

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

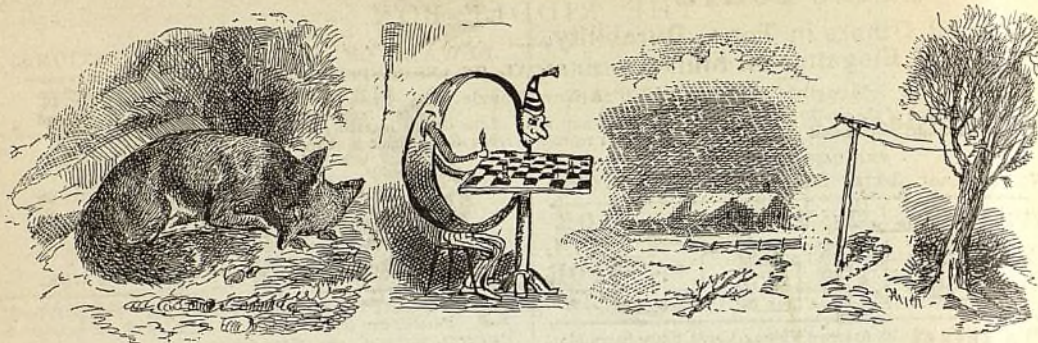
ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,  
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;  
The wind that through the pine-trees sung  
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;  
While, through the window, frosty-starred,  
Against the sunset purple barred,  
We saw the somber crow flap by,  
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,  
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,  
The squirrel poising on the drift,  
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail  
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,  
With flattened face against the glass,  
And eyes in which the tender dew  
Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
The narrow space her rosy lips  
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:  
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!  
What is it that the black crow says?  
The squirrel lifts his little legs  
Because he has no hands, and begs;  
He's asking for my nuts, I know;  
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head  
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,  
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,  
She floundered down the wintry lawn;  
Now struggling through the misty veil  
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;



## REBUS.



## HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND a French proverb, asserting the peculiarities of different countries, in the following sentence:

Such aqueducts pay; satisfying all, and proving a safe and undisguised blessing.

## LOGOGRIPH.

WHOLE, I mean to discourse upon; behead and transpose, and I am a degree of value; transpose again, and I am a weed; transpose again, and I am to rend; lastly, behead, and I am a part of the head.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a comedy, and leave part of a circle. 2. Behead and curtail a precious jewel, and leave a part of the body. 3. Behead and curtail a part of the body, and leave another part of the body. 4. Behead and curtail a part of the body, and leave an instrument for fastening clothes, etc. 5. Behead and curtail a light liquid food, and leave a medicinal plant. 6. Behead and curtail an article of food, and leave a number. 7. Behead and curtail another article of food, and leave a measure of length. 8. Behead and curtail an article of clothing, and leave a vehicle. 9. Behead and curtail a lazy animal, and leave a portion of land. 10. Behead and curtail a dried fruit, and leave a small stream of water.

ISOLA.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

BEHEADED ENIGMAS.—1. Chart, hart. 2. March, arch. 3. Rash, ash. 4. Smart, mart, art. 5. Sit, it. 6. Trim, rim. 7. Charm, harm.

HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.—"Patientia vincet."

PICTORIAL LIBRARY PUZZLE.—Spenser, Pindar, Longfellow, Lowell, Harte, Cæsar, Burns, Tennyson, Kane, Paley, Bentley, Bunyan, Lockhart, Lamb, Hood, Grimm.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Main, mane. 2. Seen, scene. 3. Sees, seize, seas. 4. Sent, cent, scent. 5. Gate, gait. 6. Meets, metes, meats. 7. Knights, nights. 8. Been, bin. 9. Lynx, links. 10. Pear, pare, pair.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.—

1. Pi—P—es	Pies
2. St—A—ir	Stir
3. Vi—T—al	Vial
4. Co—R—al	Coal
5. Sl—O—op	Slop
6. Ti—L—es	Ties

METAGRAM.—Severn, sever, verse, ever, veer, eve.

MELANGE.—1. Skate, Keats, steak, stake. 2. Skate, Kate. 3. Skate, sate. 4. Steak, teak. 5. Stake, take. 6. Sate, seat. 7. Teak, tea. 8. Seat, eat.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—William, Herbert.

W	—rat—	H
I	—odin—	E
L	—ate—	R
I	—am—	B
I	—nan—	E
A	—muse—	R
M	—omen—	T

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—B, Kid, Bison, Dog, N.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Walrus, Badger, Rabbit.

W	—e	—B	—e	—R
A	—ustr	—A	—lasi	—A
L	—ow	—D	—ra	—B
R	—ed	—G	—ru	—B
U	—ndec	—E	—mvir	—I
S	—ca	—R	—le	—T

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

OREGON  
RUMOR  
EMIT  
GOT  
OR  
N

OMNIBUS WORD.—Prate.

I.	APE	EAT
	PEA	ARE
	EAR	TEA
	P	
	ERA	
II.	PRATE	
	ATE	
	E	
III.	Tear, tare, rate	
IV.	Par—rap, trap—part, pat—	
	tap, rat—tar	
V.	Art, apt, rapt. Pre, at	

REBUS.—"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18th, from A. R., "Moon Face," Emma Elliott, Daisy Hobbs, "Elizabeth Eliza Peterkin," "Minerva and Pluto," Robert Smith, Alice Bartow-Moore, Florence Wilcox, Constance Grand Pierre, Maude L. Edgecomb, Alfred A. Mitchell, Carrie B. Mitchell, Howard S. Rodgers, Louisa L. Richards, Bessie Taylor, V. D.V., Hallie Mygatt, Lora N., James B. Hamilton, Fannie M. Griswold, Lester Mapes, Frieda E. Lippert, Kittie H. Chapman, Arthur D. Smith, M. O. and R. J. P., Edith Lowry, Brainerd P. Emery, Fred Wolcott, "Beth," Nessie E. Stevens, Ella G. Condie, Lucy V. McRill, "Toddie and Budge," Tom Landon, Alice Ostrom, C. A. Walker, Jr., S. N. Knapp, Harriet Etting, John Pyne, "Gennie Allis," Nellie M. Sherwin, Ida A. Carson, Edith Wilkinson, "Capt. Nemo," Madeleine D. W. Smith, Mark W. Morton, Mrs. L. Annie Wickes, A. Hughes Lamson, M. W. Collett, Willie Dibblee, "Alex," Nellie Emerson, Kittie L. Roe, "Mercury," J. G., "Oliver Twist," George Herbert White, "Mari-gold," Carroll S. Maxey, A. G. Cameron, "A. B. C.," J. Couch Flanders, Harry Nathan, Jennie Platt, Lottie Westland, Pauline Schloss, Arthur C. Smith, C. F. Cook, Eddie Vultee.



Now sinking in a drift so low  
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn  
Her little store of nuts and corn,  
And thus her timid guests bespoke:  
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—  
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-jay,  
Before your supper's blown away!  
Don't be afraid; we all are good;  
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou, whose care is over all,  
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,  
Keep in the little maiden's breast  
The pity which is now its guest!  
Let not her cultured years make less  
The childhood charm of tenderness,  
But let her feel as well as know,  
Nor harder with her polish grow!  
Unmoved by sentimental grief  
That wails along some printed leaf,  
But, prompt with kindly word and deed  
To own the claims of all who need,  
Let the grown woman's self make good  
The promise of Red Riding-Hood!

## THE SLEEPING COURIER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IN many countries of the East there are vast territories where such things as public roads, houses of public entertainment, and regular mails are almost unknown. When people wish to travel, or to send letters to a distance, they make their own private arrangements for the purpose, and hire conveyances for the journey, or perhaps use their own horses, or elephants, or camels, or legs, as the case may be. Fortunately, the inhabitants of these regions are not much given either to visiting or to letter-writing.

We must not suppose, however, that the people of the East, even in countries that we consider heathen and barbarous, are now ignorant of railroads, telegraphs, and post-offices. These useful inventions have penetrated to many regions in which, to some of us, it would seem almost absurd to expect such things. In Egypt and the Holy Land,

where, when we think of traveling and travelers, our minds are apt to rest on Abraham when he journeyed into Canaan with his family and his flocks and his herds, or on Joseph's brethren traveling down into Egypt with their asses and their sacks,—you can now rush along through many of the old places mentioned in the Bible, in comfortable steam-cars; and steamboats will carry you about on the Red Sea which the Children of Israel crossed.

But, as I said before, in many Eastern regions there are none of these modern improvements, or improvements of any date, and in some of these places letters and messages are sent by couriers, or men who are accustomed to go very rapidly on long journeys. Sometimes they go on horseback, sometimes on camels, and sometimes on foot. These men often perform wonderful journeys, and the



stories told of them are almost too strange to believe. Often a courier will ride hundreds of miles without resting, and, jumping from a tired horse and mounting a fresh one, keep on by day and night until the journey's end is reached.

The pony-riders who carried the mail in our far-western States before the Pacific Railroad was built used to take wonderful rides, but some of the feats performed by Eastern couriers never have been

he should adopt some means to prevent his oversleeping himself.

So he unwinds a portion of a rope which he carries wrapped around his ankle, and slipping it between the toes of one of his naked feet, he draws out the end beyond his foot, to what he considers a proper length for his purpose. This rope is made of some substance which will burn very regularly and slowly, and so the courier pulls out as much as



"WHEN THE ROPE BURNS CLOSE TO HIS TOE, HE WILL WAKE UP QUICKLY ENOUGH."

equaled elsewhere, if we are to believe the stories we hear.

When a courier, or messenger, agrees to go from one place to another, he must calculate very carefully the time he takes for his actual traveling, the time for his meals, and the time for his sleep. Among the expedients for measuring time adopted by some of the men who perform their journeys on foot, is a contrivance which is rather curious.

When one of these men, so tired with a long tramp that he is glad to lie down on the open ground, and perhaps under a burning sun, determines to take a short nap, it is very necessary that

he thinks will burn for an hour, or half an hour, or as long as he wishes to sleep, and sets fire to the end of it. Then he lies down and takes his nap, feeling sure that when the rope burns close to his toe he will wake up quickly enough.

This is a very ingenious plan, and for a man who can run barefooted over the burning sands of the East, it might answer very well; but even the sleepest boy in this country—especially if he be a city boy and accustomed to wear shoes—might well hesitate a long time before adopting it—unless he does not object to hobbling about with a burn on his toe.



## MAKING A FAIRY STORY.

BY JULIUS A. TRUESDELL.

WE were sitting in the twilight, when fairy stories best may be told. The thin, faded after-light of sunset came trembling in at the west windows, like the very ghost of full, warm daylight, and mingled with the glimmer from the fire on the hearth.

Everything in the room was clothed in a grotesque fashion of blending lights and shadows. You might have seen a bevy of sprites ever and anon peering and grinning over the rim of the great central vase on the mantel; while a miscellaneous troop of elfish forms flitted hither and thither from one piece of what-not to another, as though they were delirious with the pleasure of some fairy game of hide-and-seek.

Twice I saw a huge shadow-giant leap out on the ceiling and stalk across; one time disappearing down behind the meshes of Miss Amy's ambitious passion-flower; at another, descending so suddenly and violently into the piano, that I fancied I heard the peaceful wires murmur a shuddering protest.

I am sure it was a fairy queen that came fluttering out from behind the folds of the curtain in the north window, and, dancing lightly away on the air to the air-castle (a reality, made of bristles, wax and ribbons), roguishly folded her gossamer wings, and began to swing and climb about in its aerial apartments,—unless you think such merry sport were unbecoming in a fairy queen; and in case of that opinion, I shall stoutly aver that it was at least one of her maids of honor.

But I am not sure that you could not have convinced me that I was wrong even then; for, soon after, the moonbeams plunged in from over the high hill in the east, and sent the shadows drifting and flying away to the corners of the room, where they lay piled upon each other in deeper darkness and confusion. Perhaps my fairy queen, or maid of honor, was only a spot of fluttering moonlight.

Sitting thus, each in his own quiet musing might have yielded to the spell of the twilight, and glided away to the realm of fancy, forgetting home, where slates and books and dishes and chores have their place as well as the fairy tales and songs, had little Miss Gertie not called out for a story.

"Yes, and a fairy story too!" cried both the boys together.

"Oh, I don't know about a fairy story to-night; suppose we each think one out to ourselves in quiet," said I, being somewhat loath to put my fancies into words.

"There's no fun in that," said Everett; "we'd

each have too small an audience; besides, what's the use of doing anything we can't share all around? Here are five of us, if Amy stays; if we each think out a separate story, four of 'em are lost entirely, for one is enough for all when it is told out loud."

"That's so," voted 'Nio, whom we sometimes call "the Judge," as a sort of a joke on his long sedate face in the presence of older company. "And we'd all be telling our stories out loud after a while, any way."

"And I could n't think one for myself at all,—that is, not a nice one such as *you* tell, uncle Jed," said Gertie.

"Tell a leap-year fairy story," suggested 'Nio.

"Oh, uncle!" Everett cried out, with the well-known emphasis of an enthusiast who has just discovered some priceless idea that all men must be made to understand at once,—“I'll tell you what! It would be glorious fun if each of us would make up a part of a story. I don't mean that we should each tell a part of the story and then hand it over to the next; but let's each make some of the persons in it, and have some one make a story of them. Say we have Gertie to get up the fairies, and queens and princesses; 'Nio the kings, princes and knights, if we want any; and I'll try my hand on a giant and a dwarf or two; then, Uncle Jed, you can put 'em all together, and put in as many more as you like."

This plan seemed to carry conviction of its excellence by the enthusiasm of its author, without any question or vote in regard to it at all, for Gertie, who has reached that estate of girlhood where she can exercise her taste in millinery, at once forsook her stool by the hearth, and springing upon my knees, proceeded to convince me that it would be just no fairy story at all unless the fairy had on a long trailing skirt made of a calla lily, and a waist and overskirt from a pink geranium blossom.

"And I think she ought to have pretty curling hair," the young lady continued; "and that splendid change of color in her wings, as if there were tiny waves of rainbows in them. And she must have a slender silver wand, with a great big ruby in the end of it."

'Nio offered the criticism that a ruby was n't nice enough for a fairy, and thought that a little, blue, twinkling star would be much prettier, and more in taste for the white airiness of such a tiny body as a fairy.

Though reluctant to yield to a boy's idea of the



fitness of feminine apparel and adornment, still, with a good-natured smile of doubt, Gertie assented, put the star in the place of the ruby, and continued: "Well, I want her to have an apron out of—"

"Oh my! An apron on a fairy! You'd better roll up her sleeves and give her a scrubbing brush, next thing,—or a dish-cloth might suit you better."

"Now, *De-ni-o Blaisdell*, you must not stop me and spoil my fairy. Aprons look nice on girls, and I know they would on fairies, and *my* fairy shall have one. You can put what you please on your king and prince, when you come to them, and I won't say a word, and so you must leave me alone when I am dressing my fairy, wont you?"

"Yes," said Everett, in a tone of authoritative peace-making. "Never mind, Gertie; you rig up your fairy in all the ribbons and fixin's you want to. 'Nio'll keep still, and when you get done, we'll make a giant that'll scare the curls right out of your hair. Wont we, 'Nio?"

'Nio responded with a grin and an ominous nod of the head.

"Well, now, if I may go on," resumed Gertie, "Fairy Starling—I am going to name her Starling because she carries a star in her wand—Fairy Starling shall wear an apron made of a pure white satin-flower blossom, and she shall have a sash to bind it on, of something golden yellow, to go with her blue star and white dress. Perhaps a water-lily petal would do, or two of them, if they were pieced together so they would n't show."

"Are you done?" asked Everett, after a moment of silence in which Gertie seemed to be thinking whether she had forgotten something of importance in the attire of her fairy friend.

"Yes, I guess so. If I think of anything more, can I put it in afterward?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"Well, wait a minute! Before you begin, I want to have my fairy have eyes blue as the sky and keen as sunshine. When she goes out nights she carries a fire-fly for a lantern."

"There, now if you're done for good, we'll introduce to you old Mr. Dundernose, the Right Honorable Giant, if you please, of this story. 'Nio, you get your king and prince ready, for it wont take me long to make a giant."

"Now, one, two, three, and here goes for the old gentleman: Giant Dundernose is a jolly old fellow, with a head as big as a hay-stack, and eyebrows that plunge out from his head like dormer-windows. He is called Dundernose because they say that when it thunders it is only old Dundernose sneezing."

"His nose hangs on his face like a great big double-barreled trumpet, with the nostrils thin and

round. It was a good thing to name him after his nose; he will always follow that.

"For boots he wears a pair of whole hides of hippopotami (remember that, Gertie; the plural of hippopotamus is *mi*). He keeps the hind legs on for straps, and wears the noses on his toes, so he can kick with the horns if he wants to. He wears an Ulster overcoat, made out of a whole elephant skin, with the head, ears and trunk, hanging down over his shoulder for the cape. A pine-tree don't suit him for a club; it is too small, so he always uses a steeple."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Gertie.

"Gertie, you must n't break in upon the thread of my giant. Now, 'Nio, I'm through; bring in your king."

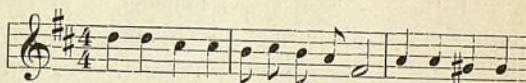
"Don't you want to put in a dwarf?"

"No. We've got almost enough now; and Gertie might be in the story too, you see; she'd do instead."

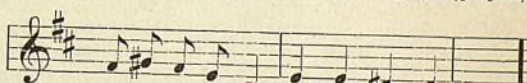
"I don't believe," said 'Nio, "that we want any king or knights. Every story has one or the other, and we want ours to be different. But I've got up just the man we do want. He's Prince Jim-jam,—that's his name. He has a jolly nub of a nose, with a mouth that curls up around it, almost meets on top, and is always ready to laugh. His eyes are not bigger 'n two black peppers, and look as lively and sharp as peppers would taste. His legs are stubbed and bandy, and his toes turn up just *so*. He has no hair on top of his head, except a little wisp that always sticks up, and he never wears a hat or a cap. He gets his name from a habit he has, every time any one asks him a question, of answering by singing like this: "

[Here the young improvisatore pursed his lips and whistled a strain that was just like Prince Jim-jam for all the world. Everett caught it, and Gertie hummed it, and soon the room whirled with the lively air.]

Gertie stepped to the piano and picked it out, and we found it went like this:



Jimjam, jimjam, jimmy jimmy jam; jimjam, jimjam,



jim-my jim-my jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam.

And thus it might have gone on, forever jumping down the keys, had there been octaves enough to travel on.

At this point, Everett, who was zealous for the success of his plan, gave me a hint that my task



was about to begin, by asking Gertie to save the jim-jam strain for some other time.

"Heigho! What a budget you've brought to market!" said I, by way of overture to the story proper. "A doll or a bouquet, I hardly know which, for the fairy,—a jumble of menagerie and meeting-house for a giant,—Gertie for heroine, and a frisky bundle of racket and royster for the prince! *What* a company to put in my hands for weal or woe! Mind, I'm not to be held responsible for the doings of your various characters. I only shall set them going, and we must see what will turn up. Your menagerie-and-meeting-house giants, however, are apt to have a mild streak in them, through all their ferocity. But one can't tell. On the whole, it is well for our real Gertie that she is not running wild under our giant's very nose, but can listen to the story from her cozy nest on the lounge. Now, all look sharp, for I'm going to talk 'just like a book.'"

And, straightway, I began the story of

#### FUTANTO, THE SILVER FROG.

On a by-road from the pretty village of Keindorf stands a large white mansion that stares out on the road like a great, dull-eyed boy. Though it is so stupid without, it is bright and pleasant within. The floors are of soft white pine, bare and neat. There are huge fire-places walled with gray slate and curious tiles wrought with quaint pictures of black knights and pink ladies riding on blue and crimson horses that prance on muddy-looking clouds. In summer, these fire-places are the coolest spots in the house; in winter, they glow with great fires of beech and oak logs.

On the mantel over the largest, and really the coziest, of these fire-places is the present abode of Futanto, the Silver Frog.

He stands there pulling at a beautifully polished shell laden with a cluster of purple velvet grapes. But pull he never so stoutly, for many a year he has not been known to budge his load an inch,—except when some mischievous child has helped him along by the nose.

Children delight to watch the Silver Frog, though he is so still. They see him pulling at the shell, and fancy him successful in starting it and setting out on his journey, and then regaling himself on his way with the toothsome load, that has been mellowing and sweetening through all these years. They never have seen the Silver Frog dance, but they often have invited him to join in jigs and cotillions, and have imagined the pranks and capers he would cut on his dapper, lank legs. But the Silver Frog has always declined these invitations with a quiet indifference. He is very set in his way, and

it would not comport with his gravity to be seen jumping and frisking about in a crazy dance. It is plainly his duty to pull at that shell, though it never move.

Such is Prince Futanto, as you would see him were you to sit by that fireside. But there used to be a pleasant tradition also at that fireside, in the days when I knew it, that told of the wonderful adventures and mighty exploits of the Silver Prince among the giant kings of the Baldese.

At home in the cool and peaceful ponds of Froschland, Prince Futanto often had heard long and marvelous stories of Dundernose and Bandy-pyradur, twin-brothers, and kings of the vast empire of Balda. Dundernose, it was said, could hold a castle in his hand; Bandy-pyradur had two hundred thousand men in his army, and a body-guard of ten thousand picked men, none of whom was short enough to take off his hat without sitting down, and all of whom were garrisoned every night in Bandy-pyradur's vest pockets. These stories may have been more extensive than a safe regard for the truth would allow. Nevertheless, when Futanto heard them, they had traveled a long distance, and he saw no reason to discredit them.

Futanto not only believed these remarkable stories, but determined to behold the scenes and the characters that rendered them so entertaining.

Time, who brings all things around, soon furnished our hero with an opportunity to carry out his determination. As frequently occurs in every well-populated community, the inhabitants of Froschland found themselves complaining of "hard times." It is needless to relate the causes of such a calamity; its only importance to us is, that it gave Futanto an excuse for leaving home and gratifying his desire to go abroad.

It was a beautiful morning in June; the sun was shining upon the wooded hill-sides, the liquid heat was trickling down upon the meadows, and the air was warm and elastic, and bubbling with the sweet notes of the birds. Our hero was taking leave of his parents and his little brothers and sisters.

"My dear Futanto," cried his mother between her sobs, "how can I bear to have you go? But if you must, be wise, be pure, be good, and I know you always will be happy."

Futanto's father drew his son aside, and quietly informed him that he was not yet of age, and that it would be necessary for him to purchase his time; if he did not, some stranger might seize him, and finding no proof of his independence, send him home again.

Futanto immediately gave his sire a note for half the net profits of his tour, and taking a receipt for the same to prove his independence to

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any curious stranger, he tore himself away and journeyed toward the land of the Baldese, with



THE GATE-KEEPER, PHELYGYRANDUR.

the usual bitter-sweet of mingled hope and regret in his heart.

Though part of the tradition, there is no time now to tell the adventures of the prince on his long journey. In the course of a few months he came in sight of the wall that surrounds Balda, and in a week from that time he sought admission at one of its many gates.

Here the prince was introduced to the gate-keeper, Phelygyrandur, a giant renowned in war and hated in peace, who had been retained as gate-keeper for many years in return for services rendered the government. This official invited Futanto into his palace, and then retired to his private office to read our hero's card. This he succeeded in doing in the course of an hour, when he returned and asked the prince if he had any baggage upon which he would like to pay duty, and at the same time held out his hand for a passport.

This demand staggered the prince, for never once had he thought of a passport. But he was fertile in expedients, and it did not take him long to decide upon an answer. Drawing himself up proudly, and tapping his stomach with a haughty air, he replied:

"I—I—I—I—I—I—I, sir, am my passport."

Phelygyrandur laughed. Then he said, impressively:

"My dear sir, I take a different view of things, and if you don't take off your sword, lay down your arms, and accompany me to the royal asylum for tramps, you will very soon imagine your legs dancing a jig in the king's platter."

Futanto drew his sword and ran out by the back door, in the hope that the giant would follow him, and offer battle in clear ground.

After waiting for more than an hour behind a projection in the kitchen wall, the prince concluded that either he had not seen the giant, or the giant had not seen him, and it would be just as well to continue his journey.

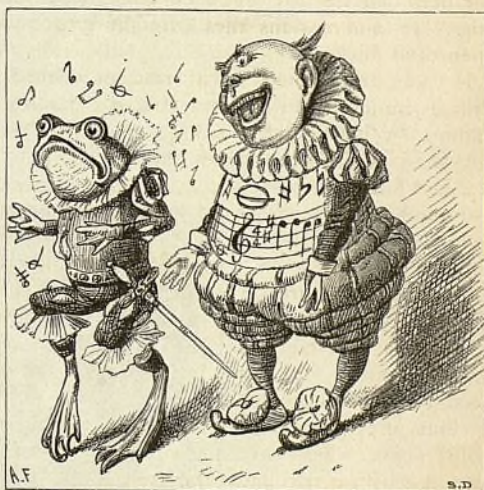
That this conclusion was a sound one, is plain, from the fact that orders were given and executed, soon after the prince's departure, for the burning of an unpleasant drug in that kitchen, which must have caused our hero some uneasiness, and perhaps his death, before he could have encountered so worthy a man as Prince Jim-jam, whom he met at the next street corner.

The two princes shook hands cordially, and exchanged cards before a word was said on either side, and then Prince Jim-jam casually remarked:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

"Certainly," replied Futanto, thinking him a harmless sort of lunatic. "Let us go at once to the royal palace."

Arm in arm, the two princes proceeded to the public square. Here they found a great crowd of peasants, artisans, and tradesmen, discussing some royal proclamation. After elbowing their way through the excited disputants, they reached the

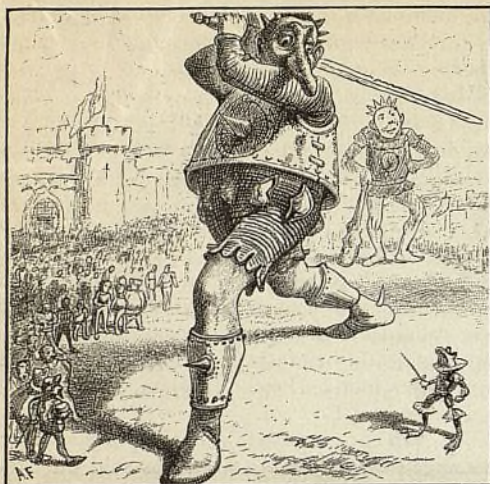


FUTANTO AND PRINCE JIM-JAM.

gates of the palace, and saw the following proclamation posted up on the royal bulletin-board:

"Be it hereby known to all faithful subjects of our most high and excellent sovereigns, Dundernose and Bandypradur, kings of the Baldese, that this day a spy from the province of Froschland, styling himself a prince, and using the name Futanto, hath surreptitiously entered our realm, and is now lurking within our capital. Therefore





THE FIGHT.

be it also known that any person who shall apprehend and deliver into the custody of the captain of the royal guard the said Prince Futanto, shall be invited to dine at the royal palace at the earliest opportunity."

It was no longer a wonder that the Baldese were so earnestly engaged by this proclamation; for if there is any one thing that will enlist a man's attention more than another, it is the prospect of a good dinner.

But it was now a greater matter of wonder to our hero that he had not been recognized before this. He at once settled into profound meditation upon the subject.

He was interrupted by a criticism offered by Prince Jim-jam, who still was studying the proclamation. What he had to say was this:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

Futanto did not dispute the truth of the remark.

At this juncture, a thought occurred to Futanto that relieved him of his doubt. If this thought had not occurred to him just then, probably he never would have known why he had not been discovered by the Baldese. It is a very good thing to have a thought occur.

Futanto remembered that in the delightful days of his pollywoghood, his mother often had be-guiled him into quiet by



THE DAUGHTER OF BANDYPYRADUR.

telling him of his fairy godmother Starling, who always dressed in flowers and never grew old. He remembered, also, in that connection, an employé of Madame Starling's, whom they called Jim-jam. This recollection explained it all; Fairy Starling had seen his danger in the gate-keeper's kitchen, had sent Prince Jim-jam to help him, and from that time he had been invisible to the people of Balda.

Come to think it all over, he recalled his astonishment at the indifference of the Baldese when he passed them,—an indifference that was not to be wondered at, now he knew that he had not been seen at all by them.

The prince was very grateful to the good fairy for her provident kindness, and knowing that his invisibility would not render him ludicrous, he knelt down there in the street and thanked her.

He must have thanked the fairy most acceptably, for when he opened his eyes she stood before him dressed in a calla lily blossom and a pink geranium. As Futanto was about to thank her again, she blinked his eyes with the light of the star in her wand, and said:

"No more thanking, if you please, my dear Futanto; you must get to work. These Baldese giants I hate; it is your mission to slay them. If you succeed, you shall have whatever you can



BANDYPYRADUR COMMITS SUICIDE.



wish for inside of ten minutes. I will watch over you, and my jolly Jim-jam shall attend you. Farewell."

Futanto opened his eyes once more. The fairy had disappeared.

Futanto immediately placed the following proclamation above the other on the royal bulletin-board:

"Be it also known to every Baldese alive, that I, Futanto, Prince of Froschland and heir-apparent to its throne, do hereby challenge your most high sovereigns, Dundernose and Bandypyradur, to meet me in mortal combat.  
(Signed) FUTANTO."

Prince Jim-jam read it through carefully, and announced his approval by softly humming:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

Another proclamation was soon posted up by

Dundernose and Bandypyradur wasted no time, but at once drew cuts to determine who should fight first. The lot fell to Dundernose. He quietly took off his Ulster, took up his sword and steeple, and in a loud voice called upon Futanto to appear.

In order to have a fair fight, our hero desired to be visible,—a state that would also be desirable in case of success. A hint to Jim-jam fulfilled his wish. The fight then began.

Dundernose lowered his steeple carelessly, and poked toward Futanto. It accomplished nothing; the prince coolly pushed it aside, and it swung around a quarter of a mile, struck a knot of spectators, and caused sorrow to a dozen widows and numerous orphans. The giant saw that he must change his tactics.



THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE SET OUT FOR FROSCHLAND.

the captain of the royal guard, to the effect that the challenge was accepted, and the fight appointed for that day.

Futanto smiled at this reply, for it virtually swallowed the remarks in the former proclamation about "a spy styling himself a prince," etc., and recognized him as a real prince.

There was an interval of an hour before the fight began. Futanto employed it in throwing away his scabbard and exhorting himself to do his best.

At length, a shout from the great multitudes of Baldese proclaimed the appearance of the giants.

At a single stride, Dundernose and Bandypyradur stepped into the public square together. Both wore rhinoceros-hide boots and elephant-skin Ulsters. Dundernose carried a steeple.

Laying his shield on the ground, the giant gave orders to his Grand Lieutenant to march his army into it and protect it. He then laid down his steeple, and, drawing his sword, brought it down with a terrific swoop that must have divided nearly a thousand Baldese. Futanto heard the shrieking of the blade as it descended, and sprang at the giant in time to escape it.

His own blow was so much for the giant that he lost his balance, and fell flat upon more than ten thousand Baldese.

Futanto ran up and cut off his head leisurely.

At this point, the prince heard his friend Prince Jim-jam singing a glad song of triumph:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."



When they looked for Bandypradur, he was nowhere to be seen. Some of the by-standers said he had gone to get some refreshments.

Futanto at once decided to consider himself and Jim-jam invited to dine at the palace. They accordingly proceeded thither, where they learned that Bandypradur had committed suicide by drinking to the dregs a cup of restaurant coffee.

There was nothing else to do now but to take possession of the palace and await the appearance of Fairy Starling, which our two friends did with the utmost composure.

When the fairy called next day and took dinner at the palace, Futanto expressed the wish that he might secure the hand and fortune of some beautiful princess, and retire to quiet and seclusion, where he need not exert himself, and might enjoy the fruit of the land.

The fairy arose and beckoned him to the window. Below, in the gardens of the palace, the beautiful daughter of Bandypradur was playing with shells on the beach of a small lake.

Futanto expressed his satisfaction, and Fairy Starling said she would attend to his wish after dinner. They then resumed their wine.

I never fully understood the particulars, but I believe that everything went well; the prince won the lady in question, and they set out for Froschland, he drawing her in a beautifully polished, pearly shell. On the way, for some astonishing reason, the lady became a cluster of grapes,—that possibly being the fulfillment of Futanto's wish to enjoy the fruit of the land,—and Futanto himself turned to silver, and Prince Jim-jam went home singing:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

The next I know is, that my grandfather brought home a silver frog, attached to a pearly shell filled with velvet grapes; and when a bevy of children asked him what it was, he told us the story of Prince Futanto the Silver Frog, and added that it was a pin-cushion for the grandmother.

"There, Uncle Jed," laughed Everett, "I knew you'd forget that it was a leap-year fairy story."

"That fight was n't much," said 'Nio.

"It's realer than most fairy-story fights, any way," said Gertie. "Besides, there's the Silver Frog, to prove that it's true."

## THE CURIOUS END OF THE GENERAL'S RIDE.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

MANY years ago, General Batashef, of the Russian army, was on his way from St. Petersburg to his home in the north of Russia.

He had reached a little village about fifteen miles from his estate, and from this place he had to depend upon private traveling conveyance. But this did not trouble him, as he was expected at home; and, when he arrived at the village, he found his comfortable sledge, with three good horses, and his own driver, Ivan, awaiting him.

As it was not yet noon, and the snow on the road was hard and firm, the general felt quite certain that his horses, which had been in the village all night, and were fresh and strong, could take him home before dark.

So off they started, and for some miles the ride was delightful. But when they had left the village about five miles behind them, their way led through a forest, and they had not gone very far among the tall trees and the snow-covered rocks which lined

each side of the road, before one of the horses began to show unmistakable signs of fright.

"What is the matter with him, Ivan?" asked the general. "I see nothing to frighten him."

The man answered that he saw nothing, either, but that he thought the horse must smell some wild beast.

"Well, push on as fast as you can," said the general, who had a good pair of pistols with him, and was not particularly afraid of any wild beasts, although he thought it well to avoid them, if it could be done.

