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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 1.

ABOUT THE PAINTER OF LITTLE PENELOPE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

LITTLE Penelope Boothby looks at us all with such a friendly, innocent face, over the gap of a hundred years, that I, for one, felt I must ask the little girl, in some way, how the world had used her in that long-ago time. It was a brilliant, wicked world into which she had come, but with plenty of gracious, good women hidden, as now, in quiet homes. Did little Penelope grow into one of these wives and mothers, or was she among the famous dazzling beauties whose histories no child could read?

There is an old library near me that is a veritable Doomsday-book in itself,—a record of the lives of obscure, forgotten people. There, after diligent search one September afternoon, I found the story of the little lady, hidden in a brown old book, its leaves thin with age. I found in it this little girl's picture, which ST. NICHOLAS has now so beautifully engraved after Sir Joshua Reynolds' painting, and beneath, written by her father, "Penelope, ætat. s. iv." Her eyes, he said, were blue, and the hair under the queer old cap "translucent gold." There was a picture, too, of her home, Asbourne Hall, buried among trees, and of the quaint old church where the little girl knelt beside her mother on Sunday mornings; and there was much fond talk of how she watched at the gate for her father coming home, or sat at evening on his knee, and was, in a word, his one only child, too well beloved.

For the name of the book was "Sorrows," and it was the lamentations of a father, written at intervals during a long life, for the child who died when but seven years old. All that the age possessed

of genius had come to his aid to preserve her memory: Sir Joshua had painted her; there was a marble statue by Banks of the child, as she fell, smiling, into her last sleep, her hands closed together under her chubby cheek; and a wonderful picture by Fuseli of the silent angel Death softly lifting the dear baby, still smiling, to her bosom.

So I was glad that little Penelope never changed into a great court beauty, or even into a happy wife and mother; but that the child went home just as we see her, to the land where there are so many children, and where He who loves them best of all never leaves them.

I am sure the children here who see to-day her friendly little face will be glad to know something of the man who has sent it to us across these hundred years. His story means, after all, more to us than that of Penelope.

One July morning in 1723, a baby was born in the schoolmaster's house in the English sea-coast village of Plympton Earl. The schoolmaster had six children already; the news, therefore, produced no great stir among the neighbors. Yet, although the village was nigh a thousand years old when the baby was born, and more than a hundred and fifty years have passed since then, it is only known to the world as the birthplace of this little boy, who was christened Joshua, and grew up with his eleven brothers and sisters, noticed by nobody, coarsely dressed and poorly fed. The children were fond of drawing, as all children are, but were too poor to own paper and pencils, and used char-

coal instead, on the cellar walls. We have the name of the lady who gave them their first pencil, so great a possession did they hold it. Joshua's drawings were different from the others, in the scrupulous care with which they were finished. Many of the boys who read this can dash you off a tiger or a ship on a black-board so effective that their mothers are sure they will be great artists. Little Joshua did not work in that way. Before he was eight years old he had found a book on the rules of Perspective, and studied it. There is still to be seen a Latin exercise, *De Labore*, on the back of which is drawn a book-case in panels. Beneath, his father has written, "Drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." But the idleness was painstaking, most faithful work; for critics assure us that in this drawing are to be found the same conscientious care and delicacy which marked the great pictures of his later years. His brothers, as they grew older, sketched and daubed away vigorously; but Joshua *worked* at drawing. Before he was ten years old, he had studied so thoroughly Richardson's Treatise on Painting, that its theories worked like leaven in his mind all through his life. He copied faithfully, too, such books of engraving as fell in his way; studied, as other boys do Latin and arithmetic, the combination and rules of color. His pencil (we hope money was given without grudging for his pencils then) was seldom out of his hand. If he had no paper near, he sketched on his thumb-nail some face that struck him. One of these faces (that of a Latin master) he copied from his nail in a boat-house under the cliff, using a piece of old sail for canvas, and the wheelwright's coarse paints. The portrait still exists,—a forcible and remarkable drawing, according to Cotton.

Joshua's father, who had meant to make an apothecary of the boy, was touched by his diligence and faithfulness in the work he had chosen, and consented to enter him at sixteen as a pupil with Hudson, then the first portrait-painter of England. The price paid Hudson was about \$800 for four years,—a heavy tax on the poor schoolmaster, with his swarm of children, and sometimes but one scholar. If Joshua in after years followed that branch of art which paid him best, and saved his pence that he might give guineas to his family, we should not blame him too hardly. He learned the value of money in sore experience, and through the many sacrifices which his family made for him.

Hudson taught the boy the rules of his art, but he also taught him the formal, stiff style of portrait-painting then in vogue: every lady wore the same glazed smile, every man carried his hat under his arm, and frowned under his fair wig. As long as young Reynolds copied his master's work, his pictures deserved little notice; but one day, ventur-

ing on his own theory of truth to Nature, he painted the portrait of an old servant-woman, and hung it up in the gallery. Hudson was honest enough to confess that it was better than any work he could do, but was too jealous of his pupil to allow him to remain any longer with him. Joshua then returned to Devonshire, and began the practice of his art in Plymouth as a portrait-painter. When he was about twenty-six years old, he formed a friendship with Commodore Keppel, and with him visited Southern Europe, remaining two years in Rome, studying his art, as he tells us, "with measureless content." One of his first pictures, on his return, was that of his friend, then Admiral Keppel, in which he carried out his idea of giving to the figure characteristic expression and an appropriate background. The gallant Admiral stands upon a stormy beach, his hair and mantle blown by the wind, his hand on his sword. This picture opened the door to fame and fortune for the artist.

Thereafter the history of Joshua Reynolds was a series of steady triumphs. He never married, his stately house always being a home for his sisters or their orphan children. All the poets, philosophers and statesmen of the time, all the beautiful women came to him to be painted, quite sure that if there were any latent nobility or charm in their faces which nobody had yet seen, he would discover it and make it immortal. Here, perhaps, lay the strength of Sir Joshua's portraits. He painted men and women as they ought to have looked in their best moment of life; hence, although his colors now in some cases have given way, his favorite lakes dulled, and the carmine turned purple, the faces look upon us from the canvas with a wonderful power and sweetness. We tell ourselves that these were not ordinary men and women who lived in that time; they must have been "gods and heroes who blazed across that sky;" and the man who painted them was surely of their kin.

The Royal Academy, founded during his life, elected the schoolmaster's son the first President; he was knighted immediately after; and, what was of much more value to him, he welcomed at his table as his friends the most noble and illustrious men and women of his time. At the age of sixty-six, while painting the portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford, he felt a sharp pain in his eye, and was conscious that his sight had failed. He laid down his pencil, never to lift it again; and five years later died, having been for nearly half a century "sole dictator in the realm of English art."

Boys who read this little story will notice that it was by no sudden "spurt" of genius, no spasmodic effort that he reached this place. He found

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out the work for which he was fitted, and gave himself to it patiently, both in brain and body. Sir Joshua himself tells it all in a line, in his advice to a young artist: "The man determined

to excel must go to his work, whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon and night; and he will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor."

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

HARD TIMES AT HOME.



IT'S no use talking, Arty, there are too many of us. The pie don't go round."

Arthur smiled a little ruefully as he added to Barnard's complaint: "And Sam and Oliver wear their clothes all out before they can be made over for me."

Barnard — whose whole name, by the way, was Barker Barnard Stevens—showed his confidence in his younger brother's judgment when he said: "As we are a too numerous family, what is to be done about it? Kill off a few?"

Arthur was one of seven—great hearty boys all of them. His trousers were inherited from his elder brother Sam, and had been "turned" in the legs and were already inconveniently short. With an impatient little jerk at the knee of one of these objectionable legs, he said: "Let's emigrate!"

Barnard, five years older, and more cautious, asked: "Where to?"

"Oh, anywhere, so that we have a chance to strike out for ourselves. Father emigrated from Vermont with all of us young ones, and why should n't we put out for the Far West, I'd like to know? It is n't so far from Illinois to Somewhere-else now, as it was from Vermont to Illinois when we were brought here."

"A great deal you know about it, young Arthur

boy. Why, you were only six years old when we came here."

"All right, Barney, but I'm fifteen now, and have not studied geography for nothing."

"Boys! boys! it's time to turn in. You've got to go down to Turner's to-morrow after those grain sacks; and your ma says there's no rye-meal in the house for Saturday's baking."

This was the voice of Farmer Stevens from the porch. The boys had been sitting on the rail-fence in front of the house while the twilight fell. The evening was tranquil but gloomy, and they had taken a somewhat somber view of family affairs, considering what cheery, hopeful young fellows they were.

But it was a fact that there were too many of them. There were four boys older than Arthur, two younger, and a baby sister. Since the Stevens family had settled in Northern Illinois, things had gone wrong all over the country. First, the chinch-bug came upon them and ate up their crop—and it was not much of a crop, either. Then they had a good year and felt encouraged; but next there fell a sort of blight on the Rock River region. It was dry in seeding-time and wet in harvest. The smut got into the wheat—and nobody planted anything besides wheat in those days. So, what with rust, mildew, and other plagues, poor Farmer Stevens was left without much more than grain enough to feed his growing boys. His cattle went hungry or to the butchers. From year to year things alternated between bad and worse. It was discouraging.

As the boys climbed down from their perch, Barnard said to his father:

"Arty and I are going to emigrate."

"Yes, to Turner's mill; and be sure you bring back all those grain-sacks, Arthur."

But the watchful mother heard the remark, and said, as the boys lumbered upstairs to bed:

"Barnard was cut-up to-night because he missed

his piece of pie. Joe Griffin was here, and it did not go round."

"Well, I must say, mother," replied Farmer Stevens, "it's hard lines when the boys fall out with their provender; but Barney is dreadful notional, and he's out of conceit with Illinois."

"Yes, father, he is a restless boy, and he and Arty set so much by each other; when one goes the other will."

The poor mother laid her sleeping baby in the cradle, and sat for a moment looking out over the dim landscape beyond the open window.

Sugar Grove was a small settlement on a broken rise of ground. Behind stood a dense grove of sugar-maples, extending two miles east and west. In front of the few houses and the row of wheat-farms was a broad valley, belted with trees, and through which Rock River wound in big curves, now faint in the early Summer night. The crop was mostly in the ground, and the little farm looked tidy. But the fences were not in good repair, the house had never been painted, and the whole place seemed pinched and poor.

"This is n't the 'rich West,' after all," sighed Mrs. Stevens, sadly; and the tears gathered in her eyes as she thought of her noble boys growing up in such strait circumstances, with defeat and poverty continually before them. "So the pie would n't go round? Poor Barney!" The mother laughed a sad little laugh to herself, as she thought of Barnard's grim discontent.

Returning from Turner's, next day, Arthur brought the family mail which had been left at the mill by some of the neighbors down the road, on their way home from town. It was not a heavy mail; and, as Arthur jogged along on Old Jim, sitting among the grain-sacks, he opened the village newspaper. The *Lee County Banner* was published once a week, and the local news usually occupied half a column. This week that important part of the paper was led off with a long paragraph headed "Latest News from California! Arrival of Joshua Gates, Esq.!" Arthur held his breath and read as follows:

We take great pleasure in informing our friends and patrons, as well as the public generally, that Joshua Gates, Esq., our esteemed and highly-respected fellow-citizen, has just arrived from California, overland. Accompanied by a bold and adventurous band of Missourians, he has crossed the continent in the unprecedented time of sixty-five days, stopping in Mormondom two days to recruit. Our fortunate fellow-citizen brings ample confirmation of the richness of the gold discoveries of California. To say that he brings tangible proof of all this would be to put the case in its mildest form. Our hands have handled and our optics have gazed upon the real stuff brought by our enterprising fellow-citizen, who assures us that the half has not been told us, and that he proposes to return as soon as possible to what may now with extreme propriety be called the Land of Gold, where we are told that a "strike" of hundreds of thousands is a common thing, and any industrious man may make from \$15 to \$1,500 per day. We welcome our distinguished fellow-citizen home again, and congratulate him on his well-deserved success. We ap-

pend a few of the reigning prices in California: Flour, \$15 per bbl.; pork, \$1.50 per lb.; fresh beef, \$1.00 to \$1.50 ditto; mining-boots, \$50 per pr.; quinine, \$50 per oz.; newspapers, anywhere from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold."

Arthur did not stop to read the poetry; he folded up the paper with emphasis, jammed it into his pocket, pulled his straw hat tightly on his head, and said: "The very thing!" Old Jim, who had been browsing off the hazel brush as his young rider absorbed the news, looked around with meek surprise.

"Yes, you old rascal, that's the very thing! We'll go to California, my boy; and when we are picking up the diamonds and gold-dust, wont we tell Old Turner to go hang for an old hunk!"

Jim neighed and pricked up his ears, just as if he understood that the miller had taken more toll from the rye than young Arthur thought he was entitled to.

"Digging up gold in California! Hey, Jim!" and Arthur went cantering up the road as blithely as if he were already in the Land of Gold.

"Say, mother, Josh Gates has got back."

"Has that worthless, miserable vagabond come back to plague his poor old mother once more?" asked the plain-speaking Mrs. Stevens. "Well, well, he's the bad penny, that's certain sure."

"But he's rich—got lots of gold from California—and the *Banner* says he's a distinguished fellow-citizen," remonstrated Arthur, who suddenly reflected, however, that Josh Gates had gone off "between two days," when he departed from Lee County, and that he had been indicted for stealing hens, and that his former reputation in the town of Richardson was not at all fragrant.

Arthur was a little crest-fallen, but he handed Sam the paper, and said:

"Perhaps Gates is a liar, as well as a chicken-stealer; but you see the newspaper man says that he has seen his gold-dust; so there!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said his mother, returning to her wash-tub; "these gold stories about California are all got up to help the shipping people. They are selling their vessels, and advertising to take folks out at great prices. So the Chicago papers say!"

"But Josh Gates came back overland, ma," said the boy.

"'Tis my opinion that that scamp has never been farther west than Iowa," cried Sam, holding up the paper with a knowing air. "Hi Fender saw him over to Council Bluffs last Fall, sweeping out a billiard saloon. He went from there to St. Louis as deck hand on a steamboat. He aint worth shucks."

Having so said, Sam went on mending his ox-yoke, as if the case were finally settled.

That day, Arthur and Barnard worked together in the field putting in a second crop where the first seeding had been winter-killed. They talked over and over again the chances of the journey to California, the story of the gold discoveries, the truth or falsehood of Josh Gates, and all the ways and means of getting across the continent. About this last branch of the subject there was a great deal of doubt. It would cost much money.

"But only think, Barney, how grand 't would be if we could come home in a year or two with lots of gold, pay off the mortgage, build a new house, and fix things comfortable for the folks during the rest of their lives! Would n't that pay?" And Arthur, in a great glow of anticipation, scattered the seed-wheat far and wide by big handfuls.

"Take care there, boy! you're throwing away that grain," grumbled Barnard, who was twenty years old, and a little less enthusiastic than Arthur. But he added, "I do just believe there's gold in California; and if we can only figure it out to satisfy the folks, we'll go there, by hook or crook."

"It's a whack!" cried Arthur, who was ardent, and a little slangy.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT PREPARATIONS.

"Now, if I was in a story-book," said Arthur to himself, one day, "I should find a wallet in the road, with one hundred and fifty dollars in it." One hundred and fifty dollars was just about the sum which the boys had found they needed to complete an outfit for California. Without any formal declaration of their intention, or any expression of opinion from father and mother, Barnard and Arthur had gone on with their plans; but these were all in the air, so far. The details worried them a great deal.

There was a spare wagon on the farm which might be fixed up and mended well enough to last for the journey across the Plains. Old Jim could be taken from the plow; but they must have another horse, some mining tools, harness, and provisions. From a New England newspaper they cut a list of articles considered necessary for the journey. It was fascinating, but formidable. This is the way it ran:

| | |
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| 1 Wagon..... | \$125.00 |
| Wagon Cover..... | 12.00 |
| 2 Horses or Mules..... | 150.00 |
| Harness..... | 60.00 |
| Tent..... | 25.00 |
| 4 Picks..... | 5.00 |
| 2 Shovels..... | 4.40 |

| | |
|--------------------------|--------|
| 4 Gold-Pans..... | \$1.00 |
| 2 Axes..... | 5.50 |
| 8 Cwt. Flour..... | 24.00 |
| 1 Bush. Beans..... | 1.25 |
| 2 Bush. Corn Meal..... | 4.75 |
| 1 Cwt. Pork..... | 10.00 |
| 4 Cwt. Bacon..... | 44.00 |
| 1 Cwt. Sugar..... | 8.00 |
| 50 Lbs. Rice..... | 5.50 |
| 60 Lbs. Coffee..... | 10.80 |
| Sundry Small Stores..... | 10.00 |
| Ammunition..... | 12.00 |
| Medicines..... | 5.00 |

Total..... \$523.20

"More than five hundred dollars!" Arthur would say, over and over again. "More than five hundred dollars, and we have n't five hundred cents!"

By degrees, however, the boys had managed to reduce the sum-total somewhat. The wagon, they thought, might be taken out of the list. So might one of the horses, if Old Jim could be put instead. Then the sixty dollars for harness could be brought down to less than half that amount. They could make some of the old harness on the farm available—with their father's consent. They could take less pork and more bacon.

"I hate pork, any how," said Barnard, who had worked one season of haying with a neighbor, and had been fed on fried pork and hot bread three times a day, for five weeks.

"But we can't have hams and shoulders," objected Arthur. "Don't they cost a good deal?"

"Side-meat's the thing, Arty. No bones in it; easy to carry, and cheap. Nine cents a pound; and we've got a lot in the smoke-house, you know, that perhaps father will let us have some from."

"And this fellow has got down bacon at eleven cents a pound!" said Arthur, with great disdain. "And what he should put in 'Sunday small stores' at ten dollars for, is more than I know. What are 'Sunday small stores,' any how?"

"Ho, you goose!—those are 'sundry small stores.' You've made an *a* out of an *r*; that's all. 'Sunday small stores!' Well, that's a good one! He's guessed at the lot; and I guess it's high for a little salt, spice, and such knick-nacks. Besides, there's five dollars for medicine. Who's going to be sick on the Plains, I'd like to know?"

A multitude of such discussions as these, with much contriving and figuring, put the young emigrants where they could see their way clear to an outfit—if they had only one hundred and fifty dollars in cash. That was a big sum; and, even with this, they had calculated on obtaining permission to take from the farm many things which were needed.

The boys studied over the ways and means of getting to California with real enjoyment. Hubert, the big brother, who was employed in a store in town, and came home on Sundays, declared that Arthur carried the printed slip from the *Plow-*

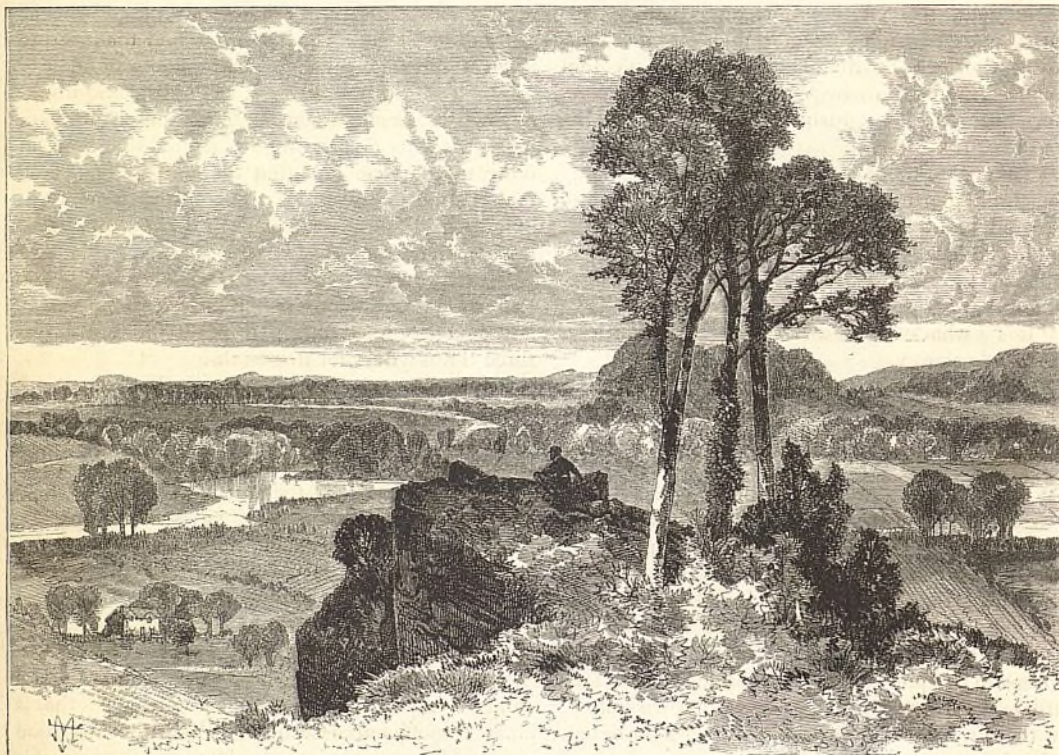
man to bed with him. Nevertheless, the whole family joined in the debate over the propriety of taking corn-meal on such a long journey, or the cost of extra boots and clothing for the travelers, with a glow of satisfaction. It was a novelty, and, though none but Barney and Arthur really thought anything would come of it, all the boys discussed the route, outfit, and dangers of the way, at morning, noon and night.

