

ONCE when I was in Texas I went to a German church, where the children were catechized, and found the sacristan full of bells. It was in the back country, and there was only a plain little wooden shed; it hung two bells, about as large as dinner-pots, on the open roof, and the bell-ringer was beating them alternately. The tune had not much variety in it, but I suppose it made the older people feel the Germany they had left behind, for when they go into a new country they try their best to keep some memory of the old. Our New Englanders, when they came here, brought with them Old England names with them for their towns and churches, and Old England customs; but they did not always bring bells for their churches, and, instead, a drummer stood on the door-step and beat a drum. Drummers they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket and sword and spear, for protection against the hostile Indian or the wild beast. Indeed, when Sunday came and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the broad path were all or nearly all armed; besides, upon the square, fort-like building, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed on the lookout for enemies.

We call the drum the Puritan church-bell, but in those days the churches in New England were called "meeting-houses,"—the same as *synagogue*, which word you find in the New Testament, and there were a good many points in common between

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ood. I think a moment, at that time, and life must have been very different for towns as now; for the early trains or puffing steam locomotives, the first town, had not so many. A Western village may have been a town. There were no great colleges, no public halls, no theaters, no plays. But then the life was more exciting than it is now. The boys spent their time in the woods, by the banks of the rivers, or on the shores of the roaring sea, or in the open air. They learned the use of the gun, and they had plenty of game. They hunted bears and deer. They shot wild turkeys, and wild ducks. They did not have to go far to get their food, then go off a great distance to get their food. It was their daily occupation. They walked through the forest and the mountains, and the red Indian, who was not making miniature canoes, but hunting as they lived by the sea or rivers, as they did. First, they had their fishing, swimming, and sailing. This was all part of their life, as well as their sport, and hard lives they led. For from early youth they worked for men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls, and keeping out wolves and wild-cats. They built the houses and barns to be built, ships to make, mills, fortifications and churches. They had farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate, and when winter came, they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the weather was hard, they sledged the logs to the woods, and the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.

The girls, too, had their work. Every home had its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the houses, and they had their out-door life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high, so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses as our furnaces do, but were vastly more cheerful and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and

* See Frontispiece.

there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her and will continue to

preachers; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast and spend their riches on themselves; that they were to please God and not themselves. They did not always go to work the right way to please Him, but they did not forget Him and think only



A PURITAN CHURCH-BELL.

be written for generations to come. It was Sunday and work together that made her great. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many times foolish things were said by the

of their merchandise. The children in meeting-house and at work learned self-control, learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. We live in happier times now, and should think it very



odd to see boys always take off their hats, and girls courtesy when they met older people in the road; to write letters to our fathers which begin Honored Sir, and to treat our parents as if they were judges of the supreme court; but because little Puritans did these things, you must not fancy they did not love their parents, or that their parents did not love them. There are many beautiful letters written at that time which show that fathers

and mothers cared for their homes as they cared for nothing else but God.

So when we think of the stiff, hard-looking Puritans, we may remember that they hated lies and worked hard. The little Puritans grew up in a free out-of-door life, and learned in childhood to set duty before pleasure. And it was out of such stuff that the men and women of the Revolution came.

THE FLAME OF A STREET LAMP.

BY FREDERIC PALMER.



ONCE there was a gas-lamp just lighted and burning brightly in one of the side streets of a large city.

"There!" said the flame, as she settled herself down; "now, we'll have a quiet night of it."

Crash! came a stone through one of the upper panes of glass of the frame that inclosed her. The stone came from the other side of the street; it was thrown by a boy in a ragged jacket and a fur cap, and was aimed at a cat which was walking stealthily along on the top of the fence.

"Oh!" cried the flame, bending as far away as her hold on the burner would allow; "why can't people have a regard for one's feelings? I saw him do it; it was very careless. It is exceedingly unpleasant to have one of your glasses broken.

One does n't know what might happen. It leaves one exposed to all sorts of things. It's fortunate there's so little wind to-night, or I might be blown out."

Just then four very little hobgoblins came along. They had been out on a frolic, and were going home, very merry and very mischievous.

"Hulloo," said one of them. "See here; let's go in and tease her."

So in they all four went through the broken pane of glass.

"Oh!" shrieked the flame, as they flew in, and she bent away from them.

A great, burly policeman was walking slowly along the street, and he came and stopped under the lamp-post and said:

"How this gas flickers and sings! Ah, there's a broken pane. I must have it mended to-morrow."

And he leaned back against the lamp-post and stood there, whistling softly to himself.

"See her!" said the hobgoblins, as they crowded together all in a corner and looked at her.

The flame straightened herself up and tried to go on burning as if she were quite unconscious that anything unusual was going on. They had been sobered a little by finding themselves inside of one of the large lamps they had always looked at from the outside, and so near this bright, strange creature; and they kept so quiet for a few minutes that, as she steadily looked the other way, she almost began to believe that she was alone. But soon they began to recover themselves.

"Look at her!" said one of them.

"See her blush!" said another.

She was blushing, and she knew it; and when she knew that they knew it, and were looking at her, she blushed all the more, though she tried hard to stop.

"She makes believe not to know that we are here," said the hobgoblin who came in last; "I'll make her know."

And he stepped forward, and, with his long forefinger, poked her.

"Oh!" shrieked the flame again, bending aside.

She really could n't help it; it is n't pleasant to be poked with a hobgoblin's long forefinger. She determined she would lean as far away as possible; so she bent away from them and went on burning as best she could, trying to control her trembling.

"She tries to get out of our way," said the hobgoblin who came in next the first; "go round to the other side of her. Let's each take a corner, then she can't dodge us."

So they did. Then the flame became dreadfully frightened. She stood straight up on tiptoe and shrieked at the top of her voice. She hoped the policeman below would know what the matter was. But he did n't. He simply kept leaning against the lamp-post and whistling quietly.

He was thinking of his little girl at home; how sweet and pretty she was, and how beautifully she always bore the teasing, tormenting ways of her brothers, and how dark his home would be if some day she were suddenly to disappear. Persons passing by were struck by his stern expression. His face looked almost savage in the flickering light.

Meanwhile the hobgoblins were getting worse than ever in their malicious sport. It was such fun to see the poor little thing on tiptoe, vainly striving to get out of their reach!

"Oh," said the flame in a whisper to herself, as she sank back again exhausted with the effort; "I really cannot bear this."

But she had to bear it, and not this only. The hobgoblins whistled in her ears; they trod on her toes; they pushed her knees in from behind, and made her courtesy suddenly; they twitched her hair; they pinched her; they stooped down, with their hands on their knees, and blew in her face.

"Oh-h-h-h!" gasped the flame. "You let me alone! You let me alone! If you don't, I'll go out!"

"Hear her!" said the hobgoblins; "she says she'll go out! We should like to know what she means by that. Go out, indeed! We should like to see her do it. She thinks she'd get rid of us; but she would n't; we'd go after her."



And they blew in her face again.

"I will go out," cried the poor flame; and she went out.

"She did go out, did n't she?" said the hobgoblins, as they groped about to find the broken pane.

"I wonder where she's gone to," said the last one as he crawled out.

"Hullo!" said the policeman; and he stopped whistling and looked up, in a puzzled way, at the broken lamp; "I did n't think there was wind enough stirring to-night to blow that gas out."

And there was n't.

A SONG OF EASTER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SING, children, sing!

And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking and that Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening
Spring;

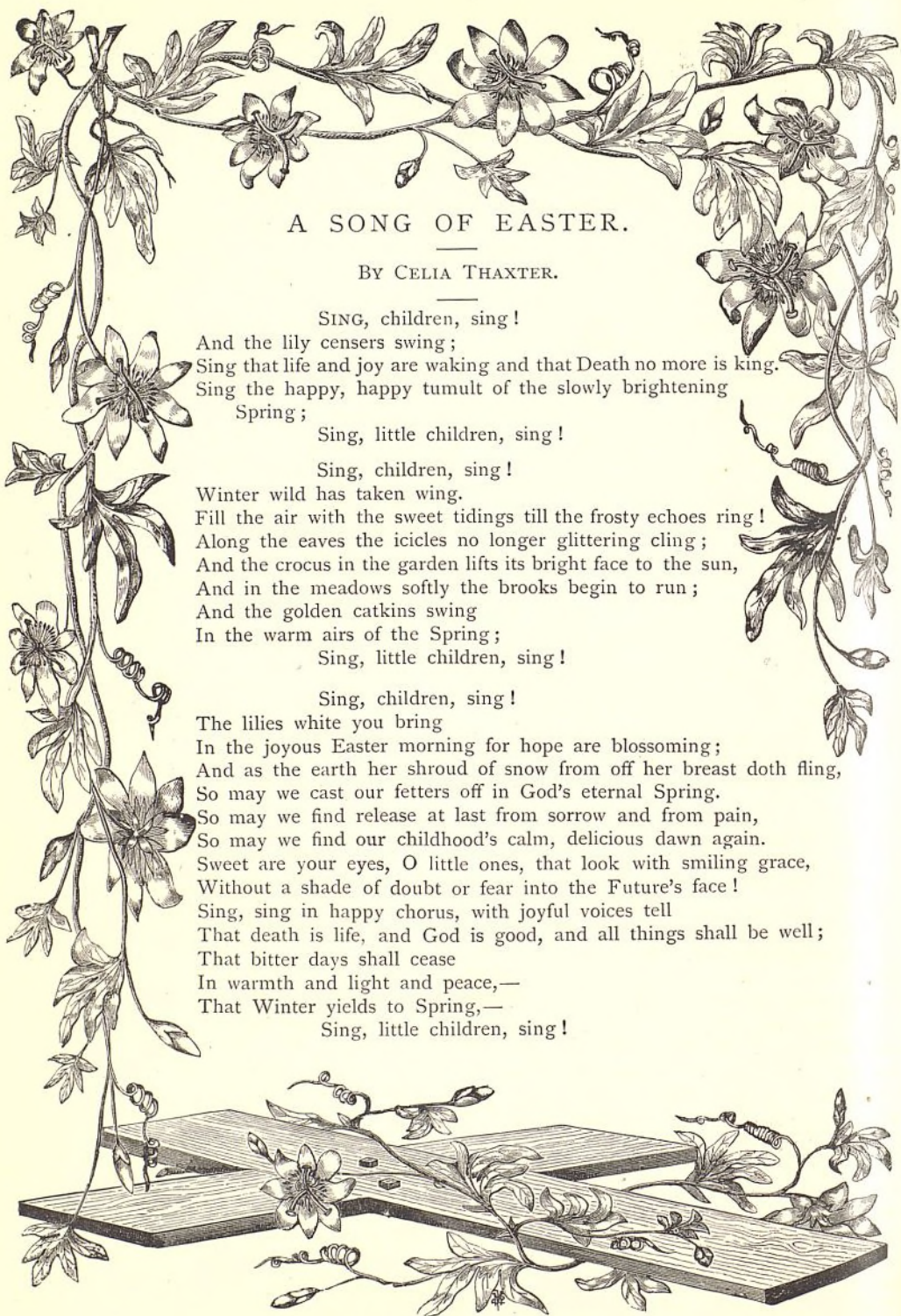
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal Spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace,—
That Winter yields to Spring,—
Sing, little children, sing!



THE DEW IN THE ROSE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THE Dew fell into the heart of a Rose, and lay in a blissful dream.

The sun had just set, and the young moon hung in the sky, but so narrow was her silver rim that the earth was almost dark.

"It would be more blessed to die here than to live elsewhere," said the Dew, looking up at a Star, and the Star looked down at the Dew with such a bright smile that she shone, too. Soon the petals of the Rose began to close around her. She could not see them more; but she was surely being shut into the heart of the Rose, and a strange terror filled her so that she sprang up to free herself, but too late. The central petals held her fast, though the outer ones still lay blandly open. Then the Dew called piteously for the Humming-Bird, the Butterfly and the Honey-Bee, to come and set her free; but they were fast asleep and did not hear. So she sank helplessly back into her rose prison, in

the delicious atmosphere of which she soon fell asleep and forgot her troubles.

From the moment the Dew fell, an ugly sprite had been flitting around the edge of the Rose. It was the hot South-Wind, a servant of the Sun, and the sworn enemy of the Dew. The Sun left him behind that he might breathe upon the Dew to destroy her. But the Night, watchful mother over her sleeping children, bade the Rose fold the Dew close and safe from harm until morning. So when the morning came, and a West-Wind had driven away the hot South-Wind, the Rose opened her petals and the Dew awoke.

"I wonder why the Rose so unkindly shut me in," she murmured, "and now my beautiful star is gone!"

Thoughtless little Dew! That which seemed a prison was the sheltering bosom of Love, in which you lay safely shielded from the unseen Evil.

SPOILING A BOMBSHELL.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

WHEN Tom Black was in his fourteenth year, he was at school in a small village in the south of England, and was as happy a boy as any fellow ought to expect to be; and yet on his birthday, when he was really fourteen, he ran away to sea.

No one could possibly imagine why he did this, and, indeed, Tom himself could give no good reason for his conduct.

He had a half-holiday on his birthday, and he went down to the sea-port town of M——, a short trip from the school, to spend a few hours and to see the ships. There he fell in with a recruiting officer, who wanted some boys for a man-of-war in the harbor, and Tom was so much pleased with the stories he told of life at sea, that he went into a stationer's store, bought some paper and wrote two notes, one to his family at home and the other to the master of the school, informing them that he had a most admirable opportunity of going to sea and learning to be a naval officer. Such a chance might not occur again, and as he had made up his

mind to enter the navy, any way, it would not be wise to let the opportunity pass. He would lose nothing by leaving school now, for navigation, mathematics, and everything that it was necessary for a naval officer to know, were taught on the ship. Then he mailed the letters and went on board.

When Tom's father and the master received these notes, it is probable that they would have taken measures to get Tom off that ship in very short order, had it not been for the fact that the vessel sailed early the next morning after Tom made his appearance on her deck, and she was far out at sea before Mr. Black and Dr. Powers had read their letters.

So there was nothing to be done at home but to hope that things would eventually turn out for the best, and indeed this was what Tom himself had to do. For he soon found that his position on the vessel was very different from what he had supposed it would be. Instead of being taught how to sail the ship, he was taught how to coil a rope and

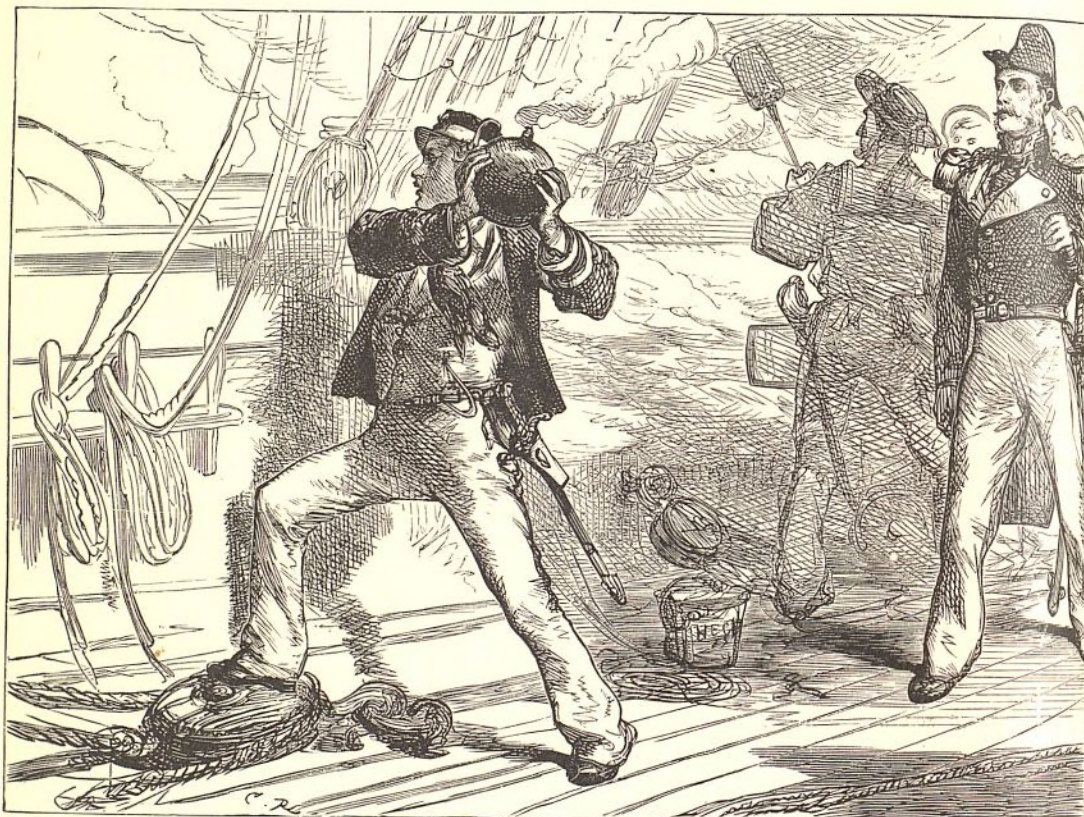
to help wash the decks. He was a ship's boy,—not a midshipman.

When poor Tom found out this lamentable fact, he made up his mind that he would run away the first time the vessel touched at a port. But when she did reach a port, he re-made up his mind, and concluded to stay on board.

By a little observation he found out that it would be a difficult and dangerous thing for him to try to run away, and besides he had no money to take him home. It would be better, he thought, to

But after he had been on board the "Hector" about six months, he got a short letter, which pleased him more than anything in the letter line he had ever received. This told him that, as his friends had become convinced that he was really very much attached to a life on the sea, and that as his officers had reported well of him, they had obtained for him an appointment as midshipman.

Now Tom was happy. Now he would really learn mathematics and navigation, and now he had a chance to work himself up into a good position.



"HE PICKED IT UP AND HURLED IT INTO THE SEA."

stay on board the ship, where he had made some friends, and where he was getting on a good deal better than any other ship-boy. For the under-officers soon found out that Tom was made of better stuff than the other boys, and they could not help thinking, too, that he had been a great fool to come on board in such a position. But they did not tell him so, for that would have helped no one, and might have spoiled a very good ship's-boy.

Tom wrote home whenever he had a chance, and he had some long letters from his family, which were forwarded to him with the other letters for the ship.

It would seem as if this thoughtless boy had been rewarded for running away from school, and giving his family so much anxiety and trouble. But things sometimes happen that way, though it does not do to trust to any such good fortune. In after years, Tom often regretted that he had not staid at school, and finished portions of his education which had to be entirely neglected on board ship. And he also had some immediate cause for repentance, for he found that some of his companions were very willing to joke about the ship's-boy who had come among them, although they knew that he was just as much of a gentleman as any of them.

In about a year after Tom's appointment, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous fashion, sending bombshells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could readily pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts.

But, after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention, and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duties, very much as if he was engaged in a rousing good game of cricket.

While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bombshell, and fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone.

The captain stood just back of the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time to even shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it. It never took Tom long to make up his mind.

We have seen that. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the smoking fuse; he knew that it was just about to explode, and that it would kill everybody round about it, and he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse spluttering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces no bigger than a pea,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

He made one step, a warning cry was on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over.

When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

"My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shaking a little; "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile, "I have spoiled a bombshell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

If you should ever meet Captain Tom Black of Her Majesty's ship "Stinger," you might ask him about this incident, and he would probably tell you that he has heard about it a great deal himself, and that he believes, from what happened afterward, that the affair of the bombshell was a very good thing for him, but that it was all over so quickly that he has really forgotten almost all about it.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

BY V. Q. SMITH.

His dear little eyes were full of tears,
But his dear little mouth was smiling.
With his dear little fists in his dear little eyes,
He was really quite beguiling.

He wanted a dear little candy dog
Which belonged to his dear little sister,
And his father called him a dear little pig,
Till he gave up teasing and kissed her.

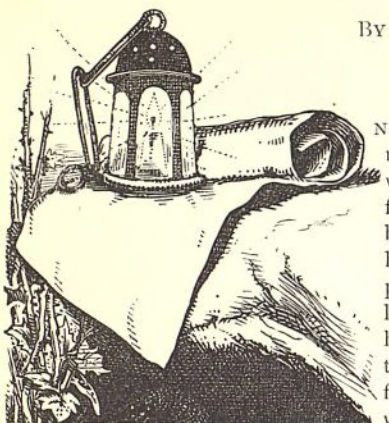
He could n't help crying a little still,
But he felt like a dear little hero;
Then his sister promised to give him a taste,
And called him a dear little dear O.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

[IN TWO PARTS. PART I.]



NE cold starlit night, Johnny was coming from a neighbor's, whither he had gone proudly with a lantern to bring his sister home through the fields, when the wind blew the light of the lantern out. This was very provoking.

"Never mind," said the school-master, who had happened to be at the neighbor's, too, "the wind cannot blow the stars out."

"Only when it blows up clouds and storm," said Johnny.

"Behind the cloud is the sun still shining," sang his sister, wrapping her cloak about her.

"There is Jupiter shining now behind that little cloud," said the school-master. "There he comes. How large he is close to the horizon!—he will be gone in a few minutes. It's a pity we can't see his four moons,—what a grand sight he would be now with his four moons clustered about him, and all below the horizon in company!"

"Oooh! I don't believe it! There is n't but one moon," said Johnny, whose grammar was not his strong point, and whose familiarity with the school-master his sister could explain as well as I.

"Don't believe what?" said the school-master. "That Jupiter has moons? Perhaps you don't believe that each one of those fixed stars is a sun?"

"Of course not," said Johnny. "How can they be suns? They're nothing but stars, any way."

"They are suns with stars revolving round them, just as the earth revolves round the sun. Perhaps you don't believe that the earth is a star?"

"The earth?" cried Johnny breathlessly. "I guess so! Oh, come now, you can't sell me! This brown, dirty earth!"

The school-master laughed. "How easy disbelief is!" he cried. "It settles all difficulty at once. What a new world of pleasure the urchin has before him!" he said to Johnny's sister. "Come,—are you well wrapped?—let us show him a few of the constellations. Constellations, Johnny," he added, looking up at the stars that shook in the frosty wind

like diamonds hanging on dark threads from the deep heavens, "are groups of stars that rise and set together, or nearly so, year after year, as seen from our earth, and have a resemblance to some object or other, as the ancients fancied, and as few of us can see. Seen from some other star, they would look entirely different. Some of them are very distinct, though. Do you see the Dipper—the Great Dipper? There it is," and the school-master stooped behind Johnny, and pointed up with his cane; "four large stars and a crooked handle. Here, turn this way; now, look there!"

"Yes, yes. I—see it. I see it now!" cried Johnny. "It's a jolly big one!"

"That constellation is somewhere to be seen on every clear night, by us. Some poet describes it, at this season, as a vase, out of which all the other stars are poured about the sky. There are two stars in it called the pointers,—those two,—because they always point at the North Star——"

"I know that," cried Johnny. "That North Star is the one the darkies used to make for. I always knew the North Star and the Milky Way."

"Did you know that the earth was one of the stars of the Milky Way?"

"The earth? Oh, come now!" said Johnny.

"Indeed she is, hanging down from it like a lamp in chains," said Johnny's sister.

"Oh, my! Truly? Now you're fooling me!" returned Johnny.

"Why should we 'fool' you?" asked the school-master. "Do you think because a thing is strange it can't be true? Do you think, because it is strange, that there can't be such a thing as double and triple stars, all different colors, all revolving round each other, so that as a blue sun sets, a red sun is high in the sky, and a green sun is rising?"

"I should think you thought I was a little boy, to be amused with fairy stories!" said Johnny (who was not a very big boy).

"The fairy tales of science and the long results of time," said the school-master. "Well, let us find another constellation. In the south there is a wonderful one called the Southern Cross, brighter than any jewels. But that is on the under side of our globe, and we on this side cannot see it, of course. Look along the Milky Way now; see if you can find a Northern Cross. There it lies,—a long line of bright stars, almost straight up and down, just leaning a little, and two arms,—the per-

fect outline of a crucifix. It is the constellation of the Swan, where it flies down the Milky Way."

"It is the prettiest of them all, I think," said Johnny's sister. "It does look so like a piece of jewelry."

"Now let us find Orion, the hunter of the heavens. See, Johnny, if you can discover a great giant anywhere up there, with a sword dangling from his belt, holding a round shield before him, and fighting a wild bull, with his dog at his heels. No? Well, look now, just where I point. There is a big letter V, with a brighter star at the first tip; that bright star is named Aldebaran,—almost all the stars have names. Sailors use that star a great deal in finding out where they are at sea. That letter V is called the Hyades,—the rainy Hyades, the ancients had it, supposing they brought wet weather. They make the Bull's face. You see that little group of fine stars, near by, close as forget-me-nots on a stem,—seven of them? Those are the Pleiades——"

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glimmer like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid,"

said Johnny's sister, who was rather sentimental and very fond of poetry.

"Your verse in the Bible reading this morning in school spoke of them," said the school-master. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" There's more in that verse than meets the eye, when we remember that one of those seven stars has the same influence over all this universe of stars that the sun has over the earth. Well, well! Now, Johnny, follow my finger; you have seen the Pleiades hanging on the side of the Bull like a swarm of bees; you have seen the Hyades

are in his shoulders, and they make a triangle with a smaller one in his neck. Now, lifted up, half round the whole, is a great, faint circle of stars,—the shield. Here, like this," and the school-master with his cane dotted out holes on the snow in the right shape. "Now see if, by the help of those stars, you can make out the great outline of a hunter leaning along the sky there. And that blazing star, with a pale-green luster, is Orion's hound,—Sirius, the dog-star——"

"Yes, I've heard tell of the dog-star."

