



THE MAY KING.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE KING OF MAY.

By M. M. D.

HE was n't very pretty,
He was n't very wise,
And he stood, when asked a question,
In paralyzed surprise.
A freckled lad, a speckled lad
Who *would* turn in his toes,
And—though not absolutely bad—
Had such a funny nose!
He had n't any manners,
He did n't know his books,
And I must own, his principles
Did not belie his looks.
He was clumsy at work, and awkward at play;
And every hair grew a different way,—
Then why did they make him King of the May?

Yes blithely, in a circle,
They whirled around their king;
And there he stood, half crying
Half pleased to hear them sing,
Till in his heart, a mighty part
Was given him to do;
Emotion thrilled his little breast
And gave him fervor new:
“I'll do it! that I will!” he thought.
“It is n't much. I know I ought! —”
“Oh do! Oh do! Oh do!” sang they,
“And we will crown you King of May!”

“I'll do it! Yes, I'll do it!”
His heart sang back, again,
Until a ray of loveliness
Came to his face so plain.
His eyelids quivered; he almost shivered;
His young form stood erect,—

When manly thoughts stir boyish souls
 What else can you expect?—
 And still they sang their roundelay,
 The circling girls so sweet and gay,
 About their king, their King of May!

Hark! The king is speaking:
 The eager girls press near.
 He says aloud: "I'll do it!"
 In ringing voice, and clear.
 And from his pocket, as from a socket,
 Slowly he drew it forth,—
 He looked to East, he looked to West,
 He looked to South and North,—
 The skies their blest assurance gave,
 'T was noble to be kind and brave.
 He drew it forth; he gave it over,
 As though he were each maiden's lover,
 As though it were his life.
 The thing they'd begged for hours and hours
 To cut the May-pole vines and flowers,—
 That little rascal's knife!

Ah, see them! see them! well-a-day!
 How gleefully they skip away,
 Leaving alone their King of May,
 His brief reign ended. Well-a-day!

THE ARITHMETIC OF GINGERBREAD.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

"R-U-D-I-M-E-N-T-S, rudiments," spelled Katy. "B'lieve I'll find out what that means this very minute; it's better 'n these horrid fractions," and she started to look for the word in the worn old Webster's "Unabridged" that papa had banished from his handsome shelves to the children's room upstairs.

Poor Katy!—she had been droning wearily through the rules for multiplication and division of fractions all the long afternoon study-hour. It was just the dreariest part of the whole book. "Case First,—To multiply a fraction by a whole number. Case Second,—To multiply a whole number by a fraction." These were the very worst, scarcely exceeded by the corresponding rules for division, and Katy had just about worn out her brown eyes crying over the cases in which you multiplied by the numerator and divided by the denominator, or

multiplied by the denominator and divided by the numerator.

"It is just the hatefulest old study in school, mamma," said Katy to her mother, who passed through the room and looked askance at Katy's red eyes,—“the very hardest one to see any use in. I don't suppose I'll ever in all my life have to multiply or divide a whole number by a fraction; hope not, any way. I despise halves and quarters of things so awfully.”

Mamma did n't reply, but wearily threw herself down on the little bed that was kept in the nursery, with very dark circles about her eyes, and a pale, tired face.

"Do you believe, Katy, you could go down and stir up some ginger-cakes for tea? Christine is hurrying with her ironing, and Mary must take baby while I go and sleep off, if possible, this

miserable headache," said Mrs. Richards, only half opening her weary eyelids.

"O yes, mamma, anything is better than these hateful rudiments. I looked that up just now in Webster. 'First beginnings,' it says; only I think it's hard enough to be the last endings;" but seeing no brightening in her mother's eye, she hastened to help her down into her own room. Then with gentle hand she settled the pillows comfortably, saturated a handkerchief with camphor, closed the shutters, and ran softly down still another flight of steps into the basement kitchen.

"Christine, I'm to make ginger-cakes for tea, all my own self. Mamma said so, and she's gone to lie down and sleep off her headache, and must n't be disturbed," said Katy, half afraid that Christine might hunt up confirmation of the gingerbread business. It was something new, certainly, to turn this harum-scarum little creature loose in the pantry to rummage the spice-boxes, and break up the cream in the cellar in her search for sour milk. But, with large families, there are times when the work crowds fearfully, and the only way is to press more hands into the service, not minding always if they are unskilled ones.

"Vell, Mees Katy, please keep te muss ober dare in te sink so mooch as you can," said Christine, evidently not jubilant at the prospect of cleaning up after a little girl's baking; "an' don't leaf te wet spoon in te soda, nor drip te sour milk roun' te clean cellar. It's dare in te big jar unter te vindow."

Katy got down the gem-irons for the first thing, greased them with Mary's patent griddle-greaser (a pine stick plentifully supplied with cotton rags at one end); then climbed up to the shelf where the book of recipes was kept.

"Meeses Vite's soft ginger-cake' is vat you wants, Mees Katy, an' we takes 'double of the receipt,'" said Christine, quoting an expression familiar to Yankee cooks.

"That's just two of everything. *I know*," and Katy tossed her curls with an air of conscious greatness.

"Two times one cup of molasses,—here goes that. Two times two spoonfuls of soda,—that's four spoons. My! but does n't it foam up beautifully! Two spoons ginger in two-thirds of a cup of hot water—no—oh, dear! It is the soda that ought to go in the hot water, and—oh, horrors! it's *two times two-thirds* of a cup of hot water. Well, now! If those hateful fractions are n't right here in this gingerbread! Christine, O Christine!" cried Katy in despair. "Come and tell me how much is two times two-thirds of a cup!" But

Christine, alas! had already gone upstairs, with her basket of white, freshly ironed clothes poised on her head.

"Two times two-thirds of a cup. Why, it must be more 'n one cup, and yet it says 'of a cup.' If 't was n't for that, I'd go and get two cups and fill them each two-thirds full; but it can't be only two times two-thirds of a cup—that's one cup." And the poor little girl found herself in worse "deeps," even, than ever she had fathomed in the "Rudiments."

Ned came into the kitchen at that moment, his books flung over his shoulder, and Katy's face lighted up. She could appeal to him. But when she asked him how much two times two-thirds of a cup could be, Ned, with all a boy's wisdom, gave answer like this:

"Two times two-thirds? Case of multiplying a fraction by a whole number. Rule: 'Multiply the numerator of the fraction by the whole number and place the result over the denominator.'

"Two times two-thirds are four-thirds. Improper fraction. Reduce to a whole or mixed number. Rule: 'Divide the numerator by the denominator.' Three is in four once and one-third over. One cup and one-third of a cup."

"But it says 'of a cup,' Ned. Who'd ever think that 'of a cup' meant part of two cups?" argued Katy, in a despairing tone.

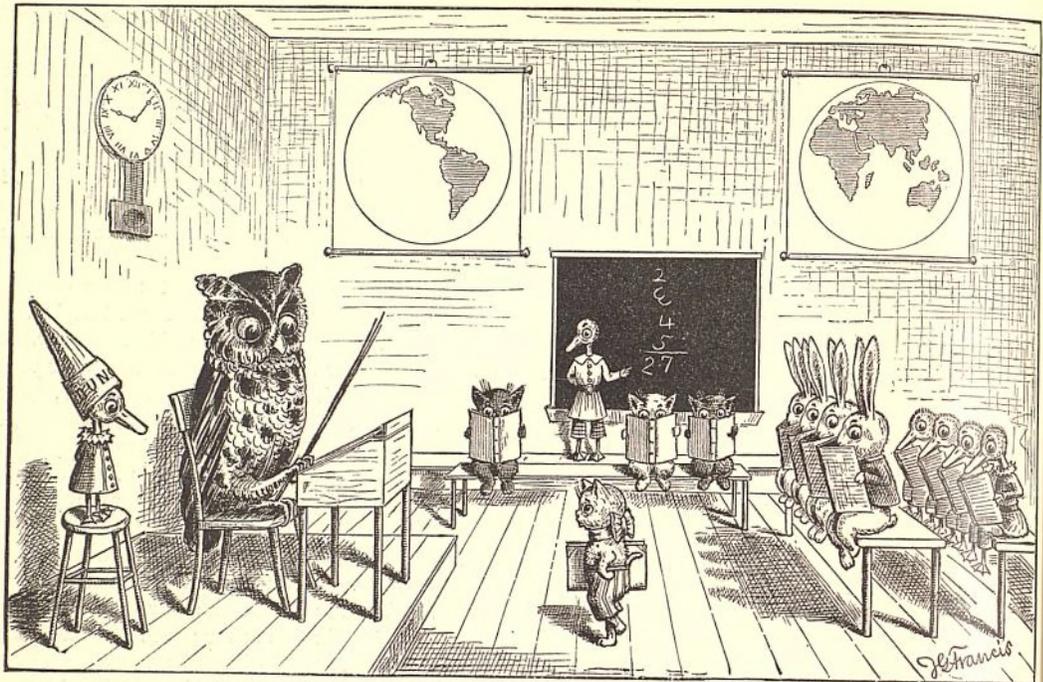
"Well, I did n't write the receipt-book, Kit, and besides, that's grammar, not arithmetic, and I'm not up in grammar." And Ned, wisely refraining from venturing beyond his attainments, went upstairs to put away his books.

"Who'd ever 'a' thought of such a thing," whispered Katy to herself, "that Rudiments would come handy in making ginger-cakes?"

The family ate them hot for supper that night, despite Doctor Dio Lewis and all the laws of health, and pronounced them very fine cakes indeed. What they lacked in ginger (you see Katy, in her perplexity over the hot water, forgot to double the ginger) papa made up in praise, and, as mamma's headache was gone, they all were happy.

Katy was early at school the next morning, and, shying up to the teacher's desk, she said:

"Miss Johnson, you looked as if you thought I was either crazy or stupid the other day, when I said I did n't believe Rudiments were 'in anything in the world.' You see, I meant 'in' anything we *do* or *make*. But I've come to tell you that I've changed my mind. Last night I had to make gingerbread for tea, and the first thing I knew, I got right into fractions—two-thirds of things—and all the rules."



LATE!

THE LAND OF THE POWDER-PLAYERS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

BETWEEN the great desert of Sahara and the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea lies a strip of very fertile country which has been inhabited as a favorite part of the globe ever since history remembers, and no doubt for thousands of years before. It was there that Carthage was founded, and it was for conquering this fine region that the noble Roman general, Scipio was given extraordinary honors.

The countries occupying the western part of this northern edge of Africa are known as the Barbary States, and the westernmost of them is Morocco. It was out at sea, beyond Morocco, that the fabled isle of Atlantis lay. This island (whence is derived the name of the "Atlantic" Ocean which washes these shores) was itself named after a mountain called Atlas, which was called so because it was very high, and reminded every one of Atlas, the old hero of the myth. It seemed to uphold the sky on its shoulders, as he sustained the world. The

ancient word is still heard applied, however, to the whole range which separates the fertile coast-region from the arid interior; but the Roman name of the country, *Mauritania*, has been changed to Morocco, from Arabic words meaning "the extreme west."

Two distinct classes of people form the bulk of the population in Morocco—Berbers and Moors. The Berbers are the descendants of the aborigines, the ancient first inhabitants of the land. The Moors are the descendants of their Arab conquerors. Following closely upon the decline and extinction of Rome as the great ruling power of the world, Arabia came to the front, and her armies penetrated westward into the valley of the Nile, conquered all the desert worth taking, crossed the dry, hot plains of Tripoli, and overran north-western Africa, the home of the Berbers, to the very coast of the Atlantic. Then they crossed to Spain, and established that bright civilization which

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Tangier
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was the only shining spot in Europe during the Dark Ages, and to which we all of us owe a very large part of the present advancement of the world in learning.

But about five hundred years ago the power of the Arabs or Moors, as they were called in Spain, began to decline, and not long after all were driven back to Africa before the Spanish armies. It was their desire for revenge, perhaps, and their endless hatred to everything not Arabian, rather than mere desire for booty, which caused them at this time to equip so many vessels with the best and bravest of their seamen, and send them out as pirates to cruise throughout the Mediterranean not only, but far out into the Atlantic. Those were the years when Spain was in her glory, and her fleets loaded with the gold and silver and precious stones of her West Indian colonies and her other American conquests, were sailing homeward to enrich the estates and contribute to the luxury of the proud old Castilians. But such voyages grew doubly dangerous; for, if the Spanish galleons escaped the blood-thirsty buccaneers of Hayti and the Windward Islands, they still had to run the gauntlet of the dreaded corsair, whose keen-eyed lookouts espied them as they approached the Canaries, or sailed swiftly down upon them when the lofty summits of Gibraltar or the Portuguese shore were almost in sight. The corsairs grew wealthy and bold. They took possession of the towns along the coast of Morocco and Algiers, fortified them, and defied all interference. They seized vessels sailing under every flag, murdered their crews or sold them into slavery to the wandering tribes of the interior, and ruled the high seas until Christian nations could stand it no longer, and England sent her ships of war to destroy their forts by cannon, and burn their vessels with bombshells and Greek-fire.

Now as one crosses in the steamer from Marseilles, or sails along the picturesque coast some sunny day, no traces of those fierce old times of the Barbary pirates remain. The strongholds of the exterminated Corsairs have been dismantled for many a year, and peace and business activity reside in this old resort of lawlessness and vice.

Tangier is the port where the French steamers land,—or rather where they anchor; for the town

has no such great wharves and warehouses as have New York and Liverpool. The moment the steamer comes to a stop she is surrounded by hosts of small boats who carry passengers and luggage to shore; yet even they cannot quite make a landing, but stop outside of the surf on the shelving beach, where stout porters take us and our trunks on their shoulders and carry us through the breakers to the dry land. It is as primitive and savage a way of entering a country as if we were the first persons that ever set foot there. Were it an American or English port there would be an iron and stone pier built at once far out to deep water; but the one thing which, to a European, seems the strongest characteristic of the people in Morocco is their laziness. It is quite useless to try to hurry anybody. If you attempt it, they look at you in surprise, utterly unable to comprehend why you should be anxious about haste.—“Life is long,” they say. They never stand, if they can help it, and when they rest do not sit on a chair, as we do, ready to rise quickly, but lounge upon divans or squat cross-legged on rugs on the floor. Even their meals are all taken in this awkward fashion, the tea-pot, cups and saucers and various other dishes, being placed upon fantastic little tables only a few inches high, which would serve admirably for an American girl's play-house. The poorer classes, however, dispense with even these formalities, and take their dinners by means of their fingers out of a big central dish of rice, or mutton-broth and some broken loaves of coarse bread, everybody lounging round on the ground, and scrambling as best he can to get his share before the platterful is ex-



LANDING AT TANGIER.

hausted. This, as may be supposed, is not at all a pleasant way of boarding. “If you are not fully acquainted with the customs of this strange land,” said a recent traveler, “you may be astonished at having your entertainer's fingers thrust into

your mouth with a tasty morsel, but this is a good sign. You are sure of his favor if he does so!"

The principal sea-port of Morocco is Tangier, a

is green, his left yellow, his waistcoat bright scarlet, with gilt buttons; his waist is girt with a blue sash, below which are white trousers as far as the knee, no stockings, and yellow slippers. All this, surmounted by a gorgeous turban, gives the wearer the appearance of just starting for a masquerade ball, instead of quietly pursuing his everyday avocations, as he really is doing.

If you mean to travel to Fez, the large town where the Sultan of Morocco lives, or to some of the semi-civilized villages of the interior, you must join a caravan. There are no railroads in Morocco; it will be a long time, I fear, before there are any. It is doubtful if there is a single line of regular postal stages, and when the merchants from the large towns desire to go back into the country to sell their goods, or to collect the fruit and crops of the farmers for sale at the

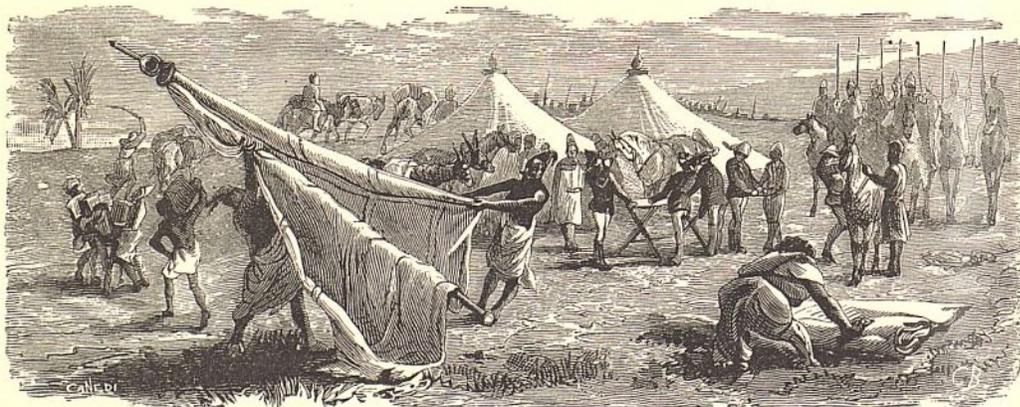


AT THE TEA-TABLE.

heaped-up little town, nearly opposite Gibraltar. Its streets are narrow and irregular, and here you may see Oriental life in great and picturesque variety. No two people you meet in the street are dressed the same way,—at least, no two men, for all the Moorish women are mere bags of white bathing towels, and as like as peas in a pod. Fancy young ladies in the United States compelled all through their lives to stick to one color and style of attire! But if there is a sameness about the ladies, quite different is it with their lords and masters; the gorgeous silken costumes of the Jews

sea-coast, a large number of them combine, often secure an escort of soldiers to prevent their being attacked and robbed by wandering marauders, and make extensive trips. However it may be for a native, it is utterly unsafe for a white man to travel through the country, except under the protection of one of these caravans, for the Moors deem it their duty to kill "dogs of Christians" whenever they have a good opportunity.

These caravans sometimes contain thousands of animals,—horses for the merchants and soldiers, mules for those of the servants who do not go on foot,



THE CARAVAN.—GETTING READY FOR AN EARLY START.

and Moors, and the rags and filth of the lower caste blacks, filling the eye as quickly as the changes in a kaleidoscope. Here comes a particularly resplendent merchant; his right sleeve

donkeys, camels, and oxen to carry the burdens or draw the rude, heavy carts. The camping-place of such a caravan is an extremely interesting spectacle, and if ever the leisurely Arabs *do* bestir themselves, it

is in making a start, just as the morning sun gets a level look at them over the fringe of palm-trees along the horizon. The camping-place is usually chosen near some village. If the inhabitants are Arabs, they will show great hospitality, hastening to offer help and food until the caravan is supplied, and a great chattering of tongues goes on as the news of the day is exchanged; but at the Berber villages the travelers must look out for themselves, and get their supper-fires going as best they can. The Berbers have not outgrown their ancient enmity.

On every side, as you travel through the country, you cannot help noticing the fertility of the land. Delicious fruits grow almost wild in great abundance,—oranges, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, vines and fig-trees. Wide fields of grain wave before your eyes, as surely they would not were it not that the soil barely needs to be turned over; for, through all the centuries since this coast was first cultivated, not one particle of improvement do the indolent people seem to have made in their clumsy methods. When a native farmer finds he can no longer sit in the sun and postpone his plowing, if he is to have any crop at all, he catches a donkey and a goat, or a cow and

a plow has been used for three hundred years, and may perhaps be used for three hundred more.

When the caravan reaches a town of considerable



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS.

size, a stop is likely to be made for some days, in order to allow trading to be carried on. But business is not permitted to worry the traders much, and between the entertainments of the village people and the recreations at the camp, the stranger will not lack for amusement. It is to this race, it is always to be remembered, that we owe the Arabian Nights' tales. Of these stories our translations con-



PLOWING IN MOROCCO.

a mule, or any other creatures (including his wife) that will pull, and harnesses them to a plow which would be a fine curiosity for one of our agricultural fairs, since it is simply some sticks of wood bound together so that the sharply pointed end of the main or handle piece, is dragged along a little under the sod. Yet we must not forget that much nearer home a like lack of progress is seen; for in parts of Mexico an almost exactly similar excuse for

tain only a selection, and as you sit and sip your coffee, tea, or lemonade in some little café of whitewashed stone, you hear the old plots and the familiar names, and many new romances of the same kind, told by men who do nothing else. These tales form the treasure of a very numerous class of men and women throughout the East, who find a livelihood in reciting them to crowds never tired of listening. The public squares of all the

towns abound with such men, whose recitations, full of gestures and suggestive looks, hold a circle of silent listeners spell-bound with the pleasing pictures their imaginations conjure. It is said that the physicians frequently recommend the story-tellers to their patients in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep; and, accustomed to talk to sick folk, they modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently cease as sleep steals over the sufferer.

Quite the opposite of this quiet and dreamy amusement, which takes the place of our theaters, are the shows of the snake-charmers, who everywhere collect pennies from admiring groups. They sit on the ground and handle the serpents in every way, allowing them to coil about their arms, necks and body, and dart long, forked tongues almost into their faces, while one of the group hammers

ants of a town hold certain half-religious festivals called the Feasts of the Aissouia, which, in many ways, are as revolting as the orgies of the lowest savages.

Though the Arabs are shy of foreign eyes at their rites, the tourist may get an invitation to these performances, if he happens to have a friend among the natives. Following his guide through a maze of tortuous streets, and up a great many flights of stone steps, he will finally be conducted to a small hall of Moorish architecture, with the characteristic horse-shoe arches supported upon marble pillars, and no roof except, perhaps, a fragment of striped awning. Around the inside runs a gallery occupied by veiled Moorish ladies, and ornamented with a few flags, which alone relieve the glare of whitewash on all sides of this queer building. The floor is laid with octagonal tiles of



THE POWDER-PLAY ON HORSEBACK.

a tambourine as though his life depended on it. I cannot conceive how this so-called music has anything to do with the wonderful control exercised over the snakes by the juggler; I should think they would grow cross, rather than be "charmed," by its incessant discords.

But even this fondling of reptiles is not the most hateful of the sights which are to be seen in the Moorish towns under the name of entertainment.

Several times during the year the Arab inhabit-

red and white, and upon red mats, around a small "altar" in the center, sit the musicians and performers, while the spectators find places behind.

The chosen performers will dance barefooted upon red-hot plates of iron and on beds of living coals; will lick rods of red-hot iron; will take burning torches between their teeth, and hold flaming oil-wicks until the blaze has burned straight into the palms of their hands; will swallow nails and stones; will even snatch up a living scorpion and crunch it between the teeth, with as keen relish as

that with which a newsboy eats a shrimp. All this is gone through with (for money) to the harsh tumult of half a dozen rude drums and horns, which make a fit accompaniment to these horrid remnants of pagan fire-worship. What can be expected of a people whose delight is in witnessing such sickening exhibitions?

A much more interesting, though no less noisy, recreation, is the powder-play, a game that may take place on foot or on horseback, for these Moors, as everybody knows, are nearly as much at home in the saddle as afoot. The horsemen engaged in the game ride at an exceedingly rapid pace, carrying loaded guns which they discharge as they dash about in all kinds of positions,—above, below, on either side, and straight forward. The noble horses seem to enter into the wild rush and noise of the fun as much as their masters, and the celerity with which the various movements are executed is wonderful. Not only do the younger men take part in the sport, but old, gray-headed men enjoy it

with keen interest and equal spirit. Another kind of powder-play is performed on foot. The band strikes up a fearful din under the name of music,



THE POWDER-PLAY ON FOOT.

and in the midst of the distracting medley two lines of men, that have formed opposite one another, rush together, and, throwing their bodies into wonderful attitudes, fire their guns, and shout and yell as though in actual battle. The Arabs call this powder-play *Lab-el-barode*.

THE BOY ASTRONOMER AT THE OBSERVATORY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PART II.

It was a day of days for Johnny Parsons when the letter came from the school-master, saying he had reached the city, with his wife, on the way home from Niagara, and would be at the station on Wednesday to meet Johnny, who was to be sent up as luggage and charged to the express-man, and go out to the observatory that night to be given the freedom of the big telescope and the stars.

Nobody ever trod in boots with more importance than he did when the stage stopped at the gate. It was not every one that could have the privilege of visiting the observatory and using the big telescope there,—Johnny felt as if astronomers made the world, and he was an astronomer. He scorned to sit inside the coach, and he would not be swung up to the driver's side by the strong arms extended; he climbed up by himself, and his father followed, and the whip cracked and they were off. He turned

and waved his hat at his mother and the girls, and then gave his undivided attention to the off-wheeler, who felt his oats, the driver said. It seemed to Johnny that the coach went a snail's pace; he was sure he could get more speed out of that team; once or twice he offered to take the reins and give the driver a rest; but the driver laughed, and chucked him under the chin with his thumb, and said he would as soon let Bildad the Shuhite have them. This contemptuous remark cut Johnny to the heart, and for the rest of the ride he wore the look of a scornful martyr. However, he presently—although, to be sure, temporarily—forgot the insult on being put on board the train. He expressed, of course, his intention of riding on the engine, but it being indispensable that he should be clean upon arrival, that was forbidden; and he was told to keep as quiet as he could, and do what the expressman said, and not to lose his money or his pocket-hand-

kerchief,—at both of which articles he looked so often, to make sure, that he was kindly relieved of them, by some obliging but unknown person, before the journey's end. When at last the train rolled slowly into the station, there stood the school-master to receive him.

"You're my brother now," said Johnny. "Then I need n't call you Mister any more, need I?"

The school-master laughed, and took him along

in the water, and the great city with all its twinkling lights ceased to gleam behind them.

Leaving the cars, they walked slowly up a hillside, through an avenue of firs, that quieted Johnny's excitement a little, and seemed indeed so home-like that when at length they reached a simple-looking dwelling-house, Johnny began to think one telescope was, after all, pretty much like another, and to plume himself and to look a little



"HE TURNED AND WAVED HIS HAT."

to his sister, who kissed him till Johnny opened his eyes, wondering why she had never found out his excellences and kissed him so before; and then she gave him a good dinner and put him away to sleep for a couple of hours, that he might be all fresh for his night-ride among the stars.

It was a charming night, dark and clear and cold; the green and red lights of the street-cars, moving along in this direction and in that, seemed like a dream of stars to begin with; not the pure and distant white light of stars, however, but somewhat as those might be if polluted by the life of cities, Johnny thought, losing his conceit of himself in the fancies that the scene called forth, as they crossed the long bridge with its chain of lamps repeated

for others to plume him; and then he saw something looming darkly behind the house as if even this simple-looking dwelling had weird surroundings, and his imagination got the better of him and made him cling to the school-master's hand. They went round the corner of the house, and saw what the dark object was,—a huge stone tower; and they pushed open an iron door, that clanged with a hollow echo through the hollow tower, and went in.

It was a place of immense masonry, block upon block; and whatever was the height to which it rose in the air, it had been sunk in the ground till a foundation of solid stone, fifty feet below the surface of the sod from which they had just stepped, upheld this reader of the riddle of the stars, this

great refracting telescope. The school-master still kept Johnny's hand, and they went up a winding iron stair-way and came into the upper room of the place with its rounded walls and the mimic heaven of its dim dome.

One telescope much like another, Johnny? Your little plaything, that you had so laboriously whittled out, like this mighty engine at whose glance the stars drew near and delivered up their secrets? There is no humility like that into which one falls from the heights of conceit. Johnny felt like a criminal, in the first moment that he stood there, and would have longed to beg somebody to forgive him, if presently amazement had not swallowed all other emotions. What a monster it was! The locomotive that brought him up to town, mighty as that was, was a mere bauble beside it.

The school-master led him round, directly, and introduced him to some gentlemen. It did not occur to Johnny to think any more of what the gentlemen would think of him; he felt that he and they were alike the merest small atoms before this tremendous thing,—it was long afterward when a thrill of pride, strong as his recent humility, coursed through him, that he remembered that this tremendous thing was the creation and the mere servant of these atoms. He was taken up some steps and placed on a curious little seat that presently somebody began to screw up,—he was already so "screwed up" himself that he forgot to be afraid; and meanwhile the school-master was talking with him and bidding him observe how perfectly the great instrument was poised upon its shaft of stone and brass, so that, immense as it was, it could be moved, by touching one of the slender brass rods tipped with a ball no bigger than a potato.

All of a sudden, there came a report and roar like a crackling explosion of all things; and it seemed to Johnny that "there were thunderings and voices and lightnings and a great earthquake," as he had read in Revelation. For a moment he hid his eyes; but then he remembered that he was there to see, and so he looked, and saw that they were only rolling round the circular iron roof on iron cannon-balls in iron grooves, so as to bring a loop-hole in the right direction to point the telescope out. In another moment he was looking through the eyepiece, just in time to see a great swift object, a white magnificence of mist and splendor, like a veiled bride with wings, slide down the field of view and be gone.

