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THREE DREWS AND A CREW.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

POOR Caleb Drew!

The neighbors from up above and from down below, from "over here" and across there; in fact, all the neighbors came to see him about it.

It was the house he was building.

They, the neighbors, laughed at him, teased him, sneered at his work, and remonstrated with him; but, all the same, he went on with his house.

It must be admitted that the derision of a neighborhood many miles in extent, had an effect upon Caleb: it caused him to regret that Noah had not lived on until his time, so earnest was his desire for the sympathy of that ancient and worthy builder. In due time the house was finished; but Caleb lived and died, and never finished wondering whether his work was that of a wise or of a foolish man.

"Drew's Folly," as the neighbors named it, was a stone house on a river's bank, with a round and very strong tower on its northern side. The tower did not require any repairs during the builder's life-time; in fact, there was little of it liable to go to decay, only the rudest kind of a staircase winding around and around in the darkness up to a platform near its top, which was lighted by one little window. The sole entrance to this staircase was from the second story of the house.

The tower was too dark to play in while the daylight lasted, and, at night, not to be thought of; so it came to pass that the young Drews of the first and second generations left it alone, and the

third generation seldom explored its dim height. But now the children of the fourth generation were about to venture an ascent. It was not for pleasure that they were going, but because of a great and sudden freshet in the Susquehanna River and in every one of its tributaries.

The day before this venture, Mr. and Mrs. Drew had left home to prepare for a coming celebration of the birthday of the great-grandmother of the children.

They had not driven more than twenty-five miles from home, when the barometer went down and the thermometer went up, both at a truly surprising rate. The snows upon a thousand hills began to melt, and a million rills to trickle down wherever they could find a place to run, and they all ran together down upon the solid, frozen crust of the big, winding river. Then a billion or more of raindrops fell over hills and into rills, and they all got together at last on the broad, white, ice-paved river.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew found themselves in the midst of country roads deep with slush, and too far away from home to return that night. Before the next day dawned, a dozen little streams had swollen to impassability and burst from under their bridges, and it was just impossible to return to Drew's Folly while the freshet lasted.

Meanwhile, the Susquehanna was being brought to life again by the multitude of warm little rills flowing into her frozen bosom, and everybody up and down the river's course was as busy as busy

could be, preparing for the sudden rise, and getting things out of the way of the flood; and not a neighbor thought, or knew, that the children were left alone at the stone house, with their very aged great-grandmother. And they, as already written, were about to venture into the tower.

There were three of the Draws and a cousin,—the cousin was Dinah Crew.

Dinah was thirteen, and she carried a tallow-candle, whose orange-colored rays lit up the space around her yellow hair. Dinah's hair took up far more space than usual that night.

Caleb was twelve, and carried a tin lantern with tiny slits here, there, and everywhere in the tin, to let out the light of another candle. Dinah and Caleb went on, side by side. Roy and Wif—eight and six—followed them. Roy cautiously held the very tip of the bottom of Dinah's dress between his thumb and forefinger, ready to let go, without discovery, at the shortest notice. Wif longed to get hold of Caleb's jacket, only he could n't, because his arm and the jacket were too short.

The procession wound up to the platform, and briefly surveyed the premises.

"I think we can," said Dinah, her hair standing out straighter than ever, as she peered for an instant out of the little window.

"We must!" said Caleb.

"I'll leave my candle here," said Dinah.

"You'd better," said Caleb, and the short procession wound down the steps of the stair-way, and emerged into the brightness and warmth of the house.

The room they entered was a bedroom. Upon the bed, or rather in it, somebody was lying. To tell the number of things that had been accumulated in that room from the first floor would be simply impossible, for the three Draws and the Crew had been busy since Monday in bringing up whatever they could lay their hands on.

She, who was lying there unable to rise, was the daughter of the original Caleb, by whom the house had been built, and was the great-grandmother of the children.

"To think, that I should live a hundred years through twice a hundred freshets, to be drowned out at last!" sighed forth the poor old soul. The children had passed through the room and were beyond hearing. They were in "mother's" room, which adjoined "grandmother's."

"Here, Wif," said Dinah, handing a pillow to that lad, "and, Roy, you carry a blanket. Caleb and I will fetch the feather-bed."

Again the procession started. This time, Wif, with his pillow and the lantern, went ahead, the feather-bed, upborne by Dinah and Caleb, fol-

lowed, and the rear consisted of Roy and the blanket.

"Di-n-a-h!" said Grandmother, feebly, from her bed, but the voice was completely lost in the roar of everything going on about them.

"Lo-rin-da's best feather-bed!" groaned the same voice, as the tower-room door closed behind the children.

"Mother would n't like it a bit!" exclaimed Roy; and, in fact, the fine fifty-pound bed must have shivered and fluttered to its innermost feather at the indignity of being half-dragged through the dust of the rough stair-way.

Roy, with only the blanket to carry, could push, and so, after much toil, the unwieldy thing was gotten to the platform, the blanket spread over it, the pillow laid in place, and the tower again deserted.

"Dinah!" Caleb was the speaker, and this occurred at the moment the four children had returned to Grandmother's room. "Dinah, you know when Father said we must not on any account touch one of the lamps to take them down and carry around, he did n't know this was coming, and I think we ought to take the big lamp and light it and put it before the window in the tower."

"So do I," responded Roy.

"It would be best to carry it up and light it up there," answered Dinah.

"Then, 't would be a light-house," concluded Wif, after which the lamp was carried and lighted, the little panes of the window were rubbed with a newspaper to let out the rays across the waters, and then, all in the same minute, the children remembered that it was nearly nine of the clock, and nobody had had a bit of supper,—

"Nor poor Grandma a cup of tea! How good and patient she is!" remembered Dinah.

"What's that you're agoing to do?" questioned the aged woman, as Dinah was trying to "fix" the tongs inside the stove, so that she could boil water in a tin cup.

"We're playing go to housekeeping under difficulties," laughed Dinah, trying to balance the tongs. "I'm going to make you some tea, and it's ever so much nicer than having a regular cook-stove and tea-kettle, like everybody else. Now I've got it all right, but—Caleb! Ca-leb! where are you?"

"He's a-looking after the calf," replied Wif, putting his head inside the tower-room door; "and he says——"

"Never mind what he says. Let me out!" said Dinah.

"Bless me!" thought she, the instant she had the door shut behind her, and saw the glimmer of

Caleb's lantern down the staircase, leading to the ground floor. "I do believe it is coming up now!" "What's that a-splashing so?" she shouted, utterly forgetful of the anxiety to keep things quiet, which sent her in such haste after Caleb.

speaking. The two children were standing upon a space about five feet square at the foot of a staircase opening into the kitchen, and which was raised from the floor of the room below by several steps. A door shut in this stair-way at its foot.



THE CHILDREN SURVEY THE PLATFORM.

"It's the old cow, Dinah, and she's in the water'most up to her head; and the table's a-floating against her, and she'll drown,—and—what shall we do?"

Dinah was by his side before he had finished

Standing thus, Dinah peered into the darkness. The gurgle of the black water as it rose was something to make one's heart stand still with fear. All that she could see was the cow's head, with its white horns, wildly splashing the water to and fro

in frantic endeavors to break away. Caleb had led the cow and her calf into the kitchen when the water had risen to the foundations of the house; not that he thought it would rise much higher, but, since father and mother were both away, he deemed it best to have everything as snug as possible while the freshet should last. Caleb was a thoughtful boy, and when the water oozed into the kitchen itself, he began to think it time to prepare for anything that might happen; hence, the bed up the tower, in readiness for Grandmother's removal; although it was to be hoped that such an emergency might not present itself.

The calf had been pulled up the staircase, and, at that moment, was shut up in a closet.

"What would you do, Dinah?" questioned Caleb; "the water rises every minute. Must we shut the door and let her drown? O, Dinah! I can't bear to."

"Can cows go upstairs?" questioned Dinah.

"Course they can!" screamed little Wif from above. "Did n't the cow jump over the moon once?"

"Wait a minute!" laughed Dinah, nearly overturning Wif as she ran up, and, carrying him with her, she entered the room where Grandmother was. Going up to her, she said: "Don't you be frightened, Grandma, if you hear lots of noise; it's only something Caleb and I are going to do."

"Oh mercy sakes alive!" groaned the feeble old soul. "Don't go out-doors and get carried down the river, don't."

Dinah bade Roy and Wif not to leave the room, and went out, closing the door behind her.

"Dear me! what is she going to do? R-o-y, come here and tell me."

"I'll peep out and see, Grandma."

After looking, he ran to the bedside and shouted:

"They're trying to pull the old cow upstairs. They've got her horns inside the door now."

"The p-o-o-r critter!" exclaimed Grandmother.

"And the calf's shut up in the closet in the tower-room. They got her up afore it was dark," informed Roy.

"Tell 'em to put the calf at the top, and she'll come up after it."

Roy went to give her order, and she moaned on:

"If I'd only gone afore I was a hundred, George and Hannah would be here now to take care of things, instead of a-being off a-getting ready to celebrate a day that'll never come now, never."

"Yes, 't will, Grandmother!" said Wif. "Birthdays have to come, freshets or no freshets, and the

river'll begin to go down, and it will go down as fast as my blister did when mother pricked it."

By diligent coaxing and urging, the cow was near the top of the stairs at the time Roy gave Grandmother's order.

"Take hold of the rope carefully," said Dinah to Roy, "and pull."

Roy's brown hands reached past her own and laid hold on the rope, and with a few more words of coaxing and a few more hauls, the cow was safely landed and led along the passage and into the vacant tower-room, in the closet of which the calf was housed.

Then it was that Dinah recalled the place where she had left the tongs poised, and the errand on which she had left the room in such haste, and, also, her own hunger.

"Caleb," she said, suddenly, "there is n't a drop of water to make poor Grandma a cup of tea;" and then they all laughed at the absurd fact that no one had thought, with all their getting, to fetch a pail of water.

"We might let down a pail from a window and fill it," suggested Dinah.

Instantly, Caleb was overturning things in one corner to get at a water-pail. When it was found, and a rope to make fast to it, the four children went into "mother's room" and Caleb cautiously raised the heavy sash. In came the cold wind and the colder breath from the great cakes of ice that went surging past the stones of the house; for the river had broken up. The sight was appalling! One young head ventured out and another and another, until all had had a glance at the wild waste of whirling waters that surrounded Drew's Folly on each and every side.

Wif burst into a flood of tears, and Roy said:

"I think we'd ought to be a-saying our prayers 'stead of getting supper to eat, only I am 'most awful hungry."

Wif's tears were not quenched, nor was Roy's little speech noticed, for Caleb had let the pail down into the boiling, tumbling surge that rushed by, not more than four feet below the window-ledge. As the pail touched water, an immense cake of ice struck it, and away went pail, rope and ice, although Caleb strove to hold on with such a desperate clutch that the rope cut into his palms as it was pulled through them.

"The water is rising just awful now," said Caleb, wringing his hands in pain.

"It must be nearly up to the kitchen ceiling," said Dinah.

"Anyhow, water we must have," decided Dinah; and whilst Caleb held his hands to endure the pain better, she went to search for another pail. Roy staid with Caleb, and Wif went to help Dinah.

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It was rain
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"It 'll come
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"Hold on !

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original Caleb Drew. T
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then a crash of glass in a sas
a limb went through it—a p
broke loose and went on. But
pause, that instant of delay, a
chair, another clutched the stone
man gained fast hold of the sill above

Oh, that was a moment worth living f
hands had helped to drag in an unk
and found, when he was in, that he was t
of six of those helping hands !

The joy of a moment like that moment wi
get into words. It bursts the bonds of languag
and utters itself by eyes, and lips, and arms.

All that I can tell you that really happened with-
in the next few seconds, was, that a tall, fine-looking
man, in drenched garments, stood, like one bewil-
dered in a dream, with four children dancing,
screaming, hugging and kissing him ; that he was
told that grandmother was all safe and well ; that the

ghbors that
k'll be there
naed, after a
G-cor-ge!"

I 'd call this



OH, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

"Hurrah for Drew's Wisdom!" shouted the three Drews and the Crew who had participated in the flood.

"How much noise you all do make!" said Grandmother. "I 'm getting old and tired. I guess you'd better go away now, and let me have a little sleep."

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ROSEBUD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O LITTLE maid in your rosebud-bower,
 Dreaming of growing old,
 Wishing youth always would linger, a flower
 Never in haste to unfold;
 Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head,
 Growing old is nothing to dread.

O little maid in the rose-tree shade,
 See how its dry boughs shoot!
 The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade;
 But youth is a living root.
 There are always buds in the old tree's heart,
 Ready at beckon of Spring to start.

O little maid, there is joy to seek,—
 Glory of earth and sky,—
 When the rosebud-streak fades out of your cheek,
 And the dewy gleam from your eye:
 Deeper and wider must life take root;
 Redder and higher must glow its fruit.

O little maid, be never afraid
 That youth from your heart will go:—
 Reach forth unto heaven, through shower and shade!
 We are always young, while we grow.
 Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath!
 For love keeps the spirit from age and death.

THE CHÂTEAU D'OIRON.

BY KATHERINE CAMERON.

MOST of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be clever enough to translate this pretty French name into our own matter-of-fact English, "The Castle of Goose-circle." It certainly loses, by the change, the pleasant charm of romance with which the French tongue often invests the most prosaic realities.

As compensation for this, it gives what our inquisitive Yankee nation—including the young folk—imperatively demands, the "because" of the matter. Early in the sixteenth century, a noble French family, named Gouffier, built a château on a wide plain in Thouars. This plain was the resort of the wild geese in their yearly following of the

summer, and the castle commanded a fine view of their graceful, sweeping circles before alighting. This simple fact gave the name to the estate, Oirond, or Goose-circle. The harsh final d was dropped at length, and the word was softened into its present form, Oiron.

The name of the princely home of the lords named Gouffier would have been of small interest to the world, to-day, but for one widowed lady who passed a few summers in its elegant retirement, more than three centuries ago. She had been the wife of Artur Gouffier, tutor of Francis I., and afterward Grand Master of France.

High in the favor and friendship of the king,

with wealth, rank, and every attainable luxury at command, Lord Gouffier took for his motto, *Hic terminus hæret*, or, "Here the boundary is fixed." The literal meaning of this legend is this:



EWER, SEVEN INCHES HIGH, MADE BY THE LADY HÉLÈNE.

that having his proudest ambition fully satisfied in his present position of power and influence, he aspired to nothing beyond nor higher. It proclaims an enviable condition of mind, so curiously rare as to have been seldom repeated in the history of men.

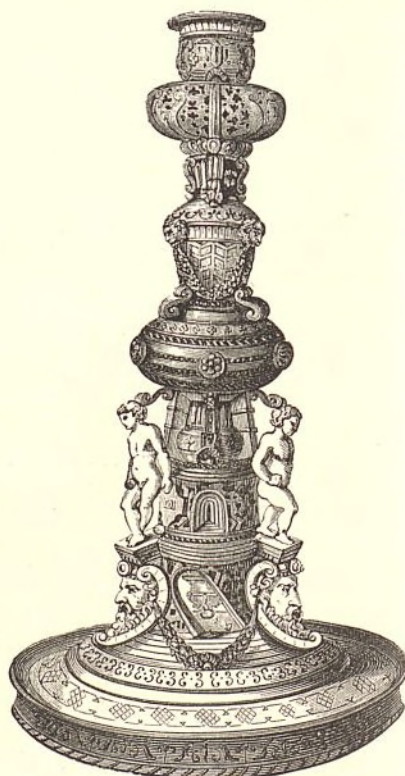
The Lady Hélène of Hangest, his wife, was possessed of rare learning and accomplishments, and well fitted by birth and training to do honor to her exalted position.

That she was gifted with rare artistic skill, and that she was a great favorite of the king, are equally proven by a collection of crayon portraits of the celebrated people of the time, which are still to be seen. These are the work of the Lady Hélène, and for many of them the young king composed mottoes in verse, and on some they are inscribed in the royal handwriting. From the pomp and pageantry of the court, Lord Gouffier was summoned by a mightier monarch, Death, and the widowed lady retired from the gay life of the palace to her Château d'Oiron. Here, with her books, her cultured tastes and elegant accomplishments, she passed the last years of her life in the company of her son, Claude Gouffier, and in the indulgence of her exquisitely refined artistic fancies.

Lady Hélène then had in the service of her household a librarian and secretary, one Jehan Bernart, and a potter, François Cherpentier.

Why she should have chosen pottery as one of her recreations, no one now can ever know; but in the end it proved a most graceful and charming one. In this same land and time, while Palissy starved his wife and little ones, and burned the floors of his house as fuel for his frenzied experiments, Fortune showered her richest, choicest gifts upon the fair artist of Oiron. Fresh from the luxurious surroundings of Fontainebleau, its sumptuous palace and statued gardens, familiar with objects of beauty the rarest and most costly, including the strange, rich oriental wares, she had not only leisure to devote to art, but also high artistic culture, the best models, with excellent assistants and materials.

Her library was rich in the illuminated manuscripts and missals of mediæval times, and Bernart was a scholarly man whose tastes and ability well fitted him to be her helper. His keen, practiced eye found in the books and their rich bindings those rare treasures of design, in brilliant colors and graceful arabesques, quaint birds and



CANDLESTICK OF HENRI II. FAIENCE.

grotesque animals, that her marvelous, faultless intuitions appropriated so daintily.

We know that the potter, Cherpentier, did his work with equal skill and nicety; and, as proof

that the Lady Hélène recognized this faithful service, there still exists a letter recording her gift to him of a house and the orchard which surrounds the small pottery.

The pure, delicate fancies of the lady were the inspiration of the work, Bernart was the draughtsman, and Cherpentier the potter, and the trio worked with but a single thought. Those best versed in the art of pottery tell us that the dainty wares of Oiron received their last and most delicate ornamentation only from the jeweled fingers of the Lady Hélène. Most of the articles are small, and each is the only expression of some pretty caprice, a fitting fancy of the fair artist. No two are alike of all that remain to us.

To this rare and happy combination of circumstance and choice, the ceramic world is indebted for the priceless Henry II. Faience, as it has been called, "faience" being a French word signifying crockery. And to this dainty employment of her leisure, the widowed lady of Gouffier is indebted for her name and fame in our day.

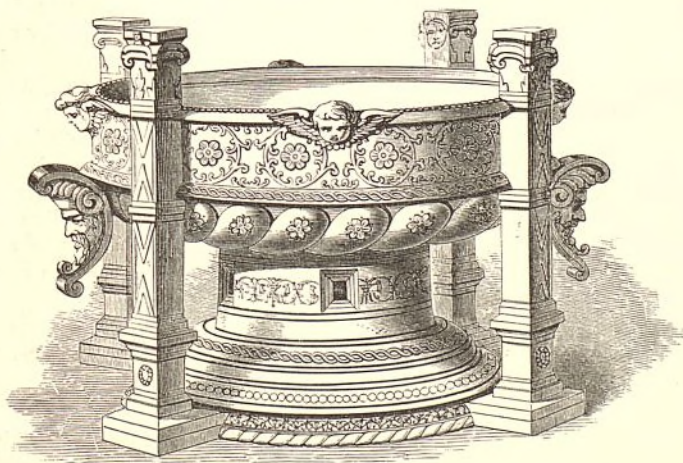
The ceramic art is the enduring history of a nation's progress. A single work of beauty is the monument of the workman. Made of the clay of the earth it cannot corrode or rust or decay; almost imperishable, unless shattered by a blow, it keeps its own records through the ages and tells its strange, fascinating story to the eyes that care to read and are versed in its unwritten language. For hundreds of years, there were found in European collections of Faience, mysterious single pieces of exquisite enameled pottery,—rarely more

and the ornamentation of monograms, symbols, crests and devices, was so involved, that collectors and connoisseurs were utterly at a loss. From time



EWER, MADE AT THE CHÂTEAU D'OIRON.

to time new pieces came to light and fresh investigations were started. The decorations were critically analyzed. There were the arms of France—the



THE SALT-CELLAR FOUND AT NARFORD HALL.

than one, which were altogether unlike the products of any known manufacture, and singularly lovely. The designs were so rich and varied, and indicated an individual taste of such rare intellectual culture,

Fleur de Lis and the monogram of Christ; the Salamander of Francis I; the monogram of the Dauphin, the Dolphins interwoven with the three Crescents and the initial letter "H"; the mono-

gram of Henry II, the letter "H" combined with the double "C" for his queen Catherine de Medici; and a pertinacious "G" continually recurring, which refused to be accounted for. These marks settled the time of manufacture,—begun under the reign of Francis I. and continued under that of Henry II. A distinguished French writer, M. Benjamin Fillon, first traced the Faïence d'Oiron to its birthplace in Touraine. He visited Oiron, fully persuaded that here the secret would be revealed. As he expected, proof came ready to his hand and the discovery was made.

The problem of the intricate ornamentation was quickly solved. Even the mysterious "G" was found to be the simple initial of the princely house of Gouffier. The repeated "C" stood for Claude, the heir to the titles and estate, as well as for the famous Catherine de Medici.

The armorial bearings, shields, armor and heraldic devices gracefully resolved themselves into the crests and ciphers of the noble friends and companions in arms of Lord Artur Gouffier and of the faithful retainers of his house. These elegant souvenirs of the favor of the Lady Hélène were held doubly precious in their eyes, as the inspirations of her artistic fancy and the work of her fair hands.

Could any guerdon from lady to knight have been at once so gracious and so graceful? Parted with only at death, but at last surviving alike the beauty and friendships and genius that created them, they have been scattered by the chances and changes of nearly four hundred years, till in our day there are but fifty-three pieces known to exist. England has twenty-six, France twenty-six, and Russia one.

So careful has been the study of this precious ware, that experts in the art detect the period of the death of the lady in 1537 by the change in the decoration. Her son Claude inherited her tastes and continued the pottery; but under his direction came an overloading and profusion of ornament, widely differing from the pure and perfect taste of his mother.

Bernart and Cherpentier remained in his employ; the individual taste of the librarian is revealed by the ornaments taken from books. In the curve of a salt-cellar appears a pelican, the exact trademark of a book-seller of a neighboring town. On another is seen the quaint head of an old woman, taken evidently from the illustrations of the library. After a certain time, these cunning experts are aware of the loss of both Bernart and Cherpentier, although the work goes on. The talismanic "G" is retained so long as the ware is made. Even long after cruel wars of invasion had driven the Gouffiers from their home, and the little pottery

had passed into the hands of a conquering race as the spoils of war, the coarse, rough ware with its Palissy-colored enamels retained the curling, curious "G" on every piece. This was at least a graceful recognition of the memory of the lady and her son, but with the jasper enamel and the raised figures of dolphins, lizards and even the wild geese of Oiron, its first pure and delicate beauty died.

In the château itself there is still in its place, flooring the private chapel, a pavement of tiles drawn by Bernart and made of the fine clay of Oiron, and identical in colors and device with the work of the Lady Hélène. If proof were wanting of this pretty idyl of Oiron, these ivory-colored tiles with delicate blue arabesques, and violet letters of the Gouffier legend, "*Hic terminus hæret*," still silently speak. The monograms, arms and emblazonments, in brilliant colors, are of the Gouffier and Hangest-Genlis families. These truthful and imperishable records beautifully perpetuate the memories of the noble Lord Artur Gouffier, his gifted widow and their son Claude.

But this story may be waxing wearisome to the young folk who are not yet cera-maniacs, and with a few words it is done.

The colors of the Faïence d'Oiron, in several of the most beautiful specimens, present only an exquisite combination of the black and white of the lady's widowhood. Among those finished by her own hand and stamped by her unerring taste, the only other colors are designs in dark brown or carnation red, incrustated in the fine white clay which a thin glaze changed to a warm ivory tint. All of the delicate interlaced ornamentation was engraved in the soft paste by some fine instrument and then filled with the colored clay and carefully polished. The pieces consist of small ewers, candlesticks, salt-cellars, cups and a drinking-vessel peculiar to France, called a "Bibéron." The largest specimen known is but fourteen inches high, and the others not more than seven. Tiny as they are, they are literally covered with an interlacing of decoration so fine and fairy-like, as to seem almost impossible to any but the deft and delicate fingers of a lady.