"And now you've seen it."

"Well, I never!" said Johnny. "Is that all?"

"All? It's not the beginning. But I fancy your little pitcher has all it can hold to-night. We will come out again for another lesson."

"Lesson?" said Johnny, with a falling face. "I did n't know it was a lesson."

"You would n't have liked it so well, if you had? That's the way with all of us, Johnny. But you'll find, my boy, that there's no one moment in life when you can declare yourself free from lessons."

"It's pleasanter to learn it so than in books, any way," said Johnny. "Would n't it be a jolly go, if a fellow could have wings and explore it all for himself?"

"Like the comets."

"Comets? Nicholas says that when the comet comes next time, it will send this world as high as Gilderoy's kite."

"It will slip by like a cloud, and do us no harm; and we shall only see it shining in the sky on summer nights, hurrying to pay its visit to the sun."

"I guess so!"

"I was just reading a charming little story about



making the Bull's face, as he butts against the hunter's shield. Now, go on. You will see three stars, rather in a slanting line, like a belt. You have found them? Yes? Then, dropping from that belt are two fainter stars in a line,—the sword. Below those, some distance apart, shine two separate, bright stars, which are in the giant's knees; above the belt, some way up, are two others, which

a comet," said the school-master to Johnny's sister. "Come, pick up your lantern, Johnny, and we'll trudge along. This comet, it seems, ages and ages ago, traveling this way, saw a little star rolling along, that was n't here when she came by before. It was the earth; but such a strange earth—all fire and steam and red-hot lava and molten rock, and not a living thing but fire and steam upon it. So

the comet said, 'Good-morrow and good-bye. I hope you 'll be more tranquil when I come by again,' and shook her silver hair and was gone. Ages and ages afterward, the comet, keeping up her perpetual travel, came this way again. There was the earth, a world of white vapor now, through which she saw dimly huge trees, like palms and enormous ferns, waving heavily to and fro, and strange, horrid, uncouth monsters, of vast bulk and hideous shape, sliding in and out of the waters and morasses. 'Why, this is interesting!' said the comet. 'The little thing is really shaping out. I am quite curious to see what it has in view. Well, good luck to you!' and off she went again. Ages and ages afterward, the same comet came along once more; there was the earth, shining out of her azure atmosphere, marble temples were gleaming under the boughs of graceful trees, fine men and lovely women were walking over grassy slopes smooth as velvet, and little rosy children were tumbling among fruit and flowers. 'Oh!' said the comet, 'what would n't I give to rest here a little! You lovely earth, don't change any more till I come back again!' and, looking behind her, very likely, the comet went on her tireless way. Now, what do you suppose she 'll see when, ages and ages hence, the comet comes back again, Johnny?"

"She won't see me!" said Johnny. "I don't suppose she will. But I wish I had wings to go after her."

"Well, we have almost the same thing as wings—those of us that have telescopes. Did you never look through one,—not through a spy-glass? Then the next time your father goes to Boston, perhaps he will take you, and let you look through the telescope on the Common. You will see the spots on the sun in the day-time, and after dark you will have a chance to see the rings around Saturn and the belts and moons of Jupiter."

"I'll tease till he takes me," said Johnny, scuffing the snow along before him.

And he did.

When Johnny came home from Boston with his father, some weeks afterward, he kept up a great thinking and a great whistling, and it was presently noticed that he had grown alarmingly industrious; alarmingly, because he demanded pennies for every little act he did, and the family purse was threatened with bankruptcy, in consequence. He sawed the small wood, and piled it, and brought it in, and picked up the chips, and fed the fire; he foddered the cows and took care of the pigs,—always for a consideration. He shoveled the paths in the snow; he brought the water; he was ready to hold anybody's horse anywhere; he put up a dreadful-looking notice in the post-office, to the purport that Johnny Parsons ran errands for five cents. He

picked up pins and sold them to the boys for old nails, and sold the nails to the junk-man for old iron. He took his savings-bank to pieces every night to count his pennies, his silver, and his scrip. It was growing into a grand sum total, leaving the domain of cents and mounting close upon that of dollars.

This continued for several weeks, and every day the hoard grew. The family laughed at Johnny's miserliness; his mother worried; but, on the whole, they congratulated themselves on the energy he was showing, on the way in which he would evidently get along in the world. But one night Johnny screwed his savings-bank together triumphantly, and climbed to set it on top of the clock. From that moment not one errand did he run, nobody's horse did he hold, no cows did he fodder, no pennies did he earn, and no wood did he handle, except two long, round, mysterious sticks, through which he was boring with an auger.

Johnny had now a little book on astronomy,—easy astronomy,—which had been given him by the school-master, who frequently came in, of an evening, to explain it to him, while his sister leaned over the other side of the book, as much interested as he in the school-master's words. This book was Johnny's *Vade Mecum*; it was tucked under his pillow at night when he went to sleep, and was pulled out in the morning when he woke up; and the school-master had to threaten to take it away from him, unless some little attention were paid to his other books as well.

"What are you doing, Johnny?" said his mother, one day as she saw him heating the iron hasp of a sharp knife-blade, and then plunging it into a long rod, a slender hole in which had been filled with rosin, so that, when the rosin cooled, the blade was fixed securely in the rod. "What are you doing, Johnny?"

"Making wings," said Johnny; and he ran the rod, with the knife-blade fixed to it, into the hollow he had bored in the bigger of the two long, round sticks, and whirled it round and round, smoothing off the hole that the auger had made. "Making wings, Ma. I'm going to call on Jupiter and his moons. I'm going to get up early and be off with Miss Venus, while she's playing morning star. Great larks, Ma! I'll let you see before long."

Johnny's labors now began to grow somewhat like a nuisance in the family. Somebody was always upsetting something of his, either a paint-pot or a glue-pot,—for the knife-blade kept coming out of the long rod, and had to be as often replaced,—and there was always a little track of fine whittlings and sawdust following him from garret to kitchen. He had bored the hole in the longer and bigger stick,—it was now a tube,—had smoothed it

and smeared it with black paint inside, as well as he could, and was busy on the smaller stick; and it became evident that that was meant for another tube, which the hole completed in the larger tube was just big enough to receive; and he bored and smoothed and smeared, without wasting many words, till people were fairly growing sick of the sight of his sticks, his shavings, and his tools, to say nothing of himself, with his fingers stained beyond the power of soap, and his trousers ruined

Johnny shut one tube exultingly within the other, took the precise measurements of the ends, brought the money out of his savings-bank, and, while he waited till his father should go again to Boston to buy goods, beguiled the time with conundrums. "Pa, why is Saturn the most dishonest of the planets? Give it up? I'll tell you. Because he's in two or three rings at once." And when the thing grew tedious, and he was sent from the room under penalties, he would put his head back and sing out,



AT WORK ON THE TELESCOPE.

with blotches of rosin and paint and with cuts from his implements, which were sharpened to such an extent that his father expected to see the grind-stone explode any day. He had left the bark on the first stick; but the second one must be made smooth on the outside as well as on the inside, as it had to slide in and out of the larger. He peeled it carefully; rubbed it on the outside with rotten-stone, painted it black, and with a dry cloth wiped off as much of the paint as would come off; painted it over, and wiped off the paint again; painted it over, and wiped it off again, and so on, till at last the little round, hollow stick was as smooth and shining as the lacquered panel of a coach. He had already smoothed and blackened it inside. Then

"Sis! I guess you can't tell why Jupiter's the champion star! Eh? eh?"

"I'm sure I can't! And I don't want to!" would be the impatient reply.

"Because he's got the Belt! But, say, look here, any of you,—what constellation's John the Baptist like?"

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!"

"Too much for you? The Great Dipper!" Johnny would exclaim, and slam the door just in season.

But as it grew toward the time for Mr. Parsons to take the journey that he took only twice a year, words cannot describe the docility of Johnny's behavior. He brushed his hair before coming to

the table, without being told; he made superhuman exertions not to thrust his knife down his throat, even going to the point of putting the crisp fried potato on his fork with his fingers before carrying the fork to his lips; he went about on tiptoe, shut the doors carefully, forgot to whistle, asked no conundrums,—determined if good conduct could do it to make it impossible for his father to refuse him a favor. Mr. Parsons had not the least intention of refusing; and he took the money at last, and the little scrap of directions, which Johnny with abject fear and trembling handed to him, and mounted the stage in which he drove to the distant railway station, and took all Johnny's hopes with him.

Johnny could hardly say he lived in the days while his father was gone; he took no note of anything but the going and coming of the stage; he paid no heed to his lessons; he hardly ate nor drank nor slept; his nerves were so stretched with impatience that he felt like exclaiming at any noise and crying at any sharp word. He grew so white and thin in that prolonged fortnight, that his mother had to talk seriously with him, and he forced himself to eat, under threats of the doctor and Stoughton's Elixir.

But at last the stage drove up, and his father slowly clambered down from it. Before he spoke a word to his father, Johnny undid the parcel that he tossed him,—his father might have broken it,—and then the revulsion came, and he sprang into his father's arms and burst into tears.

It was a tiny parcel after all,—just the brass pieces and the lenses. Johnny knew he could hardly make the lenses himself before he was an old man, and he had found out where they were to be had, and had sent for them. He got out his tubes and proceeded to fit them; his hands shook so it was impossible at first; but he would not let his father or the school-master help him; he waited,—in what suspense!—and steadied his hand, and tried again; and they fitted to a nicety!

All the neighbors, meanwhile, had heard of Johnny's work, and the news spread like wild-fire that at length it was completed and was going to be tried that night—a long six-months' work. But that night a thunder shower came up, and it settled into a long rain, and it was not till sunset of the third day that clear sky was seen again, and only on the sky was first trial to be made.

What a splendid sunset it was with the great clouds driving away before the west wind and all aflame with color,—Johnny's heart was dancing like the rainbowed drops upon the leaves. He took his bread and milk to the doorstep to eat it there while he watched the twilight fall, the dark-

ness gather, and one by one the stars steal out blossoming like flowers upon the dusk.

"There's Lyra," said Johnny, throwing back his head so far that his bread nearly choked him. "There's Vega, straight overhead. And there's—yes, there's Jupiter, the great beauty!"

Once Johnny would have said "old Jupe"; but there was an unaccountable bashfulness upon him to-night; he hardly dared take any liberties with the planet he was so soon to visit, one of whose satellites was going into eclipse,—and if he was to be privileged to attend that ceremony dignity and decorum were in order. What a night it was!—scarcely a breath stirring, the air rich with fragrance that the late rain had rolled in, and so clear that the stars swung great and golden and shining above the little earth as if they were only made to canopy her. Johnny went in and got his treasure.

"Come," he said to his mother. "I'm going to try my wings."

He saw them all come out and follow him, but he dared not speak another word. What if the thing was wrong; what if it failed; what if it showed him nothing! There were the neighbors, here and there, coming up the field in the dim dark. There were the school-boys, down in the hollow. Everybody knew that Johnny Parsons had made a telescope, and was going to try it to-night,—everybody had come to see. It was very kind of them,—but if they had only staid away!

How heavy the thing seemed now! It was all he could do to get along. He reached the fence at last, where he had driven a couple of spikes to help support it, and carefully wiped the glasses with the bit of chamois leather in which they had come, and lifted it to its place. He waited then to take breath, and then to take another. It was an awful moment. What if it showed him nothing; what if those were only pictures pasted in the telescope on the Common; what if it was all a fairy story, and there was in reality nothing to see! And then, on the other hand, what if he looked and saw the great golden globe there on the black field, with its four pale moons floating about it, and one just slipping into the shadow! It was the initiation into another life, the entrance into a world as new and strange and almost as grand as death gives. His hand trembled so that he could not steady the telescope. He put his eye there, and for one instant an indistinguishable multitude of all sorts of blazing things were dancing before it; he looked away again and up into the calm, deep heavens that seemed waiting on the scrutiny of his little tubes with a mute mockery.

"Here, you look!" he said, pushing it toward the school-master. "I dars n't!"

And Johnny thought the school-master had it,

and the school-master thought Johnny had it; and between the two it fell from the fence to the rock, and rolled down the hill, bounding from stone to stone, and the glasses were broken to splinters, and the heavens, that had been going to answer Johnny's search, heard only his lamentations.

When Johnny went to sleep that night, he had been comforted by the promise of being taken as companion on part of the wedding-journey of his

sister and the school-master, the next fall, and of a visit to the great observatory, where swung a telescope that brushed the silver dust off the very stars,—for the school-master wisely thought that permission would hardly be refused to the boy who at Johnny's age had made a telescope himself.

But as nobody really saw anything through it, nobody to this day knows whether Johnny made a telescope or not!

THE LITTLE BIG WOMAN AND THE BIG LITTLE GIRL.

By M. M. D.



A LITTLE big woman had a big little girl,
And they merrily danced all the day;
The woman declared she was too small to work;
And the girl said: "I'm too big to play."

So they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

"We must eat," said the little big woman. "Why not?"
"Why not?" said the big little girl;
So they sipped as they skipped when they wanted a drink,
And swallowed their cake in a whirl.

And they merrily danced
While the sunlight stayed,
And practiced their steps
In the evening's shade.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE BLACK DOG HAD HIS DAY.

"YOU 'VE got the black dog on your shoulder, this morning; that 's what 's the matter with you," said Wealthy.

This metaphorical black dog meant a bad humor. Eyebright had waked up cross and irritable. What



EYEBRIGHT HAD WAKED UP CROSS.

made her wake up cross I am not wise enough to explain. The old-fashioned doctors would probably have ascribed it to indigestion, the new-fashioned ones to nerves or malaria or a "febrile tendency"; Deacon Berry, I think, would have called it "Original Sin," and Wealthy, who did not mince matters, dubbed it an attack of the Old Scratch, which nothing but a sound shaking could cure. Very likely, all these guesses were partly right and all partly wrong. When our bodies get out of order, our souls are apt to become disordered too, and at such times there always seem to be little imps of evil lurking near, ready to seize the chance, rush in, fan the small embers of discontent to a flame, make cross days crosser, and turn bad beginnings into worse endings.

The morning's mischances had begun with Eyebright's being late to breakfast,—a thing which always annoyed her father very much. Knowing this, she made as much haste as possible, and ran down-stairs with her boots half buttoned, fastening her apron as she went. She was in too great a

hurry to look where she was going, and the result was that presently she tripped and fell, bumping her head and tearing the skirt of her frock half across. This was bad luck indeed, for Wealthy, she knew, would make her darn it as a punishment, and that meant at least an hour's hard work indoors on one of the loveliest days that ever shone. She picked herself up and went into the sitting-room, pouting, and by no means disposed to enjoy the lecture on punctuality, which papa made haste to give, and which was rather longer and sharper than it would otherwise have been, because Eyebright looked so very sulky and obstinate while listening to it.

You will all be shocked at this account, but I am not sorry to show Eyebright to you on one of her naughty days. All of us have such days sometimes, and to represent her as possessing no faults would be to put her at a distance from all of you; in fact, I should not like her so well myself. She has been pretty good, so far, in this story; but she was by no means perfect, for which let us be thankful; because a perfect child would be an unnatural thing, whom none of us could quite believe in or understand! Eyebright was a dear little girl, and for all her occasional naughtiness, had plenty of lovable qualities about her; and I am glad to say she was not often so naughty as on this day.

When a morning begins in this way, everything seems to go wrong with us, as if on purpose. It was so with Eyebright. Her mother, who was very poorly, found fault with her breakfast. She wanted some hotter tea, and a slice of toast a little browner and cut very thin. These were simple requests, and on any other day Eyebright would have danced off gleefully to fulfill them. To-day she was annoyed at having to go, and moved slowly and reluctantly. She did not say that she felt waiting on her mother to be a trouble, but her face, and the expression of her shoulders, and her dull, dawdling movements said it for her; and poor Mrs. Bright, who was not used to such unwillingness on the part of her little daughter, felt it so much that she shed a few tears over the second cup of tea after it was brought. This dismayed Eyebright, but it also exasperated her. She would not take any notice, but stood by in silence till her mother had finished, and then, without a word, carried the tray down-stairs. A sort of double mood was upon her. Down below the anger was a feeling of keen remorse for what she had done, and a voice inside

seemed to say, "how sorry I am going to be for this by and by!" But she would not let herself be sorry then, and stifled the voice by saying, half aloud, as she went along: "I don't care. It's too bad of mother. I wish she would n't!"

Wealthy met her at the stair-foot.

"How long you've been!" she said, taking the tray from her.

"I can't be any quicker when I have to keep going for more things," said Eyebright.

"Nobody said you could," retorted Wealthy, speaking crossly herself, because Eyebright's tone was cross. "Mercy on me! How did you tear your frock like that? You'll have to darn it yourself, you know; that's the rule. Fetch your work-box as soon as you've done the cups and saucers.

Ordinarily, Eyebright was very proud to be trusted with this little job. She worked carefully and nicely and had proved herself capable, but to-day her fingers seemed all thumbs. She set the cups away without drying the bottoms, so that they made wet rings on the shelves; she only half-rinsed the teapot, left a bit of soap in its spout, and ended by breaking a saucer. Wealthy scolded her, she retorted, and then Wealthy made the speech, which I have quoted, about the black dog.

Very slowly and unwillingly Eyebright sat down to darn her frock. It was a long, jagged rent, requiring patience and careful slowness, and neither good-will nor patience had Eyebright to bring to the task. Her fingers twitched, she "pshawed," and "oh deared," ran the needle in and out and



SHE PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE CALL.

Eyebright almost replied "I won't," but she did not quite dare, and walked, without speaking, into the sitting-room, where the table was made ready for dish-washing, with a tub of hot water, towels, a bit of soap, and a little mop. Since vacation began, Wealthy had allowed her to wash the breakfast things on Mondays and Tuesdays, days on which she herself was particularly busy.

in irregularly, jerked the thread, and finally gave a fretful pull when she came to the end of the first needleful, which tore a fresh hole in the stuff, and puckered all she had darned, so that it was not fit to be seen. Wealthy looked in just then, and was scandalized at the condition of the work.

"You can just pick it out from the beginning," she said. "It's a burning shame that a great girl

like you should n't know how to do better. But it's temper—that's what it is. Nothing in the world but temper, Eyebright. You've been as cross as two sticks all day, Massy knows for what, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself," whereon she gave Eyebright a little shake.

The shake was like a match applied to gunpowder. Eyebright flamed into open revolt.

"Wealthy Ann Judson!" she cried, angrily. "Let me alone. It's all your fault if I am cross, you treat me so. I won't pick it out. I won't darn it at all. And I shall just tell my father that you shook me; see if I don't."

Wealthy's reply was a sound box on the ear. Eyebright's naughtiness certainly deserved punishment, but it was hardly wise or right of Wealthy to administer it, or to do it thus. She was far too angry to think of that, however.

"That's what you want," said Wealthy, "and you'd be a better girl if you got it oftener." Then she marched out of the room, leaving Eyebright in a fury.

"I won't bear it! I won't bear it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Everybody is cruel, cruel! I'll run away! I'll not stay in this house another minute—not another minute," and, catching up her sun-bonnet, she darted through the hall and was out of the gate and down the street in a flash. Wealthy was in the kitchen, her father was out, no one saw her go. Rosy and Tom Berry, who were swinging on their gate, called to her as she passed, but their gay voices jarred on her ear, and she paid no attention to the call.

Tunxet village was built upon a sloping hill whose top was crowned with woods. To reach these woods, Eyebright had only to climb two stone walls and cross a field and a pasture, and as they seemed just then the most desirable refuge possible, she made haste to do so. She had always had a peculiar feeling for woods, a feeling made up of terror and attraction. They were associated in her mind with fairies and with robbers, with lost children, red-breasts, Robin Hood and his merry men; and she was by turns eager and shy at the idea of exploring their depths, according to which of these images happened to be uppermost in her ideas. To-day she thought neither of Robin Hood nor the fairies. The wood was only a place where she could hide away and cry and be unseen, and she plunged in without a thought of fear.

In and in she went, over stones and beds of moss, and regiments of tall brakes, which bowed and rose as she forced her way past their stems, and saluted her with wafts of woodsy fragrance, half bitter, half sweet, but altogether pleasant. There was something soothing in the shade and cool quiet of the place. It fell like dew on her hot mood, and pres-

ently her anger changed to grief. She knew not why. Her eyes filled with tears. She sat down on a stone all brown with soft mosses, and began to cry, softly at first, then loudly and more loud, not taking any pains to cry quietly, but with hard sobs and great gulps which echoed back in an odd way from the wood. It seemed a relief at first to make as much noise as she liked with her crying, and to know that there was no one to hear or be annoyed. It was pleasant, too, to be able to talk out loud as well as to cry.

"They are so unkind to me," she wailed, "so very unkind. Wealthy never slapped me before. She has no right to slap me. I'll never kiss Wealthy again,—never. O-h, she was so unkind—"

"O-h!" echoed back the wood in a hollow tone. Eyebright jumped.

"It's like a voice," she thought. "I'll go somewhere else. It isn't nice just here. I don't like it."

So she went back a little way to the edge of the forest, where the trees were less thick, and between their stems she could see the village below. Here she felt safer than she had been when in the thick wood. She threw herself down in a comfortable hollow at the foot of an oak, and half-sitting, half-lying, began to think over her wrongs.

"I guess if I was dead they'd be sorry," she reflected. "They'd hunt and hunt for me, and not know where I was. And at last they'd come up here, and find me dead, with a tear on my cheek, and then they'd know how badly they had made me feel, and their hearts would nearly break. I don't believe father would ever smile again. He'd be like the king in the 'Second Reader'—"

"But waves went o'er his son's bright hair,
He never smiled again."

Only, I'm a daughter, and it would be leaves and not waves! Mother, she'd cry and cry, and as for that old Wealthy—"but Eyebright felt it difficult to imagine what Wealthy would do under these circumstances. Her thoughts drifted another way.

"I might go into a convent instead. That would be better, I guess. I'd be a novice first, with a white veil and a cross and a rosary, and I'd look so sweet and holy that all the other children,—no, there would n't be any other children,—never mind!—I'd be lovely anyhow. But I'd be a Protestant always! I would n't want to be a Catholic and have to kiss the Pope's old toe all the time! Then by and by I should take that awful black veil. Then I could never come out any more—not ever! And I should kneel in the chapel all the time as motionless as a marble figure. That would be beautiful." Eyebright had never been able to sit still for half an hour together in her life, but that made

no difference in her enjoyment of this idea. "The abbess will be beautiful, too, but stern and unrelenting, and she'll say 'Daughters' when she speaks to us nuns, and we shall say 'Holy Mother' when we speak to her. It'll be real nice. We sha'n't have to do any darning, but just embroidery in our cells, and wax flowers. Wealthy'll want to come in and see me, I know, but I shall just tell the porter that I don't want her, not ever. 'She's

a heretic,' I shall say to the porter, and he'll lock the door the minute he sees her coming. Then she'll



ASLEEP IN THE WOODS.

be mad! The abbess and *Mère Gènevri*de"—Eyebright had just read for the fourth time Mrs. Sherwood's exciting novel called "The Nun," so her imaginary convent was modeled exactly after the one there described—"the abbess and *Mère Gènevri*de will always be spying about and listening in the passage to hear what we say, when we sit in our cells embroidering and telling secrets, but me and my Pauline—no I won't call her Pauline—Rosalba—Sister Rosalba—that shall be her name—we'll speak so low that she can't hear a word. Then we shall suspect that something strange is taking place down in the cellar,—I mean the dungeons,—and we'll steal down and listen when the abbess and the bishop and all of them are trying the sister, who has a Bible tied on her leg!" Here Eyebright gave an enormous yawn. "And—if—the—mob—does come—Wealthy—will be sure to—sure to—" But of that we shall never know, for at this precise moment Eyebright fell asleep.

She must have slept a long time, for when she waked the sun had changed his place in the sky, and was shining on the western side of the village houses. Had some good angel passed by, lifted the

"black dog" from her shoulder, and swept from her mind all its foolish and angry thoughts, while she dreamed there under the trees? For behold! matters and things now looked differently to her, and instead of blaming other people and thinking hard things of them, she began to blame herself.

"How naughty I was," she thought, "to be so cross with poor mamma, just because she wanted another cup of tea! Oh dear, and I made her cry! I know it was me—just because I looked so cross. How horrid I always am! And I was cross to papa, too, and put my lip out at him. How could I do so? What made me? Wealthy had n't any business to slap me, though—"

"But then I was pretty ugly to Wealthy," she went on, her conscience telling her the truth at last, as consciences will, if allowed. "I just tried to provoke her—and I called her Wealthy Ann Judson! That always makes her mad. She never slapped me before, not since I was a little mite of a girl. Oh dear! And only yesterday she washed all Genevieve's dolly things—her blue muslin, and her overskirt, and all—and she said she did n't mind trouble when it was for my doll. She's very good to me sometimes. Almost always she's good. Oh, I ought n't to have spoken so to Wealthy—I ought n't—I ought n't!" And Eyebright began to cry afresh; not angry tears this time, but bright, healthful drops of repentance, which cleansed and refreshed her soul.

"I'll go right home now and tell her I am sorry," she said impetuously, and, jumping from her seat, she ran straight down the hill and across the field, eager to make her confession and to be forgiven. Eyebright's fits of temper, big and little, usually ended in this way. She had none of that dislike of asking pardon with which some persons are afflicted. To her it was a relief—a thing to be met and gone through with for the sake of the cheer, the blue-sky-in-the-heart, which lay on the other side of it, and the peace which was sure to follow, when once the "forgive me" was spoken.