"Oh! oh!" cried Johnny. "How fast a comet flies!"

"We can fly as fast as she can," said one of the gentlemen. "Put in the clock-work, if you please."

And then there was a clicking and ticking, and a

wonderful little complexity of brass wheels and rods and delicate machinery was at work, and the telescope was moving with the stars so steadily and perfectly that, swift as the comet flew, the great object-glass kept her in its field, and Johnny, sitting there in his seat, looked with an eye that seemed to fly as fast as she did.

"I don't wonder," he cried, "that the people in old times were so scared of her, and thought she brought plagues and famines. She looks just like a great angel of destruction!"

And, in his ecstasy, Johnny sprang to his feet, and the comet, with the face of its fearful splendor blazing out of the vapor of the long streaming veils; was gone, and he was staring at the roof.

The gentleman beside him smiled at Johnny a little, and told him, after the school-master had seen the comet, that they would show him something not so fearful now. So he sat down, and the roof was shifted, and his chair was wheeled a little, and when he put his eye at the glass again, there hung the crescent of a silver new moon!

"Why!" cried Johnny. "The moon has n't risen yet,—and she 's after the full, any way,—and here she is new! Oh, I see,—why, it 's Venus! By George!" he added, in a long breath of delight. "Nobody 'd think, to see that round point of light in the sky, that it is a crescent like a moon!"

"Venus, you know, has her phases, sometimes gibbous, sometimes waning," began one of the gentlemen, kindly.

"Oh, I know all about Venus," said Johnny.

"Do you? That is more than we do."

"I—I did n't mean that," cried Johnny, covered with shame and contrition. "I meant I knew a little."

"That is all we know," said the gentleman.

"Well, we must make haste now," he added, "for the moon's light is coming up, and we shall hardly see the half that we have mapped out. What should you like next?"

"I should have liked to see Saturn," said Johnny; "but I suppose it 's no use now he 's taken off his jewelry."

"But he 's a pretty sight even without his rings," said the gentleman. "And you can see him as nobody has, till now, since you were born."

And, presently, Johnny was looking at a great golden sphere swimming in the depths, while round it on a slender thread of light the moons were strung like tiny golden balls upon a silver wire.

"Saturn is quite as beautiful in this form as when he shows all the glory of his rings; and he is more interesting to astronomers, for it is now that we are able to take the measurements which assure us of his stability. Now you would like to see some double stars, I suppose?"

Double stars then Johnny saw, rolling round each other with their varying and splendid colors, an emerald and a ruby, a sapphire and a topaz.

"Oh, what a world to live in, with two suns in the sky!" exclaimed Johnny. "Now it's green-light time, and now it's blue. They can't have any white light. Our sun's a topaz, is n't he?"

"In those worlds they must have colors that we don't dream of," said the school-master.

"And different eyes from ours with which to see them," said the gentleman beside Johnny. "Now we will have a nebula."

And in a few moments Johnny saw what he had many a time seen in the sky like a faintly shining cloud, a broad, thin sheet of shining vapor, millions and millions of miles away, open before the telescope into a sea of stars breaking into a foam of star-dust. It capped the climax. Johnny had not another word to say. It seemed to him that he stood in the very presence of the Creator. A mighty voice appeared to be ringing in his ears, "Johnny Parsons, how can you break the laws while these great stars obey them!"

He had been going to ask to look at Alcyone, the bright star in the Pleiades, not expecting to see anything remarkable, but, for instance, just as one likes to see how a great man looks; because it was, as he phrased it, "our sun's sun"; but he felt as if he had already seen too much, more than he could comprehend, as if it would be quite impossible to look at anything further,—the star which was mighty enough to draw round and round itself, not only our sun and its planets, but all the other stars with which the heavens are sown, was too mighty for his mood of mind just now.

Perhaps the astronomer understood him. At any rate, he let him alone for a while, and kept up a lively discussion with the school-master concerning the merits of reflecting and refracting glasses; and then he asked Johnny to describe the telescope he had once made himself. And by that time the moon was well up in the heavens, cloudless and clear and inviting travelers, and Johnny was ready for more amazement.

That the round, smooth, shining globe, rolling over a velvety surface of sky, as he had been used to see it, could be this seamed and scarred and furrowed place of horror, like a wilderness of burned-out volcanoes, all black and bristling here, and ghastly and white there, was something not easy to believe.

"Is it really the moon?" he whispered.

"Really the moon," said the gentleman. And then he proceeded to point out the various spots by name, the horrid hills, the never-lighted valleys, the vast, bare, dead craters. "And it is possible

that there are places of greater desolation yet, for there is one side of the moon that we never see,—it is always hidden from us," said he; and Johnny shivered as if it had been a place of skulls.

"Did you ever see the sun rise?" asked the gentleman, presently.

"Did I?" said Johnny, scornfully, in reply.

"Well, that was on earth. Now, you know, we are travelers journeying over the moon. Look closely here. You see that line of light advancing in the field? That is the sun's light falling on the moon. Now follow it."

And Johnny saw the line of light slowly stealing on and up to the base of the great range of black and jagged mountains; on and up, over great gaps of shadow, out of which countless lesser peaks, unseen before, sprang up in the light, peopling the desert place with stony giants; over black chasms that remained black chasms still; up and up, shining on the face of huge, dark precipices; up and up, catching the edge of sudden ledges; up, till the very topmost crag blazed out. Then over the brink, gently over and across and down, going down into the black valleys beyond, to flood them with the light, and rise higher yet on the great crags behind. And Johnny had seen the sunrise on the Mountains of the Moon!

"I can't bear anything else," said Johnny. "Not now, that is. I think I must go home. I—I feel as if somebody had stepped on me."

"That will soon pass," said the gentleman, smilingly, helping him down. "I know what it is. These things make us feel as insignificant as they are mighty; but by and by we remember in whose image we are made. Well, my little man, I expect one day to have you with us here, calculating the elements of the unknown."

"I am going to be an astronomer, when I grow up!" said Johnny, with decision. "But it takes such a long time to be a man!"

"Not any longer than you will need for all the study and patience it takes to be an astronomer," was the answer. "Little play, hard work, tireless attention, unceasing effort,—you see it takes a great deal more than time. *Sic itur ad astra.*" And then the gentleman bade them good-night.

"That is the way to the stars," said the school-master, translating the Latin, as they stood at last in the open night. "And to everything else that is good for anything. And this is the way to go home,—Sally will be glad to see us,—I suspect she's sitting up for us still."

"Do you remember," asked Johnny, "the story when Saul went to see the witch of Endor? It seems as if we had been there, too!"



SING-SONG.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

SING a song of snow-flakes,
Icicles and frost;
Four and twenty snow-birds
In the woods were lost.
When the storm was ended,
Happy birds were they,
By some crumbs befriended,
They lived to fly away!

Sing a song of rain-drops,
Clouds, and April weather;
Four and twenty red-breasts
Caught out together.
When the shower was ended,
What a song was heard
About the rainbow splendid,
From each dripping bird!

Sing a song of sunshine,
Bees a-humming praises
Four and twenty hours
Lost among the daisies.
Hunt the wide world over,
From sea to continent,
You never will discover
Where the hours went!

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

CHANGES.

It happens now and then in life that small circumstances link themselves on to great ones, and in this way become important, when otherwise they might pass out of mind and be forgotten. Such was the case with that day's naughtiness. Eyebright remembered it always, and never without a sharp prick of pain, because of certain things that followed soon afterward, and of which I must tell you in this chapter.

Miss Fitch's winter term opened on the 15th of September. The boys and girls were not sorry to begin school, I think. They had "played them-

selves out" during the long vacation, and it was rather a pleasant change now to return to lessons and regular hours. Everything seemed new and interesting after three months' absence, the school-house, the Green, all the cubby-holes and hiding-places, just as shabby playthings laid aside for a while come out looking quite fresh, and do not seem like old ones at all. There was the beautiful autumn weather beside, making each moment of liberty doubly delightful. Day after day, week after week, this perfect weather lasted, till it seemed as though the skies had forgotten the trick of raining, or how to be of any color except clear, dazzling blue. The wind blew softly and made lovely little noises in the boughs, but there was a cool edge to its softness

now which added to the satisfaction of breathing it. The garden beds were gay as ever, but trees began to show tips of crimson and orange, and now and then a brown leaf floated gently down, as though to hint that summer was over and the autumn really begun. Small drifts of these brown leaves formed in the hollows of the road and about fence corners. The boys and girls kicked them aside to get at the chestnut burs which had fallen and mixed with them,—spiky burs, half open and showing the glossy-brown nut within. It was a great apple-year, too, and the orchards were laden with ripe fruit. Nearly all the Saturday afternoons were spent by the children in apple-gathering or in nutting, and autumn seemed to them as summer had seemed before autumn, spring before summer, and winter, in its turn, before spring,—the very pleasantest of the four pleasant seasons of the year.

With so many things to do, and such a stock of health and spirits to make doing delightful, it is not strange that for a long time Eyebright remained unconscious of certain changes which were taking place at home, and which older people saw plainly. It did cross her mind once or twice that her mother seemed feebler than usual, and Wealthy and papa worried and anxious, but the thought did not stay, being crowded out by thoughts of a more agreeable kind. She had never in her life been brought very close to any real trouble. Wealthy had spoken before her of Mrs. So-and-so as being "in affliction," and she had seen people looking sad and wearing black clothes, but it was like something in a book to her,—a story she only half comprehended; though she vaguely shrank from it, and did not wish to read further. With all her quick imagination, she was not in the least morbid. Sorrow must come to her, she would never take a step to meet it. So she went on, busy, healthy, happy, full of bright plans and fun and merriment, till suddenly one day sorrow came. For, running in from school, she found Wealthy crying in the kitchen, and was told that her mother was worse,—much worse,—and the doctor thought she could only live a day or two longer.

"Oh no, no, Wealthy," was all she could say at first. Then, "Why does n't Dr. Pillsbury give mamma something?" she demanded, for Eyebright had learned to feel a great respect for medicine, and to believe that it must be able to cure everybody.

Wealthy shook her head.

"It aint no use specylating about more medicines," she said, "your ma 's taken ship-loads of 'em, and they aint never done her any good that I can see. No, Eyebright, dear; it 's got to come, and we must just make the best of it. It 's God's

will, I s'pose, and there aint nothing to be said when that 's the case."

"Oh, dear! how can God will anything so dreadful?" sobbed Eyebright, feeling as if she were brought face to face with a great puzzle. Wealthy could not answer. It was a puzzle to her, too. But she took Eyebright into her lap, held her close, and stroked her hair gently; and that helped, as love and tenderness always do.

Some very sad days followed. The doctor came and went. There was a hush over the house. It seemed wrong to speak aloud even, and Eyebright found herself moving on tip-toe, and shutting the doors with anxious care; yet no one had said, "Do not make a noise." Everybody seemed to be waiting for something, but nobody liked to think what that something might be. Eyebright did not think, but she felt miserable. A great cloud seemed to hang over all her bright little world, so happy till then. She moped about, with no heart to do anything, or she sat in the hall outside her mother's door, listening for sounds. Now and then they let her creep in for a minute to look at mamma, who lay motionless as if asleep, but Eyebright could not keep from crying, and after a little while, papa would sign to her to go, and she would creep out again, hushing her sobs till she was safely down-stairs with the door shut. It was such a melancholy time that I do not see how she could have got through with it, had it not been for Genevieve, who, dumb as she was, proved best comforter of all. With her face buried in the lap of Genevieve's best frock, Eyebright might shed as many tears as she liked, whispering in the waxen ear how much she wished that mamma could get well, how good, how very good she always meant to be if she did, and how sorry she was that ever she had been naughty or cross to her; especially on that day, that dreadful day when she ran off into the woods, the recollection of which rankled in her conscience like a thorn. Genevieve listened sympathizingly, but not even her affection could pull out the thorn, or make its prick any easier to bear.

I do not like to tell about sad things half so well as about happy ones, so we will hurry over this part of the story. Mrs. Bright lived only a week after that evening when Eyebright first realized that she was so much worse. She waked up before she died, kissed Eyebright for good-bye, and said, "My helpful little comfort." These sweet words were the one thing which made it seem possible to live just then. All her life long they came back to Eyebright like the sound of music, and when the thought of her childish faults gave her pain, these words, which carried full forgiveness of the faults, soothed and consoled her.

After a while, as she grew older, she learned to feel that mamma in Heaven knew much better than mamma on earth could how much her little daughter really had loved her, and how grieved the loving girl was to have been impatient or unkind.

But this was not for a long time afterward, and meanwhile her chief pleasure was in remembering, that, for all her naughtiness, mamma had kissed her and called her "a comfort," before she died.

of the waist and torn a hole in the sleeve, which was pretty soon, the alpaca lost its awfulness in their eyes, and had become as any common dress. In the course of a week or two, Eyebright found herself studying, playing, and walking at recess with Bessie, quite in the old way. But all the while she was conscious of a change, and a feeling which she fought with, but could not get rid of, that things were not, nor ever could be, as they had been before this interruption came.



TALKING OVER HOME TROUBLES.

After the funeral, Wealthy opened the blinds which had been kept tight shut till then, and life returned to its usual course. Breakfast, dinner, and supper appeared regularly on the table, papa went again to the mill, and Eyebright to school. She felt shy and strange at first, and the children were shy of her, because of her black alpaca frock, which impressed their imaginations a good deal. This wore off as the frock wore out, and by the time that Eyebright had ripped out half the gathers

Home was changed and her father was changed. Eyebright was no longer careless or unobservant, as before her mother's death, and she noticed how fast papa's hair was turning gray, and how deep and careworn the lines about his mouth and eyes had become. He did not seem to gain in cheerfulness as time went on, but, if anything, to look more sad and troubled; and he spent much of his time at the cherry-wood desk, calculating and doing sums and poring over account books. Eyebright

noticed all these little things, she had learned to use her eyes now, and though nobody said anything about it, she felt sure that papa was worried about something, and in need of comfort.

She used to come early from play, and peep into the sitting-room to see what he was doing. If he seemed busy, she did not interrupt him, but drew her low chair to his side and sat there quietly, with Genevieve in her lap, and perhaps a book, not speaking, but now and then stroking his knee or laying her cheek gently against it. All the time she felt so sorry that she could not help papa. But I think she did help, for papa liked to have her there, and the presence of a love which asks no questions and is content with loving, is most soothing of all, sometimes, to people who are in perplexity and trying to see their way out.

But none of Eyebright's strokes or pats or fond little ways could drive the care away from her father's brow. His trouble was too heavy for that. It was a kind of trouble which he could not very well explain to a child; trouble about business and money,—things which little people do not understand; and matters were getting worse instead of better. He was like a man in a thorny wood who cannot see his way out, and his mind was more confused and anxious than any one except himself could comprehend.

At last things came to such a pass that there was no choice left, and he was forced to explain to Eyebright. It was April by that time. He was at his desk as usual, and Eyebright, sitting near, had Genevieve cuddled in her lap, and the "Swiss Family Robinson" open before her.

"Now you're done, are n't you, papa!" she cried, as he laid down his pen. "You wont write any more to-night, will you, but sit in the rocking-chair and rest." She was jumping up to get the chair when he stopped her.

"I'm not through yet, my dear. But I want to talk with you for a little while."

"O papa, how nice! May I sit on your knee while you talk?"

Papa said yes, and she seated herself. He put his arm round her, and for a while stroked her hair in silence. Eyebright looked up, wonderingly.

"Yes, dear, I'll tell you presently. I'm trying to think how to begin. It's something disagreeable, Eyebright,—something which will make you feel very bad, I'm afraid."

"Oh dear! what is it?" cried Eyebright, fearfully. "Do tell me, papa."

"What should you say if I told you that we can't live here any longer, but must go away?"

"Away from this house do you mean, papa?"

"Yes, away from this house, and away from Tunxet, too."

"Not away for always?" said Eyebright, in an awe-struck tone. "You don't mean that, papa, do you? We could n't live anywhere else for always!" giving a little gasp at the very idea.

"I'm afraid that's what it's coming to," said Mr. Bright, sadly. "I don't see any other way to fix it. I've lost all my money, Eyebright. It is no use trying to explain it to a child like you, but that is the case. All I had is gone, nearly. There's scarcely anything left,—not enough to live on here, even if I owned this house, which I don't."

Not own their own house! This was incomprehensible. What could papa mean?

"But, Papa, it's *our* house!" she ventured, timidly.

Papa made no answer, only stroked her hair again, softly.

"And the mill? Is n't the mill yours, papa?" she went on.

"No, dear, I never did own the mill. You were too little to understand about the matter when I took up the business. It belongs to a company; do you know what a 'company' means?—and the company has failed, so that the mill is theirs no longer. It's going to be sold at auction soon. I was only a manager, and of course I lose my place. But that is n't so much matter. The real trouble is that I've lost my own property, too. We're poor people now, Eyebright. I've been calculating, and I think by selling off everything here, I can just clear myself and come out honest; but that's all. There'll be almost nothing left."

"Could n't you get another mill to manage?" asked Eyebright, in a bewildered way.

"No, there is no other mill; and if there was, I should n't want to take it. I'm too old to begin life over again in the place where I started when I was a boy to work my way up. I *have* worked, too,—worked hard,—and now I come out in the end not worth a cent. No, Eyebright, I could n't do it!"

He set her down as he spoke, and began to walk the room with heavy, unequal steps. The old floor creaked under his tread. There was something very sad in the sound.

A child feels powerless in the presence of sudden misfortune. Eyebright sat as if stunned, while her father walked to and fro. Genevieve slipped from her lap and fell with a bump on the carpet, but she paid no attention. Genevieve was n't real to her just then; only a doll. It was no matter whether she bumped her head or not.

Mr. Bright came back to his chair again.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking of," he said. "I own a little farm up in Maine. It's about the only thing I do own which has n't got a mortgage on it, or does n't belong to some one else in

some way or another. It's a very small farm, but there's a house on it,—some kind of a house,—and I think of moving up there to live. I don't know much about the place, and I don't like the plan. It'll be lonely for you, for the farm is on an island, it seems, and there's no one else living there, no children for you to play with, and no school. These are disadvantages; but, on the other hand, the climate is said to be good, and I suppose I can raise enough up there for our living, and not run into

"What is the island in, papa? A lake?"
 "No, not a lake. It's in the sea, but very near the coast. I think there's some way of walking across at low tide, but I'm not sure."

"I think—I'm rather glad," said Eyebright slowly. "I always did want to live on an island. And I never saw the sea. Don't feel badly, papa. I guess we shall like it."

Mr. Bright was relieved; but he could n't help shake his head a little, nevertheless.



EYEBRIGHT AND GENEVIEVE.

debt, which is the thing I care most for just now. So I've about decided to try it. I'm sorry to break up your schooling, and to take you away from here, where you like it so much; but it seems the only way open. And if you could go cheerfully, my dear, and make the best of things, it would be a great comfort to me. That's all I've got to say." Eyebright's mind had been at work through this long sentence. Her reply astonished her father not a little; it was so bright and eager.

"You must make up your mind to find it pretty lonesome," he said compassionately.

"The Swiss Family Robinson did n't," replied Eyebright. "But then," she added, "there were six of them. And there'll only be four of us—counting Genevieve."

If Eyebright had taken the news too calmly, Wealthy made up for it by her wild and incredulous wrath when in turn it was broken to her.

"Pity's sakes!" she cried. "Whatever is the

man a-thinking about? Carry you off to Maine, indeed, away from folks and church and everything civilized! He's crazy,—that's what he is,—as crazy as a loon!"

"Papa's not crazy. You must n't say such things, Wealthy," replied Eyebright indignantly. "He feels real badly about going. But we've got to go. We've lost all our money, and we can't stay here."

"A desert island, too!" went on Wealthy, pursuing her own train of reflection. "Crocodiles and cannibals, I suppose! I've heard what a God-forsaken place it is up there. Who's going to look after you, I'd like to know?—you, who never in your life remembered your rubber shoes when it rained, or knew winter flannels from summer ones, or best frocks from common?" Words failed her.

"Why, Wealthy, sha' n't you come with us?" cried Eyebright, in a startled tone.

"I? No, indeed, and I sha' n't then!" returned Wealthy. "I'm not such a fool as all that. Maine, indeed!" Then, her heart melting at the distress in Eyebright's face, she swooped upon her, squeezed her hard, and said: "What a cross-grained piece I be! Yes, Eyebright dear, I'll go along. I'll go, no matter where it is. You sha' n't be trusted to that Pa of yours if I can help it; and that's my last word in the matter."

Eyebright flew to papa with the joyful news that Wealthy was willing to go with them. Mr. Bright looked dismayed.

"It's out of the question," he replied. "I can't afford it, for one thing. The journey costs a good deal, and when she got there, Wealthy would probably not like it, and would want to come back again, which would be money thrown away. Beside, it's doubtful if we shall be able to keep any regular help. No, Eyebright; we'd better not think of it, even. You and I will start alone, and we'll get some woman there to come and work when it's necessary. That'll be as much as I can manage."

Of course, when Wealthy found that there were objections, her wish to go increased tenfold. She begged, and Eyebright pleaded, but papa held to his decision. There was no helping it, but this difference in opinion made the household very uncomfortable for a while. Wealthy felt injured, and went about her work grimly, sighing conspicuously now and then, or making dashes at Eyebright, kissing her furiously, shedding a few tears, and then beginning work again, all in stony silence. Papa shut himself up more closely than ever with his

account-books and looked sadder every day; and Eyebright, though she strove to act as peace-maker and keep a cheerful face, felt her heart heavy enough at times, when she thought of what was at hand.

They were to start early in May, and she left school at once; for there was much to be done in which she could help Wealthy, and the time was but short for the doing of it all. The girls were sorry when they heard that Eyebright was going away to live in Maine, and Bessie cried one whole recess, and said she never expected to be happy again. Still the news did not make quite as much sensation as Eyebright had expected, and she had a little sore feeling at her heart, as if the others cared less about losing her than she should have cared had she been in their place. This idea cost her some private tears; she comforted herself by a poem which she called "Fickleness," and which began:

"It is wicked to be fickle,
And very, very unkind,
And I'd be ashamed—"

but no rhyme to fickle could she find except "pickle," and it was so hard to work that in, that she gave up writing the verses, and only kept away from the girls for a few days. But, for all Eyebright's doubts, the girls did care, only Examination was coming on, and they were too busy in learning the pieces they were to speak, and practicing for a writing prize which Miss Fitch had promised them, to realize just then how sorry they were. It came afterward when the Examination was over, and Eyebright really gone; and it was a long time—a year or two at least—before any sort of festival or picnic could take place in Tunxet without some child's saying, wistfully: "I wish Eyebright was here to go; don't you?" Could Eyebright have known this, it would have comforted her very much during those last weeks; but the pity is, we can't know things beforehand in this world.

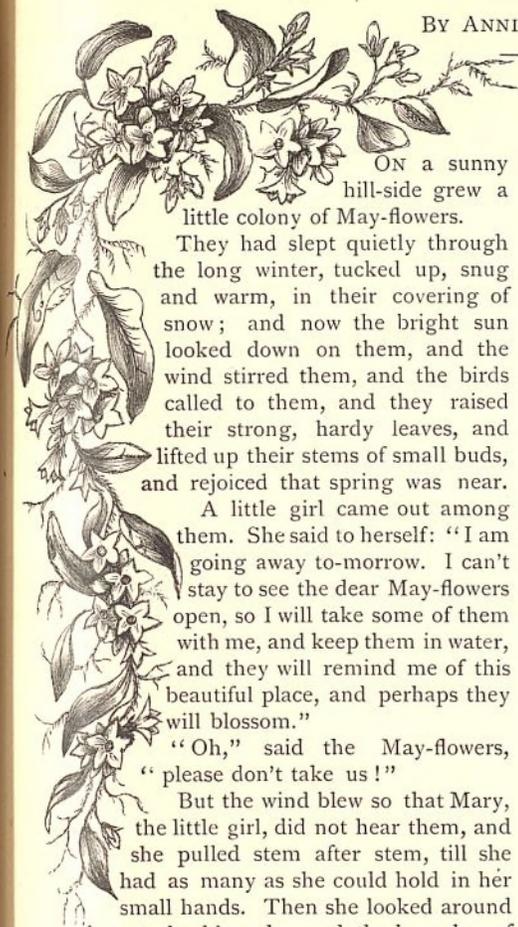
So, after all, her chief consolation was Genevieve, to whom she could tell anything without fear of making mischief or being contradicted.

"There's just one thing I'm glad about," she said to this chosen confidante, "and that is that it's an island. I never saw any islands, neither did you, Genevieve; but I know they must be lovely. And I'm glad it's in the sea, too. But, oh dear, my poor child, how will you get along without any other dolls to play with? You'll be very lonely, sometimes—very lonely, indeed—I'm afraid."

(To be continued.)

THE MAY-FLOWERS.

BY ANNIE MOORE.



ON a sunny hill-side grew a little colony of May-flowers.

They had slept quietly through the long winter, tucked up, snug and warm, in their covering of snow; and now the bright sun looked down on them, and the wind stirred them, and the birds called to them, and they raised their strong, hardy leaves, and lifted up their stems of small buds, and rejoiced that spring was near.

A little girl came out among them. She said to herself: "I am going away to-morrow. I can't stay to see the dear May-flowers open, so I will take some of them with me, and keep them in water, and they will remind me of this beautiful place, and perhaps they will blossom."

"Oh," said the May-flowers, "please don't take us!"

But the wind blew so that Mary, the little girl, did not hear them, and she pulled stem after stem, till she had as many as she could hold in her small hands. Then she looked around her at the blue sky, and the branches of the trees against it, and the soft, dead leaves flying in the wind, and the patches of white snow in the hollows; and away in the distance the light-house and the blue water.

She said good-bye to it all, for she was afraid she might not see it again soon; and the little May-flowers said good-bye to it, too.

The next day Mary tied the May-flowers together, and wound a piece of wet paper around their stems, and they started on their journey.

The cars were crowded and hot, and Mary held the flowers very tight for fear of losing them, and the tall people rested their elbows on them, and the stout ones pushed against them, and they thought they would die.

But soon the paper was taken off, and the string was untied, and they were put into a vase of water.

The little May-flowers drooped for a time, and could not hold up their heads.

Mary set them in the open window, and a gay bird in a cage sang to them; but they mourned for their pleasant home, and they did not like to stand with their feet in water, and they said:

"Let us give up in despair."

Then the bird sang, "Cheer up! cheer up! chirrup! chirrup!"

They did not listen to him at first, but by and by they said to him:

"Why do you say that to us? Do you know that we have been taken from our home and our friends on the hill-side, where the sun shone, and the birds sang all around us? How can we live and be happy here, and with our feet in the water, too?"

But the bird said: "Cheer up! The sun is shining on you, and I am singing to you as well as I can, and how much better it will be for you to blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, than to do nothing but wither and be thrown away. Do you think I like to be here, shut up in this cage, when I have wings to fly? No! If this cage-door should be left open, you would see me fly up to that chimney in a second."

"Could you?" said the little flowers.

"Yes, indeed," said the bird.

"Would you?" said the flowers.

"Yes," said the bird, "and then into that tree, and then away to the woods somewhere. But while I am here, I think I may as well sing and be gay."

"Perhaps he is right," thought the flowers; so they lifted their heads and looked up.

Mary gave them fresh water every day, and loved them dearly, and talked to them of the beautiful hill-side; and the cheerful bird sang to them, and at last the little buds began to grow and make the best of it.

One bright morning, just two weeks after they were gathered, the largest bud opened its petals, and blossomed into a full-grown May-flower!

It was white, with a lovely tinge of pink, and oh, so fragrant! Mary almost cried with delight, and she kissed the dear flower, and carried it to every one in the house to be admired. The bird stood on tip-toe on his highest perch and flapped his wings, and sang his best song.

"Was I right?" said he. "Did I give you good advice?"

"Yes," said the flowers, "you were right. To blossom and be beautiful, and make some one happy, is better than to give up in despair and do nothing."

JERRY'S BABY ELEPHANT.

BY MARY HANDERSON.

JERRY lived with his grandmother in a little cottage two or three miles from the nearest town, and when it was announced, one day, that a menagerie soon would visit the town, Jerry's grandmother gave him leave to go and see the show.

