

THE SISTERS.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson and published by J. G. Thompson.

VOL.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1879.

No. 3.

[Copyright, 1878, by Scribner & Co.]

THE VOYAGE OF THE "JETTIE."

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

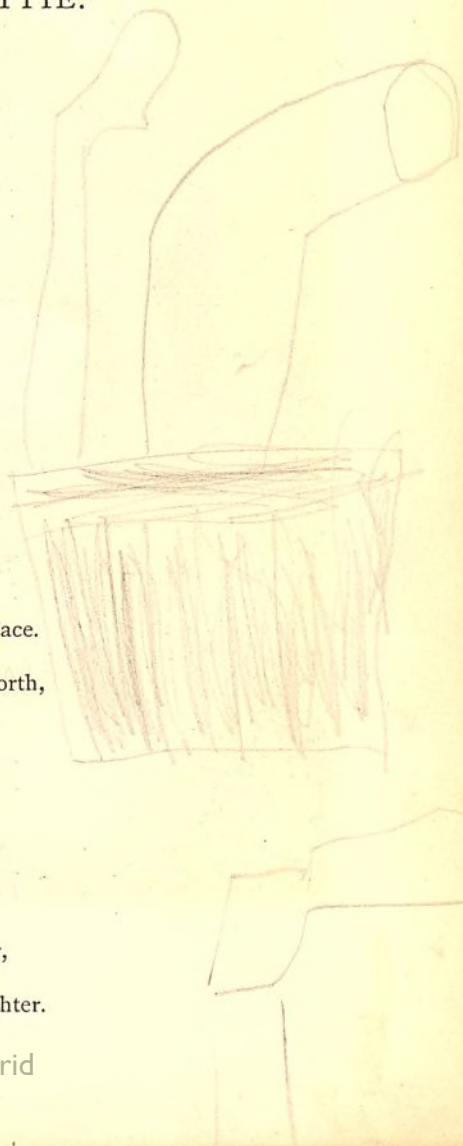
Two hundred winters' snowing,
Two hundred summers' glowing
Had passed on Bearcamp River;
And, between its flood-torn shores,
Sped by sail or urged by oars
No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding
To the dull axe Time is wielding,
The shy mink and the otter,
And golden leaves and red,
By countless autumns shed,
Had floated down its water.

From the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
Came a skilled sea-faring man,
With his dory, to the right place;
Over hill and plain he brought her,
Where the boatless Bearcamp water
Comes winding down from White-Face.

Quoth the skipper: "Ere she floats forth,
I'm sure my pretty boat 's worth
At least, a name as pretty."
On her painted side he wrote it,
And the flag that o'er her floated
Bore aloft the name of "Jettie."

On a radiant morn of summer,
Elder guest and latest comer
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water;
Heard the name the skipper gave her,
And the answer to the favor
From the Bay State's graceful daughter.



Then, a singer, richly gifted,
Her charmed voice uplifted;
And the wood-thrush and song-sparrow,
Listened, dumb with envious pain,
To the clear and sweet refrain
Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,
And from off the shelving shore,
Glided out the strange explorer;
Floating on, she knew not whither,—
The tawny sands beneath her,
The blue sky bending o'er her.

Amid the tangling cumber
And pack of mountain lumber
That spring floods downward force,
Over sunken snag, and bar
Where the grating shallows are,
The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands,
Around the vine-hung islands,
She plowed her crooked furrow;
And the rippling and the paddling
Sent the river-perch skedaddling
And the musk-rat to his burrow.

Every sober clam below her,
Every sage and grave pearl-grower
Shut his rusty valves the tighter;
Crow called to crow complaining,
And old tortoises sat craning
Their leathern necks to sight her.

On she glided, overladen,
With merry man and maiden
Sending back their song and laughter,—
While, perchance, a phantom crew,
In a ghostly birch canoe,
Paddled dumb and swiftly after!

And the bear on Ossipee
Climbed the topmost crag to see
The strange thing drifting under;
And, through the haze of August,
Passaconaway and Paugus
Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung
In mimic sea-tones sung
The song familiar to her;
And the maples leaned to screen her,
And the meadow-grass grew greener,
And the breeze more soft to woo her.

The lone stream mystery-haunted,
To her the freedom granted
To scan its every feature,
Till new and old were blended,
And round them both extended
The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel
Henceforth is part and parcel;
And on Bearcamp shall her log
Be kept, as if by George's
Or Grand Menàn, the surges
Tossed her skipper through the fog.



The "Jettie" on The Bear Camp River. West Ossipee, N.H.

And I, who, half in sadness,
Recall the morning gladness
Of life, at evening time,
By chance, onlooking idly,
Apart from all so widely,
Have set her voyage to rhyme.

Dies now the gay persistence
Of song and laugh, in distance;
Alone with me remaining
The stream, the quiet meadow,
The hills in shine and shadow,
The somber pines complaining.

And, musing here, I dream
Of voyagers on a stream
From whence is no returning,

Under sealèd orders going,
Looking forward little knowing,
Looking back with idle yearning.

And I pray that every venture
The port of peace may enter,
That, safe from snag and shoal
And siren-haunted islet,
And rock, the Unseen Pilot
May guide them to their goal.



CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

BY N. D'ANVERS.



"WELL, Leonard, I hope you'll answer next time, that's all! Here have I been shouting, 'Leonard, Leonard,' and you take no more notice than if a mouse had squeaked. Too much liberty to call such a young swell as you've become, 'Leonard,' I suppose; we outsiders must n't speak so familiarly to a choir-boy of St. Botolph's!"

A long speech, surely, for one boy to make to another without eliciting any response; but then, Leonard Layton, or "Double L," as he was sometimes called by his school-fellows, was at this moment absorbed in a dream of such exquisite delight that I don't think he would have stirred if a cannon had been discharged beneath the window at which he sat. In reality, he was but a charity boy, wearing the quaint costume, since abandoned, which distinguished him as one of the Aldersgate Ward scholars; in the imaginary land, however, to which the little fellow had blissfully wandered, he was already a successful musician, standing before an orchestra of his own training, leading that orchestra with his magic wand to higher and yet higher triumphs. The first step to that great result

had been taken not very long ago by my hero's admission to the choir of the church attended by the school to which he belonged.

But Leonard woke from his reverie with a start, and, turning his flushed face and bright blue eyes on the speaker, he said, with a smile which would have disarmed a less partial observer than his brother:

"Well, Harry, what's the row now?"

"The row is," answered Harry, laying a big brown hand on Leonard's blue serge jacket, "that the choice is made, and I've been all over the place to look for you, and when I find you, I bawl at you for half an hour, without ——"

"Oh, Harry," interrupted Leonard, eagerly, "am I? am I ——?"

"Yes, you're chosen fast enough; old Compton fixed on you the very first, though how any fellow could pass *me* over and take you is beyond my comprehension entirely, and no mistake. Now Layton, junior, I put it to you ——"

"Oh, don't, Harry; don't humbug about it!" exclaimed Leonard; "you know you never really wanted to be in; you've often said you're sick of it all, and glad your voice is cracked, so that they can't have you. Besides, how you'd tower above all us little fellows! The street boys would laugh as you went in. You remember how they shouted 'For children only!' when Smith went in at the door last year. You told me about it yourself."

"All's well that ends well," laughed Harry; "and

now I've told you my news, let's hear what you were dreaming about when I came in. I do wish, Len, you'd come out and have a jolly good fling between whiles; no wonder you get called a milk-sop; and where'll be the good of mother having got you in here if you go and be ill?"

"I sha' n't do that, old fellow; no fear of that. Harry, I must tell you, or I shall burst with thinking. It haunts me all through everything. I think of it in school in play-time, most of all in church; it mixes itself up with the psalms and comes into the sermon."

"What does the boy mean?" cried Harry.

"Don't laugh, Harry," said Leonard, getting up and walking backward and forward with his hands clasped behind his head. "Harry," he added, stopping suddenly before his brother, "it's music that's haunting me; not music generally, but *one piece of music*; it's been there ever since that day in the country; you remember? Everything we saw there—the river, the trees, the rocks, the birds, even the boys have somehow put themselves into music in my head, and I can't get it out. I've no voice for it."

"No voice—you've got the best voice in the whole school," answered Harry, with a schoolboy's literalness; "and you'll blossom into a public singer yet; if that's what you mean, though how any fellow can like a bowing and scraping life, when he might —"

"I don't mean that; I don't mean that!" exclaimed Leonard, his color rising painfully at his brother's evident incapacity to understand him. "I mean I have never learned how to write music; to give expression to —"

"Never learned to write music? Why, any fool could imitate the crabbed characters you singing fellows are so fond of. I would n't break my heart about such a trifle as that, Len, if I were you."

Leonard sighed and was about to speak when the

brothers' interview was broken in upon by the entrance of some of their school-fellows, and a few minutes later a bell summoned all the boys to study.

But even reading, writing and arithmetic, the rudiments of geography and history, the dry bones, as it were, of learning, which made up the whole course of education in the Aldersgate Ward, failed this afternoon to chase away the happy expression which the good news had brought to Leonard's face; and in the delight of practicing under a skillful teacher the beautiful music to be performed on Children's Day at St. Paul's, he forgot for a time even the haunting melodies which had sprung from the last great treat he had enjoyed.

The first meeting for practice in St. Sepulchre's Church, Newgate, when a kind of foretaste of the great day had been given to the children, had

seemed to Leonard simply perfect, and though he was himself unconscious of it, his voice had more than once rung out in his exultation above that of his companions, and attracted the notice alike of the leader of the little singers and of some visitors in the gallery. Already, had he but known it, he had taken the second step toward the goal on which he had set his heart; but before I go on with his story I must pause for one moment to explain how a boy of evidently gentle nurture came to be growing up in a London ward school as a pauper scholar.

Leonard had passed the whole of his young life in the heart of the city. His mother, the widow of a curate, had supported her two boys as best she could with her needle, until her painful struggle had attracted the notice of a distant relative of her husband, who had obtained the admission of both boys into the school where we first saw them. That poor Mrs. Layton was grateful, most grateful, for the timely help, none who had known of her previous despair could doubt, but neither did she ever see her sons in their charity garb or



THE BEADLE.

amongst their humble companions without a sigh from the very bottom of her heart for what might have been had their poor father lived. Harry, born before his parents' troubles began, when life seemed to them full of all manner of beautiful possibilities, had inherited his father's originally robust constitution and happy disposition; whilst Leonard, four years younger than Harry,—a little sister between them having died when he was a baby,—had grown up in an atmosphere of privation which could not but materially affect both his health and his character. In every lot, however, those who are not willfully blind may recognize how tenderly the all-wise Father provides for his children some compensation for their sufferings; and if Leonard was physically the inferior of Harry, he was far superior to him in intellect, in imagination, and in a certain nameless purity of mind which insensibly leavened all who came under his influence. Frail as he was, and by his peculiarities presenting many a vulnerable spot for ridicule, Leonard was never bullied, and, in his presence, the coarse oaths which are, alas, so often thought manly by English boys, were never heard. Very eager had been the competition amongst the Aldersgate boys for the honor of being one of those chosen to join in the annual festival at St. Paul's, yet none had grudged Leonard his place in the proud ranks of the "trebles."

The very eve of the festival had arrived. Again Leonard was sitting on his favorite bench, apparently looking just as before on his school-fellows at play; but, in reality, trying to picture the scene in which he should play his part on the morrow.



SINGING IN TUNE.

But, again, my hero's reverie was interrupted, not this time by Harry, but by the entrance of one of the masters into the school-room.

"Ah! Leonard," said he, "will you take this note for me to its address? It is not a long walk, or I would not ask it of you."

Leonard instantly consented and set out. It was

not a long walk; but, unfortunately, our hero fell into one of his reveries and lost his way. It was late; the neighborhood in which he found himself, at last, was new to him, and the people in the streets were rough and surly. He was in a bad



LEONARD.

quarter of the town, and we know not what would have become of him, if he had not fallen in with a little girl—a ragged little girl, but a kind-hearted one—who led him to the address he was seeking. As they walked along together, he told her of the approaching Children's Day at St. Paul's, and of the part he was to take in the ceremonies. Katie, that was her name, was wild to see and hear it all. But how? Leon-

ard could see no plan by which such a ragged little creature could get a place in St. Paul's.

The next day he told the master of the incident. "Oh, sir!" cried the enthusiastic Leonard, "she was so kind to me, and took so much trouble to show me the way! Can't you get her a place to see us in the cathedral; that's what she'd like. 'I'd give my head and ears to be there,' she said."

"I am afraid I can't do that," said Mr. Dawson, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm, "unless—by the way, some one said—how big is Katie? You know Lucy Green? She was to have been one of the girls; she's sprained her foot. There's no one else of her size to go; now if Katie could—"

"I understand, sir!" cried Leonard, clapping his hands. "You mean if Katie could wear Lucy's dress she could go instead. Oh, it's the very, very thing. Mother would manage it. Oh, sir, I may go now and fetch Katie?"

"No, leave that to me," said Mr. Dawson, adding, almost to himself, "I'll arrange it with the mistress." Then, aloud, "You must go now, Leonard. Look out for Katie among the girls."

But, to return to Katie herself. Whilst Leonard, converted by his mother's rapid and almost magic manipulation from a jaded, shabby child, into a fresh-looking, gentlemanly boy, is sharing with his school-fellows the hot rolls and coffee which are to fortify them for their perambulation of the parish before the ceremony itself, Katie is enduring such a prinking at the hands of an assistant mistress as she had never even imagined in her worst nightmare. She felt, she expressed to Leonard afterwards, as if she was being "made over again," and certainly the result justified her somewhat

strong expression. Look at the little procession starting from the school and see if you can make out which is Katie. But, as you are not likely to

the delights before them, and of their own exceptional importance; even the much dreaded beadles, who know how to rap the knuckles of



LEAVING THE SCHOOL.

find out Katie for yourselves, I will tell you in a whisper that she is on the right, near the top of the steps, and close to the girl who is looking at her with wide open mouth, saying, perhaps, "And who are you?"

And Leonard! I must give you a special portrait of him now. See him pinched into a coat a little small for him, with his solemn, happy face, all the happier for the remembrance of the anxieties passed and the thought of the joy which has sprung for Katie out of the troubles in which she has shared. And now look at these other boys from another part of the city, and read in their dear, prim little heads, rising from their prim little costumes, the good results of the annual "redding up" to which they have been subjected. Surely these boys have never cuffed each other, shirked their lessons, used bad language, or cheated at marbles, or if they ever have, they never will again!

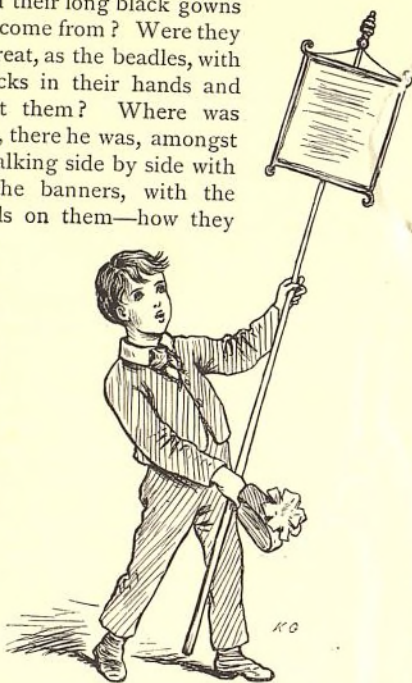
But it is half-past ten, and with one accord the processions are starting on the perambulations or walking round of their parishes. We will not follow them all the way, but join them again as they file into St. Paul's Church-yard, a little hot and dusty, perhaps, but still buoyed up by a sense of

restless boys with such terrible effect, wear beneficent expressions. Now I don't think, do you? that the one whose portrait we give would have the heart to turn Katie out, if he should learn of that little goat's presence among the lambs.

With what wondering eyes Katie stared about her in St. Paul's Church-yard! Where could all

these grand men, in their long black gowns and tall hats, have come from? Were they greater, or not so great, as the beadles, with the heavy gold sticks in their hands and the gold all about them? Where was Leonard now? Oh, there he was, amongst a stream of boys walking side by side with the girls. And the banners, with the names of the schools on them—how they fluttered in the wind! If it was so beautiful outside, what would it be in the cathedral itself? Katie's heart beat very fast as her turn came to be ushered up the steps by a beadle, with a very imposing wand of office in his hand. Suppose at the last moment she should be turned back?

But Katie needed not to be afraid. The dreaded beadle even smiled at her, as he met the sweet wonder in her eyes for a moment, and, re-assured by that smile, Katie drew a long breath of relief. The next moment she was in the beautiful cathedral, already apparently full to overflowing with children and spectators. Katie gave one long, wondering look around, and then she stopped, and dropped the flowers she held, causing a momentary pause in the procession.



THE STANDARD BEARER.

"Pick up your flowers and move on, stupid!" whispered the rather ill-natured girl with whom the little intruder was walking; and, with a face covered with blushes, Katie obeyed.

She did not drop her flowers again, but did her best to imitate her companions. When she stood beneath the dome, and saw the tiers of seats some already occupied, others waiting for the arrival of the schools to which they were allotted, Katie hardly could restrain her emotion; but she managed to remain outwardly calm. Her seat happened to be low down and to face the choir, so that she could see the east window, the clergy in their stalls, and—what she liked still better—the little boys in their white surplices in the choir. Imitating the action of the other girls as they took their places, our little Katie hid her face in her apron for a few moments, scarcely knowing why she did it. The poor child had never learned to pray, and yet I think that the wish that went up from her little heart to be always neat like this, was almost a prayer. Dimly and vaguely the new sights and sounds about her were awaking new ambitions

in our Katie, who never could, after this wonderful day, be content again with the dirt and squalor of the court in which she lived.

The prayer over, the white aprons smoothed down over the knees, and the mittened hands folded upon them, the children were free to gaze about them a little, before service began. Katie, searching for Leonard with eager eyes, was at first greatly



attracted by two little girls amongst the visitors,—their portraits are given you on the next page,—who were the daughters—though this Katie did not know—of one of the city dignitaries, sitting in grand state robes near the Lord Mayor, toward the center of the floor. Are these little girls, in the strangely shaped hats which were then coming into fashion again, any prettier than some of the charity girls, in their funny mob-caps? I scarcely think they are; do you?

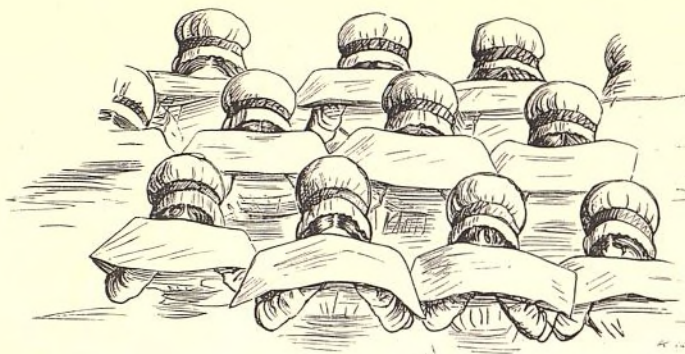
Just as the vast congregation rises to begin the service, Katie catches sight of the banner belonging to Leonard's school, far, far up above her head on the right. Her eager look of recognition contrasts very pleasantly with the rather weary expression of some of the more experienced singers. Many eyes are turned to look at two fine little singers, whose voices come in sweetly toward the close of the chorus,—yet one looks abstracted, and the other is half asleep. The advantages the latter has had, if they have taught her to join so correctly in the Hundredth Psalm, perhaps deprive her of a certain sense of novelty, which shines in many of the other young faces. To Katie, all is unmingled delight; the very notes of her companion's voice are to her a sweet and holy surprise, for never before has she heard the wonderful, wonderful harmonies of this mighty chorus. But because the girls, in their quaint and many-colored costumes, are prettier than the more soberly dressed boys, I must not show unfair partiality for them. I must leave Katie to stare about her, and listen in wondering astonishment to the music, to return to Leonard, who, perched up in rather an awkward position for seeing anything above him, yet scarcely once looked down, and had not even thought of Katie. His whole

soul seemed to go up with the music, and he found himself wondering that it did not lift up the dome and escape back to heaven, from where, he felt, it surely must have come. If I followed him through the whole service, you would be as tired as I fear many of the little ones who had entered the cathedral so happily were, long long before it was over. I have to tell you, instead, of rather a sad conclusion to Leonard's part in the performance, and for this you must imagine all the prayers to be over and the sermon to have begun.

The text was very suitable for the young audience, to whom the sermon was specially addressed. It was, "Be thou faithful over a few things," and both the children in whom you and I are interested were able to take in fully all that the preacher said. Katie's attention, it is true, often wandered; how could it be otherwise in such an unfamiliar scene? but Leonard listened, eagerly hoping, in his innocent, childish way, that he had been faithful over the few things trusted to him. But why did the preacher's head begin to bob up and down?—were the girls pelting him with their bouquets of flowers? Surely not. Leonard looked down upon the long circles of white linen mob-caps beneath him. Why were they whirling round and round? Was the cathedral moving, or what? The dome, too, as he turned his eyes toward it, was spinning. Leonard, frightened, giddy, scarcely knowing where he was, flung his arms up above his head and fell heavily forward upon the shoulder of the boy in front of him.

There was a stir amongst the boys which spread from their ranks to those of the girls beneath, and thence to the visitors on the floor. What Leonard had fancied, was partly coming true; the mob-





AT PRAYERS.

caps, if not the preacher's head, were bobbing up and down. Leonard did not see the real thing, though. He was lifted tenderly in Mr. Dawson's arms, and by him carried down between the cords strained from the highest to the lowest tiers of seats, marking off the spaces assigned to particular schools.

When Mr. Dawson reached the floor with his unconscious burden, he was met by a beadle who whispered: "Let me take him, sir; where does he live? I'll see him safe home." Mr. Dawson gave Mrs. Layton's address, and Leonard, still unconscious, was carried out of the cathedral, past the conductor and visitors, every one turning to look with sympathy at his white face resting against the coat of the resplendently attired beadle. The conductor, who, you remember, had been struck by Leonard's voice in St. Sepulchre's Church, saw him carried past and determined to find out all about him when he was released from the cathedral.



THE DIGNITARY'S DAUGHTERS.

Katie, when she saw that the child who had fallen was Leonard, could scarcely restrain herself from running out after him. Not one word more of the sermon did she hear, and when it was over

and the Hallelujah chorus begun, she started up with a low cry of relief, which, fortunately, perhaps, for her, was drowned in the burst of music. Katie ever after associated the beautiful chorus with the pain she felt on this occasion, as being still unable to follow Leonard. When at last the signal for leaving the cathedral came, her companion had really every excuse for eager injunctions to Katie to behave herself.

Back again in Aldersgate Ward, Katie, scarcely to her regret, was compelled to resume her rags, and she was bounding away in them toward Mrs. Layton's lodgings when she met Harry coming to seek her. Leonard was better, was asking for her. And "Oh, Katie," added Harry as she trotted beside him, scarcely able to keep up with his long strides, "there's such news! The conductor has been to inquire about him, and he's going to take him for his own pupil when he is better, and Mr. Dawson is there; he has seen mother alone and she won't tell me what he said."

But Katie cared nothing about Mr. Dawson; why should she? As she stood beside Leonard lying back on the slippery horse-hair sofa pale and exhausted, but with a smile of intense interest upon his lips, her little heart was full. Must she go back now, after this peep into a world of love and music, to the squalor and turmoil of the court? "Katie, come here," said Mrs. Layton, seeing the tears ready to fall from the bright blue eyes. "tell me how you would like to stay with me and be my little companion; Leonard is going away from me to the other side of London, and —"

"Yes, Katie!" cried Leonard sitting up and holding out his hand, "and you can have my little attic and my bed, and I shall see you sometimes. Oh, Katie, is n't it glorious?"

"Glorious, indeed!" echoed Harry; "though how a fellow's to do without you at that stupid old school is more than this fellow, for one, can tell."

But the great day is over, and we must say good-bye to those with whom we have shared its mingled pain and joy. You would like to know what became of them all afterward, you say; and, as a little bird has told me something, I will pass it on to you. Let us fancy we are standing again at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, sixteen years after the "Children's Day" when Katie and Leonard took part in the procession. See, there is the conductor, hurrying in to arrange his music before the arrival of the children. He is a tall, slim man, with blue eyes. Is there not something familiar about him? Can it be Leonard? See him turn and smile, before he disappears in the cathedral! Yes, it is the very smile which went to Katie's heart so many years ago. And now the crowd is thickening. Again the boys are filling up, so like, and yet so different, from those we watched so long ago. The knee-breeches are gone. The all-invading trousers have replaced them. There is nothing very distinctive now, even about the banner-bearers of the wards. But here come the girls, they are not changed, the mob-caps, the white aprons and the long white gloves might be the very same as those worn by Katie and her companions. Do we see no familiar faces amongst them? No, not one. But who is that fair young mistress speaking to a beadle in the distance? Can it be Katie herself? Yes, it is Katie,

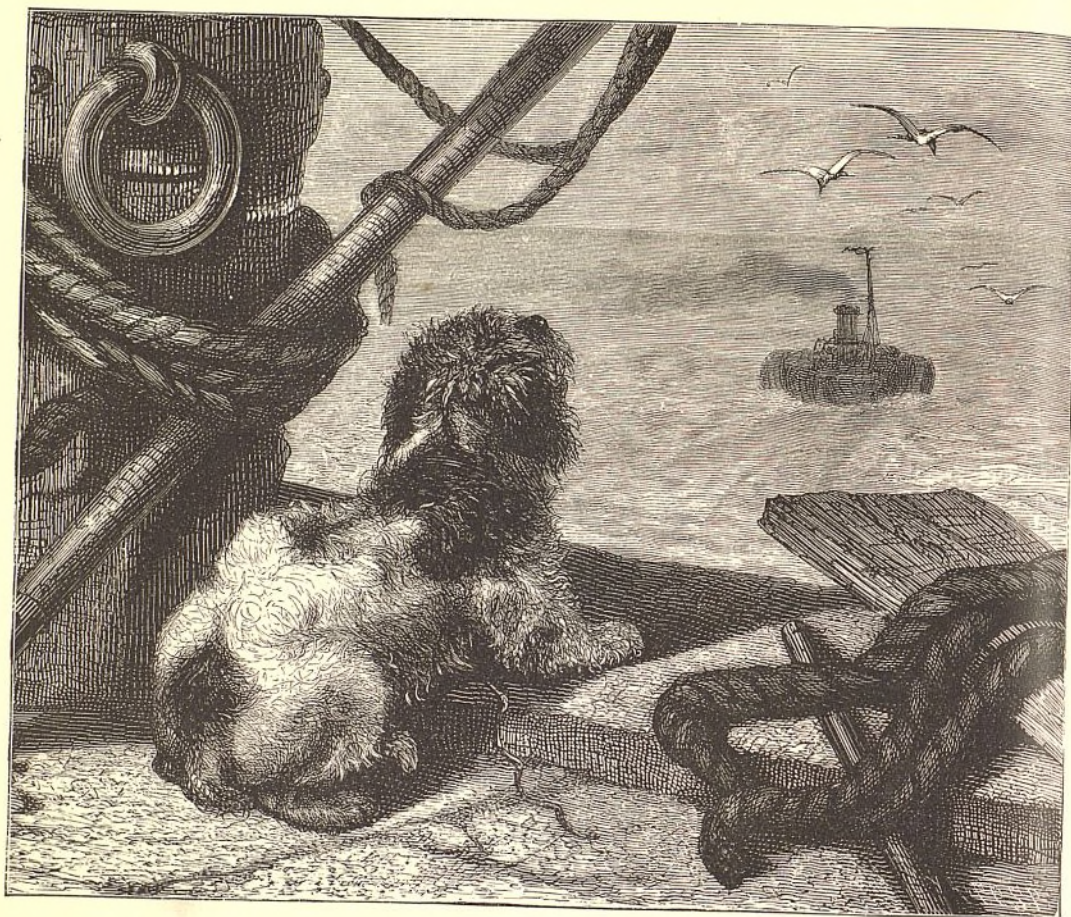
and if we could follow her to her lodgings after she has taken her little charges back to Aldersgate



NEAR THE END OF THE SINGING. [PAGE 153.]

Ward, we should see what a cozy little home she has made there for her poor old mother. And Harry and Mrs. Layton, where are they? Harry is tossing about in a ship on the Atlantic, Mrs. Layton is waiting in her pretty little house near London for Leonard's return home. She has a delightful letter from Harry that she is eager to share with her younger son.





LEFT BEHIND.

WHAT SHALL HE DO WITH HER?

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THIS is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat,—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat had n't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called

cues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cats. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China",—a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small English island (hardly room enough to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said

that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat; in my experience it requires more.

As I said, I doubt if China is a cat, take her all together. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail, that is, a kind of place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there was n't any tail there; the other end of her was rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it round and round as if it were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one thing nor another; and I cannot make out whether she is a rabbit trying to be a cat, or a cat trying to be a rabbit. She succeeds, any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur,—a most pleasing color,—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty face. Like some other beauties, however, she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house, when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying-squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing off all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off the blossoms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all,—only to escape from it for the moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was "awful cunning" and entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house

and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too, when she was n't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness has gone out of her, but she is really untamed,—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her,—a mild, staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail, enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarreling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms did n't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began to look as if they were thickening in the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. Gone, after weeks of patient watching, watering, and anxious expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now, does n't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish tops? This is one thing I want to know.

There came once to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it did n't matter if it had no tail, that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children of ST. NICHOLAS is this: What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, nor sell her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass?



HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY KATHARINE D. SMITH.



CHAPTER VI.

"We never can be jollier than this!" cried Lilla, in an irrepressible burst of enjoyment. "Oh, that it might last forever, and that seminaries for young ladies might be turned into zoölogical

gardens! Then we could keep house here forever and take tea with Miss Mirandy every week, if she asked us. What a good supper that was, girls!! Oh, Belle and Jo, you ought to be overcome with remorse when you think what you might give us to eat, if you were only energetic and ingenious!"

"You're the very essence of thanklessness!" answered Belle, in high dudgeon. "It's just a fiery martyrdom to cook for you, girls, you are so ungrateful!"

"My dear child, I'm sorry for my remark," said Lilla, with sweet repentance. "It was very thoughtless in me to rouse your anger until after the next meal. Any impertinence of ours is sure to be visited upon us in the form of oatmeal mush, or salt fish and crackers."

"Lilla Porter, if you 'want to be an angel,' it

would be better to draw your thoughts away from eatables for a time. You talk entirely too much about food to be elegant," said Edith Lambert. "When you are through with your nonsense, I have something to propose for our final 'good time.' We've only four days, it's true, 'and pity 't is 'tis true;' but we must go away with flying colors, and astonish the natives with our genius. Now I ——"

"Silence in court!" cried Jo, impressively. "Let me offer you the coal-hod for a platform; it won't tip over. Go on, you look as dignified as a policeman."

"Stop your nonsense, Jo. You remember, Belle, the time at school when we made a comic pantomime of 'Young Lochinvar,' and acted it before the professors?"

"Indeed I do," laughed Belle, in recollection. "We girls took all the characters. What fun it was!"

"Well, why can't we do that again, changing and improving it, of course? Our boys are so clever and bright about anything of the kind, they would be irresistibly funny. What do you think?"

"I like the idea," answered Sadie Weld. "Uncle Harry's large hall would be just the place for it, and the stage is already there."

"Yes," proceeded Allie; "we can't think of anything that would be greater fun. How shall we cast the characters? You must be the bride,

Belle, the 'fair Ellen;' you will do it better than anybody. Jo will make up into the funniest old lady for a mother, and the rest of us can be the bride-maidens. Hugh Pennell will be a glorious Young Lochinvar, if he can be persuaded to run away with Belle."

"Yes," said Edith, "and poor Jack will have to be the 'craven bridegroom' who loses his bride, and Geoff, the 'stern parient.'"

"Uncle Harry will read the poem, I know," continued Belle; "Phil Howard, Royal Lawrence and Harry will be bride-men. We'll perform the piece in such a tragic way that each separate hair in the audience shall stand erect."