In at the kitchen door she dashed. Wealthy, who was ironing, with a worried frown on her brow, started and exclaimed at the sight of Eyebright, and sat suddenly down on a chair. Before she could speak, Eyebright's arms were round her neck.

"I was real horrid and wicked this morning," she cried. "Please forgive me, Wealthy. I won't be so naughty again—not ever. Oh, don't, don't!" for, to her dismay, Wealthy, the grim, broke down and began to cry. This was really dreadful. Eyebright stared a moment; then her own eyes filled, and she cried, too.

"What a fool I be!" said Wealthy, dashing the drops from her eyes. "There, Eyebright, there! Hush, dear; we wont say any more about it." And she kissed Eyebright, for perhaps the tenth time in her life. Kisses were rare things, indeed, with Wealthy.

"Where have you been?" she asked presently. "It's four o'clock and after. Did you know that? Have you had any dinner?"

"No; but I don't want any, Wealthy. I've been in the woods on top of the hill. I ran away and sat there, and I guess I fell asleep," said Eyebright, hanging her head.

"Well, your pa did n't come home to dinner, for a wonder; I reckon he was kept to the mill; so we had n't much cooked. I took your ma's up to her; but I never let on that I did n't know where you was, for fear of worrying her. She has worried a good lot, any way. Here, let me brush your hair a little, and then you'd better run upstairs and make her mind easy. I'll have something for you to eat when you come down."

Eyebright's heart smote her afresh when she saw her mother's pale, anxious face.

"You've been out so long," she said. "I asked Wealthy, and she said she guessed you were playing somewhere, and did n't know how the time went. I was afraid you felt sick, and she was keeping it from me. It is so bad to have things kept from me; nothing annoys me so much, and you did n't look well at breakfast. Are you sick, Eyebright?"

"No, mamma, not a bit. But I have been naughty—very naughty indeed, mamma; and I ran away."

Then she climbed up on the bed beside her mother, and told the story of the morning, keeping nothing back—all her hard feelings and anger at everybody, and her thoughts about dying, and about becoming a nun. Her mother held her hand very tight indeed when she reached this last part of the confession. The idea of the wood, also, was terrible to the poor lady. She declared that she should n't sleep a wink all night for thinking about it.

"It was n't a dangerous wood at all," explained Eyebright. "There was n't anything there that could hurt me. Really there was n't, mamma. Nothing but trees, and stones, and ferns, and old tumbled-down trunks covered with tiny-weeny mosses,—all green and brown and red, and some perfectly white,—so pretty. I wish I had brought you some, mamma."

"Woods are never safe," declared Mrs. Bright, "what with snakes, and tramps, and wild cats, and getting lost, and other dreadful things! I hardly take up a paper without seeing something or other bad in it which has happened in a wood.

You must never go there alone again, Eyebright. Promise me that you wont."

Eyebright promised. She petted and comforted her mother, kissing her over and over again, as if to make up for the anxiety she had caused her, and for the cross words and looks of the morning. The sad thing is, that no one ever does make up. All the sweet words and kind acts of a life-time cannot undo the fact that once—one bad day far away behind us—we were unkind and gave pain to some one whom we love. Even their forgiveness cannot undo it. How I wish we could remember this always before we say the words which we afterward are so sorry for, and thus save our memories from the burden of a sad load of regret and repentance!

When Eyebright went down-stairs, she found a white napkin, her favorite mug filled with milk, a plateful of bread and butter and cold lamb, and a large pickled peach, awaiting her on the kitchen table. Wealthy hovered about as she took her seat, and seemed to have a disposition to pat Eyebright's shoulder a good deal, and to stroke her hair. Wealthy, too, had undergone the repentance which follows wrath. Her morning, I imagine, had been even more unpleasant than Eyebright's, for she had spent it over a hot ironing task, and had not had the refreshment of running away into the woods.

"It's so queer," said Eyebright, with her mouth full of bread and butter. "I did n't know I was hungry a bit, but I am as hungry as can be. Everything tastes so good, Wealthy."

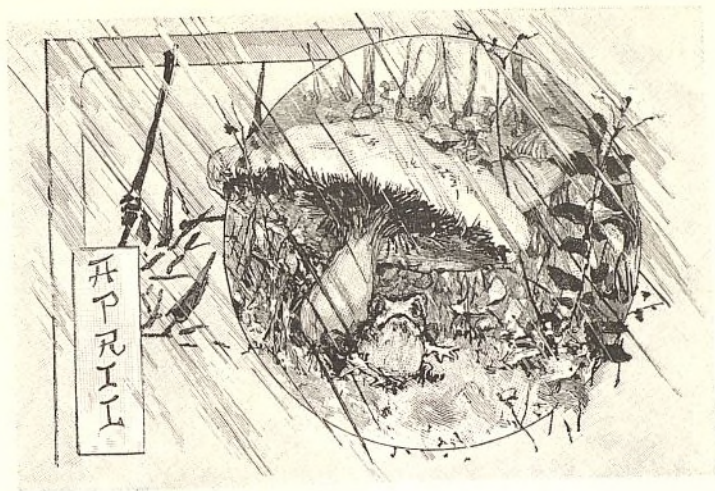
"That's right," replied Wealthy, who was a little upset, and tearful still. "A good appetite's a good thing,—next best to a good conscience, I think."

Eyebright's spirits were mounting as rapidly as quicksilver. Bessie Mather appeared at the gate as she finished her last mouthful, and, giving Wealthy a great hug, Eyebright ran out to meet her, with a lightness and gayety of heart which surprised even herself. The blue sky seemed bluer than ever before, the grass greener, the sunshine was like yellow gold. Every little thing that happened made her laugh. It was as though a black cloud had been rolled away from between her and the light.

"I wonder what makes me so particularly happy to-night," she thought, as she sat on the steps waiting for papa, after Bessie was gone. "It's queer that I should, when I've been so naughty—and all."

But it was not queer, though Eyebright felt it so. The world never looks so fair and bright as to eyes newly washed by tears of sorrow for faults forgiven; and hearts which are emptied of unkind feelings grow light at once, as if happiness were the rule of the world and not the exception.

(To be continued.)



BEATING THE BOUNDS.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

Author of (Tom Brown's) "School-days at Rugby."

"HALLOO! Hie! Look out! There he goes!"
 "Loo! loo! loo! Hie at him, Vic!" "Hie at him!"
 "Loo! loo, Toby!"

Away went the rabbit for dear life, from the furze bush, where the boys and dogs had just started him, across the fifty yards of turf which lay between it and the neighboring copse. Away went the rabbit, and after him the two terriers, and after them the three boys, every one of them as hard as he could pelt. Master Bunny saved his scut by some two yards, and gave a last saucy flirt of his white-marked hind legs, almost in the dogs' faces, as he dashed into a small run in the fence, too narrow for them to get through, and this Vic found to her cost. For that little creature rushed at the run, and stuck fast, howling and struggling; while Toby, more cunningly, topped the fence, and dashed into the tangled mass of weeds and brushwood on the other side, from which he sent back eager yelps to tell his young masters of his whereabouts, and assure them of his devotion to duty.

The boys are not far behind. First over the fence and into the copse comes Plump, a great boy for a short rush, but not good at staying. Close to him his cousin, Peter, a town-bred boy, but all the keener for ratting, rabbiting, or any other country pastime which his uncle's vicarage

could afford in the holidays. Pip is a second or two after them, having stopped to tug Vic back out of her *cul-de-sac* and pitch her into the copse, to help Toby in his quest. This is animated and bewildering, the dogs rushing hither and thither, and drawing the boys this way and that after their music.

Suddenly they are silent; not a yelp can be heard. They have run Bunny to his earth, at which they are furiously tearing with teeth and scratching with paws.

But instead of the musical cry of pursuing dogs, another cry, or rather a howl, of mingled rage and pain, now rises straight up into the pleasant summer air from the midst of the densest tangle of the underwood. The boys, who had got scattered, turn toward the place, Pip and Peter both wondering "what in the world can have come to old Plump now."

The next moment, forcing their way through the green and russet tangle, they come upon him, squat at the bottom of a dry ditch which crosses the copse; his round face just clear above the nettles, which form the chief part of his surroundings; throwing his whole soul and energy into the doleful wail, while good, round, oily tears course rapidly down his indignant cheeks.

"Hullo! at it again! All hands to the pumps,

Peter!" calls out Pip. At which summons the two jump down, one on each side of Plump, and, seizing an arm each, begin working them as if they were pump-handles. After a moment of struggle and resistance on the part of the patient, the prescription works wonders. Plump's wailings cease as suddenly as they had begun; his jolly, fat face clears, and almost breaks into a grin, as he stands up between them, and begins to pull himself together and rub various parts of his stout person.

"Well, but what's the matter, Plump? You were n't boo-hooing about the nettles, I should hope?"

We may say parenthetically that one of the most striking peculiarities of Master Plump was his perfect command of the water-works. He could roar at a moment's notice and on any pretext, and had hitherto practiced the accomplishment with a shamelessness which somewhat scandalized his male relatives, and particularly his brother Pip, scarcely a year older than himself. So they had invented this method of "all hands to the pumps," by way of controlling the water-works, and it was beginning to tell. At the same time, any one who presumed on this habit to treat Plump as a milk-sop, found himself quite in the wrong box. He had just been to school for his first half, and had turned upon and fought a boy bigger than himself, roaring loudly all the time, but working away like a wind-mill with his strong arms, till his assailant was glad to cry enough.

"No, 't was n't the nettles; but if you were pitched into a bed of them like this, you would n't like it—at least, your face and hands would n't," saying which, Plump grasped the stick he had let fall in his somersault, and began thrashing the bed of nettles all round him.

"What was it, then? How did you get such a cropper?"

"A beastly post there, just by where you are. Look at my leg."

"Well, that is an ugly place," said Peter. It was a big bruise on the shin, which was already swelling up and looking angry.

"But what post? I can't see any," said Pip. However, after thrashing down the docks and nettles about the place from which Plump had taken his header into the ditch, there, sure enough, was a stone post, about two feet high, firmly bedded in the ground. This Plump ascertained by pulling at it with all his might.

"I'll go and get a pick-ax," he said, "and grub it up, and have old Gaffer Giles break it up for mending the roads."

"But look here, there are letters upon it," said Pip, the observer of the party; "an M, and underneath, B S, and some others I can't make out."

"P'raps it's a tomb-stone," suggested Peter.

"Shut up! Why, this is n't a church-yard," said Plump.

"Well, but I've heard they sometimes bury fellows in the country at cross-roads, with a stake in them," Peter persisted.

"But they're suicides; and there are no cross-roads here, and no stake," said Pip.

"Suppose it should turn out to be a Roman stone," said Peter gravely.

And so the boys went on speculating, but could make nothing of the "beastly post," against which Plump still muttered direful threatenings. So, after determining that there was no chance of getting at the rabbit without ferrets, and having, with much difficulty, pulled Vic out of the burrow, in which she had by this time nearly buried herself, and cleansed her eyes and mouth a little from the dirt, the boys turned out of the copse into the high road which skirted it, on their way home to the vicarage. About one hundred yards down the road, they came on old Gaffer Giles, seated on a heap of stones, his legs wide apart, engaged in breaking the bigger ones with a long hammer. He did not hurry himself at his work; as, indeed, why should he?—the parish allowed him three shillings a week for his labor. On the heap by him lay several pick-axes and road-scrappers. At these Plump rushed at once, seizing on the biggest pick-ax.

"I may take this, may n't I, Gaffer?" he said.

"Nay, nay! Maester Gaarge. Thaay picks beant mine. Thaay belongs to the gang as is mending the roads."

"But Gaffer, we only want it just to go into the copse and grub up an old stone," urged Plump.

"Perhaps you know the stone, Mr. Giles?" interposed the politer Pip. "It stands by the dry ditch, and has got some old letters on it—an M and a B S."

"Kneows un! aye to be sure—I kneows un sure enough; I seed un sunk there a matter o' seventy year back, when I wur a leetle chap, smaller 'n either o' you be."

"Well, but what is it then? Tell us all about it, Gaffer. What are the letters for?"

"An M, beant there atop? Ees, ees, I minds, and B S down below? Thaay stands for 'bounds' stwun,' and M for 'Moreton parish.'"

"And we're going to grub him up, Gaffer, and you must break him up for the road."

The old man chuckled, "Whoy, 't w'u'd take the likes o' you a month to grub!"

So Plump gave up his notion of moving the parish land-mark, and the boys sat down to pump old Giles as to his memories connected with the stone, which, translated from his dialect, were much as follows:

When he was a little chap at the parish school, they had a holiday every year on "Gang Monday." He did n't just mind when it came round, but somewhere about Whitsuntide. Well, on Gang Monday morning, all the boys went to the church-yard, and there was the lord's steward with a map, and the parish constable, and a smart few men and women, too, who had a mind to beat the bounds—"possessioning" they called it, or some such name. He was no scholar, but minded the name for all that.

So the "possessioners" started with the steward in front and the constable ringing a bell, and the rest following in a row. They marched all round the parish, and now and again the steward would stop, and sometimes they drove a stake or set up a stone like that one in the copse. That was in places where there was a dispute about the parish-line. Then they'd used to catch a boy or two, and take him by the arms and legs and bump him up against the stone or a tree, so as he should remember the place afterward.

At the brook, too, along that part of it where the parish line struck it, and ran down it for, might be, two or three furlongs, there was a scramble to see who should be pushed in to wade down. It was n't more than knee-deep for any one as knew which side to keep and where to cross. But now and again some young chap as did n't know would be in, and they as knew called him wrong so as he should go plump into the holes above his middle, for all the folk to laugh at; and sometimes they caught a boy and chucked him in. But the boys mostly were too knowing, and kept away from the men when they got near the brook.

There was a deal of waste land too, there, and the steward, he had an eye to it all sure enough, as they went along, to see that no poor man had run up a bit of a place for his jackass or pig, or fenced round a rood of taters or cabbages. He minded one time when they came across a bit of a sty as Israel Willis, the charcoal burner, had put up, and how at the steward's bidding they had pulled it down and chased Israel's sow and her litter on to the common. No, he knew better now. Israel had gone to the bad, and ended in the county jail all along of that business. 'T was no business of their'n to help clear the lord's waste, and now 'twas all took in and fenced off these forty year, and no man the better but the lord, and no place left for poor folk to cut a bit of furze, or turn out a goose or a pig, or pick a few bits of stick for a fire.

Then on Gang Mondays when they got back, there was bread and cheese and ale for all, and buns and a glass of ale for the boys, and the bells ringing all the afternoon, and two shillings apiece for the ringers. He had heard tell of a piece of land

called Gang Monday's land, as was left in old times to pay for beating the parish bounds. What had come of that now? there was no holiday, nor bread and cheese and ale, nor buns nor bell-ringing.

So old Giles crooned on, breaking a stone now and then with a whack of his hammer to ease his feelings, and glad of such attentive listeners to his budget of old stories and grievances, as the boys were proving themselves to be.

They sat about him all ears, till the church-clock in the distance struck five and warned them of tea-time at the vicarage. Then they jumped up and hurried off, leaving old Giles sitting on the stone-heap and thwacking away with more than usual diligence, as the thoughts of vanished holidays and the wrongs of the poor came thronging back once more across his awakened memory.

As they trotted along toward the vicarage, the boys bandied their chaff as usual backward and forward, agreeing in nothing but this one thing, that it would be great fun—or "real swagger," as Plump would call it—to have a "Gang Monday" next year in Moreton parish.

The vicar's daughter, in broad-brimmed hat and thick leather gauntlets, was trimming her rose-trees on the vicarage lawn as they neared the house.

"Oh look, there 's cousin Carrie; let 's tell her!"

And Peter made for the girl, followed slowly by the other two Ps, who seemed indeed more inclined to make straight for the house.

"O Carrie, here we are, and we 've been having such a jaw from old Gaffer Giles about beating the parish bounds, and Plump has tumbled over the bounds' stone, and cut his breeches, and broken his shin, and stung himself all over with nettles; and we want you to help us persuade uncle to have a Gang Monday."

Carrie stopped her work, and turned round a face as fresh and bright as her own roses.

"With all my heart, Peter," she began; but then her face fell and she shook her little gauntleted fist at her two brothers. "You wretched boys! what have you been doing with Vic?—setting her after rabbits again, I do believe."

The small terrier, her special delight, sidled round toward her young mistress, with tail drooping, casting appealing looks at her, and reproachful ones at the boys, as much as to say, "you know now it was all your fault."

"Well, Carrie, you see she *would* come. We did n't know she was following till we were close to the copse, and then we found a rabbit quite by chance; and you know, Carrie, nobody can stop her when once she sees a rabbit," Plump put in.



READY FOR THE MARCH. [SEE PAGE 394.]

"Now, it really is too bad of you," she said, bending down and putting back the draggled masses of long hair which hung over Vic's eyes. "It took me two days to get her tidy again after your last hunt, and that only a week ago. It's too bad. You have ruined her so that I can't take her a walk in the village for fear of her running off into the coverts; and the keepers will shoot her or trap her. Ah, you naughty Vic! you're nearly as bad as the boys. You'll be found smothered, I know, in a burrow, or the old Fox will catch you and eat you."

Carrie was really annoyed, but sisters are the most forgiving and long-suffering of our race, and so the boys soon made their peace with her, and got a tub of hot water, and helped to wash the dirt out of Vic's eyes, and comb her hair, and by the time tea was ready, Carrie was as interested in Gang Monday as was any of the three Ps.

The vicar's was a well-ordered house in which boys of the age of the Ps were still kept in their proper places, and only appeared after dinner in their best clothes and manners, at dessert. The vicar was a hard-working man, who liked his quiet dinner at the end of his hard day's work, and liked to have a friend or two to share it. He followed St. Paul's maxim, and was given to hospitality, and on the day of our story, besides his wife and daughter,

there were two guests at his table,—his brother from London, Peter's father, and his own curate.

In due course, the table was cleared and places were set for the three Ps, who entered demurely after grace, and set to work upon the fruit and biscuits in decorous silence. Presently, at a pause in the conversation, the vicar began:

"Well, boys, Carrie tells us you've been pumping old Gaffer Giles about beating the bounds?"

"Yes, papsir," said Pip (the Ps had invented "papsir" as a compromise between papa and sir, the former being too babyish in their opinion, and the latter too formal, while the vicar entirely declined to be addressed as "governor"), "and we want to know why you don't have beating the bounds now every year."

"It must have been such fun," Plump put in.

"But what made old Gaffer call it 'possessioning,' uncle?" said Peter.

"'Possessioning' my boy? 'Processioning,' you mean," said the vicar. "Not but what 'possessioning' would have been the best word for it latterly, for no one got any good from it but the lord of the manor; but 'processioning' was the old word, or 'rogationing,'—sometimes one, sometimes the other,—both good, both older than the Reformation."

"'Rogationing'! what a rum word, papsir," said Plump, taking a large and demure bite at an apple.

"Not rum at all, Plump,—quite the natural word for the thing. The squire called it 'processioning' because of the procession that looked after his property, the parson 'rogationing' because of the rogations, which were his part of the business."

"But what are 'rogations,' sir?" asked the curate. "I confess I'm as ignorant as the boys, though I do remember, by the way, that there are rogation days named in our rubric, but what they are I have n't an idea."

"'Rogations' were the liturgies which were chanted in processions and perambulations by the clergy. The rogation days were amongst the most popular and best observed vigils in the times of Roman Catholic supremacy, here, in England. They came over with St. Augustine, and were as old, I take it, as the fifth century."

"Older a good deal, I fancy," said Peter's father. "The rogation days, with their perambulations and processions, were just a revival of the heathen Terminalia, the festival of Terminus, the god of boundaries. Roman, rather than Romish, I should say, brother."

"Well, Roman, or Romish, or Catholic, or whatever you like to call them," said the vicar, "they were no bad custom. Queen Bess was no dull judge, and, when she abolished processions, specially retained these perambulations, and proclaimed that the curate and substantial men in each parish should make them once a year, as they were wont, walking the circuit of the parish and returning to the church to make their common prayer, they were to stop at convenient places where cakes and ale should be distributed for the refreshment of the body, and the curate was to admonish the people to give thanks to God on the beholding of his benefits, and for the increase and abundance of his fruits on the face of the earth, with the saying of the 103d Psalm. I was only reading them the other day, oddly enough. Here 's the book and the very passage," the vicar went on, getting up and taking a volume from his writing-table and reading: "At which time also the said minister shall inculcate these or such like sentences, 'Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and dolles of his neighbor,' or such other order of prayer as shall be lawfully appointed."



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

"None was ever appointed, I suppose, sir?" asked the curate.

"Not that I ever heard of," replied the vicar.

"I should doubt whether any but Papist clergy ever made any real use of them," said Peter's father.

"You're mistaken," said the vicar; "Hooker for instance"—

"What, 'The Judicious'?" inquired Peter's father.

"Yes, 'The Judicious,' if you please," went on the vicar,—"Richard Hooker, the great man who left his preferment in London, and all his great prospects, for the small country living 'where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noises.' He, we are told, 'would

by no means omit the customary time of perambulations, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and of their parish rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation,—and most did so,—in which perambulations he would usually express more pleasant discourses than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations, to be remembered against next year, especially by the boys and young people.' Do you hear that, boys?"

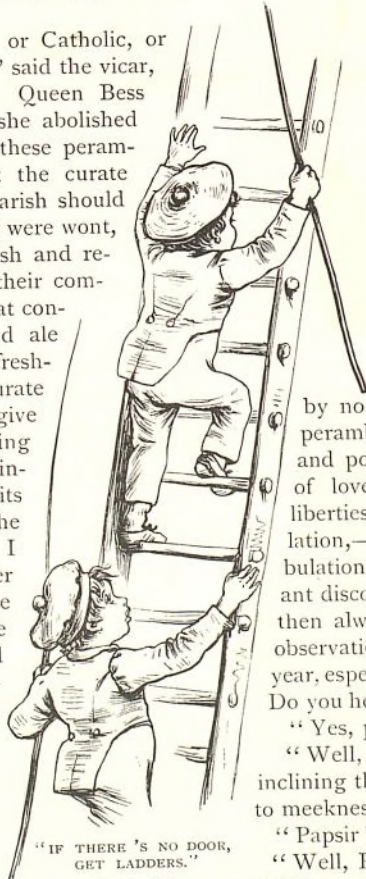
"Yes, papsir; yes, uncle," said the three.

"Well, then, listen to what follows: 'Still inclining them and all his present parishioners to meekness and mutual kindness and love.'"

"Papsir"—began Pip anxiously.

"Well, Pip; what is it?"

"Did ever—I mean do you think Mr. Hooker"—



"'Doctor' Hooker, Pip, you irreverent imp."

"Well, uncle, 'Doctor' Hooker then. Do you think, papsir, that they threw any of Doctor Hooker's boys into the brook?"

"Or bumped them on the parish bounds' stone to make them remember the place?" put in Peter.

"But, sir," the curate struck in, "it really seems a pity so good a custom should have fallen into disuse."

"What! you would like the processioning, eh, Gordon?" said the vicar, smiling. His curate was rather "suspect" in the parish,—“not much better than a Papist,” the farmer who supported Little Bethel, and sometimes preached there, had been heard to say.

"Then you'll go in for Gang Monday next year, wont you, sir?" said Plump to the curate.

"Softly, softly," interposed the rector. "No; I fear the custom is dead and buried, and any attempt to revive it would be misunderstood in the parish,—the reason, that is, the secular reason for it, is gone, since we have got the Government Ordnance Survey maps, and in our days the religious work must be done in the church."

"Why, brother, you seem to think the custom is stone dead. But you're wrong. We beat the bounds every year in my London parish."

"Ah, really? I thought it was quite given up," said the vicar.

"Not a bit of it," replied his brother; "it's a great holiday for the charity children, and the beadle rises on that one morning a great man once more,—a sort of parochial representative of the old heathen god, Terminus."

"Oh jolly!" said the Ps together; "do tell us all about it, uncle."

"Well, there's not much to tell. The beadle, in his cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and silver-headed staff, musters the charity boys in the vestry hall, and serves them out a long peeled willow-wand each."

"What's that for?" asked Pip; "what do they do with the wands?"

"Poke off one another's caps, and switch the cats in the areas when the beadle's back is turned. Well, as soon as they get a vestryman to carry the parish map, they start behind him, the beadle leading, the boys two and two after him, with the school-master bringing up the rear. And they hold their own, too. All the traffic has to stop while the procession is crossing a street."

"What fun!" said Plump. "What, omnibuses and carriages and all?"

"Yes, carriages and all, Plump. A year or two back a grand carriage was drawn up right across the parish boundary line, and when the fat coachman would n't move on, the beadle and school-master

ran to the horses' heads and held them, while the charity boys all scrambled through the carriage."

"Oh, what a lark!" cried the boys.

"Yes; but that day the churchwarden who went with the procession happened to be a titled lord."

"I wish he was papsir's churchwarden," said Pip.

"But how can they follow the boundary line in the middle of the town?" asked the curate.

"Oh, they go through houses and out at the back; and if there's no door, get steps and ladders, and the boys scramble over, carrying their wands. At one place there is a big oven in an outhouse through which the boundary line runs. There the cry is, 'Who's the boy for the oven today?' and once or twice a small boy has run home roaring that he was going to be baked."