Immediately after breakfast on the great day, Jerry kissed his grandmother, put on his best cap, and started for the town, with some gingerbread in his pocket for his dinner, and twenty-five cents for his ticket. It was still very early when he reached town; but there were plenty of little boys in the streets, grouped together talking about the animals, and what would be the best place to see them. Jerry joined a loud-talking, eager little party, who were running to a piazza over the grocer's store, where they could see far down the main street, by which the menagerie was expected to enter the village. They had a long, long time to wait; the sun grew very hot, and the little boys grew very restless and impatient; a dozen times some one had exclaimed, "There it comes!" and there had been a sudden rush to the front of the piazza, and a shout of pleasure, which was changed to one of disgust, as a drove of cattle or a load of hay emerged from the deceptive cloud of dust.

But at last the caravan came, and their expectations were more than realized; for two mammoth elephants drew the gorgeous red and yellow car in which the twelve musicians sat, and the long train of closed wagons that followed made Jerry clap his hands and jump with delight, for surely inside them there must be bears, tigers, leopards, camels, giraffes, and all the other animals he ever heard of.

Jerry and his friends were soon scampering through the dust beside the wagons, and presently, at the end of the long street, the whole cavalcade turned into a broad, grassy meadow and stood still. The drivers drew their wagons up side by side, and dismounted; the baggage-wagons were all driven forward, and the men proceeded to take from them great bundles of dirty-looking cloth, coils of rope, long poles, piles of boards, and many boxes, at the contents of which Jerry could only guess.

Coarse, sleepy-looking men they were, who went to work as if they saw no fun in an occupation which seemed to the boys so delightful. They spoke rudely to the crowd of eager lads and would not allow them to approach too near. But finally, one man called out:

"Here, youngsters, two of you may come here and earn your quarters by watching the cages while we work."

Jerry and another little fellow, named Charley Newton, were the two who first sprang forward to offer their services, in answer to this offer.

"You'll do," said the man, as he saw their bright faces; "the animals are mostly quiet; but you will have to look sharp, and if any of the beasts take to jumping, or cutting up any sort of shins, just raise your pipes to the tune of 'Murder!' as loud as you can."

The boys then followed the man to the cages. They had all been drawn up in two sections of a large circle, facing each other, with long spaces between the two lines, so that the boys seemed very far apart when they took up their separate watches where the man had stationed them. "Look sharp!" said he to each, "and if ye hear a row in any of the cages alongside, be mighty quick and loud with your yells." And then he left them.

"I wish you would come over and see these frisky monkeys," called out Charley pretty soon. "I can see 'em through the lower edge of the cage. They're awfully funny."

Jerry was a little tempted; but he said:

"No, Charley; if we're to be paid for our work, we must do just what we promised to, and not go away till the man gives us leave. May be he'll let us change sides by and by. I guess there's a hyena in the next cage here; something makes a horrid noise."

"Perhaps it's an alligator," replied Charley, whose knowledge of Natural History was very small. Jerry laughed well at this, and was beginning to explain to Charley that alligators were found in the water in hot countries, and were long, flat things, something like lizards, only as big as cod-fish, when Charley called to him to look and see what the men were doing now; and behold! they were coming toward them with the canvas and the poles and the ropes. The boys watched with eager interest, and saw them measuring the ground and marking out a great circle which was to inclose the cages; and then, almost before they could tell how it was done, so accustomed were the men to the work, the boys stood within a large tent, and felt as if the wonderful exhibition had already begun.

"Now, youngsters, our work is done; but I advise you to stay inside the tent till the show

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begins, to make sure of your pay, for the door-keeper may not know you."

This remark was addressed to the boys by the man who had appointed them to their task. Jerry's sense of justice was aroused by it, and he answered in a tone of indignation:

"If your work is done, ours is done, too, for that was the bargain; and you were to pay us each a quarter for it. I think you ought to give it to us, and let us go where we please till the show begins."

"Well, well! I guess you 're right," said the

So they laughed, and talked, and ate, for a half-hour, until a tall boy came with a large basket, and a camp-stool, and ordered them off the shady spot, because he wanted to sit there and sell his candy and corn-balls.

By this time a crowd had collected around the door of the tent waiting to gain admission. Our little friends joined it and were among the first who gave their tickets to the door-keeper, and entered the inclosure. The cages were all open now, and several showmen were standing by them ready to tell the people the history of the various animals. Jerry moved about from cage to cage listening eagerly; but what interested him more than anything else was the description of the great elephant from Ceylon.

"The elephant," said the keeper, "is the largest and strongest of all land animals; very sensible and obedient to man; he is susceptible of gratitude, and capable of strong attachment to the man to whom he submits, serving him with intelligence and fidelity. His tusks are his defense; with them he can pierce and conquer the lion, and uproot the largest trees; they are made of the valuable substance called ivory, and sometimes weigh 150 pounds. The elephant's trunk is almost as useful as the human arm; when he wants to drink, he fills it with water, which he then pours into his mouth. In a wild state the elephant is social; he seldom wanders alone; the eldest leads the herd; the next in age drives them, and forms the rear; the young and the weak are in the middle. Notwithstanding the weight of his body, he walks so

fast that he can easily overtake a man who is running." Jerry might have read all this in Natural History books, but he never had read it. "The motion of the animal is easy," said the voluble showman, in conclusion, "and if there are any little boys and girls here who would like to try it, the Sultan will now be happy to give them a seat upon his back."

At this invitation, Jerry was the first to rush forward, and, at a signal from his keeper, the elephant knelt down, and Jerry and three other little boys mounted the gorgeous throne which he wore upon his back, the clumsy gait of the animal giving them an easy and delightful rocking motion.



JERRY AND HIS ELEPHANT.

man, "and yonder 's the ticket-seller. I 'll fix it." And stepping up to another man who stood near, he soon returned and handed the boys two tickets for the afternoon performance. "Now, clear out," added he; "the cages wont be opened for an hour yet, and you 'll do no more good here."

The boys thanked him for the tickets, despite this rude speech, and slowly left the tent. "Let 's take a good rest there under that tree till people begin to come," said Charley. "I have got some luncheon in my pocket, and I 'll give you half."

"Well, then," replied Jerry, "I 'll give you half of mine; for it 's nothing like so good fun to eat what you brought yourself, is it?"

"Oh," he thought, "if I could only have an elephant of my own, I should be the happiest boy in the world!" But the short ride was soon over, and Jerry descended to give some other eager little boy his place.

When all the animals had been exhibited, and people began to leave the tent, Jerry, whose eyes had never wandered long from the elephant, followed close behind him, watching the ponderous legs on which the gray skin wrinkled so curiously, as he was led by his keeper into another tent, where food and a little liberty were given to a few of the animals, during the two hours intervening between this and the evening exhibition. Some packing-boxes and a pile of coarse woolen blankets at one side of the tent caught Jerry's eye, and he seated himself upon them, thinking that he could then watch this wonderful elephant without being in anybody's way. Jerry was very tired, and the small eyes of the big elephant winked so drowsily beneath the monstrous flapping ears, that, while he watched him, he, too, began to doze; and then it was that he saw a little baby elephant, which he had not noticed before, standing near him, and again he thought, "Oh! what a happy boy I should be if I could have an elephant of my own! If now the keeper would give me this little elephant!"

Why, surely, could it be true? there came the keeper, leading up to him this beautiful baby elephant; and as he looked, he saw a card around its neck, like one his teacher had lately given him at school, and these words stood out in black letters, "Jerry Jarvis's elephant."

Jerry had never felt so happy in his life; he took the little creature by the ear, and led it out of the tent to the high-road. At first he had thought the baby elephant no greater than a Newfoundland dog; but now it seemed as large as an ox. He hurried homeward as fast as he could make the little creature go, and soon reached the cottage. He threw open the door, and showed the elephant into the kitchen, exclaiming with eagerness, "Oh, grandma! see! see! I have had such a present!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished grandmother. "A present, indeed! What is the creature? Why did you bring it into the house?"

"Oh, dear grandma! please don't scold! It's a baby elephant, and I could not leave it out-doors to-night, for it might take cold; please let it stay in the kitchen this one night, and to-morrow I will get some boards and a carpenter, and build a shed for it behind the house."

"Well, if this is a young one, what will it come to in a few months more?" said the old lady, shaking her head in sad perplexity. "See! the tusks do not show yet, and I have read that they begin to grow when an elephant is six months old."

"It will make our fortune by and by," said Jerry, in a deprecating tone. "I shall make it very fond of me and teach it tricks, and go round the country exhibiting it."

Grandmother was not as much pleased at this prospect as Jerry was, but said, good-humoredly:

"Well, well, the 'little creature' may sleep here to-night if the four walls of the kitchen are large enough to hold him; but supper is waiting."

Jerry's sleep that night must have been as long as Rip Van Winkle's, or else there was never an elephant like this in the world before! For as soon as he awoke, he dressed himself hastily and ran to the kitchen to see if his pet were still there safe and well; he threw open the door, but stopped upon the threshold in amazement; at the same instant his grandmother opened the door from her little bedroom, and then she started back, and for a minute the two stood staring at each other, and at the monstrous creature in the kitchen. It was indeed wonderful that the baby elephant could have grown so much in one night! it quite filled up the whole of the little kitchen; it would not have been possible for it to turn round! its tusks were half a yard long, and the great head with the enormous flapping ears was right in front of the bedroom door, confronting the poor frightened woman who stood there in dismay.

"This is a pretty state of things," she said at last, partly closing her door, and peeping out at Jerry. "What in the world are we to do? I cannot leave my room, and we shall have no breakfast; and the creature has kept me awake the whole night long, knocking about here! I expected every moment he would knock my door down, or get into the cupboard and smash all the dishes."

Poor Jerry! The elephant was so enormous now, that he really felt afraid to go near it; but he would not let his grandmother see this, so he said, bravely: "I am very sorry, dear grandma, but don't be frightened. There's a piece of bed-cord in the attic, and I'll run and bring it and tie it round his neck, and then I'll lead him right into the woods and fasten him to a tree."

Jerry found the cord, and crawling in between the animal's legs (for the door-way was quite blocked up) he approached its head. But, alas! he could not reach the huge neck; then he tried to wind the cord round the trunk, but the elephant wound its trunk around him instead, lifted him up and bumped him against the ceiling until the boy cried out with pain, and his grandmother was frantic with terror and anxiety. But the elephant seemed to be only amusing himself, and soon laid Jerry quietly down in the corner of the room.

"This will never do," gasped Jerry, as soon as he could speak. "I can't put the rope on, and he

—he—looks as if he were waiting to toss me up again if I moved at all!" Jerry was trembling all over now, and his teeth chattered.

"Grandmother," he said, "don't you think if you were to throw me a doughnut and I could give it to him, it might make him like me? They never do eat up boys, do they?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure!" cried the old lady, piteously. "Only look! The creature is much too large to go through the door now, and I shall starve to death here, for I can't get out!"

Jerry had crawled into the pantry, and before eating anything himself, he cut a slice of bread and got some doughnuts, which he stuck upon a fork one at a time; then, by standing on a chair and holding the fork in the tongs, which chanced to be within his reach; he managed to pass them to his grandmother over the head of the elephant.

"I think," said she, "you'd better bring all the things from the pantry into my room, and we'll just stay there until to-morrow morning!"

This Jerry did, darting past the elephant whenever its attention seemed fixed on something else. Then when these necessary arrangements were all made, the grandmother took her knitting work, and Jerry jumped in and out of her bedroom window, but he returned every little while to watch the wonderful growth of his elephant.

Late in the afternoon, when, for the fiftieth time, the boy opened the bedroom door to take a peep at him, he found himself unable to shut it, for Mr. Elephant boldly stuck his head into the room, moving it up and down and from side to side in a way that was frightful to see. The door would not admit the shoulders of the animal; but though Jerry and his grandmother retreated to the bed in the farther corner of the room, he could almost reach them with his long trunk, which he lashed about furiously. And oh! what tusks the creature had! Those Jerry had seen on the mammoth Sultan at the menagerie the day before were small compared to these, and they were growing larger every hour. The position of the elephant brought its head just in front of the chimney in the little bedroom; and in his uneasy movements, he at last thrust these formidable tusks through the open fire-place and up the chimney. This done, he seemed unable to withdraw them, although he made vigorous efforts for a few minutes, shaking the little house until it seemed as if it would tumble down; but at last, tired of such exercise, he stood quite still; and the poor frightened folk who were watching him breathed freely again.

"That is a most fortunate thing," said the old lady, in great glee. "He is fastened securely now, and we can have a good night's sleep."

And she really laughed to think the clever elephant should so have outwitted himself.

But, dear me! to sleep was impossible! Finding that he could not move his head, the elephant grew very angry, and began dancing about on his great feet, pressing with his ponderous weight against the thin partition until it gave way, and he advanced into the bedroom as far as its small size would allow him, overturning the bedstead, and tumbling Jerry and his grandmother upon the floor behind it, where, keeping it as a sort of barricade between them, they knelt in darkness, wondering what would come next.

At last, just as day was breaking, making the little room light enough for them to see the outline of the great dusky figure, the elephant made one more desperate effort to free his head from the chimney, hurling his whole weight against the outer wall of the house, when, dreadful to relate! the little dwelling, whose strength had been so severely tried, went to pieces in a minute! and Jerry and his grandmother rolled out upon the grass. They were too much accustomed to wonderful things to be much frightened, and picked themselves up just in season to see a monstrous figure, black and frightful in the dim light, running off into the woods, waving the chimney high in the air, and knocking it against the tree-tops. Jerry laughed at the droll sight, and was saying something about an elephant with a brick, when he turned and saw his grandmother sitting on the ground in her ruffled cap and short gown, crying mournfully, as she looked upon the ruins of their pretty house. Then he felt that they were homeless now, and began to sob and cry also.

"Why, Jerry!" said a cheery voice; "don't cry! I saw you roll off the box, but I did not think it had hurt you. Did you strike on your head?"

"Why, Charley Newton, is that you? Where am I?" said Jerry, springing up and looking about.

There he was in the tent still. He could hardly believe it! All the men and animals had left it; "for," said Charley, "it is almost time for the evening show, and I have hunted everywhere for you! What have you been doing?"

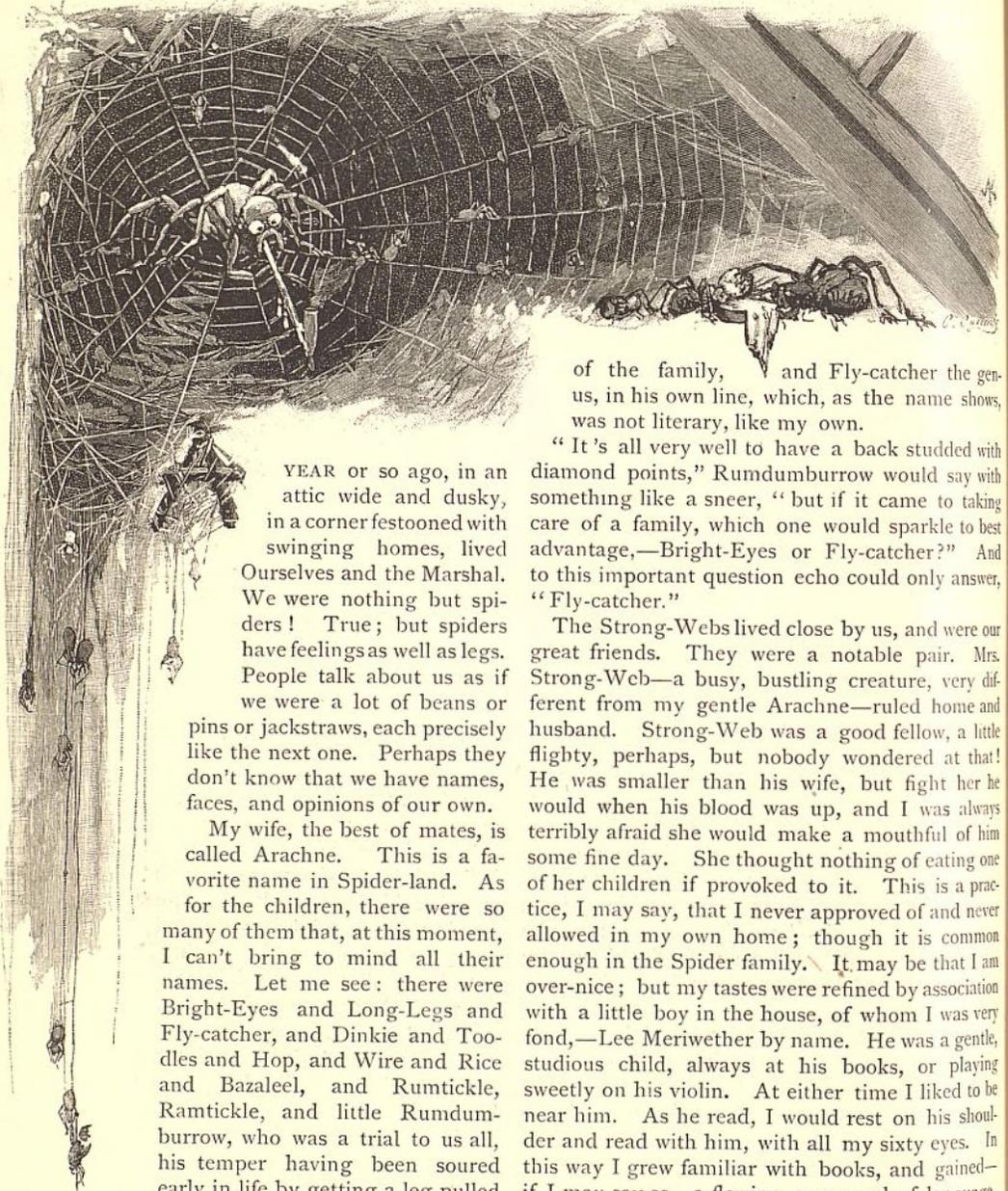
"Charley," said Jerry in reply, "did you ever see an elephant with a brick head?"

"No," said Charley, laughing; "but I have seen one made all of wood in Noah's Ark."

"But mine was alive," said Jerry; "it was as big as this whole tent, and such a time as grandmother and I had with it! I shall never wish again that I could have an elephant of my own, I can tell you! We must hurry home now, for grandmother will be frightened about me. Come quick! and I'll tell you all about it on the way."

TERRIBLE ADVENTURES OF OURSELVES AND THE MARSHAL.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.



YEAR or so ago, in an attic wide and dusky, in a corner festooned with swinging homes, lived Ourselves and the Marshal. We were nothing but spiders! True; but spiders have feelings as well as legs. People talk about us as if we were a lot of beans or pins or jackstraws, each precisely like the next one. Perhaps they don't know that we have names, faces, and opinions of our own.

My wife, the best of mates, is called Arachne. This is a favorite name in Spider-land. As for the children, there were so many of them that, at this moment, I can't bring to mind all their names. Let me see: there were Bright-Eyes and Long-Legs and Fly-catcher, and Dinkie and Toodles and Hop, and Wire and Rice and Bazaleel, and Rumtickle, Ramtickle, and little Rumdumburrow, who was a trial to us all, his temper having been soured early in life by getting a leg pulled off in a crack in the floor; and there were a great many more of these little spiders, fifty or sixty of them, in fact. Bright-Eyes was the beauty

of the family, and Fly-catcher the genius, in his own line, which, as the name shows, was not literary, like my own.

"It's all very well to have a back studded with diamond points," Rumdumburrow would say with something like a sneer, "but if it came to taking care of a family, which one would sparkle to best advantage,—Bright-Eyes or Fly-catcher?" And to this important question echo could only answer, "Fly-catcher."

The Strong-Webs lived close by us, and were our great friends. They were a notable pair. Mrs. Strong-Web—a busy, bustling creature, very different from my gentle Arachne—ruled home and husband. Strong-Web was a good fellow, a little flighty, perhaps, but nobody wondered at that! He was smaller than his wife, but fight her he would when his blood was up, and I was always terribly afraid she would make a mouthful of him some fine day. She thought nothing of eating one of her children if provoked to it. This is a practice, I may say, that I never approved of and never allowed in my own home; though it is common enough in the Spider family. It may be that I am over-nice; but my tastes were refined by association with a little boy in the house, of whom I was very fond,—Lee Meriwether by name. He was a gentle, studious child, always at his books, or playing sweetly on his violin. At either time I liked to be near him. As he read, I would rest on his shoulder and read with him, with all my sixty eyes. In this way I grew familiar with books, and gained—if I may say so—a flowing command of language. Many a night have I kept Arachne and the children awake, telling over the adventures of Alice in—Underland was it? and another queer jolly story

about a far-off country where, in winter, the water was as hard and smooth as glass, and people slipped over it with the speed of flying winds,—a fairy story, of course.

Sometimes I would get so interested in my reading as to become quite giddy,—it happened more than once when I was trying to keep up with that scatter-bug Peterkin family,—and would drop from Lee's shoulder on the open page of his book. But he would never so much as even brush me away, and I would scramble back to my place for a fresh start.

When he played on the violin I could not stay so near him. Our race are very sensitive to music, and sometimes the sweet sounds would pierce through me so sharply that I would run away, fearing to die from too much joy.

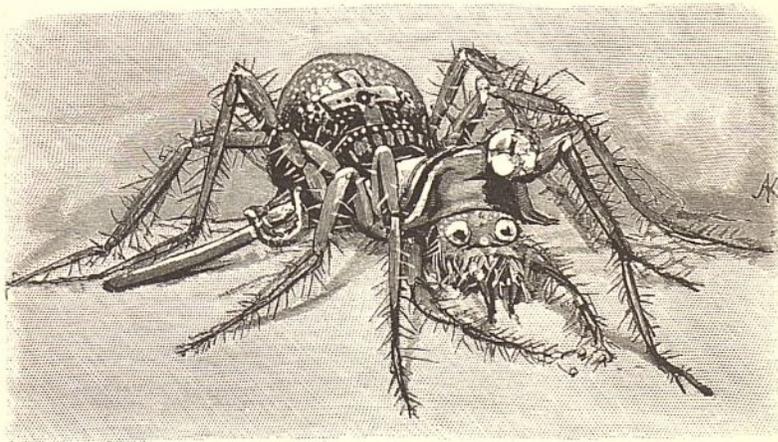
And now for the Marshal! We called him the Marshal, because it was a good strong name with a flourish to it, and seemed to suit him. He was a common friend of our family and the Strong-Webs, though there was nothing common about him, I can tell you that! He was not of our species. We were plain, black spiders, but the Marshal was big and beautiful and brilliant as a butterfly's wing or a bright snake's back; he was barred with crimson and yellow and black, soft as velvet to the touch; his legs were long and strong; his eyes fierce as live coals; his movements quick and headlong. He had no family, but lived in and out with ourselves and the Strong-Webs. He would not waste his strength in web-spinning, as he wanted to be always in good fighting order. Fear! Why, an army of centipedes would n't have made him

lady of the house, who, catching a glimpse of one of his legs behind the mantel-piece, struck at him wildly with the poker, and, when he escaped her, stuck paper in every crack by which he could get out. Any ordinary spider would have given up in despair, but the Marshal ran around until he found a secret passage in the chimney, through which he plunged boldly, reaching home after fearful perils from wandering rats.

The only trial I had ever known was to put up with Mrs. Strong-Web's gibes at literature. These were very offensive to me and gave rise to some disputes between Arachne and herself. She went so far as to say that she knew more about books than I did, and would try to correct me when I was entertaining the company with what I had read. And when I quoted poetry,—even if Lucy Larkins herself wrote it,—she had a way of drawing her legs up and making a little round ball of herself, as if she wanted to get away from the sound.

Still, she was n't a bad creature in the main, and we all got on well together, until the night when our terrible adventures began.

We were roused about midnight by a great noise in the streets; people shouting, things on wheels clattering, boys yelling. It was no use trying to see anything out of our tiny-paned windows that were never cleaned; so, bidding our families stay quietly at home, Strong-Web and I, with the Marshal, dashed down, to see what was the matter. Mrs. Meriwether and the children were in the front drawing-room at the windows. I ran to my place on Lee's shoulder; Strong-Web ran up on the window-ledge; the Marshal, too brilliant to risk being



THE MARSHAL.

shake. He seemed born to have things happen to him. He had had a leg-to-leg fight with a cockroach and had come off victor. He had been walled up alive by Miss Nanny Meriwether, the young

seen, hid himself behind a flower-pot. Then we looked out, and down at the end of the street we saw a house on fire. What a horrid sight it was! The flames roaring like the sea, leaping through

the house, already devoured to the mere skeleton of a home, tottering and ready to fall.

Suddenly there came a scream from the back of our own house, where the cook slept. Every one started and ran that way, ourselves and the Marshal among the rest. The halls were dark, with as many twists and turns as there are in a water-melonevine; our heads were confused; almost before we knew it, we found ourselves in the street. Frightened half to death, we ran furiously, not noticing the way we took, only intent on keeping from under the feet of the hurrying crowd, and getting away from the roar and glare and smoke of the fire. When at last we came to our senses, we were far away from home, in a vast sand-waste overgrown with yellow, ill-smelling flowers. Poor unfortunate ones! Where was our home? To what place had we come?

"We are lost!" cried I, in tones of anguish.

"I fear we are," said Strong-Web, with much more cheerfulness than one would have looked for.

"That is n't the worst of it," said the Marshal; "a storm is coming up."

He spoke truly; already the sky was black with clouds, and soon the lightning began its awful silent play, and the thunder its crashing sound. We knew what storms were; safe in our dear, lost attic we had seen the great sheets of water pouring down, and the little chickens and goslings borne off their legs and drowned in the flood. No hope for us, if we had to stand this rain unsheltered. We ran in all directions, like distracted creatures, until the Marshal's voice called, "Here, this way!" A flash of lightning followed his words, and we saw that he had found shelter under a little heap of oyster-shells, where in five seconds we were beside him. The rain fell in torrents, but we could laugh at it now. We even managed to sleep, feeling the need of rest after the violent events of the night.

When we awoke, the sound of the falling rain had ceased, but all was dark.

"It is stifling here," said Strong-Web, "let's get out."

We hurried to the outlet; but what was our horror to find it closed! The rain had beaten the oyster-shells down into the earth, and we were buried alive! We dashed ourselves against the smooth sides; we raved; we wrung our legs; but to what avail?

After the first few moments of despair had spent themselves, I said:

"At least, the sad comfort is ours of dying together. We have been friends in life; let us comfort each other in these last moments."

The Marshal snarled. There's no other word for it.

"Die together, shall we?" he said. "I'll tell

you one thing, old Wind-bag—I'll be the last one to die!"

"Old wind-bag!" But I did n't mind that, for something in the Marshal's hollow tone struck a new terror to my heart. In an instant it flashed over me. The Marshal meant to hold on to life as long as he could. The Marshal meant to eat us!

I said nothing. I drew my legs up, and crept as far as I could into the corner, so that he might get Strong-Web first. My brain reeled with thought. Would he spring upon Strong-Web without warning? Would he offer me any of him? Should I show fight when my turn came? Would it be possible that I—should eat the Marshal?

While we crouched there in the darkness, we heard boyish voices above us. Then there was a kick against the heap of oyster-shells,—as boys will kick,—and we were free. The storm was over; the sun was shining; but, dazed and curiously shamed, we crept out upon the fresh, wet grass, and dared not look each other in the face.

We wandered all day, looking vainly for our home, stopping, when night fell, in a large public garden, which even to our sad eyes appeared a lovely place. Swinging lamps hung from the cedar and oleander trees, that grew everywhere in beautiful profusion; pink and white oleander blooms perfumed the air; a band of musicians played joyous tunes; crowds of people were coming and going, and children ran about merrily.

People were strolling around, as I have said, and, all at once, a young lady sat down on a bench near us. I was the first to notice her. "Look! look!" cried I, "it is Miss Nanny Meriwether! We are saved!" For in the very instant of seeing her, a plan had flashed into my mind,—simple, like all plans of the truly great. It was to conceal ourselves in the folds of Miss Nanny's dress, and, as it were, make a vehicle of her to take us home. My comrades agreed that it was a wonderful opportunity, and we lost no time in hiding ourselves under the plaiting of Miss Nanny's flounce. And now it was that the Marshal's fierce spirit got us into new trouble. He had no love for Miss Nanny, as you may know, since she had walled him up. "I would like her to see that I am still alive," he began.

We remonstrated with him for this rash wish, but unfortunately Miss Nanny put out her foot from under the edge of her dress. She had on a slipper and an open-worked stocking.

"Let me get at that foot!" cried the Marshal, his eyes beginning to shine with fury.

In vain were our frantic entreaties; he dashed out from our hiding-place, and ran up the side of her slipper. But, alas! she happened to look down, and the Marshal's fatal beauty betrayed

him. She gave such a scream that the people around us came running to see what was the matter.

