

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,

CONDUCTED BY
MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME VI.
NOVEMBER, 1878, TO NOVEMBER, 1879.

SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Copyright by SCRIBNER & Co., 1879.

PRESS OF FRANCIS HART & Co.
NEW-YORK.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

CONTENTS VOLUME VI.



	PAGE.
ADVENTURE ON AN ICEBERG, An. (Illustrated).....	<i>Dr. Isaac I. Hayes</i> 305
AGAMEMNON'S CAREER.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 682
AMERICAN MARDI-GRAS, The. (Illustrated by J. Wells Champney).....	<i>Mary Hartwell Catherwood</i> 336
APPLES OF IDUNA, The.....	<i>Helen E. Smith</i> 469
APRIL TABLET. Drawn by.....	<i>Robert Blum</i> 389
AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON, The. (Illustrated by R. Sayer from Photographs).....	<i>Emma D. Southwick</i> 644
ARITHMETIC OF GINGERBREAD, The.....	<i>Mary B. Willard</i> 434
AVOIDING THE HEATED TERM. Picture..... 653
BABY'S MORNING, The. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Sarah E. Chester</i> 640
BACHELOR, An Old. A Happy Couple. Two Pictures..... 403
BACK OF THE WATER-FALL. A Fish Fairy-tale. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	<i>Adelaide F. Samuels</i> 686
BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA. (Illustrated with Portrait).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i> 506
BEATING THE BOUNDS. (Illustrated by Kate Greenaway).....	<i>Thomas Hughes</i> 389
BECKY'S SURPRISE DAY.....	<i>Helene J. Hicks</i> 658
BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frances H. Burnett</i> 169
BESIEGED BY A RHINOCEROS. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>David Ker</i> 248
BIG BEAR OF WANNETOLA, The. A True Story. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>Dr. I. E. Nagle</i> 471
BIRDS SAID, What the. Poem. (Illustrated by Fidelia Bridges).....	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> 182
BIRTHDAY RHYMES.....	<i>Katharine Hanson</i> 245
BLOOM. Poem. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 323
BLOSSOM-BOY OF TOKIO. (Illustrated by Japanese Artists).....	<i>Wm. Elliot Griffiths</i> 588
BLOWN AWAY. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 600
BOARDING-SCHOOL, A. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	<i>E. Müller</i> 396
BOB'S MISSIONARY WORK. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>Louise Stockton</i> 716
BOSSY ANANIAS. (Illustrated by Mrs. J. S. Daniels).....	<i>Louise Seymour Houghton</i> 500
BOX OF BOOKS, A Curious.....	<i>H. D. M.</i> 526
BOY AND THE BROOK, The. Verses. (Illustrated by J. A. Mitchell).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 541
BOY ASTRONOMER, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 378, 441
BOY'S SERVICE, A. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>Elizabeth Underhill</i> 1
BURDOCK BOY AND GIRL, The. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Mary L. B. Branch</i> 839
"BUTTERED PEASE," IN CHOCTAW. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Frederic Palmer</i> 765
CALLING THE FLOWERS. Poem. (Illustrated by Kate Greenaway).....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 332
CANDLE, A Wonderful. (Illustrated title by R. Sayer).....	<i>"Aunt Fanny"</i> 309
CAN YOU? Verses.....	<i>Mary E. Folsom</i> 93
CARNIVAL, The American. (Illustrated by J. Wells Champney).....	<i>Mary Hartwell Catherwood</i> 336
CATCHING THE CAT. Poem.....	<i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> 618
CATS FROM PERSIA, Pet. (Illustrated by E. Foote).....	<i>Kate Foote</i> 342
CHÂTEAU D'OIRON, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Katharine Cameron</i> 711
CHICKEN LIZZIE. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	<i>L. Duykwood</i> 94
CHILD AND THE IMAGE, The. (Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy).....	<i>Moncure D. Conway</i> 597
CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S. (Illustrated by Kate Greenaway).....	<i>N. D'Anvers</i> 148
CHRISTMAS BELLS. Picture..... 163

	PAGE.
CHRISTMAS FIRE-SIDE, One. Picture.....	194
CHRISTMAS PAGE, A. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	168
CHUB AND HOPPERGRASS. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Charles Stuart Pratt</i> 504
CICADA. Poem.....	<i>C. P. Cranch</i> 25
CITY SPARROWS. Poem.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 662
CLOTHES, The New. A Story for the times.....	"Aunt Fanny"..... 121
COMET STRUCK THE EARTH, How a. (Illustrated by George Bell and Howard Pyle).....	<i>Edward C. Kemble</i> 549
COMING HOME. Poem. (Illustrated from a painting by John Phillip, R. A.).....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> 73
COMPANY TO SUPPER.....	<i>Frances Lee</i> 585
DANDY CAT, The Sad Story of the. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 254
DARK DAY, The. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	<i>Ella A. Drinkwater</i> 26
DEW IN THE ROSE, The.....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 375
DICK'S SUPPER. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Mrs. E. T. Corbett</i> 328
DOING HER BEST. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Jessie McDermot</i> 668
DOMINO GAMES, New. (Illustrated).....	<i>Arlo Bates</i> 294
DORY FISHING. (Illustrated by Granville Perkins).....	<i>Frank H. Converse</i> 565
DRU'S RED SEA. (Illustrated by Walter Shirlaw).....	<i>Mary A. Parsons</i> 561
DUKE LEOPOLD'S STONE. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>Mary E. Bradley</i> 784
EAVES, THE FLOWERS AND THE SWALLOWS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Emma Burt</i> 110
ELISABETH'S ROSEN. Story in German for Translation.....	<i>Katharine Jackson</i> 133
ELIZABETH'S ROSES. Translation of Story in German.....	<i>Annie B. Parker</i> 347
EYEBRIGHT. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 236, 317, 384 445, 535, 604, 670, 721, 792
FAIRIES' GIFT, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 524
FISH THAT CATCHES FISH FOR ITS MASTER, A. (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 542
FLAME OF A STREET LAMP, The. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>Frederic Palmer</i> 372
FROLICSOME FLY, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. F. Clarke</i> 762
FUNNIEST GENERAL IN ALL THE WORLD, The.....	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 191
"GLORIES." (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i> 616
GOETHE, The Child-Life of. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary Lockwood</i> 690
GOLD LOCKS AND SILVER LOCKS. Poem. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 192
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. (Illustrated with Portrait).....	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 570
GOURD AND THE OAK, The. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 462
GRAVE IN THE FOREST, The. Poem.....	<i>Janet Hay</i> 799
GREEN COVERS AND BROWN. (Illustrated with Portrait of Oliver Goldsmith).....	<i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 570
GREENWICH (England). (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>W. L. Sheppard</i> 520
GRETELEIN AND HER QUEER STOVE. (Illustrated by Howard Pyle).....	<i>Rosamond Dale Owen</i> 745
GROTIUS, THE HISTORIAN.....	<i>H. D. M.</i> 526
HABITS, A Few of Our.....	<i>M. C. Holmes</i> 668
HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	<i>Katharine D. Smith</i> , 48, 125, 158
HALF-TIMER, The. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 257
HAMMOCK, How to Make a. (Illustrated).....	<i>Charles L. Norton</i> 619
HANDSOME HANS. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>Mrs. Minnie Von Funcke</i> 23
"HAY FOOT! STRAW FOOT!" (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 614
HEIMDALL. Poem.....	<i>Augusta Larned</i> 277
HELMETS AND VIOLETS. Poem.....	<i>Ruth Mariner</i> 729
HERCULES-JACK. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>E. L. Bynner</i> 663
HER FAN AND HER FURS. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>Constance Marion</i> 731
HOW THE LAMBKINS WENT SOUTH. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Mrs. E. T. Corbett</i> 518
ITALIAN FAIRY TALES. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>T. F. Crane</i> 101
I WISH I WAS A MAN. } Pictures, drawn by.....	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> { 78
I WISH I WAS A WOMAN. }	{ 79
JERRY'S BABY ELEPHANT. (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>Mary Handerson</i> 452
"JETTIE," The Voyage of the. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> 145
JINGLES.....	84, 115, 244, 245, 685, 689, 716, 747, 783, 818

	PAGE.
JOLLY FELLOWSHIP, A. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	Frank R. Stockton ... 13, 85, 210
	283, 349, 415, 480, 509, 572, 646, 749, 812
JOTTINGS VERSUS DOINGS. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	Margaret H. Eckerson..... 278
JUMPING-JACK, The Origin of the.....	I. L. Beman..... 267
KAISERBLUMEN, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	Celia Thaxter..... 633
KING ALFRED'S LANTERN. (Illustrated).....	Amanda B. Harris..... 98
KING OF MAY, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 433
KING'S CHURCH, The. A Swedish Legend.....	167
KING WICHTEL THE FIRST. Translation. (Illustrated).....	Julius Sturm..... 398
KITCHEN-GARDEN, Little Housemaids of the New York. (Illustrated by } Jessie Curtis.....	Olive Thorne..... 403
LA CHANSON DE L'HIVER. For Young Students in French.....	Mariana B. Slade..... 292
LAND OF THE POWDER-PLAYERS, The. (Illustrated).....	Ernest Ingersoll..... 436
LATE! Picture, drawn by.....	J. G. Francis..... 436
LAWN TENNIS, The Game of. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	W. H. Boardman..... 655
LEFT BEHIND. Picture.....	156
LITTLE BIG WOMAN AND THE BIG LITTLE GIRL, The. Verses. (Illus- } trated by Kate Greenaway).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 383
LITTLE ELSIE. Verses.....	Laura Ledyard..... 571
LITTLE GIRL'S WONDER, A. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Nora Perry..... 479
LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS AT THE NEW YORK KITCHEN-GARDEN. (Illustrated } by Jessie Curtis).....	Olive Thorne..... 403
LITTLE NICHOLAS, AND HOW HE BECAME A GREAT MUSICIAN. (Illustrated).....	James H. Flint..... 274
LITTLE PURITANS. (Illustrated by George L. Barnes).....	Horace E. Scudder..... 369
LOBSTER'S VICTORY, The. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Abbe Reed..... 810
LONGITUDE NAUGHT. (Illustrated by the Author).....	W. L. Sheppard..... 520
LOOK-OUT TREE, The. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	Fred Beverly..... 58
MAGICIAN'S LESSON, The. Acting Play.....	G. B. Bartlett..... 60
MALAYAN DANCES, Some. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	Fannie Roper Feudge..... 165
MAY-FLOWERS, The. (Illustrated by Miss J. E. Dodge).....	Annie Moore..... 451
MECHANICAL PIGEON, The. (Illustrated).....	Charles Barnard..... 357
MICROSCOPE, AND WHAT I SAW THROUGH IT, The. (Illustrated).....	Mrs. Mary Treat..... 116
MIGNONETTE. Poem. (Illustrated by Helena De Kay).....	Susan Coolidge..... 499
MILTON. (Three Portraits).....	Emma Burt..... 411
MISSISSIPPI CHOWDER, A. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	Mary Norwest..... 635
MISTAKE, A. Poem. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 33
MISTLETOE-GATHERING IN NORMANDY. (Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy).....	Margaret Bertha Wright..... 117
MONASTERY, A CURIOUS. (Illustrated).....	J. L..... 832
MONKEYS AND DOGS TO THE FRONT. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 40
MOROCCO; THE LAND OF THE POWDER-PLAYERS. (Illustrated).....	Ernest Ingersoll..... 436
MOST THOROUGHLY EDUCATED YOUNG LADY IN MISS NEAL'S SCHOOL, The. } (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	Hope Ledyard..... 28
"MUCHACHO" OF THE MEXICAN CAMP, A. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Mary Hallock Foote..... 79
MUZZLE QUESTION, Discussing the. Picture, drawn by.....	"Chip"..... 613
MY COLOR. Verses.....	Marcia D. Bradbury..... 474
NABOB AND THE TROUT, The. Picture and Jingle, by.....	L. Hopkins..... 84
NANNIE'S LITTLE MUFF. (Illustrated).....	Mary Bolles Branch..... 329
NAN, THE NEWSBOY. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	W. H. Bishop..... 677
NAPOLEON, Young Louis. (Illustrated with a Portrait).....	Paul Fort..... 766
NEST ON WHEELS, The. A True Story. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	Charles Barnard..... 264
NEW DOMINO GAMES. (Illustrated).....	Arlo Bates..... 294
NID NODDING. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Lucy Larcom..... 564
NOAH'S ARK ASHORE. (Illustrated by Hermann Faber).....	F. L. Oswald..... 823
NOCTURNE FOR LITTLE HANDS. Music. (Illustrated).....	Wm. K. Bassford..... 220
"NO, MA'AM! I DID N'T COME TO SHOOT BIRDS." Picture.....	812
NORA'S OIL-WELL. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	Sophie Swett..... 757
OBSTINATE WEATHER-CKOCK, The. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	Horace E. Scudder..... 312

	PAGE.
OFF FOR BOY-LAND. Poem.....	<i>Emma Huntington Nason</i> .. 743
OLD STONE BASIN, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 164
ON A MAN'S BACK. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Horace Baker</i> 809
ONE SUMMER DAY. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>A. E. B.</i> 740
ON THE BEACH. Picture.....	661
ON WHEELS. Illustrated.....	<i>John Lewees</i> 736
ORIENTAL BOTTLES AND WELLS AND HOW THEY ARE MADE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Fannie Roper Feudge</i> 324
PAGANINI. (Illustrated).....	<i>James H. Flint</i> 274
PANTHER, A Morning Call from a. (Illustrated).....	<i>David Ker</i> 401
PARTY, The. Jingle.....	<i>M. F. B.</i> 685
PATRIOTIC MARCH. For Four Little Hands. Music.....	<i>Wm. K. Bassford</i> 622
PAUL JONES OF OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN. A True Story. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>Laura Winthrop Johnson</i> ... IIII
PEASE BOYS, The. Verses. (Illustrated by Frank Beard).....	<i>Mary L. B. Branch</i> 654
PERSIA, Pets from. (Illustrated by E. Foote).....	<i>Kate Foote</i> 342
PETERKINS DECIDE TO STUDY THE LANGUAGES, The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 81
PETERKINS', THE EDUCATIONAL BREAKFAST AT THE.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 818
PETERKINS', MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 245
PETERKINS.—AGAMEMNON'S CAREER.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 682
PETE'S CHRISTMAS-TREE. Poem. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>J. H. Andrews</i> 203
"PINAFORE," JIMMY'S CRUISE IN THE. (Illustrated by George White).....	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 777
PIRATES OF THE CHINESE COAST. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Julian O. Davidson</i> 748
PLAYTHING SKY, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. W. De Forest</i> 348
POLLY HERSEY'S PET. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>Wm. M. F. Round</i> 292
PONIES, A Day with the. (Illustrated from a Photograph).....	<i>Josephine Norman</i> 123
POOR LITTLE MOTHER, A. Poem.....	<i>Mary L. Bolles Branch</i> 597
POOR RELATIONS, The. (Illustrated by George L. Barnes).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 34
PRINCE, The Story of a. (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 766
PUCK AND THE BUTTERFLY. Jingle. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>M. F. B.</i> 716
PUZZLING PICTURE, A. (Illustrated by J. F. Runge).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 532
QUEEN, A. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>M. E. Bennett</i> 744
RAILROAD IN THE AIR, The. (Illustrated by R. Sayer).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 800
RAIL, TOWED BY. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. L. Bunnell</i> 7
RATTLE-TE-BANG. Verses.....	<i>Mary Sparkes Wheeler</i> 603
RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE WOLF. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Gustave Doré</i> 314
RENAISSANCE, The.....	<i>Mary Lloyd</i> 314
REVÉ, The. (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 542
REWARD OF VIRTUE, The. Verses.....	<i>V. Q. Smith</i> 377
RHINOCEROS, Besieged by a. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>David Ker</i> 248
ROBIN AND THE TROUT, The. Verses.....	<i>Nathaniel Niles</i> 831
ROBIN GOODFELLOW AND HIS FRIEND BLUETREE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 533
ROSEBUD. Poem.....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 711
ROYAL BONBON, The. (Illustrated by Walter Shirlaw).....	<i>Nora Perry</i> 544
ROYAL CHILDREN, A Talk about. (Illustrated).....	<i>E. B. T.</i> 581
RUDOLPH DON PEDRO LIVINGSTONE. (Illustrated by Frank Bellew).....	<i>F. H. G. B.</i> 475
RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER. A Fairy Tale. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>Julian Hawthorne</i> ..198, 269, 333
SAD STORY OF THE DANDY CAT, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 254
ST. PAUL'S, Children's Day at. (Illustrated by Kate Greenaway).....	<i>N. D'Anvers</i> 148
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, Our Artist on. Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Harry Blashfield</i> 236
SCHNITZEN, The. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	<i>M. A. Edwards</i> 528
SCHOOL IN THE WOODS, The.....	<i>Maurice Thompson</i> 837
SECOND TRIAL, A.....	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i> 497
SECRET, MR. CAROTHERS'. (Illustrated).....	<i>Author of "Dab Kinzer"</i> 786
SHE COULD N'T. A Story for Big Girls. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	<i>Kate Gannett Wells</i> 462
SHINING LITTLE HOUSE, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>H. H.</i> 235
SHOWER, The. Poem.....	<i>Anna Boynton Averill</i> 531
SHOWER AND FLOWER. Poem.....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 397

	PAGE.
SING-SONG. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Mary N. Prescott..... 445
SISTERS, The Three. (Illustrated by William Page).....	228
SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	Margaret Eytinge..... 207
SMILING DOLLY, The. Verses. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 120
SNAKES AND BIRDS. (Illustrated).....	Ernest Ingersoll..... 108
SOME CHILDREN ROAM THE FIELDS AND HILLS. Verses.....	Bessie Hill..... 259
SONG. From the Author's Unpublished Writings.....	Theodore Winthrop..... 175
SONG OF EASTER, A. Poem.....	Celia Thaxter..... 374
SOUL FOR MUSIC, A. Picture, drawn by.....	S. A. Rankin..... 715
SO WISE. Verse.....	Adelaide F. Waters..... 747
SPIDER, Some Fun with a Toy. Picture drawn by.....	J. G. Francis..... 580
SPOILING A BOMBSHELL. (Illustrated).....	John Lewees..... 375
STOCKTON, FRANK R. Biography. (Illustrated by a Portrait).....	E. N..... 46
STONE, A Story of a.....	Professor D. S. Jordan..... 233
STREAMLET, The. (Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy).....	Moncure D. Conway..... 798
STUDENT, The. Picture, drawn by.....	Addie Ledyard..... 98
SWORD-FISH, A Run after. (Illustrated by James E. Kelly).....	Alexander Young..... 727
SYLVAN PARTY, The. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Alice H. Harrington..... 568
TAKING CARE OF HIM NIGHTS. Verses.....	Dora Read Goodale..... 823
TAKING DOLLY OUT FOR AN AIRING. Picture, drawn by.....	Addie Ledyard..... 23
TALE OF TWO BUCKETS, A. Poem.....	Caroline A. Mason..... 12
TEDDY'S HEROES. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	Amalie La Forge..... 261
TEN DOLLARS. Acting Play. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	Olive Thorne..... 194
TERRIBLE ADVENTURES OF OURSELVES AND THE MARSHALL. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	Sherwood Bonner..... 456
THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF THE NILE. (Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce).....	Frederick Palmer..... 244
THREE DREWS AND A CREW. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	Sarah J. Prichard..... 705
THREE WISE COUPLES, The. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Mrs. E. T. Corbett..... 460
THREE WISE MEN, The. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Joel Brush..... 56
TOWED BY RAIL. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren, from Photographs).....	J. S. Bunnell..... 7
TRY.....	Constantina E. Brooks..... 730
TWO CHESHIRE CATS, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	A. P. Williams..... 100
TWO LITTLE TRAVELERS.....	Louisa M. Alcott..... 547
TWO WAYS OF SEEING. Poem.....	Margaret Vandegrift..... 677
"UNNATURAL HISTORY." Pictures. Drawn by.....	L. Hopkins..... 260, 676
VIOLINS, About. (Illustrated).....	M. D. Ruff..... 250
VOYAGE OF THE "JETTIE," The. Poem. (Illustrated by Granville Perkins).....	John Greenleaf Whittier..... 145
WAITING FOR SPRING. Picture.....	342
WANTED.....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 323
WASP AND THE BEE, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Palmer Cox..... 316
WEATHERCOCK, The Obstinate. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	Horace E. Scudder..... 312
WELL-SWEEP, On the. Verse. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	Paul Fort..... 689
WHAT KATE FOUND IN THE WELL. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	Emma K. Parrish..... 833
WHAT SHALL HE DO WITH HER?.....	Charles Dudley Warner..... 156
WHAT WAS IT? Verse.....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 639
WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN. Picture drawn by.....	L. Hopkins..... 269
WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN. Poem.....	Lucy Larcom..... 7
WHO TOLD. (Illustrated by Walter Shirlaw).....	Sarah Winter Kellogg..... 3
WHY WILSTER ELSPEET'S SHIP WENT INTO THE CHURCH. (Illustrated by Granville Perkins).....	Sarah J. Prichard..... 176
WILD BECKY. (Illustrated by Sol Eytinge, Jr.).....	Emma Plimpton..... 74
WINTER. Picture, drawn by.....	F. S. Church..... 202
WISE MAN BUILT HIM A FLYING MACHINE, A. Picture and Verse by.....	L. Hopkins..... 115
WITCHES' NIGHT. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	Olive Thorne..... 783
WONDERFUL CHILD, A. Verses.....	Hattie S. Russell..... 614
WONDERING TOM. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	Mary Mapes Dodge..... 184
YOUNG HUNTER, The. Picture, drawn by.....	L. Hopkins..... 28

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Introduction—A Motto for "Thanksgiving" Day—The Navajoes and Turkeys—Queer Places for Shelter—A Humming-Bird's Mistake—Water-Melons on Thorns—A Good Thing Well Said—A River in a Strait Jacket—A Water-Spout on the Hudson—Peacock Fish, Peacocks, and Little Boys (Illustrated), 66; Introduction—The Largest Wedding that Ever Was—Mussels that Trap Ducks—How to Make a Wind-Harp—Japanese Manners—A Strange End to a Fight (Illustrated), 138; Introduction—Japanese, "O-HI-O"—"Round the World in a Yacht"—An Amusing Game—Trembling Lands—Butterflies on a Sea Voyage—A Cross in a Geode (Illustrated)—A Strange Passenger, 226; Introduction—Silas Green on Pistols—A Hint concerning Old Skates—Eccentric Rivers—Gabrielles Valentine (Illustrated)—The Unfathomable Lake, 298; Introduction—A Letter to Me—Machines Run by Air—Mother Shipton and her Prophecy—A Tree that Gives and Cures Headache—Faster than Light—Is it "Uncle Sam"? (Illustrated)—Some very Old Buttermilk—Birds and Telegrams—A Japanese Compliment—A Septuagenarian Goose—By Sucking? or How? 362; Introduction, "April's coming up the Hill"—Dr. Rabelais' Free Journey—The Campanero; or, Bell-Bird—Too Fond of Music—The Finest Exhibit at the Paris Exposition—The Magic Leaf (Illustrated)—The Feast of Kites Again—Tree Planting Crows—Flowers on the Prairies, 426; Introduction—Raining Trees—A Bird that turns Somersaults—Lobsters as Playthings—Natural Cannon-Balls—How Squirrels Drink—Mother Carey's Chickens (Illustrated)—A Plant without Stalk or Leaf—A Tree on Stilts, 490; Introduction—Names of Fingers—A Floating Melon-Patch—Beggars that Ride—Why Gooseberry?—Gran'ther Greenway's First Steam-Boiler—A Stylish pair of Travelers—The Necromantic Leaf—Fish that Fly in the Water (Illustrated), 554; Introduction—A City Carried on Camel-Back—The Robin that Rang a Bell—A Wasp Nest on Fire—Winter in Minnesota—Kuchoo!—Bonnets with Lightning Conductors—A Queer Playmate—Faithful Kamichi (Illustrated)—Lukewarm Boiling Water, 626; Introduction—A True "Air-Line" Dispatch—A Long Winter Journey—The Chestnut Tree of the Hundred Horses—Ice Quarry on a Volcano—Why not Gorse?—Land Flowers and Water Flowers (Illustrated), 698; Introduction—Artesian Wells—"Flowers of the Air"—Hoof-Marks on Chestnut Trees—A Crane with a Wooden Leg—Fishes that Shoot—Touchy Animals—The Musical Cricket (Illustrated)—An Underground Water-Plant—A Toad at Supper—Initials on Fruit, 770; Introduction—Queer Letter—Columbus' Egg Outdone—A Rotary Yacht—Japanese Charm-Shells—All in a Nutshell (Illustrated)—A Too-Obedient Zulu—Thousands of Years in Ice (Illustrated)—Sweet Potatoes and Morning Glories—A Nervous Snake, 842.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK. (Illustrated.)

Bessie Barton's Large Family, 62; The Little Sweet-Cake—The Five-Finger Folk—Slate Picture, 134; The Little Girl who wanted to go to the Moon, 221; Counters, 296; Pinkety-Winkety-Wee—Joe and the Seal—Eleven Little Pussy Cats—Slate Picture, 358; Arthur and Romeo—Tick, tock! Tick, tock! 424; What Katy Found, 488; The Little Mothers, 552; How Harold came to tell himself a Story, 624; Happy-go-Lucky, 696; The Broom Giant—Slate Picture, 768—What happened to Margery Daw, 840.

FRONTISPIECES.

"Fly! The enemy comes!" 1; Coming Home, 73; The Sisters, 145; Helping Mother, 233; "They instinctively raised their guns and fired," 305; The Tithing-man preserves order among the Little Puritans, 369; The May-King, 433; Summer has come! 497; "The voice was so near that Dru sprang to her feet," 561; The Kaiser-blumen, 633; "Oh, how deep!" 705; Trying Charms on Witches' Night, 777.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

Pictorial Calendar, 228; Report upon the stories concerning "The Young Hunter," 300; About Macaroni (Illustrated)—The Fairies' Hammers, 630; "Some of my Neighbors," 700.

THE LETTER-BOX.....68, 140, 228, 301, 364, 428, 492, 556, 628, 701, 772, 844.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.....70, 142, 230, 303, 366, 431, 494, 559, 631, 703, 774, 846.

OUR MUSIC PAGE.

Nocturne. For Little Hands. (Illustrated).....Wm. K. Bassford..... 220
Patriotic March for Four Little Hands.....Wm. K. Bassford..... 622





"FLY! THE ENEMY COMES!"

[A BOY'S SERVICE.]

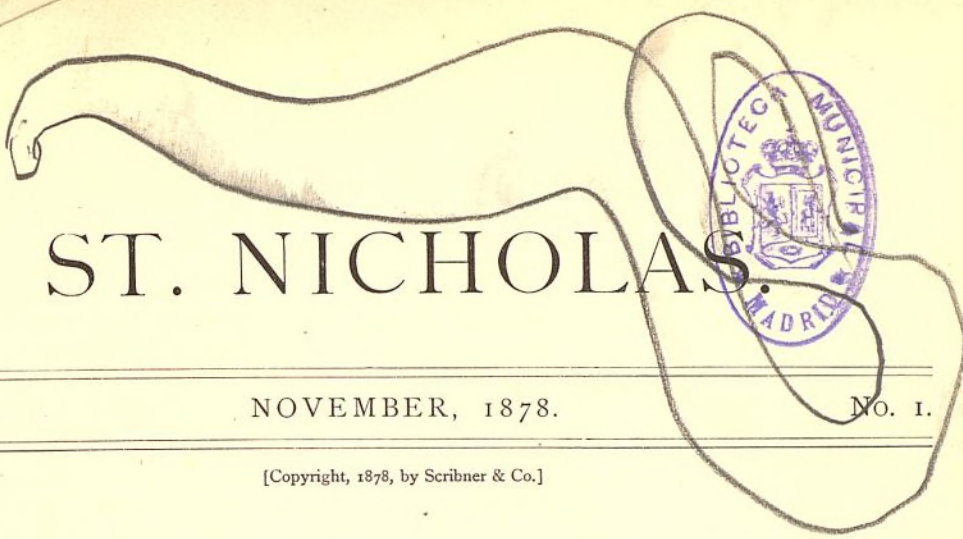
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

VOL.

"S
depen
Fren
a hut
ains,
moun
out o
abund
moth
path,
slow,
the d

Jea
been
accus
ing su
could
hazar
the li
It was
cotta
by th
the s
conso

Th
war i
which
sand
estan
Mak
valley
story
hollow
"Ma
mark
pastor



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

NO. I.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

A BOY'S SERVICE.

BY ELIZABETH UNDERHILL.

"SPEED boldly, Jean; the safety of God's elect depends on thy fleetness and courage," said a French peasant woman, as, standing at the door of a hut perched over a gorge in the Cevennes mountains, she bade farewell to her young son. He, mounted on a small white pony, looked fearlessly out of his bright blue eyes, and, tossing back his abundant tresses of fair hair, bent to kiss the mother's hand; then descending a steep, winding path, over which his intelligent animal picked a slow, sure footing, the young rider disappeared in the dark aisles of a pine forest.

Jean Cavalier was ten years old; his cradle had been rocked to the howl of mountain storms; he was accustomed to scale heights with fearless agility, being sure-footed on paths that only the mountain-born could safely tread, and he now dauntlessly faced a hazardous ride and the peril of imprisonment to save the lives of five hundred Christian men and women. It was nearly noon; all the huts, sheep-cotes, and cottages in the lower adjoining valleys were deserted by their inhabitants, who had started at dawn for the secluded mountain of Bourges, there to seek consolation and strength in the worship of God.

This was the period of that so-called "religious" war in France, which lasted twenty years, and in which the king, Louis XIV., employed sixty thousand soldiers to exterminate three thousand Protestants, because they persisted in worshiping their Maker in their own fashion. Through the upper valleys, for some weeks previous to the time of this story, there had been found, in rock cavities and hollow trees, bits of wood carved with the words, "Manna in the desert," and with certain symbolic marks whereby all the faithful knew that the great pastor, Brousson, emerging from his secret cavern

dwelling, would meet and minister to his persecuted flock in the afternoon of the first day of the year 1703, at the Bourges Mountain. Notwithstanding all precaution, news of the intended convocation had reached the town of Hais, and Captain Daiguirrier, with six hundred men, was coming up from the plain, eager to surprise and butcher the innocent congregation,—a kind of achievement not unfrequent in those tragic years.

Just before noon to-day, Jean, when climbing the rock back of his father's hut in search of a missing goat, spied the red bonnets of the cavalcade, traversing a defile far below; he knew well their terrible purpose, and, hurrying down, said to his mother:

"I have seen the king's troops going up; there is none to give warning but me."

Twenty minutes later, Jean was riding alone through the dim forest, intently conning the network of paths so familiar to him, and trying to choose one by which he could elude and outstrip the assassins. Issuing, at length, from the woods, he paused, hesitating between two routes,—one smoother, though longer,—by which, trusting to his nimble pony, he might speedily arrive, unless overtaken by the troops; the other led through ravines and over rocks into the very heart of the mountains, and was a hazardous path, even for a skillful climber. If he took the latter, he must abandon his horse and trust his own speed and agility. Finally deciding on the smoother road, he was turning toward it when he heard the sound of a conch-shell, and, on the instant, a flash of scarlet streamed around a spur of the forest. Quick-witted Jean rode at once to meet the advancing soldiers.

"Whither go you?" asked the captain.

"To the upper hills to seek my father," replied Jean.

"This is not a safe country for youngsters like you to travel in alone," said the officer.

"I have confidence in God. Those who do no ill need fear none," returned the child, calmly.

"You shall come with me," continued the captain, suspiciously; "so fine a boy must not grow up a rebel. I shall dedicate you to the service of the king and the church."

Jean made no answer, riding on with his captors, apparently in submissive composure; but the vigilant little fellow, quick in expedients, contrived to fall back gradually, till, when the dismounted troops, painfully climbing, were half-way up a steep ascent, Jean was among the hindmost. A brook wound round the base of the hill, and Jean knew that near the stream was one of those caverns, common in a country of volcanic formation, the entrance to which was concealed by thick, clustering bushes. Seizing an opportune moment, the active boy turned his pony, dashed down into the brook, leaped from his steed, and ran into the cavern. Some minutes elapsed before the more clumsy soldiers could descend; when they reached the stream, the pony was scrambling homeward over the rocks, and no trace of his rider was visible. Little Jean tremblingly crouched in his covert during their brief, vain search; but soon, eager for a larger prey, the pursuers returned to join the rest of the band.

When the last echoes had died away, and only the brook's gurgle was audible in the stillness, Jean ventured from his retreat, aware that the distance had been increased, and the time for rescue lessened by his capture; but his childhood's steadfast faith never dreamed of failure; prayer and act were one, as lightly leaping from boulder to boulder, by intricate windings about pinnacle and crest,—here following the bed of a mountain stream, there swinging himself by gnarled roots over deep chasms,—the intrepid boy hasted breathlessly on.

Not far away, some hundreds of resolute men and women were assembled on a rocky platform amid

the desolate hills. Muskets stood near, ready for a sudden call to arms. Around the worshipers was a chestnut forest, through whose enormous trunks and leafless boughs the wind moaned in melancholy cadence, accompanying their psalmody and supplication. On a flat, smooth stone, at the base of a precipitous rock, stood the minister, who, while little Jean sped toward them, was thus addressing the congregation:

"What fear you? Did not God nourish his people in the wilderness? Did he not send the ravens to feed his prophet, and will he not again work miracles? Has not his Holy Spirit comforted his afflicted children? He consoles—he strengthens us. Will he not, in time of need, cause his angel to go before us?"

Concluding thus, the preacher advanced to a natural stone slab, serving as a sacramental altar, and the assembly, in reverential stillness, to which peril added a solemn awe, came forward two by two, bareheaded. A cry startled them.