"Boo-hooing like old Plump in the nettles today,—eh, Pip?" interjected Peter.

"Shut up, I say!" said Plump, trying to get at Peter's leg under the table, for a good pinch.

"And so, when they get back to the vestry hall, the beadle serves out buns and ginger-beer to the boys all round."

"And is there no sort of service in the parish church, sir?" asked the curate.

"Not that I know of," replied Peter's father.

"A foolish and unmeaning custom," said the vicar. "And the sooner it is put an end to, the better."

"But, sir," said the curate, "I really think we might make it of some use in the country."

"As a procession, eh?" asked the vicar. "No, no; we should have our friend from Little Bethel denouncing us, and the whole parish by the ears. Let well alone, Gordon; you've got your processioning in the church on Sunday, and I don't quite like that. Let well alone."

"But, sir, I don't mean as a procession. I mean as a lesson in geography."

"A lesson in geography! Well, that's another matter," laughed the vicar; "but I think you must stick to your maps and globes. If you want anything more, there's George Grove's primer, the best little big book ever written on geography. I had no notion how ignorant I was till I had read it."

"Yes, sir. But I find it so hard to make the boys understand anything with the maps and globes. Now, it would be quite different if one were to go round the parish with them, and show them how it is bounded, and how the streams lie, and why the village was built here, and not there."

"But I don't know that, myself," said the vicar.

"I declare, I think Mr. Gordon's right," said Peter's father.

"Yes, and so do we," chimed in the three Ps.

"Of course you do, you young rascals," laughed

the vicar; "but there's the drawing-room bell ringing us to tea, and your mother and Carrie wondering what in the world has kept us so long. Bless me," looking at his watch, "why, it's past nine o'clock. Time for you boys to be in bed. Off with you!"

"Oh, bother!" muttered Plump, who hated going to bed almost as much as getting up.

"But, papsir, you'll think about having a geography lesson next Gang Monday?" said Pip.

"Very well, boys; I'll think about it," was the encouraging reply. "Good-night!"

"Politics," I think," said Peter.

"Yes, that's it, 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Politics,' bound in Russia leather, on papsir's third shelf, where he keeps his favorite books, only yesterday."

Plump was silenced, but not convinced, so changed the subject with—

"But, I say, did n't Mr. Gordon come out strong on our side?"

"Did n't he, just?" said Peter. "I declare, I think uncle will come round."

"And we'll carry old Gaffer round the parish in



THE BEADLE LEADS THE PROCESSION.

"Good-night, papsir. Good-night, uncle. Good-night, Mr. Gordon."

"I say," said Plump, as they went upstairs to their attics, "was n't papsir just prosy about old Hookem, and all that?"

"Hooker, Plump, not Hookem—the great Dr. Hooker," said Pip reprovingly.

"Well, Hooker or Hookem, it's all the same. Much you know, I dare say, Pip, about the great Dr. Hooker,—or Peter either."

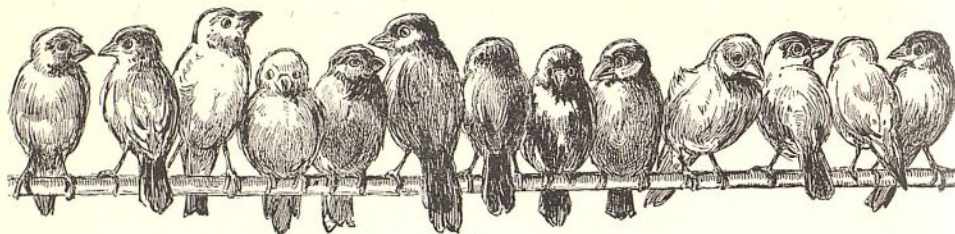
"Don't we, though? Why, did n't we see his great books, 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical'—something or other—what was it, Peter?"

a chair, and give him a pot of ale and a pound of baccy at the end."

"And we'll give Plump a good bumping on the 'beastly post,'" said Peter laughing, as he opened his bedroom door.

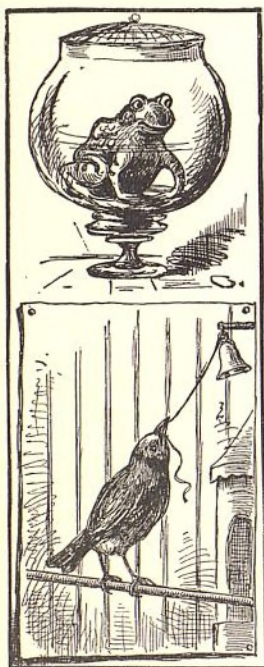
"And chuck him into the nettles in the dry ditch," added Pip, as he disappeared behind his.

Plump paused a moment, to send defiantly after them his favorite ejaculation, "Shut up!" and then rolled into his own small dormitory. And in ten minutes the three Ps were sleeping the sleep of the young and the eupeptic—sweeter even, I fear, than the sleep of the just.



A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

BY E. MÜLLER.



SUCH a narrow, dirty, noisy street! A miserable place for a boarding-school, you would say; yet there it was, and filled, too, with scholars from all parts of the world. Over the door hung a sign, which said "Bird Emporium," but it might just as well have said "Boarding-School." There they were, the boarding-school scholars, in cages all along the sides of the room, chattering, singing, eating, swinging, just as other boarding-school scholars do.

A little old man, with kind, bright eyes, was the principal, the president, and the professor, all in one. He

taught some of the canaries to draw up all the water they drank, in little pails, which came up when the bird pulled a string; and others he had taught to ring a little bell, when they wanted anything.

The way the little bird learned his lesson, was this: The professor first hung the little bell in his cage, and took all his seed and water away. After a while, he came and rang the bell, and within a few minutes after he brought the seed and water. He went through this performance every day for a week, till, at the end of that time, the bird began to see that first came bell, and then came breakfast; so when he felt hungry, one morning early, he rang the bell himself, as a gentle hint. Finding that brought breakfast, he improved upon

the idea, and rang the bell whenever he wanted anything.

There were dozens of canary-birds at the boarding-school, though only a few were taught anything. Most of them were kept in little box cages, ready to be sold; and there they hopped and ate and sang, day after day, just as happily as if they had been in fine, large wire cages. The professor also gave singing lessons. Does it not seem odd, to think of teaching birds to sing? He had a little box like a tiny hand-organ, called a bird-organ; and, instead of songs and dance music, it played only a bird song, like a most accomplished canary. When the professor turned the handle, the organ piped its song, and all the singing class began to sing; so they learned their lesson.

But beside the birds who sang and those who learned accomplishments, there were many other boarders living in this strange boarding-school. In one cage were thirteen tiny little birds, much smaller than canaries. They were happy little things, and it was a pretty sight to see them all nestling close together on the long perch, like a large family of loving brothers and sisters. Then there were little green parrots, who did nothing but hop about and eat; and white parrots, who sat still and looked wise; and, funniest of all, large green parrots, who hung themselves upside down by their claws, and laughed. You could not have helped laughing yourself, if you had heard them, they did seem to enjoy it so much. There was one old parrot who was sick; he was not in a cage, but sat outside on a perch, looking very cross and miserable, and occasionally he would say, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, "Hard times!" or "Be quiet, children, my head aches." He especially scolded the monkey. For there *was* a monkey, though why monkeys should be part of a bird emporium, no one has found out. The monkey was chained to the top of the Guinea-pigs' cage (for there were Guinea-pigs, too); but his chain was

almost too long, for he could reach into the cage and poke the poor little Guinea-pigs till they would squeak and jump and tumble over each other. He could even reach the cross parrot, just enough to pull his tail, when the parrot would turn around and scold at him till all the other parrots were scolding and laughing, too. And there was a frog. Such a frog! (I'm sure that, by this time, you agree with me that "Bird Emporium" was not the right name for this boarding-school.) Surely there never was such a big frog as this. He sat in a large glass jar, and did nothing but blink his eyes and look conceited. No doubt he felt proud of being such a big frog, and never took into consideration the fact that he was distressingly ugly. I

don't know why he was there. Perhaps boys buy frogs; or may be he was put there to show the monkey how to be quiet and dignified. At any rate, he was there. There were many queer, bright-colored birds from South America, hopping about their cages as contentedly as if they were in their own beautiful forests in Brazil. Yet all around, outside the house, were the noise and dust and confusion of a great city.

Strange boarding-school, and still stranger scholars! Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS have one of these boarding-school birds. Or may be some of the boys have a monkey or Guinea-pigs who were in the same class, so to speak, with these you see here.

SHOWER AND FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter,
Out of the clouds they throng:
Freshness of heaven they scatter
Little dark rootlets among.
"Coming to visit you, Posies!
Open your hearts to us, Roses!"
That is the Raindrops' song.

Up the little seed rises:
Buds of all colors and sizes
Clamber up out of the ground.
Gently the blue sky surprises
The earth with that soft-rushing sound.
"Welcome!"—the brown bees are humming:
"Come! for we wait for your coming!"
Whisper the wild flowers around.

"Shower, it is pleasant to hear you!"—
"Flower, it is sweet to be near you!"—
This is the song everywhere.
Listen! the music will cheer you!
Raindrop and blossom so fair
Gladly are meeting together
Out in the beautiful weather:—
Oh, the sweet song in the air!

KING WICHTEL THE FIRST.

(Translated from the German of Julius Sturm.)

"If you only knew what I know!" said a poor laborer's son to his sister many years ago.

"It must be something very important," said she, snappishly.

But the brother replied:

"It is indeed something very important, and, if you knew it, you would jump high as the ceiling for joy."

"Oh, then, tell it to me," said the sister, coaxingly.

The brother smote his breast proudly with his hand, and said:

"To-night I can become a king, if only I will."

The sister laughed outright, and said:

"You, in your torn jacket, would make a beautiful king."

"I shall not wear the old jacket," replied the future king; "I shall have a red mantle embroidered with gold, and a gold crown also; and, sister, if you desire it, you can become a princess, and have a beautiful dress; and when I am seated on my gold throne, you will sit near me on a silver one. We shall live in a gold castle, where we can eat nice meat all day, and where we shall not have to pick up any more dry sticks."

"But how will it all come about?" asked his sister, quite astonished and puzzled. "Our parents are very poor people."

The brother gave a knowing look, and said:

"I dreamt last night, that——"

He got no further, for a shrill laugh interrupted him, and his sister cried:

"Oh, then, it is all a dream! Thank you, but I don't care to be a dream-princess."

She would have run away, but her brother held her by the dress, and spoke eagerly.

"Let me finish," he cried. "The principal thing is yet to be told. What I tell you I saw only in a dream; but this is what happened to me: I woke up; the moon shone into my room, and before my bed stood a little man, who had a long gray beard and a brown face full of wrinkles. He looked at me with clear, bright eyes, and laid his finger on his mouth, as if he would say: 'Now be still! quite still!' Then he asked me in a whisper, if I wished to have the dream come true, and if I would like to be a king, and live with you in a gold castle? I nodded to him, and he went on: 'If you decide to have what you have dreamt really happen, come with your sister this evening, when the moon rises, to the wood, and wait for me under

the great fir-tree, of which you know. But remember there is one condition: In the gold castle you must let no tears fall on the floor, for, if you do, all is lost, and we gnomes are once more without a king.' You will promise—wont you, sister?—not to cry in the gold castle. You always cry easy,—right off."

The sister gave her hand upon it that she would not cry, because she wanted so much to be a princess. The children had now decided that they would go to the wood that evening, and wait till the moon rose. Before dusk, however, they slipped unnoticed into the wood; for they feared that their parents, when they came from their work, would keep them at home. It was a Saturday, and there was a great deal to be done about the house. They went with each other, hand in hand, till they came to the great fir-tree. Then they sat down on the soft moss, meaning to wait till the moon should rise.

After a while the sister said:

"I'm thinking all the time of our parents, and I am so sad that I must cry. May I cry now?"

"Certainly," said the brother; "we are not in the gold castle yet. Cry all you want to, as long as we are in the woods."

And the sister cried till she fell asleep with red eyes. The brother sat near her, and his one thought was, how nice it would be when once he should be a king! At last he, too, got tired and sleepy, and began to nod.

When the brother and sister awoke, they looked around, very much astonished, for they were dressed most beautifully. The brother had on fine black velvet stockings, and a glittering coat of dark blue silk. Around his shoulders hung a red mantle, embroidered with gold, while on his black curly head shone a golden crown.

The sister, on the other hand, wore a sky-blue dress, dotted with silver stars; and on her blonde hair rested a coronet, sparkling with precious stones. While they gazed at each other, mute with amazement, the little man with the gray beard stood before them and cried out:

"Welcome! welcome! I am right glad you have come."

Then he blew a little silver horn that he wore at his side, and at the signal came a long train of gray-bearded little men, who bore a splendid canopy, and under it a gold sedan-chair and a silver one, each resting on glistening poles of ebony.

The brother must sit in the gold chair, and the sister in the silver one. Slowly and with pomp the train moved through the woods till it came to a mountain, covered with old and stately fir-trees. At the foot of this mountain opened a great wide cavern, in which burned numerous lights. This the train entered, and then proceeded further on, through a long passage, till at last it came to a spacious, lofty hall, in which it was light and clear as day.

In the middle of this vast hall stood a golden castle, much more beautiful than the one the little king had seen in his dream. Here the brother and sister got down from their chairs, and went, accompanied by the little men, up the steps of rock-crystal to the portal of the castle. The door sprang open, and the little men conducted the two into a saloon, in which were two thrones, one of gold, and one of silver. The feet of the gold throne represented four lions, and on the back of it was a golden eagle with outspread wings. The silver throne was upheld by four silver lilies, and on its back stood a silver swan. On the first throne the brother sat, and on the second, the sister.

Hardly were they seated when a buzzing sound went through the assembly, and the little men came over to the thrones, and cried with loud voices:

"Long live our king, Wichtel the First!"

At this cry the king rose angrily, and said:

"My name is not Wichtel; it is Fritz. Just ask my sister; she knows as well as I."

The sister nodded, but the little man, who had first spoken to the children in the wood, came before the throne, bowed low, and said:

"Pardon me, your majesty, but, if I may be permitted to say it, from this day forth your majesty is no longer Fritz but Wichtel the First; for now, you are King of all the Wichtel men."

"If that is so," said King Wichtel, "it shall be my pleasure to have it so."

Hardly had he said this, when a little man came before the throne, bearing in his hand a staff with a great knob, and announced that the table was ready.

"I am glad of that," replied King Wichtel, "for I am very hungry."

Thereupon opened a golden door, revealing a long table, set out with nice dishes and dainty food. The king and his sister stepped down from their thrones, and took their places at the table; and then the Wichtel men sat down.

To the brother and sister the viands tasted very nice; and when the supper was over, one of the Wichtel men led them into an elegant room where stood two beds,—one of gold, the other of silver. King Wichtel lay down in the gold bed, and his

sister in the silver bed. As they rested on the soft pillows, the brother said:

"Sister, how does the gold castle please you? Nothing in the world can be more beautiful."

That the sister thought also, but sighed and said:

"If father and mother were only here!"

"That is my one wish, too," said the brother.

"I wonder what our dear parents are doing now."

"Oh," sighed the sister again, "they are looking for us, and when they can't find us they will be anxious, and cry."

"Yes," was the answer, "that they will certainly do, since they loved us so much. When we do not come back to the house again, they will think the wolf has eaten us, just as he ate little Red Riding-Hood. You do not cry yet, sister, do you?"

In a low voice the sister replied:

"I have let a few tears fall on the bed, but none on the floor. Do not be angry with me, but I could not help crying, for I thought I heard our good mother weeping. You are so still, that you, too, must be crying."

"Yes," said a voice from the gold bed, "I thought I heard our good father calling us, and his voice sounded so sad, and so full of anxiety! But I catch all my tears in my hand, so that none can fall on the floor."

Both children wept quietly for a time; at last the sister asked, with a tearful voice:

"Will you, then, always be king, and shall we never go back to our dear parents? That I can never endure; I would rather not be a princess any more, for I should die for longing after them, and then you would be alone in the gold castle."

"Ah!" sighed the brother, "I thought it was much easier and better to be a king, but the gold crown has made my forehead all sore, and I would rather pick up dry wood in the forest than always sit on the gold throne; it is so tiresome!"

"What say you?" said a voice from the silver bed; "let us each drop a tear on the floor, and then all will be over, and we will go back to our parents."

The idea was quite after the brother's liking; so they each let fall a great tear on the floor. Hardly had they done this, when a great cry of lamentation went through the gold castle, and there was a loud crash, and it thundered so fearfully that brother and sister sprang out of bed screaming, and became unconscious.

The castle had disappeared. The children lay as if dead in the great cavern on the cold rock, and around them stood sadly the little Wichtel men. One of them, who had a snow-white beard, and must have been very old, said to the rest:

"Did I not tell you that we could not keep our king this time, any more than on former occasions when we were disappointed? The children of men

The Wichtel men bowed their heads sadly, for they would have liked very much to have as a king one of the children of men. At last they



"WELCOME! WELCOME! I AM RIGHT GLAD YOU HAVE COME."

are all alike. Even the poorest love their parents so much that they long for them, and cry, and this they would do though one should offer them all the magnificence in the whole world."

re-clad the children in their old clothes, took them softly out of the hole in the mountain, and then laid them under the great fir-tree on the soft moss.

When the brother and sister woke up, it was

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clear day. The sun shone pleasantly through the green fir-branches, and the birds sang gayly. The children looked wonderingly at each other; then sprang up rejoicing, for they saw in the distance their parents, who had been searching for them all night. They ran and embraced father and mother, and told them of the strange things that had happened to them. But the parents assured them it was all a dream, for there were no Wichtel men. The children, however, looked at each other as if they would say, "We know better, for we were with them in the gold castle."

Some time after, when the children were again gathering wood in the forest, the brother said: "Do you still remember my having a red mantle round me, my wearing a crown and sitting

on a gold throne, and being called King Wichtel the First?"

"Of course I remember," said the sister; "for I sat near you as a princess on a silver throne, and wore a blue dress dotted with silver stars. I shall never forget how beautiful everything was."

Then said the brother:

"If we had n't dropped any tears on the floor, I might have been a king to-day, and you a princess. But I don't care," added he, and laughingly held up his old jacket.

"Neither do I," said the sister; "with father and mother it is a thousand times better than with the Wichtel men in the gold castle."

"That is so," said the brother; "but I am glad that I have been a king just for once!"

A MORNING CALL FROM A PANTHER.

BY DAVID KER.

"I SUPPOSE you're wondering why I keep that ugly old chest," said Mrs. R——, "and I must own that it's not very ornamental; but it saved my life once, for all that. I see you think I'm making fun of you, but I'm not, indeed; and when you hear the story, I think you'll agree with me that I have good reason to value it, ugly as it looks."

"This was how it happened. When we first came out to India, my husband was sent to make the survey of the Nerbudda Valley, one of the wildest bits in all Central India; and we really were, just at first, the only white people within forty or fifty miles. And such a time as we had of it! If my husband had n't been as strong as he is, and a perfect miracle of patience as well, I don't know how he could have stood what he had to do. It was dreadful work for him, being up sometimes for a whole night together, or having to stand out in the burning sun, when the very ground itself was almost too hot to touch. And as for the native workmen, I never saw such a set,—always doing everything wrong, and never liking anybody to put them right. When the railway was being made they used to carry the earth on their heads in baskets; and when Mr. R—— served out wheelbarrows to them, they actually carried them on their heads in the same way!* I could n't help laughing at it, though it was terribly provoking, too. And that was just the way they all were: if

there was a wrong way of using anything they'd be sure to find it out. Even our butler, or *khitmulgar*, who was much better than most of them, came one day and begged a pair of old decanter-labels that my husband was going to throw away; and when the man came in next morning, he had positively turned them into ear-rings, and went about quite gravely with 'Port' in one ear and 'Sherry' in the other!

"However, if the native men worried me, the native beasts were fifty times worse. It was no joke, I can assure you, to be awakened in the middle of the night by the roar of a tiger close under the window, or by an elephant crashing and trumpeting through the jungle with a noise like a mail-coach going full gallop into a hot-house. Well, as soon as that was over, the jackals would set up a squealing and whimpering like so many frightened children; and then a dreadful native bird, whose name I've never found out (I suppose because nobody could invent one bad enough for it), would break out in a succession of the most horrible cries,—just like somebody being murdered,—until the noise fairly drove me wild.

"And then the ants! but you've seen them for yourself, and I need n't tell you about them. I shall never forget how I felt one day on finding my beautiful new work-box, which my sister had given me as a birthday present just before I left England,

* A fact.

a perfect international congress of ants of all colors and all sizes,—

“ ‘Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,—’

and I was n't much comforted by my husband's assurance that 'that sort of thing happened every day,' and that I would 'soon get used to it.' But all this while I'm neglecting my story.

“One day (it will be long enough before I forget it) my husband was out as usual at his work, and the nurse had gone down to the other native servants at the end of the 'compound,' as we call this big inclosure; and I was left alone in the house with my little Minnie yonder, who was then just about a year old. By this time I had got over my first fears, and did n't mind a bit being left by myself; indeed, all the lower windows having bars across them, I thought that I was safe enough; but I little dreamed of what was coming!

“I must have been sitting over my sewing nearly an hour, with the child playing about the floor beside me, when suddenly I heard a dull thump overhead, as if something had fallen upon the roof. I did n't think anything of it at the moment, for one soon gets used to all sorts of strange sounds in the Indian jungle; but, presently, I thought I could hear a heavy breathing in the next room but one, and then I began to feel frightened in earnest. I rose as softly as I could, and crept to the door-way between the rooms. This door-way was only closed by a curtain, and gently pulling aside the folds, I peeped through—and found myself within a few paces of the largest panther that I ever saw, and he was looking straight into my eyes!

“For one moment I was too frightened to move, and then the thought came to me just as if somebody had spoken it: 'The big chest!'

“I knew that this chest would hold me and my child easily, and that I could leave a chink of the lid open to let us breathe, for the overlapping edge would save my fingers from the panther. In a second I had it all clear before me; but had the brute not stopped short at sight of the curtain, I should never have had a chance of trying it. Luckily for me, the Indian panther, savage as he

is, is a terrible coward, and suspicious as any detective. I've seen one go round and round a trap for more than half an hour, before he made up his mind to spring at the bait. So, while my friend was puzzling himself over the curtain, and wondering whether it was meant for a trap or not, I took up Minnie (who, poor little pet, seemed to know there was something wrong, and never uttered a sound) and into the chest I crept, making as little noise as I could.

“I was hardly settled there when I heard the 'sniff-sniff' of the panther coming right up to where I lay, and, through the chink that I had left open, the hot, foul breath came steaming in upon my face, almost making me sick. It seemed to bring my heart into my mouth when I heard his great claws scraping the edge of the lid, and trying to lift it up; but, happily, the chink was too narrow for his paw to enter. But if the paw could n't, the tongue could; and soon he began to lick my fingers, rasping them so that I hardly knew how to bear it. Still, the touch of Minnie's little arm around my neck seemed to give me courage.

“But there was far worse than this to come; for the panther suddenly leaped right on top of the chest, and his weight pressed down the heavy lid upon my fingers, until the pain was so terrible that, unable to stand it any longer, I screamed with all my might.

“The scream was answered by a shout, from just outside, in which I recognized my husband's voice. The panther heard it, too, and it seemed to scare him, for he made a dash for the window, either forgetting or not noticing the iron bars;

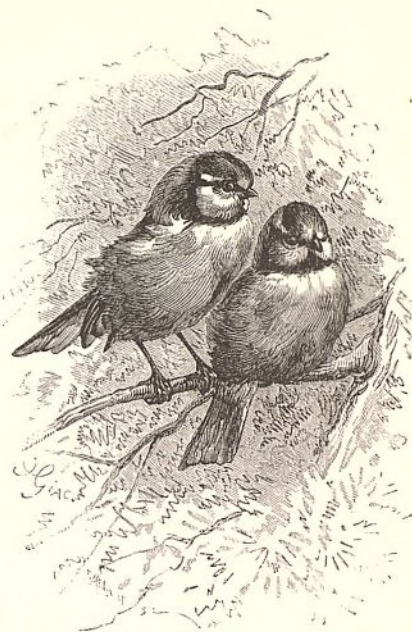
but just as he reached it, there came the crack of a rifle, and I heard the heavy brute fall suddenly upon the floor. Then all the fright seemed to come back upon me at once, and I fainted outright.

“I heard afterward that Mr. R—— had happened to want some instrument which he had left at the house; and, not wishing to trust it in the hands of any of the natives, he came back for it himself—luckily, just in time, for the bullet from his rifle killed the panther. But, as you see, my hand is pretty stiff yet.”





AN OLD BACHELOR.



A HAPPY COUPLE.

LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

Of course, you know that not all the good times come to the children of grand houses; small houses, cottages, and even "rooms," hold many happy little folk. The cost of things about us does n't add to our comfort. China dolls give as much pleasure as great play-ladies of wax; in fact the most dearly loved and cherished doll that I ever saw, was a "rag-baby."

Sometimes in the streets of the city you will see little children dressed very poorly, with perhaps an old shawl over each tumbled head. It does n't look as if any good times came to them; but you will be glad to learn that even to the children of that class who live in New York, happy days have really come. It is simply because one kind lady has thought of a way to make them glad every day, and while they are playing, and having delightful times, to teach them what will really open to them a better life when too old for play.

