



SUMMER HAS COME!

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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A SECOND TRIAL.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

It was Commencement at G— College. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half smiling to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school-boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought,

"they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one, with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not,—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued, "that he would write on the 'Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins" she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand —'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched-up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand —'"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment, the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. ——— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history —'" This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone-still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face dur-

ing the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judg-

ment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day,—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

MIGNONETTE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



WHO gave you your name, Little Darling,
I wish that I knew.

Such a tiny, sweet, lovable blossom,
I half think that you grew,
In the Garden of old, and believe
You were christened by Eve.

Was she first of all women to find you?
Did she gather and smell,
And carry a cluster to Adam?
If we only could tell
What they said and they did, he and she,
How nice it would be!

Or was it some quaint little maiden
Of France, in old days,
Who spied you and loved you and called you
(Oh, sweetest of praise!)
Caressingly, as to a pet,
By the name Mignon-ette?

All summer you grow in my garden,
All summer I keep
A bunch of your flowers beside me
Awake or asleep.
And your breath like a voice seems to say
Loving words all the day.

So, whether in France or in Eden
'T is all one to me,
Yours is just the best name, Little Darling,
Could possibly be,
And though no one had taught me, I yet
Should say,—Mignonette.

BOSSY ANANIAS.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

A GROUP of colored children was congregated about a corner of the hotel piazza, in a Southern town, where the steps led down to the green lawn which swept away under the orange-trees and the oaks, to the broad river. The youngsters were hopping and jumping, giving each other sly digs and pinches, uttering subdued little screams and giggles, but ever with a sharp eye upon the dining-room doors, closed to exclude the sunlight.

The doors flew open, at length, and a stream of ladies and gentlemen issued forth upon the piazza.

A dozen swarthy little hands were stretched out at once, clasping tightly a bunch of drooping violets,—a cluster of roses or azaleas,—or half a dozen little brown bulbs.

"Wants flowers, missis?" "Please buy my roses!" "Wants lily roots to carry Norff? Dey keeps jess so till you sots 'em in de groun'."

A sweet-looking lady drew near; with fresh fair complexion and bright brown eyes, but with snow-white hair beneath the folds of soft lace which encircled her head.

"Who has a little alligator?" she asked.

There was a moment's pause among the little group.

"Mos' too sune for 'gators," remarked one.

"Bossy Ananias got a 'gator," said another.

"Who?"

"Bossy A-n-nanias."

"Bossy *what*?"

"Ananias, missis. He done got a 'gator. You Bossy! show your 'gator to de lady."

At this, the sable crowd parted, and a little colored boy, with a young alligator on his arm, was pushed to the front.

"So you have an alligator?" asks Mrs. Ormerod.

Bossy's eyes twinkle.

"Seed him on he mammy back," he answers.

"Chucked a chunk of light 'ud ahind her. Ole mammy flop off in de creek. Baby tumble in de mud. Cotch him jess as easy!"

And he fondles the little reptile and lays it against his cheek—the alligator uttering a croak of affection or complaint—it sounds like either.

"What do you ask for the alligator?" asks Mrs. Ormerod.

"Don't ask nuffin for 'im."

"But I should like to buy him," she continues.

"I want to take him North to my little grandson."

Bossy shows his teeth, but is unmoved.

"Bossy wont never sell his things," remarks an

older child, a pale, heavy-eyed quadroon girl. "He done got lots o' critters to he house; 'coons and squirrels and 'gators and sich. Wont sell a nary one."

"Why not, Bossy?" asks a gentleman. "Don't you like money?"

Bossy reflects.

"Dey likes me," he answers. "Dey don't know w'ite folks."

The little alligator on his shoulder now stretches out its head and again utters its plaintive croak. Bossy puts up his hand and pats it.

"It know what we is sayin'," he remarks. "Hit don't want to go Norff." And he turns away with his pet, and runs off among the other children now hastening to school.

"That's a character," observes a gentleman.

"And what a name!" says another. "Where could he have got it?"

Bossy, meanwhile, had left the crowd of children at the path which led to the school, and passing out through the park gate, turned down a sandy road toward the river shore, where his home was. Bossy had no eyes for the wonderfully picturesque appearance of the tumble-down shanty where he lived, beneath the grand old oaks. He knew that the rain dripped upon his bed, on stormy nights, and that the wind whistled through the crevices in the wall, and made his ears and toes ache. But he was not thinking about that, this sunny February morning, as he opened the smoke-house door and went in, with his pet upon his shoulder. A great scrambling and scurrying was heard within, and then a happy laugh, which seemed to bubble over out of Bossy's little heart upon his red lips.

"You Bunny! 'Have yo'seff! Git down dar, ole Poss! Quit it, now, quit it I say!" and Bossy tumbled out of the smoke-house door, with a black fox-squirrel clinging to his ragged sleeve, a raccoon following at his heels, and a baby rabbit in either hand; the "gator" remaining all the time upon his shoulder.

"Dat ar squ'll 's de fightnest beast I ebber see," observed Bossy, shaking off the black animal, which, however, did not relinquish its hold of the ragged shirt-sleeve, but carried a great piece with it. "Wants me to sell you off Norff, hey?" he asked in a severe tone, shaking an admonishing finger at his delinquent pet. "W'ite folks wants you, *bad*. Give heap o' money fur you. Dey don't know you like I does. What you tink if I

sells you off Norff, hey?" Then, as the impish beast made the deprecatory gesture common to its kind, placing its fore-paws upon its breast and moaning, he hastened to add: "Dar, shet up

creation, seemed to love the boy. Mocking-birds flew down upon the recumbent oleander-tree against which he was leaning, and caroled their songs in his ear; lizards darted over him as he lay asleep; toads hopped up and watched him with their blinking eyes; bright green-and-gold dragon-flies buzzed around him.

It was thus that Mrs. Ormerod saw him as she came home, in the cool of the afternoon, from her walk in St. David's Path, on the bluff above the river. She stopped and looked at him with a smile which, somehow, softened into tears as she gazed. The fox-squirrel showed his teeth and scolded, and Bossy put out his dusky little hand and patted him, in his sleep.

Mrs. Ormerod turned to where a woman sat nursing a child under the magnolia-tree.

"Is that your little boy?" she asked.

"T aint nobody's boy," answered the woman.

"His mother died when he was a baby; his father done gone away, up river somewhar, and leff her. He calls me mammy; but I aint no kin to him."

"How did he come by so odd a name?" asked Mrs. Ormerod.

"Why, his mother and father could n't 'gree 'bout his name, nohow; so dey just called him Bossy. A'ter de ole man done run away, she name de baby for her father, ole man Ananias Watson; but ebry one was use to call him Bossy, so dey jess calls him Bossy Ananias."

"Is he a good boy?" asked the lady.

"Dey aint no better, nowhar. He don't give a bit o' trouble. He jess plays with his critters all day long. It's cur'us how he gets 'em all. 'Pears like he jess has to call 'em, and dey runs to him. Got a heap o' sense, Bossy Ananias has."

"How old is he?"

"Five year old lass Chrismuss. He's right smart good to work, too, for sech a little fellow. Drops corn, and picks out grass, and minds de baby a heap. But he likes his critters best of all."

Mrs. Ormerod walked away thoughtfully. Bossy, now wide awake, ran after, his alligator in his hand. She supposed that he had decided to sell it to her, and half stopped to speak to him; but he ran past her, and threw open the heavy gate which led into the hotel park.

"Did you come to sell me your alligator?" she asked him, as she passed in.

"No, Missis, I jess kim to open de gate. Yo'



now, honey; nobody aint gwine sell you Norff ef you 'haves yo'seff;" and betook himself to fondling his rabbits, from time to time bestowing a pat or a loving word upon the 'coon, or the alligator.

All day the boy lay under the trees among his pets, now playing with them, now falling off to sleep among them, with his bare head in the sun, and awaking again to attempt to teach them some little tricks of his own devising.

They never attempted to leave him, though there was nothing to hinder their running away. Not they alone, but every other member of the brute

see, I could n't sell my 'gator Norff, nohow, Missis."

Mrs. Ormerod sat down upon a rustic seat and held out her hand.

"Bossy," she said, "come and talk with me. Should you like to go North with me, and live in a nice, large house among other little children, and go to school?"

Bossy's eyes brightened for a moment, then fell upon the little reptile in his hand.

"Could I take my 'gator?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," answered his friend, with some hesitation. "Yes, I think you might take your alligator."

"An' de 'coon, an' de squ'll, an' de bunnies?"

"I hardly think you could take all those, Bossy," replied Mrs. Ormerod. "But you could have some new toys. They give good little boys a great many nice things there."

Bossy looked reflectively upon the ground.

"But *dey* would n't have no Bossy," he urged. "Nobody would n't talk to 'em, ef I leff 'em."

"Could you not give them to your little playmates? The other children," she explained, as Bossy looked up inquiringly.

"None of 'em don't love my squ'll, 'cause he bites. And dey pulls de bunnies' ears, and hurts 'em; and de 'coon don't like 'em, no way. I could n't go, Missis," said Bossy decidedly.

"You would have some new clothes," persisted Mrs. Ormerod. Bossy was unmoved. "And plenty to eat," she added.

If she could have known how Bossy's famished little stomach cried out within him at these words, she would have honored more than ever the steadfast lovingness of the child, who looked up into her eyes and answered:

"Could n't go and leff dem, Missis, not *no* way."

A few days later, Mrs. Ormerod was walking in the woods, and being deceived by the similarity of the roads which everywhere intersect one another under the pines, she lost her way. A hut was not far distant, and thither she bent her steps, intending to ask for directions or a guide. Suddenly a large and fierce dog ran from the hut and sprang toward her, barking savagely. Mrs. Ormerod screamed for help, and attempted to run; but in a moment, when the dog was very close to her, a child's voice cried "You Bram, down, sir! Go home, sir!" and Bossy Ananias sprang up from behind a fallen tree, and running toward them laid his hand upon the furious creature's neck. The dog drooped his ears and tail and slunk off.

"Drefful sassy dog, dat Bram," remarked Bossy, quietly, gazing kindly at the retreating animal. "'Pears like he boun' to kill somebody, one day."

"Are n't you afraid of him?" asked Mrs. Ormerod, who, pale, and still trembling, had seated herself upon the fallen trunk.

"Dey does n't tetch me, Missis," replied Bossy, as he stood quietly beside her, poking the sand about with his bare little toes. When she rose to go, and asked, "Could you show me the way to the hotel, Bossy?" he answered, readily:

"Yes, missis, jess wait till I gits my critters," and, jumping over the fallen tree, he ran to a stump hard by.

"Come on, Solomon," he said, rousing his 'coon, which appeared to be sleeping on the stump. "Come along, Bunny," picking up a rabbit. "Ah, 'gator, 'gator!" he added, in caressing tones, fondling the alligator, which ran to its place upon the boy's shoulder. "Git down, sir!" he said to the fox-squirrel, which sprang upon his back, "you jess let yo' own legs tote you,"—and he ran back to the lady.

"Which of your pets do you call Solomon?" she asked.

"Dat's de 'coon, missis. He so drefful knowin', an' Solomon was the knowinist man, dey tell me. So I jess calls de 'coon Solomon."

Mrs. Ormerod could hardly restrain her smiles at the odd little figure which now trotted along before her, his rags fluttering in the wind, a rabbit in either hand, the alligator crawling over his shoulder, and the 'coon and squirrel following closely at his heels. She was occupied with her own thoughts, however, and though the boy looked back upon her from time to time, he did not interrupt her meditations. She offered him no fee as she thanked him for his service at the park gate; she dreaded to inflict a wound upon the child's sturdy uprightness.

"I believe he saved my life," she said, as she related the adventure to a circle of friends.

"That is a strange boy," remarked a doctor. "He seems to possess uncommon qualities. It is sad that he is so utterly friendless."

"The woman where he lives appears to be kind."

"She is frightfully poor, and is fast sinking into the grave. So many of these colored people are delicate. You will not find her here if you return next winter."

"Then Bossy *must* consent," said Mrs. Ormerod; but the words were not spoken aloud.

Bossy was in the field, behind the cottage, the next evening. The alligator was upon his shoulder, and a rabbit nestled in his ragged pocket, but he hardly noticed them, so intently was he occupied in dropping corn, from a bag tied before him, into the holes his "mammy" was making with a hoe. Mrs. Ormerod came and looked over the fence.

"Have you to work much longer?" she asked the woman, who came toward her.

"Jess done finished," she answered, as Bossy, dropping the last kernel, shook out his empty bag.

"I have got something for Bossy," said the lady, taking the proffered seat under the magnolia, as they reached the cottage. She opened a parcel she had brought with her.

"See here, Bossy, if you will go North with me you shall have these clothes to wear."

She held up a suit of blue flannel, resplendent with gilt buttons. Bossy's eyes sparkled, then wandered in the direction of the smoke-house.

"And these stockings," added Mrs. Ormerod, displaying a brightly striped pair.

Bossy appeared to hesitate. His hand mechanically fumbled in the intricacies of his ragged pocket and brought out a rabbit.

"And these boots," concluded his tempter, unwrapping a pair of tiny copper-toed, red-topped boots.

It was more than human nature could endure.

"Oh, Solomon!" cried Bossy, running to the smoke-house, "jess see dem boots! Oh, Solomon, I does n't want to leave you——"

Words failed him; he came slowly back, carrying the 'coon in his arms, while the squirrel and the remaining rabbit followed him.

"Dem boots!" he said, in a choking voice, "Solomon,—Bunny,—ole Foxy!—oh, I can't, I can't," he cried in an agony of indecision, throwing himself upon the ground. "Don't ax me, Missis, I can't!"

"It is too much," said Mrs. Ormerod, fairly crying and laughing at once. "You shall not be tempted any farther. The clothes are yours, Bossy, but you shall not go away North. Stay among your pets; you will be better and happier here."

And so, love and steadfastness prevailed, and Bossy Ananias was left, with his pets, in their sunny southern home. But his fortune was made all the same. The gorgeous blue clothes with their shining buttons are soiled and faded, and the little red-topped boots are dingy and worn, but Bossy keeps them carefully, as most precious treasures, in memory of the kind friend who, through all the years that have come and gone, has never forgotten

him. There has always been both "breffus" and dinner in the cabin under the magnolia and the oak trees, even through the dreaded July days. The little alligator has grown to be a great one, and has returned to his native element, and the menagerie in the smoke-house has seen many changes, but old Solomon still remains, high favorite and chieftain of Bossy's forces.

Bossy no longer lies whole days in the sunshine among his pets, as was his happy wont in the old time which seems so far away. He is full of business now, for he goes to school, and is the best scholar, and has a reputation to sustain. And Mrs. Ormerod brings him new books every year, which he pores over with delight, for they are all about the beasts and birds he knows and loves so well. He has learned many things about them, though, which are not in any of the books, and who can say what wonderful facts he may have to tell us about them, some day? For there are those who believe that Bossy Ananias will become an excellent naturalist, as the years roll on.

Bossy's adopted "mammy" lived much longer than the doctor anticipated, thanks to Mrs. Ormerod's careful provision for her wants. When she died, there was not a cabin in all the neighborhood whose doors would not have flown open to admit the honest, gentle, kindly souled boy. But "de baby" had now become Bossy's charge, as well as the "critters," and the boy would enter no house where each and all were not welcome. So the two children live on by themselves in the picturesque old cabin, loved and aided by all the neighbors, and always cared for by their absent friend.

Bossy's life is as bright and sunny as the summer land he lives in. His hours are filled with kindly deeds, with earnest work, and with high hopes. But there comes to him, every year, one time of supreme happiness. It is when the short winter days begin to lengthen toward the flowery spring. Then, if from the steamer-deck you should happen to see, standing upon the wharf, a tall, eager-eyed boy, holding by the hand a curly-headed little "picaninny," and with a squirrel or an alligator on his shoulder, or, perhaps, a 'coon upon his arm, you may be sure that it is Bossy Ananias, and that he is waiting to greet Mrs. Ormerod.



CHUB AND HOPPERGRASS.

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.



VER a daisy clump, with a flying leap, it came, and lighted on a clover leaf.

"It" was no other than Hoppergrass.

The quaint long limbs twinkled just before Chub's half-shut eyes; the whirl tickled his ears, — Hoppergrass, as a whole, tickled his jolly pleasant-natured dog-heart.

Chub was not tired; he was not even sleepy; he had dropped himself on the sunny lawn, and closed his eyes, just to plan mischief,—not ugly mischief, but the playful, good-natured sort.

And now that comical Hoppergrass had lighted right before him!

Chub eyed the great golden-brown, big-eyed, long-legged caricature longingly. He winked till the sparkles fairly danced under the dropped lashes. He curled his lips in dog-smiles till his

The idea was immensely amusing; it roused him,—yes, he would give worlds to do that very



thing! He grew excited, his eyes flashed wide open, he gave a bound; but, alas! when his light paw touched the clover-leaf, Hoppergrass was gayly soaring back again over the daisy clump!

Now Chub was a proud dog; and when, after many a sniff and many a tail-wag, he lifted his brown paw and found he had patted, not Hoppergrass's back, but a mere clover leaf, he was disgusted. To think that a slender little Hoppergrass should outwit a big fellow like him! He just flung his furry length in the deep grass, pillowed his head on his paws, and sulked.

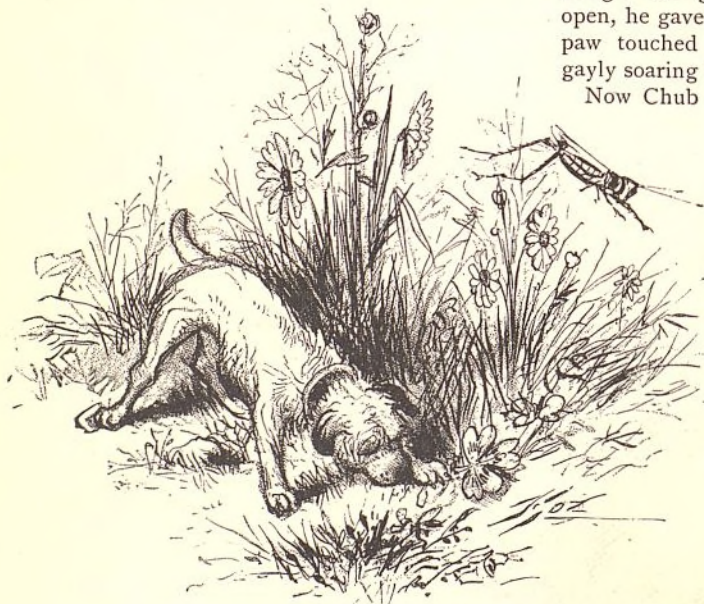
And Hoppergrass, peering through the daisy clump, rolled over and over in a fit of laughter.

Then he grew indignant,—what right had that furry monster to pounce upon him,—him, the very knight of Hoppergrasses, the longest legged of them all?

He crooked his long limbs, gave a mighty bound, and the next in-

stant the white teeth glittered in sight. How he would delight to softly pat Hoppergrass on the back!

stant the white lily nodded under his weight, and from its airy height he sounded a shrill war-cry.



The clover leaves and grasses seemed to put out hidden legs and leap forward, grasshoppers mailed for battle! Little fellows, big fellows, brown fellows, and great, green fellows with wings!

Haughty Hoppergrass glanced along the ranks, then over the daisy clump at Chub. With quick gestures and rapid low chirps he swept anger through the ranks,—anger against the monster who had pounced upon their knightly leader.

A moment later the host were making their way through the grass forest toward the daisy clump, toward Chub.

Hoppergrass paused on the tallest daisy. He rose to his full height, golden-brown and glittering in the sunshine. He could catch the gleam of his mailed warriors on all sides,—Chub, unsuspecting, half-asleep Chub, was being silently surrounded by the long-legged host.

Hoppergrass chirped sharply, once. A shrill, myriad-voiced trill answered him. The quick rush of fierce attack followed—the swift scintillant whirl, the rapid flash, the gold-brown glitter, the green shimmer—the sharp surprise!

Hoppergrass himself, like a hurled lance, struck



the very tip of Chub's nose. The great green captains fell thick on eyes and ears. The golden-browns fell everywhere.

Chub, frightened out of dreamy calm, sprang wildly up, barked, snapped his white teeth, snarled, and rolled over and over in a rage of alarm and revenge.

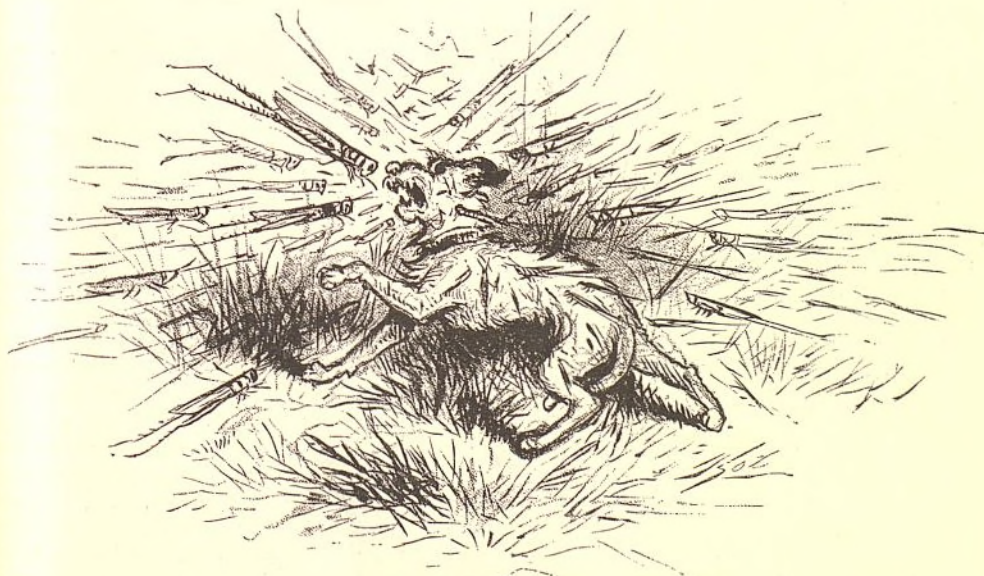
But the long-legged, elusive host were never under him. They poised on grass tips, they swung on clover heads; the great green fellows with wings buzzed and fluttered about his ears, and hung, whirring, over his head.

Chub always had accounted himself brave. He had fought woodchucks. But woodchucks never had flown into his ears, never flapped green wings in his eyes. Woodchucks never had attacked him by companies and battalions.

Chub was frightened, conquered, punished!

He turned and ran,—ran with drooped tail to the terrace. There he halted, gave vent to an indignant growl, and hurled back a howl of defiance. Then he went in-doors to rest.

Hoppergrass, from the upper height of the daisy clump, gave answer in a shrill cry of triumph!



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

How many of the younger readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* know about this lady? Not very many, perhaps; but if I could for a moment call up the children of a hundred years ago, and ask them the same question, I am sure that almost every hand would be held up, and voices would cry from all sides, "I do! I do! and so do I!"

To be sure, the lady lived more than a hundred years ago; and perhaps that is some reason why those other children should know her better; but I will tell you of her.

She was born on the 20th of June, 1743, in the little village of Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, the eldest child and only daughter of Dr. John Aiken, a minister there, and was named Anna Letitia.

She must have been a very quick little girl, for her mother wrote a letter saying: "When my little Anna was only two years old, she could read sentences and little stories in her 'wise book' without spelling, and, when she was three, could read as well as most women." Think of that! and it must be true, for the letter is still preserved, and it says so! In those days there were very few good country schools, so Mrs. Aiken taught her little daughter entirely at home. She never went to school, but soon had learned all that her mother, clever as she was, could teach her; and still the girl wished to know more.

Dr. Aiken, who was a fine scholar, had a large school for boys; but he thought it both improper and unnecessary for Anna to share their studies, saying: "She knows all that a girl needs to know." After a while, however,—I think she must have coaxed very hard,—he relented somewhat, and gave her lessons in Latin. This language she soon mastered, reading easily the most difficult books; then her father was so proud of her, that he coaxed in his turn, and persuaded her to learn Greek, and this she acquired almost as readily as she had learned Latin.

When Anna was fifteen years old, Dr. Aiken left Kibworth, and became classical tutor in an academy at Warrington, in Lancashire. This change gave his daughter an opportunity to enjoy better society than she ever could have found in little Kibworth, and here she spent fifteen years, the happiest, she herself says, and perhaps the most brilliant, of her life.

At this time she was very beautiful; slender, graceful, with a wonderfully fair complexion, cheeks

like roses, soft brown hair that clustered around a finely shaped head, and dark blue eyes that fairly beamed with the light of wit and gayety.

The picture of her from which our engraving was made, was taken in London when she was more than forty years old, but it shows that even then she bore traces of her youthful beauty.

During those fifteen years at Warrington, she wrote many poems, one of the earliest of which is "The Invitation," written principally for the boys in Warrington Academy, which she calls "the nursery for men of future years."

When she was about twenty-eight years old, her only brother, who had been away studying for several years, returned to Warrington, and established himself as a physician there. His coming was a bright event to Miss Aiken. She had been too modest to allow her poems to appear in print, and even her parents did not know how much she had written; but now she told her brother about it, and he helped her to arrange the writings for publication.

When they were ready, her courage failed; she feared harsh criticism, and refused to let the poems go to print. Then Dr. Aiken took the matter in his own hands, and, before she knew it, her little volume was given to the public.

It met with great success, going through four editions in one year,—quite a triumph for a book in those early days,—and praise and congratulations came to her from all sides. Parents, especially, rejoiced in the little book, where so many of the verses for childish readers were written by one who, at the time of writing them, was little more than a child herself.

Encouraged by the success of her first literary venture, and assisted again by her brother, she published another volume called "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose"; but that was principally for older readers, being almost beyond the reach of childish minds. When she was nearly thirty years old, Miss Aiken married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a gentleman of French descent, who was a pastor at Palgrave, in Sussex. Perhaps they were poor, for English country ministers did not have very large salaries in those days. At all events, they opened a boarding-school for boys in their home; and although it began with only eight pupils, in a short time it became prosperous.

Some of the customs at English schools in olden times would seem very strange to our school-boys

nowadays. At Eton, which is one of the oldest and most famous of English schools, having been founded by King Henry VI., in 1440 (more than fifty years before our country was discovered), there have always been seventy boys called "King's scholars," because King Henry left a perpetual fund for the support of such students. These were chosen from among the poorer classes, and used to be admitted through the influence of friends or patrons; but now the fairer system of competitive examinations is carried out. To get a "King's," as it is called, is considered a grand thing, the scholarship being for life, so that, after the school-days are finished, the King's scholar still is cared for, and provided with a position as tutor or professor. "King's" boys always wore gowns of black cloth, and each at Christmas received a present of a piece of cloth for a new gown. This was a very good thing, for sometimes the clothes beneath the gowns were of the poorest. But the boys did not like it, for they were called "gown boys" by the rest of the school, who rather looked down on them as "foundationers" or free-scholars. Later, however, it became customary for gowns to be worn by all the boys.

The free-scholars, in olden times (and it is not very different now), were each allowed tenpence a week for "commons,"—I am afraid some of our boys would say "grub,"—beside the meals provided for them at the school, which consisted of two only, dinner at 11 A. M. and supper at 7 P. M. If they wanted breakfast they had to buy it for themselves. For dinner they had mutton five days in the week, roast-beef the two other days, and, as a treat, on Sundays, plum-pudding and beer, or, in summer, fruit-tarts and beer.

