

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE CORAL-FISHER AND HIS WIFE.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

GUISEPPI BARTO and his wife Francesca were two very happy people. To be sure, they lived in a little thatched hut that had scarcely anything in it except a square table, two wooden benches, and something that looked very much like another table (a long one, with short legs), but it was a bed, for on it were a straw mattress, with a dark-blue cover, and two straw pillows, not very much larger than good-sized pin-cushions.

But what did it matter about the inside of the hut, when outside was the glorious Bay of Naples? For Guiseppi had built his house just on the shore of an arm of the bay, so close to the water's edge that the waves came almost lapping in at the door. Here he brought his wife and their baby boy Paolo, who, until the little home was ready, had lived with Francesca's mother in the Santa Lucia, one of the poorer streets of Naples.

I can hardly tell you what a delight the new home was to Francesca. All her life she had lived shut up in close, dusty, noisy streets, only getting a breath of pure, fresh air once in a while, when she had time to run away into the country for a few hours. For she was a good daughter, and worked very hard to support her poor, feeble father, and to lighten her mother's burdens. She plaited fine white straws, and made beautiful little baskets, which the merchants were glad to buy from her. Sometimes she plaited a few bonnets; but it was not so easy to sell these, even for a very small sum (perhaps only a *carlino*\* or two), though the

merchants who bought them could easily get a *piastre*† for them from English travelers, so fine and beautiful were they.

Now that she was married, and had some one to work for her and little Paolo, besides helping the old mother in the Santa Lucia, the days seemed like one long, happy dream. No more straw-plaiting; no more tiresome steps to climb (like the majority of Italian city houses, the one in which her mother dwelt was six stories high, and they had lived on the top floor). She had but to step outside her cottage door, and behold! on one side lovely green fields stretched far away till they joined the deeper green of the hill-side slope; on the other hand lay the glorious bay—blue, calm, and bright; while far in the dim distance was grand old Vesuvius, whose lofty head is always crowned with a shimmering, wavering smoke-wreath.

Guiseppi had built a kind of little wooden platform outside the cottage door, and there, safe from the approach of the waves, Francesca would sit for hours in the *dolce far niente*‡ so dear to the Italian heart. Little Paolo played beside her, at the water's edge. His bare feet were always ready for a "wade," and his only garment, a little white linen shirt, was not very much in the way when, as often happened, he wanted to take a bath and a roll on the sands.

When evening came and he grew tired, and perhaps a little cross, as tired babies are sometimes, he would creep into his mother's arms, and there

\* Small silver coin, worth eight cents of our money.

† Large silver coin, worth about ten carlini.

‡ Sweet do-nothingness.





THE CORAL FISHER'S WIFE.



rest while she sang her evening song in a sweet, rich voice that floated far away till it fell, soft and low, on Guiseppi's ear. And this was the heart-song the fisher's wife sang:

"Far o'er the sea I watch for thee!  
Winds, blow gently!—O waves, be still!  
Love, return to thy boy and me!  
Quick! for the night grows dark and chill.  
Moon, shine out with a silv'ry ray;  
Guide his bark safe over the bay!"

Then she ceased, and soon Guiseppi's clear, bell-like voice came ringing across the bay; and as she listened, her heart was glad,—she knew he would soon be beside her, for he sang:

"Soft o'er the sea thy voice I hear;  
Now I forget the weary day.  
God holds the waves, so have no fear;  
He'll bring me home safe o'er the bay!  
Sing to my boy, and sing of me,  
While soft winds waft me home to thee."

Guiseppi's companions called him "fortune's fisherman." Everything prospered with him, but no one envied him his good luck, for he was so friendly and charitable, always ready to share with his less fortunate companions what he earned. He was a handsome fellow, tall and lithe, and brown as an Indian almost. His usual dress was a white linen shirt, and short white linen trousers; on his abundant black curls he wore a little brown cap, and his bare feet and legs looked almost as if they were carved from some polished stone, so firm and smooth were they.

Before he was married he had slept in his boat, like most Neapolitan fishermen, drawing it ashore and turning it over on its side at night; then, when the sun-rays came dancing westward in the morning, he was ready for his work before lazy city-people were even dreaming of waking!

He made ready all his own simple meals, and was so expert in preparing macaroni and making onion soup (the sea-shore was his kitchen, a pile of sticks his stove, and his only cooking utensil a little iron pot), that even Francesca could not excel him. He lived principally on fruit, however, which is very cheap in Naples. Great luscious oranges, fresh picked from the trees each morning, delicious melons, rosy-cheeked apples, and sweet little green lemons can be bought for a few *centimes*\* each; and the majority of Italian peasants live almost entirely on these, rarely tasting meat or wine, except twice a year—at Christmas and at Easter.

Even at Christmas they do not care so much for meat as they do for their *cotone*; that they must have, or Christmas would not be Christmas to them. And what do you think this wonderful

*cotone* is? Just an eel fried brown, with his tail in his mouth, and three little green lemons inside the circle he makes! But every one who can beg or borrow or earn a *grano*† has this delicacy for his Christmas dinner.

Curious fish came to Guiseppi's net. Great pieces of red and white coral! For he was a coral-fisher, and often went far from home seeking this treasure of the sea. He had even been as far as Capri, and there, in the wonderful "blue grotto,"—the water of which is as blue as indigo, and colors everything that touches it,—had dived far down beneath the waves, bringing some rare and valuable pieces of coral which were worth many a *scudo*‡.

But this was dangerous work, and Francesca wept so bitterly when he spoke of diving, that he promised never more to go, but to content himself with the coarser pieces which clung to the rocks near the shore, readily seen beneath the clear blue of the water. This kind he loosened easily with a kind of spear, then deftly caught in a large net before it sank.

When Guiseppi had gathered many pieces of coral, he would give himself a holiday, and take Francesca and little Paolo into the city for a day's pleasure. First, he would go to the different dealers to dispose of his coral, leaving it only where he could get the most *scudi* for it.

His next visit was always to the jeweler's to buy something pretty for Francesca, who, like all of her countrywomen, must have jewelry, if she had nothing else in the world.

Ear-rings and bracelets are worn even by the poorest peasants, and often a necklace as well. Guiseppi loved to see his wife's beautiful brown neck and arms so adorned; and once, when he went to Rome to dispose of some rare pieces of coral that he could not sell in Naples, he brought her home a necklace of Roman coins, which ever after made Francesca shine in the eyes of her poorer neighbors, whose necklaces usually were only strings of great yellow or blue beads.

After the jewelry, the next purchase was fruit. Guiseppi would hail some pretty dark-eyed peasant maid bearing a *sporta* (a flat tray-like basket) on her head, filled with fruit and roasted chestnuts, and buy the whole of her stock perhaps. This he and Francesca carried to the mother's (the poor father was dead now), where they had a royal feast which even the baby enjoyed. But his special "treat" on these holidays was as much pure, fresh milk as he could drink, for that he did not get every day by the sea-shore.

I must tell you about the Neapolitan milkmen, for they are funny fellows. They do not have a

\* A French coin (copper), but used in Italy, worth the hundredth part of a franc (twenty cents).  
† A large silver coin, worth a dollar of our money.

‡ A very small copper coin, worth two-fifths of a cent.

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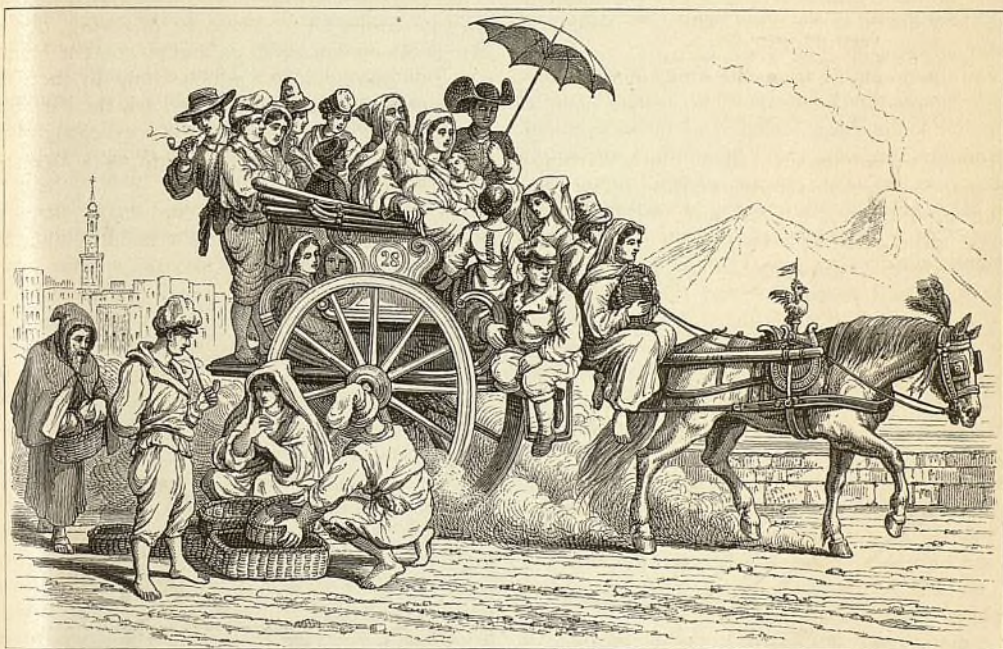


milk-wagon and horse as our milkmen have, or even a pail and dipper. They have only little three-legged stools tied to themselves (so that when they want to sit down they are all ready), and they drive their cows and goats before them to the different houses, and milk them at the door in a bowl provided by each customer. No chance of watered milk there, you see.

That is not the queerest part of it, though. As I have said, Italian houses are very high—five, six, and seven stories often, with a different family living on each floor. Even the *palazzos* (palaces) of the rich are divided in this way. To the first floor

spire in the world), there is an immense dome, whence a most glorious view of the city can be had; but leading up to it are many scores of stone steps, too many to climb, so at the foot of these steps are *ciceroni* (guides) with little donkeys saddled, which carry people safely and easily up to the dome for a few *granos* apiece. Is not that a novel kind of elevator?

In the afternoon, Guiseppi would go to the barber's, to make himself spruce. A curious place it was, too; decorated like a church, with an altar in the center—a real altar, but with brushes, razors, and pomade on it instead of incense; and out at



A PLEASURE DRIVE IN NAPLES.

(not the ground floor) there are sometimes from eighty to one hundred marble steps leading up. On this floor perhaps a duke may live; on the next above, some one lower in rank, till it would not be impossible that the noble duke's laundress might live in the seventh story of his palazzo. These uppermost families usually take goat's milk, because the goats can go upstairs, even to the very top floor, and be milked in full view of the customer!

Part of little Paolo's pleasure was in patting the goat that came up to his grandmother's door, rubbing its little nose, and giving it roasted chestnuts to eat. After it was milked, the goat would turn and skip down the stairs so briskly that the milkman could not begin to keep up with it.

Clever animals they have in Italy, I think. At St. Peter's, in Rome (which has the second highest

the door hung two large brass basins, instead of the red, white and blue painted poles our barbers have for signs.

Afterward, he would take Francesca, her mother, and little Paolo for a drive in a *corricolo* out into the country. A *corricolo* is a curious kind of open carriage on very high springs, large enough to hold fourteen people, but so lightly built that one horse can draw them all. Beneath it is swung a strong netting for luggage; when there is a superabundance of children, the boys delight in getting into this net and having a swing and a drive, both at the same time. One often sees a *corricolo* driving rapidly along, with a curious great bundle beneath it, which, if examined, would prove to be three or four boys, all jumbled together but having a glorious time. If the driver is good-natured, he will



take his passengers as far as they want to go for two carlini each, and one carlino for *buona-mano* (drink-money).

Guiseppe's favorite drive was through the *Chiaja* (the Broadway of Naples) out to the *Campo Santo*, the beautiful cemetery on a hill-side not far from the city. It did not make them sad to go there, for the drive was a most delightful one.

Great trees, among them orange and Indian fig trees, lined the road; and lovely flowers grew close up to the very wheel-tracks, giving forth sweet perfumes—all the sweeter if, perchance, some of them were crushed in passing. Sometimes a hearse would be at the cemetery gate; then Guiseppe would bow his head reverently while he softly said an *ave* (prayer) for the dead.

I am almost afraid we would smile if we should see a Neapolitan hearse. It is usually painted white, or some bright color, and heavily gilded. The undertaker, who walks beside it, is dressed in scarlet from top to toe; while, instead of the nodding black plumes we often see, on each of the four corners sits a rosy-cheeked *live boy*, in short blue trousers, white cape, and curious peaked brown

cap; his bare feet dangling over the sides, and his bright black eyes fairly dancing with joy at the prospect of the feast before him! For it is a fixed rule that, on returning from the Campo Santo, these boys shall have a feast at the first small wayside inn. And what hungry little fellows they are! It would seem as though they ate nothing from one drive to another.

One often sees the four sitting in a row on a little wooden bench, devouring basins of macaroni, brown bread and melons; while the poor inn-keeper looks on in despair, for he does not always get paid for all he gives.

When the evening shadows began to fall, our pleasure-seekers were ready to drive gayly back to the Santa Lucia, where a supper of brown bread and fruit was enjoyed. Then, wishing the mother *felice notte* (happy night), Guiseppe, Francesca, and little Paolo (who was as good as good can be) would return, in the lovely, soft Italian twilight, to their little home by the shore, glad to seek the quiet and rest they found there. So we leave them to their simple, happy life beneath the sunny skies of their own beautiful Italy.



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## MR. TOMPKINS' SMALL STORY.

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

ALL of you remember that we left Mr. Tompkins last month, at the cocoa-nut party, just as he was about to tell a story.

"It must be a small one," said Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh yes; we've agreed to that," said Mr. Plummer.

Mr. Tompkins then asked if they were willing it should be merely a hen-story.

"We'll take the vote on that," cried Hiram. Then, turning to the company, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is known to you that our friend Mr. Tompkins has paid his forfeit, and that he has been judged to redeem it by telling a story. It was no more than right for him to pay a forfeit, for he laughed at a quiet old lady who never did him any harm, and treated her in an unkind manner. Mr. Tompkins now wishes to know if his small story may be merely a hen-story. All who are willing that Mr. Tompkins' small story should be merely a hen-story, please to say 'Aye.'"

"Aye! aye! aye! aye!" was shouted many times by young and old; and what with the shouting and the laughing and the hand-clapping, there was such a racket as set Caper a-barking at the top of his voice. Josephus crowed, and made his feet fly, and patted cakes, and tossed up so high that he nearly threw himself over backward. The cat hopped out of her private box, her tail standing straight in the air; and it is more than likely that the kittens' eyes came open with wonder, which would have been a very great wonder indeed, seeing that the nine days were not much more than half over!

Mr. Tompkins then told the following short and simple story, which was written down upon the spot by the only person present who had a lead-pencil:

There was once a hen who talked about another hen in a not very good way, and in not at all a friendly way. The hen she talked about was named Phe-Andy Alome. Her own name was

Teedla Toodlum. They both belonged to a flock of white hens which lived in the far-away country of Chickskumeatyourkornio.

Now, the one that was named Teedla Toodlum went around among the other hens, making fun of Phe-Andy Alome, on account of her having a speckled feather in her wing. She told them not to go with Phe-Andy Alome, or scratch up worms with her, or anything, because she had that speckled feather in her wing.

One of the hens that Teedla Toodlum talked to in this way was deaf, and therefore could not hear very well. She had become deaf in consequence of not minding her mother. It happened in this way: A tall Shanghai roost-cock crowed close to her ear, when she was quite small; when, in fact, she was just hatched out of her shell. She had a number of brothers and sisters who came out at almost the same time. The Shanghai stood very near, and in such a way that his throat came close to the nest, and he crowed there. The chicks wanted to put their heads out from under their mother, and see who was making such a noise. Their mother said:

"No, no,—no! Keep under! You might be made deaf! I've heard of such a thing happening."

But one of the chicks did put her head out, and close to the Shanghai's wide-open throat, too! and when he was crowing terribly!

Then her mother said:

"Now, I shall punish you! I shall prick you with my pin-feathers!"

And the chick was pricked, and she became deaf besides; so that, when she grew up, she hardly could hear herself cackle. And this was the reason she could not understand, very well, when the hen named Teedla Toodlum was telling the others that the hen named Phe-Andy Alome had a speckled feather in her wing.

One day, the hen named Teedla Toodlum scratched a hole in the sand, beneath a bramble-bush, and sat down there, where it was cool. And while she was sitting there, a cow came along at the other side of the bramble-bush, with a load of "passengers" on her back. The cows in the country of Chickskumeatyourkornio permit the hens to ride on their backs, and when a great many are on, they step carefully, so as not to shake them off. In frosty weather they allow them to get up there to warm their feet. Sometimes hens who



have cold feet fly up and push off the others who have been there long enough.

The cow passed along at the other side of the bush, and by slipping one foot into a deep hole which was hidden with grass, and therefore could not be seen, upset the whole load of passengers. She then walked on; but the passengers stayed there, and had a little talk together—after their own fashion, of course. The deaf one happened to be among them, and after a while, seeing that the others were having great sport, she wanted to know what it was all about. Upon this the others—those of them who could stop laughing—raised their voices, and all began at once to try to make her understand. And this is what they said:

"Think of that goose of a hen, Teedla Toodlum, telling us not to go with Phe-Andy Alome, because Phe-Andy Alome has a speckled feather in her wing, when, at the same time, Teedla Toodlum has two speckled feathers in her own wing, but does n't know it!"

Teedla Toodlum was listening, and heard rather

more than was pleasant to hear. She looked through the bramble-bush and saw them. Some had their heads thrown back, laughing; some were holding on to their sides, each with one claw; and some were stretching their necks forward, trying to make the deaf one understand, while the deaf one held her claw to her ear, in order to hear the better.

"Ah! I feel ashamed!" said Teedla Toodlum to herself. "I see, now, that one should never speak of the speckled feathers one sees in others, since one can never be sure that one has not speckled feathers one's self!"

"That's the way *our* cow does!" cried the Jimmyjohns, as soon as Mr. Tompkins had finished.

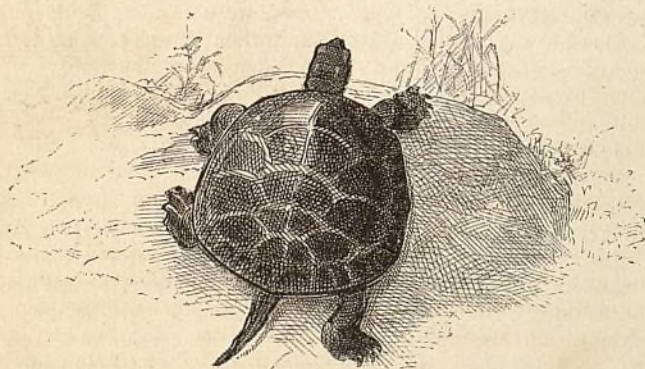
"What! Talks about speckled feathers?" asked cousin Floy.

"No. Lets hens stay on her back."

"Her parents, or grandparents, or great-grandparents, then," said Mr. Tompkins, "probably came from Chickskumeatyourkornio."

## HOW A TURTLE TAUGHT A LESSON.

BY E. S. THAYER.



ABOUT thirty years ago, there was a little boy whose name was John,—a pretty boy, with thick golden hair, large brown eyes, red cheeks, and freckles. One day in summer he was playing by the side of a brook in one of the pastures near his home in the country. This brook resembled the boy in some respects. It was in its first light-hearted youth, and went on its way, leaping and

sporting, like all blithesome young rivulets, who do not think in the least that they are fast running from the green meadows and cool mossy forests to the burdened rivers and tossing seas.

This active little boy first built a dam of moss and turf and stones; then he rolled up his trousers and sailed his little schooner-rigged boat; and, finally, waded aimlessly over the smooth sand



through the cool, running water, dashing the sparkling drops to right and left with his frisky feet. In this way, he came to a large flat rock, over a portion of whose smooth surface the stream flowed in a broad, crystal current. A mud-turtle sat on the rock, half out of the water, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, apparently as contented and happy as a turtle could be. But when he saw the boy splashing along at such a rate, he thought it high time to be gone; perhaps he had previously had some experience of the tender mercies of boys, for he made great haste to reach the protecting mud of the bank.

"Ah, ha, you rogue! you think you can get away, do you?" shouted the youngster. The next instant he was kneeling on the slippery rock, with both outstretched hands over the frightened prisoner. John had been carrying his shoes—his stockings stuffed into them—with one hand; but now, in his eagerness to secure the turtle, he dropped them upon a part of the rock covered by the stream, and, turning sideways as they fell, the water rushed in, filling them to the very toes.

"There!" exclaimed John, half in real and half in affected vexation, "you have made me get my stockings wet, and you must be punished for it. I shall turn you over on your back, and you may stay there, sir, until I come back from school to-night."

That night, John came home from school, with a group of school-fellows, over the village road, instead of across the pasture, forgetting all about the turtle he had left on the rock.

Vacation began the next day, and John was to spend a whole month with his brother, who lived in Boston. You can understand the excitement which attends a boy's preparations for his first journey; but a country boy's first visit to Boston exceeds, perhaps, any experience of yours in that line.

The month passed swiftly away, and John returned home with brighter eyes and prouder step. The world had been revealed to him on a broader scale. What had he not seen? He was a hero in the opinion of his school-mates. He had enough stories to tell of his adventures to last through the winter, besides having brought home the most interesting book and the handsomest knife that Boston could furnish. If possible, it was a merrier boy than before who now bounded through the dear old pasture. There were several dams to be visited by their young proprietor, one somewhat extensive, with a miniature water-wheel and mill at the side. The dam had been partially washed away by a violent rain, and an accumulation of moss had clogged the wheel of the mill.

"Ah! I see there has been a freshet, and my mill is damaged. A clear loss of two thousand dollars, and only insured for eight hundred! It must be repaired to-morrow, and I shall have to hire a hundred workmen! These freshets are terrible things for manufacturers, I declare!"

Leaving the scene of this disaster, he approached the smooth white rock, which was always a favorite resort, and near which, on the bank of the stream, there was a structure of brick about



"HE SAILED HIS LITTLE SCHOONER-RIGGED BOAT."

two feet high, which this young man called "my summer residence on the Hudson."

Six yards from the rock, he paused suddenly, with his eyes intently fixed upon some object before him. Step by step, he drew nearer without once moving his eyes, which were now full of horror mingled with a hopeful doubt; but as he proceeded the doubt vanished, and the horror spread over his whole countenance. There lay the turtle on the rock, upon its back, as he had left it,—its extended legs and protruded head shriveled and dry, scorched by the blazing suns of four August weeks.

There was no need of gentle pity now,—no opportunity for showing humane kindness to a dumb, helpless, harmless creature. No more



would it gladly hide itself in the protecting earth, or hasten in fright from the dreaded hand. What vain struggles to regain its feet! What weariness and despair! What agony when the noon suns beat down! What pangs of slow starvation! As all this passed through John's mind, the rock seemed no longer the old familiar pleasant spot, but like a haunted place.

With pallid face, he turned away, and hurried

homeward in the gathering twilight, nor stopped until he reached the cheerful room in which his mother sat sewing and his father reading.

That boy has long been a man, but the years that have passed have by no means worn away the remembrance of this scene, or the impression it made on his mind; and on that memorable evening John took his first lesson in thoughtfulness and kindness toward dumb animals.



OPENING THE LILY.

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## KING TRISANKU.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

VISWAMÍTRA the Magician,  
 By his spells and incantations,  
 Up to Indra's realms elysian  
 Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended  
 Hurlled him downward, and descending  
 In the air he hung suspended,  
 With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,  
 By misgivings downward driven,  
 Human hearts are tossed and drifted  
 Midway between earth and heaven.

## A DREAM ABOUT FAIRIES.

By H. H.

I SUPPOSE none of you, dear children, believe in fairies. When I was a little girl, I used to believe in them just as much as I believed in my father or mother. In those days (it was a great many years ago) children did not know so much as they know now. It almost frightens me sometimes to see how very quickly boys and girls are expected to learn things now, how many books they have, and how much they are like grown people in everything except their size. I think that the old-fashioned ways were best; that we had a better time than you have. We had only a very few books, and used to read them over and over and over again, till we knew them by heart; and we used to go in calico gowns to afternoon parties that began at three and left off, with a good supper of bread-and-milk and baked apples and caraway cookies, at six; and we had just one present at Christmas and one at New Year's, and one on our birthday, and that was all.

And last, but not least, we believed in fairies. Many is the time that we have been out in the woods on Saturday afternoons to look for fairies;

we used to take hold of hands and make a circle around the biggest toadstool we could find, and walk slowly around it, and all say out aloud together:

"Fairies! fairies! fairies! we  
 Have come here fairies to see."

But we never saw a single one. Yet that did not shake our faith in the least. We only thought that we had not gone to the right wood, or that the fairies did n't like us well enough to show themselves.

Now, I dare say you will think that all this is very silly, and that your ways and plays to-day are a great deal better than our old ways and plays; and that it is very stupid for old people to be always saying that the old times were best; and, at any rate, that I would better go on and tell my dream, if I am going to tell it at all. As a general thing, it is not worth while to tell one's dreams; but this dream was such a pretty one, I thought I would write it out. Even if we do not believe in fairies, they are very nice to dream about; and I really



did dream this whole pleasant dream, this very last night, just as I am going to tell it to you this morning.

I dreamed that I and several of my friends were in a most beautiful wood. The trees were all pines and firs, and were so high that we could not see the tops of some of them. There were also beautiful gray rocks piled up one above another in great ledges, so high that the trees growing on their tops looked like little bushes. Almost all the pine-trees had clusters of shining brown cones on their upper branches. They were so high that nobody could reach them. Yet they were low enough for us to see distinctly how pretty they were. They were not like any pine-cones I ever saw before; they were as large as a good-sized tumbler, and looked as if they were made of dozens of bright brown little marbles knotted together.

"Oh, how pretty they are!" we all exclaimed. "How nice it would be to pile up a great pile of them and set it on fire! They would burn splendidly!"

"You shall have all you like, ladies and gentlemen," said a queer little piping voice close by; and when we turned, there we saw a little man, who was dressed in common clothes, and had no coat on. He looked like any common laborer in his shirt sleeves, except that he was only about three feet and a half high, and had an old wrinkled face, with a gray beard; so we knew at once he must be a fairy.

"I can give you all you want," he said in a most friendly tone. "I'll have my people throw them down to you from above there. But stand away, while I let the water on!"

Dear me, how we all jumped! Before the words were out of his mouth, down came a great roaring water-fall from the top to the bottom of the rocky ledge I told you of. I really think it was the most beautiful water-fall I ever saw, for the water was so deep that it came up nearly to the tops of the shorter trees and bushes, so that their leaves made a lovely green fringe on each side of the water. We stood on one side and watched. We were a little afraid of it, it roared so and was so swift; but it all sank into the ground at the bottom of the ledge, and disappeared. The little fairy-man, in his white shirt sleeves, stood at the foot of the fall and caught the cones, one by one, as they came bobbing down on the water.

"Throw faster! Throw faster!" he called up; and faster and faster came the cones. We could see them falling down into the water from the tops of the high trees, as fast as if they were raining down. There must have been a hundred little fairies up in the tree-tops breaking them off and flinging them down. In a very few minutes there

was a pile of them on the ground as high as our heads, and we cried out to the fairy:

"Oh, enough! enough! Don't let them break off any more."