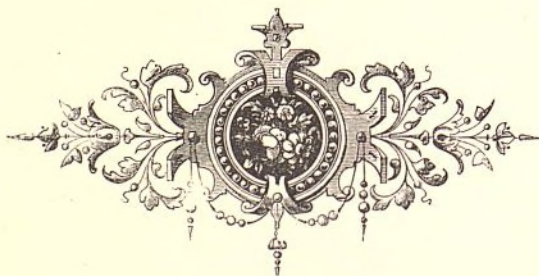
"Fly! the enemy comes!" rang in shrill, childish treble from above the kneeling multitude, and looking up they saw, on the rocky summit before the pastor, a little figure, whose white goat-skin coat and locks of gold gleamed in the mellow sunset, as the rocks and caverns re-echoed his vibrating cry,

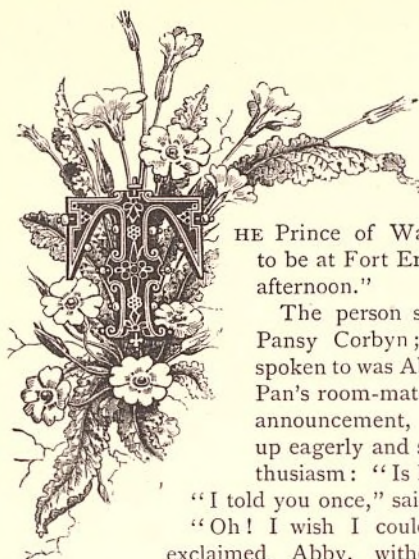
"Fly! the enemy comes!"

The startled throng, gazing up, knew not the son of their neighbor and friend, Roland Cavalier. The solemnity of the place, and the danger always near their worship, had infused their exalted minds with a sense of the immediate presence of the supernatural, and the simple-hearted peasants thought the child, Jean, a veritable messenger of heaven.

They quickly dispersed through pass and defile, and when the troops arrived, the early stars shone down on the deserted rocks and lonely forest.

Jean joined a party of fugitives, and lived to be a valiant and famous defender of the Protestant faith. While the commander cursed him as a treacherous little rascal, most of the congregation always maintained that God sent an angel to save them.





WHO TOLD ?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

HE Prince of Wales is going to be at Fort Erie to-morrow afternoon."

The person speaking was Pansy Corbyn; the person spoken to was Abby Gilfillan, Pan's room-mate. At Pan's announcement, she looked up eagerly and said with enthusiasm: "Is he?"

"I told you once," said Pan.

"Oh! I wish I could see him!" exclaimed Abby, without heeding Pan's fun. "Is he coming over here?"

"No, he is n't coming. Is n't it mean?"

"I think it's strange he is n't. He might find something in Buffalo worth seeing; but I can't understand what he wants to stop at Fort Erie for, unless it is to see the spot where his folks were whipped. Did n't we whip the British there?"

Pan colored as she owned that she did n't know, and declared that she never could remember history.

"Well," said Abby, "it's interesting to be studying ancient Greece when we are ignorant of historical ground which we can see from the seats where we recite. Oh! I wonder if the Prince could see a flag if we should fly one from our window. Oh! dear! dear! I do want to see him. I do wish we could, Pan."

"Well, why can't we?"

"Why can't we?" Abby repeated, "because we are such gumps as to be at boarding-school."

"I'll tell you, Abby," said Pan, making her tone low and confidential, "if you'll go, I'll manage it. I'll ask permission to go to Black Rock to see Aunt Porter: mother told Mrs. 'C.'" (this was the principal's wife) "to let me go whenever she could. And when I've got permission, I'll ask her to let you go with me. But instead of going to Aunt Porter's, we'll go across the river to see the Prince."

"I'm afraid we'll be found out. There'll be somebody there who knows us."

"Nobody in Buffalo knows us except the school-girls and teachers. We'll protect ourselves with veils and parasols. At any rate, I am willing to run some risk for the sake of seeing the Prince."

"So am I," said Abby stoutly. "I'm just crazy to see him. I know he must be perfectly lovely. Oh! I wonder if he'll be dressed in royal purple

and ermine, and scarlet and gold. Do you think he'll have plumes in his cap? I wonder if we'll see the crown jewels! Oh! I guess he'll have on a crown."

The next afternoon, Pan set out with Abby ostensibly for her Aunt Porter's. In reality, after buying some bouquets for the prince, they took a street car for the ferry. Hiding behind their parasols and with veils drawn down, they joined the crowd there waiting for the boat. They skulked around large men and behind women's spreading hoops, straining their eyes back of the barège veils to assure themselves that there were no familiar faces about them. The ferry-boat was crowded with people eager for a sight of royalty; but as far as the runaways could determine, all were strangers to them.

"Abby, my sweet duck, I believe we are safe," Pan said in a low tone, as they stood at one end of the boat, watching the bright Niagara.

"Yes," said Abby, venturing to push her veil to one side, "and we're having such a nice time. Think of those poor, cooped-up girls we've left behind us. I wish we had brought Angelica along."

"I don't wish so," said Pan. "A secret is n't safe with three."

"That is very true," said a voice beside them.

How it startled those guilty girls! They involuntarily snatched at their veils, and just as involuntarily whirled their faces toward the speaker.

"Perhaps you remember," continued the voice, "Gilbert Stuart's illustration of this."

The girls stared at the man with the voice, who was standing near them—a smallish, red-haired, but not unhandsome person. He continued:

"I know a secret," said Stuart, "that's one," and he chalked down the figure 1; "my friend knows it," he chalked another 1 beside the first; "I tell it to you," and he wrote a third figure 1 beside the other two; "now, how many know my secret? III,—one hundred and eleven, instead of three."

I believe you never saw two girls more uneasy than were Pan and Abby during this narration. Pan squeezed and pinched Abby's hand, and Abby squeezed and pinched back. Each understood this to mean that they must get away from this red-haired impertinence just as soon as possible. So before the anecdote was fairly told, they were moving away from the speaker.

They did not see him again till the boat had reached the Canada side. In getting ashore, they found themselves beside him. He volunteered some information about the order of reception exercises, but the frightened girls fell back in the human stream without a word to him.

"Impudent thing!" said Pan. "If he speaks to me again, I shall scream murder till I bring the Prince to my rescue."

But the truants soon forgot themselves in the interest of the vivid scene. There were flags and festoons, bowers and wreathed arches, flower-wrought words of welcome and loyalty.

The girls, thrilling with an undefinable kind of devotion toward they knew not what, ran forward with the eager crowd, eager as the most devoted of the Queen's subjects, toward the point where loyal shouts of welcome and blasts from brazen throats, and the booming of cannon, told the arrival of the heir-apparent to the most powerful of earth's kingdoms. They could hardly refrain from cheering as they came in sight of the staging and canopy where the Prince was to be presented to his people. And when they saw the beaming young man himself, bowing to the enthusiastic multitude, they were half wild with enthusiasm.

"Is n't he lovely?" cried Abby, stretching up her head to be rid of a towering, obstructing bonnet in front of her.

"Perfectly splendid," answered Pan, also stretching her neck up, and from side to side, dodging a bushy, uncovered head.

"I never saw anything so sweet," said Abby.

"Or so grand," said Pan. "He's perfectly sublime." Then she added petulantly, "I wish Canadians were n't so big; I have n't seen an inch of the Prince, except the top of his head."

"I have n't either," said Abby. "I wish I could be a giant for an hour."

"Then you'd be found out."

"Here's an empty carriage; let's climb into it," said Abby.

"Oh! let's!" said Pan. "Then we can have a splendid view."

It was a handsome, open carriage, and they climbed in, wondering that it had not been appropriated by some one else as an observatory. In their excitement their veils were thrown aside, and their parasols tilted back over their shoulders. Scarcely were they seated when Abby gave Pan a startling nudge, uttering a low, alarmful exclamation.

"There are Mrs. C. and all the girls!" she said.

They got on their veils in frantic haste, and threw up their parasols as screens. Then they tried to abandon themselves to enjoy the remainder of the performance. What they did do was to

fidget and worry, and to peep under their parasols in the direction of Mrs. C.'s party, and to issue bulletins to each other as to the maneuvers of the same. But at length they noticed some signal movements in the Prince's party. They were stretching up, straining their eyes and ears, when the coachman of the appropriated carriage, turning to them, said,

"You'll have to get out now; the Prince wants his carriage."

Think of it: those girls who wanted to keep themselves hid, had perched themselves in the Prince's carriage,—in the most conspicuous position but one on the grounds!

They got very quickly to their feet, with exclamations of surprise, confusion and apology. Abby jumped out at the right, Pan came out with a flying leap at the left, landing almost in the arms of the red-haired young man who had told them about Gilbert Stuart.

"I wonder the coachman allowed us to sit there," Abby said, as they went on, trying to lose themselves in the crowd.

Pan explained that it was ex-President Fillmore's carriage, taken over from Buffalo for the occasion. "The coachman, I suppose, is used to republican impudence."

They hastened toward the river, anxious to get the first boat, and arguing that it would take some time for Mrs. C. to collect her girls and get them into marching line, and so she would miss the first boat.

"Only think," said Abby, "if we had n't run away, we should have come along like honest folks with Mrs. C. and 'the girls,' instead of skulking along this way."

"I wish we had n't tried to cheat," Pan said, as they crowded into the little cabin. Once established there, they would be unable to get out, so great was the jam. They were securely packed to one side of the cabin, and had raised their veils for a taste of fresh air, when the keen-eyed Abby whispered cautiously:

"Don't turn your head; draw down your veil; steady! They are all on board, over to your left hand. Face around this way. We must keep our backs to them. Mrs. C. is looking straight at you."

There they were forced to stand in that herring-pack, heated to the verge of suffocation beneath their thick veils, afraid to turn their heads, afraid to have their voices heard, afraid to make any kind of movement, lest some peculiarity of manner might betray them. Then, shortly after the start, some of "the girls" by some slight re-arrangement of the crowd, were brought nearer the truants, actually touching. To nudge each other, to press

each other's toes, were the only interchanges of sympathy that Abby and Pan dared to make, even when Rach. Keeler said to Angelica,

"I should think those two girls would smother under those thick veils. Wonder why they wear them."

This remark aroused people's attention, and everybody in the neighborhood began to stir around and twist about, as well as the close pack would allow, and to stare at the veiled figures, and to ask who they were and what the matter was, and

the Prince. All regretted that Pansy and Abby had missed the treat.

"Don't you wish you had put off your visit to your aunt till to-morrow?" one of the girls asked.

"Yes," said Pan, growing very red. Then she asked for a cup of tea to divert attention from herself.

"How is your Aunt Porter?" Mrs. C. asked.

"Tolerably well," said Pan, faintly, her face fairly blazing. "What if aunt should be dying this minute!" she thought.



THE GIRLS DECIDE TO LEAVE THE CARRIAGE.

why they wore veils, etc., etc. Oh! how the faces under those brown veils did burn! Then, after another while, Rach. Keeler set her foot on Pan's skirt, for this school-girl wore her walking dress longer at that time than when she was five years older. For the rest of the ride, on the boat, she was pinned to the floor.

By avoiding the car which Mrs. C. took, our truants, without further adventure, reached the academy in time for tea. At the table, the one subject of comment was the trip to Fort Erie, and

"Did n't she go to see the Prince?" Mrs. C. asked.

Pan wished she could go through the floor. What should she say? She gazed at her plate with the desperate decision of pretending that she had not heard the question.

"Yes," Alice Hyde said, "Mrs. Porter went to see the Prince. I saw her there."

Pan jumped to take advantage of this light. She looked up, in a sprightly way, at Mrs. C. and said: "Did you ask if Aunt Porter went to see the Prince? Oh, yes, she went."

"She was in Mrs. Judge Watt's carriage," continued Alice.

"Why, no," interposed Rach. Keeler. "That was n't Mrs. Porter with Mrs. Watt; that was Mrs. Kinne. She looks like Mrs. Porter; but it was n't Mrs. Porter; was it, Pan?"

The entrapped, bewildered girl could think of nothing to do or to say, but to turn her hot face and guilty eyes to her neighbor, and pretend ignorance of the appeal, and talk, talk, in a voluble, rattling, irrelevant way.

At the first pause, the neighbor asked in a tone to be heard by half the table. "Why did n't you go with your aunt to see the Prince?"

The distressed, hunted Pan lost all self-control, and snapped out an order to be let alone.

"I fear you are not well," said Mrs. C., surprised.

"My head aches," stammered Pan.

Pansy's troubles were not dismissed with the dismissal of the table. She was plied with questions and questions until, half-frantic with her vain efforts to evade them, she had involved and compromised herself, and had got half the girls in the house "mad at her."

At last, she rushed up to her room, locked the door, and fell on the bed sobbing.

"Oh! Abby, Abby, Abby!" she cried, "this is horrible. I've told fifty lies about this mean, mean scrape, and I'll have to tell fifty more before I hear the last of it."

"Yes," said Abby, with much sympathy, but in deep despondency.

"I would n't go through with what I've suffered in the last six hours to see all the kings and queens on the face of the earth in a row. The Prince was n't anything wonderful to see, anyhow. He looked like the young men we see on the street here every day."

"He is n't half as good looking as lots of them," said Abby, with a toss of her head; resentful, but tearful.

"No, he is n't," Pansy said, sitting up on the side of the bed, her eyes and nose very red. "He's homely; he looks soft; I would n't give a pin to see such a flat-looking fellow. I can't bear him. I wish he had n't come to Fort Erie; wish he had n't come to America; wish he had never set foot on the western hemisphere. What did he want to come traipsing across the Atlantic ocean for? Why did n't he stay at home and mind his own business instead of coming to that contemptible Fort Erie, and getting us into this horrible tangle? I'll never forgive him."

That wretched, wretched night which Pan and Abby tossed and groaned and dreamed through, they will never forget in this world. Should they confess or not? This was talked over, and cried over, and sobbed over, and prayed over, let us

hope. And it was yet undecided when, the next morning, they were dressing and waiting for the prayer-bell. They felt so restless, that before this rang, they went down-stairs.

In the room where the morning worship was to be held, they found Mr. C., the principal, reading the morning paper, and Mrs. C. giving some last touches to the arrangement of the room before sounding the prayer-bell. Mrs. C., a large-hearted, motherly woman, kissed Pansy, asking how the headache was, while Mr. C. put out his hand to Abby.

With a great, yearning throb toward her own dear mother, working for her off in a Pennsylvania village, saving for her, praying for her, Pan put her head on Mrs. C.'s shoulder, and told the story; while Abby, wishing she had a shoulder to hide her tears on, was explaining the situation to Mr. C. When the story had been fairly told, Mrs. C. said:

"I know, my dear girls, that you will feel doubly thankful for having made this confession, when I tell you that Mr. C. and I knew of this matter before you entered the room this morning. We read of it in the morning paper."

"In the paper?" cried Pansy, while Abby sat with wonder-opened eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. C., turning to the paper and reading from the report of the Prince's reception at Fort Erie:

"Two of the young ladies from the Buffalo Academy, members of Mr. C.'s family of boarders, climbed into an unoccupied carriage for a better view of the proceedings. They were very much surprised and embarrassed to learn, at the close of the ceremonies, that they had inadvertently placed themselves in a very conspicuous position, as the carriage was the reception coach used for the Prince of Wales."

Mr. C. finished the reading with his hand on the bell which was to call the family to worship. While it was ringing, Pan went over and took a chair by Abby.

"Oh! Abby," she said in a low tone, "what if we had n't confessed!"

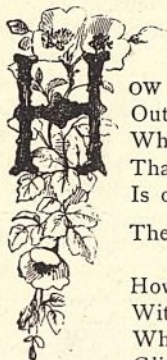
"What if we had n't," replied Abby.

"It was that red-haired man who told. I know it was. He's a reporter on the *Courier*, I remember, now, seeing, him one day, at a window in the *Courier* office. Any way, I think it was mean in him to tell, he might have known by the way we acted that we were runaways. He ought to have had a little mercy on us."

"If he had n't told, it would have been found out some other way," said Abby. "Things always are found out."

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for dry hips on a thorny bush?—

Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hill-side nooks are empty and cold?—

Then the forest-tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?—

O then, as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown:—"
We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

TOWED BY RAIL.

BY J. S. BUNNELL.

CLEAR the track! I want to tell the ST. NICHOLAS readers of a decided novelty I came across the other day, in that young giant of a city, San Francisco. Turning a corner, I saw high on the steep hill—for many of these San Francisco streets *are* steep hills—two car-loads of gay people, gliding rapidly forward without sign or trace of either locomotive, dummy-engine, or horse. Onward and upward went the little train, stopping itself now and then, and starting again, apparently with the greatest ease. No smoke was to be seen, no steam hissed and puffed, no clank of machinery was heard. No confusion of any kind. The motive power, like some of the greatest forces in nature, was hidden. What was it that pulled this pair of city cars along so easily? You shall hear.

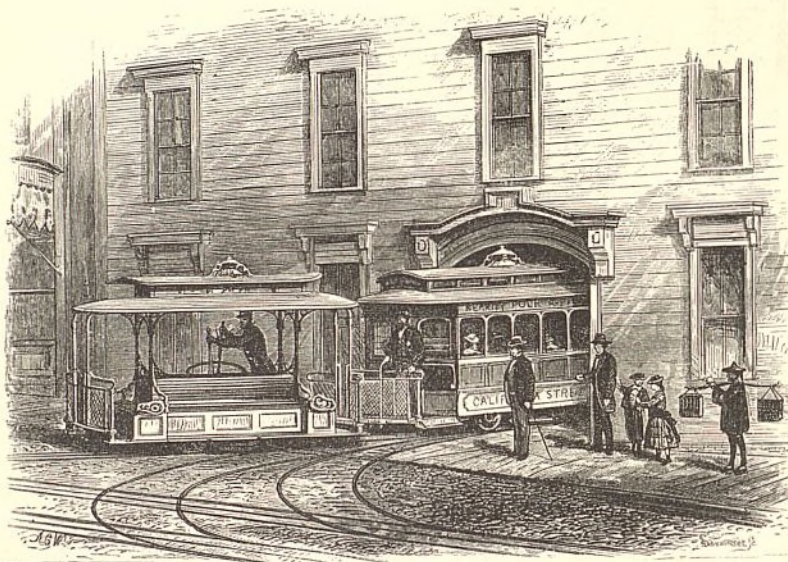
In the middle of the track, running its entire length, we find a continuous opening or slit, about as wide as a man's finger, into which fits a flat iron bar, projecting from the under side of the leading car; while below this opening, and down under the track, continually runs a thick wire cable or rope, in a space about large enough for a small boy to crawl in. The slit in the middle of the track is clearly seen in the picture on page 9, which gives a view of a portion of the road lying between two hills. Our artist was standing upon one hill, looking toward the summit of the other: the road descending to the valley. The long cable is made to run easily on small pulleys—say, ten feet apart—by a powerful steam-engine located about midway on the route; and this cable always is running down one track,

and up the other, into the engine-house, over and around ponderous iron wheels, which keep it in motion.

Whenever a car is to be started, the driver has simply to move a large lever, in the middle of it, shaped like a railroad switch, and the lower end of

down town, and in three minutes and a half be carried to the top of a high hill, many blocks away, —a hill three hundred feet above the water, half as high again as a tall church spire.

It is the wonder of everybody. The country people gaze, astonished, at the mysterious-looking



"STARTING OUT."

this lever, beneath the slit in the track, grapples the running-cable, like a vise or jaw, and away move levers, cars, driver, passengers and all.

You can see the driver in these pictures standing at his post. No one is allowed to speak to him, for he must be constantly on the alert, ready for action.

Just imagine, my boys and girls, a long rope extending down the street, trailing along behind a team of horses, on a winter's day; and suppose you wanted a ride on your sled, what more natural than that you should grasp tight hold of this rope, and take a tow, as the sailors say, gliding along with it at your pleasure; and when you choose to stop, you would need but to relax your hold, and your sled would be free immediately.

Now, by this time you should have exactly the idea of the wire-cable railroad, for in this case the wire-cable is the rope and the cars are the sled. Night and day, the endless cable, coated with tar, gliding like a long black snake, runs in and out of the grim engine-house on the hill, upon its long journey, while cars all along the track are continually grappling it and letting go. Think of the twelve thousand people carried over the road daily by this unseen giant power working beneath the ground!

We can start from a crowded street of the city,

and even the indifferent Chinamen are fairly puzzled over it. They gather in groups, with open mouths and peering eyes, trying to make out the strange proceeding. In China they would immediately suppose it to be witchcraft, as they did recently in the case of a steam railroad which some foreigners had built,—only twelve miles or so. All their troubles, ills and droughts, were attributed to it, and the people and government tore up the track. The screaming locomotive was an evil spirit.

But to return to our road. The huge engine doing all this work is driven as fast as ninety revolutions a minute by the steam furnished from two large boilers, and is rated as a two hundred and fifty horse-power engine. That you may know something of what that power is, let us imagine two hundred and fifty stout horses, in teams of two, standing in the street; we will allow ten feet for a team, which will make our line one thousand two hundred and fifty feet long. Get your slate and see if it would not. That is very near one quarter of a mile in length, and you can judge how far down your street the line would reach. If these horses should all start pulling at a given signal, think of the power they would exert!

Something would snap, would n't it?

Well, you may imagine three times as many horses, for a so-called two hundred and fifty horse-power engine can do the work of about seven hundred and fifty horses in the course of eighteen working hours. It is a great satisfaction, when riding in the car, to know that poor animals are not pulling and panting and straining heart and lungs to carry us up over the high hills. On one of the hilly railroads of this city many horses used to die of heart disease, so great was the strain upon the willing animals. Now a few tons of coal, and man's ingenuity, do all the work, and thoroughly well they do it.

The huge wheels at the engine-house, already alluded to, are eight feet in diameter, and there are about thirty of them in all, rolling, rumbling, with a grinding din, suggesting the grim

for the strain on it of many cars with their loads coming up the hill is immense.

All this complicated machinery is located in a dark, gloomy-looking pit, twenty-five feet deep, under the street, arched over beneath the pavement with brick. Here is located an arrangement for keeping the cable taut at all times. It is a car heavily loaded with five tons of iron, and placed upon a steep, sloping track; a horizontal wheel lies upon this car, and around this wheel the wire cable runs,—thus acting as a heavy pulley, taking up the slack rope. The diagram on page 10 illustrates this.

At each end of the road there is one of these pits with just such a steadying car in it, as well as two in the central pit; for the engine-house is not far from midway of the road.

The length of the entire line is over a mile and a half, running east and west on California street,



CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

prison-house of some mighty spirit, bound, and faithfully serving little man. As the cable comes running swiftly in, it twists, turns, and circles around eight of these wheels, and before going out, takes as many more turns about another set of wheels. This is to prevent the cable from slipping;

called by the street boys "Nob Hill," because it has so many elegant residences and gardens.

This is not the only beautiful street in San Francisco. In nearly all of the new parts of the city, elegant residences abound—spacious mansions and tasteful street cottages, all with projecting bay-

windows and flowery entrances. The business streets, too, with their fine shops and stately warehouses, give an air of enterprise and activity that fully accounts for the net-work of city railroads stretching in every direction. Even the most wretched part of the city, the Chinese quarter, has its railroad—one of the old style, however, and not in the least suggestive of the airy, mysterious cars which we have been considering.

Now let us hear about the cable. It is one inch and a quarter in diameter, say, the size of a baby's wrist, composed of small steel wires, about the size of grandmother's steel knitting-needle, all twisted into strands and these into one large rope. That makes a very strong tow-line, does n't it? But tough as this is, it has stretched fully sixteen feet by the weight of the cars, and has had to be shortened and re-spliced by skillful men, just as sailors

estimated to last six months, then it must be replaced by a new one. This is a very knowing cable. If any wire strand should break, it would, by a very ingenious device, which I shall not attempt to explain, telegraph its own disorder to

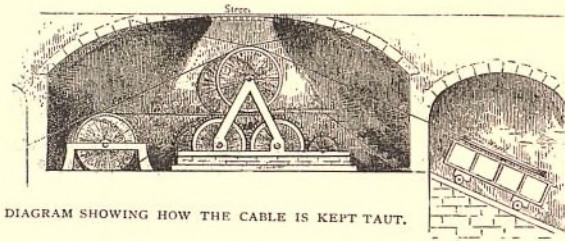


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE CABLE IS KEPT TAUT.

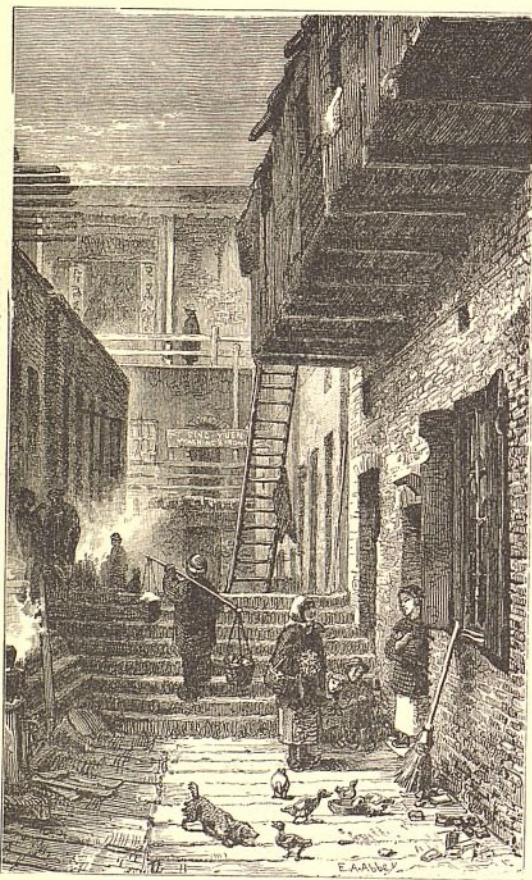
head-quarters, and there ring an alarm-bell, which would insure its immediate repair.

Every two days the cable must be freshly coated with tar, to prevent its being too much worn by the grasping and biting of the iron jaws, as the car-driver takes hold or lets go.

Wire cables are very generally used nowadays in many ways. Elevators are run by them, vessels are partly rigged with them; they are used for machinery in place of belting, for tow-lines and by tug-boats; and for many purposes they are both cheaper and better than hemp rope.

Money was lavishly spent in laying the road-bed. The projectors, being wealthy men, members of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, took pride in building something that would prove a model road, and they succeeded. First, a trench was dug, three feet and a half deep and the same in width, then large pieces of railroad iron, bent in the shape of a V were inserted in it, about ten feet apart, upon the top of which were riveted and bolted the rails,—the small T rail, such as is in common use by all the steam roads. These, bear in mind, were all riveted together, arranged, and leveled, and supported by temporary timbers, in exactly the places that they afterward were to occupy. Then the whole trench was filled to the top (excepting the space left for the cable to run in) with concrete and cement. This, hardening, the entire mile and a half of road became one long, continued block of stone, over three feet in diameter, lying in its earthy bed as solid as the "eternal hills," holding in its stony grasp the ties, braces and rails. Such a road, they claim, can never spread, never sag nor sink, and scarcely ever will need repairs, save as the rails wear out, and are replaced. So much for doing a thing thoroughly and well at once, though the first cost be great—in this instance, nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

The cars are models of beauty and comfort. A blue cadet-cap is worn by the employés, and



AN ALLEY IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

splice a rope; all the separate strands loosened and deftly tucked away again, so that the strain will be shared equally by all. A cable like this is

though no talking is allowed with the driver, a smiling conductor makes up for this loss by standing ready to answer questions at the rate, I should say from a brief observation, of about ten thousand a day, more or less.

One feature of the sitting accommodations is that of a low rail, about an inch high, dividing each seat from the next, just high enough to make it uncomfortable to sit upon; gently hinting to those inclined to crowd their fellows that a seat was intended for one only. The cars are built so low that the feet of passengers are but twelve inches

maiden mounts the low step and comfortably seats herself; then, at the bell-signal from the conductor, the sturdy driver grasps his lever, clamps down his iron brace grappling the cable, and again we are off, with far less jar and jerk than we receive in a horse-car. Over the hills we go, through a fine broad street, views all about, of shining bay, busy city, and flower-clad mountain, past beautiful private residences kept with a neatness and care peculiar to the front yards of the San Franciscans. Callas bloom luxuriantly among palm-trees, and showy flowers in the gardens regale the eye the



CARS IN FULL MOTION. (FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.)

above the street they are traveling, thus giving that charm one experiences when sailing in a low skiff, close to the water, but which is lost on the high deck of a steamboat. The illustration given on this page is made from an instantaneous photograph of the so-called dummy and passenger cars, coming down the grade at full speed. The dummy is a light, picturesque, open car, arranged with outside seats, and is generally preferred by passengers to the close car.

As we ride along, a daintily gloved finger hails the driver, from the sidewalk, and our car comes instantly and quietly to a stand-still, while the gentle

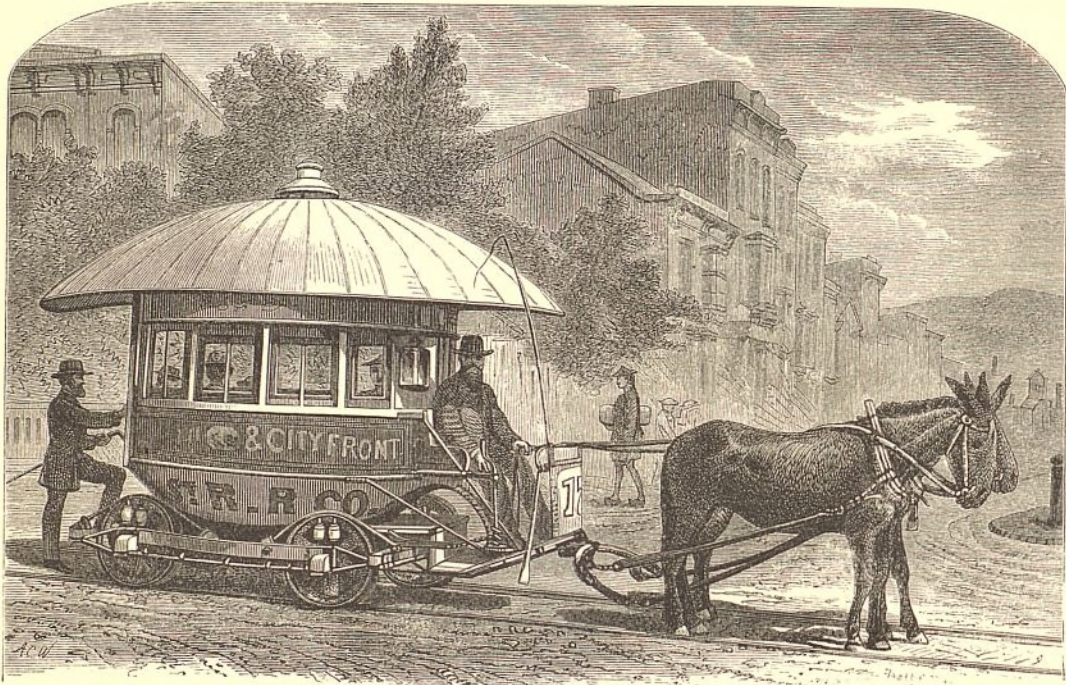
year round; and in the summer season the traveler fills his lungs with an air, the purest possible, coming fresh and bracing from the sparkling ocean, laden with the perfume of acres of blue and yellow wild Lupin.

This style of railroad is becoming very popular in San Francisco, where there are already three such lines in successful operation; and others are projected.

Among the oddities here in the car line, is the "balloon car," a picture of which is given with driver and mule attachment. These little "band-boxes on wheels" are intended for turning quickly on

their trucks, at the end of a route, without changing the position of the wheels, the driver keeping his seat. A bolt is withdrawn, enabling the mules to pull the upper part of the car entirely around, in

readiness for a return trip; the waiting passengers jump in, and off it starts, a fat, lumbering little thing, in jerky contrast to its elegant rivals so delightfully towed by rail.



"BALLOON-CAR."

A TALE OF TWO BUCKETS.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,
And after sundry wise remarks,—no doubt about the weather,—
"Look here," quoth one, "this life we lead I don't exactly like;
Upon my word, I 'm half inclined to venture on a strike;
For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,
We go down empty,—always shall, for aught that I can tell."

"That 's true," the other said; "but then—the way it looks to me—
However empty we go down, we come up full, you see."
Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,
Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings, day by day,
The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide
Only the buckets *full* to count, and let the empty slide.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

This story is told by Will Gordon, a young fellow about sixteen years old, who saw for himself everything worth seeing in the course of the events he relates, and so knows much more about them than any one who would have to depend upon hearsay. Will is a good-looking boy, with brown hair and gray eyes, rather large for his age, and very fond of being a leader among his young companions. Whether or not he is good at that sort of thing, you can judge from the story he tells.

CHAPTER I.

WE MAKE A START.

I WAS sitting on the deck of a Savannah steam-ship, which was lying at a dock in the East River, New York. I was waiting for young Rectus, and had already waited some time; which surprised me, because Rectus was, as a general thing, a very prompt fellow, who seldom kept people waiting. But it was, probably, impossible for him to regulate his own movements this time, for his father and mother were coming with him, to see him off.

I had no one there to see me off, but I did not care for that. I was sixteen years old, and felt quite like a man; whereas Rectus was only fourteen, and could n't possibly feel like a man—unless his looks very much belied his feelings. My father and mother and sister lived in a small town, some thirty miles from New York, and that was a very good reason for their not coming to the city just to see me sail away in a steam-ship. They took a good leave of me, though, before I left home.

I shall never forget how I first became acquainted with Rectus. About a couple of years before, he was a new boy in the academy at Willisville. One Saturday a lot of us went down to the river to swim. Our favorite place was near an old wharf, which ran out into deep water, and a fellow could take a good dive there, when the tide was high. There were some of the smaller boys along that day, but they did n't dive any, and if they even swam, it was in shallow water near the shore by the side of the wharf. But I think most of them spent their time wading about.

I was a good swimmer, and could dive very well. I was learning to swim under water, but had not done very much in that line at the time I speak of. We were nearly ready to come out, when I took a dive from a post on the end of the wharf, and then turned, under water, to swim in shore. I intended to try to keep under until I got into water shallow enough for me to touch bottom, and walk ashore. After half a dozen strokes I felt for the bottom and

my feet touched it. Then I raised my head, but I did n't raise it out of the water. It struck something hard.

In an instant I knew what had happened. There was a big mud-scow lying by the side of the wharf, and I had got under that! It was a great flat thing, ever so long and very wide. I knew I must get from under it as quickly as I could. Indeed I could hardly hold my breath, now. I waded along with my head bent down, but I did n't reach the side of it. Then I turned the other way, but my hands, which I held up, still touched nothing but the hard, slimy bottom of the scow. I must have been wading up and down the length of the thing. I was bewildered. I could n't think which way to turn. I could only think of one thing. I would be drowned in less than a minute. Scott would be head of the class. My mother, and little Helen—but I can't tell what my thoughts were then. They were dreadful. But just as I was thinking of Helen and mother, I saw through the water some white things, not far from me. I knew by their looks that they were a boy's legs.