They made out new lists of things indispensable for the trip, and fingered these with a certain sort of fascination for the items and figures which was

the plains? Would he find there the romance and fun which he anticipated?

"If I was only in a story-book, now, I should find a wallet in the road with one hundred and fifty dollars in it."

Arthur had said this to himself a great many times. This time, as he lay at full length on top of the hill behind the house, looking off down the valley of the Rock, he built once more his golden dream. Beyond the brown, newly plowed fields, suggesting only hard work; beyond the tall cottonwoods that bordered the stream, and beyond the



"LOOKING OFF DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE ROCK."

quite satisfactory. As Sam said one day, they had the fun of talking about it, even if nobody should go.

The care-worn mother looked on and listened. She could not contentedly think of these dear young fledglings of hers flying so far away from the home nest. There were dreadful tales of Indians on the way, disease, and death, and violence and crime in the gold-diggings. What would become of her boys, alone and unfriended, in that rude country, even if they should ever reach it? She looked at Arthur's golden head, deep in the mysteries of the cookery-book, which he was studying for future use; and she sighed and smiled together. Could she trust her boy to the chances of a roving life on

pale blue line where the valley of the Rock River melted into the sky, was the promised land. So far away it was! Yet he could see, he thought, the gay caravans pressing on to the golden shores of the Pacific. There were long trains of brave men with wagons, horses and arms. There were the rolling prairies dotted with buffalo, deer, and strange game. The red man lurked by the trails, but fled away to the snow-capped mountains as the white conqueror came on apace. The grand Rocky Mountains, whose devious line he had painfully studied on his school-map, rose majestically on the horizon, lying like clouds against the sky.

How mean and narrow the little farm below

him looked! How small the valley and how wearisome the plowed fields! He remembered that his back had ached with the planting of that ten-acre lot; and he remembered, too, how his father had said that little boys' backs never ached; that little boys thought their backs ached, but they didn't. Arthur turned his eyes westward again with a vague and restless longing. Surely, there was a place for him somewhere outside the narrow valley, where he could make a name, see the world, and learn something besides plowing, sowing, harvesting and saving.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," he murmured once more, as his eye fell on Hiram Fender, slowly plodding his way through the tall grass below the hill. "Oh, Hi!" called Arthur, and Hiram, shading his eyes from the sinking sun, looked up where Arthur lay on the ledge. Everybody liked the cheery Arthur; and Hi Fender climbed the hill with "Well, now, youngster, what's up?"

"Nothing, only Barney wanted me to ask you, whenever I saw you, what you'd take for that white mare of yours. She is yours, isn't she?"

"Well, yes, I allow she's mine. Dad said he'd gin her to me on my twenty-first birthday, and that was April the twenty-one."

"What'll you take for her?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, what d'ye want her for?"

"To go to California with."

"Be you fellers going to Californy?"

"Yes, if we can get up an outfit."

Hiram Fender looked languidly over the glowing landscape. He was a "slow-molded chap," Farmer Stevens said; and he never was excited. But the sun seemed to burn in his eyes as he said: "Will you take a feller along?"

"Who? You?"

"Sartin, sartin; I've been a-thinkin' it over, and I'll go if you fellers go."

Arthur jumped up, swung his ragged hat two or three times, and said: "Good for you, Hi! and the list is made out for four!"

Hiram looked on him with a mild query expressed on his freckled face, and Arthur took out of his pocket the well-worn list for the outfit and read: "The following list is calculated for four persons, making a four months' trip from the Mississippi to the gold diggings."

Hiram looked at it and said: "Five hundred and twenty-three dollars! Phew!"

Hiram's father was a thrifty Illinois farmer. The neighbors said he was "forehanded;" but he had brought up his boys to look at least twice at a dollar before spending it; therefore, when Hiram looked at the sum total of the list, he said "Phew!" with an expression of great dismay.

"But," cried Arthur, "it is for four persons, and we have figured it down so that we only want one hundred and fifty dollars. Can't you think of some other fellow that would go? Then we should have a party of four."

"I allow that Tom might go. He wants to go to Californy powerful bad; but I aint right sure that dad'll let him."

Now, Tom was Hiram's younger brother and Arthur's particular aversion. So Arthur dubiously said: "Would n't Bill go?"

"Bill!" repeated Hiram, with great disgust. "Bill has n't got spunk enough to go across the Mississippi. Why, he's that scared of Injuns that he gets up in the middle of the night, dreaming like enough, and yelling 'Injuns! Injuns!'" He was scart by a squaw when he was a baby, and he goes on like mad whenever he hears 'em mentioned."

Arthur laughed. "And he's older than you, Hi?"

"Yes, Bill's the oldest of the family. But there's little Tom, now. Aint he peart, though? He can yoke up a pair of young steers, or shuck a bushel of corn equal to any grown man about these parts. And he's only fifteen come harvest, too! He's just afraid of nothing. He'll go fast enough."

"That is if your father will let him."

"Yes, if dad'll let him. And we can put in my white mare agin your Old Jim. But my white mare will kick your Old Jim all to pieces, I allow;" and Hiram grinned at what he thought was the great contrast between the two horses.

Arthur was very much elated at the prospect of reinforcements to the party, though he could not regard Tom Fender as a desirable recruit. Tom was an awkward, loutish lad, disposed to rough ways, and holding very contemptuous views of the manners of the Stevens family, whom he called "stuck-up Boston folks." Arthur had felt obliged to challenge Tom to open combat on one occasion, when that young gentleman, secure behind Old Fenner's corn-crib, bawled out "mackerel-catchers!" at Arthur and his brothers as they were jogging along to church one Sunday morning. The consequence was that both boys wore black-and-blue eyes after that encounter, and suffered some family discipline besides. They had since been on very distant terms of acquaintance.

"I don't care. Hi Fender is a downright good fellow," said Arthur, when Barnard opened his eyes at the information that the two Fender boys might be secured for their party.

"Yes, but how about Tom?"

Arthur hesitated. "Well, I want to get off across the plains. That's a fact. I think I could

get along with Tom, if you can. He is real smart with cattle and horses, you know."

"Oh, I don't care for Tom," said Barnard, disdainfully. "He's only a little chap, smaller than you, and he won't worry me. Besides, his brother Hi is a mighty good fellow, even if he is rough. He is pretty close, I know, but we sha'n't quarrel about that. We've all got to be economical, if we are to get across to California."

So it was agreed, and when word came up the road that Mr Fender had consented that his boys

know but what I'd go myself. It's pretty hard pickings here." Farmer Stevens had a roving disposition, which he had not quite outgrown.

"But," remonstrated the mother, "they have n't money enough to give them a good outfit. It would be a frightful thing to let those thoughtless boys go out on the great plains without food and other things sufficient to take them through."

"Now, mother, I've been thinking that we might sell the wood off the lower half of the wood-lot down by the marsh. Page has offered me one



DEPARTURE OF THE GOLD-HUNTERS.

should go, there was great excitement in the Stevens house. It really seemed as if the boys were going to California. They had insensibly glided into the whole arrangement without taking any family vote on it. Neither father nor mother had once consented or refused that the boys should go with so much of an outfit as they might pick up.

"Oh, father," said Mrs. Stevens, "it is heart-breaking to think of those boys going off alone into the wilderness. I'm sure I shall never see them again, if they go."

"Well, mother, I should like to keep them on the place; but they are getting restive, and I don't much blame them. They've got the gold fever pretty bad; and if I was as young as they, I don't

hundred dollars for the cut. That, with what the Fenders put in and what we have on the place, would give the boys a tolerable fit-out."

That wood-lot was the special pride of the family. "Timber," as every species of tree was called in those parts, was scarce. Wood was dear, and in some seasons the prairie farmers used corn for fuel, it was so much cheaper than wood; and it cost a great deal to get the grain to market. It was a great sacrifice to cut down those maples and sell them for fire-wood. But Farmer Stevens, poring over maps, estimates of provisions, and California news, with his boys, had been secretly fired with the gold fever. He could not go; but he was willing to give up the standing timber in order that

Barnard and Arthur should have a good outfit. It cost him a struggle. But, old as he was, he sympathized with the boys in their adventurous ambition. He was not so sanguine about the gold of California holding out long. But it was there now. He had seen and handled Josh Gates' pile of dust; and Solomon Bookstaver, who went to the Columbia River, five years before, had just come back from California and had fired the entire population of Lee Centre with his display of golden nuggets, or *chispas*, as Sol called them.

When the father's determination to sell the wood off his wood-lot was made known the next day, in family council, Barnard's face glowed, and Sam said: "Well, I swan to man!" Arthur dashed out by the back door, turned five or six "flip-flaps" to calm himself, came back, and, putting his arm about his father's neck, whispered in his ear, "You are the best old father a boy ever had!"

So it was finally settled that the boys should go to California, across the plains, the party consisting of Barnard and Arthur Stevens, and Hiram and Thomas Fender.

Great were the preparations. The provisions available on the two farms were laid under contribution. The tent, a marvel of comfort and lightness, was made and set up before the house, to the great curiosity of the passing neighbors, who stopped their teams, and asked: "Gwine to Californy?"

In those days, groceries and clothing were cheaper than now, and, with the cash which the party had collected, they laid in a very fair supply, and had a little money left to use when absolutely necessary on the journey. The young fellows hugely enjoyed getting ready. The woolen shirts and jean overalls, wide hats and leather belts, which were to be their uniform, were put on with solid satisfaction. Tom swaggered around with a seven-barreled Colt's revolver, nearly as big as himself, slung on his hip. Those delightful days of packing flew quickly. The wagon was crammed full to the ash bows which supported the canvas cover. A sheet-iron camp-stove was tied on behind. Water-pail and tar-bucket dangled underneath. Thus equipped, one fine May morning, the gold hunters drove away. Old Jim and White Jenny trotted gayly down the road, their faces turned toward the West.

Father and mother stood at the gate. Hi Fender drove the wagon, the rest of the party trudging along by the side. Hubert, who had come over from town to see the departure, with Sam and Oliver, accompanied the young adventurers to the top of the divide, where they left them.

And so they were off. Behind them was home. Before them an unknown sea of privation, danger, want and adventure. The wagon disappeared over the ridge. The boys were gone.

(To be continued.)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Copenhagen, August 4th, 1875.)

THERE is silence in the Northland, for one hath passed away
Honored of all, a veteran, weary for many a day—
Weary of earth, of suffering, of toil and cumbering care,
Eager to lay the burden down, but willing still to bear.
A silence in the Northland. Yet Denmark's soul is glad—
Glad for the honored veteran, the truest man she had!
Glad for the countless little ones who crowd about his bier,
Glad for the voice that evermore the listening world shall hear!

There is joy among the angels. To that bright company
One cometh as a little child—all gladly cometh he!
Our Lord hath lifted off his load, hath led him to the light,
And happy spirits, welcoming, lead up the pathway bright.
Now shall the ransomed poet hear the holy, glorious song,
The grand, eternal story he hath waited for so long!
O children! ye who love his name, wait on, and watch and pray—
In reverent thought still honor him the Lord hath called this day!

A FEW ALLIGATORS.

BY FRED BEVERLY.



NEITHER OF THEM QUICK ENOUGH!

FLORIDA may be called the home of the alligator. Here he finds water and climate exactly to his liking. Further north, the rigors of Winter compel him to subside into the mud. His delicately organized system cannot endure cold.

Scattered along the Georgia coast, in the creeks and bayous, they are occasionally seen; but it is when sailing up that wonderful river of Florida, the St. John, that we meet them, in constantly increasing numbers, till nearly every stretch of sandy shore, every half-sunken log, shows one or more.

In the little-known creeks of the interior, and in the swamps of the Everglades, they fairly swarm. But there are not so many now as in former years, for travelers and hunters have reduced their ranks, and rendered them shy where once they were bold. To the hunter of hides, more than to the tourist, is due the diminution, as very few are killed by the latter. A great trade has arisen, and declined, in alligator hides, and a few years ago all the native hunters were engaged in killing alligators. Even the swarthy Semipole Indian was induced to bring in the skin of a reptile his ancestors held in reverence and awe.

Now, though there is little demand for their skins, they are made to yield a revenue to the na-

tives, in various ways. Their teeth, beautifully carved, and mounted in gold, are offered for sale, and boots and shoes are made of the best portions of their skins; while the small alligators are captured, held in captivity until the departure of winter visitors, when they are sold and transported north.

The alligator, although it very much resembles its cousin the crocodile, as you will see by the picture on the next page, is a different animal, and is found nowhere but in America. It is said that a crocodile or two have been killed in our Florida waters; but even if this is true, such instances are extremely rare.

Let us commence with the alligator *ab ovo*, or from the egg, and follow him to maturity, noticing his peculiar traits and the methods employed in his capture.

The eggs are of the size and shape of goose eggs, though a little more rounded at the small end, of a yellowish-white color. They are laid in nests constructed of mud and vegetable substances, which produce heat by fermentation, thus aiding in hatching the eggs.

The maternal alligator always keeps watch near the nest, as the male parent is very fond of young alligator, raw or cooked, and it requires all her

diligence to prevent the total destruction of her offspring. As it is, the old fellow generally contrives to snatch up a few, though the little ones follow close in their mother's wake, spreading out like the tail of a comet.

The young are very nimble, even on land, and when in the water very deceptive in appearance as to size. I remember catching one by the tail, which appeared in the water to be about a foot in length, but it was a three-footer that turned upon me when it was jerked out of the water.

The size of the largest alligator is a matter of much dispute. Every native Floridian has his story to tell of "that big 'gator," and statements vary, none exceeding twenty feet, most of them being satisfied with eighteen. Tolerably correct information has been obtained of the capture of one sixteen feet in length, but they rarely exceed fourteen.

For my part, though I have hunted in the wildest portions of Florida, I have yet to see an alligator exceeding a length of twelve feet. My guide and myself once captured one measuring twelve feet. We harpooned him as he lay at the bottom of the river, and it was as though we had hitched on to a whale. For half an hour he made the boat spin through the water as it never went before. It took three shots to kill him, but we finally did it, and a steak from his tail was upon our bill of fare that night.

Was it good? Well, I have eaten better meat, meat more to my liking, than alligator steak.

The alligator, at all times, and under any circumstances, emits a disagreeable, musky odor, and his flesh is strongly impregnated with it.

His food is—any and everything. He is as omnivorous, or all-eating, as a crow. Birds, fishes, hogs, dogs, and even chunks of wood, are swallowed by him. Whether the wood is swallowed for sustenance, or to aid digestion, the alligator alone can answer.

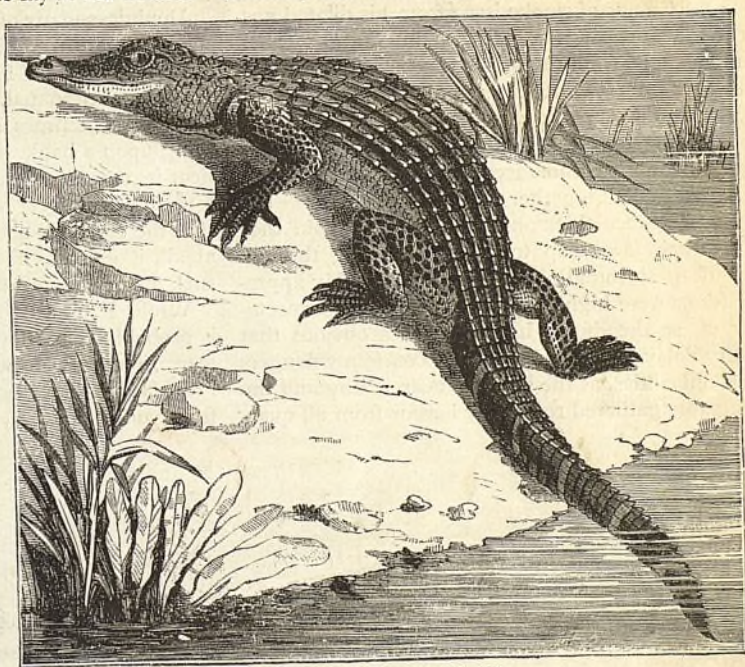
The vulnerable points of an alligator are greater in number than is popularly supposed. The statement that a rifle-ball will flatten out upon his side or back is now known to be incorrect. Contrary to the general belief, a rifle-ball will penetrate any portion of the body, if it strike fair.

Is the alligator dangerous? That depends upon circumstances. The only danger to be feared from an alligator, on land, is in his tail. He cannot run rapidly, and, conscious of his inability to escape, he either quietly submits or lashes out furiously with his tail.

They rarely leave their watery abodes, except from an insufficient depth of water or scarcity of food. They seem to scent a body of water a long way, for their trails to them are generally direct. Very few instances have come to my knowledge of any one being bitten by an alligator. One was of a man being seized by the hand, as he was stooping to drink from a pool. It was only by the opportune arrival of aid that he escaped.

They prefer negroes to white men, and hogs and dogs to either. An alligator will follow on the trail of a dog for a long distance, and it is difficult for settlers near the banks of an alligator-haunted river or lake to keep dogs at all.

I recall one of my adventures while hunting some rare water-birds. My friend and myself had penetrated a swamp, and had entered a place where the water was waist-deep, black with mud, and alive



A CROCODILE TAKING THE AIR.

with alligators. It was a strange sight to me, and I rather shrank from proceeding any further; but my friend, who had been acquainted with 'gators for years, said there was no danger, and we went in. On every side were the knotty heads and evil-looking eyes of scores of alligators. They swam about us, seemingly more from curiosity than from

any other motive, but they gulped up our dog with a rapidity that set my heart a-beating. I shot and shot, as fast as I could, with a breech-loading shot-gun, but failed to disperse them. That they did n't eat us I attributed to the abundance of food that, in the shape of young birds, literally dropped from the trees into their mouths. Many were the birds we lost, for as they fell into the water the alligators rushed for them and seized them before we could get them.

I do not think that an alligator will attack man unless he has him at a great disadvantage. They are cowardly, but know their power in the water, and probably would seize a man if they met him swimming beyond his depth.

The following description is from the pen of Bartram, the botanist, who visited Florida a hundred years ago. Although he was known as an accurate writer, one cannot help surmising that here he drew the long bow a trifle:

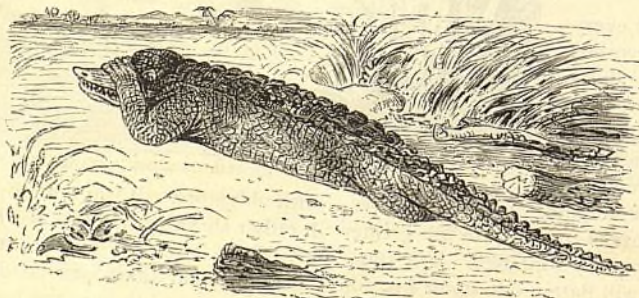
"Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plated tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters, like a cataract, descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder, when immediately, from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise; their jaws clap together, reëchoing through the deep surrounding forests. * * * My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting and the alligators gathered round my harbor from all quar-

ters. My situation became precarious to the last degree, two large ones attacking me closely at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly, and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and devoured."

Such is the story of an encounter in 1773. I think, however, that actual adventures of this kind must have been rare even then. Bartram was probably among the first to penetrate the dismal regions which are the home of the alligator. Little was then known of it save by actual investigation, and with a pioneer in those vast, lonely tropical forests, such sounds and sights as those which the odious habits of this creature afford, might easily inspire an undue fear of it. Certain it is, at least, that a century later, we find the alligator possessed of a much milder temper. The decrease in their numbers may have made them more cowardly, but among people who have seen much of them, I think that they are at this day regarded with disgust rather than with fear.

Doubtless many of you have heard of "crocodile tears"—tears shed for effect only, not tears of real, genuine feeling. I do not know where or how the term originated. It may have been that the position sometimes assumed by the animal when lying upon a bank, of placing its fore-feet over or near its eyes, suggested the fancy to some facetious tourist. However, some old writers solemnly aver that the crocodile actually sheds tears. If he weeps at all, it must be to think that any one could tell such a story about him.