"Enough!" he said, "have you really got enough? That's the first time I ever knew any of your race to get enough." Then he called out something in a very loud tone, in words we could not understand, and what do you think began to come down that water-fall then!

Beautiful china dishes, and, on them, all sorts of good things to eat—oranges and apples and bananas, and cake and nuts and raisins, and a great many things that we never had seen before, and did not know the names of. It was the oddest thing to see the dishes come sailing down that water-fall, never spilling a single apple, or orange, or nut; and when they reached the bottom, it almost seemed as if each dish gave a jump into the fairy-man's hands. He gave them to us so fast we could hardly find places to set them; there was only one small table, and how that got there I don't know, for I am quite sure it was not there when we first went into the wood. On this table we piled the dishes one above another, and then under the table, and then all around on the ground, and pretty soon we cried out again, "Enough! enough! Don't give us any more."

"Enough! I should think so," said the little fairy-man. "If you had n't been pigs, you'd have called out 'enough' long ago."

This mortified us dreadfully, and we were just beginning to explain to him that the only reason we had not called out "enough" sooner, was that we were half frightened, when he exclaimed:

"Never mind! never mind! Leave all you don't want; my people'll come and get it. Sorry they're too busy to-day to come and wait on you;" and up he ran on the water-fall, like a spider on a wall, quick as a flash to the very top of it, and then, in another flash, the water-fall seemed to turn into a sort of sheet of silver, and he drew it up after him as a sailor draws up a rope, hand over hand; and in less time than I have taken to write the words, there stood the ledge of rocks all bare and dry, just as it had been before; and we began to wonder whether, after all, there had been any real water-fall there. Then we thought we would taste some of the good things on the table, and we all stood up around it, and I took off the cover of one of the biggest dishes, and just as I was taking out an orange, dear me, if I did n't wake right up out of my dream, and there I was all alone in my own little bed, just as usual, and the moon was shining into my room about as white and silvery as the fairy water-fall had looked.

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taken one bite of the fairy-man's good things! Was n't it provoking? Seeing that it was nothing but a dream after all, it might just as well have lasted till morning, and given us a good feast.

Now, go to bed early to-night, and see if you can't dream a dream as nice as this. Even if we don't believe in fairies, they're lovely to dream about.



A PRETTY little boy and a pretty little girl  
Found a pretty little blossom by the way;  
Said the pretty little boy to the pretty little girl:  
"Take it, O my pretty one, I pray!"

Said the pretty little girl to the pretty little boy:  
"I must hold my little dolly, sir, you see;  
So, I thank you very kindly, but I'd very much prefer  
You should carry it, and walk along with me."

## A VILLAGE OF WILD BEASTS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

NOT long ago I paid a visit to a tiger. I did not owe this tiger a call, for I am very glad to say that he had never been to see me; but I wanted to see him, and so I went to his house.

He did not live alone. He had a room in a large building, where there were a good many other boarders. Some of these were leopards, others panthers or lions; there was another tiger, and on the premises might be seen almost every kind of wild animal, from alligators to zebras.

I particularly desired to see this tiger, because he was a very large royal Bengal tiger, and I know of no beast so powerful and handsome as one of these. But there was not an animal in the establishment that I would not have preferred to him as a close acquaintance.

It was near his dinner-time when I called, and I think he would have been very glad to have me come in and dine with him, but I had two objections to this. In the first place, the beef he always had for dinner was too rare for me, for it was not cooked at all; and, besides, there were some things which I wanted to do the next day.

So I stood and admired his magnificent coat of

striped fur and his graceful movements as he sat close to a great iron door which led into the next cage, pawing and biting at his reflection in the smooth iron as if he had been a playful kitten instead of one of the most savage animals on the face of the earth; and then I left him, and went on a little farther to see a lion.

The place where these animals lived, and still live, is the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens, which I mentioned last year when I wrote about "America's Birthday Party."

These gardens are in Fairmount Park, on the western side of the Schuylkill River (which runs through Philadelphia), and as they cover thirty-three acres, you can easily see that a great many animals can be accommodated there. The grounds are very beautiful, and are shaded by many fine large forest trees. There is a lake where the swans and the ducks and geese swim about, and where the cranes stand on one leg and watch for little fishes and frogs. Here and there are large houses for the different kinds of animals or birds, and there are a number of smaller buildings; but a great many of the inhabitants of the gardens live out-



of-doors in fine weather. Altogether, there are houses and inhabitants enough to make up a good-sized village.

And now I will tell you what I saw that day, after I had finished my visit to the tiger.

When I reached the lion's cage he was hard at work, roaring. What there was to roar at I could not see. Perhaps he was hungry, or perhaps he wished to attract attention. If the latter was his object, he certainly succeeded, for all the visitors in the house, and all the animals in the cages, seemed to be excited by his noise. The visitors crowded up close to his cage to get a good look at this great beast, standing there, throwing up his head and roaring exactly as he would roar if he were in some African forest, roaming about in the darkness of the night and hunting for a bullock or deer or man, upon whom he might satisfy his bloody hunger. But what a different position he now occupied! Not six feet from his nose were ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and even some very little children; and although a few of the children shrank back a little as roar after roar came from the lion's throat, nobody seemed to be much afraid. Most of the people there had heard of the roar of

wanted to go see how he did it, or it might have awakened memories, in some of them, of nights in their native land when they had heard that roar, while they had been out on hunting expeditions on their own account.

This lion was a very fine fellow—one of the finest I ever saw. He had an enormous head and a splendid mane, and although the rest of his body looked a little too thin and lanky for the size of his head, he was a very grand-looking animal, and when he stopped roaring and lay down, there was something about him which seemed to say: "I am very strong and very dangerous to my enemies and to my prey, and if you were out with me on one of my native deserts, I could frighten you nearly to death just by roaring at you. But I am quite mild and gentle now, although I do occasionally make a good deal of noise. If the keeper will let you, you may come into my cage and stroke my mane."

There was nothing about the tigers or the bears, or any of the smaller animals, which seemed to say this, and it may have been a mistake to suppose there was any such thing about the lion, but he certainly looked as if he would disdain to harm any living creature—except when he was hungry, or



THE TIGER.

the lion, and they were very anxious to see how it was done.

The animals in the other cages—the leopards, the hyenas, the panthers, the lynxes, the wild cats, and even the Bengal tigers—seemed disturbed while the lion was roaring. Perhaps they, too,

annoyed, or angered by an attack, or anxious about his dinner when it was a little late, or cross on account of having his room put to rights by the keeper, or in a bad humor, or excited from any cause whatever.

In a cage not very far away from the lions was a

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bear—not a very large fellow—whose name seemed to puzzle a good many of the visitors. He was called "The Sun-bear," and many persons sup-



THE LION.

posed this name was given him because he has on his breast a yellow place which looks something like a rude picture of a sun-rise. But the reason for his name is his habit of lying in the sun like a dog. He is a native of Borneo, and is different in his disposition from most bears, especially the Polar bear, who adores ice and snow, and would rather never see a menagerie than be obliged to take a nap in the sun on a warm day. But animals have their little peculiarities, just as we have.

This building, which is called "The Lion and Tiger House," contains a great many animals, most of them savage, meat-eating beasts. There was a lioness there who had a very different disposition from her grave and dignified husband. She was very uneasy and cross, and as I was standing looking at her, she sprang at me with a growl. There were strong iron bars between us, but I involuntarily stepped back. I don't like wild beasts to spring at me.

In the next cage to this lioness was her son, a little lion-cub, with "bandy legs," and the separation from him may have soured her temper. I am not sure but that when her husband was roaring, he was telling her that there was no use in her showing such a bad temper. She just worried herself by it, and the people laughed at her—after they had jumped back once or twice. There were three half-grown lions near by, but they were very quiet and sleepy-looking.

Half a dozen leopards—some black and some spotted—occupied different cages in the building. Some of these were very fine animals, bounding about in their large cages in the most graceful manner. I also particularly noticed a large puma,

which is, as you may know, an American animal, and is sometimes called panther, catamount, or cougar.

Near the Lion House is a smaller building, which is appropriated entirely to monkeys, and is therefore a favorite resort for the children, many of whom learn a lot of curious tricks by watching these funny animals. Here are monkeys of all colors, and all sizes, and all kinds. There are about fifty of them in a great high cage in the middle of the room, and here you may see them climbing up swinging-ladders, hanging from ropes, dropping down on each other's heads, pulling each other's tails, and doing everything that they can think of to tease and bother each other—all skipping and jumping and tumbling and chattering as if they had been in school all day, and had just got out for a little play. Some of these monkeys look like little old men, with gray hair and beards, and you might suppose that they were much too grave and reverend to ever think of cutting up monkey-shines. But if you watch one of these little old fellows, who is sitting, looking wisely and thoughtfully at you, as if he were just about to explain the reason why the sun gives us less heat in winter, when it is really much nearer to us than it is in summer, you will see him suddenly get up, and instead of taking a piece of chalk to show you on a blackboard the relative positions of the sun and the earth at the different seasons, he will make a tremendous jump, and



THE LIONESS.

seizing some other monkey by the tail, will jerk him off a swinging ladder quicker than you could say "pterodactyl."

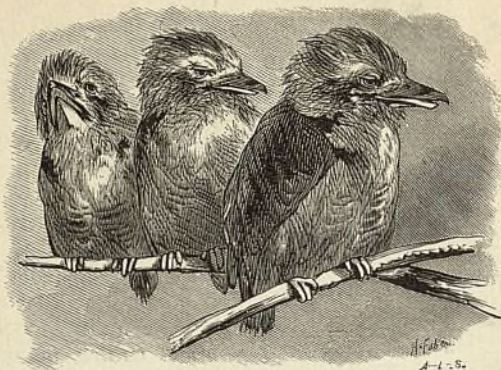
It would be fun to stand and watch the monkeys for hours, for they are continually doing some new and ridiculous thing; but there is so much to see in



these gardens, that I did not stay very long in the monkeys' house.

The next building I visited was the Aviary, or bird-house. Here are gathered together hundreds of beautiful and curious birds. There seemed to be birds from all parts of the world, who would cer-

small fry as may be found on shore. Then, again, he is peculiar because he acts more like a cat than a bird in hunting for small game. He will sit and watch a mouse-hole just like a regular old tabby-cat, and when the mouse ventures out, he will pounce upon it as quickly as any puss you ever



LAUGHING-JACKASSES.

tainly never have seen each other—at least, most of them never would—if they had not been brought together in this house.

Among the birds which interested me most was an enormous pigeon, the largest of the pigeon tribe. This fellow, who is about as big as a small turkey, is called the crowned-pigeon, and comes from Java and some of the neighboring islands. He is a splendid bird, with a wide-spreading crest on his head, which gives him a very distinguished and imposing air. If size and appearance count for anything, this should be the king of pigeons.

Some other birds which attracted my attention, not on account of their beauty but because of their oddity, are called "laughing-jackasses." The name may strike you as a very strange one to give to a bird, but there is a reason for it. In Australia, where these birds come from, the early settlers used to hear in the woods strange noises which sounded as if they were made by a jackass who had heard a good joke, and was laughing heartily at it. The people could scarcely make up their minds that a jackass could hear enough jokes to keep him laughing such a time, and so they searched for the merry individuals and found that they were these birds, who would sit on a tree and at regular intervals burst into this braying kind of laugh.

There are several peculiarities about the laughing-jackass. In the first place he is really a kingfisher, though he seldom goes near the water. Therefore, of course, he cannot carry on his regular business,—or what ought to be his regular business, if his name is correct,—and so he contents himself with catching lizards and mice, and such

saw. It may be that he laughs so much because he continually sees for himself what an utterly absurd kind of bird he is.

On a long perch, in a very wide cage, sat a long row of dear little birds of different colors and sizes, but all very small. These were African finches, and it was very amusing to see them sit there perfectly quiet until some one came to one end of the cage. Then every one of these little birds turned its head to see who it was. When the person went to the other end, they all turned their heads, at the same moment, in that direction. They moved so quickly, and in such perfect order, that you might have thought they had been drilled by a military officer.

As I had not time to look at all the birds, I passed around among the long-legged herons, bright-colored pheasants, gorgeous chattering parrots, pretty little paroquets, finches of all kinds,—black, white, red, green and purple,—grossbeaks (which are finches with broad, thick beaks, and some of them with beautiful scarlet and black plumage); mino-birds, which come from India, and talk as well as, or even better than, the most conversational parrots; and the weaver-bird, of which you may have heard under the name of the sociable grossbeak, and which seems to be a very good sort of bird, although nothing like so much of a curiosity as its nest must be.

There were also some toucans, about as big as crows, with enormous bills as large as the claws of lobsters, and of very much the same shape. Some of these great bills, half as big as the bird, were red, and others were dark-colored. Some of the



cockatoos were of a beautiful rosy color, and one kind, from Australia, looked exactly as if it had been rosy once, but had been washed and had faded. The cock-of-the-rock, from Demerara, is a handsome bird. He is of a bright orange color, and must look like a ball of fire when he is flying in the sun.

I also noticed a lot of American birds: woodpeckers, robins, thrushes, bluebirds, blackbirds, and many other small chaps with whom most of us are well acquainted.

Outside, swimming in the lake, or rambling about on the shore, are a great many water-fowl, such as swans, both black and white, ducks of various kinds, a great goose from New Holland, cranes, herons, and most other birds who care for aquatic sports.

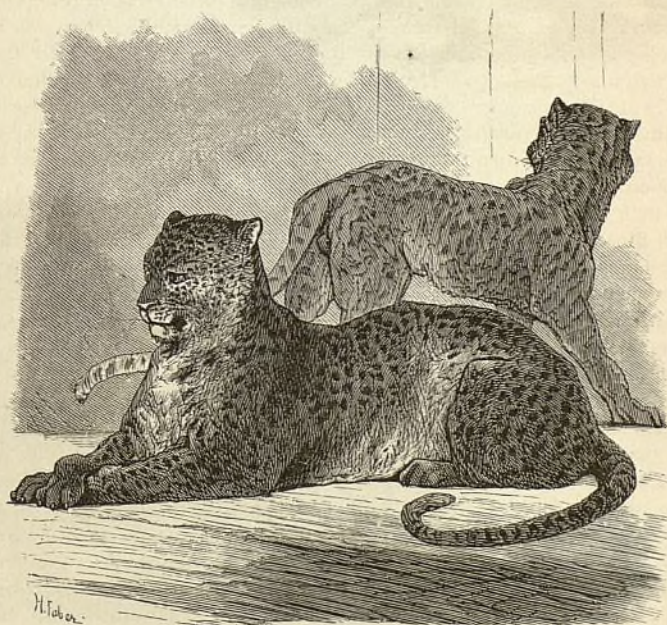
A little farther on were some handsome giraffes. These animals, although they were not all full-grown, could easily reach up to the top shelf of any closet you ever saw. And I think they would do it, if they had a chance, for they seem, most of the time, to be poking their heads up in the air to see if there is anything in the upper part of the building which they have not noticed before.

There are a great many strange things about this long-legged, long-necked creature, but he has

cumstances. So, if this story be true, we may class these creatures among the mutes of the animal kingdom. They have not the advantages possessed by human mutes, for they cannot talk with their fingers. But perhaps animals who hold their heads so much higher in the world than any other living creatures, do not feel the necessity of making sounds to express their sentiments. There are some sentiments which they can express admirably with their heels.

I did not spend much time at the Elephant House, where not only elephants, but some other large animals, who do not care for meat, seem to be enjoying themselves in a quiet way. There were two large elephants and two little fellows—one of them just about big enough for a boy and his little sister to ride. He was about as high as a table, and would have been very glad, I expect, to have had some boys and girls to play with him. But I had seen many elephants, and so I passed on to another animal with whom I was not at all familiar.

This was the rhinoceros, and an enormous creature he was. His body is nearly as big as that of an elephant, though he is not so tall, for his legs are very short. He is of a muddy mouse-color, and his skin seems as thick as a board floor. He has



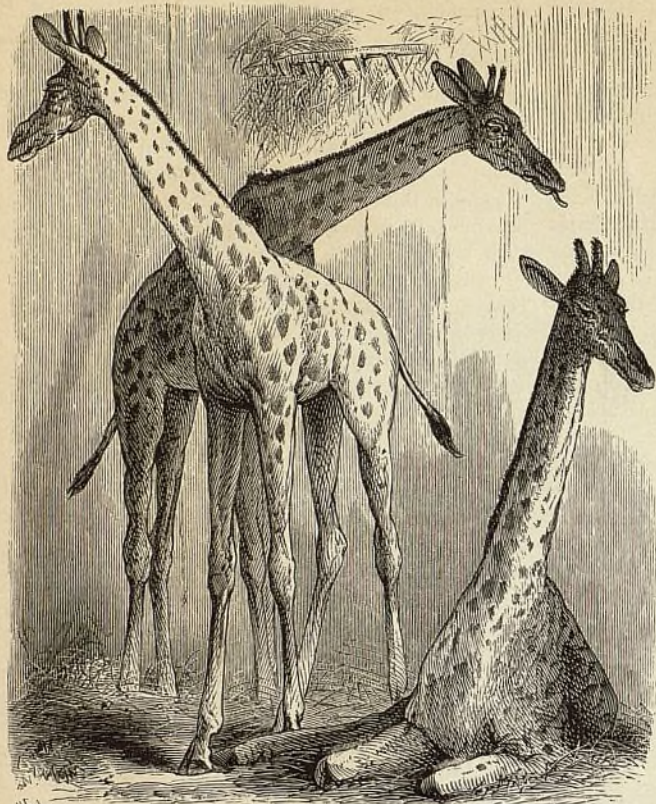
LEOPARDS.

ALLEN - LANE - SCOTT.

one peculiarity which is not, I think, generally known. It is said that the giraffe is one of the quietest creatures on earth, for he has never been known to utter a sound of any kind, under any cir-

very small eyes, a big head and nose, and one of the most dreadful mouths you ever looked into. I happened to look into it, for he yawned just as I stopped in front of him, and I assure you that





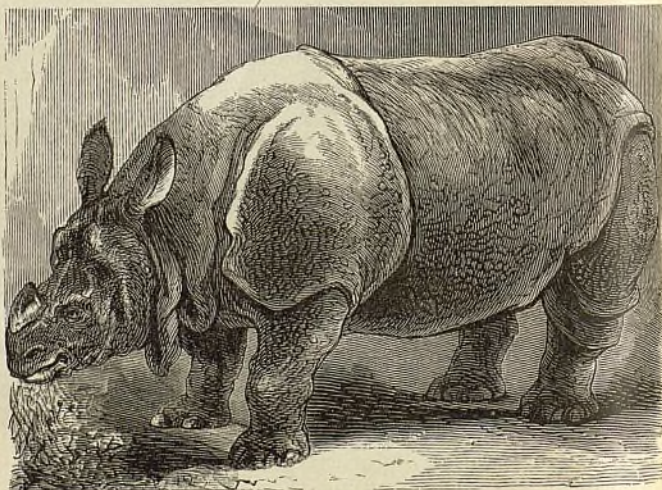
GIRAFFES.

ALLEN-LANE-SCOTT

that mouth would hold a bushel of potatoes. I may slightly overrate its capacity, but I will not take back more than two or three of the largest potatoes.

When you look at the cage or den in which this huge creature is confined, you will get an idea of what the keepers think of the strength of a full-grown rhinoceros. The apartment, which is quite large and commodious, is inclosed on each side by strong stone walls, so thick that even a rhinoceros cannot break through them. In front is a row of iron bars,—I might say tall iron posts,—standing about a foot apart, which are many times stronger than those used for any other animal on the grounds. At the back of the den is a strong wall, and so Mr. One-horn is shut in pretty securely. At each corner of the den, at the back, there is an iron ladder run-

work with a spade or hoe, and if the animal cannot have succulent reeds and canes and young trees



THE RHINOCEROS.

to rip and tear, he uses his horn on what he can find, even if it be stone or iron. While

front of each of these ladders is a tall iron shield, fastened at such a distance from the ladder as to allow room for a man to slip behind it, but not enough room for a rhinoceros. So, if the beast gets bad-tempered, when his keeper is cleaning his room or making his bed, the man can jump behind the screen, and "scoot," as the boys would say, up the ladder. Without some protection of the kind few men could climb a ladder fast enough to get out of the reach of a rhinoceros at their heels.

In regard to the horn of this animal,—that formidable weapon of which we have heard so much,—I would say that you must not expect to see, on a rhinoceros in a menagerie, a horn such as you will find in most of the pictures of the animal. In captivity, the rhinoceros rubs his horn against all the stone walls or iron bars that he can reach, and so keeps it pretty well worn down. It looks more like a horny lump on his nose than anything else. I suppose it is the natural business of a rhinoceros to work with his horn, just as a gardener feels it his business to

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I was watching him, he began banging his great head against his iron bars, and the concussion seemed to shake the building. "Bang! bang! bang!" he went, like a great sledge-hammer, and if the bars had been no thicker than those which confined the lions and tigers, that rhinoceros would have walked out of his cage and would probably have had a good time, strolling about the grounds, looking at the monkeys and the squirrels, so different from himself.

But of course I went to the bear-pits. These are three large round pits, with stone walls and floors, and quite deep. They are built in the side of a hill, so that visitors can go up the hill and look down at the bears in the pits. In the middle of each pit is the trunk of a stout tree with a good many short branches left on it, for the bears to climb up and get a better look at the good people who come to see them. If you go down the hill to the back part of the pits, you can stand on a level with the bears, and look at them through a grating. But the best view of them is to be had from the top of the pits. Here were the grizzly bear, the most savage and powerful wild beast on this continent; the black bear, not very ferocious, and common enough in the forests of some of the New England and Middle States; the cinnamon bear, who looks like cinnamon, but does not taste like it, although his flesh is said to be very good indeed, and much better than any other kind of bear-meat; and the brown bear, who is a cross fellow, and next to the grizzly in point of ferocity.

Among the smaller houses on the grounds is a yellow two-storied edifice which looks much older than the buildings I have already mentioned. It is much older and possesses an historic interest. It was built by the grandson of William Penn, and called by him "Solitude," because it then stood, all by itself, out in the wild woods, miles away from the little city of Philadelphia. This gentleman, John Penn, was of a poetic disposition, and wanted some quiet spot where he could be free from all noise and disturbance. So he built his house here. The house now belongs to the city, and is permanently leased by the Zoölogical Society. And who do you think have been living there until a short time ago? Snakes!

Yes, rattlesnakes, and black snakes, and boa-constrictors, and ever so many other kinds of snakes, were lying about there in cages, and some of them were formidable looking fellows. These snakes have a new house now, built expressly for them. I saw them once before, when they lived at "Solitude," but they seemed just as comfortable in their new home, although it possessed no historic interest whatever. In a cage in the center of the house were several boa-constrictors, the largest

of all snake-kind. One of these fellows was five or six inches thick, and probably twelve or fifteen feet long. That is a good size for a snake, as you

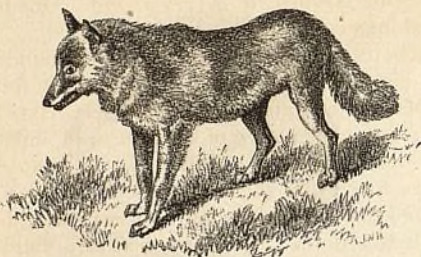


TAKING A CLIMB.

know; but I have always been disappointed in the size of boa-constrictors. I read so much, when a boy, about their swallowing goats and sheep,—and I have even known an ox to be mentioned in this connection (though this was probably a "stretcher"),—that I want my boas very large—as thick as barrels, or nail-kegs, at the least.



The rattlesnakes were the most wicked and spiteful-looking creatures there, and they are really the most dangerous, although there are copperheads,



A PRAIRIE-WOLF.

and moccasins, and other poisonous snakes in the collection.

All the cages are made with glass sides, so there is no danger in going quite close to the rattlesnakes, though they may spring their rattles, and dart out their forked little tongues at you, as they did at me.

Besides the snakes, there were in this house some turtles, some young alligators, and an enormous frog.

All these creatures lead very quiet lives, and as far as noise is concerned, none of the recent inhabitants of "Solitude" would have disturbed John Penn had they lived there in his time. But they might have made it lively for him in other ways.

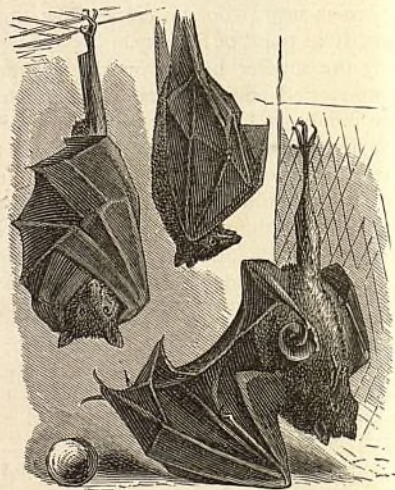
There is a house for eagles, owls and hawks, where these grave birds sit all day and think. They do not seem to care for exercise (though they might be willing to take a good long fly if they had a chance), and if they do not pass their time in thinking, I am sure I have no idea of what they do. Here is our national symbol,—the "bird of freedom,"—called the bald eagle, because the top of his head is white. Here are the golden eagle, the Australian wedge-tailed eagle, and other kinds. Did you know that eagles are particularly fond of cats as food? This taste is said to prevail among all classes of eagles, and shows that these birds are of brave and determined natures. For it can be no great fun to fly away with an angry cat.

Among the owls, the great horned owls are very conspicuous, and the hawks—chicken-hawks, sparrow-hawks, etc.—are interesting, especially to farmers' boys, who have spent many an hour hanging about the barn-yard, waiting to get a shot at one of these keen-sighted, swift-swooping creatures. Here and there are small houses for rabbits, wolves, foxes, raccoons, and other animals, but I did not visit them all. It would take at least a day to get a good look at all the animals on the grounds.

One of the most interesting features of this animal show, and the one which distinguishes it from ordinary menageries, and gives its founders the

right to call it a Zoölogical Garden, is the number of animals who have their quarters out-of-doors. There are many large inclosures where animals of various kinds roam about almost as comfortably as if they were at liberty in their native land. To be sure, they cannot take such long walks as they could at home, but as they are here safe from the attacks of all enemies, and have all the good food that they need, it may be that they are just as happy as they ever were.

The prairie-dog village is quite a curiosity, as it is the only place where prairie-dogs can be seen at home, except in their native habitations out West. No other zoölogical garden, or collection of animals, possesses anything of the kind. This village consists of a good-sized piece of land, inclosed by a wire fence, where a colony of prairie-dogs have made their underground houses. They are great burrowers, and although a wall was built around their inclosure extending ten feet below the surface of the ground, some of the little fellows dug down under the wall and made their appearance outside of their bounds. So a deeper wall had to be built. The houses of these dogs are long, and sometimes roomy, tunnels under the ground, and at the entrance of each the earth is generally thrown up in a mound, with a round hole at the top, just about big enough to let one dog pass in or out by itself. In fine weather the dogs (so called because their



FLYING FOXES (LARGE EAST INDIAN BATS).

bark is something like a dog's) take great delight in sitting a-top of these mounds, or peeping out of the doors. They are lively little creatures, about as big as rabbits, and seem perfectly at home.

We are told that in the West the houses of prairie-dogs are frequently occupied, not only by the dogs themselves, but by certain small owls



which like to live in holes in the ground (if they can find them ready-made), and by rattlesnakes! These three animals seem to live peacefully together in one hole, although it may be that the owl and the dog take turns in watching the snake. But as the prairie-dogs here look very fat and happy without the rattlesnakes and owls (for the society has not furnished these), it is probable that they are very well satisfied to live by themselves.