Faïence d'Oiron has always been valued for its rarity and artistic beauty and not merely for the mystery in which it was shrouded. In Narford, Hall in England, when the present owner came into possession, there was found under a high bed in a garret a wicker basket carefully packed with blankets. This was found to preserve three beautiful pieces of Oiron Faïence,—a *bibéron* or drinking vessel, salt-cellar and candlestick. They are supposed to have been brought over by a certain Sir Andrew Fountaine, one hundred and twenty years ago.

The careful housekeeper, who hid them away, must have learned to consider them of special value even among the Narford collection of rare art treasures.

Since the veil of mystery has been withdrawn and the pretty picture of the castle and its lady stands out on the perspective of history, the market value of the Faience continually increases. Fabulous prices are paid by collectors for the tiny pieces. Ten years ago, \$5,500 was paid for a ewer seven inches high; a small cup brought \$300; another ewer cost \$450, and a salt-cellar commanded \$105. Each year as the ware grows older and rarer by accidents which destroy what no money can replace, these prices will increase proportionally.

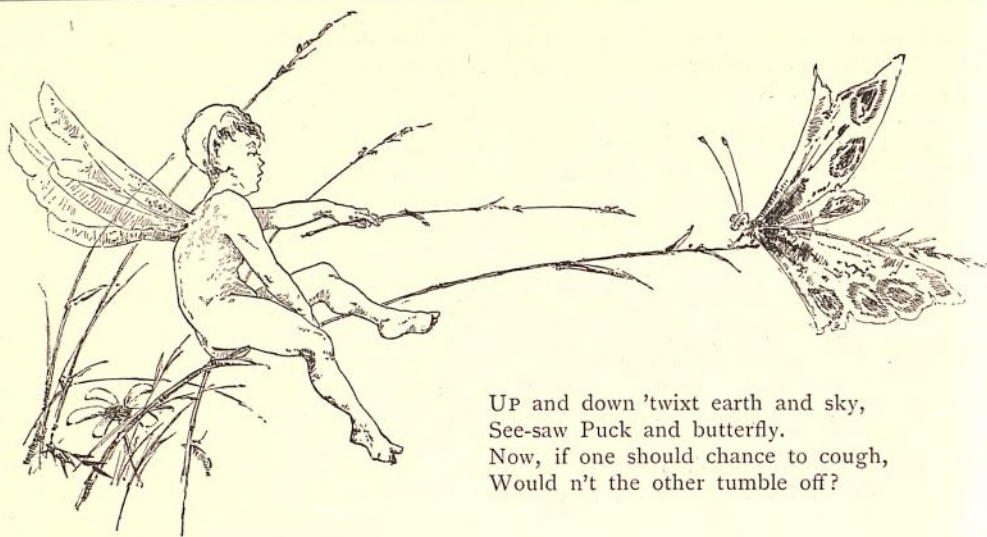
In the court of "Daniels" in the English department of our Centennial Exposition, was a fine

collection of porcelain and Faience. In a case containing a profusion of wares the most brilliant in color and imposing in size, there were placed, nearest the glass, three tiny pieces of pale yellow ware with a delicate tracery of cardinal red. A card behind them named them "Henry II. Faience." Candlestick, salt-cellar and ewer, they were an exact reproduction of some of the most daintily beautiful specimens of the handiwork of the Lady Hélène.

The few who knew the pretty romance paused while the charm of the old time wove its spell around them. The many, among whom may have been my bright young readers, passed on and probably must wait until they shall visit Europe, for a sight of the delicate fancies wrought into form by the dainty fingers of the Lady Hélène, more than three hundred years ago.



A SOUL FOR MUSIC.



UP and down 'twixt earth and sky,
See-saw Puck and butterfly.
Now, if one should chance to cough,
Would n't the other tumble off?

BOB'S MISSIONARY WORK.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

"I AM coming over to your house to-night," said Joe Hillside.

"Are you?" and Bob Horton looked a little more surprised than was polite.

"I said I was," replied Joe, a little warmly; "your father asked me. He said he had some good trout-flies."

"So he has," said Bob; "old Mr. Newton made them. Did he promise you some? He never gave any to me."

At this Joe smiled. Bob was a very nice boy, and no one ever said he was stupid; but he certainly was no fisherman. As for Joe, he knew every stream and every kind of fish for miles around, and nothing could exceed the industry with which he followed his favorite pursuit, excepting the perseverance he displayed in getting time for it, by staying away from school. As a fisherman, Joe was not easily beaten, and he certainly was a champion truant. His mother used to cook all the fish he brought home, but she never forgot to scold him for catching them.

"I mean to fish a great deal this vacation," said Bob; "the first money I get is to go for a rod. Our Jim has a splendid one. It shuts up like a cane; but he don't lend it."

"That kind of a rod is well enough for fancy fishing, picnics, girls and all that," said Joe, "but any fellow who knows how to fish as a regular thing, looks out for his hooks and his bait. He

don't bother over patent rods and big straw hats. Why, one of the very best day's work I ever did was with a crooked pin and some twine. It is n't the rod that catches the fish, it is the fellow at the other end of it."

Bob laughed.

"That sounds just like Uncle Robert. Look here, Joe," and he looked quickly, and half doubtfully, at his companion, "I have a great mind to tell you something."

"Tell away," said Joe.

"Well," said Bob, sitting down on a peach-basket that was turned upside down, while Joe made himself comfortable on the grass. They were in Mrs. Hillside's orchard at the time.

"You know my Uncle Robert?"

Joe nodded. "He is a fisherman, something like!" he said.

"Well, I wrote him a letter not long ago. You see, ever since he has been out among the Indians, Jim and I have written every other week, and he writes splendid letters to us, telling all about what he does, and about Red Moon and Early Blanket, two of the chiefs, and I've made up my mind to be a missionary."

At this Joe again laughed. Bob's father was a clergyman, and that was right enough, but it was quite another thing to fancy Bob one.

"You need not laugh," said Bob, "missionaries are not born grown-up. Anyhow, I wrote to

Uncle Rob about it, and he says—well, here 's his letter," and Bob took it from his pocket and gave it to Joe.

Camp Keene, June 13, 18—.

DEAR BOB: I would have answered your letter before now, but I have been over to Blue Peter's camp, and just got back. I have not time to tell you about my visit, but I will in my next. Just now I want to answer your letter.

So you want to be a missionary? Very well. I hope you will come out here, for I need some young fellows to help, and if Jim and you, and that boy I once went fishing with, would join me after a while, I would be glad.

"That is what made me think of telling you," said Bob, "his mentioning you, you know!"

Joe nodded and read on:

But there is one thing I want you to be sure of before you come, and that is, that you understand what you have to do, and mean to do it. I don't want any "Pliables" here. When that young man in "Pilgrim's Progress" set out to journey with Christian, he meant to go to the Celestial City. The trouble was that he did not bargain for quagmires. Nothing was said about them, and when he got into the Slough of Despond, he got out as promptly as possible, and went home. Now, if you mean to be disheartened by quagmires, if you mean to give up when things go wrong, and—above all—if you cannot do missionary work at home, don't come out here. Indians are very much like other people, even if they do live in wigwams, and will trade blankets for whisky, and if you do not care to work for the people around you, don't, dear Bob, come out to us, you nor Jim, nor the boy I went fishing with.—Your affectionate

UNCLE ROB.

"Pretty plain talking that," said Joe, handing the letter back. "Did you show it to your father?"

"No," replied Bob. "I am not ready to talk about it yet. Do you know, I think there is very good sense in that letter?"

"Of course there is," said Joe. "It 's so in everything. If you make up your mind to do a certain thing, you have got to make up your mind to go through with it. I 've seen fellows who made the greatest fuss about going fishing, and who would get up before daylight to dig worms, and buy hooks and all that, and then if the fish did n't bite like mosquitos, they would say it was n't any fun, and they 'd go off to something else."

Bob laughed.

"Do you know, Joe, Papa said something like that about you! He said you were persevering enough, for if you were not you could n't be such a fisherman, and you were not lazy, so he would like to know why you did n't go to school."

"I don't want to," said Joe, coloring. "I 'll know enough! If I thought your father meant to lecture me, I would n't go to your house to-night."

"Oh, he wont!" said Bob, quickly. "He is n't that sort of a man. He would n't ask you to come after trout-flies and then lecture you! If he meant to scold, he 'd say so, and you 'd have to face the music. But see here, about this missionary business."

"Well?" said Joe.

"You can't tell whether you really like a thing until you try it."

"That 's so," granted Joe.

"Well, my father often talks of the people on the flats. You know how poor and dirty they are? The children don't go to school, and it 's just horrid! It can't be worse among the Indians than it is there. They can't read, not one half of them, and they are lazy and dirty. Suppose we go over there and see if we really would like to be missionaries?"

"Be missionaries!" exclaimed Joe. "I don't want to be a missionary!"

"How do you know you don't," retorted Bob. "You never tried! You see, Joe, I can't ask Jim, he is going to be a civil engineer, and Uncle Rob did n't mention any one but us three."

"I don't know," said Joe, rather doubtfully. "I like your Uncle Rob better than any one I know, —any man I mean,—and I suppose I will have to have a business."

"And a missionary, you know," interrupted Bob, "has to be out-of-doors; he is n't cooped up in an office or store, and often he must fish or hunt if he wants anything to eat. That is, if he is in a very wild place."

"Oh, we would go to a wild place," said Joe. "I would n't agree, if we did n't! When shall we begin? Will we have to read the Bible to them? —the people on the flats, I mean."

"Not right away," said Bob. "We could do that after a while, when we got used to them. I tell you what my father said. He said that if they could be taught to be cleaner, there would be some hope for them. They are too dirty to care for anything, not even to send their children to school. Of course, he did n't mean it for us, but we could start on that."

"I 'm agreed," said Joe. "Let 's go the first thing to-morrow morning. It is too late now."

"I have to go to school, you know," Bob said, slowly, "but we might go as soon as school is out."

"I did n't mean to go to school to-morrow,—not if your father gave me the flies. However, I suppose he would n't like me to go fishing with them in school hours. I tell you what I will do, I will go to school, and we will be ready to start the moment it is over. But I say, Bob, you are not going to tell the boys?"

Bob laughed.

"You must think I am a simpleton!" he said.

As Joe that evening walked home with the trout-flies in his pocket, he was in a very good humor. There had not been a word said about going to school, or about staying away, but there had been

plenty of talk about fishing, and Mr. Horton had told him how salmon were speared. Then there was something said of stones, and Jim, who was a good fellow, even if he was a dandy, had brought out a lot he had gathered in the neighborhood. None of them were new to Joe, for he had often noticed them, but he had never known they were part of the history of the world, as Mr. Horton then explained. There would be some sense in going to school, Joe thought, if they taught such things instead of stuff about dead kings and forgotten wars.

As for this missionary business, Bob had said no more about it—he had no chance; but Joe was willing to go over and see what was to be done. It would n't do any harm, and the Hortons were pleasant people.

And, as it sometimes happens, it was not so very bad the next day. Of course, Joe did not know his lessons, not even where they were, but he got up early and went to Tom Gardiner's with his books, and he soon learned them, and so went to school with a confidence not common to him.

"But see here, Bob," he said as soon as school was over, and they walked off together toward the flats, "what are you going to do? You said you meant to teach the flatters to be cleaner. Now I think that is nonsense. It is a woman's work, that sort of thing! What would they think of a couple of fellows like us telling them they ought to scrub their floors, and that they must not keep their bread in the corner with their boots?"

"I don't know," said Bob, with a laugh. "But don't you see that when Uncle Rob as much as says I don't know what I am talking about, when I say I mean to be a missionary, I am bound to prove I do. I don't know any more than the man in the moon what we can do, but I suppose if we went among the Indians, we would have to begin somewhere."

"We can look about, anyhow," replied Joe. "But I want you to understand, Bob Horton, that I have n't said that I mean to be a missionary."

And Joe at once made himself a willow switch and so relieved his feelings.

"The flats" certainly looked as if some one ought to clean them up. The houses were old, tumble-down and forlorn looking. The fences were half down, and the pigs and the children wandered as they pleased.

"The first thing," said Joe, "is to rebuild."

"The first thing," said Bob, "is to walk around them."

So they at once began their task of inspection. It was dirty enough, everywhere, to need cleaning; and better missionary ground, Bob declared, was not to be found anywhere.

"It ought to be a Baptist mission, then," said Joe, "and begin by immersing every one of those children."

The dirtiest, and yet the best-looking, house was that of an old colored woman, Aunt Madison. The steps to her house were broken, the fence half down, the ashes lay in a heap under the front window; but in the yard there was a great rose-bush full of bloom, and a red geranium, gay with immense heads of flowers, grew close to the ash-pile. Inside the door, Aunt Madison, big, black and jolly, sat paring potatoes.

"Look here, Aunt Madison," said Bob, promptly beginning his labors, "why don't you take those ashes away?"

"Lor', child, how you skeered me!" said the old woman, turning her head. "How's your Ma and Pa?"

"Very well," replied Bob. "But why don't you clear those ashes away?"

"Bless your heart, I tell Sam about them every day! By rights they ought n't to be there. But I put them out the winder last winter. I had the rheumatism too bad to go to the pile. Sam said he'd take them away. He's awful good about promisin'."

"You tell him I said to clear them up. He ought to be ashamed to have such a dirty place. And why don't he mend these steps?"

"Lors help you, I don't know!" said Aunt Madison. "I 'spect I'll break my neck on them yet."

"They don't need much," said Joe, looking closely at them. "If you'll give me a hammer and some nails, I'll do it now."

The old woman got up and began to turn out a table-drawer.

"I dunno," she said, "but I had some nails. Oh, here they are! I reckon you can straighten them up. I have n't any hammer. Sam lost it, but you can use a flat-iron. I do."

"I think that is likely," said Joe. "The carpenter work about this place looks as if it had been done with flat-irons and jack-knives. Hand it over."

While Joe was hammering away and vainly trying to work the flat-iron into the corners, Bob considered.

"See here, Aunt Madison," he finally said, "if you'll make Sam clear those ashes away, I'll give him a white peony to put there. You would like that?"

"So I would," she replied. "But he's dreadful busy just now. He's cutting grass for Holcombe's."

"He had better come home and pile the wood," said Bob. "It ought to be under the shed. Has it been out there all winter?"

"Mostly," said Aunt Madison. "You see, he just emptied the cart there. He meant to take it in. I'll speak to him about it."

By this time, Joe had finished his job, and returning the flat-iron, the two boys went away to a group of trees not far off, and sitting down on a log, considered the situation. In the first place, it was clear that it would not answer to rely on either Sam or his mother to clear up. They did not mind the dirt, but they would mind the trouble.

"And yet," said Bob, "when Aunt Madison lived at our house she kept things in order. She would have scolded enough if there had been ashes under our front window."

"I tell you what we'll do," exclaimed Joe. "We'll make a model! We'll clean up this old rattle-trap, and we won't bother about the others. We will put a really clean house here, and then, perhaps, the other people will see how awfully dirty their places are."

This was such a brilliant idea that it needed no reply, and the boys at once arose and walked back to the house.

"The fence will have to be mended," said Bob.

"And whitewashed," added Joe, "and the ashes must be cleared away, the wood piled, and as for the house —!"

"Those old corn-stalks ought to come up," said Bob; "and I know the broken cups and old tins would fill a wheelbarrow."

"What you talking about?" said Aunt Madison, coming to the door with the steaming tea-kettle in her hand. "You'd better be off home to learn your lessons. Your Pa's very particular, Master Bob."

"Oh, my lessons are all right," said Bob. "How would you like to have your place cleaned up, Aunt Madison? Sam won't do it."

"No more he won't," and she put the kettle down on a chair. "I'd like it mightily. I have been meanin' to begin every day, but somehow I don't. Lor', Master Joe, you can't hang that gate!"

Joe made no reply, but he did hang the gate, and then, taking off their coats, the two boys piled the wood and pulled up the corn-stalks. The ashes they concluded to hire some one to take away, as the work was not good for their clothes.

Of course, a scheme of so much importance had to be submitted to Mr. Horton. After he had listened to Bob, he sent for Joe and listened to him. Then he gave them ten cents to buy lime, told them not to neglect their lessons, and to be sure not to do their work badly.

By Friday night, the whole school was aware that Bob Horton and Joe Hillside were down at the flats whitewashing, and that Tom Gardiner

had taken his box of tools over, and had been working in Aunt Madison's kitchen; and so, early Saturday morning, a large and self-appointed delegation went over to see what it all meant. As for the whitewashing, the story about it was true, for there stood fences and shed dazzling white to testify to it; and, as for Tom, he was mending the pump-handle. In the kitchen, Aunt Madison was grumbling. It was all very well when the work was out-of-doors, but to come into the house and turn everything out of the dresser so as to mend the shelf, was a little too much!

"The stool kep' it up very well," she said. "There war n't any use in such a fuss."

When Bob mentioned that the stool kept the door from closing, she said that made no difference, the button was off anyhow. And so she scolded and Bob hammered, and then she improved the time by taking the eggs out of her tea-caddy and putting the tea into their place.

Outside, the boys stood and looked on, making their own remarks, while the children of the neighborhood, who had been mounted as a guard ever since the work began, gave much information about the progress of affairs, and about popular opinion on the subject.

Then Bob came to the door, hammer in hand, and he made a speech. He asked the boys if they thought the flats a clean or pretty place, and they at once said they did not. Then he said that they had determined that there should be one decent place there, and that should be Aunt Madison's! Here this lady remarked that they "did n't know nothing of whitewashing, for them fences would scale, sure." To this, Bob made no reply, but he went on with his speech. He said nothing of the missionary effect the work was to have upon the neighborhood, for Joe and he had agreed that it would be best not to frighten the people, but to let the contrast itself incite them to better things. At first the boys laughed at all he said, but he stood his ground, and Joe, who was planting six-weeks beans, had many directions concerning the proper way to do it. Then Harry Wilson got the rake and began to clean the grass, and then—came the invasion! The spirit of industry seized the whole crowd. One boy wheeled away a pile of bricks and pitched them into the road, and then another, seeing how improper that was, gathered them up again and piled them behind a tree. Some swarmed into the kitchen; one examined the pot-closet, another proposed that the room should be whitewashed, and another maintained it would be better to paper it with illustrated newspapers, as then Aunt Madison would have something to look at. Bob scolded, Joe was busy watching his seeds and keeping his beds from being twice planted,

while Tom climbed a tree with his tool-box in his hand. In the midst of it all, Aunt Madison arose, she took down her bonnet, and went to see Mr. Horton!

When this gentleman in hot haste arrived upon the scene of action, the missionary work was at fever heat. He said very little; but Sam Winters, who was busy sorting the rag-bag, found himself gently lifted up and put out on the steps, while Bob, who was almost frantic, because of the multitude of missionaries, was sent upstairs to calm himself.

Then Mr. Horton stood on the steps, and he made a speech, and all the boys listened, Bob with his head out of the upper window. It was a short

revealed that one of the boys insisted ought to go to the bonfire. But to these arguments Mr. Horton was deaf. The rags and old shoes were the property of Aunt Madison, and he insisted that they should be returned to their hiding-places, and that they were not to be stuffed into them, either.

It took some time, and much more talk, to accomplish all this; but, when it was done, the boys looked on their work with satisfaction. The grounds were clean and neat. The vegetable beds were fresh and brown in newly raked soil, the fences were white, the wood was neatly piled, and where the ash-heap had stood, a rose-bush drooped its head; but that would all come right after a rain, Joe cheerfully remarked.



WORKING IN AUNT MADISON'S KITCHEN.

speech. He asked who was at work in the house? Out of the very many who answered, he chose two, and set them to restoring things to their places again. The others he formed into two companies, and one of them cleared up the road, while the others carried the rubbish away and burned it. The garden he put into the charge of Joe and Harry Wilson; Bob was called down, Sam Winters was sent to the parsonage to tell Mrs. Horton to keep Aunt Madison, and then the work of reconstruction began.

The first difference of opinion arose upon the question of rubbish. In the wild ransacking of closets and drawers, all sorts of things had been

In the house, there was order and a systematic arrangement of chairs and tables. Then the boys proposed escorting Aunt Madison home, but Mr. Horton sent them to play ball, and he undertook to bring the owner back.

When Aunt Madison saw the yard, she frowned, but she also smiled. In her prophetic soul she felt that those fresh beds meant beans and turnips, perhaps late corn.

But when she ascended the now firm steps, and looked into her house, then she did not smile.

The beautiful order in which her chairs and tables were arranged by the wall had no charm for her, and she at once jerked her rocker out and

planted it in its proper place by the stove. Then she opened her table drawer, but before she could say a word, Mr. Horton laid a dollar on the table, and fled. He had done his best to restore the house to its original condition, but he had not the courage to hear her comments.

The next day some of the boys walked past the flats, and they would have liked to stop and admire their work, but Aunt Madison came to the window, and for some unexplained reason they walked on.

Bob was seriously discouraged, but he wrote the whole story to his uncle, and received the following reply :

Camp Keene, July 1st.

DEAR BOB: I like your energy; keep on, all of you, but be careful how you do it.—Yours always,

UNCLE ROB.

So, they kept on, and, after a while, there were some excellent results to their missionary labors. But these results were not altogether what they had expected.

To be sure, Aunt Madison's house and yard were very different places from what they used to be. The old woman seemed to take a certain pride in having a better-looking establishment than her neighbors, but although she lived to be very, very old indeed, whenever things went wrong, or she missed any of her personal property, she always blamed it on "them boys."

The other "flatters" were somewhat stirred up by the improved appearance of Aunt Madison's premises, and they cleaned up, a little, and whitewashed, here and there, but the improvement was not great. They were still "flatters," and the boys saw that years of work, as well as some missionaries old enough to command more respect than they received from these poor people, would be necessary to convert them from their careless, shiftless ways.

But, as was said before, there were excellent results to the work, and these were seen in the boys themselves, especially in Joe. So, Bob had really been a missionary to Joe, who, though not an Indian, was a very good subject for a boy-missionary to work upon.

Joe now went to school quite regularly. He had not meant to, but every day there was something to be done, or talked about, and at last he fell quite into the habit of going, and when the geology class was started by Mr. Horton, he would not have missed it for all the fishes in the sea.

And yet, Bob always thought he had failed, for, although he was glad to see the great improvement in Joe, he did not count that into his missionary work.

But other people counted it in, especially Uncle Rob, when he heard of it.

EYEBRIGHT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER X.

A STORM ON THE COAST.

SUMMERS *are* short in Maine; still the autumn that year seemed in no haste to begin its work. September came and went, bringing only trifling frosts, and the equinoctial week passed without a storm. In its place appeared an odd yellow mist, which wrapped the world in its folds and made the most familiar objects look strange and unnatural. Not a fog,—it was not dense enough for that. It seemed more like air made visible, thickened just a little, and tinted with color, but common air still, warm, thin and quiet. The wind blew softly for many days; there was a general hush over land and sea, and the sun blinked through the golden haze like a bigger and hotter moon.

This strange atmosphere lasted so long that people grew accustomed and ceased to wonder at it. Some of the old sailors shook their heads and

said it would end with a gale; but old sailors are fond of prophesying gales, and nobody was frightened by the prediction, or saw any reason for being so, as long as the weather remained thus warm and perfectly calm.

The little steamer from Malachi to Portland made her last trip for the season on the 30th of September; and the day before, Mr. Bright, who had some potatoes to ship to market, went over with them to Malachi, in a small sail-boat belonging to Captain Jim, Mr. Downs's brother's son. They were not to return till next day, so it was arranged that Eyebright should spend the night with Mrs. Downs, as Papa did not like to leave her alone on the island. She went with him as far as the village, and kissed him for good-bye on the dock, when the little cargo was all on board and Captain Jim just ready to push off.

"I shall go home early to-morrow, and make some egg-toast and some frizzled beef for your sup-

per, Papa, so mind you don't stop to tea with Mrs. Downs," were her last words.