So Ivan drove rapidly on; but soon the other horses became very restless, and then they stopped short, all three of them.

"Why, what can have got into the creatures?" cried the general, rising in his seat. "There is nothing to frighten them here. Whip them up, Ivan! Make them go on."

So Ivan plied his stout whip upon the horses, but



for a minute or two they would not stir. Then all of a sudden away they dashed, almost tumbling Ivan off his seat, so quick and strong was their unexpected spring.

And they did not spring too soon, for they had barely darted away before a large bear rushed out from between two great rocks by the roadside. He came with such force that it was evident that he had expected to spring upon either the sledge or one of the horses.

Happily, neither the sledge nor the horses were there when he bounded into the road. But he

"A lucky escape!" said he to Ivan; "for that was a big fellow, and I am afraid that my pistol-balls might not have been heavy enough for him. We are well clear of him."

"If we are clear of him," said Ivan. "I don't think he will give up the chase so easily. The road makes a turn around this rocky ledge, and I fear that that bear will hurry across through the woods and meet us again over there when we have made the turn."

"Nonsense!" said the general. "He would not have the sense to do that."



"THE HORSES MADLY DASHING ALONG, AND THE BEAR TIGHTLY CLUTCHING THE SEAT."

missed them by very little. His side almost touched the ends of the furs that flew out from the back of the sledge.

The general turned in his seat and drew a pistol, intending to fire at the bear. But the wild gallop of the horses had already carried him too far for a pistol to be of use, and he contented himself with watching the discomfited beast.

The impetuous rush of the bear had carried him across the road, and for a moment he stopped to recover himself. Then he looked up and immediately set off in pursuit of the retreating sledge.

But this was useless, for the horses soon left him far behind. The general, still looking back, saw him leave the road and re-enter the woods.

Ivan made no answer, for he had his own ideas about the sense of bears; but he urged the horses forward.

As they turned around the bend in the road, the animals seemed filled with frenzy, and dashed madly over the ground.

"They scent him," cried Ivan, who made no attempt to check their speed, "and there he is!"

Sure enough, on a rock, a little higher than the road, stood the bear. In an instant they had reached him. At the pace they were going, it was impossible to stop; but as the horses flew past the rock, they swerved to the opposite side of the narrow road. Yet they could not escape the hungry beast. As they reached him, he sprang; and



although he missed the horses, he caught the sledge. With his great fore-paws, and his head and shoulders inside the sledge, he endeavored to draw up his hind-legs,—a difficult matter, at the rate the horses were going.

The general, who was sitting on the opposite side from that to which the bear was clinging, clapped his pistol to the creature's head, and pulled the trigger.

Click! It missed fire. At this, poor Ivan, who, with a horror-stricken expression, was looking back at the bear, threw down the reins and sprang from the sledge. The bear drew up one of his hind-legs, and at the same moment the general drew up both of his legs, and rolled, sideways, out on the snow. He saw that it was time to get out.

The bear now drew himself entirely into the sledge, and looked about him. The horses galloped more wildly than ever,—if such a thing were possible,—and the rapid motion seemed to please the shaggy brute. He sat down in the bottom of the sledge and looked at the horses, as if wondering which one he should spring upon first.

While he was thinking about the matter, they reached the point where the road left the woods and led out into the open country. The way now, for some distance, was down hill, and as the frightened horses plunged along, and the sledge was whirled around a turn, where it came very near upsetting, the bear had to hold fast to the front seat to keep from being thrown out. On they went, the horses madly dashing along, and the bear tightly clutching the seat, until they reached the level road again. Here the tremendous pace which they had been keeping up almost from the time that they had entered the forest, began to tell upon the horses, and, in spite of their terror, their speed slackened.

And now the bear, finding his seat more secure, leaned forward, as if he could afford to lose no more time in making his choice of the horses.

But already he had waited too long. At a short distance in front of him, by the roadside, there stood two men with rifles on their shoulders. They were hunters. Having heard behind them the noise of the galloping horses, they had stopped and turned to see what it was which was approaching at such a pace. They did not comprehend that a bear was the occupant of the sledge, until it had passed them. But then, raising their rifles together, they took quick aim; two reports rang out, and two balls went through the head of the bear, who dropped dead in the bottom of the sledge. On went the horses, galloping more slowly, but still going at a rapid rate.

"Ho! ho!" said one of the hunters. "Something has happened! If I am not mistaken, those

were the horses of General Batashef, and that was his sledge."

"I think you are right," said the other; "but how came a bear in it? He could not have lent his sledge to a bear, especially one who drives so recklessly. Something has happened, as you say. Let us go back and see what it is."

So back toward the woods went the hunters. When they had proceeded some distance into the forest, they saw two doleful figures approaching them. One was Ivan, who had hurt his leg when he sprang from the sledge, and he was limping along, partly supported by the general, who had rolled into a snow-bank, and, with the exception of a shaking up, had escaped injury.

They were glad enough to see the hunters, and still more happy to hear of the death of the bear, for Ivan had had great fears that the brute would jump out of the sledge and come back after them.

The two men took Ivan between them, and by resting his hands on a shoulder of each of them, he found that he could get along very well. The news of the death of the bear really made his leg feel better. The general was strong and vigorous, and so they hoped to get home without much difficulty, although there were six or seven miles to be walked.

Not very long after this, the three horses, panting and smoking, trotted into the court-yard adjoining the general's stables, and stopped before the great stable door. Some of the men, who had been expecting the general, came running out, but when they saw no one in the sledge but a dead bear, they were stricken dumb with amazement.

"What is this?" said one, when he found his tongue. "This beast has killed and devoured Ivan and our master!"

"How can that be so?" said another. "He is dead himself. If he killed them first, they could not have killed him afterward; and if they killed him first, he could not have killed them."

"True enough," said a big man with a gray beard, who had charge of the stables. "They cannot be hurt, or they could not have shot this bear so well. I see how it was. The general shot the bear; he shot him twice,—there are two wounds in his head. Then he and Ivan were lifting him into the sledge when the horses took fright,—they hate a bear, dead or alive,—and ran off, leaving Ivan and the general standing in the road. Here,—quick! Bring out another sledge and team. Harness in haste; I will go back myself and bring them home. But remember, every man of you: Not a word of this in the house until I return."

The three fresh horses soon met the party on foot, and, as the sledge was a large one, they all

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were taken into it,—the general insisting on the hunters coming to his house and taking possession of the bear, which was certainly their prize.

When the sledge reached the general's home, it stopped first at the court-yard, and Ivan and the hunters got out.

The general was driven to the main entrance of his mansion, where his wife, hearing the bells of the horses, ran out to meet him.

After he had alighted, and they were about to go together into the house, she noticed that gray-bearded Michael was the driver, and not Ivan,

whom she had seen start off the day before, and she asked how this change had been made.

"Oh!" said the general, "I have changed drivers, and have changed sledges and horses also, on the way. I even got out of my sledge, because an impudent individual whom we met on the road wanted to ride in it."

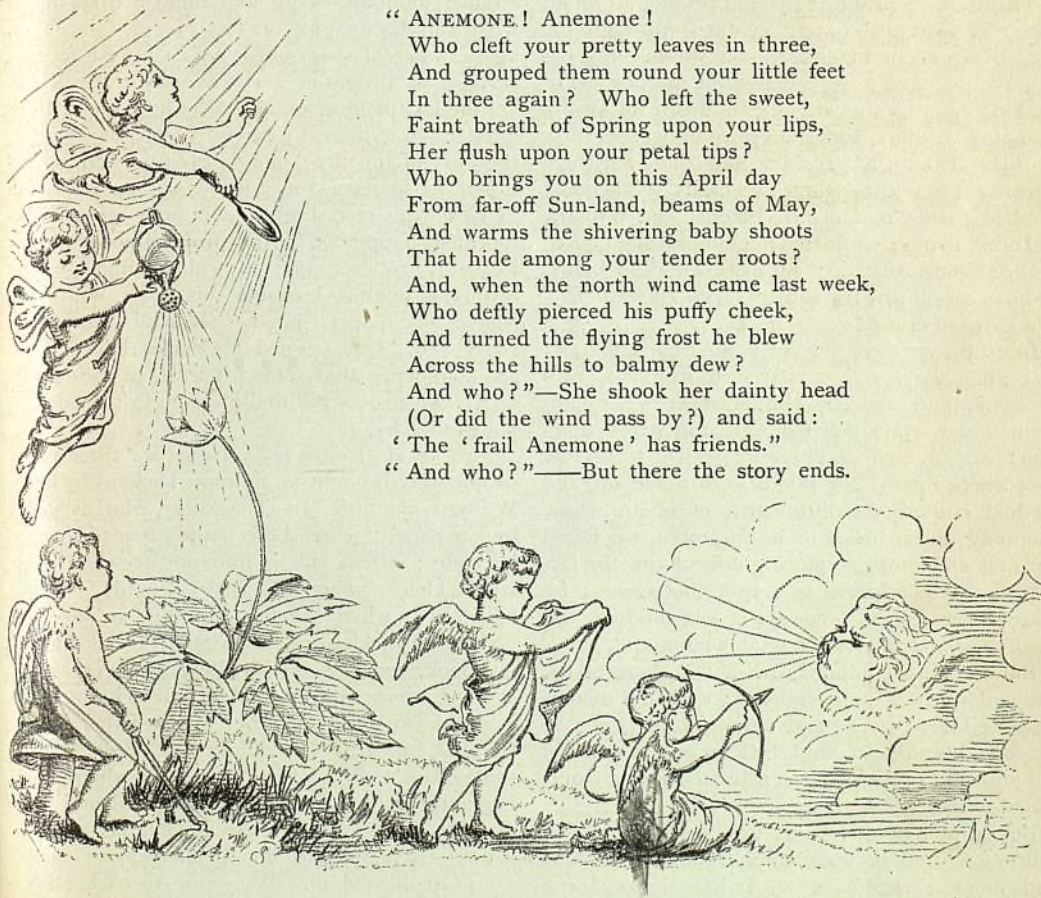
"And you let him have it?" asked his wife, in amazement.

"Yes," said the general, "I thought it well to give it up to him. And now let us go in, and I will tell you the story."

## AN OPEN SECRET.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

"ANEMONE! Anemone!  
Who cleft your pretty leaves in three,  
And grouped them round your little feet  
In three again? Who left the sweet,  
Faint breath of Spring upon your lips,  
Her flush upon your petal tips?  
Who brings you on this April day  
From far-off Sun-land, beams of May,  
And warms the shivering baby shoots  
That hide among your tender roots?  
And, when the north wind came last week,  
Who deftly pierced his puffy cheek,  
And turned the flying frost he blew  
Across the hills to balmy dew?  
And who?"—She shook her dainty head  
(Or did the wind pass by?) and said:  
'The 'frail Anemone' has friends."  
"And who?"—But there the story ends.





A BALL's a ball, and nothing more,  
When it lies upon the floor.  
See how grave and still its air!  
Not a bit of frolic there.

What is this? Can Pussy's touch  
Change the quiet thing so much?  
See it start, and turn, and hop!  
Pussy cannot make it stop!

See them scurry! See them leap!  
See the two fall in a heap!  
Now they roll! and now they run!  
Bless me! balls are full of fun!



## OUR LETTER.

BY M. F. ARMSTRONG.

THERE were once three young people, a brother and two sisters, who were enabled, through the love and wisdom of those upon whom they depended, to make a very delightful journey. For six long months they dreamed a dream of swiftly changing wonders, and the crowning wonder now is, that it was all reality, and that *we* three grown-ups were those three children. We actually climbed to the roof of St. Peter's, and into the ball of St. Paul's; we floated in gondolas and bathed in the shining Adriatic; our eyes saw Mont Blanc, and our ears heard the shrill "*Vive l'Impératrice*" of a Parisian crowd!

In truth, we were hardly more than children; and when we found ourselves in England, with permission to wander whithersoever we would, many and warmly debated were the plans upon which our Council of Three was called to decide. And when, finally, our minds were made up, and we had crossed the little strip of ocean whose chopping sea is never to be forgotten, we found our first and most perplexing difficulty in the fact that nobody considered us responsible agents; for that we were either runaways or lost children, was visibly the first impression of all who met us.

But we were equipped with a fair share of the national spirit of independence; we had a moderately well-filled purse, and almost no luggage; so we soon became accomplished travelers, and the dragons and ogres of our enchanted journey only added to its zest.

Before me, at this hour, lies the story of that journey written in three familiar hands, with here and there a sketch of an Italian donkey or a

French fountain,—here and there a dried flower from the Campagna or the Mer-de-Glace; or, again, a bar of sweet music to keep fresh for us a *carillon* at Bruges or a *Volkslied* from the Rhine. On the last page of one of these little books I find a letter,—put there by careful hands, as being, in the eyes of the two young girls who were so fortunate as to receive it, a fitting climax wherewith to close the record of a summer's never-to-be-repeated happiness. And from among all my treasures—to each one of which some pleasant history is bound—I choose this letter, written on coarse blue paper, dated "Gadshill Tenth February 1862," and signed "Charles Dickens," in the confidence that some, at least, of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will find pleasure in the tale that hangs thereby.

First of all, I must tell you that we three young people were brought up to know Dickens by heart. We were like little Miss Thackeray, who, as quoted by her papa, "when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is unhappy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' over again." We had, moreover, the good fortune to know of him as the warm personal friend of our father, and to feel that, by virtue of auld lang syne, we had at least some claim upon his friendship. So when, in the late autumn, we came back to England and found that Mr. Dickens had begun his famous readings, it was very plain to us that in one way or another we must hear him. We made to each other a



solemn declaration that we would expatriate ourselves, or take other equally desperate measures, rather than return to America without compassing our end. The difficulty lay in the fact that he was reading only in the provinces, and it was by no means easy to find out where or how to catch him. The Council of Three had a protracted meeting, the result of which was, that my brother wrote directly to Mr. Dickens, telling him of our desire, and asking if he would be kind enough to advise us what to do. Quickly came back a little note, asking us to meet him at Colchester, where he was to read on a certain evening the trial from "Pickwick" and selections from "Nicholas Nickleby." You, who are feeling now, as we felt then, the eagerness of youth, will understand that from that moment the matter required little consideration. Colchester is distant fifty miles or thereabouts from London, and is the old Camelodunum of the Romans, with ruins and antiquities which ought to have interested us deeply, but which in truth occupied a very small share of our attention.

We were going to see and hear the man whose books had given us hours of keen delight,—the man who had made us laugh with Sam Weller, shudder with Oliver Twist, and cry with Paul Dombey,—ruins and antiquities must bide their time. So, a few days later, in the autumnal twilight, we were met on the platform at Colchester by the young man then officiating as Mr. Dickens's secretary, who took us at once to the queer old English inn,—than which we could have found no fitter place wherein to meet him who wrote of "Boots at the Holly-tree Inn," and those two dear little runaways.

Can anybody imagine how we felt when, half an hour later, a fat and solemn waiter appeared at our door to inform us that "Mr. Dickens himself had ordered supper for us?" And cannot everybody understand that our appetites were rather taken away than stimulated when we found that our supper was evidently the work of a host who remembered the days of his youth, and had found time to give thought to the young people he was entertaining? Everything that the appetite of sixteen was likely to fancy was there,—even to a certain kind of little custards which Mr. Dickens had selected as being sure to please the "young ladies."

And then we were taken off to the theater, and ensconced in a corner where we could see and hear better than anybody else, and where we caught, more than once during the evening, sideways smiles from the world-known eyes and mouth that were so quick and keen in their glances and expression. Of the reading itself I can say nothing; ask your parents about it; those who have

heard it know what it was to them; while to those who have not been so fortunate, descriptions can only be an aggravation of their ill-luck.

We, at least, were more than satisfied as to the greatness of our favorite, and after the reading was over, it was with not a little trembling that our insignificant feet followed the attendant to the dressing-room, where Mr. Dickens, in his shirt-sleeves, was walking rapidly up and down, as a means of getting through with the cooling and calming process which was always necessary after the great excitement and exertion of his reading.

The thing which struck me first, and which has always remained my strongest impression about him, was his power of putting himself in complete sympathy with other people; and I believe that to be the key-note of his genius. During that hour, and the hours which followed it,—for we went back with him to the inn and sat beside him while he ate his hearty supper,—he was literally one of us,—a boy,—only a boy beyond compare in exuberance of mirth, quickness of wit, and inexhaustible capacity for happiness. He was absolutely never still, mentally or physically; thoughts, words, and gestures followed each other in bright succession, till it was little wonder that my sister and I went to bed thoroughly exhausted, to pass a night of mingled dreams and sleeplessness, under the canopy of our queer old dingy four-poster.

In the morning, we woke to find a smart little snow-storm going on, but none the less cheery was the breakfast with Mr. Dickens; for his was a gayety dependent neither on weather, nor hours, nor people. I wonder if he suspected that the hand of the young girl who poured his tea trembled to that extent that she always since has felt it to have been a mercy that she did not forever disgrace herself by letting fall the cups and saucers,—and I wonder what he thought of the two solemn little Yankee maidens who received his gay hospitality with such serious appreciation.

Through the softly falling snow we came back together to London, and on the railway platform parted with a hearty hand-shaking from the man who will forever be enshrined in our hearts as the kindest and most generous, not to say most brilliant, of hosts. Our gratitude was too exuberant to be satisfied without some speedy and tangible manifestation; so, after some deliberation, we decided to take advantage of our knowledge of Mr. Dickens's special weakness. He was a constant smoker and a connoisseur in cigars, and on the whole, we believed that nothing within our reach would please him more than a box of what he called "American cigars." Therefore, the best that we could find was bought and sent to him; and this is what came to us in return,—"Our



Gads Hill Place,  
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Tenth February 1862

My Dear Girls

— For if I were to write "young friends," it would look like a schoolmaster's; and if I were to write "young ladies," it would look like a schoolmistress's; and worse than that, neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character with our snowy ride that tooth-chattering morning.

I cannot tell you how gratified I was by your remembrance, or how often I think of you as I smoke the admirable cigar. But I almost think you must have had some magnetic consciousness across the Atlantic, of my whipping my love towards you from the garden seat. My daughter says that when

Monday, Tenth February, 1862.

Letter,"—which we keep as a precious memento of our delightful visit to Charles Dickens. I must tell you here that the expression "little public affairs at home" refers to the War of the Rebellion.

MY DEAR GIRLS—For if I were to write "young friends," it would look like a schoolmaster's; and if I were to write "young ladies," it would look like a schoolmistress's; and worse than that, neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character with our snowy ride that tooth-chattering morning. I cannot tell

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You have settled those little public affairs at home, she hopes, you will come back to England (possibly in United States) and give a minute or two to this part of Kent. Her words are, "a day or two"; but I remember your Italian flights, and correct the message.

I have only just now finished my country readings, and have had nobody to make breakfast for me since the remote ages of Colchester!

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

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Ever faithfully yours

CHARLES DICKENS.



## HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XX.

## SAM LONGSHORE SOLVES THE PROBLEM.



THE terrible catastrophe of the night before seemed something far off and unreal to Jacob as he stood again on the shore that lovely summer morning. The thunder-storm, the darkness and deluging rain, the upsetting of the boat, the struggle in the water, the rescue of Florie, the search for Alphonse, the departure of the steamboat down the river, and of the tug in the opposite direction, the appalling loneliness of his situation on the shore and in the great woods,—was not all this something he had experienced long ago, or in a dream?

The peddler, who proved to be rather tall and rather bent, now that he stood on the muddy slope of the bank, walked about in a stooping attitude, looking sharply at everything while he listened to Jacob's explanations, nodding the little head on his lean neck and shoulders, puckering his dry mouth, and appearing wise. At length he said:

"I've heard enough, and I've seen enough. My mind is made up about it."

"About what?" said Jacob.

Sam Longshore stuffed a heavy pinch of tobacco into his mouth, rolled it into his cheek, looked immensely philosophical, and proceeded:

"This hull thing. You can't tell me anything more, or show me anything, that will change my opinion. My mind is as clear about it as it is on the subject of the moon's connection with the tides, which reminds me that there is one kind of force that aint connected with the heat of the sun. You are an Ohio boy, so you never saw what is called a tide-mill. The tides flow twice a day on the sea-coast, and run up into cricks and rivers, and then run out again with the ebb. Dams are built in some places with gates that let the water run up, but ketch it as it goes to run down. That gives a water-power which does n't come from the rain caused by the condensation of the vapor raised by the heat of the sun. But I told you there was a power back of the heat of the sun—the power of gravitation. And it's that that causes the tides, the waters of the sea being attracted by the moon. So you see that, after all, there is only one great source of power, as I told you."

"But tell me about this!" said Jacob, trembling with anxiety. "What have you found out?"

"You see these trees with their tops in the water and their roots in the mass of earth that slid down the bank with 'em."

"Of course I see them!" said Jacob, impatiently.

"Well, see 'em some more," said the positive philosopher, dryly; "for they're a part of my theory. Now notice the gully in the bank, where the water from last night's rain is still trickling. A pile of water comes down there in a wet time. But in a dry time it's dry. It was dry at the beginning of the shower last evening. Ye take it all in?"

Sam Longshore looked at Jacob with an air of philosophical inquiry.

"Yes, I guess so," said Jacob; "all there is to take."

"Now, you say this Professor Pinkey had money about him; and, more partic'larly, some of your money."

"He had all of my money," said Jacob.

"And he had n't paid his fare or yours on the steamboat. But he had played cards with the blackleg. Now, don't you see what I'm drifting at?"

"No, I don't," said Jacob; "and I wish you would tell me!"

"Don't be nervous, don't be nervous," said the peddler, with his dry, leathery smile. "Learn to take a philosophical view of things. If you had the science of human nature, as I have, you'd see what I mean. I wonder the captain of the steamer did n't see it. Which reminds me to say that his stopping his boat to look for a drowned passenger was an unheard-of thing on this river. I was aboard a steamboat once, below Leavenworth, just out of the Horseshoe Bend, when a man fell overboard in the night. I saw him go, and gave the alarm. And how long do you suppose the steamer stopped? About five minutes. They did n't even lower a boat for the poor fellow. 'He's drowned by this time,' says the captain; 'heavy freight, good many passengers; we're in a hurry!' And on we went. Oh, I tell you, life is cheap on this river!"

"But Mr. Pinkey was acquainted—that is, he had got acquainted—with the captain," said Jacob.

"That made the difference, probably. That accounts for the captain's trusting him for your fares, and wanting to get hold of that belt. Otherwise, and aside from that, I'm astonished."



"How, astonished? What *do* you mean?" implored Jacob.

"What I mean is, your Professor Pinkey is playing 'possum." And the philosophical Sam smiled with the most satisfied and offensive self-conceit.

"Playing ——" stammered Jacob.

"'Possum," said Longshore. "You know the 'possum, or opossum, one of the queerest creatur's in nature. The mother has a pouch at her breast, which she puts her young ones in; she holds it open with her fore-paws and drops them in with her teeth. She carries 'em about in it till they get big enough to ride on her back, and hold on to her tail by twisting their tails about it—the funniest sight ye ever did see! The niggers have great fun hunting 'em moonlight nights."

"So do white boys," exclaimed Jacob, impatient to the point of vexation. "I've seen 'possums; I don't want a sermon on 'em now!"

"But you want to know what I think, and I'm telling ye," was the philosophical reply. "The 'possum, when caught, has a curious trick of making believe dead. You may stir it up with a stick, and even put your knife into its hide, and it'll lie perfectly quiet, but watching its chance to escape."

"I know all that!" said Jacob, despairingly. "But it is n't possible you can mean that my friend, Mr. Pinkey ——"

"Yes, it is possible," said Sam. "I mean, Mr. Pinkey aint drowned any more 'n you or I."

Jacob stared at him. The peddler continued:

"Now see how everything works into my theory. Pinkey had gambled, and most likely lost money. He owed the captain; he owed you. The boat capsized at just the right time and in the right place. In the confusion he got into the tree-tops without being seen. The tree-tops hid him while he got into that gully there, and he climbed up that into the woods."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Jacob, almost angrily.

"You don't *want* to believe it," said Longshore, with a quaint smile.

"No, I don't! I'd as lief think my friend was drowned,—almost,—as believe he would be so cowardly and so mean!" replied Jacob, with passionate earnestness.

"That accounts for it," said the philosopher. "It's about the hardest thing to get a man to believe what he don't want to believe. You'd rather, of course, think that money-belt is in the river than that a rascal has run away with it. I should if 't was mine. There'd be more chance of seeing my money again."

"I don't care for the money," cried Jacob. "And I *would* like to know that Mr. Pinkey is n't drowned. But he's not a rascal, and he never

would have left me to think he was dead while he was merely running away! That I'm sure of."

"Just what I expected," replied the smiling Sam. "Your mind has n't been used to weighing evidence in a sperrit of philosophical inquiry. But here comes Quaker Matthew; we'll put it to him, and see what he says."

Close by the shore, in a small-boat, two men were approaching, one of whom had a somewhat rugged face, with strong features, heavy gray eyebrows, and a singularly quiet, benign expression. There was nothing about his garb to indicate his character, for he wore a common straw hat, and was without a coat; but Jacob knew at once that this was the father of Ruth.

The other "man" turned out to be a boy, considerably larger, but not much older, than Jacob. He pulled the oars, while Matthew sat in the stern and pushed or steered with a pole. The boat soon grounded alongside the Ark, and the peddler shook hands with Matthew as he stepped ashore.

Jacob left all the talking to his friend, who stated the facts in the case, together with his theory, and then appealed to Matthew's philosophical mind for an opinion. Jacob also looked into that calm and powerful face and the clear gray eyes, and waited almost as anxiously as if the life or death of his friend depended upon the words about to be spoken.

But Matthew Lane, unlike Sam Longshore, did not set himself up for an oracle. He said, quietly:

"What thee says, Samuel, is indeed possible, but by no means certain. Of course, after such a rain, it is useless to look for the marks of footsteps. And it seems to me that search for the body will be equally fruitless. I had made up my mind to that as we rowed up along the shore."

"What, then, shall I do?" Jacob burst forth, despairingly.

"I will tell thee, my lad," replied Matthew, laying his large brown hand kindly on the boy's shoulder. "Thee shall go home with me, and spend as many days as thee chooses looking for thy friend. We will also have the loss advertised in the towns down the river. It is a question which time perhaps will solve, and I promise to help thee all I can."

The boy's heart swelled with mingled emotions of grief and gratitude.

"But how can I—what can I ever do to pay you for your trouble?" he stammered forth, with difficulty mastering a great sob.

"There will be time enough later to consider that. But go with us now; I would not remain here alone to-day, brooding over thy sorrow."

Sam Longshore grinned in his driest manner, and observed:

"I never found friend Matthew much of a phi-



losopher, but his advice is always good, and my advice is to take it. Anyway, I must go about my business, and try to make up for lost time. If you're goin' down the river now, I'll give you a lift."

The "lift" was accepted. It consisted simply in taking the small-boat in tow after the Ark had got headed down the river. The little engine *chow-chowed*, the paddles flew, the current assisted, and away went steamer and skiff in a style which would have diverted Jacob, had he not felt almost stunned by the result of the morning's investigations.

The passage down the river and up the creek to Matthew Lane's shore was quickly made. There the boat and the Ark parted company, the peddler promising to give Matthew's folks a call on his return from the village above.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### JACOB AND THE QUAKER FAMILY.

JACOB remained two days with the Quaker family,—days that passed so quietly that there is little to be said about them. But they were very memorable days to the boy. He never had imagined anything so beautiful as the relations of husband and wife and daughter to each other; that humble little home seemed filled with an atmosphere of love; and its influence over him was all the more soothing and durable for the great sorrow that had just softened his heart.

Matthew had a small farm, which he himself worked, with occasional aid from the boy who went with him in the boat. Jacob wished that he could have found work there too. But that was not to be.

On the evening of the second day, as Jacob sat with the family in their little sitting-room, Matthew said to him:

"Mary and I have been thinking a good deal of thy case, Jacob, and it seems to us wrong that thee should be longer deceived. To-day, when we saw thee going again to the river-side, looking for thy friend, we resolved to tell thee what we think; though I fear the truth may be sadder to thee than the falsehood that has been imposed upon thee."

Jacob turned pale. He could not conceive what was coming. The Quaker's clear gray eyes looked kindly upon him from beneath their bushy brows; he noticed, too, that Ruth gave him a quick glance of concern and sweet pity. Her mother, who sat sewing by the table, did not look up, but kept her eyes fixed upon her work with an expression full of grave, motherly solicitude.

Matthew went on:

"It is often easier and better to lose a friend by death, than to lose our faith in him and in humanity through his misdeeds. I can understand why thee did not wish to accept Samuel's conclusion in

the matter; and for the sake of thy young heart, I wish we might say it was wrong. But I am now well convinced that it is in the main correct."

"You think ——" gasped poor Jacob.

But his heart was in his throat, and he could not say another word. All the while he felt the eyes of the sweet young Quakeress fixed upon him with deepening concern and pity.

"I talked the matter over with Mary that evening; and since then we have drawn out from thee a pretty full description of thy friend's dress and appearance. So that no doubt remains in our minds that he is alive, and that he was the wet stranger who came to our house and slept with thee here that first night."

Jacob started as if he had been pricked by a sharp point. He looked appealingly at Matthew's wife, who now laid aside her work, and bent her gaze upon him, with a gentle, tremulous smile.

"Yea, Jacob," she said, "I think there can be no doubt that he was thy bedfellow. He had thy friend's mustache and little strip of beard up and down the chin, and his ringlets, though they were in a stringy condition from his drenching. And though his coat was then buttoned across his chest, and not with one button at the waist, his dress corresponded well with thy description of it."

"Do not be cast down at the news of thy friend's unfaithfulness," said Matthew. "No doubt he has some good excuse for himself; cruel as it seems in him to have left thee to suffer so."

"I know he has," said Jacob. "And I am glad—if he is alive. But I thought so much of him,—I would n't hear a word against his honor; though all the while, in my own heart, I felt there was something not quite true about him; and now, to have him turn out so much worse than I suspected, or anybody said ——"

A sob, which had been all the while coming, though resolutely kept back, finished the sentence.

Matthew went on, with gentle kindness:

"And do not fall into the error of thinking that all the world is bad because the friend of thy trust has deceived thee."

"How can I think that?" said Jacob,—“after I have been in this house!"

Kind as Matthew was, he had appeared calm and unmoved until now. But these words touched him, and his lips quivered before he spoke, again.

"Now, thee must leave thy friend's imaginary grave, and think of thy own future, Jacob. We would be glad to keep thee here; but that would not be well. We could not give thee constant employment; and I am sure thee can do better elsewhere. We have a nephew in Jackson, the capital of Jackson County,—a man of means,—largely interested in the iron-works there; I will



give thee a letter to him, which thee will find of service. And I think thee had better depart in the morning. Ruth shall convey thee a few miles in the wagon; after which, thee can finish the journey on foot at the end of the second day."

This was another shock to the boy's heart. Having lost his one friend, his impulse was to cling to these new ones, with all the might of his young and strong affections.

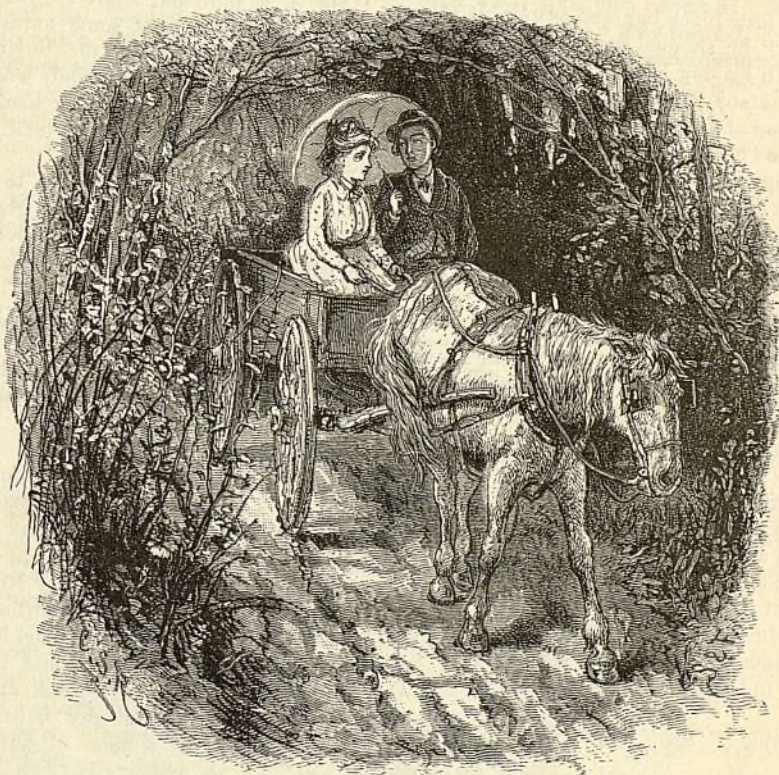
"If I go to their nephew, I may see them again," was the one cheering thought that flashed across the darkness of his future.

through every doubt and trouble. Remember that worldly advantages are deceitful, and that they soon pass away; but that truth, and the gains of the heart and soul, are real and eternal. Keep thy youth and manhood pure. Help others. Let love be thy law. Farewell!"

Mary said less, but gave him a motherly kiss.

"I can never thank you!" he said. "But I shall never forget you!"

With which words, uttered in a broken voice, he turned from that hospitable door, which had become so dear to him, and climbed up into the old



"THE HORSE WENT SLOWLY, BUT THE TIME WENT FAST."

That gleam of hope consoled him at the time, and gave him fortitude to bear the parting from Matthew and Mary the next morning.

Everything was ready for an early start. Matthew had his letter written, which he gave to Jacob after breakfast, with a little money, and a few words of earnest counsel.