A school!—yes, even a school, but one of a new kind, where toys and games take the place of books, and so charming that the little scholars

mourn over a holiday, and fairly cry when threatened with "vacation." It is a pleasant sight, yet one that somehow brings tears to grown-up eyes, to see a room full of these little ones, gathered in from the streets and alleys of the great city, hands and faces washed, and all at happy play, while really learning to be neat little housemaids, ready when big enough, to become busy with honest work, instead of with mischief. I wish every one of you could look in on the scene, but at least you may see part of it in pictures, while you hear how this wonder is wrought.

Fancy a poor little girl, not more than five or six years old, brought in from the streets where she has never learned anything good. She is placed in a sunny, bright room, where flowers are growing and pictures hanging. She is put into a little chair, seated before a table just high enough for her, and—wonder to her—a set of toy dishes, knives, forks, napkins, glasses and all, complete, is set before her. Other little girls are around her; and, playing with these charming dishes, with the

help of kind ladies, she soon learns to set a table properly, although she has perhaps never before seen half the things used. She hears the pretty,



bright songs; she learns to march and to skip—or “hip-pity-hop”—to the sound of music; she jumps the rope; she sweeps with pretty little brooms; she washes in tiny tubs and scrubs with baby scrubbing-brushes; she cleans the toy dishes; she makes a doll’s bed; and all the work is joined to music and merry songs,—face all smiles, and eyes all sparkles.

This strange and delightful school has but six lessons in all; each lesson is packed full of songs, exercises, and plays, and there’s a whole month to learn it in. The first month, playing with little bundles of sticks, tied with bright colored strings, the little girls learn to kindle fires, and handle matches; how to use ashes and charcoal; how wood grows; how to keep wooden things clean, and many other things, useful to a little housemaid; while all the time they think they’re only playing a new, and very nice, game, with several kind and pleasant young ladies to teach them how. And with each lesson they sing some lively song, like this:

“Little children can you tell,
Do you know the story well,

How the trees grow in the wood,
And for what the sticks are good?

“Then about the matches learn,
How they’re made, and how they burn;
Not to scratch them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall.”

Then, with pieces of white paper, singing another song, they learn how to fold and iron napkins and table-cloths, towels, handkerchiefs, and other things; and last comes a stand-up play, a very nice one, called “Waiting on the door,” about which I must tell you.

The girls stand in a ring, excepting one who has a small bell in her hand, and is alone outside. The piano strikes up a lively air, and the children all join hands and move in a circle, singing:

“Here goes a crowd of merry little girls,
Who’ve lately come to school;
They’re going to learn to sing the kitchen song,
And mind the kitchen rule,
As they go round, and around, and around,
As they go round once more;
And this is the girl, the very little girl,
Who’s learning to wait on the door.”

The verse ended, the circle stands still, and the outside girl, who is the “visitor” in the play, rings her bell,—a make-believe door-bell. The girl who stands next to her is the “servant,” and she at once turns around to face the visitor, who asks:

“Is Mrs. Brown at home?”

“Yes, ma’am,”

“Please let me the parlor, and her.”

is the reply.
show you to
I’ll speak to

She then leads the visitor across the circle to a pretended room, and asks:

“Will you please give me your name?”

Having done this, the servant takes the bell, and prepares to become visitor.

The circle goes around once more, singing the song over, and the new visitor rings. This time the servant replies politely:

“Mrs. Brown is in, but wishes to be excused.”

The visitor takes leave, and hands her bell to the next. After the song again, the bell rings the third time, and an answer like this is given:



“THEY LEARN HOW TO FOLD NAPKINS.”

"Mrs. Brown is out. Will you please leave a message?"

Sometimes there is one message, sometimes another, and the little girls try hard to say it just right, because if one fails she cannot take the bell and be visitor next time. They think this play

"Yes, ma'am; please walk in," was the reply of a shy little door-tender, about eight years old. But another little girl about six, who was wiping off the stairs, did not approve of this shortening of the proper reply, so she prompted, in a low voice, yet with a funny elder-sisterly air:



"THESE ARE LITTLE BREAKFAST-TABLES."

great fun, and they are as dignified and polite while playing visitor or servant, as though it were all earnest—as, indeed, it is, for after a while when these little players come to open real doors for real visitors, they will know just how to do it, and will not be rude nor make blunders. In fact, they do it nicely now, and each one of them considers it a treat to wait on the door of the school building, which they do by turns. A few days ago a lady rang the bell, and asked if the principal was in.

"Let me show you to the parlor, and I'll speak to her."

The second lesson brings new joys to the little learner. Before each smiling maiden, whether with the tow braids and blue eyes of the "Fatherland," the black, flying hair from the "Emerald Isle," the deep, solemn eyes from Italy, or the queer little brown face from China, is set a complete array of breakfast dishes, with table-cloth, napkins, and small round table to match.

Ah, what bliss! the first toys they ever had! With these before them, they learn how to lay the table, to put on the cloth, to place knives and forks, glasses and napkins. When all is arranged, they repeat the lesson together, pointing to each article as they name it.

"These are little breakfast-tables. This is the coffee-pot; it should be scalded before the coffee is put in. This is the sugar-bowl; it should be filled when taken from the table. These are the knives. This is the fork; we eat with the fork. These are



the breakfast-plates; they should always be hot," and so on with the whole.

Think how many useful lessons in that one exercise for little girls who hope some day to work in real kitchens, and who began by calling the tines of a fork its teeth; and who once set the breakfast-table to their own satisfaction by placing the coffee-pot—that being the tallest article—in the middle of the table, and the rest of the service in a ring around it!

Next comes clearing the table, teaching what to take away first, how to collect and pile up silver and dishes, and brush and fold the table-cloth so that it will retain its creases and its fresh appearance.

Then another toy—a dish-pan of the most "cunning" sort—is placed before each small housemaid, and she plays wash the dishes, rinsing them in clear water, and drying each article on its special towel, while she sings:

"Washing dishes,
Suds are hot.
Work away briskly,
Do not stop.

"First the glasses;
Wash them well;
If you do them nicely,
All can tell.

"Then the silver
Must be bright," etc.

You'll better see the use of this careful teaching when I tell you that many of the girls, at first,

breathe on the glasses to polish them! They are taught here to not only wipe a glass on the glass-towel, but also to set it down with the towel, without touching it with the hands. So thorough is the training in this school.

The play ends with each little worker placing her clean dishes in their two small boxes, setting the boxes on the round table, and turning the dish-pan upside down over all. Then a march strikes up, and the girls rise, take up the articles they have used, march around the room, and leave them in a cupboard at one side.

"Bed-making and sweeping" does n't promise much fun, does it? But you should see these happy children, each with a doll's bedstead, which has nice bedding, like a regular bed; you should hear them sing:

"When you wake in the morning,
At the day dawning,
Throw off the bedding, and let it all air;
Then shake up the pillows
In waves and in billows,
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair."

For this play, the little maiden lays the clothes from the bed over two small chairs, folding the spread and the "pillow-shams," laying off pillows and turning mattresses to air. Then she begins over and makes up, spreading everything carefully, tucking in, and making a bed; while the teacher, by questioning the class,



MAKING THE BED.

makes the others tell why each thing is done.

Strange as you may think it, the sweeping is one of the prettiest exercises they learn. To a lively song, the delighted children, in couples, skip around the room, each receiving at one point a pair of brooms, tied with

gay ribbons; and after various performances with them, singing a song, they sweep, form into line again, and skip around through an arch formed by part of the class with their raised brooms, and, at last, leave their brooms where they received them. The lesson

teaches the different uses of a broom, whisk-broom, hair-brush, feather-duster, dust-cloth and dust-pan; how to sweep and dust and wipe the wood-work; in fact, how to put a room in perfect order. May be that's more than many of you girls know, though your opportunities have perhaps

been much better.

The fourth lesson eager little maid-genuine Monday scene, and for the

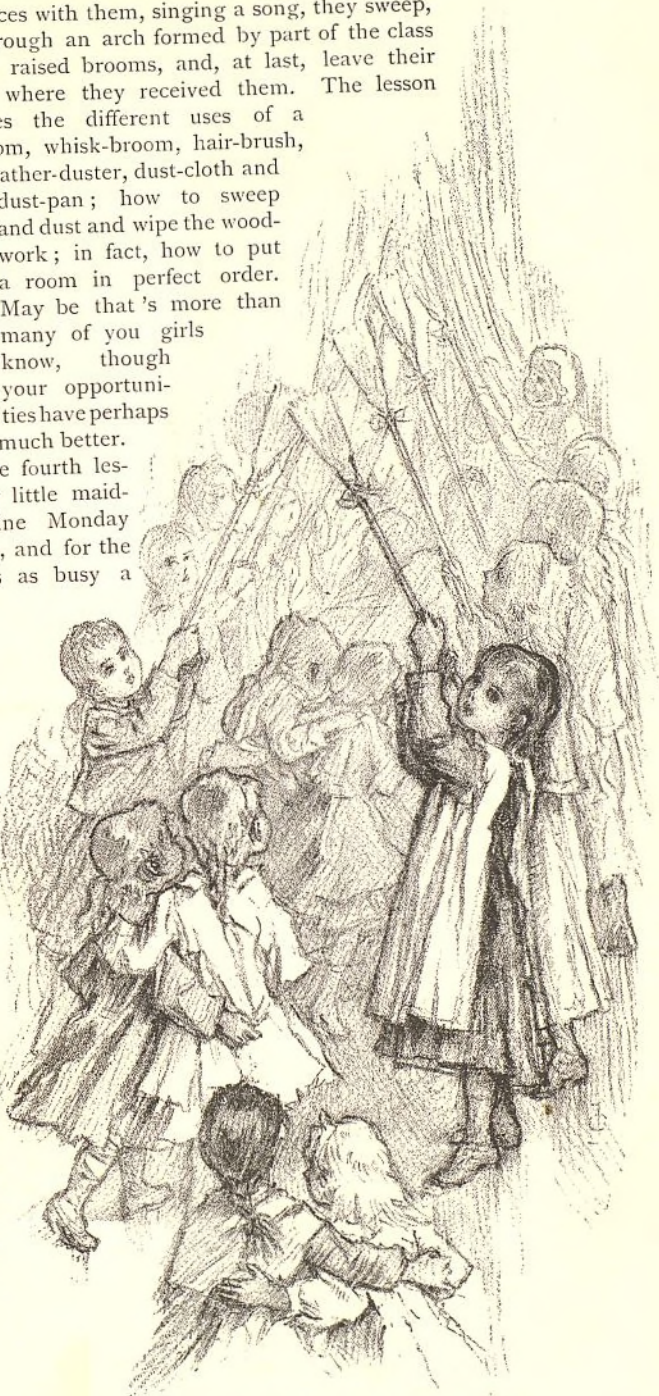
son takes the
ens into a
morning

SHINING BRIGHT!

next ten minutes the school-room is as busy a laundry as you could wish to see.

The tiny tubs and shining little wash-boards are brought out and distributed, and the fresh white clothes-line is hung from clothes-posts set into the four corners of the table. Then each small washerwoman rolls up her sleeves and devotes herself very earnestly to her bag of soiled clothes. And now the scene is lively enough, I assure you, while the busy workers are sorting the clothes rapidly and getting them ready for the hard tussle with the wash-board which they will soon have to undergo. Every part of laundry-work gets its share of attention in this useful play,—for the girls make-believe to heat the water and to boil, rinse and blue the clothes,—but the prettiest sight it affords, I think, is the two rows of sturdy little bare arms, rubbing the clothes up and down, for dear life, over the little wash-boards, and keeping time to the music of this lively song, while the merry voices sing it, to the tune of "Barberry Bush":

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning."



UNDER THE BROOMS THEY SKIP, TWO BY TWO.

You would laugh, too, to see the queer little garments, which are of dolls'-size, dangling from the clothes-line in true wash-day style, and fastened to it by the funniest of baby clothes-pins, an inch and a half long. Taken down from the line with busy little fingers, the



clothes are supposed to be ready for sprinkling, and

"This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,
Sprinkle our clothes, sprinkle our clothes,"

sing the little washerwomen, pretending to sprinkle; then follows

"This is the way we iron our clothes,"

and the fourth lesson ends with the proper motions for ironing.

Scrubbing follows washing, of course, and the little workers, with their three-inch-long scrubbing-brushes polish the table in front of them while they sing with spirit:

"Scrubbing away
At break of day
To make our homes look neatly;
For a good hard scrub is the very best way
To make all smell so sweetly.

Chorus: Then scrub away in your very best way
With face so bright and cheerful;
For a cheery face meets much more grace
Than one that's always tearful."

Nothing that's nice to play is forgotten in this most wonderful school. After the scrubbing, comes jumping the rope, when each girl skips round the room with a rope tied with gay colors, and keeping time to a gallop. And then a play where two girls in the center hold one end of the rope of each girl in the ring, thus forming a wheel, and all sing a

song about the rope,—how they skip with it, hang clothes on it, and so forth.

Now the girls have been playing, and having a nice time for four months,—one month's lesson each week,—and they have learned enough to be trusted with a dinner-table, its different sets of plates, different courses, etc. They learn the proper way of changing the plates and removing the courses, brushing the crumbs away, arranging dessert, and so on; while a "pricking lesson" teaches, in the kindergarten way, the parts of beef and mutton, and how to cut and cook each.

Now, saved to the very last—you'll be amazed!—comes the one crowning delight of you country youngsters—*mud-pies!*

"This is really—really" — says shocked Mamma, and "What can a child learn that is useful in that way, I should like to know," says Aunt Jane, severely.

Truly, dear Mamma and Auntie,—to make real pies. Watch them: the clay (molding-clay, my dears, is the grown-up name of mud) is nice and soft, and the smiling children roll it out, cover their toy pie-plates, cut out their baby biscuits, knead their dolls'-size bread and rolls, play pat-a-cake, and sing a song of the salt, so that they'll never forget to use it when they are big enough to have *clay* to knead instead of *clay*, tied with



"We need it in bread and we
need it in butter.
When boiling potatoes we put
it in water;
We use it in meat and we use
it in pudding.
Indeed we can't cook without
salt."

her whole time in the kitchen teaching them, and, as there were two hundred and fifty to be taught, and only four in the kitchen at a time, so that it would take more than two months to get around once, you can see what a task was before her. Besides, she

Then the mud-pie play is over; but is n't it good that even these poor little city babies, who never saw nice country mud,—that is, wet sand—should really have the fun of pie-making, even though it has to be played in-doors, and is called "molding."

The last play of all is a very pretty "Muffin-ring Exercise," in which the girls sing another lively song, telling how to make muffins for breakfast. Here is a verse:

"Plump little hands you wash them all clean,
And roll up your sleeves till your elbows are seen,
Then in a large apron all cooks should be dressed,
And now you are ready to learn all the rest."

This school, called the Kitchen Garden, is the result of a "happy thought," which arose in this way: Miss Huntington is at the head of the Wilson Industrial School, in which there are two hundred and fifty German girls. The school gives dinner to the scholars every day, and as it was not found practicable to hire enough help to do all the work, four girls were selected from the school-room every day to assist the cook about this meal. To the surprise and dismay of the teacher they were almost utterly useless, because they did not know how to wash a dish nor peel a potato.

Miss Huntington found that she needed to spend

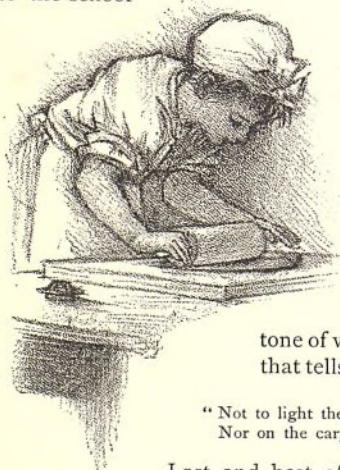


was appalled to think of the girls growing to be women, so ignorant of housework and nice house ways. Looking one day at a kindergarten, the happy thought flashed

"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH
OUR CLOTHES."

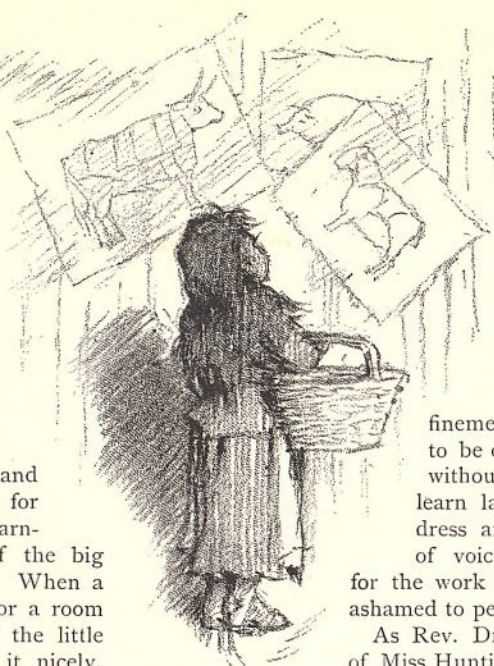
into her mind that kitchen-work could be taught in the same delightful way by plays and songs.

This idea was thought out and put in practice by the earnest woman, and the school has been in operation for three years. You will like to hear how it works, and whether the little ones really learn to do anything. It is simply doing wonders. Poor mothers, whose lives are all hard work, come to the schools and thank the teachers heartily for what their children have learned. The kitchen work of the big school goes on beautifully. When a bed is to be neatly made, or a room properly arranged, one of the little kitchen-gardeners can do it nicely. To the teachers of another Kitchen Garden, at "The Old Brewery Mission" of Five Points,—a most interesting and useful school,—the mothers cannot be thankful enough; they have been taught better ways of doing common things by their little daughters, who have become much more helpful at home, and more neat and pleasant in their ways. One mother was so pleased with the remark of her little four or five year old girl that she came to the school



"MOLDING."

Last and best of all, you will be glad to hear that a kind lady who takes a deep interest in this particular school, has promised to place each girl, who goes through the



READY TO GO TO MARKET.

tone of voice, the couplet, that tells you

"Not to light them on the wall,
Nor on the carpet let them fall."

or any man's, than the idea that girls, poor or rich, could be taught, in great classes, and by the hundred, all the methods of setting the family table, of serving the food, of cleaning knives and forks, of washing dishes and clothes, of sweeping rooms and dusting closets and ceilings,—how to handle knife and fork, broom and duster; how and in what order to take hold of all forms of household work? There is a best way of doing these things, and only trained and experienced housekeepers, by expensively trained servants, have hitherto been able to practice it. Most domestics have proved incapable of learning it,—because they began too late."

But Miss Huntington takes these little girls in time. There is scarcely a thing in the work of an ordinary house-servant that they do not learn something about. Perhaps there was never any one thing that will do so much to help the very poor of New York as this one happy thought will do. It helps the girls themselves to better lives, does good to all with whom they live and associate, influences the parents and homes, and will, in the end, affect the big city itself.

six lessons creditably and is more than twelve years of age, in a situation in a respectable family, where she can earn wages suitable to her years; thus starting her in a life that is useful, and saving her from miseries that you cannot imagine.

Besides the valuable instruction, there is over them, all the time, the influence of ladies of refinement, who teach from desire to be of real use to them; and, without knowing it, the children learn lady-like ways, neatness of dress and of person, quiet tones of voice, and, above all, respect for the work that true ladies are not ashamed to perform.

As Rev. Dr. Bellows says, in writing of Miss Huntington's plan: "What idea of a more valuable and urgent character has lately come into any woman's head,



"THE PRICKING-LESSON."

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MILTON.

BY EMMA BURT.

THREE hundred years ago two men met in the library of a little villa of Arcetini, one mile south of Florence.

It was a picture for a painter. One sat quite motionless in a tall Gothic chair. His square-built, commanding figure was bent, as if at last crushed with the weight of life. His once soft chestnut hair and beard had turned to white. The dark, deep-set eyes were closed, but the face was luminous with thought.

Beside him stood a young man whose beauty had been the marvel and the jest of his associates. An erect and finely proportioned body, surmounted by a head princely in its carriage; the face was without beard, the light-brown waving hair flowed backward. The features were finely cut. The complexion was pure and delicately tinted, and the eyes were a clear, dark gray.

The one was Galileo, philosopher and mathematician, now, in his seventy-fourth year,—after all his toils, and triumphs, and distinguished honors,—prisoner of the Inquisition, confined in his own house, and—blind!

The other was Milton, twenty-nine years of age.

It was a gentle pathway the young man had come. First, his peaceful London home in Bread street, where he was born in the year 1608, at the sign of the "Spread Eagle"; for in those days houses were known by signs instead of numbers. A lovely home, with its books, its music,—of his own father's composing,—the pleasant bustle from his father's business, and the good cheer, and loving-kindness of all. And then, did not the gentle poet, Shakspeare, pass the door now and then on his way to the "Mermaid"?—a house of entertainment near.

Here dwelt the child Milton, a little hard-headed boy, with close-cut hair; clad in a black-braided dress, fitting close around his little neck and arms, and with a lace frill about the neck. Already a studious boy, with a "lovable seriousness" in his face. Here he lived with indulgent parents, his brother and sister, and his Puritan tutor.

Those were royal days, when the attractive child was the beloved center of interest to the household and its circle of genial friends. We can see him watching the grand processions in the street, and feeding the sparrows at the windows, and playing with his games, or bending over his picture-books; or sitting perched on the high stool before the old

organ picking out some melody to please his ear, or leaning attentively beside his fond tutor.

Afterward, he is the lad going daily to St. Paul's school, eager for learning, devoted to his masters, and striving to excel. All along are still that fond mother and father, and that happy home.

Farther on he is the youth in Christ's College, at the University of Cambridge, and has donned its picturesque gown. Here he speeds like a young conqueror through the realms of philosophy, mathematics and letters. But to be a master of these forces is not enough. He must create. He finds all about him thoughts and beauty that have never been told. Language is rich, and it is his. What he finds he turns into a world of words full of power and music. He stands before the gowned masters and fellows, and grand, gay lords and ladies. They listen breathless to his eloquence, and when he ceases there is great applause, and they call him *the* orator and poet of Cambridge.

But his best strength does not come from books nor the grave masters, nor the jovial fellows of his class. He has still his happy and his good father and mother.

At this time his home is transferred from the busy London street where his father had gained a sufficient competence, to the charming village of Horton, with its green meadow, its sky-larks, and primroses beside the trim hedges; its old, old trees, its neighboring gentry, and the distant view of Windsor Castle.

When Milton, therefore, at the age of twenty-three, had finished with Cambridge, he went to Horton and lived at home six years. Those were six golden years. In that quiet rural spot he became, for the first time, thoroughly acquainted with Nature. Nor was he an idle dreamer. Never was there greater mental activity than his. He massed and systematized the vast learning he had gained, and added to his store. Nor was it "all work and no play." There was a delightful charm in the brilliant trappings, the grand music, and romantic doings of his courtly neighbors, who drew him into their high festivities, and made him the poet of their masques. Here he wrote some of his finest verse.

But for what was he preparing? His honesty would not permit him to enter the Church, which then enforced that which he disapproved. In this the father's cherished wish was disappointed. It

was not yet clear to the young man himself what he should do.

Here also, in the quiet of contemplation, became immovably fixed the belief which had grown and strengthened with him, and which is the key to all that is called "Miltonic." It was this:

That a man to be strong must be absolutely pure. That great courage, magnanimity and achievement, are based upon self-respect. That a man should be as perfect as his ideal of a woman. That self-mastery, with disdain of the finical, luxurious and immoral, must be the first conquest. That a great man must be himself unblemished. That a great poet must be himself a poem.

When, therefore, after these six years of steady growth, Milton leaves the home and the loved ones at Horton to travel upon the continent, and presents himself before the aged Galileo, we have in him a picture of a perfect manhood; a poet, the basis of whose nature is solid and fixed; a man among men, with a stoic scorn of temptation; a courageous and self-reliant man, who has earned a spotless title to self-respect, which dignifies his whole bearing and gives it a nobleness that crowns his glorious personal beauty.

Yet was this same man's nature full of grace and melody, and, with all his grandeur of intellect, he had humility before God.

At this time he believed that all his past had been



MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

but preparation, and that before him was a great work to do, which, when finished, the world "would not willingly let die."

Milton, seated beside Galileo, puts questions, and

listens with eager and intense interest to the discourse of the brilliant philosopher. And then they go forth into the garden, the broken man leaning upon the strong, young arm; and, as they go, Galileo talks of his vines, which he used to prune, of his "lady mule," of the two pigeons in the dove-cote, of the vases holding the orange-trees, which were shattered by a storm while he was in Rome by order of the Inquisition. And he points to the distant convent of St. Matthew, where but now his beloved daughter, Celeste, had died. He calls her a person of "most exquisite mind," for whom he continually grieves. She who, though parted from him, had cared for him, and fed him on courage and strength out of her deep love,—she had gone out of the world along with his liberty and his daylight. Her sweet, homely attentions,—the chocolate biscuit, the baked pear or quince, or cup of preserved citron, the stitches taken by her fingers,—the persistent forgetfulness. He misses her in every way.

He speaks of his former delight in his garden and his pleasure in a rural life.

"The book of Nature," he says, "is written in the characters of geometry; when once their meaning is revealed, we may hope to penetrate Nature's deepest mysteries." To young Milton the book of Nature seems equally written in characters of poesy.

They continue their way past the bean-vines and the pear and plum and lemon trees, to the tower where reposes unused the famous telescope. And the blind man says sadly:

"We can ill afford to lose one of our senses. The principal doors into the garden of natural philosophy are observation and experiment, and these are opened with the keys of our senses.