"All right—I wont," said her father; and Captain Jim laughed and said:

"You'd better not put the frying-pan on till you see us a-coming, for with this light wind

for she saw a strange sight. One side of the heavens was still thick with the yellow haze, but toward the sea a bank of black clouds was whirling rapidly up from the horizon. It had nearly reached the zenith, and had already hidden the sun and turned the afternoon into temporary twilight. The



EYEBRIGHT IN HER BOAT.

there's no knowing when we'll get over, and the frizzle might be sp'iled."

Then the sail flapped and filled and off they went over the yellow sea. Eyebright watched till the boat passed behind the island, and out of sight; then she walked up the road to the Downs's, saying to herself:

"What funny weather! I never saw anything like it. It is n't a bit like last September."

Next morning showed the same sultry mist, a little thicker if anything. Eyebright stayed with Mrs. Downs till after dinner, helped in the weekly baking, hemmed two crash towels, told Benny a story, and set out for home a little after four, carrying a blue-berry pie in a basket for Papa's supper. As she toiled over the sand of the causeway and up the steep path, she was conscious of a singular heaviness in the air, and it struck her that the sea was making a sound such as she had never heard before,—a sort of odd shuddering moan, as if some great creature was in pain a long way out from shore. The water looked glassy calm, and there did not seem to be much wind, which made the sound even stranger and more startling. But she forgot about the sound when she reached the house, for there was a great deal to do and not much time to do it in, for Captain Jim expected to get back by six o'clock or soon after. What with sweeping and dusting and fire-making, an hour passed rapidly, when suddenly a dusky darkness settled over the house, and at the same moment a blast of wind blew the door open with a bang.

"Oh dear, there is going to be a thunder-storm," thought Eyebright. She was afraid of thunder and lightning and did not like the idea at all.

Going to the door to shut it, she stopped short,

sea was glassy smooth near the shore—as smooth as oil; but farther out, the waves had begun to toss and tumble, and the moaning sound was become a deep hollow boom, which might easily be imagined the very voice of the approaching storm.

Filled with anxiety, Eyebright ran down to the cliff above the bathing beach and looked toward the long cape at the end of which lay Malachi. The dots of houses showed plainer and whiter than usual against the cape, which had turned of a deep slate-gray, almost black. Two or three ships were in sight, but they were large ships far out at sea, and the strange darkness and the confusion and tumble of the waves which every instant increased, made it difficult to detect any object so small as a boat. She was just turning away, when a sudden gleam of light showed what seemed to be a tiny sail far out in the bay, but it disappeared, and, at the same moment, a sudden, violent wind swept in from the sea and almost threw her down. She caught hold of a sapling-stem to steady herself, and held tightly till the gust passed. Next instant came a great roar of blinding rain, and she was forced to run as fast as she could to the house. It took but two minutes to reach it; but already she was drenched to the skin, and the water was running in streams from her dress and the braids of her hair.

She had to change all her clothes. As she sat before the fire, drying her hair with a rough towel, she could hear the rain pouring on the roof with a noise like thunder, and every few minutes great waves of wind surged against the house, making it shake and tremble till the rafters creaked. There were other sounds, too,—odd rattlings, deep hollow notes like groans, and a throbbing as of some mighty pulse,—but there was no thunder; indeed

Eyebright doubted if she could have heard it had there been any, so loud was the tumult of noises.

She sat by the fire and dried her hair—what else was there to do?—but feeling all the time as if she ought to be out in the rain helping Papa somehow. The tears ran down her cheeks; now and then she wrung her hands tightly and said, "O Papa! O Papa!" Never had she felt so little and helpless and lost in all her life before. She tried to say a prayer, but it seemed to her just then that God could not hear a weak, small voice like hers through such a rage of storm. She could not realize what it would have been such a comfort to feel, that God is never so near his children or so ready to listen, as when storms are wildest and they need him most. And so she sat, till by and by the clock struck six and made her jump at the idea that Papa might come in soon and find no supper ready for him.

"I musn't let *that* happen," she thought, as with shaking hands she mended the fire, laid the table and set the kettle on to boil. She would not allow herself to question the fact that Papa would come—*must* come, though he might be a little late; and she shaved the dried beef, broke the eggs, and sliced bread for toasting, so as to be able to get supper as soon as possible after he should appear. This helped her through with another hour. Still no sign of Papa, and still the storm raged, as it seemed, more furiously than ever.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten, half-past ten. I don't know how that evening passed. It seemed as long as two or three ordinary days. Many times, thinking she heard a sound, Eyebright flew to the door, but only to come back disappointed. At last the rain slackened, and, unable to sit still any longer, she put on her water-proof and India rubbers, tied a hood over her head, and, taking a lantern, went down to the cliff again. It would have been of no use to carry an umbrella in that wind, and the night was so dark, that even with the help of the lantern, and well as she knew the path, she continually wandered from it, and struck and bruised herself against stumps and branches which there was not light to avoid.

At last she gained the top of the bank over the beach. The sea was perfectly black; she could see nothing and hear nothing, except the roar of waves and the rattle of the shingle below. Suddenly came a flash of lightning. It lit the water for a minute, and revealed a dark spot which might be a boat borne on the waves a little way out from shore. Eyebright did not hesitate an instant, but tumbled and scrambled down the bank at once, waving the lantern and crying, "Here I am, Papa! this way, Papa!" as loud as she could. She had scarcely reached the beach, when another flash

showed the object much nearer. Next moment came a great tumbling wave, and out of the midst of it and of the darkness, something plunged on to the beach; and then came the lightning again. It was a boat—and a man in it.

Eyebright seized and held with all her might.

"Oh, hurry and get out, Papa," she cried; for though she could not see, she felt another wave coming. "I can't keep hold but a minute."

And then—she hardly knew how it happened—the man did get out—tumble out rather—upon the sand; and, as she let go the boat and caught hold of him, in sped the wave she had dreaded, with a loud roar, splashed her from head to foot, and rolled back, carrying the boat with it. The man lay on the beach as if unable to move, but by the sense of touch, as well as the dim light of the lantern, Eyebright already knew that it was not Papa but a stranger whose arm she clutched.

"Get up, oh, do get up!" she screamed. "You'll be drowned if you don't. Don't you see that you will? Oh, what shall I do?"

The man seemed to hear, for he slowly struggled up to his feet, but he did not speak. It was terrible work getting him up the cliff. The wind in furious moments seemed to seize and pin them down, and at such times there was nothing to be done but to stand still, flatten themselves against the bank, and wait till its force abated. Eyebright was most thankful when at last they reached the top. She hurried the stranger with what speed she could across the field to the house, keeping the path better than when she came down, because the light in the kitchen window now served her as a guide. The man stumbled continually, and more than once almost fell down. As they entered the kitchen he quite fell, and lay so long on the floor as to frighten Eyebright extremely. She had never seen any one faint, and she feared the man was dead. Not knowing in the least what she ought to do, she ran for a pillow to put under his head, covered him with a blanket, and put some water on his forehead. This last was rather unnecessary, considering his wet condition, but Bessie had always "brought to" the Lady Jane in that way, so Eyebright thought it might be the right thing. After a long time, she had the comfort of seeing him open his eyes.

"Oh, you are better; I am so glad," she said. "Do try to get into the rocking-chair. The floor is so hard. Here, I will help you."

And she took hold of his arm for the purpose. He winced and shrank.

"Not that arm—don't touch that arm, please," he said. "I have hurt it in some way. It feels as if it were broken."

Then very slowly and painfully he got up from

the floor and into the rocking-chair which Eyebright had covered with a thick comfortable to make it softer. She made haste to wet the tea, and presently brought him a cup.

"Thank you," he said, faintly. "You are very kind."

She could see his face now. He was not a young man, at all. His hair and beard were gray, and he seemed as old as Papa; but he was so wet and pale and wild-looking just then, that it was not easy to judge what he was like. His voice was pleasant, and she did not feel at all afraid of him. The tea seemed to revive him a little, for, after lying quiet a while with his eyes closed, he sat up, and fumbling with his left hand in an inner pocket, produced a flat parcel tied in stout paper, with a direction written upon it; and beckoning Eyebright to him, said:

"My dear, it is a bad night to ask such a favor in, and I don't know how far you may be from the village; but could you manage to send this over to the stage-office at once? It is of great consequence to me, or I would not ask it. Have you a hired man who could go? I will pay him handsomely for taking it. He must give it to the driver of the stage to put into the express-office at Gillsworth, and take a receipt for it. Please ask him to be particular about that, as the parcel has money in it."

"We have n't any hired man," said Eyebright. "I'm so sorry, sir. But even if we had, he could n't get across for ever so long."

"Get across?"

"Yes; this is an island. Did n't you know that? We can walk over to the other shore at low tide; but the tide wont be low till after five, even if we had a man. But there is n't anybody but just me."

"After five,—and the mail goes out at six," muttered the stranger. "Then I must manage to go myself."

He tried to get up, but his arm fell helplessly by his side, he groaned, and sank back again. Presently, to Eyebright's terror, he began to talk rapidly to himself, not to her at all, as it seemed.

"It *must* go," he said, in a quick, excited way. "I don't mind what I pay or what risk I run. Do you think I'm going to lose everything?—lose everything?—other people's money?"—A long pause; then, "What's a wetting?"—he went on, in a loud tone—"that's nothing. A wetting!—my good name is worth more than money to me."

He was silent after that for a long time. Eyebright hoped he had gone to sleep, when, suddenly, he opened his eyes, and said, imploringly: "Oh, if you knew how important it was, you *would* make haste. I am sure you would."

He did not say much more, but seemed asleep, or unconscious; only now and then, roused for a moment, he muttered some word which showed him to be still thinking about the parcel, and the necessity for sending it to the office immediately.

Eyebright put another blanket round him, and fetched a chair for his feet to rest upon. That seemed all she could do, except to sit and watch him, getting up occasionally to put wood on the fire, or going to the door to listen, in hopes of hearing Papa's step in the path. The parcel lay on the table where the stranger had put it. She looked at it, and looked at it, and then at the clock. It was a quarter to five. Again the broken, dreamy voice muttered: "It must go,—it must go." A sudden, generous impulse seized her.

"I'll take it myself!" she cried. "Then it will be sure to be in time. And I can come back when Papa does."

Poor child, so sure still that Papa must come!

It lacked less than three-quarters of an hour to low water. At that state of the tide, the causeway was usually pretty bare; but, as she descended the hill, Eyebright, even in the darkness, could see that it was not nearly bare now. She could hear the swish of the water on the pebbles, and, by the light of her lantern, caught sight of more than one long wave sweeping almost up to the crest of the ridge. She would not wait, however, but set bravely forward. The water must be shallow, she knew, and fast growing more so, and she dared not delay; for the walk down the shore, in the wind, was sure to be a long one. "I must n't miss the stage," she kept saying, to encourage herself, and struck in, feeling the way with the point of her umbrella, and holding the lantern low, so as to see where she stepped. The water was only two or three inches deep,—less than that in some places; but every few minutes a wave would rush across and bury her feet above the ankles. At such times, the sand would seem to give way and let her down, and a sense of sinking and being carried off would seize upon her and take away all her strength. She dared not move at these moments, but stood still, dug her umbrella into the sand, and waited till the water ran back.

As she got farther from the island, a new danger assailed her. It was the wind, of which she now felt the full force. It bent and swayed her about till she felt like a plaything in its grasp. Once it caught her skirts and blew her over toward the deeper water. This was the most dangerous moment of all; but she struggled back, and the gust relaxed its grasp. More than once the fury of the blast was so great that she dared not stand upright, but crouched on the wet sand, and made herself as flat as possible, till it passed by. Oh,

how she wished herself back at home again. But going back was as dangerous as going forward, and she kept on, firm in her purpose still, though drenched, terrified and half crying, till, little by little, wet sand instead of water was under her feet, the waves sounded behind instead of immediately beside her, and, at last, stumbling over a clump of blue-berry bushes, she fell forward on her knees upon the other shore,—a soggy, soaked, disagree-

Bright. She had just fallen asleep in her clothes, when she was roused by a knock.

"That's them at last," she cried, jumping up and hurrying to the door.

Great was her surprise at the little soaked figure which met her eyes, and greater still when she recognized Eyebright.

"Why, what in the name of—why!" was all she could say at first. Then, regaining her wits,



"IT WAS A BOAT—AND A MAN IN IT!"

able shore enough, but a most welcome sight just then.

So tired and spent was she, that for some minutes she lay under the blue-berry clump before she could gather strength to pull herself up and go on. It was a very hard and painful walk, and the wind and the darkness did all they could to keep her back; but the gallant little heart did not fail, and, at last, just as the first dim dawn was breaking, she gained the village and Mr. Downs's door.

Mrs. Downs had been up nearly all night, so great was her anxiety for Captain Jim and Mr.

"Eyebright, my dear child, what has fetched you out at this hour of day; and massy's sake, how did you come?"

"I came on the causeway. Oh, Mrs. Downs, is Papa here?"

"Over the causeway!" cried Mrs. Downs. "Good land alive! What possessed you to do such a fool-hardy thing? I only wonder you were not drowned outright."

"So do I. I was almost. But Mrs. Downs, is Papa here? Oh, do tell me."

"No, they have n't got in yet," said Mrs.

Downs, affecting an ease and security which she did not feel. "The storm has delayed them, or, what's more likely, they never started at all, and will be over to-day. I guess that 'll turn out to be the way of it. Jim's got too good sense to put out in the teeth of a heavy squall like this has been. An' he must ha' seen it was a-comin'. But, my dear, how wet you are! And what did make you do such a crazy thing as to set out over the causeway in such weather?"

"I could n't help it," with a sob. "There's a poor man up at our house, Mrs. Downs. He came in a boat, and was 'most drowned, and he's hurt his arm dreadfully, and I'm afraid he's very sick beside; and he wanted this parcel to go by the stage-driver. He said it must go, it was something very important. So I brought it. The stage has n't gone yet, has it? I wanted so much to be in time."

"Well, I declare!" cried Mrs. Downs, furiously. "He must be a pretty man to send you across the bar in the night and such a storm, to fetch his mail. I'd like to throw it right straight in the water, that I would, and serve him right. The idea!"

"Oh, he did n't mean that I should go,—he did n't know anything about it," protested Eyebright. "He asked me to send our hired man, and when I told him we had n't any hired man, he said then he would come himself; but he was too sick. He said such queer things that I was frightened. And then he went to sleep, and I came. Please tell me what time it is, I must go to the office right away."

"Indeed you wont," said Mrs. Downs. "You'll come straight upstairs and go to bed. I'll wake him up. He'll take it. There's plenty of time. 'Tis n't six yet, and the stage 'll be late this morning, I'll bet."

"Oh, I can't go to bed, I must go back to the island," Eyebright pleaded. "The man who came is all alone there, and you can't think how sick he is."

"Poor man or not, you'll go to bed," said Mrs. Downs, inexorably, helping the tired child upstairs. "Me and Mr. Downs 'll see to the poor man. You aint needed to carry the hull world on your back as long as there's any grown folks left, you poor little mite. Go to bed and sleep, and we'll look after your man."

Eyebright was too tired to resist.

"Oh, please ask Mr. Downs to take a receipt, the man was so particular about that," was her only protest.

She fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow, and knew nothing more till after noon, when she opened her eyes, feeling for a moment

entirely bewildered as to where she was. Then, as it all came back to her mind, she jumped up in a hurry. Her clothes, nicely dried, lay on a chair beside the bed. She hurried them on, and ran down-stairs.

Nobody was visible except little Benny, who told her that his mother had "gone along up to the island."

"She said you was to eat some breakfast," he added. "It's in the oven a-keepin' warm. Shall I show you where it is?"

"Oh, never mind," cried Eyebright. "Never mind about breakfast, Benny. I don't feel hungry."

"Ma said you *must*," declared Benny, opening the oven door and disclosing a plate full of something very dry and black. "Oh dear, it's all got burned up."

"I'll drink some milk instead," said Eyebright. "Who's that coming up the road, Benny?"

"It's Pa. I guess he's come back to get you," said Benny, running out to meet him.

Mr. Downs had come to fetch Eyebright. He looked very grave, she thought.

When she asked eagerly, had Papa come yet, Mr. Downs shook his head. Perhaps they had stayed over in Malachi, to avoid the storm, he said, and would get in later. He helped Eyebright into the boat, and rowed to the island without saying another word. The wind had abated, but the sea was still very rough, and long lines of white surf were breaking on the rocks and beaches.

The kitchen looked very queer and crowded, for Mr. Downs had brought down a mattress from upstairs, and made a bed on the floor, upon which Eyebright's "man" was now sleeping. His wet clothes had been changed for some dry ones belonging to Mr. Bright, and, altogether, he looked far less wild and forlorn than he had appeared to be the night before, though he evidently was seriously ill. Mrs. Downs did n't think his arm was broken; but she could n't be sure, and "he" was sent up the shore to fetch Dr. Treat, the "natural bone-setter." There was no regular doctor at Scapplehead.

The natural bone-setter pronounced the arm not broken, but badly cut and bruised, and the shoulder dislocated. He tied it up with a liniment of his own invention, but both fever and rheumatism followed, and for some days the stranger tossed in pain and delirium. Mrs. Downs stayed on the island to nurse him, and both she and Eyebright had their hands full, which was well, for it helped them to endure the suspense of the next week as nothing else could have done.

It was not for some time, even after that dreadful week, that they gave up the hope that Cap-

tain Jim had waited over in Malachi and would appear with the next fair wind. Then a sloop put in, bringing the certain news that he and Mr. Bright had sailed about two hours before the storm began. After that, the only chance—and that a vague one—was, that the boat might have landed on the coast farther below, or, blown out to sea, been picked up by some passing ship. Days passed in this hope. Whenever Eyebright could be spared for a moment, she always ran to the cliff on the sea-side, in the hope of seeing a ship sailing in with Papa on board, or news of him. She never spoke as if there was any doubt that he would come in the end, and Mrs. Downs, dreading to cloud her hopefulness, replied always as confidently as she could, and tried to be hopeful, too.

So a fortnight passed, over the busy, anxious household, and poor Eyebright—though her words were still courageous—was losing heart, and had begun to feel that a cold, dreadful wave of sorrow was poising itself a little way off, and might presently break all over her, when, one day, as she stood by the bedside of their patient,—much better now and quite in his senses,—he looked at her with a sudden start of recognition, and said:

"Why, I know you. You are Mr. Bright's little girl,—are you not? You are Eyebright! Why did I not recognize you before? Don't you recollect me at all? Don't you know who I am?"

(To be continued.)

And, somehow, the words and the pleasant tone of voice, and the look which accompanied them



"YOU ARE EYEBRIGHT."

made him look different all at once, to the child, and natural, and Eyebright did know him.

It was Mr. Joyce!

A RUN AFTER SWORD-FISH.

BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

I WAS spending the summer at Martha's Vineyard, the island off the Massachusetts coast which has since become famous for camp-meetings, when a friend suggested that we should go out after sword-fish. My knowledge of these finny monsters being very limited, I was naturally eager to see them in their native element. I was aware that they were formidable antagonists of the whale, and that sharks were glad to keep out of the way of their sharp and piercing swords. The pictures I had seen of these monsters, with their upper jaws projecting in the shape of familiar military weapons, had always made me desirous to behold these warriors of the deep alive.

So I said I should be very glad to catch sword-fish, and innocently added, by way of increasing my stock of fishing information, "What kind of

hooks do we use?" my idea being that the iron hooks, such as are employed in catching sharks, were the sort needed.

"Well, you *are* an ignoramus!" exclaimed my friend; "sword-fish are not taken with hooks; it would be as much as your life was worth to try to pull one in alive; he'd run his sword either through you or the boat or both."

"How do you catch them, then?" I asked.

"Why, harpoon them, to be sure. And mighty ticklish work it is, too, as you'll see when we go out in the sword-fish boats."

I next learned that catching sword-fish was quite a business in Edgartown, and that a fleet of boats was engaged in it. The fish were considered good eating, and were shipped to the New Bedford, Boston, and New York markets.

Owing to the skill required in capturing sword-fish, it was impossible for my friend and myself to be anything more than spectators of the sport. I was consoled for not being allowed to take an active part in the fishing, by the well-meant assurance that it involved greater risk and harder work than I was accustomed to.

It was on a bright August morning that I went down to the moldy old wharf, where the boat in which we were to go out was lying. There were some dozen or fifteen of these boats getting ready to start, when we arrived. They were all built on the same plan, being sharp at both ends, like whale-boats, though of a clumsier and heavier model. In length, they seemed to be about twenty-eight feet, while their width was five or six feet.

It did not take long for the three swarthy fishermen, who constituted our crew, to get the craft under way, and we were soon bounding over the water in a brisk breeze. I noticed that our boat, like the others which were sailing along with us, had no bowsprit; but, in place of it, was a thick upright iron rod with a wooden cross-piece and a narrow platform that extended several feet inward.

"What is that for?" I asked of one of the fishermen.

"That 'ere is where I stands when I fixes 'em," was the somewhat indefinite answer.

It turned out that my informant was the harpooner, and that he stood at the end of the platform, to strike the sword-fish when sufficiently near. The fish swims so rapidly that, as soon as one is seen, it is necessary to bear down upon him at once, and lose no time in sending the harpoon into his body.

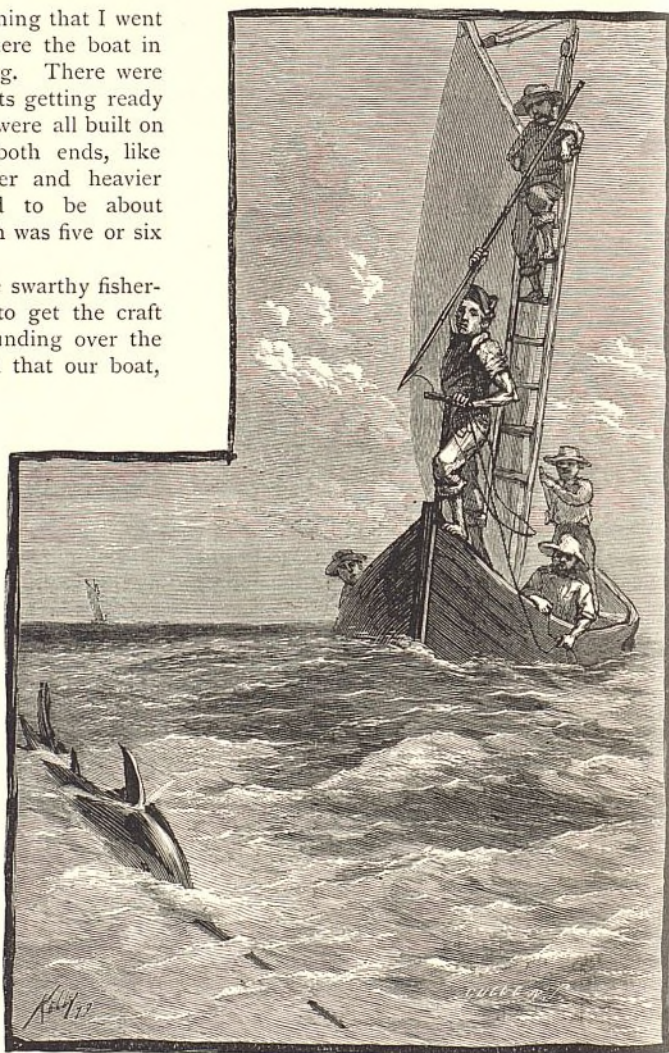
"But how do you know where to look for the sword-fish?" I inquired; for it seemed to me that the search for them was like seeking a needle in a bundle of hay.

"Oh, they 're sure to be on the mackerel-ground," replied the fisherman; "they come in arter 'em, you know."

"Well," I went on, inquisitively, "how do you find out just where a sword-fish is, in order to go for him?"

"Do you see that ladder?" was the reply of the

harpooner, pointing to one which was fastened to the mast; "well, one of us stands on top of that, and looks out for fish. When he sees one, he gives the bearings, and we go for 'swordy'; and," he added, with a chuckle, "we ginrally gits him."



"THE HARPOONER STOOD READY."

The fisherman, as I soon had an opportunity of learning, had correctly described the way in which sword-fish are seen at a great distance off. The trained observation of the man on the ladder, sweeping the expanse of sea, can discern the back fin of the fish, which is the only part of him above water, from a distance at which ordinary eyes could not distinguish it among the waves.