"Thee has trusted an outward friend hitherto, and he has deceived thee. Now thee must rely upon that inner Friend, who will never betray thee, nor guide thee wrong. Question thy conscience, Jacob, and follow that single ray, which, though sometimes faintly seen, will lead thee safely

one-horse wagon, where the little Quakeress, Ruth, was already waiting for him, reins in hand.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A JOURNEY, AND A SURPRISE AT THE END OF IT.

It was still in the dewy morning, and the world was bathed in sunshine and silvery mist, when Jacob started on his journey, riding with Ruth in the checkered light, along by a fringe of birches on the banks of the creek.

Both were a long time silent. At least, it seemed a long time to Jacob, who wished to break



through the constraint which deep emotion had cast upon his tongue, and enjoy the little Quakeress's society while he could; for from her, too, he must soon part. She knew that he was thinking and feeling deeply, and would not intrude upon his reverie with any forced or trivial words.

They had not gone much more than a mile, however, when they heard a quick panting of steam, and saw the little Ark coming down the creek.

"There is Sam Longshore!" cried Jacob. "I should like to bid him good-bye."

So Ruth drove in between the trees, close to the edge of the bank, and Jacob stood up in the wagon and showed his little black bag and swung his cap.

"Good-bye!" he shouted down to the peddler, at the wheel with his dog Ripper.

Longshore shut off steam, and drifting near the shore, shouted up at Jacob:

"Off, are you?"

"Yes,—going to Jackson."

"Found out that what I said was about so, did n't ye?" said Sam. "Well, you'll find out, soon or late, that a good many other things I said are so, too. Think on 'em, young man, and remember Sam Longshore."

"Be sure I will!" cried Jacob, heartily.

"There's one other thing I wanted to say to you,—about the attraction of the sun and planets,—which has a bearing on the theory of —"

But just here, the lank form and puckered face of the peddler were shut from view by the projection of his little cabin roof, as the Ark, drifting past, carried him down the creek.

"Is n't he a strange man?" said Ruth, laughing.

"Yes," replied Jacob,—“the queerest mortal I ever saw. But he has set me thinking about some things, and I'm very glad I met him. It seems to me,” he added, after a pause, “that I have learned more in the past few days than in all my life before.”

"How is that?" Ruth inquired, glad to hear him talk.

"Oh, I knew so little of human nature and life! I started off with the grand idea of being my own master; and I have found everything so different from what I expected!"

"Thee has had a great trial," said the little Quakeress. "Is thee sorry?"

"How can I be sorry," replied Jacob, "since it has brought me acquainted with your folks? Oh!" he exclaimed, "after I had lost my only friend in the world,—and, what was worse, lost faith in him,—I don't know what would have become of me if it had n't been for the kindness, the — I can't say what I mean!"

"I am so glad thee came to our house!" said Ruth, soothingly.

"Are your cousin's folks—where I am going—anything like you?" Jacob asked, after another pause.

"They are Friends,—what the world calls Quakers," replied Ruth. "And my cousin is a very good man, I believe. But thee will find him full of business, and not very much like my father. Our people are not all alike."

"So I have found. I never knew but one Quaker before,—I mean Friend," stammered Jacob, correcting himself.

"Oh, I don't mind thy calling us Quakers," said Ruth, turning upon him with a sweet, bright smile.

"He is a hard old fellow!" Jacob went on, smiling and blushing at some amusing recollection. "He tried to cheat me, buying my aunt's cow, and I told him pretty plainly what I thought. It was very foolish in me; but he made me mad!"

"Thee should not suffer thyself to be made mad, Jacob," said Ruth, gently.

"I know it. And I ought not to have sauced Friend David, if he *did* call me grasping, when he was the grasping one, as was proved at the auction, when he paid more than I'd asked for the cow before, and more than twice what he'd offered. He gave me a sort of prejudice against Quakers. But it is cured now! I don't know just what your people believe, but I would give anything to be as good a man as your father! It seems to me everybody must feel how good he is."

"Yea, I think so," said Ruth. "Even dumb animals feel it, too. People from ever so far around bring him horses and oxen to tame,—break, as they call it. He never whips them; they seem to know at once that he is their friend, and they give right up to him. No dog will ever touch him. I remember the first time we ever saw Samuel Longshore's Ark. Samuel had left his dog to guard it, when my father and I saw it by the shore, and went down to look at it. The dog growled dreadfully, but my father said to him kindly, though in a tone of authority, 'Come here!' and he came right up and licked his hands. Samuel said there was n't another man in the world who could have done it."

Another silence. Then Jacob said:

"I hope I shall see you again sometime. Do you ever visit your cousin's folks in Jackson?"

"I have been there twice, but not very lately. It is more likely that thee will visit us, than that I shall see thee there. Meanwhile, thee must write to us, and let us know how thee prospers."

"And will you write to me?"

"Yea, I think so," said Ruth, simply.

That promise made Jacob happy. His tongue was now loosed, and he talked freely with his companion during the remainder of their ride. They



passed the village, and drove several miles along a pleasant country road, while the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and beat down upon them so that Jacob took an umbrella from the bottom of the wagon and held it over their heads.

At length Ruth said :

"There are the stump fences, where my father said I would better leave thee."

"Oh ! so soon ?" cried Jacob. "Then drive slowly ! I don't know what will happen to me after we part, but I am sure I shall be very lonesome !"

"He did not say just where I was to leave thee, and I think I may drive a little way beyond the beginning of the stump fences," replied Ruth.

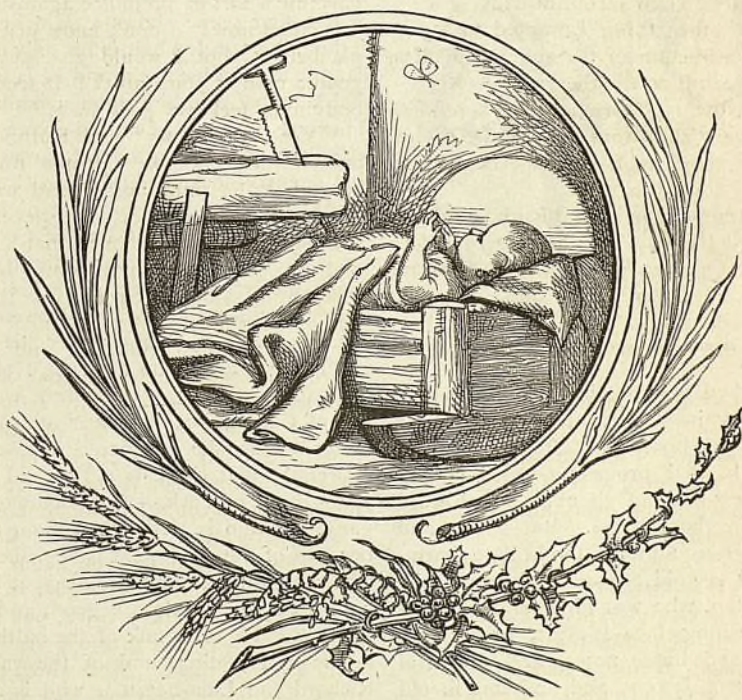
"I thought of that, but was ashamed to ask it—it seemed too much. You will have to go back alone, and the sun will be so hot !"

"But I shall have the umbrella, and thee will have none, Jacob. I shall not mind being alone, for I shall have my own thoughts for company. I shall think of thee, walking on with thy bag in the hot sun !"

The horse went very slowly indeed ; but the time went fast, and the moment of parting soon came. The roadway was narrow, and Jacob helped to turn the wagon about and head the horse homeward. Then, standing by the wheel, he reached up to shake hands with Ruth, and say good-bye.

After they had parted, he walked on, but stopped and turned often to see her driving away under the little umbrella ; and once she turned to look at him. But it was a long way off. Then she came to a turn in the road, and disappeared. And once more Jacob was alone in the world.

(To be continued.)



Not only in the Christmas-tide

The holy baby lay ;

But month by month his home he blessed,

And brightened every day.

He made the winter soft as spring,

The summer brave and clear,

For Christ, who lived for all the world,

Was part of all the year.



## IVANHOE.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I DON'T think I shall ever forget my first reading of Scott's story of "Ivanhoe,"—not if I live to be as old as Commodore Vanderbilt.

It was about the time when I was half through Adam's Latin Grammar (which nobody studies now). I was curled up in an easy-chair, with one

old tournament-ground where was held the famous fête that opens so grandly the story of "Ivanhoe;" and in going through Sherwood Forest (what is left of it), I think the Robin Hood of Scott's story was as lively in my thought as the Robin Hood of the old ballads.

And now ST. NICHOLAS wants the story told over in a few pages. A few pages! Ah! there was a time when I wished the two hundred pages could be stretched into five hundred! I hear the young people of our day complain that they can't like the long talks and the long descriptions, and that Scott's books are too slow for them. Well, well! I know that the day of chivalry, and of men-at-arms, and "knights caparisoned" is gone by; but there are old heads into which the din of those gone-by times does come at odd intervals, floating musically, and never so musically as on the pages of Scott. What if we try to whisk a little of this music into a page of story?

The first scene shows a swineherd, with rough jerkin; his tangled hair is his only cap, and a brass band is around his neck, and he is talking with the fool Wamba, who sits upon a bank in the forest. They are the serfs of an old Saxon named Cedric, who lives near by, in a great, sprawling, half-fortified country-house. And when Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba go home at night, there is met a great company in the hall of Cedric, their master. A famous Templar knight, Sir Brian du Bois-Guilbert, is there with his retinue; and Cedric has seated by him Rowena, a beautiful princess, who is living under his guardianship; and there is a pilgrim from the Holy Land in the company,—who is a disguised knight (and the son of Cedric, but has been disinherited by the father because he has dared to love the beautiful Rowena); and there is a rich old white-bearded Jew,—Isaac of York,—who is buffeted by the company, but who is richer than them all. The timber roof of the apartment is begrimed with smoke, that rises from a great fire-place at the end of the hall. Yet the meats are good, and there is wine and ale. There is talk of the battles of the Crusaders in Palestine, and of the valiant deeds of Richard the Lion-hearted, who is a prisoner (or thought to be) somewhere in Europe; and there is talk, too, of the great tournament at Ashby, where all the company is going on the morrow.

But no one knows the secret of the disguised pilgrim, who at dawn next day steals out secretly,



THE SWINEHERD AND WAMBA.

of those gilt-backed volumes in my hand, which made a long array in a little upstairs book-case of a certain stone house that fronts the sea. Snowing, I think, and promising good sliding down-hill (we knew nothing about any such word as "coasting" in those days). But snow, and sleds, and mittens were all forgotten in that charming story, where I saw old Saxon England and the brave Cœur de Lion, who was king, and a pretty princess, and dashing men-at-arms, and heard clash of battle, and bugle notes, and prayerful entreaties of a sweet Jewess, and anthems in old abbey.

All these so lingered in my mind, that when years after I went rambling through England, I wandered one day all around the town of Ashby-de-la-Zouche to find—if it might be found—the



—taking Gurth with him, and telling the swineherd who he really is. He befriends the Jew, too; and so, through his aid, procures a steed and new armor for the battle of the tournament.

It was a gorgeous scene at Ashby. Prince John, the usurping king (brother to Richard), was there with his court, and Rowena beautiful as

write their own names, and it was a long time before there was any such thing in existence as a printed book. But yet I think the show of fine feathers and silks, and coquetry, was as great then as it would be in any such great assemblage now.

Well, in all the knightly sports of the early part of the day, Bois-Guilbert was easily chief; but



THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY.

ever; and still more beautiful was Rebecca, the "peerless daughter of the Jew," Isaac of York. Of course there was, too, a great crowd of Saxon knights and of Norman barons, and of people of all degrees,—such a crowd, in short, as gathers at one of our great fairs or races. But remember that very few of the great people, even in this gathering of Richard Cœur de Lion's day, could

before the day ended, a new knight made his appearance on the field with visor down, unknown to all, and with only this device on his shield,—a young oak torn up by the roots, and the word "Disinherited." Everybody admired his motions and his carriage, and everybody trembled when he rode bravely up to the tents of the challengers and smote the shield of Bois-Guilbert with



the point of his lance. This meant deadly strife; while, before this time, all the combats had been with blunted javelins.

So the knights took up position, and at a blast from the trumpets dashed forward into the middle

This was a most splendid thing for Rebecca to do, we all thought.

The next day, there was a little army on each side in the contest: Bois-Guilbert leading one, and Ivanhoe the other. For a long time the



of the lists, and met with a shock, that must have been a fearful thing to see. Neither was unhorsed, though the lances of both were shattered in splinters. At the second trial, Bois-Guilbert rolled over in the dust, and the strange knight (whose real name was Ivanhoe) was declared victor.

The air rang with shouts, and Ivanhoe rode around the lists to single out a fair lady who should be queen of the next day's fête; of course, he chose Rowena, the Saxon princess, who sat beside Athelstane, who was of royal Saxon blood, and was her declared lover, and favored by Cedric, who sat also beside her.

But neither Cedric, nor Rowena, nor Prince John knew who the strange knight could be, since he had refused to lift the visor of his helmet, or to declare his name. The Jew, Isaac of York, doubtless knew the steed and the armor, and may have whispered what he knew to Rebecca; for when Ivanhoe, at evening, sent his man Gurth to pay the Jew for his equipments, the beautiful Rebecca detained the messenger at the door, and paid him back the money—and more; saying that so true and good a knight, who had befriended her father, owed him nothing.

result was doubtful; but, at last, Ivanhoe was beset by three knights at once,—Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane, and Front de Bœuf; and surely would have been conquered if a new party had not appeared. This was a gigantic knight in black armor, with no device, and who had acted the slug-gard. He rode up at sight of Ivanhoe's sore need, and with a careless blow or two from mace

or battle-ax, sent Front de Bœuf and Athelstane reeling in the dust. After this, the victory of Ivanhoe was easy and complete.

They led him up to receive the crown from Rowena, the queen of the fête; and they unloosed his helmet, though he made signs to them to forbear; and Cedric knew his son, and Rowena knew her lover, and Prince John knew the favorite of the wronged King Richard, whose power he was usurping.

But the poor knight was wounded grievously; and, taking off his corslet, the attendants found a spear-head driven into his breast. And he was taken away to be cared for,—none knew exactly by whom; but it appeared afterward that it was by those in

the employ of Rebecca, who, like many ladies of that day, was a great mistress of the healing craft.

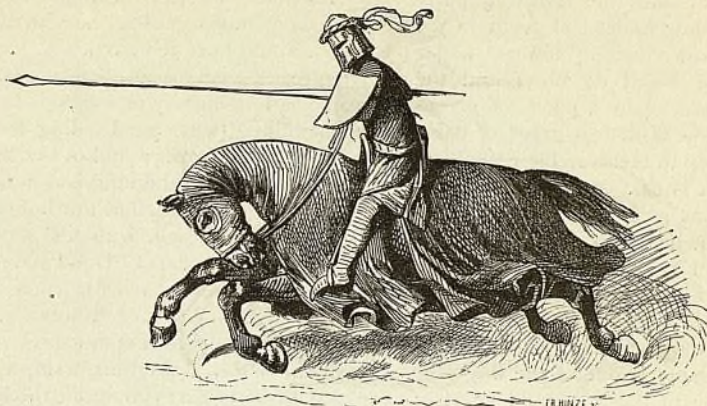


REBECCA AND THE MESSENGER.



A day or two later, as I remember, he was journeying in a litter under care of the Jew and Rebecca, who were attacked by outlaws; and after this, claimed the protection of Cedric and Athelstane, and their company, who also were

out and report to the poor knight Ivanhoe how the battle is going. She says a giant, in black armor, is heading the attacking party, and that he thunders with his great battle-ax upon the postern gate, as if the might of an army were in



journeying through the same region; but these latter did not know who was the wounded man in the litter. Even if they had known, they could not have protected him against the enemies who presently beset them; for they all were taken captive and lodged in the great castle of Front de Bœuf.

Ah, what a castle it was! What dungeons! What mysterious posterns! What embrasures, and courts, and turrets, and thick walls, and secret passages!

I see in one of its dungeons the old Jew, appealing to Front de Bœuf, who threatens to draw out his teeth one by one, or to roast him by the dungeon fire, if he will not disgorge his money.

I see Rebecca, beautiful and defiant, wooed by Bois-Guilbert, as captives are always wooed by conquerors, until, with proud daring, she threatens to throw herself from the embrasure of the window, headlong down the walls.

I see Cedric disguised as priest and making his escape, and flinging back bribes in scorn. I see Ivanhoe stretched upon his sick couch, helpless, and listening yearningly to the sounds that come up from the castle walls. I see the beautiful Rebecca—who is in attendance upon him (we boys were all so glad of that)—exposing herself to chance arrows from Robin Hood's band, who are attacking the castle, only that she may look

his hand. She says the men go down under his strokes as if God's lightning had smitten them. He knows who it must be. It is—it can be no other than the Black Sluggard of the tournament—Richard I. of England!

"Look again, Rebecca."

"God of Abraham! They are toppling over a great stone from the battlements; it must crush the brave knight!"

Poor Ivanhoe! Poor captives!

"But no, he is safe; he is thundering at the gate; it splinters under his blows! Ah, the blood! the trampled men! Great God! are these thy children?"



FRONT DE BŒUF DEMANDING MONEY OF ISAAC.

Yet even now, there are inner and higher walls of the castle to be climbed or battered down.



Never would they have been taken except there had been treachery within. A wretched woman—Ulrica, victim of Front de Bœuf—has set a match to a great store of fuel, and smoke and flame belch out: the defenders have fires to fight, and their outposts are weakened, and the attacking party press on and secure the citadel. I seem to see smoke and flame, and crashing towers, under whose ruins lie buried Front de Bœuf and the miserable Ulrica. Then, upon a patch of green-sward, under the shadow of a near grove of oaks, the victors gather slowly to measure their spoil.

The Saxon Rowena is safe—so is the Jew and Cedric. Athelstane has received what seems his death-wound. Ivanhoe has been snatched out of the jaws of destruction by the arm of King Richard, who bids Cedric be reconciled with his son; which bidding the old Saxon curmudgeon can not deny; and he is half disposed to favor—now that the royal lover Athelstane is out of the way—the pretensions of Ivanhoe to the hand and heart of Rowena. Robin Hood, in his suit of green, gets free grace for all his misdeeds as outlaw, and, with one of his “merry men,”—a certain jolly friar of Copmanhurst (who does not know the secret of the Black Knight),—the easy-going, stalwart king



“CEDRIC THROWING BACK BRIBES IN SCORN.”

has a sparring-match (which to every boy-reader of our time was delightful), and which ended with putting the great jolly friar sprawling in the dirt. What a brave, stout king was Richard, to be sure!

But the only real grief among all who have been rescued is shown by the poor old Jew—not so much for the moneys which the barons and the church-people have shorn him of, as for his daughter. The sweet Rebecca has not been crushed, indeed, in the ruin of the castle; but she has been

borne away a captive by a knight who was none other than the wicked Templar, Bois-Guilbert. Whither, none knew; nor does the story of her seizure come to the ears of Ivanhoe (for which, I fear, Rowena was glad), who is borne away to some religious house, where he will have more orthodox, though not more gentle, care than the tender Rebecca would have rendered.

After this, I seem to see a great crowd of mourners in some old monastery or religious house of some sort, bewailing (with good eating and flagons of ale) the lost Athelstane; and in the middle of the funeral feast—which the king had honored with his presence, and Rowena, and the knight Ivanhoe—lo! Athelstane himself, with his grave-clothes on him, suddenly appears! Good old Walter Scott loved such surprises as he loved a good dinner. The royal Saxon lover of Rowena was not really dead, but had only been stunned by a fearful blow. But the blow has cleared his brain, and made him see that Rowena cares more for the little finger of Ivanhoe than for his whole body; so he tells Cedric he gives up his claim.

And what does Ivanhoe say?

There is no Ivanhoe to be found. A mysterious messenger has summoned him away, and though scarce able to sit his horse, for his sore wounds, he has put on his armor and dashed through the outlying forests. He rides hard, and he rides fast, for there is a dear life at stake. Whose?

(If we were writing a novel, we should say “CHAPTER SECOND” here, and make a break. Then we should begin —)

We return now to Rebecca. Bois-Guilbert had indeed borne her away, and had lodged her in a great house that belonged to the Knights Templar. But the Grand Master of the Templars, to whom Bois-Guilbert owed obedience, was a very severe man, and a very curious, prying man; and he found out speedily what Bois-Guilbert had done; and he found out that this young woman, beautiful as she was, was a Jewess; and there were some among the Templars who said she was a sorceress, too, and had practiced

her sorcery upon Bois-Guilbert. So this Grand Master of the Templars brought the poor girl to trial for sorcery (though she was the most Christian and most lovable creature in the whole book)!

It was a sorry, sham trial: the Templars all on one side, and the poor Jewess on the other (for the miserable fellow, Bois-Guilbert, was afraid to open his mouth in her defense). He told her, indeed, that he would save her, and run off with



her, if she would go; but she scorned him with a most brave and beautiful scorn. Of course she came off badly at the trial, as they meant she should. She was condemned to be burned! Only one chance for escape was left—she might summon a knight to her defense, who must contend against the bravest and strongest of the Templars.

him that the good knight left the scene of Athelstane's coming-to-life.

The morning came. The faggots were piled up; the match-fire was ready; the Templars were all gathered; the stout Brian du Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-à-pie*, was ready for any champion; the great warning-bell began tolling—One! two! three—



REBECCA'S TRIAL.

If her champion won, she might go free; if he failed, by a hair's breadth, the faggots would be kindled around her.

But who would defend a Jewess? Who would be champion for a suspected sorceress?

She craved the privilege of sending out a messenger, in faint hope of finding a champion. And the messenger rode—a good fellow—rode fast, rode far; 't was he that found Ivanhoe, and 't was with

What dust is that rising yonder? It is—it is a knight—in full armor; he approaches—he comes in plain sight. It is Ivanhoe; but ah, so weak, so wearied, so wasted by his sickness! There is but little hope for poor Rebecca. But he enters the lists; he braves the challenger; the trumpet sounds; the steeds dash away to the encounter, and the crash of meeting comes.

The Grand Master strains his eyes to see what



figures shall come out from that cloud of dust. One is down,—prostrate utterly,—dying. Of course it must be the enfeebled and fatigued Ivanhoe. But no—no—it is not! It is Bois-Guilbert who is dying! And what is this new cloud of dust and tramp of cavalry? It is Richard of England, who has followed hard upon the track of Ivanhoe; for he has heard of his errand, and knows he is unfit to encounter the strongest of the Templar Knights. He has brought a squadron of armed men with him, too, to seize upon all traitors in the ranks of the Templars; and lo! above the roof and towers of the Grand Master of the Templars the royal standard of England is even now floating in the breeze. And Rebecca is safe, and Ivanhoe is safe.

And did he marry her?

Ah, no! He married the Saxon Rowena; and they had a grand wedding in York Minster, where now you may see the pavement on which they walked.

One day after the wedding,—it may have been a week later,—a visitor asked an interview with the bride. The visitor was a closely veiled lady of most graceful figure. You guess who it was—Rebecca. She brought a gift for the bride of Ivanhoe,—a gorgeous necklace of diamonds,—so magnificent that Rowena felt like refusing the gift.

"I pray you, take them, dear lady," said Rebecca. "I owe this, and more, to the good knight,—your honored —" Here she broke down. But she recovered herself presently—kissed the hand of Rowena—passed out.

I think Rowena was glad her visitor did not meet Ivanhoe upon the stairs; I think she was glad, too, that the lovely Rebecca went over seas presently to Spanish Grenada, though she pretended not to be.

I know if I had been Ivanhoe — But we will not try to mend a story of Scott's; least of all, when we crowd one of his novels into a few pages, as we have done here.

## TROT TY'S LECTURE BUREAU.

*(Not a Trotty Story, but a Trotty Scrap. Told for Trotty's Friends.)*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

"OUR peoples do," said Trotty. That was reason sufficient to Trotty's mind for doing anything; and whether "our peoples" were three times as big as Trotty and thirty times as wise, or not, was a matter of not the slightest consequence in this young gentleman's view of things.

"Our peoples have a lecture bureau," urged Trotty. "I want the spare-'oom bureau, mamma, vat's got a marble top. Nita said it better have a marble top, and Nate, he said he'd just as lieve play int' the spare-'oom as out the tool-house. My lecture is wroten and ready," argued Trotty, persuasively. "I wrotened it on some old ongvellapes I found in you' table-drawer while you'd gone to meeting!"

This final argument did not have exactly the effect Trotty had anticipated. He not only did *not* get a marble lecture bureau on that occasion, but his very MS. was unceremoniously taken away from him, and an old French grammar serenely offered to him instead,—this not five minutes before

the advertised hour of one's lecture, was, as any one will see, an interference with free speech difficult for calmer minds than Trotty's to tolerate.

"Trotty," said his mother, with some solemnity, "I cannot *yet* bring my mind to let you take your papa's love-letters."

"Poo' dear dead papa!" interrupted Trotty, softly; "but I did n't know he wroten his letters in you' table-drawer."

"Papa's love-letters for a lyceum bureau!" proceeded mamma. "You may have the French grammar, and there's an old bureau out in the tool-house with two casters off. That will do for a lecture bureau. Don't tumble off. Give me back the letters. Send Nate down-stairs, and now run away!"

So Trotty sent Nate down-stairs and ran away, and the boys told Nita about the bureau, and she said she'd rather have had the marble-top, but this would do; so Trotty climbed upon the bureau, and Nate and Nita sat down upon a wheelbarrow, and



they shut the door of the tool-house, and Trotty opened the French grammar and delivered the opening lecture of the course as follows :

"MY LECTURE BUREAU.

"LECTURE THE FIRST: WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

"My subject, gentlemen and a few ladies, is woman's sufferings. Conjugation the first.

"Vis lecture bureau is a little rickety, and I'll be obliged to you, ladies and gentleman, if Nate would n't just sit giggling. You can't laugh, too, unless you have four casters. It is n't very safe.

"Woman's sufferings. Hem ! Ho—haw—hem ! Woman's sufferings, my friends, is an awful subject,—a *norful* subject. It has been wroten on. It has been lectured to. I've heard ministers pray to it, and my brother Max makes fun of it. [*Pause.*]

"I never heard it lectured at on such a rickety old bureau as this.

"My brethren, women should never vote !—should nev-*er* vote, gentlemen and ladies. Vey don't know enough. Vey aint strong enough. Vey can-*not* go to war, ladies and gentlemen !

"My papa went to war. But he died. But he was n't a woman.

"My friends, I tell you girls aint *grown* to vote. They wear dresses. They can't play base-ball. Once I knew a girl tried to spin a top, but she could n't. It was n't Nita ; she need n't fink. Nita was married to me. She knows better. Brethren, I tell you vis on purposely,—women can-*not* vote, I tell you !

"My friends, vis is a solemn subject. Let me say a few words to you as a momentum of this matter. My brother Max, he gave me a nold bad cent once as a momentum of him, but I frew it down the well, you'd better fink ! My brother Max says if women should vote, vis country would go to—

"If the gentlemen in vis audience don't stop frowing paper balls at vis lecture bureau, I will *never* assume this subject without four casters !

"Brethren, 'If the donkey of my brother should carry the pink silk umbrella of my sister-in-law'—oh, hum !—*could* woman leave her baby crying in the cradle, I ax you ?

"Vat about the donkey is printed in the book,

but I don't seem to stand very straight without jiggling, and ven you hit you' head against the cobwebs on top, I fink this lecture is most frough.

"Gentlemen, I *appeal* to you ! If—oh—well—if 'the hat of my father-in-law is in the cage of the monkey of my great-grandmother,' ven, I'd *like* to know, when woman should voted, if vis country would not go to *smash*, sir ! I ax you, fellow-citizens and hearers, in the irregular declension and indicative case, if—I ax you if—ladies and brethren and fellow-gentlemen, whether vis country—"

There was a pause, and then a noise. It was a solemn pause. It was a dreadful noise. What, under the depressing circumstance pictured by the lecturer, will become of the country, I cannot say. But what became of the bureau is quite clear. If the country does not go to smash, that lecture bureau did.

Trotty says it was Nate, Nate says it was Nita. Nita says Trotty stood on one foot too long. Perhaps that one foot was the trouble. At all events, in the midst of an impressive gesture with the left sole of the other, over went bureau—lecturer—the monkey of his great-grandmother—the hat of his father-in-law—and woman's sufferings in one stupendous whole upon the tool-house floor.

Nate picked him up. Nita jumped up and down and cried. The poor little lecturer was dusty and crumpled, and there was blood about his face from somewhere—nobody knew where. All the bureau drawers had tumbled out. Nate thought they'd better shut him in one till he got better. But Nita thought they'd better call his mother.

So his mother came out and picked him up, and washed him off, and dusted him off, and tied him up, and kissed him up, and then they found he was about as good as new, and nothing much the worse for the lecture bureau.

"I fink," said Trotty, with the air of a martyr who had narrowly escaped translation, "if I'd had a tumbler lemonade and a zhinger-snap, I would n't care as much 'bout woman's sufferings without the casters."

So Trotty and Nate and Nita had a little tumbler of lemonade and a ginger-snap all around, in the dining-room, and mamma locked the tool-house door upon the ruins of Trotty's lecture bureau.

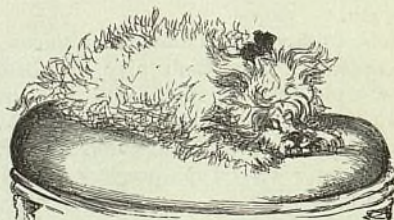


## FLUFFY AND SNUFFY.

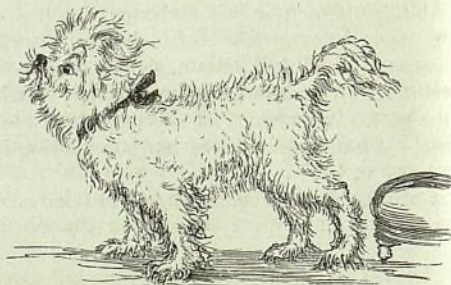
BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



FLUFFY was a little girl, with some nice clean clothes on ;  
Snuffy was a little dog, with a naughty nose on.



Fluffy had a bowl of broth given her for dinner ;  
Snuffy, from a stool near by, watched her,—little sinner !



Fluffy thought she heard a noise like an organ-grinder ;  
Turned her curly head to look through the pane behind her.

Snuffy, when she dropped her spoon, went to learn the reason ;  
Mild respect was in his eye,—in his heart was treason.





Fluffy's thoughts came back to broth, at the time precisely,  
That he turned it upside down, just to cool it nicely.

Fluffy cried and ran away, with no nice clean clothes on;  
And Snuffy was a little dog, with an injured nose on.

## THE "HOLLENBERRY" CUP.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"MOTHER, what you think's brokened? Your 'hollenberry' cup! All to pieces!" Susie said this all in one breath, holding up the handle and a small fragment of a clear, delicate china cup, with only one scarlet "hollenberry," and part of a leaf left on it. "But don't scold Will," she added; "he did n't mean to, and he's awful sorry now."

"How did Willie break it?" asked Susie's mother, quietly, and not looking nearly as much like scolding Will as Susie had expected, though in truth, she was more sorry than Susie knew. For the dainty French china cup and saucer—exquisite in shape, and bordered with holly leaves and clusters of scarlet holly berries—was dear to her, in itself, and as the gift of an absent and cherished friend.

"Oh, he was arranging the ferns in the tall vase—he and Bertha jarred 'em over, whirling about, I s'pose; anyway, they were jarred down, and when he was putting them up straight the silver vase fell over against the cup."

"And I wish," said Bertha, who now stood just behind Susie, and was half a head taller, "I wish

everything pretty we care for was made of silver or gold, or else ivory! *Then* they would n't be all spoiled to pieces the minute they were touched!"

Mrs. Gaylord smiled as she followed the children to the parlor. Will was on the sofa, and Bessie, a sweet girl of fourteen, stood by him, trying to fit together the fragments, and waiting for Susie's bit.

"I'm sorry," said Will, as he looked above the mantel, contemplating the vacancy he had made by upsetting the cup.

Mrs. Gaylord knew that, before he spoke as well as after, so she said, cheerfully, "I learned when a little girl that it was of no use to cry over spilled milk, and I am sure it is too late to begin now." Four pairs of eyes were watching her, and she did not think how well she was teaching them the same lesson.

"You may put the pieces out of sight, Bessie, and we will forget it."

After leaving them, Bessie took the bits to her own room, followed by Bertha and Susie. She found that, although there were half a dozen pieces, they were all there, and she could fit them exactly.



"What a nice surprise it would be to mother and Will if this could be *very* neatly mended," she said, slowly; "and if two little people can keep a secret, I'll do my best to make it all right again."

"Oh, we can," said Bertha.

"We truly will," said Susie.

Bessie got a little vial of cement and looked carefully at the directions on its side. If Bessie had one fault it was impatience. If there were any trait likely to enable her to overcome it, she had this also. It was the joy it gave her to give others pleasant surprises. Her drawing teacher had told her that if anything would prevent her success as an artist it would be her impatience to finish a piece as soon as it was begun. The broken cup proved a test. She first brushed the cement on the edges of the larger piece, and fitted it to the half cup. Then she tried the next in size, but, in pressing it gently in its place, out fell the other piece. This she tried again and again, while Bertha's "Oh's" and Susie's "You never can!" did not lessen her nervousness. At last she said, "I see how it is; it is a long job. I shall have to put in one piece at a time, and wait for that to get dry and tight; and that'll take one day; and then put in another piece, and let that dry, and so on."

"Oh—dear—me!" said Susie.

But it was the only way. The next day the children went up to their secret work. The large piece was in all right. Bessie fitted another to it beautifully. Then she tried one more. Out both fell.

"Oh, dear! I've half a mind to throw it away. Mother thinks it's gone, anyway."

"Can't you make one piece stay? You know what you said," hinted Bertha; "and then we can go down and forget it till to-morrow."