Not very far from the prairie-dog village there is a wide stream emptying into a pond, and part of this stream has been fenced off for a colony of beavers. Beavers are such wise and industrious creatures, working so hard and with such skill to

ugly creatures can wander about all day and never feel obliged to kneel down to have a load packed on their backs. By the way, a camel is never so ugly as he is when he is very young. One of the ugliest infants on earth is a baby camel.

There are several large inclosures surrounded by high fences, and with nice little houses for bad weather, where different kinds of deer, elks, antelopes, etc., have plenty of room to stroll about and enjoy themselves. There are also smaller yards for wolves, foxes, and other animals of the kind that are used to our weather, and can live out-of-doors; and there is quite a field for the bisons (or buffaloes, as they are called out West). There is a herd of



A BABY CAMEL.

dam up the streams in their native forests and build their houses, that almost every one would be glad to see them at work, cutting down trees with their teeth, and hauling little loads of clay and earth on their broad, flat tails. But I saw only two beavers out of the water when I was there, and one seemed to be amusing himself by swimming about with sticks in his mouth, while the other was taking a walk on the little beach. A large tree had been felled so that it lay across the stream, and there was every opportunity for the beavers to go to work when they got ready. At any rate, although I did not see any of them hauling clay, which I very much desired, I was glad to know how beavers looked when they were swimming or walking about in a natural way.

There is an inclosure for camels, where these

half a dozen or more of these, and some of them are very large and fierce-looking. I watched a big fellow come up to a tree with his great head down, his fiery eyes glancing out from under his shaggy mane, and a general air of determination about him, as if he had made up his mind that he would put his horns into that tree and tear it up by the roots! But he only rubbed himself against it, although he rubbed so vigorously that, if he had been rubbing against some frame-houses that I know of, I think he would have shaken them down. The truth is that, although the buffalo is one of the fiercest-looking animals on earth, he is really of a very mild disposition, and the biggest one would probably run from a very small boy, if the boy had a stick and the buffalo a chance to get away. So you must not judge these animals by



their appearance. Indeed, you could not engage in a poorer business than to go around the world judging animals by their looks.

The kangaroos have several long yards, with a little house at one end and plenty of room in front to skip and play. I never thought the kangaroo was a funny animal until I saw these fellows. In a cage they have no chance to show what a comical way they have of getting over the ground. Of course I knew that when they are pursued they bound away with great leaps, but I did not know how queerly they bounce themselves along when they are not in a hurry.

One big fellow, who was sitting near his house on his hind-legs and his tail (you know they use their tails to prop themselves up with), took it into his head to come down to the front fence where a group of visitors was standing. So he straightened himself up, with his head high in the air; held up

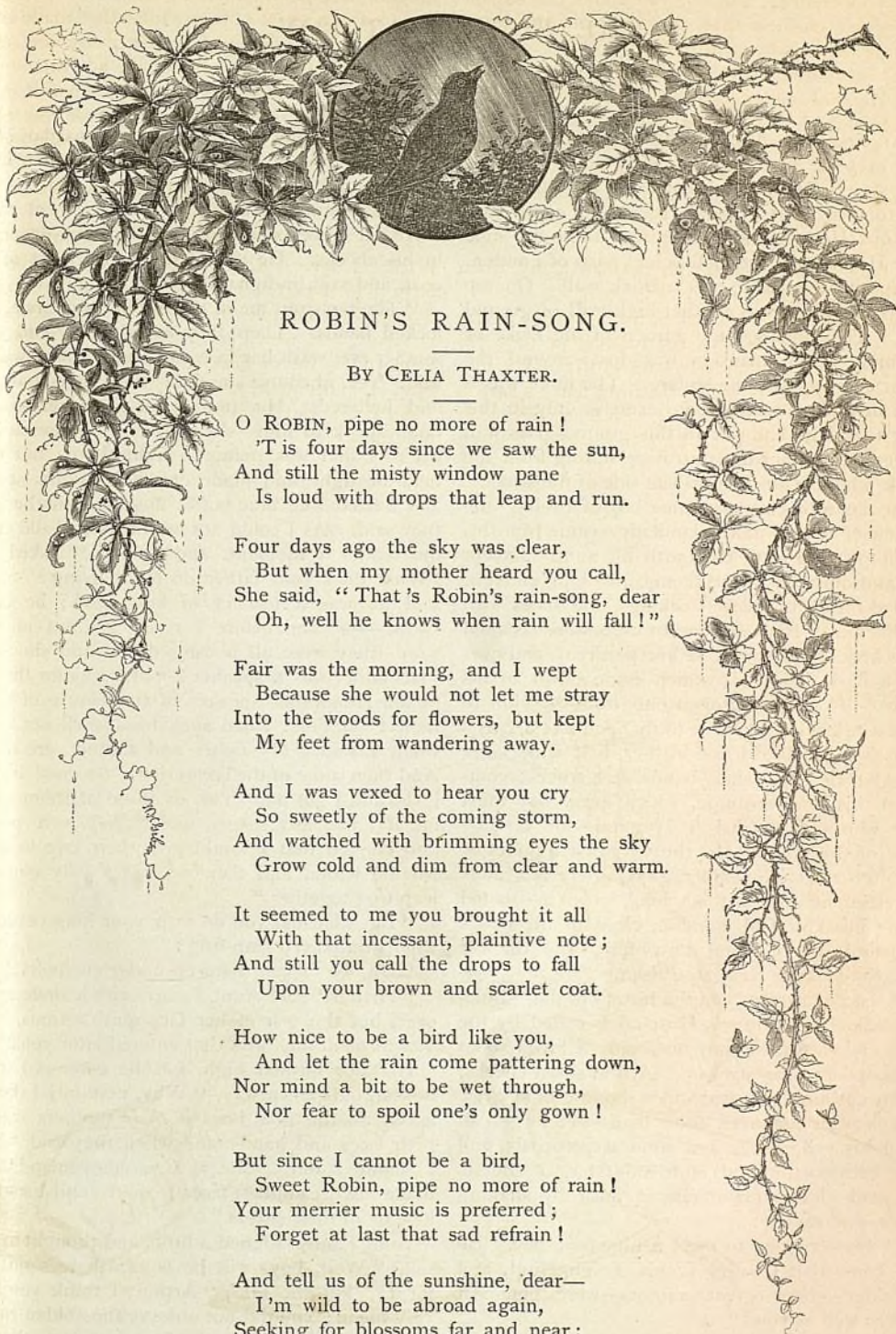
his little fore-paws under his chin, and came down the yard in a series of funny hops that made everybody roar out laughing. I never saw an animal act so comically,—though he did not intend it,—and I am sure that there is not a church in the world where all the congregation—even the oldest bald-headed members and the Sunday-school teachers—would not burst out laughing if a big kangaroo came gravely hopping down the middle aisle.

I have not told you about all the animals in this place. I have said nothing about the condor—the largest bird in the world; the great bats, called flying foxes, because they have fox-like heads and red hair, and which sometimes measure four feet from tip to tip of their horrid leathery wings. I have said nothing about the pair of handsome young Polar bears, but I have said enough for the present, and must stop.



READY FOR A SECOND COURSE.





## ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O ROBIN, pipe no more of rain !  
 'T is four days since we saw the sun,  
 And still the misty window pane  
 Is loud with drops that leap and run.

Four days ago the sky was clear,  
 But when my mother heard you call,  
 She said, "That's Robin's rain-song, dear  
 Oh, well he knows when rain will fall!"

Fair was the morning, and I wept  
 Because she would not let me stray  
 Into the woods for flowers, but kept  
 My feet from wandering away.

And I was vexed to hear you cry  
 So sweetly of the coming storm,  
 And watched with brimming eyes the sky  
 Grow cold and dim from clear and warm.

It seemed to me you brought it all  
 With that incessant, plaintive note;  
 And still you call the drops to fall  
 Upon your brown and scarlet coat.

How nice to be a bird like you,  
 And let the rain come pattering down,  
 Nor mind a bit to be wet through,  
 Nor fear to spoil one's only gown!

But since I cannot be a bird,  
 Sweet Robin, pipe no more of rain!  
 Your merrier music is preferred;  
 Forget at last that sad refrain!

And tell us of the sunshine, dear—  
 I'm wild to be abroad again,  
 Seeking for blossoms far and near:  
 O Robin, pipe no more of rain!



## THE BLUE-COAT BOY.

BY AUNT FANNY.

THE first time Aunt Fanny was in London she lived in some nice lodgings in a house in Henrietta street, Cavendish square. It is quite necessary to mention Cavendish square in connection with *this* Henrietta street, because there are nine other Henrietta streets in different parts of London.

Opposite the house was a brick wall. On top of this brick wall was another high wall of ground glass. They inclosed the garden of the Duke of Portland, whose mansion was just around the corner and opposite the square. The duke was a great invalid; he could take exercise only in this garden, and he had put up this ground-glass wall to keep out curious and intrusive staring from the people who live on the opposite side of the street.

One day a bright, handsome boy of twelve—the nephew of Aunt Fanny's landlady—came from his school to spend some days with his aunt. Except his handsome face, he was comical-looking enough. He had on deep yellow stockings, and shoes with big buckles. His velveteen trousers were fastened at his knees; he wore a yellow petticoat, and over this a dark blue coat which came down to his ankles. This was buttoned only from the chin to the waist, leaving the skirt to fly open like a lady's polonaise. A broad red-leather belt with large brass buckle, and white bands at his neck, completed this droll costume, which every boy must wear who enters Christ's Hospital—the strange name of the school. In the very first number of ST. NICHOLAS (November, 1873) there is a most interesting account of this school, which is situated in the heart of Old London, close to St. Paul's Cathedral, the General Post-office, and the sad and grim-looking Newgate Prison.

This account gives you the history of the "Blue-coat school," as Christ's Hospital is called by the boys, and so Aunt Fanny need only tell you about her own dear blue-coat boy. Arthur's rosy cheeks, brown curling hair, wide-open honest blue eyes, and pleasant manners, soon made her forget all about his yellow legs and comical petticoats, and they became the best of friends; for, of course, she made his acquaintance at once by shaking hands, and saying:

"I am very glad to meet a blue-coat boy. Do you know that Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge—three great authors—were blue-coat boys as well as you?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; every fellow in Christ's Hospital knows that!"

"How long have you been a blue-coat boy?"

"Two years, ma'am. I was entered when I was ten years old."

"What happened to you when you first entered?"

Arthur's eyes snapped, and the color deepened in his cheeks. He pulled down the waist of his coat, and said, indignantly:

"The boys put me in the middle of a circle, and locked hands. Then they asked me, 'Did your mother ever wash her face and hands?' and when I said, 'Yes, of course she did!' they danced around and hollered, 'His mother is a washerwoman! don't speak to him—she washes!' I doubled up my fists, and was going to fight them; but they held me tight, and made dreadful mouths at me, and buzzed like blue-bottle flies, to 'soothe me,' they said. As I could not help myself, I did stand quiet after a moment, and then they asked me, 'What does your father do for a living?' and I said he was a teacher of languages; he could speak——' and before I could get out another word, they were all bowing down, and shouting, 'His father was a speaker! make way for the son of the Honorable Speaker of the House of Commons!' and oh! I had such hard work not to cry when I said, 'My father and mother are dead.' And then some of the boys cried, 'Shame! let him go!' and I got off. Two or three of them asked me if I had any sisters, and if they were pretty, and begged that I would give their love to them when I wrote, and then we had a jolly game of leap-frog together."

"But what did you do with your long petticoats when you played leap-frog?"

"Oh, we tucked them up under our belts."

"Arthur," said Aunt Fanny, with a smile in her eyes, but the rest of her face quite serious, "did *you* torment any boys that entered after you?"

His face flushed high, but he confessed in an honest, outspoken way, "Why, certainly I did. I asked all the new boys if *their* mothers washed their faces and hands, and when they said, 'Yes,' I shouted out, 'She's a washerwoman!' and made the dreadfulest faces I could; and I sent my love to all their sisters."

Aunt Fanny laughed a little, and thought to herself, "Well, boys will be boys; there's no help for it;" but she said, "Arthur, I think you were very mean; you did not observe the golden rule;" at which he blushed again for a minute; then he brightened up, and said: "I licked a fellow who



called me *Miss* Arthur, and said I was a beggar's baby. Was n't that right, ma'am?"

"Well—yes," she answered, "if he was as big as you are; but what made him call you '*Miss*'?"

"Why, he was going to bury a rabbit alive, and I burst out crying, because when I tried to get the poor rabbit away from him he flung it against a stone and killed it."

"Well—I'm glad you whipped him, then; such shocking cruelty deserved a sound thrashing."

Arthur and Aunt Fanny liked each other so much, that they went out together on all her shopping expeditions, and to see the sights of the huge city. The first time she asked him to walk with her, they had gone a few steps from the house, when Aunt Fanny turned around and exclaimed, in astonishment, "Why, Arthur, what on earth made you forget your hat? Run back for it?"

"But I have no hat," he said.

"No hat? What do you mean?"

Arthur laughed. "We blue-coat boys never wear hats," he said, "summer or winter."

As soon as his companion understood this, she laughed too, and then they went merrily on to Oxford street.

But the little vagabonds in the streets would never let Arthur alone. They ran after him, pointing and crying, "See the bloocut boy! Look at his yaller legs! Quack! quack! quack! Where's your hat, ducky? Where's your top-knot, ducky? Buy a pork-pie, and wear it home on your head!" to which he paid no attention, because it was an old story. He said that when he was first "chaffed," as he called it, he flew into a passion, and picked up stones to throw at his tormentors. But he did not care now, though Aunt Fanny was very indignant, and wanted to call a policeman, or, as Arthur entitled him, a "bobby."

They went first to Marshall & Snellgrove's, a large shop in Oxford street, which looked very much like our shops in New York, with the exception that the floors were nicely carpeted. There Aunt Fanny bought an *agua scutum*, which is nothing more nor less than a water-proof cloak. The clerk called it by this Latin name, thinking that it sounded finer. Then they went into a little haberdashery shop, where Aunt Fanny said, politely—

"I want some spool cotton, No. 40, if you please."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the clerk, "but what is it you want?"

"Spool cotton, No. 40."

"Beg pardon, but I don't think we have it."

"Why, yes you have, any quantity of it, just on the shelf behind you."

The clerk looked around perplexed, and then, turning back, said: "Oh, it's *reels of thread*, per-

haps, that you mean. Really, now, it's very odd! I never heard them called 'spool cotton' before."

Aunt Fanny laughed, and said that it was only one more of the little differences between English and American ways of speaking the same language. She bought the reels of thread, and out they went into the beautiful warm sunshine; and London sunshine does seem the most beautiful ever made, except October days in our country,—

"Where, through a sapphire sea, the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon!"

She was admiring the lovely weather, when Arthur said: "Oh yes; but just wait till November—we have wonderfully nasty days then."

"Arthur, what do you mean by a 'nasty' day?"

"A nasty day—why, don't you know? It rains, and the clouds and fog make the day so dark that we have to light candles to study by."

"We should call that a stormy or foggy day; we never say a 'nasty' day; it is too bad a quality to give to rain water. But we offend you as often, or oftener perhaps, by a misuse of words. I called a pretty baby in the park the other day, 'a cunning little thing,' and the nurse said, very angrily, 'She never did a cunning thing in her life, ma'am—she's as good as gold.' So I looked into an English dictionary, and found that the word 'cunning' meant 'deceitful, artful, fraudulent, crafty, and sly.' Just see how I had insulted that innocent little lamb! and quite unintentionally; for I meant by using the word 'cunning' to imply that she was pretty, and bright, and winning, and lovely, and good."

"How *very* odd!" said Arthur.

By this time they were walking in the broad, beautiful Regent street, and soon they came to a large, handsome shop, where "American cream soda-water" was sold. Aunt Fanny went in, followed by Arthur. "I am going to give you a glass of soda-water, such as we have in New York," she said. "What sirup would you like with it?"

Arthur carefully studied all the labels above the silver faucets, and then chose raspberry sirup, and Aunt Fanny chose the same. The clean, pretty English boy foamed the soda up high, while Arthur watched with curious eyes. When the boy handed him the glass, Arthur took a moderate sip, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, my! how awfully good!" Shutting up his eyes, he drank his cream-soda, drawing a quick breath or two, with a face expressing such delight, that Aunt Fanny, in watching him and laughing, herself forgot to drink!

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"I never had anything half so nice in all my life!"

"Well, I don't care much for cream-soda myself,



so I will just take a sip of mine, and perhaps you will oblige me by drinking the rest."

"Oh, now, that would be awfully mean in me," he said, looking with longing eyes at her glass.

"Not at all;" and handing it to him, Aunt Fanny soon saw the bottom of it up in the air, for Arthur did not like to lose a drop.

When they went out of the shop, Arthur turned to Aunt Fanny with an earnest face, and said: "I want to tell you something. When I grow up and get married, I intend to take my wife to the American soda-water shop, and give her a glass of raspberry cream soda-water," and then those little yellow legs of his walked off with an air of manly dignity, for he felt that he could not possibly bestow upon his future wife a greater gratification.

Such pleasant times as they two had!

The last day these two friends spent together seemed especially delightful. Aunt Fanny's trunks were all packed, ready to go on the morrow to Brighton, a great stone-built city on the edge of the Atlantic ocean; and so this last day was to blaze all over, so to speak, with glory and enjoyment.

Early after breakfast they left the house for the British Museum, where you can see everything you have, or have n't, heard of, from a mummy 4,000 years old to a book published only yesterday. As they were walking along Oxford street, talking merrily, a rough-looking boy, just in front of them, stopped for an instant before a fruit shop, where apples, oranges, and lemons, were set in tempting array outside of the door. Giving a quick, furtive look within the shop, the boy took an apple and went on, whistling.

"Oh! did you see that?" asked Arthur, in a horrified tone, "he stole an apple!"

"How dreadful! I'm afraid he has never prayed 'Lead us not into temptation,'" said Aunt Fanny. "I should think that every mouthful he ate would choke him."

"Aunt Fanny," whispered Arthur, his eyes dancing, his hands clasped, "just you wait a moment; I'm going to scare him awfully!" and before she could speak, those yellow legs made a rush up to the bad boy, and, with a sudden slap on his back, Arthur yelled at the top of his voice, "Boo!!!!" That stolen apple went into the middle of the street like a flash of lightning, while the boy, with a bounce in the air, and a louder yell, shot off at a regular English steeple-chase speed. He stopped at nothing, leaping over dogs, boxes and babies, with Arthur after him like an express train; the blue coat flying out behind, like the smoke from the funnel, the yellow legs twinkling and winking like the fiery sparks, while Aunt Fanny, vainly trying to keep up with them, laughed and laughed till her sides and temples ached again.

With a wild whoop from Arthur, both boys disappeared around the next corner, and when Aunt Fanny got so far, she saw Arthur coming back breathless, flushed, and laughing, but the other boy was out of sight.

"He thought the bobby was after him, sure!" said Arthur, as soon as he could catch his breath. "He never looked around, but dived down an area, and there I left him. *That* apple wont choke him now, will it?"

"I think not. The omnibuses must have turned it into apple-sauce by this time."

After this adventure, Arthur and Aunt Fanny had a serious talk about the wickedness of stealing even a pin, and soon after they arrived at the great museum, where the boy amused himself by making faces at the mummies, the enormous stone images, and the stuffed wild beasts, while Aunt Fanny lingered over the illuminated prayer-books which had been used by poor Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, and other queens and kings, and read many letters,—some of them very sad ones, written by the hands of great personages long since turned to dust.

All these things were very delightful to see, but also very fatiguing; and so, when they left the museum, Aunt Fanny called a Hansom cab, which one can do at almost any moment in the streets of London. These cabs, when empty, go slowly along the streets, waiting for customers to hail them. The driver sits on a little seat high up behind, so that the passenger inside has nothing before him to intercept his view.

Arthur was delighted with the grandeur of a ride, though the cab was very shabby, and the poor old fiddle-headed horse a sight to see. His shaky, bony legs paddled out to right and left in a ridiculous manner, like oars, and his tail was nothing but a wisp. But Arthur declared that he was a regular "two-forty," by which he meant that he could run a mile in two minutes and forty seconds; and, jumping up, he opened the little trap in the roof of the Hansom, and called out to the driver:

"Cabby, just whip up! and run a race with the first horse and Hansom that comes along."

"No, indeed!" cried Aunt Fanny. "Have some pity, Arthur, on the poor thing. We are going to Kensington, and it's a long drive."

So the old horse paddled along, and was dismissed at Kensington, with an extra sixpence to the driver.

After a nice lunch at a restaurant, they went through the South-Kensington Museum,—whose wonders it would take many pages to tell of,—and then another Hansom brought them back to Regent street, where it was dismissed, instead of taking them home, because Arthur had given Aunt Fanny a very strong hint that a glass of



cream soda-water would be the crowning delight to this "awfully jolly day."

The fixed air must have gone down into his heels, for, instead of walking quietly by Aunt Fanny's side, Arthur took flying leaps over the curb-stones when they came to a crossing, waiting for her to

"Blues" playing leap-frog, with petticoats tucked up. All this he told dancing around her and talking in the most animated manner.

When they arrived near the house, Arthur ran forward to ring the bell, and at the same time he intended, with a light spring, to seat himself



THE BLUE-COAT BOY SCARES THE THIEF.

walk over, with his eyes shining like diamonds. And how fast his tongue ran! He told Aunt Fanny how, on every Easter Monday, the blue-coat boys walked in procession to the Royal Exchange; and on Easter Tuesday paid a visit to the Lord Mayor; and how the street boys looked through the iron railings of the fence in Newgate street, where Christ's Hospital is situated, and watched the

upon the iron railing of the low stoop. But he had sprung too high and too far back, and he lost his balance. With a desperate but unavailing clutch at the railing, he fell back, and over, into the arms of the plump, red-faced cook, who was standing just below, and who, with a howl of astonishment, immediately sat down on the stone flags very much more quickly than she liked, while Arthur,



with his head twisted up in his petticoats, was sawing the air with his yellow legs, like a duck trying to swim upside down.

"You owdacious boy!" screamed the cook, "do you mane to murther me?"

Aunt Fanny had screamed, too, when she saw Arthur fall, but now she was fast getting another terrible pain in her side from laughing at this topsy-turvy rigadoon which Arthur was dancing. At last, when the cook, with a good shaking, had placed him on his feet, and he with many chuckles had helped Aunt Fanny to pull her up, and had begged her pardon, and all three had sobered down

a little, they began to feel thankful that the merry, frolicsome boy had escaped what might have been a very serious accident.

"You can't have a stout cook always waiting to catch you, Arthur," said Aunt Fanny; "so don't try so many monkey tricks in future, I beg of you."

The next day Arthur helped his "American aunt," as he called her, into the cab which was to take her to the depot, kissing her good-by with an energy which knocked her bonnet over her ear. She kissed her hand to him as the cab turned the corner, and that was the last she saw of her dear, merry, winsome blue-coat boy.

## HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING A WITNESS.

THE colonel talked with Jacob in a bland and flattering way, and proposed, among other things, to pay his fare to Cincinnati, by railroad, from the town they were approaching.

Jacob listened, but did not for a moment give over his resolution to save Boone's team for him, if he could. The cautious colonel, however, gave him no chance for that. He kept the boy constantly in sight at the hotel where they stopped, the team having been put into the hands of the ostler; and finally started with him to take the train, accompanied by a friend he had sent for, named Hampton, and a waiter with the baggage.

"He has fooled me somehow," thought Jacob, wondering what had become of the team.

He now remembered that Corkright's friend had twice been to see him at the hotel, and that, the second time, money had passed between them.

"He has sold the team for the colonel," was the conclusion he came to; and it now seemed to him that he could do no better than to go on by the train to Cincinnati. It was only three or four hours' ride; and, after all his weariness and anxiety, it was a relief to think his journey's end so near.

But just as they were stepping on board the cars, two men walked rapidly up to the platform, the foremost of whom exclaimed, "Here he is!—this is the man!" and made a rush at Corkright.

He reminded Jacob strongly of somebody he had seen; but it was a moment before he recognized, beneath the excited gestures and determined air, the jolly young farmer of the night before.

At the same time, the second man, coming up, courteously informed the Kentuckian that he had a warrant for his arrest.

"On what charge?" said the colonel.

"Taking a wagon and pair of horses that did n't belong to you," replied the officer.

Jacob trembled with joy.

"This fellow sold me his horses," said the colonel, "and I can prove it."

"You'll have a chance to do that before the magistrate," said the officer. "Sorry to interrupt your journey." Then, turning to Jacob, "Is n't this the boy?"

"Yes, he's in league with him!" cried Boone, very much excited. "He must come too."

Jacob was astonished at Boone's manner toward him. But it was no time to make explanations.

The office of the magistrate was near by, and soon the constable and his prisoner, Boone and Jacob, Hampton and a crowd of spectators, entered and filled it nearly full.

The prisoner was arraigned on the charge of the larceny of a pair of horses and a wagon, to which he replied that he had bought the property of Boone the night before, and exhibited a bill of sale to that effect.

"Did you give him this?" asked the judge.



Boone stared at the paper in blank dismay.

"Never! It is not my handwriting. I never saw it before."

"It is in my handwriting," said the colonel,—"all but the signature; that is his."

Boone scratched his head with a lugubriously puzzled look.

"I have a faint recollection of signing some paper. But I have n't the least idea what. I could n't have been myself, if this is it; for the team is n't mine, and I could n't have sold it."

"This places the matter in a somewhat different light," observed the judge. "The charge of larceny can hardly be sustained without more evidence, and I advise you to settle with the prisoner."

"All I ask is that he'll restore the property—my father's property," said Boone. "I make no charge against him for winning my money; but the team I must have."

"I regret to say that you speak too late," said the colonel. "It has passed out of my hands."

"Then I'll bring a charge of swindling," cried Boone. "That man and this boy are leagued together. They go about the country, and the little one helps the big one. The little one asked me to let him ride last evening, and found out I had money. Then he met the big one at the tavern, and went off with him and my team in the middle of the night."

Jacob listened to this accusation in the greatest amazement.

"May I say a word?" cried he, aware that all eyes were on him, that he was very pale, and that everybody must regard him as guilty.

"Certainly," said the judge. "But it must be under oath. Hold up your right hand. You do solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do," said Jacob, in a firm voice, but with pale lips and a white face.

"What's your name?" said the magistrate.

"Jacob Fortune."

"How old are you?"

"I was fifteen in March."

By the time he had answered a few such questions as these, the boy had pretty fully regained his self-possession.

"Do you know this man?"

"I have seen him—once or twice too often," Jacob added, with a faint and pallid smile.

He then, in answer to questions, told the story of his first meeting with Corkright on the steamboat, and of his adventure with him the night before.

"He offered me money," he said, "if I would hold my tongue about the horses. But I told him

they belonged to Boone's father. And I only waited a chance to say so, if he went to sell them."

"This is important evidence," said the judge. "It appears that the prisoner must have known that he had no good title to the team when he sold it."

The colonel now asked to have the case postponed until he could bring witnesses and procure counsel.

"When will you be ready?" asked the judge.

"To-morrow," replied the colonel.

"Say to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," said the judge, and proceeded to put the prisoner under bonds to appear then.

"My bail is ready, your honor," said Corkright, his friend Hampton offering to stand as his surety.

Papers were drawn up and signed, and the prisoner was released. The judge then turned to Jacob with: "Can you find bail, my boy?"