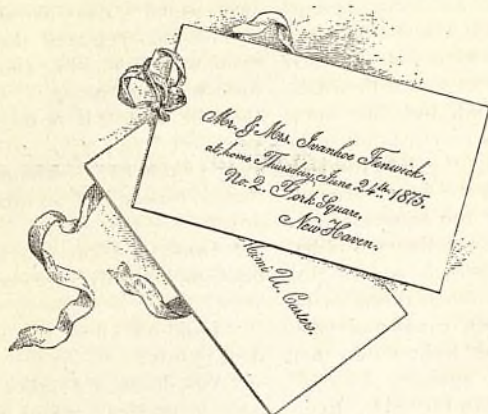
While I am sure that alligators never weep, it is probable that they are sometimes the cause of tears in others, especially people who own nice little fat pigs. Alligators are extremely fond of fresh young pork.



"HE GAVE TO MISERY ALL HE HAD, A TEAR."

A DOLL'S WEDDING.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



SAYS Ivanhoe to Mimi:
 "It is our wedding-day;
 And will you promise, dearest,
 Your husband to obey?"

And this is Mimi's answer:
 "With all my heart, my dear;
 If you will never cause me
 To drop a single tear;

"If you will ask me nothing
 But what I want to do,
 I'll be a sweet, obedient,
 Delightful wife to you."

Says Mr. Fenwick, giving
 His brown mustache a twist:
 "I shall command you, madam,
 To do whate'er I list!"

Miss Mimi answers, frowning,
 His very soul to freeze:
 "Then, sir, I shall obey you
 Only just when I please!"

Says Ivanhoe to Mimi:
 "Let us to this agree,—
 I will not speak one word to you,
 If you'll not speak to me;

"Then we shall never quarrel,
 But through our dolly-life
 I'll be a model husband,
 And you a model wife!"

And now all men and women
 Who make them wedding-calls,
 Look on, and almost envy
 The bliss of these two dolls.

They seem so very smiling,—
 So graceful, kind, and bright!
 And gaze upon each other
 Quite speechless with delight.

Never one cross word saying,
 They stand up side by side,
 Patterns of good behavior
 To every groom and bride.

Sweethearts, it is far better,—
 This truth they plainly teach,—
 The solid gold of silence,
 Than the small change of speech!

THE KIND TURKEY-MAN.

BY SARGENT FLINT.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville, leaving them cold and bare against the dull sky. The squirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses, cracking nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner. The trees waved their tall, bare branches in the biting cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold wind shouted a merry "good-evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and exulted over their crowded storehouse; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again.

A wagon was heard. "Rattle, rattle!" Even the wagon is cold, the child thought, as she heard the loose spokes rattling in the wheels.

She stepped aside for the wagon to pass; the driver, a pleasant-looking man, stopped his horse, and asked her whither she was going.

"To the city," answered the child.

"To the city!" cried the man. "Why, you will never get there, unless you are blown there, or I take you."

"Will you take me?" she asked, not eagerly, but like one accustomed to refusals.

His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up.

"Now," said he, as he put her under the heavy buffalo-robe, "what's your name?"

"Mary,—only Mary," she answered hastily.

"Mary," said the man softly, more to himself than the child, "I wish it had n't been *that*."

"Why, there's lots of Marys," said the child.

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I had a little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—I don't like to see any one named Mary in trouble."

"I aint crying," said the child, smiling, "because I'm in trouble, but 'cause I'm so cold. I ought to have trouble, Granny says."

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the man, stopping his horse, and drawing from under the buffalo-robe a can of hot coffee. "That has n't been off the stove more than five minutes," he said, as he filled a little tin cup and handed it to her. "Take that, and drink to your Granny!"

"It is very nice," she said, when she had drank

it all. She did not say, I have tasted nothing before to-day. Why should she, when there had been so many days like this in her short life?

The man replaced the can, pulled the robe up even with her chin, and told the horse to "get up" and "go along;" then he whistled awhile; then he said, "It is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!"

"O, don't!" exclaimed the child; "'cos it makes turkey cost so much, poor folks can't have any."

"Don't you care anything for me!" cried the man, pathetically; "here's my wagon full of turkeys."

"I did n't know you were a turkey-man," she said, gently.

"Yes, I am a 'turkey-man,' and I think even poor people can afford to buy a turkey once a year, if they *are* high. The turkey-men have been waiting a year for this day."

There was a twinkle in his eye she did not see; he looked down into the little pale face. "I am afraid you don't care for the turkey-men!" he said, soberly.

She hung down her head, started to say something, but stopped.

"Well, what is it?" he said, laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnestly; "but the poor people—I have known them always."

They rode on for awhile in silence. The hot coffee had worked wonders; the blue little hands had stopped shaking, and the child smiled as she saw the city lights in the distance.

"Now you are a little more comfortable," said the turkey-man, "let us hear where you are going, and what your other name is."

"My name is only 'Mary,' and I am going to find my cousin."

"Nonsense!" he said, a little sharply. "Of course you have got a name."

"They call me 'Mary Kent,' but I hate it, and I won't have it!" she cried, passionately.

"Why did they call you that?" he asked, gently.

"'Cause my father ran away, and left me in Granny Cole's house, when I was little. He pinned a paper on my dress, that said on it, 'Left to pay the rent.'"

The turkey-man whistled, and asked if Granny Cole were good to her.

"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. "Anyway, she did n't 'spise me like Sally did."

"Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-man.

"She is Granny Cole's daughter."

"Did Granny Cole send you alone to the city?" said he, watching her suspiciously.

"She told me the other day," said the child, mournfully, "if I ever come home and found her gone, to go to the city and find my cousin. Yesterday she sent me off with Sally, an' when I come back Sally ran away from me, an' I could n't find Granny."

"Are you quite sure you can find your cousin?"

She looked up in his face, and laid her thin hand on his sleeve.

"I never saw my cousin," she said, calmly.

"If Granny has run away from me, I have n't anybody I know."

"Why, then, did you come to the city?" said the turkey-man, wondering where he could leave her.

"I know the city best," she said; "Granny used to live there, till a week ago. It is so dark in the country, when you have to stay alone! There are the market-men,—see how bright they are!"

It was the night before Thanksgiving, in the city as well as in the country; the markets shone as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were garlands more green, never apples more red, or gobblers more plump.

The turkey-man drove up and stopped.

"Here is as far as I go, little one," he said, as he lifted her out and stood her safely in the bright light of the market.

She was a pretty child, but pale now, with blue lips and shaking hands.

"Poor little thing!" he muttered; "I wish they had n't named her Mary;" and he entered the market.

The market-men beamed on everybody. They rubbed their hands as customer after customer vanished with the cold form of some kind of fowl neatly covered, all but its feet, in brown paper.

It was growing late; the turkey-man had sold out; he waited only to get a hot supper before starting for home. He had been thinking entirely of dollars and cents; but as he walked out of the market, he thought of his home, his wife waiting alone for him in the great white house, and his little Mary safe in God's home above—he had forgotten the homeless child left alone outside the market.

A heavy hand was laid on his arm. "Stand back a moment!" whispered a voice. He looked up, and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of red apples.

It is his little fellow-traveler!

"That's a sharp youngster!" half laughed the policeman, under his breath. "This sort of thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped it tightly, then dropped it.

She hid her face in her hands. The turkey-man stepped up to her and touched her shoulder gently. She had not seen him; but, without looking up, the child knew who it was—it was the only friend she had.

"I could n't do it! Oh, I could n't!" she sobbed. "But I'm so hungry!" and she fell against the barrel.

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey-man's wife was looking out, and wishing the thermometer could go up, without the price of turkeys going down. "It is so cold for John riding from the city alone!" she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping to hear the wagon; but the cold wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of a year ago, when she did not sit waiting alone. She imagined she heard the little voice, though it had been hushed nearly a year—how plainly she saw the sweet face, though it had been covered so long! She wiped the tears from her eyes as she heard the rattling wheels; John must not see her sad. She opened the door, holding the lamp high above her head.

The turkey-man came in, with something wrapped in the buffalo-robe; he laid it on the big dining-table. "Don't say no!" he cried; "let us do something for Mary's sake, this Thanksgiving!"

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed, as he uncovered the pale face.

"Wait till I tell you all," said the turkey-man.

When he had told his story, he said, earnestly, "How could I go to church to-morrow and thank God for His care of us, if I, with no little one to care for, had left this child alone in the great city?"

"You did right, John," said his wife; "you always do."

With these words, the woman—good, practical soul!—hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she warmed and comforted her, while the kind turkey-man went to take care of his horse.

"I remember this house," said the child, as she looked out of a large blanket before the bright fire. "I saw it one day with Granny Cole; I stopped and looked through the fence, and threw stones at the turkeys. I did n't know he was a kind man

then. Granny hates rich men—I wonder where
Granny is—I'm sorry I threw the stones—but
they was n't so very big." The little head fell
lower and lower; the pale lids closed; the little
hands grew quiet; but the little voice repeated in
sleep, "I did n't know he was a kind man."

NIKOLINA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O TELL me, little children, have you seen her—
The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?
O, her eyes are blue as cornflowers 'mid the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

O buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her,
And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her;
She'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,
But no word of your speech can understand.



Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,
As she stands among the poppies hardly taller,
Breaking off their scarlet cups for you,
With spikes of slender larkspur, burning blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing—
Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;
But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

O tell me, little children, have you seen her—
This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?
Slowly she's learning English words, to try
And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.

X.235.

ARNELD AND HIS VIOLIN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A MELANCHOLY little Swiss boy was Arneld, for he felt himself all alone in the world. His father and mother had been lost in the shipwreck from which he himself was rescued to find a home at last with a warm-hearted American farmer. But kind though every one was, nobody was his own, nobody remembered the same things that he did, or loved the same things; and so slow was he in learning a new tongue, that to nobody could he speak of any one of all the thoughts that labored in his little breast.

He did his best to please the farmer, though, who gave him many a kindly toned word and many an encouraging slap on the shoulder, while the good motherly farmer's wife set aside for him now a custard and now a turnover, and little Rosa used to take her own custard and go and stand beside him to eat it in concert, as if that might lessen a little the loneliness which she knew he must be feeling. She undertook, too, to be his especial instructress in our language; but as she did not know it very well herself, her pupil did not make progress enough to be proud of, and was, in fact, more likely to teach Rosa his own dialect than to learn hers.

He could, indeed, signify simple wants and call simple names; but he wanted to tell of other things. He wanted to tell of the terrible wreck, and the black waves where his father and mother went down. He wanted to tell Rosa of his little sister Marie, with her eyes like Alpine violets; of the echoes among the hills, the pictures in the lakes, the valleys full of the roar of waterfalls; of the white-tipped mountains melting into heaven; of all the thoughts they used to give him,—but nothing could he say. And when, on some clear, bright day, he chanced to look upward and see the white angle of the house against the blue of the sky,—or higher yet, and see a snowy cloud reposing on that blue,—then the remembrance of some mountain-side shining white against the sky at home would rush over him and bring the tears to his eyes: some snowy mountain-side that he never knew he loved so till he had lost it. Then little Rosa would come and slide her hand into his, and look at him so wistfully that Arneld would long more than ever for some way of telling her what it was of which he thought so sadly and longingly.

"If I only had my violin that went down on the great ship," he would sigh to himself, "then she would know!" And with that thought he began

to count the coppers that had been given him from time to time, to do little odd jobs for more, to get a penny here and a half-dime there, till one day he spread them all out before the farmer and signified by some pantomime, a little English, and a great deal of what the farmer called gibberish, that he should like to go into town with him when he went to sell his vegetables. And as soon as the farmer



"THE VALLEYS FULL OF THE ROAR OF WATERFALLS."

got at his meaning, he took Arneld by the shoulders and swung him into the cart, and they plodded along together. Arneld told the farmer a great deal that morning of what he had wanted to have and how he intended to get it, and what he would certainly do with it; but though the farmer nodded and nodded, not one word did he understand; and when at last he set the boy down in the marketplace and saw him dart away, he felt very much as an old robin must feel who by accident has had a young cuckoo hatched in his nest.

It was just as the farmer was ready to mount into his wagon again for a good rattle home, that Arneld made his appearance with a little fiddle tucked under his arm. He looked at the farmer, and stood a moment grinning from ear to ear; then he tucked the little fiddle under his chin, and began to play a tune,—a good lively tune, such as the peasants might have danced by. Clear and strong he drew it out, and presently the farmer was laughing and nodding and beating time; and not the farmer only, but all the others in the market-place, and the boys were crowding round him and the people were throwing him coppers. Arneld looked at the coppers, amazed; he had only meant to show the farmer what he could do. But he took them, after a moment or two,—they would buy strings and varnish and rosin for the beautiful new violin he would make; and he took off his cap and made a great bow to the people. It was his first appearance in public; but it was not his last. Then he climbed into the wagon with the farmer.

"Bad, very bad," said he, tapping the little fiddle, as they went their way.

"Good, very good," said the farmer, slapping his back heartily; and thereat Arneld, though wincing a little under the good-natured blow, began to tell the farmer volubly, in an indistinguishable swarm of English and foreign words, how he should now make an excellent violin himself, the very least murmur of which would be enough to win his soul out of him the way the Lurley's voice won the fisherman into the stream,—and not making a syllable of it understood, though he went on unhindered, for "It does him good, and does n't hurt me," said the farmer.

When the farmer had finished his out-door work that night, he came into the kitchen, saying, "Now, Arneld, my boy, let us have a tune," suiting the action to the word, and sawing away with the edge of his right hand on his left arm, and stopping surprised to see the table covered with strings and pegs and fragments of cherry-wood that had been once cut into odd shapes, and with great sheets of brown paper, on which Arneld was drawing strange lines, stout Roman curves, long lovely Greek ones, whorls, volutes, measuring and comparing and reckoning like an old astrologer.

Little Rosa hung over his chair, her face still wet with her tears. "He has torn his pretty fiddle all to pieces!" she cried to her father. And for a moment her father felt really angry, because, never having been in the habit of spending much money, the fiddle had seemed to him a great acquisition, and its ruin was a wanton destruction of property. Arneld looked up eagerly, though, and began, "Bad—very bad!"

"He means that it was a bad fiddle," cried little

Rosa, "and that he is going to make one very good,—very much better."

"Better," said Arneld, "very better," catching the spirit of what she said; and there came another confusion of unknown tongues to explain to the farmer why cherry-wood was not as good to carry the vibration of the tone as maple and pine; why this was so thick here as to dull the sound, and so thin there as to break it; why this piece of wood, if you struck it, resounded in a key very different from the key of that piece, instead of resounding in tune with it; why such a line should be longer, and such a one should be shorter, for the sake of elasticity in conducting the sound; and how there was nothing like a good fiddle any way for beauty of perfect curves,—just a true lover's knot of lovely lines; how those lines represented waves,—and music itself was waves,—and just as the shell repeated the murmurs of the sea, so the violin repeated the murmurs of the air, and made itself a voice; and much more that he had learned at home, where his father had made the bows of violins, and his little sister Marie had picked the long and even hairs for him to fasten under their flat plate. And the farmer said, "Hm, hm, hm," as if he knew what it was all about, although he had n't the least idea; and having said "Hm, hm, hm," felt that he was compromised by a passive sort of consent, and must not interfere with Arneld's future operations.

And what operations they were! What a rum-maging in the great garret and in the barn chambers, after it had been discovered that permission was wanted, and it had been granted! What a gathering of sections,—of here a broken bureau, and there a useless table-top; and in another place an ancient fire-board, a ruined spinning-wheel, an unprized box! Then what a splitting, and shaving, and planing! what a hollowing of tiny vault and arch with knife and chisel! what a bending of one wood and another over the steam of the teakettle! what a setting away in the sun, bound into shape and turned over and over every day! what a mixing of gums and rums for varnishes, and what a varnishing of all the farmer's furniture, till nearly everything in the house was sticky, and at last the very varnish of all was hit upon! And then what a drawing of designs, what a calculating of curves, what a delicate whittling into form, what a slicing, and paring, and mincing, till the beautiful wavy maple of the bottom was all in shape, till the long, narrow "ouies" were exactly in place in the old seasoned pine of the top, till the light willow was bent for the sides, and for the ledges that little Rosa called the pipings, till the rolling volute at the end of all was carved! And then what a breathless putting together of the parts, Rosa

hanging over the table and handing Arnelde everything in the very place, and delightedly telling all who were near that she and Arnelde were making a violin. And at length it was ready for the varnish,—that varnish which he had gotten with so much trouble, taking such pains that it should not be too tough and hard, and so hinder the elastic wood from carrying its sound; that it should not be too thin, and so leave the instrument unprotected from the changes of the weather; that it should not be of glaring tint, and so spoil the beauty of the wood. With what loving strokes he laid that varnish on, while Rosa held the little jar for him! And then at last the new violin was put away to mellow like an unripe pear.

"Every day," said Arnelde to Rosa,—and she really thought she understood him,—"every day it gains a little richer color, and every day all the woods put themselves one little bit more in tune together."

And then they used to go and look at it; and although old Jacob Steiner might have laughed at this little Arnelde violin, they would not have exchanged it for one of the precious violins which that old Tyrolean made for the Twelve Electors of the Empire! To these children that rude little fiddle was a part of themselves; days, weeks, months had passed in its manufacture; while at work upon it, Arnelde had almost ceased to be lonesome, for the whole house had been interested in it; little Rosa had been one soul with himself, and she had meantime learned something of his tongue, and he could in a way make himself understood in hers.

"It wants but a single thing,—its bridge over which the strings shall pass," he would say, as he and Rosa went to look at it; and as he was not particular whether he said it in his native patois, or in his lingo that was half his patois and half Rosa's,—for Rosa's English was not the very best in all the world,—I will translate it for you:

"And that must be a bit, a tiny tiny bit, of old Swiss pine," he said, "if we can ever find it. And then you shall hear it hum! It is thinking now what it will say,—how it will tell us of the life it used to live before it was a violin, the life it used to live when it was in the forest, when the willow in it set its feet in the spring brooks, when the maple in it burned scarlet in October, when the pine rustled all its pins together to hear the soft snow falling. It will tell us how storms sound up in the very tops where it used to rock, how the birds sing to one another in the branches,—once it lived the life of the woods, you know, but now it is like their risen soul."

And so Arnelde would run on, always ending with a sigh that he could not find a bit of old Swiss

pine for his bridge,—perhaps he thought it would whisper of his mountains to the strings as they passed over,—and if Rosa had understood no more, she could not in the frequent hearing have helped understanding that; and she was as eager as Arnelde for that bit of Swiss pine.

One day the farmer's wife, in a search for something she wanted, opened a drawer from which she produced various treasures,—things she had valued when a girl,—keepsakes, and trinkets, and her wedding ring, which she held far too precious for every-day wear. Among the rest was a little carved box that kept her mother's string of gold beads; and no sooner did Arnelde's eyes light upon that box than Rosa saw them sparkling with new light; and when he asked to take the box in his hands, and turned it over and over, and gave it back with a long sigh, she knew that the little box, with its cover carved in a group of goats, was made of the Swiss pine,—old wood, with the right grain, seasoned many years.

That afternoon Rosa brought to Arnelde a bit of dark old wood,—it was the bottom of that box.

"I knew she would not give it to me, and so I took it; and you can make another bottom that will do just as well," said Rosa, whose eyes had become so blinded by the vision of the violin, that she could not see right from wrong.

Arnelde looked at her a moment in amazement, when he comprehended her; and then he looked at the little piece of old brown wood, and looked and looked again, longingly. But presently he seized Rosa's little hand and led her back to the spot from which she had taken it, and began to put it in its place again, explaining to her, in his broken lingo, that the stolen wood must make a discord in the music that he, at any rate, would always hear. And while he was doing this, the farmer came into the room, and with a single glance took in the situation,—the wrong way.

"So, sir! so, sir!" cried he, with a blazing face, "you are teaching my daughter to steal, are you?"

And Arnelde hung down his head and never said a word, though the farmer was whirling him round by the shoulder, and Rosa was looking on with a white, scared face.

But directly her mother, drawn by the loud tone, was coming into the room, and Rosa ran and hid her face in her mother's apron, crying:

"Oh, I did it! I did it! And he would n't; he said No; and he was putting it back; oh, he was putting it back!"

And two minutes after that, the precious piece of coveted wood was in Arnelde's hands,—his own, his very own,—and Rosa was in the great dark best room, that was seldom used except for funerals, hearing some heart-breaking words from her

mother; and then Arneld, forgetting all else, was at his table in the long kitchen, carving away, with all his heart, upon the lovely outlines of the bridge, as delicate as the contours of a flower. At last the bridge was in place, the strings were drawn over it, the bow was freshly rosined,—the violin was in tune,—the magic moment had come!

Softly Arneld passed the bow over the strings and drew out one long, slow tone to satisfy himself the thing was done, hesitatingly, half afraid to be heard, lest, after all, it were a failure. But in another moment he had forgotten all about whether he was heard or not, as tone after tone came leaping from the strings almost as if they chose to crowd and come without his effort; he had forgotten Rosa, and the farmer, and the people,—he thought only of the sounds that came bounding underneath the bow, so silvery, so strong, so clear, in a wild and joyous flight, as though they had been so long imprisoned that now they rushed into the free air as gladly as the rivers rush and run when the sun loosens their icy fetters.