The boys slept in small beds in one large room, rose at five o'clock throughout the year, and made their own beds, being obliged to repeat a verse of poetry, either Latin or English, while so doing. Studies began at half-past six, and lasted till eight o'clock at night. Rather long hours; but Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays were half-holidays, when the boys made up for lack of play-hours on other days. Friday was called "flogging day," because all whippings were given then, no matter at what time in the previous week the offense had been committed. Very little of that kind of punishment is given now; the rod on the back of the hand is sometimes used, but more often "impositions" (of a hundred lines, or more, of prose or poetry) have to be learned by heart, and written out,—always in play-time.

The teachers are called "masters" and "præceptors," and the classes "forms." The sixth-form boys are at the head of the school, and it used to be the custom for each member of the sixth form

to have a "fag," a small boy from the second or third form, who had to do everything his boy-master ordered;—make his bed, brush his clothes, black his boots, wait on him at table, do all his errands, etc., or take a thrashing if he refused obedience. But, fortunately, this system of "fagging," almost unknown in our schools, is rapidly going out of fashion in England.

Out-door sports are really a part of an English boy's education. Cricketing and boating are the favorite pastimes, but no boy is allowed on the rivers—in a boat—until he has been "passed" by the regular "swimming committee": a good plan.

The vacations are numerous, but not divided as ours are. At Easter there are three weeks and four days; at "Election" (of scholars), which takes place in midsummer, six weeks and four days; at Christmas four weeks and four days. Besides these, all the saints' days are holidays; so is the queen's birthday, the head-master's birthday, or a visit from any great personage or school patron.

At Winchester, St. Paul's, Charter House, Harrow, Rugby,—all the great schools, in fact,—the customs are very similar; and are only slightly changed from what they were long ago.

Mrs. Barbauld tried to model her school after the very best of those others, and to this end devoted herself, her time, and her talents. She was fond of her boys, and never wearied of inventing ways of making their studies pleasant as well as profitable.

On Wednesday and Saturday mornings they always went to her bright, pretty "home-room," where she told or read to them some delightful story; then she sent them back to the school-room to write it out for her in their own words. Some of her boys, who afterward became Members of Parliament, and well known in the literary world, have said that this practice helped them, more than any other one thing, to become fluent speakers as well as writers. Suppose some of you boys try it for yourselves, even though your teachers do not require it of you. You will soon find it a real pleasure, as well as a help.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld had no children of their own, so they adopted Dr. Aiken's little son, Charles. Mrs. Barbauld loved him dearly, and devoted herself to his education. For him she wrote those "Early Lessons" which became so widely known. For her younger class, of which he was a member, she wrote her beautiful "Hymns in Prose for Children"; while for the school in general, she wrote "Evenings at Home"; and her boys *lived* with their kind teacher those evenings about which we "old folks" once enjoyed so much to read.

At the end of eleven years, the health of both

Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld failed, and so they were obliged to give up their school; and, taking little Charles with them, they spent nearly two years in pleasant wanderings over the Continent. Afterward, they returned to England, and for sixteen years lived in the pretty little village of Hampstead, where Mr. Barbauld preached, and Mrs. Barbauld wrote, adding greatly to her reputation.

to give fresh impulse to her genius; but of these later works I do not speak, as they were all for older readers.

In 1808 Mr. Barbauld died. For a while his widow was in despair. They had spent thirty-four happy years together, and her grief for him was deep and sincere. But soon she roused herself and sought comfort and relief in writing.



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

In 1802 Mr. Barbauld accepted a call to Newington Green; so they left Hampstead, and settled in Stoke Newington. This move was especially delightful to Mrs. Barbauld, who was thus enabled to live near, and see constantly, her beloved brother Dr. Aiken, from whom she had long been separated. Some of her best works were written here, her brother's presence and approval seeming

Among other works she then issued was a collection of prose and verse, called the "Female Speaker," for young ladies; and also her best and longest, as well as last poem, "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," which even children enjoyed and admired.

She was slowly growing old, and soon became quite feeble, but her last years were cheered by the

devotion of her brother, and of her adopted son. She still retained all her love for children, and had a large circle of young acquaintances, whom she invited in turn to visit her in her home, and many of whom, especially literary aspirants, she aided in substantial ways, as well as by letters and wise counsels.

On the morning of March 9, 1825, peacefully, almost suddenly, this long, gentle, useful life of eighty-two years, closed.

Mrs. Barbauld certainly did a great deal, both in writing, and in teaching, for the children of her day; but, although her books for young people still hold a place in literature, and her "Hymns in Prose" are now enjoyed by some young readers, it cannot be said that, in the very highest sense, she was a "child's writer." That, in my estimation, implies one whose writings reach and include all children,—dull as well as bright; bad as well as good.

Now, Mrs. Barbauld's "boys" were all *good* boys (I hardly dare say "goody-goody" boys), and her intimate sympathies, as well as her writings, were all for such as they.

Those very boys who "will be boys," are a writer's severest critics, and are soonest touched by stories wherein are pictured living human children

—not bad, but real—tried, tempted, and falling, even as they themselves. And lessons better and more lasting than some think, are learned from the stories of those very trials and falls.

It seems to me that Miss Edgeworth, who lived and wrote at about the same time as Mrs. Barbauld, came much nearer to being the true writer for children, and that you who read ST. NICHOLAS would like her writings better. Her "Early Lessons," including the stories of Frank, Henry and Lucy, Rosamond, and others, are almost an education in themselves; and her "Parents' Assistant" is full of tales which do not try to hide the errors and weaknesses of older children, but show them plainly, while also pointing out, often in the happiest manner, the true way to overcome them.

But young folks and their tastes, like all things else, change. This is a day of wider experience, and more varied ideas, even among children; and those of our generation are wiser than those of a hundred years ago,—more ready to receive both the good and the bad. Therefore, I hope my readers will think over the question of books, and reject everything false and bad as if it were so much poison. If they really wish, they will always find some one to choose the books that will help and profit them now, and all their lives after.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE THING HAPPENS TO ME.

FOR several days after our hot chase after Priscilla we saw nothing of this ex-emissary. Indeed, we began to be afraid that something had happened to her. She was such a regular attendant at the hotel-door-market, that people were talking about missing her black face and her chattering tongue. But she turned up one morning as gay and skippy as ever, and we saw her leaning against the side of one of the door-ways of the court in her favorite easy attitude, with her head on one side and one foot crossed over the other, which made her look like a bronze figure such as they put under kerosene lamps. In one hand she had her big straw hat, and in the other a bunch of rose-buds. The moment she saw Corny she stepped up to her.

"Wont you buy some rose-buds, missy?" she

said. "De puttiest rose-buds I ever brought you yit."

Corny looked at her with a withering glare, but Priscilla did n't wither a bit. She was a poor hand at withering.

"Please buy 'em, missy. I kep' 'em fur you. I been a keepin' 'em all de mornin'."

"I don't see how you dare ask me to buy your flowers!" exclaimed Corny. "Go away! I never want to see you again. After all you did——"

"Please, missy, buy jist this one bunch. These is the puttiest red rose-buds in dis whole town. De red roses nearly all gone."

"Nearly all gone," said I. "What do you mean by telling such a fib?"—I was going to say "lie," which was nearer the truth (if that is n't a bull); but there were several ladies about, and Priscilla herself was a girl. "You know that there are red roses here all the year."

"Please, boss," said Priscilla, rolling her eyes at

me like an innocent calf, "wont you buy dese roses fur missy? They 's the puttiests roses I ever brought her yit."

"I guess you 've got a calcareous conscience, have n't you?" said Rectus.

Priscilla looked at him, for a moment, as if she thought that he might want to buy something of that kind, but as she had n't it to sell, she tried her flowers on him.

"Please, boss, wont you buy dese roses fur——"

"No," said Rectus, "I wont."

And we all turned and walked away. It was no use to blow her up. She would n't have minded it. But she lost three customers.

I said before that I was the only one in our party who liked fishing, and for that reason I did n't go often, for I don't care about taking trips of that kind by myself. But one day Mr. Burgan and the other yellow-leg told me that they were going to fish in Lake Killarney, a lovely little lake in the interior of the island, about five miles from the town, and that if I liked I might go along. I did like, and I went.

I should have been better pleased if they had gone there in a carriage; but this would n't have suited these two fellows, who had rigged themselves up in their buck-skin boots, and had all the tramping and fishing rigs that they used in the Adirondacks and other sporting places where they told me they had been. It was a long and a warm walk, and trying to find a good place for fishing, after we got to the lake, made the work harder yet. We did n't find any good place, and the few fish we caught did n't pay for the trouble of going there; but we walked all over a big pine-apple plantation and had a splendid view from the highest hill on the whole island.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when we reached home, and I made up my mind that the next time I went so far to fish, in a semi-tropical country, I'd go with a party who wore suits that would do for riding.

Rectus and Corny and Mrs. Chipperton were up in the silk-cotton tree when I got home, and I went there and sat down. Mrs. Chipperton lent me her fan.

Corny and Rectus were looking over the "permission paper" which the English governor had given us.

"I guess this is n't any more use, now," said Corny, "as we 've done all we can for kings and queens, but Rectus says that if you agree I can have it for my autograph book. I never had a governor's signature."

"Certainly you can have it," I said. "And he's a different governor from the common run. None of your State governors, but a real British

governor, like those old fellows they set over us in our colony-days."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Chipperton, smiling. "You must be able to remember a long way back."

"Well, you need n't make fun of this governor," said Corny, "for he 's a real nice man. We met him to-day, riding in the funniest carriage you ever saw in your life. It 's like a big baby-carriage for twins, only it 's pulled by a horse, and has a man in livery to drive it. The top 's straw, and you get in in the middle, and sit both ways."

"Either way, my dear," said Mrs. Chipperton.

"Yes, either way," continued Corny. "Did you ever see a carriage like that?"

"I surely never did," said I.

"Well, he was in it, and some ladies, and they stopped and asked Rectus and I how we got along with our queen, and when I told them all about it, you ought to have heard them laugh, and the governor, he said, that Poquadtilla should n't suffer after we went away, even if he had to get all his pepper-pods from her. Now, was n't that good?"

I admitted that it was, but I thought to myself that a good supper and a bed would be better, for I was awfully tired and hungry. But I did n't say this.

I slept as sound as a rock that night, and it was pretty broad daylight when I woke up. I don't believe that I would have wakened then, but I wanted to turn over and could n't, and that is enough to make any fellow wake up.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself in the worst fix I had ever been in in my life. I could n't move my arms or my legs, for my arms were tied fast to my body, at the elbows and wrists, and my feet and my knees were tied together. I was lying flat on my back, but I could turn my head over to where Rectus' bed stood—it was a small one like mine—and he wasn't there. I sung out:

"Rectus!" and gave a big heave, which made the bed rattle. I was scared.

In a second, Rectus was standing by me. He had been sitting by the window. He was all dressed.

"Don't shout that way again," he said, in a low voice, "or I'll have to tie this handkerchief over your mouth," and he showed me a clean linen handkerchief all folded up, ready. "I wont put it so that it will stop your breathing," he said, as coolly as if this sort of thing was nothing unusual. "I'll leave your nose free."

"Let me up, you little rascal!" I cried. "Did you do this?"

At that he deliberately laid the handkerchief over my mouth and fastened it around my head. He was careful to leave my nose all right, but I

was so mad that I could scarcely breathe. I knew by the way he acted that he had tied me, and I had never had such a trick played on me before. But it was no use to be mad. I could n't do anything, though I tugged and twisted my very best. He had had a good chance to tie me up well, for I had slept so soundly. I was regularly bandaged.

He stood by me for a few minutes, watching to see if I needed any more fixing, but when he made up his mind that I was done up securely, he brought a chair and sat down by the side of the bed and began to talk to me. I never saw anything like the audacity of the boy.

"You need n't think it was mean to tie you, when you were so tired and sleepy, for I intended

my mind that I'll make you promise never to call me by that name again."

I vowed to myself that I would call him Rectus until his hair was gray. I'd write letters to him wherever he lived, and direct them: "Rectus Colbert."

"There was n't any other way to do it, and so I did it this way," he said. "I'm sorry, really, to have to tie you up so, because I would n't like it myself, and I would n't have put that handkerchief over your mouth if you had agreed to keep quiet, but I don't want anybody coming in here until you've promised."

"Promise!" I thought; "I'll never promise you that while the world rolls 'round."

"I know you can't say anything with that handkerchief over your mouth; but you don't have to speak. Your toes are loose. When you're ready to promise never to call me Rectus again, just wag your big toe, either one."

I stiffened my toes, as if my feet were cast in brass. Rectus moved his chair a little around, so that he could keep an eye on my toes. Then he looked at his watch and said:

"It's seven o'clock now, and that's an hour from breakfast time. I don't want to keep you there any longer than I can help. You'd better wag your

toe now, and be done with it. It's no use to wait."

"Wag?" I thought to myself. "Never!"

"I know what you're thinking," he went on. "You think that if you lie there long enough, you'll be all right, for when the chambermaid comes to do up the room, I must let her in, or else I'll have to say you're sick, and then the Chippertons will come up."

That was exactly what I was thinking.

"But that wont do you any good," said he. "I've thought of all that."

He was a curious boy. How such a thing as this should have come into his mind, I could n't imagine. He must have read of something of the kind. But to think of his trying it on *me*! I ground my teeth.



"I WOULD N'T LIKE IT MYSELF."

to do it this morning, any way, for you always sleep sound enough in the mornings to let a fellow tie you up as much as he pleases. And I suppose you'll say it was mean to tie you, any way, but you know well enough that it's no use for me to argue with you, for you would n't listen. But now you've got to listen, and I wont let you up till you promise never to call me Rectus again."

"The little rascal!" I thought to myself. I might have made some noise in spite of the handkerchief, but I thought it better not, for I did n't know what else he might pile on my mouth.

"It is n't my name, and I'm tired of it," he continued. "I did n't mind it at school, and I did n't mind it when we first started out together, but I've had enough of it now, and I've made up



He sat and watched me for some time longer. Once or twice he fixed the handkerchief over my mouth, for he seemed anxious that I should be as comfortable as possible. He was awfully kind, to be sure!

"It is n't right that anybody should have such a name sticking to them always," he said. "And if I'd thought you'd have stopped it, I would n't have done this. But I knew you. You would just have laughed and kept on."

The young scoundrel! Why did n't he try me?

back directly with a little black paint-pot, with a brush in it.

"Now," said he, "if you don't promise, in five minutes, to never call me Rectus again, I'm going to paint one-half of your face black. I got this paint yesterday from the cane-man, on purpose."

Oil-paint! I could smell it.

"Now, you may be sure I'm going to do it," he said.

Oh, I was sure! When he said he'd do a



IN THE SILK-COTTON TREE.

"Yesterday, when the governor met us, Corny called me Rectus, and even he said that was a curious name, and he did n't remember that I gave it to him, when he wrote that paper for us."

Oh, ho! That was it, was it? Getting proud and meeting governors! Young prig!

Now Rectus was quiet a little longer, and then he got up.

"I did n't think you'd be so stubborn," he said, "but perhaps you know your own business best. I'm not going to keep you there until breakfast is ready, and people want to come in."

Then he went over to the window, and came

thing, I knew he'd do it. I had no doubts about that. He was great on sticking to his word.

He had put his watch on the table near by, and was stirring up the paint.

"You've only three minutes more," he said. "This stuff wont wash off in a hurry, and you'll have to stay up here by yourself, and wont need any tying. It's got stuff mixed with it to make it dry soon, so that you need n't lie there very long after I've painted you. You must n't mind, if I put my finger on your mouth, when I take off the handkerchief; I'll be careful not to get any in your eyes or on your lips if you hold your

head still. One minute more. Will you promise?"

What a dreadful minute! He turned and looked at my feet. I gave one big twist in my bandages. All held. I wagged my toe.

"Good!" said he. "I did n't want to paint you. But I would have done it, sure as shot, if you had n't promised. Now I'll untie you. I can trust you to stick to your word,—I mean your wag," he said, with a grin.

It took him a long time to undo me. The young wretch had actually pinned long strips of muslin around me, and he had certainly made a good job of it, for they did n't hurt me at all, although they held me tight enough. He said, as he was working at me, that he had torn up two old shirts to make these bandages, and had sewed some of the strips together the afternoon before. He said he had heard of something like this being done at a school. A pretty school that must have been!

He unfastened my arms first,—that is, as soon as he had taken the handkerchief off my mouth,—and the moment he had taken the bandage from around my ankles, he put for the door. But I was ready. I sprang out of bed, made one jump over his bed, around which he had to go, and caught him just at the door.

He forgot that he should have left my ankles for me to untie for myself.

I guess the people in the next rooms must have thought there was something of a rumpus in our room when I caught him.

There was considerable coolness between Colbert and me after that. In fact, we did n't speak. I was not at all anxious to keep this thing up, for I was satisfied, and was perfectly willing to call it square; but for the first time since I had known him, Colbert was angry. I suppose every fellow, no matter how good-natured he may be, must have some sort of a limit to what he will stand, and Colbert seemed to have drawn his line at a good thrashing.

It was n't hard for me to keep my promise to him, for I did n't call him anything; but I should have kept it all the same if we had been on the old terms.

Of course, Corny soon found out that there was something the matter between us two, and she set herself to find out what it was.

"What's the matter with you and Rectus?" she asked me the next day. I was standing in the carriage-way before the hotel, and she ran out to me.

"You must n't call him Rectus," said I. "He does n't like it."

"Well, then, I won't," said she. "But what is it all about? Did you quarrel about calling him that? I hate to see you both going about, and not speaking to each other."

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I had no reason to conceal anything, and so I told her the whole affair, from the very beginning to the end.

"I don't wonder he's mad," said she, "if you thrashed him."

"Well, and ought n't I to be mad after the way he treated me?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "It makes me sick just to think of being tied up in that way,—and the black paint, too! But then you are so much bigger than he is, that it don't seem right for you to thrash him."

"That's one reason I did it," said I. "I did n't want to fight him as I should have fought a fellow of my own size. I wanted to punish him. Do you think that when a father wants to whip his son he ought to wait until he grows up as big as he is?"

"No," said Corny, very gravely. "Of course not. But Rectus is n't your son. What shall I call him? Samuel, or Sam? I don't like either of them, and I won't say Mr. Colbert. I think 'Rectus' is a great deal nicer."

"So do I," I said; "but that's his affair. To be sure, he is n't my son, but he's under my care, and if he was n't, it would make no difference. I'd thrash any boy alive who played such a trick on me."

"Unless he was bigger than you are," said Corny.

"Well, then I'd get you to help me. You'd do it; would n't you, Corny?"

She laughed.

"I guess I could n't help much, and I suppose you're both right to be angry at each other; but I'm awful sorry if things are going on this way. It did n't seem like the same place yesterday. Nobody did anything at all."

"I tell you what it is, Corny," said I. "You're not angry with either of us; are you?"

"No, indeed," said she, and her face warmed up and her eyes shone.

"That's one comfort," said I, and I gave her a good hand-shake.

It must have looked funny to see a boy and a girl shaking hands there in front of the hotel, and a young darkey took advantage of our good-humor, and, stealing out from a shady corner of the court, sold us seven little red and black liquorice-seeds for fourpence,—the worst swindle that had been worked on us yet.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. CHIPPERTON KEEPS PERFECTLY COOL.

IT'S of no use to deny the fact that Nassau was a pretty dull place, just about this time. At least, Corny and I found it so, and I don't believe young

Mr. Colbert was very happy, for he did n't look it. It's not to be supposed that our quarrel affected the negroes, or the sky, or the taste of bananas; but the darkeys did n't amuse me, and my recollection of those days is that they were cloudy, and that I was n't a very good customer down in the market-house by the harbor, where we used to go and buy little fig-bananas, which they did n't have at the hotel, but which were mighty good to eat.

Colbert and I still kept up a frigid reserve toward each other. He thought, I suppose, that I ought to speak first, because I was the older, and I thought that he ought to speak first because he was the younger.

One evening, I went up into my room, having absolutely nothing else to do, and there I found Colbert, writing. I suppose he was writing a letter, but there was no need of doing this at night, as the mail would not go out for several days, and there would be plenty of time to write in the daytime. He had n't done anything but lounge about for two or three days. Perhaps he came up here to write because he had nothing else to do.

There was only one table, and I could n't write if I had wanted to, so I opened my trunk and began to put some of my things in order. We had arranged, before we had fallen out, that we should go home on the next steamer, and Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton were going too. We had been in Nassau nearly a month, and had seen about as much as was to be seen—in an ordinary way. As for me, I could n't afford to stay any longer, and that had been the thing that had settled the matter, as far as Colbert and I were concerned. But now he might choose to stay, and come home by himself. However, there was no way of my knowing what he thought, and I supposed that I had no real right to make him come with me. At any rate, if I had, I did n't intend to exercise it.

While I was looking over the things in my trunk, I came across the box of dominoes that Corny had given us to remember her by. It seemed like a long time ago since we had been sitting together on the water-battery at St. Augustine! In a few minutes I took the box of dominoes in my hand and went over to Colbert. As I put them on the table he looked up.

"What do you say to a game of dominoes?" I said. "This is the box Corny gave us. We have n't used it yet."

"Very well," said he, and he pushed away his paper and emptied the dominoes out on the table. Then he picked up some of them, and looked at them as if they were made in some new kind of a way that he had never noticed before; and I picked up some too, and examined them. Then we began to play. We did not talk very much,

but we played as if it was necessary to be very careful to make no mistakes. I won the first game, and I could not help feeling a little sorry, while Colbert looked as if he felt rather glad. We played until about our ordinary bed-time, and then I said:

"Well, Colbert, I guess we might as well stop," and he said:

"Very well."

But he did n't get ready to go to bed. He went to the window and looked out for some time, and then he came back to the table and sat down. He took his pen and began to print on the lid of the domino-box, which was of smooth white wood. He could print names and titles of things very neatly, a good deal better than I could.

When he had finished, he got up and began to get ready for bed, leaving the box on the table. Pretty soon I went over and looked at it, for I must admit I was rather curious to see what he had put on it. This was the inscription he had printed on the lid:

"GIVEN TO
WILL AND RECTUS
BY
CORNBY.
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA."

There was a place left for the date, which I suppose he had forgotten. I made no remark about this inscription, for I did not know exactly what remark was needed; but the next morning I called him "Rectus," just the same as ever, for I knew he had printed our names on the box to show me that he wanted to let me off from my promise. I guess the one time I called him Colbert was enough for him.

When we came down-stairs to breakfast, talking to each other like common people, it was better than most shows to see Corny's face. She was standing at the front door, not far from the stairs, and it actually seemed as if a candle had been lighted inside of her. Her face shone.

I know I felt first-rate, and I think Rectus must have felt pretty much the same, for his tongue rattled away at a rate that was n't exactly usual with him. There was no mistaking Corny's feelings.

After breakfast, when we all got together to talk over the plans for the day,—a thing we had n't done for what seemed to me about a week,—we found out—or rather remembered—that there were a lot of things in Nassau that we had n't seen yet, and that we would n't miss for anything. We had been wasting time terribly lately, and the weather was now rather better for going about than it had been since we came to the place.

We agreed to go to Fort Charlotte that morning, and see the subterranean rooms and passages, and all the underground dreariness of which we had heard so much. The fort was built about a hundred years ago, and has no soldiers in it. To go around and look at the old forts in this part of the world, might make a person believe the millennium had come. They seem just about as good as ever they were, but they're all on a peace-footing. Rectus said they were played out, but I'd rather take my chances in Fort Charlotte, during a bombardment, than in some of the new-style forts that I have seen in the North. It is almost altogether underground, in the solid calcareous, and what could any fellow want better than that? The cannon-balls and bombs would have to plow up about an acre of pretty solid rock, and plow it deep, too, before they would begin to scratch the roof of the real strongholds of this fort. At least, that's the way I looked at it.

We made up a party and walked over. It's at the western end of the town and about a mile from the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton were with us, and a lady from Chicago, and Mr. Burgan. The other yellow-leg went out riding with his wife, but I think he wanted to go with us. The fort is on the top of a hill, and a colored shoe-maker is in command. He sits and cobbles all day, except when visitors come, and then he shows them around. He lighted a lamp and took us down into the dark, quiet rooms and cells, that were cut out of the solid rock, down deep into the hill, and it was almost like being in a coal-mine, only it was a great deal cleaner and not so deep. But it seemed just as much out of the world. In some of the rooms there were bats hanging to the ceilings. We did n't disturb them. One of the rooms was called the governor's room. There was n't any governor there, of course, but it had been made by the jolly old earl who had the place cut out,—and who was governor here at the time,—as a place where he might retire when he wanted to be private. It was the most private apartment I ever saw. This earl was the same old Dunmore we used to study about in our histories. He came over here when the Revolution threw him out of business in our country. He had some good ideas about chiseling rock.

This part of the fort was so extremely subterranean and solemn that it was n't long before Mrs. Chipperton had enough of it, and we came up. It was fine to get out into the open air, and see the blue sky and the bright, sparkling water of the harbor just below us, and the islands beyond, and still beyond them the blue ocean, with everything so bright and cheerful in the sunlight. If I had been governor of this place, I should have had

my private room on top of the fort, although, of course, that would n't do so well in times of bombardment.

But the general-in-chief did not let us off yet. He said he'd show us the most wonderful thing in the whole place, and then he took us out-of-doors again, and led us to a little shed or inclosed door-way just outside of the main part of the fort, but inside of the fortifications, where he had his bench and tools. He moved away the bench, and then we saw that it stood on a wooden trap-door. He took hold of a ring, and lifted up this door, and there was a round hole about as big as the hind wheel of a carriage. It was like a well, and was as dark as pitch. When he held the lamp over it, however, we could see that there were winding steps leading down into it. These steps were cut out of the rock, as was the hole and the pillar around which the steps wound. It was all one piece. The general took his lamp, and went down ahead, and we all followed one by one. Those who were most afraid and went last had the worst of it, for the lamp was n't a calcium light by any means, and their end of the line was a good deal in the dark. But we all got to the bottom of the well at last, and there we found a long, narrow passage leading under the very foundation or bottom floor of the whole place, and then it led outside of the fort under the moat, which was dry now, but which used to be full of water, and so, on and on, in black darkness to a place in the side of the hill, or somewhere where there had been a lookout. Whether there were any passages opening into this or not, I don't know, for it was dark in spite of the lamp, and we all had to walk in single file, so there was n't much chance for exploring sidewise. When we got to the end, we were glad enough to turn around and come back. It was a good thing to see such a place, but there was a feeling that if the walls should cave in a little, or a big rock should fall from the top of the passage, we should all be hermetically canned in very close quarters. When we came out, we gave the shoe-maker commander some money and came away.

