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THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

EVERY American boy has read the story,—has heard how the great fort on the Hudson so nearly fell into the hands of the enemy. The British war-ships had crept up the river, and lay at anchor, still and gloomy, while the Americans manned the forts, anxious and watchful. At West Point the sentinels paced up and down, up and down, all the long days and nights, that none might come near to take away the fort and destroy the hopes of the country. All this was in the fall of 1780, and our fortunes were low, and many thought the long and weary war soon would come to a sad and bitter end.

One night, a boat crept down the river and approached the war-ship "Vulture," at anchor near Dobb's Ferry. There was one passenger in the boat, and when they rowed up to the black sides of the ship, he got out and went on board. After some delay, he returned to the boat, and took with him a young man, a British officer. Silently the boat crept over the dark water toward the western shore, as if seeking to make a landing in the woods.

The sentinel, poor, ill-clad, and sorrowful for his country, might pace the bleak parapets, clasp his cold musket, and watch—and watch in vain. His commander was not in his quarters. None knew where he had gone; but far down the river he hid himself among the fir-trees, as if waiting for some one. The boat crept nearer and nearer through the calm, still night. At last, it broke in among the bushes on the water-side. The two passengers got out and climbed the wooded bank, and the boatmen, weary with their labors, lay down

in their boat and soon fell asleep. The British officer soon found some one waiting for him among the trees. So they two met, Major André and Benedict Arnold, secretly in the night, because their deeds were evil.

You know all the rest. How André and Arnold went to a house not far away, and there arranged the miserable bargain. Money and rank for the traitor, the fort and all its arms and soldiers for the British. Not at once and without a fight, but as soon as they chose to come and take it; for the great chain in the river was broken, the fort was torn down in places, the guns were turned away, and everything was ready for an easy capture. Then you remember the morning came, and a party of Americans on the shore began to fire on the "Vulture," and the ship was obliged to slip her anchor and drift away on the tide. André saw it all from the window of the house, and his heart sank within him, for it was his only hope of escape. He was within our lines and liable to capture at any moment. He made an effort to get on board the ship, and it was useless. Then, you remember, the flight across the river and the journey in disguise toward New York, and, at last, the capture. And that was the end; it was all found out, and André was taken away, a prisoner, to the American head-quarters. Arnold escaped on board the "Vulture," and sailed away in safety and disgrace. André was tried as a spy and was executed on the second of October. Finally, so late as the year 1821, his remains were taken to England, and now they sleep in Westminster Abbey.

Such is the story as we commonly read it, but it



ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

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tells nothing of André himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed, and what he said and did. Here is a picture of him, not as a soldier, for his sword is laid on the drum, and he has dropped a glove on the floor and is writing a letter. No, making a picture—a pen-and-ink sketch of himself from his likeness in the mirror. Look at the curious fashion in which, like other men of his day, he fastened his hair behind with a ribbon. And his ruffled shirt and cuffs, and the military boots and spurs. He seems half soldier, half artist, and that must be the reason they used to call him the artist-soldier.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times. Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester County, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British then kept in our city. Such a little fellow could do no harm, and André took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, André could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette. Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and could you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively, and entertaining man. While he was in this country he kept a journal, and, it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery, and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw. One of the Lancaster boys pleased him so much, and displayed so much talent, that André offered to make an artist of him, and to take him to England when the war was at an end. The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son. The prisoners were afterward removed to Carlisle, and André had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said that the boy "must take particular care in forming the features in faces, and in copying the hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from the life, and then compare their por-

tions with what prints he may have, or what rules he may remember."

All this was during the war, and André himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and, unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but "the colonists." Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouette portraits, and sketches and verses are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentlemen whom we now call Major André, the spy.

When he was exchanged, he went back to the British army stationed at Philadelphia, and there he again displayed his many talents. He painted a drop-scene for the theater that was thought to be very fine, and they said of it that "the foliage was uncommonly spirited and graceful." He also wrote verses to be recited in the theater, and even took part in the plays. Once there was a grand pageant in Philadelphia—a water procession on the Delaware, with gayly trimmed boats, and bands of music, and ladies in fancy costumes—all ending in a grand ball. André took an active part in all these pleasurable things, designed the costumes for the ladies, wrote verses, and helped to put up the decorations.

All this happened when our poor and discouraged troops were having a sad time of it, waiting and watching for a chance to strike a blow for the country. At last, the British were obliged to leave Philadelphia. André went away with them to New York, and it was there that he received the commission to treat with Arnold for the surrender at West Point, and that only ended in his capture and sad death.

Look at the picture again. See the old Colonial furniture and the face in the little glass. It is said to be a good likeness of André; he often made pictures of himself for his friends, and many of them were preserved long after he died. On the last day that he lived he drew his own portrait from memory with a pen,—that is, without the aid of a mirror,—and the picture is still in existence. While in New York, just before he went up to see General Arnold, he made several silhouette portraits of ladies who then lived there, and they were said to be remarkably correct likenesses, and were, of course, greatly prized afterward as the work of the young, genial, and light-hearted British officer.

Those Revolutionary days are now very old, and the handsome English gentleman has been dead long, long years. We can forgive his efforts against us now, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to think of him as the artist-soldier rather than as a spy at West Point.

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THE SANDHOPPER JIG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

SAID a Shrimp to a Sandhopper, one summer's day
(They were walking along the beach):
"I am told that you dance in a wonderful way;
Pray, would you be willing to teach?"

And up in the air he proceeded to jump,
While the Hermit Crab shouted "Hurrah!"
And old Mr. Lobster applauded so hard,
He broke off his handsomest claw.



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CLEVER JOE.

BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.



VER so long ago, there was a country, and that country had a king, and that king had a lovely little daughter whose name was the Princess Gay. This name had been chosen for the princess by her god-mother, who was a fairy, because, even when a baby, Princess Gay was never seen without a smile upon her face, two dimples in her rosy cheeks, and another in her chin. In those days, too, the king was so happy that he

might with equal propriety have been called King

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be wondered at if, under these circumstances, the court ceased to be a merry one, and if all its inmates forgot how to smile. All, that is, except the Princess Gay, whose charming nature carried her through all sorts of trouble without a shadow. She laughed and joked, petted her gloomy father, comforted him as well as she could for his losses, and every day mounted her little strawberry-red pony, and went forth for a ride in the fresh air, to revive her own spirits for the task, daily growing more difficult, of keeping up an appearance of cheerfulness in the dismal circle which surrounded her.

The palace was built upon a hill, and at the foot of the hill was a baker's shop, behind which, in a small house, lived the baker, his wife, and their son, a youth of seventeen. This youth, though honest and industrious, had the reputation of being very stupid; so the neighbors, out of derision, had named him *Clever Joe*. Stupid though he was, *Clever Joe* had eyes in his head, and he used those round blue eyes very hard indeed every day when the lovely little princess rode past the shop on her pony. She seemed to him like a vision of fairy-land, so beautiful, so very, very happy. He loved her as long as she was in sight, and he thought about her all the time he was at home, or mixing the ginger-nuts, for he was famous.

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which rose walls of paste white as snow, brushed over with egg, and flavored with cinnamon and lemon. Such tarts were never seen before in the kingdom. First, the common people tasted and approved, next the mayor of the city got hold of one, smacked his lips and ordered a dozen, and gradually the servants of the palace fell into the habit of coming down the hill to buy them. "The Crown-Princess Tart," was the fine name Joe invented for these dainties, and as they grew in favor, his father, the baker, rubbed his hands and prophesied that fame and fortune were about to descend on the family, and all because of his Clever Joe.

One day, when, having missed two gold cups and a bag of money out of his treasury which were there when he locked up the night before, the king was unusually cross, and the courtiers in consequence unusually low-spirited, Princess Gay came upon her waiting-maid, seated in a corner and smacking her lips over some article which she seemed to be enjoying very much. She jumped up hastily when she saw her mistress, and hid the thing, whatever it was, under her apron.

"You seem to have something nice there," said the princess good-naturedly. "May I inquire what it is?"

"Only a tart, please your royal highness; one of the new tarts which are just now so fashionable."

"And pray what are they? I never heard of them before."

"Oh! I beg your royal highness's pardon for saying 'oh,' but it is so queer that you should not have heard of them before! Why, they are named after your royal highness; 'Crown-Princess Tarts' is what the baker calls them. They are the most wonderful and delicious tarts ever made on earth, your highness."

"Really? You excite my curiosity. I must taste these tarts. Please send or go at once to the shop and get one for me."

"One! I beg your royal highness's pardon, I am sure, but one would never satisfy your royal highness at all. They melt away in your mouth just like nothing, please your highness. I could eat two dozen of them myself!"

"I could n't," said the princess. "That is, I think I could n't, though really, what with robbers, and policemen, and worry and confusion, our meals have been so irregular of late, and, I may say, so bad, that I should really enjoy something nice. Go, therefore, Beltira, and get two dozen of the tarts, since you are sure that is the proper number. I shall probably leave a few, and those will fall to your share. Bring the tarts up here, and I'll have tea in my room. You can order the second equerry to tell the first usher to ask the third lord of the

bedchamber to say to his majesty that I have a headache to-night, and am not coming down."

Off went Beltira, gave her message and sped down the hill to the baker's shop. You can fancy Joe's feelings when informed that the princess was going to try his tarts. His fingers trembled with eagerness, he seized a piece of Swiss muslin and with it dusted out the oven.

"I'll make a batch on purpose," he cried, "and bring them up myself at five o'clock."

When Beltira returned to the palace she found it in great confusion. Another theft had been discovered. The king was raging to and fro with a spiked club in his hand, declaring that he would brain the first ghost of a robber whom he came across. The lord high treasurer had hidden himself, the courtiers had scuttled away like frightened sheep. At the gates stood the guards, armed and doubled, and a proclamation was pinned on the front door which stated that not a soul was to leave or enter the palace that night without being searched.

"And what will poor Joe do?" thought Beltira, "they will open his basket, and then I know well what will happen, for those guards have a passion for pastry! Not a crumb will be left for the poor princess—or myself, unless I can hit upon some plan for getting the tarts in unnoticed."

Just then she recollected that in the princess's work-basket was a little key which unlocked a small garden gate, so hidden by rose-bushes that no one would be likely to remember anything about it. This key she easily smuggled into her pocket, and at five o'clock, creeping out quietly, she unlocked the gate, ran down the hill, met Joe coming up, and laid hold of the handle of the precious basket.

"Here," she said, "I won't trouble you to come any farther. In fact, you can't, for the king has ordered that not a soul shall be allowed to pass the gates to-night. I'll carry the cakes in, and you shall have your basket again to-morrow and the money."

"But," said Joe, keeping fast hold of his wares, "I've set my heart on handing the tarts to the princess with my own hands. If I can't come in to-night, I'll just carry my load home, and fetch them up again in the morning."

Beltira peeped under the lid. The tarts were smoking hot and smelt delightfully. "They won't be fit to eat to-morrow," she thought to herself. So she coaxed, and pleaded, and urged; she even cried, but the obstinate Joe would not give up his point. Either the crown-princess must take the tarts from his own hands or she must go without them; nothing could shake his resolution.

At last, "Come along, then, you obstinate fellow," cried the girl. "I shall lose my place if we

are caught, and you will lose your head. But no matter; I'm not going to have my mistress disappointed of her treat."

So in at the little gate and upstairs they crept, treading softly that none should hear them. At last they came to the private apartments of the princess. They were grand rooms, tapestried with satin and peacocks' feathers.

Joe had no eyes for anything but her royal highness; and how he saved the basket of pastry from falling out of his frightened hands he never could understand.

She was indeed beautiful, in her blush-colored satin wrapper, trimmed with pearls and garnets; diamond necklaces, bracelet, and shoe-buckles, and her crystal crown (for she only wore her gold one out-of-doors) balanced artfully on one side of her curly head. However, she smiled in such a welcome manner that Joe was very soon at his ease.

"May it please your royal highness," said Beltira, "this stupid fellow would not give up his cakes to any one but yourself, so I was forced to bring him upstairs."

She locked the door as she spoke, for she was mortally afraid that some one would come in, and, producing a silver dish, attempted to open the basket. But Joe waved her back and knelt at the feet of the princess, and, lifting the lid, displayed the tarts, arranged in two lines on a snow white napkin. There were twenty-six, two bakers' dozens, in all, and the savory smell which they sent forth would have made a hermit hungry enough to forget his vows.

The princess bent over them and gave a little cry of surprise and delight. No wonder, for she had never seen pastry like this before—nor, for that matter, had any one else. Each tart was made with jam of a different kind, and in each dab of jam was traced in white sugar a letter, which, taking the tarts in order, made up this sentence: "Peace and joy to our all-beloved."

Still more curious, each tart was flavored with a jam whose name began with the letter traced upon it. Thus, *p* was peach, *a* apricot, *b* blackberry, *l* lemon, and so on. It was in fact a declaration of love written in pie-crust; but the princess was so hungry, and the cakes smelt so nice, that she did not at first find out what they meant.

Beltira brought a plate and fork. The princess seated herself at the table, and commencing with the first letter, *p*, began to eat the tarts one after another, while happy Joe stood by and rubbed his hands. At the letter *r* in "our," which was flavored with rose-juice, the princess stopped.

"You can have the rest, Beltira," she said, rather faintly, for sixteen tarts at a time is a good many for even a princess to eat.

Nothing loth, Beltira began her share, and as she gobbled even faster than the princess, the last crust soon vanished between her lips. But just as she ended, and shook out the napkin,—whack! bang! came a terrible thump at the door. It was the king, who, having been told by one of his spies that a strange man with a basket had been seen stealing down the corridor which led to the princess's rooms, had come, war-club in hand, to look into the matter.

"It's papa!" cried the princess, wringing her hands.

"It's his majesty!" cried Beltira, wringing hers. "What shall we do?"

"Let me in!" bellowed the king.

"Yes, dear papa,—in one moment," faltered Gay. "Beltira, what is to be done with this poor boy. We must hide him somewhere."

"Yes, but where?" replied Beltira, weeping like a fountain. "You can't stow away a great fellow seven feet long in a bandbox. I shall—lose—my—place,—I know I shall. It's all your fault, you horrid boy! I told you how it would be."

"Let me in!" vociferated the king, with another bang on the door. Crash went the panel; Joe saw one of the spikes of the war-club come through, and his flesh crept.

"The window!" whispered Gay. "Quick! I am coming, dear papa; have patience!"—and she moved toward the door. Like lightning Beltira flew to the casement, opened it, pushed Joe out, closed and re-bolted it; and, just as the king rushed into the room, Joe alighted on the lid of the water-butt, which, luckily, stood beneath the window and broke his fall. He could hear the king raging over his head, and demanding to know where was the thief the man with the basket; while Beltira loudly declared that no such man had been there, and the princess, with soft words, sought to soothe her angry sire. Unluckily, his majesty, in his furious career round the room, stumbled upon the baker's basket, which Beltira had hidden behind the window curtain. The king glared at the inoffensive object as though it had been a wild beast, and, with one tap of his war-club, dashed it into bits, while Beltira in vain protested that she could not imagine how such a thing could get there. One of the largest pieces of the basket flew through the window, and in company with a goodly quantity of broken glass, descended on Joe's head as he stood on the water-butt beneath.

Terribly afraid that the king would next look out and see him, he was about to fly, when a dozen hoarse barks were heard, and into the court-yard bounded as many huge mastiffs as big as calves. The noise had aroused these ferocious watch-dogs and brought them from their kennels.

"Well," thought Joe, "one needs be clever, indeed, to escape now."

On came the dogs, and above, the king was poking his head out of the window. There was but one way of escape. Joe slipped into the water-butt, and pulled the lid over his head. The monarch looked out from above, but saw nothing.

"Good dogs," cried he, "at him—seize him!" for the dogs were worrying the fragments of basket. The king ordered lanterns, and went down to see what they had caught. The dogs had torn the napkin which had lined the basket into a thousand bits; the king flattered himself that these were pieces of the thief's clothing, and that the mastiffs had eaten the rest of him up!

"But he may have confederates," said the kindly sovereign; "so, to make sure, leave the pack in the court-yard all night."

Joe's heart sank within him at this command, and he settled deeper in the tank.

The water was ice-cold. It reached above his waist, and made him so uncomfortable, that a little after midnight, he could bear it no longer, and lifting the lid of the tank he peeped out. The dogs spied him in a moment—ran at the tank, jumped up, and tried to seize him. To cool their ardor, he joined his hands, filled them with water and dashed it down their throats. This made the pack sneeze and howl, till at last the disturbance reached even to the king's bedroom and interrupted his royal slumbers; at length he sent down to order the dogs chained up at once. This was a great relief to poor Joe, who had half emptied the butt in defending himself from his canine enemies.

Early in the morning came the palace servants, swept the mosaic floor of the court-yard clean, and fetched out all sorts of rugs and carpets, which they beat with long canes. The sound of the blows were more terrible than even the howling of the dogs to poor Joe, who cowered closer in his chilly prison as he listened to them.

At last all went away save two, who were beating a large and splendid carpet made of velvet, with an embroidered pattern upon it of all sorts of gems. It was, in fact, the best carpet of the palace, and was kept for the floor of the state drawing-room, and only used when other kings came to tea. Joe was just thinking whether it would not do to appear and throw himself upon the mercy of these men, when, looking about to see if they were observed, they drew from their pockets a couple of sharp knives, and working fast, cut from the jeweled carpet some long, narrow strips, which they wound round their waists under their clothes.

"Aha!" thought Clever Joe, "I begin to see which way the king's property goes. However, it's no use to cry 'stop, thief!' at present, those

knives look quite too well ground to make it safe to do that. But I shall remember their faces, and the time may come when it will do to give the king a warning."

The two men went away together, probably to hide their plunder, and Joe took the opportunity to climb out of the tank. He was so stiff from his long soaking in the cold water that he could hardly stand, far less walk. There was no time to exercise his limbs, however—all he could do was to seek another hiding-place, and this he found in the heart of the roll of carpet, stowing himself away all the quicker, from the fact that one of the mastiffs, spying him from his kennel, began to bark furiously, and tug as though he would break his chain. In fact, he did break it, but Joe was safe in the carpet, and the servants coming back just then, and seeing the dog capering to and fro, and the traces of water on the pavement, fell upon the animal and thrashed him soundly. Then they took up the carpet and carried it in-doors.

"This is a clever way to get *out* of the palace, I must say," observed Joe to himself, creeping from the roll the moment he was left alone.

Beyond the state drawing-room was another magnificent apartment, where stood a table spread for the king's breakfast. The sight of food was too much for Joe after his long fast. He soon made such havoc with the viands generally, that in a few minutes scarcely enough was left to satisfy a fly.

At that moment, while still a cup was in his hand and a last mouthful of ham-and-egg between his lips, a blast of trumpets was heard and a voice in the passage outside cried:

"Make way, ladies and gentlemen of the court, make way for his majesty the king and her highness the princess royal, coming to breakfast!"

In another moment the king and the whole court entered the room.

His majesty's first exclamation was of dismay over the disappearance of the breakfast; his next of wrath, for he spied Joe.

"Who is this villain?" he cried, "guards, secure him!"

The guards, ten at a time, secured poor Joe, who was too stupefied to move.

"Well, abominable miscreant, detestable marauder," began the king, in a tone not calculated to set any prisoner at ease, "what business brought you here?"

Joe's mouth opened. He was about to utter the truth when, suddenly, he caught sight of the princess's face, very pale, and looking so terrified that he changed his mind and told the first lie that came into his head.

"I am the robber who has stolen your majesty's treasure," he replied.

"Wretch!" said the king, purple with rage, "where have you hidden your ill-gotten gains? Who are your confederates? Confess all at once! Off with his head, guards! off with his head!"

"But, papa," whispered the princess, "if you take off his head, he can't confess."

"True!" said the king. "Don't off with his head, guards, till further orders. So you are the robber, fellow, eh?"

"Exactly," said Joe, "but I am *not* the two robbers who are stealing your majesty's best carpet piecemeal.

"Oh, are not you? Then, pray, who is?"

"That is telling," said Joe, shaking his head wisely, with a side glance at the dishonest servants, who turned pale as they stood among the rest.

Neither threats nor bribes could make Joe say more, so at last the king ordered him to the deepest dungeon in the palace, "for his impudence," as his majesty remarked. He had the consolation of a little grateful look from Princess Gay as the guards led him off; likewise, he had secured a breakfast, which was something pleasant to think of.

And though he was not aware of it, his answers to the king had really been clever. For in the middle of the night, as he lay soundly sleeping in his dungeon, the door opened, and two men stole in. These men were the dishonest servants.

"Hush," said one of them. "Speak low. You are a good fellow not to give up our names to the king. He would have our ears if he guessed that we were the thieves."

"I fancy he would," said Joe. "So it will be well for you to leave the palace before I am examined in the morning, you know."

"Oh, we don't want to leave the palace. There is some excellent picking and stealing here still, and we prefer to stay awhile longer. *You* shall leave the palace instead; that will do quite as well."

"Oh?"

"We will give you a chance to escape."

"That's very kind, I'm sure. But I shall be going away with less than I came in with," said Joe, thinking of his basket and his napkin.

The thieves whispered together.

"Well, then," said one, "since nothing else will content you, you shall have a peep at the Treasury yourself, and as much plunder as you can carry off, provided you will clear out at once, and never come back. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Joe. "But how will you manage about the guard? He comes every half hour to the door, and I have to answer, that he may know I am here. One of you will have to take my place and reply to him for an hour or so, till I am safely off."

"Very well, Buglecord, you stay. Come along, my fine fellow. Oh, your chains? We'll soon rid you of these;" and the thief cut the fetters loose with a pair of nippers. "Make haste," he went on. "I'll come back and let you know, Buglecord, as soon as he's gone."

So the thief and the baker's son left the dungeon noiselessly. As they passed out of the door, Joe felt for the bolt, and quietly shot it into its staple, unperceived by his companion. By many winding ways, upstairs and down-stairs they went, and at last came to the Royal Treasury. There were the guards, bolts, bars, man-traps and signals, all in their proper places; but what good did they do? for the old thief simply touched a spring, and up went one of the big marble flags of the pavement, letting them in as easily as possible. Joe stood in the middle of the treasure-chamber, with his eyes almost popping out of his head for wonderment at the store of gold and silver vessels, coin, and other precious things. It seemed to him that all the thieves in the world might come there daily and steal and steal, and still there would be no end to the riches of the place.

"Hurry! hurry!" said the thief, impatiently.

"I don't know what to choose," said Joe, still staring about him.

"Oh, well, get down upon the ladder by which we entered, and I'll hand you the things," said the thief, chuckling over Joe's silliness.

So Joe stood on the ladder under the trap-door, and the thief began to pass down the articles which were the least valuable, but which he thought good enough for such a stupid youth as Joe. Joe received a few things, then, while the other's back was turned, he softly lowered the flag-stone and made it fast on his side. The thief, perceiving that he was entrapped, beat on the stone and implored Joe to release him; but Joe went his way chuckling; for the funny part was, that the robber dared not raise his voice above a whisper, for fear of rousing the guards outside the door.

Joe hid his booty in his pockets, all except one silver cup. With this in hand, he boldly marched up to the first sentinel he met.

"Hush!" he said. "Here's your share for keeping quiet."

The man stared; but supposing that Joe was a new-comer added to the band of robbers, he said nothing, and allowed him to pass unmolested. They were close to an old chimney, and hastily rubbing his hand upon the soot, Joe made a mark on the back of the fellow's uniform, that he might know him again if he had the chance. Thus he went on, doing the same to each guard he met, till he reached the gate, where he emptied his pocket in paying the porter. To each man who

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received his bribe he applied his blackened hand as he passed; and once out of the palace, he took to his heels and ran down the hill toward home.

Early as it was, the baker and his journey-men were already up and kneading bread.

Joe rushed in, wild with excitement.

"All of you come here," he cried, "and do exactly as I say, and we shall make our fortunes."

"How? What do you mean?" they demanded, crowding about him.

helped themselves to out of a neighboring field, the procession rode solemnly up to the palace, and Joe, giving a thundering rap on the knocker, desired the porter to inform the king that the renowned wizard Baricold Maxmaxfarogafarmax, Duke of Shadows and Master of the Night, desired the honor of an immediate audience.

The king, much impressed with this message, made haste to receive the sage in his sleeping-chamber, clapping on a crown over his night-cap,



CLEVER JOE MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Ask no questions, but do as I say," was all the reply Joe would make; but so earnest and decided was his air, that they obeyed, and did as he directed, without farther delay.