"What do you mean?" said Jacob. "I am not charged with any crime, am I?"

"No; but you are suspected of being this man's accomplice. What is to prevent your running off, if the court lets you go? You may have told a correct story; but it is necessary that such singular evidence should be sifted. Can you get anybody to be surety for you—that is, give bonds to the amount of two hundred dollars that you shall appear when the case comes up again to-morrow?"

The boy's breath was taken away for a moment. Then he gasped out:

"If I—can't—find anybody?"

"Then the court must provide for your safekeeping. According to your own account, you are a stranger here. You've no money, no friends. So I don't see that you can do better than take nice, comfortable lodgings at the public expense."

"You mean—I am to—go to jail!" stammered Jacob, astounded.

"It is no such dreadful thing in your case. Where else would you go while you have to wait?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, swallowing a great lump in his throat. "But it seems to me a strange country, where rogues are let go free, while honest folks who expose them are sent to jail."

The judge and some of the remaining spectators smiled. Others—and among them Boone, eager to find and recover his father's property—were following the released prisoner out into the street.

"Well, it does work rather curiously sometimes," remarked the judge, filling out a paper which he presently handed to the officer. "But you won't find it so bad as you imagine. Mr. Constable, you will please take charge of the witness."

And Jacob was marched off to jail.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

## OUR HERO IN JAIL.

It was with a dreadful sinking of the heart that the boy saw the jailer with his keys come to receive him from the hands of the officer, and then go to opening the great locks and iron doors, which soon closed and clanked behind him. He had not thought that ever he could come to this.

He had asked for his bag, and the officer had promised to have it brought. Meanwhile, the keeper—a plain, genial, easy sort of man, who did not by any means come up to Jacob's ideas of a cruel jailer—showed him the room and bed where he was to sleep.

The room was in fact a cell, communicating with the main hall of the prison through a grated door.

"Am I to be locked up in there?" the boy asked, starting back.

"I trust not," said the jailer. "You are not a very desperate character, I fancy. You can go into the hall, and I'll see that you've all the privileges ever allowed to anybody. We've no very bad cases now—none you need be afraid of."

Jacob had noticed a man lying on a bench in the hall, reading a newspaper, and two others playing checkers, while one or two more looked on. But the dejected lad did not care to have anything to do with society met in such a place. So, after the jailer left him, he sat down on his narrow bed, and, looking dolefully at the bare walls and floor, indulged in dismal thoughts.

"There's no honesty and no justice in this world," he said to himself. "I've tried my best to do right, and get along as well as I honestly could—and here I am! The rogues are free, and I am locked up in jail. What would Friend Matthew and his wife and good little Ruth say, if they knew?—and Florie and her mother?"

Thinking of these excellent people, whom he could not hope ever to see again, Jacob gave way to grief, and buried his face in his hands.

While he was thus plunged in bitter despondency, a voice in the open door of his cell spoke to him.

"Jacob, my boy, how are you?"

It was a strangely familiar voice; but if one had spoken to him from the grave, he could not have been more astonished. It did indeed speak to him from the grave of friendship. He looked up.

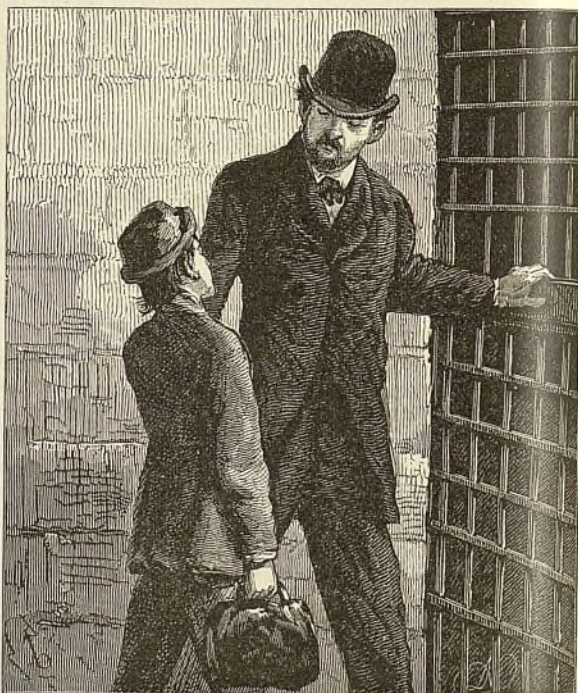
"Don't you know me, Jacob?"

"Yes, I know you," said the boy, trembling with violent emotion, "but ——"

"Ha, ha! You take me for a ghost, eh?"

"No, not that!" said Jacob, in a choked voice.

And yet the figure before him seemed more ghostlike than real, a good deal. The vivacious countenance, the coat buttoned jauntily at the waist, the dainty mustache and ringlets—all were the same as he remembered them so well, and yet not the same. He did not know that the change was chiefly in himself. From the crowded experiences of the past two weeks, he had gained an insight into men and things which revealed to him what he had not dreamed of before. He saw through that shallow, smiling face; and the



JACOB LED TO JAIL.

being who had stood to him for all that was charming and graceful and generous in man, now appeared false and affected, and, somehow, sadly faded.

But even then he did not mean to be unjust to Mr. Pinkey.

"You are kind to come and see me," he said. "How did you know I was here?"

"Why, I saw you; did n't you notice me? I was reading a newspaper when you came in."

"Then you have n't—just come—to visit me?" Jacob stammered, as the truth began to dawn upon him.

"Let it pass that I have," cried Pinkey, gayly, coming into the cell and seating himself beside



Jacob. "To go about visiting the fatherless and widowed, the sick and imprisoned, is just my style, you know. But the truth is, beloved,—I'd disguise it or have it different if I could, but I can't,—the sad truth is, I've been here longer than you have. I really feel like an old inhabitant. My cell is the next but one to yours."

"You in jail!" exclaimed Jacob, his surprise changing to pity at finding the brilliant professor, his once admired friend, in such a place. "How did it come about?"

"All on your account, all on your account, Jacob, my boy!" said Alphonse, shaking his ringlets with affected seriousness.

"On my account! How so? What is the charge against you?"

"Selling goods at auction without a license; that's all. Officers have been after me ever since. They came up with me three days ago, and, as I could n't pay my fine or find bail, the inhuman creatures of a tyrannical law clapped me into jail."

There was a time when Jacob would have believed every word of this story, coming so glibly from the lips of the accomplished deceiver. He was not so credulous now.

"That's what made me escape from the steamer. I found there was an officer aboard. He came on at the last landing-place, and was only waiting till we should get to the next, when he was going to arrest me. The upsetting of the boat gave me a chance, you see, and I — What do you look at me that way for, my boy?"

He was looking steadfastly, with an expression of doubt and trouble, more sorrowful than angry.

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" he said—and that was all.

Alphonse quailed, in spite of himself, before that sad, searching glance.

"What's the matter? You are not the boy you were."

"No, I am not," said Jacob.

"Now don't! please don't!" cried Mr. Pinkey. "It's too depressing to have you look at me so, while I'm doing my best to raise your spirits and keep up my own. It's perfectly disheartening!"

"You can't raise my spirits in that way; it's disheartening to me," said Jacob.

"Why, how so, my boy? I would n't for the world! What do you mean?"

"If you please, Mr. Pinkey, don't try to deceive me any more!"

"Deceive you, Jacob!" protested Alphonse, with an air of insulted virtue.

"You have done it enough—too much already. You nearly broke my heart, leaving me to think you were drowned,—and that partly by my fault, too! Oh, Mr. Pinkey!"—and the boy's lips quivered at the recollection of that wrong and that grief.

Alphonse bent down his head, and his features worked in an unusual manner for a moment. Their expression was changed when he looked up.

"Well, Jacob, I won't lie to you any more."

"No, don't!" said Jacob. "It's no use. You can't make anything more out of me, and I don't expect anything of you. I don't ask anything—except that you will tell me the truth now. You can afford to do that, I think."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### PINKEY MAKES A CONFESSION.

"WELL, by Jove, Jacob," said Pinkey, resuming his air of cheerfulness, "that's an idea! But you speak of something that touches my honor when you hint at my making something out of you."

"Your honor!" repeated Jacob, with some scorn. "Do you mean to say that you did n't deliberately get me to sell off my aunt's goods so as to raise money for yourself?"

"I own," replied Pinkey, "that I was hard up; and it did strike me as a neat way of setting my fortunes afloat again."

"And all that story about the money you carried in your belt —"

"Pure invention, I confess, Jacob, my boy! I had no belt and—what was worse—no money. Yours went into my pocket-book for current expenses. I hoped it would bring me to a streak of good luck, and I meant—honestly meant—to pay you back every cent, with a large bonus, at my earliest convenience."

"I remember your ideas of paying debts at your convenience," said Jacob. "I think, for my part, it would be better to care a little more for your obligations. How *could* you lie to me so, and get my money, and lose it, and then forsake me in the mean and cruel way you did?"

"Reproach me—blame me—pitch into me without pity or remorse—I deserve it!" replied Alphonse. "But, my dearest boy, you must believe one thing—I did n't anticipate losing your money; that was my confounded luck. Neither had I the slightest idea of forsaking you; that was my necessity."

"I don't see the necessity," said Jacob, with a stern and gloomy countenance.

"Then let me explain. I had lost every cent of your money and my own—to Corkright, you understand. Then I sold him my violin and fine shirts, and lost again. Think of the dreadful situation! How could I say to you,—arrived at Cincinnati, for instance; you, full of hope and anticipation, going to meet your uncle; a shilling wanted, perhaps, to invest in a clean dickey for that occasion; you ask me for it;—I repeat, how could I stand up and



face you, and say, 'Jacob, my boy, I'm busted!' Why, you see, for any gentleman of a fine sense of honor it would have been just awful!"

And Pinkey really seemed to think that he had made a sufficient excuse for himself.

"Did you imagine," said Jacob, "that your desertion of me would help the matter?"

"Well, no, not for you; but it certainly promised to make the thing a trifle easier for me. With all due benevolence for our fellow-creatures," Pinkey added, with the air of a moral philosopher, "we are bound to look out for number one."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey! if you had only come to me and told me your trouble, I could have forgiven you! But to leave me to suffer as I did! Oh, that night when I thought you were drowned! If you—but you have no heart," said Jacob, passionately, "and you don't know anything about it, and you never will!"

"Have n't I a heart, indeed!" cried Pinkey, a few drops of bitterness wrung from him by these words of Jacob. "I'll tell you now another thing that drove me to despair. Those lovely sisters—you remember them?—the charming Dory and Doshy in green and pink; though which wore the green and which the pink I can't for my life remember now. But no matter. I relied upon them—one of them, I did n't care which—to repair my ruined fortunes. And will you believe it?—can you look at a gentleman of my cut, and say it is possible that both those beautiful but misguided creatures, that day in the woods, declined the offer of my hand—in short, jilted me? That reduced me to despair, you know. After parting with my fiddle and fine shirts, what was there for me on board the steamer—what had I left to live for? An empty valise, empty pockets, you to satisfy, and our fares still unpaid! Then, when such a chance occurred for me to slip out, or rather swim out, do you wonder that I quickly made up my mind to subtract one from the total number of passengers on board that boat?"

"I do wonder!" exclaimed Jacob. "A swimmer like you, to make off so, and leave the women and girls to drown, for aught you cared!"

Alphonse winced, but shook his curls, shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"To explain that, I must confess another thing. I am a man of a good deal of moral courage,—or immoral courage, perhaps you would prefer to call it,—what is technically termed *brass*. But when it comes to matters of life and death, I am—I blush to own it—a coward. So when the boat upset, I obeyed a natural instinct, and made a lunge for the tree-tops. I had got into them, when—I am ashamed to say it—I saw you help one of the twins to the boat, and then rescue that pretty little

Fairlake girl. Somebody else was rescuing twin number two. I saw I had missed a chance to distinguish myself, and perhaps win one of the lovely ones, after all, by an act of heroism. The danger of such a thing, even to a good swimmer, you know, is immense."

"Yes, I know," said Jacob, who remembered well his own peril. "But how *could* you think of that the first thing?"

"That's it; how could I? But I did. Then how could I come down from my perch and show myself? You might have seen me there in the fallen tree, at one time, if you had n't been otherwise engaged; and I might have been seen again when I went through a gully up the bank, if it had n't been for the storm and the turmoil in the water. The truth is, I had no idea anybody would take my loss very hard. I hoped the hearts of the twins would be wrung, but I was n't sure. As for you," Alphonse continued, more seriously, "I was really solicitous that you should continue to think well of me. You loved me, and believed in me, more than anybody ever did before. I supposed you would prefer to think me even drowned, to knowing just the truth about me."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" Jacob burst forth again, this time with an irrepressible sob.

"But when I found how hard you took it, I must own," said Alphonse, "I was mightily cut up! Did you know I slept in the same bed with you that night at the Quaker's, and heard from the woman a most touching account of your distress at the loss of me? It was sad; but just think of the condition I was in. Cast on an inhospitable shore, so to speak,—only a few dimes in my pocket,—I tell you, it was rather rough on Professor Alphonse P.! Then, to crown all, I got lodgings here."

"How did you? Tell me true!"

"Well, trying to pick up an honest living, I at last resolved to go back to my old business of portrait painting. Strictly speaking, that was nothing more than throwing up and coloring photographs in a highly pleasing and life-like manner. Having no specimens to show, I found it up-hill work. To get help, I called on Mr. Bottleby, a photographer here in town. He was at work upstairs, and I sat down at his desk to wait for him. I was amusing myself with a pen, when in steps a blundering, stupid boy, and says, 'Mr. Bottleby, I've called to pay Mr. Loring's bill,' and lays twelve dollars and forty-five cents on the desk. Now, twelve dollars and forty-five cents was precisely the sum I wanted—till I could get more. Can you wonder at my wish to borrow it? 'Very well,' I said; 'I am not Mr. Bottleby, but he will be in presently; leave the money, and I will attend to it.' He left the money accordingly; and I may



add that I attended to it accordingly. Not precisely in a way that pleased Mr. Bottleby. Hence the trouble I am in. For, will you believe it, Bottleby had me arrested, and no explanations on my part could convince him that I took the money as a temporary loan, to be repaid at my earliest convenience? There's a frightful prejudice in the community against a man's borrowing the most insignificant sums in that way. Think of a gentleman of my manners and accomplishments being juggled for twelve dollars and forty-five cents!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### SOMETHING SUDDEN FOR JACOB.

THE dinner hour for the inmates of the jail had now arrived, and Alphonse proposed that he and Jacob should mess together.

The boy consented, and, over their coarse but wholesome dinner of boiled corned beef and vegetables, related, at Pinky's request, his own adventures since they parted.

Alphonse had already learned from the jailer, as he was going out after leaving Jacob in his cell, that the boy had been committed for no offense, but simply as a witness in some case. More he had not learned, and he was now surprised to hear how near he had come to seeing Corkright in jail.

He was mightily indignant when told how easily the colonel had got off by giving bail.

"Think of citizens of the place coming forward to be surety for a man like him, while I, with all my arts of pleasing and powers of persuasion, was committed like the basest felon! There's one man I want to see, and that is Loring. Bottleby I could do nothing with; he was hard as a rock—inhuman! But Loring, I judge by what I hear of him, might be softened."

Pinky had already opened his heart a good deal to Jacob, and during the remainder of the time they passed together he made such frank confessions of his various youthful adventures, that the boy got to know him more intimately, and to judge him better, than he ever could have done under different circumstances. Somehow, instead of treating Jacob as an inferior, Alphonse was beginning to respect him as an equal, and to show more and more anxiety to secure his good opinion.

"But, for heaven's sake," remonstrated the professor, after they had been talking together for a long while the next day, "don't look at me in that way any more! What are you thinking of when you do that?"

"I was thinking just now," replied Jacob, "that it's such a pity—such a pity!"

"What's a pity? Don't mystify me; don't work on the feelings of a sensitive man like me!"

"A pity, Mr. Pinky," Jacob continued earnestly, "that a man of your talents could n't learn to make a better use of them. Suppose you had settled down to some serious business, instead of roving from place to place,—given half the time and ingenuity to any honest pursuit which it takes to live from hand to mouth as you do,—what a man you might be! what a fortune and position you might make for yourself!"

Strong feeling concentrated Jacob's thoughts and gave him words, so that his eloquence would have astonished himself if he had thought about it.

"Jacob, my boy," said Alphonse, "every word you say is a nugget of gold! Nobody in the world works so hard for such poor pay, so little real satisfaction in the long run, as a man of my habits. I don't know whether I can change them now—it may be too late. I mean to try. But—talk about my talents! Why, Jacob, my boy, for solid success in life, I'd give more for your slow, sure-footed common sense and sincerity of purpose than for all my showy accomplishments. I'm speaking honestly now, if never before."

Jacob had a good rest in jail, and his talks with Alphonse made him glad, after all, that he had had this taste of prison-life.

At the time appointed for Corkright's examination, the boy was taken to the court; but the case was again postponed, and he returned to jail.

That evening, however, the keeper came to say to him that Corkright had made terms with Boone's family; and that, having recovered the horses and wagon, Boone had withdrawn his complaint, and the case had been dismissed, and Jacob was free.

Much as he would have liked to give his testimony against the colonel and see him punished, the boy was rejoiced at the news of his own liberation. But the thought of quitting his really comfortable quarters and recommencing his struggle with the world sobered him not a little.

"You can remain here overnight, if you like," the jailer said to him, "and then take a fresh start after breakfast,"—a proposal which Jacob gladly accepted.

"I would n't have believed the time could ever come," he said with a smile, "when I would willingly stop in jail, even for one night!"

"There are worse places than this, Jacob, my boy," said Alphonse. "In fact, I'm horribly afraid there's a much worse one preparing for me."

For he well knew that, unless some way of escape were opened, the penalty for his offense against the law would be a term in the penitentiary.

Jacob did not like to think of such a fate for his friend. So he promised to see Mr. Loring next day, and try to induce him to visit the prisoner.

In the morning, when he came to part with the



boy he had so cruelly injured, the airy and shallow-hearted Alphonse showed some real feeling.

"I've done you an uncommonly ill turn," he said, "while you've treated me with perfect magnanimity. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never hope to wipe out—to say nothing of that other debt, which, depend upon it, Jacob, my boy, I mean to repay at my earliest convenience."

Jacob smiled. Alphonse actually blushed, and

Jacob drew back. "Thank you, Mr. Pinkey," he said, "but I can't take any of *that* money." And it was in vain that Alphonse endeavored to urge it upon him.

"Queer boy, you are—a mighty queer boy!" said Pinkey, who could not understand how anybody, under any circumstances, could refuse such an offer.

Jacob next parted with the jailer, who told him



THE JUDGE SURPRISES JACOB.

added: "Oh, you'll hear from that when you little expect it!"

"That's so," said Jacob, "if I hear at all!"

Alphonse winced, but shook his ringlets, and continued:

"I can't let you go out of this place without any money. You shall share what little I have."

He took a pinch of fractional currency from his vest pocket, and began to unfold it. Poor Jacob regarded it wistfully. A few *quarters* and *tens* would help him so far!—perhaps pay his fare to Cincinnati.

"How did you get so much?" he asked.

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," whispered Alphonse: "it's the last of that fatal twelve dollars and forty-five cents."

that he was wanted, for some slight legal formality, at the office of the judge. Then once more the heavy doors clanked behind him. He was free.

But what was he to do? Without friends or means, and with a toilsome journey before him, he had good cause to feel but a troubled and anxious joy at his release.

He was far from downhearted, however. He went out into the world again with fresh knowledge and enlarged views of life. He felt now that he could bear up bravely under every trial, and never again be tempted to cry out bitterly that there was no justice on earth. There may be triumph for the wicked—or what is supposed to be triumph; but justice lies deeper than that. The boy was beginning to see this truth.

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Not finding the judge at his office, Jacob next went to hunt up Mr. Loring, who proved to be a cautious, deliberative sort of man, slow to make up his mind, and slower still to promise, what he would do. Jacob pleaded earnestly the cause of his friend, but went away at last without knowing whether his appeal had made any impression, and still uncertain as to Pinkey's fate.

The justice was again absent from his office when Jacob returned to it, and he had to wait.

"Gone to dinner, has he? I'd like to go to dinner too, if I had any to go to!"

The day was passing, and it was with ever-increasing uneasiness that he saw himself subject to these delays. At last he said to himself:

"I've done my part; I've come here twice to see the judge, and wasted precious time; now I am going!"—going he scarcely knew where.

He had extorted from Alphonse a confession that the picture of his uncle which had been impressed upon his mind resembled one of that artist's highly colored photographic portraits. But Pinkey had assured him that there was a plain, prosaic basis of fact beneath the glowing tints he had laid on; and, not knowing what else to do, or where to go, Jacob had resolved to continue his tramp to Cincinnati.

Grim necessity stared him in the face. He would be obliged to find work, in order to earn a little money, the first thing. But he had a vague notion that, if he started at once on his journey, everything he actually required would somewhere, in some way, be provided for him.

"I don't believe I shall starve!" thought he; and he smiled resolutely spite of his forebodings.

But just as he was going out of the office he met the judge coming in.

The magistrate received him kindly, and took some money from a drawer.

"I sent for you to give you the witness's fees," he said, and pushed the money across the table.

Jacob looked at it and at him, astonished, incredulous, overjoyed.

"This is mine?" he said, with sparkling eyes.

"Certainly. A person can't be called as a witness for nothing, and you have appeared twice. The law allows nothing for your detention in jail, and that seems hard; but I persuaded Corkright, who finally paid the costs of court, to add something to your fees. He did it with a bad grace, for it was your evidence that made the case a serious one for him, and forced him to come to terms."

Jacob could still hardly believe his eyes.

"Is here enough to pay my fare to Cincinnati?"

"Yes, and a trifle to spare."

"I don't know that I thank Corkright very much; but I thank you!" said Jacob, earnestly.

"Oh, it's all right," laughed the judge. "A pleasant journey to you!"

Still wondering at his good fortune, which hardly seemed real to him yet, the boy took up his bag and walked away.

The "trifle to spare" went for a lunch at the nearest grocery. Then, grateful, happy, triumphant, Jacob went over to the railroad station and bought his ticket.

"Corkright pays my fare, after all!" he said to himself, as he stepped aboard the train.

That evening he was in Cincinnati.

(To be continued.)

## JOHN'S FIRST PARTY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

It turned out that John did not go after all to Cynthia Rudd's party, having broken through the ice on the river when he was skating that day, and, as the boy who pulled him out said, "come within an inch of his life." But he took care not to tumble into anything that should keep him from the next party, which was given with due formality by Melinda Mayhew.

John had been many a time to the house of Deacon Mayhew, and never with any hesitation, even if he knew that both the deacon's daughters

—Melinda and Sophronia—were at home. The only fear he had felt was of the deacon's big dog, who always surlily watched him as he came up the tan-bark walk, and made a rush at him if he showed the least sign of wavering. But upon the night of the party his courage vanished, and he thought he would rather face all the dogs in town than knock at the front door.

The parlor was lighted up, and as John stood on the broad flagging before the front door, by the lilac-bush, he could hear the sound of voices—girls'



voices—which set his heart in a flutter. He could face the whole district school of girls without flinching—he did n't mind 'em in the meeting-house in their Sunday best; but he began to be conscious that now he was passing to a new sphere, where the girls are supreme and superior, and he began to feel for the first time that he was an awkward boy. The girl takes to society as naturally as a duckling does to the placid pond, but with a semblance of sly timidity; the boy plunges in with a great splash, and hides his shy awkwardness in noise and commotion.

When John entered, the company had nearly all come. He knew them every one, and yet there was something about them strange and unfamiliar. They were all a little afraid of each other, as people are apt to be when they are well dressed and met together for social purposes in the country. To be at a real party was a novel thing for most of them, and put a constraint upon them which they could not at once overcome. Perhaps it was because they were in the awful parlor, that carpeted room of hair-cloth furniture, which was so seldom opened. Upon the wall hung two certificates, framed in black—one certifying that, by the payment of fifty dollars, Deacon Mayhew was a life member of the American Tract Society, and the other that, by a like outlay of bread cast upon the waters, his wife was a life member of the A. B. C. F. M.—a portion of the alphabet which has an awful significance to all New England childhood. These certificates are a sort of receipt in full for charity, and are a constant and consoling reminder to the farmer that he has discharged his religious duties.

There was a fire on the broad hearth, and that, with the tallow candles on the mantel-piece, made quite an illumination in the room, and enabled the boys, who were mostly on one side of the room, to see the girls, who were on the other, quite plainly. How sweet and demure the girls looked, to be sure! Every boy was thinking if his hair was slick, and feeling the full embarrassment of his entrance into fashionable life. It was queer that these children, who were so free everywhere else, should be so constrained now, and not know what to do with themselves. The shooting of a spark out upon the carpet was a great relief, and was accompanied by a deal of scrambling to throw it back into the fire, and caused much giggling. It was only gradually that the formality was at all broken, and the young people got together and found their tongues.

John at length found himself with Cynthia Rudd, to his great delight and considerable embarrassment, for Cynthia, who was older than John, never looked so pretty. To his surprise he had nothing to say to her. They had always found plenty to

talk about before, but now nothing that he could think of seemed worth saying at a party.

"It is a pleasant evening," said John.

"It is quite so," replied Cynthia.

"Did you come in a cutter?" asked John, anxiously.

"No; I walked on the crust, and it was perfectly lovely walking," said Cynthia, in a burst of confidence.

"Was it slippery?" continued John.

"Not very."

John hoped it would be slippery—very—when he walked home with Cynthia, as he determined to do, but he did not dare to say so, and the conversation ran aground again. John thought about his dog and his sled and his yoke of steers, but he did n't see any way to bring them into conversation. Had she read the "Swiss Family Robinson?" Only a little ways. John said it was splendid, and he would lend it to her, for which she thanked him, and said, with such a sweet expression, she should be so glad to have it from him. That was encouraging.

And then John asked Cynthia if she had seen Sally Hawkes since the husking at their house, when Sally found so many red ears; and did n't she think she was a real pretty girl.

"Yes, she was right pretty;" and Cynthia guessed that Sally knew it pretty well. But did John like the color of her eyes?

No; John did n't like the color of her eyes exactly.

"Her mouth would be well enough if she did n't laugh so much and show her teeth."

John said her mouth was her worst feature.

"Oh no," said Cynthia, warmly; "her mouth is better than her nose."

John did n't know but it was better than her nose, and he should like her looks better if her hair was n't so dreadful black.

But Cynthia, who could afford to be generous now, said she liked black hair, and she wished hers was dark. Whereupon John protested that he liked light hair—auburn hair—of all things. And Cynthia said that Sally was a dear, good girl, and she did n't believe one word of the story that she only really found one red ear at the husking that night, and hid that, and kept pulling it out as if it were a new one.

And so the conversation, once started, went on as briskly as could be about the paring-bee and the spelling-school, and the new singing-master who was coming, and how Jack Thompson had gone to Northampton to be a clerk in a store, and how Elvira Reddington, in the geography class at school, was asked what was the capital of Massachusetts, and had answered "Northampton," and



all the school laughed. John enjoyed the conversation amazingly, and he half wished that he and Cynthia were the whole of the party.

But the party meantime had got into operation, and the formality was broken up when the boys and girls had ventured out of the parlor into the more comfortable living-room, with its easy-chairs and every-day things, and even gone so far as to penetrate to the kitchen in their frolic. As soon as they forgot they were a party they began to enjoy themselves.