What visions filled the long, low room as he played! He saw the dews dropping among the singing pines; he saw the brook darken beneath the swaying shadow of the willow; he heard the birds warble in the maple; he heard the wind brush all their tops together. All the sweet sounds that he had ever known seemed to send their spirits into the music that he drew from his violin,—the hum of bees in the blossoms, the laughter of children frolicking on the meadows; all the half-forgotten tunes of home, the yodle of the shepherds echoing through the deep, dark, starry blue from peak to peak, the gay jangling of marriage peals, the slow toll of a passing bell;—and it appeared to him, as he played, that he saw the elves rocking in the flower-bells, Lurley singing as she swept along the tide, the Wild Ladies riding on the wind.

And then the melody grew slower and softer,—he was remembering a tune his mother used to sing; there came the tinkle of the little altar-bell in the chapel among the crags, the praising voices of the choir; and then the little chapel opened out into wide darkness, and Arneld was playing to himself the wild music of the storm, the crying wind, the rushing billows of shipwreck, till the sound seemed to rise from all the troubled chords and discords to the sweet and silver sonority of the voice that can say to the waters, "Peace, be still!"

"Wife," said the farmer, as they sat in the best room and listened,—at the close of the lecture to poor little sobbing, repentant, and forgiven Rosa,—"my mother used to tell me never to turn a beggar from the door, as I might entertain an angel unawares. Do you hear yonder?"

"I thought," said the farmer's wife, "that I heard the rustle of an angel's wings beside me."

And the next day the farmer drove into town and took Arneld to the parson; and the parson took him to the organist; and the organist taught him all he knew, till Arneld could better teach



"HE SAW THE BROOK DARKEN BENEATH THE SHADOW."

him. And now, if you go to evening concerts, some time when you see a tall, fair-faced man, with flowing hair and dreamy eyes, begin to play, bending his head down lovingly to his violin, to play so that the violin seems to sing with a human voice and a human soul, you will know that it is Arneld,—though it is not the little rude fiddle that he and Rosa made, with which you will hear him work his wonders, but a dark and perfect instrument two hundred years old; while as for that magic wand, his bow, I should not dare to tell you how many diamonds there are in it that kings and queens have given him.

3/7

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER: GUY FAWKES' DAY.

BY L.

Now all who fear a sudden shock
Of rhymes, must stand from under!
The tale I tell you smells of smoke,
And mutters low of thunder!
It is a tale of England old,
In times when thrones spoke louder
Than nowadays,—of England old,
King James, Guy Fawkes, and powder.

King Jamie was a prudent king,
Though more in plan than action;
Yet well his prudence needed was,
For many a traitorous faction
Held England in "those good old days"—
So called in modern fashion,
When present deeds and present men
Put some one in a passion.

Well, children! Guy Fawkes was employed
By some disloyal schemers,
To blow up those who made the laws.
"Men of perdition! Dreamers
Of evil!" their stern critics said;
"Their every *canon* loaded
With fell destruction to the land;
Such men should be—exploded!"

At last a plan grew ripe for deeds;
But one conspirer yielding,
For auld lang syne's sake, warned a friend,
In covert letter shielding
His meaning with ambiguous phrase
(He dared not breathe it louder).
The friend put James upon the scent,—
The royal nose smelt powder!

And so was caught the traitor Fawkes,
Who served the plot's igniting;
Though in the cellar dark he thought
To do another lighting,—
Waiting a sign to thunder forth
A Parliament's last meeting,
The members of a lordly House
For evermore unseating!

But he was taken, and then soon
This traitor knave disloyal,
And all his mates, were put to death
By James' own mandate royal!
'T was very long ago, yet this
Great treason to remember,
The English boys in effigy
Hang Fawkes with each November.

6 = 9 = 7 = 4



HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

BY ANNIE J. MACKINTOSH.

WE are going to assist you in finding out for yourselves some of the wonderful things connected with the life and growth of plants; and if you will try the simple experiments here mentioned, you will surely be interested, and, besides, will learn a great deal that you ought to know.

Let us begin at the beginning, then; and as most plants grow from seeds, we shall talk first about seeds.

We will suppose that you have collected a few seeds, such as may be easily obtained—peas, beans, grains of wheat, corn, &c. Of course, you have a penknife in your pocket; and if, in addition to the

knife, you can have a small magnifying glass, many of your lessons will be much more interesting.

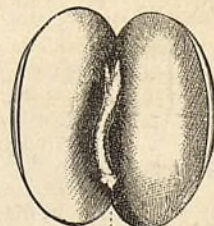


FIG. 1.—A SPLIT BEAN.

Take a bean first (Fig. 1), and with your knife remove the skin, which is called the seed-coat. You find that the bean separates into halves as soon as the covering is removed. Now, each part is called a lobe, and seeds which naturally split in two are called two-lobed.

Take a grain of corn, and

treat it in the same way. It does not split; if you want to part it, you must cut it. Seeds which do not split in two are called undivided; and you will find that all seeds belong to one or other of these classes.

Now examine those from which you have removed the seed-coats, and you will find at the end of each a small worm-like object (Fig. 1, *a*, and Fig. 2, *a*), which may easily be removed with the point of the knife. If you look carefully at the specimen removed from the bean, you will be able to see that it bears somewhat the appearance of a little plant. Such in truth it is—the germ, or baby plant. But put your germs aside for awhile, and let us look at the rest of the seed. You will

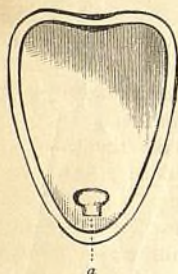


FIG. 2.—A SPLIT GRAIN OF CORN.

find in the corn that it resembles dry flour or starch, while in the bean it looks more like a mixture of flour and water which has become dry. This is the food of the baby plant, and consists mostly of sugar and starch. Upon this the germ lives till old enough to obtain nourishment from the earth and air.

Perhaps you think it strange, if the plant and its food are both contained in the seed, that it is necessary to sow seeds in order to have them grow. But the plant cannot appropriate the food until it has been moistened. But if moisture can be obtained in any other way than from the ground, the seed will begin to grow just as if put in the earth; and you may prove this for yourselves.

Fill a tumbler with water, and cover the top with

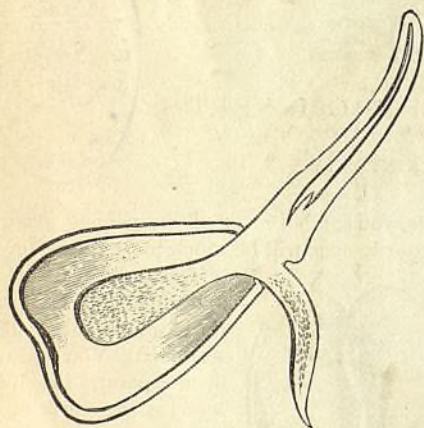


FIG. 3.—A GRAIN OF CORN BEGINNING TO GROW.

cotton-wool, on which you may place a few beans or some seed of the kind. Place the glass in the window, and in a few days you will find that your

seeds have sprouted; and they will continue to grow until the nourishment is exhausted.

But let us return to the germs. Place them under the magnifying-glass, and you will find that some have a root, stem, and two leaves, while others have a root, stem, and but one leaf. You will also notice that all those having two leaves have been taken from two-lobed seeds, while those having only one leaf have come from the undivided seeds; and you will find, when they begin to grow, that they present the same differences. The two-lobed seeds put out two leaves at first, the undivided only one. So that, by looking at a young plant, you can tell at once from which class of seeds



FIG. 4. A BEAN GROWING.

it has sprung; or, looking at a seed, you will be able to foretell the appearance of the plant.

Now we shall require the plants in the tumbler, and such leaves as you may be able to collect.

Observe first, that although you may have placed the seeds in various positions upon the cotton, still in every case the leaves have shot upward into the air, while the roots have passed downward through the cotton into the water. Some of them have had to do a good deal of twisting in order to accomplish it. It has been hard work, but they have succeeded. It is one of Nature's laws that leaves must go up, roots down. But how or why the plants should know what this law requires of them, we cannot tell. Experiments made upon this point prove that, rather than break the law, plants will sometimes slowly transform their parts; that is, the branches of trees which have been planted upside down, will in time become roots, while the roots will turn into branches.

Now take the leaves which you have before you, and examine the veining of each, by holding it between your eye and the light. In some of them—maple, oak, and beech leaves, for instance—you

will find the veins, or fine lines of the leaf, running in every direction; while in others, as the leaves of the calla, lily-of-the-valley, grasses, &c., they are parallel to each other—that is, they run side by side, extending from the top of the leaf to the bottom, or else from the outer edge to the stem, which passes down the middle. The blades of grass and lily-of-the-valley leaves are examples of the first; the calla leaf of the second.

Look at the plants in the tumbler, and you will find that the leaves all come under one or other of these two classes; they are either net-veined or parallel-veined.

Next consider the seeds; those that are two-lobed have all produced net-veined leaves, while the leaves growing from the undivided seeds are all parallel-veined.

Let us sum up what we have learned in this way. Two-lobed seeds: Two leaves at first, net-veined leaves. Undivided seeds: One leaf at first, parallel-veined leaves.

If you will commit these two short lists to memory, you will often find it an advantage, as one point will immediately recall the others.

But let us look once more at our young plants. You will notice that in the case of the two-lobed seeds, the lobes have grown up with the plant, and are now to be found one on each side of the stem (Fig. 4, *a, a*). They have changed not only their appearance, but their name, since our last lesson, and are now called seed-leaves. Perhaps by this time they may have turned green; but they will never resemble the other leaves in anything but the color. By and by they will begin to look shriveled, as they part with the nourishment which is stored in them, and when it is all gone they will drop off.

Perhaps you are wondering what the plant is going to do after it has exhausted the food contained in the seed, but by that time it is quite able to support itself, by drawing upon the earth and the air. From the earth it obtains earthy matter and moisture; from the air, some of the gases of which it is composed; and these three things constitute the food of the plant.

A little later we shall tell you something of the manner in which the food is obtained and prepared.



ALL THUMBS!

"MOTHER'S BOY" AT SEA.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

BARRY very much liked being called "Mother's Boy." I am not so certain that he would not have also liked the name of "Father's Boy," if that title could have been given him. But it so happened that Barry's father was a sea-captain, and was off on foreign voyages so much that Master Barry sometimes said, with a pout, that he might as well have no father. So he was called "Mother's Boy," and he was tolerably well contented.

But when Barry went to Sagadunk with his mother the case was different. At home, in the city, he went to walk or ride with his mother, and together they visited the galleries where pictures and many other beautiful and curious things were to be found. At Sagadunk, where the coast is very rocky, the water deep, and the pastures boggy, Barry would have had great delight if his mother could only climb and wade as he did. But the fact was that his mother could neither climb nor wade. I am sorry to add that she could not swim a stroke. Evidently her early education had been neglected.

In the city, you see, the fact that this lady was so ignorant and incapable had never been brought out. It was a great surprise to Barry when he discovered it. And as he lay on the rocks, one day, looking wistfully out to sea, he said softly to himself:

"My gracious! to think that my precious mamma can't swim!"

He had thought that his mother could do everything; and he added, by way of explanation to himself: "I don't believe women were made to swim, anyhow." On the subject of wading he was not quite so clear. It was possible for her to wade; but evidently she did not like it.

Now, Mrs. Dingle was not willing that Master Barry should go wandering about the cliffs by himself, scrambling into places where she could not climb, and wading out to the rocks where the limpets, sea-weed and kelp grew so lovely and thick. You have seen a hen stand on the brink of a pond when her little ducklings paddle away from her on

the smooth surface? Pretty little Mrs. Dingle used to laugh to herself and think of the mother's distress, as she called after Barry when he waded out to the reef, in the bright sea-water, and secured such a prize as a comical little crab, or a



BARRY ON THE REEF.

coral-like star-fish, hiding in the crevices of the rock. She would cry out:

"Yes, yes, it is very curious, Barry; bring it here. I am afraid the tide is rising."

Barry was a duckling who sometimes preferred staying in the water.

I don't know what Barry thought about it, but his mother often felt that "Mother's Boy" was growing out of her reach. He had been brought up at her side. It gave her a little pang to see him restive when she tried to keep him there. And it must be said that when Barry climbed up to the

ledge called the "White Boar," and sat looking off on the ocean, he had a vague longing to be out on that lovely sheet of water, shining in the sun, tumbling into bright green waves, and stretching so



BARRY AT THE WINDOW.

far, so far, down to the sunset, where the red rays blurred out the horizon. Somewhere beyond that crystal gate in the south was his father's big ship—sailing among the spice islands, may be; or gliding by shores where strange birds and beasts and painted savages were dotted along, as in the pictures of a geography.

The Sagadunk fishermen used to go out of the harbor early in the morning and return late at night. Barry sometimes saw them from his chamber window as he dressed himself at sunrise. They spread their sails like wings; the soft morning breeze sprang up; and so they sailed away and disappeared down the far-off horizon. They seemed to sail into the sky.

One day, Barry privately inquired of "Old Kutch," who was a famous fisherman of Sagadunk, if he ever saw his father's ship, the Flying Fish, out at sea. The old fisherman said: "Never, so far as I knowed of," which was not satisfactory to Master Barry. He thought that "Old Kutch" must see the whole world when he got below that dim horizon.

"I know my papa's ship, and if I were to go with you I might show her to you, and find my papa," said Barry.

Old Kutch laughed. "But your mar would n't let you go so far away, my little man."

Barry's countenance fell, but he explained:

"She would be so glad if I brought back my papa, that she would n't care if I did go without her knowing it."

Barry was on dangerous ground for "Mother's Boy."

After many mysterious talks and movements, which took several days, Old Kutch agreed that Master Barry should get up early some fine morn-

ing, and steal away to the boat at the wharf. At night, Barry scarcely slept at all; and when he dreamed, it was of curious and often frightful sights in foreign lands. When day broke, he was in such haste that he scarcely dressed himself. He might have gone out at the door; but, creeping past his mother's chamber, he got out by the hall-window, stole down through the orchard, scrambled over the stone wall, slid down the bank, and was soon on board the Polly Ann, commanded by Captain Kutch.

It was a great adventure. He was going to sea in search of his father. His heart was a little heavy when he looked back at the old farm-house where he had left his mother. But the Polly Ann was under way, and, with a curious sort of feeling in his throat, he watched the village fade away. He was at sea.

It would not be pleasant for me to tell you of all the troubles that befell Master Barry that day. In the first place, he was very hungry; and he ate a great deal of a nice luncheon which one of the fishermen produced from a big basket, strangely like one of his mamma's. Then, when he had satisfied his hunger, his luncheon did not agree with him at all. He felt very queer. Everything seemed going around. His stomach was all in a



"WHEN HE DREAMED."

whirl. He was sea-sick, and he lost all interest in what was going on about him. The Polly Ann was very lively, and, although she was anchored on the fishing-grounds, she bounced about at a

great rate. The sun was hot, and, as Barry looked over the edge of the bulwark where he lay, he saw nothing but horrid, tumbling waves everywhere. No land in sight, unless a low cloud on the dull, gray horizon were land. He was homesick; and if he cried silently behind the ill-smelling tarpaulin that screened him, I do not think any of my boy-readers should laugh at him. I have been in just such a plight, and probably did just as Barry did.

What was worse, there was no sign of the Flying Fish, or anything that looked like her. Once in a while, a brown sail crept up from the horizon, drifted along against the sky, and melted away into the dim distance. It was "a Down-East coaster, loaded with lime," Old Kutch would say, unless he was too busy with his fish to say anything. Barry only wanted to get home once more.

"Oh, what will my poor, dear mamma say?" he moaned.

"You oughter thought of that afore," Captain Kutch made answer. And so he should have.

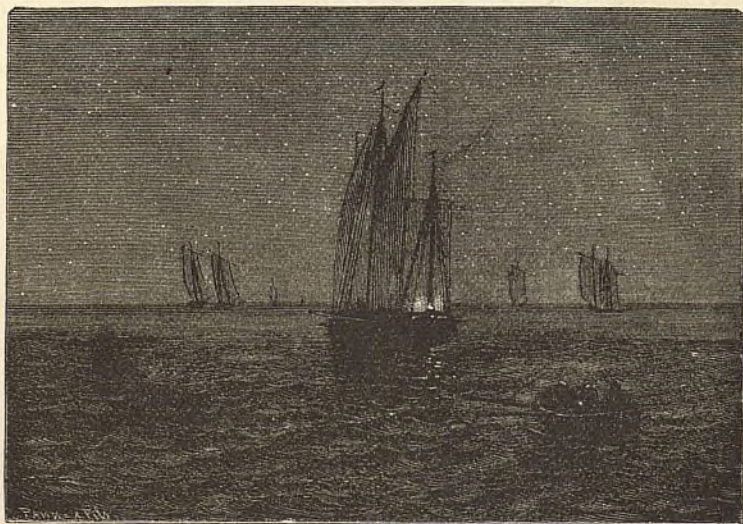
Meantime, was Mrs. Dingle going up and down the beach, crying out for her "Mother's Boy?"

thing as sea-sickness and discomfort in all the world. She was possibly thinking of the hen and her willful duckling.

That night, when the stars came out and the Polly Ann drifted up Sagadunk harbor, the most tired, weary and homesick little chap you ever heard of, scrambled out into the small-boat which was to take him ashore. Mrs. Dingle, somehow, happened to be on the landing; and when Barry jumped into her arms and cried, "I could n't find papa!" she only hugged him tight and whispered, "Mother's Boy!"

It seemed an age to Barry since he had been gone. The familiar little bed, with its blue-and-white check cover, looked like an old friend from foreign parts; and the hollyhocks in the parlor fire-place were fresher and brighter by candle-light than any hollyhocks he ever saw.

I need not tell you how Barry settled affairs with his mamma. When he found Old Kutch, after that, one leisure day ashore, that venerable skipper asked him when he proposed going again on a voyage of discovery. Barry replied:



"AS THE POLLY ANN DRIFTED UP SAGADUNK HARBOR."

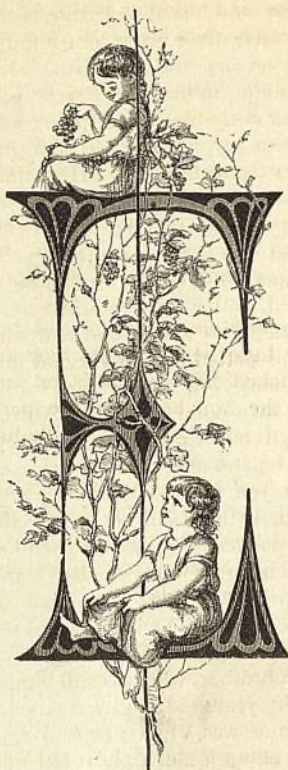
Strange to say, she was doing nothing of the sort. She sat at the gable window that overlooked the sea, and, as she sewed or read, she glanced out over the sapphire waters of the bay, and over the shining waves that rippled toward the sunset as brightly and silvery as though there were no such

"I shall not be so naughty and run away again, for I am 'Mother's Boy,' you see."

"Why, she knowed it all the time."

And so she did; and when she let Barry go off in charge of Old Kutch, she was trying two experiments—one on herself and one on "Mother's Boy."





GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY JOEL STACY.

v'RY little grape, dear, that clings unto a vine,
 Expects some day to ripen its little drop of wine.
 Ev'ry little girl, I think, expects in time to be
 Exactly like her own mamma—as grand and sweet and free!
 Ev'ry little boy who has a pocket of his own,
 Expects to be the biggest man the world has ever known.
 Ev'ry little piggy-wig that makes its little wail,
 Expects to be a great, big pig with a very curly tail.
 Ev'ry little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the green,
 Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet was seen.
 Ev'ry little baby-colt expects to be a horse;
 Ev'ry little pup expects to be a dog, of course.
 Ev'ry little kitten pet, so tender and so nice,
 Expects to be a grown-up cat and live on rats and mice.
 Ev'ry little fluffy chick, in downy yellow drest,
 Expects some day to crow and strut, or cackle at its best.
 Ev'ry little baby-bird that peeps from out its nest,
 Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing east to west.

Now ev'ry hope I've mentioned here will bring its sure event,
 Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or prevent.

IN THE POND AND ON THE MARSH.

(Translated from the German.)

BY ABBY S. ALGER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DOLL UNDER THE BRIAR-BUSH.

THERE was once a little girl, whose name was Beata. She was only five years old, but she was a good, clever little girl. On her birthday, her old aunt made her a present of a doll who was a real beauty. There was not a fault to be found with the dear creature, except that perhaps her left eyebrow was drawn up a tiny grain too high.

"It's just as if she were frowning a little bit with one eyebrow. Isn't she pleased?" asked Beata, when she first took her into her arms.