"A spider! a spider!" she cried, stamping her foot and shaking her dress so violently that we dropped off. It was a miracle that we escaped with our lives; and when at last we were safe, instead of a humble apology to us for his cruel rashness, what did the Marshal do but say he would willingly have never seen home again if he could have given her foot a good bite.

After this painful experience we wandered about for another twenty-four hours, and the next evening we found ourselves tired and worn-out on the beach near the city. The moon rose gently over the sea; the beach stretched away like an unrolled strip of yellow silk, and bathers frolicked in the water.

We rested our fevered legs on the cool back of a jelly-fish, and told our story to a friendly sand-crab who was running about as only the happy can run.

"Brace up, brace up," said he, cheerfully; "I think your troubles are about ended. I do believe Lee Meriwether is on the beach now,—over there on that log. I heard the lady call him Lee."

He started off in his ridiculous sidelong way, we following as fast as we could travel, until we came to the little boy and the lady. They were Lee and his mother! Now indeed we were saved. First exacting a solemn promise from the Marshal to restrain himself, we ran into Lee's hat that was lying on the ground. The silk lining was partly torn out, and we got between the lining and the crown. All happened as we had expected. Lee took us safely home, Strong-Web and I holding the Marshal firmly all the way, for fear his spirit would lead him to bite Lee's head.

And now came our last and most dreadful trial. Miss Nanny was sewing by the table, and as Lee threw down his hat, she picked it up before we had time to get out.

"How your hat is torn, Lee!" she said. "Let me mend it while I am thinking of it," and she drew her work-basket to her and began to sew.

Oh, horror! was this to be our doom after all we had gone through? We looked at the Marshal.

"One stroke for liberty!" he cried, in hoarse but warlike tones. "Dash!"

And at the word of command out we dashed; through Miss Nanny's fingers, over her hands and dress to the floor. How she screamed! The scene in the public garden was nothing to it.

"Am I to be tormented out of my life with spiders!" she cried. "Kill them! kill them!"

She pursued us with flashing eyes and upraised foot, but we got through the door, and up the old stair,—running wildly into the garret room,—and at last were safe in our own homes with our rejoicing wives.

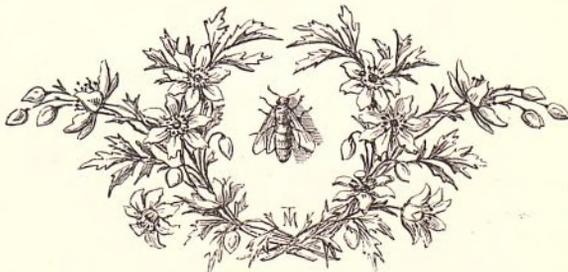
We told our story, and our wives, too, had their story of suffering to tell.

"We have had a hard time," whispered Arachne, "though Fly-catcher has worn himself to a shadow taking care of us. Mrs. Strong-Web has eaten several of her children, and I had grown so thin that I really think I must have eaten poor little Rumdumburrow, in self-preservation, if you had not come to-night."

"Never shall you do that, my Arachne!" I cried, "while I live to provide for you."

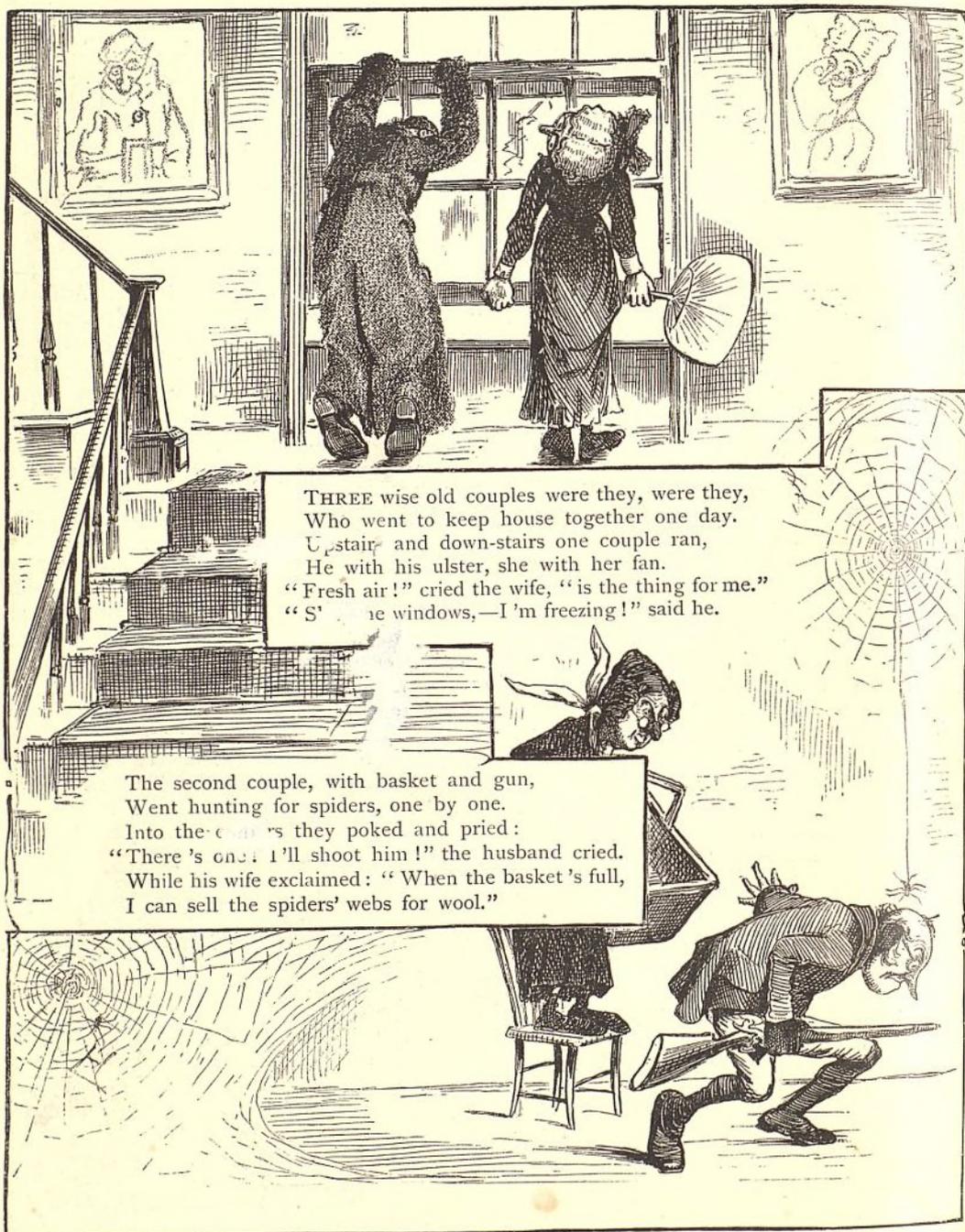
So here we all live now, more happily than ever. Mrs. Strong-Web has improved in her manners, and Strong-Web has forgotten that he ever quarreled with her. The Marshal is fiercer than ever, and his vanity grows on him a little. There is a broken looking-glass on a table in the room, and I have caught him more than once standing on one leg before it, admiring his brilliant image.

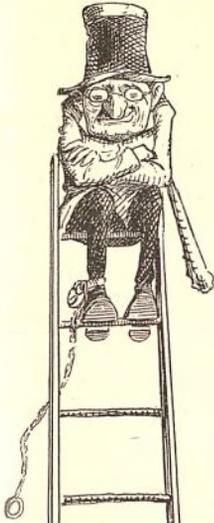
As for myself, now that they are over, I do not regret our terrible experiences. It is pleasant to see the world; pleasanter still to have adventures; but pleasanter still to get home safe again, and spin yarns or webs, as the case may be, from the place where they are stored away.



THE THREE WISE COUPLES.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

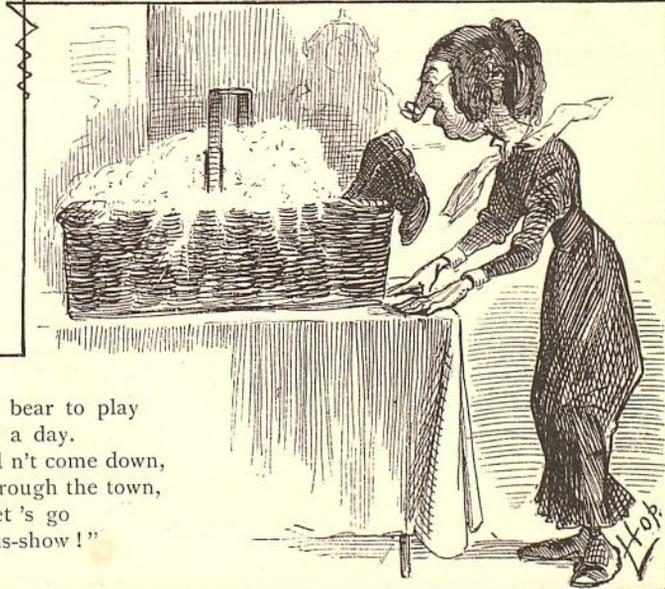




But the wisest couple of all the three
Said: "We will a traveling circus be!"
"You," cried the wife, "the bear must play,
Up on the ladder you ought to stay,
And I'll carry the club, because, you know,
I'll have to beat you, your tricks to show."



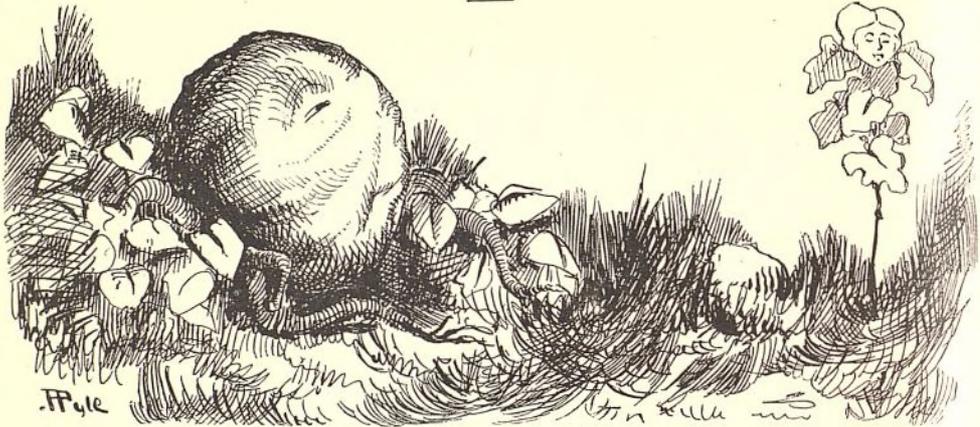
So the man in the ulster was frozen stiff,
While his wife did nothing but fan and sniff.
The hunter was stung by a cross old spider,
As he very imprudently sat down beside her,
And his wife, who was gathering webs for wool,
Used him to make up a basket full.



But the man who learned the bear to play
Lived on the ladder for many a day.
He stole the club and he would n't come down,
So his poor wife carried him through the town,
And all the people said: "Let's go
To see the bear and the circus-show!"

THE GOURD AND THE OAK.

BY HOWARD PYLE.



A GOURD-VINE once, filled with all the pride of rapid growth, glanced at a delicate acorn-shoot that stood at some distance, looking so fragile that it seemed as though a breath would destroy it.

"Poor wretch!" said the Gourd; "how can you bear to show your puny form so close to my own sturdy growth? Hide your head, you poor conceited weakling!"

The Oak-shoot answered not, but submitted in silence to the insulting pity of the great Gourd.

The autumn passed and winter came, and at the first frost the gourd died, and became shriveled into dead and withered stems. As for the oak, it grew with ever-increasing strength, year after year, until

at length, its branches spread far and wide, and it towered high among the trees. Many plants hid from the fervent rays of the sun beneath its cool, moist shade, and many weary travelers rested beneath its spreading branches.

Birds came year after year, rearing their young, and finding shelter under its protecting foliage from the inclemencies of the weather.

"Ah!" said the aged Oak one day, looking down upon a bare spot where, many years before, the rapidly growing Gourd had ridiculed it, "I now perceive that it is only by slow growth that the strength and stability, which will remain through the changes of centuries, are produced."

SHE COULD N'T.

(A Story for Big Girls.)

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

CHAPTER I.

DORA was reading in her own private room at her own private desk. The carpet directly underneath the desk was strewn with quill clippings which, together with the confusion of books, maps and papers, gave, as Dora fancied, a literary aspect to the room.

She had taken from her desk a big blank-book, and was turning over its leaves with a half amused, half mournful look; for it was her journal. Was it

possible, she thought, that she could have made such sad entries? Yet she remembered some of her sorrowful feelings. Her smile grew plainer as she came to this record: "*In spite of my family I will no longer be a clipt hen.*" On January 4th, 186-, she had declared herself "unhappy." January 6th, "two unhappy days." January 9th, "too wretched to write even here." Then came an outburst of disappointed feeling and strong conscientiousness, in which she had described herself as afraid that

such thoughts did her no good, and therefore she had written that she had decided to change her journal into a novel and make herself its heroine.

So she had pictured herself as Queen Victoria, traveling about in disguise to discover the best methods of obtaining the freedom and elevation of girls, and of educating them at the same school with boys.

In this story she had settled questions of social reform in a surprisingly rapid manner, and had made political economy depend on Christian teaching. Theories which she had endeavored to impress on the home circle were demonstrated in the full beauty of their practice. Remarks on self-government and wise charity, which had been called forth by the exhibition of certain boyish freaks, were embodied in its legislative code. As she read, she remembered a peculiar, lofty, thoughtful manner that she used to assume at this period, when requested to mend a hole or help in the manufacture of kite-bobs, as an indication of the absorption of her mind in lofty thoughts, from which a summons to trifling duties was painful.

She recalled also her retreats to the attic and her solitary rehearsals of imaginary scenes, and the hours in which she and her chosen, intimate friend, Annie, had assumed given characters, and had occupied all their walks and visits together in the development of distinguished imaginary personages; by taking strange attitudes on stone seats on the Common, hiding awkward movements of their arms under their shawls, pacing up and down with increasing dignity, then bending graciously forward and making rapid gestures and addressing an imaginary audience. Dora consoled herself now by the thought, that if it had not been for these strictly private theatricals she could not have enacted the queen or the injured woman in the plays of the school recess, and that her carriage had really improved thereby,—a very important thing in a young girl's life.

Dora was what other girls call a "funny girl" or a "queer girl." No one could have enumerated all her secret vanities, one of the choicest being the possession of a bold, free handwriting, indicative of character and wasteful of paper. Her journal had been and still was her greatest comfort. She could endure advice, if she could afterward describe, in underscored words, how much she had been misunderstood. Yet she was full of quick sympathies and longed to be loved, whilst her energy and high spirits, her readiness for fun and exercise made her an acknowledged leader at school and in all frolics.

She thought it a fine thing to have secrets all to herself, and had made up her mind that when fifteen years old she would be famous. She had

decided that her mother was "too domestic" to care for her kind of troubles, and her brothers were—boys. So she wrote in her journal and made up stories. But, at last, fourteen years old, she sent her first story to a magazine. If the editor had been a girl he would have answered at once. But weeks had gone by and she had received no reply. How many weeks she could not tell, and therefore she had opened her journal to find the eventful date, but feeling melancholy had given herself up to the luxury of glancing over her past experiences.

Just then came a tremendous knock upon the door which set it flying open, admitting her brother Ned, who handed her a long package with such a mocking bow, that she had to put on all her dignity to endure it in silence, especially as he added:

"Uncle Sam will get pretty rich with such a lot of stamps going back and forth;" and then quickly departed out of the way of vengeance. Dora's heart sank. If her story had not been returned the envelope could not have exhibited such a long line of postage. It was her beloved story,—the story that was to have made her famous,—accompanied by a very kind, but, as she thought, patronizing, letter from the editor.

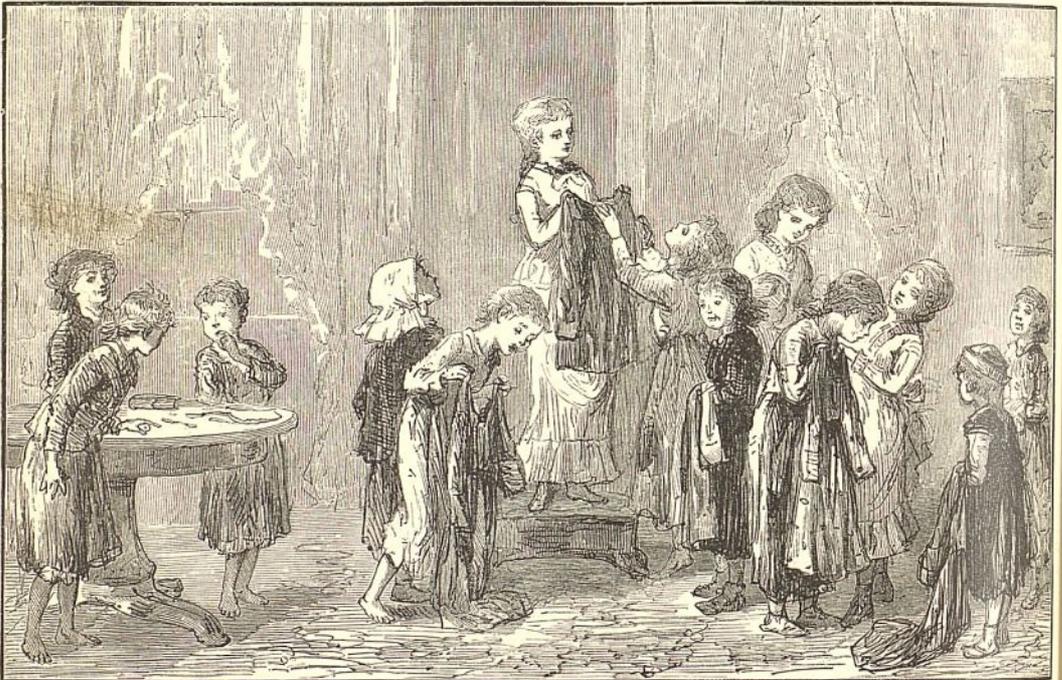
Years after she thanked him; but now, as the combined advice, reproof and ridicule met her eye, she threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief, until, exhausted with sobbing, she fell asleep. Her mother, soon afterward finding her there, longed to waken and comfort her, but Dora had never volunteered any special confidence, and this was not the time to sue for it. She softly closed the door again, saving Dora the pain she would have felt at the discovery of her fancied secret. The next morning no allusion was made to her absence from supper, nor to the last evening's mail. Dora, however, had risen early, gathered all her papers, embalmed them in rose-leaves, bound them with black ribbon, sealed them with black wax, writing on the outer wrapper, which was moistened with great, honest tears, *mortuus est*, and had put them in the farthest corner of the topmost shelf of her closet. She was stunned by the unexpectedness of the blow.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few weeks, the unspent energies that Dora's school did not consume needed vent. She determined henceforth to shine as a philanthropist, for which duty she considered herself trained through her unpublished efforts. Her first endeavor was the organization of a sewing-circle. Scorning elderly assistance, and believing that a school education necessarily fitted one for the practical duties of life, Dora and her girl associates cut

and made the garments. When finished, the articles were so badly put together that they were ashamed to send them to any "Home"; yet some method of disposal must be devised. Dora suggested that the chief fault with all missionary labor was ignorance of the nature of those helped; that tests of character were far more important than short stitches or a well-fitting dress; that the proper recipients for their bounty could be discovered by a careful study of the expression of the face. Therefore, a select committee, who had studied a little physiognomy, proceeded into the streets lately

deposited in the entry, and the little bare feet rubbed vigorously on the bristling mat before they trod the parlor carpet. Poor Dora was in momentary fear of her brothers' entrance, or that her mother's housewifely eye would detect traces of mud. The children gazed at the wonders of the room and the curious juxtaposition of silver and underclothing. They lifted the spoons deftly, but replaced them more quickly, as they felt the glances of their patronesses. When this trial of their virtue had lasted some fifteen minutes, and they had answered various questions addressed them, con-



DISTRIBUTING THE GARMENTS.

devastated by fire, or where buildings were being erected, and, measuring by their eye the arch of the eyebrows or curvature of the mouth, approached the little gatherers of shavings and wood, who happened to possess the needed requirements, and benevolently invited them to follow their footsteps. Curiosity soon collected a crowd, which was carefully winnowed by this process of selection, incomprehensible to those whom it concerned.

Meanwhile, Dora and some of the other girls had been busy in arranging silver spoons and money in visible hiding-places, that these children might prove themselves capable of withstanding temptation, before they received the immediate reward of clothing. As the committee and their followers arrived, the baskets of cold food and chips were

cerning their residences and families, Dora mounted an ottoman and began:

"Children, like Oliver Twist, you have wanted more before you had any; like the renowned Spartans, you have been stoical in the presence of riches; like ——"

A long, low whistle warned Dora to bid her friends dispose of their gifts in a hurried manner. Short aprons were given to tall maidens, and very much gored skirts to those who had extensive waists. The children took all in a thankless, stolid manner, as if mismating were an every-day affair, shouldered their baskets, and disappeared round the corner of the house.

Poor Dora! She was greatly disappointed. She had thought that belonging to a sewing-circle

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was respectable and elderly, and that barefooted, pretty little girls always said "Thank you." Instead of establishing a union that would last till all its members were grandmothers, she had wasted her cloth by cutting it badly, and her stitches had been long and crooked. She had had a good time, that was one comfort; but still, she was nearly fifteen, and had not yet found the path to distinction. She *must* instantly undertake something else, that would be strikingly brilliant and not require much effort. Fortunately for her present undertaking, her mother had never allowed her to pursue many studies at once, and thus, thanks to this restriction and to her good natural powers, she had had time for thorough study and for recreation. In composition, however, it had always been impossible to check the fertility of her invention or chasten her style, when given a subject that was not an abstract of some previous study. If required to write an analysis of an author, she would bring together the impressions she had received from her friends and the encyclopedias concerning such a writer, and, without reading through any one play or poem, intertwine these disjointed criticisms into quite a pretty mosaic, alike presumptuous and superficial. To study and to read, with her, involved two distinct mental states: one a painstaking frame of mind, the other a careless, self-indulgent, and enjoyable mood.

In one of her compositions on the best method of aiding the poor, she had described the self-sacrifice of a young girl of wealth and beauty, who gave up her home and went and lived in an alley, to become more like a sister to shop-girls and beggars. Her heroine finally changed the alley into a wide street and the tenements into marble fronts, with tenants having apple-sauce and goose every day for dinner.

"Now," reasoned Dora, "I can't do just as she did; but there's a little nest of houses near my old nurse's, only half an hour's ride out of town in the horse-cars. I could go out there twice a week, and bring the children together under the trees, as it is such warm weather, and read to them and teach them fancy-work. Then, when the little girls are as old as I am, they can support themselves by embroidery, which always pays better than plain sewing."

So the next week, provided with canvas and worsted, Dora started forth on her new mission, having previously induced her old nurse to collect, either by bribery or threats, eight curious, frightened little maidens, not extremely needy. She shook hands with them all round, making them still more frightened. Then she curled her feet under her and sat down on the grass, telling them to do the same, and began a story, to make them

feel at home. It was a capital story, and capitably told. The children drew nearer and nearer, and begged for another when it was ended.

"No," said Dora sternly, and drew out her brightest worsted and cut her canvas into eight squares. Luckily, they could all thread a needle and put it into the right hole; but none could draw the worsted evenly, and the canvas would pucker. Still, as every girl knows, worsted-work is easier than hemming; so at the end of an hour they had made two or three lines of good cross-stitch, and Dora was wild with delight. "This is because I love them," she thought; "I shall write a story about 'Love, the Teacher,' and it will be quite original." Poor Dora!

All went smoothly for three or four weeks. The eight pin-cushions grew as Dora's pocket-money lessened, for she had been obliged to keep some of the girls quiet by promises of two or three cents, if they would behave themselves. She did not like that part of her work, as she had only a small allowance of her own, and she had supposed they would love her at once; but they did n't, and they must be taught, even if it did cost. Then they began to sew carelessly. Dora scolded; then they became disobedient, and Dora threatened to come but once a week. Two or three kept on steadily, and if she had been more patient she would have got along much better. It became less exciting to go out of town for a class that grew smaller each week; besides, she now thought it too expensive; the worsted was wasted, and many needles were broken. The original design for pin-cushions grew narrower; the girls learned little of embroidery, and Dora now fancied she was not fitted for a sewing teacher, but, as usual, consoled herself by thinking that she could relate her trials in a story, and by and by she did. School examination was approaching, and, somehow or other, she ceased to go to her embroidery class. But she wrote in her journal: "Did not go out to those ungrateful little girls to-day, and sha' n't go any more. It serves them right. They may keep all the worsted; it cost me lots. Guess I was n't very patient; can't help it, though. Suppose I could, too; oh, dear!" She was not yet distinguished.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was one more idea in her little head. It had been there for a long time,—ever since she had kept her place throughout the year at the head of the English Literature class,—and that was, to teach pretty young shop-girls what she knew about English authors, for it would be useful to them, and make them feel brighter when they were tired with standing all day.

After her last enterprise, her mother had insisted

upon being wholly informed about any new scheme before it was begun. Dora was very fond of her mother, after all. She always seemed to know all Dora did without being told of it, and yet she would never allow the girl to do a really mean or wrong thing; but she did allow her to get into scrapes, just like that of the sewing-circle, and to get herself out of them as best she could. Dora always forgot her mother's offers of assistance, and thought her own way the best, until she found by experience that it was a mistaken way.

"Mother, wont exactly laugh at me," thought she, "but she will 'twinkle,' when I tell her my new idea. I suppose I must tell her the whole,—that, after all the talks I have heard about shop-girls, I want to persuade the store-keepers to let them have seats, when they are not waiting on customers. Then I should be a real benefactress, and in that way I could find some girls for my English Literature class. I wish she would ask me what I am thinking about; but that is n't her way. Of course, she has guessed it already."

That evening, when Dora and her mother were alone, the former began to fidget about her chair and twirl her locket, till that proceeding gave her courage to say:

"Mother."

"Well?" replied her parent.

"Mother," answered the daughter,—"mother,—well, you know I am at the head of the English Literature class, don't you? I know a good deal about it, and I have plenty of time to teach others; so——"

"Yes, dear," said her mother quietly.

"Well, I was thinking," continued Dora, "that it would be a good plan,"—and she came to a full stop.

Her mother waited some seconds and then asked what would be a good plan.

"You know all about it," burst out Dora in an indignant voice, "and you don't help me at all."

"You mean, dear," said the mother, "that it would be a good plan to induce a few very young girls who tend store all day, to come here in the evening and listen to you."

"Now, how did you know?" exclaimed Dora.

"Oh, you talked in your dreams last night," was the reply.

"Yes, but did I dream aloud the other part?" asked the child eagerly; "did I say that I was going to beg the store-keepers not to keep their sales-girls standing all day?"

"Why, my dear daughter, you are only fourteen, and don't know what you are talking about."

"That's just the reason I must," said Dora; "because I am young they will believe in me, and if I succeed I shall be remembered as a benefactor.

I have it all planned out what to say and everything. Do please let me; do, do!"

After much talking and thinking, the mother finally consented, on the condition that Dora should visit but four stores, and those, ones that she named.

The next day, therefore, on her way home from school, Dora entered the large dry-goods establishment of Dunmore & Clapp and walked straight up to one of the partners, whom she knew by sight. "Please, sir," she began, "you will excuse my calling, but I did not know whether you knew how bad it is for girls to stand up all day long?"

The gentleman thus addressed put his hands in his pockets and seated himself or fell into a seat directly before Dora, looking at her in utter amazement.

"Did you understand me, sir?" she asked presently, and coloring very much.

"I think I did, miss," was the reply. "Who are you?"

"Oh, I am no one, but I do want to do some good; it must be so awful tiresome to stand all day and wait on people. Please do let them sit down. They will be ever so much stronger and happier for it, and then besides, they would be pleasanter to customers if they were not so tired."

"Who told you to come here?" asked Mr. Dunmore.

"No one, sir," was the answer. "It is all my own idea; please do, sir, it would be such a pleasant thing, and then all the other stores would do the same and all the girls could grow strong."

She looked at him so earnestly with her heart-felt wish in her face, that the man's own countenance changed from an expression of wonder to one of purpose, and he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, rose and said, gravely:

"My little maid, you have done what no one else ever did. My girls here shall have seats."