But the real pleasure only began with the games. The party was nothing without the games, and indeed it was made for the games. Very likely it was one of the timid girls who proposed to play something, and when once the ice was broken, the whole company went into the business enthusiastically.

But John was destined to have a damper put upon his enjoyment. They were playing a most fascinating game, in which they all stand in a circle and sing a philandering song, except one who is in the center of the ring, and holds a cushion. At a certain word in the song, the one in the center throws the cushion at the feet of some one in the ring, indicating thereby the choice of a mate, and then the two sweetly kneel upon the cushion, like two meek St. Johns, and so forth. Then the chosen one takes the cushion and the delightful play goes on. It is very easy, as it will be seen, to learn how to play it. Cynthia was holding the cushion, and at the fatal word she threw it down, not before John, but in front of Ephraim Leggett. And they two kneeled, and so forth. John was astounded. He had never conceived of such perfidy in the female heart. He felt like wiping Ephraim off the face of the earth, only Ephraim was older and bigger than he. When it came his turn at length, —thanks to a plain little girl for whose admiration he did not care a straw, he threw the cushion down before Melinda Mayhew with all the devotion he could muster, and a dagger look at Cynthia. And Cynthia's perfidious smile only enraged him the more. John felt wronged, and worked himself up to pass a wretched evening.

When supper came he never went near Cynthia, but busied himself in carrying different kinds of pie and cake, and red apples and cider, to the girls he liked the least. He shunned Cynthia, and when he was accidentally near her, and she asked him if he would get her a glass of cider, he rudely told her—like a goose as he was—that she had better ask Ephraim. That seemed to him very smart; but he got more and more miserable, and began to feel that he was making himself ridiculous.

Girls have a great deal more good sense in such matters than boys. Cynthia went to John, at length, and asked him simply what the matter was. John blushed, and said that nothing was the matter. Cynthia said that it would not do for two people always to be together at a party; and so they made up, and John obtained permission to "see" Cynthia home.

It was after half-past nine when the great festivities at the deacon's broke up, and John walked home with Cynthia over the shining crust and under the stars. It was mostly a silent walk, for this was also an occasion when it is difficult to find anything fit to say. And John was thinking all the way how he should bid Cynthia good-night; whether it would do and whether it would not do, this not being a game, and no forfeits attaching to it. When they reached the gate, there was an awkward little pause. John said the stars were uncommonly bright. Cynthia did not deny it, but waited a minute, and then turned abruptly away, with "Good-night, John!"

"Good-night, Cynthia!"

And the party was over, and Cynthia was gone, and John went home in a kind of dissatisfaction with himself.

It was long before he could go to sleep for thinking of the new world opened to him, and imagining how he would act under a hundred different circumstances, and what he would say, and what Cynthia would say; but a dream at length came, and led him away to a great city and a brilliant house; and while he was there, he heard a loud rapping on the under floor, and saw that it was daylight.



## THE STARS IN AUGUST.

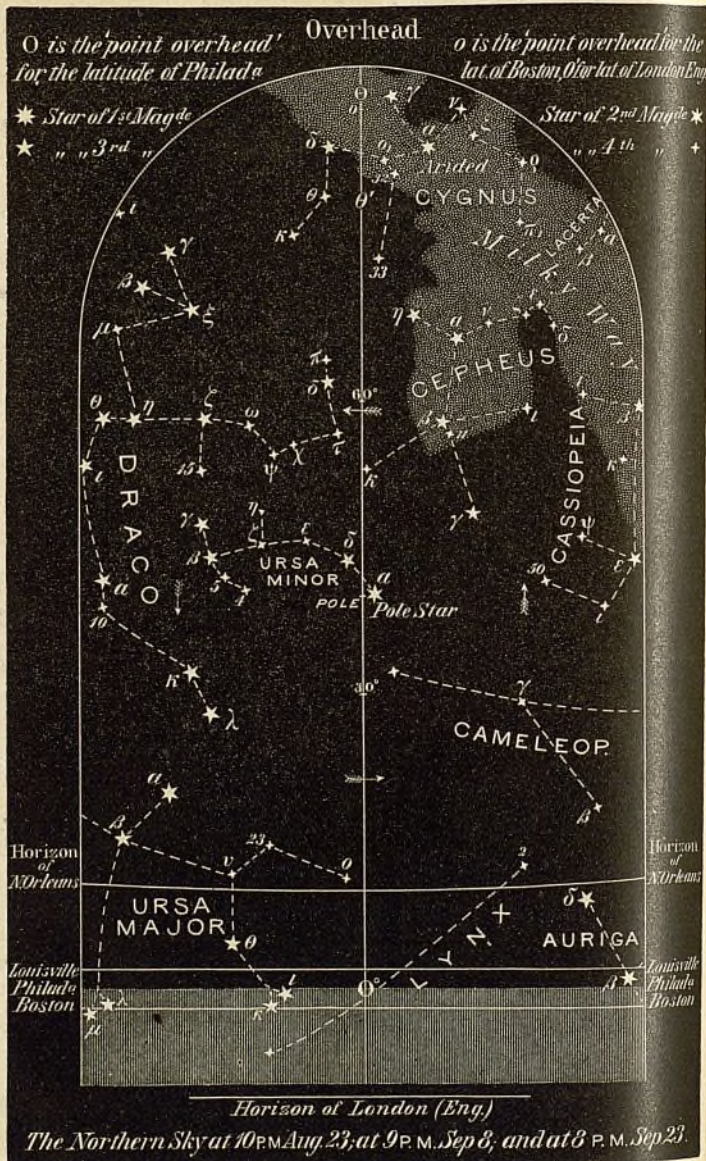
BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE Great Bear is now approaching the north again, low down. The two forward stars of the Dipper,  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ , can be seen in our northern map for the hours named, low down on the left; but I remind the learner that so far as the Dipper is concerned, the picture illustrating my article called "A Clock in the Sky," in the December number (the second number of this volume) is the one to be studied. The Little Bear is now descending on the left or west side of the Pole, and according to our modern pictures is on his back,  $\gamma$  and  $\eta$  representing his feet; whereas the Great Bear's feet are under him at  $\kappa$ ,  $\iota$ , and at  $\mu$ ,  $\lambda$ . Next month I shall have some remarks to make about the Great Bear, the shape of which constellation has, I think, been greatly changed by the map-makers since the shepherds, who were the first observers of the heavens, placed their enemy, the Bear, among the stars.

In the southern heavens we find two ecliptical constellations dividing the honors of the night, Sagittarius (the Archer) and Capricornus (the Sea-Goat). Sagittarius needs no special mention this month after what I said of him last month. I must remind you, however, that Jupiter has not yet left the constellation. His position for every night of August will be readily inferred from the map of his path, with dates, in the last number.

Capricornus was formerly the constellation entered by the sun on the shortest day of the year, when he is farthest south of the equator, and about to begin his return toward it. You will see that at present the constellation includes the ascending sign, marked  $\text{♈}$  for Aquarius (the Water-Bearer). (The symbol is placed on the right or west of the division of the ecliptic to which it belongs.) A

strange superstition was entertained by the old astrologers that, whenever all the planets come



together in Capricornus there is a deluge. Some said, indeed, that the Flood had been occasioned by such a conjunction; and that when all the planets come together in Cancer the world will be destroyed by fire. I suppose the origin of the



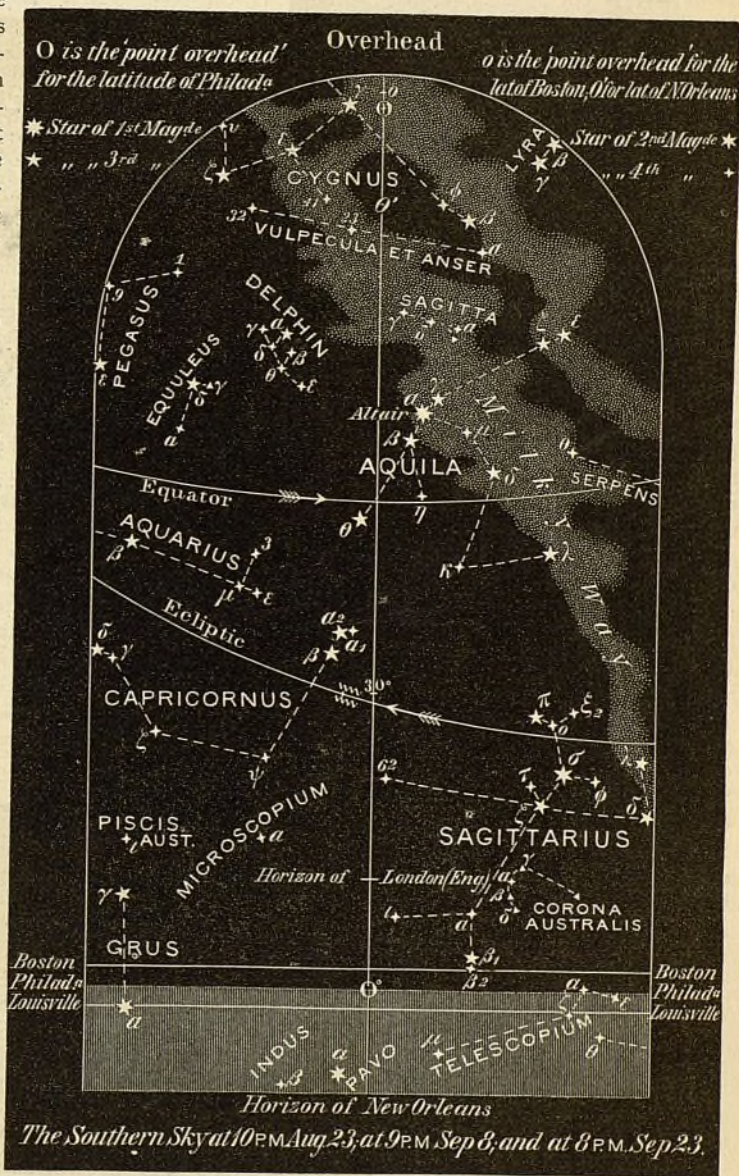
superstition was somewhat on this wise: They saw that when the sun, one of the planets of the astrological system, was in Cancer his rays were warmest; when he was in Capricorn, his rays were feeblest, and the air usually damp and cold. If such effects followed when one planet was in these constellations, much more might heat be expected when several of the planets were together in Cancer, and floods of rain when several were together in Capricorn. But when all were together in either constellation, then the greatest heat or the worst floods possible might be expected. The tradition is a very ancient one indeed. Admiral Smyth attributes its invention to the astrologers of the middle ages; but in reality it was due to the Chaldean astronomers, and is found in company with a statement that they had observed the heavens for 470,000 years, during which time they had calculated the nativity of all the children which had been born. It is not absolutely necessary, however, that you should believe this. For my own part, I think it quite possible that they omitted some of the children born during that long period.

Capricornus is usually represented as a fish-tailed goat, the head and horns where the two stars  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  are marked, the feet (fore-feet) at  $\psi$ , the tail flourishing off toward  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$ .

Higher up in the heavens we see the fine constellation Aquila, or the Eagle, usually represented in modern maps as shown in Fig. 1 on next page. Formerly a figure of the Bithynian youth, Antinous, was included in this constellation; but he is now generally omitted. Parts of the Milky Way, near and in this constellation, are very bright, and even with a small telescope seem to be crowded with stars.

Close to Aquila is the pretty little constellation the Dolphin, called Delphinus, or perhaps better, as in my atlas,—Delphin, which is as good Latin, and shorter. This little group really shows some degree of resemblance to the animal whose name has

been given to it, though our modern maps do not picture a real dolphin, but a creature, as Admiral Smyth well remarks, resembling rather "a huge periwinkle pulled out of its shell; and certainly not 'very like a whale.'" He quotes a curious blunder of certain Orientalists, who, finding the old Hindu name of the group to signify a sea-hog, considered



it was not meant to be a fish at all; but the Hindu "sea-hog" was the porpoise. Indeed, the French name, from which our word porpoise is derived, shows that the resemblance has struck others besides the Hindus—that name being *porc-poisson*, or



hog-fish. Smyth himself has made an amusing mistake about the two stars Alpha and Beta of the Dolphin, which bear the pleasing names Svalocin and Rotanev. Of the first epithet, which he calls "cacophonous and barbaric," he remarks that



FIG. 1. AQUILA, OR THE EAGLE.

"no poring into the black-letter versions of the *Almagest*, *El Battání*, *Ibn Yúnis*, and other authorities, enables one to form any rational conjecture as to the misreading, miswriting, or misapplication, in which so strange a metamorphosis could have originated." Of *Rotanev* he simply says that this barbarous term "putteth derivation and etymology at defiance." If he could but have found Arabic meanings for these words, as delightful a story might have resulted as that about Mr. Pickwick's great prize, the stone bearing the inscription,

BILST  
UMPSHI  
SMARK

or the true story of "Keip on this Syde," mentioned in the "Antiquary" in connection with the stone inscribed A. K. L. L. for Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle. The real explanation of the names Svalocin and Rotanev is very simple. The names first appear in the Palermo Catalogue. The name of the chief assistant there was Nicolo Cacciatore, or Nicholas the Hunter, the Latin for which is Nicolaus Venator. Reverse these names and you get Svalocin and Rotanev. Mr. Webb (whose "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes" every student should possess) seems to have been the first to explain Signor Cacciatore's little puzzle. He truly says that if the above account is not the right key, it is certainly a marvel that it should open the lock so readily.

Above Aquila we see Sagitta (the Arrow), the smallest of the ancient constellations. The present appearance of the stars forming this small group does not very startlingly impress the idea of an arrow upon one. Possibly the stars have somewhat changed in brightness and in relative position since the group was named. In fact, we know that all

the stars are rushing with enormous velocity through space, and though they seem to change very slowly indeed in their position in the heavens, so that most of the constellations have changed very little even during the 4,000 years which have passed since they were mapped, yet a small group like Sagitta would show the effects of such changes readily enough after a few thousand years. It is at least two thousand, and probably four thousand, years old.

The neighboring constellation, Vulpecula et Anser, or the Fox and Goose, on the other hand, is not an old one, but was formed by Hevelius (small thanks to him). "I wished," he says, "to place a fox with a goose in the space of sky well fitted to it; because such an animal is very cunning, voracious and fierce." (This is a reason, indeed.) "Aquila and Vultur" (Lyra, the Lyre, was sometimes called Vultur Cadens, the Swooping Vulture) "are of the same nature, rapacious and greedy." He might have reasoned equally well that Anser, the Goose, was fitly placed near Cygnus (the Swan), and that the Arrow (Sagitta), which had passed over the Eagle's head, might be regarded as fairly aimed for the Fox. The real fact is, I suppose, that Hevelius was determined to fit in a constellation of his own in this space between Sagitta and Cygnus, and was prepared to be content with any argument, bad, good, or indifferent, in favor of his plan.

For shortness, the constellation may be conveniently called Vulpecula, or, as in my large atlas, *Vulpes*—that is, the Fox, instead of the Little Fox.

In Vulpecula there is a remarkable object called the Dumb-bell nebula, or star-cloud. It cannot be seen without a telescope, and a powerful telescope is required to show the object as pictured in Fig. 2.



FIG. 2. THE DUMB-BELL NEBULA.

It was formerly thought to consist entirely of small stars, so remote that they could not be separately discerned; but it has lately been discovered that the greater part of this nebula's light comes from glowing gas. The vastness of the space occupied by this cloud of luminous gas will be understood—though no mind can possibly conceive it—when I mention that at the distance of the nearest of the fixed stars the whole of our solar system would appear but as a mere point, even in a powerful telescope. The Dumb-bell nebula covers quite a large space as seen in such an instrument. It is also, probably, much farther away than the nearest fixed stars. It must, therefore, occupy a region of space exceeding many times that through which the planets of our solar system pursue their paths. Yet the



span of our earth's path around the sun is fully one hundred and eighty-four millions of miles, while Neptune—the remotest planet of the solar system—travels thirty times farther from the sun, having thus an orbit spanning more than five thousand millions of miles. A globe just fitting the path of Neptune would contain many quadrillions of cubic miles,—and probably the Dumb-bell nebula exceeds such a globe in volume (or, to speak more exactly, occupies a space exceeding such a globe in volume) many millions of times.

Very strange is the thought that astronomers should have been able to find out what this mighty mass of glowing gas consists of. Placed yonder amid the glories of the Milky Way, lost to human vision through its vast remoteness, only brought within our view at all by means of powerful telescopes, and only revealing its true shape when seen with the most powerful telescopes men have yet constructed, what at first sight can seem more amazing than that men should be able to tell what kind of substance it is which gives out the misty luster of that cloudlet in space? The very light which comes to us from the Dumb-bell nebula has probably taken hundreds of years in crossing the tremendous space separating us from that object. Yet that light has conveyed its message truly.

Examined with that instrument, the spectroscope,—whose office I lately described in a paper on the planet Venus,—the light of the Dumb-bell nebula presents, not the rainbow-tinted streak which comes from glowing solid and liquid bodies, but three bright lights only. At least three lines are seen if the nebula is examined through a fine slit; if the field of view is opened, there are seen three faint images of the cloudlet. The correct way of describing what the spectroscope tells us about this object is to say that, instead of its light presenting all the colors of the rainbow, it is found, when sifted by the spectroscope, to contain three colors only, all of them greenish, but slightly different in tint. One of the colors is precisely such a tint of green as comes (with four other colors) from glowing hydrogen gas, and shows us that there are enormous masses of hydrogen in that remote cloud; another tint shows, in like manner, that there are immense masses of nitrogen; but the third tint has not yet been found to correspond with a tint emitted by any known substance. The skein of light from that double fluff-ball has thus been unraveled by the spectroscope, after journeying millions of millions of miles, and has been sorted into three tints, two of which have been matched against the known tints of earthly gases, but the third remains as yet unmatched.



A TWILIGHT DANCE.



# AROUND THE WORLD ON A TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

BY E. L. BYNNER.



JIMMY and Johnny and Susy Highflier,  
As fine a young trio as heart could desire,  
They flew 'round the world on a telegraph-wire:  
O Billibald—bunkum—bamboo!

For they went out to play  
On a sunshiny day,  
When jumpty-jump Jimmy, what does he do  
But skip up a pole like a young kangaroo.

Up a pole, a tall pole, clambered Jimmy Highflier,  
Till he got to the top and could clamber no higher,  
And found running through it a long slender wire:

Clitclack—clutterbuck—cray!

Then he cried out, "How queer!

Oh, just look a-here!"

When, tugging and kicking and scrambling away,  
Up went Johnny and Susy to see "what's to pay."

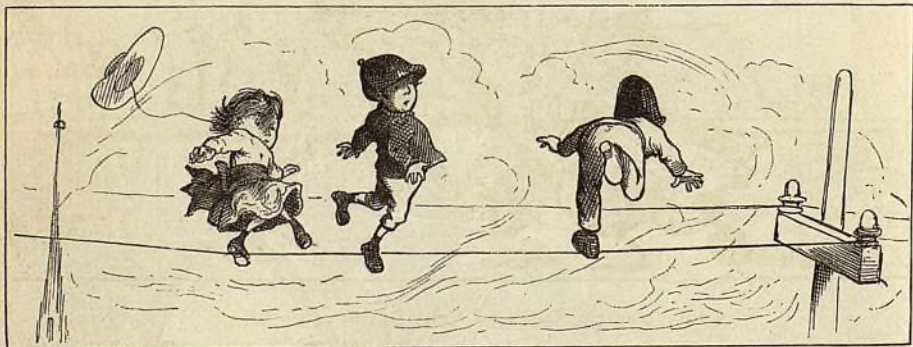
Whereupon—guddy zooks!—lo! each infant Highflier  
Was seized and possessed with the reckless desire  
To leave the stout pole and get out on the wire:

Daffy—down—dilly—heigh—oh!

And at once, when they did it,

Without quip or quiddit,

Whizz! br-r-r! like an arrow shot off from a bow,  
Away like a flash these three infants did go.



Hilly—ho, hilly—ho! past wind, steam, and fire,  
'Round the world, 'round the world on a telegraph-wire,  
Outstripping swift Thought or fleet-winged Desire:

Hi—diddle—diddle—dum—dee!

Over country and town,

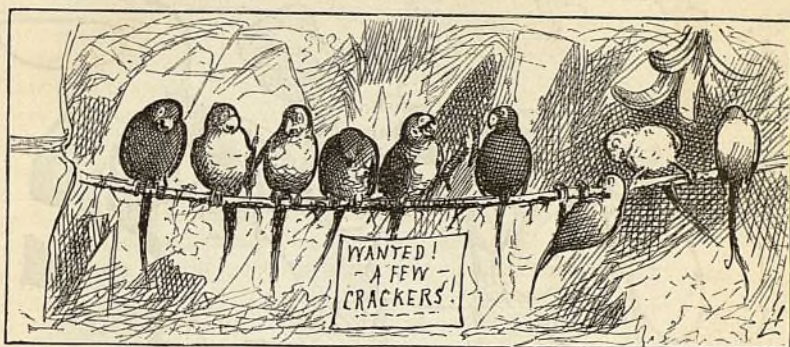
Now up and now down;

Up high in the air and down under the sea,

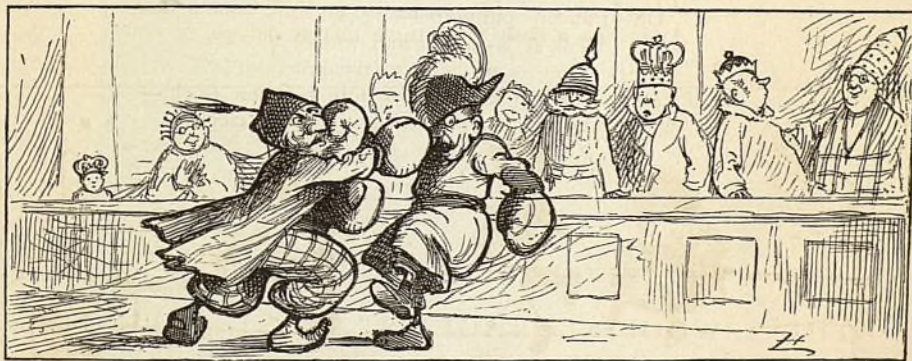
Huzzah! hilly—ho! what a ride this will be!



Far down in the south, on their course wild and free,  
They see the broad Amazon roll to the sea,  
Where sport the iguana and gay manatee:  
Whack—fol—de—ruddy—heigh—oh!  
In that sunny clime  
Where the orange and lime  
And banana and olive and cocoa-nut grow,  
And purple-tailed paroquets sit in a row.



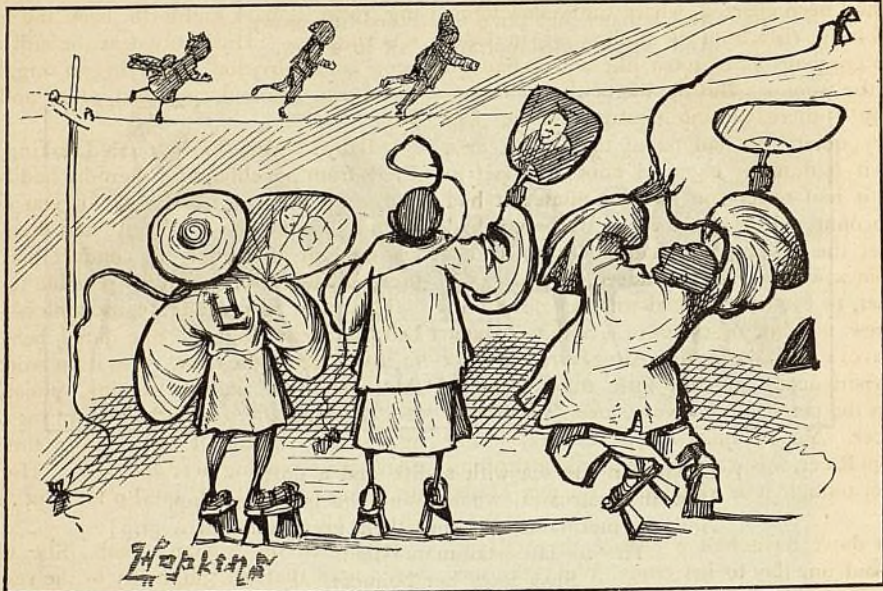
Down into the sea with a dive and a dip;  
How the walruses, whales, and the porpoises skip,  
And the mermaids stick out their green tails for a grip!  
Tit—ti—late—tammani—tin!  
Susy loses her bonnet;  
A shark seizes on it,  
And adjusting it deftly by aid of his fin,  
Swims away with it snugly tied under his chin.



Away, o'er the lands of Celt, Saxon, and Scot,  
Through the realms of the Gaul and the Teuton, they shot  
Past Magyar and Slave, till they came to the Ot-  
-Toman Empire—Co—co—coric—o!—  
Where the Sultan and Czar  
Were having a spar;  
While the crowned heads of Europe looked on at the show,  
Each crying, "Look out now!—don't tread on my toe!"  
Then eastward o'er Asia they sped like the light;  
Off went Johnny's cap in their hurricane flight,



While Susy, enraptured, cried out in delight,  
 "Oh—bitti—bat—buttercup—ban!"  
 Next they came to the "Japs,"  
 Those queer-looking chaps,  
 Who turned out to look at them, every man,  
 Each shaking his pigtail and fluttering his fan.



How they flew through the Tropics and regions of snows!  
 Saw all sorts of folks, dressed in all sorts of clothes,  
 And some without any at all, I suppose!  
 Oh—Pillicot—pimpernel—plock!  
 Till at last, safe and whole,  
 They came back to the pole,—  
 Which, alas! sliding down, Susy tore her new frock,—  
 Having only been gone just an hour by the clock.

## THE "SWOOPING EAGLE'S" FIRST EXPLOIT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THE "Swooping Eagle," you must know, was a boat—a row-boat. She was the property of De Witt Clinton Yotman, familiarly known as Clint Yotman. This gentleman was thirteen years and three months old.

The "Eagle" was a handsome little vessel, white as a swan, and trimmed with lines of navy-blue—strong and light, buoyant and graceful;

"the prettiest bird that swims," Clint declared. And certainly none of his boy-mates could name another boat on the river and call it handsomer, or a better swimmer.

Though it carried the United States flag, and looked spry and gallant enough for heroic action, the "Eagle's" career up to the time of its "first exploit," had not been at all dramatic. There had



been a good deal of paddling about, near the bank; and two trips across the river to "the other shore," which, until we cross over there, always looks so much more pleasant and more beautiful than "our side." There had been some fishing expeditions when a great deal of noise was made, and very few fish were caught; and besides, a trip to the "Upper Island" had been effected, where the yellow lotus, or sacred bean, rises from the shallow bay in dense ranks, so gorgeous as to seem like a transplanted bit from the tropics. But the life of the "Swooping Eagle"—there was no doubt about it—had been very quiet. It had never taken part in a regatta; it had never engaged another vessel in combat; it had never run down a pirate; it had never encountered a whale or an iceberg; had never met the sea-serpent; had never rescued a being from a watery grave. Indeed, it had never been upset, or even threatened with an upsetting, for it knew nothing of cyclones,—nothing about riding waves mountain high. Altogether, it was a very inexperienced, ignorant little thing. But it sighed, in the person of its owner, for a sensation—for a career. Yet the quiet city of Keokuk, on the Mississippi River, was scarcely the place for thrilling adventure, though it is situated at the foot of the Rapids.

