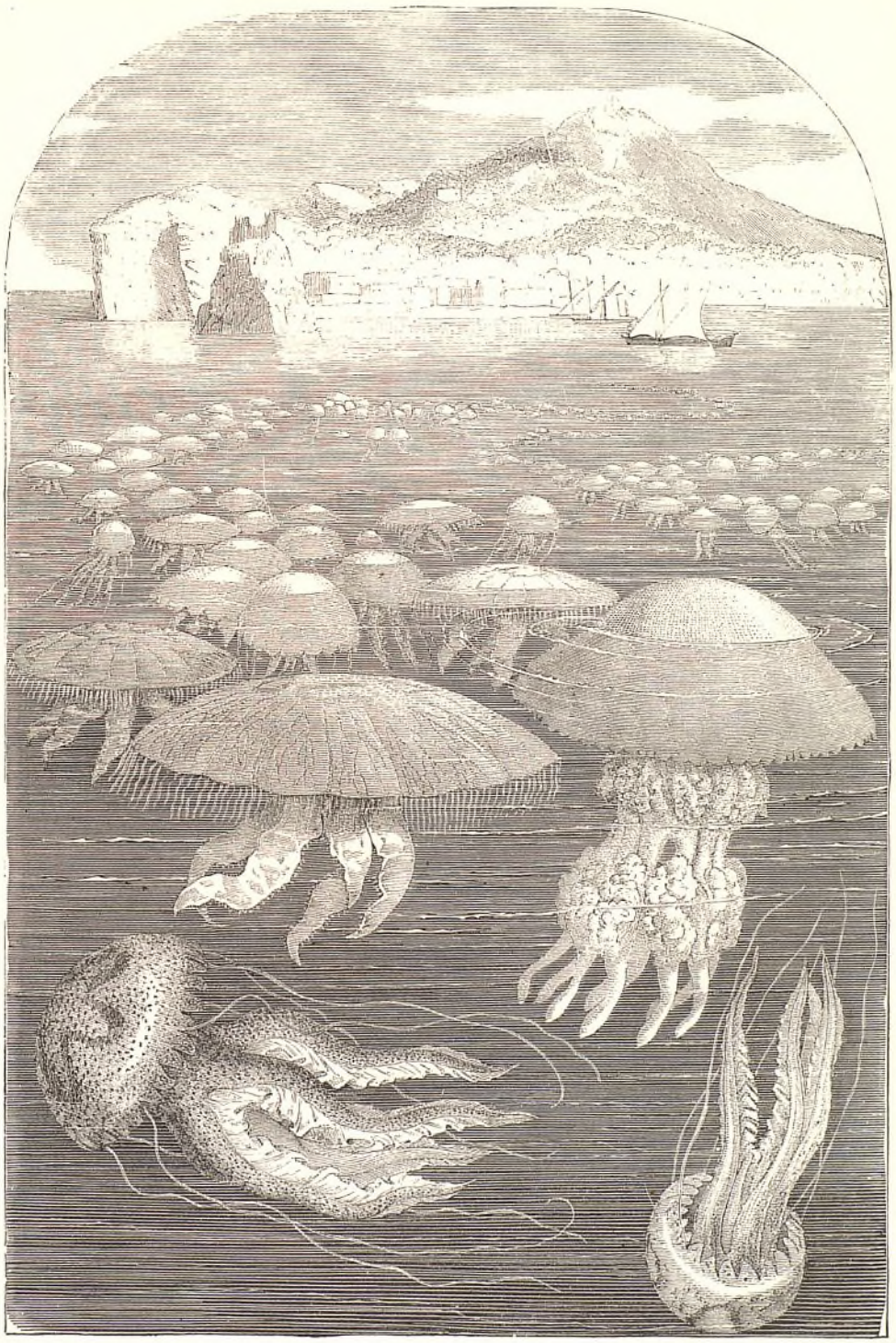
They are sometimes called sea-nettles, because they sting, at least some of them do, and woe to the swimmer, whether man or fish, that runs against one of these; their touch is like a stroke from an electric cat-o'-nine-tails—thousand-and-nine-tails rather, for each of the innumerable whip-like tentacles burns like a fine streak of lightning.

They are of all sizes, from microscopic specks, too small to be seen with the naked eye, to huge monsters many feet across, with streaming tentacles fifty or a hundred feet long. Off the Massachusetts coast, Mrs. Agassiz saw one having a body eight or ten feet across, and tentacles some scores of feet in length trailing behind. But that was a trifle to those which travelers tell of seeing in tropical seas. A trustworthy writer describes one which was cast upon the Bombay shore by a storm—an enormous mass of jelly weighing many tons. It was nine months before it entirely melted away and disappeared; and while it was decaying travelers had to avoid the spot, changing the road that ran by it nearly a quarter of a mile to escape the sickening stench that came from the putrid mass.

Voyagers tell of sailing through shoals of them, covering the sea for miles and miles, so close together that they impede the progress of a vessel, as the weeds of Saragossa Sea did the ships of Columbus. And a beautiful sight it is at night when a ship encounters them, for they are often phosphorescent, and at such times the vessel turns a luminous furrow and leaves a trail of brightness in its wake.

In arctic seas microscopic sea-jellies are inconceivably abundant, swarming in such countless myriads that the water is thick with them. Sometimes, for hundreds of square miles, the sea is deeply colored with them—a sort of animated jelly-soup, on which the giant whale lives and fattens, straining out his microscopic, yet most abundant food, by means of the enormous whalebone sieve which he carries in the roof of his great mouth.

In the picture herewith is shown a school of



MEDUSÆ, OR SEA-JELLIES.

moderate-sized sea-jellies, the two nearest swimming, one toward the left, the other directly downward. They swim with a pulsating motion, which may be compared with the opening and shutting of a parasol, usually with lazy gracefulness, but when disturbed they dive to deep water with surprising quickness. In most of them the mouth is placed in the center, on the under side, like the hole in the frame-work of a parasol through which the stick passes. They have no hard parts, jaws or teeth, yet they are able to devour small fish, worms, minute crustacea, even each other, making themselves all mouth, if necessary, to swallow their captives.

They have another name, *medusæ*, suggested by their long tentacular appendages, which are sometimes coiled close to the body, sometimes thrown out to a great distance, sometimes but half unfolded, writhing and twisting like the snaky locks of the fabled Medusa. Yet there is no snaky repulsiveness about *medusæ*. On the contrary, they rank among the most beautiful of living creatures.

"When floating in the ocean," says an eloquent writer, "most of them appear like crystal bowls of purest transparency, veined and patterned with the most brilliant colors, their rims ornamented with fringes, furbelows, and arbuscles of such delicacy and intricacy of workmanship, that even the most experienced in nature's works marvel how it is that such textures, too frail to bear the slightest handling, are kept entire amid the restless element of their nativity."

And a poet says:

"There 's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonlight brighter where they flow."

HOW GENERAL WASHINGTON GOT HIS CLOTHES.

BY N. PERKINS.

DOUBTLESS the young lads who read the ST. NICHOLAS are familiar with the principal events in the life of General Washington. As it is the custom just now to recall pleasing events of the past century, I propose, in this little sketch, to give a pen-picture of sunny days at Mount Vernon before the Revolutionary war.

At the time of which I write, George Washington was thirty-one years of age. He was a tall, well-proportioned young man, of fine appearance, great physical strength, and fond of athletic exercise. He had everything which money could buy, but, better still, he possessed those qualities which make a true-hearted, noble and loyal man, and which cannot be purchased at any price. Every one on his plantation loved and honored him. His household was a very large one, and comprised among its inmates a chief steward, an overseer, and a great number of colored servants. In addition to these, the number of slaves employed on his plantation, with their families, constituted quite a colony by themselves.

In the year 1759, we find Washington living at his quiet home on the banks of the Potomac, in the house left him by his elder brother Lawrence. He had passed safely through many engagements with the Indians and French settlers, had made his only sea-voyage (to the Barbadoes), and had so miraculously escaped injury in battle that he was believed to have a charmed life. But though wealthy, Washington was by no means an idle man. He devoted himself to the cultivation of his estates, and especially to the raising of wheat and tobacco. He had a brick-yard on the plantation, and was also interested in certain fisheries which were extensively carried on in the Potomac.

Washington was fond of entertaining his friends, and many were the pleasant re-unions which took place in the old homestead. There were no public means of conveyance in those days, and visitors had necessarily to come in their own private coaches, bringing their servants with them. Every one kept his carriages and horses as a necessary part of the household. The coaches were large enough for a small family to ride in, and to hold their baggage too. Such a coach, with its brightly painted body and gay hammer-cloths, with colored coachman and footman, was kept for Mrs. Washington to ride about in with her friends. Many and many a Sunday has that old coach driven up to the little weather-beaten Episcopal church, which still stands in Alexandria, and Mrs. Washington, with her visitors, attended there the service of the Church of England. Honored indeed were those friends who were recipients of hospitality at Mount Vernon. Even now the tale is told of

merry feasts in the large dining-room, of drives through the Virginia woods, and sailing parties on the Potomac, which were the sources of enjoyment a hundred years ago.

If Washington was a kind and hospitable entertainer, he was also a just and upright master. He never failed to keep a strict watch over his place and servants. There was no eye-service among his slaves. He was untiring in his labors, and displayed on his plantation, and in his home, the same activity, method and scrupulous neatness that characterized his life in the field. He was not too proud to mingle with his people, and frequently would engage with them in the work-shops, making a plow at the forge with his own hands, or shaping some garden-tool in the carpenter's shop. In this way he knew his people well, and gained from them confidence and respect.

At this time the rebellion of the Colonies had not taken place. The inhabitants of the different settlements were loyal adherents of King George III. The mother country supplied the American colonists with all the luxuries and many of the necessaries of life. In return, the colonists sent back, in the British ships, the products of their soil —tobacco and grain. Cotton at that time had not been cultivated, and the first export of that article to Great Britain did not occur until the year 1770. There were no means of weaving cloth in the Colonies, save as it could be done by small hand-looms. Everything of that nature came from London. Twice a month, vessels would arrive from England with such supplies. The dresses of the ladies, and the clothes of the men, had to be ordered from shops three thousand miles away, and be subjected to the risk and delay of transportation by sailing-vessels. In one of Washington's letters to his London agents, he complains that if goods ordered are not sent by vessels coming to the Potomac, they sometimes remain in other ports three months before he can get them. Think of that, you boys, who can so easily step into a tailor's shop and be measured for a suit, expecting to see the finished garments in three or four days, "without fail!" How much the young ladies of those days valued a new dress, although when it arrived it might be six months behind the London fashions!

The London merchants found Washington a good customer, and no doubt did their best to supply all his wants. If he was particular in ordering his supplies, he was equally particular to ship the best productions of his plantation to foreign ports. So favorably was the Mount Vernon flour known, that whenever a cargo of that brand arrived in foreign ports, it was passed without inspection—a high compliment to the integrity of Washington. Twice a year Washington sent his orders for clothing, and other necessary articles for his family, to his agents in London, Messrs. Robert Cary & Co. To show how very particular he was in all his dealings, it is an historical fact that he required his agents to forward the bills specifying each article purchased of different tradesmen on his account, and these he carefully copied into a book, and also transcribed *verbatim* the receipts in full of every person to whom his money was paid.

The following letter is still preserved by a gentleman in London. It was written in 1763, from Mount Vernon, and enclosed were strips of brown paper fastened together, and marked with letters and figures in Washington's own handwriting:

Virginia, 26th of April, 1763.