This helped Bessie's patience, and the second piece was put in, and the cup set away. The next day all proved well thus far, as before, and again Bessie tried to "finish the job," but the old rule of

"one at a time" persisted in being obeyed. "Three days more," sighed Susie. But, lo! on the third and last day the one little triangular piece that was left would n't fit in. Somehow it was just a little too large for its place. In trying very hard to press it in, out came the piece next it. This was put back easily, and Bessie said, "This little 'triangle hole' is so far under that it will never show, and she walked to the coal-scuttle in the closet and dropped the last tiny fragment of china down among the black coals, sure that no eye would ever see it again.

"There'll always be a hole in the 'hollenberry' cup!" sobbed Susie, as the bit of china disappeared. "Wait till to-morrow and see," said Bessie; "we'll finish it yet."

So the little face brightened again. Next day the cup was all right except the one tiny hole. Bessie washed it carefully, and the china looked more pearly than ever, and the holly berries a brighter scarlet. What should be done with the hole? A happy thought struck her. She found some little snowy flakes of plaster of Paris, and cut one with her pen-knife, putting it gently into the open place. Then she mixed up a little plaster, and smoothed it nicely over and let it harden. Sure enough it was all right. Taking a brush from her paint-box, with white paint she delicately brushed over the cracked lines, and lo! her patience was rewarded.

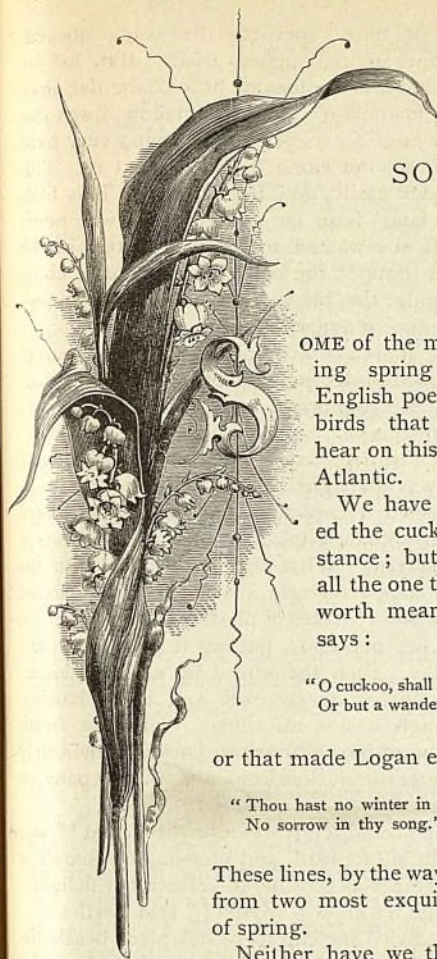
"No one could tell it was ever brokened!" said Susie, bending forward, and pressing her hands as tightly together as possible to enforce her delight.

"I would n't know it myself!" said Bertha.

Bessie carried the cup to its old place beside the silver vase, happy in two thoughts—that she had a surprise for her mother (and it proved quite as pleasant a one as she had anticipated), and that she had proved that she could conquer impatience, and learn how good it is to "Labor and to wait."







## SONGS OF SPRING.

[PART II.]

BY LUCY LARCOM.

OME of the most charming spring songs of English poets are about birds that we never hear on this side of the Atlantic.

We have a bird called the cuckoo, for instance; but it is not at all the one that Wordsworth means when he says:

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?"

or that made Logan exclaim:

"Thou hast no winter in thy year,  
No sorrow in thy song."

These lines, by the way, are taken from two most exquisite poems of spring.

Neither have we the skylark, which inspired Shelley's beautiful ode, beginning with the lines:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert!"

and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's,

"Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless;"

and Wordsworth's

"A privacy of glorious light is thine!"

And yet our familiar meadow-lark has a note plaintive and musical enough for any poet to take delight in.

The nightingales also, which echo sweetly to us from European poetry, are known here only in that way. Their singing is to us like music heard in a dream. But the whip-poor-will and the hermit-thrush fill their place pretty well.

An "Answer to a Child's Question," by Coleridge, begins with:

"Do you ask what the birds sing?  
The sparrow, the dove,  
The linnet and thrush say,  
'I love,' and 'I love.'"

And the birds of every country take the same theme for their melodies.

When the swallow cuts the blue sky with his swift curve, we are sure that summer is very near, although a poet says,

"'Tis not one blossom makes a spring,  
Nor yet one swallow makes a summer."

He well may add:

"I know not whether is more dear  
The summer bird or vernal blossom."

Aubrey de Vere writes:

"Who knows not Spring? Who doubts, when blows  
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?  
The swallow doubts not,—nor the rose  
That stirs, but wakes not,—nor the weed."

A little girl's attempt to learn her singing-lesson from the birds is given in these amusing rhymes:

## THE BIRDS' SINGING-LESSON.

Mary took  
Her singing-book  
And under a tree  
Down sat she.  
But seconds and quarters she knew them not well,  
And what they all meant the poor child could not tell.  
But she sung loud and clear,  
Just what came to her ear,  
While she looked at the notes,  
Some black and some white,  
And played she could sing them all nicely at sight.  
But the yellow-bird up in the tree, said he:  
"That is not the song!  
Little girl, that is wrong!  
'Tsheel! tsheel! tsheel! tship tship tship away!  
That is the song for a summer day!"  
So Mary sung, "Tship away, tship away, tsheel!"  
And the yellow-bird then flew away from the tree.

Then came bobolink. "I'm ashamed," said he,  
"To hear you sing so!  
This is the way the song should go:  
'Bobolink! bobolink! quank! quank! quadle quo!"  
I never make  
A single mistake;  
So sing, 'Bobolinkum, quank, quadle quo!"  
And Mary sung, "Quank, quadle quo!"



But the robin said: "It is not so;  
That will never do,—it will never do!  
Sing, 'Turelu! turelu! turelu! lu!'  
This, little girl, is the song for you!  
I sing at morn, and I sing at night,—  
'T is the only way in the world to sing right."  
So what could Mary do  
But sing "Turelu?"

Then the titmouse came, with black on his head;  
And on a bough,  
Hanging now  
Upside down, to the child he said:  
"I'm sorry to say it, but truly, to me,  
That does n't sound sweetly—'Chickadee-dee!  
Chickadee-dee-dee! chickadee-dee!'  
That is the song for you and for me;  
And how you can sing  
Anything  
But 'Chickadee-dee!'  
Is a wonder to me."  
Then Mary began: "Chickadee! chickadee!"  
But the sparrow, said he:  
"It is 'Tsheel! tsheel! tsheel!  
'Tchip, tchip, tchee!"

Then the swallow flew by,  
Quite low in the sky,  
And he said: "No, no; that is n't it!  
Sing, 'T'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'letolit!'  
That's all I think fit for singing,  
While my airy way I'm winging.  
Sing with me,  
'T'le, 't'le, 't'le!'  
Sing it, sing it:  
'T'letolit!'"  
And Mary sung as the swallow taught.  
"Now I am right at last," she thought.

But the blackbird said: "It is silly, silly, very!  
Don't you know to sing, 'Quonk, quonk querrie?  
Quonk querrie, d'ye see?  
'Quonk querrie, bobolee!'  
'T was always easy enough for me."  
And Mary sung as the blackbird said.

But the oriole swung on a bough overhead.  
"Who taught you to sing, I pray?"  
Said he. "Why don't you sing  
'Tship, tship,  
Tship, tship, tshoo, too, loo?'  
Listen, and I will teach it you:  
'Tshoo, tshoo, tsherry!  
Tship, tship, tsherry!'  
That is very pretty, very.  
'Bobolee' is all wrong;  
'Tship, tship, tsherry' is the song!"

"Well," thought Mary, "which is right?  
Which is here in black and white?  
I cannot guess,—no matter, either!  
I will mix them all together."  
So Mary sung: "'Tship, tship, a-tsheel!  
Chickadee! and 'T'le, 't'le, 't'le!  
Bobolink, quank, quadle quo!  
Tship, tship, tsherry! and Turelu!'  
Now I'm right," said she, "I know."

"Yes, that's right, and pretty too;  
Mind and always sing just so!  
Each is a good song,  
And not one is wrong!"  
Ah! 't was the mocking-bird  
That Mary heard.  
Said he: "I love to sing that way;  
I sing so through the livelong day,—

And down sinks the sun  
Before I've half done!  
Oh! 't is easy enough to sing—  
Easier than anything!  
Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! This is it:  
'T'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'letolit!'  
'Tship, tsheel too too!'  
'Turelu! turelu!'  
'Bobolee!' 'Chickadee!'  
'Quonk quadle!' 'Bobolink!'  
'Tship, tsherry, tshu, tshu!'  
'Dee, dee!' 'Tshoo! tshoo!'  
'T'letolit tu! lu!' 'Whew!'"

Very young poets, and others very unobservant, sometimes get the birds and flowers of foreign lands curiously mixed with those of our own country in their verses. Primroses, snowdrops, cowslips, and daisies we shall not find in *our* meadows on the first of May, whoever tells us to look for them there. Our only wild daisy (at the North) is the large ox-eye, that blossoms early in June,—the "whiteweed" of the farmer, and his pest, when it takes possession of his hay-field. And our cowslip is not one of Milton's

"Cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,"—

or that Shakespeare's fairy was hastening to hang a pearl in the ear of,—or that Jean Ingelow sings about in her lovely "Songs of Seven:"

"Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow."

What we call a cowslip is the marsh-marigold, that lives on the wettest borders of the brooks here, and in England too. We have the snowdrop in our gardens only; and the "primrose by the river's brim" does not grow beside *our* rivers at all. But how beautiful the "daisied turf" of our mother-country must be, judging from what the poets say of it! Do you remember Mary Howitt's

"Buttercups and daisies!  
O the pretty flowers!"

and Burns's

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower!"

and Wordsworth's lines "To a Child:"

"Small service is true service while it lasts:  
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun?"

The English daisy, we are told, blossoms everywhere, and the whole year round. Wordsworth, Montgomery, Tennyson—almost all the English poets have written about it; and the first of them who wrote of nature at all, Chaucer, seems to have loved it as if it were something that could return his love. He says:

"Of all the flowers in the mead,  
Love I most those flowers white and red,  
Such that men call the daisy in our town."



He tells us that he always rose early on May mornings, to see it open itself to the sun; and that, toward sunset, he would hasten to the meadow to watch it as it closed its petals in sleep; and that he would sometimes stay the whole day in the fields,

"For nothing else, and I shall not lie,  
But for to look upon the daisie."

And because it blossoms only in the full light, he says:

"That well by reason men call it may  
The daisie, or else the eye of day."

He speaks, in its spelling, and you will not find it easy reading at all.

Spenser, in his "Faërie Queene," has a fine description of the Seasons and the Months passing in a grand procession; but he also uses a great many obsolete words.

Herrick more simply gives "The Succession of the Four Sweet Months":

"First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array;



THE SINGING-LESSON.

Chaucer wrote of the spring with a more child-like delight than any poet since. He describes his going

"Into the woods to hear the birdes sing"

upon the tall oaks,

"Laden with leaves new,  
That springen out against the sunne-shene,  
Some very red, and some a glad light greene,"

and strolling or sitting by the brook-side, upon the velvet grass, "powdered" with

"Flowers, yellow, white, and red."

But Chaucer's English is not like the English we

Next enters June, and brings us more  
Jems than those two that went before;  
Then, lastly, July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three."

Of later poems upon this subject, well worth reading and remembering, there are a great number. Only a few of them can be mentioned, such as Mrs. Hemans' "Voice of Spring;" Keble's

"Lessons sweet of spring returning;"

some things from Shelley, and some from Keats, when you are a little older; Tennyson's "May Queen," and Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times One" and "Seven Times Four."



To go back a little,—of course Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," is not to be forgotten. But it is most likely that you will not care much for his "Spring" until you are well acquainted with the meaning of the long dictionary-words he uses. Thomson wrote just before people had discarded the idea that they must get upon literary stilts to look at Nature and admire her. Remembering that, we can enjoy him better. But are we not glad that writers nowadays have grown into simpler fashion?

Most of the "Odes to Spring," written a century and a half ago, are tiresome indeed. To attempt to enjoy them is like trying very hard to get a whiff of fragrance from a bunch of artificial flowers. The reason is that the writers themselves were artificial, and thought they could "make up" their poems without any help from Nature. Some of their productions are, indeed, elegantly made,—finished as neatly as the most dainty millinery; but then—who cares for them?

No, the birds must sing, and the blossoms must smell sweet in the verses, or they are not the real thing. The true poetry of Nature makes you feel as open air, blue skies, dancing waves, shadowy forest, and sunshiny meadow make you feel,—inspired and revived by their own delicious freshness. The poet whose heart is full of "the gladness of the May," will make his songs echo with it; and many such poets there are.

Wordsworth has plenty of poems simple enough for all of you to understand. Some of them are about the daisy, the primrose, the small celandine, daffodils,—by the way, Herrick's "To Daffodils" and

"To Primroses, filled with morning dew," must not be overlooked,—and these give us an idea of the charm of an English spring. We do not wonder that Robert Browning exclaims, from Italy,

"O to be in England,  
Now that April's there!"

Allingham has written many sweet out-of-door poems, but none, perhaps, that little children like better than

"Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,  
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!"

And what child has not learned to repeat George Macdonald's

"Little white Lily  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and waiting  
Till the sun shone,"—

and to match it with one by an American writer, Mrs. Bostwick, about a flower which has grown wild with us ever since our ancestors sowed their fields with English grass:

"Gay little Dandelion  
Lights up the meads,  
Swings on her tender foot,  
Telleth her beads?"

Well, in the meadows of poetry we can all "go a-Maying," and gather blossoms which we cannot find in our own fields,—snowdrops, daisies, primroses, and lilies-of-the-valley,—to the heart's content.

Our country is so wide and so long that spring is a very different thing in its different latitudes and longitudes. There are wild flowers upon the prairies, along the Mississippi, and across the Rocky Mountains, that never have found their way into poetry.

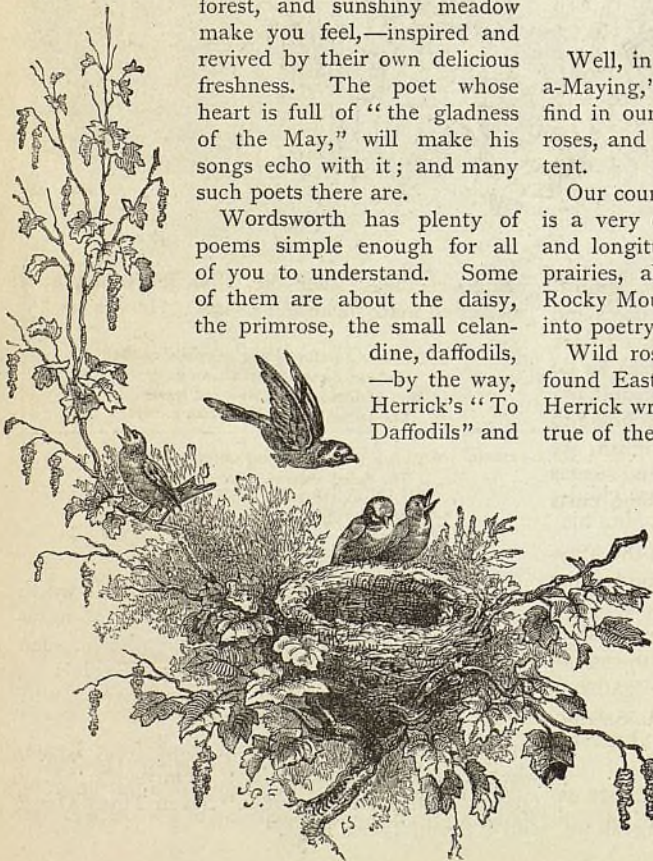
Wild roses, violets, and harebells, however, are found East, West, North, and South; and what Herrick wrote of the violets three centuries ago is true of them to-day:

"Welcome, maids of honor!  
You doe bring  
In the Spring,  
And wait upon her.

"She has virgins many,  
Fresh and faire;  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

"Y'are the Maiden Posies,  
And so grac't  
To be plac't  
'Fore damask roses.

"Yet though thus respected,  
By and by  
Ye do lie,  
Poore girls, neglected."





They are home-flowers to almost everybody; and it is the home-flowers that have most poetry in them, after all.

This is why we know the English cowslips and

rose, the shamrock, and the thistle are of our sisters across the water; and certainly this is too pretty an idea to be altogether neglected.

This flower's shy way of hiding its pink and



daisies better than our own May-flowers, almost. They have been the familiar friends of poets and little children for centuries; and it seems to us, who read English poetry perhaps more than we do our own, as if we, too, knew them. By and by, when our broad New World is as much a home to its inhabitants as England is to the English, we shall have a home-poetry of our prairies and sierras as sweet to us as theirs is to them. In some parts of the country we have it already.

It is very natural that in New England the May-flower should be sung of by the poets. The trailing arbutus, or ground-laurel, is our May-flower; the Pilgrims, landing from their "Mayflower" ship, must have seen its leaves peeping out of the snow; and the little Pilgrim-children must have gathered its fragrant blossoms in spring, for it is found everywhere in the Plymouth woods. Whittier has a poem which contains such a fancy.

Some one has suggested that the May-flower ought to be our national emblem, as the lily, the

white sweetness under the fallen forest-leaves has suggested many beautiful poems. Here is one:

" Oft have I walked these woodland paths  
Without the blest foreknowing  
That underneath the withered leaves  
The fairest buds were growing.

" To-day the south wind sweeps away  
The faded autumn splendor,  
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,—  
Spring's children, pure and tender.

" O prophet-souls, with lips of bloom  
Outvying in their beauty  
The pearly tints of ocean-shells,  
Ye teach me Faith and Duty!

" 'Walk life's dark ways,' ye seem to say,  
'With love's divine foreknowing,  
That where man sees but withered leaves,  
God sees the sweet flowers growing.'"

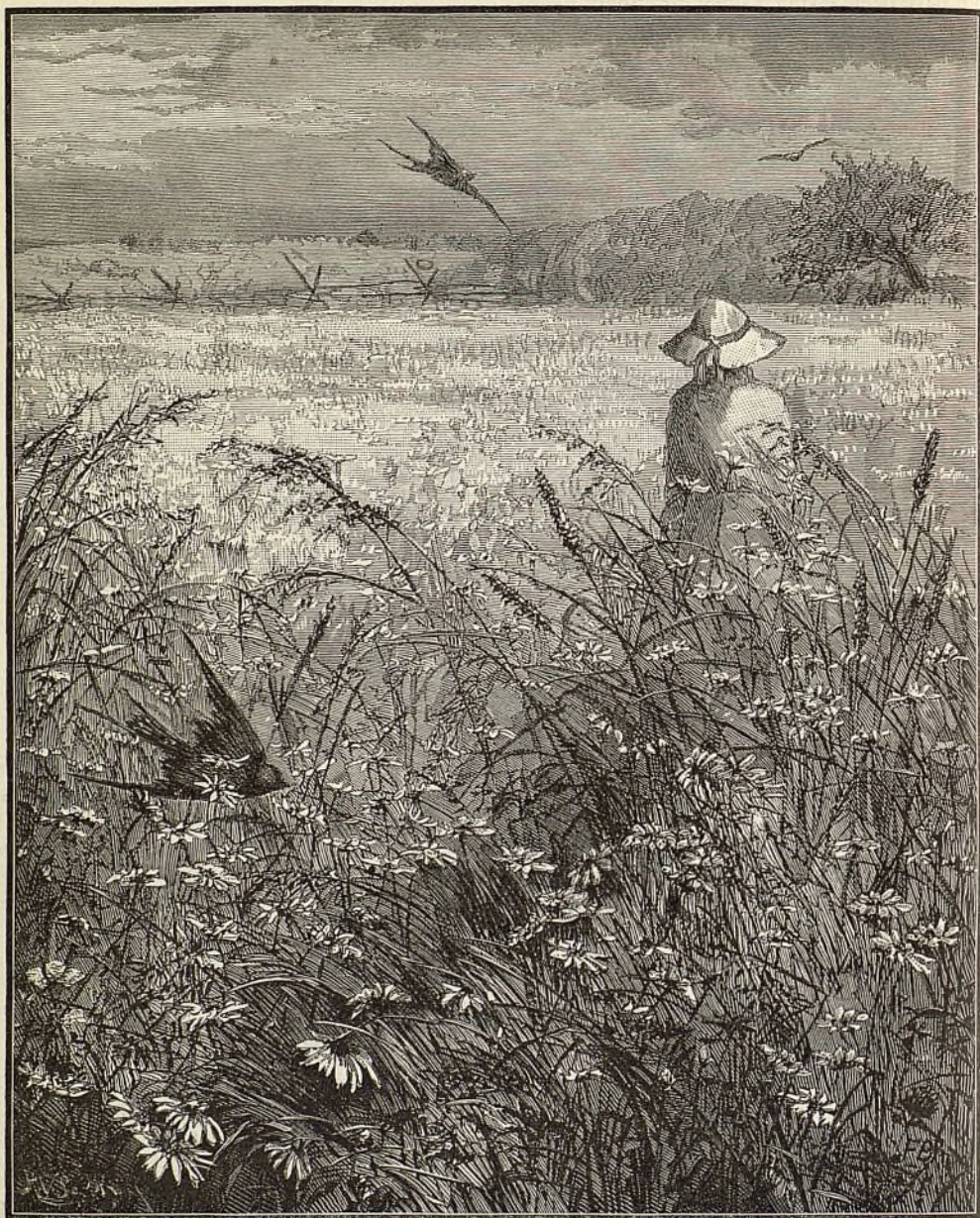
Have you ever seen the Canadian rhodora, its bare twigs decked with filmy, airy purple gauze, looking from the safe seclusion of a wooded swamp,



like a princess from her moat-guarded tower? One is glad, at such a glimpse, to think that not every flower of the forest can be rudely seized by man and carried away into civilized captivity. The

Two lines from this poem are often quoted for their delicate sentiment :

"Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."



THROUGH THE DAISIES.

rhodora, however, is sometimes found in more accessible places.

Emerson has a poem, beginning,

"In May, when east winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,

The pretty Anemone Hepatica takes its place with the May-flower, under the name of "squirrel-cup," in Bryant's "Twenty-seventh of March":

"Within the woods  
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath



The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets  
Up to the chilly air; and, by the oak,  
The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,  
Hide in their bells a soft, aerial blue."

We have been saying a great deal about flowers,  
but is it not through them that Spring best loves  
to make herself visible? And not only that,—they  
also make the Divine Presence visible on earth.

"Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,  
Bear not the impress of Almighty Power  
In characters more legible than those  
Which He has written upon the humblest flower  
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

As you grow older, and your life deepens within  
you, more and more will you feel the mystery that  
hides in the least of the blossoms of spring.

Tennyson gives a hint of how *he* feels it, in these  
half-dozen lines:

"Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower; but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

If you wish to know some of the best things  
which American poets have written of spring, by  
all means read Bryant's "March"; his "Invita-  
tion to the Country," and "Yellow Violet"; and,  
for a bit of pleasantry, his "Spring in Town."  
And also Longfellow's "An April Day," and those  
stanzas in "The Birds of Killingworth" where the  
music in the orchard-trees is so charmingly de-  
scribed. Do not pass by Percival's

"I feel a newer life in every gale,"

nor Willis's

"The spring is here, the delicate-footed May."

And read also what Lowell says of May in his  
"Under the Willows," as well as his capital de-  
scription of a New England spring, in the old-  
fashioned dialect, in the "Biglow Papers."

Almost as many beautiful things by American  
poets have been left out of our list as are named;  
but there is not room for more.

We read of the pleasant old custom of choosing  
a May Queen, and dancing around the May-pole,  
out-of-doors, and sometimes we wish we lived in  
a climate where such things can be done. But  
May-day, as you children know, is often a day of  
disappointment,—fog, and rain, and sometimes

snow, instead of sunshine and flowers. We suspect  
that it is not always a pleasant day even in Merry  
England; for Hood writes a poem about spring,  
beginning:

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!  
O Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?  
*There's no such season!*"

How it often is with us, we are reminded in the  
first couplet of Mrs. Osgood's "May in New  
England":

"Can this be May? Can this be May?  
We have not found a flower to-day!"

But we cannot help believing in May, and every  
year we hope that she will behave better the next  
time she comes. For she does make us regret her  
departure sometimes. This is the way the regret  
has been written:

"Spring is growing up;  
Is not it a pity?  
She was such a little thing,  
And so very pretty!  
Summer is extremely grand;  
We must pay her duty—  
(But it is to little Spring  
That she owes her beauty).

"Spring is growing up,  
Leaving us so lonely!  
In the place of little Spring  
We have Summer only.  
Summer, with her lofty airs  
And her stately paces,  
In the place of little Spring,  
With her childish graces."

But every season is beautiful in its own way.  
And the last days of May in New England, when  
the apple-orchards are in bloom, and the forest-  
trees have fully shaken out their fresh foliage, and  
the bird-choruses are complete, are usually more  
delightful than its beginning.

May fades into June, as the morning-star melts  
into dawn. Life is exchanged for richer, warmer  
life, but nothing dies. The violet goes back into  
her roots to sleep the year out, with her baby-seeds  
reposing in the earth around her,—leaving the  
memory of her fragrance wandering like a breeze  
among the flowers of summer. Even if a frost  
should kill the violet, in the sweetness she has  
given to the air, she will live on forever.

Children dear, when we are missed from our  
places on earth, may it be as the violet is missed  
and remembered among the roses of June!





"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER, SING FOR YOUR SUPPER."—*Mother Goose's Melodies.*

(Drawn by Miss Florence Scannell.)

## FOUR HUNDRED WHITE COWS WITH RED EARS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

DID any of the ST. NICHOLAS young folks ever see such a sight as that? I think not. And no one in America ever did; or in England, except on one occasion, and that was a long time ago, when John was king. That hot-tempered sovereign, who was often in a state of anger toward somebody, had become offended with a certain Welsh chieftain, and the poor man's wife—Maud de Breos was her name—fearing that he might lose his head unless something was done, sent the choicest pres-



ent she could think of to the queen—four hundred white cows with red ears. Just think what a charming sight it must have been, this fine herd, all precisely alike,—small, graceful, quick-motined creatures,—taken along by the wild, shaggy-haired, bare-legged Welsh herd-boys to the park of the palace where Queen Isabel lived! If she was fond of animals, and of watching their ways, and petting them, what a happy woman she must have been that day!

Those remarkable cattle must have been rather scarce in Great Britain even then, though it is supposed that they were descendants of the native breed which once ran wild over that country, and were sometimes spoken of as the white Caledonian cattle.

If you were in England now, and should inquire about them, you would hear of only one place where any of them are to be found, and that is up in the border-country, as it is called, next to Scotland, in Northumberland County, near by the famous Cheviot Hills—the region where the brave Percys lived, and where the battle of Chevy Chase was fought. You must ask about these places and events, and read the accounts in history, for that border-land is renowned in story and song.

It is up there that you would hear of the cattle, and perhaps get a chance to see them; they do not range over the country, however, although they are almost as wild as if they did, but are kept on the estate of a great nobleman, Lord Tankerville, and are known by the name of “the wild cattle of Chillingham Park.”

This is one of those immense parks, such as some of the English lords have,—miles of land with vast woods on it, and a “lower, or inner park,” as it is termed, nearer the castle. There are men called “keepers,” who have charge of the cattle and deer and other animals.

Lord Tankerville says that in the summer, sometimes, there are weeks when he never can get a sight of the cattle, for on the approach of any one they will flee to the depths of the woods—their “sanctuary,” as he expresses it. Sanctuary, you

know, is sometimes used to mean a safe place. But in winter they are more tame, and “coming down for food into the inner park,” will let persons go among them, especially if on horseback.

He says they have a cry more like a wild beast than like common oxen and cows; and that when they come down into the lower park, they are in single files, with a bull at the head of each line, to protect the others; and when they go back, the bulls are at the ends, for the same reason.

They are timid, and will run like deer; then turn around and face you, come a little nearer, then gallop off again, wheel around and gaze at you again, then flee away once more, and so on, every time getting nearer, and at last the whole herd is ready to charge upon you like a regiment of soldiers, and you are ready to retreat.

There are other curious things about their ways; for instance, “the cows hide their calves for a week or ten days, and go and suckle them two or three times a day,” and if any one approaches a calf, the scared creature will “clap his head close to the ground” and lie quiet like a hare. When one of the cattle is sick or injured or feeble, the others set upon him and gore him to death.

Many visitors go to see them, and everybody describes them as most beautiful creatures. They are rather small, with straight backs, short legs, and fine forms; and they never vary a particle in color. They are always pure, creamy white all over, except that the tips of their horns are black, and the tips of their noses, their eyes, and their eye-lashes black; and their ears are red or reddish-brown in the inside, and one-third of the way down the outside from the point.

Can you imagine a herd of creatures more elegant?

Sir Edwin Landseer, the great painter of animals, made a picture of one of the Chillingham bulls; and, longer ago, there was another made by one of the most famous of wood-engravers and naturalists, Thomas Bewick, author of the “British Birds” and other very fine illustrated books.





## THE STORY OF A PROVERB.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

ONCE upon a time,—if my memory serves me correctly, it was in the year 6½,—His Intensely-Serene-and-Altogether-Perfectly-Astounding Highness the King of Nimporte was reclining in his royal palace. The casual observer (though it must be said that casual observers were as rigidly excluded from the palace of Nimporte as if they had been tramps) might easily have noticed that his majesty was displeased.

The fact is, if his majesty had been a little boy, he would have been whipped and sent to bed for the sulks; but even during this early period of which I am writing, the strangeness of things had reached such a pitch, that in the very moment at which this story opens the King of Nimporte arose from his couch, seized by the shoulders his grand vizier (who was not at all in the sulks, but was endeavoring, as best he could, to smile from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet), and kicked him down-stairs.

As the grand vizier reached the lowest step in the course of his tumble, a courier covered with dust was in the act of putting his foot upon the same. But the force of the grand vizier's fall was such as to knock both the courier's legs from under him; and as, in the meantime, the grand vizier had wildly clasped his arms around the courier's body, to arrest his own descent, the result was such a miscellaneous rolling of the two men, that for a moment no one was able to distinguish which legs belonged to the grand vizier and which to the courier.

"Has she arrived?" asked the grand vizier, as soon as his breath came.

"Yes," said the courier, already hastening up the stairs.

At this magic word, the grand vizier again threw his arms around the courier, kissed him, released him, whirled himself about like a teetotum, leaped into the air and cracked his heels thrice before again touching the earth, and said:

"Allah be praised! Perhaps now we shall have some peace in the palace."

In truth, the King of Nimporte had been waiting two hours for his bride, whom he had never seen; for, according to custom, one of his great lords had been sent to the court of the bride's father, where he had married her by proxy for his royal master, and whence he was now conducting her to the palace. For two hours the King of

Nimporte had been waiting for a courier to arrive and announce to him that the cavalcade was on its last day's march over the plain, and was fast approaching the city.

As soon as the courier had delivered his message, the king kicked him down-stairs (for not arriving sooner, his majesty incidentally remarked), and ordered the grand vizier to cause that a strip of velvet carpet should be laid from the front door of the grand palace, extending a half-mile down the street in the direction of the road by which the cavalcade was approaching; adding that it was his royal intention to walk this distance, for the purpose of giving his bride a more honorable reception than any bride of any king of Nimporte had ever before received.

The grand vizier lost no time in carrying out his instructions, and in a short time the king appeared



THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

stepping along the carpet in the stateliest manner, followed by a vast and glittering retinue of courtiers,



and encompassed by multitudes of citizens who had crowded to see the pageant.

As the king, bareheaded and barefooted (for at this time everybody went barefoot in Nimporte), approached the end of the carpet, he caught sight of his bride, who was but a few yards distant on her milk-white palfrey.

Her appearance was so ravishingly beautiful, that the king seemed at first dazed, like a man who has looked at the sun; but, quickly recovering his wits, he threw himself forward, in the ardor of his admiration, with the intention of running to his bride and dropping on one knee at her stirrup, while he would gaze into her face with adoring humility. And as the king rushed forward with

the attention of the excited courtiers to his majesty's left great toe. It was immediately discovered that,



THE VIZIER IMPARTS THE KING'S DECREE.

in his first precipitate step from off the carpet to the bare ground, his majesty had set his foot upon a very rugged pebble, the effect of which upon tender feet accustomed to nothing but velvet, had caused him to swoon with pain.

As soon as the King of Nimporte opened his eyes in his own palace, where he had been quickly conveyed and ministered to by the bride, he called his trembling grand vizier and inquired to whom belonged the houses at that portion of the street where his unfortunate accident had occurred. Upon learning the names of these unhappy property-owners, he instantly ordered that they and their entire kindred should be beheaded, and the adjacent houses burned for the length of a quarter of a mile.

The king further instructed the grand vizier that he should instantly convene the cabinet of councilors and devise with them some means of covering the whole earth with leather, in order that all possibility of such accidents to the kings of Nimporte might be completely prevented,—adding, that if the cabinet should fail, not only in devising the plan, but in actually carrying it out within the next three days, then the whole body of councilors should be executed on the very spot where the king's foot was bruised.

Then the king kissed his bride, and was very happy.

But the grand vizier, having communicated these instructions to his colleagues of the cabinet,—namely, the postmaster-general, the prætor, the sachim, and the three Scribes-and-Pharisees,—proceeded to his own home, and consulted his wife, whose advice he was accustomed to follow with the utmost faithfulness. After thinking steadily for two days and nights, on the morning of the third day the grand vizier's wife advised him to pluck out his beard, to tear up his garments, and to make his will; declaring that she could not, upon the most



SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIS MAJESTY.

this impulse, the populace cheered with the wildest enthusiasm at finding him thus capable of the feelings of an ordinary man.

But in an instant a scene of the wildest commotion ensued. At the very first step which the king took beyond the end of the carpet, his face grew suddenly white, and, with a loud cry of pain, he fell fainting to the earth. He was immediately surrounded by the anxious courtiers; and the court physician, after feeling his pulse for several minutes, and inquiring very carefully of the grand vizier whether his majesty had on that day eaten any green fruit, was in the act of announcing that it was a violent attack of a very Greek disease indeed, when the bride (who had dismounted and run to her royal lord with wifely devotion) called





THE GRAND VIZIER'S VISITOR.

mature deliberation, conceive of any course more appropriate to the circumstances.