"But, oh the work, girls!" sighed Sadie,—"wooden horses to be made for the elopement scene, Scottish dresses, and all sorts of toggerly to be hunted up; can we ever do it?"

"Nonsense; of course we can," rejoined Belle, energetically. "We can consult every book on private theatricals, Scottish history, manners and costumes in the house. Let us get up at five to-morrow morning, have a simple breakfast of—"

"Mush and milk," finished Lilla, with grim sarcasm. "If time must be saved, of course it must come out of the cooking! How are we to do all this amount of work on a low diet I'd like to know?"

"How are the cooks to get time for anything outside the kitchen if they humor your unnatural appetite? Out of kindness, we are going to lower you gradually, meal by meal, into the pit of boarding-school fare."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I don't care to be starved beforehand by way of getting used to it," retorted Lilla, as she lighted the bedroom candles. "Come, girls, do put out the fire; it was sleepy-time an hour ago, and if you want to see something beautiful, look out through this piazza window."

Beneath them lay the steep river-bank, smooth with its white glittering crust, above which a few naked alders pushed their snow-weighted fingertips; one rugged old pine-tree in the garden, standing grand, solemn and fearless; the quiet river, turned by King Winter into an icy mirror; the fall below, over which the waters tumbled too furiously to be frozen; the old bridge knitting together the two little villages; and over all the dazzling winter moonlight.

Six dreamy faces now at the cottage-window. Six girlish figures, all drawn closely together, with arms lovingly clasped. The beautiful, solemn stillness of the picture hushed them into quietness, and Belle impulsively bent her brown head down to the window-sill, and whispered softly:

"Dear Lord, make us pure and white within as thy world is without."

"Pull down the curtain," sighed Jo; "it makes me feel wicked!"

CHAPTER VII.

ON the next morning, and indeed on all those left of their stay, the six housekeepers were up at an alarmingly early hour, so that the sun, accustomed to being the earliest of all risers, felt himself quite behindhand and outshone.

In vain he clambered up over the hill-side in a desperate hurry; they were always before him with lighted candles. As for the clock, it held up its hands in astonishment, and struck five shrill exclamation points of surprise to see six wide-awake girls tumbling out of their warm nests at such hours.

The day's hours were hardly many enough for the day's plans; there were farewell, coasting, skating and sleighing parties, beside active daily preparations for the pantomime. The costumes of the boys were gorgeous to behold, and were fashioned entirely by the girls' clever fingers. They consisted of scarlet or blue flannel shirts, short plaid skirts, colored stockings striped with braid, sashes worn over shoulder, and jaunty little caps with bobbing feathers.

On the last happy evening of their stay, the event-



THE BOOKS THEY CONSULTED.

ful evening of "Young Lochinvar," the guests gathered from all the surrounding country to see

the frolic. There were people from North X, South X, East X, and West X, from X Upper Corner, X Lower Corner, and X Four Corners, and everybody had brought his uncle and cousins.

In the big dressing-room, the young actors were assembled,—in a high state of exuberance and excitement, fortunately, else they would have been decidedly frightened at the ordeal. Jo was trying to make herself look seventy; and, though not succeeding, transformed herself into a very presentable Scottish dame, with her short satin gown and apron, lace kerchief and glasses. Edith was giving one pointed burnt-cork eyebrow to Hugh, that he might wear a sufficiently dashing and defiant expression for Lochinvar. Jack was before the mirror practicing his meek expression for the jilted bridegroom.

Belle had sunk into a chair, and folded her hands to "get up" her courage. As to her dress, nobody knew whether it was the proper one for a Scottish bride or not; but it was the only available thing, and certainly she looked in it a very bewitching and sufficient excuse for Lochinvar's rash folly. It was of some shining white material, and came below the ankle, just showing a pair of jaunty high-heeled slippers; the skirt was brodered and flounced to the belt, the waist simple and full, with short puffed sleeves; while a bridal veil and dainty crown of flowers made her as winsome and bonny as a white Scottish rose.

Uncle Harry stumbled in at the low door.

"Are you ready, young fry?" asked he; "it is half-past seven, and we ought to begin."

"Put out the foot-lights; give the people back their money, and tell them the prima donna is dangerously ill!" gasped Belle, faintly, fanning herself excitedly with a box-cover. "I don't believe I can ever do it. Hugh, are you perfectly sure our horse won't break down on the stage when we elope?"

"Calm yourself, 'fair Ellen,' and trust to my horsemanship. Does n't the poem say:

"In all the wide border, his steed was the best;"

and does n't this exactly embody Scott's idea?"—pointing to a very wild and cross-eyed looking wooden effigy mounted on a pair of trucks.

Have you ever read Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Young Lochinvar?" I hope so, for they are brave old verses, albeit the moral may not be the best for nineteenth-century boys and girls. It begins:

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
In all the wide border, his steed was the best;

And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

And then it goes on to say that he rode fast and far, staid not for brakes, stopped not for stones, but all in vain; for ere he alighted at Netherby Gate, the fair Ellen, overcome by parental authority, had consented to be married,

"For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."

But he, nothing daunted, boldly entered the bridal hall among bride-men and bride-maids and kinsmen, thereby raising so general a commotion that the bride's father cried at once (the poor craven bridegroom being struck quite dumb):

"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

The lover answers with great indifference that though he has in past time been exceeding fond of the young person called Ellen, he has now merely come to tread a measure and drink one cup of wine, for although love swells like the tide, it ebbs like it also. So he drinks her health while she sighs and blushes, weeps and smiles alternately; then he takes her "soft hand," her parents fretting and fuming the while, and leads the dance with her,—he so stately, she so lovely, that they are the subject of much envy and gossip. But while thus treading the measure, he whispers in her ear something to which she apparently consents, without any unwillingness, and at the right moment they dance out by the back door, where the charger stands ready saddled. Quick as thought he swings her lightly up, springs before her, and they dash furiously away.

"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar."

As soon as their flight is discovered, there is wild excitement and hasty mounting of all the Netherby clan; there is racing and chasing over the fields, but they never recover the lost bride.

"So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

Uncle Harry read the poem through in such a stirring way that the audience were fairly warmed into interest; then, standing by the side of the stage with the curtain rolled up, he read it again, line by line, or verse by verse, to explain the action. During the first stanza, Lochinvar made his triumphal entrance, riding a prancing hobby with a

sweeping tail of raveled rope, and a mane to match; gorgeous trappings, adorned with sleigh-bells and ornamental paper designs, and bunches of cotton tacked on for flecks of foam.

Lochinvar himself wore gray pasteboard armor, a pair of carpet slippers with ferocious spurs, red mittens;—and he carried a huge carving-knife. His costume alone was enough to convulse any one, but the manner in which he careered wildly about the stage, displaying his valorous horsemanship as

room on his arm, while the bridegroom looks on wretchedly, the parents quarrel, and the bride-maidens whisper:

"'T were better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

At the first opportunity, the guests walk leisurely out, and young Lochinvar gets an imaginary chance to draw Ellen hastily back into the supper-room. He whispers the magic word into her ear, she starts in horror and draws back; he urges; she demurs;



BEFORE THE PLAY.

he rode to the wedding, was perfectly irresistible. The next scene opens in Netherby Hall, showing the bridal party all assembled in gala dress. Into this family gathering presently strides the determined lover, with his carving-knife sheathed for politeness' sake. Then follows a comical pantomime between the angry parents, who demand his intentions, and the adroit Lochinvar, who declares them to be peaceful. The father (Geoffrey Strong) at last gives unwilling permission to drink one cup of wine and lead one measure with the bride. She kisses the goblet (a quart dipper), he quaffs off the liquor and throws down the cup. Fair Ellen giggles with pleasure, and promenades about the

he pleads; she shows signs of surrender; he begs on his bended knees; she yields at length, with a broad grin, to the plan of the elopement. Then he darts to the outside door and brings in his charger (rather a unique proceeding, but necessary under the circumstances). As the flight was to be made on horseback, much ingenuity and labor was needed to arrange it artistically. The horse's head was the work of Geoff's hand, and for meekness of expression, jadedness, utterly-cast-down-and-worn-out-ed-ness, it stood absolutely unrivaled. A pair of trucks were secreted beneath the horse-blankets, and the front legs of the animal pranced gayly out in front, taking that startling



and decided curve only seen in pictures of mowing-machines and horse-trots. Lochinvar quiets his fiery beast and swings Ellen up to the saddle, himself jumps up, waves his tall hat in triumph, and starts off at a snail's pace, the horse being dragged by a rope from behind the scenes. When half-way across the stage, Ellen nudges her lover hastily and seems to have forgotten something. Everybody in the room at once guesses it must be her baggage. She explains earnestly in pantomime; Lochinvar refuses to go back; she insists; he remains firm; she pouts and seemingly says she won't elope at all unless she can have her own way. He relents, and they go back to the house; Ellen runs up a back stair-way and comes down laden with maidenly traps. Greatly to the merriment of the observers, she loads them on the docile horse, in the face of Lochinvar's displeasure—two small looking-glasses, a bird-cage, and a French bonnet. She then leisurely draws on a pair of huge India-rubbers, unfurls a yellow linen umbrella, and suffers herself to be remounted just as her lover's patience is ebbing. The second trip across the stage was accomplished in safety, though with anything but the fleetness common to elopements.

Then came the pursuit. Four bride-men on slashing hobby-horses, jumping fences, leaping bars and ditches in hot excitement; four bride-maids, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, running hither and thither in confusion; the old mother and father, limping in and straining their eyes for a sight of their refractory daughter; and last of all, poor Jack, the deserted bridegroom, with never a horse left to him, puffing and panting in his angry chase. It was done! How people laughed till they cried, how they continued to laugh for five minutes after-

ward I cannot begin to tell you. It had been the perfection of fun from first to last, and seemed all the funnier because it was original with the bright bevy of young folks. The lights at length were all out and the finery bundled up, many farewells were said, and as they trudged through the garden for the last time, the sorry thoughts would come, although the party was much too youthful and cheery to be very sad.

"Depart, fun and frolic!" sighed Lilla, in a very mournful tone. "Depart, late breakfasts and other delights of laziness!

Enter, boarding-school, books, bells and other banes of existence!"

"I am as savage as a—hydrant or any other monster," snapped Jo. "Now I know how Eve must have felt when she had to pack up and leave the garden; only she went because she insisted upon eating of the tree of knowledge, while I must go and eat whether I will or not."

"Your appetite is n't so great that you'll ever be troubled with indigestion," dryly rejoined Sadie, the student of the "six."

"Fancy starting off at eight to-morrow morning; fancy reaching school at noon, and sitting stupidly down to a dinner of fried liver and cracker-pudding! Ugh! it makes me shiver," said Allie.

"Think of us," cried Geoff, "going back to college, and settling into regular 'digs!'"

"No slang!" scolded Edith, saucily. "If 'digs' is a contraction of dignitaries, you'll certainly never be those; if you mean you are to delve into the mines of learning, that's doubtful, too; but if it's a corruption of Dig-ger Indian, I should say there might be some force in your remark."

"Hugh, I was really proud of you to-night," laughed Belle. "You made yourself very nearly as ridiculous and foolish as I made myself."

It was afternoon of the next day. The six little housekeepers were gone, and the dejected boys went into the garden to take a last look at the empty cottage. On the door was a long piece of fluttering white paper, tied with black crape. It proved to be the parting words of the "Jolly Six."

"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of vacation,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The coasting, the sleigh-rides, and—chief recreation—
That gayest of picnics with squires so true.

And now, torn away from the loved situation,
The bump of conceit will explosively swell,
As proudly we think, never since the creation,
Did any young housekeepers keep house so well!

But though our great genius so highly we've rated,
Yet all that belongs to the kitchen, we know;
And feel that from infancy we have been fated
For scrubbing and cooking far more than for show.

The cook-stove and dish-pan to us are so charming,
So toothsome the compounds we often have mixed,
That though you may think the news very alarming,
On housekeeping ever our minds are all fixed."

This nonsense the boys read with hearty laughter, and latching the gate behind them, they went off, leaving the place verily deserted.

The setting sun shone rosily in at the piazza window, but fell blankly against a gray curtain, instead of smiling into six laughing faces as before.

A noisy crowd of sparrows settled on the bare branches over the door-step, and twittered as if expecting the supper of bread-crumbs which girlish hands had been wont to throw them, and at last flew away disappointed. In the old house opposite, Miss Mirandy sat in her high-backed chair knitting as fiercely as ever, while Miss Jane was at her post by the window, drearily watching the sun go down.

She turned away with the glow of a new thought in her wrinkled face. "Mirandy!" called she, sharply.

No answer but the sharp click of knitting-needles. "Mirandy Sawyer! What do you say to—adopting—of—a child!"

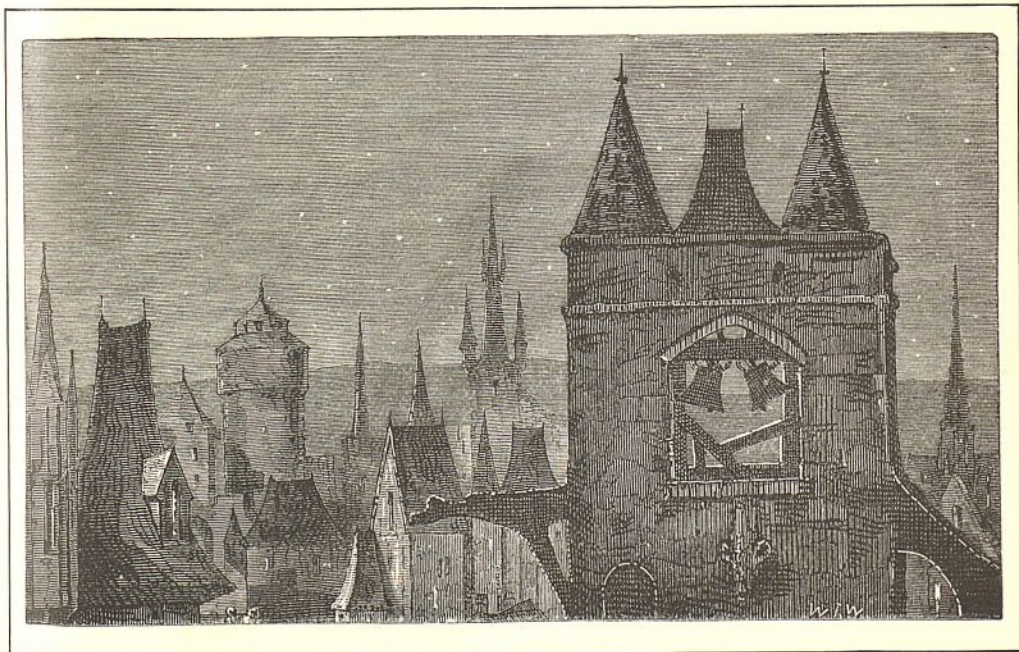
Miss Jane never sugared her pills, but cast them uncoated into the wide-open mouths of listeners.

"It seems like a streak of sunshine had gone out the place with them young creeturs, and I think we've lived here alone long enough! I should like to give one girl a chance of being a brighter, livelier woman than I be. Yes, you may drop your knitting, Mirandy, but you know it as well as I do!"

No wonder that Miss Sawyer looked very much as if she had been struck by lightning; the more wonder that the quiet old house did not shake to its foundation, when this proposal was made. Indeed, old Tabby on the hearth-rug did wake up, startled, no doubt, by the consciousness that a child's hand might pull her tail in future days.

So, happiness, after all, is of some good in the world, since half a dozen happy young housekeepers showed two unhappy old ones the need of love and cheerfulness to brighten their lives.

THE END.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noon-tide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a gray stone basin,
And over the cool wet brink
The heads of thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
As the horses come and go,
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah, beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words, and yet

I think that each toil-worn creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fates
Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of their gracious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be,
For this "Cup of Water" given by them
When they were children three.





SOME MALAYAN DANCES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

WHILE on a cruise among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, wholly under the control of Holland; and its Dutch architecture, and Dutch manners of living, make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture, and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged, of their habits, dress, and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and

a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftain, who once had been in the service of the Rajah of Djokjaskarta; and for a small fee, Selim volunteered to escort our party to the court of his former master, and if possible, to procure us admittance to the royal presence. Selim we found to be evidently a favorite with the Rajah, or *Sultan*, as he is called by his own subjects; and we were received with more favor than we had ventured to hope for, by this very exclusive Malayan prince,

who usually declines the interchange of all civilities with foreigners—strangers especially. But thanks to Selim's kindness, the Rajah not only gave us a cordial welcome to his palace, but also invited us to dine, and after a sumptuous repast of Malayan dainties served in Malayan style, he called in, for our entertainment, his favorite bands of singing and dancing girls. The dancers came first. They were lovely, graceful little creatures, hardly beyond their childhood, with bright faces, and pretty, girlish motions; and they glided into the room, each playing on a timbrel or a lute.

Every one of the dancers was crowned with natural flowers, and each wore, in addition, a massive wreath, that was passed over the left shoulder, and under the right arm, extending far down below the knees. These wreaths, we soon learned, were not designed merely or mainly for ornament. They were very compactly formed of evergreens and the tiny buds of fragrant flowers, such as would not fall to pieces readily; and each *danseuse* used her wreath very much as little girls sometimes use a hoop, in such games as "thread-the-needle," and "running the gauntlet." In truth, one of these Malayan dances was almost identical with the latter game, as I used to play it in my school-days—with only the difference that these orientals used their flower-wreaths to jump through, instead of the less graceful hoop. And let me tell you, it was a pretty sight to watch a dozen of these bright-eyed Malayan girls in their flower-crowns and short, picturesque dresses, chasing one another through a whole line of wreathed arches that were held in place, each by a holder on either side, the flying leapers clearing each wreath at a bound, without the pause of a second.

In one of the dances, the girls twirled rapidly around in a circle, the wreaths were thrown from one neck to another, in a twinkling, and so completely in accord were the movements, that there was seldom a neck carrying either two or none. The entertainment closed by the entire company, with hand joined in hand, dancing in a graceful ring around the Sultan; and each, as she came *vis-à-vis* with the great man, laid her wreath and crown, with a profound salaam, at his feet, and again joined her companions. Then all passed out, leaving behind two huge pyramids of lovely natural flowers, that loaded the air with fragrance.

At Bandony we attended a *gammelang*, a sort of half-play and half-concert, of which high-bred Malays are very fond; but in which the lower class never indulge. There were about three hundred instruments, timbrels, cymbals, drums, violins, triangles, tom-toms, horns, and flutes; and the deafening din produced by the combination, I cannot begin to describe. The very thought

of it caused my ears to tingle for a week afterward; but the natives said the music was excellent, and I suppose it was, if only there had been less of it. For the Malays are the most musical people of the East, and I have heard them sing songs of wonderful sweetness.

Some girls and boys acted a comical little farce just after the noisy music I have described; and the pretty, girlish performers were very fancifully dressed. But I thought the game scarcely a fair one. For each dainty damsel would single out one of her boy admirers, and invite his approach by offering him a flower, or holding out her hand toward him, and then, the moment he came within arm's length, she would throw a bon-bon in his face, and retreat behind her companions, who all joined her in laughing merrily at the youth's discomfiture. The last we saw of them the whole group were dancing gayly beneath a live palm-tree, and the next moment, tree, maidens and all disappeared, none of us knew how or where. At least, I did not. The natives, however, who are used to such wonderful feats, took the disappearance very coolly; but our unaccustomed eyes gazed with untold wonder at the vacant space, where, but a moment before, we had seen growing, in tropic luxuriance, this mammoth tree, loaded with leaves, fruits, and flowers.

At a later day we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword-dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily, it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year-old lads, who are trained to their vocation from a very early age; but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this very peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-colored birds, intermingled with brightly gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords; but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely, and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward, while they are in the very act of whizzing and whirling round the room in a rapid gallopade. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, and the turns and thrusts are sudden, none seem taken unawares; nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his own opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advan-

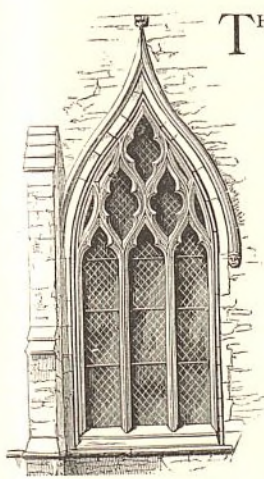
tage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or the other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honorably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed, has to go through an additional season of probation.

The ordinary dress of the lower class of Malays is very simple, consisting for the most part of a long, loose "sarong," or petticoat, in place of trousers, and a tight-fitting jacket of white or red cotton; but the garb of the princes is very gorgeous.

The rajahs wore sarongs of heavy silk, jackets of velvet richly embroidered in gold and tiny seed-pearls, and jeweled girdles that seemed all ablaze with diamonds. Both turbans and sandals were adorned in the same costly fashion; and as for the creese or serpentine dagger, without which a Malay, whatever his rank, never appears, those of the rajahs were marvels of costly workmanship. The display of wealth in the palaces of these native chiefs was far beyond what we expected to find; but we learned afterward that Malayan "sultans" are pirate chiefs as well; and though they don't, in person, rob or murder on the high seas, they derive enormous revenues from the piratical hordes that everywhere infest the Malay Archipelago.

THE KING'S CHURCH.

A SWEDISH LEGEND.



THERE was once a king, who, to the honor and glory of God, erected a magnificent cathedral, and, by his express order, no one was allowed to contribute to it even a shilling, for he wished to complete it all alone at his own expense. So it was done, and beautiful and grand stood the cathedral in all its pomp and splendor. Then the king caused to be put up a great marble tablet, on which he had

carved, with letters of gold, an inscription, announcing that he, the king, had built the church, and that no one else had contributed thereto a single shilling. But when the tablet had remained up one day and one night, the inscription was altered in the night, and in place of the king's name was another, and it was the name of a poor woman, so that now it stood written that she had built the splendid cathedral.

This enraged the king to the highest degree, and he immediately had her name erased and his own inscribed again. But the next day the poor woman's name was again found upon the tablet, and again the people read that she had built the temple. For the third time the king's name was

replaced in the inscription, and for the third time it vanished, and the other appeared in its stead. Then the king perceived that it was the finger of God which had written, and he sent for the woman and brought her before his throne. Full of anguish and terror, she stood in the presence of the king, who addressed her thus:

"Woman, a wonderful thing has occurred. Now, before God, and to save thy life, tell me the truth. Didst thou not hear my command that no one should contribute anything to the cathedral? Hast thou, notwithstanding, given somewhat?"

Then the woman fell humbly at the king's feet and said:

"Mercy! my lord, the king! Under thy favor will I acknowledge all. I am a very poor woman, and earn my bit of bread by spinning, so that I need not die of hunger, and, having saved up a shilling, I wished, for God's honor, to give it to the building of thy temple. But, O king! I feared thy ordinance and thy stern threatenings, and therefore I bought with my shilling a bundle of hay and strewed it before the oxen that dragged the stone for thy church, and they ate it. So I sought to fulfill my wish without transgressing thy command."

When the king heard the woman's words, he was much moved, and perceived that God had looked into her good heart, and accepted her offering as a richer contribution than all he had lavished upon the costly temple. The monarch then bestowed rich gifts upon the woman, and meekly accepted the rebuke that God had given him.

Christmas Day.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men."

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day,

on Christmas Day ;

And all the angels in heaven shall sing

On Christmas Day
in the morning !"



When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day ;
The very cattle in the stalls

Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine,
With luster of a light divine.

Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas !" in their sleep ;

And dream about the Christmas-tree ;

Or rise, their stockings filled to see.

Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,

Of loving friend and kindred dear ;

Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the "Merry Christmas !" prayer.

While through it all, so sweet and strong,

Is heard the holy angels' song ;

"Glory be to God above !

On earth be peace and helpful love !"

And on the street, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin :

"Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, nor fear to seek
Him,
Children though we be ;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to me.'

"Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the king of glory,
Born for us to-day."



BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

IT began with Aunt Hetty's being out of temper, which, it must be confessed, was nothing new. At its best, Aunt Hetty's temper was none of the most charming, and this morning it was at its worst. She had awakened to the consciousness of having a hard day's work before her, and she had awakened late, and so every thing had gone wrong from the first. There was a sharp ring in her voice when she came to Jem's bedroom-door and called out, "Jemima! Get up this minute!"

Jem knew what to expect when Aunt Hetty began a day by calling her "Jemima." It was one of the poor child's grievances that she had been given such an ugly name. In all the books she had read, and she had read a great many, Jem never had met a heroine who was called Jemima. But it had been her mother's favorite sister's name, and so it had fallen to her lot. Her mother always called her "Jem," or "Mimi," which was much prettier, and even Aunt Hetty only reserved Jemima for unpleasant state occasions.

It was a dreadful day to Jem. Her mother was not at home and would not be until night. She had been called away unexpectedly and had been obliged to leave Jem and the baby to Aunt Hetty's mercies.

So Jem found herself busy enough. Scarcely had she finished doing one thing when Aunt Hetty told her to begin another. She wiped dishes and picked fruit and attended to the baby, and when baby had gone to sleep, and everything else seemed disposed of, for a time at least, she was so tired that she was glad to sit down.

And then she thought of the book she had been reading the night before,—a certain delightful story-book, about a little girl whose name was Flora, and who was so happy and rich and pretty and good that Jem had likened her to the little princesses one reads about, to whose christening feast every fairy brings a gift.

"I shall have time to finish my chapter before dinner-time comes," said Jem, and she sat down snugly in one corner of the wide old-fashioned fire-place.

But she had not read more than two pages before something dreadful happened. Aunt Hetty came into the room in a great hurry,—in such a hurry, indeed, that she caught her foot in the matting and fell, striking her elbow sharply against a chair, which so upset her temper that the moment she found herself on her feet she flew at Jem.

"What!" she said, snatching the book from her, "Reading again, when I am running all over the house for you?" And she flung the pretty little blue-covered volume into the fire.

Jem sprang to rescue it with a cry, but it was impossible to reach it, it had fallen into a great hollow of red coal and the blaze caught it at once.

"You are a wicked woman!" cried Jem, in a dreadful passion, to Aunt Hetty. "You are a wicked woman."

Then matters reached a climax. Aunt Hetty boxed her ears, pushed her back on her little foot-stool, and walked out of the room.

Jem hid her face on her arms and cried as if her heart would break. She cried until her eyes were heavy, and she thought she should be obliged to go to sleep. But just as she was thinking of going to sleep, something fell down the chimney and made her look up. It was a piece of mortar, and it brought a great deal of soot with it. She bent forward and looked up to see where it had come from. The chimney was so very wide that this was easy enough. She could see where the mortar had fallen from the side and left a white patch.

"How white it looks against the black!" said Jem. "It is like a white brick among the black ones. What a queer place a chimney is! I can see a bit of the blue sky, I think."

And then a funny thought came into her fanciful little head. What a many things were burned in the big fire-place, and vanished in smoke or tinder up the chimney! Where did everything go? There was Flora, for instance,—Flora who was represented on the frontispiece,—with lovely, soft flowing hair, and a little fringe on her pretty round forehead, crowned with a circlet of daisies, and a laugh in her wide-awake round eyes. Where was she by this time? Certainly there was nothing left of her in the fire. Jem almost began to cry again at the thought.

"It was too bad," she said. "She was so pretty and funny, and I did like her so!"

I dare say it scarcely will be credited by unbelieving people when I tell them what happened next, it was such a very singular thing, indeed.

Jem felt herself gradually lifted off her little foot-stool.

"Oh!" she said, timidly. "I feel very light."

She did feel light indeed. She felt so light that she was sure she was rising gently in the air.

"Oh!" she said, again. "How—how very

light I feel! Oh, dear! I'm going up the chimney!"

It was rather strange that she never thought of calling for help, but she did not. She was not easily frightened; and now she was only wonderfully astonished, as she remembered afterward. She shut her eyes tight and gave a little gasp.

"I've heard Aunt Hetty talk about the draught drawing things up the chimney, but I never knew it was as strong as this," she said.

She went up, up, up, quietly and steadily, and without any uncomfortable feeling at all; and then all at once she stopped, feeling that her feet rested against something solid. She opened her eyes and looked about her, and there she was, standing right opposite the white brick, her feet on a tiny ledge.

"Well," she said, "this is funny."

But the next thing that happened was funnier still. She found, that without thinking what she was doing, she was knocking on the white brick with her knuckles, as if it was a door, and she expected somebody to open it. The next minute she heard footsteps, and then a sound as if some one was drawing back a little bolt.

"It is a door," said Jem, "and somebody is going to open it."

The white brick moved a little, and some more mortar and soot fell, then the brick moved a little more, and then it slid aside and left an open space.

"It's a room!" cried Jem. "There's a room behind it."

And so there was, and before the open space stood a pretty little girl, with long lovely hair, and a fringe on her forehead! Jem clasped her hands in amazement. It was Flora, herself, as she looked in the picture, and Flora stood laughing and nodding.

"Come in!" she said. "I thought it was you."

"But how can I come in through such a little place?" asked Jem.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Flora. "Here, give me your hand."

Jem did as she told her, and found that it was easy enough. In an instant she had passed through the opening, the white brick had gone back to its place, and she was standing by Flora's side in a large room—the nicest room she had ever seen. It was big and lofty and light, and there were all kinds of delightful things in it,—books, and flowers, and playthings, and pictures, and in one corner a great cage full of love-birds.

"Have I ever seen it before?" asked Jem, glancing slowly round.

"Yes," said Flora, "You saw it last night—in your mind. Don't you remember it?"

Jem shook her head.

"I feel as if I did, but —"

"Why," said Flora, laughing, "it's my room, the one you read about last night."

"So it is," said Jem. "But how did you come here?"

"I can't tell you that; I myself don't know, but I am here, and so," rather mysteriously, "are a great many other things."



FLORA.

"Are they?" said Jem, very much interested. "What things? Burned things? I was just wondering —"

"Not only burned things," said Flora, nodding. "Just come with me and I'll show you something."

She led the way out of the room and down a little passage with several doors in each side of it, and she opened one door and showed Jem what was on the other side of it. That was a room, too, and this time it was funny as well as pretty. Both floor and walls were padded with rose color, and the floor was strewn with toys. There were big soft balls, rattles, horses, woolly dogs, and a doll or so; there was one low cushioned chair, and a low table.

"You can come in," said a shrill little voice behind the door. "Only mind you don't tread on things."

"What a funny little voice!" said Jem, but she had no sooner said it than she jumped back.

The owner of the voice who had just come forward was no other than Baby.

"Why," exclaimed Jem, beginning to feel frightened, "I left you fast asleep in your crib."

"Did you?" said Baby, somewhat scornfully.

"That's just the way with you grown-up people. You think you know everything, and yet you have n't discretion enough to know when a pin is sticking into one. You'd know soon enough if you had one sticking into your own back."

"But I'm not grown up," stammered Jem, "and when you are at home you can neither walk nor talk: you're not six months old!"

"Well, Miss," retorted Baby, whose wrongs seemed to have soured her disposition somewhat, "you have no need to throw that in my teeth; you were not six months old, either, when you were my age."

Jem could not help laughing.

"You have n't got any teeth!" she said.

"Have n't I?" said Baby, and she displayed two beautiful rows with some haughtiness of manner.

"When I am up here," she said, "I am supplied with the modern conveniences, and that's why I never complain. Do I ever cry when I am asleep? It's not falling asleep I object to, it's falling awake."

"Wait a minute," said Jem. "Are you asleep now?"

"I'm what you call asleep. I can only come here when I'm what you call asleep. Asleep, indeed! It's no wonder we always cry when we have to fall awake."

"But we don't mean to be unkind to you," protested Jem, meekly.

She could not help thinking Baby was very severe.

"Don't mean!" said Baby. "Well, why don't you think more, then? How would you like to have all the nice things snatched away from you, and all the old rubbish packed off on you as if you had n't any sense? How would you like to have to sit and stare at things you wanted, and not be able to reach them, or if you did reach them, have them fall out of your hand, and roll away in the most unfeeling manner? And then be scolded and called 'cross!' It's no wonder we are bald. You'd be bald yourself. It's trouble and worry that keep us bald until we can begin to take care of ourselves. I had more hair than this at first, but it fell off, as well it might. No philosopher ever thought of that, I suppose!"

