

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 12.

[Copyright, 1877, by Scribner & Co.]

MOTHER.

—
BY M. M. D.
—

EARLY one summer morning,
I saw two children pass :
Their footsteps, slow yet lightsome,
Scarce bent the tender grass.

One, lately out of babyhood,
Looked up with eager eyes ;
The other watched her wistfully,
Oppressed with smothered sighs.

"See, mother!" cried the little one,
"I gathered them for you?
The sweetest flowers and lilies,
And Mabel has some too."

"Hush, Nelly!" whispered Mabel,
"We have not reached it yet.
Wait till we get there, darling,
It is n't far, my pet."

"Get where?" asked Nelly. "Tell me."
"To the church-yard," Mabel said.
"No! no!" cried little Nelly,
And shook her sunny head.

Still Mabel whispered sadly,
"We must take them to the grave.
Come, darling?" and the childish voice
Tried to be clear and brave.

But Nelly still kept calling
Far up into the blue ;
"See, mother, see, how pretty
We gathered them for you."

And when her sister pleaded,
She cried—and would not go :—
"Angels don't live in church-yards,
My mother don't, I know!"

Then Mabel bent and kissed her.
"So be it, dear," she said ;
"We'll take them to the arbor
And lay them there instead.

"For mother loved it dearly,
It was the sweetest place!"
And the joy that came to Nelly
Shone up in Mabel's face.

I saw them turn, and follow
A path with blossoms bright,
Until the nodding branches
Concealed them from my sight ;

But still like sweetest music
The words came ringing through ;
"See, mother, see, how pretty!
We gathered them for you."



"WAIT TILL WE GET THERE, DARLING."

(See poem "Mother," page 769.)

GONE ASTRAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

ELLEN was so happy, and warm, and comfortable when she found herself going safely on her way in the carrier's cart, that she fell fast asleep.

When she awoke, he gave her some bread and cheese for her breakfast, and some water out of a brook that crossed the road, and then Ellen began to look about her. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining, and the country looked very pleasant; but Ellen thought it a strange country. She could see so much farther! And corn was growing everywhere, and there was not a sheep to be seen, and there were many cows feeding in the fields.

"Are we near Edinburgh?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" answered the carrier; "we are a long way from Edinburgh yet."

And so they journeyed on. The day was flecked all over with sunshine and rain; and when the rain's turn came, Ellen would creep under a corner of the tarpaulin till it was over. They slept part of the night at a small town they passed through.

Ellen thought it a very long way to Edinburgh, though the carrier was kind to her. At length she spied, far away, a great hill, that looked like a couching lion.

"Do you see that hill?" said the carrier.

"I am just looking at it," answered Ellen.

"Edinburgh lies at the foot of that hill."

"Oh!" said Ellen; and scarcely took her eyes off it till it went out of sight again.

Reaching the brow of an eminence, they saw Arthur's Seat (as the carrier said the hill was called) once more, and below it a grand, jagged ridge of what Ellen took to be broken rocks. But the carrier told her that was the Old Town of Edinburgh. Those fierce-looking splinters on the edge of the mass were the roofs, gables, and chimneys of the great houses once inhabited by the nobility of Scotland. But when you come near the houses you find them shabby-looking; for they are full of poor people, who cannot keep them clean and nice.

At length the cart stopped at a public-house in the Grassmarket—a wide, open place, with strange old houses all round it, and a huge rock, with a castle on its top, towering over it. There Ellen got down.

"I can't go with you till I've unloaded my cart," said the carrier.

"I don't want you to go with me, please," said

Ellen. "I think Willie would rather not. Please give me father's letter."

So the carrier gave her the letter, and got a little boy of the landlady's to show her the way up the West-bow—a street of tall houses, so narrow that you might have shaken hands across it from window to window. But those houses are all pulled down now, I am sorry to say, and the street Ellen went up has vanished.

From the West-bow they went up a stair into the High street, and thence into a narrow court, and then up a winding stair, and so came to the floor where Willie's lodging was. Then the little boy left Ellen.

Ellen knocked two or three times before anybody came; and when at last a woman opened the door, what do you think the woman did the moment she inquired after Willie? She shut the door in her face with a fierce scolding word. For Willie had vexed her that morning, and she thoughtlessly took her revenge upon Ellen without even asking her a question. Then, indeed, for a moment, Ellen's courage gave way. All at once she felt dreadfully tired, and sat down upon the stair and cried. And the landlady was so angry with Willie that she forgot all about the little girl that wanted to see him.

So for a whole hour Ellen sat upon the stair, moving only to let people pass. She felt dreadfully miserable, but had not the courage to knock again, for fear of having the door shut in her face yet more hopelessly. At last a woman came up and knocked at the door. Ellen rose trembling and stood behind her. The door opened; the woman was welcomed; she entered. The door was again closing when Ellen cried out in an agony:

"Please, ma'am, I want to see my brother Willie!" and burst into sobs.

The landlady, her wrath having by this time cooled, was vexed with herself and ashamed that she had not let the child in.

"Bless me!" she cried; "have you been there all this time? Why did n't you tell me you were that fellow's sister? Come in. You won't find him in, though. It's not much of his company we get, I can tell you."

"I don't want to come in, then," sobbed Ellen. "Please to tell me where he is, ma'am."

"How should I know where he is? At no good, I warrant. But you had better come in and

wait, for
to-morro
With
by the
visitor sa
casting a
ground,
come.

sad face
she kne
loved th
though

In a f
her bon
Then sh
was taki
Ellen an
with am
tion, and

"We
ways, th

Then
ising to

Ellen
she wok
through
her froc
kitchen.

"You
lady.

"Wh

"Oh
panions

"Wh

"The

"I kr

young tr

He ha

Willie b

voice wh

"Oh

want to

"You

"Yes

"We

you'll fi

wish you

Willie."

"I we

on her h

"Stop

The l

all went

What

But she

great lig

the ston

wait, for it's your only chance of seeing him before to-morrow morning."

With a sore heart, Ellen went in and sat down by the kitchen fire. And the landlady and her visitor sat and talked together, every now and then casting a look at Ellen, who kept her eyes on the ground, waiting with all her soul till Willie should come. Every time the landlady looked, Ellen's sad face went deeper into her heart; so that, before she knew what was going on in herself, she quite loved the child; for she was a kind-hearted woman, though she was sometimes cross.

In a few minutes she went up to Ellen and took her bonnet off. Ellen submitted without a word. Then she made her a cup of tea; and while Ellen was taking it she asked her a great many questions. Ellen answered them all; and the landlady stared with amazement at the child's courage and resolution, and thought with herself:

"Well, if anything can get Willie out of his bad ways, this little darling will do it."

Then she made her go to Willie's bed, promising to let her know the moment he came home.

Ellen slept and slept till it was night. When she woke it was dark, but a light was shining through beneath the door. So she rose and put on her frock and shoes and stockings, and went to the kitchen.

"You see he's not come yet," said the landlady.

"Where can he be?" returned Ellen, sadly.

"Oh! he'll be drinking with some of his companions in the public-house, I suppose."

"Where is the public-house?"

"There are hundreds of them, child."

"I know the place he generally goes to," said a young tradesman who sat by the fire.

He had a garret-room in the house, and knew Willie by sight. And he told the landlady in a low voice where it was.

"Oh! do tell me, please sir," cried Ellen. "I want to get him home."

"You don't think he'll mind you, do you?"

"Yes, I do," returned Ellen, confidently.

"Well, I'll show you the way, if you like; but you'll find it a rough place, I can tell you. You'll wish yourself out of it pretty soon, with or without Willie."

"I won't leave it without him," said Ellen, tying on her bonnet.

"Stop a bit," said the landlady. "I'll go along."

The landlady put on her bonnet, and out they all went into the street.

What a wonder it *might* have been to Ellen! But she only knew that she was in the midst of great lights, and carts and carriages rumbling over the stones, and windows full of pretty things, and

crowds of people jostling along the pavements. In all the show she wanted nothing but Willie.

The young man led them down a long, dark close through an arch-way, and then into a court off the close, and then up an outside stone stair to a low-browed door, at which he knocked.

"I don't much like the look of this place," said the landlady.

"Oh! there's no danger, I dare say, if you keep quiet. They'll never hurt the child. Besides, her brother'll see to that."

Presently the door was opened, and the young man asked after Willie.

"Is he in?" he said.

"He may be, or he may not," answered a fat, frouzy woman, in a dirty cotton dress. "Who wants him?"

"This little girl."

"Please, ma'am, I'm his sister."

"We want no sisters here."

And she tried to close the door. I dare say the landlady remembered with shame that that was just what she had done that morning.

"Come! come!" interposed the young tradesman, putting his foot between the door and the post; "don't be foolish. Surely you won't go to keep a child like that from speaking to her own brother! Why, the Queen herself would let her in."

This softened the woman a little, and she hesitated, with the latch in her hand.

"Mother wants him," said Ellen. "She's very ill. I heard her cry about Willie. Let me in."

She took hold of the woman's hand, who drew it away hastily, but stepped back, at the same time, and let her enter. She then resumed her place at the door.

"Not a one of *you* shall come in!" she said, as if justifying the child's admission by the exclusion of the others.

"We don't want to," said the young man. "But we'll just see that no harm comes to her."

"D'ye think I'm not enough for that?" said the woman, with scorn. "Let me see who dares to touch her! But you may stay where you are, if you like. The air's free."

So saying, she closed the door, with a taunting laugh.

The passage was dark in which Ellen found herself; but she saw a light at the further end, through a key-hole, and heard the sounds of loud talk and louder laughter. Before the woman had closed the outer door, she had reached this room; nor did the woman follow, either to guide or prevent her.

A pause came in the noise. She tapped at the door.

"Come in!" cried some one; and she entered.

Around a table were seated four youths, drinking. Of them, one was Willie, with flushed face and flashing eyes. They all stared when the child stood before them, in her odd, old-fashioned bonnet, and her little shawl pinned at the throat. Willie stared as much as any of them.

"Willie! Willie!" cried Ellen; and would have rushed to him, but the table was between.

"What do you want here, Ellen? Who the deuce let you come here?" said Willie, not quite unkindly.

"I want you, Willie. Come home with me. Oh! please come home with me."

"I can't now, Ellen, you see," he answered. Then, turning to his companions, "How could the child have found her way here?" he said, looking ashamed as he spoke.

"You're fetched. That's all," said one of them, with a sneer. "Mother's sent for you."

"Go along!" said another; "and mind you don't catch it when you get home!"

"Nobody will say a word to you, Willie," interposed Ellen.

"Be a good boy, and don't do it again!" said the third, raising his glass to his lips.

Willie tried to laugh, but was evidently vexed.

"What are you standing there for, Ellen?" he said, sharply. "This is no place for you."

"Nor for you either, Willie," returned Ellen, without moving.

"We're all very naughty, are n't we, Ellen?" said the first.

"Come and give me a kiss, and I'll forgive you," said the second.

"You sha'n't have your brother; so you may trudge home again without him," said the third.

And then they all burst out laughing, except Willie.

"Do go away, Ellen!" he said, angrily.

"Where am I to go to?" she asked.

"Where you came from."

"That's home," said Ellen; "but I can't go home to-night, and I dare n't go home without you. Mother would die. She's very ill, Willie. I heard her crying last night."

It seemed to Ellen at the moment that it was only last night she left home.

"I'll just take the little fool to my lodgings and come back directly," said Willie, rather stricken at this mention of his mother.

"Oh yes! Do as you're bid!" they cried, and burst out laughing again.

But Willie was angry now.

"I tell you what," he said, "I'll go when and where I like. I don't need to ask *your* leave,—do I?"

Two of them were silent now, because they were afraid of Willie; for he was big and strong. The third, however, said, with a sneer.

"Go with its little sister to its little mammy!"

Now, Willie could not get out, so small was the room and so large the table, except one or other of those next him rose to let him pass. Neither did. Willie, therefore, jumped on the table, kicked the tumbler of the one who had last spoken into the breast of his shirt, jumped down again, took Ellen by the hand, and left the house.

"The rude boys!" said Ellen. "I would never go near them again, if I was you, Willie."

But Willie said never a word, for he was not pleased with Ellen, or with himself, or with his friends.

When they got into the house he said, abruptly:

"What's the matter with your mother, Ellen?"

"I don't know, Willie; but I don't think she'll ever get better. I'm sure father does n't think it either."

Willie was silent for a long time. Then he said:

"How did you come here, Ellen?"

And Ellen told him the whole story.

"And now you'll come home with me, Willie," she added, "and we shall be so happy,—father and mother, and all,—so happy!"

"It was very foolish of you, Ellen. To think you could bring me home if I did n't choose!"

"But you do choose,—don't you, Willie?"

"You might as well have written," he said.

Then Ellen remembered her father's letter, which the carrier had given her. And she took it out of her pocket, and gave it to Willie. And Willie took it, and sat down, with his back to Ellen, and read it through. Then he burst out crying, and laid his head on his arms and cried harder yet. And Ellen got upon a bar of the chair—for he was down on the table—and leaned over him, and put her arms 'round his neck, and said, crying herself all the time:

"Nobody said a word to the black lamb when Jumper brought him home, Willie. We were all so glad to see him!"

And Willie lifted his head, and put his arms around Ellen, and drew her face to his, and kissed her as he used to kiss her years ago.

* * * * *

They went home with the carrier next day. Their father did n't say much when he saw Willie. But he held out his hand with a half smile on his lips, and a look in his eye like the moon before a storm.

And his mother held out her arms, and drew him down to her bosom, and stroked his hair, and prayed God to bless Willie, her boy.

"And did she grow better?" I think I hear you ask. Yes, she did; but not very soon.

"And Ellen,—were n't they glad to see Ellen?" They made more of Willie than they did of Ellen.

"And was n't Ellen sorry?" No; she never

noticed it,—she was so busy making much of Willie, too.

But when she went to bed that night, her father kissed her and said: "The blessin' o' an auld father be upo' ye, my wee bairn!"



THERE'S a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night,
Sailing to-night!
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright,
Shining and bright!
Dear moon! he'll be sailing for many a night—
Sailing from mother and me.
Oh! follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea!

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO GREW SMALLER.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

Now, I presume there are grown-up people who are too stupid to understand how anybody can "grow smaller," but the little children who are going to listen to this story are wise and bright enough to know all about it, I am sure. Therefore, let the grown-up people go away into the parlor and talk their grand talk, while the little folks and I cuddle down by the pleasant nursery-fire and have our story.

Once there was a little girl. She was three

years old, and if you asked her what her name was she always said "Kittyman Tannyman." Her real name was Kitty Taine, but she never liked that name—she said it was "too quick," and one day, after she had been sitting very quietly in the sunshine for several minutes, thinking and thinking with all her might, she called out to her mamma that she had "longed" her name, and made it over into "Kittyman Tannyman."

So, after this, she was called Kittyman Tannyman

—except when she was naughty, and then she was called Kitty Taine, and the name sounded quicker than ever.

However, Kittyman Tannyman was n't naughty very often. Sometimes, to be sure, she did n't like to wear a "dingham" apron in the morning, but wanted to put on a white one, with crimped ruffles and pink bows on the pockets, and then run out to make sand-cakes in the back yard until she was n't fit to be seen. And sometimes she wanted to go everywhere her mamma went, and would stand in the hall and cry with her mouth open so wide you would think she could never shut it again, and angry tears jumping down her cheeks like rain-drops in a thunder-storm. But, taking all the days together, Kittyman Tannyman was more good than bad, and no one in the house could bear the thought of living without her. She was good and kind to all her dollies, and never left them lying about the floor to be stepped on by the big people, and when she gave them baths she was sure to have the water just right, and *never* put soap in their eyes. If she spilled ink, or went to the sugar-bin, or cut off her front hair, or picked the prettiest buds from her mamma's plants, she always looked so sorry, and said she "did n't fink about it," and was a 'good girl' for a great many hours afterward. This was the sort of child Kittyman Tannyman was before her big fault came.

You would never guess what that dreadful fault was, so I will tell you. It was the fault of *not going to sleep!* First, she did n't want her afternoon nap any more; and, after a while, she did n't want to go to sleep when bed-time came. As weeks went on she sat up later and later, and her eyes grew rounder and rounder, until her big brother told her if she did n't go to bed like other children he would feel obliged to call her an owl. Kittyman Tannyman, however, did not care. Every evening she sat up a little later than the last evening, and although her mamma put on her loveliest night-gown, told her every story under the stars, and sung her every song she ever knew, still Kittyman Tannyman lay wide-awake in her little bed, looking at the lamp with eyes that never so much as winked.

Her papa would say, "Don't bother with her—she will go to sleep by and by!" and then her mamma would go out into the sitting-room, leaving the door open,—for she felt very sorry for any poor child who would n't go to sleep,—and Kittyman Tannyman would kick about with her little lily legs and sing soft, small songs to herself, and talk to the three dolls lying beside her until—well, nobody ever knew *when* she went to sleep! Certainly she was awake when everybody else was in bed and asleep, and the first sound in the morning was the

voice of Kittyman Tannyman singing to her three dolls.

Papa, mamma and the big brother began to be frightened. No matter how nice a little boy or girl may be, they can't live and grow without sleep, and plenty of it, too; and very soon everybody noticed that poor Kittyman Tannyman was beginning to grow smaller. The doctor was called in. He looked at the little girl's tongue, took her chubby wrist in his fingers, talked with her, and watched her as she ran dancing out of the room.

"Well, what do you think, Doctor?" said both her papa and mamma together.

"She does n't need any medicine," he said. "She's perfectly well from head to foot. It's just a clear case of *wont go to sleep*. She'll get tired of it after a while, you may depend. But you



KITTYMAN TANNYMAN AND HER DOLL.

must watch over her with the greatest care. The only danger lies in her growing *so* small that she will get stepped on, or eaten up by the cat, or something of that sort. When she gets so small that the situation will have become disgusting to her, there will be a reaction. This is a very rare disease among children, and a very interesting one. I never knew but three children who grew smaller. One of them was swept up in the dust-pan by a careless servant, and almost smothered to death; but they are all living now, and are as big as anybody. Constant care is all that your Kittyman Tannyman needs. Good-morning!"—and the doctor picked up his shining hat and went away without leaving even one tiny sugar-pellet, for he was a doctor who had a soul, and he never made

people
time th

When
again?
as she
was n
cry. H
doll fr
there;
about
sugar r
solve t
her ha
had al
pretty

"I s
her ma
to mak
making
dress, c
smaller
sewing
needles
smaller
ings, u
so muc
ness!
cheap
aprons
new sh
stockin
several
each pa

Poor
in her
she wo
and cry
crimpy
used to
no big
about l
hiding
the big

At r
in bed,
doll's c
one eve
except

So sl
in her
her tw
be seen
the cha
day or
visible,
So her
quiet sl

people take his medicines when he knew all the time they had no need of them.

When Kittyman Tannyman ran into the room again she looked all about for the "sugar meds," as she called them, and when her mamma said she was not to have any, her eyes were almost ready to cry. But her papa took a lovely, curly-headed boy doll from his pocket, and wondered how it came there, and whom it was for, and seemed so puzzled about it, that Kittyman Tannyman forgot the sugar meds, and climbed up in his lap to help him solve the problem. As her papa placed the doll in her hands he was grieved to see how small they had already grown, and how loose and large her pretty button boots had become.

"I shall have to make her clothes all over," said her mamma. And sure enough, she not only had to make them smaller, but there was no end to making them smaller. Every day an apron or a dress, or a hat, or a brodered skirt had to be made smaller, until mamma's fingers ached, and the sewing-machine got out of patience and broke its needles; and every day her papa had to buy a smaller pair of shoes and a smaller pair of stockings, until he said it was no use, he could n't spend so much money on Kittyman Tannyman's smallness! So, finally, her mamma made up a lot of cheap calico frocks,—worse than any "dingham" aprons that ever were worn,—and, instead of having new shoes every day, she had to wear just flannel stockings, for these her mamma could cut and sew, several pairs in an hour—being careful to make each pair a little smaller than the last.

Poor Kittyman Tannyman looked very queer in her little calico frocks and flannel stockings, and she would sometimes roll up in a corner of the sofa and cry softly to herself for a while, thinking of the crimp, crispy white aprons and bronze boots she used to wear. But it seemed so jolly to her to be no bigger than a big doll she would soon forget about her clothes in running all over the house and hiding in all sorts of cunning little places and making the big people look for her long and anxiously.

At night, when it was time for everybody to be in bed, her mamma undressed her and put her in a doll's cradle that had been selected for her; but no one ever saw her asleep, and everybody was worried except Kittyman Tannyman herself.

So she went on growing smaller. When she sat in her high chair at table, only her curly top-knot, her two round eyes, and the tip of her nose could be seen. Her mamma put the big dictionary in the chair, with a pillow on the top of it, and for a day or two Kittyman Tannyman's whole face was visible, but after that she was as low down as ever. So her mamma said if she would be very nice and quiet she might sit *on* the table, in a doll's chair,

close by the sugar-bowl, and use a doll's plate and spoon, since her own had become too large for her tiny hands. Kittyman Tannyman enjoyed this change very much, and for a few days sat very quietly in her place, but one night she hid behind the sugar-bowl and played bo-peep with her big brother until she became very wild and gay, and before anybody could say "Kitty Taine" she skipped across the cheese-plate, ran around the castor, and tripping against a salt-cellar, fell head-long into a dish of clear, bright, shaky lemon-jelly.

Of course, such conduct was not to be allowed; but after Kittyman Tannyman was sufficiently punished by being washed and combed and curled for a whole hour, she was ready to promise that she would never—never—run away on the table again. But the promises of very little girls who grow smaller every day are not of much value. Every few days some shocking accident would occur at table, and Kittyman Tannyman was sure to be at the bottom of it. The flowers were upset into the soup, the milk spilled over the salad, the pickles drowned in the water-pitcher, and one day a doll's leg was found in the gravy. Her mamma said it was impossible to watch such a little thing all the time, and as there were no whippings in the house small enough to apply to her, she would be obliged to tie her fast in her chair at meal-times.

After this the table was orderly enough, but I could never describe the amount of mischief done about the house. Every one knows what even one little mouse can do if given the whole house to live in, so it can be imagined how much mischief this mite of a girl did, who had brains to think with and two hands to work with. They were all talking of what *could* be done with Kittyman Tannyman, when something occurred to convince them that something *must* be done.

Kittyman Tannyman had grown so very small, she could now hide herself in the most unheard-of places, and when she was called she would often decline to answer, and make her poor, tired papa and mamma have a grand hunt for her. One night, when an elegant supper had been prepared, and her mamma had dressed herself in her prettiest dress, and was watching from the window for Kittyman's papa,—it being a birthday, or something of the sort,—Kittyman Tannyman got down from the swing which her brother had made for her under the rose-geranium, and, running softly over the carpet, crawled into one of her papa's slippers that were warming by the fire, and squeezed and crowded herself into the toe of it completely out of sight. Then she put her wee hand over her wee mouth, and laughed a little laugh that nobody could hear—thinking what a task they would have to find her this time.



KITTYMAN HAS BEGUN TO GROW SMALLER.

Presently in came her papa, and he and her mamma both stood before the door talking a vast amount of nonsense, it seemed to Kittyman Tannyman. Then her mamma said: "Mercy—the dinner! Now where is that mouse?"

"Dear me," said her papa, in a discouraged voice, "is she hiding again?" And then he went into the dressing-room, and Kittyman Tannyman never dreamed that he was taking off his damp boots. He came back in a moment, put his foot into one slipper, and stamped it on—for he was very hungry, and knew that the baked whitefish was cooling. He put his foot in the other slipper, and st— But, before he had *quite* stamped it on, there came a funny, frightened little squeak from the slipper. If her papa had been her mamma, he would have screamed, and perhaps kicked the slipper into the fire; but, being a man, he only snatched off the slipper and looked into it.

There was poor Kittyman Tannyman away down in the toe, gasping for breath.

Was this the last of Kittyman Tannyman? Oh, no; she had hurt her papa much more than he had hurt her. After she had been carried to the open air, and had a drop of cologne on her head and chest, she was quite herself again. Her papa, however, could barely taste the elegant supper—he had experienced such a "shock," he said, and added there was very little use in living if we were never to know what was going to happen next. The result of this little game of hide-and-seek was that Kittyman Tannyman found herself next day under a large glass goblet, with a little rocking-chair, a few playthings, and no way of getting out again.

"It is the only way to keep her from worrying our lives out!" said her papa, as he sadly shoved

a cluster of white currants under the goblet and turned away.

Instead of feeling badly about it, Kittyman Tannyman was quite charmed with life under glass, and danced gayly about her little crystal house until she was glad to sit down in the tiny rocking-chair to rest herself and drink the juice of a currant or two. Then she looked about her, and said to herself how nice it was to have a house all window, and felt very sorry for the big people who had to live in great, monstrous wooden rooms full of dust and draughts.

The doctor called, and stood by the table, talking with her papa and mamma, and looking at Kittyman Tannyman now and then. Her mamma had just been asking him if the reaction ever would come.

"It will be queer enough if it does n't," said the doctor. "She's carrying it pretty far, I must confess. Perhaps it would be well enough to—to—prepare for the worst. If she continues to grow small for another week, I fear——"

But her mamma cried out, "Oh, don't, Doc-



KITTYMAN AT HOME IN THE GOBLET.

tor!" and her papa turned away, biting his lips to keep them from curling up like her mamma's.

"But still there is hope—there is hope!" said the good doctor, hurrying out of the room.

"Oh, Kittyman Tannyman!" said her mamma, kneeling by the table, and putting her face so near the goblet that the little girl was almost afraid of her big eyes with such bright tears shining in them. "Oh, Kittyman Tannyman! why *wont* you sleep? Don't you see how small you have grown? Do you want to grow so small that we can never see you any more, or kiss you, or have any little girlie again as long as we live? And—oh, just think of your beautiful bronze boots, Kittyman Tannyman!"

Kittyman Tannyman thought of her bronze boots, and looked quite serious for five seconds. Then she shrugged her little shoulders, helped herself to another currant, and said:

"Don't bover me, mamma! Me don't *feel* s'eepty!"

Then her mamma and papa both went out of the room, and both held their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

It was, indeed, quite pleasant under the goblet, for a day or two. Everything was so nice and clean and quiet. The crimson table-cloth on which the goblet sat made a fine, soft carpet for Kittyman Tannyman's feet; a small hole conveniently broken out near the top of the glass supplied her with fresh air; she had a tiny silver bell to ring whenever she wanted anything, and her big brother brought her specks of sugar, and now and then a slice of strawberry. But no one likes to be shut up for long—no matter how pretty one's prison may be, and she was very glad when her brother brought her lunch in a hurry one day, carelessly left the goblet tilted up on the rockers of her little chair, and ran off for a game of base-ball.

Now was Kittyman Tannyman's time. She did not wait to eat her dinner, but crawled out from under the goblet, and ran dancing and leaping about the table as happy as a sunbeam. Her mamma's work-box, with the lid thrown back, showing all the delightful silks and buttons and worsteds, was on one end of the table, and it was n't half a minute before Kittyman Tannyman

had climbed into it and was having great fun. She had never been permitted to touch this work-box, but she did n't stop to think of that. She rolled the bright spools out upon the table, tangled the worsteds, tossed the buttons right and left, put her mamma's gold thimble on her head, laughing to think what a funny cap it made, and tumbled and tangled everything she could find, until she was weary of mischief.

Then she wished she could get down on the floor and find new worlds to conquer. It seemed a great

distance, and she had to think matters over for three minutes. Then she remembered once seeing her brother slide down a long way on a rope in the barn. She climbed into the work-box again, and finding some tape, she spent many minutes in trying to tie one end of it around the key of the work-box. It was a funny knot when it was done, but it held very well, and Kittyman Tannyman immediately proceeded to slide down on the tape.

She found herself on the floor a little sooner than she expected, and her hands felt tingly, but she was soon scampering over the carpet, looking out for whatever mischief might offer itself. Away down in the kitchen her mamma was making currant jelly, and Kittyman Tannyman was in no danger of interruption. She crawled under the book-case, but came out sneezing, for she found nothing but dust. She clambered up among the plants, and pulled and tugged at two bright roses until their petals came down upon her in a shower, and they indignantly pricked her with one of their sharp thorns. She cried a little, but only the plants heard her, and they seemed to think it served her right. She pressed her little nose against the window, and wished she could run outside, like big people. "Well, why not try?" said a little voice in her heart. "I *will* try," said Kittyman Tannyman out loud. She ran to the door leading into the hall; it was open half an inch. "I can *sideways* fru it," she said, and sure enough she did. The outer door was wide open, and in a moment Kittyman Tannyman was out in the big, big world, all by herself. "The straw-



"POP! WENT THE FOOT OF THE PAPER CRADLE."

berry-patch?" said the little voice in her heart. "All right!" said Kittyman Tannyman.

Now, when she was a nice, large child, wearing bronze boots and crimped aprons, she could easily reach the strawberry-patch; but to-day it seemed a long way off, and twice she came near getting lost outright in the winding garden-path, overhung as it was by forests of mignonette and candy-tuft. A great, scratchy grasshopper nearly knocked her down as he jumped across the path, and a burly bumble-bee touched her with one of his loud, buzzing wings, as he was hurrying home with his bags of honey. All sorts of queer bugs peeped out of the candy-tuft forests at her, and she was glad to hurry on and reach the shelter of the broad strawberry-leaves. As she sat there with a beautiful red ripe strawberry in her lap, and had just taken the second bite from it, she heard a sound that is not pleasant to hear when one is out strawberrying, and that sound was—thunder! Kittyman Tannyman remembered that thunder was generally mixed up with rain, and she knew that the rain was very wet. She wished it was not such a long way back to the house. Such a pity—when she had only taken two bites! So she took another and another, and the next thunder that came seemed just around the corner, and down came a drop of rain on her head and ran down her back in a very unpleasant way.

"Oh my! me must have a yumbella!" said Kittyman Tannyman, looking about her; but there was nothing to be seen but the great broad strawberry-leaves bending and nodding under other drops of rain.

Kittyman pulled with all her strength, and succeeded in breaking off a fine large leaf, which she held over her head, but the drops fell thicker and faster, and very often one would strike the poor child so hard that it would almost make her cry.

The red round strawberries bent toward her trying, I am sure, to tell her not to be afraid, but Kittyman Tannyman *was* afraid, and very uncomfortable, too. It was dark and wet out in the big world, the thunder was uncommonly loud, and Kittyman Tannyman wished—yes, she actually wished—that she had never grown smaller, but was her mamma's fine large girl again, helping dust chairs and gather bouquets, and wearing her dear, dear bronze boots and sky-blue sash. And then Kittyman Tannyman put both her little hands to her eyes and cried and cried.

And while she was crying under the strawberry-leaves everybody in the house was hunting for Kittyman Tannyman. They knew she had not been eaten by the cat, for the cat had been sent away when the little girl first began to grow small. They knew she had not been swept up in the dust-pan,

for her mamma was too careful for that. They looked in the water-pitcher; they poked—very softly—under the book-case; they even looked in their other pockets, and in all the boots and shoes and rubbers in the hall-closet, but not a sign of Kittyman Tannyman. Night was coming on. The thunder had stopped, but the rain still came down—not in big swift drops as at first, but mildly and reluctantly, as if afraid of hurting something.

"If she went out-of-doors where do you think she would be likely to go?" asked her father.

"She is very fond of strawberries," suggested her mamma.

The big brother had returned from his base-ball game, and feeling as if he would like to drown himself for having been so careless with his little sister's goblet house, was hunting for her everywhere; and while he lighted a candle and proceeded to the garret, her papa took the lantern and started for the garden.

"Be very careful where you step—both of you!" said her mamma, "and if you keep calling to her that we are going to have cream-toast for supper, may be she will answer—if she is alive," and her mamma wiped the tears from her eyes and continued her search in the china-closet.

Kittyman Tannyman's papa went very slowly down the garden path, holding the lantern near the ground and looking sharply among the wet flowers and grasses on either side while he called, and in a soft voice:

"Kittyman Tannyman."

Presently he reached the strawberry-patch. It was a large patch, and he had walked all about it, taking care not to step on anything that looked like a calico frock with flannel stockings sticking out of it, and he was just going to give up looking any longer—for he did think that with all her nonsense his bright little girl had intelligence enough to go into the house in case of a rain-storm—when he fancied he heard a faint little cry, not much louder than the cry of a five-cent doll, just before him among the strawberries.

"Kittyman Tannyman!" he called, "are you here? Don't you want some beautiful cream-toast, Kittyman Tannyman?"

And up came the little wee crying voice:

"Me wants ma—mma—!"

Her papa set the lantern down very quickly and began putting the wet leaves aside with hands that trembled for joy. There, close beside a big strawberry with only four bites taken out of it, was Kittyman Tannyman, sopping wet and cold as a snail, her beautiful little curls all dripping, her face and hands so stained with tears and strawberry juice that no one but her own papa would have known her, and oh, so small! Her papa took her up ten-

derly in one hand, covering her with the other—just as some kind boy would pick up a young bird that had fallen from its nest—and carried her to the house.

She's here,—and alive!" he said, hurrying into the dining-room, where her mamma was just beginning to search the last shelf. "Bring some warm water and dry flannels, please, and just half a drop of blackberry wine,—she's about chilled through!"

Her mamma first peeped into her papa's hand, and sure enough there was Kittyman Tannyman all huddled up in a ball. She kissed the little wet head, and hurried away for the things. In a few minutes Kittyman was bathed and rubbed dry, and, dressed in a soft flannel wrapper, she drank the half drop of wine, and, lying back in her papa's hand, stretched her tiny feet toward the fire that had been kindled on purpose for her, and breathed a long, deep breath. Papa saw her lips moving, and he bent his head to listen.

"Me's perfectly tompfortble," she said.

Then her papa covered her with his other hand, and rocked gently back and forth, while he sung a low, gentle song about the "Wind of the Western Sea."

About this time, her mamma happened to think of the poor big brother still hunting about in the garret, and she went up to tell him that it would n't be necessary to search any longer. She was gone some minutes,—for she wanted to help the big brother put in order the barrels and boxes he had overturned,—and when they came down again into the sitting-room — You can never guess the surprise that awaited them there:

Kittyman Tannyman was sound asleep!

Yes, there she lay in her papa's hand, her hair all back into curls again, her small fists cuddled up under her chin just as they used to be when she slept, and breathing soft, comfortable, regular little breaths. With one impulse, papa, mamma, and the big brother drew out their handkerchiefs, and, waving them in the air, gave three silent cheers. Then, going

about on tiptoe, and hardly daring to breathe, her mamma prepared a little cradle of white card-board, made a soft mattress of cotton batting, with a white silk handkerchief for sheets, and then her papa gently laid Kittyman down in it, and they covered her with the prettiest doll-quilt, and set the cradle away in a quiet, shadowy corner.

They took off their shoes, they tied up the door-bell, and the evening paper remained untouched upon the table, for fear its rustling might awaken Kittyman Tannyman.

Such care was quite needless, however. Kittyman Tannyman not only slept all the evening and all night, but slept all the next forenoon; and as her papa and mamma stood watching her, every moment convincing them it was time to send for the doctor,—this prolonged sleep was so alarming,—Kittyman Tannyman sighed, yawned, and stretched herself out, until *pop* went the foot of her paper cradle!

Kittyman Tannyman had begun to grow bigger! The reaction had come!

The news was all over the neighborhood in twenty minutes. Everybody was talking of it. Everybody called with congratulations. The doctor came and went away again, smiling and rubbing his hands. Her papa walked up town as if he owned a bank. Her mamma warbled over her work as if it were all play. Her big brother whistled louder than ever.

And Kittyman Tannyman—you can imagine how quickly she kicked out one cradle-foot after another, and how she outgrew her calico frocks so fast that they had to be changed twice a day, until her mamma declared, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, that by

the time grapes were ripe her dear little girl would be big enough to wear her pretty white aprons and button-boots again. For every day after lunch, Kittyman took a fine growing nap on the sitting-room lounge, and at night her mamma could barely finish one story before Kittyman Tannyman was sound asleep, growing on, like a sweet, healthy child, toward the glad, beautiful morning.



TWO FRENCH STORY-TELLERS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IN the midst of those bloody times in Paris which were described in a past volume of ST. NICHOLAS,* there was living in that city a gentleman just passed the age of fifty, who only a very short time before published a story-book for young people which, within a period of twelve months, passed through fifty editions, and was, within a few years thereafter, translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

The name of the story was "Paul and Virginia," and the name of the author was Bernardin de St. Pierre. He was born at Havre, a sea-port town at the mouth of the Seine, and went to school there until he was twelve; but while he was at school he fell in with a translation of "Robinson Crusoe," and he loved the book so much that he came to love adventure more than books, and begged for permission to go over seas with an uncle who was bound for Martinique.

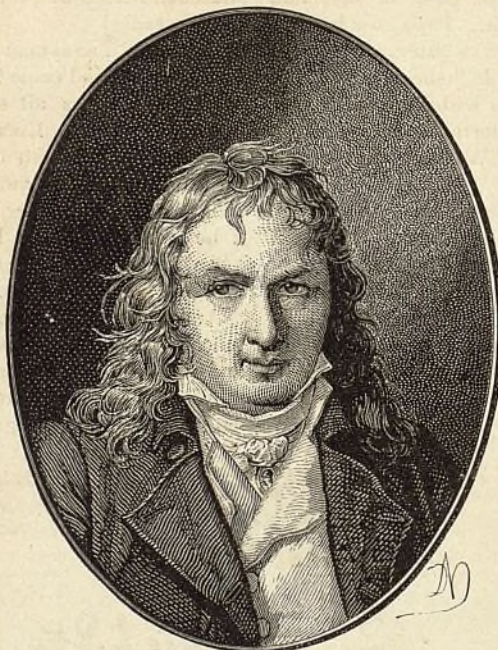
And he went there, and saw first in that island (which you will find on your atlas among the West Indies) the bananas, and palms, and orange-trees, and all that rich tropical growth which afterward he scattered up and down upon the pages of his story of "Paul and Virginia."

But the boy Bernardin did not stay in Martinique; he grew homesick, and went back to France, and studied engineering in Paris, and before he was twenty had gone away again to Malta, which is a strongly fortified little island in the Mediterranean, lying southward of Italy. He did not stay, however, in Malta, for he fought a duel there, which made it an unsafe place for him.

Not long after this he obtained a position under the famous Empress Catharine of Russia, and had strange adventures in Poland, where it is said a beautiful Polish princess would have married the young French engineer, but her friends took good

care she should not commit what was counted so great an indiscretion.

Then he went to his old home at Havre again, but his family was scattered and the home broken. He next gained an appointment as engineer to the Isle of France, which was another tropical island near to Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean. After five or six years here among the bananas and the palm-trees, he went back to Paris—without business, without money, almost without friends. This was his own fault, however, for he was reckless, and petulant, and proud.



BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

He began now to think of printing books, though he was past thirty-four. His first venture was a story of his voyage to the Isle of France; then he passed many years working at what he called "Studies of Nature." He could hardly find a publisher for this; at last, however, he bargained with Monsieur Didot to print it,—and Didot was the most celebrated printer in France. Not only did he print the book of the adventurous Bernardin, but he gave him his daughter for a wife.

I suppose that this author gave a great deal more of study and of care to his book on nature than he

did to the little story of "Paul and Virginia." Yet it was this last—which was published some two years or more before the capture of the Bastille—which gave him his great fame.

Where there was one reader for his other books, there were twenty readers for "Paul and Virginia." In those fierce days, when the Revolution was ripening and a gigantic system of lordly privileges was breaking up and consuming away,—like straw in fire,—this little tender, simple story, with its gushes of sentiment and its warm, tropical atmosphere, was being thumbed in porter's lodges, and was read in wine-shops, and hidden under chil-

* See Vol. III., p. 33.

dren's pillows, and was sought after by noble women,—and women who were not noble,—and by priests, who slipped it into their pockets with their books of prayer. Even the hard, flint-faced young officer of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, had read it with delight, and in after years greeted the author with the imperial demand—"When, M. St. Pierre, will you give us another 'Paul and Virginia?'"

It is only a simple tale tenderly told. A boy and girl love each other purely and deeply; they have grown up together; they are poor and untaught; but the flowers and fruits are rich around them, and the sweetest odors of the tropics are spent upon the story. Virginia, loving the boy, sails away from the island home to win education in the old world of France. The boy grieves, and studies that he may match in himself the accomplishments which Virginia is gaining in Europe. At last the ship is heralded which speeds her back. In a frenzy of delight, Paul sees the great ship sweep down toward the shore.

But clouds threaten; a wild, swift storm bursts over the beautiful island; there is gloom and wreck; and a fair, lifeless form is stranded on the sands.

Poor Virginia! Poor Paul!

Then—two graves, with the name of the story over them. And the birds sing, and the tropical flowers bloom as before.

This is all there is of it. Do you not wonder that so slender a tale could take any hold upon a people who were engulfed in the terrors of that mad revolution? Why was it?

Partly, I think, because the dainty and tender tone of the story-teller offered such strange contrast to the fierce wrangle of daily talk; partly also because, in the breaking down of all the old society laws and habits of living in France, it was a relief to catch the sweet glimpse of the progress of an innocent life and innocent love—albeit of children—under purely natural influences.

It is worth your reading, were it only that you may see what tender and exaggerated sentiment was relished by this strange people at a time when they were cutting off heads in the public square by hundreds.

It is specially worth reading in its French dress for its choice, and simple, and limpid language.

We come now to talk of the other book of which I spoke. It is by Madame Cottin, and is called, "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia."

Siberia, you know, is a country of great wastes, where snows lie fearfully deep in winter, and winds howl across the bleak, vast levels, and wolves abound. It is under the dominion of Russia, and to this pitiless country the emperor of Russia was wont to send prisoners of state in close exile—where their names were unknown, and all communication would be cut off, and where they would live as if dead.

Well, Elizabeth was the daughter of such a



THE LITTLE PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN THE WOOD.

prisoner, who, with his wife, lived in a lonely habitation in the midst of this dreary region. She grows up in this desolate solitude, knowing only those tender parents and their gnawing grief. She knows nothing of their crime or exile, or judge, or real name. But as she ripens into girlhood, the parents cannot withhold their confidence, and she comes to know of their old and cherished and luxurious home on the Polish plains, which is every day in their thoughts.

From this time forth the loving daughter has but one controlling thought, and that is, how she may restore these sorrowful parents to their home and to the world.

It is a child's purpose, and opposed to it is the purpose of the Autocrat of all the Russias! But then, courage and persistence are noble things, and



MADAME COTTIN. [FROM AN OLD ETCHING.]

they win more triumphs than you could believe. They will win them over school-lessons, and bad habits, and bad temper, just as surely as they win them in the battles of the world.

So upon the desolate plains of Siberia the fair young girl plots and plots. How should this fair, frail creature set about the undoing of an imperial edict, and the restoration of father and mother to life and happiness once more? Over and over she pondered in the solemn quietude of those wintry Siberian nights, upon all the ways which might avail her to find relief for her suffering parents. At last came the resolve—and a very bold one it was—to make the journey on foot from their place of exile to the Russian capital, never doubting, in the fullness of her faith, that if she could once gain a hearing from the emperor, she could win his favor, and put an end to her father's exile.

Ah, what could she know of the depth of state crimes, or of the bitterness of royal hate, or of that weary march of over 2,000 miles across all the breadth of Russia?

She had not the courage to tell of this resolution to her parents, but kept it ever uppermost in her thoughts as months and years rolled on and she gained strength; while the dear lives she most cherished wasted with grief and toil in the wintry solitudes.

One friend she made her confidant: it was the son of the governor of Tobolsk, who, in his hunting expeditions had come unawares upon the retired cabin of her father, and thereafter repeated twice or thrice his visit. He was charmed by her beauty and tenderness, and would have spoken of love, but she had no place in her heart for that. Always uppermost in her thought was the weary walk to be accomplished, and the pardon to be sought.

The young hunter could not aid her, for intercourse with the exiled family was forbidden, and he had already been summoned away and ordered to regions unknown.

At last, after years of waiting, Elizabeth being now eighteen, an old priest came that way who was journeying to the west. It seemed her golden opportunity. She declared now, for the first time, her purpose to her parents. They expostulated and reasoned with her. The long way was a drear one; monarchs were remorseless; they had grown old in exile and could bear it to the end.

But the tender girl was more unshaken and steadfast than they. She bade them a tearful adieu, and with the old priest at her side, turned



ELIZABETH WEARILY PRESSED ON THROUGH THE SIBERIAN FOREST.

her steps toward the Russian capital. Very toilsome it was, and day followed day and week week,

with wearisome walking; and before the journey was half done the old priest sickened and died, she nursing him and closing his eyes for his last sleep in a cabin by the way.

But still she had no thought of turning back, but wearily and painfully pressed on. Week followed week, and still long roads lay before her. It will make your hearts ache to read the story of her toil, of her bleeding feet, of her encounters with rude plunderers, her struggles with storm, and snow, and cliff. There were great stretches of silent forest; there were broad rivers to cross; there were gloomy ravines to pass through, and her strength was failing; and she had been robbed of her money and the winter was coming on; and there was no messenger or mail to tell her of the dear ones she had left in the little cabin of the exile. But through all, her courage never once failed, and at last it rejoiced her heart to see in the blazing sunlight, on the edge of the Muscovite plains, the great shining domes of the palace of Moscow.

Here she was a stranger in a great city, and the wilderness of the streets was full of more terrors and more dangers for her than the wilderness of the vast forests she had crossed in safety. Her very frailty, however, with her earnestness and her appealing look, won upon passers-by, and well-wishers befriended her and heard her story with amazement. And the story spread, and made other well-wishers aid, until at last she came to the feet of the emperor.

They knew, all of them, the tale she had to tell, and the eyes of all pleaded with her so strongly, that her request was granted and the father set free.

Of course the story glides on very pleasantly after this: she has a government coach to carry her back over that long stretch of foot-travel; she finds her parents yet alive; she somehow has encountered again that stray son of the governor of Tobolsk, and I believe they were married, and all lived happily ever after.

It is not much of a love story, however, except of parental love, which, after all, is one of the purest kinds of love.

Madame Cottin, who wrote the story, lived, as I said, in the days of the French revolution, and was married in the year 1790, when she was only seventeen years old. Her husband was very much older, and a rich banker. I doubt if she loved him greatly: there are some things in other books of hers (for she published a great many) which make me think so very strongly. Still, I believe she was an honest woman, and struggled to do her duty. I do not think Madame Cottin's other works are to be commended, or that any one reads them very much nowadays. "Elizabeth"—the book of which I have given you the story—was printed in the time of the First Napoleon (1806), and had an immense success. There is hardly a language of Europe in which it is not to be found printed now.

It is a good story. What devotion!—so rare—so true—so tender!

Read it for this, if nothing else, and cherish the memory ever in your young hearts.

It is as good a sermon on the fifth commandment as you will ever hear, and remember that it was preached by a Frenchwoman who lived in Paris through the reign of blood.

WHICH HAD IT?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

CHAD and Seth were great cronies, though Chad's father was a lawyer, and Seth's was a blacksmith. But, then, the one was a very good blacksmith, and the other a very poor lawyer, and this lessened the social gap.

There was an opinion floating about the village, that Chad and Seth were bad boys. But the evidence for this was very intangible. People were ready enough to pronounce them "a pair of precious young rascals," but when a man was asked for an instance of their rascality, he could assert nothing

more definite than that they were always up to some mischief.

The truth of the matter was that Chad and Seth were two young democrats, full to the brim of life and spirit, who liked fun better than anything else. Indeed, they considered fun the chief end of boys. They sometimes pursued it thoughtlessly, perhaps recklessly, and often violated the proprieties in its pursuit. But there was nothing mean about these two boys. To use Chad's favorite word, they were not sneaks. They were fair on the play-ground,



often generous, and, Seth especially, had a soft spot under his sooty jacket. He was tender with all the weak. Little boys and "them girls" knew very well their knight.

Chad and Seth were near the same age—just turned thirteen.

The worst thing I knew about Seth was that he did n't keep his hands and face clean. As for Chad, the greatest fault I found with him was that he persisted in his companionship with Seth, when he knew that his mother would have preferred him to look higher for a friend.

His mother had raised no serious objection to the association, but Chad knew her preferences, and should have respected them. But Seth had a great fascination for Chad. He was a more important factor in Chad's enjoyment than all the other boys in the village combined.

"But his father's a blacksmith," Chad's mother said one day.

"How can Seth help what his father is?" Chad asked warmly. "If we boys had the bossing of our fathers, Seth might have had his a lawyer, and I'd had mine a blacksmith. I'd rather be a blacksmith any day than a lawyer. A lawyer don't do anything that I know of except to read old papers, and then go to the court-room and speak his piece. I hate to read writing, and I don't like to speak pieces, any way, if there are girls. But a blacksmith's work's jolly—blowing his big bellows till the forge is red and splendid. I love to see the red-hot irons, and to hear the hammer ring on the anvil, and to see the sparks fly, and the strong iron bend just the way it's wanted to. It's better 'n fire-crackers and rockets; makes a fellow feel like giving three cheers and a tiger. And a blacksmith works with horses. My sakes! I just wish I could be a blacksmith. Say, may I go, mother?"

Chad was teasing to go and play with Seth.

"Why, Chad, I should think you'd feel mortified to be seen with Seth. His clothes are dirty and sometimes ragged," the mother said.

"I aint goin' back on Seth for that," said Chad, stoutly. "He can't help it. His mother's the one to haul over the coals for that. Any way, I'd like to wear dirty clothes myself sometimes, 'stead of being kept all the time starched and ironed. I could play lots better in old clothes. You ought to see Seth play; he just pitches in,—rumblety-tumblety. He can turn the jolliest somersaults that ever I saw. I've seen him turn 'em, one after another, all the way from the top to the bottom of that big red sand-hill—don't you know?—by Squire Bowers's. Tell me, mother, if I may go."

"I'm afraid Seth's a bad boy; people say he is."

"He aint bad," said Chad, warmly. "He aint any sneak. Folks think if a fellow don't stay in the

house and read all the time, he's bad. Seth aint any of your sickly kind. He's the jolliest boy in this town, and I can't have any fun without Seth. That's all there is about it. There is n't another boy to play with. Now!"

"There's Frank Finley," the mother suggested.

"Frank Finley!" exclaimed Chad, with a tone of contempt. "Why, mother, he's the spooniest, the dumbest, the finnikiest, the chickenest milk-sop that ever I saw. He parts his hair in the middle, and wears curls stringing down his back. All the fellows call him Fanny,—all except"—and Chad's cheeks flushed and his eyes brightened with the triumphant vindication of his friend,—“all except Seth, mother; Seth never calls him names; he always stands up for Frank. He takes Frank in his lap on the sled, just like a baby, to keep him from tumbling off. And Seth's the best skater on the pond; but he often loses the race, when we boys race, because he's got Frank Finley, tugging him along. And Seth always chooses Frank on his side in toss-up, 'cause the other fellow wont have him. I tell you, Seth's a high old trump. May n't I go, mother?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I don't see why boys have to catch all the slang that's floating around," said the mother.

But Chad did not hear the remark. With the first word of his mother's reply, he had rushed for the street, slamming and banging the doors after him.

I'm going to tell you of a little incident which occurred in the village where Chad and Seth lived, and then you may answer the question with which this story started: Which Had It?

It was the last night of the year, and there was a watch-meeting in the little Methodist church of the little village. Many country people had come in their sleighs to help the village folks watch the old year out and the new year in. Chad and Seth were at the meeting, and it was a foregone conclusion with some folks that they were bent on mischief.

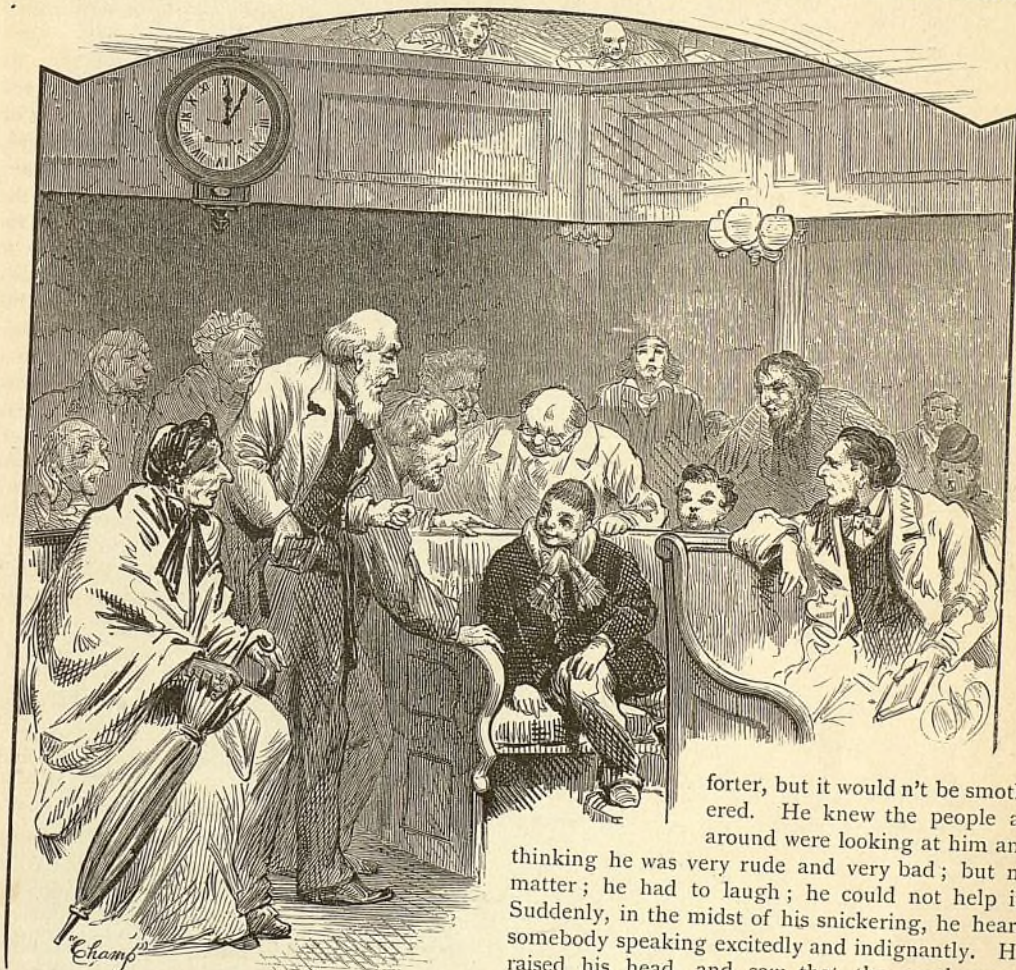
The congregation had been, for some moments, sitting in profound silence, reviewing, doubtless, the failures of the year so soon to end, and making resolutions for the year so soon to begin. The silence was very solemnizing, as we sat there in the dimly lighted church, with not a sound to be heard except the loud ticking of the clock under the gallery, marking off the few last moments of the fleeting year. But five minutes of the old year remained, when the minister, a venerable, white-haired man, rose, and spoke a few solemn words, which made the people feel yet more solemn.

"A few more vibrations of that pendulum," he said, pointing to the clock, which put in a solemn tick-tack, as he paused for breath, "and we shall

all be swung into a new year. Then it will be my privilege and pleasure to wish you all a happy new-year; so, I shall have the best of the congregation. It seems fitting, dear friends, that we should spend the last few moments of the old year in prayer."

The people all knelt. Then came an earnest petition, that the dear Lord would meet his people on the threshold of the new year, and abide with them to the end. When the prayer was ended,

sat down in his chair without a word, and gazed in a bewildered way at the congregation. Everybody turned and stared at everybody else. Seth giggled aloud. Chad, sitting next pew from him, looked scared. Seth tucked his head between his knees and snickered painfully. He wanted to stop, but to save his life, he could n't. He pressed his hand over his mouth, but the laugh would burst out. He tried to smother it in his woolen com-



A COMMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

while the clock was buzzing with preparation for its last announcement for the year, while the amen was hovering about the pastor's lips, ready to alight, before the people had fairly risen from their knees, somebody, determined to get the better of the minister, shouted out, so that every ear heard:

"I wish you a happy new-year!"

Who in the world was it? The minister was so surprised at this stealing of his thunder, that he

forther, but it would n't be smothered. He knew the people all around were looking at him and thinking he was very rude and very bad; but no matter; he had to laugh; he could not help it. Suddenly, in the midst of his snickering, he heard somebody speaking excitedly and indignantly. He raised his head, and saw that the speaker was Squire Woodruff.

"I've got ten dollars here," he said, opening his purse and displaying the bill. "It belongs to the man, woman or child that will give the name of the person who interrupted our meeting." He reached forward and handed the money to the minister, who laid it on the big Bible on the desk.

"And here's another ten a-top of that," said Mr. Alexander, making his deposit.

Then everybody looked all around to see somebody start up, tell who the offender was, and claim

the twenty dollars. Doubtless nobody knew who it was, for nobody spoke.

Then Mr. Lemuel Dyer said:

"I'll make that twenty dollars thirty."

"I go you five better," added Mr. Arthur Matthews. Mr. Matthews was a class-leader, and would have been properly shocked if he had known that he was using an expression of the card-player, and that in church.

Still, nobody claimed the money. By this time the people were excited and curious. Somebody added another five dollars, making forty now offered for information as to the offender. Seth had stopped laughing for the moment, and looked a little frightened when he saw how in earnest the people were to bring the offender to light.

Mrs. Mason, who had been sitting near Seth and Chad, now went over, and spoke to Seth's father.

"That was Seth who called out," she said; "I know it was. I saw his lips move."

Seth was scared when he saw his father coming over to him. The father looked angry as he charged the offense upon Seth.

"Mrs. Mason says she saw your lips move."

"It's a lie," cried the boy, kindling indignantly. Then he burst out laughing, as the funny part of the affair came over him again.

"Seth, you know it was you," said Mrs. Mason.

"Of course it was," added Miss Palatkin. "I know it by the way he keeps laughing."

"It was n't; I did n't do it," Seth declared.

"It's just like him; he's always up to some mischief," said somebody else. "I know he did it."

"I know I did n't," said Seth.

"Do you know who it was?" asked his father.

By this time a third of the congregation had gathered around Seth.

"Yes, I know," Seth answered.

"Who was it?" asked a half dozen voices.

"I aint going to tell."

Then it looked so funny to Seth to see all that crowd of people around him, that he laughed in their faces. When Seth wanted to laugh he could n't help laughing, any more than Vesuvius could help belching. He was n't one of the kind who can laugh in their sleeves.

"There are forty dollars you can have, if you'll tell," one said.

"He ought to be punished, whoever it was," another argued. "Everybody'll think it's you unless you tell."

"It was n't me, and it'll be mean to blame it on to me." Then Seth giggled again.

"Then tell who it was," said his father. "You're foolish not to, when you can make forty dollars by telling. Think what lots of things you can buy with it. Come, Seth, tell," he continued, coax-

ingly, "and I'll give you another ten. Then you'll have fifty dollars—a half-hundred—about as much as I can make in a month. And you can make it by just speaking a name."

"Come, let us have it," urged Mr. Arthur Matthews. "Who was it?"

Seth just looked at Mr. Matthews, and seemed ready to burst into another laugh.

"Why, how contrary ye be!" said Mother Ketchum, eying Seth over the tops of her spectacles. "Why don't ye tell and be done with it, so the folks can go home?"

But Seth repeated: "I aint goin' to tell."

"If ye was my boy, I'll be bound he'd tell purty quick." Mother Ketchum addressed part of this remark to Seth and part to Mrs. Leonard, standing on the right. Finally the minister spoke:

"We are determined, if possible, to discover the reckless individual who has had the temerity to interrupt our solemn service, and to bring him to punishment. This is the second time our service has been interrupted. We brought the other offender to light, and we shall discover this one. Be sure of that, my guilty friend. That which is hidden shall be revealed. We offer for information of the offender a standing reward of fifty dollars."

Here Seth's father pulled at the minister's sleeve, to say that his offer of ten dollars was only to Seth, and the pastor's proclamation was amended accordingly. Then the people went to their homes, discussing the matter as they went.

"Of course it was Seth," said Chad's father, who prided himself on his lawyer-like ability of seeing through people.

"You'll be willing to give up Seth now, I suppose?" said the mother to Chad.

"I don't believe it was Seth." This was all the answer Chad made.

When Seth had got home, his father scolded him for not speaking and claiming the money.

"You've got to tell," insisted the father. "I'll flog you if you do not."

"I'll take the whipping," Seth answered, with his voice trembling; "but I won't tell."

When Seth had gone to bed, his mother came and sat down beside him. She wanted him to have the money; and no wonder, with seven little mouths in her nest to be fed.

"Just think," she said, "what you could do with all that money. You could get you a new suit of clothes, and new cap, and some boots."

Poor Seth thought of Chad's handsome new winter suit, and of his own shabby jacket, and a great lump came up in his throat.

"I would n't get any good of the money," the boy said. "You and father would take it all; I know you would."

The mother thought he was yielding, and hastened to assure him that he should have every penny to spend for himself. But Seth had no thought of telling when he made the remark; he just wanted to re-enforce himself—to have a better excuse for refusing to tell.

"Then you can look as well as Chad," the mother added. "He won't be ashamed of you then."

"Chad ain't 'shamed of me now," said Seth, with a quiver in his voice. "He likes me better than any the other fellers. He would n't like me if I was to tell; he hates a tell-tale."

So the mother soon found there was no hope of getting the secret from Seth.

The next day, as he was going for the milk for breakfast, he was joined by Chad.

"My goodness, Seth, you're a bully boy! you're a perfect stunner!" Chad said, in an enthusiastic whisper. "Did you know all the time who it was?"

"Of course I knew," said Seth. "I heard you and saw you."

"And are n't you ever going to tell?"

"Not any," said Seth.

"Forty dollars!" continued Chad. "Did n't it make you feel shaky?"

"It did make my mouth water; but it did n't make me feel like telling on you, Chad."

"You're a brick, Seth; you're a chief cornerstone. But, Seth, you've got to tell—you've got to have that forty dollars. I don't mind if they do know; they won't do anything much about it. Anyway, I did n't do anything wicked; it was n't anything mean. I just did it for fun, and I don't see the use of their making a great hullabaloo about it. I don't care if they do know it was me. They dare n't hang me, and they dare n't put me in jail. I'd a notion to get up and tell on myself; I felt like a sneak not to. But I wanted you to get the fifty dollars, you see. Good gracious! you've got to have it, Seth. You must tell."

"I won't ever tell anything on you, Chad," said Seth. "You would n't like me any more if I did."

"Yes, I would," Chad declared, eagerly.

"I would n't like myself," said Seth.

"But, you see, the boy who did that ought to be punished."

Chad forgot, for the moment, who "the boy" was, in his eagerness that Seth should have the money. But in vain he argued. Seth declared he never would tattle on Chad. So Chad made up his mind that he'd tell on himself. "I won't be a sneak." That's what he said to himself. It was a favorite expression with Chad.

The episode at the watch-meeting was the general theme of talk for the next few days. It was a trifling matter to engage a whole village; but curiosity was excited. They wondered who the

offender could be. Was it or was it not Seth? These people had been interrupted once before in their religious services. They felt that somebody was interfering with their rights—that they were being abused. And the more they talked about it the more outraged they felt. And the more outraged they felt the harder it grew for Chad to confess himself the offender at the meeting.

But one morning he found himself fairly started for the minister's house. He did n't go "cross lots," which he might have done, and saved half the distance. He went roundabout. When he reached the gate, he faced about, and walked away from it as fast as he could for a half block. Then he walked back to it, and went slowly up the terraced steps. Perhaps he would then have gone straight forward up the walk to the house, but for those two sheltering fir-trees on the edge of the terrace. He hid behind one of these till he could gather courage. When he got on the porch, I think he would again have hid behind something if there had been anything to hide behind; or he would have run away if he had n't seen Mrs. Hemingway, the minister's wife, looking at him from the window. He tried to think of something to say, so as to put away the real errand as far as possible. But suddenly the door opened, and there stood the minister. "Good-morning, my boy," he said, kindly. "Come in to the fire."

Chad walked in, looking like a little sheep. He sat down with his cap hanging on his fist. The other hand grasped his leg for a moment, then it was stuck into the pocket of his trousers. The minister waited for Chad to state his errand. But Chad sat there as if he never meant to let anybody know what he'd come for.

"Is it very cold out?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," answered Chad, taking his hand from his pocket, and hiding it with the other under his cap. Then he crossed his legs, and looked as though he was getting ready to say something. So the minister waited to hear him announce the occasion of the call. But Chad just uncrossed his legs.

"Is your father well?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," Chad answered, hooking back his right foot to the chair leg.

Another period of silence ensued.

"Is your mother's health good this winter?" said the minister at length, wondering what ailed this boy, usually so much at his ease.

Chad answered "Yes, sir," as before, and hooked back his other foot. Then, as he realized his awkward position, he brought both feet forward and placed them quite precisely in order, with the toes turned out at dancing-school angle. But he soon fidgeted them out of place, while trying as hard as

he could to think of some easy, pleasant way of telling all about it.

"Do you go to Sunday-school?" was the next question Chad heard. He wound one leg around the other and said he did. Then he unwound his legs, and stood his feet close up to the stove to warm, like flat-irons on end.

"What did Santa Claus bring you?"

Chad jammed his hat between his knees and answered, "A microscope."

"Were you at the watch-meeting?"

Here was Chad's chance. He screwed himself sideways in his seat, and hugged the back of his chair with both arms, as if to hold himself to his object. His cheek was burning, his eyes downcast, his voice dry and crackling, as he answered:

"Yes, sir; and I know who it was—who it was that got the best of you—that wished the folks a happy new-year, you know."

"You do? Who was it?"

"Will I get the money if I tell?"

"Certainly you will," the minister answered.

"No hoaxing?" asked Chad, growing bolder;

"I'll be sure to get it?"

"To be sure you'll get it."

"It was me," said Chad, "but I did n't mean any harm by it."

The minister looked at Chad in a vague way for

a moment, and then he broke into a hearty laugh. "You've got the best of me again," he said. "Well, I'll see that you get the money, but doubtless you'll be fined to that amount, and will have to pay it back. So you won't make anything."

Chad looked a little blank. "Anyway, I feel better for owning up," he said at length, "and I've found out, too, that Seth won't tell on a feller."

When the matter came up before the church it was argued by some that Chad deserved more credit for bringing the offender to light than any other informant would have merited. These advised that he be freely forgiven, and that the money be paid over to him.

I was not in favor of such action, and I happened to be a prominent member of the church society. My heart was yearning toward Chad, but I wanted to make him feel to the bottom of his boots that because a thing is done in fun it is not necessarily blameless. It seemed to me that I would thus straighten the chief crook in his ideas. So I asked that he be fined. He was fined the forty dollars.

Which had the best of it? Chad had to hear this question very often for the next few months. In view of the fact that he learned from this experience to pursue his fun with due regard to the rights of others, the question, Which had it—which had the best of it?—may be promptly answered.



"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN."

HARE AND HOUNDS.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

WOULD you like to hear something, young friends, about a famous out-door game that boys in England play? There, as in your own country,

foxes" day after day in the hunting season, returning at night jubilant and enthusiastic, and sometimes waving high in triumph the "brush" (the



ON THE SCENT OF THE HARE.

each season has its own especial sports, and as soon as the warm, sunny May-days come, when the fields and roads are dry and firm, "Hare and hounds!" is the cry from boyish lips, and young hearts beat high for joy in the sunshine, and boyish feet almost spurn the earth as they prance along the highways, and over the hedges, getting in "training" for their much-loved sport.

It is confined principally to school-boys between the ages of ten and sixteen, though often boys who do not belong to the school are members of the "hunt," and very often, too, the little fellows are the best runners in the party.

You must know that England is a great hunting place, and each papa who can afford it keeps his horse and "follows the hounds who follow the

fox's tail, that is) which the huntsman who catches and kills the fox always has as a trophy.

So boys grow up to love and exult in this sport, and to long for the days when they, too, can have a horse for their very own, and go galloping "over hill and dale, through bush and through brake," as the proverbial sly old fox may lead.

Till that happy time comes, however, "hare and hounds" is the joy of their hearts,—as it was of their papas when they, too, were boys,—and this is how it is played.

The boys divide themselves into two parties, each having its "champion runner," and lots are drawn as to which of these runners shall be the "hare" in the first hunt of the season, afterward they go by turn.

The rest of the boys are the "hounds," and the other champion is the huntsman who marshals them to the "meet" (which is usually the school play-grounds), gives the signal for the starts, calls them off by a shrill whistle when they get on the wrong scent, and, in fact, is "master of the hounds," *par excellence*.

The "hare" is provided with a small, open satchel or pouch, slung across his shoulder, and filled with bits of white paper about an inch square— heavy paper that the wind will not carry away. It is the privilege of the small boys who are too little to take part in the hunt to prepare these bits of paper, and for a day or two before a "run" they have great fun in preparing "scent," as they call it.

The hare is also allowed five minutes "head start," and is allowed to choose his own course, but is obliged to scatter the bits of white paper at short intervals all along the way he goes, as they are his tracks for the hounds to follow. The five minutes given him he usually spends in seeking for some obscure place at which he leaves a little package of *yellow* or *blue* paper to denote the starting-point.

This may be some blocks away, or up a side street, or just around the corner; he has his choice, and a free opportunity to seek it, as the "hounds" go within doors till the five minutes are up. Then the huntsman cries "whoop! halloo!" and away they all bound hither and thither, seeking till they find the package of colored paper (which they are obliged to do before they can start); the finder must cry "hark! forward!" then off they go, on the scent.

Sometimes so long a time is taken up in finding the starting-point that the hare makes famous headway, and can "double" on his followers—that is, retrace his way for a block or two on the other side of the street (leaving the bits of paper all along, of course), go round a block, or, if they are in the country, he probably makes for the woods, goes in some distance, then turns back, perhaps, till he finds some leafy tree, up which he climbs and hides himself till the "hounds" have gone by: anything to put them off the track.

When the hare has gone far enough, and wishes to return, especial care must be taken, as, if he is seen, the hounds can rush after him, "cross lots," and woe betide him if he is caught! He is no longer champion, but has to give up his badge to the fortunate "catcher," and cannot even be one of the hounds till he has paid a certain forfeit demanded by rule—usually something good to eat.

If the hare gets successfully home to the playground, the opposite party has to "stand treat;" so you may imagine how hard each side strives to win. It is a capital game when really played according to rules, and English boys think the

rules half the sport. It has been played for several generations,—an old game,—not only in England, but wherever English boys have gone, or English games are known. At Vevay, in Switzerland, where there is a large *pension* (school) for boys, it is the regular summer amusement; but it is hard running there, for the roads are so "up and down hilly" (as the boys say), and the hare can never find a good hiding-place.

One bright little English lad said "no wonder 'Swissies' are 'buffers;' no boy can learn to run in a country that is all set up on edge!"

I should not wonder if some of the boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS already know about this game, since so many of their English cousins come to this country. If so, this account must be for those who have *not* heard of it.

But it is not only boys who play "hare and hounds." A gentleman who has just returned from China told me that at Shanghai and Ningpo the English residents—merchants, officers and others—have quite recently introduced the game, with this difference, they play it *on horseback*, and make a whole day's sport of it.

Early in the morning they send out some one who knows the country well (sometimes a Chinaman, and that makes the fun all the better), give him a good fair start, perhaps half an hour, then gallop after him as hard as the horses can go, as if they were indeed back in "merrie England," hunting a fox or hare. They need sharp eyes to discover the paper "scent" when they fly over the ground so quickly, but that only makes them the keener hunters.

In Scotland I think boys enjoy the game fully as much as in England, keep closer to the rules, and welcome each hunting-day as eagerly as the first one of the season. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are usually chosen for hunts; though sometimes an indulgent teacher, if diligently importuned, will give the whole school an extra half-holiday, and go himself to see the start.

Does it seem strange to think of having only a half of Saturday for play? It is almost a universal custom, at least in Scotch country places, to have school on Wednesday and Saturday mornings till noon, giving the rest of those days for a holiday, and boys there seem to like it so. I suppose that is because they have never known any other way.

But they get a great deal of enjoyment out of their "halves" (as they call those holidays), and after school-hours as well, though school does not usually close till four o'clock. That is late, is n't it? But Scotch summer-days hardly seem to have any end. All through June, July and August (on the west coast principally), it is as light at ten o'clock in the evening as it is in our country at

seven, so games go on all through the "gloamin'," till tired feet turn gladly homeward, where wearied heads seek downy pillows, and bright eyes close in the sound, healthful sleep that comes so quickly to happy childhood after a long, joyous day spent in the pure, fresh summer air.

I once saw a splendid game played in the Scotch town of Ayr, which so interested me that I actually "followed the hounds" myself, though at a very modest pace, and *not* over the hedges.

across the fields to the next station (which, fortunately, was not far distant, but to reach which the train had to go around a long curve), and breathless, but triumphant, caught the unsuspecting hare just as he stepped from the railway carriage, chuckling to-himself at the thought of having outwitted all his pursuers.

Was n't he fairly caught, think you? and did not he have to pay up for his trick? The "hounds," who soon appeared on the scene, carried him off



CAUGHT!

The hare was getting rather the worst of it, and, having nowhere else to hide, rushed into a near-by railway station where a train was waiting, gave the guard a knowing wink, and sprang into one of the carriages, and the train moved slowly off just as the panting "hounds" came in sight. He threw a handful of papers from the window, but kept himself well out of view.

A little cousin of mine, who was huntsman that day, saw the papers fluttering in the breeze, and being as "quick as a wink" to catch an idea, knew in a minute what the wily "hare" had done—so, fleet of foot as he was quick of thought, he flew

to the nearest "sweetie shop" (as Scotch laddies call candy stores), and made him spend every "bawbie" (a copper half-penny, worth one cent of our money) he had, for "toffy" and other "sweeties."

Now, boys, you who know all about "hare and hounds," as well as you who do not, try it—*with the rules*—and see if you do not find it a jolly good game, that will give you that lightness and fleetness of foot so much to be desired by every boy, and will help you to spend many a happy holiday with fun-loving comrades, when old games are "played out" and you long for something new.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:

"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of men who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

CAUGHT BY THE SNOW.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ONE day last October, while a party of government surveyors in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, of the United States Engineers, were encamped on the banks of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada, a brown old ranchman came out of his cabin and told us, in a cold-blooded way, that we should have snow before morning. The wind had changed suddenly from south-west to north, and masses of great white clouds drove over the darkening blue of the sky. We had barometers, thermometers, and all the instruments used by Old Probabilities in foretelling the weather, but we knew from experience that it was unnecessary to consult them, and that we might as well take the ranchman's word for law. Squirrels, spiders, and old ranchmen are the wisest of the weather-wise, and no signs of a storm are so sure as theirs,—the spider ceasing to weave his gossamer across the roads and trails, the squirrels laying in an extra store of provisions, and the ranchman sniffing the air with the keen scent of a pointer.

The sun-burnt old man who spoke to us was as

innocent of scientific knowledge as a chipmunk is, but long life in the open air, and the observation of nature, had developed an instinct in him which, as in the animals, was more sensitive to the approach of a change than the most delicate instruments ever made by human hand.

We had been in snow already,—the snow which never melts, but shines all summer, and drops into icicles along the tops of the rough mountains, whose clasp holds the lake within its bounds. We had played at snow-ball early in September; but we had so far escaped severe storms, such as the one now prophesied for us was likely to be.

There are more comfortable and complete shelters from bad weather than small canvas tents, and less rheumatic beds than a blanket spread upon the frozen earth; there is more substantial food than a soldier's rations; but the tents, the blankets, and the rations represented our frugal outfit, and all that we had to depend upon.

A few flakes of white fell, and vanished in the pine-fire that we built at night, and then a heavy

rain set in, and continued to patter on our tents until morning, when we removed our camp from Lake Tahoe to Squaw Valley, which is a deep bay in the mountains, with an outlet leading into one of the high-walled ravines called cañons. We were anxious to occupy a certain peak, and Squaw Valley seemed to offer the best way of reaching it.

of a fir-tree, might have pitied us as we crowded nearer the fire, endeavoring to get warmth, and only getting smoke. For supper we had a slice of bacon and bread, which the rain had reduced to an unsavory pulp, and we crept into our damp beds with longing thoughts of home.

Next morning, as I stretched out my arms against



AT THE DOOR OF THE HUT.

The rain fell without abatement for thirty-six hours, and our tents swayed to and fro in the wind, threatening to collapse each moment, despite the strong ropes that guyed them to the pines under which they were pitched. We were so wet and cold that the saucy-looking chipmunk, which occasionally peeped and winked at us from the hollow

of the tent, I felt that it was heavy, and heard it crackle, and when I looked outside, the whole country was transformed; the surrounding mountains and the valley—that had been blue, purple, and green—were covered with white; the great pines and firs resembled solid cones of snow; our pack-mules, with tails turned to the wind and

drooping heads, were the picture of misery, and there we were—snowed-in. The storm might continue for days—even for weeks. When once the snow begins in the sierras of California and Nevada, there is no telling when it will stop; it piles itself up in the valleys to a height of forty feet, and it seals the country,—not with wax, of course, but with something that we cannot help admiring for its velvety beauty, and dreading for its treacherous softness. The farmers who have stock on the slopes of these mountains keep two barns,—one in the Sacramento valley, where the climate is deliciously mild, and their cattle can graze all winter, and the other in one of the mountain valleys, which, when the snow melts in the spring, are clothed with a growth of very nutritious grass. We had seen household after household turning westward during the previous weeks, in anticipation of the winter, and now, when it had come, there was not a human habitation, to our knowledge, within many miles of camp, though earlier in the season the country had been overrun with cattle, and overcast with the smoke of many ranches.

How the white flakes fell, and how they chilled our finger-tips and toes! It was as though the clouds were coming down, as a little southern girl said to me when she first saw the fleecy strays of winter drifting out of a sad northern sky. Great phantoms seemed to roll and wreath themselves in the air, and to fling out mysterious rings and festoons. The highest peaks disappeared, and the lower hills, seen through the gauzy veil of the snow, were like the figures in a lace, and as impalpable to look at as puffs of steam. Ah, how we longed and longed for home!

The surveyors, who, under Lieutenant Wheeler, are making the most out-of-the-way parts of the far West as familiar as a New England county, have some pleasant experiences, to be sure, and they deserve them; for it takes a great many pleasant ones to counterbalance the wretchedness of two or three days of storm. The men stood about the camp-fire disconsolately and silently, finding no relief in smoking or in conversation. In the morning our black cook called "Breakfast!" and in the evening he called "Supper!" We would have been happier had we been able to sit down to a respectable meal. Bacon and bread were the daintiest things, however, that our mess afforded.

Smarting and coughing from the pine-fire smoke, we tried to forget our sorrows in bed; tossing and shivering in our wet blankets, we slept a little, and awoke again to the miseries of the situation. When, on the next morning, we turned out, and found no promise of a clearing, our hopes fell to the zero of despair; and we decided that it was

high time for us to make a change of base. Not more than fifteen miles from our camp was the famous Donner Lake, where an emigrant party had been snowed-in many years ago, twenty-eight persons dying from cold and hunger; and while we did not anticipate any real danger of this kind to ourselves, escape from Squaw Valley being possible at almost any time, we knew that to remain at our present camp would cause us much vexation and delay in our work.

So our bedding, food, instruments and tents were packed on the mules, and we went forth toward the Truckee Cañon. A strange and forlorn procession we made! From the lieutenant in charge, who was an officer in an artillery regiment, down to the black cook, not a man in the party had any fancy article in his dress. Buckskins, flannels, felt hats and heavy riding-boots—things for warmth and wear, and not for show—made up our costumes, which would have sadly misled any one not-aware of our true character and occupation. Soldiers and scientific men working on the western plains and mountains are not the elegantly uniformed creatures that the illustrated weeklies sometimes picture them as being. A dandy in camp is laughable and intolerable, and there was not a laughable or intolerable member in our party. Perhaps one figure in the rear of the pack-train might have raised a smile among strangers. It was Sergeant Ford, an intelligent young officer detailed from Camp Independence to serve with our party. The mule which he rode dragged a mysterious-looking one-wheeled carriage after it, and as the mule stumbled in the drifts, the wheel was lifted forward and swung from side to side in the most extraordinary fashion, and Ford was occasionally shot from his seat into a soft bed of snow. But clumsy as this carriage appeared, it was one of the most important things of the survey; attached to the wheel was a small dial called an odometer, which recorded each revolution; and as a certain number of revolutions were equal to a mile, we were thus enabled to tell the distances traveled from day to day, and to obtain measurements of the roads and trails in the country that we were surveying.

As we crept along through the smiling storm with a shadowy chain of whited mountains encircling us, and a roof of gray over us, the wind that swept from the summits pierced us with its cold, and shook the pines and firs of their snow, which ascended in the air like a cloud of vapor. Our progress was slow; the mules floundered and slipped at every step, and before we had gone far, the dark day began to edge on to the darker night, though we were still houseless and hungry. We could see only a little way ahead through the dense flakes

which dashed upon us in a fury and seemed determined to encompass us in their icy grip. Now and then a darker spot was visible in the gray, and our hopes rose as our imaginations traced the outlines of a house in it; but it turned out to be a clump of trees, or a massive detached rock, and we were again faced with the gloomy possibility of no shelter for the night.

This happened so often, that we gave no more attention to what was before us, and plodded on with downcast eyes; and it was thus that I had almost reached its front and only door before I discovered an isolated little cabin, before which the leaders of the pack-train had stopped. The doors and windows and every opening had been securely nailed up, and the heavy cattle-tracks leading to the outlet of the valley showed that the ranchman had hastily retreated at the beginning of the storm. He had gone away, not dreaming that any one would appear in the neighborhood until the spring should bring greenness to the country again.

A nice point of law now presented itself to us. It is not probable that felonious intent, or anything that a lawyer could interpret as felonious intent, ever entered the minds of our party before; but there we were,—chilled to the bone, hungry, and completely unhappy; and there was the house, offering both shelter and a dry place on which we might make our beds. We hesitated a few moments,—for burglary is a serious offense,—and then we shook the snow from our shoulders and forced an entrance, knowing that the generosity which grows as largely in the Californian heart as Bartlett pears grow in the wonderful Californian soil, would have made us warmly welcome, had it been present in the person of the owner.

Some of the more curious members of the party immediately made an investigation of the contents of the house, which confirmed the evidence of the cattle-tracks outside, that the occupants had left suddenly; and as each man made a discovery, he shouted it to the others. From the different corners and shelves, I heard the announcements of "half a bottle of pickles," "basket of potatoes," "bottle of pain-killer," "piece of soap," "a dish-cloth," "corn-flour," and other things which the ranchman had not thought worth taking away.

The most enterprising explorer in this direction was Mr. Frank Carpenter, our topographer, who, when I found him, was eating some moldy *blanc-mange* out of a rusty can with a chip of wood.

We were not long in putting up the stove and lighting a glorious fire, and spreading our blankets on the floor. We were not long, either, in putting the cook in the kitchen, or slow in urging him in his preparations for supper; and though we had already eaten a whole basketful of potatoes, sliced with a pen-knife and roasted on the stove, it was astonishing how quickly a fine joint of beef, which was among our other discoveries, vanished when supper was ready.

A little way from the house was a large barn, in which we stabled our mules and fed them with hay. A mule is a weather-hardy creature, that is supposed to be capable of enduring the severest exposures, and is not often treated to lodgings in a stable; and it was a treat, therefore, to see our animals comfortably quartered for once, and to hear them munching their abundant feed.

The storm continued throughout the next day, and in the evening, as we sat around the camp-fire, Sergeant Ford, who had been out-of-doors, rushed into our midst, looking for a shot-gun. In answer to our questions, he said, breathlessly, "Turkey!" and disappeared again. We were within three weeks of Thanksgiving, and the prospect of turkey was almost too much for us. We started for the door, but before we could reach it Ford had fired, and as we put our heads into the snow, we saw him standing with the smoking gun in his hand, and watching a large white owl as it flew away into the night. "Turkey?" we inquired, sympathetically. Ford simply shook his head, and soon went to bed.

The next day was clear, and we moved camp to Truckee, leaving the little house exactly as we found it, and carefully boarding up the doors and windows, to keep out the future storms. More than this, as soon as we learned the name and address of the ranchman, a check on the United States Treasury for a sum equivalent to the value of the food and hay that we had used was sent to him. So it is likely that our party will escape punishment.

AUTUMN POETRY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



Is there more poetry in spring than in autumn?

Yes, more that finds expression, for in spring everything has a voice or a look that reveals its gladness; nature then is one grand choral of praise.

The pleasure of simply being alive is the song that resounds everywhere. It is the careless delight of a little child who knows nothing of life,—who feels nothing, except that the sunshine is bright, the air sweet, and that all faces and forms around him are full of love.

In autumn the world is still beautiful, but its beauty is that of change, and of the memory of change. A warm, dreamy midsummer haze lies between us and the fresh fields and delicate wild flowers of spring, and we look at the gorgeous leaves and blossoms of the season against a dim background tinted with the faded treasures of the past. And, because it has a past as well

as a present, the poetry of autumn is deeper than that of the earlier seasons. It is richer, too, if we keep within us the bloom and the fragrance which

we have enjoyed, and so blend the blossoms of spring and summer with those of the declining year.

You know—or will learn, by and by—that we never need lose anything which has really made our life blessed, except by our own fault. If we have taken the loveliness around us into heart and soul, and not merely glanced at it idly, it has become an immortal possession; for all true beauty is poured into our lives out of the heart of Him who is the Infinitely Beautiful, and every gift He bestows is perfect and indestructible.

Have you ever thought about the shading-off of one season into another,—how gradual and delicate it is, and what a charm it adds to the year? You cannot tell exactly when midsummer has passed into autumn, any more than you can draw a sharp line between the red and the orange in the rainbow. Nature shades her colors more exquisitely than any artist, and it is in this magical blending that half her poetry is found. The four seasons make a visible harmony, like four voices so perfectly accordant that you hear them as one in a song; for there is an eye-music as well as that which enters the ear.

Late in August, you come in your rambles upon some hidden pool of the woodlands, and find, to your surprise, the water-lilies still awake here and there; and on the margin of the pond, the most magnificent blossom of midsummer, the cardinal-flower. What a contrast they make—that pure whiteness, crystal-born, and that inimitable red, which seems a burst of the intensest warmth hid in the bosom of earth! The white clematis, or virgin's-bower, hangs its graceful streamers along the wood-paths, veiling the departing footsteps of Summer, whom Autumn has already come to meet, scattering golden-rod about, as an admittance-fee into the grounds of the dethroned queen.

Beautiful poems have been written about the passing of summer into autumn. Mrs. Hemans sings her regret in one beginning—

"Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell."

And this little song, "Summer's Done," plainly betrays its New England origin:

"Along the way-side and up the hills
The golden-rod flames in the sun;

The blue-eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run,—
And so 'Summer's done,' said I,
'Summer's done!'

"In yellowing woods the chestnut drops;
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store,—
And so 'Summer's o'er,' said I,
'Summer's o'er!'

"The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty, overhead,—
And so 'Summer's dead,' said I,
'Summer's dead!'

"The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer-boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn,—
And so 'Summer's gone,' said I,
'Summer's gone!'

"The swallows and the bobolinks^o
Are gone this many a day,
But in the mornings still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay,—
And so 'Summer's away,' said I,
'Summer's away!'

"A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun,—
But, for all that, 'Summer's done,' said I,
'Summer's done!'"

"A Still Day in Autumn," by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, takes you into the dreamy atmosphere of the beautiful September days. Here are two or three stanzas of it:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst!

"Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold."

In one of Alice Carey's songs of the autumn days, she writes that

"Summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,—
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour."

And Whittier paints in glowing words the flowers that blossom between summer and fall:

"Along the road-side, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine, droops the golden-rod;

And the red pennons of the cardinal-flower
Hang motionless upon their upright staves."

Into his "Last Walk in Autumn" he has brought

several of his friends well known to American readers; and all through his poems you catch glimpses and flashes of autumnal color.

It is to the poetry of our own country that you must look for the best songs of autumn, and that for a very good reason. Our autumn is a far more cheerful season than that of most other countries. The brilliant colors of the forest-trees, and the days of bright sunshine and soft air, that sometimes linger far into November, are a wonder to foreigners. Many persons find it hard to decide whether June or October is our most delightful month.

Longfellow sings,

"With what a glory comes
and goes the year!"

and he writes of

"The solemn woods of ash
deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple
yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint
old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary."

And again, in that sweetest of idyls—"Evangeline":

"Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood."

And, again, he addresses autumn as coming

"With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand!





AN OCTOBER DAY.

"Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land!"

Lowell's "Indian Summer Reverie" is full of splendid description:

"The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees,
Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,
And hints at her foregone gentilities
With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves;

The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,
Glares red as blood across the setting sun,
As one who prouder to a fallen fortune cleaves:
He looks a sachem, in red blanket wrapt."

"The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush."

"The woodbine up the elm's straight stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with autumnal fires."

In modern English poets we get, now and then, a glimpse of glowing color. Tennyson writes of

"Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;"

and tells us how one who watches may see

"The maple burn itself away."

And Allingham must have seen something like our autumn colors before writing this stanza:

"Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,—
But soon they'll turn to ghosts."

George Cooper has a pretty little song about "The Leaves and the Wind":

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day—
'Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.'

"Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew:

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,—
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

"Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads."

Gazing upon the splendors of the autumn woods, we do not wonder that a poet exclaims,

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf
Agree not well together!"

And of the very latest autumn Bryant writes:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,—
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Even after this period of dimness, the atmosphere grows warm and spicy and hazy, and there is a soft flush over the fields and woods, like the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset. If ever there is poetry in the air we breathe, it is during the Indian summer. We all know those days

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

Do we not love Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "Fringed Gentian," as we do these last flowers of the year, and the beautiful season in which they bloom,—and as we do the poet himself, who was almost the first to open American eyes to the loveliness of our wild flowers, and the peculiar beauty of our autumnal scenery?

Here is "A Little Girl's Song of Autumn," by an unknown writer:

"The autumn has filled me with wonder to-day,
The wind seems so sad, while the trees look so gay;
The sky is so blue, while the fields are so brown,
While bright leaves and brown leaves drift all through the town.
I wish I could tell why the world changes so;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know!

"The sun rises late, and then goes down so soon,
I think it is evening before it is noon!
Of the birds and the flowers hardly one can be found,
Though the little brown sparrows stay all the year round.
I wish I could tell you where all the birds go;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know!

"O Autumn! why banish such bright things as they?
Pray turn the world gently! don't scare them away!
And now they are gone, will you bring them again?
If they come in the spring, I may not be here then.
Why go they so swiftly—then come back so slow?
Oh, I'm but a little girl!—I cannot know!"

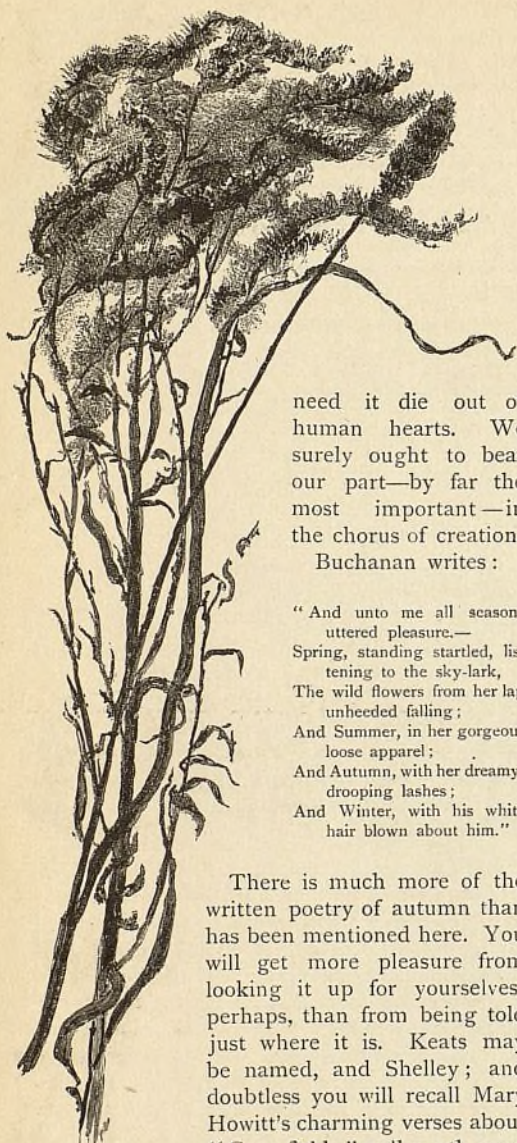


Of one thing we may be certain,—that He who turns the world upon its axis so as to cause the changes of the seasons, meant us to receive some new happiness from every one of them. "He hath made everything beautiful in its time," and if we were but as grateful as He is good, how would the seasons, one and all, ring with hymns of thanksgiving!

It would do us all good to get by heart Thomson's "Hymn of the Seasons." You know how it begins:

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love,
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou!"

"The poetry of earth is never dead," and never



"GOLDEN-ROD."

need it die out of human hearts. We surely ought to bear our part—by far the most important—in the chorus of creation.

Buchanan writes :

"And unto me all seasons uttered pleasure.—
Spring, standing startled, listening to the sky-lark,
The wild flowers from her lap unheeded falling;
And Summer, in her gorgeous loose apparel;
And Autumn, with her dreamy, drooping lashes;
And Winter, with his white hair blown about him."

There is much more of the written poetry of autumn than has been mentioned here. You will get more pleasure from looking it up for yourselves, perhaps, than from being told just where it is. Keats may be named, and Shelley; and doubtless you will recall Mary Howitt's charming verses about "Corn-fields," well worth committing to memory.

There are those who think of autumn only as a gloomy season,—

"The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;
Old age, begin sighing!"

But to children, and to the child-hearted, the whole year is happy with hope. The fall of the leaf is but a promise of the bright days of winter which are coming, all sparkle and merriment and health; and of the glad spring, over whose

needed sleep the winds of autumn and winter sing lullabies—the fresh, faithful Spring, which has never failed of re-awakening, since the first birthday of man. Yes,

"Sure as earth lives under snows,
And joy lives under pain,
'Tis good to sing with everything,
'When green leaves come again.'"

Still, among faded garden-flowers, and under fallen forest-leaves, we cannot but be more thoughtful than when all things are bursting into glad some life. This, too, has been sung of by one of our poets:

"The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping, heavy-eyed.
'Tis time to light the evening fire;
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring."

In some hearts there is an ever-blooming spring-time of cheerfulness, which makes all around them forget the flight of seasons and of years. Such hearts never grow old, and they spread far and wide the sunshine of immortal youth. Every man, woman and child of us might be such a fountain of gladness, if we would. Love is the only eternal spring-time—in whatever world we live.

Yet there is mirth for children in what sometimes makes older people sad.

"We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way."

What child's heart does not bound to the music of Marian Douglas's call to the woods in the brilliant autumn days?

"Fire! fire! upon the maple-bough
The red flames of the frost!
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
The cottage-roof is crossed!
The hills are hid by smoky haze!
Look! how the road-side sumachs blaze!
And on the withered grass below
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!"

"Come, let us hasten to the woods,
Before the sight is lost!
For few and brief the days when burn
The red fires of the frost.
When loud and rude the north wind blows,
The ruddy splendor quickly goes.
But now—hurrah! those days are here,
The best and loveliest of the year."

Nobody has a better opportunity to know what the poetry of autumn is—the real poetry, unrhymed and unprinted—than a country child whose home is in the Northern United States. Just think of it

—the season of the golden-rod, the aster, and the fringed gentian,—of crimson and scarlet maple-forests, and of oak-groves almost as brilliant,—of beech-woods whose aisles seem covered with a golden roof, as you pass through them,—of pine-forests hung with the twisted streamers and orange-colored berries of the bitter-sweet, and bordered with the red pennons of the sumach, and with coral-hung barberry-bushes,—of ripe nuts on the hill-sides, as well as of yellow grain-fields, and loaded orchards. What season can boast more beauty, or half so great wealth?

In the autumn flowers there is one thing to be particularly noticed—that so many of them are star-shaped and sun-shaped. The wild aster, which makes our road-sides so beautiful with its varied tints,—white, lilac, amethyst, and royal purple,—

takes its name, "Aster, a star," from its form. "Frost-flowers" they are sometimes called, and stars of the frosty days they are. The large rudbeckia, with bronze disk, and rays of gold or

purple,—the compass-flower of the prairies, the wild sunflower and the coreopsis,—and the golden-rod, every stem of which is a constellation of little suns, all bear the same shape, and nearly all of them glow with the sun's own color. The other late flowers, the gentians, wear the azure of the sky. The world puts on blue and gold, before it clothes itself for its long sleep in the whiteness of the snow.

Is n't it beautiful, children,

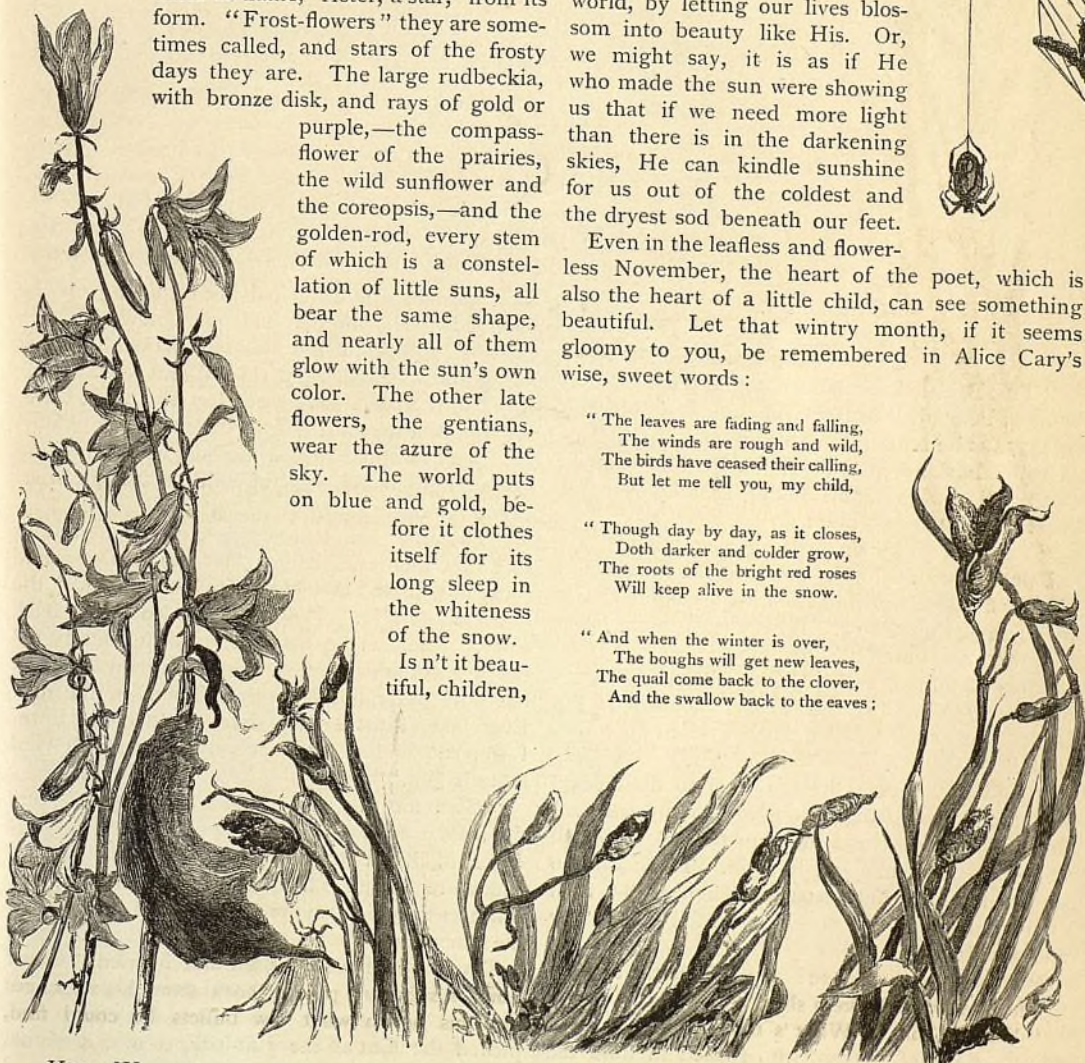
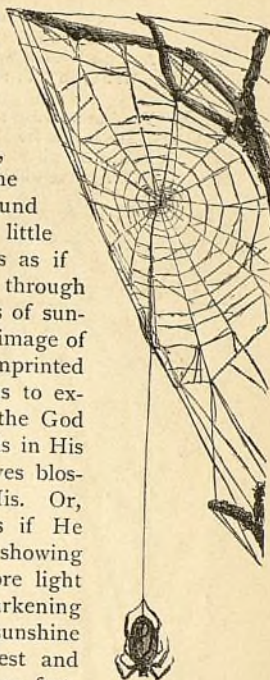
and does n't it give us a glimpse of His wonderful thoughts who has made the flowers grow for us, that when the days are shortening, and we get less of the sun's light, the earth around us blossoms out into little stars and suns? It is as if the dull clod, warmed through and through by months of sunshine, tried to leave the image of its benefactor's face imprinted everywhere, teaching us to express our gratitude to the God who has planted our souls in His world, by letting our lives blossom into beauty like His. Or, we might say, it is as if He who made the sun were showing us that if we need more light than there is in the darkening skies, He can kindle sunshine for us out of the coldest and the driest sod beneath our feet.

Even in the leafless and flowerless November, the heart of the poet, which is also the heart of a little child, can see something beautiful. Let that wintry month, if it seems gloomy to you, be remembered in Alice Cary's wise, sweet words:

"The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

"And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves:



"The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

"The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

"There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child!

"So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!"



A CENTURY AGO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

1777.

"THE British have landed at the Back Cove!" shouted Peletiah Wardwell, one fine May morning in 1777, as he burst into the keeping-room of Captain Joe Perkins' house. Dame Perkins dropped her knitting-work, and, looking steadily over her spectacles at the lad, said:

"Peletiah, you have forgotten something."

Peletiah, with a blush mantling his honest and already flushed face, pulled off his sealskin cap and made an awkward bow. Boys were brought up in that way, one hundred years ago.

Then he added, excitedly, but with less boisterousness: "Yes, the British have landed at the Back Cove. Captain Blodgett has called for volunteers."

"And Mr. Perkins has gone off to the Neck," said the dame, rising and going to the window, from which she could look up toward Windmill Hill. No horseman was in sight. There was no sign of her husband's return. Then, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, she turned to the boy and asked:

"Whystand you there? Go! alarm the town!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"What's that? What's that, mother?" cried Oliver, a boy of sixteen, who rushed in from the

back garden, where he had been spading up the beet-beds. His mother had taken down Captain Perkins' gun from the wooden mantel where it hung, and was looking at the old flint-lock.

"The red-coats have landed at the Back Cove, my son, and we must defend the town."

"You! mother?" cried the boy, with something like a laugh in his eye, but with his face glowing. "You! mother?"

"The time has come at last, my boy. Father said that there was danger that the British would come over from the Penobscot shore and take the town in the rear. They have landed at the Back Cove. There is no force in the little battery between them and the fort. And Captain Blodgett has only thirty militia-men with him in the fort. Everybody must do his share to save the town. I can run bullets for somebody to use with your father's gun."

"Give me the gun, mother! I'll go!"—and the lad's eyes sparkled as he spoke.

"Said like a man, my boy! said like a man! There are the horns!" and just then the sound of fish-horns braying on the village-green showed that the alarm had spread.

The preparations were few and hurried. Oliver hung his father's powder-horn about his neck, put into his pouch what few bullets he could find, picked the flint of the gun-lock, so that it should

not miss fire; and was then ready to run to the green to report himself for duty.

"I shall run some more bullets and send to you anon," said the mother. "The skillet is on the coals and Dorcas will help me."

The lad lingered an instant in the open doorway, and the sun streaming brightly on him gilded his yellow hair and shed a sort of glory over his fair young face. So full of life, so alert and ardent, he seemed for the moment transfigured in the eyes of his mother. She went swiftly toward him; kissed him, and without a quiver in her voice said:

"I cannot give you to your country, Nolly. God gave you when he gave you a country. You will do your duty."

"That I will, mother," and the boy, throwing his father's gun over his shoulder, ran down the village street to the green.

As he fled, two stalwart fellows hurried by, not forgetting to salute Dame Perkins as they passed. Shading her eyes from the sun, she called after them:

"Seth and Jotham Buker! My little Nolly has gone to the defense. Will you have an eye on his welfare in the fight?"

"Aye! aye!" answered the men cheerily as they ran.

Then Dame Perkins softly closed the door, threw her apron over her head and sat down on the stairs, crying to herself, "My son! my son!"

Dorcas, the little handmaid of the house, brought a bag of bullets, all hot from the molds, to Oliver as he stood with the other volunteers on the green.

"And I thought, Nolly, that mebbe you'd like your fishin' tackle," and she produced the boy's tom-cod lines as she spoke.

The young men standing around laughed at the sight, and Oliver blushed with mortification. It seemed to him that he had grown to manhood since he had used that line off the wharf the day before. Curbing his impatience a little, he said:

"Much obliged, Dorcas," and put the reel into his pocket.

"Forward! march!" shouted Corporal Hibbard, and the little company stepped out manfully to the tap of the drum, every beat of which seemed to say to the lad: "You will do your duty! you will do your duty!" over and over again.

Through the fields they went straight to the crown of the peninsula on which Castine is built. There, on the rounded ridge, overlooking the town on the one side, and the pastures on the other, was a rude earth-work, about six feet high, surrounded by a ditch, and commanding a view of the harbor in front of the town, as well as of the Back Cove which bordered the rocky and sloping pastures behind it. This was "The Fort." Thence they

could descry a fleet of boats on the shore of the cove, about a mile and a half away. Half a mile off was a small battery of earth, shaped like a half-moon, behind which a few men might lie concealed and worry an advancing enemy.

"Tell off twenty men for the battery!" shouted Captain Blodgett.

And Corporal Hibbard went down the line and counted out every other man until he had his twenty men. These stepped out to the front. They were old, middle-aged, and young. Each was afire with zeal; each was more than ready to fight for his country. The oldest was the gray-haired grandsire of Seth and Jotham Buker. The youngest was Oliver Perkins. And as they marched cheerily, yet sedately, down the hill, Oliver's heart beat high with pride, and he seemed to hear a soft voice repeating: "You will do your duty! You will do your duty!"

"Seems to me they might have kep' that little chap at home," muttered old man Buker to his grandson, Seth, discontentedly, though even his aged limbs almost tottered as he spoke. "This is no fit work for children."

"He's grit," said Seth, sententiously, "and I've promised the dame to keep an eye on him."

"No talking in the ranks!" thundered Corporal Hibbard.

The red coats of the British were already gleaming through the firs and cedars as the little squad filed behind the battery and lay down with their guns in position.

"Wait till I give the word," said the corporal, in a hoarse whisper,—"*then fire!*"

Oliver's breath came fast, and his eyes sparkled with strange light, as the red-coats came steadily on. On they came, first slowly, then, lowering their guns, with gleaming bayonets fixed, they broke into a run, and charged directly upon the battery.

"Fire!" shouted Corporal Hibbard, as he saw the whites of the eyes of the British regulars.

At the word, a rattling crash tore out from the line behind the battery. The enemy's line wavered and broke here and there. Then came a word of command, and the red-coats dashed up the slope, swarmed over the battery, and, in the midst of firing, smoke, and cheers, struggled to gain the position.

It was a brief fight. A few of the patriots managed to escape into the fir thickets to the right and left of the battery, and so fled back to the fort with the ill news.

The British troops re-formed their line and marched on up the hill. How gallantly the patriots defended this last line behind the town, how well they fought, I cannot stay to tell. It was all in vain.

When night fell, the red cross of St. George was flying on the flag-staff on the green, and the British colonel was quartered in Dame Perkins' house.

That night Captain Perkins came back and heard the doleful story. "It was a foolish thing to do," was all he said. But whether he referred to Oliver's going to the defense, or to Captain Blodgett's attempt to hold the battery, nobody dared to ask. For it was plain that his grief was great.

CHAPTER II.

1877.

"SAV, ma! may n't I go a-fishing down to the Back Cove, with Joey Gardner?"

grassy ruins of the old fort on the hill, and, with a wild cheer of savage joy in freedom, scampered down the hill which slopes to the Back Cove.

The robins fled away from the newly plowed ground as the boys approached; and a squirrel that had been scolding at them from the top of Dave Sawyer's fence dropped his tail and scudded away in alarm. Squirrels and robins usually have a wholesome dread of young people, though neither Abe nor Joey was their enemy. These boys had their thoughts on tom-cods, and they scarcely noticed the green and velvety tufts of moss that adorned the pasture-knolls, or saw the pale petals of the May-flowers that sent forth their delicate odors from the very edge of the lingering snow-drifts under the spruce-trees.



"AND HERE IS WHERE THE BRITISH BULLET LEFT ITS MARK."

Lincoln Parker's mother hung two more of her boy's shirts on the clothes-line before she glanced up at the summery sky, and said:

"Why, my son, it is going to rain, I'm afraid. Besides, there's no good fishing in the Back Cove. Better go down on the wharf."

"Oh, you can catch tom-cods off the rocks, if you only have a long pole. Say, ma, may n't I?"

A few minutes later, Abraham Lincoln Parker, with a luncheon-basket in his hand, was tugging after Jotham Swansdowne Gardner, who was two years older than he, and was accounted the most knowing fisherman of all the village lads. The two youngsters cut across the fields, scaled the

"Young Dave," as he was called, was plowing in the little patch which his father had fenced in from the pasture. Summer comes late in Maine, and though this was warm May, the time for planting had only just begun. The air was full of life. The peewit and the chickadee were complaining in the bushes. The water-spiders and pollywogs were lively in the clear puddles that filled the grassy hollows, and eye-brights and yellow violets were blooming on the swale which is still called "The Battery."

"Hullo, Dave! what's that?" asked Joey, as Dave's plowshare turned up a brown bowl from the earth. Dave stopped his horses, picked up the bowl,

and turning it over in his hands, said: "I swan to man, boys, but that 's a human critter's skull!"

"A skull!" cried both the boys at once, with eyes agog with awe and wonder.

Abe drew back a little.

"Oh, it wont hurt ye," said Dave. "I reckon this belonged to one of them Revolutionary fellers that fit here, a hundred year ago."

"Fought here, did they?" cried Joey, eagerly.

"Yes, fit here, they did," said Dave, and he seated himself on the cross-beam of his plow and looked thoughtfully at the brown relic. "I 've heerd my gran'ther Dunham tell the story many and many a time. He was into the last war, but *his* father *he* was a Revolutionary pensioner."

"What a little skull for a man!" remarked Joey.

"Should think it must have been a boy."

"Should n't wonder! should n't wonder! And here, you see, is where the British bullet left its mark. Drefful good shot that," and Dave regarded the little round hole with real admiration. "The feller that put that there could knock over that red squirrel yonder just as easy."

"What did they fight for?" demanded Abe. To him it seemed wicked that people should fight and kill each other, and that this remnant of a cruel war should now be turned up in the midst of the life and beauty of spring.

"Wal! you 'll hev to ask your ma about that. She wuz a Perkins, and some of her folks fit into the Revolutionary war. There wuz old Captain Joe Perkins; he wuz your gran'ther Perkins' gran'ther, or great-gran'ther, I don't justly know which. But it wuz a great fight, anyway."

"A fight for independence," said Jotham, stoutly.

"That 's it, Joey. They fit for their country. Many a poor feller bit the dust in that war. But they did their dooty, and it 's all the same in a hundred years."

So, tenderly placing the skull on a rock, Dave took up his reins and went on with his plowing.

"Here 's something else!" cried Abe, as the plow moved on. He picked up what seemed to be a ball of dried grass. It fell into powdery dust as he fingered it, and left in the palm of his hand a little bar of lead.

"A tom-cod sinker!" exclaimed Joey. "And that stuff must have been a fish-line. Tom-cod line, d' ye suppose?"

"Don't know," said Dave, who had turned back to look. "But I know I sha'n't get my stent done afore night if I stop to talk with you boys. Get up, Whitey!" and Dave drove on.

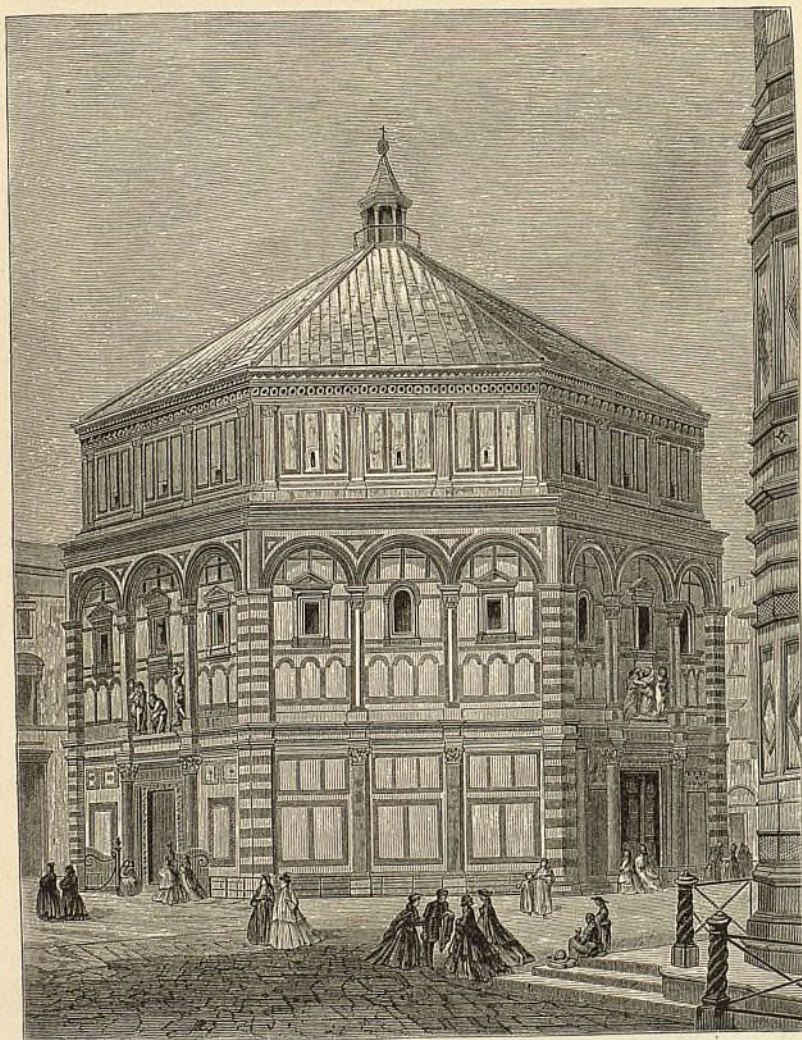
Abe fastened the strangely found sinker to his line, and the lads went to their fishing in the Back Cove.



"PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME!"

ITALIAN BABIES.

BY E. D. SOUTHWICK.



THE BAPTISTERY OF FLORENCE.

THERE is a curious building in the city of Florence in Italy, which is called the Baptistery; it stands in the middle of the city, and has stood there for many hundred years, being for a long time the cathedral of Florence. It is an eight-sided building, having beautiful bronze doors, about which you will be glad to know more some day. They cost their makers twenty years of labor, and are wonderfully decorated with scenes from the Bible. Inside are five marble statues, ancient pillars, tombs, and painted windows. But just oppo-

site to this building a grand cathedral was built a long time ago, and this one has been used for many years entirely for baptisms—all the babies who are born in the city being brought there. It is a curious sight, and worth going to see. Every day, about four o'clock, they begin to come, and there generally are from eight to twelve at a time. The child is usually brought in a carriage, and taken in with a large mantle of silk, satin, or fine cloth thrown over it—the mantle being richly trimmed and ornamented with a monogram in the

center, or perhaps the baby's name. Then, when the priest is ready, he comes forward, and the godmother holds the infant while he makes a prayer and puts a bit of salt on its tongue; then, laying the end of his mantle over the baby, they walk up some steps to a very large white marble font, having a broad band around the top, and a cover over it; the cover is raised, and child placed standing upon the edge of the basin. Now, as the children are very young, they could not stand at all in *our* ordinary dress for babies, but the Italian baby has a fashion of its own, or one that is arranged for it, which seems curious enough to us. Its little body is bound tightly in a strong strip of cloth, until it is made quite stiff, and only the arms are free to move. Thus all the babies who are brought to the baptistery can be placed standing on the edge of the font while the holy water is poured upon their heads; then a warm napkin is used, to make them perfectly dry; and sometimes a mother sends powder in a box, that some may be put on after the napkin, to insure her darling against taking cold. After the ceremony, the friends of the babies usually spend some time in conversation, then return to their homes. Twelve hun-

dred babies are baptized here every year. Many a time I have watched the bandaging process with pity for poor baby, for I know how they love to kick. The mother puts the bandage around the body just under the arms, and winds it round and round, binding the little legs fast together, and draws it firmly over the feet; then the whole of this little package is bound about like a bundle of goods, with a very narrow strip of cloth, to keep it from unrolling; sometimes a dress is put over all this for show, and for baptism a very magnificent robe.

The little creatures are kept thus bound till they are about a year old; and, as they know no better way of being clothed, seem to enjoy life as much as do any other babies. When they are taken out to ride in their small wagons, they are well protected from the air, even in summer, having thick woolen covers or small down beds over them. Sometimes it is difficult to see that there *is* any child there, there are so many wrappings. The babies of the poor have a very hard life, as their parents have no comforts for themselves, and have to work continually to get enough to keep them from starvation.

HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JACOB WRITES A LETTER AND RECEIVES ADVICE.

JACOB was glad enough to get away from his uncle and return to the Fairlakes. After coming out of that dreary house, the little home of his new friends seemed all the more charming to him. He had never known but one other at all like it, and that was Quaker Matthew's. Different as they were in other respects, the two abodes resembled each other in the pleasant, peaceful atmosphere which pervaded both—the spirit of love which alone, whether in poverty or wealth, in a cottage or a mansion, makes for the human heart a home.

Friend Matthew's hospitality and parting words, and recollections of dear little Ruth and her beautiful mother, were much in Jacob's mind that day; and, Mrs. Fairlake having shown him a desk and writing materials in the library, which she invited

him to make use of, he resolved to write the promised letter.

While he was about it, Florie came into the room, and he turned to speak to her.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she said, with a laugh. "I've no doubt you're writing to some nice girl."

"I am," replied Jacob, proudly; "writing to a very nice girl."

"Then I am sure it is to your little Quakeress, Ruth!"

For Jacob had told the Fairlakes about Friend Matthew's family.

"Of course it is to Ruth," said he.

Florence seemed about to make one of her pert and, perhaps, stinging retorts; but seeing how grave and grateful and sincere he looked when speaking of those who had been so good to him, she had not the heart to wound him.

"Is she dreadfully, awfully good?" she asked; "a great deal better than I?"

"She is different from you. I don't know that she is any better. But she is gentler. She does n't say such sharp things as you do sometimes."

"What makes me?" cried Florie, with a flush.

"I don't know. It is your way, your spirit. You don't mean to hurt anybody's feelings, I am sure."

"Do I hurt yours?"

"Not now," said Jacob, with a smile; "and I don't think you ever can again."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I see how good you are, behind it all! And you have been so kind to me!"

He spoke with so much feeling, that Florie turned away for a moment.

"Well, *Jacob, my boy*," she said, trying to carry it off with a laugh, though her eye still glistened softly as she turned once more upon him, "give my love to Ruth. I know I should like her! Tell her she must visit me when she comes to town." She bit her tongue, and added: "But when you praised her so, you made me think I was n't good at all—or good-looking,—like her! There! I've said it!"

And, with a laugh and a blush, she ran out of the room.

At the dinner-table that day, Jacob described with a good deal of spirit and humor his interview with Uncle Higglestone, and asked Mr. Fairlake what he ought to do.

"It is hard to give advice in such a case as this," said his host; "and before doing it, perhaps I ought to see your uncle. I will go round and call upon him this afternoon. Meanwhile, Jacob," he added in a fatherly tone, "it will be well for you to reflect that we have to do many things in this life, not because they are pleasant or promise to be profitable, but because they are duties. Who knows but you may have a duty to your uncle to fulfill. If you can do anything to comfort his lonely and suffering old age, may be you will choose to do it, and conclude to go to him, for his sake solely, and not at all for your own."

Left to himself that afternoon, Jacob remembered these words. The more he pondered them, the more they troubled him. Was he sorry that he had remained faithful and done his duty to his aunt? Would he ever in the future regret that he had performed a similar service toward his uncle? Might not *he* do something to bring into that dreary house the home-feeling that was wanting?

He was prepared for the result when Mr. Fairlake returned from his mission.

"I have had a long and rather satisfactory talk with your uncle," said that gentleman, sitting down

with Jacob alone in the library. "You have made an extremely favorable impression upon him. He likes your frank manners, even when you disagree with him, and that is a great point gained. If you go to live with him, you will not have to sacrifice your independence."

"Do you think I had better go?" asked Jacob, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, I am not going to say that. I shall leave you to decide the matter for yourself. But I will tell you what I have learned. The old colored woman showed me the room which will be yours if you go. It is a very good room, but I objected to the barrenness of the walls, and the poor and scanty furniture; for I thought, considering his wealth, that we might as well begin right. He said to me that you could have it furnished in any way you liked—he, of course, to pay the bills. Then it occurred to me that, with my wife to assist you in your selections,—she has excellent taste in such things,—you might make really a pleasant room of it. And, who knows? that might prove a starting-point toward a reform in the old gentleman's whole manner of living. When he sees one really comfortable and inviting chamber in his house, I think he will like to have all the rooms furnished with corresponding good sense and good taste."

Jacob listened in a pleased way, but said nothing.

"Another thing. He imagines that he is going to take some pride in you, and he agrees with me that it will be a good plan for you to go to school a year or two, or at least carry on some studies in connection with your business. I am inclined to think he will be liberal with you in that and every other respect, if you suit each other. If you choose, you can go and try; but, even then, you won't be obliged to stay if you don't wish to. Now make up your mind."

"My mind is already made up," Jacob answered. "It was made up before you got back. I said to myself then, 'It may be my duty to go, and I will go,' though it seemed hard. It does n't seem so hard to me now, after what you have said."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN AND ABOUT THE GREAT CITY.

THE next morning Jacob went to visit Uncle Higglestone, and met with a very different reception both from him and the old colored woman.

She was evidently expecting him, and had put on a fresh gown and a smile for the occasion. She had also set the sick man's room in order, and the old uncle himself appeared in clean linen, his head resting against a white pillow in his chair, and the harshness of his features mollified by a fresh shave

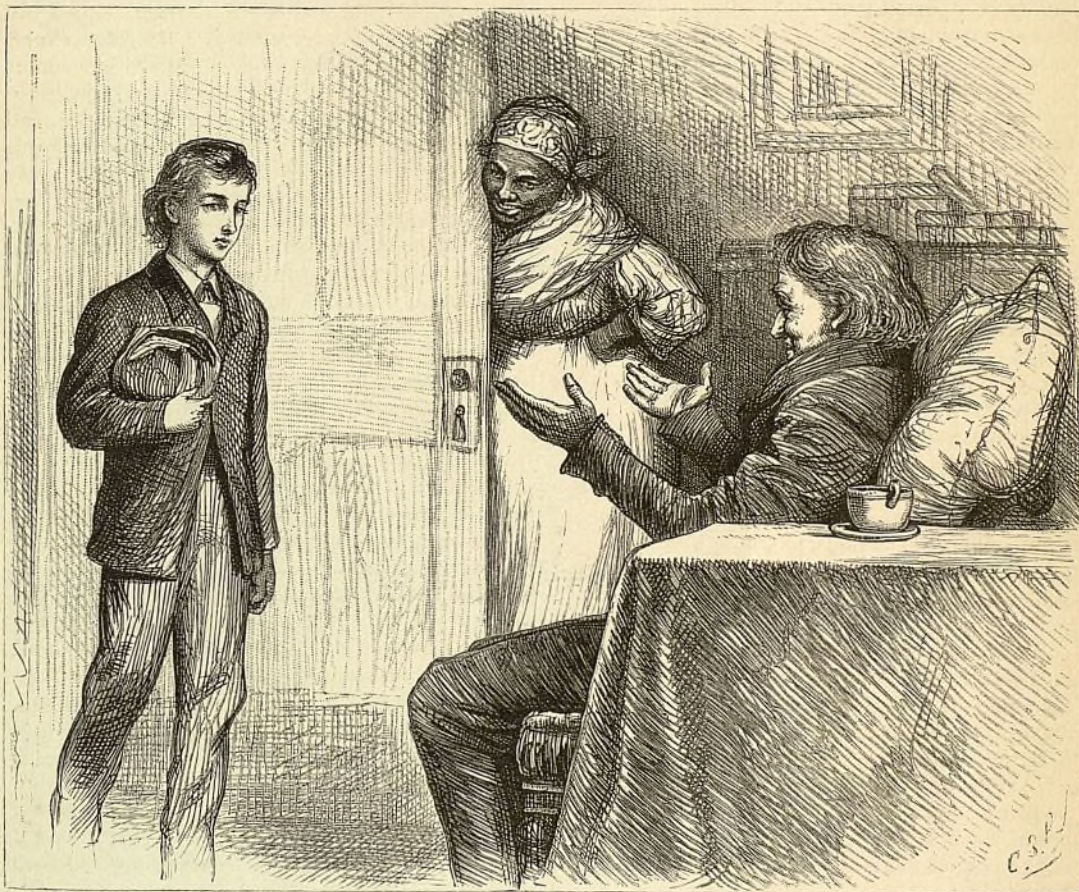
and an almost eager look of welcome. His hair was thin and white, his forehead bold and broad, and Jacob was surprised to find him looking so kind and venerable.

He was also pleased to see his coming into the house regarded as an event of some interest.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I thought you would! Mr. Fairlake gives a good account of you,

all so new and strange to me, I don't know where or how to begin."

"That's right; I should be sorry to see you show a headstrong confidence," said Uncle Higglestone. "Mr. Fairlake thinks you had better not come here to stay until your room is ready, and I think so too. His wife will help you about that. I am willing to leave everything to her. Mean-



UNCLE HIGGLESTONE GIVES JACOB A HEARTY RECEPTION.

and I think we shall get along together. You are to have your room, and do about as you please with it,—only, no extravagance, you understand!"

"There's not much danger of that," said Jacob.

"No, I suppose not. You are a boy of good sense and good habits; only keep so, and you are safe. But a word of warning to begin with will do no harm. Many a boy like you has come to the city not knowing what extravagance was, and rushed into it all the more recklessly for its novelty and his previous ignorance. Now, to practical matters, the first thing."

"I want your advice," replied Jacob. "This is

while, you should see a little of the city. Visit me when you can; but feel yourself free to go and come. You'll want a little money."

"Oh! I had n't thought of that!" said Jacob.

"But I suppose it will come handy."

"About how much?"—and the old man looked sharply into the boy's blushing and confused face.

"Oh, very little indeed," replied Jacob. "To tell the truth, I hate to begin by taking money of you. But if my friends are to go around with me, I should like to be able to pay any little expenses."

"That's right!" cried the old man. "Anything else?"

Jacob looked very thoughtful for a moment.

"I came away from home," he said, "leaving some small debts unpaid. They have troubled me ever since. I did a very foolish and a very wrong thing, and I would like to make it right. But I hoped to be able to earn money for that."

"That's right, that's right!" again cried the old man, his eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Pay your honest debts before all things. Earn the money for it before you earn clothes for your own back. But in this case you'd better not wait. I'll advance you the money and you can make it right with me by and by. Anything else?"

"I borrowed a little of Friend Matthew Lane. I have a letter written ready to send to the family, and if I could inclose what I owe them I should be very grateful."

The old man gave him all the money he required to pay these small but by no means trifling debts, and something for his pocket besides.

"Now," said he, "when you go out with Mrs. Fairlake, get you a new suit of clothes the first thing. I'll give you a bit of paper which will procure you credit almost everywhere. Pull that table up here. Give me the pen."

The old man scratched two or three lines on a scrap of paper, evidently torn from an old letter, and gave it to Jacob.

"There!" he said, "you might go and buy a steamboat on the strength of that."

These were the lines: "The bearer of this is my nephew, Jacob Fortune. Please let him have whatever he wants on my account."

A coarse, strong signature, hard to counterfeit, gave the paper its value. Jacob smiled. He was beginning to find something to admire and like about the old man, and he felt a sense of the power there was in that scraggly written name.

Uncle Higglestone also wrote a list of the principal places in the city which he wanted his nephew to visit.

"I have put the Iron-works last," said he, "but they ought to interest a lad like you as much as anything. When you visit them, ask for Mr. Miner, and tell him I sent you. Now, what do you propose to do first?"

"I think I had better attend to having my room got ready," replied Jacob.

"That sounds like business. Well, bring Mrs. Fairlake to see it, and order the things as soon as you please."

Jacob went off with a light heart, and returned in the afternoon with Florie and her mother. He introduced them to his uncle, and then took them to look at his room.

"Why, this is really very nice!" said Mrs. Fairlake, "or will be, after we have had the arrange-

ment of it. The down-look from the window into those back-yards is not very enchanting; but the off-look over the city and into the sunset sky will always be interesting—when the smoke is n't too thick. I'm glad you've got a fire-place; it will make everything else cheerful when your little grateful of coal is blazing on a winter night."

"Oh, yes!" said Florie; "and see! his mantel-piece is n't so high but that he can put his feet on it when he sits and smokes his cigar!"

"Florie, be still!" said the mother, while Jacob joined in the young girl's mischievous laugh. "He is not that kind of boy. Here we'll have your writing-table, with the light over your left shoulder. It will do for the few books you have at first. Will you have the room newly painted?"

"I think not," replied Jacob, in a low voice. "I've an idea that everything ought to be plain—not at all showy, I mean, so as not to contrast too much with the rest of the house."

"Quite right, Jacob. So we'll make the paint do, with a little soap and water, which old Dinah will attend to. But the walls must be papered, the floor needs a carpet; the windows want new shades,"—and Mrs. Fairlake went on to name a few other indispensable things. "Let's see what Dinah can do for us first."

The old colored woman having been consulted, the little party set off to make purchases. Jacob had never been shopping before, and when he saw designs of carpets unrolled, or a multitude of patterns of wall-paper displayed, he was so bewildered he did n't know what to do. Had the plainest things of any he saw been chosen for him, and he had first seen them in his room, he would have been perfectly satisfied. But, among so many beautiful styles, he wondered how any one could make a choice.

He felt that he could not have done anything without Mrs. Fairlake. She let Jacob and Florie argue and discuss, then took what she thought most fit. The carpet having been decided upon, then everything else was made to correspond with that. Jacob was surprised to find how a little experience and good sense simplified this great puzzling mystery of shopping.

At Mrs. Fairlake's suggestion, the new suit of clothes had been put off until the last thing. Perhaps it was her way of showing that she and Florie were not ashamed to go about with a well-behaved young fellow in pepper-and-salt trousers and a coat which he had slightly outgrown. At a first-class clothing store he was fitted, without much trouble, to a neat ready-made suit, which, as the shopman said, would "do to wear anywhere;" and he put it to the test by wearing it home to supper, with Florie and her mother.

"Well, that's a sensible suit," said the old man, when he saw Jacob in it the next morning. "I hope I shall be able to say as much of your other purchases. The paper-hangers are already in the house; but I have n't looked at the paper, and don't mean to till it's dry on the walls. Now you must think of something to do for your friends who are doing so much for you."

"I should like to, if I could," said Jacob.

"For one thing, do you think they would care to go and ride with us this afternoon? If the weather continues fine, I think I should enjoy it; and, if they will go, we'll have a barouche."

"I am sure they will," replied Jacob; "for they said they would go with me to-day anywhere I pleased."

So the ride came off. It was a beautiful afternoon, Florie and Jacob were in high spirits, and it was surprising to see how courteous the crabbed old uncle could be on an occasion of this kind. He showed great respect for Mrs. Fairlake, who occupied the rear seat with him in the carriage, and seemed pleased to see the children enjoy themselves. Jacob was already bringing sunshine to this lonely old man's life.

They drove up through the city, and up, up, by zigzag roads, to the summits of the mighty hills that rise still beyond. They were then in the midst of the finest suburbs in the world—villas, gardens, groves, charming vales and slopes, and heights that commanded magnificent views. Uncle Higglestone, who was full of information with regard to everything they saw, pointed out many things of interest, and did not fail to tell Jacob that these suburbs comprised five separate small cities, each on its hill, where lived the wealthiest people doing business in the great city below.

He took them past the buildings of the famous Lane Theological Seminary (which did not look very inviting to Jacob), and afterward sat in the carriage while Mrs. Fairlake and the young people climbed the cupola of the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' School, on one of the highest and finest hills, and beheld from the top all the beautiful, green, sunlit, blue-ringed world outspread around. Then home, after one of the most delightful days in Jacob's life.

The next morning, he went alone to visit one of the great pork-packing houses for which Cincinnati is celebrated, and saw an endless drove of hogs move up an inclined plane into the building, and come down, through a number of spouts, in the shape of hams, shoulders, sides of pork, pigs' feet, and so forth, at the rate of twelve or fifteen hundred hogs a day. Much of the process by which the drove was converted into pork and lard was not agreeable to look at, but in its order and skill,

its swiftness, and even its neatness, considering the nature of the work, it was all wonderful.

In the afternoon he visited the Iron-works, of which more anon.

Jacob's room was ready for him by Thursday, and Mrs. Fairlake and Florie went with him to look at it. Everything was plain and neat about it; yet he could not help blushing as he entered it from the other part of the house, and found it, after all, so much better and more comfortably furnished than any other room.

Something made him very thoughtful as he walked home with Florie and her mother, and took leave of them at the door.

"No," said he, "I won't go in; it will only make it still harder for me to leave you if I do. My uncle expects me back to dinner, and I must remember *that* is my home now."

"But you are going to be a near neighbor. Come and see us very often!" said Florie.

Jacob swallowed the lump in his throat, smiled resolutely, and said:

"Yes, if you will let me."

The sadness of parting was not all on his side, for these good friends had become no less attached to him than he to them. He could not thank them then for all their kindness to him, but with a last grateful, affectionate look, he turned from them and hurried away. He had many things to think of on his way back to his new home.

Just before reaching his uncle's house, he saw a person come down the steps and advance toward him, with a jaunty air and a graceful flourish, which belonged to only one person in the world. Jacob did n't know whether he was glad or sorry to see him, but he went forward and shook the daintily proffered hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Pinkey?"

"I am cheerful—I am all serene, thanks to you, Jacob my boy! I've just been to hunt you up at your uncle's, and I'm delighted to know that he has taken you into his heart and home, just as I told you he would,—don't you see? I was n't far wrong, after all, Jacob my boy!"

"Tell me about yourself," said Jacob. "What's the news?"

"Why, here I am, and that's good news for one person in the world, at least," replied Alphonse, gayly. "Your call on Brother Loring did the business; you must have pleaded my cause like a young Cicero, Jacob my boy, for he came trotting round to the jail—I mean, to my lodgings," said Alphonse, glancing quickly about him,—“that very afternoon, and allowed me to bring my eloquence to bear upon him. And what do you think? He not only got Bottleby to withdraw his complaint, and procured my release, but lent me money to

get to town with, which I am to repay at my earliest convenience."

"Then I trust his need of the money is not very pressing," said Jacob.

"Oh, I'm going to surprise him and you, and everybody else, by paying up my debts now with the most rigid conscientiousness. Fact! By the way, Jacob my boy, what I want of you more particularly at this moment: I'm trying to make a new start in life, but it's awkward in the extreme to begin without means, and now that you've got your hand in Uncle Higglesstone's pocket, please remember 't was I who told you that he was the vein for you to work."

"Please come to the point, and tell me what you want," said Jacob.

"To be brief, then—to come at once to the sordid business question—if you can accommodate me to—say twenty-five or thirty dollars—though more will not be decidedly objectionable—positively to be repaid, with the larger sum I owe you, at my very earliest —"

"Mr. Pinkey," Jacob interrupted him, "I have not a hand in my uncle's pocket, and I have no money to lend you."

"Gracious heavens! has n't he yet opened his heart in that gratifying, practical way,—I mean, soothed your soul with the sight of odd dollars?"

"Yes, he *did* ask me if I was in need of anything, and I told him I *would* like to settle up those accounts at home, which I left standing when we came away so suddenly, you remember. As the money which ought to have been used to settle them had gone in another direction," added Jacob, dryly, "I took some that he gave me for the purpose; for, to tell the truth, those small debts have troubled me more than I suppose much larger ones ever will you."

"Jacob, my boy, give me your hand! I admire your honesty. So, you can't do anything for me?"

"Nothing, Mr. Pinkey. But tell me what you are going to do for yourself."

"Well, Jacob, my boy, I'll take you into my confidence. I'm going to brush up my Latin, walk through a medical school, purchase a diploma, cultivate a little different style of curls, and set up for a fashionable physician. How's that for Professor Alphonse P.? Ha, ha! Well, good-day, Jacob, my boy; I'm off."

Jacob watched him with a smile as he disappeared around the corner; and then walked home to his new quarters in Uncle Higglesstone's house.

"Well, how do you like your room?" said the old man, as they sat together that day at dinner, in the old man's chamber.

"One thing about it I don't like at all," replied Jacob.

"What! a room like that?" cried the old man, sharply. "It's positively sumptuous, compared with anything I ever had when I was a boy. Mrs. Fairlake has done the thing in remarkably good taste, I think. I've just been thinking, I would n't object to such a room myself. What is it you don't like about it? If anything in reason, I'll have it remedied, if I can."

"You *can* remedy it," said Jacob. "And I hope you won't take offense when I name it."

"Certainly not. We're going to be plain with each other, you know."

Jacob paused, gathering courage to speak.

"Well, uncle," he said at length, "it's just this: the room is beautiful, comfortable, homelike,—everything I can wish: more than I ever hoped to have. But I'm ashamed, when I go into it, to think that I, a boy, well and hearty, have such a room in your house, while you, an old man, and sick —"

He hesitated, glancing his eye about the dreary, uninviting chamber, and then added, earnestly:

"It is n't right!"

"No, it is n't!" said the old man, huskily.

"But I'm used to it. Living alone, a man sometimes gets so he does n't care how he lives. Now you are with me, I'll see to having things in a little better shape. I had thought of it myself. But now let's talk of something else. What have you seen around town that interested you most?"

"The Iron-works," replied Jacob, promptly.

"Ah! I'm surprised at that. What of them?"

"I found Mr. Miner, and when I gave him your name, he took great pains to show and explain everything. I think I was never so much interested in anything before. Such power!—such machinery!—all through the ingenuity of men!—it is wonderful! I have heard people talk about inspiration; I never in my life," Jacob went on, with earnest eloquence, "had such a feeling, as when I walked through the different shops with Mr. Miner, and saw what was done; a sort of inspiration came over *me*, and I got an idea."

"Well! what's that?"

"You told me, uncle, I must be thinking what I would like to do. I've been two or three times to your store, and seen the trade going on. But it seems to me there is something better than trading,—and that is, *making*. I think I'd rather be one of those who *do* something, than one of those who deal in what others have done."

"You had, eh?" said the old man, penetrating Jacob with his keen gaze. "What do you think of me? I've been in trade all my life."

"I know it. And I don't say but that trade is a good thing. Only I think what's back of it is better. But you have n't confined yourself to trade,"

said Jacob. "Mr. Miner told me you were more of a manufacturer than a merchant,—that you are one of the principal owners of the Works."

"To be sure; I have an interest there; I am one of the oldest iron-men in the city," said Uncle Higglestone, with satisfaction.

"Well," continued Jacob, "when he told me that, I thought perhaps you could get me a chance to do something there."

"At the Iron-works!" The old man looked at the lad in astonishment. "You want to go to work with your hands, in the midst of clangor, and grime, and disagreeable things, rather than be a genteel clerk in a store?"

"The things are not so disagreeable to me; I sha' n't mind the grime; I rather like the clanging," replied Jacob, with a smile. "My idea is, to begin at the beginning, and learn everything, in a business like that; become a perfect master of it; know how to make everything, from a rivet, or a nut and screw, to the finest kind of machinery."

For a minute the old man did not speak. He was trembling with emotion. At last he said, winking the unusual moisture from his eyes:

"I did n't think any boy nowadays would make a choice like that. Boys want to be genteel; they don't like to soil their fingers! Instead of producing anything with their hands and brains, they want to live, some way, and grow rich, on what other people produce. Jacob! you could n't have made a choice that would please your old uncle better."

"Oh! you will let me, then?" cried Jacob, joyfully.

"Let you? I'll give you every advantage. I thought I would like to have you work into my business. But this will be better for you, if it is your choice. It is a noble ambition! And you will be working into my business, in a way, after all. But how about going to school?"

"I've talked with Mr. Fairlake about that," said Jacob. "I want a good education. But that, he says, means something very different now from what it did a few years ago. Then it meant Latin and Greek, among other things. They are good to learn, if any one has the taste and the time for them. But for practical life, he says, other things are taking their place. He advises me to learn one modern language instead, and recommends German. His family talk German just as they do English; and hearing them makes me want to study it."

"Yes; that will be useful. There are a great many Germans in this part of the country," said the old man, listening with interest to all the boy had to say.

"Then there are the modern sciences,—something people knew nothing about when they made so much of Latin and Greek," Jacob went on. "I had some talks with a man I met up the river, —a queer fellow,—a peddler of the name of Longshore."

"What! Sam?" cried the old man. "I know him. An odd chick! shrewd and honest, but a little crack-brained about some things."

"Yes, I thought so. But he has read a good deal, and, though he is n't very deep, he gave me some ideas about modern science that have been turning and turning in my mind, ever since. I've a great curiosity to know more about them. And when Mr. Fairlake told me that—these are his words—'modern science goes hand in hand with the practical arts, which depend upon it in many ways,' I thought I would like to know something about science in general, and a good deal about those particular sciences that have to do with my own business."

"But how are you going to learn all that without going to school?" the old man inquired.

"I mean to go to school. But I don't think it is necessary to give all my time to it. Mr. Fairlake says that when a young man is really interested and determined to get knowledge, it will come to him in all sorts of ways,—through his eyes and ears, and 'even through the pores of his skin.' Now, I want to work, and at the same time I want to read and study. He says there are always chances for that. There is the Mechanics' Institute, where, he says, young men go in the evening, and learn drawing, mathematics and other things, and have a good library where they can find books on all sorts of subjects. I shall go there," added Jacob, positively. "Then, as for German, the Fairlakes say they will teach me the pronunciation, and I can learn the grammar and translation by myself, from books. I've a pretty fair foundation to begin on. At school I was as good as any boy of my age in geography, arithmetic, grammar and other common branches; though I had to stay at home and work more than some boys did. Besides, I've concluded to take Mr. Fairlake's advice about going to school this coming season, if you approve of it. Then, in the spring, when I am sixteen years old, I should like to go into the Iron-works."

"I approve of everything!" said the old man, heartily. "And I confess—I confess, Jacob, I am a good deal surprised at the turn you have taken."

"I am a little surprised at it myself," replied Jacob. "The smelting-furnace at Jackson gave me a disagreeable notion of everything connected with working in iron. But it was n't alone on account of the heat and steam in the casting-room."

I might have been interested if the grouchy foreman had been such a man as Mr. Miner is, at your iron-works."

"Well," said the old man, "I am glad you are going to school for six or eight months. That will give you time to think of what you will go at next. Perhaps you will change your mind."

"Perhaps," said Jacob, with a smile.

CHAPTER XLI.

MASTERY AT LAST.

JACOB found that living with his uncle was not by any means so unpleasant as might have been expected. They liked each other more and more. The old man was often sharp-tempered enough; but the boy had made up his mind beforehand not to be disturbed by any outbreaks of that kind. Uncle Higglestone, like Aunt Myra, had a great deal more kindness in his nature than the world had given him credit for, and, like her, he had sometimes an odd way of showing it to Jacob. But the boy looked steadily at the good and noble side of his character, and respected him for that.

It was to Jacob's credit that they were able to get along together at all. Uncle Higglestone's previous idea of a nephew had been a lazy young fellow, invented for the purpose of spending an old man's money. He found that Jacob was not one of that kind. He was delighted to see him choose an independent career, involving hard study and hard work. The less he relied upon his uncle the more anxious his uncle was to help him. The less he cared for the old man's money, the more willing the old man was to spend it for him.

The uncle's health improved fast after Jacob came into the house. The quickening of his affections seemed to renew his life. He was soon able to go about his business, and appeared as well as he had been for years. There is nothing like somebody to love to keep the heart young and strong.

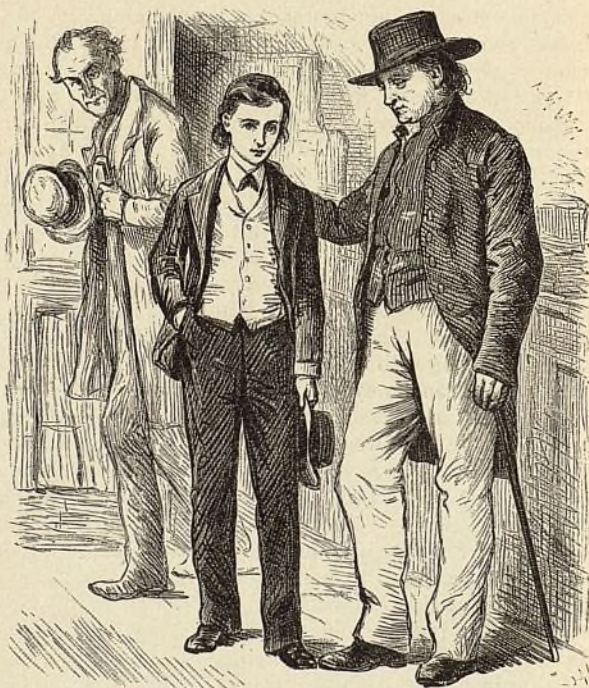
Something else improved too, and that was the old man's housekeeping. The furnishing of Jacob's room was the beginning of a revolution which did not end until every room in the house had put on an attractive and home-like appearance. In the following winter, when Jacob became associated with a club of young fellows for purposes of mutual improvement, Uncle Higglestone's parlor was one of the pleasantest places where they met.

Of course, Jacob saw a great deal of his friends

the Fairlakes; and while he was making many new acquaintances, he now and then met an old one.

He was walking on the levee one afternoon when he saw coming toward him a puckered mouth, a long, lean, twisted neck, and a pair of outstretched hands. The hands grasped his, and the mouth unpuckered enough to say:

"Well! I declare! Glad to see you! Did n't know as ever I should after that morning I saw you starting for Jackson, and I was drifting down the creek so fast I was n't able to say just what I wanted to about the power of the sun; but I've thought on it fifty times since, and I'll tell ye now. Ye see, the bigger the mass of an attracting body —"



"MAY LOVE AND PEACE BE WITH THEE, MY SON!"

"Oh, Mr. Longshore!" said Jacob, who could not help laughing at this abrupt return to the old hobby, "tell me about yourself now. And about Friend Matthew's family. Have you seen any of them lately?"

"About myself I haint much to tell," replied Sam; "cept that I've had a successful season,—sold more goods, I'm bound to say, than any other six men on the river; and t' other day I got hold of a treat-ise on spectrum analysis. You know, this spectrum analysis is the great discovery of the age;—you can tell by the lines on the spectrum just what any luminous body is made of; and it shows us that the sun is made up of about the same ingredients as our earth, for instance, iron

and other metals, hydrogen and other gases, only in an intensely heated state of liquid or vapor. Now —"

"I shall be very glad to know all about it some time," Jacob again interrupted his friend. "But I asked you —"

"Oh, yes! about the Quakers; have I seen any on 'em lately?" said Sam. "I should think so,—if an hour ago is lately."

"An hour ago!" exclaimed Jacob. "Which of them? where?"

"Friend Matthew himself. He's in town. And I guess I can take you right where he is now."

"Oh, I'll be ever so much obliged to you, if you will!"

"Come right along," said Sam. "He told me he had heard from you, and that your drowned friend had turned up again. Just as I expected. Did n't I prove it to ye? Oh, you'll find a long head has got hold of a subject, when Sam Longshore puts his mind to it!"

Talking by the way, Jacob slipped half a dollar into his old friend's hand. Sam looked at it, winked, smiled, and slipped it into his pocket.

"Glad 't was of use to ye," he said, as Jacob thanked him for the loan. "And, by mighty! I only wish everybody was as ready to pay their honest debts! Some of us, then, would be rich enough to retire from business."

They found Matthew Lane in a warehouse in Front street; and there Jacob also had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the man he had once been so anxious to find,—the same who had led him on that wild-goose chase from Jackson to Chillicothe,—Mr. Benjamin Radkin. He was now in a position to laugh over that adventure; and to decline, with thanks, an offer from Mr. Radkin of a place in his smelting-works at Jackson.

He took leave of Mr. Radkin; made Sam Longshore promise to come and see him; then had a long private talk with Friend Matthew. He had many questions to ask, about Ruth and her mother; and many to answer about himself.

"When thee has a vacation," said Matthew, "thee must surely come and see us. We were right glad to get thy letter; and a visit from thee will be still more welcome. Meanwhile, I wish thee the best success, which is n't always what shows most to the world. The real rewards and punishments of life are not what we usually see men enjoy or suffer; they lie deeper than that. They are in the mind and heart. May love and peace be with thee, my son!" And love and peace did seem to go with Jacob, in that good man's blessing.

After a winter of thought and study, Jacob had not, when spring came, changed his mind about going into the iron-works. Nor has he yet had reason to regret that he kept to his resolution. His uncle still lives, and manages his own business; and Jacob is all the more respected by him because he has worked out for himself an independent career.

It was long before he saw Mr. Pinkey again.

Being in Philadelphia on business some years afterward, he was one day approached by a man of slight figure, a jaunty air, and very stringy ringlets, in a rather seedy coat; who thrust a guide-book into his hand, glibly recommending him to purchase it. Jacob glanced at the book, then looked earnestly at the man.

"Mr. Pinkey!" said he, "don't you know me?"

"What!" cried Alphonse; "Jacob, my boy!—my man, I ought to say! How could I know you, in that fine beard?"

"How are you? and what are you doing?" Jacob inquired.

"You see what I am doing," Pinkey replied, somewhat ashamed, withdrawing the guide-book. "A mere make-shift, these hard times. Anything to turn an honest penny, you know."

"That's right," said Jacob, approvingly. And to encourage his friend's humble but praiseworthy effort, he bought a guide-book of him, though he had already several on hand.

When I saw him a few days later, he made me a present of the book.

"I thought I should have a good chance to give it away," he said, laughing.

It lies before me now as I write. It is a Guide to Philadelphia and the Centennial Exhibition.

And Jacob's business there? He had in charge one of the finest iron "exhibits" to be seen at that great show. Many of the articles were made by his own hands; a few of the most curious and interesting were his own invention. I found that he was not only a favorite with all who knew him, but that he had already received tempting offers for his future services from two or three large American firms, and one of which he had good reason to be proud—from the Chinese government! He smiled as he spoke of this, but said he was very well contented where he was, and thought he should remain.

All which has to be very briefly told; for it would take many chapters still to relate how Jacob, by the exercise of patience, perseverance and self-control had become not only a master of his business, but finally, in the truest and best sense, HIS OWN MASTER.

THE END.

THE REVENGE OF THE LITTLE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.



A FAT young hippopotamus
Sat grimly by the Nile,
Contriving dire vengeance
On a lady crocodile,

All at once an idea struck him,
And he broke into a smile.
"I have it!" cried he, joyfully;
"I'll fix that crocodile!"
Then he trotted through the rushes
Until he reached dry land,
When he crept along quite silently
To a mound in the hot sand,

Where the crocodile had buried
Her eggs, because she knew
The torrid sun would hatch them
Within a month or two.
Now, the savage mother-reptile
Was nowhere to be seen,
For she was calmly slumbering
Among the rushes green.

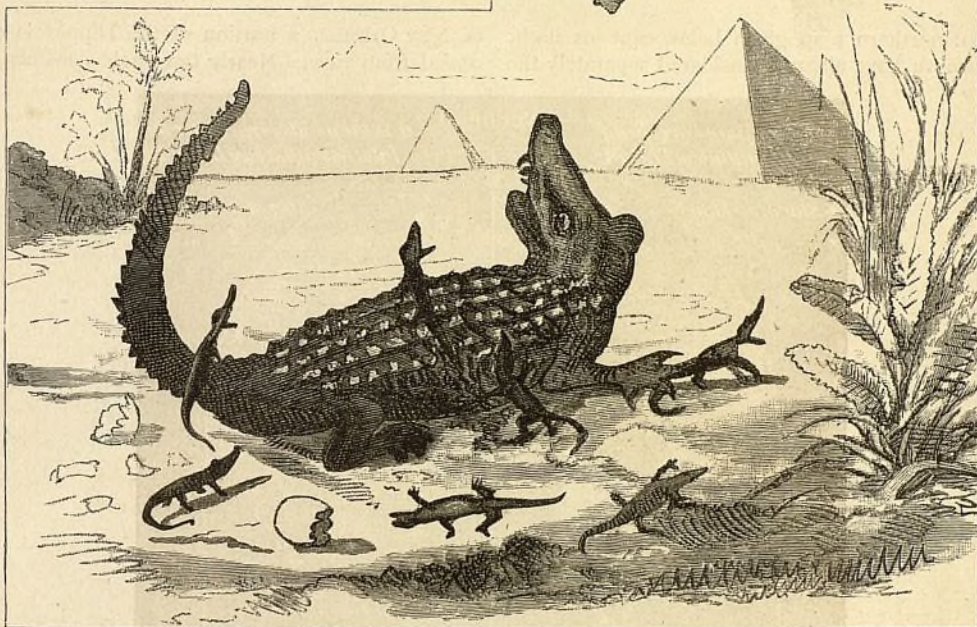
The little hippopotamus
Moved cautiously and slow,
Until he saw the heap of eggs,—
Than laughed he long and low.



Who, that morning, for her breakfast
Ate up his brothers twain;
So he pondered long and deeply
How to pay her back again.

Then boldly he marched forward,
And stamped upon that nest,
And jumped and kicked and pranced about,
As if he were possessed,

Till all the eggs were scattered
And broken every one,
While all the little crocodiles
Forth from the shells did run.



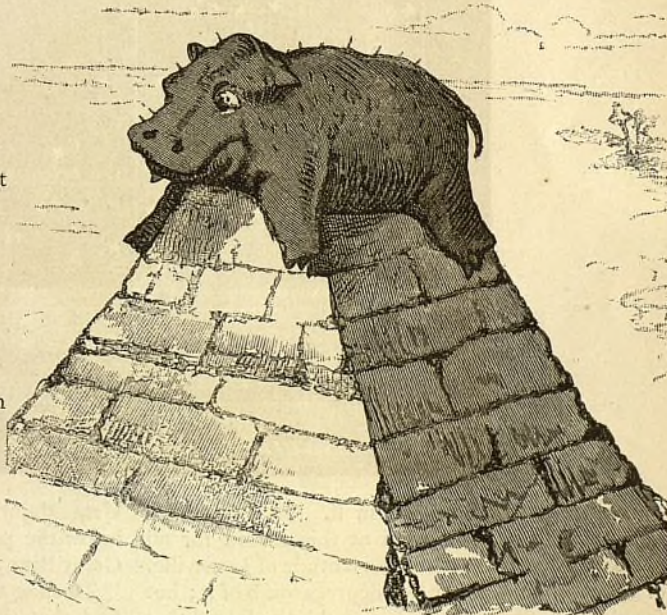
The ancient mother-crocodile,
Hearing her young ones' wail,
Came rushing from her muddy couch,
Waving her frightful tail.

But of this you may be certain,
That if he is not found
In the air or in the water,
He's somewhere on the ground.

The little hippopotamus
Was having then huge fun,
Stepping upon the babies,
To smash them one by one;
So he failed to see the mother,
Nor dreamed of his mishap,
Till—whack! against his side so fat
There came an awful slap.

It lifted him from off his feet,
And hurled him up on high,
And away he went careering
Like a rocket in the sky.
How far he flew I know not,
But 't is said that he was thrown
On the pyramid of Cheops,
Straddling the topmost stone.

Being too fat to clamber down,
He may be there this day,
Unless some one in a balloon
Has carried him away.



THE STARS IN OCTOBER.*

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern map given below explains itself, of New Orleans, a portion of the Dipper is concealed from view. Nearly the whole constellation



constellations which appear in it. The Dipper is well placed for observation at this season for all places in America north of the latitude of Louisville, or not more than about two degrees south of it; but for places between this last-named latitude and that

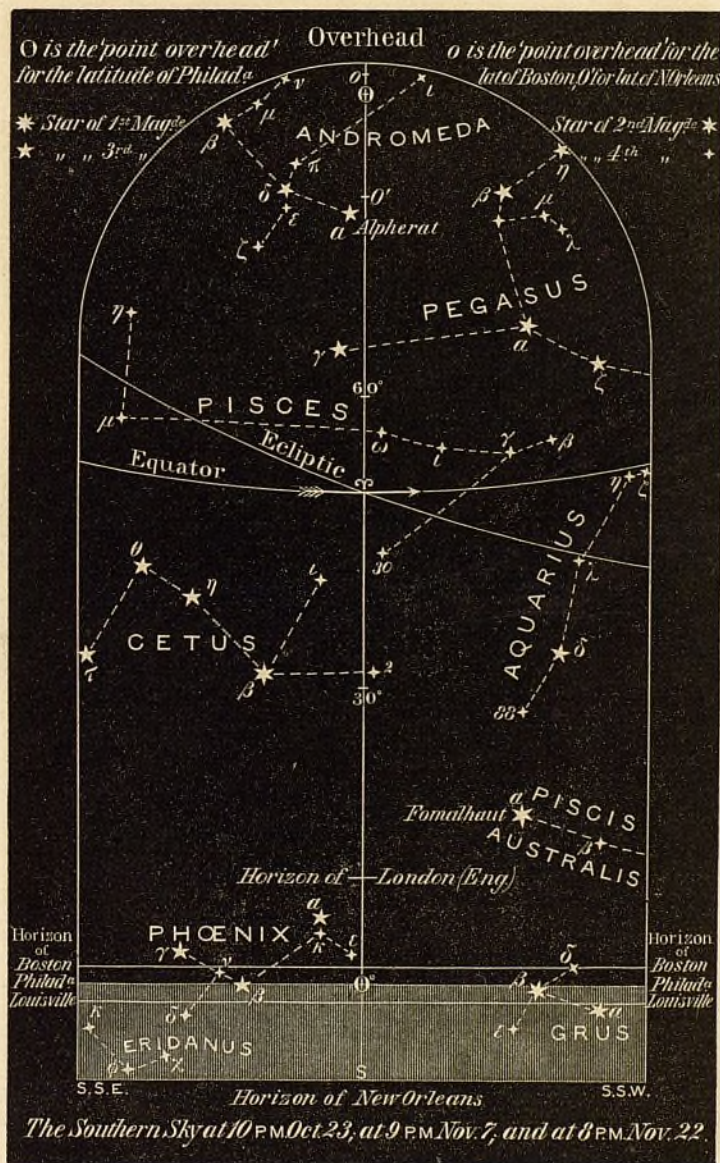
Ursa Major is seen in London, when due south below the pole; but, as you see, the paws of the Great Bear are not seen in America at this time.

Turning to the southern skies for the month we find that the constellation Pisces (or the Fishes) is

* In order to complete this series within the present volume, the stars for November and December are included in this paper.

the ecliptical constellation now ruling in the south. It is usually represented by two fishes tied together with a ribbon, one of the fish has its tail at η , and its head close to Andromeda; the other has its head at γ and β . You must be careful to distinguish the two fishes, Pisces, from the southern fish, Piscis Australis.

The Fishes belonged to the watery signs of the zodiac,—Capricorn (the Sea-Goat), Aquarius (the Water-Pourer), and the Fishes, whose natural home is in the water. Below Aquarius you see another fish. Below Pisces there is the sea-monster Cetus, and close by Cetus, as you will see in the second southern chart for this month, is the watery sign



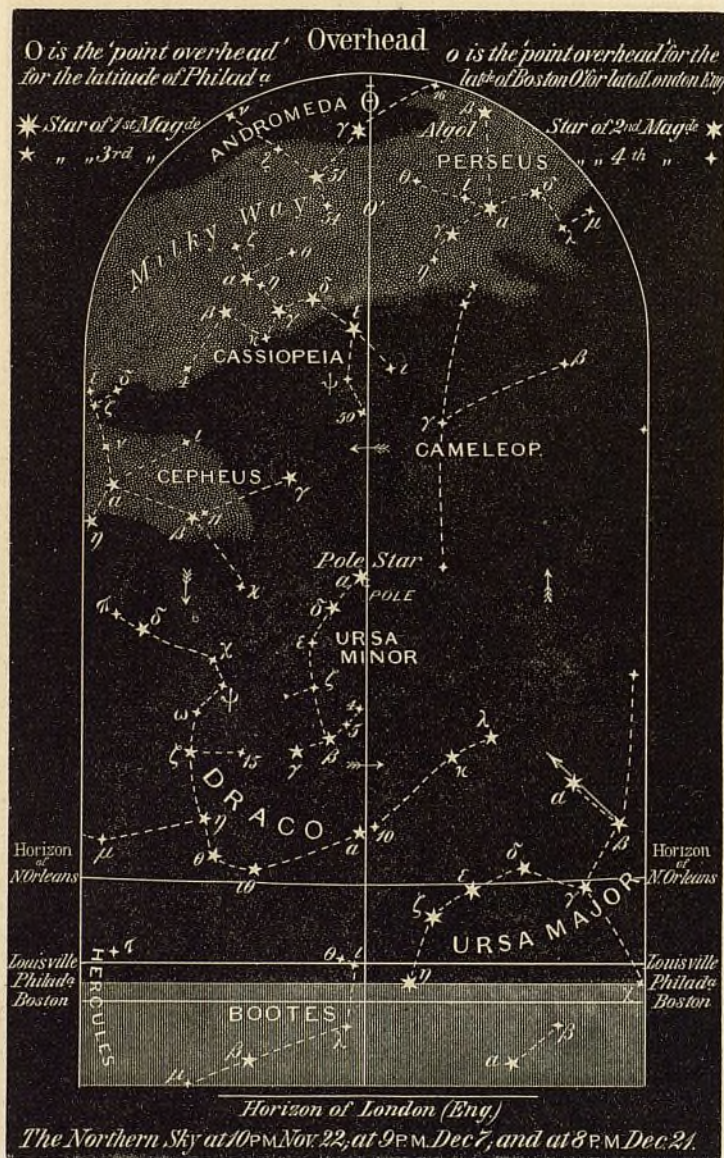
The constellation Pisces now includes the point marked τ which is where the sign of the Ram begins, and was formerly occupied by this constellation; though, more anciently still, the Bull was the constellation occupying this part of the heavens.

Eridanus, named later as a river, but undoubtedly in the older system of the constellations represented as a great stream of water simply, something like the streams which were represented as flowing from the water-can of Aquarius.

I have already mentioned the old superstition of the astrologers that when the sun and moon and the other five planets (for the sun and moon were planets in the old system of astronomy) were conjoined in the watery signs, or specially in Capricornus, the world would be destroyed by a flood. It is rather curious that the history of the flood was,

in the older temples of the stars, on the walls below the dome-roof, which sprang from the circle representing the equator.

The coincidences are curious enough to be worth noticing, though to many the natural thought will be that the zodiac temples represented on their walls a more ancient history of a flood, not that the his-



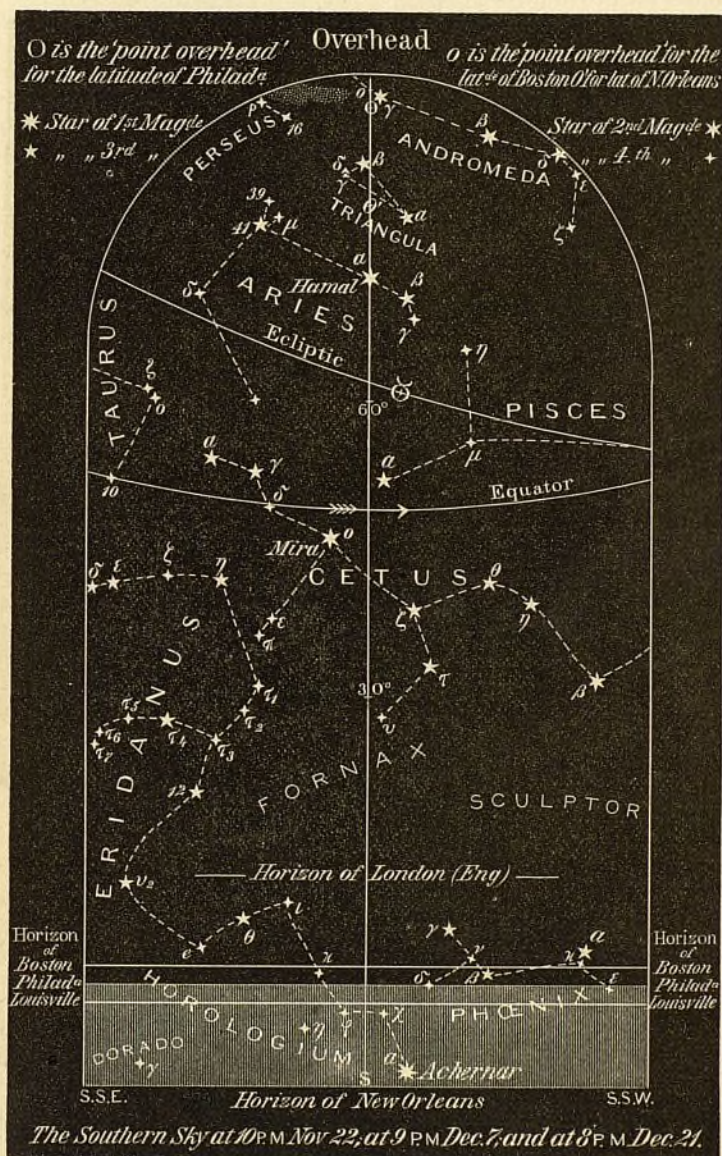
in a sense, portrayed among the constellations which (when the figures were first formed) lay south of the equator, insomuch that some have gone so far as to suggest that the narrative of the flood is an account in words of what was pictured,

tory was a later explanation of zodiac temples made long before.

We have the Water-Pourer casting streams of water downward from the equator, as explained last month, the waters rising until the uppermost

of the fishes rose nearly to the equator (so it would have been pictured in the remote ages referred to), while the great sea-monster and the still heavier streams of Eridanus on one side, with the Sea-Goat on the other, indicate the prevalence of the waters which had been poured by Aquarius over all things. Passing onward (see successively the

hinder quarters of the horse forming the fore part, at present missing, of the great ship). This man was represented bearing a sacrifice toward the altar, Ara, from which the smoke of burning incense rose into the heavens. We know that Noah when he went forth from the ark, builded an altar, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and



southern maps for January, February, March, etc.), we come first to the great ship Argo, which was associated in the earliest ages with the Ark; next is the Centaur, which again we find from early authorities was formerly depicted as a man (the

offered burnt offerings on the altar; and that the smoke of burning incense rose from the altar of Noah may be inferred from the words which immediately follow, in the authorized version of the Bible narrative: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor."

Next after the altar, or rather above it, and in fact in the smoke from the altar, is the bow of Sagittarius,—and corresponding with this we read that God, after the savor of the altar had reached him, said: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." Close by the ship Argo, again, is the raven, perched on Hydra, the great sea-serpent, represented in the old sculptures immersed in the waves of ocean on which the ark was floating. Orion was from time immemorial associated with Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, and accordingly has his dogs beside him; while the first vineyard and vintage may be supposed to be indicated by the cup, Crater. (It seems also that Virgo—close by Crater—was represented of old as bearing grapes, and to this day the star ϵ of the Virgin is called Vindemiatrix, or the Lady Gathering Grapes.)

The constellation Pegasus (or the Winged Horse) is a singular one for several reasons. There is not the slightest resemblance to a winged horse among the stars of the group; and as usually represented the winged half horse has his head downward, the neck joining the body at α and extending to ζ , etc. The constellation is easily recognized by the three bright stars β , α and γ , which with α of Andromeda form what is commonly called the square of Pegasus; for α Andromeda was also, of old, a star of Pegasus, to wit, δ of this constellation. You will observe that the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet has no representative star, at present, in the constellation.

The sun in his annual course along the ecliptic passes the point τ , or crosses the equator moving northward, on or about March 21st.

And now we pass to the last of our set of twelve pairs of northern and southern maps, viz., the pair which, indeed, properly belongs to December.

The northern map contains no new star-groups. It is only necessary to remark that this map makes the circuit of the northern heavens complete, the northern skies for the month following being those already shown in the first northern map of our series.

Turning to the second southern map, the last of the southern series, we see that due south and high up toward the point overhead, lies the group of three stars, α , β , and γ , forming the head of Aries (the Ram). The brightest of the three is called Hamal (or the Sheep). It is not easy to understand why this group was likened to a ram. One can just imagine the outline of a sheep's face looking toward the right (or west) as formed by the three stars α , β , and γ ; but in the maps the face of the ram is turned the other way, looking toward

the Bull, which lies on the left. This has been the idea for many centuries, for old Manilius wrote:

First Aries, glorious in his golden wool,
Looks back, and wonders at the mighty Bull.

Yet there is a tradition that in remoter times the Ram looked toward the west. Aries is one of the constellations of the zodiac, a set of twelve arranged as a zone or band round the heavens, along the middle of which runs the ecliptic, which is in fact the path of the sun. Formerly Aries was the first of the zodiacal constellations, but the same change which has shifted the pole from the Dragon to the Little Bear has shifted the Ram from his former position.

The sun in his course along the ecliptic crosses the point marked δ , or enters the sign Taurus, on or about April 20th.

The stars μ , 39, and 41, at one time formed a separate constellation called Musca (the Fly)—rather a large fly if Aries represents an ordinary ram.

Below the Ram there is the great straggling constellation called Cetus (or the Whale). In reality it was intended, I suppose, to represent some imaginary sea-monster, for the whale could hardly have been known to the astronomers who formed the older constellations. The group suggests rather an animal like the sea-serpent, rearing its head above water, than the great lumbering mass of a whale; and I am almost disposed to venture the idea that either some recollection of the Enaliosaurian or long-necked (and long-named) reptiles was thought of, or that the monster was no other than the crocodile. Slightly to modify the words of Shakspeare, we may say of this star-group,

It's almost in shape of a crocodile.
By the mass and 'tis a crocodile, indeed.
Methinks it's like a weasel.
It is backed like a weasel.
Or like a whale?
Very like a whale.

However, it is more important at present to note that the star marked Mira (or the Wonderful Star) cannot be seen at present. This is one of those strange stars which vary in brightness. It shines for about a fortnight as a star of the second magnitude, then by degrees fades away until at the end of three months it cannot be seen. After remaining nearly five months invisible, it gradually increases in brightness for about three months, when it is again a second-magnitude star. It occupies about 331 days eight hours in going through these changes. During the first half of April next this star will be in full luster.

Above the Ram you will see the Triangles, one triangle formed of faint stars, the other of fairly

conspicuous ones. The constellation Eridanus (or the River Po) is seen to the left of the south, passing on a winding course such as a river should follow, to the southern horizon. At places in the latitude of New Orleans the bright star Achernar (of the first magnitude) shows where the river

comes to an end. (Achernar signifies the latter part or end.) The Bedouin Arabs call Eridanus the Ostrich. The wide region almost bare of stars between Cetus and Eridanus is occupied by the modern constellations Fornax* (the Chemist's Furnace) and Sculptor* (the Sculptor's Workshop).

* These Latin names are abbreviations for Fornax Chemica and Officina Sculptoria.

BO-PEEP.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

WHAT becomes of the baby-stars
That play all night at their game—Bo-peep,
When the moon comes out with her silver bars,
And we little children are fast asleep?

Now, this is why, when the moon is bright,
We scarcely see the little stars:
She puts them to sleep by her silver light,
And fondles them close, behind her bars.

But when the moon has gone away,
And happy children sing their song,
The baby-stars come out to play,
And laugh and twinkle all night long.

They laugh and twinkle the livelong night,
When we little children are fast asleep;
When the moon no longer gives her light,
The stars are playing their game—Bo-peep!



"OH, THE DUTCH COMPANIE IS THE BEST COMPANIE
THAT EVER CAME ACROSS FROM THE OLD COUNTRIE."

WHAT THE PARROT TAUGHT THE LITTLE GIRL.

PECKY was just a poor poll parrot, with nothing of his own but his pretty gray feathers and sharp beak, that could bite little fingers when they came too near his cage; and yet this same Pecky taught Katie Scott a very useful lesson. When he was first brought home, Katie was just the happiest little girl! "Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma, please, he must be placed where he can see Libbie and Mary play croquet!"

Libbie and Mary lived next door, and, when the weather was fine, the three friends—Katie, Libbie and Mary—used to have fine games on the lawn between the two houses.

There were four friends when Pecky came, for he was put close by the window, where he could see the fun. Before long, he learned many new words. He would cry, "Croquet her away! Take care, Katie! I have won! Ha! ha! ha!" And he could laugh louder than any of them. They thought there never was such a wonderful pet.

Katie told her mamma it was "just the *cunningest*, nicest little polly in the world." So it was; and Katie was one of the nicest little girls in the world when she could have what she wanted, but sometimes little people want what is not good for them. One day, at dinner, mamma said:

"You can't have any more melon, Katie dear; it will make you ill!"

I hope none of the little girls and boys who read this would do as Katie Scott did;—I am really sorry to have to tell it;—she threw herself on the floor, and kicked and screamed so loudly, that Libbie and Mary, who were playing outside, heard her.

"What is that noise?" asked Mary.

"Oh!" said Libbie, "it is just Katie Scott—*Cry-baby!*"

Libbie did not know that she was heard, but such was the case. Mr. Pecky had two little sharp ears open, and turning one up and then the other, he walked up and down chuckling to himself, as much as to say: "I guess I know what *that* means!" And then he cried softly, imitating Katie's voice: "Boo—hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!"

He did not forget it for a whole week, and I am glad to say that, for a while, his little mistress was a perfectly good girl.

But there came a day—a damp, cold day—and mamma said there could be no croquet. Katie forgot that she was trying to be good, and, lying down near Pecky's perch, screamed like a very naughty child.

Pecky thought so, I know. He watched her some time, then jumped

down to the floor of his cage, crying: "Bo-o-o-o! Boo, hoo! Bo-o-o-o!" Katie very quickly stopped crying, peeped up at him, and ran out of the room very much ashamed. Mamma and Aunt Jane laughed, and Pecky thought: "I must have done something very funny. I'll just do it again! Oh, yes, I'll do it again!"

And he did it all that day, whenever any one came into the room.



PECKY.

When mamma was putting Katie to bed that evening, a little voice whispered: "Mamma, *won't* you make Pecky stop doing *that*?"

What do you think mamma said? She whispered to Katie: "When Polly does not see any little girl doing so, I am sure he will forget it."

"Then I'll never do so any more!" said Katie. And she kept her word.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS month, I'm told, somebody gives in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS full directions for making pretty landscape-pictures out of moss, lichen, tiny fern and other lovely things to be found in a country walk.

So your Jack advises you, dear young folks, to look about you as you wander in the fields and forests and to collect carefully and preserve fine specimens of delicate ferns, leaves, grasses, moss, and lichen, for possible future work. It will do no harm, at any rate, to examine these exquisite wonders of nature closely and with an eye to business,—for, even if nobody comes to help you, you can help yourselves, and arrange your treasures in some way, so as to delight yourselves and others.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

THE birds tell me, by the bye, that some folk just load the walls of their living-rooms with stiff wreaths or chains of varnished leaves and pressed Hartford fern, strung about in the stiffest and most absurd fashion,—up one side of the picture cords and down the other, straight as pairs of tongs,—in clumps and bunches in every conceivable corner,—sprinkled on the white curtains,—pinned on, a leaf at a time, without any idea of arrangement,—and, in short, made the most conspicuous things about the room. This, the Little Schoolma'am says, is always wrong, for ornamentation should never put itself forward in that way.

Now, don't do these things, my dears. Be moderate and tasteful in all your doings, and don't abuse those beautiful, beautiful things, autumn leaves and ferns.

Don't pluck any Jack-in-the-Pulpits, either. They don't press well,—at least, I would n't.

But this you can do. If you come across a fine, stately, pleasant-looking Jack in your rambles,

bend low and whisper something nice in his ear. It will please him. All sorts of flowers and growing things like to be noticed. Don't flowers and growing things whisper pleasant things to *you*, my chicks, all summer long? yes, and through the autumn too? Of course, they do!

Now we'll talk about:

TURKEY AND ROSES.

I DON'T mean the turkey-gobbler; he does n't pay much attention to roses. But I mean the other Turkey, about which Deacon Green was reading aloud the other day. He had come quietly along by the brook with a new-looking volume under his arm and a city friend by his side; and they sat down in the shade close by me and read some remarkable things, of which I will give you the substance.

In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants set in lines about five feet apart, and tended for some years with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet morning of the early summer, and while the roses are yet wet with dew, the tender flowers are torn off by laborers, and cast at once by heaps into huge coppers, there to boil and boil for hours in water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and, on cooling, becomes a kind of thick rose-water. This is boiled up again, and its vapor cooled into a liquid on the top of which floats a yellowish oily scum that is known as "attar of roses." It takes about four thousand pounds of roses to make a pound of attar. Once a merchant opened a cupboard in his store and showed a visitor thirty large glass bottles in which, he said, was sixty thousand dollars' worth of the precious essence.

This quantity must have taken nearly four millions of roses in the making! Poor roses! But may be, after all, their fragrance in that form would give more and longer-lasting pleasure than could have been given by the flowers had they been left upon their bushes, where they could have cheered only the passers-by.

DOSING AN ELEPHANT.

DEAR JACK: Here is something that I cut out of an old newspaper. I asked papa if it could be true, and he said: "Yes, undoubtedly;" for he himself had seen tremendous doses of physic given to animals; and my brother said: "Pooh! he had often seen men in the country give a horse a pill as big as a big potato." I guess Mr. Bergh would object to that. But here is the story I cut out.—Yours truly, JAMIE SMITH.

"Some of you children may now and then be given a dose of medicine (though, I hope, not often); and probably whenever you do take a dose, you consider it a very large one. Now, just for the sake of comforting you with the contrast, I'll tell you what doses a poor sick elephant was made to take, some years ago. He was a superb animal, and, for a time, delighted crowds at Cross's Menagerie in London by his wonderful intelligence and dignity. But he fell sick at last, and what do you think his keepers gave him? An ounce and a half of tartar-emetic, six drachms of powder of gamboge, twenty-four pounds of salts, twenty-four pounds of treacle, as much croton-oil as could be given to sixteen men, and six ounces of calomel, or enough to supply doses for twelve hundred human beings!

"All these were taken within two days, and the next morning they gave the poor fellow six pounds of melted beef-marrow, as a substitute for castor-oil!

"What do you think of that?

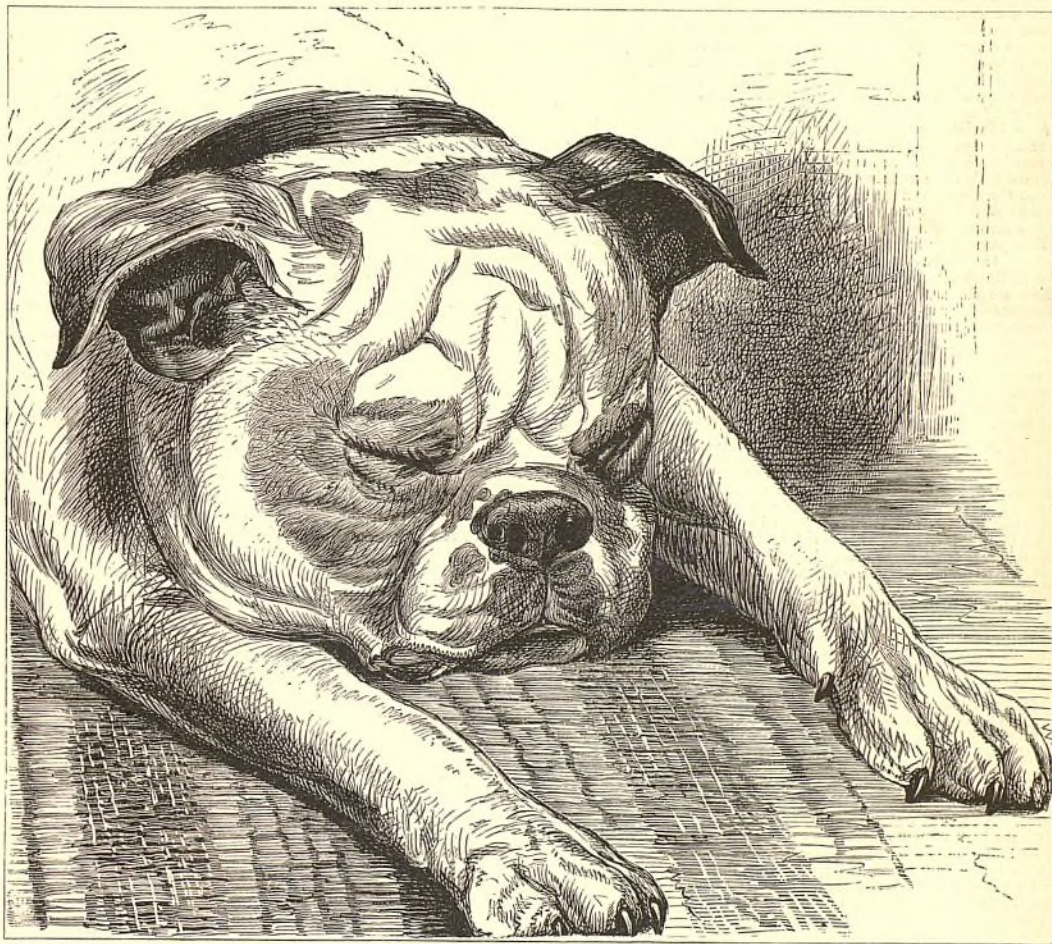
"Eh?

"Yes,—the elephant got better!"

HOME-MADE TARGETS.

TARGETS are expensive things to buy, I have heard, but clever youngsters after once seeing one can easily make them for themselves out of hay or straw. An archery target is generally nothing more than a round straw mat, covered with a piece of muslin or canvas on which are painted the bull's-eye and rings that show the value of the "hits."

any way you happen to prefer. A target can be hung against the side of a barn or out-building, but it is better to set it upon a three-legged arrangement known as a tripod. Any country boy—with a word of help from his elders if need be—can make a tripod. In fact, the boys of the red school-house made theirs by setting three saplings into the ground, in the form of a triangle, cutting off the twigs and tying the tops together.



A SERMON ON AMIABILITY—WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF DEACON GREEN.

It is made very much after the manner of the grass bathing-shoes I described to you last month, excepting that it is much more simple. All you have to do is to keep lengthening your rope of grass, hay or straw, by constantly working in new wisps as you sew it together, round and round like a great flat pin-wheel, until your target is large enough. This is good work for boys as well as girls. The "sewing" is done with twine and a big needle, such as upholsterers or sail-makers use. It is best, for the sake of firmness, to cover both sides of the target with canvas or coarse unbleached cotton cloth. Its face can then be painted in

A NEEDLE-THROWING WEAPON.

CRUEL fellows some of those sixteenth-century men were! Now, I have heard about a little machine, small enough to be held in the closed hand, which, on pressing a spring, would shoot out a sort of needle with great force. It could be used from a window, or in a crowd, and was so small it could be easily concealed. The needles were poisonous, and made bad wounds. Such implements would not be popular now. Torture is out of fashion. People have improved, Jack is glad to say, and their hearts are gentler.

MOSS PICTURES.

(A New Style of Fancy-Work for Boys and Girls.)

By J. M. B.

If you will come with me into the woods, the tall, dark pine woods, I will prove to you that pleasure and profit may be found in the material, as well as the sentiment of them. Heretofore you have enjoyed the retirement, the shade, the grandeur, and the songs of birds, all of which give peace to the soul; but when you leave the wood, you leave all that belongs to it. You emerge from the quiet shades and their influences, again to strive with the dry stubble of the heated field, and the dust of an unwatered country road, and you say: "Is it worth my while to twice pass through such as this for one transient pleasure?"

Now I invite you to come with me, and I promise you shall bring back fruit that will reward you for your dusty walk long after the whispering leaves of the forest shall have faded from your memory.

Come with me into this wood road. The wide ruts on either side, where the thin spiral grass is crushed in, show that they have lately been pressed on by the wheels of the hay-wagon. The hay-makers passed through here to reach the meadows beyond.

How many curious and beautiful things one treads upon in passing along! Let us be careful. Ah! do not step upon that little bit of bark! See what a fine ruined castle it would make in a picture. There are the crumbling, moss-covered turrets, and the vacant windows formed by nature's own hand. Put it in your basket. What an agreeable sensation it is to scuff one's feet through this green grass and these cool, dry leaves! I will have a few. They are of use. On the edges of the road are some delicate specimens of moss. Here are cups just large enough to hold one drop of dew, and here is gray moss tipped with coral: take some of each kind—dried or fresh—green, white, brown and black. Take, also, that little dried stick you just knocked away with your fingers. "What in the world am I going to do with that?" Why, don't you see it is the miniature stump of a tree with branches? Trees without foliage are not particularly picturesque, I admit; yet nature can remedy that. Come off the road now, among these giant, odorous pines. There seem to be two kinds—one is smooth-barked, the other is rough. The smooth suits my purpose. Look closely, and you will see round, flat blotches all about the trunk, of a rich green color. "What of it?" Well, upon examination, you will perceive they are like delicate sea-moss when it is spread upon a moist surface. Now take your penknife, and loosen the edges of one of them, then peel it gently off; it is real foliage, you see, and exquisitely defined. We want quantities of this. Take plenty of it. Now we will stroll along again. How slippery the path, and how pleasant to walk upon! This brown, glossy carpet falls from the pine-trees, and country people call it *pine trash*. We will take some of the little spiny things; they make excellent rail fences.

Here we come to birch and maple trees, where the leaves are just beginning to dress in bright colors—dark yellow and golden brown. A little of crimson will be of use also. The brown makes good roads, and the yellow and crimson serve for distant shading.

I think now you have sufficient in your basket to make a fine landscape. "Make a fine landscape out of these things?" Certainly; as effective as many an oil painting; and then, you can make it yourselves. A piece of water is an improvement in pictures; so when we reach the barn we will find a nicely mildewed corn-husk—it makes a better imitation of a lake than oil paint.

This is the fruit I promised; but remember, you have only gathered it yet—and by you shall taste it. We will return and prepare the feast. Sit you down by me at this table, and observe.

I take a square of drawing or card board, and a few crayons—blue,

yellow and white. I sketch a sky on the upper half. It is well to represent a morning or sunset sky, concentrating the deepest yellow in small space upon the horizon, shading it from straw color to blue, with a few scattered white clouds. Now dip the corn-husk in water, to make it flexible, and place it lengthwise upon the card-board, letting the edge meet the edge of the sky. Use mucilage to cause it to adhere smoothly and firmly.

Here is a foundation for a lake, harbor or river: We will call this the sea, allowing sky and water to meet within sight of opposite land. I make a foreground thus: Select some of those dark, dry leaves, and fasten them to the card below the water, all along the bottom and up the sides as far as the corn-husk reaches, allowing the jagged edges to protrude into the sea, as irregularities of the shore. Stick some of these darkest mosses to the leaves, leaving such spaces between as you wish for road or bare ground. You must use your judgment (and a nice, artistic judgment, too) as regards shade, turning the darkest sides where, if you were painting, you would shade your picture. Quite by accident, you now find a promontory near by, formed by the pointed end of a leaf, which was surely meant to support a tree. Therefore erect your little branched stick upon it, carefully gluing the inside to the picture. Pull some of the moss apart, and you see that, separated, it becomes little bushes, and even weeds, to plant about on the promontory, and around the roots of the tree, to hide any awkwardness that may appear. Now is the time to use those exquisite bits of foliage that we peeled from the smooth pine-tree. Separate each little branch, and join them to the twigs of the tree; let them droop and hang over the water. As the foliage advances you begin to see the sky between the rich branches. It will finish into a fine elm. "The opposite side needs our attention." All right; it shall have it. See, that gray leaf has taken the appearance of a bluff. Now is the time for our castle. Slip it down behind, only allowing the turrets and a part of the edifice to appear. There is the blue sky again through the vacant castle windows. The effect is extremely good. If we separate some of this greenest moss, we shall find that each tiny stem represents holly or pine. Set these about the rocky bluff and along one side of the castle.

Now use your good taste, and say where spaces may be improved with a stem for a dead tree, or a faded bit of leaf for a distant hill. Scatter about in crevices scraps of cup or coral moss. Here is a little space that looks like a road leading from the foreground to the water; put a rail fence on each side. An island will look well in the distance. Now we have not spent much time over this, so it is but a rough little landscape, though rich in color and effect. But I have seen the inventor, or originator, of these produce splendid pictures of country scenery, with hill and dale, forest and field, cottage and barn, men and animals, loads of hay, and vessels and boats,—and, in fact, everything that lends to the variety and beauty of pictures, only on a much larger scale than we have attempted. I have seldom seen any artistic fancy-work so beautiful. A few touches now of black crayon, to deepen the shadows in the hollows and curves, and our picture will do.

Take from that wall the horrible portrait of General What's-his-name, or that pretentious chromo of an impossible scene on the Rhine,—the frame is too pretty for the ugly thing,—throw it out, and put this picture—made-up, but very effective—in its place. Then hang it up. Is n't that a decided improvement? A little more practice, and really marvelous effects can be produced by these simple materials.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Montreal, July 2d, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had an Exhibition here on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton in the year 1477. The chief feature of the exhibition was the Mazarin Bible, the first book ever printed. It was produced from Gutenberg's press in the year 1455. A gentleman very kindly allowed me to hold the book, which

was very heavy and in a wonderful state of preservation. A book of Queen Elizabeth's, one of Mary Queen of Scots', and one of Henry the Eighth's, along with the first book printed in Montreal and the first one in Quebec, were exhibited. Of course I could not name one quarter of the books; but I may as well mention Eliot's Indian Bible (the first Bible printed on this continent), Shakspeare's works, and a large volume containing illustrations of his plays; a book with pict-

ures of the different parts of the "Alhambra;" another old Bible, and a large book with scraps cut from newspapers. Type-making, printing and lithographing were going on in one end of the building. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, under whose auspices the exhibition was held, got the affair up in haste. However, there was a very good collection of coins and books.

Like many other readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, I should be very lonesome without it. It would seem like losing a friend to lose it.

Your constant reader,

NELLIE FAIRBAIRN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you think Mr. Joel Stacy wont mind it, I'd like to have you put this picture and the verses into your pages. A funny gentleman who comes to see my sister did them, on account of seeing that nice jingle in the August ST. NICHOLAS about "the pretty little boy and the pretty little girl."

Your friend,

JAMES C. E.

A dirty little boy and a dingy little girl
Once found a bitten apple on the street;
Said the dirty little boy to the dingy little girl:
"Now gim me that! It is n't good to eat."



Said the dingy little girl to the dirty little boy:
"I would, but I am hungry, sir, you see;
So I thank you werry kindly, but I'd werry much prefer
You'd get out o' this an' keep' away from me."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know of a very interesting game for children, and I am going to tell you something about it. I suspect many of my young readers are in the habit of playing it, but there may be some who will be glad to learn it. You must think of a bird or beast, fish, insect or reptile, and give your companions its initial letter, calling on them to guess it. The one who is successful in guessing must give some account of the animal, as to where it is found, what are its habits, its disposition, and whatever else seems most interesting; and then proceed to name another. If no one can guess it, and you are called upon to tell it, you are required to give the account yourself, and then have the privilege of naming another. You may call upon the mineral and vegetable kingdoms to furnish subjects for your game of guessing, and I think you will find it instructive, as well as entertaining.

N. M. R.

West Newton, Mass., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can a bird-defender take a bird's-nest after the bird has left it? Because I have taken birds'-nests after the bird has left them.—Yours truly,

MABEL WILBUR.

In early spring it might be better, dear bird-defender, to let the empty nest be where it is, for homeless birds to use, or put it in another and, perhaps, quieter place, where they would be pretty sure to find it. Later in the year the chances would be fewer that a bird-

family would want a fresh home, and if left out all through the winter the storms might destroy it; so it would be kinder to keep the nest carefully until the next spring, and then put it where birds are likely to see it. It would be a pleasure to watch a new couple who had just found a snug home ready for them on their return from the south. They would twitter and chirp and flutter with delight. But there is no real harm in your keeping it if you wish.

Philadelphia, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter. I am one of the bird-defenders, and would like to tell the others about something I saw once. Some friends of mine and myself went out to take a walk. We went through a woods, and all along we saw black feathers. After a short time, we came out in a field. There we saw a great many crows that had been shot. We walked along, and came to a large field back of a hotel. The field was just black with dead crows. One of my friends said there had been a shooting-match the day before. I think it is just dreadful that shooting-matches should be allowed. I hope your magazine will continue for a great many years yet, and that I may live to have the pleasure of reading it.—Your loving reader,

ANITA HENDRIE.

Cincinnati, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would be very much obliged if you would tell me why it is that a glass vessel will not break, if, having first put in a silver spoon, any hot liquid be poured into it. I have seen it tried again and again, and mamma cans her fruit in this way. She places in her glass jar a silver spoon, and then pours in her fruit boiling hot. The glass does not break, nor even crack, and as soon as it is half full she takes out the spoon and fills up the jar. I can't see the philosophy of that, but I should very much like to.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it started, and think there is nothing like it.—Yours truly,

M. G.

Heat expands things, cold contracts them. The empty glass jar, when cold, has a certain size. When hot water is poured into it the glass expands; it really grows a little larger than it was before. But the curious part of this is, that when the glass begins to expand it often breaks, because the outside of the glass cannot expand quickly enough, and the inside spreads out before the heat can extend through the glass; so away it flies, with a sudden snap. Now, if the glass were heated equally on both sides, if the hot water touched outside as well as in, it is plain both sides would expand together, and the glass would be saved whole.

If the silver spoon assists in saving the glass, which is doubtful, it is because the spoon is cold metal, and greedily takes up the heat from the hot water, makes it cooler, and in this way saves the glass. The spoon also serves to spatter the water about, and thus scatter the heat so that the glass expands at more nearly the same rate in all its inside parts. This is all "the philosophy of that." The spoon has no magical influence on the glass, and it might often happen, if the water were hot enough, that the glass would break in spite of the spoon. The best way, however, is not to use a spoon at all, but simply stand the glasses in hot water while the hot fluid is poured into them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love you very much. In the Centennial I was in the garden which Mr. Stockton told about. I saw all the animals except the flying foxes, which he told about. These I saw in the New York Aquarium, where they were hanging up and sleeping. I am very pleased with you. Will you please put this letter in your Letter-Box? "His Own Master" is very nice, and I hope Jacob will get his uncle. I am only ten years old, and have kept you a year.—Yours truly,

GILBERT REEDER.

Hartford, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I tell you about our family pet here—my Spitz dog Pip? Pip came to us—a fine, knowing, Spitz dog—when I was three or four years old. This is the first prank of his that I remember: Mamma had just given me a nice piece of sponge-cake. Thinking I would enjoy it more out in the sunshine, I ran over to the croquet-ground, and was about to seat myself on a bench in perfect bliss, when Pip, who was playing around, quietly walked up to me, and, taking my cake, ran off amidst my wails of sorrow. Pip is now wiser and more sedate; but I will give one more trick, and then tell of his knowledge and love: One day I was running around the lawn, and had just reached the dusty gravel. I had on a nice, clean dress, and was feeling very happy, when, what was my astonishment and disgust to find myself in an easy sitting position on the gravel! For Pip had acted the part of the goat to perfection, and had butted me down.

Pip soon became curious to find where Aunt Anna went every Sunday. So one pleasant day he watched aunty (who was his

former mistress), and trotted close behind her. She did not know he was following her, and walked into church, never noticing, till she reached the pew, the pitter-patter of his paws behind her. The organ was finishing the voluntary, there was no time to be lost. What should she do? Driven to desperation, she called him into the pew, and patted him to quiet him. All went on very well through the first part of the service, except that, now and then, a cold nose was thrust into her hand, or she felt a moist tongue kissing her. By and by the minister began to pray. Of course aunty covered her face with her handkerchief and put her head down. Pip began to think something was wrong, and to whine from sympathy. Every available means was used to keep him still, but with no effect. At last, aunty had to rise and go out, with Pip, beginning to feel the mortification, skulking after.

Pip is the best dog in the world, though he seems from this account bad and troublesome. But the story above was when he was a young and inexperienced puppy, and besides, it was his sympathy that got him into trouble.—PUPPY, ALICE HANSELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live part the time in England and part the time in Minnesota. Last summer, I went on a visit to my uncle and aunts at Burlington, N. J., where they gave me some land to have for my own; so I turned it into a garden, with a rustic seat under a pear-tree (they used to call me the "Queen of the Shady Nook"), where I used to read your books with delight. When I came away from Burlington, my subjects—who were the birds, frogs, and flowers—were so sorry that they sent me a "lament" in poetry, which I would like to see in print. With much love, from your steady reader,
HEPSA H. L. SHEARMAN.

LAMENT FROM SHADY NOOK.

The blithesome frog no longer
Gazes upon the scene;
Nor the festive young mosquito
Plays now his tunes serene.

The moths have quit their dancing,
The bees have ceased to hum,
The ants have found their homes again,
And the summer days are done.

The birdies chirp no longer,
Hopping from spray to spray,
For how can there be joyousness
With their own dear queen away?

O queen who ruled us gently
In the days that now are flown!—
O queen we loved so fondly!
Return unto thine own!

A LITTLE Philadelphia boy, named Crissy H—, lately sent to Aiken, S. C., some magazines to the school that asked for good reading matter for the children. He received in return a letter from the teacher, inclosing a number from the pupils. All these letters, we think, would interest our young readers very much; but we have only space for the teacher's letter and for three of the others. We print them just as they were written by the little ones. Many of our children may know of other children, and perhaps of schools, to which they could send good books and magazines which they have read and no longer need.

Oakwald, Aiken, S. C., 1877.

DEAR LITTLE CRISSY: Yesterday, after I had read your papa's letter, I opened the many nice rolls of paper he sent, and found your "Sunshine." Then I told my little girls and boys about you, and asked if they could not write you a letter. Seven or eight of them raised their hands, and then I gave them paper and pencil, and they went to work; and now you read their letters, and know some of their names.

You would be very much surprised if you could see so many children together, and some of them not more than five or six years old; but they have a slate and pencil, and when they learn the a b c's they learn to make them on a slate, and then when they know how to read they can write.

Most all of my children have black eyes, though a few have blue eyes and very light hair. They are full of fun, and like to play and sing, and then, when the bell rings, all get in line and march in to their seats.

We have some that are as large as your papa, and some nearly as old—but they had no chance to go to school when they were little, so they come now, and work very hard. We have several that walk five miles, and then five miles home again. One little boy, only seven years old, does this every day.

Good-by.—Your friend,

M. SCHOFIELD.

Aiken S. C. Carolina 21 of March 1877

CRISSY I am very glad you have took Much pleasure to Send these papers to me and Ned Smoot and Kitty Branson and Julia

West and Fanny Parker and Mary Smoot. Nathan Phillips S. C. I am nine years old and Miss Schofield Says you are eight years old I comes to Miss Schofield School I did not know my abc and I am in the first Class Shelton Reader do you go to School please send your love to me again
NATHAN PHILLIPS
South Carolina to little Crissy H—.

(This little boy will be nine years old in May. He works hard at his lessons, and writes very well on a slate without lines.—M. S.)

Aiken South Carolina Mach 21th 1877

MY DEAR FRIEND, I want to write to you to thank you for your kindness toward the school Children and to tell you that I did not know that you thought so much of the school I hope that God will bless you. I was very glad for the paper that you sent me I will have great pleasure in reading it the one that Miss Schofield gave me it had on it father coming home, I thought that I would learn it. I am but a little girl I was ten the eleven of december and the eleven of next december I have been coming to the Schofield school two years I am learning very fast I am going to tell you something about the school Miss Schofield is a good teacher she have got a 170 scholars we have three teachers and three school houses we have put up a new fence and the girls is planting flowers all around it we have a croquet set and a cistern the boys has a foot-ball and they highly prize it. we had a jumping rope but it is worn out we has a library it has about 450 volumes in it. we has an organ and we repeat psalms every morning. Miss Schofield has given us the papers that you sent on and also a verse every morning to say we have a book it is call ragged Dick, I am going to send you a bouquet of flowers so I must close, yours truly
JULIA E WEST

LITTLE CRISSY I got a paper What You Sent us they came on a Wenday I am glad of them I comes to Miss Schofield school every day I am in addition I Will soon be in subtraction I am Well and doing well and I thought I Would Write to You been (being) as You sent us them papers I am only ten Years old. when I first came to Schofield School I did not know my a b c and I am in addition I can read and spell and Write I am glad of Your present I have a heap of friends one of them is Susie Cohen Who sits by me my sister is name Etta Smallwood and my mother is name Biddy Smallwood my father is name William Smallwood I has a bunch of flowers I Will send You in my letter to You I Wish You Will get these letters me and Julie and Fannie, Kelly Mary Edward We all Write to you and I Wish You Would get them all
Aiken S C 1877.
LIZZIE SMALLWOOD

"SISTERS."—We refer you with pleasure to the "SOCIETY TO ENCOURAGE STUDIES AT HOME," which has been in successful operation for more than three years. (See "Letter-Box," ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1876, and *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1877.) If you are seventeen years of age or older, you undoubtedly can join this society to your great advantage.

M. D.—Yes. We copy with pleasure the newspaper paragraph you send us,—the more so because we have personal knowledge of Miss Silone, and can vouch for its truth:

"A letter from Newport, under date of July 19th, says: 'To-day has been a remarkable one in the history of Newport, for the scholastic honors of the year were taken by a colored girl, Josephine Amelia Silone, who graduated at the head of her class in the Rogers High School. She received the gold medal awarded with the first scholarship, and pronounced the valedictory. Her examinations and recitations have been pre-eminently satisfactory, her averages in every study being within a fraction of one hundred, which is the maximum. Miss Silone, who is quite dark-complexioned, took her last two-years' studies in one year, which makes her case all the more remarkable. She excels in Latin, Greek, French, and German. She is a native of Mattituck, Suffolk County, Long Island, and now goes to college. Her mother is a cook, the young girl earning her own living by working when not at school.'"

Miss Silone is a daughter of Alexander Silone, of Mattituck, Long Island, well and favorably known in that neighborhood.

Lately we heard a Long Island farmer say: "When I was a boy, there was one thing I could do, and that was to repeat Bible verses. There was n't but one youngster in the school who could get ahead of me, and that was a colored girl, who beat everything at remembering. She was so exact, too, never missing a word,—and I hardly ever could match her in the number of verses. If I said ten, she'd give a dozen; if I'd give twenty, she'd come on with thirty. Why, she knew chapter after chapter, word for word! And that girl was Josephine Amelia Silone's aunt."

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ANAGRAM.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence so that they shall make the familiar proverb which the picture illustrates:
 "As for events here,—give the sly lad one sermon."
 AUNT SUE.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Perihelion.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Pink, ink. 2. Kale, ale. 3. Pear, ear. 4. Heel, cel. 5. Dace, ace. 6. Fowl, owl. 7. Wasp, asp. 8. Sash, ash. 9. Rice, ice. 10. Yawl, awl.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

S—no—B
 C—one—Y
 O—live—R
 T—ass—O
 T—aver—N

PICTURE PUZZLE.—1. A well-mated pair. 2. Good quarters. 3. A broken circle. 4. A little neglected soul (sole) in the broken circle.

5. The neglected soul healed (heeled).

CHARADE.—Exile.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Bear. 2. Lion. 3. Badger. 4. Llama. 5. Goat. 6. Leopard. 7. Camel. 8. Horse. 9. Panther. 10. Antelope. 11. Tiger. 12. Beaver. 13. Otter. 14. Chamois. 15. Bison.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Lamina, Animal.—1. Hats, hats. 2. Grin, grin. 3. Lies, lies. 4. Mane, mane. 5. Wads, wads. 6. Rods, rods.

INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.—

M
 M A D
 M A D A M
 D A M

METAGRAM.—Place, lace, ace, pace, clap, ale, cap, ape, pea, pale.

BIRD PUZZLE.—1. Kite. 2. Swan. 3. Wren. 4. Flamingo. 5. Jay. 6. Falcon. 7. Rail. 8. Martin. 9. Heron. 10. Raven. 11. Lark. 12. Goose. 13. Quail. 14. Grouse. 15. Rook. 16. Swallow. 17. Chaffinch. 18. Sparrow. 19. Crane. 20. Magpie. 21. Curlew. 22. Turkey. 23. Crow.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

D—win—A
 A—msterda—M
 N—evad—A
 U—Z
 B—orne—O
 E—ri—N

HIDDEN BAYS.—1. Plenty. 2. Hawke. 3. Shark. 4. Botany. 5. Antongil. 6. Bembatook. 7. Delagoa. 8. Notre Dame.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

S—O I L
 F—I R E
 F—L E D

RIDDLE.—Cabbages.

ENIGMA.—Sans Dieu rien.

SQUARE-WORD.—

S H A V E
 H A B I T
 A B A S H
 V I S N E
 E T H E R

PICTORIAL SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Crowd, cow. 2. Fringe, ring. 3. Round, rod. 4. Beacon, bean. 5. Beard, bar. 6. Glass, ass. 7. Scrap, cap. 8. Bread, bed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received previous to August 8th from A. U. Gust, "Gyp and Jule," H. A. L., B. O'Hara, Florence Wilcox, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Helen M. Shaw, Martie and Aggie Irwin, "Cousin Sue, Lucy and Nina," Emma Elliott, Lucy C. Morse, Benjamin R. Huske, Kittie L. Tuttle, Lillie May Furman, B. P. Emery, Eddie H. Eckel, Ella P. S. Robinson, Fred. Darlington, A. H. Keen, Lottie E. Skinner, "Yankton," Howard Steel Rodgers.