MR. LAWRENCE: Be pleased to send me a genteel sute of cloaths, made of superfine broadcloth, handsomely chosen. I should have enclosed you my measure, but in a general way they are so badly taken here that I am convinced it would be of very little service. I would, therefore, have you take measure of a gentleman who wears well-made cloaths of the following size, to wit: Six feet high and proportionably made, if anything rather slender than thick for a person of that hight, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last; and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next, it shall be pointed out. Mr. Cary will pay your bill, and

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

Note.—For your further government and knowledge of my size, I have sent the enclosed; and you must observe y^t^ from y^t^ coat end No. 1 and No. 3 is y^e^ size over y^e^ breast and hips; No. 2, over y^e^ belly; No. 4, round y^e^ arms; and from y^e^ breeches end to No. *a* is for waistband; *b*, thick of y^e^ thigh; *c*, upper button-hole; *d*, knee-band; *e*, for length of breeches. Therefore if you take measure of a person of about six feet high, of this bigness, I think you can't go amiss. You must take notice that enclosed is y^e^ exact size, without any allowance for seams, &c. GO. WASHINGTON.

Doubtless if we could find Washington's household accounts for the year 1763, we should see recorded therein the receipt of this "sute of cloaths," with full description of them, and the price paid therefor. Possibly they may be the very ones spoken of in Irving's History of Washington, where is recorded, among the orders sent his London agent: "A riding-frock of handsome drab-colored broadcloth, with plain double-gilt buttons, a riding-waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth, with gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat, and a blue surtout coat."

Whether we can "put this and that together," and believe them to be the same, is of little consequence. We know that Washington was always scrupulously well attired, and that all his "superfine" clothes came from England, and therefore we conclude that Mr. Lawrence was able to find a man "six feet high, of correct bigness," and one "who wore well-made cloaths."

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

VACATION is over, and school is in. Good. My chicks are rested now, and ready to enjoy themselves in new study. But there 's plenty of play-time, I am thankful to say, during school-terms; the green fields don't turn white the moment the teacher's bell rings. Now, I 'll tell you about

OBJECT-CARDS.

OBJECT-CARDS are quite the fashion this season among the children of the red school-house. Do you know what they are, my chicks? Not being able to hear your answer distinctly at this distance, I must take the safe course and tell you. You simply fasten any interesting natural object on a card, and write under it, as well as you can, just what the object is. Sometimes you 'll have to hunt up the name in a book, sometimes you 'll get it from father, mother or friend, and oftener you 'll know it yourself; for it is quite likely to be some object that you have been in the habit of seeing nearly every day of your life. One of the little girls sewed a spray of rye on one card, oats on another, wheat on another, barley on another, buckwheat on another, all picked and labeled by herself at various times, and you 've no idea what a sensation they made. Little friends and big were glad enough to take up these cards and study out the exact differences between them. Many said they then noted the distinctive features of the various grains for the first time. A little boy who went to the sea-side brought home cards with many pretty shells gummed upon them, one or two shells to a card. He had to look in a work on conchology before he could name his specimens. His sister made a fine set of pressed-leaf cards—maple, oak, cherry, apple, sycamore, elm, beech, and so on, till she had over a hundred, representing as many different kinds of tree. One boy had a set of butterfly-cards, another of beetles; but I did n't quite approve of them. One girl had sets of bark-cards, showing over thirty varieties of bark (she and the tree-leaf girl should go into partnership), and another had a set of pine-cone cards—bristling things that had to be kept in a roomy box. The cones were neatly sliced in half, lengthwise, and the flat side was glued to the card.

I cannot begin to tell you half of the styles of object-cards that the children of the red school-house have made, and still are making. The Little Schoolma'am read in the newspaper about a sort of progressive object-card that is used in some of the Belgian and Swedish schools. On one card is seen the flax-seed, the flax-blossom, the thread made of flax, and the woven linen. Others show the ore of a metal placed beside some finished article manufactured from the same. In fact, many branches of natural history and manufactures, as you see, can well be studied by making sets of object-cards. There is no danger either of making them too simple. The moment any natural object, however common, is looked at inquiringly, it becomes interesting.

Now, my chicks, take a hint from this. Enter our open-air school and begin to make object-cards. Report to your Jack whenever you have anything to tell about.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S PICTURE.

Canaan, August 5th, 1876.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think I have found the answer to your question on page 671 of the August ST. NICHOLAS. It is Sir Humphrey Davy, an eminent chemist, who was born in England in 1778, and died at Geneva in 1829.

Among the most important results of his observations were the decomposition of the alkalis and earths, and the discovery of an entirely new class of metals. He also rendered a memorable service to chemistry by his papers on "Oxymuriatic Acid."

Hoping that this answer is correct, I remain your friend,

C. A. D.

The Little Schoolma'am thanks C. A. D. and all the other children who have sent answers to her question; but she wishes to call attention to an important omission in C. A. D.'s letter. Who can discover it?

PICKLES.

SHARP things, are n't they?—but children usually like them, I know. Now, how *do* you suppose they got their funny name? It 's very queer, but I 'll tell you how I found out. A droll-looking old fellow, one of those who are always digging out things,—from books, I mean,—sat down with a young lad in my woods the other day for a good long talk. I tell you, I kept my ears open to catch any scrap of wisdom he might let fall; for, since I 've had such a big circle of listeners, I have to be on the watch, and I know those quiet-looking chaps, with rusty coat and spectacles, know a great deal.

Well, I heard him tell the lad that the first man who salted and preserved herrings, so as to keep them nicely, was named Beukelzoon (Dutch, of course, as anybody can see). This name was shortened to Beukel (sensibly, I 'm sure). Now, you

ask some Dutchman to pronounce that name, and see how much it sounds like Pickle.

Any way, that 's where the word came from,—so the wise man said.

OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE OF WISCONSIN.

WITH Jack's permission, my young friends, I have the pleasure of showing you a beautiful picture of "Old Abe, the War Eagle of Wisconsin." It was taken from life on purpose for ST. NICHOLAS, and I can certify that it is a good likeness of the grand old bird as he sits on his perch at the Centennial Exposition. Every boy and girl who goes to the great show at Philadelphia is anxious to get a sight of this famous bird. During the late war he went for three years with the Eighth Regiment

of Wisconsin Volunteers through the thickest of the fight, sharing in turn their hardships, dangers, and victories.

He belongs to the Wisconsin regiment still, and though they purchased him for only one bushel of corn, no amount of money can buy him now. He is named after Abraham Lincoln; and a Union soldier, who is very proud of his office, has the charge of him at the Exposition, where Northerners and Southerners alike admire his beauty and bravery.

A book which is sold at the Centennial tells his entire history, from the day on which the Indian "Chief Sky" found him, a baby eagle, in his nest, to the present time, when he stands in martial dignity and fixes his piercing eyes upon the crowds that daily gather to do him honor.

Long live Old Abe, and may his end be peaceful! SILAS GREEN.

THE TERMITES.

YOUR Jack wishes to thank Mary E. Moore, Charley W., D., Arthur Weston, William G., and others for their letters about the termites, in answer to the question in "Every One to his Taste," in the June ST. NICHOLAS. He would like to show you all of the notes, but these two must suffice:

Montrose, N. J., May 25.

DEAR JACK: The ants you asked about in the June number, in "Every One to his Taste," are termites, or white ants, a genus of insects of the order *neuroptera*, and of the family *termitidæ*, or *termitinæ*. They live in great communities, chiefly in the tropical countries. The termites that make their nests on the ground make them in a conical shape, twelve feet, and even thirty feet high, in groups like a little village. These termites are used for food in Africa, and are said to be very good. The female is supposed to lay thirty-one millions of eggs in a year.—Yours truly,

GEORGE H. DALE.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I write to answer your question about the ants. They belong to the order *neuroptera*, "and are popularly but erroneously known by the name of white ants, because they live in vast colonies, and in many of their habits display a resemblance to the insect from which they take their name." Their proper name is termites. "One good quality is, however, attributable to the termites. The insect is eatable, and even by Europeans is pronounced to be peculiarly delicate and well-flavored, something like sweetened cream. The termites are prepared for the table by various methods, some persons pounding them so as to form a sort of soft paste, while others roast them like coffee beans or chestnuts" (Wood's Natural History).

I could tell you a great deal more about them, as, besides the book I have quoted from, we have "Homes without Hands," by the same author; but as you only asked for the name, I fear even this is too much.—Yours, GEORGIE HAYS.

TO BE LEARNED BY HEART.

HERE, my beloved, is something which your Jack sends you, to be learned by heart. It is one of those easy lessons for beginners that become very hard to master as time goes on:

"Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace."

ABOUT THE MUD FISH.

THIS letter came too late to be shown to you last month, but you shall have it now:

Day's Landing, Cal.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can tell you something about that strange fish you mentioned in the July ST. NICHOLAS.

It is not exactly a fish, though it has a fish-like form, covered with scales; but it has four little legs (that do not look very much like legs either), and it belongs to a class called *batrachia*, order *lepidota*. There are three species known: they are found in South America as well as in Africa. The South American species is called the mud-fish—*lepidosiren paradoxa*; the *lepidosiren annectens* is found in the river Gambia.

Hoping that this bit of information will be of some benefit to my ST. NICHOLAS cousins, I sign myself your sincere admirer,

MARTIE S. D.

Ella T. B. and Henry Finn also send descriptions of the mud-fish, and Georgie Hays, of California, sends a long and interesting account, from "Wood's Natural History."

THE LITTLE DOG WITH THE GREEN TAIL.

ONCE upon a time, there came to the town where all the little dogs live, a strange little dog, whose tail was of a most beautiful bright green color—so very bright that it shone like an emerald. Now, when all the other little dogs saw this, they were filled with admiration and envy, and they all ran to the strange little dog and said:

"Oh, little dog! what makes your tail so beautifully green? Pray tell us, that we may make ours green too, for we never saw anything so lovely in all our lives."

But the strange little dog laughed and said: "There are many things far

THE LITTLE DOGS DIG HOLES AND GET INTO THEM.

greener than my tail. There is the grass down in the meadow; go and ask that what makes it green, and perhaps it will tell you."

So all the little dogs ran down into the meadow where the grass was growing, and they said: "Oh, grass, grass! what makes you so green? Pray tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog's."

But all the little blades of grass shook their heads, and said: "We can tell you nothing about that. All we know is, that we were down under the ground last winter, and that when we came up this spring we were all green. You might try that, and perhaps it would make you green too."

So all the little dogs went to work as fast as they could, and dug holes in the ground; and then they got into them and covered themselves up with earth. But very soon they found that they could not breathe; so they were all obliged to come up again. And when they looked at each other, they

saw to their sorrow that they were not green at all, but just the same colors that they were before—some black, some brown, and some spotted. So then they all went again to the strange little dog, and said:

"Oh, little dog, little dog! we have been to the grass, and it has not helped us at all. Now, do please tell us what makes your tail so beautifully green, for we never can be happy till ours are like it."

But the strange little dog only laughed again, and answered: "My tail is not the only green thing in the world. There are the leaves on the great oak-tree; they are very green indeed. Go and ask them what makes them so, and perhaps they will tell you."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could to the great oak-tree, and called out to the little leaves: "Oh, little leaves! what makes you so beauti-

THE LITTLE DOGS TUMBLE OUT OF THE TREE.

fully green? Do tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog's."

But the little leaves all shook their heads, and said: "We know nothing about that. We came out of our buds last spring, and then we were very pale. But we danced about, and the more we danced the greener we grew. Perhaps, if you come up here and dance, you will grow green too."

So all the little dogs climbed up the tree as fast as they could, and tried to dance about on the branches. But they were not fastened on like the little leaves, so they all fell down and hurt themselves very much; and when they got up and looked at each other, they were not any greener than before. So then they all cried bitterly, and they ran once more to the strange little dog, and said: "Oh, little dog, little dog! we have tried the way that the leaves told us, and we have only hurt ourselves dreadfully, and have not got

green at all. And now, if you do not tell us, we shall all die of grief, for we never can rest again till our tails are green."