"Well," said Jem, in despair, "I hope you enjoy yourself when you are here?"

"Yes, I do," answered Baby. "That's one comfort. There is nothing to knock my head against, and things have patent stoppers on them, so that they can't roll away, and everything is soft and easy to pick up."

There was a slight pause after this, and Baby seemed to cool down.

"I suppose you would like me to show you round," she said.

"Not if you have any objection," replied Jem, who was rather subdued.

"I would as soon do it as not," said Baby. "You are not as bad as some people, though you do get my clothes twisted when you hold me."

Upon the whole, she seemed rather proud of her position. It was evident she quite regarded herself as hostess. She held her small bald head very high indeed, as she trotted on before them. She stopped at the first door she came to, and knocked three times. She was obliged to stand upon tiptoe to reach the knocker.

"He's sure to be at home at this time of year," she remarked. "This is the busy season."

"Who's 'he'?" inquired Jem.

But Flora only laughed at Miss Baby's consequential air.

"S. C., to be sure," was the answer, as the young lady pointed to the door-plate, upon which Jem noticed, for the first time, "S. C." in very large letters.

The door opened, apparently without assistance, and they entered the apartment.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jem, the next minute. "Goodness gracious!"

She might well be astonished. It was such a long room that she could not see to the end of it, and it was piled from floor to ceiling with toys of every description, and there was such bustle and buzzing in it that it was quite confusing. The bustle and buzzing arose from a very curious cause, too,—it was the bustle and buzz of hundreds of tiny men and women who were working at little tables no higher than mushrooms,—the pretty tiny women cutting out and sewing, the pretty tiny men sawing and hammering, and all talking at once. The principal person in the place escaped Jem's notice at first; but it was not long before she saw him,—a little old gentleman, with a rosy face and sparkling eyes, sitting at a desk, and writing in a book almost as big as himself. He was so busy that he was quite excited, and had been obliged to throw his white fur coat and cap aside, and he was at work in his red waistcoat.

"Look here, if you please," piped Baby. "I have brought some one to see you."

When he turned round, Jem recognized him at once.

"Eh! Eh!" he said. "What! What! Who's this, Tootsiums?"

Baby's manner became very acid indeed.

"I should n't have thought you would have said that, Mr. Claus," she remarked. "I can't help myself down below, but I generally have my rights respected up here. I should like to know what sane godfather and godmother would give one the name of 'Tootsiums' in one's baptism. They are

bad enough, I must say; but I never heard of any of them calling a person 'Tootsicums'."

"Come, come!" said S. C., chuckling comfortably, and rubbing his hands. "Don't be too dignified,—it's a bad thing. And don't be too practical and fond of taking unpractical people down,—that's a bad thing, too. And don't be too fond of flourishing your rights in people's faces,—that's the worst of all, Miss Midget. Folks who make such a fuss about their rights turn them into wrongs sometimes."

Then he turned suddenly to Jem.



BIRDIE AND HER PET DOLL.

"You are the little girl from down below," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Jem. "I'm Jem, and this is my friend Flora,—out of the blue-book."

"I'm happy to make her acquaintance," said S. C., "and I'm happy to make yours. You are a nice child, though a trifle peppery. I'm very glad to see you."

"I'm very glad indeed to see you, sir," said Jem. "I was n't quite sure —"

But there she stopped, feeling that it would be scarcely polite to tell him that she had begun of late years to lose faith in him.

But S. C. only chuckled more comfortably than ever, and rubbed his hands again.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "You know who I am, then."

Jem hesitated a moment, wondering whether it would not be taking a liberty to mention his name without putting "Mr." before it; then she remembered what Baby had called him.

"Baby called you 'Mr. Claus,' sir," she replied; "and I have seen pictures of you."

"To be sure," said S. C. "S. Claus, Esquire, of Chimneyland. How do you like me?"

"Very much," answered Jem.

"Very much, indeed, sir."

"Glad of it! Glad of it! But what was it you were going to say you were not quite sure of?"

Jem blushed a little.

"I was not quite sure that—that you were true, sir. At least I have not been quite sure since I have been older."

S. C. rubbed the bald part of his head and gave a little sigh.

"I hope I have not hurt your feelings, sir," faltered Jem, who was a very kind-hearted little soul.

"Well, no," said S. C. "Not exactly. And it is not your fault either. It is natural, I suppose; at any rate, it is the way of the world. People lose their belief in a great many things as they grow older; but that does not make the things not true, thank goodness; and their faith often comes back after a while. But, bless me!" he added briskly, "I'm moralizing, and who thanks a man for doing that? Suppose —"

"Black eyes or blue, sir?" said a tiny voice close to them.

Jem and Flora turned round, and saw it was one of the small workers who was asking the question.

"Whom for?" inquired S. C.

"Little girl in the red brick house at the corner," said the workwoman; "name of Birdie."

"Excuse me a moment," said S. C. to the children, and he turned to the big book and began to run his fingers down the pages in a business-like manner. "Ah! here she is!" he exclaimed at last. "Blue eyes, if you please, Thistle, and

golden hair. And let it be a big one. She takes good care of them."

"Yes, sir," said Thistle; "I am personally



"BOYS ARE FOR HORSES AND RACKET."

acquainted with several dolls in her family. I go to parties in her dolls' house sometimes when she is fast asleep at night, and they all speak very highly of her. She is most attentive to them when they are ill. In fact, her pet doll is a cripple, with a stiff leg."

She ran back to her work, and S. C. finished his sentence.

"Suppose I show you my establishment," he said. "Come with me."

It really would be quite impossible to describe the wonderful things he showed them. Jem's head was quite in a whirl before she had seen one-half of them, and even Baby condescended to become excited.

"There must be a great many children in the world, Mr. Claus," ventured Jem.

"Yes, yes, millions of 'em; bless 'em," said S. C., growing rosier with delight at the very thought. "We never run out of them, that's one comfort. There's a large and varied assortment always on hand. Fresh ones every year, too, so that when one grows too old there is a new one ready. I have a place like this in every twelfth chimney. Now it's boys, now it's girls, always one or t'other; and there's no end of playthings for them, too, I'm glad to say. For girls, the great thing seems to be dolls. Blitzen! what comfort they *do* take in dolls! but the boys are for horses and racket."

They were standing near a table where a worker was just putting the finishing touch to the dress of a large wax doll, and just at that moment, to Jem's surprise, she set it on the floor, upon its feet, quite coolly.

"Thank you," said the Doll, politely. Jem quite jumped.

"You can join the rest now and introduce yourself," said the worker.

The Doll looked over her shoulder at her train. "It hangs very nicely," she said. "I hope it's the latest fashion."

"Mine never talked like that," said Flora. "My best one could only say 'Mamma,' and it said it very badly, too."

"She was foolish for saying it at all," remarked the Doll, haughtily. "We don't talk and walk before ordinary people; we keep our accomplishments for our own amusement, and for the amusement of our friends. If you should chance to get up in the middle of the night, some time, or should run into the room suddenly some day, after you have left it, you might hear—but what is the use of talking to human beings?"

"You know a great deal, considering you are only just finished," snapped Baby, who really was a Tartar.

"I was FINISHED," retorted the Doll. "I did not begin life as a Baby!" very scornfully.

"Pooh!" said Baby. "We improve as we get older."

"I hope so, indeed," answered the Doll. "There is plenty of room for improvement." And she walked away in great state.

S. C. looked at Baby and then shook his head.



"THERE'S A GREAT COMFORT IN DOLLS."

"I shall not have to take very much care of you," he said, absent-mindedly. "You are able to take pretty good care of yourself."

"I hope I am," said Baby, tossing her head.

S. C. gave his head another shake.

"Don't take too good care of yourself," he said.

"That's a bad thing, too."

He showed them the rest of his wonders, and then went with them to the door to bid them good-bye.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you, Mr. Claus," said Jem, gratefully. "I shall never again think you are not true, sir."

S. C. patted her shoulder quite affectionately.

"That's right," he said. "Believe in things just as long as you can, my dear. Good-bye, until Christmas Eve. I shall see you then if you don't see me."

He must have taken quite a fancy to Jem, for he stood looking at her, and seemed very reluctant to close the door, and even after he had closed it, and they had turned away, he opened it a little again to call to her.

"Believe in things as long as you can, my dear."

"How kind he is!" exclaimed Jem, full of pleasure.

Baby shrugged her shoulders.

"Well enough in his way," she said, "but rather inclined to prose, and be old-fashioned."

Jem looked at her, feeling rather frightened, but she said nothing.

Baby showed very little interest in the next room she took them to.

"I don't care about this place," she said, as she threw open the door. "It has nothing but old things in it. It is the Nobody-knows-where room."

She had scarcely finished speaking before Jem made a little spring and picked something up.

"Here's my old strawberry pin-cushion!" she cried out. And then with another jump and another dash at two or three other things: "And here's my old fairy-book! And here's my little locket I lost last summer! How did they come here?"

"They went Nobody-knows-where," said Baby.

"And this is it."

"But cannot I have them again?" asked Jem.

"No," answered Baby. "Things that go to Nobody-knows-where stay there."

"Oh!" sighed Jem, "I am so sorry."

"They are only old things," said Baby.

"But I like my old things," said Jem. "I love them. And there is mother's needle-case. I wish I might take that. Her dead little sister gave it to her, and she was so sorry when she lost it."

"People ought to take better care of their things," remarked Baby.

Jem would have liked to stay in this room and wander about among her old favorites for a long time, but Baby was in a hurry.

"You'd better come away," she said. "Suppose I was to have to fall awake and leave you?"

The next place they went into was the most wonderful of all.

"This is the Wish-room," said Baby. "Your wishes come here,—yours and mother's, and Aunt Hetty's and father's and mine. When did you wish that?"

Each article was placed under a glass shade, and labeled with the words and name of the wisher. Some of them were beautiful, indeed; but the tall shade Baby nodded at when she asked her question was truly alarming, and caused Jem a dreadful pang of remorse. Underneath it sat Aunt Hetty with her mouth stitched up so that she could not speak a word, and beneath the stand was a label bearing these words in large black letters:

"I wish Aunt Hetty's mouth was sewed up. Jem."

"Oh, dear!" cried Jem, in great distress. "How it must have hurt her! How unkind of me to say it! I wish I had n't wished it. I wish it would come undone."

She had no sooner said it than her wish was gratified. The old label disappeared, and a new one showed itself, and there sat Aunt Hetty looking herself again, and even smiling.

Jem was grateful beyond measure, but Baby seemed to consider her weak-minded.

"It served her right," she said.

But when, after looking at the wishes at that end of the room, they went to the other end, her turn came. In one corner stood a shade with a baby under it, and the baby was Miss Baby herself, but looking as she very rarely looked; in fact, it was the brightest, best-tempered baby one could imagine.

"I wish I had a better-tempered baby. Mother," was written on the label.

Baby became quite red in the face with anger and confusion.

"That was n't here the last time I came," she said. "And it is right down mean in mother!"

This was more than Jem could bear.

"It was n't mean," she said. "She could n't help it. You know you are a cross baby—everybody says so."

Baby turned two shades redder.

"Mind your own business!" she retorted. "It was mean; and as to that silly little thing being better than I am," turning up her small nose, which was quite turned up enough by Nature. "I must say I don't see anything so very grand about her. So, there!"

She scarcely condescended to speak to them while they remained in the Wish-room, and when they left it, and went to the last door in the passage, she quite scowled at it.

"I don't know whether I shall open it at all," she said.

"Why not?" asked Flora. "You might as well."

"It is the Lost-pin room," she said. "I hate pins."

She threw the door open with a bang, and then stood and shook her little fist viciously. The room was full of pins stacked solidly together. There were hundreds of them,—thousands,—millions, it seemed.

"I'm glad they *are* lost!" she said. "I wish there were more of them there."

"I did n't know there were so many pins in the world," said Jem.

"Pooh!" said Baby. "Those are only the lost ones that have belonged to our family."

After this they went back to Flora's room and sat down, while Flora told Jem the rest of her story.

"Oh!" sighed Jem, when she came to the end. "How delightful it is to be here! Can I never come again?"

"In one way you can," said Flora. "When you want to come, just sit down, and be as quiet as possible, and shut your eyes and think very hard about it. You can see everything you have seen to-day, if you try."

"Then, I shall be sure to try," Jem answered. She was going to ask some other question but Baby stopped her.

"Oh! I'm falling awake," she whimpered, crossly, rubbing her eyes. "I'm falling awake again."

And then, suddenly, a very strange feeling came over Jem. Flora and the pretty room seemed to fade away, and, without being able to account for it at all, she found herself sitting on her little stool again, with a beautiful scarlet and gold book on her knee, and her mother standing by laughing at her amazed face. As to Miss Baby, she was crying as hard as she could in her crib.

"Mother!" Jem cried out. "Have you really come home so early as this, and—and," rubbing her eyes in great amazement, "how did I come down?"

"Don't I look as if I was real," said her mother, laughing and kissing her. "And does n't your present look real? I don't know how you came down, I'm sure. Where have you been?"

Jem shook her head very mysteriously. She saw that her mother fancied she had been asleep, but she herself knew better.

"I know you would n't believe it was true if I told you," she said; "I have been

BEHIND THE WHITE BRICK."



SONG.

BY THEODORE WINTHROP.

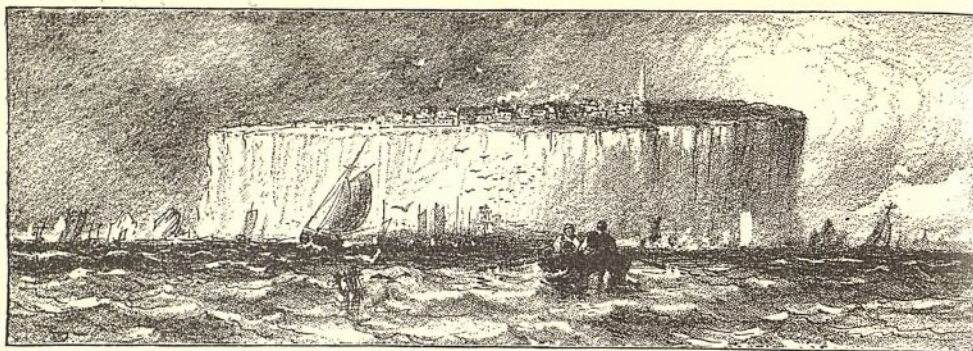
(From his unpublished writings.)

LISTEN, listen, listen while I sing—
There's mirth, mirth in everything!
In laughing eyes' quick glance,
In dashing through a dance,
Mirth does my charmed soul entrance!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's joy, joy in everything!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams,
Joy sparkles through my pensive dreams!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's hope, hope in everything!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises ever bright!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's love, love in everything!
If mirth and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly,
Love lifts me to the sky!



WHY WILSTER ELSPEET'S SHIP WENT INTO THE CHURCH.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

THINGS always do come about in some way, and this is the way in which this thing came about.

The day before, Wilster Elspeet, in his stout fishing-boat, had gone from the island Heliogoland, across the North Sea, and sailed up the river Elbe, to Hamburg, carrying with him a load of oysters, which were to go from Hamburg to London. He was not expected back at the island until the second night, and—there was no one to draw his lobster-pots.

There was Briel, to be sure, Wilster Elspeet's only boy. Briel was thirteen, and, in his own eyes, every inch a seaman; for, had he not, often and over, sat at the oar, with his father in the boat and helped pull in?"

Then, there was Rhena; but Rhena was a girl.

It was always lonely at night, and lonely in the day-time, too, in the Elspeet home, when the master was away; for, away from Heliogoland in any direction, meant danger to him who went, and dread to those who stayed; moreover, dread had deepened into death three times for Mrs. Elspeet, and Briel had heard the story of his elder brothers so often, that he verily thought he knew all about that wild effort at rescue, which was made for them when he himself was but a baby.

Heliogoland is a curious place, set more than twenty miles from land for the ocean to buffet; but it tries its utmost—and that is all that is expected by wise folks of any one—to be beautiful, and it succeeds. You must know that somewhere about five hundred years ago, something very queer happened,—at least, the geologists say so. At any rate, the North Sea just boiled over with rage, and beat against Heliogoland so terribly, that it took off two or three pieces, and there they stand at a little distance, and have names of their own; but

the island, what there is left of it,—not much over a mile up and down, stands with its great red cliff higher in the air than ever, and holds back its dainty sands from the touch of the sea as far as it can.

This mite of land has on it two whole towns, one under the cliffs on the sands, where the fishermen live, and one in the air, up the cliff. The air-town is the larger, and the houses are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs make them look as though the village, up there, had just been built out of a box of children's toys; only box-villages never hold anything half so fine as the great light-house, whose night-eye watches and warns for many a mile, nor half so curious as the brave old church that, looking out from the cliff, has the whole wide sea for its church-yard.

The Elspeets were pretty prosperous, and so lived in the air-town, in one of the three hundred and fifty of its homes.

While Rhena and Briel were eating their breakfast, the lobster-pot buoys kept bobbing up and down in the North Sea, and dozens of fishing-boats went out from the long pier, that swings from the Under-Land into the summer waves.

Rhena was the first to go forth into the sweet morning. Briel followed presently, with his eyes fixed on the out-going fishing-boats.

"I just would like to know," said Briel, as he joined her, "what there is in them lobster-pots of father's. I don't believe they're empty, a bit."

"BRIEL!" said Rhena, with an emphasis which only a little Heliogoland girl *could* use, "BRIEL," don't you dare to look that way, not till it's time for father's sail to heave up on the sea."

"But, Rhena," cried the boy, "see! Look for your own self; them boats is right clap over

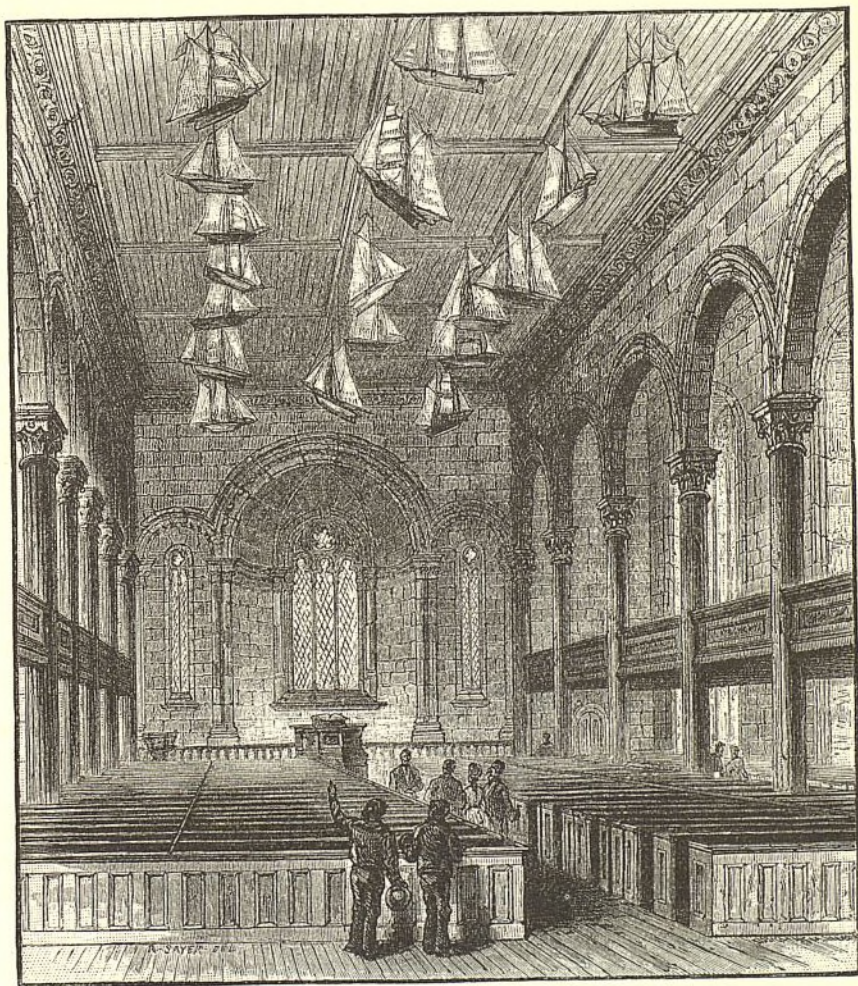
father's lobster-ground. I'm just going to run down and see if I can't get—somebody—to go over —”

His words grew faint and fainter, as, despite Rhena's calls and re-calls, he ran with his utmost speed to the stair-way cut in the stone of the cliff.

“O Briel, Briel, my brother Briel!” sobbed Rhena, to herself; “if mother only knew, she

unusually fine for their quest,—and the only persons on the pier were strangers, who had come to summer a while on the island, and had not the slightest understanding of the evident conflict of the two children, down the pier. Rhena had one oar, and, with it in her stout little grasp, besought Briel not to make the venture.

“No more danger than there is in the light-



THE SHIPS IN THE CHURCH. (PAGE 180.)

would keep him, but he'll be off in a boat, all alone, before I can tell her. I'll go down and hold him back," she cried, with sudden energy.

Her yellow-bordered petticoat flashed along the cliff, and went after him down that long stone stair-way,—two hundred and three steps of it,—and, at last, came, with its owner, in a little fluttering gasp, out upon the pier.

The fishermen had all gone,—the day being

house, up there," he assured her, with a significant toss of his head toward the cliff.

"If you should get into the sweep," said Rhena, "or the wind, or — Briel, what could you do if a fog should settle down?"

"Take my chance with the rest. Don't you see every fisherman is out? They would n't go if they saw anything ugly," he replied, assuringly.

"But mother, Briel! She'll be crazy, if you go."

This was Rhena's last weapon.

"I'll be back, with the boat full of lobsters, before mother knows anything about it. Come, Rhena, give me the oar."

This he said, coaxingly, but poor Rhena held it fast. She stepped down from the pier into the boat. She was about to take her seat, when Briel said: "The lobsters won't be plugged!"

Rhena's cheeks glowed, red as the cliff, above her white lips. If there was one thing that this little girl feared more than all other things, it was a lobster. After a moment's hesitation, she said:

"I am going with you."

"All the better," said Briel. "Then mother will know nothing until we are all back again."

The boat had been drifting from the pier-head. It began to chop a little on the quick seas that beat about it.

"I'm Captain Elspeet now! You shall see what a brave voyage I'll make; and, only just think, Rhe, how tickled father will be when he gets home to-night, to find his lobsters all in. You know how Hamburg always tires him, and, like enough, he'd put off to the reef before he came ashore at all, if I did n't wait down to tell him, for the moon grows round to-night."

Rhena never answered him a word. She sat in the boat-stern, her fingers clinging to the rail, her face turned from the sea, her eyes on her home, up the air.

"I say, Rhe, why don't you speak to a fellow? It is n't the thing to go lobstering with a dummy in the boat."

"Tend to your boat!" answered Rhena, getting her head around just in time to see the sharp, tooth-like projection of a rock ahead, upon which Briel was running. Whisking his boat about in the liveliest manner, he escaped by grazing the rock, saying: "I should like to know, if it is n't the stern's business to look ahead and signal a fellow?"

"I will look out, now," meekly replied Rhena, "only I just feel as if the sea was going to swell and swell until it burst all over this boat. You don't know how I feel, Briel."

"Well!" said Briel, "that's because—Look out, now, Rhe! any danger ahead?"

"No; only the boats have put off from the reefs."

"What for, I wonder? You look sharp now for the buoys. Father's have a black mark on 'em, and one end's painted white."

Briel rowed with all his might, and kept on rowing, until it seemed to his young arms as though his boat ought to be at the mouth of the river Elbe. Rhena had looked, as she believed, at every bit of wrinkled blue the boat passed near, without finding trace of her father's lobster-buoys.

Indeed, the island itself did seem to Briel, as he

thought of it, farther away than when his father rowed over to the reefs; the cliff was not so high, the light-house could scarcely be seen, and the church had grown small, while the government house had disappeared.

"Rhe," said Briel, "I'm sure—I think—I don't believe you've kept watch for the buoys."

"Briel, do you suppose the 'sweep' has set us off, and we've got past?"

Rhena began to tremble with fear.

"Oh, we'll be all right when I get the boat around," said Briel, assuringly to himself, but not so to his sister. The boat seemed to the young captain to be possessed with the desire not to be put about. No sooner had he labored with one oar to get around and put in the second oar, than the first stroke would send him still farther from home.

"I'll beat yet," said the oarsman, and, at the eighth trial, he got the boat around, and to his surprise found quite a little sea on, against which it took all his strength to make the least progress.

A loiterer on the cliff, looking sea-ward, wondered what a little boat could be doing so far out.

Now that the boat was turned, Rhena saw it all; they were far past the lobster-reef, and, while she looked, Heliogoland was suddenly taken from her sight. Briel did not see that,—his back was toward it,—and she, with rare presence of mind, did not tell him. She said softly to him: "Wont you, dear Briel, give up the reef and get home quick?"

He had not rowed far, after telling her to keep a good look-out, when the great burying fog swept around them, enclosing the children in its dreadful circle.

"Rhena!" cried Briel, nearly letting fall his oars in pure astonishment.

"I saw it pick up the island. I knew it was coming," she said.

He said nothing, he drew in his oars, laid them down, and sat silent, their boat drifting—drifting—in a North Sea fog. They listened to the soft pat of the bow on the waters as the waves swept under and away from the boat into the mist.

"What will become of us, Briel?" she asked.

"Oh, folks most always get out of a fog; it will lift by and by, like as not," he answered.

Then she said:

"Father must be in it, too."

He replied:

"Yes, father is in it, too, but he has a compass; if I had a compass, we'd row and row straight home."

They waited—sitting very still. Denser and denser grew the mist,—the air darkened with it,—their little craft drifted into fog, drifted through fog, and went out into fog.

It grew chilly. Briel buttoned his jacket. Rhena huddled herself into her own arms, and kept watch for rock or buoy.

At noon, Briel wished that he had eaten more breakfast, telling the little bunch in the other end of the boat, "that the fog made a fellow very full of hunger, after rowing so."

Rhena's sun-bonnet grew limp, and more limp, until it fell over her eyes, and shut out the sea and the shrouding mist. She threw it off. Her very hair was wet, as she tossed back her curls, and

"But," said Rhena, with a great quaver in her voice, "we could n't help hearing the roar and the swash through the caves."

"Then we must n't talk," suggested Briel, and they kept silence for a long time, until Rhena grew cramped with her long-kept position, and stepped carefully down into the boat, and crept, by gentle movement, close to the oar-seat and laid her head on Briel's knee.

"Are you glad I came?" she whispered.

"The old fog is a bit lonely," confessed Briel.

"Do you think we could hear the Carlsbad band now?" questioned Rhena.

"I wish they'd send off a gun or two from the old battery, just to tell a fellow where we are," said the young captain. "I suppose they would, if they had missed us at home."

"If I only did know which way home is," moaned the little girl, putting her hand between her cheek and Briel's rough trousers.

"Don't be hard on a fellow now, and cry," begged the boy.

"I wont, Briel, not a tear; but oh! what if we never see home again, nor mother; and father is so proud of you, Briel, and to-morrow is the Sunday, you know, and the governor's baby is to be baptized in the church. What if I am not there to go up the aisle with my little mug of water, to help fill the font? There will be as many as a hundred, all dressed



"HE SAILED TO AND FRO FOR HOURS." (NEXT PAGE.)

peered to the right and to the left, in her vain search for something firm to make fast to.

"Could n't we fasten the boat to a buoy and keep from drifting, if we find one?" she asked.

"Yes, if we could see one." But their utmost search found only sea below and fog above.

"I know now how a poor fly feels when it is caught in a web," said Rhena, after a long pause.

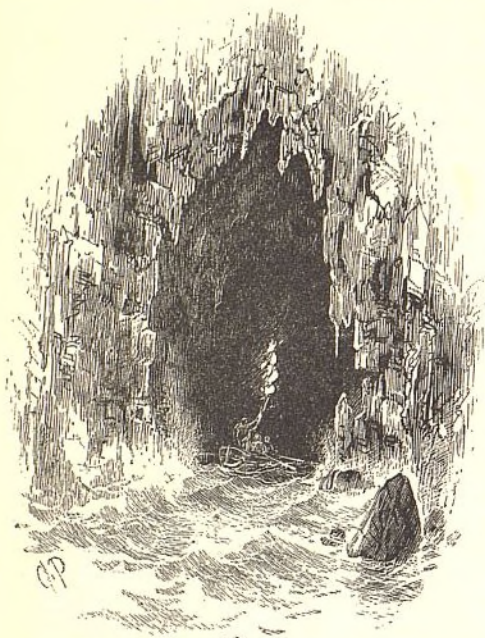
"It's ever so much worse, though," remarked Briel, "when the fly sees the spider coming, and our spider, Rhe, is the Cavern Rock."

in white, to go, and mother said I might carry the silver cup to-morrow, for the governor's baby. If I had it now, I'm afraid I should n't pour the water into the font, I'm too thirsty! O, Briel! how long did the longest fog you ever knew, last?"

"Summer fogs are n't much, and we'll get out of this, pretty soon. Why, just as soon as we're missed, they'll look for us everywhere; the coast-guard will be out, and I should n't wonder if they would illuminate Cavern Rock for us to-night. Would n't that be jolly?"

Rhena thought it would, but much preferred getting home before night should come.

The afternoon waned. Somewhere, the sun went



SEARCHING INSIDE CAVERN ROCK.

down, doubtless. All that the children knew was that the fog darkened and drifted by in leaden sheets, drifting them into colder cold.

Wilster Elspeet got out his load of oysters and sailed away for home, early in the morning of Saturday, but it took him five or six hours to get slowly down the Elbe and fairly into the North Sea, so that he was just outside when the fog caught him. It was an easy matter to about sail and anchor in the river. And there he waited, until near midnight, when, with a swift wind, the mist fled away, leaving him the full moon overhead, and a fair breeze for Heliogoland.

He sped in, past the reef, and sailed into harbor before the dawn.

In the pale moonlight, figures were moving up and down on the pier, at which he wondered. The coast-guard boats were gone from their moorings; he was surprised at that, also.

"What's happened here?" he called, from his deck. "A wreck in the fog?"

"Children lost in the fog!" came back the response.

"Their names?" he demanded.

"Wilster Elspeet's boy and girl."

"How, man? quick!"

"Went to haul in for lobsters, it is supposed."

"Tell Wilster Elspeet's wife he's gone to sea for them," he cried, and immediately he put out into the deep.

He sailed to and fro for hours, keeping a sharp outlook across the moon-way, searching, searching on every side the leagues of wave his boat surged through. He stood on deck and listened, until it seemed to him that his ears could hear the very breathing of his children should their little boat pass near.

He thought of his three brave boys, whose lives had been taken by the sea; he thought of his wife on the island, left behind amid the waves; of his home and neighbors; of the church, where he himself was baptized and married. As he thought, his whole heart seemed to go out and cover the whole ocean in one intense longing to gather out of it the little boat that held Briel and Rhena.

Then he seemed to see again the old church up the cliff and the little ships, under full sail, hanging from its high ceiling, and to remember that each one of them had been placed there by some one who, in time of great peril, had vowed to God that he would do it if saved from the sea.

Then Wilster Elspeet made his vow. It was that, if permitted to fold his arms about his living children again, he would offer to the Lord the best gift he knew to give,—even a model of his bravest ship,—"The Hertha." It would awaken anew his gratitude as often as he should see it suspended in air, if only God would grant to him cause for gratitude.

Of the two thousand inhabitants of the little island, not one had passed a cheerful night, for might not this fate fall next on any one of them?

At day-break, on Sunday morning, the long pier was crowded with anxious souls. The governor was there with the people, for the governor, too, had children. The coast-guard boats, out all night, came in, with no news, to breakfast their crews and sail again. The North Peak held its little crowd of sea-gazers.

Men stepped into row-boats and went to search the caves by the light of day that they had thrust torches into all night, in vain. The sun came up, and the night-eye in the light-house closed.