The grand vizier was in the act of separating his last pair of bag-trousers into very minute strips indeed, when a knocking at the door arrested his hand, and in a moment afterward the footman ushered in a young man of very sickly complexion, attired in the seediest possible manner. The grand vizier immediately recognized him as a person well known about Nimporte for a sort of loafer, given to mooning about the clover-fields, and to meditating upon things in general, but not commonly regarded as ever likely to set a river on fire.

"O grand vizier!" said this young person (the inhabitants of Nimporte usually pronounced this word much like the French *personne*, which means nobody), "I have come to say that if you will procure the attendance of the king and court to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock in front of the palace, I will cover the whole earth with leather for his majesty in five minutes."

Then the grand vizier arose in the quietest possible manner, and kicked the young person down the back-stairs; and when he had reached the bottom stair, the grand vizier tenderly lifted him in his arms and carried him back to the upper landing, and then kicked him down the front-stairs,—in fact, quite out of the front gate.

Having accomplished these matters satisfactorily, the grand vizier returned with a much lighter heart, and completed a draft of his last will and testament for his lawyer, who was to call at eleven.

Punctually at the appointed time—being exactly

three days from the hour when the grand vizier received his instructions—the King of Nimporte and all his court, together with a great mass of citizens, assembled at the scene of the accident to witness the decapitation of the entire cabinet. The headsman had previously arranged his apparatus; and presently the six unfortunate wise men were seen standing with hands tied behind, and with heads bent forward meekly over the six blocks in a row.

The executioner advanced and lifted a long and glittering sword. He was in the act of bringing it down with terrific force upon the neck of the grand vizier, when a stir was observed in the crowd, which quickly increased to a commotion so great that the king raised his hand and bade the executioner wait until he could ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

In a moment more, the young person appeared in the open space which had been reserved for the court, and with a mingled air of proud self-confidence and of shrinking reserve, made his obeisance before the king.

"O king of the whole earth!" he said, "if



THE KING ADVANCES HIS RIGHT FOOT.

within the next five minutes I shall have covered the whole earth with leather for your majesty, will your gracious highness remit the sentence which has been pronounced upon the wise men of the cabinet?"

It was impossible for the king to refuse.

"Will your majesty then be kind enough to advance your right foot?"

The young person kneeled, and drawing a bundle from his bosom, for a moment manipulated the



king's right foot in a manner which the courtiers could not very well understand.

"Will your majesty now advance your majesty's left foot?" said the young person again; and again he manipulated.

"Will your majesty now walk forth upon the stones?" said the young person; and his majesty walked forth upon the stones.

"Will your majesty now answer: If your majesty



"HIS MAJESTY WALKED FORTH UPON THE STONES."

should walk over the entire globe, would not your majesty's feet find leather between them and the earth the whole way?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"Will your majesty further answer: Is not the whole earth, so far as your majesty is concerned, now covered with leather?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"O king of the whole earth, what is it?" cried the whole court in one breath.

"In fact, my lords and gentlemen," said the king, "I have on, what has never been known in the whole, great kingdom of Nimporte until this moment, a pair of—of —"

And here the king looked inquiringly at the young person.

"Let us call them—shoes," said the young person.

Then the king, walking to and fro over the pebbles with the greatest comfort and security, looked inquiringly at him. "Who are you?" asked his majesty.

"I belong," said the young person, "to the tribe of the poets—who make the earth tolerable for the feet of man."

Then the king turned to his cabinet, and pacing

along in front of the six blocks, pointed to his feet, and inquired:

"What do you think of this invention?"

"I do not like it; I cannot understand it: I think the part of wisdom is always to reject the unintelligible; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse it," said the grand vizier, who was really so piqued, that he would much rather have been beheaded than live to see the triumph of the young person whom he had kicked down both pairs of stairs.

It is worthy of note, however, that when the grand vizier found himself in his own apartments, alive and safe, he gave a great leap into the air and whirled himself with joy, as on a former occasion.

The postmaster-general also signified his disapproval. "I do not like it," said he; "they are not rights and lefts; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse the invention."

The prætor was like minded. "It will not do," he said; "It is clearly obnoxious to the overwhelming objection that there is absolutely nothing objectionable about it; in my judgment, this should be sufficient to authorize your majesty's prompt refusal of the expedient and the decapitation of the inventor."

"Moreover," added the sachem, "if your majesty once wears them, then every man, woman and child, will desire to have his, her and its whole earth covered with leather; which will create such a demand for hides, that there will shortly be not a bullock or a cow in your majesty's dominions: if your majesty will but contemplate the state of this kingdom without beef and butter!—there seems no more room for argument!"



THE KING DISMISSES HIS CABINET IN DISGRACE.



"But these objections," cried the three Scribes-and-Pharisees, "although powerful enough in themselves, O king of the whole earth, have not yet touched the most heinous fault of this inventor, and that is, that there is no reserved force about this invention; the young person has actually done

will rather betake me to the counsels of the poet, and he shall be my sole adviser for the future; as for you, live—but live in shame for the littleness of your souls!" And he dismissed them from his presence in disgrace.

It was then that the King of Nimporte uttered



"HE GAVE A GREAT LEAP INTO THE AIR AND WHIRLED HIMSELF WITH JOY."

the very best he could in the most candid manner; this is clearly in violation of the rules of art,—witness the artistic restraint of our own behavior in this matter!"

Then the King of Nimporte said: "O wise men of my former cabinet, your wisdom seems folly; I

that proverb which has since become so famous among the Persians; for, turning away to his palace, with his bride on one arm and the young person on the other, he said:

"TO HIM WHO WEARS A SHOE, IT IS AS IF THE WHOLE EARTH WAS COVERED WITH LEATHER."



## THE FIRST TIME.

BY SAXE HOLM.

PERHAPS I ought to have said, instead of "The First Time," "The first time that I can remember." For I was eight years old when I told the lie which I am going to confess now; and I am afraid I might have told some others before it; but I do not remember one; and on the whole, I do not believe there could have been any, for I cannot imagine how, if there had been, I could have forgotten it. I don't believe anybody can ever forget the misery of having told a lie. It would be as hard as to forget how the toothache feels, after you have had it once.

When I was a little girl, I went to a little school, which was kept by a very little lady, in a very little house. The little lady herself lived in another little house, which was divided from the little school-house only by a little garden. I did not know then how little the houses, and the garden, and my school-teacher were. Miss Caroline seemed large and powerful to me; and as for her ferule, it looked bigger to me than the big trees of California looked when I saw them a few years ago. But when I went back, a grown woman, to my old home, and walked past Miss Caroline's cottage and the little old school-house, I hardly could believe my eyes, everything was so tiny; and I could have picked Miss Caroline up under my arm.

The school-house had been a shoe-maker's shop once, and some of the shoe-maker's furniture had been left in it. There was the bench on which he used to sit and work; this had a little open box at one end, where he used to keep his tools; this bench stood in the middle of the room, in front of Miss Caroline's desk, and all the classes sat on it to recite their lessons. The end which had the open box on it was called the "head" of the class. Once I kept up "at the head," in spelling, a whole week, and I grew so used to having hold of the edge of the box, and slipping my fingers back and forth on it, that when I lost my place, and had a boy or a girl on my left side, I had hard work not to keep all the time taking hold of their arms, instead of the box. There used to be also a little drawer under the bench, at this end; but Miss Caroline had that taken off, after she found out that it was there Ned Spofford hid the "spit-balls" he used to fire up and down all the classes he recited in. Oh, what a bad boy Ned Spofford was! But how we all did like him! Even Miss Caroline herself, I think, liked him better than any other scholar in all the school; and yet he gave

her twice as much trouble as all the other scholars put together. But he was so good-natured and affectionate that nobody could help loving him, in spite of his mischief. He never resisted nor struggled when she had to punish him. I really think he got feruled as often as once a week; but he used to hold out his hand the minute she told him to, and look straight into her eyes while she struck him. Sometimes he would bite his lips, and the tears would come into his eyes, but he never cried, nor begged off, as the rest of us did. He was as brave as he was mischievous. Even when he had to sit on the dunce-stool for twenty minutes with his mouth wide open and a piece of corn-cob set firmly between his teeth, he never cried. This was Miss Caroline's worst punishment. I think if she herself had tried it once, to see how much it hurt, she never would have had the heart to inflict it on us. At first, when she wedged in the piece of cob, you felt like laughing that anybody should think such a thing as that could be much of a punishment; but pretty soon your jaws began to ache, and then the back of your neck ached, and then the pain reached up into the back of your head, and into your ears, and it became real torture; there was not a single boy in school that could bear it without the tears streaming down his cheeks, except Ned Spofford. Miss Caroline very rarely did it to girls; I think no one but Sarah Kellogg and I ever had it. We were the worst girls in school; we two and Ned Spofford were the three black sheep in Miss Caroline's little flock.

But you will think I am a long time coming to the story of that lie. The truth is that, old woman as I am, I do not like to live that lie over again, I suffered so much, first and last, from it. But I have made up my mind to tell you the story, sufferings and all, because I think perhaps it may help some one of you, some day, to keep from telling a lie, if you recollect how uncomfortable I was after telling one.

This was the way it happened:

Miss Caroline used to keep an exact record each day of our recitations and our behavior. She used to write this down in an old brown leather-covered ledger which had belonged to the shoe-maker, but in which he had written only a few pages before he died. He left all his things to Miss Caroline's father, who had built the little shoe-shop for him, but never had had any rent for it.

Every Saturday, Miss Caroline used to make out



for each scholar what she called a "report." They were most beautifully written in a fine old-fashioned hand, on small oblong pieces of thin and bluish paper. I can see one before me at this minute, as if it were only yesterday that I carried the last one home to my mother. This is the way they were made:

	Spelling.	Geography.	Arithmetic.	History.	Writing.	Latin.	Punctuality.	Deportment.
Monday .....	5	5	3	-	4	5	5	5
Tuesday .....	5	5	2	-	4	5	4	2
Wednesday .....	5	5	3	-	4	5	3	1
Thursday .....	5	5	1	-	4	5	2	1
Friday .....	5	5	0	-	4	5	2	1
Saturday .....	4	5	0	-	4	5	2	1

The number "5" was the highest number given. That meant "perfect." "4" meant tolerably good; "4½" was almost as good as "5." Sarah Kellogg and Ned Spofford and I seldom got more than "4½" in "deportment." "3" was pretty bad; "2" was very bad; "1" was outrageous; and there were even such things as "o's" put down sometimes—that was a degree of badness too bad for even the lowest numeral to represent.

When school was dismissed Saturday noon (we never had any school Saturday afternoons), we all went up to Miss Caroline's desk, and received our reports. We were to carry them home, and show them to our parents; Monday morning we were to bring them back, with the name of either our father or our mother written at the bottom, to prove to Miss Caroline that they had examined the report. When we left the school-house, we all used to walk along very slowly together, looking over each other's shoulders, and comparing our reports. Now and then a scholar would get "all fives;" and we used to look upon such a one with mingled envy and admiration. Sometimes we thought Miss Caroline's marks were unjust, and very angry quarrels would arise among us, in consequence. You often might see a group of us standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, with our heads close together, and the little pieces of thin blue paper fluttering from hand to hand, and a Babel of loud and excited voices all talking at once. A stranger passing would have been much puzzled at overhearing such sentences as these:

"I don't care. I was a great deal better on Friday than I was on Thursday, and here she's given me only 'three.'"

"And she's given me 'two' and Ned 'three,' and I did n't fire a single spit-ball; he fired them all; I only laughed."

"Now, that's too mean! I've only got 'four' in arithmetic all this week, and I've never missed more than one question. I think she might have given me 'four and a half.'"

Ned Spofford hardly ever had anything but "twos" and "threes" for "deportment," though he had more "fives" in other things than any scholar in school. But he didn't care anything about his reports; he used to cram them into his pockets as if they were so much waste paper, and never kept them. Now, my mother made me keep all mine pasted into a nice little blank-book; and then, once in two or three months, she would look them over with me, and tell me whether, on the whole, I was doing better or worse than I had done before. I did not much like the sight of this little blank-book; and yet I always had a fine air-castle of how it would look some day when I had two whole pages filled with reports—"all fives." I always got "fives" on Mondays,—I began the week with such fine resolutions. I don't believe I ever had a report which did n't have "five" for "deportment" on Monday. I usually held out pretty well through Tuesday also, but by Wednesday I began to fail; and from that all the way to Saturday noon I was apt to get worse and worse. I recollect my dear mother, who was as full of fun as she could be, used to say very droll things about the diminishing lines of figures on my reports.

"Oh dear me, Peggy," she used to say, "Here are these poor little rows of figures sliding down hill again, as hard as they can go, as if they were all running a race with each other, trying to get to 'No. 1' first!"

She used to talk very earnestly with me even when she made me laugh; sometimes I think she was the very jolliest and wisest mother that ever lived; but, I suppose, all children think so of their mothers. I was never afraid to show her my reports, however bad they were; because she always was so cheery and full of hope that I'd have a better one next time. The thing I did dread, however, was having them shown to my father. He was a stern and silent man. He spent all his time in his study, shut up with his books. We rarely saw him except at meals, and he never played with us. Whenever we did wrong, he used to sigh so deeply, it sounded as if his breath would give out; and say—

"My child! my child!" in a tone of what seemed to me then terrible grief. Now I know that it was partly dyspepsia which made him take such gloomy views of little things. But it used to seem to me then that, if I did not take care, I would really some day be the death of him by my misconduct. If he had punished me severely I should not have minded it half so much as I did



those long-drawn sighs, and the shaking of the head, and those

I usually got home from school, about half an hour before dinner. My mother was always sitting then in the sitting-room, at her little work-table. I gave her my report as soon as I came in, and, after looking it over, she laid it on the top of her work-basket. While the dessert was being brought in, my father always said:

"Where is my little daughter's report for this week?" and my mother would say:

"Run and bring it, Peggy."

Oh, how slowly I used to walk back to that dinner-table when I had a very bad report to show! I dare say many a soldier marches up toward the cannon with less fear than I used to go to my father's side, and lay that little piece of paper in his hand. When the report was more than usually good, he smiled, and said sometimes:

"Well done, my daughter! I see you are trying to give your parents pleasure." Oh, how happy I felt then! When it was bad, he only sighed, laid it down by his plate, and, without speaking a word to me, went on eating his dinner. Then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up; and I used to say in my heart, "I'll never have another bad report as long as I live—never!" I even used to lie awake in the night, and think how pale and unhappy my father had looked at the sight of the report, and resolve and resolve that he should never look so again on my account. I remember once that we had the word "parricide" in our spelling lesson, and Miss Caroline told us it meant the murderer of a parent, and the thought haunted me for days, that if I grieved my father so that he died, I should be a parricide. The name seemed to me the most dreadful word I ever heard.

I am telling you all this, so that you can partly understand the strength of the temptation which led me to tell my first lie. It was about one of these reports, the very worst I ever had. I never shall forget the Saturday when that report was put into my hand. I was not wholly unprepared for it. I knew I had played truant three mornings in succession, and I knew that I had behaved outrageously every day. Miss Caroline had kept me in at recess three times, had feruled me once, and had seemed more out of patience with me than I had ever known before. Still I did not dream that the report would be quite so bad as it was. In the example which I have made for you I have filled in the figures about as I think they were in that dreadful report. You will see that for four days I had had the lowest number in deportment, and a very bad record in punctuality. I always had "all fives" in Latin and geography. I liked those studies better than any others, and my Latin I

studied at home with my father. Arithmetic I never could understand (and can't yet),—and I hated it so, I really did not try much. However, I never had had a cipher on my report before. The tears came into my eyes as soon as I looked at the paper, and I threw it down on the ground angrily, and exclaimed: "I'll never carry that thing home."

"I do not wonder you feel so, Peggy," said Miss Caroline's mild, low voice, just behind me; "I hope it will be a lesson to you to be a better girl next week." And she picked up the report and laid it in my hands again; she locked the school-room door, and walked away. I stood outside, leaning against the wall, my eyes fixed on the hateful paper. Ned Spofford ran up and looked over my shoulder at it.

"Whew, Peg!" said he, whistling; "that is rather rough on you."

I was too wretched to speak at first. The tears began to roll down my cheeks.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned. "Don't be such a goose. What's the use of crying? Who cares about her old reports, anyhow?"

"Oh Ned," said I, "it's only showing it to my father. That's all I mind."

"Why, does your father look at them?" exclaimed Ned. "Mine don't; nor my mother neither, half the time. Lucindy signed mine last time. I guess they think they are all nonsense."

For the first time in my life the idea crossed my mind that I might have liked some other father and mother better than mine. But there was no comfort for me in any such speculation.

"I don't mean to go home at all," I exclaimed. "I mean to run away. I'd rather die than show my father that report."

"O Lor'," said Ned, "I'm glad I aint a girl. I never saw such fools as you all are! Why, the worst that can happen to you would be to get a thrashing; and that's soon over. I don't mind 'em."

"That is n't the worst, either," said I, sullenly. "That's all you know about it, Ned Spofford. My father and mother don't thrash."

"Why, Peg! What is it they do?" said Ned, in an almost terrified whisper, evidently thinking he was about to hear of some horrible cruelty.

"My father just sighs and looks,—oh, it's dreadful the way he looks!—just as white and sick as anything," I replied; "and once he said that he was afraid I should bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," I sobbed.

"Fiddlestick's end!" cried Ned. "Is that all? Peg, you're a bigger fool even than I took you to be. Come on. Let's go home. We're going to have boiled rooster for dinner. Come on."



But I would not stir, and he ran off without me. I stood leaning against the wall some minutes longer, and then I walked slowly toward home,—our house was only a few steps off,—our orchard came up close to the south wall of the school-house. A low stone wall separated this field from the street; usually I walked home on the wall; but I had no spirits for walking on stone walls this day.

It was early in March; the snow had lain unbroken all winter, three feet on a level; now it was melting and breaking up, and swelling the rivers and brooks till they overflowed their banks everywhere. Roads were deep in muddy slush, and sidewalks

or were there was a hard rain, there would be a flood. I took under this bridge, for a few hours we lived at the foot of a hill; but the greater part of the time the ditch was dry. On this day, however, of which I am telling you, it was a foaming torrent. The water came almost up to the planks of the bridge, and leaped and splashed on the stone wall. I stopped to look at it. The wind was blowing hard, and as I held my report loosely in one hand, it fluttered in the wind, and nearly blew away. "Oh," thought I, "how I wish it had blown away, where I never could find it!" and then and there, on that very instant, came



MISS CAROLINE GIVES ME A "REPORT."

were almost as bad. Little rivulets of foaming water, carrying along tossing fragments of ice and muddy snow, ran along the sides of the streets. Every child who lives in New England sees just such sights every spring; and I often see school-children now, with India rubber boots on, wading along in dirty streams of melted snow, just as I used to long to wade when I was a little girl, but never could, because in those days India rubber boots had not been invented. We had only India rubber shoes, and very hard it was sometimes to keep from getting our feet wet.

A few steps from our house, a little bridge had been made in the sidewalk, and a ditch dug, to let the water run off the street down into our

the temptation to throw it down into the brook and say that it had fallen in. I did not yield at once. I recollect very well that I stood a long time on that bridge deliberating. I picked up an old dead raspberry-bush and whipped the muddy, foaming snow with it; I pushed the little bunches out of the corners where they had got wedged, and watched to see them sucked under the stone wall. All the time the words were going through my mind:

"Throw the report into the brook, and say the wind blew it in, and you could not get it out."

Then other words seemed to try to crowd the first words out. It was just as if two people were whispering, first one and then the other, in my ears. The other words said:



"No. It would be mean. It would be cowardly. It would be a lie. For pity's sake, don't do it."

The longer I listened, the louder the first words sounded, and the fainter sounded the others. That is always the way with these uncomfortable things called temptations: if you listen to them at all, they speak louder and louder, until finally you can't hear any other voice but theirs. At last, I said to myself, "I'll do it," and in a minute more I had done it. I rolled the report up in a tight roll, and threw it in. I jammed it down with the raspberry-bush; it rolled over and over, and bobbed up to the surface two or three times. I had several chances to pick it out of the water, but I did not. I watched it swirl in under the stone wall, and then I ran home as fast as I could go. I felt quite light-hearted for a minute, I was so glad to be rid of that report. But my light-heartedness did not last long. As soon as I opened the door into the hall, I saw the sitting-room door wide open; and my mother called out pleasantly:

"Why, Peggy, how late you are this noon! Dinner is just going on the table; have you got a good report to show papa to-day?"

Oh, how I did feel! I never dreamed that it was going to be so hard to tell a lie. It seemed to me that my very tongue grew stiff, and did not like to pronounce the words. It seemed to me an age before I could speak at all. Then I only said:

"I have n't got any report."

You see I was trying to put off the time for the lie to come.

"Have n't got any report?" said my mother, in a surprised voice. "Is Miss Caroline sick?"

"No," said I; and it seemed to me my voice grew weaker and queerer every minute. "She made one out, but I lost it. The wind blew it into the brook."

All this time I pretended to be very busy wiping my India rubbers on the mat, and hanging up my things. Usually I would hardly wait to take them off, I was in such a hurry to run in and kiss my mother.

She did not speak again for some minutes. Then she said, in a grave voice:

"I am very sorry you lost it. Papa will be disappointed not to know how his little girl has been doing this week. Was it a good report, Peggy?"

Oh, dear me! Would there never come an end to the lies I should have to tell to prop up that first one?

I hesitated. The same wicked voice which had whispered in my ear, "Throw the report in the brook," whispered now:

"If you say it was a bad one, then she will be

more likely to suspect you of having lost it on purpose."

But I could not make up my mind to say it was a good one. So I stammered out:

"I don't remember."

My mother did not make any reply. I think she had feared in the beginning, from the very tone of my voice, that I was not telling her the truth, and now she was sure of it.

When I went into the sitting-room, I walked slowly toward her, and she took me in her lap and kissed me. If she had said one word to show that she suspected me of having lied, I should have burst into tears, and told her all about it; but she was too wise a mother to do that. She knew very well that the surest way to make me hate a lie was to let me live along with it fastened to me for a while. So she began to talk about something else, just as if nothing had happened, and in a few minutes we went to dinner.

I hardly could eat a mouthful. It seemed to me, whenever my father looked at me, that his eyes were sterner than ever. A dreadful voice seemed dinning in my ears:

"In a few minutes more, dessert will be brought in, and then he will ask for the report."

As soon as the servant began to remove the meat and vegetables, I said:

"I don't want any dessert. May I be excused?"

"Not want any dessert!" exclaimed my mother.

"Why, Peggy, you must be ill. We are going to have Indian pudding and cream."

Now, there was nothing in the world I liked so well as Indian pudding; and my father and mother both knew it. It makes me laugh now, to think how my dear mother must have pitied me in her heart when she heard me reply:

"But I am not hungry; I don't want any."

Then my mother said: "Very well; you may go."

And did n't I run fast toward the door! And did n't I hope, for two seconds, that my father was going to forget to ask after the report! Alas! no such escape for me!

"Peggy, Peggy," he called, "what is all this hurry about? Bring me your report, dear. I want to see that."

Before I had time to reply, my good, kind mother replied for me:

"Oh, Peggy has lost her report," she said.

"The wind blew it into the brook. So we shall not know how good a girl she has been this week."

This was the worst thing yet: to have to stand there and hear my mother tell my lie over again for me.

"What!" said my father, vehemently. "This high wind blow anything into the brook?"

"Yes," said my mother, in what I now under-



stand must have been a very meaning tone; "that is the way it happened. Run away, Peggy dear, and play."

Play! I was thankful to escape out of the room; but I felt no more like playing than I did like drowning myself. I never had felt so miserable in my whole life.

I put on my India rubbers and rolled up my pantalets (in those days all little girls wore long white pantalets down to their ankles). Then I went out, climbed over the stone wall into the orchard, and began looking in the brook after my report. Of course, if I had been older, I should have known better. But I was a poor, ignorant, naughty little child, only eight years old, and I hoped I should find the little roll of paper floating along on the water, just as I left it. I found a big, strong stick, and I fished out every little thing I could see in the brook which looked in the least like a bit of paper. It was very cold and wet, and dismal, and before long I got to crying so that I could hardly see anything. It did seem to me too bad that now I really wanted to get the report back and carry it home to my mother, I could not find it. Suddenly I made a misstep on the bank where it was covered with snow, and plunged in, both feet, into the water, nearly up to my knees. Except for my big stick, I hardly could have got out. I was horribly frightened and dripping wet, but there seemed a sort of relief in having a new kind of misery. It put the lie out of my thoughts for a few minutes. I went into the house crying out loud, and looking like a little half-drowned animal. The muddy water dripped from me as I walked, and I left the wet prints of my feet at each step.

"Mercy on me, child! where have you been?" cried my mother. "Don't come a step farther. Stand still right there, till Mary can get off your things."

"I was looking for my report in the brook," sobbed I, "and I fell in; and I can't find it."

Ah, how loving and sympathetic my mother was then. She understood all about it; she knew just how wretched I was.

"Never mind about the report, darling," she said; "let it go. The little fishes can read it if they want to, and make some like it for their schools."

But I was too unhappy to laugh. I only cried the harder. Then they undressed me, put on my flannel night-gown, rolled me all up in blankets, and laid me on the lounge by the fire; and my mother sat down close by me, and began to read aloud a nice fairy story. Pretty soon, in spite of all my unhappiness, I fell asleep, and when I waked up it was about dark. My mother was still sitting

by my side. I watched her for some minutes before she knew I was awake. She was sitting with her eyes fixed on the fire, and looked as if she were thinking very hard.

"Oh dear," I thought, "I know what she's thinking about. I don't believe she believes me; but why don't she say so? I should think she'd whip me for telling a lie."

As soon as she saw I had waked, she said:

"Well, my little diver, are you rested?"

Then she told me about the way the divers go down in the sea after pearls, and at the end of the story, she said:

"I guess it was n't much of a pearl you went diving after, Peggy, was it?"

"No, mamma," said I. "I don't believe it was, as near as I can remember. I think it was a pretty bad report."

She waited in silence for some minutes after this. I think she hoped I would confess the truth to her then. But I was too cowardly. I lay still, with my face turned to the back of the lounge, trying to take a little comfort to myself, because I had owned up that the report was not a good one. That was the last time she spoke to me about the report, except the next Monday morning, when I was setting off for school, she said:

"Oh, wait a minute, Peggy. I'll write a note to Miss Caroline, and tell her how you lost your report."

I had not thought of this new occasion for another lie. I stood still by her side while she wrote the note. Oh, how mean I felt!

"Peggy MacFarland," I said to myself, "you're too mean to live. That's the second time you've let your mother tell over that lie for you. Why don't you own it up, and have it done with."

But the terror of my father's suffering and displeasure sealed my lips.

When Miss Caroline read the note, she looked at me very earnestly. Then she said:

"Why, Peggy, your mother says the wind blew your report into the brook. What a pity! You keep all your reports in a little book, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"But I think your last week's report was n't a very good one; it wont be much of a loss to the book, will it?"

"No, ma'am," said I, very faintly.

"Ahem!" said Ned Spofford. "Ahem! Ahem!" pretending to have a bad coughing fit. As soon as I looked at him, he put his tongue into one cheek, and made such a ridiculous face, that I knew in a minute that he did not believe that I really had lost the report.

"Oh dear!" thought I, "I'll have to lie to Ned, too. What shall I do? what shall I do?"



Then he lifted up the lid of his desk, and hiding his face behind it, made a grimace at me in the most insulting manner. I knew then that he thought I had thrown the report away, and I felt about as afraid of him as I was of my father. I began to feel really ill from the long strain on my nerves of all the terror and excitement and shame. I watched the clock in misery, I so dreaded to have recess come. It seemed to me the hands never went so quick before. If I had dared, I would have staid in my seat, and not gone out with the children; but I knew that would only be putting off the evil day; I might as well have it over with; so I ran out with the rest, but tried to keep out of Ned's way. It was no use. He followed me everywhere, saying, in tones of mock sympathy:

"Oh, Miss Peggy, she has lost her report in the sea! What shall we do for her?"

Then all the other children gathered around, and asked how it happened. Not one of them doubted my word except Ned. He was a good deal older than the rest of us. He must have been nearly twelve, I think, and we all looked up to him. He used to draw us on his sled and give us apples. His father was a farmer, and had hundreds of barrels of apples every year.

I despair of giving you a fair idea of my miseries for the next three days. Ned did not let me have one minute's peace,—on the way to school, and from school, and in recess, he always was saying something about that report. I honestly think he did not do this wholly out of mischief; he did it partly to punish me for having done such a mean and cowardly thing as to tell a lie. That was a thing he despised; he never had been known to tell one. Even if he knew he would have a whipping, he would own up the very worst piece of mischief he ever did.

On Thursday morning I waked with a bad sore throat. When the doctor came, he said I must stay in bed, and be kept very quiet. I heard my mother tell him about my falling into the brook on Saturday, and then I heard her say:

"I think it is not so much the wetting as it is the excitement the child has been under." And then I wondered still more if she really knew all about it, and if she did, why she did not whip me for the lie. I really think nothing would have done so much to comfort me as to have had her give me a very severe punishment of some sort: not that I was not punished every minute, almost more than I could bear, by my own thoughts, but I would have liked to have somebody else punish me too. However, I had not courage to confess the truth.

I was very ill for nearly two weeks. The first day I went to school, Miss Caroline gave me a report made out for the last three days I had been in school, before I was taken ill. It was "all fives," but it was too late. There did n't seem to be any credit in having done anything well, or in having behaved ever so well, so long as I had that lie on my mind. It did n't seem as if a liar had any business with a good report.

My mother was much pleased with it, and at dinner my father said:

"Well done, little daughter! I wonder if you could have kept it up all the week if the sore throat had not come."

After dinner my mother pasted it into the little book. I looked over her shoulder while she did it. She left a blank space above it, just the size for another report, and in that she put the date of that unhappy Saturday, and wrote below it:

"Report for this week drowned in the brook."

Then she said to me:

"Now we always shall remember why there were only three reports for last month."

Then she wrote in two other spaces—

"Absent from school this week on account of illness," and then, kissing me, she said:

"And now we'll begin again, Peggy, with a good fresh start, wont we? Poor little girlie, you look pretty thin."

I began to cry, and was on the point then of telling her all about it. But my miserable cowardice kept the words back. I thought I would tell her some night in the dark. But I never did: week after week passed, and month after month, and year after year; and I grew to be a great girl,—ten, eleven, twelve years old,—and yet I never had told her.

Every time I saw the page in the book where it was written, "Report for this week drowned in the brook," I felt very unhappy, and resolved that I would tell the truth; but I was a coward; and I kept putting it off, and putting it off, and before I was thirteen my good kind mother died. That is a great many years ago; but I remember it as if it were yesterday; and I remember that when I looked on her face in her coffin, I thought about that lie, and wished I had confessed it to her before she died. Now, if my confessing it, at this late day, can make one boy or one girl realize what a wicked, mean, cowardly, sneaking thing it is to tell a lie, and what dreadful misery all liars live in, I shall think I have done something to atone for that wicked Saturday so long ago.



## THE DISCONTENTED DOWAGER.

BY E. L. B.

ONCE upon a time, in the drawing-room of a stately mansion, there hung a very fine portrait all framed in a golden frame and swung from the cor-

It was evident the old dowager must have been a high and mighty person while she lived, not only from this fine attire, but from a very commanding



J.P. Davis Sc.

THE DOWAGER.

nice by a thick silken cord. This portrait, which had been painted long ago by a famous artist, was the picture of an old dowager—which means, you know, a grand old lady—with very red cheeks, very bright eyes, very thick gray hair, and very fat neck and arms. She was dressed in a red velvet gown, with the funniest short waist you ever saw in your lives; she wore a splendid necklace about her throat, bracelets upon both arms, and ever so many rings on her fingers, while her hair was twisted up into a queer-looking bunch on the top of her head, and trimmed with ribbons and rich ostrich plumes.

look in her sharp eyes, and a very proud expression about her firm lips.

But it was years and years since the old dowager had lived, and a great many changes had taken place in the world. People did n't go around with bare necks and ostrich plumes any longer, and did n't do a good many other things it was thought right and proper to do in the old dowager's time; and so, as she looked down from the wall and saw what folks did and how they lived nowadays, she was very much astonished, and also—though she ought not to have been—very much disgusted.



Indeed, if the family that lived in the house could have heard the old dowager's remarks upon them when they had gone to bed and the lights were put out,—remarks addressed to the other portraits in the room, and especially to a fat, puffy-looking old gentleman in a wig and ruffled shirt, who hung opposite,—I am afraid their feelings would have been hurt very much. It was then the old dowager used to open those tight red lips, and wink those

boy with a dirty face, painted by a Mr. Murillo, or another portrait close by her side, painted by a Mr. Raphael, of a certain St. Cecilia who not only had no ostrich plume to her head, but not even a shoe or stocking to her foot!

Do you want to know what were the things the dowager complained of? Why, there were so many I could n't remember half of them. She complained of the impudent way in which people



THE PUFFY OLD GENTLEMAN.

bright gray eyes, and speak her mind freely, about the things she saw and heard, to the puffy old gentleman, who thus was robbed of his rest to such an extent, that it was no wonder he always looked sleepy and stupid.