But the strange little dog only laughed more than ever, and said: "What stupid creatures you are, to think that there is nothing green in the world except my tail. There is the Sea; he is twenty times as green as my tail. Go and ask him, and he will surely tell you all about it, for he is very wise and knows everything."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could down to the shore; and there was the great hungry Sea prowling up and down, twirling his white moustaches and tossing his white hair, and looking very green and very

THE LITTLE DOGS GO DOWN TO THE SEA.

fierce. The little dogs were very much frightened, but they took courage when they thought of the beautiful green tail, and they said, trembling:

"Oh, great Sea! the strange little dog told us that you were very wise and knew everything, and that you would tell us how to make our tails green like his."

The great Sea smiled wickedly, and answered: "Oh, yes, my children, I can tell you. I am green myself, and I make everything green that touches me. So let me take you in my arms a moment, and you will all become beautifully green just like me."

So the great hungry Sea held out his long green arms, and beckoned to them with his white hands; and the poor little dogs all shut their eyes and jumped in, and in less than a minute the Sea gobbled them all up, so that not one was left. And there was an end of all the little dogs. And the strange little dog went back to the place he came from, with his green tail curled up behind him; and he never was seen or heard of again.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE THREE GIANTS.

THIS is a story that papa told us. He said I could write it out for the ST. NICHOLAS. If I do not tell it well enough, I wish the Little Schoolma'am would do it, for I think it is a good story.

Once there lived a giant. He was very big, and many hundred years old. He was a giant who was not contented unless he was fighting. When he was young he fought with a club; as he grew older, he had armor, a sword, and a lance. When guns came into use, he used them. He could handle a cannon as easily as we can a pocket-pistol.

He had two sons. The oldest was very ambitious and enterprising; the other was of a more quiet disposition. It was not the fashion among giants to let their children do as they chose when they were of age. They wanted to rule them as long as they lived. The ambitious giant did not like this; he wanted his own way, as is the case with most children. He could not run away, because he was so large. There was no place in the world in which he could hide where the old giant would not find him. He concluded he would have to fight it out. He tried to get his brother to join with him, but he would not. He fought a great many times. At last, the old giant got tired of it: he thought, this son made him so much trouble, he would let him go. This was about a hundred years ago. Since then he has grown very rich, and has done many wonderful things. Meanwhile, the other brother has been at work in a quiet way. He spends the most of his time working a farm, under the direction of his father.

Here papa asked us if we could guess who these giants were. He said the farm of the younger giant was not far away, while with the other we were still better acquainted. He is sometimes called Uncle ——. Then Johnny guessed it was Uncle Sam, or the United States. Then I knew the other brother was Canada, and that the old giant was Old England. Then papa asked us which we thought would come out best at the end. We were patriotic enough to think the United States would. Papa said it depended much upon children like us. When we were older we should all help lead the giant many years.

A. S.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

ONE hundred years, oh now we see
The joyous fruits of liberty!
One hundred years, and now we stand
The people of a mighty land!
Our borders wide, from East to West,
Bear witness that the crucial test
Of freedom has not failed.

Our country's name is not unknown
In arctic climes and deserts lone;
By poets are our glories sung,
In strange as well as native tongue;
From many lands sad pilgrims come
To find in ours a rest and home,
And liberty to all.

And now a hundred years have passed,
We're yet unvanquished to the last;
Unconquered still, and still as brave
As when on land, on ocean's wave,
We fought for homes, for peace and love,
And, trusting in the God above,
Gained our glorious cause.

So then to celebrate our birth,
And show the peoples of the earth
The greatness of the mighty land
Where rule and love go hand in hand,
We ask them now to come and see
The country of the brave, the free,
In its centennial year.

We give our welcome unto all,
The rich, the poor, the great and small;
As well to nation of an hour
As unto royal pomp and power;
To silent poles and sunny lands,
Where Arabs fierce and pilgrim bands
Cross the deserts drear.

Come England, "merrie" land of old,
Mother of kings and heroes bold;
Come Scotland, Wales, and Ireland too,
And see the people sprung from you;
And with you, France, whose tuneful name
Won from us all a lasting fame,
Through one, her honored son.

Welcome, Spain! let o'er the past a veil
Be thrown, and hushed be Cuba's wail.
Brave Prussia, dear old Fatherland,
We greet you with a clasping hand.
To you best wishes, fair Italian shore,
And to your Rome, of priestly lore
The center and the home.

And now, let all the world obey
The summons which we give to-day;
And in our own beloved States
Let all the struggles, strifes and hates,
Which have between the South and North
As hideous specters oft crept forth,
Be buried and forgot.

And so with cheered and trusting hearts,
We'll forward go and fill the parts
That raise our country higher still,
And show that courage, strength, and will
Alone can make us great and good,
And bowing not to shrines of wood,
But to our nation's God.

M. W., JR.

CAMPING OUT.

EARLY one September morning, father, my brother Hugh, a gentleman, and I set out to a little trout stream about eight miles distant. Father, Hugh, and I went in a spring wagon; Mr. Mac, the gentleman, on a horse. We soon got there. Father and Hugh set about fishing, while I unhitched and fed the horses and unloaded the wagon. Mr. Mac staid behind to shoot squirrels. I was soon ready to fish, so I took my rod and fished. I had fished about an hour and had not had a bite, and was not going to fish any more, when I was jerked into the water. But I jerked too, and I had a large trout nearly on land when my rod grew very light, and I looked. The trout, hook, line, and all were gone, I did not know where. By this time it was time to have some dinner, so I went and got it ready. We were all very hungry, and ate a good deal. Mr. Mac had shot some squirrels and wild pigeons, which we plucked and roasted on some sticks. It was now quite dark, so we went to bed—Hugh and I in the wagon, father and Mr. Mac on the ground near the fire. We were up with the sun, and ready to fish again; but one of our horses had got loose, and so I had to look for it. After a walk of about five miles, I found it eating some new-mown hay. I soon rode him back to camp, hitched him up, and we were soon on our way home. Our game amounted to fifty-two trout, six squirrels, and three wild pigeons.

F. M.

THE NAUGHTY TURKEY.

BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time, when the pigs were swine, and the turkeys chewed tobacco, there lived an old man, who kept turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks. One day, the old man, who lived in a cottage in the country, told his fowls he was going out for a long ride (for he kept a horse), and would probably be gone as long as a week. He gave the key of the house to the care of the largest of the turkeys, and told him to be sure and not lose it; also to keep the fowls in good order. The turkey promised, and the old man went away.

When he had gone, the turkey to whom so much care had been intrusted, strutted about the yard very proudly indeed. Said he:

"Now our master is gone, and I have the care of the place, I say let's have some fun."

"All right," said the other fowls, in chorus; "only what shall we begin with?"

"Well," said Sir Strut (that was the big turkey's name), "we will go into the house."

Accordingly, they went into the house, and did as follows: First, they found their way to the cupboard, where they got out some of the catables and had a feast. They next went upstairs and had some good games of play; they ran everywhere, turned everything topsy-turvy, cackling and clucking at a great rate. When night came, they roosted on the backs of the chairs. After about five days, they had eaten up all the grain the old man had left for them. So they gathered together to discuss.

"Well," said Sir Strut (it was the day before the old man was to

return), "I have not thought of it before, but seems to me we will have an awful time to put the house in order again."

"Yes," said the fowls; and instead of trying to clear up the house as well as they could, they all commenced to sigh, and sighed that and the next day.

Suddenly, the old man arrived, much to the fowls' alarm. He asked the trembling Sir Strut for the key. He slowly drew it out from under his wing, and handed it to his master. The old man was surprised at the behavior of his fowls, but soon found out the cause of their alarm when he entered the house. He was right angry at Sir Strut for not behaving better, and for punishment put him in a large chest for an hour. When he was let out, he behaved better for the future, and the old man, with his turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks, lived in peace to the end of his days. R. H. W.

THE HOMELESS CAT.

WHAT was that ran along by the eaves,
And hid itself in that darkened place;
That crouched so low, that ran so swift,
And looked so sad in its thin, black face?

His voice broke forth in a mournful plea,
As he crouched him away where none might see;
All day he hid in that lonesome place—
His scarred old form and his sad old face.

'T was the old black cat that has no home,
That hides and trembles till night has come,
And then he hunts in the hushed-up street,—
No sight, no sound, but his poor black feet.

There up and along the still, dark way
He hunts, and hurries all night till the day;
Sometimes in the cellars he catches a rat,
And sometimes he meets some other lost cat;

And sometimes he meets a family pet,
Whose form is lusty with morsels sweet.
Poor cat with the scars and the torn old ears,
No wonder he creeps, no wonder he fears!

Last night in the stables the hostler threw
A stone as he passed, and laughed at the mew,—
The wild, sad mew, as he slunk down the street,
In the cold and darkness, new foes to meet.

Oh, speak to him kindly, his eyes are so sad;
Don't scare him away, no food has he had;
He has n't a friend in the cold, dreary street,
But gets hissings and blows from all he may meet.

Under the house is his damp, chilly bed;
And no one will cry when the old cat is dead.
Then speak to him kindly, and help him, oh do!
The old cat is hungry. God made him and you. J. H.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MANY of our readers will sympathize with the fancies of D. E. M., who sends the Letter-Box

THE GAMES I LIKE.

I like a rousing game of ball,
No matter how base so it 's played with a will;
I like "shinny," and marbles, and "getting a haul,"
And playing at soldier, if *I* lead the drill.

I like sending a kite far up out of sight,
Where only the man in the moon can see;
I like "pulling her in," with my whole main and might,
But I *don't* like to get her caught fast in a tree.

I like "tag" in all weathers, and "stumping" as well—
That is if the fellows are all of a size;
And jumping off hay-stacks (with no one to tell)—
That is if the pitchfork don't get in your eyes.

But better than marbles, kite, "shinny," or hay,
And better than drilling or stumping or ball,
I like a good rollicksome game of croquet,
When the girls who are playing are not very small.

I like leap-frog and hop-scotch—glorious fun!
Summer and winter, spring-time and fall;
And better than anything under the sun
Are skating and coasting—hurrah for them all!

Cohasset.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about a little exhibition we girls got up a few months ago. We saw that piece entitled "Queer People" in the April number for 1876, and that, with some of the animals in the April number for 1875, music, and a few other tableaux, made quite a nice little exhibition.

We had ten cents admission, and made over six dollars. It went off very finely, and every one seemed to like it.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine. G. T.

Daytona, Volusia Co., Florida.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: We live here on a peninsula half a mile wide, with Halifax River on one side and the Atlantic on the other. We are on the coast, opposite the head of St. John's River. We go bathing sometimes, and hunting turtle-eggs, which are very funny soft-shelled things.

There are quantities of shells, corals, sea-anemones, star-fish, etc., on the beach. I have an aquarium just like the one described in the February ST. NICHOLAS, only I have crabs in mine. We have had a great many flowers blooming all winter out-doors. There have been but two frosts Papa has a large orange grove, and in the season I have more than I can eat. There are wild groves too, all around, with sour fruit on all the time. We could well afford to "scrub our floors with oranges," as Jack tells about.—Yours lovingly,

CARRIE W. MITCHELL.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of J. E. Davis, Esq., author of "The Annals of Windsor," for some of the illustrations to the present installment of "Windsor Castle."

Shady Side, Pittsburgh, Aug. 2d.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not believe I have ever seen a letter from Pittsburgh in the Letter-Box, but this will show you that there are children here who take and love you. We are always delighted when you come every month, and we take turns in reading and looking at you. I am studying French, and hope I shall soon be able to translate your stories in that language. I have been to the Centennial, and I believe I liked England's display in the Main Building best of all. I also liked that of France and Russia very much indeed.

