

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## AN ADVENTURE ON AN ICEBERG.

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

PETER ALSWIG was the government cooper in the little Danish colony of Upernavik, on the west coast of North Greenland. He had gone thither when a young man, intending to remain only a short time, but he married there during the very first year, and with a family growing up about him, it was not strange that he became a permanent colonist.

His first-born was a son, and he named him Carl Emile. Young Carl grew up to be a tall, bright-eyed, active fellow, and bleak and desolate as was his native Upernavik he loved it dearly. Had he wished, he could have gone to his father's old home in Denmark, where for a youth of his age there were many advantages that a wild Greenland colony does not possess; but Carl cared for none of them; he preferred the perfect freedom of his life, the cheery shop where he worked by his father's side, and the excitement of the seal-hunt. Besides, there was Nicholina. Nicholina was the daughter of the Governor's assistant, and it was said that in all that country round about, there was no one like her; no girl so pretty, no girl so kind, so generous or so good. Carl would have made sorry work of it had he tried to hide his feelings toward Nicholina; as it was, they seemed to be known to everybody but Nicholina herself. When he would fain talk seriously, her merry laughter forbade it; she would never listen to him. She seemed never to think of marriage. Some people said she was too proud, and that she thought there was nobody good enough for her. She was, however, never backward in promoting plans for

general pleasure. In all dances and festivals she took a leading part, and possessing a fine taste and great skill in needle-work, she was always conspicuous on such occasions, for her cunningly embroidered dress of cloth and seal-skin, trimmed with tender eider-down, and her jacket sparkling with beads.

So it came about that although Carl was always happy he was never quite contented. But he was a brave, manly fellow, who was not ashamed of his own thoughts, and he worked blithely at the barrels and tubs, with no fears for the future.

Perhaps all this made Carl care less for the public festivals and dances than the other young men. At any rate, although the Spring Festival was at hand, he went off to hunt seals with his father.

Seal-hunting in the Spring is a great event in Greenland life. There is one kind of seal that cuts holes in the ice with its sharp claws, and when the sun shines the animals come out of the water and sleep. While thus sleeping they are approached by the hunters, who conceal themselves behind white screens attached to little sleds which they push noiselessly over the ice.

Peter and Carl decided that they would go to Peverick, a little rocky uninhabited island about twenty-five miles to the northward of Upernavik. The ice, as seen from the hill behind the village, was firm all the way to the island; but, outside, it had been already a good deal broken up and drifted off by recent gales.

Not much time was needed for preparation. They would take the whole family, consisting of two boys and two girls beside Carl Emile and their

mother, and they would stay two weeks. Peter took three of the children and the family tent on his sledge, while Carl took his mother and one brother and all the camp fixtures. Each sledge was drawn by nine strong dogs, and the journey was quickly made. The tent was pitched on a level spot overlooking the sea, and, after a hearty supper and a good night's rest, the two hunters harnessed their dogs to their sleds, and drove at a lively pace far out upon the frozen sea.

After some time, they discovered a number of seals lying beside their holes, and the dogs were quickly made fast to a stake driven in the snow-drift, and each hunter was soon behind his white screen and sled, stealing cautiously upon the game. But though they moved very slowly for half an hour, the seals somehow became frightened and plunged into the water before Peter and Carl got within shooting-distance from them.

This was an unlucky failure, especially as no more seals were to be seen in any direction. A small iceberg in the distance, however, seemed to offer a better spot from which to survey the ice-field, and, having driven to it, the two hunters proceeded to climb it. They looked out over the great waste, but a few seals that they perceived far off did not tempt them, and as a strong wind had suddenly sprung up and a storm was threatening, they felt that there would be no luck on that day and they might as well go back to the camp at Peverick.

When they had descended the seaward side of the iceberg, they paused a little while, attracted by an immense flight of sea-gulls that came sailing about the icebergs, uttering wild, discordant screams. While watching the birds, they were startled by a noise sudden and appalling as of a tremendous discharge of artillery. A huge iceberg, not half a mile distant, had split in two, and, as it fell apart, it set in motion great waves which threatened to shatter the ice in all directions. Already, as they gazed bewildered, a long crack spread with a loud splitting noise between them and the shore!

Not a moment was to be lost! The dogs' heads were turned toward Peverick, the long lashes whistled in the air, and away they dashed as hard as they could go over the dark, treacherous ice. Too late! Too late! As they approached, they could see the black fissure grow wider and wider, and, when they reached the edge, the eddying water between forbade all hope of crossing.

They drove back to the iceberg and climbed it, hoping to find that to the northward the ice still held fast to the main-land. They were disappointed. On every side they saw the water. They were afloat upon a great raft of ice that was bearing them steadily away toward the south-west! In this, however, there was nothing very alarming, since the chances

were that the ice-field on which they stood would swing around and close in with the land again. But presently the iceberg grounded, and the shock caused the field to crack again. A great seam opened swiftly at their very feet, and before they could realize their danger a wide channel yawned between them and their dogs with the laden sleds. The ice-field adhering to the berg swung around as upon a pivot, and, as it did so, the berg became detached from the bottom, and the whole mass floated off into deep water. The field-ice broke away bit by bit, and finally the berg itself alone remained, with Peter and Carl upon it, drifting out toward the open ocean, utterly powerless to help themselves!

Their first thoughts were not for themselves, but for the helpless ones at Peverick.

"Carl, my boy," said Peter, "that last crack did the business for us; and unless God wills it otherwise, we are lost. But it is hard to think that those on shore must starve."

Peter's voice was husky, and tears trickled down his face.

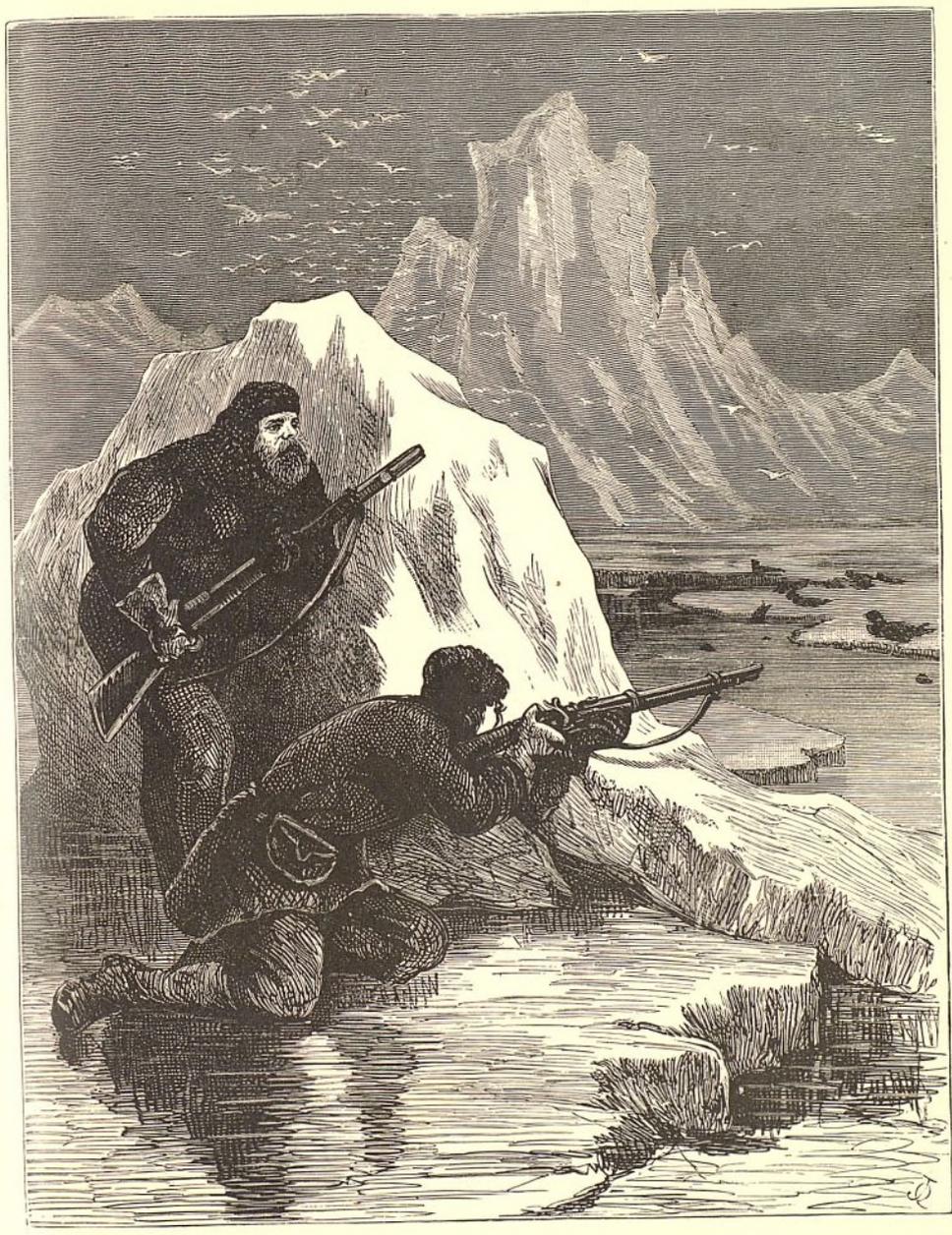
Peter had scarcely spoken when a number of seals appeared upon the edge of the land ice. The hunters instinctively raised their rifles and fired, each killing his animal, although the distance was very great. A moment afterward they saw (for they were now right opposite the camp at Peverick) the whole family climbing up the hill-side over the snow as if to look for them.

"They see us, and they must see the seals we shot," exclaimed Carl. "They wont starve now, though we may drift away, and, if they never see us again, somebody will find them before the two seals are eaten."

Up to this time the wind had been blowing quite fresh, but now it suddenly burst into a gale, with occasional spurts of snow. The clouds became dark and heavy, and after a while the snow-fall was constant. The hunters were in a most wretched condition. Everything around them was obscured, and they were drifting they knew not whither, nor in what direction. Waves broke against the iceberg, and the spray wet them to the skin; and, as it grew colder, they became covered with icicles. They spoke but little. One could hardly comfort the other in such an emergency, but both prayed fervently. Peter thought of his wife and children, Carl of his mother and Nicholina, neither of whom he ever expected to see again. And thus they drifted on through the angry sea and the gloomy, cold, and dreadful night, until at length they felt a heavy shock. The iceberg had grounded, and, to their great joy, it held fast. They knew now that they were in comparatively shallow water, and consequently could not be far out at sea; so, hope once

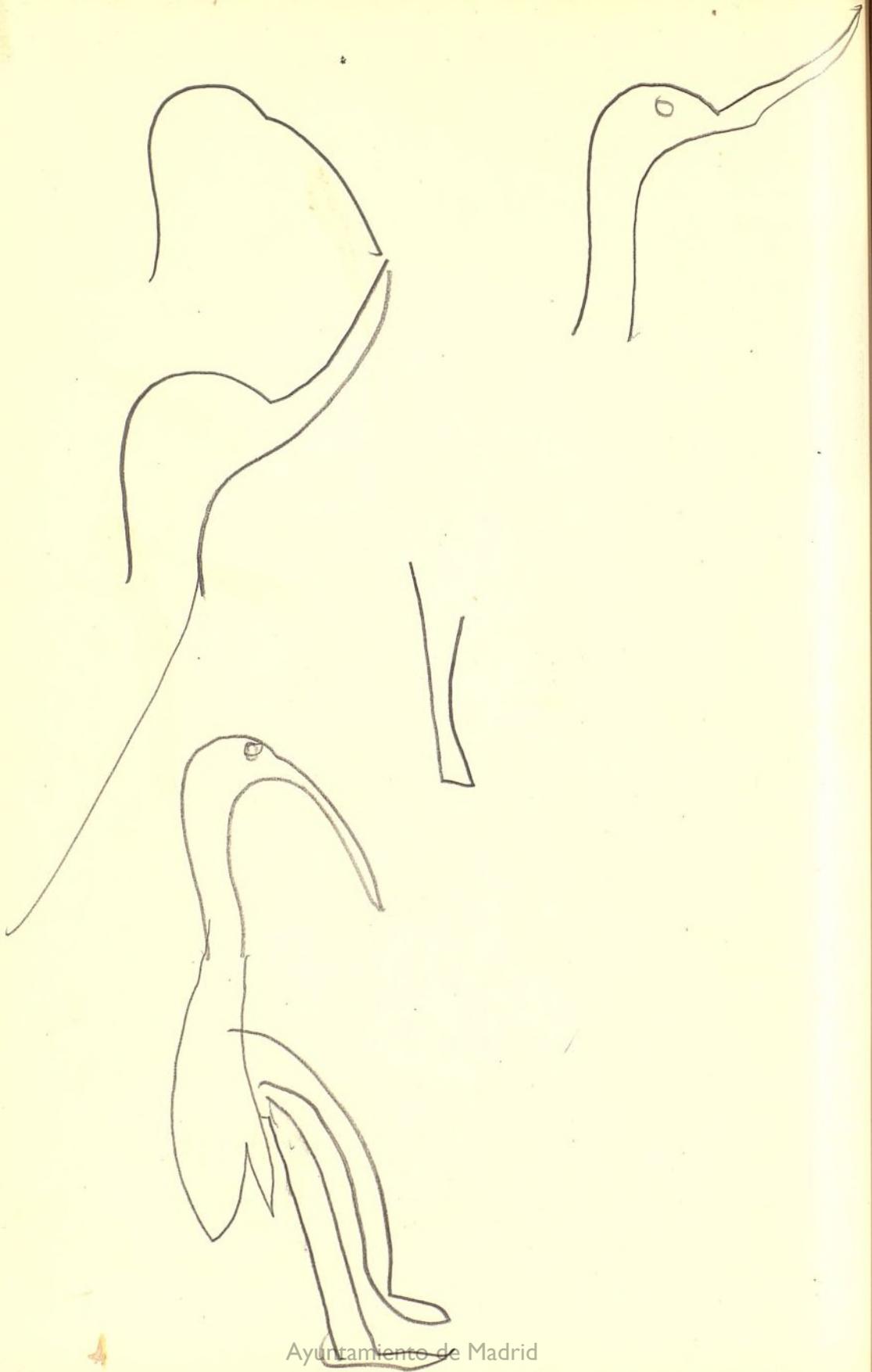
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"THEY INSTINCTIVELY RAISED THEIR GUNS AND FIRED."

(See Page 306.)



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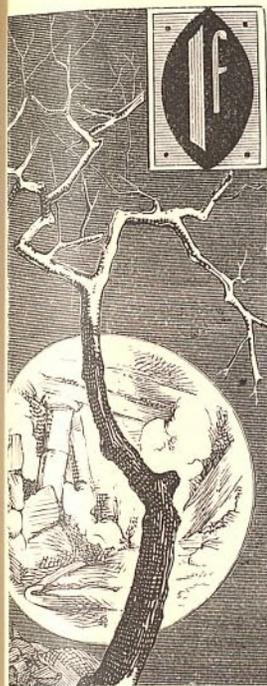
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more inspired them. If their berg could hold until the storm should clear away, some means of escape might be discovered.

## PART II.



the storm would but cease! The outlook, now, in spite of hopefulness, is dreary enough.

Meanwhile, how very different is it with the friends in Upernavik! While the angry sounds of the warring clements deafen the ears of the hunters, at Upernavik the lights are glimmering brightly, and the cheery fires on the village hearths defy the storm that howls without. It is the night of the Hunting Festival. Although it is night, it is not dark, but the heavy clouds and the thickly falling snow render everything obscure.

In the cooper shop, candles are burning above the merry crowd, and the storm vainly tries to drown the sounds of their music and laughter. Nicholina is there in all her glory, and her pretty dress of warm cloth trimmed with seal fur and delicate eider-down, her embroidered jacket, her raven tresses and bright ribbons, make her as pretty a picture as all Greenland ever looked upon. All are as happy as happy can be, and the governor and his officials are present aiding in the general enjoyment.

Some one enters, and says to the governor that down upon the shore he has heard strange noises coming in from the sea. Another presently runs in and says that he, too, has heard the sounds, and that they resemble the cries of dogs in distress. But all laugh at the idea and say: "It is the storm you hear! Dogs are not fish that they should take to the water." But a third running in to confirm the story, they are alarmed, and hastily make for the shore. As they run down to the rocks they hear distinctly a distant wail borne on the fierce blast. Dogs they are, undoubtedly; but whose dogs can they be?

They go down near the beach and peer into the gloom. They have not long to wait before the air lightens up a little, and vaguely they see a broad

ice-field, and upon it are the dogs. Nicholina is the first to discover them, and, quickly pushing her way through the crowd, she stands almost at the water's edge. The spray touches her, but she does not seem to heed it, and, for once, at least, does not appear to think of her fine clothes. Being lower down, she can see more plainly than the rest.

"Come back, Nicholina, or you'll be drowned!" cried her father. "Come back, Nicholina!" cried everybody; but she stood there motionless, looking from beneath her hand. There is an intense earnestness about her manner that overcomes all remonstrance, and her father, forgetting his command that she shall come back, now eagerly asks: "What is it, Nicholina?" All the men crowd forward, and their faces wear a look of pain and anxiety as the possibility of some great calamity suggests itself. In a few minutes, they can all see the dogs and recognize them. They are, beyond question, Peter and Carl's dogs; but where are their masters? where are Peter's wife and his boys and girls? What has happened to them all?

The dogs, seeing the people on the shore, and knowing they are safe, whine joyfully, and as the ice-field comes crashing in and piling great fragments up against the rocks, they scamper gladly upon the land. There are eighteen of them; not one is missing; but of their masters the great ice-field gives no trace.

"They are lost!" cries everybody. But Nicholina, still standing by the surf, with trembling voice, says: "Oh, no! It cannot be. When it grows lighter we shall surely see them!"

Two dark objects come into view upon the drifting field, and every eye is strained toward them. But as they approach each heart sinks again. They are only the sleds.

The governor shakes his head sadly.

"Let a watch be kept and be relieved every hour, and let me know if anything is seen of them. All others go home; the morning may need all your energies."

The governor's order is obeyed, and Nicholina, distracted with her fears, is by sheer force made to go with her father.

The first to the beach in the morning is Nicholina. The brave girl is pale, and her bright eyes are dimmed with tears.

The sun mounts higher from the horizon, and little by little the clouds lift and the view becomes less obscured. The snow ceases to fall. By and by the keen eye of Nicholina detects the shimmer of a great iceberg as she scans the surface of the dark waters. She sees the ice clearly and the waves breaking against its sides. It grows more and more distinct, and presently its lofty crest is visible. Other bergs come into view one by one, and a ray

of sunlight falls upon Nicholina. She raises her heart to God in a silent prayer. To her the sun-beam is a good omen, and she watches it as it passes away over the waters. Her eyes follow it with an intense longing. It silvers the great iceberg; it blazes brightly upon the crystal sides of the group just beyond, and finally illuminates a low, white mass away out among the reefs and breakers. Nicholina sees for an instant a dark object near the summit. Her eyes dilate, her whole figure trembles with excitement, and she cries forth:

"It is he! It is Carl Emile! The boat!—the boat!"

The astonished people flock around her and ask, "Where? where?" for they cannot see. She only replies, with half-frenzied gestures: "It is Carl Emile! Come away! The boat! The boat!"

She leads the way to the little harbor, and seizing the line of the best sea-boat there, begins to haul it in, while the people stand around and stare at her in astonishment.

"I will rescue him!" she cries.

"Who?" they ask.

"Carl Emile! He is out there on the iceberg. I see him, and I will go to him and save him!"

By this time, Nicholina has sprung into the boat. She stands at the bow, and, with flashing eyes, she cries:

"Who will come with me? Who will rescue Carl Emile!"

In vain they expostulate and say that no boat can live in that sea. Nicholina is not to be daunted, and as she repeats her cry, a dozen young fellows leap forward. In a moment, six of them are in the boat, and in their places.

"We will go, Nicholina," they say; "but you must stay here!"

Nicholina's answer is to seize an oar, spring to the stern, shove the boat off, and begin to pull. The young men are quick to follow her irresistible example, and the boat shoots out of the sheltered harbor into the angry waves, on whose crests are tossing sharp fragments of ice, which, by striking one against the other, add to the tumult of the winds and waves.

The people on the shore watch the boat as at one moment it mounts a sea and again sinks away into the trough, and, for an instant, is lost to view. But steadily the distance between it and the shore widens, though it does not go a length without danger of being crushed by the tumbling ice.

The men try to persuade Nicholina to abandon her oar, but she will not.

"I brought you here, and while I share the danger I will share the labor," is her reply.

An anxious hour passes, and the boat disappears behind an island. A half hour more and it is seen

dancing between that island and another further up to windward. Behind this it vanishes again, and then the people say: "The boat is surely lost with all on board. Nicholina must have been mad."

But the boat is not lost, only it cannot be seen from shore. Beyond the second island it is headed toward the little iceberg where Nicholina first saw the dark object which she took for Carl Emile. But she does not see any dark object now. Perhaps it is the motion of the boat which is unfavorable to observation.

The water is very angry, and what with the fury of the wind and waves the boat often makes no headway for minutes at a time. "Give way, men! give way! pull for life!" cries Nicholina. "Give way! give way!" they shout in chorus after her, and the boat creeps on. They come among loose ice which strikes their oars, and they fall back. But "Give way!" the brave girl shouts again, "Give way!" is the responsive echo, and again the boat moves on.

They are among the boiling surf of the reef and are almost overwhelmed, but "give way" again, and they are safe from that danger, and nearing the stiller waters in the lee of the iceberg for which they steer. They reach that water, and make more rapid headway; they reach the berg, and are dashed against it, but the boat is not broken. Nicholina has dropped her oar, she has stood up in the bow, her long black hair flying in the winds, she has one foot upon the gunwale, and before the shock of contact with the berg has come she has leaped upon the ice.

She looks about her, but does not discover the object of her search. Her heart sinks within her. She goes a little to the left, and there lie two motionless figures locked in each other's arms. The younger is without a coat. He has taken it off and wrapped it about the other. They are partly sheltered from the wind, but only poorly from the surf. The girl seizes the younger man's hand, crying, with a voice of agony: "Carl! Carl Emile!"

The eyes of the young man open slightly; he moves a little, but he cannot speak. It is joy enough for Nicholina to know that he lives. Peter gives no sign, but she makes sure that his heart beats and she is thankful. In the shelter of the iceberg they are safely carried to the boat, and it starts on its perilous journey back to Upernavik. The whole village is assembled on the hill watching for the re-appearance of the boat, and a great shout of joy goes up as it is seen once more tossing on the waves between the islands. It comes along steadily and safely, and now they can count the figures of those in it. There are but seven.

"Alas!" they cry, "Nicholina was wrong. They have not found Carl Emile or Peter!"

Nicholina relieves their minds by crying out: "We have found them. They are here. They are alive." And then the people cheer. The men are carried to their home; the doctor comes and finds that they are not frozen, only numbed. The danger of reaction is great, but with careful nursing they both revive, and are found not to have suffered permanent harm.

Within a week, Carl Emile is about as well and strong as ever; but it is fully a month before Peter is himself again, and it is doubtful if he will ever be quite the same strong man he was.

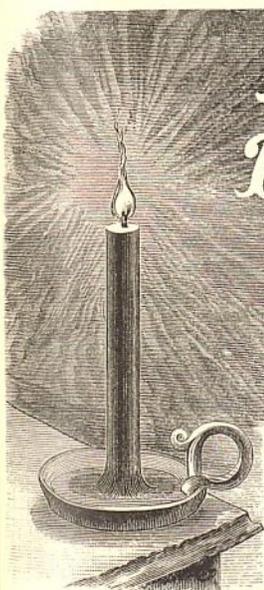
Carl's first thoughts were of his mother and brothers and sisters at Peverick. But the ice is completely broken up, and a boat could not for many days be either pulled through it or dragged over it. Those were days of agony to Carl. But at length Peverick was reached, and all was well. Carl's mother had given him and her husband up for lost from the moment she saw them being carried out

to sea on the iceberg. It was fortunate that those two seals, which Carl's brothers brought to camp, were shot by the two hunters drifting away upon the iceberg, for otherwise the whole family must have starved.

All are reunited and happy at Upernavik, and the pretty Nicholina is the heroine of the village. The people cannot say too much in praise of her courage and devotion. At last, Carl is well again and able to go out, looking not so much the worse for his adventure.

It is needless to say to whose house he went as soon as he did get out, or to narrate what he said to her or what she said to him. It is sufficient that you should know that not many days elapsed before there was a grand wedding in Upernavik, and that a handsomer, happier couple never lived in Greenland, nor indeed anywhere, than Carl and his brave, black-eyed Nicholina.

# A WONDERFUL CANDLE



W  
D you ever wonder who first invented or used artificial light? and what kind of light it was? To tell you the truth,

I never thought about it at all; but it happened that one evening not long ago, I was made very much ashamed of my stupidity.

I received an invitation to spend the evening with a learned professor and his beautiful wife, who live in a large house on Madison avenue, in New York, and to witness some electrical experiments.

What a delightful and sensible invitation! I knew I should meet not only the best, but the most cultivated people; and I anticipated far greater enjoyment than if it had been an ordinary evening party. In this pleasant expectation I was not disappointed.

After the company had assembled, they were invited to go to the top of the house. We marched up the stairs in procession, the ladies having taken the arms of the learned men. We were ushered into a large room, from which all the furniture had

been removed. Camp-chairs were arranged in rows, and were quickly filled. This room opened into another, which also was filled with camp-chairs. Between the rooms was a high table, on which were mysterious scientific-looking jars, out of which came small copper wires in fine coils. The tops of these seemed to be connected together by finer wires. On the table, besides these, were a gas drop-light, a common tallow candle, a little bronze boat containing oil, with a wick at one end, a rather shabby-looking dark candlestick, or what looked like one, and some other things, the uses of which I did not know.

Fastened against the wall was a large square, made of three colors of silk, broad stripes of blue, red, and green, surrounded by a wide yellow border, and I wondered to myself if it were a banner, and to what nation it belonged.

After we were seated, there was a momentary silence of expectation, and I faintly heard something that sounded like the muffled beating of a steam-engine. I saw it afterward in the back room, a pretty little engine, hard at work,—not boiling water, to generate or make steam,—but a petroleum engine, burning petroleum oil, to generate or make an electric current which was carried through a pipe to the table between the rooms. The professor said that this cunning little engine consumed only one drop of oil a minute, and yet it was "a horse and a half power." I called it a horse and a colt power. You all know that the power of all steam-engines is thus gauged or measured; that is, each one has the strength and can do the work of so many horses. The engine of an ocean steamer is of many hundred horse-power,—a giant in strength and resistance against the mighty winds and waves,—enabling the vessel, with almost resistless power, to

*"Cleave a path majestic through the flood,  
As if she were a goddess of the deep."*

And now that I have quoted this elegant compliment to the steam-engine, I will tell you what the professor said about light.

"In very old times," he began, "people went to bed with the chickens when the sun had set. When they wanted to sit up a little later, all the light they knew how to make was from the blaze of burning wood. After a while, some observing old fellow noticed that when grease fell into the fire, the blaze became much brighter; so he dipped a reed or rush into oil and set one end on fire, and thus rush-lights came into fashion. Old books and songs tell about the farthing rush-lights. They were sold four for a penny, and a very dismal illumination they must have made. Then people began to put oil in cups, preparing a rind of pork

to set in the oil for a wick, and burned that. The great feasts of the Romans, in the old classical heathen times, before the birth of our Savior, must have been most dingy affairs, for all they had for lighting up their tables were these lamps." And here the professor put out all the gas-lights, and applied a match to the wick at one end of the little bronze Roman boat.