The boats that were far out on the horizon's edge seemed to move lazily to and fro. It was Sunday and the church-bell rang, because, on Sunday, it always did ring. There were flowers in the church for the coming baptism. The congregation gathered slowly. The sad faces in the governor's pew looked out through the curtained windows across the communion-table at the sad faces in the minister's curtained box opposite. The women and little children filed in slowly, and sat in the pews bearing on their doors their family names. The men entered the galleries, around which, very

long ago, some artist painted scenes suggested in Bible story, their eyes wandering, as they always did, up to the ceiling, where hung the ships, each one of which had its own glad or sad story, well known to the islanders. As the service began, the clergyman reading from beside the communion-table, there was unwonted movement in the church, —men went out, and men came in and went again; they could not rest. The two children in the little open boat, drifting on the great deep, without food, were earnestly prayed for, and when of God their safe return was asked, every lip and heart answered, "Amen."

The minister climbed into the little box above the communion-table and preached his sermon. But no one seemed to hear a word of it, for it contained no news from the boat at sea.

At its close, the doors opened, and in came the throng of little ones, each bearing a small mug of water, which he or she poured into the curious font whose supports are so very old that nobody knows by whom, or in what age of the world, they were made. The governor's baby received on its brow the mystic drops that sealed him a child of the Church of Christ, and as the solemn names of "Father, Son and Holy Ghost" were spoken by the Lutheran pastor, and died away amid the sails of the ships in the ceiling, a low, sweet, flute-like note seemed to come in from door and window and fill all the place.

The men in the gallery half rose from their seats; the women below looked around in wondering surprise; the children in the aisles whispered together. Soon the strange sound was heard again.

The minister listened, and said: "Friends! that was Wilster Elspeet's boat-horn. You will receive the benediction, and go forth to meet him."

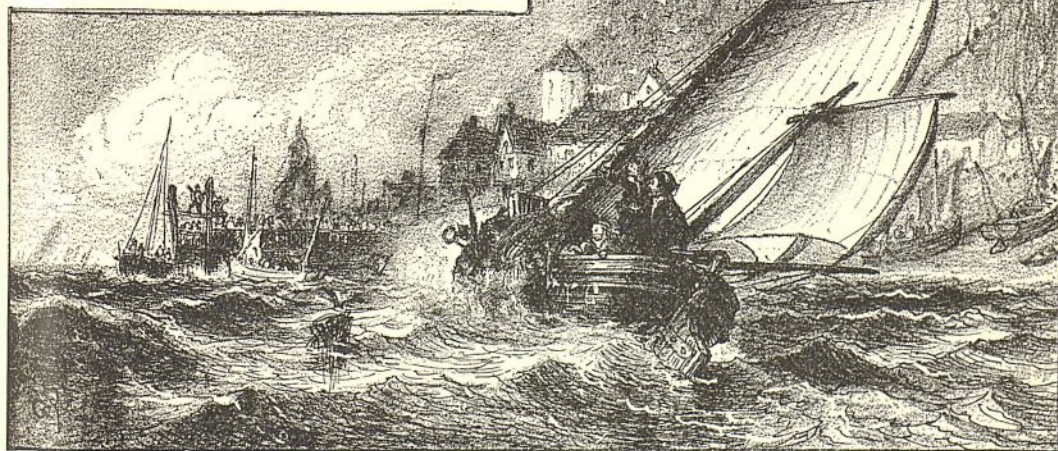
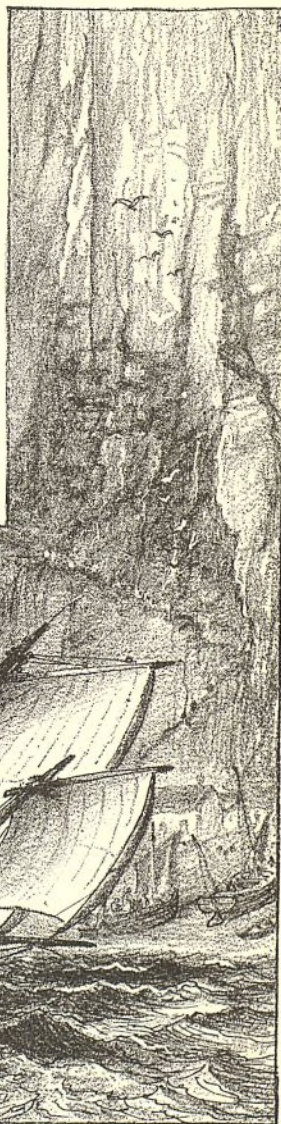
The entire congregation, white-robed children

and all, filed down the great cliff stair-way, headed by the governor and the minister, and stood, a solid mass of humanity, on the pier, to watch the oyster-ketch, with its message of woe or weal, come in.

On the pier's outermost edge waited the Elspeet mother, against whose stony grief no one dared to cast a spray of comfort. She had walked the island's shore all night and all day, and now had come to meet the end.

Some one on board could be seen moving to and fro as the sail drew near and nearer. Presently, the captain leaned out to look. He saw the eager crowd awaiting him. Seizing his horn, he blew from it a succession of blasts, whose language, without words, was understood alike by native and by stranger.

While they looked and listened, he disappeared, and rose again, a boy in one arm, a girl by his side. The boy waved his right arm; the father stirred the arm of the rescued girl; and up from Heliogoland pier a glad shout struck against the cliff, —a shout that echoes even here.



A GLAD SHOUT WENT UP FROM HELIOGOLAND PIER.



WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

In the frozen ivy, where the ice hung glittering,
 Forty little sparrows were perching, swinging, twittering;
 In his gilded prison, like a palace for a fairy,
 Singing his blithe heart out, was a pretty, tame canary.

But his song grew silent as he watched the sparrows playing.
 "Ah, you little free birds!" I could fancy he was saying,
 "You can use your light wings, you can play together,
 You are not afraid of cats, nor of the winter weather.

"I'd not mind the weather, if they'd but let me out,
 Surely I could warm myself in flying all about;
 All those lovely crumbs, too, that the people throw,—
 Must I eat naught but bird-seed, I should like to know?"

Then a little sparrow hopped upon the sill,
 "What a lucky fellow!" piped he, loud and shrill;

"Oh, my senses! Crinkle-toes, Feather-head, just look,
There's his dinner set for him, as if he kept a cook!"

"Bless my heart! a bath-tub, and some sugar, too!
No one thinks of building a house for me or you;
No,—they think they're very kind if they but throw us crumbs,—
Well, some folks's puddings really seem all plums!"

Yellow-feathers' mistress, in her haste, next day,
Left the cage-door open, and he got away;
Through the open window joyfully he flew,
"Now," he sang, "for once I've had a dream that's coming true!"

Ah, the cold was cruel, ah, the wind was fierce!
Through his pretty feathers needles seemed to pierce,
Till, all tired out with flying, he hid his little head
In the frozen ivy-vine, whence soon he fell down,—dead!

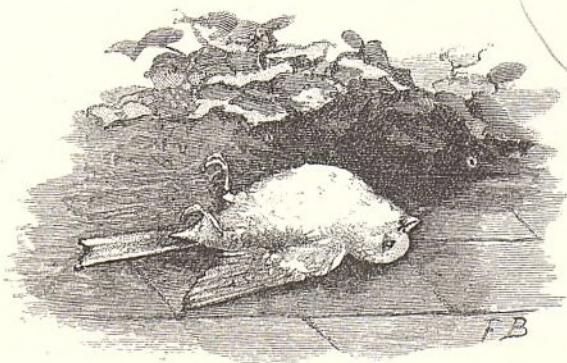
Little Master Tommy set a trap that noon,
When he came from school, and caught three sparrows very soon;
"There!" he said to Polly, "did n't I engage
That if you'd stop a-crying, I would fill the cage?"

Polly danced for pleasure, and forgot her tears;
Then the little sparrows, quaking with new fears,
Ruffling up their feathers in their tiny rage,
All at once discovered they were in the gilded cage.

Crinkle-toes, and Feather-head, and little Mr. Pert,
There they were in safety, not a feather hurt,
But the warm air stifled them, and the cage was small,
And they thought the bird-seed was not good at all.

When the bright spring weather came, each pretty head
Drooped in such a piteous way that gentle Polly said:
"These are little wild birds, and can't belong to me,
As my dear canary did, so I will set them free!"

Open flew the window, open flew the door,
Out the sparrows darted, and were seen no more;
But Polly has a fancy that they whistled as they went,
"Never grumble, darling! Always be content!"





"O, TOM! THE KING WANTS TO SPEAK WITH YOU!" (PAGE 185.)

LONG,
forgotten
days of
only son
form and
on his m
street to

"Who
Prime M

This c
to a stan

The I
the Lor
Exchequ
Chamber
Master
the Cou
the Roy
Bottle-V
Washer
Wisk to

Tom.

"So,
Washer
ho!" s
news; a

Prime M

"Ma

it's Wo

"Te

Prime

repeate

travele

High C

Court

Chief-C

little W

"O,

"W

"Wh

"I

must g

"W

"O

she cr

"W

astoni

Sur

order

that

WONDERING TOM.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

(Re-published, by request, from "Our Young Folks," with new illustrations by Frederick Dielman.)

LONG, long ago, in a great city whose name is forgotten, situated on a river that ran dry in the days of Cinderella, there lived a certain boy, the only son of a poor widow. He had such a fine form and pleasant face that one day, as he loitered on his mother's door-step, the King stopped on the street to look at him.

"Who is that boy?" asked his Majesty of his Prime Minister.

This question brought the entire royal procession to a stand.

The Prime Minister did not know, so he asked the Lord of the Exchequer. The Lord of the Exchequer asked the High Chamberlain; the High Chamberlain asked the Master of the Horse; the Master of the Horse asked the Court Physician; the Court Physician asked the Royal Rat-catcher; the Royal Rat-catcher asked the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer; and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a little girl named Wisk. Little Wisk told him the boy's name was Wondering Tom.

"So, ho!" said the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, telling the Royal Rat-catcher. "So, ho!" said the Royal Rat-catcher, passing on the news; and it traveled in that way until, finally, the Prime Minister, bowing low to the King, said:

"May it please your most tremendous Majesty, it's Wondering Tom."

"Tell him to come here!" said the King to the Prime Minister. "Tell him to come here!" was repeated to the next in rank; and again his words traveled through the Lord of the Exchequer, the High Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Court Physician, the Royal Rat-catcher, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, until they reached little Wisk, who called out:

"O, Tom! the King wants to speak with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Tom, never budging. "Why?"

"I don't know," returned little Wisk, "but you must go at once."

"Why?" cried Tom.

"O, Tom! Tom! they're going to kill you," she cried, in an agony.

"WHY?" screamed Tom, staring in the wildest astonishment.

Surely enough, the Master of Ceremonies had ordered forth an executioner with a bow-string. In that city, any man, woman, or child who dis-

regarded the King's slightest wish was instantly put to death.

The man approached Tom. Another second, and the bow-string would have done its work; but the King held up his royal hand in token of pardon, and beckoned Tom to draw near.

"Whatever in all this world can his Majesty want with me?" pondered the bewildered boy, moving very slowly toward the monarch.

"Well, sir!" said his Majesty, scowling. "So you are here at last! Why do they call you Wondering Tom?"

"ME, your Majesty?" faltered Tom. "I—I—don't know."

"You don't know? (Most remarkable boy, this!) And what were you doing, sir, when we sent for you?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. I was only wondering whether——"

"Ah, I see. You take your life out in wondering. A fine, strong fellow like you has no right to be idling in his mother's door-way. A pretty kingdom we should have if all our subjects were like this! You may go."

"He has a good face," continued the King, turning to his Prime Minister, "but he'll never amount to anything."

"Ah, exactly so," said the Prime Minister. "Exactly so," echoed the Lord of the Exchequer, and "exactly so," sighed the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer at last, as the royal procession passed on.

Tom heard it all.

"Now, how do they know that?" he muttered, scratching his head as he lounged back to the door-step. "Why in the world do they think I'll never amount to anything?"

In the door-way he fell to thinking of little Wisk.

"What a very nice girl she is! I wonder if she'd play with me if I asked her,—but I can't ask her. I do wonder what makes me so afraid to talk to Wisk!"

Meantime, little Wisk, who lived in the next house, watched him slyly.

"Tom!" she called out at last, swaying herself lithely round and round her wooden door-post, "the blackberries are ripe."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, I do. And, Tom, there are bushels of them in the woods just outside of the city gates!"

"Oh!" answered Tom, "I wonder if there are!"

"I *know* it," said little Wisk, decidedly, "and I'm going to get some."

"Dear me!" thought Tom, "I wonder if she'd like to have me go with her. Wisk!"

"What, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing," said the frightened fellow, suddenly changing his mind, "I was only wondering whether it is going to rain or not."

"Rain? Of course not," laughed little Wisk, running off to join a group of children going toward the north city-gate; "but even if it should rain, what matter?"

"Oh," thought Tom, "she's really gone for blackberries! I wondered what she had that little kettle on her arm for. Pshaw! Why did n't I tell her that I'd like to go too?"

Just then his mother came to the door, clapping a wet ruffle between her hands. She was a clear-starcher.

"Tom, Tom! why *don't* you set about something? There's plenty to do, in doors and out, if you'd only think so."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, wondering whether or not he was going to have a scolding.

"But you look pale, my pet; go and play, do. One don't often have such a perfect day as this (and such splendid drying, too!). If I were you, I'd make the most of it;" and the mother went back into her bare entry, still clapping the ruffle.

"I do wonder how I can make the most of it," asked Tom of himself, over and over again, as he sauntered off.

He did n't dare to go toward the north gate of the city, because he could n't decide what he should say if he should meet little Wisk; so he turned toward the south.

"Shall I go back, I wonder, or keep on?" thought Tom, as he found himself going farther from the door-step and nearer to the great city-wall, until at last the southern gate was reached. Following the dusty highway leading from the city, he came to pleasant fields. Then, after wading a while through the sunlit grain, he followed a shady brook and entered the wood.

"It's pleasant here," he thought. "I wonder why mother did n't get a cottage out here in the country instead of living in the noisy city."

"Could n't," croaked a voice near by.

Tom started. There was nobody near but frogs and crickets. Besides, as he had not spoken aloud, of course it could not be in answer to him. Still, he wondered what in the world the voice could be, and why it sounded like "could n't."

"It certainly did sound so. May be she could n't,

after all," thought Tom; "but *why* could n't she, I wonder?"

"No-one-to-help," said something, as it jumped with a splash into the water.

"I do wonder what that was!" exclaimed Tom, aloud; "there's nobody here, that's certain. Oh, it must have been a toad! Queer, though, how very much it sounded like 'no-one-to-help!' Poor mother! I don't help her much, I know. Pshaw! what if I *do* love her, I'm not the least bit of use, for I never know what to start about doing. What in all botheration makes me so lazy! Heigh-ho!" and Tom threw himself upon the grass, an image of despair. "I sha' n't ever amount to anything, the King said. Now, what *did* he mean by that?"

"Dilly, dally!" said another mysterious voice, speaking far up among the branches overhead.

Tom was getting used to it. He just lifted his eyebrows a little and wondered what bird that was. In a moment he found himself puzzling over the strange words.

"'Dilly, dally,' it said, I declare. Oh dear! It's too bad to have to hear such things all the time. And then, there's the King's ugly speech; a fellow aint agoing to stand everything!"

He was crying at last. Yes, his tears were dropping one by one upon the green turf. He rested upon his elbows, holding his face between his hands; and, although he felt very wretched, he could n't help wondering whether the grass in his shadow would n't think it was night and that his tears were dew-drops.

Suddenly his hat, which had tumbled from his head and now lay near him, began to twitch strangely.

"Pshaw!" sobbed Tom, "what's coming now, I wonder?"

"I am," said a piping voice.

"Where are you?" he asked, trembling.

"Here. Under your hat. Lift it off."

While Tom was wondering whether to obey or not, the hat fell over, and out came a fairy, all shining with green and gold,—a funny little creature with a wide mouth, but her eyes were like diamonds.

"What are you crying for, Master Tom?" asked the fairy.

"So she knows my name!" thought the puzzled youth; "well, that's queerer than anything! I've always heard that these woods were full of fairies; but I never saw one before. I wonder why I'm not more frightened."

"Did you hear me?" piped the little visitor.

"Did you speak? O—yes—ma'am—certainly, I heard plain enough."

"Well, what troubles you?"

He looked sharply at the little lady. Yes, she had a kind face. He would tell her all.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, by way of a beginning.

"It's Kumtoothepoynt," said the fairy. "Be quick! I can't stay long."

"Why?" asked Tom, quite astonished.

"Because I cannot. That's enough. If you wish me to help you, you must be quick and tell me your trouble."

"Oh!" said Tom, wondering where to begin.

"Are you lame? Are you sick? Are you blind, deaf, or dumb?" she asked, briskly.

"Oh no," he replied, "nothing like that. Only I don't know what to make of things. Everything in this world puzzles me so, and I can't ever make up my mind what to do."

"Well," said Kumtoothepoynt, kindly, "perhaps I can help you a little."

"Can you?" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder how in the world such a little mite as you ever —"

"Don't wonder so much," squeaked the fairy, impatiently, "but ask me promptly what I can do."

"I'm going to," said Tom.

"Going to!" she echoed. "What miserable creatures these mortals are! How could we ever get our gossamers spun if we always were going to do a thing, and never doing it! Now listen. I'm a very wise fairy, if I *am* small; I can tell you how to accomplish anything you please. Don't you want to be good, famous, and rich?"

"Certainly I do," answered Tom, with a start.

"Very well," she responded, quite pleased. "If you always knew your own mind as decidedly as that, they would n't call you 'Wondering Tom.' It's an ugly name, Master Mortal. If I were you (may Titania pardon the dreadful supposition!)—if I were you I'd wonder less and work more."

"I wonder if I could n't!" said Tom, half convinced.

"There you go again!" screeched the fairy, stamping her tiny foot. "You're not worth talking to. I shall leave you."

"She's fading away," cried Tom. "O fairy, good fairy, please come back! You promised to tell me how to become good and famous and rich!"

Once more she stood before him, looking brighter and fresher than ever.

"You're a noisy mortal," she said, nodding pleasantly to Tom. "I thought for an instant that it was thundering, but it was only you, calling. I've a very little while to stay, but you shall have one more chance of obtaining everything you wish. Now, sir, be careful! I'll answer you any three questions you may choose to put to me;" and Kumtoothepoynt sat down on a toadstool, and looked very profound.

"Only three?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Only three."

"Why can't you give me a dozen? There's so much that one wishes to know in this world."

"Because I cannot," said the fairy, firmly.

"But it's so hard to put everything into such a few questions! I don't know what in the world to decide upon. What *you* think I ought to ask?"

"Consult the dearest wishes of your heart," said Kumtoothepoynt, "for there is the truest wisdom."

"Ah, well. Let me think," pursued Tom, with great deliberation. "I want to be wise, of course, and good, and very rich,—and I want mother to be the same,—and, good fairy, if you would n't mind it, little Wisk to be the same too. And dear me!—it's so hard to put everything in such a few questions—let me see. First, I suppose I ought to learn how to become immensely rich, right off, and then I can give mother and Wisk everything they want; so, good Kumtoothepoynt, here's my first question, How can I grow rich, *very* rich, in—in one week?"

The fairy shook her head.

"I would answer you, Master Tom, with great pleasure," she said, "but this is number **FOUR**. You have already asked your three questions;" and she turned into a green frog and jumped away, chuckling.

Tom rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. Had he been dreaming?

"I'm a fool!" he cried.

All the trees nodded, and their branches seemed to be having great fun among themselves.

"A *big* fool!" he insisted.

The leaves fairly tittered.

"Did n't old Katy, the apple-woman, call me a goose only this morning?" he continued, growing very angry with himself.

"Katy did," assented a voice from among the bushes.

"Katy did n't!" contradicted another.

"Katy did!"

"Katy did n't!"

Tom laughed bitterly.

"Ha! ha! Fight it out among yourselves, old fellows. I may have been asleep; but, anyhow, I'm a fool!"

"Ooo—!" echoed a solemn voice above him.

Tom looked up, and in the hollow of an old tree he saw a great blinking owl.

"Hallo! old Goggle-eyes! You're having something to say, too, are you?"

The owl shifted her position, and stared at him an instant. Then, as if the sight of such a ridiculous fellow was too much for her, she shut her eyes with a loud "T'whit!" that made Tom jump.

All these things set the poor boy to thinking in earnest. The words of Kumtoothepoynt were ringing in his ears, "*If I were you, I'd wonder less and work more.*" Going back through the wood across the brook, and over the lots, he pondered over the day's events, and the result of all his pondering was that, as he entered the city gate, he snapped his fingers, saying, "The King's words shall never come true! Wondering Tom is going to work at last!"

Three years passed away.

"Little Wisk" grew to be quite a tall girl; but nobody thought of calling her by any other name. She was so little and quick, so rosy, fresh, and sparkling, and so tender and true withal, that she was Little Wisk as a matter of course.

One chilly November afternoon she missed old Katy, the apple-woman, from her accustomed place at the street corner.

"She must be sick," thought little Wisk. "Perhaps she has no one to help her."

With some persons, to think is to act. Wisk stepped into a neighboring cobbler's shop.

"Mr. Wacksend, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"No," said the cobbler, gruffly. "Shut the door when you go out."

Little Wisk looked at him as he sat upon his bench, pegging away at his work.

"Poor man!" she said to herself, "pushing the awl through that thick leather makes him press his lips tight together, and I suppose pressing his lips so tight, day after day, makes him cross. I'll try the butcher."

She ran into the next shop.

"Mr. Butcher, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"Well," returned the butcher, pausing to wipe his cleaver on his sleeve, "she don't exactly *live* anywhere. But, as the poor thing has neither kith nor kin to help her, why, for the past year or so I've just let her tumble herself in under a shed in my back-yard. She's got an old chopping-bench for a table, and a pile of straw for a bed, and that's all her housekeeping."

"And don't she have anything to eat but apples?" asked Wisk, much distressed.

"Bless your simple heart!" said the butcher, laughing, "she can't afford to eat her apples. No, no. She keeps the breath in her body mostly with black bread and scraps."

"Scraps?"

"Yes, meat-scraps. I save 'em for her out of the trimmin's. But what's wantin' of her so particular? Did you come to invite her to court?"

"I'd like to see her for a moment," said Wisk, shrinking from his coarse laugh.

"Well," answered the butcher, beginning to



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GOODY?"

chop again, "the surest way of seeing her is to go to the corner and buy an apple."

"But she is n't there."

"Not there? That's uncommon. Well" (pointing back over his shoulder with his cleaver), "go down the alley here, alongside the shop; steer clear of old Beppo in his kennel, he's ugly sometimes; then go past the pig-sties and the skin-heaps, and cross over by the cattle-stalls; and right back of them, a little beyond, is the shed. May be she's lying there sick; like enough, poor thing!"

Little Wisk followed the directions, as she picked her way carefully through the great, bleak cattle-yard, thinking, as she went, that killing lambs did n't always make a man so very wicked, after all.

She found the old woman, moaning and bent nearly double with rheumatism.

"What can I do for you, Goody?"

"Bless your bright eyes! Did you come to see poor old Katy? Ough ah-h! the pain's killing me, child! Oh, the Lord save us, ough ah!"

"It's too cold and damp for you in here, I'm sure."

"Ah, yes, dearie dear,—*ough, ough!*—cold and wet enough!"

"This old rusty stove would be nice if you had a fire in it, Goody."

"Oh, the stove, dearie! The good gentleman in the shop put it in here for me last winter. He's kept me in meat-scrap, too. O—o—o! (it catches me that way often, child). But, alack! I have n't a chip nor a shaving to make a bit of a fire. *Oh!* (the worst's in this shoulder, dearie, and 'cross the back and into this 'ere knee). Yes, cold and wet enough, so it is. *Ough!* No use s'arching out there, you won't find nothing. Not a waste splinter of wood left after *my* raking and scraping till I was too sick to stand up, I'll be bound."

"I do wish I had money to buy you some, Goody," said Wisk. "I sha' n't have another silver-piece till my next birthday, but you shall have that, I promise you."

"Blessings on you for saying it, dearie; but old Katy won't never last till then. What with cold and hunger (the meat on the nail there's no use, you see, if I can't cook it), and this 'ere *ough—ah!*—this 'ere dreadful rheumatiz, I can't hold out much longer."

Suddenly, a thought came to Wisk.

"Oh, Katy!" she exclaimed, and off she ran, past the cattle-sheds, the skin-heaps, the pig-sties, the dog-kennel, down the alley, up the street, and round the corner till she came to a carpenter's shop—

"Tom," she said, hurrying in, quite out of breath, and addressing a great strong boy who was working there, "wont you give me some shavings and chips?"

"Certainly," said Tom, straightway beginning to scrape together a big pile. "What shall we put them in?"

"Into my apron. They're for poor Katy, the apple-woman. She lives in an old shed in Slorter's cattle-yard. She's sick, Tom, and she has n't a thing to make a fire with."

"Oh, if that's it," said Tom, "we must get her up a cart-load of waste stuff, if the boss is willing."

The boss spoke up.

"Help yourself, Tom. You're the steadiest lad in the shop, and you've never asked me a favor before. Help yourself. Take along all those odds and ends in the corner yonder. Chips and shavings soon burn up."

"Much obliged to you, sir," said Tom; and he added in a lower tone to Wisk, "I'll load up and take 'em 'round to her as soon as I've done my work. You can carry your apronful now."

Wisk held up the corners of her apron while

Tom filled it, laughing to see how she lifted her pretty chin so that he might put in a "whole lot" as she called it.

"There!" he exclaimed at last, "that's as much as you can manage."

"Thank you, Tom! Oh, how kind you are!" and she started at once.

"Wisk!"

He had followed her to the door. When she turned back, in answer to his call, he tried to speak to her, but coughed instead.

"Did you want me, Tom?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes, Wisk. I—I—wanted to say that—that I —"

"Why, what a cough you have, Tom! It's from working so much in this windy shop. Oh, Tom, I've just thought! If Katy had a door to her shed and a bench with a back to it, she'd be so comfortable."

"She shall have both," said Tom. "I'll do it this very evening. It's full moon."

"Oh, you dear, blessed Tom! Good-bye!"

"Wisk!"

But she was already running down the street. Tom turned back slowly. I think he was wondering, though he had nearly conquered that old habit. But it is so difficult, sometimes, to say just what we feel to those we like very much!

"First the shavings, then the chips," sang Wisk's happy heart, as she hurried along; "first the shavings, and then the chips, and then a spark from old Katy's tinder-box, and sha' n't we have a beautiful blaze?"

That night, the one-eyed dog in the butcher's yard had a hard time of it. There was the moon to be barked at; the pigs to be barked at; the sheep, the oxen, and the lambs to be barked at every time they moved in their stalls. The skin-heap, too, required a constant barking to keep it from stirring while the rats were burrowing beneath. And then there was the strange lad to be barked at, coming in twice, as he did, with a hand-cart heaped high with chips, shavings and blocks, and again coming back with planks, hammer and saw. And the sudden smoke from the sick woman's fire; ah, how it bothered old Beppo!

He had lived long in the yard, and remembered well how the high chimney had stood there for years and years,—all that was left of a burned-down factory,—and how the shed had been built up around it as if to keep it from tumbling. For months past it had been a quiet, well-behaved chimney; but now to see smoke rushing out of it at such a rate, bound straight for that aggravating moon, was really too much to stand. So Beppo barked and barked; and Tom hammered and hammered; and old Katy, warm at last, curled

herself up in the straw, saying over and over again, "How nice it will be! How nice it will be!"

Time passed on. One day, the King and his court came riding down that same street again. Suddenly his Majesty, grown older now, halted before a carpenter's shop and asked:

"Who is that busy fellow, yonder?"

"Where, your most prodigious Majesty?" asked the Prime Minister in return.

"In the shop. He works with a will, that fellow. I must let him build the royal ships."

"The royal ships!" echoed the Prime Minister, "your most preposterous Majesty; why, that is a fortune for any man!"

"I know it. Why not?" said the King. "What is his name?"

The Prime Minister could not say. And again, as on that day long ago, the question traveled through the grandees of the court, until it reached the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a pretty young woman named Wisk, who chanced to be coming out of the shop.

"He's a master-builder," replied Wisk, blushing.

"But what's his name?" repeated the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer.

"He used to be called Wondering Tom," she answered; "but now he's Thomas Reddy."

"Thomas Reddy!" shouted the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer. "Thomas Reddy!" cried the Royal Rat-catcher.

And, in fact, "Thomas Reddy" was called so often and so loudly along the line before it reached the only officer who could venture to speak to the King, that the master-builder threw down his tools and came out of the shop.

"O, Tom! the King wants to speak with you again!" said Wisk.

They took each other by the hand, and together walked toward his Majesty.

"Behold!" said the King, "we have found the finest young workman in our realms! Let preparations be made at once for proclaiming him Royal Ship-builder! What do they call you, young man? I've lost the name."

"Thomas Reddy, your Majesty," he answered, his eyes sparkling with grateful joy.

"And who are *you*, my pretty one?"

"Oh, I'm his wife," said the smiling Wisk.



THE FUNNIEST GENERAL IN ALL THE WORLD.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



VER so long ago, there lived and fought in Germany a mighty general, and he was awfully funny. I think he was about the funniest general in all the world.

He was very fat and very clever, and, like all fat, clever people, he loved little children. The fatter he grew, the more clever he grew, and when he had a dozen or so of children about his knees, he was n't much of a general, as generals go,—not much of a fighting general, I mean.

But we must give the name and date of this general, and so crack the historical nut-shell, before we can set before our readers the sweetmeat of our story. This we will do in a single paragraph, and we shall have all the rest of the space to tell you about the agreeable general, and the funny things that he did.

Procopius, or Procope, the famous fat general, was a Bohemian, and became commander of the Hussites, who were almost an army of giants, in 1424. He won many victories with his terrible army, and caused the princes of Moravia, Austria and Saxony, to sue for terms at his feet. The fame of his great deeds and wonderful victories filled all Europe for eleven years, when he was killed in battle in 1434. Now, the historical nut-shell is cracked, and we will have some account of the funny fat man who loved the children.

In the summer of 1432, good-natured Procopius and his tall army came marching through the hot mountain-passes into Saxony, and encamped in a very lovely valley on the banks of the Saale, and invested the old walled town of Naumburg. It was cherry-time,—a lovely time of year to lay siege to the tough old town,—and the valley was full of cherry-trees, which was calculated to make fat Procope and the tall besiegers, who were very fond of the good things in the world, contented and happy. So, while a part of the army besieged the town, the rest went cherrying, and a very comfortable time they had.

But the Saxons who were shut up in Naumburg were resolute and stubborn, and refused to yield. The golden moon that hung over the Saale on the still nights when June perfumed the vale with roses,

waned, and halved, quartered and rounded again; but the Saxons gave no signs of coming to terms with the fat general. And Procopius, although generally so clever and good-natured, began, we are very, very sorry to say, to lose his patience and his temper.

It was far past midsummer. The roses were falling, and the cherries were rotting, and Procope himself was getting sour. So one morning he put on his high-heeled boots, and seemed to be unusually out of sorts, and he sent a terrible message to the good people of Naumburg that, if they did not surrender the town before the end of the week, all of the people in it should at last be put to the sword.

Oh, then there was distress in Naumburg. Yet the sturdy old Saxon lords refused to surrender the town.

But at last the store of food in the town was nearly gone, and strong walls grow weak when the people have no bread. The women began to be hungry, and the children to cry for food.

What was to be done? They called a council, but the council could do nothing. The besiegers were strong without, and the corn was gone within, and their lives were forfeited if they opened the gates to the enemy.

There came to the council an old German school-master, and when the lords and chief men could offer nothing, he begged leave to say a few words to them.

"Procope," said he, bowing very low, so that his queue stuck out like a horn behind, "is very fat."

"That will not help our leanness," said the lords.

"Fat men are very clever," said the spare old pedagogue.

"All the more inglorious to die at the hands of a clever man," said the lords.

"And clever, fat men love children," said the pedagogue, looking very wise.

"That does not help our case," said the lords.

"A man who loves a child will not harm the parent," said the old pedagogue.

"But the Hussites do not love our children."

"Every man has a tender place in his heart," said the wise pedagogue. "Get at that, and one is safe."