"Oh, yes," said aunty, "but she does n't know you yet. She always raises her eyebrow a little

when she tries to examine any one carefully. She only wants to see if you are a good little girl."

"Yes, but now she sees that I am; for I think her brows look just alike," said Beata.

The doll grew very dear to her, almost dearer than even little Marie and Louise, although they were her best friends.

One day she went into the yard with her doll. She had given her a name now, and they had become trusty allies. The doll was called Beata too, because that was the little girl's own name, and because aunty was called Beata. It was Spring time, and in one corner of the yard, round a pond, there was a nice green plat, with thick, soft grass; and in it grew a low, bushy willow-tree covered all over

with the yellow tassels which, you know, German children call goslings. And they do look like goslings, for every one has soft yellow down on it, and will float on the water, but then they can't move. So big Beata—to be sure she was only five years old, but still she was much bigger than the other—and little Beata agreed that they would pull the goslings from the tree and throw them into the pond, for they knew they would like it as well as the big goslings did, which they had seen swimming about there. It was really big Beata who made the proposal, but little Beata said nothing to the contrary; for no one can think how intelligent and good-natured she always was. So big Beata climbed up into the willow-tree and gathered the cunning yellow goslings into her white apron, and then she counted them, and when she had counted as far as twenty-two, she said that now she thought they had enough, and little Beata never said a word against it. She came down again, and that was very hard work, because she had to hold her apron together with one hand all the time. She fancied that little Beata called out to her to drop the goslings down on the grass, but she dared not, for fear they would hurt themselves in the fall.

Then they both ran to the pond, and big Beata helped her friend to fasten her legs close between two of the palings round it, so that she could stand there comfortably and watch the dear little goslings swimming about in the water. One gosling after another slipped in, and as they approached the water, they seemed to come to life and begin to move a little. That was fun! Big Beata clapped her hands at the darling wee little downy birds, and when she just helped little Beata a tiny bit, she clapped her hands too. But soon all the goslings lay quite still and would not stir. That was very stupid, and Beata asked her little namesake if she did not think she (big Beata) could lean over the edge of the pond a little and blow on them, for then she truly believed they would come to life again. Little Beata did not answer.

So big Beata bent over the pond and blew on the nearest ones. Yes! that was right—they began to move at once. But those which were farthest away lay quite still. "Some of them are very silly!" said Beata, and she leaned far, far over the edge; her hand slipped on the wet railing and—plump! she fell right into the water; it was very, very cold, and it closed over her head and carried off her straw hat; she had no time to hear whether little Beata screamed, but she felt sure she did. When her head rose above the water again, she saw her dear friend little Beata standing, mute with alarm, staring at her, with her right hand extended over the water. Big Beata hastily grasped it, and little Beata made herself as stiff as she could and stood

fast between the palings and held her dear friend up. So she kept her face above water long enough to give a shriek of terror, and her father and mother both came running to her; they were pale with fear and pulled her out. She was dripping wet, the water streamed from her, and she was so frightened and cold that her teeth chattered. Her father was going to carry her right into the house; she begged him for mercy's sake to take little Beata too, lest she should fall into the pond also. "For it was she who saved me," she said.

Beata was put to bed, and little Beata had to lie beside her. When she grew sleepy and had said her "Our Father," she patted her little friend and said: "I can never thank you enough for saving me from the horrid, deep pond, dear little Beata. Of course I know that our Lord helped you to stand fast between the pales and to make yourself stiff; but still it was you and no one else, who reached me your hand, so that I did not sink to the bottom, and for this you shall be my best friend as long as I live, and when I grow big you shall stand god-mother to my first daughter; she shall be named little Beata like you." Then she kissed the little one and fell asleep.

But big Beata had a brother, who was still bigger than she; he was eight years old, and was a wild, unruly fellow. His name was Viggo; he had read in an old history book about a horrid, bearded Viking, who had the same name, and who sailed from land to land and killed people, and often took prisoners, and all the gold and silver he could find, on board his ship. And so Viggo got himself a little axe, such as he read the old Viking had, and told his sister that henceforth she must call him Viggo *Viking*, for that was what he meant to be when he grew up. He chased the hens and ducks in the yard and tried to cut off their heads with his axe; they shrieked and ran away, which made the little Viking all the bolder. But when he went into the goose-fields with his axe on his shoulder and raised his war-cry, the old gander grew angry, bent his long neck and snapped at Viggo Viking's legs so savagely that he dropped his axe and ran howling away. For the old gander knew that Vikings had no right to cut off heads in their own country, not even on the farthest side of the goose-pond.

One day Viggo Viking came to his sister, looking very fierce; he had a paper helmet on and was scowling furiously.

"Now, I'm going to carry off somebody. I've come out on purpose," said he. "You are too big, but I shall certainly take little Beata. I shall carry her a great way off, at least to the plowed field, and perhaps as far as the pasture. And you will never see her again as long as you live."

"You're a bad boy, and do nothing but mis-



A DARK BIT OF HISTORY.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

YOU have all heard, I dare say, of the French Revolution. But do you know how it came about, and what its terrors were?

It came about because there had been a great many wicked kings and wicked nobles in France, who had lived only for their own selfish ends, and had considered the people as beasts of burden to be used to help them forward for pleasure-seeking and for money-getting. If they wanted war for any ambitious purpose of their own, whole regions were desolated, and sons and fathers and husbands swept away down the bloody path that war always makes. If they wanted service of any kind—whether honest labor or vile labor—children were torn from parents, and new-married wives from their husbands. But the poorest of the French people were so ignorant, and had lived in a state of slavish dread of those who were above them in rank for so long a time, that perhaps they would have borne their trials longer if it had not happened that very many among the richer people and the better educated ones suffered too, by reason of quarrels with the nobles, or quarrels among themselves, or abuses from the king or his courtiers. Among the most fearful of these abuses were those which were committed under the authority of what were called *lettres du cachet*, or letters with the royal seal. Throughout the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. this sort of tyranny was common. Thus, if a noble bore a grudge against some neighbor, or had a fierce quarrel with some old-time friend, and wished to take him out of the way, he would apply to the king or to a royal minister and beg or buy an order with the royal seal upon it, and send a file of soldiers or an officer to seize—under authority of this royal order—his enemy, and thrust him into a prison of the state, where he might languish for years, without any communication afterward with wife or children or friends. Friends or family would not know, indeed, whither he had gone; and so secretly would the work be done, that they would not know when or by whom he was torn away. Sometimes an old, white-haired man, who had been almost forgotten, would suddenly appear among his friends again, after twenty years of dungeon life.

If you should ever read Mr. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities,"—and it is one of the strongest stories he wrote, and well worth your reading,—you will

find a most thrilling narrative of such a long imprisonment of a French physician, who was torn away from his young wife, and for sixteen long years never heard if she were alive or dead. No wonder that his mind gave way, and that when he found liberty at last he was a poor decrepit shadow of a man.

There is also another terrible story of abuse under these *lettres du cachet*, which is said to be wholly true, and which appeared in a book called "Letters from France," by Helen Maria Williams, an English lady who passed much time in France before the Revolution, and who was herself a prisoner in the Temple under the rule of Robespierre. Her story was about a black-hearted father, who, under cover of one of these kingly orders or letters, caused his own son, who had offended him, to be snatched away from his family, and to be buried in a dungeon for years. In fact, there was hardly any crime against persons that might not be permitted under shelter of one of those terrible "letters" of the king.

What would you think, pray, if General Grant, or General Sherman, or Mr. Fish, might issue a letter, with the State seal affixed, which would empower any marshal or politician, or whoever might gain possession of the letter, to seize upon any enemy of his at dead of night, and bear him off to prison, and keep him there so long as he might choose? Would not such a power, unchecked by any courts of justice or by law, make of our country, or of any country, a very doleful place to live in?

And can you wonder that those poor people in that far-away country of France, and in that far-away time (nearly a hundred years now), should have chafed under it, and talked bitterly and threateningly, until after awhile their angry and threatening talk grew into a great tempest that swept through the Paris streets like a whirlwind?

No wonder they were maddened; no wonder their passion got the better of their judgment; no wonder the population, led on by enraged fanatics, worked deeds of cruelty which made all Europe shudder. Very great and disorderly wrongs are almost always balanced, sooner or later, by very great and disorderly avengement.

When that tempest of madness I was speaking of just now first swept through the streets of Paris

(in the reign of Louis XVI.), it drove the crazed people in herds to glut their vengeance upon those who were keeping captives in chains within the great prison of the Bastille. It was indeed a grim and dismal-looking building upon the borders of Paris, with sluggish water around it, and its door was entered by a draw-bridge. Toward the frowning walls of this prison (there is only a tall bronze column upon the spot now) the populace of the city rushed headlong, with whatever weapons they could lay hands upon. Butchers took their cleavers, stable-men their forks, carters their heavy oaken stakes, carpenters their axes; and there were thousands with guns and cutlasses, and there were brawny women with heavy pistols. The soldiers who guarded the prison were so frightened by the sights and sounds of this tempest of the people's fury, that they could hardly make any opposing fight at all. The governor of the prison, seeing what mad rage he must encounter, would have blown up the huge building altogether, and had actually laid the match to do so, but the soldiers rebelled and forced him to surrender. Then the raging mob flowed in, and those who wore the uniform of the king were smitten to death, and dungeon-gates were unlocked, and prisoners staggered out who had not seen the day for dozens and scores of years.

A beautiful girl was caught sight of flying down one of the great stair-ways, and she was straightway seized upon by those who believed her to be a daughter of the governor, and would have been burned in the court-yard had not a few generous soldiers stolen her away and secreted her until the sack was over. As for the governor, who was a marquis and the king's friend, they cut off his head and bore it bleeding from the top of a pike-staff all down the street; and all down the street poured the mad, rejoicing rabble, slaying many another as they went, and carrying the trophies with them—gory heads on pikes, or gory heads on chafing dishes carried by women.

As it was that day so it was on many a day thereafter, and for many a week and month; and for years whoever was a noble, or friend of the hated nobles,—or rich, or friend of the hated rich,—lived, if he lived at all in that city of revolution, in great dread and danger.

There was not much feeling at the first against Louis XVI., for he was a far better king than those who had gone before him. He was kindly at heart, and what we might call nowadays a gentlemanly, amiable man, with not much force of character, and disposed to yield to the opinions of those who had been his old advisers. These, by their obstinacy, brought him very soon to grief. The people forced him to trial, and there was a forced

condemnation. His head, too, fell before the fury of the enraged people, and was held up by the executioner upon the scaffold for the thronging mob to look upon.

This poor king had left behind him in the prison a son, whom he had taught, as he best could in those dreary prison hours, arithmetic and geography. Do you think the boy ever forgot those lessons, or ever forgot the sorrow and the loud wailings of his mother, the queen, when the king went out to his bloody death?

A little after this, those crazy ones, who were governing France so madly in this time, gave over this prince boy to the care of a shoemaker and his wife, to whom they furnished a lodgment in the prison for this purpose; and they did this in order, as they said, that the bringing up of the boy might be as low as that of the lowest of the people. Poor boy! poor prince!

A little later, Marie Antoinette, the queen, was taken out of her dungeon to go to trial. They called it a trial, for the sake of decency; but I think they knew how it would end before they called on her to appear. If the judges before whom she stood had said she was innocent and must go free, I am sure that the wives of the wine-sellers, and the fish-women, and the hags of Paris would have snatched her away and carried her off to execution, if they had not slain her with their own bread-knives in the street.

These mad people had such a thirst for blood!

It was better, perhaps, that the judges should say the Queen must be beheaded (as they did), than that these wild women should cut her in pieces.

She certainly died an easier death by the guillotine.

You don't know what the guillotine is?

It is simply a great knife sliding in grooves between two upright posts, which by its fall severs the head from the body in an instant; and it is the most humane way of executing capital punishment—if there be any humanity about it.

The machine was called *Guillotine*, after a Dr. Guillotin, who, in the French Assembly in 1791, proposed a better way of cutting off people's heads than the old way of doing it by an axe; which he said was a clumsy way, and clumsy headsmen sometimes made bad work of it. But Dr. Guillotin was not the inventor, as some books will tell you; nor did he lose his own head by it, as other books will tell you.

In 1792, the question of finding some new way of execution was referred to Dr. Antoine Louis, the Secretary of the College of Surgeons, and he advised such a method as had been hinted at by Dr. Guillotin the year before. So, then they had

a machine made for trial by one Schmidt, who was a knife-maker. And they tried it on a body or two, and found it worked so well that they adopted it; and people called it at first "Louissette." But Dr. Louis said he did n't invent it or make it. (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which is so rarely wrong, makes a mistake in saying he did invent it.)

So the people went back on the name of Dr. Guillotin—all because a poet of that day had made some jingling rhymes, in which the honor had been referred to him.

The real truth is, that a machine like it had been used in Italy, at Genoa, two hundred years before; and in England, at Halifax, and in Scotland, at Edinburgh, more than a hundred years

before. The Scotch people had called it "The Maiden."

It is a dreadful machine, and does very quick work, as I know; for I have myself seen a man's head taken off by it; and I never wish to see such a sight again.

And now, why do you suppose I have run over this bloody bit of history? Only as a sort of introduction to two of your good friends—a man and a woman, who lived in Paris through all this time of blood, and who yet have written the two most charming and pleasant stories for children that are anywhere to be found in the French language.

You know them both in English. Who the writers were, and what the stories were, I must tell you some other month.

BASS COVE SKETCHES.—YOUNG JOE AND THE DUCKS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

ONE day, a good many years ago, young Joe Scoville, of Bass Cove, went up to town to sell some wild ducks he had shot. Old Joe (that was his father) had said to him, early in the season, "When I see you come a-luggin' home a couple o' dozen ducks to oncet, then I'll let you go and try your hand sellin' on 'em;" and young Joe, having bagged that morning his two dozen and upward, had now for the first time in his life come alone to market.

And very proud was young Joe, I assure you. He drove smartly into the Square, and cried, "Whoa!" and "Here's yer nice fine ducks, gentlemen! walk up, gentlemen!" and nodded respectfully to customers, and felt and acted very much like old Joe, his father.

He thought everybody appeared greatly pleased with him. Some looked at his freckled face, long hair, and old coat that had been his father's (and had seen I don't know how many Atlantic storms), and smiled approvingly. Some appeared delighted with his manners—so fresh and natural, you know. Others regarded his little old one-horse wagon, and queer little pony,—with his unkempt mane about his face and eyes, which gave him a striking resemblance to young Joe with his long hair,—as

if they had never seen anything so agreeable. "What pleasant folks these city folks be!" thought young Joe.

"Walk up, gentlemen, and take a look! Don't cost nothin' to take a look, whether ye buy or not!" he called out. "How d'e do?"

He said "How d'e do?" to about the handsomest, best-dressed, and fattest man either he or anybody else ever saw. He had a cane in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, and was altogether a nice, plump, shiny fellow, from his hat to his boots. He did not say in reply, "Pretty well, thank ye; how are you?" as Joe, who had been taught good manners at home, thought he ought to have done; but, with his hat tipped airily on one side of his head, and his cigar sticking up jauntily out of one corner of his mouth, he came along and looked carelessly into the wagon.

"Hello!" said he, when he saw the ducks. He took the cigar out of his mouth, and said "Hel-lo!" again, more emphatically than before, and looked up at young Joe. "Where did you get these?"

"Shot 'em; where d'ye s'pose?" said young Joe, proudly.

"*You* did n't shoot 'em?—a boy like *you*!" said the fat man.

"Mabby I did n't," replied Joe, indignantly; "and then, ag'in, mabby I did; and it's a little more I did than I did n't, this time, I guess!"

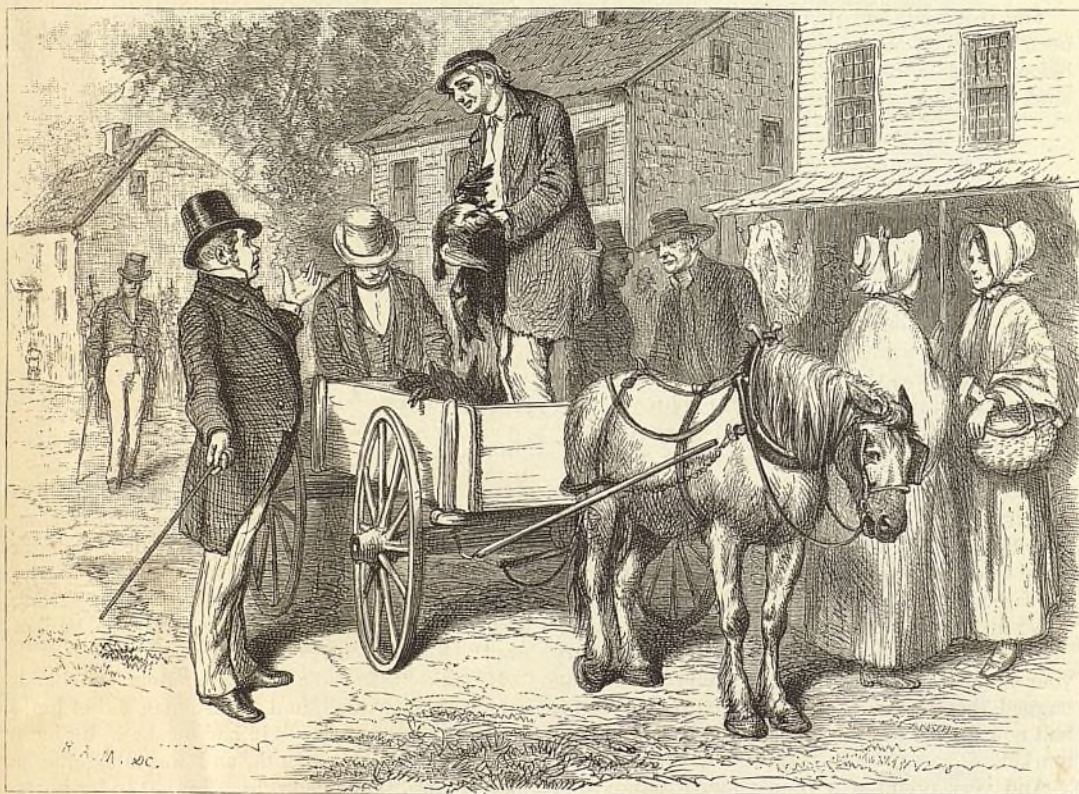
"Bless my heart! if I aint surprised!"

Now the handsome and well-dressed plump gentleman happened to be no other than Mr. Augustus Bonwig, the confectioner, whose celebrated candy-shop was well and favorably known to every good boy and girl in town. He looked almost as if he had been made of candy himself—clear white and red, and a great deal of it. There was one thing

"Do—you—want—to—buy—them—ducks?" demanded young Joe, ungrammatically, but very distinctly, beginning to distrust Mr. Bonwig. "If you don't, you need n't feel obliged to handle 'em any more, that's all."

"No, I don't care to purchase; but I'll give something for a chance to shoot a few such birds," said Mr. Bonwig—and blessed his heart again.

"Oh! that's it! Wal, you come down our way some time, and I'll show ye a chance. Ye can shoot as many black ducks and coots and old wives



JOE AND HIS DUCKS.

he was remarkably good at, but on which he did not pride himself at all, and that was—his business. There was another thing he was not so good at, but on which he naturally prided himself a good deal (for that is the way with some of us), and that was—gunning. He did n't care whether you praised his sweetmeats, or not; but if you happened to say, "Bonwig, people tell me you are a fine shot," that pleased Mr. Augustus Bonwig. It was this ambition of his which caused him to regard young Joe with sudden interest, and to exclaim again, very emphatically, after having examined him and the ducks once more, "Bless my heart now! I am surprised!"

as ye can carry away on yer back. And I wont charge ye nothin' for't, neither. Takes gumption to git 'em, though, sometimes!" said Joe.

"I guess if *you* can get 'em I can, fast enough!" said the smiling Augustus. "Where do you live?"

"Bass Cove. Ask for old Joe Scoville—that's my father. Stage-driver 'll set ye down right by the door. Hope you 'll bring a good gun. I ha'nt got much of a gun, nor dad ha'nt, neither;—sometimes I take mine, and sometimes I take his 'n, and sometimes I take both;—flint-locks; miss fire half the time; but we manage to make 'em do, seein' we've got the hang o' the ducks."

This speech greatly encouraged Mr. Bonwig,

TO A YOUNG GIRL

With a Spray of Autumn Leaves.

THOUGH Autumn winds are sighing in your future, Mary dear,
 Their music may be sweeter than the early Spring-time cheer;
 As the fleeting moments ripen in the fullness of your prime,
 There'll be tints and shadows richer far than those of Summer-time;
 And, so, these leaves prophetic made me dream, my girl, of you
 As they trembled in their gladness, with the sunlight shining through.

M. M. D.



A FAMOUS VICTORY.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.