It was highly classical and very elegant in shape; but the light it gave was so utterly dismal that all the company uttered a funny little groan, and a handsome old gentleman, who sat next to me, said:

"Well, after that specimen of old Roman brilliancy, I am quite reconciled to paying my big gas-bills."

"After this," continued the professor, "candles were invented. To show you what the first ones were like, I tried to get as bad a one as possible. It should evolve or unfurl the traditional 'shroud' in the light, and be otherwise disagreeable; but this one, I am afraid, will be far more respectable and well-behaved than the tallow candles of our ancestors."

Here he lit the candle, and another dismal groan saluted the forlorn yellow light. It looked as if it had lost all its friends. It sputtered and guttered; tallow tears ran down its greasy sides, and very soon it became,—if not a broken-hearted, certainly a broken-backed, tallow candle.

"It was not so many years ago," said the professor, "that candles were in general use, though greatly improved in quality; for the next invention—the argand burner, or astral lamp—could only be afforded by well-to-do people. The flame was fed by the oil made from the blubber of the sperm whale, which was rather expensive; but the lamp made a great improvement in artificial light. Many of us can remember the astral lamp, which gave a soft, pleasant, steady light under its glass shade, quite sufficient to render a room of ordinary size cheerful and cozy. Gas had been discovered, and utilized in places of business a long time before it was introduced into our better houses; and then it was that petroleum or kerosene took the place of candles in poorer localities, and it is still in universal use.

"You may think that there is nothing better to be desired than gas; but if the ladies present would consider how this light changes and injures many delicate colors, and how unbecoming it is, they would rejoice in that restless spirit of invention that is ever crying 'Excelsior!' and is now using all its resources to bring the exquisitely beautiful pure white electric light into common use. Let me show you the effect of light still more yellow than gas-light on those colors hanging up. It is a sodium

light, and sodium is only common salt prepared for burning."

Here the professor applied a match to one of the things on the table of which I told you I did not know the uses. A dull deep yellow flame sprang up. All the blue, red and green in what we will call the banner vanished utterly,—nobody knows where,—leaving three ugly gray and leaden-colored stripes, while the pale yellow border had an attack of yellow jaundice immediately, and became orange-color. The professor held his hand against the flame, and it changed to a ghastly gray hand, and as to us, we looked like dressed-up ghosts.

"You see now," said the professor, "how great an improvement a white light ought to be. I am told that when ladies purchase silk for an evening dress, they request to have it shown by gas-light. Some of the larger stores have a little room lighted only by gas for this purpose; and it is surprising to notice how a silk, beautiful in daylight, will alter and become dingy in color the moment the gas-light flashes upon it."

And now the professor, putting out the hateful sodium light, touched a hidden spring. In an instant—like the winking of an eye—a tiny, but most glorious, star, or, what it was still more like, or was really, a bit of imprisoned lightning, flashed out of the end of a coiled copper wire, with thousands of luminous silver rays emanating from it.

"A—h, how beautiful! how superb!" exclaimed everybody.

Instantly, all the colors in the banner on the wall became perfect and true; blue was blue, and green, green, and you know these colors are often mistaken one for the other at night. The colors of the ladies' dresses, soft lavender, blue, pink, and gray, were in lovely and harmonious contrast, and diamonds flashed like little electric points. Why, everybody looked handsomer than ever they had before. The fine dark eyes of the professor were sparkling, and his face beaming with pleasure, because he saw that he had given pleasure to others, which after all is the best, the purest happiness. Then he put a white porcelain shade over the electric light, and with the softened brightness, another delighted exclamation passed like a wave over the crowd; for you know that light like sound travels in waves, though light beats sound by an infinite number of times in speed. I might as well tell you here that while a sound would be traveling leisurely about thirteen miles in a minute, a flash of light can go the distance of four hundred and eighty times round the whole earth!

The porcelain shade over the electric light made it seem as if a moon, brighter than a hundred moons, had floated down upon us; and yet it was all the time that mere speck of lightning—chained up, bound down hand and foot by the professor.

Soon, by a mysterious turn of his hand, the light darted to another copper wire. This other was an English application of electricity, and has been used a good deal in England,—in dock-yards, iron-works, railway stations and manufactories. It was very bright, but it flickered a little. Then he made the light dart to the candlestick I mentioned, which was invented in Paris by a man whose funny name is Jablochhoff. I had to go to the professor's the next morning to get this name, for I wrote it first "Bobblyjock," then "Bumptherausen," and then "Butthurpurtles," and none of them seemed right. This candlestick made a lovely light. A large number of them were used at the Paris Exposition, which must have been magnificent at night illuminated by this imprisoned lightning.

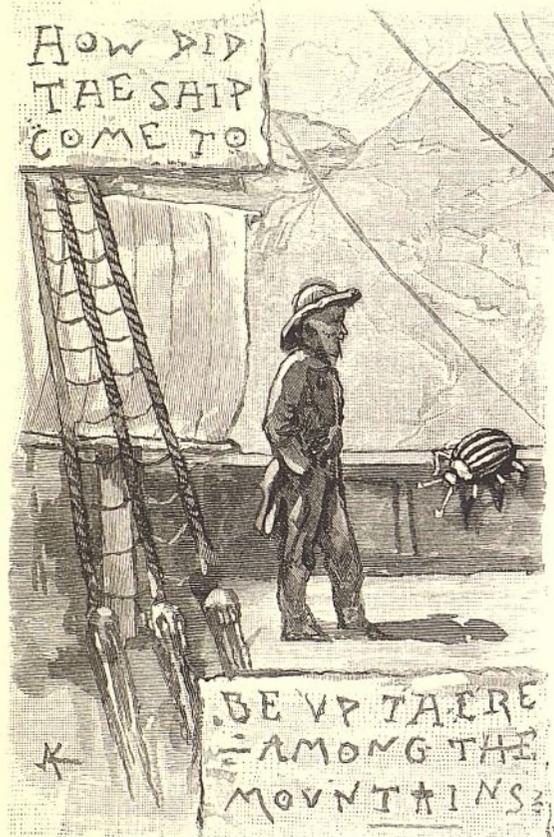
The professor said that he had tried to have Mr. Edison present, and tell us of his amazing inventions; but he was so overwhelmed with business connected with electric light, that he could not come. Let us all hope that Mr. Edison will succeed in making electricity the light that will, like the sun, "shine for all;" for, besides its being so beautiful, and so true, it will be far cheaper than any light we now have.

After the delightful little lecture was over, we went into the back room to see the one horse and colt engine—which was working away merrily—manufacturing the electric fluid. The professor was in some alarm lest the ladies, like children, should want to touch the engine. I did for one, and very likely would have had my hand chopped off if I had; so we concluded to leave it alone and go down-stairs, where—as if this delicious feast of reason and instruction had not been satisfying enough—we were regaled with the lightest, and sweetest, and best of eatable delicacies.

When I bade the professor and his lovely wife good-night, I thanked them most heartily for rousing me out of my stupidity, and making me think; for making me conscious that you, and I, and everybody, have great cause for gratitude that we live in an age of such wonderful applications of known powers, and of such amazing new inventions. Before very long we probably shall cease to wonder at anything in the way of discovery, but at each advance will say to each other, as a matter of course: "Well, what next?"

## THE OBSTINATE WEATHERCOCK.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.



That no one could say; but everybody could see it upon the school-house belfry, and everybody did see it. "We shall have a storm to-day, the old ship is sailing east," the people would say, as they looked at it; or, "Fair weather to-day, the captain's looking westward." When the bell in the belfry rang the children into school the ship trembled, but it kept on its course. And what was its course? Always in the teeth of the wind.

It was a full-rigged ship, all sails set, and the captain standing on the poop. He always stood there, rain or shine, fair weather or foul, morning, noon, and night,—such a faithful captain was he. His hands were in his pockets, and his tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head. Captain Prim, the children called him. Captain Prim had always sailed this ship. He could not remember the time

when he had sailed any other. It was a long memory, too, that the captain had. He could remember the time when he lived in the same house with a golden cock and a galloping horse and a locomotive. Where were they now? Gone, no one knew where, while the captain—Captain Prim—was still sailing his ship. You may believe that the captain thought none the worse of himself for that.

Captain Prim was always ready to put his ship about whenever he saw a change of wind coming. At the slightest touch on his bronzed cheek, he would sing out: "Haul away on the main sheet! Belay there!" and round the ship would come, and the captain would look straight ahead and be ready for the next tack.

Whither was he bound? Ah, that's the question. You could not have got it from the captain, but I will tell you. Although he looked so sturdy and knowing, deep down in his brave little heart was his secret,—he wanted to get out upon the open sea. It vexed him to be always in sight of land. He could n't get away from the dreadful mountains all about him, and once in a great while, when there was a fog, he was terribly anxious lest his ship should go on the rocks. So it was that night and day he kept his post and sailed in the teeth of the wind, for those were his sailing orders. "Captain," said a man whom he had known in his early days, "always sail in the teeth of the wind and you'll do your duty."

One day he was startled by seeing a head looking at him over the rail.

"I say, there," said the head, "want a passenger?" and before the captain could answer, the stranger had climbed over the rail and stood on the deck, where he shook himself.

"Pretty dusty, eh!"

"Who are you?" growled the captain. "Land-lubber! dusty! out at sea!"

"Hear him!" laughed the passenger. "Why, captain, you have n't started yet."

"When you are as old as I am, young stranger —" began Captain Prim.

"When you've traveled as far as I have," began the passenger, "you'll know whether it's dusty or not."

Captain Prim longed to ask him where he had come from, but his pride prevented.

"May be it is n't dusty between here and Colorado. May be these hills are n't pretty rough climbing. I'm tired of it. I'm ready for a voyage. Pull up your anchor and weigh it. O, I know a thing or two about the sea; just weigh your anchor and tell me how heavy it is, cap'n."

"Who are you, any way?" asked the captain, his curiosity getting the better of his pride.

"I? Did n't you ever see one of my family before? Why, I'm a Potato Bug. I have had enough of this country. I'm going abroad."

Just then the wind veered a little.

"Haul away on the main sheet!" cried the captain, and the Potato Bug, not seeing anybody at work, put his head down the hatchway and repeated the order.

"I say, chambermaid, the cap'n wants you;" but no one answered.

"Well, this is a ghostly ship," said the Potato Bug. "I'm not going to work my passage."

"Belay there!" cried the captain, as the ship swung round and was still again.

"O, we're going now, are we?" asked the passenger; "this is comfortable," and he crossed his legs. "But I say, cap'n," he began again, pretty soon, "we don't get ahead. I've been watching that meeting-house and it does n't move a particle. It ought to. It ought to look as if it was moving. O, I know something about motion."

"Mind your business," said the captain, badly

frightened. He, too, had always had an eye on that meeting-house, when the wind was in the west, and it bothered him that he should never seem to get by it.

"Well, I think I will. I'll get out of this Flying Dutchman," said the Potato Bug, getting up and climbing over the rail again. "I'm a live passenger, I am. I'm used to getting ahead in the world. You may stay and sail to nowhere, if you want to. Good-bye!" and he dropped over the side.

"He's an ignorant land-lubber," said Captain Prim, breathing a little more freely, but not daring yet to look at the meeting-house again. He could see the Potato Bug, a distant speck out on the end of the school-house, and then the Potato Bug was gone. But Captain Prim, now that he was alone again, kept firmly to his post. His hands were in his pockets, the tarpaulin was cocked on the side of his head, and he kept his ship head on to the wind. Obstinate fellow!

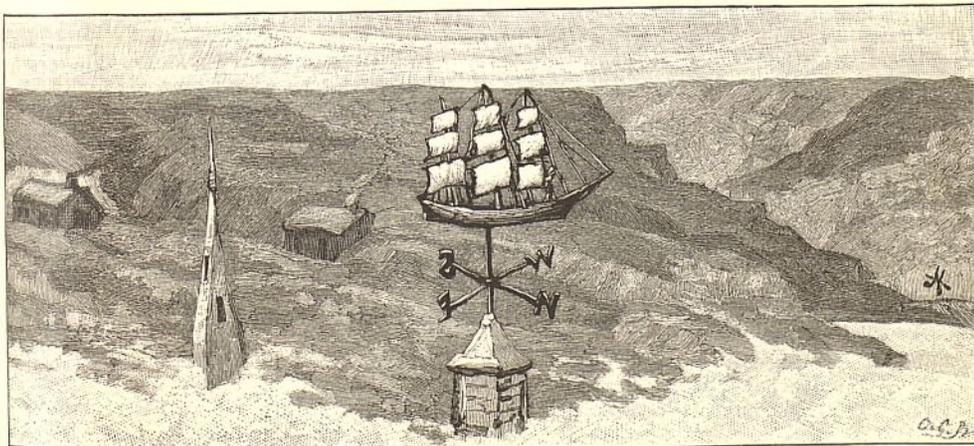
And what became of the Potato Bug? He had more traveling to do. He thought he would just look off over the roof of the school-house, and make up his mind where to go next, but it made him dizzy, and down he dropped to the ground. Young McPherson found him there lying on his back.

"That's a fine specimen!" said he. "I'll send him home to the old folks."

But the old folks lived in Scotland, and so Potato Bug had to travel in an envelope across the ocean. In the darkness of that sealed envelope he thought of Captain Prim.

"Perhaps he knew what he was about. Perhaps he was doing his duty," Potato Bug said faintly to himself. "If ever I go to sea again, I'll go in Captain Prim's ship."

But he never went to sea again. He died of too much travel.





RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE WOLF.—DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

## THE RENAISSANCE.

BY MARY LLOYD.

How many young folk—or old folk either for that matter—when they meet with the word Renaissance in their reading know exactly what it means? They have a vague idea, probably, that it refers to something “artistic” or “old time-y”; perhaps even the pretty head-dress of Anne Boleyn, or Michael Angelo’s battered face, rises dimly before them; or perhaps some queer high-backed piece of furniture; but that is about all that they really know about it. Is it not so?

The Renaissance is a term generally applied to the period of time embraced in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the first quarter of the sixteenth; or, to be quite definite, from the fall of the Greek or Byzantine empire in 1453 to the sacking of Rome in 1527. But it may, with pro-

priety, be made to apply to the time extending from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The word “Renaissance” means a new birth. Another form of the word, “Renascence,” lately used by some English writers, shows more clearly its Latin origin.

During the long night of the Middle Ages ignorance and superstition had lain like an iron weight upon the human mind; but now some mighty forces seemed to be at work, and there was a great awakening in every direction.

Gunpowder, which came into use about the middle of the fourteenth century, caused a great change in the art of carrying on war, and put an end forever to the feudal system, which was one distinguishing characteristic of the Middle Ages.

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Then there was the invention of the compass in 1302 by Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, a village near Naples. By this it was made possible for sailors to venture further out to sea, and it eventually led to the discoveries in America and the East Indies. The account of these brilliant achievements reads almost like a page from a fairy-tale.

The Portuguese were the foremost in all the grand maritime enterprises of the latter part of the fifteenth century. They discovered the Madeira Islands, the Azores, the Cape Verd Islands, and points on the western coast of Africa. It was in the service of the Portuguese king that the brave Bartholomew Dias discovered the southern point of Africa; and afterward, in 1497, that Vasco di Gama first rounded this cape, which proved, indeed, to be one of Good Hope, for it was from here that he sailed to discover the eastern sea-route to that land of silks and spices, of gold and diamonds, the East Indies.

You all know that these bold exploits of the Portuguese navigators fired the heart of Columbus with daring to set sail on an unknown sea in order to find a westward passage to the Indies. But his story is so well known to you all that I need make no more than this passing allusion to him.

Not only were there great discoveries made on this lower world of ours, but more marvelous revelations still were made in the realm above us. It had long been believed that "this little round o' the earth" was the center of all created things; but Copernicus proved, a short time before his death, in 1543, that the sun was the center of the solar system. He was aided in his studies by the description of the telescope, which Roger Bacon had written in 1250. It is supposed that some of these inventions were known at a much earlier date in Asia. The telescope and gunpowder were known to the Arabians, and from them, no doubt, had Friar Bacon derived his knowledge. It is certain, too, that the compass in some rude shape was known to the Chinese in very early times. They attributed the invention to Hong-ti, grandson of Noah, 1115 B. C.

But still we have to speak of the most wonderful invention which, more than any other, helped on the progress of the Renaissance,—the noble art of printing. The Dutch claim it for their countryman, Laurence Koster of Haarlem, while it is generally agreed that Guttenberg of Mayence rightfully divides it with his associates, Faust and Schaeffer. It was the last named who brought metal types into use about the year 1452.

After the fall of the Greek empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the

imperial city of Constantine, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves.

They carried with them all their worldly wealth,—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened.

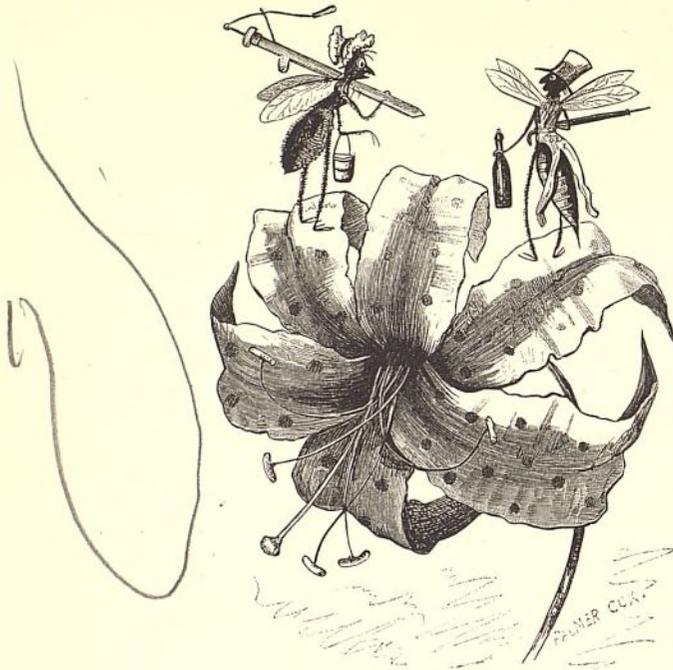
We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three-quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks,—he who had loved learning so intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived, among his books, for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume.

Now every one seemed smitten with a passionate desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the east." Princes, ladies and courtiers were alike enthusiastic. Like a boy with a new toy, they were filled with delight over some newly discovered fragment of an old Greek or Latin author. Now the lately invented art of printing came into requisition. Paper had been made from rags since about the year 1300, and, with these new facilities, copies of the classic authors were rapidly multiplied and came into the possession of those who had never dared to hope to own one. Aldus Manutius set up a printing-press in Venice in 1488, and sent forth edition after edition of those splendid classics, called, after him, the Aldine editions, which are to this day the delight and envy of all lovers of rare and costly books.

It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture.

The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result.

And so, this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best and sweetest and noblest; all that is most worth having in the life of the present day we owe to it,—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.



### THE WASP AND THE BEE.

BY PALMER COX.

In a garden sweet and fair,  
Once a bright and busy pair  
Held a brief conversation on a lily.  
"Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee,  
"Your maneuvers puzzle me,  
You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly."

"In the school where you were taught,  
Was the fact before you brought  
That our time is equivalent to money?  
Now for days and days we've met  
'Mid the pinks and mignonette,  
But you never seem to carry any honey!"

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile  
With your blunt, outspoken style,  
You have many things to learn, I must declare;  
For a thousand sunny hours  
You've been pumping at the flowers,  
And you never dreamed of poison being there."

"From the phlox and columbine,  
Bleeding-heart and eglantine,  
Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;

While I, coming in your wake,  
From the self-same blossoms take  
All the rankest sort of poison by the gill.

"Let me whisper in your ear:  
I have found while roaming here  
Over garden, over orchard, over field,  
That the fairest growth of flowers  
Which adorn these haunts of ours,  
The most deadly kind of poison often yields."

"Bless my sting!" exclaimed the Bee,  
"Every day we live to see  
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose.  
Who would think a nauseous drug  
Could be stored away so snug,  
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?"

And, with that it flew away,  
To a field of blooming hay,  
On the buttercup and clover to alight;  
While the Wasp set out to find  
Something suited to his mind,  
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.

## EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## CHAPTER III.

## MR. JOYCE.

WEALTHY was waiting at the kitchen-door, and pounced on Eyebright the moment she appeared. I want you to know Wealthy, so I must tell you about her. She was very tall and very bony. Her hair, which was black, streaked with gray, was combed straight, and twisted round a hair-pin, so as to make a tight round knot, about the size of a half-dollar, on the back of her head. Her face was kind, but such a very queer face that persons who were not used to it were a good while in finding out the kindness. It was square and wrinkled, with small eyes, a wide mouth, and a nose which was almost flat, as if some one had given it a knock when Wealthy was a baby, and driven it in. She always wore dark cotton gowns and aprons, as clean as clean could be, but made after the pattern of Mrs. Japhet's in the Noah's arks,—straight up and straight down, with almost no folds, so as to use as little material as possible. She had lived in the house ever since Eyebright was a baby, and looked upon her almost as her own child,—to be scolded, petted, ordered about and generally taken care of.

Eyebright could not remember any time in her life when her mother had not been ill. She found it hard to believe that mamma ever was young and active, and able to go about and walk and do the things which other people did. Eyebright's very first recollections of her were of a pale, ailing person, always in bed or on the sofa, complaining of headache and backache, and general misery,—coming down-stairs once or twice in a year perhaps, and even then being the worse for it. The room in which she spent her life had a close, dull smell of medicines about it, and Eyebright always went past its door and down the entry on tiptoe, hushing her footsteps without being aware that she did so, so fixed was the habit. She was so well and strong herself that it was not easy for her to understand what sickness is, or what it needs; but her sympathies were quick, and though it was not hard to forget her mother and be happy, when she was rioting out-of-doors with the other children, she never saw her without feeling pity and affection, and a wish that she could do something to please or to make her feel better.

Tea was so nearly ready that Wealthy would not let Eyebright go upstairs, but carried her instead

into a small bedroom, opening from the kitchen, where she herself slept. It was a little place, bare enough, but very neat and clean, as all things belonging to Wealthy were sure to be. Then, she washed Eyebright's face and hands and brushed her hair, retying the brown bow, crimping with her fingers the ruffle round Eyebright's neck, and putting on a fresh white apron to conceal the ravages of play in the school frock. Eyebright was quite able to wash her own face, but Wealthy was not willing yet to think so; she liked to do it herself, and Eyebright cared too little about the matter, and was too fond of Wealthy beside, to make any resistance.

When the little girl was quite neat and tidy,—

“Go into the sitting-room,” said Wealthy, with a final pat. “Tea will be ready in a few minutes. Your Pa is in a hurry for it.”

So, Eyebright went slowly through the kitchen,—which looked very bright and attractive with its crackling fire and the sunlight streaming through its open door, and which smelt delightfully of ham-and-eggs and new biscuit,—and down the narrow, dark passage, on one side of which was the sitting-room, and on the other a parlor, which was hardly ever used by anybody. Wealthy dusted it now and then, and kept her cake in a closet which opened out of it, and there were a mahogany sofa and some chairs in it, upon which nobody ever sat, and some books which nobody ever read, and a small Franklin stove, with brass knobs on top, in which a fire was never lighted, and an odor of mice and varnish, and that was all. The sitting-room on the other side of the entry was much pleasanter. It was a large, square room, wainscoted high with green-painted wood, and had a south window and two westerly ones, so that the sun lay on it all day long. Here and there in the walls, and one on either side of the chimney-piece, were odd unexpected little cupboards, with small green wooden handles in their doors. The doors fitted so closely that it was hard to tell which was cupboard and which wall; anybody who did not know the room was always a long time in finding out just how many cupboards there were. The one on the left-hand side of the chimney-piece was Eyebright's special cupboard. It had been called hers ever since she was three years old, and had to climb on a chair to open the door. There she kept her treasures of all kinds,—paper dolls and garden seeds, and books, and scraps of silk for patch-work; and the top

shelf of all was a sort of hospital for broken toys, too far gone to be played with any longer, but too dear, for old friendship's sake, to be quite thrown away. The furniture of the sitting-room was cherry-wood, dark with age; and between the west windows stood a cherry-wood desk, with shelves above and drawers below, where Mr. Bright kept his papers and did his writing.

He was sitting there now as Eyebright came in, busy over something, and in the rocking-chair beside the fire-place was a gentleman whom she did not recognize at first, but who seemed to know her, for in a minute he smiled and said:

"Oho! Here is my friend of this morning. Is this your little girl, Mr. Bright?"

"Yes," replied papa, from his desk; "she is mine—my only one. That is Mr. Joyce, Eyebright. Go and shake hands with him, my dear."

Eyebright shook hands, blushing and laughing, for now she saw that Mr. Joyce was the gentleman who had interrupted their play at recess. He kept hold of her hand when the shake was over, and began to talk in a very pleasant kind voice, Eyebright thought.

"I did n't know that you were Mr. Bright's little daughter when I asked the way to his house," he said. "Why did n't you tell me? And what was the game you were playing, which you said was so splendid, but which made you cry so hard? I could n't imagine, and it made me very curious."

"It was only about Lady Jane Grey," answered Eyebright. "I was Lady Jane, and Bessie, she was Margaret; and I was just going to be beheaded when you spoke to us. I always cry when we get to the executions: they are so dreadful!"

"Why do you have them then? I think that's a very sad sort of play for two happy little girls like you. Why not have a nice merry game about men and women who never were executed? Would n't it be pleasanter?"

"Oh, no! It is n't half as much fun playing about people who don't have things happen to them," said Eyebright, eagerly. "Once we did, Bessie and I. We played at George and Martha Washington, and it was n't amusing a bit,—just commanding armies, and standing on platforms to receive company, and cutting down one cherry-tree! We did n't like it at all. Lady Jane Grey is much nicer than that. And I'll tell you another splendid one,—'The Children of the Abbey.' We played it all through from the very beginning chapter, and it took us all our recesses for four weeks. I like long plays so much better than short ones which are done right off."

Mr. Joyce's eyes twinkled a little, and his lips twitched, but he would not smile, because Eyebright was looking straight into his face.

"I don't believe you are too big to sit on my knee," he said; and Eyebright, nothing loth, perched herself on his lap at once. She was such a fearless little thing, so ready to talk and to make friends, that he was mightily taken with her, and she seemed equally attracted by him, and chattered freely as to an old friend.

She told him all about her school, and the girls, and what they did in summer, and what they did in winter, and about Top-knot and the other chickens, and her dolls,—for Eyebright still played with dolls by fits and starts, and her grand plan for making "a cave" in the garden, in which to keep label-sticks and bits of string and her cherished trowel.

"Wont it be lovely?" she demanded. "Whenever I want anything, you know, I shall just have to dig a little bit, and take up the shingle which goes over the top of the cave, and put my hand in. Nobody will know that it's there but me. Unless I tell Bessie —" she added, remembering that almost always she did tell Bessie.

Mr. Joyce privately feared that the trowel would become very rusty, and Eyebright's cave be apt to fill with water when the weather was wet; but he would not spoil her pleasure by making these objections. Instead, he talked to her about his home, which was in Vermont, among the Green Mountains, and his wife, whom he called "mother," and his son, Charley, who was a year or two older than Eyebright, and a great pet with his father, evidently.

"I wish you could know Charley," he said; "you are just the sort of girl he would like, and he and you would have great fun together. Perhaps some day your father 'll bring you up to make us a visit."

"That would be very nice," said Eyebright. "But"—shaking her head—"I don't believe it 'll ever happen, because papa never does take me away. We can't leave poor mamma, you know. She 'd miss us so much."