"Boys don't have half a chance these days," Clint said one day to his crony, Will Atkinson. "There are n't any bears and lions to hunt, and there are n't any Indians around to fight, and gypsies don't ever run away with a feller's little sister."

"That's so," assented Will. "We don't have a good show. There is n't even any chance of getting lost in the woods or on the prairie. And a body can't run away, on account of telegraphs, railroads, and police."

"I wish that skiff down there would upset," said Clint, resting on his oars, and allowing his boat to drift along slowly with the current. "I don't want anybody to get drowned, you know," he quickly explained, "but I'd just like to go for somebody with the 'Swooping Eagle,' and haul him in all but dead."

"And have your name in the papers," Will amended.

That very same evening Mrs. Bartlett sat on her side porch, which overlooked the river. She was trying to rock her little boy of seven months to sleep, and her little boy of seven months was trying to keep awake. And it was very well that he would not go to sleep, otherwise Mrs. Bartlett might have been in gossiping with some neighbor, and might not have known about the—well, we'll call it, for want of a shorter name, the antecedent-of-the—"Swooping-Eagle's"—first-exploit,—and she

would n't have, have,—well, would n't have done as she did, and Clint Yotman and Will Atkinson would n't have done as they did, and the "Swooping Eagle" would n't have had the "exploit," and we could n't have had this story.

Well, the baby would n't go to sleep, so Mrs. Bartlett kept sitting out there on the porch, rocking, rocking, back and forth, back and forth. She was singing—"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;" and baby, too, was trying to sing, but it only cooed and grunted, and said, O-u! and g-o-o!—g-o-o!

"Baby!" Mrs. Bartlett cried, taking him with a jerk from her shoulder, where he had been lying, and setting him on her knee, "if you don't go to sleep I'll shake you to pieces," and then she fell to kissing him as though his conduct had been the prettiest and most exemplary possible to a baby.

Then she was suddenly motionless—listening. Did she hear aright? She lifted her head and turned it facing the river. Was it the word, h-e-l-p! that was borne on that wailing, piteous, human tone? Above the solemn beating of the great river against the rip-raps it came, down the rapids—a man's voice, calling over and over, "H-e-l-p! I'm drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! I'm drowning! H-e-l-p!"

It thrilled the woman's soul. She wished she was a man that she might fly to the rescue. She wished she could leave baby, and run out and rouse somebody—everybody. But there was no one in the house with whom she could leave him. How quiet the streets were! Why did n't somebody come by whom she could call to and send to that drowning man? But baby or no baby, she could n't sit there with that agonized cry "H-e-l-p!" piercing her heart. Gathering baby in her arms, she went with a swift, eager step into the street, and there she set up a remarkable screaming, that is remembered in the city to this day.

"Help! There is a man in the river drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! A man in the river drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p!"

Up and down the street the distance of her block she ran, crying out these words, and at every cry baby said, "O-u! g-o-o—g-o-o!" as though a very good joke was in the breeze.

For some moments Mrs. Bartlett did not see a living being on the street, but after a time doors began to open, and window-blinds, and somebody would come down the street, and somebody else around the corner. Then she would scream all the louder, "Run to the river! run to the river! A man's drowning! There's a man in the river drowning!"

And people would ask questions, and listen, and run off down the slope to the river. Yet up and



down the street she continued to run, baby cooing to be out under the sky, she screaming her story to every one who came in sight, urging all—men, women and children—to run, run to the river.

Then came De Witt Clinton Yotman stamping down the street, whistling "Shoo Fly." When he saw Mrs. Bartlett running about and screaming, he stopped whistling, thinking he had encountered a crazy woman. But when she cried out to him, "Run to the river! there's a man drowning!" Clint's heart leaped to his mouth. Here was a chance for the "Swooping Eagle."

Away he ran, at his tip-top speed, for Will Atkinson. That's what he generally did when there was an enterprise under weigh.

"We'll take the 'Swooping Eagle' and go for him," Clint said.

"All right," Will answered, and off they went by a short cut down the bluff to the river, where the "Swooping Eagle" lay anchored.

"You get in first," said Clint, breathing hard and fast as he untied the skiff with eager, trembling fingers.

Shoving her off into the water, he leaped on board after Will in an excited way that almost upset the boat.

A great crowd had assembled and were hurrying up stream, while boat after boat was putting out from shore.

"Hear him! he's in the rapids!" Clint cried, in great eagerness. "There he is, holding on to the skiff. The skiff upset in the rapids when he was trying to cross."

"Has n't he got awful lungs, though! How he does holler!" said the more philosophical Will.

"It's awful!" Clint went on, still greatly excited, and looking as though he was about to leap into the water and swim to the drowning man's help.

"Hold on to the skiff! I'm a-comin'!" he shouted, standing, his face turned up stream, toward the rapids. "Hold on! Help's nigh! Hold on a little longer! I'm a-comin'! I'll save you!" He felt inspired.

Then Will thought he ought to help Clint shout. So he stood up and yelled, "Hold on to the skiff just a minute! We're comin'! We'll soon be along! Don't give up! We're comin'!"

Then Clint shouted some more, and took off his hat and waved it. Then Will took off *his* hat and waved it. Then the pocket-handkerchiefs came out, and they were waved, while the boys kept up their encouraging cries of "Hold on! We're comin'."

One boat passed them, pulling as for life toward the rapids and the up-turned skiff, to which the man was clinging, with only his head above water. A second boat glided by the "Swooping Eagle," and a third.

A wild fear shot through Clint's heart—a fear that, after all, he might be cheated of the honor of saving an imperiled life. He resolved to strain every nerve to overtake and pass those three boats, and to keep ahead of those that were nearing him from behind. Then, all on a sudden, he felt like a fool, and looked like one,—like the blankest of blank idiots.

"Will, we have n't any oars," he stammered.

Will looked around the boat in a bewildered way, then up into Clint's face.

"Well, if that does n't beat the Jews and the Gentiles! Are n't we a couple of *genuses*?" he said.

It was true. They had forgotten their oars in their excitement, and instead of "coming," as they had declared to everybody within hearing, they were going, going, down the river to—nobody knew where. Not only would they have to forego the *éclat* of rescuing that drowning man, but they must submit to being themselves rescued from their ridiculous situation. *They* must cry for help. They looked about them. The "Eagle" was below the boats that had put out, and the hurrying crowd had left it behind. The boys marked with alarm the isolation of their oarless boat on the river.

"And it's almost dark," Clint said. "Nobody can see us."

"And there is n't any moon these nights," Will added. "Let's wave our hats and handkerchiefs till it's plum dark, and shout and yell."

This they did till their arms and lungs were sore. Will shouted, "Help! help!" as lustily as the man with the "awful lungs" had ever dared to. But no help came. Old Mr. Perseverance Smith, an ex-ferryman, heard their cries, came out, watched them for a moment drifting in the dusk down stream, and then went back to his little house on the bank.

"Just some youngsters mockin' that poor feller that was like to git drowned," he said.

(This ferryman, by the way, was called Perseverance, because he was the last river-man of the section to stop the fight against the ice-king at the on-coming of winter, and the first to re-open the conflict in the spring. One autumn his boat got stuck in the ice in mid-river and had to stay out there till the spring thaw.)

On and on the boys drifted till the lights of Keokuk were lost to their straining eyes, till they had passed the mouth of the Des Moines, and passed Buena Vista, and had begun to reckon concerning the hour of the night they would reach Alexandria and Warsaw. They had stopped shouting and signaling in sheer hopelessness, and Clint proposed that they should take turns in watching.



"You turn in and take the first snooze," he said. "I could n't sleep in this wet dug-out of yours," was Will's reply.

"You need n't lie down in the water. Make that seat your downy couch," said Clint, trying, poor fellow, to be funny, for he thought that Will was feeling depressed, and was sure that he himself was.

"I'm not a snake to coil up on that plank." Will spoke with some warmth and some contempt in his tone. "Besides, I might get pitched overboard, for this sea is n't of the steadiest, and the wind is blowing harder every minute. Besides all

"I'm more afraid they wont come in gun-shot of us. We've got to yell and shout with all our might. And you've got to do your share, Will. You must stand up to the shouting like a man."

"You bet," said Will.

Then they sat silent—almost breathless—watching the approaching lights and listening to the sounds of labor as the boat came pushing her broad, brave breast against the strong current.

Before any cries from the helpless skiff could possibly have reached the steamer, the boys entered upon their shouting. On came the great vessel in



THE "SWOOPING EAGLE" TO THE RESCUE!

the rest, I'm too ticklish to sleep. There aint anything jolly about this ride. Why in the name of sense did n't you put the oars in?"

"Why did n't you put them in," Clint retorted.

"'T was n't any of my funeral—you were bossing the rescue job. A pretty rescuer you are! A nice little man to have a boat! Your pa had better buy you a steam propeller and a railroad!"

"See here, Will," said Clint, firing up. "I aint going to stand—what's that? It's a boat!"

Both boys rose swiftly to their feet and listened. Floating up to them was the chuff! chuff! chuff! of a panting steamer, and then a shriek from the engine.

"See! there are the lights. Oh! I do wish I had pa's lantern," said Will. "They wont see us. What if they should run over us!"

their very path, as it were. She seemed to be making straight for the little shell. The boys were greatly excited; the strain was intense, as the strong boat moved toward them like an on-coming pitiless fate. One of the lads thought of his home and mother, but kept on shouting, "Help! help!"

Will could n't shout for the moment, because there was a great lump in his throat. Then they both forgot everything else in the sound that came over the waters to them from the steamer—a shout, then another and another. Their cries had been heard. Men appeared on deck, with lights behind them, looking out over the waters. The boys called again, and were answered. Then the steamer veered to the right, and began letting off steam; the "Swooping Eagle" had been descried—that was certain. The boys cheered and waved



their hats—the steamer cheered and swung the lanterns. Then a yawl darted from under the steamer, as it seemed, like a duckling from the mother wing. The boys called, “Here! here!” a great many times, to indicate their whereabouts.

After a little while, the relief-boat came alongside the “Swooping Eagle,” and the boys eagerly climbed aboard; then, after another while, the yawl lay alongside the steamer, and the boys climbed aboard her, with crew and passengers crowding and asking questions. This caused the boys to feel important. Then a free lunch was spread for the two lions, and they ate something. Did you ever see two supperless boys eat at about eleven o'clock P. M.?

It was after one A. M. when Clint sat down in his mother's lap, and kissed her with a new happiness; and then went out to look for his father, who was out looking for him. Just around the corner he met Will Atkinson, who was on his way to police head-quarters to report himself found. Clint wandered about from one place to another for a long hour before he encountered his father, so that it was nearly three when he laid his head on his pillow. He had slept scarcely two hours when he heard the newspaper carrier crying “The Gate

City,”—the morning daily,—and then he heard the thud of the paper against the front door as it was thrown on the porch. He stole out and secured it, and then made himself comfortable in bed to look over the local items. He wanted to know about that man—the man whom the “Swooping Eagle” had meant to rescue. Half way down the local column Clint found the item he was looking for.

A man had attempted to cross in a skiff from the Illinois side of the Mississippi. Midway in the rapids the skiff had been upturned. But the man keeping his hold, had clung to the boat for thirteen minutes with only his head above water, as the swift current bore him on and on to the neighborhood of the ferry. Clint read with a sigh that it was one of the ferry company's boats that effected the rescue, drawing the man aboard just as his strength had failed him and he had relaxed his hold on the skiff. Clint read it with a sigh, because he had seen that very boat, which now wore the ribbon, when it put out; it was a long way behind his—the poor, shamed “Swooping Eagle.” “She'd have beat it,” thought Clint. “I know she would, and my name and Will's would have been right here before my eyes now, if I only had n't forgotten my oars.”

## HOW BIRDS IMPROVE IN NEST-BUILDING.

BY PROF. W. K. BROOKS.

YOU often will meet with the statement in books about birds and birds'-nests, that each species goes on, year after year and generation after generation, building its nest in precisely the way which has always been followed by its ancestors. It is said that birds build their nests entirely by instinct, and that no improvement ever takes place, but that each bird selects a place for its nest, and gathers the materials, and goes through the process of building in exactly the way which has been followed for thousands of generations. It is also stated that young birds know how to do all this without any instruction, and make their first nest as skillfully as those old birds which have had experience, and have raised several broods of young. These statements are made so often by writers upon natural history, that it would seem as if there must be a good reason for them, and yet not one of them is true. Birds do not always go on building their

nests in similar places to those in which their ancestors built, but whenever better places are offered them, they soon learn to take advantage of them; neither do they stick to the same material for one generation after another, but whenever more suitable material is placed within their reach, they often learn how to use it, so that their nests are much better than those built by their ancestors; neither is it true that they never improve the shape of their nests, nor that the young birds are as skillful architects as the old.

You all know that only a few hundred years ago there was not a barn or a chimney within the United States, unless, perhaps, those singular cliff-dwelling people in New Mexico and Arizona, of whom we know so little, had barns and chimneys. At any rate, we know that on the east side of the Mississippi, at the time when the white men discovered and settled the country, there were no



people who knew anything of architecture. The barn and chimney swallows were to be found here then as they are to-day, but of course they were compelled to build their nests in hollow trees and caves, or any other suitable places which they were able to find. As soon as white men spread over the country and erected buildings, these birds, which had never before seen a barn or a chimney, soon discovered that these places are much more warm and dry than rotten trees and damp caves, as well as better protected from storms; and it probably did not take many years for the swallows to discover that snakes and birds and beasts of prey did not dare to approach such places. These wise birds, then, improved upon the habits of their ancestors, and gave up their old savage life in the woods, in order to share the benefits of civilization.

It seems as natural now for a barn-swallow to make its nest in a barn, as for a cat-bird to build in a bush or a tree; but it is plain that this has not always been the case, and that these birds have been wise enough to change their mode of life.

As an example to show that birds sometimes make changes in the material used in building their nests we may take the oriole. Many snakes are fond of birds' eggs, and in order to place its nest beyond their reach, as well as out of danger from other enemies, the oriole builds far out, near the tip of a branch of some tall tree, upon twigs which are so small that the nest is in little danger from any enemies except those which are able to fly. These slender twigs are swayed by every wind, and it would not answer to build in such a place an ordinary nest, like that of the robin, supported by a platform of sticks resting upon the branches; for the least wind would soon break such a nest to pieces, or throw it down to the ground. Nor would the swallows' plan of gluing the nest into its place be very much better; for even if it were securely fastened, and made strong enough to stand the shaking without falling to pieces, the first heavy gale would either break all of the eggs by striking them against each other, or else it would jerk them entirely out of the nest, and throw them down to the ground. It is very clear that an ordinary nest would not answer at all in such a place, and the oriole overcomes all the difficulty by weaving a wonderful hanging nest. This is shaped like a bag or purse, and is suspended between two twigs at the point where they unite with each other. The edges of the mouth of the bag are sewed to the twigs so that the nest hangs down between them, mouth uppermost, and in the hardest gale the eggs or young are perfectly safe at the bottom of this long, soft, well-lined bag. In weaving this nest the birds make use of every string or thread which they are able to find. They pull the lost fish-lines

out of ponds and streams, and gather up the kite-strings which they find among the branches of the trees and on the telegraph-wires. They are often seen tugging at the edges and worn places in the carpets which are hung out to be beaten at house-cleaning time in spring, and they often succeed in pulling out long threads, especially if the carpet is old and ragged. They sometimes carry off the skeins of freshly-dyed yarn which the farmers' wife has hung out to dry; they steal the strings which are tied around the young grafts upon the orchard trees, and carry off flax, hemp—everything, in fact, which they think they will be able to make use of in weaving their nest. Tresses of hair, and bits of gold lace from a militia officer's epaulet, are among the things which have been found in their nests. They are able to use their beaks and claws very skillfully, and will untie hard knots in order to gain possession of a piece of string. Hemp seems to suit them better than anything else, and if you will take the trouble to hang out a large bunch of this where they can find it, in the early spring, when they are gathering the materials for their nest, they will return to it again and again until they have carried all of it away, or until the nest is finished. If the bunch of hemp is tied up loosely, the dexterity and perseverance with which they will untie and pull out bunches of the fibers is very interesting, and well worth watching. A finished oriole's nest is a very strange mixture of grass, hay, horse-hair, thread, string, yarn and carpet-ravelings. Sometimes it contains long pieces of kite-tail, and I once found a nest into which the birds had woven no less than three fish-lines, with their corks and sinkers, and the rusty hooks, with dried pieces of the worms which had been used for bait still upon them.

It is very certain that a few hundred years ago orioles could have known nothing about string or carpet-ravelings, and must have confined themselves to such stringy fibers as can be found in a natural state; and those orioles which build their nests at a distance from houses, still make use of grass, flax, the fibres of silk-weed, and other things which they are able to find; but of course a much stronger and more durable nest can be woven from strong thread and string, and the birds have not been slow to discover this and to act accordingly.

It may perhaps be said that both the oriole and the swallow owe their improvement to their intercourse with man, and that the fact that they have made great advances in their method of building is owing to his influence, so that these examples do not prove that birds have any power to improve themselves without his help. At first sight this objection seems to have great weight, but as soon as we examine it more carefully, we find that it



does not amount to much. It is true that man supplies the opportunities of which the barn-swallows and the oriole avail themselves, but this is all that he does; and the fact that the birds do take advantage of the opportunities, shows that they have the power of improvement within themselves,

and their improvement is the result of their own efforts; and there can be no doubt that, if the same advantages had presented themselves independently of men, the birds would have been wise enough to seize upon them.

We have now seen that birds do sometimes make



ORIOLES AND THEIR NEST.

and ready to show itself as soon as occasion arises. Orioles and swallows are not domestic, like the various sorts of poultry; although they find it to their interest to associate with man, they are their own masters, and in this respect are as truly wild as those birds which live in the woods and swamps; in fact, the oriole is as shy and difficult to approach as a forest bird. Man has not tamed or instructed

improvements in the places selected for their nests, and in the materials which they make use of; and I will next try to show you that they occasionally make great changes for the better in the shape of their nests.

A few years ago Pouchet, a French naturalist, who was then engaged in writing a book upon natural history, wished to have an engraving made

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of the nest of the common European house-martin. The nests in his collection were nearly fifty years old, and, thinking that the artist would be able to make a much better picture from a new and perfect nest than from an old one, he employed a man to collect a number from the walls of the houses in Paris.

Upon comparing these with the old nests in his collection, Pouchet found that there had been a very great improvement in the architecture of these birds within the last fifty years. He says that the old nests are globular, or forming a segment of a sphere with a very small rounded opening, just large enough to allow the passage of the birds inhabiting it; and the accounts of all the ancient writers agree in describing this as the form of the nest in their day. The new nest is in the form of the quarter of a hollow semi-oval, this giving three flat surfaces for attachment instead of one, and affording much more room on the floor of the nest. The opening is no longer a round hole, but a long transverse slit, between the upper edge of the nest and the wall of the building to which it is attached, thus allowing the young to put their heads out and enjoy the fresh air, without interfering with the entrance and exit of the parents. M. Pouchet says that, besides the advantages of more room inside the nest, increased facilities for access and greater strength, it is also more secure from the invasion

of enemies, and better protected from the entrance of cold and rain, and is thus a decided improvement upon the old form.

Many of the naturalists who have studied the habits of birds with the greatest care have satisfied themselves that young birds are not as skillful as the old. Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago Lerory, a French naturalist who spent his life in studying the habits of the wild animals of Europe, published a book, which has lately been translated into English, on the "Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals." In this book he says that it is impossible that a constant and attentive observer should fail to remark that the nests of young birds are almost invariably ill-made and badly situated. He also shows that the best and most complicated nests are made by those species of birds whose young remain a long time in the nest, and thus have more opportunity to see how it is made. Wilson, the ornithologist, who spent his life in studying the habits of our birds, reached the same conclusion—that there is a very perceptible inferiority in the nests of young birds.

I should say more upon the progressiveness of birds, but I already have given enough space to the subject for this month. There are several remarkable nests about which I must say a few words in the next chapter, before we leave the subject of birds'-nests.

## A SUMMER RIDE IN LABRADOR.

BY MRS. C. E. GROSER.

"GIRLS, girls! have you forgotten that the Gaspards are going to move to-day?" said Lizzie Wayne, as she shook her sisters vigorously by the shoulders. "I've got the loveliest idea, and I want you to help me carry it out. Do wake up!" she continued, despairingly.

"What's the matter?" said Mary, sleepily. "I'm sure it is not time to get up yet. It is not even fairly light. If you've had bad dreams, turn on your side."

"It is n't bad dreams. It's fun," said Lizzie. "I want to take our own team and kummatic and go with the Gaspards as far as Tucker's. We have n't had a dog-ride for ever so long, because, when we have been at liberty to go, the crust has been too soft; but this morning it is as hard as

ever, and we can be at home again before it can soften. I will speak to papa and get permission. Wake Alice and tell her, and hurry as fast as possible, for every moment is precious."

So saying, the merry-faced girl left the room. Tapping lightly at her father's door, she asked:

"May we have the dogs and the cruising harness, please? The Gaspards are going away to Lac Sallé, and we would like to go with them as far as Tucker's, while the snow crust remains hard."

"I'll tell you when I come down-stairs," said her father.

Back flew Lizzie to her sisters' room.

"What did papa say?" asked both girls in a breath.

"Oh, he wants to be sure about the crust, but

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I'm certain he'll let us go, for he said last week that the Tuckers had been neglected, and that he wished it was possible to see them before the ice broke up altogether. I'm going to see how the Gaspards are getting along."

"We will go, too, in a few minutes."

The above conversation took place in the mission-house of St. Augustine River, in Labrador.

The three girls were the daughters of the missionary, who had lived there with his family about four years.

The little settlement which had grown up around the mission-house was used during the winter only. In the summer, the people left their sheltered quarters and lived in cabins on the various islands along the coast. There they caught, salted and cured their fish, and also traded with people from Quebec and Nova Scotia who exchanged dry-goods and provisions for fish, oil and furs.

The Gaspards, at the time of our story, were making their spring move. When Mary and Alice reached the cabin of their departing friends, they found everything in a state of confusion. The men were moving and arranging the large bundles, and articles of furniture. The children were in a state of happiness and hilarity peculiarly trying to their tired and long-suffering elders.

"You, Joe!" exclaimed the exasperated father, as he discovered his second son carrying out a bundle containing garments the children would have to wear on the journey, "if you stir from that 'ere chair, I'll make you walk half-way to Lac Sallé. So there!"

Joe was subdued for the time, but soon began to occupy himself with "washing" the face of a baby brother, who resented the insult by kicks and screams. Mary rescued the poor little fellow, and sent Joe to see if her father was coming,—just as that gentleman entered.

"Almost ready to start, eh, Mr. Gaspard?" he asked.

"Almost, sir."

"You must wrap up warmly," said Mr. Wayne. "The wind will be blowing very hard on the outside bays, I expect."

"Ah, yes, sir; I'll be keeful."

"Well, papa, have you decided to favor our scheme?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes. The crust is hard, and you would better make the most of this chance and call on the Tuckers. But you must be sure to return early, before the heat of the sun has spoiled the ice."

"We will be very careful. It is only a little past four now; by half-past four we must start from here. We can get there by half-past five, pass an hour and a half there, and return in another hour; allowing half an hour for stoppages, we can

be back easily by half-past eight. You see, I have reckoned all the pro's and con's, and have all my plans cut and dried," said Lizzie to her father.

"Come, girls," she added, "we must go and harness up the dogs."

"Ha, dogs! Hi! hi! hi!" they cried as they neared home. "Here, Spot! Mona! Black! Leo! Neptune! come out! Come, Douglas! come along. Hi! hi!"

Out tumbled the dogs, as pleased as if they were being called to breakfast instead of to work.

They capered and danced about the girls, and tumbled over one another in a very lively manner; and when the "cruising" harness, with its bright rosettes and streamers of ribbon, was brought out, they actually howled and yelped with excitement.

They knew, then, that a "cruise" with a light load was before them, and not hard work like wood-hauling. So, instead of running away and hiding in the bushes, as when the work-harness was brought out, they each tried to be first in place.

Dog harnesses are very simple,—only two rings of oxnoe (salted and dried seal-skin), one larger than the other, joined by two straps of the same material. The larger ring goes just behind the fore-legs of the dog, the smaller one around his neck; consequently, one of the connecting bands goes between his fore-legs, and the other along his back. The back strap is continued in a long string or "trace," at the end of which is a loop.

The kommatic, or sled, is made by placing two boards on edge, the fore-ends being turned up, somewhat like the runners of a child's coasting-sled. These form the runners, and on them are "sewed," not nailed, strips of wood called bars. These bars are generally cut in some fancy form at the ends, and are sometimes very beautifully inlaid with differently colored woods and white whalebone. The bars are placed "close together," and are sewed or lashed to the runners, because nails are apt either to start out or to split the wood when the kommatic leaps from a height upon hard ice, as sometimes happens. The string or lashing gives a little, and so prevents this danger.

The runners are shod with whalebone: not the black material used by corset-makers, but the real white bone of the whale. It is scraped and polished until it is as smooth as ivory, and makes splendid shoeing for the kommatics. No shafts are used. The part of the runner turned up is called the nose. From runner to runner, through the noses, is fastened a piece of oxnoe, so tied as to leave two ends in the middle. On one of these ends is a large whalebone button, and on the other is a loop.

When the dogs are to be attached to the kommatic, the several loops on their back-straps

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are threaded on this piece of oxnoe, then the looped end is slipped over the button at the other end, and the harnessing is complete.

Kommatics have nothing to support the arms or back. They are simply long flat sleds, varying in length from twelve to fifteen feet. A buffalo-robe or bear-skin, to sit and kneel on, is lashed to the sled with a long piece of oxnoe, which is much stronger and lighter than thick rope. The dogs are driven entirely by voice and whip; there are no reins. A good head-dog, or leader, will turn at once, when ordered, in ordinary circumstances. When the driver wishes to go to the right, he calls, "Ouk! ouk!"—when to the left, "Rarrah! rarrah!"

Very quickly did our friends prepare for their journey. The dogs were harnessed and fastened to a strong post to prevent their running away.

The whip was a curious one. It had a very short wooden handle, to which were fastened layers upon layers of oxnoe. These were gradually tapered down to a lash of one thickness of oxnoe. The whip was sufficiently long to reach the head-dog, whose trace was fully thirty feet in length.

"We are all right now, I believe," said Lizzie, "so let us go and see if the Gaspards are ready to start."

They found that Mrs. Gaspard was just about to be packed into her kommatic in the usual fashion of the Labrador women. On her sled a bottomless box, shaped something like the body of a sleigh, was securely lashed. In this was placed a feather-bed, and then she got in, and, half lying down and half supported by pillows, she was ready for the journey. Her children were stowed about her, and then blankets and comforts were tucked around them to keep them warm.

The girls packed the children in, and then, patting Master Joe on the head, and bidding him be good and not tease his little brothers and sisters, they went back to their own conveyance.

"Oh, the drags!" cried Alice. "We are going without the drags, and we can't stop the dogs suddenly without them."

"I'm very glad you remembered them," said Mr. Wayne, as he brought two large rings of thick rope and tied them to the kommatic. "Now you are all right, I think."

All this time the dogs had been keeping up a series of screams, barks, yells and whines, almost deafening. At last the word was given to start; the dogs were loosed; and away dashed the kommatic down the bank to the river as fast as the animals could gallop.

"Hold on tightly until we are clear of the ridges of ice on the edge of the river, or you will be thrown off," cried Lizzie, who was foremost of the girls.