AFTER all, it was n't much of a thing to fight about; but, then, if every one should refuse to quarrel till there was a good reason for it, how could there be famous victories?

It happened in this way. Everything has a beginning, and the beginning of this victory dated back to the corn-husking. Not an old-fashioned, social husking-bee in a big barn, with a big supper afterward, such as we sometimes read about; but a modern husking, where several men stand or kneel all day in the frosty Autumn weather by the "stouts" of corn, and, taking ear by ear, pull off the husks, leaving some fast to the stalks, and scattering others over the ground. It was these scattered husks which made one of the parties to the battle.

The corn had all been husked, the bundles of stalks carried and stacked beside the barn, and the corn itself had been sorted and stored in the cribs; so the wide corn-field, lying on the south side of a hill, and still further sheltered by a thick maple grove on the hill-top, would have been left all alone had not a number of large yellow Pumpkins and the loosened Corn-husks have staid to keep it company.

Now one would think that, under these circumstances, the Corn-husks and the Pumpkins would have been the best of friends. But it is n't always

circumstances that make good friends of people or things; it's the kinds of natures they have. A Corn-husk is naturally light-minded and vain.

Pumpkins, on the contrary, are not very brilliant (I never yet heard of one of them making an after-dinner speech, although they are often present on festive occasions, and much liked), but they are quite content to be useful, good-natured members of the community.

One morning, an hour or two after the sun had kissed the hill-side field awake, the Corn-husks began a pleasant chat with the Pumpkins,—that is, the chat was pleasant to the Husks because it was all about themselves; and it was not disagreeable to the Pumpkins because they were good-humored enough to take an interest in whatever subject would best please their friends.

"Neighbor Yellow-face," exclaimed an uneasy Husk, fairly jumping up and down in his excitement, "how *can* you bear to spend your life in lying there so quietly, week in and week out? Why, I could n't endure it for an hour! Look at me now. I stay at home a little while, then coax a friendly wind to give me a lift in his carriage, and take me to call upon some of my brothers and sisters on the other side of the field; then I may go down to the road-side and amuse myself looking at the passers-by; then I may go up by the grove and listen to the gossip of the trees—very entertaining it is too; and then, in the afternoons, we all get together to have a dance. We Corn-husks are constantly going about, always having a good

time, always improving our minds by intercourse with the world; while *you* — Oh! dear neighbor Yellow-face, I think your life must be dreadfully monotonous. Don't you often wish you were a Husk?"

"Well," smiled the Pumpkin, rolling himself a very trifle more to one side, "I don't know that I ever wished that. I think my life is very pleasant. I dream of a great many happy things, and don't find the days long or dull. A great deal passes

them that people shall learn always to think of peace and happiness when they see my face."

"Hear him now!" shrieked the little Corn-husk, in his hasty temper not half hearing what the Pumpkin had said. "Only hear him! Old Yellow-face here says that we were all sent into the world just to eat and drink and sleep, as he does, from morning till night!"

With this arose a great rustling and a confusion of many voices. Up sprang the Corn-husks, every



THE BATTLE OF THE PUMPKINS AND CORN-HUSKS.

before my eyes, and I'm so busy thinking that the time seems short. In fact, there is but one thing that troubles me, which is that by thinking so much I'm a little afraid that my head is swelling. Do you think I shall die of it?"

"Die of what?" snappishly answered the irritated Husk. "Your head *is* swelling, but it's all because you lie here all day in the sun and do nothing but eat and drink. I should n't wonder one bit if you died of laziness. You've no ambition at all, or you would try to rise in the world!"

"O yes, I have!" said the Pumpkin as placidly as ever. "Yes, I have an ambition to do as well as I can what I was sent in the world to do, and that is to think of happy things, and grow so full of

one of them indignant at the presumption of the Pumpkins.

"They are all alike," cried the Husks. "The lazy, stuck-up things! The ignorant, conceited lot! Husks of our position should never have noticed them! Let us make war upon them."

And with this the Husks began to throw themselves upon the Pumpkins, to rain down blows upon them, and at the same time to pelt them with words.

"What in the world is this about?" exclaimed the astonished Pumpkins. "What have we done to deserve this?"

But for answer they received only more blows and hard words from the now furious Husks.

In the midst of the turmoil, both parties might have seen, if they had not been too busily engaged to do so, the farmer and his ox-cart slowly approaching.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the farmer. "I do believe those Husks think they're really hurting my Pumpkins! Ho, ho! Things that are worth the least always think the most of themselves."

And he began tenderly lifting the Pumpkins one by one into the cart.

As this was slowly creaking out of sight again, and not a Yellow-face was left upon the ground, the field felt lonely, and sighed for its late friends. But the Corn-husks called a convention, and passed resolutions and issued reports, to prove to all the world that they had gained a famous victory.

THE REFORMER.

BY MRS. M. C. PYLE.

A GOODLY sound has that word "Reform,"
And with it this age keeps its virtue warm,
But many reformers, well we know,
Spend their strength showing *others* the way
to go;

With zeal and knowledge telling each one
How his neighbors' duty can best be done,
While neglecting to prove to all beholders
How such loads would be borne by their own
strong shoulders.

The guide-post maxim keeping in view,
"Do as I say and not as I do."
Remembering this, we must duly prize
One hero who acted otherwise,
To whom these words of honor are due,
That he showed the duty and did it too.

Our poultry-yard was a cheerful place
With its tenants of various hue and race:
Geese, and turkeys, and waddling ducks,
Motherly hens with anxious clucks,
Speckled Dominiques, Polanders dark,
Guinea fowls with their queer "*Pe-trarch*;"
But the proudest and grandest of all the flock
Was Gobble, our gorgeous turkey-cock;
Strutting about with stately tread,
With wattles of scarlet and tail outspread,
He seemed to feel himself set to guard
The morals of all in the poultry-yard.
He meddled with broods which the mothers
reared,

In every squabble he interfered,
His swelling importance seeming to say
"Do as I do; 't is the only way."
At last, his ideas expanding yet,
He would teach the very hens to set,

Since his views on the subject no setting hen
Had properly showed to the world till then.
From each nest that he found in the fragrant
hay

Its anxious tenant he drove away,
Settling himself on the warm, round eggs,
With his awkward and sprawling wings and
legs,

And looking about for the admiration
Due to such lessons in incubation.
But as such a genius none could ask
To bind himself to so dull a task,
When the mother crept back he was always
gone,
And the nest and the eggs were as cold as stone.

But Nemesis comes surely if never fast,
And our Gobbler was brought to grief at last,
When Aunt Peggy's burning wrath was hurled
On this work of reform in the chicken world.
Sternly she vowed herself "bound to fix
That meddling turkey, and cure his tricks!
That he should hatch out, by hook or by crook,
The very next brood that he undertook!"

So said so done; for that very day
He drove off old Dorking the usual way
From the nest she had set on two weeks and
more,
Well hidden just back of the tool-house door;
Then, tiring soon, would have sallied out,
But he found Aunt Peggy waiting without!
Close by the door she had taken her stand,
A paddle she wielded with strong right hand;
Again to the nest, with resounding thwack,
She chased the astonished reformer back;

And again and again, in the self-same way,
 She taught him that there he was bound to stay.
 Vainly, peering with outstretched head,
 He crept from the tool-house with stealthy tread;
 The vigilant watcher was there before him,
 The terrible paddle was flourished o'er him,
 And its very sight made him judge it best
 To scuttle hastily back to the nest,

The stars pass over,—the sunset's glow;
 How on dancing boughs and on waving grass
 The sunbeams and shadows would come and pass.

The proud hens cackled, the pigeons flew,
 The summer breezes fitfully blew,
 Ripe mulberries dropped from the low-hung limb,
 All things in nature tempted him,



"BUT THE PROUDEST AND GRANDEST OF ALL THE FLOCK
 WAS GOBBLE, OUR GORGEOUS TURKEY-COCK."

Conning the lesson severe and surprising,
 That doing is harder than criticising.

So there, at morn, and night, and noon,
 Poor Gobble sat through that week in June,
 Till Dorking's appointed time had run,
 Till the chicks hatched out and his task was done.

He saw, through the tool-house window low,

So, sadly sitting in doleful thought,
 A change in old Gobble's zeal was wrought,
 And he learned, as a lesson strange but true,
 There was something in setting he never knew.

With rumpled feathers and drooping crest
 He came at last from that hated nest;
 No more a teacher longing to be,—
 A sadder and wiser fowl was he.

POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTING.



ABOUT ten years ago, when the passion for collecting postage-stamps had just begun, all that was known of them could be told in a few pages of St. NICHOLAS. But at the present day, postage-stamp collecting, in many parts of this country and Europe, has so increased, that a name—"Philately"—has been given to the pursuit, and much attention has been paid to it in various ways. In some of our cities there are shops where nothing

Indian stamps we learn something of the peculiar characteristics of these islands; while in the stamps of our own country, in common with others issuing from other quarters of the globe, we have national portrait galleries.

While postage-stamps are being collected, or when they are put into their albums, they are examined and studied. The map is consulted to find the location of the country issuing them. The history is opened to find whose portraits are figured on them. The cyclopedia is brought out to get some idea of their value. Some learned friend is questioned to find the meaning of the peculiar



New South Wales, 1850.



Orange Free States, 1868.



Paraguay, 1870.



Virgin Islands, 1868.



Turkey, 1862.



Western Australia, 1872.



Cashmere, 1867.



British Guiana, 1850.



Naples, 1858.



Egypt, 1867.

SOME NOTABLE POSTAGE-STAMPS.

but foreign postage-stamps are sold, and in Paris there is a regular postage-stamp exchange on the Champs Elysées.

The collecting of postage-stamps is not always such a frivolous pastime or occupation as many people imagine.

These little bits of colored paper, ornamented with portraits, or coats-of-arms, or peculiar devices, have a great deal of information in them. They tell of the rise and fall of princes; of the history of republics; of the manners and customs of the people; of the peculiar characteristics of the country. The French and Spanish stamps are epitomes of the histories of their respective countries; the English colonial stamps are a geography in themselves; the South American stamps present a fine display of mottoes and devices; from the West

inscriptions or legends. And, little by little, this research goes on until the collector often finds himself, in a manner, getting hints of almost everything of interest going on in the world. If Russia and Turkey are quarreling over Montenegro, he can discuss the cause of the troubles. He found it out when examining the Montenegrin stamps in his album. When a young boy is placed on the throne of Spain, and the collector's attention is called to this country, stamps show him the many changes in that unfortunate country; and Amadeus, and Don Carlos, and Isabella, and the proud and haughty nation which unveiled a new continent, pass before him as a panorama. The Centennial is spoken of; our young collector takes out his album, and sees Franklin with his kite, Washington at Yorktown, Perry on the Lakes, Jefferson

and Louisiana, Jackson behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, Scott on the plains of Mexico, and Lincoln with his emancipation proclamation.

In stamp-collecting the judgment is sharpened in endeavoring to detect the good stamps and to discard the counterfeit; the eye is drilled to appreciate the harmony and contrast of colors, in the proper arrangement of the stamps; patience is acquired and taste cultivated in the efforts to produce fine effects; and cases are known of foreign languages being studied simply to enable the collector to decipher the legends and inscriptions on the stamps. A pursuit which is productive of so much good should not be decried as a mere childish pastime.

The introduction of the postal system, as it at present exists in all countries on the globe, has been credited to England, when, in 1840, covers and envelopes were devised to carry letters all over the kingdom at one penny the single rate. This plan was adopted through the exertions of Sir Rowland Hill, who has been aptly termed the "father of postage-stamps." It now appears, however, that there is another aspirant for the introduction of the stamp system. In Italy, as far back as 1818, letter sheets were prepared, duly stamped in the left lower corner, while letters were delivered by specially appointed carriers, on the prepayment of the money which the stamp represented. The early stamp represented a courier on horseback, and was of three values. It was discontinued in 1836. Whether Italy or Great Britain first introduced postage-stamps, other countries afterward began to avail themselves of this method for the prepayment of letters, although they did not move very promptly in the matter.

Great Britain enjoyed the monopoly of stamps for three years, and, though the first stamps were issued in 1840, she has made fewer changes in her stamps than any other country, and has suffered no change at all in the main design—the portrait of Queen Victoria. In other countries, notably in our own, the Sandwich Islands, and the Argentine Republic, the honor of portraiture on the stamps is usually distributed among various high public officers; but in Great Britain the Queen alone figures on her stamps, and not even the changes that thirty-five years have made in her face are shown on the national and colonial postage-stamps.

The next country to follow the example of England was Brazil. In 1842 a series of three stamps was issued, consisting simply of large numerals denoting the value, and all printed in black. Then came the cantons in Switzerland, and Finland, with envelopes which to-day are very rare, and soon after them, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Hanover, New

South Wales, Tuscany, Austria, British Guiana, Prussia, Saxony, Schleswig Holstein, Spain, Denmark, Italy, Oldenburg, Trinidad, Wurtemberg, and the United States. Other countries followed in the train, until, at the present moment, there is scarcely any portion of the globe, inhabited by civilized people, which has not postage-stamps.

In looking at a collection, one is struck with the variety and peculiarities of the designs. You would not suppose that Cashmere, noted for the beautiful designs of its shawls, could ever sanction such a stamp as the one shown on the preceding page. And it would puzzle a hieroglyphist to decipher the queer device unless he stretched his imagination to see some resemblance between it and the Cashmere goat. These stamps are printed from ivory blocks, which accounts for their daubed appearance, the figure in the cut being decidedly superior to the stamps themselves. The stamps for the Virgin Islands are very significant. The first that appeared represented a virgin holding in her hand a lamp, and surrounded by eleven lamps. Collectors at once put their heads together, and agreed that Columbus, who discovered these islands, having regard to their number, named them in commemoration of the celebrated eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. The truth is, however, that Columbus discovered these islands on the Virgin's day, and accordingly named them after the Virgin Mary, and that the twelve lamps represent the twelve primitive Christian charities. The Virgin Isles are a group of small rocky islands north of the Caribbees.

We know of a postage-stamp issued in the Isle of Reunion (formerly the Isle of Bourbon), in the Indian Ocean, which, originally worth a few cents, cannot now be bought for one hundred dollars, although this is by no means the highest price which has been paid for a postage-stamp.

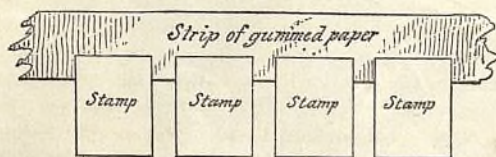
The British Guiana stamp, represented in our cut, though ugly enough, is one of the rarest stamps known. Perhaps there is not a complete set in any one collection.

We might proceed in this way, describing the peculiarities of postage-stamps, the reasons for the numerous devices and changes, and find a pleasure in the recital; but the young collector must have something left for his own industry, and it is better, therefore, to leave this part of the subject, and say something about the proper way of keeping the stamps.

It is a disputed question whether prepared albums should be used or not. Although there may be a certain measure of usefulness in them, they leave no room for the exercise of individual taste. That the prepared album should be entirely discarded is the opinion of nine out of every ten collectors, and

our advice would be, therefore, to use books made of heavy paper, with perfectly blank pages. On these the stamps may be arranged to suit the collectors' fancy.

The principle of mounting the stamps now adopted by amateurs is that known as hingeing. Several methods have been advocated, but the one we name is superior to all others in convenience and adaptation to the purpose. First, then, as to the paper used for the hinges. There is a kind of fine, foreign letter paper, strong, thin, and almost transparent, called by stationers "onion-skin," which answers the best. Sheets of this should be washed on one side only with a weak solution of pure gum arabic, just thick enough to flow easily, and to not crack when dried. The sheets, when dry, must be cut into strips of about one-half inch in width. The stamps, having been freed from all adhering paper, should be placed side by side on the strip, one edge of which has been previously moistened to the depth of one-eighth inch, as illustrated in the following figure :



Then, with a pair of scissors, separate the stamps,

and trim the adhering portion of the strip, when it should look like the following :



Fold the strip backward upon itself, and by the application of a little water from a camel's-hair brush, the stamp is ready to be placed in position. The great advantage of this plan lies in the fact, that a stamp once mounted can be easily removed from the page without injury to stamp or page, by moistening the hinge, the paper being so thin that a slight touch of water will loosen the hinge from the page.

A word or two on the subject of counterfeits may not be amiss. Stamp-dealing is quite a lucrative pursuit, and the profits are certainly large enough to induce the dealer to sell only genuine stamps ; it is a sad fact, however, that many persons counterfeit nearly every rare stamp, and palm off their cheat upon the young collector, and even upon the experienced amateur, as a valuable original.

Young collectors should be careful to collect none but genuine postage-stamps, and to have no dealings except with respectable and honest persons.

TRIP AND TOM.

By J. B. L.

"LET'S do it," said Trip.

"Let's," said Tom ; and two little white figures popped out of bed.

What could they be up to? Not ten minutes before, they had repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," and received mamma's good-night kisses. Yet now here they were, drawing on stockings and shoes, aprons and coats, and acting decidedly as if "to sleep" was the last thing they had lain down to do.

The "Swiss Family Robinson" was at the bottom of the mischief. Eight-year-old Miss Trip had just devoured that story of delightful advent-

ure, and six-year-old Tom had listened admiringly to her narrations and entered heartily into her plans.

An early and secret leaving of the paternal roof, in search of personal adventure, was the project with which Trip's busy brain had teemed all day. To accomplish this more successfully, they had decided to re-dress.

When mamma looked in upon them before retiring, instead of two white-robed children, there was Tom in his top-boots, trousers, and coat ; Trip with her dress half-buttoned, her shoes on the wrong feet, her apron fastened at the top ; and

over all, tightly clutched in four little hands, was the bed-spread, drawn up to hide from mamma's prying eyes anything curious below. Mamma understood at a glance.

"Let 'em go," said papa, in answer to a "what shall I do?" "They won't go far, and they'll find out for themselves how much fun there is in it."

So two uncomfortably dressed children tossed and tumbled all night.

"I've wondered all day what Trip was up to," said mamma.

"She's been making preparations, I guess. We shall find her provisions hidden away somewhere."

A little search brought to light, under the bed, the family valise and market basket. In the valise were a pillow, a blanket, a knife, two forks, one plate, a teacup, a coffee-pot that had suffered the loss of a nose, a syrup pitcher, a spoon, Trip's work-box, "Mother Goose's Melodies," an old jacket, two dolls, two aprons, and a neck-ribbon. In the basket were some cold corn-bread, a tiny bag of flour, some salt, a huge paper of saleratus, a parcel of sugar, two beets, a turnip, a dozen raw potatoes, and a slice of uncooked ham.

On the floor lay Tom's agricultural implements and weapons of war,—his spring-gun, his glittering sword of tin, a tiny hoe, a hatchet with a split clothes-pin for a handle, and a four-bladed jack-knife (that is, one that had long ago been four-bladed, but, as far back as Tom's memory went, one very rusty, very jagged, and very short blade was all it could boast).

The early dawn found Trip and Tom astir.

"It's dark," said Tom.

"Oh, come on!" said Trip.

"It's all smoky," said Tom, looking dubiously out into the dull gray of the early morning.

"Oh, Tom Nelson! If I would n't be ashamed to back out! Come! You take the basket, and I'll carry the bag," said Trip.

Clatter, clatter, bump, bump, and Trip and Tom, basket and bag, were down-stairs, through the hall, out of doors.

Mamma cautiously peeped from her window and saw two wretched little figures, in the mist of an uncomfortable, drizzling morning, starting out toward the great elm in the back-yard.

Trip staggered along under the weight of her valise, dragging an umbrella behind her; while Tom brought up the rear, his gun slung over his

shoulder, his sword dangling from a clothes-line belt, his hoe and hatchet carried *à la* tomahawk, and his precious knife in the deepest recess of his deepest pocket.

Mamma Nelson dressed herself and two-year-old Katie, who had not been taken into the conspiracy on account of her inexperience and extreme youth, and went down-stairs to be ready for developments.

"Rap, rap!" at the door.

"Mum," said a small voice, making desperate attempts to speak *large*, "can you lend me a few kindlings this morning?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said mamma, briskly. "Very happy to accommodate you. You are moving, I see!"

"Shipwrecked," said Tom in a deep bass, glanc-



ON THE DESERT ISLAND.

ing at the griddle-cake preparations for breakfast, as if famine were added to the ordinary horrors of shipwreck.

"An unpleasant morning for your furniture to be exposed," said sympathetic mamma.

"Goin' to build a house," said Tom, disappearing with his kindlings.

"Rap, rap!"

"I would like to retain a few matches, if you please, ma'am," said the smooth voice of Trip, whose curious mixing of the Queen's English was

the family joke. "My stove don't draw well, and I can't exceed in starting a fire."

"I suppose you lost your flint and steel in the wreck, and a sun-glass is a failure such a cloudy morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Trip, glancing at the griddle-cakes.