I staggered toward them and in a moment my hands went out of water, just at the side of the scow. I stood up and my head with half my body came up into the air.

What a breath I drew! But I felt so weak and shaky that I had to take hold of the side of the scow and stand there for a while before I waded ashore. The boy who was standing by me was Rectus. He did not have that name, then, and I did n't know him.

"It must be pretty hard to stay under water so long," he said.

"Hard!" I answered, as soon as I could get my breath, "I should think so. Why, I came near being drowned!"

"Is that so?" said he, "I did n't know that. I saw you go down, and have been watching for you to come up. But I did n't expect you to come from under the scow."

How glad I was that he had been standing there watching for me to come up! If he had not been

there, or if his legs had been green or the color of water, I believe I should have drowned.

I always liked the boy after that, though of course, there was no particular reason for it. He was a boarder. His parents lived in New York. Samuel Colbert was his real name, and the title of Rectus he obtained at school by being so good. He scarcely ever did anything wrong, which was rather surprising to the rest of us, because he was not sickly or anything of that kind. After a while, we got into the way of calling him Rectus, and as he did n't seem to mind it, the name stuck to him. The boys generally liked him, and he got on quite well in the school,—in every way except in his studies. He was not a smart boy, and did not pretend to be.

I went right through the academy, from the lowest to the highest class, and when I left, the professor, as we called our principal, said that I was ready to go to college, and urged me very much to do so. But I was not in any hurry, and my parents agreed with me that after four years of school-life, I had better wait a while before beginning a new course. All this disturbed the professor very much, but he insisted on my keeping up my studies, so as not to get rusty, and he came up to our house very often; for the purpose of seeing what I was doing in the study-line, and how I was doing it.

I thought over things a good deal for myself, and a few months after I left the academy I made up my mind to travel a little. I talked about it at home, and it was generally thought to be a good idea, although my sister was in favor of it only in case I took her with me. Otherwise she opposed it. But there were a great many reasons why I could not take her. She was only eleven.

I had some money of my own, which I thought I would rather spend in travel than in any other way, and as it was not a large sum, and as my father could not afford to add anything to it, my journey could not be very extensive. Indeed, I only contemplated going to Florida and perhaps a few other southern states, and then—if it could be done—a visit to some of the West India islands, and as it was winter-time, that would be a very good trip. My father did not seem to be afraid to trust me to go alone. He and the professor talked it over, and they thought that I would take good enough care of myself. The professor would have much preferred to see me go to college, but as I was not to do that, he thought traveling much better for me than staying at home, although I made no promise about taking my books along. But it was pretty well settled that I was to go to college in the fall, and this consoled him a little.

The person who first suggested this traveling plan was our old physician, Dr. Mathews. I don't

know exactly what he said about it, but I knew he thought I had been studying too hard, and needed to "let up" for a while. And I'm sure, too, that he was quite positive that I would have no let up, as long as I staid in the same town with the professor.

Nearly a year before this time, Rectus had left the academy. He had never reached the higher classes,—in fact, he did n't seem to get on well at all. He studied well enough, but he did n't take hold of things properly, and I believe he really did not care to go through the school. But he was such a quiet fellow that we could not make much out of him. His father was very rich, and we all thought that Rectus was taken away to be brought up as a partner in the firm. But we really knew nothing about it; for, as I found out afterward, Rectus spent all his time, after he left school, in studying music.

Soon after my trip was all agreed upon and settled, father had to go to New York, and there he saw Mr. Colbert, and of course told him of my plans. That afternoon, old Colbert came to my father's hotel, and proposed to him that I should take his son with me. He had always heard, he said, that I was a sensible fellow, and fit to be trusted, and he would be very glad to have his boy travel with me. And he furthermore said that if I had the care of Samuel—for of course *he* did n't call his son Rectus—he would pay me a salary. He had evidently read about young English fellows traveling on the Continent with their tutors, and I suppose he wanted me to be his son's tutor, or something like it.

When father told me what Mr. Colbert had proposed, I agreed instantly. I liked Rectus, and the salary would help immensely. I wrote to New York that very night, accepting the proposition.

When my friends in the town, and those at the school, heard that Rectus and I were going off together they thought it an uncommonly good joke, and they crowded up to our house to see me about it.

"Two such good young men as you and Rectus traveling together ought to have a beneficial influence upon whole communities," said Harry Alden; and Scott remarked that if there should be a bad storm at sea, he would advise us two to throw everybody else overboard to the whales, for the other people would be sure to be the wicked ones. I am happy to say that I got a twist on Scott's ear that made him howl, and then mother came in and invited them all to come and take supper with me, the Tuesday before I started. We invited Rectus to come up from the city, but he did not make his appearance. However, we got on first-rate without him, and had a splendid time. There was never a

woman who knew just how to make boys have a good time, like my mother.

I had been a long while on the steamer waiting for Rectus. She was to sail at three o'clock, and it was then after two. The day was clear and fine, but so much sitting and standing about had made me cold, so that I was very glad to see a carriage drive up with Rectus and his father and mother. I went down to them. I was anxious to see Rectus, for it had been nearly a year since we had met. He seemed about the same as he used to be, and had certainly not grown much. He just shook hands with me and said, "How d'ye do, Gordon." Mr. and Mrs. Colbert seemed ever so much more pleased to see me, and when we went on the upper deck, the old gentleman took me into the captain's

"Where do you keep your money?" he asked me, and I told him that the greater part of it—all but some pocket-money—was stowed away in an inside pocket of my vest.

"Very good," said he, "that's better than a pocket-book or belt; but you must pin it in. Now here is Sammy's money—for his traveling expenses and his other necessities; I have calculated that that will be enough for a four months' trip, and you won't want to stay longer than that. But if this runs out, you can write to me. If you were going to Europe now, I'd get you a letter of credit, but for your sort of traveling, you'd better have the money with you. I did think of giving you a draft on Savannah, but you'd have to draw the money there—and you might as well have it here. You're



UNDER THE SCOW.

room, the door of which stood open. The captain was not there, but I don't believe Mr. Colbert would have cared if he had been. All he seemed to want was to find a place where we could get away from the people on deck. When he had partly closed the door he said:

"Have you got your ticket?"

"Oh yes!" I answered, "I bought that ten days ago. I wrote for it."

"That's right," said he, "and here is Sammy's ticket. I was glad to see that you had spoken about the other berth in your state-room being reserved for Sammy."

I thought he need n't have asked me if I had my ticket when he knew that I had bought it. But perhaps he thought I had lost it by this time. He was a very particular little man.

big enough to know how to take care of it." And with this he handed me a lot of bank-notes.

"And now, what about your salary? Would you like to have it now, or wait until you come back?"

This question made my heart jump, for I had thought a great deal about how I was to draw that salary. So, quick enough, I said that I'd like to have it now.

"I expected so," said he, "and here's the amount for four months. I brought a receipt. You can sign it with a lead-pencil. That will do. Now put all this money in your inside pockets. Some in your vest, and some in your under-coat. Don't bundle it up too much, and be sure and pin it in. Pin it from the inside, right through the money, if you can. Put your clothes under your

pillow at night. Good-bye! I expect they'll be sounding the gong, directly, for us to get ashore."

And so he hurried out. I followed him, very much surprised. He had spoken only of money, and had said nothing about his son,—what he wished me to do for him, what plans of travel or instruction he had decided upon, or anything, indeed, about the duties for which I was to be paid. I had expected that he would come down early to the steamer and have a long talk about these matters. There was no time to ask him any questions, now, for he was with his wife, trying to get her to hurry ashore. He was dreadfully afraid that they

satisfy her, for she wiped her eyes in a very comfortable sort of a way.

Mr. Colbert got his wife ashore as soon as he could, and Rectus and I stood on the upper deck and watched them get into the carriage and drive away. Rectus did not look as happy as I thought a fellow ought to look when starting out on such a jolly trip as we expected this to be.

I proposed that we should go and look at our state-room, which was number twenty-two, and so we went below. The state-room had n't much state about it. It was very small, with two shelves for us to sleep on. I let Rectus choose his shelf, and



"SHE SEIZED ME BY BOTH HANDS."

would stay on board too long, and be carried to sea.

Mrs. Colbert, however, did not leave me in any doubt as to what she wanted me to do. She rushed up to me, and seized me by both hands.

"Now you will take the greatest and the best care of my boy, wont you? You'll cherish him as the apple of your eye? You'll keep him out of every kind of danger? Now *do* take good care of him,—especially in storms."

I tried to assure Rectus's mother—she was a wide, good-humored lady—that I would do as much of all this as I could, and what I said seemed to

he took the lower one. This suited me very well, for I'd much rather climb over a boy than have one climb over me.

There was n't anything else in the room to divide, and we were just about to come out and call the thing settled, when I heard a shout at the door. I turned around, and there stood Harry Alden, and Scott, and Tom Myers and his brother George!

I tell you, I was glad to see them. In spite of all my reasoning that it made no difference about anybody coming to see me off, it did make a good deal of difference. It was a lonely sort of business starting off in that way—especially after seeing

Rectus's father and mother come down to the boat with him.

"We did n't think of this until this morning," cried Scott. "And then we voted it was too mean to let you go off without anybody to see you safely on board——"

"Oh yes!" said I.

"And so our class appointed a committee," Scott went on, "to come down and attend to you, and we're the committee. It ought to have been fellows that had gone through the school, but there were none of them there."

"Irish!" said Harry.

"So we came," said Scott. "We raised all the spare cash there was in the class, and there was only enough to send four of us. We drew lots. If it had n't been you, I don't believe the professor would have let us off. Any way, we missed the noon train, and were afraid, all the way here, that we'd be too late. Do you two fellows have to sleep in those 'cubby-holes?'"

"Certainly," said I, "they're big enough."

"Don't believe it," said Harry Alden, "they're too short."

"That's so," said Scott, who was rather tall for his age. "Let's try 'em."

This was agreed to on the spot, and all four of the boys took off their boots, and got into the berths, while Rectus and I sat down on the little bench at the side of the room and laughed at them. Tom Myers and his brother George both climbed into the top berth at once, and as they found it was a pretty tight squeeze, they both tried to get out at once, and down they came on Scott, who was just turning out of the lower berth,—which was too long for him, in spite of all his talk,—and then there was a much bigger tussle, all around, than any six boys could make with comfort, in a little room like that.

I hustled Tom Myers and his brother George out into the dining-room, and the other fellows followed.

"Is this where you eat?" asked Scott, looking up and down at the long tables, with the swinging shelves above them.

"No, this is n't where they eat," said Harry; "this is where they come to look at victuals, and get sick at the sight of them."

"Sick!" said I, "not much of it."

But the committee laughed, and did n't seem to agree with me.

"You'll be sick ten minutes after the boat starts," said Scott.

"We wont get into sea-sick water until we're out of the lower bay," I said. "And this is n't a boat, it's a ship. You fellows know lots!"

Tom Myers and his brother George were trying

to find out why the tumblers and glasses were all stuck into holes in the shelves over the tables, when Harry Alden sung out:

"What's that swishing?"

"That what?" said I.

"There it goes again!" Harry cried, "Splashing!"

"It's the wheels!" exclaimed Rectus.

"That's so!" cried Scott. "The old thing's off! Rush up! Here! The hind-stairs! Quick!"

And upstairs to the deck we all went, one on top of another. The wheels were going around, and the steamer was off!

Already she was quite a distance from the wharf. I suppose the tide carried her out, as soon as the lines were cast off, for I'm sure the wheels had not been in motion half a minute before we heard them. But all that made no difference. We were off.

I never saw four such blank faces as the committee wore, when they saw the wide space of water between them and the wharf.

"Stop her!" cried Scott to me, as if I could do anything, and then he made a dive toward a party of men on the deck.

"They're passengers!" I cried, "We must find the captain."

"No, no!" said Harry. "Go for the steersman. Tell him to steer back! We must n't be carried off!"

Tom Myers and his brother George had already started for the pilot-house, when Rectus shouted to them that he'd run down to the engineer and tell him to stop the engine. So they stopped, and Rectus was just going below when Scott called to him to hold up.

"You need n't be scared!" he said. (He had been just as much scared as anybody.) "That man over there says it will be all right. We can go back with the pilot. People often do that. It will be all the more fun. Don't bother the engineer. There's nothing I'd like better than a trip back with a pilot!"

"That's so!" said Harry. "I never thought of the pilot."

"But are you sure he'll take you back," asked Rectus, while Tom Myers and his brother George looked very pale and anxious.

"Take us? Of course he will," said Scott. "That's one of the things a pilot's for,—to take back passengers,—I mean people who are only going part way. Do you suppose the captain will want to take us all the way to Savannah for nothing?"

Rectus did n't suppose that, and neither did any of the rest of us, but I thought we ought to look up the captain and tell him.

"But you see," said Scott, "it's just possible he *might* put back."

"Well, don't you want to go back?" I asked.

"Yes, of course, but I would like a sail back in a pilot-boat," said Scott, and Harry Alden agreed with him. Tom Myers and his brother George wanted to go back, right away.

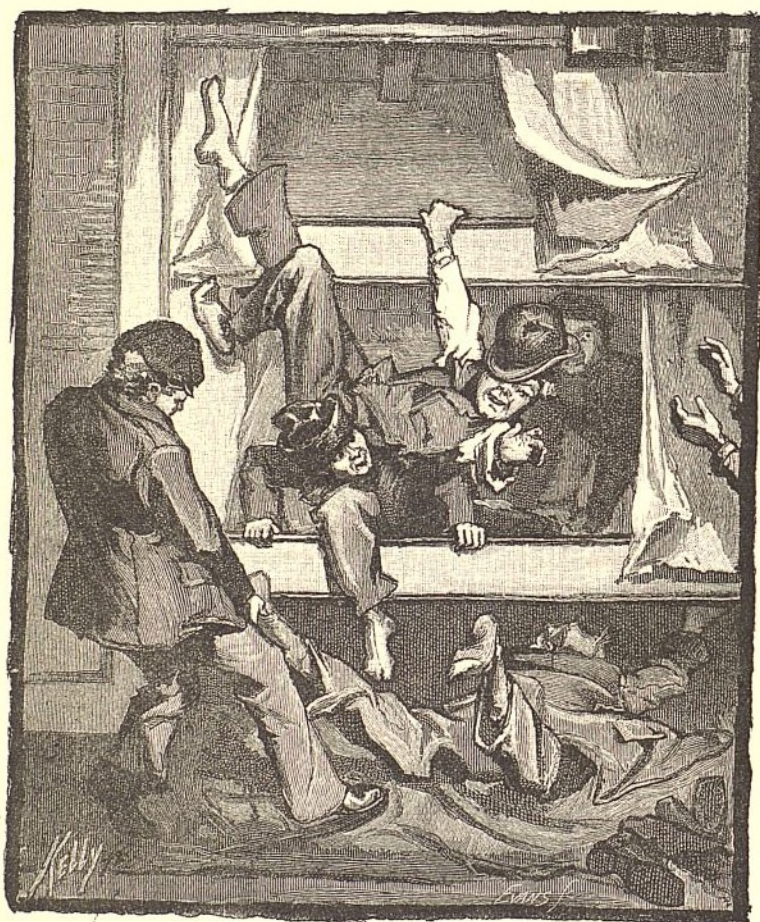
We talked the matter over a good deal. I did n't wish to appear as if I wanted to get rid of the fellows who had been kind enough to come all the way from Willisville to see me off, but I could n't

boats puffing about, and the vessels at anchor, and the ferry-boats, and a whole bay-full of sights curious to us country boys, that we all enjoyed ourselves very much—except Tom Myers and his brother George. They did n't look happy.

CHAPTER II.

GOING BACK WITH THE PILOT.

We were pretty near the Narrows when I thought it was about time to let the captain, or one of the



THE RACKET IN THE STATE-ROOM.

help thinking that it did n't look exactly fair and straightforward not to say that these boys were not passengers until the pilot was ready to go back. I determined to go and see about the matter, but I would wait a little while.

It was cool on deck, especially now that the vessel was moving along, but we all buttoned up our coats and walked up and down. The sun shone brightly and the scene was so busy and lively with the tug-

officers, know that there were some people on board who did n't intend to take the whole trip. I had read in the newspapers that committees and friends who went part way with distinguished people generally left them in the lower bay.

But I was saved the trouble of looking for an officer, for one of them, the purser, came along, collecting tickets. I did n't give him a chance to ask Scott or any of the other fellows for something

that they did n't have, but went right up to him and told him how the matter stood.



THE VESSEL IS OFF.

"I must see the captain about this," he said, and off he went.

"He did n't look very friendly," said Scott, and I had to admit that he did n't.

In a few moments the captain came walking rapidly up to us. He was a tall man, dressed in blue, with side-whiskers, and an oil-cloth cap. The purser came up behind him.

"What's all this?" said the captain. "Are you not passengers, you boys?" He did not look very friendly, either, as he asked this question.

"Two of us are," I said, "but four of us were carried off accidentally."

"Accident fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the captain. "Did n't you know the vessel was starting? Had n't you time to get off? Did n't you hear the gong? Everybody else heard it. Are you all deaf?"

This was a good deal to answer at once, so I just said that I did n't remember hearing any gong. Tom Myers and his brother George, however, spoke up, and said that they heard a gong, they thought, but did not know what it was for.

"Why did n't you ask, then?" said the captain, who was getting worse in his humor. I had a good

mind to tell him that it would take up a good deal of the crew's time if Tom Myers and his brother George asked about everything they did n't understand on board this ship, but I thought I had better not. I have no doubt the gong sounded when we were having our row in the state-room, and were not likely to pay attention to it even if we did hear it.

"And why in the name of common sense," the captain went on, "did n't you come and report, the instant you found the vessel had started? Did you think we were fast to the pier all this time?"

Then Scott thought he might as well come out square with the truth; and he told how they made up their minds after they found that the steamer had really started, with them on board, not to make any fuss about it, nor give anybody any trouble to stop the ship, or to put back, but just to stay quietly on board, and go back with the pilot. They thought that would be most convenient, all around.

"Go back with the pilot!" the captain cried. "Why, you young idiot, there *is* no pilot! Coast-wise steamers don't carry pilots. I am my own pilot. There is no pilot going back!"

You ought to have seen Scott's face!



SCOTT AND THE CAPTAIN.

Nobody said anything. We all just stood and looked at the captain. Tears began to come into the eyes of Tom Myers and his brother George.



"What are they to do?" asked the purser of the captain. "Buy tickets for Savannah?"

"We can't do that," said Scott, quickly. "We have n't any money."

"I don't know what they're to do," replied the captain. "I'd like to chuck 'em overboard." And with this agreeable little speech he walked away.

The purser now took the two tickets for Rectus and myself, and saying: "We'll see what's to be done with the rest of you fellows," he walked away too.

Then we all looked at one another. We were a pretty pale lot, and I believe that Rectus and I who were all right, felt almost as badly as the four other boys, who were all wrong.

"We *can't* go to Savannah!" said Harry Alden. "What right have they to take us to Savannah!"

"Well, then, you'd better get out and go home," said Scott. "I don't so much mind their taking us to Savannah, for they can't make us pay if we have n't any money. But how are we going to get back? That's the question. And what'll the professor think? He'll write home that we've run away. And what'll we do in Savannah without any money?"

"You'd better have thought of some of these things before you got us into waiting to go back with the pilot," said Harry.

As for Tom Myers and his brother George, they just sat down and put their arms on the railing, and clapped their faces down on their arms. They cried all over their coat-sleeves, but kept as quiet as they could about it. Whenever these two boys had to cry before any of the rest of the school-fellows, they had learned to keep very quiet about it.

While the rest of us were talking away, and Scott and Harry finding fault with each other, the captain came back. He looked in a little better humor.

"The only thing that can be done with you boys," he said, "is to put you on some tug or small craft that's going back to New York. If we meet one, I'll lie to and let you off. But it will put me to a great deal of trouble, and we may meet with nothing that will take you aboard. You have acted very badly. If you had come right to me, or to any of the officers, the moment you found we had started, I could have easily put you on shore. There are lots of small boats about the piers that would have come out after you, or I might even have put back. But I can do nothing now but look out for some craft bound for New York that will take you aboard. If we don't meet one, you'll have to go on to Savannah."

This made us feel a little better. We were now in the lower bay, and there would certainly be some

sort of a vessel that would stop for the boys. We all went to the forward deck and looked out. It was pretty cold there, and we soon began to shiver in the wind, but still we stuck it out.

There were a good many vessels, but most of them were big ones. We could hardly have the impudence to ask a great three-masted ship, under full sail, to stop and give us a lift to New York. At any rate, we had nothing to do with the asking. The captain would attend to that. But every time we came near a vessel going the other way, we looked about to see if we could see anything of an officer with a trumpet, standing all ready to sing out, "Sail ho!"

But, after a while, we felt so cold that we could n't stand it any longer, and we went below. We might have gone and stood by the smoke-stack and warmed ourselves, but we did n't know enough about ships to think of this.

We had n't been standing around the stove in the dining-room more than ten minutes, before the purser came hurrying toward us.

"Come now," he said, "tumble forward. The captain's hailed a pilot-boat."

"Hurrah!" said Scott, "we're going back in a pilot-boat, after all!" and we all ran after the purser to the lower forward deck. Our engines had stopped, and not far from us was a rough-looking little schooner with a big "17" painted in black on her mainsail. She was "putting about," the purser said, and her sails were flapping in the wind.

There was a great change in the countenances of Tom Myers and his brother George. They looked like a couple of new boys.

"Is n't this capital?" said Scott. "Everything's turned out all right."

But all of a sudden he changed his tune.

"Look here!" said he to me, pulling me on one side, "wont that pilot want to be paid something? He wont stop his vessel and take us back, for nothing, will he?"

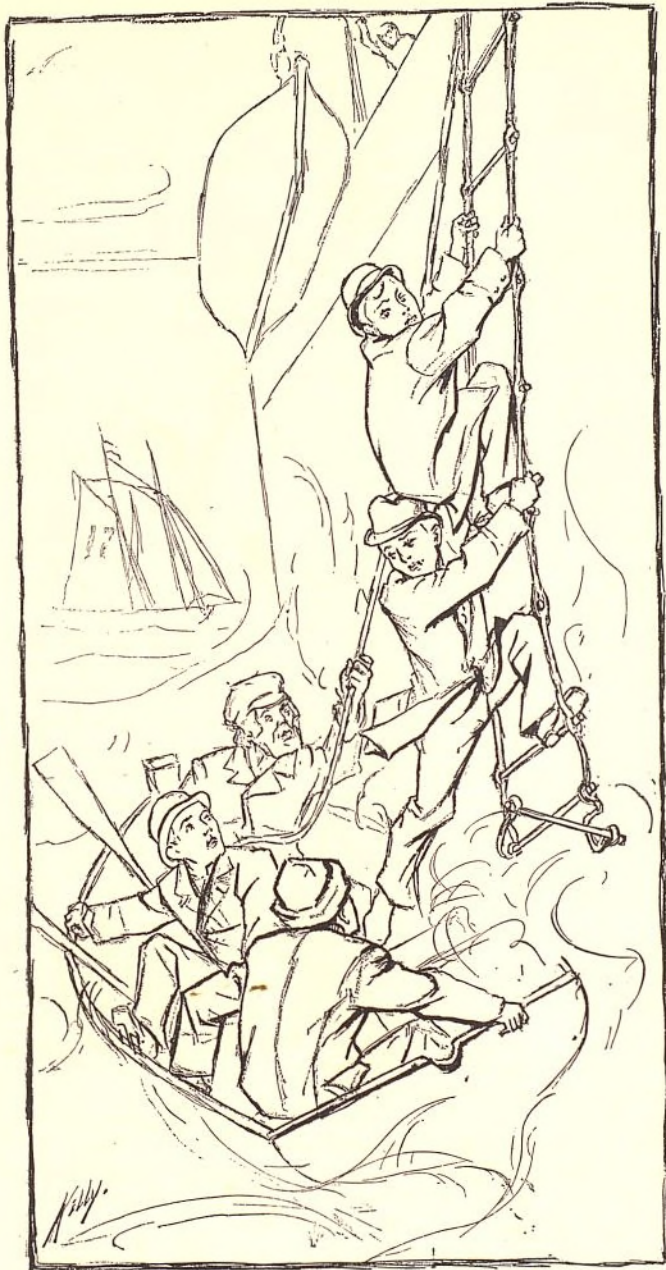
I could n't say anything about this, but I asked the purser, who still stood by us:

"I don't suppose he'll make any regular charge," said he; "but he'll expect you to give him something,—whatever you please."

"But we have n't anything," said Scott to me. "We have our return tickets to Willisville, and that's about all."

"Perhaps we can't go back, after all," said Harry, glumly, while Tom Myers and his brother George began to drop their lower jaws again.

I did not believe that the pilot-boat people would ask to see the boys' money before they took them on board; but I could n't help feeling that it would be pretty hard for them to go ashore at the



GETTING INTO THE PILOT'S DORY.

city and give nothing for their passages but promises, and so I called Rectus on one side, and proposed to lend the fellows some money. He agreed, and I unpinned a bank-note and gave it to Scott. He was mightily tickled to get it, and vowed he'd send it back to me in the first letter he wrote—(and he did it, too).

put out my arm in front of him.

He did n't try it, and I'm glad he did n't, for I should have been sorry enough to have had the boys go back and say that when they last saw Rectus and I we were having a big fight on the deck of the steamer.

The vessel now started off, and Rectus and I

The pilot-schooner did not come very near us, but she lowered a boat with two men in it, and they rowed up to the steamer. Some of our sailors let down a pair of stairs, and one of the men in the boat came up to see what was wanted. The purser was telling him, when the captain, who was standing on the upper deck, by the pilot-house, sung out:

"Hurry up there, now, and don't keep this vessel here any longer. Get 'em out as quick as you can, Mr. Brown."

The boys did n't stop to have this kind invitation repeated, and Scott scuffled down the stairs into the boat as fast as he could, followed closely by Harry Alden. Tom Myers and his brother George stopped long enough to bid each of us good-bye, and shake hands with us, and then they went down the stairs. They had to climb over the railing to the platform in front of the wheel-house to get to the stairs, and as the steamer rolled a little, and the stairs shook, they went down very slowly, backward, and when they got to the bottom were afraid to step into the boat, which looked pretty unsteady as it wobbled about under them.

"Come there! be lively!" shouted the captain.

Just then, Rectus made a step forward. He had been looking very anxiously at the boys as they got into the boat, but he had n't said anything.

"Where are you going?" said I; for, as quick as a flash, the thought came into my mind that Rectus's heart had failed him and that he would like to back out.

"I think I'll go back with the boys," he said, making another step toward the top of the stairs, down which the man from the pilot-boat was hurrying.

"Just you try it!" said I, and I

went to the upper deck and stood and watched the little boat, as it slowly approached the schooner. We were rapidly leaving them, but we saw the boys climb on board, and one of them—it must have been Scott—waved his handkerchief to us. I waved mine in return, but Rectus kept his in his pocket. I don't think he felt in a wavy mood.

While we were standing, looking at the distant pilot-boat, I began to consider a few matters; and the principal thing was this: How were Rectus and I to stand toward each other? Should we travel like a couple of school-friends, or should I make him understand that he was under my charge and control, and must behave himself accordingly. I had no idea what he thought of the matter, and by the way he addressed me when we met, I supposed that it was possible that he looked upon me very much as he used to when we went to school together. If he had said Mr. Gordon, it would have been more appropriate, I thought, and would have encouraged me, too, in taking position as his supervisor. As far as my own feelings were concerned, I think I would have preferred to travel about on a level with Rectus, and to have a good time with him, as two old school-fellows might easily have, even if one did happen to be two years older than the other. But that would not be earning my salary. After a good deal of thought, I came to the conclusion that I would let things go on as they would, for a while, giving Rectus a good deal of rope; but the moment he began to show signs of insubordination, I would march right on him, and quell him with an iron hand. After that, all would be plain sailing, and we could have as much fun as we pleased, for Rectus would know exactly how far he could go.

There were but few passengers on deck, for it was quite cold, and it now began to grow dark, and we went below. Pretty soon the dinner-bell rang, and I was glad to hear it, for I had the appetite of a horse. There was a first-rate dinner, ever so many different kinds of dishes, all up and down the table, which had ridges running lengthwise, under the table-cloth, to keep the plates from sliding off, if a storm should come up. Before we were done dinner the shelves above the table began to swing a good deal,—or rather the vessel rolled and the shelves kept their places,—so I knew we must be pretty well out to sea, but I had not expected it would be so rough, for the day had been fine and clear. When we left the table, it was about as much as we could do to keep our feet, and in less than a quarter of an hour I began to feel dreadfully. I stuck it out as long as I could, and then I went to bed. The old ship rolled, and she pitched, and she heaved, and she butted, right and left,

against the waves, and made herself just as uncomfortable for human beings as she could, but for all that, I went to sleep after a while.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up, there was Rectus, sitting on a little bench by the state-room wall, with his feet braced against the berth. He was hard at work sucking a lemon. I turned over and looked down at him. He did n't look a bit sick. I hated to see him eating lemons.

"Don't you feel badly, Rectus?" said I.

"Oh no!" said he, "I'm all right. You ought to suck a lemon. Have one?"

I declined his offer. The idea of eating or drinking anything was intensely disagreeable to me. I wished that Rectus would put down that lemon. He did throw it away after a while, but he immediately began to cut another one.

"Rectus," said I, "you'll make yourself sick. You'd better go to bed."

"It's just the thing to stop me from being sick," said he, and at that minute the vessel gave her stern a great toss over sideways, which sent Rectus off his seat, head foremost into the wash-stand. I was glad to see it. I would have been glad of almost anything that stopped that lemon business.

But it did n't stop it; and he only picked himself up, and sat down again, his lemon at his mouth.



RECTUS AND THE LEMONS.

"Rectus!" I cried, leaning out of my berth. "Put down that lemon and go to bed!"

He put down the lemon without a word, and went to bed. I turned over with a sense of relief. Rectus was subordinate!

(To be continued.)



TAKING DOLLY OUT FOR AN AIRING.

HANDSOME HANS.

BY MRS. MINNIE VON FUNCKE.

HANS was a beauty! A black Arabian horse—the colonel's war-horse!

He had a glossy, silky coat; and with his arched neck and magnificent form, he was indeed a pleasure to behold.

When his master bought him, Hans was young and wild, but a good military training sobered him a little, and made him feel that the world had something more serious for him to do than prancing and dancing all day long. Now this horse's master was my colonel, and that is how I know all about him, you see. Hans was very fond of sugar. One day,—down in the yard, before mounting our horses for our usual morning ride,—the manservant, letting go his bridle, Hans sprang forward to reach the sweets I held out to him, tripping me up, over my riding-dress. The colonel came quickly to help me, saying: "Hans! halt!" Instantly Hans obeyed, and there he stood, one leg held over me, the head stretched out, and upper lip raised; and though the sugar lay on my chest where it had fallen from my hand, he never moved

until I was on my feet again. You may be sure he got that piece of sugar, and more too; but he seemed to be still more pleased when his master patted him and said in caressing tones, "My brave Hans!"

Another thing Hans liked was to assist at the military parades and maneuvers. Ah! then he curved his beautiful neck, and with high and dainty step seemed to be saying to himself, "I and my master! My master and I!"

But one day the parades were no more for show; everything was in deadly, terrible earnest. The bullets whizzed around him, killing many poor horses and brave soldiers fighting for their Fatherland. Many a time my colonel has told me, with his arms around dear old Hans's neck, he thanked his heavenly Father that they were both spared after the battles. That was during the war of 1866 in Germany. At last peace returned to the land. Hans found himself with his three companions in his old quarters in Dresden, and he was happy, I think, to be at home again. Things changed for

him a little. During the winter of 1867-68 my colonel married an American girl,—me, you know,—and so, though the parades were the same, daily rides were prolonged, and daily sugar treats were instituted; also, Hans was pleased when the young wife was proud of him and his master, and looked

he was as docile and good as he was full of life and fun.

One sad, sad morning, in the summer of 1870, Bertie and his baby sister were carried from their beds to one of the windows of their home, that they might have a farewell look at papa. In



very wise when she spoke to him. A couple of years later he delighted in being led round and round the house, with young Bert for a grateful burden on his back. He even liked to have baby's chubby fingers pulling his flowing mane. Yes! Hans was a clever horse, as well as a beauty;

vain Bertie cried out, "Papachen! mamma! Hans! lieber Hans!" Papa mounted on his good, true Hans, waved his sword in farewell to the child, but rode on at the head of his regiment. Mamma walked on, too, followed by many wives, mothers and sisters, all of whom could say:

"Gott segne dich! Auf wiedersehen, so Gott will!" at the railway station—for they were going to the war—these brave soldiers.

The last view of the departing heroes that Bertie's mamma had, was as the train rolled swiftly away—that of Hans's head, stretched over the orderly's shoulders from the half-door of a closely packed horse car. The dear old fellow looked interested and wise; he was a hero in his own right, just as any man or creature is, who does his duty,—does willingly what he is told to do by those who are wiser than he is. The train moved out of sight, and Bertie's mamma walked to her home alone, and into her nursery to her little comforters!

On the morning of the first of September, 1870, at the great battle of Sedan, in France, between the French and German soldiers, a cruel chassepot ball went through the colonel's leg at the ankle, and came out on the other side of Hans's body. After a moment, the colonel not knowing that Hans was wounded, rode to many of his officers and gave directions for the coming hours of battle. Then he rode to an ambulance, and was lifted out of

his saddle just in time,—man and horse were falling. The colonel felt as if he had a much more painful trouble than his wound when he saw his true, good Hans tremblingly patient by his side. At this moment some of the colonel's own men marched by, and seeing consternation on their faces at the sight of their wounded leader, he cried out, swinging his cap to them,—

"Forward, boys! To-day decides; do your best!"—in that moment he felt how hard it was to be laid by, and not continue the work he had begun—to leave the battle-field for the sick-room.

Pale and weak from loss of blood, he fell back and waited until the busy surgeons could find time to help him. Suddenly he felt a warm breath and a gentle lick on his cheek, and Hans pressed his head against his master's; then, his strength breaking completely, the colonel threw his arms round the neck of his faithful charger, and kissing him, cried like a little child. After a while, gathering himself together, he cut off the much caressed forelock from the head of dear Hans, and sent him away to be shot,—put out of suffering,—for too well he knew that neither time nor skill could save poor, handsome Hans.

CICADA.

(*A Legend of the Locust.*)

BY C. P. CRANCH.