Please put down my name, and the names of my two brothers, Kennedy and Samuel, as Bird-defenders.

LIZZIE B. MOORHEAD.

THE name of Laura Moss was unintentionally omitted from the Roll of Honor in Deacon Green's report on the Declarations of Independence, published in the August number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed you very much, and I say that you are the best boys' and girls' magazine out. I like the Jack Hazard stories and "The Boy Emigrants" best, and I say that if the boys and girls have lost Andersen, they need not fret if they have two such writers as Noah Brooks and J. T. Trowbridge, who write such excellent stories that one never tires of reading them.

CHARLES S. RICHÉ.

THE following letters seem to show that, though the birds destroy great numbers of insects, the victory is not always on their side. A wasp or a bee is a very different kind of prey from a fly, and altogether too formidable an enemy for a small singing-bird to engage with. But it even appears from these cases that the insects are sometimes the attacking party.

Cold Spring.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday our bird was hung out on the stoop, and was singing away, when all of a sudden he stopped and began to beat his head against the wires. We took him down and found that a wasp had stung him on the top of the head. After we had put water on his head, he began to get better, but may not live.
—Yours truly, W. L. M.

Mandeville.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I dearly love your magazine. I want to tell you about a little humming-bird that was stung to death by a bee. I was out in the garden one evening, when I heard a buzzing in the honeysuckle vine, and went to see what was the matter, when I saw a tiny little humming-bird on a branch, and a large bee buzzing angrily around it. I frightened the bee away, and took the bird into the house, where I saw it had been stung by the bee. I tried to revive it, but it only struggled a few minutes and then died.—Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS, yours truly, DOLLY W. K.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS ONE CENTURY AGO.

New York, July 6, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please show the children these Centennial chairs, which Miss Donlevy has drawn for me "from life." They were made for two little folks (brother and sister) just one hundred years ago, and have been in the same house ever since—an old stone cottage still standing in Rockland County, New York. Both chairs are made of oak; they have never been varnished or painted; and they are stanch and strong to this day. Children one hundred

years ago, you see, knew nothing about spring seats or fancy rockers. A good strong straight-backed affair was all they wanted.

On last New Year's Eve, two dear great-grandchildren sat in these chairs before a log-fire in the wide old-fashioned chimney-place, while fifty of their aunts, uncles, and cousins told with delight how they too had enjoyed the same chairs in their childhood.—Yours very truly,

GRANDMOTHER.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to describe to you the birds in our neighborhood. The principal birds around here are the cat-bird, robin, chippy, wren, crow, hawk, quail, humming-bird, thrush, blue-bird, swallow, black-bird, and wild duck.

The cat-bird is of a dark gray color, and destroys a great many cherries.

The robin is a very beautiful bird; the color of his back is mottled, while that of his breast is a dull red. He is a little larger than the cat-bird.

The chippy is a very small bird, of a sort of mottled gray and black. It lays eggs speckled brown and white.

The wren is considerably smaller than the chippy, and very nearly the same color.

The crow is a large bird, with feathers of a glossy jet black. You can usually spy him in some distant corn-field, which he delights to visit.

The hawk is still larger than the crow, often measuring three feet from wing to wing. We have a pair of wings measuring three feet six inches. There are two kinds of hawks around here. The first is the chicken-hawk, who lives altogether on chickens, pigeons, etc. The other is the fish-hawk, whose name tells you what he preys upon. The quail is a bird very much hunted, but nature has provided him with a good pair of legs, that he can use to advantage; and often when he is badly wounded in the wing, he can escape by means of his running powers. He is of a brown color, and not very large.

The humming-bird is the smallest bird I know of. He is usually seen around trumpet-creepers and sweet flowers. He can be shot only with water, as the smallest shot tear him to pieces.

The thrush is about the size of a robin, but of a brown color.

The blue-bird is the first of the spring. His name tells you his hue. He is a little smaller than the cat-bird.

The swallow builds his nest in chimneys and corners of barns. His back is black, while his breast is white.

The black-bird lives in marshy places. The female bird is black all over, and the male has a white breast.

The wild-duck also resides in marshy places. He is about the size of the crow, with a very long neck. His color is gray.

Yours truly, D. H.

J. P. B., whose initials are pleasantly familiar to readers of the Riddle-Box, sends that department a *very* ingenious "Quadruple Acrostic." It is quite hard to solve, however, as puzzles of equal merit usually are, and so we have concluded to print both acrostic and answer here. By this means, too, the excellence of the puzzle will be seen at once, and more clearly than if it were printed in the customary manner and the answer held over for a month.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

(Fill two blanks in succession with words having the same initial and final.)

My initials "one" and finals "two" being reckoned,
My first to all will call to mind my second;
And both the present year will oft be spoken,
As each of patriotism may stand a token.

Easy as for the chattering —— to ——
Is it, in this famed —— words to draw
In praise of my ——; both its first,
As well as finals, proving —— that burst
From lips as glibly as one asks the ——.
To credit me I 'm sure none will refuse,
When I assert my finals loved the ——
(Even as the —— loves music) from his youth.
His was a zeal no —— could forestall;
Nor, for defeat, like —— would he fall.
No —— to hide at —— the power that burned,
—— the foe, when —— help, we turned
And, seeking ——, found deliverance from strife.
No —— secured our nation's life.
Without —— he struck the mighty blow,
From which my first results—one hundred years —— ;
Letting a nation on his prowess ——,
—— in heart, though like a lamb in mien.

ANSWER.

CENTENNIAL, WASHINGTON.

C —ro— W	C —a— W
E —r— A	E —nigm— A
N —ame— S	N —ew— S
T —rut— H	T —hrus— H
E —nnu— I	E —l— I
N —u— N	N —oo— N
N—earin—G	N —eedin— G
I — T	I—mpoten—T
A —d— O	A —g— O
L —ea— N	L —io— N

Logansport, July 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little girl, but mamma says your magazine is published for little children, and I want to tell you all about little Dick. Dick was my canary-bird, and yesterday morning the cat caught him, and last night mamma found him dead in his cage. I cried when the cat hurt him, and last night I cried myself to sleep. This morning we put him in a little box, lined with pink merino, and we trimmed it with geranium leaves and white verbenas. Then we dug a little grave and put him in. Mamma helped me plant the flowers on it. Papa says, "Don't cry, little daughter; you shall have another bird." But the new one wont be Dick.

I have no little sister, only a little brother, and we have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for a long, long while. It belongs to Hadie, and the *Youth's Companion* belongs to me. I spoke "The Dead Doll" at the closing of school, and we lent our books to all our little friends. Mamma is going to have them bound for us. We buy them at the book-store, and Hadie is going to get up a club for the next year. I want you to write me a little verse about my dead bird, then I can always have it.

From one of your little readers, MAMIE RHOADES.

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you two things. Will you please answer them in the Letter-Box?

Now for the first question. How can I clean dirty coins so that I can read them, and keep gold and silver coins clean? As I have a collection of about five hundred coins, it is quite important to know how to have them nice and clean and legible.

And also this—Can a Bird-defender have a canary? I have a canary, and yet am a Bird-defender. But a lady sent it to me as a present, and of course I could not refuse it. And if I let it go free in the open air, it will perish on account of the climate. So don't you think I am justifiable in keeping him? But I am afraid I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, yours truly,

A. G. CAMERON.

To clean tarnished gold, silver, and copper coins, procure a box of "electro silicon" at a grocer's, and mix a small quantity of the powder with alcohol so as to make a thin paste. Rub the coins with a brush dipped in this, precisely as in cleaning silver with whiting, and then wash in warm soap-suds, and lastly in clean water. Rub the coins dry with chamois-skin to finish the work. Any ordinary stains may be readily removed by this process.

A Bird-defender can keep a canary.

THE following story was sent by A. E. M., and was written by her little brother just six years old:

A roaring bull went up in a tree, and a man after him, and a mad dog after the man. Then the bull jumped down and tossed the man and the mad dog in the air. Then he ran home. When the man came down, he ran away, and the dog ran in front of the man, and the man tripped over him and falled in a river, and a great big whale eated him all up.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a boy who says that, as roosters are fowls and not birds, it is not wrong to make them fight. I think it is both wrong and cruel. Please give me your opinion on the subject. I hope, when he hears your decision, he will be convinced and become a Bird-defender.—Very truly yours, A LITTLE GIRL.

"Roosters" are fowls, and fowls are birds, and that boy ought to know better.

AFTER the pages of Jack-in-the-Pulpit for this month were in type, we received word from the Little Schoolma'am begging us to say that the "important omission" to which your attention is called on p. 798 does not occur in all of the many notes containing answers to her queries on p. 671 of the August number. The following boys and girls gave the "missing item" in full: Allie Bertram, J. Johnson, James N. Benton, Robert L. Groendycke, "Bob White," Jennie Louise Bird, Alfred E. Forstall, Fannie Ford, M. M. Hoppin, Carroll E. Edson, Walter E. Fish, "Scientific," A. G. Cameron, Willie Haydon, E. A. Law, Humphreys Kortrecht, Lena J. Moore, Louise P. Russell, Phœbe Loving, Henry H. Huss, Charles H. Hull, A. B. Ropes, Milfred R. B., Alfred A. Whitman, J. J. Lawrence, Frank E. Davis, Charlie Dale, Hiram Hathaway, Jr., and Charles M. Morris.

H. M. D. wishes ST. NICHOLAS to tell the boys and girls of a delightful book which he has just been reading—"The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sydney," published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York. He says it is so very entertaining, and so clearly written, that "you think you are only having a good time when in reality you are learning history."

Having personal knowledge of this little work, we very gladly indorse H. M. D.'s opinion. A study of the character of Sir Philip Sydney will show boys what is most worthy of emulation, and girls what to look for in their boy friends. You cannot follow Sir Philip in every way, but you can be good and brave and courtly to-day, boys, as well as if you were living in the times of Queen Elizabeth.

MANY of our big boys and girls will have a treat in reading an excellent volume of stories lately issued by Roberts Brothers. It is written by Susan Coolidge, who, as you all know, is a frequent contributor to ST. NICHOLAS; and though its title is "For Summer Afternoons," it is just as good for October as for June. Susan Coolidge does n't know how to be dull. Her books are as fresh and bracing as the air of her own New England hills.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded and curtailed.

1. The engineer made a —— of the ship, and the poet wrote an —— the same day. 2. These —— are —— for our purpose. 3. He showed much —— to the needs of others when he forced the beggar from his ——. 4. The —— came too —— to do his work to-day. 5. Upon this —— there are many works of ——. 6. How —— you are to know my ——.

CYRIL DEANE.

A HIDDEN TOUR.

Fragments from a School-girl's Diary.

EACH complete sentence includes the name of a city, or town, or river, or country in Europe.

1. When we landed, H. flourished his sabre, mended for the occasion. 2. This city is more apt to be slighted than over-estimated. 3. Here we heard music of which each motivo lingers in the memory. 4. Here we bought sandwiches of ham most curiously flavored. 5. Here we met our uncle, unexpectedly, on stepping from the cars. 6. Is where we all caught severe catarrh in endeavoring to lose none of the prospect. 7. A hasty glance at the "phrase book," and then said Henrico: "L'ogneyun serray mantenong de bong—eh—smèll!" 8. Here Maria bought yards of ribbon, not to mention gloves and handkerchiefs. 9. As we approached this place, the cleverness of our courier Jacob lent zest to all our enjoyment. 10. We met here a lady of rank, fortune, and most fascinating appearance. 11. We here found that, as we were entirely dependent on our "mann," he imposed upon us sometimes. 12. Here, for two days, H. carried a sick robin, gently tucked into a basket. 13. Here everything bad enjoys perfect immunity. 14. This place provoked the following original remark from Jones: "Tut! gardens are no great novelty." 15. Near this place, after a collision, we heard a Scotchman murmur: "Mun I cheange cars anny mair?" 16. Here all of us "wished to live to be ninety," rollicking party that we were! 17. To this place we went over on a special train. 18. Here all who visit have nice times. 19. Here we saw a gentleman of the P. R., a guest whose company was not an agreeable acquisition. 20. Here we heard this from a French tourist: "I vill zee Londres, den ze rest of ze Vest End!" 21. Here we had often to recall that the German verb to live is "leben." 22. Here we enjoyed a tournament of wit, ten burghers vociferating at once. 23. Here we saw a splendid review,—cavalry without number, lines of infantry,—all the departments in perfect condition.