The sail to the sword-fish grounds was delight-

ful, the breeze being fresh, and the water not too rough. On we went, and on, till the town seemed like a phantom city in the dim distance. The boats, now widely scattered, looked as if they were sea-birds skimming the water. The fisherman had been steadfastly scanning the ocean from his perch on the ladder for half an hour. But there was yet no sign of a sword-fish, and I began to fear that we should have poor luck. At last, the man on the lookout shouted to the steersman the direction in which he wished him to go, and I knew from this that a fish had been seen from the ladder. I strained my eyes in the line of the boat's course to catch a glimpse of the creature, but could see nothing except a mass of tossing waves, with here and there a white speck which I knew to be one of the other boats.

Meanwhile, the harpooner stood on the end of the platform at the bow of the boat, ready to dispatch the sword-fish as soon as it should come within reach. His weapon consisted of a long pole, to which was attached an arrow-headed dart and shank of iron. The harpoon has a line fastened to it, and when the fish is struck, the pole is pulled out, leaving the iron in its body, held fast by the line.

As we bore down close upon the sword-fish from behind, so that he could not see the approach of the boat, which would have frightened him away, I caught a glimpse of his tell-tale back fin above

the water. In an instant the harpooner sent his sharp weapon deep into the flesh of the fish. The pole was then pulled out, there was a terrible plunging and splashing in the water, but meanwhile the boat kept away at a safe distance from the sword-fish. I observed at the same time that a keg was attached to the line from the harpoon and thrown out.

"Why don't you pull him in?" said I, to the man at the helm, who was now steering away from the finny prize. "Are you going to give that fish up?"

"Oh, he's all right where he is," was the reply; "we don't want him cutting into the boat; but we'll come back for him by and by."

The fact was, it would have been unsafe to have such a powerful and infuriated creature near the boat, as he could easily make a hole in it with his sword. The weapon of a sword-fish has been known to go through a ship's planking. When we came back to the different kegs or "floats" at the end of the day's work, there was nothing to do but to pull the fish in.

The number of fish taken was five, measuring from eight to twelve feet in length, and weighing from two to six hundred pounds. The fishermen seemed well satisfied with their day's work, and, as a memorial of it, I took home two swords to put with some sharks' jaws, which I had secured on a previous expedition after big fish.

HELMETS AND VIOLETS.

BY RUTH MARINER.

I SAT one radiant morning
Within a favorite nook,—
Unmindful of its glory,
And buried in a book.

I read, with eyes that kindled,
About the old Crusades;
Till I heard the clashing armor,
And saw the quivering blades.

I followed in their journeys
The heroes of the past,
To see them proudly enter
Within the walls at last.

As with sound of martial music
My inmost soul was stirred,
When through the open casement
My Effie's voice I heard.

Then a sound of stealing footsteps,
And playful fingers shook
A shower of early violets
Upon the open book.

Among the glittering helmets
I felt their sweetness fall;
Then vanished in a moment
Crusaders, knights and all!

TRY.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.



UT the lettuce-seed did n't try and would n't try. (It was the bobolink who was talking.) I sat on the old apple-tree behind the house and saw the whole proceeding. The lettuce-seed and the pepper-grass-seed were both put into the ground on the same day.

Said the lettuce-seed:

"Don't let us take the trouble to grow until we see how the pepper-grass gets along."

So the pepper-grass came up and grew very nicely till it was some two inches tall; then the bugs ate it up.

"So!" said the lettuce-seed; "if that is the way, we won't start."

The turnips and beets on the other side of the path were growing nicely; they said to the lettuce-seed: "How absurd you little creatures are! It is no sign because the pepper-grass is eaten that you would be; bugs don't eat everything."

No; the lettuce-seed would n't.

I called out to them myself; said I:

"It is excellent weather for growing—hot sun—nice little showers—do come up and try; don't lie there in the ground doing nothing."

"Oh yes," they said, "you like to eat lettuce; you want us to come up so that you can eat us."

Suspicious creatures!

"Well," I told them, "if I were a seed put in the ground I'd rather come up and furnish a dinner to a hungry caterpillar than lie moldering."

Well, one fine day, Hugh came along, spaded up the whole bed and planted it again; with onions this time. The lettuce-seed were indignant; they began to grow immediately, but the onions got the start and strangled them, every one, as they came up. So there was the end of them.

"And the onions?"

Ah—yes—the—onions (Bobolink continued), there was ambition for you! They had made up their minds to be something in the world, if only onions, and to great glory they came.

The natural end of an onion is to be eaten, but before these onions were eaten they had to be sold; the selling—that was the event.

You see, these two acres behind the house are pretty much laid out in vegetables, so when Hugh harnesses up the old sorrel horse on market days there is quite a something to load the wagon with. There might be more, for there is nearly another acre before the house, but Hugh and his mother, such a trim old lady she is—he and she lived alone here then,—they both liked to have that for flowers and grass and shrubs. Well, in due time the onions were pulled up and tied in beautiful long bunches, so white and green, and put into baskets, and the baskets were put into the wagon, and away went Hugh to the town, to market.

That evening, I sat on the apple-tree; Hugh sat down to his supper.

"Mother," said he, "I believe I am in love."

I stopped my singing to listen. Love! That always interests birds.

The old lady laughed.

"I have ever thought, Hugh, that thee would come home some one of these fine market days, just in that condition."

"I fell in love with a girl who likes onions."

The old lady laughed.

"And does that win thy heart, Hugh, to like onions? Falling in love is a serious thing."

"Listen, mother, I'll tell thee. My wagon stood in front of the brewer's great house; he was buying my young beets; the door opens—out come his three daughters dressed for a walk—all so pretty, the youngest the prettiest; she trips up to her father.

"O father, has he got any onions? Buy some for me, please."

"Yes, Puss," said the brewer, "I'll buy you onions and cabbages, too, if you want them."

"Come Nina," said her sisters; so I found out her name was Nina.

"Ah," thought I, "if I could win Miss Nina's heart!"

"Well, Hugh," said his mother, "try."

After that, I watched, and Hugh evidently was trying, for every market-day regularly there was a new item added to the load on the wagon,—a fine bouquet of flowers from the front garden; and at night, in adding up the accounts of what was sold, and what was got for it, that bouquet was never added in.

Midsummer came. I put off my brilliant attire and put on my sober traveling dress; our family were in uniform; it was time to start southward.

Away—away! The whirring of a thousand wings as we swept over the Middle States, over the peach orchards of New Jersey, the wheat-white plains and reedy banks of Delaware, through the valleys and dark forests of Virginia; by the lonely hut on the mountain-side, with its patch of Indian corn,—away, away, till there was nothing but the burning sun above, and, below, like broad lakes rippling in the breeze, the rice-fields of the Carolinas. We gleaned those fields; clean work we made of it! Many a long barrel was leveled at me—many a dodge I had to make; and at night when the round bright moon looked down on the plantations and far away was heard the singing of the negroes, the wild, monotonous chant, and the tum-tum of the banjo; then as I slept with my head under my wing, I dreamed of the fresh mornings of the North, and of Hugh, and I wondered how the wooing came on.

Farther south! Over the everglades and the coral-reefs to the sea—to the deep, deep sea! The tall masts to the ships reeled beneath us, and above us flew the white clouds, but we out-flew them. Away, away to the islands where the guinea-grass grows. Hot and desolate is the day there, but at night the moistened air is filled with the odors of a thousand flowers; their perfumes mingled with my dreams, and under the palms again I dreamt of the far North, of the apple-tree and the old sorrel horse, and I wondered how the wooing came on.

The next spring we were a long while on our journey northward. We were a small pleasant party; the grain grew luxuriantly that year; many a foraging expedition we made. It was late in May when I perched once more on the old apple-

tree. The wrens were before me; they were building over the porch; they told me the news.

"We have had a wedding. Nina lives here, now; it is the honey-moon. You are just in time to sing to the bride."

And I did sing! My mate was building her nest of withered grass down in the meadow; I had nothing to do but sit and sing all day long.

When Hugh came out to plant the onions that spring, what did Nina do? She tripped out after him laughing so merrily we all stopped singing to listen to her. She had a basketful of forget-me-not roots; she insisted on bordering the onion-bed with them.

"Oh yes, Hugh," she cried; "the onions were the beginning, the onions did it all; now they shall be honored."

The onions hold up their heads since then; they refuse to speak to the carrots; they call out to the tulips in the front garden and try to get up a conversation with them.

We have merry parties here when the father and the two sisters come; they all enjoy themselves so much, and the dear old lady, Hugh's mother, seems to grow quite young again. They come into the garden and sit in the arbor to eat their berries and cream, and they laugh at the onion-bed.

Intolerably conceited and arrogant those onions are! Every evening, Nina comes out and strews bread crumbs under the tree, then we all go down and have a feast, and those onions never fail to call out:

"Remember, birds, you have to thank *us* for the supper you are eating—we did it all."

HER FAN AND HER FURS.

BY CONSTANCE MARION.

THE short winter day and the winter day's journey had come to a close. A rough, wearisome journey it had been, that drive in the old army ambulance, drawn by a pair of superannuated mules, the only thing in the livery-stable line that could be procured in the dilapidated little town of C—, the place where Mr. Morton and his family had left the steamboat, in order to pursue their journey to the coast by land. The doctor had ordered Florida climate for Mr. Morton's lungs, and after a week's sojourn in an overcrowded hotel

in Jacksonville, the invalid had concluded to take his family further southward, and rough it in the woods for the remainder of the winter.

This change of programme met with Mrs. Morton's decided approval, for although she had spent the last fifteen years of her life in a large city, she was country born and bred, and loved the woods even in their wildest state. Fanny, the younger daughter, was always ready for a change of any kind, but when her sister, Marianne, saw the calico dresses and sun-bonnets her mother had made pre-

paratory to the next move, she began to grow alarmed. Marianne had a weakness for pomps and vanities, which all her mother's teachings had, as yet, failed to improve, and living in the woods and wearing calico was not by any means to her mind. She was not therefore in the best of humors as the ambulance went jolting along over palmetto roots, or dragging through the deep sand of the pine-barren, and she was loud in her exclamations of terror as it forded the deep, dark creeks that made their way through the silent, thickly grown hammocks. She "thought she would die" at the sight of a huge alligator, who was scuttling away from the road as fast as his crooked legs could carry him; and the distant wail of a panther made her "feel as if she were going to faint."

When they reached their journey's end, her discontent increased tenfold; for the house which was to be their temporary home was roughly constructed of logs, and extremely limited in accommodations. The Morton family occupied one room, which was divided into two small sleeping apartments by a curtain being run across in the middle. There was neither stove nor fire-place, a deficiency which Marianne was quick in pointing out, although the thermometer was above seventy.

"Beggars cannot be choosers," returned her father. "It is purely for our accommodation that Mrs. Hewitt has taken us in, as the board she charges will scarcely more than pay expenses."

"Then why don't you go to a hotel?" asked Marianne.

"If you will be good enough to find me one hereabouts, I will move into it immediately," returned Mr. Morton.

"There must be one in that town over yonder," said Marianne, pointing out of the east window.

"That is not a town," said her father. "Those are the tops of the white sand-hills on the sea-shore. Don't you hear the roaring of the surf?"

"Oh, shall we see the sea?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Yes," returned Mr. Morton, "if you learn how to swim the river down yonder; or if you can find anybody kind enough to take you over in a boat."

"What kind of birds are those?" asked Fanny; "those black ones flying in a line, and settling down on that island yonder?"

"Pelicans," replied Mr. Morton. "They have been out fishing, and are coming home with their supper."

"I wish Mrs. Hewitt would come flying in with our supper," said Fanny yawning. "I am awfully hungry and sleepy."

The supper, when it did come, was, in its way, a great success, and the travelers did justice to it. But Marianne made a note of the cracked and discolored delft-ware, the brown table-cloth, and the

steel forks, and thought herself a very ill-used individual.

"The *idea*," said she to Fanny, after they were in bed that night and out of hearing of their father and mother,— "the idea of having bacon and collards for supper, and brown sugar in your coffee!"

"I like collards," said Fanny, the good-humored. "I never tasted any before, but I think they are nice when anybody is hungry. And then, you know, there were other things besides,—fish, and hominy, and biscuits, and,—oh, I am *so* sleepy!"

"I can never go to sleep on *this* mattress," said Marianne, with decision. "I do believe it is stuffed with chips."

But in five minutes she and Fanny were both dreaming, and their father's slumbers were not broken once that night by the hacking cough that had brought him south.

The next morning, Marianne and Fanny were arrayed in new calicoes and stout shoes, and it was not long before the latter was assisting a flock of little Hewitts in the construction of a bridge across a small creek at the back of the house. Mr. Morton went off in the woods with a gun. Mrs. Morton tied on a check apron, and helped Mrs. Hewitt prepare vegetables for dinner. Marianne unpacked her portfolio, and spent the morning in writing a letter to her school-mate and particular friend, Flora Dewing. By the time dinner was announced, Marianne had written herself into good humor, and as that meal consisted of turtle soup, wild turkey, mullet roes, and other eminently aristocratic delicacies, she began to think she might, with the aid of the books in her trunk, manage to support a rural existence for the next few months. That afternoon she began to cultivate the acquaintance of the little Hewitts, taught them the game of tag, helped to construct a see-saw, and made herself generally agreeable.

As the days went by, both Marianne and Fanny showed symptoms of developing into irrepressible romps. Mounted on mustang ponies, they galloped over the savannas, helping the young Hewitts drive up the cattle; they took rides on the timber-wheels belonging to a neighboring saw-mill; and went up and down the river on the boats of the live-oak cutters. They took long sailing excursions in the yawl of a friendly neighbor, whose manners were much more commendable than his syntax, and whose shabby clothes seemed to contradict the fact that he owned the finest orange grove on the river.

This state of things continued until Christmas came; Christmas recalling to Marianne the Christmases at home, their merry bells and decorated churches, their handsome presents, their plum-puddings, their fine clothes.

"Mother," said she, on Christmas eve, "as there will be no presents this year, I think you might grant me *one* favor."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Morton.

"I think you might let me dress up to-morrow, just in honor of the day. It has been so long since I have had on clothes that were nice that I am beginning to feel like a perfect back-woods creature."

"What do you wish to wear?" asked her mother.

my gaiters. I have been wearing these great, coarse shoes so long that it would be a comfort to have something decent on my feet. And my gloves, too; I must have everything complete, you know."

"Very well," said Mrs. Morton.

And accordingly the next morning after breakfast, Marianne, arrayed in all her glory, went out to promenade. As she passed through the dining-room on her way out-of-doors, Mrs. Hewitt, who was shelling beans at the window, observed good-



"OH! HE'S COMING THIS WAY! HE'LL CATCH US!"

"Well, as it is just once, I believe I should like to wear my best; if it is only to make these people stare."

"I thought just now it was to be in honor of the day."

Marianne blushed slightly, and went on:

"You know, there is my ruby-colored silk that Aunt Lucy sent me, and my new cloak and hat —"

"A cloak in this kind of weather!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

"Oh, I dare say it will be quite cool to-morrow," returned Marianne. "I am sure I find these sea-breezes dreadfully chilly, and I am going to take a walk on the river-bank. And I must have

naturally that she looked mighty nice; but an old neighbor, who dropped in to borrow a little milk, expressed audibly a less flattering criticism.

"Laws a massy! What's the child trigged out in all that tom-foolery for?"

Marianne walked out with the air of a queen, and tried not to feel hot as the rays of an unclouded sun fell upon her heavy, fur-trimmed cloak and velvet hat. The beloved gaiters were now rather small, and pinched her feet unpleasantly; and the handsome muff she carried was decidedly more ornamental than useful.

When she arrived at the river-side, she found the eldest Hewitt boy down there, gathering oysters, with Fanny standing by, looking on with interest.

"Hello! here 's your cirkis a-comin'!" exclaimed the boy, as he looked up and beheld Marianne's magnificence.

"Fanny, come away from that boy, and walk with me," said Marianne, with great dignity.

Fanny obeyed with some reluctance; the boy had promised to roast her some oysters, but then she was n't going to stand quietly by and hear her sister called a circus. As she turned to leave the impertinent young oysterman, her heart was gladdened by the sight of a distant sail-boat.

"Oh, here comes the 'Water Witch'!" exclaimed she. "And I know Mr. Burroughs will take us to sail; but you can't go, Jim Hewitt, because you are such a bad-mannered boy."

"I don't care," said Jim. "I don't go with no sich. The 'Water Witch' is the crankiest lay-out on the river, and old Burroughs don't know no more 'bout managing a boat than a gal baby do."

And flinging this Parthian dart, Jim strolled off to a distant oyster point, and the girls went out to the end of the wharf to await the coming of the "Water Witch."

"Take us out sailing, Mr. Burroughs? Take us out sailing?" they exclaimed in concert, as the much slandered boat came luffing up to the wharf.

"That 's just what I 'm a-coming fur," responded Mr. Burroughs; "but them 's fancy riggins to go a-sailing in."

"Oh, I am going to be very careful," said Marianne, as she stepped down into the leaky boat.

"I s'pose your mar 's willin'," said Mr. Burroughs.

"Oh, mother doesn't care," exclaimed Marianne; but Fanny demurred. "I 'll run up to the house, and ask her," said she.

"That 's right, Honey," returned Mr. Burroughs; "always ask your mar when you aint sartin."

"I 'll bail out the boat while she is gone," said Marianne. "There is ever so much water in her."

And forgetful of her gloves, she seized a muddy gourd that lay under the stern seat, and went vigorously to work.

"Take care of what you are about, child," said Mr. Burroughs. "Salt water ain't the thing to wash silk in."

"Oh dear, I have got my sleeve all wet!" exclaimed Marianne, who saw now what she had done. "But never mind! it will be all right again as soon as it gets dry. Mr. Burroughs, I do wish you would caulk your boat: it leaks dreadfully! Dear! dear! There goes my muff. The boom knocked it off of the seat into the water."

The muff was fast floating down with the tide, but Mr. Burroughs rescued it with a long pole.

"I guess we 'd better leave it aboard the dug-

out here," said he, depositing it on the stern-seat of a boat which lay alongside; "it wont be of much use to you now, soaking wet as it is. Well, Miss Fanny, what does your mar say?"

"Oh, she says we may go," gasped Fanny, short of breath from her long run; "but she says Marianne must be careful."

"Yes, I 'll be careful," responded Marianne; but gloves and muff being already ruined, she spoke less confidently than before.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Mr. Burroughs. "Up or down?"

"Whichever way you think best," said Marianne absently. She was trying to pull off her wet and muddy gloves.

"Oh, I tell you!" exclaimed Fanny. "Let 's go across; you know you promised to take us over to the beach, and I haven't seen the sea yet."

"All right," said Mr. Burroughs. "Shove her off from the wharf thar, Miss Fanny. The wind is 'most dead agin us, but that will make it all right coming home. Keep your feet on the plank, Miss Marianne; them shoes of yourn warn't made to keep out water."

"Oh what a ricketty old wharf," exclaimed Fanny, as they neared the opposite shore. "I don't believe we can ever walk on it. At least, I know Marianne can't, with her high heels."

But Marianne, with the aid of a pole, managed to stagger ashore, and great was her relief at being in the shade again. In coming across the river the sun had beat down with merciless severity on her cloak, which she would not lay aside for fear of having her best dress ruined by the dashing spray. Her shoes tortured her feet, and in moving them about for relief, she had got one of them off the plank and into the muddy water in the bottom of the boat; but she kept quiet about it, for she had twice said she was going to be very careful.

"I hope the bears won't get after us," said Fanny, as they toiled up the steep hill which rose from the river bank, forcing their way through the thick growth which overlapped the narrow path, and making impotent attacks on the swarms of mosquitoes that hummed around them. "Oh, dear! I thought we should have a view of the sea when we reached the top of this hill."

"No. We have got a lot of scrambling to do yet," returned Mr. Burroughs. "Before we catch sight of the sea there 's two more big hills, besides a whole lot of little ones. Take care of your furs, Miss Marianne. It's mighty rough traveling through these scrub-oaks. There used to be a tol'able good path along here, but it is mighty nigh growed up now."

"Oh, where can we get some water? I am so thirsty!" exclaimed Marianne.

"I reckon you will have to make out with oranges," said Mr. Burroughs, taking one from his pocket and giving it to her.

"Thar aint no water over here that 's fitten to drink."

Marianne eagerly tore open the orange, and in so doing spilt ever so much juice on her dress. Soon afterward she stumbled over a palmetto root, and ruined one of her gaiters. She was now thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Mercy on us, the mosquitoes!" exclaimed she, crossly. "I wish I had something to keep them off with."

"I'll get you a palmetto-leaf fan," said Mr. Burroughs, taking out his pocket-knife.

"A fan and a cloak together; that will look comical," observed Fanny.

"It is only to keep off the mosquitoes," said Marianne, hastily, and wiping her flushed face with her embroidered handkerchief. "I don't think it at all warm with this strong wind blowing."

After struggling for some time along the narrow path, through a thick growth of scrub-oak which grew scrubbier and scrubbier as they neared the sea, the pedestrians at length reached the foot of the last range of hills, and stopped to rest a minute. The sand was dazzlingly white, and so deep and yielding under foot that making the ascent was like climbing the Hill Difficulty. Fanny was the first at the top.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed she, wildly.

"What ails the child?" asked Mr. Burroughs. "Does she see a b'ar?"

No. Fanny was looking for the first time in her life on the vast and mighty ocean, whose great, dark waves came surging onward toward the hills, as if in perpetual mutiny against the mandate: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Even Marianne forgot herself and her troubles as she gazed upon the awful majesty of ocean. She stood in speechless admiration until Fanny broke the spell by exclaiming:

"Let 's run down the hill!"

"You may," said Marianne; "but the sole of one of my gaiters is half off."

"Your bran-new gaiters?" exclaimed Fanny.

"Yes, my bran-new gaiters. You might have known that without asking the question."

"The tide is high yet," said Mr. Burroughs, "and all the beach is covered that 's fitten to walk on. That sand down to the bottom of the hill is ankle deep. I jist fetched you over this time to git a peep at the ocean. Another time we will come at low water, and have a run on the beach.

Let 's be gitting back now, for the wind is dying away, and thar wont be more 'n enough left to take us home."

On the way back to the river, Fanny, who was some distance in advance of the others, suddenly stopped and began to scream:

"Oh, a bear! a bear!"

"Whar?" asked Mr. Burroughs.

"Right yonder, behind that Spanish bayonet-bush. Oh, he 's coming this way! He'll catch us!"

"He aint going to meddle with you," said Mr. Burroughs. "They are as peaceable as nuthin as long as you let 'em 'lone."

But his reassuring words came too late to prevent a panic. At the sight of the immense black animal coming toward them, Marianne and Fanny had struck off into the bushes in a line at right angles with the path, screaming at the top of their shrill young voices, and were almost out of hearing, before they could be made to understand that the bear was in full retreat and probably as much frightened at their yells as they had been at his ferocious appearance.

"O Marianne, the fur is all gone off the bottom of your cloak!" exclaimed Fanny, after they were once more mustered into line of march. "Did you know it was off?"

"I suppose it came off in the bushes," said Marianne. "I thought I heard something rip, but I did not stop to look."

"And the flounce of your dress is torn," added Fanny. "I wonder what mother is going to say."

"It does n't make the least difference to you *what* she is going to say," returned Marianne, crossly. "I wish you would let me alone."

"Thar now! thar now!" said Mr. Burroughs, soothingly. "'Let b'ars and lions growl and fight.' If that old b'ar hears you little gals a-growlin' at one another, she 'll mistake you for her young uns, and come back to hug you."

When they arrived at the other wharf, the dug-out and the muff were both missing; but Marianne had now sunk to misery's lowest deep, and nothing could add to her discomfort.

Mrs. Morton's lecture was a short one, and ended somewhat as follows:

"You have received a wholesome lesson for which you have paid a rather high price,—for, as you know, your outfit was an expensive one,—so remember in future that herein lies the difference between fine clothes and good manners: our very best manners are never out of place on any occasion, but our very best dress may sometimes be entirely unsuited to our surroundings."