CICADA, with her little stove,
Was frying fritters 'neath the trees:
The sizzling noise through all the grove
Was wafted by the summer breeze.
The tempting odors that were spread
Lured all the creatures of the wood,
Who sat amid the boughs o'erhead,
Or round her in a circle stood.

Each begged a fritter of the maid,
Who frowned, and whirled her little broom.
"Cook your own dinners. Go!" she said.
"For idlers I've no food nor room."

A hungry fairy, through the wood,
Came to Cicada's kitchen door,
Disguised in a gray pilgrim's hood:
She seemed so weary and so poor.
"O dear Cicada, give to me
A little, little food, I pray,
And let me eat it 'neath this tree.
I've wandered hungry all the day."
"No, no—be off!" Cicada said,
And stormed, and knit her angry brow.

"I will not give you food or aid.
No idle beggars I allow."

"No idle tramp am I, my dear;
I spend my time in useful work,
And many a night I guard you here
While bears and wolves around you lurk.
And once I nursed your mother old
When she was very ill and weak.
So, dear Cicada, do not scold;
But grant the little boon I seek."
"Be off, I say!" the maiden screamed,
And drove her out and banged the door.
Alas! alas! she little dreamed
The punishment for her in store.

The angry fairy waved her wand
And changed her to a locust there.
And ever since, through all the land,
Her race this insect's body wear.
And in the August hot and still,
Their sizzling swells upon the breeze,
And all the locusts, as they trill,
Seem frying fritters in the trees.

THE DARK DAY.

BY ELLA A. DRINKWATER.

OF all the wonderful stories that my great-grandmother used to tell my mother when she was a little girl, the most wonderful was about the dark day in New England, Friday, May 19, 1780. This was during our Revolution, you will remember, and the same year in which the traitor, Benedict Arnold, attempted to betray his country to its enemies.

For several days before the nineteenth, the air was full of vapors, as we often see it when fires are raging in the woods near us, and the sun and moon appeared red, and their usual clear light did not reach us, especially when rising and setting. The winds blew chiefly from the south-west and north-east, and the weather was cool and clear. The morning of the nineteenth was cloudy and in many places slight showers fell, sometimes accompanied by thunder and lightning; but as the sun arose it did not increase the light, and the darkness deepened and deepened, until the children standing before the tall clocks could not see to tell the time, and older people peering over the almanac were not able to distinguish the letters. The birds sang their evening songs and flew to their nests in the woods, the poultry hurried to their roosts, while the cattle in the fields uttered strange cries and leaped the stone fences to gain their stalls, and the sheep all huddled together bleating piteously.

Nor were men and women and children less afraid; and the mysterious changes in nature that then took place have never been fully explained.

Color, which you know depends upon the light of the sun, filled many with astonishment by its unusual appearance, for the clouds were in some places of a light red, yellow and brown; the leaves on the trees and the grass in the meadows were of the deepest green, verging on indigo, the brightest silver seemed tarnished, and everything that is white in the sunlight bore a deep yellow hue.

The shadows, which before noon fall to the westward and after noon to the eastward, were observed during the darkness to fall in every direction.

The rain, also, was unlike any other rain, and it set all the people to wondering as they dipped it from tubs and barrels; for a scum formed on it resembling burnt leaves, emitting a sooty smell, and this same substance was seen on streams and rivers, especially the Merrimac, where it lay four or five inches thick, for many miles along its shore.

Another peculiarity was the vapor; in many localities it descended to the earth from high in the

atmosphere; but at one point a gentleman saw the vapors, at nine o'clock, rising from the springs and low lands; one column he particularly noticed rapidly ascending far above the highest hills, then it spread into a large white cloud and sailed off to the westward, a second cloud formed in the same way from the same springs, but did not rise as high as the first, and a third formed fifteen minutes afterward. At a quarter of ten the uppermost cloud was of a reddish hue, the second was green indigo and blue, and the third was almost white.

So unwholesome was this vapor that small birds were suffocated in it, and many of them were so frightened and stupefied that they flew into the houses, adding to the fears of ignorant people, who considered it a bad sign for a bird to enter a dwelling.

The commencement of the darkness was between ten and eleven in the forenoon (when the men were busy in the fields and offices and work-shops, the women spinning, weaving and preparing dinner, and the children at school, or helping their fathers and mothers at home), and it continued until the middle of the following night; but the degree of darkness varied; in some places the disk of the sun was seen when the darkness was the most dense.

Lights were seen burning in all the houses, and the people passing out-of-doors carried torches and lanterns, which were curiously reflected on the overhanging clouds.

Thousands of people were sure that the end of the world had come, many dropped their work and fell on their knees to pray, others confessed to their fellows the wrongs they had done and endeavored to make restitution.

The meeting-houses were crowded, and neighborhood prayer-meetings were formed, and the ministers and old church members prayed long prayers, mentioning the nations and individuals of Bible times who had been destroyed on account of their sins, and begging that as God spared the great city of Nineveh when it repented, so He would forgive them, cheer them again by the light of the sun and give victory to their armies.

Many regarded the darkness as an omen of some disaster that was about to befall the country, nor could they have had a more fitting emblem of Arnold's treachery which was disclosed only four months later.

Some persons supposed that a blazing star had passed between the sun and the earth, and many

even believed that a huge mountain had sprung up, they were not quite decided where, and obstructed the light of the sun.

It is said that the Connecticut legislature being in session, the members became terrified when they could not see each other's faces, and a motion was made to adjourn, when Mr. Davenport arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, it is either the day of judgment or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed to business."

"they saw not one another, neither rose up any from his place for three days."

Then all the weary children were sent to bed after the most honest prayers that they had ever prayed, and the older people sat up to watch for the light that never before had appeared so glorious.

And never dawned a fairer morning than the twentieth of May, for the sun that opened the flowers and mirrored itself in the dew-drops, brought the color again to the children's faces, and filled every heart with confidence.

The birds sang joyously, the cattle returned to



NOON OF THE DARK DAY, MAY 19, 1780.

All the shivering, frightened people began now to look forward to evening, hoping that as the moon rose full at nine o'clock, her light would penetrate the gloom; but all the children who coaxed to sit up and see her, grew very sleepy, their strained eyes were not rewarded by her beautiful beams, for at eight in the evening the darkness was total; one could not distinguish between the earth and the heavens, and it was impossible to see a hand before one's face.

It was the nearest approach to the Egyptian darkness that has been known since that day, when

their pastures, the places of business were opened, and every one went about his work more gentle toward man and more grateful toward God.

After the darkness was passed, several persons traveled about to gather all possible information concerning this memorable day, and Dr. Tenny wrote an account of what he learned while on a journey from the east to Pennsylvania. He says the deepest darkness was in Essex County, Massachusetts, the lower part of New Hampshire, and the eastern portion of Maine (where my great-grandmother lived). In Rhode Island and Connecticut it

was not so great; in New Jersey peculiar clouds were observed, but the darkness was not uncommon, and in the lower parts of Pennsylvania nothing unusual was observed.

It extended as far north as the American settlements and westward to Albany, but its exact limits could not be ascertained.

In Boston the darkness continued fourteen or fifteen hours, varying in duration at other places.

As it was impossible to attribute the darkness to an eclipse, the wise people formed many theories respecting it; being convinced that it was due to immense fires in the woods, winds blowing in opposite directions, and to the condition of the vapors; but Herschel says: "The dark day in northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."



THE YOUNG HUNTER. (SEE "LETTER-BOX.")

"THE MOST THOROUGHLY EDUCATED YOUNG LADY IN MISS NEAL'S SCHOOL."

(A "Thanksgiving" Story.)

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"MAMMA, I think Edith looks as if she needed a tonic. What do you say to —"

But just as Edith, who was studying her French lesson in the next room, hoped to hear what her father's proposal was, some one shut the door between the rooms. Edith picked up her grammar, which she had quite forgotten, and went back to "*J'aurai*—I shall have."

"*J'aurai*"—that's just it! I wonder what I shall have—whether it's to be quinine and iron, or calisaya bark, as it is 'most every two months; or whether father was going to say, 'What do you say to Edith's going—somewhere?'—delightful! But then, if he does, mother is sure to say, 'Frederick' (she never says Fred unless she wants something ever so much), 'Edith is getting along so well with

her lessons, they must not be interrupted.' '*J'aurai, tu auras*'—thou wilt have, and '*vous aurez*'—you will have. Yes, lots of other people will have all sorts of good times, but there's nothing but French verbs and history and music-lessons for me—and back-aches, plenty of them. Let's see, I'll make a new French exercise. '*J'aurai mal au dos? Tu auras*'—that must be mother; '*tu auras un*'—oh! '*une fille de talent!*'—mother always likes to hear I'm talented. '*Il aura*'—papa next; I know what he'd like to have,—my own, dear papa! '*Il aura une grande forte fille.*' I declare! this is a splendid way to learn French. '*Nous aurons*'—we shall have—that's everybody. Oh! I know! '*Nous aurons un*'—“Thanksgiving”—*diner!*” Everybody has that. '*Vous aurez*' —”

“Miss Edith, your mamma sent me down to tell you it is time to practice,” said the servant, coming in.

So, Edith closed her grammar, and went to the piano.

“I do hope papa'll come in before he goes down town. I'll play loud and he'll hear where I am.”

Up and down the keys went the thin white fingers—no running of scales, or careless practicing, for Edith knew that her mother was listening, and that she must play slowly and carefully. But she could not keep her mind on the keys, and, to amuse herself, had a way of talking to her hands, the right hand being Mrs. Dexter and the left Mrs. Sinistra. Each finger had a name, and Edith would whisper to them, “Now, Cora Dexter, you never are wide awake! Your grandmother will notice you the next time she comes if you don't take care. Mrs. Sinistra, you and your family are behindhand! Keep up! keep up! You must go out alone without your friends' company this time.”

Then the left hand was practiced alone. Mrs. Lawson, listening upstairs, thought to herself, “What ambition that child has! What a pity to interrupt her practice!” For it was as Edith had imagined; her father had proposed that she should have a holiday from all study, and mamma, as usual, spoke of the lessons. But, for once, papa stood firm. He had happened to be in the neighborhood of his sister's home in the country a few days before, and the sight of her big, healthy children had made him realize how weak and thin Edith looked.

“I've made up my mind that Edith is to spend Thanksgiving with my sister and her family—let the studies go, wife; they're killing the child.”

Mrs. Lawson said no more, but at once began to plan what Edith should take with her; yet, as she heard the careful practicing, she sighed over the lost time.

“The girl is well enough,” she thought; “she only grows fast.”

Edith had talked to Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. Sinistra for nearly ten minutes, when the parlor door opened, and her father looked in.

“Papa!” she exclaimed, “do give me a kiss before you go! Oh, papa, I do hope it is n't quinine and iron this time—calisaya bark is so much nicer.”

Mr. Lawson looked puzzled.

“You know I heard you saying I needed a tonic.”

“Oh, so I did! Well, I've prescribed for you myself this time, and it is a fortnight with your cousins in Cherry Valley.”

“Oh, papa! you are good! But—will mamma really let me miss my lessons? I'll practice there, indeed I will.”

“No, you won't; they have n't a piano. But your mother's calling, dear. Go back to your music. Does it tire you, darling?”

“No, no, papa; it's not half so bad since you gave me this stool with a back to it.”

Edith was glad she had finished her scales, for she wanted to play something lively as a relief to her feelings. Luckily, her last piece was a quick-step, and, picking out a favorite part that she knew quite well, Edith dashed through it again and again. “One, two, three and four. I'll—see—pigs,—and cows,” and so on, singing her plans as she played.

Edith Lawson was an only daughter, and, indeed, for most of the year she was as much alone as an only child; her two brothers were at boarding-school.

Mrs. Lawson loved her daughter, but her one ambition was that Edith should be a finely educated woman. She had heard of a little girl who practiced three hours a day; of another who studied French, German and Latin; of another who took singing-lessons from the time she was ten years old; and (luckily) of another who attended a calisthenic class; and so Edith had to go through all these things. She was a bright, quick girl, inclined to get as much amusement out of life as was possible, or she could never have stood the confinement; but the constant application often strained even her good constitution, and then she was “built up” with tonics, but never allowed a real holiday. Even in summer she had her practicing and drawing, with several hours of reading.

“Edith,” said Mrs. Lawson on the day before her daughter's departure, “your father wishes you to stay a fortnight, so I will put in your Mangnall's Questions and your Ancient Geog—”

“Now, Mary, don't put a book in that valise,”

said Mr. Lawson, who had just come in. "Kate was always a reader, and you may be sure the child will get hold of a book if she wants it. Let her play when she does play—precious little of it she gets!"

So, to Edith's great delight, not a book was packed, and she was free for a whole fortnight.

On the Wednesday morning before Thanksgiving Day the delighted girl started with her father. She managed to bid her mother good-bye quite sedately, and "as a girl of thirteen should;" but as soon as they were out of sight of the house she began to skip.

Meantime Mrs. Lawson stood behind the window-blinds, her heart full of real tenderness for the child, in spite of misgivings; but it was a great pity for Edith to lose so much valuable time.

Fifth avenue was the first turning.

"Oh, papa! please don't go up Fifth avenue! Would you mind crossing to Third?"

"It's a much longer way. But why do you like Third avenue?"

"Don't tell? Well, it is n't stylish! Mother says lady-like girls of thirteen don't run; but I was in Third avenue one day with Rosy, and I saw big girls running and skipping. I feel ever so happy to-day, papa!"

The good-natured father crossed to the Third avenue, where Edith skipped and ran and stared into shop windows as much as she liked. It was well for her that they had plenty of time. At last the train was reached. It was the first time that the father and daughter had traveled together, for Mr. Lawson was devoted to business, and the few summer trips of the family usually had been taken by the mother and her children.

"Oh, papa!" said Edith, "is n't it lovely? Just to think we're '*nous aurons*' people now!"

"You comical child, what do you mean? I believe you're half crazed with French and Latin."

"Oh no, papa; it's not so bad, and I do like to be shown off as 'the most thoroughly educated young lady in Miss Neal's school!' But it's nice to have no lessons, and to be with you, papa. Would you be very much shocked if—Papa, do you see that boy?"

"What? who? Anybody you know?"

"No, only he's selling oranges, and—Papa, did you ever suck an orange?"

This last was a very confidential whisper. Papa tried to look shocked and solemn, and said in a stern voice: "Did you?"



EDITH'S "BEAUTIFUL VIEW."

But Edith saw his eyes twinkle, and said boldly: "Oh yes! But never except in a hurry. Some people say it's very improper. But, papa, when people are going on a frolic—a real frolic,—they need n't be so very proper, need they?"

"No, I think there is a difference."

And just as they were entering the railroad station papa bought some oranges and handed them to his happy girl. After a little while, Edith threw an orange-skin out of the window and looking quickly around the car, said:

"Do you see that little baby, papa?"

"That big, fat fellow across there? yes."

"Oh, no. Not that baby; the one 'way over there in the corner. Its mother has three little children besides the baby, and the biggest boy is

so good to them. Papa, I think the baby 'd like an orange."

"Well, am I to take it?"

"I—I—suppose you would n't like to. But would you mind taking me to them?"

Mr. Lawson was determined that every moment of the trip should be delightful, so he kindly took Edith to the corner of the car where the poor family were seated. The girl stood a moment, feeling awkward, for the children—baby, little girl and two boys—were all staring at her.

"See, here 's an orange for the baby, and another for the little girl. Please take one for yourself, too," she added, turning to the poor mother.

"*Merci, merci!*" said the woman.

It was a terrible shock to Edith! To think that that hateful French was even here in the cars! But in another second she was amused to hear the little girl talk in broken French to her mother, and realized, as she had never done before, that French was a "mother tongue" to some little children.

For the first time the young girl felt a pure, healthful delight in speaking French. Not any vanity, but a hope to give pleasure to the poor woman surrounded by strangers, prompted her to say, with care:

"*Je puis parler Français un peu.*"

The woman's face shone with delight, and she began to talk faster than Edith had ever imagined a tongue could form words. There was no hope of understanding her, but soon the woman saw the girl's dismay, and began slowly and carefully to explain that she was very much afraid of not getting out at the right station.

By thinking very hard, and guessing at some of the words, Edith understood, and assured her, in rather bad French, but with such a good will that the woman never noticed the mistakes, that she would ask her father to tell her just when to get out.

Her father watched his little daughter, and was beginning to think he would have no more of her pleasant talk, when Edith came back, eager to interest him in her Frenchwoman.

"Oh, papa, I shall study so hard when I get back. I thought French was only for show off, but now I shall never forget that I may be able to help some poor person that can't speak English. Now, do remember and tell her when we come to Hokus."

"Why, we get off there."

"I thought it was Cherry Valley."

"That's the name of the farm. We'll be at Hokus soon."

On went the train, and soon they were all standing on the platform, Edith rejoicing in the kindness her father showed to the poor Frenchwoman and

her little ones. There was a wiry-looking, black-eyed man who seized the baby and chattered French to the mother, and Edith watched them walk off, with a secret wonder if, after all, poor people who were used to being shabby and just a little dirty were not quite as happy as those who lived in brown-stone houses and had to be so very particular. But she had little time for such thoughts, as her uncle Harry, aunt Kate's husband, came driving up with his spirited horses.

"I never come till the train has passed," he explained. "So this is your Edith? Are you still girl enough to kiss an uncle?"

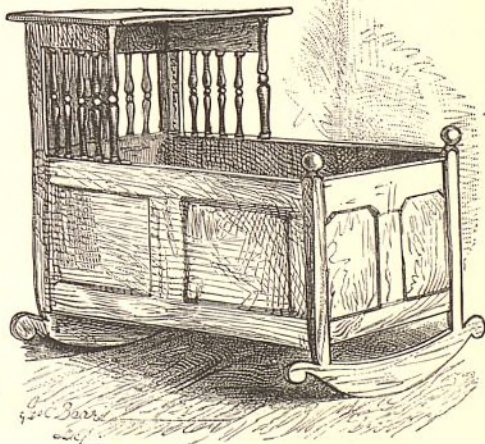
Edith held up her lips with a smile, and soon the carriage rolled away, bearing a very merry party.

A beautiful Thanksgiving Day dawned upon Edith when she awoke the next morning, thrilled with a happy consciousness of being in the real country, and eager to begin her two weeks of play with her no less happy cousins. Even the bleak November view from her window she declared to be "perfectly beautiful."

Long before noon a delightful fragrance filled the air, and, as she ran through the breezy hall, it seemed to her that to visit one's relations and to catch the odor of cooking turkey, pies and plum-pudding was one of the royal pleasures of earth.

It was a fine Thanksgiving dinner. Papa said so; uncle said so; aunt said so; the children said so; and even pussy, looking wistfully up at the table, said so as plainly as she could mew.

But we cannot go through every moment of the time Edith spent in the country. There was not a



GRANDFATHER'S CRADLE.

single drawback to her pleasure, excepting that her father left her on Friday morning.

"Oh, papa!" she said, "why do you go away? Right after Thanksgiving, too! Don't you like

to leave business a while, just as I have left my lessons? Papa" (with a very grave face), "I think you need 'toning up.' Now, do come two whole days before you mean to take me back to New York."

Papa half promised, and the hope helped his daughter to let him go. There was so much to be done, too, that there was no time to fret. The chickens had to be fed, the pony had to be petted, the kitten romped with, the little terrier taught new tricks, and, above all, all the old finery in the garret trunks had to be tried on by the girls. They "dressed up," and acted impromptu plays at every opportunity, and after the performances, ah, the joy of rummaging in that old garret! Such treasures as were brought forth from their hiding-places! Edith thought it the most wonderful place she ever saw. She was never weary of opening the drawers and "cubby-holes" of a broken old cabinet, and she would stand for ten minutes at a time gazing in silent awe at the cradle in which grandfather had been rocked when he was a baby.

The day after Thanksgiving, Aunt Kate gave them each a basket of dainty scraps that had been left from the Thanksgiving dinner. There was half a chicken in Edith's basket, cold potatoes, a bowlful of cranberry sauce, pieces of pie, halves of oranges, and a nice dish of stewed apples.

"Why, auntie," said Edith, "I watched you laying aside everything that was left on the dishes so carefully, and I thought it was almost mean; but now I think it's a good way. Who told you about it, auntie?"

"The Savior, child."

Edith flushed. That name was not often mentioned at her home. Her mother was a strict church member, and the little girl listened Sunday after Sunday to the services and sermon; but, though she often thought of Christ, it seemed strange to speak of him in such a natural, everyday tone.

Perhaps Aunt Kate saw a little of what was in her mind, but she only said:

"Now trot along; you all may give your baskets to whom you please, and as Edith does not know our poor people, girls, you may let her choose whom she will give it to after visiting a few of them."

The three girls went off, delighting in the snow that had fallen. Edith, tall, and dressed in "grown-up clothes," as the girls said, was a contrast to her cousins, who were big, healthy children; yet, though Mary was fourteen and Kitty twelve, they were as strong as young colts, and thought nothing of carrying the baskets; but Edith grew very tired, and thinking they would never stop, she said:

"Look, Mary, there's a house in that lot; they don't seem very well off; let's go there."

"Oh, it's no use going there," said Kitty. "A man lives there all alone, and he fairly frightens you, he talks so strangely. He looks cross, too."

But Edith could not carry her basket further, and was ashamed to confess it; so, concealing her fear, though her heart beat fast, she insisted on knocking at the door of the little brown house. Mary and Kitty, waiting in the road, were astonished to see a woman open the door, who smiled with delight, and, talking "faster than one could think," as Kitty said, drew Edith into the room. She had happened upon her French family, and, a little embarrassed,—for how could she explain in French?—she opened her basket and offered them its contents. The man, who was sitting by the stove, looking rather glum and cross, said a few sharp words to his wife. The woman, speaking carefully and slowly that Edith might understand, said her husband wished to know who had sent the things; that they were not beggars.

Edith understood the tone, if not the words, and saw that the man had taken offense. She thought hurriedly:

"Who shall I say sent them? Perhaps they do not know Aunt Kate."

Suddenly she remembered what her aunt had said; would it be wrong? Was it not true? Besides, she could say that name in French.

Again the woman asked:

"Who sent the things?"

Edith, with burning cheeks, but with her eyes shining with loving eagerness, answered:

"*Le Sauveur.*"

There was silence for a moment; then the man rose, and, with tears in his eyes, said:

Dieu vous bénisse! Nous l'accepterons."

Edith unpacked the basket, and, with a hurried good-bye, ran out to her wondering cousins. Perhaps they thought she was not so entertaining as before, but her mind was full of questions. Was it the Savior? Could it be that even her French had been taught her for this? And with this new light breaking on her life, the lessons and practicing did not seem so dreary.

I have taken so much space telling you of this that I can only add that Edith's visit was prolonged to three or four weeks, because it evidently was of great benefit to her. But she was not idle. She learned to ride, to swing herself almost to the treetop in her cousins' swing, to build a snow fort, to move about on skates, in the short time that she spent at Cherry Valley farm. And then, with new strength, she went back to her verbs and music, her Latin and drawing, with a fresh purpose and a higher ambition even than to be the "most thoroughly educated young lady in Miss Neal's school."

A MISTAKE.

By M. M. D.



LITTLE Rosy Red-cheek said unto a clover:

"Flower! why were you made?

I was made for mother,

She has n't any other;

But you were made for no one, I'm afraid."

Then the clover softly unto Red-cheek whispered:

"Pluck me, ere you go."

Red-cheek, little dreaming,

Pulled, and ran off screaming,

"Oh, naughty, naughty flower, to sting me so!"

"Foolish child!" the startled bee buzzed crossly,

"Foolish not to see

That I make my honey

While the day is sunny;

That the pretty little clover lives for me!"

THE POOR RELATIONS.

(An Old-Time Story.)

BY PAUL FORT.

ABOUT the middle of the Middle Ages there lived a nobleman named Count Cormos. His castle stood on a point of rocks, which ran out into a wide and rapid river; and back of the castle, on lower land, lay the village, where the vassals of this good nobleman lived.

Among the most industrious and the poorest of these vassals was a tailor named Peter Vargan, who had two daughters and three sons. These sons and daughters were all grown up, except one, and he was the oldest of all. This one, whose name was Ansel, never could grow up, because he was born a dwarf. He was an active, well-made fellow, but he was not more than half as tall as any of his younger brothers, and either of his sisters could pick him up and carry him under her arm. But Ansel was no fool. Like many other little chaps, he was the smartest of his family. All Peter's children, except Ansel, worked in the fields in the summer, and so helped along a little; but the poor tailor had a hard time to feed his large family, and he sewed away, night and day.

As for Ansel he was not big and strong enough to work in the field, and so he used to help his father sew. But he never had any fancy for the tailoring trade, and never learned to measure or to cut out, and, in fact in time became a man, without having learned any business at all.

Ansel was nearly thirty years old before good luck came to him. The Count's chief chamberlain stopped one day at Peter's house to have his breeches mended, and he was so much pleased with little Ansel's general appearance and air of smartness, that he got him a situation in the Count's household as castle dwarf.

This was splendid, because he had his board and lodgings, and a small salary besides, and his father got the job of making him his court-clothes, which was the most profitable employment he ever had had.

But a few months after Ansel had been installed in his place at the castle, Peter's affairs became worse than ever. The reason was this: One morning there arrived at his house two of his nephews, sons of a brother whom he had not seen for many years, and who lived some fifty miles away. These nephews, who were big, strapping fellows, and very well dressed, said they were soldiers by profession, but as there was a profound peace in their part of

the country, they were out of employment, and so had come to visit their good uncle and try to get something to do.

The Baron Cormos was engaged in no war, nor were any of his noble neighbors, and so poor Peter could see no chance of getting his nephews any employment in their line of business. However, he could not turn away his brother's children, and so he kept them in his house, although they had tremendous appetites and ate at one meal more than poor Ansel used to eat in two or three days.

Matters were, therefore, really worse with the poor tailor than before Ansel went to the castle. Of course things could not go on this way very long, and at last provisions became so very scarce at Peter's house that his two nephews could not stand it any longer, and they determined to leave.

But where should they go? They debated this question between themselves, and finally resolved that they would go up to the castle and see Ansel. He was in a good position and ought to be able to do something for them.

They knew him, for he had been down to see his family several times during their stay, and so they went boldly up to the castle gate, and asked admittance and leave to see the castle dwarf.

"And who may ye be?" inquired the fat, red-bearded porter.

"We are his poor relations," said they.

The porter laughed at the idea of Ansel, or any of his family, having poor relations, but he let them in.

Ansel was glad to see them, and he gave them seats on a high bench in an outer hall, where he brought them each a glass of beer. The bench was too high for him to sit upon, and so he stood and talked to them.

They were not long in making known the object of their visit.

"But what do you want me to do?" asked Ansel.

"Get us positions here," said Ronald, the elder of the two. "In a great castle, like this, there must surely be vacancies of some kind."

"What sort of positions? What can you do?" said Ansel.

"Fight," they answered.

"But I don't think the Count wants any soldiers. He has a captain and a dozen men-at-arms, who guard the castle; but even if more men were

needed, I do not think that you would like to wear the coarse uniform and mount guard at night."

"No, perhaps not," said Carl, the younger brother; "but we might serve as extra soldiers,—a sort of reserve guard, to be kept for emergencies. Go you, Ansel, and tell the Count of our need, and I'll venture to say, he'll find us good places."

"And in the meantime," said Ronald, "just get us some more beer, my good little cousin. We're dreadfully thirsty."

Ansel hesitated. He had asked the steward for some of the mild beer that they made in the castle, with which to entertain his cousins, but he did not like to ask for any more. But while he hesitated, Carl exclaimed:

"Ha! Here comes a fair maiden with a pitcher. What does she carry so carefully? Is she bringing it to us?"

Ansel turned. "Oh no!" said he, "that is Maid Margaret, and she is taking a pitcher of ice-cold mead to the Count and the Countess in their tent on the lawn. She takes it to them at this hour every afternoon."

"Mead!" cried both the poor relations at once. "Ice-cold mead! That is delicious! Run you, Ansel, and ask her for some of it for us!"

"Some of the Count's mead!" cried Ansel. "Why, she could not give you that!"

"Go you and ask her," said Ronald. "I trow there's plenty of it."

Ansel did not wish to offend his cousins, and yet he thought their request a very strange one. So, with a face of great perplexity, he ran over to Maid Margaret, who had now nearly reached the bottom of the stairs leading into the hall, and told her what the two men on the bench had asked.

"Who did you say they were?" asked Maid Margaret.

"My poor relations," said Ansel.

"They don't look very poor," said Maid Margaret, glancing at them, and then casting her eyes down again.

The castle monkey had come down-stairs with Maid Margaret, and he jumped on an old silver-mounted chest, on which Ansel was standing, and began to strike at the strangers with his paw. He was too far away to touch them, but for some reason he considered them improper people, and seemed anxious to show them what he thought.

"Oh, they are very poor, indeed," said Ansel, but they can't have the Count's mead, can they?"

"I should think not," said Maid Margaret, walking on through the hall, without even turning her head to look at the two men.

"Poor relations, indeed!" said she to herself, as she went out. "They are lazy, impudent fellows who are trying to impose on poor little Ansel."

When she had gone, the two brothers insisted on Ansel's hurrying to the Count and making known their desire.

So Ansel went out to the Count. He was very willing to oblige his cousins, but he did not like their way of asking for things.

When Ansel stated his errand to his master, the latter laid back in his chair and reflected.

"If they are poor relations of yours, Ansel, I would like to do what I can for them. You have been a good fellow since you have lived with me."

Ansel bowed and thanked the Count.

"They don't look very poor," said Maid Margaret, who was standing behind the chair of the Countess.

The Count looked up at her, somewhat surprised. Then he said:

"Well, if they are poor, and don't look poor, that is the more to their credit. I will engage them and see what they can do. There may be some fighting before long,—who knows? Go you, Ansel, and tell the steward to enter your poor relations on the castle rolls."

"In what capacity, my lord?" asked Ansel.

"As the Reserve Guard," said the Count.

And so the two brothers became members of the castle household.

It so happened that in a very few days there arose an occasion for their services. A store-house belonging to the village was robbed of a quantity of provisions, and the robbers, three in number and well armed, were traced to a forest some miles back from the river. These men should be pursued and captured, and this seemed to be the very business for the Reserve Guard.

Accordingly the poor relations were sent for by the Count.

"Do you think," said he, "that you two men would be able to defeat and capture three well-armed brigands?"

"We could do it," said the brothers, "with comparative ease."

"March upon them, then," said the Count, and the Reserve Guard marched.

The robbers were found a short distance within the forest, busily engaged in dividing their spoil. The two brothers immediately fell upon them, and being powerful fellows, and masters of their weapons, they vanquished the three rascals with comparative ease, and bound them hand and foot.

Then the Reserve Guard collected the stolen goods, and as they were tired and hungry they made an excellent meal off the best of the provisions; and when they had eaten all they needed, they took a nap. When they awoke the robbers had escaped. The brothers were sorry for that,

but still they had recovered the goods. So they made a pile of them, and went back to the castle to report their success and have a cart sent for the provisions. This was done, but no provisions were found; the robbers had returned and carried them off.

"We never thought of that," said the Reserve Guard.

"What you need to make you really available," said the Count, "is a captain."

"True," said the brothers, pleased at the pros-



"MY POOR RELATIONS," SAID ANSEL.

When the Count heard of this exploit, he asked the two brothers why one of them did not keep guard while the other slept, and why one did not remain to watch the goods while the other came back to the castle.

pect of being relieved of responsibility; "we greatly need some one to command us. Without officers, the best army would be of little use."

"The next time you go out you shall have a captain," said the Count.

The next time came sooner than any one could have expected.

The three robbers, encouraged by their late success, and having found that the Reserve Guard of the castle consisted of only two men, gathered to themselves other desperadoes until they made up a band of about a dozen men. They then boldly ravaged the village and the surrounding country. They were not afraid of the Count's men-at-arms, because they never left the castle walls, and the brigands were careful to keep out of the reach of their culverins and long-bows.

The Count again sent for his Reserve Guard. "You will march on these rascally brigands," said he, "and as you have shown that you are worth very little without proper officers, I will give you Ansel as captain. Yes," he continued, "and Maid Margaret shall be your quartermaster, and Cracket, the castle monkey, your scout and forlorn hope. Prepare to march by noon."

This was more important business than the other, and the brothers were glad of some one to make the necessary arrangements for them, even if it should be no one but little Ansel.

"Be careful of one thing," said they to their captain; "there must be plenty of good things to eat and drink. We require a great deal of the best food when we fight."

Ansel, who knew little about such matters, ran to Quartermaster Margaret, who was to remain at home, but to prepare and pack the supplies.

"How long will you be engaged?" said she.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ansel.

"Well, wait here a minute, and I will consult with the captain of the men-at-arms. 'Captain,' said the quartermaster, when she found him on the ramparts, 'how long would it take you to vanquish a dozen brigands?'"

"About twenty minutes," said the captain.

So Maid Margaret went down and packed up provisions for twenty minutes.

"By the way," said she to Ansel, "I wish that you would bring me back some beech-nuts for my pig, Feodore. I will put a couple of baskets in the provision-sack, and you can sling them across a horse when you return."

Ansel promised to do this, and the quartermaster put food enough for a good meal for two and a half men and one monkey in the bottom of the sack, and then she stuffed in two stout baskets. This made the sack look well filled and portly.

Each of the brothers mounted a horse. Ansel rode behind one of them and the sack was strapped behind the other, while Cracket rode behind Ansel.

"Now then," said Ronald, as they rode away, "you must remember, Ansel, that all the planning and arranging of this expedition falls to your share.

We're not to be bothered with any thinking or contriving. We're to fight, and that's all."

Soon after entering the forest, traces of the robber-band were discovered, and Ansel had no difficulty in following their tracks to the bank of a small creek. Here he ordered a halt, and as there was a very tall tree near by, he climbed to the top of it to reconnoiter. The monkey followed him and climbed higher than Ansel could go; but as Cracket could not tell what he saw, there did not seem to be much use of his climbing up at all.

Ansel could see nothing of the robbers, and was about to descend the tree, when the monkey began to chatter and point over the tree-top with his long black hand. Ansel climbed up as much higher as he dared, and looking in the direction in which Cracket was pointing, he saw, through an opening in the trees, a rude encampment in a little dell which was surrounded by thick undergrowth. He could see men walking about, and he felt sure that the whole band was in the camp, for their habit was to go all together on their expeditions and not to sally out in small parties.