GUMMIDGE.

EASY METAGRAM.

(BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.)

CHANGE initial letter of a girl's name, and find a time; again, and find a word meaning destiny; again, and find an entrance; again, and find an emotion that you should avoid; again, change initial letter, and find something which we all should dislike dear ST. NICHOLAS to be.

LIZZIE KIERNAN.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

First diamond: 1. In a store. 2. A card. 3. To frighten. 4. A time. 5. In a museum.

Second diamond: 1. In a circus. 2. Before. 3. Common birds. 4. An animal. 5. In a dwelling-house.

Centrals connected: Ugly things sometimes found in fields.

C. D.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A precious stone. 2. An evergreen tree. 3. A girl's name. 4. A heavy metal. ISOLA.

RIDDLE.

An interjection; vowel sound;
Another exclamation;
A game of cards; verb; relative;
A ruler of a nation;
And, lying snug within them all,
A little preposition
That 's never out when lawyers read
A learned deposition.
These eight I find within a word,
Not moving e'en a letter;
Though using each oft as I please,
To make my riddle better.

So, in the next, I find a sound
That oft leads to the right, sir;
Followed by that which to the heart
Of lover gives delight, sir.
And then a little adverb, quite
As harmless as a daisy;
Besides, an animal which oft
Is stupid deemed, and lazy.

Now put the two down side by side,
Without a shade of mixture;
You 'll find a something brought to mind
Quite clearly in this picture. JOEL S.

CONSONANT PUZZLE.

Intersperse consonants in the following line of vowels (without disarranging the order of the vowels), so that nine States and one Territory will appear:

EEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUEOAOIAIIIIIIIA.

F. N. C.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail a plaintive poem, and leave a part of the body. 2. Behead and curtail a small fruit, and leave a quick, smart blow. 3. Behead and curtail a precious stone, and leave a domestic animal. 4. Behead and curtail a coniferous tree, and leave a part of a circle. 5. Behead and curtail a Turkish officer, and leave a forest tree. 6. Behead and curtail a bird used for food, and leave a pinch with the nails or teeth. 7. Behead and curtail a motive power, and leave a beverage. 8. Behead and curtail a color, and leave a resinous substance. 9. Behead and curtail a small animal, and leave a number. 10. Behead and curtail a large basket or hamper, and leave a small animal. ISOLA.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

Why, what a very strange ——
To offer stews at such ——
Of course each one may have his ——
But rather than eat meat and ——
Which costs so much, I 'd live on ——. X.

EASY ENIGMAS.

I.—Eight Letters.

A boy held a 5, 6, 7, 8 close to the eyes of my whole, to 5, 4, 2, 8 at him better, and laughed to see him 3, 2, 1 and 1, 5, 6, 7, 8.

II.—Eleven Letters.

You find my whole in the 1, 11, 3, 5, 4. He keeps a 4, 6, 3, 11, 9 lookout, and when he 6, 10, 3, 2, 5 the least noise 6, 7, 9, 4 quickly beyond your 1, 11, 3, 5, 8. J. P. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals give the names of two places where battles were fought during the Revolutionary war.

1. An Indian chief. 2. A mythological ship. 3. A singing bird. 4. A part of the body. 5. A garden vegetable. 6. A kind of brass. 7. A domestic animal. 8. A forest tree. ISOLA.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. Frozen water. 3. Is used to propel vessels. 4. A reptile. 5. A consonant. H. E.

PUZZLE.

There is a word of seven letters which signifies to be worthy of distinction. If it be divided (without transposition of letters) into two words of two and five letters respectively, they signify a want of a household convenience and ornament. If divided into words of three and four letters respectively, they signify incapacity.

L. W. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in ice, but not in snow;
My second is in ash, but not in pine;
My third is in sail, but not in row;
My fourth is in drink, but not in wine;
My fifth is in evil, but not in wrong;
My sixth is in like, but not in same;
My seventh is in tune, but not in song:
My whole is a very pretty name. A. B.

SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a tropical plant, and leave a beverage. 2. Syncopate a relative, and leave an insect. 3. Syncopate a fish, and leave a covering for the head. 4. Syncopate an article of clothing, and leave an animal. 5. Syncopate an animal, and leave a dwelling. 6. Syncopate a metal, and leave a boy. 7. Syncopate an excuse, and leave a vegetable. 8. Syncopate a plant, and leave a color. 9. Syncopate a flower, and leave an animal. 10. Syncopate a ponderous volume, and leave a part of the body. ISOLA.

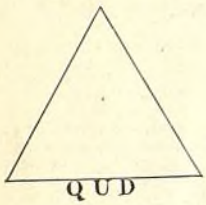
EASY CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables. My first and second united form a kitchen utensil. My third is a toy, and is used in the army. My whole is a fashionable entertainment. E. P.

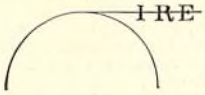
GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

A NEW PUZZLE FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS.

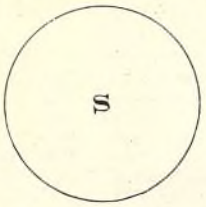
(Transpose what is expressed by each figure into a single word which will answer to the definition given beneath the figure. Thus: the first figure represents "triangle on Q U D," which can be transposed into "grandiloquent.")



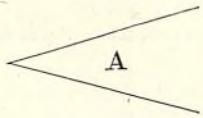
Pompous.



Diverting.

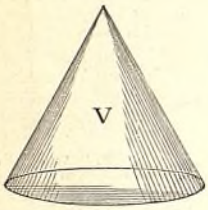


Pertaining to the circus.

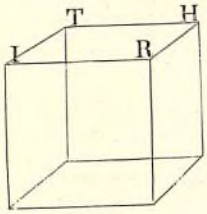


A girl's name.

Waiting-times.

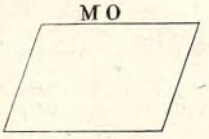


To feign ignorance.

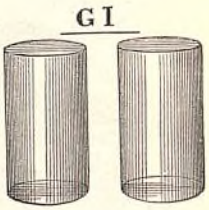


An historic river.

Illiberality.



An irregular crystal.



With deliberation.

J. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Laming, malign. 2. Stray, trays. 3. Abode, adobe. 4. Keen, knee. 5. Inks, sink, skin. 6. Statement, testament. 7. Disprove, provides. 8. Beset, beets. 9. Phrase, seraph. 10. Smote, tomes, motes. 11. Serves, Sevres, verses, severs. 12. Trace, crate.

REBUS.—"Man looks before and after, and sighs for what is not."

ENIGMA.—Baltimore.

REMAINDERS.—Florida

Tri —F— les
Mo —L—ded
Thr—O—ugh
Gar —R— ets
Lab —I— als
Tri —D— ent
Gre —A— ter

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—The Letter-Box, The Riddle-Box.

WORD-SQUARE.—

CHANT
HONOR
ANNIE
NOISE
TREES

RIDDLE.—Box.

EXCEPTIONS.—1. Album, alum. 2. Boy, by. 3. Wreath, wrath. 4. Roman, roan. 5. Horse, hose. 6. Rose, roe. 7. Table, tale.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Bird's nest, Satisfied.

BLUEBIRDS
BILOCULAR
BARRISTER
HOODWINKS
BLESSINGS
BLUFFNESS
PRICELESS
MECHANIST
DEPENDENT

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Craft, raft, aft. Shark, hark, ark. Spill, pill, ill. Blow, low, ow(e). Charm, harm, arm.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—Forewarned, forearmed.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Administrators. 2. Agreements. 3. Pension. 4. Apprentice. 5. Pension. 6. Mortgage.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—"Owe nothing, be behindhand in nothing, and be on time."

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Tidal, Ladle, Order.

TROLL
IRA
D
LEA
ERROL

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Delightful St. Nicholas.

D —eliciou— S
E —legan— T
L —inde— N
I—gnis Fatu—I
G —alli— C
H —ashees— H
T —oront— O
F —inga— L
U —mbrell— A
L—uminou— S

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

O
EMU
BANNS
DERIDED
DEBUT
DUE
S

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from Emil P. Albrecht, Allie Bertram, Laura Hannabery, Eddie M. Semple, "Ella and Edith," "Bob White," Ellen M. Field, Harry K. White, Emma Elliott, "Zerlina and Zitella," Mamie A. Rich, John F. Haseltine, Lulu Howes, Arthur D. Smith, A. Carter, Nettie Hall, Anna P. Warren, J. M. Paton, Jeannie Sprunt, Mary H. Wilson, "Ardent Admirer," George B. Van Volkenburgh, Virginia Davage, "Alex," Edward Roome, Fred Eastman, Ella Grigg, D. L. Lodge, Mary I. Ellis, Marion J. Ellis, Albert E. Hoyt, Lucy S. Schwab, "Cousin Willie," Louise Hinsdale, Jenny R. Miller, Anna Laura Buckingham, B. B. Ross, Jr., John B. Greiner, Nessie E. Stevens, "Apollo," Louis M. Ogden, Marie Emery, Lottie Warbasse, "Violet," Helena M. D., Arnold Guyot Cameron, Walter Raymond Spalding, Therese Mosenthal, Carrie V. Douglas, Delavan W. Gee, Bessie G. Le Moyne, Louis Cope Washburn, Carrie Mitchell, Alfred R. Mitchell, Brainerd P. Emery, Willie F. Abbett, Moll Pitcher, Fannie H. Ford, Howard Steel Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, Eddie Devinne, Robert L. Groendycke, Jerusha M. Coult, E. L. Shays, "Grace and Allie," Addie L. Rondenbush, Adelaide, A. Pronty, Fanny F. Gardner, Lucy Aller Paton, "Juno," Lulu Way, Florence Brewer and Sadie Hamilton.

chief; mother said so, too, only the other day," replied his sister. "Little Beata never did a single thing to plague you; she never even said a cross word to you."

"Not done anything to plague me!" said the Viking. "Did n't she stand down in the yard under the big geranium in the flower pot, when I came and fastened my wooden horse there? Don't you suppose I saw how she pushed the horse so that he fell down and broke his left hind leg? If I did my duty I should cut off her head," said the Viking, trying the edge of his little axe with his finger.

LITTLE BEATA HOLDS HER DEAR FRIEND UP.

"Oh! you really are a dreadful boy," cried Beata, "but I shall contrive to hide little Beata so snugly that you can never set your bloody hands on her. You may trust me for that."

Then she went straight to her little friend and told her with great distress what a wicked villain Viggo was, and that he meant to murder her, and that she, big Beata, dared not keep her in the house another day. "But I know where I 'll hide you, so that he never can find you."

She took the little one and went across the field to a great pile of stones. On the top of this grew a briar rose in full bloom, the flowers drooping to the ground on all sides. It formed a sweet-smelling little bower of green twigs, and there little Beata was to live securely, sitting on a grassy couch; and that she might not be wet when it rained or dew fell, her big friend laid a green grassy turf over her. There little Beata had to sit alone, but it was no great hardship, for she had her cloak, which she could put on at evening when it grew cold, and a sugar-cake on a little mound beside her, and the roses smelt sweet about her. Then big Beata bade her good-bye and good-night, and told her to be quiet, and to be sure not to stir out, for fear Viggo Viking should set eyes on her; big Beata promised most faithfully to visit her next morning to see how she had slept and how she was getting on.