"I am hopelessly blind, so that this heaven and this earth—which I, by my discoveries and demonstrations, had enlarged a hundred thousand times beyond the belief of the wise men of by-gone ages—henceforward is shrunk for me into such small space as is filled by my own sensations.

"I must be content. Of all the sons of Adam, none yet have seen so much as I."

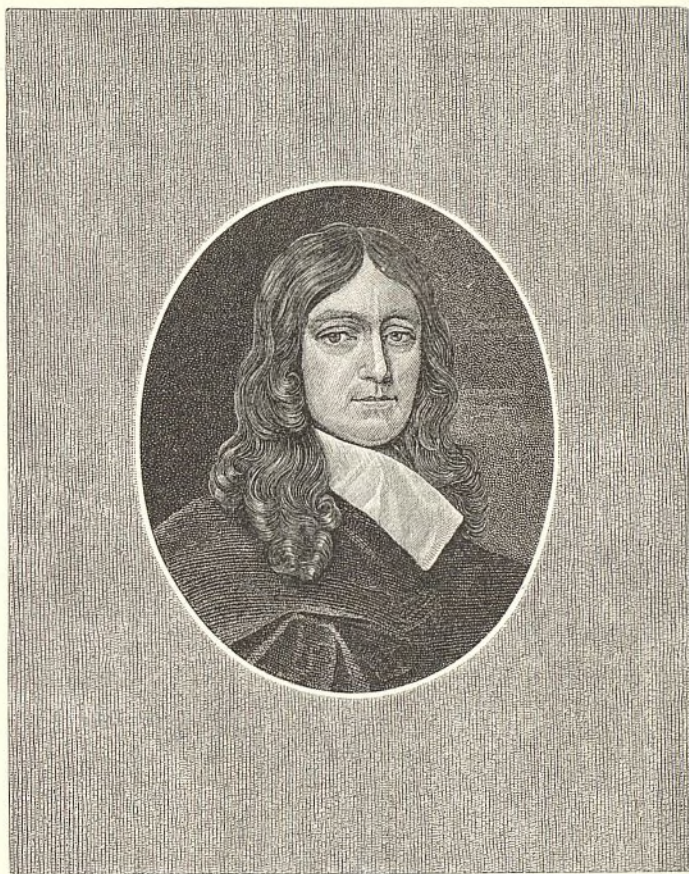
And then they leave the tower, and return to the room whence they had come, and the aged man continues: "I have studied and wept too much! Sir, you cannot know the great difference between using one's own eyes and those of another."

Then the blind old man sits down to his lute, and comforts his soul with its sweet music.

Next, Milton takes rooms in London, and gathers his books about him; and, while teaching his nephews, begins to lay out great literary schemes.

Among numerous other subjects, he thinks of "Paradise Lost," and even writes out a plan of the great poem. He decides that it shall be written in English rather than Latin, the language of learned Europe.

changes in his home affairs,—his marriage with Mary Powell; the births of three children, Deborah, Anne, and Mary; and the death of his wife. His domestic life often was clouded. Twice again



MILTON IN MANHOOD.

Soon he sees that these poetic thinkings must be abandoned. His country is in distraction; civil war is coming. And when his country and his God require him, shall he be "dumb as a beast"? The need of strong prose, written on every subject that affected liberty, was now greater than the need of an immortal poem.

Thus, in his thirty-third year, his public life began. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet in the interest of freedom and the Commonwealth. But while the clear and glowing eloquence of those writings aided the Puritans greatly, it also enraged the Cavaliers. By his bold utterances at this time, Milton brought upon himself a storm of fury which lasted through the best years of his life.

During this time there were speedy and great

changes in his home affairs,—his marriage with Mary Powell; the births of three children, Deborah, Anne, and Mary; and the death of his wife. His domestic life often was clouded. Twice again

He saw his king, Charles I., beheaded, and thought the deed a just one. The Commonwealth was set up, and then Milton was made Secretary of State. Next the Commonwealth went down and the young king went up, and Milton was hunted and persecuted and impoverished. The money he had lent parliament was lost. He was robbed by fire and imperiled by the plague, and, like Galileo, he at last became blind.

Fourteen years before his death he left public life, with the decision he had come to when entering it. His battle was now fought. He retired to the

shelter and seclusion of his home, and in his blindness, composed the greatest epic that was ever sung—his "Paradise Lost."

What is great and abiding does not grow up effortless. There had come to Milton, too, at last, the slow years of groping without sight. Other

wrote for him, hour after hour, and day after day, while he listened with that seeing ear, and dictated his immortal lines.

But as the years rolled on, his daughters often became weary of reading languages they did not comprehend, only for the purpose of aiding him



"THEY READ AND WROTE FOR HIM, HOUR AFTER HOUR."

eyes must find his material; other voices must make it known to him; other fingers must hold the pen.

His daughters felt "great tenderness" for this man—so beautiful in age. They were charmed with his "delightful company, his flow of subject, and unaffected cheerfulness." And they read and

in writings that seemed to them very grand and beautiful, but not, they thought, of any great use further than to divert his mind; for if ever finished and sold, the poem, very likely, would bring only a few pounds into the family treasury.

So he leaves his daughters more and more to

their girlish interests, and takes such other helps as come to hand; yet he never deviates from his purpose.

Great was the anguish of groping to control the petty details of his matchless work. From inaccuracy of words, down to punctuation, it was the pitiful sight of a giant in chains.

Now he remembers the words of Galileo about the difference between using your own hands and eyes and those of another.

But while those eyes, seemingly perfect as ever, saw nothing, the mind grew boundless and prophetic in vision.

And with this man, long used to mastery, at last, "neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic

patience." "The strength of his mind overcame every calamity."

These are the words of Macaulay, and he adds, "we can almost fancy we are visiting him, in his small lodgings, that we see him sitting at the old organ, beneath the faded green hangings * * that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction."

Down the years to us "is echoed his poem on his blindness, with these closing words:

"Doth God require day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait!"

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XI.

REGAL PROJECTS.

THE next morning, we all went around to see the queen, and on the way we tried to arrange our affair. I was only sorry that my old school-fellows were not there, to go into the thing with us. There could n't have been better fun for our boys, than to get up a revolution, and set up a dethroned queen. But they were not there, and I determined to act as their representative as well as I could.

We three—Corny, Rectus and I—were agreed that the re-enthronement—we could think of no better word for the business—should be done as quietly and peacefully as possible. It was of no use, we thought, to make a great fuss about what we were going to do. We would see that this African ex-sovereignty was placed in a suitable regal station, and then we would call upon her countrymen to acknowledge her rank.

"It is n't really necessary for her to do any governing," said Rectus. "Queens do very little of that. Look at Queen Victoria! Her Prime Minister and Parliament run the country. If the African governor here is a good man, the queen can take him for a Prime Minister. Then he can just go along and do what he always did. If she is acknowledged to be the queen, that's all she need want."

"That's so," said Corny. "And above all there must be no blood shed."

"None of yours, any way," said I; and Rectus tapped his bean, significantly.

Rectus had been chosen Captain of this revolutionary coalition, because Corny, who held the controlling vote, said that she was afraid I had not gone into the undertaking, heart and soul, as Rectus had. Otherwise, she would have voted for me, as the oldest of the party. I did not make any objections, and was elected Treasurer. Corny said that the only office she had ever held was that of Librarian, in a girls' society, but as we did not expect to need a Librarian in this undertaking, we made her Secretary and Manager of Restoration, which, we thought, would give her all the work that she could stand under.

I suggested that there was one sub-officer or employé, that we should be sure to need, and who should be appointed before we commenced operations. This was an emissary. Proper communications between ourselves and the populace would be difficult, unless we obtained the service of some intelligent and whole-souled darkey. My fellow revolutionists agreed with me, and, after a moment of reflection, Corny shouted that she had thought of the very person.

"It's a girl!" she cried. "And it's Priscilla!"
We all knew Priscilla. It would have been

impossible to be at the hotel for a week and not know her. After breakfast, and after dinner, there was always a regular market, at the entrance of the hotel, under the great arched porch, where the boarders sat and made themselves comfortable after meals. The dealers were negroes of every age,—men, women, boys, and girls, and they brought everything they could scrape up, that they thought visitors might buy,—fruit, shells, sponges, flowers, straw hats, canes, and more traps than I can remember. Some of them had very nice things, and others would have closed out their stock for seven cents. The liveliest and brightest of all these, was a tall, slim, black, elastic, smooth-tongued young girl, named Priscilla. She nearly always wore shoes, which distinguished her from her fellow country-women. Her eyes sparkled like a fire-cracker of a dark night, and she had a mind as sharp as a fish-hook. The moment Corny mentioned her she was elected emissary.

We determined, however, to be very cautious in disclosing our plans to her. We would sound her, first, and make a regular engagement with her.

"It will be a first-rate thing for me," said Corny, "to have a girl to go about with me, for mother said, yesterday, that it would n't do for me to be so much with boys. It looked Tom-boyish, she said, though she thought you two were very good for boys."

"Are you going to tell your father and mother about this?" asked Rectus.

"I think I'll tell mother," said Corny, "because I ought to, and I don't believe she'll object, if I have a girl along with me. But I don't think I'll say anything to father just yet. I'm afraid he'd join."

Rectus and I agreed that it might be better to postpone saying anything to Mr. Chipperton.

It was very true that the queen did not live in a palace. Her house was nearly large enough to hold an old-fashioned four-posted bedstead, such as they have at my Aunt Sarah's. The little room that was cut off from the main apartment, was really too small to count. The queen was hard at work, sitting on her door-stone by the side of her bits of sugar-cane and pepper-pods. There were no customers. She was a good-looking old body, about sixty, perhaps, but tall and straight enough for all queenly purposes.

She arose and shook hands with us, and then stepped into her door-way and courtesied. The effect was very fine.

"This is dreadful!" said Corny. "She ought to give up this pepper-pod business right away. If I could only talk to her, I'd make her understand. But I must go get somebody for an interpreter."

And she ran off to one of the neighboring huts.

"If this thing works," said Rectus, "we ought to hire a regular interpreter."

"It wont do to have too many paid officials," said I, "but we'll see about that."

Corny soon returned with a pleasant-faced woman, who undertook to superintend our conversation with the queen.

"What's her name—to begin with?" asked Corny, of the woman.

"Her African name is Poqua-dilla, but here they call her Jane Henderson, when they talk of her. She knows that name, too. We all has to have English names."

"Well, we don't want any Jane Henderson," said Corny. "Poqua-dilla! that's a good name for a queen. But what we first want is to have her stop selling things at the front door. We'll do better for her than that."

"Is you goin' to sen' her to the 'sylum?" asked the woman.

"The asylum," exclaimed Corny. "No, indeed! You'll see. She's to live here, but she's not to sell pepper-pods, or anything else."

"Well, young missy," said the woman, "you better buy 'em of her. I reckon she'll sell out for 'bout fourpence."

This was a sensible proposition, and, as treasurer, I bought the stock, the queen having signified her willingness to the treaty by a dignified nod and a courtesy. She was very much given to style, which encouraged us a good deal.

"Now then," said Rectus, who thought it was about time that the captain should have something to say, "you must tell her that she is n't to lay in any more stock. This is to be the end of her mercantile life."

I don't believe the woman translated all of this speech, but the queen gave another nod and courtesy, and I pocketed the peppers to keep as trophies. The other things we kept, to give to the children and make ourselves popular.

"How much do you think it would cost," asked Corny of me, "to make this place a little more like a palace?"

I made a rough sort of a calculation, and came to the conclusion that the room could be made a little more like a palace for about eight dollars.

"That's cheap enough," said Rectus to me. "You and I'll each give four dollars."

"No, indeed!" said Corny. "I'm going to give some. How much is three into eight?"

"Two and two-thirds," said I, "or, in this case, two dollars, sixty-six cents and some sixes over."

"All right!" said Corny, "I'll ask father for three dollars. There ought to be something for extras. I'll tell mother what I want it for, and that will satisfy him. He can know afterward. I

don't think he ought to worry his lung with anything like this."

"She wont want a throne," said Rectus, turning the conversation from Mr. Chipperton, "for she has a very good rocking-chair, which could be fixed up."

"Yes," said I, "it could be cushioned. She might do it herself."

"Some of 'em do," I said. "There was the throne of France, you know."

"Well, then, that will be all right," said Corny; "and how about a crown and scepter?"

"Oh, we wont want a scepter," I said; "that sort of thing's pretty old-fashioned. But we ought to have a crown, so as to make a difference between her and the other people."



THE VISIT TO THE QUEEN.

At this, the colored woman made a remark to the queen, but what it was we did not know.

"Of course she could," said Corny. "Queens work. Queen Victoria etches on steel."

"I don't believe Porker-miller can do that," said Rectus, "but I guess she can pad her chair."

"Do thrones rock?" asked Corny.

"How much are crowns?" asked Corny, in a thoughtful tone.

"Various prices," I answered; "but I think we can make one, that will do very well, for about fifty cents. I'll undertake to make the brass part, if you'll cushion it."

"Brass!" exclaimed Corny, in astonishment.

"You don't suppose we can get gold, do you?" I asked, laughing.

"Well, no," she said, but not quite satisfied.

"And there must be a flag and a flag-pole," said Rectus. "But what sort of a flag are we going to have?"

"The African flag," said Corny, confidently.

None of us knew what the African flag was, although Corny suggested that it was probably black. But I told her that if we raised a black flag before the queen's palace, we should bring down the authorities on us, sure. They'd think we had started a retail piratical establishment.

We now took leave of the queen, and enjoined her neighbor to impress on her mind the necessity of not using her capital to lay in a new stock of goods. Leaving a quarter of a dollar with her, for contingent expenses during the day, we started for home.

"I tell you what it is," said I, "we must settle this matter of revenue pretty soon. If she don't sell peppers and sugar-cane she'll have to be supported, in some way, and I'm sure we can't do it."

"Her subjects ought to attend to that," said Rectus.

"But she has n't got any yet," I answered.

"That's a fact," said Corny. "We must get her a few to start with."

"Hire 'em, do you mean?" asked Rectus.

"No; call upon them in the name of their country and their queen," she replied.

"I think it would be better, at first," said I, "to call upon them in the name of about twopence a head. Then, when we get a nice little body of adherents to begin with, the other subjects will fall in, of their own accord, if we manage the thing right."

"There's where the emissary will come in," said Rectus. "She can collect adherents."

"We must engage her this very day," said Corny. "And now, what about the flag? We have n't settled that yet."

"I think," said I, "that we'd better invent a flag. When we get back to the hotel, we can each draw some designs, and the one we choose can easily be made up. We can buy the stuff anywhere."

"I'll sew it," said Corny.

"Do you think," said Rectus, who had been reflecting, "that the authorities of this place will object to our setting up a queen?"

"Can't tell," I said. "But I hardly think they will. They don't object to the black governor, and our queen wont interfere with them in any way that I can see. She will have nothing to do with anybody but those native Africans, who keep to themselves, any way."

"If anybody should trouble us, who would it be? Soldiers or the policemen? How many soldiers have they here?" asked Corny.

"There's only one company now in the barracks," said Rectus. "I was down there. There are two men-of-war in the harbor, but one of them's a Spanish vessel, and I'm pretty sure she would n't bother us."

"Is that all?" said Corny, in a tone of relief.

I did n't want to dash her spirits, but I remarked that there were a good many policemen in the town.

"And they're all colored men," said Corny. "I'd hate to have any of them coming after us."

"The governor of the colony is at the head of the army, police and all, is n't he?" said Rectus.

"Yes," I answered.

"And I know where he lives," put in Corny. "Let's go and see him, sometime, and ask him about it."

This was thought to be a good idea, and we agreed to consider it at our next meeting.

"As to revenue," said Rectus, just before we reached the hotel, "I don't believe these people have much money to give for the support of a queen, and so I think they ought to bring in provisions. The whole thing might be portioned out. She ought to have so many conchs a week, so many sticks of sugar-cane, and so many yams and other stuff. This might be fixed so that it would n't come hard on anybody."

Corny said she guessed she'd have to get a little book to put these things down, so that we could consider them in order.

I could not help noticing that there was a good deal of difference between Corny and Rectus, although they were much alike, too. Corny had never learned much, but she had a good brain in her head and she could reason out things pretty well, when she had anything in the way of a solid fact to start with. Rectus was better on things he'd heard reasoned out. He seemed to know a good thing when it came before him, and he remembered it, and often brought it in very well. But he had n't had much experience in reasoning on his own account, although he was getting more in practice every day.

Corny was just as much in earnest as she was the first day we saw her, but she seemed to have grown more thoughtful. Perhaps this was on account of her having important business on hand. Her thoughtfulness, however, did not prevent her from saying some very funny things. She spoke first and did her thinking afterward. But she was a good girl, and I often wished my sister knew her. Helen was older, to be sure, but she could have learned a great deal from Corny.

That afternoon, we had a meeting up in the silk-cotton tree, and Priscilla, who had sold out her small stock of flowers in the hotel-door market, was requested to be present. A variety-show, consisting of about a dozen young darkies with their baskets and strings of sponges, accompanied her up the steps; but she was ordered to rout them, and she did it in short order. When we were alone, Rectus, as captain, began to state to her what we desired of her; but he was soon interrupted by Corny, who could do a great deal more talking in a given time than he could, and who always felt that she ought to begin early, in order to get through in good season.

"Now, Priscilla," said Corny, "in the first place, you must promise never to tell what we are going to say to you."

Priscilla promised in a flash.

"We want you, then," continued Corny, "to act as our emissary, or general agent, or errand-girl, if you don't know what the other two things mean."

"I'll do dat, missy," said Priscilla. "Whar you want me to go?"

"Nowhere just now," said Corny. "We want to engage you by the day, to do whatever we tell you."

"Cahn't do dat, missy. Got to sell flowers and roses. Sell 'em for de fam'ly, missy."

"But in the afternoon you can come," said Corny. "There is n't any selling done then. We'll pay you."

"How much?" asked Priscilla.

This question was referred to me, and I offered sixpence a day.

The money in this place is English, of course, as it is an English colony; but there are so many visitors from the United States, that American currency is as much in use, for large sums, as the pounds-shillings-and-pence arrangement. But all sums under a quarter are reckoned in English money,—pennies, halfpennies, four, six and eight-pences, and that sort of thing. One of our quarters passes for a shilling, but a silver dime wont pass in the shops. The darkies will take them—or almost anything else—as a gift. I did n't have to get our money changed into gold. I got a draft on a Nassau house, and generally drew greenbacks. But I saw, pretty plainly, that I could n't draw very much for this new monarchical undertaking, and stay in Nassau as long as we had planned.

"A whole afternoon," exclaimed Priscilla, "for sixpence!"

"Why not?" I asked. "That's more than you generally make all day."

"Only sixpence!" said Priscilla, looking as if her tender spirit had been wounded. Corny glanced

at me with an air that suggested that I ought to make a rise in the price, but I had dealt with these darkies before.

"That's all," I said.

"All right then, boss," said Priscilla. "I'll do it. What you want me to do?"

The colored people generally gave the name "boss" to all white men, and I was pleased to see that Priscilla said boss to me much more frequently than to Rectus.

We had a talk with her about her duties, and each of us had a good deal to say. We made her understand—at least we hoped so—that she was to be on hand, every afternoon, to go with Corny, if necessary, whenever we went out on our trips to the African settlement; and, after giving her an idea of what we intended doing with the queen,—which interested her very much indeed, and seemed to set her on pins and needles to see the glories of the new reign—we commissioned her to bring together about twenty sensible and intelligent Africans, so that we could talk to them, and engage them as subjects for the re-enthroned queen.

"What's ole Goliah Brown goin' to say 'bout dat?" said Priscilla.

"Who's he?" we asked.

"He's de Afrikin gubner. He rule 'em all."

"Oh!" said Rectus, "he's all right. We're going to make him prime minister."

I was not at all sure that he was all right, and proposed that Rectus and I should go to his house in the evening, when he was at home, and talk to him about it.

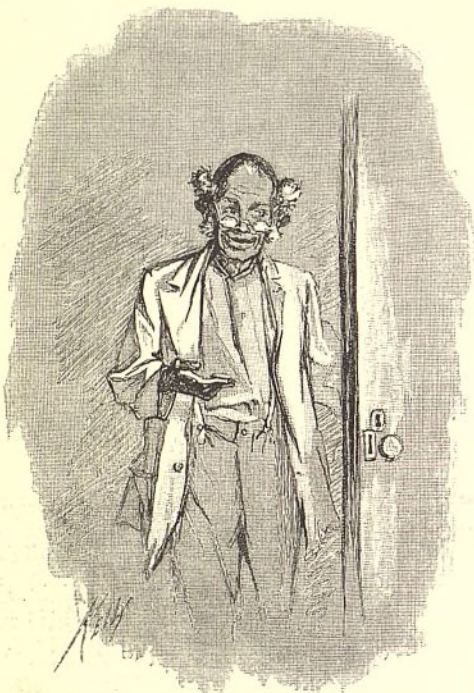
"Yes, and we'll all go and see the head governor to-morrow morning," said Corny.

We had our hands completely full of diplomatic business.

The meeting of the adherents was appointed for the next afternoon. We decided to have it on the Queen's Stair-way, which is a long flight of steps, cut in the solid limestone, and leading up out of a deep and shadowy ravine, where the people of the town many years ago cut out the calcareous material for their houses. There has been no stone cut here for a long time, and the walls of the ravine, which stand up as straight as the wall of a house, are darkened by age and a good deal covered up by vines. At the bottom, on each side of the pathway which runs through the ravine to the town, bushes and plants of various semi-tropical kinds grow thick and close. At the top of the flight of stairs are open fields and an old fort. Altogether, this was considered a quiet and suitable place for a meeting of a band of revolutionists. We could not have met in the silk-cotton tree, for we should have attracted too much attention, and, besides, the hotel-clerk would have routed us out.

CHAPTER XII.
RECTUS LOSES RANK.

AFTER supper, Rectus and I went to see the African governor, Goliah Brown. He was a good-natured old colored man, who lived in a house a trifle better than most of those inhabited by his



"ALL RIGHT," SAID GOLIAH, WITH A SMILE."

fellow-countrymen. The main room was of a fair size, and there was a center-table, with some books on it.

When we saw this, we hesitated. Could we ask a man who owned books, and could probably read, to play second fiddle to a woman who could not speak the English language, and who for years, perhaps, had devoted the energies of her soul to the sale of pepper-pods?

However, the office of prime minister was no trifle, and many more distinguished and more learned men than Goliah Brown have been glad to get it. Besides this, we considered that blood is blood, and, in monarchical countries, a queen is a queen. This was a colony of a monarchy, and we would push forward the claims of Poqua-dilla the First. We called her "The First," because, although she may have had a good many ancestors of her name in Africa, she certainly started the line in the Bahamas.

Goliah proved himself a steady-going talker. He seemed pleased to have us call on him, and

told us the whole story of the capture of himself and the rest of the Africans. We had heard pretty much all of it before, but, of course, we had to politely listen to it again.

When he finished, we asked a few questions about the queen, and finding that Goliah admitted her claims to royal blood, we told him what we proposed to do, and boldly asked him to take the position of prime minister in the African community.

At first, he did not understand, and we had to go over the thing two or three times before he saw into it. Then, it was evident that he could not see what business this was of ours, and we had to explain our motives, which was some trouble, because we had not quite straightened them out, in our own minds.

Then he wanted to know which was the head person, a queen or a prime minister. We set forth the strict truth to him in this matter. We told him that although a queen in a well regulated monarchy actually occupies the highest place, that the prime minister is the fellow who does the real governing. He thought this might all be so, but he did not like the idea of having any one, especially Jane Henderson, as he called her, in a position higher than his own. We did not say anything to him, then, about giving the queen her English name, because we supposed that he had been used to speak of her in that way, to white people, but we determined to refer to this when matters should be settled.

He was so set in his own opinion on this point of position, that we were afraid we should be obliged to give the thing up. He used very good arguments, too. He said that he had been elected to his present office by his fellow Africans; that he had held it a long time; that he did n't think the rest of his people wanted him to give it up, and he did n't think he wanted to give it up himself. A prime minister might be all very well, but he did n't know anything about it. He knew what it was to be governor, and was very well satisfied to leave things as they were.

This was dampening. Just as the old fellow thought he had settled the matter, a happy thought struck me: we might make the monarchy an independent arrangement. Perhaps Goliah would have no objection to that, provided we did not interfere with his governorship. If Poqua-dilla should be recognized as a queen, and crowned, and provided with an income sufficient to keep her out of any retail business, it was about all she could expect, at her time of life. She certainly would not care to do any governing. The few subjects that we should enlist would be more like courtiers than anything else.

I called Rectus to the door, and suggested this arrangement to him. He thought it would be better than nothing, and that it would be well to mention it.

We did this, and Goliah thought a while.

"Ef I lets her be call queen," he said, "an' she jist stay at home an' min' her own business, an' don' run herse'f agin me, no way, how much you s'pose she able to gib fur dat?"

Rectus and I went again to the front door to consult, and when we came back, we said we thought she would be able to give a dollar.

"All right," said Goliah, with a smile. "She kin jist go ahead, and be queen. On'y don' let her run herse'f agin me."

This suited us, and we paid the dollar and came away.

"More cash!" said Rectus, as we walked home.

"Yes," said I, "but what troubles me is that queen's income. I don't see now where it's to come from, for old Goliah wont allow his people to be taxed for her, that's certain."