ON WHEELS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

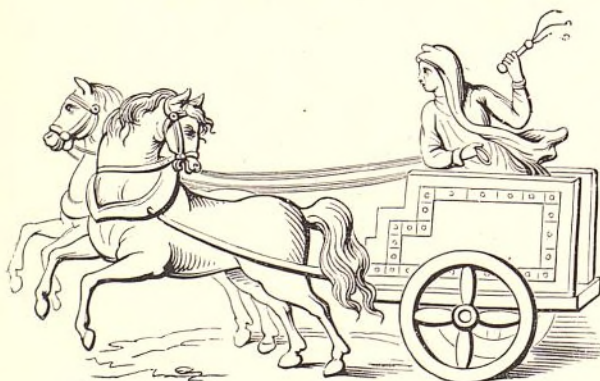
WHEN I was a boy, I used to think that I would rather have invented the wheel than anything else I knew of. A wheel is so ingenious, so useful, and yet so simple, that I am not at all surprised at my



A PRIEST'S CART. (FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

youthful admiration of the mind that conceived the idea of it. However, I think that I made a mistake in supposing that any one invented the wheel. I believe that it invented itself, and, in saying this, I mean, that wheels grew up by degrees from very simple things, beginning probably at round sticks, or logs, which were used as rollers, and so progressed gradually until they arrived at their present condition, which is probably not perfection, although I do not see how some of our wheels could be improved.

The main object of a wheel is to assist in moving something. It may, itself, remain in one place, or it may go about with the thing it helps to move.

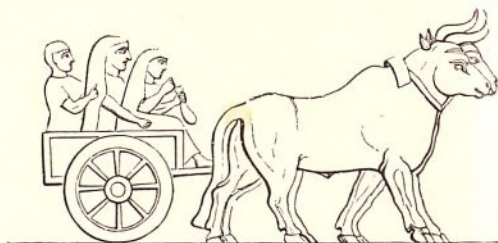


A ROMAN LADY IN HER CHARIOT.

In the latter case, it is almost always attached to some kind of a vehicle or carriage, and it is about

carriages that I want to have a little talk with the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS.

Every middle-aged person knows what a great change has taken place in the carriages in ordinary use in the last thirty or forty years. When I was a boy, family carriages, and, indeed, vehicles of every kind, except omnibuses and carts,—I believe there has not been much change in them,—were very heavy and unwieldy affairs, when compared with those now in use. Not long ago, I saw at the Permanent Exhibition, in Philadelphia, the carriage in which General Washington used to ride. You could not get a President of the United States to ride in such a funny old coach nowadays, and I doubt very much if any one would take it as a gift if they were obliged to use it. Yet it is far better looking than some of the carriages that were thought good enough for kings and queens a hundred years ago. But we cannot go very far back



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CART.

in making comparisons of carriages. Previous to the sixteenth century there were many hundreds of years when carriages were scarcely known at all in Europe.

In the old Roman days, there had been handsome chariots and wheeled vehicles of various kinds, but when Rome declined, chariots and carriages disappeared, and people either walked, or rode on horseback, or were carried by men in sedan-chairs and similar contrivances. There was a good reason for this change. The old Romans made splendid roads, but the nations that afterward ruled Europe did not know how to make good highways, or did not care about such things, and were content to ride their horses over such roads as they found. Even in England, where we might suppose the people would have known better, this was the case. The principal highways were so bad, and the mud was sometimes so deep, that even horse-

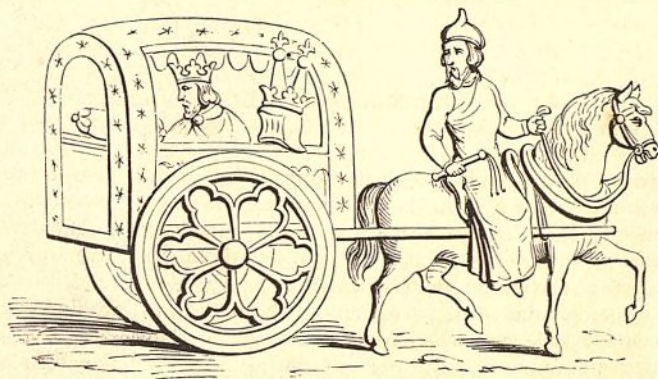
men found great difficulty in getting along. So they never thought of using wheeled vehicles on these wretched thoroughfares. But when they began to make good roads, carriages followed, as a matter of course.

The ancient Egyptians were better off in some respects than these English people, for they had chariots and carts, although some of them were pretty rough affairs. The carts were often drawn by oxen and would hold two or three people, though how comfortable the people were, I am not prepared to say.

The Roman chariot was generally occupied by but one person, for the driver had to stand up and keep his balance, no matter how fast his horses were going, and he needed all the room there was in his vehicle.

The chariot was almost always open behind, and quite low, so that it was easy to get in or out of one, but it had no springs, and if driven over any roads but very smooth and level ones, the jolting

they were merely used for pleasure they were frequently driven by ladies, who, in those days, were better able to manage a pair of horses than most of



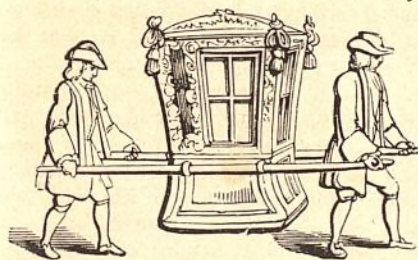
KING JOHN'S CARRIAGE.

our ladies. However, it must be remembered that if the horses became fractious and unruly, it was easy for a lady to step out of a Roman chariot and let the horses run off, and break their own necks if they chose.

I don't know how much horses cost in those days, but I know that chariots were rather expensive,—at least in Egypt, where a handsome chariot would sell for six hundred shekels, or about three hundred dollars—the price of a good buggy now.

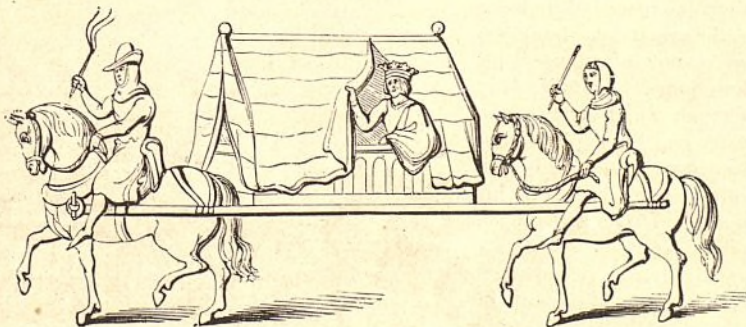
When, after the long period I have mentioned, during which wheels were seldom seen on the highways of Europe, carriages again made their appearance, they were not used by the common people. Only kings and persons of consequence, or persons who were not able to walk or ride on horseback, were expected to ride in them.

And yet they were very poor affairs, not much better than the ancient chariots, and certainly no easier to ride in. Hundreds of years before carriages were in general use in England, King John



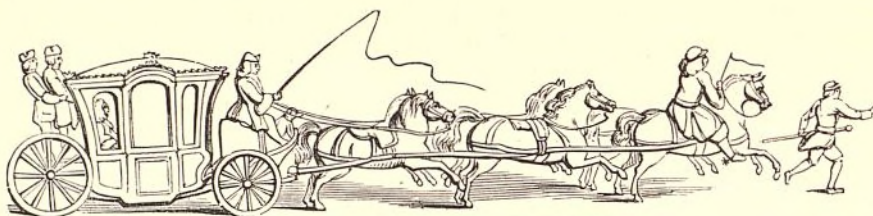
A SEDAN-CHAIR.

would be apt to shake a person up very much. But I suppose the Romans were used to this sort of thing,—or perhaps their joints were not so tender as ours,—for they would drive at full speed in their chariots of war, and it is not to be supposed that their ordinary battle-fields were very smooth. In our days, it is often hard enough to haul artillery from one place to another, during a battle, and I do not know what our dashing soldiers would say if they were required to drive, at full speed, over rough fields and stumps and stones in a low wagon without springs, and with nothing to keep them from falling out behind. But the Romans could do this, and fight splendidly, at the same time. Some of the Roman



LITTER BORNE BY HORSES INSTEAD OF MEN.

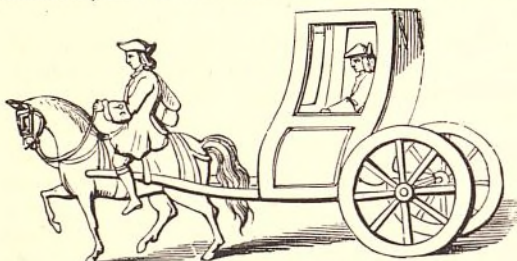
used to travel about in a heavy, two-wheeled affair, drawn by one horse, and without springs, the



SIX-HORSE COACH, WITH RUNNING FOOTMAN.

driver on the horse, and the king riding backward. Sometimes the king would take his helmet and portions of his armor along, and hang them on the sides of his carriage, but there was not much room for either company or baggage.

Some of the royal personages of the fourteenth century rode much more comfortably, for they had litters, borne by horses instead of men, and the motion was probably very pleasant. We all know that during the last two or three centuries, and almost within the memory of some



A CAB OF THE TIME OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

old people, sedan-chairs, in which two men carried a person along very easily and comfortably, were in general use in England and other parts of Europe, taking the place of the cabs of the present day. These sedans had their advantages over some vehicles of our time, for the men who carried them never ran away, as some of our horses do. But then, we have an advantage over the sedan riders for our horses never get drunk, as some of their bearers used to do.

Sedan-chairs, however, were not often used for long journeys, and if a lady was not able to travel in a carriage, her husband sometimes allowed her to ride behind him on his horse. In such cases, a pillion, or seat suitable for a lady, would be fastened behind his saddle, and in this way they could ride along very cozily and comfortably, and much more agreeably to themselves

than to the horse, I imagine, if they both happened to be fat.

After a time, we see that sedan-chairs began to give way to something better adapted to an extended trip, and in the time of William and Mary we find one-horse cabs in use. But these were very different from the cabs of the present day, although they were an improvement on most of the vehicles that we have been considering. They were made without springs, but the wheels were not directly under the body of the cab, and so much of the effect of the jolting was lost. The motion of the horse, who bore a great part of the weight of the vehicle, must have given the cab something of the ease and "springiness" of a sedan-chair borne by men. In these cabs, there was no seat for the driver, who bestrode the horse, and if the shafts rubbed his legs, he probably thought that it could not be helped, for no one had yet dreamed of making a cab with a place for the driver to sit.

This seems rather strange, for more than a hundred years before, when Queen Elizabeth took her drives abroad, she rode in a fanciful coach, with a plumed canopy and a seat in front for the driver. This would have been a very good coach—for fine weather—if it had had springs. But these were not yet in use, and good Queen Bess was really jolted as much in her handsome coach, with two fine horses and a stately driver with a great ruff around his neck, as King John used to be in his funny wagon. But there were a great many other



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COACH.

inconveniences which the queen was obliged to bear, but which would not be tolerated now by any one in moderately comfortable circumstances, and so, I suppose, she was satisfied with her jolting coach. If we all knew how badly off we were, in many respects, this would be a very unhappy world.

The queen's coach was probably intended for use only in the streets of London, where she could not drive very fast, even if she did not object to jolting, and so two horses were enough to pull her heavy vehicle slowly along; but in the coaches used for traveling purposes, four and six horses were necessary. The Duchess of Marlborough had a coach, much more roomy and convenient than that of Queen Elizabeth, although by no means so ornamental, and this was drawn by six horses. The driver sat low on a box in front, but he was not considered able to guide and manage six spirited horses, and so a postilion, or under-driver, rode one of the leaders.



COACH OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Some of these six-horse coaches, however, had as many as five attendants. There was a driver who handled the reins and a long whip; there was a rider for one of the leaders; there were two footmen to stand up behind, ready to make themselves useful when the coach should stop, and there was a running footman, with a long staff, who ran ahead of the equipage, calling to the people and wagons to



LADY ON A PILLION.

get out of the way, as his master's coach, with its six-horse team, came dashing along.

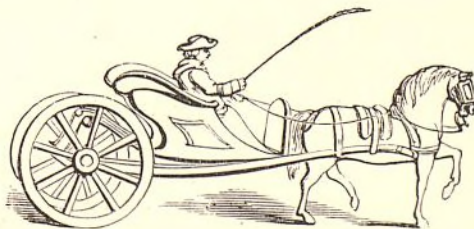
Some of these coaches or carriages were very grand, indeed, and were hung upon straps, which were the next best things to regular springs, although the body of the coach must have swung about, sometimes, in a very unpleasant manner. There were no steps to vehicles of this kind, for they were not needed, the body of the carriage being so near the ground that it was perfectly easy to step in and out. But a big stone in the middle

of the road would have been apt to give the whole affair a pretty bad bump.

And so our ancestors rode about in their heavy, awkward, springless carriages, thinking that they were very grand and fine, and that no one

need desire anything better. Even as late as 1800, the gig in common use was a very cumbersome vehicle, with the seat about half-way between the wheels and the horse. But the motion of this gig must have been tolerably easy, for great leather straps supported it from behind, and the shafts ran back to the axle-tree in such a way as to give a certain spring to the body of the vehicle. Indeed most of us would be very glad to get a ride in a gig of this kind, if we had a long way to go, and there was nothing else to ride in. And yet I am very much afraid that if we thought that we should be obliged to ride on a road or street where there were a good many people to be met, that we should choose to walk as long as our legs would carry us, rather than ride in an old-fashioned gig and be laughed at by every one who should see us.

After these gigs, and the high old family carriages, with a long set of steps which were let down when people wanted to get in or out, and the other old-fashioned vehicles, of various kinds,



GIG, USED IN 1800.

which your fathers and mothers all can remember, we came to have the light, easy-going carriages

of the present day, with elastic steel springs and large light wheels. It is in the size of the wheels that we see one of the greatest differences between our vehicles and those of earlier times. Carriage-wheels used to be made very small and heavy. The front wheels, especially, were sometimes no higher than those at present used for children's carriages. But, now, our wheels are very large and light, and those in front are nearly as big as those behind. All this is greatly to the advantage of the horses, for a carriage on large wheels rolls along much more easily than another on small ones.

It would seem as if it would be impossible to build anything more easy for a horse to pull than some of the light wagons now used for fast driving, which many horses can whirl along in less than three minutes to the mile. But it will not do to be too positive about this. Many of us may live long enough to see carriages far better than any

now in use, and, indeed, I think that in some respects we are to be pitied if we do not see better ones. Some of our high, easy-running buggies and light carriages, where two people have to sit on a seat that is but little too large for one, are nothing like so comfortable to ride in as an old-fashioned gig. And yet, neither you nor I would think of such a thing as buying a big, comfortable, leather-cushioned old gig, even if it should be warranted to be in perfect order, and our horse should assure us that he would just as soon pull it as not.

So it is with carriages, as well as with many other things. We not only think that we are far better off than our ancestors, but we believe that it would be unnecessary—or, perhaps, impossible—for those who come after us to try to improve on our possessions and contrivances. But we are probably just as much mistaken, in this respect, as were the Egyptians, and King John, and the Duchess of Marlborough.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

BY A. E. B.

THIS will be a story of what happened to the little Jones children, one summer day,—a long time ago,—when your great-grandmothers were little girls like you.

There were five little Joneses,—Peggy and Jonas, Hiram, Hetty, and little Hannah. They lived in the country, a mile from the nearest neighbor, in an out-of-the-way corner of never-mind-what County in Pennsylvania, where all people talked in Dutch.

Very early in the morning of this day I am going to tell you about, Farmer Jones got up and looked out of the window. The sun was rising, the sky was as bright and clear as it could be,—not a cloud to be seen. So he looked around at his wife, where she lay fast asleep, and said to her, all in Dutch:

"Mother! mother! see how the sun shines! such fine weather! To-morrow, we cut the hay; it will take six men."

Then he put on his boots, and went out to the barn to give the cattle their breakfasts.

Poor Mother Jones! It was hard to be waked by such news, for those few short sentences meant more than they seemed. It meant pies and cakes and bread to bake, and hams to boil, and beef to roast, and vegetables to cook,—almost enough for

a regiment, and hard work for a week. But she was a good-natured woman; so she only groaned as she hurried down-stairs to get the breakfast ready for all the little Joneses.

Very soon, the children came dancing into the kitchen, looking as clean and rosy and fat as only little country children can, and very anxious to help their mother. So Jonas and Hetty, like Jack and Jill, went down the hill to the spring, and brought back a bucket of water, while Hiram ground the coffee, and Peggy set the table. As for little Hannah,—she only danced and sang, all in Dutch.

Breakfast was soon ready, and they all sat down at the table, the children chattering as if they wanted to see who could make most noise. Father and Mother Jones sat, in silence, until, when they were almost done, Mother Jones took her knife and knocked on the side of her plate with it. Then all the little Joneses were as quiet as mice. Peggy wiped her face on her apron. So did Hetty. Jonas had a knife in one hand, and a fork in the other; he put one hand on each side of his plate, and the knife and fork stuck up straight in the air. Hiram tried to fix his so, but did n't succeed, for his fork fell down and stuck up straight in the floor. Little Hannah was so surprised at all this,

that she forgot where her mouth was, and poured a spoonful of milk into her lap.

This is what the mother said, all in Dutch :

"Children, to-day I shall be very busy, cooking and baking for the men who come to-morrow to cut the grass. Jonas, Hetty and Hiram, go down to the orchard and get early apples for pies, while Peggy washes the dishes. Then you can help her cut the apples for pies. When you have done all, you may take your dinner down to the wood, by the creek, and stay all day. Take a piece of the muslin I wove last winter with you, and spread it on the grass, in the sun. Get water from the creek, and keep it wet, so it will bleach. Be good children; mind, Peggy, and don't let Hannah go near the water."

When Mother Jones had finished this long speech,—which was n't quite so long in Dutch as it is in English,—all the little Joneses shouted with delight, and ran off to do as they were bid, while the mother packed some dinner for them in a big basket. Hetty and Hiram carried it, and Peggy and Jonas took the muslin. Hannah's attention was completely occupied by her pet,—a lame duck,—that she always took with her; but, as she generally carried it upside-down, it struggled, and squeaked and squawked most dolefully.

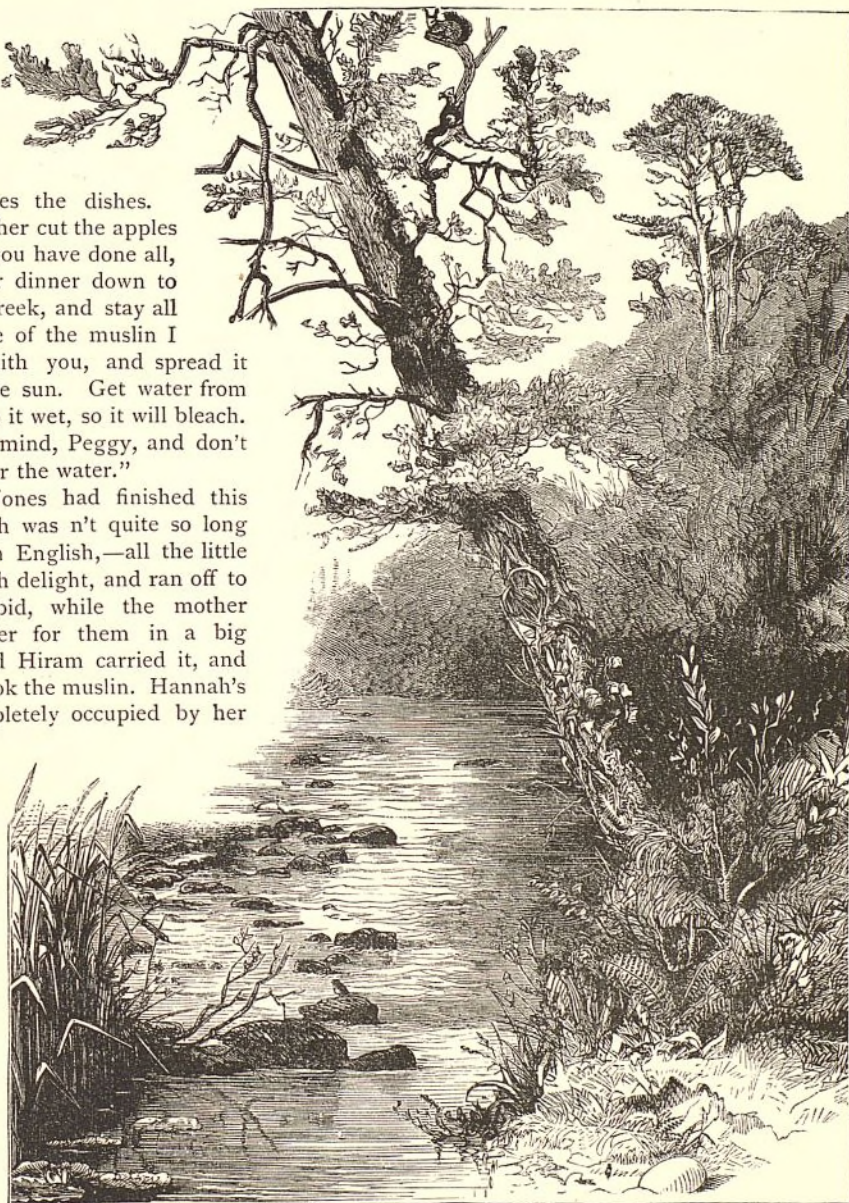
When they arrived at the creek,—which they did without any accident, except that Hiram and Hetty let the basket fall two or three times,—they spread out the muslin on the grass, bringing water from the stream to wet it, as they had been directed. Such hard work made them hungry.

"Yes," said Jonas; "yes, I could eat Hannah's duck, even."

Fortunately, Peggy had the dinner unpacked,

and ready for them, very much to Hannah's relief.

"Now, let's play mother," said Peggy, as they sat down on the grass.



THE CREEK.

"Yes," said Jonas. He always began with "yes," even when he meant to say no. "Yes, I'm mother, and you're father; no, you're father and I'm mother, and—oh, I'll tell you! Let's do like some people I saw when I went to town

along with father. This is the way! You must fill your tin-cups,—only pretend they 're glass,—and ——”

“I know,” interrupted Hiram, a quiet little fellow, too shy to talk much,—“I know. I'm going

the creek. Hetty followed, to comfort him, as fast as her fat little legs would carry her; and Hannah, not enjoying the jokes of Peggy and Jonas, soon danced off to try the others' company, still carrying her dear duck. When she got to the bank, the

children had already waded out to the middle of the creek, Hetty patiently holding one cup while Hiram dipped up water in the other, hoping to find a fish in it. Hannah stood watching them for a while thinking how nice it looked, but not daring to go to them until her duck succeeded in getting out of her arms, and flew into the water; then she started right after it. The water felt pretty cold, at first, and she was a little frightened, but that soon wore off, and was n't she enjoying it! And getting so wet! Until just in the midst of her fun Peggy and Jonas arrived at the creek. Hetty and Hiram happening to spy Hannah at the same instant, they all four set up a yell—enough to frighten an Indian who was used to it, and much more a little Dutch girl who had never heard quite so bad a sound before. It made her jump so that she immediately put her feet where her head had been—not purposely, of course; then the



AT THEIR DINNER.

to fill my cup with water, and catch a little fish in it.”

“Yes,” said Jonas, “and then some day you'll drink the fish, and it'll grow bigger and bigger inside of you, till you can't walk, and then how'll you feel?”

“I'm going to let Hiram drink out of my cup, and then he can catch two fishes, if he wants to,” said Hetty; “and then he'll give me one; wont you, Hiram?”

But Hiram was too busy, eating his dinner, and thinking over the alarming prospect before him, to answer just then.

“Squire Keiser's awful fat!” he said, after a while. “Peggy, do you believe he's got a fish inside o' him?”

Peggy and Jonas laughed so loud and so long at this, that Hiram seized his tin cup, and ran off to

Jones children gave a louder scream than the first, and there re-appeared a very sad little face, with water streaming from the hair and eyes in torrents.