Next morning Beata only stopped to wash her little face before she ran to her friend; she hardly took time to braid her hair. She was very much afraid that little Beata had lain awake and been frightened, because she was alone in her leafy hut at night. Beata hurried as fast as she could and reached the bush quite breathless and exhausted. But imagine her horror! Outside the bower lay little Beata, her head was chopped off and lay at her feet. Viggo Viking was the guilty one, as Beata but too plainly saw; for he had left his little axe behind him on the heap of stones. Big Beata had never been so wretched in the whole course of her existence. She burst into tears, snatched up her little friend and kissed her again and again. Then she dug a grave beneath the briar rose and laid her in it. She set her head on her shoulders

again, and spread the grassy turf which had sheltered her in life softly and lightly over her. And after that she went slowly and mournfully home.

Who would be her best friend now? who would never have any will but hers? and who would stand godmother to her first daughter, when she grew big?

CHAPTER II.

THE FLOATING ISLAND.

BEATA had now grown two whole years bigger, but she had never found a doll to equal little Beata. None were so good and obedient, and none so neat and pretty—all her dolls were too rosy-cheeked, or else they had no idea of dressing themselves properly; they were all stiff and unnatural when they tried to move their arms or legs, and it was almost useless to try to have any conversation with them. They were like the dolls in a story she had read, whose mothers had to whip them every Monday morning to keep them good through the week. But Beata had a lovely doll-house now, with chairs and tables and a chest of drawers in one corner.

It was Saturday, and on Sunday Beata expected her friends Marie and Louise to make her a visit, so she wanted to make the baby-house look as pretty as possible. All the furniture was set in order, and juniper and yellow dandelions were strewn on the floor; but still she needed a few trifles to set on the chest of drawers.

THE MONDAY MORNING WHIPPING.

Beata knew what she would do. She remembered seeing on the hill behind the house the loveliest little snail shells imaginable, round and smooth, and spotted with yellow and brown. They would look splendidly on the chest of drawers, if she could only find some that had n't any snails in them. She ran to the spot and crept about among the hazel bushes and under the walnut trees on the hill, and found empty snail shells by the dozen. But the best of all was, that she heard a bird cry out very oddly right down in the marsh; she peeped out between the green branches and saw a big, big bird swimming there; it had a long blue neck and white breast, but its back was bright black. It swam away over the marsh so fast that it left a wake in the water behind it, and then suddenly it dived down under the water and disappeared.

Beata stood gazing at the water, watching for it to come up again, but she waited and waited, and no bird came. She began to be afraid that the dear thing was drowned; then she saw it pop up far away, almost midway out in the water. It beat its wings about so that great rings spread around it wider and wider on the smooth surface. Then it swam again, very slowly, toward a wee little green island, which lay there. When it reached the island, it stretched its neck in the air and looked about in every direction, and then crept into the tall reeds which overhung the edge. Beata stood and looked at the beautiful little island; it was lovely and small, and oval in shape, with tiny bays running into it here and there. There were ozier bushes on the grass in spots, and at one end grew a slender white birch. Beata thought she had

never seen anything so charming as this little green island out on the smooth, dark water.

At last the evening breeze began to blow and to ripple the water. Then Beata knew that she must hurry home; she stooped to pick up a few more snail shells to give to Marie and Louise, for there were some right at her feet; she looked up again and peered through the bushes to bid the island good-night—only fancy! the little green island was gone! She could not believe her own eyes; she thought that she must have moved without knowing it, so that the bushes hid the island from her; but no, she was in the self-same spot. She thought of mermaids and fairies and ran up the hill as fast as she could. But when she reached the top she looked around again. She was even more astonished than before, for now she caught sight of the little green island, but far from the place where she first saw it; it was sailing slowly across the marsh in the southerly breeze, and the little white birch was the sail.

As soon as Beata reached home she told Anne, the nurse, what she had seen. Anne knew the floating island well; it had been in the marsh for many a year. Every year a loon built her nest there, and Anne had her own opinion, both about the loon and the island; but when Beata teased to know more, old Anne only shook her head; for she was not one to tell all that she knew. At last she yielded, and said that if any one stands on the floating island, and takes the loon's egg from the nest for a moment, and wishes something, it will surely come to pass, if the loon does not forsake her nest, but hatches the egg in peace.

"If the loon sits on her nest till Autumn, even if you wished to become an English princess, it will certainly happen," said old Anne. "But there is one thing more to be remembered. That you must not say a single word about it to any living creature."

"Not even to your father and mother?" asked Beata.

"No," answered Anne, "nor to any mother's son or daughter."

Beata thought of nothing but the island the whole evening, and when she fell asleep she dreamed of nothing else all night.

As soon as she was up in the morning, she begged her father very prettily to row Marie and Louise and herself out to the floating island when they came that afternoon, and he promised to do so. But he also asked what made her think of it, and what she wanted to do there. At first she was going to tell him all; but she remembered Anne's words, and did not tell him all, but only that she longed to go there, because the little green island looked so cunning.

"Yes, it is pretty, and you shall see a loon's nest there too," said her father, stroking her brown hair.

Beata grew quite red in the face and tears came into her eyes; for she knew about the loon's nest very well, and felt that she had deceived her father, and that she had never done before.

In the afternoon her father took the three little girls to the marsh.

The water was calm, dark and bright; the pine wood on one shore and the green hill on the other were reflected upside down in it. Here and there were broad green leaves, and big, shining white marsh flowers, swimming on the dark water. Beata's friends thought it was the most delightful sight in the world, and begged her father to stop and fish up some of the lovely flowers for them. But Beata only longed for the floating island.

There it lay in the midst of the marsh, and when they approached it it looked as if there were two small islands, one above and one below the water, the last almost more beautiful than the first. The father rowed close up to it and around it, and when they came to the other side the loon jumped suddenly out of the rushes into the water and dived down.

"Here is the loon's nest," said the father, and steered the raft that way.

The girls bent over the raft while the father held them, one by one, and they were indeed delighted; the nest was right on one corner of the island, among the grass, and on the bottom of it lay two big grayish-brown eggs with black spots, bigger than any goose-egg.

Marie and Louise shouted and laughed, but Beata was very still and shy. She begged her father to let her stand on the island, only for one minute and take one of the loon's eggs in her hand, "so that she could see it better," she said.

Her father would not refuse, lifted her in his arms and placed her on the floating turf, but told her that she must only touch the egg with her finger tips, for else the bird would know that some one had meddled with it and would never hatch the young one out.

So there stood Beata at last on the green floating island! and she grew pale with excitement as she stooped to pick up the grayish-brown egg. She took it between two fingers. Now she could have whatever she chose! What do you think she wished? To become an English princess? No, she knew something much better than that; her lips moved and she murmured softly:

"*I wish that little Beata was safe and sound, and sitting under the briar rose again!*"

But just at that moment the loon rose up close by her; and when she saw Beata standing by her

nest with an egg in her hand, she gave such a shrill, shrill scream, that, in her alarm, Beata dropped the egg. It fell into the nest right upon the other, and—crash! they both broke in two, so that the yokes spirted out.

Beata stood petrified, with the right hand, which had held the egg, still upraised, until her father lifted her on to the raft again. Then the tears gushed from her eyes and she told him the whole story; but she promised faithfully that it should be the last time, as it was the first, that she would be so naughty a girl. Her father said that that was a good resolve, which he hoped she would always keep, and then he rowed them to shore.

But the loon forsook her nest from that time forth, and the green island has grown fast to the land.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. V.)

LITTLE Dutch Gretchen sat in the kitchen,
Eating some nice sauerkraut,
When the little dog Schneider
Came and sat down beside her,
And little Dutch Gretchen went out.

who thought that if such a green youth as Joe, with an old flint-lock, could bag wild ducks at Bass Cove, surely he, Augustus the sportsman, with his fine double-barreled fowling-piece and modern accouterments, must have great success there, and astonish the natives at their own game. He named an early day for his visit, and already imagined himself shooting ducks by the dozen.

"'Arly in the mornin' 's the best time for 'em," said Joe, who accordingly advised him to come down the evening before, and stop overnight.

To this Mr. Bonwig agreed, and walked away in fine spirits, with his hat on one side, swinging his cane, and puffing his jaunty cigar. Then, having sold his ducks for a good price, and bought a new fur cap for Winter wear, and a glass of very small beer for immediate consumption, and a rattle for the baby, and a paper of brown sugar for the family, all with the duck money, young Joe turned about and drove home, with a pretty good handful of small change still jingling in his pocket.

One evening, not long after, the stage-coach rolled up to old Joe's door at the Cove, and a stout sporting gentleman got down over the wheel, from the top, and jumped to the ground. It was Mr. Augustus Bonwig, looking plumper than ever, in his short hunting-jacket, and handsomer than ever, to young Joe's fancy, in his magnificent hunting-boots (red-topped, trousers tucked into them), and with the fine double-barreled gun he carried.

"Oh, a'nt that ——!" exclaimed Joe, poising the gun. He did not say *what*—no word in the language seemed adequate to express the admiration and delight with which he regarded the beautiful fowling-piece. "And what boots them are for wet walkin'! And ha'nt you got the splendidest game-bag, though! And what a huntin'-cap!—it don't seem as though a man *could* miss a bird, that wore such a cap as that! Come in," said Joe, his respect for Mr. Bonwig greatly increased, now that he had seen him in such noble sporting rig. "Father's to home. And I'll show you our guns —old-fashioned queen's-arms, both on 'em."

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, smiling. "Well, now, I *am* surprised! You don't mean to say you shoot ducks with *those* things? Well, well! I *am!*"

"My boy there," said old Joe, filling his pipe and cocking his eye proudly at the youngster, "he'd shoot ducks with 'most anything, I believe. He'd bring 'em down with a hoe-handle, if he could n't git holt o' nothin' else. He 's got a knack, sir; it 's all in havin' a knack." And old Joe, who had been standing with his back to the fire, turned about and stooped to pick up a small live coal with the tongs. "Then ag'in,"—he pressed the coal into the bowl of his pipe, and took a puff,—"ducks is"—puff, puff—"puty plenty,"—puff,—"and puty tame on this here coast, about now." And the old man, having lighted his pipe, and replaced the tongs in the chimney-corner, stepped aside, to make room for his wife.

Mrs. Joe swung out the old-fashioned crane, hung the tea-kettle on one of the hooks, and swung it back again over the fire. Then she greased the iron spider, placed it on the coals, and made other preparations for supper.

"Sed down, sed down," said old Joe; and Mr. Bonwig sat down. And the children crowded around him, to admire his watch-chain and his red-topped boots. And the amiable Augustus, who had come prepared for such emergencies, pulled out of one pocket one kind of candy, and another kind out of another pocket, and still a third variety from a third receptacle, and so on; for his hunting-suit seemed to be literally lined with pockets, and all his pockets to contain more or less of those celebrated sweetmeats so well and so favorably known to the good boys and girls in town. And Mr. Bonwig was pleased to observe that human nature was the same everywhere; country boys and girls were like city boys and girls, in one respect at least—all liked candy.

"O, a'nt it good!" said Maggie.

"Prime! I tell ye!" said Joe, who had his share, of course.

"Goodie, good!" said Molly.

"Goo, goo!" crowed the baby.

"Oh, my!" said Tottie.

And they all sucked and crunched, with cheeks sticking out and eyes glistening, just like so many children in town, for all the world. And Augustus was happy, thinking just then, I imagine, of three or four plump little darlings at home, of whom he was very fond, and whom he never left for a single night, if he could help it, unless it was to go on some such glorious hunting frolic as this.