What he directed was, that each man should dress himself in some outlandish way at once. Some of them wrapped themselves in sheets, others in fur blankets; two or three who had old masks put them on, and Joe himself improvised a hasty costume out of flour-bags, which, being yellow lettered with red, had a very odd and fantastic appearance. Then mounted on donkeys, which they

by way of grandeur, and sitting up on his pillows, holding his scepter, which he always took to bed with him, in his hand. Joe went at once to the point.

"Your majesty," he said, bowing profoundly before the monarch, "I am come to relieve you of a great perplexity. No natural means will enable you to discover the thieves who desolate your treasury; but I, the great Baricold Maxmaxfarogafarmax, I can, and I will."

"Will you, really, Mr. Barifaxicomaxy?" cried the overjoyed king, leaping up and falling on the

neck of the baker's son. "Heaven indeed has sent you. I have been at my wit's end about those same thieves. Rid me of them, and take what you will, even to a quarter of my kingdom."

"Your majesty," replied the sorcerer in a majestic tone, "I don't want a quarter of your kingdom. I would n't have it if I might. I want only one single thing within your majesty's power to grant, and that thing I must have, or the thieves must go on thieving."

"And what is that?" inquired the king, trembling with impatience.

"The hand of your beautiful daughter, the Princess Gay," replied Joe, with a magnificent bow.

"Well," said the king, who, much as he loved the child, loved money better, and was delighted that the magician's views took this sentimental turn, "my daughter's hand, eh? Well, it is a bargain. Rid me of the robbers, and you shall have her and welcome."

"I must first trouble your majesty to put on your clothes," observed Joe.

His majesty, who was usually something of a dawdle, dressed with the speed of light.

"And now," observed Joe, "to the dungeons."

He led the way, and pausing before the door of that in which he had been himself confined, thus addressed the king:

"The poor youth you shut up here was innocent. By my magic art I have removed him, and have put in his place one of the real culprits who have robbed your majesty."

"What!" cried the king, as the door opened; "one of my most trusted servants! Oh, you villain, you monster of ingratitude!" and he hit him such a rap with his scepter, that it echoed through the vault. "Put chains on him at once!" roared the king. "I vowed that the rogue should feel the weight of my indignation, and he shall."

It was done.

"And now to the Treasury," said Joe.

When that door was opened, inside sat thief number two, with his pocket-handkerchief at his eyes.

"How did you get here?" demanded the king.

"Your majesty, I cannot tell," faltered the man. "Perhaps I walked in my sleep. I used to as a child!"

"I'll walk you!" roared the irate king. "Pack him off, guards, and serve him like the other one."

It was done.

"Now," proceeded Joe, "your majesty will please have all your guards, sentinels, and porters called in and caused to defile before me."

In they came, amazed and wondering.

"By my magic art," said the wizard, "I have set a black mark between the shoulders of all among these men who are confederates of the gang who have so long plundered your Royal Treasury. Right about face, my men; march forward and let us see."

The guilty guards wriggled fearfully, and twisted their heads nearly off in the attempt to catch a glimpse of their own backs. All was in vain; there were the fatal marks, and each in turn was marched off to prison.

By this time, Princess Gay, beautiful as the morning, had joined the group. The sorcerer, with his false beard, red-and-yellow robes, and pointed cap, made her shudder with fear; and when the king, taking her hand, led her forward and said, "My daughter, behold your husband," she began to cry piteously.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed, "I cannot,—indeed I cannot!"

"Why not?" demanded the king, knitting his brows. "The only possible pretext for disobeying me would be a previous attachment, and I know perfectly well there is nothing of that sort."

"Oh, yes, there is!" cried the princess, at her wit's end for an excuse. "I have an attachment. I love" (and she racked her brains to think of some one), "I love—a boy who brought me some cream-cakes yesterday. Lovely cream-cakes. Never did I see their like. That boy is my choice, and him only can I wed,"—for, thought Gay to herself, "he is miles off by this time, probably; and while they are searching for him, I can invent some other excuse."

"A baker's boy!" began the king, in his deepest tones, but the magician plucked his sleeve.

"Your majesty, say nothing," he whispered. "My art can compass even this miracle."

Saying this, he tore away his false beard, flung his cloak of flour-bags aside, pulled the conical cap from his head, and stood there in his proper person, rosy and youthful.

The princess gave a scream. The king gave another.

"Is it you?" said Gay.

"Is it you?" demanded the king.

"It is I," replied Joe, winking secretly at each. The king joined their hands.

"Be happy, my children!" said he.

And they *were* happy. Whether the princess ever knew positively if her husband was wizard or was baker's son, I cannot tell. Sometimes she fancied him one, and sometimes the other. No more money disappeared from the royal treasury. The king recovered his temper, and the court its merriment. Gay went on smiling, as befitted her name; and she and Joe agreed admirably. One

thing was observable: on the anniversary of their wedding-day, they always had a private frolic, shut up in their own rooms, with only Beltira to wait upon them. No one knew what was done on these occasions; but the courtiers, listening at the

key-hole, used to hear a clinking of forks and plates, and smell a strange, delicious fragrance, which nobody could explain. Some persisted that this fragrance was the smell of freshly-baked cream-tarts. I wonder if it was?



THE VALENTINE.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND HER MESSENGER-BIRD.

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.

ONCE upon a time, there was an Indian who lived in a big woods on the banks of a beautiful river, and he did nothing all day long but catch fish and hunt wild deer. Well, this Indian had two lovely little daughters, and he named one Sunbeam, because she was so bright and cheerful, and the other he called Starlight, because, he said, her sweet eyes twinkled like the stars.

Sunbeam and Starlight were as gay as butterflies,

She could not play, for Starlight was gone, she knew not where; so she took the bright feathers out of her hair, and sat down by the river and cried and cried for Starlight to come back to her. But when her father told her that Starlight was gone to the Spirit-land of love and beauty, and would be happy for ever and ever, Sunbeam was comforted.

"Now," said she, "I know where darling Starlight is, and I can kiss her and talk to her again."



SUNBEAM LETS THE GLAD BIRD GO.

and as busy as bees, from morning till night. They ran races under the shady trees, made bouquets of wild flowers, swung on grape-vine swings, turned berries and acorns into beads, and dressed their glossy black hair with bright feathers that beautiful birds had dropped. They loved each other so much, and were so happy together, that they never knew what trouble meant until, one day, Starlight got very sick, and before the big moon came over the tree-tops, the sweet Indian child had closed her starry eyes in death, and rested for the last time upon her soft little deer-skin bed. And now, for the first time, Sunbeam's heart was full of grief.

Sunbeam had heard her people say that the birds were messengers from the Spirit-land. So she hunted through the woods until she found a little song-bird, that was too young to fly, fast asleep in its nest. She carried it gently home, put it into a cage, and watched over it and fed it tenderly day after day until its wings grew strong and it filled the woods with its music. Then she carried it in her soft little hands to Starlight's grave; and after she had loaded it with kisses and messages of love for Starlight, she told it never to cease its sweetest song or fold its shining wings until it had flown to the Spirit-land. She let it go, and the

glad bird, as it rose above the tall green trees, poured forth a song more joyful than any that Sunbeam had ever heard. Higher and higher it flew, and sweeter and sweeter grew its song, until at last both its form and its music were lost in the floating summer clouds.

Then Sunbeam ran swiftly over the soft grass to her father, and told him, with a bright smile and a light heart, that she had talked with dear Starlight, and had kissed her sweet rosy mouth again; and Sunbeam was once more her father's bright and happy little Indian girl.

"FESTINA LENTE."

BY THOMAS HUGHES,

AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS," ETC., ETC.

A SUMMONS from ST. NICHOLAS! One of those fresh and sincere voices, which seem to me to be very truly characteristic of the New World, comes across the three thousand miles of sea rolling and leaping under these wild south winds. It reminds me of certain good intentions of mine, of pledges half given years ago, and never even half redeemed. It asks, not indeed for payment in full, but for some small installment, some acknowledgment of the debt, which will serve to prevent the statute of limitations from running. It tells me of a crowd of eager and bright young listeners, who think I may have some word to say to them which they want to hear,—an eager, bright young crowd of American boys, from nine to eighteen years of age,—and asks "if I can have the heart to refuse" to say it.

Not I, indeed! For I never had the heart to refuse anything to such applicants. But how to redeem my pledge—what word to say to such an audience—how to reach the hearts of "the youth that own the coming years" in a land which is not my own, though I can scarcely look on it as a foreign land,—there lies the puzzle.

The sight of an ordinary crowd, we are told, is—in England, at least—always a sad one, if you take note of the expression of the faces in repose; though it may be inspiring enough when any strong wave of feeling is passing through or over them. I should say, from my own experience, that "pathetic" rather than "melancholy" is the true word, even for a grown-up crowd, and it most certainly is with a crowd of boys. Who can help being roused and lifted out of the humdrum jog-trot of the daily life of middle age when he gets in touch with them—lifted, though it may be only for

a short hour or so, by the inspiring contact of overflowing health, and joy and hope, into the breezy, buoyant atmosphere of early morning?

When all the world is young, lads,
And all the trees are green,
With every goose a swan, lads,
And every lass a queen,—
Then heigh for boot and horse, lads,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lads,
And every dog his day.

Yes, pathetic is the true word. For even while looking on the young faces, and feeling the pulse and inspiration of the dawn of life down to one's finger ends, thoughts of another kind will crowd up into the mind,—“thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,”—of beginnings cut short, of projects abandoned, of designs marred, of expectations unfulfilled.

But fair, and softly! How soon one's pen runs away with one! These are not the words I meant to say, or the thoughts I meant to suggest, to you, the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS. You will touch the pathetic side of life, all of you, soon enough. Why should I thrust it on you before the appointed hour?

Meantime I say, revel in the dawn. Rejoice in your young strength and life; aim high, and build your castles like brave young architects, only taking care to dig the foundations deep, and to lay them with care and patience. Whether you will ever be able to build on them such brave and lofty towers and halls as you dream of now, matters comparatively little to you or your country. A thousand accidents and chances will determine in the coming years what the superstructure shall be,—accidents

and chances we call them for want of a better name,—which you cannot control in the outset, but which will be controlled and settled for you.

What materials you will have to work with you can say? To one clay, to another wood, to another marble, to another jewels and precious stones, will be served out in the great workshop of the world. You cannot make your choice; it will be made for you. But this you can and may do, and should be doing now: You can so prepare the ground and the foundations, that whatever material shall come to your hand hereafter, shall surely be made the most of, and used in the best way; so that whether you have to build marble palaces, or brick houses, or log huts, the work shall be faithful and strong, and fit to stand the stress of the wildest weather, and the wear and tear of time.

What are these foundations but the principles and habits which underlie the character of the man, and which can only be laid to good purpose by the boy? Truthfulness, self-control, simplicity, obedience,—these are the great corner-stones, to be welded and bound together by the cement of patience. "If I had only one word to speak to my boys," said one of the wisest and best educators of our time, "it should be Patience, Patience, Patience, over and over again." The world is getting into such a feverish hurry, and we are going so fast, that we are all in danger of missing the best things in life—the common sights and sounds which lie by the way-side on every stage of the journey, and nowhere in greater profusion than on the first stage. This is our trouble, and likely to be more and more the trouble of our children.

But, happily for us, our boys are the least affected by the disease of any section of society. The upper-school boy, unless he is a mere shiftless ne'er-do-well (a very small section of any community), is, as a rule, more than content with his daily life; he is rejoicing and glorying in it. And his daily life repays him with interest. He stands there, at seventeen or eighteen, on the verge of manhood,—a boy still in heart, full of enthusiasms and aspirations, but with an intellect and body patiently and carefully trained, looking hopefully to the next step in life, but unwilling to hurry it,—the best poised and most equally developed human creature, take him all round, that our life can show. He has not sold his birthright, and the grand morning hours of life, when boyhood is maturing, have passed slowly over him, leaving behind them a bouquet and fragrance which will sweeten the coming years, and a reserve of strength for the labor and heat of the approaching midday.

"Ah, your boy keeps his birthright, and ours sells it for a very poor mess of pottage," writes one American friend to me; while another says,

"You, in England, have a proverb, 'Boys will be boys;' ours should run just the other way, 'Boys won't be boys.'—I wish to heaven they would, and no one would grudge paying for broken glass and crockery."

"Have you had any American boys under you?" I asked of one of the ablest English masters, who has had great experience at two of our best public schools.

"Yes," he said, "I have had several as pupils, and have known a good many more; and nice, clever fellows they were. Very like our own boys, too, but older of their age, as a rule."

"Ah, you found it so!" I said. "I suppose they did n't care so much for games. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, partly so; but not exactly. They seemed rather to endure than to enjoy their lives, not only in the playing-fields, but in the schools. There were several promising cricketers, for instance, amongst them; but they did n't work at it as most of our boys do, or get the same zest out of it. And it was much the same with their school-work. They did it because they were sent there to do it, and did n't care to be left behind. But they could n't throw themselves into the life with any enthusiasm, and so lost much of the pleasure, as well as the profit, of it."

"But might n't that come from early associations and training? Our boys have a world of their own which is sufficient for them. To be captain of the school, or of the eleven, or of bigside football, or of the boats, is to be famous in that little world which they have heard their big brothers talk of ever since they were breeched. But an American boy has not been reared in the traditions, and so can't care so much for our boy's world. He feels like an outsider at an English school."

"Possibly. At any rate, it's a great loss, and would hinder me from sending over a boy of mine if I were an American."

"What! Not even to learn to write Greek and Latin verses? I fancy that art is ignored on the other side, and you know you think in your secret soul that life must be a poor thing to a man who can't amuse himself in a leisure half-hour by turning the last popular song into iambics, or long and shorts."

"Well, so be it. Great, I own, are iambics and great are longs and shorts; but you may pay too much for them, and the Yankee boy, I'm afraid, buys our culture too dear. It does n't suit him. It is n't what he wants. Over here he is willing to remain a boy; very likely, as you say, because he feels like an outsider in our boy's world. Probably at home he would find something answering to it, in which he could let himself out, and be

satisfied, without wanting to discount life, and be a man before his time."

How is it, my boys? Are my correspondents and friends right? Are you hurrying up your own lives, and therefore, so far as you can, spoiling the life of your country? Well, if so, the only word I have to say to you (like my friend above referred to) is—patience, patience, patience! But I am a stranger, and know little of your needs or your hopes. Let me cite, then, one who has the best right to speak to you, and whose words ought to go straight to the heart of every American boy. Take down your Lowell, and look out a little poem (not one of his best in workmanship, but a gem in spirit and motive) called "Hebe." The gods' messenger descends to earth, bearing in her hands their choicest gift, the cup brimming with nectar—inspiration, and solace, and strength—for the lip

of him whom the gods approve. The youth rushes to meet her—will snatch the cup from her hand. In his haste it is broken, and the precious contents spilled on the ground.

"O spendthrift haste! await the gods:
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.
Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hand would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she shall sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor."

Yes, follow your lives, and you will control them; get ahead of them, and they will slip from under your hand. You are bred with a strong faith in your country and her destiny; justify that faith then, and remember that "he that believeth shall not make haste."

STARS AND DAISIES.

BY LOUIS MUNSON.

THE stars are tiny daisies high,
Opening and shutting in the sky;
While daisies are the stars below,
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

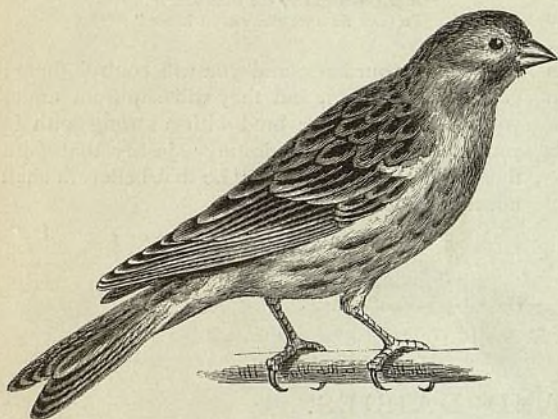
The star-buds blossom in the night,
And love the moon's calm, tender light;
But daisies bloom out in the day,
And watch the strong sun on his way.

A TALK ABOUT CANARIES.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

It is so long since I have seen you, my boys, that I have named this name from the Canary Islands, which are also that part of the world, for it is said to have been unknown there until some tame ones escaped from the shore from an Italian ship which was wrecked there. Since then "Canaries" have become common on those islands. The song of the wild male bird varies from a low note on the throat and breast, to golden-

yellow lower down; the sides and thighs are dirty white; the top of the head and back brownish-ash, streaked with brown; the wing-feathers are brown-black, with pale edges. The color of the female is more dingy and indistinct. It builds its nest in thick bushes, lays from four to six pale-blue eggs, and hatches five or six broods in a season, the first appearing in March. Its habits are very much like those of our yellow thistle-bird, or



THE WILD CANARY.

goldfinch. This is a very different bird, you will notice, from our larger, clear-yellow cage-bird; yet the one familiar to us in the United States is perhaps nearer the original form than the majority of the thirty or forty known varieties of the canary which have been produced by the skill of persons accustomed to rearing them, many of which greatly differ from the ordinary bird not only in shape, as you see displayed in the group of "fancy" varieties on the next page, but also in the tints of their coats, and the character and arrangement of the markings.

The bird in the upper right-hand corner of the picture is known as the "Manchester copy," from the city of Manchester, England, where it originated; the hooded, or crested, one under it is a "Norwich buff-crested fancy," named after Norwich, England; the big-shouldered one at the left is a favorite in Scotland, under the name of the "Glasgow don;" but the "Belgian" variety in the center of the group, which is so slender that it can almost pass through a finger-ring, is the highest prized and most delicate of all. It is cultivated chiefly in Belgium.

The common canary is known through the civilized world, and is so common as to be found in all bird-stores; but many of the rare, and very expensive; these varieties, cultivated in England, however, the value of a canary is not so much val-

shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great center whence the world is supplied with singing-birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Harz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs, secure from all harm. When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away round to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore. So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that prob-

ably twenty-five thousand came to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or two birds singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of a small menagerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

The bird-shops are always a curious sight, and some curious people keep them,—usually kindly old Germans, who have become so used to handling tenderly the delicate little creatures, that it is doubtful whether they could be harsh and rough if they tried.

And this is just one of the beautiful things about having a canary in the house, that it is all the time preaching us a cheery little sermon. It sings to us, "Be happy, be happy, be happy! Keep cool, keep cool, keep cool!" Be contented, be gentle, be gentle, be gentle!" And it sets us to work, Great, I own, why, a canary's song is so short; but yet! Next time you hear the Yankee melody bubbling up, it is too dear. It does not want to be over here, though they are very likely, as you say, gay here; but an outsider in our boy's city and you cannot find something at now it should let himself out, at or bath

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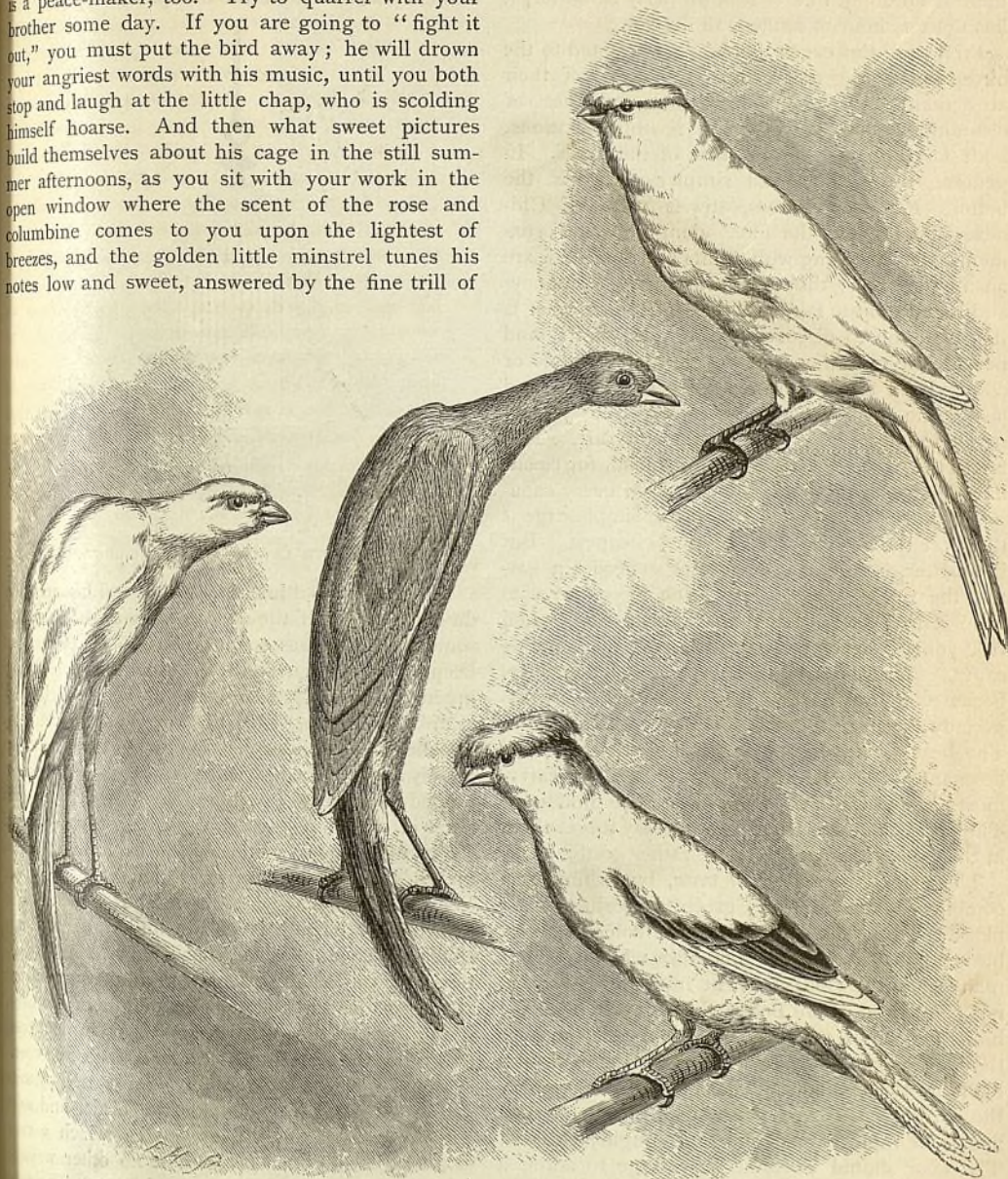
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he great singing-bird, singing the abroad is the Hartz there are r, almost rearing en cages tant rail- are small, n is sep- tion, and e, where, ey build ure from n is over, remen or ocean to to India e only in ound that eir voices cold and a half of ur shore. hat prob- ork alive distributed the city, up from s singing m, added animals, time he

is late! Not he. He says, "Oh! well, I 'spect Nellie has something bigger than I am to look after; I'll put in the time singing"—and at it he goes, calling so loud and strong that Nellie soon hears him, and rewards him with fresh seed. He is a peace-maker, too. Try to quarrel with your brother some day. If you are going to "fight it out," you must put the bird away; he will drown your angriest words with his music, until you both stop and laugh at the little chap, who is scolding himself hoarse. And then what sweet pictures build themselves about his cage in the still summer afternoons, as you sit with your work in the open window where the scent of the rose and columbine comes to you upon the lightest of breezes, and the golden little minstrel tunes his notes low and sweet, answered by the fine trill of

fold the little trouble he costs, by the sunshine he brings into the house, and by the gentle, loving care for all sweet and tender things which he teaches us day by day.

If we keep a canary, of course we want it always



SOME FANCY VARIETIES OF THE CANARY.

the chippy whispering to his mate in the lilac-bush, and the loving talk of pretty warblers which you cannot see, but only hear in the tall shade-trees of the garden! Our Pet pays us a hundred-

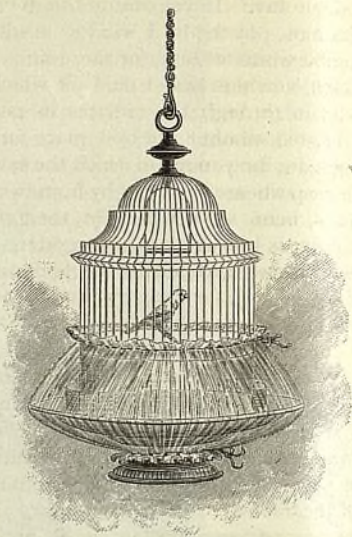
to be just so healthy and happy; but whether it is so or not, will depend almost entirely on the care we take of it; and it is quite useless—or rather very wrong—for us to undertake for our pleasure the

charge of a little prisoner, even though only a bird, unless we are prepared to spend time and labor enough to make its captivity just as pleasant as possible. When even decently attended to, a canary probably does not feel its confinement; and there is no doubt that if it is properly cared for, it has not one hour of sadness all day long.