"Thank you, thank you," broke from Dora's delighted voice and eyes, as she seized hold of his hands and shook them again and again and bade him her happiest good-morning.

She briskly entered another store and began in somewhat the same way, but was told that she'd do well to look at home, and see that her mother did not overwork her servants, for girls that lived out had an awful time nowadays and were mighty thankful to get into shops, standing or not standing.

Enraged by this treatment, she entered a third shop with the intention of addressing herself first to the girls; but being met by a polite official, she detailed her purpose in such a ferocious manner, that he crossly informed her she could send as many arm-chairs as she chose, but that not a girl

would use them, for they preferred standing to jumping up and down all the time. Dora became terribly dejected; improvement of others was so



"WE CAN'T COMPLAIN."

difficult and her eagerness to aid so earnest. It suddenly occurred to her, that if she should inquire first the price of some article, a paper of pins, for instance, it might give her a chance for conversation with one of the girls. So, leaning over the counter in the fourth store, she began by asking the difference in price between American and English pins, and while examining them, said sympathizingly, that it must be hard to stand all day long, or be dismissed if once caught sitting down.

"It is," was the frank answer; "in some places, they don't like to have the girls pull out the drawers behind the counters and sit on them, but here we can, and we can't complain, though it is like sitting on the edge of a knife."

"Can't you do anything about it; can't I?"

"Oh, it is not so very hard after all, when you have got to earn your living, any way," was the answer.

"I must see, about it," said Dora energetically. "I shall come in again and speak to the head man; not to-day, because he has seen me talking with you, perhaps. But, until I can get it fixed all right, don't you want to come to my house and let me read to you some English literature; have a course with some other girls; I don't want old women to come, but young, pretty girls like you, and never mind if you don't think I am old enough. I have been to school and you have n't, and that makes a difference, but we can have a good time, all the same.

The girl looked puzzled and amused. "Why," said she hesitatingly, "we have all been to school, only we don't go now, and you do; that's the difference. I used to study English 'something'; I don't remember what they called it."

Here she went away to attend to a customer, and Dora waited patiently, until in the intervals of buying and selling she had persuaded her to come, and bring two or three others, whom her new friend thought she could find, because it was such a new idea and Dora seemed so much in earnest. Then the little shop-girl returned to her work without interruption and Dora to her home, and reported progress to her mother.

CONCLUSION.

AT the stated time, the three damsels rang the bell, and were ushered into the dining-room. Dora was seated at the table, fortified with books, paper, and pencil. After the usual welcomes and chit-chat, which the girls enjoyed, she ventured to remind them of their purpose in coming, asking them if they had heard of the "Canterbury Tales." As their ready knowledge, however, was confined to Shakspeare, Byron, and Longfellow, who wrote "quite nice," Dora began methodically at the commencement of Chaucer's life, by stating that, after all, the date was not fixed,—somewhere about 1328,—and that what he wrote would be called Old English, and that most people did not think it very important to read him; but, as they wanted to have a connected idea of the general progress of literature, they might as well remember that the "Canterbury Tales" is a collection of stories which some travelers told to each other at an inn where they were stopping. Then she read, for nearly one half hour, extracts from the various stories, interspersing them with a sketch of two or three of the plots, and watching her victims out of the corner of her left eye.

Much must be accomplished in a certain time; so next she took up Spenser, that then the girls might compare the two authors. The few data necessary for a comprehension of the poet were quickly given, followed by a vigorous reading from the "Faërie Queene," till the nine o'clock bell and the sleepy faces of her scholars warned her to stop, and entreat them to tell her about it next Thursday. At this mention of a return of the hour, the girls nudged one another.

"S'pose I might speak for all of us," whispered one. The nudging gave emphatic assent, and she explained, in a confused tone, which grew louder and faster, that they had so many other things to do that, on the whole, they guessed they'd better say, they should n't come again, as, if they did n't

say so now, the young lady might be expecting them; but hoped she'd take no offense.

"It is real kind in you," added another, "only 't aint the kind of fun we'd expected; but we are lots obliged, just the same."

"Only we are too old for this kind of work; but it is just right for school-girls like you, Miss, and you were real good," chimed in the other two damsels, and they all three sidled toward the door, in confusion and awkwardness.

"Good-bye," said they all, half sorrowfully.

Dora stood aghast, without speaking. She thought she had done capitally, had lost no time in the arrangement of her subjects, and had carried her pupils through a good deal of the course at once. It was like the way she learned at school. At any rate, it was not her fault, she argued; but it was always her misfortune to get hold of the wrong people, and things would n't fit together. To be sure, it was just as her mother had said. She wanted her to wait; but that had not suited Dora, who had thus tried another experiment and failed.

This was the last, forever, of Dora's efforts for distinction, or of any special new plan for doing good, for the next three years. She was almost fifteen, and neither as writer, philanthropist, nor teacher had she succeeded. She determined to give up all idea of doing anything except school work and being good. After all, she was only a fair, average girl, and there was no use in thinking she could ever be anything else. But first she would have a kind of funeral over herself.

The next Saturday was a holiday. She begged

her mother to say she was engaged, if any one should call, and not to summon her to luncheon. Her mother took the pathetic little face in both her hands, and kissed it fondly.

"Dora, darling," said she, "when you are twenty years old, you will be one of the happiest of women, I know. Meanwhile, be patient with yourself; it will all come out gloriously."

After that kiss, Dora's funeral did not seem so gloomy. She locked her room door, took her journal and wrote out her last failure. Then she divided one of the pages lengthwise, heading one column with the word "Wants," the other with "Oughts." Under the first she wrote: Want 1, to be real good; 2, to write splendid novels; 3, to be beautiful and great. Under the "oughts" she wrote: 1, to love stupid people; 2, to make everybody happy when I can; 3, not to think about myself, but just keep going on; 4, to talk all the time to mother; 5, never to write another word in this journal. Then she ended it with a great blot, made on purpose, tied up her book with black ribbon, as she had done with her story the previous year, and laid it on the same shelf where that was laid. Next, she had a good cry, ate some candy, felt better, went downstairs and knelt by her mother's side, whispering:

"Mamma, I have given up all trying after what I can't be. I am just going to love you all at home with all my heart, and then you'll love me; and I wont feel badly because I can't write books or help in big ways. And if I try to make you all real happy in little bits of ways, I guess it will 'come out gloriously,' just as you said."



SHE ENDED IT WITH A GREAT BLOT.

THE APPLES OF IDUNA.

BY HELEN E. SMITH.

FAR away to the north, in the Atlantic Ocean, lies a large island so bleak and cold that it has ever preserved the name of Iceland, given by its Norwegian discoverers in the year 860.

On this island, in the year 1150, lived Olaf, a wealthy Icelander, with his wife Steinvora, and their children, Thorold and Thurida.

During the summer, and, in fact, until the weather had become very cold, Olaf and Steinvora, with their servants, had been more than busy in gathering the stores of dried fish and Iceland moss for food; of peat, drift-wood and fish-bones for fuel; and of hay for the cows. The little boy and girl had done their share of this labor; in the summer going off with the maidens to the great plains to collect the nourishing moss, and in the autumn gathering moss of a different kind for repairing their house.

At length, the long nights of the long Icelandic winter had come. Olaf was happy to think how well he had provided for his family and his cattle. Steinvora was troubled when she thought of all the yarn that must be spun, of the cloth that must be woven, and of the garments that must be made. Thorold and Thurida were delighted when they thought of the snow-sleds and the ice-sliding; but not quite so happy when they thought of the long snow-storms that for days and sometimes weeks together would keep them prisoners in the house. Olaf's house, like all others in Iceland of that day, was only one story in height, and was built for strength and warmth, more than for beauty or cheerfulness. Its walls, made of huge blocks of lava plastered together with clay and moss, were four feet thick. The steep-pitched roof, made of stout beams, covered with boughs of the scrubby oaks,—which then grew plentifully on the island,—was overlaid with a thick covering of turf. In the center was one large room with a hole in the middle of the roof-peak, to serve instead of a chimney. On one side of this room was the store-room for dried fish; on the opposite side, that for the nutritious moss, which was used in place of bread, for no grain was then raised in Iceland. On the third side was a fuel-room, and on the fourth side a cow and sheep shed, and a long low hall leading to the open air. Thus it will be seen that there was no space for windows on the sides of the family room. Its only daylight or fresh air came through the chimney-hole. There were, it is true, some small windows made in the sides of the steep roof, but

these were only for summer use, being covered, when winter came, by half-transparent fish entrails, scraped and dried and stretched on frames. These not being strong enough to support a weight of snow, were protected by boughs which, like the rest of the roof, were covered with turf. So you see that the little Thorold and his sister could not amuse themselves by standing at the windows and looking out at the swift-falling snow; or watching the blinking of the stars; or seeing the shimmer of the moonbeams on the glittering ice. Neither were there any story-books to read, for very few were the books to be found in all Iceland then; and had Olaf possessed ever so many, no one in his family could have read them.

Deary enough must have been the long nights (some of them twenty hours long) were it not for story-telling. The old Icelanders were noted tellers of stories, and children were just as fond then, as now, of hearing them. The father of a family would tell them over and over to his children, until they knew them by heart. And thus the tales were preserved almost as long and well as if they had been written.

One day in February, when the length of the day had grown from four hours to six, and the fishing season had commenced, Olaf called to Thorold and Thurida to come to the door and look at the setting sun throwing his last rays upon the side of the high peak of the Oeräfa Jökul.

"There!" said he; "do you see? Loki is bringing Iduna back with her apples, and the wicked Thjassi will soon lose his eagle wings."

Thorold, who had often heard the story of Iduna, clapped his hands and laughed till he seemed to become too big for his long-skirted blue flannel jacket. But Thurida, who was younger and had not heard the story, only turned her blue eyes up beseechingly from under her funny blue flannel cap, saying:

"My father, who was Iduna, and what are apples?"

"Ugh! The blast is cold, and Iduna is not yet come," said Olaf; "so we will go in and sit by the fire while I tell thee the story."

The large room did not look so gloomy as usual on this night, for the atmosphere was clear, and the smoke from the large wood-and-fish-bone fire passed off freely through the hole in the roof, while the fire-beams danced merrily over the spinning-wheels and loom on one side of the room; over

the fishing-tackle and bows and spears on another side; over the narrow boxes filled with sea-weed, which served as bedsteads for the family, servants and all, ranged against the wall behind the fire; upon the group of men dressing the fish they had that day speared through the ice; and upon Steinvara and her maidens preparing for supper the big kettle of moss-porridge, to-night, by way of a treat, flavored with dried juniper berries.

It was not until after the supper that Olaf took off his blue flannel cap—shaped like a small three-cornered bag, with a yarn tassel fastened to the point—to let the fire dry his long yellow hair, and, taking the children, one on each knee, told the story of Iduna.

“Once,” said he, “a long time ago, before the Christians came to Iceland, the god Odin, with Hænir and the wicked Loki, went on a journey. The ancient gods surely differed little from mortals, for, like us, they often were hungry and thirsty and tired. When these three had traveled far, they came to a beautiful valley where a herd of oxen were grazing. Being very hungry, these gods—not even the best of whom was really good—did not scruple to steal and kill one of the oxen for their supper. They cut the ox into quarters, which they put into their big kettle to boil. But boil the beef would not. In vain the three travelers piled on the fuel; in vain the water in the kettle bubbled and boiled. Every time that the lid of the kettle was removed the meat was found to be as raw as at first. While wondering what the reason for this could be, the perplexed travelers, hearing a voice, looked up, and beheld an enormous eagle, perched on the stoutest branch of a very large oak-tree.

“‘If ye are willing,’ said the voice, ‘to let me have my share of the flesh, it shall soon be boiled.’

“Of course the hungry gods said ‘Yes,’ when instantly down flew the loud-flapping eagle, and with his great beak snatched up three quarters of the beef!

“‘Stop! stop!’ exclaimed Loki, ‘one quarter only is thy share,’ and with that he struck a fierce blow with his traveling staff upon the eagle’s back. So much the worse was this for Loki, for while one end of the unlucky staff stuck fast to the back of the eagle, Loki found himself unable to loose his hold from the other end, which he the more desired to do because he now found, to his dismay, that the supposed eagle was no other than the renowned Frost-Giant Thjassi, who, with his great eagle wings, went flying over rocks and forest tops, dragging after him the unhappy Loki till he was torn almost in pieces.

“For a long time the giant took no notice of Loki’s piteous entreaties, but, at last, Thjassi

deigned to tell him that he should be released when he had bound himself by a solemn oath to bring Iduna and her apples out from her safe retreat behind the bright walls of Asgard, the city of the gods.

“Loki, who was selfish enough to do anything, willingly took the oath, and, all tatters and wounds as he was, soon rejoined his companions. But he told them nothing of his oath.”

“My father,” interrupted Thurida, “what are apples?”

“They are round things that grow on trees, as I’ve been told,” said Olaf, “but I never saw any.

“Now, these apples of Iduna were very different from all other fruits, for it was by eating them that the gods kept themselves always young and handsome and strong. So Loki did not dare to tell of the oath he had taken.

“On the return of the three travelers to bright Asgard, the crafty and cruel Loki told the beautiful and kind Iduna that in a forest a short distance off he had found apples which he thought were of a much better quality than her own, and that at all events it was worth while to make a comparison between them.

“Iduna, deceived by his words, took her apples and went with him into the forest; but no sooner had they entered it than Thjassi, clad in his eagle plumage, flew rapidly toward them, and catching up Iduna, regardless of her tears, carried her and her treasures with him to gloomy Jötunheim, the dreary city of the Frost-Giants.

“Now the gods, left in lofty Asgard without the society of the beautiful Iduna, and without any of her youth-giving apples to eat, soon became wrinkled and bent and gray. Old age was creeping fast upon them, and their mourning for Iduna was loud and sincere. It was long before they discovered that Loki was the author of the mischief. When they did so, he could only save himself from their wrath by promising to bring safely back the beloved Iduna and her youth-giving apples.

“To do this, Loki borrowed from the goddess, Frigga, the falcon plumage which she sometimes wore, and disguised in it, flew to Jötunheim.

“In spite of his disguise, it was not without fear that Loki approached the grim and terrible walls of the city of the Frost-Giants. Cautiously and silently he flew about it until he discovered that Thjassi was on an ice-floe, far out at sea, spearing fish for his dinner. Then, with a joyful cry, Loki flew into the city and lost no time in changing Iduna into a sparrow, and flying off with her safely clasped in his talons.

“But, before they were far on their way, the Frost-Giant returned to his gloomy city, there to learn of the escape of Iduna. Into his eagle plumage

husted Thjassi, and, screaming with rage, flew in pursuit of the trembling sparrow and swiftly flying falcon.

"Upon the bright walls of Asgard, eagerly watching the uncertain race, stood the impatient gods. Rapidly approached the pursued, but close behind them followed the terrible pursuer. The gods trembled with terror lest Iduna should again fall into his cruel hands, and, as fast as their now aged limbs would let them, they began to gather upon the walls bundles of dry chips, while the good Baldur waited with a fire-brand in his hand.

"Over the bright walls flew Loki and Iduna. Close after them came the loud-flapping Thjassi; but Baldur had been too quick for him, and had already set fire to the ready chips. The rapid flame caught the borrowed plumage of Thjassi, and he thus fell into the power of the gods, who slew him within the walls of the sacred city. Then great and loud was the rejoicing, while the gods hastened to make themselves young and handsome and strong again, by eating freely of the apples of Iduna."

"My father," said Thorold, "the good priest tells us that all those ancient fables about the gods have a meaning that is not a fable. Canst

thou not tell me and Thurida what this one means?"

"I do not know how it is of myself," said Olaf, "but I have heard the good priest say that Iduna means the beautiful spring, while Thjassi means the desolating winter. Hence, when the short days and long nights begin to come, we say that Thjassi is carrying off Iduna. And, when the days grow longer and the nights shorter, we say that Iduna with her apples, is returning to us. The fire kindled by the gods upon the walls of bright Asgard is the sun, before whose heat winter dissolves; while all Nature, partaking of the fruits of spring, grows young again."

"My father," murmured sleepy little Thurida, "I will wake up to eat some of the apples."

Olaf laughed, and, kissing his little daughter, laid her tenderly in one of the bed-boxes filled with elastic sea-weed, and spread over her a sack of sea-fowl feathers, saying:

"It is not for many a long and bitter night yet, my Thurida, that the beautiful Iduna shall reach our cold land.

"Yet," he continued, patting Thorold on the head, "when Iduna is with us, 'Iceland's the best land the sun shines on!'"

THE BIG BEAR OF WANNETOLA.

(A True Story.)

BY DR. I. E. NAGLE.

ONE beautiful evening in the latter part of November, 1860, I rode to my nearest neighbor's cabin to spend the night with him, for we had planned to start early next morning on a hunt for a big bear, that had been seen often in the vicinity, and had become the principal topic of the settlers for several months. The country was sparsely settled, and every exciting incident that occurred was largely magnified by those who lived in that isolated portion of the frontier. So the depredations of this big bear during that autumn had soon made him very notable, and excited the desire of hunters to secure his skin.

The neighbor I have mentioned was Harvey Richardson, one of the most successful hunters and famous woodmen in Arkansas. He had spent many years in the forest, and was noted for his desperate adventures with *varmints* of every kind. He met me at the gap in his fence, and welcomed me with the usual hospitable greetings, which make

the cabins in the wild western forests free to all who visit them.

Before retiring, we viewed the sky very carefully, and found the outlook gave good promise of a splendid morning for our hunting expedition. A gray mist was in the air, slightly veiling the moon and sky, though not sufficiently thick to hide the stars from view. This softened haze indicated two favorable prospects for hunting. It assured us that the bear would forage during the night, and also that the ground would hold scent, and give the dogs a fine chance for running the game. So, well pleased with the weather, we slept soundly.

An hour before day broke, the door creaked on its wooden hinges, and Harvey took a good look out. The stars were shining brightly, and the keen, sharp morning air was laden with the fresh scent of wood and frosted vegetation. Far off in the forest we heard the half-suppressed howl of a wolf, perhaps speeding on the track of a hapless deer.

My warm nest was very comfortable, and so I murmured a little sigh of regret, and yawned as Harvey shook me out of bed. He was very much elated because the morning was so perfectly fitted for our expedition, and we quickly prepared for the adventures of the day.

As there are some very important matters connected with the preparations for a dangerous hunt, and not only success in killing game, but often a hunter's safety, depends on his precautions, I will tell you what we did. Harvey wiped his rifle clean with a woolen washer; then he held it to the fire and dried the nipple without heating the stock and breech. He then put in the powder from his boar-tusk charger, and placed a patch-covered half-ounce bullet on the powder, pressing it firmly down home with the ramrod. He did not hammer the ball, but left it snugly laid on the charge. When he examined the nipple of the tube, there was powder at the crown, and then he carefully fitted a cap on it, so that it would not come off under ordinary circumstances. He then strapped on his pouch, pistol and large butcher-knife, and was ready for service.

I warmed my English double-barreled gun, and proceeded to load with three drams of powder, on which were placed felt wads. I did not ram the charges, but on each of them I placed three buckshot, and on these was laid an ounce ball. Each charge was then covered with felt wads, which were pushed home closely without ramming. Thus my loads were lodged very tightly in the barrels, and after capping on powder that lightly filled the tubes, I, too, was ready for the expedition.

We hurried into the air and loosed the five dogs that were to accompany us. The other eighteen of the pack had been corraled in a high pen during the night, and so they roared and yelped and would not be quieted. But we glided into the forest, and soon their barking was heard only as a dreamy tone in the far distance.

The dogs that accompanied us were noted hunters, and really deserve a passing description. Old Lapstone was a gaunt, one-eyed, huge yellow dog, with a very mean and ugly countenance. His name was given him from his close resemblance to a surly old cobbler who roamed about the neighborhood. The old dog's voice was horribly bass, but he had good grit, was a savage fighter of bears, and always led the pack.

A beautiful dog, named Bullet, half hound and half bull-dog, was always second. He had the pluck of a game chicken, the endurance of a tiger, and the speed of a deer. We depended on him for sleuth and sagacity, and were never disappointed in our confidence.

The third was a large brindle dog. He had

a long face, thick nose, long lips, frightful teeth, and around his neck a white ring, which resembled a clergyman's choker; and from this peculiarity he was named Parson. He had great pertinacity and endurance and was a good dog, though he became too much excited at the tooting of a horn, or when he heard the scraping of a fiddle.

Old Pickles was the next, and he never did any good, unless he was in the fourth place, even when running with other packs. He was a bull-dog, with a massive head and neck, was always in at the death, and his delight was to hang on to a bear to the very last. He was a very sour-looking animal, and never made friends with any one. Big Jack was always the tail of the pack. He was a half blood-hound and half Scotch sleuth-hound, evidences of which savage mixture he exhibited in many instances besides bear-hunting. He was a treacherous brute, and would pull down a man with as little hesitation as he would attack a bear. The unpleasant creature was a present to Harvey from an Englishman, who had seen a great deal of backwoods' life and hunting adventures with my friend in the preceding year.

As we approached the banks of the Wannetola, the thickets became more dense and difficult to penetrate. At last we arrived at the crossing of a deep slough or bayou, where we expected to find "sign of the b'ar," as Harvey said, eagerly. To our delight we found the trail we so earnestly sought, and without delay located ourselves for sharp work. The morning twilight was just turning into rosy day, as we adjusted ourselves in "stands," as hunters term the places where they await the approach of game. In standing for deer, the hunter places himself in front of a tree and in full view of the animal, which does not see him, because of the dark background. For other game the hunter hides himself completely from view, choosing his position so as to escape the animal's keen powers of scent.

What Harvey meant by his "sign of the b'ar" was this: The crossing was the only low place and inclined bank of the bayou within a distance of two miles. Bear, deer, and other "varmints," as wild animals are promiscuously termed by frontier people, always crossed at this point, whither they came from every quarter. We found the foot-marks very large, and closely resembling the impressions made by a huge negro's foot. We found, too, that the toes pointed toward the plantations, and there were no points to indicate that he had returned. The smooth side, where Bruin had slipped as he came up the bank, also gave an impressive idea of the creature's great weight and size. He had evidently gone on a foraging excursion to a corn-field or hog-range near by, and after getting his store of

provender, would doubtless return at an early moment to his den in the far recesses of the swamp.

The morning air was cold and frosty enough to make my nose and fingers tingle with a sense of pain, but the prospect of excitement and combat of a dangerous kind warmed away other thoughts. As daylight came, our senses were aroused to catch every sound indicative of our approaching game.

An old hunter sits immovable, and has ears but for one sound, that is, the crunching tread of the bear. He never pays attention to what occurs in the trees, knowing that bears who live in swamp countries never go up into the branches to look into the impenetrable jungles beneath. It is only in mountainous regions that Bruin sagaciously reconnoiters the surroundings from lofty lookouts



A CLOSE STRUGGLE.

The cold air caused the branches to snap, but these sounds did not alarm us old woodmen. Young hunters, at such moments, are very excitable, and get what veterans term the "buck fever." They shake at every sound, and look eagerly and anxiously to discover the source of the slightest noises. A falling twig causes them to make nervous movements; they clutch their guns, and hold their breath to listen, while their hearts beat rapidly, thumping and jumping, and a choking sensation comes into the throat. The astonished novice finds, after the game has fled and escaped, that he failed to shoot and so lost his day's sport.

Hence we looked to the swamp and awaited the walk of the animal.

The sun came up and warmed my back, and my position became very irksome, because it was unadvisable to move for fear of giving alarm to the bear, if he was moving in my direction. I noticed, too, that Big Jack and Bullet had taken positions close by me. The proximity of the former was hardly less uncomfortable than that of a savage panther would have been. We were located about ten feet from the hither side of the crossing, where a fallen tree was in front. Through the interstices of the interlaced roots I could see in every direction

necessary, and felt assured that if the game came in that direction he would pass very near to my position.

Big Jack made a movement, and, with his red eyes gleaming like burning balls, he seemed as if in the act of springing at me. His ominous glare startled me, but in an instant, noticing that his looks were directed toward the crossing, I, too, looked thither and heard the sound of a heavy animal sauntering slowly over the sodden ground and approaching my lair. In an instant a pair of yellow eyes glared at me, and with as wide a look of surprise as there was in mine. Recovering myself I fired at the monster, which appeared like a huge, animated black cloud as he rose up before me. The brute disappeared with the smoke of my gun, but in a moment I was startled by the report and shock of a second discharge. The other load of my gun had been accidentally exploded. Looking in the direction that the bear had taken, I saw he had run along the other side of the fallen tree and met at the farther end the two dogs, when he turned about and came toward me at his most rapid speed and in savage humor. Then there was a fearful crash and rush. The black mass came on, with eyes gleaming, and bewildering me with the reflection of their glare in the sunlight.

I was conscious that my gun was useless, and so instinctively grasped my pistol, but found it hopelessly entangled in my belt. For a second, despair came upon me, but a sudden revulsion aroused every sense and prompted me to defense for life. Quickly drawing my knife, it was presented at a thrust as the dark mass sprang at me. In the same moment there was the shadow of a dark body flying through the air, and a flash of yellow light, as Big Jack fastened his glittering fangs into the bear's right shoulder. Bruin had his ponderous jaws

open, and his yellow teeth were frightfully hideous as he essayed to snap at me, growling horribly all the while. At this moment, too, Bullet leaped at him so fiercely as to divert the monster's attention from myself and make him miss his bite. He reared, and as he again came down on his forefeet and was in the act of going over the bank, I plunged my knife to the hilt into his body, in the region of his heart. He turned and made a terrible snap at my legs, but at the moment I fell backward over a bush, and so we all went into the bayou together. The bear, with Bullet hanging to his lip, was growling terribly as they went over the bank. Big Jack was hanging by his first hold, and thus they floundered in the water and mud.

I scrambled to the edge of the slough, and watched with intense anxiety the result of the battle. In another moment, and when the bear had nearly reached the farther side of the pool, desperately fighting with the dogs every inch of the way, I heard a rushing sound and the whirring flight of the rest of the pack as they sprang over me. In the same instant a flash shot out from the brown barrel of Harvey's rifle, and the bear rolled over, though he still feebly fought the pack, and kept on fighting to the last moment of his existence. To my mortification, an examination of the huge carcass showed that my shot had not made any visible mark on the animal, and that my knife had not quite reached his heart. Harvey's shot had killed him. The weight of the savage animal was over five hundred pounds.

His skin has done good service in many a camp and field since that memorable morning, though I could never bring myself to try to sleep upon it, for the very memory of that fight by the bayou is as unpleasant to me as a nightmare.

MY COLOR.

MARCIA D. BRADBURY.

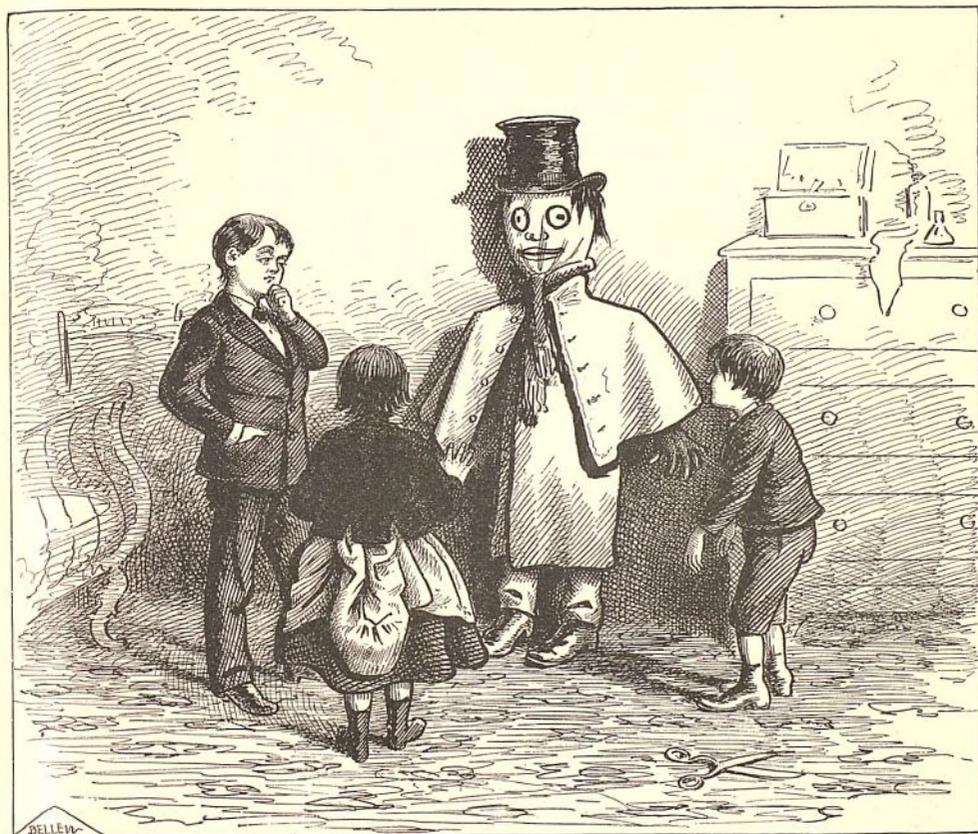
It glistens in the ocean wave,
It lives in yonder summ'ry sky,
The harebell and forget-me-not
Are tinted with its brightest dye.