It was a poor man's kitchen. I don't think there was a carpet or a table-napkin in the house; the ceiling was low, the windows were small, the walls smoky, and everything was as plain and old-fashioned as could be. But Mr. Bonwig, nice gentleman as he was, appeared delighted. He prided himself on his sportsmanlike habits, and so the rougher he found life down on the coast, the better. He admired the little smoky kitchen, he liked the fried perch and cold wild duck for supper, and he was charmed with the homely talk of gunning and fishing, and storms and wrecks, which took up the evening, and with the bed of wild fowls' feathers on which he passed the night.

The next morning young Joe came to his bedside, candle in hand, and awoke him, before dawn.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bonwig, rubbing his eyes open. "Hel-lo! I *am* surprised! I was having such a splendid time! I thought I was hunting ducks, and I had got a whole flock in range of my two barrels, and was waiting for a few more to light; but I was just going to shoot, when you woke me. I wish I had fired before!"

"Wal, you come with me, and mabby your dream 'll come to pass," said young Joe, leaving him the candle to dress by.

Mrs. Scoville was already cooking their breakfast; "for, like as not," she said, "they would n't be back till noon, and they must have a bite of something to start with."

Mr. Bonwig was sorry she had given herself so much trouble; but he afterward, as we shall see, had good reason to be thankful that he had taken that "bite."

At daylight they set out, Mr. Bonwig with his fine, stub-twist, two-barreled fowling-piece, and young Joe with both the old queen's-arms, his own and his father's.

Mr. Bonwig wished to know what the boy expected to do with two guns.

"They may come handy; they 'most alluz does," said Joe.

"But I've *my* gun this time," said Augustus; "and I shall want you to carry the birds."

That was a somewhat startling suggestion; but Joe thought he would take both guns, nevertheless.

"I a'nt goin' to come in the way of your shootin'; but I 'll jest take what you leave—though I don't suppose that will be much," said he.

It was a cool Autumn morning. The air was crisp and exhilarating. The morning light was breaking, through dim clouds, over land and sea. Joe led the way over the short wet grass, and rocks and ledges, of a rough hill back of the Cove. At last he pulled the eager Augustus by the jacket, and said:

"Be sly now, climbin' around them rocks yender! There 's a beach t' other side, and a little stream o' water runnin' acrost it. Black ducks can't git along, as some kinds can, with salt water alone—they alluz have to go to fresh water to drink, and we 're apt to find 'em around Beach Brook here, 'fore folks are stirrin'. 'T was on this beach father shot the twenty-five, to one shot, he told ye about last night."

"Was that a true story, Joe?" Augustus asked, growing excited.

"True as guns," said Joe. "Ye see, they all gether in a huddle along by the brook, and you 've only to git in range of 'em, and let fly jest at the right minute; sometimes there 'll be a flock of a hundred, like as any way, and ye can't miss 'em all if ye try."

"I should think not!" said Mr. Bonwig, taking long, noiseless strides in his hunting-boots, and holding his gun in the approved fashion. "Only show me such a chance!"

"I 'll wait here in the hollow," said Joe. "You crawl over the rocks, and look right down on the beach before ye, and —— By sixty! there 's a flock lightin' now!—see 'em?"

"Bless my heart!" said Bonwig, in no little trepidation.

He took the route Joe pointed out, and soon disappeared behind the ledges. Then all was silence for several minutes, while Joe waited to hear the double report of the destructive fowling-piece, and to see the frightened flock of ducks—or such as were left of them after Mr. Bonwig's shots—fly up again.

Bonwig in the meantime crept along behind a pile of rocks Joe had described to him, and, looking through an opening, saw a wonderful sight. Before him spread the broad, smooth beach, washed by the surf. There must have been a high wind off the coast during the night, for the sea was rough, and long, heavy breakers came curling and plunging magnificently along the shore. The morning clouds were reddening over the agitated ocean, which faintly reflected their tints.

But the sight which most interested Mr. Augustus Bonwig was the game that awaited him. The brook, which cut out afresh its channel across the beach as often as the tide, which filled it with sand twice in the twenty-four hours, receded,—the little brook, from the rocks to the surf (it was now half tide), was alive with ducks, and more were alighting.

Mr. Bonwig silently blessed his heart two or three times—and well he might, for it was beating with very unsportsmanlike rapidity at that exciting moment. His hands shook so that it was well that Joe, if he was to retain his high respect for him as a gunner, did not see them. In fact, Mr. Bonwig, who fancied himself a sportsman because he had been sometimes successful in firing at a mark, found this a very different business. He hardly knew whether he took aim or not. That one barrel went off prematurely in the air is quite certain. At the report,—the like of which ducks on that coast had made acquaintance with before, and knew that it meant mischief,—the entire flock of a hundred or more flew up at once, with a sudden noise of wings which could be heard above the roaring of the breakers. Then the other barrel went off. Then young Joe came running up in high glee, to offer his congratulations and to help pick up the dead birds. He looked, expecting to see the beach strewn with them.

There was n't a bird on the beach, dead or alive!

In utter amazement, Joe turned and looked at Mr. Bonwig. That gentleman stood with his portly form erect, his head thrown back, and his mouth and eyes open, staring at the sky, into which his fine covey of ducks were rapidly vanishing.

"Well, well!" said he. "Now, now! If I *aint* surprised! Who ever saw anything happen like that? BLESS—MY—HEART!"

"Not a darned duck!" said Joe.

"O, I must have wounded some! I must have wounded about twenty!" Augustus declared. He looked critically at his gun; then he turned his gaze once more at the sky; then he looked at young Joe, who was beginning to grin. "I think my shot must be too fine," said Mr. Bonwig.

Joe asked to see his lead.

"'T aint no finer 'n what *I* use. Feathers on a loon's breast are so thick them shot would n't go through 'em; have to fire at a loon's head, when he 's facin' ye. But I don't see how ye could let fly into a flock o' loons even without knockin' over a few."

"It 's a very remarkable circumstance!—very singular!—*very* surprising!" observed Mr. Bonwig, wounded in his tenderest point,—his pride as a sportsman,—and betraying a good deal of chagrin and agitation. He was very much flushed. He took off his cap and wiped his forehead. "Just let me try that thing over again, that 's all!"

"Best way now will be to go off to the island," said Joe. "That 's our dory. Jest help me shove it off, and we 'll have some fun yet!"

"Yes, yes—so we will!" said Bonwig.

And so they did; but we shall have to postpone our account of it for a future number of ST. NICHOLAS.

LAST DAYS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

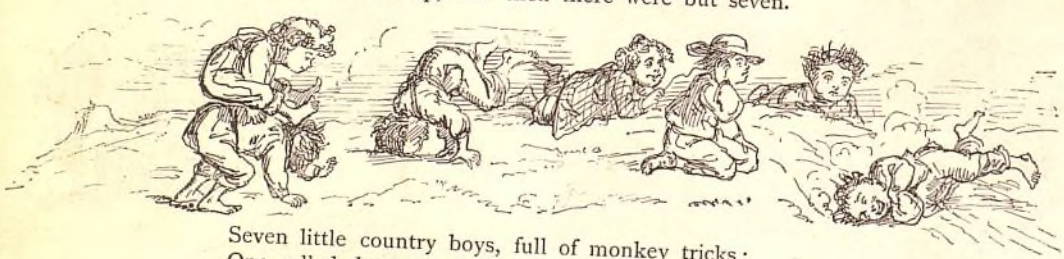
TEN LITTLE COUNTRY BOYS.

(An old song to a new tune.)

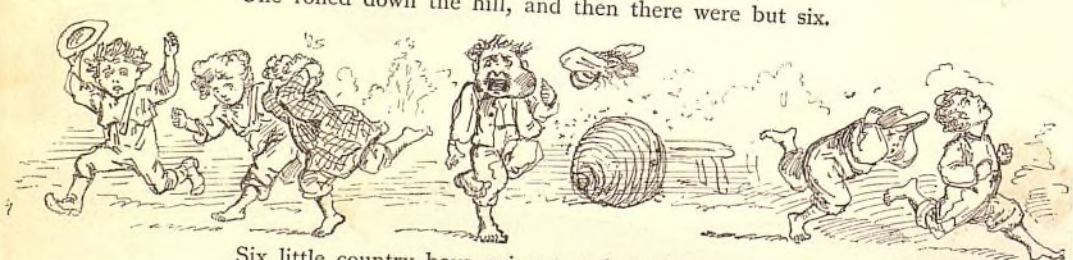
TEN little country boys underneath a vine;
A darning-needle frightened one, and then there were but nine.

Nine little country boys swinging on a gate;
One turned a somersault, and then there were but eight.

Eight little country boys learning about heaven;
One fell fast asleep, and then there were but seven.



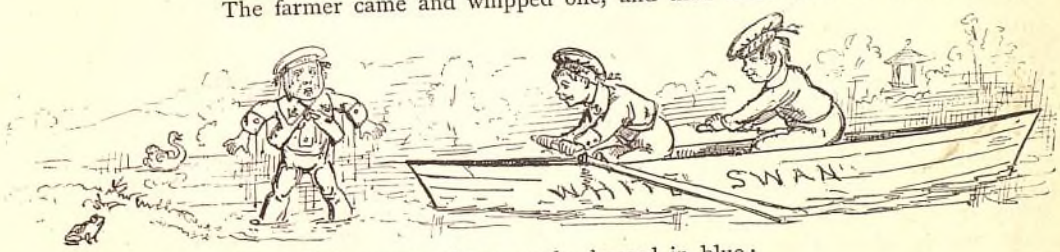
Seven little country boys, full of monkey tricks;
One rolled down the hill, and then there were but six.



Six little country boys going to rob a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were but five.

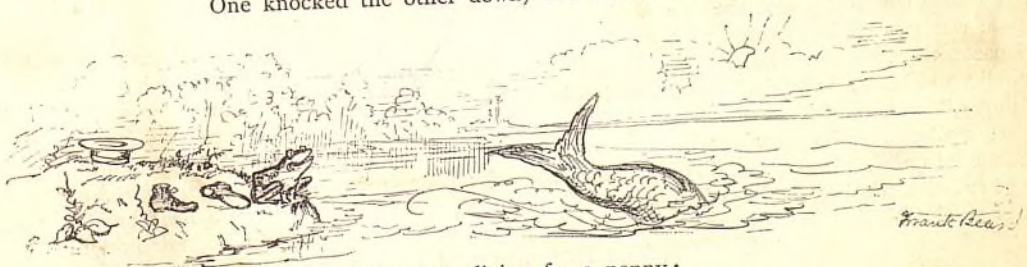
Five little country boys asking for some more;
One burst his little self, and then there were but four.

Four little country boys climbing up a tree;
The farmer came and whipped one, and then there were but three.



Three little country boys, gayly dressed in blue;
One tumbled overboard, and then there were but two.

Two little country boys, both named John;
One knocked the other down, and then there was but one.



One little country boy diving for a penny;
A little fish swallowed him, and then there was n't any.

THE FORTUNES OF A SAUCER-PIE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT was on the day before Thanksgiving that the saucer-pie came into being. Miss Hepzitah made it. All the grown-up pies were done and in the oven. The Indian pudding was mixed and flavored, waiting its turn till all the other things should be drawn out, when the oven door would be shut and it put in and left to slowly bake all night long, and come out in the morning brown as a chestnut and spicy as—well, as an old-fashioned Indian pudding. There is nothing else in the world spicy enough to be compared with it.