Mamma slyly helped little Katie to an extra nice-looking one, just as two hungry-looking black eyes gave their last backward glance.

Trip put some more kindlings into or under her primitive stove, which certainly bore much more resemblance to the fire-places our great-grandmothers loved than to the cooking-stove in her mother's kitchen.

Tom looked solemnly into the battered tin pail, in which six grimy potatoes were supposed to be cooking.

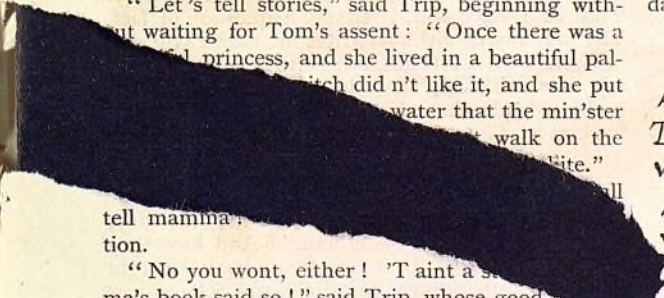
"It's a nasty old thing!" said Tom, crossly. "They wont never cook 'n the world."

"Well, we can eat our brown bread if they don't, and put lots of sugar on it, too," said Trip, philosophically, her eight-year-old pride rebelling against giving up her pet plan.

So the children spread their umbrella, and sat down to wait for breakfast.

"Oh, Tommy! see these dear little incident birds!" said Trip, vainly endeavoring to cheer the drooping spirits of her fellow-adventurer. "Aint they pretty?"

"No, they aint," said Tom, snappishly. "Their backs are all humped up, and they can't walk,—they just hop, hop!"

"Let's tell stories," said Trip, beginning without waiting for Tom's assent: "Once there was a princess, and she lived in a beautiful palace. The witch did n't like it, and she put water that the min'ster walk on the floor." 

tell mamma
tion.

"No you wont, either! 'T aint a s' ma's book said so!" said Trip, whose good-nature like many an older housekeeper's, was not quite proof against the combined misfortunes of domestic experience and the growling masculine element in the domestic atmosphere.

"My feet are all wetted, and my froat's sore," said Tom, beginning to whimper, "and I want some griddle-cakes, too."

"Well, Tommy," said Trip, "don't you cry. We'll play there's a ship in sight, coming to take us off, and then we'll run home, and s'prise mamma, and get some breakfast, too. I'll shake my apron, to make 'em see us, and you scream 'Ship ahoy!' just as loud as you can."

But, alas! what solitary, uninhabited corner of the globe ever was free from some dangerous monster? Lions prowl around, tigers spring upon their unwary prey, and terrible cannibals silently approach.

So just behind our little adventurers stood a threatening foe. Old Billy, the neighbor's goat, had passed some minutes in quiet examination of that strange object under the elm.

All of a sudden—rush, whang!—and two frightened children were tumbled over on their faces, while poor Billy and the umbrella had it all to themselves.

Tom screamed lustily, according to the programme, and Trip stopped signaling and joined in the screaming. In a moment, mamma hove in view, bearing down gallantly to the rescue of the distressed family.

Soon after, two little children, with dry shoes and stockings, very happy faces, and very empty stomachs, might have been seen stowing away a sufficient quantity of provision, in the form of smoking and well-buttered griddle-cakes, to last through any ordinary experience of shipwreck and famine.

Here is Tom's letter to his dear friend Winchester Hardy, telling what he thought about his recent dangerous experience:

Dee R Win. Trip
AND Mee @IT Reekt The
TATOSDIDNT KKK SOFF
WEE WAS SUMHUNGRY
A BEEST KAM
WEE WAS RESKUDE

TOM NELSON
AS WEE DIDNT TRULY
HE WAS A GOTE
TAINT MUCH FUNN
YUDE BcTeR NoTT
Doo Sde.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS!

Now this very morning I heard the pretty school-mistress speak of thunder as a "volume of sound," and a few moments afterward she remarked that the new volume of ST. NICHOLAS would be, in many ways, the most fascinating and wonderful that had yet been issued. So, my children, if a volume of sound is thunder, you may well imagine that a third volume of ST. NICHOLAS will be something tremendous. How is your Jack to make himself heard in all the delightful commotion, I wonder?

That reminds me: Am I a real Jack-in-the-Pulpit? you have asked—a true plant, growing and preaching out in the sunshine? Well, perhaps no. Perhaps yes. This much is certain: I *do* live in the sunshine; I *do* try to grow; and I *do* love to talk to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS—to open their eyes and their minds by pointing out all sorts of queer truths here, there, and yonder—and to put into their hearts grateful, loving thoughts toward the Giver of all good.

So, my darlings, if you're satisfied with this explanation, I am. Now we'll talk about

PROLONGING LIFE.

"It can't be done," said Deacon Green, in Jack's hearing, one morning. "There is n't a man living, doctor or no doctor, who can prolong his life for a single day. The most that can be done is not to shorten it! Let 'em look out not to do that, sir! Let every man, woman and child take care not to do anything to shorten life, and their days will lengthen out, in God's good providence—hearty, happy days, and just as many of 'em as is right and possible."

Deacon Green always hits the nail on the head, I'm told,—though, never having seen him when

he's hammering, I can't speak from any positive knowledge. But he's a right, smart good man, I'm sure, and knows what he's talking about. He is a new-comer in my neighborhood, and he lives in the red cottage across the road from the school-house, a little toward the west. If I hear him say anything more, I'll let you know.

JACK MAKES AN OFFER.

Now, my chicks, I warn you that I'm about to tell you an absurd story—"just for larks," some of you would say; but I don't say it, for I have n't the slightest idea of amusing the larks at this moment. Now listen sharply:

"One day a brown thrush was resting on top of a post-and-rail fence, enjoying the cool morning air. Pretty soon a crow came hopping along the same fence, and the thrush quickly flew away. A beautiful pigeon, that was calmly hopping about in a neighboring door-yard, picking up crumbs, did not see the crow, or he, too, would have hastened to take his departure.

"Not so with a busy little sparrow in a maple tree on the other side of the field. He, too, saw the crow, but not being in the least afraid, he soon sought the cool grass at the maple's roots, and walked about as unconcernedly as possible. Soon he was joined by a fine young robin, and, strange to say, the crow, after eying them curiously for a moment as they walked about together, soared into the air and was seen no more."

A simple story enough, is n't it? And yet there are four mistakes of fact in it—mistakes which almost any really observing boy or girl should be able to detect at once. What are they? No grammarians or spelling-matches need apply. This, as I have said, is simply a question of fact. The first boy or girl who writes me a letter (in care of Editor of ST. NICHOLAS), correctly pointing out my four mistakes, shall have a book as wise as any I ever saw.

One other day, I heard a girl say, "Alice in Wonderland." And how they laughed! It must be a very funny book, thought I. The author must be a jolly, rollicksome sort of fellow. One of the little girls had just told the other that he was an Englishman who had been called Lewis Carroll, but that nobody knew his real name. Now, as I'd seen Englishmen before, I could see this one in my mind's eye very clearly. Yes, there he stood, plain as day (though he was n't there at all, you understand), a great, florid, jolly, portly Englishman, with plaid trousers, and red side-whiskers—Mr. Anonymous Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland."

But dear, dear! how mistaken one can be! In less than ten minutes, and while the little girls still sat reading and laughing, the pretty schoolma'am came along. Both children jumped up eagerly—

She had once visited England. Had she ever seen the author of "Alice in Wonderland"? they asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Oh, do, do tell us all about him!" cried the little girls in a breath.

"I can't quite do that," said the pretty school-ma'am, laughing, "but I can tell you a little. His name is Dodgson—Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson. He is a youngish-looking man, with a very pleasant, earnest face, and a kind, gentle voice. He is rather small and thin, and so shy and modest that if his own Alice had met him in Wonderland, she would have said, in her simple way: 'Oh, don't stay here, sir; everything and everybody are so very strange that you'll be quite uncomfortable. You won't understand them at all, sir, I'm sure you won't.'"

EARLY BIRDS.

THERE'S an early morning song, I'm told, that belongs especially to cities and factory-towns. It is not a bird song exactly, but it is high and shrill and early birds with tools and aprons and kettles gather at its call. They are not yellow birds, nor blue birds, these early ones,—they have grimy faces and hard hands,—but they are strong and cheery, knowing well enough that fine feathers don't always make fine birds.

Have ever you heard this morning song? And do you not honor the early birds who flock at its call, and do so much of the world's work?

LIVE POTATO-BUGS WASHED IN BY THE SEA.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Let me tell you of a wonderful thing. Yesterday some ladies and gentlemen went to Rockaway, on the shores of Long Island. They took me with them, because one of the ladies was my aunt.

We enjoyed it very much. It was great fun to see the big waves come rolling up the beach, but the most astonishing thing was to see great quantities of potato-bugs all in a broad line along the beach, just as they had been washed in by the sea. They were alive, and as we took up great handfuls of them, we had very good evidence of the fact, though potato-bugs are not as lively as crickets. One of the gentlemen of our party is called an agriculturist, and he cultivates a large farm. He said they certainly were potato-bugs. I can't tell you how many thousands of them we saw. I picked some up myself from the top of the water. The agriculturist said he had read many accounts of dead potato-bugs lately being found on the sea-shore; but these were alive. Water did n't even seem to wet them.

Now, dear Mr. Jack, I'd like to know if any other of your boys have seen a sight just like this.—Your affectionate friend,
Newark, August 25th, 1875.

HIRAM G—.

FORBIDDEN LEAVES.

A KIND, good soul, who evidently has your interest at heart, sends a letter, my chicks, which she begs me to give you, so here it is. You should have seen it earlier, but as this number of ST. NICHOLAS will appear about the 20th of October, many of you may yet profit by its good advice:

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Every year I hear of somebody who is dreadfully poisoned while gathering the beautiful Autumn leaves. Let me tell you, then, how to avoid this danger. You may gather the long, pointed, serrate (or saw-edged) leaves of the sumach that has velvety-hairy stalks, and great bunches of purple-black berries sour to the taste. The berries are used by country people sometimes for making a dye for woolen cloth or yarn. The leaves of this sumach are very handsome, and it is perfectly harmless.

But you must not touch or go near (since its very effluvia is dan-

gerous) the poison sumach, or dogwood, though its leaves are far more brilliant in scarlet and yellow than those of the harmless kind that they so closely resemble. You may know it by its loose clusters of yellowish-white fruit. It generally grows in swampy grounds, while the harmless sumach is oftenest found on rich hill-sides. It is a pity that the poison sumach should ever have been called dogwood, since the real dogwood, which is a high tree with very large and showy white blossoms in Spring, and with lovely purple leaves in Autumn, is perfectly harmless.

You may gather the crimson five-cleft leaves of the Virginian creeper, or American ivy, that has small blackish berries, and that climbs by fixing the ends of its tendrils like little suckers to its supports; but beware of the poison ivy, that has three leaflets, and that climbs by loose, thread-like rootlets. It is very beautiful, but very poisonous. You may know it by some one of its several other names: poison elder, poison oak, or mercury vine. The latter name is applied to several other poisonous vines, in various parts of the United States. Let them all alone.

The beautiful Autumnal woods are offering you such variety in form, color, and shade, that you need not gather leaves of these two forbidden sorts.

M. B. C. SLADE.

BLUE JAYS TAKING PILLS.

JACK has received a letter from an old lady in South Carolina, in which she tells a *true* story for the benefit of my boys and girls. She says that she had been making some "home-made pills," and after they were all nicely shaped she put them out on the window-sill to dry. Pretty soon some blue jays came along, and not having anything better to do they swallowed every pill. The old lady went to the window just in time to see the last dose disappear, and so, as she says, she just had to make the best of it. Watching the jays, and wondering what effect the pills would have upon them, she saw them tumble about in a sort of confused state, and finally hide themselves away as best they could. In the morning they were found dead in her garden. The old lady felt very sorry for them, but she says she "could n't help thinking that perhaps it was all for the best, as the pills contained opium, and may be there was something wrong about them."

Jack thinks so too. There *is* apt to be something wrong about home-made things that contain opium. Better, however, to lose a few blue jays than to have a nice old lady killed in that way.

HOW CERTAIN WOODPECKERS PACK THEIR TRUNKS.

Nordhoff, Ventura Co., California.

DEAR JACK: Do you realize how many little persons in all parts of the country eagerly read your sermons of life and nature? Have any of your messengers ever told you how the thrifty woodpecker of California stores away his food? His favorite diet seems to be acorns. He selects his tree, I think preferring a redwood or white-oak; then bores or pecks the bark full of holes of the size of the acorn. When his harvest is ready, he immediately brings an acorn and tries until he finds a place where it will fit in nicely (if not put in tightly it would drop out), inserts the smaller end, then pounds it in with his bill. It is interesting to watch him. His little red cap bobs to and fro until his store is safely packed.

We have a very large white-oak in our yard, which is inhabited by a colony I should think. The body or trunk and every large limb are perforated with these holes, the most of which are now full.

Yours, with good wishes,

JENNIE LANNER.

SHIP AHOY!

NEXT month, I'm told, ST. NICHOLAS is to have a high-popolorum, full-rigged, double-decker of some sort by the Little School-mistress herself. And there's sharp work expected from you, my youngsters! There's a prize, too. Deacon Green has a hand in it, I have n't the slightest shadow of a doubt.

AN ALPHABET FROM ENGLAND.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



A is the Alphabet, A at its head ;
A is an Antelope, agile to run.

B is the Baker Boy bringing the bread,
 Or black Bear and brown Bear, both begging for bun.

C is a Cornflower come with the corn ;
C is a Cat with a comical look.

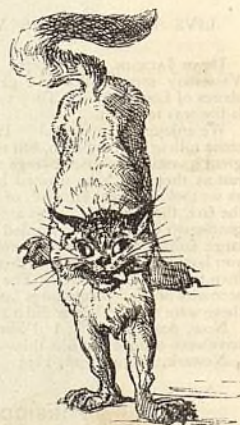


THE ELOQUENT EARL.

D is a dinner which Dahlias adorn ;
D is a Duchess who dines with a Duke.

E is an elegant, eloquent Earl ;
E is an Egg whence an Eaglet emerges.

F is a Falcon, with feathers to furl ;
F is a Fountain of full foaming surges.



THE COMICAL CAT.



THE GANDER, THE GOSLING, THE GOOSE.

G is the Gander, the Gosling,
the Goose;

G is a Garnet in girdle of
gold.

H is a Heartsease, harmonious of hues;

H is a huge Hammer, heavy to hold.

I is an Idler who idles on ice;

I am I—who will say I am not I?

J is a Jacinth, a jewel of price;

J is a Jay, full of joy in July.

K is a King, or a Kaiser still
higher;

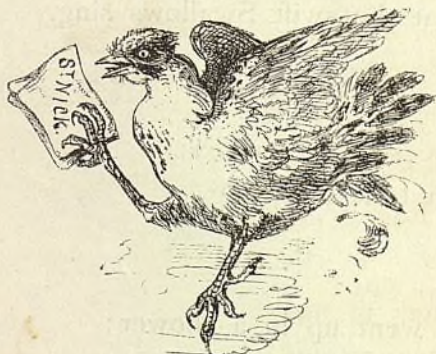
K is a Kitten, or quaint Kang-
aroo.



A HAMMER HEAVY TO HOLD.

L is a Lute or a lovely-toned Lyre;

L is a Lily all laden with dew.

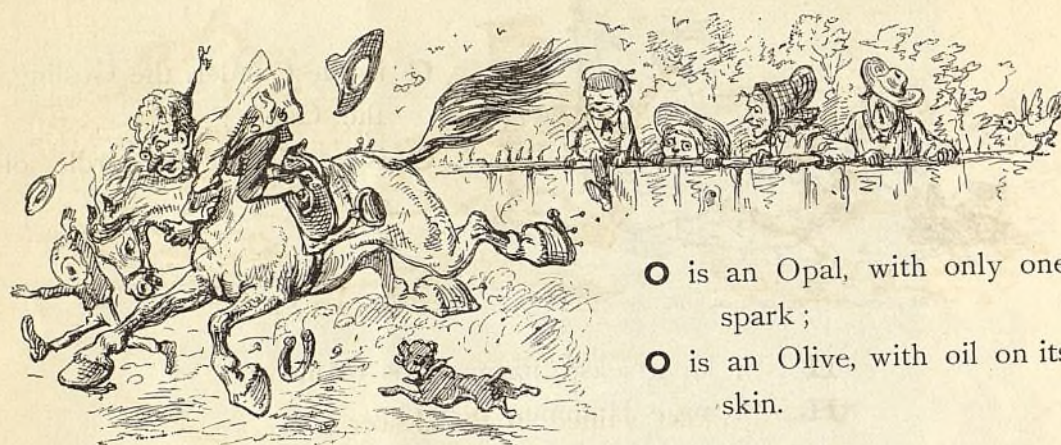


A JAY FULL OF JOY IN JULY.

M is a Meadow where Meadow-sweet
blows;

M is a Mountain made dim by a mist.

N is a nut—in a nutshell it grows;
Or a Nest full of Nightingales singing
—ch, list!



A PONY, A PET IN THE PARK.

P is a Pony, a pet in a park;
P is the Point of a Pen or a Pin.

Q is a Quail, quick chirping at morn;
Q is a Quince quite ripe and near dropping.



A RED-BREASTED ROBIN.

R is a Rose, rosy red on a thorn;
R is a red-breasted Robin come hopping.

S is a Snow-storm that sweeps o'er the Sea;
S is the Song that the swift Swallows sing.

T is the Tea-table set out for tea;
T is a Tiger with terrible spring.

U, the Umbrella, went up in a shower;
 Or Unit is useful with ten to unite.



THE UMBRELLA.



POLICEMAN X EXERCISED.

V is a Violet veined in the flower ;

V is a Viper of venomous bite.

W stands for the water-bred Whale ;
Stands for the wonderful Wax-work so gay.

X, or X X, or X X X is ale,
Or Policeman X, exercised day after day.

Y is a yellow Yacht, yellow its boat ;
Y is the Yucca, the Yam, or the Yew.

Z is a Zebra, zigzagged his coat,
Or Zebu, or Zoöphyte, seen at the Zoo.



"SEEN AT THE ZOO."

THE LETTER-BOX.

LIBRARIAN.—"The Pretty School-mistress," to whom we referred your letter, writes in reply:

There is good authority for Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit's remark that Leonardo da Vinci invented the wheelbarrow. I found the same statement in an Italian Life of this great painter, published in Milan in 1872, the author of which had the privilege of examining Leonardo's own manuscripts. Also, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on the "Lives" of this painter, after naming many useful things invented by Leonardo da Vinci, designs for and descriptions of which are found among his still existing manuscripts, adds—"And finally, last but not least, among the many things moved by wheel, the common wheelbarrow."

To be sure, the honor of this invention has been claimed for others. Some authorities give it to a certain Sieur Dupin, in 1669; others claim it for Pascal, somewhere in the middle of the same century; and a surprising statement is to be found in the "Dictionnaire de Mobilier." In this work Viollet-le-Duc gives a *fac-simile*, as "Librarian" truly says, of a picture taken from a manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century, representing an odd-looking man wheeling what appears to be the bust of a king in a wheelbarrow!

The only way in which we can explain this matter, without directly doubting the evidence of Leonardo himself, is by supposing that in the old days, before telegraphs and rapid transits of any kind were known, a wheelbarrow, or any other needed thing, may have been invented and used in one place for even a century before it was heard of three hundred miles away. So there may have been half-a-dozen worthy and honest inventors of this useful implement; in fact, it would hardly surprise me to find the wheelbarrow trundled back through the ages till it reached the workshop of the earliest inventor known to men—the "cunning worker," Tubal Cain.

This beautiful poem, written by Mrs. Browning as a tribute to Hans Christian Andersen, cannot fail to interest all lovers of the noble old poet, and is therefore republished here. It has also another claim upon us, that it is the last poem written by the great poetess:

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

I.

"Now give us lands where olives grow,"
Cried the North to the South,
"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!"
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the sunless plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
"By need of work in the snow and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!"
Cried the South to the North.

II.

"Give lucid hills and intenser seas,"
Said the North to the South,
"Since ever by symbols and bright degrees,
Art, child-like, climbs to the dear Lord's knees!"
Said the North to the South.

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,"
Said the South to the North,
"That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God, 'He is certainly there!'"
Said the South to the North.

III.

"Yet, oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!"
Sighed the North to the South,
"For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!"
Sighed the North to the South.

"And, oh, for a seer to discern the same!"
Sighed the South to the North,
"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree and the flower by its name!"
Sighed the South to the North.

IV.

The North sent, therefore, a man of men
As a grace to the South;
And thus to Rome came Andersen,—
"Alas, but must you take him again?"
Said the South to the North.

NEXT month we shall publish in the "Riddle-box" a beautiful and original prize-puzzle. The prize will be something that our boys and girls will consider splendid, and we may print a picture of it. Full announcements will be made in our next number.