It sparkles in the sapphire's depths,
Its touch is on the turquoise laid;
And in the robin's speckled egg
Its faintest tinges are displayed.

So far, perhaps, you have not guessed,
But ah! I fear you may surmise
When I confess this heavenly hue
Shines fairest in the baby's eyes.

RUDOLPH DON PEDRO LIVINGSTONE.

By F. H. G. B.



THE CHILDREN VIEW DON PEDRO.

FRANK BOWLAND was a thoughtful and ingenious boy, forever making machines of some sort,—printing-presses, magic lanterns, scroll-saws, sleds, and what not. Well, on one occasion he took it into his head to construct a large doll in the semblance of a man,—of a hideous, disproportioned, lopsided man, to be sure, but as nearly like something human as the materials at hand would permit. The nucleus, or central part of this figure, was a bolster; the members were made of broom-sticks, boots, and old clothes. It was a weird, grotesque extravaganza, which threw his younger brother and sister into an ecstasy of awe and mirth when they were formally and privately admitted to its presence.

“Oh, if it was only alive, would n’t it be fun?” cried the younger boy.

“Oh no, no! I don’t want it to be alive; it would be just too awful!” cried the sister.

“Why, Fanny, you would not be afraid,” said Master Franky, patronizingly. “Look at Tom; he’s a year younger than you, and he is not scared a mite.”

“Oh, but Tom’s a boy,” replied Fanny, fully aware of the privileges of her sex.

It was all that was said on the subject, but it set Master Franky to thinking. So when the audience dispersed, and he was left alone with his new creation, he sat down and gazed at it in rapt admiration for he knew not how long, but hour after hour slipped away; the yellow noon sunlight changed into red sunset; and still he sat looking at the curious object, and thinking how delightful it would be if the thing could only be endowed with life,—become a breathing, living being, of his own creation. He thought what he would be willing to sacrifice to obtain such a result; he would give up his new sil-

ver watch, his illustrated book of wild beasts, his knife, anything, if it were only possible for this thing to live and move and speak. He thought and thought and thought. The room was very quiet, and no one came to disturb his thinking.

But what is this? As he muses and longs, something in the object stirs; one dislocated leg advances a few inches, then the other, with an unsteady motion, steps forward, and the whole bundle moves toward him. He is rooted to his chair with surprise and fear. Can it be possible that his wish is to be gratified? It is indeed so.

"Franky," murmurs the figure, in a husky voice, "I want to play with you."

"Play what?" stammers Frank.

"Anything," says the creature; "marbles, or mumbly peg, or anything."

It took our young inventor some minutes to recover his presence of mind, but after a time he found himself strangely familiar with his new companion, and he gradually began to talk to it as if it were some funny kind of a boy.

He sat up late into the night exhibiting his picture-books and other treasures, and explaining the ways of the boy-world to the untutored mind of his uncouth playmate; and, ere he retired to rest, he constructed a comfortable bed for him on the floor.

On the next day, Tom and Fanny were introduced to the living creature, and, after many cries and

but Fanny thought that might hurt its feelings. Frank proposed Newcome, but this was again overruled by Fanny, who wisely remarked that, as names did not cost anything, they might as well give him a good one; so, by her advice, he was unanimously christened Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone.

This difficulty being overcome, they felt more at their ease, and had a right merry time with their playmate, who was as rollicking, high-spirited a creature as any boy of his own size.

After a while, Frank began to want to go out into the open air, to play with his hoop; but of course it was out of the question to take Rudolph with him, so, after providing him with an abundant supply of picture-books and toys, and giving him strict injunctions not to leave the room, and to hide in the closet if he heard any one coming, Frank sallied out. When he had amused himself for a short time, and was in the full tide of jollity and fun, Frank felt something touch him on the shoulder, and turning round beheld, to his dismay, the horrid being of his own creation standing by his side. All his companions gazed, with open eyes and mouths, at the new arrival, while Frank stammered forth:

"What did you come here for? I told you to stay in the room."

"I want to be with you," answered Rudolph. "I like you. It's very pleasant to be here."

"But you can't, you know. You'd better go home."

"Why?" asked the fond creature.

Frank did not like to hurt his feelings, and scarcely knew what to answer.

"I'll tell you by and by. Go home, there's a good——" He did not feel that he could say "boy," so he said, "Go home, there's a good thingummy; do, pray do!"

But Thingummy was not to be cajoled; he clung to his manufacturer, and commenced some grotesque gambols, in imitation of the other children in the park. Frank's companions began to laugh.

Frank felt the blood rush to his face, and, unable to endure the prospect of the storm of ridicule he saw impending, took to his heels and fled.

But Rudolph had formed an attachment for the boy who had made him, and could not be got rid of in that way.

It was a close race; for, although Frank ran his best, the creature, with a loose, rickety, shambling gait, kept close behind him. Up one street and down another, under horses' heads, up against stout ladies, behind horse-cars, they went,



"I WANT TO BE WITH YOU," SAID MR. LIVINGSTONE.

exclamations from the little girl, were induced to entertain it with all their store of playthings.

One embarrassment they found at first in not knowing how to address their guest. Tom suggested that Bolster would be an appropriate title;

till Frank, despairing of shaking off his pursuer,—who, he had hoped, would lose himself in the crowd,—at last made for his own home, where, dashing in at the open door, he rushed upstairs, closely fol-

ple and locks them up in a cellar, and then you'd never see me again."

"I don't want to see a policeman."

"Well, then you must promise to stay in the house and do as I tell you, or a policeman will be sure to lock you up and never let you out."

"Do policemen ever lock you up?"

"Oh, no."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I'm different."

"How?"

"Oh, don't you understand, you stupid? You're not made like me; you look different altogether. You're very nice, you know, and I like you, and so does Tom, and so does Fanny; but policemen don't like people that look different, and they always lock them up. Now won't you be good, and please me, and stay in the house?"

Rudolph pondered for a few moments,—moments of dreadful suspense for Frank,—and then pledged himself to obey orders for the future.

Frank, much relieved, now set to work to amuse his tormentor with all the resources at his command, and they got on quite merrily for an hour or two, till the supper-bell sounded; then it occurred to Frank that the creature might possibly experience the human necessity for food.

"Would you like something to eat?" he asked.

Rudolph looked at him vacantly.

"He does not know what I mean," thought Frank. So he ran downstairs, and procured a couple of slices of bread and butter, which he placed in the creature's hand, who gaped at them in a meaningless way for some seconds, and then, as though by instinct, thrust them into the big mouth which Frank had marked on the bolster, and devoured them in an instant.

"More," said he, as soon as he had swallowed them.

"More?" echoed Frank.

"I like to eat," answered the creature.

Frank ran downstairs and again returned, this time with four biscuits and a piece of cheese. It did not take two minutes to dispatch these, and again Rudolph opened his mouth to utter the now alarming monosyllable, "More."

"Good gracious!" groaned Frank, "I hope he's not going to be hungry all the time."

"More; I like to eat."

"So it seems," thought Frank, as he once more bolted down to the supper-table, bringing up this time an entire loaf, and a huge bone to pick.



RUDOLPH AND FRANK HAVE A WRESTLING MATCH. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

lowed by that dreadful creature, Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone.

Frank threw himself on the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. When the paroxysm was over, and he looked up, the creature was standing by his side, and patting his shoulder with one of his flabby hands.

"Why did you come out?—why did you run after me, you awful, horrid, wicked thing?" gasped the agonized youth.

"It was so lonesome here; I want to be with you," answered Rudolph piteously.

"But you can't be with me all the time, you know," said Frank, rather more gently.

"Why?"

"Why, because you are different, you know."

"Different—am I different? How am I different?"

"Oh, dear me!" groaned Frank, "he does n't know he is made of a bolster and a broomstick." Then aloud: "Oh, you look different, you know. You're very nice, of course. I like you, and all that; but then—then, you know, you—you don't look like us, and if you come out, perhaps—perhaps some one—" Here a happy thought struck him; he would frighten Rudolph; "perhaps a policeman might take you away."

"What is a policeman?" queried Rudolph.

"Oh, a policeman is a great, ugly, wicked man, with a blue coat and brass buttons, who takes peo-

The loaf and bone took some time to consume, and Frank thought he had at last satisfied Mr. Livingstone; but it was not long before he heard the ominous word uttered behind him:

"More."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Frank. "Whatever in the world shall I do with this horrid, greedy thing?"

And, waxing wroth as the sense of wrong dilated in his bosom, he struck out from the shoulder, and sent Rudolph sprawling on the floor. But he soon repented the rash act, for instantly there burst forth such a howl, such a wild, piercing yell, from the prostrate form, as was never heard in the house of a respectable family before. A yell calculated to collect a crowd, and bring to the spot all the fire and police force for a mile around.

"Hush up!" screamed Frank, seizing Don Pedro by the arm and trying to lift him up; "hush up, I tell you."

"Boo-o-o-o! Ya-a-a-a-a-a!"

"Be quiet, stop your noise,—policeman coming."

But still the howling went on.

"Hush up, you wretched thing, you; do be a good fellow; you shall have more to eat, all you like, nice things; there now, be a good fellow,—there."

The prospect of "more" seemed to have a pacifying effect upon the glutton, for he stopped sufficiently long to utter his favorite word,

"More."

Frank made another trip to the dining-room and returned with a whole dish of fish-balls, and the contents of the cake-basket, bread-plate, butter-dish, preserve-jar, and the tea-pot.

"There," he said, handing these provisions to Don Pedro, "be quiet now. I wont hurt you again,—eat all you like."

After this hearty meal Rudolph went to sleep. A feeling of loathing had now possessed Frank's soul at the sight of this thing for which he had once so ardently longed. Was there no way in which it could be got rid of? If he could only pull it to pieces, and reduce it to its primitive elements, all would be well. He resolved to try this, and, seizing the creature's boot with both hands, he gave a sudden and vigorous jerk, and off it came, exposing the well-worn broom which had supplied the place of a foot in the anatomy of R. Don Pedro Livingstone, Esq. Instantly the latter sprang into an erect position, and opened its mouth preparatory to a yell. Seeing this, Franky sprang forward, and, seizing it by the throat, held it firmly, whilst he hissed in a stage whisper:

"Be still,—don't make a noise. I'll get you something to eat,—lots of things to eat!"

But the creature struggled to free himself, and

grappled with the boy; and bolster and broomsticks though he was, he displayed a degree of agility and strength that proved more than a match for his youthful opponent. Still the tussle was vigorously maintained by Franky; they rolled over on the floor, butted each other against articles of furniture, upset chairs, tumbled on the bed, and fought and wrestled all over the room. At last Franky let go his hold, and both fell exhausted upon the bed.

Rudolph was first to recover, which he announced by muttering:

"Why don't you want me to be with you, and why don't you let me come out with you?"

"Because, I tell you," pouted Frank, "because you are different."

"Well, then, wont you make me a little sister to play with,—one that is different and can't go out with you, and will be obliged to play with me all the time."

"Oh no, no, no," groaned Franky, thoroughly terrified at the bare idea of having two insatiable monstrosities on his hands.

"Oh do, please do," moaned Mr. Livingstone. "I can have such fun then, and we can go out in the park and play by ourselves."

"I can't,—I wont,—don't ask me,—there's a dear, good Rudolph. I'll do anything else you want. I like you, and everybody likes you, only don't—don't do things, you know."

Don Pedro remained in thoughtful silence for some moments, and then murmured:

"I want to eat."

"Yes, yes," answered Franky, at his side; "keep quiet and you shall have all you want."

"More!"

"Yes; and more."

Presently, Franky crept down to the kitchen, where he found a ham and two loaves of bread. When these had been devoured, Don Pedro became, as before, very drowsy; but he still continued to murmur "More, more."

At length a happy thought struck Frank.

"Suppose we undress and go to bed," he suggested, gayly, as though it were the jolliest idea in the world.

"Very well," answered Rudolph, forgetting for a moment to ask for more.

"Well, do as I do," said Franky, taking off his coat and unbuttoning his vest.

The creature took off his coat as directed, yawning sleepily. Then he untied the cord which fastened his pantaloons, but, alas for him! this cord was to him what the keystone is to the arch,—it kept all the other parts together. No sooner was it unfastened than his legs wavered, wobbled, reeled over, and fell apart; his body tumbled on the floor,

his arms dropped; the cord relaxed round his throat, and his neck swelled to the full thickness of the boister; and, with a heavy yawn, he ceased to exist.

Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone was no more.

"O Frank!" cried Fanny, "you've gone to sleep right before your funny man. That is n't polite. Perhaps he wanted to say something."

"What!" cried Frank, springing to his feet. "Is he there yet? Who put him together again? He just now fell all apart. Don't let him move or speak! Don't give him any more."

Tom, who had come upstairs with Fanny, now began to laugh, and Fanny said:

"More? More what? How did he fall apart? Did he really move or speak? I guess you've been dreaming."

"Have I been asleep?" said Frank, half to himself, but looking straight at Don Pedro, as he stood propped up against the wall, where he had been set when Frank had finished making him.

But Rudolph Don Pedro Livingstone never answered a word.

"He don't want to say anything," said Tom. "Bolsters can't talk."

A LITTLE GIRL'S WONDER.

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT do the birds say, I wonder, I wonder,
With their chitter and chatter? It is n't all play.
Do they scold, do they fret at some boggle or blunder,
As we fret, as we scold, day after day?

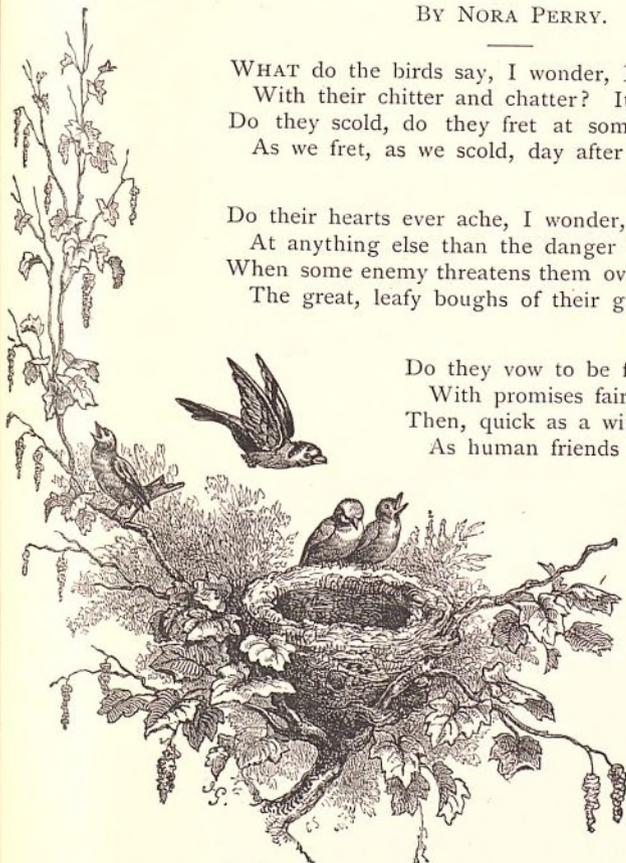
Do their hearts ever ache, I wonder, I wonder,
At anything else than the danger that comes
When some enemy threatens them over or under
The great, leafy boughs of their great, leafy homes?

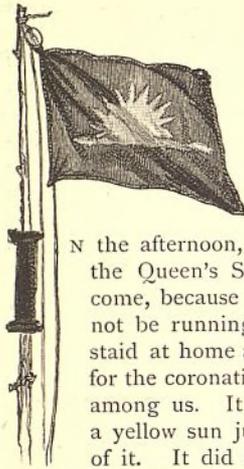
Do they vow to be friends, I wonder, I wonder,
With promises fair and promises sweet,
Then, quick as a wink, at a word fall asunder,
As human friends do, in a moment of heat?

But day after day I may wonder and wonder,
And ask them no end of such questions as these,—
With chitter, and chatter, now over,
now under,
The big, leafy boughs of the big,
leafy trees,

They dart and they skim, with their bills full of plunder,
But never a word of an answer they give.

And never a word shall I get, though I wonder
From morning till night, as long as I live.





A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CORONATION.

IN the afternoon, we had our grand rally at the Queen's Stair-way. Corny could n't come, because her mother said she must not be running around so much. So she staid at home and worked on the new flag for the coronation. We designed this flag among us. It had a black ground, with a yellow sun just rising out of the middle of it. It did n't cost much, and looked more like a yellow cog-wheel rolling in deep mud than anything else. But we thought it would do very well.

Rectus and I had barely reached the stairs, by the way of the old fort, when Priscilla made her appearance in the ravine at the head of a crowd of whooping barefooted young rascals, who came skipping along as if they expected something to eat.

"I'd never be a queen," said Rectus, "if I had to have such a lot of subjects as that."

"Don't think you would," said I; "but we must n't let 'em come up the stairs. They must stay at the bottom, so that we can harangue 'em." So we charged down the stairs, and made the adherents bunch themselves on the level ground.

Then we haranged them, and they laughed, and hurraed, and whistled, and jumped, while Priscilla, as an active emissary, ran around among them, punching them, and trying to make them keep still and listen.

But as they all promised to stick to us and the royal queen through thick and thin, we did n't mind a little disorder.

The next day but one was to be coronation day, and we impressed it on the minds of the adherents that they must be sure to be on hand about ten in the morning, in front of the queen's hut. We concluded not to call it a palace until after the ceremony.

When we had said all we had to say, we told the assemblage that it might go home; but it did n't seem inclined to do anything of the kind.

"Look a here, boss," said one of them,—a stout, saucy fellow, with the biggest hat and the biggest feet on the island,—“aint you agoin' to give us nothin' for comin' round here?"

"Give you anything!" cried Rectus, blazing up suddenly. "That's a pretty way to talk! It's

the subjects that have to give. You'll see pretty soon —"

Just here I stopped him. If he had gone on a few minutes longer, he would have wound up that kingdom with a snap.

"We did n't bring you here," said I, "to give you anything, for it ought to be enough pay to any decent fellow to see a good old person like Queen Poquadilla get her rights."

"Who's him?" asked several of the nearest fellows.

"He means Jane Henderson," said Priscilla. "You keep quiet."

"Jane Henderson! Dat's all right. Don't call her no names. Go ahead, boss!" they cried, laughing and shouting. I went ahead.

"We can't pay you any money; but if you will all promise again to be on hand before ten o'clock, day after to-morrow, we'll take you down to the harbor now and give you a small dive."

A wild promise rang up the sides of the ravine.

A "small dive" is a ceremony somewhat peculiar to this island. A visitor—no native white man would ever think of such a thing—stands on the edge of a pier, or anywhere, where the water is quite deep, and tosses in a bit of money, while the darkey boys—who are sure to be all ready when a visitor is standing on a pier—dive for it. It's a lot of fun to see them do this, and Rectus and I had already chucked a good deal of small change into the harbor, and had seen it come up again, some of it before it got to the bottom. These dives are called "small," because the darkeys want to put the thing mildly. They could n't coax anybody down to the water to give them a big dive.

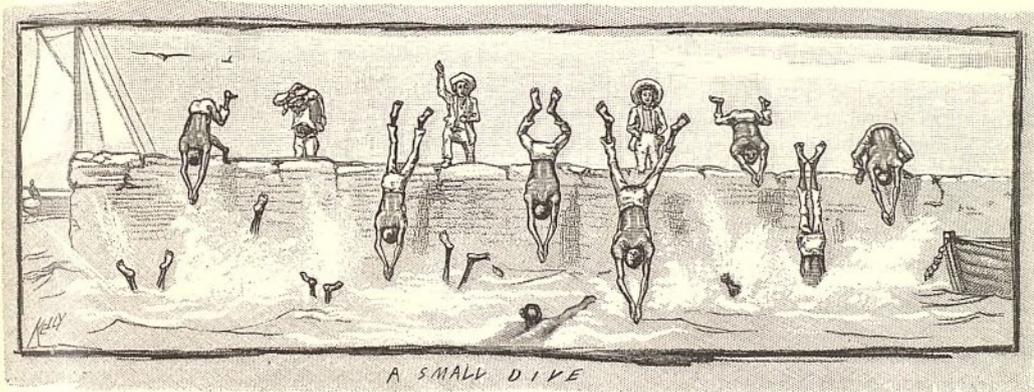
"You see," said I to Rectus, as we started down the ravine toward the river, with the crowd of adherents marching in front, "we've got to have these fellows at the coronation. So it wont do to scare 'em off now."

We went down to a little public square in front of the town, where there was a splendid diving-place. A good many people were strolling about there, but I don't suppose that a single person who saw those darkey fellows, with nothing on but their cotton trousers—who stood in a line on the edge of the sea-wall, and plunged in, head foremost, like a lot of frogs, when I threw out a couple of "big coppers"—ever supposed that these rascals were diving for monarchical purposes. The water 'was so clear that we could see them down at the bottom,

swimming and paddling around after the coppers. When a fellow found one he'd stick it in his mouth, and come up as lively as a cricket, and all ready for another scramble at the bottom.

Sometimes I threw in a silver "check," which is no bigger than a three-cent piece; but, although the water was about fifteen feet deep, it was never lost. The fellows seemed just as much at home in the water as on land, and I suppose they don't know how to get drowned. We tried to toss the money in such a way that each one of them would have something, but some of them were not smart enough to get down to the bottom in time; and

But, after a good deal of looking, we found a brass sauce-pan, in a store, which I thought would do very well for the foundation of a crown. We bought this, and took it around to a shop where a man mended pots and kettles. For a shilling we hired the use of his tools for an hour, and then Rectus and I went to work. We unriveted the handle, and then I held the bottom edge of the sauce-pan to the grindstone, while Rectus turned, and we soon ground the bottom off. This left us a deep brass band, quite big enough for a crown, and as the top edge was rounded off, it could be turned over on a person's head, so as to sit quite comfort-



A SMALL DIVE

when we thought we had circulated enough specie, we felt sure that there were two or three, and perhaps more, who had n't brought up a penny.

So when they all climbed out, with their brown shoulders glistening, I asked which one of them had come out without getting anything. Every man-jack of them stepped forward and said he had n't got a copper! We picked out three little fellows, gave them a few pennies apiece, and came home.

The next day we were all hard at work. Corny and her mother went down to the queen's house, and planned what they could get to fit up the place, so that it would be a little more comfortable. Mrs. Chipperton must have added something to our eight dollars, for she and Corny came up into the town, and bought a lot of things, which made Poquardilla's best room look like another place. The rocking-chair was fixed up quite royally. Mrs. Chipperton turned out to be a better kind of a woman than I thought she was at first.

We hired a man to cut a pole and set it up in the queen's front yard, for the flag; and then Rectus and I started out to get the crown. I had thought that if we could find some sheet-brass I could manage to make a pretty good crown, but there did n't seem to be anything of the kind in the place.

ably. With a cold-chisel I cut long points in what would be the upper part of the crown, and when I had filed these up a little the crown looked quite nobby. We finished it by punching a lot of holes in the front part, making them in the form of stars and circles. With something red behind these the effect would be prodigious.

At ten o'clock, sharp, the next morning, we were all at the queen's house. Mrs. Chipperton was with us, for she wished very much to see the ceremony. I think Mr. Chipperton would have been along, but a gentleman took him out in his yacht that morning, and I must admit that we all breathed a little bit freer without him. There was a pretty fair crowd sitting around in the front yard when we reached the house, and before long a good many more people came to see what was going on. They were all negroes; but I don't believe half of them were genuine native Africans. The queen was sitting inside, with a red shawl on, although it was a pretty warm day, and wearing a new turban.

We had arranged, on the way, to appoint a lot of court officials, because there was no use of our being stingy in this respect, when it did n't cost anything to do up the thing right. So we picked out a good-looking man for Lord High Chancellor, and gave him a piece of red ribbon to tie in his

button-hole. He had n't any button-hole anywhere, except in his trousers, so he tied it to the string which fastened his shirt together at the collar. Four old men we appointed to be courtiers, and made them button up their coats. For a wonder, they all had coats. We also made a Lord High Sheriff and a Royal Beadle, and an Usher of the White Wand, an officer Mrs. Chipperton had read about, and to whom we gave a whittled stick, with strict instructions not to jab anybody with it. Corny had been reading a German novel, and she wanted us to appoint a "Hof-rath," who is a German court officer of some kind. He was a nice fellow in the novel, and so we picked out the best-looking young darkey we could find, for the position.

We each had our posts. Corny was to do the crowning, and I was to make the speech. Rectus had his place by the flag, which he was to haul up at the proper moment. Mrs. Chipperton undertook to stand by the old lady,—that is, the queen,—and give her any support she might happen to need, during the ceremony.

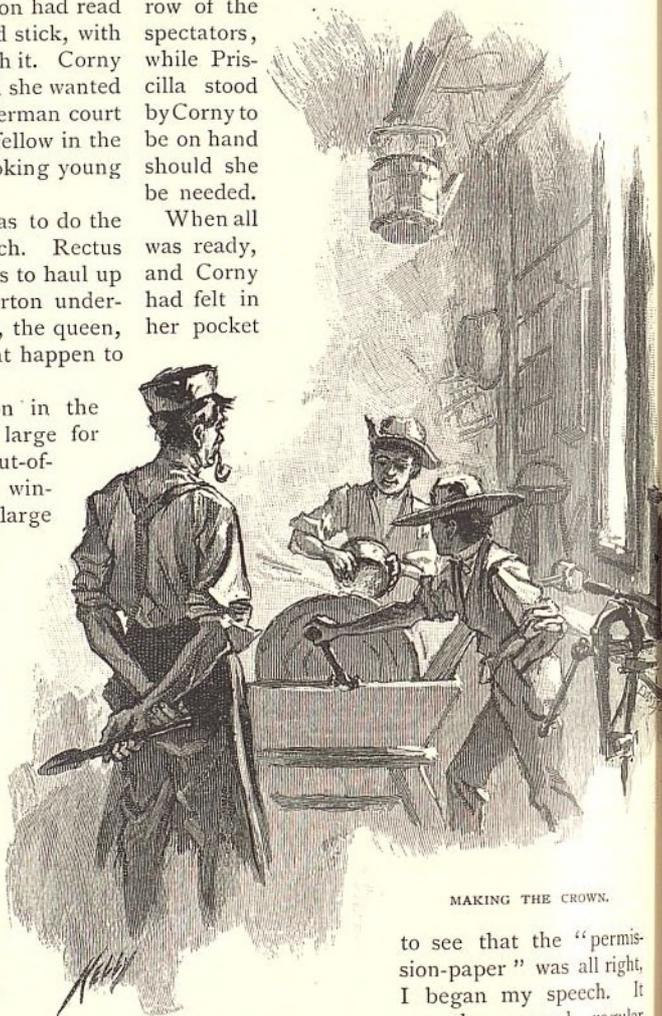
We intended having the coronation in the house; but we found the crowd too large for this, so we brought the rocking-chair out-of-doors, and set it in front of the only window in the palace. The yard was large enough to accommodate a good many people, and those who could not get in had plenty of room out in the road. We tried to make Poquadilla take off her turban, because a crown on a turban seemed to us something entirely out of order; but she would n't listen to it. We had the pleasant-faced neighbor-woman as an interpreter, and she said that it was n't any use; the queen would almost as soon appear in public without her head as without her turban. So we let this pass, for we saw very plainly that it would n't do to try to force too much on Poquadilla, for she looked now as if she thought we had come there to perform some operation on her,—perhaps to cut off her leg.

About half-past ten, we led her out, and made her sit down in the rocking-chair. Mrs. Chipperton stood on one side of her, holding one of her hands, while the neighbor-woman stood on the other side, and held the other hand. This arrangement, however, did not last long, for Poquadilla soon jerked her hands away, thinking, perhaps, that if anything was done that hurt, it might be better to be free for a jump.