"Good for you, Cracket," said Ansel. "I did n't think you would be of any use to me, but you are a first-rate spy, and if you can't talk, you have more sense than some people who can."

When he came down from the tree, Ansel told his men that they might eat their supper, although it was rather early, and take a nap. Then they would be fresh, and ready for work when he awoke them.

"I want to think the thing out quietly," he said to himself, "and they will only bother me."

The two brothers were willing enough to eat their supper, and, in fact, they were already asking each other if it would be worth while to wait for Ansel before attacking the fat provision-bag. The horses were tied and the sack was opened, and then there were two blank faces! The baskets occupied nearly the whole of the bag, and the package of provisions seemed insignificant indeed.

"A pretty supply for two hearty men," said Carl, "for you don't count, Ansel, although of course we'll give you something. But here's just enough for one good meal for us all."

"And that settles the length of this campaign," said Ronald. "We must be home in time for breakfast to-morrow morning, so make your plans accordingly, Captain Ansel."

When the meal was over, and the monkey was busy eating the scraps that were left, the two brothers watered their horses, cut them some grass with their swords, and then laid down under a tree and went to sleep. Ansel sat down under another tree and began to think. He certainly had a desperately hard job on his hands. There were at least a dozen men in that camp and he had only

two,—stout fellows, it is true, but not able to vanquish six armed brigands apiece. And whatever was done, must be done quickly. His army would be back at the castle by breakfast-time. He could depend upon them for that.

He thought and he thought. It would be too bad if he failed in this, the first important undertaking of his life. At sundown he had decided upon his plan. He often acted as clerk for the Count, and hanging at his side he happened to have his ink-horn and pen, while in a pocket of his doublet he found a piece of parchment. This he tore in two, and on each piece wrote a note. The first one ran thus:

"TO THE COMMANDER OF THE UPPER DIVISION:

"Be ready to cross the creek, at day-break, at a point one-quarter of a mile north of the enemy's camp. But on no account venture to attack the band until re-enforcements are sent to you. The brigands greatly out-number you. A. V., General."

Ansel was not a general, but he thought on such an occasion as this he might assume the position. He might never have another opportunity.

The second note was like the first, except that it was directed to the commander of the lower division, and ordered him to cross at a point a quarter of a mile south of the enemy's camp.

"Now to deliver these notes," said Ansel to himself. "If I could only make you understand me, Cracket, how useful you could be! But you can help me,—that I know."

Cracket chattered softly and rubbed his nose, as Ansel spoke. There was no way of finding out how much he knew, but he looked very wise.

Ansel put his notes in his pocket, and having found to his great satisfaction that the Reserve Guard was still sleeping soundly, he and the monkey crossed the stream, which was quite shallow, and made their way toward the robbers' camp.

When they were so near that they could hear the voices of the brigands, Ansel took the two notes in his hand, and holding them up ran a little way. Then he gave the notes to the monkey, who immediately imitated him and began to run. Ansel chased him, and the monkey ran right into the robbers' camp, Ansel in hot haste after him, crying: "Stop! stop!"

In an instant a half-dozen of the robbers were on their feet, with their swords drawn. Several of them made cuts at the monkey, who nimbly dodged them and scampered up a tree. Out from his tent rushed the robber chief.

"What means all this?" he hoarsely cried, "and who, may you be?" glaring on Ansel.

"Oh! I'm all right," said Ansel. "I'm only a poor messenger. But that monkey has taken my two messages, and I must have them, or never show my face at home again."

"Are they important?" asked the chief.

"Oh, very!" answered Ansel.

"Cut down the tree and kill the chattering beast!" cried the robber.

"No! no!" interrupted Ansel. "I would not have you kill him. He is a good monkey, although mischievous. I am light and active, and can climb the tree. I might have caught him before, if he had gone up a tree."

So Ansel climbed the tree, and took the notes from the monkey without difficulty.

"And now," said the chief to him, when he had come down, "give me those messages."

"Pardon me, good sir," said Ansel; "but I cannot. These messages are not addressed to you."

"Look ye!" cried the robber, drawing his heavy falchion, "if in five seconds you do not hand me those notes, I'll cleave that little body of yours in twain, and read your messages then at my good pleasure."

"An' it be so," said Ansel; "there is no room now for answer or philosophy," and he handed him the notes.

The robber read them both, and then hurriedly retiring within his tent, he summoned his lieutenant, and read them to him.

"Do you see?" said the chief. "We are to be attacked to-morrow."

"And shall we fortify?" asked the lieutenant.

"Fortify! Never!" exclaimed the chief. "Thus lies the matter. The castle forces are to move on us, from two points, at day-break. But 't is plain that they are few in number, for they dare not attack us until re-enforced. Now, my plan is, not to wait for them to be strengthened, but to divide our band into two, and let each division attack one of the little bands across the creek, before their re-enforcements reach them. They will be near the place of crossing before day-break, and we can easily fall upon them."

"A good plan!" cried the lieutenant; "and then it will be necessary to let that little dwarf go on and deliver his messages, else our enemy's plans and ours shall fail."

"Yes," said the chief; "let him go on and deliver them. He can tell the Count's men nothing of us that they do not know, for they have discovered our camp, and he will not dare inform them that he has let those notes go out of his hands into mine. He is no fool. I saw that plainly."

So Ansel was released and went his way with his notes, and the monkey slid down the tree and followed him.

Ansel went back to the place where he had left his army,—which he found still sleeping soundly,—and sat down under a tree to await the progress of events.

An hour or two before day-break, while the night was still dark and black, the two robber bands quietly sallied out and crossed the creek,—the one above and the other below the camp. When they reached the other side, one band slowly crept up the creek, and the other down, carefully listening and looking for the small parties of the Count's people who were to wait there for re-enforcements.

When they had gone some distance, and had found nothing, each band turned and came back, this time a little farther from the bank of the stream. And so they stealthily approached each other until they were quite near together, and then each band heard the other, and thought the enemy was at last found. With drawn swords they rushed together, and in an instant there was a tremendous fight. The men of each party found the enemy stronger than they had expected, and so they doubled their efforts and the carnage was great. In half an hour the robber chief and seven or eight of his men were killed, and the survivors lay exhausted and wounded on the ground.

Ansel had heard the noise of the combat, and as soon as it was light he hurried over to see what had happened. When he perceived the result of his plans, he ran back and roused his army.

"Heigh ho!" said Ronald, drowsily. "What are we to do now? Not much, I reckon, for it is nearly sunrise, and we shall want our breakfast."

"You have nothing to do," said Ansel, "but to mount and ride to the castle as fast as you can. The campaign is over."

"Good!" said the brothers, as they bridled the horses. They did not ask what had occurred, nor did they care. They probably thought that Ansel had discovered that the robbers had gone, and that it was of no use to follow them.

The whole party rode rapidly to the castle, and Ansel made his reports. Carts and men were sent to the scene of the conflict and the robbers' camp, and the wounded brigands were taken to the village, while a great deal of stolen property was recovered from the camp.

The Count was delighted. He complimented his Reserve Guard and their captain, and then he called Ansel into his private room to inquire into his exact plan of operations.

When he had heard what Ansel had done, and what the two brothers had not done, the Count was both pleased and angry.

"Look you," said he to Ansel. "Here are three purses of gold. I have changed my inten-

tions about them, and they are yours. You have done well, and I will give you a week's holiday to spend with your family. Take your money and be happy."

When Ansel had joyfully left him, the Count sent for the soldiers of his Reserve Guard.

"You are Ansel's poor relations, I believe," said he.

"Aye, my lord!" they answered, "that we are."

"I can well believe you," said he; "and poorer and more contemptible relations man never had. Not only do you no work yourselves and prey on your industrious relatives, but you thank them not, nor give them any praise or credit. But I shall teach you a better way of living. Go!"

The next day these two lazy fellows were sent to the castle of the Count's brother, far away among the mountains, with directions to have them kept at hard work for a year, that they might learn what it was to earn the food they ate. But Ansel knew nothing of this; it would have spoiled his pleasure. He only knew, when his holiday was over, that his cousins had been sent to the Count's brother, where they could be made more useful than here. That afternoon, as Ansel was coming down the stairs into the outer hall, on his way to the village to spend his holiday, he met Maid Margaret.

"Oh, Ansel!" said she, "one thing I would ask you. Did you bring my beech-nuts?"

"There!" cried Ansel, "I forgot all about them. I was so excited, and in such a hurry. And I left the baskets with the sack in the forest."

"It matters not," said Maid Margaret. "The baskets were old, and I can get other beech-nuts. But, Ansel, there is another thing. You are a little fellow, Ansel, but you have a wise head and I like you well. The castle is all a-buzz with your exploits. If you like it, Ansel, I will marry you."

"That suits me very well," said Ansel; "when I come back from my holiday, I shall be much pleased to marry you."

"Thank you," said Maid Margaret, and she kissed him good-bye.

When Ansel came back to the castle, he and Maid Margaret were married, and they had quite a fine wedding. After a time, Ansel was made the castle steward, and he prospered and was able to help his father very much, besides laying up money for himself and wife.

As to the poor relations, they never ceased to think that there were no two men in the world who had been so badly treated as themselves.

MONKEYS AND DOGS TO THE FRONT.

By M. M. D.

ONE evening last summer a wonderful thing happened to me. I went into a building with my eyes open, a sober middle-aged woman, with a great big son walking beside me,—and in less than five minutes I was a little bit of a girl holding tightly to my nurse's hand, and so perfectly delighted that I laughed "right out loud."

How did it happen? You shall hear, and yet that is the very smallest part of the story.

The building was the New York Aquarium, and we went there to look at queer fishes and beautiful sea-anemones, and perhaps sharks, whales, porpoises, and sea-serpents—who could tell? but, on entering, instead of going at once to the big glass tanks, as usual, we saw hundreds of chairs close together and hundreds of men, women and children sitting on them.

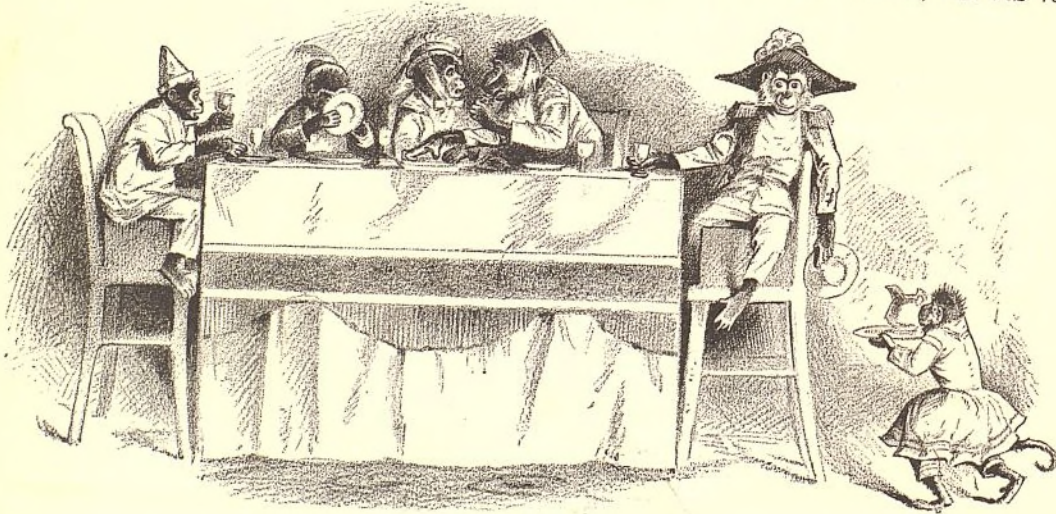
"Let us sit down, too," said my son.

Thinking it the fashionable thing to do, and being, as I have said, a sober middle-aged person, I complied at once, and—up went a curtain in

my nurse's—I mean, my son's—hand to enable me to keep quiet. So far as I knew I was about ten years old. There were other children close by of about my own age, and after the first start we all laughed softly together. My son, however, staid as old as before, which must have made it rather awkward for him.

It was the funniest dinner-party that could be imagined. Five highly respectable monkeys in full dress sat at a table with plates and wine-glasses, and the sprightliest, most attentive of monkeys waited upon them, tray in hand, like a good, highly genteel waitress, as she was.

The monkey at the head of the table was dressed as a naval officer, with admiral's hat, epaulettes, and side whiskers all complete. He was very elegant in his manners, when not licking his plate, and he had an injured, reproachful way of turning on his seat and looking at the waitress when she failed to bring what he wanted, that was wonderful to see. At the foot of the feast sat a farmer monkey in funny felt hat, white smock and loose trousers. He had a tremendous appetite and soon finished his meal and began knocking hard upon the table for more. The admiral, who was very



A PARTY OF FIVE.

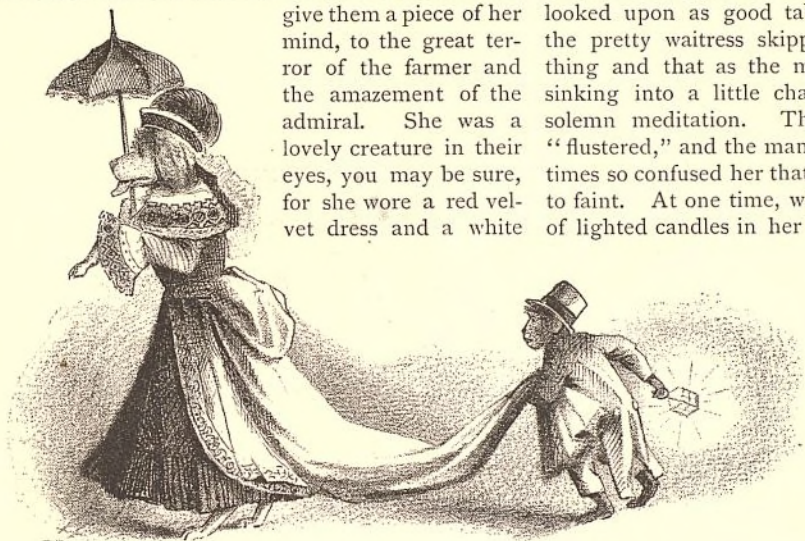
front of us, disclosing a large stage or platform, where sat a monkey dinner-party!

Then it was that I became a little girl,—the surprise knocked ever so many years out of my life. I shook with laughter and had to take tight hold of

proud, never once noticed him, which the hungry farmer accepted in good part, as he did n't take any very great interest in admirals.

But the side of the table was liveliest, after all. In the middle sat a fine monkey-lady, whom I

afterward learned was called "Mrs. Lorne," and the monkey gallants on each side took turns in conversing with her. Sometimes, indeed, they both addressed her at once, and then the fashionable Mrs. Lorne would utter a fearful screech and give them a piece of her mind, to the great terror of the farmer and the amazement of the admiral. She was a lovely creature in their eyes, you may be sure, for she wore a red velvet dress and a white



MADAME POMPADOUR TAKES HER AFTERNOON WALK.

hat with bright pink feather, and her coquettish way of tossing her head was quite irresistible. Wine was freely taken by all the guests, but I learned later that it was only raspberry juice and water. It was funny enough to see them take up their glasses in one hand, bow to each other, toss off the contents, and then pound the table for a fresh supply.

I could not see what they had to eat, but it evi-

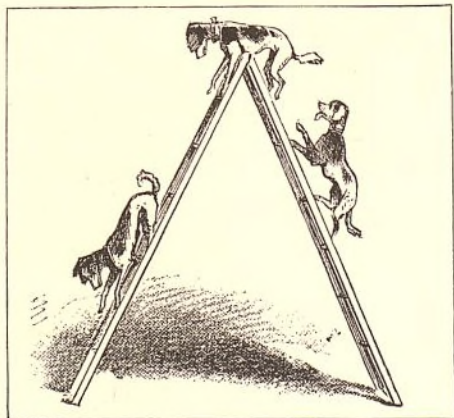
Ah, the master! I forgot to speak of him. He was their servant just then, and stood at a respectful distance behind the table, bottle in hand, ready to fill their glasses whenever called upon, or gently to remind the guests that to lick one's plate is not looked upon as good table manners. Meantime the pretty waitress skipped about, bringing this thing and that as the master ordered, and often sinking into a little chair near by for rest and solemn meditation. The dear thing was easily "flustered," and the manners of the admiral sometimes so confused her that she seemed almost ready to faint. At one time, when the master put a pair of lighted candles in her hands, bidding her hold

them very carefully, she sprang up and ran from the stage with them, holding them both upside down, still blazing and spattering. Now and then the temptation to get a bit from the table grew so strong that she would watch her chance to take a sly grab when the guests were chattering

together. Whenever she succeeded in this the hundreds of spectators would applaud heartily. We children thought it was rather improper for grown persons to encourage theft in that way, but we could n't help feeling sympathy for the pretty waitress, notwithstanding our good morals.

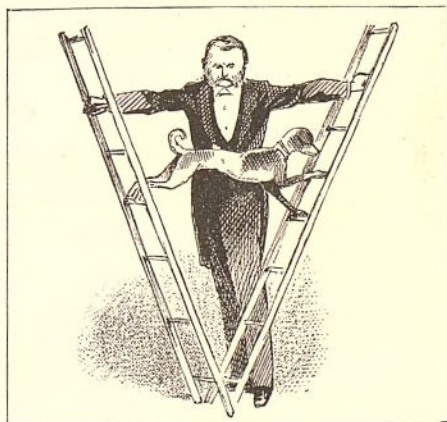
Ting-a ling-a ling!

It was so sudden that we hardly knew when it



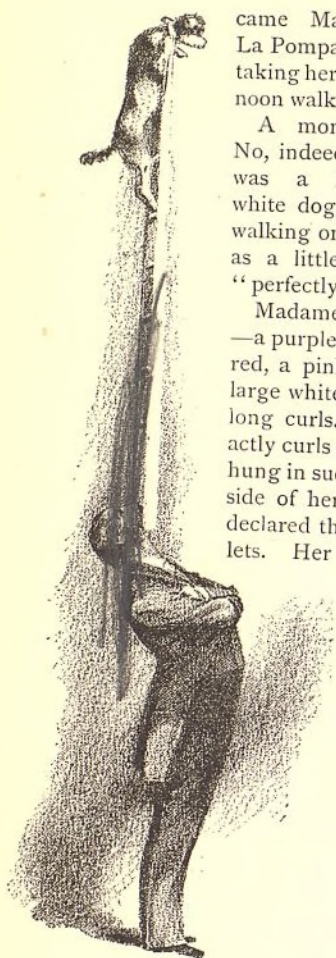
UP AND DOWN.

dently was something good, for they smacked their lips over it and grabbed bits from each other's plates so often that their master frequently was obliged to expostulate with them.



THE CLIMBER.

happened; but the curtain had fallen, and a bell was ringing. Only for an instant. Then the musicians, seated in front of the stage, struck up a lively air. The curtain went up again, and out



GIVING A FRIEND A LIFT.

came Madame La Pompadour, taking her afternoon walk!

A monkey?

No, indeed. It

was a lovely

white dog,—a large French poodle walking on its hind-legs and dressed as a little girl near us exclaimed, "perfectly lovely-ly!"

Madame was in grand court dress,—a purple velvet train trimmed with red, a pink veil and pink parasol, a large white lace collar and beautiful long curls. No, they were not exactly curls; they were ears; but they hung in such a curl-like way on each side of her face that you would have declared them to be clusters of ringlets. Her elegance was irresistible.

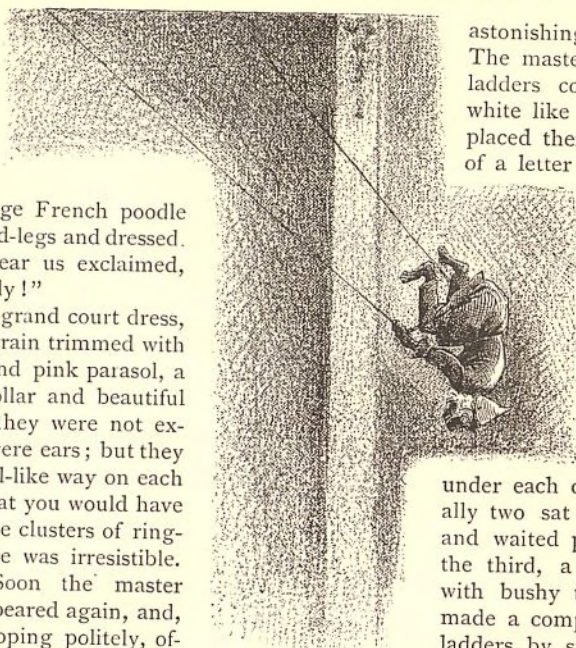
Soon the master appeared again, and, stooping politely, offered Madame La Pompadour his arm.

She took it gracefully with one forepaw, holding her parasol up with the other. You should have seen the two promenaded together! Madame Pompadour's long train was held by a page in full livery. The page, though he was only a monkey,

did remarkably well at first; but while they were thus promenading in stately fashion, he suddenly dropped the train, and, running off the stage, came back with a lighted lantern. In a twinkling, he had Madame's train in his grasp again, and all would have gone well had he not accidentally jerked his mistress down. This was too much. Madame La Pompadour, I regret to say, quite forgot herself, and, with a withering howl at the awkward fellow, scampered off the stage on all fours!

Then came the "grand ladder act and barrel-walk by three Spanish Barbarino dogs."

Ah, it was wonderful! This time there were no dresses, but the dogs needed all their liberty of limb, for they had hard work to do. So hard, indeed, that we children could not have enjoyed it but for the fact that the three tails kept wagging, wagging all through the act. This showed that the actors liked it, and knew perfectly well that they were



"BROUGHT UP TO IT."

astonishing somebody. The master, holding two ladders colored red and white like barbers' poles, placed them in the form of a letter A without the

cross-line.

Up went the

dogs, wag,

wag, wagging

in a proces-

sion; up and

down, in and

out, winding

among the

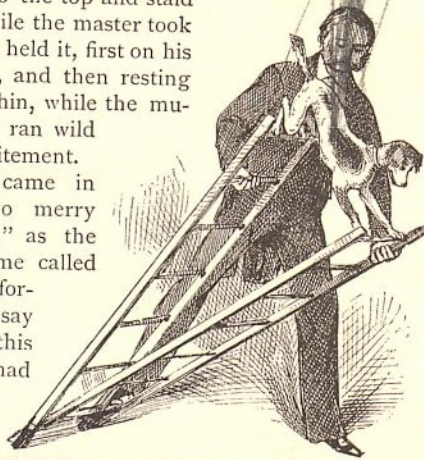
rounds, over

each other,

under each other, until finally two sat at the bottom and waited patiently while the third, a brown fellow with bushy tail, obligingly made a complete A of the ladders by stretching himself between them, just in the right place, his fore-

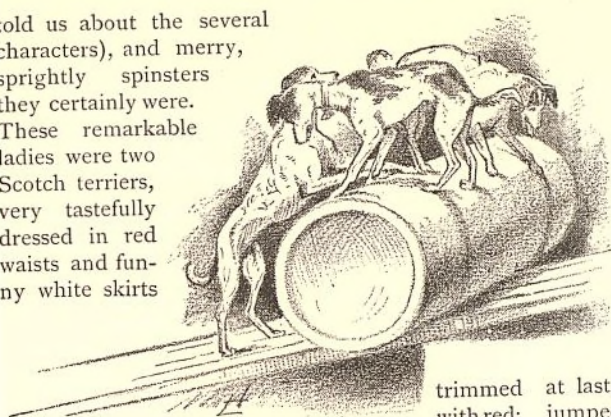
paws on one and his hind-paws on the other. Then the master made a V of the ladders, and again the Barbarinos in lively style managed to cover them all over inside and out, not caring a fig for the master's shaking and twirling and tipping of the ladders. The pictures give a fair idea of the movements; yet I should like to see again the solo ladder tricks, just to note the admiring way in which the two resting dogs would sit by, watching the performer, putting their heads together and nodding their tails in approbation. But they were most charmed when the best dog climbed a ladder to the top and staid there while the master took it up and held it, first on his shoulder, and then resting on his chin, while the music fairly ran wild with excitement.

Next came in "the two merry spinsters," as the programme called them (I forgot to say that by this time we had obtained a printed programme which



A SOLO LADDER PERFORMANCE.

told us about the several characters), and merry, sprightly spinsters they certainly were. These remarkable ladies were two Scotch terriers, very tastefully dressed in red waists and funny white skirts



CAN THE DOGS HOLD ON?

gauze veils hanging down their backs, and long ears like Madame Pompadour's. Not once in all their long performance did they put their fore-feet to the ground. They danced, pirouetted and capered in perfectly good time to the music, never taking their wistful eyes from their master. If for an instant they seemed to flag, his cheery "Vite-là!" gave them fresh spirit, and off they danced again. Two pretty little spinning-wheels with comfortable seats behind them stood in the middle of the stage, and often the two funny ladies would stop dancing and seat themselves at their wheels, both spinning together. Their little feet worked at the treadles, the wheels flew round, the music played, the master praised, and, right in the midst of it, down went the curtain again.

Next, a great long barrel was brought in. The three Barbarinos formed in line, and, standing on their hind-legs, rolled the barrel entirely across the stage with their fore-paws to the tune of "Johnny comes marching home." Then one stood upon it, while the others rolled it, shifting his feet all the time to keep from falling off. If you ever have seen a dog in a tread-mill, you will know how he managed to do this. Soon two got upon the barrel, and one rolled it; and, finally, all three mounted the barrel and staid there somehow while their master rolled it rapidly up and down a long and slanting board. This was decidedly the hardest feat of all, and when they had accomplished

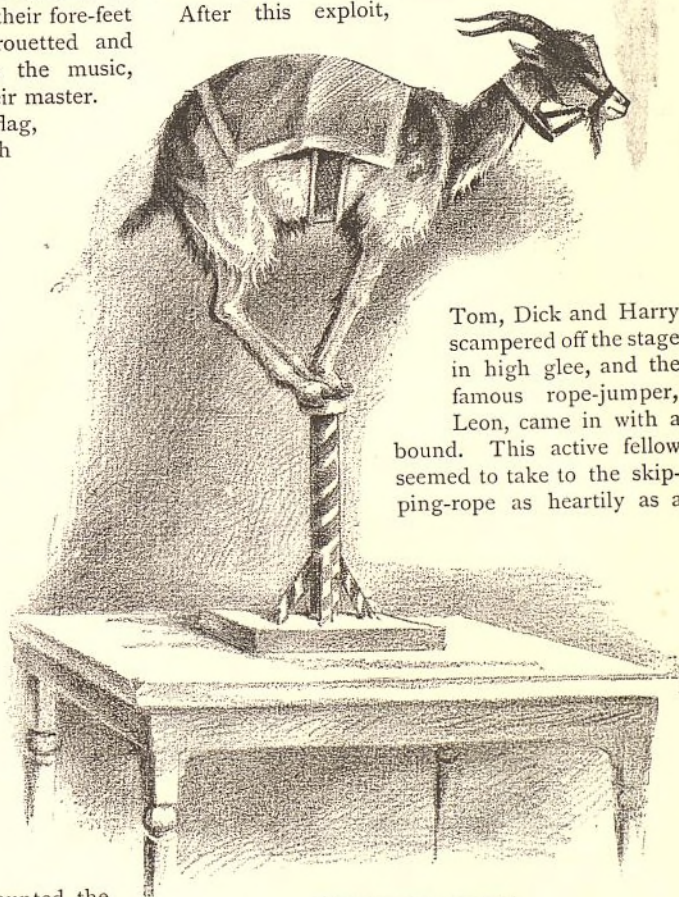
it after a fashion, the three gifted fellows leaped upon their master, and barked with delight just like ordinary dogs.

Curtain—down and up, as before.

Now appeared three very large white poodles, each shaved on the back of the body so as to look like something between a puff-ball and a lion. They, too, were not dressed (by this time it looked strange to us children to see so many dogs without their clothes on!), and their names were Tom, Dick and Harry. The supple fellows flew through rings and wreaths suspended before them, and

at last, when a barrel was held in the air, they jumped through it in so rapid succession that they seemed to be pouring out of it like a sort of very woolly water. The barrel was open at each end, of course, or they could not have jumped through.

After this exploit,



Tom, Dick and Harry scampered off the stage in high glee, and the famous rope-jumper, Leon, came in with a bound. This active fellow seemed to take to the skipping-rope as heartily as a

GISELA TAKES A STAND.

girl, for he easily cleared it twenty times without missing, while the master and his assistant turned it to slow and solemn music.

Just at this moment a fearful chatter was heard. It was the monkeys behind the scenes! Evidently they thought the dogs had done about enough. Their master took the hint, and so the next time the curtain rose, we saw a great rope swing hanging down from some place above the stage, and in came Master Jocko, a large baboon with puffy cheeks, grim, but ready for business.

He was dressed in harlequin colors,—yellow, red and brown, and the way in which he acted on that flying rope was surprising. He swung, rocked, turned somersaults, and, finally, hung by his hind hands, and all this while the rope was swinging hard, high up in the air. I don't know whether this part was fine or not, for I shut my eyes, just as a little boy near us was saying to his sister:

"Pshaw! don't mind. It is n't hard for him. He's been brought up to it, living in the woods."

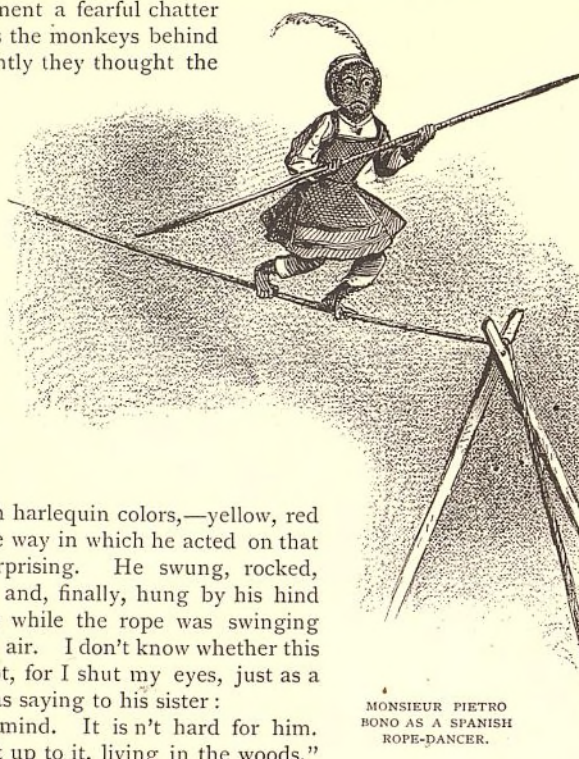
Next came the goat Gisela, a large, muscular creature, who seemed to require very little standing-room in this world, in spite of his size. The picture shows you his principal accomplishment; and yet one hardly can tell from it how very strange it was to see this big goat very, very cautiously mount and gather himself upon that little round bit of wood, placed far above the floor, and really too small to hold his four feet. Yet he turned himself completely



THE BREAK-DOWN OF THE AFRICAN POST.

around several times while in that position! I was glad when he jumped down and, making quite a respectable bow to the spectators, ran away to get his supper behind the scenes.

The curtain had gone up and down so often that



MONSIEUR PIETRO BONO AS A SPANISH ROPE-DANCER.

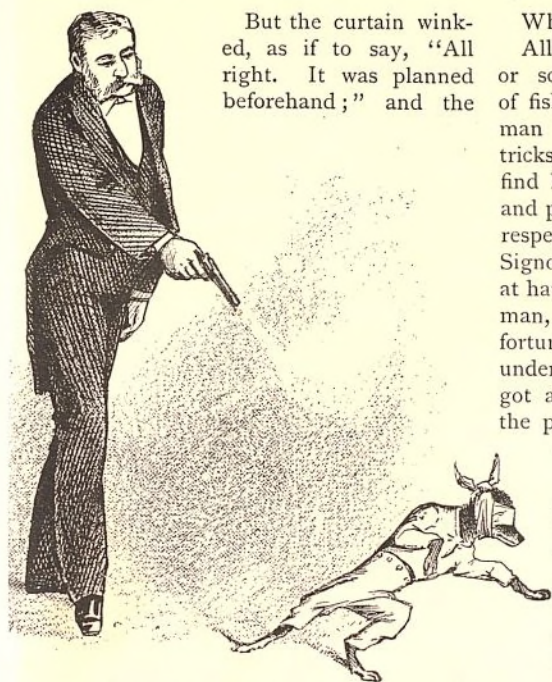
by this time it seemed to me only to give a sort of wink after each act, as if to say: "Now I'll show you something better yet!"

It winked now.

Monsieur Pietro Bono! Ah! if the goat Gisela was sure-footed, Monsieur Bono was no less so. He was the tight-rope dancer. Attired in gay Spanish fancy dress, that seemed more suitable for a madame than a monsieur, he held up his feet,—or rather his lower pair of hands, for the monkey, being a four-handed animal, has no feet at all,—and the master rubbed them carefully with a bit of chalk. Once

upon the tight-rope, Pietro Bono, scowling a moment at the musicians, who quickened their time accordingly, began to show his powers. He walked upon it, sat upon it, danced upon it, balancing his long pole, carrying a circlet of lighted tapers with his teeth, or holding a cup of water in each hand, until the audience clapped in delighted applause. But Monsieur Bono was not delighted. He looked grave as an owl, and that only made us laugh the more, for it was plain that he liked his master, and that he was quite willing to exert himself, but that he evidently had mistaken rope-dancing for a very solemn and dignified profession.

Next followed two dog-and-monkey plays. The first, called "The Break-down of the African Post," was very startling. An elegant little carriage, with lamps at the side, came upon the stage bearing a pair of gayly dressed monkeys, with monkey footman and driver in livery drawn by two spirited white dogs. Around and around they drove in fine style, when, all of a sudden, the carriage gave a lurch, the monkeys looked frightened half to death, the wheels came off, and away scampered the dogs pell-mell in true runaway style.



THE DESERTER IS CONDEMNED TO DIE.

band had time only to stop its tune and strike up a new one when another play began.

"The Execution of the Deserter."