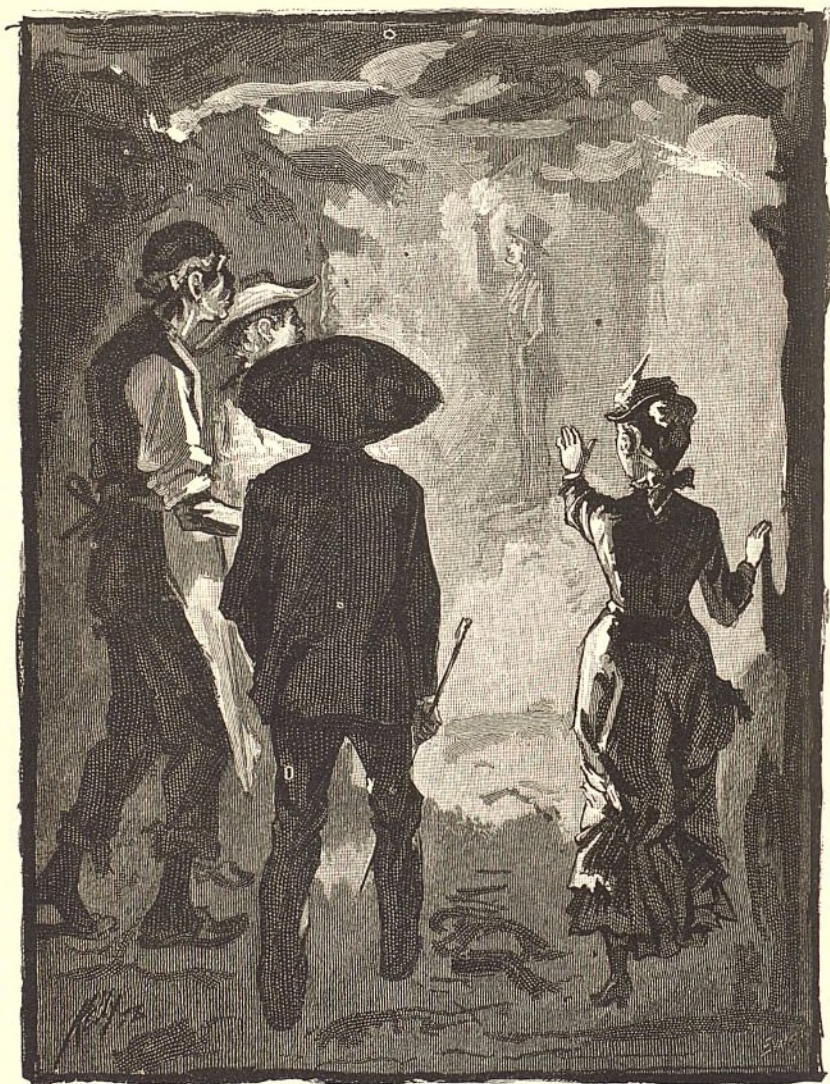
"Is n't it nice," said Corny, "that he is n't a queen, to be taken care of, and we can just pay him and come away, and not have to think of him any more?"

We agreed to that, but I said I thought we ought to go and take one more look at our old queen before we left. Mrs. Chipperton, who was a really sensible woman when she had a chance, objected to this, because, she said, it would be better to let the old woman alone now. We could n't do anything for her after we left, and it would be better to let her depend on her own exertions

now that she had got started again on that track. I did n't think that the word exertion was a very good one in Poquadilla's case, but I did n't argue the matter. I thought that if some of us dropped around there before we left, and gave her a couple

Mr. Chipperton did not answer, and his wife turned around quickly. She had been walking ahead with the Chicago lady.

"Why, where is he?" she exclaimed. We all stopped and looked about, but could n't see him.



"THERE STOOD MR. CHIPPERTON."

of shillings, it would not interfere much with her mercantile success in the future.

I thought this, but Corny spoke it right out—at least, what she said amounted to pretty much the same thing.

"Well," said her mother, "we might go around there once more, especially as your father has never seen the queen at all. Mr. Chipperton, would you like to see the African queen?"

He was n't there. We were part way down the hill, but not far from the fort, and we stopped and looked back, and then Corny called him. I said that I would run back for him, as he had probably stopped to talk with the shoe-maker. Rectus and I both ran back, and Corny came with us. The shoe-maker had put his bench in its place over the trap-door, and was again at work. But Mr. Chipperton was not talking to him.

"I'll tell you what I believe,"—said Corny, gasping.

But it was of no use to wait to hear what she believed. I believed it myself.

"Hello!" I cried to the shoe-maker before I reached him. "Did a gentleman stay behind here?"

"I did n't see none," said the man, looking up in surprise, as we charged on him.

"Then," I cried, "he's shut down in that well! Jump up and open the door!"

The shoe-maker did jump up, and we helped him move the bench, and had the trap-door open in no time. By this, the rest of the party had come back, and when Mrs. Chipperton saw the well open and no Mr. Chipperton about, she turned as white as a sheet. We could hardly wait for the man to light his lamp, and as soon as he started down the winding stairs, Rectus and I followed him. I called back to Mrs. Chipperton and the others that they need not come; we would be back in a minute and let them know. But it was of no use; they all came. We hurried on after the man with the light, and passed straight ahead through the narrow passage to the very end of it.

There stood Mr. Chipperton, holding a lighted match, which he had just struck. He was looking at something on the wall. As we ran in, he turned and smiled, and was just going to say something when Corny threw herself into his arms, and his wife, squeezing by, took him around his neck so suddenly that his hat flew off and bumped on the floor, like an empty tin can. He always wore a high silk hat. He made a grab for his hat, and the match burned his fingers.

"Aouch!" he exclaimed, as he dropped the match. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed his wife. "How dreadful to leave you here! Shut up alone in this awful place! But to think we have found you!"

"No trouble about that, I should say," remarked Mr. Chipperton, going over to the other side of the den after his hat. "You have n't been gone ten minutes, and it's a pretty straight road back here."

"But how did it happen?" "Why did you stay?" "Were n't you frightened?" "Did you stay on purpose?" we all asked him at pretty much one and the same time.

"I did stay on purpose," said he; "but I did not expect to stay but a minute, and had no idea you would go and leave me. I stopped to see what, in the name of common sense, this place was made for. I tried my best to make some sort of an observation out of this long, narrow loop-hole, but found I could see nothing of importance what-

ever, and so I made up my mind it was money thrown away to cut out such a place as this to so little purpose. When I had entirely made up my mind, I found, on turning around, that you had gone, and although I called I received no answer.

"Then I knew I was alone in this place. But I was perfectly composed. No agitation, no tremor of the nerves. Absolute self-control. The moment I found myself deserted, I knew exactly what to do. I did precisely the same thing that I would have done had I been left alone in the Mammoth Cave, or the Cave of Fingal, or any place of the kind.

"I stood perfectly still!

"If you will always remember to do that," and he looked as well as he could from one to another of us, "you need never be frightened, no matter how dark and lonely a cavern you may be left in. Strive to reflect that you will soon be missed, and that your friends will naturally come back to the place where they saw you last. Stay there! Keep that important duty in your mind. Stay just where you are! If you run about to try and find your way out, you will be lost. You will lose yourself, and no one can find you.

"Instances are not uncommon where persons have been left behind in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and who were not found by searching parties for a day or two, and they were almost invariably discovered in an insane condition. They rushed wildly about in the dark; got away from the ordinary paths of tourists; could n't be found, and went crazy,—a very natural consequence. Now, nothing of the kind happened to me. I remained where I was, and here you see, in less than ten minutes, I am rescued!"

And he looked around with a smile as pleasant as if he had just invented a new sewing-machine.

"But were you not frightened,—awe-struck, in this dark and horrible place, alone?" inquired Mrs. Chipperton, holding on to his arm.

"No," said he. "It was not very dark just here. That slit let in a little light. That is all it is good for, though why light should be needed here, I cannot tell. And then I lighted matches and examined the wall. I might find some trace of some sensible intention on the part of the people who quarried this passage. But I could find nothing. What I might have found, had I moved about, I cannot say. I had a whole box of matches in my pocket. But I did not move."

"Well," said Mr. Burgan, "I think you'd better move now. I, for one, am convinced that this place is of no use to me, and I don't like it."

I think Mr. Burgan was a little out of temper.

We now started on our way out of the passage, Mrs. Chipperton holding tight to her husband, for

fear, I suppose, that he might be inclined to stop again.

"I did n't think," said she, as she clambered up the dark and twisting steps, "that I should have this thing to do, so soon again. But no one can ever tell what strange things may happen to them, at any time."

"When father's along," added Corny.

This was all nuts to the shoe-maker, for we gave him more money for his second trip down the well. I hope this did n't put the idea into his head of shutting people down below, and making their friends come after them, and pay extra.

"There are some things about Mr. Chipperton that I like," said Rectus, as we walked home together.

"Yes," said I, "some things."

"I like the cool way in which he takes bad fixes," continued Rectus, who had a fancy for doing

things that way himself. "Don't you remember that time he struck on the sand-bank. He just sat there in the rain, waiting for the tide to rise, and made no fuss at all. And here, he kept just as cool and comfortable, down in that dungeon. He must have educated his mind a good deal to be able to do that."

"It may be very well to educate the mind to take things coolly," said I, "but I'd a great deal rather educate my mind not to get me into such fixes."

"I suppose that would be better," said Rectus, after thinking a minute.

And now we had but little time to see anything more in Nassau. In two days the "Tigris" would be due, and we were going away in her. So we found we should have to bounce around in a pretty lively way, if we wanted to be able to go home and say we had seen the place.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE LAMBKINS WENT SOUTH.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

MR. and Mrs. Lambkin,

And the six little Lambkins, too,

Awoke one cold March morning,

All saying, "*Katchoo! katchoo!*"

"The fire is out in the furnace,

The day is cold and bleak.

Suppose," said good Mrs. Lambkin,

"We shut up the house for a week."

"Then could we take a journey,

Go South?" in tones quite hoarse,

Cried all the Lambkin children—

"Go South and get warm, of course!"

"I like the plan extremely,"

Said father Lambkin then;

"I'll go, dears, and buy a canal-boat,

And you will be ready—when?"

"To-morrow! why not to-morrow?"

Said wife and children too:

"To-morrow's the first of April,

And we have n't much to do.

Well, then, we'll start to-morrow."

Mr. Lambkin smilingly said:

"Come, wife, and we'll buy our provisions,

For a family must be fed."

Mrs. Lambkin put on her bonnet,

And arm-in-arm they went

To the grocer's and then to the baker's,

Till all their money was spent.

Nuts and apples and raisins,

Molasses and pickles and cheese.

"I'm trying," said Mrs. Lambkin,

"The children's tastes to please."

Thursday, the first of April,

Was a cloudy, chilly day,

"Courage!" said father Lambkin;

"We'll soon be miles away;

We're going straight to the tropics

Where the dust is silver and gold,

Where the trees are full of fig-paste,

And you dig for ripe dates, I'm told."

So they loaded their canal-boat

With their nuts and apples and cheese,

Molasses, pickles and raisins,

And there sat down at their ease.

"Let's sail for the warmest country,"

Said the youngest, with a wheeze.

"We must wait a while," said the father,

"Wait till we catch a breeze."

And so the Lambkins waited
While the morning hours went by.
"It's very strange," said the mother,
"That not a breeze comes nigh!
Why should we tarry longer?"
And Mr. Lambkin replied:
"If the breeze don't come quite soon, dears,
We'll have to wait for the tide."

And so the Lambkins waited,
And the afternoon slipped on—
Soon the apples and the raisins,
The pickles and cheese were gone.
Only the nuts and molasses
Remained of all their store.
"I think," said Mrs. Lambkin,
"T would be wiser to go ashore."

So, armed with sheets and towels,
Umbrella and parasol,
The patient Lambkins waited
Till night began to fall,—
Nuts and molasses for supper.
"Oh, father! don't stay here,"
Said two or three of the children,
"We feel so very queer!"
"Well, well," said Mrs. Lambkin,
"Some folks may like to roam;
But, for my part, I'm persuaded
There's no place like one's home."
"Home! home!" cried all the children;
"Yes, take us home to-night."
"There, wife!" said Mr. Lambkin,
"You see that I was right."



"No, no!" cried the little Lambkins,
"The world we want to see;
You've promised us a journey,
And a journey it ought to be."
"My dear," said Mrs. Lambkin,
"I see the trouble at last;
We ought to spread our canvas,
But we have n't any mast!"

"True! true!" said father Lambkin,
"But we can manage it all;
I'll hoist my big umbrella,
You raise your parasol;
Give the smallest children towels,
And the largest ones a sheet.
Just follow my directions,
And our rig will be complete."

Then home went all the Lambkins;
With aching hearts and heads,
All tired and cold and hungry,
They crept into their beds.
But all that night was moaning
And groaning sad and sore;
"Alas!" said each poor Lambkin,
"We will not travel more."

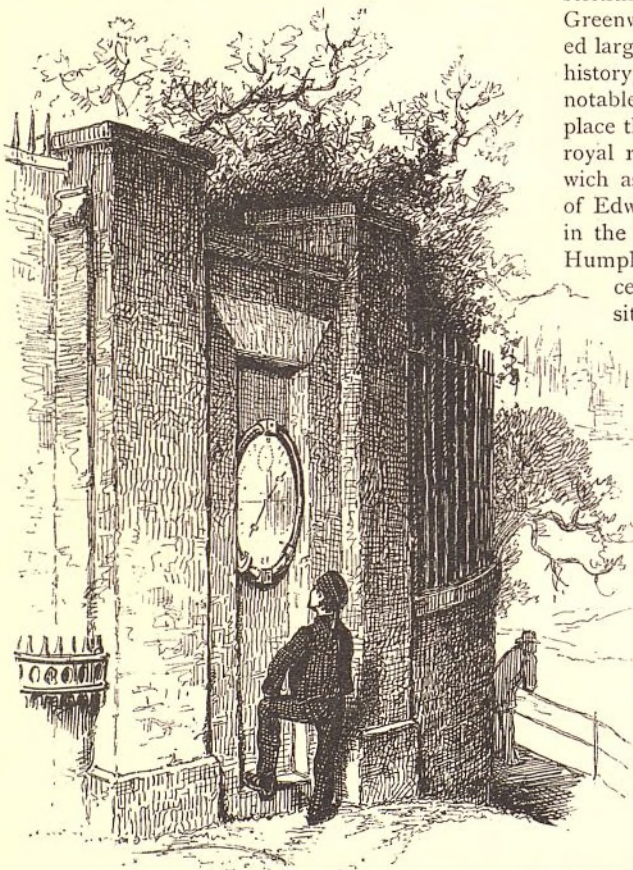
So from that day the Lambkins
Have staid at home content.
"We think," say all the children,
"That money's badly spent
In fitting out canal-boats
On foreign shores to roam,
And so we sing together,
There's no place like our home!"

LONGITUDE NAUGHT.

BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

EVERY young person who will read this article probably knows that longitude is the distance measured east and west from a given point on the earth, and that longitude naught is the given point,—in this case, the town of Greenwich, England, which name I am sure they all have seen on the margins of their maps.

I do not mean to say that there is no other longitude naught, because the numbering of the lines of longitude may begin anywhere, but practically, Greenwich is this point, since, you may be sure, when the longitude of any place is mentioned in English, it is reckoned from Greenwich.



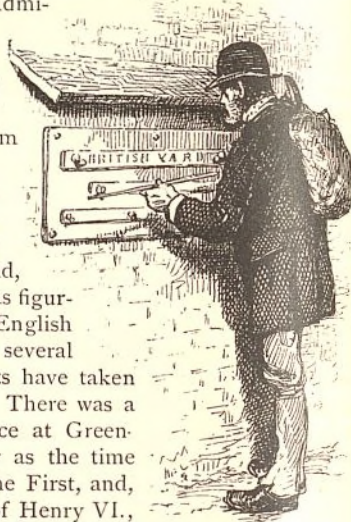
THE STANDARD CLOCK AT GREENWICH.

The national vessels of many countries reckon their longitude from points within their own boundaries. Thus we reckon from Washington, and

you will so see it expressed on our maps; and the French from Paris; nevertheless, the merchant marine of the world uses

the British Admiralty Charts, the longitude on which is invariably reckoned from Greenwich.

Apart from its prominence in the scientific world, Greenwich has figured largely in English history, and several notable events have taken place there. There was a royal residence at Greenwich as early as the time of Edward the First, and, in the time of Henry VI., Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, began, on the site of the present ob-



THE STANDARD OF MEASUREMENTS.

servatory, a tower which was completed by Henry VII., who had a palace in Greenwich park, called by him Placentia. This seems to have been the beginning of Greenwich palace, which, with numerous additions and alterations, ended by being turned into the present hospital and school.

The old palace was a favorite resort of royalty for several generations. Henry the Eighth was born here, and here Edward the Sixth died. The Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, Henry's daughters, were also born here, and the latter, when queen, made it her summer residence. Henry's queen, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, was arrested here, and numerous pageants, receptions of ambassadors, and other regal fêtes, took place at Greenwich palace. Charles the First was the last monarch who resided in it, and he left it in 1641, at the beginning of the troubles which cost him his head. In 1694, King William turned it into a hospital.

Meanwhile, before all this occurred, Duke

Humphrey's Tower, on the hill, had been first strengthened and made into a fortress in 1642, and then demolished by Charles II., and upon the site, by his order, a Royal Observatory was built,—one of the few creditable things done by this monarch. So, you will see, Greenwich is not altogether without historical attractions in addition to those which give it importance in the scientific and practical world; moreover, it is very beautiful, and, as I discovered on a recent trip there, well worthy of a visit.

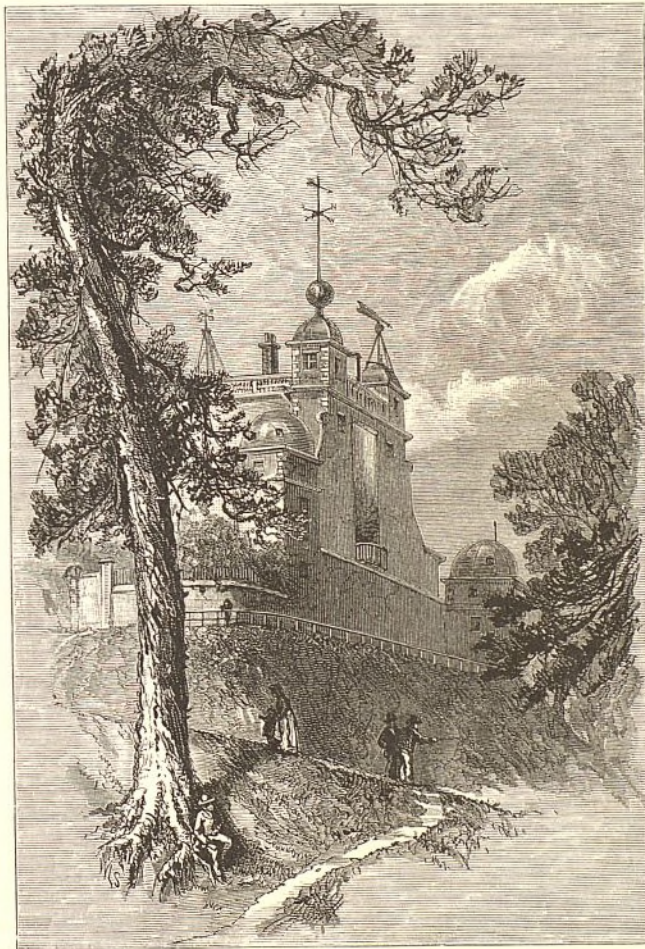
It is more interesting to go from London by the steamers than by the railway. You can but be astonished at the ease with which the boat is guided amongst the throngs of vessels, such as you have never seen in the rivers around New York. It is all the more surprising, because the steersman is not forward in an elevated pilot-house, where he could see in every direction, but aft and on deck. From the bridge, a platform which runs from one wheel-house to the other, the captain gives steering signals to the helmsman with one hand, and with the other signs to a boy on the deck below him,* who, in turn, calls them down to the engineer, interpreting the captain's signs into "Start her! Ease her! Stop her! Back her!" as the circumstances require. So there are no bells, but all human signals. I could not help thinking that there might be a bad accident if that boy should sneeze or cough at a critical moment.

The hospital and other buildings at Greenwich are close to the water. They are in the same style as many of the public buildings of the same period in London, and look fully as dingy and grimy.

Going through the great gates the pillars of which have each a large globe upon it,—one terrestrial, the other celestial,—we find on the right the large hospital for sailors. The convalescent men are sitting around the shady side of the building, or slowly walking up and down; and one could, with a little imagination, give to each bandaged limb or wan cheek a history which would take us to scenes of fierce struggles with stormy winds, shipwrecks, or fevers on mangrove-lined rivers.

The next edifice to which the public is admitted

is that which contains the Great Painted Hall. The ceiling of the hall is covered with an immense painting, intended to show what a powerful nation the British is, and the walls are hung with a great many pictures of naval fights in which the English are coming out best. For this reason, probably, there are no pictures of John Paul Jones's engagements, nor of any of the actions with our ships in 1812. The works of art, however, though all naval, are not all belligerent. There are statues and pictures of English admirals for several centuries, and though some look very unsailor-like in their ruffs and silk doublets, yet they were good



THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

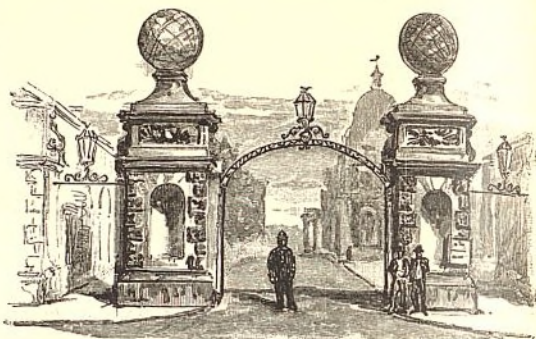
commanders, fighters, and explorers. Here you may see, too, the coat worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of the Nile,—blue, trimmed with pale buff, and of the "swallow-tailed" cut. Near by, in another case, are a few objects which tell of fearful sufferings, wanderings and death, for these tar-

* See "A London Child's Holiday" in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1875.

nished spoons and broken trinkets belonged to those who went with the brave Sir John Franklin.

Leaving the gallery, in crossing the quadrangle, we pass the ship moored on land where the boys of the naval school learn how to "hand, reef and steer," as all boys do who are intended for sea-service. This school was founded in such a singular manner, that it is worth while to notice it. In 1798, a man went around getting subscriptions and collecting money for an institution of this nature to be located at Paddington. He was very successful, but some suspicion of fraud arising, there was a meeting of the parties interested, when it was discovered that the establishment called the "British Endeavour," for the building of which they had subscribed, existed only in the brain of this swindler. At the same time, the Duke of Sussex and others of the subscribers, recognizing the utility of such an institution,

the battle of Trafalgar, he declared it a Royal Foundation School for a thousand children. The



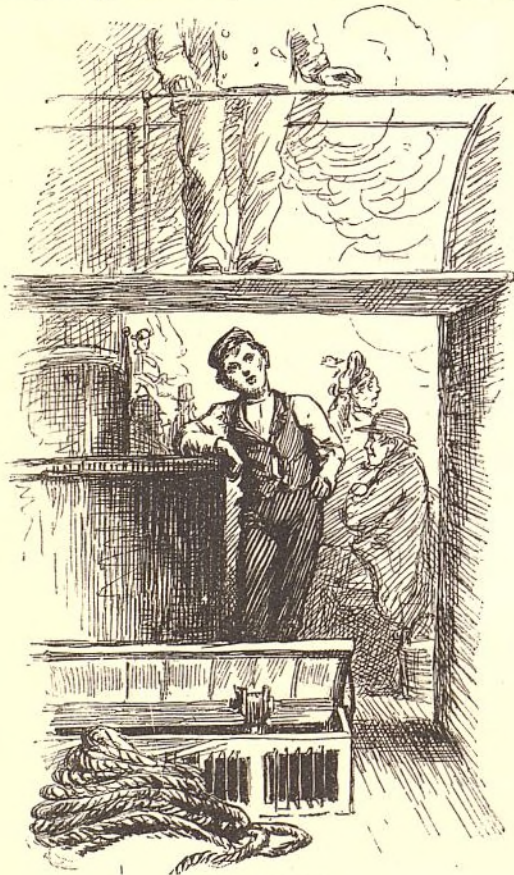
THE GREAT GATE.

establishment was afterward transferred to Greenwich. There are about five hundred boys there at present, all the sons of seamen, as the regulations require. It is very interesting to see them practice in the rigging, and drill in infantry movements, and on fine afternoons a large crowd collects to witness them.

Still further on is the museum, full of models of ships, dock-yards, anchors, and inventions used in marine operations. The most interesting in this multitude of objects are the models of the masts, rigging or sides of the ships engaged in the most noted of the battles between the British and the French. Here you may see, on a small scale, exactly what damage was sustained by the "Victory" and many of the other ships under Nelson's command. The work of the cannon-shot is so successfully imitated, that it looks as if it had been really done by guns on the same scale as the little ships.

We may now turn our attention to the park, the beautiful groves of which, with the observatory rising on the hill amongst them, we have seen through every opening as we inspected the naval buildings. The land lies beautifully, and sweeps grandly up to the hill capped by the building, with the queer poles and flying wheels on its roof and towers. The trees grow in very striking groups, and one old oak, dead at the top and almost entirely overrun by ivy, is fenced off to itself; it was planted by Queen Bess nearly three hundred years ago.

If it is not too foggy, the view from the hill is charming. The park is a great resort for Londoners in the spring holidays. On these occasions grown people play at games which are usually left to children in America. It is very amusing to see them holding hands in a great circle and playing Kiss in the Ring. They are very boisterous, but good-natured. The observatory is not a very

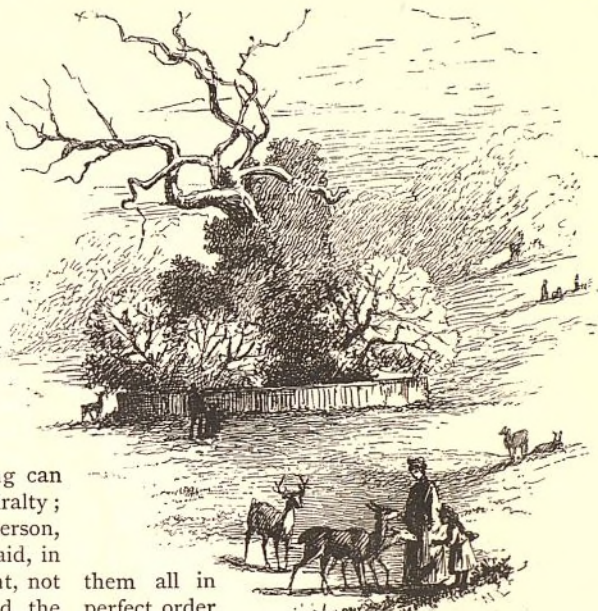


THE SIGNAL BOY.

resolved to carry it out in good faith, which was done, whilst the projector was imprisoned. The king thought so highly of it, that on the day of

handsome building, and if it were it would be spoiled by the numerous poles, weather-cocks and wind-gauges on its roof, and the great black ball which is dropped at one o'clock every day to give the exact time to ship-masters, in order that they may regulate their chronometers. On one side of the observatory is the great clock that always has the correct time, without any dispute, which is very seldom the case with other time-pieces. You may stand there a long while and notice that everybody who comes by and has a watch will compare it with the big clock. On the wall, near the gate, there are metal plates with projecting irons, which are set to indicate the standard of English measurements: the yard, the foot and the inch. I saw a workman with a hamper of tools coming along. The notice attracted his eye, and he immediately put down his tool-bag, got out and tested his rule, and walked away apparently satisfied with the result. The interior of the building can only be visited by permission from the admiralty; but unless the visitor is a tolerably scientific person, a great deal will be lost to him. It may be said, in general terms, that here, by day and by night, not only are the heavenly bodies watched, and the "stars in their courses" noted with the utmost accuracy, but also that a great many of the operations of nature are followed and their results measured and recorded by instruments and appliances of the most delicate workmanship and adjustment. The barometer and thermometer are instruments familiar to everybody; here they register themselves by photography; anemometers measure the force of the wind; lines of subterranean telegraph measure the force of terrestrial magnetism; electrometers collect atmos-

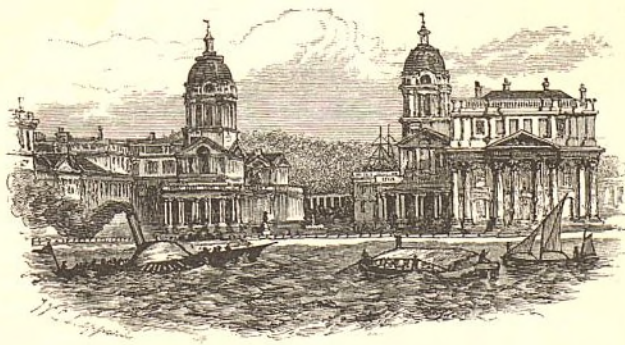
pheric electricity, and thermometers are everywhere—on the grass, on the ground, and in the Thames. The telescopes are excellent ones, of course, and the greatest pains are taken to have



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK.

them all in perfect order and very firmly mounted.