Here Wealthy brought in supper,—a hearty one, in honor of Mr. Joyce, with ham and eggs, cold beef, warm biscuit, stewed rhubarb, marmalade, and, by way of a second course, flannel cakes, for making which Wealthy had a special gift. Mr. Joyce enjoyed everything, and made an excellent meal. He was amused to hear Eyebright say: "Do take some more rhubarb, papa. I stewed it my own self, and it's better than it was last time—" and to see her arranging her mother's tea neatly on a tray.

"What a droll little pussy that is of yours!" he said to her father, when Eyebright had gone upstairs with the tray. "She seems all imagination, and yet she has a practical turn, too. It's an odd

mixture. We don't often get the two things combined in one child."

"No, you don't," replied Mr. Bright. "Sometimes I think she has too much imagination. Her head is stuffed with all sorts of notions picked up out of books, and you'd think, to hear her talk, that she had n't an idea beyond a fairy-tale. But she has plenty of common sense, too, and is more helpful and considerate than most children of her age. Wealthy says she is really useful to her, and has quite an idea of cooking and housekeeping. I'm puzzled at her myself sometimes. She seems two different children rolled into one."

"Well, if that is the case, I see no need to regret her vivid imagination," replied his friend. "A quick fancy helps people along wonderfully. Imagination is like a big sail. When there's nothing underneath, it's risky; but with plenty of ballast to hold the vessel steady, it's an immense advantage and not a danger."

Eyebright came in just then, and as a matter of course went back to her perch upon her new friend's knee.

"Do you know a great many stories?" she asked, suggestively.

"I know a good many. I make them up for Charley sometimes."

"I wish you'd tell me one."

"It will have to be a short one then," said Mr. Joyce, glancing at his watch. "Bright, will you see about having my horse brought round? I must be off in ten minutes or so." Then, turning to Eyebright,— "I'll tell you about Peter and the Wolves, if you like. That's the shortest story I know."

"Oh, do! I like stories about wolves so much," said Eyebright, settling herself comfortably to listen.

"Little Peter lived with his grandmother in a wood," began Mr. Joyce in a prompt way, as of one who has a good deal of business to get through in brief time. "They lived all alone. He had n't any other boys to play with, but once in a great while his grandmother let him go to the other side of the wood where some boys lived, and play with them. Peter was always glad when his grandmother said he might go.

"One day, in the autumn, he said: 'Grandmother, may I go and see William and Jack?' Those were the names of the other boys.

"Yes," she said, 'you can go, if you will promise to come home at four o'clock. It gets dark early, and I am afraid to have you in the wood later than that.'

"So Peter promised. He had a nice time with William and Jack, and at four o'clock he started to go home, for he was a boy of his word.

"As he went along, suddenly, on the path before

him, he saw a most beautiful gray squirrel with a long, bushy tail.

"Oh, you beauty!" cried Peter. 'I must catch you and carry you home to grandmother.'

"Now, this was humbug in Peter, because grandmother did not care a bit about gray squirrels. But Peter did.

"So, Peter ran to catch the squirrel, and the squirrel ran, too. He did not go very fast, but kept just out of reach. More than once, Peter thought he had laid hold of him, but the cunning squirrel always slipped through his fingers.

"At last, the squirrel darted up into a thick tree where Peter could not see him any more. Then Peter began to think of going home. To his surprise, it was almost dark. He had been running so hard that he had not noticed this before, nor which way he had come, and when he looked about him, he saw that he had lost his way.

"This was bad enough, but worse happened; for, pretty soon, as he plodded on, trying to guess which way he ought to go, he heard a long, low howl far away in the wood,—the howl of a wolf. Peter had heard wolves howl before, and he knew perfectly well what the sound was. He began to run, and he ran and ran, but the howl grew louder, and was joined by more howls, and they sounded nearer every minute, and Peter knew that a whole pack of wolves was after him. Wolves can run much faster than little boys, you know. They had almost caught Peter, when he saw —"

Mr. Joyce paused to enjoy Eyebright's eyes, which had grown as round as saucers in her excitement.

"Oh, go on!" she cried, breathlessly.

"—when he saw a big hollow tree with a hole in one side. There was not a moment to spare; the hole was just big enough for him to get into; and in one second he had scrambled through and was inside the tree. There were some large pieces of bark lying inside, and he picked one up and nailed it over the hole with a hammer which he happened to have in his pocket. So there he was, in a safe little house of his own, and the wolves could not get at him at all."

"That was splendid," sighed Eyebright, relieved.

"All night the wolves stayed by the tree, and scratched and howled and tried to get in," continued Mr. Joyce. "By and by, the moon rose, and Peter could see them putting their noses through the knot-holes in the bark, and smelling at him. But the knot-holes were too small, and, smell as they might, they could not get at him. At last, watching his chance, he whipped out his jack-knife and cut off the tip of the biggest wolf's nose. Then the wolves howled awfully and ran away, and Peter

put the nose-tip in his pocket, and lay down and went to sleep."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Eyebright, delighted. "What came next?"

"Morning came next, and he got out of the tree and ran home. His poor grandmother had been frightened almost to death, and had not slept a wink all night long; she hugged and kissed Peter for half an hour, and then hurried to cook him a hot breakfast. That's all the story,—only, when Peter grew to be a man, he had the tip of the wolf's nose set as a breast-pin, and he always wore it."

Here Mr. Joyce set Eyebright down, and rose from his chair, for he heard his horse's hoofs under the window.

"Oh, do tell me about the breast-pin before you go," cried Eyebright. "Did he really wear it? How funny! Was it set in gold, or how?"

"I shall have to keep the description of the breast-pin till we meet again," replied Mr. Joyce. "My dear," and he stooped and kissed her, "I wish I had a little girl at home just like you. Charley would like it too. I shall tell him about you. And if you ever meet, you will be friends, I am sure."

Eyebright sat on the door-steps and watched him ride down the street. The sun was just setting, and all the western sky was flushed with pink, just the color of a rosy sea-shell.

"Mr. Joyce is the nicest man that ever came here, I think," she said to Wealthy, who passed through the hall with her hands full of tea-things. "He told me a lovely story about wolves. I'll tell it to you when you put me to bed, if you like. He's the nicest man I ever saw."

"Nicer than Mr. Porter?" asked Wealthy, grimly, walking down the hall.

Eyebright blushed and made no answer. Mr. Porter was a sore subject, though she was only six years old when she knew him, and had never seen him since.

He was a young man who for one summer had rented a vacant room in Miss Fitch's school building. He took a great fancy to Eyebright, who was a little girl then, and he used to play with her, and carry her about the green in his arms. Several times he promised her a doll, which he said he would fetch when he went home. At last, he went home and came back, but no doll appeared, and whenever Eyebright asked after it, he replied that it was "in his trunk."

One day, he carelessly left open the door of his room, and Eyebright, spying it, peeped in and saw that his trunk was unlocked. Now was her chance, she thought, and, without consulting anybody, she went in, resolved to find the doll for herself.

Into the trunk she dived. It was full of things,

all of which she pulled out and threw upon the floor, which had no carpet, and was pretty dusty. Boots, and shirts, and books, and blacking-bottles, and papers,—all were dumped one on top of the other; but though she went to the very bottom, no doll was to be found, and she trotted away, almost crying with disappointment, and leaving the things just as they lay, on the floor.

Mr. Porter did not like it at all, when he found his property in this condition, and Miss Fitch punished Eyebright, and Wealthy scolded hard; but Eyebright never could be made to see that she had done anything naughty.

"He's a wicked man, and he did n't tell the trufe," was all she could say. Wealthy was deeply shocked at the affair, and would never let Eyebright forget it, so that even now, after six years had passed, the mention of Mr. Porter's name made her feel uncomfortable. She left the door-step presently, and went upstairs to her mother's room, where she usually spent the last half-hour before going to bed.

It was one of Mrs. Bright's better days, and she was lying on the sofa. She was a pretty little woman still, though thin and faded, and had a gentle, helpless manner, which made people want to pet her, as they might a child. The room seemed very warm and close after the fresh door-step, and Eyebright thought, as she had thought many times before, "How I wish that mother liked to have her window open!" But she did not say so.

"Was your tea nice, mamma?" she asked, a little doubtfully, for Mrs. Bright was hard to please with food, probably because her appetite was so fickle.

"Pretty good," her mother answered; "my egg was too hard, and I don't like quite so much sugar in rhubarb, but it did very well. What have you been about all day, Eyebright?"

"Nothing particular, mamma. School, you know; and after school, some of the girls came into our hay-loft and told stories, and we had such a nice time. Then Mr. Joyce was here to tea. He's a real nice man, mamma. I wish you had seen him."

"How was he nice? It seems to me you did n't see enough of him to judge," said her mother.

"Why, mamma, I can always tell right away if people are nice or not. Can't you? Could n't you, when you were well, I mean?"

"I don't think much of that sort of judging," said Mrs. Bright, languidly. "It takes a long time to find out what people really are,—years."

"Why, mamma!" cried Eyebright, with wide open eyes. "I could n't know but just two or three people in my whole life if I had to take such lots of time to find out! I'd a great deal rather be quick, even if I changed my mind afterward."

"You'll be wiser when you're older," said her mother. "It's time for my medicine now. Will you bring it, Eyebright? It's the third bottle from the corner of the mantel, and there's a tea-cup and spoon on the table."

Poor Mrs. Bright! Her medicine had grown to be the chief interest of her life! The doctor who visited her was one of the old-fashioned kind who believed in big doses and three pills at a time, and something new every week or two; but, in addition to his prescriptions, Mrs. Bright tried all sorts of

Cosmopolitan Febrifuge. It seems to work the most wonderful cures. Mrs. Mulrany, a lady in Pike's Gulch, Idaho, got entirely well of consumptive cancer by taking only two bottles; and a gentleman from Alaska writes that his wife and three children who were almost dead of cholera-collapse and heart disease recovered entirely after taking the Febrifuge one month. It's very wonderful."

"I've noticed that those folks who get well in the advertisements always live in Idaho and Alaska and such like places, where folks aint very



"I CAN'T HELP HOPING THAT THIS IS GOING TO DO ME GOOD."

queer patent physics which people told her of, or which she read about in the newspapers. She also took a great deal of herb-tea of different sorts. There was always a little porringer of something steaming away on her stove,—camomile, or bone-set, or wormwood, or snake-root, or tansy, and always a long row of fat bottles with labels on the chimney-piece above it.

Eyebright fetched the medicine and the cup, and her mother measured out the dose.

"I can't help hoping that this is going to do me good," she said. "It's something new which I read about in the 'Evening Chronicle,'—Dr. Bright's

likely to go a-hunting after them," said Wealthy, who came in just then with a candle.

"Now, Wealthy, how can you say so? Both these cures are certified to by regular doctors. Let me see,—yes,—Dr. Ingham and Dr. H. B. Peters. Here are their names on the bottle."

"It's easy enough to make up a name or two if you want 'em," muttered Wealthy. Then, seeing that Mrs. Bright looked troubled, she was sorry she had spoken, and made haste to add, "However, the medicine may be first-rate medicine, and if it does you good, Mrs. Bright, we'll crack it up everywhere,—that we will."

Eyebright's bed-time was come. She kissed her mother for good-night with the feeling which she always had, that she must kiss very gently, or some dreadful thing might happen,—her mother break in two, perhaps, or something. Wealthy, who was in rather a severe mood for some reason, undressed her in a sharp, summary way, declined to listen to the wolf story, and went away, taking the candle with her. But there was little need of a candle in Eyebright's room that night, for the shutters stood open, and a bright full moon shone in, making everything as distinct, almost, as it was in the day-time. She was not a bit sleepy, but she did n't mind being sent to bed, at all, for bed-time often meant to her only a second play-time which she had all to herself. Getting up very softly, so as to make no noise, she crept to the closet, and brought out a big pasteboard box which was full of old ribbons and odds and ends of lace and silk. With these she proceeded to make herself fine; a pink ribbon went round her head, a blue one round her neck, a yellow and a purple round either ankle, and round her waist over her night-gown a broad red one, very dirty, to serve as a sash. Each wrist was adorned with a bit of cotton edging, and with a broken fan in her hand, Eyebright climbed into bed again, and putting one pillow on top of the other to make a seat, began to play, telling herself the story in a low, whispering tone.

"I am a Princess," she said; "the most beautiful Princess that ever was. But I did n't know that I was a Princess at all, because a wicked fairy stole

me when I was little, and put me in a lonely cottage, and I thought I was n't anything but a shepherdess. But one day as I was feeding my sheep, a ne-cro-anser he came by and he said:

"Princess, why don't you have any crown?"

"Then I stared, and said, 'I'm not a Princess."

"Oh, but you are,' he said; 'a real Princess."

"Then I was so surprised you can't think, Bessie.—Oh, I forgot that Bessie was n't here. And I said, 'I cannot believe such nonsense as that, sir."

"Then the necroanser laughed, and he said:

"Mount this winged steed, and I will show you your kingdom which you were stolen away from."

"So I mounted."

Here Eyebright put a pillow over the foot-board of the bed, and climbed upon it, in the attitude of a lady on a side-saddle.

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" she murmured.

"How fast we go! I do love horseback."

Dear silly little Eyebright! Riding there in the moonlight, with her scraps of ribbon and her bare feet and her night-gown, she was a fantastic figure, and looked absurd enough to make any one laugh. I laugh too, and yet I love the little thing, and find it delightful that she should be so easily amused and made happy with small fancies. Imagination is like a sail, as Mr. Joyce had said that evening; but sails are good and useful things sometimes, and carry their owners over deep waters and dark waves, which else might dampen, and drench, and drown.

(To be continued.)



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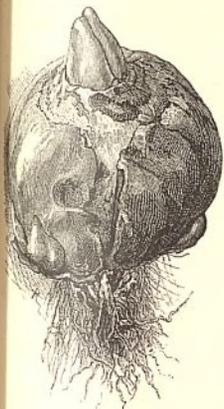
## BLOOM.

BY B. H.

THE sudden sun shone through the pane,  
And lighted both their faces—  
A prettier sight just after rain  
Ne'er fell in pleasant places.

Two girls. One held a vase of glass,  
And one, a ball unsightly,  
Ragged and soiled. And this, the lass  
Upon the vase laid lightly.

"What lovely flowers we'll have!" said they,  
"After it starts a-growing."  
The sun delighted slipped away,  
And down the west went glowing.



## WANTED.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

ONE day, Johnny came home from school crying very hard. His mother thought the teacher must have whipped him, or expelled him from school, or that some big boy must have stoned him.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" she asked with concern and compassion.

Johnny returned no answer except to cry harder.

"Why, my sweet," she persisted, drawing him to her knee, "tell me what it is."

"There's no use telling," said Johnny, scarcely able to speak for tears and sobs. "I can't have it."

"Have what? Tell me. Perhaps you can have it," she answered, in a tone of encouragement. "Tell me what it is."

"No, no, no," said Johnny, in a tone of utter despondency. "I know I can't have it." Then he put his hands to his face, and cried with fresh vehemence.

"But tell me what it is, and, if it's possible, I'll get it for you."

"You can't! you can't! oh, you can't!" Johnny answered in despairing accents.

"Isn't there any of it in town?" asked Mamma.

"Lots of it," said Johnny, "but you can't get me one."

"Why can't I?"

"They all belong to other folks," said Johnny.

"But I might buy some from somebody," the mother suggested.

"Oh! but you can't," Johnny insisted, shaking his head, while the tears streamed down his face.

"Perhaps I can send out of town for some," said the mother.

Johnny shook his head in a slow, despairing way.

"You can't get it by sending out of town." Then he added, passionately: "Oh, I want one so bad! They're so handy. The boys and girls that have 'em do have such good times!"

"But what are they? Do stop crying, and tell me what they are," said the mother, impatiently.

"They can just go out every time they want to, without asking the teacher," he said, pursuing his train of reflection on the advantages of the what-ever-it-was. "Whenever the drum beats they can go out and see the band, and when there's an organ they can get to see the monkey; and they saw the dancin' bear; and to-morrow the circus is comin' "

by, and the elephant, and all of 'em that has 'em will get to go out and see 'em, and me that have n't got 'em will have to stay in, and study the mean ole lessons. Oh, it's awful!" and Johnny had another passionate fit of sobbing.

"What in the world is it, child, that you're talking about?" said his mother, utterly perplexed.

But the child, unmindful of the question, cried out: "Oh! I want one so bad!"

"Want what? If you don't tell me, I'll have to lock you up, or do something of the kind. What is it you want?"

Then Johnny answered with a perfect wail of longing: "It's a whooping-cough,—I want a whooping-cough."

"A whooping-cough!" exclaimed his mamma, in utter surprise. "A whooping-cough!"

"Yes," said Johnny, still crying hard. "I want

a whooping-cough. The teacher lets the scholars that have got the whooping-cough go out without asking whenever they take to coughing; and when there's a funeral, or anything else nice going by, they all go to coughing, and just go out so comfortable; and we that have n't any cough, don't dare look off our books. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

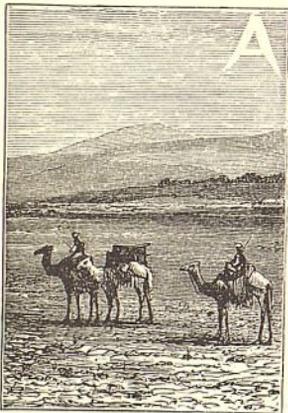
"Never mind," said Mamma, soothing. "We'll go down to Uncle Charley's room at the Metropolitan to-morrow, and see the circus come in. The performers are going to stop at that hotel, and we'll have a fine view."

At this point Johnny began to cough.

"I think," said his mother, nervously, "you're getting the whooping-cough now. If you are, you may learn a lesson before you get through with it,—the lesson that there is no unalloyed good in this world, even in a whooping-cough."

## ORIENTAL BOTTLES AND WELLS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

By FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.



Among the Orientals the carrying of water forms a large part of domestic labor. In Eastern cities and towns, it is not conveyed from street to street by means of pipes, nor are houses and bath-rooms supplied with hydrants. Wells are rare and are found only in the interior, at a distance from the water-courses; and, as the water in them is seldom either whole-

some or agreeable to the taste, the people depend for a supply mainly upon the rivers, whenever it is practicable to reach them,—some going a mile or two, every day, for a supply of water. In Arabia and in many other countries of Western Asia, this task is performed always by the women of the family—the mistress or her servants, or perhaps both unite in the labor. As the Arabs seldom pitch their tents very near the water, and as, unless the distance be a mile or more, the men do not think it necessary to employ their camels, the women go at evening, with long leather bags

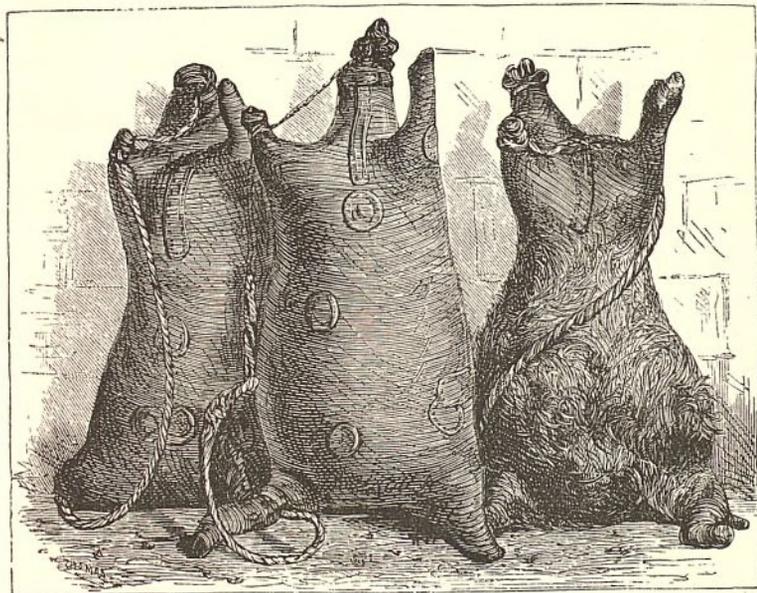
thrown over their shoulders, and bring a sufficient quantity of water for a day's consumption. If the distance is very short, so that several easy trips can be made, smaller bags, and occasionally earthen jugs, are used.

The women seem always to enjoy this wearying labor, because it is almost their only opportunity of seeing and chatting among themselves, and of displaying any little adornments of dress they may happen to possess. But in Turkey, Persia, and all the countries where females are required to go closely veiled, only those of the lowest rank are expected to perform the heavy duty of bringing water; and all well-to-do families obtain their supply from regular venders. These are men who make water-carrying a distinct business, and who go round, from house to house, with their donkeys, and leave at each door the supply that is needed for the day, just as do our ice and milk venders in this country.

To hold the water, they have strong leather bags, or, more correctly speaking, well-prepared goat-skins, like those in the illustration,—two or more being swung across the donkey's back, like paniers. Occasionally, a dealer, who does a heavy business, will substitute a pair of ox-skins, which are hung in the same panier-fashion across the back of a horse, and, for the accommodation of thirsty pedes-

trians, there are other water-dealers, who go about the streets, each with a goat-skin of water slung to his back, by a strap or chain. The neck of the skin, which is usually brought under the arm, and compressed by the hand, serves as the mouthpiece of this curious but very useful water-bottle; and the grateful beverage is dealt out in a brass or coarse earthenware cup, secured to the girdle of the vender. These water-carriers are at once a blessing and a nuisance,—a sort of necessary evil that everybody grumbles at, and tries to avoid, in meeting them, with their dripping bags, at every

Tifis, the capital of Georgia, and at other places not under Mohammedan rule, the wine-stores present an array of skin-bottles, that looks quaint enough to unaccustomed eyes. Supported above the floor, upon heavy wooden frames, are huge ox-hides, perfectly distended with wine, arranged round the walls, where a European wine-dealer would place his casks; while skins of goats and kids, serving the same purpose as barrels and jugs, are used to supply customers as they come in, or to send the liquor to their houses. Nowhere in the East is it common to keep much wine in the house;



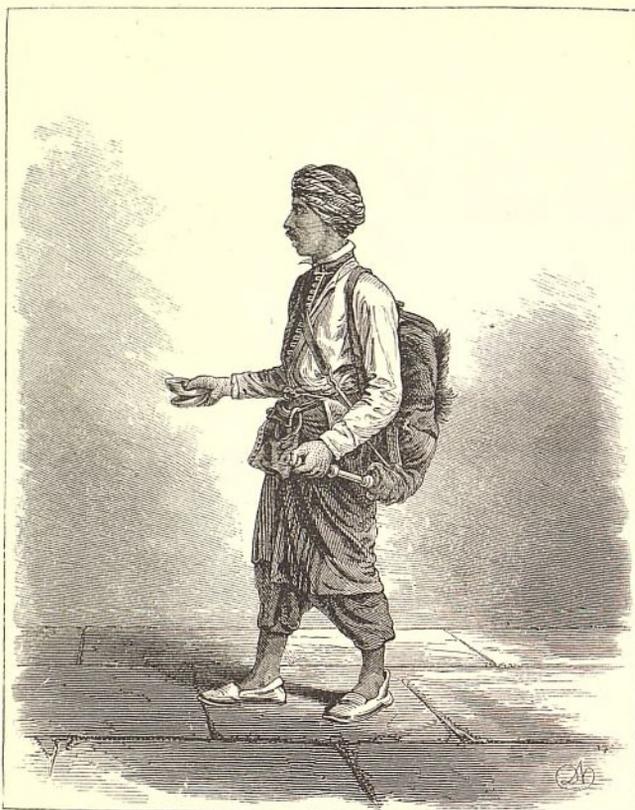
SOME ORIENTAL WATER-BOTTLES.

turn of the narrow, crowded streets. Yet nobody is willing to dispense with their services; and in times of public calamity, the water-carriers are the very last to discontinue their labors. Their doing so is deemed the most intense aggravation of the evil, especially during the prevalence of the frightful epidemics that so often visit Oriental cities, when multitudes literally die of thirst, because they are unable to go far enough to obtain water.

These skin-bottles are used also for keeping and conveying wine; and not only in the East, but they have found their way also into some portions of the wine countries of Southern Europe, probably introduced by the Moors, into Spain first. Among Orientals, goat-skins are generally preferred for wine, for family use, as being more easily handled; but those who have to store wine in large quantities, use ox-hides. In all Mohammedan countries, the sale of wine being illegal, the full skins are hidden away out of sight; but at

those who use it preferring to get a little skin at a time from the wine-store. These bottles are light and convenient for handling; and, as things are managed in the East, where people travel over deserts, and on the backs of camels and donkeys, goat-skins are more readily carried about than glassware, and with far less danger of leakage or breaking.

In the preparation of the bottles, both cleanliness and strength are to be considered. After the skin has been stripped from the animal, it is first thoroughly cleansed by repeated washings and soaking, until no unpleasant odor remains. Then the places where the legs had been are sewed up securely; and where the neck was is left the opening for receiving and discharging the contents of the bottle. Care is also taken that the skins do not become stiff or hard in curing, so as to be liable to crack; since, by receiving any liquid poured into it, a skin-bottle is, of course, much distended;



THE WATER-CARRIER.

and if the liquid be wine, *new* wine especially, the fermentation will tax the strength of the hide to the uttermost. Hence the Oriental maxim quoted by the Savior: "New wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved." Old bottles may answer for old wine, whose fermentation is already past; but new wine requires the full strength of the hide in its prime, lest the undue expansion cause a rent by which the lively wine will ooze out and be lost.

Skin-bottles have by no means been confined to Asia, nor to our own day. They were employed by both the Greeks and Romans. Homer mentions goat-skins

"Tumid with the vine's all-cheering juice,—"

and paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii furnish many examples of the use of skin-bottles among the Romans. In one picture, there is a girl pouring wine from a kid-skin into a cup; and, in another, an apt illustration is given of the manner in which wine was conveyed to the consumer. A large skin full of liquor appears mounted on a cart that has been drawn by horses to the door; and the wine is in the act of being drawn off into *amphoræ* or

earthen pitchers shaped like skin-bottles, to be conveyed into the house. The manner of drawing off the wine through the neck or one of the legs of the skin, is exactly that seen by every traveler who stops at an Arab's tent for refreshment, as the hospitable housewife pours out for him wine, water, or camel's milk, from her goat-skin bottle.

In Hindustan, though wells are more common, we still find the skin-bottle in general use, both for drawing the water and for carrying it to the house. The wells, which are always located on the public streets, are circular in form, and protected by a wall two or three feet in height, outside of which is a plastered chunam pavement. This plastered floor forms the public bath of the lower class, who, returning home after the day's labor, stop in little knots of two or three at the well, each person taking turn in drawing and pouring water over the others until the ablutions are completed. But they must be provided, not only with their skin-bottles for carrying water home, but also with leather buckets and ropes for drawing it, as these eastern wells have no bucket and windlass attached.