First as to the cage: It should be suited to the birds which are to inhabit it, setting off their attractions. Airiness, space, light and ease of cleaning, should be the main recommendations, both for our interest and that of the birds. In general, the plainer and simpler a cage is, the better. Fantastic shapes,—Swiss cottages, Chinese pagodas, and the like,—dangling with ornaments and sparkling with points and spangles, are an abomination; they run away with our money, and hide the little fairy within. The bird itself is the first one to discover the bright points, and peck at the glittering spangles, until it poisons or chokes itself to death in trying to eat them; and lastly, the many corners and crinkles are just so many lodging-places for vermin and dirt. This last is the most serious objection of all, for cleanliness—absolute purity—is essential to every canary's health and happiness. A plain, simple cage is therefore the best, and usually the cheapest. But it is better to go to a little greater expense in getting the right article at first, even if you have to have it made to order, than to waste money and risk your birds by experimenting with unsuitable cages. Wooden cages are to be avoided also, because, if pretty, they cost high, but more especially because it is so difficult to cleanse them. The best are the simple, square, German, metallic-enameled cages,—prettiest, lightest to carry, most economical in the end, airy and commodious. The disadvantage is, that it is not easy to get them in this country, where they are rather costly.

The color is a matter of taste, but white, or a combination of white and green, is perhaps most pleasing and best adapted to the colors of most birds; light chocolate is good also. In these German cages the color is burnt into the wires, and not painted on where Pet can peck it off and make himself sick. Brass cages are bad also, because the poisonous green rust or verdigris, which is likely to collect upon them, is sure to be eaten by the bird. Your cage must allow of being taken apart, for thus only can it be thoroughly cleaned. The door should be sufficiently large to admit a good-sized bathing tray. As to food and drinking vessels, the conical "fountains" for seeds are to be avoided; they become foul. Pet can only get at the top seeds, and so starves in the midst of seeming abundance. Tin cups rust, and are otherwise bad, so that the only proper arrangement are cups

of glass or porcelain, square or circular, two inches deep by one across. The perches should be plain round sticks, unvarnished, and no two of the same thickness; if the cage is a large one, a swing of enameled metal or polished wood is a source of endless amusement to the occupant.



A CAGE WITH LACE BAG FOR CATCHING SEED.

Pet scatters seed-husks with a liberal bill in every direction through the wires of his cage, and thus sometimes becomes so annoying as to prevent us keeping him near us in the parlor or library. Some ingenious person has devised a cover to catch these crumbs. A strip, either of thin gauze, or of what is called "wash-illusion" lace, wide enough to fit loosely about the cage, when its edges are sewed or lapped together, is gathered in a bunch like the neck of an old-fashioned work-bag, and attached six inches above the top of the cage, and also six inches below it, where it is tied with a ribbon. Whenever the cage is cleaned the bottom of this lace bag or curtain is untied and the seed-husks shaken out. If you feel that your bird has too little air by this arrangement, you might suspend the lace from the wires about the middle of the cage, the upper half of which is thus left open, puckering and tying the covering below as in the other case.

In aviaries much trouble is often caused by mice eating the seed intended for the birds, and mice will even climb down the rope by which a cage is hung, if they can get into it no other way, so fond are they of the hemp and rape. The next engraving shows how this thieving may be prevented by passing the cord through a disk of stout pasteboard, tin, or glass, which will sway with the weight of the mouse and afford him no chance to hold on to its smooth surface.

Another matter is where you put your cage or aviary. The place should be neither too hot, nor too cold, nor in drafts. In summer, especially at the time of nesting, a high sunny window, out of the reach of cats, and where cooling breezes blow about him all day, will bring out Pet's gayest songs and warm into their richest beauty the golden hues of his plumage. In winter a window would be the worst possible place for him, for there he is exposed to the dozen steady drafts of cold air which incessantly pour in through the crevices in sashes and panes. In cold weather the best place for birds is the wall of a dwelling-room on which the sun shines. There their spirits are kept gay by human companionship, and, being always in sight, their supply of food and water is less likely to be forgotten. Stove-heat, however, and particularly the presence of gas in the room, is bad for canaries, and to avoid the evil effects of the last, which makes the air near the ceiling insufferably hot, causing the canary to molt out of season, to droop, etc., a good plan is to have the cage suspended from a pulley, and in the evening to lower it to within four feet or so of the floor. An even temperature, summer and winter, ought, if possible, to be secured for the birds. At night, if the room is to become cold, the cage should be wrapped in a woollen shawl, or, at least, in thick paper, leaving an air-hole. It is always better, where possible, to have a little room devoted to the birds alone, but this, of course, is only practicable where you have plenty of space and money.

Now, having your pet comfortably and prettily housed, comes the duty of his daily care. I say *duty*, for if we undertake to keep an innocent creature in captivity, we are bound to make its life just as joyous as we can. A canary will manage to live for a long time, and even be cheerful now and then, surrounded by filth and half starved, for it has a wonderfully buoyant disposition; but it will not be happy, and no person has a right to call himself a bird-lover, or even fancier, who will allow his canaries to suffer from neglect.

The first essential is cleanliness,—scrupulous neatness all the time. The cage must be thoroughly cleansed every morning, or every other morning, in all parts, and care should be taken that the seed is free from dirt, the water pure, and the sand on the floor of the cage well cleaned by being previously boiled in water. The corners and wooden parts should be particularly looked at, the perches well scraped, and twice a week plunged in boiling water to kill any of those pests, the red mites, that may have got there. Pet must have a bath every day in a sufficiently large tub, but it will not do to let him bathe whenever he pleases, and hence the water must not be left in the cage after he has once finished. He must not

lack a good supply of seed and plenty of the purest drinking-water. A bird is so tirelessly active and so warm-blooded that it uses up its heat and strength a great deal faster than any other animal. It therefore needs constant nourishment, and a simple morning or evening meal will not do at all; it must have seed all the time, and in return will reward you by songs of thanksgiving without end. A starved bird not only will not sing, but his coat loses its plumpness and gloss, his manner becomes listless, and some morning you find him dead and stiff in the bottom of his cage.

This introduces the subject of food. Canary-seed is their bread and butter—the wild food of their native land. They can hardly live without this, but they need a variety—not made up of rich biscuit, cake, bread and butter, or the like, which will soon ruin a bird's delicate digestion—but of the seeds and green parts of many other plants, such as



A DISCONCERTED MOUSE.

hemp, rape, millet, linseed and poppy, and the crushed seeds of many garden vegetables, mixed with the canary-seed, or given separately. Canary and rape seed mixed is called "black-and-white bird-seed." The seeds of many of our road-side weeds,—chickweed, plantain, feathery heads of grass,—and fresh, tender young leaves of watercress, plantain, lettuce and cabbage are appreciated; while a perfectly ripe strawberry or pieces of mellow sweet apples and pears are dainties to a canary. Plums, cherries, stone-fruits, and rinds are objectionable for the acid they contain. The green food given should be perfectly fresh, and if you live in the city a good plan is to plant a quantity of bird-seed in saucers of earth, and when the canary, hemp, rape, or millet is sufficiently grown to look green, at the top, pull it up, roots and all, and throw it into the cage. You shall see how quickly your pets will seize it! These are so tough that a

canary needs still harder substances to aid his digestion, and will naturally resort to the sand in the bottom of the cage; you must therefore choose your sand carefully—sea-sand is the best, because saltish—and wash it clean. The bird needs lime also, out of which to build the shells of its eggs; supply this want with hens' egg-shells, except during the nesting season. Daily and regularly fed with plenty of seed, and saved from devouring "jim-cracks" in the shape of meat and other un-

stroy his health, or we have been over-indulgent and injured his stomach with rich food, or else we have allowed him to associate with some diseased bird and so catch the malady. It is always one of these three causes that kills our birds,—leaving accidents and old age out of the question,—and all three of these we can avoid.

The symptoms by which you can tell whether or not your canary is in the enjoyment of health are: The general appearance of his plumage, the



THE CANARY THAT ALWAYS CAME BACK.

wholesome things, there is no harm in once in a while allowing Pet a taste of hard-boiled egg, or a lump of sugar, but such sweets must be sparingly supplied. If you are watchful, you will soon come to know what effect certain food has upon your bird, and to understand that what he can eat at one season is not good for him at another—when molting, for example.

It is disagreeable to have anything to say about disease in such dear little objects as our birds; but, unfortunately, they sometimes fall sick, yet may occasionally become mopish and ill for a few days in spite of all we can do; but permanent disease is *always* due to some neglect on our part. Either we have allowed his cage to be so dirty as to de-

color of his eyes, beak and legs, and last, though not least, his liveliness or his lack of it. A bird's health is usually most delicate at the time of the yearly renewal of the coat of feathers, or "molting," which in the Northern States begins in August, or earlier in hot weather. Too early molting should be checked by removal of the bird to a cooler room and by frequent baths, but not by medicine. Unless the time is very much out of the way, however, it is generally best to let nature have its own course, only guarding against chills; for if Pet catches cold at this time, he is a dead bird! Strong light—but not the direct rays of the sun—is of the utmost importance now, deepening the colors of the new feathers. While

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molting, your bird should have plenty of water for drinking and bathing; and if he seems to suffer from having a skin so tough that the growing quills will not push through readily, anoint the sore parts with a brush dipped in slightly warm castor-oil. A generous diet, some stimulant in the drinking-water, like a rusty nail or an addition of a trifle of brandy or sherry wine, an extra allowance of linseed, and unusual attention on your part, will help your favorite through this trying season.

Sometimes the feet and legs become tender, sore, and scaly. This is caused by foul perches; and the treatment is to hold the feet frequently in warmish water, sometimes adding a trifle of arnica to it, and to anoint them with oil. Inflammation in various parts of the body, hoarseness of the voice, and dizziness are not uncommon complaints; but to give full instruction about half of these troublesome diseases would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS; and where care and common sense do not prevent or cure them, there are books to be consulted on the subject, especially those published in England. After all, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the tender care which neither neglects nor frightens the canary is worth a whole college of doctors. So much for their bodily troubles.

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Canaries show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. They soon come to know their masters or mistresses, and will often follow them about. I "mind," as a Scotch girl would say, a little lassie who had a pet bird so tame that in pleasant weather she used every day to open the window and let it go out of the house, for it would always return at evening, tapping on the window-panes to be let in, if the sash happened to be closed. An English gentleman had a canary for several years which never was kept in a cage, and in summer was always flying out to the gate or down the road to meet its master, perching on his finger, nestling in his bosom, or, best of all, clinging in his hair, where it was completely happy; at the same time only one other person in the house would it allow to touch it, resenting any attempt at familiarity with the fiercest anger. At last, however, this bold little fellow got bewildered in a sudden dense fog, and was lost. Canaries can live out-of-doors in our climate very well in the summer, and some-

times join the families of wild birds; but their house-bred constitutions can hardly stand the cold of winter, and escaped birds probably all perish before spring. They are very affectionate little creatures, always prefer companions, and will make friends even with their natural enemies. A fancier in London had a cat which, with her kittens, would eat out of the canaries' dish in the bird-



OLD TRAY AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

room, and never think of harming them, while the birds seemed to enjoy Tabby's society. The picture of the bird in the dog's mouth tells a true story of a canary in France which really would go into Old Tray's open mouth, and sit there in perfect security; reminding us of the birds which venture into the horrid jaws of the crocodiles dozing on the banks of the Nile, finding some kind of food there, and never being harmed by the lazy reptiles.

On the other hand, canaries are easily frightened. I knew of one which was thrown into convulsions and died simply because a gentleman placed his white hat suddenly near the cage. What must have been the terror of that poor bird I saw in Thirty-fifth street, New York, the other day! Its cage had been placed close up against the broad pane of a front window, outside of which there was a little balcony. A large cat saw it, and thought he had a fine prize; so he crept stealthily across the balcony until he thought he was near enough, when he made a spring, and to his surprise pounced hard against the strong plate-glass, which evidently he had not seen in his way—it was so clear. It was amusing to watch the cat sneak away, abashed, and sore-headed, but the canary was terribly shocked. There is always danger from cats in hanging cages out-of-doors, and also danger from small hawks and butcher-

birds, which frequently drag Pet through the wires and devour him.

To *tame* birds and to train them to perform tricks are two very different things. Any one may do the first by constant, quiet kindness, endless attention, and patience. Accustom the bird to your presence, and let it understand that, whatever you do about it, nothing is intended for its terror or harm. This learned, teaching it to perch on your finger, or come to your whistle and call, is only a matter of time and gentle patience. Some odd tricks may be taught them if they are 'cute,—for different birds differ very greatly in their ability

to learn, as well as in their natural talents and dispositions,—but the astonishing exploits of some troupes of "performing birds" which are exhibited about the country are all taught to them by a terribly cruel course of lessons, and you ought not to make your Pet emulate these performances.

The Germans often teach young birds tunes and the songs of other birds; but the operation is a slow and tedious one, and the result not very satisfactory. It seems to me that our highest wish should be to perfect all that is natural to a canary, and not try to make him something else than he is, or was intended to be.

THE FIRST PARTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party,
"Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
"T will be the swatest party
If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing!
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning!
She was altogether "stunning,"
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
With copious interjections
Of "Sit up straight!" and "Don't do this, or that!—t would be absurd!"
But, what with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty did n't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As if fairy-land, and floral band, were holding jubilee;

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There was laughing, there was pouting;
 There was singing, there was shouting;
 And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was the youngest at the party,
 And every one remarked that she was beautifully drest;
 Like a doll she sat demurely
 On the sofa, thinking surely
 It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
 The naughty boys would crowd her;
 "I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
 And then, without a warning,
 Her home instructions scorning,
 She screamed: "*I want my supper!—and I want to go to bed!*"

Now big folks, who are older,
 Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
 For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined
 To leave the ball, or party,
 As did Annabel McCarty,
 But we had n't half her courage, and we could n't speak our mind!

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

INTRODUCTION.

PATTIKIN had a way of calling her home "my house," as if she were the owner of the Parsonage, and all that was in it. Ask her where she lived, and she would say, "Up to my house." Ask where was her hat, when she was found out bareheaded in the sun, and she would point her cunning, dimpled finger and say, "In my house." So we who loved Pattikin, and thought her baby ways very winsome and sweet, came to call the old red house that sheltered us "Pattikin's house." I hope you will be pleased with the story of some of the good times we had there.

CHAPTER I.

BLACKBERRYING.

THE minister tipped the sugar-bowl toward him, picked out a lump and put it into Pattikin's mouth,

and then leaned his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, reflectively.

"We must economize!" said he.

"Now, father," said his wife, "that makes three lumps of sugar you've given Pattikin since we sat down to supper, and it is n't good for her. Besides that, the firkin's empty."

"Out of sugar again, are we! Why, I thought it was only a week ago — But never mind! We may as well begin to economize there as anywhere, perhaps. We can go without sugar."

"Oh no, father!" said Thirza, and Tilda and Pattikin, "we can't!" And, "Oh no, father,—not go without *any* sugar!" was echoed by Seth, Samuel, Simon and Sandy.

"We might do with less, I suppose," said their mother.

"Look here!" said the minister,—and he took his wallet out of his pocket, and inverted it over his plate and shook it well. From one of the com-

partments a tiny, shining half-dime fell, and jingled down on the plate. "That five-cents is a happy surprise to me! I thought there was absolutely nothing there," said he. "What do you think about the sugar, and economizing, now?"

"I think we'd better have begun a little sooner," said his wife.

"Pho! you'll get more money right off!" said Pattikin. "You always do. We could n't go 'thout no sugar in our tea."

She might have been rewarded for her hopeful and encouraging view of the matter with another lump, if her mother had not seized upon the bowl and carried it off, and shut it up in the cupboard.

"So much must be kept sacredly for company and the baby," said she, "if we are really to have no more at present."

"But you don't mean it, father?" said Thirza.

"I don't see but I must mean it, unless we have a windfall or a wedding."

"Oh, I hate economizing!" said Seth, in a tone of great disgust. "I'd a great deal rather earn money."

"Well, young man, suppose you do earn some, for a change," said his father.

"I could, if you'd let me," said Seth. "Milan Straw says blackberries are thicker than spatter up in Johonnet's Acre."

"And they're selling for ninepence a quart in Chester," said Simon.

"And you had rather have sugar than the blackberries?" said his father. "I am not so sure I had."

"I'd rather have some sugar and some blackberries," said Seth.

"Well, you can have Old Gray and go there blackberrying to-morrow morning, as early as you please; and in the afternoon you may go to Chester and sell them. And there's a dollar's worth of sugar, and a half-bushel (or less) of blackberries besides, for you, mother, and not a cent to pay."

"Oh, father, don't go to counting the chickens before they are hatched!" said Thirza. "We sha' n't have good luck if you do."

"A fig for luck, and a fortune for faithful, persevering work," said the minister, gayly. "That pony should be caught to-night, children, if you are to get an early start."

"May we all go with you to the pasture, father?" asked Tilda.

"To be sure! The more the merrier, if mother does n't need you!"

"We'll do our work after we get home. It's 'yes,' is n't it, mother? That's good!"—and away they flew from the table in search of hats and bonnets.

"Suppose we all go!" said the minister to his wife, while he stood waiting. "Could n't you?"

"What, blackberrying? And take the baby? No, indeed! But I hope they will get some. You might go with them. The girls will want to go; and Pattikin's too little to be trusted with them, unless you do."

"Oh yes!" put in Pattikin, who stood bonneted already at her father's elbow. "I *must* go. I never went blackberryin' 'n all my life."

"We'll see," said the minister.

It was a charming walk to the pasture; and it was n't the least trouble to catch the pony. The minister had put some gray beans into a two-quart measure, and when he shook the beans about in the measure, the gray pony heard and came running to them, and as her nose went down into the measure the bridle went over her head. That was n't cheating, for she liked gray beans, and the minister let her eat them all up. It was, in fact, a bargain, and the pony understood perfectly that she was being bridled for work; but still she wanted the beans.

"Now, if anybody wants to ride home on the gray pony, let them be on hand!" said the minister.

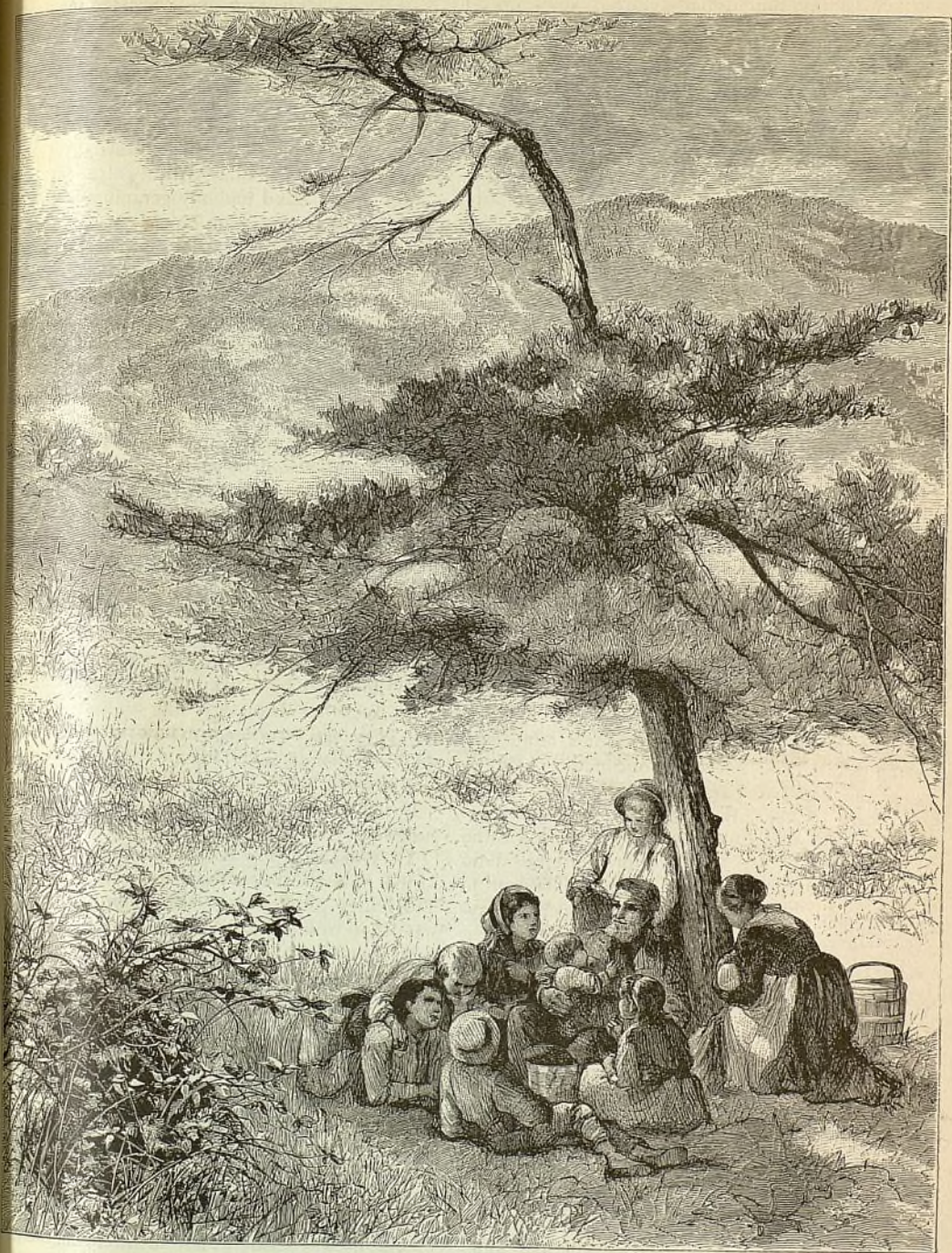
They were all on hand already, but they crowded up a little nearer and called out, "I do!"—"I do!"—"I do!" to show that they were on hand, and were lifted one by one to the gray pony's back, and set in a row from her head to her tail. Pattikin, being the least of the children, sat nearest the head, and held on by the mane with both hands. Her father also held her by one foot, as he walked along beside her. Thirza held on to Tilda, and Tilda held on to Simon, and the boys all clung together, with their knees pressed hard against the pony's sides, and so they reached home in safety.

Then they all worked like bees to get everything ready for an early start. The empty sugar-firkin was packed with cold beef, johnny-cake, and pickles for their luncheon; and baskets, pails, and dippers were collected, and all the chores done up; and then they went early to bed, as Pattikin said, "so morning would come quicker."

I do not know by what arguments the minister prevailed upon her; but when the breakfast was over, in the gray dawn of the next morning, the children were delighted to see their mother putting on her green calash (that's what the women called their sun-bonnets when I was a little girl), and wrapping the baby in his blanket, to go with them.

Johonnet's Acre was three miles off, and the wildest, most delightful spot in all Pemigewasset Valley. And it was just as Milan Straw had said. Every bush was bending low under its weight of plump, dark, luscious berries. Baskets, pails, and dippers were filled again and again, and emptied into the firkin after the luncheon was taken out;

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THE BLACKBERRY PARTY AT JOHONNET'S ACRE.

and they ate as many as they possibly could, and got their lips and fingers royally purple.
Their mother laid the baby down in his blanket under a shady bush, and picked too; and the min-

ister picked faster than any of them, till the sugar-firkin, and another they had brought, were both full, and heaped up so they could n't get the cover on.
Then they sat down on the grass and rested and

ate their luncheon, and wished there had been more, and picked berries off the top of the firkins till the covers would go on. And their father told them the wonderful story of Samson; how he carried off the gates of the city on his shoulders; how he killed the lion, and all about the riddle, and also about the foxes with firebrands tied to their tails. The children never tired of this story, though they had heard it many times.

And then it was time to go home, for the pony must have dinner and a good rest before he went to Chester.

Only Seth and Samuel were to go to Chester. This was so well settled that there was no teasing even from Pattikin. Very manly and important, the two set off, armed with directions how and where to tie Old Gray,—what to do, and what not to do, in every possible emergency.

Very proud and satisfied they came back at sundown, and delivered the firkin, heavy with the coveted sugar, into the eager hands of the bevy of brothers and sisters who came out to meet them.

CHAPTER II.

THE MINISTER'S TOMATOES.

ONE afternoon in the spring, before the black-berrying, of which I told you, Thirza and Tilda went across the road to visit Mrs. Vesta Preston. Mrs. Vesta was young Mrs. Preston's aunt, and lived upstairs, and never got out of the chair because she had had paralysis. Mrs. Preston took good care of her. But the poor lady often got very tired of sitting all alone in her room with no one to speak to, for Mrs. Preston must be about her work down-stairs; so Thirza and Tilda went to see her quite often, and their visits were always acceptable.