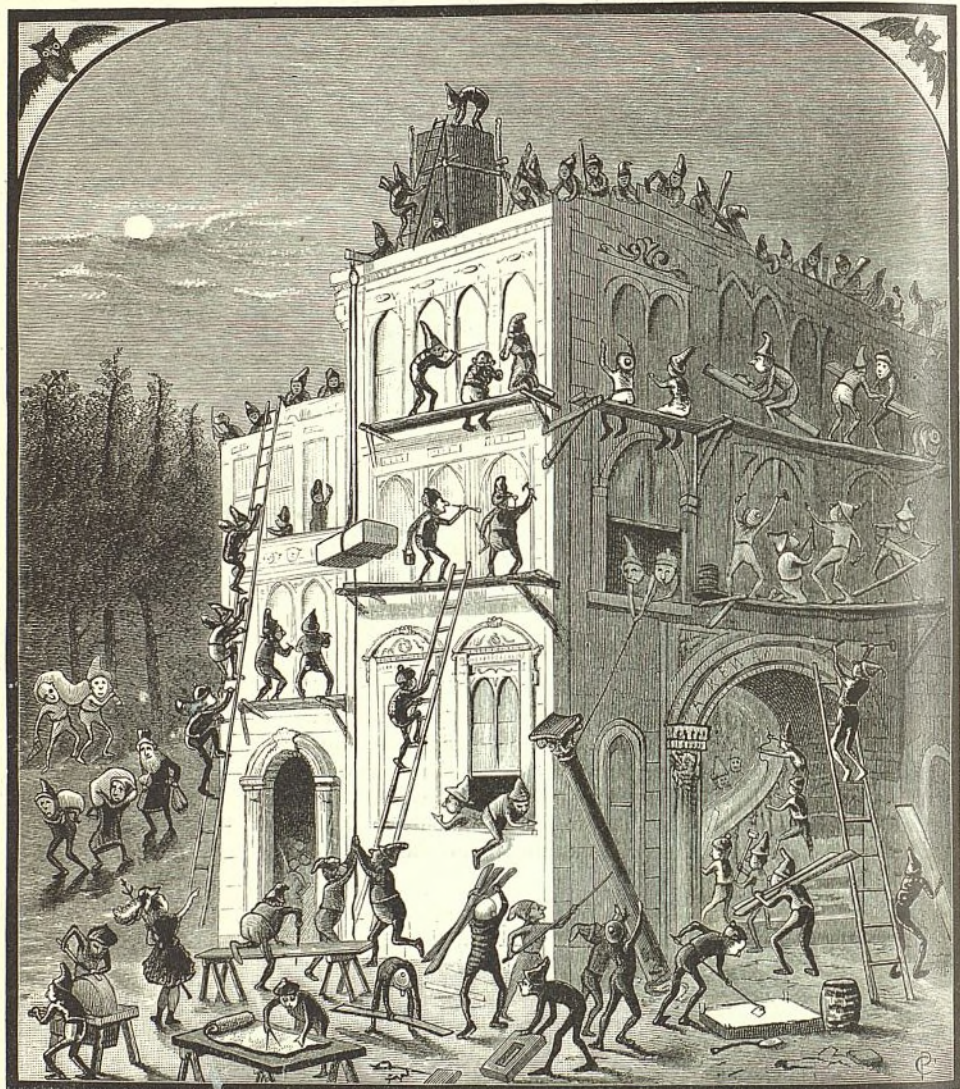
As for the town, it seems very quiet, though for years people have come here to eat the nice little fish called "whitebait," and have made it very gay sometimes. I took lunch in one queer old place which dated from George the First's time, I noticed, and was getting shabby, and then I came away, firmly convinced that I should have made a mistake if I had not gone to see the place which has no longitude.



THE HOSPITAL AT GREENWICH.

THE FAIRIES' GIFT.

BY PALMER COX.



WHEN the Kidderminster Fairies heard the rumor going round
 How the young and favor'd Forester, who guarded game and ground,
 Was to wed the Flo ist's daughter, one as good as she was fair,
 They resolved to make a wedding-gift befitting such a pair.
 Soon the golden day of promise came which saw the couple wed,
 When the solemn vows were spoken and the Parson's blessing said.
 Lo! that night the Fairies gathered from the East and from the West,
 From the North and South they hastened to some land the youth possess'd.

Over mountains, over rivers, th
Still they mustered by the hur
Every trade was represented, a
From the man who planned a
And they set to work in earn
To erect a stately mansion fo

'T was a mighty undertaking, of sue
Nothing else but Fairy workmen could with
There they bustled without resting, as though life
Till their little hands were blistered and their garments wi
How they sawed, and bored, and "boosted up" the timbers th night,
How they hammered, hammered, hammered, to get done ere morning light;
For the Fairies who from labor by the dappled dawn are chased,
While their work is yet unfinished, are forevermore disgraced.

Oh, what harmony existed! Not a breath was wasted there,
Not an oath or harsh expression fell like poison on the air.
Here the blacksmith and his helper made the solid anvil sound
While they forged the bolts and braces that secured the structure round.
There the mason with his trowel kept the hod-men moving spry,
Till the massive chimney tower'd twenty cubits to the sky,
And the painters followed after with their ladders and their pails,
Spreading paint upon the finish ere the joiner drove his nails.
Even cobblers with their pincers, and their awls and pegs of wood,
Were assisting in the enterprise by pegging where they could.
There the glazier with his putty-roll was working with a will,
While the plumber plumbed the building without sending in his bill;
And the sculptor with his mallet by the marble lintel stood,
Till he chiseled the inscription: *A Reward for being Good.*

When no article was wanting for the comfort of the pair,
From the scraper at the entrance to the rods upon the stair,
Then the wizened little millionaires, possessed of wealth untold,
Into treasure-vaults and coffers many rich donations roll'd.
And before the East was purpled by the arrows of the sun
All the Fairies had departed, for the edifice was done.

So that couple took possession, and in all the country round
There was none enjoyed such riches or such happiness profound.
There they lived for years in comfort, and then followed next of kin,
Till a dozen generations in succession lived therein.
Many walls since then have tumbled, in the dust lie stones and lime,
But that mansion, built by Fairies, still defies the teeth of Time.
Winds may howl around its gable, snow may settle on its roof,
Rain may patter, hail may batter, but it towers weather-proof.

Gone are not the days of Fairies, let folk tell you what they will,
In the moonlight they assemble to perform their wonders still.
So be careful, oh, be cautious what you say, or think, or do,
For the Fairies may be waiting to erect a house for you.

A CURIOUS BOX OF BOOKS.

BY H. D. M.

IN this little sketch, I want to tell my boy and girl readers in what a remarkable way a certain distinguished man, who lived more than two hundred years ago, was helped by his books. He was a Hollander, and his name was Hugo de Groot; but he was generally called Grotius, after the fashion of those times, which was to give names as much of a Latin form as possible. On the 5th of June, 1619, this man was taken to prison, in the castle of Loevenstein, under a sentence which condemned him to imprisonment for life. He was not an old man,—only thirty-six,—but he was one of the most learned men in Europe. His wife and his five children were allowed to come with him to this gloomy place, which was almost surrounded by the deep rivers Waal and Meuse, and, on the side which joined the land, had two immense walls and a double ditch. The poor prisoners passed over this ditch by a draw-bridge, and went through thirteen different doors, all with heavy bolts, until they reached the rooms where Grotius expected to be locked up for the rest of his life.

This would seem enough to take away a man's spirits forever. But Grotius was one of those happy people who do not stop to wish for things around them to be different, but just go straight on, making the best of matters as they are.

His jailer was a hard and cruel man, who would not let him even walk in the court-yard for a little fresh air, so he could not stir out of his two small rooms. But Grotius sent for a giant top, and used to spin it for hours every day, to give himself exercise. Meantime his wife (who seems to have been as cheerful as he was), with her maid Elsjé, took care of the children, cooked the food for all the family, and went backward and forward to the little town to buy what was wanted. Gorcum and Worcum are the two little cities opposite to the castle on different sides. These are real names, though

they sound like make-believe, and it was to Gorcum that Madame Grotius used to go, to get food and clothing as they were needed.

There sometimes came also to Grotius, from Gorcum, the things he most cared for, next to his wife and children. A friend of his, a scholar named Erpenius, would send him every now and then a great chest full of books. Think what a joy for the poor prisoner when he could open it, and spread out before him the books that delighted and taught him, that turned his thoughts from his troubles, and soothed him in the way that true knowledge always can soothe and comfort!

But this chest of books did more than merely comfort him in his prison; you shall hear how it helped him to escape from it altogether.

Nearly two years had passed, when some men were sent by the government to search the castle through, for ropes which it was said Grotius' wife had been seen buying in Gorcum. They thought she was trying to contrive an escape for her husband. No ropes could be found, and they went away satisfied that it would be just as easy for him to fly out of the castle like a bird as to escape with ropes, even if he had any. This may have put the idea into Madame Grotius' head, for not long afterward she was in Gorcum one day at the house of a merchant named Dætselær, who had been very kind to them, and who always sent and received the chest of books. She asked Madame Dætselær if she would be frightened to see Grotius make his appearance there.

"Oh no," she said, laughing; "only send him, and we will take good care of him."

Again, some time afterward, she was at Madame Dætselær's, and asked her if it were not true that all exiles and outlaws might come to the town the next day but one, the day of the yearly fair.

"Yes, that is quite true," said her friend.

"Then my husband might come too?"

"Yes, we shall be glad to have him," said Madame Dætselær.

"What a good woman you are," said the visitor, as she rose to go. "But you know that nothing but a bird could fly out of the castle."

Next day was the 20th of March, and there was a fearful equinoctial storm. All at once one of the children, little Cornelia, said:

"No matter how it blows to-morrow, papa must be off to Gorcum."

Grotius and his wife felt as if the child were an angel speaking from heaven, for, while Madame Dætselær had thought her friend was joking, she had really been making a plan for him to get off. Every time that she looked at the big chest in her husband's room, she thought that he might possibly get into it, and so be carried out of the castle. It was scarcely four feet long, and not very broad nor deep; but he had tried it several times. He was a tall man, but he found he could curl himself up in it, and lie still two hours by the hour-glass, with his wife sitting on the lid. They now made up their minds to risk the trial the next day, because it fortunately happened that the commandant was away for a short time. They told Elsje—who was very quick, and bright, and devoted to them—all about it, and asked her if she would take the chest, with her master in it, to Gorcum. She asked if she would be punished in case it was found out; but though her master said it was most probable that she would be, still she agreed to go. The commandant's wife consented to the chest's being sent out, in her husband's absence, and now everything was arranged for the attempt.

The next morning, Grotius rose early and prayed for an hour. Then he got into the chest, dressed in linen underclothes, and without shoes, so as to take as little room as possible. Under his head was Erpenius' big Testament, with some bunches of thread on it, for a pillow. His wife said good-bye, turned the key in the lock, kissed it, and gave it to Elsje.

Then she put his clothes and slippers in front of the bed, jumped in herself, drew the curtains, and rang the bell for the servant. He brought the soldiers, who were to carry the chest to the boat, and one of them, as he moved it, said:

"The Arminian"—as they called Grotius—"must be in it himself, it is so heavy."

Three or four times, as they dragged and lifted it through all the thirteen doors, they said the same thing; but Elsje passed off all their questions with a joke and a laugh, and so they came safely to the boat. The plank for sliding the box on board was weak, and she made them take another

and thicker one; then the wind blew the sail-boat over so much that she was sure the chest would fall overboard, and persuaded the captain to have it securely lashed. Finally, an officer sat down on it, and began kicking and drumming upon it, until she told him he might break some china inside, and begged him to sit somewhere else, and then she sat down on it herself.

The wind was favorable, and soon blew them over to Gorcum. Elsje paid some money to the skipper and his son to carry the chest up to the Dætselærs'.

On the way, the boy said he was sure there was something alive in the box.

"Yes, yes," said Elsje, "Arminian books are always lively and full of spirit."

They reached the house and put down the chest in a back room; Elsje paid them, and then flew into the shop to Madame Dætselær, whispering in her ear:

"I have got my master here in your back parlor."

The good dame turned pale, and looked as if she would faint; but she recovered in a moment, and went into the other room with Elsje.

"Master! master!" cried Elsje, but no one answered. "Oh God!" cried the poor girl, "my master is dead!"

Just then there came a hard thump on the inside of the lid, and Grotius called out:

"Open the chest! I am not dead, but I did not know your voice at first."

The box was unlocked, and he came out in his white clothes, like a dead man out of his coffin.

The dame took them through a trap-door into an upper room, and brought him some wine to drink, for he was very weak. She next ran to her brother-in-law, named Van der Ween, and found him in his shop, talking to one of the officers from the castle. She whispered to him to follow her, which he did at once. When he saw Grotius, he said:

"Sir, you are the man of whom all the country is talking."

"I put myself in your hands," answered Grotius.

Van der Ween said there was not a moment to lose, and hurried off to find a mason, whom he knew he could trust. He asked him to get the dress of a journeyman, and this they put on Grotius, smearing his face and hands with plaster, and slouching his hat over his face, and so they passed safely through the crowd, many of whom knew him, and would have given him up. Two days from that time he reached Antwerp safely, after some dangers and difficulties on the road; but they were nothing compared to what he had

already gone through. At Antwerp the chief magistrate, who had the strange title of Red Rod, welcomed him kindly, and from that time he was safe.

When the commandant returned to the castle, Madame Grotius met him with a smile.

"Here is the cage," she said, "but your bird is flown."

The commandant was in a terrible passion, but it was of no use; his bad language could not bring back the prisoner, and after a time Grotius' wife was set at liberty, and allowed to join him. As he was not allowed to work for his own country, he spent the rest of his life in the service of France

and Sweden, and became more famous than ever, as an ambassador, a poet and a historian.

Elsje, the brave girl who had done so much for her master, married Grotius' servant, who had learned Latin and many other things from his master, during the two years he had been serving him in prison, and who afterward became a good lawyer in Holland.

This is the story of the escape of Grotius. He lived to be quite an old man, but I think that there were certain books he never could see without going back in his thoughts to the Loevenstein castle, and feeling heartily thankful that he had loved to read.

THE SCHNITZEN.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

"WOORTZ! woortz! wo-o-o-rtz! woortz!"

This was the shrill cry that Peter Koontz repeated again and again as he stood at the edge of a wood at the bottom of Prospect Hill, in Western Pennsylvania. Not a house was in sight, not a creature to be seen in the range of vision, which, it must be confessed, was, at that precise spot, rather limited, with a thick wood on one side, and a high hill on the other. But Peter knew that his wild shrill cry would be understood by those for whom it was intended. Very soon, a long black nose was thrust out from the underwood; then a white one. These noses were quickly followed by portly bodies, and in a few minutes, half a dozen hogs, the owners of the noses, gathered around Peter, and grunted a welcome, for they had their own selfish reasons for being very glad to see him.

Peter counted the hogs. One was missing. "Where is Dindy?" he asked.

No reply being given by the company, he answered the question himself. "He is growing fat and lazy. I won't wait for him. He'll come home when he is ready, and he is smart enough to take care of himself."

Dindy was Peter's pet. He had been a wonderfully "cute" little pig, all white except a black spot at each eye, which gave him the appearance of wearing spectacles, and made him look extremely wise. It was this expression probably that gave Peter the idea of educating Dindy. His friend, Jake Casebeer, who was a great reader, had told him wonderful stories he had found in books, of the intelligence of pigs, and of the fine things they had

been taught to do. So Peter had bestowed a great deal of time and pains on Dindy's education, and had succeeded in teaching him two accomplishments. He would beg by sitting gravely down on his haunches, with his fore legs and long snout held high in the air, and he could fold up a napkin. If the housemaid were to fold your napkin as Dindy folded his, you would say it was very badly done, but Dindy did it very well indeed for a pig.

This was the prodigy that was missing on this evening. It was not the first time he had been thus tardy, and Peter was excusable in not waiting for him, and in walking away from the spot at once, followed by the whole herd of pigs. They had not far to go, for just around the corner of the wood was the small red farm-house in which Peter lived.

The pigs were soon shut into their respective pens. Dindy had a pen to himself, a new one, with clean grass, and he seemed to enjoy it; for pigs, when treated with consideration, are not so fond of dirt as is generally supposed. Peter gave a look at the pen, and saw that the gate was open, and the eating-trough filled. "Dindy will be there all right when I come back," he thought, "and then I'll fasten the gate."

Peter was in a hurry to get over to the other side of Prospect Hill, for it was nearly time for Jake Casebeer to be there. Jake's business was to ride and attend to a mule that drew a small canal-boat from Dumbarton to Saxe's Bridge. At the latter place a fresh mule was put to the boat, which continued its course, while Jake and his mule spent the night there. The next morning he and his

mule towed another boat down to Dumbarton, remaining there that night, and back to Saxe's Bridge the next day, and so on. This was Jake's night in Saxe's Bridge. He was always glad when it was his night in that town, for his home was there.

Peter had not gone half way down the hill when he saw the mule coming plodding slowly along as usual, with Jake on her back. The boy held an open book in his hands, according to custom, and was reading so intently that he did not hear Peter's

"All right!" cried Jake, as the mule crept away.

Perhaps all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS do not know that *schnitz* among the Pennsylvania Dutch means dried apples. A *schnitzen* is a party where the invited guests are expected to help in paring the apples, and cutting them for drying; each apple is cut into about eight pieces. After a couple of hours of this work, the apples are put aside, and a bountiful supper is served; and the evening is finished with games or dancing. Sometimes, several



JAKE ON HIS MULE.

call. Jake had a great deal of time for reading during his slow journeys, and had become very fond of it. The little circulating library of Dumbarton supplied him with books. And, as the girls and boys of the region in which he lived had few books, and read very little, Jake's knowledge was held in high esteem.

Peter did not call again, as he felt sure Jake would look around for him when the mule reached that part of the tow-path that ran along the foot of the hill, for it was Peter's habit to be there when his friend came along. And Jake did look up, and seeing Peter, called out:

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" shouted Peter. "Come up to our house this evening! We're going to have a schnitzen, and there'll be lots of fun!"

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barrels of apples are thus got ready for the drying-house in one evening. The drying-house is a small building fitted up with movable shelves, and heated by a stove.

There was a good deal for Peter to do before the company assembled, and his mind was so full of the schnitzen that he forgot Dindy, and went from the hill straight to the house, where he helped to place the barrels of apples in the great, roomy kitchen. All the "deep dishes" in the house were pressed into the service for the use of the parers and cutters, and two or three tubs were made ready for the reception of the apples as the dishes filled. A couple of barrels were placed outside the door for the parings.

It was early in September, and this was the first schnitzen of the season, so when Jake arrived he

found a large party of young people in the kitchen of Peter's house hard at work, and all in high spirits. They were clustered in groups of four or six, and the talk was lively. Jake was warmly welcomed, and he joined a group, consisting of Peter and his sister, Susannah Koontz, and Deborah Miller.

So many hands busily employed can cut up a great many apples, and three members of the family spent most of the time waiting on the guests, carrying them the apples to be pared, or emptying the dishes of cut apples. The tongues of all were as busy as the hands; but, after a time, there occurred one of those strange pauses you may have noticed sometimes in a party, when everybody stops talking at once, for no apparent reason. In this case, however, one group did not notice the stillness of the room, and continued the conversation. This was how it happened that all the guests heard Peter Koontz say:

"Yes, there are such things as kunjures! I know it!"

"How do you know it?" said Jake. "You've never conjured anything."

"But I do know it," persisted Peter. "I've heard tell of such things as kunjures."

"He means men who go about eating fire, and firing watches into loaves of bread without breaking the watches, and such like things," said Deborah Miller.

"No, I don't," said Peter. "I've seen them kunjures; I mean kunjures that bring fairies and goblins."

"Oh, you mean *charms*," said Jake. "A charm is a verse that fairies are obliged to answer. You may call them in any other way and they wont come, but if you say the right words that make the charm, up pops a little fairy, close by you, and it is always obliged to do just what you want it to."

"Is that really true, Jake?" called out a voice from a distant corner of the room.

Then Jake became aware that the whole company had overheard their little talk. He was too old really to believe in fairies, but he liked fun; and, knowing that his more ignorant companions regarded him as a sort of oracle, because of all he had learned from the books he had read, he thought he would play a joke on them. So he gravely replied:

"I know a fairy charm. I learned it from a book, but I've never tried it."

"Try it now!" called out a chorus of voices.

"Very well," said Jake, as he stood up, and put on his gravest look. "Pay attention!"

All hands stopped work, and all eyes were turned upon Jake as he repeated the following words:

"Fairies big, fairies small,
Fairies little, fairies tall,
Come to me now,
And keep your vow,
And give to me what I beg, beg, beg!"

As the last word was spoken, Jake turned and pointed his finger in a tragic manner toward the open door. But his hand fell to his side, and he stared with astonishment at the spirit he had conjured up. He had expected to see nothing at all, and did not know what to make of the strange figure in the door-way. But the next instant he recognized the learned pig. Yes, there sat Dindy in solemn state, his body erect, and his fore legs and snout held aloft!

The gate of Dindy's pen being open, it is probable that he had been tempted by the noise he heard in the kitchen to visit that apartment for a second supper. It was by no means his first visit to the kitchen. He arrived at the door, no doubt, about the time Jake commenced his charm, and the attention of the company was so engrossed that they did not note the patter of his little hoofs on the stone step. At the words "beg, beg, beg," Dindy at once assumed a begging attitude, as he had been taught to do. He was in no wise abashed at the shouts of laughter that greeted his performance, and the cries of "What a jolly fairy!" "Keep your vow!" "Hurrah for Jake's charm!" He had his eyes on Peter, and was looking for the reward of merit.

"He shall have a piece of cream cheese," said Susannah Koontz, darting into the pantry. She soon returned with the cheese, which she placed in Peter's hand, and he approached Dindy, saying, "Beg! beg! beg!" while the wise animal sat up straight, greatly to the delight of the young folk. Dindy certainly was a very comical pig, and Peter was proud of the sensation his pet was creating.

"He can fold a napkin—if he chooses," said Peter, while the pig was swallowing his cheese.

It was well to add the last clause, for Dindy did not always choose. But he was in a good humor this night, and a napkin being spread open on the floor before him, and a piece of cream cheese held at a distance, he at last comprehended that in order to get that cheese he must fold that napkin. So he made a dab at it with one of his hoofs (he was now in his natural position, on his four legs) and rumbled it up. Then he made a dab with his other foot and turned it over again. So it was really folded, whatever might be said of the skillfulness of the performance. It was, however, considered a great success by the company, who wished it repeated, but Dindy could not be relied on to repeat his tricks, so the piece of cheese was thrown out of the door, the pig dismissed, and everybody returned to the business of the evening.

Soon the tongues were running as lively as ever, and there was a good deal of noise in the room for about a quarter of an hour, when a scream from some one of "Dindy! Dindy! Oh-h-h! Dindy!" drew the general attention once more to that wise animal. The cheese had fallen within the door-way, so the pig had not gone out for it as had been supposed; but having eaten it, he spied a tub full of cut apples near him. Perhaps he thought they were placed there especially for him. At all events he fell to eating them, and when they were low in the tub so that he could not reach them readily, he scrambled in, and had a good time. When discovered he had eaten half the apples.

Such an uproar! For once in his life Dindy was thoroughly frightened as the boys made a rush toward him. He plunged wildly out of the tub, and upset it, and it rolled among the boys, and upset them. As the pig ran squealing out of the house, and the girls were shrieking, and the boys were knocking their heads together on the floor,

old Mr. Koontz gravely regarded the scene, and said to his wife:

"If that's wot eddication comes to, it ud be better to let it alone!"

To which Mrs. Koontz replied:

"I guess a pig 'll be a pig, do what you will with him."

Well, that was the end of the "schnitzen," as far as the apples were concerned. Dindy had ruined half the evening's work, for there was but one tub more filled up. But nobody could work for laughing; and Mrs. Koontz said they had better put all the things away, and have their supper, and play. So they had a nice supper, and some merry games, but there was no fun equal to the sport Dindy had made, and every little while during the evening a shout of laughter would be heard as some one recalled the funny scene.

There were a number of schnitzens that fall, at which Peter was a guest, but the learned Dindy did not receive an invitation to any one of them.

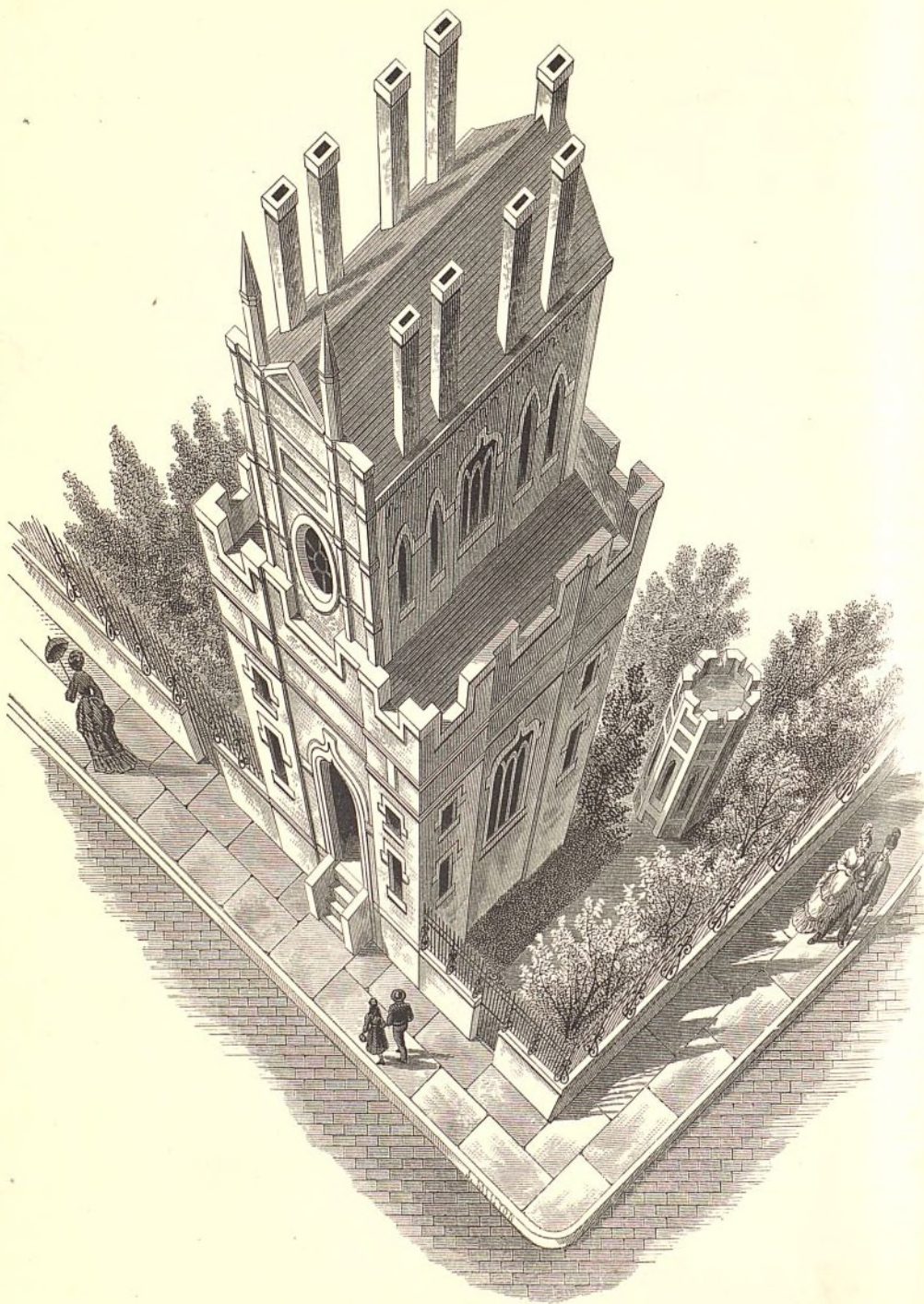
THE SHOWER.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

BEFORE a gust of whirling dust,
Dainty Minnie and Millie flew,
Hurrying in from the coming shower,
For their pretty feathers and flowers were new,
And their crimps would wilt at a breath of mist
(They guarded them even against the dew),
And their ruffles would droop, so on they pressed,
Till the wide doors opened and let them through.

Under the rainbow, after the shower,
Meg and Molly came to town;
Meg had tangles in her hair,
Molly wore a tattered gown.
Both had baskets scarlet-heaped,
Their little feet were bare and brown,
And under the brim of their poor straw hats,
Their bashful eyes looked down.

The bobolink sings in the dripping elm,
The west is gold and the east is gray,
And the wind is sweet as I sit me down
To copy pictures as I may.
Two are fairer than I can draw,
Both are sweet in a different way,
And I wonder which one you would choose,
If they were hung in the light of day.



A PUZZLING PICTURE.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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A PUZZLING PICTURE.

By C. B.

THIS is certainly a very strange picture. Everything spreads out like a fan in the queerest manner; the sidewalks run uphill, and the church is so much wider at the top than at the base that it looks as if it might drop apart. Look at the lady at the left. She will certainly fall flat on her face. And the gentleman and lady at the right. What remarkable people to walk in that fashion! Are they going to tumble over?

The artist must have been mad when he drew them. The whole picture is mad, quite frantically mad and fantastic. What does it all mean? Are we up in a balloon, or are we looking down on some strange country like the land behind the looking-glass? You know in the room behind the looking-glass everything reads backward, and the left hand is right and the right is left. You remember what a singular experience Alice had when she went in behind the looking-glass, and this must be one of the places she saw in that queer country.

And yet, when we examine this picture, there is something about it which makes us think that it

ought to be all right, if we could only look at it properly.

But how shall we look at it properly? Here is one way to do it:

Hold the magazine in front of you, so that the picture shall be perfectly horizontal. Then shut one eye, and put the other eye over the bottom corner of the picture, about two or three inches from the paper.

Now, if the picture does not at first look all right to you, raise or lower it a little, and you will soon know when it is at the proper distance from your eye, for when it is rightly placed, you will see the house grow lower and the walls grow perpendicular; the people, the summer-house, and the trees will stand up straight, and the picture will look as it ought to be.

Now, can any of you older boys and girls tell why this picture looks all wrong as it is printed on the page, and why it seems all right when you look at it as we have directed? The trouble is certainly something connected with the perspective. What is it?

ROBIN GOODFELLOW AND HIS FRIEND BLUETREE.

By HOWARD PYLE.

IN the reign of good Queen Bess there lived in Merrie England a poor man by the name of Bluetree. His wife having died, his seven little daughters took charge of the house and baked, spun and did all the work. Bluetree owned a small patch of ground that had descended to him from his great-grandfather, to whom it had been granted in the reign of King Edward IV. by the lord of the land, whose life the ancestral Bluetree had saved.

Beside cultivating his bit of land, Bluetree worked for the present Lord Diddledaddle, who owned three thousand one hundred and seventy-two acres, beside numerous castles and villas.

One morning, Lord Diddledaddle happened to pass by Bluetree's cottage, and observing a great oak with spreading branches that stood near it, he said to himself:

"Here will be an excellent spot to build my new

summer-house. I'll just tear down this cottage and build it here."

Lord Diddledaddle was not a mean man,—that is to say, when he had everything precisely as he desired,—so he offered Bluetree fifteen pieces of gold for his land, which, indeed, was more than it was worth. But Bluetree had a strong attachment to the old homestead, so he answered:

"Good my lord, my father left me this land, bidding me leave it to my children and my children's children; so, if you will permit the humblest of your slaves so far to assert himself, I would rather keep my land than have the gold."

At this speech, Lord Diddledaddle flew into a violent rage, and, forgetting his own dignity and the service that Bluetree's ancestor had rendered his forefather, he shook his fist, stormed at Bluetree's insolence, and vowed he would turn him and his

daughters out of house and home the very next day.

The Bluetree family were filled with grief and



BLUETREE DECLINES LORD DIDDLEDDADDLE'S OFFER.

dismay at this most doleful prospect. The seven little girls all went to bed crying; all of them, excepting Bluebell, the eldest, soon falling asleep. About midnight, as Bluebell lay tossing upon her bed, she suddenly recollected that she had forgotten to place a bowl of milk upon the hearth for Robin Goodfellow, who came every night and spun flax during the silent hours when all others were sleeping.

Robin Goodfellow was a curious elf, of whom many quaint stories are told even to the present day amongst the good-wives of England. His father was Oberon, King of the Fairies, who granted to his son, Robin, the power of taking any form at pleasure.

Robin always helped good, worthy people; but slothful, slovenly, or ill-tempered wights he heartily tormented and teased.

"Alas!" said Bluebell, as she set the bowl of milk upon the hearth, "to think that this is the last time that I shall care for Robin Goodfellow! Wicked Lord Diddledaddle! how can you be so cruel as to turn us out of house and home?"

Now, Robin Goodfellow, unperceived by Bluebell, was sitting in the shape of a squirrel upon the window-ledge, and had overheard all she had said. Bluebell returned to bed, and, worn out with grieving, speedily fell asleep.

"Ho, ho! my Lord Diddledaddle," said Robin, leaping to the floor in his own shape, and spinning around like a teetotum. "My father, Oberon,

bade me play tricks upon knaves, so I shall have rare sport with you, or I much mistake me."

The next morning, Lord Diddledaddle sent five men with axes to cut down Bluetree's cottage; but a great black bear came out of the woods as they approached. The four tall men tried to hide behind little John Nailor, but upon the bear continuing to approach they all ran away and left John to his fate, which he fortunately escaped in spite of the extreme shortness of his legs.

Lord Diddledaddle gnawed his nether lip with rage when he heard of the failure of this attempt.

"I'll make things sure this time," quoth he; whereupon he sent ten soldiers, each with a keg of gunpowder, to blow the cottage up.

They marched along boldly, looking out for bears with some anxiety. Instead of a bear, they saw standing upon the verge of the forest a snow-white deer.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" said the leader of the band, stopping short; "let us approach quietly and shoot this deer."

The deer stood perfectly still, watching them until they had approached almost within gunshot, and then moved a few paces off. The band approached still more eagerly, and once more the deer eluded them. Thus they followed, forgetting all about the gunpowder, the cottage, and Lord Diddledaddle, in the eagerness of their pursuit, until they found themselves floundering in a bog,

from which they escaped only with the utmost difficulty, their clothes smeared with mud, and the gunpowder wet and useless.

When they returned, crestfallen, wet and dirty, Lord Diddledaddle, even more enraged than ever, determined he would settle Bluetree's fate, so he set out armed with a sword as sharp as several razors. As he approached the cabin, swinging his tremendous sword—

"Away with you!" he roared, "or I'll cut off all your heads."

At that moment, a great blundering blue-bottle-fly flew right into Lord Diddledaddle's eye.

A BOWL OF MILK FOR ROBIN GOODFELLOW.



As Lord Diddledaddle was in a particularly bad humor, he struck at the fly with his sword, and,

as one might suppose, he missed his mark. Though Lord Diddledaddle missed the fly, he un- luckily gave himself a terrible wound. He would have fallen, but Bluetree ran and caught him in his arms, and laid him on his own bed. Five of his little daughters bound up Lord Diddledaddle's wound with strips of white linen, while the other two held some hot cordial to his white lips. Meantime, Bluetree set out with all speed for the doctor and the parson.

For a long while Lord Diddledaddle's life was despaired of, but, being blessed with a remarkable constitution, he entirely recovered. When he was able once more to stand, he called Bluetree to him and said:

"I confess my fault, and am also sensible of your kindness and care of me. To show that I am not altogether ungrateful, I will endow each of your daughters with five times as much land as you now possess, and to you I will give five hundred pieces of gold."

Then there was great rejoicing in the Bluetree family. The Bluetrees all blessed their luck. But we know the true cause of their good fortune



A GREAT BLACK BEAR CAME OUT OF THE WOODS.

was Robin Goodfellow, who assumed the shape of a bear, a deer, and a bluebottle-fly, for the sake of his kind friend, little Bluebell.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW.

"WEALTHY," said Eyebright, "I want to tell you something."

Wealthy was kneading bread, her arms rising and falling with a strong, regular motion, like the piston of a steam-engine. She did not even turn her head, but dusting a little flour on to the dough, went straight on, saying briefly,

"Well, what?"

"I've been thinking," continued Eyebright, "that when papa and I get to the Island, perhaps some days there wont be anybody to do the cooking but me, and it would be so nice if you would teach me a few things, not hard ones, you know, little easy things. I know how to toast now, and how

to boil eggs, and make short-cake, and stewed rhubarb, but papa would get tired of those if he did n't have anything else, I am afraid."

"You and your Pa'll go pretty hungry, I guess, if there's no one but you to do the cooking," muttered Wealthy. "Well, what would you like to learn?"

"Is bread easy to make? I'd like to learn that."

"You aint hardly strong enough," said Wealthy with a sigh, but she set her bowl on a chair as she spoke, and proceeded to give Eyebright a kneading lesson on the spot. It was much more fatiguing than Eyebright had supposed it would be. Her back and arms ached for a long time afterward, but Wealthy said she "got the hang of it wonderfully for a beginner," and this praise encouraged her to try again. Every Wednesday and Saturday,

after that, she made the bread, from the sifting of the flour to the final wrap of the hot loaf in a brown towel, Wealthy only helping a very little, and each time the task seemed to grow easier, so that, before they went away, Eyebright felt that she had that lesson at her fingers' ends. Wealthy taught her other things also,—to broil a beefsteak, and poach an egg, to make gingerbread and minute biscuit, fry Indian pudding and prepare and flavor the "dip" for soft toast. All these lessons were good for her, and in more senses than one. Many a heart-ache flew up the chimney and forgot to come down again, as she leaned over her saucepans, stirring, tasting and seasoning. Many a hard thought about the girls and their not caring as they ought about her going, slipped away and came back brightened into good-humor, in the excitement of watching the biscuits rise, or molding them into exact form and size. And how pleasant it was if Wealthy praised her, or papa asked for a second helping of something and said it was good.

Meanwhile, the business of breaking up was going on. Wealthy, who was one of the systematic old-fashioned kind, began at the very top of the house and came slowly down, clearing the rooms out in regular order, scrubbing, sweeping, and leaving bare, chill cleanness behind her. Part of the furniture was packed to go to the Island, but by far the greater part was brought down to the lower floor, and stacked in the best parlor, ready for an auction, which was to take place on the last day but one. It was truly wonderful how many things the old house seemed to contain, and what queer articles made their appearance out of obscure holes and corners, in the course of Wealthy's rum-magings. There were old fire-irons, old crockery, bundles of herbs, dried so long ago that all taste and smell had departed, and no one now could guess which was sage and which catnip; scrap bundles, which made Eyebright sigh and exclaim, "Oh dear, what lots of dresses I would have made for Genevieve, if only I had known we had these." There were boxes full of useless things, screws without heads, and nails without points, stopples which stopped nothing, bottles of medicine which had lost their labels, and labels which had lost their bottles. Some former inhabitant of the house had evidently been afflicted with mice, for six mouse-traps were discovered, all of different patterns, all rusty, and all calculated to discourage any mouse who ever nibbled cheese. There were also three old bird-cages, in which, since the memory of man, no bird had ever lived; a couple of fire-buckets of ancient black leather, which Eyebright had seen hanging from a rafter all her life without suspecting their use, and a gun of Revolutionary pattern which had lost its lock. All these

were to be sold, and so was the hay in the barn, as also were the chickens and chicken-coops; even Brindle and old Charley.

The day before the auction, a man came and pasted labels with numbers on them upon all the things. Eyebright found "24" stuck on the side of her own special little stool, which papa had said she might take to the Island, but which had been forgotten. She tore off the label, and hid the stool in a closet, but it made her feel as if everything in the house was going to be sold whether or no, and she half turned and looked over her shoulder at her own back, as if she feared to find a number there also. Wealthy, who was piling the chairs together by twos, laughed.

"I guess they wont put you up to 'vandoo,'" she said; "or, if they do, I'll be the first to bid. There, that's the last! I never did see such a heap of rubbish as come out of that garret; your Ma, and your Grandma, too, I reckon, never throwed away anything in all their days. Often and often I used to propose to clean out and kind of sort over the things, but your Ma, she would n't ever let me. They was sure to come in useful some day, she said. But that day never come,—and there they be; moth-and-rust-corrupted, sure enough! Well, 'taint no use layin' up treasures upon earth. We all find that out when we come to clear up after fifty years' savin'."

Next morning proved fine and sunny, and great numbers of people came to the auction. Some of them brought their dinners in pails, and stayed all day, for auctions do not occur very often in the country, and are great events when they do. Eyebright, who did not know exactly how to dispose of herself, sat on the stairs, high up, where no one could see her, and listened to the auctioneer's loud voice calling off the numbers and bids. "No. 17, one clock,—who bids two dollars for the clock? No. 18, lounge covered with calliker. I am offered seven-fifty for the lounge covered with calliker. Who bids eight? Thank you, Mr. Brown—going at eight—gone." And No. 17 was the kitchen clock, which had told her the hour so many, many times; the lounge covered with "calliker" was mother's lounge on which she had so often lain. It seemed very sad, somehow, that they should be "going—gone."

Later in the day she saw, from the window, people driving away in their wagons with their bargains piled in behind them, or set between their knees,—papa's shaving-glass, Wealthy's wash-tubs, the bedstead from the best room. She could hardly keep from crying. It seemed as if the pleasant past life in the old house were all broken up into little bits and going off in different directions in those wagons.



EYEBRIGHT LEARNS TO MAKE BREAD.

She was still at the window when Wealthy came up to search for her. Eyebright's face was very sober and there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Eyebright, where are you? Don't stay mopin' up here, 't aint no use. Come down and help me get tea. I 've made a good fire in the

sittin'-room, and we 'll all be the better for supper, I reckon. Auctions is wearin' things, and always will be to the end of time. Your Pa looks clean tuckered out."

"Are all the people gone?" asked Eyebright.

"Yes, they have, and good riddance to them. It made me madder than hops to hear 'em a-boastin' of the bargains they 'd got. Mrs. Doolittle, up to the corner, bid in that bureau from the keepin'-room chamber for seven dollars. It was worth fifteen; the auction-man said so himself. But to kind of match that, her daughter-in-law, she giv' thirty cents a yard for that rag-carpet in your room, and it did n't cost but fifty when it was new, and that was twelve years ago next November! So I guess we come out pretty even with the Doolittle family, after all!" added Wealthy, with a dry chuckle.

Eyebright followed down-stairs. The rooms looked bare and unhomelike with only the few pieces of furniture left which Wealthy had bid in for her private use; for Wealthy did not mean to live out any more, but have a small house of her own, and support herself by "tailorin'." She had bought a couple of beds, a table, a few chairs and some cooking things, so it was possible, though not very comfortable, to spend one night more in the house. Eyebright peeped into the empty parlor and shut the door.

"Don't let 's open it again," she said. "We 'll make believe that everything is there still just as it used to be, and then it wont seem so dismal."

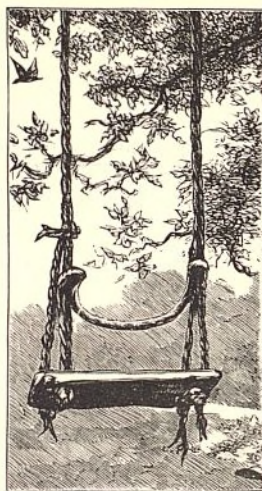
But, in spite of "make-believes," it would have been dismal enough had they not been too busy to think how altered and forlorn the house looked. One more day of hard work, and all was cleared out and made clean. Wealthy followed with her broom and actually "swept herself out," as Eyebright said, brushing the last shreds and straws through the door on to the steps, where the others stood waiting. Mr. Bright locked the door. The key turned in the rusty lock with a sound like a groan. Mr. Bright stood a moment without speaking; then he handed the key to Wealthy, shook hands with her, and walked quickly away in the direction of Mr. Bury's house, where he and Eyebright were to spend the night.

Wealthy was feeling badly over the loss of her old home; and emotion, with her, always took the form of gruffness.

"No need to set about kissing to-night," she said, as Eyebright held up her face, "I 'm a-comin' round to see you off to-morrow."

Then she, too, stalked away. Eyebright looked after her for a little while, then very slowly she opened the garden-gate, and went the round of the place once more, saying good-bye with her eyes to

each well-known object. The periwinkle bed was blue with flowers, the daffodils were just opening their bright cups. "Old



"WHERE, EVERY SUMMER, HER SWING HAD HUNG."

maids," Wealthy had been used to call them, because their ruffled edges were so neatly trimmed and pinked. There was the apple-tree crotch, where, every summer since she could remember, her swing had hung. There was her own little garden, bare now and brown with the dead stalks of last year. How easy it would be to make it pretty again if only they were going to stay! The "cave" had fallen in, to be sure, and was only a hole in the ground, but a cave is soon made. She could have another in no time if only—here Eyebright checked herself, recollecting that "if only" did not help the matter a bit, and, like a sensible child, she walked bravely away from the garden and through the gate-way. She paused one moment to look at the sun, which was setting in a sky of clear yellow, over which little crimson clouds drifted like a fleet of fairy boats. The orchards and hedges were budding fast. Here and there a cherry-tree had already tied on its white hood. The air was full of sweet prophetic smells. Altogether, Tunxet was at its very prettiest and pleasantest, and, for all her good resolutions, Eyebright gave way, and wept one little weep at the thought that to-morrow she and papa must leave it all.

She dried her eyes soon, for she did not want papa to know she had been crying, and followed to Mrs. Bury's, where Kitty and the children were impatiently looking out for her, and every one gave her a hearty welcome.

But in spite of their attentions and considerate kindness, and the fun of sleeping with Kitty for the first time, it seemed grave and lonesome to be anywhere except in the old place where she had always been, and Eyebright began to be glad that she and papa were to go away so soon. The home feeling had vanished from Tunxet, and the quicker they were off, the better, she thought.

The next morning, they left, starting before six o'clock, for the railroad was five miles away. Early as it was, several people were there to say good-bye,—Bessie Mather, Laura Wheelwright,—

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who had n't taken time even to wash her face,—Wealthy, very gray and grim and silent, and dear Miss Fitch, to whom Eyebright clung till the very end. The last bag was put in, Mr. Bury kissed Eyebright and lifted her into the wagon, where papa and Ben were already seated. Good-byes were exchanged. Bessie, drowned in tears, climbed on the wheel for a last hug, and was pulled down by some one. Ben gave a chirrup, the horses began to move, and that was the end of dear old Tunxet. The last thing Eyebright saw, as she turned for a final look, was Wealthy's grim, sad face,—poor Wealthy, who had lost most and felt sorriest of all, though she said so little about it.

It was a mile or two before Eyebright could see anything distinctly. She sat with her head turned away, that papa might not notice her wet eyes. But perhaps his own were a little misty, for he, too, turned his head, and it was a long time before he spoke. The beautiful morning and the rapid motion were helps to cheerfulness, however, and before they reached the railroad station, Mr. Bright had begun to talk to Ben, and Eyebright to smile.

She had never traveled on a railroad before, and you can easily imagine how surprising it all seemed to her. At first, it frightened her to go so fast, but that soon wore off, and all the rest was enjoyment. Little things, which people used to railroads hardly notice, struck her as so strange and so pleasant. When the magazine-boy chucked "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" into her lap, she jumped and said, "Oh, thank you!" and she was quite overcome by the successive gifts, as she supposed, of a paper of pop-corn, a paper of lozenges, and a "prize package," containing six envelopes, six note-papers, six pens, a wooden pen-handle and a "piece of jewelry,"—all for twenty-five cents!

"Did he really give them to me?" she asked papa, quite gasping at the idea of such generosity.

Then the ice-water boy came along, with his frame of tumblers: she had a delicious cold drink, and told papa "she did think the railroad was so kind," which made him laugh; and, as seeing him laugh brightened her spirits, they journeyed on very cheerfully.

About noon, they changed cars, and presently, after that, Eyebright became aware of a change in the air, a cool freshness and smell of salt and weeds, which she had never smelt before, and liked amazingly. She was just going to ask papa about

it when the train made a sudden curve and swept alongside of a yellow beach, beyond which lay a great shining expanse,—gray and silvery and blue,—over which dappled white waves played and leaped, and large white birds were skimming and diving. A short distance from the shore she saw some fishing boats. She drew a long breath of delight, and said, half to herself and half to papa, "That is the sea!"

"How did you know?" asked he, smiling.

"Oh, papa, it could n't be anything else. I knew it in a minute."

After that, they were close to the sea almost all the way. Eyebright felt as if she could never be tired of watching the waves rise and fall, or of breathing the air, which seemed to fill and satisfy her like food. It made her hungry, too, and she was glad of the nice luncheon which Mr. Bury had packed up for them. But even pleasant things have a tiring side to them, and, as night drew on, Eyebright began to think she should be as glad of bed as she had been of dinner.

Her heavy head had been nodding for some time, and had finally dropped upon papa's shoulder, when he roused her with a shake and said:

"Wake up, Eyebright; wake up! Here we are."

"At the Island?" she asked, drowsily.

"No, not at the Island yet. This is the steamboat."

To see a steamboat had always been one of Eyebright's chief wishes, but she was too sleepy at that moment to realize that it was granted. Her feet stumbled as papa guided her down the stair; she could not keep her eyes open at all. The stewardess—a colored woman—laughed when she saw the half-awake little passenger; but she was very good-natured, whipped off Eyebright's boots, hat and jacket, in a twinkling, and tucked her into a little berth, where in three minutes she was napping like a dormouse. There was a great deal of whistling and screeching and ringing of bells when the boat left her dock, heavy feet trampled over the deck just above the berth, the water lapped and hissed, but not one of these things did Eyebright hear, nor was she conscious of the rocking motion of the waves.

Straight through them all she slept, and, when at last she waked, the boat was no longer at sea, and there was hardly any motion.

It was not yet six o'clock, the shut-up cabin was dark and close, except for one ray of yellow sun,



"SHE SAW SOME FISHING BOATS."

which straggled through a crack, and lay across the carpet like a long finger. It flickered, and seemed to beckon, as if it wanted to say, "Get up, Eyebright, it is morning at last; get up, and come out with me." She felt so rested and fresh that the invitation was irresistible; and slipping from the berth, she put on dress and boots, which were laid on a chair near by, tied the hat over her unbrushed hair, and with her warm jacket in hand, stole out of the cabin and ran lightly upstairs to the deck.

Then she gave a great start, and said, "Oh!" with mingled wonder and surprise; for, instead of the ocean which she had expected to see, the boat was steaming gently up a broad river. On either side was a bold, wooded shore. The trees were leafless still, for this was much farther north than Tunxet, but the rising sap had tinted their boughs with lovely shades of yellow, soft red and pink-brown, and there were quantities of evergreens beside, so that the woods did not look cold or bare. Every half mile or so the river made a bend and curved away in a new direction. It was never possible to see far ahead, and, as the steamer swept through the clear green and silver water, it continually seemed that, a little farther on, the river came to end, and there was no way out except to turn back. But always when the boat reached the place where the end seemed to be, behold, a new reach of water, with new banks and tree-crowned headlands, appeared, so that their progress was a succession of surprises. Here and there were dots of islands too, just big enough to afford standing-room to a dozen pines and hemlocks, so closely crowded together that the trees next the edge always seemed to be holding fast by their companions while they leaned over to look at their own faces in the water.

These tiny islets enchanted Eyebright. With each one they passed she thought, "Oh, I hope ours is just like that!" never reflecting that these were rather play islands than real ones, and that Genevieve was the only member of the family likely to be comfortable in such limited space as they afforded. She had the deck and the river to herself for nearly an hour before any of the passengers appeared; when they did, she remembered, with a blush, that her hair was still unbrushed, and ran back to the cabin, when the stewardess made it tidy, and gave her a basin of fresh water for her face and hands. She came back just in time to meet papa, who was astonished at the color in her cheek, and the appetite she displayed at breakfast, which was served in a stuffy cabin smelling of kerosene oil and bed-clothes, and calculated to discourage any appetite not sharpened by early morning air.

Little did Eyebright care for the stuffy cabin. She found the boat and all its appointments delightful; and when, after breakfast, the old captain took her down to the engine-room and showed her the machinery, she fairly skipped with pleasure. It was a sort of noisy fairy-land to her imagination; all those wonderful cogs and wheels, and shining rods and shafts, moving and working together so smoothly and so powerfully. She was sorry enough when at eleven o'clock they left the boat, and landed at a small hamlet, which seemed to have no name as yet, perhaps because it was so very young. Eyebright asked a boy what they called the town, but all he said in reply was, "'T aint a teown"—and something about a "Teownship," which she did n't at all understand.

Here they had some dinner, and Mr. Bright hired a wagon to take them "cross country" to Scapplehead, which was the village nearest to "Causy Island," as Eyebright now learned that their future home was called. "Cosy," papa pronounced it. The name pleased her greatly, and she said to herself, for perhaps the five hundredth time, "I know it is going to be nice."

It was twenty-two miles from the nameless village to Scapplehead, but it took all the afternoon to make the journey, for the roads were rough and hilly, and fast going was impossible. Eyebright did not care how slowly they went. Every step of the way was interesting to her, full of fresh sights and sounds and smells. She had never seen such woods as those which they passed through. They looked as if they might have been planted about the time of the Deluge, so dense and massive were their growths. Many of the trees were old and of immense size. Some very large ones had fallen, and their trunks were thickly crusted with fungi and long hair-like tresses of gray moss. Here and there were cushions of green moss, so rich and luxuriant as to be the softest sitting-places imaginable. Eyebright longed to get out and roll on them; the moss seemed at least a yard deep. Once they passed an oddly shaped broad track by the road-side, which the driver told them was the foot-mark of a bear. This was exciting, and a little farther on, at the fording of a shallow brook, he showed them where a deer had stopped to drink the night before, and left the impression of his slender hoofs in the wet clay. It was as interesting as a story to be there, so near the haunts of these wild creatures. Then, leaving the woods, they would come to wide vistas of country, with pine-clad hills and slopes and beautiful gleaming lakes. And twice from the top of an ascent they caught the outlines of a bold mountain range. A delicious air blew down from these mountains, cool, crystal clear, and spiced with the balsamic smell of hem-

locks and firs and a hundred lovely wood-odors beside.

"Oh, is n't Maine beautiful!" cried Eyebright, in a rapture. She felt a sort of resentment against Wealthy for having called it a "God-forsaken" place. "But Wealthy did n't know. She never was here," was her final conclusion. "If she ever had been here she could n't have been so silly."

It was too dark to see much of Scapplehead when at last they got there. It was a small place, nestled in an angle of the hills. The misty gray ocean lay beyond. Its voice came to their ears as they descended the last steep pitch, a hushed low voice with a droning tone, as though it were sleepy-time with the great sea. There was no tavern in the village, and they applied at several houses before finding any one willing to accommodate them. By this time, Eyebright was very tired, and could hardly keep from crying as they drove away from the third place.

"What shall we do if nobody will take us

in?" she asked papa, dolefully. "Shall we have to sit in the wagon all night?"

"Guess 't wont come to that," said the cheery driver. "Downs'll take you. I'll bet a cookie he will." When they came to "Downs's" he jumped out and ran in. "They're real clever folks," he told Mrs. Downs, "and the little gal is so tired it's a pity to see."

So Mrs. Downs consented to lodge them, and their troubles were over for that day. Half blind with sleep and fatigue, Eyebright ate her bread and milk, fried eggs and doughnuts, fell asleep while she undressed, gave her head a knock against the bed-post, laughed, hurried into bed, and in three minutes was lost in dreamless slumber. The wind blew softly up the bay, the waves sang their droning lullaby, a half-grown moon came out, twinkled, and flashed in the flashing water, and sent one long beam in to peep at the little sleeper in the bed. The new life was begun, and begun pleasantly.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

By L. C. R.



SAID the boy to the brook that was rippling away,
 "Oh, little brook, pretty brook, will you not stay?
 Oh, stay with me! play with me, all the day long!
 And sing in my ears your sweet murmuring song."

Said the brook to the boy, as it hurried away,
 "Is it just for my music you ask me to stay?
 I was silent until from the hill-side I gushed,
 Should I pause for an instant my song would be hushed."

A FISH THAT CATCHES FISH FOR ITS MASTER.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

THERE are animals and birds, of various kinds, which will go hunting or fishing for their masters. Dogs, as we all know, are often absolutely necessary to hunters, and some of them will both kill the game and bring it in. Falcons used to be employed to kill birds for the ladies and gentlemen of the Middle Ages; cheetahs, or hunting leopards, are used in the East, to hunt game for their owners; and, in China, the fishermen often employ tame cormorants—large water-birds—to catch fish for them.

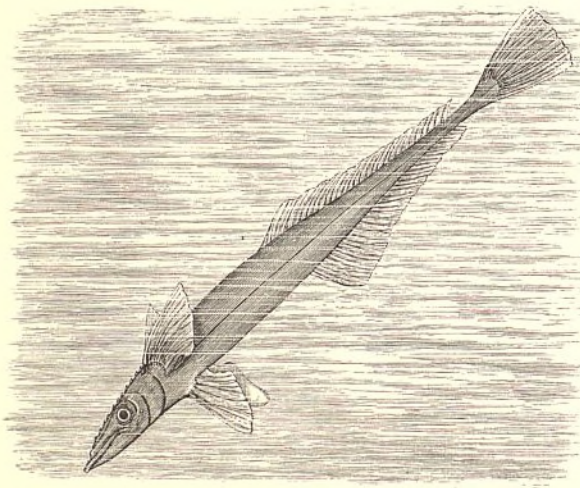
But although fish are the greatest fishers in the world,—for nearly every finny inhabitant of the

of body. It is not very large, a specimen brought to New York measuring only eighteen inches in length. But it is probable that those used for fishing are often much larger. It is a smooth fish, without scales, and any one examining it will soon perceive that it has two striking peculiarities. One of these is its “up-side-down” appearance. It looks, when swimming, as if it had turned over on its back, and it is from this appearance that it gets its name, for “Revé,” in Spanish, means “reversed.”

The other peculiarity is found on the top of the Revé's head. In the second picture, where the fish is curled around so that we get a full view of its back, you can see a curious oval spot, furnished with little rib-like elevations. This part of the fish is a very powerful “sucker,” and it is this which enables it to catch and hold other fish. Most of us know how a round piece of wet leather can be pressed close to a brick, so as to exclude the air, and how the brick can then be raised by a string attached to this leathern sucker, which cannot easily be pulled from the brick. Well, the sucker on the head of the Revé acts very much in the same way. When he wishes to catch a fish, he swims toward it,—and as he is very swift and adroit, it is hard for any fish to get away from him,—and placing his head under his victim, he presses the oval sucker firmly against it. This adheres so tightly that the other fish finds it impossible to release itself.

How the Revé manages to eat a fish, that is fastened to the top of his head, we do not know; but as his lower jaw is longer than his upper one, it is probable that this peculiar formation may enable him to reach up and take a bite.

We now understand how the Revé fishes for himself, but it remains to explain how he fishes for his master. In the first place, he probably gets a master by being caught in a trap, for if he were hooked, he would most likely be too much injured to be of service. In the West Indies, large wire boxes, four or five feet long, are often used as fish-traps. These are so made that a fish can swim into them, but cannot swim out; and when some bait is placed in one of these traps, it is sunk in a place where fish are plenty, and is generally left all night, with a buoy attached to it by a rope to mark its position. In the morning, it is hauled



THE REVÉ.

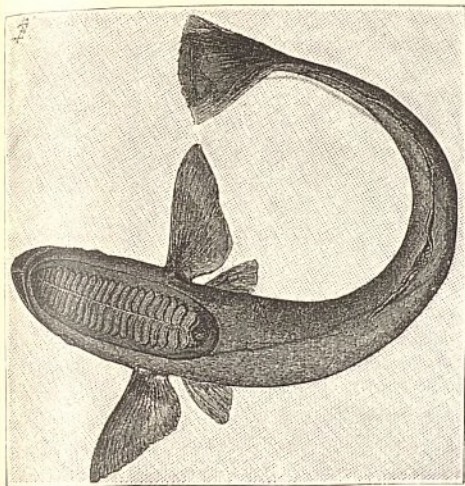
water is glad of a chance to catch some smaller finny inhabitant of the same water,—and although fish are more active and expert at fishing than any other living creatures, there are few of us who have ever heard of fish being employed to catch other fish for their masters.

We do not mean those poor little minnows, who, very much against their will, are used for bait, nor the fish that are employed by the Japanese to decoy other fish—of the same kind—into traps. We mean a fish that will swim out from a boat, and actually catch other fish for the men in the boat. And there really is such a very obliging creature. It is called the Revé, and is found about the West Indies and in the Gulf of Mexico.

The Revé is a slim, active fish, with a great deal of fin and tail to a comparatively small amount

up by the rope, and the fish which it contains are perfectly unhurt and healthy.

In this way, we suppose, the Revé is caught,—and he probably goes into the trap to catch some



THE REVÉ'S SUCKER.

of the other fish that may be in there,—and when the fisherman, who now becomes his master, takes him out of the trap, he puts him carefully into a small tank of water, and when he goes out fishing for turtles, he takes his Revé with him. It might scarcely be worth the trouble to use Revés to catch ordinary fish, but a large turtle is quite a valuable prize, and worth taking a good deal of trouble to secure.

When the fisherman has gone out in his boat to some place where he thinks turtles are to be found, he takes his Revé out of the tank, and fastens one end of a long, strong cord around the fish just at the root of its tail, where it can be firmly secured without interfering with the Revé's power of swimming. He then drops his hunting-fish into the water, and, holding the line in his hand, sits and waits for what may happen next.

When the Revé finds himself in the water, he does not merely struggle and pull and try to get away. His first idea is to see if he can catch anything. He therefore swims about, not very far from the surface, and when he sees a turtle below him, down he goes, and in a moment he claps his sucker against the under-shell of the turtle, and fastens himself so tightly there, that no matter what the big, hard-shelled creature may do, he finds it impossible to get away from the Revé.

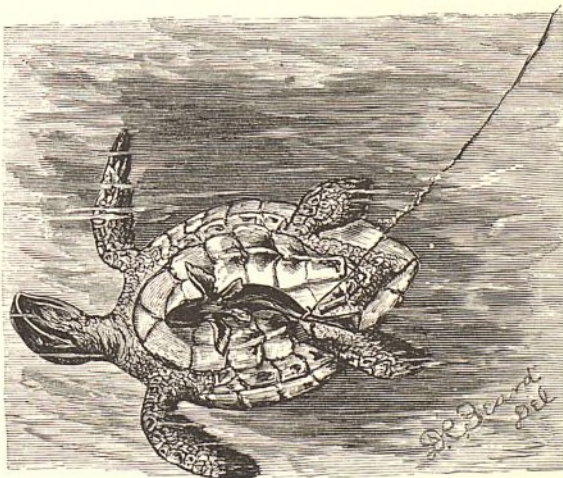
The fisherman, when he feels the struggling and jerking at the end of his line, knows that his

hunting-fish has made a capture, and so hauls both him and the turtle into the boat, where, by a dexterous twist, the Revé is detached from the shell to which he is clinging, and is ready to go out after another turtle.

Sometimes, the fisherman rows or sails about until he sees a turtle floating on the surface of the sea. Then he goes as close to him as he can get without frightening him, and throws the Revé as far as he can toward the turtle. The fish, in most cases, immediately perceives its prey, and swims directly toward it, and in this way the fisherman makes sure that his Revé will lose no time in hunting for other fish. Two or three Revés are often taken out in a tank or tub, so as to provide for emergencies.

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Columbus," says that, when the Spaniards discovered the West Indies, they were very much interested in this manner of sending fish to catch other fish. They once saw some native fishermen catch an enormous turtle in this way, and were told that even sharks were sometimes captured by the aid of these sucker-headed fish.

There is another sucker-fish, called the Remora, to which the ancients ascribed far greater powers than any our Revé can boast. They asserted that a Remora, which is not a large fish, could stop any ship simply by fastening itself to the bottom of it, and holding back as hard as it could. This is a tough story, but the ancients were hardy people and could swallow stories with which we



THE REVÉ CATCHES A TURTLE.

would have nothing to do. The Revé stories, however, are quite true, and the only question about them which is at all puzzling is this: What does such a small fish expect to do with a great, hard-shelled, flopping turtle?

But that is the Revé's business, not ours.

THE ROYAL BONBON.

BY NORA PERRY.



FRANÇOIS CHALLENGES THE BARBER.

WHAT, a story of a French bonbon? Yes, a French bonbon; but I might as well say at once that this bonbon was a boy, a real boy, who lived many years ago in France. His name was François Rude. François, like its English form, Frank or Francis, has a pleasant sound, but Rude is harsh and odd. And you wonder, perhaps, whether the boy who bore it was anything like his name? You shall see.

At the time when I introduce him to you he is nine years old,—a bright-eyed, thoughtful-faced

boy, with a sturdy look of independence about him, from the bright eyes and the resolute mouth to the well-built shoulders. Usually this resolute mouth had a very pleasant expression; just such an expression as you all have seen about the mouths of persons who are never troubled with little fears and little vanities, and are perhaps, for this very reason, always ready to help weaker people. But on the day when I first introduce him to you, the pleasant expression is for the moment extinguished, lost in a big frown, which ties the open, broad

forehead into a hard knot; and the lips are drawn down into a very unsmiling curve to match the frown.

It is a charming May morning, a little after sunrise; but François is so occupied with his thoughts and a very difficult task that he has undertaken, that he sees nothing of the beauty of the day. And what is it that he is doing? What is it that he has undertaken? He is grinding something at a very big grindstone. What in the world can it be? Is it a knife? And why should this little fellow of nine years be up and dressed and out all alone in this old French court-yard so early in the morning grinding his knife? It is not a knife at all. It is—it is—a sword! Yes, a sword, —a small sword, of perfect workmanship, which belongs to François himself; for François belongs to a military regiment, a real regiment called the Royal Bonbons, and part of the National Guard.

In the beginning of the French Revolution, the National Guard was formed by the citizens of Paris, to protect the interests of all order-loving people against the wild, lawless rabble which sprang up at once when the king's government faltered, and the king himself showed that he was not strong enough for the crisis. And as the troubles increased the National Guards increased in numbers, and were to be found in all the great cities of France. Dijon, which is about one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, was one of these cities where the Guards flourished, and here the "Royal Bonbon" sprang into existence. By order of the government itself, the infant regiment was organized for "the manly and patriotic education," according to a certain distinguished writer, "of the youth of Dijon." François' father, being a member of the National Guard, at once enrolled his little son in the young regiment of the Royal Bonbons.

These boys thoroughly enjoyed their importance as a government organization, and also everything connected with their military duty, from the imposing uniform with its blue coat and bright buttons, the three-cornered cocked hat, white breeches and black gaiters, to drill in the public square.

Not the least portion of the boys' enjoyment is the Sunday march at noon to the fine old church of St. Michael, where they listen, not to a sermon, but to a member of the Common Council who talks to his youthful hearers about their duties and their responsibilities in these perilous times. After this talk the young regiment of boys kneel each upon one knee, raise their hands to their three-cornered hats, while a roll of drums peals forth, and the councilor who has been talking to them pronounces a layman's benediction.

It was not by any means a cause for wonder, was it, that with all this parade the boys should feel

very dignified, and of as much importance as the grown-up members of the National Guard itself?

You can understand, then, something of François' state of mind on this morning that I present him to you in the old inn court-yard, when I tell you that, on the evening before, he was made the subject of ridicule and jest. He had arrived at the inn with his father from Dijon, a distance of nine old-French leagues,—about twenty-seven miles. The inn was the principal place of public entertainment at the village of Saint-Seine-sur-Vingeanne, and, as they drove up, there were a good many people lounging about. Amongst them was a barber, a gay fellow, always on the lookout for fun. The moment he caught sight of our little Royal Bonbon he began to laugh.

"Ah, what great general is this! Why does not the whole town hasten to pay respect to such an imposing personage!" With mocking remarks like this, the barber followed François about the court-yard, finally capping the climax by inquiring, with a great show of curiosity, what were the uses of the huge weapon he bore,—meaning, of course, the tiny sword.

This cruel ridicule was too much for François, who had been accustomed to having the uniform of the Royal Bonbons treated with unvarying respect. So, as was the foolish custom in those days with older gentlemen who felt their dignity offended, the boy soldier turned upon his persecutor and challenged him to fight a duel.

The barber, with many mock-heroic remarks, at once accepted, highly amused,—it was all great fun to him. François was a mere baby in his eyes, and he did not understand that what was amusement to a man, François could take as a mortal insult.

The queer duel was appointed for the next morning, and while the boy lay awake anxiously thinking about it, the barber went home and forgot the whole thing.

The great point of anxiety with the proud young François is his sword. This country barber has presumed to ridicule the sword of a Royal Bonbon! He, as a Royal Bonbon soldier, must show him of what a Bonbon's sword is capable; and this is why we find him up before anybody is stirring, in the court-yard sharpening his weapon.

The grindstone is much too big for him, but he prefers to turn it himself, even though it is very hard work, rather than endure the presence of a helper, for he wishes to keep this part of the business a secret, so that he may astonish his adversary later with the deadly power of his weapon. So with all his might he turns the stone until it whirls round, and then grinds away until it stops.

While he is doing this, his father sees him through the window. He understands at once

what François is about, and, thinking it a very good joke, he sends off for the adversary and the seconds. When the barber comes at this bidding, he commences again with the same mocking jests, to all of which François' father listens, without any idea of his son's real depth of feeling. At last, however, François gets very angry, finding that the barber had only been making fun of him when he accepted his challenge, and bursts forth into such indignant protest, as to open their eyes to the fact that they have gone too far in their jests. A formal apology is then tendered him, but François rejects it with indignation.

"No, no!" he cries, drawing up his little figure, and regarding the barber with scorn. "You have insulted not only me but the Royal Bonbons. It is n't for play that the government has made us soldiers. It is n't for older people's amusement that the government gave us our uniform with the sword that you laugh at. It was to teach us to be brave, and to know how, some time, to fight for our country. But there is one thing that no one of the Royal Bonbons was ever taught to do, and that is, to insult boys younger and weaker than themselves, and then——"

But here François' voice ceases, and his eyes begin to fill. He will not stay for his enemy to laugh at the coming tears, so he turns away, the more resolutely as a voice cries out to him:

"Come back, come back, my boy!"

It is the barber's voice, and François would not go back for a kingdom.

"Ah," he says to himself, as he goes out of the court-yard, "he thinks he can mock at me again; but he will find himself mistaken."

But the barber has no intention of mocking at him again. When François spoke with such dignity and spirit, this gay jester received a very different impression from what François supposed, as he would have found if he had come back at the call. But, perhaps, if he could hear what is being said of him as he leaves the court-yard, he would be better pleased than at anything that might be addressed to himself; for, as his little cocked hat disappears, the barber, turning to François' father, says earnestly, and with all the levity gone out of his voice:

"That is a fine, brave lad of yours, citizen; and some day, I am sure, you will be proud of him. I am very sorry I wounded his feelings so deeply, but I was stupid. I shall know better next time."

François' father, pleased at this praise, yet at the same time rather troubled about his son, hastens as soon as he can from the court-yard, thinking to find the boy and comfort him, no doubt. But François is nowhere to be seen. Where has he hidden himself?

The proud boy is not hiding. Sore and indig-

nant at the treatment he has received, he sets out for home; and alone, without a penny or anything to eat, he walks all those twenty-seven miles to Dijon. Of course there is some temper in this, but it is not a bad temper; and it is so mixed with the spirit of self-respect and real dignity that a harder father than François' would forgive him.

Let us see now, if you will, what afterward became of this plucky little Bonbon, who carried his regiment's honor on his nine-year-old shoulders.

In very little more than a year after this, his beloved regiment was disbanded in the changes of the times. The disappointment of François was great; but his indignation was greater. What! disarm such loyal soldiers who had done their duty so faithfully! But his indignation was of no use, even though he refused to give up his musket and that precious sword, and hid them for a time. The end of the Royal Bonbons had come.

When, only a few months afterward, his father, who was an iron-worker or ironmonger, put him to his trade, it seemed to François that all the brightness had gone out of his life. But one day it happened that he took a walk which led him past the public school of Fine Art. It was prize-day at the school, when every one is permitted to enter as a visitor; and so François entered with the rest.

That visit was the turning-point in his career. It determined him to become a student, if possible. His father had introduced a new kind of stove from Germany at his manufactory and was making money by it, so he did not relish his son's notion of forsaking a profitable trade for anything so uncertain as art, and therefore François met with decided opposition. He overcame this so far, however, as to be permitted to enter the art school if he would promise to devote any skill he might acquire to the decoration and improvement of the *prussiennes*,—the new German stoves. Under this arrangement he entered the academy for two hours daily, all the rest of the day working for his father.

This showed his determined spirit. But he had something more than a determined spirit. He had a great genius, which developed so rapidly that his father was induced to release him from his promise of working at the iron trade, and allowed him to become an artist. One thing, however, is very certain: that the determined spirit carried him over all difficulties, rebuffs and delays, and enabled him to become in due time the greatest sculptor that France had ever known. He lived to justify all the prophecies and praise of him, but to the end he kept the same stanch, loyal heart that had animated the Royal Bonbon, and none of the grandeur could for a single moment turn his head.

Mr. Hamerton, the English artist and author, writes at length of François Rude in his recent

book of "Modern Frenchmen," and he shows his appreciation of Rude's simple, steadfast courage when he says: "Rude is interesting as a strong and original character, even for those who take no interest in Art. He seems almost out of place in modern times with his antique simplicity and independence. In an age when men struggle frantically for the means of luxury, and use their utmost ingenuity to advance in the world's estimation by plotting for the praise of coteries and newspapers, Rude concerned himself neither about wealth nor about notoriety, but was content to do the best work he could to preserve his own dignity, and leave the rest to fortune."

The result of all this was a later recognition of his greatness than might have come if he had "pushed his way," as we say. But his fame has gone forward, steadily mounting until, only the other day,—twenty-three years after the death of François,—the French government, as a tribute to his memory, called one of the rooms in the Louvre by his name.

When you are so happy as to go to Paris, you must pay a visit to the Louvre and ask for the *Salle Rude*, and therein you will see several of François Rude's masterpieces. Among them are the "Fisher-boy playing with the Tortoise," and the "Mercury fastening his Talaria."

TWO LITTLE TRAVELERS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE first of these true histories is about Annie Percival, a very dear and lovely child, whose journey interested many other children, and is still remembered with gratitude by those whom she visited on a far-off island.

Annie was six when she sailed away to Fayal with her mother, grandmamma, and "little Aunt Ruth," as she called the young aunty who was still a school-girl. Very cunning was Annie's outfit, and her little trunk was a pretty as well as a curious sight, for everything was so small and complete it looked as if a doll was setting off for Europe. Such a wee dressing-case, with bits of combs and brushes for the curly head; such a cozy scarlet wrapper for the small woman to wear in her berth, with slippers to match when she trotted from state-room to state-room; such piles of tiny garments laid nicely in, and the owner's initials on the outside of the trunk; not to mention the key on a ribbon in her pocket as grown-up as you please.

I think the sight of that earnest, sunshiny face must have been very pleasant to all on board, no matter how sea-sick they might be, and the sound of the cheery little voice as sweet as the chirp of a bird, especially when she sung the funny song about the "Owl and the pussy cat, in the pea-green boat," for she had charming ways, and was always making quaint, wise or loving remarks.

Well, "they sailed and they sailed," and came at last to Fayal, where everything was so new and strange that Annie's big brown eyes could hardly spare time to sleep, so busy were they looking about. The donkeys amused her very much, so

did the queer language and ways of the Portuguese people round her, especially the very droll names given to the hens of a young friend. The biddies seemed to speak the same dialect as at home, but evidently they understood Spanish also, and knew their own names, so it was fun to go and call Rio, Pico, Cappy, Clarissa, Whorpie, and poor Simonene whose breast-bone grew out so that she could not eat and had to be killed.

But the thing which made the deepest impression on Annie was a visit to a charity school at the old convent of San Antonio. It was kept by some kind ladies, and twenty-five girls were taught and cared for in the big bare place, that looked rather gloomy and forlorn to people from happy Boston, where charitable institutions are on a noble scale, as everybody knows.

Annie watched all that went on with intelligent interest, and when they were shown into the play-room she was much amazed and afflicted to find that the children had nothing to play with but a heap of rags, out of which they made queer dolls with raveled twine for hair, faces rudely drawn on the cloth, and funny boots on the shapeless legs. No other toys appeared, but the girls sat on the floor of the great stone room,—for there was no furniture,—playing contentedly with their poor dolls, and smiling and nodding at "the little Americana," who gravely regarded this sad spectacle, wondering how they could get on without china and waxen babies, tea sets, and pretty chairs and tables to keep house with.

The girls thought that she envied them their

dolls, and presently one came shyly up to offer two of their best, leaving the teacher to explain in English their wish to be polite to their distinguished guest. Like the little gentlewoman she was, Annie graciously accepted the ugly bits of rag with answering nods and smiles, and carried them away with her as carefully as if they were of great beauty and value.

But when she was at home she expressed much concern and distress at the destitute condition of the children. Nothing but rags to play with seemed a peculiarly touching state of poverty to her childish mind, and being a generous creature she yearned to give of her abundance to "all the poor orphans who did n't have any nice dollies." She had several pets of her own, but not enough to go round even if she sacrificed them, so kind grandmamma, who had been doing things of this sort all her life, relieved the child's perplexity by promising to send twenty-five fine dolls to Fayal as soon as the party returned to Boston, where these necessities of child-life are cheap and plenty.

Thus comforted, Annie felt that she could enjoy her dear Horta and Chica Pico Fatiera, particular darlings rechristened since her arrival. A bundle of gay bits of silk, cloth and flannel and a present of money for books, were sent out to the convent by the ladies. A treat of little cheeses for the girls to eat with their dry bread was added, much to Annie's satisfaction, and helped to keep alive her interest in the school of San Antonio.

After many pleasant adventures during the six months spent in the city, our party came sailing home again all the better for the trip, and Annie so full of tales to tell that it was a never-failing source of amusement to hear her hold forth to her younger brother in her pretty way "splaining and 'scribing all about it."

Grandmamma's promise was faithfully kept, and Annie brooded blissfully over the twenty-five dolls till they were dressed, packed and sent away to Fayal. A letter of thanks soon came back from the teacher, telling how surprised and delighted the girls were, and how they talked of Annie as if she were a sort of fairy princess who in return for two poor rag-babies sent a miraculous shower of splendid china ladies with gay gowns and smiling faces.

This childish charity was made memorable to all who knew of it by the fact that three months after she came home from that happy voyage Annie took the one from which there is no return. For this journey there was needed no preparation but a little white gown, a coverlet of flowers, and the casket where the treasure of many hearts was tenderly laid away. All alone, but not afraid, little Annie crossed the unknown sea that rolls between

our world and the Islands of the Blest, to be welcomed there, I am sure, by spirits as innocent as her own, leaving behind her a very precious memory of her budding virtues and the relics of a short, sweet life.

Every one mourned for her, and all her small treasures were so carefully kept that they still exist. Poor Horta, in the pincushion arm-chair, seems waiting patiently for the little mamma to come again; the two rag-dolls lie side by side in grandmamma's scrap-book, since there is now no happy voice to wake them into life; and far away in the convent of San Antonio the orphans carefully keep their pretty gifts in memory of the sweet giver. To them she is a saint now, not a fairy princess; for when they heard of her death they asked if they might pray for the soul of the dear little American, and the teacher said, "Pray rather for the poor mother who has lost so much." So the grateful orphans prayed and the mother was comforted, for now another little daughter lies in her arms and kisses away the lonely pain at her heart.

The second small traveler I want to tell about lived in the same city as the first, and her name was Maggie Woods. Her father was an Englishman who came to America to try his fortune, but did not find it; for when Maggie was three months old, the great Chicago fire destroyed their home; soon after, the mother died; then the father was drowned, and Maggie was left all alone in a strange country.

She had a good aunt in England, however, who took great pains to discover the child after the death of the parents, and sent for her to come home and be cared for. It was no easy matter to get a five-years' child across the Atlantic, for the aunt could not come to fetch her, and no one whom she knew was going over. But Maggie had found friends in Chicago; the American consul at Manchester was interested in the case, and every one was glad to help the forlorn baby, who was too young to understand the pathos of her story.

After letters had gone to and fro, it was decided to send the child to England in charge of the captain of a steamer, trusting to the kindness of all fellow-travelers to help her on her way.

The friends in Chicago bestirred themselves to get her ready, and then it was that Annie's mother found that she could do something which would have delighted her darling, had she been here to know of it. Laid tenderly away were many small garments belonging to the other little pilgrim, whose journeying was so soon ended; and from among all these precious things Mrs. Percival carefully chose a comfortable outfit for that cold March voyage.

When all was ready, Maggie's small effects were packed in a light basket, so that she could carry it herself if need be. A card briefly telling the story was fastened on the corner, and a similar paper recommending her to the protection of all kind people was sewed to the bosom of her frock. Then, not in the least realizing what lay before her, the child was consigned to the conductor of the train to be forwarded to persons in New York who would see her safely on board the steamer.

I should dearly like to have seen the little maid and the big basket as they set out on that long trip as tranquilly as if for a day's visit; and it is a comfort to know that before the train started the persons who took her there had interested a motherly lady in the young traveler, who promised to watch over her while their ways were the same.

All went well, and Maggie was safely delivered to the New York friends, who forwarded her to the steamer, well supplied with toys and comforts for the voyage, and placed in charge of captain and

stewardess. She sailed on the third of March, and on the twelfth landed at Liverpool after a pleasant trip, during which she was the pet of all on board.

The aunt welcomed her joyfully, and the same day the child reached her new home, the Commercial Inn, Compstall, after a journey of over four thousand miles. The consul and owners of the steamer wanted to see the adventurous young lady who had come so far alone, and neighbors and strangers made quite a lion of her, for all kindly hearts were interested, and the protective charity which had guided and guarded her in two hemispheres and across the wide sea, made all men fathers, all women mothers to the little one till she was safe.

So ends the journey of my second small traveler, and when I think of her safe and happy in a good home, I always fancy that (if such things may be) in the land which is lovelier than even beautiful old England, Maggie's mother watches over little Annie.

HOW A COMET STRUCK THE EARTH.

BY EDWARD C. KEMBLE.

It was a very small comet, and just the merest corner of the earth—but I must tell you the whole story.

About the year 1839 we went to live on the banks of Rock River in the beautiful state of Illinois. There were my father, my elder brother and myself, and our dwelling was a little log cabin in the edge of the forest; our fare, pork and prairie-chickens, principally. We were emigrants, you must know,—pioneers from the shores of the Hudson to the then "far West."

Our log house had been built in the summer, and the "shakes," or split shingles, had been put on the roof when green. They were long, thin strips of oak, and the sun had warped their edges and made them spring up. Between the openings thus left, my brother and I, lying next the roof, could watch the moon and the stars at night. We thought it fun when, in the dry autumn nights, a shake would suddenly spring up and send the slight nail that fastened it far into the air, to come jingling back on the roof. But we paid for this fun when winter came with its terrible storms, and through these openings the snow sifted down into our faces all night long, spreading over our bed and burying our clothing out of sight. Before morning, our

covering would be soaked through, and we had to slide, shivering, out upon the snow-heaped floor and hurry down the ladder, holding in our arms the clothes we had pulled out of the drift.

Yes, and I fancy I can hear now—just as we used to hear then, lying awake, and listening with bated breath—the howling wolves that had been driven by hunger from the prairie and had gathered in packs within the edge of the timber. The pauses of the storm were filled with their wild deprecatory cries. And the owls—"hoot-owls" we called them—answered each other all night in the forest with their muffled call, "Hoo-hoo-hoo-oo! Hoo-oo-hoo!"

But what have owls, wolves and snow-storms to do with the comet? Well, I am coming to that.

During the early part of that winter, the first newspaper was printed in the little town near which we lived. It was called the "Star." My brother wrote some ambitious verses—chanting the praises of this "Star of our country! Star of our banner! Bright Star of glory that shineth afar!"—which were printed in the first number, and accordingly he was chosen from among the youth of the town to be the printer's imp of the "Star" office.

How I admired, with just a flavor of envy, his

sudden elevation! I used to peep in at the windows, for I was too shy to enter by the door, and would watch the inking of the "forms" with the hand-roller of those days. And I actually came to think my brother's good looks were improved by

that I could beg these, and pick up enough more like them to set up by and by a printing office of my own.

No prairie sun-flower ever grew so quickly as that idea, and soon I walked with my head among



"THE SNOW SIFTED IN ALL NIGHT LONG."

the smutch of ink he habitually wore over his eye or on his nose!

Well, it was here, hovering about the "Star" office, helping occasionally to wash the forms,—after I had grown bold enough to go in,—and lending a hand to pick up the type, clear away the "pi" and "sweep out," that I had my first dreams of the life awaiting me in the busy world. True, there was no fountain of inspiration that flowed for me there, unless it was the ink-fountain of the old Washington press, but my visions were shaped by an object hanging against one of the case-stands; and that was—the foot of an old boot!

This thing had a dreadful name, which I shall not give you here; it was, in fact, the last resting-place of broken and battered types that were destined to be melted at the type foundry.

One day, exploring that dark abyss in the "Star" office, I found a lot of types that were only slightly defaced; and then came to me the lucky thought

the stars. It happened, too, just about this time, that everybody was expecting a shower of meteors, or "falling stars" as they then were called; and although I did not see them, I was constantly thinking about them, and the "Star," and trying to work out in my mind a plan for starting my printing office, and, at length,—how the thought thrilled me,—publishing a paper all my own! How should I print it? What name should I give it? My spare hours were spent in trying to find answers to these questions. And all the time that tantalizing old "Star" was coming out as regularly as any heavenly body in its course. My paper must have a name taken in some way from the sky; but what should it be?

Meanwhile, no stamp collector ever worked more diligently in gathering varieties than I in getting together the type for my enterprise. The proprietor of the "Star" gave me the contents of the old boot, and I searched daily the sweepings of the

office to add to my stock. I did "chores" for a friendly carpenter, borrowed his tools, and finally took him into my confidence. I made a type-case by boring in a thick plank as many holes as there are letters in the alphabet, with extra holes for numerals, "spaces," "quads," "points," double letters, etc. I made a press by nailing to the end of a well-seasoned strip of two-inch oak a piece of hard wood a foot square and an inch thick. The strip of oak was two feet and a half long, and the hard-wood piece formed an upright, the strip, smoothly planed and leveled, making the bed of the press. A "cleat," nailed along the upright on its inner face, furnished a fulcrum, and a stick four or five feet long was the lever.

You will see presently how this home-made press was worked.

"Give me a fulcrum," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world!" I had a fulcrum and a lever, and with them I hoped to lift into existence a new body of celestial name.

But I was like a young bear,—my troubles were all ahead of me. When I began to set up my battered type, I brought about me a very hornet's nest of discouragements. Still I held bravely on. My jack-knife was constantly on duty straightening up the sides, or mending the faces of the crooked and perverse little letters. When "sorts" or particular kinds of letters failed me, I had to reconstruct them entirely, always so far mindful of my "p's" and "q's" as to turn those letters upside down when I was short of "d's" and "b's." I made capital "F's" with "E's," just chopping off the lower limbs; and a "Q" learned to cry "O" after I had cut away its tongue. The severest strain, however, was to make two "V's" stand for "W." Imagine the editorial of a paper opening with the quotation: "VVhen, in the course of human events, it becomes," etc.!

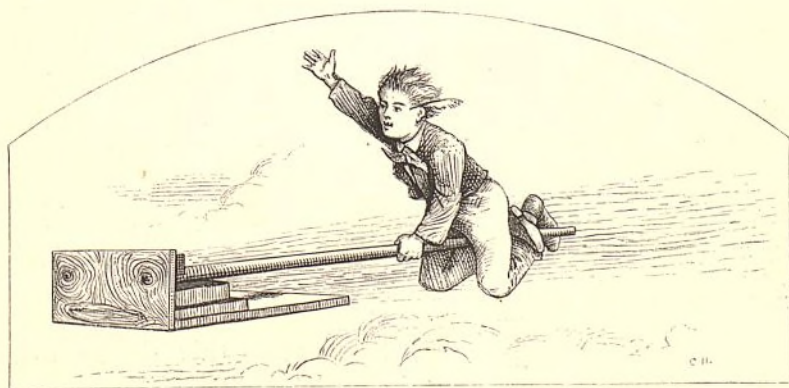
Through these and many similar difficulties I led

my little columns of broken English, until they stood at last in battle array on the bed of my press, which had been made true with the aid of a spirit-level. Four hard-wood strips formed the "chase," or frame, in which the columns were "locked up" to complete the "form." I had two pages of two columns each, the size of the page being three inches and a-half by five inches. I inked the type with printer's ink, applied by a ball made of buck-skin stuffed with cotton. I laid one of my little dampened sheets of printing paper on the inked surface, then a square of woollen cloth, then a piece of hard-wood board ten inches square, planed smooth and true, and then, on top of that, another block half the size. Now came the supreme moment. I grasped the lever, fitted it beneath the fulcrum, and swung myself over the other end! I seemed to sit astride the handle of the Great Dipper, in this the proudest moment of my boy life! I tell you, there is no satisfaction like that which comes from hard-earned success.

Now was fulfilled my hope to bring upon earth, by means of my fulcrum and lever, a visitant of heavenly title. The stars, including my own village "Star," might "hide their diminished heads!" For I stood that moment holding in my hand the first impression of "The Comet."

Thus was ushered in, as we solemnly say of the Fourth of July and other great events, the first boys' newspaper printed in the "Far West." It made a stir where I lived, and struck with astonishment all the boys of the village.

This "comet" struck the earth about sixty-five miles west of Chicago, but I am compelled to admit that it exercised no disturbing influence on the old planet. It made an impression of one kind, however. Patience, contrivance, and confidence were not left without reward. "The Comet" made me head boy in our debating club, and president of our first juvenile temperance society.



THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

ONCE there were two little mothers, and each of them had a doll-child. The mothers were very kind to their children. They made nice clothes for them, and always kept them neat and clean.



One afternoon, they thought they would give the dolls a tea-party. So they took out their children's best dresses, and looked them over, to see if they were good enough for the party. While they were doing this, the dolls sat on the floor, back to back, and waited until their mothers were ready to put their clothes on.

They looked as if they were in a great hurry to be dressed. The little mothers found that some stockings must be mended for their children, and so one of them held a skein of yarn, while the other one wound it into a ball.



The dolls' tea-party was a very nice one. There was real tea with cream and sugar, and there were cakes and preserves. The mothers had a dear little tea-pot, and tiny tea-cups, with plates and dishes just to match them, and whenever one of the dollies wanted a sip of tea, its mother let it drink out of her cup.



They all enjoyed themselves very much, but, after tea was over, the dolls had a quarrel about something. They looked cross at each other, and would not speak. This made the little mothers very sorry, and they talked to their children and told them how grieved they were to see them behave in that way.

Soon after this, the two dollies were taken sick with the measles, and had

to be put to bed. Their little mothers gave them medicine, and were just as kind to them as if they never had been bad at all. When the dol-



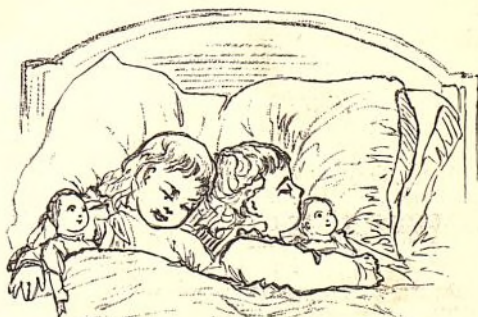
lies had taken their medicine, they began to feel better, and then their little mothers thought it would be a good thing to take them out-of-doors, and let them have a little fresh air. So each one of the mothers took up her dolly and carried it out into the garden. It was quite a warm day, and the dol-

lies did not have to be dressed up. They looked very happy while their mothers were carrying them up and down the garden-paths, and in about ten minutes the dollies entirely recovered from the measles.



When they came back into the house, it was nearly dark, and before long they all went to bed, the dollies sleeping in their mothers' arms. The little mothers were very glad to get some rest,

for they had gone through a very great deal with their children, that afternoon, and so they soon shut their eyes and went to sleep. But the dollies kept their eyes wide open all night. They



did not sleep a single wink. Perhaps they were thinking how glad they were to have such nice little mothers who were always so kind and good to them, and who cured them so very soon of the measles.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHAT bed, though made up only about once a year, is "picked over" dozens of times, and, though really delightful, is hardly fit to sleep on? "Oh, Mr. Jack, it's a strawber—"

You all know—do you? Dear, dear, what wonderfully bright young folks one does find in June, especially in this part of the world!

Do periodicals of large circulation go to the Arctic zone, I wonder. Probably they do,—but it is sad in this melting weather to think of a little tot all wrapped in furs sitting on frozen water reading ST. NICHOLAS, and cutting the leaves with an icicle! How much pleasanter to picture chubby-legged little ones among roses, green grass, green cherries, and all that summery sort of thing—one dear little chick reading the stories, another dear little chick looking over the other's shoulder at the pictures, and poking the other affectionately to make that dear little him or her "hurry up," and still another dear little thing trying to pull the precious magazine away from the other two dear little things.

Now, children, fall into line, and hear about

NAMES OF FINGERS.

Up with your hands, my dears! Now, spread out the fingers, and I'll tell you the names given to them in old times.

First comes "Thumb."

"But that is n't a finger!" you say.

Well, but, perhaps that is why they called it "Thumb."

Then come "Toucher" or "Foreman," "Longman," "Leechman," and "Littleman."

It's plain enough how Toucher, Longman, and Littleman came by their names, but Leechman got his in this roundabout way:

It appears that, in the misty past, folks believed that a nerve ran straight from the third finger to

the heart. Likewise, they thought that this finger felt the effects of poison more quickly and delicately than any of the other fingers. Thirdly, and lastly, they made a point of stirring up their physic with it!

So, you see, this finger had a great deal to do with sickness, and getting well, and physic, and such matters, and as they called the man who physicked them—the doctor—a "leech," it saved trouble to give the same name to the physic-finger and call it "Leechman."

That is why,—at least so I'm told. But, if any of you know any better "whys," send them to your Jack, and he'll take it kindly of you.

A FLOATING MELON-PATCH.

DURING late Spring, in Cashmere, a man will choose, on the shore of a lake or river, some tangly bit of reeds, sedges and other thick-growing stuff, carefully cut it from its roots, cover it with timber and soil, and launch it into deep water, taking care to moor it safely.

On this float he will plant melons and cucumbers, and, by the time they are ripe,—all the boys in the neighborhood will have learned to swim.

According to this way of putting it, you may say that melon-raising can't be a very paying business in Cashmere. But Jack does n't know about that. There are all sorts of profit in this world and feeding small boys is one of them.

BEGGARS THAT RIDE.

IN San Antonio, a queer-looking old town in Texas, the streets are narrow, winding, unpaved, and lined with low, thick-walled stone houses, having earthen floors and flat roofs. On some of the roofs bright flowers and feathery grasses wave.

Along the narrow streets ride beggars mounted on shaggy little donkeys, and looking all around for somebody to give them alms. These fellows are great brawny Mexicans, with fiery black eyes which have a guilty look in them and are very quick to catch sight of money. If you toss a coin to one of these beggars,—nothing less than a five-cent piece will do,—he is sure to catch it in his hat, and from there it will be slipped into some pocket of his ragged clothes. Then he will grin, touch his replaced hat, and ride staidly on.

His home, which probably is in the outskirts of the town, is called a "jacal," and is built with upright posts, stray boards, bits of cloth, and all sorts of materials, and thatched with straw. It contains but little furniture, yet shelters heaps of sweet-potatoes, garlic, and red-peppers.

WHY GOOSEBERRY?

CAN any of my beloved ones say why a certain hairy, greenish, brownish, red fruit is called a *gooseberry*? Certainly not because geese are fond of it, and most certainly not because it looks in the least like a goose.

And can any of you tell me why a well-known delightful red berry, which a little girl's composition at school described as looking very like an emery-bag, is called a strawberry? It is not of much

consequence, and I should be sorry to tear you away from your delightful geographies and grammars to look into the berry question; but, may be, some of you know already.

GRAN'THER GREENWAY'S FIRST STEAM-BOILER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: When I was a child, my parents lived on a farm in northern New York. We had no newspapers; the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress were all our library, and toys and picture-books were seldom seen.

One autumn, Uncle Eben from Massachusetts came to pay us a visit, and in the long evenings he told me many things about the great world that lay beyond our homestead, and I was filled with a desire to see and know more about it. But what interested me most was what he said about the wonders of steam; that already it ran mills and factories, and by and by it would drive ships and draw wagons at a rate of speed then unknown.

However, he could tell me very little about the way this new power was applied; and I only learned that steam is the vapor which rises from heated water, and that, to be made a force or power, it must be shut up.

During the winter, I had little time or chance to find out about steam; after school came the chores, and at eight o'clock I was glad to get to bed. But in the longer days of spring my wits began to work, and I made up my mind to find out something about the wonderful power that was to change the world.

I put water into an old oil-can until it was half full, soldered the top on, and pounded the spout flat.

"Now," said I, "here is water shut up in a boiler. I'll see what it will do."

Next morning, I was awake with the birds, and soon had a blazing wood-fire in the kitchen and the kettle hanging on the crane. Then I set my can on one of the logs, where the flames would curl under the bottom and about its sides, and sat down on a cricket to see what the steam would do.

The hard maple-wood burned with a strong flame, and filled the room with a pleasant odor. The tea-kettle sang, and strange mutterings began in the oil-can. I looked at it with wide-open eyes. The noise went on. Presently—

"Bang!" went something, with a noise like a cannon, and I found myself on my back upon the brick floor, with hot ashes and burning coals on my body and legs. The oil-can was found, twisted and torn all out of shape, in the meadow, an eighth of a mile away. It had gone up the wide chimney and over the orchard. I was so badly burned that I did not get the whipping my father promised me, when he snatched me up from the floor; but I have never forgotten the power there is in a wreath of mist, and from that day I never rested until I had a perfect steam-engine of my own.

Truly yours,
GRAN'THER GREENWAY.

A STYLISH PAIR OF TRAVELERS.

A LONG time ago, in Spain, there lived an Indian Cat, who took a journey in great state, escorted with high pomp and ceremony by a company of finely dressed attendants, and carried in a gorgeous gilded litter, a kind of bed which was the most fashionable thing to travel in at that period. Any one seeing the glittering procession

must have thought it was a prince going by. In another litter in the same party was a wonderful Parrot, who could talk Spanish like a native.

I suppose there never were two animals who traveled in such style, before nor since; but these were very distinguished individuals. They had been members of an Imperial household, and the pets and dear friends of the Emperor himself, helping him, by their queer tricks and games, to pass away many of his long and weary hours.

Those pleasant play-times came to an end, however, and the Emperor was laid away to rest. Then

his two pets were wanted by his daughters, who lived a long way off, and it was to go to them that this pair of travelers went on their journey.

The Emperor was Charles the Fifth, a wonderful man, and the ruler of many countries, and—but I'm rather afraid we are getting into history, so let's break off and talk about

THE NECROMANTIC LEAF.

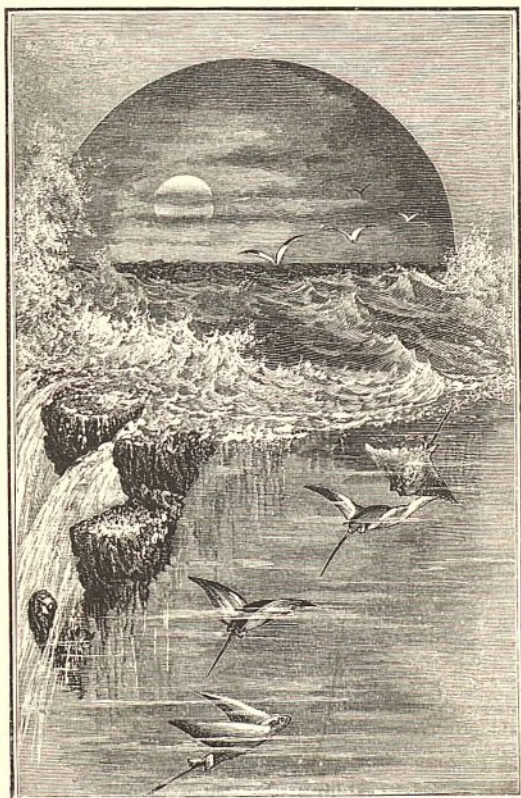
SEVERAL messages have come from discoverers of the secret of the Magic Leaf in my April budget. One was from H. W., and, as he is "in the highest class at school," it no doubt was easy for him to solve the mystery. Willie I. Mason, also, sends word; but he must be sadly overcome and muddled by the force of the revelation, for he thinks the magic spell is "only the name of the artist or of the engraver!"

Mary Fairlamb and her two sisters, as well as Berta Johnson, Nellie C. Emerson, Anna R. Warner, and Edith French, also solved the important mystery,—and owned up, too.

FISH THAT FLY IN THE WATER.

THIS time it is n't a water-walking chicken, but a cow-nosed skate your Jack has to show you,—a fish which actually flies in the water instead of merely swimming.

The creature has a blunt nose, and a long, pointed tail, and his wide three-cornered fins flap up and down when he moves, making exactly the motion of the wings of a flying bird. The picture has one skate flying downward, and three going upward, in the water, while a few sea-gulls are flapping about in the air overhead.



"COW-NOSED SKATES."

THE LETTER-BOX.

Fall River, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The boys and girls who read in the April ST. NICHOLAS about the Tithing-man who used to preserve order, on Sundays, among the "Little Puritans," will be surprised to know that the tradition concerning this officer and his power over little folk continued to affect the children in New England country villages quite down to within the memory of some not very old people. I remember that, in my childhood, the older girls used to say, when we little ones were noisy on the way to "meeting," or, indeed, anywhere on Sundays, "Take care! take care! the Tidy-man will be after you! If he catches you making a noise on Sunday, he'll take you up!" By which they meant that he would arrest us.

And this "Tidy-man" threat was a remnant of the old fear of the Tithing-man as you see him in the ST. NICHOLAS April frontispiece, the word having become thus changed after the office had ceased to exist.

M. B. C. S.

Richmond, Ind.

I LIVE on the left bank of the Whitewater River. Pa and Ma and I go hunting geological specimens in nice weather in summer and autumn. Pa found a trilobite and a crinoid: sometimes we find a crinoid, but not often.

I find plenty of *ryhynchonella sulcata* and *silurian brachiopods*. I am nine years old.

BERTIE FREEMAN.

Meadville, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to tell the boys and girls of an adventure of mine. While visiting a cousin of mine I tried to ride her very skittish pony. I got on his back and rode bravely at first for quite a way, and then turned around to go back. The house was on the corner of two streets. And I wanted to go one road and the horse the other. My habit was very long, and the pony quite small, so I had to hold the skirt in one hand and the whip and reins in the other.

All the family was standing at the door, watching me, so, thinking I would show off, I whipped up the pony. He went all right till he came to the very corner, and there he gave a short turn and whisked me off into the middle of the road. I got up in time to see the last flit of his tail as he frisked into the barn. As I limped indoors I was crying for my bruises and laughing for the fun of my mishap, by turns. No bones had been broken, fortunately; but I have not ridden that horse since.

I do not think I should have been thrown if I had not had my habit to hold.—Your constant reader, GERTRUDE B. DOUGLAS.

A PALINDROME is a word, verse, or sentence which can be spelled and read the same backward as forward. Here is a collection, some old ones, and some new ones, sent by a correspondent signing herself "Missis Ada Sissim",—a name which is a palindrome in itself.

1. Asa evil saw: deified was live Asa. 2. Madam aha! 'tis level, sit; Aha, madam! 3. Draw ere noon? Oh Allah! O no one reward! 4. Left in Opodoro, no drop on it fel. 5. I did not sob, O! Boston, did I? 6. Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and guns.

Champaign, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please print a little story and a queer one, too, about our cat and two little bantam chickens.

The cat had a little kitten which we called Dick. We had two little bantam chickens sent us, one black and one white. Not having any hen-mother, we put them in the box where the cat and kitten slept.

At first, the cat did not seem to know what was expected of her, and did not like the new inmates of her box very well: but, being a very good motherly cat, she soon adopted the chickens, proving ever after a good mother to them.

Whenever night came, it was amusing to see the chickens follow after her and coax her to come to bed with them. Sometimes she did not seem inclined to go to bed so early, but they would follow after her and cry so pitifully that she would soon go to bed with them and stay until after dark: but then she would slip out quietly and leave them alone. One little chicken would cuddle up under her chin, and the other between her fore paws, and there they would sit and chirp as contentedly as could be.

After a while, I am sorry to say, the white chicken died; but

the black one and the kitten grew up together and were great playmates. One day, while they were playing together, the kitten hurt the chick, so that it died, and the poor cat seemed to mourn its loss as much as if it had been one of her own kittens. When we moved, we took the cat with us, and she went away, and we never saw her again. This is my first time.

MINNIE RENICK.

HERE are some verses which came from Topeka, Kansas, and describe the doings of boys there. The Topeka kind of boy does not seem to differ much from the other kinds.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

At every corner, when one sees
A group of boys upon their knees
Upon the pavement; when complain
Long-suffering mothers, of the strain
And wear on youthful pantaloons;
When mornings, evenings, even noons
In mystic words the youngsters talk,—
As "Vent your roundings,"—"Take your knock,"
And "Knuckle taw," and "Dubs you take;"—
When chalk-marked circles decorate
The parlor carpet;—then 'tis plain
That marble time has come again.

When paper-cuttings-strew the floor,
And paste bedaub the parlor door,
And paste is all the pantry o'er,
And down the jacket's front is more;
When rags are called for, far and near,
And Bridget's dish-cloths disappear;
When boyish thoughts are much on high,
And boyish eyes are toward the sky;
When wind is held, on every hand,
A blessed boon, we understand,—
It surely would not take a sage
To tell us,—kites are all the rage.

When boys are off upon the green,
The house so quiet and so clean,
And distant shouts upon the wind
Come floating through the open blind;
When only rarely comes a crash,—
Some window-pane has gone to smash,
And now and then a bruised head,
Or limb, must needs be comforted;
With joy the weary mother sees
A little rest from patching knees;
And all right thankfully exclaim
That ball is now the fav'rite game

Princeton, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed I send a true story, entitled, "All from one Egg," which I trust will find its way into your pages. However doubtful it may seem, I can only repeat that it is strictly true. I have taken your magazine for four years.—Yours truly,

G. F. W.

ALL FROM ONE EGG.

When I was young, the facts recorded below occurred. I lived with my parents on a farm. I had two brothers,—Harry, the youngest, aged six years, and Will, aged eight years, and a sister, Nell, aged two years. My father's farm contained 380 acres: it was a stock farm, situated on the rolling prairies of Illinois, six (6) miles from Bloomington. We had one hired hand, Tone, a Frenchman, who amused us by his stories. He fled from France at the age of twenty years, so as not to go into the army.

We had a great many chickens, and we all enjoyed hunting the eggs. On bringing the eggs to the house one day, my mother gave me one, saying that I could do as I pleased with it. So, after some thought, I concluded to take it to the barn and put it under a hen that was setting, which I immediately did. On waiting three weeks, I was rewarded by becoming the owner of a small young chicken. This I raised carefully, and in time sold it and also its eggs which I had saved. With the money thus raised I bought a duck and a turkey; these I raised with care also, watching their growth from

day to day. On the following Thanksgiving I sold the duck, and on Christmas the turkey.

With the money thus earned I purchased a small pig, which I put in with papa's. In one (1) year I sold this at the weight of 450 pounds, and for thirty (30) dollars, paying father \$10 for work and feed, making thereby a clear profit of twenty (20) dollars. With this I bought a three (3) year old cow of father. In the fall I sold it for a fair price, and after paying father for pasture and feed, I bought a young colt, and had some money saved. At last I sold the horse and bought myself a pony, and had \$100 saved. And now, dear readers, to those who doubt I can but say, try it yourself. It is a fact that from an egg, in time, I secured a pony and \$100.

N. E. W. S.—See Shakspeare's play of Richard III., Act i., Scene i.

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I delivered a lecture last month in my museum. The subject was Geology. I delivered my lecture twice in one day. Only two persons came in the morning. I was very much surprised. The lecture was free, and I had expected a crowd.

In the evening, three came; because I gave notice that besides the lecture on Geology I should play some tricks. I had a magic lantern for the evening, but the lamp went out. My papa wrote a notice which I put on the door. It read: "The grand magic lantern exhibition is postponed on account of the indisposition of the wick of the lamp."

I am nine years old.—Your friend,

TEDDY H. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a bit of news for you, all the way from China, and about a wonderful thing that has just happened there.

John Chinaman has started a new magazine in his own language! And, more marvelous still, John Chinaman's new magazine is just for the boys and girls only,—not at all for grown-ups,—and it is full of pictures and stories such as boys and girls love!

Before the starting of this new periodical there was not printed in all Southern or Eastern Asia one single "Juvenile" magazine or paper,—not even a story book, nor yet a primer with pictures and story lessons. The boys and girls had been taught by the very same methods used with their fathers and grandfathers, and, after toiling through the almost ceaseless round of "kok, kuk, kak," as the Siamese have it, they were expected to find all the enjoyment they could wish for in just the same old books over which their fathers and grandfathers had drowsed and dreamed.

Now, however, strange to say, John Chinaman has waked up with a start, and has made up his mind that his boys and girls ought to have something to read besides their moldy old classics. Perhaps, some stray copy of an American picture magazine for young people had found its way into his home. If so, it not only convinced him of the needs of his youngsters, but also actually nerved him to try to get up something like it himself. Any way, it is extraordinary that, after long centuries in which he seemed to have stopped trying to make things better, he should turn about and avail himself of one of the latest "modern improvements."

The new magazine has sixteen pages every month, and is published at Shanghai. Word already comes that "it promises to prove a grand success!"

Of course it will be a grand success! Who ever heard of boys or girls who did not love pictures and stories, especially in a magazine all their own? Imagine the joy of those Ah Suts and Ah Moises and all the rest of the long-haired young Celestials! How their eyes must dance! And well may they be glad, for it is a grand and happy event in Chinese history,—this birth of a monthly illustrated magazine in Chinese for boys and girls.—Yours truly,

F. R. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At a family party, a few days ago, some of the children amused themselves in giving and guessing original riddles, and this was given by the youngest of the party, and I consider it very good. Can I not see it in ST. NICHOLAS?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Small and useful am I,
In the pocket I am kept;
Many people they have lost me,
Many over me have wept.

Answer: Handkerchief.

A CORRESPONDENT living in Connecticut kindly sends us the following "boy's composition," on

THE USE OF TABLE-FORKS.

Few of us realize how many generations it has taken to give us the common implements in daily use. The ancients knew nothing about table-forks. Even Lucullus, the Roman epicure, was not acquainted with the luxury. A two-branched instrument has been found in Herкулaneum, but it could never have been used on the table.

The word fork occurs only once or twice in the Bible. In the Pentateuch, "flesh forks" are spoken of as used to take meat out of the

pot, and forks are named among the riches of Solomon's Temple. In one place, the Latin version of the Bible has the word *furca* which the English Bible renders "spoon."

The first mention made in history of the use of forks was at the table of John the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and he had only two. Slices of bread were formerly piled around the carver's dish, and, when he cut off a piece of meat he took it on the point of his knife, and put it on the bread, which was then served to the guests. At some lordly or regal tables the carver had a gold or silver skewer which he stuck into the joint and held in his left hand, but, usually, a haunch of venison or mutton had a piece of cloth, or paper wrapped around the leg, and the carver took hold of this while he was cutting. Our custom of putting a paper frill around the shank comes from this ancient practice.

Only pointed knives were used, such as could be stuck into meat after it was cut from the joint. Round-topped knives are still almost unknown in some parts of France. Before the Revolution there, it was customary for a French gentleman to send his servant with his knife, fork and spoon, to the house where he was invited to dine. If he had no servant he carried them himself.

Table-forks were first introduced into England during the reign of James I. They were derived from the Italians, as is shown by a curious book entitled "Coryat's Crudities," published in 1611, which says: "The Italians do alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. Whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any other at meale, should touch the dish of meate with his fingers, he will give occasion of offense unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners. These forkes are made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but these are only used by gentlemen. I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only in Germany but in England since I came home; but I have been quipped here for that use of my forke."

In one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "your forke carving traveller" is spoken of with contempt. Ben Jonson also makes one of his personages say:

"The use of forks
Brought into custom here as they are in Italy
To the sparing of napkins." THOMAS THORNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me where is the Basin placed,—
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters." ANITA B. WELD.

The Basin is mentioned by Susan Coolidge, in a poem printed in ST. NICHOLAS for January of the present year, and here is what she now says, in answer to Anita's question:

"The Old Stone Basin is in Boston, on a little open space, not a great way from the Fitchburg Railroad Station."

PROFESSOR JORDAN thus corrects a slight error which crept into his "Story of a Stone," published in the February number:

Irvington, Ind.
EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a matter of little importance, but—to be exactly accurate—the town of Grand Chute, mentioned in my "Story of a Stone" in the February ST. NICHOLAS, is in Wisconsin, and not in Michigan, as the types have made say. It is on Fox River in Outagamie County, and thus Oconto County and Menominee River are north of it.—Very respectfully yours,

D. S. JORDAN.

One of the earliest friends of ST. NICHOLAS sends us the following interesting items for our boys and girls:

Geneva, Switzerland.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a story to tell that may be of interest to your readers. The guide-books say that the best establishment for musical boxes is Bremond's, at Geneva; in fact, it is said to be the largest in the world. And, while I was in Geneva, on a recent visit to Europe, I strolled along the beautiful *Quai du Mont Blanc* (they pronounce it *kee*) and over the wonderful stone bridge which spans the blue and arrowy Rhone, and went into Bremond's warerooms. The shelves were lined with musical boxes of all kinds and sorts and sizes. On a table stood two elegant and perfect little peacocks, about as large as pigeons, but with perfect plumage and most magnificent tails. The attendant wound them up and set them down upon the counter, when they began to strut about and spread their tails in a way I am sure that would have excited the envy of the real bird could he have seen these ingenious counterfeits.

The next thing we saw was still more wonderful. A nightingale in a gilded cage began to move his head from side to side and to sing with great eagerness and very great sweetness. Scarcely had he stopped when a canary, as natural as life, perched in a cluster of flowers, also began singing; and then a bird of paradise, life size, sitting on a perch above, arched its beautiful neck, and also sang its song; and the curious thing about it all was, not only was the song of each bird peculiar and very distinct, but when one struck up the others ceased to sing. We were next shown musical decanters (it is to be hoped they were intended for water only) in which the music only sounded when they were held in the hand, and ceased when they

were set down. These were very different from the musical chairs which only began to play when I sat down in them and ceased when I got up.

There was scarcely any end of wonders. There were musical cannon, something after the style of a Gatling gun, which shot out cigars at intervals, while the music was going on; ladies' work-boxes that began to play as soon as they were opened; musical albums like the four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, when the pie was opened the birds began to sing. There was a musical saw-mill with water-the birds began to sing. There was a musical saw-mill with water (at least something which looked like water), accompanied by better music than any real saw-mill I ever heard, though a saw-mill, with its great wheel and the plash of its water over the dam, and the rapid motion of its saw, and its musical sound and the slow movement of the log on its carriage was a never-ending source of delight to me in my boyish days. There were also Swiss chalets, with music issuing from them as though a fairy dance were going on within, and churches in which great organs were heard, and great orchestras that imitated an entire band.

But the girls would hardly forgive me if I should forget to tell of the elegantly dressed doll, carried in a sedan chair by two gorgeously dressed footmen, to the sound of gentle music. The lady turned her head from side to side in a very proud and haughty way, and fanned herself, moving her fan in time with the music.

All this may be called "music made easy," though, to judge from the prices, some of the instruments were not easily made, and must have required a great deal of mechanical ingenuity and skill to bring them to such perfection.

But I can tell of but one more beautiful piece of mechanism, and this I saw at another shop. A tiny humming-bird, scarcely larger than a bee, sat on the top of an elegant gold casket, when the lid had flown open, and sang in the most charming way.

R. S.

HALIBURTON: The year 1818 is the date when the first steam-vessel, the "Savannah," crossed the Atlantic Ocean. She was not a "propeller," as you suppose; that is, she was not driven by a

screw at the stern, but by side-wheels and sails. The screw-propeller was not brought into use until nearly thirty years after this. The "Savannah" was built in New York, and she made the trip from that city to Liverpool in twenty-six days. Regular voyages of steam-vessels across the Atlantic were not begun until the year 1838, when the "Sirius" and "Great Western" made their first crossing.

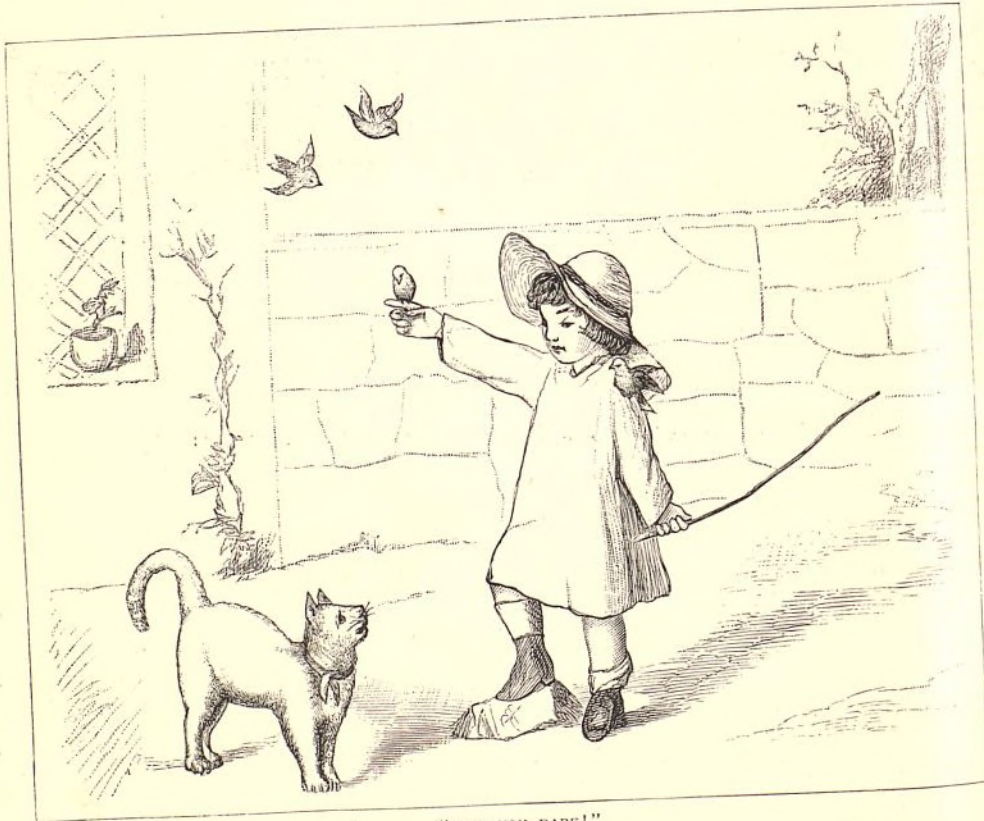
SUMMER IS COMING.

'T is the last day of May, and the spring-time is fleeting,
And summer will come at the dawn of the day;
The June days are coming with beauty and sunshine,
And winds sweetly scented with newly-mown hay.
The moments are fleeting, the moments are flying,
Impatient I wait for the red morning light;
For full well I know that the spring-time is dying,
And summer, bright summer, is coming to-night.

Bright June, with her foliage and fairy-like blossoms,
The month when the roses are all in full bloom,
When velvety bees sip the dew from the clover,
And fresh morning-glories are open till noon,
When lily-bells droop by the swift-flowing river,
And late violets grow by the stream, silver-bright;
Oh, June! All the night I will watch at my window,
For summer, bright summer, is coming to-night.

My heart bounds with joy when I think of the summer,
When birds are so merry with rapturous glee,
When meadows are white with the sweet, starry daisies,
And pearly shells shine 'neath the waves of the sea.
The moments are flying, the moments are speeding,
How fast the hours go in their wonderful flight!
Ah, there is a star in the blue heavens gleaming,
And summer, bright summer, is coming to-night.

GRACE T., Age, 12.



"JUST YOU DARE!"

(Sent by a young contributor.)

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A TITLE of nobility,—the name, in England, of a large joint of beef. 2. Unaccompanied by others. 3. To cook after a certain method. 4. An attack. 5. Resembling a netting or net-work. B.

GARDEN PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences, find the name of a garden flower or plant enigmatically expressed :
 1. A dairy utensil, and a long breath. 2. A tree, and a light Rhinish wine. 3. A color. 4. A boy's name, and the instrument with which the Declaration of Independence was signed. 5. A contemptuous name for a servant, and a Latin conjunction. 6. A confection, and a tussock. 7. A sweet singer of the feathered tribe, and an instrument disliked by horses. 8. A number, and a part of the face. 9. A vegetable, to be in debt, and near to. 10. Large collections of birds or animals. 11. One, five, and an interrogative word. 12. A harbor, a tree, and a kind of varnish. 13. Crack, break, and an ancient Egyptian city.
 DAS MAEDCHEN.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences find concealed a word of which a definition is given in the same sentence. Arrange the words in order as they come, and they will form a word-square.

CONCEALED WORDS AND DEFINITIONS: With tenderest pathos, Caroline read the simple tale of the origin of that boy's name.

2. Shall I clasp a defiled hand, a traitor's fingers? Never! Sooner would I dig all my life with a humble implement of toil.

3. I hung my cap on a perch frequented by that fowl.

4. Either Bildad or Esther may abstain to-day from customary attendance upon divine worship, for they are sick.

5. I shall have to hire new men, if I am to make over my house in time for use this summer.

In the center of the word-square formed with the words concealed in the above sentences, there is a diamond, the letters and words of which are concealed, in proper order, in the following sentences, each sentence also containing a definition of the letter or word concealed in it:

CONCEALED DIAMOND: 1. Baby Lucy cannot tell a vowel from a consonant.

2. I gave Philip a dozen pounds of hair with which to stuff some furniture.

3. Sam sold to Alec a ponderous bird of large dimensions.

4. In which would you prefer to fish,—a river in Scotland or a river in France?

5. Corinne thinks she has one consonant too many in her name.
 CYRIL DEANE.

A PAIR OF DIAMONDS.

The following "Diamonds" are to be placed one above the other: UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In metempsychosis. 2. A kind of wagon. 3. The first half of an article of food very popular among some classes of Germans. 4. A snare. 5. In indeterminate.

LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In plucky. 2. A sphere. 3. A German word signifying "vegetable." 4. A small cake. 5. In tatterdemalion.
 ISOLA.

TWO DOUBLE OCTAGONAL WORD-PUZZLES.

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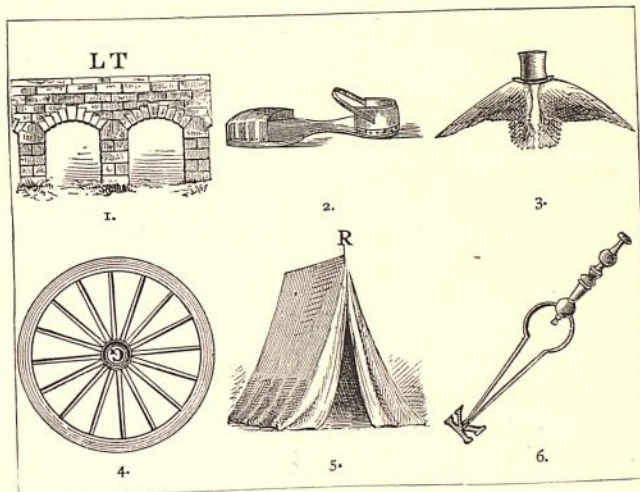
I. READING ACROSS: 1. One thousand. 2. Right and proper. 3. Natives of a northern country of Europe. 4. A tribe of ancient Britons, whose queen headed a revolt against the Romans. 5. Small lakes. 6. Was seated. 7. The end of evil. Reading down, beginning with the left-hand column: 1. Indistinct. 2. Visages. 3. Rock or stone. 4. A dogma. 5. A familiar title for any little girl.
 II. READING ACROSS: 1. The first of May. 2. An old-time abbreviation, used in contempt, and generally applied in addressing a citizen. 3. Became less. 4. An inclosed space in which feats of strength and

skill are displayed. 5. A promontory of Ireland, jutting into the Irish Sea. 6. Prepared bark. 7. A fourth of July. Reading down, beginning with the left-hand column: 1. A maker of little jokes. 2. A measure of weight. 3. A portion of the earth's crust. 4. The end of a piece of wood made ready for a mortise. 5. A small truck used in coal-mines.
 FERAMORZ.

DIAMOND CONCEALED IN A WORD-SQUARE.

WORD-SQUARE: 1. A Spartan slave. 2. To run away without permission. 3. A person who holds another in fond esteem. 4. Uncovers. 5. Short and to the point.
 CONCEALED DIAMOND: 1. In palace and hovel. 2. To cut off. 3. A fond admirer. 4. To confine. 5. In Rome and Greece.
 CYRIL DEANE.

GEOGRAPHICAL PICTURE-ANAGRAMS.



EACH of the six pictures represents the name of a city,—one of the cities is in Europe, the others are in North America. Find a descriptive expression that will bring in correctly, and with few words, what each engraving pictures or suggests, much as though each picture were a rebus. Then transpose the letters of the words of the expression, in such a way as to spell the name of a city. Thus, picture No. 3 may be described by the expression "Hat on Wings," and the letters of the three words of this expression, when correctly transposed, spell "Washington," the name of the national capital of the United States.
 B.

EASY CROSS-WORD.

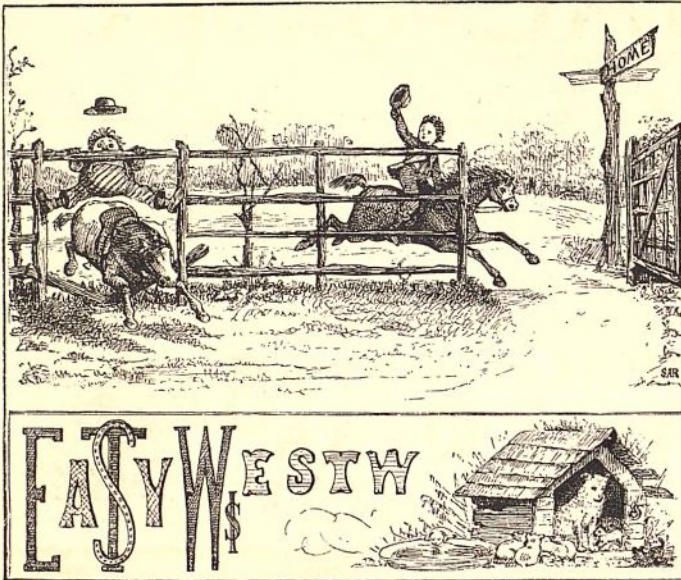
My first is in letter, but not in word;
 My second in owl, but not in bird.
 My third is in new, but not in old;
 My fourth is in daring and also in bold.
 My fifth is in low but not in high.
 My sixth is in pudding, but not in pie.
 My whole is a city of wide renown,
 Which dear Mother Goose has called a town.
 BELLE W. B.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE AND WORD-SQUARES.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE: My whole is a strong affirmation, and is composed of twelve letters. I. My 1, 2, 3, is a patient animal. II. My 4, 5, 6, is a woman's name. III. My 7, 8, 9, is a gnawing animal. IV. My 10, 11, 12, is a Greek word,—the name of an old tragic play.

WORD-SQUARES. Upon each of the four portions of my whole, build the following word-squares: I. 1. A patient animal. 2. Behold. 3. Determined in character. II. 1. The close of day. 2. The advance-guard of an army. 3. Finis. III. 1. A gnawing animal. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. A pleasant drink. IV. 1. A Greek word—the name of an old tragic play. 2. A spelled number. 3. Fresh, or not before brought to light.
 Y. E.

PROVERB REBUS.



The answer is exemplified in the upper part of the picture; the rebus must be read off from the lower part.

S. A. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

In the following sentences, each dash represents a separate word, but when two dashes occur together, they represent two words which are spelled with the letters of the foundation-word of their sentence. No letter of the foundation-word is used more than once in each new arrangement, but all its letters are used in each new arrangement.

The problem is to find for each sentence a different word, as foundation-word, and with it to fill one of the single blanks; the letters of this word must then be transposed, in such a way as to fill the remaining blank, or pair of blanks, each blank or pair of blanks being filled with a different re-arrangement of the letters. Each completed sentence must make sense.

1. The — road is not always the —
2. The lad remained —, and, working always for the interest of his employer, he not only — through the whole term of his apprenticeship, but at last became a partner in the firm.
3. His enemy, thinking him really dead, cried out, "He — in the grasp of his last foe!" Then he placed the hero on his — to have him carried off. But, in an unguarded moment, — from it, plunged into a thicket, — horse out and rode unharmed away.
4. I hope such wilted slips will not be allowed to — the use of —.
5. Did he take the — road, — one I pointed out?
6. "O, — of Greece!" cried the leader. "Behold the vast host of our Persian — before us!"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Carmel, camel. 2. Cart, cat. 3. Morose, moose. 4. Crow, cow. 5. Crook, cook. 6. Struck, stuck.

RIDDLE.—Coal. Fire. Flame. Ashes.

BURIED HEROES.—1. Leonidas. 2. Hermann. 3. Pompey. 4. Boadicea. 5. Tell. 6. Spartacus. 7. Achilles. 8. Putnam. 9. Nelson. 10. Marion. 11. Hannibal. 12. David.

LATIN DIAMOND.—1. D. 2. Non. 3. DoMus. 4. NUm. 5. S. REBUS.—Nothing ventured nothing won.

LITERARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—1. Mad. 2. Idler. 3. Lady. 4. Toad. 5. One. 6. Nun. 7. Milton; Dryden.

ZOOLOGICAL DIAMOND.—1. Q. 2. PUP. 3. QuAIL. 4. Pig. 5. L. VERY EASY ANAGRAMS.—1. Lonely. 2. Little. 3. Wisdom. 4. Elbows. 5. Bed-time. 6. Holidays.

EASY REBUSES.—1. Handel. 2. Von Weber. 3. Meissonnier.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. W-inn-ing, wing. 2. W-ink-ing, wing. 3. W-ill-ing, wing. 4. W-ant-on, won. 5. T-roll-op, top. 6. Tr-ash-y, try.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM.—"April showers bring May flowers."

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—1. ChArs. 2. APe. 3. P. 4. ALe. 5. LeEks. Centrals: Apple. Diagonals: 1. Capes. 2. Sepal.

EASY REVERSALS.—1. Daw, wad. 2. Hoop, pooh. 3. Dial, laid. 4. Garb, brag. 5. Bats, stab. 6. War, raw. 7. Lee, eel. 8. Yap, pay. 9. Reward, drawer. 10. Yam, May. 11. Yah, hay. 12. Way, yaw.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—New York.

VERY SIMPLE DIAMOND.—1. T. 2. Cat. 3. TaMed. 4. TEa. 5. D. — CHARADE.—Flap-Jack.

REVERSIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Tenable.

FLOWER TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. So rich, orchis. 2. Thistle, the list. 3. Rose, ores. 4. Get in an, gentian. 5. Violet, olivet. 6. Lily, lily. 7. If such a, fuchsia. 8. Ah there, heather. 9. Spy an, pansy. 10. Daisy, day is. 11. Laurel, allure. 12. A call, calla.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.—Full perpendicular: Tomahawk. Full horizontal: Pitapat. Top Limb: Tom. Bottom Limb: Hawk. Left arm: Pit. Right arm: Pat.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Improbable.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Mabel K. Jenks and her brother—"S. M. J."—Dycie Warden—Bessie and her Cousin—Maxwell W. Turner—Edward Roome—each of whom answered all the puzzles correctly. Answers were received also from "Short and Fat"—L. Stoddard—Maggie J. Gemmill—"B. P."—Mary Shipman—Willie Gray—Grace J. Thayer—Bessie Taylor—Mary L. Otis—Annie Beynes—Helen Pearson—Addie and Celia Fisher—Netta Van Antwerp—S. Blanch Benjamin—Carrie T. Granger—Daisy B. Hodgson—Robert P. King—Lucy V. Mackrill—Fanny W. Carruth—Daisy P.—Ned R. Holmes—Nellie C. Emerson—J. F. Hubbards, Jr. and C. K. Frink—Grace Wood—Bertie Elliman—"The Blanke Family"—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain—Warwick M. Ogelsby—Gertie B.—Bessie S. Hosmer—Audley N. Patrick and Benton S. Patrick—Julia Palmer—Violet and Lorie—Clarence Young—Cardine G. Blodgett—"The Nells, and Julia"—Edith French—Jennie Young—Bessie Babbitt—Bella Wehn—Annie, Maria, and Reta S. McIlvaine—Theodore W. Siddall—J. A. Singer—Arthur S. Walcott—Anna and Emily Nichols—Fannie M. Miner—Mary Glass—Maude Olmsted—Lizzie Cornell—"Ruth"—"Tulpehocken"—A. T. Delaney—Kitty C. Atwater—Samuel Wells, Jr.—Florence S. Waite—Maude Libby, and Harry—Bessie H. Hard—Lottie P. Pitkin—Nellie Conant—"His Sisters and his Cousins and his Aunts"—Julia Lathers—Morris Furk—Jennie Mondschein—Charley Willes—"X. Y. Z."—J. Howard Mecke, Jr.—Belle Wilson Brown—Alice W. Clark—Edith Wilkinson—Wm. W. Mills—DeWitt C. Weld, Jr.—Mollie V. Potter—Carrie and Annie—George Mitchell and Karl H. Hansler—Nellie Thompson—Emma Maxwell and Blanche Harris—Ethel D. Woodward—Atwood Hunt—Amy E. Smith—J. D. Pittman—Bertha, Alice and Willie Potts—Mary Glass—Lewis Crull—Eddie F. Worcester—F. W. Foster—Will E. Nichols—Hattie E. Beckwell—Sadie Duffield and Constance Grand Pierre—Virginia A. Molony—Lulu O. Mather—Charles N. Cogswell—Ida Cohn—Warren Wolfersberger—Lizzie T. Brock—Mary E. Pinkham—Bessie C. Barney—Right Respectable Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.—"Non pose piccolo"—Fred A. Ogden—Ella Boyd—Charles L. Brownell—"J. S. L."—"Little Buttercup"—"Duma"—"Baby"—M. Fannie De Count—L. Farrington—Lillie Burling—Jacobita Montgomery—Alice Moody—"Winnie"—Florrie Wilcox—Mary Josephine Hull and Lottie A. Foster—Theo. E. Mitchell—Chas. F. Chase—Maude Badlam—Bessie T. London—John Z. Miller—"Little Dorrit"—John V. L. Pierson—Oliver B. Judson—Louise Ingalls—"Prebo"—"St. 1860 X and Mr. P. W."—Katharine Lynwood—Florence L. Turill—"Mary"—David A. Center—Edward Vulce—Peyton J. Van Rensselaer—"Narcissus"—O. C. Turner—Eugene, of London, England—Kate Sampson—Grace A. Greene—Bessie Hotchkiss, Tommy Hotchkiss, and Fanny Arnot—Bessie and Constance Myer—Fanny Densmore—Emily Putman and Mabel Gordon.