Corny stood in front, a little at one side, holding the crown, which she had padded and lined with

red flannel. I took my place just before Mrs. Chipperton, facing the crowd. Rectus was at the flag-pole, near the front of the yard, holding the hal-yards in his hands, ready to haul. The *Hof-rath* was by him, to help if anything got tangled, and the four courtiers and the other officials had places in the front row of the spectators, while Priscilla stood by Corny to be on hand should she be needed.

When all was ready, and Corny had felt in her pocket



MAKING THE CROWN.

to see that the "permission-paper" was all right, I began my speech. It was the second regular speech I had ever made,—the first one, was at a school celebration,—and I had studied it out pretty carefully. It was intended, of course, for the negroes, but I really addressed the most of it to Mrs. Chipperton, because I knew that she could understand a speech better than any one else in the yard. When I had shown the matter up as plainly as I knew how, and had given all the whys and wherefores, I made a little stop for applause. But I did n't get any. They all stood waiting to see what would happen next. As there was nothing

more to say, I nodded to Corny to clap on the crown. The moment she felt it on her head, the queen stood up as straight as a hoe-handle, and looked quickly from side to side. Then I called out in my best voice:

"Africans! Behold your queen!"

At this instant Rectus ran up the black flag with the yellow cog-wheel, and we white people gave a cheer. As soon as they got a cue, the darkeys knew what to do. They burst out into a wild yell, they waved their hats, they laid down on the grass and kicked, they jumped, and danced, and laughed, and screamed. I was afraid the queen would bolt, so I took a quiet hold of her shawl. But she stood still until the crowd cooled down a little, and then she made a courtesy and sat down.

"Is that all?" asked the neighbor-woman, after she had waited a few moments.

"Yes," said I. "You can take her in."

When the queen had been led within doors, and while the crowd was still in a state of wild commotion, I took a heavy bag of coppers from my coat-pocket—where it had been worrying me all through the ceremony—and gave it to Priscilla.

"Scatter that among the subjects," said I.

"Give 'em a big scramble in the road?" said she, her eyes crackling with delight.

"Yes," said I, and out she ran, followed by the whole kingdom. We white folk stood inside to watch the fun. Priscilla threw out a handful of pennies, and the darkeys just piled themselves up in the road on top of the money. You could see nothing, but madly waving legs. The mass heaved and tossed and moved from one side of the road to the other. The Lord High Chancellor was at the bottom of the heap, while the *Hof-rath* wiggled his bare feet high in the air. Every fellow who grabbed a penny had ten fellows pulling at him. The women and small fry did not get into this mess, but they dodged around, and made snatches wherever they could get their hands into the pile of boys and men.

They all yelled, and shouted and tussled and scrambled, until Priscilla, who was dancing around with her bag, gave another throw into a different part of the road. Then every fellow jerked himself loose from the rest, and a fresh rush was made, and a fresh pile of darkeys arose in a minute.

We stood and laughed until our backs ached, but, as I happened to look around at the house, I saw the queen standing on her door-step looking mournfully at the fun. She was alone, for even her good neighbor had rushed out to see what she could pick up. I was glad to find that the new monarch, who still wore her crown,—which no one would have imagined to have ever been a sauce-pan,—had sense enough to keep out of such a scrimmage of

the populace, and I went back and gave her a shilling. Her face shone, and I could see that she felt that she never could have grabbed that much.

When there had been three or four good scrambles, Priscilla ran up the road, a little way, and threw out all the pennies that were left in the bag. Then she made a rush for them, and, having a good start, she got there first, and had both hands full of dust and pennies before any one else reached the spot. She was not to be counted out of that game.

After this last scramble we came away. The queen had taken her throne in-doors, and we went in and shook hands with her, telling her we would soon come and see how she was getting along. I don't suppose she understood us, but it did n't matter. When we had gone some distance we looked back, and there was still a pile of darkeys rolling and tumbling in the dust.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HOT CHASE.

THAT afternoon, Rectus and I went over to the African settlement to see how the kingdom worked. It was rather soon, perhaps, to make a call on the new queen, but we were out for a walk, and might as well go that way as any other.

When we came near the house we heard a tremendous uproar, and soon saw that there was a big crowd in the yard. We could n't imagine what was going on, unless the queen had changed her shilling, and was indulging in the luxury of giving a scramble. We ran up quickly, but the crowd was so large that we could not get into the yard, nor see what all the commotion was about. But we went over to the side of the yard, and—without being noticed by any of the people, who seemed too much interested to turn around—we soon found out what the matter was.

Priscilla had usurped the throne!

The rocking-chair had been brought out and placed again in front of the window, and there sat Priscilla, leaning back at her ease, with the crown on her head, a big fan—made of calf-skin—in her hand, and a general air of superiority pervading her whole being. Behind her, with her hand on the back of the chair, stood Poquadilla, wearing her new turban, but without the red shawl. She looked as if something had happened.

In front of the chair was the Lord High Chancellor. He had evidently gone over to the usurper. His red ribbon, very dusty and draggled, still hung from his shirt-collar. The four courtiers sat together on a bench, near the house, with their coats still buttoned up as high as circumstances would allow. They seemed sad and disappointed, and

probably had been deprived of their rank. The *Hof-rath* stood in the front of the crowd. He did not appear happy; indeed, he seemed a good deal ruffled, both in mind and clothes. Perhaps he had defended his queen, and had been roughly handled.

Priscilla was talking and fanning herself, gracefully and lazily, with her calf-skin fan. I think she had been telling the people what she intended to do, and what she intended them to do; but, almost immediately after our arrival, she was interrupted by the *Hof-rath*, who said something that we did not hear, but which put Priscilla into a wild passion.

She sprang to her feet and stood up in the chair, while poor Poquadilla held it firmly by the back so that it should not shake. I supposed from this that Priscilla had been standing up before, and that our old friend had been appointed to the office of chair-back-holder to the usurper.

Priscilla waved her fan high in air, and then, with her right hand, she took off the crown, held it up for a minute, and replaced it on her head.

"Afrikins, behole yer queen!" said she, at the top of her voice, and leaning back so far that the rightful sovereign had a good deal of trouble to keep the chair from going over.

"Dat 's me!" she cried. "Look straight at me an' ye see yer queen. An' how you dar', you misribble Hop-grog, to say I no queen! You 'serve to be killed. Take hole o' him, some uv you fellers! Grab dat Hop-grog!"

At this, two or three men seized the poor *Hof-rath*, while the crowd cheered and laughed.

"Take him an' kill him!" shouted Priscilla. "Chop his head off!"

At this, a wild shout of laughter arose, and one of the men who held the *Hof-rath* declared, as soon as he got his breath, that they could n't do that,—they had no hatchet big enough.

Priscilla stood quiet for a minute. She looked over the crowd, and then she looked at the poor *Hof-rath*, who now began to show that he was a little frightened.

"You Hop-grog," said she, "how much money did you grab in dem scrahmbles?"

The *Hof-rath* put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some pennies.

"Five big coppers," said he, sullenly.

"Gim me dem," said she, and he brought them to her.

"Now den, you kin git out," said she, pocketing the money. Then she again raised her crown and replaced it on her head.

"Afrikins, behole yer queen!" she cried.

This was more than we could stand. To see this usurpation and robbery made our blood boil. We, by ourselves, could do nothing; but we could get help. We slipped away and ran down the road in

the direction of the hotel. We had not gone far before we saw, coming along a cross-road, the two yellow-leg men. We turned, hurried up to them, and hastily told them of the condition of things, and asked if they would help us put down this usurpation. They did not understand the matter, at first, but when we made them see how it stood, they were greatly interested, and instantly offered to join us.

"We can go down here to the police-station," said I, "and get some help."

"No, no!" said the tall yellow-leg. "Don't tell those fellows. They'll only make a row of it, and get somebody into trouble. We're enough to capture that usurper. Let 's go for her."

And we went.

When we neared the crowd, the shorter yellow-leg, Mr. Burgan, said that he would go first; then his friend would come close behind him, while Rectus and I could push up after them. By forming a line we could rush right through the crowd. I thought I ought to go first, but Mr. Burgan said he was the stoutest, and could better stand the pressure if the crowd stood firm.

But the crowd did n't stand firm. The moment we made our rush, and the people saw us, they scattered right and left, and we pushed right through, straight to the house. Priscilla saw us before we reached her, and, quick as lightning, she made a dive for the door. We rushed after her, but she got inside, and, hurling the crown from her head, dashed out of a back-door. We followed hotly, but she was out of the yard, over a wall, and into a side lane, almost before we knew it.

Then a good chase began. Priscilla had a long start of us, for we had bungled at the wall, but we were bound to catch her.

I was a good runner, and Rectus was light and active, although I am not sure that he could keep up the thing very long; but the two yellow-legs surprised me. They took the lead of us, directly, and kept it. Behind us came a lot of darkeys, not trying to catch Priscilla, but anxious, I suppose, to see what was going to happen.

Priscilla still kept well ahead. She had struck out of the lane into a road which led toward the outskirts of the town. I think we were beginning to gain on her when, all of a sudden, she sat down. With a shout, we rushed on, but before we reached her she had jerked off both her shoes,—she did n't wear any stockings,—and she sprang to her feet and was off again. Waving the shoes over her head, she jumped and leaped and bounded like an India rubber goat. Priscilla, barefooted, could n't be caught by any man on the island: we soon saw that. She flew down the road, with the white dust flying behind her, until she reached a big limestone

quarry, where the calcareous building material of the town is sawn out in great blocks, and there she made a sharp turn and dashed down in among the stones. We reached the place just in time to see her run across the quarry, slip in between two great blocks that were standing up like statue pedestals on the other side, and disappear.

We rushed over, we searched and looked, here and there and everywhere, and all the darkeys searched and looked, but we found no Priscilla. She had gone away.

Puffing and blowing like four steam-fire-engines, we sat down on some stones and wiped our faces.

"I guess we just ran that upstart queen out of her possessions," said the tall yellow-legs, dusting his boots with his handkerchief. He was satisfied.

We walked home by the road at the edge of the harbor. The cool air from the water was very pleasant to us. When we reached the hotel, we found Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton and Corny sitting outside, in the entrance court, waiting for supper-time. A lot of arm-chairs always stood there, so that people might sit and wait for meals, or anything else that they expected. When Corny heard the dreadful news of the fall of our kingdom, she was so shocked that she could scarcely speak; and as for Mrs. Chipperton, I thought she was going to cry. Corny wanted to rush right down to Poquadilla's house and see what could be done, but we were all against that. No harm would come to the old woman that night from the loss of her crown, and it was too near supper-time for any attempt at restoration, just then.

"Only to think of it!" said Mrs. Chipperton. "After all we did for her! I don't believe she was queen more than an hour. It's the shortest reign I ever heard of."

"And that Priscilla!" cried Corny. "The girl we trusted to do so much, and ——"

"Paid every night," said I.

"Yes," she continued, "and gave a pair of mother's shoes to, for the coronation! And to think that *she* should deceive us and do the usurping!"

The shorter yellow-leg, who had been standing by with his friend, now made a remark. He evidently remembered Corny, on the Oclawaha steam-boat, although he had never become acquainted with her or her family.

"Did your queen talk French?" he asked, with a smile; "or was not that the language of the Court?"

"No, it was n't," said Corny, gravely. "African was the language of the Court. But the queen was too polite to use it before us, because she knew we did not understand it, and could n't tell what she might be saying about us."

"Good!" said the tall yellow-legs. "That 's very good indeed. Burgan, you owe her one."

"One what?" asked Corny.

"Another answer as good as that, if I can ever think of it," said Mr. Burgan.

Corny did not reply. I doubt if she heard him. Her soul still ached for her fallen queen.

"I tell you what it is," said Mr. Chipperton, who had kept unaccountably quiet, so far. "It 's a great pity that I did n't know about this. I should have liked nothing better than to be down there when that usurper girl was standing on that throne, or rocking-chair, or whatever it was ——"

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Chipperton. "It would never have done for you to have exposed your lung to such a scene of turmoil and confusion."

"Bother my lung!" cried Mr. Chipperton, who was now growing quite excited. "I would never have stood tamely by, and witnessed such vile injustice ——"

"We did n't stand tamely by," said I. "We ran wildly after the unjust one."

"I would have stood up before that crowd," continued Mr. Chipperton, "and I would have told the people what I thought of them. I would have asked them how—living in a land like this, where the blue sky shines on them for nothing, where the cocoa-nut and the orange stand always ready for them to stretch forth their hands and take them, where they need but a minimum of clothes, and where the very sea around them freely yields up its fish and its conchs,—or, that is to say, they can get such things for a trifling sum,—I would have asked them, I say, how—when free citizens of a republic, such as we are, come from our shores of liberty, where kings and queens are despised and any throne that is attempted to be set up over us is crushed to atoms,—that when we, I say, come over here, and out of the pure kindness and generosity of our souls raise from the dust a poverty-stricken and downtrodden queen, and place her, as nearly as possible, on the throne of her ancestors, and put upon her head a crown,—a bauble which, in our own land, we trample under foot ——"

At this I shuddered, remembering the sharp points I had filed in our crown.

"And grind into the dust," continued Mr. Chipperton,—“I would ask them, I say, how they could think of all this, and then deliberately subvert, at the behest of a young and giddy colored hireling, the structure we had upraised. And what could they have said to that, I would like to know?” he asked, looking around from one to another of us.

"Give us a small dive, boss?" suggested Rectus.

"That 's so," said Mr. Chipperton, his face beaming into a broad smile; "I believe they would have said that very thing. You have hit it exactly. Let 's go in to supper."

The next day, Rectus and I, with Corny and Mrs. Chipperton, walked down to the queen's house, to see how she fared and what could be done for her.

When we reached Poquadilla's hut, we saw her sitting on her door-step. By her side were several joints of sugar-cane, and close to them stood the crown, neatly filled with scarlet pepper-pods, which hung very prettily over the peaked points of brass.

Corny whispered to her mother, who nodded, and took out her pocket-book. In a moment, Corny, with some change in her hand, went quietly up the yard and put the money in the queen's lap. Then we went away and left her, still asleep.

A day or two after this, the "Tigress" came in, bringing the mail. We saw her, from one of the upper porticoes, when she was just on the edge of



"VERY WELL OFF AS SHE IS."

She was very still, and her head rested on her breast.

"Asleep!" whispered Corny.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chipperton, softly, "and don't let's waken her. She's very well off as she is, and now that her house is a little more comfortable, it would be well to leave her in peace, to peddle what she pleases on her door-step. Her crown will worry her less where it is than on her head."

the horizon, and we knew her by the way she stood up high in the water, and rolled her smoke-stack from side to side. She was the greatest roller that ever floated, I reckon, but a jolly good ship for all that; and we were glad enough to see her.

There were a lot of letters for us in her mail. I had nine from the boys at home, not to count those from the family.

We had just about finished reading our letters

when Corny came up to us to the silk-cotton tree, where we were sitting, and said, in a doleful tone:

"We've got to go home."

"Home?" we cried out together. "When?"

"To-morrow," said Corny, "on the 'Tigress.'"

All our good news and pleasant letters counted for nothing now.

"How?—why?" said I. "Why do you have to go? Is n't this something new?"

Rectus looked as if he had lost his knife, and I'm sure I had never thought that I should care so much to hear that a girl—no relation—was going away the next day.

"Yes, it is something new," said Corny, who certainly had been crying, although we did n't notice it at first. "It's a horrid old lawsuit. Father just heard of it in a letter. There's one of his houses, in New York, that's next to a lot, and the man that owns the lot says father's house sticks over four inches on his lot, and he has sued him for that,—just think of it! four inches only! You could n't do anything with four inches of dirt if you had it; and father did n't know it, and he is n't going to move his wall back, now that he does know it, for the people in the house would have to cut all their carpets, or fold them under, which is just as bad, and he says he must go right back to New York, and, of course, we've all got to go, too, which is the worst of it, and mother and I are just awfully put out."

"What's the good of his going?" asked Rectus.

"Can't he get a lawyer to attend to it all?"

"Oh, you could n't keep him here now," said Corny. "He's just wild to be off. The man who sued him is a horrid person, and father says that if he don't go right back, the next thing he'll hear will be that old Colbert will be trying to get a foot instead of four inches."

"Old Colbert!" ejaculated Rectus, "I guess that must be my father."

If I had been Rectus, I don't think I should have been so quick to guess anything of that kind about my father; but perhaps he had heard things like that before. He took it as coolly as he generally took everything.

Corny was as red as a beet.

"Your father!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe it. I'll go this very minute and see."

Rectus was right. The stingy hankerer after what Corny called four inches of dirt was his father. Mr. Chipperton came up to us and talked about the matter, and it was all as plain as daylight. When he found that Mr. Colbert was the father of Rectus, Mr. Chipperton was very much surprised, and he called no more names, although I am sure he had been giving old Colbert a pretty disagree-

able sort of a record. But he sat down by Rectus, and talked to him as if the boy were his own father instead of himself, and proved to him, by every law of property in English, Latin, or Sanscrit, that the four inches of ground were legally, lawfully, and without any manner of doubt his own, and that it would have been utterly and absolutely impossible for him to have built his house one inch outside of his own land. I whispered to Rectus that the house might have swelled, but he did n't get a chance to put in the suggestion.

Rectus had to agree to all Mr. Chipperton said,—or, at least, he could n't differ with him,—for he did n't know anything on earth about the matter, and I guess he was glad enough when he got through. I'm sure I was. Rectus did n't say anything except that he was very sorry that the Chipperton family had to go home, and then he walked off to his room.

In about half an hour, when I went upstairs I found Rectus had just finished a letter to his father.

"I guess that'll make it all right," he said, and he handed me the letter to read. It was a strictly business letter. No nonsense about the folks at home. He said that was the kind of business letter his father liked. It ran like this:

DEAR FATHER: Mr. Chipperton has told me about your suing him. If he really has set his house over on four inches of your lot. I wish you would let it stand there. I don't care much for him, but he has a nice wife and a pleasant girl, and if you go on suing him the whole lot of them will leave here to-morrow, and they're about the only people I know, except Gordon. If you want to, you can take a foot off any one of my three lots, and that ought to make it all right.

Your affectionate son,

SAMUEL COLBERT.

"Have you three lots?" I asked, a good deal surprised, for I did n't know that Rectus was a property-owner.

"Yes," said he; "my grandmother left them to me."

"Are they right next to your father's lot, which Chipperton cut into?"

"No, they're nowhere near it," said Rectus.

I burst out laughing.

"That letter wont do any good," I said.

"You'll see," said Rectus, and he went off to mail it.

I don't know what kind of a business man Mr. Chipperton was, but when Rectus told him that he had written a letter to his father which would make the thing all right, he was perfectly satisfied; and the next day we all went out in a sail-boat to the coral-reef and had a splendid time, and the "Tigress" went off without any Chippertons. I think Mr. Chipperton put the whole thing down as the result of his lecture to Rectus up in the silk-cotton tree.

(To be continued.)

WHAT KATY FOUND.

ONE morning little Katy Cole missed her cat. She was a pretty white pussy, and was called Nippy. Her whole name was a rather queer one, and was given to her by Katy's big brother, Jack. It was "Nip-and-Tuck," and of course it was too long to use, so Katy called her Nippy. Never since she had lived on the farm had Nippy been away at breakfast time. Katy had looked everywhere, and called her all over the house, and was just about ready to cry, when Papa came in from the barn.

"Papa," said she, "have you seen Nippy? She's lost."

"No, I have n't seen her," said Papa; "but I heard something just now that may have been a cat, up in the hay-loft. I think if you go up there—very quietly—you may find her."

The stairs up into the hay-loft were steep, but Katy was used to them, so she crept up softly, and in a few minutes was on the sweet hay looking all about. It was not very light up there, and at first she could not see anything; but, after a while, she could see the hay and the window quite plainly, but no Nippy seemed to be there. She called her, but no answer came.

"Perhaps she's hiding," thought Katy. "I'll keep still and see."

So she sat down on the hay and was very quiet. For some time, she heard nothing, but at last the hay rustled, off in a corner, and Katy looked sharply over there. In a minute she heard a soft "Pr-r-t" and then she saw two white ears sticking up.

"Ah! now I've caught you, Miss Nippy!" she said aloud, as she crawled over the hay to the corner.

Sure enough, there lay the lost cat, and with her—what do you suppose?—two—three—yes, five, tiny bits of kittens! Two were gray, one was white, and two were gray and white.

"Oh, you dear little things!" said Katy, taking them up one by one. "Naughty Nippy! why did you hide away with your babies? I shall take them all to the house," and she began to put them into her apron. Nippy purred, and rubbed against her hands, and did not object when Katy started down the stairs with her apron full of the kittens, but she went along to see where they were put. Up to the house went Katy with the new family, while Nippy kept close to her and looked sharply to see that none of them fell out, and were left behind.

"O Mamma!" shouted Katy, when she came to the door; "Nippy's got ever so many dear little kittens! I'll make them a nest upstairs!"

"Kittens don't want a nest," said Mamma, laughing; "you may make them a nice bed in the wood-shed."

"They have n't any eyes!" cried Katy, sorrowfully, looking at them closely; "not one of them! poor little kitties!"

"Oh yes, they have, dear," said Mamma, "only they're hidden behind



the eyelids. In a few days you'll find that each kitten has two pretty eyes, and then they'll be big enough to play with."

"May I keep them all, Mamma?" asked Katy.

"You may keep one, and we'll find good homes for the others when they're big enough," said Mamma.

"Well, I'll keep this one," said Katy, as she held up a white one with gray spots, "and I'll call it Spotty."

The rest of the kittens were given away, but none of them had a better home or a kinder mistress than Spotty.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGHO! Have I been asleep, or are the birds and trees just waking? There's a sudden and delightful stir in the air. It is n't noise, and it is n't silence. It's a mingling of chirps and calls and flutterings and rustlings among the feathery leaves, that somehow makes me the happiest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that lives,—and yet, I don't know exactly why.

Perhaps it is because it makes me feel as if the earth were growing young again; and yet, I don't know how that can be, either.

Well, well. Never mind. Now, all stand in a row. Open your mouths and shut your eyes; and I'll tell you something sure to surprise.

RAINING TREES.

At the Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, the clouds come down very low now and then without dropping in rain. At such a time, if a traveler should go under a tree for shelter from the threatening storm, he would find himself in a drenching shower, while out in the open, away from any tree or shrub, everything would be as dry as a bone!

The cloud or mist is rather warmer than the leaves, you see, and so, when it touches them, it changes into clinging drops, which look like dew. Fresh drops keep forming; they run together; and, at length, the water drips off the leaves like rain. And this process goes on until the clouds lift and the sun comes out again.

A BIRD THAT TURNS SOMERSAULTS.

THERE'S a pretty little bird that lives in China, and is called the Fork-Tailed Parus. He is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail, and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow.

But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun.

All his family have the same trick, and they are called Tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. Travelers often have tried to bring them to our country, but a sea voyage is not good for them, and they are almost sure to die on the way.

LOBSTERS AS PLAYTHINGS.

DID you ever set up lobsters in rows, like a regiment of purple-clad soldiers in rank and file?

No? You never did?

Well, then, perhaps you will get an idea for a new game out of this,—only look out for the claws!

Lizzie H. sends me word that she and her sister, when they were in Sweden, used to watch for an old boatman who served the family, and who, in the season, would bring, up the fiord or creek, a whole boat-load of lobsters at a time. Then the girls would beg their nurse Johanna to let them play with the queer things. Generally, leave would be given, and the sisters would fetch in-doors with great glee as many of the lobsters as they wanted, and stand them up all around their play-room, stroking each on the head as they did so, and thus putting it to sleep.

They had to keep a sharp eye on the creatures, though, and, as soon as one threatened to wake, or waved its terrible claws, they had to run and tickle it on the head,—when it would go off to sleep again at once!

Lizzie says it was funny to see these play-soldiers—"marines," she calls them—standing up stiff and straight, as though they were on their best behavior at parade drill!

Your Jack would not advise you to try this curious game, my dears, unless you are quite sure that you have the right kind of lobsters to deal with, for it would be awkward if they should turn on you and give you tit for tat by "stroking" and "tickling" you in their fashion with their claws.

NATURAL CANNON-BALLS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My friend, the late Captain Hawley, brought to me from that wonder-land, the far West, a very curious stone. It is black and perfectly round, as heavy as iron, and looks exactly like a cannon-ball. It was taken from Cannon-Ball River, a branch of the Upper Mississippi. This aforesaid stream contains great quantities of these balls, enough to fight our battles with for great centuries. The geologists ought to be ashamed of their ignorance, but they have n't been able to tell whether these cannon-balls were forged by the water-god or the fire-god. A neighbor of mine informs me that he has seen some of these balls in the high clay-banks of Red River, La., and that they were from six to eight feet in diameter! Some of them are formed of iron pyrites, though generally the balls are of clay-iron stones.—Yours,
S. W. K.

HOW SQUIRRELS DRINK.

IN answer to your Jack's question, in March, whether squirrels drink "by sucking," or how?"

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Millie Staats writes: "Squirrels suck water, like horses. My papa says so, and he knows, for, when a boy, he owned several squirrels. I was n't there, but he says so."

Mary G. Hawks writes that the squirrel "laps," and J. S. L. boldly tells me that "all herbivorous or herb-eating animals, as the cow and the horse, 'suck up' when drinking; all flesh-eating animals and those which are omnivorous—eating anything—as the rat, to whose family the squirrel belongs, 'lap up' water like a dog."

Now, if I am rightly informed, squirrels do "lap up" what they drink, but so quickly that they seem to be "sucking up," and only the sharpest eyes can make quite sure of it.

J. S. L. is partly wrong in his answer, however, and if, one fine warm day, he will go down on his hands and knees beside a quiet pool, and stoop and drink, he will see the reflection of an "omnivorous animal" drinking—not lapping like a dog, but sucking up like a thirsty boy.

falls the petrels catch the drops, and that this is how they quench their thirst.

"These birds are named also 'sea-swallows,' because their flying is like that of the common swallow.

"They are called 'Mother Carey's Chickens' by sailors; but I have never learned why they got that name, nor who Mother Carey was. I have heard, though, that in the Faroe islands these birds become very fat, and men string them on wicks for use as lamps!

"Although the stormy petrel passes most of its life on the wing, it comes ashore to lay its eggs; and these it hides two feet deep, buried in the beach, or in burrows near the tops of cliffs."

A PLANT WITHOUT STALK OR LEAF.

THERE is a very big flower with a queer name, *Rafflesia arnoldi*; but the oddest thing about it is that it has neither stalk nor leaf.

I don't mean a dead flower with the stalk and leaves plucked away, but a living and growing flower. The one I heard of measured three feet across, weighed ten pounds, and could hold about two gallons of water. It was found in the East Indian island of Sumatra, but I'm told that others of the same family have been seen in South America.



MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

HERE is a picture of some sea-birds, and this is what a friend of mine writes to me about them:

"The owner of the imposing title '*Thalassidroma Pelagica*' is only six inches long, and is the smallest of web-footed birds. Above, its feathers are black, sleek and glossy, with glints of blue; but underneath they are dark brown. Its wings are long, and it flies very swiftly, seldom flapping.

"Sometimes it seems to hang in the air with wings outspread, while it runs along the surface of the waves; and from this habit it was named 'Petrel' (which means 'Little Peter'), after St. Peter, who walked on the water.

"When a storm is brewing, although no other sign can be seen by man, the petrels flock together and give loud shrill cries, as if to warn shipmen of coming danger. For this reason, sailors call them 'Stormy Petrels.' But men of science say that the reason why petrels gather before a storm is that then they catch very easily the sea-animals on which they feed. Some observers add that when rain

These curious flowers grow upon the roots of other plants, seeming to sit on the roots, and spreading up like heads of cabbages.

A TREE ON STILTS.

OLIVE THORNE sends word to your Jack about a palm-tree that seems to stand on stilts. It grows in South America in the region of the River Amazon. Its trunk is smooth, and, when the tree is fully grown, appears to begin eight feet or so above the ground, standing on straight stiff roots that have thorny, "keep-away-from-me" spines growing out of them. A man can stand within these roots, and all the trunk will be above him.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your article about Persian cats, in the March number, and it recalls something I once read which your other readers may like to know.

The Mogul emperors of Hindustan often took to the hunt great numbers of cheetahs, sometimes as many as a thousand at once! Cheetahs are not always kept in cages, but many of them are so tame that they only have their eyes blindfolded with hoods, and are led in a leash; as soon as the game is in sight, off come the hoods, the leash is slipped, and away go the cheetahs. So mild is the temper of some cheetahs, that they make friends with the dogs and cats of the house, and even play with boys and girls. When stroked, they purr.