"All right!" they cried. "We are enjoying the bouncing famously."

The other team had started a few minutes before, and was about half a mile ahead.

"These dogs are nearly crazy, I think," said Alice. "They race as if possessed. I wonder whether we shall overtake the Gaspards before they get to the Pocashoe River?"

"Indeed we shall; we are fast gaining on them now. I don't want our dogs to get mixed with theirs, or we shall have a fight to quell. All the dogs are so fresh that it would be hard work to separate them," said Lizzie.

"Well, let us try to get ahead, out of their way," said Mary.

"Is not the air delightful—so fresh, clear and still?" said Alice.

"Yes, indeed; and see how the sun throws a crimson glow over the snow, and how the little particles of ice glitter and sparkle!"

"Who would imagine that it was the sixth of June?" said Lizzie. "Does n't it seem strange, when we think of sleigh-riding in June? They are eating peas and strawberries in New York, and are probably complaining already of the hot weather. Dear, dear! It seems so strange!" and Lizzie fell into a deep reverie over warmer climes. She was aroused by the dogs uttering quick, short yelps as they found they were overtaking the other team.

"Haw! haw! ha—aw!" cried the girls, endeavoring to stop them.

"Quick! The drags!" cried Lizzie. "Oh dear, I do believe that we must let them fight. It is too bad."

"I can't untie the drags!" cried Mary. "There, I've got them off at last; there they are."

"It's no use," said Lizzie. "They can't be stopped now."

"Don't attempt to get off, or they may throw you down, and kill you in the fight. They don't care who or what is bitten, so long as they bite something!" cried Mr. Gaspard, as he jumped from his kommatic.

"All right!" said the girls. "Be careful about yourself!" they screamed, as the bold fisherman went into the thick of the fight and dealt vigorous blows with the thick butt-end of his whip, so forcibly as to send several of the dogs howling away as far as their traces would allow them. The girls kept these dogs apart by means of their long whip. At last the fight was over, and sore and howling the teams started again.

The Waynes now took the lead at a good quick dog-trot.

Their way lay along the Pocashoe River. It was only a few hundred yards wide, and was shaded by



trees of spruce and fir, so it looked more like a magnificent carriage-way than a river.

All went along peacefully; the two komatics kept within hailing distance, and a stream of merry jest and banter flowed freely.

"When we get to the portage, I want you to go first, Mr. Gaspard," said Lizzie. "You know the way better than we. We will drive a little way up the river, past the entrance of the portage, so that

remarked. "Me 'n' George drove Spot and Leo, t'other day, and they turned when we wanted 'em to. I just called 'Ouk! ouk!' and they went to the right side, and I called 'Rarrah! rarrah!' and they went to the left side."

"That was because they were well trained, Joe," said Lizzie. "They did what was told them, and did n't stop to ask why, as boys do sometimes. They obeyed at once and asked no questions."



CAPSIZED IN THE SNOW.

you can enter without having to pass our dogs. When you're safely in, we'll turn and follow you."

"Very well. I guess we won't have much trouble, the going is so good," returned Mr. Gaspard. "Here you, Joe!" he exclaimed, "where are you going?" and, catching that young man by the back of his coat-collar, he hauled him off the edge of the sled.

"I want to ride like Miss Lizzie and Miss Mary," said Joe. "They can jump off and run when they want to," he added, wistfully.

"Joe!" cried Miss Mary, "would you like to ride with us through the portage?"

Joe readily accepted the invitation, and in a few moments was snugly seated among the girls.

"Miss Mary, I can drive dogs," he gravely

"How do they drive horses, Miss Mary?" asked Joe, anxious to change the subject. "Do they drive 'em like dogs?"

"They put an iron bit into the horse's mouth, and fasten to it lines called reins. When they pull on these lines, to either the left or right, the horse goes in the direction of the pull."

"How funny!" said Joe. "Is a horse very much larger than a dog? I've seen pictures of horses, but they are all little sizes."

Here Mary gave Joe a full and minute description of the horse—an animal almost unknown in Labrador—and the method of driving it.

According to the plan laid down, Mr. Gaspard entered the portage first; and as the dogs had lost their first freshness and settled into their ordinary

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trot, no more fights were feared. The portage was simply a way through the woods, saving a long journey around. Except that some trees had been cut down in this road, there was no difference between it and the forest.

The snow was deep enough to cover the stumps of the felled trees, and as the portage had been used all winter and the snow crust was still hard, the party had no difficulty in following it.

"Is it not lovely in the woods?" said Mary. "Let the dogs walk through, Lizzie, so that we can enjoy it as long as possible."

So they traveled more slowly, talking and laughing and delighting themselves in the free air, and fell back quite a distance behind the others.

At the end of the portage, leading to the bay, was a long, steep hill. So steep was it that Mr. Gaspard decided to take the dogs from his kommatic, and, letting them scramble down as best they could, himself guide the sled down, coasting fashion. This he did, and then, calling his dogs together, he proceeded to hitch them up again.

But the dogs were loath to leave their rolling upon the snow. Therefore, by the time Mr. Gaspard had secured them all, and was fastening them to the kommatic, the girls had nearly reached the top of the hill.

The young people were so engrossed in pleasant chatter that they did not notice how near they were to the end of the portage.

The first intimation they had of it was a wild howl of delight from their dogs, who descried their late foes and rushed frantically toward them.

"Oh, Mary, hand the drags over!" cried Lizzie. "The dogs will be past the top of the hill before we can check them, and we certainly shall be thrown off!"

Mary passed the drags, and Lizzie quickly slipped them over the noses of the kommatic; but it was of no use.

"Hold on as tightly as you can, but have yourselves quite free from everything, so as to be able to jump if the kommatic should be overturned," said Mary. "Joe, hold on to my dress, and I will put an arm around you," she continued.

The sled now began the descent. Fast and faster it went, and Lizzie saw that it was overtaking the dogs, and, of course, would be overturned.

"Jump!" she cried, and, suiting the action to the word, she sprang from her seat into the deep snow.

The others followed, and, rolling and tumbling, they slid down as far as some bushes and felled trees. Here they stopped, panting and breathless, and reviewed the situation.

As soon as they had recovered breath sufficiently, they laughed heartily at their ridiculous appear-

ance. Lizzie still firmly grasped the whip with one hand. With the other she had caught at a branch of a spruce-tree which had broken off, leaving in her grasp a green trophy of the leap. Mary had one arm around little Joe, who was kicking vigorously to get loose and help himself. And Alice, who had rolled farther, was looking ruefully at a rent caused by Master Joe's feet.

Mr. Gaspard saw the accident, and came running up the hill at a great rate, to assure himself that they were unhurt.

"We are all right, Mr. Gaspard," cried the girls when they saw him; "not hurt a bit."

"How are we to get down the rest of the hill?" asked Alice.

"Slide down, to be sure," said Lizzie. "The snow is too slippery to walk on, the dogs and sled are at the foot of the hill, so we can't ride; therefore nothing remains but to slide."

So they bestrode some loose branches, and down they went, laughing and enjoying the fun, and in a few moments had reached the sled.

After more laughing and joking, they regained their seats, put Joe back with his mother, and bidding one another good-bye, the teams separated.

The Waynes now became very quiet, for "good-bye," even if said for only a short time, has a depressing effect upon the spirits. However, as they neared the island on which stood the cabin of the Tuckers, they became chatty again, and were all right when, after giving their dogs in charge of a boy, they sat around a hot stove asking and answering questions.

Mrs. Tucker piled the already nearly red-hot stove full of wood, and set about getting breakfast.

"I'm sorry not to have anything nice to give you; but all our salt pork is gone, and we've nothing now but some fresh trout caught t' other day."

"Don't apologize at all, Mrs. Tucker. We're as hungry as bears, and can eat almost anything," said Alice.

The fish was fried in seal-oil, and the tea was made from spruce-boughs. Still they managed to satisfy their hunger, even although butter was wanting and the bread was sour, having been made with old leaven instead of yeast.

After breakfast, Alice, who had been told by the children that "down the bay there were lots of clams uncovered by snow," and knowing her father to be particularly fond of these shell-fish, determined to get a few for him; so, accompanied by the children, she set out, leaving her older sisters to be entertained by the other members of the family.

"Don't stay long," said Mary. "We must start very soon, or the crust will be soft."



"I will be very quick," said Alice.

"We will call you in half an hour, and you must return at once, clams or no clams," said Lizzie.

"All right!" said Alice.

Half an hour soon passed, and Lizzie went to the door to call the clam-pickers, but not one was in sight. She called, but there was no answer.

"Oh dear, it is too bad!" she said. "Mary, come and help me call them."

So both girls united their voices, and called over

any quantity of clams, and picked a whole bucketful. I'm sure papa will enjoy them very much."

"Yes, if we are able to get home to give them to him," said Lizzie. "Good-bye, friends! we must start at once."

So our heroines whipped up their dogs and began their journey in right good earnest.

The going was much more difficult now than before. The crust was already beginning to melt, and the dogs had all they could do to get along.



"THE DOGS BECAME FRANTIC AT SIGHT OF THE DEER."

and over again until they were almost hoarse, but to no purpose.

"I would leave her here until to-morrow, if it were really safe; but the river may be open by that time," said Mary.

"Well, we'll put the dogs into harness, so as not to have to wait when they do come," said Lizzie. This was done, and both girls were ready to start; but still there was no sign of the wanderers.

Another quarter of an hour went by, and just as Lizzie had determined to go in search of them, they made their appearance, quite unconscious that they had been giving their friends such anxiety.

"I'm very sorry," said Alice, penitently, when all had been hastily explained to her. "We found

Just as they were nearly across the bay, and the girls were comforting themselves with the thought of a nice ride through the portage, where the sun had not yet been able to soften the crust, their dogs began to whine impatiently. Raising their noses in the air, and sniffing eagerly, the animals with one consent suddenly veered around, and almost flew over the snow.

"Oh dear! they have scented something. We must try to get them turned around," said Mary; and she applied her whip vigorously, and all cried, "Ha, ha, ha, dogs!" to try to stop the excited animals.

"Now, how provoking!" said Lizzie. "I wonder what they have scented—probably a partridge."



"No, it is a deer," said Alice, pointing to a beautiful stag bounding across the bay before them.

The dogs became frantic at sight of the deer, and the girls, knowing they could not stop them now, did not even try to put on the drags.

All held on as if for dear life. On, on went the deer, and on, on went the dogs!

"Where shall we be taken to?" cried Alice, in dismay.

"The deer is going toward the woods," said Lizzie, re-assuringly. "If the ice is good, and we can reach there safely, we shall be all right, for we can stop the dogs then."

The ice bore well, and the sled reached the edge of the bay in safety.

"Now, hold fast, while we go up the bank into the woods," cried Lizzie, "and then we are all right."

Up the bank they went, tumble and bump, and at last reached the woods. Lizzie then dexterously steered the kommatic in such a way that it ran with its front bars against a tree, the noses of the runners being one on either side of the trunk.

So the dogs were effectually stopped, for they could not pull the tree down; and, howling with rage and disappointment, they only tugged fruitlessly at their traces, while the deer bounded safely away into the woods. The girls waited until the dogs had quieted a little, and then turned the kommatic toward home.

It was a weary, weary journey. The sun had melted the snow so much that in many places it was only slush, and the girls were obliged to walk until they got to the bank of their own river, on the other side of which stood the mission-house.

Walked? Why, it hardly could be called walking; it was wading—wading up to the waist in snow slush!

Oh, how joyfully they caught sight of the familiar home buildings!

"I'm sure I can never walk across there," said Alice, gazing at the river. "It's nearly a mile, and I'm so tired I can hardly stand."

"We must none of us try to walk," said Mary, gravely. "Listen! The ice is breaking-up farther up the river; we must get across before it breaks-up here."

The three girls turned pale. This was more than they had reckoned on.

With a silent prayer in each heart, they seated

themselves once more in the kommatic, and started. The dogs, encouraged by the sight of home, quickened their pace and bounded forward.

"Hold on for dear life!" said Mary. "It is *really for life* this time."

Louder and louder grew the sound of the breaking ice, and more and more the girls urged on their dogs. The excitement was now very great, and two-thirds of the distance was already passed, when a loud crack behind caused them to turn their heads. To their dismay, they saw a line of blue water where the ice had parted. The struggle began to seem hopeless.

The people on shore now joined in calling the dogs. Faster and faster they went, but still hardly fast enough.

"Oh, my clams!" cried Alice. "The bucket has been jerked off, and they have been scattered and lost behind."

"Oh, bother the clams!" said Lizzie. "If it had n't been for them, we should be all right by this time."

"Yes," I know," said Alice, penitently. "But 't is too bad, nevertheless!"

And now, in spite of urging, the pace of the dogs begins to slacken. All hearts turn chill with fear. What can they do? The blue line is growing wider and wider. Can they get ashore in time?

Suddenly, the missionary starts forward, and, seizing an axe that lies near, he runs toward the scaffold where the dogs' food is kept. Hastily mounting the ladder, he chops up some meat and throws it to the ground; the dogs on shore gather around and eagerly devour it. Still the missionary chops and throws down great pieces of the whale-flesh, shouting to the kommatic dogs all the time.

The panting creatures see him, and see also the dogs on shore eating as fast as possible; and, fearful of being too late for their share, they make a last desperate effort, and reach the shore safe and sound with their precious freight!

It was a joyful meeting, and everybody felt as if death had been almost in their midst.

Within ten minutes of the girls' arrival, the river was a mass of floating ice.

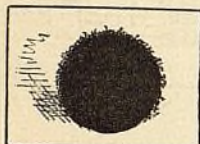
But, in spite of their grave thoughts, they all teased Alice about the lost clams.

"Well," said she, "if I had not got the clams, we would all have missed an adventure. So there!"



## LITTLE PEERY; OR, WHAT IT CAME TO.

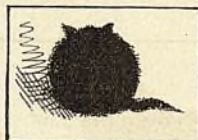
It was very funny, and I'll tell you how it happened. While busy at work, I heard a wee little noise, and went to see what it was. After looking a long while, I saw something like picture No. 1. What could it be? A period? No, for after getting closer, a little tail peeped out, as you



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

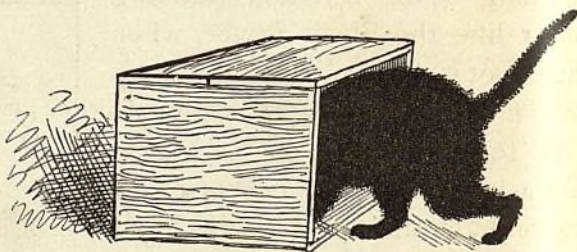
see in No. 2. I thought it must be a comma; but, looking again, it was like No. 3—one long tail and two short ones. What do you suppose it was? I looked once more, and—mercy! One long tail, and one, two,



No. 5.

three, four, five, six short ones. "Perhaps it's alive," said little Johnny, and, sure enough, the next minute out it popped. What! A cat? Yes, here is its picture (No. 5), true to life, and, oh! so black it might have been in mourning for a whole family. Ethel named it "Peery," because it looked so much like a period when she first saw it; so we all called it Peery. Is n't that a queer name?

Well, Peery had n't been here long before he crawled into a box like the one you see here (No. 6). Did you ever hear of such a very funny kitty? But when he fell into the pail (picture No. 7), Johnny burst a button off with laughing. You will see in No. 8 how Peery looked in getting out of the pail, all wet.



No. 6.



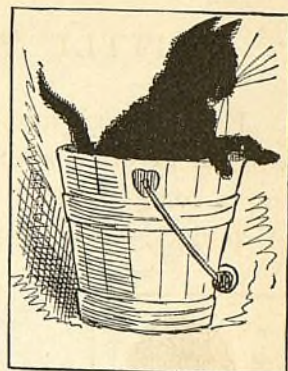
No. 7.

Well, this strange specimen of a cat stayed with us all day, and cut up the oddest little tricks—rolling on its back, getting under foot, playing with Johnny's ball, and running off with mamma's handkerchief. Once it was lost

Well, this strange specimen of a cat stayed with us all day, and cut up the oddest little tricks—rolling on its back, getting under foot, playing with Johnny's ball, and running off with mamma's handkerchief. Once it was lost



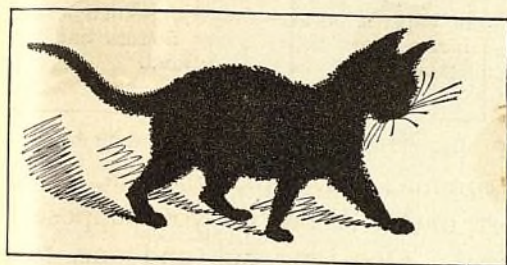
in the work-box; but when grandma thought it was a ball of black yarn, and tried to pick it up, she soon found that the ball had claws, and dropped it very quickly. And then Peery picked up the real ball of yarn, which had rolled on the floor, and scampered off into a corner, where he tangled the thread so much with his sharp claws, that Johnny had to wind it all up again. When it was all wound, Johnny



No. 8.

began to scold and tease him, but Peery ran

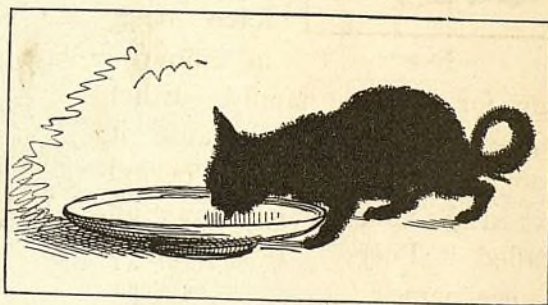
away and hid under the book-shelves. And he would not come out till Johnny tied a string to a little chip of wood, and dragged it before the shelves. Then Peery suddenly



No. 9.

jumped out at it, as if it were a mouse.

When night came, little Peery looked so much like the dark that we thought him lost this time, sure enough, until he began meou-meou-meouing (No. 9), and walking about like the Black Prince, when Ethel got it some milk; and here's that funny black Peery eating it (No. 10). See his tail curled up like a letter O. Poor Peery! he ate and ate and ate, growing fatter and fatter, until he could hardly see out of his eyes. But you never could guess where he went to sleep. Why, right in the saucer! See him!



No. 10.

But Peery had an end, and so must my story. He looks so nice and comfortable in the saucer, that we will leave him there sound asleep.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WARM day? Yes, indeed,—quite warm; and so I'll give you a nice cool word to look at:

ICE

As soon as you have looked at it long enough, and begin to feel chilly, run to the fire, my chicks, and take all the comfort you can. Then, when you've taken all the comfort you can, and begin to feel lazy, prick yourself briskly with the freezing-point of a thermometer, and rejoice that your Jack did n't ask you to name the kingdom to which ice belongs,—mineral, vegetable, or animal.

Why, in my opinion, the Jack who would ask his chicks such a thing as that during the dog-days, deserves to be dragged out of his pulpit.

#### PRESSING FLOWERS.

THE Little Schoolma'am, a few days ago, was showing the children how to press flowers; and she passed around two specimens, in perfect condition, which were pressed last summer in her fashion. Perhaps your Jack may as well give you a hint of it.

Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cotton-batting and lay the flowers carefully on it, covering them with another sheet, and then putting the whole under slight pressure. Sometimes, when the flowers are thick, and contain a good deal of moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton the next day, and after that does not disturb them. But in pressing nearly all the small flowers, the cotton

need not be changed at all, and not even opened until the flowers are preserved.

I noticed that the Little Schoolma'am's pressed flowers had a soft, bright look. She groups the long-stemmed ones prettily in vases, or lays them between sheets of thin glass, and hangs them in her windows in the winter, she says. They have n't at all the poor, pinched, faded, flattened look of flowers prepared in other ways.

The Little Schoolma'am presses green leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way, keeping their color perfectly; and she told the children that when they wanted to pile a number of these double cotton layers together, it was better to lay a sheet of blotting-paper in between the sets. Sometimes she lays tissue paper between the flowers and the cotton; but it is of the thinnest kind.

#### DISCONTENT.

"DISCONTENT is not always a bad quality. It is well to be contented with some things, but better to be discontented with others,—contented with the good things around you, and discontented with the bad things within you. If there is any hope of your being able to improve yourself in any way, or better any course of action, by all means be discontented with your present plan."

That is what I heard the Deacon saying to the old and young folks the other day. And I could n't help nodding when he added:

"Some of the greatest improvements in civilization, and the noblest advances in human intercourse, have been brought about by a spirit of active discontent."

But be careful, my youngsters, how you handle this bit of advice. If you take hold of it at the right end, and don't swing it too far, it will be useful to you.

#### ROBIN HOOD CLUBS.

WHAT do you think Jack saw the other day? What but a row of little birds perched on the top of a target? They seemed to be holding a consultation over it. After a while, one of them flew down and began to peck at the bright red and blue rings with which it was painted. At length, he poked his bill into a round hole which had been made by an arrow; he seemed to suspect something, for he instantly flew back to the top and joined his companions. And then such a clatter as there was! Finally, they all flew off with a business-like air, as if something must be attended to at once.

But they need not have been frightened; the boys and girls of the red school-house are nearly all Bird-defenders. Never a little wing shall stop fluttering on account of their arrows.

The youngsters have a Robin Hood Club to which girls as well as boys are admitted, and every Saturday they bring their bows and arrows and shoot at the target in a great prize match,—the prize generally being an orange, or something of that sort,—and nearly every afternoon they practice for an hour or so. It is a great delight to the girls, and no little enjoyment to the boys, although

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I find that the latter often prefer a good race or a game of ball, to archery practice.

Jack is glad to see that this beautiful sport is nowadays being revived, and so long as the Robin Hoods are careful and do not put out one another's eyes, there is no reason why they should not have any amount of fun in the sport.

The boys of the red school-house club wear green tunics for uniform, with little green caps. Each girl also wears a green cap, with the addition of a sash of the same color passed over the left shoulder.

#### A BOY WITH HIS EYES OPEN.

DEAR JACK: I wish some of your little folks could take walks with a boy of my acquaintance, named Frank. They would find more going on around them than they had ever dreamed of.

A while ago we were out walking, and heard some blue-jays making an unusual noise. I thought it was only bird-talk; but Frank said something was wrong with them, and we soon found four blue-jays fighting an enormous owl.

Frank is a bit of a naturalist, and naturalists notice what other people would never see or hear. One evening when it was quite dark, Frank and I were returning from a walk, when he stopped and listened intently. I did the same, only he heard something and I did n't. Presently, he went and threw his hat up into a tree, and when it came down we found that the tree was swarming with beetles. Frank had heard them fifty or sixty feet off!

I wish you could have seen us at another time. We were lying at full length in the long grass, and three fine night-hawks (whip-poor-wills) were sailing over us. Every little while they would swoop down quite near to us, like arrows, their fall making a noise at one time like the wind moaning, and then quick and clear like the hiss of a bullet; and then they would rise up again with a loud, sharp cry. They were after insects. We found one that had been shot. It was no larger in body than a robin. Its wings, when closed, were longer than its tail, its legs were small, its eyes were large and flat, and its mouth opened wide enough to take in several beetles at once. These signs show that the bird lived on insects, catching them in the air, and seeing very well and very far.

Frank carries with him a bottle filled with alcohol, and he may be talking to some one, when off he will rush after an insect of some kind to put into his bottle as a specimen. He will tear around the bedroom at night for beetles that have flown in.

I do not want to convey the idea that Frank is either odd or a lazy book-worm; no, he is a tall, athletic fellow, with a love for study, and exercise, and sport very equally balanced. He is good at all manly sports, besides being quite a society chap. Above all, he is a keen observer of nature; and so he enjoys himself, and learns something new every day. Tell your boys about him, Mr. Jack, and induce all to follow his example, who are not already in the ranks of young naturalists.—Yours truly,

T. S.

#### THE FIERY TEARS OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BEFORE vacation, I heard Deacon Green tell some of the big girls and boys that he hoped they would take voyages about the sky during some of the warm summer evenings; for Mr. Proctor's charts and descriptions made it easy work to get acquainted with the queer people and grim monsters the professor finds among the stars.

Then the Deacon got talking about meteors,—I remember telling you something about them myself in October, 1874,—but here is what the Deacon said:

"Showers of meteors fall at certain seasons of the year: about the 9th to the 14th of August, and the 12th to the 14th of November. At one time, the August shower was supposed to have some reference to the martyrdom of brave old St. Lawrence, for that good man's death took place on the 10th of the month, and so these meteors were called 'the fiery tears of St. Lawrence.' But the latest news about them is —"

Your Jack did n't catch the end of the explanation, my chicks, and, as the Deacon is on his holiday tour, I'd be obliged if some of you would inquire into the matter, and let me know what you have found out, before this month's shower actually falls. For, when I have learned the "latest news" about these meteors, perhaps it won't be so unnerving to lean back in my lonely pulpit and watch them darting about the sky.

#### WHICH ARE THE SWIMMERS?

LAST month, I am told, Dr. Hunt gave lessons in swimming to all the ST. NICHOLAS readers who are not swimmers already. I wonder how many of you know of the great numbers of swimmers there are in the world besides fishes and human beings?

Of course you all are aware that most dogs can swim; but how about other animals? Have you ever looked into this matter?

Once the Deacon, in his travels, saw a tiger swimming magnificently. (So you may set this quadruped down among the first on your list.) The creature, says the Deacon, put one paw first into the stream, as if to ascertain the direction of the current, and then plunged in as though water were his native element.

#### SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

Montclair, N. J., July 14, 1877.

DEAR JACK: The locusts have made their appearance in our neighborhood, but I have not yet heard what extent of country they cover. They are the "seventeen-year locusts," and, correct in their calculations as to the time promised for another visit, here they are. We have been very much interested in watching them emerge from their shells or cases, in which they come up out of the ground, where they have been all these years.

After the larva has attached itself to a tree, or something to which it can cling securely, the locust splits the case part way down the back, and draws out first its head and fore-legs; these parts it throws backward almost at a right angle to the grub. Remaining in this position several minutes (we thought it must certainly lose its balance and fall to the ground), the locust moves its legs, stretching them, and strengthening them by exposure to the air, until it is able to draw itself up. Then it clings to the almost empty case, and, with a strong pull, extricates the rest of its body, when it hangs limp, and apparently tired out with the exertion. The wings gradually unfold to their full size, and in a little while the locust is strong enough to crawl away from its deserted shell.

Locusts are very light in color when they first come out, but they rapidly change, and become quite dark. The woods are noisy with their whirring, but we do not expect any damage from them.



Indeed, some old farmers declare that locusts do not injure the trees upon which they take refuge, beyond killing a few twigs; and it is a common saying that, after a locust year, we have next year an unusually large apple crop, and other fruit-trees seem to profit by the visit.

I wish I could draw the locusts in their various positions. They come out at night, as, in their weak state at first, they certainly would fall a prey to the birds if they should come out in the day-time.

Those that we saw, had been brought into the house by my brother in the afternoon, and we looked at them during the evening, holding a candle near them, that we might see all the changes. I can't resist sending you this rough drawing, that you may see how straight out from its case the locust was for a while. The part marked A is the wing as it first appeared.—Yours truly,

H. M. D.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

Yung Cho, North China, April 4, 1877.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in China, fifteen miles from Peking. One of our aunts sends us the ST. NICHOLAS. We think it is splendid, and mamma says she does not know how she amused us before it came. We read it every evening. I have just read Susie's letter of July, '74. Will you tell her the Chinese are very nice. I have some very dear friends among them. I shall be very sorry to leave them when I go to America to go to school.