"But how does that apply to us?" asked the lords.

"Listen," said the pedagogue, looking still more wise, and bringing the tip of one finger over into the palm of his other hand, in a very knowing way. "Procope loves children, and when they are around him, he grows jolly and mellow, and his heart gets warm, and his sternness all melts away like a glacier in the spring sunshine. Send the children of the town out of the gates to him. Tell them to cling about his knees, and climb up into his lap, and when he begins to pity them, and grow fond of them, tell them to beg mercy for us, and the foodless town of Naumburg."

That quiet summer afternoon, the gates of Naumburg swung open, and a long procession of little boys and girls issued forth, and wended their way through the astonished Hussites to the gay pavilion of Procopius. We fancy we can see them now, and an old German picture we have seen helps our fancy. This odd picture represents the old pedagogue following behind with a bundle of books under one arm, and a brisk switch in the other hand, with which latter implement he was refreshing the memories of some of the little boys in the rear, by a wise application in the usual way.

When Procope saw them coming he seemed mighty pleased, and with large eyes and puffing lips he waddled out to meet them. The little girls seized him around his funny legs, and hugged him tight, and the little boys all began to say:

"O, good Procope, we've come to you to protect us."

What could Procopius do? He tried to be hard, but it was impossible. So he sat down under a big cherry-tree near by, and the boys and girls in a few minutes were running all over him like goats over a mountain. His heart was besieged, and a breach was soon made in its weakest place.

He put his hand on one little boy's hair and kissed another little girl, who looked so pretty and innocent that he could not help it. And his great arms clasped a half-a-dozen children at once, and his heart grew warm and mellow, and he found that he could resist no longer. So the clever fat general suddenly cried out:

"It's no use. I can't see the children suffer, you know. I guess I shall have to surrender."

Then he ordered the Hussites to bring him baskets of cherries, and he and the children had a cherry feast, and great was the happiness on the banks of the Saale, near the foodless town of Naumburg.

The children returned to the city at night, and each one hugged and kissed Procopius as they parted, and said in a low, sweet voice:

"Spare, for our sakes, the town of Naumburg."

The moon hung over the Saale in the golden air, and in the late hours dipped behind the far mountains. The sun rose fair, and the watchmen looked down from the grim walls of Naumburg on the long valley; but Procopius and the Hussites were gone, and a happier day never was seen in the town.

For four hundred years the Saxons have loved to recall this delightful event of history, and have celebrated it by the "Kinderfest," or "Children's Fête," or, as it is often called, "The Cherry Feast of Naumburg." This festival corresponds to our Fourth of July, and occurs on the 28th of July, and a right glad day it is to the children of Saxony. And, would you see how long the happy influence of a single good deed may last? why then, when you go to Germany, drop down to the Saale in summer time, and eat some cherries with the children at the Children's Fête, in honor of the funniest general in all the world.

GOLD LOCKS AND SILVER LOCKS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

PUPIL and master together,
The wise man and the child,
Merrily talking and laughing
Under the lamp-light mild.

Pupil and master together,
A fair sight to behold,
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

"Well, little girl, did you practice
On the violin to-day?
What is the air I gave you?
Have you forgotten, pray?"

And he sings a few notes and pauses,
Half frowning to see her stand
Perplexed, with her white brows knitted,
And her chin upon her hand.

Far off in the street of a sudden
Comes the sound of a wandering band,
And the blare of brass rings faintly,
Too distant to understand.

"Hark!" says the master, smiling,
Bending his head to hear,
"In what key are they playing?
Can you tell me that, my dear?"

I thought, if one had the power,
What a beautiful thing 't would be,
Hearing Life's manifold music,
To strike in one's self the key;

Whether joyful or sorry, to answer,
As wind-harps answer the air,
And solve by simple submission
Its riddles of trouble and care.



"Is it D minor? Try it!"
To the piano and try!"
She strikes it, the sweet sound answers,
Her touch so light and shy.

And swift as steel to magnet,
The far tones and the near
Unite and are blended together
Smoothly upon the ear.

But the little maid knew nothing
Of thoughts so grave and wise,
As she stole again to her teacher,
And lifted her merry eyes.

And neither dreamed what a picture
They made, the young and the old,—
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.





ONE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

TEN DOLLARS

BY OLIVE THORNE.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Mr. Cameron.—A clergyman.

Mrs. Cameron.—His wife.

Grandmother.—His mother.

Children of Mr. { Janet.—A School-teacher. Girard.—A Clerk.
and Mrs. Cameron. } Mabel.—A Music-teacher. Nellie.—A School-girl.

SCENE.

A comfortable, though homely, sitting-room, with a stove, a rag-carpet, a center-table, with two candles and snuffers on it.

Janet in gray dress, hair plain, sitting in a straight chair, sewing.

Mabel, the musician, in bright dress, with ribbons and curls, lounging in an easy chair, reading.

Girard, studying book-keeping.

Nellie, with hair in braids, studying her arithmetic with slate, etc.

All these around the table, with place left for Mother, whose work-basket, full of stockings, stands on the table. Her low sewing-chair awaits her beside the table.

Grandmother, in big rocking-chair by stove, knitting.

Grandmother. Nellie, I don't think you were polite to your friend when she came home with you. I was surprised you did n't invite her to tea.

Nellie. Well, Grandma, I did want to—awfully, but you see [*hesitating*] I was ashamed.

Grandmother. Ashamed! Of what, pray? [*dropping her knitting in amazement*]. I hope I have n't lived to see a Cameron stoop to the low standard of the present day, which estimates a man by the number of dollars he has heaped together, honestly or dishonestly!

Janet [*smiling*]. No, Grandma. I think we are all true Camerons in pride of family, and it keeps us contented under some trials, too, but I suppose Nellie refers to the state of our "family china,"—if the relics that adorn our table can be called so.

Grandmother [*with spirit*]. As if that made any difference with the spirit of hospitality!

Janet. Of course it makes no difference really; but you must admit, Grandma, it is a little mortifying to offer your friend a cracked plate to eat from, and a handleless tea-cup in a chipped saucer of another set, while the bread comes on in a blue-edged pie-plate.

Nellie [*ruefully*]. And not a whole pitcher in the house!

Janet. The truth is, we must manage some way to buy a few decent dishes. Our table is a disgrace.

Mabel [*looking up for the first time*]. So it is, Janey; I do wish we could have something really artistic! I saw such a choice set of Wedgwood to-day, as I passed Orton's!

Janet [*laughing*]. Wedgwood and dinner-sets are not for us, Sis. We shall have to content ourselves with a few cups and saucers, and plates; and I don't see exactly where those are to come from, either.

Mabel. But it's just as easy to buy even a few things that show some taste for art and the beautiful; and a bit of pure color here and there gives a plain table such an air.

Girard [*looking up for the first time*]. Airs at a Cameron table! I'm amazed! As for "bits of

color," Bel, a good steak is as nice a bit of color as I want to see.

Mabel. How gross, Girard!

Nellie [eagerly]. But about the dishes; let's all help to get them.

Girard [mockingly]. Pass around the hat! How much do you start with, Nell? Mabel can contribute her "cultchah"; you, your enthusiasm; I, my good wishes; and Janey must do the rest.

Nellie [meekly, and returning to her slate]. I have n't any money, I know, but I could do without something, I suppose, and take that money.

Janet [laying down her work in her interest]. That's what I thought of. We all shall have to pinch somewhere to do it. I thought for one thing, we might give up butter at the table—we children, I mean; that would save something from the house bills.

Girard [tragically]. Oh, Janet! "the most unkindest cut of all!"—that was aimed at me, I know. What are buckwheats without butter?

Janet [with pretended severity]. Very good and wholesome eating, Mr. Girard. You are far too tender of that exacting stomach of yours! It's time it was denied.

Girard [jumping up, and striking an attitude]. Denied! Don't I cheat it with codfish and corned beef! and mock it with dandelion coffee! and have n't I punished it with oatmeal, and crushed wheat, and other horse-feed? "Oh, that way madness lies!" What would you have a fellow do—live on bran?

Janet [severely virtuous]. Yes, if he could not pay for better. Benjamin Frank—

Girard [interrupting]. There, don't fling Ben Franklin at me again! He did n't care what he did; he paraded the streets of Philadelphia, eating one loaf of bread, and holding another under his arm. I saw him do it—in a picture, I mean.

Grandmother. That was nothing to be ashamed of.

Girard [sitting down]. Nor to brag of, neither.

Janet. Well, never mind Ben Franklin; the question now before the house, is: How can each of us save a little money?

Girard. Let's appoint a committee of ways and means—that's such a nice easy way! I nominate Miss Janet Cameron for the committee. Let her make something out of nothing, and in the words of the immortal—(ahem)—somebody, "show us how divine a thing a woman may become."

Janet. Now, Girard, stop your nonsense, and devote yourself to this "account of stock," while we girls talk things over.

Girard. By the way, that reminds me that I took a letter from the post-office for father to-day. Where is he?

Janet. In the study, I believe.

[Girard goes out.]

Grandmother. I'll help, Janet. I can do without the cap you were going to make me.

Janet. No, indeed, Grandma! You shall have a new cap if we have to eat off of leaves. We young folks are the ones to do without things.

[Girard returns, snuffs the candles, and resumes his seat.]

Janet [continues]. I have a little of my quarter's salary left, which I will give.

Mabel. But —

Janet [hastily]. No "buts," Mabel. Of course, it is only by some self-denial that we can do it. We have no superfluous luxuries.

Mabel [sighing]. I think not, indeed! Well, of course, I'll give up butter, too, and—[hesitating] I won't buy that new piece of music.

Nellie. That you've been wanting for six months!

Mabel. I don't need it more than Janet needs shoes.

Nellie [pushing her books back on the table]. Dear me! what can I do without, I wonder? [reflecting]—I suppose I might wear my old hat as it is, without the flower mother said I might get. I can't think of anything else.

Janet. But, Nellie, that will be too bad. It really needs it.

Nellie. No more than you and Mabel need things. I can tie my veil over it. I wonder how it will look, anyway?

[Goes to a cupboard or drawer, and brings out an old hat, pulls the trimming this way and that to give it a fresher look, while the talk goes on, no one observing her.]

Girard. "Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy!"

Janet [turning to Girard, now apparently absorbed in his books]. Now, Girard, it's your turn. Show us some of the philosophy you mentioned.

Girard [apparently surprised]. Eh? What?

Janet. Have n't you some pet thing to sacrifice?

Girard. I can't sacrifice my pet; you've done that yourself at one fell stroke—that's butter. But [seriously] I suppose I must crucify my pride, like the rest—though it is Cameron pride, Grandma. I'll have my shoes patched, and wait till next quarter for new ones [holding out a somewhat dilapidated shoe, and looking at it on every side with comical look of dismay]. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

Janet [warmly]. And you so hate a patch! Girard, your pride is of the right sort; you're ahead of us all.

Girard [theatrically]. "Who is here so base that would be a bondman?"—to a pair of shoes—"If any, speak!" How much will all these sacrifices net?

Janet [in business-like way]. The sum total

of these several sacrifices of the Cameron family, net,—ahem! exactly—[*slowly*] if we do without butter for a month—nine dollars and seventy-five cents!

Nellie [*eagerly throwing down the hat*]. Is that enough?

Janet. Yes, I think so, used with discretion.

Girard. Well, then, shell out [*opening a thin pocket-book. Soliloquizing*]. "I do remember a lonely"—two-dollar note—"and hereabouts he lives. Has he not a lean and hungry look?" Who'll be treasurer of this great financial scheme? Janet, of course. "'T was ever thus"—she's always everything in this house—"wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best"—Here, Miss Factotum! [*tendering the bill with mock ceremony*].

[Mabel slowly draws out a shabby portemonnaie, and carefully takes out several pieces of change, spreading them on the table, and counting them.]

Mabel. Twenty-five—fifty—seventy-five—one dollar twenty-five—thirty—forty—forty-five—forty-nine—one dollar and forty-nine-cents.

[The door opens, Mother enters and seats herself by table, holding up a ten-dollar bill.]

Mother. Children, we've had a windfall.

Chorus. Have we! Oh! Oh not that?

Mother. Yes, this ten-dollar bill. Your father's letter was from Mr. James, inclosing the ten dollars he owed him, which we had given up long ago.

Girard [*aside*]. "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer by this son of"—greenbacks!

Janet. What will he do with it, Mother?

Mother. He has given it to me to put where it is most needed. He has no bills out; coal is in and paid for, and we have a barrel of flour. In fact—thanks to your all doing so well, we are comfortable for the winter. Now, where is it most needed about the house? I thought, myself, that father ought to have a new study-chair. His is really unsafe.

[A pause of several minutes. Each one in a brown study. Mother draws up her basket, and takes out her work.]

Nellie [*suddenly, very earnestly*]. O Mother! I do wish you'd get me some new ribbons and a pair of gloves! they won't cost much, and mine are really too shabby to be decent!

Mother [*surprised, and dropping her work*]. Why, I thought your blue ribbons looked very nice yet, Nellie; and your gloves, I'm sure, can't be worn out.

Nellie. They're not really in holes, but worn white and shabby; and my blue ribbons [*scornfully*] have been washed, you know, and they do seem so slimy and mean. I wish you could see Belle Nelson's—

Janet [*interrupting*]. Belle Nelson, indeed! The idea of your dreaming of rivaling her! If you talk about needs, I think I need a new dress about as much as you need ribbons and gloves. I'm hardly respectable in my old brown serge, cleaned and turned upside down, inside out, hind-side before, flounced to hide piecing, and bowed to hide darns!

Mother [*perfectly aghast at this savage speech, and nervously twisting the bill as she talks*]. Why, Janet, I thought your dress looked so nice! and you were so contented!

Janet. Well, I expected, of course, to wear it, and I had to be contented; but it makes me furious, after all the trouble I've had with Nellie's clothes, to have her talk about Belle Nelson.

Girard [*starting up and walking across the room, returning and snuffing the candles again*]. Now, Mother, see here! It's all stuff to talk about ribbons and frocks! Girls always want a cart-load of such truck! I say, Here, let's have a high old Christmas-dinner! One of the real old sort, that all can enjoy and remember through subsequent scrimped dinners.

Janet [*ironically*]. That's just like a boy! I've always heard that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach; but I did n't think it cropped out so young in life.

Girard [*offended by the taunting reflection on his age*]. Young! I'd like to know—

Mother [*earnestly, interrupting, and forgetfully letting the bill, now twisted into a wisp, fall into her lap*]. Children! Children! I am extremely pained to see such a spirit! If you cannot talk it over pleasantly, I shall be sorry we ever saw the ten dollars.

[Janet and Girard look ashamed, and are silent. Girard sits down.]

Mabel [*mildly*]. Mother, don't you think it would be well to put this unexpected money to the use of a little culture? Our lives are so bare and devoid of beauty! We surely shall grow gross and earthly-minded if we never lift ourselves above our material needs, nor cultivate our aesthetic tastes.

Girard [*wickedly, sotto voce*]. Ahem! "And still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all she knew."

Mabel [*not hearing him*]. How would it do to spend it for a season-ticket to the Philharmonic concerts this winter, and take turns in going? or to buy a choice photograph of some grand picture, which would be constant culture to the whole family, refining and—

Girard [*pitching his book across the room, making Grandmother start, and drop her ball*]. Yes, to you! But nobody else cares a fig for your old

concerts, and your choice photographs! [*Sees Grandma's ball, picks it up and returns it to her.*]

[*Mabel starts up, indignant at Girard's words, then sits and buries her face in a book.*]

Girard [continuing]. I think, the best way, after all, is to put the money into silver dollars and divide it around, so that each one may get exactly what suits him.

Mother [leaning forward, pained and distressed, the bill drops to the floor]. But, children, I am amazed to see this dreadful discontent! I never suspected that you felt like this.

Nellie [interrupting hotly]. I suppose I am horrid! But when one has been to school all her life, dressed meaner than the washerwoman's daughter, I don't think it's wonderful that she should want a new thing once in a while. It's no worse than to stuff it down the throat, as *Girard* would like!

Mabel [laying down the book she took up when *Girard* interrupted]. Neither eating nor dressing is more than a vulgar necessity. Our spiritual nature craves higher pleasures, and I do think we ought to try to rise above that low plane.

Girard [energetically]. "Stuff!"

Janet [tossing her head with dignity]. Well, all of you may say what you like about it, but I can tell you this—

[At this moment, *Girard* jumps up to snuff the candles again, and in his haste, snuffs one of them out.]

Nellie [crossly]. Now you've done it!

[*Girard* snatches up the other candle to relight the first.]

Mother [seizing his hand]. No, no! You'll spill the grease! Take a paper! [*turning to look for one in her basket.*]

[*Girard* looks around, sees the bill in a wisp on the floor, picks it up.]

Girard. Here's one, Mother!

[Lights it at one candle, re-lights the other, and turns to the stove with the burning bill; opens the stove-door, throws it in, carelessly looking at it when in; suddenly looks aghast.]

Girard [anxiously]. My goodness! Mother, where's that bill?

[Door opens; Mr. Cameron puts in his head to see what's the matter.]

Mother. Why, I have it; it's right here [*looking in her lap and on the table*]. I had it in my hands a minute ago—I was twisting it in my fingers, I believe.

[Looks on the floor. The rest join in the search under the table; Janet looks in work-basket; Mother stands up and shakes her dress.]

Girard [standing still, panic-stricken]. Girls, you need n't look any more. Mother, I—I—lighted the candle with it. I thought it was a wisp of paper.

Mother [distressed]. I twisted it up, as I do everything, I suppose, and laid it down carelessly.

Mabel [interrupting]. No; *Girard* took that paper from the floor; I saw him.

Girard. Then it dropped, for I saw it as it burned in the stove.

Chorus [of dismay]. Burned!

Grandmother [serenely, laying down her knitting and pushing her spectacles up to her forehead]. Bless the Lord! let us return to contented poverty!

[All see the point, look ashamed, and subside into seats in silence.]

Father [after looking sharply at each discontented face]. Mother, do you regret the money?

Mother [serenely, taking up her darning-basket]. No, William! It has bought us a useful lesson! It is well bestowed.

Grandmother. And no one even once thought of the china we need so badly!

[All bend over books and work, as at beginning.]

CURTAIN.



RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



LOOKING THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW.

LONG ago, before the sun caught fire, before the moon froze up, and before you were born, a Queen had three children, whose names were Princess Hilda, Prince Frank, and Prince Henry. Princess Hilda, who was the eldest, had blue eyes and golden hair; Prince Henry, who was the youngest, had black eyes and black hair; and Prince Frank, who was neither the youngest nor the eldest, had hazel eyes and brown hair. They were the best children in the world, and the prettiest, and the cleverest of their age: they lived in the most beautiful palace ever built, and the garden they played in was the loveliest that ever was seen.

This castle stood on the borders of a great forest, on the other side of which was Fairy Land. But there was only one window in the palace that looked out upon the forest, and that was the round window of the room in which Princess Hilda, Prince Frank, and Prince Henry slept. And since this window was never open except at night, after the three children had been put to bed, they knew very little about how the forest looked, or what kind of flowers grew there, or what kind of birds sang in the branches of the trees. Sometimes, however,

as they lay with their heads on their little pillows, and their eyes open, waiting for sleep to come and fasten down the eyelids, they saw stars, white, blue, and red, twinkling in the sky overhead; and below amongst the tree-trunks, other yellow stars, which danced about, and flitted to and fro. These flitting stars were called, by grown-up people, will-o'-the-wisps, jack-o'-lanterns, fire-flies, and such like names; but the children knew them to be the torches carried by the elves, as they ran hither and thither about their affairs. They often wished that one of these elves would come through the round window of their chamber, and make them a visit; but if this ever happened, it was not until after the children had fallen asleep, and could know nothing of it.

The garden was on the opposite side of the palace to the forest, and was full of flowers, and birds, and fountains, in the basins of which gold-fishes swam. In the center of the garden, was a broad green lawn for the children to play on; and on the further edge of this lawn was a high hedge, with only one round opening in the middle of it. But through this opening no one was allowed to

pass; for the land on the other side belonged to a dwarf, whose name was Rumpty-Dudget, and whose only pleasure was in doing mischief. He was an ugly little dwarf, about as high as your knee, and all gray from head to foot. He wore a broad-brimmed gray hat, and a gray beard, and a gray cloak, that was so much too long for him that it dragged on the ground as he walked; and on his back was a small gray hump, that made him look even shorter than he was. He lived in a gray tower, whose battlements could be seen from the palace windows. In this tower was a room with a thousand and one corners in it. In each of these corners stood a little child, with its face to the wall, and its hands behind its back. They were children that Rumpty-Dudget had caught trespassing on his grounds, and had carried off with him to his tower. In this way he had filled up one corner after another, until only one corner was left unfilled; and if he could catch a child to put in that corner, then Rumpty-Dudget would become master of the whole country, and the beautiful palace would disappear, and the lovely garden would be changed into a desert, covered over with gray stones and brambles. You may be sure, therefore, that Rumpty-Dudget tried very hard to get hold of a child to put in the thousand and first corner; but all the mothers were so careful, and all the children so obedient, that for a long time that thousand and first corner had remained empty.

II.—TOM, THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

WHEN Princess Hilda and her two little brothers, Prince Frank and Prince Henry, were still very little, indeed, the Queen, their mother, was obliged to make a long journey to a distant country, and to leave the children behind her. They were not entirely alone, however; for there was their fairy aunt to keep guard over them at night, and a large cat, with yellow eyes and a thick tail, to see that no harm came to them during the day. The cat was named Tom, and was with them from the time they got up in the morning until they went to bed again; but from the time they went to bed until they got up, the cat disappeared and the fairy aunt took his place. The children had never seen their fairy aunt except in dreams, because she only came after sleep had fastened down their eyelids for the night. Then she would fly in through the round window, and sit on the edge of their bed, and whisper in their ears all manner of charming stories about Fairy Land, and the wonderful things that were seen and done there. Then, just before they awoke, she would kiss their eyelids and fly out of the round window again; and the cat, with his yellow eyes and his thick tail, would come purring in at the door.

One day, the unluckiest day in the whole year, Princess Hilda, Prince Frank and Prince Henry were playing together on the broad lawn in the center of the garden. It was Rumpty-Dudget's birthday, and the only day in which he had power to creep through the round hole in the hedge and prowl about the Queen's grounds. As ill-fortune would have it, moreover, the cat was forced to be away on this day from sunrise to sunset; so that during all that time the three children had no one to take care of them. But they did not know there was any danger, for they had never yet heard of Rumpty-Dudget; and they went on playing together very affectionately, for up to this time they had never quarreled. The only thing that troubled them was that Tom, the cat, was not there to play with them; he had been away ever since sunrise, and they all longed to see his yellow eyes and his thick tail, and to stroke his smooth back, and to hear his comfortable purr. However, it was now very near sunset, so he must soon be back. The sun, like a great red ball, hung a little way above the edge of the world, and was taking a parting look at the children before bidding them good-night.

All at once, Princess Hilda looked up and saw a strange little dwarf standing close beside her, all gray from head to foot. He wore a gray hat and beard, and a long gray cloak that dragged on the ground, and on his back was a little gray hump that made him seem even shorter than he was, though, after all, he was no taller than your knee. Princess Hilda was not frightened, for nobody had ever done her any harm; and besides, this strange little gray man, though he was very ugly, smiled at her from ear to ear, and seemed to be the most good-natured dwarf in the world. So she called to Prince Frank and Prince Henry, and they looked up too, and were no more frightened than Hilda; and as the dwarf kept on smiling from ear to ear, the three children smiled back at him. Meanwhile, the great red ball of the sun was slowly going down, and now his lower edge was just resting on the edge of the world.

Now, you have heard of Rumpty-Dudget before, and therefore you know that this strange little gray dwarf was none other than he, and that, although he smiled so good-naturedly from ear to ear, he was really wishing to do the children harm, and even to carry one of them off to his tower, to stand in the thousand and first corner. But he had no power to do this so long as the children staid on their side of the hedge; he must first tempt them to creep through the round opening, and then he could carry them whither he pleased. So he held out his hand and said:

"Come with me, Princess Hilda, Prince Frank

and Prince Henry. I am very fond of little children; and if you will creep through that round opening in the hedge, I will show you something you never saw before."

The three children thought

But from the other side of the hedge he threw a handful of black mud at the three children; a drop of it fell upon the forehead of Princess Hilda, and another upon Prince Frank's nose, and a third upon little Prince Henry's chin; and each drop made a little black spot, which all the washing and scrubbing in the world would not take away.



A.F.

it would be very pleasant to see something they never saw before; for if that part of the world which they had already seen was so beautiful, it was likely that the part they had not seen would be more beautiful still. So they stood up, and Rumpty-Dudget took Prince Frank by one hand, and Prince Henry by the other, and Princess Hilda followed behind, and thus they all set off across the lawn toward the round opening in the hedge. But they could not go very fast, because the children were hardly old enough to walk yet; and, meanwhile, the great red ball of the sun kept going down slowly, and now his lower half was out of sight beneath the edge of the world. However, at last they came to the round opening, and Rumpty-Dudget took hold of Prince Henry to lift him through it.

But just at that moment the last bit of the sun disappeared beneath the edge of the world, and instantly there was a great sound of miauling and spitting, and Tom, the cat, came springing across the lawn, his great yellow eyes flashing, and his back bristling, and every hair upon his tail standing straight out, until it was as big round as your leg. And he flew at Rumpty-Dudget, and jumped upon his hump, and bit and scratched him soundly. At that Rumpty-Dudget screamed with pain, and dropped little Prince Henry, and vanished through the opening of the hedge in the twinkling of an eye.



THE CAT DRIVES RUMPTY-DUDGET AWAY.

And imm
been the
to order
she pleas
Prince F
two best
the good
people, i
him; and
the other
began to
and not t
the effect

II
ALTHO
brothers v
world, th
goes, and
the whole
north, wh
cess Hilda
to make t
liked it on
the good
brother an
his; and
told to
not to do
cess Hilda
and on F
blackier, a
children v
But as so
Fairy Lan
the heat t
felt or no
disappear
the fairy
away. B
and her t
the wind
and first
be filled
aunt flew
their bed
Land int
their slee
carry the
beautiful
would sha
"As le
cannot ca
of you bel
on to it
becomes
and Henr

And immediately Princess Hilda, who had till then been the best little girl in the world, began to wish to order everybody about, and make them do what she pleased, whether they liked it or not; and Prince Frank, who till then had been one of the two best little boys in the world, began to want all the good and pretty things that belonged to other people, in addition to what already belonged to him; and Prince Henry, who till then had been the other of the two best little boys in the world, began to wish to do what he was told not to do, and not to do what he was told to do. Such was the effect of the three black drops of mud.

III.—THE WAYS OF THE WIND.

ALTHOUGH the Princess Hilda and her two little brothers were no longer the best children in the world, they were pretty good children as the world goes, and got along tolerably well together on the whole. But whenever the wind blew from the north, where Rumpty-Dudget's tower stood, Princess Hilda ordered her brothers about, and tried to make them do what she pleased, whether they liked it or not; and Prince Frank wanted some of the good and pretty things that belonged to his brother and sister, in addition to what were already his; and Prince Henry would not do what he was told to do, and would do what he was told not to do. And then, too, the spot on Princess Hilda's forehead, and on Prince Frank's nose, and on Prince Henry's chin, became blacker and blacker, and hotter and hotter, until at last the children were ready to cry from pain and vexation. But as soon as the wind blew from the south, where Fairy Land was, the spots began to grow dim, and the heat to lessen, until at last the children hardly felt or noticed them any more. Yet they never disappeared altogether; and neither the cat nor the fairy aunt could do anything to drive them away. But the cat used to warn Princess Hilda and her two brothers that unless they could make the wind blow always from the south, the thousand and first corner in Rumpty-Dudget's tower would be filled at last. And when, at night, their fairy aunt flew in through the round window and sat on their bedside, and whispered stories about Fairy Land into their ears, and they would ask her in their sleep to take them all three in her arms and carry them over the tops of the forest-trees to her beautiful home far away on the other side, she would shake her head and say:

"As long as those spots are on your faces, I cannot carry you to my home, for a part of each of you belongs to Rumpty-Dudget, and he will hold on to it in spite of all I can do. But when Hilda becomes a horse, and Frank a stick of fire-wood, and Henry a violin, then Rumpty-Dudget will lose

his power over you, and the spots will vanish, and I will take you all three in my arms, and fly with



"NEARER AND NEARER TO THE HEDGE." [PAGE 202.]

you over the tops of the trees to Fairy Land, where we will live happily forever after."

When the three children heard this, they were puzzled to know what to do; for how could a little princess become a horse, or two little princes a stick of fire-wood and a violin? But that their fairy aunt would not tell them.

"It can only happen when the wind blows always from the south, as the cat told you," said she.

"But how can we make the wind blow always from the south?" asked they.

At that, the fairy aunt touched each of them on the heart, and smiled, and shook her head; and no other answer would she give; so they were no wiser than before.

Thus time went steadily on, to-morrow going before to-day, and yesterday following behind, until a year was past, and Rumpty-Dudget's birthday came round once more.

"I must leave you alone to-morrow," said the cat the day before, "from sunrise to sunset; but if you are careful to do as I tell you, all will be well. Do not go into the garden; do not touch the black ball that lies on the table in the nursery; and do not jump against the north wind."

Just as he finished saying these things, he sprang out of the room and disappeared.

All the next morning the children remembered what Tom, the cat, had told them; they played quietly in the palace, and did not touch the black

ball that lay on the nursery table. But when the afternoon came, Princess Hilda began to be tired of staying shut up so long, when out in the garden it was warm and pleasant, and the wind blew from the south. And Prince Frank began to be tired of his own playthings, and to wish that he might have the pretty, black ball, to toss up in the air and catch again. And Prince Henry began to be tired of doing what he was told, and wished the wind would blow from the north, so that he might jump against it. At last they could bear it no longer; so Princess Hilda stood up and said:

"Frank and Henry, I order you to come out with me into the garden!" And out they went; and as they passed through the nursery, Prince Henry knocked the black ball off the table, and Prince Frank picked it up and put it in his pocket. But by the time they got to the broad lawn in the center of the garden, the three spots on their faces were blacker than ink and hotter than pepper; and, strange to say, the wind, which hitherto had blown from the south, now changed about and

came from the north, where Rumpy-Dudget's tower stood. Nevertheless, the children ran about the grass, tossing the black ball from one to another, and did not notice that every time it fell to the ground, it struck a little nearer the hedge which divided Rumpy-Dudget's land from the Queen's garden. At last Prince Frank got the ball, and kept tossing it up in the air, and catching it again all by himself, without letting the others take their turns. But they ran after him to get it away, and all three raced to and fro, without noticing that at every turn they were nearer and nearer to the high hedge, and to the round opening that led into Rumpy-Dudget's ground. After a long chase, Princess Hilda and Prince Henry caught up with Prince Frank, and would have taken the black ball away from him; but he gave it a great toss upward, and it flew clear over the high hedge and came down bounce upon the other side. Just then the great red ball of the sun dropped out of a gray cloud, and rested on the edge of the world. It wanted three minutes to sunset.

(To be continued.)



PETE'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY J. H. ANDREWS.

THERE was a boy whose name was Pete,—
 (I hope he is n't here, because
 I would n't dare to tell this if he was.)
 I think you'd better guess the street
 He lived in, and the village too as well,—
 For I sha'n't tell.
 And this boy Pete felt very sad one day;
 He could n't play;
 He left the house and wandered far away;
 He left his kite and ball;
 He did n't feed his rocking-horse at all;
 He did n't even whistle for the dog,
 But went out through the gate.
 And toward the wood with melancholy jog
 He did perambulate.
 (What that word means 't would take too long
 to state.)
 So—not to keep you in suspense—
 He reached a spot where trees grew tall and
 dense,
 And clambering upon an old rail-fence,
 He sat him down to meditate.
 'T was in September,—apples every one
 Were ripening in the sun;
 And bobolinks had hardly yet begun
 To think of leaving home;
 The fields were still in bloom;
 The butterflies and bees and all such things
 Were practicing their wings;
 And every breeze
 Startled the squirrels, who, with merry pranks,
 Were playing hide-and-seek among the trees.
 Nature was gay!
 (As grown-up people say.)
 But Peter seemed to feel the other way:
 Poor lad!
 He did n't mind the beauty of the day;
 And nothing made him glad.
 With fingers in his hair he sat alone,—
 And if you'd been
 Among the bushes, where he could n't see,
 You would have heard him say in mournful tone:
 "Oh, dear!
 Why is it Christmas comes but once a year?
 Now, look at Sundays,—there's no end to them,—
 I don't know who's to blame,—
 They keep a-coming every little while;—
 I got my rocking-horse the other day
 To take a drive;
 And,—sure as I'm alive!—
 I'd hardly traveled half a mile,

When mother called out: 'Say,
 Peter, just put that hobby-horse away;
 It's Sunday now, you know you must n't play.'