Only water is provided gratis, and each consumer must get it as he can. At whatever hour one passes these Hindustanee wells, he is almost sure to meet a *pakali*, or water-man, with his humped-back, short-legged Brahminy bullock, loaded with a pair of



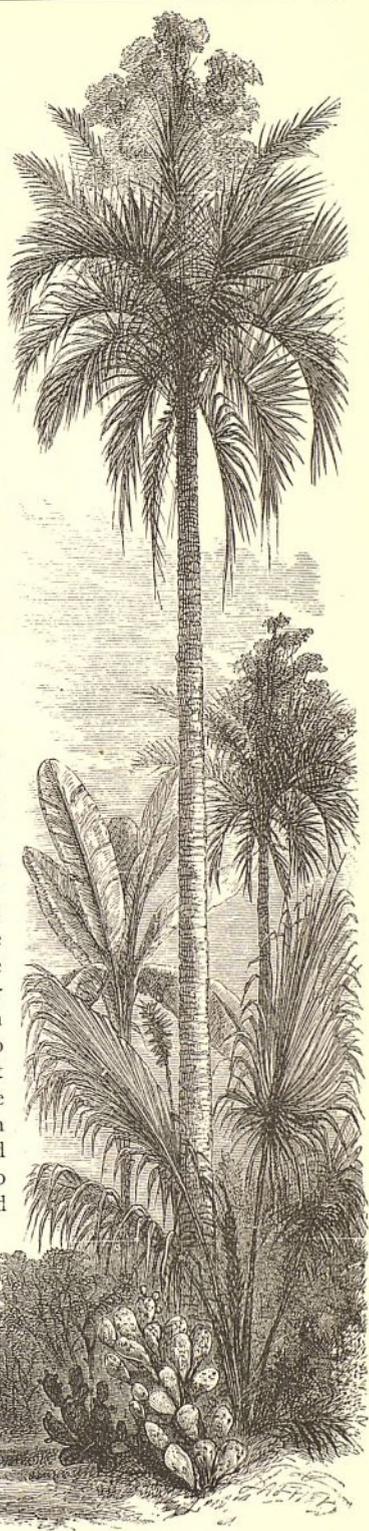
A CARAVAN.

skin-bottles that he is filling with water to supply his customers. The next objects that meet the

view will probably be a group of women and young girls clustered together, laughing, chatting and gossiping, each with her water-goblet, and a rope long enough to lower it to the water. In some portions of Upper India, where veils are not very closely worn, ladies of the first rank may be seen at evening congregated around the wells, decked in their jauntiest attire, each carrying a fanciful little china jug, or pitcher, gracefully poised on the shoulder. This method of carrying the pitcher is deemed not only an accomplishment but an indication of high breeding; and it is said that, formerly, girls of noble blood were very carefully taught this art, as women of rank were not always so closely veiled, nor kept in such strict seclusion as now.



Some of these wells in Upper India have stairs on the inside descending to the water's edge, so that the water can be dipped up easily, in such tiny pitchers as these high-bred ladies delight to carry, without injury to the fragile vessels. The great well at Cairo, in Egypt, called Joseph's Well (after the ancient dreamer and ruler), has a descent of about one hundred and fifty feet by a winding staircase six feet in width. But in Egypt, as in India, many wells have no stairs; and then each person who wants water comes provided with his leather bucket or goat-skin, and a belt of the same material to lower it into the water; and both belt and bucket are carried off by the owner when he has done using them. In Persia, a well occasionally is seen with a rough windlass and a huge wheel, and these somewhat lessen the labor of drawing water. Among the Arabs, too, these appliances are sometimes met with; but elsewhere in the Orient we look for them in vain. Crossing the ocean, however, the traveler meets them again in precisely the same form in Mexico,—a country singularly Oriental to belong to our newer and western world. Strangely enough, there are many such resemblances between Central America and Western Asia, two regions widely separated, and among nations geographically almost at antipodes. There is the same clinging to old customs; the same aversion to change what is known to be faulty for even that which is acknowledged to be superior; the same old routine in work and play, in houses, implements, speech and manners that belonged to the centuries gone by. The solution of the mystery can be found perhaps in the emigration of the Moors along the shores of the Mediterranean, later into Spain, and thence with the Spaniard across the Atlantic. They brought their old proclivities with them, and they have retained them despite the growth and improvements of centuries,—“the genius of the Arab shaping many a thought for the brain of the Aztec,”—as one has said. But these Oriental traces may have been left by a race that landed in America ages before Columbus; and, certainly, the customs, myths and legends of the Aztecs give some support to this supposition.



## DICK'S SUPPER.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.



DICK looked out of the window one night,  
The moon shone bright,  
The round, full moon, so silvery white;  
"See!" cried Dick—"It looks so sweet,  
I'm sure it must be good to eat—  
Suppose I take it down to-night,  
Just for a treat,  
And try one little, *little* bite!"

Then Dick climbed up on the chimney,—so,—  
The moon hung low,  
Bright as silver and pure as snow;  
He snatched it quickly, and cried: "Ho! ho!  
It makes me think of my birthday cake,  
All covered with sugar,—a bite I'll take,  
Just one, and nobody 'll know!"

But Dicky's mouth was, oh! so wide  
That the moon had nearly slipped inside;  
He took a monstrous bite, as you see;  
But it was n't nice,  
It was colder than ice,  
And it made his tooth ache terribly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he began to cry:  
"I would n't have the thing, not I!"  
Quickly he hung it again in the sky,  
Slid down the chimney, and went to bed,  
Then under the blankets he tucked his head;  
"For I know," so he said,  
"If any one thought I'd bitten the moon,  
I'd be whipped very soon!"

But the folks who looked out of their windows  
then,  
Both women and men,  
Cried: "Look at the moon!  
It has changed too soon,  
*When* did it get so small—oh, *WHEN?*"  
And everybody ran out in a fright  
To stare at the bitten moon that night.

Wise men brought out their telescopes too,  
Old folks their spectacles,—no one knew  
What to say or what to do.  
"Ask the almanac-makers," cried one,  
"They know everything under the sun!"  
But the almanac-makers were quite perplexed,  
So they ran to the clerk of the weather next,—  
Ah, you ought to have seen them run!

Now, the clerk of the weather lived all alone  
In a house that was neither of wood nor stone;  
It had clouds for curtains, and rainbows bright,  
Instead of candles, to make it light,  
And the pantry shelves were full of jars



Where he kept the snow, the rain and the stars.  
While under the shelves were packed away  
Some strong new winds for a stormy day.

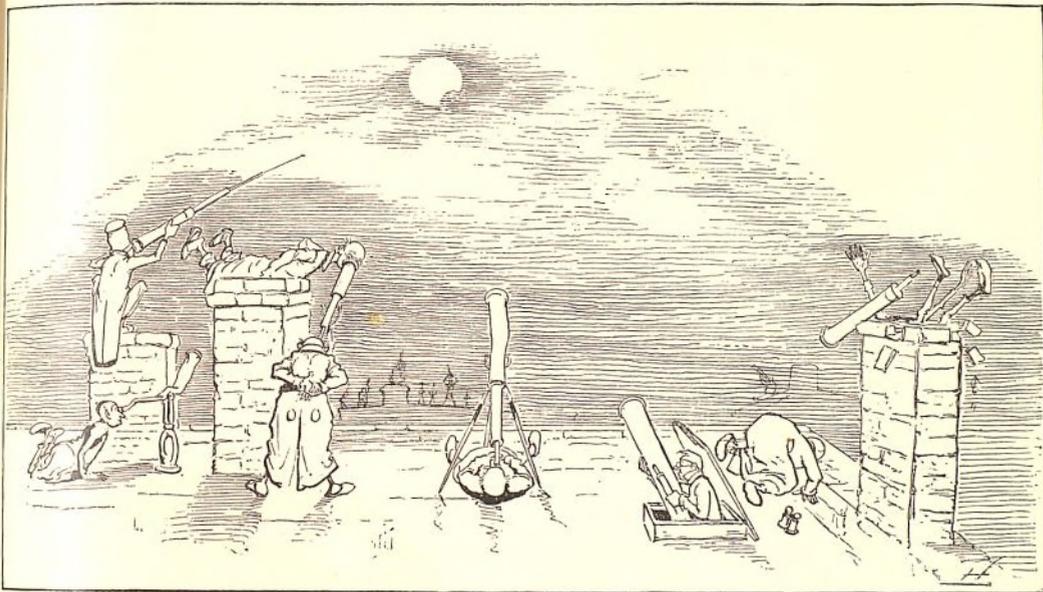
The little old man rushed out to see  
What on earth could the matter be!

For the people came with shout and roar,  
Thumping and pounding at his door,  
Calling loudly: "Come out and tell  
What ails our moon? *You* know very well."  
And sure enough the moon he saw  
Was scooped out like a shell!

The little old man said: "Dear, oh, dear!  
I can make your weather stormy or clear,  
Get up your breezes, high or low,  
Give you plenty of rain and snow,  
Make it as hot as you had it last year;

But as for this moon,—why, friends, I fear  
You have asked me more than I know."

Now, all this time, poor Dicky was lying  
Safe tucked up in his little bed,  
And though the toothache kept him crying,  
Never a single word he said.  
Never told what a monstrous bite  
He'd taken out of the moon that night.  
So no one ever guessed or knew  
(Excepting Dicky, and me and you)  
Who gave the folks such a terrible fright.



## NANNIE'S LITTLE MUFF.

BY MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

SHE found it up in the garret, and oh, how glad she was! She found it in an old wooden chest that had a curious smell when you opened it. Nannie had never gone "up-garret" alone before, because she was afraid of mice; but this afternoon Aunt Ann had a "quilting" in the big front chamber, and there were so many ladies talking, that when Nannie ran out of the room and began to go upstairs, she could hear them quite plainly. She stopped every two or three steps to listen, but still she heard them; they were talking about "herring-

bone," and they were snapping on the quilt a cord that had been rubbed with chalk. Nannie could hear it snap. She kept on, up into the garret, and to the middle of it—still she could hear the hum of voices in the room below.

"Ho!" said Nannie, "*I'm* not afraid!"

She looked around and did not see any mice. There were old bonnets, and bunches of sage and catnip hanging from the rafters. There was an old clock in one corner, and a spinning-wheel and a pair of bellows were in another. Then there were a

great many boxes and barrels all around, and some feather-beds piled up. But the oddest thing of all, in Nannie's opinion, was an old chair that stood in the corner with a torn quilt thrown over it. She often had heard her aunt, in speaking of this chair,



THE TWISTED OLD CHAIR.

say that it was "as old as the hills, and that really it was well worth shining up and covering for the parlor." Nannie, who supposed that "old as the hills" could n't possibly be older than Great-grandpa Crandall, felt that the chair would need something more than shining and covering, she was sure.

She slowly dragged off the quilt while these thoughts passed through her mind.

There stood the old chair prim and clean, but with a melancholy, faded look on its once gayly flowered seat. Its back was awry, too,—at least Nannie thought it was, and so may you when you see this picture of it,—but really the stanch old frame was as good as new and quite in its proper shape. Indeed, Great-grandfather Crandall had found it exceedingly comfortable,—it was the only thing in the house, he had said, that the women-folks let him enjoy in peace and quiet. But Nannie knew nothing of all this.

"Yes," she murmured thoughtfully, "shining and covering it is n't all. It would have to have its seat twisted around, and that would bring the legs wrong! And when you got them all turned, why where would the back be?"

Then the little girl fixed her gaze on quite a different sort of chair,—a rush-bottomed affair just as straight and square as could be, but without a sign of a back!

"Dear me," she said to herself, "what awfully, dreadfully queer chairs they did have in old times! I'm glad I did n't live then! Like as not, now, the

back of this one is doubled up underneath it somehow."

With these words, Nannie, exerting all her strength, laid the backless bit of furniture over on its side.

What a noise it made,—and what a strange, musty cloud of dust rose from the seat as it came down! And what made the old curtain hanging there on the beam shake so strangely? And—

"O—O—Oh! What was that?" Nannie almost fainted. She was so frightened that she sat down upon the floor with a groan. Her poor little legs were not of the slightest use, it seemed. In a moment she laughed a feeble, frightened little laugh and sprang to her feet.

"Why, Pussy! Why didn't you tell me it was you? I wouldn't have been scared a bit. Come out, you naughty dear Pussy! You needn't hide away now—I *saw* you run under there. Mercy! I did n't know there was a single soul up here but me!"

Nannie did n't say all this, but these thoughts ran through her mind and, somehow, comforted the trembling little creature. Pussy could not be coaxed to show herself again, but she certainly was there under the old furniture, and Nannie no longer felt alone. Besides, there could be no fear of mice now. So the little girl once more proceeded to enjoy herself, after cautiously listening for the pleasant "snap, snap" of the busy quilters downstairs.

First she went up to the old clock, but concluded that, on the whole, it was best not to open its door and look in. Then she turned the spinning-wheel around a few times, made a little round mountain of some hops that were spread out to dry on a newspaper, pulled a feather from one of the beds to stick in the hat of her biggest doll, and then rummaged a rag-bag, where she found a bit of silk just big enough to make a dress for her smallest doll. Finally she noticed that great chest over by the window, and she went to it and lifted the lid. It had a queer smell, and was full of things folded away—some of them wrapped in papers. Half-way out of one paper lay something dark and soft. Nannie seized upon it, and pulled it out. It was a little dark-brown muff,—a real fur muff,—very small, but not too small to hold Nannie's two small hands, which went into it at once, and contentedly folded themselves together.

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Nannie to herself. "I s'pose that's been lying here ever since Aunt Ann and Aunt Em'line were little girls. Now I can have it, 'cause there aint any little girl here but me now! I never had a muff yet, and I need one so bad! What a pretty lining! It's *my* little muff now."

And without a single misgiving the child hugged the muff close and walked up and down with her hands in it, thinking how nice and comfortable it would be to carry to church when snow came. She was so glad she had come to the garret, and she did not feel at all lonesome, for she could still hear the hum of voices in the chamber below, although she could not tell what was said. They had left off talking about "herring-bone" by that time, and were talking about their winter clothes instead.

"How do you keep your furs from the moths?" asked one of the ladies of Aunt Ann.

"Oh, I have no trouble," said Aunt Ann, complacently. "Every spring I put them away in our old cedar chest up-garret, and nothing ever gets to them."

Then they all began to talk about cedar-wood chests and camphor-wood chests and tobacco, but Nannie did not notice a word of what they were saying as she crept softly down from the garret, with her hands still in the little brown muff. She would have gone into the front chamber to show it to Aunt Ann at once, only the many strange ladies in there made her feel shy; so she kept

"Have you?" asked Aunt Emmeline, absently. She was trying, as she spoke, to count how many spoons would be wanted, and really could not have told the next moment what Nannie had said.

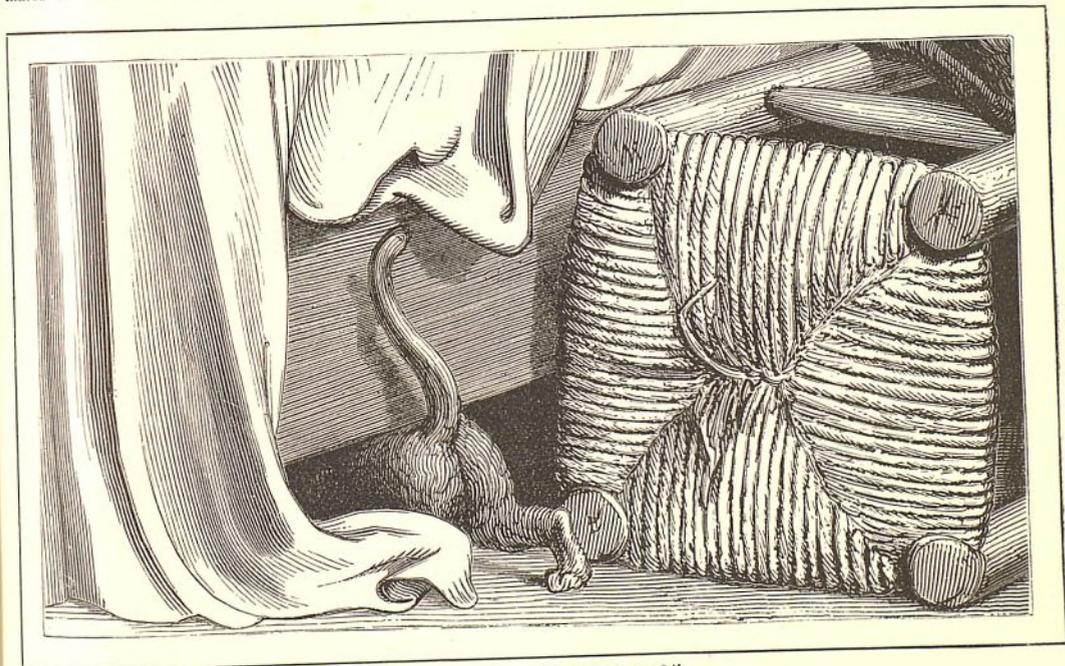
So Nannie kept on through the kitchen to the little bedroom at the end, where she slept. There she had a small hair-trunk with her best clothes in it. She lifted them up, and laid the muff in, down at the very bottom.

"'Cause I sha' n't want it till snow comes!" she reasoned, prudently. And then, as there was no one to take much interest in her that afternoon, she ran off to play with the cat and the two kittens.

Nannie did not take the muff out again after that; she was keeping it to carry to church when snow came, and so it happened that Aunt Ann and Aunt Emmeline did not catch a sight of it, and when they sometimes heard her make cheerful mention of her little muff, they thought she only meant her long red tippet, in whose warm ends she used to wrap her hands the winter before, and make believe it was a muff.

The days went by, and with November came some sharp, cold weather.

"I shall get out my furs to wear to-night," said



"OH—O—OH! WHAT WAS THAT?"

on down-stairs, down into the big kitchen where Aunt Emmeline was bustling cheerily about, getting supper for the hungry quilters.

"Aunt Em'line," said Nannie's happy little voice, "I've got a muff! I've got a muff!"

Aunt Ann, decidedly, as she came in, one Sunday noon, shrugging her shoulders with the cold, "I thought I should almost perish this morning."

"Oh no, Aunt Ann!" said little Nannie. "It aint time yet for furs. Snow has n't come!"

"It's too cold to snow," was Aunt Ann's reply; and Nannie thought that sounded very odd,—like some of the riddles in her riddle-book.

That afternoon, while her little niece was at Sunday-school, Aunt Ann went up to the garret to get her fur collar and cuffs out of the cedar-wood chest. Then there was a commotion, for, as true as the world, one of her fur cuffs was gone! She called Aunt Emmeline in great excitement, and together they searched all through the cedar-wood chest. There was the collar, and there was one cuff, but the other cuff was *not* there. No, it was not there!

"I sha' n't sleep a wink to-night, I'm so nervous!" exclaimed Aunt Ann. "Do you suppose we have had a thief in the house?"

"Or spirits?" suggested Aunt Emmeline, who was a grain superstitious.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Ann, rallying. "Let's look through all the closets and bureaus downstairs."

And they did. Nannie found them hunting when she came home, and followed them about from room to room, enjoying it all very much, and not having the slightest idea what Aunt Ann meant by her "cuff." She thought cuffs were white and stiff, and wondered why Aunt Ann should feel so bad when she had so many more.

Aunt Ann had to wear her collar without her

cuffs. All through the week she kept up the search, but in vain. Saturday night it snowed.

"Oh, goody!" cried Nannie the next morning, "snow has come, and I'm going to wear my muff to church!"

When the aunts came out of their room, all dressed to go, and called Nannie, she joined them in a flutter of delight. She had on her warm hood and her red tippet, and her hands were proudly reposing in—what?

"My little brown fur muff," she said, innocently, as Aunt Ann pounced upon it.

"I should think so!" cried Aunt Ann. "It's my cuff, my lost cuff, you little,—little,—little bunch of posies, you! Where did you get it, Nannie Blair?"

"Up in the garret, out of that trunk of old things," replied Nannie, raising her honest blue eyes. "I knew I could have it, 'cause it was a little girl's muff, and there aint any little girl here but me."

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Ann, and for that once she let her carry it. After that, she took it back, but somebody must have told Santa Claus; for, when Christmas came, there was the dearest little muff you ever saw, made of white fur dotted with black, and lined with lovely blue silk, hanging right on the nail with Nannie's stocking by the fire-place!

## CALLING THE FLOWERS.

BY M. M. D.

THE wind is shaking the old dried leaves  
That will not quit their hold,  
The sun slips under the stiffened grass  
And drives away the cold.

And Franca says: "How the March wind blows!  
Is it scolding? How mad it must be!  
When I blow my horn, I'll be tender and sweet,  
To show that I love them," says she.

"For the flowers and birds are dear little things,  
And must not be frightened at all,  
So pray you be quiet, you noisy old wind!—  
Perhaps they will come if I call.

"The men on the hill want water, I know,  
And soon I will carry them some;

But first I will blow just as kind as I can,  
To tell the sweet flowers they can come.

“Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,  
And low for the daisies and clover;  
But as soft as I can for the violets shy,  
Yes softly—and over and over.”



## RUMPTY-DUDGET'S TOWER.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

### VI.

Now, after Prince Frank has seen Princess Hilda and the cat disappear up the trunk of the tall pine-tree, he had sat down rather disconsolately beside the fire, which blazed away famously, blue, red, and yellow. Every once in a while he took a fagot from the pile and put it in the flame, lest it should go out; but he was very careful not to step outside the circle which the cat had drawn with the tip of his tail. So things went on for a very long time, and Prince Frank began to get very sleepy, for never before had he sat up so late; but still Princess Hilda and the cat did not return, and he knew that if he were to lie down to take a nap, the fire might go out before he waked up again, and then Rumpty-Dudget would have blackened Henry's face all over with one of the burnt logs, and he

never could be saved. He kept on putting fresh fagots in the flame, therefore, though it was all he could do to keep his eyes open; and the fire kept on burning red, blue and yellow.

But after another very long time had gone by, and there were still no Princess Hilda and the cat, Prince Frank, when he went to take a fresh fagot from the pile, found that there was only that one fagot left of all that he and Hilda had gathered together. At this he was very much frightened, and knew not what to do; for when that fagot was burned up, as it soon would be, what was he to do to keep the fire going? There were no more sticks inside the ring, and the cat had told him that if he went outside of it, all would be lost.

In order to make the fagot last as long as possible, he took it apart, and only put one stick in the

flame at a time; but after a while, all but the last stick was gone, and when he had put that in, Prince Frank sat down quite in despair, and cried with all his might. Just then, however, he heard a voice calling him, and, looking up, he saw a little gray man standing just outside the circle, with a great bundle of fagots in his arms. Prince Frank's eyes were so full of tears that he did not see that the little gray man was Rumpty-Dudget.

"What are you crying for, my dear little boy?" asked the gray dwarf, smiling from ear to ear.

"Because I have used up all my fagots," answered Prince Frank; "and if the fire goes out, my brother Henry cannot be saved."

"That would be too bad, surely," said the dwarf; "luckily, I have got an armful, and when these are gone, I will get you some more."

"Oh, thank you—how kind you are!" cried Prince Frank, jumping up in great joy, and going to the edge of the circle. "Give them to me, quick, for there is no time to be lost; the fire is just going out."

"I can't bring them in," replied the dwarf; "I have carried them already from the other end of the forest, and that is far enough; surely you can come the rest of the way yourself."

"Oh, but I must not come outside the circle," said Prince Frank; "for the cat told me that if I did, all would go wrong."



"Pshaw! what does the cat know about it?" asked the dwarf. "At all events, your fire will not burn one minute longer; and you know what will happen then."

When Prince Frank heard this, he knew not what to do; but anything seemed better than to let the fire go out; so he put one foot outside of the circle and stretched out his hand for the

dwarf gave a loud laugh, and threw the fagots away as far as he could; and rushing into the circle, he began to stamp out with his feet the little of the fire that was left.

Then Prince Frank remembered what the cat had told him; he turned and rushed back also into the circle; and as the last bit of flame flickered at

the end of the stick, he laid himself down upon it like a bit of fire-wood. And immediately Rumpty-



"THE IVY CARRIED THEM TO THE TOWER GATES."

Dudget gave a loud cry and disappeared; and the fire blazed up famously, yellow, blue and red, with poor little Prince Frank in the midst of it!

## VII.

JUST then, and not one moment too soon, there was a noise of hurrying and scurrying, and along came Tom the cat through the forest, with Princess Hilda holding on to his tail. As soon as they were within the circle, Tom dug a little hole in the ground with his two fore-paws, throwing up the dirt behind, and then said: "Give me the Golden Ivy-seed, Princess Hilda; but make haste; for Frank is burning for Henry's sake!"

So she made haste to give him the Seed; and he planted it quickly in the little hole, and covered the earth over it, and then said: "Give me the Diamond Water-drop; but make haste; for Frank is burning for Henry's sake!"

So she made haste to give him the Drop; and he poured half of it on the fire, and the other half on the place where the Seed was planted. And immediately the fire was put out, and there lay Prince Frank all alive and well; but the mark of Rumpty-Dudget's mud on his nose was burned away, and his hair and eyes, which before had been brown and hazel, were now quite black. So up he jumped, and he and Princess Hilda and Tom all kissed each other heartily; and then Prince Frank said:

"Why, Hilda! the black spot that you had on your forehead has gone away, too."

"Yes," said the cat; "that happened when the King of the Gnomes kissed her. But now make yourselves ready, children; for we are going to take a ride to Rumpty-Dudget's tower!"

The two children were very much surprised when they heard this, and looked about to see what they were to ride on. But behold! the Golden Ivy-seed, watered with the Diamond Water-drop, was already growing and sprouting, and a strong stem with bright golden leaves had pushed itself out of the earth, and was creeping along the ground in the direction of Rumpty-Dudget's tower. The cat put Princess Hilda and Prince Frank on the two largest leaves, and got on the stem himself, and so away they went merrily, and in a very short time the Ivy had carried them to the tower gates.

"Now jump down," said the cat.

Down they all jumped accordingly; but the Golden Ivy kept on, and climbed over the gate, and crept up the stairs, and along the narrow passage-way, until, in less time than it takes to write it, the Ivy had reached the room, with the thousand and one corners, in the midst of which Rumpty-Dudget was standing; and all around were the poor little children whom he had caught, standing with their faces to the wall and their hands behind their backs. When Rumpty-Dudget saw the Golden Ivy creeping toward him, he was very much frightened, as well he might be, and he tried to run away; but the Ivy caught him, and twined around him, and squeezed him tighter and tighter and tighter, until all the mischief was squeezed out of him; but since Rumpty-Dudget was made of mischief, of course when all the mischief was squeezed out of him, there was no Rumpty-Dudget left. He was gone forever.

Instantly, all the children that he had kept in the thousand and one corners were free, and came racing and shouting out of the gray tower, with Prince Henry at their head. And when he saw his brother and sister, and they saw him, they all three hugged and kissed one another as if they were crazy. At last Princess Hilda said: "Why, Henry, the spot that was on your chin has gone away, too! And your hair and eyes are brown and hazel instead of being black."

"Yes," said a voice, which Hilda fancied she had somewhere heard before; "while he stood in the corner his chin rubbed against the wall, until the spot was gone; so now he no longer wishes to do what he is told not to do, or not to do what he is told to do; and when he is spoken to, he answers sweetly and obediently, as a violin answers to the bow when it touches the strings."

Then the children looked around, and there stood a beautiful lady, with a golden crown on her head,

and a loving smile in her eyes. It was their fairy aunt, whom they had never seen before except in their dreams.

"Oh," said Princess Hilda, "you look like our mamma, who went away to a distant country, and left us behind. And your voice is like the voice of the Queen of the Air-Spirits; and of——"

"Yes, my darlings," said the beautiful lady, taking the three children in her arms; "I am the Queen, your mother, though, by Rumpty-Dudget's enchantments, I was obliged to leave you, and only be seen by you at night in your dreams. And I was the Queen of the Air-Spirits, Hilda, whose voice you had heard before; and I was the King of the Gnomes, though I seemed so harsh and stern at first. But my love has been with you always, and has followed you everywhere. And now you shall come with me to our home in Fairy Land. Are you all ready?"

"Oh, but where is Tom the cat?" cried all the three children together. "We cannot go and be happy in Fairy Land without him!"

Then the Queen laughed, and kissed them, and said: "I am Tom the cat, too!"