Rectus agreed that things looked a little bluish, but he thought we might pay the income ourselves, until after the coronation, and then we could see

the army and navy, although she made light of them,—and so she thought it would be a good thing to see whether or not we should have to combat with all these forces, if we should carry out our plans. We took Priscilla along with us on Corny's account. It would look respectable for her to have an attendant. This being an extra job, Priscilla earned two sixpences that day.

The governor lived in a fine house, on the hill back of the town, and although we all knew where it was, Priscilla was of great use to us here, for she took us in at a side gate, where we could walk right up to the door of the governor's office, without going to the grand entrance, at the front of the house, where the English flag was flying. There was a red-coated soldier standing just in the doorway, and when we saw him, we put ourselves on our stiffest behavior. We told Priscilla to wait outside, in the path, and to try and behave so that people would think there was a pretty high-toned party inside. We then went up to the red-coat and asked to see the governor. The soldier looked at us a little queerly, and went back into the house.

He staid a good while, but when he came out he told us to follow him, and took us through a hall



"A SIDE GATE."

what else could be done. This was n't much of a plan, but I could n't think of anything better.

The next day, about noon, we all went to see the real governor of the colony. Rectus and I did n't care much about doing this, but Corny insisted on it. She was afraid of the police,—and probably of

into a room where two gentlemen were sitting at desks. One of these jumped up and came to meet us.

"There is the secretary," said the soldier in a low voice to me, and then he left us.

We now had to ask the secretary if we could see

the governor. He inquired our business, but we did not seem anxious to tell him.

"Anything private?" he said, with a smile.

"Well, sir," said I, "it's not exactly private, but it's not a very easy thing to put straight before anybody, and if it don't make any difference, we'd rather not have to tell it twice."

He hesitated for a minute, and then he said he'd see, and went into another room.

"Now, look here," I whispered to Rectus, "if you're captain, you've got to step up and do the talking. It is not my place."

The secretary now returned and said the governor could give us a few minutes. I think the probability was that he was curious to know what two boys and a girl could want with him.

The governor's office, into which we now were shown, was a large room, with plenty of book-cases and shelves against the walls, and in the middle of the floor a big table which was covered with papers, packages of manuscript tied up with tape, and every kind of thing necessary to make matters look as if business was brisk in these islands. The governor himself was a tall, handsome gentleman, not old a bit, as Corny put it afterward, and dressed all in white linen, which gave him an air of coolness and cleanness that was quite agreeable to us after our walk in the sun. He was sitting at one end of the long table, and he politely motioned us to seats at one side of him. I expect the secretary arranged the chairs before we came in. We made our manners and sat down.

"Well," said he, "what can I do for you?"

If Corny had not been along, I don't believe he would have seen us at all. There can be nothing attractive to a governor about two boys. But almost any one would take an interest in a girl like Corny. The secretary was very polite to her.

Rectus now gave his throat a little clearing, and pushed off.

"Our business with you, sir, is to see about doing something for a poor queen, a very good and honest woman——"

"A poor but honest queen!" interrupted the governor, with a smile.

"Oh, he don't mean a common queen," said Corny, quickly. "He means a black queen,—an African,—born royal, but taken prisoner when young, and brought here, and she lives over there in the African settlements, and sells peppers, but is just as much a queen as ever, you know, sir, for selling things on a door-step can't take the royal blood out of a person."

"Oh no, indeed!" said the governor, and he looked very much tickled.

"And this poor woman is old, now, and has no revenue, and has to get along as well as she can,

which is pretty poorly, I know, and nobody ever treats her any better than if she had been born a common person, and we want to give her a chance of having as many of her rights as she can before she dies."

"At any rate," said Rectus, who had been waiting for a chance to make a fresh start, "if we can't give her all her royal rights, we want to let her know how it feels to be a queen, and to give her a little show among her people."

"You are talking of an old native African woman?" said the governor, looking at Corny. "I have heard of her. It seems to be generally agreed that she belonged to a royal family in one of the African tribes. And you want to restore her to her regal station?"

"We can't do that, of course," said Corny; "but we do think she's been shamefully used, and all we want to do is to have her acknowledged by her people. She need not do any ruling. We'll fix her up so that she'll look enough like a queen for those dreadfully poor people."

"Yes," put in Rectus, who had been getting warm on the subject, "they are dreadfully poor, but she's the poorest of the lot, and it's a shame to see how she, a regular queen, has to live, while a governor, who was not anybody before he got his place, lives in the best house, with tables and books, and everything he wants, for all I know, and a big flag in front of his door as if he was somebody great, and ——"

"What?" said the governor, pretty quick and sharp, and turning around square on Rectus.

"Oh, he don't mean you!" said Corny. "He's talking about the black governor, Goliah Brown."

"Ah, indeed!" said he, turning away from Rectus as if he did not like his looks. "And what does Brown think of all this?"

I thought I'd better say a word or two now, because I did not know where Rectus would fetch us up next, if we should give him another chance, and so I said to the governor that I knew Goliah Brown would make no objections to the plan, because we had talked it over with him, and he had agreed to it.

"Well, then, what do you want that I should do for you?" said the governor to Corny.

"Oh, nothing sir," said she, "but just to make it all safe for us. We did not know exactly what the rules were on this island, and so we thought we'd come and see you about it. We don't want the policemen, or the soldiers or sailors, or anybody, to get after us."

"There is no rule here against giving a queen her rights," said the governor, who seemed to be in a good humor as long as he talked to Corny, "and no one shall interfere with you, provided you

do not commit any disorder, and I'm sure you will not do that."

"Oh no!" said Corny; "we just intend to have a little coronation, and to ask the people to remember that she's a queen and not a pepper-pod woman; and if you could just give us a paper permission, and sign it, we should—at least I should—feel a good deal easier."

"You shall have it," said the governor, and he took some paper and a pen.

"It seems a little curious," said he to Corny, as he dipped his pen in the ink, "that I should serve a queen, and have a queen under me at the same time, does n't it?"

"Kind o' sandwiched," remarked Rectus, who had a face like frozen brass.

The governor went on writing, and Corny and I looked at Rectus as if we would singe his hair.

"You are all from the Statcs, I suppose," said the governor.

I said we were.

"What are your names?" he asked, looking at Corny first.

"Cornelia V. Chipperton," said Corny, and he wrote that down. Then he looked at me.

"William Taylor Gordon," said I. When the governor had put that on his paper, he just gave his head a little wag toward Rectus. He did n't look at him.

"My name is Samuel Colbert," said Rectus.

Corny turned short on him, with eyes wide open.

"Samuel!" she said in a sort of theater-whisper.

"Now then," said the governor, "this paper will show that you have full permission to carry out your little plans, provided that you do nothing that may create any disorder. If the woman—your queen, I mean—has been in the habit of earning her own livelihood, don't make a pauper of her." And he gave us a general look as if the time had come to say good-bye. So we got up and thanked him, and he shook hands with us, Rectus and all, and we came away.

We found Priscilla sitting cross-legged on the grass outside, pitching pennies.

"That thar red-coat he want to sen' me off," said she, "but I tole him my missy and bosses was inside, and I boun' to wait fur 'em, er git turned off. So he le' me stay."

Corny, for a wonder, did not reprove Priscilla for giving the sentinel the idea that her employers hired penny-pitchers to follow them around, but she walked on in silence until we were out of the grounds. Then she turned to Rectus and said:

"I thought your name was Rectus!"

"It is n't," said he. "It's Samuel."

This was no sort of an answer to give Corny, and so I explained that Rectus was his school name; that he was younger than most of us, and that we used to call him Young Rectus; but that I had pretty much dropped the "young" since we had been traveling together. It did n't appear to be needed.

"But why did you call him Rectus, when his name's Samuel?" asked Corny.

"Well," said I, laughing, "it seemed to suit him."

This was all that was said about the matter, for Priscilla came up and said she must hurry home, and that she'd like to have her sixpence, and that changed the subject, for we were out of small money and could only make up eleven halfpence among us. But Priscilla agreed to trust us until evening for the other "hoppenny."

Corny did n't say much on the way home, and she looked as if she was doing some private thinking. I suppose, among other things, she thought that as I considered it all right to call Rectus Rectus, she might as well do it herself, for she said:

"Rectus, I don't think you're as good at talking as Will is. I move we have a new election for captain."

"All right," said Rectus, "I'm agreed."

You could n't make that boy angry. We held a meeting just as we got to the hotel, and he and Corny both voted for me.

(To be continued.)



THE HOTEL AT NASSAU.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ARTHUR AND ROMEO.



ARTHUR likes to play that he is a street-car driver, that Romeo is his horse, that a chair turned upside down is the car, and that Jemima is a young lady taking a ride on her way to do some shopping. You can see Jemima in the picture, sitting with her back to the driver.

Romeo, it is true, does not look in the least like a horse. But it's just as much fun to drive him, and Arthur knows that there are places where people ride on elephants, and use them to drag carts and wagons; and he says: "An elfant is a gweat deal stwonger than a horse; and pootty fast, too. Why should n't a elfant dwaw a stweet car? Get up, Womeo!"

But, this time, Romeo went too fast; so Arthur called to him: "Whoa—whoa! Hold up now, Womeo! Don't you hear the lady on the back seat wants to say somefing? I never did see such a elfant. Whoa, I say!"

Then he turned around to Jemima, and asked in a polite voice:

"What did you say, ma'am? The car makes such a noise, bumping on the stones, I can't hear a word! I s'pect you've got the cwoup, or somefing. Well, ma'am, I can't make out what you say; and oh, there's about seventy-'leven people waiting on the corner!"

"Miss Jemima says that Billy is coming up the street and through the gate," said Arthur's mamma, who sat by the window reading.

"Oh, goody—goody—goody!" cried Arthur, as he jumped off the car. Jemima fell on her face, and Romeo on his back; but Arthur did

not stop to pick them up. He put on his hat and ran just as fast as he could out into the yard, and there he met Billy.

Billy was his Uncle Tom's little dog, and Arthur was very fond of him. He was never cross nor ugly, and knew a great many pretty tricks. He could stand on his hind legs, and shake hands, and "speak," and jump backward and forward through a little hoop, and be "dead," and come "alive" again, and do ever so many other things. Arthur was never tired of playing with Billy, though Billy was sometimes a little tired of going through his tricks for Arthur. While Billy stayed, poor Romeo and Jemima were forgotten; but as soon as he went away, Romeo had to go to work again, and Jemima took another ride.



HARKEE, harkee to the clock,—

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"

This the pretty clock doth say
All the night and all the day.

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"

Tell me, tell me, pretty clock,—

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"—

Is this all that you can say
All the night and all the day?
And the clock makes answer quick,
"Tock, tick, tock, tick!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now the noisy winds are still;
 April's coming up the hill!
 All the Spring is in her train,
 Led by shining ranks of rain:
 Pit, pat, patter, patter,
 Sudden sun, and patter, patter!—
 First the blue, and then the shower,
 Bursting bud, and smiling flower,
 Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
 Birds too full of song to sing;
 Dry old leaves astir with pride,
 Where the timid violets hide,—
 All things ready with a will,—
 April's coming up the hill!

That's the way your Jack feels about it, you see; and he is n't an April fool, either,—that is, not if he knows himself. But may be he does n't know.

Now you shall have another sort of April story:

DR. RABELAIS' FREE JOURNEY.

The learned and famous Frenchman, Dr. Rabelais, once found himself in Marseilles without money. He wished to travel to Paris, but could not contrive a way to do so. At last, however, he hit upon a plan.

He started, one first of April, carrying with him some full phials labeled "Poison for the King and the Royal Family." At the city gates, according to the custom in those days, the traveler was searched, and these suspicious-looking bottles were found, as he intended. The officials were horrified, and they promptly arrested him, and hurried him off as a State prisoner to Paris, there to be tried for treason.

Not long after his arrival, Rabelais and his bottles were taken before the judges. Then the doctor, who was very well known as a wit, made a little explanation, showed that the phials contained nothing but brick-dust, and was at once released,—the court, the accusers, the lookers-on, and all Paris, convulsed with laughter at the joke.

THE CAMPANERO; OR, BELL-BIRD.

I THINK, my dear children, there should be a revised edition of the Cock Robin tragedy. I never could see any propriety in the bull being at that bird-funeral. The Campanero or bell-bird could have tolled the bell, even though there had been no bell in the world. It has a fleshy "horn" on its forehead, you see, which is connected with

its palate, and at a moment's notice it can fill this with air,—and then you should hear it! It utters a solemn, clear bell-note, like the toll of a distant convent bell, pauses for a minute or two, then gives another toll,—another silence and another toll,—and the sounds can be heard three miles off.

It is a sad pity the Campanero was not at Robin's funeral, for it is a gentle creature and its dress is most appropriate for such an occasion—being snow white, while the "horn" is jet black with a few white feathers. True, they would have had to send to the country of the Amazon for it, but the birds could have managed that.

TOO FOND OF MUSIC.

THAT story told by Dr. Hayes about Greenland seals and icebergs—printed in last month's *ST. NICHOLAS*, I believe—reminds me of another story, also about a seal, only it was a seal of a large kind, called "ookjook" by the Esquimaux who hunt it. Here is the story:

Captain Tyson, the Arctic explorer, once espied an ookjook who had come up through a hole in the ice to breathe. The explorer beckoned to a companion to bring a gun as quietly as possible and shoot the creature. Meanwhile, the captain whistled a plaintive tune as musically as he could. The ookjook was so charmed by the pleasant sound that he lingered and listened until the gun came and he was killed.

Now, I'm told that all seals are fond of sweet sounds, whether made by instruments, sung, whistled, or, sometimes, merely spoken, and that they will keep still and listen, giving a hunter time to come within shooting distance.

But perhaps there is a slight mistake, and the seal is only watching for a good chance, while he grumbles to himself, something like this:

"Pshaw! Only let me catch that troublesome fellow, and I'll soon put an end to his noise!"

THE FINEST EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DEAR JACK: Here is a little story which you may like to know:

An interesting feature of a number of the foreign sections at the Paris Exhibition was the soldiers who had been sent there by their respective governments, nominally to guard the exhibits, though principally as a sort of ornament, they being simply required to stand round and be looked at by the curiosity-seeking visitors. Some economical governments, thinking that wooden soldiers would answer the same purpose at a less expense, accordingly displayed figures representing soldiers in the various uniforms, and people in the different costumes of the country. These figures were sometimes quite well made, and were placed in such positions as often to appear very life-like. We have more than once seen people open their mouths to ask their way of one of these wooden soldiers; and we ourselves on one occasion deeply apologized to a wooden Chinese mandarin, whom we had carelessly run into and almost thrown off his balance.

Sergeant Jones, of the United States Marine Corps, had doubtless witnessed similar laughable mistakes, and this is probably what suggested to him the idea of playing a little trick at the expense of the visitors.

At all events, one fine afternoon, as we were passing through the American Section, we found the sergeant standing perfectly straight, and absolutely still, near one of the show-cases. Rather perplexed at his attitude and at the seriousness of his expression, we sought a post of observation and waited.

For a while no one noticed him, but as he continued immovable, some one presently stopped before him and stared. Then two, three, four, six idlers stopped to see what the first idler was looking at. There stood the sergeant, grave, silent, and motionless. An incredulous smile appeared on the faces of the observers, and their number doubled, trebled, quadrupled. The sergeant had not moved. Some one ventured to touch his hand, another followed, and presently a

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dozen curious people were feeling him from head to foot. Not a muscle relaxed—he had not so much as winked. An exhibitor who was dusting the contents of his show-case seeing what was up, sauntered carelessly along and carefully dusted off the sergeant. This settled the question beyond a doubt: it *was* a statue! There were now about three hundred people of all nationalities gathered about this marvelous piece of workmanship!

"C'est bien une statue!"—"Quel merveilleux travail!"—"Aw! weally, now you know, those Yankees are jolly clever people!"—"Wal, I reckon there aint anything can beat this in the whole show!"—"Chin a ting chop stick young hyson peking yang tse kiang!"—"Amiodo naga sakito kio yeddo!"—"Stamboul maho metali ya tibé louboul!"—came from three hundred throats in twenty different languages.

(These last three exclamations, as you will readily understand, dear Jack, are expressive of the utmost wonder and admiration in the Chinese, Japanese and Turkish languages. I might multiply these expressions of delight to an unlimited extent, and give you a high opinion of my linguistic powers. But I believe that modesty is a virtue—to be proud of.)

The last man had barely opened his lips to have his say, when the look of admiration suddenly departed from the three hundred faces, and the three hundred throats simultaneously sent out a guffaw which fairly shook the vast edifice, and attracted hundreds of visitors from all sides.

The statue had turned on its heel and quietly marched off.

Truly yours, J. H. F.

THE MAGIC LEAF.

NOW, my serious young botanists, here is something for you, and for everybody else who has a magnifying glass,—to look at carefully,—a Magic



Leaf, which your Jack presents to you with the compliments of the season.

The Leaf has the necromantic power of revealing the secret most important for a person to know; but it will act only on three conditions: First, that the inquirer, be quite alone; second, that every line on the leaf be examined through a good magnifying glass, and with the left eye only, the right eye being kept closed by a gentle pressure from the middle finger of the left hand, which must first be passed around by the back of the head; and third, that the secret, when known, be faithfully kept by the lucky finder.

If you will follow these simple rules closely, my young wiseacres, the secret no longer will be a mystery to you.

THE FEAST OF KITES AGAIN.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the April number, 1878, you asked if any one knew anything more about the Feast of Kites. I asked a Japanese gentleman to tell me about it. He did not know of such a day by that name. In the place where he lived they fly kites until the 16th of March, and from then until September the farmers are growing the rice, and they are not allowed to play games in the fields, as they would destroy the crops. Sometimes they have kites eight feet high. He said men fly them as well as boys, and become very angry about them. The boys try to get all the kites they can from each other. Sometimes my friend would gain half a dozen in a day, and sometimes he would lose as many. They get on each side of a river and try to pull one another's kites into the water. Sometimes a man will swim across the river and cut the string of his enemy's kite. In Tokio they fly kites all the year round, because in the city there are no crops to prevent.—Your friend, BELLE W. BOTSFORD.

TREE-PLANTING CROWS.

ONE autumn day, several crows alighted under an oak-tree near my pulpit, and began to search among the fallen leaves. Presently, one of them picked up an acorn in his bill, flew off some distance to where the ground was soft, dropped the acorn into a little hole, and then, with his bill, pushed earth into the hole until it was full.

Now, that was a useful thing to do, and, if this planting of trees is a habit with all crows, it is generous pay in return for the few kernels of grain they eat and the thimbles, scissors, jewels, and such little things, which they may steal from time to time.

As for the corn which the crows pick out of the newly sown fields in spring,—why, your Jack's opinion is that it's pretty small wages for keeping down field-mice, worms and insects while the rest of the grain is ripening.

FLOWERS ON THE PRAIRIES.

DEAR JACK: Here are some things I think your readers may like to hear about the plants of the prairies.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin I have seen the prairie colored for miles with the delicate purple of the lead-plant, with the red and white prairie-clover, with sun-flowers, asters, the iron-weed, or by the golden-rod, or a species of purple liatris.

One day, I was riding along a prairie lane. There was a narrow wagon-track, and, on either side of this, as far as I could see ahead, there were two broad ribbons of bright yellow formed by the prairie coreopsis. It took up all the lane, from the wagon-track to the green osage-orange hedges, above which its bright head was often lifted, as if it stood on tip-toe, for a look over; and beyond the hedges, in the meadows, right and left, were blotches of the same gay yellow, covering

acres and acres. The strong colors of the prairie blossoms, and their unsheltered position, make them striking to the eye.

Many persons think that it is only trees that do not grow on the prairie, but, for every tree or tree-like plant not found there, you miss also a dozen of the smaller kinds of plants. Nearly all the ferns and lichens are absent, and mosses and fungi, as well as most herbs and shrubs.

Although there are great numbers of plants on the prairie proper, they are not of many different kinds; but in the timbered belts of the prairie, and along its rivers, there is more variety.

Wherever there are mountains, many rivers, and forests, there are sure to be also many kinds of plants. New England, with rugged features and large patches of old woods, although in great part cultivated as farm-land, has three times as many varieties or different sorts of plants and animals as can be found in any equal extent of prairie, although the prairie may have greater quantity of its few kinds, by reason of its being vastly more fertile and bathed by a more genial climate.—Yours truly, S. W. K.

THE LETTER-BOX.



My BIRD-HOUSE.

I HAVE just read the directions for making a bird-house in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877, and feel like setting to work at once to see if I can make anything as pretty as that little picture. But before getting out my hammer and saw, I want to tell you boys and girls about my bird-house, which is a much simpler affair, and would perhaps turn out better, with beginners, than the one already described for you.

My bird-house, by the way, is not my own invention. I read in some newspaper that an oyster-keg made a good bird-house, and an oyster-keg is what you must have in the first place. Most of you know what these kegs are, and can easily get one from some store or some oyster-man. Leave the heads in, and stop up the bung-hole; then cut a round hole, two inches in diameter, in the side, about two inches from the end you design for the floor of your house, and nail this end firmly to a square piece of board large enough to project a couple of inches all round, like a little platform. Next, cover the outside of the keg with pieces of rough bark. If you have a wood-pile to go to, you can probably find logs from which you can pry off wide, curving pieces that will go half round your little house; but if not, you must get smaller bits from trees in the woods, and trim them with a knife to fit side by side; no matter if the joinings are not very close, when the house is fastened on some arbor or trellis, no eyes but the birds' can possibly see the crevices, and they are not critical, bright as they are. Use small brads for nailing on the bark, and if driven in a little on the slant, they will hold the bark more securely. For a roof, nail two wide strips of bark to the upper rim of the keg in such a position that their upper edges will meet to form a gable just in the

middle above the door. It is not necessary to have this roof watertight, because the head of the keg will keep out the rain; trim off the upper edges of the bark roof-sides so that they will meet closely, but if they do not stay together well, bore a few holes and take several stitches with fine wire, and your work will be better.

The house will look prettier if you make the roof both wide and deep, giving what, in a real house, would be called "overhanging eaves."

Last of all, fill up the open spaces under the gables with bits of bark trimmed to fit, and nailed to the sides of the keg. Now, your bird-house is complete! Nail it on top of the grapearbor, or in the crotch of a tree, and hang a bit of cotton-wool and a few hairs about the door, which the birds will read as we read the sign "To Let," and see if you do not have wrens and blue-birds coming to look at the vacant house, and, at last, some nice little couple "concluding to rent it for the summer."

No matter if your house is not ready until late in the season. I do not think all the birds get to housekeeping before June, and you know, often they build more than one nest in the course of the summer; so, unless there are too many cats about, I think you may be pretty sure of a tenant.

When I made my little house, I had no idea it would last more than one summer, but it has weathered the storms of four winters and still looks well. Every spring the wrens and blue-birds squabble and fight for possession of it, the wrens, I am sorry to say, always coming off conquerors! And every spring I watch the nest-building from my window with great satisfaction.

Stockton, Cal.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ever so glad that you printed my letter, and the picture of my house, in the January number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I write this to tell you my thanks.

On New Year's day my friend Fannie and I received calls at my house; we had sixteen callers. We gave them coffee, candy, popcorn, macaroons, raisins, oranges and apples.
 We had a real nice time.—Your friend,
 NELLIE LITTLEHALE.

To C. LINDSLEY, JR.—An article about the house-fly will appear in ST. NICHOLAS before very long, and when it does, you will be able to find in it the answer to your question.

The illustrated article about "Little Housemaids" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS was prepared after repeated visits to the so-called Kitchen-Garden classes of New York both by the author and the artist. We think all our boys and girls—and their parents, too—will be entertained by the account of this novel school; and we shall be glad if some of our older readers are prompted to take a practical interest in similar work.

Every class of twenty-four scholars at the Kitchen-Garden has four teachers, and a dozen or more classes in New York alone are taught by about fifty volunteers, who have been trained by Miss Huntington herself. There is plenty of room for more schools, and it is a good work for young girls to do, if they have leisure time and fit qualifications at command. The position of servant-girl becomes a grade of honor when once its duties are faithfully learned and cheerfully performed, and it is delightful to think of poor little street waifs being thus led to know the dignity of household service, and helped to enjoy its full benefits.

Miss Huntington has just printed a book by the aid of which any band of girls can start a Kitchen-Garden school in the right way and at almost no expense. No doubt any necessary questions will be cheerfully answered by the lady herself at 125 St. Mark's Place, New York, though correspondents should bear in mind that her time is very much occupied by daily duties.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a rhyme which came from a young reader and admirer of yours in Wisconsin. The mercury there stood at 30 deg. below zero,—almost too cold for us, here, to imagine. Still, your magazine reaches many who can appreciate the lines if you print them.
 S. H. JOHNSON.

THIRTY BELOW ZERO.

We sit and wish
 That we, like fish,
 Could live beneath the weather;
 But sometimes go
 To a hole to blow,
 And wriggle back together.—LIZZIE.

My DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl that lives 'way down in Louisiana; I will tell you how I had the yellow fever this summer.

The yellow fever for a month had been all around us, and we were strictly quarantined from everybody, and never went outside our yard.

One afternoon, when my sisters and I were walking up and down the yard, I felt cold and came back to the house and went to bed with a slight headache. The next morning I woke up with the yellow fever; it was late in the day before we could get a doctor to come.

They kept me in bed without allowing me to put my hands outside of the cover, and all the time they were giving me foot-baths and hot bricks to keep up the perspiration; I had nothing but orange-leaf tea and hot lemonade until my fever left me; and it lasted fifty-four hours.