"HE SAT HIM DOWN TO MEDITATE."

Yes! Sunday every day or two.
 But Christmases,—My! aint they few!
 Here I've been waiting,
 And calculating
 What I would do
 Next Christmas-time; and now I've found
 It's three months 'fore it comes around!
 Three months!—oh, dear!—
 Why *don't* they have it more than once a year!"
 Thus Peter did soliloquize,—
 His hands upon his eyes,—
 Meanwhile, he tries
 (With such a frown!)
 To kick the old fence down:—
 But fails,—
 Kicking his boot-heel off against the rails.
 There is no doubt
 But Peter felt uncommonly put out.
 He sat down on a stone—
 When something brought
 A smile upon his face,—the frown was gone,—
 And up he started. "Well, I've got it now,"

He said. "I thought, somehow,
I might arrange
To have a change
About these Christmas days."

"And now," he says,
"I'll *do* this thing: Because
I do not wonder that old Santa Claus
Comes only once a year. It's plain to me;
For,—can't I see
He doesn't come at all, except they fix a tree?
'T is very queer

They fix it only once a year;
(How little these old people know!
I'll teach them something when I grow.)

But I wont wait till then;

These grown-up men

May have their Christmas once a year; but I,—
I'll have a dozen if I wish. I'll try
A Christmas-tree to-morrow; if they wont
Help me, I'll have it on my own account!

To-morrow's just the day!

The old folks will be gone away
To visit Uncle Ephraim on the hill;
I'll have a tree to-morrow,—that I will.

Think of the boys

Next morning when I carry out the toys:—
Wont their eyes open wide!

And then, beside,

To fool old Santa Claus,—oh, what a joke!"

Thus Peter spoke,

Full half the night awake he lay,
And waited for the day;
Then fell asleep to dream
About his wondrous scheme.
When the bell sounded
For breakfast, out of bed he bounded.
He laughed, of course,
To see his brother harnessing the horse;
And to himself he said:
"I'll hide the toys well underneath the bed."
When he was dressed,
He found his parents in their Sunday best,
Beside the table.
Pete, who was hardly able
To eat at all that day,
Soon slipped away,—
Went out-of-doors,—
Drove up the gig,—offered to hold the horse;
And when he saw the old folks safely in,
How Pete did grin!
How he rolled over on the ground
Till his head whirled around
With dizz'ness.
"And now," said Pete, "to business!"

'T is sad, but I must tell it.
Pete soon secured the ax,
And making sundry tacks
About the yard, he came upon a tree
(As fine a spruce as people ever see),



THE OLD GIG STARTS.

And, turning on his one heel, homeward sped,
Wishing 't were night, and he were safe in bed.

Well, night did come at last; he ran upstairs.
(I fear he rather hurried through his prayers.)

And with most vigorous hacks
He tried to fell it.
Pete never worked so hard before;
And I'll not dare to say
How soon that Christmas-tree was on its way

Toward the front hall door.
More time was spent
In getting the long branches bent



"AND TUGGED TILL IN IT WENT."

Between the casing;
The tree, in passing,
Tore off long strips of paint,
But Peter was intent
Upon his work, and tugged, till in it went.
He dragged it through the hall,
Then up the stairs,
And stood it in his bedroom, 'gainst the wall,
Till he could cut, for twine,
Some rope from the clothes-line,
With which he tied it upright, 'twixt two chairs
And (must I tell
What then befell?)
Throughout and 'round the house
He darted like a mouse.
Half laughing, half afraid,
Softly,—yet swiftly as a well-played jig;
Making a careful and all-searching raid
That Christmas-tree to rig!
"For," said he, as he ran,
"I'll fix it as I can;
I'll do my best,
And leave old Santa Claus to do the rest."
He ravaged all the house,
And tumbled drawers about,
Turned closets inside out,
For pretty ornaments to deck the boughs.

He took the vases,
And all the jewelry from out the cases.
Bottles of sweet perfume,
Took pictures from their places,
And hurried to his room.
I can't name all the things
Which up the stairs he brings,
Laughing so merrily;
Nor how he hangs them up upon the tree,
And fastens them with strings;
Nor how he handles
The tallow candles,
And decks the tree in genuine Christmas state—
All ready to illuminate!

At last the old folks came home tired;
Pete's mother anxiously inquired:
"Well, Peter, been at work? You're tired,
too?"
"Oh, some," he said: "I'm very glad I'm
through."
"That's right, my boy," the father made reply,
"You'll be the man to make your parents proud;
The good time's coming, Peter, by and by."



"HE RAVAGED ALL THE HOUSE."

"Yes, so is Christmas," murmured Pete,—not
loud.

It was n't long before he said:

"I guess I'll go to bed."
 And with a heart which beat
 With glorious anticipations, Pete
 Leaped up the stairs, thinking what lay ahead.
 He finds his room, and listens long, until
 The house is still;
 Then creeps along the floor,
 And feels the door;
 He strikes a match,
 And fastens down the catch;

So Pete kept guard, in silence crouching,
 The dark hole in the fire-place watching.
 While ever and again his heart beat faster.
 At some slight cracking of the plaster,
 Or scratching of a rat,—
 And all was stillness after that.

'T was very hard to keep from choking,
 The candles, somehow, took to smoking,
 When suddenly Pete heard
 A sort of fluttering.



"A HOST OF THINGS WITH WINGS!"

Then, carefully the bolt he draws,—
 The fire-board's down in silence most amazing,
 He sets the candles blazing.
 "There, now," he says, "we'll lay for Santa
 Claus!"

I don't propose to say
 How long he lay;
 Nor can I tell precisely what occurred.
 For something like an hour or more
 Stretched out upon the bedroom floor,
 Pete kept awake but never stirred.
 Anxious for what should come.
 Like a starved cat, that long has waited
 With eager ears and eyes dilated
 Before some mouse's home.

"Hist!" said he, muttering;

"That's he,
 And now I'll see
 The load of toys he brings."

Then down the chimney the soot came dropping,
 And into the room without any stopping
 There burst a host of things
 With wings!

Pete's eye with terror the vision follows,—
 A great black brood of chimney swallows!
 And the rapid rate

At which they whirled about Pete's pate
 I could n't begin to calculate.

Whew!—!—!—!—!

How they flew !
While every candle-flame burned blue.
How Pete did stare,
And how his hair
Began to rise,—
And how his eyes
Stood out from his head in mute surprise ;
And how, 'mid the terrible candle flare,
And the swallows whizzing through the air,
He jumped, when his father cried,
As he battered the door outside,
"Why, Pete ! what are you doin' ?"

What a crash !
When the luckless youngster made a dash
For the door, and stumbling over a chair,
That Christmas-tree right then and there,
Came down in a fearful ruin !

I think I'll drop the story here ;
But, if you'd like to drop a tear,
It would n't be difficult, could you see

How Peter's father tenderly
Lifted his son upon his knee,
And used a twig from that green tree.
He used it in such a generous way
That Peter remembered his Christmas day,
And sometime after was heard to say
That he'd be a dunce
If he wanted that Christmas more than once.

Since that famous night,
He never has taken a patent right

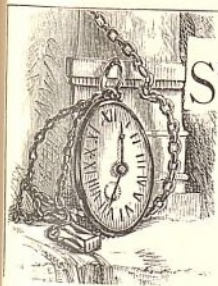


"A TWIG FROM THAT GREEN TREE."

For the Christmas he then invented.
And even now that he's grown a man
He keeps his Christmas, and seems contented
To follow the good old plan.

"SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR."

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



SIXTY seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," sang brown-haired Nellie, on the afternoon of the very last day of the year, as she rocked to and fro in her small rocking-chair,—a gift from Santa Claus,—beating her breast with her little fist as though to beat the lesson so firmly in that it never could get out again by any chance (I think it would have been far more sensible to have pounded on her head for that purpose),—"sixty seconds make a minute,—sixty minutes make an hour," over and over again, until the childish voice grew fainter and fainter, and the last "hour" never got farther than "ou."

Then Nellie ceased rocking, and her head fell back against the pretty scarlet and green "tidy" which she had found on her Christmas Tree, and the dark-brown curls fell over the dark-brown eyes, and she began to think of nothing at all. And while she was quietly thinking of nothing at all, she suddenly heard, to her great amazement, a tiny voice—as clear and sweet as the tinkling of the silver bell that hung from the necklace of "Snow-and-cream," her favorite cat—repeat the words, "Sixty minutes make an hour," and peeping through the cloud of hair that veiled her eyes, she saw a wee figure standing before her, dressed in white, with a daisy in its bosom, and a snowdrop clinging to its pale, golden curls.

It had a round, cheery, baby-face, with a dimple in one rosy cheek, and another in the rosy chin,

and its eyes were as blue as the eyes of a kitten when it is only a few weeks old.

Dancing in at a hole in one of the window-panes, and thence to the floor on a long, slanting sun-beam, came other wee figures, followed by still smaller ones, and the smaller ones followed again by comical mites no higher than Nellie's new silver thimble.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands; "how glad I am to see you! Are you fairies?"

"No, dear," replied the baby-faced one, with a bright smile. "We are Hours, Minutes, and Seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone. I don't suppose you can remember the Minutes and Seconds, your acquaintance with them was so very slight; they stay such a short time, no one can become well acquainted with them, sixty minutes and three thousand and six hundred seconds coming and going during the visit of one hour; but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins,—that is, some of us. It would be impossible for you to remember us all, of course."

"Why, how many sisters and cousins have you, you cunning tot?" asked Nellie.

"Twenty-three sisters, and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-six cousins," answered the tot.

"Good gracious! and my stars!" exclaimed Nellie. "What a awful,—a very awful large family! I never heard of such a thing. It stands to reason"—Nellie borrowed this expression from her papa—"that I could n't remember—such a young memory as I have—only six, going on seven—the half or quarter of so many hundreds and thousands, even if I'd met them all, which I don't believe I have."

"That's just what I was about to say," said the Hour, shaking its light curls softly, "we don't expect you to remember very many of us, and you're right in thinking you have not known us all. In fact, but half of our number have been introduced to you. The other half glided silently by, while you were sleeping, and some of us were so much alike that you could n't tell us apart, and a few of our relations have yet to visit you,—that is, if you stay up long enough to receive them. The last will fly away as the clock strikes twelve, and the midnight bells ring merrily to welcome the birth of the New Year."

"Oh dear, no," said Nellie; "I sha' n't see that one. I go to bed zackly eight, 'less on par-tic-ular 'casions, and then nine; but I don't think this is a par-tic-ular 'casion for me. But you have n't told me who you are, yet?"

"I am the Hour that was with you the morning,

nearly a year ago, when your baby-brother broke the beautiful wax doll Santa Claus had brought you, and you forced back the tears when you saw his rosebud mouth begin to tremble, and taking him in your arms told him 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' until he fell asleep."

"I remember," said Nellie, her face all aglow, "and mamma kissed me as she took baby Willie from me, and called me her 'own brave little daughter.'"

"And I am the Hour," said a small, grave body in a plain, dull, gray dress that had n't even a bow of ribbon on it,—with marks of tears on its cheeks, and a funny red tip to its dot of a nose, "that stayed with you when you were being punished for telling —"

"Don't mention it, please," interrupted a bright-faced, pleasant-looking Hour, in a sky-blue robe with a wreath of the tiniest chrysanthemums around its head. "What's the use of talking about it? It is n't a cheerful subject, and I've no doubt Nellie always told the truth after that. I heard her sobs of repentance, and her vows 'never—never—never' to do so again, and saw the smiles come back and chase away the clouds, when all was joy and peace once more."

"I danced with her in the meadow," sang a graceful elf standing on the tips of its toes, and holding its arms above its head as though it were about to fly, "one summer day,—the day she gathered daisies and dandelions,—and sang a sweet and joyous song in answer to the bird that had a nest in the apple-tree. In that nest were four baby-birds, and they peeped out and twittered when they heard Nellie sing."

"Yes, yes, indeed!" cried Nellie, "and what big mouths they had!"

"And I, Nellie dear," said a queer sprite with a pointed cap, and on the point a jolly little bell, "fell into the brook with you one August afternoon when you were trying to catch a frog. Kerchunk! how scared the frog-folks were when you tumbled in among them!" and the sprite laughed, and the jolly little bell laughed, and Nellie laughed loudest of all.

"And I," cried another, tossing its head and trying to pout, "sat by your side when you were sent from the supper-table because you were naughty and would n't say 'please.'"

"And I," lisped a roly-poly, cunning wee thing, "when you said 'Please—please—please,' and grandma gave you a slice of bread-and-butter, but you could n't see the butter for the apple-jelly."

"I remember, I remember," said Nellie; "I wish I had some now."

"I was with you, dear one," murmured an Hour, with kind, gentle eyes, and low, pitying voice,

broke
ought
you saw
taking
heep!

glow,
Willie
little

body
a bow
necks,
stayed
telling

right-
e robe
round
ut it?
doubt
rd her
-never
come
as joy

ang a
s, and
t were
y she
sweet
had a
baby-
when

what

with a
e bell,
ernoon
hunk!
mbled
nd the
oudest

nd try-
re sent
ughtly

thing.
' and
er, but
y." "I

Hour,
voice,

"when your poor head ached with a terrible pain, and between your moans, you made a prayer to the good God for help."

brothers just before you hung up your stocking on Christmas Eve."

"And I saw you take it down the next morning



THE HOURS SPEAK TO NELLIE.

"I am the Hour," said a merry, twinkling, bird-like spirit with hollyberries hanging all over it, "that looked on when you played games with your

filled almost to bursting with good things to eat," said another, with a face like a doll's plum-pudding, and little black currants for eyes.

VOL. VI.—15.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

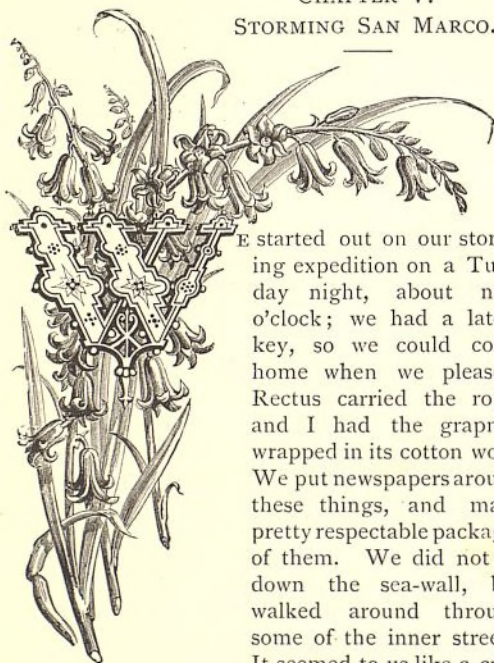
"And I —;" but at that moment Nellie's arithmetic fell from her lap with a bang! and away fled the Seconds, and Minutes, and Hours, up the long, slanting sunbeam, and out of the window.

And when Nellie in a great hurry leaned out to look after them, she saw nothing but the snow, and two street-sparrows picking up crumbs, and chattering noisily to each other.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER V. STORMING SAN MARCO.



WE started out on our storming expedition on a Tuesday night, about nine o'clock; we had a latch-key, so we could come home when we pleased. Rectus carried the rope, and I had the grapnel, wrapped in its cotton wool. We put newspapers around these things, and made pretty respectable packages of them. We did not go down the sea-wall, but walked around through some of the inner streets.

It seemed to us like a curious expedition. We were not going to do anything wrong, but we had no idea what the United States Government would think about it. We came down to the fort on its landward side, but our attack was to be made upon the water-front, and so we went round that way, on the side farthest from the town. There were several people about yet, and we had to wait. We dropped our packages into the moat, and walked about on the water-battery, which is between the harbor and the moat, and is used as a sort of pleasure-ground by the people of the town. It was a pretty dark night, although the stars were out, and the last of the promenaders soon went home; and then, after giving them about ten minutes to get entirely out of sight and hearing, we jumped down into the moat, which is only five or six feet below the water-battery, and,

taking our packages, went over to that part of the wall which we had fixed upon for our assault.

We fastened the rope to the grapnel, and then Rectus stood back while I made ready for the throw. It was a pretty big throw, almost straight up in the air, but I was strong, and was used to pitching, and all that sort of thing. I coiled the rope on the ground, took the loose end of it firmly in my left hand, and then, letting the grapnel hang from my right hand until it nearly touched the ground, I swung it round and round, perpendicularly, and when it had gone round three or four times, I gave it a tremendous hurl upward.

It rose beautifully, like a rocket, and fell inside of the ramparts, making only a little thud of a sound.

"First-rate!" said Rectus, softly; and I felt pretty proud myself.

I pulled on the rope, and found the grapnel had caught. I hung with my whole weight on it, but it held splendidly.

"Now, then," said I to Rectus, "you can climb up. Go slowly and be very careful. There's no hurry. And mind you take a good hold when you get to the top."

We had arranged that Rectus was to go first. This did not look very brave on my part, but I felt that I wanted to be under him, while he was climbing, so that I could break his fall if he should slip down. It would not be exactly a perpendicular fall, for the wall slanted a little, but it would be bad enough. However, I had climbed up worse places than that, and Rectus was very nimble; so, I felt there was no great danger.

Up he went, hand over hand, and putting his toes into nicks every now and then, thereby helping himself very much. He took it slowly and easily, and I felt sure he would be all right. As I looked at him, climbing up there in the darkness, while I was standing below holding the rope so that it should not swing, I could not help thinking that I was a pretty curious kind of a tutor for a boy. However, I was taking all the care of him that I

could, and if he came down, he'd probably hurt me worse than he would hurt himself. Besides, I had no reason to suppose that old Mr. Colbert objected to a little fun. Then I began to think of Mrs. Colbert, and while I was thinking of her, and looking up at Rectus, I was amazed to see him going up quite rapidly, while the end of the rope slipped through my fingers. Up he went, and when I ran back, I could see a dark figure on the wall, above him. Somebody was pulling him up!

In a very few moments he disappeared over the top, rope and all!

Now, I was truly frightened. What might happen to the boy?

I was about to shout, but on second thoughts, decided to keep quiet; yet I instantly made up my mind, that if I did n't see nor hear from him pretty soon, I would run around to the gate and bang up the people inside. However, it was not necessary for me to trouble myself, for, in a minute, the rope came down again, and I took hold of it. I pulled on it, and found it all firm, and then I went up. I climbed up pretty fast, and two or three times I felt a tug, as if somebody above was trying to pull me up. But it was of no use, for I was a great deal stouter and heavier than Rectus, who was a light, slim boy. But as I neared the top, a hand came down, and clutched me by the collar, and some one, with a powerful arm and grip, helped me over the top of the wall. There stood Rectus, all right, and the fellow who had helped us up was the big Indian, "Maiden's Heart."

I looked at Rectus, and he whispered:

"He says there's a sentinel down there in the square."

At this, Maiden's Heart bobbed his head two or three times, and, motioning to us to crouch down, he crept quietly over to the inner wall of the ramparts, and looked down.

"What shall we say we came for?" I whispered, quickly.

"I don't know," said Rectus.

"Well, we must think of something," I said, "or we shall look like fools."

But before we had time to think, Maiden's Heart crept back. He put his finger on his lips, and, beckoning us to follow him, he led the way to a corner of the fort near one of the lookout towers. We followed as quietly as we could, and then we all three slipped into the narrow entrance to the tower, the Indian motioning us to go first. When we two stood inside of the little round tower, old Maiden's Heart planted himself before us in the passage, and waited to hear what we had to say.

But we could n't think of anything to say. Directly, however, I thought I must do something, so I whispered to the Indian.

"Does the sentry ever come up here?"

He seemed to catch my meaning.

"I go watch," he said. "Come back. Tell you." And off he stole, making no more noise than a cat.

"Bother on him!" said Rectus. "If I'd known he was up here, I would never have come."

"I reckon not," said I. "But now that we have come, what are we going to do or say. That fellow evidently thinks we have some big project on hand, and he's ready to help us; we must be careful, or he'll rush down and murder the sentinel."

"I'm sure I don't know what to say to him," said Rectus. "We ought to have thought of this before. I suppose it would be of no use to mention my poster to him."

"No, indeed," said I, "he'd never understand that. And, besides, there's a man down there. Let's peep out and see what he's doing."

So we crept to the entrance of the passage, and saw Maiden's Heart, crouched near the top of the inclined plane which serves as a stair-way from the square to the ramparts, and looking over the low wall, evidently watching the sentry.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Rectus. "Let's make a rush for our rope, and get out of this."

"No, sir!" said I. "We'd break our necks, if we tried to hurry down that rope. Don't think of anything of that kind. And besides, we could n't both get down before he'd see us."

In a few minutes, Maiden's Heart crept quickly back to us, and seemed surprised that we had left our hiding-place. He motioned us farther back into the passage, and slipped in himself.

We did not have time to ask any questions before we heard the sentry coming up the stair-way, which was near our corner. When he reached the top, he walked away from us over toward the Indian barracks, which were on the ramparts, at the other end of the fort. As soon as he reached the barracks, Maiden's Heart took me by the arm and Rectus by the collar, and hurried us to the stair-way, and then down as fast as we could go. He made no noise himself, but Rectus and I clumped a good deal. We had to wear our shoes, for the place was paved with rough concrete and oyster-shells.

The sentry evidently heard the clumping, for he came running down after us, and caught up to us almost as soon as we reached the square.

"Eugh!" said he, for he was an Indian; and he ran in front of us, and held his musket horizontally before us. Of course we stopped. And then, as there was nothing else that seemed proper to do, we held out our hands and said, "How?"

The sentinel took his gun in his left hand, and shook hands with us. Then Maiden's Heart, who probably remembered that he had omitted this ceremony, also shook hands with us and said: "How?"

The two Indians now began to jabber to each other, in a low voice; but we could not, of course, make out what they said, and I don't think they were able to imagine what we intended to do. We were standing near the inner door of the great entrance-way, and into this they now marched us. There was a lamp burning on a table.

Said Rectus: "I guess they're going to put us out of the front door;" but he was mistaken. They walked us into a dark room, on one side of the hall, and Maiden's Heart said to us: "Stay here, Him mad. I come back. Keep still," and then he went out, probably to discuss with the sentinel the nature of our conspiracy. It was very dark in this room, and, at first, we could n't see anything at all; but we soon found, from the smell of the bread, that we were in the kitchen or bakery. We had been here before, and had seen the head-cook, a ferocious Indian squaw, who had been taken in the act of butchering a poor emigrant woman on the plains. She always seemed sullen and savage, and never said a word to anybody. We hoped she was n't in here now.

"I did n't know they had Indian sentinels," said Rectus. "That seems a little curious to me. I suppose they set the innocent ones to watch the guilty."

"I don't believe that would work," said I; "for the innocent chaps would want to get away, just as much as the others. I guess they make 'em take turns to stand guard. There has to be a sentinel in a fort, you know, and I suppose these fellows are learning the business."

We did n't settle this question, nor the more important one of our reason for this visit; for, at this moment, Maiden's Heart came back, carrying the lamp. He looked at us in a curious way, and then he said:

"What you want?"

I could n't think of any good answer to this question, but Rectus whispered to me:

"Got any money with you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Let's buy some sea-beans," said Rectus.

"All right," I answered.

"Sea-beans?" said Maiden's Heart, who had caught the word; "you want sea-beans?"

"Yes," said Rectus, "if you have any good ones."

At this, the Indian conducted us into the hall, put the lamp on the table, and took three or four sea-beans from his pocket. They were very nice ones, and beautifully polished.

"Good," said I; "we'll take these. How much, Maiden's Heart?"

"Fifty cents," said the Indian.

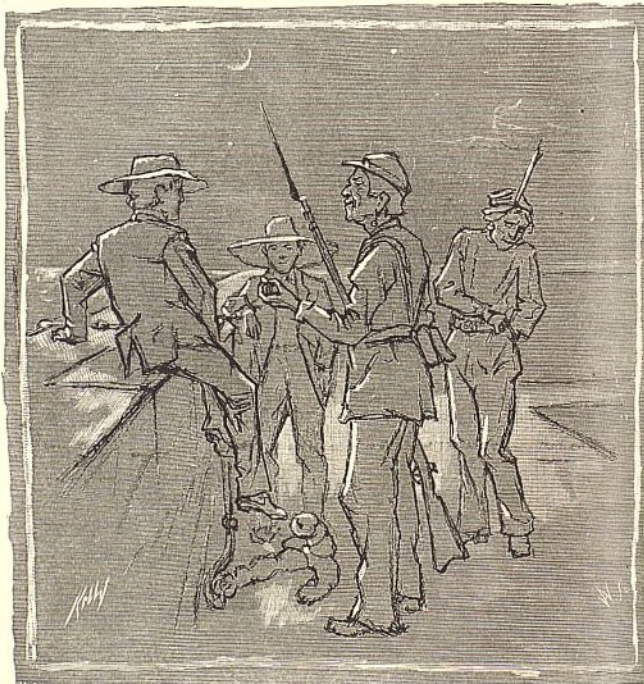
"For all?" I asked.

"No. No. For one. Four beans two dollar."

We both exclaimed at this, for it was double the regular price of the beans.

"All right," said Maiden's Heart. "Twenty-five cents, day-time. Fifty cents, night."

We looked at each other, and concluded to pay the price and depart. I gave him two dollars, and asked him to open the gate and let us out.



"ANOTHER BEAN?"

He grinned.

"No. No. We got no key. Captain got key. Come up wall. Go down wall."

At this, we walked out into the square, and were about to ascend the inclined plane when the sentinel came up and stopped us. Thereupon a low conversation ensued between him and Maiden's Heart, at the end of which the sentry put his hand into his pocket and pulled out three beans, which he

held out to us. I did not hesitate, but gave him a dollar and a half for them. He took the money and let us pass on,—Maiden's Heart at my side.

"You want more bean?" said he.

"Oh no!" I answered. "No, indeed," said Rectus.

When we reached the place where we had left our apparatus, I swung the rope over the wall, and hooking the grapnel firmly on the inside, prepared to go down, for, as before, I wished to be under Rectus, if he should slip. But Maiden's Heart put his hand on my shoulder.

"Hold up!" he said. "I got 'nother bean. Buy this."

"Don't want it," said I.

"Yes. Yes," said Maiden's Heart, and he coolly unhooked the grapnel from the wall.

I saw that it was of no use to contend with a big fellow like that, as strong as two common men, and I bought the bean.

I took the grapnel from Maiden's Heart, who seemed to give it up reluctantly, and as I hooked it on the wall, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I looked around, and saw the sentinel. He held out to me another bean. It was too dark to see the quality of it, but I thought it was very small. However, I bought it. One of these fellows must be treated as well as the other.

Maiden's Heart and the sentry were now feeling nervously in their pockets.

I shook my head vigorously, and saying, "No more! no more!" threw myself over the wall, and seized the rope, Rectus holding the grapnel in its place as I did so. As I let myself down from knot to knot, a thought crossed my mind: "How are we going to get that grapnel after we both are down?"

It was a frightening thought. If the two Indians should choose, they could keep the rope and grapnel, and, before morning, the whole posse of red-skins might be off and away! I did not think about their being so far from home and all that. I only thought that they'd be glad to get out, and that they would all come down our rope.

These reflections, which ran through my mind in no time at all, were interrupted by Rectus, who called down from the top of the wall, in a voice that was a little too loud to be prudent:

"Hurry! I think he's found another bean!"

I was on the ground in a few moments, and then Rectus came down. I called to him to come slowly and be very careful, but I can't tell how relieved I was when I saw him fairly over the wall and on his way down.

When we both stood on the ground, I took hold of the rope and shook it. I am not generally nervous, but I was a little nervous then. I did not

shake the grapnel loose. Then I let the rope go slack, for a foot or two, and gave it a big sweep to one side. To my great delight, over came the grapnel, nearly falling on our heads. I think I saw Maiden's Heart make a grab at it as it came over, but I am not sure. However, he poked his head over the wall and said:

"Good-bye! Come again."

We answered, "Good-bye," but did n't say anything about coming again.

As we hurried along homeward, Rectus said:

"If one of those Indians had kept us up there, while the other one ran into the barracks and got a fresh stock of sea-beans, they would have just bankrupted us."

"No, they would n't," I said. "For I had n't much more change with me. And if I had had it, I would n't have given them any more. I'd have called up the captain first. The thing was getting too expensive."

"Well, I'm glad I'm out of it," said Rectus. "And I don't believe much in any of those Indians being very innocent. I thought Maiden's Heart was one of the best of them, but he's a regular rascal. He knew we wanted to back out of that affair, and he just fleeced us."

"I believe he would rather have had our scalps than our money, if he had had us out in his country," I said.

"That's so," said Rectus. "A funny kind of a maiden's heart he's got."

We were both out of conceit with the noble red man. Rectus took his proclamation out of his pocket as we walked along the sea-wall, and tearing it into little pieces, threw it into the water. When we reached the steam-ship wharf, we walked out to the end of it, to get rid of the rope and grapnel. I whirled the grapnel round and round, and let the whole thing fly far out into the harbor. It was a sheer waste of a good strong rope, but we should have had a dreary time getting the knots out of it.

After we got home I settled up our accounts, and charged half the sea-beans to Rectus and half to myself.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL ON THE BEACH.

I WAS not very well satisfied with our trip over the walls of San Marco. In the first place, when the sea-beans, the rope and the grapnel were all considered, it was a little too costly. In the second place, I was not sure that I had been carrying out my contract with Mr. Colbert in exactly the right spirit; for although he had said nothing about my duties, I knew that he expected me to take care of his son, and paid me for that. And I felt pretty sure that helping a fellow climb up a knotted rope

into an old fort by night was not the best way of taking care of him. The third thing that troubled me in regard to this matter was the feeling I had that Rectus had led me into it; that he had been the leader and not I. Now, I did not intend that anything of that kind should happen again. I did not come out on this expedition to follow Rectus around; indeed, it was to be quite the other way. But, to tell the truth, I had not imagined that he would ever try to make people follow him. He never showed at school that such a thing was in him. So, for these three reasons, I determined that there were to be no more scrapes of that sort, which generally came to nothing, after all.

For the next two or three days we roved around the old town, and into two or three orange-groves, and went out sailing with Mr. Cholott, who owned a nice little yacht, or sail-boat, as we should call it, up north.

The sailing here is just splendid, and, one morning, we thought we'd hire a boat for ourselves and go out fishing somewhere. So we went down to the yacht-club wharf to see about the boat that belonged to old Menendez,—Rectus's Minorcan. There were lots of sail-boats there as well as row-boats, but we hunted up the craft we were after, and, by good luck, found Menendez in her, bailing her out.

So we engaged her, and he said he'd take us over to the North Beach to fish for bass. That suited us,—any beach and any kind of fish,—provided he'd hurry up and get his boat ready. While he was scooping away, and we were standing on the wharf watching him, along came Crowded Owl, the young Indian we had always liked,—that is, ever since we had known any of them. He came up, said "How?" and shook hands, and then pulled out some sea-beans. The sight of these things seemed to make me sick, and as for Rectus, he sung out:

"Do' wan' 'em!" so suddenly, that it seemed like one word, and a pretty savage one at that.

Crowded Owl looked at me, but I shook my head, and said, "No, no, no!" Then he drew himself up and just stood there. He seemed struck dumb; but that did n't matter, as he could n't talk to us, anyway. But he did n't go away. When we walked farther up the wharf, he followed us, and again offered us some beans. I began to get angry, and said "No!" pretty violently. At this, he left us, but as we turned at the end of the wharf, we saw him near the club-house, standing and talking with Maiden's Heart.