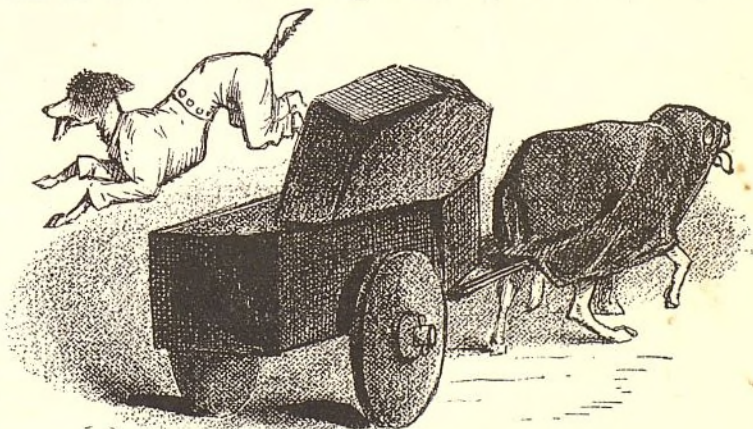
This I must describe briefly: A dignified monkey enters dressed as a military officer, a man (the master) hands him a paper in a grave, sorrowful way. A dog in uniform is brought in. His cocked hat and military coat are taken off. Evidently sentenced to die, he is placed in position, a bandage is tied around his eyes, the man fires a pistol at him, and the dog falls as if dead. They pick him up, drag him about, and lay him down again, but he does not show the slightest sign of life. Then comes a black cart with a coffin in it, dragged by a black-covered dog. The executed culprit is put into it limp and lifeless, and the procession moves solemnly on, when, just as the funeral cortège is going from the stage, the "corpse" suddenly leaps out of the coffin and dashes out of sight. At this wonderful piece of acting the people applaud tremendously, the music grows loud and warm, and the play is over.

What did we do then? Go home? Not so.

All of the hundreds of people left the building, or scattered in various directions, among the tanks of fishes, but I was not satisfied. I wanted to see the man who had taught these animals such astonishing tricks. So a messenger started off behind the stage to find him, while I hurriedly gathered my years together, and put them on as becomingly as I could, ready to be respectable and middle-aged again on the approach of Signor Taddei. He came before long, quite surprised at having been sent for,—a kind-looking, sober gentleman, who could n't speak a word of English. How fortunate that I was grown up again! Perhaps I could understand him. As he proved to speak French, we got along very well, and I always shall be grateful for the patient way in which he answered every question, often adding some welcome bit of information.

Had Monsieur owned these animals long? Oh yes, some of them for twelve years; he had been training animals for fifteen years. Did he have to whip them? "Oh no, indeed; that would do no good; it would frighten them. Kindness was much the best,"—and so on until we obtained many interesting facts. I shall repeat them to you in very much the same jerky way in which they came, for this has been quite a long story already.

Signor Taddei had come to America a few months before, bringing his animals with him; his daughter, who came also, assists him very much, and his pets are as fond of her as they are of him. She always stands behind the scenes to receive them when they run off the stage. They are fed and petted after each performance. The dogs like meat or sausage; the monkeys sometimes take meat, but generally they eat bread, milk, and



THE CORPSE TAKES AN AIRING.

rice. They like to drink raspberry or strawberry juice mixed with water. His monkeys tasted bananas in New York for the first time in their lives, and were delighted with them. Where did he get

his animals? Certainly, Madame should be told, with great pleasure. The dogs mostly were obtained in Austria, but his monkeys he picked up at circuses and zoölogical gardens—in fact at any place where he could find the right sort. He selects his monkeys usually by what he sees of them at the menageries, or zoölogical gardens. The best ones always are active and on the alert. Were monkeys as intelligent as dogs? Well, yes; no; he could n't say. Sometimes monkeys are brightest, sometimes dogs; it depends entirely upon the individual animal. Monkeys often forget their tricks when they come to a new place,—are distracted by new sights and sounds; dogs don't

forget at all. A long time generally is needed for training either, but this, too, depends upon the animal's intelligence and the difficulty of the trick; it may be three months, six months, nine months, or a year. It took more than a year to train the chief ladder-dog. Madame would n't believe it, but another dog has been training for the same trick for a whole year and cannot perform it successfully yet.

Patient Signor Taddei! How he works! How his pets work! and how, together, they amuse and astonish us! And how they help us to understand God's dumb creatures, and teach us again and again that kindness is the best law.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

By E. N.

MOST of the girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS know Frank R. Stockton by his writings, but they may like also to know something of his personal history.

He was born in Philadelphia, Penn., April 5th, 1834, when William IV. was King of England, when France was governed by Louis Philippe, and Andrew Jackson was President of the United States.

It is said that the children of the French silk-weavers imagine the world to be made up of two classes of people,—those who weave silk, and those who wear it. And Frank Stockton may have imagined that the world was divided into two classes,—those who write books, and those who read them. As for himself, he meant to do both; for it happened that his lot was cast in a family of writers.

His father, William S. Stockton, was known, long before his son Frank was born, as a writer upon ecclesiastical matters; and for nearly fifty years he wrote ably and vigorously, advocating, with others, certain reforms in the Methodist church, which have since been adopted.

There was another son in the family, very much older than Frank, who was an eloquent and well-known preacher; and there was an elder daughter of the family whose poems may be found in the magazines of twenty years ago. And so Thomas H. and Elizabeth Stockton, gave an impetus to the literary aspirations of the younger children.

There were some half a dozen of these younger ones. At the head of the roll stood Frank and John. These two boys were inseparable com-

panions. They talked, read, played, wrote and studied together. Whenever one entered a room, the other came close after; and, when they grew older, neither could tell of a boyish adventure in which the other had not had a part. They read the same books, and when they were not satisfied with the way the stories ended, they used to write out a new series of circumstances,—kill off, or marry the heroes and heroines as they pleased, and finish the stories to their liking.

In the evening, when the father wrote, he liked to have all the children around him, and if they had to be quiet, and often listen to long articles about church government, as they were read to their mother, yet the wood fire in the open Franklin stove, the apples hung on the string to roast, the chestnuts hidden in the ashes, the lessons to learn, the library books, the whispered joke and laugh, made the winter nights short in spite of church politics and the talk of older people, and it was far better than being sent off to a nursery.

So, out of this kind of life, with books and pictures, with talk of writing and writers, with newspapers and poetry, it was not strange that several of the children took to ink, like ducks to water; and that when the boys and their sister Louise began to write for magazines and papers, it seemed a very natural thing to do.

One of the first published articles of the boy Frank was a prize story in the "Boys' and Girls' Journal," a Philadelphia magazine. But he was probably a much prouder author when a long story,

written by him, appeared in McMakin's "American Courier," a weekly paper of large circulation.

He was a very close student, it is said, and went rapidly through the public schools of Philadelphia, and graduated at the Central High School when he was eighteen years old, belonging to a class that has given Philadelphia some of her best-known professional men.

Many of these graduates, with other young men of the city, formed a literary society called "The Forensic and Literary Circle," with which Frank and John were connected for five or six years, read-

relinquish it entirely, and devote himself to literature. During all these years he had been writing for various magazines and papers.

Meantime, his brother John (whose name is now a tender memory) had chosen an editorial career, and was then editor of a daily paper in Philadelphia, the "Morning Post." And, upon this paper, Frank Stockton began to work at literature as a business. After this he went to New York, and was for a time connected with "Hearth and Home," for which he wrote a great many children's stories besides working on the paper editorially. He afterward joined the editorial staff of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, where he remained until ST. NICHOLAS was started in 1873. He has been connected with this magazine as assistant editor from the beginning, until quite recently, when he resigned to devote himself entirely to writing.

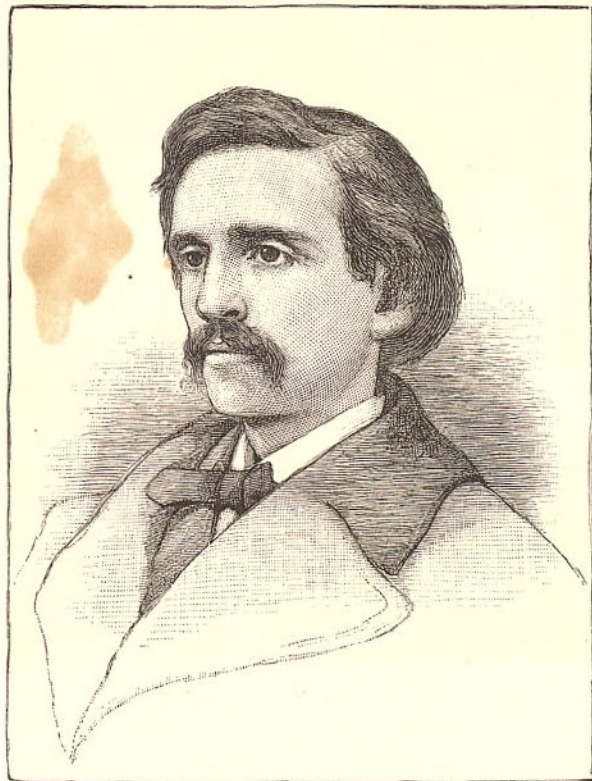
The first of his publications in book form was "Ting-a-Ling," a series of fairy stories. These were originally published in the "Riverside Magazine," and at once gave their author a position among the best American writers in the field of fancy and delicate burlesque. He also published "Roundabout Rambles," and, subsequently, the serial, familiar to our readers, which appeared in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, "What might have been Expected," was put into book form. His next volume for children was "Tales out of School."

Mr. Stockton writes not only for children, but for grown people. As a writer for children he has a certain jollity and curious invention running through all the delicate fancies of his fairy stories that make them quite unique; and his stories of ordinary life are all characterized by humor and out-of-the-way adventures. The same characteristics are noticeable in his stories written for older people. He always looks on the bright side of life, and there is nothing morbid in his writings.

One of the principal charms in his stories, and it is shown especially in such papers as the "Rudder Grange" series, published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, is his own entirely unaffected enjoyment of his characters. The reader finds Pomona and the eccentric boarder irresistibly funny, and when he laughs it is with the author.

In 1877, Mr. Stockton made a winter visit to Florida and the Bahamas, where he obtained much of the material for his serial story, "A Jolly Fellowship," begun in this number.

Mr. Stockton is married, and resides in a pleasant little village, about ten miles from New York.



FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ing at the weekly meetings many of their original productions, Frank's being generally stories, while his brother wrote poems. The long-continued influence of this society had much to do in eventually determining these two boys to select literature as their profession.

After his graduation, however, when it became necessary for Frank to select a business, he chose drawing and engraving on wood, having a decided talent for drawing, and a great love for it. But, after having thoroughly learned the business, and pursuing it successfully for some years, both in Philadelphia and New York, he determined to

HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.



THE HOUSEKEEPERS AT HOME. (SEE PAGE 51.)

CHAPTER I.

IN the month of March, 1877, there was great excitement at No. 27, second floor, in a Seminary in the good old Maine State, for Belle Winship, the presiding goddess of the pretty little chamber, had sent out five mysteriously worded notes to as many girls, requesting their presence at ten o'clock A. M.

The wildest curiosity prevailed, very imperfectly controlled; but, at length, the hostess with great dignity mounting a shoe-box, spoke in these words: "Fellow-countrywomen: whereas, our recitation hall has been burned down, thereby giving us a vacation of two weeks, therefore I want to impart to you a plan by which we can better resign ourselves to this afflicting dispensation. You know," continued she, still impressively, "that papa and mamma are both away for the winter, thus

leaving our cottage vacant, and it occurred to me as a brilliant idea that we six girls should go over and keep house a fortnight alone."

Here the tidal wave of her eloquence was impeded by the great enthusiasm prevailing. Cheers and applause greeted her.

"Oh, Belle, that is a lovely idea!" cried Lilla Porter; "but will your mother ever allow it, do you s'pose?"

"That's the point," answered Belle, gleefully. "Here's the letter I've just received from papa:

Baltimore, March 2, '77.

MY DEAR CHILD: We don't like to refuse you anything while we are away enjoying ourselves, so, as the house is insured, you may go over and try your scheme.

Mamma says you mustn't entirely demolish her jelly and preserves. My only wish is that you will be careful of the fires. I have scarcely any hopes but that you will burn the house down; however, I should like you to avoid it, if possible.—Your affectionate and imposed upon

PAPA.

"Is n't he a perfect darling!" cried the enraptured quintette.

"I think," said demure Sadie Weld, "that before we feel too happy, we'd better consult *our* 'powers that be,' and see if we can accept Bell's invitation."

"I sha' n't hear a 'No' from one of you," said she, energetically. "I've thought it all over. You, Allie, and Josie Fenton are too far from home to go there anyway, so I shall lead you off captive. Your mother is in town, Lilla, so you can ask her immediately, and you and Edith, Sadie, are only a half day's journey away, and can find out easily. I know you can get permission, for it's going to be perfectly proper and safe. Grandma lives next door, and Uncle Harry can protect us from the rampaging burglars and midnight marauders that may happen in."

So the "Jolly Six" (as they were called by their school-mates) separated, to build many glittering castles in the air. Belle, it was decided, was to go on to her country home, in advance, and, with the help of a young Irish girl, prepare the house.

They had determined to have no servant, and their many ingenious plans for managing and dividing the work were the source of great amusement to the teachers, some of whom were in their confidence. Josie Fenton and Belle were to do the cooking, Jo having the sternly practical department best suited to her—meat, vegetables, etc.—while Belle concocted puddings, cakes, and the various little "messes" toward which school-girl hearts are so tender. Allie Forsaith, the oldest of the party and the beauty of the school, with Edith Lambert, attended to making of beds, tidying of rooms and setting of tables, while Lilla Porter and Sadie Weld, with noble heroism and self-sacrifice, offered to shoulder that cross of a girl's life,—the washing and wiping of dishes.

Wednesday morning the two maiden ladies living opposite the Winship cottage were transfixed with wonder by the appearance of Belle, who wanted the house-key left for safe keeping with them.

"Du tell, Isabel,—waal, I did n't expect to see you this mornin',—air your folks coming home?" asked Miss Mirandy.

"Oh, no," said Belle; "I'm going to housekeep-ing myself."

"Good land! You haint run off and got merried, hev you?" cried Miss Jane.

"Not quite so bad as that; but I'm going to bring five of my school-mates over to-morrow, and we intend to stay two weeks all alone."

"Land o' mercy," moaned the nervous Miss Mirandy. "That Pa o' yours would let you tread on him and not notice it. Heow any sane man could do sech a crazy thing as to let a pack of girls

tear his house to pieces, I don't see. You'll burn us all up before a week's out; I declare I sha' n't sleep a wink for worrying the whole time."

"You need n't be afraid, Miss Sawyer," said Belle, with spirit. "If six girls, all fourteen years old, can't take care of a few stoves, I should think it was a pity. People don't seem to think nowa-days that girls know anything; the world's growing wiser every day, and I don't see why we should n't be as bright as those horrid girls of fifty years ago."

"Well, well, don't get huffy, Isabel; you mean well, but all girls are unstiddy at your age. Anyhow, I'll try to keep an eye on ye. Here's your key, and we can spare you a quart of milk a day and risins for your bread, if you're going to make riz bread."

"Thank you; that'll be very nice, and now I'm going over to begin work, for I have heaps to do. Grandma's Betty is going to help me."

The day was very cold, and both busy little women shivered as they unlocked one frost-bitten door after another.

"We shall freeze stiff as pokers," chattered Belle; "but we can't help it; let's build a fire in every stove in the house and thaw things out."

This was done, and in an hour they were moderately comfortable. The weather being so cold, Belle decided on using only three rooms, all on the first floor; the large, handsome family sitting-room, the kitchen, and Mrs. Winship's chamber. This being very capacious, she moved a couple of bedsteads from other rooms, and placed the three side by side, filled up the intervening spaces with bolsters, and thus made one immensely wide bed.

"There, Betty, isn't that a bright idea? We can all sleep in a row, and then there'll be no quarrelling about bed-fellows or rooms. I certainly am a born contriver," said Belle, with a triumphant little laugh.

The sitting-room coal-stove had accommodations, on top and back, for cooking, so she thought their suppers, with perhaps an occasional breakfast, might be prepared there. The large bay-window, with its bright drugget, would serve as a sort of tiny dining-room, so the handsome extension-table, with its carved legs, pretty red cover and silver service, was placed in it. This accomplished, and every room being made graceful and home-like by the dainty touch of Belle's pretty fingers, she went into her grandmother's, where four loaves of bread were baking and pies being filled, in order that the young housekeepers might commence with a full pantry.

"O, Grandma," said she, breathlessly tearing off her "cloud" and bringing down with it a sun-shiny mass of bronze hair, "it does look lovely, if

I do say it; and as for setting that house on fire, there's no danger, for it will take a week to thaw it into that condition in which it will burn. I have made up my mind that I won't build the fires every morning; even if I am hostess, I don't want to freeze myself daily for the cause of politeness. Has the provision man come yet?"

"Yes," said Uncle Harry, "and brought eatables enough for an army,—more than you girls can devour in a month."

"You'll see," said Belle, laughingly. "You don't know the capacity of the 'Jolly Six' yet. Now, Betty, please take the eggs and potatoes and fish into our store-room. I've just time to make my cake and custard before I ride to the depot for the girls. Do you know, Uncle Harry, I'm going to do the most astounding thing! I've borrowed Farmer Allen's one-seated old pung,—the one he takes to town filled with vegetables,—and I'm going to keep it for our sleigh-rides. It will hold all six of us, and what do we care for public opinion?" finished she with a disdainful sniff.

CHAPTER II.

TWO hours later you might have seen the old pung drawn by Kate and Jerry, with Belle and Allie Forsaith on the seat, and four laughing, rosy-cheeked girls warmly tucked in buffalo robes on the bottom. Even the sober old sun, feeling under a cloud that day, poked his head out to see the fun, and became so interested that, in spite of himself, he forgot his determination not to shine, and stayed out all the afternoon.

When the girls opened the door and saw Belle's preparations,—the cozy sitting-room, with dining-table in the bay-window, three sofas in a row, so that on snowy days they might extend their lazy lengths thereon, and finally a huge barrel of nod-head apples in one corner,—there arose ecstatic cheers, loud enough to shock the neighbors.

"I know it's an original idea to have an apple-barrel in your parlor corner," laughed Belle; "but the common-sense of it will be seen by every thoughtful mind. Our forces will consume a peck a day, and life is too short to spend in galloping up and down cellar a dozen times a day for apples."

"Belle Winship, you're an inhospitable creature," said Lilla Porter. "Here I am, calmly seated on the coal-hod with my hat on, while you are talking so fast that you can't get time to show us our apartments."

"Apartments!" sniffed Belle in mock dudgeon. "You are very grand in your ideas! Behold your quarters, girls!" and she threw open the door of the large chamber.

"Belle, you will yet be Presidentess of these

United States," cried Edith Lambert. "Any girl who can devise two such happy plans as an apple-barrel in a parlor corner and three beds in a row, ought to be crowned."

"Might a poor worm inquire, Belle," said Sadie, "why those croquet mallets and balls are laid out in file round the bed?"

"Why, those are for protection, you goose; s'posin' anybody should come in the piazza window at night and we had nothing to kill him with!"

"Yes, and 's'posin' he should take one of the mallets and pound us all to a jelly to begin with?"

"That would be rather embarrassing," answered she, with a shudder.

"What could one poor man do against five girls banging him with croquet mallets, while the sixth was running to alarm the neighbors; and finally, in conclusion, I suggest that the cooks start supper," and Allie threw herself into an arm-chair, and put up a pair of stout little boots on the fender.

The unfortunate couple referred to exchanged looks of unmitigated disgust.

"Well," said the head cook, "I have my opinion of a girl who will mention supper before she's been in the house an hour. Belle, I foresee that they're going to make galley slaves of us if they can. Besides (turning again to Allie), it is n't to be supper, but dinner. The meals at this house are to be thus and so: Breakfast at 9 A. M.; lunch at 12 M.; dinner at 4 P. M.; refreshments at 7.30 P. M., and all affairs pertaining to eatables are to be completely under control of Mesdemoiselles Winship and Fenton. We sha'n't have you 'suggesting' dinner at all hours, Miss Forsaith."

"Oh, dear!" cried Sadie Weld in comical despair, "if we are going to be ruled over in this way, life will be a bitter pill. I dare say we shall be half-starved. Do give us something good to begin on, Bluebell!"

Judging from the scene at the table an hour later, it would not have made much difference whether the repast was sumptuous or not, so formidable were the appetites, and such the merriment.

"Oh, dear," said Belle dismally, to the assistant cook. "I will throw off all disguise and say this family is a surprise and a disappointment to me. When a person cooks twenty-seven potatoes with the reasonable expectation of having half left to fry, and sees a solitary one left in the dish, it's discouraging. Any way, we are through for to-night, so the Dish Brigade can marshal their forces. We will take our one potato into the kitchen, Jo, and see if we can make it enough for breakfast."

At nine o'clock that evening Uncle Harry went through the garden, and seeing a curtain up, looked in the back window of the sitting-room, thinking he had never seen a prettier or happier looking

picture. Pretty Edith Lambert curled in an arm-chair near the astral lamp, her face resting on her two rosy palms, and her eyes bent over "Little Women." Bluebell, her bright hair bobbed in a funny little twist, from which two or three venturesome and rebellious curls were straying out, and her high-necked blue apron still on over her dark dress, was humming soft little songs at the piano. Roguish Jo was sitting flat on the hearth, her bright cheeks flushed rosier under the warm occupation of corn popping, and her dark hair



THE BILL OF FARE.

kinking up into cunning tendrils round her face; and demure Sadie Weld with her shy, tender face, beside her on a hassock, knitting a "fascinator" out of white wool. These two, so thoroughly unlike, were never to be seen apart; indeed, they were so inseparable as to be dubbed the "Scissors" or "Tongs" by their friends. Allie and Lilla were quarreling briskly over a game of cribbage, Lilla's ani-

mated expression and merry, ringing laugh contrasting forcibly with Allie's lovely, calm face. She never was known to be excited over anything. It was she who carried off all the dignity and took the part of presiding goddess over the party. The girls all adored her for her beauty and superior age; for she was nearly sixteen.

"Well," said Jo, breaking the silence, "let us have refreshments, then a good, quiet talk together, and then muster the Hair-Crimping Brigade and go to bed. I think I have corn enough; I've popped and popped and popped as no one ever popped before, and till popping has ceased to be fun."

"Pop on, pop ever; the more you give us, Jo, the more pop-ular you'll be," laughed Belle.

"She's a veritable 'pop-in-J,' is n't she?" cried Lilla.

"Now, Lilla," said Edith, "let us get the apples and nuts, and we'll sit in a ring on the floor, and eat. I sha'n't crack the almonds. The girl that hath her teeth, I say, is no girl, if with her teeth she cannot crack an almond. Lilla, you're not a

bit of assistance; you've tied up the end of the nut-bag in a hard knot, upset the apple-dish, put the table-cloth on crooked, and—Oh! dear; now you've stepped in the pop-corn" (as Lilla, trying desperately to cross the room without knocking something over as usual, had hit the corn-pan in her airy flight). "You have such a genius for stepping into half a dozen things at once, I should think you must be web-footed."

"Well, that's possible," retorted the unfortunate Lilla, "I've often been told I was a duck of a girl, and this proves it."

"Do you realize, girls," said Edith after a while, "that we shall all be visited by ghosts and horrible visions to-night, if we don't terminate this repast? I'll put away the dishes, Belle, if you'll move the sofas up to the fire, so that we can have our chat."

So, speedily, six warm dressing-sacks were slipped on, and then, the lamp being turned out, in the ruddy glow of the fire-light the brown, the yellow and the dark hair was taken down, and the girls, braiding it up for the night, talked and dreamed and built their castles in the air as all girls do.

"Girls!" said Alice softly, breaking an unusual silence of five minutes, "how thankful we ought to be for the happy lives God gives us! We have been put in this world and taken care of so beautifully every day; yet we don't often think about it."

"I think trouble, sometimes, more than happiness, leads us into thinking about God's goodness," said Edith, "though it's very strange it should. It was Mamma's death that brought me to Him."

"What a perfect heathen I am!" burst out Josie. "I can't feel any of these things any more than if I was a Chinaman. I wonder if I shall ever get waked up!"

"Look out of this window, Jo," said Belle, who was leaning on the sill. "Don't you think that if God can make out of all that snow and ice in three short months, a lovely tender, green, springing world, He can make something out of you? Is n't it a wonderful thing that He can wake up the life that's asleep under that frozen earth?"

"Well," rejoined Jo dismally, "there's something to begin on out there, but I don't think I have much of a soul, anyway. I never have seen any signs of it. You always say things so prettily, Belle, that I like to hear you sermonize. You'd make a good minister's wife."

"I think you have plenty of 'soul material,' Jo," said Lilla (confusedly struggling to make a figure of speech express her meaning). "There's lots of it there, only it wants to be—blown up, somehow."

"Thanks for your encouragement," said Jo, amid the laughter that followed Lilla's peculiar

metaphor. "I guess you'll have to handle the spiritual bellows, and then you'll find it's harder work than you imagine. Now don't laugh, girls, because I really do feel solemn about it, only I talk in my usual dreadful way."

"You always make yourself appear wicked, Jo," said her loving champion, Sadie; "but I happen to know a few 'facks' in your case. Girls, last month

ever happened to me except going to California and talking to Dickens once. That's the sum total of my adventures."

"Tell us something about California, then. Oh, you do have such a good time, and funny things are always happening to you," sighed Lilla. "You never seem to have any trials."

"Trials!" rejoined Belle, sarcastically. "I should



BELLE ASKS MISS SAWYER FOR THE KEY.

she gave every cent of her allowance to Mrs. Hart (that poor washer-woman who scorched her white overskirt), and stayed away from the levee to take care of that horrid room-mate of hers who had a headache."

"Sadie, if you don't desist," cried Jo, with a flaming face and brandishing a hair-brush fiercely, "I will throw this at your dear, charitable, little head. Now, Belle, you know we all agreed to tell a story or adventure each night before going to bed, and I think you, as hostess, ought to begin."

"Dear me, I can't!" cried Belle. "Nothing

think I had n't! Perhaps I have n't a little brother and an awfully fussy old aunty! Perhaps I never had three-fourths of my alveolar processes come up through my jaw to be pulled out! Don't you call those 'afflictions'?"

"Yes, I do," answered Lilla, joining the general laugh; "and I'll never allude to your good fortune again. Now tell us a California story,—that's a dear,—for I'm getting sleepy."

"Well," said Belle, casting her eyes round the room until they rested on the what-not, "I'll tell you the story of these;" (taking up a string of

dusky-looking pearls which had the appearance of having been burned) "and I shall make it just as 'bookish' and romantic as possible."

"Last summer, Mamma and I were boarding in a beautiful valley a hundred miles from San Francisco. It was near the mining districts, where Papa was attending to some business. Of course, a great many Mexicans and Indians, as well as Chinamen, worked in these mines, and we used to see them very often. Mamma and I were sitting under the peach-trees in the garden one afternoon; the fruit was ripe and hanging 'in bushels' on the trees, as beautiful to look at as it was luscious to eat; some of the peaches were a rich yellow inside and others snow-white, except where the crimson stone had tinged its socket with rosy little spots.

"We were sewing and eating when the gate opened, and an Indian girl with an old squaw came in and approached us. The girl could speak English, and told me her name was Eskaluna. I knew then she was the beauty and belle of the tribe, and was going to marry the chief's son when the next moon came, for I had heard of her from our Indian cook, who was as gossipy as a Yankee. She was the most beautiful creature I ever saw: lovely black hair,—not so coarse as is usual with them,—brilliant dark eyes and good features, the prettiest slim hands and graceful arms, too. Then she was dressed gayly and handsomely in the fashion of her tribe, and on her lovely, bare, brown neck was this long string of Mexican pearls, which we noticed at once as being very valuable. She stayed there all the afternoon eating peaches, and really grew quite confidential. Mamma, meanwhile, had gone into ecstasies over her beautiful pearls, and had taken them from her neck to examine them. At sunset, when she went home to her wigwam, she slipped the necklace into Mamma's lap, saying, with her sweet trick of speech, 'I eat your peachie, you takie my beads.' Of course Mamma could n't accept them, and Eskaluna departed in quite a disappointed mood. I remember being sorry that the pretty young thing was going to marry the disagreeable, ugly chief. He was just as jealous and ferocious as he could be,—would n't let her talk to one of the warriors of the tribe, and had shot one man already because he fancied she liked him.

"In two days our Indian cook came home at night from the mines, saying he wanted a holiday the next morning to go to a funeral. You know in some tribes they burn the bodies of the dead. Well, we asked him the particulars, of course, and were terribly shocked when we heard that it was the funeral of Eskaluna. Nakawa told us the whole story in his broken English, and a sad enough one it was. Her lover, as I have said, was always jealous of her, and on the afternoon she

came to our house, he had heard from some crafty villain or other (an enemy of Eskaluna's) that she was false, and instead of intending to marry him, she loved a handsome young Indian of another tribe and would run away with him.

"This fired his hot blood, and he rushed off on the village road determined to kill her. He climbed up a large sycamore-tree on a lonely part of the road, and there waited until the shadows fell over the mountain-sides, and the sun, dropping behind their peaks, left the San Jacinto valley in fast growing darkness. At last he saw the gleam of her scarlet dress in the distance, and soon he heard her voice as she came singing along, little thinking of her dreadful fate. He took sure aim at the heart that was beating happily and carelessly under her cape of birds' feathers, shot, and so swift and unerring his arrow that she fell in an instant,—dead upon the path. Then, leaving her with the helpless old squaw, he escaped into a cañon near by.

"The next day we went over to the Indian encampment, and reached the place just after poor Eskaluna had been burned on the funeral pile. We went close to the spot, and could hardly help crying when we thought of her beauty and sweetness, and her tragic death. Up near the head of the pile where that lovely brown neck of hers had rested,—the prettiest neck in the world,—laid this charred string of pearls she had worn in our garden. Mamma asked for it as a remembrance, and the old squaw gave it to her. Eskaluna's brother is on the war-path after her murderer, I guess, to this day, if he has n't killed him yet; for he was determined to avenge her. Now is n't that romantic, and terrible at the same time, girls? Poor Eskaluna! I don't know that her fate would have been much easier if she had married him; but it's hard to think of her being so heartlessly murdered when she was so innocent and true; and that's the end of my story. Now, come to bed, girls; it's ten o'clock."

In a half hour all six were asleep, and the bright-faced moon, looking in at the piazza window, smiled as she saw the half-dozen heads in a row, and the bed surrounded by croquet mallets and balls.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day rose clear, bright and sparkling, but bitterly cold.

I cannot attempt to tell you all the doings of that indefatigable and ingenious bevy of girls during the day. Miss Mirandy, their opposite neighbor, had kept at her post of observation, the window, very closely, and had seen much to awaken scorn and surprise.

"Waal, Jane!" said she excitedly in the after-

noon, "there they go ag'in! That's the fourth time their hoss has been harnessed into Allen's pung to-day; and now they've got their uncle. Whatever they find to laugh so over, and where they go to, is more'n I can see. They hev'n't done up their dinner dishes, I know, for I've been watching of 'em and they haint had time to do 'em so vast quick as this, though Belle Winship is as spry as a skeeter when she gets agoing."

Miss Mirandy's eyes were better than magnifying glasses, for, aided by a lively imagination, they could dart around corners and through doors with great ease. Belle avowed confidentially to Sadie that morning, when she met her eyes fixed on the pantry window, that she ble'aved Miss Mirandy could see a fly-speck on top of a liberty pole.

The girls had made a very lively day of it, and in the evening, their spirits being still high, they gave an impromptu concert; with Uncle Harry, two or three of Mrs. C.'s boarders, the young school-master and Hugh Pennell (home from college on vacation), for an audience; a small, but appreciative one.

Belle had a keen sense of the ridiculous and a voice like a meadow lark. Jo was capital, too, as a mimic, so together they gave some absurdly funny scenes from operas and the like. Belle had thrown on an evening dress of her cousin's, left in the house, which, with its short sleeves, showing her round, girlish arms, and its long train, made her such a distracting little prima donna of fifteen, that Hugh Pennell quite laid his boyish heart at her feet. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer" with all the smiles, head tossings, arch looks, casting down of eyelids and kissing of finger-tips at close, which generally accompany it when sung by the stage soprano, and was greeted with rapturous applause. Then Jo, as the tenor, in dressing-gown and smoking-cap for male attire, sung a fervent duet with Allie Forsaith, rendering it with original Italian words, and embraces at the end of each measure. After bidding their visitors good-night at ten o'clock, and keeping the cooks company in the kitchen while they set muffins to "raise" for breakfast, the girls went to their room.

"I never had such a good time in my life," sighed Lilla, as she blew out the lamp and tucked herself in on the front side. "I only have two things to trouble me. First: my tooth feels as if it were going to ache again. Second: it's my turn to build the fire in the morning."

"Console yourself with one thought, my dear," said Belle, sleepily, yet sagely, "both those misfortunes can't happen to you, for if your tooth aches, we sha'n't make you build the fire."

Lilla's fears had foundation, however, for in the middle of the night, Jo, who slept next the

front side, waked up to find her slipping out of bed.

"What's the matter, Lilla?" whispered she.

"Nothing; don't wake the rest, but that aching tooth of mine has given me the neuralgia. Where is the 'stuff' I bathe my face in, do you know?"

"Yes, just where you put it this morning, in the wash-stand closet; sha'n't I light the lamp and help you?"

"No, no," said Lilla. "I can put my hand right on it. Here it is! I'll bathe my face a few minutes and then try to get to sleep."

So she anointed herself freely, put the bottle and sponge under the head of the bed lest she should need them again, and, finally, the pain growing less, fell asleep.

In the morning, Belle, who waked first, rubbed her eyes drowsily, looked over to Lilla, who was breathing quietly, and uttered a loud shriek. This in turn aroused the other girls, who, looking where she pointed, followed her example. One side of Lilla's face was swollen, and of a dark, purple color, presenting a frightful appearance. At length, hearing the confusion, Lilla awoke with a start, and her eyes being open and rolled about in surprise, looked still more alarming.

"What's the matter, girls?" said she, sitting up in bed. Thereupon Edith and Allie began to cry, and nobody answered her.

"Keep calm," said Belle, tremblingly.

"Lilla, dear, your face is badly swollen and discolored, and we're afraid you'll be very sick, but we'll send for the doctor right away; does it pain you much?"

She jumped up hastily, and, looking in the mirror, uttered a cry of terror, and sank back into the rocking-chair.

"Oh dear! oh dear! What can it be! Oh take me home to papa, Belle! It must be a— a malignant fustule—or spotted fever—or something dreadful! What shall I do? Belle, you're a doctor's daughter; do find out what's the matter with me!"

"Girls," cried Belle, with a face like a ghost, "we can't be too quick about this. If you, Jo, will build a kitchen fire, and Allie do the same in here, then, after we've made her comfortable, Edith can run and tell Uncle Harry to come."