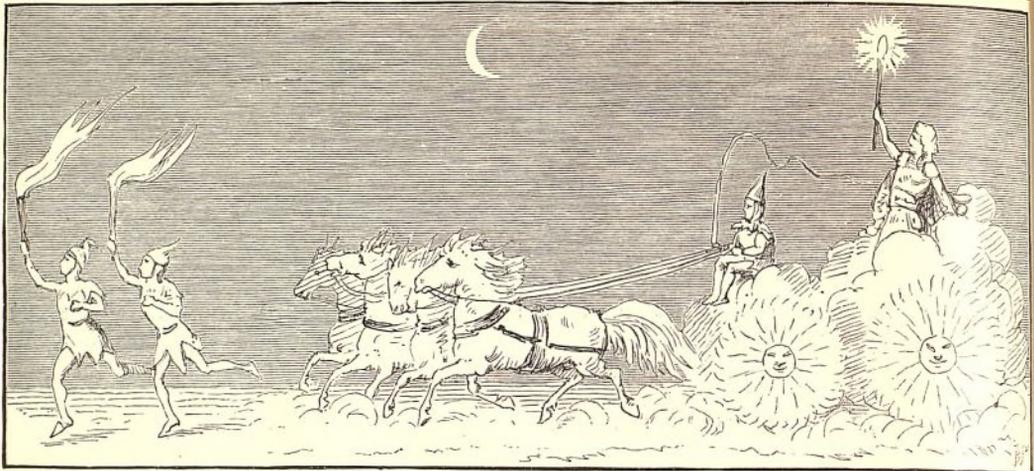
When the children heard this, they were perfectly



"AND NOW YOU SHALL COME WITH ME TO FAIRY LAND!"

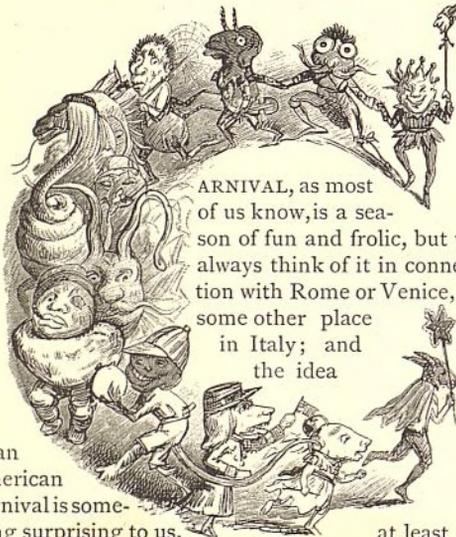
contented; and they clung about her neck, and she folded her arms around them, and flew with them over the tops of the forest trees to their beautiful home in Fairy Land; and there they are all living happily to this very day. But Princess Hilda's eyes are blue, and her hair is golden, still.

THE END.



## THE AMERICAN MARDI-GRAS.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.



ARNIVAL, as most of us know, is a season of fun and frolic, but we always think of it in connection with Rome or Venice, or some other place in Italy; and the idea

of an American Carnival is something surprising to us, at least to all of us who live in the Eastern and Middle States.

Carnivals are associated with a degree of merriment and freedom from restraint that we hard-working Americans have yet hardly learned to enjoy. Imagine the people of New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, throwing sugar-plums and flowers at each other from gay balconies, or grave citizens in startling costumes masquerading through the public streets! But for all that there *is* an American Carnival every year, in which whole cities give themselves up to jollity, and the streets are filled with a fantastic procession of masqueraders, and the merry-making—though it differs very much

from that of the European festivals and does not generally last as long—is nevertheless quite as wild, uproarious, and exciting in its way.

The word "carnival," Italian *carnevale*, is made from two Latin words,—*caro*, flesh, and *vale*, farewell,—and it means "farewell to meat." The Carnival itself—always a time of merriment and feasting—comes just before the forty days' fast of Lent.

The home of the Carnival is in Italy and Southern Europe, and the first city in which the festival was observed in this country is New Orleans, where many of the citizens are French Creoles, and so are more like the people of Southern Europe than those of any other part of the United States. The festival was introduced more than forty years ago, and has been gradually growing in popularity ever since; now, several other Southern cities observe

the "Mardi-Gras" Carnival. The reason why it is here called the "Mardi-Gras" or Fat Tuesday Carnival, is because it is kept up only for one day, and that is the Tuesday before Lent, when people are supposed to eat as much as they can, and get fat and comfortable before they begin to fast. In Europe, the Carnival continues through several days, and Mardi-Gras is only one of them.

The Carnival in Italy is indeed a very merry



THE MAGNOLIA COSTUME.

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time. The people throng the streets all day, most of them masked and wearing curious costumes. They throw sugar-plums at each other (which used to be real ones, but which are now made of plaster of Paris), and they have all kinds of fun. There are processions and horse-races in which the horses run without riders, and grand illuminations. This is kept up for several days and nights, often for a week.

But in New Orleans, "Rex," the king of the Carnival, arrives on Mardi-Gras morning, to rule the city for one whole day. Generally, he is represented as a handsome old man, with white hair and beard, and rosy cheeks, and no one knows who he really is. For some time before he arrives, the newspapers announce his coming, and placards are posted about, stating what grand things are to be done on glorious "Mardi-Gras." The great jewels (made of quartz) which are to sparkle in his crown, are shown in jewelers' windows; merchants pin his name to their richest goods; his colors, black and gold, flaunt on banners across the streets, or are stretched in great festoons from house to house.

Everybody expects a good time. It seems as if some real royal person were coming to bring all the rich and poor together, and, while he stays, make them forget their different hardships in joy. Shrove-Tuesday, or "Mardi-Gras," as the French call it, is a "movable feast" of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, occurring in February or March; but it makes little difference to the people of New Orleans whether it comes in one month or the other, for at this season the air blows soft from the hazy Mississippi, trees are laden with blossoms, the gardens are full of flowers, and tropical leaves nod and wave under cloudless skies.

Often, on Monday night, but at any rate as soon as daylight begins on Mardi-Gras morning, maskers gather and commence to enliven the streets with pranks and fun. They are seldom rude; on this "maddest, merriest day," when no authority is acknowledged but that of benignant Rex, who gives to all their own way, the people overflow with good-will.

Early in the morning you hear the shouts and

merry voices of the children, and see little knots of them passing by your door, dressed in all manner of fantastic costumes, and wearing grotesque masks. A great many of them have simply pink or blue paper-muslin ruffled skirts and sacks, with caps and masks to match, so that all you can see of the children themselves is a pair of bright roguish eyes looking out at you from under the mask.

Later in the day you see all sorts of maskers. Here and there are groups of mounted cavaliers dashing through the streets with jingling spurs and plumed hats. Yonder are five or six courtiers in Louis XIV. costume, with sword and powdered bag-wig, bowing and gallantly kissing the tips of their fingers to the ladies in the balconies. Next comes a band of gray friars with "sandal-shoon" and shaven



THE GIRAFFE.

heads, telling their beads and greeting the promenaders with "*Pax vobiscum!*" Now and then a huge monkey darts into the middle of the street, where he goes through a hundred queer antics amidst the joyous shouts of small boys. Here we see a monstrous bat speeding along the sidewalk, spreading and flapping his huge wings in the air. Close behind, are a brown speckled toad and a green frog arm-in-arm, hopping along in a very jovial manner, and smiling sweetly on each other.

The crowd keeps on increasing and never loses its good humor nor its good manners, and you look down from your balcony on the gorgeous shifting panorama. Harlequins, clowns, dwarfs, ogres, imps of all degrees of impishness, princes and peasants, alike pass in review before you. You see representatives of all nations on the face of the earth,—white men, black men, yellow men, and red men! All of them are masked, and the costumes often show much skill and ingenuity. But the great event is the appearance of Rex and his followers. Before the Carnival-king begins his triumphal march, he is formally received by the mayor, and the keys of the city are tendered to him. Then, preceded by heralds, and a great booming bell to announce his approach; by soldiers both foot and cavalry, regiment after regiment; by play-generals and officers with whom he has been mak-



WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION.

ing imaginary conquests during the past year; by spoils which he has taken; and, finally, by little pages carrying, on velvet cushions, his scepter and the keys of his empire,—in a hollow-square of his royal guard, riding like a king, and bowing from side to side to his loyal subjects,—Rex comes, preceded and surrounded and followed by loud-sounding bands of music.

After more troops, Rex's navy of small ships, mounted on wheels and manned by gallant tars, eight and ten years old, sails slowly past, each vessel drawn by half a dozen or a dozen spirited horses. Next come his civil officers with great pomp. The air far and near vibrates continually with music. Beautiful living pictures of scenes in American history go past on platforms upon wheels. Industry and trade are represented by scores of ingeniously decorated wagons or vans, and these evidences of



the prosperity of Rex's empire are under the special charge of his Lord of the Vans. The *banef gras* (or fat ox), a prize animal, appears in the procession, his horns garlanded.

The bewildering pageant ends with a troop of foot, including the maskers, who made the morning merry, and who now go by seeming as fresh as ever and better skilled in prank-playing,—a crowd of Indians, baboons, dogs, elephants, birds, and every other mask which man's fancy can invent!

The procession lasts until evening, but after night-fall the streets are still packed, for now another great feature of the festival is expected: the pageant of the Mistick Krewe of Comus, which mysterious society always tries to eclipse Rex by its prodigal splendors. The "Krewe" first appeared in 1857, representing characters from "Paradise Lost." Next year it paraded the gods and goddesses of mythology, with the chariot of Aurora, and other beautiful groups. The third year, the "courtly pageant" of Twelfth Night; its fourth appearance pictured American history; its fifth, "Life," or the ages of man. Then the war made a great gap, during which there were no Carnival years; but in 1866 the Krewe appeared once more as the "Court of Comus." Since then, they have not failed to crown Mardi-Gras with gorgeous living pictures.

One of their most curious spectacles represented the "Feast of Epicurus." First in the procession came the soup-plates, ladle and tureen, all walking, and then the fish for the second course.

After that were the different meats and vegetables, all just as natural as possible, the two legs underneath, and the arms, being the only things that looked like man. Then they had various kinds of game,—duck, woodcock, quail, etc.,—and the glasses and bottles. Pies and puddings were followed by several different kinds of fruit, and at the end of the procession were cups of coffee and bunches of cigars. All these things were prancing along the streets just as if they were bewitched. Afterward, at the ball in the evening, it was the most comical sight in the world to see a young lady, elegantly dressed, going through the figures of a quadrille with a huge carrot or sweet-potato, waltzing with a bunch of celery, or courtesying to a big, black bottle.

Another subject chosen for illustration was the "Missing Links in Darwin's Origin of Species." There were some good representations of flowers; that of a magnolia bud being remarkably ingenious and beautiful. Then there were, besides, representatives of the four great sub-kingdoms of the animal kingdom,—radiates, mollusks, articulates and vertebrates,—beginning with the jelly-fish and sponge, and ending with the ape whom Mr. Darwin and others seem trying to introduce to us as our great, great, great, great, great, great, great, great—and a great many more greats—grandfather.

There was the savage alligator, the tall giraffe, the patient camel, with lots of other beasts; besides, the locust,—with a policeman's hat and club,—and a host of butterflies and other insects. Looking at these wonderful objects moving



KING REX'S PAGES.

After parade, the Krewe go to the Theater and give tableaux and a ball. The festival

ends with Mardi-Gras night, for, next morning, Ash Wednesday opens the solemn season of Lent.

On Carnival day, whole cities break up their usual gravity, and even forget to trespass; there are fewer arrests; people are so busy laughing they cannot be wicked. The cat of care being away, old mice and young come out to play.

In Memphis, the Carnival is observed with the same enthusiasm and display as in New Orleans. Maskers, indeed, are more lively, for the cool winds blowing down the Mississippi over western Tennessee are not as balmy as the Gulf airs. But the Ulks, instead of Rex, his Majesty proper, seem to reign here. One Mardi-Gras they paraded thirteen floats, representing ideas which kept all the thousands watching them in a whirl of continual laughter.

In the evening, the Memphis, a society as mystic as the Krewe of New Orleans, came out with a wonderful floating history of "India," which my geography used to say was the "richest country in the world."

One picture represented a temple, within which were Manu, the sage of India, Zoroaster of Persia, and Confucius of China, studying the Aryan philosophy. Another was the birth of Brahma from a lotus flower, the birds singing over him. A third showed Hindoo caste, that strict division of the people into classes: there was a golden kiosk or summer-house in the valley of Ambir, richly carved, with four pinnacles; on its steps were four figures, one of each of the castes; a ruler, who prayed standing; a Brahmin, who bowed his head; a farmer, offering up gifts; while a poor Soodra—of the lowest rank—lay on his face.

There were elephants with howdahs on their backs, and men and ladies in rich dresses, on cushions of velvet embroidered with precious stones. The Throne of the Peacock was represented. It took its name from the two golden peacocks in front of it, and was once the pride of Delhi, the ancient Mogul capital of India. Seated upon it, in the throne-room, which was magnificent with pil-

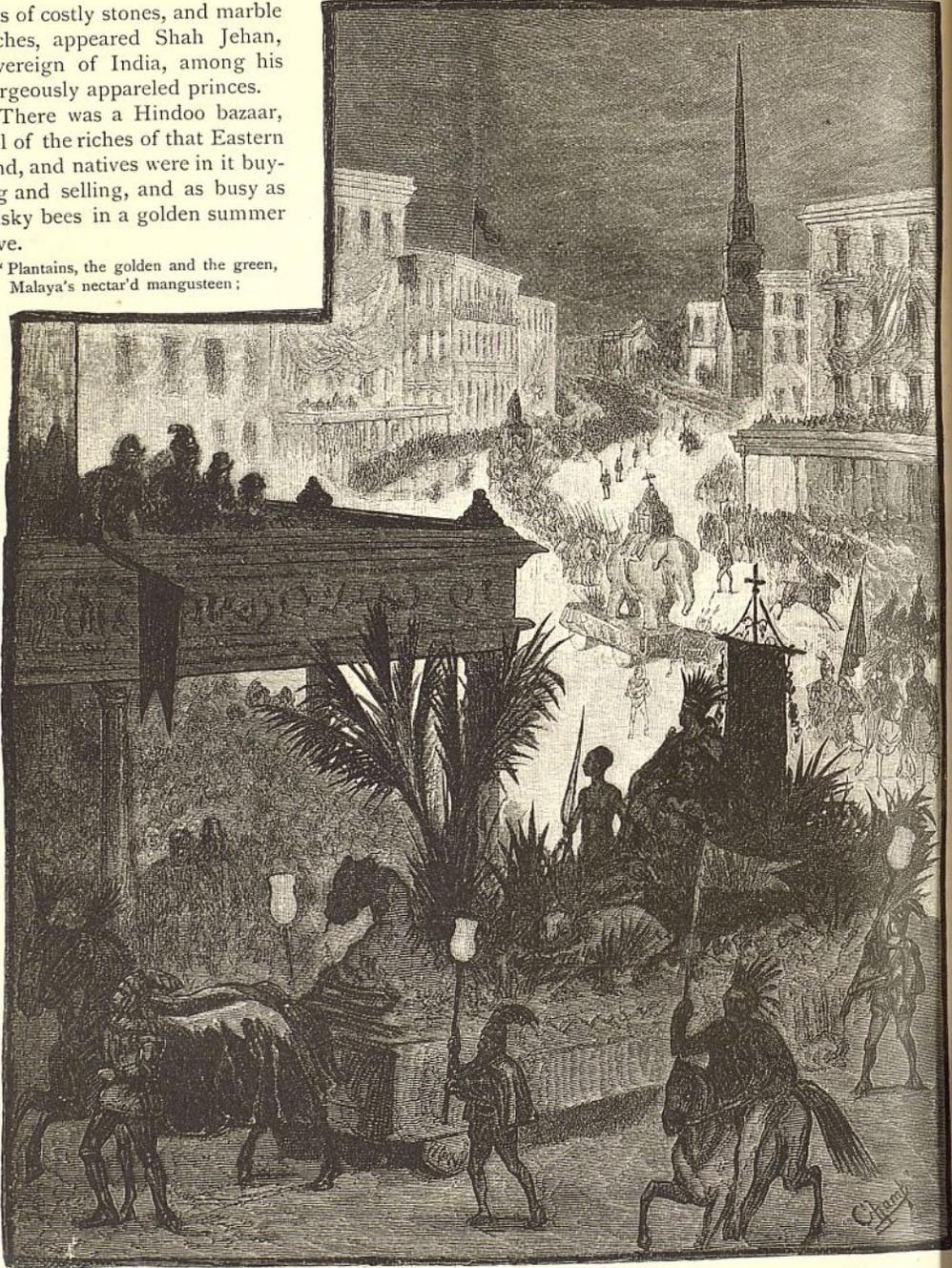


LOOKING ON.

lars of costly stones, and marble arches, appeared Shah Jehan, sovereign of India, among his gorgeously appareled princes.

There was a Hindoo bazaar, full of the riches of that Eastern land, and natives were in it buying and selling, and as busy as dusky bees in a golden summer hive.

"Plantains, the golden and the green,  
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen;



THE NIGHT PROCESSION.

Prunes of Bokhara, and sweetmeats  
From the groves of Samarcand,  
And Bokhara dates, and apricots,  
Seed of the sun, from Iran's land,  
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,"

and other nice things, too numerous to mention, were there.

Last of all, India was shown, bound, and abandoned to her enslavers.

The Memphi, also, end their pageant with tableaux and ball, and, like the Krewe, disappear at midnight, to be seen no more until the next year. St. Louis, Little Rock, Galveston, and other

cities, play pranks on Mardi-Gras; but, until recently, the Carnival has not been observed at the North. The climate is unsuitable; but, more than that, northern people seem to lack the light and graceful fancy of southerners; they do not know how to "make believe" with perfect enjoyment. A few years ago, in Cincinnati, watching Rex ride on a chariot shaped like a boar's head,—his royal cushions being between its ears, his jester sitting on its snout, his attendants, as forks and knives and spoons, surrounding the great dish, which was drawn by elephants,—I could scarcely recognize him as that most merry monarch, yet most gentle, who trailed the purple over his white charger, and uncovered his courtly head to his dear subjects down by the Gulf. There were droll maskers and several pretty historical tableaux on wheeled platforms in the Cincinnati festival, but good old Rex was scarcely at home in that dear, hospitable, and smoky city.

In New York the merry monarch made his appearance in 1877. He

did not come on the regular Carnival day, for it is too cold in our northern cities, during February and March, for such out-door sports as he delights in. So he deferred his grand entry until May. This

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tented himself, in great part, with representations of the various trades and occupations of the country, to which even the gravest descendant of old Peter Knickerbocker could not object.

But he had his fun, too, and the Khedive of Egypt and the Grand Turk dressed themselves up in holiday array, and rode beside him.

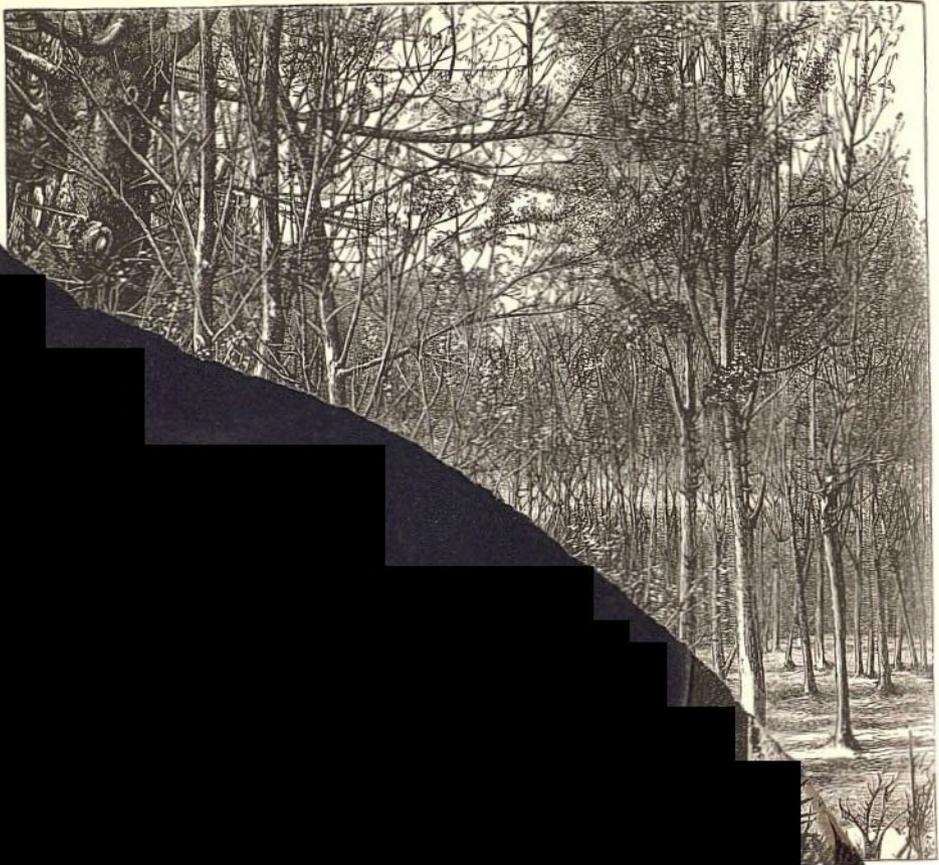
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"But my cat and kitten were none of your thievish prowlers by night. They were of high degree, and would have despised low conduct. On my last voyage, when our ship lay in the harbor of Genoa, and while I was ashore one day, I came upon an odd little shop in an odd little corner of a side street where a dried-up old man sold birds and dogs, photographs and sponges,—the greatest jumble of things; and among the rest he had a very beautiful Persian cat with one kitten. They were both white and had tails like ostrich feathers. I was captivated with their beauty at once, and the old man saw it. He was as sharp at a bargain as every Italian is, and he made me pay a pretty price, but I was determined to have them, and stopped at nothing. Though, when the man, with many low bows, said that 'the money was too little, oh! much too little!' I laughed in his face, and he saw I was not a fool, as I meant he should. He did not say anything more after that, and I myself carried my prizes in a basket down to the wharf, and kept looking in to see if they were in good order while I was being rowed out to my ship.

"Sailors are always fond of pets, and my two Persian pussies became very popular on board, among the crew as well as with the officers. We called the mamma 'Mother White,'—she had not a dark hair on her; the kitten had one dark gray spot under her chin, and we called her just 'Kit.' Mother White was very careful of her daughter, and at first would not let her climb in the rigging at all. She herself would go up, and often I used to see her sitting in the foretop with one of the men, composedly licking her paws and rubbing her head, and keeping herself as clean as a whistle. She was daintily clean always; even when she first came on board she would not go near a bucket of tar or 'slush;' she seemed to know that the ship might take a roll at any time and upset it on her.

"It was great fun, when the kitten grew larger, to see Mother White begin to train her. On still days, when there was not much motion to the ship, Kit would begin to creep up the shrouds,—which, you know, are the rope ladders that lead up the mast from the side of a vessel,—sticking her claws well in, and holding on very hard, but always a little awkwardly, and acting as if she were half afraid. Mother White set her a good example, and would occasionally give a little mew of command or approval. Kit kept going higher every day, until finally she got up into the foretop as well as her mother. But Kit was always particularly awkward about coming down. She would come part of the way tail foremost, and then screw about with great difficulty, and try it head foremost, and it worried the old cat very much. She came

down regular fashion, hind feet foremost, hand over hand, and looking round occasionally to see that she was all right, fore and aft. One day, Kit stayed in the rigging a long time, and the wind freshened and the ship began to roll more and more. Mother White came down very soon and very carefully; but Kit was giddy, and would not pay any attention when her mother called to her in the cat language to come down or she might have an ugly tumble. Kit stayed and flirted about with the men until she saw the cook come out of his caboose and walk aft with a plateful of bones for Mother White. Of course she, too, wanted some, so she started down. But the roll was very great, and about half-way down she stuck and clung by her claws, mewling, and not knowing what to do,—head first seemed just as dangerous as tail first.

"Mother White left her bones, came up much excited and sat down on the deck, cocked her eyes at the kitten, and mewed all sorts of commands and encouragement and advice. I did not suppose a cat could have so many different tones, but it seemed as if she were saying, in cat lingo, of course:

"'Stand by now,—don't be afraid; wait for the le'ward roll,—don't be a lubber,—come on now.'

"One of the men came up to me and said:

"'Shall I bring her down, Mr. Ayre?'

"I was watching them with the greatest interest to see what they would do. I knew she could not fall overboard, and if she tumbled on the deck, the distance was not great enough to hurt her; so I said:

"'No; she wants a lesson, and I think this will teach her something.'

"In another minute, Kit got desperate and, turning half round, let go of the ratlins, and jumped at a loop of rope that hung from one of the sails near her. But she was clumsy about this, and was not sailor enough to allow for the roll of the vessel; so instead of setting her claws into it and then scrambling into the slack of the sail, as she might easily have done, she missed her aim, the rope took her round the stomach and there she swung, head one side, tail the other, and her hind feet locked into her fore feet with a desperate grip. She hung there a minute or two, and then 'let go all'; and just fell flat on the deck, without making any effort to save herself, or even fall on her feet. This seemed to cap the climax of Mother White's feelings of mortification that she had such a disobedient land-lubber of a kitten.

"She ran up to Kit, the hair on her back erect, her whiskers twitching with rage, fell on her, cuffed her with her paws, bit her, growled and spit at her, and just gave her a regular whipping, as much as to say: 'There! take that and that, for being so awkward and not paying any atten-

tion to your mother; if you can't learn to be a sailor, you'd better stay on deck.'

"Kit felt very small when her mother let her go, and she crawled under one of the boats, so I had great difficulty in coaxing her out to eat some supper.

"But she learned to be a better sailor after a while, and Mother White became quite proud of her. They had glorious pranks together, and gave us many a half hour of laughter. I grew very fond of them both, and of my cat especially,—she was such a great, handsome, good-tempered creature, except occasionally when her kit aggravated her beyond endurance. She grew so fat that she weighed eight pounds and four ounces.

"One day, we were ordered into the Indian seas, and away we went out of the Straits of Gibraltar and down round the Cape and along to the Malabar coast of Hindustan. We had to hang around a week or two in the open roadstead of Madras. There is no harbor there, and it is a very unpleasant place to anchor, so we all were glad to get away; and one fine day we were towed up the Hooghly and anchored off Calcutta. There I got a leave of absence for a few days from my captain, and went to visit a friend of mine who was living among the foot-hills of the Himalaya mountains. I took my cat and kitten with me, I was so afraid they would not be properly taken care of while I was gone. I need not have been such a simpleton; they gave me no end of trouble, and I wished a thousand times I had left them with the cook. Mother White, finding herself in a strange place, clung to me as her only friend, and followed me about like a little dog. One day, I was out hunting, and, when I was two miles from home, Mother White came mewling up to me, as if to reproach me for having left her, and I had to send her back by a servant. Both she and the kitten had to be shut up every night to keep them out of my room.

"My friend was a great hunter, and we shot bustards and wild peacocks, and other game, for a day or two, and then he said that we would hunt antelopes the next day with cheetahs. This would be a new thing to me, and my friend took me round to the great cage at the back of his bungalow where the cheetahs were kept. They were beautiful animals, like great cats, about three feet long, and with tawny yellow skins, spotted here and there with black. They rubbed their heads against the bars of the cage and purred, when they saw us, and my friend put his hand in and stroked one and scratched his ear; but he did not do this until after he had asked the keeper and found out that they had just been fed.

"'Pretty creatures,' said he; 'but so ferocious and blood-thirsty that I never have any feeling of

security when I touch them, unless I know that their stomachs are full.'

"They belong to the feline race, which you know is the name of the genus, and the lion and tiger and leopard and cat are all cousins. I wondered if Mother White would be willing to get up an acquaintance with her relatives; but neither she nor Kit would come near the cage, and when I tried to carry the cat up close, she showed so much fear that I had not the heart to insist. And when the leopards caught sight of her in my arms they snuffed the air, and ran back and forth in the cage, and became so excited I was glad to let her go.