THE following answers have been received to the question in the September number regarding the course of a ship from New York to Liverpool:

Lansingburgh, N. Y., August 30th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister sends the answer to—Why does a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, sail a hundred miles further than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a curved line up toward the north? Because you cannot go direct, as you have to go around Ireland; therefore it would be nearer to go on a curved line than on a straight line.

LAURA S. BENEDICT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A ship sailing from New York to Liverpool in a straight line would sail farther than in a line curving toward the north, because the arc of a great circle between two points is greater than the arc of a small circle between the same points.

DARLIN L. AMES.

Parkersburg, W. Va., August 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: James S., in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS, wishes to know why Baltimore was so named, and if there be any city of the same name in the Old World? I do not know of any Baltimore in the Old World. About 1624, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whose title was Lord Baltimore, wishing to provide an asylum for the Catholics then persecuted in England, asked for a grant of land in America upon which to establish a colony. Charles I., the king, readily agreed to grant his request; but before the papers received the royal seal, Calvert died. The charter was then issued to his son Cecil, who, by the death of his father, succeeded to the title of Lord Baltimore. The first immigrants came over in 1634, and commenced founding cities, one of which was called Baltimore, after Lord Baltimore.—Yours respectfully,

HATTIE A. WELLES.

We have also received answers to Jamie's questions from Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., "J. J.," J. C. Beardsley, "Namlig," and "Comus," all of whom agree with Hattie as to the origin of the name. But the second question must have been a hard one, for almost all the answers to it are incorrect. Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., and J. C. Beardsley assert that there is no Baltimore in the Old World, while "Comus" adds, "unless it be a small village." But that is just what it is,—a small seaport village in the south of Ireland. The American city of Baltimore certainly received its name in the manner described by Hattie, but the title of the peerage held by Sir George Calvert may have been derived from the name of this little Irish town.

HERE is a story by a very little girl:

MAGOR.

Magor was a large dog. He had a kind little master, so Magor was ever well off. He knew Merry every since he was a puppy. One day Merry and he were at play near the pond. Merry had quite forgotten what mama had told him not to go near the pond. Magor thought it would be nice to have a swim; in he went. The little boy thought Magor was going to get very damp and cold. He was standing on the very edge of the pond, saying "Come back." He put out one fat hand. He gave a little cry—a splash. Merry had fallen. He had rose frist time when Magor caught him. Merry had home to mama. What do you think she did? Why, she took Merry, did him up in blankets, put him in her own soft bed, and kissed his pale face many times. It was one week before Merry was himself agin. Six times Magor saved the little boy's life. Do you not think Magor ought to be loved for what he did?—MAMIE L. L.

HERE is something for young mathematicians and logicians:

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me herewith to send you the following arithmetical puzzle, communicated to me by my father, and said to have originated with Moses Mendelssohn:

Question.—How can you prove that there must be in the world at least two trees of the same number of leaves?

Solution.—It is certain that the number of trees in the world exceed

the greatest number of leaves on any one tree. Call the greatest number of leaves x , and the number of trees x plus y , and suppose all the trees have different numbers from 1 to x . Then, the tree x plus 1 must have a number of leaves ranging between x and x , for x is the greatest number of leaves on a tree. Therefore it must equal in the number of leaves one of the trees between x and x , and therefore there are two trees in the world which have the same number of leaves.

To make it plainer, let the greatest number of leaves on any one tree be $1,000,000$, and the greatest number of trees $1,000,001$; and suppose all the trees have different number of leaves—the first having one leaf, the second two, the third three, &c.; and as no one tree can have more than $1,000,000$ leaves, therefore the first tree over one million must have an equal number of leaves with one tree between 1 and $1,000,000$, because it cannot have more than $1,000,000$, and as all the number of leaves between 1 and $1,000,000$ have been given away, one of these numbers must be repeated. Therefore there are at least two trees in the world which have an equal number of leaves.

—Respectfully yours,

MORRIS JASTROW.

It is not often that the boys receive such a decidedly practical question as is put to them this month by Bruce F. Johnson. He asks "if any boy can tell him the length of railroad in the United States, in America, in Great Britain, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa." He even includes Australia also, and closes with a request for "the total length of all the railroads in the world!"

We will answer the last question ourselves. At the close of 1874 there were, in the whole world, 172,930 miles of railroad, on which 56,700 locomotives were employed to draw 103,700 passenger cars and 1,356,600 freight cars.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California. I am nine years old. I live on Dolores Street. I think it is called so because there is an old Mission church on it, with graves round it—some of them more than a hundred years old. The church is a queer-looking old thing. It is made of adobe.

I have thought of joining the Bird-defenders, but I cannot get my cat to join with me. I have a little parakeet, too. My cat is afraid to kill my parakeet, because it squeaks so; but if it can get hold of a little chicken, it will kill it in a minute. What would you do with such a cat?

GODFREY BIRDSALL.

You had better join yourself, Godfrey, and, after awhile, you may be able to reform your cat.

EFFIE VANVOLKENBERG AND OTHERS.—Yes, you are right. Franklin was born in Boston. Jack either made a mistake, for once, or his statement was an ingenious device for waking his young hearers out of their August doze.

DEAR EDITOR: The following riddle has been in our family for at least fifty years, and no one has been able to solve it. Some of the most intelligent have tried it, and have failed. I thought I would submit the riddle to you, thinking that, through the pages of your magazine, you might find some one smart enough to name the "ancient city of no small renown."

Hoping I may have my curiosity gratified, I shall look earnestly for an answer to the riddle.—Respectfully, SARAH B. WILSON.

RIDDLE.

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest gem that nature doth impart,
The point essential in the lawyer's case,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The plowman's prompter when he drives the plow,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize which merit never yet has won,
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wit's ambition, and the parson's dues,
Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By all these various lessons will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a nice story in your September number to-day from Fannie Hunt, about chickens and turkeys, so I thought I would write you about what happened at our house.

Well, once a silky hen had a brood of chicks, and she took care of them awhile and left them; and then two other hens that had wanted to set—but my father did not want them to—took charge of the chicks and brought them up together. Well, those chickens could not tell which of the three hens was their mother. Will you please tell me?

ANNIE T. BROWN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday, as I was going to Sunday-school, I met Sam Dogan, and he had four robins in a cage, that he pushed me away and said "Shut up." I teased him some more, and he by and by let them go. I am a Bird-defender, and am going to make Sam be one. My brother Harmon is six years old. I am eight. He wants his name put down for a Bird-defender. Is he too little? I got a few Bird-defenders; they are my cousins though, all but Harmon.

No boy can be too little to be a Bird-defender—if he "wants" his name put down—nor too big.

ROB R. SHERMAN.

SCHOOL-TIME.

ALWAYS be early to school,
Both in good and bad weather,
And go according to rule,
And then you'll be good altogether.
Then when your lessons are done,
You'll be free from all sorrow and care;
Away to the fields you can run,
And be just as free as the air.
But first be sure, of all things,
Whatever you do or say,
To hear the bell when it rings,
For then you must give up your play.
Your lessons should always be good,
You should do as your teacher asks,
Then when you've learned all you could,
You will be glad you have finished your tasks.

When school-time's at an end,
Then you'll enjoy your play;
But that will all depend
On your conduct for that day.
Now this advice I freely give,
And if you follow it well,
In happiness you then will live,
As your future life will tell.

ALLIE REICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August number of your paper there was a piece telling how to make a sea-weed album. I would like to know if I could put leaves on paper in the same way?—Yours truly,

HARRY GRIFFITH.

Yes, if your paper is not too thin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you give the same presents next year, for the same number of subscribers, to those getting up clubs, that you printed last year? And when I get up a club, shall I count myself as one? If I get four subscribers, and take the magazine myself, would you give me a present for a club of five, or not? I do not understand. Will you please answer, and oblige your friend and subscriber,

NELLIE.

Yes, the premiums will continue the same as last year, and you can count yourself in your club.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Belpre, Ohio, sends the following names: Mary Mackey, Ella Garloch, Flora Rarick, Ione Henderson, Mary Clark, Willie Rounds, Eddie Hutchison, Willie O'Neal, Hugh Drain, Hattie Davis, Mina Cunningham, Mary Morgan, Lewis Gettle, Sallie Cawood, Anna Krebs, Laura Furnell, Harry Davis, Kate Browning, Chas. Parker, Joseph Lee, Jessie Henderson, Eddie Porter, Bradley Stone, Etie Parker, Harry Ellenwood, Willie Seavalle, Charlie Dunbarger, Stonewall Henderson, N. P. Armstrong, Johnson Garloch, Laura Smith, Mary Harrison, Nellie Price, Mattie Williams, Alden Williams, Mamie Gettle, Lonnie Hutchison, Odie Brown, Samuel Nuzum, Jennie Hunter, Morris Rarick, Madge Cunningham, Jennie Palmer, Clara Moore, Edna Rarick, Frank Hyton, Virgia Downer, Dorus Alderman, Willie Patton, Laura Woodward, Maggie Hadley, Jimmie Perry, Willie Jackson, Tillie Garloch, and Edward Rarick.

Fannie Madison, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends this long list: Fannie Madison, Charlie Madison, Eddie Douglass, Carrie Nevins, Irene Corey, Fanny Doty, Ida Hoyt, Lula Fleming, Hattie Berrington, Laura Jasmer, Emily Sheppard, Mattie Mayberry, Maggie Cowle, Katie Boegy, Jennie Turton, Fannie Hutton, Dasie Donahue, Ida Schuler, Mary Clark, Mary Mills, Lillie Gerloch, Mary Gallagher, Annie Savoy, Nellie Parmalee, Fanny Shafer, David Kimberley, Henry Hollis, Tillie Nieber, Harry Isbister, Charlie Jackson, Frank Bartholomew, William Davis, Henry Bower, Frank Cooke, Fred Wakefield, Charlie Taber, Charlie Lewis, Charley Danert, Lewis

Presley, George Aastrup, Jason Thomas, Jimmie Crawford, Johnnie Hutchinson, Frank Sweeney, George Davis, Grant Donaldson, Katie Klaus, John Gillson, George Clark, Michael McKeon, Nellie Monkman, Lewis Coe, and Katie Douglass.

Josie Louis, of Centralia, Ill., sends the following list: Josie Louis, Bertie Louis, Ella Louis, Alice Louis, Minnie Louis, Mamie Louis, Della Louis, Moneta Louis, Susy Louis, Florence Louis, Ollie Louis, Gussie Louis, Fannie Louis, Laura Louis, Amanda Louis, Mamie Louis, Rachel Louis, Rebecca Louis, Addie Louis, Lottie Louis, Rosy Gregg, Jerome Louis, Willie Louis, Alvin Louis, Walter Louis, Julius Louis, Herbert Louis, Uria Louis, Riley Louis, Charlie Louis, Clarence Louis, Bobbie Louis, Percy Louis, Allie Louis, Jessie Louis, Ludwig Louis, Milton Gregg, Charlie Gregg, and Maria Louis.

Thomas McGehan, of Hamilton, O., sends this list: Walter Kummer, Horace Belden, Lou Beauchamp, Harry Hay, Dan McGlynn, Will Roberts, John Hall, Nelly Phillips, Milt Traber, Harry Traber, Charlie Traber, Oliver Traber, John Traber, Web Fitton, Scott Symmes, Chas. Cooch, Jim Durrrough, Oliver Crow, Dode Hargitt, Alice Hankins, Nell Miller, Alex. M. Hall, Edward Shaffer, Vicky Smith, Thomas Collins, Cyrus Falconer, Ella Gilbert, Dave Howell, J. B. Ousley, L. B. Dilakort, J. W. Meckley, Tom Hodder, Laura Porter, Albion Dyer, Ed Flenner, Will Moore, Robert Peck, Charley Heiser, Ed Beardsley, Frank Skinner, Frank Whitehead, Charlie Mixer, and Harry McElwee.

Herbert Dean sends the following list: Herbert Dean, John Scammon, John Keefe, Charles Kelley, Minnie Smith, Lucy Peabody, Mary Peabody, Jennie Littlefield, Hattie Warsaw, Mary Taylor, Bell Odell, Lillia Brewster, Alice Healey, Katie Keefe, Nettie Hoag, Hattie Hoag, Fred Jewell, Fred Fadden, and Lizzie Young.

Fannie O. Newton sends this list: Miss Selina C. Barrett, Miss Bertha Keeshorn, Lulu White, Fannie Stinde, Letitia Rogers, Abbie Sanford, Teresa Stall, Charlie Sanford, Fannie Rowland, Addie Stall, Lucy Thomas, Fannie Thomas, Katie Thomas, Miss Lucy Barrett, and Dorcas Carr.

F. L. Chase, of Woburn, sends the following names: Effie C. Sweetser, Nettie H. Fiske, Kittie Rose Fiske, Eddie H. Fiske, Florence L. Chase, Georgie H. Green, Georgie Hamlin, Charles F. Hamlin, and Lothrop Chase.

"Two Friends" Hattie Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts—send these names: Fannie Wilder, Gracie Brooks, Carrie Johnson, Mamie Damon, Mrs. S. F. Damon, Miss Annie Damon, Hattie Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, and Frank Tibbetts.

Max Ulrich, of San Antonio, Texas, sends these names: Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Liffrieng, Mrs. Ulrich, Mr. Ulrich, Lewis Ulrich, and Max Ulrich.

Rob R. Sherman sends his own and the following names: Harmon R. Sherman, Belle S. Howard, Walter Smith, and John A. Buck.

Will E. B., of North Adams, Mass., sends this list: Lottie A. Milard, Blanche C. Brayton, Hattie F. Brooks, and Hattie S. Brayton.

Estelle Riley, of Columbus, Texas, sends her own and the following names: Ida Riley, Katie Moore, and Emma Delany.

Lester Woodbridge sends this list: Irene E. Woodbridge, Bessy Woodbridge, Charley Woodbridge, and Lester Woodbridge.

The following names also have been received: Walter H. Morrison, Charlie Morrison, Marian C. Morrison, Emilie Neville, Anita Hendrie, Mary Ella Bakewell, Effie Bakewell, Mary B. Smith, Charles Willcox, Mamie Locke, Willie F. Morgan, Ida E. Kidd, Gertrude Gunn, L. H. Branch, Geo. Holden, Inez Simons, W. C. Houghton, and Herbie Houghton.

ANSWERS by the following boys and girls to puzzles in the August number were received too late for acknowledgment in the October number: Charlie and Frankie Rupert, H. Wigmore, Belle Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Lizzie Bloomfield, William M. Northrup, Edward Broome, Allie Anthony, Mary F. Crane, E. L. Tibbetts, Hattie F. Johnson, William C. Delaney, Mark W. Collett, Le Roy and Coy Youmans, Alice Morrow.

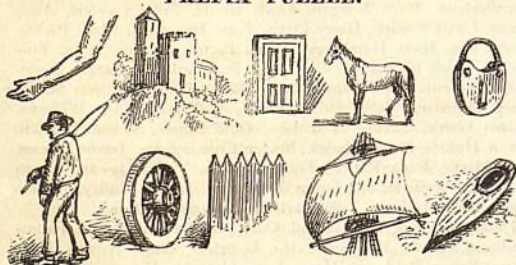
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-two letters. My 6, 19, 42, 16 is a part of the head. My 40, 35, 14 is a cover for the head. My 5, 24, 2 is a quadruped. My 39, 1, 18 is another. My 15, 21, 17 is a pronoun. My 20, 41, 34 is an insect. My 36, 26, 7 is a foreign product. My 27, 9, 11, 28 is constructed by birds. My 8, 3, 4, 31 is seen at night. My 37, 38, 32 is a covering. My 12, 10, 22, 29 is wealthy. My 30, 25, 23 is a kind of tree. My 33, 13 is a musical note. My whole is a proverb.

BODINE.

PREFIX PUZZLE.



BURIED PLACES.

1. June, July, and August are Summer months. 2. But I came when you called. 3. She sings in grand style. 4. How slow Ellen's movements are. 5. Let Royce go with us to the store. 6. Lady Franklin sends Kane a telescope. F. J. and M. P.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A writing instrument. 4. A fairy. 5. A prank. 6. A bad man. 7. A term in music. 8. A musical instrument. 9. A terrible disease. 10. Weariness. The diagonals form a household sunbeam. L. O.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE missing words in the following stanzas being supplied, the initials and finals will give the names of—
(1) A great poet; (2) A great composer:

- "Windy —, with its frolic gales,
Filling the woods with their musical roar;
While over the water scud wet white sails,
And the foam breaks fast on a rough lee-shore."
- "Now the goat may climb and crop
The soft grass on Mount —'s top."
- "Moonshine and — are left to bury the dead."
- "Which like the —, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."
- "The silvery green of the — shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower."
- "And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care,
At the ruthless — of iron,
A little bird is striving there." H. H. H.

EASY METAGRAM.

FIRST, I am a bird. Change my head, I am part of a ship; again, I am to pull; again, and I am dim; again, I am replete; again, and I am to quiet. C. C.

CHARADE, No. 1.

FIRST.

To greet the morning sun I rise,
And trill my gladness through the skies.

SECOND.

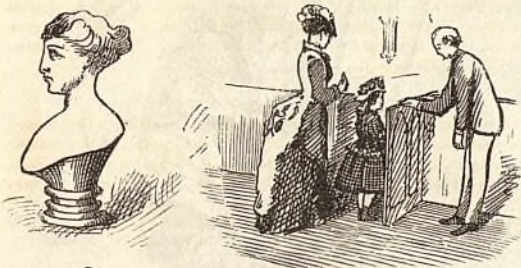
I guard the fowl, yet the noble horse
I torture oft without remorse.

WHOLE.

In pink and white and blue I dress—
What am I? Children, can you guess?

A. O'N.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



ENIGMA, No. 2.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 8, 3, 12 is the name of a tree. My 10, 4, 11, 1, 2 is food for the sick. My 7, 5, 6, 11 is the name of a queen. My 2, 9, 4, 11 is what every boy would like to be. My whole is a part of St. NICHOLAS. S. C. M.

A FLOWER ACROSTIC.

CONTENTMENT's simple, smiling flower,
Fair blossoms that at twilight sleep,
Bright, golden cups from Spring's glad bower,
And bells that through the snow-rifts peep;
Rich Autumn clusters, full and gay,
Devotion's loveliest, rarest bloom,
Then, "for remembrance," here's the spray
And tendrils from the ruins' gloom.
We've gentlest sprigs of fragile white,
And waxy buds, intensely sweet,
And flag-like flowers, both fair and bright,
With blooms immortelle, here we meet.
The "trophy flower" we gladly bind;
The wind's frail love has, too, a place;
And now a spicy twig we find
To mingle with the "Daystar's" grace.

From Summer woods we cull the pride,
And from the porch meek springs we bring,
Spring's sweetest scented buds beside
We lay the Flow'ret poets sing;
And last of all, with fragrance mild
We place the streamlet's radiant child.

These flowers, from garden, wood and dell,
A gay and perfumed garland make;
To enshrine a name you'll surely tell,
If you the pains will only take.

The name is one all children loved—
A name first known in snow-clad climes;
But now well-known in every land,—
See can you find it in these rhymes.

SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.

FILL one blank with the name of some game, and the other with the same name transposed.

1. The game of — often occasions —.
2. A challenge to play a game of — was —.
3. Never cheat as —.
4. I have passed pleasant — the game of —.
5. Charlie thinks Mary silly, — would n't play — at her age.
6. He — disconsolately, having lost his —.
7. Strength must be — playing —.
8. Little children, — older ones, like to play —.
9. — is an excellent sort of game.
10. The only game was a little — on —.

CHARL.

CHARADE, No. 2.

If my first is my second,
'Tis sure to be fleet;
If my second's my first,
It is not fit to eat;
And what is my whole
Will depend upon whether
My second and first
You fit rightly together.
If my second comes first,
'Tis an animal; but
If my second comes second,
Why, then, 'tis a nut.
So if it's an animal,
Then you may back it;
But supposing it is n't—
I leave you to crack it.

L. H.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
2. To place anything.
3. An account.
4. A wild animal.
5. To mark out.
6. Before.
7. A consonant.

L. O.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks in each sentence with the same word, one meaning of which is a boy's name:

1. — helped to raise the weight by holding the —.
2. — rode to the seaside in a —.
3. — wheeled the coal to the pit in a —.
4. The only thing — noticed in the church was the — which hung from the ceiling.
5. — loved to be — in all his assertions.
6. — was fond of the bark of the —.
7. — ornamented his box with a border of —.
8. — lifted the stone to its place with a —.
9. — gave his pennies for a —.
10. — gathered a bunch of — for a friend.
11. — threw a toy boat into the — to watch it whirl.
12. — refused to join the boys who thought it sport to — the rabbit.
13. — lighted his pipe with a —.
14. — plucked a flower of the — in the woods.

B.