In short, the old dowager found so many things to scold about, and so many new aggravations occurred every day, that soon she spent the whole of every night in railing, and gave the other portraits no peace of their lives. She never stopped to think how much better off she was than a portrait, on the other side of the room, of a bare-legged

came up and stared at her, and made remarks about her clothes and person; but then she complained even more when they went past and took no notice of her. She scolded now because there was too much light in the room, so that her fine points could not be seen; again, because there was n't light enough. She scolded because the housemaids dusted her face with a brush, as though she had been a chair or a table; but she scolded twice as hard if she were not dusted. She would fly into the most dreadful passion if any one dared to talk too loudly in the room, and yet



she fell into a rage of curiosity and jealousy if they spoke in a whisper, or withdrew out of ear-shot. Then the flies lit on her face, and bit her and tickled her nose, so that—as she told the old gentleman—she felt a constant inclination to sneeze, which spoiled her expression. But, worse than all, spiders!—Ugh-h! black, long-legged spiders!—got behind her frame and crawled up her back; “and she just wanted the family to understand she could n’t and would n’t bear it, and some day she would scream out and tear her canvas.” Again: the family used to go to bed nights and let the fires out, and the house became so chilled that she told the old gentleman she was sure she should catch her death-o’-cold and go into a decline. “Why,” she exclaimed, savagely, “*they* crawl into their warm beds and tuck themselves in, but they seem to think *I* am made of cast-iron!”

But her greatest grievance was the children, who sometimes came to play in the room where she was hung. There were only two, to be sure,—a little boy and a little girl,—but the dowager did n’t approve of their presence, and so she watched them with jealous eyes to see that they did no mischief, though I grieve to say they sometimes did. At first they never thought of the old dowager’s watching them, till one day the little girl took down her mother’s beautiful portfolio,—which she had been forbidden to touch,—and was strewing the pictures all over the floor, when she happened to look up, and caught the dowager’s eye fixed sternly upon her. And what do you think she did?—tremble and run away? No; I am shocked to say she made a grimace. Oh, my, my, what a bold, bad little girl! Think of making a face at your great-great-grandmother! How do you suppose she dared to do it? But that was nothing to what the little boy did; for, once when he was playing with his rubber ball in the parlor, which he had been expressly forbidden to do, the old dowager frowned on him so sternly that he threw the rubber ball—the saucy little wretch—and struck his g-g-g-grandmother in the eye! I really do not know

what might have happened then—very likely the old dowager would have come straight down from the wall, and punished him on the spot,—if his mother had not come in.

This was the last time the children ever troubled her, for thenceforth they were kept out of the room; but none the less the old dowager fell into such an intolerable habit of carping and fault-finding that she made not only herself miserable, but all the other portraits as well; and though she found only food for ridicule and censure in the sayings and doings of the people about her, she nevertheless spent her whole time in listening to and watching them, instead of improving her mind by reading the book in her lap, into which she was never seen to look.

At length, misfortune fell upon the family to which the old dowager belonged, and their stately mansion, the furniture, and all their valuables were sold at auction. A rude and curious crowd thronged the rooms, and poked canes and umbrellas at the old dowager, and laughed at her bracelets and ostrich plumes, and made jokes about her. Then she and the puffy old gentleman were put up for sale, and knocked down at a very low price to a dirty, hook-nosed man, who carted them away to a dark, dingy shop, and there he took the old dowager out of her fine frame and put another picture in it, and sold it; and after a few days he packed the poor crestfallen old lady away in a dark, musty loft, where a lot of rubbish was piled upon her, squeezing her dreadfully. There she lay year after year, whilst the dust gathered thick upon her, and the spiders made their webs all about her, and the mice ran over her face, and the moths gnawed great holes in her fine velvet gown, till at last, when, after a long time, she was taken down, she was such a sorry-looking object that she was ruthlessly torn into strips and thrown into the ash-barrel.

And now, if any boy or girl does n’t know the moral to this fable, he or she must write and ask Jack-in-the-Pulpit about it.





## GRASS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE rose is praised for its beaming face,  
The lily for saintly whiteness;  
We love this bloom for its languid grace,  
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"  
Of the willow we say, "How slender!"  
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,  
How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,  
How we love her cool green raiment;  
So she plays in silence her lovely part,  
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,  
With sun and dew brimming over;  
Each year she pleases the greedy cows  
With oceans of honeyed clover!

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves,  
From spring until bleak November;  
And then—she remembers so many graves  
That no one else will remember!

And while she serves us, with goodness mute,  
In return for such sweet dealings,  
We tread her carelessly underfoot,—  
Yet we never wound her feelings!

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read:  
Though I fear but few have won it,—  
The best reward of a kindly deed  
Is the knowledge of having done it!

## MY FRIEND, COLONEL BACKUS.

(A Talk with Big Boys.)

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I WISH you knew Colonel Backus. I think he would amuse you. He amuses me immensely. The Colonel belongs to one of our best families, and was once a handsome man. When he is well and snugly dressed, he thinks he is handsome now; but there's no denying it—he's *fat*. He gets short of breath and very red in the face going upstairs. This corpulence of his is a great trouble to him. He says it is constitutional, and he accounts for it on the ground that an uncle—the very one he was named for—on his father's side, and an aunt on his mother's, were fat before him!

He can't eat oatmeal, or potatoes, or bread, because these make starch, and starch makes fat. He rides a hard-trotting horse in the park, with a smile that would seem to say to all whom he meets: "Now, this is enjoyment!—these breezes, these trees, this beautiful sward, this broad sky, these bird-songs, these glassy lakes, how they thrill me

and fill me with delight! I am free from the conventionalities of the town; I am one with nature. Hurrah!"

What the Colonel really does say is: "Confound this old fulling-mill! A man might as well ride the crest of an earthquake; but I'm bound to get rid of this flesh, if pounding will do it."

But it don't do it, and won't do it. He grows stouter and stouter, and snaps off more and more buttons when he puts on his boots, and talks more and more about his tailor scrimping his clothes.

Now, I suppose I must tell you what the real trouble is with the Colonel, though he never would confess it. The Colonel drinks. And what do you suppose the Colonel drinks for? You can't make him believe that it has anything to do with his getting stout. I'm going to tell you, by and by, what I think of it; but, first, I must tell you about the Colonel's last experiment. One night



he came home to dinner, radiant. He had found his cure.

"Has it come?" inquired he of Mrs. Backus.

"Has what come?" she asked.

"Why, my—my lift—my machine—my lifting-machine," he responded.

"Something has come," replied Mrs. Backus, "something heavy, and I have had it sent into the basement."

"Just the place for it," said the Colonel. "Now, you see, I'm going to get rid of this fat,"—and down-stairs he went.

When he returned, he had broken off a suspender button, and looked rather limp and solemn. But when he rose from his dinner that day, he declared that he had not felt so well in a year. About five days after that, while sitting quietly at the dinner-table, he suddenly pushed back his chair and slapped his hand in a sharp, vexed way upon his knee.

"Confound it," said he, "I have n't thought of my lift-cure for five days."

And so it happened every day. He was so eager to get at his dinner and his wine, when he returned from his office, that he forgot his lifting-machine. Meantime, he grew stouter and stouter.

And now, boys, I come to my point. Why did he forget the lifting-machine, which he had purchased for a remedy?—and why did n't he forget the liquor, which he also professed to use as a remedy? Simply because he did n't like the lifting-machine, and he did like the liquor. That is all there was about it. That is all there is about it in any similar case. Men may say what they choose about liquor being good for them. They may tell you that they cannot make out a dinner without wine, that water does not agree with them, that they take it as a remedy for some form of disease; but you will notice that it is the one kind of medicine that an habitual patient never forgets to take. You never see a man who takes wine with his dinner, shoving violently back from the table, slapping his knee, and exclaiming: "There! Confound it! I forgot to take my wine!" People forget rhubarb, castor-oil, sulphur, iron, myrrh-mixture, lifting-machines, quinine, Peruvian bark, quassia, squills, and thorough-wort tea, but they don't forget wine, particularly when they have come to regard it as a daily medicine. There must be something in it that specifically stimulates the memory!

Don't you suppose that Colonel Backus knows that it is the liquor he drinks which makes him fat, and keeps him so? Yes, he does know it, and it is simply ridiculous for him to deny it. He knows that if he were to stop drinking he would be obliged to send all his clothes to his tailor to be taken in. But he fights this knowledge. He tries to forget

his own convictions. He tries to deceive the people around him, and to deceive himself.

Colonel Backus is a slave. That is the long and short of it. He is a good fellow, but he is a slave. And all these good fellows who cannot let wine alone, and who make all sorts of excuses to themselves and others for drinking it, are slaves. They are conscious that it does them no good; but they like it. And sixty thousand of them every year lie down in America, in the graves of drunkards. These poor, dead men have all been slaves of the same sort as Colonel Backus. It seems a pity that our good-natured friend, the Colonel, should become one of their number, but that is just what he is going to become, I suppose. He has an appetite that will grow with the years. It grows in other men; it will grow in him. By and by, he will stop thinking about his fat. He will stop caring about his clothes. He will stop riding his hard-trotting horse. He will stop caring about wife and children. Then, some pleasant, sunny morning, when all the world is astir, and pure, healthy, temperate men and women are singing at their work, and sweet and merry children are shouting at their play, and God's smile is over the world, there will appear a strip of crape on the Colonel's door, and an obituary notice in a newspaper, which will state that Colonel Backus died suddenly of an apoplectic attack. His good qualities will be generously mentioned, and, just at the end of the notice, there will be a delicate allusion to the fact that the Colonel had but one enemy in the world—himself.

Now what do you think of the Colonel, and of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice. Don't be fooled into the belief that it is good for you. It is not good for you. Good food, pure air, warm clothes, free exercise, and plenty of sleep, are all that will be necessary to keep you healthy. It stands to reason that liquor mixed with your fresh, healthy blood will bring you disease, as it certainly will. If you follow the example of Colonel Backus, you will find yourself rummaging around for excuses, and



making yourself generally ridiculous by trying to invent a cause for results that can only come from drink. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way:

You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh? What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half-a-dozen of that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself—just as the soul of Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing during all his life?

You will hear men, over their cups, talking about temperance men. "Oh, these teetotalers! they are always running things into the ground," they will say. "Temperance is one thing," they will add, "and total abstinence quite another." But

that is only another way by which those who love drink try to cheat themselves and others into the belief that they are not doing the most dangerous thing in the world. Don't be misled by them. You may laugh just a little when they say this, but when they offer you a glass you should say, "No, I thank you; I get along very well without it." And if you can say, "Gentlemen, I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I know you would not like to have me begin with you," not one of them, even if half drunk, would put it to your lips. Would you want any better indorsement than that?

It is always an unmanly thing to do wrong. Who is the most of a man—he who is willing to do an unpopular thing for the sake of safety and principle, or he who does what he knows to be unsafe and wrong, for fear of the jeers of boys, many of whom in after-life would give worlds, if they had them to give, if they had never seen a glass of wine? Don't be fooled. Don't be a fool. Stand by what you know to be right, in all circumstances. Keep your blood sweet and pure. Preserve your independence. But if you ever become a sot (which heaven forbid), don't try to make yourself believe that liquor is good for you, or that you drink it for any reason but because you love it.



"LOOK! LOOK!"



## THE SAD STORY OF HIPPETY-HOP.

BY SAMUEL C. WILSON.

HAVE you heard of a girl named Hippety-Hop,  
Who once got a-going, and could n't stop,—  
Who once got going with hop and skip,  
And started off on a wonderful trip?

This little girl would never stand still,  
Nor even walk up the side of a hill;  
But on she'd go, till she reached the top,  
With a skip and a jump and a hippety-hop.

For she said, "My name is Hippety-Hop,  
And I'll skip and jump, and I *will* not stop;  
I will *not* stop for all they say,  
Though I should hop out of the world some day."

The very next morn, when the sun arose,  
She hopped out of bed, and hopped into her clothes;  
With a bob and a bounce, 'round the room she went,  
Light as a feather, and quite content.



"ON SHE'D GO TILL SHE REACHED THE TOP."

She'd hop out of her clothes, and hop into bed,  
And hop in her sleep, I've heard it said,  
And hop in her dreams, could she have her will,  
But only then would her feet keep still.

Her father would whip, and her mother would scold,  
But her little feet would not be controlled;  
They would hop and skip and jump all day,  
And, at last, they carried her far away!

"Now I can hop!" said this willful girl,  
And 'round the room she went with a whirl,  
And down the stairs, with a bound and skip,  
As if she were going a long, long trip.

The door stood open, she could not stop,  
And faster still went Hippety-Hop;  
Her mother screamed and her father swore,  
As she passed like a bird through the open door.



On through the garden, the fields, and the lane;

In a second, she passed the railroad train,—  
The lightning express, I've heard people say,  
But it may have been going the opposite way,—  
And the passengers only caught a glimpse  
Of a child like one of the fairies' imps.

Her father telegraphed east and west,  
But she beat the message—her time was best;  
She was going faster than lightning or wind,  
And she left the telegrams far behind.

She just touched the grass with her little toes,  
For she was afraid she would soil her clothes  
If she brushed the dew off the blades below,  
And she had forgotten her trunk, you know.

On past village, and vale, and hill,  
She skipped so fast that she felt quite ill;  
Past cities adorned with a hundred spires,  
And full of all that the heart desires.

She cried for a bowl of milk and bread,  
For she left before the breakfast was spread,  
But she could not stop, for her feet would go  
The faster, when trying to move them slow.

Then she heard a voice from the heavens'  
blue top  
Say, "Hippety-Hop, you must never stop  
To eat a crumb, or to drink a drop  
Of milk, though you pass through the Milky  
Way,



To

THRO

VOL



"SHE CRIED FOR A BOWL OF MILK AND BREAD."

Nor return to your home, till your hair is gray,  
And your willful temper has passed away."

She tried to hold back, but her feet were too strong;  
So land and water she skimmed along,  
Till she reached the very edge of the world,  
And into space was suddenly hurled.

Thus sadly frightened was Hippety-Hop;  
She was out of the world, and could n't stop;  
Her feet were taking her right to the moon;  
At the rate she moved, she would get there soon.

And the man in the moon grew fiercer and bigger,  
As he saw, coming toward him, this queer little figure  
Hopping along on nothing at all,  
And making straight for his silver ball.

So he brandished his club, and shouted, "Stop!"  
But she curtly said, "I am Hippety-Hop!  
I started to-day from the earth so gay,  
That spins down there like a silver top,  
And I must go on till they let me drop."

So on she passed like a sky-born rover,  
Right at the place where the cow jumped over  
When the little dog laughed at the man in  
the moon,

the thievish dish ran away with the spoon.







"HE BRANDISHED HIS CLUB."

That night, on earth there was great ado  
Among the wise, astronomical crew,  
Who nightly peer through the heavens afar,  
For an asteroid, comet, or wandering star.

For they saw a light that puzzled them sore,  
A comet or star never seen before,  
That moved along near the sky's blue top,  
With a skip, and jump, and a hippety-hop.

Brighter it shone than Luna pale,  
Its hair streamed back like a comet's tail,  
And a round, little face, like Mars was red  
With the ruddy light that the sun had shed.

So the wise men brought their telescopes out  
To view the stranger, and solve the doubt;  
But though they gazed, without wink or pause,  
They could not tell what the queer thing was.

One said, "'T is only an asteroid,  
A bit of a planet once destroyed;"

Another, "A comet, for see!" he said  
"Its hair streams back from its fier

Another said, "'T is a new-born star!"  
But the last exclaimed, "What fools you are!  
'T is only a little girl gone astray,  
Shot from her orbit, as I might say,  
Who hops and skips as she did in play,  
And see, she is bound for the Milky Way!"

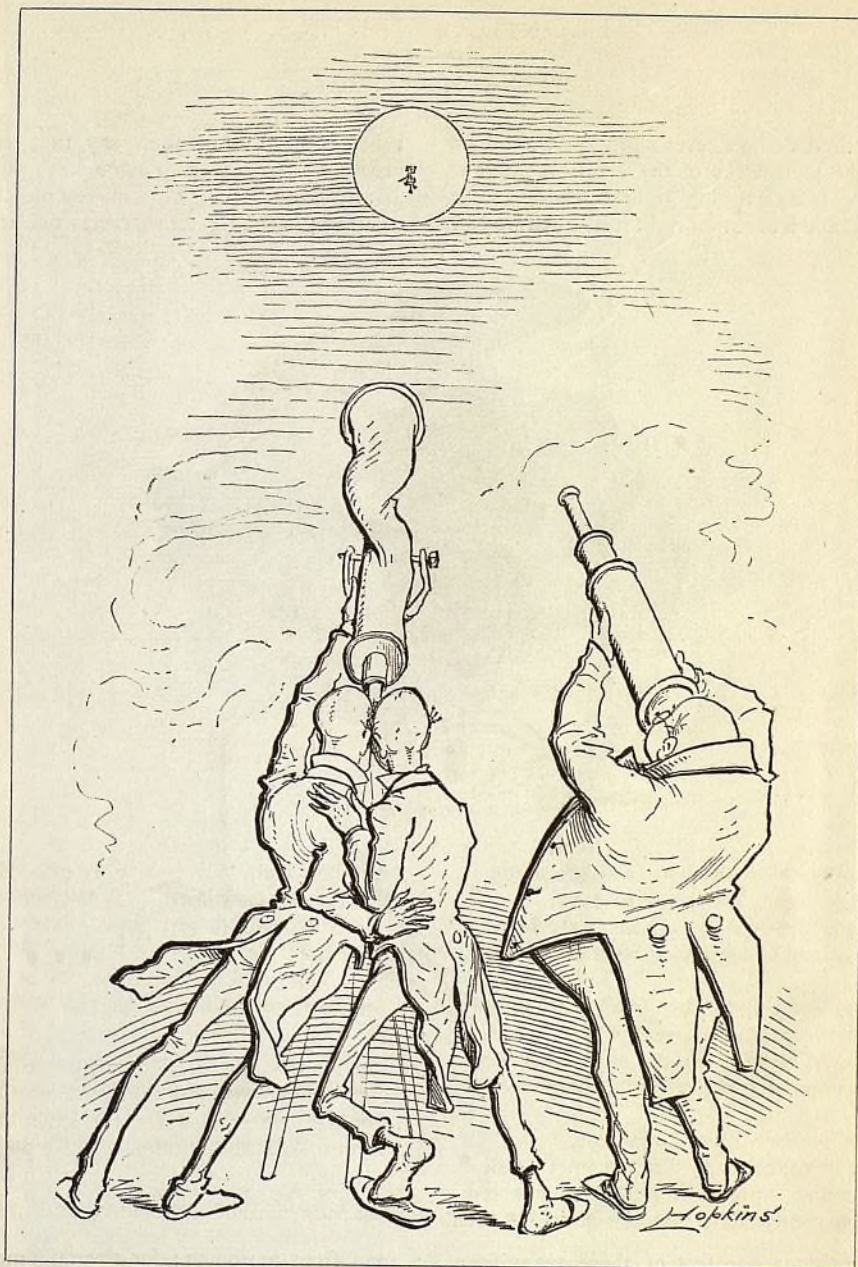
But all the others laughed him to scorn,  
And said, "No girl that ever was born  
Could move so fast o'er the sky's blue top,  
With a skip, and a jump, and a hippety-hop."

So they marked its course, and measured its  
speed,  
They traced its orbit, and found indeed,  
From the rate it traveled among the spheres,  
It would reach the earth in a thousand years.

So a thousand years must come and go,  
Ere she returns to the earth below;  
And I know, from what wise peo

swore,  
will the open door.





"THE WISE MEN BROUGHT THEIR TELESCOPES OUT."

Hard is the fate of this willful girl;  
A thousand years to skip and whirl,  
A thousand years before she can stop  
To eat a crumb or to drink a drop.

This is the story of Hippety-Hop,  
Who once got going and could n't stop,  
Until she was punished, and made to smart  
For her reckless feet, and her willful heart.



## FLORIDA FISHERS.

BY MRS. MARY TREAT.

IN the retired shallow coves along the St. John's River may be seen flocks of the great blue heron. These coves are their fishing-grounds during winter and spring ; and a beautiful sight it is, when we can

I have heard gentlemen say they could not approach these birds near enough to study them with any satisfaction. This makes me think that the herons are such good observers that they know



THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

approach within a few feet of these magnificent birds. They are about four feet in height, and the long, glossy, plume-like feathers about the neck and shoulders, and the two long feathers on the head, make them look quite grand. Especially magnificent is he when, with bristling feathers and fierce action, he bends to catch his prey. The picture, copied by permission from Dr. Tenney's "Elements of Zoölogy," shows him in the act.

a man from a woman ; for several times I have been allowed to come quite near to them, when first one and then another would step upon a log, and straighten himself up to his full height, and look at me inquiringly, and then go on with his fishing, quite unconcerned. I have observed, however, that when they are feeding among a drove of cattle (Florida cattle often feed in the river), I can approach much more closely than when no



cattle are near; so, they may take me for one of the cows, or for some sort of nondescript animal! But if they do, I freely forgive them, and would gladly do anything in my power to protect them against the heartless men who throng the steamers from the North, to kill the beautiful birds of Florida.

These herons are very sociable and peaceable, living together in perfect harmony, and are on good terms with all their relatives. Their cousin—the great white heron—is often in their company, and they stand side by side fishing in the shallow water. Some of the birds stand quite still, with their long necks arched, and their eyes fixed on the water until some unlucky fish or small reptile comes within their reach, when they thrust their long, stout beaks into the mud and water, and dexterously secure the prey, which they greedily devour; others wade cautiously and stealthily about, looking closely for crabs and fish; and all, whether walking or standing quite still, seem very successful in catching game.

But so many of these birds have been shot, is it any wonder that they have no confidence in mankind? They will not take even a meal without one of the party acting as sentinel. The sentinel usually stands upon a log, and nothing seems to escape his keen eye.

Now, all depends upon him whether I—a woman—am allowed to approach! He looks at me keenly and suspiciously, and I pretend to be wholly unconcerned with regard to his movements. If I can get near a gentle cow, I am quite safe. If the cattle do not run from me, why should they? So they consult over the matter. The sentinel communicates the fact of my approach, and now a

great white heron mounts the log, his feathers as white as the pure fallen snow, and from his shoulders hang long graceful plumes. What a grand bird he is, and what a heart of stone a man must have to deprive such a glorious creature of life!

Seeming to be satisfied that I have neither murderous gun nor hostile intentions, he steps down from the log and resumes his fishing, but another immediately mounts it. By this time I am on such good terms with one of the cows, that she comes to the log on which I stand and takes the water-plants from my hand; this seems to reassure the birds; and nearer and nearer I am allowed to approach. As long as I can manage to keep a cow between me and the birds, I have no fear of alarming them. They come so near to me that I can see the different kinds of game they capture; now one takes a crab and beats it upon a log and picks it to pieces before swallowing it, but how he manages to do this and escape the crab's retaliating pinch, I do not know; he must understand crabs better than I do.

The color of the eyes and bill in both the blue and white heron is yellow, and the legs are a greenish-yellow. Sometimes one of these birds' legs looks stouter and larger than the other. I find this peculiarity has been observed in specimens that had been shot, and the reason given in ornithological books is, that the birds stand so much upon one leg that it causes it to grow larger than the other.

But the most elegant fisher found in Florida is the American flamingo. It is about as tall as the great blue heron, and is gorgeously attired in bright scarlet! One of these days I shall tell you more about him in these pages, and perhaps show you his picture.

## MARJORIE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

MARJORIE hides in the deep, sweet grass;  
Purple its tops bend over;  
Softly and warmly the breezes pass,  
And bring her the scent of the clover.

Butterflies flit, and the banded bee  
Booms in the air above her;  
Green and golden lady-bugs three  
Marjorie's nest discover.

Up to the top of the grass so tall  
Creep they, while Marjorie gazes;



Blows the wind suddenly—down they fall  
Into the disks of the daisies!

Brown-eyed Marjorie! Who, do you think,  
Sings in the sun so loudly?  
Marjorie smiles. "'T is the bobolink,  
Caroling gayly and proudly."

Bright-locked Marjorie! What floats down  
Through the golden air, and lingers  
Light on your head as a cloudy crown,  
Pink as your rosy fingers?

"Apple-blossoms!" she laughing cries.  
"Beautiful boats come sailing  
Out of the branches held up to the skies,  
Over the orchard railing."

Happy, sweet Marjorie, hidden away,  
Birds, butterflies, bees above her;  
With flowers and perfumes, and lady-bugs gay—  
Everything seems to love her!

## PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### PATTIKIN.

THINGS went better with Thirza after that. She bent all her energies to the task of keeping the house orderly, the little ones clean, and, above all, the bread-box full, and the meals in proper season; and as she was really an energetic little body, she succeeded pretty well. To be sure, accidents happened now and then. Her judgment could not always be relied upon. Sometimes the loaf did not hold out, as she thought it would, and she had to fall back pretty often on those miserable make-shifts that Sandy called "slap-jacks."

But, though Pattikin seldom forgot her dusting till it was quite dinner-time, she did not stay in the house much, and made little headway learning to work. She said it made her "homesick for mother;" so they let her run pretty much as she chose. She liked to sit perched on the top of the wood-pile, in the sunshine, and look down upon her brothers, while they sawed, and split, and piled, breaking forth now and then into a merry "Oh, come, come away! from labor now reposing!"

Sometimes she busied herself with the birch-bark that she picked from the logs, making sheets of paper "for father to write sermons on," or making "canoes," as her mother had taught her.

"You'll let that child catch her death of cold, besides getting as brown as a Malay," said Miss Ellenwood, who called to see how the minister's folks were getting along.

But Thirza was doing the best she could, and somehow or other Pattikin never caught cold; and if she did get to be a regular little "nutte-brown mayde," perhaps it did n't so very much matter. Something happened to her, however; so Miss Ellenwood could say, "I told you so."

A log rolled, one day, as she was descending from her high perch, and her foot was caught under it, and the poor little ankle got a bad sprain.

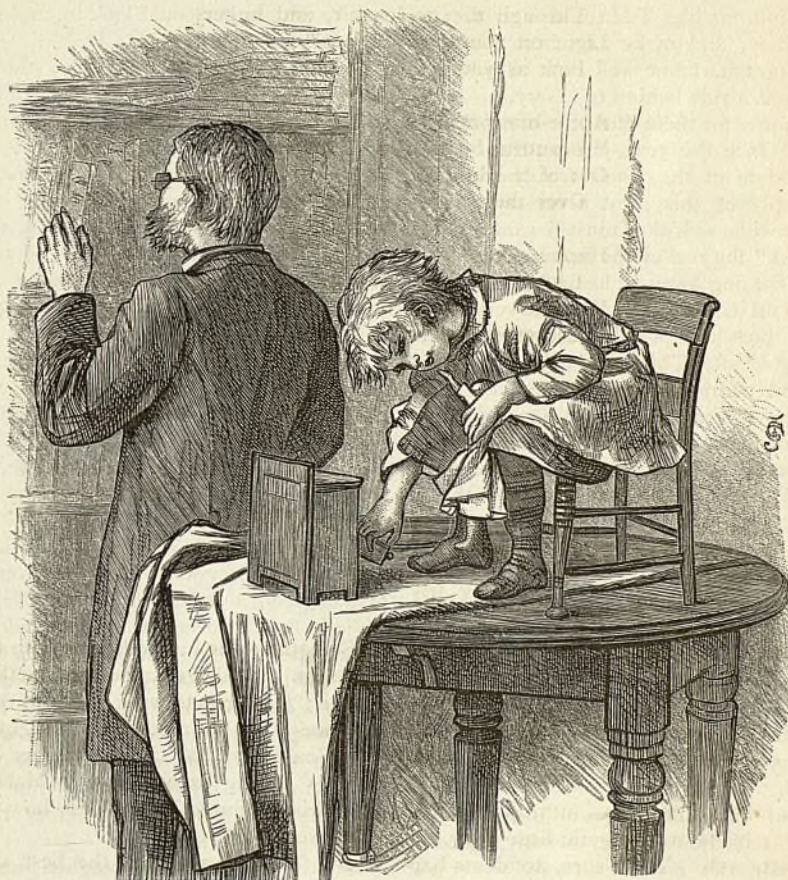
Then Pattikin had to stay in the house. You may think she was homesick,—or mother-sick, those days. And so she was, till her father saw how the poor child was pining, and took her into his study. He made her a pallet near the sunniest window, and let her lie there and watch him, as he wrote, and read, and studied, and let her look over



hitherto for  
puzzle out of  
would sit best  
slate for her an  
things.

Pattikin had no idea of her father's resources before. He was just as good as a mother to her. When he had to go off parish visiting, he wrapped

Tilda liked much to come and play with her; but there was always a good deal to do. Tilda and Thirza still had the hardest of the work and care, notwithstanding the help they now



"THERE SHE SAT, AND PLAYED WITH HER DOLL."

her up nicely and took her with him. And such nice people as they went to see! And the curious, twisted, crispy, delicious doughnuts, and the rosy-cheeked apples, and the cunning little scoloped cakes of maple-sugar that were given her! Pattikin never enjoyed any week in her life more than the second one after she sprained her ankle.

And when she was well enough to limp about a little, lest she should try her strength too much by walking, he set his round green-covered table in the place of her pallet, and let her have it for her house. She had her little chair, and her dolly's bureau on the top of it, and there she sat, and played

had from their father and brothers. It is quite wonderful how many steps there are to take in a large family. It was cooking and washing dishes, and then skimming milk and washing dishes, and then churning and more washing dishes;—large, unwieldy dishes, too. And the clothes must be sprinkled, and the ironing took a whole half day always, and then everything to be sorted, and folded, and put away. It is of no use to try to tell you all. Nobody can know but a woman who has had it all to do, or a little girl who has tried with her inexperienced little head, and her small, unskillful hands, to remember it all, and do it all.



sickness, and the weariness. Sometimes it was an hour's work in the kitchen behind the big blue check apron with his own hands; sometimes it was a bright silver sixpence slipped into the weary hands, or turning up unexpectedly under their plates; and children like Tilda and Thirza, who rarely get money, and make the best use of it when they do get it, know well how to value it. Sometimes it was a ride behind old Gray.

He found a way for them out of every "slough of despond." Once the yeast-jug got empty, and the united wisdom of the whole family could n't produce a supply of this most necessary article. It seemed for a while as if they must live on biscuits and "slap-jacks" the rest of the four weeks. The minister took the jug away at last to a neighbor, and got her to fill it.

He had to pursue a similar course with his "bosomed shirts," after Thirza had privately fretted and fussed and worried two or three days over them, trying to get one ironed for Sunday. He never knew how many tears sprinkled those shirts, nor what a struggle it cost his little girl to give up trying, and own that she could not do them. He only said:

"The shirts!—what ails them? They only need to be starched and ironed like other things, I suppose. But if you can't do them, I'll take them over to Mrs. Preston. She'll be glad of a chance to pay part of her subscription by ironing them."

Thirza only wished he would make the attempt to iron one himself. But he did n't, and it aggravated her much to think it should seem such a simple and easy thing to him, when she had found it so impossible.

"Now, this evening shall see us all busy darning our stockings," said the minister, one day, and the party that made the molasses candy were not merrier than the party that crowded around the lamp that evening, each armed with a darning-needle and a ball of yarn.

Pattikin and Sandy insisted on having some work, too, so darning-needles and old socks were given them, and they worked away with great zeal. Thirza was voted teacher and general inspector, but the minister really did a great deal in that line, and many a "boggle" had to be taken out, and done over in better shape at his bidding.

But even this could not make them believe it was anything but fun, and they were ready to agree to a darning-evening once a week the whole year round. Seth advocated it heartily,—“it would be such a relief to mother,” he said. The minister smiled

who was always  
spectacles,” said  
through the year.  
I can never see where to make my needle come out. And the strands get all mixed up, so there is n't any right place for it to come out, I believe.”

Here Thirza had to bring her chair to sit beside Samuel, and give him a lesson.

“I wish mother could look in, and see how cozy we are,” said Seth.

Thirza looked up gratefully, thinking of the “slap-jacks” at dinner that day, and which Seth seemed to have forgotten. The four great loaves of bread had proved to be sour, too, and the pies were leathery, and the insides dry and half cooked. But they all had healthy appetites and excellent digestive powers, and, whatever was wrong with the cooking, there was always the consolation of knowing that the food would soon be eaten up, and a chance afforded of trying again, with the hope of better success next time.

But the longest month will come to an end, and all were rejoiced when a letter came naming the day on which the long-absent mother would return. They all were standing at the gate, in good season, watching for the stage, as they had stood four weeks before watching it away.

At last it came,—the old, slow thing,—rattling, and bouncing, and jouncing along down the hill; and there!—they were sure they could see a peep of the green alpaca!—and then the baby poked his jolly little fat face out of the window, and there was mother, holding out both hands to them; and oh!—joy of joys!—they had her in a minute, and were all clinging to her hands, and her neck, and her dress, till the stage-driver said to the minister:

“Do see to your wife, and I'll see that I'm paid, and take off the trunk. She'll be pulled to the ground with all that crazy raft of young ones.”

But the minister only laughed, and joined the “raft of young ones,” and got a hand, and the baby, and a smile and a tear for his portion.

And when they had got inside the door, such a budget of news as there was to tell! And the minister declared that his wife had grown so young and handsome that he was quite ashamed of himself, and that he must go off awhile and rejuvenate too. Also, that they all had got to be such house-keepers that she would have no more such hard and constant work and care, because they would all help more than they ever had, since they had begun to realize how many steps were necessary to keep a house in order.

And Thirza felt so light-hearted and free, that she laughed and cried for joy, and let all the water



boil out of the kettle in which the fowl was cooking for supper. But of course it was n't spoiled, for mother had got home, and her quick ear caught the sizzle, and the danger was averted.

What a supper it was, to be sure! And how sweet to Thirza was her mother's praise of the light biscuit, the mealy potatoes, and the well-baked custard-pie! It was worth all they had endured, to have the pleasure of that home-coming.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE MENAGERIE.

THE minister came in, one day in the following June, with a great flaming, yellow hand-bill, and a look that said as plainly as words could:

"Now for a treat! Here 's something that will please the youngsters."

"Ho!—a circus-bill! May I have a look at it, father?" said Simon, wondering a little at his father's bringing it home, since the circus was a proscribed amusement in that home. "Is it going to be here?"

"Not a circus-bill, as you will see, if you look at it," said the father, delivering it over to the eager hands of the boys. "No circus, but a fine menagerie,—the best that ever came into the State. It's to be at Belleville next week."