"We had to start at five o'clock, so I rose very early the next morning, looked in at a little open closet where Mother White and Kit slept during the night, saw they were both all right, and then joined the party who were on the piazza waiting for the horses to be brought round. There were two other gentlemen, our host and myself, a servant or two, and a boy driving a cart in which was the cage with the cheetahs and a little kid, lying on its side with its feet tied.

"Our horses were fresh and snuffed the morning air, but we rode slowly four or five miles, laughing and talking,—my friend telling us how the old Indian emperors would go out on a hunting-party with as many as a hundred of these leopards, and we tried to imagine the look such a party would have, with the gay Indian dresses of the men, the cheetahs with their smooth skins and spotted sides, and all the confusion and glitter those royal people liked to keep up about themselves.

"Then one of the servants, who had ridden ahead, came back and said there were antelopes the other side of a high hill which rose a quarter of a mile from us. This was good news, and our host said we must ride to the left around the hill, so that the wind might blow from them toward us. If it blew from us to them, they would scent us, and be ten miles off before we could even sight them, antelopes are so shy.

"In a minute or two we flanked the hill, keeping among the thick low trees, making no noise, and then we saw four or five of the graceful beasts making their breakfasts from the short dewy grass of the valley.

"The cage was lifted out of the cart and set on the ground,—the door on the side toward the antelopes. All the wild instincts of the cheetahs were up at the sight of their prey; they crouched and quivered and lashed their tails, but moved like velvet, and made not a sound.

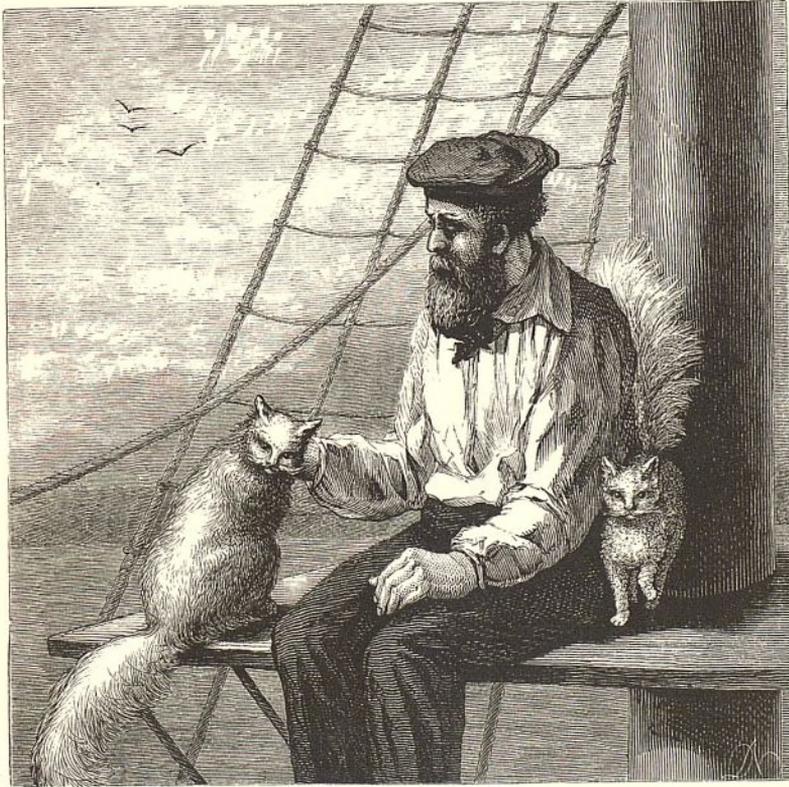
"'Mind your horses, now,' said our host, and the door of the cage was pushed up. The horses shied and stirred a little, as the beasts crept past, from an instinctive sense of danger, but the

cheetahs were thinking of other game, so we were safe. They crouched in the high grass, and glided from one bush to another until they were as near as possible, and then—whew! like a bullet from a rifle, with a bound into the air of full thirty feet, each let drive at an antelope. It was cruel and magnificent to see them. One lighted on the shoulders of a splendid buck, sunk his claws deeply into the flesh, and hung there quietly, all the terrific bounds which the poor creature gave not disturbing the cheetah in the least.

"That was what one did, and I was watching him

life of one of our party, for the cheetah's blood was up,—if he could not have the deer, he would take one of us or a horse. He stood out on the plain, licking his lips, his eyes blazing redly, his tail lashing his flanks, and as he turned his head toward us, it seemed to each man as if the beast were selecting him to make up for the lost deer. Our horses knew the danger, and began to plunge and tear at their bits, and a pistol came out of the pocket of nearly every man there.

"'Wait a moment,' said our host, 'you must kill and not merely wound. No slight hurt will



A COMFORTABLE PARTY.

so intently I did not see the other, when suddenly I heard my friend say, 'Quick, boy! the kid.'

"Turning my head, I saw that the other leopard had missed his leap, and the deer he was after had got away. It was a very unusual thing, but provision had been made for the emergency. The boy, who had been watching with the rest of us, rushed at once to the cart, and the kid—was gone. Probably it had not been securely tied, and in struggling it had started the knots, and then jumped away among the bushes while we were too engaged to notice it.

"It was a serious matter, and might cost the

prevent his jumping among us; shoot at his side, or hit him behind the ear.'

"Two of us were taking aim, when the attention of the cheetah seemed to be attracted by something to the right of him; he turned and began to creep and crouch as he had on first seeing the antelopes.

"Our host drew a long breath, and we lowered our pistols.

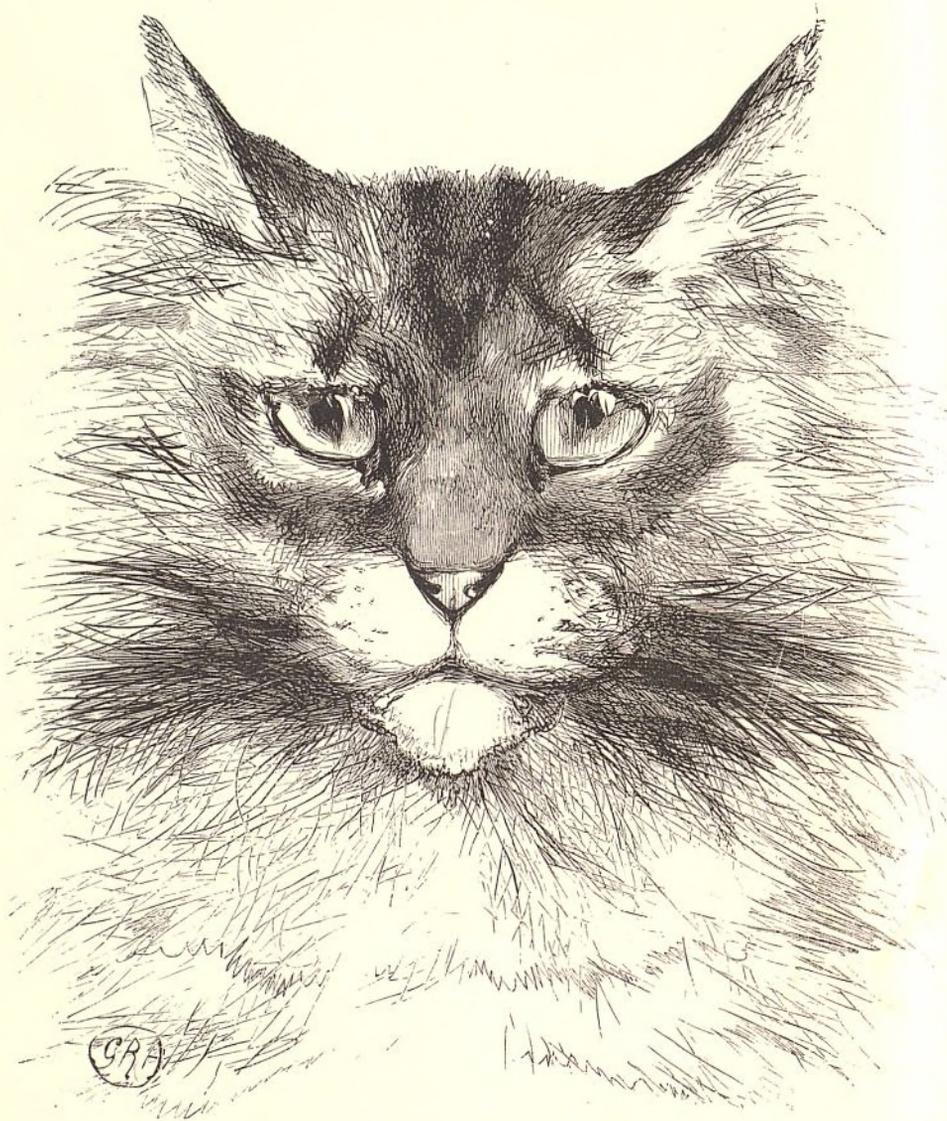
"'The kid must be there,' said he; 'now I can save my cheetah.'

"By looking carefully we could see the bushes move in the edge of the woods as if some small

animal were playing about there. In a moment the cheetah gave another of his lightning springs; there was a rolling and tossing among the leaves and branches, and then a silence, and we knew that the second cheetah was safe with his prey.

"We were once more at ease, and put up our

down, and the man walked cautiously over to the second cheetah. I saw that he gave a start as he got near, leaned forward to look closer, and then turned round to us; but as he said nothing, and we saw him a moment afterward collar this cheetah just like the other and put him into the cage, we



pistols. We watched a few minutes longer, and then the keeper went up to the first cheetah, who was still on the back of the antelope it had caught, and threw the collar and chain round his neck, while the boy brought up the cage. The cheetah allowed himself to be slipped in, the door was put

supposed that nothing unusual had occurred. But after the door had been fastened, and the boy headed toward the cart with the cage, the keeper stooped down carefully, picked up something from the bushes, and came toward us with it across his hand. As he came nearer, my eyes began to

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fasten on his burden with some interest. Surely there was something familiar about it,—that gleaming white fur,—could it be? Yes, as he came up to me I saw it was my beautiful Persian cat, and the cruel cheetah had killed her.

"Poor puss! she had perhaps saved the life of one of us, at least saved us from an ugly tussle with an enraged brute, and I could not openly say a word of regret, but I wished I was a small boy, so that I could howl and cry and go to my mother for comfort.

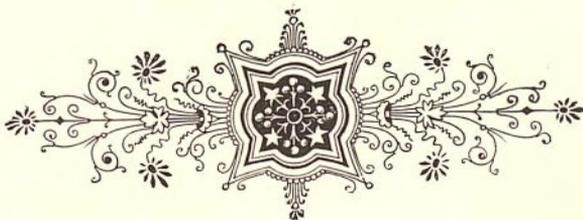
"They gathered round her as I laid her across my saddle-bow, and every one admired her and said something kindly, but I had lost my pretty pet, and I knew I should never have a chance to get such another.

"That evening she lay in state on a blue silk cushion in the dining-room, and the gentlemen of the party drank to her memory, and then we buried her by the light of the moon under an

acacia tree in the garden, as far away from the cage of the cheetahs as might be.

"The next day I went back to my ship with only Kit, and all the people on board hated me because I had lost their pet."

Frank and Charley thought and talked of nothing but Uncle Will's narrative all the rest of the day. They almost forgot to cough and whoop; even when night came, the story still went on in Frank's dreams. He saw cats of every possible description—tame cats, wild cats, white cats with tails of ostrich plumes, and cats with long wool like that of Angola sheep. Even the cat that grinned upon Alice in Wonderland came and grinned upon him; and finally he awoke with something very like a scream, when a huge cat-face seemed to glare at him out of the darkness—a cat-face that held in its dreadful expression the look of lion, tiger, cheetah, lynx and leopard, all in one.



### ELIZABETH'S ROSES.\*

TRANSLATED BY ANNIE B. PARKER.

UPON a steep hill stands an old castle. It is called the Wartburg. Do you know who lived there? Seven hundred years ago it was St. Elizabeth, and later, in the sixteenth century, the great reformer, Luther. But to-day I shall tell you of St. Elizabeth only.

She was born in Hungary, a king's daughter, and when a child was brought in a golden cradle to Thuringia, where she was given in marriage to a prince, who himself was but a child and called Ludwig. His home was the Wartburg, and all around belonged wholly to him,—country and people. Elizabeth grew up not only beautiful and amiable, but she had also a pious and extremely benevolent nature and she pitied especially the poor and needy.

This at first pleased her husband, who loved her very much. He did not restrain her even when she went down into the valley to feed, clothe and comfort

the poor with her own hands. But those who were not pleased by this, were the courtiers of her husband. Moved by envy and malice they caused the princess to be suspected by the latter, and in a moment of anger, he forbade her finally to go out from the castle, and like a servant deal out alms and relief to the poor.

But she could not consent to neglect the poor people in need of help, and when one day her husband had gone down into the city, she stole out through the gate with a basketful of bread, meat and eggs under her cloak. She was not yet half-way down the hill, when suddenly the prince, with his retinue, came upon her, and he asked her in a severe tone what she was carrying under her cloak. Pale with fear she answered:

"They are roses, most gracious lord."

The prince threw aside her cloak, and there lay in the basket the most beautiful half-blown roses.

\*For names of all who sent in good translations of this legend, the original of which was printed in our December number, see "Letter-Box," page 364.

Deeply moved at this sight, the prince embraced his pious wife, asked her forgiveness and no longer forbade her to follow the impulse of her charitable heart.

The courtiers were rebuked severely by their

lord for their base and malicious conduct. But the best of the story is, that Elizabeth's roses all changed back into nourishing food as soon as she arrived in the midst of the expectant poor whose hunger she was now able to appease.

## THE PLAYTHING SKY.

BY J. W. DE FOREST.



WHERE do the children fly  
When they are dreaming?  
Straight to the Plaything Sky,  
Soaring and beaming.

Over the Wonder Sea  
Sparkle the darlings,  
Clapping their hands with glee,  
Singing like starlings.

Wonderful lands appear,  
Wonderful cities;  
Wonderful talk they hear,  
Wonderful ditties.

Squirrels come out to them,  
Butterflies sing to them,  
Guinea-pigs shout to them,  
Tulip-bells ring to them.

Hosts of tin soldier-men  
Wave their tin banners;  
Sugar-plum aldermen  
Make their sweet manners.

Gingerbread riders whack  
Gingerbread ponies;  
Candy-stick ladies smack  
Candy-stick cronies.

Sitting in royal state,  
Counting her tea-things,  
Giggles the little-great  
Queen of the playthings.

Manikin troopers stand  
Round her wee palace;  
Manikin maidens hand  
Cream-pot and chalice.

Wooden horns clamor out,  
 "Children are coming!"  
 Wooden drums hammer out  
 Welcome becoming.

Down steps her majesty,  
 Smiling and kissing;  
 Round about busses she,  
 Not a child missing.

Then to her regal hall  
 Swiftly she leads them,  
 Gives them her playthings all,  
 Aprons and feeds them.

Gayly the children play,  
 Chatter and simper;  
 Then, of a sudden, they  
 Wake up and whimper.



Where is the Plaything Queen?  
 Where are her treasures?  
 Gone to the great unseen;  
 Gone, like earth's pleasures!

## A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE THREE GRAY BEANS.

CORNY went ashore, but she did not stay there three minutes. From the edge of the wharf we could see that Silver Spring was better worth looking at than anything we should be likely to see on shore. The little lake seemed deeper than a three-story house, and yet, even from where we stood, we could see down to the very bottom.

There were two boys with row-boats at the wharf. We hired one of the boats right off, and Corny gave me such a look, that I told her to get in. After she was in the boat, she asked her mother, who was standing on the deck of the steamboat, if she might go. Mrs. Chipperton said she supposed so, and away we went. When we had rowed out to the middle of the spring, I stopped rowing, and we looked down into the depths. It was almost the same as looking into air. Far down at the bottom we could see the glittering sand and the green rocks, and sometimes a fish, as long as my arm, would slowly rise and fall, and paddle away beneath us. We dropped nickels and copper cents down to the bottom, and we could plainly see them lying there. In some parts of the bottom there were "wells," or holes, about two feet in diameter, which seemed to go down indefinitely. These, we

were told, were the places where the water came up from below into the spring. We could see the weeds and grasses that grew on the edges of these wells, although we could not see very far down into them.

"If I had only known," said Rectus, "what sort of a place we were coming to, I should have brought something to lower down into these wells. I tell you what would have been splendid!—a heavy bottle filled with sweet oil and some phosphorus, and a long cord. If we shook up the bottle it would shine, so that, when we lowered it into the wells, we could see it go down to the very bottom, that is, if the cord should be long enough."

At this instant, Corny went overboard! Rectus made a grab at her, but it was too late. He sprang to his feet, and I thought he was going over after her, but I seized him.

"Sit down!" said I. "Watch her! She'll come up again. Lean over and be ready for her!"

We both leaned over the bow as far as was safe. With one hand I gently paddled the boat, this way and that, so as to keep ourselves directly over Corny. It would have been of no use to jump in. We could see her as plainly as anything.

She was going down, all in a bunch, when I first

saw her, and the next instant she touched the bottom. Her feet were under her now, and I saw her make a little spring. She just pushed out her feet.

Then she began to come right up. We saw her slowly rising beneath us. Her face was turned upward, and her eyes were wide open. It was a wonderful sight. I trembled from head to foot. It seemed as if we were floating in the air, and Corny was coming up to us from the earth.

Before she quite reached the surface, I caught her, and had her head out of water in an instant. Rectus then took hold, and with a mighty jerk we pulled her into the boat.

Corny sat down hard and opened her mouth.

"There!" said she; "I did n't breathe an inch!"

And then she puffed for about two minutes, while the water ran off her into the bottom of the boat. I seized the oars to row to shore.

"How did you fall over?" said Rectus, who still shook as if he had had a chill.

"Don't know," answered Corny. "I was leaning far over, when my hand must have slipped, and the first thing I knew I was into it. It's good I did n't shut my eyes. If you get into water with your eyes shut, you can't open them again." She still puffed a little. "Coming up was the best. It's the first time I ever saw the bottom of a boat."

"Were n't you frightened?" I asked.

"Had n't time at first. And when I was coming up, I saw you reaching out for me."

"Did you think we'd get you?" said Rectus, his face flushing.

"Yes," said Corny, "but if you'd missed me that time, I'd never have trusted you again."

The gentleman-with-a-wife-and-a-young-lady was in another boat, not very far off, but it was nearer the upper end of the little lake, and none of the party knew of our accident until we were pulling Corny out of the water. Then they rowed toward us as fast as they could, but they did not reach us until we were at the wharf. No one on shore, or on the steamboat, seemed to have noticed Corny's dive. Indeed, the whole thing was done so quietly, and was so soon over, that there was not as much of a show as the occasion demanded.

"I never before was in deep water that seemed so little like real water," said Corny, just before we reached the wharf. "This was cold, and that was the only thing natural about it."

"Then this is not the first time you've been in deep water?" I asked.

"No," said Corny, "not the very first time;" and she scrambled up on the wharf, where her mother was standing talking to some ladies.

"Why, Cornelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Chipperton, as soon as she saw the dripping girl, "have you been in the water again?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Corny, drawing her shoulders up to her ears, "and I must be rubbed down and have dry clothes as quick as lightning."

And with this she and her mother hurried on board the steamboat.

Rectus and I went back on the lake, for we had not gone half over it when Corny went into it. We had rowed about for half an hour or so, and were just coming in, when Corny appeared on the deck of the steamboat, with a handkerchief tied around her head.

"Are you going to take a walk on shore?" she called out.

"Yes!" we shouted.

"All right," said she; "if you'll let me, I'll go with you, for mother says I must take a good run in the sun. I look funny, don't I? but I have n't any more hats."

We gave her a good run, although it was not altogether in the sun. The country hereabout was pretty well wooded, but there were roads cut through the woods, and there were some open places, and everywhere, under foot, the sand was about six inches deep. Rectus took Corny by one hand, and I took her by the other, and we made her trot through that sand, in sunshine and shade, until she declared she was warm enough to last for a week. The yellow-legged party and some of the other passengers were wandering about, gathering the long gray moss,—from limbs where they could reach it,—and cutting great palmetto leaves which grew on low bushes all through the woods, and carrying them about as fans or parasols; but although Corny wanted to join in this fun, we would not stop. We just trotted her until she was tired, and then we ran her on board the boat, where her mother was waiting for her.

"Now, then," said Mrs. Chipperton, "immediately to bed."

The two disappeared, and we saw no more of Corny until supper-time. Her mother was certainly good at cure, if she did n't have much of a knack at prevention.

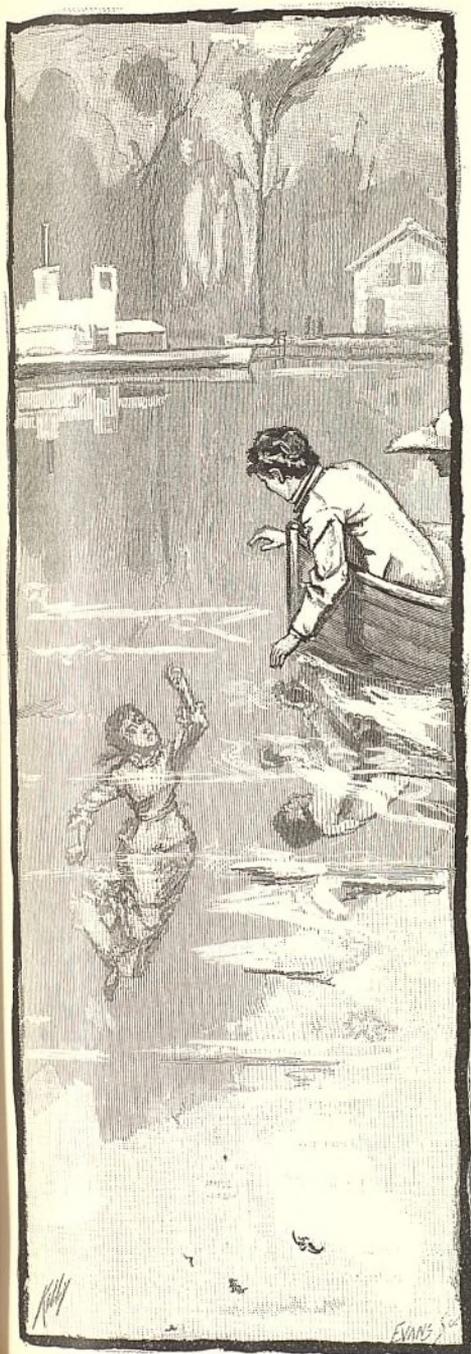
Just as the boat was about to start off on her return trip, and after she had blown her whistle two or three times, Mr. Chipperton appeared, carrying an immense arm-load of gray moss. He puffed and blew as he threw it down on deck. When his wife came out and told him of Corny's disaster, he stopped dusting his clothes, and looked up for an instant.

"I declare," said he, "Corny must keep out of the water. It seems to me that I can never leave her but she gets into some scrape. But I'm sure our

friends here indeed," and



friends here have proved themselves good fellows, indeed," and he shook hands with both of us.



"WE SAW HER SLOWLY RISING BENEATH US."

"Now then, my dear," said he to his wife,  
"I've enough moss here for the parlor and sitting-

room, and the little back-room, upstairs. I did n't get any for the dining-room, because it might blow about and get into the food."

"Do you mean to take that moss all the way home?" asked Mrs. Chipperton, in surprise. "Why, how will you ever carry it?"

"Of course I mean to take it home," said he. "I gathered this with my own hands from the top of one of the tallest trees on the banks of this famous Silver Spring."

"Mr. Chipperton!" exclaimed his wife.

"To be sure, the tree was cut down, but that makes no difference in the fact. It is both an ornament and a trophy of travel. If necessary, I'll buy a trunk for it. What did you do with Corny after they got her out?"

Our journey home was very much like our trip up the river, but there were a few exceptions. There was not so much firing, for I think the ammunition got pretty low; we saw more alligators, and the yellow-legged party, which had joined us at Pilatka, went all the way to St. Augustine with us. There was still another difference, and that was in Rectus. He was a good deal livelier,—more in the spirit that had hatched out in him in the cemetery at Savannah. He seemed to be all right with Corny now, and we had a good time together. I was going to say to him, once, that he had changed his mind about girls; but I thought I would n't. It would be better to let well enough alone, and he was a ticklish customer.

The day after we returned to St. Augustine, we were walking on the sea-wall, when we met Corny. She said she had been looking for us. Her father had gone out fishing with some gentlemen, and her mother would not walk in the sun, and, besides, she had something to say to us.

So we all walked to the fort and sat down on the wide wall of the water-battery. Rectus bestrode one of the cannon that stood pointing out to sea, but Corny told him she wanted him to get down and sit by her so that she would n't have to shout.

"Now then," said she, after pausing a little, as if she wanted to be sure and get it right, "you two saved my life, and I want to give you something to remember me by."

We both exclaimed against this.

"You need n't do that," said I, "for I'm sure that no one who saw you coming up from the bottom, like the fairy-women float up on wires at the theater, could ever forget you. We'll remember you, Corny, without your giving us anything."

"But that wont do," said she. "The only other time that I was ever really saved was by a ferryman, and father gave him some money, which was all right for him, but would n't do for you two, you know; and another time there was n't really any

danger, and I'm sorry the man got anything; but he did.

"We brought scarcely anything with us, because we did n't expect to need things in this way; but this is my own, and I want to give it to you both. One of you can't use it by himself, and so it will be more like a present for both of you, together, than most things would be." And she handed me a box of dominoes.

"I give it to you because you're the oldest, but, remember, it's for both of you."

Of course we took it, and Corny was much pleased. She was a good little girl and, somehow or other, she seemed to be older and more sensible when she

Bermudas, anyway. So does father. We talked of going to one of those places, when we first thought of traveling for his lung, but then we thought Florida would be better. What is there good about Nassau? Is it any better than this place?"

"Well," said I, "it's in the West Indies, and it's semi-tropical, and they have cocoa-nuts and pine-apples and bananas there; and there are lots of darkies, and the weather's always just what you want——"

"I guess that's a little stretched," said Corny, and Rectus agreed with her.

"And it's a new kind of a place," I continued; "an English colony, such as our ancestors lived in



"WE GAVE CORNY A GOOD RUN."

was with us than when she was bouncing around in the bosom of her family.

We had a good deal of talk together, and, after a while, she asked how long we were going to stay in St. Augustine.

"Until next Tuesday," I said, "and then we shall start for Nassau in the 'Tigris.'"

"Nassau!" she exclaimed, "where's that?"

"Right down there," I said, pointing out to sea with a crook of my finger, to the south. "It's on one of the Bahamas, and they lie off the lower end of Florida, you know."

"No," said she; "I don't remember where they are. I always get the Bahamas mixed up with the

before the Revolution, and we ought to see what sort of a thing an English colony is, so as to know whether Washington and the rest of them should have kicked against it."

"Oh, they were all right!" said Corny, in a tone which settled that little matter.

"And so you see," I went on, "Rectus and I thought we should like to go out of the country for a while, and see how it would feel to live under a queen and a cocoa-nut tree."

"Good!" cried Corny. "We'll go."

"Who?" I asked.

"Father and mother and I," said Corny, rising. "I'll tell them all about it; and I'd better be

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going back to the hotel, for if the steamer leaves on Tuesday, we'll have lots to do."

As we were walking homeward on the sea-wall, Rectus looked back and suddenly exclaimed:

"There! Do you see that Crowded Owl following us? He's been hanging round us all the afternoon. He's up to something. Don't you remember the Captain told us he was a bad-tempered fellow?"