“Peggy,” said Jonas, as he kicked off his boots, “—yes, and wont we catch it when mother finds this out!”

Then he waded out and brought the little girl to shore, all dripping wet from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot.

The children looked at her in dismay.

“What shall we do?” they said.

But Peggy was a motherly, quick-witted girl, and almost before Hannah knew what they were about, the wet clothes were off and spread on the grass to dry, and she was dressed in Peggy's big apron and a sun-bonnet with a cape that came down to her waist. She looked very funny, and they all laughed very much, and then—tired out—poor

Hannah was glad to curl herself up in Peggy's lap, like a kitten, and sleep till her clothes were dry.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows of the trees grew very long, and Peggy said it was time for Jonas to go after the cows, and for the rest to go home, Hetty went to Hannah, and turned her around several times, as if inspecting her from all possible points.

"Peggy," she said thoughtfully—"Peggy, I don't think it shows much; she don't look as if she 'd been very wet."

"N-n-o-o," Peggy answered doubtfully.

"Yes," said Jonas. "No, she don't. That 's what I think."

"Well," continued Hetty, "we need n't worry mother about it, this time. She 'll be so tired."

So they all thought, excepting Hiram; and he did not like to say anything for fear Jonas would laugh at him. He wanted to see what his mother would do. If he told her suddenly, it would frighten her and make her jump, and he wanted to see her jump. He thought about it all the way going

home, and by the time he reached the house the temptation was very great, but still he didn't really intend to tell her. He went round to the kitchen door, just to see what she was doing. He looked at her as she stood at the table, her back toward him, cutting bread for supper. What a good chance to make her jump!

"Mother," he said, speaking very fast—"mother, what you think? What *do* you think? Why, Hannah! Why she fell into the creek!"

And she did jump. Poor Hiram! he did n't know what trouble he was bringing on himself till he saw her face. It was n't hard to guess then.

Poor Mother Jones, too! She was so tired, after her hard day's work, and then to hear that the children had disobeyed her—it was too bad!

So, when the supper was over, she went upstairs and got a slipper that she kept for solemn occasions, and then—like "the old woman who lived in a shoe"—she whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Was n't it sad?

OFF FOR BOY-LAND.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

Ho! All aboard! A traveler
Sets sail from Baby-land!
Before my eyes there comes a blur,
But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, *bon voyage!* God only knows
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh, tell me, have ye heard of him?
He wore a sailor's hat
All silver-corded round the brim,
And—stranger e'en than that—
A wondrous suit of navy-blue,
With pockets deep and wide;
Oh, tell me, sailors, tell me true,
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;
'T was but this very morn,
He doffed his dainty 'broidered blouse,
With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
From off his sunny brow;
They fretted him—"so like a girl's!
Mamma can have them now."

He owned a brand-new pocket-book,
But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took;
What did he leave behind?
A heap of blocks with letters gay,
And here and there a toy;
I can not pick them up to-day,
My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At Boyhood's town
Cast anchor strong and deep!
What! tears upon this little gown -
Left for mamma to keep?
Weep not, but smile; for through the air
A merry message rings:—
"Just sell it to the rag-man there!
I've done with baby things!"

A QUEEN.



WHERE goes our little Mary,
 Her blue eyes so serene?
 So happy is she with herself
 She 's playing she 's a queen.
 She has a supple willow wand,
 And to the end is tied
 A meadow-lily, golden-hued,
 That waves in gentle pride.
 With such a scepter could a queen
 Need anything beside?

'T is quite enough for Mary;
 She asks not e'en a crown,
 As singing, talking to herself,
 She wanders slowly down
 Where many yellow lilies grow
 Beside the brooklet brown.

The saucy brook pays her no heed;
 The breeze blows careless, free;
 None seeks to kiss the scepter fair
 Save one bewildered bee;
 Only the gentle lilies bow
 At little Mary's knee;
 But there 's no queen in all the world
 More satisfied than she.

Till, coming to the old stone-wall—
 " 'T is somewhere here," she cries,
 " John thinks the turkey hides her nest;
 If I should find the prize!"
 Both little hands must grasp the stones
 To help her scramble o'er;
 The scepter bright falls in the grass,
 Forgotten evermore.

GRETELEIN AND HER QUEER STOVE.

BY ROSAMOND DALE OWEN.

FAR off, over the blue waters, there is a queer little house, in a queer little German town. In this house there is a very strange tall stove; a stove nearly as high as a man, made of white porcelain, girdled with bands of brass which shine like burnished gold when the stream of eastern sunshine gleams through the small-paned window.

In this house there lives a large family of children, with a dear father and mother to watch over them,—Gretlein, Marie, Fritz, and baby Lisette. Gretlein was an odd young girl, with great, wide blue eyes, and two little yellow plaits of hair hanging straight down her back and tied with blue ribbons.

One day, Gretlein was left alone in the family room, where the porcelain stove was. She looked cautiously around to see that nobody was peeping through the windows, then she crept softly on tip-toe to the stove and suddenly opened a little door in the upper part and peered into a sort of little oven. It was all of white porcelain, and looked like a cunning little white room. Many times before had Gretlein crept up to this stove and peered into her fairy house, as she called it; but it was always empty and silent as now. So Gretlein turned away with a sigh, her blue eyes wider and more wistful than ever.

The next evening, when it was almost dusk, Gretlein sat on a little wooden chair close to the window, trying to finish a pair of woolen socks for the dear father's birthday. No one else was in the room, and Gretlein often turned toward the tall stove, standing like a ghost in the pale light. It was growing too dark to see, the busy click of her needles stopped, and Gretlein leaned back in her chair to rest. Suddenly a soft noise attracted her notice; it sounded like the whirring of many wings. Quickly she stole across the floor, crept up to the stove, and with a quick motion opened the little porcelain door. What a strange sight met Gretlein's gaze!—a sight which made her eyes open wider than ever before, and her breath came thick and fast through her startled lips. There, in the silent white chamber, thronged a restless mass of little people, each no bigger than her finger. Before Gretlein could recover, the tallest and hand-somest of these little elves fluttered through the open door, alighting upon Gretlein's shoulder.

"Well, Gretlein," shrilled the little man, "you have found us at last."

She started so violently as the little elf spoke,

that he nearly lost his balance, and clutched at her dress to keep from falling.

She was dreadfully frightened, and was on the point of running away; she did wish some one would come in; she thought she would never go near this dreadful stove again. How could she have been so foolish as to watch for fairies, and to wish that she could see them!

"You are afraid of us," squeaked the little man. "You foolish child, don't you know we lived in this house and this stove long before you were born,—before your mother and father were born?"

"How could you live so long and not grow a bit?" ventured Gretlein, under her breath.

"We had something else to do,—we have to make everybody else grow; we are your household elves; we work, oh, how hard we do work over you, even at night; we have to rack our poor brains to supply you with dreams; you are such an unreasonable set, you mortals, that you have to be amused even when you are asleep! Here, Dreams, wake up! It is almost night, time to begin work."

Two drowsy little elves rolled from an obscure corner, and sat up rubbing their eyes; one was a dreamy-faced, fair-haired little fellow, the other looked in a surly way from under a pair of black brows. He had a strange, white, terrified look, and crept timidly behind his brother.

"These," said the elf-king, "are Dream and Nightmare, starting out on their night's work."

Gretlein was next attracted to a lively group in a corner. Foremost among them stood the queerest little man, with such a comical twist to his mouth, and black merry eyes, that Gretlein laughed in spite of herself.

"That," said the elf-king, "is Jokes, and that little chap next to him is Laughter, and after Dream and Nightmare are through with you, before your eyes are fairly opened, Jokes jumps into your ear, and Laughter perches himself in the corners of your mouth, and such a whisk as he gives it. The little fellow hiding behind there, looking rather ashamed, is Mischief. But sometimes that scowling group in the other corner get ahead of this one. That little imp no bigger than your thumb-nail is Cross-patch. He is dreadfully troublesome and hard to get rid of, when he once fastens on you."

"He fastened on Marie, yesterday," said Gretlein, "and I ought not to have blamed her so."

much, for after all it was not her fault, but that little imp's."

"Hoity, toity! not so fast, little maiden; if Marie had resolved that Cross-patch should leave,

tinued, "is a set that are hard to get rid of when once they take hold. That is Jealousy, and that Envy; that miserable starveling is Selfishness, and that horrid toad is Gluttony."



GRETELEIN AND THE ELF-KING.

Cross-patch would have had to go. None of my elves ever stay where they are not wanted. Some are more easily frightened off than others. The uglier the imps are the tighter they hold, but the worst of them can be shaken off. There," he con-

Gretel shrank in dismay from these wretched little elves, and wondered how anybody could allow them to fasten on them. Suddenly Gretel's attention was arrested by a radiant little elf floating above all the others.

"Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful he is! Why," said Gretelein, "my dear mother looks like him, when she bends to kiss me good-night."

"That," said the elf-king, "is Love. He stays nearly all the time with the dear mother; he strokes her soft cheeks and smooths her brow; he looks deep into her tender eyes until they shine so blue; he holds her gentle hands and passes them over Gretelein's eyes when she is sick."

"And the dear little angel who goes hand in hand with Love?"

"He," said the elf-king, "is called Faith."

"And those glorious ones?" asked breathless Gretelein.

"They are Peace and Joy."

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Gretelein, "how I do love them! Will they stay with me, too, these four beautiful ones?" She stretched her arms with a cry of entreaty and—woke with a great start.

The supper-bell was ringing, Marie and Fritz were standing in front of her laughing heartily, and the mother with baby Lisette in her arms was smiling down at her.

Gretelein rubbed her eyes, then, suddenly remembering the fairies, she ran to the stove and looked in. There was nothing there.

"Oh, they have gone! they have gone!" said Gretelein, the tears in her eyes.

"You have been dreaming," said the mother.

"Let us go to supper; after that, you can tell us your dream."

Gretelein almost choked over the first mouthfuls, she was so sorry to find it was not really true.

"Do tell us about it," said Marie.

"Do, Gretelein," said Fritz. "What did you expect to find in the stove?"

Gretelein was a brave girl, so she suppressed her own sorrow and told her dream.

While they were talking, Gretelein sat in a brown study. She presently looked up with a smile.

"It was true, after all," said Gretelein.

"True!" exclaimed Fritz. "Do you take me for a dunce? You always were a silly thing that believed in ghosts and fairies. Girls have n't a bit of sense!"

"There is one of them this moment, he is hanging in the corners of your mouth and wrinkling up your nose," said Gretelein.

Fritz involuntarily put up his hand.

"Pooh! what nonsense!"

"And little Cross-patch was on the point of making ugly frowns on my forehead only I asked him very politely to go away."

The mother smiled down at Gretelein.

"There, there," said Gretelein, "is that lovely little angel fairy looking from mother's eyes. Don't you see him, children? I am glad I had that dream," whispered Gretelein, nestling close to her mother, "even if it is n't really true."



SO WISE.

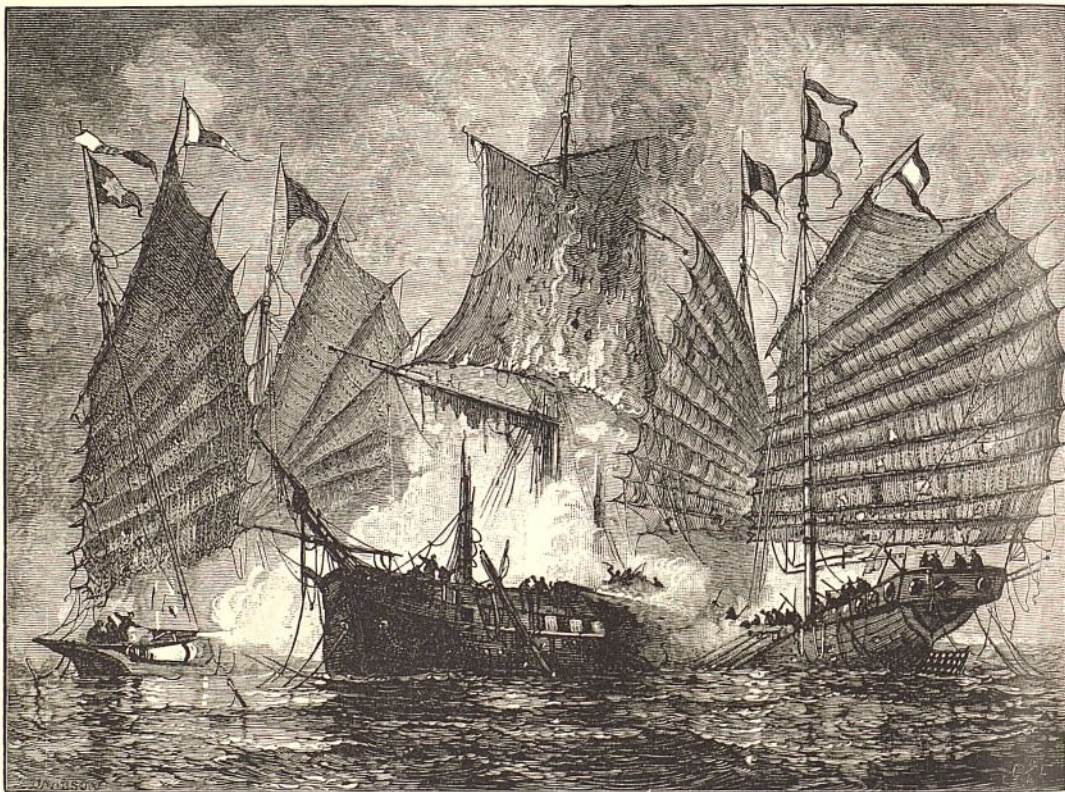
A FAIRY sat on a rose-leaf edge—
 "The children have grown so wise,
 One need n't hide in a rose's heart
 For fear of questioning eyes,
 Nor shake the gold-dust out of one's hair,
 Lest a sunbeam show it unaware.
 One may tilt and sway in the gold-green grass,
 One may wander fairy-free,
 For, of course, if the children don't believe,
 They will never look to see."

PIRATES OF THE CHINESE COAST.

By J. O. D.

OF all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and vigilance the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is

at night-fall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view, the scene changes as if by magic; deck loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds, and cannon take their place; the crews are marvelously re-enforced by men who have



seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale, but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery and skill, that if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune, for those who watch and wait for the ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port forever, and are eventually placed among the "missing." How many of these are captured and destroyed on the China coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tale."

The quaint junks that leave the Chinese ports

been hidden below, and the former lazy coasters glide swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails but by long and powerful oars.

The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to the deck. Her crew may defend themselves as well as they can, but they are outnumbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jingals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall; the defense grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board, and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy

hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is bored under the water-line of the captured ship, and as the pirates sail away, the scuttled vessel slowly sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting her name is placed on the list of "missing."

The pirate coasters repair their damages, send the guns below, divide the booty and disperse. If the battle has been heard by a cruiser, she hastens in its direction and meets with two or three easy-going traders who are apparently unconscious of any such thing as piracy near them. If any sign of the conflict remains about them, and an explanation is required, some plausible story is always ready in which they are represented as the real sufferers. Complaints against all robbers are intermixed with cunningly invented directions to the man-of-war, which is soon in hot chase of an imaginary foe.

If caught, these pirates meet with prompt punishment, which is always death. Knowing this,

they will fight fiercely, if discovered by a man-of-war while attacking a vessel, and many instances are recorded where all the members of a pirate crew have destroyed themselves in preference to an ignominious death which they knew they would meet if captured.

A voyager on the waters of the East often finds it difficult, when he sees the Chinese trading vessels sailing peacefully around him, with their gay streamers and picturesque sails, and their gongs sounding a salute as his vessel passes them, to imagine that many of them are pirates, and that if a suitable opportunity were offered them to make an attack, the vessel he is on would never see port again. But if he should happen to imagine such a thing, his fears would probably be well founded, for the records of the Chinese coast service are filled with accounts of vessels which have been attacked and destroyed by pirates that were cruising about in the guise of just such harmless-looking traders as he sees about him.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRIP OF THE TUG.

THE tug-boat was a little thing, and not very clean; but she was strong and sea-worthy, we were told, and therefore we were satisfied. There was a small deck aft, on which Corny and Rectus and I sat, with Celia, the colored woman; and there were some dingy little sleeping-places, which were given up for our benefit. The captain of the tug was a white man, but all the rest, engineer, fireman and hands—there were five or six in all—were negroes.

We steamed down the Savannah River in pretty good style, but I was glad when we got out of it, for I was tired of that river. Our plan was to go down the coast and try to find tidings of the boats. They might have reached land at points where the revenue cutters would never have heard from them. When we got out to sea, the water was quite smooth, although there was a swell that rolled us a great deal. The captain said that if it had been rough he would not have come out at all. This sounded rather badly for us, because he might give up the search, if a little storm came on. And besides, if he was afraid of high waves in his tug, what chance could those boats have had?

Toward noon, we got into water that was quite smooth, and we could see land on the ocean side of us. I could n't understand this, and went to ask the captain about it. He said it was all right, we were going to take the inside passage, which is formed by the islands that lie along nearly all the coast of Georgia. The strips of sea-water between these islands and the mainland make a smooth and convenient passage for the smaller vessels that sail or steam along this coast. Indeed, some quite good-sized steamers go this way, he said.

I objected, pretty strongly, to our taking this passage, because, I said, we could never hear anything of the boats while we were in here. But he was positive that if they had managed to land on the outside of any of these islands we could hear of them better from the inside than from the ocean side. And besides, we could get along a great deal better inside. He seemed to think more of that than anything else.

We had a pretty dull time on that tug. There was n't a great deal of talking, but there was lots of thinking, and not a very pleasant kind of thinking either. We stopped quite often and hailed small boats, and the captain talked to people whenever he had a chance, but he never heard any-

thing about any boats having run ashore on any of the islands, or having come into the inside passage, between any of them. We met a few sailing vessels, and toward the close of the afternoon we met a big steamer, something like northern river steamers. The captain said she ran between the St. John's River and Savannah and always took the inside passage as far as she could. He said this as if it showed him to be in the right in taking the same passage, but I could n't see that it proved anything. We were on a different business.

About nine o'clock we went to bed, the captain promising to call us if anything turned up. But I could n't sleep well—my bunk was too close and hot, and so I pretty soon got up and went up to the pilot house, where I found the captain. He and one of the hands were hard at work putting the boat around.

"Hello!" said he. "I thought you were sound asleep."

"Hello!" said I. "What are you turning round for?"

It was bright starlight, and I could see that we were making a complete circuit in the smooth water.

"Well," said he, "we're going back."

"Back!" I cried. "What's the meaning of that? We have n't made half a search. I don't believe we've gone a hundred miles. We want to search the whole coast, I tell you, to the lower end of Florida."

"You can't do it in this boat," he said; "she's too small."

"Why did n't you say so when we took her?"

"Well, there was n't any other, in the first place, and besides it would n't be no good to go no further. It's more 'n four days now since them boats set out. There's no chance fur anybody on 'em to be livin'."

"That's not for you to decide," I said, and I was very angry. "We want to find our friends dead or alive, or find some news of them, and we want to cruise until we know there's no further chance of doing so."

"Well," said he, ringing the bell to go ahead, sharp, "I'm not decidin' anything. I had my orders. I was to be gone twenty-four hours; an' it'll be more 'n that by the time I get back."

"Who gave you those orders?"

"Parker and Darrell," said he.

"Then this is all a swindle," I cried. "And we've been cheated into taking this trip for nothing at all!"

"No, it is n't a swindle," he answered, rather warmly. "They told me all about it. They knew, an' I knew, that it was n't no use to go looking for two boats that had been lowered in a

big storm four days ago, 'way down on the Florida coast. But they could see that this here girl would never give in till she 'd had a chance of doin' what she thought she was called on to do, and so they agreed to give it to her. But they told me on no account to keep her out more 'n twenty-four hours. That would be long enough to satisfy her an' longer than that would n't be right. I tell you they know what they're about."

"Well, it wont be enough to satisfy her," I said, and then I went down to the little deck. I could n't make the man turn back. I thought the tug had been hired to go wherever we chose to take her, but I had been mistaken. I felt that we had been deceived; but there was no use in saying anything more on the subject until we reached the city.

I did not wake Rectus to tell him the news. It would not do any good, and I was afraid Corny might hear us. I wanted her to sleep as long as she could, and, indeed, I dreaded the moment when she should awake, and find that all had been given up.

We steamed along very fast now. There was no stopping anywhere. I sat on the deck and thought a little, and dozed a little; and by the time it was morning, I found we were in the Savannah River. I now hated this river worse than ever.

Everything was quiet on the water, and everything, except the engine, was just as quiet on the tug. Rectus and Corny and Celia were still asleep, and nobody else seemed stirring, though, of course, some of the men were at their posts. I don't think the captain wanted to be about when Corny came out on deck, and found that we had given up the search. I intended to be with her when she first learned this terrible fact, which I knew would put an end to all hope in her heart; but I was in no hurry for her to wake up. I very much hoped she would sleep until we reached the city, and then we could take her directly to her kind friends.

And she did sleep until we reached the city. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, I think, when we began to steam slowly by the wharves and piers. I now wished the city were twenty miles further on. I knew that when we stopped I should have to wake up poor Corny.

The city looked doleful. Although it was not very early in the morning, there were very few people about. Some men could be seen on the decks of the vessels at the wharves, and a big steamer for one of the northern ports was getting up steam. I could not help thinking how happy the people must be who were going away in her. On one of the piers near where we were going to stop—we were coming in now—were a few darkey

boys sitting on a wharf-log, and dangling their bare feet over the water. I wondered how they dared laugh and be so jolly. In a few minutes Corny must be wakened. On a post, near these boys, a lounge sat fishing with a long pole,—actually fishing away as if there were no sorrows and deaths, or shipwrecked and broken-hearted people in the world. I was particularly angry at this man—and I was so nervous, that all sorts of things made me angry—because he was old enough to know better, and because he looked like such a fool. He had on green trousers, dirty canvas shoes and no stockings, a striped linen coat, and an old straw hat, which lopped down over his nose. One of the men called to him to catch the line which he was about to throw on the wharf, but he paid no attention, and a negro boy came and caught the line. The man actually had a bite, and could n't take his eyes from his cork. I wished the line had hit him and knocked him off the post.

The tide was high, and the tug was not much below the wharf when we hauled up. Just as we touched the pier, the man, who was a little astern of us, caught his fish. He jerked it up, and jumped off his post, and, as he looked up in delight at his little fish, which was swinging in the air, I saw he was Mr. Chipperton!

I made one dash for Corny's little cubby-hole. I banged at the door. I shouted:

"Corny! Here's your father!"

She was out in an instant. She had slept in her clothes. She had no bonnet on. She ran out on deck, and looked about, dazed. The sight of the wharves and the ships seemed to stun her.

"Where?" she cried.

I took her by the arm and pointed out her father, who still stood holding the fishing-pole in one hand, while endeavoring to clutch the swinging fish with the other.

The plank had just been thrown out from the little deck. Corny made one bound. I think she struck the plank in the middle, like an India rubber ball, and then she was on the wharf; and before he could bring his eyes down to the earth, her arms were around her father's neck, and she was wildly kissing and hugging him.

Mr. Chipperton was considerably startled, but when he saw who it was who had him, he threw his arms around Corny, and hugged and kissed her as if he had gone mad.

Rectus was out by this time, and as he and I stood on the tug we could not help laughing, although we were so happy that we could have cried. There stood that ridiculous figure, Mr. Chipperton, in his short green trousers, and his thin striped coat, with his arms around his

daughter, and the fishing-pole tightly clasped to her back, while the poor little fish dangled and bobbed at every fresh hug.

Everybody on board was looking at them, and one of the little black boys, who did n't appear to appreciate sentiment, made a dash for the fish, unhooked it, and put like a good fellow. This rather broke the spell that was on us all, and Rectus and I ran on shore.

We did not ask any questions, we were too glad to see him. After he had put Corny on one side, and had shaken our hands wildly with his left hand, for his right still held the pole, and had tried to talk and found he could n't, we called a carriage that had just come up, and hustled him and Corny into it. I took the pole from his hand, and asked him where he would go to. He called out the name of the hotel where we were staying, and I shut the door, and sent them off. I did not ask a word about Corny's mother, for I knew Mr. Chipperton would not be sitting on a post and fishing if his wife was dead.