They carried their work and sewed this time, because they had not finished their shirt, and Mrs. Vesta liked to see them sew. Sometimes they carried her flowers in the summer time, and in autumn the gayly colored maple leaves, or bunches of wintergreen berries, or, if nothing else was to be found, bits of the red-tipped moss. There was no season that the woods did not yield something to reward their search—no, not even when the ground was thickly covered with snow, for was n't there always spruce gum on the trees?

But this time it happened they had nothing to bring. On the contrary, Mrs. Vesta had something for them.

"It's a new kind of seed," she explained. "My niece sent them from down below. She says they produce a vine that bears a beautiful red fruit larger than a plum or an apple,—not at all like either,—

but very nice, stewed for sauce or eaten raw. The city folks set great store by them. They call them tomatoes, and they must be planted early in a hot-bed, if you want them to do much up here."

"But we have n't any hot-bed," said Tilda.

"But you can plant them in a box, and keep them in the window," said Mrs. Vesta.

"Yes'm; so we can. And we've got earth enough in the box I had my geranium in last fall. It's down cellar yet," said Thirza.

They went home, very proud of the six precious seeds that they carried carefully wrapped in paper.

The minister entered into their project with zeal. He showed them how to make small birch bark boxes, in each of which they could plant one seed. Then when the garden was ready the boxes could be cut apart and the plant set in the ground without disturbing its roots.

The boxes were set in a row along the south window, and watched, and tended and watered, and the result was five strong, healthy plants to set in the garden when the middle of May came.

"I hope the 'matos wont smell so, as the vines do. If they do, I sha'n't want any, I'm sure," said Pattikin.

It was not long after that blackberry excursion that the first fruits of the tomato-vines were ripened. The minister went out to the garden in the afternoon, followed by Thirza, Sandy, Tilda and Pattikin, to gather them.

"They are beauties, anyhow; and I'm sure I shall like them," said Thirza.

"So am I," said Tilda.

But Pattikin smelled them, and withheld her judgment.

They did n't know about scalding off the skins, so the minister pared them with his pocket-knife. Then they put them into the stew-pan, and very soon they were cooked.

"I wonder whether they should be sweetened," said the minister, bending over them and stirring for in such an important affair he could n't leave the cooking entirely to the feminine department. He dipped out a spoonful and cooled it with his breath, and tasted. He just restrained a wry face. The children, watching, knew that too.

"Run over, Tilda, and ask Mrs. Preston what we should use for seasoning."

Tilda came back in a minute, breathless:

"Salt and pepper, and a bit of butter."

"Oho! Here goes, then."

And he was about to fester the condiments with his lavish hand.

"Let me," said his wife, who better understood the proper proportions to use.

So she salted, and peppered, and buttered, and then they were poured out into the best sauce

dish, which had been brought from the parlor cupboard for this grand occasion.

"I think it smells kind o' good," said Simon, as they drew their chairs about the table. The best sauce-plates were out too, and the father served a portion to each. Then there was a general tasting; then queer, doubtful looks at one another; and then a general smiling, which quickened into laughter, and a merry peal rang out through the open windows, the echo of which reached even to poor Mrs. Vesta's ears as she sat in her lonely upstairs apartment.

"To think we've worked, and watched, and cared all summer for those things," said Seth, wiping away the tears his mirth had brought.

few days, and then I will try them cut up raw, with salt and vinegar and pepper. I think I should like them better that way."

So the pigs had the remaining portion, which was the largest part of the cooked tomatoes.

The vines were astonishingly prolific. They gave their fruit lavishly, prodigally, recklessly, and still kept on blossoming and forming new fruit, as if there always would be more behind, till frost came. By that time the minister had really learned to like them; and Simon and Thirza and Tilda, who always wished to do as their father did, liked them too. But nothing could induce Pattikin to taste them again.

They learned to dry them, to make catsup of them, to seal them up in bottles; and, in short, the tomato was from this time an institution in the minister's family.

CHAPTER III.

GATHERING CORN.

THE minister had a farm—a very little one—three or four acres. One-half was devoted to corn and potatoes, and a few scraggy old apple-trees. The other half was devoted chiefly to mineralogy. There was plenty of the "testimony of the rocks" there, if the children could have read it. They often wondered about them. How did they all come there?—sugar-loaf rocks; low flat-topped rocks large enough to be called ledges; big, high masses, equal in size to a moderate dwelling-house, cleft down the middle as smoothly as if done with a knife. Was that done when "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and darkness was over all the land?"

There were, too, miniature caves, which the little girls furnished after their simple fashion, and in which they played through many a bright summer-day, where they bestowed their treasure of gray moss and green, and the mineral collections with which they were forever loading down their pockets.

But, more than all the rocks and caves, they prized the frog-pond that lay beyond the ledges, and reached away out into Mr. Iturbide's pasture. Such plays as they had there on Saturday afternoons, or in vacation after the corn was got in! But speaking of the corn reminds me that I intended to tell you in this chapter about work and not about play. For it was all ready to be gathered.

Seth, and Samuel, and Simon cut the stalks. Seth had a long knife with a red handle that he thought looked like a sword, and he led his army out to invade the field, with all the dignity and confidence of a great general. Simon had a sickle shaped like a half-moon. Simon had a nondescript



PATTIKIN.

The minister had laughed with the rest, but he was not, like the rest, inclined to give it up so. They were said to be very healthy; the city people prized them highly, and he *was going to like them*. So he tasted, and tasted again, till by dint of persistent trying, he almost thought he did like them a little.

"What shall I do with those that are left?" asked his wife, when the meal was over.

"Give 'em to the pigs," said Simon.

But Mrs. Jones (have I told you the family name was Jones?) still looked at her husband and waited his answer.

"Well," said he, "there will be more ripe in a

sort of knife, which had been freshly sharpened, and could be made to do great execution.

Sandy guided the gray pony, which was harnessed to the green wagon to carry up the corn to the barn, where they would husk it. The girls gathered the stalks into bundles, which they tied with pumpkin-vines, and loaded the wagon with them.

Pattikin thought she helped amazingly, but the most she did was to stub her toes against the corn-stubble and fall over the great yellow pumpkins, and gnaw sweet apples. Once she said, "Oh, dear! I keep stubbin' my toes for ever 'n' everlasting."

Then Thirza said, "I would n't work. Sit down, and rest awhile." So Pattikin sat down.

While she was resting, the gray and white kitten came down into the field, and went about rubbing herself against the children. Pattikin caught her and held her in her lap, and whispered in her ear: "You stay here with me, and when the load goes up to the barn, we'll have a ride. They don't 'low anybody but me to ride; but I'll smuggle you up in my apron so they wont see."

The kitty nestled down in Patty's lap, and purred as if she understood. Pretty soon the load was ready, and Pattikin scrambled up on top by the help of Thirza, who pushed her up from behind. She was a little slow and awkward about it, because of the load in her apron.

And Seth called out, "Come, hurry. We want to get started quick. We've got so much to do."

Because their father was going to Association next day, and must use the gray pony, he had promised them, if they could get the corn all in that night, in the evening he would help them make molasses candy.

When Pattikin was up, she chose her seat on top of a bundle of stalks, and they went bumping along. Once or twice, Kitty, who was n't used to riding over such rough ground, tried to get out of the apron and jump down to run away on her own feet, which, I suppose, she thought much the safer way of getting through the world. At length she really did get out, and gave a daring leap right over the wagon wheel, and coming to the ground right side up, as they say a cat always will, scam-

pered for the house. Pattikin had reached a little too far in trying to recover her, the bundle of stalks she was sitting on rolled and went off over the wheel, and Patty after it.

There was a deal of shouting and whoaing before the pony was stopped. The children gathered round to see if any bones were broken. To their great joy, Pattikin had escaped with only a little bump on her forehead and a bruise on her knee from some stones that lay in the way.

"They are always coming all over the field those stones!" said Sandy. "We pick them all out clean—bushels and bushels of 'em—after every plowing, but there are always just as many. I believe they grow."

"Our farm will be all stone-wall after awhile, if it goes on so many years," said Samuel.

"I suppose there'll have to be another stone picking this fall," said Sandy.

"Yes," said Seth, "after the crops are all in. You'd better walk the rest of the way, Patty."

"Oh, I don't want to," said Pattikin. "My knee aches awful, and I should n't wonder if I get a lammer."

So, as Pattikin was rather spoiled by the rest, they helped her up again, and cautioning her to take a safer seat, they went on.

"We're going to dig pertaters, to-morrow," said Sandy. "I heard father say so."

"Pertaters! I can talk better grammar than that myself," said Pattikin.

"Better be looking out that you don't fall off the load than minding my grammar," said Sandy, tickling the bottom of her foot with a straw, by way of retaliation.

"Poh! I'm not going to fall off again," said Patty, curling her feet up under her dress for protection.

"I would n't talk about grammar till I could say association," said Sandy.

"I can—sotation," said Pattikin.

All the children laughed.

"There!" said Thirza. "You be still, now, Sandy! Father said we were not to quarrel."

They got the corn all into the barn by sundown, and after supper, the minister said — But that must come in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE CRAFTY FOX.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A CERTAIN fox was extremely desirous of gaining admission into a poultry-yard, the lord of which was a cock of good blood and extremely aristocratic ways, so the sly animal soon contrived to secure his acquaintance and even friendship. One day as the gosling (who was a *protégé* of

"Well, sir, you are abrupt in your manners, and overbearing to your inferiors."
"Am I, indeed?" said the cock still more coldly.
"Yes, sir! And then you are excessively quarrelsome, beside being very selfish."
"Hah!" exclaimed the cock, angrily.



THE GOSLING STATES HIS OPINION OF THE COCK.

the cock's), the cock himself, and the fox were together, the conversation turned upon the subject of personal faults.

Said the cock: "I feel conscious that I have very many faults, and nothing would I so much value as some real friend who would show them to me. Now, I dare say, gosling," continued he, turning to that humble creature and smiling blandly,— "I dare say, gosling, that even you have noticed the presence of some few small faults in me. Is it not so? Speak frankly, my little friend."

The gosling was immensely elated at this chance of proving himself the true friend desired.

"Oh yes, sir," he said, eagerly, "I have noticed the presence of a great many, indeed."

"Oh, have you?" said the cock, coldly, "And what are they, pray?"

"Then, sir, not only do you treat your children badly, but you neglect your wife also. Beside all these —"

"Stop!" cried the cock, in a violent rage, "What do you mean by charging me with faults that I never possessed? You are an insolent scoundrel and a sneak—you—you —" And unable to contain himself longer, he fell upon the unhappy gosling and tore three beakfuls of down from his head.

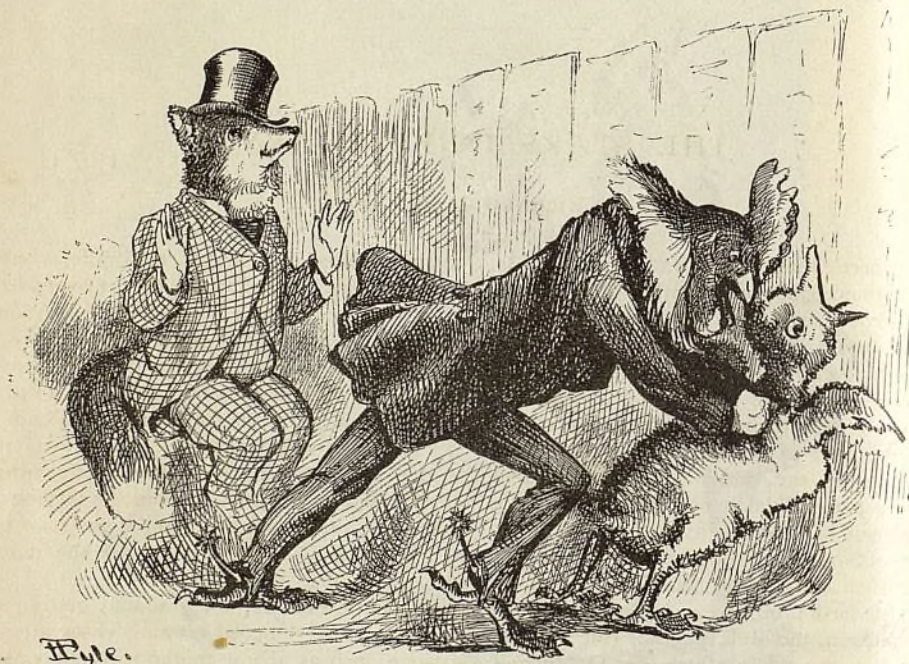
"I marvel," said the fox, as the wretched gosling made his escape, screaming loudly with pain and terror, "I marvel that one so constantly associated with you could thus malign you to your face. Those are not your faults."

"Well, what are they then?" said the cock, still somewhat ruffled.

"Did I not know your extreme patience under correction, I should hesitate to tell them, or rather *it*, for I have only noticed one in my acquaintance with you. You are, sir, I grieve to say it, but you are, sir, extremely haughty and exclusive in your manners. Your blood, your aristocratic breeding, your culture, and your refinement all tend to cause you to look upon your more vulgar yet still honest fellow-creatures with a courteous haughtiness, if I may so express it. It is a fault to which your superior station may plead some extenuation; still it is a fault. Let me beg you, honored sir, to cor-

he would scarcely deign to notice the other barn-yard creatures.

One day the fox said: "It has always been a subject of much wonder to me why a creature of so much intellect, and with such a proper amount of self-respect as yourself, should submit, as you do, to the absolute rule of human beings. Now here am I, a simple-minded, jog-trot animal, with not one-half the wit and shrewdness of the least one of you here in the barn-yard, and yet I am absolutely free and untrammelled in my movements. I owe allegiance to no one and am my own master, while



THE GOSLING IS PUNISHED.

rect this one failing, and so render yourself the model of perfection you would then be. Recollect, sir, that though humbler, we are still your fellow-creatures."

The cock stood upon one leg meditating for a long while upon this speech; at length he heaved a sigh, and said:

"I feel that you are correct; you have acted the part of a true friend. Yes, I confess that you are correct."

From that time the cock's friendship for the fox greatly increased, while his overbearing manners toward the other creatures in no wise diminished.

The crafty fox frequently turned the conversation, in their subsequent interviews, upon the subject of family distinction, and cunningly contrived so to flatter the vanity of the cock that, in time, he became puffed up with pride to such an extent that

you and your humbler associates are dependent for the very necessities of life upon the will of your masters."

"That is very true," said the cock, reflectively.

"Now," continued the fox, "I have thought of a most excellent idea. I know a delightful and secluded spot, sir, where a little colony could be started far away from the habitation of man, and where you could soon show the world that intelligent poultry need not be entirely subservient to the will of these miserable human beings. Here are you with blood, breeding and great natural dignity of bearing (I need hardly mention such a well-known quality of yours as intelligence), a born ruler in fact. If, now, some of your mentally advanced creatures—such, for instance, as the geese and turkeys, and even the ducks—would only be persuaded to start a small community somewhere, you, sir,

have the very making of a king or even an emperor in you, and might prove yourself an excellent example of a noble and generous ruler."

This plan pleased the cock amazingly.

"I shall consider your proposition," said he.

"And you can guide us, you say, to such a spot as you have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir! I know the very place," said the fox.

The idea of the colony took root in the poultry-

yard immediately, and spread in popularity amazingly, for each creature imagined that he himself had the ability, mentally, to become in time a prominent politician, if not a leader. One night, accordingly, everything was arranged, and the crafty fox guided the poor deluded creatures to a most secluded portion of the adjoining forest.

None of them ever returned again, yet it was rumored, far and wide, that the crafty fox was subsisting entirely upon the little community.

THE STARS IN FEBRUARY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern heavens present no change of special importance since last month. The Dragon has been carried away from his former *hovering* position, and now appears as if swooping downward, though in a direction contrary to that of his real motion around the pole. The ancient observers do not seem to have attached any importance, by the way, to the direction in which the star-sphere turns; and, indeed, a motion so slow as not to be perceptible by ordinary vision might well be left out of account in forming imaginary star-groups. Some of the figures go forward, as Orion, the Great Bear, *Bôôtes* (the Herdsman), the Lion, and so forth; others go backward, as the Dragon, the Ram, the Bull, Pegasus (the Winged Horse), and so on; while others, like Ophiuchus, the Serpent-Bearer, are supposed to face the observer and so travel sideways; and others, again, travel on their head, as Hercules, Cepheus, and Andromeda. It is quite clear that those who invented the constellation figures did not trouble themselves much about the rotation of the star-vault.

There may be noticed in the northern heavens, as seen in February, a vacant space above the pole, girt round by the constellations Auriga (the Charioteer) overhead, Perseus (the Rescuer), Cassiopeia (the Seated Lady), Cepheus (her royal husband), and the two Bears. In this poverty-stricken region there are no stars of the first three magnitudes, and only four or five of the fourth magnitude. The ancient astronomers could imagine no constellations in these spaces. It is to the moderns, and especially to Hevelius, that we owe the constellations which have been figured in these barren

districts. The Cameleopard, or Giraffe, is one; the Lynx another. I cannot say, for my own part, that I see either a giraffe or a lynx there. Certainly, if you draw the connecting lines shown in the map, you get as fair a picture of a giraffe (inverted at present) as can possibly be made with a couple of lines; but it seems to me—though I do not claim to be an artist—that rather more than two lines are needed to picture a respectable giraffe. Besides, the lines are not on the sky, and the liveliest fancy would not think of connecting these stars by imaginary lines, so widely remote are the stars, and so insignificant.

The Little Bear is now gradually getting round (at the selected hour of evening observation) to a position such as a bear might reasonably assume. Last month, this small bear was hanging head downward by the end of his absurdly long tail. He is now slowly rising from that undignified position, and by next month he will have fairly placed himself on his feet. For the present we can leave him to his struggles; but next month we shall consider his history and the duties which he has discharged for many hundreds of years.

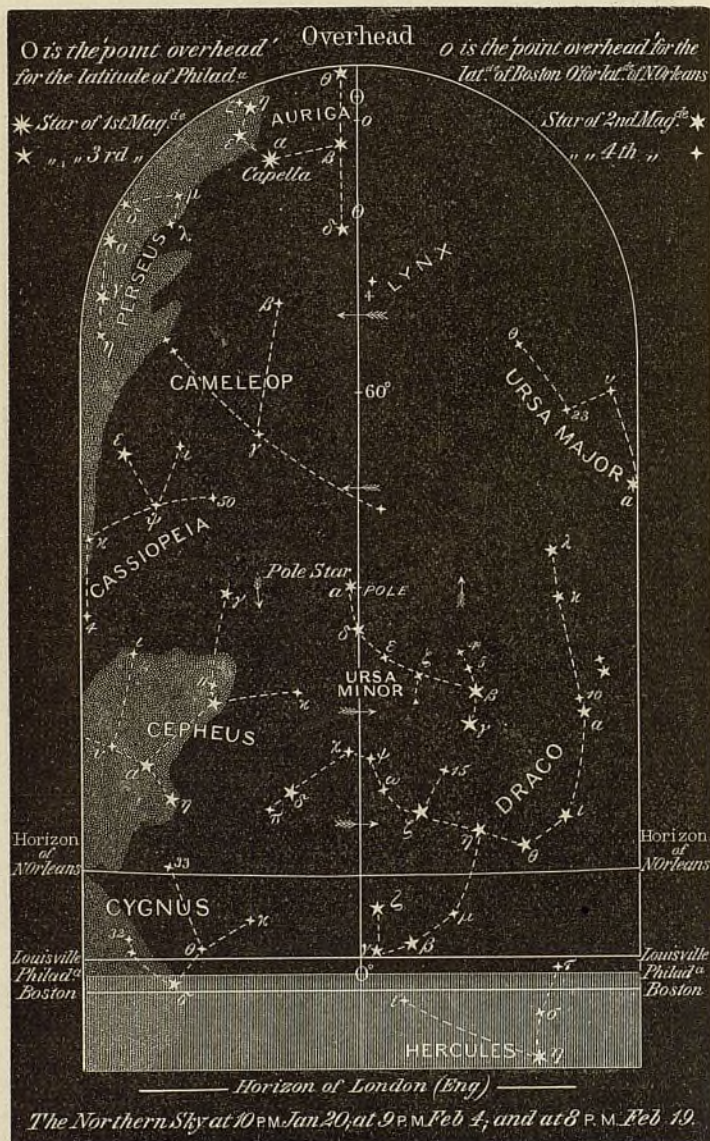
Turning to the southern skies, we find full compensation for the relatively uninteresting aspect of the northern heavens. The most resplendent constellation in the heavens is now in full glory in the south. There, close to the meridian, or mid south,

"Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stands the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast.
His sword hangs gleaming by his side,
And on his arm the lion's hide,
Scatters across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair."

No one can mistake this most beautiful constellation. The two bright shoulder stars, Betelgeux (α) and Bellatrix (γ), the brilliant star Rigel on the giant's advanced foot, the triply gemmed belt (ζ , ϵ , and δ), and the pendent sword tipped with the bright star ι , distinguish Orion unmistakably. But,

say nothing of numbers of faint stars scattered all over it, justify the words of the poet, who sang:

"Orion's beams! Orion's beams!
His star-gemmed belt, and shining blade;
His isles of light, his silvery streams,
And gloomy gulfs of mystic shade."



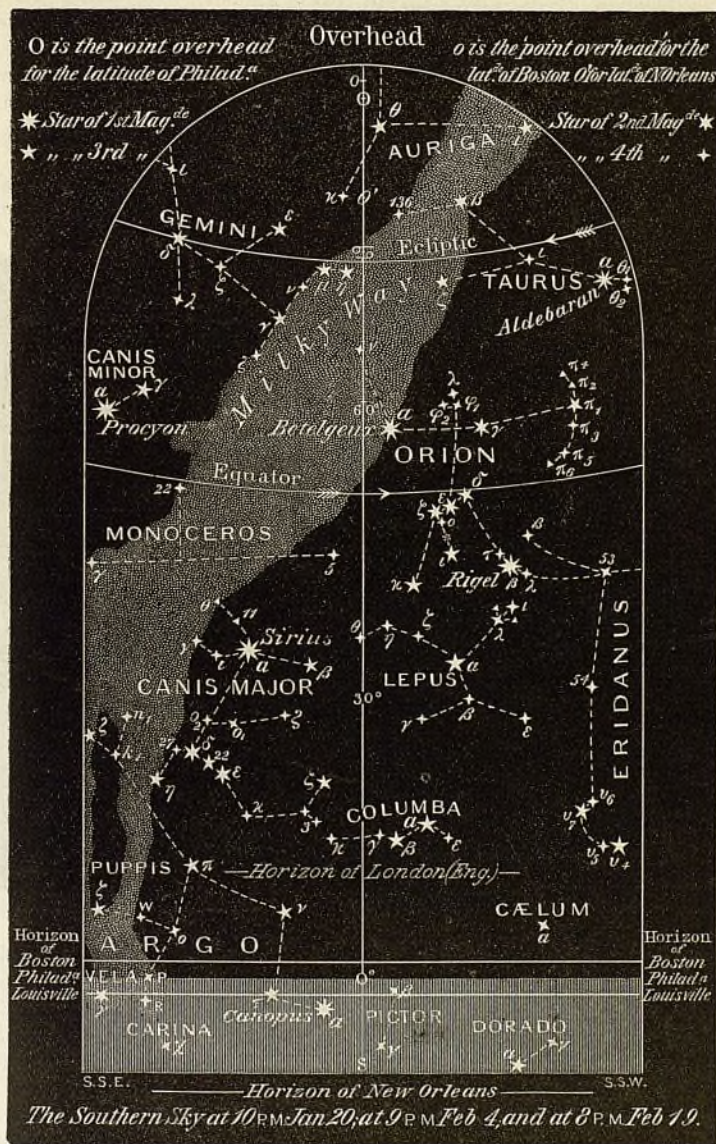
besides these glories, there are others; the curve of small stars forming the giant's shield (a lion's hide), the misty light of the great nebula which lies on the sword (where shown), and on clear nights the dappled light of the Milky Way, which really extends over a part of this constellation, to

From the first beginning of astronomy, and probably long before astronomy was thought of, this constellation was figured as a giant; sometimes a giant hunter, a sort of celestial Nimrod; sometimes as a warrior. He commonly wielded an immense club in his right hand (the star ν marked the handle

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o sang:

of the club), and a shield (formed by the stars π_1 , π_2 , etc.) in his left. The star β of the constellation Eridanus really marks the giant's bent knee; and originally the constellation Lepus (or, the Hare) formed a chariot in which the hunter or warrior stood. In some old manuscripts of the middle

The cut on the next page shows Orion as he is now generally pictured. He is somewhat out of drawing, because of the necessity of keeping certain stars in particular positions with respect to him. Thus Betelgeux is derived from the Arabic *ibt-al-jauzá*, the giant's shoulder. Bellatrix, or the



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ages, the stars of Lepus formed a throne for Orion. In fact, this little constellation, although named the Hare from time immemorial, has been called by several other names, insomuch that Ideler, after quoting several names, wrathfully adds, "And God knows how many more there are."

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Amazon star, belongs of right to the other shoulder, and Rigel to the advanced foot, while the three stars of the belt fix the position of the giant's waist. To tell the truth, he is an ill-shaped giant, anyway, and cannot be otherwise depicted.

Below Lepus (the Hare) you see the neat little

group Columba, or the Dove. This is one of the younger constellations, and was invented by Hevelius, perhaps to show that the ship Argo, which you see low down on the left, is no other than Noah's Ark. In fact, the name given to the small group originally was Columba Noachi, or Noah's Dove. Approaching the mid south, you now see the brightest star in the whole heavens—Sirius, the famous Dog-star. The constellation Canis Major, the Greater Dog (which might much better be called simply Canis), was one of Orion's hunting-dogs, Canis Minor being the other; but we can hardly suppose Lepus was the sole prey pursued by so great a giant and two such fine dogs. The constellation Canis Major is chiefly remarkable for the Dog-star. In old times this star was thought to bring pestilence. Homer speaks of it (not by name, however) as the star

"Whose burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death."

Many among the ancients supposed that this star was in reality as large as the sun. Thus Manilius said:

"T is strongly credited this owns a light
And runs a course not than the sun's less bright;
But that, remov'd from sight so great a way,
It seems to cast a dim and weaker ray."

It has been shown in our own time, however, that even this estimate, which was by many thought too daring, falls far short of the truth. It has been calculated that Sirius gives out three hundred times as much light (and doubtless three hundred times as much heat) as our sun. So that it would make us rather uncomfortable if our sun were removed and Sirius set in his place. Sir W. Herschel says that when he turned his large four-feet mirror on this star, the light was like that of the rising sun, and it was impossible to look at the star without pain to the eye. Sirius is in reality in rapid motion, though, owing to his enormous distance, he seems at rest. He is rushing through space at the rate of about thirty miles in every second of time! In a year he traverses nearly six times the distance which separates our earth from the sun. But this enormous annual journey is only about 1/100000th part of the distance which separates him from our earth; and as he is traveling away from us, we need not be greatly troubled on account of him. He is so far from us that his light has been no less than twenty years on its way to us, so that in reality, instead of saying we see Sirius, we ought to say we see where Sirius *was* some twenty years ago. Most of the stars are even farther away, so that if every one of them were in a single instant destroyed, we should still see them—that is, their light—for many

years, and probably the greater number of them would still seem to be shining in the heavens long after the youngest of us were dead; perhaps even after our great-grandchildren had passed away.

Canis Minor, the Lesser Dog, is a much less important star-group than Canis Major; but still it is one of the old constellations. Its chief star is called Procyon, or the Fore-dog, because this star is seen as a morning star earlier than Sirius. The Arabian astronomers gave it a name of similar meaning, to wit, *Al-keib-al-mutekaaddem*; but I think Procyon sounds almost as well, and as it is the name by which the star is usually called, it may, perhaps, be better to use it instead of the Arabian name, though this is very pretty. Procyon, like Sirius, was sup-



THE CONSTELLATION ORION.

posed to be a star of evil omen, especially as bringing bad weather. "What meteoroscoper," said Leonard Digges, the astrologer, "yea, who that learned in matters astronomical, noteth not the great effects at the rising of the star called the *Litel Dogge*?"

The constellation Gemini, or the Twins, is now approaching the south, but will be more fully within the range of our next monthly map. The sign marked \cap is that of Cancer, or the Crab, which the sun enters at midsummer. You will observe that we have now reached the part of the ecliptic highest above the equator, which is, of course, the part reached by the sun at midsummer. The point marked \cap is at its highest in the south at noon

or about June 21st, and is then occupied by the sun; it is at its highest in the south at midnight on or about December 20, and the sun is then exactly opposite to this point, or at his lowest below the northern horizon.

Those who live as far south as New Orleans, see well raised above the horizon the star Canopus, in the stern of the good ship Argo. There is presented to them, at this season, a view of more first

magnitude stars than can be seen at any other time in one quarter of the heavens. For besides the splendid equal-sided triangle formed by Procyon, Betelgeux, and Sirius, they see Aldebaran, Rigel, and Canopus, the last-named surpassing every star in the heavens except Sirius alone.

Next month, the great ship Argo will have come better into view; and I defer till then my account of this fine constellation.

[See "Letter-Box."]

A VALENTINE.

By A. E. C.

If you will be my valentine,
My charming little dear,
The sun can never help but shine
Throughout the coming year.

The lessons all will put themselves
Into your little pate;
The hardest sums you have, you'll see
All answered on your slate.

If you will be my valentine,
You'll see in all your walks
Fresh lemon-drops on every twig,
And peanuts on the stalks;

While hot mince-pies, all hand in hand,
Meet you at every stile;
With raisins marching on in front,
And figs in single file.

P. S.—But if from you I never hear,
Nor even get a line,
I'll ask some other nicer girl
To be my valentine.



HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACCIDENT.

THE boy lay perfectly still and tried to go to sleep again. But exciting thoughts kept him awake. He lived over again the events of the past few days,—the funeral, the auction, the journey,—and thought many times of all that Florie and her mother had said to him.

As it grew lighter he got up, dressed himself noiselessly, and leaving Alphonse asleep, went out upon deck.

The pilot's bell was tinkling fitfully. The paddle-wheels—motionless for a moment, then reversed—dashed the boiling water into foam. The steamer was coming to a landing at the foot of a large town (to Jacob's eyes it looked large) on the Ohio shore. A few passengers were preparing to land. Among them Jacob was rejoiced to see the tall Kentuckian.

"We shall be rid of him!" he thought, and looked with impatience to see the colonel set foot upon the gangway plank.

But what was that which Corkright carried in his hand? A violin-case! It resembled Pinkey's so much that Jacob observed it with a start of suspicion and alarm. He drew near, to get a closer look at it. He felt sure it was the professor's.

The deck-hands already had hold of the plank, or "bridge," to push it out. In less than a minute Corkright would be gone. There was not an instant to lose. The boy ran back to the state-room, and made a hasty search. The violin was not there.

"Mr. Pinkey! Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" cried Jacob, shaking his friend, who lay asleep in his clothes.

"What's wanting?" snarled the dancing-master, starting up, and seeing Jacob.

"That man—Colonel Corkright—has got your violin!"

"What of it? Can't a gentleman have a fiddle, but you must —"

"But he is going off with it!—going ashore!" said Jacob, all excitement. "I'll stop him! I'll tell the captain!"

He was hurrying out. Alphonse called after him sharply:

"You wont do anything of the sort! Come back here, you ninny! It's all right."

Perfectly bewildered, Jacob turned and stared at his friend.

"I've sold him the violin," said Alphonse. "He

took a fancy to it, and offered me a right smart price—and I've a much better one than that. Don't make a fool of yourself. Let me sleep."

Pinkey sank back upon the pillow, in which he buried his rumpled ringlets. Jacob could not help speaking a word in self-defense.

"I had heard you say you thought so much of that violin—you would not part with it for anything—it was worth twice its weight in gold! So when I saw him going ashore with it, of course I —"

But here Alphonse made an impatient movement, and Jacob withdrew, reaching the gangway just in time to see Corkright move off with the violin.

Pinkey did not appear at breakfast, nor indeed for some hours after. Jacob looked into the state-room two or three times during the forenoon, and saw him still lying in the berth, with his disordered curls about his face.

At last, going in about dinner-time, he found him disentangling the said curls before the glass.

"Hallo! Come in, boy!" said the professor, as Jacob hesitated. "I took cold on deck last night—had a horrible headache this morning—but I'm all right now."

The charming Alphonse was himself again. The boy sat down on a stool and watched his friend at his toilet.

"How are the ladies?" said Pinkey, twirling a ringlet round his finger.

"Rather lonesome without you, I should think,—for I suppose you mean the sisters."

"To be sure I do. I lay awake half the night trying to decide in my mind which to choose."

Jacob knew that this was a prodigious fib; but he was too glad to see Alphonse in a cheerful mood again, to question the accuracy of his statements.

"Lonesome, did you say? What makes you think so?"

"They are not half so gay as they were yesterday; and I heard them inquiring about you."

"No doubt of it!" laughed Alphonse.

"And about Colonel Corkright."

"Bah!" Pinkey shook his ringlets, with a shrug. "Well, what did anybody tell 'em about me and the colonel?"

"Somebody said Corkright got off the boat to take the cars; and then Dory—or Doshy—I can't tell 'em apart —"

"Dory is the one in green,—no, the one in pink

—is she?" said Alphonse. "I did know, but ———
Hallo! what in the name of ———"

Pinkey did not finish his sentence, for the reason that he suddenly went reeling over against the berths with the water-pitcher, which he had just lifted for the purpose of filling a glass.

Jacob also, seated upon his stool, found himself carried over against the lower berth, with a strange momentum; and at the same time there resounded a chorus of screams and a clashing of chairs in the adjoining cabin.

It happened that the passengers were just sitting down to dinner, when everybody and everything went swaying and lurching all one way, toward the bow. This singular pressure of all objects forward lasted three or four seconds, the boat meanwhile straining from stem to stern. Then it ceased. The engine was silent. The steamer had stopped.

"An accident!" cried Jacob, starting up wildly.

"Got aground, that's all," said Professor Pinkey, and coolly proceeded to fill his glass.

CHAPTER IX.

ON A SAND-BAR.

JACOB ran out to make an observation, and soon came hurrying back with news.

"We're fast aground on a sand-bar, between a low sandy island—what they call a *tow-head*—and the Ohio shore. There was plenty of water where we are a few days ago, and they say the bar has lately been formed."

"The sand-bars in the river are constantly shifting," replied Alphonse. "I've been aground on 'em before!"

"The woods here are close to the shore," said Jacob; "and there seems to have been a sort of slide in one place, where some trees have fallen over into the water. We had just passed the fallen trees when we struck. There's a broader passage over the other side of the tow-head, but there are bars there too; and, besides, there was a steam-tug in there, with ten flat-boats in tow, loaded with coal."

"Well, what's the prospect of our getting off?" said Pinkey, putting on his coat and buttoning it at the waist.

"Poor, I think. The engine is backing water furiously, but we don't move. I heard the mate tell the captain—who was just sitting down to dinner when we struck—that it's a serious business."

"No doubt," said Alphonse, gayly. "Serious for the boat, and for people who are in a hurry, but not for gentlemen of leisure like us, Jacob. Be easy in your mind, my boy. Pleasant weather—good company—and we get our board and lodgings if it takes a month to make the trip. All ready

now, Jacob, my boy!"—and Alphonse walked out to dinner.

The passengers, many of whom had gone out like Jacob to observe the situation, had now returned and taken their seats at the table. Pinkey found his place with the ladies at the upper end, where an obsequious waiter had kept his chair tipped forward for him; while Jacob went humbly to a seat near the foot.

The accident afforded an agreeable topic of conversation; and after dinner everybody went out to witness the efforts making to get the steamboat off the bar.

A hawser had been stretched to the shore, and a gang of men were heaving away at it, while the reversed paddle-wheels revolved. But all to no purpose. The steamer did not move.

"If they don't get her off soon, they can't in all summer," said Mr. Pinkey, cheerfully. "The river is falling, and we shall soon be high and dry here. I was once two weeks aboard a steamboat aground on a bar above Paducah. We had to wait for the river to rise. We hired another steamboat to help us off, but it was no use,—it snapped the big cable like a thread. We had lively times, though; we gentlemen used to go ashore every day and hunt wild turkeys. But it was n't so pleasant for old ladies without any knitting. Think of two weeks on a sand-bar, Mrs. Chipperly!"

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Chipperly. "What *shall* we do?"

"Have some music, for one thing," cried Dory. "Oh, Mr. Pinkey! where's your violin?"

Jacob watched Alphonse, and wondered what he would say.

"Ladies," replied the professor, with his sweetest smile, "you know how delighted I should be to gratify you. But I am distressed to be obliged to say that I have broken three strings to my instrument, and I have n't another with me."

"How mean!" said Doshy. "It's dreadful, here in the hot sun. Wish we were over in those nice woods on the bank! Oh, Mr. Pinkey! why can't we get the boat of these men, and have a little fun ashore?"

"Oh, daughters! I can't hear of your going in the boat!" said Mrs. Chipperly, fanning herself. "It's so dangerous!"

"We shall be perfectly safe in Mr. Pinkey's care," said Dory.

"Certainly," said Alphonse. "I pledge my own life, madam, that I will bring back your lovely daughters unharmed. I'll see the captain. He'll do anything for me. If we can't have the small-boat, I'll make 'em launch the yawl."

He went off, and returned presently.

"All right! we can have the boat and a couple

of men to row us over, as soon as they've got some new kink in their hawser, which does n't work right where it is."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey, that's just lovely!" exclaimed Dory. "Now let's make up our party."

The twins having proposed the excursion, and Mr. Pinkey having engaged the boat, they invited whom they pleased to go with them, and a party of seven was soon formed.

Jacob looked wistfully at Alphonse. Of course he wanted to go too; but Alphonse took no notice of him. And when, after considerable delay, he saw the boat with its merry occupants push off without him, his heart swelled with a sense of wrong.

Avoiding the cable, which was stretched from

not go. He was getting a little acquainted with her now. She came up to him as he stood gazing over the rail at the pleasant woods where the distant laughter was.

"Why did n't *you* go?" she said.

"I was n't asked to," Jacob replied.

"Why did n't you go without being asked?"

"Oh, I did n't like to invite myself where I was n't wanted."

Florie looked into his face with an arch, quizzical expression.

"You are a kind of goose; don't you think you are?"

"Yes, I suppose I am," said Jacob, humbly.

"Do you think," she cried, "if I had wanted to go in that boat, I would n't have jumped in and



JACOB AND FLORIE IN THE SKIFF.

the stern to the farthest of the fallen trunks on the Ohio side, the boat kept on up-stream until it reached a landing-place which suited Alphonse. There the bow was run ashore, and the ladies helped up the slope.

Jacob heard their gay voices as they gathered on the bank, and had glimpses of them as they climbed up into the woods that covered the terrace-like bluff. He could hear the laughter of the sisters long after they disappeared from view. There was a romantic charm about it all, which kept alive his grief at being left behind.

His only solace was in thinking that Florie did

gone? I mean, if I were a boy like you. A boy can do anything, and nobody minds him."

"Don't you do about everything you take a notion to?" Jacob asked.

"Oh no, not half the things!"

"What is there you deny yourself?"

"Oh, for one thing, I'd like to step up to your friend Mr. Pinkey, almost any time of day, and say to him, 'Please, don't make a fool of yourself any more.' It's a dreadful temptation. But I resist it. I shut my teeth hard!" She showed how, laughing and shaking her curls, as she ran away.

A steam-tug now appeared, coming up the river;

and it was soon engaged in helping the grounded boat off the bar. Still but little progress was made. The afternoon was hot and sultry, and it was very dull on board the steamer.

CHAPTER X.

JACOB'S LITTLE TRIP UP THE RIVER.

THE boat which had taken Pinkey's party ashore now lay unused under the gangway. Jacob, boy-like, got into it. When the men came to use it again, he stayed in. He soon began to pull an oar with them. Then when they left the boat, he rowed about in it a little on his own account, keeping it within easy reach of the steamer, in case it should be wanted.

The captain came to the rail and spoke to him. Jacob held his oars, and looked up, expecting a reproach.

"Can you pull that boat up to the bank where Pinkey's party is?"

"Yes, I think so," said Jacob.

"Well, we don't want it now, and you might row it up there and keep it till they want to come back. We're fast working off now. Tell Pinkey I'll blow the whistle for him when we're about ready to start."

Jacob was delighted. He dipped the oars with a will. He had never had much practice in rowing before, and it had a great fascination for him. To start off now with an actual commission from the captain—to pull up against the stream to the boat's previous landing-place—was something to make him proud.

"Oh, let me go with you!" cried a girlish voice, and Florie's bright eyes and dancing curls appeared over the steamer's side.

"Be still, Florie!" said her mother, drawing her back.

"I shall be glad to have her go, if you are willing," said Jacob.

Florie was accustomed to having her own way, and she had it now. The mother consulted the captain, who said there was no danger. Florie came running down to the lower deck, where Jacob pulled the skiff alongside, and she was lowered into it.

"Take good care of her, Jacob!" said the mother, earnestly.

"Oh, I will,—don't fear!" cried the lad as he pulled joyfully away, seated on the middle thwart, with Florie's sunny face beaming on him from the stern.

He ran under the end of the cable, gave the tug-boat, which was astern of the steamer, a wide berth, and then pulled over toward the Ohio shore. They were soon quite close to the other end of the

cable, but on the upper side of it, just above the fallen trees,—their leafy tops, still green, half immersed in the water; while the wooded hill rose high above.

"Is n't this nice?" said Florie.

"I like it," said Jacob, happier than he had ever been before.

There was no breeze stirring, but the sun had gone under a cloud, and the air seemed cool there by the shore.

"Let's not go for Pinkey's party yet," said Florie, "but row away up the river, and have a nice little adventure!"

Nothing would have suited Jacob so well. But he thought he ought to report to Pinkey first. So he pulled to the landing-place, where he got sight of two or three of the party up in the woods.

"Tell Pinkey the boat is here," he called out to them. "I'll be rowing a little way up the stream till you're ready to start. But you must start anyway, the captain says, when the whistle blows."

Having delivered his message, he pushed off again.

"Oh, now I hope the whistle won't blow for an hour!" exclaimed Florie.

Jacob hoped so too. And they had their wish. Evening was coming on, while the skiff glided in and out and up and down by the shore, in the yellowish current; and still there was no call from the beach, no signal whistle from the boat.

Suddenly Florie exclaimed: "How dark it is growing! Is it night?"

A vast black shadow had fallen upon the river. Jacob looked up at the sky.

"It's near night, but it's that thunder-cloud that makes it so dark. There's going to be a storm. I think we'd better put back."

"Oh yes!" said Florie. "I'm not afraid, but mamma will be afraid for me."

Jacob did not fail to notice this evidence of a tender and thoughtful heart under all the gay young creature's fun and nonsense. He also remembered his own pledge to her mother.

The boat, propelled by his sturdy young arms, glided rapidly down the stream to the landing-place, which it reached just as Pinkey's party—probably alarmed by the sudden darkness—came scrambling down the bank; all but Pinkey himself and one of the sisters.

The blackness of the sky and river became appalling. Just then the steamboat's whistle sounded. A vague fear fell upon Jacob, as he sat by his oars, impatiently waiting for the passengers. It was Dory who was missing; and Doshy scolded her and Alphonse well in their absence, and called them with loud screams.

A prolonged growl of thunder shook the sky.

Before it had died away, another signal shriek from the steam-whistle came sweeping across the water, and died in hollow echoes along the winding and hilly shores far up the river. At last Dory and Alphonse came rustling and crashing through the woods and down the bank.

They were soon aboard. But it was some little time before the boat, laden with its full freight of passengers, could be got off. Alphonse appeared to be out of spirits,—perhaps in consequence of Doshy's sharp words,—and did not seem to know what to do. There were two other men aboard, but they were afraid of muddying their boots. The management of the whole matter fell upon Jacob.

He did not lose his wits.

"Get more on to the stern, ladies, if you please!" he cried; and, jumping into the water, he pushed off the bow, which had lodged on the slope of the bank.

As soon as they were afloat, he was aboard, and at the oars again.

"You've wet your feet, Jacob, my boy," said Mr. Pinkey, standing behind him, between the thwarts.

"I may get wetter still,—so may we all!" said Jacob, straining at the oars, as the first great drops of the thunder-shower began to dance on the water.

"And all on your and Dory's account, Alphonse Pinkey!" said Doshy. "Just think of our silks,—it will ruin them!"

"Don't you want help, Jacob?" asked one of the men. "I never pulled an oar, but I can try."

"Thank you. We are all right now. We shall go down fast enough with the current."

Jacob glanced over his shoulder, to look at his course. His face was full of wild energy, and a dark, wild beauty, with the lurid light upon it. Florie sat in the stern watching him, without saying a word.

CHAPTER XI.

SOMETHING SUDDEN.

THEY were not yet in the full current. They were passing almost within oar's reach of the great tree-tops in the water, when a voice sang out from the tug, a few rods off in the stream:

"Look out for the hawser!"

Jacob had forgotten all about the hawser. Or, perhaps, not seeing it anywhere, he thought it had been cast off from the shore and hauled aboard the steamer. He looked again. No cable appeared in sight across his course. But now he heard shouts from the steamer, and again came the

warning cry from the tug: "Look out for the hawser!—the hawser!"

At that moment he caught a glimpse of the shore end of it, attached to the butt of one of the great trees. The cable ran down into the water directly under the course of the skiff. It was slack. But the stern of the steamboat, to which the other end was still fast, and which had been hauled over toward the shore, was now swinging off again, swayed by the current.

The cable was straightening,—the cable was rising!

Jacob saw the danger, and backed water with all his might. The darkness, the splashing rain, the roar of the thunder, and the shriek of the steam-whistle added terror to the scene.

He was too late. The line rose under the bow, which it caught, and hoisted slowly and steadily into the air.

The four ladies sprang up with terrified screams, and either jumped or fell over into the water. One or two of the men also went overboard. The rest—Jacob and Florie among the number—clung to the rearing boat, until, the strained cable rising to a height of five or six feet, it slid back heavily, and fell over, capsized, into the water.

When a frightful accident occurs, it is seldom that anybody can tell afterward just how it took place. Spectators are often more excited than the actors in it. Moments seem minutes,—minutes almost hours. One person remembers vividly one thing, another something quite different; and no two tell the story alike.

We are concerned chiefly with what Jacob felt and saw.

He had not the faintest recollection afterward of what happened to anybody else, at the time when he was tumbled into the water by the capsizing of the boat. He thought of Florie and Alphonse, but did not see them, and had not the slightest knowledge of what had become of them.

When he rose to the surface after his plunge, he instinctively caught hold of one side of the boat, which was uppermost, and held himself there, with his head above water, while he looked around. Frantic shrieks filled his ears; and he saw at his side two women clinging to the boat, sustained and encouraged by one of the men.

He looked for Florie, and saw the skirt of a dress afloat just within his reach. He seized it, and drew hard at it, still holding to the skiff, regardless of the shrieks of one of the women, who, selfishly viewing only her own danger, told him not to pull the boat over in that way.

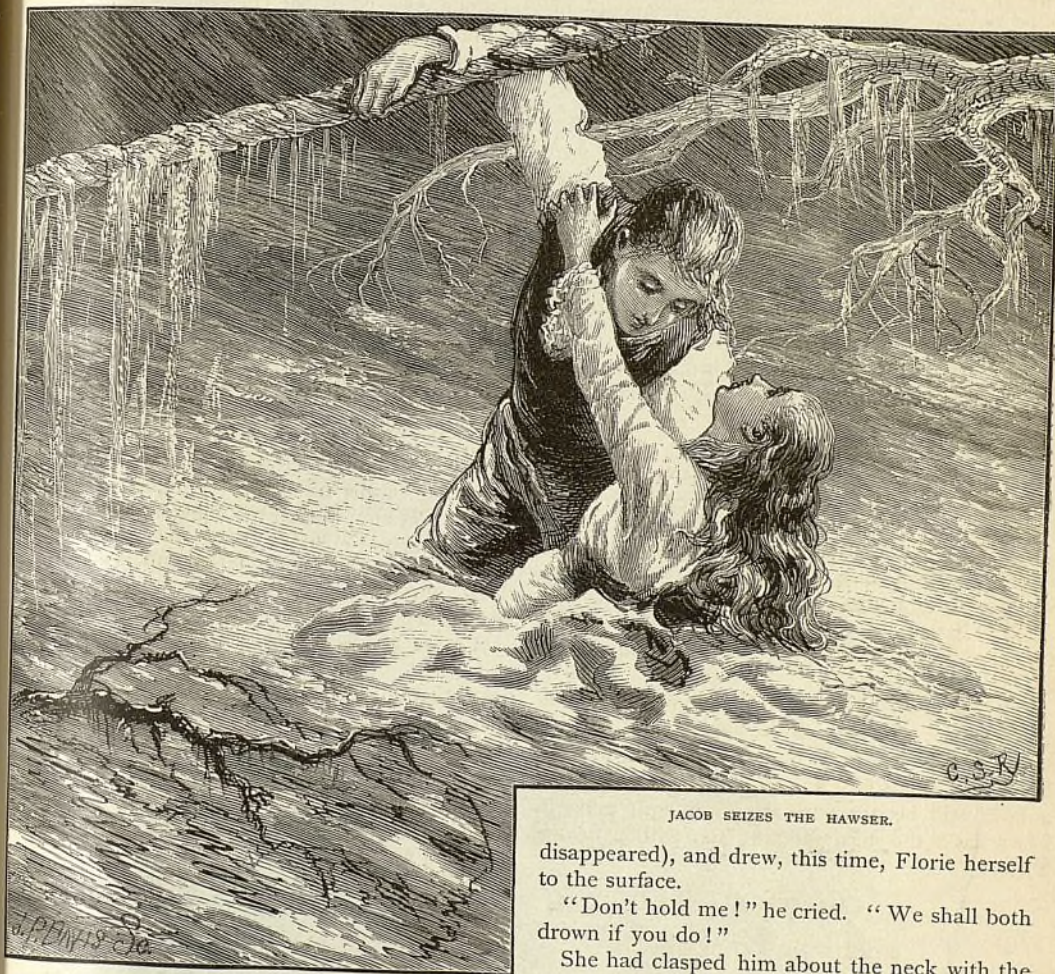
Jacob hauled at the skirt, then grasped an arm that appeared, and drew a dripping head to the surface. Everything was so changed by the water,

the gloom, and the terror that seemed to fill the very air, that it was a moment before he was fully conscious that it was not Florie whose hand he had placed securely on the boat. It was one of the twin-sisters,—Dory, as he afterward learned.