"What did he do?" asked Corny, looking back at the Indian, who now stood in the road, a short distance from the wall, regarding us very earnestly. "Well, he never did anything much," I said. "He seemed to be angry, once, because we would not buy some of his things, and the Captain said he'd have him told not to worry us. That may have made him madder yet."

"He don't look mad," said Corny.

"Don't you trust him," said Rectus.

"I believe all these Indians are perfectly gentle, now," said Corny, "and father thinks so, too. He's been over here a good deal, and talked to some of them. Let's go ask him what he wants. Perhaps he's only sorry."

"If he is, we'll never find it out," I remarked, "for he can only speak one word of English."

I beckoned to Crowded Owl, and he immediately ran up to the wall, and said "How?" in an uncertain tone, as if he was not sure how we should take it. However, Corny offered him her hand, and Rectus and I followed suit. After this, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out three sea-beans.

"There!" said Rectus. "At it again. Disobeying military orders."

"But they're pretty ones," said Corny, taking one of the beans in her hand.

They were pretty. They were not very large, but were beautifully polished, and of a delicate gray color, the first we had seen of the kind.

"These must be a rare kind," said Rectus.

"They're almost always brown. Let's forgive him this once, and buy them."

"Perhaps he wants to make up with you," said Corny, "and has brought these as a present."

"I can soon settle that question," said I, and I took the three beans and pulled from my pocket three quarter-dollars which I offered to the Indian.

Crowded Owl took the money, grinned, gave a bob of his head, and went home happy.

If he had had any wish to "make up" with us, he had shown it by giving us a chance at a choice lot of goods.

"Now," said I, reaching out my hand to Corny, "here's one for each of us. Take your choice."

"For me?" said Corny. "No, I ought n't to.

Yes, I will, too. I am ever so much obliged. We have lots of sea-beans, but none like this. I'll have a ring fastened to it, and wear it, somehow."

"That'll do to remember us by," said I.

"Yes," said Rectus, "and whenever you're in danger, just hold up that bean, and we'll come to you."

"I'll do it," said Corny. "But how about you? What can I do?"

"Oh, I don't suppose we shall want you to help us much," I said.

"Well, hold up your beans, and we'll see," said Corny.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE QUEEN ON THE DOOR-STEP.

WE found that Corny had not been mistaken about her influence over her family, for the next morning, before we were done breakfast, Mr. Chipperton came around to see us. He was full of Nassau, and had made up his mind to go with us on Tuesday. He asked us lots of questions, but he really knew as much about the place as we did, although he had been so much in the habit of mixing his Bahamas and his Bermudas.

"My wife is very much pleased at the idea of having you two with us on the trip over," said he, "although, to be sure, we may have a very smooth and comfortable voyage."

I believe that since the Silver Spring affair, he regarded Rectus and me as something in the nature of patent girl-catchers, to be hung over the side of the vessel in bad weather.

We were sorry to leave St. Augustine, but we had thoroughly done up the old place, and had seen everything, I think, except the Spring of Ponce de Leon, on the other side of the St. Sebastian River. We did n't care about renewing our youth,—indeed, we should have objected very much to anything of the kind,—and so we felt no interest in old Ponce's spring.

On Tuesday morning, the "Tigris" made her appearance on time, and Mr. Cholott and our good landlady came down to see us off. The yellow-legged party also came down, but not to see us off. They, too, were going to Nassau.

Rectus had gone on board, and I was just about to follow him, when our old Minorcan stepped up to me.

"Goin' away?" said he.

"Yes," said I, "we're off at last."

"Other feller goin'?"

"Oh yes," I answered, "we keep together."

"Well, now look here," said he, drawing me a little on one side. "What made him take sich stock in us Minorcans? Why, he thought we used to be slaves; what put that in his head, I'd

like to know? Did he reely think we ever was niggers?"

"Oh no!" I exclaimed. "He had merely heard the early history of the Minorcans in this country, their troubles and all that, and he——"

"But what difference did it make to him?" interrupted the old man.

I could n't just then explain the peculiarities of Rectus's disposition to Mr. Menendez, and so I answered that I supposed it was a sort of sympathy.

"I can't see, for the life of me," said the old man, reflectively, "what difference it made to him."

And he shook hands with me, and bade me good-bye. I don't believe he has ever found anybody who could give him the answer to this puzzle.

The trip over to Nassau was a very different thing from our voyage down the coast from New York to Savannah. The sea was comparatively smooth, and although the vessel rolled a good deal, in the great swells, we did not mind it much. The air was delightful, and after we had gone down the Florida coast, and had turned to cross the Gulf Stream to our islands, the weather became positively warm, even out here on the sea, and we were on deck nearly all the time.

Mr. Chipperton was in high spirits. He enjoyed the deep blue color of the sea; he went into ecstasies over the beautiful little nautilus, that sailed along by the ship; he watched with wild delight the porpoises that followed close by our side, and fairly shouted when a big fellow would spring into the air, or shoot along just under the surface, as if he had a steam-engine in his tail. But when he saw a school of flying-fish rise up out of the sea, just a little ahead of us, and go skimming along like birds, and then drop again into the water, he was so surprised and delighted, that he scarcely knew how to express his feelings.

Of course, we younger people enjoyed all these things, but I was surprised to see that Corny was more quiet than usual, and spent a good deal of her time in reading, although she would spring up and run to the railing, whenever her father announced some wonderful discovery. Mr. Chipperton would have been a splendid man for Columbus to have taken along with him on his first trip to these islands. He would have kept up the spirits of the sailors.

I asked Corny what she was reading, and she showed me her book. It was a big, fat pamphlet, about the Bahamas, and she was studying up for her stay there. She was a queer girl. She had not been to school very much, her mother said; for they had been traveling about a good deal of late years; but she liked to study up special things, in which she took an interest. Sometimes she was her

own teacher, and sometimes, if they staid in any one place long enough, she took regular lessons.

"I teach her as much as I can," said her mother, "although I would much rather have her go regularly to school. But her father is so fond of her, that he will not have her away from him, and as Mr. Chipperton's lung requires him to be moving from place to place, we have to go, too. But I am determined that she shall go to a school next fall."

"What is the matter with Mr. Chipperton's lung?" I asked.

"I wish we knew," said Mrs. Chipperton, earnestly. "The doctors don't seem to be able to find out the exact trouble, and besides, it is n't certain which lung it is. But the only thing that can be done for it is to travel."

"He looks very well," said I.

"Oh yes!" said she. "But"—and she looked around to see where he was—"he does n't like people to tell him so."

After a while, Rectus got interested in Corny's book, and the two read a good deal together. I did not interrupt them, for I felt quite sure that neither of them knew too much.

The captain and all the officers on the steamer were good, sociable men, and made the passengers feel at home. I had got somewhat acquainted with them on our trip from Savannah to St. Augustine, and now the captain let me come into his room and showed me the ship's course, marked out on a chart, and pointed out just where we were, besides telling me a good many things about the islands and these waters.

I mentioned to Corny and Rectus, when I went aft again,—this was the second day out,—that we should see one end of the Great Bahama early in the afternoon.

"I'm glad of that," said Corny; "but I suppose we sha' n't go near enough for us to see its calcareous formation."

"Its what?" I exclaimed.

"Its cal-car-e-ous formation," repeated Corny, and she went on with her reading.

"Oh!" said I, laughing, "I guess the calcareous part is all covered up with grass and plants,—at least it ought to be in a semi-tropical country. But when we get to Nassau you can dig down and see what it's like."

"Semi-tropical!" exclaimed Mr. Chipperton, who just came up; "there is something about that word that puts me all in a glow," and he rubbed his hands as if he smelt dinner.

Each of us wore a gray bean. Rectus and I had ours fastened to our watch-guards, and Corny's hung to a string of beads she generally wore. We formed ourselves into a society—Corny suggested

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it—which we called the “Association of the Three Gray Beans,” the object of which was to save each other from drowning, and to perform similar serviceable acts, if circumstances should call for them. We agreed to be very faithful, and if Corny had tumbled overboard, I am sure that Rectus and I would have jumped in after her; but I am happy to say that she did nothing of the kind on this trip.

Early the next morning we reached Nassau, the largest town in the Bahamas, on one of the smallest islands, and found it semi-tropical enough to suit even Mr. Chipperton.

Before we landed we could see the white, shining



A STREET IN NASSAU.

streets and houses,—just as calcareous as they could be; the black negroes; the pea-green water in the harbor; the tall cocoa-nut trees, and about five million conch-shells, lying at the edges of the docks. The colored people here live pretty much on the conch-fish, and when we heard that, it accounted for the shells. The poorer people on these islands often go by the name of “conchs.”

As we went up through the town we found that the darkies were nearly as thick as the conch-shells, but they were much more lively. I never saw such jolly, dont-care-y people as the colored folks that were scattered about everywhere. Some of the young ones, as joyful skippers, could have tired out a shrimp.

There is one big hotel in the town, and pretty nearly all our passengers went there. The house is calcareous, and as solid as a rock. Rectus and I liked it very much, because it reminded us of pictures we had seen of Algiers, or Portugal, or some country where they have arches instead of doors; but Mr. Chipperton was n't at all satisfied when he found that there was not a fire-place in the whole house.

“This is coming the semi-tropical a little too

strong,” he said to me; but he soon found, I think, that gathering around the hearth-stone could never become a popular amusement in this warm little town.

Every day, for a week, Mr. Chipperton hired a one-horse barouche, and he and his wife and daughter rode over the island. Rectus and I walked, and we saw a good deal more than they did. Corny told us this the first walk she took with us. We went down a long, smooth, white road that led between the queer little cottages of the negroes, where the cocoa-nut and orange trees and the bananas and sappadilloes, and lots of other trees and bushes stood up around the houses just as proudly as if they were growing on ten-thousand-dollar lots. Some of these trees had the most calcareous foundations anybody ever saw. They grew almost out of the solid rock. This is probably one of the most economical places in the world for garden mold. You could n't sweep up more than a bucketful out of a whole garden, and yet the things grow splendidly. Rectus said he supposed the air was earthy.

Corny enjoyed this walk, because we went right into the houses and talked to the people, and bought cocoa-nuts off the trees, and ate the inside custard with a spoon, and made the little codgers race for pennies, and tried all the different kinds of fruits. She said she would like to walk out with us always, but her mother said she must not be going about too much with boys.

“But there are no girls on the island,” said she; “at least, no white ones,—as far as I have seen.”

I suppose there were white children around, but they escaped notice in the vast majority of little nigs.

The day after this walk, the shorter “yellow-legs” asked me to go out fishing with him. He could n't find anybody else, I suppose, for his friend did n't like fishing. Neither did Rectus; and so we went off together in a fishing-smack, with a fisherman to sail the boat, and hammer conch for bait. We went outside of Hog Island,—which lies off Nassau, very much as Anastasia Island lies off St. Augustine, only it is n't a quarter as big,—and fished in the open sea. We caught a lot of curious fish, and the yellow-legs, whose name was Burgan, turned out to be a very good sort of a fellow. I should n't have supposed this of a man who had made such a guy of himself; but there are a great many different kinds of outsides to people.

When we got back to the hotel, along came Rectus and Corny. They had been out walking together, and looked hot.

"Oh!" cried Corny, as soon as she saw me. "We have something to talk to you about! Let's go and sit down. I wish there was some kind of an umbrella or straw hat that people could wear under their chins to keep the glare of these white roads out of their eyes. Let's go up into the silk-cotton-tree."

I proposed that I should go to my room and clean up a little first, but Corny could n't wait. As her father had said, she was n't good at waiting; and so we all went up into the silk-cotton-tree. This was an enormous tree, with roots like the partitions between horse-stalls; it stood at the bottom of the hotel grounds, and had a large platform built up among the branches, with a flight of steps leading to it. There were seats up here, and room enough for a dozen people.

"Well," said I, when we were seated, "what have you to tell? Anything wonderful? If it is n't, you'd better let me tell you about my fish."

"Fish!" exclaimed Rectus, not very respectfully.

"Fish, indeed!" said Corny. "We have seen a queen!"

"Queen of what?" said I.

"Queen of Africa," replied Corny. "At least a part of it,—she would be, I mean, if she had stayed there. We went over that way, out to the very edge of the town, and there we found a whole colony of real native Africans,—just the kind Livingstone and Stanley discovered,—only they wear clothes like us."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Rectus.

"I don't mean exactly that," said Corny; "but coats and trousers and frocks, awfully old and patched. And nearly all the grown-up people there were born in Africa, and rescued by an English man-of-war from a slave-ship that was taking them into slavery, and were brought here and set free. And here they are, and they talk their own language,—only some of them know English, for they've been here over thirty years,—and they all keep together, and have a governor of their own, with a flag-pole before his house, and among them is a real queen, of royal blood!"

"How did you find out that?" I asked.

"Oh, we heard about the African settlement this morning at the hotel, and we went down there, right after dinner. We went into two or three of the houses and talked to the people, and they all told us the same thing, and one woman took us to see the queen."

"In her palace?" said I.

"No," said Corny, "she don't live in a palace.

She lives in one of the funniest little huts you ever saw, with only two rooms. And it's too bad; they all know she's a queen, and yet they don't pay her one bit of honor. The African governor knows it, but he lives in his house with his flag-pole in front of it, and rules her people, while she sits on a stone in front of her door and sells red peppers and bits of sugar-cane."

"Shameful!" said I; "you don't mean that?"

"Yes, she does," put in Rectus. "We saw her, and bought some sugar-cane. She did n't think we knew her rank, for she put her things away when the woman told her, in African, why we came to see her."

"What did she say to you?" I asked, beginning to be a good deal interested in this royal colored person.

"Nothing at all," said Corny; "she can't talk a word of English. If she could, she might get along better. I suppose her people want somebody over them who can talk English. And so they've just left her to sell peppers, and get along as well as she can."

"It's a good deal of a come-down, I must say," said I. "I wonder how she likes it?"

"Judging from her looks," said Rectus, "I don't believe she likes it at all."

"No, indeed!" added Corny. "She looks woe-begone, and I don't see why she should n't. To be taken captive with her people—may be she was trying to save them—and then to have them almost cut her acquaintance after they all get rescued and settled down!"

"Perhaps," said I, "as they are all living under Queen Victoria, they don't want any other queen."

"That's nothing," said Corny, quickly. "There's a governor of this whole island, and what do they want with another governor? If Queen Victoria and the governor of this island were Africans, of course they would n't want anybody else. But as it is, they do, don't you see?"

"They don't appear to want another queen," I said, "for they won't take one that is right under their noses."

Corny looked provoked, and Rectus asked me how I knew that.

"I tell you," said Corny, "it don't make any difference whether they want her or not, they have n't any right to make a born queen sit on a stone and sell red-peppers. Do you know what Rectus and I have made up our minds to do?"

"What is it?" I asked.

Corny looked around to see that no one was standing or walking near the tree, and then she leaned toward me and said:

"We are going to seat her on her throne!"

"You?" I exclaimed, and began to laugh.

"Yes we are," said Rectus; "at least we're going to try to."

"You need n't laugh," said Corny. "You're to join."

"In an insurrection,—a conspiracy," said I. "I can't go into that business."

"You must!" cried Corny and Rectus, almost in a breath.

"You've made a promise," said Corny.

"And are bound to stick to it," said Rectus, looking at Corny.

Then both together, as if they had settled it all beforehand, they held up their gray sea-beans, and said in vigorous tones:

"Obey the bean!"

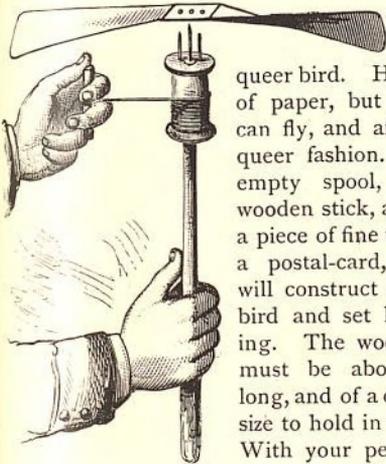
I did n't hesitate a moment. I held up my bean, and we clicked beans all around.

I became a conspirator!

(To be continued.)

## THE MECHANICAL PIGEON.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



THIS is a very queer bird. He is made of paper, but he really can fly, and after a very queer fashion. Get an empty spool, a small wooden stick, a few pins, a piece of fine twine, and a postal-card, and we will construct the proud bird and set him a-flying. The wooden stick must be about a foot long, and of a convenient size to hold in the hand. With your penknife cut down one end of the stick so that it will go into the hole in the spool. Make a little ledge near the top so that the spool will not slip down, and can turn freely on the stick. If any part of the stick projects above the spool, cut it off smooth. Now take three pins

middle pin sticking through the hole. Then press the card down on the spool, and the spool-pins will make marks for the other two holes. When the holes are made, the card will rest on the spool, and the pins will stick through the holes. Now take the card off, and holding it firmly by the square part in the middle, twist one wing to the right and the other to the left—just like the fans of a propeller, or the wings of a wind-mill. Bend one corner up and the other down at each end, so that when you look at the card from end to end, the ends will appear to cross each other in opposite directions.

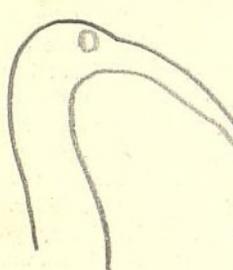
This card is our bird, and, to make him fly, you must tie a piece of string round the spool, and wind it round and round many times from right to left or in the opposite direction to that of the moving hands of a watch. Now put the spool on the stick with the pins up. Set the paper on top of the spool, sticking through the holes with the middle pin in one hand, and six

## PINKETY-WINKETY-WEE.

BY E. T. ALDEN.



PINKETY-WINKETY-WEE!  
 Ten pink fingers has she,  
 Ten pink toes,  
 One pink nose,  
 And two eyes that can hardly see;  
 And they blink and blink, and they wink and wink,  
 So you can't tell whether they 're blue or pink.



Pinkety-blinkety-winkety-wee!  
 Not much hair on her head has she;  
 She has no teeth, and she cannot talk;  
 She is n't strong enough yet to walk;  
 She cannot even so much as creep;  
 Most of the time she is fast asleep;  
 Whenever you ask her how she feels,  
 She only doubles her fist and squeals.  
 The queerest bundle you ever did see  
 Is little Pinkety-winkety-wee.

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## JOE AND THE SEAL.

BY C. M. DRAKE.

JOE is a little Californian, and he lives close by the Pacific Ocean. His father often takes him to walk on the beach.

"See, papa, see!" cried Joe one day when the two were out together. "What a nice log to sit on!" and Joe ran along the beach until he came to a brown object that lay on the warm sand, a little way up



from the ocean. But just as Joe was sitting down, the brown "log" began to move, and Joe ran back to his papa in fear, crying:

"It is a whale, papa, and it was agoing to eat me up, just as the one in the Bible ate Jonah."

"No, it is a seal, my boy," replied his father. "It wont hurt us. It is a young one. Let me coax it to stay a while."

So saying, he took hold of the little seal, and, by rubbing it on the back and under the neck, he soon had the little fellow as quiet as a pet dog. Joe soon lost his fear of the seal, and, going up to it, began to rub the soft fur on its back. I think the little seal must have liked this, for, when Joe turned to go, the seal tried to follow him.

"How tame it is! How queerly it walks on those funny little legs!" said Joe. "Are they his legs or his arms, papa?"

"A little of both," said his papa, laughing. "They are called flippers; and he also can use them as our gold-fish use their fins."

"May I take him home? See! he would follow me clear to the house."

"He would not be happy, Joe, away from the ocean. We will put him back into the ocean, where his brothers and sisters are, Joe. I will take him out to this rock and drop him into the water."

"Does n't he look like a big dog-fish, papa?" cried Joe, as the seal swam away, diving under each big wave that tried to shove him back to the shore.

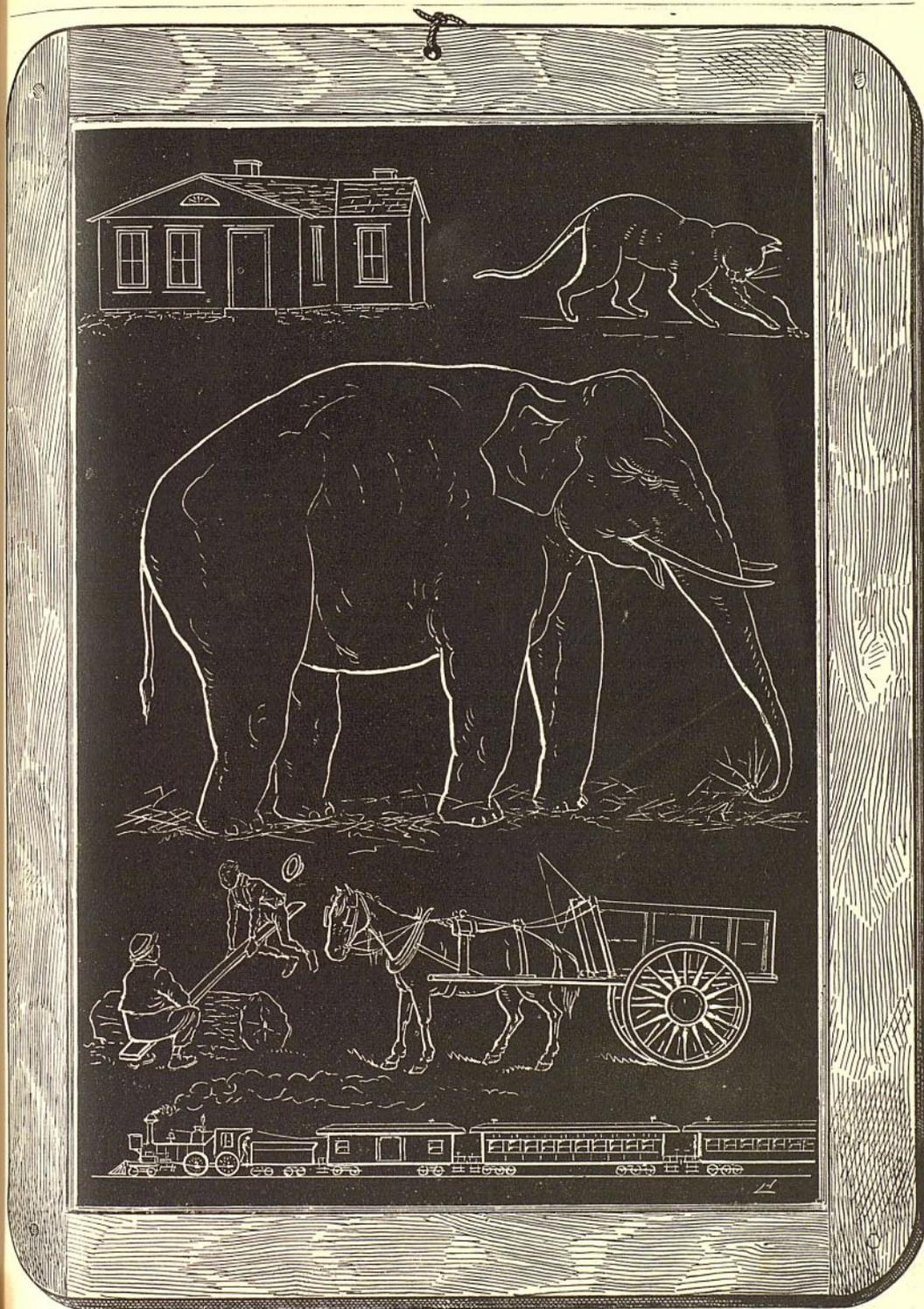
"Good-bye, little seal! I hope you'll find your mamma again."

Joe and his papa turned to go home. After a little while, Joe said, very soberly:

"Papa, I guess I don't want the seal-skin hat, that I teased you for. May be it came off of that nice little seal's brother or sister. I don't see how folks can shoot such dear little things as that seal is."

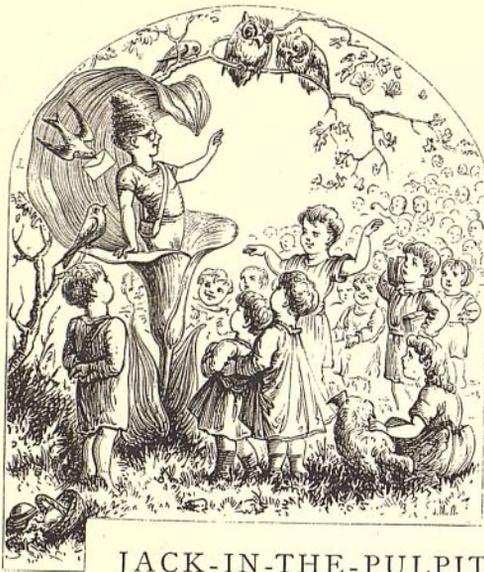
### ELEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

ELEVEN little pussy-cats invited out to tea,  
 Eleven cups of milk they had—sweet as milk could be,  
 Eleven little silver spoons to stir the sugar in,  
 Eleven little napkins white, each tucked beneath a chin;  
 Eleven little me-ows they gave, eleven little purrs,  
 Eleven little sneezes, too, though wrapped up in their furs.  
 Eleven times they washed their paws when all the milk was out,  
 Eleven times they bobbed their heads and said 't was so, no doubt.  
 Eleven times they thought they heard the squeaking of a mouse  
 Eleven times they courtesied to the lady of the house;  
 Eleven times they promised her to drive away the thieves  
 That pecked the grapes upon the vines and hid among the leaves.  
 They kept their word, and one day shook eleven bunches down  
 To this same girl of 'leven years who caught them in her gown.



THESE slate pictures are a little harder to draw than those in the December ST. NICHOLAS, but brother or sister or somebody can copy them for you.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MARCH is a word of five letters, says one. "March" is a military order, says another. March was once the first month of the year, says another. March is our fifth number, says ST. NICHOLAS,—and Jack says:

March is the breeziest, jolliest, freshest, liveliest, busiest month of all the twelve, and whether it comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb, or comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion, it's a good honest month, and Jack likes it.

## A LETTER TO ME.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR JACK: I wonder if all your readers know what a cunning little cap trimmed with red berries you wear in the fall? I don't believe many of them have seen it, and I should like to describe it to them, if you have no objections.

The first time I met you last fall after you had left off your summer suit was away up in the White Mountains, N. H. I had no idea you traveled as far as that, and I cannot tell you how delighted I was to see you.

You were standing close by a small brook, and (may I tell it?) peeping in over the edge. We all know you too well, dear Jack, to think you vain, and can understand your pleasure in beholding, in this clear brown mirror, your little green spike of a cap, with bright scarlet berries tipped with black, clustering around it.

And what a lovely little bed of green moss you were standing on! I saw at a little distance from you a spray of the partridge vine, with two little twin berries on its stem, but they were not half as red as yours, and indeed, they seemed to understand it, and hide their heads in the moss. To my taste you are handsomer in the fall than at any other time of the year, though others may have a different taste. Nevertheless, we all love you for your own self, dear Jack, no matter what your clothes are. Your loving friend,  
E. A. P.

## MACHINES RUN BY AIR.

YOU'VE heard of machines for flying *in* the air, of course. I told you about one last October. But now comes word of machines worked *by* air. These new engines are used to drag heavy trains, empty when going into, but filled with broken stone when coming out of, the great tunnel now being cut between Switzerland and Italy, under Mount St. Gothard.

It would be almost impossible to keep the air

fresh in the tunnel, so far underground, if steam-engines were used for cutting the rock; for they would make so much heat, gas, and smoke, that men could not work in there at all.

But these new machines do better, for they are worked by air instead of steam, and the air that escapes after being used in them is good to breathe. It is common air, but it was first forced by water-power into huge iron reservoirs, until there was a great deal more in them than there was in the same space outside. The reservoirs have to be tight and strong, or the air would burst them and escape.