But the most curious thing about a cheetah, at least, the African kind, is that it looks like a dog as well as like a cat, so that the great naturalist Cuvier called it a canine-cat.—Truly your admirer,

D. A. C.

MANY boys and girls have written saying they have had great fun with Mechanical Pigeons made according to the directions given in the March number. We have not room to print all the letters, so we make extracts from only two of them:

Lottie Osborn painted the "pigeons" red, white and blue, and "they looked very pretty flying about," she says. "J. W. B.," of Davenport, tried several times, the "bird" flying better every time. Then he made the pigeon of tin instead of pasteboard, and it went a great distance in the air, coming down on the roof of a house. He says the tin stays in place better and flies farther than card.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a very little boy and have never written to you before, but I hope you will put this in your letter department sometime. I have been away visiting, and am so glad to get home.

I think home is a very pleasant place, the best place you can go to. There you see your mamma and papa and all the pleasant things you have seen before. There you can enjoy all with pleasure and delight.

Don't you think every little boy ought to love his home?

H. T. G.

Surrey, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live way up in New Hampshire among the blue, blue sky, and white clouds and mountains! Just where I live travelers compare to a Swiss hamlet. There are six households of us clustered, and I live in an old tavern, part of it one hundred years old! You would think we should be lonely; but no. There is a piano in the long front room, and in these 6 houses are 5 violins, 1 bass-viol and 1 cornet! So we have a fine band; and mamma says we never can be lonely with so many grand mountains so near the stars in winter. And in summer, just before a thunder-storm, how they and the brook seem to hush and to shield us!

Years ago an old woman lived here all alone. She preferred to live alone! And one winter night she was going home from a neighbor's when she met a big wolf face to face! Nothing daunted, the old lady, not frightened one bit, began to clap her hands loudly, and soon Mr. Wolf, scared, retreated.

Our horse, old Peter, who had learned tricks of a gang of gypsies of whom we bought him, accompanied a young lady home one day unasked! He pirouetted in circles about her, trying to kick, and she, too, jumped and clapped her hands, thus keeping him off until near fainting she reached her own house.

I am much interested in Nelly Littlehale's account of her house in California, and think next summer Vintie Stillings and I will try to build one, as we are "something of a mechanic!"—I am your loving little reader.

LEE STILLINGS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was walking along Broadway, New York, the other day, when I saw in a store window a huge, overgrown, bulging tea-pot. It looked most imposing and business-like, and might have been used to make with ease tea enough for a hundred persons at once, more or less. It stood fully three feet high, and measured at least that length across inside. There was a big twisted earthenware loop near the spout, and another behind the round hole at the top; and these loops served as handles. I suppose.

I found out that the pot was made nearly five hundred years ago in Corea, a peninsula opposite the southern Japanese islands. On the sides of it are scenes painted in strong colors, as in ordinary Chinese pottery. One of the pictures shows a lady seated before a table set on a lawn, near a house, from which she is hidden by a screen; there is

a female attendant at each side watching the lady paint; or, it may be that she is writing, for there are paper, India ink, and other materials on the table.

The costumes are supposed to represent those of the ancient Coreans, at a time when they were more civilized than the people then living in Japan. Nowadays, the Japanese are far ahead of the Coreans.—Truly yours,

MINA G. L.

CAN any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS tell H. H. A., through the "Letter-Box," why the climate of France is so much warmer than the climate at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, which is in nearly the same latitude?

Philadelphia, Penn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and for the last two or three years I have had your very amusing book whenever I could get it. I suppose most of your readers, if not all of them, live on shore, but I differ from them in that respect, for I go to sea most all the time. My papa is captain of a three-masted schooner, and my mamma and I go to sea with him. I am very lonely often at sea, and ST. NICHOLAS is one of my most prized companions. When I have read one month's number, I always send it to my little brother, who does not go to sea.—From your constant reader,

M. B. K.

Kingston, Canada.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our teacher gave us "Hard Times" as a subject for composition, and I wrote the one inclosed. He said it was a good one. I thought I would send it to you, and will feel proud if you put it in ST. NICHOLAS.

"HARD TIMES."

Hard times is a hard subject for a soft boy to write on. I do not know what caused them, cannot tell what will cure them, and don't believe anybody else can.

Still, think not that we boys don't know what it means. Hard times, as I understand it, means wearing your big brother's old clothes, going without ice-cream, and so on. I thought I knew something about it when I found this out.

When the bills for the last circus were posted, and I was told that owing to "hard times" it was doubtful if I could go, I thought I understood it a little more; and on the day of the circus, when I was informed positively that owing to the "hard times" I could not go, and clown, witty sayings, songs, elephants, spotted horses, giants and dwarfs, and the only things that make a boy's life "in this world" bearable were blotted out, I realized that I understood it fully. If not, I prefer to remain in my ignorance rather than to receive any more knowledge in this line.

J. K. G.

Girton College, Cambridge, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I saw the autograph signature of that friend of children, Hans Christian Andersen, and this is what was written above it: "Life is the most beautiful fairy-tale." Does it not seem just what he ought to write? A fairy-tale in itself.—Yours truly, an American in England,

ANNA TUTHILL.

Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do not think so meanly of bees as to suppose that one could ever by any possible means mistake a sea-anemone for a flower, as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" seemed to fear in August last. I never saw one that looked like a flower without a deal of imagination being brought to bear upon it. And a bee is not supposed to have imagination. But bees eat salt. They require it as much as do other animals. And this bee alighted on the salt sea-anemone to get a grain of the precious mineral, as he might from any sea-weed. The anemone does resemble sea-weed, and is salt, I presume; at least, the water upon it was salt, and it was that the bee ate.—Very respectfully,

EMMA E. B.

HERE is a terrible bear story which a little boy of six years named Willie, dictated to his father for ST. NICHOLAS:

There was once a man. He lived in a cottage in a woods full of bears. One day he was out in the woods, and he was startled by a bear.

The animal trotted up to the man so quietly that he did not see him at first. When the bear got close to him he put his paw on his shoulder, and the claws were very sharp. The man, as soon as he felt the

claws, turned around. He had a pistol with him and he shot the bear.

It was a black bear, about the size of those in Union Park. The bear's mate had come up behind them with her cubs; they stopped and smelt of the papa bear and growled. The man's pistol had only one charge in it and it was unloaded; so the man turned and ran away, and the mamma bear ran after him. Then he jumped over a fence and laid flat down on the ground and made believe dead. When the bear came up, she jumped over the fence and smelt of the man, but he held his breath and she thought he was dead. Then she jumped back over the fence to her cubs, and they went off. The man lay still until he thought the mamma bear had gone off with her cubs. Then he loaded his pistol and went after the bear and her cubs. He fired at her, and shot her through the heart, and killed her too. Then he took the cubs and carried them to the cottage to tame; then he took the skins off the big bears to make himself a warm coat and cap, and used the meat to eat. That is all about those bears. I can't write much, but I can print a little.

SOLUTIONS of the "Frozen Puzzle," which was printed in the "Letter-Box" for March, were sent in by Ned Seely—M. West—A. Noble Sayre—M. Lyon. All of them were correct, and showed that the writers had made good use of their eyes.

St. Paul, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some friends in Santa Barbara, California, wrote a while ago that they could see an unusual sight for them,— snow not far distant from town. One of our boys, and another boy, took their ponies, and a pail, and brought some home. Many children had never seen snow, excepting on the tops of the high peaks very far away. They gathered round the pail and tasted, and felt, and wondered over the snow. One of the boys says he thought it just as cold as the snow in Minnesota and Wisconsin.—Yours truly,

G. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you some old scraps which I think would interest some of your other boys and girls.

The following resolution was passed by a certain Board of Aldermen:

1. Resolved, by this council, that we build a new jail.
2. Resolved, that the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.
3. Resolved that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, defines a garret as "a room on the highest floor in the house," and a cock-loft as "the room over the garret."

The manager of a theater, finding upon one occasion but three persons in attendance, made the following address:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performances of this night will not be performed; but they will be repeated to-morrow evening."—Your faithful reader,

FRANK W. FOSTER.

This little letter was written by a girl of eight years:

Dear Grandpa and Grandma: We had a Tramp cat come to our house but she was not good. So we sent her away but she stayed around our house and she is here now she looks in at the windows. Jennie is trimming a hat but I showed her how. I am making a pair of reins for Johnnie. It is most time to have supper. Father tried to kill that Cat and the cat bit his hand, and it is all swollen now. It is Sunday and we do not go to school. It is a rainy day but it does not rain but it mists. Mother is going to a grand party to night and she expects that the ladies will have trailes three yards long. When mother gets home I will tell what they did there. * * * * * It was a birth day party and Kittie was there and it was Kittie's sisters party, and her sisters name is Annie Kittie is as old as I am and Kittie said that she was very tired. Mother ate out of silver plates and they had sliced lemon and cake of all kinds and they had a library and books on all sides from the floor to the ceiling and picture gallery and everything very nice and splendid, so good by

From ETTIE.

New York City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell those of your boy readers who live in large cities, about a way my two chums and I have of getting pleasant and instructive peeps into the country around us.

We take a day, generally Saturday, and go for long walks. In planning the line of march, we choose, now and then, one that leads through some places of bookish interest; and we read up before starting. At other times we go in for botany, etc. We take pencils and paper to make notes and sketches when wanted; and each fellow carries a light luncheon. We take an extra long sleep the night before, and start out dressed in stout under-flannels, any sort of outer clothes, and old and easy shoes. We eat little, and drink sparingly, of water only, when going on one of these tramps. We do not try to

walk fast nor far, but just to see easily what we can and have a pleasant time.

Our last tramp was through Washington Irving's country, as we call it,—about Tarrytown, Sleepy Hollow, and those parts. It was lovely. We went from the city to Dobb's Ferry by steam-cars, and came back from Sing Sing; but walked all the rest of the way. This was our most expensive jaunt, as yet,—\$1.50 each. Each fellow pays his own expenses.—Philadelphia style.—Truly yours, BEN B. T.

A PROVIDENCE correspondent sends these verses about

THE PLUCKY COOK.

There was a young maiden whose look
Was as if she'd been trying to cook:
Her apron was flour-y,
Her eyes rather showery,
And dough smeared her pretty cook-book.

But being a maiden of pluck,
She resolved that she yet would have luck.
She would not be beaten,
Her bread should be eaten,
Though now it like mucilage stuck.

At last she prepared such a lunch,
That her brothers, beginning to munch
On Saturday morning,
In spite of all warning,
Continued till bed-time to lunch!

K. H.

A YOUNG correspondent who was born in the island of Banca in the East Indian Archipelago, and lived nine years in and near there, writes as follows:

DEAR EDITOR: In the January number I saw the picture of the Malayan sword-dance, and began to read at once the article belonging to the picture. I do not recollect enough of the time I was at Java to know if the article is incorrect or not; but asking my father about it he gave me a good deal of information about the East Indies.

First, Batavia is not, in all its parts, so queer a city as described. In the lower town are houses that have a Dutch aspect, but they are used as offices and warehouses. The Europeans live in the upper town in beautiful villas surrounding great squares, as, for instance, the Koningsplein, which is four times as large as the Champ de Mars in Paris. The Waterlooplein is another large square.

Smaller villas stand alongside canals, but no houses are built close together; each has a fenced-in yard, and some have beautifully laid out gardens of European and tropical plants. The houses are one-story, have verandas, and, sometimes, marble floors. Lofty fruit-trees grow between the squares and the dwellings of Europeans along the canals.

The natives live in houses made of bamboo, built apart, and concealed by graceful palm-trees.

The plan of Batavia is so grand, and the villas are so richly built in general, that the city has received the deserved name of Queen of the East. The Chinese, the Arabs, the Cingalese, etc., live in separate camps at a distance from the European villas and Javanese Kampongs or Desjas. Desja is the Javanese and Kampong the Malayan word for village.

By the by, I should mention that the Javanese and Malaysians differ in habits, language, and manners.

The Malayan language has 33 letters and is written from right to left, the Javanese has but 22 letters and is written from left to right, like English. The Javanese language is actually divided into three branches: as, the Kromo, the language the superior speaks to his inferior; the Nyoko, the language the inferior speaks to his superior; and the Kawi, the language of poetry.

The sultan of Djokjokarta, and the ruler of Solo are neither of them exclusive, nor do they decline the interchange of civilities with foreigners or strangers. These princes are very social, and, for instance, come regularly every Saturday evening to the European club-rooms to play a game at whist, or quadrille, with the Governor and high officials and strangers of rank who are introduced to them. They have European tutors for their children, to teach them foreign languages and give them a European education.

They are not pirate chiefs, their domains being entirely inland and surrounded by provinces belonging to the Netherlands India Government. To go from Djokjokarta the sultan would have to get a coupé in a first-class railway carriage, and travel at least one hundred and fifty miles to reach the large sea-port and trading town of Samarang. It is true the rajahs display great wealth, but they derive it from leasing parts of the provinces Djokjo and Solo, which parts are their own property.

The leasers are mostly Hollanders, but also Englishmen and Chinese, and they cultivate sugar, coffee and rice. The work on the plantations is done by natives, who are paid for it generally by the day, but also by the month. Sometimes a certain amount is paid for the produce of the coffee-shrubs which they undertake to cultivate.

The natives live on the plantations in Desjas, to each of which

belongs a certain area of ground, grazing-fields and rice-fields. This ground is owned in a sort of commune, and is administered by a Desja chief and elders, elected yearly by the male inhabitants of the Desja.

Besides the income of these leases, the Sultan of Djokjo receives 400,000 guilders a year (a guilder is equal to 40 cents in American money) for governing as a suzerain prince, with the aid and advice of the Dutch resident or governor, and according to the Dutch laws.

About the dances I have little to say, only that the sword-dance is performed by grown men, and is more in use at Sumatra, Banca, and Borneo, than at Java.

The *gammelang* is more of a musical arrangement than the article says. No drums, violins, horns, etc., belong to it, and it is not at all noisy. It consists of many gongs, generally thirty, but sometimes as many as a hundred; and these gongs are cast of an alloy of copper, tin and silver. They are formed like basins, and are placed with the hollow side on silk threads in different rows. They are correctly tuned, and played upon by one or more musicians, with wooden sticks covered at the ends with gutta percha or leather to soften the touch. The *gammelang*, when played, has a monotonous but harmonious and pure sound, like a soft carrillon or chimes, but more pure, on account of the amount of silver in the alloy. It sounds pleasant near by, but it can be heard on a still evening very well at a great distance, when it is very sweet and dreamy to the ear.—Yours very respectfully,
EDMOND C. M. VAN DIEST,
Aged 13 years at August 13, 1878.

In reply to the criticisms in the above letter upon her article entitled "Some Malayan Dances," Mrs. Feudge writes:

My article merely described in a passing sentence the queer appearance of Batavia as seen on the seaboard. * * * * It is quite possible that the sword-dance is sometimes performed by adults, but I believe boys are far more frequently the actors,—as in the instance I gave. * * * * As to the other dances and the *gammelang*,—I described only what I myself saw or what was told me by eye-witnesses.

In respect to Malayan rajahs such as the sultans of Sourakarta and Djokjokarta, the Count de Beauvoir expressly mentions them, as I have described them, as maintaining a princely state; surrounded by wealth and luxury; well-informed, refined, and extremely hospitable to those whom they consented to receive; yet, withal, difficult of

access, and, as a rule (to which there were occasional exceptions) declining the civilities of foreigners.

As to piracy, my article expressly states that these native rajahs do not in person engage in that occupation; but I was repeatedly informed by persons long resident among the Malays, that nearly all their native princes were, to a greater or less extent, in league with the piratical hordes who everywhere infest the Malayan Archipelago. In fact, the Malays are a race of pirates, openly and avowedly so; and by far the larger portion of the common men are at some period of their lives, in one way or another, engaged in piracy as a means of living; while the rajahs afford aid and comfort, in times of difficulty, the benefit of their superior wisdom in settling disputes, and protection against foreign interference, receiving a share of the booty in return for such kind offices.

It is quite possible that the present rajahs may be not the same that were in office while I was in the East; perhaps they are their successors in office. I cannot say positively as to this. But even in the event of a change of rulers, my account perfectly accords with the character of those seen by Count de Beauvoir and others ten or fifteen years ago.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always interested in the "Letter-Box," and as I think that some of the experiences of a Georgia girl are not altogether uninteresting, I will tell you of a trip that I made last summer to a small island (named Cumberland) on the Georgia coast, near Savannah. It has a beautiful beach, which is delightful for bathing, albeit some are in dread of sharks, which are numerous in one or two places on the beach.

There was a gentleman from Macon who was seized by one while bathing, but he was strong and active, and as the shark was young, the bather escaped, though with a terribly mangled leg.

One of the most attractive spots on the island is a handsome estate called "Dungeness," which was at one time the family residence of the Revolutionary general, Nathaniel Greene; but now the mansion is a magnificent ruin, the tabby walls alone having withstood the fire of the Northern guns during the late war. Here also repose the ashes of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee. I could tell you much more of my sports, frolics with the waves, dancing, fishing and romping, but forbear, lest I occupy too much of your time.—Your devoted friend and constant reader,
LAURETTE BOYKIN, (13 years old.)

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a mountain named in the Bible, and leave an animal that is very useful in deserts. 2. Syncopate a vehicle and leave a domestic pet. 3. Syncopate sullen or gloomy, and leave an animal of the deer kind. 4. Syncopate the voice of a rooster and leave a useful farm animal. 5. Syncopate a shepherd's staff and leave a preparer of food for the table. 6. Syncopate smitten and leave gummied tightly together. NORMA.

RIDDLE.

In a white house is a black house; in the black house are four members; these members are not relatives, yet are closely connected; what are their names? P. N.

BURIED HEROES.

In each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a Hero renowned in history, ancient or modern. Find the names:

- "Soldiers, Cretans!" cried the chief. "Follow me! Let us do battle on Ida's sacred hill against the foes of our ancient liberties!"
- "Never was there a richer man, nor one more miserable, than Midas," said the student.
- With imperial pomp,—eye-dazzling, ear-deafening,—the proud young victor over the Marians, over Sertorius, over the crafty Mithridates, thrice trailed his robes in triumph along the streets of Rome.
- Like the resistless twining of the boa, dice and cards and wine ruin many a weak, too amiable young man.
- Lodged in summer comfort at a Swiss hotel, lounging idly on its balcony, I dreamed of the historic lake before me and the tyrannies of the hated Gesler.
- The sordid creature unblushingly confessed that, for his part, a customer of his, no matter who he might be, must keep his wits about him or get the worse of every bargain.
- Avoid every chance of taking a chill, especially when you are warm from violent exertion.
- Small need is there to put names or dates on the rocks down which he rode! What American patriot ever can forget him or them?
- O magic medicated flannel! Songs to thy praise should be con-

tinually sung by the legions of rheumatic martyrs whose pains thou hast eased!

- Though it should wreck my every hope
And all my fortune mar,
I, on this floor, where patriots stand,
Still give my voice for war!
- What? Do you know no better word than "nib," Alec, my boy, to call a bird's bill by? Call it "beak," then, and be done with it.
- With glad avidity the panting hart slaked his thirst in the cool waters of the brook.

LATIN DIAMOND.

1. In *quod*. 2. A negative. 3. A dwelling. 4. An interrogative particle. 5. In *absque*. J. S. D.

REBUS.

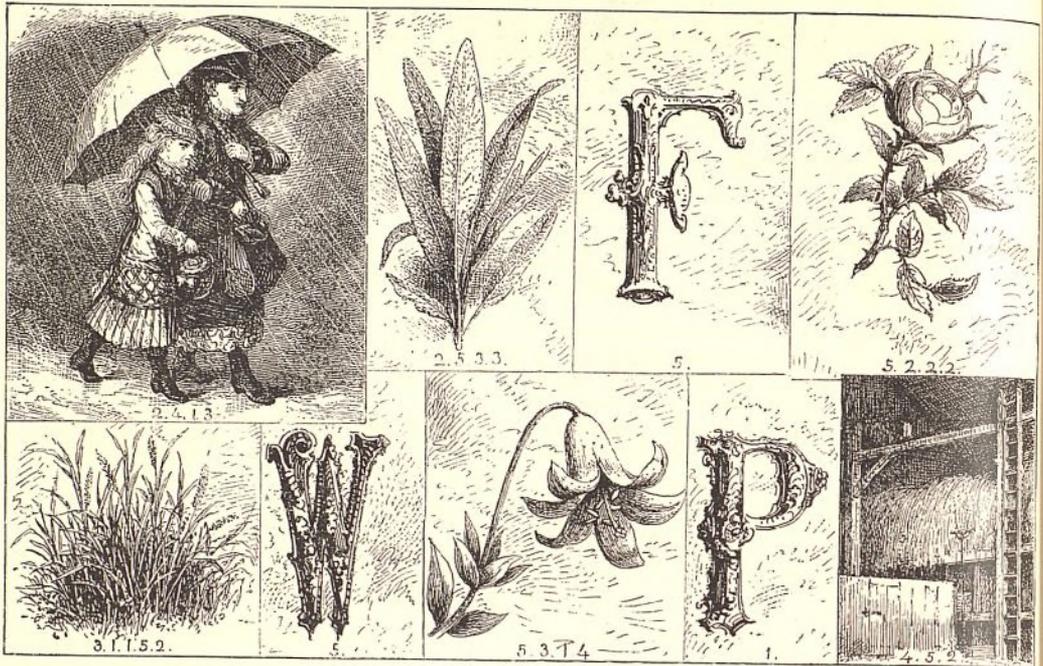
A familiar version of a common proverb.



LITERARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and final name two of England's greatest poets.
1. That which Chatterton is supposed to have been when he suffocated himself. 2. The name of a periodical of which one hundred and three numbers appeared, and to which Dr. Johnson contributed all the articles excepting twelve. 3. An object of many verses of young poets. 4. A reptile, said by Shakspeare to wear "a precious

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM.



THE answer has five words, and is a sentence frequently heard among boys and girls in the early spring. Each numeral beneath the pictures denotes a letter in that word of the answer whose place in numerical succession is indicated by that particular numeral. Thus: the numeral 2 under a picture denotes a letter belonging to the second word of the answer; 5 that its letter is in the fifth word of the answer, and so on. To solve the puzzle:—Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, to correspond with the words of the answer. Find a word, letters, or a letter, suitably descriptive of each picture, using as many letters for each description as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath figure 1 all the letters denoted by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the word itself. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words, and all the words, when read off in due order, will be the answer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

EASY DIAMOND.—1. L. 2. MEN. 3. LeMon. 4. NOR. 5. N.
 EASY SYNCOPATIONS AND ACROSTIC.—1. FiBre, fire. 2. CoAst, cost. 3. SoLon, soon. 4. PeTal, peal. 5. NoIse, nosc. 6. DoMe, doe. 7. DrOop, drop. 8. FaRce, face. 9. NiEce, nice. Baltimore.
 SHORT-WORD METAGRAM.—1. T-u-g. 2. D-u-g. 3. P-u-g. 4. B-u-g. 5. J-u-g. 6. M-u-g. 7. R-u-g. 8. L-u-g. 9. T-a-g. 10. T-u-b.
 FRENCH BEHEADINGS.—1. Joie, oie. 2. Belle, elle. 3. Avoir, voir. 4. Lune, une. 5. Orange, rage. 6. Maigre, aigre. 7. Dos, os. 8. Mépris, épris. 9. Prendre, rendre. 10. Yeux, eux. 11. Veau, eau. 12. Savant, avant.
 DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”—VERY EASY ENIGMA.—Candle.

NEW WORD-PUZZLES.—1. Beg-one. 2. Lock-age. 3. Man-20. 4. Must-ache. 5. Ode-on. 6. Par-take. 7. Pat-ella. 8. Pay-able.
 GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.—1. Colorado. 2. Labrador. 3. Canada. 4. Cuba.
 SQUARE-WORD BLANKS.—1. Lord. 2. Olio. 3. Ring. 4. Doge.
 EASY ANAGRAMS.—1. Indiana. 2. California. 3. Alabama. 4. Massachusetts. 5. Nebraska. 6. North Carolina. 7. South Carolina. 8. Minnesota. 9. Wisconsin.
 TRIPLE ACROSTICS.—1. Cab, Ado, Ran; 2. Cab, Ado, Roy.
 REBUS.—“Many hands make light work.”
 NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“An undevout astronomer is mad.” 1. Anna. 2. Vase. 3. Tour. 4. Toad. 5. Omen. 6. Rusc. 7. Dime.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from “The Blanke Family,” who solved all the puzzles correctly, and from Bessie and her Cousin—Ethel Gillis—Edward A. Abbot—Wm. F. Judson—Retic Cobb—Maggie J. Gemmill—Allie J. Adams—J. F. Hubbard and J. H. Frink—“King of Africa”—J. Frank Knorr, Jr.—Courtenay H. Fenn—“J. S. L.”—Maud Vosburg—Mary J. Hull—C. H. Tibbits—Eddie Snively—Aggie Rhodes—Gertie Spalding—K. H. Leonard—Alice H. Hitchcock—Bessie Taylor—Lida N. Sims—Samuel Wells, Jr.—Mary Lamprey—Gertrude Eager—Henrietta Bacharht—T. Alex. Payne—Flavel S. Miner—Alfred W. Stockett—Bessie H. Hard—Lulie Coxe—Carrie Adler—Wm. S. Eichelberger—John D. Cress—H. H. Northend—Annie Davnport—Minnie Davies—Albert T. and Sheldon Emery—E. C. Alexander—“W. H. R.”—Fred. A. Oden—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Annie McIlwaine—“Hard and Tough”—Hattie M. Greenleaf—Farnham Gardley—Ada L. Carvill—May L. “Shepard”—Florence Penny—Robert Swords, Jr.—Frank Newsome—Grace A. Smith—“Rectus”—Bertha Newsome—Frederick R. Satterlee—“Robin K. A.”—“S. A. B.”—Bettie Hillegeist—Fannie M. Miner—Grace Van Vleck—Bessie F. Wheeler—Chas. Wheeler, Jr.—Dent H. Robert—S. N. O. K. S. H.—Dudley K. Carson—Stella Hereford—Sadie Duffield—Constance Grand-Pierre—Gertrude M. Gove—Adele Freeman—Daisy B. Hodgson—Gertie—Stephanie M. Coster—G. Schirmer—Elfie K. Stockett—Mabel I. Barrows—“7, 8, 9.”—Carrie and Arthur M.—Will. E. Nichols—Bella Wehl—Bertha Potts—Florence Wilcox—Nellie N. Sherwin—Anne E. Jarvis—Will. O. Jarvis—Bonie—May Carman—Bird Johnston—Severn R. Allnut—Reta S. McIlvaine—Jennie D. Hayden—Annot Palmer—Alice G. Lanigan—Kitty C. Atwater—Bessie C. Barney—James Brayley—“E. and A.”—Bessie L. Reilly—D. Bruce Kennedy—Lula Marschalk—Florence L. Turrill—Dydie Warden—Maggie P. Beatie—Geo. H. Smith—Bertie H. Jackson—Ruth Baylies—Margie J. Roebing—Allan D. Wilson—Lucy V. Mackrille—Lottie P. Pitkin—Saidee Henry—C. H. McBride—Mary G. Miller—Wm. B. McLean—Ida Cohn—Sallie Lovett—“Winnie”—Alice Sutro—Katie Burne—Mamie W. Aldrich—Carrie E. Smith—Annie E. Smith—Eleanor N. Hughes—“So-So”—Helen C. Wetmore—Evie, and Lizzie—Carl Hinkle—Estella Lohmeyer—Bertha E. Keferstein—Edward Vultee—“Prebo”—Peyton I. Van Rensselaer—O. C. Turner—John V. L. Pierson—Frances Hunter—Bessie S. Hosmer—John Emmins—George J. & Esther L. Fiske—Oliver B. Judson—Grace E. Fuller—Wm. H. Paul—Harry L. Frils—Snowflake and Pussie—Anita R. Newcombe—J. De la Hunt—E. G. Seibels—G. H. W., of Manchester, England.



beneath the
ral. Thus:
the answer,
the answer,
erals beneath
us be in one
word itself

3. Man-go.
Pay-able.
3. Canada.

4. Doge
Alabama. 4.
South Caro-

Roy.

mad." 1.
2. 7. Dime.

the puzzles
ll—Allie J.
Vosburg—
e Taylor—
—Alfred W.
rt—Minnie
McIlvoine—
rt Swords,
3."—Berne
t.—Dudley
—Gertie—
hols—Bella
Johnston—
Barney—
Maggie P.
P. Pitkin
atie Burne
izzie—Carl
ohn V. L.
—Wm. H.
England.