But where was Florie? He remembered her mother's charge. He remembered, also, that it was through his own fatal blundering that the ac-

boat, he might regain it, if he had only himself to care for. But could he hope ever to bring her to the boat, or reach it himself again, should he try to save her?

Such thoughts flashed through his mind; he saw all the danger at a glance; but he did not hesitate an instant. He launched out from the boat, caught the struggling hand (one had already



JACOB SEIZES THE HAWSER.

disappeared), and drew, this time, Florie herself to the surface.

"Don't hold me!" he cried. "We shall both drown if you do!"

She had clasped him about the neck with the strong instinct of self-preservation, and was dragging him down with her as she sank again in spite of all his efforts.

The boat was at least three yards away, drifting slowly with the current. Two persons had reached the nearest tree-top, where they were clinging and calling for help. But the tree-top was as far as the boat. The oars were adrift. And Florie, who had not heard, or had not understood, a word he said to her, was strangling him in her paroxysm of fear.

He succeeded in unclasping her hands from his neck. Still, she clung to him, and would not let

accident had happened; and for the first time felt all the horror of the situation.

He heard a faint cry, and saw—where she had not been when he looked before—Florie struggling at the surface. She had sunk once, and would presently sink again,—she was already going down. "Oh, mother! mother!" she gasped.

Her voice died to a gurgle. Then only her hands were seen.

She was out of Jacob's reach. He was not a good swimmer. If he had loosed his hold of the

him swim. His strength was nearly gone. He could no longer keep her head above water; he felt himself sinking.

Suddenly, just as he gave up all hope, a great object plashed within his reach. It was the hawser, which, having been strained to the utmost by the swinging off of the steamboat, had now slackened.

He seized it with one arm, supporting Florie with the other. He feared it would sink again, and carry them down with it. But a boat had already put off from the tug; swift strokes of six strong oars brought it to the spot; and Jacob and Florie were quickly taken aboard.

The four clinging to the boat were next picked up. Then the two holding to the tree-top were rescued. The woman was Doshy, and the man was not Alphonse.

Alphonse alone was missing.

Jacob was quite beside himself with terror and remorse as they rowed up and down amidst thunder and lightning and pouring rain, picking up a hat or two, and looking for the lost man.

He did not reflect that he had probably been the means of saving two lives,—that Florie, if not Dory, would certainly have been drowned but for him. He did not consider that they might have been caught by the cable just the same if anybody else had held the oars; or that they might safely have passed it but for the delay occasioned by Alphonse himself. He saw only the frightful fact that he had had charge of the boat,—that he had

taken it into danger,—that through him his best, his dearest, his only friend in the world (for he could not now remember one of Pinkey's faults) had been drowned.

There could be no doubt of it at last. Great was the wonder that he, the most accomplished man of all, should have been the only one to perish. It was hardly possible but that a youth who knew so many other things, knew also how to swim, and there was but one theory to account for his death.

"The boat must 'a' fell on him in the water, when it slewed off the hawser," said one of the tug's men. "Stunted him, and kep' him from comin' up to breathe."

The capsized boat had been righted by the steamer's yawl. If Pinkey had been under it, he must have sunk and gone down with the current.

No signs of him were discovered, and it soon became evident that it was useless to continue the search with any expectation of rescuing him alive.

It seemed all a terrible dream to Jacob. The storm, the half-drowned women and girls huddled in the bottom of the boat, their friends watching in terrible uncertainty from the steamer, Florie calling, "Mamma! I am safe!" All this was but the background, as it were, of the awful picture. The loss of his friend was the chief horror. He thought of him, but a little while ago so radiant, so full of life, and now — !

Things happened "sudden" with Alphonse.

(To be continued.)



A JOLLY SLIDE.

TRAGEDY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

"YOU queer little wonderful owlet! you atom so fluffy and small!
Half a handful of feathers and two great eyes! How came you alive at all?
And why do you sit here blinking, as blind as a bat in the light,
With your pale eyes bigger than saucers? Now who ever saw such a sight!

"And what ails chickadee, tell me! What makes him so flutter and scream
Round and over you where you sit like a tiny ghost in a dream?
I thought him a sensible fellow, quite steady and calm and wise,
But only see how he hops and flits, and hear how wildly he cries!

"What is the matter, you owlet? You will not be frightened away!—
Do you mean on that twig of a lilac-bush the whole night long to stay?
Are you bewitching my chicka-dee-dee? I really believe that you are!
I wish you'd go off, you strange brown bird—oh, ever and ever so far!

"I fear you are weaving and winding some kind of a dreadful charm;
If I leave poor chicka-dee-dee with you, I'm sure he will come to harm.
But what can I do? We can't stay here forever together, we three—
One anxious child, and an owlet weird, and a frightened chicka-dee-dee!"

I could not frighten the owl away, and chickadee would not come,
So I just ran off with a heavy heart, and told my mother at home;
But when my brothers and sisters went the curious sight to see,
The owl was gone, and there lay on the ground *two feathers* of chicka-dee-dee!

THE PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THEY went.

The lady from Philadelphia had invited Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys to her own house, promising to find rooms for Agamemnon and Solomon John in the neighborhood, asking them to take their meals at her house.

But she lived far down in the city, and Mrs. Peterkin felt she would not want to go such a distance every day to the exhibition. Agamemnon and Solomon John proposed stopping at the Great Atlas Hotel just outside the grounds. The little boys wished they could spend the night inside.

Meanwhile, a friend told them of lodgings they

could have up-town, on the same side of the river as the Centennial grounds, and Mrs. Peterkin decided for this. She was afraid of fire in one of the lath-and-plaster hotels, and Mr. Peterkin agreed with her.

So a kind and respectful letter was written to the lady from Philadelphia, declining her invitation, but hoping to be able to call upon her often during their visit.

They did not reach their lodgings till late at night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, so were scarcely ready for an early start the next morning. Then they had to hold consultation as to the best method of proceeding, and to ask their fellow-

boarders how to reach the horse-cars, for they were shocked to find that they were nearly two miles from the nearest entrance to the grounds. Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Solomon John would not mind walking, but Mrs. Peterkin declared it would be too much for her, and the first day they all wished to go together. Mrs. Peterkin had brought with her, all the way, a camp-stool, as she knew she should want to sit down often and it might be difficult to find a seat.

Elizabeth Eliza had an extra shawl, Mr. Peterkin his umbrella, and the little boys their coats; they found it something of a walk to Lancaster avenue, and they were obliged to take it slowly. By the time they reached it, every car that passed was so crowded there was not even a foothold. But the cars going south were all empty. Agamemnon had heard from one of the returned Centennial visitors that it was a good plan to take a car going down to the starting point of the upward bound cars. This they decided to do, it would give them also a view of the city. They were about an hour going down, and a little while finding the right car, but did reach one with plenty of seats. This soon became crowded, and was slow in its progress, and it was a long time before they reached the grounds. They were then some time in deciding whether to follow the people who were going into the Main Building, or those who went in at the principal gate. Then Mrs. Peterkin, who carried her camp-stool, did not like to have the family separated in going in, so she wanted to manage that all should go through the turnstile together, which was difficult to do and to pay their separate fifty-cent pieces. So when they were all inside, and Mr. Peterkin looked at his watch, he found it was already nearly three o'clock! Now some of their fellow-boarders had earnestly advised them to come back early, as the cars were so crowded at a later hour. And Mrs. Peterkin had made up her mind it would be best as it was her first day, to return at three o'clock. At the same time they discovered they were all very hungry, and Mr. Peterkin proposed they should go back to some of the numerous restaurants he had seen outside of the grounds, and then go home. But they all exclaimed against this. They were now in the broad space between the Main Building and Machinery Hall when, as they walked on, Elizabeth Eliza espied the sign of the "House of Public Comfort."

"This is exactly what we want," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will get our lunch there."

But, unfortunately, there was a very large crowd by the lunch counter. It was impossible for the whole family to press up together, and very difficult to find anything to eat. Solomon John did find some popped-corn balls in magenta-colored paper

for the little boys, and Agamemnon secured some doughnuts for his mother and Elizabeth Eliza, while his father succeeded in eating a few raw oysters. The crowd was so great that Mrs. Peterkin could not even open her camp-stool.

"I think now," said she, "we had better go back, we have had enough for one day, and everybody says we ought not over-tire ourselves at the beginning, and I am sure I was over-tired when I got here."

Agamemnon thought they had not yet fairly looked at things. They could hardly say when they went back to their boarding-house what they had seen. So they all went to the center of the large square of entrances by the fountain, and looked at the Main Building on one side, and Machinery Hall on the other, and decided that would do for the first day.

They found a car with plenty of seats, and Mrs. Peterkin felt herself rested for the walk home from the avenue.

The next day they started early, and were among the first to reach the grounds.

They proposed to take the tour of the grounds in one of the railroad cars. In this way they could get an idea of the whole. They joined a crowd of people rushing to one of the platforms to secure seats as a train came along. Mrs. Peterkin was near being left behind, it was so hard for her to decide which seat to take; and the hurry was so great, the rest of the family, thinking she was going to be left, all got out again and were obliged to hustle in the minute the train was starting.

The little boys were anxious to get out at the first stopping-place, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin preferred to make the whole tour and see everything first. In and out they went among the various buildings. Mrs. Peterkin said she would ask nothing better than to spend the day in this way. Agamemnon had a map, and tried to point out the several buildings as they came to them, but it was difficult to discover the numbers attached to them in the map. Meanwhile Solomon John studied the different colors of the flags. After some time Elizabeth Eliza said:

"I did not know they had so many of these 'Woman's Pavilions.'"

"I think they must have one for each State," said Mr. Peterkin.

"It is astonishing how much they are alike," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"With so many buildings," said Mr. Peterkin, "you could not expect to have them all different."

"Still," said Agamemnon, "I should not think they would have so many of these statues of horses with wings."

"They are very fine," said Mr. Peterkin. "No wonder they repeat them so often."

"They come in pairs," said Solomon John.

"We have seen them five times. I counted," said one of the little boys.

Elizabeth Eliza, started: "We must have made the tour at least five times! I have seen five Woman's Pavilions!"

"This is the very place where we got in," said Solomon John.

The whole family made a rush to get out, for they had just reached a platform, and the time for stopping was very short. Mrs. Peterkin stooped to extricate her camp-stool, which she had put under the seat, and getting it out with trouble, she looked up to find that the car was taking her on, and all the family behind on the platform! She wished to get out, but was held back by the other passengers, who declared she would break her neck if she jumped from the car in motion.

But at the next stopping-place she felt so flustered she hardly knew what to do, so she kept on and on till she felt she must somehow make up her mind to leave that car, and with a desperate resolution she stepped out on the platform. She found herself in a deserted part of the grounds, a few gentlemen only getting out to go to the Brewers' Hall. Though there was a crowd everywhere else, it seemed very solitary here. Mrs. Peterkin went round and round the Brewers' Hall, uncertain where to go. At last a gentleman noticed her, and asked if he could help her. When she told her case, he asked if her family had appointed any place of meeting in case of accident. Mrs. Peterkin thought she remembered their talking of the Main Building as a rendezvous. The gentleman advised her taking the train directly for the Main Building. She shook her head; she had already spent the morning in the cars. The gentleman smiled, but asked her to go on with him and he would show her where to get out.

Mrs. Peterkin joined him gratefully, and they took a train at a neighboring platform. But they had not gone very far, and were making another stop, when Mrs. Peterkin gave a scream! There was her family standing in a row ready to receive her! She was so agitated she could hardly get out, and almost fainted with delight at the meeting.

It appeared that a ticket-seller on the platform had advised the family to take a train back, and wait on some platform till they should see their mother passing. Mrs. Peterkin shuddered to think how she might have been walking round and round the Brewers' Hall all day, if it had not been for meeting the kindly gentleman.

The next thing was to get something to eat,

though Mrs. Peterkin was too agitated to think of it; they went to the Vienna Bakery, not far away, and found an immense crowd. Only one or two places could be obtained in the veranda outside, and the family took turns in sitting. Then it was that Mrs. Peterkin found she had left her camp-stool in the car! The family in general did not regret it, for it was heavy and inconvenient to carry, and Mrs. Peterkin confessed she found it difficult to use it, as it always tumbled over when she went to sit down. It was one of the three-legged ones.

It seemed now time to go home, but Agamemnon, who had been studying the map, proposed they should pass through the Main Building on their way out, for a glimpse of it, as they had not yet been inside one of the buildings, and it was their second day.

They hastened on with this plan, and went in at the grand middle entrance. And here they felt as if they were really at the Exhibition. The high pillars, the crowded aisles, filled them with wonder.

A seat was found for Mrs. Peterkin near the very middle. Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza ventured to leave her for a moment while they looked at the famous Elington display, and the little boys stood at her side finishing some popped-corn balls. Suddenly Mrs. Peterkin saw the rest disappear from her sight. She sent the little boys to call them back. She directly left her seat to follow, but she lost sight of the little boys. There was a seething crowd going up and down. She tried to return to her seat but could not find it. Her head was bewildered. She was sure she must have turned the wrong way. It all looked so much alike, stair-ways going up to the dome at each corner, and no signs of her family. The strains arose from the immense organ of "Home, Sweet Home." She felt that now she should never see that home again! She sat down, she got up again! A kindly lady asked if she could help her, and Mrs. Peterkin was forced to explain, for the second time that day, that she had lost her family! The lady turned to one of the guards, who asked Mrs. Peterkin many questions. She described Elizabeth Eliza with a brown dress and cock's feather in her hat and note-book in her hand. The guard pointed out seven ladies in sight, each wearing brown dresses, hats with cock's feathers, and note-books in their hands,—neither of them Elizabeth Eliza.

He advised Mrs. Peterkin to wait awhile in the same place and then go home, as it was growing late. But how could she go? She did not have the address of her boarding-place, and never could remember those numbered streets. It might be one number just as well as another. The policeman asked where she came from? If anybody at

home knew her address? Mrs. Peterkin thought the Bromwichs knew; the Bromwichs planned coming to the same place. He then told Mrs. Peterkin not to stir from her seat till he returned. She ventured scarcely to look to the right or the left. Indeed, she was almost sure the eye of another policeman was upon her. How she hoped the Bromwichs would never know her position! It seemed an age that the policeman was gone, yet she was surprised when he returned with her address, for which he had telegraphed to the Bromwichs. Mrs. Peterkin looked at him in dumb surprise, but he hurried her toward the main exit, promising to show her to the right cars. Slowly and sadly she followed to the door, when what was her astonishment to find, across the door-way in a straight row, her family awaiting her!

They too were under the care of a friendly policeman, who had advised them to await their mother there. Eager to leave, they all hurried away, passed the difficult turnstile, hastened to the cars.

"Let us get home! Let us get home!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, unwilling to listen to any explanations.

A crowd was pursuing the Lancaster avenue car, and the family joined in the rush. Mr. Peterkin succeeded in lifting in Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys; the rest had to stand all the way on the edges of the cars.

Mrs. Peterkin reached the boarding-place in hysterics. She passed a restless night, disturbed by dreams of walking round and round the Brewers' Hall, of Mr. Peterkin falling from the steps of the cars and being run over, of policemen watching her, and she declared they must go home, she could not stay a day longer.

But all the family exclaimed against this. They had seen nothing as yet.

They decided to stay, and transfer their quarters the next night to one of the hotels by the grounds. According to the advice of one of their fellow-boarders, after depositing and checking their baggage at the House of Public Comfort, they went to the Massachusetts Building. Mrs. Peterkin was enchanted with the parlor and its cheery wood fire, and declared she would prefer to spend the day there, instead of going into the crowded buildings. She had some rolls and sandwiches that she had brought from the boarding-house that would serve for her luncheon, and it was agreed she should be left there for the day, and that the family would return for her at half-past four, in time for a little walk afterward in the grounds.

The family left her, relieved to think of her comfort. The heart of Mr. Peterkin swelled as he thought she was under the protection of the shield of Massachusetts.

They decided to separate. Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon would take the little boys to the Agricultural Building, and to the American Restaurant for lunch, while Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John planned the Art Gallery and *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*; for Elizabeth Eliza had been studying the French grammar, and wanted to try talking a little French. They had heard of all these places from their fellow-boarders. They were to meet in the Main Building, in front of Egypt, at half-past three.

They did all assemble there, to their surprise, but not until much after that hour. Mr. Peterkin and his party were wild with enthusiasm. They had been through Agricultural Hall, and had seen "Old Abe," looking so much like a stuffed eagle, that they were astonished when he moved his head. The little boys had bought chocolates and candies at every refreshment stand, and had eaten the bread which they had seen made by the baker of the Queen, and apples cored by the apple-corer, and had bought little tin pails of the Leaf-land man, and had lunched at the Banqueting-hall of the American Restaurant, and were now eager to try the restaurants in the Main Building.

Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John had not so much to report. They were so crushed in the Art Gallery by the mass of people, that Elizabeth Eliza could not even lift her note-book, or examine her catalogue. She believed they had been into every room in the Art Gallery and in the Annex, but she could only look at the upper pictures, and could not stop at any. She was sure there must be more United States pictures than from any other country. The only work of art which she could remember enough to describe was the large bust of Washington, sitting on the eagle. They had found a seat near this, where they could examine it closely, and wondered why the eagle was not crushed.

Both Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza agreed with the little boys that they would like another lunch, for their expedition to the *Trois Frères* was not satisfactory, and Elizabeth Eliza fancied their waiter could hardly have been a Frenchman, as he did not understand her French.

The little boys were now impatient for the restaurant, and they found seats in one of the galleries, where it was so pleasant looking down upon the crowd below, that Mr. Peterkin decided to go and bring Mrs. Peterkin to join them, while Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John were to order their oysters. He looked at his watch, and found, to his horror, it was now five o'clock! And he hastened away. He did not seem to be gone long, for he came back breathless, to say that Mrs. Peterkin was no longer in the parlor of the Massachusetts Building!

Mrs. Peterkin, meanwhile, had enjoyed a comfortable nap in the quiet room, had walked about to look at the pictures, had eaten her luncheon, and when the chimes rung twelve, she was surprised to find the day was not farther gone. Still, she sat awhile, and looked out of the window; but she grew weary and restless, and when a party set forth from the room to go to the Main Building, she decided to join them.

They made a little tour first by St. George's Hill, the Japanese Dwelling, the Canada Log-house, and at last entered the Main Building, and Mrs. Peterkin found herself in Italy. The party whom she had joined took her to see the Norwegian groups, where they left her to meet other of their friends.

She stayed awhile in Norway and Sweden, then went on to China. Here everything was so strange that she sunk into a seat bewildered. She felt she was in the midst of a weird dream,—strange figures on screens and vases, a mandarin nodding at her, idols glaring at her. She wished herself back in the safe parlor; she was sorry she ever had left it.

Ah! did she but know that at that moment the little boys were trying some ice-cream soda at a stand near by! Wearily she rose again and inquired the time, to find it was after half-past four! In her agitation, she went out in front of the building, and took the wrong direction. A kindly lady set her right again, but it was half-past five when she reached the shelter of the Massachusetts Building, going up the steps at the very moment Mr. Peterkin was announcing the

terrible fact of her disappearance to the astounded family.

Mrs. Peterkin went in, to find every one gathering bags and parcels, preparing to leave. Where should she go? She rushed madly toward the door, and there stood the lady from Philadelphia, who directly declared she would take Mrs. Peterkin home with her.

Mrs. Peterkin hardly knew how to leave her family behind in this uncertainty, but she followed mechanically the lady from Philadelphia and her party. As they went down the steps, they saw in front of them Mr. Peterkin and all the family in a row. Again they had consulted a policeman, who had advised them to visit the Massachusetts room once more.

Mrs. Peterkin spent the next day quietly with the lady from Philadelphia. The rest of the family went to the Exhibition. They went through the Machinery Hall, stopping, as the day before, at every confectionery-stand and refreshment-room, wasting some time in the middle of the day, because Agamemnon preferred seeing the Corliss engine stop, and Solomon John wanted to wait and see it set going. But they had seen a great deal, and, to please the little boys, they had even visited the Fat Woman outside the grounds.

The next day, the lady from Philadelphia and her daughters assisted the party to the station. It was difficult for all to get through the crowd as a family, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin did cling together, and met Elizabeth Eliza, the little boys, Solomon John, and Agamemnon outside the barrier.

RAIN, HAIL, SNOW.

PITTER, patter! pitter, patter!
Hear the rain
Beat against the window-pane!

Clitter, clatter! clitter, clatter!
Tells the tale;
Now the rain is turned to hail!

Soft and light,
Pure and white!
On the ground
Not a sound!
Now we know
It is snow!

JIM AND THE WATER-MELON.



LITTLE JIM FINDS THE WATER-MELON.



BUT HIS MOTHER SUDDENLY COMES IN.

ESTHER, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

ESTHER was a little London girl. When she was a baby only fourteen months old, she could run about on her two chubby legs just as well as any child. Her mother was a poor wash-woman, whose whole week was made up of Mondays, and little Esther had to take care of herself a great deal. Just fancy a baby taking care of its own self! Esther used to get very tired of it sometimes; and then her mother would lift her from the floor and call her a poor little chick-a-biddy, and carry her to the door, where she could see the people, and the horses and wagons, and sometimes a happy baby trundling by in his gay little carriage.

One day when her mother was very busy, Esther thought it would be nice to take herself to the door,

and when she had reached the door she thought it would be nicer still to go out into the street and trudge away—just as everybody else did.

Poor little baby! She knew no better than to go right in the way of the carriages, and before any one could save her she had fallen down on the rough pavement, and men had shouted "Look out!" and a pale crowd had gathered about her insensible little form. The driver of the horse that hurt her looked on hopelessly, and even the horse looked sorrowfully back at her as he tried to jerk his head away from the men who held him.

She was not killed, but she was always lame after that, and had to walk with crutches. In time, she learned to read and write and sew; and she could

play with her rag doll, but she could not run and romp like other little girls, and she could not sweep or make beds for her mother.

When she was eight years old her mother was sick with a fever, and had to stay in bed a great many days. Esther was a good, kind girl, and she wished, all the time, that she could work and earn money to buy nice fruits and jellies for her mother.

One morning, as she was going to the grocer's for tea, she stopped at the corner to look at old Mr. Sunshine's lovely flowers. His real name was Anderson, but the children called him "Sunshine," because he was so cheery and pleasant, and always had his finest flowers out in the sunshiny weather.

Esther had some pennies she had been saving up to buy a doll. But when she saw the red roses and the bright pinks, the milk-white lilies and the pots of forget-me-not, she thought she would give up the doll and buy one of these sweet flowers for her mother.

She asked the prices of some of them, and they were all worth a great many more pennies than she could pay. I suppose she looked very sorry about it, for Mr. Sunshine said:

"Now, you'd like one of these roses, would n't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Esther; "but I must wait until I have saved more pennies."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Sunshine.

"If you'll sit here on this bench and sell this basketful of nosegays for me, I'll give you the rose."