"Oh, father, menageries are good! Oh, father, *could* we go?" said Simon, and Thirza, and Tilda all in a breath. "Oh, will you take us, father?"

"It is Van Amburgh's. A rare collection, and he will go into the lion's cage, and perform some marvelous tricks," said the minister, coolly, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, that was itself half a promise.

"Oh, could n't we go? It's only a little ways to Belleville. Just 'leven or six miles!" pleaded Pattikin.

"Five miles to Belleville," said the minister, musingly. "Five miles,—and five back, are ten."

"You go there and back in half a day, very often," said Seth, who was secretly as eager as any of them, though he felt that he was too old to tease.

"I think," said the minister, very deliberately,—  
"I think—I may go. And perhaps you, Seth, as you are the oldest, and have never seen many wild animals, can go with me."

"And I! Oh, let me! And me! And me!" cried the rest in chorus.

"And I think," the minister began again, "that Thirza ought to go too, because she was such a faithful little woman while her mother was gone to Boston."

"And I!—did n't I help? Was n't I good too?" said a trio of listeners, agonized with impatience and desire.

"And Tilda, because she was always ready to help," slowly continued the tantalizing man. "Let me see; that will take, how many ninespences? Four! Four times twelve and a half is—how much?"

"Fifty cents!" screamed the chorus.

"You need n't pay for me, father. I've got money enough to pay for myself," said Seth.

"And I, too!" said Thirza.

"I should think I might go! I've a whole quarter of a dollar in my box," said Simon.

"And I've got eighteen cents," said Samuel.

"I want to go just as much as anybody!"

Pattikin clung to her father's hand, and jumped up and down, saying all the time: "Me too, father! Why don't you say me, too?"

"Pattikin will have to go, I suppose, because she is the little one, and it would break her heart to be left at home. And Simon is so much interested in natural history that it would be a pity not to let him see such a show."

By this time the children had become convinced that no one would be left out, and they only had to wait patiently, and their father would find some reason for letting every one of them go. So they waited more quietly, only laughing and shouting a little when a new name was added to the list of favored ones.

"Samuel *must* go, because he is such a good boy to tend the baby, and mother will want him for that; and Sandy,—I think we must take him, because he's got such fat cheeks that the showman *may* take a notion to *buy* him, to *put on exhibition*."

There was great shouting and laughing at this ingenious reason.

"Mother and the baby are going, too!" cried Thirza, delightedly. But mother and the baby demurred.

"I've had my good time for this year, and it would be a hard day's work for me to go, and take Robbie. You all can do quite as well without me, and I'd much rather stay at home," said she. And neither persuasion nor pleading could change her mind.

*If it should rain!* But that would be too great a misfortune! Of course it would n't.

And it did n't. Never sun rose on a more perfect day. The birds sang, the dew-drops glistened, the violets and dandelions crowded each other in the grass, and the air was balm. Not a cloud in all the sky, except a few great snow-banks that went floating about in the blue overhead.

Every one of the seven Sunday suits was freshly washed and ironed. The boys in brown linen were in a most uncommon state of starchedness, and the little girls, in their pretty light calicoes and shaker



bonnets, looked as fresh and sweet and smiling as the flowers themselves.

The minister had a family ticket. And proud he was of the family that were to go in on it. He chuckled unmistakably, quite forgetful of ministerial dignity as he thought how the showman would say: "These all yours, sir?" And perhaps add: "You get the worth of your money, anyhow!" He quite wished Robbie was old enough to go.

"Would n't you better go, after all, mother?" he asked, just as they were getting into the wagon to start. "Wont cost a cent more, you know!"

But mother was not to be coaxed into a reversal of her decision. So they drove off, leaving her nodding and smiling, and waving the dish-towel, in answer to their vociferous good-byes.

They had plenty of time before them. The gray pony might choose her own gait. Seth and Simon and Samuel jumped out and walked up all the hills, and came back into the wagon with great bouquets of sweet June pinks, and delicate white flowers, not to be despised or slighted because they grew in every field-corner, and bore the very common and homely name, elder-blows.

They stopped at a deserted house, and went in and explored the dilapidated rooms, and wondered who had lived there last, and what sort of stories the walls would tell, if they could speak.

Of course, none of them had wanted any breakfast, and of course Pattikin and Sandy were hungry soon, and must have a slice of bread and cheese, and the rest "did n't care if they had a bit," and the yellow firkin was opened, and they saw that there was a whole chicken beautifully roasted for their dinner, and a pie, beside an unlimited supply of bread and butter,—which did not tend to lower their good spirits in the least.

They were so gay that their father cautioned them. "They must be more sober, or the showman might take them for wild animals, and shut them up in his cages." Inwardly, he was scarcely less gay than they were, however. He had not yet lost the boy's heart,—for all his many cares and duties,—this minister.

They were grave and quiet enough, though, when they went through the narrow door into the great white tent, among the crowds of people standing everywhere, or sitting tier above tier, all along one side of the tent. Gravely and wonderingly they looked into the great iron cages where tigers and lions paced back and forth in uneasy confinement, or bears lay and slept, or gazed back at them with sharp, fierce-looking eyes.

Pattikin clung fast to her father's hand, Sandy held on to Seth, and the rest kept close in the rear, feeling that if they should get separated from the rest, they might not be found soon in such a crowd.

They watched the mother-elephant with her immense baby by her side, and the majestic old father-elephant, as he performed his tricks in obedience to that slender little man, his keeper. It was all a wonder, and a mystery. And oh, delight of delights! there was the least of small ponies, who danced and pranced and curveted round a ring with a monkey on his back, dressed in a red coat and yellow pantaloons, with gold on his cap and gold on his sleeves, clinging tightly to his seat, and flourishing his small riding-whip; and though the pony jumped, and reared on his hind feet, and even rolled on the ground, he never could get that monkey off. And at last he just gave it up, and cantered gayly around the ring.

Van Amburg himself came in presently in splendid costume, bespangled with gold and silver, and went into the lion's cage, as the hand-bills had promised, and played with the terrible creatures as if they had been dogs; and he opened their mouths, and showed the people their dreadful teeth, till the children's faces grew white with excitement.

They went away soon after this was over. There were many side-shows, but they lingered only a little to look wistfully at the pictures on the outside of these, entering none. Their father went to a stand where candies and lemons and other nice things were kept for sale, and bought three lemons, and then they made their way out of the crowd of people that were everywhere about the tent, and went out where the gray pony was tied.

They got into the wagon and drove quite out of the town, till they found a good place to eat their dinner, under a shady tree, near a well.

Seth got out the tin pail, and brought a supply of well-water. The minister took a brown paper package from the firkin, which proved to contain some sugar, and made some lemonade; and they were so very hungry, and everything tasted so good, that the eatables disappeared with great rapidity.

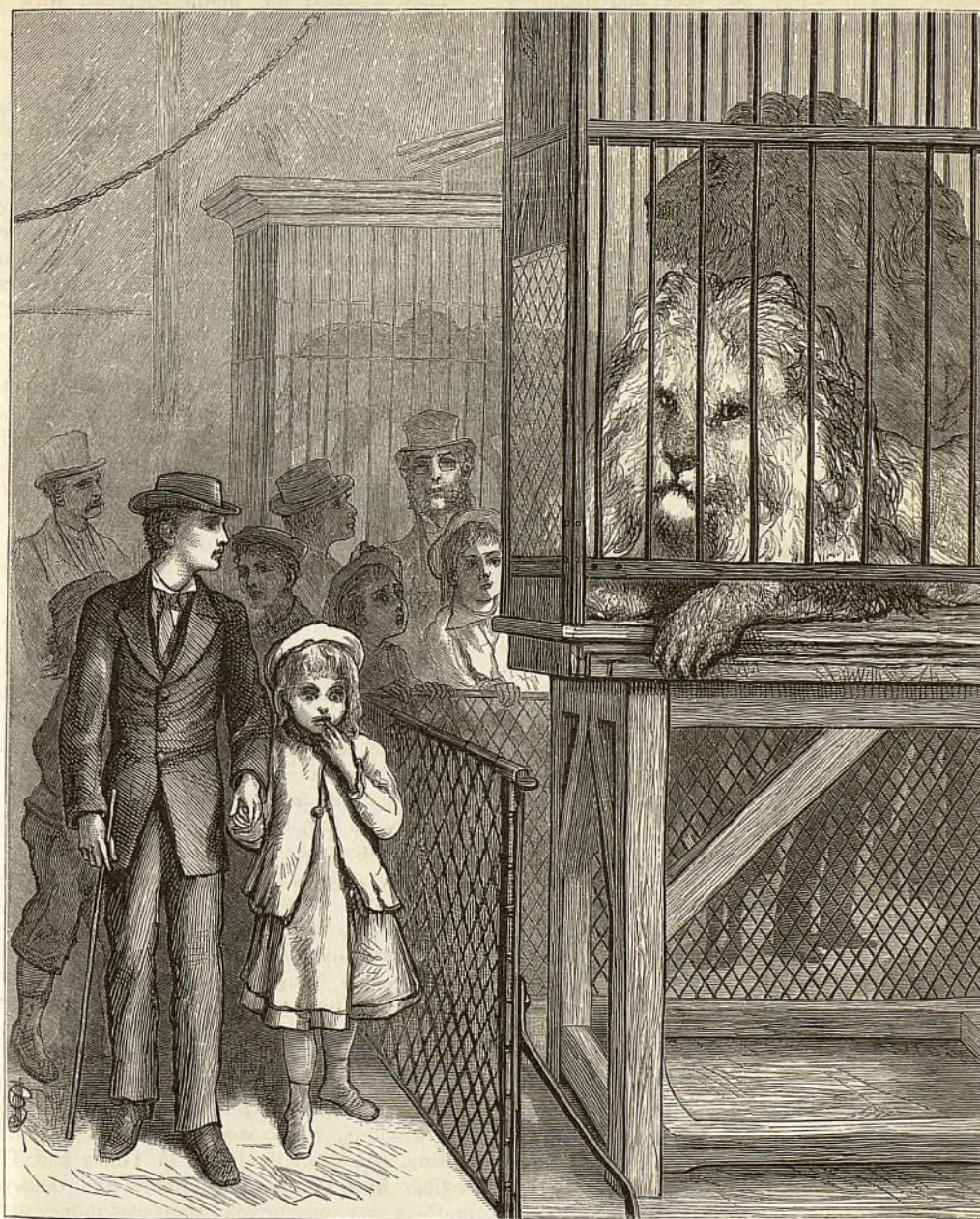
After dinner they went back into the town, for the minister had some shopping to do. Then the children had another rare treat, looking in at the gay windows, where were dolls that set Pattikin teasing, and made the hearts of Thirza and Tilda restless with longing, and hoops and balls and marbles and tops to coax the boys' money out of their pockets.

Their father had not taken their money to pay for their entrance to the menagerie. Very likely he did not intend to do so, but they were not sure.

"If we only knew!" whispered Tilda to Thirza in a whisper. "I should so like one of those dolls!"

"I have thought of something we'd better do, if he does n't take our money," said Thirza, though





PATTIKIN'S FAMILY AT THE MENAGERIE.

her eyes rested lovingly on a rosy-cheeked doll with curling hair, that lay near the glass window.

"Hear what father is saying to Pattie."

"No, no, little daughter! We've spent all the money we can afford, for one day."

This was what the minister was saying in reply to Pattikin's teasing.

"What have you thought of?" said Tilda.

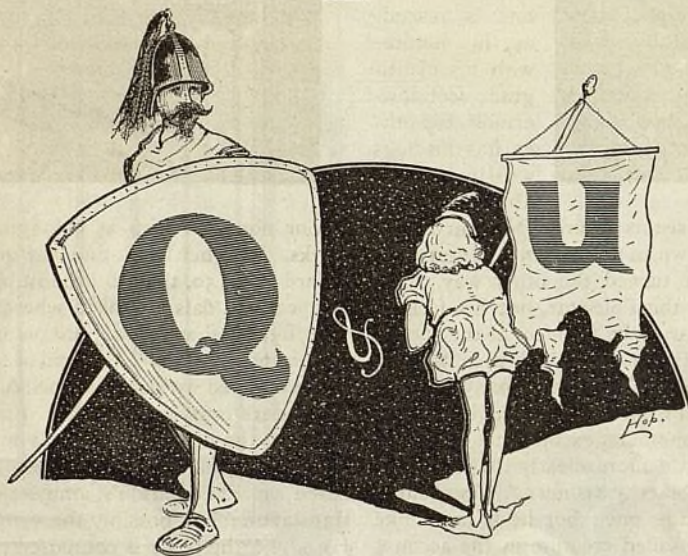
"I can't tell you now. But very soon I will," said Thirza.

*(To be continued.)*



## Q AND U.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.



ONCE Q and U a bargain made  
('T was very long ago),  
And they have kept the contract well,  
As you, perhaps, may know.

"I'd like to be your faithful page,"  
Said valiant little U;  
"And I your service will engage,"  
Replied the honest Q,

"If you will always stand by me,  
My ready right-hand man."  
"I'll take delight," said earnest U,  
"To show you that I can."

"If I should in a quarrel get,  
What then?" asked careful Q.  
"Then I'd be there to help you out,"  
Quoth nimble little U.

"If, weary of the strife, I seek  
Rest from the noise and riot?"  
"We'll quell disturbance, and secure  
A safe retreat—in quiet."

So, side by side, U stands with Q,  
Through all the passing ages,—  
Proving, by tireless constancy,  
The very best of pages.

## THE STARS IN MAY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

TOWARD the north we now see the Dipper raised directly above the Pole-star; the constellation of the Great Bear occupying a much wider region of the sky. The Little Bear, which last month had passed just above the horizontal position, has its length now in the position of the minute hand of a clock eight or nine minutes past the hour.

Since I wrote the account of the stars for April, I have come across a singular Arabian picture of a part of the northern heavens, from which it would seem that anciently the two Bears had their feet in the same direction. From the picture of the Little Bear shown last March, you will see that the feet of the animal are toward the stars  $\eta$  and  $\gamma$ , or away



from the Great Bear; and the feet of the Great Bear are toward  $\mu$ ,  $\lambda$ , etc., of that constellation, or away from the Little Bear. So that the Bears are

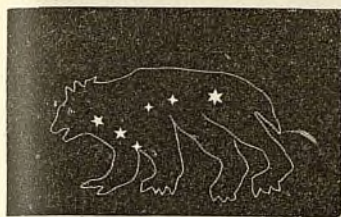


FIG. 1.

back to back; and whenever one is placed, as in nature, with his plantigrade feet lowest, the other has his legs wildly waving above him,—

which, on the whole, seems absurd. Now, in the old Arabian picture, drawn in the eleventh century, we find the Little Bear turned the other way. His tail still lies toward the Pole-star, but his feet lie toward the Great Bear,—the fore-feet at the stars 4 and 5; so that the Bears come into their natural attitude simultaneously. The accompanying picture (Fig. 1) is copied from the very rough drawing of the Arabian astronomers, except that the stars are represented a little more clearly than in their drawing. Only six stars are shown. The bear is not a very good-looking one; but he is more like a bear than the long-tailed creature in the account of the stars for March. In fact, astronomy cannot be said to distinguish itself pictorially, though serious confusion would follow a sudden changing of its familiar representations.

The constellation Cassiopeia is now well placed for observation,—and, according to my promise last month, I will now give a brief account of this ancient star-group.

According to Hyginus, Cassiopeia and Cepheus were placed in the heavens with their heads turned from the pole, so as to swing head downward beneath it, because Cassiopeia boasted that her beauty surpassed that of the Nereids. It is convenient to keep this

had not even seen the Nereids) was of much importance, but as a help to the memory. The star  $\zeta$ , the remotest from the pole of all shown

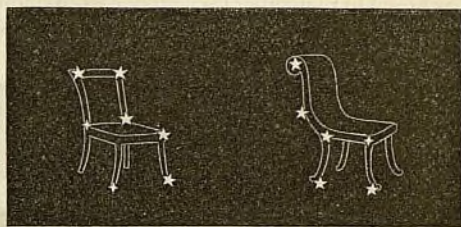


FIG. 3.

in our northern map as belonging to Cassiopeia, marks, then, her head, and her queenly robes flow toward  $\iota$  and  $\omega$ , though in most pictures of Cassiopeia a raised dais is placed where these stars are. The figure shows the position of the lady with respect to the stars. You will see that, in order to make it agree with the constellation as now seen, the picture must be inverted. Flammarion, in his book on the heavens, strangely mistakes the position of the chair. I quote from Mr. Blake's work based on Flammarion's, and for the most part a translation; but possibly the error is Mr. Blake's. He says "the chair is composed principally of five stars, of the third magnitude, arranged in the form of an M. A smaller star, of the fourth magnitude

( $\kappa$ ), completes the square formed by the three,  $\beta$ ,  $\alpha$ , and  $\gamma$ . The figure thus formed has a fair resemblance to a chair or throne,  $\delta$  and  $\epsilon$  forming the back; and hence the justification for its popular name." But, apart from the agreement of all the old authorities as to the position of the chair, there can be no doubt that the six leading stars of the constellation show a much closer resemblance to a chair, having  $\beta$  and  $\alpha$  for the back, thus (Fig. 2); that, too, is the shape



FIG. 2.—CASSIOPEIA.

of ancient chairs. People who lived in the years B. C. did not loll; like Mrs. Wilfer in more recent



times, they were "incapable of it." Now the group of stars placed as in the second drawing (Fig. 3), forms an unmistakably easy chair.

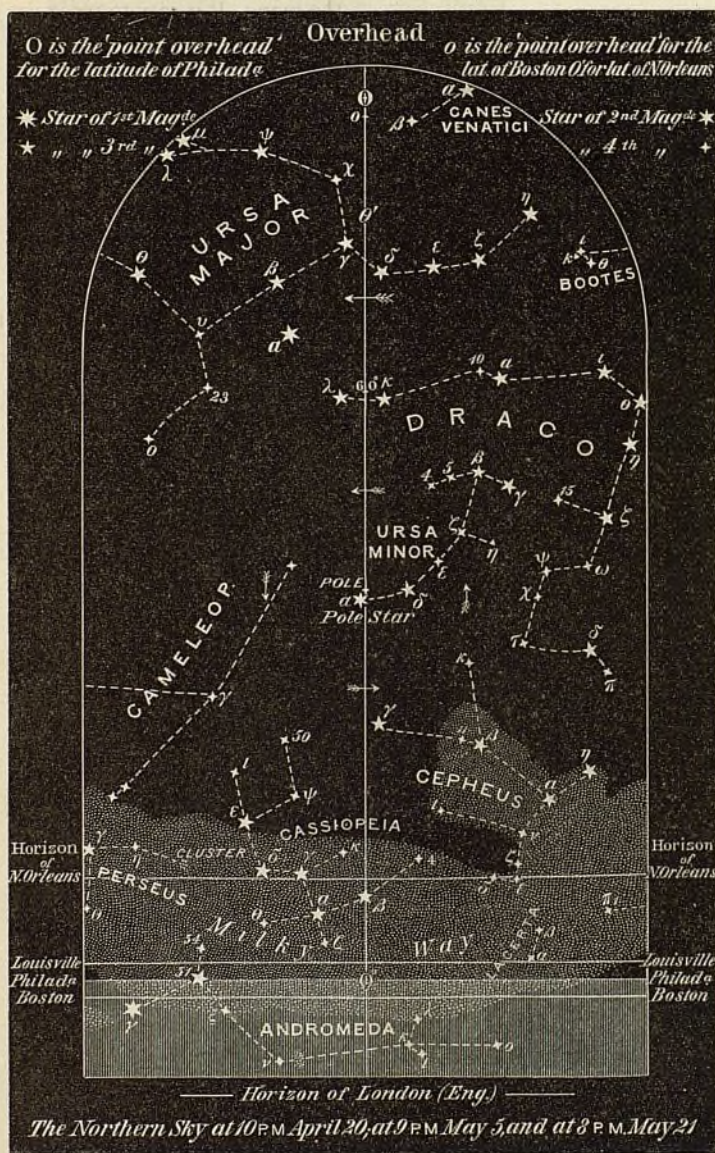
It is useful to remember the letters corresponding to the brighter stars, and any aid to the memory, however absurd in itself, is worth noticing if it

this aid to the memory so often useful, that I do not hesitate to mention it, like those others relating to the heads of Cepheus and Hydra. (I add, in passing, that the head of Cassiopeia, like that of Cepheus, has a star  $\zeta$  in it.) It is not with the least idea of raising a laugh about these absurd

combinations that I mention them; though I can see no reason on earth why science should be studied always with a serious face. But these little helps to the memory, or others like them which you can make for yourselves, are often very useful.

For instance, I proceed to note that the two stars  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$  of Cassiopeia point toward a most wonderful and beautiful cluster of stars, lying about twice as far from  $\delta$  as  $\delta$  does from  $\gamma$ . If you remember the names of the five leading stars, this direction at once shows you where to look for the cluster, without referring anew to any map. Of course, the northern map belonging to this paper also shows you how to find the cluster, which is marked in its proper place. But it is well to remember the way in which  $\delta$  and  $\gamma$  point to it. In the sky, the cluster can only just be seen on clear nights as a small round mist. If, however, you turn a small telescope, or even a good opera-glass, upon it, you will see that it is sparkling all over with stars. In a powerful telescope, it is one of the most wonderful objects you can imagine. You see at a single view, in that little spot of misty light, more stars—that is to say, more *suns*—than the unaided eye can see in the whole sky on the darkest and clearest night!

The constellation Perseus, or the Rescuer of Andromeda, is now approaching the region be-



helps to recall the arrangement of the letters. It will be observed that the five leading stars of Cassiopeia have the first five letters of the Greek alphabet. To remember their order, notice that, beginning with the top rail of the chair, they follow thus,  $\beta$ ,  $\alpha$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\delta$ , and  $\epsilon$ , making the word "bagde," or, in sound, "bagged." I have myself found

low the pole, and in England is fairly well seen when thus placed. But in the greater part of the United States, the southern half of the constellation passes below the horizon as it approaches the northern sky. It will be well, therefore, to look for Perseus half an hour, or even an hour, earlier than the times mentioned in the northern Chart V., no-



ticing that the stars  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$  of Cassiopeia—or, better, the stars  $\kappa$  and  $\delta$ —point toward Perseus. It is impossible to mistake the beautiful festoon of stars,  $\eta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\alpha$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\mu$ , and  $\lambda$ , with other smaller stars shown in the northern map, which form the northern half of the constellation Perseus. Next month,

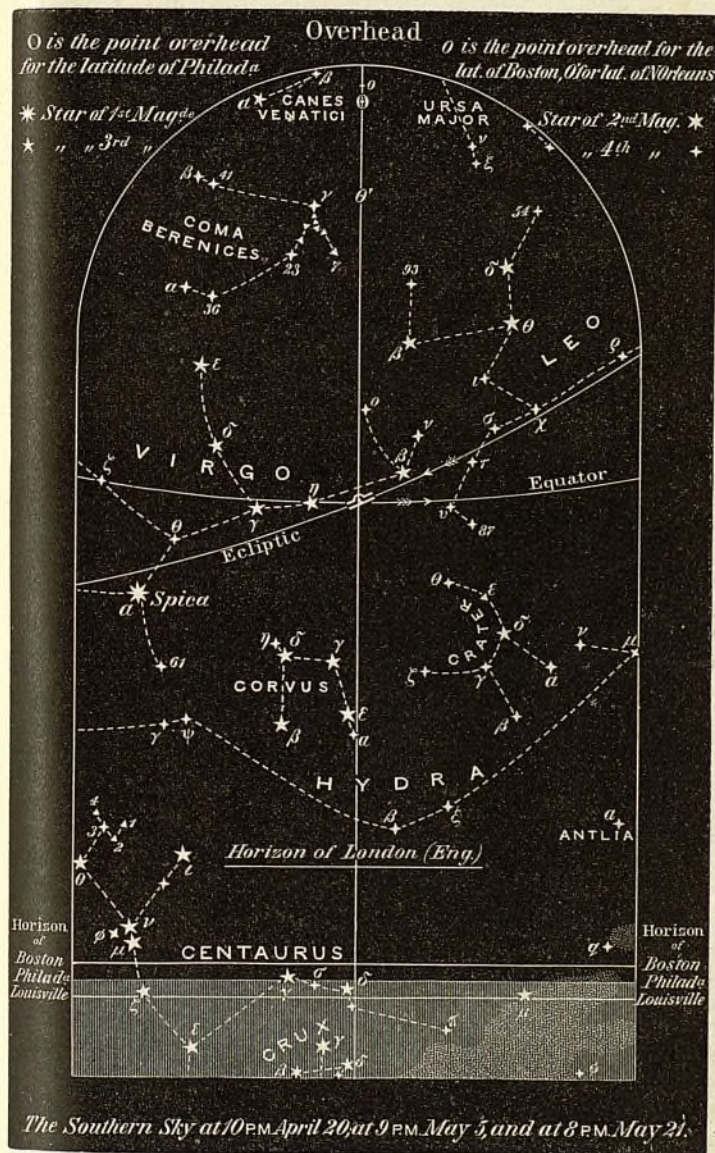
as an angel, her head between the stars  $\alpha$  and  $\nu$ , and  $\beta$  marking the upper part of one wing, while the other wing has its tip near  $\epsilon$ . She bears in her hand an ear of corn, whose place is marked by the bright star Spica, so that the young lady's feet lie on a part of the constellation beyond the range of

the map. It is easy to recognize the constellation by the bright star Spica, and the corner formed by the five third magnitude stars,  $\epsilon$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\eta$ , and  $\beta$ . For some cause or other,—a celestial reason, no doubt, since no earthly reason can be imagined,—this corner was called by Arabian astronomers "the retreat of the howling dog." The order of these star letters is nearly identical with that of the five stars of the same magnitude in Cassiopeia—Bēge instead of Bagde. According to the ancients, Virgo represented Ceres, or Isis, or Erigone, or the Singing Sibyl, "or some one else," as Admiral Smyth conveniently adds; some of the moderns have recognized in her the Virgin Mary. Most probably she was at first intended to represent a gleaner in the field, Virgo having originally been the constellation through which the sun passed in August, and Spica very near the place of the sun at gleaning time in the warmer parts of the temperate zone.

Above the Virgin is the pretty star-group called Coma Berenices, or the "Tresses of Queen Berenice." The story ran that Berenice vowed to devote her hair to Venus if her husband, Ptolemy Energetes, was victorious over his enemies. On his return in triumph, he was pained to find her closely shorn, and to comfort him they sent for the priests and astronomers, who found that the queen's hair had

been placed among the stars. The story seems open to some little question.

Hydra's length still trails onward athwart the southern sky. The constellations Corvus (the Crow) and Crater (the Cup) are now well seen. A cup is rather strangely placed on a snake's back; yet you are not to suppose the cup belongs



I shall give a brief account of the constellation, and especially of the star Algol, one of the most remarkable variable stars in the whole heavens.

For the present, however, we must turn toward the southern heavens.

The zodiacal constellation for the month is Virgo, or the Virgin. The maiden is usually represented



to the Virgin. The Crow is usually drawn as perched on the Snake, and pecking his back, the bird's head being where the stars  $\epsilon$  and  $\alpha$  are shown. But it has always seemed to me that the little group reminds one more of a crow resting, with his head, as at  $\eta$ , depressed between the raised shoulders, whose top would be marked by the stars  $\delta$  and  $\gamma$ . This bird has been claimed for Noah's raven.

The Centaur, or Man-horse, is moving toward the south; but will be better placed next month, when I will describe it. The Southern Cross shows about two-thirds of its height above the horizon of New Orleans, but its leading brilliant, the foot of the cross, cannot be seen from any part of the United States, nor any star of the Cross from the Northern States.

The parts of the heavens now in view toward the south, especially the Locks of Berenice and head and wings of Virgo, are very interesting regions for telescopic study, being crowded with little clouds of light called nebulae, some of which are clustering collections of small stars, others formed of some kind of shining gas. We owe the discovery of most of these to the two Herschels, Sir William and Sir John, father and son, each the greatest astronomer of his day and generation.

The sun's path through Virgo carries him, as you see by the maps, descendingly across the equator. When he is at the place marked  $\Delta$ , the sign for Libra (or the Balance), the days and nights are equal. This is at the time called the autumnal equinox. The zodiacal constellations now to follow are those below, or south of the celestial equator.

## "THE WORTHY POOR."

By M. M. D.



A DOG of morals, firm and sure,  
Went out to seek the "worthy poor."  
"Dear things!" she said, "I'll find them out,  
And end their woes, without a doubt."

She wandered east, she wandered west,  
And many dogs her vision blest,—  
Some well-to-do, some rich indeed,  
And some—ah! very much in need.

So poor they were!—without a bone,  
Battered and footsore, sad and lone;  
No friends, no help. "What lives they've led,  
To come to this!" our doggie said.

"I ought not give to them; I'm sure  
They cannot be the worthy poor.  
They must have fought or been disgraced;  
My charity must be well placed."



Some dogs she found, quite to her mind;  
So thrifty they—so sleek and kind!  
“Ah me!” she said, “were they in need,  
To help them would be joy indeed.”

’T was still the same, day in, day out,—  
The poorest dogs were poor, no doubt;  
But they were neither clean nor wise,  
As she could see with half her eyes.

’T is strange what faults come out to view  
When folks are poor. She said: “’T is true  
They need some help; but as for me,  
I must not waste my charity.”

So home she went, and dropped a tear.  
“I’ve done my duty, that is clear.  
I’ve searched and searched the village round,  
And not one ‘worthy poor’ I’ve found.”

And all this while, the sick and lame  
And hungry suffered all the same.  
They were not pleasant, were not neat—  
But she had more than she could eat!

And don’t you think it was a sin?  
Was hers the right way to begin?  
No, no!—it was not right, I’m sure,  
For she was rich and they were poor.

O ye who have enough to spare!  
To suffering give your ready care;  
Waste not your charitable mood  
Only in sifting out the good.

For, on the whole, though it is right  
To keep the “worthy poor” in sight,  
This world would run with scarce a hitch  
If all could find the *worthy rich*.

## LA BOUCHE DE MADEMOISELLE LOUISE.

PAR F. DUPIN DE SAINT-ANDRÉ.

LA bouche de Mlle. Louise est très-grande. Quand on la voit, on a toujours envie de dire: “Quelle énorme bouche!”

Eh bien, ce n’est pas un malheur. Une grande bouche est très-commode. C’était l’avis du loup qui a si bien croqué le petit Chaperon rouge, et c’est aussi l’avis de Mlle. Louise. Elle a toujours très-bon appétit, et elle ne trouve pas sa bouche trop grande pour tout ce qu’elle a besoin d’y mettre.

Une grande bouche est aussi bien commode pour babiller. Celle-là n’est jamais fatiguée de causer et de dire des drôleries. Et quand elle a assez babillé, elle chante: c’est alors qu’elle s’ouvre bien!

Et pour crier donc! Ce n’est plus une bouche, c’est un four, une caverne, un gouffre retentissant. Quand elle est ouverte comme cela, ce que les audi-

teurs ont de mieux à faire, c’est de se boucher les oreilles et de se sauver.

Les cris ne durent pas toujours. Le rire revient, un bon rire qui montre de jolies petites dents bien blanches;—elles n’y sont pas toutes encore, car Mlle. Louise n’est guère qu’un bébé.

Et quand elle a bien ri, quels bons gros baisers elle sait donner, cette bouche!

La maman ne la trouve pas du tout trop grande et l’aime comme elle est.

Et plus tard, quand Mlle. Louise sera plus âgée, quand elle sera devenue très-raisonnable, très-spirituelle et très-bonne, sa bouche dira des choses si sensées, si jolies et si aimables, que tout le monde l’aimera et que personne n’aura l’idée de la trouver trop grande.

[We give the above little French story for the benefit of our young readers who are studying French. All translations received before May 18 will be credited in the July number.]



## THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GREEN FROG.



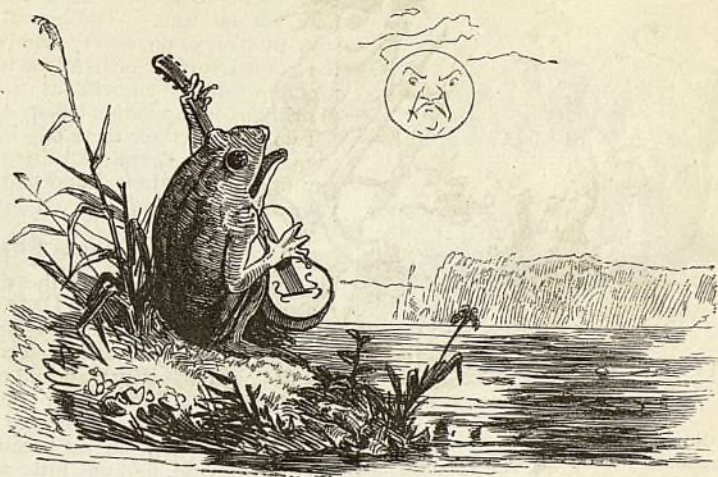
WHEN the clouds above are blue,  
Little frog in his bright green coat  
Comes up the ladder, clearing his throat,  
To greet the sun, "How d'ye do?"



When the clouds above are drear,  
And the rain makes the bright sun frown,  
Little frog on his ladder goes down,  
And waits till the sky is clear.



Little frog can sing a tune—  
He is proud of his voice, I think ;  
He sits and sings, while his dull eyes blink,  
As he serenades the moon.



He likes tender things to eat—  
Quick little ants and butterflies ;  
He snaps them down, and he shuts his eyes,  
As if they tasted sweet.



He sports all the summer through—  
Don't you think Froggie's life is play ?  
How will he live on a winter day ?  
He has no idea—have you ?





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"ROBINS in the tree-top,  
Blossoms in the grass,  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass;  
Sudden little breezes,  
Showers of silver dew,  
Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew;  
Pine-tree and willow-tree,  
Fringed elm, and larch—  
Don't you think that May-time's  
Pleasanter than March?"