"She had a pain in her face last night," gasped Jo; "that must have had something to do with it. She put some of her medicine on and then dropped off into sleep. Come, darling, let us tuck you in bed again; try to keep up your courage!"

Then there was a hasty consultation in the kitchen, 'midst many groans and tears. Belle was authority on sickness, and she said, with an awe-struck face, that it must be a dreadful case of erysipelas in the very last stages.

"But," cried Allie, perplexed, "it's a very strange case, for why does she have so little pain, and how could her face have turned so black from mortification in one night?"

"Heaven knows," said Belle, devoutly, and in abject terror, wringing her hands. "What to do with her I don't know. Whether to put hot bricks to her head and ice to her feet, or keep her head cold and soak her feet—whether to give her a sweat or keep her dry, or wrap her in blankets, or get the linen sheets. Jo is with her now. If you'll go and wake Uncle Harry, Edith, it's the best thing we can do. Please go with her, too, Sadie, and you won't be afraid together."

Allie and Belle rushed back to Lilla, who looked even worse, now that the room was bright with the glow of the open fire and the pale light of the student-lamp.

"You patient old darling!" cried Belle, plunging down on her knees beside the bed. "They've sent for the doctor, and now you'll be all right. Good gracious! what bottle have I tipped over under this bed?"

"It's my lotion for neuralgia," moaned Lilla faintly. "I bathed my face in it last night, and put it under there afterward."

"Your neuralgia lotion!!" shrieked Belle, with first a look of blank astonishment, and then one of insane excitement and glee mixed in equal parts. "Look at it, girls, and don't let me die laughing. Look, Allie and Jo! Oh, Lilla, you precious, precious goose!" and thereupon she dragged out from beneath the bed-curtain a pint bottle of—violet ink, and then relapsed into a paroxysm of merriment. Just then the back-door opened, and in hurried Uncle Harry and the girls, much terrified, for they had heard the shouts and gasps and excited voices from outside, and supposed, at least, that Lilla had fallen into convulsions.

"Let me see the poor child immediately," cried Mr. Winship. "What's the trouble with you, Belle, are you crazy? and where is Lilla?" (looking at the apparently empty bed, for Lilla had wound

herself in the bed-clothes, disappeared from view, and was endeavoring to force a whole sheet into her mouth in order to render laughter inaudible). "Are you trying to play a joke on me?" continued he, with as much dignity as was consistent, in an attire made up of an under-flannel, a pair of trousers, wrong side out, rubbers, a tall hat and gold-headed cane which he had caught up in his hasty flight from his chamber.

"The fact is," answered Belle, between convulsive gasps and trying desperately hard to regain her sobriety,—“the fact is—Uncle Harry—we made—a mistake, and so did—Lilla. There were two bottles just alike in the closet, and in the night she bathed her face for ten minutes in the purple ink! Oh, oh, oh!!!”

Uncle Harry's face relaxed into a broad grin as he saw the joke.

"Oh, Mr. Winship, you should have seen her!" sighed Jo, lifting her head from the sofa-pillow with streaming eyes. "All her face, except part of her forehead and one cheek, was covered with enormous dark purple blotches. She looked like a calathumpian, or a leper, or anything else frightful!"

"Well," said Edith, slyly, "Belle said mortification had taken place. I don't think Lilla has ever been more mortified than she is now; do you?"

"Puns are out of place, Edith," said Belle severely. "Don't hurry, Uncle Harry. Don't let any thought of your rather peculiar attire cause you embarrassment."

But before Belle's teasing voice had ceased, the last thud, thud of his rubbers, and click, click of his gold-headed cane were heard in the hall, and he thought, as he tried to finish his night's sleep, that he would be cautious before he allowed these mad-cap girls to rout him out of bed again at three o'clock in the morning.

As for the girls themselves, they did not make a trial of slumber, but scrubbed Lilla energetically first, and then made molasses candy, determined that the roaring kitchen fire should be used to some purpose.

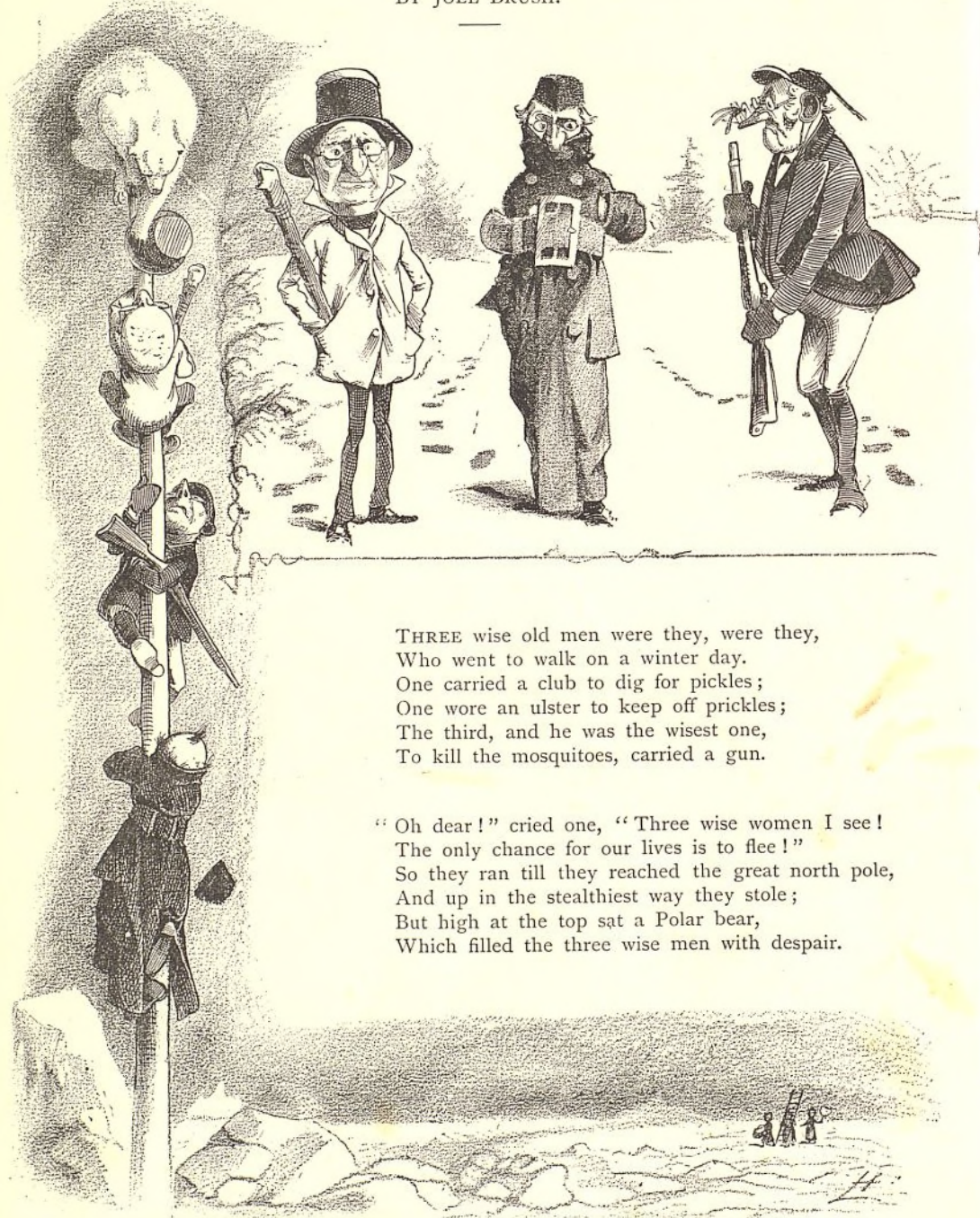
(To be continued.)



THE THREE WISE MEN.

[See "Three Wise Women," ST. NICHOLAS, for April, 1878, p. 432.]

BY JOEL BRUSH.

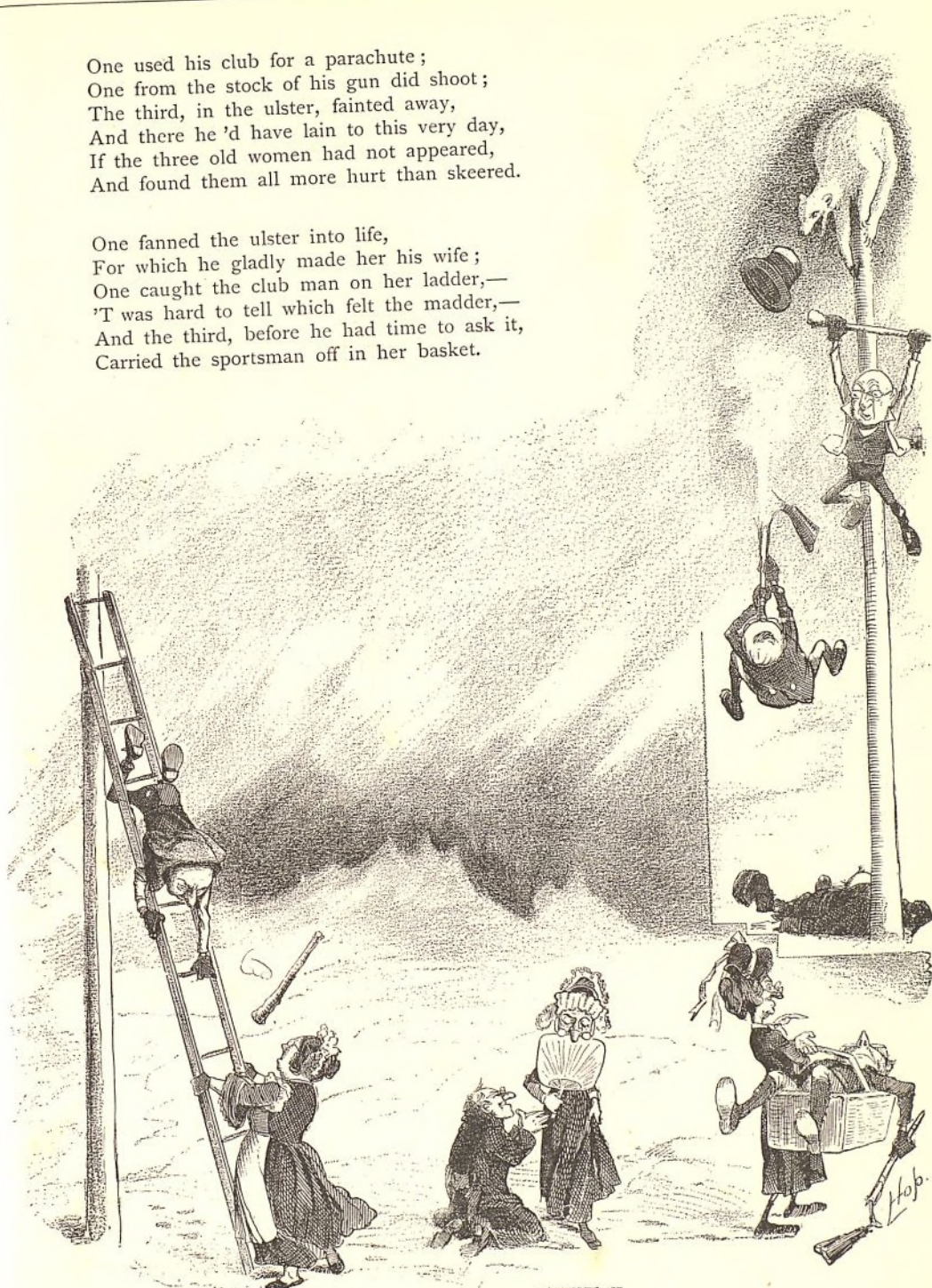


THREE wise old men were they, were they,
 Who went to walk on a winter day.
 One carried a club to dig for pickles;
 One wore an ulster to keep off prickles;
 The third, and he was the wisest one,
 To kill the mosquitoes, carried a gun.

"Oh dear!" cried one, "Three wise women I see!
 The only chance for our lives is to flee!"
 So they ran till they reached the great north pole,
 And up in the stealthiest way they stole;
 But high at the top sat a Polar bear,
 Which filled the three wise men with despair.

One used his club for a parachute;
 One from the stock of his gun did shoot;
 The third, in the ulster, fainted away,
 And there he 'd have lain to this very day,
 If the three old women had not appeared,
 And found them all more hurt than skeered.

One fanned the ulster into life,
 For which he gladly made her his wife;
 One caught the club man on her ladder,—
 'T was hard to tell which felt the madder,—
 And the third, before he had time to ask it,
 Carried the sportsman off in her basket.





THE LOOK-OUT TREE.

BY FRED. BEVERLY.



THE trees and plants of the half-tropical forests of the Southern states are very interesting to one accustomed to our Northern woods. The elms, oaks and maples of the North give place to other species of the same family, and many entirely new kinds meet his eye. There are in the South, for example, true oaks which retain an ever-green foliage, and are therefore called *live-oaks*. Such a tree is shown in the picture on next page, and forms a

portion of a scene perfectly characteristic of Florida.

The live-oak is, or has been, one of the most valuable of our forest trees—so valuable that the Government has protected and preserved large tracts or reservations of it in Florida, where no person is allowed to cut any timber. It is used altogether in ship-building, and the knees, or ribs, of vessels made from it will last a hundred years or more. There are yet shown on Cumberland island, near the coast of Georgia, the stumps of trees from which were shaped the timbers of the frigate "Constitution"—so celebrated in our history.

The live-oak is fast decreasing in numbers, and men are yet employed in cutting its valuable timber, which is shipped to the various navy-yards and stored up for future use.

I once visited a camp of "live-oakers" on Mos-

quito Lagoon, on the east coast of Florida. Three hundred men were employed, and they lived in little villages of palmetto huts, each group having its captain, teamster and cook. They all were Northern men, most of them from the lumber camps of Maine,—men born in the woods, and well accustomed to fatigue. At first, the oaks were cut upon the banks of the lagoon, but these were soon exhausted, and mile after mile the men had followed, building roads of logs across the marshes, and rude bridges over the creeks and swamps, until they had finally reached the margin of oak growth seven miles away. There was no other village near, and this settlement, with its many huts, huge barns (for all hay and provender for the cattle had to be brought from the North), stores, warehouses and wharfs, would be abandoned as soon as the supply of timber was exhausted.

Every morning a gang of men went into the woods; a certain number cut down the huge oak, others hew the logs square, cut out the "knees" or bent limbs which are the most valuable, and marked on every piece its contents in cubic feet. The timber was then taken by the teamsters, who hung them under the axles of their huge wheels, eight feet in diameter, and drew them to the river. Their teams contained six, eight, and sometimes ten yoke of cattle; and they were often nearly a day in accomplishing the distance to the lagoon. The native cattle were used, as, though hardly half the size of Northern oxen, they could undergo more fatigue, could travel quicker and more surely among the stumps and roots, and could live on less food. After the timber had been taken to the banks of the lagoon it was loaded upon huge, boat-

like rafts, called "lighters," and floated twenty miles away to the Inlet, where vessels were lying in wait for it. Every part of the process of securing this timber was attended with great hardship and even danger.

You cannot help noticing the drapery of the tree in the picture,—the long festoons of Spanish moss or *tillandsia*, which is not a moss at all, but an air-plant. It garlands every tree, nearly, and grows in every swamp in Florida, in little sprays

ure. There, half hidden in the dense shroud of moss, was a boy ten years old, singing:

"Oh! Santa Fè is a very good lake,
'T is a very good place for me;
For it has a bank that never will break,
And that everybody can see."

As I stepped out upon the sandy shore, he shrank back, much ashamed of having been overheard. Nevertheless, he invited me to his plat-



"THE LOOK-OUT TREE."

of gracefully curling tendrils, or in huge masses of interlaced and matted moss. Large quantities of it are gathered and buried in some pond, or steamed, until the outer cuticle comes off, leaving a woody fiber which is useful to us in various ways, chiefly as a stuffing for mattresses.

One hot day in August I was walking along the shores of a beautiful lake in Florida, the banks of which were lined with a luxuriant growth of trees and vines, made almost impenetrable by the hanging moss, when suddenly I heard sounds issuing from a tree near the thicket in which I was. I could see no one anywhere, and it was some time before I traced the sounds to the tree in our pict-

form, and I climbed up upon the cross-pieces which you see nailed upon the trunk of the tree.

He was a very pleasant little fellow, with blue eyes and yellow hair, the son of a planter who owned a great portion of the land about the lake. From our position we could look across the lake, into the pine woods two miles away, and up its shore for several miles. Tall cypresses grew thickly along the lake shore, draped, like our own tree, with long pendants of moss; behind us was the plantation, a narrow lane leading up the hill to the houses and out-buildings, surrounded with orange and lemon trees.

"And now, my little friend," said I, sitting down

by his side, "how came you to have such a delightful play-house up in this tree?"

"This was n't built for a play-house; but Papa made it ever so many years ago for Mamma to watch from when he went across the lake. Do you see that green bank across the lake? That is an orange grove that Papa set out when sister was born (she is two years older than I), and when he would go over there with the men to work, Mamma would get so lonesome, that he built her this place for a look-out. We call it 'the look-out tree;' and when I was small, Mamma would bring me here on hot afternoons, and sit here till almost dark. One time she had waited for Papa till sunset, and he did not come, though she saw the boat leave the shore, and she thought she would go down. But just as she took me in her arms, and got up, she saw a wild cat coming right along the fence, toward the water. She did n't make a noise, but got right down behind the moss and waited. The wild cat jumped off the fence near the foot of the tree, began smelling of the foot-prints in the

sand, and then scratching at the foot of the tree. He seemed ready to climb right up when something made him look out toward the lake, and there was the boat, coming as fast as our boys could pull it. That frightened him and he ran away. After that, Mamma did n't go there so much, and would not let me go, unless nurse or Papa was with me, till I was quite old."

"And what was the bank of which you were singing?"

"Oh! that is our orange bank across the lake. Nothing but frost can hurt that."

Then he told me of the portion his father had set aside for him. That each tree, being old as himself, now bore over two hundred oranges; and that he had received more than a hundred dollars from his orange bank last year.

Then I related to him the story of the Swiss family Robinson, of their house in the tree, which his "look-out" recalled; and we chatted till the sun drew near the tops of the trees, and we walked up to the gate together, and said good-by.

THE MAGICIAN'S LESSON.

(A dialogue in three scenes. From a German story.)

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

- Pompey.* { Tall boy in foppish attire, dress coat with brass buttons, white hat with black band, eye-glass, cane, bright chintz vest and tight pantaloons, ruffled shirt, button-hole bouquet, black gloves, black mask.
- Tommy Whiteface.* { Very small boy in white suit, with face and hands chalked white.
- Another boy.* { Same size, with suit of black cambric, black mask, and tight-fitting black skull-cap.
- Dick and Harry.*—Two boys in common attire.
- The Magician.* { Tall boy in long robe of black muslin, ornamented with figures cut from yellow cloth; very tall, black, pointed hat trimmed with yellow.

SCENE I.

The abode of the Magician, Scribble Scramble Spatter Ink, who sits at a table covered with manuscript, holding a pen three feet long, which he often dips into a huge ink-pot, that stands beside the table near the center of the room. His pen-wiper, larger than a big cabbage, can be made of red muslin, with black pieces stuck on to represent ink-stains. The ink-stand is made by covering a barrel with black muslin, dull side out; the bottom is made larger than the rest by winding clothes about the lower part of the barrel under the cover. The word "ink" is printed with white chalk on the side of the ink-stand. The magician seems deep in literary labor, often dipping his pen into the ink-stand, and then writing, as if inspired. He is so absorbed that he at first pays no attention to the continued knocking of Julius Caesar Pompey Augustus, who bursts into the room as if in terror and out of breath. The magician looks up with great dignity and completely awes Pompey, who leans against the wall in terror.

Magician. I am the greatest writer that the world has ever seen,
I cover half the pages of the "Weakly Magazine;"

I keep the world in order, with the magic of my pen,

And teach the best of manners to the worst of boys and men.

Pompey. Great Scribble Scramble Spatter Ink, I come to ask a boon;

I see you're very busy, so I'll state my business soon.

The naughty boys annoy me, because I am not white,

And I beg that you will help me to set the matter right.

Magician. State your grievance, August Pompey, as quickly as you can,

For I am always glad to help a colored brother man;

'Tis the duty of a writer to right the wrongs of all,

And to shed his ink most freely for the good of those who call.

Pompey. [Struts across the room with great airs. When, in this modest manner, I promenade the street,

I attract the idle notice of all the boys I meet, And some of them leave off at once their labor or their games

To run along behind me, and call me ugly names.

Magician. Keep dark, poor Pompey Cæsar, and when forth again you walk, And are troubled by boys' actions, or by their idle talk,

Just run with all your might to me, and if they follow you,

I'll teach them such a lesson as will make them very blue.

Pompey. Expect them very soon, great sir, for I am very sure

Their cruel speech and actions I no longer can endure.

I'll bring before your highness the very first I meet,

And I know that I shall see them at the corner of the street.

[Pompey goes out backward, bowing most profoundly, and the Magician settles down to his writing as if absorbed.]

SCENE II.

A street. Tom, Dick and Harry are engaged in playing marbles in the right corner. Julius Cæsar Pompey Augustus enters at right, and struts along.

Tommy. There goes that Julius Cæsar with all his pomp and pride;

How high he holds his haughty head! Note his conceited stride!

Now let us follow after him, and have a little fun,

And let us chase him home again, as fast as he can run.

Pompey. You naughty boys desist, I pray, and pay me more respect;

If I am darker in my face, pray why should you object?

If your black hearts showed in your face, then all the world could see

That I, the white, and you, the dark, would then most surely be.

Tommy. Come show us, Pompey Cæsar, how fast your legs can run,

For we are going to chase you now to have a little fun.

So run, you unbleached contraband, as quickly as you can;

Run, run, you brunette brother, you stylish African.

[Pompey runs off, as if in terror, and the three boys run after him.]

SCENE III.

The abode of the Magician as before, excepting that the small boy, dressed completely in black, is concealed inside the ink-stand. The Magician is still writing very busily as before, and looks up in great surprise and annoyance as Pompey dashes into the room, closely followed by the three boys, who seem frightened and try to escape, but the door proves to be closely shut behind them,

and they stand looking at the Magician, who lays down his pen, after wiping it carefully on his huge pen-wiper, rises from his chair and speaks.

Magician. Why are you here, O, sable one? and you three idle boys?

To stop the current of my thought with your discordant noise?

Do you know the world will suffer, if I lay aside my pen?

For it is mightier than the sword when wielded by some men.

Pompey. Great sir, I am the very man who called a while ago,—

The one to whom you promised to take away his woe.

I am Julius Cæsar Pompey, and I bring before you here

The boy who makes my life so hard, and keeps me full of fear.

Magician. What is your name, you naughty boy? and what have you to say

In answer to this cruel charge, that you, in idle play,

Have troubled this poor African, because he's poor and weak?

Or is it that his face is black? What is your answer?—speak!

Tommy. My name is Tommy Whiteface, and I own that I have done

A very hard and cruel thing, to make poor Pompey run.

But he walked so very oddly, and had so many airs,

That we tried to teach him manners, and to give him little scares.

Magician. I am here to teach you manners, and will try to scare you too,

So you will never plague a man because he's black or blue.

I'll dip you in my ink-stand, and Pompey then can see

You can no longer laugh at him, for you'll be as black as he.

[The Magician then takes up Tommy by the collar of his coat and dips him into the ink-stand. Then he takes hold of the collar of the boy in black clothes, who has been concealed, and lifts him out; so to the audience the effect is very startling, as he has apparently changed color. He puts the boy down, and Pompey and the other boys point at him and laugh.]

Magician. Laugh not at him, poor Pompey, because he laughed at you,

But try to pity and forgive, and learn this maxim true,—

'Tis only manners make the man, and whether black or white,

You always can command respect, if you respect the right.

CURTAIN.

BESSIE BARTON'S LARGE FAMILY.

BESSIE BARTON is a little girl with a great many brothers and sisters, but they all are grown up, and she is the only child left.

It is a very lonely thing to be just one little girl in a big house, and one day Bessie really could not stand it. She said she must have something alive to play with, so her mamma made it known that she would like to have a kitten. The next morning some boys brought her seven. She could n't



make a choice, so she took them all. You never saw such a greedy girl for kittens; she wanted one for every day in the week, she said. She had one over, for a girl brought a little gray kitten, curled up fast asleep in a bird-cage!

"Oh!" cried Bessie, "I'll take that, too! I have n't a single gray one." So the other girl lifted up the top of the cage and let out the kitten. The poor little thing had awakened and was making a dreadful noise and scratching.

"He has n't a very good disposition, I'm afraid," she said. "I call him 'Pepper;' that's gray, you know, and kind of sharp and fiery. What do you call your other kittens?"

"Oh, my!" said Bessie, "I don't know. Boys brought them, and they never do think of things like girls. What shall I do?"

"I'll help you," said the other girl. And the two curly-heads puzzled themselves for full an hour to find names that would "fit the pussies," as Bessie said.

There was "Pepper," to begin with; then the twins they called "Trotty"



and "Spotty," and the three black ones "Topsy," and "Jet," and "Snuffy" (because one had such a funny little way with its nose); and the two white kittens "Snow" and "Whitey."

Bessie was a very happy girl now, and played all day long with her family of kittens. But they had to sleep in the cellar; mamma said there really was n't room for so many kittens anywhere else. That was bad. Once Snow got among the coal, and Bessie had to give her a bath, in a real bathtub, before she was fit to be seen. That was a dreadful punishment, for cats are like some children, and never like to be washed.

When Bessie opened the door for the kittens each morning, they always

came hurrying in, saying "good-morning," as plainly as kittens can say it, and calling out, pussy fashion, "Do hurry up breakfast; we're hungry."

This breakfast was a great yellow bowlful of milk. It was quite heavy, but Bessie would let no one but herself carry it to the corner of the kitchen which belonged to her kittens, who crowded so closely around that sometimes she almost tripped.

It was a very funny sight to see the eight furry little heads around this one bowl, and eight little tongues lapping milk together. You would have thought it was the very first milk they ever had tasted, and that they were afraid it would be the last. They pushed and crowded in a soft kitten-y way, that did n't hurt a bit; while Whitey, who was



not as tall as the other kittens, had to stand up and lean over very far; once she fell in and was almost drowned before Bessie could get her out.

As soon as the kittens were old enough, Bessie began to have school. Her school was on the Kindergarten system. She had little balls of light-colored paper or worsted and bits of string; and I could n't begin to tell you the wonderful things her scholars did with them.

Once something happened which almost put an end to Bessie's school forever. It was a very warm summer morning, so she sat in her little chair near the garden door of the sitting-room, and her scholars would rush out

and chase butterflies till they were tired; then they would come back and lie down and wink lazily at Bessie, or wash their faces right in school, getting ready for a good nap; and would not attend to their lessons at all. Suddenly a sharp "KI-YI" was heard, and there at the open door stood a little Scotch terrier, looking in; his shaggy hair hanging down over his eyes, his little white teeth gleaming, and one paw uplifted as if ready for a spring.

One look from the kittens, and school was out. Those who could run, ran; but Snow was so frightened she could not stir, and Topsy and Spotty were n't much better off. Even Bessie fell back in her chair and held up her hands in terror. Pepper was the only brave one; he got his back up and sputtered as fiercely as he could.

Bessie soon recovered her courage; then the little dog came up to her, wagging his little bit of a tail and looking so friendly that she put out her hand and patted him.

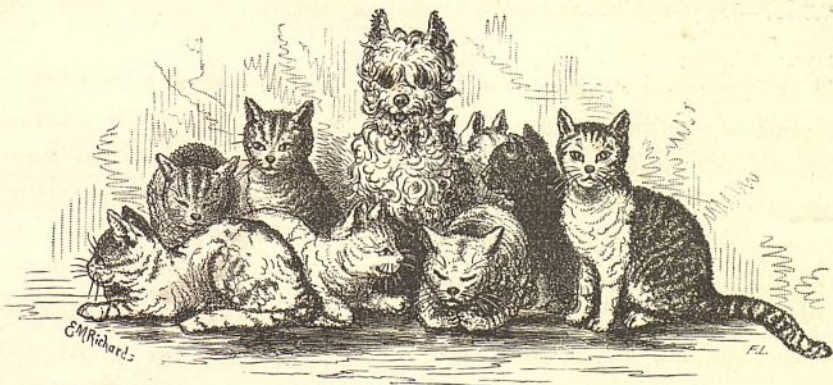
He did n't seem to belong to any one, and he would not go away; so, as he was a very little fellow, Mr. Barton said they would keep him.

"What shall we call him, papa?" asked Bessie.

"Ki-yi!" barked the dog, who was standing by wagging his funny little tail, and looking very much as if he understood what was going on.

"Oh, hear him!" laughed Bessie, clapping her hands. "He has named himself." So they called him Kiyi. At first the kittens did not like him at all; but he was very good and never barked at them or ran after them, so after a while they grew to be quite fond of Master Kiyi, and would play all day long with him.

Kiyi goes to Bessie's school, too, and is "head scholar." But Bessie loves them all the same, and thinks her large family just the nicest and best in the world.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is five years old this month, and a good, bright, happy five-year-old he is, or my name's not Jack. If every one could do as much in five years as ST. NICHOLAS has done,—teaching, helping, and amusing thousands upon thousands of people, little and big,—what a world this would be!

All honor to him on his sixth birthday, and a long life of usefulness and joy!
Now you shall have

A MOTTO FOR "THANKSGIVING" DAY.

A BIT of paper has come to me marked "A Motto for Thanksgiving Day." That means every day, I suppose, unless there are some days on which one ought not to be thankful.

This is what the scrap says,—and I hope you will be duly grateful for that, too, my dears:

One day, as the famous Frenchman Descartes was eating at a table piled with good things, a gay nobleman came up, and said to him:

"Hey!—What?—Do you philosophers eat dainties?"

"And do you think, then," mildly answered Descartes, "that good things were made only for fools?"

From this you may see that even good things are to be taken cheerfully,—as philosophers take them.

THE NAVAJOES AND TURKEYS.

AT first, one would think that turkeys ought to be happy out among the Navajoe Indians, who live near the north-western border of Mexico, for red men of that tribe will not eat them. They believe that bad white men, when they die, are changed into turkeys, and this thought, I'm told, takes away the Indian's relish for the bird.

But, after all, this makes very little difference to

the turkeys, for, although the Navajoes themselves will not eat them, they are very ready to catch the poor things and sell them to white men who have not yet been changed.

QUEER PLACES FOR SHELTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you let me tell your young folks something?

One day Papa came in with something tied in his handkerchief, and told us to guess what it was. I guessed spring-flowers; but Charley said, "No, it's alive. I see it wriggling." Then he shouted out "Snakes!" Papa shook his head. Then Charley shouted "Birds!" Papa again shook his head. Then Charley shouted "Toads!" Papa said, "No," and put the handkerchief on the table, and began untying it, while the children clustered around.

He laid back the corners of the handkerchief: there were three dark-gray little balls lying close up to a dark-gray big ball. In the midst of the "Whys!" and the "What-are-they?" the big ball shot over to a book-case and hung like a bat against a blue-book, while the three little balls rolled over, and showed twelve legs a-working and a-squirring.

"Flying squirrels!" shouted Charley. Charley was always shouting, as if all the world was deaf. Yes, it was a mother flying-squirrel and three baby-squirrels.

"Let's put 'em in Canary's cage!" shouted Charley.

"Let's!" shouted all the rest.

So we brought in the pretty blue cage, where the dear little canary had died, and put in the four new pets, and heaped the floor with corn and cracked nuts. Next we got a stick, and very gently poked Mamma Bunny. It was sport to see her flying leaps from side to side and from perch to floor.

That night we put the cage in a closet to keep it from the cat. Early the next morning we were all at the closet to see the funny pets. We found the cage empty. Bunny had squeezed through the bars, and had got out her three helpless babies. But where had she hid them and herself? We looked and looked and looked all about the closet, moving everything. We were about to give up the search, when Charley shouted he had found them all cuddled in Papa's boot. We put them back in the cage, but the next morning they were out again. This time they were hid under Charley's pillow, inside the case. Another time we found them in the washstand-drawer, behind the towels. She hid once with all her babies on a high shelf. I don't know how she could have got them up there. One morning, when Papa went to put on his stocking, he found the whole squirrel family in the toe. Of course he shouted. She hid in a pigeon-hole of Papa's desk, on top of the clock, and in such queer places that sometimes we would seek hours before finding her. One day we looked all morning, and at dinner had not found her. In the afternoon I put on a dress, which had been hanging in the wardrobe. The pocket seemed very heavy. I put in my hand and jerked it out with a scream, for I had felt something soft and warm,—Bunny and her babies!—Yours truly, S. W. K.

A HUMMING-BIRD'S MISTAKE.

Flemington, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In August you told how a bee was "sold" by mistaking an anemone for a flower.

It reminds me that once as I was sitting on the porch near some flowers, a humming-bird, after tapping many of the flowers for sweets, actually flew down to my feet and tried to get honey from some very pretty embroidered flowers on my slipper! Now where was his instinct?

By the way, I once heard Professor Lockwood of New Jersey say that "Instinct is a convenient word, used by philosophers to hide their ignorance."—Yours, with many a hearty good wish,

E. VOSSELLER.

WATER-MELONS ON THORNS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have read what you told us in October about the "Joy of the Desert," and now I wish to tell you about another curious kind of planting done by the Arabs. In the desert there is a plant that grows in the sandiest soil. It is called "camel's thorn," and can always collect some moisture. The Arabs make a small cut in the plant near the root and put in a water-melon seed. This sprouts and grows, producing a delicious fruit. Don't you think this is curious? H.

A GOOD THING WELL SAID.

MY DEAR JACK: Please ask the boys and girls to tell you who it was that said the following good thing, and of whom he said it. I know, but I wish them to know too.—Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

"His heart was as wide as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

A RIVER IN A STRAIT-JACKET.

DEAR, dear! I'd always had a notion that strait-jackets were things put on crazy people to keep them from hurting themselves; but now comes word that a person named Eads has made up his mind, and actually begun, to put the Mississippi River into a strait-jacket!

His plan is to build out from each bank into the broad stream a number of narrow jetties at proper distances apart. Jetties are long walls made of withes woven into large, flat, oblong frames, and these frames are weighted with stones and sunk and fastened into place in layers, one above another.

On watching some of these jetties at the river's mouth, just after they were placed, it was found that, at first, the water stole slowly through them; but, on its way, it left upon every part, inside and outside, a great deal of the mud it was carrying.