If Esther had not been lame, may be she would have danced for joy. As it was, she looked up in Mr. Sunshine's face with the gladdest smile you ever saw, and said she would go right home and ask her mother.

Her mother willingly gave consent; and in a short time Esther was sitting among the flowers, in her clean white apron and best hat, looking as nice as a daisy herself; and now and then somebody would stop and buy a flower or two.

About noon there was quite a rush for nosegays. A great many gentlemen bought them. Some put them carefully in their pockets, and some fastened them in their button-holes, and one gentleman bought one and put it in the chubby hand of a little baby he was wheeling in a carriage.



ESTHER AND MR. SUNSHINE.

When Mr. Sunshine came around to look in the basket there were only three left, and Esther had a whole handful of pennies for him. Mr. Sunshine counted them and said it was all right, and that Esther could take her rose and go home to dinner. Then he happened to think that Esther could n't walk with her crutches and carry the rose too; so he went home with her and carried the rose. And when he had reached the door he said:

"You can come and sell flowers for me every morning, if you like, and I will pay you a shilling every noon."

This seemed like a great deal of money to Esther, and she was almost ready to cry for joy when she told her mother about it.

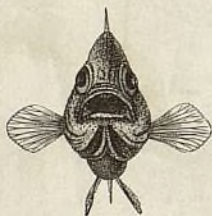
So she went every day and sold flowers for Mr. Sunshine, until by and by she had plenty of money for oranges, and had saved enough to set up a little flower-stand of her own, close beside Mr. Sunshine, who was very glad of her company. And this was how little Esther came to be a flower-girl.

THE FACES OF FISHES.

BY HERBERT E. COPELAND.

DID you ever look a fish in the face? If not, you may now have an opportunity, for here are the faces of six fishes.

No. 1 is a Rock-Bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*, Raf.),* a fish found in many waters, and is our representative of the family of sun-fishes. When only an inch or two long, it is a favorite aquarium



NO. 1. ROCK-BASS.

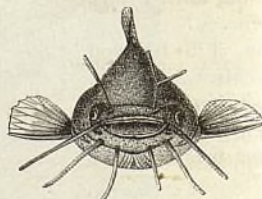
fish, on account of its beautiful sides, marbled in black and bronze. All the family are eaters of flesh, and this front view shows us how admirably they are fitted to cleave the water in their rapid course. This fish and his nearest cousins are the Paul Pry of the water, always wishing to know all about it. They seem, in the aquarium, to be animated interrogation points. Let a snail go up to get a breath of fresh air, and a sun-fish has watched the whole proceeding. A darter, buried in the sand, has moved his tail until the edge of the fin has come through; and a sun-fish is standing on his head over the spot, wondering what it would be best to do about it.

They glide through the water with no apparent exertion, except a gentle fanning of the throat-fins, prominent in the picture.

* The abbreviation *Raf.* after the scientific names of fishes indicates that they were first described by Rafinesque, a very great naturalist, who traveled in 1820 in the valley of the Ohio, collecting and describing its animals and plants. He worked without the aid of the Government or of wealthy institutions of learning, often traveling long distances on foot with a pack of specimens on his back. People used to suppose in those days that all the great naturalists lived in Europe; and it therefore happened that he and his fishes were long neglected. But now these errors are disappearing.

No. 2 is a Horned-Pout (*Amiurus nebulosus*, Le Sueur), belonging to the family of cat-fishes. Living upon the bottom, those eight barbels on his face and lips probably serve as organs of sense, aiding his little eyes to find his dinner. Boys believe these fishes see best by night, or when the water is muddy, and claim to be more successful than in catching them. That they are slow swimmers is evident from their shape, as seen in front; and a vessel modeled from a cat-fish would never be much of a sailer. They live on worms and such slow-moving animals as they find on or near the bottom, or eat dead food, thus acting as scavengers.

No. 3 is a Log-Perch (*Percina caprodes*, Raf.), one of the family of darters. They are confined to the United States, and are found in most Western streams. They swim mostly by quick movements of the greatly expanded throat, or pectoral, fins, which, in the figure, look like wings. They have very queer ways, and are constant sources of

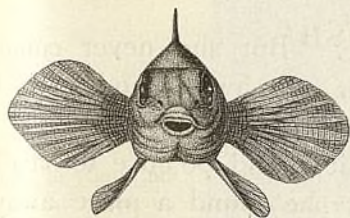


NO. 2. HORNED-POUT.

pleasure and amusement to the owners of aquaria. Climbing weeds, burrowing in the sand, perched on stones, or cracking the shell of an unlucky snail against the glass side of their prison,

they seem possessed of more than fishy knowledge. Their teeth and habits show them to be carnivorous.

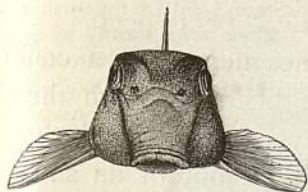
No. 4 is the Stone-Lugger (*Hypentelium nigricans*, Le Sueur), belonging to the family of suckers. It shows its relationship in this front view of its mouth, looking as if pouting. It is found on stony ripples, where it lies head up-stream, in small companies; and when disturbed, it darts swiftly away. It is a fish of such singular beauty when small, that it would be adapted for the aquarium, were it not almost impossible to obtain specimens



NO. 3. LOG-PERCH.

of small size; it having, probably, a rapid growth. It is supposed to be by preference an eater of vegetables, but is often caught with a hook baited with worms. It gets its name of "lugger" in the North, and of "toter" in the South, from a supposed habit of carrying small stones on its head. It is certain that it moves stones by inserting its flat head under them.

No. 5 is called the Goblin (*Pegedictys ictiophaga*, Raf.). It is the fresh-water representative of the family of cottoids, most of its relatives thriv-



NO. 4. STONE-LUGGER.

ing only in salt-water. It has been found in springs in Kentucky, and also in caves in the same State. It is supposed to enter the caves to catch

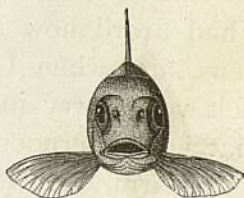
the blind-fish living in them. The specimen from which the drawing was made was found in White River, at Indianapolis. It was the only one caught



NO. 5. GOBLIN.

during many months' fishing, and it may have been a straggler. With its enormous pectorals, mailed head, and little eyes, it looks idiotic; and our specimen never proved its sanity, for it died the first night after we put it in the aquarium.

No. 6 is Rosy-face (*Alburnellus rubrifrons*, Cope), a very indefinite name for one of the great family of minnows, or cyprinoids. They are all toothless, being vegetarians, and are of much value in the aquarium, eating away the minute plants and decaying vegetation. Many of them are very pretty, especially in the spring, when they become brilliantly colored and sprout little knobs on their



NO. 6. ROSY-FACE.

noses. To this family belong the dace, the chubs, the minnows, and, in fact, the greater number of the little fish that fill the brooks and that awaken every one's first interest in fishes. I hope none of us may ever be far removed in spirit from those days when a thread, a bent pin, a hazel rod, and a cup of angle-worms completed our idea of outfit; and a forked stick strung full of "shiners" made our cup of happiness run over. If whatever knowledge we may now have should make us despise these youthful joys, we should never look a fish in the face again.

THE ADOPTED CHICKEN.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens and ducks and turkeys, and among them there was a brown hen named Yellowfoot, who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickies; and she knew if she laid an egg every day until there were twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks.

So she laid a nice white egg every day. But she never could get twelve, because every day the cook took her egg away; and so Yellowfoot felt very sadly.

Now another hen, named Tufty, thought it would be nice to have little chickens too; but she was very smart, and she found a place away off that the cook did n't know about, and there she hid her eggs; and one day she surprised all the other hens by walking into the chicken-yard with twelve little chickens toddling after her!

Now I had heard how sorry poor Yellowfoot felt because she had no little chickens, and when I saw Tufty walking about so proudly with her twelve, I felt very sorry indeed for Yellowfoot.

Well, that very afternoon something very funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail-fence a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running around near her a little lonely chicken just out of its shell, making such a pitiful little "peep-peep." I took it up in my apron and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean, and he said that a hen's egg had by mistake been put with the turkey's eggs, and as it takes a week longer for turkeys' eggs to hatch than it does for hens' eggs, the poor little chicken had come out of its shell a week before there was anybody to take care of it.

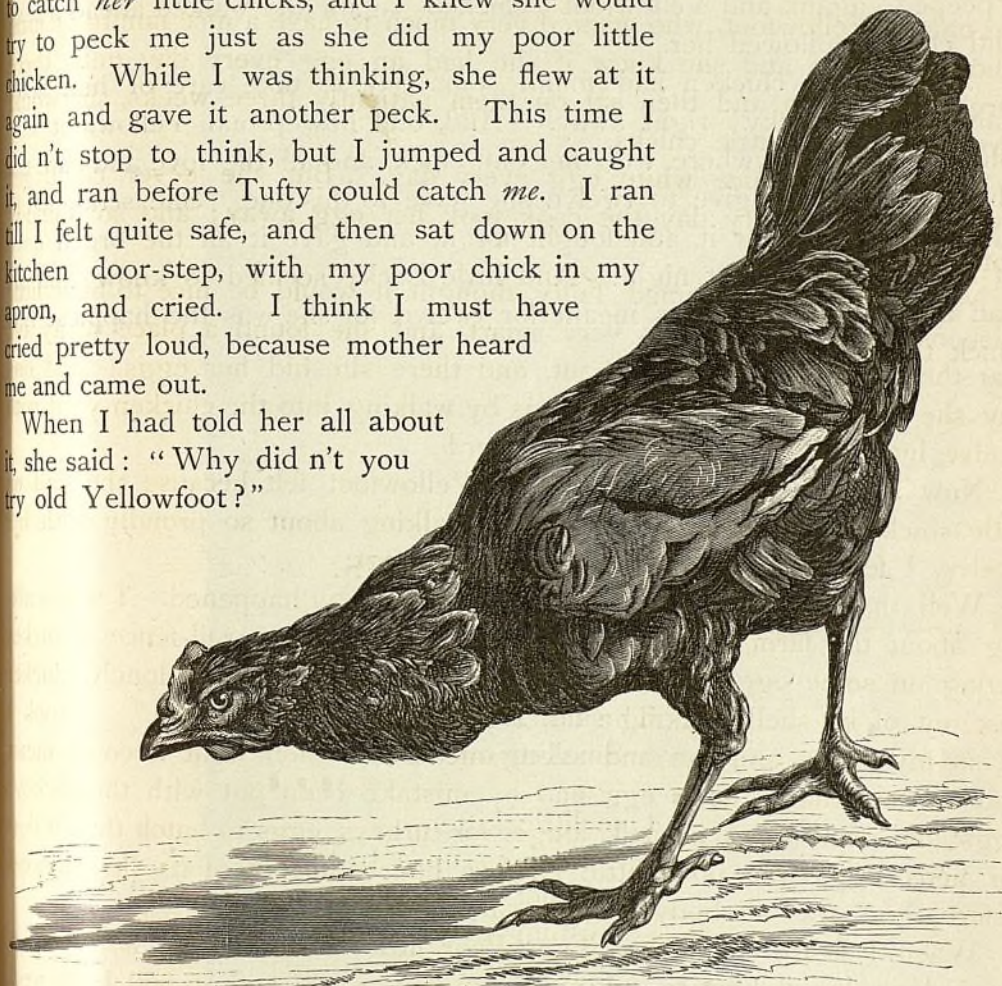
When I heard this, I thought: "Poor little chickie! what *will* you do for I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey gets ready to do it, and you'll be dead by that time?" And then suddenly I thought: "Why, this little chick is just as old as the twelve that were hatched this morning; now I'll take it to the chicken-yard and put it down among them, and Tufty will take care of it." So I ran to the chicken-yard and put it with the other little chicks and it ran after Tufty just like the others.

But you cannot believe how badly Tufty acted! The minute she heard the strange little "peep" with the twelve other little "peeps," she turned

around and stood still a minute, and then all her feathers began to stick out, and she bobbed her head a minute, and then she pounced at my poor little chicken and gave her an awful peck!

Was n't it cruel? I did not know what to do. I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think if I went near her that I was going to catch *her* little chicks, and I knew she would try to peck me just as she did my poor little chicken. While I was thinking, she flew at it again and gave it another peck. This time I did n't stop to think, but I jumped and caught it, and ran before Tufty could catch *me*. I ran till I felt quite safe, and then sat down on the kitchen door-step, with my poor chick in my apron, and cried. I think I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out.

When I had told her all about it, she said: "Why did n't you try old Yellowfoot?"



OLD YELLOWFOOT.

At that, I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight, and my poor little chicken dropped on the grass; but it did n't hurt it, and I put it carefully back in my apron, and went to the chicken-yard again, to try mother's plan.

I had a hard time finding old Yellowfoot, but finally I came upon her, looking very doleful, in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her with a stick, but she would not come out. So, finally, I turned the barrel over, so she

had to come out. But she looked very angry, and made a great deal of noise about it. I waited till she got quiet, and then I put my little chicken down by her. And, oh! you should have seen her then! She looked at it a minute, and, when it "peeped," she gave a quiet little "cluck," just as if she were trying it to see how it sounded. And then the little chicken "peeped" again, and Yellowfoot "clucked" again and walked ahead a little and chickie followed her.

So my little chicken had found some one to take care of her, and I named her "Lucky" right away. And, oh! how proud Yellowfoot was! She strutted everywhere with her one chick, and all the love and care that she was going to give to twelve she gave to this one. She scratched for it, and "clucked" for it, and fought for it, and gave it all the broad cover of her warm wings at night. And little Lucky seemed to know that she had all the care that was meant for twelve, for she was the happiest little chick that ever lived.

TWO KITTENS.

ONE little kitten
Scrubbing down its nose;
The other little kitten
Smelling of a rose.

One little kitten
Scratching up a tree;
The other little kitten
Nestling close to me.

One little kitten
Dashing at a fly;
The other little kitten
Singing "Baby bye."

One little kitten
Not a word to say;
The other little kitten
Talking all the day.

One little kitten,
Downy soft with fur;
The other little kitten—
Who can picture her?

Darling little kitten,
Rosy, dimpled, curled,
She's my wee, white kitten
Out of all the world!

THE NAUGHTY DOLL.



Little Mother. Now, Dolly, can you look me in the face and say you didn't go down to the river while I was at church? You can't say it, I see you can't, and you must go to bed without your supper.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, my chicks! Christmas and "New Year's" are gone, and the good, steady, every-day work of the year is fairly begun. All hail to modest little February, with its fewer days and meeker manners!—and health and happiness to every one of you, my Valentines!

WERE-WOLVES.

JACK hears queer things out here in the woods. Last summer, there was a picnic under the trees quite near me, and I overheard a tallish man in green glasses telling a party of youngsters that according to the ancient myths, there used to be in certain countries were-wolves,—persons who, through some bad influence, had changed into wild beasts.

Just to think of it! It fairly made me shudder; but the story-teller went on to say that these were-wolves often became themselves again through a kind word, or by being recognized by their fellow-creatures. To illustrate this, he told the following legend:

"One Christmas-eve, a woman, whose husband had years before turned into a wolf and disappeared, went at night to the pantry to lay aside a joint of meat for to-morrow's dinner. There she saw a wolf standing with its paws on the window-sill, looking wistfully in at her. 'Ah, dearest,' said she, 'if I knew that thou wert really my husband, I would give thee a bone!' Whereupon the wolf-skin fell off, and her husband stood before her in the same old clothes that he had worn on the day when he became a wolf."

Ah, my beloved, I am afraid there are were-wolves yet in the world—men and women, and even little children, who, through want and suffering and vice, have become brutal. But underneath the wolf-skin is the human heart, and a kind word in

recognition of the fact that they are still human will go a long way toward changing them to their better selves. The old charm has not lost all its power. Try it. I dare say you girls and boys may some day meet with were-wolves,—coarse, gruff, brutish creatures. Don't be afraid of them, and, above all, don't speak rudely to them. Say a kind word to them, and see if the wolf-skin doesn't fall off.

A FRIEND TO THE BIRDS.

Newburyport, Mass., Oct. 25.

DEAR JACK: Please ask ST. NICHOLAS to put me down a Bird-defender, for I have always loved birds, and shall be glad to do anything to help them. When we lived in New York, I always fed the sparrows in Stuyvesant Park during the winter. I used to take bits of stale bread, and crumble it over a certain grass-plot, giving a peculiar cry as I did so. The minute I gave that call, the sparrows would fly down,—sometimes over a hundred of them,—and pick up the crumbs, shrieking, and scratching, and pecking one another with their beaks—all trying to get the largest pieces. In spring, when they were building their nests, I used to take them cotton-wool, about which they were still more eager.—Your loving friend,

GRACE ETHEL.

SUPPOSING A CASE.

SUPPOSING we could all live without air,—which it is very certain we cannot,—but I'm only *supposing*. Supposing, then, that there were no need of breathing, and that there was no atmosphere, could we hear anything?

No, this busy, beautiful earth, and the sky about it, would be as still as the grave. Not a human voice could be heard, nor song of bird, nor the murmur of winds.

Did you ever think of it before? But that is not all. Not only would all sounds be hushed, but, according to certain learned birds, all sight would be lost. Not an image could be carried to our eyes. Not only flowers and faces would vanish; the very light of sun and stars would come to us no more.

These remarks, my dears, are not intended to harrow your feelings, but simply to prompt you to look into this matter of the atmosphere. You'll find that authorities differ in regard to the carrying of light and sound; and it is not at all certain that somebody may not be mistaken.

THE BEE THAT SAVED A KINGDOM.

HERE is a fable that has never been told in print, though it is very popular in the Bee country:

Once upon a time, there was a bad king, and the people wished him to make a certain good law. "No," said he, "I will not make that law,—it is too good. It will make peace. Here is the law I wish to make. Then all my people will go to war."

The two documents lay in front of him on the table all written out, and whichever one he signed would be the law of the land. He took up a big quill pen, drew the bad law nearer to him, and dipped the pen in the ink.

Just then, a bee began to buzz. It was a wise bee.

"Z-z-z-z-z! No zuch zlaw zhall pazz!" buzzed the bee, over and over again; but no one noticed him. "Zign ze ozzer—ze ozzer—ze ozzer!"

The king would not listen; so the wise bee lit

on his nose and stung him just a little, still buzzing: "Zign ze ozzzer,—zign ze ozzzer,—ze ozzzer,—ze ozzzer,—ze ozzzer!"

"Open the window," roared the king, "and drive out this bee, or kill him!"

They opened the window. Out flew the bee, and in rushed the wind. It blew in very hard. The papers flapped and flew across the table. The bad king was so mad that he stamped his foot, seized one of the papers, and signed it in a rage. There was his name,—*"King Blunderbuss,"*—and nothing could alter it. Then he saw that in his haste and rage he had signed the good law. But he was too proud to own his mistake.

The bee hurried to the garden and whispered to the honeysuckles:

"Zome of your bezt,—zome of your bezt!"

The good law iz zigned, and all zhall be peaze and happinezz!"

So the honeysuckles gave him all their best honey, and the people outside of the king's palace built great bonfires and shouted with joy:

"Long live the king! Long live the good King Blunderbuss!"

"Oho!" said the king to himself, when he heard this; "that is the best sound I have heard for many a year."

And after that, he was afraid to give way to anger, for fear he might sign a bad law, by mistake. The bee did not have to light on his nose again. The king made only good laws, and to the end of his days his people shouted:

"Long live the king!"

NEW YORK STREET-LAMPS IN 1697 AND 1876.

WELL, well! What things a Jack-in-the-Pulpit may hear if he listens to human folk! If Deacon Green and the Little Schoolma'am had not talked about them, as they sat on the willow-stumps last summer, watching the fire-flies, how could your Jack have learned anything about such things as street-lamps?

It appears that in the seventeenth century, when the city of New York was but little more than a village, there was for a long time no system of lighting the streets. On dark nights, each citizen who ventured out-of-doors was expected to provide himself with a lantern; and at long intervals one might see a lighted lamp hung in front of the door of some wealthy citizen.

It was not until 1697 that the aldermen were charged to enforce the duty, "that every seventh householder, in the dark time of the moon, cause a lantern and a candle to be hung out of his window on a pole, the expense to be divided among the seven families."

This was probably considered an excellent way of street-lighting at the time. But what a change would one of the aldermen of 1697 find, could he now follow on some moonless night the double line of gas-lamps extending from the Battery to Fordham, a distance of fifteen miles! Who would not like to accompany him as he silently passed

over the well-paved ways, once so wild and swampy, and to see his astonished gaze as the long lines of lighted lamps revealed tall fronts of stately marble stores and brown-stone houses; and on through the



beautiful Central Park, and—still further, over well-made roads—out into the open country beyond it, yet still within the city's limits? Do you think that the ancient alderman would recognize in the great new city the quiet village that he once knew and loved?

A TRUE MULE STORY.

Mt. Lebanon, La.

DEAR JACK: The rescue of a mule in Bienville Parish, La., from a well sixty feet deep, caused so much surprise and interest here lately that I send an account to you.

It is vouched for by some of the best citizens of this place, who witnessed it, and I assure you it is every word true.

This mule fell hind-feet backward into an old dry well sixty feet deep; it is supposed that the edge of the well caved in with him. All efforts to rescue him were fruitless, as he was completely wedged in. Finally, the owner of the mule, supposing that the poor creature was severely injured by the fall, decided that it would be more merciful to have him killed than to allow him to starve to death. Not knowing any other way of dispatching him, he had a cart-load of dirt thrown in upon him. But, instead of allowing himself to be buried alive, his muleship quietly shook off the dirt and pressed it down with his feet; thus raising himself several inches above his original position. Another load was thrown in, with the same result; and then some one said that if the mule would continue trampling down the dirt, it was possible that he might be extricated; it would be no harm to try, any way. Acting on this suggestion, all the farmhands went to work filling the well, carefully pouring the dirt in on the sides, so as not to hurt the mule. It was slow work filling that deep well, but a hearty interest was awakened by the perseverance with which the poor animal tramped down the dirt, and all worked with willing hands.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, did he ascend, until the great well was filled within a few feet of the top; then, as complacently as if nothing strange had happened, his muleship stepped out safe and sound!

I think, if he could have then been blessed with the gift of speech, he would have said, "All's well that ends well!" Was n't he a plucky old fellow?

PLEASANT RIDERHOOD.

COMFORT FOR SHORT FOLKS.

THOSE tiresome people the statisticians—who, nevertheless, find out so many things that the world is very glad to know—tell us that on all long marches, or undertakings requiring great strength and endurance, it is the tall men who fail first. In Arctic, or in African explorations, and in armies and navies the world over, it has been found that short men are the longest—workers. So, if any of my boys think that they are not growing tall fast enough, let them remember that what they lose in height they may gain in powers of endurance; and in the long run these are worth more than any other personal possession, saving always an honest, open heart and conscience.

HARUM SCARUM.

Words by "ALBA" (Little Folk Songs).
Allegretto (Chorus in unison).

Music by F. BOOTT.

Ha - rum Sca - rum, Win - kum Wa - rum, A ter - ri - ble fel - low is Ha - rum Sca - rum!

p

Up the stairs and in - to the door, Scatt'ring things all o - ver the floor, Thro' the win - dows and

cres. *mf*

out on the leads, Shak - ing the house a - bout our heads, Shak - ing the house a -

f

bou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - out our heads.

tr

1st.
mf
Down the chim - ney in clouds of smoke, To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke, While the

2d.
To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke, While the

3d.
While the

mf
house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec - ta - cles,
house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec - ta - cles,
house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec - ta - cles,

cres.
f
snee - zes her spec - ta - cles, snee - zes her spec - ta - cles in - - - to the coals.

cres.
f
snee - zes her spec - ta - cles, snee - zes her spec - ta - cles in - - - to the coals.

f rall.
snee - zes her spec - ta - cles in - - - to the coals.

cres.
f
sf
sf
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rall.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE are not afraid of congratulating ourselves too much upon having so good and wise a person as Thomas Hughes to talk to our readers. Mr. Hughes is one of England's cleverest writers and best men. He was educated first at Rugby, where the celebrated Latin scholar, Dr. Arnold, was Master, and then at Oxford University; and his "School-days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" are spirited and truthful accounts of his own school-life. These books will be read with delight by young and old for years and years to come. Mr. Hughes has also written several other works, which are equally entertaining in their way, if they do not contain quite as much hearty fun as the college stories. After graduation, Mr. Hughes studied law, attained a high position in his profession, and finally became a member of the British Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his wise and liberal actions. He has always been a sturdy friend to America, and in 1869 made us a long visit, lecturing in several cities, where he was warmly and honorably received.