I was very sick the second night, but the third night, thanks to the care of a good nurse who sponged me, my fever was broken.

Then they began to give me a little nourishment, a spoonful every two hours; at last, on the tenth day, I was well enough to sit up and be washed, and have my things changed, but it was a whole month before I was allowed to eat dry bread. Does not that seem funny?

My little brother was taken shortly after I was, but his fever being lighter, he would soon have been well had he not had a relapse. The good God kindly preserved us both and most miraculously spared the rest of our family from taking it.

I shall never forget the dreadful scenes of this summer.
 I forgot to say that the very day I was taken sick my ST. NICHOLAS

came and mother read it to me; after the first day the doctor would not let them read to me for a long time, so I often remember those pretty little stories.
 EDITH EUSTIS PUGH.

THE stars and star-groups or constellations named in Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's story, "The Boy Astronomer," of which the first part is published this month, will be found fully described and pictured in Professor Richard A. Proctor's illustrated astronomical articles published in ST. NICHOLAS for October and December 1876, and in all the numbers from January to October, 1877, inclusive.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in Professor W. K. Brooks' article, "How Birds Fly," the statement that "Birds also make use of the wind to aid them in flight, and by holding their wings inclined like a kite, so that the wind shall slide out under them, they can sail long distances without flapping their wings at all," etc. Is this correct in the sense here used?

Wind is air in motion in relation to objects on the earth's surface; while it is the motion, or velocity of birds in relation to the air which enables them to sail as described.

Professor Brooks remarks that the principle of this sailing is the same as the flight of a kite. This is true. The bird's inertia acts the same to it as the string acts to the kite. But the inertia of the bird is the same whether the bird is in motion and the air is at rest, or whether the bird remains "stationary" with the air in motion. Hence, the state of the air, whether at rest or in motion, has nothing to do with the number of minutes a bird can sail. The Professor also said that the wind drove the bird upward, and at the same time forward. If this were the case, why could not the bird sail as long as the wind lasted? I have always been told that no matter how great a gale is blowing, to persons sailing through the air in a balloon there always seems to be a perfect calm, unless, indeed, when the balloon suddenly passes from one current of air into another. Is this not so with birds floating in the air?

Can it be otherwise, since they sail equally well in all directions? Hoping you do not disapprove of my stating my views, I remain your reader,
 EDWARD C. MERSHON.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: My young correspondent seems to be able to think out for himself the problem of flight, and I know that if he will examine the subject again, watching the flight of birds, especially of the larger water-birds, with and against the wind, he will find that many of them are good sailors. He must bear in mind, though, that a bird is not a light body floating in the air like a balloon, but is heavy, and does not float, and that its weight, pulling it down upon the air beneath its wings, is the most important of the forces which drive it forward.—Yours truly,
 W. K. BROOKS.

Orange, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just heard this true story of two little girls, children of the principal of a boys' school.

They had always been in the habit of playing boys' games, and knew nothing of the delights of dolls. When they were three and four years old, their mother, thinking it a shame that they did not know how to play dolls, bought one for each of them. She spent the whole morning in teaching them to play. After a time she left them, thinking that they would be all right. When she came back, she found them using one of the dolls for a ball, playing "One old cat." The girl that had the bat was saying, "Pitch me a low one, Jennie," and the other replied, "No, Carrie, now it's my innings."—Yours truly,
 E. S. M.

EXPLANATION OF THE FROZEN PUZZLE,

(See March "Letter-Box" for the Puzzle.)

THE wires supporting the ice, in the frozen puzzle, melt the ice where they touch it, and it settles down, upon and around them, by its own weight. The wires, being very slender, melt only narrow, shallow grooves which they leave in the ice behind them. The water, running down from the ice, gathers in these grooves, and, being surrounded by the ice and protected from the air, the water freezes again, and thus closes up the grooves just as fast as the wires cut into the ice. Re-freezing like this happens whenever two wet surfaces of ice come close together, and we call it "regelation." It is this property of regelation that explains some of the strange movements of those great rivers of ice called "glaciers." Men used to think the ice bent and twisted round the sharp corners as it slipped down its crooked valleys. Now they know that ice never bends, but that the

ice-river breaks and re-freezes, breaks and re-freezes, into new shapes, again and again, under this strange process of regelation. Lumps of ice swimming in hot water and touching one another, will freeze together in this way.

Break up some ice into small bits, close your hand tightly over a number of them, and plunge the fist into warm water. Hold it in the water a moment; then take it out and open the fingers, and you will find the bits of ice frozen together into a single lump.

AN AUDACIOUS young contributor sends us the following picture and jingle:



This figure
Is a nigure,
Made sick
By a brick.

EDWARD C. M. will find most of his questions more than answered in the article entitled "Little Puritans" which opens the present number.

As to the voyage of the "Mayflower,"—the ship left Delfthaven, Holland, in July, 1620, and did not cast anchor off the shore of the New World until December 11 of the same year. The children on board must indeed have been tired of their five months' voyage, cooped up with so many stern-looking men and sad-faced women in such a little vessel. Why, there are disagreeables enough even nowadays, in a nine-days' trip by a fine ocean steamship! However, the little Puritan boys no doubt had some good times in the few sunny hours of their weary journey, for sailors were fun-loving folk even in those days of hard, solemn living.

The voyagers left home in the middle of the beautiful summer, to come to a land about which they had heard little besides pleasant things; and they tossed and rolled and struggled through those long months of storm and calm, slowly buffeting their way to the home that was so bright in their fancy, only to land, one bleak wintry day, beneath a leaden sky, upon a rocky shore where there were no kind friends to welcome them into snug houses, but danger and want, and fierce red-skinned savages, to meet them. How disappointed all of them must have been! And yet, no doubt they were glad to land, and walk about, and feel the firm earth under foot once more.

LOISEL PAPIN.—Hobson was a keeper of a large livery-stable in the university town of Cambridge, England, in his time the center of a famous fox-hunting district. He let out horses for hire, and, as he had none but good horses, he was well patronized, especially by students from the university. The customers used to haggle about terms, and some never would have any horses but the particular ones they liked, so the hostlers were bribed, some horses were overworked, others not worked at all, and vexatious quarrels sprang up, giving the stable a bad name. To cure these troubles, Hobson at last decided to have but one scale of prices, and made a rule that any person who should wish to hire a horse of his, must either take the one that came next in order in the stable or go without. After that, these

regulations were never broken, and the stubborn old fellow became rich as well as famous on account of them and of the goodness of his horses.

And now, whenever you are obliged to take some one thing of a number, or else to go without, you are said to have "Hobson's choice."

DEAR EDITOR: The inclosed metrical rendering by S. Young of a little incident in a nursery school of this city seems to me to have merit.—I am, yours respectfully,
Elmira, N. Y.
THOS. K. BEECHER.

A CRUMB.

THERE were nine mothers'-darlings all gathered for school,
Where they learned to sit still for ten minutes by rule;
There was one little boy who three crackers had brought;
For eating was better than lessons, he thought;
When recess time came, then he brought out his lunch,
But eight other wee mouths there had nothing to munch.
We had always supposed his stomach was all
The organ he had, for his body was small;
But we were mistaken; for we did not know
That a generous heart was beginning to grow;
First he looked all around, then he nodded his head,
And "shevied" his crackers,—that's just what he said,
And those nine little people were every one fed.
Will some of our wise men, when given to thought,
Please to tell what they think? Was a miracle wrought?
For the boy and the crackers were both very small,
But I saw for myself, there was plenty for all.
If we all were as ready as he to "shevied,"
If we looked all around with our eyes open wide,
If we did what we could to feed all that we meet,
And were willing to learn as a child at His feet,
Why might not many "wonderful works" now be done
Every day 'twixt the rising and setting of sun.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Mabel Jenks and her brother—Lucy R. and Ella Robinson—Tecumseh—Edward Vultee—"Tulpohocken"—W. E. Ward—O. C. Turner—each of whom answered all the puzzles correctly. Answers were received also from Fanny Seaver—J. Amos Palmer—Bessie Hard—Jesse Robertson—C. Dorsey Gloninger—Albert T. Emery—Florence Wilcox—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—M. E. L. and Y. T. L.—Archard D. Tillett—Daisy Wakelee—Flavel S. Mines—"H. M. S. Pinafore and Baby Mine"—Fannie M. Beck—Otho F. Humphreys—"The Mr. Flint Man"—"Fordyce Aimée"—Mabel Gordon—John V. L. Pierson—Dora N. Babbitt—Agnes Nicholson—Freddie T. Kraft—Florence Wilcox—Camille Giraud—Golden-haired Flaxie—A. T. Stoutenburg—Severn P. Allnutt—Mary G. Arnold—Frankie T. Benedict—Fannie F. Smith and A. F. Freeman—Harry Noel—Stephen Wray—Bertha Potts—Bessie S. Hosmer—Maggie J. Gemmill—Willie H. Meeker—Bertie H. Jackson—R. R. Blydenburgh—Bessie and Constance Myer—Bessie C. Barney—James F. Bullitt—Katie Burnett—Sarah Gallett—Harold Bald—Bertha E. Keferstein—Ronald K. Brown—Frances Hunter—Edward Roome—A. H. Howard.

Eggroe Nohairs sends proof showing that the Domino Puzzle in the February number may be solved in 40,320 different ways; and F. H. R. explains how 5,040 solutions may be made. Following are the names of the other answerers, and the numbers of solutions they sent: Forty solutions; James F. Bullitt—Sixteen solutions; H. W. Blake—Twelve solutions; O. C. Turner—Eight solutions; William R. Springer.

Seven solutions; Hattie A. Connor—Bessie C. Barney.
Four solutions; Georgie J. Anderson.
Three solutions; Jessie Robertson—K. Hartley—Belle Cole—Mabel Gordon—W. E. Ward.

Two solutions; Lucy R. and Ella Robinson—Belle and Kittie Matson—Mabel G. Buffington—Flora A. Crane—Bertie H. Jackson.
One solution; A. E. Davis—Fanny Seaver—J. M. Roberts, Jun.—"Helen"—Helen A. Deakin—Florence Cleaver—Fanny Elliott—Emma C. Fitch—Nallie Colvin—Fred Wanner—Helen L. Rogers—Frank S. Clarke—Samuel Adams—Albert H. Barrows—Charlie Flavelt—Seth Hayes—Mabel Jenks and her brother—Willie E. Preston—Alice M. Harding—W. Tippitt Mausan—Will Whitford—Ned Whitford—Eddie S. Stetson—Bessie and Hattie Faulkner—Florence Wilcox—Freddie Shirley—Frankie Hart—"Hobart"—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—M. E. L. and Y. T. L.—Nellie M. Cunningham—Fanny Eaton—Fred L. Bancroft—"H. M. S. Pinafore and Baby Mine"—Fannie M. Beck—Otho F. Humphreys—"J. M. A."—Georgie Kohler—Howard T. Garrett—Tecumseh—Edward Vultee—Seward M. Coe—Walter J. Connor—C. B. Keeler—Louisa W. Kirkland—H. R. T.—Helen Risteen—Agnes Nicholson—"Arrowroot"—Jas. Walter Turner—A. T. Stoutenburg—Laura C. Brown—Harry K. Zust—Frank Dennis—Harry Burrows—Mary E. Hitchcock—"Tulpohocken"—May Parsons—Harry Noel—Flora Jones—Willie J. Warner—Willie H. Meeker—Vee Cornwell—Joseph B. Breck—R. R. Blydenburgh—P. L. Smith—Freddie Willets—R. Bishop—C. C. Gallup.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In unconstitutional. 2. Human beings. 3. A sour fruit. 4. A negative word. 5. In superincumbent.

VERY EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in cotton, but not in silk;
My second in water, but not in milk.
My third is in noble, but not in peer.
My fourth is in sword, but not in spear.
My fifth is in mail, but not in post.
My sixth is in slide, but not in coast.
And now you will see, if you rede this aright,
My whole is something which gives you light.

E. G. W.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. SYNCOPATE a thread-like substance and leave to shoot. 2. SYNCOPATE the shore and leave expense. 3. Syncopate the name of a wise Greek and leave shortly. 4. Syncopate part of a flower and leave a loud sound. 5. Syncopate tumult and leave part of the face. 6. Syncopate a round roof and leave an animal. 7. Syncopate to languish and leave to fall. 8. Syncopate a kind of play and leave part of the head. 9. Syncopate a relative and leave a city of Lombardy. The syncopated letters, read in order, name an American sea-port.

A. B.

SHORT-WORD METAGRAM.

1. I FLOAT upon the water, and my parts are a drink, a person, and a shout. 2. Change the drink into a river, and I become what a man did in search for buried treasure. 3. Change the river into a vegetable, and I become an impudent-looking animal. 4. Change the vegetable into an insect and I become another insect. 5. Change the insect into a bird and I become a vessel, such as is celebrated in a popular Irish song. 6. Change the bird into a pet name for a girl and I become a drinking-vessel. 7. Change the pet name into a French measure of surface, and I become a kind of carpet. 8. Change it into another measure, and I become an ear. 9. Turn the person into the name of the first tone in the minor musical scale, and I become a game or label. 10. Let the shout become an insect, and I change to an article useful to washerwomen.

CUTTER.

FRENCH BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD mirth and leave a bird. 2. Behead a handsome girl and leave a personal pronoun. 3. Behead to own and leave to perceive. 4. Behead a shining body and leave one. 5. Behead a tempest and leave great anger. 6. Behead poor-looking and leave sour. 7. Behead a part of the body and leave another part of it. 8. Behead disdain and leave enchanted. 9. Behead to seize and leave to restore. 10. Behead part of the face and leave a personal pronoun. 11. Behead a domestic animal and leave a drink. 12. Behead a wise person and leave a preposition.

HOPE.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

THE ANSWER is an adage very pleasant to remember when work is done. Every other letter is omitted.

"A-L-O-K-N-X-P-A-M-K-S-A-K-D-L-B-Y."

E. B.

NEW WORD-PUZZLES.

In each of the following sentences, fill up the blanks with words that complete the sense, taking care that the words themselves, when joined to form one word, agree with the definition that follows the sentence. Thus:

Example: Ask Bridget if she will come on washing-day — — — — —
for me. Definition: An old-time utensil for holding an open fire in place.

In this example, the blanks must be filled with the words "and iron," which complete the sense, and which, when joined,—forming the word "andiron,"—agree with the definition that follows the sentence.

1. I came to — — — — of your beautiful flowers, as I have none at all. Definition: Depart.

2. "Look at my hair," said Grandma; "this — — — — has silvered already." Definition: Toll paid for passing from one level of a canal to another.

3. Let that — — — — home; he is of no use here! Definition: An East-Indian fruit, usually pickled when exported to the United States.

4. Oh—oh—oh! I really don't see why my teeth — — — —! Definition: A form of beard.

5. You, my poetic friend, are desired to prepare an — — — — music to be recited on examination day. Definition: A name given by the ancient Greeks to a theater used for literary or musical purposes. People nowadays occasionally make a similar use of the name.

6. When those shares are at — — — — care to sell out. Definition: To take one's portion with other folk.

7. "— — — —, that girl next to you," said the teacher; "and tell her not to tilt her chair." Definition: A small vase or dish.

8. His debts he never will — — — — though he is to discharge them all at any time. Definition: Dune.

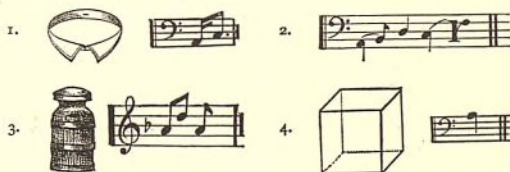
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE ANSWER contains twenty-five letters, and is a quotation from Young's "Night Thoughts."

1. The 1, 16, 4, 24 is a girl's name. 2. The 7, 11, 22, 19, is an ornamental vessel. 3. The 10, 15, 3, 14, is a journey for pleasure. 4. The 13, 8, 1, 5, is a small animal, useful in gardens. 5. The 17, 23, 6, 2, is a sign of some event which is to happen. 6. The 20, 9, 12, 6, is a trick or stratagem. 7. The 25, 21, 18, 19, is a small silver coin.

ISOLA.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.



SQUARE-WORD BLANKS.

"ONE day, in former times, a — — — — was dining with an eminent state official in Venice, and was enjoying a highly-seasoned — — — —, when his elegant — — — — flashed in the sunlight, and, unfortunately, caught the eye of the — — — — himself; 'unfortunately,' for next day came a polite message from the grasping ruler, and the brilliant ornament changed owners."

In the above sentence, fill the four blanks with words of four letters each and suited to the sense. The words thus used, if written down one below another in the order of their appearance in the sentence, will form a word-square, and, reading across, beginning at the top, will have the following meanings: 1. One who is in a position of responsibility: a title derived from Anglo-Saxon words meaning "bread-keeper." 2. A dish of boiled or stewed meat: a collection of various musical pieces. 3. A hoop. 4. The title of a magnate of Italy in former times.

B.

EASY ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams contains the letters used to form a name marked upon all school-maps of North America. The problem is to re-arrange the letters of each anagram in such a way that they will spell correctly the name which has to be found.

1. Aid Nina. 2. African oil. 3. A Balaam. 4. Asses must chat. 5. Ask Abner. 6. Thorn in a coral. 7. O, no such a trial! 8. Nine atoms. 9. Sin in cows.

W.

TWO TRIPLE ACROSTICS.

I. READING ACROSS: 1. A vehicle. 2. Bustle. 3. To step quickly. Primals: A carriage. Finals: The French word for good. Centrals: A girl's name. Primals and Finals connected: Charcoal.

II. Reading across: 1. A Hebrew dry measure. 2. Fuss. 3. A boy's name. Primals: A truck on wheels. Finals: A lad. Centrals: Trouble. Primals and Finals connected: A large enclosed bottle used for carrying chemicals.

C. D.



REBUS.



THE answer is a common proverb containing five words. The upper picture must be read first, then the pictures at the bottom from left to right. The central picture represents the whole proverb put in practice. S. A. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Let there be light." 1. Light. 2. Ether.

3. Betel.

COUPLET.—Though thou art fair, I love thee not.

Not heed my prayer, Beauty? For what?

DIALOGUE NAME-PUZZLE.—The names of the twelve authors are: Dickens, Shakspeare, Dante, Martineau, Defoe, Hawthorne, Beranger, Bulwer Lytton, Berthold Auerbach, Carlyle, Chaucer, Holmes.

The names of the six personages mentioned in the works of some of the authors are: Pelham, *compel hammering*, Bulwer Lytton; Lear, *miserable ar rangement*, Shakspeare; Beatrice, *be at rice*, Dante; Man Friday, *man, Friday last*, Defoe; Barkis, *dog's bark is*, Dickens; Sterling, *youngster lingering*, Carlyle.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—William Cullen Bryant. 1. Lily. 2. Wilt. 3. Nun. 4. Camel. 5. Bar.

COMPOUND SQUARE.—

C L A N E W S
L I V E V I L
A V O W I D E
N E W S L E D
E B A L A N E
W A N E N D S
S L E D E S K

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—Across: 1. S. 2. FOe. 3. RaBbi. 4. NEb. 5. R. Down: 1. R. 2. FAn. 3. SoBer. 4. EBB. 5. I.

DIAGONAL DIAMOND.—

C
A S U
P U S A F
E N E S I D F
D A R E A
E Y U
N

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Reflections. — CROSS-WORD.—Water.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Duck. 2. Upon. 3. Code. 4. Kneec.

HIDDEN SHAKSPEARIAN SENTENCE.—"The evil that men do lives after them." *Julius Caesar*, Act iii., sc. 2. Yet he. Hence, villain. Not hate. Me now. Cord or. Live she. Hereafter. The meanest.—PICTURE PUZZLE.—"Try, try again!"

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—1. Webster. 2. Scott. 3. Gay. 4. Baillie. 5. Hood. 6. Sheridan. 7. Emmett. 8. Lamb. 9. Wordsworth. 10. Child. 11. Gray. 12. Crabbe. 13. Paine. 14. Longfellow. 15. Prior. 16. Brooke. 17. Cook. 18. Pope. 19. Burns. 20. Swift. 21. Bacon. 22. Lowell. 23. Coleridge. 24. Sterne. 25. Goldsmith.—CHARADE.—Fraudulent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.—Initials: Moon. Finals: Tide. Cross-words: 1. MendicanT. 2. Ossoli. 3. OnwarD. 4. Nightingale.

TWENTY-FOUR CONCEALED ANIMALS.—1. Dog, old *Oletheorpe's*. 2. Ape, a *pebble*. 3. Lemur, little *murmuring*. 4. Toad, into a dark. 5. Loris, *lo! rising*. 6. Wapiti, saw a *pitiful*. 7. Camel, came *limping*. 8. Stag, *staggering*. 9. Bear, *be a rat*. 10. Chamois, such a *moist*. 11. Sable, seems *able*. 12. Goat, to go at. 13. Sloth, appears *loth*. 14. Doe, *do even*. 15. Rabbit, land-crab *bit*. 16. Lion, shall I? On second. 17. Eland, little *landing*. 18. Yak, fly a *kite*. 19. Fawn, half-*awning*. 20. Cat, to catch. 21. Fox, stuff *ox-goad*. 22. Elk, caramel *Kate*. 23. Hyena, "Oh ye nations." 24. Ass, in as *startling*.

For list of the answers of the February Puzzles, see "Letter-Box."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

[APRIL

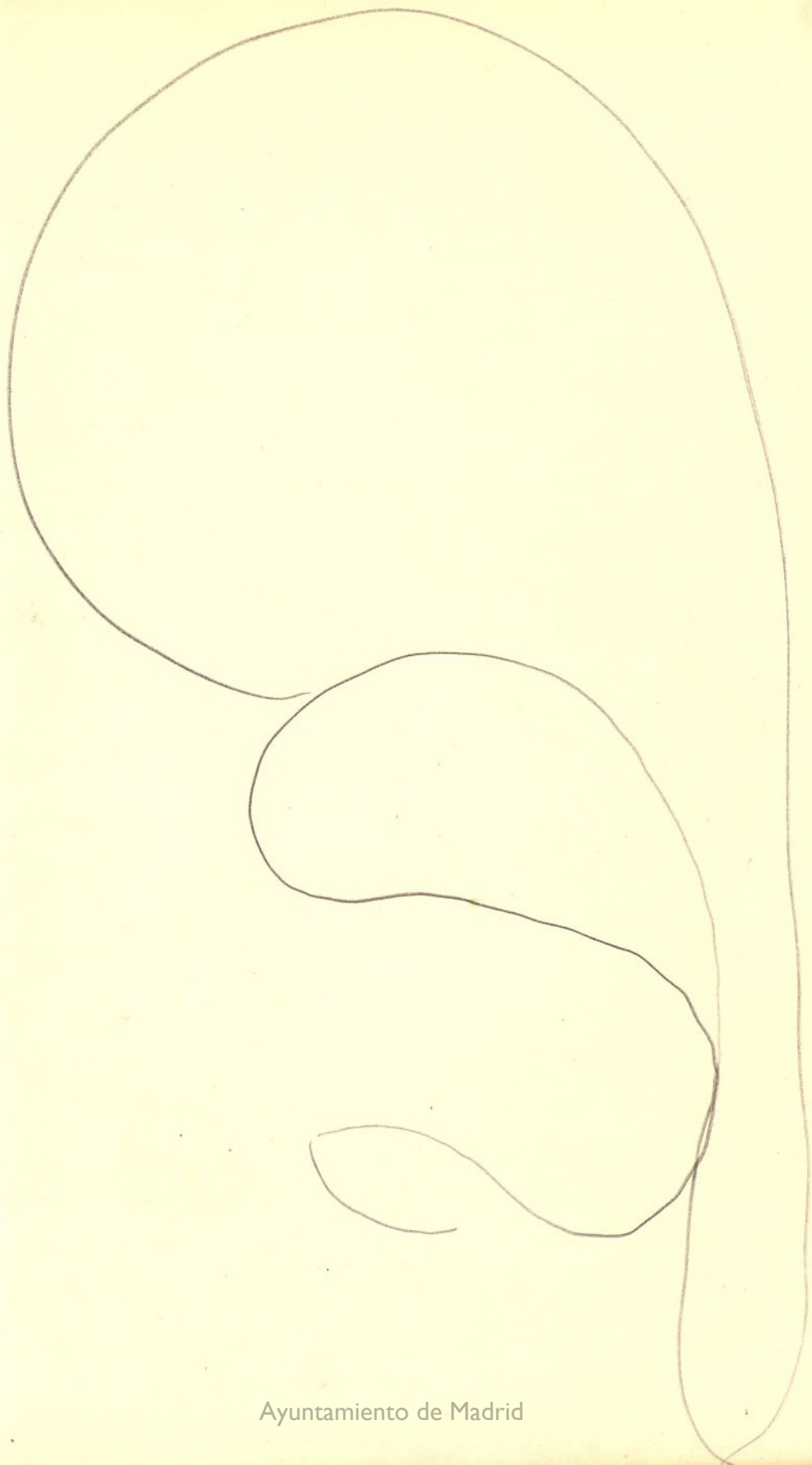


the bottom
S. A. R.

—Water.
c. nec.
men do lives
Hence, vil-
after. The

1. Webster.
7. Emmett.
Crabbe. 13.
Cook. 18.
23. Cole-
adulent.

als: Tide.
Nightingale.
Gelethorpe's
Toad, into a
7. Camel,
a rat. 10.
at, to go at.
t, land-crab
nd'ing. 18.
catch. 21.
yena, "Oh



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