I can use chop-sticks very well. I am eleven years old, my sister Abbie is nine, my brother Eddie seven, my sister May is five, and my little brother Tedie is one year old. My oldest brother and youngest sister have gone to live with Jesus.

Abbie, Eddie and May wish to join the army of Bird-defenders. We will not let our cats catch birds; we took away five from them last summer. We feed a large flock of sparrows every day; they have staid with us all winter. The poor Chinese women think it a waste, but mamma says we are taught lessons of trust by the way they come every day for their food.

I send you a picture which one of my friends gave me. The Chinese put them up at New Year to make their homes bright.

We study with mamma every forenoon, and in the afternoon study a little Chinese. I send you a little book which I am learning to read. I help teach the little girls who come to Sunday-school.

I can ride a horse, and have ridden to Peking on a donkey many times.

I went to America when I was four years old. I hope when I go next time I shall see you.—Your loving little friend.

LULU E. CHAPIN.

We thank Lulu for her pleasant letter, and the Chinese paper and book. We wish all our young readers could see this Chinese "Reader" from which Lulu studies, and we shall be glad when she can send us a translation of one of its pages.

## A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR PROCTOR ON THE SEA-SERPENT.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I see in your "Letter-Box" a paragraph about the sea-serpent, inserted at the request of one of your young correspondents. The paragraph does not quite correctly represent what I actually said; but that does not much matter. I think it may interest your readers, however, to jot down a few facts, some of which are not commonly known, I believe, while others are commonly overlooked or forgotten. In passing let me remark that the circumstances mentioned in the paragraph were quoted from an essay by Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known Scottish naturalist.

1. A great number of foolish stories have been told about the sea-serpent by anonymous hoaxers, so that—  
2. Persons of known name are apt to be ashamed, rather than otherwise, to describe any sea-creature (or appearance) which they supposed to be the sea-serpent. Yet—  
3. In 1817, eleven Massachusetts witnesses of good repute gave evidence on oath before magistrates (one of whom corroborated the evidence from his own observation) about a serpentine sea-creature seventy or eighty feet long, seen in some cases within a few yards. It presented all the features afterward described by the officers of the "Dædalus."

4. In 1833 five British officers record a similar experience.  
5. In 1848 the captain of a British frigate sent to the Admiralty an official description of such a creature, seen (by himself and his officers) traveling past his ship, close by, so that he "could have recognized the features" of a human person at the distance "with the naked eye."

6. Captain Harrington and his officers saw such a creature in 1858 under such circumstances that he says: "I could no more be deceived than (as a seaman) I could mistake a porpoise for a whale."

7. The story last related, marvelous though it is (rejected by myself on that account, when first received, as a probable hoax), has been deposited on oath by all who were on board the "Pauline" at the time. The captain of the "Pauline" writes to me that, instead of being anxious to tell the story, he, and his officers and crew, were in twenty minds to keep it to themselves, knowing that they would be exposed to ridicule, and worse.

8. It is certain that creatures of the kind—i. e., not sea-serpents, which few believe in, but sea-saurians—were formerly numerous. (See Lyell's "Students' Geology,"—*Lias, Plesiosaurus Dolichodentus*.)

9. Of other creatures, numerous at the same time, occasional living specimens are still found. (See Lyell—*Lias Chimæra*.)  
10. Agassiz ("Zoologist," p. 2395) states that it would be in precise conformity with analogy that such an animal as the Enaliosaurus

(which, see Professor Winchell's "Sketches of Creation," p. 178, would precisely resemble the sea-serpent as described) should exist still in the American seas.

11. Of several existent sea creatures only very few specimens have ever been seen (in some cases only one).

With these, and many like facts before us, we may believe that the above-mentioned observers were deceived, and doubt whether any Enaliosaurus continue to exist. But there is no scientific reason for denying the possibility of their existing, and being occasionally seen. The foolish stories told by hoaxers have no bearing on the case one way or the other; at least, they should have no bearing with those who can reason aright.

Yours truly,  
RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Indianapolis, Indiana, June 4, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Speaking of a sentence containing a number of that's as a "that sentence," as "Stanley" did, I send you one that excels Lida B. Graves's.

John said in speaking of that "that," that that "that" that that "that sentence" contained was a conjunction. Thus I put eight "that's" together.—Yours truly,

ALBERT PORTER.

Washington, D. C., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy only thirteen years of age, and live in Washington, D. C., right across the street from the Capitol Park. The day that Governor Hayes was inaugurated there were at least 1,000,000 people over to the Capitol to see him. It was a glorious sight to see the great building all decorated with flags and to see the people there. During the day, the procession passing along in front of the building, left Governor Hayes at the Capitol. They went down Capitol Hill after his speech to take him down to the White House. When he was going to the White House I was in a great crowd, and I managed to get clear up in the front; when the crowd pressed, so as to get a peep at him, they pushed me right up to him so close that the back he was in ran over my toes almost. In the night-time they had a torch-light procession which was a great deal over a mile long,—say, about one mile and three-quarters long,—and about six men across. It was the most glorious sight I ever witnessed. I guess that a lot of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would have liked to see it.—Very respectfully,

WALTER DODGE.

ALICE R.—Your fraud has been discovered in many quarters. The story was stolen from Mace's "Fairy Tales." You will oblige us by never again sending anything to ST. NICHOLAS, as we cannot depend upon your honesty.

Philadelphia, January 21, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me by whom homeopathic medicine was invented and when?—Yours respectfully,

A. E.

The system of medicine known as homeopathy came from the experiments and discoveries of Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann. It had long been known that certain substances, if administered to persons in health, produced certain symptoms of disease, and many medical men had experimented in the matter long before Hahnemann was born, so that it cannot be said that any one invented homeopathy. Hahnemann was the first to make thorough examination of this matter, and the first to publish a full account of the discoveries that led to the system of medicine called the homeopathic treatment. Hahnemann was born in Meissen, Saxony, April 10, 1755, and died in Paris July 2, 1843. His first publications on homeopathy were issued in 1796.

The following are the answers to the French riddles sent by Julia H. George, and printed in our last "Letter-Box:—"

First: Mon premier est le premier de son espèce; mon second est le seul de son espèce, et mon tout est ce que je ne veux pas vous dire. (Adieu.)

Second: Mon premier est un animal domestique; mon second est ce que les dames n'aiment pas découvrir en elles-mêmes, et mon tout est une union. (Mariage.)

Third: Pourquoi l'Impératrice a-t-elle quitté Paris avec un dentiste? (A cause de ses dents,—Sédan.)



Carondelet (or South St. Louis), Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother has a young setter—he is a Gordon setter. He will bring me a stick, haul a wagon or sled, hold a piece of bread or meat on his nose until we tell him to take it, or when we count five, and then he will catch it in his mouth. He will jump over a stick, through a hoop, and play hide-and-seek with us. He goes down the street every evening to get my brother's lunch-basket, and brings it into the house; and he brings in the paper every morning. We also have two cats and five chickens. My cousin and I play Indians; we have wooden guns, pistols, daggers, tomahawks, and we have bags for blankets; we paint them. We each have a chamois leather cap with fur, feathers, and beads on; we also have bows and arrows. We dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep and built a house over it. We cook eggs, onions, potatoes, batter-cakes, and meat in it. We made buckets out of tin cans, and put wire handles in them; we made a gridiron out of wire, and plates out of the bottoms of tin cans. May be some other fellows and their sisters would like to know about it.—Yours truly,

P. D. NOEL.

The Ridge, Dover Plains, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a picture of a horse and a scare-crow which I have drawn with my pen from memory of what I saw last summer. I suppose city children hardly know what a scare-crow is. I will tell them. It is old clothes stuffed with straw or hay to resemble a man, and stuck upon a stick in a corn-field to keep the crows away from the corn when searching for grubs.

One day last summer I saw one of our horses go through open bars into our corn-field to examine a scare-crow. You know a horse when he sees anything strange will walk slowly toward it, going nearer and

can readily get at its principle of construction. Instead of Will saying: "Jack, give me a bite of your apple," as Wills sometimes do, he now says: "Ookja, ivega ema aiteba of oorya oopplea." "Broadway" is "Oodwaybraw." Of course every new language must have its poetry, and this one has shown its poetic side. The following verse I know you will admit is quite touching:

"OOKJA AND ILLJA.

"Ookja and Illja went oopwa the illha  
To etga a alpa of ooterwa,  
Ookja fell ownda and ookebra his oncra,  
And Illja came umblingta artera."

Mark Twain says the Italians spell a great deal better than they pronounce. Unlike the Italians these, these—"Ookja's" and "Illja's" pronounce a great deal better than they spell.

The only rule I can give you for pronouncing the words in this new jargon is to give the final A a prolonged ah sound, like the A in after. In fact, the language seems to be made up of "oo's" and "ah's." Now that the boys have a secret language I suppose secret meetings will be in order; and, dear me, I don't know what will come next. What with their initials, slang, and now this new jargon, why their own fathers and mothers cannot talk to them if it keeps on.

J. B. D.

Brooklyn, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell the Little Schoolma'am as I was wandering in the cemetery at Riverhead last summer, I came across the following history written on a tombstone, which I copied, thinking it might interest her:

"CAPT. JAMES FANNING,

"Died 1776, in the 98th year of his age.

"He was the great-grandson of Dominicus Fanning, who was mayor of a city in Ireland (under Charles I); was taken prisoner at the battle of Drogheda, 1649; all the garrison, except himself, put to the sword. He was beheaded by Cromwell; his head stuck upon a pole at the principal gate of the city; his property confiscated, because when Charles I. made proclamation of peace, as member of the Irish Council, he advised not to accept unless the British Government would secure to the Irish their religion, their property, and their lives.—O'Connell's History.

"His son, Edmund, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, married Catherine, daughter of Hugh Hays, Earl of Connaught, and emigrated to this country with his family, consisting of his wife Catherine, two sons, Thomas and William, and two servants, Lahorne and Oma. Settled in Stonington, Ct. William, in a battle with the Indians, was killed by King William, who split his head open with a tomahawk. Thomas had a daughter, Catherine Page, and one son, James; this Capt. James Fanning served under Great Britain, which government was at war with France; married Hannah Smith, of Smithtown; had five sons and four daughters, viz., Phineas, Thomas, Gilbert, Edmund, James, Catherine, Bertha, Sally and Nancy.

Phineas had a son, Phineas, who graduated at Yale College, 1768, two of whose sons are now living, 1850, viz.: William Fanning in New York City, and P. W. Fanning in Wilmington, N. C. His wife Hannah, son Thomas, and daughter Catherine, buried beside their father. Gilbert settled in Stonington, Ct. Edmund became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, where he held large estate. James settled on Long Island, had two sons, John and James; the latter was a merchant of years, residing three miles east of Riverhead, had five sons, four of whom are now living; the elder, James, died at Moriches in his seventy-second year, 1848. Nathaniel resides in town of South Hampton; two—Manasseh and Israel—reside in Riverhead town, and the fifth son, Joshua Fanning, physician in Greenport, Southold town. Sally Fanning married Captain Josiah Lupton, Catherine married a Mumford, Bertha married a Terry, and Nancy married Major John Wickham."

Now, dear Little Schoolma'am, is n't that a long inscription for a tombstone? It is said by the old folks of the town that Edmund Fanning brought over the first summer pear-tree that ever was in this country, and that he brought it over in a wash-tub. The tree is now living and bears fruit.—Your friend,

GESSIE C. DE VINNE.

Schenectady, March 12, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter, and tell you about a paper we have in school. I go to a private school with about five other children. And I thought that perhaps some of



THE HORSE AND THE SCARE-CROW. (DRAWN BY H. M. R. L.)

nearer, putting out his head to smell it, and when he is satisfied walk away. Our horse did so, and I have tried to draw the scene with my pen for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Excuse all imperfections. I am a little girl not yet twelve years of age.—Your young correspondent,

H. M. R. L.

Compton, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for some time, and we are always glad to see you. I think it is nicer to make butter in a bottle than in one of those little toy churns. I have made it several times, and I do not think it takes an hour to churn it. I will tell you how to do it. Put some cream (it is not necessary that it should be sour) into a bottle with a large opening, and after tightly corking it, shake well until the butter comes. If you have not too large a bottle, and do not make too hard work of it, it is not so very tiresome. You must shake it until the butter is pretty well gathered together, and after washing it, etc., as B. H. W. describes in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, I think you will have some nice butter. I am thirteen years old.—Your friend,

LILY M. COCHRANE.

Cincinnati, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Has the new language reached you yet? I mean the one that is used only by the boys and girls. I have met very few "grown-ups" who attempt to speak it at all; but it is astonishing how quickly the younger people take it up. Below I will give a sample or two of the new "lingo." By analyzing the specimens you



your readers who go to a private school, or whose mothers teach them, might like to do the same thing. Our teacher told us (my school-mates and myself) that she was going to have a paper, and we were to write for it. The next morning she told us to vote for an editor and a name. The name chosen was "The Shooting Star." Our best poet is a little girl ten years old.

My teacher says that the object of the paper is to make us improve in writing, spelling, and punctuation. I forgot to say that the editor writes the compositions with pen and ink. The scholars write notes with their compositions to the editor. The editor reads the notes, and looks over the compositions, and if they are written nicely, and she thinks they are good, she (excusing a few misspelt words) accepts them. I am afraid I have written too long a letter to be printed, but hope not. I will now close.—Your faithful reader, CLYDE FITCH.

P. S.—I hope and think that Jacob will marry Florie. I have taken you for about four years from our news-agent here. CLYDE.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our pussy was buried yesterday. We were sorry she died, but we did not cry.—Your little reader, ROB

P. S.—I forgot to say that I am eight years old. The pussy's name was St. Nicholas, after you. She was gray, with a white tail.

ROB.

Camillus, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Feb. 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read a great many letters from the little folks in your good magazine, and in the March number I saw one from a little girl in Maryland, with a picture of her play-house, and as I have a play-house of my own, I thought I would write another letter to you telling about it, and perhaps my papa would send it for me. My play-house is in the front yard of our place, and is five feet wide, eight feet long, and six feet high. It is divided into two rooms by curtains, it is all papered and carpeted, and has a large door with a porch over it, and two windows in it. My grandpa built it for me.



MYRA'S PLAY-HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

I have such splendid times in it during the summer. This is the third year I have taken ST. NICHOLAS. I like it ever so much. The stories are very nice, especially the "Eight Cousins" and "Pattikin's House." I will be nine years old in March. I go to school every day and like it very much. I send you a photograph of my play-house, which you may use if you think it is nice enough to put in the magazine.

From your little friend and well-wisher.

MYRA E. SAFFORD.

H. STARKWEATHER'S PROBLEM.—Since our July number went to press, the following boys and girls have been heard from in regard to Starkweather's problem: "H," Mary H. Buckingham, A. L. Manierre; "B," "John and others" send correct solutions. M. T. F. sends a very confused and unsatisfactory "explanation," and Mary

G. is quite at sea in the matter, as she will discover by noting the solution given in our June number. Mary A. Buckingham's communication is worth printing in full:

Newton, Mass., May 30, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I have found a solution which will satisfy H. Starkweather concerning the problem in algebra which he sent to the June "Letter-Box." I give it below:

Now  $49 - 63 = -14$ , and  $4 - 18 = -14$ , then  $49 - 63 = 4 - 18$ , or  $49 - 9(7) = 4 - 9(2)$ , adding  $\frac{81}{4}$  to each member of the equation, we have  $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = 4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}$ .

The square root of  $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = \pm(7 - \frac{9}{2})$ .

The square root of  $4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4} = \pm(2 - \frac{9}{2})$ .

We must take either the positive roots of both members, or the negative roots of both members.

Now  $7 - \frac{9}{2} = 7 - 4\frac{1}{2} = 2\frac{1}{2}$ , which is a positive quantity. Therefore,  $7 - \frac{9}{2}$  is the positive root of  $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4}$ .  $2 - \frac{9}{2} = 2 - 4\frac{1}{2} = -2\frac{1}{2}$ , which is a negative quantity. Therefore,  $2 - \frac{9}{2}$  is the negative root of  $4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}$ . If  $2 - \frac{9}{2}$  is the negative root, the positive root must be  $\frac{9}{2} - 2$ . Then the equation reads:  $7 - \frac{9}{2} = \frac{9}{2} - 2$ , or  $2\frac{1}{2} = 2\frac{1}{2}$ , which is correct.

Yours respectfully,

MARY H. BUCKINGHAM (aged 15 years).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your Christmas number I saw a letter about a doll which was one hundred and forty-three years old. I understood that it was supposed to be the oldest in America. We have one that is one hundred and fifty-eight years of age, and is consequently fifteen years older. This doll of ours is wooden. Time has thought fit to deprive it of its arms and legs, but its owner kindly substituted cloth ones. The last time it was dressed was about forty years ago. It wears a black silk petticoat, black satin dress, white kerchief, and carries in one hand a large blue silk handkerchief dotted with white. Its painted wooden head is covered by a muslin turban. Her complexion is sallow, although she still has considerable color in her cheeks. Her eyes are large, black, and bulging; her nose is worn flat and shiny. Altogether, she is so handsome that her one compliment is, "She looks like a mummy!" This little old lady is a model, for she is as straight as though glued to a board. When placed beside her waxen grandchildren we fail to discover any family resemblance. It came formerly from Paris. If she could speak, what would she tell? Perhaps she could give the true version of George and his little hatchet.—Yours truly,

ROSA B. DICKINSON.

New York, May 15, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick girl, and you are such a pleasure to me, I read you over and over again. I am making "Christmas City." It has a hotel called the Katydidd House, after myself, and a church called the church of St. Mucilage, a butcher's shop, a candy store, a grocer's store, and a dry-goods store, private houses, and other buildings, and a paper railway train made by myself. No two houses are alike. I send you some names for the Bird-defenders. When are you going to have another list? My sister, who is in Halifax, takes you, too, and we both like you so much. And now I must say good-bye, from your constant reader,

KATY UNIAKKE.

P. S.—Give my love to Jack and the Little Schoolma'am.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a tea-song sung by a Chinese woman to Queen Victoria and copied from a paper. See if any of your readers can translate it. We take several papers and books. As there are three of us, we can't all read the same thing at once very well, and it is better to read to ourselves. We agree to let each one read a certain paper first. I get to read you first, though my two brothers like you very much indeed. I want to surprise my brothers with this letter if you will be so kind as to print it.

Ohc ometo th ete asho pwit hme  
Andb uya po undo f thebe st  
Twillpr ovcam ostex cellentt ea  
Itsqua lit yal lwi lla tte st  
Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und  
Soc omet oter eama rtan dry  
Nob etterc ancl sewh erebefou nd  
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

MAMIE C. RAINEY.

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



The central picture represents the main word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.

## DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The whole is the name of a very popular author.  
Upper diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A part of a plant. 4. A boy's name. 5. A girl's name. 6. A word often used by Scotchmen. 7. A consonant.

Lower diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A deep hole. 3. Used in medicine. 4. A writer. 5. To step. 6. A conjunction. 7. A consonant.

## SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a float, and leave a small animal. 2. Syncope chilliness, and leave a fish. 3. Syncope a metal, and leave conducted. 4. Syncope a book, and leave a part of the foot. 5. Syncope to call, and leave a boy's nickname. 6. Syncope solitary, and leave a tropical plant. 7. Syncope a boat, and leave naked. 8. Syncope a plank, and leave a poet.

The syncope letters, read downward, give the name of a long-legged bird of the Tropics.

PLUTO.

## EASY CHARADE.

My first of the garden smacks;  
My second of woodland whacks.  
Sturdy and true are these two  
Homely, old-fashioned facts.  
And my whole would appear  
To be sincere,  
But is not, for truth it lacks.

M. O'B. D.

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. A PLACE of exhibition. 2. A memorial. 3. Older. 4. A relative. 5. Measures of land.

JACKIE D. W.

## PYRAMID PUZZLE.

LEFT slope, downward: A flower. Right slope, downward: Fruits of a certain kind. Center: An instrument used for boring. Across: 1. A consonant; 2, a constellation; 3, a simple person; 4, a kind of triangle; 5, animals one year old.

B.

## RIDDLE.

I'm a word of four letters, no more and no less,  
And what that word is I leave you to guess.  
Wherever my first and second you see,  
It will surely embrace you, as it always does me.  
My first, second, and third, though it well may apply  
To the smallest of things that appear to your eye,  
Yet, curiously enough, it is so compounded  
That with my first and second it might be confounded.  
Strange, that what pictures an object so small  
Should be big enough to embrace us all.  
On hearing my whole, you might think it was meant  
To be spoken of one whose vigor is spent;  
But while vigor sustains us, and life is our stay,  
My whole will keep coming and passing away. L. C. A.

## HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.

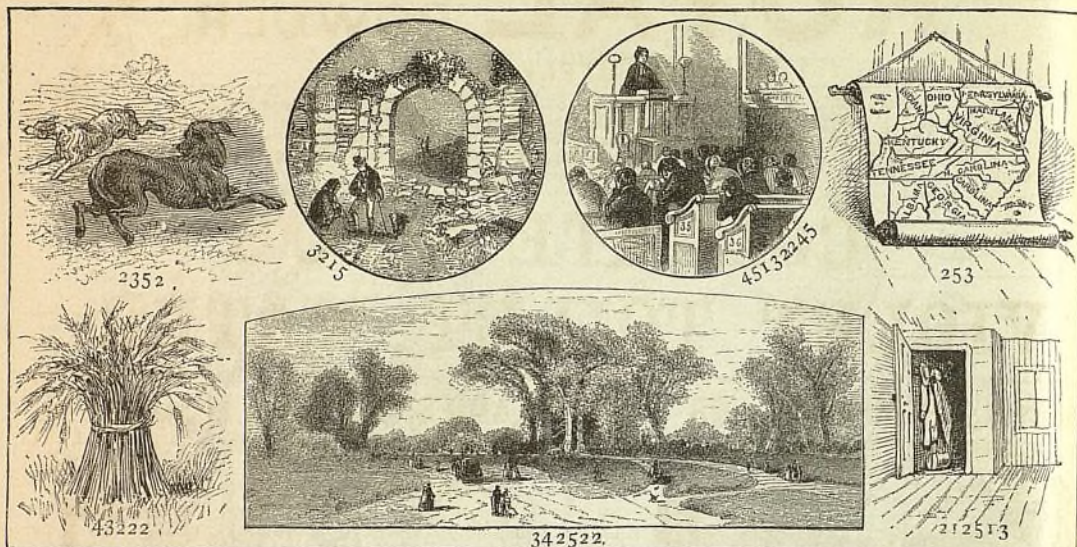
FIND in the following sentences an apt remark made by Napoleon to a French lady in time of great political danger:

Nervous people like Maud, Eve, Zoe and Harriet out-weary me, and prevent my paying them any devoirs; they are enough to utterly waken ten dreamers of matrimonial felicity, and cause them, beset with fear, to utter words of contempt. How old Baron Stoub (lier in wait, like Foote, for oddities to mimic) would hit off their peculiarities!

B.



## PICTORIAL ANAGRAM-ENIGMA.



*Ans.* A proverb of five words. Each of the figures underneath the pictures represents a letter in the word indicated by the figure (thus, 5 denotes a letter in the fifth word, 2 a letter in the second word, etc.)—and each collection of figures represents a word which describes the picture above it. From the seven words thus formed, select and group together all those belonging to the same word of the proverb (according to the numbering beneath the pictures). Then transpose these letters to form the word of the proverb indicated by the figure which the letters bear. (Thus, from the seven words, group together all the letters designated by the figure 3 beneath the different pictures, and transpose them to form the *third* word of the proverb.) Now, puzzle-solvers, find this familiar proverb!

## TRANPOSITIONS.

1. ALL started —, but — to the end of the race long before the rest —. 2. The — was poorly rhymed, and yet it was not —. 3. He stood for a —, — dismay. 4. Before I engaged in this business — comparatively an — life. 5. Why is it — abroad, as soon as a good deed —? 6. How much do you get, girls, for a weekly —? —, — —! B.

## METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a poison. Change my head, and I am a grass; again, and I am a native of one of Europe's smallest kingdoms; again, and I am a girl's name; again, and I am a small road; again, and I am found on horses and lions; again, and I am of glass; again, and I am not mad; again, and I show which way the wind blows; once more, and I decrease.  
SEDGWICK.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—1. Hogg. 2. Horse-tail. 3. "The Hub." 4. Nave, or Knave. 5. Fellow (Felloe). 6. "Right wheel." 7. Tale. 8. A shaft. 9. "Boots." 10. Cholera. 11. Box. 12. Pause (paws). 13. Rains. 14. Tire. 15. Spoke. 16. Mouse-ear. 17. One hoghead. 18. Lash. 19. Chops. 20. Ho!

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Be just, and fear not."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

F  
A R E  
A G E N T  
F R E E D O M  
E N D O W  
T O W  
M

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Canto, ant. 2. Crumb, rum. 3. Crape, rap. 4. Court, our. 5. Clown, low. 6. Shame, ham. 7. Stripe, trip. 8. Tramp, ram. 9. Swine, win. 10. Stare, tar. 11. Flour, Lou. 12. Ledger, edge.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—1. Concur. 2. Condor. 3. Confirm. 4. Con-sole. 5. Contract. 6. Contrite. 7. Converge. 8. Content. 9. Contest.

EASY RIDDLE.—Carpet.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—"Les murailles ont des oreilles."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—  
L—ca—D  
I—ag—O  
T—ho—R  
T—ige—R  
L—cv—I  
E—agle—T

CHARADE.—Morning Glory.

OMNIBUS WORD.—Spear.

I.—Sap, Are, Pea.

II.—Asp, Sea, Par.

III.—S, Ape, Spear, Ear, R.

IV.—Spar, Raps.

V.—Pear, Pare, Reap, Sear, Spare, Rase, Parse, Era, Par, Rasp.

"Bessie and her Cousin," Jackie D. W., and "M. W. C." answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the June number. ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES were received previous to June 18th from Bessie White Frothingham, "Bumpy," Laura Randolph, Jennie Platt, F. E. Bullard, Emma Elliott, "Daisie," "Mile," Genevieve Allis, Nellie Emerson, F. H. Whipple, Brainard P. Emery, Gertrude Vickery, Jessie L. Hopkins, Ellie M. Stanger, Daisy Hobbs, Alice Boott, "Bessie, Lucy, and Susy," Ira P. Rowley, "S. S. and A. S.," "A. H.," Eddie Bryan, Sadie Duffield, Constance Grandpierre, R. Townsend McKeever, Edith McKeever, "Bob White," Zenobia Porter, George H. Williams, Willie E. Wright, Mary L. Howard, Alie Bertram, Bessie Dorsey, Florence Wilcox, Elsie L. Shaw, Adelle Mills, Inez and Cadmir, René L. Millnau, Jennie Page, A. P. Folwell, Annie S. Longfellow, Arthur C. Smith, Lilla Stone, C. S. Riché, Jr., L. Ford, Henry C. Lee, H. V. Wurdemann, Nessie E. Stevens, "Alex.," Harriet Bradbury, Howard Steel Rodgers, Philip Chaney, B. O'Hara, Bessie R. Virom, Alice G. Bull, Louisa L. Richards, W. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, "Scudde Smith, A. G. Cameron, Hugh T. Carney, George Herbert White, Louise M. Corbett, Perry Adams, Milly Adams, Harriet A. Clark, Alfred Kocher, Katie Earl, Edith Lowry, Eleanor N. Hughes.