I threw the pole and line away, and then Rectus and I walked up to the hotel. We forgot all about Celia, who was left to go home when she chose.

It was some hours before we saw the Chippertons, and then we were called into their room, where there was a talking and a telling things, such as I never heard before.

It was some time before I could get Mr. and Mrs. Chipperton's story straight, but this was about the amount of it: They were picked up sooner than we were—just after day-break. When they left the ship, they rowed as hard as they could, for several hours, and so got a good distance from us. It was well they met with a vessel as soon as they did, for all the women who had been on the steamer were in this boat, and they had a hard time of it. The water dashed over them very often, and Mr. Chipperton thought that some of them could not have held out much longer (I wondered what they would have done on our raft).

The vessel that picked them up was a coasting schooner bound to one of the Florida Keys, and she would n't put back with them, for she was under some sort of a contract, and kept right straight on her way. When they got down there, they chartered a vessel which brought them up to Fernandina, where they took the steamer for Savannah. They were on the very steamer we passed in the inside passage. If we had only known that!

They telegraphed the moment they reached Fernandina, and proposed stopping at St. Augustine, but it was thought they could make better time by keeping right on to Fernandina. The

telegram reached Savannah after we had left on the tug.

Mr. Chipperton said he got his fancy clothes on board the schooner. He bought them of a man—a passenger, I believe—who had an extra suit.

"I think," said Mr. Chipperton, "he was the only man on that mean little vessel who had two suits of clothes. I don't know whether these were his week-day or his Sunday clothes. As for my own, they were so wet that I took them off the moment I got on board the schooner, and I never saw them again. I don't know what became of them, and, to tell the truth, I have n't thought of 'em. I was too glad to get started for Savannah, where I knew we 'd meet Corny, if she was alive. You see, I trusted in you boys."

Just here, Mrs. Chipperton kissed us both again. This made several times that she had done it. We did n't care so much, as there was no one there but ourselves and the Chippertons.

"When we got here and found you had gone to look for us, I wanted to get another tug and go right after you, but my wife was a good deal



"'WELL,' SAID HE, 'WE 'RE GOING BACK.'"

shaken up, and I did not want to leave her; and Parker and Darrell said they had given positive orders to have you brought back this morning, so I waited. I was only too glad to know you were

all safe. I got up early in the morning, and went down to watch for you. You must have been surprised to see me fishing, but I had nothing else to do, and so I hired a pole and line of a boy. It helped very much to pass the time away."

"Yes," said Rectus, "you did n't notice us at all, you were so much interested."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Chipperton, "I had a bite just at that minute; and, besides, I really did not look for you on such a little boat. I had an idea you would come on something more respectable than that."

"As if we should ever think of respectability at such a time!" said Mrs. Chipperton, with tears in her eyes.

"As for you boys," said Mr. Chipperton, getting up and taking us each by the hand, "I don't know what to say to you."

I thought, for my part, that they had all said enough already. They had praised and thanked us for things we had never thought of.

"I almost wish you were orphans," he continued, "so that I might adopt you. But a boy can't have more than one father. However, I tell you! a boy can have as many uncles as he pleases. I'll be an uncle to each of you as long as I live. Ever after this call me Uncle Chipperton. Do you hear that?"

We heard, and said we 'd do it.

Soon after this, lots of people came in, and the whole thing was gone over again and again. I am sorry to say that, at one or two places in the story, Mrs. Chipperton kissed us both again.

Before we went down to dinner, I asked Uncle Chipperton how his lung had stood it, through all this exposure.

"Oh, bother the lung!" he said. "I tell you, boys, I've lost faith in that lung,—at least, in there being anything the matter with it. I shall travel for it no more."

CHAPTER XXII.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"WE have made up our minds," said Uncle Chipperton, that afternoon, "to go home and settle down, and let Corny go to school. I hate to send her away from us, but it will be for her good. But that won't be until next fall. We'll keep her until then. And now, I'll tell you what I think we 'd all better do. It's too soon to go North yet. No one should go from the soft climate of the semi-tropics to the Northern or Middle States until mild weather has fairly set in there. And that will not happen for a month yet."

"Now, this is my plan. Let us all take a leisurely trip homeward by the way of Mobile, and New

Orleans and the Mississippi River. This will be just the season, and we shall be just the party. What do you say?"

Everybody, but me, said it would be splendid. I had exactly the same idea about it, but I did n't say so, for there was no use in it. I could n't go on a trip like that. I had been counting up my money that morning and found I would have to shave pretty closely to get home by rail,—and I wanted, very much, to go that way—although it would be cheaper to return by sea,—for I had a great desire to go through North and South Carolina and Virginia, and see Washington. It would have seemed like a shame to go back by sea, and miss all this. But, as I said, I had barely enough money for this trip, and to make it I must start the next day. And there was no use writing home for money. I knew there was none there to spare, and I would n't have asked for it if there had been. If there was any traveling money, some of the others ought to have it. I had had my share.

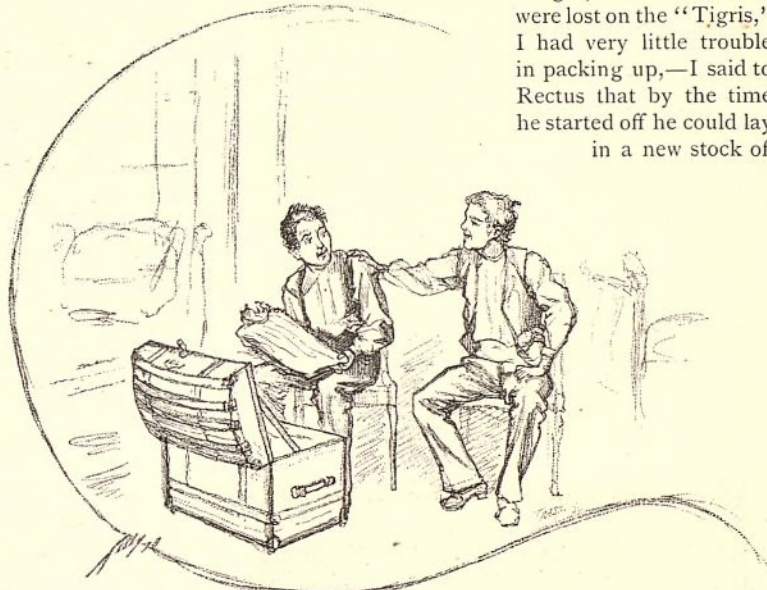
It was very different with Rectus and the Chippertons. They could afford to take this trip, and there was no reason why they should n't take it.

When I told them this, Uncle Chipperton flashed up in a minute, and said that that was all stuff and nonsense,—the trip should n't cost me a cent. What was the sense, he said, of thinking of a few dollars when such pleasure was in view? He would see that I had no money-troubles, and if that was all, I could go just as well as not. Did n't he owe me thousands of dollars?

All this was very kind, but it did n't suit me. I knew that he did not owe me a cent, for if I had done anything for him, I made no charge for it. And even if I had been willing to let him pay my expenses,—which I was n't,—my father would never have listened to it.

So I thanked him, but told him the thing could n't be worked in that way and I said it over and over again, until, at last, he believed it. Then he offered to lend me the money necessary, but this offer I had to decline, too. As I had no way of paying it back, I might as well have taken it as

a gift. There was n't anything he could offer after this, except to get me a free pass; and as he had no way of doing that, he gave up the job, and we all went down to supper. That evening, as I was putting a few things into a small valise which I had bought,—as our trunks were lost on the "Tigris," I had very little trouble in packing up,—I said to Rectus that by the time he started off he could lay in a new stock of



"YOU 'RE A REGULAR YOUNG TRUMP!"

clothes. I had made out our accounts, and had his money ready to hand over to him, but I knew that his father had arranged for him to draw on a Savannah bank, both for the tug-boat money and for money for himself. I think that Mr. Colbert would have authorized me to do this drawing, if Rectus had not taken the matter into his own hands when he telegraphed. But it did n't matter, and there was n't any tug-boat money to pay, any way, for Uncle Chipperton paid that. He said it had all been done for his daughter, and he put his foot down hard, and would n't let Rectus hand over a cent.

"I wont have any more time than you will have," replied Rectus, "for I'm going to-morrow."

"I did n't suppose they'd start so soon," I said. "I'm sure there's no need of any hurry."

"I'm not going with them," said Rectus, putting a lonely shirt into a trunk that he had bought. "I'm going home with you."

I was so surprised at this that I just stared at him.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean?" said he. "Why, just what I say. Do you suppose I'd go off with them, and let you straggle up home by yourself? Not any for me, thank you. And besides, I thought you were to

take charge of me. How would you look going back and saying you'd turned me over to another party?"

"You thought I was to take charge of you, did you?" I cried. "Well, you're a long time saying so. You never admitted that before."

"I had better sense than that," said Rectus, with a grin. "But I don't mind saying so, now, as we're pretty near through with our travels. But father told me expressly that I was to consider myself in your charge."

"You young rascal!" said I. "And he thought that you understood it so well that there was no need of saying much to me about it. All that he said expressly to me was about taking care of your money. But I tell you what it is, Rectus, you're a regular young trump to give up that trip, and go along with me."

And I gave him a good slap on the back.

He winced at this, and let drive a pillow at me, so hard that he nearly knocked me over a chair.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we went to bid the Chippertons good-bye. We intended to walk to the dépôt, and so wanted to start early. I was now cutting down all extra expenses.

"Ready so soon!" cried Uncle Chipperton, appearing at the door of his room. "Why, we have n't had our breakfast yet."

"We have to make an early start, if we go by the morning train," said I, "and we wanted to see you all before we started."

"Glad to see you at any hour of the night or day,—always very glad to see you; but I think we had better be getting our breakfast, if the train goes so early."

"Are you going to start to-day?" I asked, in surprise.

"Certainly," said he. "Why should n't we? I bought a new suit of clothes, yesterday, and my wife and Corny look well enough for traveling purposes. We can start as well as not, and I'd go in my green trousers if I had n't any others. My dear," he said, looking into the room, "you and Corny must come right down to breakfast."

"But perhaps you need not hurry," I said. "I don't know when the train for Mobile starts."

"Mobile!" he cried. "Who's going to Mobile? Do you suppose that *we* are? Not a bit of it. When I proposed that trip, I did n't propose it for Mrs. Chipperton, or Corny, or myself, or you, or Rectus, or Tom, or Dick, or Harry. I proposed it for all of us. If all of us cannot go, none of us can. If you must go north this morning, so must we. We've nothing to pack, and that's a comfort. Nine o'clock, did you say? You may go on to the dépôt, if you like, and we'll

eat our breakfasts, take a carriage, and be there in time."

They were there in time, and we all went north together.

We had a jolly trip. We saw Charleston, and Richmond, and Washington, and Baltimore, and Philadelphia; and at last we saw Jersey City, and our folks waiting for us in the great dépôt of the Pennsylvania railroad.

When I saw my father and mother and my sister Helen standing there on the stone foot-walk as the cars rolled in, I was amazed. I had n't expected them. It was all right enough for Rectus to expect his father and mother, for they lived in New York, but I had supposed that I should meet my folks at the station in Willisville. But it was a capital idea in them to come to New York. They said they could n't wait at home, and besides, they wanted to see and know the Chippertons, for we all seemed so bound together, now.

Well, it was n't hard to know the Chippertons. Before we reached the hotel where my folks were staying, and where we all went to take luncheon together, any one would have thought that Uncle Chipperton was really a born brother to father and old Mr. Colbert. How he did talk! How everybody talked! Except Helen. She just sat and listened and looked at Corny—a girl who had been shipwrecked, and had been on a little raft in the midst of the stormy billows. My mother and the two other ladies cried a good deal, but it was a sunshiny sort of crying, and would n't have happened so often, I think, if Mrs. Chipperton had not been so ready to lead off.

After luncheon we sat for two or three hours in one of the parlors and talked, and talked, and talked. It was a sort of family congress. Everybody told everybody else what he or she was going to do, and took information of the same kind in trade. I was to go to college in the fall, but as that had been pretty much settled long ago, it could n't be considered as news. I looked well enough, my father said, to do all the hard studying that was needed; and the Professor was anxiously waiting to put me through a course of training for the happy lot of Freshman.

"But he's not going to begin his studies as soon as he gets home," said my mother. "We're going to have him to ourselves for a while." And I did not doubt that. I had n't been gone very long, to be sure, but then a ship had been burned from under me, and that counted for about a year's absence.

Corny's fate had been settled, too, in a general way, but the discussion that went on about a good boarding-school for her showed that a particular settlement might take some time. Uncle Chip-

perton wanted her to go to some school near his place on the Hudson River, so that he could drive over and see her every day or two, and Mrs. Colbert said she thought that that would n't do, because no girl could study as she ought to, if her father was coming to see her all the time, and Uncle Chipperton wanted to know what possible injury she thought he would do his daughter by going to see her; and Mrs. Colbert said, none at all, of course she didn't mean that, and Mrs. Chip-

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CORNY AND HER FATHER MEET ON THE DOCK. (SEE PAGE 751.)

perton said that Corny and her father ought really to go to the same school, and then we all laughed, and my father put in quickly and asked about Rectus. It was easy to see that it would take all summer to get a school for Corny.

"Well," said Mr. Colbert, "I've got a place for Sammy. Right in my office. He's to be a man of business, you know. He never took much to schooling. I sent him traveling so that he could see the world, and get himself in trim for dealing with it. And that's what we have to do in our business. Deal with the world."

I did n't like this, and I don't think Rectus did, either. He walked over to one of the windows and looked out into the street.

"I'll tell you what I think, sir," said I. "Rectus—I mean your son Samuel, only I shall never

your education, or go into your father's office and learn to be a merchant."

Rectus turned around from the window.

"There's no hurry about the merchant," he said. "I want to go to school and college, first."

"And that's just where you're going," said his mother, with her face reddening up a little more than common.

Mr. Colbert grinned a little, but said nothing. I suppose he thought it would be of no use, and I had an idea, too, that he was very glad to have Rectus determine on a college career. I know the rest of us were. And we did n't hold back from saying so, either.

Uncle Chipperton now began to praise up Rectus, and he told what obligations the boy had put him under in Nassau when he wrote to his father,

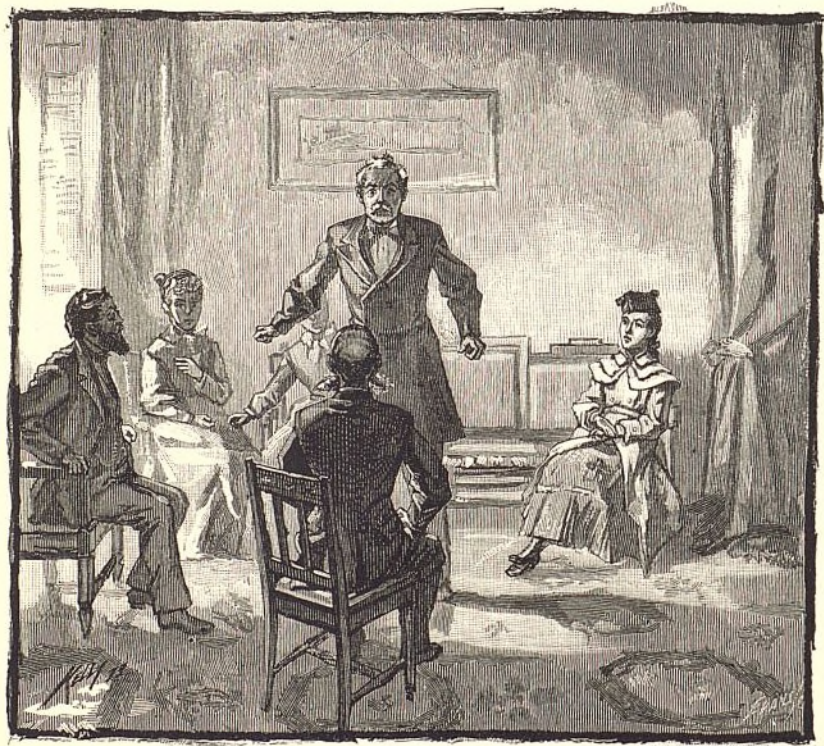
and had that suit about the property stopped, and so relieved him—Uncle Chipperton—from cutting short his semi-tropical trip and hurrying home to New York in the middle of winter.

"But the suit is n't stopped," said Mr. Colbert. "You don't suppose I would pay any attention to a note like the one Sammy sent me, do you? I just let the suit go on, of course. It has not been decided yet, but I expect to gain it."

At this, Uncle Chipperton grew very angry indeed. It was astonishing to see how quickly he blazed up. He had supposed the whole thing settled, and now to find that the terrible injustice—

things, so as to seem as if they had n't noticed this little rumpus, and we agreed that we must all see each other again the next day. Father said he should remain in the city for a few days now that we were all here, and Uncle Chipperton did not intend to go to his country-place until the weather was warmer. We were speaking of several things that would be pleasant to do together, when Uncle Chipperton broke in with a proposition:

"I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to give a dinner to this party. I can't invite you to my house, but I shall engage a parlor in a restaurant, where I have given dinners before



"FATHER!" CRIED CORNY. "KEEP PERFECTLY COOL!"

as he considered it—was still going on, was too much for him.

"Do you sit there and tell me that, sir?" he exclaimed, jumping up and skipping over to Mr. Colbert. "Do you call yourself —"

"Father!" cried Corny. "Keep perfectly cool! Remain just where you are!"

Uncle Chipperton stopped as if he had run against a fence. His favorite advice went straight home to him.

"Very good, my child," said he, turning to Corny. "That's just what I'll do."

And he said no more about it.

Now, everybody began to talk about all sorts of

(we always come to New York when I want to give dinners—it's so much easier for us to come to the city than for a lot of people to come out to our place), and there I shall give you a dinner, to-morrow evening. Nobody need say anything against this. I've settled it, and I can't be moved."

As he could n't be moved, no one tried to move him.

"I tell you what it is," said Rectus privately to me. "If Uncle Chipperton is going to give a dinner, according to his own ideas of things in general, it will be a curious kind of a meal."

It often happened that Rectus was as nearly right as most people.

(To be continued.)



NORA'S OIL-WELL.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"If ye'd only consent to sell the place to Patsy Flannigan, an' buy a share in the big oil-well, we'd be like the king an' queen on their thrones; you wid a trailin' silk gown an' a raale gold chain, an' me wid a gold watch an' a fine span o' horses. For there 's niver an end o' the oil is in that well, so they all says."

"O Teddy, there may be niver a drop of oil there at all, at all! Just look at the three derricks forinist the river, all in a row, a-towerin' up so grand in the air, an' it 's pumpin' an' pumpin' away they was, an' niver so much as a drap! What if this one would be the same, an' our money would all be gone, an' the place that fairther an' mother worked so hard for, an' that 's so snug an' comfortable for Patsy, and the baby, and the pigs, and hins, and us all! Jist look how plisant it do be, Teddy, wid the baby makin' dirt-pies in the sun-shine, and the chicks fightin' so quare over the worms, an' the dear little pigs squealin' so musical! O, Teddy, I could n't niver do it,—niver!"

And Nora shook her red head so decidedly that Teddy was almost convinced that it was of no use to tease her.

Teddy, and Nora, and Patsy, and the baby, and the pigs, and chickens, lived in a little town on the Alleghany River, away out in Western Pennsylvania. You might find the town on the map,—if I should tell you its name. It lies in a little hollow that seems to have been scooped out of the high hills, and the hills shut out the sun-rays, so that it seems almost always dreary, and gray, and cloudy, there; and then there is the smoke from the great iron mills to make the air thick.

The hills are full of treasures; vast stores of iron and coal which they kept, fast locked up, for nobody knows, how many years, before man's curious skill burrowed in, and found them. Now, queer little avenues—just tall enough for a man to stand upright in, and wide enough for drays, drawn by patient donkeys, to travel in—lead into, and sometimes *through*—the hills. And men with pickaxes and spades dig away there, in the hearts

of the hills, in darkness and grime, sometimes all their lives long; and, with the little lamps which they wear in their caps, casting a faint, weird light over their blackened faces and figures, they make one think of gnomes, in a fairy-tale, who wait upon some Prince of Darkness. The mines have drawn together a little colony of people from the old countries,—English, and Welsh, and Irish they are, principally, though there is a sprinkling of Germans and Belgians. They live, for the most part, in little houses of log and plaster, provided by the iron company, or the coal company; but, now and then, one, with more means or more enterprise than the others, has bought a little lot of land and built himself a frame house. Terence Conelly had been one of the enterprising ones. He had bought two acres of land on the hill-side, above Sugar Creek, and built a comfortable little house, and a pig-sty and a hen-house as well, and had a garden, with "praties" and cabbages. The land was very sterile, and the vegetables never amounted to much; but still it was a pleasure to Terence, when he came out of the darkness and gloom of the mine, to see "green things growing."

But there came a day when poor Terence did not come out of the mine. A mass of rock and ore had fallen in and killed him. His wife was heart-broken, and went into a rapid decline, living less than a year after her husband's death.

Teddy, Nora, Patsy, and the baby were all alone, on the little place, which their father and mother had worked so hard for, and taken such pleasure and pride in. Teddy was fourteen, and Nora little more than a year younger; Patsy was ten, and the baby three. The Conelly children were regarded as especially intelligent by their neighbors, and Nora, in particular, was always said to be "far wiser than her years." They had always been sent carefully to school, and though neither of them "took to books," particularly,—unless Teddy's great liking for pirate stories might be regarded as indicative of a literary turn,—and

had never "got the burr out from under their tongues," their native shrewdness had probably been somewhat sharpened.

At all events they had shouldered their responsibilities, and managed their affairs, without aid from anybody. Small affairs they were, to be sure. When the expenses of their mother's illness and burial were paid, the last cent of Terence Conelly's little hoard of savings was gone; and as they had been obliged to scrimp and save, for a long time, to buy the little comforts necessary for their mother in her illness, the children were almost entirely destitute of clothing; the home was their own; but in some way they must be fed and clothed. Teddy found a situation in the mill, but the pay was small, and there were intervals when he had no work. Nora took in washing and ironing, and, now and then, she found a day's work at cleaning and sweeping. It was too hard for her, of course, but she never complained. At first, people gave them something, but when it began to be seen how self-helpful they were, the aid was gradually transferred to the more destitute,—and they were plenty. Moreover, the Conellys tried to hide their want, as much as others displayed theirs. Nora had a sturdy little pride about it, inherited from both father and mother. And they had been taught to be scrupulously neat; so there was never the look of poverty about their house which filth and squalor give. They did not keep the pig under the bed, nor the hens in the sitting-room, like many of their countrymen. And people said: "How well those Conelly children do take care of themselves! They don't seem to want for anything."

But many a time Nora went to bed hungry, after her hard day's work, and she patched the children's clothes and her own until it was hard to tell which was the original fabric and which the patch; but patches did not matter much if they were only comfortable, and were not obliged to ask charity of anybody; so Nora thought.

Neither did she mind the hard work, nor the hunger, if she could only keep the little home, and the little flock together, and be independent,—just as her father and mother would have wished. Nora's only fear was that her strength would fail her; she had a sharp pain in her side, sometimes, and her face, that had always been chubby and rosy before her mother died, grew so wan and pinched that, but for her little snub nose, which turned up just as decidedly as ever, her friends would scarcely have known her. But she was not in the least discouraged. They had lived through the long, cold winter, and now spring had come; the days would be warm and long, now; they could raise a few vegetables, which would help

along, and Teddy could catch fish in the river,—which, though they did taste of petroleum, were, still, not bad eating. But Teddy was getting into a way that grieved Nora sorely. One of the mill-men had lent him papers and books full of stories that seemed to have turned his head completely. He was no longer contented to plod along at his daily labor. He wanted to become rich, all at once, and have wonderful adventures.