Of course you do! So do I. Now we'll talk about matters and things in general, beginning with

#### HOW A LETTER WON A CROWN.

THE Little Schoolma'am knows Noah Brooks, the author of the "Boy Emigrants," and Noah Brooks knows about a young woman who wrote a letter, and wrote it so very well that—that—in short, it made her a queen. Not one of your fancy queens, such as the "queen of the quill," nor even the "queen of letter-writers," but a real crown-wearing queen, sitting at the king's right hand; and Noah Brooks incidentally remarked to the Little Schoolma'am that soon,—perhaps next month, or the month after,—he would tell the whole story in ST. NICHOLAS, giving "the real names of the parties," etc.

Meanwhile, get out your note-paper, girls, and practice. Never mind about the "Young Woman's Complete Letter-Writer;" the Little Schoolma'am does n't approve of that sort of thing. She says there was an article by Miss Susan A. Brown in the March ST. NICHOLAS that is worth more than a dozen "Complete Letter-Writers."

#### OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

I HAVE heard that it is the custom of the sailors on board fishing-smacks or schooners lying-to in a heavy blow off the Banks of Newfoundland to pour oil on the waves alongside of the vessels, and that it is effectual in smoothing the sea,—not a wave breaking within its influence.

This is very wonderful, if true, and might be very useful to know. And I do not see why it may not be true. The great Doctor Franklin says that once, on a very windy day, he quieted the ruffled surface of nearly a half acre of water, rendering it as smooth as a looking-glass, by pouring upon it a single tea-spoonful of oil.

I do not vouch for these oily bits of information, my chicks, but simply call attention to them. If you find out anything important in the course of your inquiries, please let your Jack know.

#### THE LONGEST DAYS.

ONE Monday morning the dear Little Schoolma'am gave out "LONG DAYS" as a subject for the children's weekly composition, and I afterward heard her telling Deacon Green that it was wonderful how much they made out of it. Some treated the subject from a moral point of view, some treated it sentimentally, some repeated the old joke that summer days were longest because the heat caused them to expand, and one little astronomer actually gave the average length of day enjoyed by each one of the planets. Which of you can do this? The young rascal said he would like to spend all his school-days on Jupiter, and his Saturdays on Mars. Another industrious little fellow, named Franklin R—, had managed, with the assistance of a gazetteer, or something, to find out the lengths of the longest days in various parts of the world; and as the dear Little Schoolma'am read his composition aloud to the Deacon, your Jack can give you some of the most interesting points. Here they are:

In New York the longest day, June 19, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes of daylight; at St. Petersburg, Russia, and at Tobolsk, in Siberia (you have read "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia"—have n't you?), the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five. At London, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, in Sweden, eighteen and a half; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest has twenty-one and a half; but at Wardhuys, in Norway, where little Tradja of Norway was born, the daylight lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July without a break. There are longer days even than these in the world the birds tell me, but little Franklin did n't mention them in his composition.

#### A HOUSE-BUILDING FISH.

IN Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call "a house." In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a little wall around it. The



depth of the hole and the height of the wall measured together make a small basin from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. In this little lake within a lake the fish feels secure from all enemies, and very quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid, when it becomes restless, and leaves the house as a nursery for successors, while it roams about again at will.

#### THE FISH THAT WENT ASHORE.

DEAR JACK: Here are some verses that I send as an awful warning to vengeance-takers, if you allow any such small fry to enter your circle.—Yours heartily,  
JOEL STACY.

ONE day the fish were so enraged  
At the boys who came to swim,  
They vow'd they'd catch the first who plunged,  
And make quick work with him.

They wriggled and they writhed, poor things!

They cried aloud with pain;—  
And to the cool refreshing tide  
They never went again.

The farmer stared and laughed, "Ha! ha!"

The children fairly roared;  
They caught the fish, and had that night  
A feast fit for a lord.

#### MORAL.

Now here's the moral of my tale—  
And, prythee, well construe it:  
Whene'er you try to vengeance take,  
Be sure that you can do it;  
Or, like the fish who went ashore,  
You very soon will rue it.



But the boy kicked out to right and left,  
And not a fish could stay;  
So they wiped their eyes and wrung their fins  
Until he went away.

"I know!" cried one; "we'll go on shore  
At noon, and let them see  
How we can go and bother them  
If they can't let us be."

So on the shore they went, each armed  
With things that lay around;  
One bore the farmer's old buck-saw,  
And one his pitch-fork found;

Another seized the housewife's broom,  
Another got the scythe;  
And thus equipped they soon began  
To wriggle and to writhe.

#### ROUTE DU ROI.

I AM told that there is in London a road called Rotten Row; a very disagreeable name, but one whose meaning is as little remembered by those who use it every day, as are the meanings of the names of the Bowery and Canal street in New York by people who daily walk those streets. Hearing the names Bowery and Canal, people remember without difficulty that the first originally ran through the old "Bowerie" farm—or, at least, was once a "bowery" road overhung by trees; and that where the second named street now is, was once a canal. But in speaking of Rotten Row, who would suppose that it once meant *Route du Roi*, "the king's way?" Yet this is the real name, given because it was in former times the favorite drive of some royal person. Yes, "*Route du Roi*," passing from lip to lip, finally became corrupted to Rotten Row, and nowadays nobody ever thinks of calling the road by its right name.



## NEW PARLOR TABLEAUX-VIVANTS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

GETTING up parlor tableaux is a very pleasant way for girls and boys to pass an evening. There generally is plenty of fun in it, and, beside that and the pleasing of others, the performers get skill in overcoming difficulties, learn to tell if things are right and in fit places, and find out how best to set them right when that is necessary and practicable.

Here are some new and effective tableaux that almost any company of girls and boys will be able to get up, if they go to work with a will, as the arrangements and requisites are few and simple:

A drapery of dark shawls can be arranged to conceal the back and sides of the room, and curtains may be made to draw away in front of the scene-space upon a rope or wire. At each side of the curtain a shawl must be hung to conceal the persons who draw it and to hide the lamps, which should be placed at the left side. Common kerosene lamps answer very well, standing, some upon the floor, some on a table, and others on a box upon the table; and mirrors or reflectors placed behind them are useful to collect and direct the light. Foot-lights should not be attempted, except under the most careful direction, and with ample wire guards. In such a case, the light from a row of lamps may be reflected by a long board covered with tin-foil, and set at the proper angle, or by mirrors similarly placed.

## ROMA.

Roman peasants are grouped about a statue which stands upon a high box or table draped with a sheet, and is personated by a performer, as presently described. A girl is leaning over a corner of the pedestal, holding a bunch of grapes in her right hand. Another girl reclines upon a box, also covered with a sheet, which stands in front of the table, and seems to form a part of the base of the statue. This second girl is reaching for the grapes in a gracefully playful attitude, and is in the act of taking one off the bunch with her lips. At the right stands a girl with a brown pitcher upon her shoulder, and at the left one girl is helping another to poise a large basket of vegetables on her head. In front, two children are at play upon the floor.

The girls wear plain black or red skirts, white waists and bodices; each has a large pillow-case folded upon her head, as shown in pictures of Italian maidens, and all wear aprons made of narrow pillow-cases, upon which many strips of bright and black cloth or paper are sewed alternately, and also Roman sashes, if convenient. The statue is draped with cotton or heavy linen sheets, with a wig of cotton wadding, and the arms and hands are whitened, or else covered with stocking-legs sewed to white cotton gloves. The face is whitened with powder or chalk.

## OUR FOREFATHERS.

A patriotic group of four boys, each tending a rag-baby, to the tune of Hail Columbia, sung, or played on the piano.

## THE SCULPTOR-BOY'S VISION.

A boy is at work upon a block of marble, imitated with a box three feet high, the end of which is knocked out, and the cover removed, so that the personator of the statue stands in the box in such a way that only the head and shoulders appear above the box, which is covered with white cloth. Suddenly, a screen to the right of the sculptor is removed; the boy drops his chisel and mallet, turns to the right, and,

raising his hands, kneels before a group of fair-haired girls in flowing muslin drapery. They all have wings; one stands upon a table holding a large cross, another kneels upon the floor at the left of the table, and a third stands between them, pointing to the cross with her right hand, and touching the shoulder of the kneeling angel with her left hand.

The effect of this tableau is bettered by a concealed person reading aloud the well-known poem called "The Sculptor-Boy." In this case, the screen is removed on the uttering of the word "angel."

## THE SPOILED CHILD.

This may be made a very funny scene. A nurse-maid is tending a rag-baby wrapped in a blanket. A knock is heard, and she runs off by the left entrance, laying the baby in the only chair in the room. A very stout old lady enters, puffing and blowing, and fanning herself. She overlooks the baby, and sits down upon it. Just as she has seated herself, the nurse returns, and touches her on the shoulder. The old lady rises, turns and looks at the baby, faces the audience, screams, faints, and falls back on the chair. [Curtain.]

## THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

An artist sits at the left of the center of the room, just finishing a picture. The picture is imitated with a large frame standing upright upon a box, which should be covered with black cloth and placed eighteen inches in front of the black hangings, and in the center of the stage; a brace at the top will keep it steady, as it can lean against the foot of the girl who stands behind it to represent the picture. She may be in Roman dress; in which case, another Roman girl must stand at the right, to represent the model, and must be as nearly like the other as may be, and in precisely the same kind of costume. A statue prepared as already described stands on a table at the back right corner, and between this and the large frame is another picture, represented by a half-length frame resting upon the floor just in front of a little child in a reclining position. Various articles, suitable for an artist's room, may be introduced to add to the effect.

## GRANDMOTHER'S JEWELS.

This tableau represents an old lady, with a high turban, holding in her hand a casket of jewels. Children of various ages stand about her, one looking over the back of her chair, and a little one kneeling in front, and intent on examining the contents of the casket.

## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

A short, stout boy kneels imploringly before a very tall girl, who is standing upon a desk-stool concealed by a shawl tied around her waist under her skirt, which is thus made to resemble an over-skirt. The boy should be dressed and wigged to represent a very fat man, and the girl should wear a large hat and a bright shawl. The creases in her dress should be straight up and down.

The entertainment may conclude by a group of all the performers of the evening, wearing the dresses they appeared in. The statues stand upon the tables, and the rest are grouped carelessly about. They may sing a good-night song, or a very little child may appear with a candle in her hand, make a little courtesy, and say "Good-night" to the audience, as the curtain falls.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

Oak Knoll, 1st mo., 6, 1877.

MY DEAR MRS. DODGE: I intended, before this time, to send thee a "Talk" founded on my early experience, but I could not quite suit myself with it. In its place, I send a little poem, which details an incident in our "Winter in the Country," which I hope will prove satisfactory to thy young readers.

Thine always,

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By the above extract from the letter which accompanied Mr. Whittier's "Red Riding-Hood," printed in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, our readers will see that the poem was sent as a substitute for the expected "Talk with Boys."

No one, we think, will regret that the dearly loved poet followed his own mood, and sent the thing that he felt most like writing. And the "Talk" is in the fresh, picturesque verses, after all; for under their beauty lies the great lesson of kindness that is foremost among all the lessons to be learned on earth.

THE beautiful tablet by Mr. Pyle, which adorns our cover this month, tells a true story in its own lively fashion. Its quaint costumes of successive centuries, showing how May-day rejoicings have been kept up from age to age, will send some of you a-Maying in encyclopedias and year-books, but it gives its real meaning at a glance—which is, that through all time people have welcomed the first coming of the spring. "Merrie May," meaning pleasant May (for in old times "merry" simply meant pleasant), was as fresh and beautiful ages ago as it is to-day; and in one way or another the thought at the bottom of all the rejoicing is ever that of the old carol:

"A garland gay I've brought you here,  
And at your door I stand;  
It's but a sprout, but it's well budded out,  
The work of our Lord's hand."



New York, November 25, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I have taken you for a year. We have a very funny little dog. His name is Pug. My brother John said to call it Pug, because it was so pugnacious. I am going to teach him some tricks; he knows one now. I stand him up in a corner on his hind feet, and he can hold a little book on his paws. I don't go to school, but my mother learns me out of the first primer. She taught me how to spell "Centennial." One day I was naughty, and she shut me up in the closet. But after a while I said I was sorry, and then she let me out. This is all I have to say.—From your delighted reader,

FANNIE B. BROWN.



A LITTLE correspondent, Mary N., asks us to print this picture of "A May Moving," drawn by herself.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Elocution Matches" are splendid fun. I wish you would tell all your boy and girl friends about them. They were started first in Brooklyn, at the church where Dr. Eggleston preaches—the same who wrote the Santa Claus play in ST. NICHOLAS for last December.

The judges are appointed beforehand, and a little while before the time for beginning, all those who want to compete are asked to take seats in the front part of the room, and are separated into classes according to ages. Lots are then drawn by the members of each class to fix the order of their speaking; and the one who does best in each class generally gets a prize. Five minutes are allowed to each competitor. Once, we had more than twenty recitations in about two hours.

The grown-ups also have Elocution Matches, but some of their speakers cannot hold a candle to some of the girls and boys. Father says there are people who will risk their chances in a match, but who never would recite otherwise, so that amusing failures and startling triumphs add to the fun.—Your truly,

ALLAN R. THURLINGHAM.

Indianapolis, January 28, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be so kind as to answer a few questions for me, and greatly oblige an ardent admirer of your magazine? First: Does the crown of England fall to the oldest child, or to the oldest son? Second: When were the Fiji Islands discovered? Third: Why are newspaper reporters sometimes called "Jenkins"? Fourth: Why are old maids called "spinsters"? Fifth: Will you please tell me what "Charles' Wain" is, in Tennyson's "New Year's Eve"? Excuse me if I have exhausted your patience. But these are questions I wish to know so much!

Respectfully,

JULIA.

First: Blackstone says: "The title to the crown of England is at present hereditary; the preference of males to females, and the right of primogeniture among the males, being strictly adhered to."

This simple explanation should satisfy any reasonable girl; still we will add: The title to the crown of England descends from parent to child. Sons succeed in the order of their birth, and, after all the sons, the daughters in like order. If all the children are girls, they succeed in the order of their birth. But the children of the first-born son inherit before any of their father's brothers or sisters. The king or queen cannot marry a Roman Catholic.

Second: The Fiji (Feejee) Islands were discovered by the Hollander, Tasman, February 6th, 1643.

Third: "Jenkins" is a term of contempt for a reporter who, in writing, "toadies" to the person or persons he describes.

The inquiring Julia may be interested to learn that the term "toady" was derived from "toad-eater," and that in former times a toad-eater was a lad hired by a traveling conjuror to swallow frogs,

so that his master might cure him of the ill effects, and be praised for his skill accordingly.

Fourth: In olden times, marriageable maidens used to *spin* yarn for the clothes and linen they would probably require in married life, and were called *spin-sters*, or "young spinners," in consequence. "Spinster" now means, a woman who has never married.

Fifth: English country-people call "Charles' Wain" that star-group which is known by the names "Ursa Major," "The Greater Bear," and "The Dipper." In ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1876, Professor Proctor describes this constellation, whose outline was once thought to be like that of a "wain," which is an old-fashioned wagon.

WE print this letter just as it comes to us,—italics, capitals, and all. Underlined words in writing are always printed in italics, double-underlined in small capitals, and treble-underlined in big capitals. Probably our young correspondent, as well as others, will learn a lesson from the following copy, viz: that underlining and double-underlining words in a letter, except in rare instances, weakens rather than strengthens the effect:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Since the arrival of the January no. with its greeting of "happy-new-year," to the present, I've been in a FLUTTER of delight.— I am made indebted to a kind friend, for this charming magazine; and mamma says, she could not have done a more graceful thing, as the advent of each number, only makes her the more remembered, with pleasant thoughts.

Mamma has recently been presented with a beautiful Canary, all day long, he trills his song, and is just as "happy as a bird." We call him "Shade."—"Sunshine," would suit him better, but I guess, I'M the "sunshine," being the only child of my parents. "Shade," is not to be OVERLOOKED though, on a warm July day, it is quite refreshing, is n't it?

My home is near the banks of the winding Choptank, and the white sails of the boats, as they ply the waters, are always visible. From our windows, can be seen groups of tall pines, which when snow-capped are so grand to look upon; just now, they are mirrored in the beautiful stream, (spanned by a rustic bridge) which feeds the mill, whose busy hum, awakes me in the morning, and often, seems a lullaby at night.—

True, we have no towering hills, nor mountains reaching almost to the sky, neither have I traveled much (although I did go to the Exposition at Phila.) but methinks, NOWHERE do the birds sing so sweetly, or flowers so sweet, sky so blue, or air so balmy, as in this, "my own Maryland."

F. F. S.

March 16th, 1877.

WE have received several letters objecting to statements made in the item addressed to Lillie Wolfersburger, Henry Swain, and O. H. B., in our March "Letter-Box." According to our correspondents, the facts concerning the letters on United States coins are as follows: The letter "O" indicates that the coin was struck at the mint in New Orleans; the letter "C" is placed upon all coins from the mint at Carson City, Nevada; the letter "S" is the mark of coinage of the San Francisco mint; coins struck at the Philadelphia mint bear no such marks.

San Antonio, Feb. 13, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You did not reach me until the fifth, so instead of answering rebuses, I'll tell you about this quaint old city, for it began in 1715, and everything old is the fashion now, you know. When we left the cars at Marion, we thought thirty miles of coaching was to be fun. We thought of Colonel Kane's coach, and the driver cracked his whip, and we were off. Presently the road grew rough, and we almost tumbled in one another's lap; and when we changed horses for the third and last time, we heartily wished for our journey's end. It was a new sensation for a little New York girl to ford streams and see wild deer, and quail, and snipe, and to ride for miles on the prairie. When we entered the town, we were on a grand open square called the Plaza. A great many wagons like those in the "Boy Emigrant pictures," drawn by six or eight, and sometimes fourteen mules, stood there; the drivers wore big felt hats with beaded bands, and stared at us well. Many little tables stood around, and men and women selling nuts, and a delicious candy made of a dark sugar and pecans. There was the Alamo, and I thought of the story of the brave three hundred slain. A little farther, and there was one of the old Missions, with its stone floors and its beautifully carved baptismal font. I have been here three weeks, and I forget all about your cold winter. I picked violets to-day, and saw five kinds of flowers blooming in a garden near us. A part of the city is occupied by the Mexicans. They build their houses one story high, of mud, and stones, and lath, then whitewash it; they have no windows,—only doors,—because their great-grandfathers did,



I suppose. They are very quiet and inoffensive people; the women wash with two stones on the banks of the narrow rivers. They never wear bonnets, and they and the men wear shawls and blankets wrapped over them. At Christmas, they raise a lantern on a pole and fasten it on the roofs of their houses, and they say it lights Christ to the earth. Where I stay the houses are like those at home, but I live out-of-doors almost all the time. All the children ride here. I saw the teacher on horseback this morning, with two ragged little boys on behind her. She held the reins, and the boys did the whipping. This is an important station for Uncle Sam to send supplies to his forts, and the Arsenal grounds are beautifully neat. There are new Government depot buildings that are of solid stone, and a marvel of cheapness to those who know what public buildings cost in the East. I have not told you of the beautiful churches, whose doors are always open, or of the interesting things at the San Pedro Springs, or of the old Missions; but if you choose to print this, I think a great many children will be interested. The description and pictures in an old SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE are the most correct I ever saw, and helped us understand a great many queer things.

POLOMITA.  
Mexican (Little Dove).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is an old charade, but hardly known nowadays, I think. It contains its own answer. The thing is to find it!—Yours affectionately,  
MADDIE H.

My first, beloved of many an ancient dame,  
From foreign climes within my second came.  
Oh! fragrant whole, of which these both form part,  
Thou knowest not science, but thou teachest art."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard a gentleman telling about the Corinth games the other day, and as they interested me greatly, never having heard about them before,—I thought that other readers of ST. NICHOLAS might like to hear about them. He was telling about one in particular, and that was about their boxing games. He said: "Instead of the large, soft gloves which they use in this part of the country, they use in Corinth large ones, lined on the inside of the hand with iron or lead, and with these the combatants strike each other. And the injuries received in one of these combats often result in death."—Your ardent admirer and well-wisher.  
M. C. S.

We select the following letter as a fair sample of the numerous answers which we have received to James T. Hatfield's question in the March "Letter-Box": "Why does pulling candy make it change its color?"

Dakota City, Neb., March 5, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, some one asked "why pulling candy makes it change its color." I have inquired, and this is the explanation:

When you pull taffy, you beat air into it just as you do into the white of an egg when you "whip" it, and this air swells out the bulk of

the candy with a multitude of minute air-cells. When you get through, it is larger than when first begun, because each of the air-cells takes up some room. And every one of these little mites of air has around it, and between it and your eye, a thin film, and the more you pull the more it becomes a still thinner film, of the solid substance of the candy. It is this thinning of these multitudes of films that makes the candy grow whiter and whiter the more you pull it.—Yours truly,  
ALFRED POZEY.

Our correspondent has come upon the right idea, but here is a simpler explanation:

When molasses candy is "pulled," air enters, and makes in it countless very small bubbles that reflect and break up the light, thus seeming to pale the color of the candy. The bubbles are so thin, too, that much light is reflected through them. Somewhat in the same way, frothing dark ink makes it look nearly white. You may know that air has got into the candy, for nothing else can have been taken up, and yet the bulk is greater since the "pulling." And you may know that the bubbles caused the paleness, for, when you have taken them out by re-melting the candy, the mass will get back its old color.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little boy, Arthur, who is six, attends a Kindergarten school, and for some weeks previous to Christmas had been busily engaged in making mats, crosses, and fancy things for those at home, particularly a very handsome mat for his grandpapa, who takes him each day to and from school. The last school-day before Christmas he brought these things home, carefully covered, as he supposed, but in such a way that we could see all the package contained. He placed them in a handkerchief box, and taking a piece of paper and pencil, ran into another room. He then came back to his mother, and asked how to spell "No." She said: "What kind of 'No' do you mean, Arthur?" "Why," he said, "to know anything." So she told him, K-N-O-W. In a short time he came again to ask how to spell "mittance," and she innocently told him, M-I-T-T-E-N-S; and that was all that was said. That evening we found the box nicely covered, and a paper on it with this legend: KNOW IT MITTENS.—Yours truly,  
W. C. D.

#### NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

We have received from S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East Fourteenth street, New York City, two Easter hymns: "Lift your glad voices in triumph on high," and come see the place where Jesus lay," both by H. P. Danks; also, "O, Lovely Naples!" a song, one of the "Souvenirs d'Europe," by F. Campana; "David's Song before Saul," for baritone or bass, by L. Bordèse; "Haydn's Symphony in C Minor," arranged by J. J. Freeman, one of the series of organ voluntaries—"Cathedral Echoes;" Carl Faust's Waltz, "From the Empire of Music;" "Angel of Midnight," a *morceau de salon*, by Charles de Frees; and "Sweets of Life," Polka, by E. W. Luche.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED OF twenty-five letters. The 1, 10, 13, 25 is a beautiful wild animal. The 2, 11, 16, 21 is a tropical plant. The 6, 23, 15, 14 is part of a ship. The 9, 10, 24, 15 is a musical instrument. The 14, 23, 17, 4 is a favorite bird. The 15, 7, 12, 25 is a heavy metal. The 19, 2, 11, 8 is a story, or narrative. The 22, 16, 3, 20 is a rude, ignorant person. The 25, 12, 5, 18 is a tropical fruit. The whole is good advice, from a good book.  
ISOLA.

### LETTER PUZZLES.

1. WHAT letter joined to the mark of a blow becomes zealous?  
2. What letter joined to a machine becomes a person of high rank?  
3. What letter joined to a part of a fish resembles a fairy? 4. What letter joined to a symbol becomes an officer? 5. What letter is made safe by being salted? 6. What letter joined to a standard becomes an assistant clergyman? 7. What letter joined to a collection of paper becomes a title of dignity?  
H. H. D.

### DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD talons, and leave rules. 2. Behead a rabble, and leave not in. 3. Behead a very useful article, and leave a plant. 4. Behead foreign, and leave a legal claim. 5. Behead frigid, and leave aged. 6. Behead partly open, and leave a vessel. 7. Behead similar, and leave a boy's nick-name. 8. Behead an article of food, and leave to consume.  
N. B. S.

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with a word containing only the same letters, but having for an *initial* the *final* letter of the word chosen to fill the first blank.

Example. I — that he did nothing but —.  
I aver " " " " " rave.

1. Wearing heavy — at the masquerade almost got me into a —.  
2. He passed the many — of that journey without a —.  
3. He put on the — with a — of satisfaction.  
B.



## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals give good advice.  
 1. A meadow or plain. 2. A musical instrument. 3. An authori-  
 tative prohibition. 4. A military badge. 5. A large bird. 6. A  
 pointed instrument. 7. A subtle fluid. ISOLA.

## CONCEALED DIAMOND.

1. Did Dan delay declaiming? 2. My cape needs mending. 3.  
 Always respect and help aged people. 4. What degree says the  
 thermometer? 5. This medicine, Ed, you need. 6. Hide your money  
 in a safe. 7. Silas slapped Sarah's sister.  
 Find concealed letters and words to form a diamond.

CYRIL DEANE.

## REBUS.

(The name of a famous musical composer.)



## A WOOD-PILE.

Sticks of wood are big things to hide, but there are ten different  
 kinds hidden in what this boy says: "I have been as busy as a bee,  
 chopping wood, for a short time, hoping to give papa and mamma  
 pleasure by earning some money. O, a king would n't be prouder  
 than I, if I could—and give up, I never will! I shall tell Archie  
 Taft and Will Owen I'll shovel more snow for them, and if I raved  
 around the village all day, I could pick up a good deal of work."

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. An Italian poet. 2. A tree. 3. Masts. 4. To wait upon. 5. An  
 attack. O'B.

## RIDDLE.

I'm a part of a flower, a stem and a leaf.  
 The gay love me not, for I'm always in grief.  
 The proud and the lowly alike know me not;  
 But the lonely and weary are never forgot.  
 I am not a day, yet I make up the week,  
 And for me in years, not in vain will you seek.  
 No musician am I, yet in bells hear me chime;  
 And will you but hasten, I'm always on time.

H. H. D.

## EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



WHAT four celebrated Englishmen are represented in this picture?

J. C.

## METAGRAM.

I AM extensively used by shoe-makers. Beheaded, I become an  
 instructive story; behead again, and I am cultivated. Divide my  
 whole into two equal parts, and each part becomes a reversible word,  
 the first meaning a mineral, the second powerful; read backward,  
 my first is changed into blows, my second into an island in the  
 Mediterranean Sea. Omit my first two and last two letters, and I  
 am a native of an Eastern desert country. What is my whole? D.

## A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

FILL each blank with the name of a flower or plant concealed in  
 the sentence.

1. Gayly blooming in two old tin pans, I espied some choice \_\_\_\_.  
 2. How can there ever be names enough invented for all the varieties  
 of \_\_\_\_? 3. Can costly jewel or chiseled marble rival the beauty of  
 the \_\_\_\_? 4. I hope on your parterre you sometimes allow an old-  
 fashioned \_\_\_\_ 5. I wandered o'er "a stern and rock-bound coast"  
 gay with the \_\_\_\_ 6. In spring we search far and near, but usually  
 with success, for the beautiful \_\_\_\_ 7. Stretched on the hill I lie,  
 scenting the fragrance of the \_\_\_\_ 8. That tall and stately plant I  
 call a \_\_\_\_ 9. Be off! or get me nothing but a \_\_\_\_ 10. Let us  
 stop in kind old Betsey's yard, for an old-fashioned \_\_\_\_ 11. Nancy,  
 press vinegar on your aching brow, instead of a wreath of \_\_\_\_ 12.  
 "Updee-i-dee-i-da" is your favorite song, and your favorite flower  
 a \_\_\_\_ 13. At sight of the bush, I cried in ecstasy, "Ring at the  
 door, and ask if we may pick some \_\_\_\_" 14. Fading leaf by leaf,  
 ever fewer and fewer, soon we shall see no more our pretty little \_\_\_\_  
 15. Truly, all I lack in my garden is another bush of \_\_\_\_ 16. Aunt  
 Sue says that Uncle Mat is covering the trellis with \_\_\_\_ O'B.

## MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of seven letters, the sum of which is 752.

My  $3 \div$  my 1 = my  $7 \div$  10.  
 My  $7 \times$  my 4 =  $\frac{1}{10}$  of my 3.  
 My  $7 \times (\frac{1}{10}$  of my 1) = my 3.  
 My  $3 \div 5$  = my  $6 \times$  my 5.

STALLKNECHT.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

One-fourth of a vessel oft seen on the sea;  
 One-fourth of the man heading our pedigree;  
 One-fourth of an object you have in your eye;  
 One-fourth of a number you next must supply;  
 One-fourth of a story now next you must trace;  
 One-fourth of a member that sets off your face;  
 One-fourth of an item quite new you'll command;  
 One-fourth of a sea-bound projection of land;  
 One-fourth of a something I use when I write;  
 One-fourth of a grain in which horses delight;  
 One-fourth of a texture, much for ornament used;  
 One-fourth of the man Master Cain had abused;  
 One-fourth of a light every night shining o'er you;  
 Will tell you the name of what now is before you:  
 A capital thing all set down, to a letter,  
 That helps make you jollier, wiser, and better. R. E. M'D.

## SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a domestic bird, and leave a female wild animal. 2.  
 Syncope a male wild animal, and leave a covering for the head. 3.  
 Syncope a shell-fish, and leave a part of a peculiar wheel. 4. Syn-  
 copate another shell-fish, and leave a covered carriage. 5. Syncope  
 a fresh-water fish, and leave a young wild animal. 6. Syncope  
 another fresh-water fish, and leave an article of food. 7. Syncope  
 an evergreen tree, and leave the same article of food. 8. Syncope  
 an aquatic plant, and leave a color. 9. Syncope an instrument for  
 sharpening, and leave a gardener's implement. 10. Syncope a  
 measure of surface, and leave a unit. ISOLA.



## PICTORIAL PROVERB-ACROSTIC.

Each of the small pictures represents a certain word or phrase, and the initials and finals of all the words and phrases (read from top to bottom of initials, and continuing from top to bottom of finals) form a certain well-known proverb.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Evidences (seven dice). 2. Heightens (eight hens). 3. Co-exists (six cotes). 4. Frivolous (four viols). 5. Festivals (five lasts). 6. Nectarines (nine carts).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Handsome is that handsome does."

SQUARE WORD.—False, Aroma, Louis, Smile, Easel.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Legislator. 2. Emancipation. 3. Depreciating.

4. Indispensable. 5. Contemporaries.—6. Dissatisfaction.

DIAGONAL PUZZLES.—Marion and Robert.

I. MARTHA  
RACHEL  
DORCAS  
LOUISA  
MARION  
LILIAN

II. REUBEN  
HORACE  
EGBERT  
JOSEPH  
HUBERT  
ALBERT

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

T —o— P  
U —rani— A  
R —e— D  
I —o— U  
N —in— A

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—P, Pea, Pearl, Arm, L.

LOGOGRAPH.—Treat, rate, tare, tear, ear.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Farce, arc. 2. Pearl, ear. 3. Heart, ear. 4. Spine, pin. 5. Gruel, rue. 6. Honey, one. 7. Jelly, ell. 8. Scarf, car. 9. Sloth, lot. 10. Prune, run.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Conjugation.

CONJECTURES  
COMPOSITE  
COUNTRY  
MAJOR  
CUT  
G

PAN  
PUTTY  
PATIENT  
PRISONERS  
PERMANENTLY

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Parody, rod, pay. 2. Trident, rid, tent. 3. Patient, tie, pant. 4. Frigate, rig, fate.

CHARADE.—Cob-web.

HIDDEN DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

MARIA  
RALPH  
BARON  
PIECE  
LATCH

REBUS.—"A sleeping fox catches no poultry."

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—"Chaque pays a sa guise."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to March 18th, from T. A. R., Ruth D. Horsley, C. A. Montague, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Warren Van Vleck, Walter Raymond Spalding, Edith Harrison, Frieda Lippert, Lillie H. Vandegrift, Howard Steele Rodgers, Charlie Bowie, Isabel Jackson, "Telemachus," "Monmouth," Nellie M. Lyon, L. Ford, Harnet A. Clark, Bessie T. B. Benedict, "Professor," T. B. M., Allie Bertram, Crecy S. Slate, "M., Allie P. Mead, Georgiana Mead, "Bob White," "Kittiwake," Amy Shriver, Ella G. Condie, A. Carter, Del Howland, May E. Ogden, Louis M. Ogden, Hugh Toland Carney, Arthur D. Smith, "White Rose," Scudder Smith, Pauline Schloss, Henry L. Bailey, George H. Hudson, Mabel C. Chester, Lucy Allen Paton, J. M. Paton, M. L. W., Lillie Loverage, John W. Nichols, Homer Foot, 3d, Constance Grand-Pierre, Arthur C. Smith, "Alex," Florence Sheppard, John Hinkley, B. P. Emery, Nina Dalrymple, Charles Fritts, Willie Dibblee, Maud H. Crane, "Hunter," Nellie S. Thompson, Frank and Mary Frick, Edith Lowry, William C. Delaney, H. M. Howell, Nellie S. Colby, M. C. Warren, S. Lillie Brown, Edward S. Griffing, Augusta Larrabee, Carroll L. Maxcy, "Vulcan," Eleanor N. Hughes, Harry Nathan, Nannie Ribeldaffer, Nellie May Sherwin, Wm. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, Carrie Speiden, Austin M. Poole, Fred. M. Pease, C. A. D. and S. A. M., Bertha Blanchard, Eddie Vulture, Clem. M. C. Y., Helen Greene, Bessie MacLaren, M. Josie Pope, Archon D. Fillitt, Maude R. L. Hammer, "Minerva" and "Pluto," Mattie G., Jennie Platt, Frank J. Brothers, "Oliver Twist," Anna Stuckewald, Hattie Peck, Jennie Passmore, George Herbert White.