





# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## A STORY OF A STONE.

BY PROF. D. S. JORDAN.

ONCE on a time, a great many years ago, so many, many years that if your father should give you a dollar for every year you could buy up the whole town you live in and have enough left to pay the National Debt; in those old days when the great North-west consisted only of a few hills, ragged and barren, and full of copper and quartz; in the days when the Northern Ocean washed the crest of Mount Washington and wrote its name upon the Pictured Rocks, and the tide of the Pacific swept over Plymouth Rock and surged up against Bunker Hill; when the Gulf of Mexico rolled its warm and shallow waters as far north as Escanaba and Eau Claire; in fact, an immensely long time ago,—there lived somewhere in Oconto County, Wisconsin, a little jelly-fish. It was a curious creature, about the shape of half an apple, and the size of a cat's-thimble, and it floated around in the water and ate little things and opened and shut its umbrella, pretty much as jelly-fishes do in the ocean now.

It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around like so many mites of snakes, and so it was named Medusa, after that lady in the old times who wore snakes instead of hair, and who felt so badly because she could n't do them up. Well, our little Medusa floated around and opened and shut her umbrella for a long time,—a month, or a year, perhaps,—we don't know how long. Then, one morning, down among the sea-weeds, she laid a whole lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crab-apple jelly and much smaller than a dew-drop on the end of a pine-leaf. Now she leaves the scene, and our story henceforth concerns only one of these eggs. Well, one day, the sun shone down into the

water,—the same sun that shines through your windows now,—and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside of the egg and came out into the great world. He was only a wee bit of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends. He had at his sides an immense number of little paddles that went flapping, flapping all the time, keeping him constantly in motion, whether the little fellow wanted to go or not. So he kept scudding along in the water, dodging from right to left, to avoid the ungainly creatures that wanted to eat him. There were crabs and clams, of a fashion that neither you nor I will ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws and long feelers, that sat in the end of a long, round shell and glowered at him, and smaller ones of the same kind that looked like lobsters in a dinner-horn.

But none of these got the little fellow, else I should not have any story to tell.

At last, having paddled about long enough, he thought of settling in life. So he looked around until he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him, when he sat down upon it, and grew fast, like old Holger Danske in the Danish myth. Only, unlike Holger, he did n't go to sleep, but proceeded to make himself at home. So he made an opening in his upper side, and rigged for himself a mouth and a stomach, and put a whole row of feelers out, and began catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of jelly and bits of lime,—everything he could get,—and cramming them into his little stomach.

He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of all was what he did with the bits of lime.



He kept taking them in and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would stone a well, or as though a man should swallow pebbles and stow them away in his feet and all around under the skin, till he had filled himself full.

But little Favosites became lonesome all alone on the bottom of that old ocean, among so many outlandish neighbors; and so, one night, when he was fast asleep, and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out of his side, where his sixth rib would have been if he had had so many, another little Favosites, who very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up as if for dear life. Then, from these two another and another little bud came out, and another and another little Favosites was formed, and they all kept growing up higher and higher, and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of limestone, till at last there were so many of them, and they were so crowded together, that there was n't room for them to grow round; so they had to grow six-sided, like the cells in a honeycomb.

Once in a while, some one in the company would get mad because the others got all of the lime, or would feel uneasy at sitting still so long and swallowing stones, and would secede from the little union, without as much as saying "Good-bye," and would sail around like the old Medusa, and would lay more eggs, which would hatch out into more Favosites.

Well, the old ones died or swam away or were walled up, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long time, and had accumulated quite a stock of lime. But, one day, there came a freshet in the Menomonee River, and piles of dirt and sand and ground-up iron ore were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. They did n't like the taste of iron, so they all died; but we know that their house was not spoiled, for we have it here.

So the rock-house they were making was tumbled about in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off, and the mud worked its way into the cracks and destroyed its beautiful whiteness.

There it lay for ages, till the earth gave a great, long heave, that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our Favosites' house packed and dried into hard rock and closed it in; and so it became part of the dry land. There it lay, imbedded in the rock for centuries and centuries.

Then, the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked on them in awe and wonder, as the Indians eyed Columbus. They were like the gar-pike in our Western rivers, only much larger,—as big as a stove-pipe, and with a crust as hard as a turtle's shell. Then there came sharks, of strange forms, savage and ferocious, with teeth like bowie-

knives. But the time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground.

Then came the long, hot, wet summer, when the mists hung over the earth so thick that you might almost have cut them into chunks with a knife, like a loaf of gingerbread; and great ferns and rushes, big as an oak and tall as a steeple, grew over the land. Huge reptiles with jaws like a front door, and teeth like cross-cut saws, and little reptiles, with wings like bats, crawled and swam and flew.

But the ferns died, and the reptiles died, and the rush-trees fell into the swamps, and the Mississippi, now become quite a river, covered them up, and they were packed away under great layers of clay and sand, till at last they were turned into coal, and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rock at Oconto.

Then the mists cleared up and the sun shone and the grass began to grow, and strange animals began to come and feed upon it. There were funny little zebra horses, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, and great hairy elephants, and hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root, and lots of still stranger creatures that no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground.

So the long, long summer passed by, and the autumn, and the Indian summer; and at last the great winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow was n't off by the Fourth of July; and then it snowed and snowed till the snow never went off at all; and then it got so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered all the animals, and then the trees, and then the mountains. Then it would thaw a little, and streams of water would run over the snow; then it would freeze again, and pack it into solid ice. Still it went on snowing and thawing and freezing, till the ice was a mile deep over Wisconsin, and the whole United States was one great skating-rink.

So it kept on for about a million years, until once when the spring came and the south winds blew, it began to thaw up. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills, tearing up rocks little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a meeting-house, crushing forests as you would crush an egg-shell, and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk-mark. So it came pushing, thundering, grinding along, slowly enough, but with tremendous force, this mile-deep glacier, like an immense plow drawn by a million oxen.

So the ice plowed across Oconto County, and little Favosites was rooted out from the quiet place where he had lain so long; but, by good fortune, he happened to slip into a crevice in the ice, where he



wasn't much crowded, else he would have been ground to powder, as most of his relatives were, and I should n't have had this story to tell.

Well, the ice slid along, melting all the while, and making great torrents of water which, as they swept onward, covered the land with clay and pebbles, till at last it came to a great swamp, overgrown with tamarac and cedar. Here it stopped and melted, and all the rocks and stones and dirt

it had carried with it, little Favosites and all, were dumped into one great heap.

Ages after, a farmer in Grand Chûte, Michigan, plowing up his clover field, to sow for winter wheat, picked up a curious bit of "petrified honey-comb," and gave it to the school-boys to take to their teacher, to hear what he would say about it. And now you have read what he said.

## THE SHINING LITTLE HOUSE.

By H. H.

It hung in the sun, the little house,  
It hung in the sun, and shone;  
And through the walls I could hear his voice  
Who had it all for his own.

The walls were of wire, as bright as gold,  
Wrought in a pretty design;  
The spaces between for windows served,  
And the floor was 'clean and fine.

There was plenty, too, to eat and drink,  
In this little house that shone;  
A lucky thing, to be sure, you'd  
say,  
A house like this for one's  
own!

But the door was shut, and  
locked all tight,  
The key was on the outside;  
The one who was in could not  
get out,  
No matter how much he tried.

'T was only a prison after all,  
This bright little house that shone;  
Ah, we would not want a house like that,  
No matter if 't were our own!

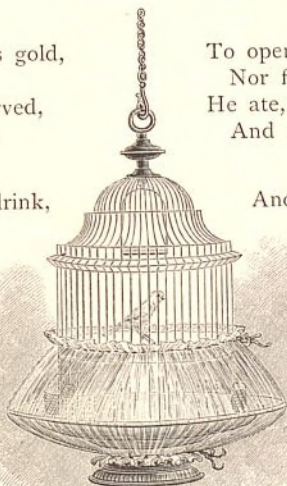
And yet, through the walls I heard the voice,  
Of the one who lived inside:  
To warble a sweeter song each day,  
It did seem as if he tried.

To open the door, he never sought,  
Nor fluttered in idle strife;  
He ate, and he drank, and slept, and sang,  
And made the best of his life.

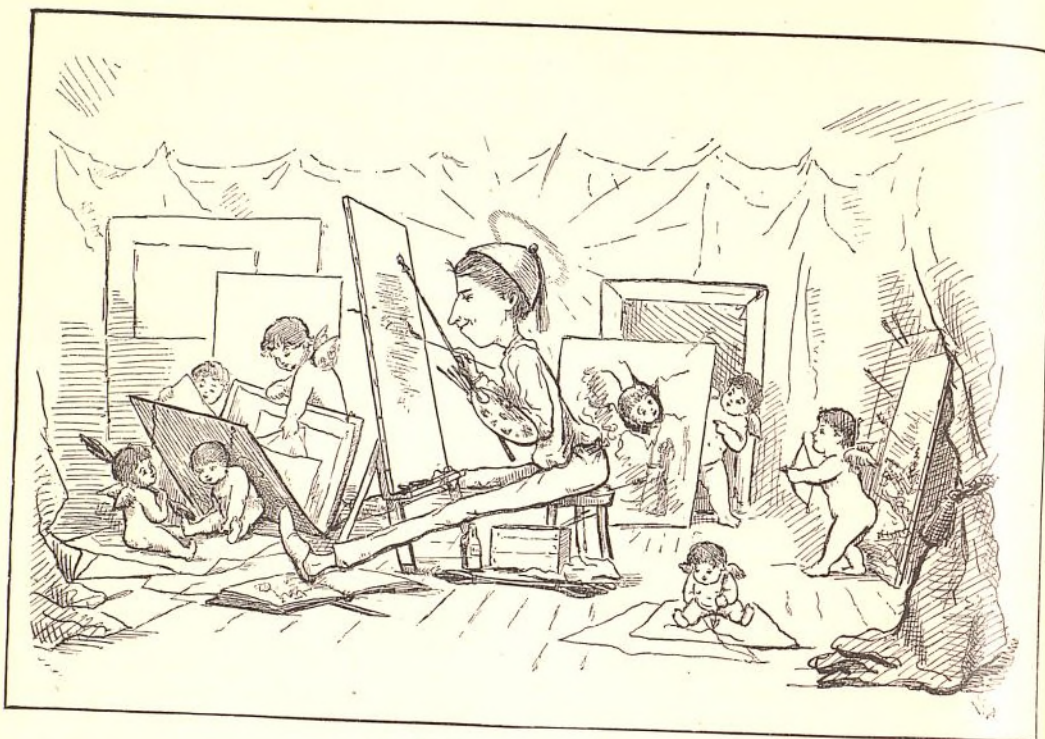
And I, to myself, said every day,  
As his cheery song I heard,  
There 's a lesson for us in  
every note  
Of that little prisoned bird.

We all of us live a life like  
his,  
We are walled on every side;  
We all long to do a hundred  
things,  
Which we could not if we  
tried.

We can spend our strength all foolishly  
In a discontented strife;  
Or we can be wise, and laugh and sing,  
And make the best of our life.







OUR ARTIST ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

## EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## CHAPTER I.

## LADY JANE AND LORD GUILDFORD.

It wanted but five minutes to twelve in Miss Fitch's school-room, and a general restlessness showed that her scholars were aware of the fact. Some of the girls had closed their books, and were putting their desks to rights, with a good deal of unnecessary fuss, keeping an eye on the clock meanwhile. The boys wore the air of dogs who see their master coming to untie them; they jumped and quivered, making the benches squeak and rattle, and shifted their feet about on the uncarpeted floor, producing sounds of the kind most trying to a nervous teacher. A general expectation prevailed. Luckily, Miss Fitch was not nervous. She had that best of all gifts for teaching,—calmness; and

she understood her pupils and their ways, and had sympathy with them. She knew how hard it is for feet with the dance of youth in them to keep still for three long hours on a June morning; and there was a pleasant, roguish look in her face as she laid her hand on the bell, and, meeting the twenty-two pairs of expectant eyes which were fixed on hers, rang it—dear Miss Fitch—actually a minute and a half before the time.

At the first tinkle, like arrows dismissed from the bow-string, two girls belonging to the older class jumped from their seats and flew, ahead of all the rest, into the entry, where hung the hats and caps of the school, and their dinner-baskets. One seized a pink sun-bonnet from its nail, the other a Shaker-scoop with a deep green cape; each possessed herself of a small tin pail, and just as the little crowd



swarmed into the passage, they hurried out on the green, in the middle of which the school-house stood. It was a very small green, shaped like a triangle, with half a dozen trees growing upon it; but

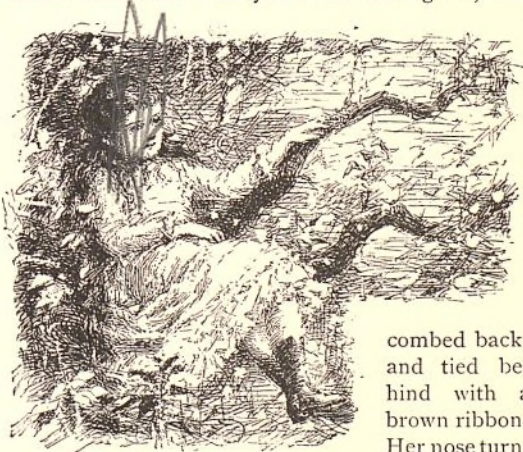
"Little things are great to little men,"

you know, and to Miss Fitch's little men and women "the green" had all the importance and excitement of a park. Each one of the trees which stood upon it had a name of its own. Every crotch and branch in them was known to the boys and the most daring among the girls; each had been the scene of games and adventures without number. "The Castle," a low spreading oak with wide, horizontal branches, had been the favorite tree for fights. Half the boys would garrison the boughs, the other half, scrambling from below and clutching and tugging, would take the part of besiegers, and it had been great fun all round. But alas, for that "had been!" Ever since one unlucky day, when Luther Bradley, as King Charles, had been captured five boughs up by Cromwell and his soldiers, and his ankle badly sprained in the process, Miss Fitch had ruled that "The Castle" should be used for fighting purposes no longer. The boys might climb it, but they must not call themselves a garrison, nor pull nor struggle with each other. So the poor oak was shorn of its military glories, and forced to comfort itself by bearing a larger crop of acorns than had been possible during the stirring and warlike times, now forever ended.

Then there was "The Dove-cote," an easily climbed beech, on which rows of girls might be seen at noon-times roosting like fowls in the sun. And there was "The Falcon's Nest," which produced every year a few small, sour apples, and which Isabella Bright had adopted for her tree. She knew every inch of the way to the top; to climb it was like going up a well-known staircase, and the sensation of sitting there aloft, high in air, on a bough which curved and swung, with another bough exactly fitting her back to lean against, was full of delight and fascination. It was like moving and being at rest all at once; like flying, like escape. The wind seemed to smell differently and more sweetly up there than in lower places. Two or three times lost in fancies as deep as sleep, Isabella had forgotten all about recess and bell, and remained on her perch, swinging and dreaming, till some one was sent to tell her that the arithmetic class had begun. And once, direful day! marked with everlasting black in the calendar of her conscience, being possessed suddenly, as it were, by some idle and tricky demon, she stayed on after she was called, and called again, she still stayed; and when, at last, Miss Fitch herself came out and stood beneath the tree, and in her pleasant, mild

voice told her to come down, still the naughty girl, secure in her fastness, stayed. And when, at last, Miss Fitch, growing angry, spoke severely and ordered her to descend, Isabella shook the boughs, and sent a shower of hard little apples down on her kind teacher's head. That was dreadful, indeed, and dreadfully did she repent it afterward, for she loved Miss Fitch dearly, and, except for being under the influence of the demon, could never have treated her so. Miss Fitch did not kiss her for a whole month afterward,—that was Isabella's punishment,—and it was many months before she could speak of the affair without feeling her eyes fill swiftly with tears, for Isabella's conscience was tender and her feelings very quick in those days.

This, however, was eighteen months ago, when she was only ten and a half. She was nearly twelve now, and a good deal taller and wiser. I have introduced her as Isabella, because that was her real name, but the children and everybody always called her Eyebright. "I. Bright" it had been written in the report of her first week at Miss Fitch's school, when she was a little thing not more than six years old. The droll name struck someone's fancy, and from that day she was always called Eyebright because of that, and because her eyes were bright. They were gray eyes, large and clear, set in a wide, low forehead, from which a thick mop of hazel-brown hair with a wavy kink all through it, was



EYEBRIGHT IN THE TREE.

combed back, and tied behind with a brown ribbon. Her nose turned up a little;

her mouth was rather wide, but it was a smiling, good-tempered mouth; the cheeks were pink and wholesome, and altogether, though not particularly pretty, Eyebright was a pleasant-looking little girl in the eyes of the people who loved her, and they were a good many.

The companion with whom she was walking was Bessie Mather, her most intimate friend just then. Bessie was the daughter of a portrait-painter, who



did n't have many portraits to paint, so he was apt to be discouraged, and his family to feel rather poor. Eyebright was not old enough to perceive the inconveniences of being poor. To her there was a great charm in all that goes to the making of pictures. She loved the shining paint-tubes, the palette set with its ring of many-colored dots, and even the white canvases; the smell of oil was pleasant to her, and she often wished that her father, too, had been a painter. When, as once in a great while happened, Bessie asked her to tea, she went with a sort of awe over her mind, and returned in a rapture, to tell her mother that they had had biscuits and apple-sauce for supper, and had n't done anything in particular; but she had enjoyed it so much, and it had been so interesting! Mrs. Bright never could understand why biscuits and apple-sauce, which never created any enthusiasm in Eyebright at home, should be so delightful at Bessie Mather's, neither could Eyebright explain it, but so it was. This portrait-painting father was one of Bessie's chief attractions in Eyebright's eyes, but apart from that, she was sweet-tempered, pliable, and affectionate, and—a strong bond in friendship sometimes—she liked to follow and Eyebright to lead; she preferred to listen and Eyebright to talk; so they suited each other exactly. Bessie's hair was dark; she was not quite so tall as Eyebright; but their heights matched very well, as, with arms round each other's waist, they paced up and down "the green," stopping now and then to take a cookie, or a bit of bread-and-butter, from the dinner-pails which they had set under one of the trees.

Not the least attention did they pay to the rest of the scholars, but Eyebright began at once, as if reading from some book which had been laid aside only a moment before:

"At that moment Lady Jane heard a tap at the door.

"See who it is, Margaret," she said.

"Margaret opened the door, and there stood before her astonished eyes a knight clad in shining armor.

"Who are you, Sir Knight, and wherefore do you come?" she cried, in amazement.

"I am come to see the Lady Jane Gray," he replied; "I have a message for her from Lord Guildford Dudley."

"From my noble Guildford," shrieked Lady Jane, rushing forward.

"Even so, madam," replied the knight, bowing profoundly.

Here Eyebright paused for a large bite of bread and butter.

"Go on—please go on," pleaded Bessie, whose mouth happened to be empty just then.

Mumble, mumble,—the Lady Jane sank back on her couch"—resumed Eyebright, speaking rather thickly by reason of the bread and butter. "She was very pale, and one tear ran slowly down her pearly cheek.

"What says my lord?" she faintly uttered.

"He bids me to tell you to hope on, hope ever," cried the knight; "the jailor's daughter has promised to steal her father's keys to-night, unbar his door, and let him escape."

"Can this be true?" cried Margaret—that's you, you know, Bessie—be ready to catch me. "Help! my lady is about to faint with joy."

Here Eyebright sank on the grass, while Bessie made a dash, and raised her head.

"Is it? Can it be—true?" murmured the Lady Jane,—her languid hand meanwhile stealing into the dinner-pail, and producing therefrom a big red apple.

"It is true—the blessed news is indeed true," cried the true-hearted Margaret.

"I feel new life in my veins;" and the Lady Jane sprang to her feet. Here Eyebright scrambled to hers.

"Come, Margaret," she cried, "we must decide in what garb we shall greet my dearest lord when he comes from prison. Don't you think the cram—cram—cramberry velvet, with a net-work of pearls, and,—what else did they wear, Bessie?"

"Girdles?" ventured Bessie.

"And a girdle of gems," went on Eyebright, easily, and quite regardless of expense. "Don't you think that will be best, girl?"

"Oh, Eyebright, would she say 'girl?'" broke in Bessie; "it does n't sound polite enough for the Lady Jane."

"They all do,—I assure you they do. I can show you the place in Shakspeare. It don't sound so nice, because when people say 'girl,' now, it always means servant-girl, you know; but it was different then; and Lady Jane did say 'my girl.' And you must n't interrupt so, Bessie, or we sha'n't get to the execution this recess, and after school I want to play the Little Princes in the Tower."

"I wont interrupt any more," said Bessie; "go on."

"Yes, the cramberry velvet is my choice," resumed Eyebright. "Sir Knight, accept my grateful thanks."

"He bent low and kissed her fair hand.

"May naught but good tidings await you evermore!" he murmured. "Sorrow should never light on so fair a being."

"Ah," she said, "sorrow seems my portion. What is rank or riches or ducality to a happy heart?"



"What did you say? What was that word, Eyebright?"

"Ducality. Lady Jane's father was a duke, you know."

"The knight sighed deeply, and withdrew.

"Ah, Guildford," murmured the Lady Jane, laying her head on the shoulder of her beloved Margaret, "shall I indeed see you once more? It seems too good to be true."

Eyebright paused, and bit into her apple with an absorbed expression. She was meditating the next scene in her romance.

"So the next day and the next went by, and still the Lady Jane prayed and waited. Night came at last, and now Lord Guildford might appear at any moment. Margaret dressed her lovely mistress in the velvet robe, twined the pearls in her golden hair, and clasped the jeweled girdle round her slender waist. One snow-white rose was pinned in her bosom. Never had she looked so wildly beautiful. But still Lord Guildford came not. At last a tap at the door was heard.

"It is he!" cried the Lady Jane, and flew to meet him.

"But alas! it was not he. A stern and gigantic form filled the door-way, and entering, looked at her with fiery eyes. No, his helmet was shut tight. Would n't that be better, Bessie?"

"Oh yes, much better. Do have it shut," said the obliging Bessie.

"His lineaments were hidden by his helmet," resumed Eyebright, correcting herself; "but there was something in his aspect which made her heart thrill with terror.

"You are looking to see if I am one who will never cross your path again," he said, in a harsh tone. "Lady Jane Gray—no! Guildford Dudley has this day expiated his crimes on Tower Hill. His headless trunk is already buried beneath the pavement where traitors lie."

"Oh no, no; in mercy unsay the word!" shrieked the Lady Jane, and with one quick sob she sank lifeless to the earth, while Margaret sank beside her. We wont really sink, I think, Bessie, because the grass stains our clothes so, and they get so mused up. Wealthy says she can't imagine what I do to my things; there was so much grass-green in them that it greened all the water in the tub last wash, she told mother; that was when we played the Coramantic Captive, you know, and I had to keep fainting all the time. We'll just make-believe we sank, I guess.

"Rouse yourself, Lady," went on the stern warrior, "I have more to communicate. You are my prisoner. Here is the warrant to arrest you, and the soldiers wait outside."

"One dizzy moment, and Lady Jane rallied the

spirit of her race. Her face was deadly pale, but she had never looked more lovely.

"I am ready," she said, with calm dignity; 'only give me time to breathe one prayer,' and, sinking at the foot of her crucifix, she breathed an Ave Maria in such melodious tones that all present refrained from tears.

"Lead on," she murmured.

"We now pass to the scene of execution," proceeded Eyebright, whose greatest gift as a storyteller was her power of getting over difficult parts of the narrative in a sort of inspired, rapid way. "I guess we wont have any trial, Bessie, because trials are so hard, and I don't know exactly how to do them. It was a chill morning in early spring. The sun had hid his face from the awful spectacle. The bell was tolling, the crowd assembled, and the executioner stood leaning on the handle of his dreadful ax. The block was ready!"

"Oh, Eyebright, it is awful!" interposed Bessie, on the point of tears.

"At last the door of the Tower opened," went on the relentless Eyebright, "and the slender form of the Lady Jane appeared, led by the captain of the guard, and followed by a long procession of monks and soldiers. Her faithful Margaret was by her side, drowned in tears. She was so young, so fair and so sweet that all hearts pitied her, and when she turned to the priest and said, 'Fa-ther, do not we-ep' —"

Eyebright here broke down and began to cry. As for Bessie, she had been sobbing hard, with her handkerchief over her eyes for nearly two minutes.

"I am go-ing to hea-ven," faltered Eyebright, overcome with emotion. "Thank my cousin, Bloody Mary, for sending me th-ere."

"Can you tell me the way to Mr. Bright's house?" said a voice just behind them.

The girls jumped and look round. In the excitement of the execution, they had wandered, without knowing it, to the far edge of the green, which bordered on the public road. A gentleman on horseback had stopped close beside them, and was looking at them with an amused expression, which changed to one of pity, as the two tear-stained faces met his eye.

"Is anything the matter? Are you in any trouble?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh no, sir; not a bit. We are only playing; we are having a splendid time," explained Eyebright.

And then, anxious to change the subject, and also to get back to Lady Jane and her woes, she made haste with the direction for which the stranger had asked.

"Just down there, sir; turn the first street, and



it's the fourth house from the corner. No, the fifth,—which is it, Bessie?"

"Let me see," replied Bessie, counting on her fingers. "Mrs. Clapp's, Mr. Potter's, Mr. Wheelwright's,—it's the fourth, Eyebright."

The gentleman thanked them and rode away. As he did so, the bell tinkled at the school-house door.

"Oh, there's that old bell. I don't believe it's time one bit. Miss Fitch must have set the clock forward," declared Eyebright.

Alas, no; Miss Fitch had done nothing of the sort, for at that moment clang went the town-clock, which, as every one knew, kept the best of time, and by which all the clocks and watches in the neighborhood were set.

"Pshaw, it really is!" cried Eyebright. "How short recess seems! Not longer than a minute."

"Not more than half a minute," chimed in Bessie. "Oh, Eyebright, it was too lovely! I hate to go in."

The cheeks and eyelids of the almost executed Lady Jane and her bower maiden were in a sad state of redness when they entered the school-room, but nobody took any particular notice of them. Miss Fitch was used to such appearances, and so were the other boys and girls, when Eyebright and Bessie Mather had spent their recess, as almost always they did, in playing the game which they called "acting stories."

## CHAPTER II.

### AFTER SCHOOL.

FOUR o'clock seemed slow in coming; but it struck at last, as hours always will if we wait long enough; and Miss Fitch dismissed the school, after a little bit of Bible-reading and a short prayer. People nowadays are trying to do away with Bibles and prayers in schools, but I think the few words which Miss Fitch said in the Lord's ear every night—and they were very few and simple—sent the little ones away with a sense of the Father's love and nearness, which it was good for them to feel. All the girls and some of the boys waited to kiss Miss Fitch for good-night. It had been a pleasant day. Nobody, for a wonder, had received a fault-mark of any kind; nothing had gone wrong, and the children departed, with a general bright sense that such days do not often come, and that what remained of this ought to be made the most of.

There were still three hours and a half of precious daylight. What should be done with them?

Eyebright and a knot of girls, whose homes lay in the same direction from hers, walked slowly down the street together. It was a beautiful afternoon, with sunshine of that delicious sort which

only June knows how to brew,—warm, but not burning; bright, but not dazzling. It lay over the walk in broad golden patches, broken by soft, purple-blue shadows from the elms, which had just put out their light leaves and looked like fountains of green spray tossed high in air. There was a sweet smell of hyacinths and growing grass and cherry-blossoms, and altogether it was not an afternoon to spend in the house, and the children felt the fact.

"I don't want to go home yet," said Molly Prime. "Let's do something pleasant all together instead."

"I wish my swing was ready, and we'd all have a swing in it," said Laura Wheelwright. "Tom said he would put it up to-day, but mother begged him not, because she said I had a cold and would be sure to run in the damp grass and wet my feet. What shall we do? We might go for a walk to Round Pond; will you?"

"No; I'll tell you," burst in Eyebright. "Don't let's do that, because if we do, the big boys will see us and want to come too, and then we sha'n't have any fun. Let's all go into our barn; there's lots of hay up in the loft, and we'll open the big window and make thrones of hay to sit on and tell stories. It'll be just as good as out-doors, and no one will know where we are or come to interrupt us. Don't you think it would be nice? Do come, Laura."

"Delicious! Come along, girls," answered Laura, crumpling her soft sun-bonnet into a heap, and throwing it up into the air, as if it had been a ball.

"Oh, may we come too?" pleaded little Tom and Rosy Bury.

"No, you can't," answered their sister, Kitty, sharply. "You'd be tumbling down and getting frightened, and all sorts of things. You'd better run right home by yourselves."

The little ones were silent, but they looked anxiously at Eyebright.

"I think they might come, Kitty," she said. "They're almost always good, and there's nothing in the loft to hurt them. Yes; they can come."

"Oh, very well, if you want the bother of them. I'm sure I don't mind," replied Kitty.

Then they all ran into the barn. The eight pairs of double-soled boots clattered on the stairs like a sudden hail-storm on a roof. Brindle and old Charley, and a strange horse who seemed to be visiting them, all three munching their evening hay, raised their heads, astonished, while a furtive rustle from some dim corner in the loft showed that Mrs. Top-knot or Mrs. Cochinchina, hidden away there, heard too, and did not like the sound at all.



"Oh, is n't this lovely!" cried Kitty Bury, kicking the fine hay before her till it rose in clouds. "Barns are so nice, I think."

"Yes, but don't kick that way," said Romaine Smith, choking and sneezing. "Oh dear, I shall smother. Eyebright, please open the window. Quick, I am strangling."

grasses; it was as good as being out-doors, as Eyebright had said.

The girls pulled little heaps of hay together for seats, and ranged themselves in a half-circle round the window, with Mr. Bright's orchard, pink and white with fruit blossoms, underneath them; and beyond that, between Mr. Bury's house and barn, a



EYEBRIGHT AND BESSIE IN THE STUDIO.

Eyebright, who was sneezing too, made haste to undo the rusty hook, and swing the big wooden shutter back against the outside wall of the barn. It made an enormous square opening, which seemed to let in all out-doors at once. Dark places grew light, the soft pure air, glad of the chance, flew in to mix with the sweet heavy smell of the dried

glimpse of valley and blue river, and the long range of wooded hills on the opposite bank. It was a charming look-out, and though the children could not have put into words what pleased them, they all liked it, and were the happier for its being there.

"Now we're ready.\* Who will tell the first story?" asked Molly Prime, briskly.



"I will," cried Eyebright, always ready to take the lead. "It's a true story, too, every bit of it. My grandma knew the lady it happened to. It was ever and ever so long ago, when the country was all over woods and Indians, you know, and this lady went to the West to live with her husband. He was a pio-nary,—no, pioneer,—no, missionary,—that was what he was. Missionaries teach poor people and preach, and this one was awfully poor himself, for all the money he had was just a little bit which a church at the East gave him.

"Well, after they had lived at the West for a year, the missionary had to come back, because some of the people said he was n't orthodox. I don't know what that means. I asked father once, and he said it meant so many things that he did n't think he could explain them all; but Wealthy, she said, it means 'agreeing with the neighbors.' Anyhow, the missionary had to come back to tell the folks that he *was* orthodox, and his wife and children had to stay behind, in the woods, with wolves and bears and Indians close by.

"The very day after he started, his wife was sitting by the fire with her baby in her lap, when the door opened, and a great, enormous Indian walked in and straight up to her.

"I guess she was frightened; don't you?"

"He gone?" asked the Indian in broken English.

"Yes," she said.

"Then the Indian held out his hands and said:

"Pappoose. Give."

"Oh my!" cried Molly Prime. "I'd have screamed right out."

"Well, the lady did n't," continued Eyebright; "what was the use? There was n't any one to scream to, you know. Beside, she thought perhaps the Indian was trying her to see if she trusted him. So she let him take the child, and he marched away with it, not saying another word.

"All that night, and all next day, she watched and waited, but he did not come back. She began to think all sorts of dreadful things,—that perhaps he had killed the child. But just at sunset he came with the baby in his arms, and the little fellow was dressed like a chief, in a suit of doe-skins which the squaws had made, with cunning little moccasins on his feet and a feather stuck in his hair. The Indian put him in his mother's lap, and said:

"Now red man know white squaw friend, for she not afraid give child."

"And after that, all the time her husband was gone, the Indians brought venison and game, and were real kind to the lady. Was n't it nice?"

The children drew long breaths of relief.

"I don't think I could," declared Molly Prime.

"Now I'll tell you a story which I made up myself," said Romaine, who was of a sentimental turn. "It's called the Lady and the Barberry Bush.

"Once upon a time long, long ago, there was a lady who loved a barberry bush, because its berries were so pretty, and tasted so nice and sour. She used to water it, and come at evening to lay her snow-white hand upon its leaves."

"Did n't they prick?" inquired Molly, who was as practical as Romaine was sentimental.

"No, of course they did n't prick, because the barberry bush was enchanted, you know. Nobody else cared for barberry bushes except the lady. All the rest liked roses and honeysuckles best, and the poor barberry was very glad when it saw the lady coming. At last one night, when she was watering it, it spoke, and it said: 'The hour of deliverance has arrived. Lady, behold in me a Prince and your lover,' and it changed into a beautiful knight with barberries in his helmet, and knelt at her feet, and they were very happy forever after."

"Oh, how short!" complained the rest. "Eyebright's was a great deal longer."

"Yes, but some one told hers to her, you know. I made mine up, all myself."

"I'll tell you a 'tory now," broke in little Posy.

"It's a nice 'tory,—a real nice one. Once there was a little girl, and she wanted some pie. She wanted some weal wich pie. And her mother whipped her because she wanted the weal wich pie. Then she kied. And her mother whipped her. Then she kied again. And her mother whipped her again. And the wich pie made her sick. And she died. She could n't det well, 'cause the dottor he did n't come. He could n't come. There was n't any dottor. He was eated up by tigers! Is n't that a nice 'tory?"

The girls laughed so hard over Posy's story that, much abashed, she hid her face in Kitty's lap, and would n't raise it for a long time. Eyebright tried to comfort her.

"It's a real nice story," she said. "The nicest of all. I'm so glad you came, Posy, else you would n't have told it to us."

"Did you hear me tell how the dottor was eated up by tigers?" asked Posy, peeping with one eye from out of the protection of Kitty's apron.

"Yes, indeed. That was splendid."

"I made that up!" said Posy, triumphantly revealing her whole face, joyful again, and bright as a full moon.

"Who'll be next?" asked Eyebright.

"I will," said Laura. "Listen now, for it's going to be perfectly awful, I can tell you. It's about robbers."



As she spoke these words, Laura lowered her voice, with a sort of half-frown, half-whisper.

"There was once a girl who lived all alone by herself, with just one Newfoundland dog for company. He was n't a big Newfoundland,—he was pretty small. One night, when it was all dark and she was just going to sleep, she heard a rustle underneath her bed."

The children had drawn closer together since Laura began, and at this point Romaine gave a loud shriek.

"What was that?" she asked.

All held their breaths. The loft was getting a little dusky now, and sure enough, an unmistakable rustle was heard among the hay in a distant corner!

"This loft would be a very bad place for a robber," said Eyebright, in a voice which trembled very much, though she tried to keep it steady. "A robber would n't have much chance with all our men down below. James, you know, girls, and Samuel and John."

"Yes,—and Benjamin and Charles," chimed in the quick-witted Molly; "and your father, Eyebright, and Henry,—all down there in the barn."

While they recited this formidable list, the little geese were staring with wide-open affrighted eyes into the corner where the rustle had been heard.

"And,—" continued Eyebright, her voice trembling more than ever, "they have all got pitchforks, you know, and guns, and—oh, mercy! what was that? The hay moved, girls, it did move, I saw it!"

All scrambled to their feet prepared to fly, but before any one could start, the hay in the corner parted, and, cackling and screaming, out flew Mrs. Top-knot, tired of her hidden nest, or of the story-telling, and resolved on escape. Eyebright ran after, and shoo-ed her down-stairs. Then she came back laughing, and said:

"How silly we were! Go on, Laura."

But the nerves of the party were too shaky still to enjoy robber-stories, and Eyebright perceiving this, made a diversion.

"I know what we all want," she said; "some apples. Stay here all of you, and I'll run in and get them. I won't be but a minute."

"May n't I come too?" asked the inseparable Bessie.

"Yes, do, and you can help me carry 'em. Don't tell any stories while we're gone, girls. Come along, Bess."

Wealthy happened to be in the buttery, skimming cream, so no one spied them as they ran through the kitchen and down the cellar stairs. The cellar was a very large one. In fact, there were

half a dozen cellars opening one into the other, like the rooms of a house. Wood and coal were kept in some of them, in others vegetables, and there was a swinging shelf where stood Wealthy's cold meat, and odds and ends of food. All the cellars were dark at this hour of the afternoon, very dark, and Bessie held Eyebright's hand tight, as with the case of one who knew the way perfectly, she sped toward the apple-room.

In the blackest corner of all, Eyebright paused, fumbled a little on an almost invisible shelf with a jar which had a lid and clattered, and then handed to her friend a dark something whose smell and taste showed it to be a pickled butternut.

"Wealthy keeps her pickles here," she said, "and she lets me take one now and then, because I helped to pick the butternuts when she made 'em. I got my fingers awfully stained too. It did n't come off for almost a month. Are n't they good?"

"Perfectly splendid!" replied Bessie, as her teeth met in the spicy acid oval. "I do think butternut pickles are just too lovely!"

The apple-room had a small window in it, so it was not so dark as the other cellars. Eyebright went straight to a particular barrel.

"These are the best ones that are left," she said. "They are those spotty russets which you said you liked, Bessie. Now, you take four and I'll take four. That'll make just one apiece for each of us."

"How horrid it would be," said Bessie, as the two went upstairs again with the apples in their aprons,— "how horrid it would be if a hand should suddenly come through the steps and catch hold of our ankles."

"Good gracious, Bessie Mather!" cried Eyebright, whose vivid imagination represented to her at once precisely how the hand on her ankle would feel, "I wish you would n't say such things,—at least till we're safely up," she added.

Another moment, and they were safely up and in the kitchen. Alas, Wealthy caught sight of them.

"Eyebright," she called after them, "tea will be ready in ten minutes. Come in and have your hair brushed and your face washed."

"Why, Wealthy Judson, what an idea! It's only twenty minutes past five."

"There's a gentleman to tea to-night, and your pa wants it early, so's he can get off by six," replied Wealthy. "I'm just wetting the tea now. Don't argue, Eyebright, but come at once."

"I've got to go out to the barn for one minute, anyhow," cried Eyebright, impatiently, and she and Bessie flashed out of the door and across the yard before Wealthy could say another word.



"It's too bad," she said, rushing upstairs into the loft and beginning to distribute the apples. "That old tea of ours is early to-night, and Wealthy says I must come in. I'm so sorry now that I went for the apples at all, because if I had n't, I should n't have known that tea was early, and then I need n't have gone! We were having such a nice time! Can't you all stay till I've done tea? I'll hurry."

But the loft, with its rustles and dark corners, was not to be thought of for a moment without Eyebright's presence and protection.

"Oh no, we could n't possibly; we must go home," the children said, and down the stairs they all rushed.

Brindle and old Charley and the strange horse raised their heads and stared as the little cavalcade trooped by their stalls. Perhaps they were wondering that there was so much less laughing and talking than when it went up. They did not know, you see, about the "perfectly awful" robber story, or the mysterious rustle, or how dreadfully Mrs. Top-knot in the dark corner had frightened the merry little crowd.

(To be continued.)



HERE was an old man of the Nile,  
Who had a benevolent smile,  
When they said, "Smile again,"  
He replied, "I'm not vain,  
But I think I do know how to smile."



## BIRTHDAY RHYMES.

(For Frank, Harry and Ellie, and for any other Children who have Lived just as many Years as they.)

BY KATHARINE HANSON.

How many birthdays now have you tried?  
 How many boys take a base-ball side?  
 How many days does a wonder last?  
 How many muses throve in the past?  
 How many tails has a navy "cat"?  
 How many lives the foe of the rat?  
 How many syllables has this line?  
 How many lines has this poem fine?  
 What can the answer be but ——?

## MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE PETERKINS'.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

AGAMEMNON felt that it became necessary for him to choose a profession. It was important on account of the little boys. If he should make a trial of several different professions, he could find out which would be the most likely to be successful, and it would then be easy to bring up the little boys in the right direction.

Elizabeth Eliza agreed with this. She thought the family occasionally made mistakes, and had come near disgracing themselves. Now was their chance to avoid this in future, by giving the little boys a proper education.

Solomon John was almost determined to become a doctor. From earliest childhood he had practiced writing recipes on little slips of paper. Mrs. Peterkin, to be sure, was afraid of infection. She could not bear the idea of his bringing one disease after the other into the family circle. Solomon John, too, did not like sick people. He thought he might manage it, if he should not have to see his patients while they were sick. If he could only visit them when they were recovering, and when the danger of infection was over, he would really enjoy making calls.

He should have a comfortable doctor's chaise, and take one of the little boys to hold his horse while he went in, and he thought he could get through the conversational part very well, and feeling the pulse, perhaps looking at the tongue. He should take and read all the newspapers, and so be thoroughly acquainted with the news of the

day. But he should not like to be waked up at night to visit. Mr. Peterkin thought that would not be necessary. He had seen signs on doors of "Night Doctor," and certainly it would be as convenient to have a sign of "Not a Night Doctor."

Solomon John thought he might write his advice to those of his patients who were dangerously ill, from whom there was danger of infection. And then Elizabeth Eliza agreed that his prescriptions would probably be so satisfactory that they would keep his patients well, not too well to do without a doctor, but needing his recipes.

Agamemnon was delayed, however, in his choice of a profession, by a desire he had to become a famous inventor. If he could only invent something important, and get out a patent, he would make himself known all over the country. If he could get out a patent, he would be set up for life, or at least as long as the patent lasted, and it would be well to be sure to arrange it to last through his natural life.

Indeed, he had gone so far as to make his invention. It had been suggested by their trouble with a key, in their late moving to their new house. He had studied the matter over a great deal. He looked it up in the Encyclopedia, and had spent a day or two in the public library, in reading about Chubb's Lock, and other patent locks.

But his plan was more simple. It was this, that all keys should be made alike! He wondered



it had not been thought of before, but so it was, Solomon John said, with all inventions, with Christopher Columbus, and everybody. Nobody knew the invention till it was invented, and then it looked very simple. With Agamemnon's plan, you need have but one key, that should fit everything! It should be a medium-sized key, not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger there would be of losing one's keys, if there were only one to lose!

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be inconvenient if their father were out, and she wanted to open the jam closet for the little boys. But Agamemnon explained that he did not mean there should be but one key in the family, or in a town,—you might have as many as you pleased,—only they should all be alike.

Elizabeth Eliza felt it would be a great convenience—they could keep the front door always locked, yet she could open it with the key of her upper drawer, that she was sure to have with her. And Mrs. Peterkin felt it might be a convenience if they had one on each story, so that they need not go up and down for it.

Mr. Peterkin studied all the papers and advertisements, to decide about the lawyer whom they should consult, and at last, one morning, they went into town to visit a patent agent.

Elizabeth Eliza took the occasion to make a call upon the lady from Philadelphia, but she came back hurriedly to her mother.

"I have had a delightful call," she said, "but, perhaps I was wrong, I could not help in conversation speaking of Agamemnon's proposed patent. I ought not to have mentioned it, as such things are kept profound secrets; they say women always do tell things, I suppose that is the reason."

"But what is the harm?" asked Mrs. Peterkin, "I'm sure you can trust the lady from Philadelphia!"

Elizabeth Eliza then explained that the lady from Philadelphia had questioned the plan a little, when it was told her, and had suggested that "if everybody had the same key there would be no particular use in a lock."

"Did you explain to her," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that we were not all to have the same keys?"

"I could n't quite understand her," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but she seemed to think that burglars and other people might come in, if the keys were the same."

"Agamemnon would not sell his patent to burglars!" said Mrs. Peterkin, indignantly.

"Talk about other people," said Elizabeth Eliza; "there is my upper drawer; the little boys might

open it at Christmas time,—and their presents in it!"

"And I am not sure that I could trust Amanda," said Mrs. Peterkin, considering.

Both she and Elizabeth Eliza felt that Mr. Peterkin ought to know what the lady from Philadelphia had suggested. Elizabeth Eliza then proposed going into town, but it would take so long, she might not reach them in time. A telegram would be better, and she ventured to suggest using the Telegraph Alarm.

For, on moving into their new house, they had discovered it was provided with all the modern improvements. This had been a disappointment to Mrs. Peterkin, for she was afraid of them, since their experience the last winter, when their water-pipes were froze up. She had been originally attracted to the house by an old pump at the side, which had led her to believe there were no modern improvements. It had pleased the little boys too. They liked to pump the handle up and down, and agreed to pump all the water needed, and bring it into the house.

There was also an old well, with a picturesque well-sweep, in a corner by the barn. Mrs. Peterkin was frightened by this, at first. She was afraid the little boys would be falling in every day. And they showed great fondness for pulling the bucket up and down. It proved, however, that the well was dry. There was no water in it, so she had some moss thrown down, and an old feather-bed, for safety, and the old well was a favorite place of amusement.

The house, it had proved, was well furnished with bath-rooms, and "set-waters" everywhere. Water-pipes and gas-pipes all over the house, and a hack, and a telegraph, and fire-alarm, with a little knob for each.

Mrs. Peterkin was very anxious. She feared the little boys would be summoning somebody all the time, and it was decided to conceal from them the use of the knobs, and the card of directions at the side was destroyed. Agamemnon had made one of his first inventions to help this. He had arranged a number of similar knobs to be put in rows in different parts of the house, to appear as if they were intended for ornament, and had added some to the original knobs. Mrs. Peterkin felt more secure, and Agamemnon thought of taking out a patent for this invention.

It was, therefore, with some doubt, that Elizabeth Eliza proposed sending a telegram to her father. Mrs. Peterkin, however, was pleased with the idea. Solomon John was out, and the little boys were at school, and she, herself, would touch the knob, while Elizabeth Eliza should write the telegram.

"I think it is the fourth knob from the begin-



ning," she said, looking at one of the rows of knobs.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure of this. Agamemnon, she believed, had put three extra knobs at each end.

"But which is the end, and which is the beginning—the top or the bottom?" Mrs. Peterkin asked, hopelessly.

Still she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window, when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses of the fire brigade were seen rushing at fatal speed!

It was a terrific moment!

"I have touched the fire-alarm," Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed.

Both rushed to open the front door in agony. By this time, the fire-engines were approaching.

"Do not be alarmed," said the chief engineer, "the furniture shall be carefully covered, and we will move all that is necessary."

"Move again!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, in agony.

Elizabeth Eliza strove to explain that she was only sending a telegram to her father, who was in Boston.

"It is not important," said the head engineer, "the fire will all be out before it could reach him."

And he ran upstairs, for the engines were beginning to play upon the roof.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs again, hurriedly; there was more necessity for summoning Mr. Peterkin home.

"Write a telegram to your father," she said to Elizabeth Eliza, "to 'come home directly.'"

"That will take but three words," said Elizabeth Eliza, with presence of mind, "and we need ten. I was just trying to make them out."

"What has come now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, and they hurried again to the window, to see a row of carriages coming down the street.

"I must have touched the carriage-knob," cried Mrs. Peterkin, "and I pushed it half a dozen times, I felt so anxious!"

Six hacks stood before the door. All the village boys were assembling. Even their own little boys had returned from school, and were showing the firemen the way to the well.

Again Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs, and a fearful sound arose. She had touched the burglar alarm!

The former owner of the house, who had a great fear of burglars, had invented a machine of his own, which he had connected with a knob. A wire attached to the knob moved a spring that could

put in motion a number of watchmen's rattles, hidden under the eaves of the piazza.

All these were now set a-going, and their terrible din roused those of the neighborhood who had not before assembled around the house. At this moment, Elizabeth Eliza met the chief engineer.

"You need not send for more help," he said; "we have all the engines in town here, and have stirred up all the towns in the neighborhood; there's no use in springing any more alarms. I can't find the fire yet, but we have water pouring all over the house."

Elizabeth Eliza waved her telegram in the air.

"We are only trying to send a telegram to my father and brother, who are in town," she endeavored to explain.

"If it is necessary," said the chief engineer, "you might send it down in one of the hackney carriages. I see a number standing before the door. We'd better begin to move the heavier furniture, and some of you women might fill the carriages with smaller things."

Mrs. Peterkin was ready to fall into hysterics. She controlled herself with a supreme power, and hastened to touch another knob.

Elizabeth Eliza corrected her telegram, and decided to take the advice of the chief engineer, and went to the door to give her message to one of the hackmen, when she saw a telegraph boy appear. Her mother had touched the right knob. It was the fourth from the beginning, but the beginning was at the other end!

She went out to meet the boy, when, to her joy, she saw behind him her father and Agamemnon. She clutched her telegram, and hurried toward them.

Mr. Peterkin was bewildered. Was the house on fire? If so, where were the flames?

He saw the row of carriages. Was there a funeral, or a wedding? Who was dead? Who was to be married?

He seized the telegram that Elizabeth Eliza reached to him, and read it aloud.

"Come to us directly—the house is NOT on fire!"

The chief engineer was standing on the steps.

"The house not on fire!" he exclaimed. "What are we all summoned for?"

"It is a mistake," cried Elizabeth Eliza, wringing her hands. "We touched the wrong knob; we wanted the telegraph boy!"

"We touched all the wrong knobs," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, from the house.

The chief engineer turned directly to give counter-directions, with a few exclamations of disgust, as the bells of distant fire-engines were heard approaching.

Solomon John appeared at this moment, and proposed taking one of the carriages, and going



for a doctor for his mother, for she was really now ready to fall into hysterics, and Agamemnon thought to send a telegram down by the boy, for the evening papers to announce that the Peterkins' house had not been on fire.

The crisis of the commotion had reached its height. The beds of flowers bordered with dark-colored leaves were trodden down by the feet of the crowd that had assembled.

The chief engineer grew more and more indignant, as he sent his men to order back the fire-engines from the neighboring towns. The collection of boys followed the procession as it went away. The fire brigade hastily removed covers from some of the furniture, restored the rest to their places, and took away their ladders. Many neighbors remained, but Mr. Peterkin hastened into the house to attend to Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza took an opportunity to question her father, before he went in, as to the success of their visit to town.

"We saw all of the patent agents," answered Mr. Peterkin, in a hollow whisper. "Not one of them will touch the patent, or have anything to do with it."

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon, as he walked silently into the house. She would not now speak to him of the patent; but she recalled some words of Solomon John. When they were discussing the patent, he had said that many an inventor had grown gray before his discovery was acknowledged by the public. Others might reap the harvest, but it came, perhaps, only when he was going to his grave.

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon reverently, and followed him silently into the house.

## BESIEGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

(A South-African Yarn.)

BY DAVID KER.

"BAAS, baas! spoor groed one-horn skellum!"

Such was the, to me, rather unintelligible announcement with which my friend M——'s bush-boy came rushing in just about sunrise one morning, as we were sitting over our breakfast at the door of the house,—one of those regular old Dutch-built farm-houses, that one hardly ever sees nowadays, except in South Africa. But he meant by it was, "Boss, boss! the trail of a big rhinoceros rascal!"

"Where?" cried M——, jumping up; for he was a keen sportsman, and never lost an opportunity of "potting" something.

"Out by Hollow Spring, baas;—spoer good!"

"There's a chance for you, my boy," said M——, turning to me. "Now you'll be able to see how these elephant-guns of mine do their work; I think you'll find them the right sort."

"Let me try the job by myself," cried I, eagerly; for, like all "greenhorns," I was frantic to do some unheard-of feat, and win my laurels at once. "I've never shot a rhinoceros yet, you know."

"Can't, really, my dear boy," said M——, in the most exasperatingly indulgent tone; "when you're a little better used to the African bush, you can do what you like; but if I were to let you go alone now, the least I could expect would be a life-

long remorse for having connived at a suicide. No, we'll make a party of three to visit our friend, and he'll hardly give the slip to us all, I fancy."

Accordingly, we started out that very night, Swart, the bush-boy, making the third of our party; but I suppose the rhinoceros was too modest to face so many visitors at once, for although we kept watch till sunrise, there was no sign of him. The next night it was just the same; and at last I got so mad at the idea of losing my chance,—the first I had ever had with the big game,—that, in spite of what M—— had said, I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed.

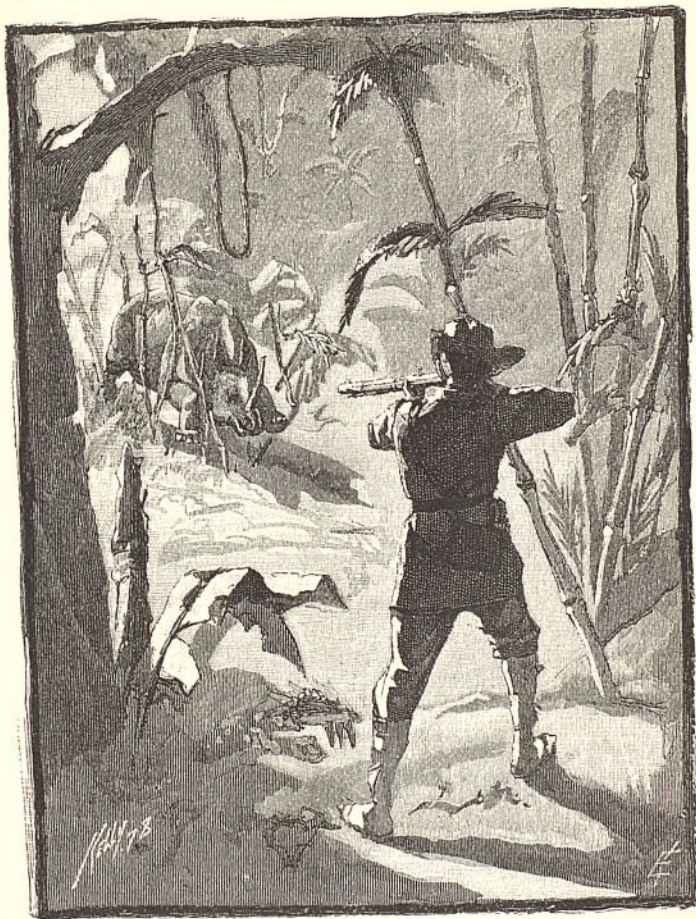
I should have told you that the Hollow Spring frequented by my four-footed friend, lay about eight miles from the house, in a deep gully, one side of which went up into a steep hog-backed ridge, topped by a big knuckle of rock that overlooked the spring at a range of fifty yards—as pretty a "stand" as any sportsman could wish. So, when night came, I stole out of the house with one of M——'s vaunted "elephant-guns,"—a piece carrying a five-ounce "explosive ball," steel-tipped, and holding enough fulminating powder to blow out the spine of a megatherium. To guard against the recoil of such a charge, the stock was fitted with a thick pad; so, with gun and ammunition



together, I had quite enough to carry for an eight-mile tramp through the bush.

I dare say there are ugly thickets in South America and Central Asia; but Africa beats them both. Imagine a forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of penknives, and you have it exactly. There 's one horrid spiky thing, called by the Dutch "Wache-em-betje," which the English have corrupted into "wait-a-bit," and it

The full moon was just rising over the trees (a glorious sight, I can tell you), when I heard a distant trampling, like the tread of an elephant, only quicker; for a full-grown rhinoceros, clumsy as he looks, can be active enough at times, as you'd soon find if you stood a charge from him when his temper's up. So I had not long to wait before there came a thick snort, and the great brown barrel of a body loomed out in the streak of



AN ADVENTURE AT LAST.

does make you wait a bit, if it once gets hold of you. I've known a fellow be laid up for a fortnight with a gash from one. So you may think that with masses of this nice stuff all around me, I had to pick my way gingerly enough.

When I got to the place, lo! and behold, the pad of my gun had fallen off! To go back and look for it would have been like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack; so I filled my handkerchief with wild grass, and tucked it in under the shoulder of my jacket as a substitute, and then I took my post behind the rock, and waited.

moonlight, just over the spring. I hardly stopped to take aim, before I pulled trigger.

The next few seconds were a blank; and then I awoke to the consciousness that my shoulder was aching as if it were broken, and that something was grunting savagely a few yards off; and then I saw the huge snout and great white tusks coming right at me! I don't think any acrobat could have been quicker than I was in clutching a projecting bough, and swinging up into the tree overhead; and I'd hardly got there when the brute came bang against the trunk, almost shak-



ing me off again. For a minute or two, my heart was in my mouth, for he thumped against the tree till I really thought he would have it down; and when he found he could n't, he stamped the earth in a fury, and tore it up with his horn in a horribly suggestive way that made my flesh creep.

Here I was, then, in the crisis of a regular "adventure," such as I had always longed for; but somehow, now that I was in it, it did n't seem so very delightful. It's one thing to read of adventures in an easy-chair after dinner, and another to act them for yourself all night on a hard bough, with thousands of mosquitos pitching into you, and a mad rhinoceros galloping about underneath.

The likeness between my situation and some of those recorded by Captain Mayne Reid set me overhauling my recollections of that veracious author, in the hope of an idea; but the more I thought, the more the Captain failed me. Basil, when followed up a tree by a bear, got his brothers to throw him up a rope, and slid down; but I had no brothers, and no rope. Ben Brace, when "treed" by the lion, lassoed his dropped musket, and slew the king of beasts therewith; but I had no lasso, and could n't have used it if I had. Somebody else, blockaded by a "grizzly," waited

till Bruin fell asleep, and then slipped away; but my rhinoceros seemed distressingly wide-awake, and even if he had dozed, the experiment would not have commended itself to my fancy. In short, the most masterly stratagem I could devise was to stay still where I was, and I did so.

That night was the longest I ever spent, and no mistake. Toward morning, Master Rhino frequently took a brief leave of absence into the bush, as if to tempt me down; but I heard him trampling in the distance, and was n't to be caught. Day was just dawning, and I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could stand the thirst that was parching me up, when suddenly I heard a shot among the bushes, so close that it made me start. Then the boughs parted, and I saw M——'s jolly face looking up at me, with a grin from ear to ear.

"Fairly treed, eh, my boy? Well, I've raised the siege for you, and yonder lies the enemy. Your bullet's run down his side, under the skin, without exploding; so I suppose you must have hit him slantwise. Better luck next time. Anyhow, I'm glad to find you alive; but I fancy you would go out alone again in a hurry!"

And, to tell the truth, I did n't, for a pretty long while after that day.

## ABOUT VIOLINS.

BY M. D. RUFF.

No one can say just when violins were invented, but it is certain that, though the principle of this instrument—strings set in vibration upon a sounding-board—was known in the earliest times, the world still went on harping and drumming, playing on pipes, tabors, lutes, dulcimers and other instruments, of which we have no patterns, for more than five thousand years.

Stringed instruments were in use as far back as the ninth century. Then musicians were content with the rude instrument called a Rebek, shown in Fig. 1, next page. By the eleventh century they advanced to the Crouth, Fig. 2. In the thirteenth century we find the guitar-shaped fiddle (Fig. 3, page 252), from which it seems easy to trace the development of the modern violin (Fig. 4). But strong as the family likeness may be, and slight as the changes seem to our glance, it took just three hundred years of men's lives and work and brains to effect these changes, and to make our violin the instrument with which we are all familiar.

The first violin is said to have come from the

workshop of a studious old instrument-maker, Gasparo di Salo, who lived in the village of Brescia, in northern Italy, toward the last of the sixteenth century. He gave the violin its present shape and size and its name, which signifies "little viol." After him, in the same town, came many other makers whom we need not recall, till we come to the famous name of Amati.

Andreas Amati lived in the neighboring town of Cremona, and spent his time making viols after the fashion of the day. But it was a poor fashion, he thought; and when he heard that Gasparo di Salo had made great improvements and changes in the instrument, he journeyed to Brescia, entered Gasparo's workshop, learned all that was taught there, and then, burning with new ideas, he went home and established in his native village the celebrated school of Cremona violins. His sons were brought up to their father's trade, and they handed the secrets of it to their sons, who, in turn, altered and shaped and invented, seeking perfection.

About a hundred years after Gasparo di Salo had



sent his violin into the world, a young man named Antonius Stradivarius was among the pupils at the Amati school. He was a slow, silent youth, not remarkable for anything excepting his close attention to his work and his careful study of his master's instruments. Even after his apprenticeship was over, and he had started his own workshop, he

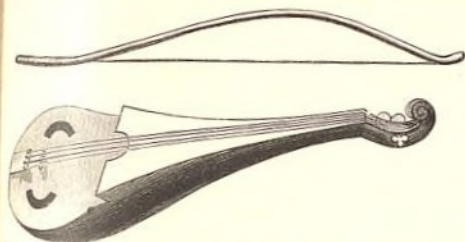


FIG. 1.—THE REBEK.

clung to the old patterns, copying them in every detail, both faults and merits, and often signing them with the name of his master, Nicholas Amati. But one day he seems to have waked suddenly to clearer sight, and he said to himself:

"There's more music in wood and strings and horse-hair than has ever yet been brought out. Antonius, that is your work to do."

So he set about this newly revealed task with that quiet zeal and infinite patience which we describe by the single word "genius." For twenty years he shut himself up in a lonely workshop. All the long time between early manhood and middle age he spent before a work-bench, with compass or tool in hand, experimenting with his materials, testing, studying, and applying their properties and resources. He was fifty-six years old before he was satisfied that he had reached the best results of his studies, and then, full of knowledge and power, he began, in 1690, to make violins with wonderful rapidity, sending them throughout the musical world, where their surpassing merits made them and the name of Stradivarius famous forever.

But, while his biographers can tell us of his great name, they know little of the man himself. One but repeats after the other that he was tall and thin. He wore a cap of white wool in the winter, a cotton one in summer. At his work he put on a white leathern apron, and, as he was always working, his costume never varied. He finished his last violin in his ninety-second year, and he died rich and honored at the ripe age, of ninety-three years. But, with these dull, meager points, a little fancy fills up the picture of this man, who was successful because he had full faith in the worth of his work, and in his own power to do it. Stradivarius had many students, some of whom became famous;

but they could not improve upon his methods, nor has any one done better since.

When we think of the slow growth of the violin, advancing only by centuries, we can scarcely understand why a thing so slight, so apparently simple, should have required six thousand years for its perfection. But what was the problem which the makers of the violin had set themselves? Simply this: to create a human voice. The air was filled with music; sweetest of all were the voices of women. No instrument expressed the shrill, clear vibrant quality of a soprano voice. Beside it, the tones of harps, lutes, guitars and spinets were hollow and vexing. Each violin-maker then sought, with his bits of wood and strings, to put the air in motion, to gather the sound-waves and confine them in the wooden shell, and to send them back to us in tones which should be brilliant, flexible, true and mellow as the loveliest singing-voice,—a voice without a human body, and yet one which should thrill us as if it started from a human soul.

This was an immense problem, only to be solved by countless practical experiments. The theory of acoustics, which our latter-day philosophers have made so plain, had not then been formulated, and these old workmen groped in the dark, sure of nothing till they tested it. The least alteration in the curve of the lines, or thickness of the wood, or in the proportions of one part to another, cost years of study, with daily comparisons and failures. The materials were few; but a thousand variations of sound, volume and quality of tone could be produced from them.

It would be foolish to say that Stradivarius and his fellows worked without method in a hap-hazard way; but they certainly made laws for themselves,

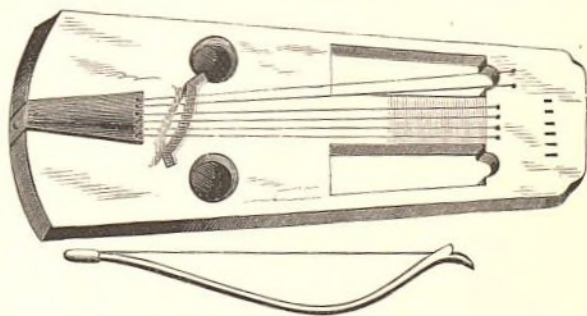


FIG. 2.—THE CROUTH.

and these laws are based upon scientific principles so exact that Professor Tyndall himself can use nothing which proves and illustrates his lectures on sound so thoroughly as a Cremona violin. As to creating a human voice, that is done so exactly with every shade and turn of expression that singing-masters say no voice can be perfectly true which



has not been trained by the violin, instead of the jangling piano-forte.

I have not space to explain the principles upon which the violin is constructed. I should like merely to give an idea of the skill, labor and

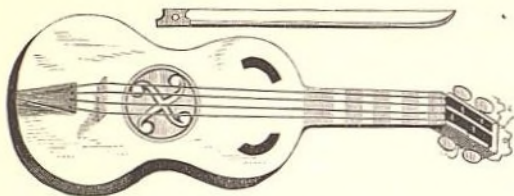


FIG. 3.—GUITAR-SHAPED FIDDLE.

ingenuity required to select and prepare the materials used in a good violin.

When complete, the violin is made up of fifty-eight different pieces, not adding the elaborate carving and scroll-work which adorns many of the early instruments. The body of the violin alone has a head or scroll, a long slim neck, a thin belly, back and sides. The wood used in the belly, or sounding-board, must be of soft red fir,—a kind which grows only upon the Tyrolese mountains. This wood is light and strong, but very porous,—of looser grain, we say, than any other wood,—and therefore gives freer passage to the waves of sound, which travel through it as rapidly as through glass or steel. The wood should be cut during certain winter months, when the sap has ceased to flow. It is then dried, either in ovens or by exposure to the sun. The strength and brilliance of tone depend chiefly upon the thorough seasoning of the wood. No moisture or foreign matter can be left in the pores to interfere with the perfect sonority of the wood. Age is the best seasoner, however, and



FIG. 4.—MODERN VIOLIN.

purposes, is eagerly sought by violin-makers. The benches from old mountain churches have been used; and there is a story of an enthusiast who ransacked Switzerland, went into the meanest hovels, and bought up the pine tables and chairs, bargained for the wood-work of the chalets, and finally bought from the curate of a small parish the

whole ceiling of his sitting-room because it was just the right condition for his sounding-boards.

Swiss sycamore is used for the neck, back and sides of the violin. Being denser than deal, it vibrates more slowly and yields a note of different pitch, which difference has been proved necessary for the harmony. The wood is cut into lengths and widths, fixed by mathematical calculations, hollowed into layers no thicker than a sixpence, and then shaped and wrought, with extreme precision, into those graceful wavy outlines, which are not chosen because they are graceful, but because they combine the greatest strength and power with convenience and beauty. These shapings are all done by strict rule and measurements, but the endless accidental variations in the curves give rise to endless differences of tone in the finished instruments, and hence we never find two violins precisely alike in tone, just as we never hear two voices of exactly the same quality.

The belly, back and sides, are glued together, and a slim sounding-post of deal connects the belly and back still more intimately. A clear, transparent varnish is put over the surface; the tail-piece, finger-board, and string-screws of fine ebony are added; the tiny instrument is strung with its four strings, and the violin is ready.



FIG. 5.—THE BRIDGE.

But in yielding its marvelous volume of sound the violin bears a monstrous strain. It weighs not more than twenty ounces, and when it is tuned up to concert-pitch, the tension on each of the four strings is about eighty pounds. As if, for example, two men should take the opposite ends of a string and pull against each other with all their might. A wooden shell, so thin and frail that you might splinter it across your knee, has resisted a pressure of hundred-weights for centuries. Why does it not collapse? So it would, like a sheet of glass, were it not as wonderfully built inside as out, and strengthened by such cunning contrivances that the vast vibration is not marred by clumsy thickness. Inside of the little body six blocks

of light wood are glued,—one at the top where the neck joins the body, one at the bottom, one at each of the four rounded corners. Two sets of thin linings, about a quarter of an inch deep, run around the inside to connect the blocks and to distribute the resistance. On the outside is the bridge, which, though most needful in giving strength and power to the sound, serves also to relieve the sides of the tension by throwing the strain upon the belly.



This is supported in its turn by a small block of deal, called the bass-bar, glued under one foot of the bridge. These are all the helps which the violin has to withstand the dragging of the strings, which tug at its frail body night and day.

In this little machine, so simple and complex, so finished and harmonious in every part, all accidents seem to have been provided for, and it is almost indestructible. If it is broken, and worn, and battered, it can be restored and mended; nothing but being burnt to ashes, or ground to powder, can put it beyond the skill of the repairer and his magical glue-pot, and it comes out from every fray as good as new. Better than new, in truth, for age and long use can only improve the tone of a good violin. It grows sweeter, and purer, and mellower with every year.

The trumpeter, Hans, followed his general, Blücher, into Paris, after the victory of Waterloo. Hans was a burly, smoky, beery fellow; honest too; but he meant not to cross the Rhine homeward without a trophy. He stalked through the splendid palaces with his hands in his pockets, and his spurs clanking.

"Ach hein! something I must have to show to mein wives, and little Hansies, and to the cobbler, and tailor, and school-master, or they never will have belief that I have been in Kaiser Napoleon's palace. Dis leetle fiddles, he will do, if when dey say 'nein,' I will show dem his voice and say 'Ja!'"

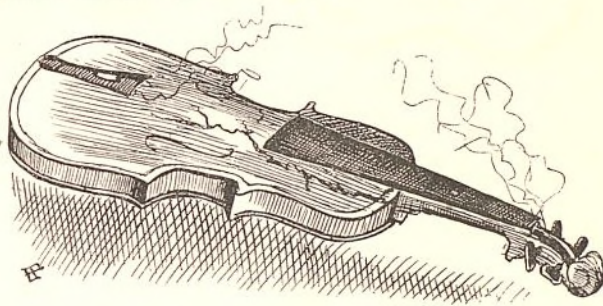
Hans sounded his trumpet, mounted his horse and rode away; but the little fiddle went with him wrapped up in his buttony great-coat and packed away on his saddle. Of course, when he got home he found the pretty thing broken to pieces. Hans did not know much about fiddles, and his wife was a bit of a shrew; but he could not bear to throw away the only token of his martial glory, so he took the fragments and stuffed them out of sight behind an old looking-glass. After a while, simple Hans died and his wife married again. At the first house-cleaning the old glass was moved, and the scraps of dusty wood and broken strings came rattling down.

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Hans the second. "A fiddle! An old fiddle! *Donner und blitzen!* a Cremona fiddle."

He carried the pieces to a repairer of violins, who opened his eyes wide at the prize, and offered Hans a sum for it which made his head whirl.

I have often seen this violin and heard it played upon. The varnish is rubbed off in spots, and the back and belly are seamed and pieced like patch-work; but the lovely tone is there, still pure and clear as an angel's voice.

These old instruments, many of which have stood the wear and tear of two centuries, are very precious to their owners, and are worth many times their weight in gold. Men who fashion violins now strive in vain to imitate the perfect curves and proportions of the old models, their ethereal, ringing voices, and the lovely hues of the varnishes, just as modern painters study the secrets of color and the baffling charm of the old Venetian pictures. Like these pictures, too, many early violins are carefully kept in museums. The violin of Paganini, the great violinist, who was said to have sold



"AS GOOD AS NEW."

himself to the devil for his marvelous execution, is locked up in Genoa: its strings never struck. Others belong to the nobility; for in the palmy days of violin manufacture a Cremona fiddle was considered a royal gift.

But wherever these instruments may be, they are well known to musicians, and they are spoken of by individual names as the Blood-red Knight Guarnerius, the Bass of Spain, the Great Yellow Stradivarius, the General Fridd Stradivarius, and other such high-sounding titles. If one of them should change its owner by gift or sale, there would be more stir over it, in the musical world at least, than if Queen Victoria should give the Koh-i-noor to the Pope. Fortunately, these rare and costly violins are sometimes owned by the great violinists, who alone can make them eloquent to us. Ole Bull, the Norwegian, well known to Americans, has a violin, known by the regal title of the King Joseph Guarnerius, for which the sum of four thousand dollars was paid,—a very high price for a violin, but not the very highest.

A pretty story is told of this same violin. When Ole Bull was in America he had to go from one little town to another to give a concert. Perhaps tired of railway traveling,—perhaps the better to see the country,—he took passage on an Ohio River steamboat. In a little while the boiler burst, after the Western fashion, tearing away the fore part of the boat, and setting the cabins on fire. Ole Bull found himself choked, deafened, blinded, in the



midst of struggling, shrieking women and children, shattered timbers, smoke, flame, and noisy waters. What did he do? swim for his life? lend a hand to any woman or little child? No. He did neither. I doubt if he remembered that around him were human beings in danger. He rushed to his violin-case, took from it the precious instrument, put it between his strong, white teeth, leaped over the blazing guards into the black water, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he gained in triumph, and there stood gazing at his fiddle, dripping, and proud as the Newfoundland dog who saves a drowning child. Ole Bull was nothing to Ole Bull in

that moment. His beloved and precious instrument was all in all. The only "King Joseph Guarnerius" might have been lost!

This story but shows the close affection, curiously human, which lives between the master and his violin. I think each player on the violin is its lover, too. He seems to give a part of his own soul to it, and then to find in it a friend that grows sensitive and alive under his varying touch. A voice pours from the tiny bosom, and becomes the dearest and sweetest in all the world to him, uttering his deepest feelings, and whispering to him the secrets of his own soul.

## THE SAD STORY OF THE DANDY CAT.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

To Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly  
His mistress remarked one day,  
"I'm tormented, my cat, both by mouse and by rat,  
Come rid me of them, I pray.

"For though you're a cat of renowned descent,  
And your kittenhood days have flown,  
Yet never a trace of the blood of your race  
In battle or siege you've shown."

Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Tabby de Sly  
Arose from his downy bed,  
He washed himself o'er, from his knightly paw  
To the crown of his knightly head.

And he curled his whiskers and combed his hair,  
And put on his perfumed gloves;  
And his sword he girt on, which he never had done  
Save to dazzle the eyes of his loves.

And when he had cast an admiring glance  
On the looking-glass tall and fair,  
To the pantry he passed; but he stood aghast,  
For lo! the pantry was bare.

The pickles, the cookies, the pies, were gone;  
And naught remained on the shelf  
Save the bone of a ham, which lay cold and calm,  
The ghost of its former self.



Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin stood sore amazed,  
And he looked for the mice and rats;  
But they, every one, had been long since gone  
Far, far from the reach of cats.

For while he was donning his satin pelisse,  
And his ribbons and laces gay,  
They had finished their feast, without hurry the least,  
And had tranquilly trotted away.

The mistress of Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly,  
A woman full stern was she,  
She came to the door, and she rated him sore,  
And punished him over her knee.

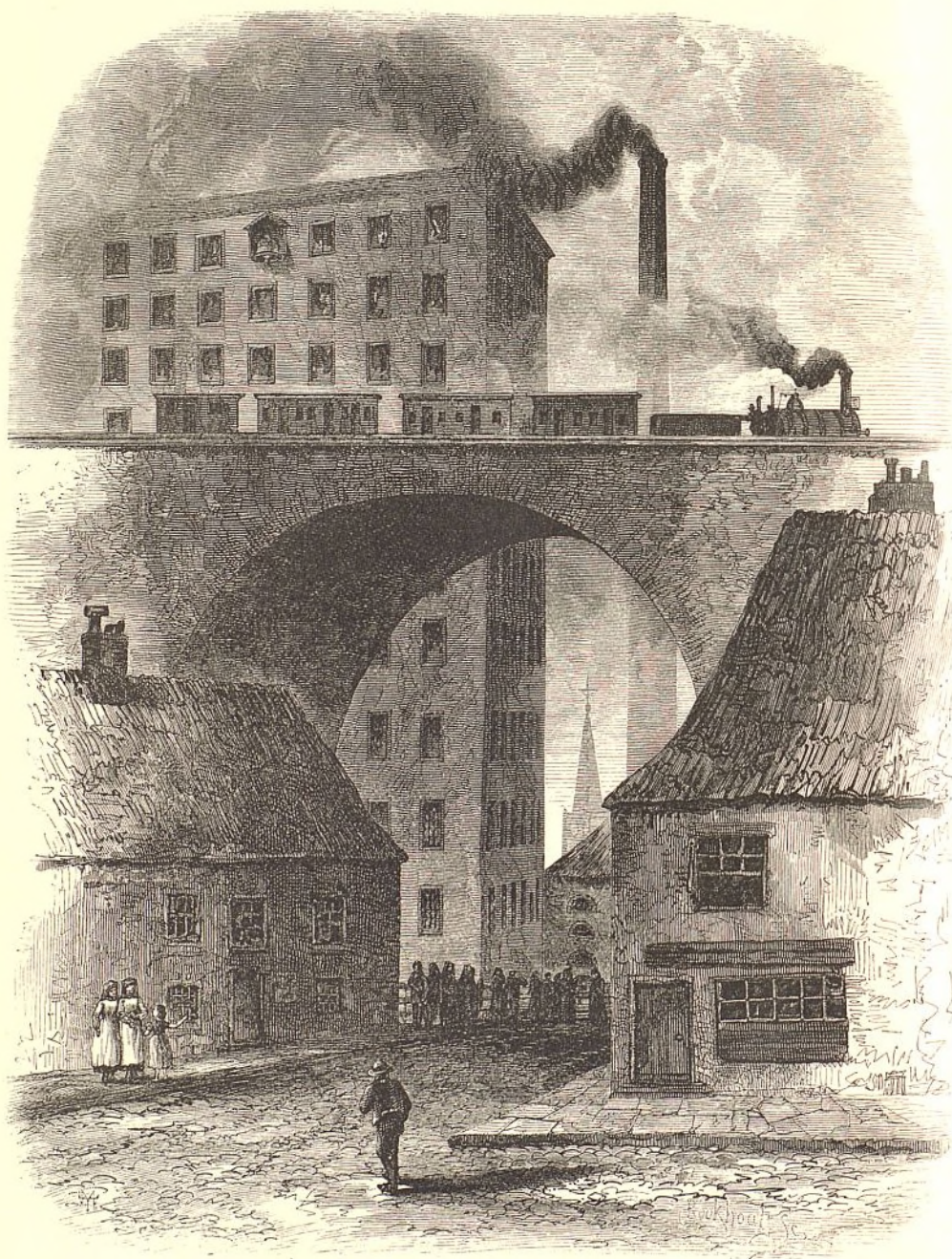


She grasped him, spite of his knightly blood,  
By the tip of his knightly tail.  
His adornments she stripped, and his body she dipped  
Three times in the water-pail.

She plunged him thrice 'neath the icy flood,  
Then drove him outside to dry.  
And terror and cold on his feelings so told,  
That he really was like to die.

And now in this world 't would be hard to find,  
Although you looked low and high,  
A cat who cares less for the beauties of dress  
Than Sir Green-eyes Grimalkin de Sly.





"A GREAT MILL ROSE HIGH OVER THE ARCH."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

"PORT"  
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## THE HALF-TIMER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"POTTERING done here with a spring-cart." This was painted on a little sign-board fastened to the side of her father's house. He "pottered," did small jobs in moving goods and furniture with his spring-cart and a poor old horse. And now, the horse was dead and the cart broken,—run into by an omnibus on Market street in busy Manchester. Mary's father brought home a piece of the shaft. The police had taken away the rest, and that was the end of the pottering business. She was sitting in her mother's dismal chamber, just before it happened, and leaning out of the window she looked into the street. A queer, dark street, with five brick houses on one side and five more on the other; and so very narrow that the little boys playing there said they could "jump it in four jumps." She looked up at the sky, but there was nothing to be seen, for the little two-story house stood under a huge brick arch that sprang over house, street and all, and landed on the opposite sidewalk, and made a brick sky over her head. The street itself seemed half lost in the bottom of a well, for a great mill rose high over the arch, and threw its black shadow over the whole place. Another arch sprang over the next row of houses, and on top of these the engines and cars flew along every few minutes high over the tops of the chimneys.

Just as she looked out, she saw her father enter the little place with the piece of broken shaft in his hand. The children playing on the sidewalks laughed at him and tried to catch the piece of broken harness that trailed along the ground behind the poor old man. Mary knew in a moment what it all meant. Something had happened to the spring-cart and the horse. They could never buy another cart, and as for a horse it was quite out of the question, and that was the end of the pottering business. The horse had brought them nearly twenty shillings a week (about five dollars in our money), and on that they three, Mary and her father and mother, had contrived to live.

And the horse was dead. She heard her father say so as he entered the house. She looked up at the brick sky and wondered what would become of them now. But the sky only dripped black drops of water, that fell with a splash in a pool in the street. A train rolled over the top of the sky, and it seemed to thunder.

Suddenly a bell began to ring high up in the air, somewhere above the brick sky. Mary looked to

the left and saw a man open a gate in a fence that stretched across the street just beyond the arch-way. Then a number of women, dressed in long white aprons and with small red shawls tied over their heads, came up the street and passed under the arch and entered the gate. Mary knew they were the spinners in the mill, and she at once slipped down from her seat, and with soft footsteps stole down-stairs and out-of-doors. She crossed the street and then stood under the brick arch-way near the gate. Presently a woman approached, and stepping up to her, Mary said, boldly:

"Do 'e want me in your mill?"

The woman stopped and looked at the child. A small, thin-faced creature, with bare arms and feet, clothed in a black woolen frock, much worn, and far too small for her. Pale, blue eyes, yellow hair, a small mouth, and with an anxious and frightened expression on her face.

"What be yer name, lass?"

"Mary. My father lives yon,—he potters,—but the horse is dead,—I'm 'most ten."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Ten come Michaelmas."

"Does your father know?"

"No. I have n't asked him. He'll be willin'; for the horse is dead and the cart is broken."

"Come on. One o' my lasses is sick. Ye can scavenge for her, and then I'll see yore folks."

"What'll 'e give me?"

"Two-and-sixpence the week."

In silence the child took the woman's hand, and they both entered the gate. The man standing there looked at Mary sharply, but the woman said it was all right, and then they came to a strange place that seemed like a pit sunk in the ground. The real sky could be seen overhead, but it was brown with smoke. On one side stood the tall mill, full of staring windows. Mary thought they looked like great white eyes blinking at her in a dreadful manner. On the other side there was another great wall, but with no eyes at all, and looking even more dreadful. At the end of the yard stood a row of iron boilers, with glowing fires under them, like red eyes looking out of the blackness, and with jets of white steam hissing everywhere, as if warning her away.

There was no time to look at these dreadful things, and Mary gladly followed the woman, and turned to the left, past a corner of the mill. The railway arches seemed to nearly cover them, and



the mill appeared to run up into the brown sky somewhere. Then they turned another corner and came to a smaller yard, with vast brick walls full of windows on every side. Here there was a stone basin in one corner and a jet of water coming out of the wall. Some boys were drawing water there, but Mary had no time to look at anything, for the woman led her to the foot of a great brick tower as high as the mill. Here they entered a door, and the woman led the way round and round, up and up a long flight of stone steps. They passed a number of black doors in the whitewashed wall, and a number of little windows looking out on the yard, and then the woman pushed open one of the doors, and they entered a large room full of machinery.

The woman led the way past the rows of shining machines quite to the end of the room, near the windows. Mary glanced out of one window and found that she was at the top of the mill, and high above the railway that sprang over the top of her house under the arches. Beyond she could see whole rows of chimneys, and here and there a mill towering far above the houses and streets. She looked about the room and saw a number of men and women standing as if waiting for something, and with them she saw a number of boys and girls very like herself. There was little time to notice them, for the woman put a bundle of greasy rags in her hand, and bade her wipe the dust from the machinery. A long iron frame, higher than her head, stretched from side to side of the room. On the front of the frame stood a row of iron spindles, each wound with a white thread that stretched backward to a wooden spool on top of the frame.

"Now mind yourself; it's going to start."

Suddenly, with a loud roar, the whole row of spindles began to spin swiftly round, and at the same time they rolled quite away from her.

"Now 'er'll come back!" shouted the woman in Mary's ear.

Then the great frame, spindles and all, rolled forward again. Mary thought it would crush her against the wall, and she started back in alarm.

"Follow 'er! Follow 'er!" screamed the woman. By this Mary understood that she was to keep with the machinery, walking after it as it rolled back, and stepping backward as it advanced again. Forward and backward, forward and backward rolled the machinery, and Mary followed it, and wiping the dust and lint from the shining steel at every step. The woman also walked forward and backward, watching the threads, and patiently knotting them together with a twist of her fingers as fast as they happened to break.

With bare feet Mary pattered over the stone floor, carefully stepping over the iron tracks where the

wheels of the machinery rolled backward and forward, and steadily wiping away the dust that continually settled on the machinery. She looked up and down the room, and saw two little boys and three mites of girls, just like herself, all marching forward and back with the men and women, and keeping pace with the busy machinery. The room became very warm and close. The perspiration dropped from her chin, and trickled down her bare arms. And the noise. It was dreadful! How could she ever do this all the day long, and every day, in the long, long weeks. Then she remembered the broken cart, and she stepped out the quicker to keep up with the roaring machinery.

Some one touched her shoulder, and turning round she found a small boy walking beside her. He had a stone pitcher in his hand, and he stepped backward and forward beside her, and keeping clear of the machinery as it ran in and out.

"Have some?"

Mary gladly took the pitcher in her wet and blackened hands, and retreated to the wall and took a long drink of the water, for she was very warm and thirsty.

"Thank 'ee."

The boy took the pitcher, and then shouted in her ear:

"You're too young. The 'spector will be lookin' for 'ee."

"The 'spector?"

"Yes. He's the perlece. Oh!—There!—He's yon now."

The boy walked quickly away, and Mary gave one terrified glance round the room. At the door stood a gentleman with a cane in his hand. She knew he could n't be one of the work-people, for he had a silk hat and his hands were clean. He must be the inspector. With a beating heart she went back to her work, and began to pace backward and forward after the rolling machinery. She looked at the woman mending the threads, and wished she could speak to her. She would tell about the broken cart and the poor horse. Some one touched her arm. She was startled, and for an instant stood still; but the machinery came against her, and she was obliged to spring backward to escape it. It was the woman, and before Mary could speak, she said:

"He's wantin' ye. Go yonder, and mind what ye say to him."

Hardly knowing what to do or say, Mary stepped into the aisle and went toward the inspector with trembling steps. He took her hand, and led her away out into the round tower. Closing the door to keep out the noise, he said:

"You are not ten years old?"

"No, sir. I'm ten come Michaelmas."



"But the government does not allow little girls to work in the mills before they are ten."

"Oh, sir!" burst out Mary, beginning to cry, "the horse is dead—and I had to—father—he can't potter now."

"Don't cry! I'm not going to hurt you. I'm the inspector, and the government sends me to look after children like you. Do you know what the law is?"

"No, sir; I never seen one."

The gentleman smiled, and began to stroke her damp, yellow hair.

"Well, the law says that you must not go to work in the mills till you are ten."

"Yes, sir. I'll be ten very soon."

"And even then you can work only half the time, —a half-timer, you know. You can come at six in the morning and work till half past eight. Then they must give you half an hour for breakfast. At nine you can begin again, and work till one. Then you must go to school in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past four."

"But I must work all day," said Mary, "for the horse is dead."

"But the government does not allow it."

Mary paused a moment, and then said:

"Who's the government?"

"Why—the Queen."

"Oh! The Queen. I've heard o' her."

"And on Saturday the work must stop at twelve. Then the next week you must go to school in the morning, and can come to the mill in the afternoon at two o'clock and stay till half past five. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be a half-timer?"

"Yes. You'll be a little half-timer girl. See. Here's a bit of paper with all this printed on it, and you can show it to your father."

"And may I go back and work in the mill now? The horse is dead, you know, sir."

"It is against the law, but as your birthday is so near, I will excuse it. See! Here's sixpence to take to mother."

Mary looked up with wide-open eyes, and with the back of her grimy hand she brushed away the tears to see the clearer. Sixpence from a policeman! And he would n't take her away to jail! What a good and handsome man he was! She paused and looked earnestly in his face, and then said, slowly:

"Did you ever see yon Queen?"

"Yes; once."

"And did she tell 'ee to say this to half-timer lasses like o' me?"

The inspector hesitated, and then he said:

"Yes. She sent me to look after the little ones in the Manchester mills."

"She be good,—bean't she?" said Mary. Then after a little pause, she added that she "must ha' know. the cart was broke and the horse was dead; you see, yon woman's going to give me half-a-crown, at that's half the rent. Oh! may n't I go back now?"

The inspector smiled and put a piece of paper in her hand. She took it, and opening the door went back once more into the roaring mill, confident that the good Queen was looking after her welfare, and would save her from more work than her young limbs could bear. Half a day only! She could do that. She had thought it was to be all day, and had thought she certainly could never do so much, even if she never earned anything.

Months and months have passed away, and Mary still works in the great mill at Manchester. Soon she will be fourteen, and a big girl, and then, the inspector says, she can become a "full-timer"; and in place of the poor little half-a-crown, she will have seven or eight shillings a week. How much that will seem to the family in the little brick house under the railway arch!

SOME children roam the fields and hills,  
And others work in noisy mills;  
Some dress in silks and dance and play,  
While others drudge their life away;  
Some glow with health and bound with song,  
And some must suffer all day long.

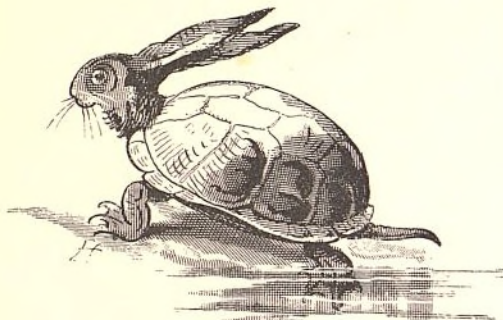
Which is your lot, my girl and boy?  
Is it a life of ease and joy?  
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun  
The poorer life should shine upon.—  
Make glad one little heart to-day,  
And help one burdened child to play.



## "UNNATURAL HISTORY" PICTURES.

DRAWN BY L. HOPKINS.

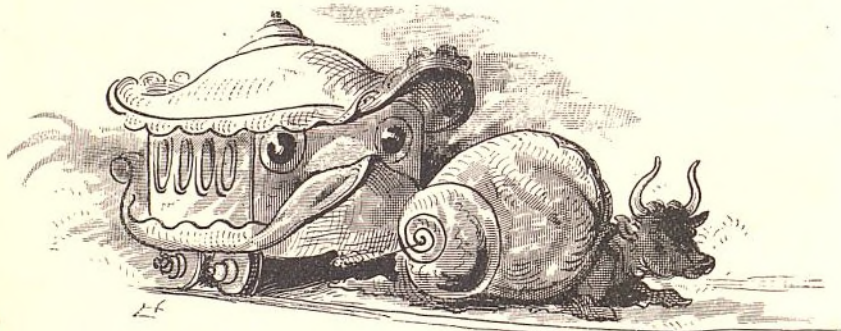
(See Letter-Box, page 302.)



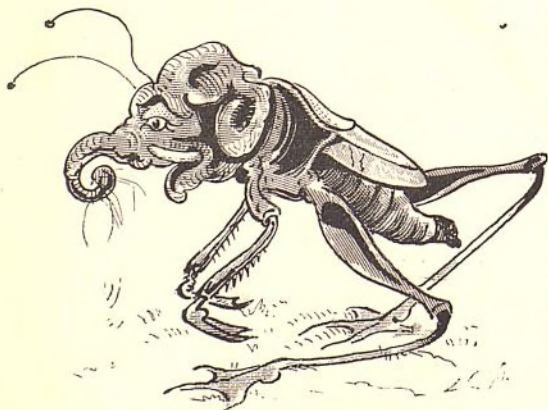
1.—LONG-EARED SKIP-CREEPER (RABBATICUS MUDTURTLOSIS).



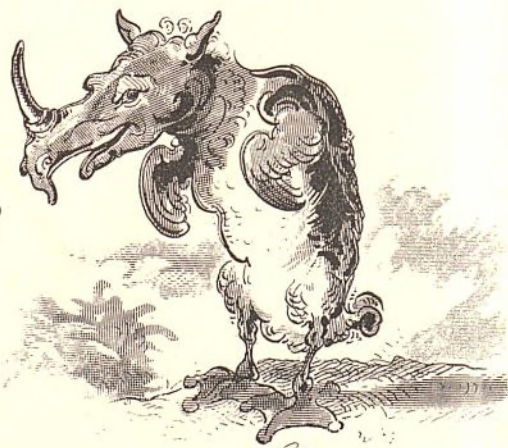
2.—ENTOMOLOGICAL HUMBUGH (ORNITHIS IMPOSSIBILIS).



3.—GREAT NORTH AMERICAN TAKITEEZEE.



4.—WEB-FOOTED HOPPER-GRASS (VIRIDISSIMA MONSTROSUS).

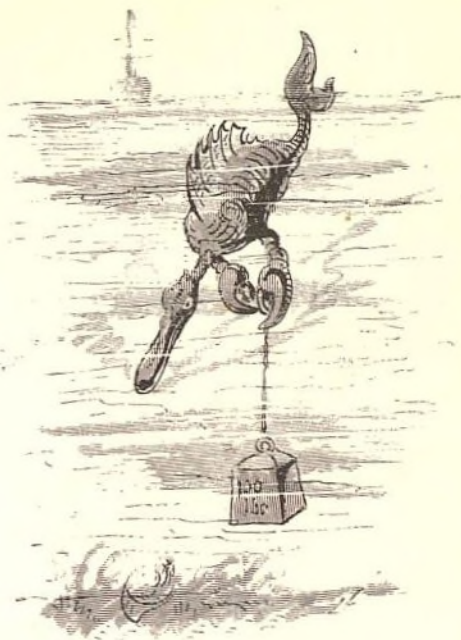


5.—JUB-JUB BIRD (SMILING PACHYDERMATIS).





6.—CAT-FISH (FELIS PISCATORIUS).



7.—SUBMARINE DIVER (MELICARP SUB-ROSIS).

## TEDDY'S HEROES.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

THE other day, to my great surprise, my brother Dick walked in with his little flock of three,—Ted, Larry and Eva,—and, giving me a hasty kiss, requested me to keep them for a week. He and his wife were going to stay at John's, in Boston; but there were several cases of measles in the street, and they did not want to run the risk of infection for their little ones. They had lived in St. Louis since Teddy was a year old; so, though Dick had paid me flying visits, I had never seen the two younger children. They, however, seemed quite willing to stay with me, and so the arrangement was made. Eva soon fell asleep in my arms, and Fanny carried her up to bed. Larry soon followed, giving me a very sleepy good-night kiss as I tucked the blankets round him. Teddy, however, was wide awake, and announced that "since he had grown such a big boy he never went to bed with the children."

"How old are you, Teddy?" I asked.

"Most eight. Soon be a man, Uncle Ned says."

"Who is Uncle Ned?"

"Oh! mamma's brother, an' he lives with us, an' he tells me stories 'most every evening 'bout heroes. Uncle Ned's very fond of heroes, an' so 'm I."

Teddy spoke as if heroes were some particularly nice kind of cake.

"What heroes does he tell you about, Teddy?" I asked, suppressing a laugh.

"Oh! 'Lexander, an' 'Poleon, and Cæsar, an' oh! lots; but I'll tell you what I like best, auntie,—'bout the man who went to look for something where it's so awful cold, you know, and did n't come back, an' his wife got awful anxious 'bout him, an' she got more men to go and look for him, an' some of them did n't come back either, and Uncle Ned says they was all heroes, 'cause they knew the danger, an' yet they went. What was his name, auntie, he went to look for some way to get somewhere an' the ice was too thick?"

"Sir John Franklin?" I suggested.

"That's it, auntie. I always forget it 'most."



Uncle Ned thinks there is a way, he says, an' I mean to go an' look for it when I get big."

"Heaven forbid," I thought to myself, as I looked into the deep, earnest eyes.

"I've tried bein' a hero," Teddy went on, in a slow, meditative tone, "but 't is n't any use; something always happens. Now, one day I 'membered the Roman man who was going to be burned for something he'd done, an' they thought he'd be scared, but he was n't a bit; he held his hand right in the fire an' burnt it hisself, 'cause it had done wrong, he said; an' one day I thought I'd try, an' I put my hand on the stove, 'cause I'd pulled the cat's tail, when mamma told me not to, an' it burnt awful, an' I cried, an' I burnt a hole in my sleeve too, an' mamma said I must n't ever do so again; an' then another time I tried to make my pony go down the steps in the garden, like Putnam, you know, an' he threw me right off in a rose-bush, an' papa said I was a goose,"—and Teddy looked up indignantly. "But Uncle Ned says I'll may be be a hero yet, an' I said I would just the first chance I got, but it would have to be when there's nobody round to bother."

We had quite a fall of snow that night, but in the afternoon the sun came out brightly, and my little nephews pleaded to go out with a sled, once belonging to their father, which they had found in the garret. Dick had told me they were used to being out all day at home, so I let them go. Teddy informed me as they passed the window that he and Larry were "splorers;" so, warning them not to "splore" into any snow-drift and get their clothes wet, I went back to the fire and a book which I was anxious to finish. Eva was out in the kitchen with Dinah and Fanny, and frequently, when a door opened, I could hear her happy little laugh. For a time I forgot about the boys, and it was only when I found by the failing light how rapidly the short winter day was dying, that I went into the kitchen to see if the boys had come in. I could see nothing of them from the front windows. Eva was perched on a high chair, sticking her little hands together with dough.

"Ize matin tookies," she cried, as I entered, showing her little pearls of teeth in a laugh.

"Laus me, miss, aint she amusin'?" said Dinah, her black face shining with delight; "she's for all the world like you, missy."

"Like me a good while ago, Dinah," I answered, with a smile.

"Now, missy, there aint no sense in your talkin' as if you was old. Lau, chile! I lived wid your mother."

This was Dinah's unanswerable argument against my sense of growing years.

"Dinah, I'm worried about the boys, they ought

to be home; see, it's beginning to snow again," and I looked anxiously out of the window.

"Now, missy, don't you worrit yesself; I see 'em only a little while ago; next time they pass the winder I'll call 'em in."

So I went back to my sitting-room, but not to read. I stood by the fire wondering if I would not better go and look for my little nephews, for the snow was falling fast. I had just determined to go for my wraps when I heard a rattle at the door, little unsteady footsteps in the hall, and Teddy half staggered into the room, saying faintly:

"I spects we's found him, auntie."

"Found whom? Where's Larry?" I asked, hurrying toward him.

"Oh! Larry's all right; but I don't think Sir John Franklin feels very well."

"Who!" I asked, in amazement.

"Why, the man that was lost, auntie. I 'membered his name as soon as I saw him. Larry an' me found him in the snow."

Too much bewildered to ask any further questions of my eccentric nephew, I hurried to the door. There stood Larry beside the sled, on which sat, or rather crouched, a small old man, wretchedly clothed, and almost insensible from the cold.

"Run for Dinah, quick, Teddy," I said.

At my sudden exclamation, the bundle of rags stirred, and a faint voice mumbled something about "the darlints," and his "feet bein' froze." The poor creature was really almost helpless from the cold; but, with the help of Dinah and Fanny, he managed to hobble into the kitchen, where I left him, sure of his receiving wise and tender treatment, for Dinah was born nurse as well as cook, and my little nephews needed my sole care. Fanny hurried away for dry clothes and a warm bath for Larry, who was beginning to shiver; Eva was hungry, and demanded her "tookies" for supper; and altogether for about an hour confusion reigned in my quiet domicile. Teddy looked on with a sort of sober gladness. He had said to me at first:

"I think I'll wait to tell you 'bout it till other folks get done. Uncle Ned says 't is n't pleasant when everybody talks."

And in the constant stir going on about me, I blessed "Uncle Ned" for his lessons.

Once only after that, Teddy broke out with:

"Wont she be glad!"

"Who, dear?" I questioned.

"His wife, you know,—Sir John Franklin's."

Then, indeed, I ventured to hint that our Hibernian friend in the kitchen was not certain to be Sir John, merely because he had been lost in the snow; but of the impossibility of ever finding him now, I said nothing; let Uncle Ned tell it in his own time and way.

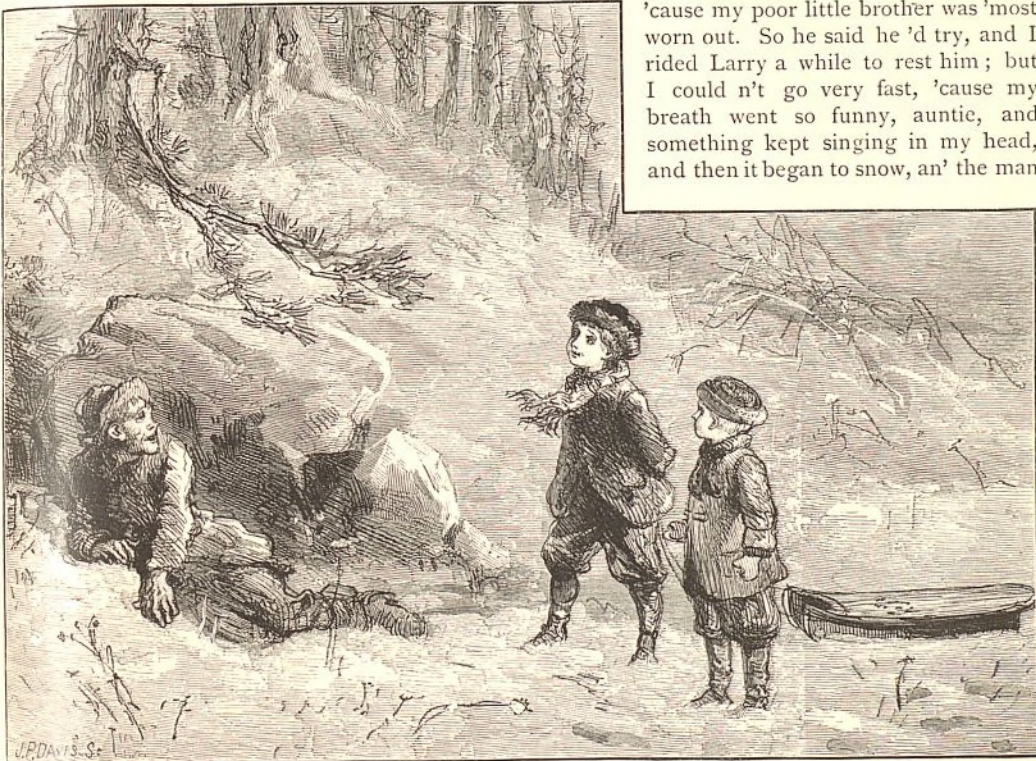


After a time, Eva and Larry were both tucked into bed, and then I wrapped Teddy in a warm shawl, and, sitting down before the fire in my sitting-room, I held him on my lap while he told me the story in his own quaint way.

"You see, auntie," he commenced, "when Larry an' me went out to splore, you said we must n't get into any snow-drifts, an' there was nothin' but snow-drifts 'round here, so we went out into the road, an' we splored a good while an' we did n't find nothin.' An' then, by an' by, we

perfect, but he gave me no time for laughter,—his whole heart was in his story.

"Well, he 'd only got on a little, an' I had hold of his hand, too, when he fell down, an' he said: 'Oh! it's a widdy Bridget 'll be this night, an' the children starvin'.' Then Larry began to cry, an' he wanted to come home; but I told him I 'd ride him all day to-morrow if he 'd help me get Sir John Franklin to your house; so we got him on the sled, and it was down hill, so it was n't so awful hard; but by an' by Larry got tired, so I asked the man would n't he walk a little bit, 'cause my poor little brother was 'most worn out. So he said he 'd try, and I rided Larry a while to rest him; but I could n't go very fast, 'cause my breath went so funny, auntie, and something kept singing in my head, and then it began to snow, an' the man



TEDDY AND LARRY DISCOVER SIR JOHN.

came to a little narrow road that went up a hill, an' we went up there, an' it was awful cold, an' there I saw somethin' lyin' by the fence, and Larry said it was a bear, an' he did n't care to splore any more; but I told him if we was real splorers we ought to splore everything. So I went up an' splored it, an' it was a man. So I told Larry I 'spected we 'd found him now, an' we must get him home to you; but the man was awful sleepy, and when I poked him up he talked dreadful funny, just like our Patsy; but I told him if he 'd only try to walk a little, I 'd take him to my auntie's house, an' then he said, so funny, 'Will ye 's, darlint? Then sure I 'll be afther tryin'."

Teddy's unconscious imitation of the brogue was

fell down again, an' he said: 'Ye 's 'll have to leave me, darlints; I can't go iver another step.' So we got him on the sled again, an' I gave Larry my mittens to put over his, 'cause his hands was cold; but he was awful heavy comin' up from the gate, an' Larry could n't pull much you know, an' I saw you by the fire, an' I could n't make you hear, my throat was so dry." And a bravely suppressed sob finished the sentence. "An' now, auntie, after we 'd splored such a long time it is n't him," he said, presently.

"That is true, dear," I said, quietly; "but it will do you good all your life long to remember that you have saved this poor man's life, my brave little Teddy; for do you know, dear, the lane you went



on is a very lonely one; hardly a person goes over that road all winter long, the snow drifts so there, I only wonder how my poor little boys found their way back."

"Oh! we stuck branches in the snow, where we were sploring, case any survivors should come along. I could n't have found the way only for that."

These two had had a narrow escape after all, and involuntarily I drew him closer to me.

"Please don't hold my hand so tight, Aunt Kittie," he said, apologetically; "something hurts."

"Let me see. Why, Teddy!"

All across both little hands there was a row of

cruel blisters. Teddy looked at them with equal wonder.

"Why, it must have been when I gave my mittens to Larry; the rope did feel awful hard."

I stooped and bound the burning little fingers.

"Uncle Ned was right, Teddy; you have been a hero after all."

Teddy opened his eyes wide.

"Have I? Wont he be glad! Why, Auntie Kittie, is n't it funny?—When I tried, something always nappened wrong, and now, when I was n't thinkin' 'bout it, it all just came itself."

"Bless your dear child-heart!" I thought; "that is generally the way it comes."

## THE NEST ON WHEELS.

(A True Story.)

By C. B.



THEY were married early one fine April morning at the railroad station. Her father had a home on the top of a rafter, close under the eaves, and his parents lived in a niche of the cornice that ran round the ladies' waiting-room. They had been born and brought up under the shelter of the great iron roof that spanned the tracks, and, now they were married, the proper thing for them to do was to start out in the world and build a new home for themselves.

He had looked about the neighborhood and had found an excellent place for their new house, and

as soon as the ceremony was over, he took her to see it.

There were no cards sent out for the wedding, but they were not needed, as every one knew them as Mr. and Mrs. Citysparrow.

The moment the bride saw the location the groom had selected she said she was charmed. It was out-of-doors in the top of a long yellow building that stood near the railroad station. There was a platform for the passengers, and a little way off, there was an engine; but he assured her that they had nothing to fear from these things.

"And it is so much pleasanter than living in the station. The air is delightful and there is a beautiful view of the town."

"I am glad you are pleased, my dear," said he. "And now let us go over into that field and look for straws."

Never did young couple have such a charming time in gathering materials for a house. They looked here and they looked there, and at last, they found just the right thing, and returned with their bills laden to the site of their new home.

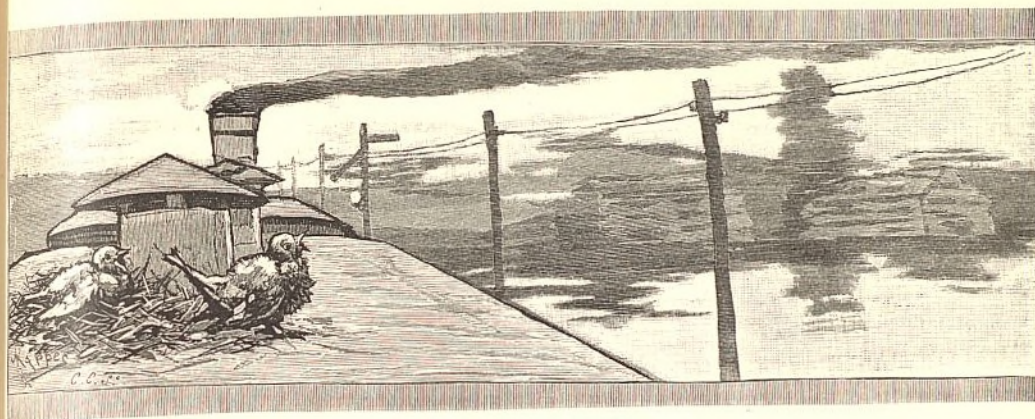
Was there ever anything more surprising? The site had disappeared! The long yellow building on which they had intended to build had flown away. There was nothing left but the platform and the rails.

The young people were greatly perplexed at this remarkable event, and sat down on the fence to talk it over.

"Never mind, my dear, these men do very



remarkable things at times. We can soon find another place for our house, and, if we do not, we can go home to your mother's, and to-morrow, I am and away he flew to find them. He looked at several choice bits, but did not find exactly the right thing, and he went on into the next field



THE HOUSE CROSSES A RIVER.

sure, we can find a better spot. This was not a very good place, after all."

So they put the straws in a safe place and started out on a prospecting tour. They went up and they went down; they flew here and they flew there. Some places seemed too windy and exposed, and others too shady, and others too sunny. At last, they became very tired from the long search, and the bride said:

"I am sure there is nothing so nice as the place you selected. It is nearly luncheon time. Let us go back to the station and tell mother about it, and hear what she says."

So they set out for the station by the way they had come, and past the spot the groom had chosen for their home. As they came in sight of the place, they were astonished to see the long yellow building just where it stood in the morning.

"These men are truly remarkable creatures, my dear. They do the strangest things in the world. I don't pretend to understand them. No sensible person ever did."

"Never mind," replied she. "There's the very spot you selected for our house. We have not seen anything so nice, and perhaps, if we hurry, we can build enough of the house to live in before dark, and we can finish it to-morrow."

So they set to work at once to bring sticks and straws for the new house. How swiftly the hours flew away while they were both busy! He brought the things and she put them in place, arranging everything in the most solid and substantial manner, for the house was to last as long as they lived. Already it began to assume a shapely appearance, and he mounted the fence to admire the truly elegant structure. It needed just a few more pieces,

hoping to see something better. At last, he found a beautiful piece, just the thing for the floor of the house. Picking it up, he went slowly back to the house, taking the straw with him. As he came to the fence and was about to cry out joyfully to his wife to see the nice straw he had found, he suddenly dropped it and uttered a cry of despair.

Oh! oh! This was terrible! The long, yellow building had again flown away. Home and wife were gone. Poor, poor little bridegroom! On his wedding day, just as the sun was going down, to lose all,—wife, house, everything!

Suddenly he heard a cry, and looking off in the distance he saw her coming toward him as fast as she could fly. He was so overjoyed to see her that he thought no more of the unfinished house that had again so strangely disappeared.

"Oh!" cried she, as soon as she came up, "I had such an experience! Those men pulled the yellow building away while I was in the house. I did not notice it at first, and before I knew it they were taking me away from you."

"And what did you do?"

"I sprang out at once and flew back as fast as I could. I was dreadfully afraid you would return and find me gone. Ah! what! is it not a pity to lose that fine site for our house?"

"Never mind that, my dear; I am so glad to see you safe again that I don't care for the house. Come! it is getting dark; we must go to your mother's, and to-morrow we will find another and a better place."

Of course, the old folks were glad to give the young people a shelter for the night, and listened with the greatest interest to their account of the wonderful experiences of the day. Early the next



morning, the bride and groom set out once more to find a place for a home. On the way, they passed the spot they had chosen the day before, and, to their surprise, there stood the long yellow building and their unfinished house, safe and sound. Not a straw or feather had been disturbed, and the bride joyfully went inside to see how it looked.

"Do you think it safe to try this place again?" asked he. "Something might happen, you know."

"Oh! my dear," said she, "it is such a pity to lose all our labor. Perhaps it will not happen again."

"Oh! you can never tell. These men are such peculiar creatures."

"Well, let us try it once again. Look! If I had one straw about so long it would fit in there nicely."

"I found just the thing yesterday. Let us go to get it, and let us keep together all the time, for there is nothing those stupid men may not do."

She readily consented to this, and they both went to work in good earnest to finish the house. While thus engaged, a number of men and women gathered on the long platform, but the young couple had been accustomed to see crowds of people all their lives, and they paid no attention to them. They found a large straw for the house, and, as it was heavy, they went off together to bring it back. As they were returning, they were astonished to find the site of their house, and the house itself, had again flown away.

"This is certainly vexatious," said he.

"I declare I am almost discouraged," cried she. "These men are perfectly unbearable."

"It is rather disheartening. But you must remember it came back yesterday. Perhaps it will return at the same hour to-day. These men do the strangest things; yet we must give them the credit of being very regular. Nobody can remember when they ever changed their habits."

It was a serious matter to have two days' labor thrown away, and in her heart the poor little bride was very sad. Perhaps she was never to have a home, after all? However, she did not say so to her husband, and cheerfully agreed with him in his plan of waiting to see if their house would come back again.

Wonderful to tell, in about three hours, it actually came back. They were sitting on the fence and saw it arrive. There was some noise and confusion among the people when the long yellow building stopped. But there was nothing alarming in that, and they went at once to examine their runaway home. Everything was in perfect order, and they felt they could now settle in earnest.

"Suppose we finish the house and sleep in it to-night?"

"Oh, certainly," said she; "we shall have just time to move in before dark."

So they worked with a will and finished the house, and moved in just as the sun went down. It was a charming home; the most comfortable ever seen, and never were two young hearts more happy than these as they entered their new house.

They retired rather early, for they were very tired, and slept soundly till past eight o'clock in the evening, when the bride awoke with a start.

What had happened? The house was shaking and trembling in the strangest manner.

"It is nothing, my love. These dreadful men are doing something; but the house seems quite safe."

"Oh! do look out and see what has happened."

He went to the door and looked out, and found, to his surprise, that all the world was flying away like mad. The trees were racing along in furious haste. The hills and woods were spinning past like birds, and all the buildings were performing a kind of fancy dance. Really, it was very singular; but the house was safe, though it shook dreadfully.

He was vastly astonished and somewhat alarmed at this performance. But he resolved not to tell his wife anything about it. She would only be frightened. So he crept back to her side and said, bravely:

"Oh! these men are doing something. They are strange creatures. I presume it is all right, and we may as well go to sleep again."

The next morning they awoke and found themselves just where they were the night before. This seemed to be perfectly natural, and they began their housekeeping, and felt glad they had built their house in such a delightful neighborhood, even if the place did have occasional fits of running away. As they stood at their door in the bright morning sunshine, they saw a little girl stop before their house and look up at them.

"Oh!" said she, "how funny! Those birds have built their nest on top of the car."

And so they had; and there they lived, spring, summer and winter. There was even a whole brood of little Citysparrows born in that nest on wheels, and the entire family rode free ten miles to the city and back twice every day, once in the morning and once in the night. At first, it was a trifle awkward for Mr. Citysparrow to have his wife and little ones carried away at 11.30 A. M.; but he waited about the station or sat comfortably on the fence till they returned at 2.45 P. M. At night, of course, he went with them, and then their nest on wheels was really and truly a sleeping-car.



## THE ORIGIN OF THE JUMPING-JACK.

BY I. L. BEMAN.

COME with me to the park this fair day, for I wish to show you a certain carriage and its occupants, and tell you a story.

In pleasant weather, the scene is gay and grand with multitudes hieing thither for recreation amid country sights, odors and surroundings. The rich and the poor of all ages and classes, afoot, on horse-back and in carriages, make a living panorama of the shaded walks and graded drives.

Yonder rolls the grand equipage of a millionaire; here goes the buxom family of a groceryman, as happy in their market-wagon as Cræsus in his gilded chariot. Here flies a pair of gay young men in a "fancy gig, driving like Jehu;" and following at sober pace a phaëton containing a sad-eyed widow in weeds, with her auburn-tressed little daughter by her side. There gallops, on high-tored steed, a young and handsome officer of the U. S. A.; here limps along a forlorn wreck of a man, once as spirited as the officer, but now ragged, weary and hopeless.

But here comes the "turn-out" for which we have been waiting: a magnificent span of dapple-grays, by far the most powerful team we have seen; a carriage to match, roomy and costly, but not gaudy; a driver not in livery, as many are, but looking just the man for his work; and such a load as are making merry within,—every one of them a hunchback! Yes, from the crooked gentleman on the back seat to the little fellows up by the driver, all are hunchbacks; well dressed, happy-seeming, but with a wistful look,—and, as they roll by, you see in them the introduction to my little story.

Something like twenty years ago, a miserable brick house in a back alley was the home of Archibald Ramsey, a Scotch carpenter. He worked down-town in a shop, making cornices, moldings, mantels, and a variety of the more elaborate parts employed in finishing houses. Every evening he took home pocketfuls, and often handfuls also, of bits and ends from the shop.

These oddly shaped fragments of soft, sweet-smelling pine furnished amusement for poor little Alec, Mr. Ramsey's hunchback boy; and when they had served this purpose, they were used as kindlings in the kitchen stove.

There was a houseful of little Ramseys, of whom Alec was the oldest, and when he was amused, so were the others, thus giving the overworked mother time for other duties.

Alec was sixteen years old, and not taller than

an average boy of ten. He was very much deformed, and had he lived in an age and country of kings seeking dwarfs and human oddities for "court fools" or "jesters," he would have been a prize to some iron-handed tyrant. His shoulders were almost as high as his head, his arms hung out loose and dangling, and the rest of his body was shrunken and slender to a most pitiable degree. But whoever, with a tender heart, looked into his great, questioning eyes and noted his broad, fair forehead and his clean, delicate hands, would soon forget the sad shape in the nobility of the face.

I need not linger to speak of his studies, which, all unaided, he pushed along with success; nor of his constancy in the Sunday-school, where he was a universal favorite. It is about his play with the bits of pine from the shop I wish to tell you.

Many a droll pile he built on the kitchen-floor; many a funny thing he whittled out to amuse the little ones; many a comical toy he made and gave away to neighboring children. Often he said, and oftener thought, "What can I whittle that will sell?" For only money seemed likely to bring him the changed life for which he longed. Once, when he sold for a few pennies a queer little pine trinket, his father stroked his silken hair and said:

"Ah, me puir bairnie, I dinna ken but ye may mak' your fortoun wi' your knife."

How that little piece of encouragement rang in his ears and stimulated him to think and whittle, whittle and think!

One genial afternoon in May, Alec crept out to enjoy the balmy air, and, by the noise of a crowd of urchins on a vacant lot at a little distance, was drawn in that direction. Here he saw a colored boy, named Jack, attempting, for the amusement of the party, all sorts of pranks in imitation of circus performers. Bareheaded and clothed in striped red and yellow garments of coarse quality, the negro lad almost seemed made of India rubber.

Alec watched his capers in amazement. Never before had he seen such antics, or even thought them possible. It was no wonder that the frail, stiff-jointed little hunchback dreamed it all over again, as he did that night.

The next morning his whittling genius took shape from this event, and before noon he had produced a rude pine image of the negro,—head, arms and legs loosely hung with bits of broom-wire, and the whole curiously arranged, so that by working a string, it would jump, nod, turn somersaults, and



go through quite a series of contortions. With colored pencils, of which he had some cheap specimens, he blacked its head, neck, hands, and feet, reddened its lips, whitened its eyes, and rudely striped in yellow and red the body, all in imitation of the little negro gymnast. Before it was completed, his younger brother, who had been with him the day before, named it "Jumping-Jack." And in the afternoon, when he went to the vacant lot and exhibited it to the youngsters there, it was not only universally but boisterously hailed by the same name. When he returned home, he brought, instead of the Jumping-Jack, a silver half-dollar, for which he had sold the toy to an eager, well-dressed lad of his own age. And not only this, but he had orders from the boys for half a dozen more, to be made as soon as possible.

Oh, what a proud, glad heart beat within that deformed little body of Alec's! How his temples throbbed! How elastic his step! What flashing eyes! What a skein of wild and hopeful talk he unwound to his mother! So much money for his whittling, and a chance for more and more! Castles, sky-high and star-bright!

Never a great hero felt a victory more than Alec felt his success. To you who are not deformed, who are not wretchedly poor, who never longed for advantages and comforts utterly beyond your reach, it may seem absurd that a Jumping-Jack, sold for half a dollar, should cause so much rejoicing. But you cannot judge of the case. Alec was loving, brave, ambitious and capable, and yet a mere weakling. He was the eldest child; his parents were poor and growing old; there were several younger children, and these points he had often thought over and over, weeping bitterly at his helpless state. He longed fiercely to help in some way, to do something useful, to earn even a small part of his own living. To his eager desire, money was everything, because it would buy everything. Money meant enough to eat, a soft bed and an easy chair for his crooked, pain-full shoulders, a better house and easy circumstances for the family. Money meant comfort, education, good clothes, an honorable position and the means to do good to others. But, above all, the silver half-dollar he had earned seemed like a key to unlock the gates of dependence behind which he chafed so constantly. Besides, it was the first

Jumping-Jack ever made, and a voice seemed to whisper dreamily that in some way it would carry him thereafter, instead of his being left to creep so wearily around. And the boys had hailed it with such uproarious delight that he could not help feeling he had whittled out a triumph. Who shall wonder, then, at his elation?

But I have not told you all.

That evening he whittled, and the next day he whittled, and before night had added to his capital three more shining half-dollars. The next day he doubled his money. The demand for Jumping-Jacks increased. Boys came to the door, silver in hand, to get what he had not time to make.

His grave Scotch parents began to hold serious counsel over the matter. If Alec could find such sale for these pine images in that neighborhood, why, the whole city would require thousands; and what would sell to delighted children in one city, would sell elsewhere also. If they could supply the market, a fortune might readily be made.

Scotch blood, once aroused and challenged, is sanguine and venturesome.

But it would be uninteresting to repeat all the details; so the rest of my story shall be brief.

Alec's Sunday-school teacher, who was a lawyer, procured for him a patent on Jumping-Jacks of every description; a rich old uncle of Alec's mother built him a factory and started him in business; and, within a year from the afternoon when the poor lad wondered at the pranks of the colored boy, Jumping-Jacks from the Ramsey factory were selling in great numbers all over America.

Truly Alec did "mak' a fortune wi' his knife."

To school he went; into a better house, all their own, the family moved; easier circumstances, better health, less weariness, and ample means for doing good, came to the Ramseys.

But the best point in my story is that a fine asylum and school for hunchbacks, free to the poor, is one of the noble enterprises to which Alec has been chief contributor.

Those deformed lads in the carriage yonder are from the "Ramsey Asylum for Hunchbacks."

That was Alec's carriage, and that "crooked gentleman on the back seat" was Alec himself. Every fair afternoon he is out in this way, taking a load of "his boys," as he calls them, and thus, as often as once a fortnight, he gives every inmate of the asylum a turn in the park.







WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

## RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

*(A Fairy Tale.)*

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## IV.

THE three children were a good deal frightened when they saw where the ball had gone, and well they might be; for it was Rumpty-Dudget's ball, and Rumpty-Dudget himself was hiding on the other side of the hedge.

"It is your fault," said Princess Hilda to Prince Frank; "you threw it over."

"No, it's your fault," answered Prince Frank; "I should n't have thrown it over if you and Henry had not chased me."

"You will be punished when Tom the cat comes home," said Princess Hilda, "and that will be in one minute, when the sun sets." For they had spent one minute in being frightened, and another minute in disputing.

Now, all this time, Prince Henry had been standing directly in front of the round opening in the hedge, looking through it to the other side, where he thought he could see the black ball lying beside a bush. The north wind blew so strongly as almost to take his breath away, and the spot on his chin burnt him so that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. Still for all that, he longed so much to do what he had been told not to do, that by and

by he could stand it no longer; but, just as the last bit of the sun sank out of sight beneath the edge of the world, he jumped through the round opening against the north wind, and ran to pick up the ball. At the same moment, Tom the cat came springing across the lawn, his yellow eyes flashing, his back bristling, and the hairs sticking straight out on his tail until it was as big round as your leg. But this time he came too late. For, as soon as Prince Henry jumped through the hedge against the north wind and ran to pick up the black ball, out rushed Rumpty-Dudget from behind the bush, and caught him by the chin, and carried him away to the thousand and first corner in the gray tower. As soon as the corner was filled, the north wind rose to a hurricane and blew away the beautiful palace and the lovely garden, and nothing was left but a desert covered with gray stones and brambles. The mischievous Rumpty-Dudget was now master of the whole country.

Meanwhile, Princess Hilda and Prince Frank were sitting on a heap of rubbish, crying as if their hearts would break, and the cat stood beside them wiping its great yellow eyes with its paw and looking very sorrowful.



"Crying will do no good, however," said the cat at last; "we must try to get poor little Henry back again."

"Oh, where is our fairy aunt?" cried Princess Hilda and Prince Frank. "She will tell us how to find him."

"You will not see your fairy aunt," replied Tom, "until you have taken Henry out of the gray tower, where he is standing in the thousand and first corner with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back."

"But how are we to do it," said Princess Hilda and Prince Frank, beginning to cry again, "without our fairy aunt to help us?"

"Listen to me," replied the cat, "and do what I tell you, and all may yet be well. But first take hold of my tail, and follow me out of this desert to the borders of the great forest; there we can lay our plans without being disturbed."

With these words, Tom arose and held his tail straight out like the handle of a saucepan; the two children took hold of it, off they all went, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were on the borders of the great forest, at the foot of an immensely tall pine-tree. The cat made Princess Hilda and Prince Frank sit down on the moss that covered the ground, and sat down in front of them with his tail curled round his toes.

"The first thing to be done," said he, "is to get the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Water-drop. After that, the rest is easy."

"But where are the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Water-drop to be found?" asked the two children.

"One of you will have to go down to the kingdom of the Gnomes, in the center of the earth, to find out where the Golden Ivy-seed is," replied the cat; "and up to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits, above the clouds, to find out where the Diamond Water-drop is."

"But how are we to get up to the Air-Spirits, or down to the Gnomes?" asked the children, disconsolately.

"I may be able to help you about that," answered the cat. "But while one of you is gone, the other must stay here and mind the magic fire which I shall kindle before we start; for if the fire goes out, Rumpty-Dudget will take the burnt logs and blacken Henry's face all over with them, and then we should never be able to get him back. Do you two children run about and pick up all the dried sticks you can find, and pile them up in a heap, while I get the touch-wood ready."

In a very few minutes, a large heap of fagots had been gathered together, as high as the top of Princess Hilda's head. Meanwhile, the cat had drawn a large circle on the ground with the tip of

his tail, and in the center of the circle was the heap of fagots. It had now become quite dark, but the cat's eyes burned as brightly as if two yellow lamps had been set in his head.

"Come inside the circle, children," said he, "while I light the touch-wood."

In they came accordingly, and the cat put the touch-wood on the ground and sat down in front of it with his nose resting against it, and stared at it with his flaming yellow eyes; and by and by it began to smoke and smolder, and at last it caught fire and burned famously.

"That will do nicely," said the cat; "now put some sticks upon it." So this was done, and the fire was fairly started, and burned blue, red and yellow.

"And now there is no time to be lost," said the cat. "Prince Frank, you will stay beside this fire and keep it burning, until I come back with Princess Hilda from the kingdoms of the Gnomes and Air-Spirits. Remember that, if you let it go out, all will be lost; nevertheless, you must on no account go outside the circle to gather more fagots, if those that are already here get used up. You may, perhaps, be tempted to do otherwise; but if you yield to the temptation, all will go wrong; and the only way your brother Henry can be saved will be for you to get into the fire yourself, in place of the fagots."

Though Prince Frank did not much like the idea of being left alone in the woods all night, still, since it was for his brother's sake, he consented; but he made up his mind to be very careful not to use up the fagots too fast, or to go outside the ring. So Princess Hilda and Tom the cat bid him farewell, and then the cat stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan. Princess Hilda took hold of it, and away! right up the tall pine-tree they went, and were out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

#### V.

AFTER climbing upward for a long time, they came at last to the tip-top of the pine-tree, which was on a level with the clouds. The cat waited until a large cloud sailed along pretty near them, and then, bidding Princess Hilda hold on tight, they made a spring together, and alighted very cleverly on the cloud's edge. Off sailed the cloud with them on its back, and soon brought them to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits.

"Now, Princess Hilda," said the cat, "you must go the rest of the way alone. Ask the first Spirit you meet to show you the way to the place where the Queen sits; and when you have found her, ask her where the Diamond Water-drop is. But be careful not to sit down, however much you may be



tempted to do so ; for if you do, your brother Henry never can be saved."

Though Princess Hilda did not much like the idea of going on alone, still, since it was for her brother's sake, she consented ; only she made up her mind on no account to sit down, no matter what happened. So she bid the cat farewell, and walked off. Pretty soon, she met an Air-Spirit, carrying its nose in the air, as all Air-Spirits do.

"Can you tell me the way to the place where the Queen sits ?" asked Princess Hilda.

"What do you want of her ?" asked the Air-Spirit.

"I want to ask her where the Diamond Water-drop is," answered Princess Hilda.

"She sits on the top of that large star up yonder," said the Air-Spirit ; "but unless you can carry your nose more in the air than you do, I don't believe you will get her to tell you anything."

Princess Hilda, however, did not feel so much like carrying her nose in the air as she had felt at any time since the black spot came upon her forehead ; and she set out to climb toward the Queen's star very sorrowfully ; and all the Spirits who met her said :

"See how she hangs her head ! She will never come to anything."

But at last she arrived at the gates of the star, and walked in ; and there was the Queen of the Air-Spirits sitting in the midst of it. As soon as she saw Princess Hilda, she said :

"You have come a long way, and you look very tired. Come here and sit down beside me."

"No, your Majesty," replied Princess Hilda, though she was really so tired that she could hardly stand, "there is no time to be lost ; where is the Diamond Water-drop ?"

"That is a foolish thing to come after," said the Queen. "However, sit down here and let us talk about it. I have been expecting you."

But Princess Hilda shook her head.

"Listen to me," said the Queen. "I know that you like to order people about, and to make them do what you please, whether they like it or not. Now, if you will sit down here, I will let you be Queen of the Air-Spirits instead of me ; you shall carry your nose in the air, and everybody shall do what you please, whether they like it or not."

When Princess Hilda heard this, she felt for a moment very much tempted to do as the Queen asked her. But the next moment she remembered her poor little brother Henry, standing in the thousand and first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back. So she cried, and said :

"Oh, Queen of the Air-Spirits, I am so sorry for my little brother that I do not care any longer to carry my nose in the air, or to make people mind me, whether they like it or not ; I only want the

Diamond Water-drop, so that Henry may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower. Can you tell me where it is ?"

Then the Queen smiled upon her, and said :

"It is on your own cheek !"

Princess Hilda was so astonished that she could only look at the Queen without speaking.

"Yes," continued the Queen, kindly, "you might have searched throughout all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious Drop, had you not loved your little brother Henry more than to be Queen. That tear upon your cheek, which you shed for love of him, is the Diamond Water-drop, Hilda ; keep it in this little crystal bottle ; be prudent and resolute, and sooner or later Henry will be free again."

As she spoke, she held out a little crystal bottle, and the tear from Princess Hilda's cheek fell into it, and the Queen hung it about her neck by a coral chain, and kissed her, and bid her farewell. And as Princess Hilda went away, she fancied she had somewhere heard a voice like this Queen's before ; but where or when she could not tell.

It was not long before she arrived at the cloud which had brought her to the kingdom of the Air-Spirits, and there she found Tom the cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the little crystal bottle hanging round her neck by its coral chain, he said :

"So far, all has gone well ; but we have still to find the Golden Ivy-seed. There is no time to be lost, so catch hold of my tail and let us be off."

With that, he stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan. Princess Hilda took hold of it ; they sprang off the cloud and away ! down they went till it seemed to her as if they never would be done falling. At last, however, they alighted softly on the top of a hay-mow, and in another moment were safe on the earth again.

Close beside the hay-mow was a field-mouse's hole, and the cat began scratching at it with his two fore-paws, throwing up the dirt in a great heap behind, till in a few minutes a great passage was made through to the center of the earth.

"Keep hold of my tail," said the cat, and into the passage they went.

It was quite dark inside, and if it had not been for the cat's eyes, which shone like two yellow lamps, they might have missed their way. As it was, however, they got along famously, and pretty soon arrived at the center of the earth, where was the kingdom of the Gnomes.

"Now, Princess Hilda," said the cat, "you must go the rest of the way alone. Ask the first Gnome you meet to show you the place where the King works ; and when you have found him, ask him



where the Golden Ivy-seed is. But be careful to do everything that he bids you, no matter how little you may like it; for, if you do not, your brother Henry never can be saved."

Though Princess Hilda did not much like the idea of going on alone, still, since it was for her brother's sake, she consented; only she made up her mind to do everything the King bade her, whatever happened. Pretty soon she met a Gnome, who was running along on all-fours.

"Can you show me the place where the King works?" asked Princess Hilda.

"What do you want with him?" asked the Gnome.



PRINCESS HILDA BEFORE THE  
QUEEN OF THE AIR-SPIRITS.

"I want to ask him where the Golden Ivy-seed is," answered Princess Hilda.

"He works in that great field over yonder," said the Gnome; "but unless you can walk on all-fours better than you do, I don't believe he will tell you anything."

Princess Hilda had never walked on all-fours since the black spot came on her forehead; so she went onward just as she was, and all the Gnomes who met her said:

"See how upright she walks! She will never come to anything."

But at last she arrived at the gate of the field, and walked in; and there was the King on all-fours in the midst of it. As soon as he saw Princess Hilda, he said:

"Get down on all-fours this instant! How dare you come into my kingdom walking upright?"

"Oh, your majesty," said Hilda, though she was a good deal frightened at the way the King spoke,



"there is no time to be lost; where is the Golden Ivy-seed?"

"The Golden Ivy-seed is not given to people with stiff necks," replied the King.

"Get down on all-fours at once, or else go about your business!"

Then Princess Hilda remembered what the cat had told her, and got down on all-fours without a word.

"Now listen to me," said the King. "I shall harness you to that plow in the place of my horse, and you must draw it up and down over this field until the whole is plowed, while I follow behind with the whip. Come! There is no time to lose."

When Princess Hilda heard this, she felt tempted for a moment to refuse; but the next moment she remembered her poor little brother Henry standing in the thousand and first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back; so she said:

"O King of the Gnomes! I am so sorry for my little brother that I will do as you bid me, and all I ask in return is that you will give me the Golden Ivy-seed, so that Henry may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower."

The King said nothing, but harnessed Hilda to the plow, and she drew it up and down over the field until the whole was plowed, while he followed behind with the whip. Then he freed her from her trappings, and told her to go about her business.

"But where is the Golden Ivy-seed?" asked she, piteously.

"I have no Golden Ivy-seed," answered the King; "ask yourself where it is!"



Then poor Princess Hilda's heart was broken, and she sank down on the ground and sobbed out, quite in despair :

"Oh, what shall I do to save my little brother !"

But at that the King smiled upon her and said :

"Put your hand over your heart, Hilda, and see what you find there."

Princess Hilda was so surprised that she could say nothing ; but she put her hand over her heart, and felt something fall into the palm of her hand, and when she looked at it, behold ! it was the Golden Ivy-seed.

"Yes," said the King, kindly ; "you might have searched through all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious seed, had you not loved your brother so much as to let yourself be driven like a horse in the plow for his sake. Keep the Golden Ivy-seed in this little pearl box ; be humble, gentle and patient, and sooner or later your brother will be free."

As he spoke, he fastened a little pearl box to her girdle with a jeweled clasp, and kissed her, and bade her farewell. And as Princess Hilda went away, she fancied she had somewhere heard a voice like this King's before ; but where or when she could not tell.

It was not long before she arrived at the mouth of the passage by which she had descended to the kingdom of the Gnomes, and there she found Tom the cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the pearl box at her girdle, he said :

"So far, all goes well ; but now we must see whether or not Prince Frank has kept the fire going ; there is no time to be lost, so catch hold of my tail and let us be off."

With that, he stretched out his tail as straight as the handle of a saucepan ; Princess Hilda took hold of it, and away they went back through the passage again, and were out at the other end in the twinkling of an eye.

(To be continued.)







## LITTLE NICHOLAS; AND HOW HE BECAME A GREAT MUSICIAN.

BY JAMES H. FLINT.

THE violin is a wonderful instrument in the hands of a master. In its power of expression, its purity and fineness of tone, it ranks next to the cultivated human voice. There have been many famous performers on this instrument, but Paganini stands alone the most wonderful violinist the world has ever heard. And he had won this fame before he was sixteen years old.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18, 1784. When Nicholas was four years old he had the measles. But this usually mild disease took, in his case, a very violent form, so that the poor little fellow was thought to be dying, and even, at one time, dead. For a whole day he lay motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. But the world was not to be deprived of his wonderful genius; although, if he had died then, he would have been spared a life of great suffering.

Before he was well over this sickness, and before he could speak plainly, his father—who was very severe with him—put a violin into his tiny hands, and made him practice upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies, but this did not lessen his father's rigor. The slightest fault was punished severely. Sometimes, food was denied the little fellow, in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made. The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment.

His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

Even at this early age the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvelous and extraordinary,—that is, he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before; and he astonished his parents, and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, he produced entirely new effects. His musical instinct seemed to have been only sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him.

Soon, the musical knowledge of the elder Paganini became insufficient for the growing abilities of his son, and other teachers were procured.

At eight years of age the little Nicholas performed in the churches, and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed, at this time, his first "Violin Sonata." A year afterward he made what was considered his first public appearance, or *debut*, in the great theater of Genoa, at the request of two noted singers,—Marchési and Albertinotti.

Paganini's father took him, about this time, to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of



Rolla's instruction for a little while. But the composer was sick, and could not see his visitors. The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber, and it so happened that he had left his violin there, together with the copy of a new work he had just finished. Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning and executed the entire work at sight without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed that he might see what master-hand had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla,

with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too-exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini, to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

The young man now began another tour, visiting



PAGANINI.

on hearing the object of their visit, assured the father that he could add nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

Nicholas and his father then went about the country through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour

many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, head-strong, and, in various ways, led an unworthy life. Intemperance soon was added to his infirmities, and he was even imprisoned for a time on account of troubles caused by his wild excesses.

Paganini possessed a generous and sympathetic nature, as the following anecdote plainly proves: One day, while walking in the streets of Vienna, Paganini saw a poor boy playing upon a violin,





PAGANINI IN PRISON.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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and, on entering into conversation with him, learned that he maintained his mother and a number of little brothers and sisters by what he picked up as a traveling musician. Paganini at once gave him all the money he had about him; and then, taking the violin, began to play, and, when a great crowd had gathered and become spell-bound by his wonderful playing, he pulled off his hat and made a collection, which he gave to the poor boy amid the acclamations of the multitude.

There are four strings on a violin, as every one knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to use them all; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string,—the fourth, or largest. Upon this he could produce three perfect octaves, including all the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

After traveling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill-health.

As one of his biographers says: the precious flame of life was too dearly expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected. In becoming the absolute master of his instrument, he became its slave. But the success of his life's purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice on the 27th of May, 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

## HEIMDALL.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

[The Elder Edda is a collection of ancient ballads containing an account of the gods of Scandinavian and German mythology. It was made by the native priests of Iceland, who embraced Christianity about the end of the tenth century. Asenheim was the country of the gods, and Asgard was its principal city. Odin was the chief of the gods. Thor was the strongest of all the gods, and fought and conquered the giants with his great hammer. Baldur was the beautiful god of light and summer who was slain by the malice of Loki, an evil spirit. Hœnir was sometimes the companion of Odin and Loki on their clandestine visits to the earth.]

In the Elder Edda I read it,  
That volume of wonder lore  
How Heimdall, a god of credit,  
Was watchman at Heaven's door.

The sight of his eye was keenest  
Of all in Asgard's towers,  
For he saw, when earth was greenest,  
Pale Autumn amid the flowers.

His ear was the best at hearing  
Of all above or below;  
When the Spring-time's step was nearing,  
He heard the grasses grow.

He heard the talk of the fishes  
Deep down in the silent sea,  
And even the unbreathed wishes  
Of chick in its shell heard he.

He heard the feathers growing,  
And wool on the old sheep's back,  
And even the light cloud snowing  
Far off on the sunbeam's track.

He knew what birds are thinking  
That brood o'er the crowded nest,  
Ere their fledgeling's eyes are blinking,  
And the song is warm in the breast.

And why were his senses keener  
Than all in that magic clime,  
Than Odin, and Thor, and Hœnir,  
And Baldur of Asenheim?

I think—it is only guessing—  
Heimdall was loving as wise,  
And Nature who bent in blessing  
Anointed his ears and eyes.

And should we but love undoubting,  
Perchance, ah! who can tell,  
We might hear the corn-blade sprouting,  
And the tiny leaf-bud swell.



## JOTTINGS VERSUS DOINGS.

BY MARGARET H. ECKERSON.



MARGY sat beside the west window of her room, a large atlas upon her lap, and on it a book made of twenty-four sheets of letter-paper sewed together. On the outer page was written, "My Journal, 186—," and opening it, page after page of closely written, cramped lines could be seen, in which Margy had detailed various scenes and incidents of her

daily life and chronicled sundry impressions.

Little Miss Margy, aged twelve, was not an unpleasing object as she sat there with her bonny brown hair and pink cheeks, and her room was neat and inviting after a fashion, although the carpet was only rag, the chairs were cane-seated, and the wash-stand was old-fashioned, with just enough space on it for bowl and pitcher, soap-dish and water-mug. Then there were an ancient rocking-chair, and two white-counterpaned beds,—one for the occupancy of Margy and her year-older sister, Bib; the other, the nest where Flaxie and Frizzle, the two smaller children, slept nightly; and a red-covered table, strewed with books and papers, stood in the center of the room. Margy, who had a fondness for scribbling, used oftentimes to sit up here and write. She could express her thoughts quite fluently with the pen, for a little girl, and therefore cherished the idea that she was literary, and confidently expected to write a book, or a dozen of them, some day.

Meanwhile, she composed rhyming lines, which she called poetry, about "trees and bees, clouds and shrouds, blows and snows, plumes and flumes," and so on, which effusions she read and re-read with great satisfaction, and then locked up in her drawer. Other times, descending to plainer prose, she linked together a profusion of adjectives, and told of glancing, dancing sunbeams; roaring, rushing cataracts; rustling, whispering leaves; and depicted characters quite different from any in real life.

Bib, who knotted her forehead, and fretted over her school compositions, listened with jealous admiration to Margy's stories, and tender-hearted Flaxie wept sorely as she listened eagerly to the pathetic adventures of some of the characters.

However, for the past couple of months, Margy had taken to writing something which she concealed determinedly from Bib's prying eyes, and which she grandly told Flaxie "she could not read aloud, for it was her journal."

She had read several memoirs, the fair subjects of which had kept journals, and these diaries, after their deaths, had fallen into the hands of their friends, and had been read and wept over, the lovely characters of the lost ones so shining forth from every page that, too late, it was known that they had never been truly appreciated.

Well, probably, Margery would die young,—she sometimes felt as if she would,—and in that case what a precious legacy her family would consider her journal!

Therefore, with such ideas in her curly pate, it is no wonder she wrote as if for survivors to read, and instead of keeping a sensible diary, good for reference, if she needed it, scribbled away in a bombastical, adjective-y manner, and never made herself on paper the real faulty Margy she actually was.



"HUSH!" WHISPERED MARGY, WITH A WARNING GESTURE."

Looking over her shoulder, we can see what she is writing.

"June 6th.—O, what a lovely, balmy day! The



air is full of the fragrant scent of roses; the oriole chants dulcet strains in the maples; fleecy clouds float in the cerulean blue; the whole world is a poem. I have half a mind to write a little poem here, but, dear Journal, it would only blot your snowy pages. I wrote a poem on Baby Pearl yesterday. Mother liked it so much that she put it away and said 'she meant to keep it'; and father patted my head and said 'I was a rhymers.' 'It's jingle-dingle, is n't it, Peggy?' he said. But who could help being inspired by Baby Pearl? She is such a cherub! Such delicate tints and charming curves, such violet, long-lashed eyes! Such innocence and tender trustfulness!"

Just here the pen, traveling from the ink-stand, remained suspended, for mother's voice was heard at the foot of the stair calling "Margy!" and, sad to tell, Margy's answering "Ma'am!" was snapped out in a very cross way.

"I want you to come down for a while and rock Pearl to sleep."

"Oh, dear," said Margy, vexedly, "it's always 'tend that baby,'" and putting her journal in the atlas, and the atlas under the feather-bed,—for Bib would, when chance offered, prow around to find the mysterious journal,—she ungraciously obeyed the summons.

After all, the June morning was n't so delightful as she had imagined.

It was the weekly wash-day, and Mrs. Finnigan was rubbing away in the kitchen, from which came the penetrating odor of soap-suds. Mother was hurried and tired, and Pearl lay wide-awake in her cradle, undecided whether to break out into a rebellious wail, or resign herself to the course of events.

"I would not have called you down, dear," said mother, "but I must get the dinner, and Pearl has to be put to sleep."

"Why could n't Bib rock her, or Flaxie?" asked Margy.

"Bib is practicing," dear.

Margy rocked the cradle very discontentedly. She quite failed to be inspired by Pearl's long lashes or delicate tints and charming curves, now. Pearl was only a painfully wide-awake baby, who complained in unintelligible murmurs of the numerous trials of infant life, and amused herself by stretching forth fat fists and dimpled arms, and vainly trying to reach the cradle-top.

It seemed a long, long time before she showed the slightest inclination to close her eyes on outer scenes, and just as she did, who should

come trotting heedlessly in but three-year-old Frizzle.

"Hush!" whispered Margy, with a warning gesture; but Frizzle always failed to heed admonitions. "Ba-bye! ba-bye!" she called, lovingly, and Baby, just on the verge of dream-land, heard the call, and opened sudden, bright eyes to the little sister's face.



"SHE LEANED OVER THE BANISTERS AND CALLED BIB."

Margy wanted to cry, out of sheer annoyance.

"You are a naughty, bad girl!" she cried, hotly. "Mother, here's Frizzle, who came in and woke Pearl on purpose. I wish you would punish her."

"Me never waked Ba-bye on purpose," protested the indignant Frizzle. "Margy's cross, ugly girl. Baby is so glad I come, and I just called her pretty."

Mother, seeing how matters stood, made peace by coming in and leading away Frizzle, who trotted contentedly off, willing to go off anywhere with "her good, nice mamma," and Margy was left to brood over the new annoyance.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, petulantly; "that hateful Frizzle! And now I'll have to begin all over again. Shut your eyes, Baby. By-low, Baby; by-low!"



Oh, how disagreeable that soap-suds odor was! How faded and worn the carpet looked now that the sun shone full upon it! And the bureau had not been dusted this morning, and some one had dragged the table-cloth all to one side! It was too bad that mother never made Bib tidy up things.

"Everything of that sort is left for me to do," complained Margy, finding fresh cause for ill-feeling, and then, looking down at Baby, she saw to her relief that she was actually asleep. Therefore, fastening the gauze netting carefully over her, she stole softly away up to her sanctum, as she was fond of calling her room. Once there, she took her journal from its repose under the bed, and again began her jottings.

"—— Dear Journal, that dash stands for half an hour's absence, during which time I have been down rocking Pearl to sleep. Mother thinks I have more patience than Bib to 'tend her, and always calls me to do it. And, of course, one must 'tend to duty. Pearl was n't one bit sleepy, but was just in the mood for a grand frolic. She must have thought it a hardship to be allowed no will of her own in the matter. However, sleep at last conquered the citadel, the blue-veined lids closed and their long lashes swept the downy cheeks, and she lay a sweet picture of unconscious innocence. Darling Pearl!

"I cannot keep my eyes from wandering from this page, the sunshine rests so brightly on the hills. There are spots, however, on the mountains, shadows of clouds.

"Alas! everything has its shadows. 'Into each life some rain must fall.' Mrs. Finnigan is down in the yard, hanging out the clothes. Poor woman, her husband is very unkind to her, and her boys are wild, dissolute creatures! I do pity her. I feel so sorry for any one whose life is checkered. It must be terrible to be unkindly treated. Love ought to be the ruling spirit of our lives. Kindness should mark our deeds to all about us, unselfishness crown with its garlands our acts."

Just here, the door came open with a bang, and Bib came flying in like a small whirlwind.

"O, Margy, I am going to Mrs. Tozzle's with Pa, and I must change my dress, and put on a clean collar! Dear me! Where's my other dress and clean skirt? Hurry, and hook me up; Pa's 'most ready!" Bib was looking in the top bureau drawer, now, and energetically tossing things about.

"Dear me, I have n't one clean collar here! What's become of mine? Oh, I know, I never put my soiled ones in the wash last week! Lend me one, Marge. Here, I'll take this one with lace on!"

Margy, standing at Bib's shoulder, looked vexed enough.

"You do muss things up so," she said, sharply.

"You are too careless to live, and you might keep your own collars. You have more than I have, but you never know where to find your things."

Above all things Bib hated reproof, especially from her younger sister, and the flavor of truth in the speech touched her.

"Don't trouble yourself to find fault, missie," she said, tossing her curly head; "we all know who thinks herself a paragon and gives 'pieces of her mind' away every chance she can get. If there's one thing I hate, though, it is mean stinginess. Keep your old collar! If Pa asks why I wear a dirty one, I'll tell him why."

Margy's face flushed hotly as she tossed her the collar. "There, take it!"

"Give a dog a bone," chanted Bib, pinning it on with alacrity. "Where's my gloves? There, I forgot, my parasol is broken! Will you let me take yours?"

"No," snapped Margy.

Bib did not insist.

"Sit and hold it over your own head in the room," she called as she ran down the stairs.

Margy walked slowly over to the closet, and took from behind a pile of sheets on the shelf a blue-silk parasol. Then, as if going to her own execution, went out into the hall, and leaning over the banisters, called "Bib!"

But no answer came, and, a moment after, she heard the rattle of wheels down the road.

"Very well," she said; "like as not she would have broken it, and faded it all out."

Mother had bought them each a new one only a fortnight before, and Bib had carelessly left hers on a chair where it had been sat upon and broken, since which accident Margy had been in a state of chronic expectation that she would ask for the loan of hers. Well, she had asked it and been refused; but Margy did not feel exactly comfortable as she put it away. Hot tears fell from her eyes as she tidied up both her own and Bib's half of the drawer.

"Bib musses up everything so," she said. "It's just carelessness that makes her lose and break her things. If I lend once, I might a dozen times. Let her call me mean and stingy, and tell Pa, too!—Flaxie, what do you want?"—six-year-old Flaxie, with her sunny hair and sweet blue eyes, had come in and was looking contentedly into the drawer.

"Fixing your things?" said Flaxie, mildly. "Will you please give me a picture?" pointing to a pasteboard box, filled with engravings and all sorts of pictures that Margy had cut out and was hoarding up.

She meant to decorate a table with them some day after a fancy of her own. She intended to paste them on it and varnish them over, and thought she would then possess a work of art equal to a mosaic.



"No, I can't give you one, Flaxie, for I want them."

"Well, just let me look at them, please, Margy," pleaded patient Flaxie; "I'll be very careful; I won't tear them!"

"No, not now," answered Margy, who hated to have them disturbed. "Why *can't* you run downstairs and play with Frizzle, like a good girl!"

this morning. Another mortal gone! Out under the grasses and the daisies and the blue sky they will soon lay her to rest. The winds will chant a requiem over her grave; the stars will keep nightly watch above her.

"How sweet to be thus at rest! When I die, and my pale hands are folded calmly over a pulseless heart, I want them to bury me in a sunny spot,



NOT IN THE JOURNAL.

The disappointed child turned meekly away, and again Margy was free to take up her journal.

"Dear, dear!" she wrote; "it is all interruption this morning! Bib just rushed in to fix to go with father to Mrs. Tozzle's! I do wish Bib was more orderly. I lent her a collar, and I would have loaned her my parasol, but she was gone when I called her. But these things are too unimportant to write about. There goes Mr. Morrell, the undertaker, to Mrs. Riggs's. Her mother died

where the birds trill sweet melodies and green branches wave. Over my head I want them to plant stainless roses, and on the marble head-stone I want graven the simple words, 'At Rest!'"

"Ding-dong!" sounded the dinner-bell, and Margy, not displeased to hear its summons, sprang up with alacrity, laid her journal on the table, as Bib was not there to peep within it, and started hastily for the stairs. But, somehow or other, she never knew how, her foot slipped on the top step,



and she went rolling and bumping down the long, narrow flight, and then lay, a little, quiet heap at the bottom !

"Oh," cried her affrighted mother, hastening with colorless face into the hall, "what is the matter?"

Flaxie and Frizzle, filled with consternation, appeared on the scene and lifted up wailing voices, and Mrs. Finnigan, all soap-suds and alarm, picked up the still form.

"Margy is killed!" sobbed Flaxie.

"Gone deaded!" screamed Frizzle.

"Hush, hush!" said mother, as she helped Mrs. Finnigan bear the hurt child to the lounge.

A few moments after, Margy opened bewildered eyes on the frightened group. The pungent smell of the camphor with which her mother was bathing her head, the children's cries, the pale faces of the women, terrified her, and a sudden, woful thought smote her like a dagger!

"Oh, mother," she cried, wildly, "I fell! Did I kill myself? Will I die? Oh, I don't want to die! I can't die, mother!"

The dear mother-arms pressed her closely; the mother-voice, hopeful and cheery, re-assured her.

"No, Margy dear, you are not badly hurt, only stunned somewhat, thank the Lord."

"Yes, yees may well say 'thank the Lord,'" said Mrs. Finnigan, wiping her eyes. "Ef it hadent bin for his mercy, the swate darlin' might have been kilt entirely," and the good-hearted woman went thankfully back to her toil.

After this, Flaxie and Frizzle ceased their outcries; mother bathed Margy's swollen shoulder, and in a short time she felt able to eat her dinner, and reply in the negative to the children's solicitous remark, "Is she hurted very much now?"

She limped stiffly up to her room a while later, intent on finishing a sack for Baby Pearl, and, going to the table for her work-basket, could not fail to see the open journal, lying beside it. She read her last sentimental effusion with a burning blush and an impatient ejaculation. She remem-

bered now that in her moment of agonizing fear she had had no thoughts of green grasses waving over a sunny hillock, or stainless roses pressing a white head-stone, or being "at rest!" She remembered only the awful pang that smote her when she thought she must go away from father and mother, from Flaxie and Frizzle and Pearl,—go away all alone out of her warm, breathing life into the presence of her Maker!

"I have n't written the real truth about anything," she said, leaning over the pages, and glancing contemptuously over her "dear journal." "Now, to-day, I never said I was mad about putting Pearl to sleep. Did n't want to lend Bib anything; was selfish to Flaxie, and—that stuff about dying! I know one thing, I sha' n't keep a journal any more,—not such a one, anyway,—and Bib can hunt around for this now until she is tired!"

"What is burning?" asked the mother, a little anxiously, as she came upstairs a while later to see how Margy fared.

"Nothing; I've oply been making a bonfire of my journal," answered Margy, looking with a blush toward some charred remnants in the wash-bowl.

"I was sorry to-day when Margy told me she had burned her journal," said the minister's wife to him as they sat alone that evening, all the children, from Bib down, being tucked securely into bed. "She once or twice read me some pretty extracts from it, one especially, about a sunset. I always thought if anything happened to her I should like to keep the book as a memento."

The minister smiled a queer little smile. Perhaps he might have kept a journal once, but of that we are not presumed to know.

"Margy's burnt journal is no loss to her, dear," he said, mildly, "for sometimes there is a vast difference between jottings and doings."

The mother actually looked puzzled as she touched the cradle-rocker with her foot; but I think that Margy, had she heard, would have understood. Don't you?







"WHY, HOW DO YOU DO?"

## A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### MR. CHIPPERTON.

I TOOK hold of the boat, and pulled the bow up on the beach. Mr. Chipperton looked around at me.

"Why, how do you do?" said he.

For an instant I could not answer him, I was so angry, and then I said:

"What did you —? How did you come to take our boat away?"

"Your boat!" he exclaimed, "Is this your boat? I did n't know that. But where is my boat? Did you see a sail-boat leave here! It is very strange! remarkably strange! I don't know what to make of it."

"I know nothing about a sail-boat," said I. "If we had seen one leave here, we should have gone home in her. Why did you take our boat?"

Mr. Chipperton had now landed.

"I came over here," he said, "with my wife and daughter. We were in a sail-boat, with a man to manage it. My wife would not come otherwise. We came to see the light-house, but I do not care for light-houses,—I have seen a great many of them. I am passionately fond of the water. Seeing a small boat here which no one was using, I let the man conduct my wife and Corny—my daughter—up to the light-house, while I took a little row. I know the man. He is very trustworthy. He would let no harm come to them. There was a pair of oars in the sail-boat, and I took them, and rowed down the creek, and then went along the river, below the town; and, I assure you, sir, I went a great deal farther than I intended, for the tide was with me. But it was n't with me

coming back, of course, and I had a very hard time of it. I thought I never should get back. This boat of yours, sir, seems to be an uncommonly hard boat to row."

"Against a strong tide, I suppose it is," said I; "but I wish you had n't taken it. Here I have been waiting, ever so long, and my friend —"

"Oh! I'm sorry, too," interrupted Mr. Chipperton, who had been looking about, as if he expected to see his sail-boat somewhere under the trees. "I can't imagine what could have become of my boat, my wife and my child. If I had staid here, they could not have sailed away without my knowing it. It would even have been better to go with them, although, as I said before, I don't care for light-houses."

"Well," said I, not quite as civilly as I generally speak to people older than myself, "your boat has gone, that is plain enough. I suppose, when your family came from the light-house, they thought you had gone home, and so went themselves."

"That's very likely," said he,— "very likely, indeed. Or, it may be that Corny would n't wait. She is not good at waiting. She persuaded her mother to sail away, no doubt. But now, I suppose you will take me home in your boat, and the sooner we get off the better, for it is growing late."

"You need n't be in a hurry, said I, "for I am not going off until my friend comes back. You gave him a good long walk to the other end of the island."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chipperton. "How was that?"

Then I told him all about it.

"Do you think that the flat-boat is likely to be there yet?" he asked.



"It's gone long ago!" said I; "and I'm afraid Rectus has lost his way, either going there, or coming back."

I said this as much to myself as to my companion, for I had walked back a little, to look up the path. I could not see far, for it was growing dark. I was terribly worried about Rectus, and would have gone to look for him, but I was afraid that if I left Mr. Chipperton, he would go off with the boat.

Directly Mr. Chipperton set up a yell.

"Hi! hi! hi!" he cried.

I ran down to the pier, and saw a row-boat approaching.

"Hi!" cried Mr. Chipperton, "come this way! Come here! Boat ahoy!"

"We're coming," shouted a man from the boat. "Ye need n't holler for us."

And in a few more strokes the boat touched land. There were two men in it.

"Did you come for me?" cried Mr. Chipperton.

"No," said the man who had spoken, "we came for this other party, but I reckon you can come along."

"For me?" said I. "Who sent you?"

"Your pardner," said the man. "He came over in a flat-boat, and he said you was stuck here, for somebody had stole your boat, and so he sent us for you."

"And he's over there, is he!" said I.

"Yes, he's all right, eatin' his supper, I reckon. But is n't this here your boat?"

"Yes, it is," I said, "and I'm going home in it. You can take the other man."

And without saying another word, I picked up my oars, which I had brought from the bushes, jumped into my boat, and pushed off.

"I reckon you're a little riled, aint ye?" said the man, but I made him no answer, and left him to explain to Mr. Chipperton his remark about stealing the boat. They set off soon after me, and we had a race down the creek. I was "a little riled," and I pulled so hard that the other boat did not catch up to me until we got out into the river. Then it passed me, but it did n't get to town much before I did.

The first person I met on the pier was Rectus. He had had his supper, and had come down to watch for me. I was so angry, that I would not speak to him. He kept by my side, though, as I walked up to the house, excusing himself for going off and leaving me.

"You see, it was n't any use for me to take that long walk back there to the creek. I told the men of the fix we were in, and they said they'd send somebody for us, but they thought I'd better come along with them, as I was there."

I had a great mind to say something here, but I did n't.

"It would n't have done you any good for me to come back through the woods, in the dark. The boat would n't get over to you any faster. You see, if there'd been any good at all in it, I would have come back—but there was n't."

All this might have been very true, but I remembered how I had sat and walked and thought and worried about Rectus, and his explanation did me no good.

When I reached the house, I found that our landlady, who was one of the very best women in all Florida, had saved me a splendid supper—hot and smoking. I was hungry enough, and I enjoyed this meal, until there did n't seem to be a thing left. I felt in a better humor then, and I hunted up Rectus, and we talked along as if nothing had happened. It was n't easy to keep mad with Rectus, because he did n't get mad himself. And, besides, he had a good deal of reason on his side.

It was a lovely evening, and pretty nearly all the people of the town were out-of-doors. Rectus and I took a walk around the "Plaza,"—a public square planted thick with live-oak and pride-of-India trees, and with a monument in the center with a Spanish inscription on it, stating how the king of Spain once gave a very satisfactory charter to the town. Rectus and I agreed, however, that we would rather have a pride-of-India tree, than a charter, as far as we were concerned. These trees have on them long bunches of blossoms, which smell deliciously.

"Now, then," said I, "I think it's about time for us to be moving along. I'm beginning to feel about that Corny family as you do."

"Oh, I only objected to the girl," said Rectus, in an off-hand way.

"Well, I object to the father," said I. "I think we've had enough, anyway, of fathers and daughters. I hope the next couple we fall in with will be a mother and a son."

"What's the next place on the bill?" asked Rectus.

"Well," said I, "we ought to take a trip up the Oclawaha River. That's one of the things to do. It will take us two or three days, and we can leave our baggage here and come back again. Then if we want to stay, we can, and if we don't, we need n't."

"All right," said Rectus. "Let's be off to-morrow."

The next morning, I went to buy the Oclawaha tickets, while Rectus staid home to pack up our hand-bags, and, I believe, to sew some buttons on his clothes. He could sew buttons on so strongly



that they would never come off again, without bringing the piece out with them.

The ticket-office was in a small store, where you could get any kind of alligator or sea-bean combination that the mind could dream of. We had been in there before to look at the things. I found I was in luck, for the store-keeper told me that it was not often that people could get berths on the little Oclawaha steamboats without engaging them some days ahead; but he had a couple of state-rooms left, for the boat that left Pilatka the next day. I took one room as quick as lightning, and I had just paid for the tickets when Mr. Chipperton and Corny walked in.

"How d'ye do?" said he, as cheerfully as if he had never gone off with another fellow's boat. "Buying tickets for the Oclawaha?"

I had to say yes, and then he wanted to know when we were going. I was n't very quick to answer; but the store-keeper said:

"He's just taken the last room but one in the boat that leaves Pilatka to-morrow morning."

"And when do you leave here to catch that boat," said Mr. Chipperton.

"This afternoon,—and stay all night at Pilatka."

"Oh father! father!" cried Corny, who had been standing with her eyes and ears wide open, all this time, "let's go! let's go!"

"I believe I will," said Mr. Chipperton,—"I believe I will. You say you have one more room. All right. I'll take it. This will be very pleasant, indeed," said he, turning to me. "It will be quite a party. It's ever so much better to go to such places in a party. We've been thinking of going for some time, and I'm so glad I happened in here now. Good-bye. We'll see you this afternoon at the depot."

I did n't say anything about being particularly glad, but just as I left the door, Corny ran out after me.

"Do you think it would be any good to take a fishing-line?" she cried.

"Guess you'd better," I shouted back, and then I ran home, laughing.

"Here are the tickets!" I cried out to Rectus, "and we've got to be at the station by four o'clock this afternoon. There's no backing out, now."

"Who wants to back out?" said Rectus, looking up from his trunk, into which he had been diving:

"Can't say," I answered. "But I know one person who wont back out."

"Who's that?"

"Corny," said I.

Rectus stood up.

"Cor——!" he exclaimed.

"Ny," said I, "and father and mother. They took the only room left,—engaged it while I was there."

"Can't we sell our tickets?" asked Rectus.

"Don't know," said I. "But what's the good? Who's going to be afraid of a girl,—or a whole family, for that matter. We're in for it now."

Rectus didn't say anything, but his expression saddened.

We had studied out this trip the night before, and knew just what we had to do. We first went from St. Augustine, on the sea-coast, to Tocoï, on the St. John's River, by a railroad fifteen miles long. Then we took a steamboat up the St. John's to Pilatka, and the next morning left for the Oclawaha, which runs into the St. John's about twenty-five miles above, on the other side of the river.

We found the Corny family at the station, all right, and Corny immediately informed me that she had a fishing-line, but did n't bring a pole, because her father said he could cut her one, if it was needed. He did n't know whether it was "throw-out" fishing or not, on that river.

There used to be a wooden railroad here, and the cars were pulled by mules. It was probably more fun to travel that way, but it took longer. Now they have steel rails and everything that a regular grown-up railroad has. We knew the engineer, for Mr. Cholott had introduced us to him one day, on the club-house wharf. He was a first-rate fellow, and let us ride on the engine. I did n't believe, at first, that Rectus would do this; but there was only one passenger car, and after the Corny family got into that, he did n't hesitate a minute about the engine.

We had a splendid ride. We went slashing along through the woods the whole way, and as neither of us had ever ridden on an engine before, we made the best of our time. We found out what every crank and handle was for and kept a sharp look-out ahead, through the little windows in the cab. If we had caught an alligator on the cow-catcher, the thing would have been complete. The engineer said there used to be alligators along by the road, in the swampy places, but he guessed the engine had frightened most of them away.

The trip did n't take forty minutes, so we had scarcely time to learn the whole art of engine-driving, but we were very glad to have had the ride.

We found the steamboat waiting for us at Tocoï, which is such a little place that I don't believe either of us noticed it, as we hurried aboard. The St. John's is a splendid river, as wide as a young lake; but we did not have much time to see it, as it grew dark pretty soon, and the supper-bell rang.

We reached Pilatka pretty early in the evening, and there we had to stay all night. Mr. Chipperton told me, confidentially, that he thought this whole arrangement was a scheme to make money



out of travelers. The boat we were in ought to have kept on and taken us up the Oclawaha; "but," said he, "I suppose that would n't suit the hotel-keepers. I expect they divide the profits with the boats."

By good luck, I thought, the Corny family and ourselves went to different hotels to spend the night. When I congratulated Rectus on this fact, he only said:

"It don't matter for one night. We'll catch 'em all bad enough to-morrow."

And he was right. When we went down to the wharf the next morning to find the Oclawaha boat, the first persons we saw were Mr. Chipperton, with his wife and daughter. They were standing, gazing at the steamboat which was to take us on our trip.

"Is n't this a funny boat?" said Corny, as soon as she saw us. It was a very funny boat. It was not much longer than an ordinary tug, and quite narrow, but was built up as high as a two-story house, and the wheel was in the stern. Rectus compared her to a river wheelbarrow.

Soon after we were on board, she started off, and then we had a good chance to see the St. John's. We had been down to look at the river before, for we got up very early and walked about the town. It is a pretty sort of a new place, with wide streets and some handsome houses. The people have orange groves in their gardens instead of potato-patches,—as we have up north. Before we started, we hired a rifle. We had been told that there was plenty of game on the river, and that most gentlemen who took the trip carried guns. Rectus wanted to get two rifles, but I thought one was enough. We could take turns, and I knew I'd feel safer if I had nothing to do but to keep my eye on Rectus while he had the gun.

There were not many passengers on board, and indeed there was not room for more than twenty-five or thirty. Most of them who could find places sat out on a little upper deck, in front of the main cabin, which was in the top story. Mrs. Chipperton, however, staid in the saloon, or dining-room, and looked out of the windows. She was a quiet woman, and had an air as if she had to act as shaft-horse for the team, and was pretty well used to holding back. And I reckon she had a good deal of it to do.

One party attracted our attention as soon as we went aboard. It was made up of a lady and two gentlemen-hunters. The lady was n't a hunter, but she was dressed in a suitable costume to go about with fellows who had on hunting-clothes. The men wore long yellow boots that came ever so far up their legs, and they had on all the belts and hunting fixings that the law allows. The lady wore yellow gloves to match the men's boots. As we

were going up the St. John's, the two men strode about, in an easy kind of a way, as if they wanted us to understand that this sort of thing was nothing to them. They were used to it, and could wear that style of boots every day if they wanted to. Rectus called them "the yellow-legged party," which was n't a bad name.

After steaming about twenty-five miles up the St. John's River, we went in close to the western shore, and then made a sharp turn into a narrow opening between the tall trees, and sailed right into the forest.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE STEAMBOAT IN THE FOREST.

WE were in a narrow river, where the tall trees met overhead, while their lower branches and the smaller trees brushed against the little boat as it steamed along. This was the Oclawaha River, and Rectus and I thought it was as good as fairy-land. We stood on the bow of the boat, which was n't two feet above the water, and took in everything there was to see.

The river wound around in among the great trees, so that we seldom could see more than a few hundred yards ahead, and every turn we made showed us some new picture of green trees and hanging moss and glimpses into the heart of the forest, while everything was reflected in the river, which was as quiet as a looking-glass.

"Talk of theaters!" said Rectus.

"No, don't!" said I.

At this moment we both gave a little jump, for a gun went off just behind us. We turned around quickly and saw that the tall yellow-legs had just fired at a big bird. He did n't hit it.

"Hello!" said Rectus, "we'd better get our gun. The game is beginning to show itself." And off he ran for the rifle.

I did n't know that Rectus had such a blood-thirsty style of mind; but there were a good many things about him that I did n't know. When he came back, he loaded the rifle, which was a little breech-loader, and began eagerly looking about for game.

Corny had been on the upper deck; but in a minute or two she came running out to us.

"Oh! do you know," she called out, "that there are alligators in this river? Do you think they could crawl up into the boat? We go awfully near shore sometimes. They sleep on shore. I do hope I'll see one soon."

"Well, keep a sharp lookout, and perhaps you may," said I.

She sat down on a box near the edge of the deck and peered into the water and along the shore as



if she had been sent there to watch for breakers ahead. Every now and then she screamed out:

"There's one! There! There! There!"

But it was generally a log, or a reflection, or something else that was not an alligator.

Of course we were very near both shores at all times, for the river is so narrow that a small boy could throw a ball over it; but occasionally the deeper part of the channel flowed so near one shore that we ran right up close to the trees, and the branches flapped up against the people on the little forward deck, making the ladies, especially the lady belonging to the yellow-legged party, crouch and scream as if some wood-demon had stuck a hand into the boat and made a grab for their bonnets.

This commotion every now and then, and the almost continual reports from the guns on board, and Corny's screams when she thought she saw an alligator, made the scene quite lively.

Rectus and I took a turn every half-hour at the rifle. It was really a great deal more agreeable to look out at the beautiful pictures that came up before us every few minutes; but as we had the gun, we could n't help keeping up a watch for game, besides.

"There!" I whispered to Rectus; "see that big bird! on that limb! Take a crack at him!"

It was a water-turkey, and he sat placidly on a limb close to the water's edge, and about a boat's length ahead of us.

Rectus took a good aim. He slowly turned as the boat approached the bird, keeping his aim upon him, and then he fired.

The water-turkey stuck out his long, snake-like neck and said:

"Quee! Quee! Quee!"

And then he ran along the limb quite gayly.

"Bang! Bang!" went the guns of the yellow-legs, and the turkey actually stopped and looked back. Then he said:

"Quee! Quee!" again, and ran in among the thick leaves.

I believe I could have hit him with a stone.

"It don't seem to be any use," said Mr. Chiperton, who was standing behind us, "to fire at the birds along this river. They know just what to do. I'm almost sure I saw that bird wink. It would n't surprise me if the fellows that own the rifles are in conspiracy with these birds. They let out rifles that won't hit, and the birds know it, and sit there and laugh at the passengers. Why, I tell you, sir, if the people who travel up and down this river were all regular shooters, there would n't be a bird left in six months."

At this moment Corny saw an alligator,—a real one. It was lying on a log, near shore, and just ahead of the boat. She set up such a yell that it made every one of us jump, and her mother came

rushing out of the saloon to see if she was dead. The alligator, which was a good-sized fellow, was so scared that he just slid off his log without taking time to get decently awake, and before any one but Rectus and myself had a chance to see it. The ladies were very much annoyed at this, and urged Corny to scream softly the next time she saw one. Alligators were pretty scarce this trip for some reason or other. For one thing, the weather was not very warm, and they don't care to come out in the open air unless they can give their cold bodies a good warming up.

Corny now went up on the upper deck, because she thought that she might see alligators farther ahead if she got up higher. In five minutes, she had her hat taken off by a branch of a tree, which swept upon her, as she was leaning over the rail. She called to the pilot to stop the boat and go back for her hat, but the captain, who was up in the pilot-house, stuck out his head and said he reckoned she'd have to wait until they came back. The hat would hang there for a day or two. Corny made no answer to this, but disappeared into the saloon.

In a little while, she came out on the lower deck, wearing a seal-skin hat. She brought a stool with her, and put it near the bow of the boat, a little in front and on one side of the box on which Rectus and I were sitting. Then she sat quietly down and gazed out ahead. The seal-skin cap was rather too warm for the day, perhaps, but she looked very pretty in it.

Directly, she looked around at us.

"Where do you shoot alligators?" said she.

"Anywhere, where you may happen to see them," said I, laughing. "On the land, in the water, or wherever they may be."

"I mean in what part of their bodies?" said she.

"Oh! in the eye," I answered.

"Either eye?" she asked.

"Yes; it don't matter which. But how are you going to hit them?"

"I've got a revolver," said she.

And she turned around like the turret of an iron-clad, until the muzzle of a big seven-shooter pointed right at us.

"My conscience!" I exclaimed, "where did you get that? Don't point it this way!"

"Oh! it's father's. He let me have it. I am going to shoot the first alligator I see. You need n't be afraid of my screaming this time," and she revolved back to her former position.

"One good thing," said Rectus to me in a low voice, "her pistol is n't cocked."

I had noticed this, and I hoped also that it was n't loaded.

"Which eye do you shut?" said Corny, turning suddenly upon us.



"Both!" said Rectus.

She did not answer, but looked at me, and I told her to shut her left eye, but to be very particular not to turn around again without lowering her pistol.

She resumed her former position, and we breathed a little easier, although I thought that it might be well for us to go to some other part of the boat until she had finished her sport.

I was about to suggest this to Rectus, when sud-

hammer and lets it down,—the most unsafe things that any one can carry.

"Too bad!" she exclaimed. "I believe it was only a log! But wont you please load it up again for me? Here are some cartridges."

"Corny!" said I, "how would you like to have our rifle? It will be better than a pistol for you."

She agreed, instantly, to this exchange, and I showed her how to hold and manage the gun. I



"BANG! BANG! BANG! — SEVEN TIMES."

denly Corny sprang to her feet, and began blazing away at something ahead. Bang! bang! bang! she went, seven times.

"Why, she did n't stop once to cock it!" cried Rectus, and I was amazed to see how she had fired so rapidly. But as soon as I had counted seven, I stepped up to her and took her pistol. She explained to me how it worked. It was one of those pistols in which the same pull of the trigger jerks up the

did n't think it was a very good thing for a girl to have, but it was a great deal safer than the pistol for the people on board. The latter I put in my pocket.

Corny made one shot, but did no execution. The other gunners on board had been firing away, for some time, at two little birds that kept ahead of us, skinning along over the water, just out of reach of the shot that was sent scattering after them.



"I think it's a shame," said Corny, "to shoot such little birds as that. They can't eat 'em."

"No," said I; "and they can't hit 'em either, which is a great deal better."

But very soon after this, the shorter yellow-legged man did hit a bird. It was a water-turkey, that had been sitting on a tree, just as we turned a corner. The big bird spread out its wings, made a doleful flutter, and fell into the underbrush by the shore.

"Wont they stop to get him?" asked Corny, with her eyes open as wide as they would go.

One of the hands was standing by, and he laughed.

"Stop the boat when a man shoots a bird? I reckon not. And there is n't anybody that would go into all that underbrush and water only for a bird like that, anyway."

"Well, I think it's murder," cried Corny. "I thought they ate 'em. Here! Take your gun. I'm much obliged; but I don't want to kill things just to see them fall down and die."

I took the gun very willingly,—although I did not think that Corny would injure any birds with it,—but I asked her what she thought about alligators. She certainly had not supposed that they were killed for food.

"Alligators are wild beasts," she said. "Give me my pistol. I am going to take it back to father."

And away she went. Rectus and I did not keep up our rifle practice much longer. We could n't hit anything, and the thought that if we should wound or kill a bird, it would be of no earthly good to us or anybody else, made us follow Corny's example, and we put away our gun. But the other gunners did not stop. As long as daylight lasted a ceaseless banging was kept up.

We were sitting on the forward deck looking out at the beautiful scenes through which we were passing, and occasionally turning back to see that none of the gunners posted themselves where they might make our positions uncomfortable, when Corny came back to us.

"Can either of you speak French?" she asked.

Rectus could n't; but I told her that I understood the language tolerably well, and asked her why she wished to know.

"It's just this," she said. "You see those two men with yellow boots and the lady with them? She's one of their wives."

"How many wives have they got?" interrupted Rectus, speaking to Corny almost for the first time.

"I mean she is the wife of one of them, of course," she answered, a little sharply, and then

she turned herself somewhat more toward me.

"And the whole set try to make out they're French, for they talk it nearly all the time. But they're not French, for I heard them talk a good deal better English than they can talk French; and every time a branch nearly hits her, that lady sings out in regular English. And, besides, I know that their French is n't French French, because I can understand a great deal of it, and if it was, I could n't do it. I can talk French a good deal better than I can understand it, anyway. The French people jumble everything up so, that I can't make head or tail of it. Father says he don't wonder they have had so many revolutions when they can't speak their own language more distinctly. He tried to learn it, but did n't keep it up long, and so I took lessons. For when we go to France, one of us ought to know how to talk, or we shall be cheated dreadfully. Well, you see over on the little deck, up there, is that gentleman with his wife and a young lady, and they're all traveling together, and these make-believe French people have been jabbering about them ever so long, thinking that nobody else on board understands French. But I listened to them. I could n't make out all they said, but I could tell that they were saying all sorts of things about those other people, and trying to settle which lady the gentleman was married to, and they made a big mistake, too, for they said the small lady was the one."

"How do you know they were wrong?" I said.

"Why, I went to the gentleman and asked him. I guess he ought to know. And now, if you'll come up there, I'd just like to show those people that they can't talk out loud about the other passengers, and have nobody know what they're saying."

"You want to go there and talk French, so as to show them that you understand it?" said I.

"Yes," answered Corny; "that's just it."

"All right; come along," said I. "They may be glad to find out that you know what they're talking about."

And so we all went to the upper deck, Rectus as willing as anybody to see the fun.

Corny seated herself on a little stool near the yellow-legged party, the men of which had put down their guns for a time. Rectus and I sat on the forward railing near her. Directly she cleared her throat, and then, after looking about her on each side, said to me, in very distinct tones:

"*Voy-ezz vous cet homme ett ses ducks femmys seelah?*"\*

I came near roaring out laughing, but I managed to keep my face straight, and said: "Oui."

"Well, then,—I mean *Bean donk lah peetit*

\* "*Voyez-vous cet homme et ces deux femmes celà?*"—Do you see that man and those two women there?



*femmy nest pah lah femmy due hommy. Lah oter femmy este sah femmy.*"\*

At this, there was no holding in any longer. I burst out laughing, so that I came near falling off the railing; Rectus laughed because I did; the gentleman with the wife and the young lady laughed madly, and Mr. Chipperton, who came out of the saloon on hearing the uproar, laughed quite cheerfully, and asked what it was all about. But Corny did n't laugh. She turned around short to see what effect her speech had had on the yellow-legged party. It had a good deal of effect. They

she knew. Her mother held her back a good deal, no doubt; but her father seemed more like a boy-companion than anything else, and if Corny had n't been a very smart girl, she would have been a pretty bad kind of a girl by this time. But she was n't anything of the sort, although she did do and say everything that came into her head to say or do. Rectus did not agree with me about Corny. He did n't like her.

When it grew dark, I thought we should stop somewhere for the night, for it was hard enough for the boat to twist and squeeze herself along the



"VOY-EZZ VOWS CETT HOMMY ETT SES DUCKS FEMMYS SEELAH?"

reddened and looked at us. Then they drew their chairs closer together and turned their backs to us. What they thought, we never knew; but Corny declared to me afterward that they talked no more French,—at least when she was about.

The gentleman who had been the subject of Corny's French discourse called her over to him, and the four had a gay talk together. I heard Corny tell them that she never could pronounce French in the French way. She pronounced it just as it was spelt, and her father said that ought to be the rule with every language. She had never had a regular teacher; but if people laughed so much at the way she talked, perhaps her father ought to get her one.

I liked Corny better the more I knew of her. It was easy to see that she had taught herself all that

river in broad daylight. She bumped against big trees that stood on the edge of the stream, and swashed through bushes that stuck out too far from the banks; but she was built for bumping and scratching, and did n't mind it. Sometimes, she would turn around a corner, and make a short cut through a whole plantation of lily-pads and spatter-docks,—or things like them,—and she would scrape over a sunken log as easily as a wagon-wheel rolls over a stone. She drew only two feet of water, and was flat-bottomed. When she made a very short turn, the men had to push her stern around with poles. Indeed, there was a man with a pole at the bow a good deal of the time, and sometimes he had more pushing off to do than he could manage by himself.

When Mr. Chipperton saw what tight places we

\* "*Bien donc, la petite femme n'est pas la femme du homme. La autre femme est sa femme.*"—Well then, the little woman is not the wife of the man. The other woman is his wife. [Of course, the French in this, and the preceding, foot-note is Corny's.—THE AUTHOR.]



had to squeeze through, he admitted that it was quite proper not to try to bring the big steamboats up here.

But the boat did n't stop. She kept right on. She had to go a hundred and forty miles up that narrow river, and if she made the whole trip from Pilatka and back in two days, she had no time to lose. So, when it was dark, a big iron box was set up on top of the pilot-house, and a fire was built in it of pine-knots and bits of fat pine. This blazed finely, and lighted up the river and the trees on each side, and sometimes threw out such a light that we could see quite a distance ahead. Everybody came out to see the wonderful sight. It was more like fairy-land than ever. When the fire died down a little, the distant scenery seemed to fade away and become indistinct and shadowy, and the great trees stood up like their own ghosts all around us; and then, when fresh knots were thrown in, the fire would blaze up, and the whole scene would be lighted up again, and every tree and bush, and almost every leaf, along the water's edge would be tipped with light, while everything was reflected in the smooth, glittering water.

Rectus and I could hardly go in to supper, and we got through the meal in short order. We staid out on deck until after eleven o'clock, and Corny staid with us a good part of the time. At last, her father came down after her, for they were all going to bed.

"This is a grand sight," said Mr. Chipperton. "I never saw anything to equal it in any transformation scene at a theater. Some of our theater-people ought to come down here and study it up, so as to get up something of the kind for exhibition in the cities."

Just before we went into bed, our steam-whistle began to sound, and away off in the depths of the forest we could hear every now and then another whistle. The captain told us that there was a boat coming down the river, and that she would soon pass us. The river did not look wide enough for two boats; but when the other whistle sounded as if it were quite near, we ran our boat close into shore among the spatterdocks in a little cove, and waited there, leaving the channel for the other boat.

Directly, it came around a curve just ahead of us,

and truly it was a splendid sight. The lower part of the boat was all lighted up, and the fire was blazing away grandly in its iron box, high up in the air.

To see such a glowing, sparkling apparition as this come sailing out of the depths of the dark forest, was grand! Rectus said he felt like bursting into poetry; but he did n't. He was n't much on rhymes. He had opportunity enough, though, to get up a pretty good sized poem, for we were kept awake a long time after we went to bed by the boughs of the trees on shore scratching and tapping against the outside of our state-room.

When we went out on deck next morning the first person we saw was Corny holding on to the flag-staff at the bow and looking over the edge of the deck into the water.

"What are you looking at?" said I, as we went up to her.

"See there!" she cried. "See that turtle! And those two fishes! Look! look!"

We did n't need to be told twice to look. The water was just as clear as crystal, and you could see the bottom everywhere, even in the deepest places, with the great rocks covered with some glittering green substance that looked like emerald slabs, and the fish and turtles swimming about as if they thought there was no one looking at them.

I could n't understand how the water had become so clear; but I was told that we had left the river proper and were now in a stream that flowed from Silver Spring, which was the end of our voyage into the cypress woods. The water in the spring and in this stream was almost transparent,—very different from the regular water of the river.

About ten o'clock, we reached Silver Spring, which is like a little lake, with some houses on the bank. We made fast at a wharf, and, as we were to stop here some hours, everybody got ready to go ashore.

Corny was the first one ready. Her mother thought she ought not to go, but her father said there was no harm in it.

"If she does," said Mrs. Chipperton, "she'll get herself into some sort of a predicament before she comes back."

I found that in such a case as this Mrs. Chipperton was generally right.

(To be continued.)



## LA CHANSON DE L'HIVER: WINTER SONG.

BY MARIANA B. SLADE.

NO more the birds, *les oiseaux*, sing;  
 The trees, *les arbres*, their leaves have lost;  
 See snow, *la neige*, o'er every thing,  
 And feel *la gelée*, or the frost.  
*L'Hiver*, the Winter, now has come,  
 Bringing us *Noël*, Christmas day.  
*Les ruisseaux*, brooks, with ice are dumb,  
 And in the snow *les enfants* play.

*Décembre*, December, *Janvier*,  
 Or January, these are two  
 Of Winter's months, then *Février*,  
 The short month, and our Winter 's through.  
 So let the leaves, *les feuilles*, fly;  
 Southward, *au Sud*, the birdlings go;  
 They 'll back again come, by and by,  
 When Spring, *le Printemps*, melts the snow.

## POLLY HERSEY'S PET.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

IT was Polly's,—whatever anybody may say,—for she baited the trap and set it, and caught the little fellow, and fed him afterward, and named him John Henry.

He was a young rat, not much bigger than—well, not much bigger than a goose's egg, which everybody knows the size of, of course. He was soft and silky, delicate shades of slate color losing themselves in the tenderest shades of gray, and a tail about the size of a bran, span, new slate-pencil,—and such ears! They looked like little brown shells, in which was the daintiest shade of pink, and they were so thin that Polly could see the light shining through them. As for John Henry's eyes, they were no better looking than two jet black—no, black jet beads, and they twinkled, and twinkled, and twinkled. Such hands as John Henry had! Delicate little fingers, about as big around as fine zephyr needles, and about as long as Polly's eyelashes.

I have drawn John Henry's portrait carefully, because he was for some time quite an important member of our family, and Polly's chief pet. He was a baby rat when she caught him in the cage-like trap, but he grew wonderfully, and became very tame. He must have been in the trap for some time when Polly discovered him, for he was nearly starved; his hunger made him lose all fear and take food directly from Polly's hand, and Polly fed him with all sorts of nice things,—bits of cake, pieces of meat, scraps of cheese, and finally topped off the fine meal with a thimble-full of milk,

which he drank so greedily that we could see him "swelling wisely before our wery eyes."

And from that day—when sitting up on his hind-legs and washing his dainty little hands with his pink little tongue, he looked into Polly's face and saw the goodness there—he and she became fast friends. Polly was n't afraid of him,—not a bit. She would put her hands into the trap and stroke his ratship's back, and even tickle his ears with his tail, without remonstrance. John Henry grew tamer and tamer. He would run and find Polly in any part of the house if she called him, and he would search Polly's pockets for sweetmeats, and sometimes he would crawl into the depths of her cloak pockets, nestle down there among the gloves and the handkerchief, and take a nap. You see Polly's cloak hung just over the hall register, and was always warm and comfortable.

One Sunday morning, just as Polly was starting for Sunday-school in all the glory of her new seal-skin cloak, it began to rain, and as a wetting is rather bad for fur, Aunt Elinor was forced to insist on Polly's changing her new cloak for her old one.

"The idea," said Polly, "of anybody wearing an every-day cloak to Sunday-school! Nobody ever heard of such a thing. I shall be ashamed all the time."

But Aunt Nell insisted, and so Polly made the best of it, and off she went, brushing a great tear-drop from her eye as she shut the door.

It was late when Polly reached the Sunday-



school, and the services had begun. They were just singing. Polly took her place in her class as quickly as she could, and got settled just in time for the Superintendent's prayer. The school was very quiet; it was a very good school, and you might have heard a pin drop while Mr. ——— was praying. Polly had bowed her head with the rest, and was trying to understand every word of the prayer, when the little girl next to her shrieked, and then another little girl shrieked, and then all the little girls of Polly's class jumped up on the

they were after, and what it all was about; and she opened her eyes very wide at such a confusion in Sunday-school. She had just made up her mind that it must be a rat, when he jumped right out from behind the book-case. Polly saw him, and gave a little cry.

"My, my," she said, "it is John Henry!"

And sure enough it was, and Polly caught him easily enough, poor little fellow, all bruised and bleeding, and frightened almost to death. And Polly rolled him up in her pocket handkerchief,



"SUCH CONFUSION IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL!"

benches, and then the teacher screamed, and then the boys in the next class began to say: "There he goes. Here he is—under this bench. No, he ain't; he's out in the aisle,"—all speaking right out in Sunday-school, and flinging Sunday-school books and hats and anything else they could lay hands on, at something on the floor. They made such a rumpus that nobody knew when the Superintendent said "Amen;" but presently he was among them with a cane, jabbing it under settees and under the book-cases, and anywhere else that he could jab it under. Then the sexton came with a poker, and he and the Superintendent rattled and banged away like everything.

Polly was bewildered,—she did n't know what

and walked out of school, with a sense of personal injury on her face such as I never saw before.

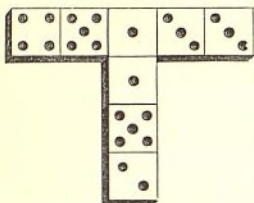
"The idea," she said, "of being afraid of John Henry!"

And poor John Henry was sick for a long time afterward. He never wanted to go to Sunday-school again, you may be sure. And you may be equally sure that the Superintendent did n't want him there. Polly bandaged him, and bathed his bruised nose, and fed him on spoon-food for some days, and to the delight of her dear little heart, John Henry recovered. He is now a very dignified and gray old rat, and Polly says he winks knowingly, as much as to say "Rather not," whenever he hears Sunday-school mentioned.



## NEW DOMINO GAMES.

BY ARLO BATES.



THE game of dominos has never had very great popularity in America, and, indeed, has not received the attention that it deserves. Less laborious than chess, and less exciting than cards, it still has a very pleasant mingling of the skill and chance of both. In Prussia, grave old gentlemen will sit for hours over a game of dominos, playing each piece with as much deliberation as if they were handling chess-men.

Happening to be boarding, through a long convalescence, with some friends who had somewhere learned the game of "Bid," we invented two others, and all three of the games we played are described below. All are founded upon the principles of different games at cards, and vary considerably from the old "Muggins," "Bergen Game," etc.

## "BID."

This game may be played by not less than two or more than five persons. The dominos are reckoned in suits from the doublet downward. Thus, in the suit of sixes, the double-six is the highest, the six-five next, the six-four, six-three, etc., to the six-blank. In fives, the double-five, five-six, five-four, etc. In blanks the double-blank, blank-six, blank-five, etc. Observe that all the pieces excepting the doublets count in two suits.

The game is thirty-two,—one being counted for each trick taken when a bid is successful,—and five tricks make a hand.

The dominos having been properly shuffled, five are dealt to each player. The one at the dealer's left then "bids" for tricks. That is, out of the five tricks which make the hand he offers to take a certain number. If he bids for less than five, the player on his left has the privilege of overbidding him. Whoever bids for the highest number of tricks chooses the trumps, and leads. All dominos excepting trumps call suit to the end having most spots, all trumps being played and called in the suit of trumps instead of their own. A player is obliged to follow suit when he has it. Doublets, being the highest in their respective suits, if led, can only be taken by trumps. If played, however, they do not take a trick, unless in suit to the larger end of the piece led. Trumps and dominos led are taken by a piece higher in their respective suits.

The person making trumps must take all the

tricks for which he bids, and can count no more; if he fails to take them, his score is to be set back as much as he has bid; except when the game is between two persons only, in which case the number bidden for by the loser should be added to the score of his opponent. Thus, if a player bids for four tricks, he can count but four although he take all the hand. If he fail to take four, his score is diminished by that number; or, if two play, his adversary's is increased by four.

The policy of the game is only to be learned by experience, but a few suggestions to beginners may not be amiss. In deciding how many tricks to bid for, it is usually safe to count all the dominos in the same suit (that suit to be made trumps), and the doublets held. Care must, however, be taken not to depend too much on trumps which are low in their suits; though the smaller the number of players, the greater the risks one may run. It is an advantage to have the lead, so that it is usually best in bidding for any less than five, while playing trumps or doublets first, to retain a trump with which to recover the lead, if lost.

As illustration, suppose two persons, A and B, to be playing. A deals, and in his own hand finds the six-four, five-one, six-blank, five-blank and double-blank. B has the six-five, four-two, three-one, three-blank and double-two. It is B's first "bid," and he says, "I will bid for three tricks."

"I will bid for four," A replies; "and I make blanks trumps."

He then plays the double-blank. B follows with the three-blank, as he must match a trump with a trump if possible. A leads the six-blank, and B, having no trump, puts down his lowest piece, the three-one. A plays the six-four, to which B must give his six-five as "suit" to the larger end. This wins the trick for B who leads double-two, his best domino. Fortunately for A he has no two, and so is at liberty to take the doublet with his trump, five-blank. He then lays down his five-one, which B cannot take as he has no suit. Thus A wins his four tricks and scores four points. If B had not been over-bid he would have named twos as trumps, playing double-two, six-five and four-two in succession.

## "DRAW BID"

differs from the plain game only in allowing bids to run above the five tricks which make the original hand. A player may bid for as many tricks as he chooses, his only limit being that there must be



dominos dealt to each player to equal the bid. Thus, when two play, the bids cannot run above fourteen; when four play, not above seven. The bids above five must be made blindly—that is, before the extra dominos for that bid are dealt. Thus, holding five in hand, a player bids seven, and then two dominos are dealt to each player. If then another player bids eight, another piece is dealt to each, and so on.

#### "WESTPHALIAN GAME."

Played by two or three players. The suits count as before, except that the double-blank is always the highest trump, no matter what suit is turned for trumps. The doublet next below the doublet of trumps is third in the game, but is called and played in its own suit. After this, dominos of the suit of trumps come in order. Thus, if fives are trumps, the double-blank is highest, then double-five, double-four, five-six, five-four, etc. If ones are trumps, double-blank, double-one, double-six, one-six, one-five, etc.

The counts are as follows, the game being thirty-two: The first trick played counts one; the last two tricks count one each; one is scored for any three tricks taken without the introduction of a trump. [There is one exception to this,—if the doublet below trumps which is the third in the game takes a trick *by its power as third in the game*, the trick is not to be counted as one of the three by suit.] At the end of a hand, the excess of doublets held by any player is added to his score.

Five dominos are dealt as in "Bid," the dealer ending by turning up a domino, the larger end of which indicates the suit of trumps. If the double-blank is turned, sixes are trumps. The player on the left of the dealer has the liberty of rejecting any one of his own dominos, and taking the turned trump in its stead. If he passes, the next player has the same right. If it comes to the dealer and he passes also, he must turn it down, and turn a fresh trump, which, however, must not be in the suit rejected. The choice of discarding for the new trump belongs as before to the player at the dealer's left; and the person taking up the trump has the lead. As fast as a player plays a piece, he draws one from the pool, keeping five constantly in hand until all the dominos are distributed.

As in "Bid," suit must be followed. The main points are to secure as many doublets as possible, securing the first and last two points, and while, if possible, getting "three by suit" yourself, to prevent this in your opponent. Use small trumps if you can in taking doublets and third tricks.

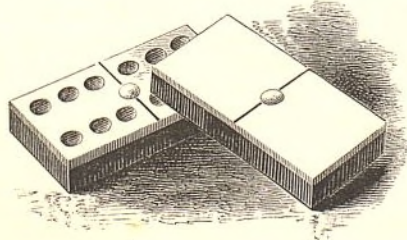
#### "ST. GEORGE'S GAME."

This game, which is somewhat more complicated than the two former, is played by two or four persons. The blank-one, the blank-two, the blank-four, and the double-one, are not used in the game. The one-two, blank-three, and double-blank, are all counted in the suit of trumps, whatever it happens to be. The double-three is always highest in the game, but is played and called in its own suit; it will, however, take either the double-blank or doublet of trumps if played to them. The order of value is double-three, double-blank, doublet of trumps, the suit of trumps in order, the blank-three, the one-two.

Five are dealt and pieces drawn as in "Westphalian." The dealer turns the trump, which must be taken by the player on his left, who rejects one piece of his own. The double-blank or a double-three turned makes sixes trumps.

A "hand" is all the play between one deal and the next. The tricks of each hand are divided into sets of three each. A "set" consists of three tricks in succession, beginning with the first, fourth, seventh, etc. Thus the first set would be the first, second and third tricks; the next, the fourth, fifth and sixth. With two players, a hand will consist of four sets; with four of but two. Each set scores one. If the side that takes the first trick of a set takes also the two remaining tricks, it scores one. If it fails to take the whole set, one point is scored for the other side. The double-three, the double-blank, and the doublet of trumps, score one each for the side holding them at the end of a hand. It follows that, with two players, seven points will be scored for every hand, and with four players five points.

The main objects in the game are to force the first point of each set upon your opponent, and afterward secure the second or third. If a player is forced to take the first of a set, he must use every endeavor to secure the two others. The game is twenty-seven.





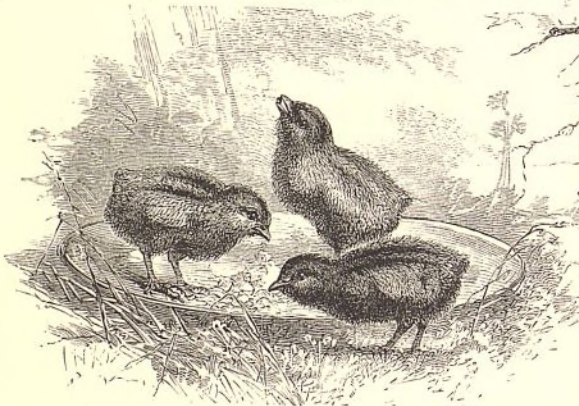
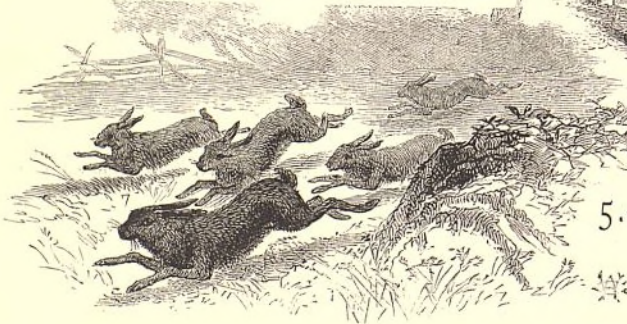
## COUNTERS.

BY AUNT SUE.

1.—ONE



little lady, very nicely dressed.

2.—Two little dickey-birds,  
perched upon a nest.3.—THREE little chickies,  
feeding from a plate.4.—FOUR little children,  
swinging on a gate.5.—FIVE little rabbits,  
frightened by a gun.



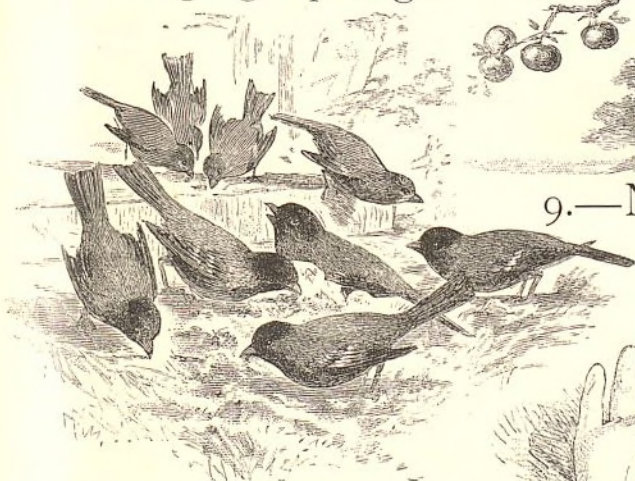
6.—Six little piggies, running  
like fun.



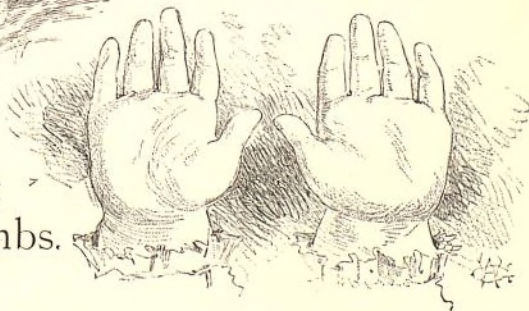
7.—SEVEN pretty swal-  
lows, crossing the sky.



8.—EIGHT nice apples,  
hanging up high.



9.—NINE little sparrows,  
picking up crumbs.



10.—TEN little fingers, but  
two of them are thumbs.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SOMEHOW, your Jack never says to himself as the months come around: "What *shall* I talk to my youngsters about, this time?" No, indeed. It's always "What can I bear to withhold of all that I wish to tell them?" And the ST. NICHOLAS echo invariably answers:

"Confine yourself to two pages, by the clock!"

Think of that, now, for a pulpit speaker! Two pages, indeed! Why, it does n't even give you time to fall asleep!

Did you have a merry Christmas, my holiday-keepers? Were your stockings full, your trees loaded?

Oho! Talking of "loaded" reminds me to pass over to you something from

#### SILAS GREEN, ON PISTOLS.

DEACON GREEN has sent me a few remarks about boys who carry loaded pistols,—none of my boys, of course.

Here are some of them,—the remarks, not the boys,—and I'll leave all sensible fellows to draw their own conclusions therefrom.

"I never could understand," the Deacon says, "why a boy should carry a pistol. A pistol is a very peculiar fire-arm; it is made for a very peculiar purpose. It is quite natural for some boys to want rifles or shot-guns, with which they may kill game; but a pistol is intended to kill human beings, and this is about all it is good for. There are very few boys in this country who could shoot a bird or a rabbit with a pistol, and any one who should go out hunting with a pistol would be laughed at. This being the case, why should a boy want a pistol? What human beings would he like to kill?"

"It is useless to say that he may need his pistol for purposes of defense. Not one boy in a thousand is ever placed in such a position that he need defend himself with a pistol. But it often has happened that boys who carried loaded pistols thought that

it would be a manly thing, under certain circumstances, to use them, and yet, when the time came and they killed somebody, they only brought down misery on themselves and their families. And this, too, in many a case where, if no one present had had a pistol, the affair would have passed off harmlessly, and been soon forgotten.

"But the way in which boys generally take human life with pistols is some accidental way. They do not kill highwaymen and robbers, but they kill their school-mates, or their brothers, or their sisters, or, in many cases, themselves. There is no school where boys are taught to properly handle and carry loaded pistols, so they usually have to learn these things by long practice. And, while they are learning, it is very likely that some one will be shot. I saw in a newspaper, not long ago, accounts of three fatal accidents, all of which happened on the same day, from careless use of fire-arms. And one of these dreadful mishaps was occasioned by a lad who carried a loaded pistol in his overcoat pocket, and who carelessly threw down the coat.

"And then, again, a boy ought to be ashamed to carry a pistol, especially a loaded one. The possession of such a thing is a proof that he expects to go among vicious people. If he goes into good society, and has honest, manly fellows for his companions, he will not need a pistol. A loaded pistol in a boy's pocket is not only useless and dangerous, but also it almost always stamps him as a bad boy, or one who wishes to associate with bad boys and vicious men."

#### A HINT CONCERNING OLD SKATES.

Boys! which of you has a pair of old skates lying around, besides the new ones given to you this last Christmas?

Lots of you, of course.

But, may be, some of you have n't any skates at all. Poor fellows! you'll be standing around, shivering, or stamping about to keep your toes warm, all the time the other fellows are skimming and cutting over the ice on their new skates, feeling as happy and warm as birds on the wing!

And the old skates?

Well, it does n't seem just right to have them lying idle at home, does it?

#### ECCENTRIC RIVERS.

A FRIEND, named Sarah Kellogg, writes me a curious thing about two of our Western rivers. On Wisconsin's northern line, a river—the Wisconsin—starts on its long journey. Hundreds of miles away to the south-east, the Fox has its rise. The one sweeps with broad direct current to the south; the other, deep and narrow, hastens to the north-west with seeming intent of emptying itself to swell the Wisconsin's flood. Through hundreds of miles they draw toward each other till an eye on the site of old Fort Winnebago could see between them scarce earth enough, as it were, for a wagon track. At the real divide of three miles, the streams, as in petulance, or sudden change of plan, turn from each other, one to the south-west to give its stained and bitter flood to the tropic Gulf, the



other to pour its sweet and limpid waters through the great linked lakes, the terrific cataract, and the thousand-isled river, into the Atlantic. Perhaps in the coral groves about the feet of the wading Flower State,—Florida,—the waters, so nearly united, so widely parted, may finally mingle.

At high water, the divide between the rivers is overflowed, and a wisp of straw thrown where the two currents meet is parted, one portion to be floated to the northern sea, the other to the southern.

GABRIELLE'S VALENTINE.

SOMEBODY, with the romantic name of "Gabrielle," sends this beautiful little picture to your Jack,



"SO APPROPRIATE FOR VALENTINE'S DAY!"

and says: "Be sure to show it to the children in the February St. NICHOLAS, as it is so appropriate for Valentine's Day!"

Now, why is it appropriate, I should like to know? and who ever heard of a boy with wings,—that is, on this earth? And, if it is suited to February, why is he dressed so coolly, or not dressed at all? And why are the flowers growing around him in that ridiculous way for the season? And what is he shooting? And if he hits, what is he going to do about it? And, if he does n't hit, what is the use of his shooting at all?

Your Jack does n't know what in the world to do with this picture; but perhaps some of you smart young folk will understand it.

If it were only a bird, now, or a kind of butterfly, there would be no trouble; but then, birds and

butterflies don't go around shooting among the flowers in February.

THE "UNFATHOMABLE" LAKE.

DEAR JACK: I think when I have told you what our young "Columbus" did, you will think he was persevering as well as brave. Six miles from our home in South Wales, high up on the mountains, was a dark, gloomy-looking lake, about two miles around. It was called Lake "Van Hit" from the mountain that overshadows it, and the people living near believed that it had no bottom.

"Why, it had been sounded with miles and miles of line without finding any bottom!" said these country-folk.

But our Columbus did n't believe everything the Welshmen told him, even if they did add, "Indeed, indeed, it is true." So he made up his mind to build a boat and carefully try the depth of the lake in every part.

This was easier said than done. The nearest point at which a boat or boat-builder could be found was twenty-two miles off! But

connected with our out-buildings were a carpenter's shop, blacksmith's forge, etc., and there was plenty of lumber lying about. So our young explorer began, and, single-handed, built a trim, sea-worthy boat, large enough to carry twelve men, fitting her with anchor, chain and all. But she had to be carried on the shoulders of men six miles to the lake! Then she was launched, and all but one of the men got in, with at least an assumed confidence in their Columbus. Rowing along and across the lake in every direction, the greatest depth was found to be forty-nine feet, with a bottom of soft brown mud! Feeling pretty safe now, the crew gave vent to their feelings in song and the drinking of much Welsh ale, so that a jollier set of adventurers surely never was afloat!

Their work accomplished, the crew—knowing that the superstitious mountaineers would not allow the boat to remain afloat—loaded her with stones and sank her in the deepest part of the lake. But the natives, not long afterward, built out a jetty and fished her up. Then they knocked her into splinters, but dared not carry them away: "For," said they, "Mother Shipton foretold that there would be a ship on Proll Van Hit, and then the world would come to an end!"

So these brave natives thought, I suppose, that by destroying the "ship," which had fulfilled the first part of the prophecy, they could put off the evil day a while longer. Anyhow, I guess the boat our brave Columbus built was the first that ever floated on the "unfathomable" lake.

B. P.



## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR magazine for November, page 28, contained a picture—"The Young Hunter"—to which, in the "Letter-Box" of the same issue, we invited our young readers to write stories, promising to print the picture again in our "Young Contributors' Department" with the best one of all the stories that should be sent in. The length of the story was limited to five hundred words.

Very many contributions came, to our gratification, some good, some poor, but all showing interest and painstaking, though a few were too inappropriate to the picture to enter into competition. Finally, after taking the ages of the writers and all other points into consideration, the examining committee united in giving the place of first merit to the story printed below. It was, however, very difficult to decide, for many of the contributions were very nearly equal to F. E. T.'s, especially one from M. A. L., a little girl of Southampton, England, and another from E. P. D., a Buffalo boy only nine years of age. Therefore, thanking all of the children for their efforts, and for the many delightful notes that accompanied the MSS., we print a list of all the boys and girls who sent in stories deserving mention:

## THE YOUNG HUNTER.



"BURYING HIS NOSE IN THE GROUND NEAR AN OLD STUMP."

KARL lived in the far West near the mountains. One November day, he sat by the fire, watching his grandmother mix the bread, when a rap came at the door of the little cabin.

"Those tramps!" said the old lady. "Karl, you go."

Karl obeyed; and, as he opened the door, started back much surprised, for there stood the tall figure of an old Indian.

He wore a dark leathern jacket, with trousers to the knees, ornamented with beads and feathers; moccasins on his feet and rings in his ears. Although his arms were filled with bows and arrows, he had not come for war, for he held one out, saying pleasantly,

"Wantee shoot? Wantee buy?"

"Oh, Grandmother," said Karl, "look at these!"

"But you have no money, Karl," said the grandmother.—"How much are they?"

Karl's face fell as the Indian answered:

"One dolla', bow and arrow."

"I have no money," said Karl.

"Is there nothing else you would take for one?" asked the old lady.

The Indian replied: "Me hungry, me want dinnee."

The old Indian went in and sat down by the log fire and warmed himself, while the grandmother placed upon the table some bread, milk and venison. When he had finished, he gave Karl a fine bow of ash, and three arrows, and then left.

Karl's eyes sparkled as he asked his grandmother to let him go out to shoot.

"I'll bring home a deer," said he.

He then left the house, and called to his dog Snyder.

He shot at several birds, but they all escaped him; and it became evident that it would take a great deal of practice for him to become a skillful archer. He was tired of shooting with such poor success, and so decided to go home, when he heard Snyder barking loudly.

On turning, he saw him burying his nose in the ground near an old stump. He ran hastily to it, looking eagerly to see what the dog was

barking at. It was a poor little bird which had not flown south early enough, and seemed frozen. He took it up and carried it carefully home, wrapped it in cotton and put it beside the fire, to see if it would revive. He then sat down to watch it, but soon, getting tired, he fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he heard a chirp, and looking up he saw the bird hopping about the floor. Karl spent the rest of the afternoon in keeping Snyder away from the bird, for the dog was very anxious for it.

That night, Karl told his father the whole story, and he was very much pleased. Karl then took the bird and opened a window so that it might be free again. It flew out in the moonlight, over those cold bleak mountains toward the sunny south.

So, good came of the young hunter's first trial after all.

FLORENCE E. TYNG. (Age, 13 years.)

## BOYS AND GIRLS WHOSE STORIES DESERVE MENTION.

Louise P. Russell—Mary Crosby White—Margaret Annis Lichfield—Mary Fitzgerald—Jessie Deane Brooks—Eben Pearson Durt—Katie S. Jacquelin—Mattie Hering—Grace Johnson—Clara Small—J. Maurice Thompson—Cornie May Benton—Katie Kolin—Fred L. Blodgett—W. A. King—Frank H. and Josie M. Nichols—Bertha Fleming—George R. Thoms—Nellie Stivers—Emma M. Kent—Carrie Crum—Pierson Durbrow—Myrta Howe—"Chub"—Kate M. Ogden—Hittie Chittenden—George W. Pepper—Gertrude Medkott—Lennie March Jewitt—Isabella S. Baldwin—Fred Betts Wright—Jane Thumith—Thomas Hunt—Mary Howells—Mary H. Himes—Willie Curtis—Lou M. Andrews—Mary F. Child—May Wright—Eleanor Cox—Mary S. Holt—Mary Anna Winston—Harrie Humphreys—Inez Hilton—Bertha Bohun Devereux—Carrie Johnson—Carrie E. Beach—Frank G. Myers—Florence Read—Eddy H. Mason—Gertie C. Busby—Fannie Manniere—Clara Smith—Bessie C. Borney



Bessie M. Martin—Louise P. Winsor—Charlie Tracie—James W. Thompson—Mildred E. Scufe—Lucy L. Cooke—Annie Dale Jones—William Pettinos—Annie L. Bailey—Clara L. Kellogg—Robert L. Winn—Matie Twitchell—Harrie Humphreys—Louise Holloway—Lizzie Gilman—Hortense Keables—Frances H. Catlin—Daisy Dugdale—Mary Hough—Pansy Murray—Mary Graham Hanks—Louise J. Stone—George P. Hitchcock—Fordyce Aimée Warden—Henry O. Fetter—Maud L. Smith—Clara Glynn—Ernest Thurston Capen—Wm. Gaston Hawks—Kate E. Hobart—Henry M. Hobart—Willie Leonard—Dexter W. Rice—Ruth R. Wheeler—Courtenay H. Fenn—Julian A. Hallock—Violet Beach—Lucy D. Waterman—Mary C. Hall—Pauline Phillips—Jessie Forsyth—Charles W. C. Townsend—Adele M. Fonda—Sadie G. Carrington—Minnie Smith—Nellie Emerson—Mamie Belle Taylor—Harold B.

Smith—Sadie B. Pritchett—Carita Preston—K. G. R.—L. Clements—Wm. A. Buckland—Lizzie Harris—Sherdie Maginnis—Katie Hamilton—Robert Henry Gay—Hattie Jacobs—Kitty Armstrong—Clarance Merrill Humes—Linda C. Bedell—Willie F. Thorpe—Jack Bennett—Carrol Squier—Halvo Jacobsen—Annie A. Schall—A. L. Brockway—Harlan Wellman—Beamy Johnson—Flavel S. Mines—Belle G. Stone—Ina Boynton—Horace F. Walker—Flora Melendy—Augustine McClear—Charles P. Kellogg—Eddie A. Perkins—H. C. Williams—Lena—Lily Bean—Clara F. Hyde—Ada M. Stephens—Grace Crum—Harry Kelley—Geo. S. Brown—Saidie Morrison—Bertram L. Wenman—Geo. D. Finnin—Grace P. Taintor—Augusta Wicker—Adelia G. McNamee—Daisy B. Hodgson—Julia Abbey—Kate M. Carrington—Grace Farr—Jacob S. Robeson—Amos Kent—Amacher—Fannie A. Mathews.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

## THE STORY OF A CHEESE.

BY MAUD CHRISTIANI.

[We print below, by request, the original "Story of a Cheese," written by Mrs. Maud Christiani. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's version of this story will be found in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1878, under the title "King Cheese."]

FOUR-AND-TWENTY Burghers fat  
In solemn convocation sat,  
And wagged their heads, and talked and planned,  
In the town-hall of Buhl, in Switzerland.  
Their intentions were these,  
To send a big cheese,  
To the great Exposition in Paris.

They must build a large vat,  
And a press, for all that,  
The like as had never been made before,  
For Cheshire or Stilton, Dutch or Rochefort;  
For the prime idea  
Of the Burghers, 't was clear,  
Was the *dimensions* in which they prided.

'Twas a great undertaking,  
But well worth the making,  
And 't would tickle the pride of the people there  
To astonish the world with their big *gruyère*.  
So they bothered their heads,  
And scarce saw their beds,  
Until the matter was quite decided.

The farmers, highly pleased with the plan,  
Gladly consented, every man  
To second the views of the corporation,  
And gave in their votes of co-operation.  
So rosy milk-maids,  
In caps and long braids,  
Milked the bonniest cows in the fields.

In their nice peasant dress,  
They stood at the press,  
And, though they got up with the rising sun,  
They never stopped till their task was done;  
But every day  
Pressed out the whey,  
Enjoying the pleasure industry yields.

When the work was done,  
Then commenced the fun,  
And the mayor of the place made a proclamation  
Which went the length and breadth of the nation,  
That arrangements were made  
For a grand parade  
Of the cheese, through the streets of the town.

So when the day came,  
A magnificent train,  
The Mayor at its head, with keys and mace,  
Silk stockings, cocked hat, and lots of gold lace,  
Passed with pompous gait  
And an air of state  
Through crowds of people, in holiday gown.

And there *was* such a noise  
With the shouts of the boys,  
The playing of bands and rolling of drums!  
The hurrahs of the crowd and booming of guns,  
Made such an uproar,  
As never before  
Was heard in that quaint little town of Buhl.

After parading the streets all day,  
The cheese, at evening, went on its way.  
The train puffed on and made no long tarries,  
But carried its burden safely to Paris.  
It reached in good time  
That city so fine  
Where nothing but pleasure reigns as a rule.

The Parisians, sprightly and all alive,  
Were waiting to see the cheese arrive.  
Besides a fine team of six Normandy horses  
Accustomed to pull with all their forces,  
It took at least ten  
Strong porters and men  
To get it off safe to the great Exposition.

They rolled it into a prominent place,  
Where it stared the visitors straight in the face;  
And all the world wondered and talked of the Swiss,  
For sending so wondrous a present as this  
The *bouquet* was prime  
And shed, all the time,  
A perfume, that sure, was a great acquisition.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now it happened one night  
When the moon shone bright  
And the Seine was rippling in silver sheen,  
That sauntering along its quays might be seen  
A fine French rat,  
All glossy and fat.  
Bewhiskered and jaunty as he could be,  
Out seeking adventures was *Monsieur Rattie*.

He sniffed the fresh air,  
Saw the shimmer and glare  
Of thousands of lamps, in the trees suspended,  
Of every shade and color blended,  
Still shining bright,  
Though past midnight.  
And the Parisians had talked and grimaced themselves weary,  
With their shrugs and "*Mon Dieu!*" and manners so airy.

He strolled about to the left and the right,  
When, all of a sudden, there burst on his sight  
The largest and strangest conglomeration  
Of buildings and temples of every nation.  
And there in the middle,  
Like "*Hi diddle diddle,*"  
Stood the great Exposition of sixty-seven,  
Containing 'most everything under the heaven.

This *was* an adventure,  
And well worth the venture,  
So he sought for a crevice through which he could squeeze,  
And view all the wonderful things at his ease.



Much bewildered was he  
By all he did see,  
And wandered on, quite lost and amazed,  
His head in a whirl and his senses dazed.

At length it was morning,  
For the day was dawning,  
And the sun was shedding his golden beams  
On the city of Paris, still in its dreams.  
So he looked round about  
For a hole to creep out,  
And began to feel hungry, when, lo! he smelt cheese,  
The thing of all things, that most him did please.

So he followed his nose,—  
A member, that shows  
A vast deal of keenness and penetration,  
In delectable titbits for mastication—  
Nor did it mislead,  
But brought him, indeed,  
To the realm of cheeses of every size,  
In the midst of which stood the great Swiss prize.

No Arabian dream  
Could equal the scene,  
For it rarely occurs in the life of a rat  
To see such a *tasty* collection as that.  
Without loss of time  
He sought the most prime,  
Town-bred as he was, it will not amaze  
To find he selected the great *Schweitzer Käs*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now my young friends  
Our story soon ends.  
The last of all things comes sooner or late,  
And the French Exposition shared the like fate.  
For September's last days  
Saw the sun's mellow rays  
Glance pale and obliquely on the Rotunda  
Which, so many months, had made the world wonder.

We will add, if you please,  
With regard to the cheese,  
That it won great renown, and you'll easily surmise,  
Received, as its due, the first French prize.  
And the pride of the Swiss  
Was so flattered by this,  
That they voted the cheese in their gratification  
To the poor of Paris, by way of donation.

Then commissioners four,  
In behalf of the poor,  
And Normandy horses, harnessed and strong,  
Came trotting the banks of the Seine along.  
And the same burly men,  
Not fewer than ten,  
Pulled off their jackets to push with more ease,  
And lent their best shoulder to move the big cheese.

They shouted, "Now ready!"  
"Look out there!"—"Steady!"  
And pushed with a will (being all in their places),  
When, lo! with a thud they fell flat on their faces!  
Dumbfounded they were,  
To see the *gruyère*  
Most lightly and gingerly spin itself round,  
While they were left sprawling about on the ground.

Oh! sad ridicule,  
On the Burghers of Buhl!  
No wonder the cheese rolled so lightly about,  
For the rats had quite eaten the inside out.  
The world when it heard  
This *dénouement* absurd,  
Smiled at the gift of the Burghers, so kind,  
For the rats got the cheese and the poor got the rind.

#### "UNNATURAL HISTORY" PICTURES.

Did any of you ever see any of those curious creatures shown in the "Unnatural History" pictures, by our funny artist, on pages 260 and 261?

Did you ever meet with the "*Rabbaticus Mudturtlosis*," who has the body of a turtle and the head of a rabbit,—a head with which to wish he could run and jump, and a body that can only crawl and swim? He looks as if he were the celebrated Hare and Tortoise, and were always running a race with himself.

Then there is the "Entomological Humbug," a very strange bug, indeed, with a chicken's bill and a beetle's body. Did you ever see him crawling around?

The "Great American Takeiteezee" appears to be a very remarkable animal. He is harnessed to a curious kind of street-car, but as he seems to be part ox and part snail, the car does not go very fast. The next time you are in a street-car which is rolling along quite slowly, look out of the front window, and see if one of these Takeiteezes is drawing it.

Now, of course, you would not care to have the "Web-footed Hop-pergrass" in your garden. If his head is as large as an elephant's head ought to be, his legs must be so long that he could jump over a house. As his feet are web-footed, he must swim, sometimes, but he looks as if wading would suit him better.

As for the "Jub-jub Bird," with the rhinoceros head, he laughs to think how ridiculous he is. If you were to meet him and laugh, he would n't mind.

The "Cat-fish" is a regular water-pussy. Look at her head! To be sure, she has a fish's body and fins, but then she could not swim under water with a cat's body. The bait on the hook which she is looking at must be a mouse. That is about the only thing she would bite at. Unless, indeed, you could bait a hook with milk.

As for the "Submarine Diver," with his duck's head, his lobster-claws and his fish's tail, he seems to require a good deal of help to get himself down to the bottom. A hundred-pound weight seems just about enough to sink him. He is not much of a diver. Almost anybody could go to the bottom of the very deepest river, with the help of a hundred-pound weight.

But perhaps none of you ever studied Un-natural History! We feel quite sure of it, and are certain that these animals, which Mr. Hopkins has drawn, are not to be found in any of our menageries or aquaria, where they might be seen and examined. We are also of the opinion that none of them are to be seen running wild. They are the kind of creatures which might be made, if people were to go into the business of inventing animals. They are very queer, and scarcely one of them could manage to live comfortably. They would probably give up living, in despair.

And yet there have been creatures in this world, almost as strange and curious as these. Get some pictures of the beasts, birds and fishes, which existed in the times before Noah's flood, and see if you do not think so.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a curious and interesting item for the "Letter-Box." It was told me as being true, and I have no reason to doubt it. I have never seen it in print.

In the town of Yreka, California, there formerly lived a baker, S. Gilligs by name. His shop bore the following sign:

"S GILLIGS' YREKA BAKERY."  
Nothing very curious about that, is there? But one day an inquisitive individual thought of reading it backward, and made a singular discovery. Try it.  
AN OLD BOY.

MANY of our readers will remember the beautiful little poem, "Ashes of Roses," written by Elaine Goodale, at thirteen years of age, and printed in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877. Soon after its publication, there appeared in *The Louisville Courier-Journal* some verses entitled "Attar of Roses," which closely resembled Elaine's pretty lines. The resemblance was intentional, however, and was explained in a heading. The *Journal's* poem was widely copied, but, in going the rounds of the press, the heading must have been overlooked or omitted by some of the papers, since a comparison of the two poems was recently published in a prominent Boston daily, with an editorial item crediting "Attar of Roses" to the English poet, F. W. Bourdillon, and condemning Elaine's verses as "precocious plagiarism." We therefore print the following letter and extract, which, we think, effectually refute this charge against little Elaine:

Louisville, Dec. 14, 1878.  
Editor of ST. NICHOLAS: The "Attar of Roses" published in the *Courier-Journal* was written by a member of the staff of the paper. The verses never appeared in the *Courier-Journal* with Bourdillon's name, and they were written after the pretty poem from little Miss Goodale had been published in ST. NICHOLAS. An explanation was printed in the *Courier-Journal* and sent to ST. NICHOLAS, and that explanation, which was strictly true, has lately been given again in the *Springfield Republican*. (Signed) D. PADMAN,  
for *Courier-Journal*.

Here is the explanation alluded to in the above letter:

"In answer to a note from the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, it should be said that the poem 'Attar of Roses,' published in the *Courier-Journal*, was written after the appearance of little Elaine Goodale's 'Ashes of Roses.' It was merely a bit of pleasantry which the heading explained.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*."



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co.—This latest edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies" is so finely bound and printed, and so exquisitely illustrated, that it will be sure to delight everybody, young and old, who sees it. It contains the most complete collection of the famous Nursery Songs that we ever have seen, also an interesting account of Mother Goose and her Family, and a great number of "Notes" telling all that is known about the history of the dear old rhymes we big and little children love so well, and just where the *real* Jack Sprats and Bobby Shaftees and King Coles lived, and who they were, and what they did. So it is meant for the older members of the family as well as for the little folk, and with its handsome cover and superb colored illustrations by Mr. Kappes, is really a fine addition to the library table, and a beautiful household book.

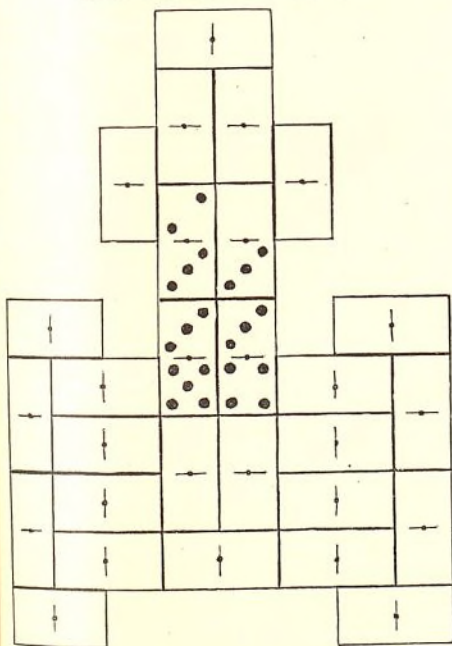
PRANG'S NATURAL HISTORY SERIES FOR CHILDREN is a collection of bright, entertaining talks about Animals and Birds, by Professor Norman A. Calkins and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, issued in pamphlet form, but with brilliantly colored pictures, and bound in soft covers of beautiful colors and designs. Each book is devoted to some one family or order of Natural History,—*"The Cow Family," "The Cat Family," "The Birds of Prey,"* etc.—and the reading matter is so simple, clear and interesting, and the pictures are so numerous and striking, that we can commend the books heartily to all our young friends who wish to learn about common animals and birds.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a title of honor, and leave hours of darkness.
2. Behead to delay, and leave a small island.
3. Behead to twist, and leave a kind of vase.
4. Behead a part of the face, and leave a pleasant outdoor exercise.
5. Behead thoroughly searched, and leave dressed.
6. Behead to strip, and leave a fish.
7. Behead a shoe, and leave a felled tree.
8. Behead articles used in games of chance, and leave a thing in which boys delight.
9. Behead a punctuation mark, and leave a tree.
10. Behead an insect, and leave a metallic pin of a certain kind.
11. Behead congealed vapor, and leave an adverb.
12. Behead one European country, and leave another.
13. Behead a helmet, and leave a constellation.
14. Behead a kind of sloth, and leave a personal pronoun.
15. Behead an adjective, and leave a way.

### NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.



ARRANGE the dominos of a full set of twenty-eight in the outline of the diagram, and in such a way that each half-domino shall appear as one of the quarters of a square containing three other half-dominos having each the same number of spots as itself,—just like the four *trés* in the diagram,—and, also, so that, in the completed arrangement,

there shall be two such squares, each containing four half-dominos marked alike. Of course, to accord with this last condition, two squares of *trés* should have been shown in the diagram; but that would have made the solution too easy, so the second square was omitted. Still, the dominos actually given are part of an arrangement such as is required, and the way to lay the remaining twenty-four pieces of the set is indicated,—whether up-and-down or across; but there are other arrangements beside this.

If, however, the given outline is preserved in the solutions sent in, they will be accepted as correct, provided they show the two sets of squares; and the number of each person's successful solutions will be mentioned with the name.

### EASY ACROSTIC.

My first is in "Scribner," but not in "Harper;" my second in "Times," but not in "Ledger;" my third is in "Nation," but not in "Observer;" my fourth is in "Independent," but not in "Post;" my fifth is in "Churchman," but not in "Presbyterian;" my sixth is in "Harper," but not in "Scribner;" my seventh is in "Observer," but not in "Times;" my eighth is in "Ledger," but not in "Nation;" my ninth is in "Agriculturist," but not in "Tribune;" my tenth is in "Standard," but not in "Churchman;" my whole was a well-known light of his times and a lover of children.

L. G. H.

### RIDDLE.

O who can wonder at the sadness of my eyes,  
Or who can wonder at my mournful, piteous cries,  
For chains are ever most familiar things to me,—  
And, tho' to letters given, I'm made to swim the sea?

H. Seal

### EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.

THE square is of three letters; so, of course, the foundation words have five letters each.

Reading Across: 1. Pure and easily seen through. 2. Dreads. 3. Pies.

Reading Down: 1. Gather. 2. Rends. 3. Portions.

H. H. D.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. It makes no difference  
Under the sun,  
Whether you count me twelve  
Or only one.
2. This is the pretty name  
Of a fair lake,  
On which you would delight  
A sail to take.
3. These should be grandly high  
For heart or brain.  
'T is not by looking low,  
That Heaven we gain.
4. The last a blessing is  
To weary one;  
To us may it remain  
When life is done.

L. W. H.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

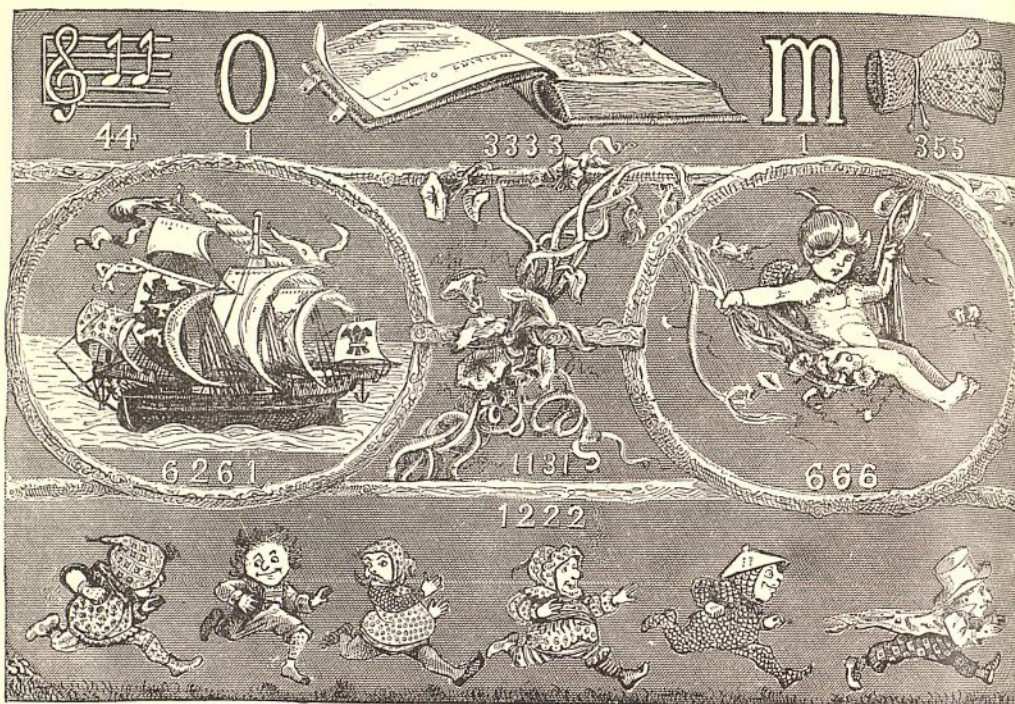
THE whole, composed of thirty-four letters, is a well-known line quoted from a poem written by Thomas Gray.

1. The 1, 26, 34, is sport or merriment.
2. The 3, 16, 25, 8, is a beautiful flower.
3. The 10, 6, 13, 30, is a young wild animal.
4. The 15, 23, 27, 33, is a fragrant flower.
5. The 18, 2, 7, is a small cake.
6. The 20, 29, 17, 32 is a trick or artifice.
7. The 24, 19, 12, 21, is a gift or favor.
8. The 28, 9, 4, 11, is a large public room.
9. The 31, 22, 14, 5, is the stalk of a plant.

ISOLA.



## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



The answer—a maxim often heard—contains six words. The picture in the upper left-hand corner is a rebus; and the rest of the puzzle is in the form of an anagram. Each numeral beneath the anagram-pictures denotes a letter in that word of the maxim whose place in numerical succession is indicated by that particular numeral. Thus: The numeral 1 under a picture denotes a letter belonging to the first word of the maxim; 3, that its letter is in the third word of the maxim; and so on. The fourth word of the answer, however, is wholly represented by the rebus-picture. To solve the puzzle:—Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, to correspond with the words of the answer. Set down the solution of the rebus-picture under figure 4, and then, for the remainder of the problem: find a word, letters, or a letter, suitably descriptive of each picture, using as many letters for each description as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath figure 1 all the letters denoted by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the word itself. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words; and all the words when read off in due order, will be the answer.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

THREE ASSOCIATED SQUARE-WORDS.—I. 1. Happy; 2. Agree; 3. Proas; 4. Peart; 5. Yesty II. 1. New; 2. Eve; 3. Web. III. 1. Year; 2. Ezra; 3. Arts; 4. Rasp.

EASY MELANGE.—1. Teasel, Easel; 2. Teasel, Tease; 3. Teasel, Lease; 4. Teasel, Least; 5. Least, slate; 6. Teasel, Ease; 7. Easel, seal; 8. Easel, Sale; 9. Least, Teal; 10. Least, slat; 11. Least, Late; 12. Least, Salt; 13. Least, Tael; 14. Least, Tale; 15. Slate, Last; 16. Tease, Seat; 17. Tease, East; 18. Tease, Sate; 19. Easel, Lees; 20. Easel, Seel; 21. Teal, Lea; 22. Teal, Ale; 23. Tael, Tea; 24. Tael, Eat; 25. East, Sea; 26. Lees, Sea; 27. Lees, Eel; 28. Seel, Lec; 29. Tale, Let.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.—1. Fall, All. 2. Smart, Mart. 3. Crash, Rash. 4. Thigh, High. 5. Cowl, Owl. 6. Ship, Hip. 7. Pledge, Ledge. 8. Task, Ask.

EASY PREFIX PUZZLE.—1. Trans-verse; 2. Trans-late; 3. Trans-port; 4. Trans-act; 5. Trans-act; 6. Trans-pose.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—On earth peace good-will toward men: 1. Lo now. 2. Hear the. 3. Peaceful. 4. Goodies. 5. Willing. 6. To war-dyed. 7. Come nigh.

DIAGONAL FOR OLDER PUZZLES. Happy New Year.—1. Hicro-

glyphic; 2. Parsimonious; 3. RiP Van Winkle; 4. StiPulations; 5. PachYdermata; 6. PatroNymical; 7. CorporEalist; 8. EartheWares; 9. LepodactYles; 10. MultiloquEnt; 11. Metaphorical; 12. ManufactureR.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Shoe-maker: 1. CaSte; 2. EtHer; 3. SpOkE; 4. CIEar; 5. CoMic; 6. FrAnc; 7. BaKer; 8. StEel; 9. PeRry.

DOUBLE ANAGRAMS.—1. Crusty, rust, us. 2. Grated, rate, at. 3. Moment, omen, me; 4. Cringe, ring, in.

PICTORIAL QUINTUPLE ACROSTIC.—Perpendiculars: Coast-view; Fishermen; Schooners; Moonlight; Night-time.

1. CufFS MeN; 2. OCOII; 3. AsS, HOG; 4. SOuTH, North; 5. TO LET; 6. VIRgiNia Snake-rootT; 7. IMAGEL; 8. EsRHEuM; 9. WheTStoNE.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAM.—Myrrh, I come, Star, Stall; Merry Christmas to all. ANAGRAM PROVERB.—Make haste slowly.

SEVEN-LETTER FRAMED GREEK CROSS.—1. Ignoble; 2. Memoirs; 3. Payment; 4. Newsboy; 5. Pelican; 6. Sideway.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—In God we trust. CHARADE.—Pumpkin. CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.—1. Plaster; 2. Lasted; 3. Asked; 4. Stem; 5. Ted; 6. Ed; 7. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 20, from "Fritters"—Estelle Jennings—Jennie A. Sey and Southwick C. Briggs—Evelyn Waters—Lulu Balcome—Bessie S. Worke—"Piccola Bedady" and "Harry"—Brainard P. Emery—Susan T. Homans—Jeannie Kissam—E. S. King—"Trix" and "Octsy"—"E. C. G." and "G. H. G."—Florence Griffen—Edith G. White—"C. H. Stout"—"Citchfield"—"C. H. T."—Eddie and Sarah Duffield—Bernard C. Steiner—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain and "Fritz"—Anne H. Green—Ratie P. Allen—F. W. Siddall—Maggie J. Gemmill—J. R. S. and L. S.—F. A. O.—M. and K. H.—Nellie Emerson—Maud Vashburg—Cammie H. S. C.—"The Baby Morgan"—Margie J. Robling—Allan D. Wilson—"X. V. Z." and "I. O. O. F."—Harmon S. Preston—Charles N. Cogswell—"H. W." and "Euphonium, alias Baritone"—Howard Cresswell—"H. O. T. S. & Co."—Estella Lohmeyer—Bertha E. Keferstein—May Steele—Carrie—"Katy and Maud"—P. C. Bergell—Nellie Rodenslein—John V. L. Pierson—Bessie and her Cousins—Giles McAden—"H." of Stapleton—Florence L. Turrill—Edith B. Woods—Louisa Fiedel—Arnold Guyot—Cameron—Alice Lanigan—"Two Wills"—Lucy Mackville—Stock-broker—George J. Fiske—Esther L.—"Dycie."