The squeezed or compressed air is drawn off into a part of the new machine which looks like a big steam-boiler, and it is then let into the working parts, as wanted, rushing out with great force, and making the machinery move, and drag the cars, much in the way that steam would.

## MOTHER SHIPTON AND HER PROPHECY.

ELLA H., Rita W., and "Alfred" ask who is the "Mother Shipton" mentioned in B. P.'s letter about the "Unfathomable Lake," printed in February.

Well, your Jack never actually knew the old lady, but he has heard that she lived about three hundred years ago in England, and was believed to know beforehand what was going to happen in the world. She once made a prophecy which has become very famous. It was made public first in 1488 and again in 1641. All the events foretold in it, excepting the last, have come to pass. Here is the prophecy:

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
Water shall yet more wonders do;  
Now strange, yet shall be true—  
The world upside shall be,  
And gold be found at roof of tree.  
Through hills man shall ride;  
And no horse or ass shall be at his side.  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.  
In the air man shall be seen  
In white, in black, in green.  
Iron in the water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat;  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not yet known.  
Fire and water shall wonders do;  
England at last shall admit a Jew;  
The world to an end shall come  
In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-One.

## A TREE THAT GIVES AND CURES HEADACHE.

Its name alone, *Oreodaphne Californica*, is almost enough to give one a headache; but if you rub its leaves for a short time over your face and hands you will get a headache, surely; and if you happen to have a headache, why, the same rubbing will drive it away, at least, so the natives say.

This obliging tree is a fine-looking evergreen, with a strong spicy smell, and I'm told that it is found in California.

## FASTER THAN LIGHT.

It does not do to be too sure of things, nowadays, not even if they are called "well-known scientific

facts," for that which seems true to-day may be proved wrong by the fuller knowledge that tomorrow will bring.

For instance: "Light is the fastest traveler in the universe" used to be held as a fact well known and scientific, and I was ready to believe it when I heard that a ray of light takes but nine minutes in going from the sun to the earth, traveling more than ten million miles a minute.

But now I learn that there is a thing that is even faster than light. This scrap, from one of Professor Proctor's writings, will tell you about it:

"Gravity cannot take so much as a second in acting over the distance separating the planet Neptune from the Sun"—(2,850,000,000 miles)!

So, my wise young astronomers, Gravity is faster than Light—at least, *as far as we know to-day.*

IS IT "UNCLE SAM"?

GET out your atlases, boys and girls, turn to the map of the United States, and see if you can find in any part of it an outline like this odd picture, which D. E. C. sends.

"The tip of the man's queer cap," says D. E. C., "touches Lake Superior; he is bathing his bare foot in the Gulf of Mexico; his nose is formed by a bend of the Mississippi River; and his back is straight and sturdy.

"A comfortable and good-natured old fellow, this,—and he might pass for Uncle Sam squeezed in among the States of the Union."

SOME VERY OLD BUTTERMILK.

DEAR JACK: I know a man who drank some of the very oldest buttermilk ever heard of. He lives in Tennessee.

One day, he and some others were asked in a great hurry to dine at the house of a neighbor, with a promise that the company would be treated to one of the rarest drinks ever tasted in all the ages of the world!

This proved to be buttermilk, brought to table in a jug. It had been dug out that same morning from a well which had caved in thirty years before. At that time the jug of milk, safely corked, was hanging by a rope far down the well, to be kept cool; and there it had stood buried for thirty years. All who drank of the buttermilk said it was delicious.—Truly your friend, S. W. K.

BIRDS AND TELEGRAMS.

Chicago, Ills.

DEAR JACK: I saw in the February number, 1878, something that you said about "Birds and Telegraph Wires," and it reminded me of an item I read a little while ago in a daily paper. Some bothering man asked a telegraph operator if a message was stopped when a bird stood on the wire, and if it hurt the bird. The telegraph man told him that the birds were a great nuisance, because they would perch on the wires, and, when a message was sent along, they would pick out the little words in it; so that, sometimes, when it got to the other station, the receiver could not understand it at all. He also said that if any of the birds were killed, it was because they got choked on some long word, or else overate themselves. Now, dear Jack, do you really believe that is so?

C. D. W.

I really don't. And I think that telegraph operator must have thought he was talking to a goose.

By the way, talking of geese, here's a paragram on the subject:

A JAPANESE COMPLIMENT.

It is flattering—in Japan—to compare a person to a goose. There are no tame geese in that country, and, as the wild ones are bright and graceful, of course no one there feels hurt at being likened to a goose.

Here, just in the nick of time, is a letter about

A SEPTUAGENARIAN GOOSE.

Beverly, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A family in a town near here had a goose that died a little while ago at the age of seventy years. There is no joke about this, for the name of the family is not "Goose," there have been no deaths in it lately, and the goose was a true "anser,"—web-foot, feathers and all.

The same family has another goose, still alive, whose age is known to be more than fifty years. And this living goose, also, is a "really truly" bird goose.—Your friend, MARY.

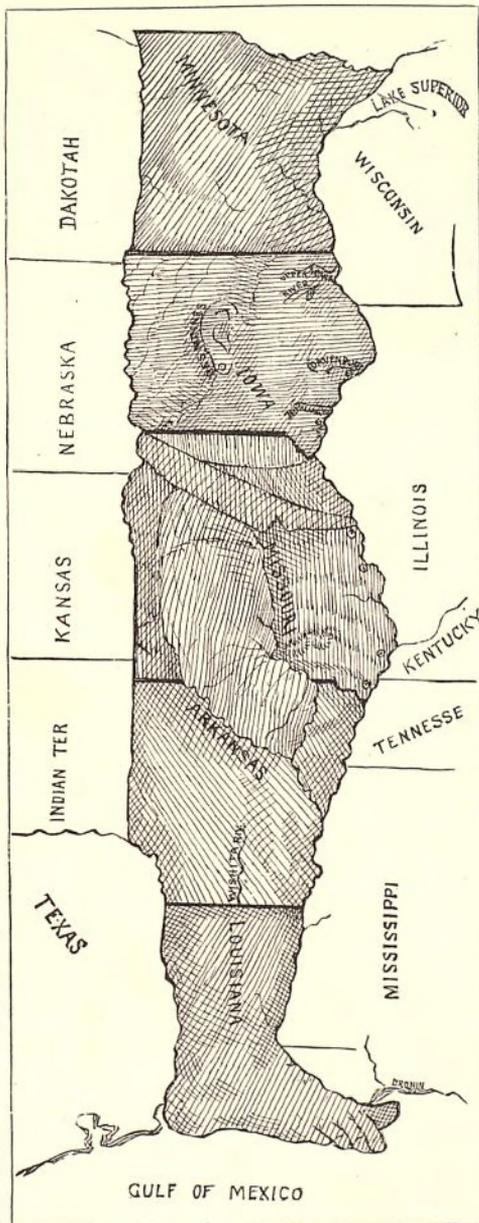
BY SUCKING? OR HOW?

HARRY B. writes me that his pet squirrel "sucks up only a very little water once a day, and that is all he takes to drink."

Now, I'm pretty sure the squirrel would take more water, if he felt it would do him good, so that is all right; but, I've a notion

that he must be a squirrel of a kind never heard of before, if he drinks as Harry's letter tells.

What do you say, my youngsters? Does a squirrel drink by "sucking up," or how? You, too, have pet squirrels, may be; so find out about this with your own eyes, if you can, and let me know.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

TRANSLATIONS of the German legend, "Elisabeth's Rosen," were received from Annie B. Parker—Leonora—Dora Hines—H.—S. J. Radcliffe—C. A. D.—Nelson Partridge—J. Frank Wooley—F. B. Wickerson—Edward Miller—Albert Farjeon—Annie L. Fields—Arthur S. Barnes—Louis C. Pilat—M. T. A.—Mary L. Otis—D. S.—Maude H. Morris—Bertha E. Keferstein—Bessie Hard—Fannie Kibbee—Henry C. F. Blicke—H. Constance—E. May Smith—Amalie Wiechmann—H. L.—Dora Sedgwick—Lucia H. Kittle—Henry C. Kroger—Edith C. Lee—Louis F. Ruf—Johnnie C. Whitcomb—Nettie K. Hartwell—Isabelle V. Seagrave—Alice S. Millard—A. Leavens—Albert F. Pasquay—Hattie Hyatt—John J. Daesen—C. L. Bates—Frank T. Nevin—Eugene Hoeber—Scudder Smith and Clarence Young—Minnie L. Benne—Cora McKay—Jennie L. Dickinson—Etha F. Smith—Bertha L. Hafner—T. S. Hardy—M. Alice Parker—George McLean Harper—Helen Reynolds and John Farnham—Sadie McLong—Hilda Lodeman—Lucy J. Way—Clare Charlton—Elizabeth King—Louisa M. Hopkins—B. K. L.—Minne Bruere—"Newark, N. J."—Edgar Francis Jordan—Luna Thomas—S. de L. Van Rensselaer—Margaret Bugley—Charlie Falkenreck—W. Russell Fearon—Mary E. Whittemore—Aggie Rhodes—Lallie Teal—Amelia L. Diemar—Ralph Hoffman—J. McClurg Hays—Mason C. Stryker—Bella Wehl—Mary A. Hale—Nettie Hawkins—Raymond W. Smith—Christine Senger—Maurie B. Stewart—Arthur M. Taylor—Gertrude Tobias—Schiller Richter—Robert Weld—Stella Dunlap—F. Bergh Taylor—Anna C. Brastow—Florence H. Watson—Emily Harris—Lewis Jones—Elizabeth L. Hillegeist—Helen W. Prescott—Hattie D. Pierce—Mary A. Donohue—John Newton Wright—Winnie Summers—Bessie H. Smith—Corinna Keen—Mabel Z. Bookstaver—Fred Rohloff—Albion M. Kelsea—Wm. A. Benedict—Ida S. Otis—Bessie Watson—L. G. and H. G.—Fleta Holman—Edward J. Bosworth.

WE have received the following two letters in answer to the questions at the end of Mr. Warner's story, "What shall we do with her?" which appeared in the January number:

Newburgh, N. Y.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our friend that had the trouble, with that half cat, calls for assistance, which I give cheerfully. I should propose that it be put up at auction, and sold for a Manx Cat of the Chartreuse breed.—Yours,  
 E. R. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read, in the beautiful January number of your magazine, the story of a cat named "China." I read it gravely through, and have been thinking seriously about an answer to the questions at the end, for of course, Mr. Warner expected an answer. A little boy who had lived some time in China once told me the natives there thought a devilish spirit was in a cat with a tail—and so they cut off that waggish part of the cat's body. May be, if Mr. Warner were to put the devil into his cat (I should think he could do it!) the tail might grow out again,—and then he could sell "China" for a real cat.

Or, why does not he go into the retailing business, and so dispose of it? He might be better employed, I think, than sitting before a roaring wood fire thinking thoughts to steal away other people's time. He is my debtor in that way, by I don't know how many hours. He is in fact shortening my life!  
 C. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your December number is a poem called "Can You?" One line of it asks, "Can you see the wind?" To this I reply, "Yes, I can." And this is how: Take a carpenter's saw, hold it in a high wind with the back level with your eyes; you will then perceive a current flowing over the back of the saw. Sometimes, on a warm day, you can see the air twinkling. So there—Yours truly,  
 B. D. T.

EDITH B.—"Ent. Sta. Hall" means "Entered at Stationers' Hall," the government copyright office in London, and it shows that a copy of the print on which the legend appears has been deposited with the authorities. Then, if anybody should publish an imitation of the print, the earlier publisher could sue him, in the British dominions, for compensation.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot answer your letter in the magazine, nor can we answer any other letter which is not accompanied by the real name and address of its writer, so that we may reply by mail if we prefer to do so.

London, Eng.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were born in London and have always lived here, but we are Americans, and don't allow any one to call us English. We have been twice to America and have just returned from our second visit there. We like being at sea very much, and find many things to amuse us. The cook made us some taffy (molasses candy). The chief officer had a swing put up, on deck, for us, and the sailors were always ready to give us bits of rope or pieces of wood with which we could make many things. On the voyage home, my

little brother Norris thought he would try to catch a fish, so he threw a long line over the side of the ship. After waiting some time "for a bite," and feeling discouraged, he tied the line to the side railing of the deck, and went off to play. One of the stewards drew the rope in through a saloon port-hole and tied a dried herring on it. When Norris pulled in his line next time, and saw "a real fish," he was so delighted! He never guessed it had been tied on. But he knows better now. If you think this little letter worth publishing, we should be very pleased to see it in the "Letter-Box" sometime.—Your little friend,  
 CABL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am quite a big girl, I enjoy reading you as much as ever. Perhaps you do not care to have a grown-up girl writing to you; but, although I am quite aged in regard to years, still I feel as young and enjoy your folks stories as much as when I was only ten years old. ST. NICHOLAS is real nice for the poor girls who are too young for grown people to take an interest in, and yet so old that the real young people don't like to play with them.  
 E. E. B.

Vicksburg, Miss.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your charming self for January yesterday and read you with a great deal of pleasure. I am very sorry that the story "Half a Dozen Housekeepers" is ended, as it was so interesting and funny; and I suppose Belle's father was agreeably surprised that the girls did not burn his house up, as he prophesied that they would.

The people of our city have lately passed through a fearful epidemic, and there were so many deaths here that one wagon would have to carry five and six coffins at a time, piled one above the other, to the grave-yard. The yellow fever spread all through the country, too, and came very near where I was refugeeing. Fortunately I escaped, but I lost three cousins with it. There are so many desolated homes here that we had a very sad Christmas, but I hope you had a merry one, and remain, your friend,  
 J. P. H.

## A DISH-GARDEN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell your readers of a successful experiment of mine for the winter decoration of a room. It is so simple that a child easily manages it. It was merely a dish of moss in which were set a few small ferns and vines, covered with a bell-glass. I like a large dinner-plate best, though some prefer a deep dish. In the bottom you place a layer of charcoal broken in small pieces, and mixed with a few bits of broken crockery, to form a drain.

Upon this put some of the earth from the woods, in which plants, according to taste, what you have gathered. You might take a fern for a center-piece and around it group little "wintergreens," with more partridge-berry vines (mitchella) than anything else, as their rich green leaves and bright red berries are so cheery in effect. Late in the winter or early in the spring, my mitchella bloomed, and the pure white blossoms formed an exquisite contrast, with their snowy petals looking as if powdered with frosted silver.

The roots must be disturbed as slightly as possible, but press the earth firmly around them, covering it, wherever it shows, with moss dotting in, here and there, lichens taken from old stumps and fences. When done, sprinkle thoroughly with water and set the dish in a shady corner for several days, after which it can be placed on a center or side table, and will need watering but a few times through the season, if the glass fits tightly. To hide the edge of the dish, as well

to keep the air out, a piece of brown chenille—as bright colors would destroy the effect of leaves and berries—can be put around it after the glass is in place, or it can be hidden by bits of lichen arranged on the edge.

I found my dish-garden flourished better if I put it on a chair in a sunny window once in a while, but it stood mostly on a stand in the middle of the room, and was directly under the gaslight in the evening. On seeing it, our friends would say: "How woods-y!" "How lovely!" etc.

It is well to accustom the plants gradually to artificial heat and not put them at once in a very warm room.

Hoping some of your readers may be as successful as I was, I remain very truly your friend,  
H. S.

N. AND S.—We know of no book, of the kind you ask for that we can heartily recommend. You will find good acting plays, acting ballads, tableaux-vivants, etc., for home amusement, in ST. NICHOLAS for January, February, April and November, 1874; in January, April and December, 1875; in February, April and May, 1876; in January, May and December, 1877; in November, 1878, and in January, 1879.

Stockton, Cal.

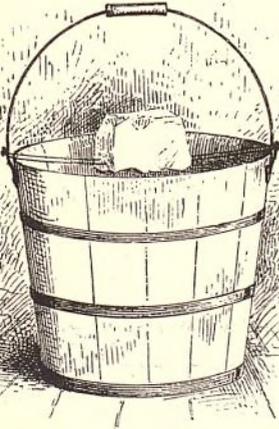
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a paragraph which I found in an old newspaper. I send it because I thought some of your readers might like to know who "Brother Jonathan" was. Here it is: "Jonathan Trumbull, who resided in Lebanon, Connecticut, and who was the friend and counselor of Washington, is the true 'Brother Jonathan' of American history."

I am eleven years old and my name is

EDITH LESLIE.

A FROZEN PUZZLE.

GET a common water-pail, about three feet of iron wire as fine as the smallest twine, and a lump of ice weighing about two pounds. Stretch the wire twice across the top of the pail so as to make a kind of lodge. Set the wires about two inches apart, and lay the ice upon them, taking care that it does not touch the pail. The ice will begin



to melt, and water will drip into the pail. Presently the ice will seem to sink down as if the wires were cutting it into three pieces. In about half an hour, if you try to lift the ice, you will find the wires securely frozen in. The lump of ice will slip along the wires, but you cannot take it away from them. You can see the wires through the ice, but the point of the sharpest pen-knife cannot find where they entered. There may be a line of silvery bubbles showing where the wires passed, but the ice will be one solid unbroken piece. At last, the wires will come out at the top, and the lump of ice, though partly melted away, will drop into the pail as whole as ever. Who among our young readers can explain this frozen puzzle?

Newburgh, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a dog named Max. He is a great, big, pure-blooded English mastiff. We have his pedigree five or six generations back, and he is rather high-strung; but he is very good-natured; indeed, so much so as to let me pull him up three steps at a time, by his tail, of very steep stairs. He has a very pecu-

lar way of howling when he wants to be let loose. He is a dead dog when mamma tells him to be one, and he can jump over a stick held four feet from the ground.—From your loving reader, MARIE F. G.

MOTHER:—In our last number we gave some new domino games that will be found a very pleasant means of passing an evening agreeably. The games are interesting and have plenty of life in them. The last two are not too hard for girls and boys of fourteen or fifteen years.

SOMEBODY sends this to the "Letter-Box." Who wrote it?

LITTLE LUCY'S STORY ABOUT THE OWL.

An owl, that lived in a hollow tree,  
As I went by, looked out at me;  
And he rolled his eyes, with a solemn air,  
As if to say, this world's a snare,  
And life a burden hard to bear,  
Take care, little girl, take care!

Said I, Mr. Owl, we don't agree,  
I love the world, and the world loves me,  
Quit rolling your eyes, and come and see  
How happy a child that is good can be.  
I learn in the day, I sleep in the night,  
I try to obey, I try to do right;  
But you love darkness better than light;  
Take care, Mr. Owl, take care!

R. L. S.—The Indian name for the Mississippi River was "Méchacébé," spelled by some writers "Miche Sepe." It means "Great River," or "Great Father of Waters," as you suppose.

"Shoe-wae-cae-mette" is a word in the Pottawattamie language, and means "Lightning upon the waters." The word is said to have been made in a curious way. One day, before the white men came to the Pottawattamie country, there was a great storm, and some Indians ran for shelter into a natural grape-arbor by a river. Through the tangle of vines the storm-bound men saw the beautiful play of the lightning upon the river, and they called out "Shoe-wae-cae-mette!" Whether the story is true or not, no doubt the meaning of the word "Lightning upon the-waters," is correct; and it is a very appropriate name for a boat-club.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

A letter came to our circle the other day, writes a friend, which contained so noble and beautiful a tribute to a mother, that I asked permission to copy it, without names, in ST. NICHOLAS. It was written to a man and by a man, but he has the heart of a little child, and so, I think, all your children will appreciate his words. Here is the letter, excepting only the parts which have no general interest:

Plainfield, N. J.

Dear C.: Here is another torrent rain-storm. It has been going since last night, and is still going unabated.

It is one of the days to justify a body for keeping in-doors, and to make him feel what a blessed thing home is. It makes me think of a new grave on the bank of the Susquehanna, where our good mother was laid to rest more than a week—yes, just a week—ago to-day, in the fullness of her years. She would have been 86 the coming October. Yet were her physical powers perfect, her senses acute, and all her faculties clear and strong. She had no sickness. There was some mysterious escape of energy, which relaxed her frame and disinclined her to exertion about a week before her death,—but without affecting her mind in the least. She talked, ate and slept as usual,—indeed, conversed with more than usual vivacity and humor,—then, on the morning of her departure, said she felt sleepy,—she must go to sleep,—and went to sleep and did not wake. There was neither perturbation of mind nor pain of body. She was a child of Providence from her birth upward, and the Fatherly love in which she trusted would not suffer his child to be scared by any vision of death, much less any other society,—friends and kindred long sleep, and waked up in other society,—friends and kindred long lost and much loved, who had not been out of her thoughts a day since they went. A lovelier character, a more unselfish creature cannot be conceived. No purer spirit ever lived on earth, or went unchallenged into heaven. She has left us a perfect image of excellence, such as without the example we could never have framed in fancy. I am willing to believe anything good of mankind for having known her. She lived to see her children and her children's children, and indeed the whole community in which she lived, rise up and call

her blessed, and wait on her with tender, reverent love in all her goings during many years of a happy old age. I cannot imagine a more perfect character, life or death.

It sounds very odd to hear you talk so old about the boys whom I remember, excepting W—, as such little fellows, and I'm glad to hear of them, qualifying so happily for world's work. Often I wonder how strangely the burden comes on our backs. There's a part of me not over 10 or 12 years old, or rather, that young creature still exists in me, like the sapling inside of the tree,—and he seems to observe with astonishment now and then how old his outside is getting to be and what a forest is springing up around him. It seems unreal,—incredible,—even absurd. Identifying himself with the undersigned for a moment,—deaf, gray-haired, stoop-shouldered, glasses on nose, pipe in mouth, chief engineer, the old man, squire, governor, tax-payer, major, and what not,—then suddenly viewing his stripling limbs and boyish mug,—he laughs at the ridiculous incongruity, and is ready to declare it all a masque of that old scene-shifter, Time. And it is, partly. I hope my manly accidents are but a thin investiture, and when I go to heaven 't will be pretty much in the character of a big boy;—one of the children, and the child of my mother.

JOHN W. C.—We hope that before very long ST. NICHOLAS will contain an illustrated article that will help to answer your question. Meanwhile, if you can get some one to let you have an old telescope, complete, to take to pieces and examine, you may find out a good deal for yourself. It will be well, also, to study some book upon "Optics" or the "Science of Light," so that you may know not only how a telescope is made, but also the reasons for putting it together so curiously.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been to see the "lions" of Boston. I don't mean Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Mount Auburn, the Old South, or the Mechanic's Fair; but real live lions, "Willie" and

"Martha," that have been raised from babyhood by the lady, Mrs. Lincoln, who owns them. Perhaps your readers would like to hear something about these strange pets.

In the first place, "Willie" and "Martha" are not common menagerie lions, but live in a private house, near the Revere House, and have a large brick room, which has been built for them since they have grown up. This room leads out of Mrs. Lincoln's sitting-room, and visitors who do not wish to go into the lions' parlor can have a good view of the noble creatures through the grated door,—and splendid animals they are! They are now two years old, and I suppose nearly full grown, but as frolicsome as kittens, and devotedly attached to their kind mistress; yet it made me tremble all over to see her, with only a small riding-whip in her hand, go into their room, while they, in their delight at seeing her, leaped round her, putting their great paws upon her shoulders and nearly throwing her down in their affectionate gambols. But in a moment she calmed them. "Lie down, Willie! This instant, sir!" and down the great fellow lay at her feet, quiet as a lamb! Then Martha lay down and rolled over on her back, her huge paws in the air. "Now, Willie, give me your hand," said Mrs. Lincoln, and he got up and most affectionately laid his great paw in her hand. She seems to have the most perfect control over these dearly loved pets, and says she has no more fear of them than she has of a kitten; and no wonder, for she has had the entire charge of them since they were very small babies. While they were quite young they always slept on her bed at night; and even now, when there are no strangers, she opens the door of their room and they sit with her in her parlor. She said: "Yesterday I was sitting sewing, when 'Martha' came in and spread herself at full length on the sofa for a nap!" It happened to be her dinner-hour, two o'clock, when I was there, so I had the pleasure of seeing them fed, and the way they devoured the fine ribs of roasting beef that were given to them was something to see! Morning and evening Mrs. Lincoln gives the water, and at two o'clock a good meal of fresh beef. About sundown she lets them out into the yard for a run, when they frolic and enjoy themselves in the open air for an hour, to the great delight of the neighbors' children round, who watch from their windows the gambols of these curious household pets. Now, I do hope that if any of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS come to Boston they will call on Mrs. Lincoln, who is always willing to show her lions to those who wish to see them.

B. P.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifteen letters, and am a Divine command.  
My 1, 12, 13, 5, 4 is illumination. My 6, 15, 14, 10, 7 is a subtle fluid. My 9, 2, 3, 8, 11 is a species of pepper-plant, the leaves of which are chewed with the Areca nut, by East Indians. ISOLA.

### TRANSPOSITION COUPLET.

"I love thee not (though thou art fair)  
For beauty. What! not heed my prayer?"

Transpose the words of the above rhymed couplet, keeping the same words in each line, so as to make a new couplet with a rhyme and a meaning different from those of the original. B. H.

### DIALOGUE NAME-PUZZLE.

The following dialogue contains anagrams on the names of twelve well-known authors, American, British, French, German, and Italian. The anagrams are printed in Italics; and, besides the anagrams, there are six hidden names of celebrated personages that are mentioned in some of the twelve authors' works.

The speakers in the Dialogue are Henry, Ned, Marie and Ruby:  
*Henry.* As you are too sick, *Ned*, to share in a noisy game, we'll seek a sharp riddle or two. Are you willing?

*Ned.* Indeed, yes! Let it be riddles; they do not compel hammering and pounding. I hope to be up and active and eating regular meals soon. It's a miserable arrangement to be at rice and other spoon food all the time.

*Henry.* I should think so. You must be tired of lying flat, *Ned!*  
*Ruby.* You boys are always talking about eating. [TURNS TO MARIE.] What is the name of that new tune *Marie*, about "Dee," which you bought from the music man, Friday last?

*Marie.* "Banks of Dee."  
*Ned.* Oh, never mind the new tune, girls. Shall it be riddles, *Hen*, or what?

*Henry.* Riddles. Now, *Ruby*; what French poet do I name when I say "green bar"?

*Marie.* I know, but I won't tell *Ruby!* Oh, oh, look! There's

*Pa* in the street on horseback. Can he curb the old Arab safely, do you think?

*Ruby.* Yes, he could, if there was n't such a noise in the street. Do hear the boys on that *car yell* at each *cur* they pass!

*Henry.* Our dog's bark is loudest.

*Ned.* Oh, dear! Do you call yourselves sprightly? Why, you are as slow as moles. How soon shall we have the riddles?

*Henry.* Why, *Ned*, you youngster lingering there, it's you who are slow. We've had them already. Now, brush up your wits, and solve the riddles, if you can!

### BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of nineteen letters, and I am the name of an American writer of world-wide fame.

1. My 3, 5, 10, 16, is a beautiful flower. 2. My 1, 2, 11, 19, is what the flower must do when picked. 3. My 13, 9, 18, is a religious devotee sometimes likened in poetry to my 3, 5, 10, 16. 4. My 3, 17, 7, 12, 4, is an Oriental beast of burden. 5. My 14, 6, 15, is found at the mouth of a large river. JOSIE H. +

### COMPOUND WORD-SQUARE AND INCLOSED GREEK CROSS.

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The middle letter, S, of the cross is used four times. Every other letter of the cross, in its own position, is used to end one word, and to begin another that reads in the same direction; for the letters of the cross occur at the overlappings of four word-squares each made on a base of four letters. Thus, reading across: the upper left-hand square might begin with the word





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S. A. B.

**MARRIAGES.**

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SERVES ORDER AMONG THE LITTLE PURITANS.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

VOL. V

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