"I think it's a shame to let those Indians wander about here in that way," said Rectus. "They ought to be kept within bounds."

I could n't help laughing at this change of tune,

but said that I supposed only a few of them got leave of absence at a time.

"Well," said Rectus, "there are some of them that ought never to come out."

"Hello!" said old Menendez, sticking his head up above the edge of the wharf, "we're ready now. Git aboard."

And so we scrambled down into the sail-boat, and Menendez pushed off, while the two Indians stood and watched us as we slowly moved away.

When we got fairly out, our sail filled, and we went scudding away on a good wind. Then said old Menendez, as he sat at the tiller:

"What were you hollerin' at them Injuns about?"

"I did n't know that we were hollerin'," said I, "but they were bothering us to buy their sea-beans."

"That's curious," he said. "They aint much given to that sort of thing. But there's no tellin' nuthin about an Injun. If I had my way, I'd hang every one of 'em."

"Rather a blood-thirsty sentiment," said I. "Perhaps some of them don't deserve hanging."

"Well, I've never seen one o' that kind," said he, "and I've seen lots of Injuns. I was in the Seminole war, in this State, and was fightin' Injuns from the beginnin' to the end of it. And I know all about how to treat the rascals. You must hang 'em, or shoot 'em, as soon as you get hold of 'em."

This aroused all the old sympathy for the oppressed red man, that dwelt in the heart of young Rectus, and he exclaimed:

"That would be murder! There are always two kinds of every sort of people—all are not bad. It is wrong to condemn a whole division of the human race that way."

"You're right about there bein' two kinds of Injuns," said the old fellow. "There's bad ones and there's wuss ones. I know what I've seen for myself. I'd hang 'em all."

We debated this matter some time longer, but we could make no impression on the old Minorcan. For some reason or other, probably on account of his sufferings or hardship in the war, he was extremely bitter against all Indians. "You can't tell me," he replied to all of our arguments, and I think he completely destroyed all the sympathy which Rectus had had for the once down-trodden and deceived Minorcans, by this animosity toward members of another race who were yet in captivity and bondage. To be sure, there was a good deal of difference in the two cases, but Rectus was n't in the habit of turning up every question to look at the bottom of it.

The North Beach is the seaward side of one of

the islands that inclose the harbor, or the Matanzas River, as it is called. We landed on the inland side, and then walked over to the beach, which is very wide and smooth. Here we set to work to fish. Old Menendez baited our lines, and told us what to do. It was new sport to us.

First, we took off our shoes and stockings, and rolled up our trousers, so as to wade out in the shallow water. We each had a long line, one end of which we tied around our waists. Menendez had his tied to a button-hole of his coat, but he thought he had better make our lines very safe, as they belonged to him. There was a big hook and a heavy lead to the other end of the line, with a piece of fish for bait, and we swung the lead around our heads, and threw it out into the surf, as far as we could. I thought I was pretty good on the throw, but I could n't begin to send my line out as far as Menendez threw his. As for Rectus, he did n't pretend to do much in the throwing business. He whirled his line around in such a curious way, that I was very much afraid he would hook himself in the ear. But Menendez put his line out for him. He did n't want me to do it.

Then we stood there in the sand, with the water nearly up to our knees every time the waves came in, and waited for a bite. There was n't much biting. Menendez said that the tide was too low, but I've noticed that something is always too something, every time any one takes me out fishing, so I did n't mind that.

Menendez did hook one fellow, I think, for he gave a tremendous jerk at his line, and began to skip in-shore as if he were but ten years old; but it was of no use. The fish changed his mind.

Then we stood and waited a while longer, until, all of a sudden, Rectus made a skip. But he went the wrong way. Instead of skipping out of the water, he skipped in. He went in so far that he got his trousers dripping wet.

"Hello!" I shouted, "what's up?"

He did n't say anything, but began to pull back, and dig his heels into the sand. Old Menendez and I saw, at the same moment, what was the matter, and we made a rush for him. I was nearest, and got there first. I seized Rectus by the shoulder, and pulled him back a little.

"Whew-w!" said he; "how this twine cuts!"

Then I took hold of the line in front of him, and there was no mistaking the fact,—he had a big fish on the other end of it.

"Run out," cried Menendez, who thought there was no good of three fellows hauling on the line; and out we ran.

When we had gone up the beach a good way, I looked back and saw a rousing big fish flopping about furiously in the shallow water.

"Go on!" shouted Menendez; and we ran on until we had pulled it high and dry up on the sand.

Then Menendez fell afoul of it to take out the hook, and we hurried back to see it. It was a whopping big bass, and by the powerful way it threw itself around on the sand, I did n't wonder that Rectus ran into the water when he got the first jerk.

Now, this was something like sport, and we all felt encouraged, and went to work again with a will, only Menendez untied the line from Rectus's waist and fastened it to his button-hole.

"It may pull out," he said; "but, on the whole, it's better to lose a fishin'-line than a boy."

We fished quietly and steadily for some time, but got no more bites, when suddenly I heard some one say behind me:

"They don't ever pull in!"

I turned around, and it was a girl. She was standing there with a gentleman,—her father, I soon found out,—and I don't know how long they had been watching us. She was about thirteen years old, and came over with her father in a sail-boat. I remembered seeing them cruising around as we were sailing over.

"They have n't got bites," said her father; "that's the reason they don't pull in."

It was very disagreeable to me, and I know it was even more so to Rectus, to stand here and have those strangers watch us fishing. If we had not been barefooted and barelegged, we should not have minded it so much. As for the old Minorcan, I don't suppose he cared at all. I began to think it was time to stop.

"As the tide's getting lower and lower," I said to Menendez, "I suppose our chances are getting less and less."

"Yes," said he, "I reckon we'd better shut up shop before long."

"Oh!" cried out the girl, "just look at that fish! Father! Father! just look at it. Did any of you catch it? I did n't see it till this minute. I thought you had n't caught any. If I only had a fishing-line, now, I would like to catch just one fish. Oh, father! why did n't you bring a fishing-line?"

"I did n't think of it, my dear," said he. "Indeed, I did n't know that there were any fish here."

Old Menendez turned around and grinned, at this, and I thought that here was a good chance to stop fishing; so I offered to let the girl try my line for a while if she wanted to.

It was certain enough that she wanted to, for she was going to run right into the water to get it. But I came out, and as her father said she might fish

if she did n't have to walk into the water, old Menendez took a spare piece of line from his pocket and tied it on to the end of mine, and he put on some fresh bait and gave it a tremendous send out into the surf. Then he put the other end around the girl and tied it. I suppose he thought that it did n't matter if a girl should be lost, but he may have considered that her father was there to seize her if she got jerked in.

She took hold of the line and stood on the edge of the dry sand, ready to pull in the biggest kind of a fish that might come along. I put on my shoes and stockings, and Rectus his; he'd had enough glory for one day. Old Menendez wound up his line too, but that girl saw nothing of all this. She just kept her eyes and her whole mind centered on her line. At first, she talked right straight ahead, asking what she should do when it bit; how big we thought it would be; why we did n't have a cork, and fifty other things, but all without turning her head to the right or the left. Then said her father:

"My dear, you must n't talk; you will frighten the fish. When persons fish, they always keep perfectly quiet. You never heard me talking while I was fishing. I fish a good deal when I am at home," said he, turning to us, "and I always remain perfectly quiet."

Menendez laughed a little at this, and said that he did n't believe the fish out there in the surf would mind a little quiet chat; but the gentleman said that he had always found it best to be just as still as possible. The girl now shut her mouth tight, and held herself more ready, if possible, than ever, and I believe that if she had got a bite, she would have jerked the fish's head off. We all stood round her, and her father watched her as earnestly as if she was about to graduate at a normal school.

We stood and waited and waited, and she did n't move, and neither did the line. Menendez now said he thought she might as well give it up. The tide was too low, and it was pretty near dinner-time, and, besides this, there was a shower coming on.

"Oh no!" said she, "not just yet. I feel sure I'll get a bite in a minute or two now. Just wait a little longer."

And so it went on, every few minutes, until we had waited about half an hour, and then Menendez said he must go, but if the gentleman wanted to buy the line, and stay there until the tide came in again, he'd sell it to him. At this, the girl's father told her that she must stop, and so she very dolefully let Menendez untie the line.

"It's too bad!" she said, almost with tears in her eyes. "If they had only waited a few minutes

longer!" And then she ran up to Rectus and me, and said:

"When are you coming out here again? Do you think you will come to-morrow, or next day?"

"I don't know," said I. "We have n't settled our plans for to-morrow."

"Oh, father! father!" she cried, "perhaps they will come out here to-morrow, and you must get me a fishing-line, and we will come and fish all day."

We did n't stay to hear what her father said, but posted off to our boat, for we were all beginning to feel pretty hungry. We took Rectus's fish along, to give to our landlady. The gentleman and the girl came close after us, as if they were afraid to be left alone on the island. Their boat was hauled up near ours, and we set off at pretty much the same time.

We went ahead a little, and Menendez turned around and called out to the gentleman that he'd better follow us, for there were some bad shoals in this part of the harbor, and the tide was pretty low.

"All right, my hearty!" called out the gentleman. "This is n't the first time I've sailed in this harbor. I guess I know where the shoals are," and just at that minute he ran his boat hard and fast on one of them.

He jumped up, and took an oar and pushed and pushed; but it was of no good,—he was stuck fast. By this time we had left him pretty far behind; but we all had been watching, and Rectus asked if we could n't go back and help him.

"Well, I s'pose so," said Menendez; "but it's a shame to keep three decent people out of their dinner for the sake of a man like that, who has n't got sense enough to take good advice when it's given to him."

"We'd better go," said I, and Menendez, in no good humor, put his boat about. We found the other boat aground, in the very worst way. The old Minorcan said that he could see that sand-bar through the water, and that they might as well have run up on dry land. Better, for that matter, because then we could have pushed her off.

"There aint nuthin to be done," he said, after we had worked at the thing for a while, "but to jist wait here till the tide turns. It's pretty near dead low now, an' you'll float off in an hour or two."

This was cold comfort for the gentleman, especially as it was beginning to rain; but he did n't seem a bit cast down. He laughed, and said:

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped; but I am used to being out in all weathers. I can wait, just as well as not. But I don't want my daughter here to get wet, and she has no umbrella. Would you mind taking her on your boat? When you get to the town, she can run up to our hotel by herself. She knows the way."

Of course we had no objection to this, and the girl was helped aboard. Then we sailed off, and the gentleman waved his hat to us. If I had been in his place, I don't think I should have felt much like waving my hat.

Menendez now said that he had an oil-skin coat stowed away forward, and I got it and put it around

she did n't want me to go; but I went, and he stuck fast coming back, because he never will listen to anything anybody tells him, as mother and I found out long ago. And here we are, almost at the wharf! I did n't think we were anywhere near it."

"Well, you see, sis, sich a steady gale o' talkin', right behind the sail, is bound to hurry the boat



"READY TO PULL IN THE BIGGEST FISH THAT MIGHT COME ALONG."

the girl. She snuggled herself up in it as comfortably as she could, and began to talk.

"The way of it was this," she said. "Father, he said we'd go out sailing, and mother and I went with him, and when we got down to the wharf, there were a lot of boats, but they all had men to them, and so father, he said he wanted to sail the boat himself, and mother, she said that if he did she would n't go; but he said pooh! he could do it as well as anybody, and was n't going to have any man. So he got a boat without a man, and mother,

along. And now, s'pose you tell us your name," said Menendez.

"My name 's Cornelia; but father, he calls me Corny, which mother hates to hear the very sound of," said she; "and the rest of it is Mary Chipper-ton. Father, he came down here because he had a weak lung, and I'm sure I don't see what good it's going to do him to sit out there in the rain. We'll take a man next time. And father and I'll be sure to be here early to-morrow to go out fishing with you. Good-bye!"

And with this, having mounted the steps to the pier, off ran Miss Corny.

"I would n't like to be the ole man o' that family," said Mr. Menendez.

That night, after we had gone to bed, Rectus began to talk. We generally went to sleep in pretty short order; but the moon did not shine in our windows now until quite late, and so we noticed for the first time the curious way in which the light-house—which stood almost opposite, on Anastasia Island—brightened up the room, every minute or two. It is a revolving light, and when the light got on the landward side it gave us a flash, which produced a very queer effect on the furniture, and on Rectus's broad hat, which hung on the wall right opposite the window. It seemed exactly as if this hat was a sort of portable sun of a very mild power, which warmed up, every now and then, and lighted the room.

But Rectus did not talk long about this.

"I think," said he, "that we have had about enough of St. Augustine. There are too many Indians and girls here."

"And sea-beans, too, perhaps," said I. "But I don't think there's any reason for going so soon. I'm going to settle those Indians, and you've only seen one girl, and perhaps we'll never see her again."

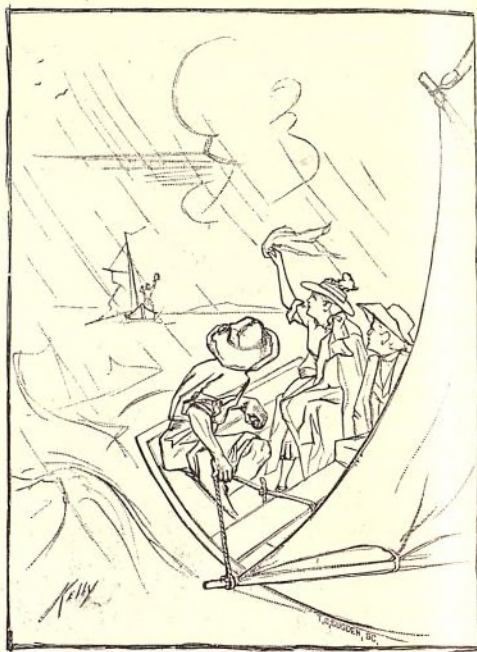
"Don't you believe that," said Rectus very solemnly, and he turned over, either to ponder on the matter, or to go to sleep. His remarks made me imagine that perhaps he was one of those fellows who soon get tired of a place and want to be moving on. But that was n't my way, and I did n't intend to let him hurry me. I think the Indians worried him a good deal. He was afraid they would keep on troubling us. But, as I had said, I had made up my mind to settle the Indians. As for Corny, I know he hated her. I don't believe he spoke a word to her all the time we were with her.

The next morning, we talked over the Indian question, and then went down to the fort. We had n't been there for three or four days, but now we had decided not to stand nagging by a couple of red-skinned savages, but to go and see the captain and tell him all about it. All except the proclamation—Rectus would n't agree to have that brought in at all. Mr. Cholott had introduced us to the captain, and he was a first-rate fellow, and when we told him how we had stormed his old fort, he laughed and said he wondered we did n't break our necks, and that the next time we did it he'd put us in the guard-house, sure.

"That would be cheaper for you than buying so many beans," he said.

As to the two Indians, he told us he would see to it that they let us alone. He did n't think that

Maiden's Heart would ever harm us, for he was more of a blower than anything else; but he said that Crowded Owl was really one of the worst-tem-



"THE GENTLEMAN WAVED HIS HAT TO US." [PAGE 217.]

pered Indians in the fort, and he advised us to have nothing more to do with him, in any way.

All of this was very good of the captain, and we were very glad we had gone to see him.

"I tell you what it is," said Rectus, as we were coming away, "I don't believe that any of these Indians are as innocent as they try to make out. Did you ever see such a rascally set of faces?"

Somehow or other, I seldom felt sorry when Rectus changed his mind. I thought, indeed, that he ought to change it as much as he could. And yet, as I have said, he was a thoroughly good fellow. The trouble with him was that he was n't used to making up his mind about things, and did n't make a very good beginning at it.

The next day, we set out to explore Anastasia Island, right opposite the town. It is a big island, but we took our lunch and determined to do what we could. We hired a boat and rowed over to the mouth of a creek in the island. We went up this creek, quite a long way, and landed at a little pier where we made the boat fast. The man who owned the boat told us just how to go. We first made a flying call at the coquina quarries, where they dig the curious stuff of which the town is built. This is formed of small shells, all conglomerated into one solid mass that becomes as hard as

stone after it is exposed to the air. It must have taken thousands of years for so many little shell fish to pile themselves up into a quarrying-ground. We now went over to the light-house and climbed to the top of it, where we had a view that made Rectus feel even better than he felt in the cemetery at Savannah.

When we came down, we started for the beach and stopped a little while at the old Spanish light-house, which looked more like a cracker-bakery than anything else, but I suppose it was good enough for all the ships the Spaniards had to light up. We would have cared more for the old light-house if it had not had an inscription on it that said it had been destroyed, and rebuilt by some American. After that, we considered it merely in the light of a chromo.

We had a good time on the island, and stayed nearly all day. Toward the end of the afternoon, we started back for the creek and our boat. We had a long walk, for we had been exploring the island pretty well, and when, at last, we reached the creek, we saw that our boat was gone!

This was astounding. We could not make out how the thing could have happened. The boatman, from whom we had hired it, had said that it would be perfectly safe for us to leave the boat at the landing if we tied her up well and hid the oars. I had tied her up very well and we had hidden the oars so carefully, under some bushes, that we found them there when we went to look for them.

"Could the old thing have floated off of itself?" said Rectus.

"That could n't have happened," I said. "I tied her hard and fast."

"But how could any one have taken her away without oars?" asked Rectus.

"Rectus," said I, "don't let us have any more riddles. Some one may have cut a pole and poled her away, up or down the creek, or——"

"I'll tell you," interrupted Rectus. "Crowded Owl!"

I did n't feel much like laughing, but I did laugh a little.

"Yes," I said. "He probably swam over with a pair of oars on purpose to steal our boat. But, whether he did it or not, it's very certain that somebody has taken the boat, and there is n't any way, that I see, of getting off this place to-night. There'll be nobody going over so late in the afternoon; except, to be sure, those men we saw at the other end of the island with a flat-boat."

"But that's away over at the upper end of the island," said Rectus.

"That's not so very far," said I. "I wonder if they have gone back yet? If one of us could run over there and ask them to send a boatman from the town after us, we might get back by supper-time."

"Why not both of us?" asked Rectus.

"One of us should stay here to see if our boat does come back. It must have been some one from the island who took it, because any one from the main-land would have brought his own boat."

"Very well," said Rectus. "Let's toss up to see who goes. The winner stays."

I pitched up a cent.

"Heads," said Rectus.

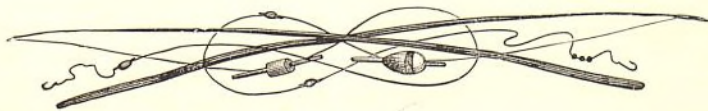
"Tails," said I.

Tails it was, and Rectus started off like a good fellow.

I sat down and waited. I waited a long, long time, and then I got up and walked up and down. In about an hour I began to get anxious. It was more than time for Rectus to return. The walk to the end of the island and back was not much over a mile—at least I supposed it was not. Could anything have happened to the boy? It was not yet sunset and I could n't imagine what there was to happen.

After waiting about half an hour longer, I heard a distant sound of oars. I ran to the landing and looked down the creek. A boat with a man in it was approaching. When it came nearer, I saw plainly that it was our boat. When it had almost reached the landing, the man turned around, and I was very much surprised, indeed, to see that he was Mr. Chipperton.

(To be continued.)



NOCTURNE.*

WM. K. BASSFORD.

FOR LITTLE HANDS.

OP. 78, No. 1.

*Moderato con espress.*

* Copyright, by WILLIAM K. BASSFORD, 1878.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO GO TO THE MOON.

ONCE there was a little girl, named May, who wanted to go to the moon.

"It is bright and pretty up there," she said, as she stood on a chair by the window and looked up into the sky, where the moon floated about like a ball of pale fire; "and down here it is bed-time and dark, and you jerk me so when you untie my apron and take off my shoes."

"Pooh!" said the nurse, "what a foolish little girl—why, it's cold as ice in the sky, and, besides, who would ever undress you up there?"

"That's just it," said the child; "I never should have to be undressed. I should be a dear little moon-fairy."

"A dear little moon-goose, you mean," said nurse, crossly. "Now,



"MOON! PRETTY MOON! HOW CAN I GO TO YOU?"

the moon, where there aint any nurses nor nothing."

"Fiddle for the moon!" snapped nurse, as she jerked little May from the window. "Come, I must put you to bed."

Just then, Mamma walked in.

"What! not undressed yet, and crying, my pet; what does this mean?"

"It means, ma'am, she's got me near kilt with her foolishness, so she has," said Ann.

Mamma took May in her arms and soon learned the whole story. Then, saying gently: "You may go down-stairs, nurse, I'll stay here," she undressed May, put a soft wrapper over the little one's night-dress, and sat down with her close by the open window.

May felt better.

"Now, May," said the mother, "let us play going to the moon."

"Oh, oh, how nice!" cried May, clapping her little hands.

Miss May, stop your nonsense; sit right down on that chair and let me take off your shoes."

"Oh, I don't want to, please," said May, holding fast to the window-bench and trying not to cry.

"You must," said nurse,—her name was Ann,— "come, now, you naughty little thing!"

"I'm not a naughty little thing," sobbed May; "it is n't naughty one bit to want to go to

"Play you were standing down there by the brook," said Mamma.

"Yes! yes!" cried May, delighted.

"And you raised your hands and called out: 'Moon! pretty moon! how can I go to you?'"

"Then the moon would call back: 'Come by the bird-path, my dear;' and you'd say: 'But I can't. I'm not a bird.'"

"Then the moon would call: 'Come by the butterfly path!'"

"But I can't, dear moon," you would say. 'I'm not a butterfly.'

"Then the moon would call out: 'Down in the meadow is a funny little fellow called Will-o'-the-Wisp. He carries a light. He will bring you up to my sky, little May.'"

At this, May clung very tightly to her mother.

"Oh, no, no," said she; "I'd be almost afraid."

Then Mamma, raising her voice, called out: "She wouldn't like that, good moon. Is there any other way, please?"

"Oh, oh," laughed little May, "how funny! Now, tell me what the moon says!"

Mamma leaned a little out of the bright window, and she and May played they were listening.

"The moon says," said Mamma at last, "that you must ask Will-o'-the-Wisp to catch you some butterflies, and they will bring you up to her;—or perhaps Puck, the fun-fairy, will catch some for you."



"WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

"Oh, oh!" laughed May, "I'm afraid, again. The butterflies could n't carry me, Mamma. Ask her, please, to tell me more about the fun-fairy."

Then they listened again, and soon Mamma said the moon wished May to know that Puck, the fun-fairy, was a charming little fellow, up to all sorts of mischief, but that he did n't know any better. He liked to tease, sometimes. In the middle of the night he would whisper into the old rooster's ear: "What's the matter with you? Why don't you crow? Don't you know it's morning?" Then the cock would jump to his feet and set up a great "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!" and all the sleepy people would turn in their beds and wonder what could be the matter.

Sometimes, the fun-fairy would go into dairies and turn the milk sour,



WILL-O'-THE-WISP CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

"How queer!" said May. "Tell the moon, please Mamma, that I like the fun-fairy very much, but I'm really 'most afraid to let him take me up to her. He might play some trick on me, may be."

and sometimes he would coax Jack Frost to crack dishes and pitchers, and sometimes he would trip up the fairies who came out to dance in the moonlight, and sometimes he would hide things away where no one could find them. But most of the time he was just flitting about among the flowers, teasing the roses because they were not lilies, and laughing at the lilies because they were not roses.

So Mamma told the moon what May said, word for word, and they both made-believe to listen again.

It seemed quite real to little May by this time.

Soon Mamma said the moon was truly sorry that May was so very timid, but there was no other way left, excepting the dream-path.

"The dream-path!" cried May; "Oh, wont that be nice! Put me in bed quick, Mamma, as soon as I've said my prayer, and I'll dream that I am going right up to the moon!"

Then May said her little prayer, and Mamma kissed her and put her into her pretty white crib.

The little girl shut her blue eyes just as tight as she could, and made up her mind she would dream ever so much.—First, that Puck, the fun-fairy, caught butterflies for her, and then that he brought her a beautiful pair, and then that they carried her right straight up to the moon, and then —

But no, the dream did n't go in that way at all. She dreamed something about Ann, the nurse, and something about her little India rubber doll, and something about her little dog, Florrie,—all mixed up together as queerly as could be. And there was not a single (so she told her mother)—not a single smitch of anything about the moon.

VOL. VI.—16.



"SHE WOULD DREAM THAT PUCK BROUGHT HER A BEAUTIFUL PAIR."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

DID it ever occur to you, my youngsters, that, under Providence, each one of you is a sort of editor? Yes, you're each about to begin a new volume in the book of your life,—a book issued in twelve monthly parts, too, like ST. NICHOLAS. A book full of pictures, full of incidents, with riddle-box,—ah, how many riddles!—and letter-box, complete; a book named "1879."

Be careful, my hearties! Keep your pages straight and even; fill them carefully; don't let your numbers be too heavy, too dull, too learned! No, nor even too awfully, awfully good! Don't let them be too jolly, neither, too entertaining, nor too sensational. Remember, the angels will see them, and that all on earth who love you are your subscribers; so are other human beings, in truth, for it's a strange, mysterious fact that in one way or another we, earthly children, all read one another's books sooner or later.

Make sure now of a good January number.

JAPANESE "O-HI-O!"

DEAR JACK: Here are three odd things about the Japanese; I found them in a book I have been reading lately. Your paragraphs about the "Japs" have told such curious facts that I was glad to get hold of the book and read it, on the chance of finding more.

The first thing is that, when you pass a traveler on the great Tokaido highway, he sings out to you "O-hi-o!" which means "Good morning"; and then you must of course do the same. So, "O-hi-o" means something beside one of the United States.

Next,—it was from Japan the Europeans learned to paper the walls of rooms. In this, the Japs were ahead.

Third,—if you wish to take a warm bath in Japan, you must get into a wooden tub, in the side of which a copper oven is set; a fire is kindled in the oven, and this warms the water. It warms the bather, too, if he does n't take care.—Your "hearer,"

HIRAM L. G.

"ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT."

WHAT do you think of that, my young folks? Some English children took this journey recently with their father and mother, Captain and Mrs. Brassey. They sailed away across the broad

Atlantic to South America, and then up on the other side to Valparaiso, and then over the vast Pacific to the Society and Sandwich Islands, then to Japan, China, and India, through the wonderful Suez Canal and the Mediterranean Sea, past the great rock of Gibraltar, and so home to England.

What a voyage for those little people! And what curious sights they saw in the countries they visited! A nice way of learning one's geography, I think. They will not have to be told that "the earth is round like a ball or orange," because they have found it out for themselves. A good many lessons in natural history came, too, in the curious birds and butterflies and beasts which they saw. Think of having among one's pets a green monkey, parrots of every hue and size, a cardinal-bird, a pair of armadillos, a gazelle, a puma, and a little pig who followed them all about the ship like a dog! And think of looking down ever so far into the clear waters of a lagoon, and seeing shells more beautiful than any which you have seen in collections, actually moving about on the backs of their fishy owners!

And then think of having for dinner a great gold fish, and for supper a flying fish, which flew on board the yacht and entangled itself in Mrs. Brassey's lace scarf! You see, the Little Schoolma'am has described to me the book Mrs. Brassey has written about the journey.

The editors of ST. NICHOLAS, I'm told, have been promised a lively and true account of just such a voyage around the world, but the Captain and his boys who made the promise are away in their light little craft, far out of sight and sound, and so you must wait for advices.

But the seas are wide and generous, and so are boys' and girls' hearts. There is plenty of room for these two brave little yachts, and Jack always is glad to hear of a good account of travel written especially for boys and girls.

AN AMUSING GAME.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Please let me tell your other boys and girls about a lively game that some of us play at our homes on long evenings. It is very simple, but there is good fun in it.

A makes B, C, D, and E sit down in a row with their backs toward him. Then, standing behind B's chair, he wags his head, or scowls and threatens an unseen foe with his fist, or makes some comical gesture, at the same time asking B this question: "What am I doing?" If B's answer is right, A leaves him and tries C, and so on, all along the line. But whoever guesses wrong must imitate just what A was doing when putting the question,—only in perfect silence. Of course, very few give the right answers, and it is funny to see a whole row of boys and girls busily making all kinds of queer motions and odd grimaces, or posed like statues in sublime and ridiculous positions. Five minutes is long enough for the penalty to last.—Truly your friend,

JULIA V. B.

TREMBLING LANDS.

I KNOW of some in Northern Illinois. They are immense flats of turf, miles in extent, six or twelve inches in thickness, resting upon water or beds of quicksand. The passing of but one horseman over them causes an undulating or quivering motion, and so people call them "The Trembling Lands." The surface is quite dry, but by cutting a hole in the turf, one can have plenty of water. On the thinner portions, a horse's foot will sometimes cut through, and down the animal will go to the

shoulder or ham; yet the upper surface is tough, so that he can be rescued easily.

In some spots, the surface weight forces a stream of water upward through a hole in the turf; and this stream brings up sand, and, piling it on the surface, forms a mound. Then, as the size and weight of the mound increase, the pressure on the water is increased, and so there will be a fountain formed on the prairie, pouring its stream down the side of the mound, sinking into the sand, and so returning to the waters beneath.

BUTTERFLIES ON A SEA VOYAGE.

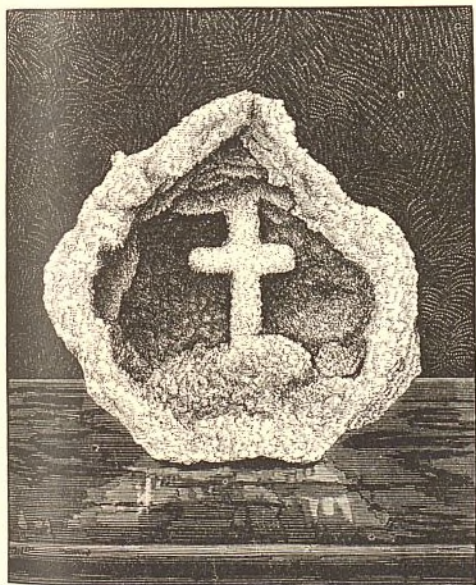
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My father is what I call a "buggist," for he seems to know all about bugs, and handles them so delicately that they don't seem to mind it. When he wants to put one in his cabinet, he first sets it under a glass with a tuft of chloroformed cotton; and so it dies without pain. And now, I want to tell you some things that he told me about butterflies.

A naturalist, when ten miles from land, found the ship surrounded by butterflies, as far as could be seen with a telescope. There were myriads of them, so that the sailors said it was "snowing butterflies." For two days the weather had been fine and calm, so that they could not have been blown out there from the shore.

Another naturalist states that a large dragon-fly flew on board his ship when five hundred miles from land.

Another saw a large butterfly flying around the ship when, in one direction, land was distant six hundred miles, and in another, a thousand.

Father says that the speed of these insects must have been very great, as it is known that one of the species found will live only a few days if unable to obtain its living food; and that these instances seem to prove that the amount of muscular power required in flight is much less than has been usually supposed. S. W. K.



A CROSS IN A GEODE.

HERE is a Christmas curiosity for you, my youngsters. It is copied from a photograph which was taken direct from the geode itself, just as it appeared when broken in two by the man who found it.

"What is a geode?"

Ah! I forgot to mention that. A geode is—is—in short, a geode is simply a geode,—a very remarkable fact, I assure you; and any geologist

who knows his business will say the same. But if this does not satisfy you, and I hope it will not, you may look under G E O in your unabridged dictionary, or in any general encyclopædia. Then, after learning all you can there, come back to your Jack.

Now, I'll tell you that this particular geode was picked up near Keokuk, in Iowa, on the bank of the Mississippi River. It was a round, plain-looking stone enough; but the finder, knowing something of geodes, and how apt they are to be hollow and beautifully lined with crystals, broke this one right in two. Think of his amazement and delight when he found inside a beautiful sparkling cross of pure white crystals. Ah, how proud he was! Many admired it, and one learned bishop wished to buy the wonderful stone. But no, he would not sell it. And then, one day, the ST. NICHOLAS artist persuaded this sensible person, the geodist, not the bishop, to let him have a photograph of it for your own Jack. And that is how you can now have a look at its picture.

What do you think Deacon Green said about it? That it was quartz? That it was curious? Not he. He just looked quietly into the dear Little Schoolma'am's eyes, and says he:

"I like to think, my child," says he, "that this rough little ball, with its beautiful image of the cross at its heart, is, in the main, a miniature copy of our own earth,—a brown, bumpy ball on the outside, hard to travel over, and often rough enough, God knows, to the touch,—yet holding deep in its heart, straight and strong, ready to sparkle forth on the last day, when all shall be riven, the beautiful symbol of the cross. And I love to think, also, that human life, rough as we often see it, may at last, under God's mighty working, disclose perfect goodness, purity and peace."

I like the Deacon. He's plain-spoken and blunt sometimes, but he's an earnest, good deacon as ever was.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.

"TOWED by rail," indeed! Jack can fancy the surprise of car horses when that news about San Francisco street-cars, in the November ST. NICHOLAS, comes to their ears. In fact, judging from this newspaper paragram sent by a Washington correspondent, to a Baltimore paper, it seems as if the noble brutes, finding that their services in the street-car line are likely to be dispensed with, have decided to try their hand at being passengers. Hear this:

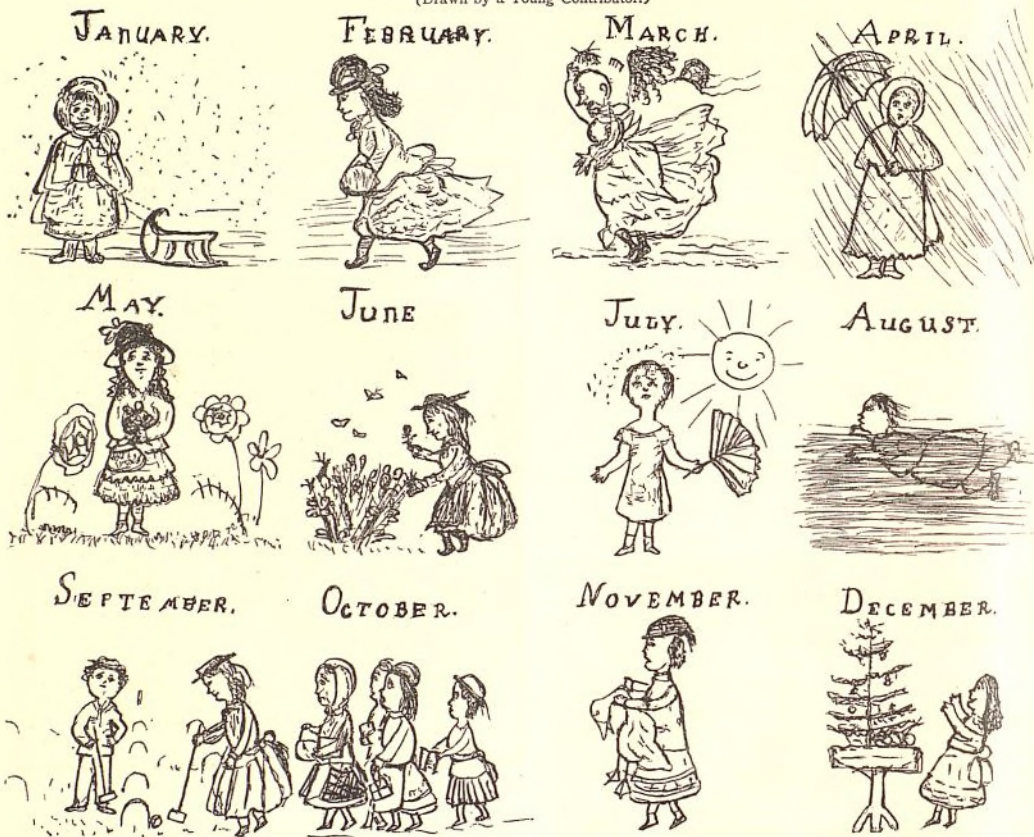
Washington, District of Columbia.

A very peculiar accident occurred on Louisiana avenue, near Four-and-a-half street, this evening. It appears that one of the hill horses of the Metropolitan street railway was sent on his way to the stables at Georgetown without any driver. The hill horses are accustomed to return to the stables alone, and usually follow or precede a car. This horse, one evening, followed a car, most of the time being some distance behind. As the car neared the City Hall he got nearer and nearer, trotting at a very lively gait, while the horse attached to the car was going along quite slowly. The hill horse, as he reached the car, ran right into it through the rear door, and it was not long before he was one of the passengers. He got his entire body into the car, greatly frightening the other passengers. After going about forty-five feet the car was stopped and the horse was backed out. Although all the seats were occupied, not one of the passengers was injured. The horse also escaped injury.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

PICTORIAL CALENDAR.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)



THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month is taken from a picture painted long ago by William Page, late president of the N. Y. National Academy of Design. In one sense Mr. Page has not stood still in his art. Since painting the three little sisters, he has adopted new theories and changed his style of treatment more than once. So we now may see in the same collection a very gray-looking picture by William Page; then a rich, superbly colored one by the same artist; and, again, others which appear almost as if they were seen through olive-green gauze. But many persons who years ago became acquainted with this artist's works like the early ones by far the best,—those that glow with beautiful color and yet are so harmonious that they are never gay or glaring. In those days, people said that Page's pictures were Titianesque in color, because they resembled in that quality the works of the great master, Titian. Indeed, his copies of Titian were so remarkably like the originals that, once when he was in Italy, one of them was stopped by the authorities of Florence under the belief that it was the original painting, and not a copy, that was being carried out of the city. The picture from which our frontispiece is taken derives a great charm from its beautiful coloring; this cannot, of course, be shown in the engraving, which, however, may

have an added interest to our young readers because it represents a group of real children who sat for their pictures in just that way years ago, and who did not happen to know at the time that one of the three should some day have the joy of editing ST. NICHOLAS.

Mr. Page, who was born in Albany in 1811, is still living, and the little girl in the picture who holds the dolly so tightly,—the one whom you know the best,—saw him last year, a tall, white-haired, handsome gentleman, who remembered well the three little girls on the sofa who sat as “still as mice” for him—poor little things!—ever so long ago.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At this special time, when plum-puddings and mince-pies seem to grow naturally out of the good cheer of the holiday season, your young folk may like to hear something about raisins, which, as the juvenile world knows sooner or later, are simply dried grapes.

The best grapes of the world are found near Malaga, a city in the south of Spain, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. They are unlike those found in America or any other country, having a thin, transparent skin; and the pulp is of a most delicious flavor. They are called Muscatel grapes, and are changed in a curious way into the raisins of commerce. The vineyards of Malaga are very large, and, in some instances, their extreme age is proved by the fact that

the trunks of some of their vines are as thick as a man's wrist. The vines are cultivated with great care, and are trained out sideways on wire frames. During the later stages of the ripening of the fruit, nearly all the leaves are plucked off, so that the sun's rays may more readily reach and perfect the grapes. Near the vineyards are erected large sheds a few feet from the ground, with nearly flat roofs; and on these roofs are spread layers of small pebble stones, clean and round, taken from the sea-shore near by. These stones are used because they retain the heat of the sun while the grapes are placed on them to dry. Sometimes one finds a few of these pebbles amongst the raisins. In gathering the fruit, a large wooden tray is used, and each cluster is cut from its branch with shears. When the tray is filled, it is carried to the shed, and the clusters are spread upon the pebbly roof in single layers. After several days they are turned over, so that both sides may be perfectly dried, the grapes thus changing into raisins. Then wooden packing-boxes are carried to the sheds, and the clusters are packed one by one. The boxes are then weighed, and shipped to every quarter of the world.—Yours truly, M. A. S.

SANTA CLAUS GAME.

HERE is a game which the youngsters will like very much. It is suited to the Christmas season of gift-giving.

Blindfold a grown-up gentleman, dress him to represent Santa Claus,—a long duster-coat, and white hair and beard of wool or cotton-batting will be all the disguise needed,—and set him among the company, in the middle of the room, holding in his hands a tray full of bon-bons and little presents. These gifts may be very simple and inexpensive, some of them for fun's sake may be cheap toys, penny trumpets, etc., and every article should be carefully wrapped in paper to add to the interest. Now let him invite the youngsters to come up one by one, and choose and take one of the gifts from the tray, returning thanks by saying "Thank you, Santa Claus."

If the blindfolded "Santa Claus" cannot detect and name the owner of the voice, the gift will belong to the taker; but, if he names the right person, the present must be put back in the tray. Many become so interested in choosing the gift and in wondering at the easy terms on which it may be had, that they take no care to alter their voices when returning thanks. They must speak plainly, and Santa Claus ought to be pretty familiar with the voices. It is well to change places occasionally. Santa Claus, led by an assistant, may hand the tray around to each in turn, if preferred.

CONCERNING CHILDREN'S DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

We think there is peculiar attraction in the story we print this month concerning "Children's Day at St. Paul's"; not only because it is a tale about English boys and girls, but also on account of the bright and lovely pictures Miss Kate Greenaway, of London, has drawn to accompany it.

In England, near the end of the seventeenth century, a few private persons started "Societies for the Reformation of Manners." These societies, among other good works, began and kept up schools in which the children of the poorer classes were taught the catechism and how to read, write and cipher,—all without direct cost to parents or parish. As time went on, trades, sewing, and other bread-winning arts were taught in a few of these schools; and, by some of them, departing scholars were furnished with tools and situations. Kind-hearted people all over England, and particularly in London, gave money to help the work; and it grew and prospered.

The first celebration of the establishment of these charity-schools, as they were called, took place on Holy Thursday, June 8, 1704, in St. Andrew's church, Holborn, London, when about two thousand children met. The numbers kept growing annually, until, in 1782, the vast space under the dome of St. Paul's cathedral was given up to the assembly on the first "Children's day at St. Paul's." There the children have met every Holy Thursday since; and now they number five thousand, while the spectators are at least seven thousand persons more.

Before the children march to St. Paul's on the great day, they promenade about their own parishes, hand in hand, two by two, the girls in one column, the boys in another; bright and beaming and bubbling over with laughter, they flow through the dun streets of the smoky old city. But they appear best when in their places in the great cathedral, where they are ranged on seats supported by scaffolding, and running, tier above tier, high up, all around under the dome, and away into the broad arch-ways of the nave, transepts and chancel.

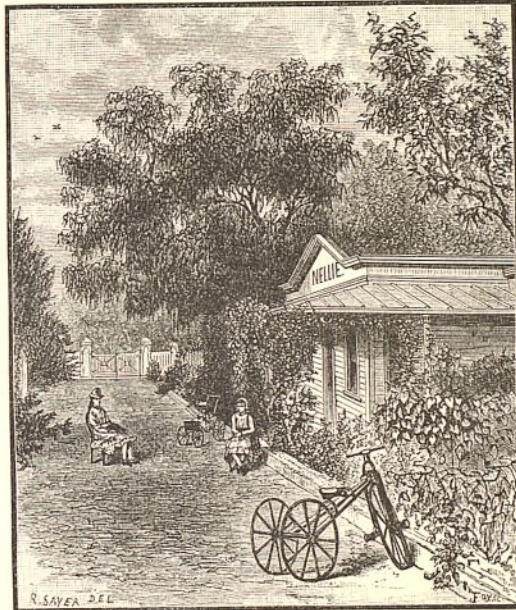
The services in the building consist of prayer, chanting by the choir, singing,—in the greater part of which the children join,—a sermon suited to young folks, and then the glorious "Hallelujah

Chorus" of Handel, which never sounds grander than when sung forth in perfect time by five thousand sweet young voices, filled out with the deep tones of the great organ,—a rosy sea of fresh faces, an ocean of swelling music, an overwhelming tide of feeling, sweep the onlooker into a new world. When the services in the cathedral are over, the children file out to their own parishes, where, generally, a hearty meal is provided for them;—and they eat it.

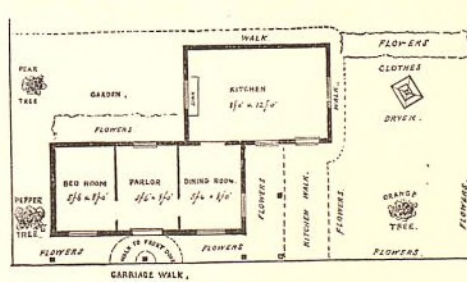
ANOTHER LITTLE HOUSEHOLDER.

Stockton, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some months ago you printed the picture of a little girl's play-house, and I wish you to print the picture of mine, if you please. I send the pictures for you to copy. Papa built the



NELLIE'S PLAY-HOUSE.



THE GROUND PLAN.

house for me last year, and tells me to say that it is finished, both inside and out, in as good style as that of ordinary dwelling-houses in California. I have four rooms: bedroom, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. My bedroom is 5½ feet by 8 feet, and is papered with pretty, striped paper. I have a little bedroom set; it is light gray, lined with red and blue, and ornamented with little pictures of flowers. The paper in my parlor is printed with bright red flowers. I have little brackets on the wall. There are a table, chairs, and a little play piano. In the dining-room I have a table covered with a striped cloth, chairs, and a darling little cupboard where I keep my dishes. I have a clock in the dining-room, and a little set of Chinese dishes. My kitchen is 8 feet by 12 feet, and I like it best of all the rooms. It has a dear little stove with an oven, and it cooks nicely. When I have company, we get supper on it and have a good time. I have a sink where water comes in and goes out. I have a little let-down table beside my sink, where I can make pies. I have a little roller towel by my back door. There is an arbor, over my kitchen window,

covered with Madeira vine and honeysuckle. I have a little clothes'-reel to hang my dolls' clothes on. There is a little garden that I myself take care of. I have an orange-tree that had some blossoms on it, and then green oranges; but they all dropped off. I am eleven years old, and I was born in Stockton.—Your little friend,

NELLIE LITTLEHALE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter never tires of hearing this poem, and often begs to have it read to her, gathering in the neighbor-children that they may hear it, and all of them listen with intense interest and satisfaction. Thinking that other children may like to read it in the merry holiday season, I venture to ask you to copy it:

Very respectfully, T. F. A.

"SANTA CLAUS."

"He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

"His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang round on the sides,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

"The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

"He rides to the east, he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He catcheth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man
When you find who the little man is."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This little book contains thirty-nine letters from Otto von Bismarck to his sister, his wife, and others, written during the whole of his public life until the Franco-German war, and includes one—to his wife—which was captured by the French during that war, and describes Bismarck's interview with the fallen Emperor Napoleon III. The letters are interesting and pleasant reading, for the most part such as older boys and girls will understand; but while they tell a good deal about Bismarck's private life and thoughts, where he traveled, what he saw on the way, and so on, they say comparatively little about his public doings, and in this way pique one's curiosity to know more of their writer. They reveal great kindness of heart, and a large and gentle nature, careful, even in the busiest days of perhaps the busiest and—by some politicians—the most cordially hated man in Europe, to write cheerful letters home, and provide Christmas presents for those he loved.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS. R. Worthington, New York. Twenty-six illustrations. This book not only describes and pictures the animals named in its title, but also tells many new and curious tales about these queer creatures. This is one of those large-print sensible books that tell the young folks things they wish to know and in a way they like.

BOOKS FOR BRIGHT EYES. American Tract Society, New York. These are four little cloth-bound books, illustrated with colored pictures, packed in a card box, and designed for very young readers.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANAGRAM PROVERB ENIGMA.

WITH the letters of the sentence "SHALL WE MAKE TOYS?" spell a common proverb composed of three words.

THREE ASSOCIATED SQUARE-WORDS.

THE base-words of the three squares, reading in the order given, form a timely expression of good-will.

First square: 1. Delighted. 2. To be of one mind. 3. The plural form of the name of a long narrow sail-canoe used about the Ladrone Islands. 4. Lively, brisk; an old English word in common use among Americans of the West. 5. Frothy. Second square: 1. Fresh. 2. A Scripture name of a woman. 3. A texture. Third square: 1. A period of time. 2. A Scripture name of a man. 3. Handicrafts. 4. To rub harshly.

EASY MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a useful plant, and leave a frame or rack. 2. Curtail the plant, and give to vex or plague. 3. Behead and transpose the plant, and find to let for hire. 4. Syncopate and transpose the plant, and get the most insignificant. 5. Transpose the most insignificant, and leave a kind of stone. 6. Behead and curtail the plant, and give facility. 7. Behead and transpose the frame or rack, and find a marine animal. 8. Again, behead and transpose the frame or rack, and get a transfer. 9. Syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and leave a water-fowl. 10. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and give a straight flat piece of wood. 11. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and find tardy. 12. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and get a name for a sailor. 13. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and leave a Chinese measure of weight. 14. Again, syncopate and transpose the most insignificant, and give an enumeration. 15. Curtail and transpose a kind of stone, and find after all the rest. 16. Curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and get a site or abode. 17. Again, curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and leave the Orient. 18. Again, curtail and transpose to vex or plague, and give to surfeit. 19. Syncopate and transpose the frame or rack, and find sediment. 20. Again, syncopate and transpose the

frame or rack, and get to render a hawk blind by closing its eyes. 21. Behead and transpose the water-fowl, and leave a field. 22. Again, behead and transpose the water-fowl, and give a beverage. 23. Curtail and transpose the Chinese measure of weight, and find a useful plant. 24. Again, curtail and transpose the Chinese measure of weight, and get to corrode. 25. Curtail and transpose the Orient, and leave a vast expanse of water. 26. Behead and reverse sediment, and give a diocese. 27. Curtail and reverse sediment, and find a fish. 28. Behead and reverse to render a hawk blind by closing its eyes, and get the sheltered side. 29. Syncopate and transpose an enumeration, and leave to permit. C. O.

CHARADE.

THOUGH quite devoid of heart,
My first does not withhold
From him who seeks, a draught
Of water, pure and cold.

Although my second may
To you be very near,
It does not follow that
It is both near and dear.

When purpled is the grape,
And leaves grow sere and old,
In browning fields my whole
Displays its sphere of gold.

L. W. H.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a cascade, and leave everything. 2. Behead witty, and leave a market-place. 3. Behead to break with noise and violence, and leave an eruption. 4. Behead a part of the body, and leave tall. 5. Behead a head-covering, and leave a bird. 6. Behead a vessel, and leave part of the body. 7. Behead a security, and leave a shelf. 8. Behead a duty, and leave to inquire. N. B. S.

EASY PREFIX PUZZLE.

PREFIX the same syllable to:—1. Part of a poem, and make lying across. 2. Not early, and make to interpret. 3. A harbor, and make to carry from one place to another. 4. A pronoun, and make a passing through. 5. Part of a play, and make to do. 6. A person who cannot speak, and make to change one substance into another. 7. A father or mother, and make easily seen through. 8. A position of the person, and make to change the order of things.

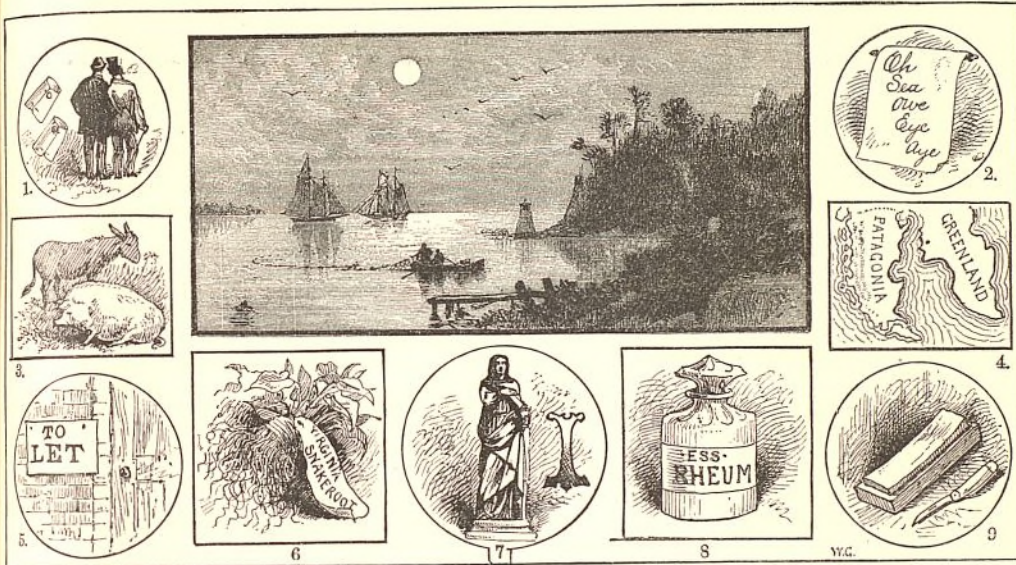
C. S. R.

DIAGONAL, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

EACH word has twelve letters. Diagonal, from left to right downward, a greeting of the season. 1. An ancient written character. 2. Stingy. 3. A sleepy character. 4. Conditions. 5. The scientific name for thick-skinned animals. 6. Pertaining to names derived from ancestors. 7. A disbeliever in spiritual beings. 8. Wares made of clay. 9. The scientific name for slender-toed animals. 10. Very talkative. 11. Figurative. 12. A maker.

J. P. B.

PICTORIAL QUINTUPLE ACROSTIC.



EACH of the nine small pictures, taken in the order indicated by the numerals beneath them, represents a horizontal line of the Acrostic. To form the Horizontals, sometimes one word, sometimes two words, and, in other cases, letters or abbreviations are used; but the required elements of each cross-line are indicated in its particular picture. In viewing the large picture, five things are to be seen, and these five things are described by the five words, each of nine letters, which form the Perpendiculars of the Acrostic. One of the Perpendiculars is made from the initials of the horizontal lines, and a second by their finals; the three other upright words are formed from the intervening letters of the cross-lines; and these letters, while occurring in proper succession reading downward, will be found scattered anywhere, each in its particular cross-line. Thus, supposing the fourth word to be "Landscape": then "L" will be somewhere between the initial and final of the top cross-line, but not necessarily next to the initial; "a" will be in the second horizontal line, but it may be any one of the letters between the two ends of the line; and so on,—no one letter of the horizontal lines being used twice in forming the Perpendicular words.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAM.

FIND suitable words to fill the blanks in the following verse, and transpose the letters of these words into a familiar greeting:

As — and incense once were brought,
— each year with treasures fraught,
Glad memories of the — and —,
Good words for each, and gifts for all.

B.

SEVEN-LETTER FRAMED GREEK CROSS.

```

* * * * *
*   *   *
*   *   *
* * * * *
*   *   *
*   *   *
* * * * *

```

The meanings of the words forming this puzzle are:

Horizontal of cross: Base. Perpendicular of cross: Accounts of things, persons or events deemed noteworthy. Top of frame: Settlement. Foot of frame: A young person engaged in selling some of the necessities of modern life. Left post of frame: A bird with pouched bill. Right post of frame: The channel in which the tide sets.

A. C. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters, and am a motto about which much has been said of late in the United States.

1. My 3, 10, 11, 12 is a sudden flaw or flurry. 2. My 6, 1, 2, 5 is to reel, as on a bobbin. 3. My 9, 4, 8, 7 is a way in which lessons ought not to be learned.

A.

CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

THE words and letters forming a half-square, which has for base a word of seven letters, will be found concealed in the following sentences:

"You know it was you who had my whip last, Ernest, so don't pretend it was n't. You refused to lend it to Will,—as Teddy told me,—and afterward you falsely accused Will of taking the whip and hiding it in a cask Edward had thrown into the quarry. No wonder Will's temper rose when he heard of your accusation; and it was lucky for you he started for home and cooled off before seeing you. Shame on you! Give up the whip at once, or I'll dust your jacket for you!"

The meanings of the lines of the half-square are as follows: 1. Coating of a wall. 2. Endured. 3. Solicited. 4. Forepart of a ship's frame. 5. A nickname of a boy. 6. An affix. 7. Phonetically, a French measure of surface.

Y. E.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

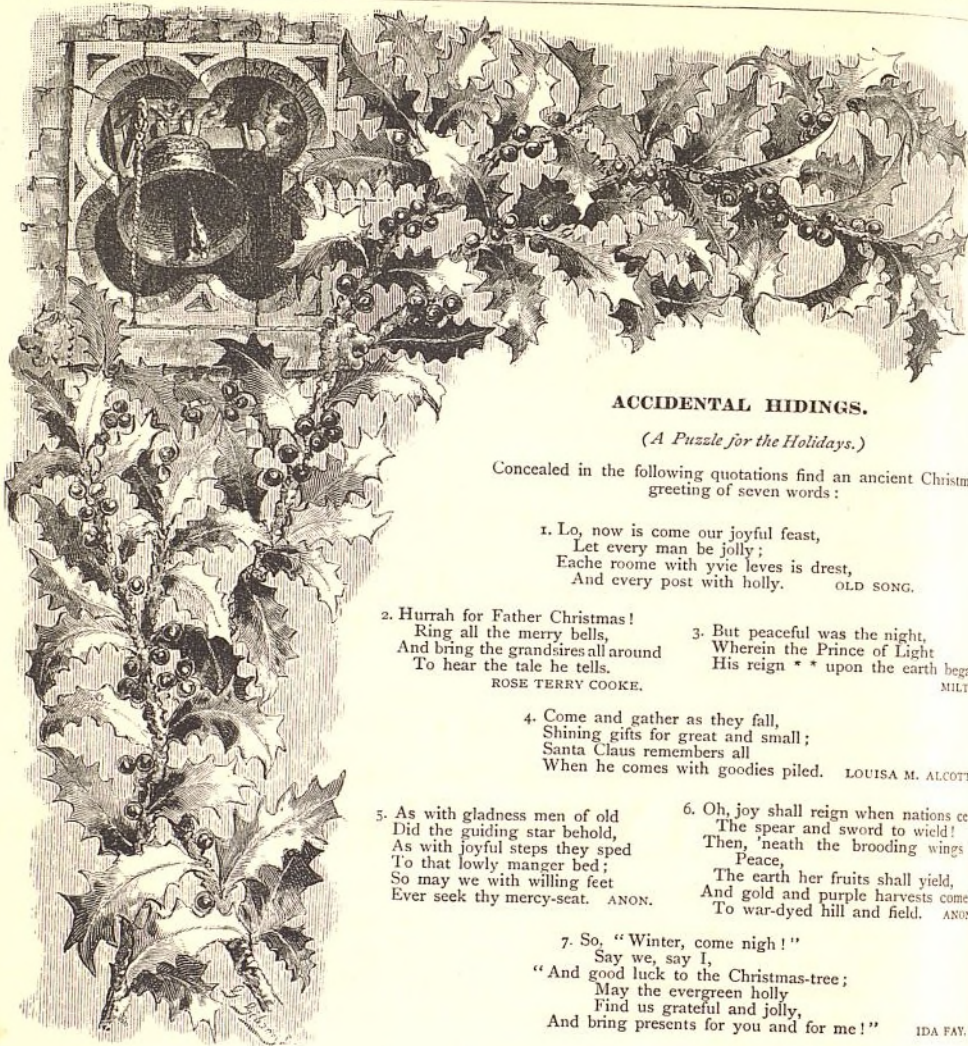
THE centrals, reading downward, name a very useful member of the community. The words are of one length.

1. A grade of society. 2. A volatile fluid. 3. A part of a wheel. 4. Plain. 5. A word that implies fun. 6. A piece of money. 7. A person who, accompanied by his wife, explored a part of Africa. 8. A manufactured metal. 9. A victorious Yankee commodore. G. H.

DOUBLE AMPUTATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail snappish, and leave to corrode; behead and curtail to corrode and leave a pronoun. 2. Behead and curtail rasped, and leave to value; behead and curtail to value and leave a preposition. 3. Behead and curtail a portion of time, and leave a sign; behead and curtail a sign and leave a pronoun. 4. Behead and curtail to bow with servility, and leave an ornament; behead and curtail an ornament and leave within.

CYRILE DEAN.



ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.

(A Puzzle for the Holidays.)

Concealed in the following quotations find an ancient Christmas greeting of seven words:

1. Lo, now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly. OLD SONG.
2. Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells,
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.
ROSE TERRY COOKE.
3. But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign * * upon the earth began.
MILTON.
4. Come and gather as they fall,
Shining gifts for great and small;
Santa Claus remembers all
When he comes with goodies piled. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
5. As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat. ANON.
6. Oh, joy shall reign when nations cease
The spear and sword to wield!
Then, 'neath the brooding wings of
Peace,
The earth her fruits shall yield,
And gold and purple harvests come
To war-dyed hill and field. ANON.
7. So, "Winter, come nigh!"
Say we, say I,
"And good luck to the Christmas-tree;
May the evergreen holly
Find us grateful and jolly,
And bring presents for you and for me!" IDA FAY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
HOUR-GLASS.—1. BraId; 2. ARa; 3. R; 4. TOe; 5. SaWed.
EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Beaconsfield; Gladstone.
CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. EaRH; 2. NaomI; 3. GaS;
4. LinT; 5. IagO; 6. SailoR; 7. HaY.
CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—

I	T
INN	AWK
INTER	TWINE
NEW	END
R	E

SQUARE.—1. Chime; 2. Honor; 3. Incur; 4. Mouse; 5. Erred.
PERSPECTIVE CROSS.—1. Nomad; 2. Level; 3. Demur; 4. Raven;
5. Brown; 6. Bat; 7. Night; 8. Trend; 9. Daunt; 10. Novel; 11.
David; 12. Gem; 13. Liver; 14. Reign; 15. Trout; 16. Naturalist;
17. Bloodhound; 18. Nethermost; 19. Dog; 20. Rat; 21. Nut; 22.
Ban; 23. Dot; 24. Ted; 25. Rib.
CENTRAL DELETIONS.—1. PopUlar, poplar; 2. ReVel, reel; 3.
HUe, he; 4. CoLon, coon; 5. SpAin, spin. Centrals: UVula.

PICTORIAL CONCEALED-WORD PUZZLE.—1. FLOWer. 2. CHaIR.
3. fIST. 4. MAN. 5. StoCKings. 6. dOMES. 7. BUSt. 8.
bONe. 9. ConE. 10. dAisY. 11. rApeR.

RHOMBOID DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—1. Fatal. 2. Sarah. 3. Cabal.
4. Basal. 5. Natal.

NEW-DOLLAR PUZZLE.—Infant, Churn, Chain, Leap, Flower,
Bath, Cob, Soldier, Food, Jewel, AAA CCC DD, Leaves, Monkey,
Hand, Kirk, Condors, Insects, Reptile, Straws. The letters in these
words may be transformed into the following twenty-six words, of
four letters each, representing twenty-six things seen when viewing
the face of the new dollar: Cash, Coin, Year, Date, Head, Face,
Nose, Chin, Lips, Brow, Jowl, Neck, Hair, Lock, Curl, Band, Word,
Star, Stop, Leaf, Vein, Stem, Ears, Fold, Nick, Dent.

CHARADE.—Patch-work.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Ptarmigan.
EASY METAGRAM.—1. Switch; 2. Witch; 3. Whit; 4. With; 5.
Wit; 6. It; 7. I.

A PROVERB IN CIPHER.—"Two heads are better than one."
EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Post-Office.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 2 from Evelyn Glancy Jones, "D. N. B.," South-
wick C. Briggs, Annie Southwick, Mary H. Bradley, "Fritters," Nellie Emerson, A. C. Lesley, Lillian Baker, "Two Will's," Anna Emma
Mathewson, Fred A. Conklin, Susanna Bell, B. P. Emery, M. L. Brinkerhoff, Adda Voute, "C. H. T.," Picolo Pedadly, E. B. Clark,
Adele F. Freeman, Miffin Brady, John L. Hanna, L. B. Wallace, Thomas Hunt, Grace Rosevelt, C. D. Clinton, Reed L. McDonald,
Bessie Hard, Bertha Potts, Flavel S. Miner, "Higgle," Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, and Eddie F. Worcester.

[JANUARY]

Christmas

began.
MILTON.

L.COTT.

ons cease
ld!
ings of

eld,
come
ANON.

A FAY.

CHoir.
sT. &

Cabal

Flower
fonkey,
in these
ords, of
viewing
, Face,
Word,

igan.
ith; 5

South-
Emma
Clark,
tonald,