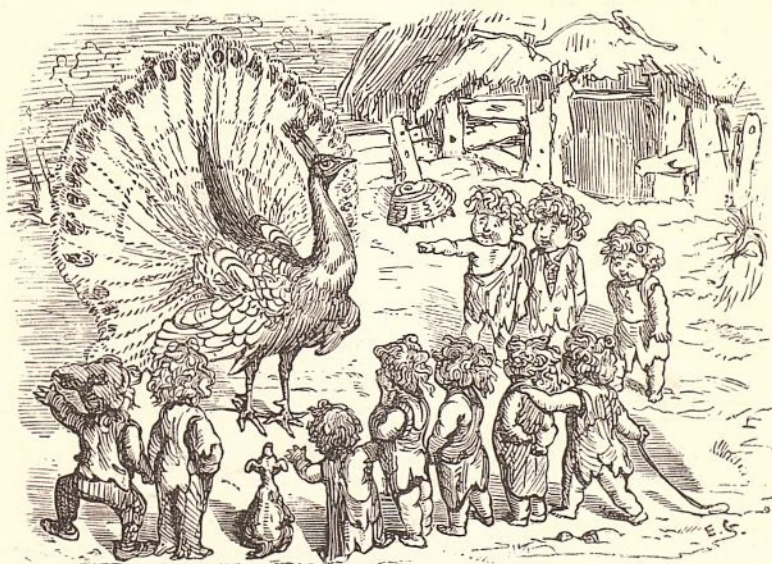
water-spout was formed, which whirled rapidly round and round until the clouds of rain shut it from sight. I read the next day in the local newspaper that the spout was estimated to be twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter.

The short article under your picture said that you did not know whether water-spouts rose from the water or reached from the clouds downward. The one that I saw came from the river and reached upward to the clouds.—Yours respectfully,

"AN INQUIRING OBSERVER."

PEACOCK FISH, PEACOCKS AND LITTLE BOYS.

THEY tell me that there is a kind of fish in the Indian seas called the peacock fish, because of his brilliant colors. I wonder if he is as proud as our land peacock, and whether or not he can spread his tail on grand occasions after the fashion of the bird that struts into my meadow sometimes? This bird lives on a fine estate near by, but once in a while he comes over to astonish us with his splendor. One night I dreamed that he came along, and had just spread himself and put on his grand airs, when



MY DREAM.

At length, so much mud had been left that the water could no longer get through, and had to flow past the ends of the jetties, only eddying idly in the bays at their sides, and leaving more and more of its mud upon them all the time.

Then, of course, the river between the jutting ends of the opposite jetties being much less than its former width, and yet as full as ever, rushed along, scooping a deep channel, straight, free from snags and shoals, narrow when compared with its former self, and livelier, but restrained from overflowing its banks.

A WATER-SPOUT ON THE HUDSON.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Having seen the picture of a water-spout in the October number, I thought I would write and tell you that I saw a water-spout not long ago. I was visiting at a place on the Hudson when two thunder-storms came, one up the river, the other down. They met almost directly in front of where I was, and a

ten little youngsters sprang from nowhere in particular, and began to point at him with shouts and laughter.

"Ho! ho!" cried they. "Is n't he proud? Ho! ho!"

A queer little stumpy-tailed dream-dog was with them, and he fairly sneered instead of barking.

"Well!" exclaimed the peacock in the harshest voice you ever heard, "what if I *am* proud? Who'd ever see these tail feathers, I'd like to know, if I was n't proud? Look out that *you're* not proud,—you that have n't a feather on your bodies,—p-a-a-u-w!"

This was too much for the ten little boys. They gave a shout, and sprang upon the peacock, and each one tried to get a feather, but he gave a tremendous scream and —

I awoke, and there was the sun, with every ray spread, rising to the tune of Cock-a-doodle-doo!



THE LETTER-BOX.

THE paper on California street-cars in this number of ST. NICHOLAS will interest you very much, we trust, for it was written in San Francisco by a gentleman who found out all he could concerning the road, on purpose to tell you about it. He also had the photographs taken from which our pictures are made, so that you might see exactly how the cars and streets look. ST. NICHOLAS already has told you many things of California and Colorado, and there are others of which it hopes some day to speak. Many of you may remember the picture of Seal Rock, near San Francisco, in our very first number, and Miss Groatorex's sketches of the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, published thirteen months later. The editor of this magazine lately has seen these things in reality. She has walked in the Garden of the Gods, and seen all its wonderful stone images that nature set there none can say how many centuries ago, and she has stood on the white sands where the Pacific Ocean rolls in night and day, and watched the great seals sporting on huge rocks* that rise from the sea, only a few yards from shore. She has ridden in those very horse-cars of which you have a photograph this month, and been "towed by rail" along with Chinamen and little San Francisco boys and girls until she felt quite at home among them.

Dear San Francisco girls and boys!—can she ever forget them?—how a large number formed themselves into a gay procession bearing banners, and torches, made of tall callas, with scarlet flowers stuck in for the flame, and came to her door, laden with flowers and cheering in honor of ST. NICHOLAS. A beautiful sight it was, and its memory never will leave the grateful heart it cheered.

Yes, all across the continent, the boys and girls everywhere had a good word for ST. NICHOLAS, and in some way their faces seem now to link themselves into a bright garland stretching from New York to San Francisco, so fresh, dewy and smiling that snow hockades and alkali dust are forgotten, and only the pleasures of the trip are remembered; only the fact that joy and health came to her and staid, and that American scenery, even as viewed from the railroad, has the spirit of almost all the fine scenery of the world. It was June, but we had snow. There were gardens, but we slipped past them into forests. There were prairies, but we were whirled to them through mountain gorges. There were sparkling stretches of sand, but the mountain stream soon leapt down and made us forget them.

The Pacific Railroad,—what a wonderful thing it is! Every day it takes its fresh loads of travelers and freight. Every day its cars start from New York for the Pacific shores, and every day they meet trains coming eastward to the Atlantic. No more hardships to endure, such as you read of in Mr. Brooks's story of "The Boy Emigrants," where people had to cross the great West as best they could, in wagons, on foot and on horseback, exposed to countless privations and dangers. Now you sit in luxury all day, sleep in luxury all night, and sail on wheels across the living map of these United States, studying a fresh state or territory almost every day. In a word, the Pacific Railroad is something for which every civilized American should give thanks, — and this is a wonderful country.

Lacon, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to know how we once caught a canary bird.

One day my little sister was playing on the piano when a little stray bird came hopping in and seemed to be attracted by the music; for when the music ceased the bird would hop away, coming again at every stroke of the piano until we placed a cage with an open door on the floor, when it walked in. We shut the door, and it remains with us to this day. It has a very pretty top-knot, and we named it Topsy. It is a very sweet singer, and we should not like to part with it.—Your constant reader,

E. B. T.

Mountain Top Hotel.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick girl, and I have got to lie down a great deal in the day, and your magazine helps me to pass the hours away pleasantly. I was up in the mountains last summer, and two or three people there saw snakes. I could hardly go out to walk, and I must say I would like to have seen a snake. But not by myself.

My little sister is the only one in the family that gets stung by bees. Last summer she was stung on her lip, and papa said the bee kissed

her, and again a bee stung her on her lip, and the next time she was stung on the head. She did look funny when she came down the next morning with her lip all swelled up. I am ten years old. I have to stop. Give my love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit.—I remain your constant reader,

MARY STEWART SMITH.

P. S.—Some people spell my name this way, Stuart. I spell it any way.

Springfield, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICKLESS: I am one of you little readers and I thought I would tell you a bout a fight I had with a tree frog the other day I was at my grand ma he had been a staying there in a shugar tree in the back yard for a year or so the other day he crawled up to the opening of his hole and begun to lick his tong out at me, I got me a long pole and stuck it up in the opening and pull him out he begun to jumpe at me until he got in reched of me and I gove him a lick on the head and ended him.—Yours,

CLARENCE I. HOLMAN.

We do not see what need there was for Clarence to kill the frog, which fed on insects and would have done no harm; but we print his letter because of its graphic description of the fight.

WORK FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE picture of "The Young Hunter" on page 28 was drawn especially to illustrate a story by some ST. NICHOLAS reader, but we don't know yet who the lucky young author is. Though the picture is ready, the story is still to be told. Who will tell it? The best story received before November 1st shall be printed *with the picture* in our Young Contributor's Department, and all we ask is that it shall be neatly written and on only one side of the paper; that the writer's name, age and address, shall be placed at the top of the first sheet, and that the length SHALL NOT exceed 500 words. Now, boys and girls, let us hear from every one of you.

ALLITERATIVE SENTENCES.

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your September "Letter-Box," a sentence is asked for, each word of which is to begin with Z. Here is one: "Zounds! zouaves zouth zygodactylous zoo-zoos zealously?" We give herewith the dictionary translation: "Zounds! Zouaves stew pair-toed wood-pigeons zealously?"

Your friends,

HELEN B. & JENNIE MARSH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it must be very difficult to speak correctly the language of which "Maud" wrote in our September number; but nevertheless I have composed a sentence with each word beginning with Z, and here it is: "Zoned Zebulus zanieed zealous Zelig's zebu." As this sentence is difficult to solve, I shall translate it: "Girdled Zebulus imitated zealous Zelig's zebu." I am twelve years old, and have never written to you before. Zebulus and Zelig are both Latin proper names. Yours truly,

H. M. J.

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I want to tell you about a picnic that I went to this summer, and the same thing happened to us that happened to the children in the story of "One Saturday," in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS. I was visiting in Winterset, Iowa, and my uncle took us to a picnic on the Devil's Backbone. It is a ledge of rock nearly two hundred feet high, with a river running around three sides of it. We rode out there in the morning, and after they had unharnessed the horses from the carriages we went down to the river to fish. By and by we began to get hungry, and we went up to set the table and get dinner. When we got there we saw a horrid old cow with her nose in one of the baskets of lunch, and another old cow was dragging mamma's ulster off into the woods. They had eaten all the bread and butter, but had not got as far as the ice-cream, so I did not feel as bad as the grown people did. I thought right away about the children in the story. Good-bye.—Your friend,

FRANK C. BALDWIN.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that my uncle's hotel, where I was staying, was named the ST. NICHOLAS.

Chateau Thierry, Marne, France.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You will know by the address of my letter that in the far-off valley of the Marne, as in many other countries, you have friends and readers. My sister, Louise, and I are so

* See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1873.

glad when ST. NICHOLAS comes, the stories are so nice and the pictures so pretty.

This is a very picturesque part of France. On the hill-sides are pretty villages with woods and vineyards and wheat-fields between. And there are many donkeys, for the vigneron use them to cultivate their fields, which are so steep that carts cannot go up. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—Your little friend and reader,

CLOTILDE DE LA VAULX.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you a long time and like you very much indeed. I send you a few verses of poetry which I made myself, and hope you will print them.—Yours truly, N. V. U.

THE LAKE.

O come you hither	And we will eat
From that lake,	It by the lake,
For my own sake,	For our own sake,
For my own sake.	For our own sake.
And bring with	And we will also
You a little cake,	Our dog take,
For your own sake,	For his own sake,
For your own sake.	For his own sake.

Camden, N. J.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I send you a list of the different ways in which the name Girard has been spelled on letters passing through the post-office at Girard since June, 1878.

I think that it is quite as remarkable as the different ways of spelling kerosene, as mentioned by "Mary N. G." in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for December, 1877.

Scherard, Girhard, Cirt, Girarde, Scherath, Gerart, Scharait, Juryard, Gyrrard, Jerod, Gerrard, Dearard, Cirard, Sirard, Garald, Girart, Girad, Jerard, Gard, Girard, Guyard, Girrd, Shrad, Grairad, Girard, Gired, Garrad, Gerard, Gyard, Gried, Girriard, Giradi, Girard, Girland, Girako, Grara, Gigard, Gerat, Girt, Girar, Girraid, Gurard, Charard, Juard, Girah, Siarrard, Garyerde, Giraret, Chrad, Jewrard, Gairyard, and Sirard.

One word spelled fifty-two different ways, and none correct!

Your reader, M. E. ADAMS.

North Chemung, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask a favor of you. Will you please tell me how to make a "Christmas city." I am eleven years old and live in North Chemung, Chemung County, N. Y. I must now close.—Your constant reader, FREDDIE CASADY.

A full and clear description of the way to make a "Christmas city" is printed in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear about a little city boy's doings one day in the country? Here is the story.—Yours truly, M. H. J.

BO'S FIRST DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

His name was Boanerges Smith, and he was seven years old, the pet and pride of the family. His parents were about to go to Europe, but Bo—that was his name for short—was to stay behind. So, a week or two before his parents were to start, he was sent to a maiden aunt in the country.

Bo had never been in the country before. All he knew about it was that milk, butter and eggs, came from there, and that they had something to do with cows and hens; cheese grew there too, and maple-sugar, he thought.

He reached his aunt's late at night, and, wide-awake, at sunrise, started out in search of knowledge. Some eggs in the pantry set him at his questions. Having found out that once a day each hen laid an egg in a nest in the barn and wood-shed, he soon came in with a hatful.

"Isn't it time for maple sugar to be ripe, auntie?" he asked, presently.

"No!" said she, sharply, and then explained the maple-sugar process. A brood of soft, downy, yellow chickens called forth his delight. "Where did the hens get all those little birds, auntie?"

"The hen just sits on the eggs and keeps them warm, and the chickens come out of them, one out of each egg."

A new idea was born in that boy's head. He gathered the nest-eggs out of all the nests.

"I'll have live chickens, anyhow," he said, and he sat down on the eggs to warm them. There were no chickens to show, and the stain would n't wipe off, hard as he tried.

His aunt was very angry when he told the how and why.

"You've broken up all the nests."

"Oh no, auntie. I did n't break the nests; 't was just the eggs!"

said Master Bo. And his clothes were changed.

An old torn picture-book of animals next attracted his attention.

"What's this, aunt?" asked he.

"It's an ant-eater," she said, glancing at it and then off to her

cake again.

"What do they call it so for?"

"Because it eats ants."

"Truly? Aint you fooling me?"

"No. I never do such things."

"How big is it?"

"I don't know."

"Does it eat boys?"

"No. I said it eats ants."

"Is n't it wicked for it to eat ants?"

"No. It is made on purpose for that."

"Do you think they have any in London?"

"Boanerges Smith, just you go away now, and not ask another

question, or I'll put you to bed."

Bo went sadly away. By and by he sat down to fulfill a promise

to write to his father. This is what he wrote:

Deer pa i want you to git me a anteater in london ant ses tha are made a purpus to eat ants. an i want wun to eat her up she is so cros to me i found 8 eggs to day an i seddown on 5 an I did n't git eny chickens atol i want to go home an see ma an you patoo from your son bo."

His father read it, and the end was that Bo was brought home and taken to Europe after all.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please put this riddle in the "Letter-Box," and I shall be very much obliged to you. The answer is not hard to find, I think.—Your friend and reader, L. E.

RIDDLE.

There is in, on, and round this earth
A Power clothed with light,
A wonder-working, airy thing,
Yet neither fiend nor spirit.

Man feared, then chained, this dreadful Power
By force of stronger law.
Oft dazzled by its raiment bright,
Its self man never saw.

Now, tamed and harnessed, it is sent
On errands night and day;
It tells ten thousand messages,
Yet not a word can say.

It travels through the ocean's deep,
Green valleys still and dim;
'Tis fleetier than the fleetest fish,—
And yet it cannot swim.

It pierces through the soundless seas,
And slips beneath the sky;
But though it passes through the air,
It has no wings to fly.

And while it cannot walk, nor talk,
Nor eat, nor drink, nor sleep,
There's scarce a thing in all the world
Has made more people weep.

Than any herald on this earth
It has a fleetier fame.
Now, just put on your thinking-cap,
And tell me what's its name.

Plainfield, Connecticut.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read the other little girls' letters, so perhaps they will like to read mine.

In the winter I read you aloud evenings. But in the summer I cuddle in some shady corner, and have you all to myself.

I went on an excursion to Block Island last summer. The sail was pleasant, but the boat was awfully crowded. We were tired coming home; but we all laughed when a tipsy man on the cars sang, "There is rest for the weary." I should have liked Block Island a great deal better if they had had nice things to eat at the hotels.

I cannot cook anything but mud-pies; but I am learning to sew, and to-day I finished the sixth sheet I have been turning. My sister said they were nice for me to learn on, and she praised me, and told me I had done bravely. But I used to sigh dreadfully over them some days, when the sun was hot, and my pies were out in the full

blaze. I make them in scalloped tins, and they are really delicious to look at. I don't think pies are healthy, so I never eat them.

I am twelve years old, and weigh eighty pounds, and am just as well as I can be all the time. And when I go to bed it only seems a minute before morning, because I sleep so soundly.

My cousin Ned brought a St. Bernard puppy from New York last week; but the first day he was here he fell out of the hammock where he was swinging, and broke his neck. I think it was the saddest thing that could happen to him.—I am your loving little friend,

DAISY EATON.

Camden, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine since it was first published, and having read in it many little stories about

children's pets, I thought I would give an account of our singing mouse.

We have had it two years and a half. My father caught it in a trap; it looks like a common mouse and is very tame, eating from our hands and singing when we whistle to it.

It eats bread, cheese, starch, and other things, and also drinks milk, but likes water better. It lives in a starch-box, with a little cage on top, and with a wheel in which it delights to turn. It has escaped several times, but always seems pleased to get back. Once it was away two or three days, but was found in the cellar by my sister; it was on a high shelf looking over the edge at her; she was attracted by its singing.

One night one of the family found a very small mouse in a bedroom singing very sweetly; it sat still until she tried to catch it, when, unfortunately, she smothered it.—Yours truly, W. RUSSELL FEARON.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A NEW STYLE OF PUZZLE.

DOUBLE RHYMING.

In each of the following verses, find a suitable word to put at the beginning of the first line; prefix a letter to this word to make the first word for the second line, and, to the word so made, prefix another letter to make the first word for the third line. Proceed in like manner in order to make the words that are to be put at the ends of the lines. Then, in each verse, the beginning words will rhyme by themselves, and the ending words by themselves. Thus: if the first word of the first line were "rain," the second line might begin with "train," and the third with "strain;" and, if the last word of the first line were "asp," the second line might end with "rasp," and the third with "grasp."

— in whist, with players, is always sought by —
—, by wealth, to matrons, is brought within their —
— the soldier hero, to hold the deadly —.

— are not caught at sea, out where the billows —
— are used for trout, for blue-fish you must —
— are by anglers used, when by a stream they —.

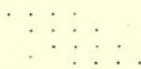
— one of Irving's stories, the hero's name is —
— crossed his path one time, and gave him one sore —
— is a Chinese word;—the ending word is —.

"— give to me," says God, "that peaceful be thy —"
— shepherd! Hear yon wolf! 'Ware, lest thy flock
he —!
— off each woolly fleece! and take them then to —.

— fruit the grocer sold and paper by the —
— fresh and good he sold, and coffee, tea and —
— gave he to his boy; the neighbors heard him —.

H. A. A.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.



ACROSS: 1. A portion. 2. Fit. 3. An animal. 4. A lass.
DOWN: 1. A vegetable. 2. A verb. 3. A color. 4. To be full.
5. A beverage. 6. In rignarole. 7. A river in Scotland. S. N. C.

WHAT IS IT?

KINGDOMS: Animal, Vegetable, Mineral, and National.
Prominent in membership of the strictest cold-water society; bestows an hereditary title of honor; the voice of sorrow and of suffering; the result of blows; rugged, and wildly picturesque; quiet and inoffensive, but disturbing peaceful elements when excited; though living in the midst of a cold-blooded set, that prey upon one another, and upon travelers in their domain, ever preserving the warmth of a large, generous nature, that has been devoted to the enlightenment of the world.

M. S. R.

CHANGED FINALS.

In each of the following examples change the last letter of the word first described, and thus form the second.

1. A girl's name; a boy's nickname. 2. A New England city; barterings. 3. A mart; a bird. 4. A manger; a stem of a plant. 5. A tree; a flower. 6. To contrive; a dramatic com-

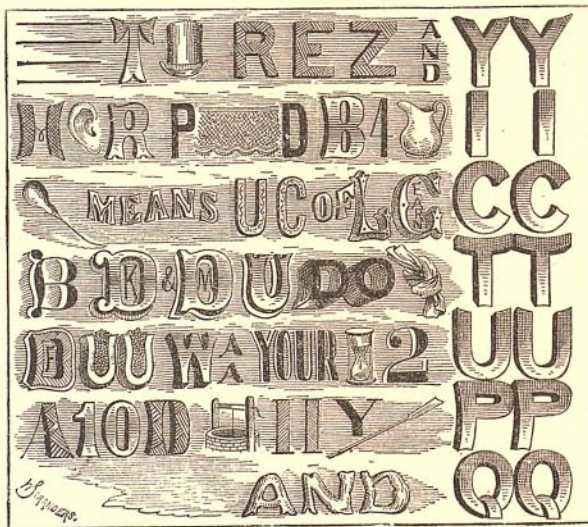
position. 7. Penetrated with leaden pellets; having foot-coverings. 8. A sharp sound made with the hands; a 'long-shore inhabitant.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND.

1. IN swallow, not in cuckoo. 2. A projection sometimes found on the wheels of intricate machinery. 3. A mark indicating omission. 4. A small bird that sings sweetly. 5. A juicy summer vegetable. 6. A spelled number. 7. In tiger, not in koodoo. ISOLA.

EASY RHYMED REBUS FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.



CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in wait, but not in go;
My second in yes, but not in no;
My third is in live, but not in die;
My fourth is in laugh, but not in cry;
My fifth is in in, but not in out;
My sixth is in lean, but not in stout;
My seventh is in give, but not in take;
My eighth is in trowel, but not in rake;
My ninth and tenth are both in found,
And whole 's a general renowned.

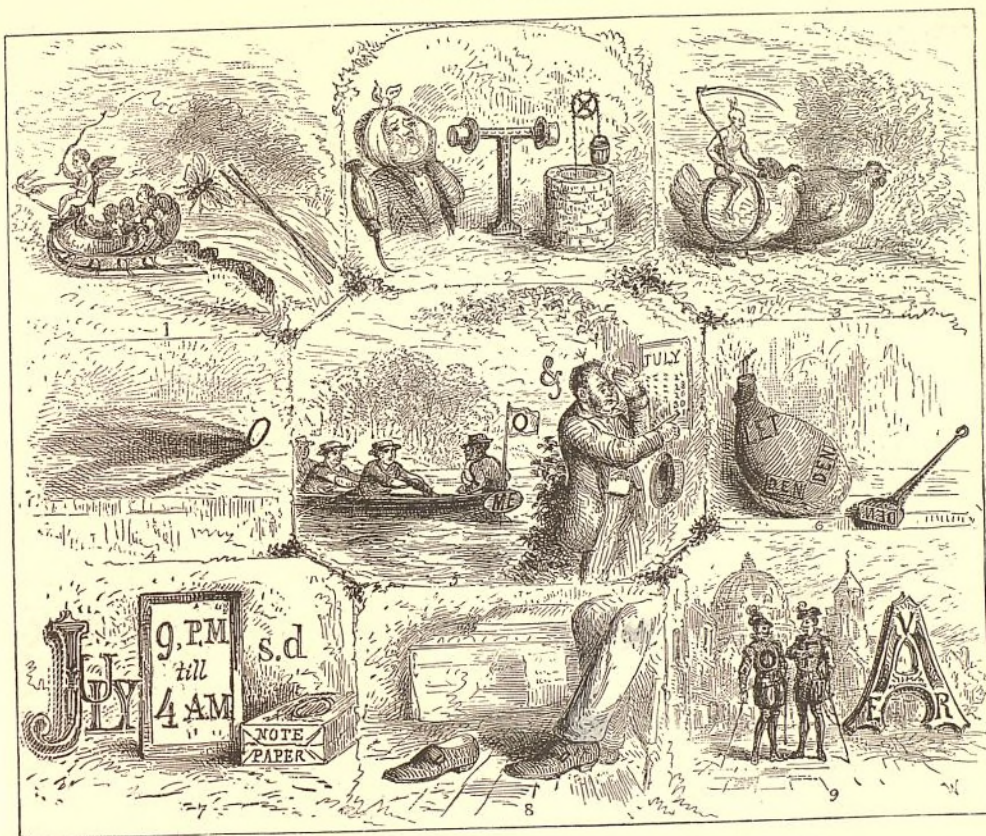
J. SEDGWICK.

TWO EASY DOUBLE SQUARE-WORDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. That which. 2. Uncommon. 3. Level. 4. Tidy.
DOWN: 1. A bird. 2. To hold. 3. An inclosed space. 4. A pavilion.

II. ACROSS: 1. A brilliant body. 2. Title. 3. A sign. 4. To go.
DOWN: 1. Congealed water. 2. To domesticate. 3. An ejaculation often met with in the Bible. 4. To tear. H. H. D.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



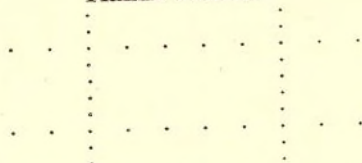
Each picture suggests the title of a well-known English Play. What are the titles?

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

The centrals, reading downward, name a species of carbon. The words are of one length.

1. A girl's name. 2. A title of respect. 3. A small animal.
4. Another girl's name. 5. A measure of length. 6. A conjunction.
7. To put together.

FRAME PUZZLE.



MAKE the frame of four words of ten letters each, so that the letter O shall come at each of the four corners where the words intersect. The words mean: Marvelous, an edged weapon, one of an old school of poets, a stone used by jewelers. J. P. B.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a banquet, and leave an exploit. 2. Syncopate a guide, and leave a stratagem. 3. Syncopate a genus of plants, and leave a spar. 4. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave a legal instrument. 5. Syncopate the stony frame of a certain sea-animal, and leave a combustible fossil. 6. Syncopate part of an animal, and leave a trigonometrical line. 7. Syncopate a carnivorous animal, and leave a transfer of property. 8. Syncopate a domestic animal, and leave a prophet.

C. O.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A large serpent. 3. A horned animal. 4. A tree. 5. A vowel. ISOLA.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each of the following sentences, fill the first blank, or set of blanks, with a word, or words, which, when suitably transposed, will fill the remaining blank, or set of blanks, and make sense. Thus, in the first sentence, the first blank may be filled with the word "founders," and this may be transposed so as to make two words, "four ends," which will fill the remaining blanks and make sense.

1. The — of that college had — in view, and one of them was, to make both ends meet.
2. That French peasant girl — volubly of her new —.
3. The crafty gypsy — of our party home with good —.
4. "Do you not find that the thought of such — troubles you?"
5. —, — in feeling reconciled to my opponent."
6. — ten pounds of — silver.
7. The haughty — of York and Leeds Danced gayly o'er the flowery —.
8. In that remote — I think — to the support of education in proportion to their means.
9. He did not — wreath of oak-leaves for his brow, although among them bobbed some little —.
10. Washington — the people to pay great attention to the proper — of the young.
11. Said a confirmed opium-eater: " — — — cross new — and visit strange countries."
12. I once heard a Connecticut boy say, " — — — as I come in sight of my home on the —!"

B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters, and am the name of a Club which distinguished itself last summer.

My 25, 12, 6, 22, 2, is a summer resort. My 16, 3, 11, 15, is a foreign city. My 5, 9, 1, 2, 19, 20, 21, 13, 17, 20, is a noted character in history. My 24, 23, 1, 14, 10, 16, is an article of dress worn by ladies and gentlemen. My 18, 4, 23, 8, 17, 11, 7, is a genial expression.

HARRY H.

DROP-LETTER REVERSIBLE DIAMOND AND CONCEALED REVERSIBLE WORD-SQUARE.

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{---E---} \\ \text{---E---E---} \\ \text{---E---} \end{array}$$

FILL in the diagram, using only two other letters besides the one given, in such a way as to form a reversible diamond containing a reversible word-square. The diamond will then read, across :

1. In administratrix. 2. Moisture. 3. Sprinkled with brilliant drops. 4. To unite. 5. In indemonstrable. PERRY ADAMS.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

THE noisiest of the noisy ;
The blackest of the black ;
The busiest of the busy,—
A mischief-loving pack.

SECOND.

We lengthen out by inches,
And suffer awful pinches.
Pedestrian and poet
To our assistance owe it
That they excel. Also by them it is
We're often brought to sad extremities.

WHOLE.

We affect corners,
And suggest birds.
We reveal ages,
Yet speak no words.

w.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS.—I saw STUDENTS by the CENTER-TABLES, puzzling over MATHEMATICS, and perplexed about ASTRONOMY.

REBUS.—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

COMPLETE DIAMOND.—

M
R A T
M A R A T
T A R
T

EASY AMPUTATED QUOTATION.—

"True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

EASY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.—Boston.

ANAGRAM WORD SQUARES.—

I.	CHOIR	EIGHT	DEPTH	LAUGH
	HORDE	IDLER	ESSAY	ALPHA
II.	ORRIS	GLARE	III. PSALM	IV. UPPER
	IDIOT	HERON	TALON	GHEENT
	RESTS	TRENT	HYMNS	HARTS

POETICAL REBUS.—“O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!”

RIDDLE.—A Drop.

SUGGESTED WORD-SQUARE.—

To buy a *lime* was foolish waste.
(I'd no *idea* how it would taste!)
"I'll just have bread and *meat*," said Daisy.
"Who *eats* a fruit like that, is crazy!"

VERY EASY SQUARE-WORD.—1, Pin; 2, ire; 3, new.

DECAPITATIONS.—1, Aerie, Erie; 2, chart, hart; 3, sloop, loop; 4, broom, room; 5, crate, rate; 6, screw, crew; 7, class, lass; 8, cheat, heat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Rip Van Winkle; rive, pink, lawn.

EASY MELANGE.—1, Hearth, earth; 2, heath; 3, heart; 4, tare; 5, rate; 6, hart; 7, art; 8, heat; 9, ear; 10, tea; 11, hat; 12, rat; 13, tar.

EASY HIDDEN FISHES.—1. Skate. 2. Bass. 3. Eel. 4. Cod.
5. Barbel. 6. Shad. 7. Trout. 8. Herring. 9. Shark. 10. Smelt.

PROVERB ENIGMA.—“Great oaks from little acorns grow.” 1, Tiger; 2, slater; 3, frog; 4, macaw; 5, stork; 6, loon.

KNIGHT'S-MOVE PUZZLE.—In verse form:

"As Knight upon this checkered board,
From square to square leaps boldly on;
As fiercely on the Persian horde,
Down poured the Greeks at Marathon;
So may each youth who reads this lay,
Press bravely onward to the fight,
And through life's long hard battle day,
Still strike for freedom, truth and right."

CABIN PUZZLE.—1, Hearthstone; 2, taxable; 3, demands; 4, neigh; 5, treat; 6, eagle; 7, dean; 8, diet; 9, sere; 10, dim; 11, Ira; 12, pen; 13, dip; 14, ire; 15, man; 16, bee; 17, Ava; 18, tar; 19, bat; 20, Eva; 21, ear; 22, sag; 23, pre; 24, yet; 25, spy; 26, are; 27, get; 28, tan; 29, ode; 30, mad; 31, Tom; 32, Ada; 33, Ned.

P
 I R E
 D I M A N D S
 E
 D
 E I
 A
 N
 E
 R
 E
 T A X A B L
 R
 S P Y T O M
 A R E A D A
 G E T N E D
 E V A A
 G E T
 E A R T H S T O N
 H

DROP-LETTER STAIR PUZZLE.—Going upstairs: 1, Leet; 2, teem; 3, meed; 4, deer; 5, reel; 6, leek; 7, keep. Going down-stairs: 1, peck; 2, keel; 3, leer; 4, reed; 5, deem; 6, meet; 7, teel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 13 from "The A's and A's," Emma McCall; Renny, Harry, and John O'Hare; "Come on, Church;" S. Norris Knapp, Arabella Ward, William W. Bellinger, Bertie Jackson, Bertie Breckenfeld; A. M. Ackerman, and De Witt C. Weld, Jr.; Edith Prince; Henricus, and his Cousin; Charles H. Stout, Hilda Sterling, "47 Cranberry Street," Dycie Warden, E. J. S., Willie Gray, X. Y. Z., "Feramo," "J.," Charles Mettenheimer, George K. French, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Argie McElhinney, Maggie McElhinney, M. O. Smith, "Ivanhoe," C. H. S., "Two Wills," Mamie A. Carter, Julia Lathers, Amy and Nellie Slade, Grace and Abbie F. Brownell; C. A. W., Jr.; Lewis G. Davis, Josie Morris Brown, Alice L. eagan, John Pyne, Nellie Emerson, Effie K. Stockett, F. S., Marie and Beth, "Fritters," "Higgle," Mary Southwick, Southwick C. Briggs, Daisy Briggs, "Beech Nut," "Two Nellies," "B. B. of Barrytown," Nettie James, Esther M. Crawford, Osmer Abbott, Dick Harrison, Philip Harrison, Thomas L. Wood, Anna Emma Mathewson; Willie B. Deas, and F. D.; Harry Folger, Florence Rogers, Florence L. Turill, Hope Rising Dobson, Carrie Speiden, Mary Flower Speiden, Amy Growley, Laurie T. Sanders, Hattie M. Fox, Sarah Gallett, Pearl A. Means, W. E. W., Beishi, Alice Keller, Georgie B., Bessie Hard, Emma M. Kent, Rae Lemert, "M—," Laura, "W. S. Reed;" "Carisimo, etc.;" Dycie Warden, Clarence M. Trowbridge; "Nancy Lee and Johnny Morgan;" Fanny Clark, Estelle Jennings, Geo. P. Dravo; Lena and Winnie; Louise J. Hedge, "Brutus and Cassius," H. B. Ayers, Mary C. Warren, Edith Merriam, F. J. F., Bessie C. Barney, Eddie W. D.; Lizzie and Kittie Leach, Mamie Todd, Edith Whiting, "Dolly," M. G. A.; Geo. C. Wedderburn, Jr., and L. A. W.; Margaret Gemmill, Edward Vultee, William H. McGee, and May Duffau.

W.

v." I,

neigh;
t, Ira;
b, tar;
s, spy;
Ada;

R
E
A
G
L
E

teem;
stairs:

enny,
eck-
en-
"47
orgine
Julia
John
Daisy
Philip
Urrill,
arl A.
Caris-
so. P.
sie C.
L. A.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid