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# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE KAISERBLUMEN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

HAVE you heard of the Kaiserblume,  
O little children sweet,  
That grows in the fields of Germany,  
Light waving among the wheat?

T is only a simple flower,  
But were I to try all day,  
Its grace and charm and beauty  
I could n't begin to say.

By field and wood and road-side,  
Delicate, hardy and bold,  
It blossoms in wild profusion  
In every color but gold.

The children love it dearly,  
And with dancing feet they go  
To seek it with song and laughter;  
And all the people know

That the emperor's daughter loved it  
Like any peasant maid;  
And, when she died, her father,  
Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said:

"This flower my darling cherished,  
Honored and crowned shall be;  
Henceforth 't is the Kaiserblume,  
The flower of Germany."

VOL. VI.—43.

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,  
Tied in a gay cockade,  
And the quaint and humble blossom  
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,  
One summer morning fair,  
As they played in the fields together,  
And sang in the fragrant air:

"O look at the Kaiserblumen  
That grow in the grass so thick!  
Let's gather our arms full, Gretchen,  
And take to the emperor, quick!

"For never were any so beautiful,  
So blue and so white and red!"  
So all they could carry they gathered,  
And thought of the princess dead.

Then under the blazing sunshine  
They trudged o'er the long white road,  
That led to the kaiser's palace,  
With their brightly nodding load.

But long ere the streets of the city  
They trod with their little feet,  
As hot they grew and as tired  
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.



And Gretchen's cheeks were rosy  
With a weary travel stain,  
And her tangled hair o'er her blue, blue eyes,  
Fell down in a golden rain.

And at last all the nodding blossoms  
Their shining heads hung down,—  
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,  
"We've almost reached the town!"

"We'll knock at the door of the palace,  
And wot he be glad to see  
All the princess's flowers we've brought him!  
Think, Gretchen, how pleased he'll be!"

So they plodded patiently onward,  
And with hands so soft and small  
They knocked at the palace portal,  
And sweetly did cry and call:

"Please open the door, O Kaiser!  
We've brought some flowers for you,  
Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,  
All rosy and white and blue!"

But nobody heeded or answered,  
'Til at last a soldier grand  
Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,  
With a gruff and stern command.

But "No!" cried the children, weeping;  
Though trembling and sore afraid,  
And clasping their faded flowers,  
"We *must* come in!" they said.

A lofty and splendid presence,  
The echoing stair came down;  
To know the king there was no need  
That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried: "O Kaiser,  
We have brought your flowers so far!  
And we are so tired and hungry!  
See, Emperor, here they are!"

They held up their withered posies,  
While into the Emperor's face  
A beautiful light came stealing,  
And he stooped with a stately grace;

Taking the ruined blossoms,  
With gentle words and mild  
He comforted with kindness  
The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory  
That the little ones befell!  
And when their heads are hoary,  
They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,  
And dined with princes and kings,  
In that far-off day of splendor  
Filled full of marvelous things!

And home, when the sun was setting,  
The happy twain were sent,  
In a gleaming golden carriage  
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision  
Of Fairy-land it seemed;  
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen  
Believe they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children  
Eager to hear will be,  
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm  
The flowers of Germany.





## A MISSISSIPPI CHOWDER.

BY MARY NORWEST.

"I'M just suffering for a chowder," said Mr. Larks.

"Are you? Well, I believe I could make a very passable chowder out of river fish," said Mrs. Larks.

"That would be a joke! Shade of a cod-fish, rebuke her!"

"I'd like to try it, any way. Catch me some big salmon,—but a chowder can't be cooked in a house."

"No," said Mr. Larks. "We shall have to go on a picnic."

"Father," said Jenny, "you know you promised to take Dum and Dee the next time we went."

"Yes, I did ask your little cousins to go."

"And father," said Hugh, "Ralph and Frank never get a chance to go anywhere; and I think I ought to have some company as well as Jenny."

"I've no objection. Let me see,—that will just fill the wagon. I shall want to stay two days. There is a deserted log-house down there. Brown slept in it last week. With a load of straw we could be quite comfortable, even if it rained."

"Where are you going, father?"

"Down to Deep Slough."

They all sat up an hour later than usual planning the frolic.

The Larks family are addicted to picnics. I say addicted, for some of their neighbors think it amounts to a vice. Old Mrs. Black is a very plain-spoken old lady who lives over the way, and she says "you never know what minute they'll start the hull year round. They're a-wild-flowerin', and a-fernin', and a-blackberryin', and a-autumn-leavin', and a-redhawin', and a white-sandin', and now goin' a-fishin' for two hull days. It does beat all!" And Mrs. Black pushes back her sun-bonnet, and gazes through her round, bowed spectacles in amazement.

The boys and girls came to stay all night, so as to be on time in the morning; for the plan was to start at day-break, and breakfast five miles away in the woods. The boys held deep consultations over fish-hooks and lines, while Jenny, and Dum and Dee, fluttered about Mrs. Larks, trying to help. These little girls had been very properly christened Mary and Martha. But there was only a year's difference in their ages, and they were now of exactly the same size. They dressed alike, and looked alike, and never had but one opinion on any subject. So their father took to calling them Tweedle-

dum and Tweedledee, which was soon shortened to "Dum" and "Dee."

An old darkey, named Jacob, had been engaged to haul the luggage. He was to start the afternoon before they did. When he came with his wagon, Mr. Larks and the boys helped to stow away the baskets and tubs and buckets filled with bread and butter and pickles and jam, boiled ham, stuffed veal, fried chicken, potatoes, ice, eggs, frying-pan, and the great kettle to hold the promised chowder.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Larks to the old darkey who stood by, grinning, "I am afraid your old horse can't haul that load."

"Lor' bless ye, Mis' Larks, that aint no load fur Jane. Why, Jane is as peart a mare as ever you see."

"Poor thing; she hangs her head as if she was utterly discouraged."

"Jane's jist in'olent! That's all ails *her*. She can pull like a mule when she wants to. But Jane is in'olent, I can't deny."

"Well, drive on, Jacob," said Mr. Larks, "and don't camp till you come to the place I told you of,—the creek, the bridge, and the little red house on the hill."

"And make a fire, and have hot water ready for our coffee in the morning," said Mrs. Larks.

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be thar, and Jane'll be thar, and de kittle will be bilin', as shore as de sun goes round de world! Hi, dar! you Jane, wake yo'seff up,—*git* along."

Slowly old Jane woke up, gradually got her legs in motion, and the old wagon went creaking down the street.

Mrs. Larks thought she would never get those children quiet that night. For the joyous excitement kept the young eyes beaming, and the tongues wagging and laughter ringing. At last, Mr. Larks came upstairs and told them he wished they would go to sleep, so that they'd all wake in time to hear a clock strike that he had borrowed for this occasion from a deaf gentleman. It only struck once in twenty-four hours, and that was at four o'clock in the morning. He hoped they would all hear it, for it was really very curious.

At last, the house is quiet. As the hours go by, the big busy town is quiet, too; only the bright young moon is awake and full of light. But it is n't a full-grown moon, so she don't stay up all night. Now the dark, still hour before dawn is slipping quietly away.



Suddenly a great crash comes in the house,—a ring—a-rush—a-rattle-te-bang—er-rang—rang!—as if forty Chinese gongs had been walking in their sleep, and had fallen down-stairs together.

In a moment, all is confusion. Voices cry from every room:

"O, what is it?"

"Where is it?"

"Is it thunder?"

"Uncle! aunty! mother! we're so scared!"

"Are you all awake?" called Mr. Larks; "it is the deaf man's clock!" Then he gave a great laugh.

"It's a sell, boys!" cried Hugh. "Come on, girls."

There is a rush of white figures through the hall, a great scrimmage, and a general pillow-fight until the laughter is almost smothered. But Hugh somehow manages to turn the gas up to a full blaze, when the white figures scamper away in much confusion.

Everybody gets dressed in a minute,—even little Bob, who is only five years old.

"I never was up in the mixed of the night before," he said. "The girls want to go out to see the morning star."

"Indeed, we are not hungry, uncle!"

"No eat, no go," answered Mr. Larks, firmly.

So they meekly drank the cups of chocolate.

"Girls are just queer about eating," whispered Ralph to Hugh, over his second cup and an uncounted sandwich.

"O, girls are not like boys! Why, I can eat at any time. Can't you?"

But the horses and the great spring wagon are at the door. O, the flurry and the fun of starting! The boys select the back seat as desirable in offering a slight chance of being tipped out, as being behind the girls, whom they delight to tease, and as farthest removed from "the powers that be."

After Mrs. Larks and Bobby and Mr. Larks are comfortably settled on the front seat, Mrs. Larks remembers that she has forgotten several things.

"Run, Maria, and get that pickled pork. O, yes, and the hard crackers; and, dear me, Hugh jump out and get that little box of medicines on the parlor-table; and, Maria, I've forgotten that basket of tomatoes the man brought last night."

"Well, my dear, is there anything else you could forget. The number of things the female mind is capable of forgetting! Now, shall we go?—all right!—get up, Jack!"

Mr. Larks jerks his rein and chirrups, but the horses back and halt.

"H'm!" said Mrs. Larks. "A female would never forget to untie the horses!"

"What!" cried Mr. Larks, jumping out in confusion. "I believe I did forget that."

"Mr. Peterkin!" cried Jenny.

The shout of laughter that went up from the whole party woke old Mrs. Black, who thought, at first, it was a fire; but turned over and said, "It's only them plaguey Larks!"

Away go the horses, clattering through the streets, down to the river,—the noble, the beautiful Mississippi! A deep glow of light mounts up the eastern sky. A delicate bloom spreads over the great flood, swelling, dimpling, flowing. Its movement is like life, and its murmur is like breath.

Out on the bridge they go. The swift water is rushing beneath them, the fresh wind blowing around them, and the morning light shining in their faces.

"O, uncle," said Dee, "I know I'm going to have the best time I ever had in my life."

"Yes," said Dum, "I can feel it a-beginning now!"

When they leave the bridge the road winds along beneath great elms and sycamores; on their left the bluff rises wild and leafy, and on their right runs the shining river.

Gayly the horses toss their heads, and bend to their work. Lightly fall their hoofs, as if they knew what merry hearts are behind, on what a merry holiday.

Just as the party have settled into quietness, they see the creek, the bridge, and the little red house.

Down by the river rises the smoke of a fire, and old Jacob is swinging his hat in welcome. The young ones bubble over in a great cheer. The boys tumble out behind, and go roystering over the green. The wagon is stopped near the fire, and the girls scramble down over the wheels and go capering after the boys. Within five minutes they have all poked the fire, skipped stones on the water, swung on grape-vines, and are now peeping into the luncheon-baskets.

"I should think," said Mrs. Larks, "that we have brought forty youngsters in place of six."

"De kittle am a-bilin', ma'am," said Jacob.

"Beautifully! Now for breakfast!"

Her too-willing assistants would have had everything out of the wagon if she had not stopped them. Bobby came up from the creek, calling:

"Mamma, there is many little fishes down there, and they can hop on their little legs. I did catch a fish for you, mamma."

Then he opened his little hand, and a baby frog hopped out of it. This was "nuts" to the boys, and they rolled on the grass and laughed until they were tired.

And what a jolly breakfast that was! What a delectable fragrance rose from those coffee-cups, what a keen appetite everybody had, and what rollicking good humor shone in every face!



"I think," said Mr. Larks, as he helped them all round for the third time, "that I never cut a whiter loaf, or a pinker, tenderer ham."

Jacob beamed with satisfaction, as he sat with his back against a tree, his oft-replenished plate before him.

"Come, boys, if you are ready, let us take the

"No'm, but a boy up to your house gimme a right smart chunk o' hay for 'er."

"And you gave her no grain?"

"No'm, I would n't dare to," said Jacob, with his eyes very big and solemn. "Spile her, shor, ma'am. She would n't never eat no scraps if ye give her grain."

"Now, Jacob, listen to me. Jane is going to have grain three times a day on this trip; give her a measure of oats now."

"I'm bound to mind ye, missus; but she'll be that sassy the'll be no livin' with her!"

The poor hungry horse thrust her nose greedily into the measure.

"See how she likes it!" cried Mrs. Larks.

"'Course, ma'am, that's jist chicken to her. But pore folkses' hosses can't be so fearful patic'lar 'bout what dey eats. It's like a pore darkey spectin' fur to have spring chicken de hull year round, and, consequentially, he can't git it. And he wont wait long. He'll done come down to pone and bacon powerfu' quick!"

"Jacob," answered Mrs. Larks, seriously, "what you say is true. But you and Jane shall both have spring chicken on this trip."

"'Bleeged to ye, ma'am. Jane aint too back'ard to eat, nather'm I. And I better be hitchin' up. I'll jist back round so we kin h'ist in them things."

In five minutes they all were upon the road again, with Jacob following slowly.

Often one, two, and sometimes three rows of islands extend along the banks of the Mississippi for miles. The streams running between the islands and the shore, like little rivers, are called sloughs, though the name belies them, for they are often deep and clear, and game fish abound in them. Pale green willows edge the shores, and droop over the water. Trumpet-vine and wild grapes grow in rank luxuriance. Great elms bow to each other from island to island, and reach their delicate draped arms across the streams. Where

the woods are darkest, and the water deepest, the wagon stops. The bluff is cleft by a little ravine; on one side a perpendicular wall of rock, with a little stream at the base; on the other a green slope, where the old log-hut stands in the sunshine.

"Now, hurry up, boys, if you want any fish for dinner," said Mr. Larks.

Only boys can be as busy as those boys were, unhitching the horses, and getting out lines and bait.

"Lucky we got those minnows, father; but, girls, you may run away with mother, for you'll talk and scare the fish," said Hugh.



CATCHING THE SALMON. (SEE PAGE 639.)

seine and go up the creek and get some minnows."

Jenny wanted to go, too, but Dum and Dee were not adventurous, and preferred to stay and "help aunty," the merriest and busiest little maids in the world.

"Missus," said Jacob, "if ye got any scraps to throw out, give 'em to my old hoss, will ye?"

"Will she eat scraps?"

"Jist try her once't. You Jane, come heah!" Jane came up knowingly, ate with a good relish, and nickered for more.

"Poor old horse, she must be hungry. Jacob, has she had any grain?"



"No, we wont. Can't we fish, father?"

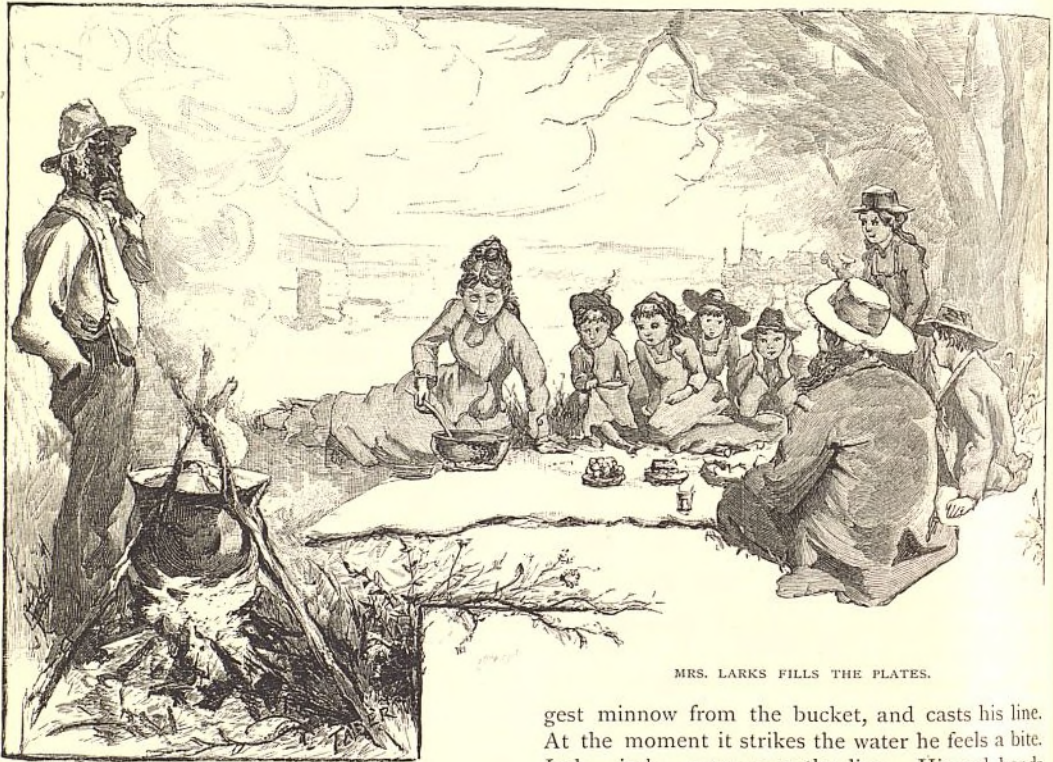
"Yes, my lassie, come. I'll bait your hook."

Jenny watched him catch the little silvery minnow in the bucket, but as he put it on the hook, she gave a little sobbing sigh and turned away.

"O what a fisher you are!" said Frank. "How can you fish if you can't see a hook baited?"

"Now, boys," said Mr. Larks, "you leave these

An hour goes by. Mr. Larks catches a couple of striped bass, and Frank a croppie, but Ralph and Hugh have not caught a single fish, and are greatly mortified. They determine to try their luck farther off, and wander away out of sight. They stop where the slough narrows and an old tree bends low and casts a deep shadow over the water. Hugh takes a larger hook, puts on his big-



MRS. LARKS FILLS THE PLATES.

girls alone, or I'll duck you. When you are as old as I am you will like tender-hearted girls a good deal better than hard-hearted ones."

The other little girls take lines also; but the mosquitoes bite Dee, and the mosquitoes bite Dum, and soon they lay their poles down and quietly slip away to "aunty," and enjoy themselves sweeping out the old house, and trot about gathering flowers. Jenny holds out bravely. Suddenly her cork goes bob, bob, bobbing out of sight.

"Steady, Jen, steady!"

A wild, uncertain jerk, and the first catch lies floundering in the grass.

"A black bass! Hurrah for girls!" said Mr. Larks.

The boys hear the shout, but don't answer. Their masculine hearts are consumed with envy.

"Father," said Jenny, saucily, "I guess I wont fish any more. I'll go, and give the boys a chance."

gest minnow from the bucket, and casts his line. At the moment it strikes the water he feels a bite. Jerk,—jerk,—away goes the line. His rod bends violently.

"Hold on, Hugh, hold on! He's a whopper. I saw him!" cries Ralph, sinking on his knees in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

The great fish is thrashing the water back and forth.

"Give him his head!" directed Ralph; "give him his head till he gets tired."

A few moments of breathless, eager anxiety, and they put their young wits to work to capture the prize.

"He's growing tired now. You stand farther down and I'll coax him up, and you grab him."

It is near the shore. Risking all, Hugh gives a jerk, but the fish is too heavy for his pole; still Ralph catches the line and drags the fish ashore; but with a great flounder it tears itself loose,—another and it will be back in the water. Can Hugh bear to lose it? No! He flings himself upon the fish and grovels in the wet sand. How it



fights and struggles! It is a game fish, but it is a game boy! As fast as it wriggles out, Hugh wriggles down over it. His legs are in the water, sand is in his mouth, but he does not let go. Ralph is dodging around, wild to help.

"Double the line,—make a noose,—here, slip it under his gills."

The string tightens instantly, and they haul the prize safely up.

Away they start, dragging the fish, shouting wildly. All rush to meet them.

"Jeminently!" cried Mr. Larks; "a ten-pound salmon, or it may be twelve. Where did you get him? How did you land him?"

A loud and excited account of their exploit was received with great applause. The boys were soaked with mud and water. Their clothes were torn, their hands were bleeding, their faces were daubed with mud and sand. But pride and satisfaction shone in their countenances. They felt themselves to be heroes, and were so regarded by their admiring friends.

"Now, wont we have a chowder!" said Mrs. Larks. "But every one must help. Boys, go up to the house, and on the rafters you will find the old clothes you laughed at me for bringing." They went to work with right good will.

Jenny split the hard crackers and buttered them, Mr. Larks weepingly sliced the onion, Dum and Dee laid the cloth and set the table. Frank meekly brought sticks for the fire,—he had n't caught a big fish, poor boy! Mrs. Larks peeled the tomatoes, and cut thin slices of pork, while to Hugh and Ralph belonged the honor of superintending Jacob in preparing the great fish for the pot. Everything is ready, in go the layers, while they all stand around and watch the process with absorbed attention. Pork, fish, onion, tomato,

pork, fish, etc., etc., until the kettle is full; then the crackers on top.

"Now, boys, fill up with water,—not too full,—put on the cover, draw up the coals, so! and we have nothing to do but—wait!"

The boys rolled on the grass and groaned with hunger. Mrs. Larks and the little girls sat on one of the blankets spread out on the ground. Mr. Larks lay on another, with his head resting luxuriously on a fat bolster.

"Was that good straw you got for us to sleep on, Jacob?" asked Mr. Larks.

"Jist as clean as a whistle, sir."

Now Mrs. Larks got up and took the cover off the pot, and looked and tasted.

"That has a powerfu' nourishin' smell," said Jacob.

"And it is done," said Mrs. Larks.

She filled the plates as they all gathered around the cloth spread on the grass.

Mr. Larks tasted.

"Now, I call that a good chowder."

He tasted again.

"I call it a first-rate chowder, a tip-top chowder. Ladies and gentlemen, hurrah for the first cook and the first lady in the land!"

They all waved their spoons and responded lustily, and then "fell to" upon the savory feast.

The sun had set when dinner was over, and they piled the logs high till the blaze leaped up cheerily, and then they sat around the fire and told stories of a good Indian, a cunning bear, and a brave stag that swam the Mississippi. Then the moon came sailing swiftly up through the dark trees, and they were tired. Each took a blanket and all went to the old log-house and lay down on the straw, piled deep and soft over the floor. They heard the faint, lonely cries of a bird, but the murmur of the great river and of the woods hushed them to sleep.

## WHAT WAS IT?

I WATCHED a butterfly on the wing;

I saw him alight on a sunny spray.

His pinions quivered;

The blossoms shivered;

I know he whispered some startling thing.

But why so bold,

Or what he told,

While poisoning there on the sunny spray,

I've never learned to this blessed day.



## THE BABY'S MORNING.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

ONE morning, a little bird flew down from the clouds. He stopped to rest on the tip-top of a poplar-tree in a grove where there was nothing but poplars. All the leaves of the trees turned their white faces up to the sun; and the sun looked down and made them shine till the little bird laughed to see. He may have been trying if his voice were in tune for a song; but the notes rippled out of his mouth exactly like a bird laugh.

He cocked his head at the shining leaves; he bobbed them many a gallant bow; and he spread his pretty feathers for them to look at. Then he sang them a song,—such a song as they seldom had a chance to hear,—for, though many birds passed that way from the clouds and stopped over for rest and refreshment, paying for their lodging and the insects they ate, in singing, few travelers carried in their beaks such bonny songs as his.

The poplar leaves courtesied in the breeze and twinkled in the sunshine, and did their best to

It seemed as if all the world were turning up its face to be noticed by the sun. God had made a beautiful morning, and wherever the little bird went he sang to the morning.

He perched on the flowers that were not too frail to bear him, and he lingered long in the rose and lilac and snow-ball bushes. He skipped on the pickets of the fences, singing to them all. He was very friendly with the poor little butterflies that could never hope to reach the clouds, nor the trees, even, on their tiny, weak wings. And he chirped kindly to the crawling things.

One of them was a fat, black ant, a bite not to be despised for a bird's breakfast; but he did not snap it up. One of them was a long, brown worm, that would have made quite a meal by itself. It could not have been because he was the early bird that had breakfasted well on worms already, and it must have been because the meanest life seemed too precious to take this morning, that he left him wriggling in the dirt whose grains the sun was turning into sands of gold. Another of them was a gorgeous black and yellow caterpillar, too fuzzy to be very tempting to his bill at any time. And another of them was a lovely pink and white baby, working her way on hands and knees through the long grass, that was going to be shaven close to-morrow to make a velvet lawn.

They had left Hetty with the baby that morning when they all went off to town for Spring shopping; and Hetty was asleep.

She was a drowsy little colored girl who never succeeded in getting as much sleep as she wanted. They waked her too early in the morning. They kept her up too late at night. They would not let her take long naps in the day-time. Her eyelids were always heavy with the sleep she missed, and her mouth always yawning for it. She almost dropped asleep upon the kitchen stove if she lingered over it long; and the brightest days were her most miserable ones. The warmer the sunshine, the duller and drowsier her brain; and never a chance to run away to Dream-land for a moment, for these were the very days when the baby must be out for airings from morning till evening.

Hetty liked the shelter of the house best when the sun shone its brightest; so she would neither take the baby under a tree in the garden, nor draw her carriage up and down the avenue, where the trees locked arms over the path, and made a roof of leaves that only let the sunshine through the



"SHE COULD RUN AWAY, TOO."

charm him into staying; but he wanted to go down and say good-morning to the grasses and the flowers, and the blue water that made such pretty pictures of the sky where he had been. Beside, he had songs that he must carry to somebody.

So he left the poplar leaves; but wherever he went that morning there was something shining.



cracks. The baby scolded and cried for her carriage; but she had no big papa and mamma there



THROUGH THE CLOVER-TOPS.

to take her part, and the cook was down the alley with her friend the milkman.

So Hetty gathered toys together in the back parlor, made the room cool and dark—almost as nice as night itself,—and called the baby to come and play.

She stretched herself comfortably upon the carpet, and built a grand block tower for the baby. She was quite a long time making it tall and firm; but the baby knew that only one touch of her little finger would tumble it over into common blocks in a second; and she loved to see a tall tower go tumbling into blocks at her touch. But she did not toddle across the room to touch it, for she was busy crying for the morning God had made for her—and what were block towers that she should notice them when her heart was set on sunshine and flowers and the music of the birds?

Then Hetty built a long, long row of tents, and the baby knew she had only to blow a little breath for them all to go tipping over, one upon the other, till there should be nothing left but a pack of common cards strewn along the carpet. She loved to see the tents, that it took Hetty so much time to build, spoiled in a single second by only the breath of her lips. But the voices of the birds, and the smell of flowers blown in at the windows, were calling her to come out to the morning; and her tears fell because she could not hinder them; and she scolded cruel Hetty, who lay between her and the open door, and paid less and less attention to her.

But by and by when Hetty's head was very still upon her arm, and she called no longer, the baby grew tired of the sound of her own crying and ran across the room to make Hetty speak to her again. She climbed on her back and poked at her closed eyes. She tickled her neck and pulled her little tight black curls. She blew the tents over, and knocked the tower down with a great crash,—and because that did not move her, she knew it was really true that Hetty had run away to Dream-land, and that now there was no one to watch her; and that she could run away, too—just wherever she pleased.

She saw the open door; she heard the birds calling, and smelt the garden flowers; and when she got outside she saw the little leaves on the trees bowing to her politely, as they always did if she looked up.

She loved the morning that seemed to love her so much, and she ran out into it—going down the steps, in her hurry, with now and then a slide she had not planned for, and now and then a bump she had not planned for, either.

But the grass was soft and cool, and it comforted all her bruises when she once got rolling and creeping and tumbling about in it. And there were golden buttercups to pick; and there were clover tops to eat,—white when one grew tired of red, and red when one grew tired of white; and there were butterflies to watch and try to follow, and to see go flying, like wee birds, away above the clover when



"RISING ON SLOW WINGS ABOVE THE GRASS."

little hands came near. There were green and brown creatures of every size and shape hopping from clover to clover and from grass to grass.



There were little threads of shining light coming down from the sky, and touching here a clover top and here a buttercup and here a daisy. They did not run away from her when she stole near to catch them, but nestled in her fingers—and yet when she opened her fingers to look at them they were never to be seen—which was a great and a sad puzzle to her.

There were flowers, there were butterflies, there were shining beetles; there were beaded and feathered grasses; there were the sunbeams—but, oh, above them all there were the birds that made the music for her!

For, in her little, ignorant mind (which had no teacher but love, and learned no lesson but that she was queen of all hearts—whether they beat in the bosoms of the flowers that grew, or in the breasts of the birds that journeyed back and forth from earth to heaven, or in the breasts of the people who lived always down upon the earth) she believed that every beautiful thing was beautiful just for her. The flowers blossomed, the grass grew green and tall, the butterflies were red and yellow, and knew how to flutter their pretty wings and fly away, the sunbeams glittered, and the birds sang their songs, just for her.

This was her morning, her very own, and the growing things and the live things knew it. She was the queen of the morning, and her crown was the golden top of her head that rose up out of the grass, and was all that any one could see of her as she sat deep in it. But what was it that by and by made the flowers she had held so fast slip out of her fingers; that made her forget there were butterflies and beetles to chase; that lifted her eyes far above the tallest grasses, and made her listen and listen as if there were no longer anything to see? The buttercups were as yellow as ever, the sunbeams as golden, the grass as green; but her heart was full of music—of music more wonderful than she had ever heard before.

What was it? Only the song of a bird! Only a bird's voice, rising so high, with notes wild and merry that made her wild and merry, too, till she clapped her hands and shouted and laughed; falling so low that its sadness made her sigh, and her little heart—which had never known sorrow of its own—knew the sorrow of the bird's song. Only a bird; and only that little brown bird on the lowest branch of the maple-tree.

Yes; she could see the music come rising and falling, laughing and sighing, out of his mouth. And she knew from the way he kept his eyes on hers, singing to her alone, that of all the birds he was her very own,—sent down to carry the best

songs they had in the clouds to the little queen of the morning.

He saw her face turned up to the sun, like all the other lovely things he had met on his journeying; and he thought it the loveliest thing of all.



"SHE LIFTED HIM GENTLY."

But he did not dare venture nearer than that lowest branch of the maple-tree; although there were little hands beckoning him, and cooing tones coaxing him and grand preparations going on for his reception.

Many a time the baby spread her apron smooth over her knees; many a nest of buttercups and daisies she made for him in her lap; and whenever he stopped to rest between his songs she beckoned him down, calling:

"Tome birdy; tome pitty birdy, tome to baby!"

She was sure he loved her, and she did not know why he refused to come, unless he had naughty wings that would not bring him. So by and by she began to coax the wings:

"Tome itty wings, bring birdy down to me!"

"Shall I ketch 'im for you, baby?" said a voice through the pickets, and there stood Freddy Doane on the other side of the fence that separated his yard from the baby's—and in one hand he held a fish-pole and in the other a salt-cellar.

"I heard you frew the window," said Freddy. "You can ketch him if you put salt on his tail."

The baby watched Freddy lay the grains on the end of the pole and lift it up very carefully. But it would not reach half as far as the lowest branch of the maple-tree; and the bird's voice rang out in merry peals that seemed to be laughing hard at foolish Freddy.

"I'd chase him if I had wings," said Freddy.

"Tome, itty wings!" said the baby.

"Come on down here," said Freddy, throwing a stone he had in his hand.



He was never more surprised than when he saw it strike the wing he had aimed for, and never more frightened than when the merry song stopped suddenly, and two little feet lost their hold of the twig where they had clung, and a little wounded bird, with blood-stains on its breast, came fluttering, fluttering down.

He ran and hid from the cruel wrong he had not meant to do; but the baby did not run away. She was not surprised, nor frightened. She only thought that the wings were tired of refusing her and that at last her bird was coming home to his nest in her apron.

She got it all ready for him once more; but he dropped into the deep grass under the maple-tree, and she was grieved because she thought she had lost him. But in a moment he came rising on slow wings above the grass, and she saw that he was only playing hide-and-seek with her.

So she laughed and shouted "I spy," and played the game as long as he liked it; blinding her eyes when he dropped under the grass to hide, and calling "I spy," whenever he came struggling up again.

But all the while she toddled nearer and nearer him, until she could have laid her hand on him if he had not hopped away. He wanted to play "tag" then, she saw; so she followed him wherever he led, touching him very gently with the tip of her finger once in a while, to show that she had caught him.

And at last the games were all over. He was ready for his nest. He stood quite still, panting

and trembling under the touch of the little finger that stroked him lovingly.

"Toming home now, birdy?" said the baby, as once more she built him a nest of flowers in her lap.

She lifted him gently and laid him in; and she wondered what made his body throb so very, very hard and fast; and she wondered where he got those pretty red spots on his breast; and she wondered why he only opened his bill and chirped, chirped pitifully, when she begged him to sing her one of his beautiful songs.

The song he could not sing was in his eyes; and it was so very sad, that when he looked at the baby her own eyes dropped tears.

But when he hid his head under his wing, and lay a quiet little ball of feathers in the midst of the flowers, her heart was comforted; for she knew he had gone to sleep, and would sleep all weariness and sadness away.

She was so afraid of waking him that she would not move a finger; and by and by her stillness brought drowsiness, and her head drooped till it found a resting-place; and she in her nest of flowers, he in his, slept soundly, while all the world was wide awake and gay.

The baby's mamma woke her when she found her, but no one could wake the little bird; and yet the baby will never believe that she has heard the last of his wonderful music.

She thinks he has gone back to the clouds, where she some day shall follow, and where he will sing to her again on many a summer morning.





## THE AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

CORRIDOR OF THE BRIGHTON  
AQUARIUM.

AM sure all young people enjoy visiting an aquarium. Here, in the United States, there are one or two good aquaria, yet none of them can compare with some of those in Europe. At Brighton, on the south coast of England, is an aquarium, more splendid and interesting than any other in the world. We take the cars from London, and ride for about two hours through the beautiful country,

past farms and pretty villages with their red-tiled roofs, and gray old churches, and then we begin to pass the curious chalk hills, green and grassy on top, and white where the railroad cuts through them. Then comes a long, dark tunnel, and, as soon as it is passed, the train stops at the top of a high hill, where we can look down over the city to the sea beyond. A short ride down the steep streets, and then we come out on a broad street lined with hotels and dwelling-houses and splendid shops, all facing the open sea. We cross the road, and there are the fishing-boats and the curious houses on wheels, called "bathing machines." There are two long piers stretching out into the water, and there are thousands of people walking on the broad side-walk above the beach, or strolling on the sand and listening to the band playing on the pier. Here it is we find the famous aquarium. It is not a house, as in Berlin, or a great wooden barn, as at New York, but is really a great cellar below the level of the street. In the middle of the street is a handsome gate-way, and some broad steps leading down under ground. We pay our shilling at the gate, and pass down the steps under a wooden canopy, and between rows of plants all in bloom, and come to the Grand Pavilion or entrance hall.

This hall is built in the style of a Pompeiian house, the walls and columns of colored brick and terra cotta, and the roof of iron and glass. Here are books and papers and comfortable seats, and

we can sit and read, or look at the glass tanks placed on pedestals round the room. Pretty and inviting as the room is, it is only the entrance to the long halls where the great tanks may be seen. A door on the right has an inviting sign: "TO THE SEA LIONS." Hark! Is that the bark of a dog? It is Mr. Sea Lion calling for his dinner. We come to what seems like a rocky cave, with a great tank of water in the middle, and there on the bank sits a strange black monster. With the head of a dog and the flippers of a seal, and a most ungainly body, the big fellow sits on the wet stones watching a man with a basket of fish. The man holds up a fish, and Mr. Sea Lion takes it down at one swallow, and then barks loudly for more. Hullo! What's that? The water ripples, and a small, black head comes up. It is Master Baby Sea Lion, a little fellow, and as eager for his dinner as his venerable papa. He scrambles awkwardly out of the water, and follows the man about for a fish.

Really we must move on, for there are other wonders to be seen. In another tank near by is still another sea-lion playing in the water, actually tossing a stick in the air, and catching it in his mouth like a boy playing ball. We look at the queer fellow, at his strange fun, and then go back to the entrance hall. Then, to the left, we enter the long corridors where the tanks may be seen. It is quite dark, for the place is under ground, and the only entrance for the light is through the tanks. We look through the glass walls on either side and see the fishes swimming in the full light. This arrangement is very convenient, as it enables us to see quite to the bottom of the green water; and we can look up and see the fish swimming overhead. Here is a large tank full of sea-water, and looking like a vast rocky cave under water. In it are great skates, strange flat fish lying on the pebbly bottom, or slowly roaming about among the stones. Great cod-fish sail past, and seem to stare through the glass, and wonder what we think of them.

Oh! Look up there. Is n't that very queer? It's a duck. His little red legs hang down under the water and keep paddling quickly as Master Duck floats about on the surface. See him now! He's looking down under water. A black head appears, and a pair of bright eyes look about on the fishes and oysters scattered over the bottom. Splash! and Master Guillemot (or Sea Diver)

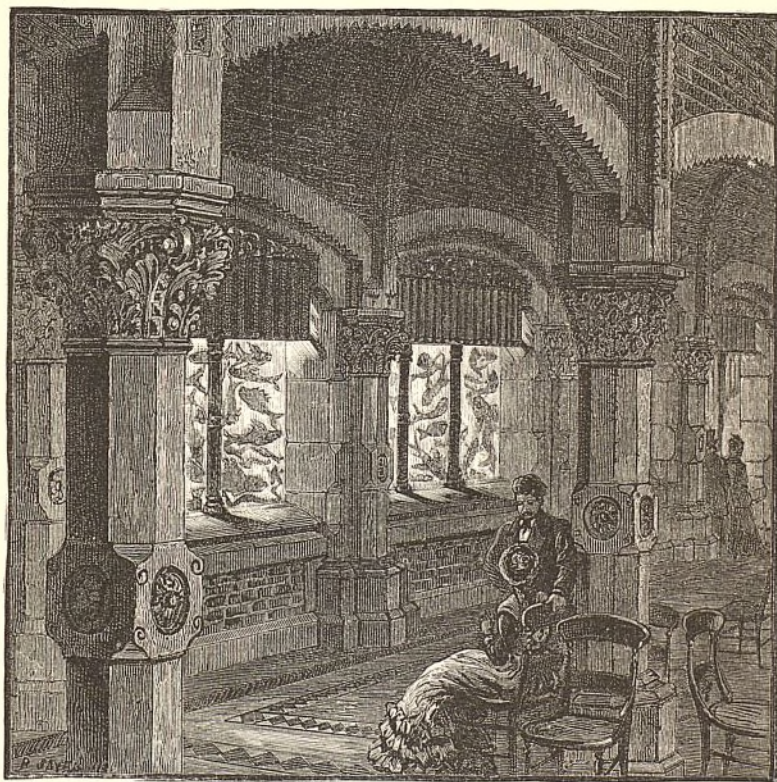


plunges under the water, and flies swiftly about among the fishes, while a trail of silvery bubbles stretches out behind him. Down he dives to the bottom, giving a big skate a friendly poke with his bill. Round and round he flies, the lazy cod-fish gliding out of his way, and then up he goes and sits lightly on the top of the water, while his little legs paddle merrily, as if he had enjoyed his swim beneath.

Here is a tank full of swift mackerel darting about and showing their sides, glistening with blue and silver. In another tank is a company of con-

and all the while hear the music. Beyond are more tanks, on either side of the dark vaulted galleries, and in each is a different kind of fish; sharks, sturgeons, and many others. Here, in a room kept quite warm, are smaller tanks full of strange fish from the tropics, where the hot sun makes it summer all the year round. Here are beautiful sponges, and those strangest of strange fish, the sea-horses. They twist their curly tails round a bit of stick, and then sway to and fro in the water as if they felt quite at home.

How can we tell the tale of these hundreds of



BEFORE THE TANKS.

ger eels, strange, restless fellows, swimming around and around, as if they were trying to find the way out of their prison. Then here are herring and smelts and perch, and all manner of sea-fish, some familiar enough to American eyes, and others of strange shapes and stranger names, some good to eat, and some no one would think of touching.

Then we come to a handsome conservatory with walls of red rocks and a roof of glass. Here the band plays, and we may sit down and look at the masses of flowers and ferns, or watch a company of seals swimming round and round in a little pond,

fishes? A mere list of them all would fill a small book and would make very dull reading. We could walk on and on for hours through the cool, dark corridors, and peer through the glass, and yet not see all the fishy wonders. Then we can go upstairs and come out on the flat roof of the aquarium. Here we find seats and arbors and beautiful flower-beds, and we sit a while and watch the carriages pass in endless procession, or look down on the beach where the great rollers are tumbling in, or look off over the wide, wide sea, so blue and beautiful. We may even have lunch



here and listen to the band, drink our coffee, and hear the roll of the surf at the same time.

I wonder if the fishes swimming in their tanks below know that the salt waves of their native home roll so nearly over their heads? Perhaps they can hear the boom of the surf, or the scream of the shingle as the waves run back? It must make them very home-sick.

Far away to the east we can see the white chalk cliffs and the grassy downs. Off on the horizon, ships and steamers creep along on their way to London, and nearer are the queer fishing-boats, with their red sails, and pretty pleasure-boats full of merry parties. We can hear the laughter of the children bathing in the surf; and all this, with the white houses of the town close behind us among the trees of the Park, so that it is really town and sea-side combined in the most charming manner.

By night, the aquarium is brilliantly lighted, without and within, and thousands of people stroll through the long, vaulted corridors, or sit in the

conservatory and hear the music, or drink their coffee up here in the open air, with the moon silencing the crests of the breakers, and long lines of colored lamps shining on the piers and along the streets. There is a band on each pier, and the ringing call of the bugles floats over the water and mingles with the roll of the countless carriages, the endless boom of the great and wide sea, and the fun and laughter of the happy people.

Many poor families in London save up their pennies till they can buy excursion tickets to Brighton, and down they come by thousands and thousands to spend the day on the beaches, to see the aquarium, and sit here on the flat roof and smell the sweet breath of the salt sea, watch the gulls wheel about overhead, and see and hear all the charming sights and sounds of this most charming place. Many a child has seen an aquarium, and knows something of the finny prisoners in the tanks, yet, of all aquaria, this at Brighton is certainly the best and most delightful.

## A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

### CHAPTER XIX. THE LIFE-RAFT.

WHEN we came out on deck we saw, in a moment, that the fire was thought to be a serious affair. Men were actually at work at the boats, which hung from their davits on each side of the deck, not far from the stern. They were getting them ready to be lowered. I must confess that this seemed frightful to me. Was there really need of it?

I left our party and ran forward for a moment to see, for myself, how matters were going. People were hard at work. I could hear the pumps going, and there was a great deal of smoke, which was driven back by the wind. When I reached the pilot-house and looked down on the hatchway, I saw, not only smoke coming up, but every now and then a tongue of flame. The hatch was burning away at the edges. There must be a great fire under it, I thought.

Just then the captain came rushing up from below. I caught hold of him.

"Is there danger?" I said. "What's to be done?"

He stopped for a moment.

"We must all save ourselves," he said, hur-

riedly. "I am going to the passengers. We can't save the ship. She's all afire below." And then he ran on.

When I got back to our group, I told them what the captain had said, and we all instantly moved toward the boat nearest to us. Rectus told me to put on my life-preserver, and he helped me fasten it. I had forgotten that I had it under my arm. Most of the passengers were at our boat, but the captain took some of them over to the other side of the deck.

When our boat was ready there was a great scramble and rush for it. Most of the ladies were to get into this boat, and some of the officers held back the men who were crowding forward. Among the others held back were Rectus and I, and as Corny was between us she was pushed back, too. I do not know how the boat got to the water, nor when she started down. The vessel pitched and tossed; we could not see well, for the smoke came in thick puffs over us, and I did not know that the boat was really afloat until a wave lifted it up by the side of the vessel where we stood, and I heard Mr. Chipperton call for Corny. I could see him in the stern of the boat, which was full of people.

"Here she is!" I yelled.



"Here I am, father!" cried Corny, and she ran from us to the railing.

"Lower her down," said Mr. Chipperton, from below. He did not seem flurried at all, but I saw that no time was to be lost, for a man was trying to cut or untie a rope which still held the boat to the steamer. Then, she would be off. There was a light line on the deck near me—I had caught my foot in it, a minute before. It was strong enough to hold Corny. I got hold of one end of it and tied it around her, under her arms. She had a great shawl, as well as a life-preserver, tied around her and looked dreadfully bundled up.

She did not say a word, but let Rectus and me do as we chose, and we got her over the railing in no time. I braced myself against the seat that ran around the deck and lowered. Rectus leaned over and directed, holding on to the line as well. I felt strong enough to hold two of her, with the rope running over the rail. I let her go down pretty fast, for I was afraid the boat would be off; but directly Rectus called to me to stop.

"The boat is n't under her," he cried. "They've pushed off. Haul up a little! A wave nearly took her just then!"

With that, we hauled her up a little, and almost at the same moment I saw the boat rising on a wave. By that time, it was an oar's length from the ship.

"They say they can't pull back," shouted Mr. Chipperton. "Don't let her down any further!"

"All right!" I roared back at him. "We'll bring her in another boat," and I began to pull up with all my might.

Rectus took hold of the rope with me and we soon had Corny on deck. She ran to the stern and held out her arms to the boat.

"Oh, father!" she cried. "Wait for me!"

I saw Mr. Chipperton violently addressing the men in the boat, but they had put out their oars and were beginning to pull away. I knew they would not come back, especially as they knew, of course, that there were other boats on board. Then Mr. Chipperton stood up again, put his hands to his mouth and shouted back to us:

"Bring her—right after us. If we get—parted—meet—at Savannah!"

He was certainly one of the coolest men in the world. To think—at such a time—of appointing a place to meet! And yet it was a good idea. I believe he expected the men in his boat to row directly to the Florida coast where they would find quick dispatch to Savannah.

Poor Corny was disconsolate and cried bitterly. I think I heard her mother call back to her, but I am not sure about it. There was so much to see and hear. And yet I had been so busy with what

I had had to do that I had seen comparatively little of what was going on around me.

One thing, however, I had noticed, and it impressed me deeply even at the time. There was none of the wailing and screaming and praying that I had supposed was always to be seen and heard at such dreadful times as this. People seemed to know that there were certain things that they had to do if they wanted to save themselves, and they went right to work and did them. And the principal thing was to get off that ship without any loss of time. Of course, it was not pleasant to be in a small boat pitching about on those great waves, but almost anywhere was a better place than a ship on fire. I heard a lady scream once or twice, but I don't think there was much of that sort of thing. However, there might have been more of it than I thought. I was driving away at my own business.

The moment I heard the last word from Mr. Chipperton I rushed to the other side of the deck, dragging Corny along with me. But the boat was gone from there.

I could see them pulling away some distance from the ship. It was easy to see things now, for the fire was blazing up in front. I think the vessel had been put around, for she rolled a good deal and the smoke was not coming back over us.

I untied the line from Corny, and stood for a moment looking about me. There seemed to be no one aft but us three. We had missed both boats. Mr. Chipperton had helped his wife into the boat and had expected to turn round and take Corny. No doubt, he had told the men to be perfectly cool and not to hurry. And while we were shouting to him and lowering Corny the other boat had put off.

There was a little crowd of men amidships, hard at work at something. We ran there. They were launching the life-raft. The captain was among them.

"Are there no more boats?" I shouted.

He turned his head.

"What! A girl left?" he cried. "No. The fire has cut off the other boats. We must all get on the raft. Stand by with the girl, and I'll see you safe."

The life-raft was a big affair that Rectus and I had often examined. It had two long, air-tight cylinders, of iron, I suppose, kept apart by a wide frame-work. On this frame-work, between the cylinders, canvas was stretched, and on this the passengers were to sit. Of course, it would be impossible to sink a thing like this.

In a very short time the raft was lifted to the side of the vessel and pushed overboard. It was bound to come right side up. And as soon as it was



afloat the men began to drop down on it. The captain had hold of a line that was fastened to it, and I think one of the mates had another line.

"Get down! Get down!" cried the captain to us.

I told Rectus to jump first, as the vessel rolled that way, and he landed all right, and stood up as well as he could to catch Corny. Over she went at the next roll with a good send from me, and I came right after her. I heard the captain shout:

"All hands aboard the raft!" and then, in a minute, he jumped himself. Some of the men pushed her off with a pole. It was almost like floating right on the surface of the water, but I felt it was perfectly safe. Nothing could make those great cylinders sink. We floated away from the ship, and we were all glad enough of it, for the air was getting hot. The whole front part of the vessel was blazing away like a house on fire. I don't remember whether the engines were still working or not, but at any rate we drifted astern and were soon at quite a little distance from the steamer.

It was safe enough, perhaps, on the raft, but it was not in the least comfortable. We were all crowded together, crouching on the canvas, and the water just swashed about us as if we were floating boards. We went up and down on the waves with a motion that would n't have been so bad had we not thought we might be shuffled off if a big wave turned us over a little too much. But there were lots of things to hold on to, and we all stuck close together. We three were in the middle. The captain told us to get there. There is no way of telling how glad I was that the captain was with us. I was well satisfied anyway to be with the party on the raft. I might have liked it better in a boat, but I think that most of the men in the boats were waiters, or stewards, or passengers—fellows who were in a hurry to get off. The officers and sailors who remained behind to do their best for the ship and the passengers, were the men on the raft; and these I felt we could trust. I think there were ten of them, besides the captain, making fourteen of us in all.

There we all sat, while the ship blazed and crackled away, before us. She drifted faster than

we did, and so got farther and farther away from us. The fire lighted up the sea for a good distance and every time we rose on the top of a wave some of us

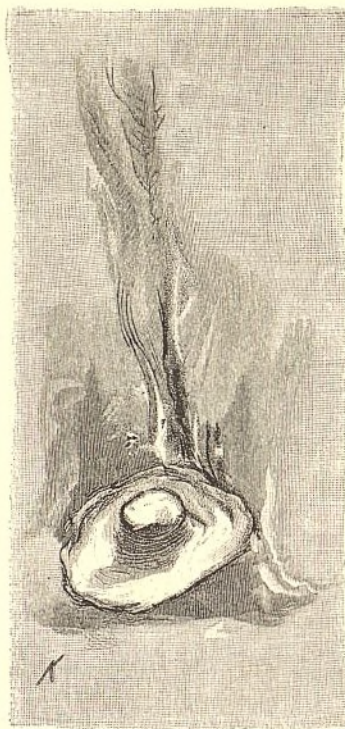
looked about to see if we could see anything of the other boats. But we saw nothing of them. Once I caught sight of a black spot on a high wave at quite a distance, which I thought might be a boat, but no one else saw it, and it was gone in an instant. The captain said it made no real difference to us whether we saw the other boats or not; they could not help us. All the help we had to expect was from some passing ship which might see us, and pick us up. He was very encouraging, though, about this, for he said we were right in the track of vessels bound North, which all sought the Gulf Stream; and, besides, a burning ship at night would attract the attention of vessels at a great distance, and some of them would be sure to make for us.

"We'll see a sail in the morning," said he; "make up your minds to that. All we've got to do is to stick together on the raft, and we're almost sure to be picked up."

I think he said things like this to give courage to us three, but I don't believe we needed it, particularly. Rectus was very quiet, but I think that if he could have kept himself dry he would have been pretty well satisfied to float until daylight, for he had full faith in the captain, and was sure we should be picked up. I was pretty much of the same mind, but poor Corny was in a sad way. It was no comfort to her to tell her that we should be picked up, unless she could be assured that the same ship would pick up her father and mother. But we could say nothing positive about this, of course, although we did all that we could, in a general way, to make her feel that everything would turn out all right. She sat wrapped up in her shawl, and seldom said a word. But her eyes were wandering all over the waves looking for a boat.

The ship was now quite a long way off, still burning, and lighting up the tops of the waves and the sky. Just before day-break her light suddenly went out.

"She's gone down!" said the captain, and then he said no more for a long time. I felt very sorry



A LAST VIEW OF RECTUS'S HAT.

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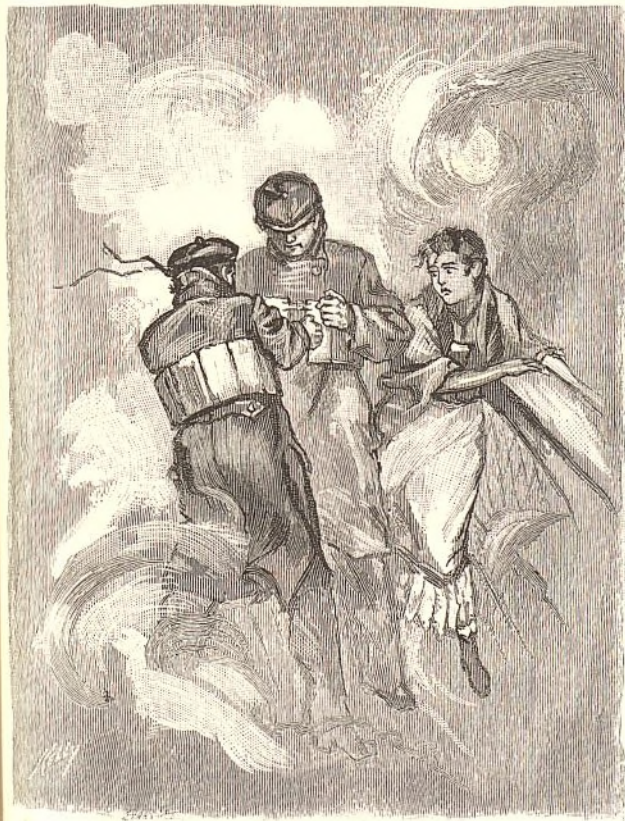
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for him. Even if he should be saved, he had lost his ship,—had seen it burn up and sink before his eyes. Such a thing must be pretty hard on a captain. Even I felt as if I had lost a friend. The old "Tigris" seemed so well known to us.

It was now more dismal than ever. It was darker; and although the burning ship could do us no good, we were sorry to have her leave us. Nobody said much, but we all began to feel pretty badly. Morning came slowly, and we were wet and cold, and getting stiff. Besides, we were all very thirsty, and I, for one, was hungry; but there was no good reason for that, for it was not yet breakfast-time. Fortunately, after a while, Corny went to sleep. We were very glad of it, though how she managed to sleep while the raft was rising and falling and sliding and sloshing from one wave to another, I can't tell. But she did n't have much holding on to do. We did that for her.



"RECTUS HELPED ME FASTEN THE LIFE-PRESERVER."

At last daylight came, and then we began to look about in good earnest. We saw a top-sail off on the horizon, but it was too far for our raft to be seen from it, and it might be coming our way or it might not. When we were down in the trough of

the waves we could see nothing, and no one could have seen us. It was of no use to put up a signal, the captain said, until we saw a vessel near enough to see it.

We waited, and we waited, and waited, until it was well on in the morning, and still we saw no other sail. The one we had seen had disappeared entirely.

We all began to feel miserable now. We were weak and cold and wretched. There was n't a thing to eat or drink on the raft. The fire had given no time to get anything. Some of the men began to grumble. It would have been better, they said, to have started off as soon as they found out the fire, and have had time to put something to eat and drink on the raft. It was all wasted time to try to save the ship. It did no good after all. The captain said nothing to this. He knew that he had done his duty in trying to put out the fire, and he just kept his mouth shut, and looked out for a sail. There was one man with us—a red-faced, yellow-haired man—with a curly beard, and little gold rings in his ears. He looked more like a sailor than any other of the men, and Rectus and I always put him down for the sailor who had been longer at sea and knew more about ships and sailing than any other of the crew. But this man was the worst grumbler of the lot now, and we altered our opinion about him.

Corny woke up every now and then, but she soon went to sleep again, when she found there was no boat or sail in sight. At least, I thought she went to sleep, but she might have been thinking and crying. She was so crouched up that we could not see whether she was awake or not.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE RUSSIAN BARK.

We soon began to think the captain was mistaken in saying there would be lots of ships coming this way. But then we could n't see very far. Ships may have passed within a few miles of us, without our knowing anything about it. It was very different from being high up on a ship's deck, or in her rigging.

Sometimes, though, we seemed high enough up, when we got on the top of a wave.

It was fully noon before we saw another sail. And when we saw this one for the second or third time (for we only caught a glimpse of it every now



and then), a big man who had been sitting on the edge of the raft, and hardly ever saying a word, sung out:

"I believe that's a Russian bark."

And after he had had two or three more sights at her he said:

"Yes, I know she is."

"That's so," said the captain; "and she's bearing down on us."

Now, in the world they knew what sort of a ship that was, and which way it was sailing, I could n't tell for the life of me. To me it was a little squarish spot on the lower edge of the sky, and I have always thought that I could see well enough. But these sailors have eyes like spy-glasses.

Now, then, we were all alive, and began to get ready to put up a signal. Fortunately, the pole was on the raft,—I believe the captain had it fastened on, thinking we might want it,—and now all we had to do was to make a flag. We three got out our handkerchiefs, which were wet, but white enough yet, and the captain took out his. We tied them together by the corners, and made a long pennant of them. When we tied one end of this to the pole, it made quite a show. The wind soon dried it, after the pole was hoisted and held up, and then our flag fluttered finely.

The sun had now come out quite bright and warm, which was a good thing for us, for it dried us off, somewhat, and made us more comfortable. The wind had also gone down, a good deal. If it had not been for these two things I don't know how we could have stood it. But the waves were still very high.

Every time we saw the ship, she seemed to look bigger and bigger, and we knew that the captain was right, and that she was making for us. But she was a long time coming. Even after she got so near that we could plainly see her hull and masts and sails, she did not seem to be sailing directly toward us. Indeed, sometimes I thought she did n't notice us. She would go far off one way, and then off the other way.

"Oh, why don't she come right to us?" cried Corny, beating her hands on her knees. "She is n't as near now as she was half an hour ago."

This was the first time that Corny had let herself out in this way, but I don't wonder she did it. The captain explained that the ship could n't sail right to us, because the wind was not in the proper direction for that. She had to tack. If she had been a steamer, the case would have been different. We all sat and waited, and waved our flag.

She came nearer and nearer, and it was soon plain enough that she saw us. The captain told us that it was all right now—all we had to do was

to keep up our courage, and we'd soon be on board the bark. But when the men who were holding the pole let it down, he told them to put it up again. He wanted to make sure they should see us.

At last, the bark came so near that we could see the people on board, but still she went past us. This was the hardest to bear of all, for she seemed so near. But when she tacked and came back, she sailed right down to us. We could see her all the time now, whether we were up or down.

"She'll take us this time," said the captain.

I supposed that when the ship came near us she would stop and lower a boat, but there seemed to be no intention of the kind. A group of men stood in her bow, and I saw that one of them held a round life-preserver in his hand,—it was one of the India rubber kind, filled with air, and to it a line was attached. When the ship was just opposite to us, this man shouted something which I did not hear, and threw the life-preserver. It fell close to the raft. I thought, indeed, it was coming right into the midst of us. The red-faced man with the gold ear-rings was nearest to it. He made a grab at it, and missed it. On went the ship, and on went the life-preserver, skipping and dancing over the waves. They let out lots of line, but still the life-preserver was towed away.

A regular howl went up from our raft. I thought some of the men would jump into the sea, and swim after the ship, which was now rapidly leaving us. We heard a shout from the vessel, but what it meant I did not know. On she went, and on, as if she was never coming back.

"She'll come back," said the captain. "She'll tack again."

But it was hard to believe him. I don't know whether he believed himself. Corny was wildly crying now, and Rectus was as white as a sheet. No one seemed to have any hope or self-control except the captain. Some of the men looked as if they did not care whether the ship ever came back or not.

"The sea is too high," said one of them. "She'd swamp a boat, if she'd put it out."

"Just you wait!" said the captain.

The bark sailed away so far that I shut my eyes. I could not look after her any more. Then, as we rose on the top of a wave, I heard a rumble of words among the men, and I looked out, and saw she was tacking. Before long, she was sailing straight back to us, and the most dreadful moments of my life were ended. I had really not believed that she would ever return to us.

Again she came plowing along before us, the same group in her bow; again the life-preserver was thrown, and this time the captain seized it.



In a moment, the line was made fast to the raft. But there was no sudden tug. The men on the bark knew better than that. They let out some two or three hundred feet of line and lay to, with their sails fluttering in the wind.

Then they began to haul us in. I don't remember much more of what happened just about this time. It was all a daze of high black hull and tossing waves, and men overhead, and ropes coming down, and seeing Corny hauled up into the air. After a while I was hauled up, and Rectus went before me. I was told afterward that some of the stoutest men could scarcely help themselves, they were so cramped, and stiff, and had to be hoisted on board like sheep.

I know that when I put my feet on the deck, my knees were so stiff that I could not stand. Two women had Corny between them and were carrying her below. I was so delighted to see that there were women on board. Rectus and I were carried below, too, and three or four rough-looking fellows, who did n't speak a word that we could understand, set to work at us and took off our clothes, and rubbed us with warm stuff, and gave us some hot tea and gruel, and I don't know what else, and put us into hammocks, and stuffed blankets around us, and made me feel warmer, and happier, and more grateful and sleepy than I thought it was in me to feel. I expect Rectus felt the same. In about five minutes I was fast asleep.

I don't know how long it was before I woke up. When I opened my eyes I just lay and looked about me. I did not care for times and seasons. I knew I was all right. I wondered when they would come around again with gruel. I had an idea they lived on gruel in that ship, and I remembered that it was very good. After a while a man did come around, and he looked into my hammock. I think from his cap that he was an officer,—probably a doctor. When he saw that I was awake he said something to me. I had seen some Russian words in print, and the letters all seemed upside down, or lying sideways on the page. And that was about the way he spoke. But he went and got me a cup of tea, and some soup, and some bread, and I understood his food very well.

After a while our captain came around to my hammock. He looked a great deal better than when I saw him last, and said he had had a good sleep. He told me that Corny was all right, and was sleeping again, and that the mate's wife had her in charge. Rectus was in a hammock near me, and I could hear him snore, as if he were perfectly happy. The captain said that these Russian people were just as kind as they could be; that the master of the bark, who could speak English,

had put his vessel under his—our captain's—command, and told him to cruise around wherever he chose in search of the two boats.

"And did you find them?" I asked.

"No," said he. "We have been on the search now for twenty-four hours, and can see nothing of them. But I feel quite sure they have been picked up. They could row, and they could get further into the course of vessels than we were. We'll find them when we get ashore."

The captain was a hopeful man, but I could not feel as cheerfully as he spoke. All that I could say was: "Poor Corny!"

He did not answer me, but went away; and soon, in spite of all my doubts and fears, I fell asleep.

The next time I woke up, I got out of my hammock and found I was pretty much all right. My clothes had been dried and ironed, I reckon, and were lying on a chest all ready for me. While Rectus and I were dressing, for he got up at the same time that I did, our captain came to us, and brought me a little package of greenbacks.

"The master of the bark gave me these," said the captain, "and said they were pinned in your watch-pocket. He has had them dried and pressed out for you."

There it was, all the money belonging to Rectus and myself, which, according to old Mr. Colbert's advice, I had carefully pinned in the watch-pocket of my trousers before leaving Nassau. I asked the captain if we should not pay something for our accommodations on this vessel, but he said we must not mention anything of the kind. The people on the ship would not listen to it. Even our watches seemed to have suffered no damage from the soaking they had had in our wet clothes.

As soon as we were ready we went up on deck, and there we saw Corny. She was sitting by herself near the stern, and looked like a different kind of a girl from what she had been two or three days before. She seemed several years older.

"Do you really think the other boats were picked up?" she said, the moment she saw us.

Poor thing! She began to cry as soon as she began to speak. Of course, we sat down and talked to her, and said everything we could think of to reassure her. And in about half an hour she began to be much more cheerful, and to look as if the world might have something satisfactory in it after all.

Our captain and the master of the bark now came to us. The Russian master was a pleasant man, and talked pretty good English. I think he was glad to see us, but what we said in the way of thanks embarrassed him a good deal. I suppose he had never done much at rescuing people.



He and our captain both told us that they felt quite sure that the boats had either reached the Florida coast, or been picked up; for we had cruised very thoroughly over the course they must

I know, were sorry we could not speak Russian, so we could tell our rescuers more plainly what we thought of them.

When we reached Savannah, we went directly to



"AGAIN THE LIFE-PRESERVER WAS THROWN."

have taken. We were a little north of Cape Canaveral when the "Tigris" took fire.

About sundown that day, we reached the mouth of the Savannah river and went on board a tug to go up to the city while our bark would proceed on her voyage. There were fourteen grateful people who went down the side of that Russian bark to the little tug that we had signaled; and some of us,

the hotel where Rectus and I had stopped on our former visit, and there we found ourselves the objects of great attention—I don't mean we three particularly, but the captain and all of us. We brought the news of the burning of the "Tigris," and so we immediately knew that nothing had been heard of the two boats. Corny was taken in charge by some of the ladies in the hotel,



and Rectus and I told the story of the burning and the raft twenty or thirty times. The news created a great sensation, and was telegraphed to all parts of the country. The United States government sent a revenue cutter from Charleston and one from St. Augustine to cruise along the coast, and endeavor to find some traces of the survivors, if there were any.

But two days passed and no news came. We thought Corny would go crazy.

"I know they're dead," she said. "If they were alive, anywhere, we'd hear from them."

But we would not admit that, and tried, in every way, to prove that the people in the boats might have landed somewhere where they could not communicate with us, or might have been picked up by a vessel which had carried them to South America, or Europe, or some other distant place.

"Well, why don't we go look for them, then, if there's any chance of their being on some desert island? It's dreadful to sit here and wait, and wait, and do nothing."

Now I began to see the good of being rich. Rectus came to me, soon after Corny had been talking about going to look for her father and mother, and he said:

"Look here, Will,"—he had begun to call me "Will," of late, probably because Corny called me so—"I think it *is* too bad that we should just sit here and do nothing. I spoke to Mr. Parker about it and he says we can get a tug-boat, he thinks, and go out and do what looking we can. If it eases our minds he says there's no objection to it. So I'm going to telegraph to father to let me hire a tug-boat."

I thought this was a first-class idea, and we went

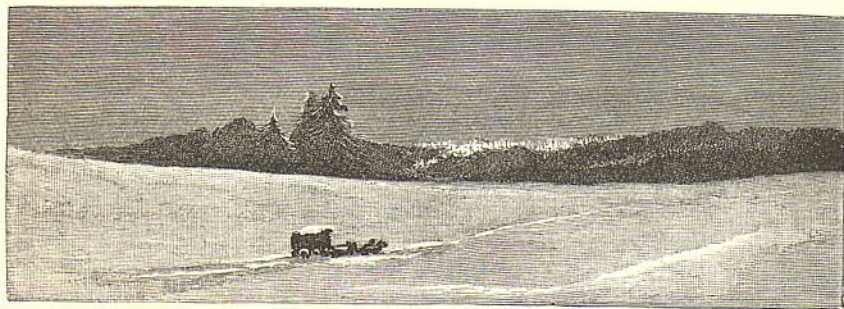
to see Messrs. Parker and Darrell, who were merchants in the city, and the owners of the "Tigris." They had been very kind to us, and told us now that they did not suppose it would do any real good for us to go out in a tug-boat and search along the coast, but that if we thought it would help the poor girl to bear her trouble they were in favor of the plan. They were really afraid she would lose her reason if she did not do something.

Corny was now staying at Mr. Darrell's house. His wife, who was a tip-top lady, insisted that she should come there. When we went around to talk to Corny about making a search, she said that that was exactly what she wanted to do. If we would take her out to look for her father and mother, and we could n't find them after we had looked all we could, she would come back, and ask nothing more.

Then we determined to go. We had n't thought of taking Corny along, but Mr. Darrell and the others thought it would be best; and Mrs. Darrell said her own colored woman, named Celia, should go with her, and take care of her. I could not do anything but agree to things, but Rectus telegraphed to his father, and got authority to hire a tug; and Mr. Parker attended to the business himself; and the tug was to be ready early the next morning. We thought this was a long time to wait, but it could n't be helped.

I forgot to say that Rectus and I had telegraphed home to our parents as soon as we reached Savannah, and had answers back, which were very long ones for telegrams. We had also written home. But we did not say anything to Corny about all this. It would have broken her heart if she had thought about any one writing to his father and mother, and hearing from them.

(To be continued.)



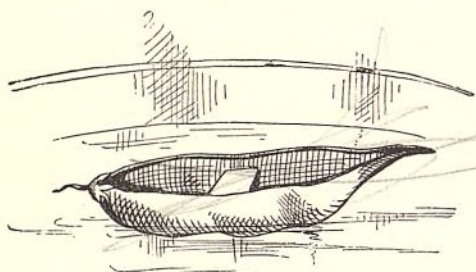
AVOIDING THE HEATED TERM.



## THE PEASE BOYS.

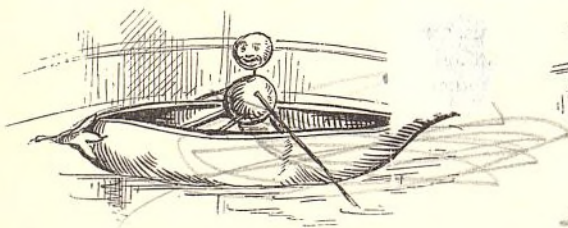
BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

SOME funny little fellows  
Who like to be afloat,  
Live in a very handy house  
That turns into a boat.



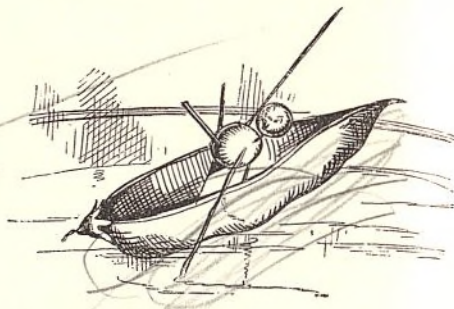
Our Johnny knows them well,  
And every time he can  
He helps them to go sailing  
Upon the sea of Pan.

They are the stout young Pease boys,  
And every little brother  
Is just as like, our Johnny says,  
As one pea to another.



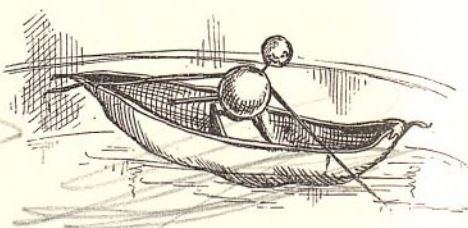
They are such jolly sailors,  
And they row extremely well,  
Though their oars are slim as broom-corns,  
And their boat's a frail green shell.

But once at least this morning,  
The one most round and fat  
He caught a crab while rowing,  
And on his back fell flat.

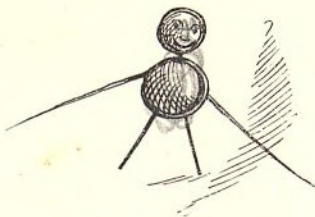


Another, somewhat wiser,  
Although not quite so fleet,  
Determined to be careful,  
And sat astride the seat.

"A storm! a storm!" cried Johnny,  
As one small craft upset,  
But the little Pease boy swam ashore  
And laughed at getting wet.



Roll home, you jolly Pease boys,  
For here comes brisk Aunt Ann;  
She's going to sweep the kitchen,  
And she wants to use the pan!





## THE GAME OF LAWN TENNIS.

BY W. H. BOARDMAN.

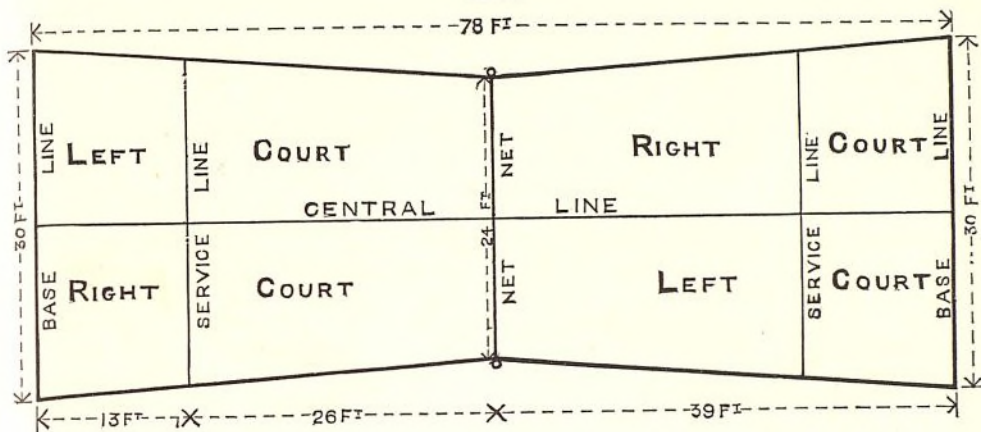


DIAGRAM OF A TENNIS GROUND.

THIS game, which is played at a season when the world appears at its best, combines a most perfect exercise for all the muscles, with a singular charm for girls as well as boys, for men and for women. Tennis is a very old game, for Galen—an old Greek medical gentleman—has written of it to the effect that it was in his time a healthy exercise and quite nice.

All of us, who enjoy playing ball games, would like to know who had wit enough to invent them. Herodotus thinks they were first played by the Lydians, in the reign of King Atyx, many years before Christ was born, in order to make the people forget their hunger at a time when they were suffering from a dreadful famine. The game does not seem to have that effect now.

Tennis, as it is now played in the tennis courts of England, France and Italy, was perfected and played, substantially as now, two or three hundred years ago. Swedenborg, who thinks that in the next world there are as many different sorts of heavens as there are different kinds of people, describes one heaven as having "various sports of men and boys, as running, hand-ball, tennis."

It has been called both the "King of Games" and the "Game of Kings." This last name was given it because it was a favorite amusement with princes and nobles, and both in England and France edicts were published forbidding the common people to play it. Henri II. is considered to have been the best tennis-player of all the French kings. Henri of Navarre rose at daylight, after the cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew, to continue a game of tennis. Henry VIII., of England, was

passionately fond of it until he became too stout, and you may think it would have been better for him if he had kept up his interest in it and given less attention to matrimony. Edward Halle, the historian, who probably never went to a spelling-school, says of him: "The kynge thys tyme was moche entysed to playe at tennes and at dice, which appetite certayn craftie persones about hym perceyuinge, brought in Frenchmen and Lombardes to make wagers with hym and so lost moch money; but when he perceyued their craftes, he eschuyd their compaignie,"—which was a very proper thing for him to do.

Tennis was originally, and still is, played in halls, or courts, built for the purpose at great cost; but the more modern game of lawn tennis, which is now rapidly becoming popular in this country, can be arranged for a comparatively small cost. Dealers will supply a very good set for fifteen dollars, which will furnish amusement for a club of ten or fifteen persons during several seasons. More expensive and much better sets can, of course, be had, and it may be said of this, as of most other out-of-door sports, that the enjoyment is somewhat in proportion to the excellence of the materials. The only materials absolutely necessary, however, to enable four persons to play an enjoyable game, are four racquets, an India rubber ball, and a cord suspended between two posts. These can be had, of very good quality, for but little more than half the cost of a "set."

The game needs, first of all, a smooth, level ground, which may be either hard-rolled earth, asphalt, or (probably best of all) well-rolled, closely



cut turf. A set consists of four racquets, four India rubber balls,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces in weight, and a net attached to two posts, 24 feet apart, at a height of 5 feet from the ground at the posts, and sagging to a height of only 4 feet at the center. The best dimensions for the ground, according to the rules of the Marylebone Cricket Club, are 30 feet wide at the base lines (the end lines), 24 feet wide at the center, where it is spanned by the net, and 78 feet long. The ground is divided lengthwise by a central line, and on either side of this, as one stands facing the net, are the "right court" and the "left court." The courts are again divided by a "service line," drawn parallel to the base lines at a distance of 26 feet from the net. The ground may be longer than this, according as four, six, or eight players are engaged; but the service lines should always be at two-thirds of the distance from the net to the base lines. A ground may be easily and quickly measured and marked out with a 100 feet tape-line and some plaster-of-paris and water, or whitewash, or, indeed, almost any substance which will make a distinct line on the turf.

To play the game, sides are formed, each occupying its own side of the net, and the choice of courts may be determined by spinning a racquet in the air, while an opponent calls out "rough" or "smooth" before it falls to the ground with one of those faces uppermost. The side which loses the choice of courts may elect to begin as "hand-in" or "hand-out." Hand-in is the one who "serves" the ball, that is, begins the game (standing with one foot on either side of his base line) by serving (striking) the ball so that it shall pass over the net and come to the ground in the diagonally opposite court between the opponent's service line and the net. If he serves the ball into the wrong court, into the net, or into the diagonally opposite court but beyond the service line, he makes a "fault." Hand-in becomes hand-out (and his opponent becomes the server) when he serves the ball outside of court, or when he makes two successive faults, or when he fails to return the ball so that it shall fall into one of his opponent's courts. When hand-in makes a "good service" (serves the ball into the diagonally opposite court within the service line), the hand-out, who is guarding that court, attempts with his racquet to strike the ball as it bounds from the ground, so that it shall return over the net into either one of hand-in's courts. Hand-in, or his partner, may then strike the ball before it bounds (that is to say, "volley" it), or after it has bounded once, returning it again within hand-out's courts, and then hand-out has like privileges with it. The ball can

thus be struck any number of times back and forth over the net, until one or the other fails to return it, or returns it so vigorously that it falls outside the opponent's courts, or allows the ball to touch any part of his clothes or person.

If it is hand-out, or his partner, who fails to make "good return," or if the service is volleyed, one point is scored for hand-in. Hand-in then again serves the ball (serving from his right and left courts alternately), and if he makes a good service, and makes good returns until hand-out finally fails to make a good return, another point is scored for hand-in, and he continues to serve and add to his score, until he fails.

When hand-in fails to make a good service, or a good return, or makes two successive faults, no point is scored, and one of his opponents becomes the server.

The side which first scores fifteen points, or "aces," wins the game. But, if both sides reach fourteen, the score is called "deuce." A new point, called "vantage," is then introduced, and either side in order to score game must win two points in succession, called "vantage" and "game."

It is important to remember that, when a ball drops on any line, it is considered to have dropped within the court aimed at and bounded by that line; and that it is a good service or a good return, although the ball may have touched the net or either of the posts in passing over them.

Let us now be spectators of a game. Since Tennis is traditionally played by princes, and we have but few princes in this country, let us choose players who are prominent among us—democrats and republicans that we are.

The Governor of South Carolina (in the upper left court) has naturally chosen a Boston Lady (in his right court) for his partner, and the Governor of North Carolina (in the opposite right court) is very glad to have the Lady from Philadelphia (in his left court) to assist him. The Governor of North Carolina, spinning his racquet in the air, now says to the Governor of South Carolina:

"What will you take?"

The Governor of South Carolina answers: "Rough," and, as the racquet falls to the ground with the brass-headed tack in sight, he makes his choice of courts with due regard to the direction of the sun and wind. The Governor of North Carolina chooses the first service, and, taking the ball, stands on the base line of his right court with his left shoulder turned toward the net, and asks the Boston Lady:

"Are you ready?"

She answers: "Ready," and he at once releases the ball from his left hand, and swinging his racquet at arm's length, drives the ball into the



opponent's right court, making a good service. Being skillful, he strikes with his racquet slanted, which gives the ball a twist, or violent whirling motion, so that when it strikes the ground it will not bound in a straight line, but will shoot toward the right.

The Boston Lady is alert, and noticing the way the Governor held his racquet, has promptly placed herself, so that, when the ball comes twisting from the ground, her left side is toward it, and it passes in front of her within her reach. She catches it lightly on her racquet, and drives it far over into

which has been going on about her; she never is excited. She has moved up quite near the net, and now, with great coolness and precision, she receives the ball fairly on her racquet, and drives it at the Governor opposite with such force that he can not prevent its touching his body, and the stroke is ended, scoring an ace for the server's side.

In learning to play Tennis, the first and all-important lesson is the manner of holding the racquet. Vicious habits are seldom corrected. Do not begin in the wrong way. In serving, grasp the racquet



A GAME OF LAWN TENNIS.

her opponent's left court, hoping that the Governor of North Carolina may not be agile enough to get before it. But he is there, and you will observe that, though he had to run a considerable distance in a very short time, yet he has judged the ball so well and started so promptly that he is standing still, firmly on both feet, when the ball arrives, and he drives it sharply over the head of his old friend, the Governor of South Carolina. The latter, with his racquet above his head, stops the ball and volleys it blindly back within reach of the Lady from Philadelphia. And now is the opportunity for this distinguished lady. She has been not at all excited or made nervous by the swift battle

lightly, with the hand elongated so that the thumb will lie along the handle, and the handle will be a continuation of the arm, and with the face of the racquet neither parallel with, nor perpendicular to, the ground. When in this position, and swung horizontally, it will not strike the ball squarely, but will rake it, giving it a violent twist, which will make it bound sharply and unexpectedly, and tend to deceive and evade your opponent. This is called the "pure cut." When you have learned to make a good service with tolerable certainty, practice raking the ball on the right side and again on the left side (called respectively, the "over-hand twist" and the "under-hand twist"), and

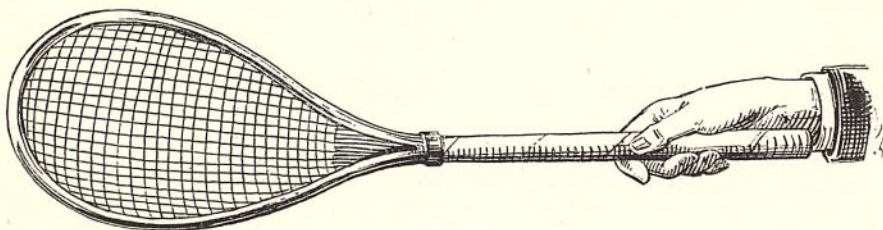


notice and remember the effect on the ball when it bounds.

When the ball is being served or returned to you, promptly place yourself in a good position to receive it, and then wait for it coolly. Don't fidget.

Lastly, in playing this delightful game, remember

that though sport is not a serious business, it is essentially an earnest one. It is not wise to dispute questions of fact with your opponent, or even discuss a construction of the rules farther than to state fairly your understanding of them. Take your defeats good-naturedly, and wear your honors lightly, but always do your level best.



THE RACQUET.

## BECKY'S SURPRISE DAY.

BY HELENE J. HICKS.

THE bright morning sun-light, streaming in at the windows of a trim kitchen, fell upon the brown curls of a girl of ten, who was lifting a churn-dasher in a listless, discouraged manner, not because the churn was large and the dasher consequently heavy,—it was neither large nor heavy, and it was not the churn at all that brought the sorrowful look upon the pretty face, and caused the tears to make small rivulets down the rosy cheeks, and then to fall plump upon the churn-lid.

Trip, the lazy old dog, sprawled beside the stove, and old Tom, the big gray cat, in the window-seat sunning himself, knew of it, because they had been told all about it the day before, for nothing of joy or grief came into Becky Thorpe's life that was not at once confided to the safe keeping of Tom and Trip.

"There now, Becky, 't aint any use wastin' sighs and tears; when a thing can't be did, it can't, that's plain 'nough. Massy knows I'd like to 'a brought it about, but your ma took sick, and it could n't be did; now that was plain 'nough, 'pears to me."

The speaker, with her head in the huge brick oven, while delivering this speech, and ascertaining the exact heat, drew back quickly with an emphatic nod, and proceeded to fill the oven with the pies, cake and bread standing ready beside her.

"And 'nother thing, Becky. My old mother used to say as there was a bright spot on top of every trouble, small and great, if we'd got the

patience to turn it over so 's to see it; and it's my 'pinion, Becky, that this little trouble of yourn will turn out to have a reg'lar streak of sunshine on top of it."

"I don't see where the sunshine can come from, Judy. This is my birthday, and I was to have had a party, and everybody was invited, and yesterday everybody had to be invited over again to—stay—at home."

Numberless sobs finished Becky's speech, causing old Tom to purr louder, and Trip to bark sleepily.

"Lawful sakes, Becky! You'll never see the bright side of this or any other airthly thing, from now till Kingdom-come, if you 'r' so detarmined to keep lookin' on the blackest side. That's plain 'nough. Now, s'pos'n I should stand and stare at my bakin' like a sick hen, and never touch a hand to it, do you s'pose the bakin' would do itself? No! the pies and bread would jist set there a laffin', if they could, jest like a trouble that'll forever keep a mockin' one if you 're detarmined to keep forever lookin' in its ugly face. Lawful sakes, Becky child, you'll find that all these little troublesome things, along with the big ones, have got to be conquered, and got along with, and the best way to do it is, to plant a solid foot on top of it, and be detarmined to make the best of anything you can't help."

Judy, the stout buxom girl from the back-country, who was servant, general overseer, adviser



and friend in this household, stood with a hand upon each hip while delivering these latter remarks, her honest comely face glowing with earnestness and strength.

"Were you ever disappointed, Judy?"

"Disapp'inted! Lawful sakes, I wish I had as many dollars, Becky, I do."

"What did you do, Judy?"

"Do? Got over it one way and 'nother."

Judy's head was in the oven again, and the last answer came indistinctly.

"Did you say you got over it, Judy?"

"Sartain. Do you s'pose I 'm goin' to be mastered by a leetle trouble, with the Lord a holdin' out his hand when there 's a hill to climb?"

Judy closed the oven door with a slam.

"How did you do it, Judy?"

The churn dasher stood quite still, and the tears had dried away.

"Do it? By holdin' on to my old mother's text. She lived by that text, did my mother."

"What was it, Judy?"

"Hark now!"

Judy tiptoed to the hall and listened a moment.

"I did think your ma was a-callin'. Want to know the text, do you? Well, here 't is: '*He that overcometh shall inherit all things.*' Jist pin that to your sleeve, Becky, and don't forget it, nother; and now I must tackle the work. You begun right this mornin'; I 'll stop to say that, child; for I've been a-watchin' of you, offerin' to help Judy with the work, and jammin' away at that churn in a way that would n't bring butter before next Christmas. But what of it? It was the sperit I looked at. But when them tears went a-chasin' down your cheeks, thinks to me, siz I, Becky's gittin' on the wrong side of her little trouble. So now you cheer up, and go 'long upstairs to your ma, who is sorry 'nough fur your disapp'intment, and take good care of her, and things 'll come out square yet, see if they don't. Lawful sakes, birth-days come fast 'nough, leastways, mine does. Now scoot right out of this kitchen, and mind you don't come back 'fore dinner; same time bear in mind supper-time 'll come before to-morrow."

After this mysterious remark, Judy closed her lips firmly, and marched straight to the wood-shed with the air of a conquering hero, smiling and nodding in a manner more mysterious still.

Becky lingered a moment anxious to question Judy, but she remembered from past experience that, once her lips were closed in that way, questioning was useless, and so with lightened heart and rapid step, she hastened to her mother's room.

Judy in her homely way had comforted the little heart, and when Becky entered her mother's room, the pretty face had lost its sorrowful look.

"Is that you, Becky?"

"Yes, mother," going up to the pale face upon the pillow.

"I am so sorry that you should have had this disappointment."

"Oh, I don't mind it now; I did yesterday and this morning. You know the blood-roots are all out, and the anemones too, and the grove is full of birds; but Judy has been talking to me, and I don't seem to care so very much. What can I do for you, mother?"

"You can sit beside me, and smooth the hair from my forehead; your hand always soothes the pain in my head, and I think, as the pain is less severe, I shall soon get to sleep."

Becky sat down beside her mother, and began smoothing her hair, letting her cool hand rest lightly upon the throbbing temples, and easing the pain with her soft and loving touch. She saw the tired eyes close at length, and the louder even breathing proclaimed her asleep; still Becky sat there, with her hand resting quietly upon the white forehead.

She was thinking of Judy's mother's text, and wondering if she had overcome the disappointment; true she was feeling quite bright and cheerful, but she would rather have had the birthday party, and her mother well, than to be sitting there. Judy had not said, "Don't be sorry about matters you cannot help,"—she said, "Don't fret about them;" and she would not fret, but just go through the day doing whatever she could, and not think much about this disappointment; that must be the overcoming.

Just at this time, a loud buzzing at the window attracted her attention; an inquisitive wasp had squeezed himself between the window-shutters, and was buzzing about, acting in a very disreputable manner, whacking his head against and into every object that came in his way,—the looking-glass, wash-bowl, chairs, tables, ornaments, and even the bed. Becky almost screamed when he buzzed right over her mother's head, and almost against her own forehead, only she dodged just in time to prevent that. She was convulsed with laughter watching his antics, and was glad enough when at last he made his escape the same way he had come in.

Becky next found amusement watching three flies upon the ceiling. As they only occasionally moved about, she decided they also had come in through the shutters, and, finding the room too dark for general business, had gone to sleep. While she was thinking of this and various other things, Judy, below stairs, had been putting together various compounds, hurrying them into the oven, and out again when baked to a certain degree



of perfection, performing everything with haste, and a degree of mystery curious to behold; there was also considerable chuckling and excitement, which reached such a height, when at last a cake of enormous size emerged from the oven with her assistance, that she saw fit to lock every door and draw the curtain.

Her sleeves were rolled away to the elbows, but, evidently, for the work in hand they were not high enough, or not sufficiently out of her way; therefore, with a dexterous shove, the sleeves were away up to her armpits tight and snug.

Then followed a frantic beating of eggs, as her eye fell upon the kitchen clock, rapid and energetic charges at the sugar-jar, and, twenty minutes later, the great cake stood like a snowy mound; and then Judy, with a jerky laugh, hastily filled a cornucopia—made of letter-paper—with the icing that remained, and proceeded to decorate the cake.

This task was a difficult one, judging from the anxious face, screwed-up lips and squinting eyes, bent eagerly over the work; but Judy laughed aloud with entire satisfaction, as at last, standing off a little way, with her head one side, she surveyed her work.

The name, Becky, being generously supplied with e's and k's, stood something like this,—B-e-e-k-k-i-e,—and, consequently, took up more room than it should; the Thorpe meandered down one side, and lost itself in the really pretty vine ornamenting the outer edge.

A moment later, the cake had disappeared from sight, together with numerous other goodies, and Judy was serenely preparing dinner, without a vestige of mystery or anything uncommon evident in her manner.

While Becky was still watching the flies, the door slowly unclosed and Judy's head appeared; Becky's finger was at her lip in a moment, and Judy, comprehending at a glance, nodded energetically and whispered softly, "Dinner."

Becky would not have believed it possible that dinner-time had come, only that she was very hungry; and, gently raising her hand from her mother's forehead, she quietly passed from the room, and, running down-stairs, burst in upon Judy in the kitchen, exclaiming:

"Mother has slept all the morning, and I don't care a bit now, Judy, about the party."

"Told you," said Judy, nodding wisely. "Just whisk that tea-pot off the stove now, while I blow the horn for the men-folks."

Becky did as commanded, while brisk Judy awakened the echoes in the wooded hills with the blast upon the old tin horn, that had called father and the boys to dinner as long as Becky could remem-

ber. After the dinner-table had been cleared away, the kitchen swept, and everything put in prime order for the afternoon,—which Judy saw would be a long one for restless Becky, who was wondering already why mother did not wake up,—Judy said, abruptly, as though she had not had the subject in mind for an hour or more:

"Your ma, I'm sure, would like a nosegay of them white things you youngun's are goin' crazy about, and the pale-blue little posies will look nice with 'em; so s'posin' you trot out there and pick a basketful; don't hurry back nother. Take Trip and Tom 'long and have a jolly time there, and when I toot the horn you trot home."

"Oh, Judy, can I?"

"Sartain. There now, don't smother Judy; scoot off, and don't come back till you hear the horn."

Judy knew how the moments and hours would pass away there on the sunny hill where the blood-roots grew, and that Becky would scarcely be ready to return when she was ready for her. The woods and hill were just back of the house, and Becky, she knew, would be quite safe there alone.

During the afternoon, good Judy bustled about in a glow of excitement; up and down stairs the patient feet pattered, down cellar, out to the woodshed, to the store-room to inspect certain goodies, and again upstairs until plump five o'clock, when everything seemingly had arrived at a beautiful state of perfection, judging from Judy's beaming, satisfied face.

At noon she had found time to whisper something to Mr. Thorpe and the boys, who nodded mysteriously, and smiled knowingly when Becky was not looking; and now Judy was ready for her return, and, accordingly, in a new calico gown and white apron, she took up the tin horn, and was about to awaken the echoes again, when she saw the little figure entering the gate just before her, so laden with flowers, leaves and vines, as to be almost unrecognizable, save for devoted Trip and Tom walking demurely by her side.

"Well, now!" said Judy, hanging up the horn; "jist in time, aint you?"

"Why, Judy! how you are fixed up!"

"Sartain; don't folks fix up when they go to parties?"

Becky laughed outright. Judy had never attended a party that she knew of, and the idea was so sudden and funny.

"Whose party are you going to, Judy?" Becky laughed again.

"Becky Thorpe's party. Now you scoot along to the settin'-room, 'cause the party 's started, and it 's time you was on hand."

Becky allowed herself to be pushed ahead of



Judy quite into the sitting-room, still laden with her treasures, as bewildered and befogged as it was possible to be by Judy's last remark, and then, whom should she see, first of all, but mother in an arm-chair, with a pillow or two, looking pale but smiling brightly; and father, with his arm resting upon the mantel, was smiling also upon the surprised face.

The boys were there, capering about in a state of excitement, and, the oddest thing of all, everybody seemed to be in holiday clothes.

In her surprise, Becky never once glanced at the table until brother Jacob called her attention to it.

"Do, Becky, stop staring at my new coat, and look at that birthday table, will you?"

And then Becky saw not only the best china in use, but also the enormous cake in the very center, flanked on every side with just the good things she specially liked.

There was lemon custard, crab-apple jelly, cheese right from the press, a plate of sweet brown rusks, a palm-leaf-shaped pat of butter, a basket filled with the other sorts of cakes she liked best, and a glass dish of golden oranges; besides, a dish of tarts and another of boiled eggs.

It was so delightful, and came upon Becky so

suddenly, she had no word to say, and for a moment her eyes filled, and the brown curls lay upon mother's shoulder; and then Judy, who would not own to having had a thing to do with it although she had accomplished it all, was hugged and kissed until she was obliged to run from the room laughing.

They brought her back the next moment, Becky and the boys declaring that, after all, it was Judy's party, given in honor of Becky's birthday, and she must occupy the best place at table, to which, at a whispered word from Mrs. Thorpe, Judy assented.

While they were seated, doing justice to the good things Judy had prepared, Becky stopped a moment to ask:

"How did you happen to think of this, good Judy?"

"Why," said Judy, smiling and nodding energetically, "seein' you fightin' your little battle, and overcomin' it too, and I thought, as I would add a little to that good old text, and, 'long with inheritin' all things up yonder, I'd jist help you a leetle to a bit of happiness down here, and so I thought it would be no harm in lettin' the day end in a sort of joyful s'prise."



ON THE BEACH.



## CITY SPARROWS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IN throngs of nimble-fluttering pairs,  
Through every change the year fulfills,  
You haunt the city's parks and squares,  
With russet shapes and silver trills!

And while I watch you dart to-day  
Along the trim swards, fresh of hue,  
I dream that winds from far away  
Send murmurous messages to you!

"Ah, quit the dreary town," they call,  
"Where trade's loud voice is harshly heard,  
For meadowy regions, fair with all  
That makes it sweet to be a bird!

"Come where the woodland sways and sings  
Below deep skies of ample blue!  
Come, brush the cool grass with your wings,  
And bathe them in its morning dew!

"Come where the mild herds low and bleat,  
Where quiet hazes wrap the hills,  
Where breezes bow the tasseled wheat,  
And long moss drapes the dripping mills!"

So, while I watch you dart to-day  
Along the trim swards, fresh of hue,  
I dream that winds from far away  
Send murmurous messages to you!

## HERCULES-JACK.

BY E. L. BYNNER.

NOT his real name; of course not. His father and mother would never have given him such a name as that. His real name was John Franklin Holmes, and there was n't a wooden bench, a gatepost, or barn-door within a mile of his father's house on which the initials "J. F. H." might not have been found,—cut by a very busy but somewhat battered jack-knife.

Hercules-Jack was only a nickname he had picked up, and you shall judge how fairly he came by it when I have told you a little more about him.

Johnny, or Jack Holmes, as he was oftener called, was just ten years old. Jack was round and chubby, with red hair, blue eyes, and a freckled nose that turned up the least bit in the world at the end.

Did I say he was plump? If I did n't I should do so at once, for that was the very first thing that struck you about Jack; he was quite plump; indeed, I may say very plump; his cheeks were as round as apples, there were dimples in the backs of his hands, and his jacket fitted him as tightly as a skin does a sausage.

Now, this was a sore point with Jack, especially as the boys used to laugh at him, sometimes, because he was so fat; but perhaps Jack would

not have minded the boys very much if one day he had not overheard Polly Joy whisper to Susy Ditson, when he was standing behind their desk doing a sum in vulgar fractions upon the blackboard, that he was "a ridiculous little dumpling." This was too much; it shot a pang into poor Jack's heart.

For to whisper to you a little secret, Jack very much admired Polly. He thought her cheeks were the rosiest, her braids were the longest, her dresses were the finest, her hats the prettiest, and that she herself was altogether the nicest girl, in the big round world.

Poor Jack!—Polly's unkind remark rankled in his bosom. After brooding over it for several days, he awoke one morning and took a sudden resolution. He clenched his teeth, pounded his fat little fist on the table, and exclaimed:

"If I am a dumpling, I'll do something that all the thin boys in the world could n't do."

Jack's round little head was full of schemes; his throbbing little heart was full of courage; he had a spirit big enough for a giant, while his ambition, for a ten-year-old boy, was really quite tremendous.

Now, Jack had read a good many books of adventure; there was nothing he liked better than to pore over the doings of knights and dwarfs, giants,



dragons and magicians, and that sort of people. Especially he admired and revered Jack-the-Giant-Killer, while he bemoaned that there were no giants left for him to destroy.

He thought of other ways of distinguishing himself. He considered the merits of highwaymen and pirates; but as he knew that people in these professions nearly always came to bad ends, and as there was no lonely road where he could wait for travelers, and no fleet horse to ride, and as no convenient ocean lay near his father's house, and there was no way of his getting a long, low, black

*He* would be another such hero,—a modern Hercules. The thought thrilled him. He brooded over it by day; it haunted his dreams by night. He went about with a lofty look on his face. He already regarded the other boys with the pity and compassion with which a real hero would perhaps regard common men.

But how to become a Hercules?—that was the next question. There were no roaring lions, no savage wild boars, no many-headed hydras in the little village where he lived. Neither did centaurs abound; indeed, Jack had never seen one in his



"THE BOYS SOMETIMES LAUGHED AT HIM."

schooner, if the ocean had been there, he gave up these plans.

Finding these roads to distinction shut to him, Jack went about for a while quite dejected, until one day he came across an old book of mythology in the library, and there read of the exploits of Hercules, the great hero of antiquity, who performed twelve celebrated "labors," or heroic deeds. Jack's eyes glowed as he read the wonderful narrative. Again and again he pored over the record with bated breath and kindled imagination. And as he read of the mighty deeds of this great hero, a purpose gradually took root in his mind.

life; "but then," he thought to himself, "there must be plenty of other terrible and wonderful things to do," and so his resolution was taken.

But how to begin?

"I've got to do something first to get up a name before I begin on the 'labors,'" said Jack. "Hercules strangled the snakes,—I'm rather afraid of snakes,—but stop; the first thing to do is to get a club; of course that's the main thing. With the right sort of a club, the 'labors' themselves can't amount to very much."

Accordingly, Jack spent days traversing the woods with an old ax, in search of a club. After



a long hunt, he at length decided upon a hickory sapling with a formidable knot, about four feet from the ground, which could be cut so as to bring this knot at the end of the club. With patient toil, Jack cut down, trimmed and peeled and whittled and polished this hickory stick, which, when done, was fully as long as himself, and indeed he could only wield it by using both hands and putting forth all his strength.

Now, at length, he was ready to begin. He drew a long breath. What should he do? He pondered the question long and anxiously. It was very strange, but now when he came to look about

crabbed as himself. Again and again the boys and girls, and indeed grown-up women and men, had been chased and scared by this savage beast, who, not content with his own domain, had a vicious habit of leaping fences and roaming about the highway. Many complaints had been made to old Sol without avail, and the bull had become the terror of the neighborhood. It was almost strange Jack had not thought of him before.

He now at once determined upon an encounter with the bull. But first he went down the lane and took a private look at the creature from behind a stone wall. He seemed so little formidable



"HE THOUGHT OF DISTINGUISHING HIMSELF AS PIRATE AND HIGHWAYMAN."

him, there really was nothing wonderful to do. Life was surprisingly peaceful and humdrum, and pitifully tame. The most discouraging thing was the lack of ferocious monsters. There was an utter dearth of monsters. Jack could n't understand why these interesting creatures only abounded in ancient times.

One day, while Jack was still puzzling over the question of what he should do first, one of the neighbors came into the house, and began to tell about her little boy who had just barely escaped being tossed by old Sol Stevens's bull.

Here was an opportunity. This was what Jack was waiting for, and he immediately decided upon a plan of action.

Sol Stevens was a crabbed old man who lived down a long lane, and owned an old bull as

as he stood peacefully grazing in the meadow, that Jack promised himself an easy task in his subjugation.

In playing the part of Hercules, it was desirable, of course, to look as much like that hero as possible, and accordingly, one fine afternoon Jack slipped off to the barn with a big bundle under his arm, and there proceeded to dress himself as nearly as he could like the picture in the old mythology.

As Hercules had bare legs and arms in the picture, Jack first tucked up his own trousers and sleeves, and tied them securely to his waist and shoulders; then for the lion's skin, which the hero wore, Jack fastened about his shoulders a bright red sheepskin mat which he borrowed from the hall in the house. Next throwing off his hat, tossing his hair about as much like the picture as





CUTTING THE CLUB.

possible, Jack seized his club and strode up and down the barn floor, feeling so brave and confident that it may be doubted if Hercules himself ever felt more so.

Thus equipped, Jack at length marched off down the lane, accompanied by three or four of his comrades whom he had let into the secret. Precisely what he was going to do, or how he was going to do it, he evidently had no clear notion; but in this he was only like a great many other heroes, after all. However, the first thing was, of course, to seek his prey. On and on he went down the lane, his bare legs blue with the cold, the sheepskin flapping up and down on his back, and the big club—too heavy to carry—dragged along behind.

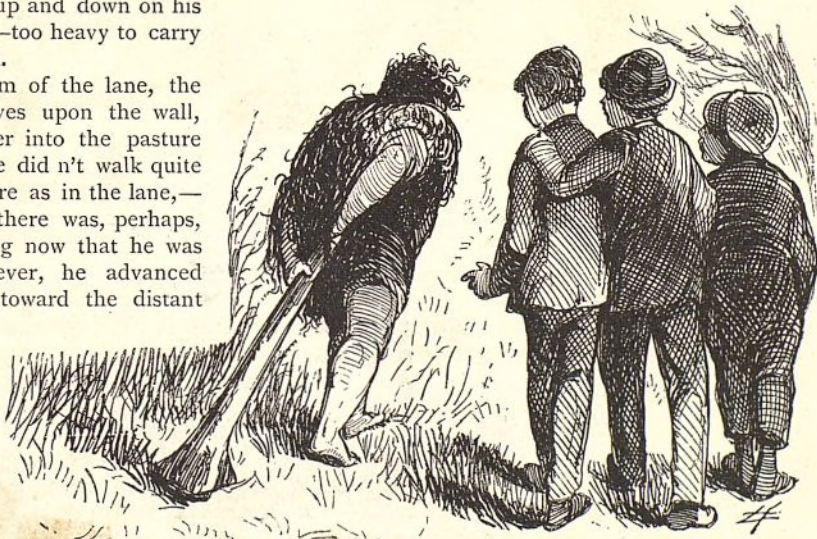
Arrived at the bottom of the lane, the boys stationed themselves upon the wall, while Jack jumped over into the pasture where the bull was. He did not walk quite so proudly and erect here as in the lane,—he took shorter steps; there was, perhaps, less occasion for striding now that he was near at hand. However, he advanced slowly and cautiously toward the distant herd of cattle. Now and then he turned around in a deliberative way. His pace grew steadily slower. At length, when he was still some yards distant, the bull unexpectedly lifted his head to brush away a fly, and brought Jack to a sudden stand-still. Reflecting, however, that Hercules would probably not have acted in this way, Jack plucked up courage and marched boldly

up very near to the unsuspecting bull. Jack had read somewhere that the most wild and savage beast cannot endure the gaze of the human eye, and he therefore resolved to overawe the bull first with his eye, and then complete his subjugation at his leisure.

With this intent, he planted himself about a yard distant from the bull, and putting his arm akimbo, glared fiercely at him. The unconscious animal peacefully continued his grazing. No doubt, if he could have known who Jack was, and what was his errand, or if he had understood that when a small boy goes about bareheaded with his trousers tucked up and the parlor mat tied to his back, that means Hercules, and that Hercules was a hero, and that Jack meant to be another hero, and had now fixed his small blue eyes upon him with the intent of striking terror to his heart,—no doubt, I say, if the bull could have understood all this, he would have been terribly frightened, and would have shaken in every limb; and particularly, if he had only cast his eye upon that club, and understood it was intended for him, I am sure he would have run away as fast as his legs could carry him. As it was, the stupid creature did nothing of the sort; he kept on quietly grazing and paying no more attention to Jack than if he had been a post.

This was too humiliating for a hero to endure. The boys from the top of the distant wall already began to shout, derisively:

“Don’t be afraid; give it to him! Punch him

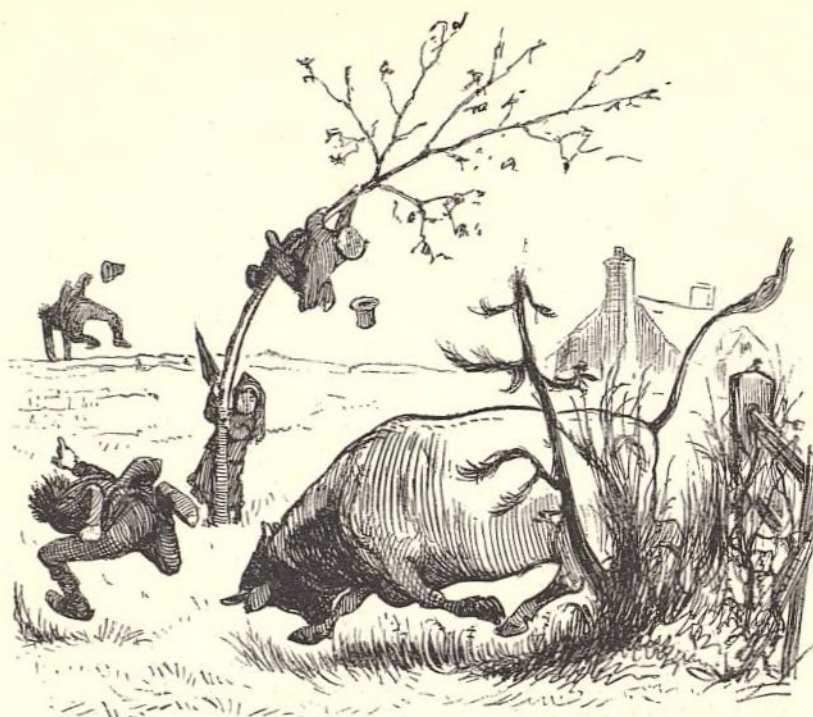


JACK AS HERCULES.

in the ribs! Stare him out of countenance! Knock his horns off! Twist his tail!”

Jack advanced a little nearer; he coughed, he





"HE WAS THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD."

flourished his club. Presently, incited by the cries of the boys, he picked up a stone and threw it at the passive animal.

The bull lifted his head, and for the first time

ment, the bull did not quail in the least; on the contrary, as if suddenly appreciating Jack's hostile purpose, he glared back so angrily and fiercely that Jack became very much discomfited and began

slowly to retire. The bull tossed his head, uttered a low bellow, and stood watching Jack attentively. The red mat, about this time, began to slip from Jack's shoulder, and he pulled it up so that it hung in front of him, when at once, as if maddened by the sight, the bull made a furious rush at his antagonist. Jack did not wait to try the effect of the human eye any longer; indeed, he forgot all about the human eye, he forgot all about Hercules, and every other hero, ancient or modern, but throwing his club at the rushing animal, he fled to a small apple-tree, which fortunately



"JACK GLARED AT THE BULL."

looked attentively at Jack, who immediately struck an attitude and glared at him. To his astonish-

nately was near at hand. The bull stopped to toss the club, and this gave Jack a minute's time and



saved his life, for he had only just scrambled up to the nearest branch when the vicious beast came bellowing up underneath, and stamping with rage.

Jack was now a prisoner, and was just making up his mind that he would have to spend a long time in the tree, when the boys suddenly set up a great shout of:



"Oh, please," cried Jack, his teeth chattering with fear, "I was only playing Hercules."

"I'll 'Hercules' ye!" cried old Sol, seizing Jack as he came down the tree and shaking him roughly. "Let me ever ketch ye in my apple-tree ag'in and I'll — ye miserable young urchin!"

Here now was hero Jack in the strong grasp of an angry man, and with a stick in the air ready to come down on his back.

Then rose such indignant and significant shouts from the group of boys on the wall, that Sol Stevens turned. Jack saw his chance and made a sudden spring. His collar tore off in the old man's hand, and the culprit was soon safely over the wall, and making the best of his way home, surrounded

by the boys, who were waiting in the lane, and who by turns ridiculed him and congratulated him on his escape.

Jack would n't have minded the boys, but, just as he turned out of the lane upon the road, whom should he see coming along but Susy Ditson and Polly Joy!

The more Jack tried to hide, the more the boys would n't let him. There was a pretty lively scramble. The girls heard, looked up, and saw a squirming mass of dark coats and trousers pushing forward a red-faced boy, whose plump arms were waving wildly, while a woolly red door-mat dangled about his bare legs!



"Look out, Jack; old Sol's coming!"

And, sure enough, old Sol was coming; there he was letting down the bars now to take his cattle home. Jack kept very still, and hoped he would not be discovered for he was even more afraid of old Sol than of the bull.

But the unfortunate red mat caught old Sol's eye, and he came marching across to see what was that red thing in his tree.

"Come down here, you young rascal! What are you doing up my apple-tree?" he cried, as he recognized Jack.

"Nothin', sir,—the bull chased me!"

"Well, what business had you in this field where the bull could get at you? You came to steal my apples; I know you!"

"Oh, I'd—did n't, sir; no, indeed I'd—did n't!"

"Come down here, I tell ye. What are you doin' with that door-mat on your back, eh?"

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP MY APPLE-TREE?"

A sudden wrench, and away flew Jack down the road, even faster than he had fled from the bull. And this was the last that was seen in public of John Franklin Holmes in the character of Hercules.





DOING HER BEST.

## A FEW OF OUR HABITS.

BY M. C. HOLMES.

YOU have heard it said a great many times that we are all "creatures of habit," have you not? And probably you have taken for granted that the statement is true, without really stopping to think how very true it is, and how much habits have to do in forming our characters and preparing us to be useful, interesting, and agreeable men and women.

As we every one of us know, it is very easy to fall into a habit (particularly if it is a bad one), and exceedingly hard to climb out of it again; each repetition of an action lessens the difficulty of its performance, until finally we act without any conscious effort of mind, and by that time our habit is formed; therefore, it is necessary to keep our eyes wide open, and watch that no bad habit creeps upon us unawares, for, after we are once in

its power, some pretty hard fighting is required on our parts to overthrow the enemy. Some writer has said, "The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken;" but a determined will can file through even these mightily forged links.

How many of you know what procrastination means? It is a very common habit, especially among little girls and boys, and most of them act it a great many times each day, when they wait "just a little while" before doing any duty that ought to be performed immediately. I have a little friend twelve years old who is always getting into trouble through this fault, though she has firmly resolved to conquer it, and I think is really trying her best to do so.

When school began a few months ago, she

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hoped there would be no time to practice in the short afternoons, for that was something she could not bear to do; great was her disappointment then, when papa remarked:

"Nina, you will get home at three o'clock each day, and you must always manage to practice a full hour before dark."

The little girl intended to obey, but often she lingered over her dinner until mamma had to call down-stairs:

"Go to the piano now, Nina, and waste no more time."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going," is the answer, but first her hands must be washed; then she stops to tell nurse something funny that happened in school, and the baby laughs and crows in such an irresistible way that Nina says:

"Oh, I must play with him just a minute."

Of course, after the romp, her hair needs smoothing, and the little girl thinks "I may just as well braid it all over, it won't take much longer;" then she perhaps remembers that grandma forgot to give her any fruit for dinner, so off she runs to ask for some; the hands must then be washed again, and while that ceremony is being gone through, company comes in to see her mother, and the parlor is occupied until it is too late to go to the piano that day.

When papa comes home, his first question is:

"Well, little daughter, have you practiced your hour?"

And Nina hangs her head and explains that she has put it off until all her afternoon was wasted.

Then for punishment she would have to go to bed at seven o'clock instead of eight, and rise a whole hour earlier than everybody else next morning in order to make up the practice lost the day before.

Another frequent habit among both girls and boys, as well as among grown-up people, is exaggeration, or the use of much stronger language than the occasion warrants. If you are telling some little occurrence that you have seen, or repeating a story that has been told you, do not try to make it any more startling or marvelous than it really is, but adhere closely to the truth, regardless of effect. I have known persons to become so confirmed in the habit of exaggeration, that it finally became impossible for them to give a simple fact correctly, and though they did not intend telling falsehoods, and would have been shocked to know they were guilty of anything so wrong, they really were considered untruthful people by many of their acquaintances, and were disliked and distrusted in consequence.

Try to speak the exact truth in little things. If you say the dust is perfectly "frightful," when it is

simply annoying, and the cold is "awful," when it merely makes your cheeks tingle, what meaning will be in the words you use to speak of a great railroad accident, or steamboat disaster, or the burning of some theater where hundreds of people are mangled, crushed, and killed? Teach yourselves to employ simple forms of expression for simple occurrences, then the words you use will always have fitness and meaning.

I wonder how many of you little people (or big people either, for that matter) would be willing to have your top bureau drawer put on exhibition without any warning! I fancy I see a smile curling the corners of several small mouths at that question. Now is the time to begin, if you ever wish to be an orderly, systematic man or woman; remember the simple rule so often quoted: "Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place;" and though at first you will have some trouble in following it strictly, the good habit of order will soon be formed, and you and your friends will be spared a great deal of annoyance and discomfort.

An exceedingly good habit to fall into is that of thoroughness. Never be satisfied with a piece of work of any description, unless you have done it just as well as you "possibly" could; for people who do things thoroughly are "such" a comfort in this world of carelessness, a comfort to themselves, and a comfort to all who come in contact with them; their work never has to be done over again, but is always satisfactory. This little virtue can be cultivated in every act of your lives,—at home and in school,—in dusting a room, making a doll-dress, studying, or practicing a music lesson. If builders should not be particular to put every brick in the exact place it ought to occupy, our houses would fall down upon our heads; and if some little piece of machinery should be carelessly made in the engines of our trains and steamboats, the consequence would be railroad wrecks and explosions every day. So you see how necessary it is for the safety of our lives that men should be trained to do their work thoroughly; and if the habit is not formed during youth, it is almost an impossibility to acquire it in after life, when men find it hard to learn new ways.

Now I have suggested several habits, some bad, to get out of, and others good, to get into; and I will end by telling you of another, which is worth more than a fortune to the boy or girl who will take the trouble to form it, for with "perseverance" one can gain almost any good thing in life that he or she desires. Patient perseverance conquers almost all difficulties. Just try for yourselves and see if it does not. This habit can be gained while you are working for the other good ones of which I have



spoken, and I am sure that will be a very nice way to begin its cultivation.

Suppose you all adopt the plan of writing on a sheet of paper the bad habits you have, and the good ones you wish to exchange them for. Then pin the list on the inside of your bed-room

door, and read it over carefully every morning before breakfast; this will help you to remember through the day the position, advantages, and disadvantages of the battle-field, and you will be better prepared to guard against a surprise from the enemy.

## EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

EYEBRIGHT had never seen a cave before, though she had read and played about caves all her life, so you can imagine her ecstasy and astonishment at finding herself in a real one at last. It was as good as the "Arabian Nights," she thought, a great deal better than the cave in the "Swiss Family Robinson," and, indeed, it was a beautiful place. Cool green light filled it, like sunshine filtered through sea-water. The rocky shelves were red, or rather a deep rosy pink, and the water in the pools was of the color of emerald and beautifully clear. She climbed up to the nearest pool, and gave a loud scream of delight, for there, under her eye, was a miniature flower-garden, made by the fairies, it would seem, and filled with dahlia-shaped and hollyhock-shaped things, purple, crimson, and deep orange, which were flowers to all appearance, and yet must be animals; for they opened and shut their many-tinted petals, and moved and swayed when she dipped her fingers in and splashed the water about. There were green spiky things, too, exactly like freshly fallen chestnut burrs, lettuce-like leaves,—pale red ones, as fine as tissue-paper,—and delicate filmy foliage in soft brown and in white. Yellow snails clung to the sides of the pool, vivid in color as the blossom of a trumpet-creeper; and, as she lay with her face close to the surface of the water, a small bright fish swam from under the leaves, and darted across the pool like a quick sun-ray. Never, even in her dreams, had Eyebright imagined anything like it, and in her delight she gave Genevieve a great hug, and cried:

"Are n't you glad I brought you, dear, and oh, is n't it beautiful?"

There were several pools, one above another, and each higher one seemed more beautiful than the next below. The very biggest "dahlia" of all—Anemone was its real name, but Eyebright did not know that—was in the highest of these pools, and

Eyebright lay so long looking at it and giving it an occasional tickle with her forefinger to make it open and shut, that she never noticed how fast the tide was beginning to pour in. At last, one great wave rolled up and broke almost at her feet, and she suddenly bethought herself that it might be time to go. Alas! the thought came too late, as in another minute she saw. The rocks at the side, down which she had climbed, were cut off by deep water. She hurried across to the other side to see if it were not possible to get out there; but it was even worse, and the tide ran after as she scrambled back, and wetted her ankle before she could gain the place where she had been sitting before she made this disagreeable discovery. That was n't safe either, for pretty soon a splash reached her there, and she took Genevieve in her arms and climbed up higher still, feeling like a hunted thing, and as if the sea were chasing her and would catch her if it possibly could.

It was a great comfort just then to recollect what Mr. Downs had said about the cave being safe enough for people who were caught there by the tide, "in ordinary weather." Eyebright worried a little over that word "ordinary," but the sun was shining outside, and she could see its gleam through the lower waves; the water came in quietly, which proved that there was n't much wind; and, altogether, she concluded that there could n't be anything extraordinary about this particular day. I think she proved herself a brave little thing, and sensible, too, to be able to reason this out as she did and avoid useless fright; but for all her bravery, she could n't help crying a little as she sat there like a limpet among the rocks, and realized that the Oven door was fast shut, and she could n't get out for ever so many hours. All of a sudden it came to her quite distinctly how foolish and rash it was to have come there all alone, without permission from Papa, or letting anybody know of her intention. It was one comfort that Papa at that



moment was in Malachi, and could n't be anxious about her; but, "Oh dear!" Eyebright thought, "how dreadfully he would feel if I never did get out, and he came back and found me gone, and nobody could tell him where I was. I'll never do such a bad, naughty thing again, never,—if I ever do get out; that is——" she reflected, as the water climbed higher and higher, and again she moved her seat to avoid it, still with the sense of being a hunted thing which the sea was trying to catch.

Her seat was now too far from the pools for her to note how the anemones and snails were enjoying their twice-a-day visit from the tide, how the petals quivered and widened, the weeds grew brighter, and the fish darted about with renewed life and vigor. I don't believe it would have been much comfort to her if she had seen them. Fishes are unfriendly creatures; they never seem to care anything about human beings, or whether they are feeling glad or sorry. Genevieve, for all her being



"SHE CLIMBED UP HIGHER STILL."

made of wax, was much more satisfactory. What was particularly nice, she lent Eyebright her blanket-shawl to wear, for the cave had begun to feel very chilly. The shawl was not large, but it was better than nothing; and with this round her shoulders, and Dolly cuddled in her arms, she sat on the very highest ledge of all and watched the water rise. She could n't go any higher, so she hoped it could n't either; and as she sat, she sang all the songs and hymns she knew, to keep her spirits up,—"Out on an Ocean," "Shining Shore" (how she wished herself on one!), "Rosalie, the Prairie

Flower," "Old Dog Tray," and ever so many others. It was a very miscellaneous concert, but did as well for Eyebright and the fishes as the most classical music could have done; better, perhaps, for Mozart and Beethoven might have sounded a little mournful, and "songs without words" would never have answered. Songs *with* words were what were wanted in that emergency.

The tide halted at last, after filling the cave about two-thirds full. Once sure that it had turned and was going down, Eyebright felt easier, and could even enjoy herself again. She ate the bread-and-butter with a good appetite, only wishing there were more of it, and then made up a delightful story about robbers and a cave and a princess, in which she herself played the part of the princess, who was shut in the cave of an enchanter till a prince should come and release her through a hole in the top. By the time that this happened and the princess was safely out, the uppermost pool was uncovered, and Eyebright clambered down the wet rocks and took another long look at it, "making believe" that it was a garden which a good fairy had planted to amuse the princess; and, indeed, no fairy could have invented a prettier one. So, little by little, and following the receding sea, she was able at last, with a jump and a long step, to reach the rocky pathway by which she had come down, and two minutes later she was on top of the cliff again, and in the sunshine, which felt particularly warm and pleasant. The sun was half-way down the sky; she had been in the cave almost six hours, and she knew it must be late in the afternoon.

Neither Mrs. Waurigan nor the party of children was visible as she passed the house. They had probably gone in for tea, and she did not stop to look them up, for a great longing for home had seized upon her. The tide delayed her a little while at the causeway, so that it was past six when she finally reached the island, and her boots were wet from the soaked sand; but she did n't mind that a bit, she was so very glad to be safely there again. She pulled them off, put on dry stockings and shoes, made the fire, filled the tea-kettle, set the table, and, after a light repast of bread and milk, curled herself up in the rocking-chair for a long nap, and did not wake till nearly nine, when Papa came in, having been set ashore by the schooner's boat as it passed by. He had a large cod-fish in his hand, swung from a loop of string.

"Well, it has been a nice day," he said, cheerfully, rubbing his hands. "The wind was fair both ways. We did some fishing, and I caught this big fellow. I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. What sort of a day have you had, little daughter?"

Eyebright began to tell him, but at the same



time began to cry, which made her story rather difficult to understand. Mr. Bright looked very grave when at last he comprehended the danger she had been in.

"I sha'n't dare to go anywhere again," he said. "I thought I could trust you, Eyebright. I thought you were too sensible and steady to do such a wild thing as this. I am very much surprised and very much disappointed."

These words were the heaviest punishment which Eyebright could have had, for she was proud of being trusted and trustworthy. Papa had sat sighing down and leaned his head on his hand. All his bright look was overclouded,—the pleasant day seemed forgotten and almost spoiled. She felt that it was her fault, and reproached herself more than ever.

"Oh, please don't say that, Papa," she pleaded, tearfully. "I *can* be trusted, really and truly I can. I won't ever go to any dangerous place alone again, really I won't. Just forgive me this time, and you'll see how good I'll be all the rest of my life."

So Papa forgave her, and she kept her promise, and never did go off on any thoughtless expeditions again, as long as she lived on Causey Island.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A LONG YEAR IN A SHORT CHAPTER.

It was Christmas Eve, and Eyebright, alone in the kitchen, was hanging up the stockings before going to bed. Papa, who had a headache, had retired early, so there was no one to interrupt her. She only wished there had been. Half the fun of Christmas seems missing when there is nobody from whom to keep a secret, no mystery, no hiding of things in corners and bringing them out at just the right moment. Very carefully she tied Papa's stocking to the corner of the chimney, and proceeded to "fill" it; that is, to put in a pair of old fur gloves which she had discovered in one of the boxes, and had mended by way of a surprise, and a small silk bag full of hickory-nut meats, carefully picked from the shells. These were all the Christmas gifts she had been able to get for Papa, and the long gray stocking-leg looked very empty to her eyes. She had wished much to knit him a comforter, but it was three weeks and more since either of them had been able to get to the village; besides which, she knew that Papa felt very poor indeed, and she did not like to ask for money, even so little as would have carried out her wish. "This must do," she said, with a little sigh. Then she hung up her own stocking, and went upstairs. Eyebright always had hung up her stocking on Christmas Eve ever since she could

remember, and she did it now more from the force of habit than anything else, forgetting that there was no Wealthy at hand to put things in, and that they were living on an island which, since winter began, seemed to have changed its place, and swung a great deal farther away from things and people and the rest of the world than it had been.

For winter comes early to the Maine coasts. Long before Thanksgiving, the ground was white with snow, and it stayed white from that time on till spring. After the first heavy storm, the farmers turned out with snow-plows to break paths through the village. As more snow fell, it was shoveled out and thrown on either side of the path, till the long double mounds half hid the people who walked between. But there was no one to break a path along the shore toward the causeway. The tide, rising and falling, kept a little strip of sand clear for part of the distance, and on this Eyebright now and then made her way to the village. But it was a hard and uncertain walk, and as rowing the boat was very cold work, it happened sometimes that for weeks together neither she nor Papa left the island, or saw anybody except each other.

This would have seemed very lonely, indeed, had not the house-work filled up so much of her time. Papa had no such resource. After the wood was chopped, and the cow fed, and a little snow shoveled, perhaps,—that was all. He could not find pleasure, as Eyebright did, in reading over and over again a book which he already knew by heart; the climate did not brace and stimulate him as it did her; the cold affected him very much; he moped in the solitude, and time hung heavily upon his hands.

Eyebright often wondered how they could ever have got along—or, in fact, if it could have been possible to get along at all—without their cow. Papa had bought her in the autumn, when he began to realize how completely they were to be shut off from village supplies in bad weather. She was a good-natured, yellow beast, without any pedigree, or any name till Eyebright dubbed her "Golden Rod," partly because of her color, and partly because the field in which she grazed before she came to them was full of golden-rod, which the cow was supposed to eat, though I dare say she did n't. She gave a good deal of milk, not of the richest quality, for her diet was rather spare, but it was a great help and comfort to have it. With milk, potatoes, cabbages, and beets from their own garden; flour, Indian meal, and a barrel of salt beef in store, there was no danger of starvation on Causey Island, though Eyebright at times grew very tired of ringing the changes on these few articles of diet, and trying to invent new dishes

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with which to tempt Papa's appetite, which had grown very poor since the winter set in.

Altogether, life on the island was a good deal harder and less pleasant now than it had been in summer-time, and the sea was a great deal less pleasant. Eyebright loved it still, but her love was mingled with fear, and she began to realize what a terrible thing the ocean can be. The great gray waves which leaped and roared and flung themselves madly on the rocks, were so different from the blue rippling waves of the summer, that she could hardly believe it the same sea. And even when pleasant days came, and the waves grew calm, and the beautiful color returned to the

great fierce ocean weighed heavily on Eyebright's mind sometimes. Especially was this the case when heavy fogs wrapped the coast, as occasionally they did for days together, making all landmarks dangerously dim and indistinct. At such times it seemed as if Causey Island were a big rocky lump which had got in the way, and against which ships were almost certain to run. She wished very much for a light-house, and she coaxed Papa to let her keep a kerosene lamp burning in the window of her bedroom on all foggy and very dark nights. "The little gal's lamp," the Malachi sailors called it, and they learned to look for it as a guide, though its reflective power was not enough



"SHE WRAPPED HER ARMS IN HER SHAWL AND WATCHED HIM ROW AWAY."

water, still the other and frightful look of the ocean remained in her memory, and her bad dreams were always about storms and shipwrecks. Many more boats passed between Malachi and Scrapplehead in winter than in summer. Now that the inland roads were blocked with snow, and the Boston steamer had ceased to run, the mails came that way, being brought over every week in a sail-boat. Even row-boats passed to and fro in calm weather, and what with lumber vessels and fishing-smacks, and an occasional traveler from out-of-the-way Canada, sails at sea, or the sound of clinking oars off the bathing-beach, became of frequent occurrence. These little boats out in the

to make it serviceable in a fog, which was the chief danger of all.

There was no fog, however, when she opened her eyes on Christmas morning, but a bright sun, just rising, which was a sort of Christmas present in itself. She made haste to dress, for she heard Papa moving in his room, and she wished to get down first, but he was as quick as she, and they finally met at the stair-top, and went down together.

When he saw the stockings, he looked surprised and vexed.

"Dear me! did you hang up your stocking, Eyebright?" he asked, in a depressed tone. "I



quite forgot it was Christmas. You 'll have no presents, my child, I'm afraid."

"Never mind, Papa, I don't care; I don't want anything," said Eyebright.

She spoke bravely, but there was a lump in her throat and she could hardly keep from tears. It seemed so strange and dreadful not to have anything at all in her stocking,—not one single thing! She had not thought much about the matter, but with childish faith had taken it for granted that she must have something—some sort of a present, and for a moment the disappointment was hard to bear.

Papa looked very much troubled, especially when he spied his own stocking and perceived that his little daughter had remembered him while he had forgotten her. He spent the morning rummaging his desk and the trunks upstairs, as if in search of something, and after dinner, announced that he was going to the village to get the mail. The mails came in to Scapplehead twice a week, but he seldom had any letters, and Eyebright never, so, as a general thing, they were not very particular about calling regularly at the post-office.

Eyebright wanted to go too, but the day was so cold that Papa thought she would better not. She wrapped him in every warm thing she could find, and drew the fur-gloves over his fingers with great satisfaction.

"They will keep you quite warm, wont they?" she said. "Your fingers would almost freeze without them, would n't they? You like them, don't you, Papa?"

"Very much," said Mr. Bright, giving her a good-bye kiss.

Then he stepped into the boat and took the oars, while she wrapped her arms in her shawl and watched him row away. Her breath froze on the air like a cloud of white steam. She felt her ears tingle, and presently ran back to the house, feeling as if Jack Frost were nipping her as she ran, but with glowing cheeks and spirits brightened by the splendid air.

Just before sunset Papa came rowing back. He was almost stiff with cold, but when once he had thawed out in the warm kitchen, he seemed none the worse for that. It was quite exciting to hear from the village after such a long silence. Papa had seen Mrs. Downs and Mr. Downs and the children. Benny had had the mumps, but he was almost well again. Mrs. Downs sent her love to Eyebright, and a mince-pie pinned up in a towel. This was very nice, but when Eyebright unpinned the towel and saw the pie, she gave a scream of dismay.

"Why, Papa, it's all hard," she said, "and it's

just like ice. Touch it, Papa; did you ever feel anything so cold?"

In fact, the pie was frozen hard, and had to be thawed for a long time in the oven before it was fit to eat. While this process was going on, Papa produced a little parcel from his pocket. It was a Christmas present,—a pretty blue neck-tie. Eyebright was delighted, and showed her gratitude by kissing Papa at least a dozen times, and dancing about the kitchen.

"Oh, and here 's a letter for you, too," he said.

"A letter for me. How queer! I never had a letter before, that I remember. Why, it's from Wealthy? Papa, I wish you 'd read it to me. It looks very hard to make out, Wealthy writes such a funny hand. Don't you recollect how she used to work over her copy-book, with her nose almost touching the paper, and how inky she used to get?"

It was the first time they had heard from Wealthy since they left Tunxet, more than eight months before. Wealthy wrote very few letters, and those few cost an amount of time, trouble and ink-spots, which would have discouraged most people from writing at all.

This was the letter:

DEAR EYEBRIGHT: I take my pen in hand to tell you that I am well, and hope you are the same. All the friends here is well, except Miss Berry. She's down with intermitting fever, and old Miss Beadles is dead and buried. Whether that 's being well or not I can't say. Some folks thinks so, and some folks don't. I haint written before. I aint much of a scribe, as you know, so I judge you have n't been surprised at not hearing of me. I might have writ sooner, but along in the fall my arm was kind of lamed with rheumatism, and when I got over that, there was Mandy Harmon's weddin' things to do,—Pelatiah Harmon's daughter, down to the corners, you know. What girls want so many clothes for when they get married, I can't for the life of me tell. The shops don't shut up for good just afterward, so far as anybody knows, but you 'd think they did from the fuss some of them make. Mandy had five new dresses. They was cut down to Worcester, but I made them, beside two calikus and ten of everything, and a double gown and an Ulster and the Lord knows what not. I've had to stick to it to put 'em through, but they're all done at last, and she got married last week and went off, and I guess she 'll spend the next few years a-alterin' of them things over, or I miss my guess. That Mather girl keeps asking me about you, but I tell her you haint wrote but twice, and I don't know no more than she does. Mr. Berry got your Pa's letter. We was glad to hear you liked it up there, but most places is pleasant enough in summer. Winter is the tug. I suppose it 's cold enough where you are, sometimes, judging from Probbabilities. Mr. Asher has took the house. Tell your Pa. It don't look much like old times. He has put wooden points on top of the barn and mended the back gate, and he 's got a nasty Newfoundland which barks most all the time. Now I must conclude.—Yours truly,

WEALTHY A. JUDSON.

P. S.—My respects to your Pa and to all inquiring friends. I was thinking that that water-proof of your Ma's had better be cut over for you in the spring. What kind of help do you get up in Maine?

"Oh, how like dear, funny old Wealthy that is!" cried Eyebright, as between smiles and tears she listened to the reading of this letter. "Whom do you suppose she means by 'all inquiring friends'? And is n't it just like her to call Bessie 'that Mather girl'? Wealthy never could endure



Bessie,—I can't imagine why. Well, this has been a real nice Christmas, after all. I'm glad you did n't go to the post-office last week, Papa, for then we should have got the letter sooner and should n't have had it for to-day. It was much nicer to have it now."

"Winter's the tug." Eyebright thought often of this sentence of Wealthy's as the long weeks went by, and still the cold continued and the spring delayed, till it seemed as though it were never coming at all, and Papa grew thinner and more listless and discouraged all the time. The loneliness and want of occupation hurt him more than it did Eyebright, and when spring came, as at last it did, his spirits did not revive as she had hoped they would. Farming was trying and depressing work on Causey Island. The land was poor and rocky,—“out of heart,” as the saying is,—and Mr. Bright had neither the spirit nor the money to bring it into condition. He missed his old occupation and his old neighbors more than he had expected; he missed newspapers; and a growing anxiety about the future, and about Eyebright,—who was getting no schooling of any kind,—combined to depress him and give him the feeling that he had dropped out of life, and there was no use in trying to make things better.

It was certainly a disadvantage to Eyebright, at her age, to be taken out of school, still life on the island was a schooling for all that, and schooling of a very useful kind. History and geography are excellent things, but no geography or history can take the place of the lessons which Eyebright was now learning,—lessons in patience, unselfishness, good-humor and helpfulness. When she fought with her own little discontents and vexations, and kept her face bright and sunny for Papa's sake, she was gaining more good than she could have done from the longest chapter in the best school-book ever printed. Not that the school-books are not desirable, too, or that Eyebright did not miss them. After the first novelty of their new life was over, she missed school very much,—not the fun of school only, but the actual study itself. Her mind felt as they say teething dogs do, as if it must have something to bite on. She tried the experiment of setting herself lessons, but it did not succeed very well. There was no one to explain the little difficulties that arose, and she grew puzzled and confused, and lost the desire to go on.

Another thing which she missed very much was going to church. There had never been either a church or a Sunday-school in Scapplehead, and the people who made any difference for Sunday made it by idling about, which was almost worse than working. At first, Eyebright tried to observe the day after a fashion, by learning a hymn

and studying a short Bible lesson, but such good habits drop off after a while, when there is nothing and nobody to remind or help us, and little by little she got out of the way of keeping it up, and sometimes quite forgot that it was Sunday till afterward. Days were much alike on the island, especially in winter, and it was not easy to remember, which must be her excuse; but it was a sad want in her week, and a want which was continually growing worse as she grew older.

Altogether, it was not a good or wholesome life for a child to lead, and only her high spirits and sweet, healthful temper kept her from being seriously hurt by it. It was just now that Mr. Joyce's words were proved true, and the quick power of imagination with which nature had gifted her became her best friend. It enabled her to take sights and sounds into the place of play-fellows and friends, mixing them with her life as it were, and half in fun, half in earnest, getting companionship out of them. Skies and sunsets, flowers, waves, birds,—all became a part of the fairy-world which lay always at hand, and to which her mind went for change and rest from work too hard and thoughts over-anxious for a child to bear. She was growing fast, but the only signs she gave of growing older were her womanly and thoughtful ways about Papa and his comforts, and a slight, very slight, difference in her feeling toward Genevieve, whom she played with no longer, though she took her out now and then when she was quite alone, and set her in a chair opposite, as better than no company at all. Eyebright had no idea of being disloyal to this dear old friend, but her eyes had opened to the fact that Genevieve was only wax, and do what she could, it was impossible to make her seem alive any more.

Her rapid growth was another trouble, for she could not wear the clothes which she had brought with her to the island, and it was very hard to get others. Papa had no money to spare, she knew, and she could not bear to worry him with her difficulties, so she went to Mrs. Downs instead. Mrs. Downs had her hands full of sewing for “him” and her three boys; still she found time to advise and help, and between her fitting and Eyebright's sewing, a skirt and jacket were concocted out of the water-proof designated by Wealthy, which, though rather queer in pattern, did nicely for cool days, and relieved Eyebright from the long-legged sensation which was growing over her. This, with a calico, some of Mrs. Bright's underclothing altered a little, and a sun-bonnet with a deep cape, made a tolerable summer outfit. Gloves, ruffles, ribbons and such little niceties, she learned to do without, and when the sweet summer came again with long days and warm winds, when she could



row, sit out-doors as much as she liked, and swing in the wild-grape hammocks which festooned the shore, she did not miss them. Girls on desert islands can dispense with finery.

But summers in Maine are very short, and, as lengthening days and chilly nights began to hint at coming winter, Eyebright caught herself shiv-

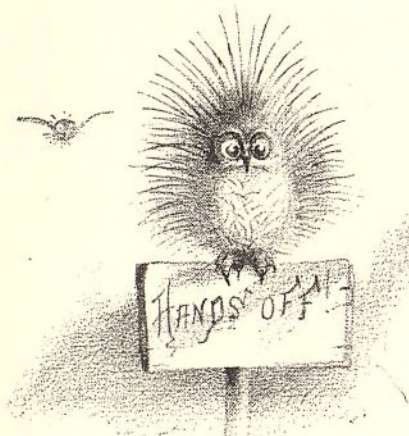
ering, and knew that she dreaded it very much indeed.

"How long it will seem!" she thought. "And how will poor Papa bear it? And what am I to do when all Mamma's old clothes are worn out? I don't suppose I ever shall have any new ones, and how I am to manage, I cannot imagine!"

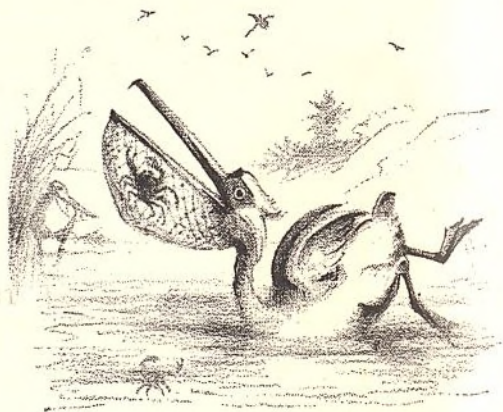
(To be continued.)

## MORE UN-NATURAL HISTORY.

(See Letter-Box.)



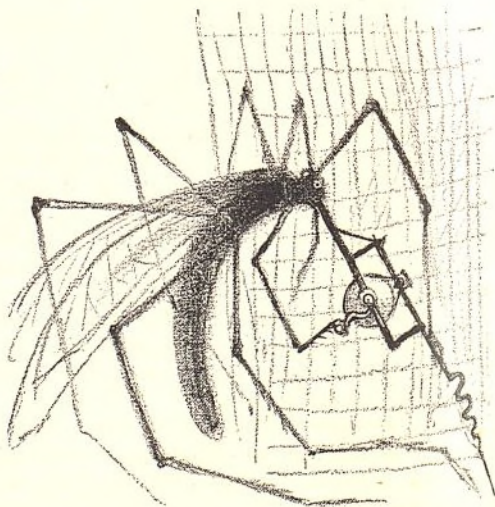
PRICKLY-PLUM DIGGER, OR TURBULENT OYSTER-BIRD.



ANSINUM SCOOPIANA, OR CALLOUS CRAB-FISHER.



THE STILTED SCYTHROPS, OR ORO-EYED OYSTER-BIRD.



NORTH-AMERICAN BLUNDERBORE, OR BLUNDERING BUZZ-FUZZ.  
(SOMEWHAT MAGNIFIED.)



## TWO WAYS OF SEEING.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"THE blossoms fall, the pretty spring-flowers die,  
The first fair grass is ready for the mowing;  
The grub has swallowed up the butterfly,  
And everything that is n't gone is going!"

The tiny apples cluster on the bough;  
The bees have gone to work, instead of humming;  
The seed is up, where lately ran the plow,  
And everything that has n't come is coming!

"The birds have ceased their merry spring-tide lay;  
No more the blackbird on the tree-top whistles;  
The frogs no longer croak at close of day,  
And thorns are where the down was on the thistles."

The birds don't think they have the time to sing;  
The blackbird has to feed his wife and babies;  
You'll see what Summer's making out of Spring—  
The woods and fields and trees are full of *may-be's*.

Courage! Look up! The spirit of the spring  
Should long outlast and overlive the letter;  
Change means advance, in almost everything,  
And good don't die—it only turns to better.

## NAN, THE NEWSBOY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

NAN, the Newsboy, is among the latest of the odd characters which spring into fame from time to time out of the varied life of the great city of New York. A year ago he formed a little band, consisting of himself and two others, to patrol the East River docks at night and rescue persons from drowning.

Some charitable persons heard of the boys, gave them a floating station to live in, boats, neat blue uniforms, and a small weekly salary to devote their whole time to the work.

Nan's real name is William J. O'Neil. He is a thorough street Arab in his manners, and uses the dialect common among ragged newsboys and boot-blacks.

The regulations by which the association should

be governed, according to his idea, are few and simple. As jotted down with other matters in his rough log-book, they are:

1. Members shall do whatever the president orders them.
2. No one shall be a member who drinks or gets drunk.
3. Any members not down in Dover dock, and miss one night except in sickness, shall be fined fifty cents by order of the president.
4. No cursing allowed.

Spelling is not Nan's strong point, and I have taken the liberty to arrange this according to the usual custom. Nor does he keep records in a scientific manner. Case four, in his list of rescued, sets down only "A Jew boy." Case five is "A





red-headed boy who fell in the water, but could not find his name."

The first meeting of the association took place one pleasant day in June, 1878.

for preserdent. We thought we might as well be doin' that as loafin' on corners."

Might as well be brave and humane fellows, that is, as idle and dangerous loungers! Yes, indeed



(Kelly.)

(Long.)

(Nan.)

THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CORPS IN UNIFORM.

"We was a-sittin' on Dover dock," Nan says, "tellin' stories. We got talkin' about how a body was took out 'most every day, and some said two hundred was took out in a year. We'd heered about life-savin' on the Jersey coast, too. So I says: 'Say we makes a 'sociation of it, boys, for to go along the docks pickin' 'em up regular.' 'All right!' they says, and they nomernates me

they might, and this modest way of putting it is infinitely to Nan's credit.

The pictures of the three give their appearance correctly, so I need not describe them. Nan has a rosy complexion and a serious manner. He has sold papers almost ever since he can remember. Edward Kelly is paler and slighter, and has quite a decided air of dignity. Gilbert Long is sun-



browed, and has a merry twinkle in his eye. He looks as if likely to be the most recklessly persistent of the lot in any dangerous straits. The three boys all were born in Cherry street. Long has been a tin-smith's apprentice, and Kelly a leather-cutter.

They have with them also five unpaid volunteers who serve at night. The force is divided into three patrols.

Cherry street and its vicinity abound in tenelements, sailor boarding-houses and drinking saloons. The upper part of South street is a kind of breathing-place for this squalid quarter. It is much favored by idle urchins especially, who find a hundred ways to amuse themselves among the boxes and bales. A breeze blows from the water across the edge of the dusty, coffee-colored piers, and gives a breath of fresh air.

The fish-dock and the old "dirt"-dock in Peck Slip on summer evenings are white with the figures of bathers. Often, too, even when the law was more stringent against it than now, they found means to swim in the day-time. They wrestle and tumble over one another, remain in the water for hours, swim across the swift stream to Brooklyn and back, and dive to the muddy bottom for coins thrown to them by spectators.

This was the training-school of our life-savers. Accidents were very frequent here, and the boys made many rescues without thinking much of them.

Their house is a little box of a place, painted bright blue, moored under the shade of the great Brooklyn bridge, and close to both the Fulton and Roosevelt street ferries. The front door of the establishment, as it might be called, is through a hole in a dilapidated fence; then down a ladder, and perhaps across a canal-boat or two to where it lies wedged in in the crowded basin. They have a row-boat, and a life-saving raft of the catamaran pattern.

Inside, the station has three bunks, some lockers to hold miscellaneous articles, a small stove in a corner, and a small case of books contributed by the Seaman's Friend Society. These are largely accounts of courage and ingenuity in danger likely to be appreciated by boys in their circumstances. When they unbend after duty is over, Nan plays the banjo and what he calls the "cordeen," and there is quite a social time.

But it is drawing on toward seven o'clock, and we are to make the rounds to-night. The volunteers begin to drop in. They are shy at first at finding strangers present, but soon begin to thaw out and deliver their views freely. There is Dick Harrington, who works at sail-making; Peter Hayes, a tinker; "Bony" Hayes,—Nan thinks this stands for Bonaparte or Bonanza, he is not

sure which,—a porter; Thomas Cody, a printer; and Jos. Findlay, whose business is to count papers in a newspaper office.

Harrington is not beyond a boyish blush; Peter Hayes is inclined to be a little boastful; "Bony" Hayes is something of a philosopher, and claims to have seen a good deal of life while fishing for eels off the docks; Findlay enjoys the distinction



NAN'S FRONT DOOR.

of having made a specialty of frustrating suicides, and Cody, from the line of business he is in, is spoken of as pretty "edicated."

The apparatus taken along consists of boat-hooks, life-lines, an iron ladder, folding up neatly like a camp-stool, and lanterns. The life-line is a common cord, about twenty-five feet long, with a small billet of wood attached to the end to be thrown to the person in the water.

We do not have the luck to see a genuine case to-night. Up we go along the strange river front to the foot of Montgomery street, then down to the Battery, perhaps two miles in a straight line. How imposingly the vast black hulls stand up against the sky! The water clucks and chuckles to itself, as if with a secret cruel humor, under the planks on which we walk. Whoever is drifted by



the tide in under there, where the rays of the dark lantern will not penetrate, is lost indeed.

The vicinity of the ferries is where there are the most bustling crowds, the water's edge is the most easily reached, and the principal liability to accidents exists. At Pier Two, near the South Ferry, where their station was then moored, Kelly and Long, at half-past two of a winter's morning, heard a cry. They ran out, explored, but could see

attempting to walk straight across the open Coenties Slip, or to the lights of Brooklyn, forgetful of the water, or others lain down to sleep on the string-pieces of the piers.

The suicides are generally intoxicated, too. Those who are not go out upon the ferry-boats, perhaps to make surer work of it. It is a strange experience to hear one of these boys tell how he found a middle-aged woman on the edge of the



NAN SAVES THREE BOYS FROM DROWNING.

nothing. Coming back, two hands were discerned projecting despairingly out of the ice-cakes. With a boat and the aid of their Newfoundland dog, Rover, they drew the man out. They found him to be a 'longshoreman, who had walked over the edge while intoxicated.

This is a very common story. The larger part of the rescued, or those assisted before they have a chance to come to harm,—for the boys make this a praiseworthy part of their occupation, too,—are of a similar sort. They are sailors searching in a dazed way for their ships, persons of low condition

pier, "prayin' and lookin' up at the sky;" how she "made a bounce" and he "grabbed" her, and how he advised her, when she groaned that she had been robbed of her money and clothes and wanted to die, to "just go right home and don't bother no more about it."

These are lives so long steeped in the dregs of wretchedness as to be almost tiresome to their owners, because they are so hopeless.

Then there are the careless children, for whom there are regular seasons. Many such rescues happen in the spring when the little folk begin to



play on the loose logs and rafts in the basins with the first fine weather, but the majority occur in the summer bathing-time.

The grown people are shy of giving their names,

transferred it to a cousin, thus keeping it still in the family. We talk with the watchman on a tall British bark in the India trade. Then we pick up a tramp, stowed away in a dangerous place by the



SAVING A MAN BY SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

or making any stir about their preservers, through shame at the condition they were in. The children often have a wholesome fear of further punishment at home, should they return dripping and their whereabouts at the time be known.

Frequently some sad victim of a boy, as he might be thought, just drawn from death's door, may be seen playing gayly at tag, waiting for his clothes which are spread out to dry in the sun.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life Saving Association.

His most gallant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row-boat by collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers on the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

"When you drowns," he says, speaking feelingly from experience, "not a thing you ever did but it comes up in your head. Then, may be, after that, you hear a kin' o' noise like music in your ears."

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover dock, and Kelly's of a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.

We stop to see the shelf, turned up against the side of the shed on the Harlem pier, which was Nan's place of business in former times. He has

Bridge-street ferry, and hand him over to the police, who receive him grumbling.

The boys are sorry that we do not have a chance to see them in the actual heat of their occupation. They offer, if we wish, to go through the form of a rescue, by having one of their own number fall in and two others get him out. We do not, of course, accept so barbarous a test of hardihood, for it is early spring and the water is icy cold. We are satisfied to hear from them their manner of doing it.

The life-line is thrown as near the sinking person as possible. Two of the patrol go into the water. One puts the line about the subject with a "half-hitch," the other helps support him to land. If he struggle and seize the rescuer so as to endanger both, the latter sinks a little, when the drowning man lets go his hold in alarm. In some cases it has been necessary to strike him, so as to render him partly insensible.

The drowning person is always to be approached from behind, turned upon his back, and drawn in by the hair, the rescuer swimming on his back also. This plan is recommended by the best authorities, and it may be well for some of our young readers to bear it in mind.

These young fellows have had the odd experience of seeing themselves and their work represented on the stage. They went to see, at one of the cheap down-town theaters, a sensational piece entitled "Nan, the Newsboy," which was acted to the satisfaction of quite a large audience.



The boys speak of this play with great disgust. "It was the richest life-savin' I ever see," says Nan. "They had me in it, and me mother in it, and all of uz. There was a woman, and she had n't not no more than lost her baby when I steps up and says, 'Here 's yer baby, mississ.'"

"Then there was river pirates and a milliner. A girl she come singin' down the docks about twelve o'clock at night. There aint no girls comes singin' around us. The river pirates they stabbed the girl and throwed her in. Then there was another one throwed in. We had all three of 'em out in five minutes. The feller what was supposed to be me was about thirty years old. The one what looked like Kelly he had a mustache."

A glance at the smooth countenance of Kelly, so innocent of any such decoration, showed this to be an error quite worthy of the vigorous way in which it was found fault with.

The account given of the way rescued persons

behave after their rescue is not at all favorable. Gratitude is said to be the last thing they think of. Often there is positive abuse. If a hat be lost during the confusion, as is of course not uncommon, this trifling mishap drives everything else from their minds.

It is clear that it is not the interesting characters of the persons saved by which Nan and his mates are inspired. Nor does it seem an unusual benevolence of disposition on their part. It is a bold delight in the danger, the hardship, the skill of the thing for itself. Plenty of the same sort of ambition is perverted to the worst uses, and this makes it especially gratifying to find it so worthily employed.

Whatever may become of his experiment in the end, Nan, the Newsboy, in choosing so high and humane an aim in life, instead of drifting, as he so easily might, into the usual courses of the loafers on corners, has set a useful and noble example.

## AGAMEMNON'S CAREER.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THERE had apparently been some mistake in Agamemnon's education. He had been to a number of colleges, indeed, but he had never completed his course in any one. He had continually fallen into some difficulty with the authorities. It was singular, for he was of an inquiring mind, and had always tried to find out what would be expected of him, but had never hit upon the right thing.

Solomon John thought the trouble might be in what they called the elective system, where you were to choose what study you would take. This had always bewildered Agamemnon a good deal.

"And how was a feller to tell," Solomon John had asked, "whether he wanted to study a thing, before he tried it? It might turn out awful hard!"

Agamemnon had always been fond of reading from his childhood up. He was at his book all day long. Mrs. Peterkin had imagined he would come out a great scholar, because she could never get him away from his books.

And so it was in his colleges; he was always to be found in the library, reading and reading. But they were always the wrong books.

For instance: the class were required to prepare themselves on the Spartan war. This turned Agamemnon's attention to the Fenians, and to study

the subject, he read up on "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer," and some later novels of the sort, which did not help him on the subject required, and yet took up all his time, so that he found himself quite unfitted for anything else when the examinations came. In consequence, he was requested to leave.

Agamemnon always missed in his recitations, for the same reason that Elizabeth Eliza did not get on in school, because he was always asked the questions he did not know. It seemed provoking; if the professors had only asked something else! But they always hit upon the very things he had not studied up.

Mrs. Peterkin felt this was encouraging, for Agamemnon knew the things they did not know in colleges. In colleges, they were willing to take for students only those who already knew certain things. She thought Agamemnon might be a professor in a college for those students who did n't know those things.

"I suppose these professors could not have known a great deal," she added, "or they would not have asked you so many questions; they would have told you something."

Agamemnon had left another college on account of a mistake he had made with some of his class-



mates. They had taken a great deal of trouble to bring some wood from a distant wood-pile to make a bonfire with, under one of the professors' windows. Agamemnon had felt it would be a compliment to the professor.

It was with bonfires that heroes had been greeted on their return from successful wars. In this way, beacon-lights had been kindled upon lofty heights, that had inspired mariners seeking their homes after distant adventures. As he plodded back and forward, he imagined himself some hero of antiquity. He was reading "Plutarch's Lives" with deep interest. This had been recommended at a former college, and he was now taking it up in the midst of his French course. He fancied, even, that some future Plutarch was growing up in Lynn, perhaps, who would write of this night of suffering and glorify its heroes.

For himself, he took a severe cold and suffered from chilblains, in consequence of going back and forward through the snow carrying the wood.

But the flames of the bonfire caught the blinds of the professor's room, and set fire to the building, and came near burning up the whole institution. Agamemnon regretted the result as much as his predecessor, who gave him his name, must have regretted that other bonfire on the shores of Aulis, that deprived him of a daughter.

The result for Agamemnon was that he was requested to leave, after having been in the institution but a few months.

He left another college in consequence of a misunderstanding about the hour for morning prayers. He went every day regularly at ten o'clock, but found, afterward, that he should have gone at half-past six. This hour seemed to him and to Mrs. Peterkin unseasonable, at a time of year when the sun was not up, and he would have been obliged to go to the expense of candles.

Agamemnon was always willing to try another college, wherever he could be admitted. He wanted to attain knowledge, however it might be found. But, after going to five, and leaving each before the year was out, he gave it up.

He determined to lay out the money, that would have been expended in a collegiate education, in buying an encyclopedia, the most complete that he could find, and to spend his life in studying it systematically. He would not content himself with merely reading it, but he would study into each subject as it came up, and perfect himself in that subject. By the time, then, that he had finished the encyclopedia, he should have embraced all knowledge, and have experienced much of it.

The family were much interested in this plan of making practice of every subject that came up.

He did not, of course, get on very fast in this

way. In the second column of the very first page, he met with A as a note in music. This led him to the study of music. He bought a flute, and took some lessons, and attempted to accompany Elizabeth Eliza on the piano. This, of course, distracted him from his work on the encyclopedia. But he did not wish to return to A until he felt perfect in music. This required a long time.

Then in this same paragraph a reference was made; in it he was requested to "see Keys." It was necessary, then, to turn to "Keys." This was about the time the family were moving, which we have mentioned, when the difficult subject of keys came up, that suggested to him his own simple invention, and the hope of getting a patent for it. This led him astray, as inventions before have done with master minds, so that he was drawn aside from his regular study.

The family, however, were perfectly satisfied with the career Agamemnon had chosen. It would help them all in any path of life, if he should master the encyclopedia in a thorough way.

Mr. Peterkin agreed it would in the end be not so expensive as a college course, even if Agamemnon should buy all the different encyclopedias that appeared. There would be no "spreads" involved, no expenses of receiving friends at entertainments in college; he could live at home, so that it would not be necessary to fit up another room as at college. At all the times of his leaving, he had sold out favorably to other occupants.

Solomon John's destiny was more uncertain. He was looking forward to being a doctor sometime, but he had not decided whether to be allopathic or homeopathic, or whether he would not better invent his own pills. And he could not understand how to obtain his doctor's degree.

For a few weeks he acted as clerk in a druggist's store. But he could serve only in the tooth-brush and soap department, because it was found he was not familiar enough with the Latin language to compound the drugs. He agreed to spend his evenings in studying the Latin grammar, but his course was interrupted by his being dismissed for treating the little boys too frequently to soda.

The little boys were going through the schools regularly. The family had been much exercised with regard to their education. Elizabeth Eliza felt that everything should be expected of them—they ought to take advantage from the family mistakes. Every new method that came up was tried upon the little boys. They had been taught spelling by all the different systems, and were just able to read when Mr. Peterkin learned that it was now considered best that children should not be taught to read till they were ten years old.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. Perhaps if their



books were taken from them even then, they might forget what they had learned. But no, the evil was done, the brain had received certain impressions that could not be blurred over.

This was long ago, however. The little boys had since entered the public school. They went also to a gymnasium, and a whittling school, and joined a class in music, and another in dancing; they went to some afternoon lectures for children, when there was no other school, and belonged to a walking club. Still Mr. Peterkin was dissatisfied by the slowness of their progress. He visited the schools himself, and found that they did not lead their classes. It seemed to him a great deal of time was spent in things that were not instructive, such as putting on and taking off their India rubber boots.

Elizabeth Eliza proposed that they should be taken from school and taught by Agamemnon from the encyclopedia. The rest of the family might help in the education at all hours of the day. Solomon John could take up the Latin grammar, and she could give lessons in French.

The little boys were enchanted with the plan, only they did not want to have the study-hours all the time.

Mr. Peterkin, however, had a magnificent idea, that they should make their life one grand Object Lesson. They should begin at breakfast, and study everything put upon the table,—the material of which it was made, and where it came from. In the study of the letter A, Agamemnon had embraced the study of music, and from one meal they might gain instruction enough for a day.

"We shall have the assistance," said Mr. Peterkin, "of Agamemnon with his encyclopedia."

Agamemnon modestly suggested that he had not yet got out of A, and in their first breakfast everything would therefore have to begin with A.

"That would not be impossible," said Mr. Peterkin. "There is Amanda, who will wait on table, to start with——"

"We could have 'am-and-eggs," suggested Solomon John.

Mrs. Peterkin was distressed. It was hard enough to think of anything for breakfast, and impossible if it all had to begin with one letter!

Elizabeth Eliza thought it would not be necessary. All they were to do was to ask questions, as in examination papers, and find their answers as they could. They could still apply to the encyclopedia, even if it were not in Agamemnon's alphabetical course.

Mr. Peterkin suggested a great variety. One day they would study the botany of the breakfast-table, another day its natural history. The study of butter would include that of the cow. Even

that of the butter-dish would bring in geology. The little boys were charmed at the idea of learning pottery from the cream-jug, and they were promised a potter's wheel directly.

"You see, my dear," said Mr. Peterkin to his wife, "before many weeks, we shall be drinking our milk from jugs made by our children."

Elizabeth Eliza hoped for a thorough study.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "we might begin with botany. That would be near to Agamemnon alphabetically. We ought to find out the botany of butter. On what does the cow feed?"

The little boys were eager to go out and see.

"If she eats clover," said Mr. Peterkin, "we shall expect the botany of the clover."

The little boys insisted that they were to begin the next day; that very evening they should go out and study the cow.

Mrs. Peterkin sighed, and decided she would order a simple breakfast. The little boys took their note-books and pencils, and clambered upon the fence, where they seated themselves in a row.

For there were three little boys. So it was now supposed. They were always coming in or going out, and it had been difficult to count them, and nobody was very sure how many there were.

There they sat, however, on the fence, looking at the cow. She looked at them with large eyes. "She wont eat," they cried, "while we are looking at her!" So they turned about, and pretended to look into the street, and seated themselves that way, turning their heads back to see the cow.

"Now she is nibbling a clover."

"No, that is a bit of sorrel."

"It's a whole handful of grass!"

"What kind of grass?" they exclaimed.

It was very hard, sitting with their backs to the cow, and pretending to the cow that they were looking into the street, and yet to be looking at the cow all the time, and finding out what she was eating; and the upper rail of the fence was narrow and a little sharp. It was very high, too, for some additional rails had been put on to prevent the cow from jumping into the garden or street.

Suddenly, looking out into the hazy twilight, Elizabeth Eliza saw six legs and six India rubber boots in the air, and the little boys disappeared!

"They are tossed by the cow! The little boys are tossed by the cow!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed for the window, but fainted on the way. Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza were hurrying to the door, but stopped, not knowing what to do next. Mrs. Peterkin recovered herself with a supreme effort, and sent them out to the rescue.

But what could they do? The fence had been made so high, to keep the cow out, that nobody



could get in. The boy that did the milking had gone off with the key of the outer gate, and perhaps with the key of the shed-door. Even if that were not locked, before Agamemnon could get round by the wood-shed and cow-shed the little boys might be gored through and through!

Elizabeth Eliza ran to the neighbors, Solomon John to the druggist's for plasters, while Agamemnon made his way through the dining-room to the wood-shed and outer-shed door. Mr. Peterkin mounted the outside of the fence, while Mrs. Peterkin begged him not to put himself in danger. He climbed high enough to view the scene. He held to the corner post and reported what he saw.

They were not gored. The cow was at the other end of the lot. One of the little boys was lying in a bunch of dark leaves. He was moving.

The cow glared, but did not stir. Another little boy was pulling his India rubber boots out of the mud. The cow still looked at him. Another was feeling the top of his head. The cow began to crop the grass, still looking at him.

Agamemnon had reached, had opened, the shed-door. The little boys were next seen running toward it.

A crowd of neighbors with pitchforks had returned meanwhile with Elizabeth Eliza. Solomon John had brought four druggists. But, by the time they had reached the house, the three little boys were safe in the arms of their mother!

"This is too dangerous a form of education," she cried; "I had rather they went to school."

"No!" they bravely cried. They were still willing to try the other way.



HASTE to the party, out in the yard,  
And don't forget to carry your card.  
The hens are dressed in their very best,  
To receive some peacocks just from the West.  
Put on your gloves and take a fan,  
And make the best display you can.



## BACK OF THE WATER-FALL.

(A Fish Fairy Tale.)

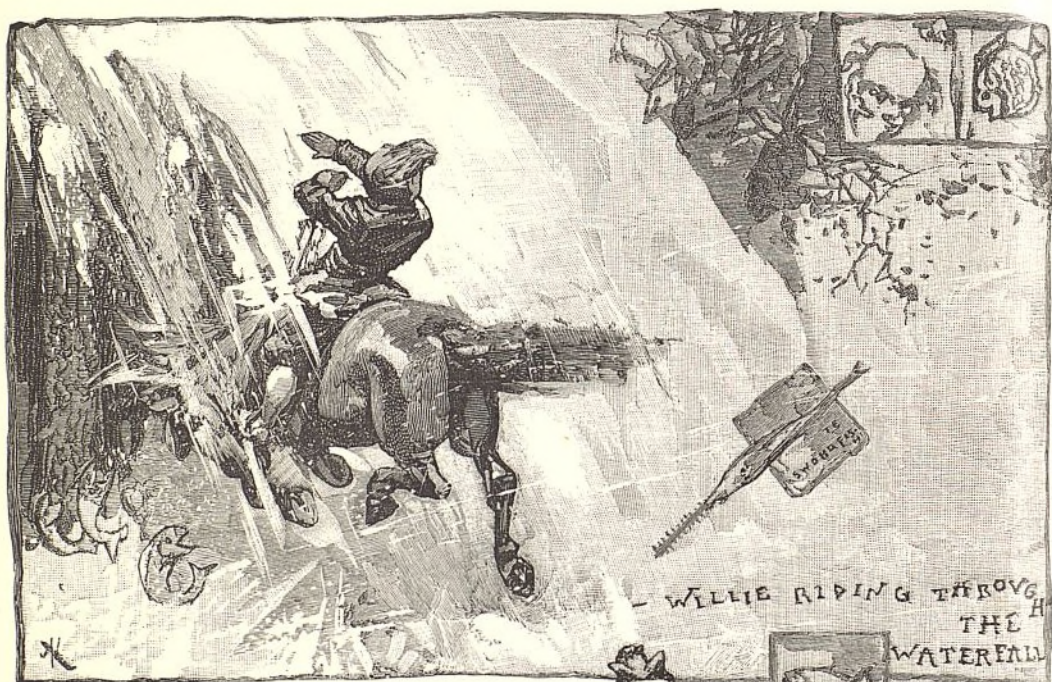
BY ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS.

WILLIE was eight years old and the owner of a pony,—a black pony with a long tail, and the whitest of white stars on his forehead.

One pleasant summer day, Willie saddled the pony and started off for his usual ride to the beautiful water-fall that he so loved to look at. Here he would always stop to give Major a drink, and

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of joy, and cried:

"Why, how stupid of me! Here is Major, who will take me through in the twinkling of an eye! Come, my beauty! don't eat any more! You shall taste sweeter grass than ever you have dreamed of, if you take me through the water-fall!"



watch the water as it came roaring down, eddying in white foam over the rocks nearly at his feet.

This day, after Major had quenched his thirst, Willie tied him where he could crop some tender green grass, and then seated himself on a stone beneath a tall elm-tree, to watch the water as it thundered on its way.

How it did rush, and roar, and bubble, and foam! And as he watched it he began to wonder what was back of it! If he only could get through the sheet of water, and see what was on the other side! The more he thought, the more he became convinced that back of that silvery sheet was either Fairy-land or Giant-land; and that if he could get through he would see all the wonderful things he had heard of and read about.

Thereupon, Willie sprang on Major's back, and forced the

pony into the water, and galloped ahead to where the white foam hissed and boiled its very worst.

"Just hear the water growl at us!" said Willie patting the pony's neck. "It tries to frighten us out of it, but we are not afraid! Here we are in the white foam, and now we go through the water-fall! Why, it's nothing at all to do! Why didn't we ever go through before! Ho!—Now; let me see where I am!"

Major stood still at the word. The water was running off him and his master in streams, but



neither of them seemed to mind it. Willie saw at a glance that he was in a large stone passage that echoed and re-echoed the noise of the falls behind him. At the opposite end of the passage was an arch-like opening, and toward this he urged the pony.

On arriving under the arch, he stopped short, and looked around him in wonder. He was at the entrance of a vast hall, the walls of which glistened and refracted the light in many-colored rays, to such an extent that it made his eyes ache whichever way he turned them. This brilliancy, he afterward learned, was due to the fish-scales that covered the walls.

In various attitudes upon the floor, some talking and others fanning themselves with their tails, were a great number of fishes, who appeared to have met to discuss some important subject. As soon as they discovered the presence of Willie and his pony, however, they all sprang upon their tails, spread out their fins, and looked at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"The centaur!" said one. Then "The centaur! the centaur!" was heard in every part of the hall, as the others took up the cry.

"Do you come as a friend, or as a foe?" demanded a great speckled trout, who appeared to be the leader.

"As a friend," replied Willie.

"Very good. Had you said 'foe,' I should have flooded the hall in the flap of a fin, and right soon would you have been food for us! But as you have come as a friend, perhaps you will tell us how to settle the question we were discussing when you entered?"

"First tell me," said the boy, "how you can live here? I thought fish could live only under water."

"We *are* under water; do you not hear it over our heads?"

"Very true," said Willie; "I did not think of that. Now," continued he, driving the pony into their midst, "what is the question you want me to decide?"

"We want you to tell us how to know good flies from bad flies, and good worms from bad worms."

"Oh, is that all? I should think any one could tell that."

"How?" "How?" "How?" came eagerly from the wide-open mouths of all the fishes, as they stood on their tails around him.

"By the looks of them, of course," replied he; and he seemed inclined to laugh at their ignorance, but was prevented by his astonishment at their eager tones and queer attitudes and gestures.

"No, but we can't; for the bad ones look as well as the good ones, as far as we can see."

"Well then, by the taste."

"You are no wiser than we, Centaur, or you would know that we must not even taste of the bad ones!" said the leader, angrily.

"Then how do you know they are bad?"

"We don't know, until one of us is so unfortunate as to eat a bad fly or worm, when he immediately disappears, and we never see him again. I had a narrow escape myself, once. I barely nibbled at one, and as it tasted sharp I let go of it; but a friend happened to be swimming past at the moment, and he took it before I could warn him, and I have never seen him since."

"Oh, now I know what you mean," said Willie; "you mean you get caught. All you will have to do is to notice if the flies or worms——"

"Hear! hear!" called out the fish, impatiently, for Willie had paused, without making them any wiser.

The boy had suddenly remembered how his father delighted to fish in the stream outside, and how he had said that very morning that he had invited a party of friends to fish on the morrow. How disappointed they all would be if not a fish was to be caught, as would be the result if he should warn those around him of the hooks and lines! No; he would not spoil his father's amusement; the fish must still go on taking their chances.

"Why don't you finish?" cried the great speckled trout, warmly.

"I cannot tell you," replied Willie.

"*Cannot* tell us? Why, you were just about to! You mean you *will* not," thundered the trout, starting up from his seat.

"It's all the same," said Willie, turning the pony's head, with the intention of getting away from the angry, great-mouthed things as soon as possible; but what was his astonishment, on looking for the arch through which he had entered, to find it nowhere visible! On every side, nothing was to be seen but the dazzling, scale-covered walls! There was no opening even above, the walls letting through all the light there was.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the great speckled trout, and "Ha! ha! ha!" echoed all the others. "Fishes are not the only things that get caught; Ha! ha! ha! Now will you tell us how to know good flies from bad flies, and good worms from bad worms?" And he reseated himself with much dignity.

Willie began to feel uncomfortable. What if they should flood the hall, as no doubt they were capable of doing? It was closely shut everywhere, he knew. There would be no escape for him; he would surely drown.

"Perhaps," thought he, "I can induce them to open the passage; if they do, I will put Major



through the water-fall quicker than he came in. How can I tell you the difference unless you let me out into the stream where I can see?" continued he, aloud.

"Sure enough; how can he?" said two or three; and murmurs arose throughout the hall, among the rest of the fishes.

"Friends, do not be deceived!" said the great speckled trout, standing erect on his tail, and giving his fins a flap upward. "If he once gets into the stream, he can escape us. He can tell here. He was about to tell, but, for some reason, he stopped short. We must not lose this chance to learn what for years we have sought in vain to know, and what concerns the welfare of every one of us." Then turning to Willie, he continued: "Now, Centaur, we await your pleasure."

"I am not a centaur," said Willie, hotly; "I'm a boy, and this is my horse, Major. I should think you could see that well enough."

"Don't think you can deceive us, Centaur; we are not so ignorant as not to know what a buoy is. There are many of them in the great lake above, where we came from. And as for that being a horse——! But you shall learn that we know what a horse is, too. Silence, in the hall! Is Horse-Crab here?"

At the words, a large horse-crab came rattling over the stone floor, out of a corner.

"He does n't know what you are; teach him," commanded the great speckled trout, waving one of his fins imperiously.

At that, the crab fixed his wicked little eyes on Willie's face, and, rattling up, seized Major's hind leg in his claw, for a second only; for the pony reared, and snorted, and then gave a kick that sent Horse-Crab flying against the wall with force enough to crack his shell.

"Perhaps you have another you would like to let try?" said Willie, enjoying the look of amazement visible on the faces of all the fishes.

"Where is Sword-Fish?" at length cried the speckled trout in a voice full of rage and consternation. "Why is he not on the spot to avenge poor Horse-Crab's wrongs?"

"Alas!" said a sword-fish in the crowd. "What can I do, unless you let the water in? I should be trampled to death in a minute." And he squirmed and wriggled as near to the wall as he could.

"Let the water in?" mimicked the great speckled trout, "and so lose all hopes of ever learning the secret? Not I, until nothing else can be done. Once more, Centaur, will you tell us what we want to know?"

"If I tell you, how do I know that you will let

me out?" asked Willie, looking at the glistening wall, anxiously.

"I give you my word," replied the great speckled trout, "that as soon as you have told us, the passage you came through shall be opened."

But Willie noticed that, as he said the words, he nodded his head with a knowing look to the fish around him, and they returned the nod and look with every appearance of satisfaction, and exchanged pleasant whispers with each other.

"I believe he is deceiving me," thought the boy; "but I might as well tell." Then he added, aloud: "Whenever you see a fly or worm in the water, swim around and above it, to see that there is no line attached to it; if there is no line attached to it, you can eat it without fear, for it is good. Now I have answered your question. Let me out."

The fish looked at each other for a moment in silence. Then said the great speckled trout, in a low voice:

"I wonder we never thought of doing that before." Then he went on aloud and turning to Willie, "It is so simple, we surely should have thought of it by this time, if you, Centaur, had not interrupted us. So we owe you no thanks, and our dear friend, Horse-Crab, has got a broken shell by your coming. I promised to open the passage, and so I will; but I did not tell you that, at this time of day, the water rushes in and fills the hall."

At that instant, the passage opened, and a great body of water came roaring in, lifting Major from his feet, and pony and master soon were struggling in the deep, noisy flood; while the fishes came swimming around him flapping him with their tails in a most savage way. The pony plunged, struggled, sank and rose, the water roared louder still, and the fish crowded still more closely, but Major pushed gallantly through, his rider still on his back, and at last stood on the grassy bank.

"You ungrateful and deceitful creatures!" cried Willie, shouting back to the fishes. "When my father comes here to fish, I hope he will catch a lot of you; and if you wont bite at a hook, he'll use a net."

"A net! What's that?" asked the great trout.

"Never you mind," said Willie; "but it catches ever so many more fishes than can be taken by hooks, as you'll soon find out. And you can't get away from it either."

"I wish we had treated him better," said the great speckled trout, as Willie rode away.





HIS mother does not notice he is sitting on the sweep,  
And as she pulls the bucket-pole, he upward takes a leap.  
And deeper as she forces it into the depths below,  
Still higher and still higher that astonished boy doth go.

BUT,—

This is a world of many strange surprises.  
Look out, good mother, when that bucket rises !



## THE CHILD-LIFE OF GOETHE.

BY MARY LOCKWOOD.

A HUNDRED and thirty years ago, in the quaint old city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, there came into the world a little baby boy, at whose christening, I think, all the fairy godmothers must have been present; for, surely, there never was a child in all the world more wondrously and variously gifted. His life was the fairy-tale of genius. And yet, if you had lived in Frankfort then, and had played with him after he grew out of babyhood, in that queer, grated room in his father's house; or studied with him up in the garden-room; or had gone with him and his sister Cornelia to visit their grandfather Textor, you would not, perhaps, have thought him very different from other bright, merry-hearted boys; for he was a good comrade, and always ready for a frolic. But older persons must have seen in this boy's rapid progress in his studies, and even in the plays he invented, some promise of that genius which afterward made him famous throughout the civilized world.

He was named Johann Wolfgang Goethe, but was usually called Wolfgang. He was born on the 28th of August, 1749. But in order that you may more clearly understand the child-life of Goethe, I must tell you something about his relatives and his surroundings. His best-loved friend was his sister Cornelia, a little younger than himself. She was his constant playmate and companion. There were other children in the family, but they died when Wolfgang and Cornelia were very small, and only these two were left to grow up together. The father was a hard, stern man. He loved his children dearly, and the chief care of his life was that they should be well taught and well trained. He took charge of their education himself, and was very proud of their progress. He taught them to be industrious, studious, brave, and self-reliant,—all very good things, and such as all children should be taught. But he forgot that children not only like to play, but ought to be allowed to play sometimes; whatever pleasures he gave them were instructive pleasures,—he did not think they would care for play just for the fun of the thing. Perhaps he had not cared much for fun and play when he was a little boy. But Wolfgang cared for it, and so did Cornelia, and fortunate was it for them that their mother understood this, and knew how to smooth over the rough places for them, without interfering with their father's authority and plans, and that she had the art of making things bright and happy for them.

She was not so profoundly learned as her husband, but she was intelligent and bright, with a sweet, loving disposition, and a sunny temper. Wolfgang, who was a good deal like her in appearance and manner and disposition, never forgot, through his long life, what he owed to his admirable mother.

Besides these four, there was in the family the old grandmother,—the father's mother,—who lived



GOETHE'S MOTHER.

always in her rooms on the ground-floor of the house; a fair, thin, white-robed woman, with a gentle smile and thoughtful ways, who never made the little ones feel as if she were incommoded when they visited her, but used to make them bring their toys, and play in her pleasant room; and she invented games for their amusement.

Then there were the grandfather and grandmother Textor, their mother's father and mother, who lived in the same town in a large house with a fine old garden. This grandfather was an important man in Frankfort, and, though he was very grave, and said but little, he was kind to the children, as was also the grandmother; and they liked



to visit these old people, and play in the beautiful garden, where they were allowed to pick as many currants and gooseberries as they liked, but were on no account to touch the peaches.

Wolfgang and Cornelia Goethe lived in a curious old house; the most rambling, irregular sort of place you can possibly imagine; the kind of home children delight in; the loveliest place for "hide-and-seek," and thrillingly suggestive of ghost stories. No two rooms opened on a level into each other. One could wander up and down steps, and get into all sorts of queer corners. The ground-floor of this house was on a level with the street, and one of its rooms was separated from the street only by a wooden frame-work, or lattice. It was, in fact, a sort of large bird-cage, which seems to us a singular room, but was common in the Frankfort houses, and a favorite place of resort. There, in the warm weather, the ladies of the family sat with their sewing and knitting; there the cook dressed her salad; there the children had their toys; and the neighbors, as they passed, would stop at the grating for a little chat. It was a bright and cheerful apartment; and, long afterward, Goethe said of it: "It gave me a fine feeling to be made so intimate with the open air."

The first glimpse we have of the little Wolfgang is in this room engaged in a piece of mischief. He was alone, of course, or the affair could not have happened; and he was then about three years old. This is the way he told the story some years after:

"A crockery fair had just been held, from which not only our kitchen had been supplied with wares for a long time to come, but a great deal of small gear had been purchased as playthings for us children. One beautiful afternoon, when everything was quiet about the house, I whiled away the time with my pots and dishes in the frame-room; and, finding that nothing more was to be got out of them, hurled one of them into the street, vastly tickled to hear the clatter it made in breaking. There were three brothers living on the opposite side of the street, who were always much diverted at my pranks. These men, the Von Ochsensteins, seeing me on this occasion relish the sport until I clapped my hands in delight, cried out to me: 'Another.' I did not withhold a kettle, and, as they made no end to their calls for more, in a little while, the whole collection—platters, pipkins, mugs, and all—were dashed to pieces on the pavement. My neighbors continued to express their approbation, and I was highly delighted to give them pleasure. But my stock was exhausted, and still they shouted 'More!' I ran, therefore, straight to the kitchen, and brought the earthenware, which produced a still livelier spectacle in breaking; and thus I kept running back and forth

fetching one vessel after another, as I could reach it from where they stood in rows on the dresser; and devoted all the ware I could drag out to similar destruction. It was too late, when some one appeared, to hinder and save. The mischief was done, and in place of a large amount of crockery there was only a ludicrous history of its loss, in which my roguish accomplices took delight to the end of their days."

Our next view of the boy is from a little account his mother has written of her method of teaching and amusing her children by inventing stories for them. She writes:

"Air, fire, earth, water, I represented under the forms of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning. As we thought of the paths which led from star to star, and that we should, perhaps, one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, 'But, mother, the princess wont marry the horrid tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would, in the interval, think it out for himself. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the ending, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and, as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfillment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

This was when he was three and four years old. He soon learned to read and write, and at six years of age, not only wrote quite well in German, but also in Latin. When he was eight years old, he wrote original compositions—and very good ones—in German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek! He was not taught Italian, but picked it up from hearing it taught to his sister. He was truly a wonderful child. And he did not love study because he was weak and sickly, and could not do anything else; for he was generally healthy, and a very bright, active boy at play, and



as I said before, always ready for a frolic. He was born with an eager desire for knowledge, and the capacity to acquire it, as well as with the genius to invent stories and poems.

There was an old man who kept a book-stall in a street near by the Goethe house, and here Wolfgang often used to stop, when out walking with his sister, to pore over the old and curious books, which other boys of his age would never think of reading.

I have said that the house was thrillingly suggestive of ghost stories; and, I am sorry to say that, as they grew older, Wolfgang and Cornelia read a great many such stories, and the consequence was that they became very nervous, and full of silly fears. Their father was resolved that they should overcome such fears, and made them go to bed in the dark, and sleep in a room by themselves. There they would lie, shaking with terror, poor little souls! and every sound heard in the stillness of night would seem to them a terrible noise, and cause them to start and shudder, and hide under the feather-bed covering until they could bear it no longer, and they would creep out of bed to seek refuge with some kind old servant who pitied them. But their father's watchful ears were sure to hear the little culprits, and they would be at once sent back into the dreadful darkness and loneliness again. Mamma Goethe saw how wretched and unhappy the children were under this treatment; and yet she knew that their father was right in trying to make them get rid of their fears; and so she managed to make them all happy and contented, first, by showing the children gently and kindly that there was no occasion for their fright and misery, and then by promising that every morning after they had lain quietly a whole night without allowing themselves to become frightened, they should have as many plums as they could eat. The reward was so enticing that the children tried very hard not to get frightened; and when people try very hard to do a thing they usually succeed. And, in this way, the young Goethes overcame their fear of ghosts. I ought to add that they were very little children when this happened, for, if they had been older, they would have been wiser. So, you see, a boy may be able to read in five different languages, and yet be so foolish as to believe in ghosts!

When Wolfgang was four years old, the kind grandmother made the children a Christmas present of a puppet-show, with a mimic theater, stage scenery, and performers. You may be sure this was a perpetual delight to such a bright, imaginative child as young Goethe. He invented a great variety of plays for the little puppets to act in; and it may be that this most enchanting present put

into the little boy's head some of the fancies which in after years turned into the beautiful dramas and poems that all the world delights in now.

Parents, who have what are called precocious children, like to tell of the wonderfully bright speeches their little ones make. Mamma Goethe preserved a good many of her son's sayings, and I will tell you a few of them that you may see how very different they were from the "smart" speeches usually made by bright children.

In 1765, when Wolfgang was six years old, a fearful earthquake destroyed the city of Lisbon, and sixty thousand people were killed in almost an instant of time. This was a thing that everybody talked about, and Wolfgang talked about it also, and wondered how the good God could let such an awful destruction overtake so many people. The next Sunday, in church, the minister preached about it, and showed that the earthquake did not prove that God was not good and just. After the family returned home, the father asked Wolfgang what he thought of the sermon. "Why," said the child, "it may, after all, be a simpler matter than the minister thinks. God knows very well that an immortal soul can receive no injury from a mortal accident."

One day his mother, looking out of the window, saw him walking in the street with other boys, and was amused at the grave and dignified manner in which he carried himself. When he came in, she asked him if he was trying to distinguish himself from his playmates. "I begin with this," said little Wolfgang. "Later on in life, I shall distinguish myself in far other ways."

In those days, ignorant people (and some wise ones) believed that the stars had an influence on people's lives. One day, Wolfgang asked his mother if she thought they would help him. "Why," said she, "must you have the assistance of the stars, when other people get on very well without?" To which Wolfgang replied, "I am not to be satisfied with what does for other people!"

The kind old grandmother died when Goethe was five years old; and, soon after this, his father made up his mind to rebuild the old house, which he did piecemeal, room by room, the family living in it all the while. This took a long time, and led at last to the sending away of the two children to school, for Papa Goethe found he had not time to attend to their lessons. But neither of the children liked the schools as well as the lessons at home, and they were very glad when the house was finished, and they could return to it.

But there was one thing connected with this school life that Wolfgang heartily enjoyed,—the holiday excursions he was allowed to make with his

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school-fellows. As it was his first experience in exploring his native city, these long walks in every direction made an ineffaceable impression upon him. He asked a great many questions, and made friends with the warders and custodians of public places; and everything that he saw and heard sank deeply into his mind. Frankfort is one of the most interesting old cities one can visit now, nor has it changed very much since our hero's

Sometimes, the boys would stroll across the massive stone bridge which spans the river Main with its graceful arches, and, leaning over the parapet, they would gaze up and down the beautiful river, and feel particularly pleased when the golden cock on the bridge-cross would glisten in the sunshine. Over the river was the great market, which was always a delightful place to explore, with its booths full of curious or useful wares, and the green-grocers' stalls with heaps of fruit and vegetables. But Wolfgang carefully avoided the butchers' booths; he did not like the sights or the odors there. All his life he avoided disagreeable things. His craving was for the beautiful, and poetic, and happy things in life. When he was a very small child, he carried this so far that he would not play with a child unless it was pretty.

The boys thought it fine fun to get lost among the crooked little streets about the market, or in the crowd always collected about St. Bartholomew's Church. In this dingy quarter, stood the remains of the old castle, where, long ago, dwelt Charlemagne; and this place, Wolfgang never passed without a sensation of reverent awe. Once or twice a year, the boys would take their favorite walk,—quite too long to be thought of for every day. They would make the circuit of the city walls, having previously coaxed the warders of the towers to lend them the keys of the various postern gates. Sometimes, the boys would mount high enough to see right down into the heart of the city, with its buildings and pleasure-grounds, and the large gardens of the wealthy, patched in, here and there, with the kitchen-gardens of the poorer classes.



LITTLE WOLFGANG AND HIS SISTER AT THE BOOK-STALL.

time. It had then a high, battlemented wall, with watch-towers and great gates, built in those warlike times when people had to be always ready to defend themselves against sudden attacks from their enemies. Inside these walls was a queer collection of buildings, the houses mostly having five or six overhanging stories, the highest coming so close to its opposite neighbor that it seemed as if neither air nor sunshine could penetrate into the dark little street below. Every now and then, however, there were broad, open squares, with magnificent public buildings and pleasant gardens.

The boys also liked to visit the famous "Jews' Quarter," and the Council House where, in old times, the German emperors were crowned.

All these sights and the histories connected with the different parts of the city fired Wolfgang's active imagination, and he was never tired of inventing stories about the various places they visited, and the boys were never tired of listening. He always represented himself as the hero of the adventures he related; and so vivid and real did he make them seem that, sometimes, the boys were disposed to believe that the marvelous encounters



with giants and dwarf-men, etc., had actually occurred. This was especially the case with those stories that were such favorites with his young hearers that he had to relate them again and again.



THE YOUTH GOETHE SKATING.

At last, he went back to the fine new house with Cornelia, whom he liked for a companion much better than the school-boys. His love for her was passionate. She was bright, lively and sweet-tempered, and was interested in all that interested her brother. Their father was again their teacher, and their favorite place for study was the garden-room, as they called it, because it overlooked a spacious garden belonging to a neighbor. Here they both made quick progress in their studies; but these were somewhat interfered with by the occupation of Frankfort by the French troops. There was a war at that time between Germany and France, and for two or three years the French had possession of the old town where the Goethes lived. A French Count was placed in their house, —billeted on them, as soldiers say,—and, though Wolfgang was angry with the French for thus invading his country, he very much liked this Count, who took a fancy to the boy, and had him

with him a great deal. The Count was a patron of artists, and bought a great many pictures, and from him Goethe obtained his first knowledge of art. This Frenchman introduced the boy to other French people, and Wolfgang thus learned the language perfectly. He also learned some other things, as the following anecdote will show: He became quite intimate with a French boy, Derones, who pretended to have been engaged in a great many duels,—“affairs of honor” he called them. One day, he told Wolfgang that he had insulted him, and at once challenged him to a duel. Wolfgang had heard Derones talk so much about these “affairs,” that he was eager to engage in one. So, you can imagine Wolfgang, aged twelve, arrayed in a boy’s dress of that day, with shoes and silver buckles, fine woolen stockings, dark serge breeches, green coat with gold facings, a waistcoat of gold cloth cut out of his father’s wedding waistcoat, his hair curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and a little sword with silk sword-knot. He stood opposite Derones, swords clashed, and the thrusts came quick upon each other; when, finally, Derones managed to get the point of his weapon into Wolfgang’s sword-knot, and that ended the combat. Then the two boys embraced each other, and retired to a restaurant to refresh themselves with a glass of almond milk.

When Wolfgang was in his thirteenth year, the French left Frankfort; and then studies were resumed in double earnest from having been partly interrupted. Wolfgang added Hebrew and English to the languages he had already learned; he studied mathematics, and science, and grammar, and geography; read history, and wrote stories and poems. He learned music and drawing, and, in fact, he learned something about everything that came in his way, for what his masters did not teach him, he taught himself.

There was one task his father set him and Cornelia to do, which they both heartily despised; and that was to take care of a room full of silk-worms which he was trying to raise, that they might spin their silk cocoons. The children had to feed and attend these worms after study-hours, while the weather was bright and warm, and they longed so much to be out-of-doors. And after all, the ungrateful silk-worms died in great numbers, and the dead creatures had to be picked out and thrown away.

About this time occurred an amusing incident, which came near being serious for Papa Goethe. There was in Germany then a young poet, named Klopstock, who wrote a poem called “The Messiah.” It became famous throughout the country, and everybody read it and talked about it. Papa Goethe read a little of the poem, and then



he said it was good for nothing, because it was written in blank verse, and he would not allow his children to read such stuff. But some friend smuggled the book into the house, and the children were in raptures over it. They not only read and reread the poem until they knew a great deal of it by heart, but they would declaim passages to each other. Now, one Saturday, about twilight, the barber came, as usual, to shave Papa Goethe. This was done in the sitting-room, and the children were there behind the large porcelain stove, and no one noticed them. In low tones they declaimed to each other their favorite dialogue from "The Messiah" while the barber lathered their father's face. Cornelia, becoming excited with her part in the dialogue, forgot where she was, and cried out in loud tones:

"Help me I implore thee! And even if thou shouldst demand it,  
Monster, I pray thee! Abandoned One, blackest of sinners,  
Help me! I suffer retributive pains as of death everlasting.  
With the fiercest and grimpest of hate I would hate thee beforetime,  
I am powerless even for that! This is deep, unapproachable anguish——"

Soon, seizing her brother's arm, she fairly shrieked:

"Oh! how I am tortured——"

The poor barber, who knew nothing of Klopstock's "Messiah," and believed some creature to be wailing in mortal agony, was frightened nearly out of his wits; and poured the whole basin of lather down the ruffled shirt-front of Papa Goethe! Then there was an uproar. The small offenders were drawn out from the shelter of the friendly stove, and Cornelia was asked, in an awful voice, what she thought would have happened on account of her bad behavior if the barber had had a razor in his hand instead of a basin of lather. Cornelia was very sorry, and greatly shocked, and confessed the reading of "The Messiah." This made the matter still worse; but, fortunately, Papa Goethe found so much fault with the poem that he had not much breath left to scold the children, and contented himself with insisting that the book should be sent out of the house.

All that has been told here gives but a brief glimpse of the wonderful child, Johann Wolfgang Goethe. He entered college at Leipsic when he

was sixteen years old, and then Goethe's child-life may be considered closed.

But the whole story of his after life is deeply interesting. It seemed as if he had only to attempt a thing to excel in it. He was distinguished in athletic sports and college pleasures, and was considered one of the most graceful skaters in Germany. He was beautiful in appearance, a favorite in society, brilliant in conversation, a good friend, loving and lovable, a great student, and an original thinker.

After he became a man, he settled at Weimar, and the fact that that little city was his home has made it famous. There he lived a many-sided



GOETHE IN MANHOOD.

life,—for he was a profound thinker, a philanthropist, a statesman, a dramatist, a story writer, a poet and a man of society.

His was indeed a marvelous life. He ended it at Weimar, at the age of eighty-three, with an intellect still clear and active, honored and beloved by all, and travelers now make pilgrimages to the former home of Goethe.



## HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

SOMEBODY woke up one morning in a little round white chamber.

"I must open a window somehow," said the little body. "I shall stifle here." So he pecked and picked at his chamber till he made a hole right through the solid wall.

It was so wonderful outside of the tiny house, that the small body with the sharp bill wanted to get out altogether, and he worked away at his chamber wall, until at last he walked out, a real, live chicken.

But there was trouble in store for little Happy-go-Lucky,—for that was the name his owner gave him, because he seemed so jolly, and cheerful and able to look after himself. He wandered off into a meadow where a whole flock of his cousins and aunts and uncles were busy catching grasshoppers. Pretty soon there came up a shower. The cousins and aunts and uncles ran pell-mell into the barn for shelter; but poor little Happy did n't know the way. His feet got tangled in the high grass, and he sank down worn out. He had strength enough to say "Peep! Peep!" in a faint, lonesome way; and it was lucky he had; for a boy who was passing through the meadow heard him, and picked him up, and carried him home.

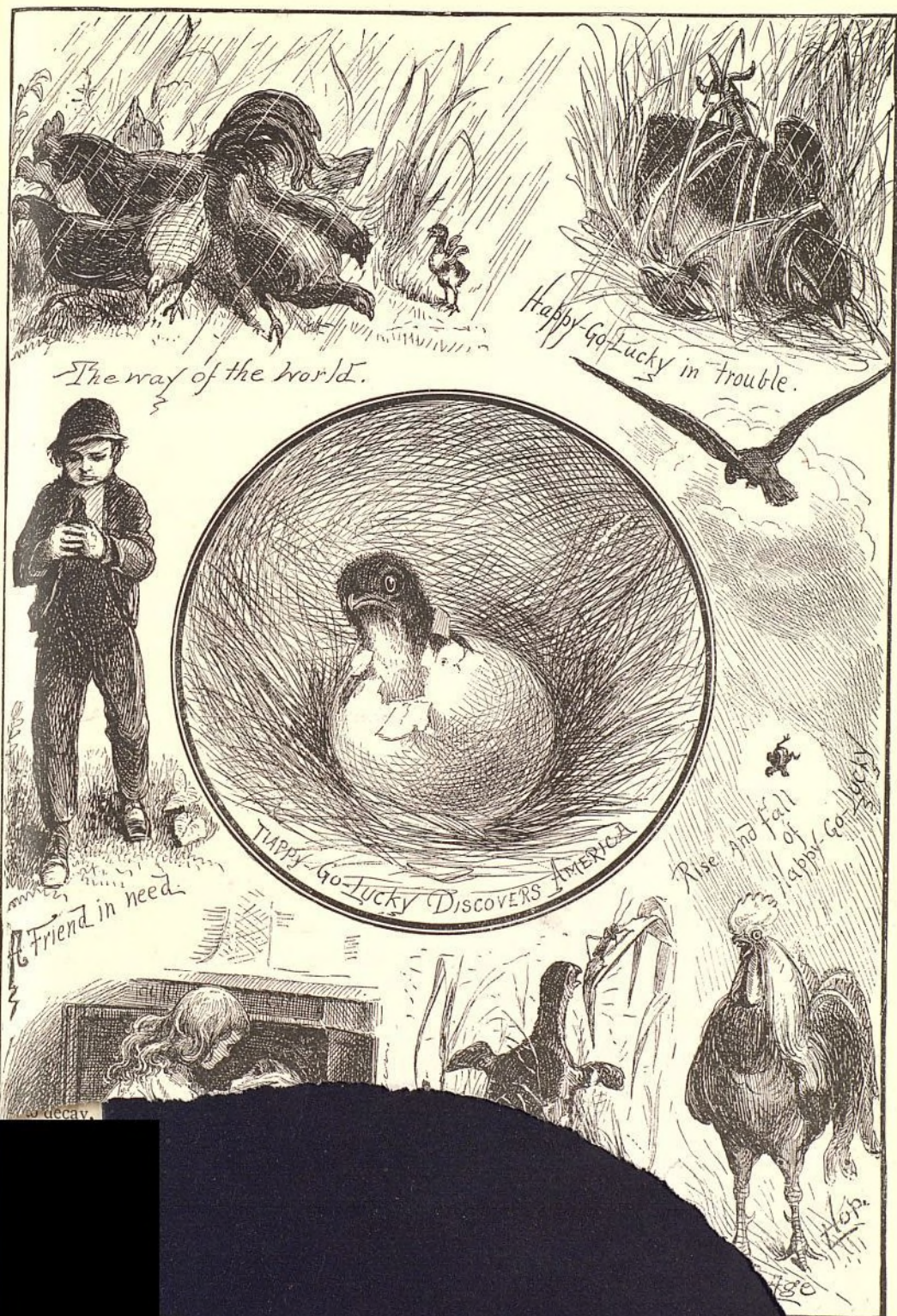
Then a kind little girl took him, wrapped him in flannel, and laid him in the open oven to dry. There was but a speck of fire in the stove, and the oven was not hot at all.

He soon felt very dry and warm and began to revive, and look about him, but in a few minutes the servant came along and shut the oven door. Then she built up a fire, for she was going to get dinner. The oven grew hotter and hotter. Poor Happy! He seemed to himself to be dying. And, indeed, he came pretty near it; but just at the last gasp somebody opened the oven to put in raised biscuits. Then Happy-go-Lucky was saved. ✓

Out-of-doors, in the sunshine, he began to enjoy life again. But alas! one day a hawk swooped down suddenly, caught our unfortunate little chicken, and flew away at his ease. That was the end of him, you will suppose. Not at all. That chicken was like some people, born to get into scrapes. The hawk did not have a very good hold, or something else was the matter, for, while yet high up in the air, he dropped Happy-go-Lucky into a farm-yard, not far from his old home, and there he grew up, had no more troubles, and lived to a good old age. ✓











JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHERE are you all, this glorious holiday weather, my dears? On the mountains, by the sea, scattered up and down the land in pleasant breezy places, I suppose, with nothing to do, and a delightful plenty of time in which to do it. How I should like to take a peep at each one of you!

Well, wherever you are, remember your Jack in his quiet shady nook; remember, too, that he wishes you all the joy you can get and give in this joyful summer world.

Now, what shall we talk about first? Something with a hint of windy coolness in it—eh? Well, then, here's a bit of news about

## A TRUE "AIR-LINE" DISPATCH.

STEAM, electricity, girls, boys, and ever so many other creatures,—not to mention your Jack's particular friends, the birds,—carry the messages of the busy world from one part to another; and men have found out how to make even the air their news carrier.

I don't mean in any of the old ways, by bugles, and whistles, and fog-horns, nor by the new methods of air-telegraphs and speaking-tubes; but,—well, here is what I am told about it:

Messages are written upon bits of paper, and these are put into a little box. The box is round, and covered with stuff called felt, so that it may fit snugly into a long air-tight tube. The box is then, in a strong blast of air is turned over, and goes the box, blown to the other side of the world, where it strikes a bell, letting you know it has arrived. To get it back to you, the air is pumped away from the tube, and the box is then carried on by the wind, filling the empty space.

In New York they are called,—from the blow,"—are

England, the Post-Office has in use a tube nearly two miles in length, besides others not quite so long.

## A LONG WINTER JOURNEY.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I write to tell you a story about a stork. It was in a newspaper, and I do not remember it all, but only this much: In Hungary there was a man who had two storks that nested upon the roof of his house. Every winter they went away, and one year two storks would come, but the man was not sure if they were the same that had left the year before. So, one winter, he put round the neck of one of the storks an iron collar marked with his own name and address. When warm weather came again, back also came the storks, and one of them still wore the iron collar, and also a golden one, on which was marked the sentence, "Ex India Colonia cum cicinia hoc donum mitto." This is Latin, and Pa says it means, "From Colonial India, with the stork, I send this gift." So, you see, the stork must have made a long journey between his two homes,—one in Hungary, the other in Hindustan.—Yours truly,  
M. W. F.

## THE CHESTNUT-TREE OF THE HUNDRED HORSES.

TRAVELERS say that people in Sicily tell of an old-time hollow tree called "The Chestnut-tree of the Hundred Horses," because it could hold a hundred horses together within its trunk!

That must have been "once upon a time," I should think; but I've heard of a man who actually saw, near Palermo, a tree measuring about twenty-five feet in diameter, and arching over the public road-way which passes through its trunk.

Speaking of Sicily puts me in mind of this

## ICE-QUARRY ON A VOLCANO.

MOUNT ETNA, on the island of Sicily, is so lofty that you can see from it in every direction across a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles. Its peaks are always covered with snow, and in the high clefts and grottoes, the snow collects and turns to ice, which is a great blessing to dwellers on the hot plains below.

One summer, about twenty years ago, as I've been told, when the whole country was parched with the great heat, some ice-hunters had the good luck to find a vast quantity of ice near the top of the volcano. The discovery sent a chill of delight down the back-bones of all the people.

The ice was overlaid by a thick bed of lava, and had to be quarried out. But the queerest thing about it was, that it had escaped being melted when, years and years before, the lava was yet boiling hot and was flowing over it. However, after a while, a man named Lyell came along, and he explained matters, showing that, when the lava came, the ice already was snugly covered with a blanket of volcanic dust and ashes, which prevented the heat from striking through.

That was a good enough plan for keeping ice cool, but your Jack would n't advise you of a similar pur-

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name originated from its gross or thick skin. At any rate, it is plain that the goose has nothing to do with it. I found something about the strawberry, too, in the same dictionary, but it did n't interest me particularly. It seemed to me rather far-fetched.

Your constant reader and friend,

MINNIE C. B.

Answers came also from A. H.—Ninon Moore—Frances E. Northup—M. V. K.—Dorcas L.

Ninon thinks "gooseberry" comes from the Swedish word "krusbär" or "crossberry," from the triple spine on the bush, and which sometimes is in the form of a cross; and A. H. suggests that "strawberry" comes from an old custom of putting straw under the ripening berries to protect them from the earth.

B. P. sends no answer of her own, but forwards a copy of a letter written about fifty years ago, by Thomas Hood, to the "London Horticultural Society," a company of gentlemen engaged in the study of how best to cultivate garden plants. Some of the members were friends of Hood, and they all enjoyed the joke. Here is his letter:

"Sir: I partickly wish the satiety to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it mite be made transaxtionable in the next Reports.

"My wife had a Tomb cat that dyed. Being a tortuse shell and a grate favorite, we had him berried in the guardian, and for the sake of enrichment of the soil, I had the carcass deposited under the roots of a gooseberry bush; the fruite up till then being of the smooth kind; but the next season's fruite after the cat was berried, the gooseberries was all hairy, and, more remarkable, the catpillars of the same bush was all of the same hairy discription.

"Your humble servant, THOMAS FROST."

#### LAND-FLOWERS AND WATER-FLOWERS.

Now, my sharp-eyed lads and maidens—Attention!

Your Jack presents to you, this month, a water-picture with a land-picture in it; and only pauses to point out, what you can see very well for yourselves, that each of the pictures has plants and things which are very like those shown in the other. Here is just what the sender of them says:

"Within the circle, the round flowers are daisies such as grow on the banks of the Swan River in Western Australia; above these are some

pretty grasses, and a butterfly, while below them the Marsh Rosemary sends up a spray of blossoms and a spreading leaf.

"In the other picture, at the bottom, is a Green Sea-Lettuce; and above that, a little to the left, two anemones are cuddling close together, while a large one, called a Gem Pimplet, is spreading out his leafy arms beside them. The butterfly-like creature, floating near, is really an oddly shaped fish, and a little higher up is what seems to be a bird, but is a Cow-nosed Skate (like those pictured in the June number). At the top, in the middle, are some many-armed living things with the light shining through them; and coral of various forms gleams and branches out near by."

I wonder how many of my youngsters have water-gardens—"aquaria" of their own?





flat roofs" have been torn down, and replaced by substantial stone store-buildings or by fine dwelling-houses.

Most of the streets are wide, and nearly all are paved, but some are very crooked, narrow and winding, and there are still a few old houses with grass growing on their roofs.

Now and then you see a beggar, but there is now only one I know of who rides a donkey; he is a very poor, weak old Mexican. Most of what we now call beggars are the tramps who beg from house to house.

San Antonio has a railroad now, and expects to have another soon; it has four banks, four public schools, several factories, and a system of water-works; it also has street-cars, and a gas-house, and it contains now about twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

Please print this so as not to give a wrong idea of San Antonio, and oblige,  
Yours respectfully,  
MAX U.

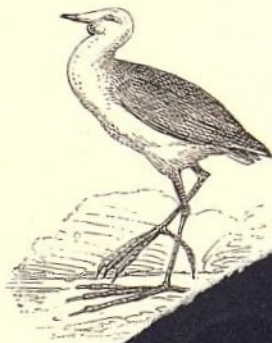
ONE of the most welcome letters we have received this month is the following sober communication from Johnny C. B., who says:

"I am fourteen and live in Florida. I have two brothers and one sister, and we've all been very much interested lately in an article we read in a newspaper about the Arctic regions. What interested us most of all was a splendid description of the icebergs. Only we could not believe they were so big as the paper said they were. Papa said he supposed the account was true, but he was very much surprised, too, to hear that icebergs were such tremendous affairs. Here is what it said about them. Do you think they really are so big?"

The height of the icebergs often amounts to 1,000 feet. Many of them are formed high in Baffin's Bay, float to the south and are carried in such quantities upon the coast of Greenland by the strong south-western currents, that they frequently crowd together so as to form a solid barrier between this coast and Iceland. Through the whole summer they lie on the southern coast around Cape Farewell, and on the western coast as far as 62 degrees and sometimes 66 degrees. In September and October they disappear, but in January they return again. In Disco Bay icebergs have been measured, which stood 300 fathoms deep in the water, and were therefore more than 2,000 feet in height. On the eastern coast, many measure from 120 to 150 feet above the surface of the water, and since only the seventh or eighth part is visible, the full height cannot be less than 1,000 feet. They are frequently a mile in circumference, and contain from 1,000 to 1,500 millions of cubic feet, weighing from 40 to 50 millions of tons. While they thus float, slowly dissolving into the ocean, they often assume the most wonderful forms: they resemble palaces, cathedrals and old fortresses, with gate-ways, windows and towers, all built of spotless marble and shining in the sun like silver. Sometimes they resemble ships, trees or beasts, or, parting the light with their cubic splinters, cover themselves with prismatic glories.

Well, Johnny, we think you can safely rely upon the truth of the above account, and, judging from the "splendid description," we know of few wonders more pleasant to contemplate just now than these giant icebergs. So, thanks for your letter, as we feel sure all our young readers will—like your own household,—be "interested" in reading, and thinking over, the extract you sent.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" told us in the May number about Mother Carey's Chickens reminds me of the



Jacana, a queer-looking South American bird.

#### BE YOUR OWN CARPENTER.

GIRLS, do any of you know how to drive a nail without splitting the board?

"I don't know," you say; "I never tried!"

Well, then, get yourselves a saw, a hammer, nails, screws, gimlet and screw-driver; practice sawing, and learn the correct way to drive a nail, and there will be many a little thing you can make without being under any obligation to the carpenter. Nobody seems to think it worth while to tell girls how to knock a nail, and the male sex generally enjoy a quiet smile, if not a loud laugh, when the unfortunate Miss hammers *her* nail instead of the metal one, and splits her lath just as she has her frame nearly completed.

One summer we wanted to go fishing for black-fish. We must have bait. The bait is "fiddlers" (small crabs). They are rather difficult to procure, but we did secure more than we needed for one day's use. How should we keep them alive? Then my little practice with saw and hammer served me a good purpose.

"I'll make a fish-car for them." And straightway I selected from the pieces of lumber piled up in the shed two pieces about eight inches square; sawed sixteen pieces of lath (about a foot long) and nailed them around my eight-inch pieces of board, leaving  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch spaces between the laths. Of course I made a door of two of the laths, hinges of a piece of old India rubber shoe, and a button of a

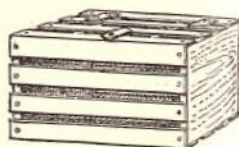
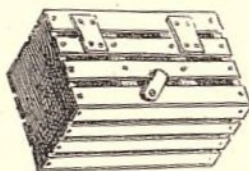


Fig. 1.

piece of lath and a screw (Fig. 1). We put the "fiddlers" into the car, and the car into the salt water, where they were kept well and happy until we wanted to use them.

But in making this car I should have cracked my laths all to pieces if I had not learned how to place the nail.

Look at the point, and place it just the way you think it ought not to go. The point is broad one way, and narrow the other; put the



Fig. 2.

broad way across the grain of the wood (see Fig. 2), otherwise the nail forms a wedge and splits your lath.

You may generally observe faint lines running across the head of a nail (even in tacks); these lines run with the grain of the wood, when the nail has been properly driven.

Now don't forget these hints when you attempt to drive a nail.  
AUNT SUE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to you to know whether some of your young readers can solve the following puzzle:

Curtail and behead a town in France,  
Composed of letters five,  
And your mother you will then disclose,  
As sure as you're alive.

The town is Revel, in Upper Garonne; curtailing and beheading it gives us the word of all.—Yours truly,

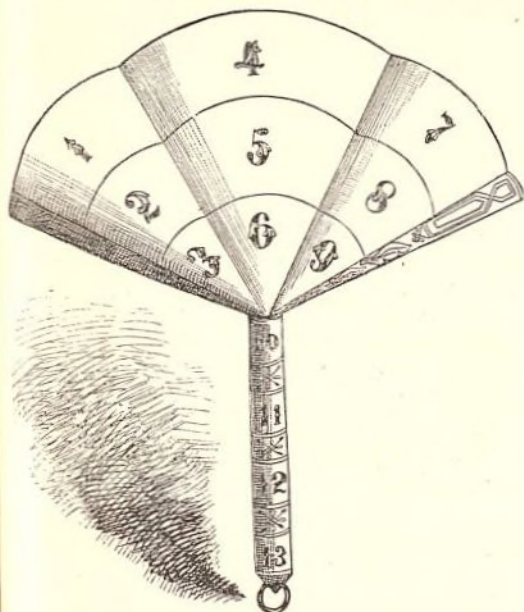
WILLIAM B. BRADY.





## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## A PUZZLING FAN.



THE fan is in four parts,—the handle and three vanes. The numerals in the divisions of these parts stand for certain alphabetic letters, and the problem is, to find what those letters are, with the help of the following clues:

The 5, 9, 2, 1 signifies position. The 4, 6, 7, 3, 8 signifies pertaining to the foundation. The 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, 12, 13 is mean wickedness. The 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13 is courage. The 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 is bondage. The 10, 11, 12, 13 is an adjective formerly used as an adverb.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

I. LET the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 at once with its 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: there is scarcely time for it to reach the wharf. II. Go to the ball and, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 o'clock, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 with whoever may be in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. III. Lovers of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 will doubtless make a strong,—if not a 5, 6, 7, 8—1, 2, 3, 4, in favor of theatrical amusements.

L. H. W.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. ONE of the Territories of western North America. 2. A great river in Hindustan. 3. A trading city of China. 4. The capital of a German duchy. 5. A seaboard city of China. 6. A city famous for a peculiar kind of jewelry. 7. A city of China. 8. A city near Zulu-land. The letters are to be taken from left to right.

"Drev

called from the letters of the T.

## HISTORICAL ENIGMAS.

I. ON August 3, A. D. 1492, he of whom my whole is one of the names led away an important expedition. I contain eight letters. My 1, 2, 6 is a horse. My 9, 3, 4, 5 is a mean back street. My 8 sounds like the name of a tough timber-tree.

II. ON August 7, B. C. 480, I became famous. Translated, I am "Hot Gate"; and I have ten letters. My 1, 4, 8 is a remark meant to be encouraging to beginners. My 2, 3, 5, 7 is made into ropes. My 9, 6 calls attention. My 10 is one-fifth of Caesar.

III. ON August 15, A. D. 1771, was born the writer whose name I am. I contain fourteen letters and three words. My 1, 4, 2, 3, 6 is an eddy. My 11, 9, 5, 7, 8, 10 is the plural form of the name of a kind of packing-case. My 13, 12, 14 is a toddling baby.

## INVERTED DIAMOND.

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ACROSS: 1. Wavered through fear. 2. Ranted. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. In error.

DOWN: 1. In ace. 2. A conjunction. 3. Open hostility. 4. Always. 5. A color. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In bed. C. D.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first can be found in tipple,  
 My second in every plan.  
 My third is part of a ripple;  
 My fourth is in Englishman.  
 My fifth you can see in a sink.  
 My sixth is in every town;  
 My seventh, in each drop of ink,  
 And my eighth in every noun.  
 My ninth is one-fourth of game.  
 And now—I'm most done with my rhyme—  
 My whole is a country of fame.  
 Guess what it is when you've time.

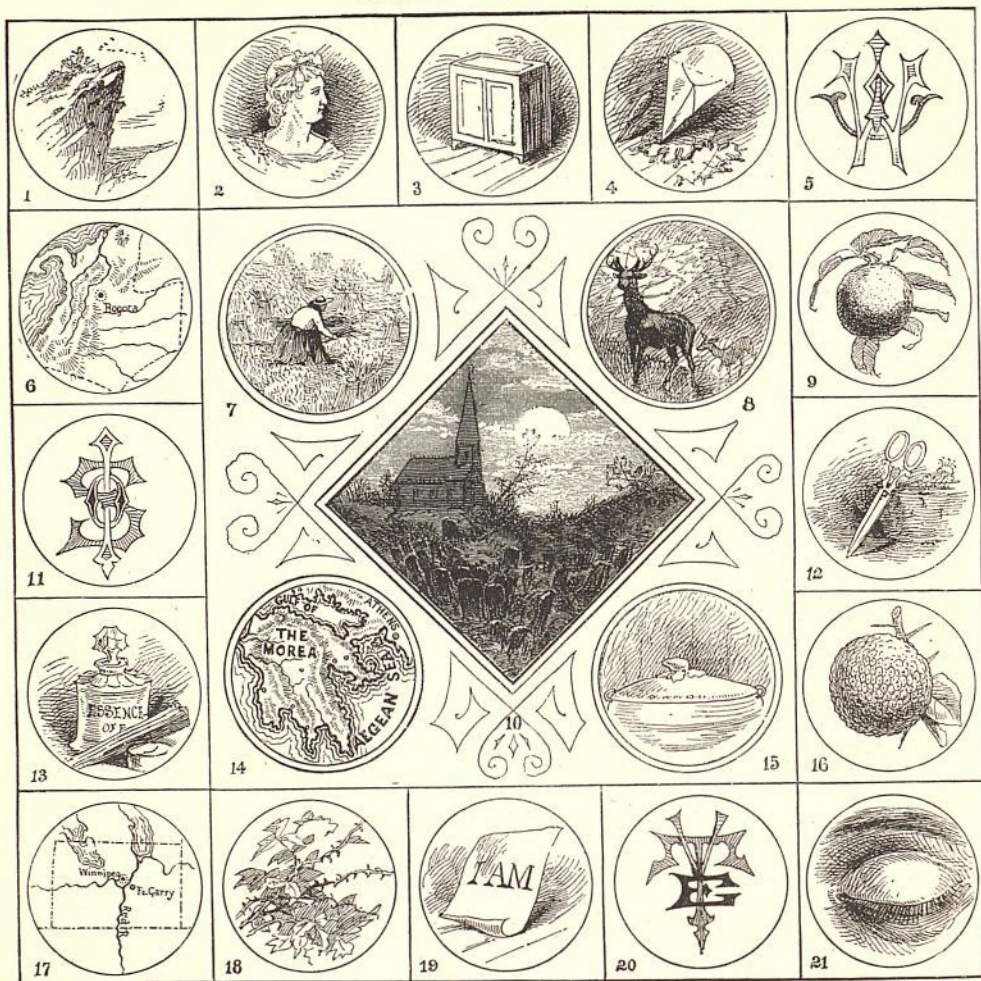
H.

## EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.





**PICTORIAL TRIPLE ACROSTIC.**  
THREE FAMILIAR SHORT PROVERBS.



WRITE, in a column, words descriptive of the pictures: first, a word descriptive of the picture numbered 1; beneath this, a word descriptive of the picture numbered 2, and so on, setting down the letters of each monogram as though they formed a word. If this has been done correctly, the initials of the column, read downward, will spell a proverb. Then read downward, will spell another proverb related to the first in sense; and from each of the remainders,—the initials of the pictures numbered 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21,—in downward order, may be picked twenty-one letters that will spell in the end the third proverb.

W. H. G.

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