Rows of loaves, brown and white, stood covered with towels on the shelves of the buttery, which smelt delightfully, and not of fresh bread alone, for in the corner, under a tin pan, was the huge jelly-cake, a miracle of light sponge, and jam, and pink and white frosting. Apple sauce and cranberry sauce were simmering over the fire in little kettles. On the window-sill stood the great chicken pie, set out to cool, while beside it to-morrow's turkey lay trussed and ready, its drumsticks and wings meekly folded over a well-stuffed breast. There was no end to the good things, thought little Dolly. It was as exciting as Thanksgiving-day itself, just to stand by and watch and see, and smell the fragrance of the impending feast.

A morsel of paste remained on the board after the big pies were finished, and at the bottom of the bowl a little strained and lemon-flavored apple sauce. Miss Hepzitah stepped to the dresser and took down a small blue and white saucer. Dolly's eyes grew round as the saucer with expectation when she saw this. To and fro went Miss Hepzitah's roller, and presently the paste had become a smooth, flat sheet, which was laid over the saucer and neatly trimmed about the edges. Then the apple was poured in, covered with another sheet of paste, three little fork-holes were pricked in the middle, and lastly, "sizz, sizz" went Miss Hepzitah's "jigger," and behold, in one second of time, a pretty scalloped border grew into shape and rounded the pie into perfect beauty. Dolly had been holding her breath during the last of these operations, but now she felt that she must speak or die!

"Is it for me?" she cried. "Oh, Miss Hepsy, is it for me?"

"Wait and see," replied Miss Hepsy. The pie *was* meant for Dolly, but, like many grown persons, Miss Hepzitah enjoyed baffling children and putting them off when they asked questions. She had never had much to do with any child till Dolly came, and did not understand how little hearts set themselves on little things, or how hard it is for little patiences to "wait and see" when they are bidden to do so.

With anxious interest Dolly watched the saucer-pie shoved into the oven. You may be sure that she managed to be on hand to see it come out. Miss Hepsy had never made a saucer-pie before since Dolly had lived with her. That was almost a year. Dolly was beginning to forget the time that went before—the time when she lived with mamma, and was petted with baby-talk, had treats and surprises, and spent the pennies given her in candy instead of putting them into the missionary box, as Miss Hepsy made her do. Miss Hepzitah meant to be very kind to Dolly, but her sense of duty was strong, and she thought a good deal more of what was good for Dolly's character than of what Dolly happened to be wishing and longing for at the moment. This sometimes led to misunderstandings between them.

Dear little Dolly! Her pink and white fat face was full of anxiety as Miss Hepsy lifted the saucer-pie from the oven and set it on the table to cool.

"Now you 'll tell me if it 's for me, wont you?" she said.

Miss Hepsy relented, and was just going to say "yes," when, unfortunately, somebody knocked at the door. It was little Kitty Blane who knocked. Kitty was the child of a neighbor not quite so well off as Miss Hepzitah was. Mrs. Blane happened just then to be laid up with rheumatism, and Miss Hepsy had promised her a pumpkin pie, which Kitty was now come to fetch. It stood on the table, already packed in a basket with a mold of cranberry jelly, and Miss Hepzitah proceeded to tuck a clean napkin neatly about it.

Suddenly a bright thought struck her. She turned sharp round and seized the saucer-pie.

"Now, Dolly," she said, "I *did* mean this pie for you; but here 's Kitty, you see, whose ma is sick, and who aint going to have any Thanksgiving at all, none of her folks, nor nothing. Now, you 'll have Aunt Jessie, you know, and Uncle Jim, and grandma, and all the cousins, and a good dinner and a first-rate time generally; so I

think you 'd better give this little pie to Kitty! You 'd rather, would n't you? You don't want to feel selfish about it, I 'm sure, do you, Dolly?"

Miss Hepzitah thought that to make this little sacrifice would be good for Dolly's character, you see; so she was much disappointed when, instead of cheerfully replying, like a little girl in a book, "Yes, indeed, Miss Hepsy, let Kitty have it," Dolly burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Oh, was it for me? I don't want to give it away. I don't, Miss Hepsy! I don't want to!"

"Dolly!" cried Miss Hepsy, sternly, "I am ashamed of you! Here, Kitty, take the little pie and go. I 'm sorry that Dolly should behave so naughty, that I am."

"Oh, please, Miss Hepsy," faltered Kitty, "don't give me Dolly's pie. I 'd a great deal rather she had it; indeed I would."

"It is n't hers. It 's your pie!" declared Miss Hepsy, with a stamp of her foot. "I never gave it to Dolly at all. There, Kitty, I 've put it in the basket. Go home, now, and tell your ma I 'll look in sometime to-morrow, and see how she 's getting along."

Kitty cast a sorrowful look at the sobbing Dolly. But it was never of any use to oppose Miss Hepsy, so she took the basket up and went away without another word. She liked little pies very much; but this, she felt, it would be impossible to enjoy, because, while she ate it, she should be thinking of poor Dolly, left behind pieless and tearful.

Arrived at home, she gave Miss Hepzitah's message to her mother, set the pies and the jelly away in a cool place, mended the fire, hung on the kettle for tea, and then sat down on the broad stone door-step to rest for a little while. The sun was setting, making haste to go to bed, as sleepy suns do on November afternoons. The air was mild, with just a faint bright touch of frost, which seemed to add freshness to it rather than chill. Kitty always liked to watch the sunsets, they were so pretty, from the kitchen door. All the leafless woods turned into beautiful colors; the pond, which shone in the distance, gleamed golden and still, like a big burnished mirror. Odd, unexplained fragrances came from the forest, as though the ghosts of the dead flowers had come back to haunt the spot. A belated bird hopped by. Above was a dome of pure yellow sky, with here and there a little fleck of crimson cloud drifting over it, like a tiny, rapid boat. Surely no summer evening could be more beautiful. Frost and winter, all unlovely things, seemed just then impossible and a long way off.

Presently Kitty left off looking at the sunset, to watch a small figure which came into view on the road, dodging behind fences, and kicking up dead leaves with a pair of brown little feet. It was a girl about Kitty's own age, a girl with a thin, dark face, tangled hair, and a ragged frock, which only half hid her limbs. Behind her ran a dog, which barked and snapped at the leaves which the girl kicked up with her toes.

When the girl saw Kitty sitting there she stopped and looked for a minute, as though she would turn and run away. Then she sidled slowly nearer, glancing shyly out of her large black eyes, and not speaking till Kitty spoke.

"Is that your dog?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," said the girl, "he 's mine. His name is Spot."

"And what 's your name?" was Kitty's next question.

"Dono what 't is now. Mother used to call me Nance sometimes."

"But don't they call you Nance any longer?" asked Kitty, surprised.

"No. Nobody don't call me no name at all, only just 'Come here, you,' or 'Get out, you limb!' or something like that."

"Why, what horrid people they must be! I would n't stay any longer with people who called me names like that," cried Kitty, opening wide her eyes.

"Where would you stay, then?" demanded the girl.

This was a poser!

"I 'd—I 'd—run away, or—something. I 'd go somewhere else," said Kitty.

"Yes,—but where? Nobody wants a tramp-child like me about. 'Most always at nice clean houses like this they drive me away. Once a boy set his dog on me, but Spot was the biggest, and he gin it to 'em, I tell you. Jack, and Spelter Sal, well, they aint so very kind, I 'spose, but they gin me a meal of vittles whenever they has any theirselves, and I sleep under the tent with 'em; and it 's better than outside. 'T aint so easy as it sounds to go hungry, I can tell you."

"Oh, I *am* so sorry for you!" cried Kitty, with tears in her eyes. "Wait here just a minute, and let me ask mother if I may n't give you some supper. I 'm sure she 'll say yes." And in she ran, leaving the poor little vagrant at the gate, with Spot jumping and barking at her heels.

"Here," cried she, coming back with a mug and a plate of bread in her hands, "I knew mother 'd let me. Here 's some bread-and-milk for you, Nance. Sit down on the step and eat it all up. Poor Nance! it 's dreadful for you to be so hungry. Why, I never was hungry in my life,—not so hungry that I could n't wait, I mean," she added, correcting herself.

Nance evidently had reached the point of hun-

ger when it was not easy to wait. She attacked the bread-and-milk like one famished. But, half-starved as she was, Kitty observed that she stopped every now and then to throw a bit of bread to Spot, who sat on his tail watching with wistful eyes each mouthful that went down his mistress's throat. When Kitty saw this, she ran for more bread, and fed Spot herself. Her tender heart was full of pity for the forlorn creatures; she longed to help farther, to do more for them. A sudden thought crossed her mind.

"Shall I?" she asked herself. "Yes, I will." And without farther delay, she hastened indoors once more, and came back with a happy flush on her cheeks, and in her hand the saucer-pie!

"Here," she said, "look at this dear little pie. Is n't it cunning? Miss Hepsy gave it me for my own, and I 'm going to give it to you. I wont give you the saucer, though, because *that* does n't belong to me. Don't touch it till I come back. I 'm going to get a knife and some paper to wrap it in."

You should have seen Nance's face as Kitty carefully loosened the edges of the pie, turned it out, and folded it in the paper! I suppose such a treat had never lighted upon the poor little waif before in the whole course of her life. Spot appeared to understand that something of unusual importance was going on, for he stood on his hind-legs, barked wildly, careered about, and behaved generally like a distracted dog. When the pie was placed in her hands, Nance looked at it silently, and then she looked at Kitty. She did not *say* "Thank you"—I suppose no one had ever taught her to do so, but her eyes made up for the deficiencies of her tongue, and Kitty missed nothing. "Spot! Spot!" called Nance, and, squeezing the precious pie very tightly in her hand, she smiled once more into Kitty's face, and walked away. Kitty watched her go, with a warm, happy feeling at her heart. It was a great deal nicer that poor Nance had the pie, than if she had eaten it herself,—this was the thought in her mind, when at last she went in and shut the door.

Nance, meanwhile, was making the best of her way toward the gypsy tent, which was a long way off in the woods. She had no idea of keeping the pie till she got there, because then Jack and Spelter Sal would, she knew, take it from her; but she wished to enjoy the pleasure of possession till the last possible moment. As she walked, she every now and then lifted the parcel to her nose for a rapturous sniff, but she did not undo the paper until nearly a mile was passed, and she and Spot were almost within sight of the tent. Then she sat down under a tree, untied the string, and after feasting her eyes for a moment, raised the pie to her lips, and took a great bite. It was even better than it looked,—the best, the very best thing, Nance thought, that she had ever imagined. "Oh, if it would only last forever, and never be eaten up!" she thought, as she took the second bite.

Now, Spot had seated himself also at the same time with Nance, and exactly in front of her. He, too, smelt the pie, and admired its looks. When she took the first mouthful, he writhed himself about, and his tail rapped sharply in the dry leaves beneath him. His mouth watered, his red tongue hung out from his jaws, and waved to and fro suggestingly. At last he gave a short reminding bark. Nance stopped eating. She held the pie a little way off, and looked first at it and then at Spot.

"Yes," she said at last. "You shall have some, Spotty, 'cause you 're the only friend I 've got. Poor Spotty, dear Spotty, don't wag so—you shall have a bit." She gave a little guess of self-renunciation, broke the pie bravely in two, and held the smaller piece out to Spot. It was a large piece—almost half of all that was left! Spot seized it joyfully. Munch—crunch—down his throat it went in large morsels. Munch—crunch—Nance's share was also disappearing. In a very short time there was no pie left—not a crumb; and which of the two who shared the feast enjoyed it the most thoroughly, it would indeed be hard to say.

So Dolly, and Kitty, and Nance, and Spot, each and all, had a saucer-pie. Were these four pies, then, or was it but one, multiplied and made many by the blessed arithmetical rule called golden, which consists in giving each to the other? And which of those who gave enjoyed the giving most, think you,—Dolly, who parted with the pie against her will; Kitty, who gave from pity and tenderness of heart; or Nance, who lovingly shared her little all with her dumb and only friend?