We have great faith that our boys—and girls too—will put a true value upon the thoughtful words he writes. But let the motto "*Festina lente*" prompt them to *make haste slowly* as they read the article, so as to take in the full meaning of the honest, strong-hearted Englishman, who is known all over the English-speaking world as the friend of the school-boy.

THERE was a slight error in Prof. Proctor's article in the January number. It is to be found in the sentence concerning Taurus, in the first column on page 171. The statement there made was intended to refer to the Pleiades instead of to Taurus, so that the proper reading is: "*The Pleiades now shine highest in the skies at midnight toward the end of November,*" etc.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers find "The Hidden Flower," in the following verses?

Far from haunts by mortals known,
Long had a tiny floweret grown;
A brook flowed near in noisy strife,
And gave the tender blossom life.
There, happy in its humble sphere,
Naught marred its joy from year to year.
One summer morn the sun rose bright,
The flower rejoiced to see his light;
But now beneath his scathing beam
More shallow grew the narrow stream;
Arose as mist toward the sky,
And left its stony pathway dry;
And soon with sadly drooping head
The little flower lay withered dead.

Explanation—Take the first letter of the first line, the second letter of second line, the third of the third, and so on to the twelfth line; and the name Forget-me-not will appear.

GABRIEL GRAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, as so many of the girls and boys have written you, I would try my hand at a note, and see if you will be glad to receive it. I have a cat which every one thinks is a model. He is of a very musical turn of mind. He will not be satisfied with any bed but the piano. He also sits on the stool and runs scales with his fore-paws. It may seem to be a large story, but it is true.—Yours truly,

MARGUERITE B. NEWTON.

DEAR, LOVELY ST. NICHOLAS: We like you ever and ever so much, and wish you came every day instead of every month. We see so many letters in the "Letter-Box" that we thought we should like very much to write and thank you for the very great pleasure you afford us, and also those boys and girls whose letters we find it such fun to read. We like Jack, too, and wish he really was a flower that we might gather him in the field, and take him home to keep forever; only that would be selfish.

Can you tell us where we may find the line "An undevout astronomer is mad?"

BERTIE AND HATTIE H. BROWN.

The line referred to is in Young's "Night Thoughts"—Night IX., line 771.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., West Virginia, Nov. 28, 1876.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I broke my bank open to get these three dollars to send you, so you will please send me ST. NICHOLAS for the next twelve months. Please send it to me, and oblige yours,

WELLS J. HAWKS.

P.S.—I would rather have your ST. NICHOLAS than a big dog with a brass collar.

WELLS.

Chester, Pa., 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you, or any of your readers, inform me the date of the day upon which Russia acknowledged the independence of the United States? If you can, I will be very thankful, for I have looked in several histories to find out, but they only state that Russia acknowledged it in July, 1783. I like "Jon of Iceland" and think the "Boy Emigrants" is the best story ever published.—Your constant reader,

HIRAM HATHAWAY, JR.

Russia could not *acknowledge* our independence. She might have recognized it, but did not do so for a long time after the Revolution. When, in 1777, we applied to several of the European Powers for assistance and recognition, Russia was not called a great Power, and we did not apply to her. In December, 1780, Francis Dana, of Massachusetts, was elected Minister to Russia, and he reached St. Petersburg in September, 1781. It was hoped that he could then secure our recognition, but he was advised by friends not to present his letters, as he would not be received. For a long time Mr. Dana lived there as a private citizen, and then, in February, 1783, he sent in his letters. After a long delay, he was informed that he could not be officially received till Great Britain had received an American Minister. These were hard terms, and Mr. Dana returned home in August, 1783. For a long time we had no diplomatic relations with Russia. In 1791, our ships began to call at Russian ports, and a friendly trade sprang up and grew so fast, that Russia, at last, asked us to send a Minister to her court. In June, 1809, John Quincy Adams was appointed Minister to Russia, and that was the beginning of our intercourse. The first treaty with Russia was a commercial one, and was signed in 1824. Russia has always been our friend, but she did not formally recognize us till she asked us to send a Minister to her court in 1809.

MRS. DODGE: Please don't make any mistakes in having our delightful magazine in Chicago on time, as I get into all sorts of trouble when the 20th passes without it. Just as soon as that day comes, and I get home at night, a crowd of little heads appears over the banister of the stairs, and a perfect chorus of voices demands, "Where is the ST. NICHOLAS?" The last number was a few days late, and there was much disappointment among our little olive-branches; and I must concede I shared it with them. But when it did come, we were all richly repaid for the delay. It is a perfect casket of gems, and is the most welcome visitor that comes to our house. We talk of it to all our friends; and I believe if every father who loves his pets only knew the delight it would afford them, that your subscribers would be counted by millions.

A. L. M.

ST. NICHOLAS for December was purposely delayed by the publishers. It was an extraordinarily large number, and was the Christmas number of the present volume.

Monticello, Minn., 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yes, I *will* do it. Do what? Write to the ST. NICHOLAS "Letter-Box." I am one of the children between the ages of eight and eighty who have read every number of the beautiful and delightful magazine since published. And is n't it delightful? Beautiful inside and out? Just look at the gay but chaste covers—so cheerful!

This writing to the "Letter-Box" is what I have been inclined to do every month, after having read and enjoyed the book. I wanted to express my thanks to the publishers, and to Mrs. Dodge, for the delightful enjoyment it has given me, and those for whom it is sent. I was deterred from doing this when I thought of how many, many letters had to be read, and how much labor performed. But I just want to tell, in addition to the testimony of the lady of Beverly, New Jersey, how the good and delight which ST. NICHOLAS affords may be extended, and hundreds of children who are hungry for such reading, and illustrations may be supplied.

Out in Oregon, I have six nephews and nieces, whom I have never seen. I wanted to make them a Christmas present, and

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gone to them
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brought on a headache thinking what would please them all. St. NICHOLAS eased the headache, and was just the thing; and so it has gone to them ever since. I cannot begin to tell of the pleasure given and received—the letters and postal-cards coming back, saying: "Oh, aunty, we are so delighted with St. NICHOLAS! It is just splendid!"

While in Kansas, I managed to let a good many children read my copy before sending it to Oregon; and just here comes the place to say what I am writing for.

I know there are hundreds of kind children who would willingly contribute toward copies for other children who have no such reading, nor means to get it, if only they knew how and where to send. Perhaps many of you have helped to endow the "Churchman Cots" in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and other places, during the last year.

If some wise man or woman could suggest the better way, how many more copies of St. NICHOLAS can be put into the hands and homes of children who have no such pleasures! Surely to all of us occurs some child or family to whom a whole year can be made happy every month, by a gift of St. NICHOLAS, which may be subscribed for at any time of the year. Think of the untold happiness that can be given, if only the army of St. NICHOLAS's patrons will enlist and scatter the magazine in the homes now without it.

AUNT JANE.

Spencer, Ind., 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl six years old, and I want to write a letter to the Letter-Box and surprise my papa. Papa has taken the St. NICHOLAS for me three years. I think your pictures and stories are very nice. I have a pretty canary bird, but I am a bird-defender. I went to the "Centennial," and saw the Colorado woman's museum you told us about. Good-bye.

EDNA FOWLER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this "piece of Poetry," requesting that we sign it only with his "initial:"

THE AURORA.

THE Aurora is a balloon of colour yellow,
Able to sail across brooks, rivers, and meadows;
Made of cotton and of cords by human men
And filled about one third with hydrogen.

It rose up in the air; a beautiful sight!
And like a bird commenced its airy flight;
To seaward it went, pushed by a gentle breeze,
And, going, men could see its size diminishing.

Beautiful as the sun shown on its sides,
We men below shouted, yelled and cried;
When Godard, the owner of the balloon,
Waved his hat, but he out of sight was soon.

The Aurora continued on its airy course,
Steady as a mule and swift as a horse,
Until it arrived at the other side of the Seine,
And descended near the edge of the trecherous main.

It was then packed up in a very small space,
And sent away to Paris,—that great place
For balloons, and for voyages to the moon;
And there it could hold up its head and wave its plumes
With the greatest of its race. W.

College Point, L. I., 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please publish an account of the process of the manufacture of marbles in your next number? I have asked several teachers, but have been quite unsuccessful in learning how, and where they are made.

I thought I would ask you, as the St. NICHOLAS is always eagerly read, and the boys will be ever so much obliged for the information. —Very respectfully,

CLARA S. MARHOLD.

MAKING MARBLES.

In making marbles, glass, agate, china, or porcelain and crystalline limestone or marble are used; and by painting, glazing, polishing, and decorating these materials, over one hundred different kinds of marbles are manufactured. The cheaper marbles are made of common crockeryware. Girls and boys pick up small lumps of the wet clay, and skillfully roll them into little balls in their hands. These balls of clay are then ranged on tables in the open air, or under open sheds to dry. When they are partly dried they are rolled between the palms once more, and then placed, one at a time, on tiny three-legged stools or tripods, in a kiln or oven. When the oven is full, a fire is made under it, and the marbles are baked till they are as hard

as a piece of chinaware. These porcelain marbles are made in a number of different sizes, and in a number of shades of blue, white, and brown. Some look like the brown tea-pots used to steep tea on the stove. Others have a beautiful pearly glaze, like the best china tea-cups; some are painted in bright colors on a dull surface; and some have the colors burned in, just as the gold bands and pictures are burned into dinner-plates. You can readily tell the china marbles by looking at them closely, and there you will find three little marks or blemishes showing where the soft marble stood on its little iron tripod in the oven. The glass marbles are made either of clear glass or of the colored glass the glass-blowers use. The clear glass marbles are made by dipping an iron rod in the melted glass, and taking up a little bunch of the white, hot, sticky, paste. By dropping this into an iron mold, or by whirling the rod round in his hand, the glass-man makes little globes of glass that, after they have been hardened or annealed in a furnace, make the big marbles boys so delight to use. Sometimes the glass-man puts a glass figure of a dog, or other animal on the end of his iron rod, and then the hot glass flows all round it, and when it is done there is the dog locked up in the marble. To make the colored glass marbles the glass-maker puts a number of glass rods of different colors together in a bundle, and then holds the ends in a hot fire, and they melt and run together. Then, with a quick twist, he turns the end into a round ball, or drops it into a mold, and the pretty marble, marked with bands and ribbons of color, is finished. You can always tell which are the glass marbles by the little mark on one side where the ball was broken from the rod when it was finished. The agates,—the most valuable of all marbles,—are made of real agate. Workmen pick up bits of the rough stone and hold them against a grindstone. By moving them quickly about on the stone, the piece of agate is gradually filed down into a nearly perfect ball. If you hold an agate between the eye and the light you can see the little facets, or marks made by the grindstone dotted all over the marble. The common marbles are made of marble, or other hard stone, by placing bits of stones in a heavy mill, where they are rolled round and round between two mill-stones, and gradually worn down into smooth balls. Another method is to place a strong wooden barrel on bearings so that it will easily turn over and over on its axis. This barrel is usually placed in a small stream or brook, and is so arranged that the water will turn it over and over like a water-wheel as it rushes under it. Bits of stone put in the barrel then, tumble one over the other for hours, and grind and rub against each other till they come out smooth and round. Such a barrel is called a "tumble," and any boy living near a brook could, without much trouble, make one, and manufacture his own marbles at very little expense.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a year; we all like you very much. I was very interested in that piece in the "Young Contributors' Department," "My Squirrel." I like animals very much. Many thanks to Mr. Noah Brooks for his delightful story. I like all the stories very much; they give so much information. The "Letter-Box" is very nice; I enjoy reading it. There is one question I would like to ask, and that is, Are you ever going to have any more German stories for translation? That was the principal reason for taking the book with mamma, that we might improve in our German. I hope you will have one soon. I am going to try to be "worth my weight in gold" in sewing. I will now close.

Yours truly,

T. L.

Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you told us some time ago how to make a fort, the idea occurred to us boys that a fort should have soldiers to defend it. So, after many trials, we succeeded in making some, which we thought were very nice. And I thought the readers of the St. NICHOLAS might not know how to man their forts, so I would write and tell you, and then you could tell them.

The way we make them is this: Take a piece of letter-paper, draw a soldier on it in any position you want,—either on guard, charging, etc. Then cut out the paper in the shape of the drawing; after which, cut out some like the pattern from pasteboard, and then cut some small squares of pasteboard with slits in them, and in those slits put the feet of the soldiers, and you will see they will stand up very nicely. Then, by drawing a picture of a gun, and also a cannon, and cutting them out of pasteboard in the same way, your fort will be complete; except a flag, which you paint according to the nation that you want your soldiers to represent. Of course, you must paint your soldiers with a uniform on them.

We have also invented a nice kind of gun for shooting peas. Take a piece of cane and cut a notch in it all around, to which you fasten a piece of elastic, forming a loop over the end of the cane. Then you make a ramrod like a pop-gun handle, and over the end

of it place the elastic loop, so that when drawn back it will have a good spring, and send the pea, or anything that you may choose to load with, with a great deal of force.

Hoping that what I have told you may be of sufficient interest to find a place in your "Letter-Box," I remain yours always,

ROBERT McDUGALL.

"CHARL" should have been credited with the text of the "Christmas Puzzle," published in our December number.

New York City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried that receipt for making candy twice. The first time it was very good; but the second time it stuck to the paper so that I could not even scrape it off. I made it with light-brown sugar, for we did not have any granulated.

I want to tell you how frightened I was one evening last summer, in the country. I had been for a ride from the house where we were boarding to the village, with a little girl named Mary, and her brother. Coming back, the boy took out the whip to make Fan (the horse) go faster, and hit her with it. For about half a moment she went quite slowly, as if to gather up all her strength, and then to go as fast as she could. Mary jumped out because she was afraid, and her brother jumped out to stop the horse. I sat as still as I could and held on to the dashboard. I certainly expected to be upset; and it was just God's mercy and nothing else that saved us from it. We had to walk about half or three-quarters of a mile to get back to the house. But I must stop now for my letter is almost too long now.—Yours very sincerely,

NESSIE E. STEVENS.

South Boston, Mass., 1876.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you in this letter a new receipt for making molasses candy, which I hope some of your readers will try. Take one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, half cup of butter, and half tea-spoon of soda; boil fifteen minutes. Put the soda in just before you take it off. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for two years and we like it very much. Yours truly,
J. S. D.

Who can send us a good recipe without soda?

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN IN THE HOSPITALS.—The sick children in our hospitals would be glad to have any old books or illustrated papers which our boys and girls have read and no longer want. Will they not send all they can spare (express prepaid) to the State Charities Aid Association, No. 52 East Twentieth street, New York, which will distribute them in the various hospitals?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS. With music. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., N. Y.

IN THE SKY GARDEN. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by "Champ." Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston. Price \$2.

FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN. By Henry M. Field, D. D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

FLEDA AND THE VOICE. With other stories. By Mary A. Lathbury. Illustrated by the Author. Nelson & Phillips, N. Y.

LONG AGO: A Year of Child-life. By Ellis Gray. Illustrated. Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S
F A R
M I L A N
G E T
M

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Helena.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Calash, clash, cash. 2. Grasp, gasp, gap. 3. Czar, car. 4. Canto, Cato. 5. Clamp, camp, cap.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Maple, Rapid.

M O U L D
H A B I T
A P P L E
T A B L E
R A I S E

EASY HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Lion. 2. Camel. 3. Ox. 4. Ape. 5. Dog. 6. Cat. 7. Seal.

CHARADE.—Pantry.

SHAKSPEARIAN ACROSTIC.—Macbeth, Othello.

M —ercuti— O
A —s You Like I— T
C—ardinal Pandulp—H
B —eatric— E
E —ar— L
T —uba— L
H —orati— O

ENIGMA.—Abraham Lincoln.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A—L—E
A—D—I—E—U
S—L—I—V—E—R—S
R—E—E—L—S
A—R—T

RIDDLE.—Clove, love, glove, clover.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Noise—is one. 2. Do but—doubt. 3. Trap meant—apartment. 4. Pieces—specie. 5. Motion read—moderation.

SQUARE-WORD.—Larch, Adore, Royal, Cramp, Helps.

REBUS, No. 2.—The Witches Spell. Spell it who can.

ess|pea|e|ell|eye|tea|doubleyou|aitch|oh|sea|aye|en
S|P|E|L|L|I|T| W | H | O | C | A | N

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received from Frieda E. Lippert, Josie M. Brown, Edward W. Robinson, Menetta Lyon, Willie Dibblee, A. Carter, Jessie E. Stevens, "Alex," William W. Chipchase, "Capt. Nemo," Emma Elliott, Ella G. Condie, Hal Glenn, Yetta M. Smith, Alice Barlow Moore, Bessie Y. B. Benedict, J. Montgomery, May Holmes, B. P. Emery, "L. E.," Charles Henry Field, W. M. Jones, Laura Hannaberg, Jeannie D. Adams, Elias W. R. Thompson, Harry Otis, Jennie L. Bird, Aggie Rhodes, Howard S. Rogers, Carrie Hart, Elizabeth Sherrerd, G. B. M., Madge Shepard, Allie Bertram, "J. R.," Lewis Harlam, Louise Hinsdale.

TRIPLE PUZZLE.—I. Concealed words: Modes, oust, omega, never, level. II. I, I, gang, heath, tablet. III. Complete words between primals and finals: Ode, us, Meg, eve, —, an, eat, able. III. Primals and finals: Moonlight and Starlight.

M —ode— S
O —us— T
O —meg— A
N —eve— R
L —cve— L
I — I
G —an— G
H —eat— H
T —able— T

PUZZLE.—MALICE

ICESPAR
SPARROW
ROWEL
ELBOW
BOWER
ERRAND.

EASY ENIGMA.—Foliage.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Arabia.

A T H E N S
B R A Z I L
F R A N C E
L I S B O N
P E R S I A
A L A S K A

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Madrid, Lisbon. MeaL, Alibl, DresS, Roß, IndigO, DeN.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Verbena. 2. Violet. 3. Heart's-ease. 4. Heliotrope. 5. Tuberose. 6. Bachelor's-button. 7. Rose geranium.

CENTRAL EXCEPTIONS.—

H O — P — E S
D R — E — A M
T O — N — E S
T I — G — E R
R O — U — S E
M A — I — Z E
P I — N — E S

H O E S
D R A M
T O E S
T I E R
R O S E
M A Z E
P I E S

Centrals: Penguin.

HOURL-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. DUTIFULNESS. 2. Inclining. 3. Integrity. 4. Part of the body.
5. Found in every dictionary. 6. A lawyer's reward. 7. A giver.
8. A ghost. 9. Endless.

The centrals, read downward, name a rare virtue.

ATLANTIC CITY.

ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.

1. Wet lances. 2. Not larches. 3. Warn no eels. 4. Race Susy.
5. Torn meal. 6. Covered pin. 7. Aunt, guess it. 8. To romp
thus. A. C.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of four letters, the sum of which is 1551.

1. My 1 + my 4 = 30 × my 3.
2. My 2 × my 4 = ½ my 1.
3. My 3 × my 1 = 100 × my 4.

STALLKNECHT.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.

Find the sums expressed in all the horizontal rows, and then add them together, to find the complete sum expressed by the rebus.



DIFFICULT DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A hotel. 3. A shelf. 4. A festival. 5. The power of foreseeing. 6. Reservoirs. 7. Previous deliberation. 8. Delineations. 9. Not easily seen. 10. Repetitions of sleep-walking. 11. Inquiry. 12. Confusion. 13. Guardians. 14. A wonder. 15. Black. 16. A beverage. 17. A vowel.

ATLANTIC CITY.

ENIGMA.

(By a very little girl.)

My first is in parrot,
My second in plate,
My third is in carrot;
My fourth is in wait;
My fifth is in trousers;
And also in pants;
And my whole is a beautiful
City in France.

NELLIE KELLOGG.

DOUBLE MEANINGS.

1. A CITY in Wisconsin, or a French author. 2. A city in France, or devastation. 3. A city in Ireland, or a piece of bark. 4. A city in New York, or an animal. 5. A city in France, or journeys. 6. A city in France, or wild animals. 7. A city in England, or a meager flower.

GRUMBO.

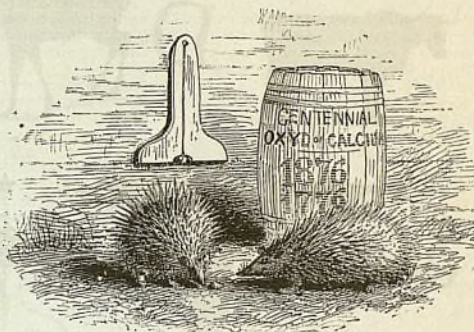
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer contains twenty-five letters. The 3, 1, 5, 20, 4, 2 is raised. The 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 is what some men dread to do. The 19, 7, 22, 8, 16 is to quench. The 23, 25, 24, 14, 15 is good for the sick. The 21, 18, 6, 17 is seen in factories. The whole is a true axiom.

D. C.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

Find four fruits in the picture.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two cities in Europe.

1. A domestic animal. 2. A bitter plant. 3. A necessary of life.
4. A coloring matter. 5. A noted desert.

B. P.

NOVEL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

COMPLETE the diamond with only two letters of the alphabet.

-
- E -
- E - E -
- E -
-

LITTLE BRUNETTE.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A BEAUTIFUL flower. 2. A precious stone. 3. Part of a ship.
4. A girl's name.

ISOLA.



PICTURE-PUZZLE.

1. WHY is this a festive occasion? 2. Why is it like half the year in the tropics? 3. What public officers do these children resemble? 4. Why is this like a breaking of the dykes in Holland? 5. Why are the children like the dial at noon? 6. Why like the seats in a circus? 7. Why is one of them like a proud lady? 8. Why is her hair like a person receiving a reprimand? 9. Why are her knees like warriors of old? 10. Why does the boy need a new jacket? 11. What would a little child say on hiding that would remind you of two of these children?

B.

REBUS.



HIDDEN WORDS.

FIND eighteen French words in the following sentences, without displacing a letter (the accents must be left to the imagination):
Do drag outsiders from the tent; let them combat only on the field.

J. S.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A manner of drinking. 3. To look steadily.
4. A valuable gem. 5. Expresses arrogance or vanity. 6. Denotes conclusion. 7. A consonant.

E. R.

RIDDLE.

I AM a god, and at my feet
Lo! kneeling throngs pay reverence meet.
I sprang from chaos and from strife,
A primal element of life.
The fleeting centuries I span,
A terror and a slave to man.
I shine at hand, I shine afar;
I am a sun, I am a star.
I am a blessing, and a curse;
I dance in air, I breathe in verse;
And, when immortal passions roll,
I glow within the poet's soul.
Cut off my head—more dreadful now
I flash beneath the Thunderer's brow,
When swift his mighty bolts are hurled
To overawe a trembling world.
Cut off my tail, I bend and sigh
Beneath a gloomy northern sky;
Unknown to me the riches rare
Of Tropic suns and balmy air.
The snows lie heavy on my head;
I plant my feet among the dead,
Yet wake to life if o'er me roll
The terrors of my awful whole.

J. S. N.

EASY ENIGMA.

I HAVE an 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 to 1 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 stating that
I 1, 2, 3, 4 that 5, 6, 7, 8 should be spelled always with a Z.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. Is found in ships. 2. Is to imitate. 3. Is a deputy. 4. Is a ghost. 5. Is an entrance. 6. Is to endeavor. 7. Is found in vessels.

STALLKNECHT.

EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

FIVE letters. Left to right: A precious stone. Right to left: A common stone.

1. A constellation. 2. Alert. 3. The sea-shore. 4. Condition. 5. A bird's home.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

ONCE on a time, a good —,
Whose mournful tale I now —,
Feasting, with spirits much —,
Would not be warned till 't was too —;
In short, he died of what he —.

A. M.

CONCEALED DIAMOND AND WORD-SQUARE.

1. FROM the letters of the following words form a five-letter diamond, containing a square-word: *Spent even ten.*

Answer:

S
P E T
S E V E N
T E N
N

2. (For our readers to solve.) From the following sentence form a five-letter diamond, containing a square-word: *Ben O. stole beer.*

CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in yoke, but not in pair;
My second in atmosphere, not in air;
My third is in drink, but not in sip;
My fourth is in deck, but not in ship;
My fifth is in cut, but not in knife;
My sixth is in woman, but not in wife;
My seventh is in war, but not in strife;
My eighth is in swine, but not in cattle;
My whole is the name of a noted battle.

BLACK PRINCE.

METAGRAM.

ADD a letter to a girl's name, and get a man's name. Put a head on it, and get a title. Drop two letters, and get insane. Change the head, and find a boy. Again, and find wicked. Behind and curtail, and you have an important article.

A. B.