The oil excitement was strong in the town just then. In all the region around, oil had been found for several years, but within the borders of this little town the first oil had been struck a year before, and the people had gone wild over it. In the cold winter nights, Teddy had often been employed to keep fires burning, along the pipe lines, which ran over the hills,—conveying oil from the wells to the great tanks near the railroad, where it was kept ready for transportation. These fires were to keep the oil from freezing, and several men were employed together. And then stories of wonderful oil-wells were told, which aroused Teddy's imagination to the highest pitch. All the oil which had been struck was near the northern border of the town, miles away from their home, and it cost from two to three thousand dollars for the necessary apparatus to "bore for oil." All Teddy's story-papers did not give him the faintest idea how he was to become the proprietor of an oil-well.

Now, an enterprising Irishman, thinking he had discovered indications in his barren pasture, was raising money to "bore," by selling shares in the prospective well. And, as if luck did mean to befriend them, Teddy thought Patsy Flannigan was seized, just at this juncture, with a desire to buy their place. To be sure he offered less than it cost, but what was any place worth, now, that had no signs of oil about it, Teddy would like to know. And he gave Nora no peace, coaxing and arguing, getting angry and shedding tears, by turns, and refusing to listen for a moment to poor Nora's suggestion that "there might be not a drap at all, at all, in Danny Cregan's well, and then, with the bit place gone, and no money, what would become of them?"

On this particular evening, Teddy was very much vexed and disturbed in his mind. After he had pictured the prospective good fortune in such an attractive way, for Nora to be entirely unmoved, and throw cold water on all his hopes and plans, was too much for Teddy's temper. He arose from the door-step, where they were sitting, and strode off, knocking over the baby, kicking at the cat, and throwing a stone at the chickens. Poor Nora's heart was full almost to bursting; she did so hate to go against Teddy! She was naturally yielding, and "she loved Teddy so much."

Besides, as he said, she was younger and only a girl! "May be he do be right," she said to herself, faltering in her resolution. "It's afther gettin' worun out both of us is, wid the harud woruk, an' the little till ate, an' may be sickness before us—an' the poor bye's heart so set on the oil-well! But then it do be so much like gamblin'! An' Danny Cregan not quite right in his head, they all says, an' the last woruds the mother said bein', 'Howld fast to the bit place, Nora. Don't be afther lettin' anybody take it away from yez!' It don't be for the likes of us to make forchins. We must be contint wid kapin the roof over our heads, and the bit an' sup in our mouths. The saints be good till us!—but Teddy 'll niver be contint till he sells the place and buys a pairt of the oil-well that Danny Cregan has n't at all, at all!"

And with this melancholy conclusion Nora's tears fell thick and fast. But a voice at the gate made her wipe them away quickly. Teddy had come back. Nora was afraid he had gone "across the river." They had a "first cousin" living on the other side, and once, lately, when Teddy had got angry with her, he had gone over there, and stayed two or three days, neglecting his work; and there were wild boys there, who led him into mischief. Nora was happy to find that he had not gone. Perhaps he had come back to tell her that he was sorry for getting angry with her. "Niver a bye had a better heart inside iv him than Teddy had—before the oil faver tuk him," Nora was always saying.

But Teddy had n't come back to say that he was sorry.

"It's now or niver,—will ye sell the place to Patsy Flannigan an' make yer forchin?" he called. "Misther McDonald is afther givin' his consint an' the papers is all ready for signin'."

Mr. McDonald was their guardian, but he was a hard-working man, with a large family, and troubled himself very little about his wards.

"'Deed, thin, he would consint till annythin'!" said Nora. "Teddy, we'll niver make our forchin in Danny Cregan's oil-well! Don't you belave it, dear! Don't let him desave you, wid his blarneyin' tongue! Don't ask me to sell the roof over our heads, an' be afther turnin' the childer and all intill the street. An' where would we go ag'in we got the fine forchin, if ye are sure of it? O, Teddy, ye used to think a dale of me an' the childer, an' now ye wont be afther breakin' our hearuts?"

"It's you that has the blarneyin' tongue! L'ave off, now, an' tell me, for good an' all, will ye give yer consint?"

"No, niver!" said Nora, firmly, though sadly.

Teddy went off, calling out angry words that almost broke poor Nora's heart. But the recollec-

tion of her mother's words kept her resolution strong.

"I will 'howld fast to the home, and take good care of thim all,' as the mother said; and may be Teddy 'll be afther forgivin' me, some day," she said, over and over again to herself. "But if Danny Cregan *do* be afther strikin' oil, Teddy 'll niver forgive me, sure!"

And poor little Nora's tears fell fast and her heart was torn by doubts whether after all it might not have been better to consent. She was suddenly aroused from her sad reflections by the sound of footsteps. Two men were coming around the corner of the house; they must have come across the fields, as there was no road in that direction; but strangers were not uncommon in the town, now that the oil excitement was raging; they came from Petrolia, and Oil City, and even from Pittsburg, almost every day. So Nora was not surprised. One of these men was very flashily dressed, with a gold chain like a cable, and a very large diamond pin. Men who had struck oil usually dressed like that. Nora recognized them as "oil men," at once. They looked rather curiously about the little place. Then one of them advanced toward her.

"Good-evening, little girl," he said, affably. "We were told that we should find a washerwoman here."

"I do be the washerwoman, sir!" And Nora arose and made a little courtesy, as her mother had taught her to do.

"You look rather small for a washerwoman. Isn't it pretty hard for you?"

"I gets money for it, sir," said Nora, simply.

"And this is a lonesome, out-of-the-way place. Don't you ever wish that you lived down by the river, where the other Irish people live?"

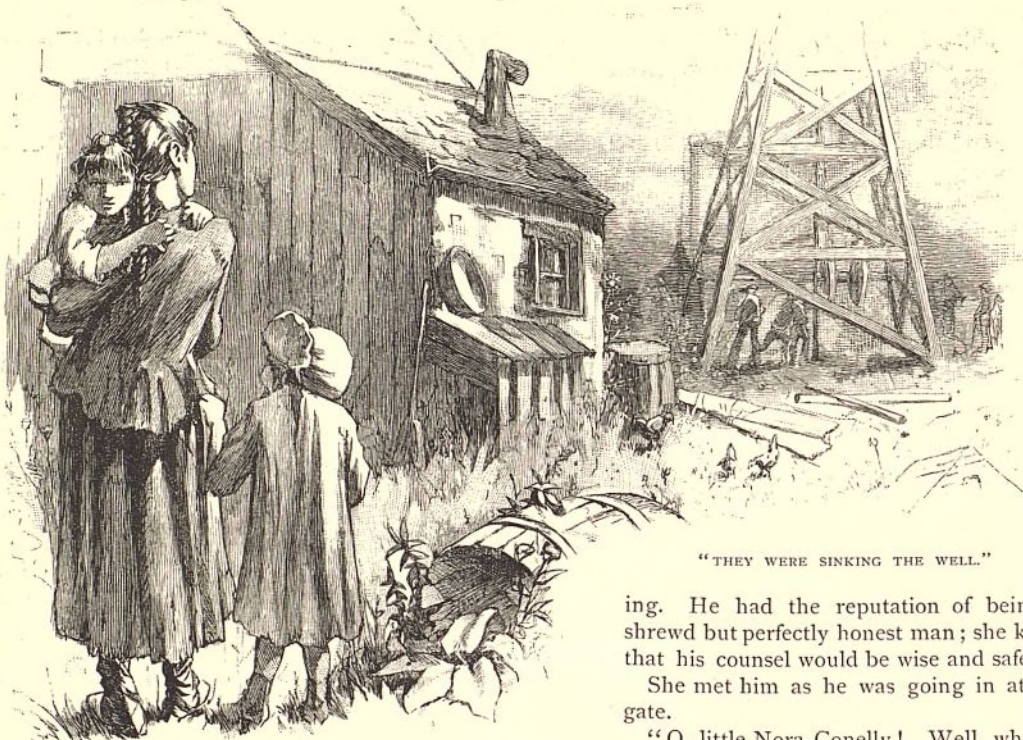
"The bit place do be our own—we likes it, sir," said Nora.

"Never think of selling it, do you? I know a man who would give you a good price for it; then you would n't have to work so hard."

"Patsy Flannigan, sir? He offered to give us three hundred dollars for it."

"Three hundred dollars! I—that is, this gentleman who wants it will give you a thousand dollars!"

A thousand dollars! If they had all that money, Teddy might have his share in Danny Cregan's well, and there would still be enough left to buy them a house to live in!—though it would n't be the dear old place. And while she was thinking, Nora's shrewd little wits gathered themselves together. Why did these unknown men want so much to buy the little place, that was so far from the river and the railroad? And this oil man



"THEY WERE SINKING THE WELL."

seemed so eager and interested! He examined the soil, he picked up stones and looked at them. Could it be—*oil*? It was very unlikely; no oil had been found near, that she knew of; but still it was strange.

"I don't think we do be wantin' to sell, sir."

"Who looks after you?—who is your guardian?" asked the man; and Nora told him. Then he wanted to know where Mr. McDonald lived, and they went away, hurriedly. But they seemed to remember themselves, and came back to say that Nora would find some clothes which they wanted washed, at the hotel. After they had gone, Nora felt restless and uneasy. At one moment she was afraid that she ought to have taken the thousand dollars; the next moment she would feel afraid that they would see Mr. McDonald, and bind him to a bargain which she could not break. Very soon she decided that, as there was yet an hour before dark, she would go down to the hotel and get the washing, and then go to see Mr. Staynes, who lived near the hotel, and tell him her difficulties. Mr. Staynes was the superintendent of the iron company. Her father had been in his employ when he was killed, and he had always taken an interest in them. He was a man full of business cares, but Nora was sure of a kindly hear-

ing. He had the reputation of being a shrewd but perfectly honest man; she knew that his counsel would be wise and safe.

She met him as he was going in at his gate.

"O, little Nora Conelly! Well, what is it?" he said, good-naturedly.

"Two men do be after wantin' to buy the place for a thousand dollars. Will we take it, sir?"

"So they 've been after you already, have they? I've just been to see McDonald about you, and I was going up to your place, the first thing in the morning. They 've struck oil on the Ramsdell place?—got a great flow; only about an hour ago."

"It do be a good ways from us, sir, an' the hill between," said Nora.

"Yes, but the oil seems to follow a certain track; it runs due east; and you are directly on the track. And there are other signs in your direction. You will probably be offered a good deal more than a thousand dollars for the place to-morrow. But there have been so many failures lately where oil had been expected that nobody will be likely to offer you a great price. I made McDonald an offer which he is disposed to accept, but says he will leave the decision to you, who are wise enough to manage your own affairs. I will put down a well on your place at my own expense. If there is oil you shall pay me for my outlay, and give me one-tenth of the profits. If there is no oil, the loss will be entirely my own."

"Oh, an' the bit place ud still be our own whatever way it happened!" cried Nora, joyfully.

Poor little Nora had known the realities of hunger and cold, and had become very practical. The possibility of becoming rich was too vague and unreal for her imagination to grasp; it seemed like one of Teddy's wonderful stories; while the possibility of being without a shelter,—if they lost their little place,—and colder and hungrier than they had ever been, seemed a natural one. She felt overwhelmed with gratitude to Mr. Staynes, although with that gentleman it was only a business transaction, by which he hoped to make money; the only things for which she had reason to feel grateful to him were that he was not taking an unfair advantage, as he might have done, and that he did feel honestly anxious that they might be benefited at the same time with himself.

Teddy ought to be consulted, but there was no time to lose, and Nora said "Yes" for both of them; she felt sure that Teddy would be delighted with the project, and she earnestly hoped that he would come home that night that she might tell him of it.

But nine—ten—eleven o'clock came, and no Teddy. Before noon the next day the boring operations had commenced, and still no Teddy!

The Conelly place was thronged by a curious crowd. Right in the midst of Teddy's potato-patch they were sinking the well. They seemed to think no more of "praties" than of so many weeds, though the heart of little Patsy—who had weeded them faithfully—burned within him at the sight.

It was a sad time for the pigs and chickens. The pig-pen and the hen-coop were almost buried under the timbers, and pipes, and screws, and wheels, and all the wonderful apparatus that was to force her treasure from the unwilling earth; the pigs squealed their remonstrances unceasingly, and the chicks scattered in every direction, pursued by their mammas, with unavailing clucks. The big rooster alone seemed to take a cheerful view of the proceedings. He cocked his head, first on one side and then on the other, and inspected the operations, while they bored, and bored, until it seemed to Nora that they must have bored nearly through the earth. And, when the great tall derrick was set up, the rooster flew upon it, to an astonishing height, and uttered an exultant cock-a-doodle-doo! that was re-echoed from all the hills around. And the result proved that he was a knowing rooster. For, a few minutes after that, there was a "spurt," into the air, of a dark-green liquid, from which proceeded an odor like the con-

centrated essence of all the bad kerosene lamps that you ever smelled! This was one of the wonderful wells. The oil did not wait to be pumped; it burst up into the air like a fountain, to the height of seven or eight feet! There was a great excitement. It seemed as if two-thirds of the people in the country assembled there in less than half an hour.

Nora's delight had a great drawback. Teddy was not there. In all this time she had not heard from him. He had gone, at first, to their cousin, but had become angry with him for saying, when he told the story of his grievance, that Nora was right; and he had gone away from there, nobody knew where. And Nora was anxious about him. She could not look at the wonderful fountain of oil for watching for him. Surely, when everybody was rushing there, he would hear what had happened if he were anywhere near! And, at last, toward night-fall, when the excitement was subsiding a little, she espied, on the edge of the crowd, a way-worn and tattered pilgrim who looked like Teddy.

Nora rushed to meet him, and gave him a prodigal son's greeting; she put both arms around his neck and cried for joy.

"O Teddy, where were ye?"

"I've been after seekin' my forchin," said Teddy, shame-facedly.

"And it's our own place is the forchin, after all!" cried Nora.

Why they did n't all go wild with excitement and joy, I don't know. Teddy had tramped almost to Pittsburg, finding small jobs by the way, but had, at length, been seized by homesickness—or a return of common sense—and taken up his homeward way.

The oil did not flow for a very great while; the wonderful wells seldom do. But before the flow ceased there was a snug little fortune invested for Teddy, and Nora, and Patsy, and the baby, that would keep them from poverty all their days. And Nora is no longer a washerwoman; she goes to school and so does Teddy, who, I am glad to say, has given up reading pirate stories, and longing for adventures, and is trying to learn how to be a good and useful man.

But Nora is still known as the "wisest" of the Conelly children. And she is so generous and forbearing that she has never once said:

"O, Teddy, what if I'd consinted to sell our home?"—not even when Teddy came home one day and told her that Danny Cregan's well "had not a drop of oil intil it at all, at all!"

THE FROLICSOME FLY.

By S. F. CLARKE.

AMONG the many thousands of insects that come to visit us every summer, there are few which seem more glad to see us, and who like better to stay with us, than the frolicsome fly. How lightly and airily he whisks in at the open window, or door-way, with a hum and a buzz of his wings that seems to say "Hello! Here we are! glad to see you once more." And then as he goes humming all round the room to see what changes have occurred since he was last here, and, as he buzzes against all the windows, taking a peep into the garden and across the street, you can almost hear him talking to himself. If you could hear him, you would probably find that he was making good resolutions for his summer life. He says to himself: "Now I'm going to stay with these people all summer, for they have fallen into shocking bad habits since the flies were here last summer, and I will make it my duty, with the help of the other good flies in this house and neighborhood, to give these people a good course of training in self-control, in early rising, and in many other good and valuable traits of character which it is desirable that every person, old and young, should possess. My first duty will be to fly into the different sleeping-rooms very early in the morning, and, after buzzing in the ears of the lazy sleepers to make them have bad dreams, I will gently wander up and down their faces, and give them a bite, that will be pretty sure to awaken them, and I will fly and buzz about them all day, and give them plenty of chances of controlling their tempers and learning not to mind little annoyances."

I certainly think the fly would say that he bit you, but he would be wrong, just as every one else is who says that flies bite. For they don't bite, because they cannot bite. They have n't any jaws to bite with. But the tongue is very large, and the end of it, which is round, or oval, or heart-shaped, has little ridges running across it, so that it looks just like a little file; and it is a file, and a very good one, too. So the fly does not bite, but he rubs this file of his so rapidly, and it is so hard, that you might as well be bitten, as far as the effect of waking you up is concerned.

Then the fly continues:

"But, after all, it's pretty discouraging trying to do anything for these people, they are so ungrateful and cruel. They always abuse me, call me a great nuisance, and I verily believe that they would not hesitate to kill me, if they had a good chance. If

they do not appreciate the training I am giving them now, I should think they might remember the work I did for them before I became a fly, and be thankful for that. Perhaps, though, they think that I was always a fly and nothing else, so I must not judge them too harshly."

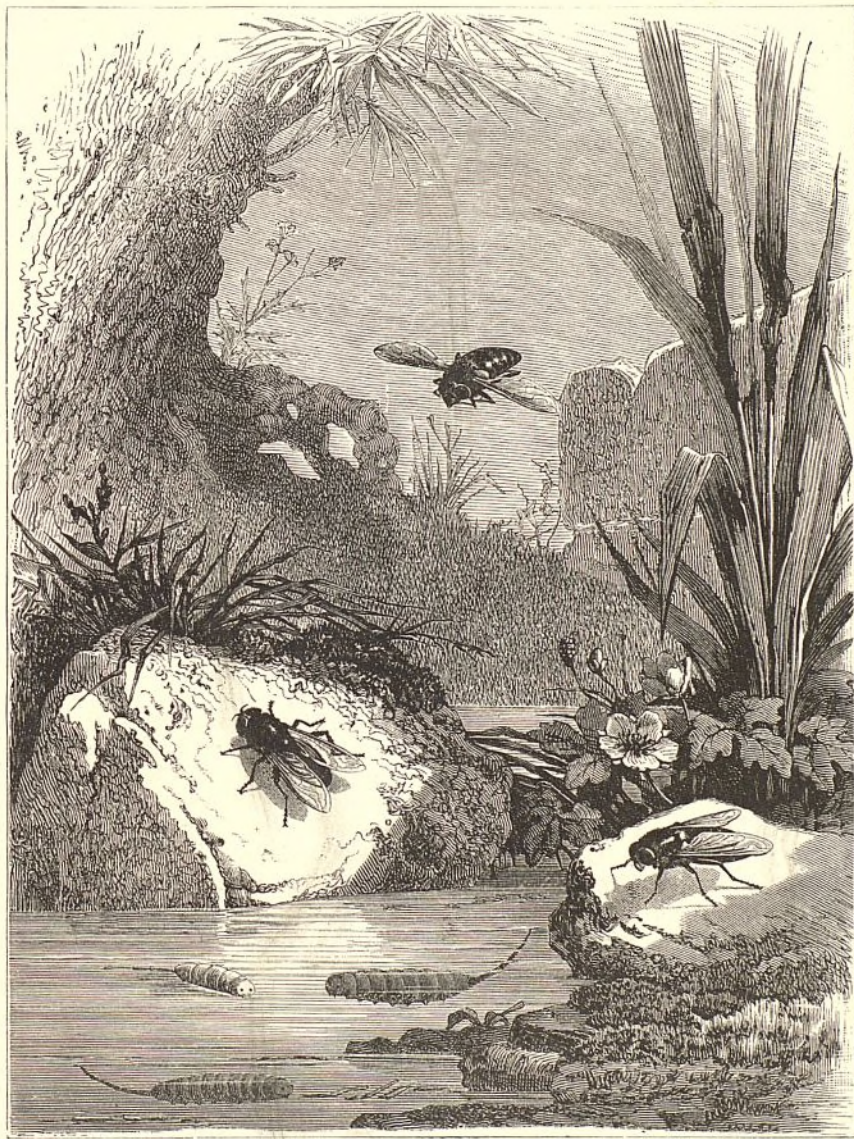
As the fly does not like to talk about himself too much, suppose that I tell you about him, and what he was before he became a fly?

Well, this fly, of course, had a mother-fly, and she laid a lot of very small, shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a funny little yellowish-white maggot, not very active, but very, very hungry. The appetite that these little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this it is that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One little maggot could not eat very much, of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many hundred wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly spoke of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly; and you see he was right. After the little maggot has eaten all he can and has grown all he can, he is about a third of an inch long. He then becomes shorter and stouter, stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small, dark reddish-brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from eight to fourteen days as a chrysalis, and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramps out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.

How he must enjoy that first journey through the air—flying along so easily, ever faster and faster, looking at all the beautiful things about him for the first time! The flowers and the bright green fields, the rippling brooks, the brilliantly colored birds that he likes to race with and the thousands of insects of all kinds that he sees all about him, and who pleasantly greet the newcomer as he sails by them. He is too happy to stop now, and keeps frolicking on until he reaches

the woods, where he finds it very pleasant, and as he is beginning to feel very tired he sees just in front of him two flies so much like himself that he thinks they must be his brothers; so he alights near them and introduces himself. The two flies are very pleasant with him and tell him that they

Now these two cousins came from eggs, just like our Mr. Fly, but instead of little white maggots like those of the house-fly, hatching from the eggs, these were little maggots with tails, that lived in the water and crept about on the bottom, eating all kinds of decaying matter that they could



THE FLY AND HIS COUSINS BY THE POOL.

are not his brothers but they belong to another family and are sort of cousins of his. You can see our Mr. Fly in the picture where he is just finding his cousins by the side of a little pool in the woods.

find. They grew to be over an inch long, and, though they lived in the water, they breathed air just as much as the perfect fly and in much the same way. Their long, slender tails are hollow, and, when they want to breathe, they have only to

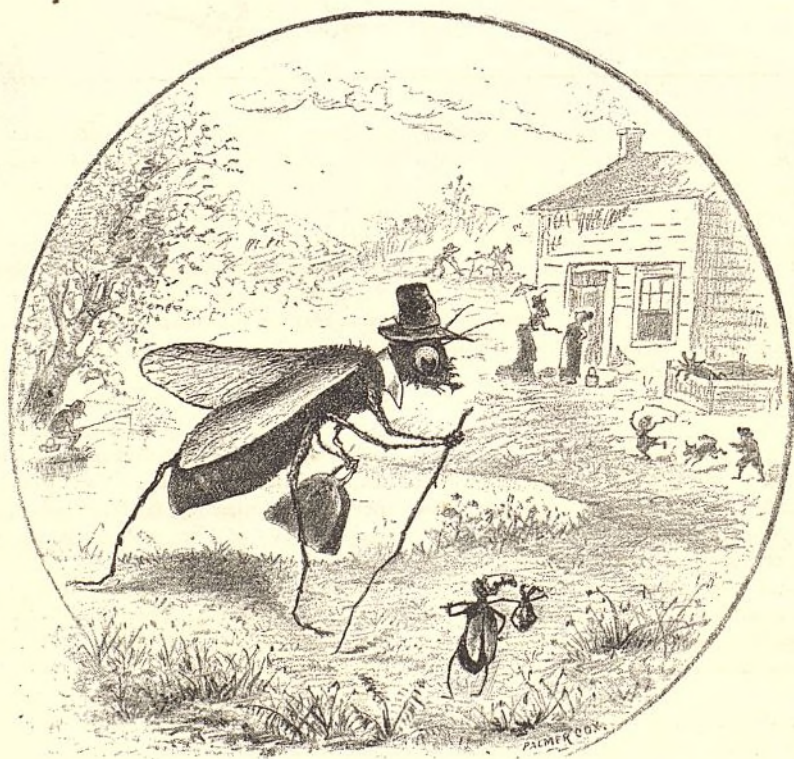
stretch their hollow tail up to the surface and take in as much air as they want. You can at once see how convenient this must be for them, for if they had no tail they would have to stop feeding and go away up to the surface every time they wanted a breath of air. It is owing to their long, round tails, also, that they have received their common name of rat-tailed larvæ. A larva is an insect that is hatched from an egg, and is called a larva until it becomes a chrysalis or pupa. It is the first stage of insect-life after the egg. After these rat-tailed larvæ have become full grown, they leave the water and enter the ground, where they change into a chrysalis, and soon after come out as perfect flies. These perfect flies lay eggs from which a new brood of larvæ are hatched, and so the life-history is completed in four stages; 1st, the egg, 2d, the larva, 3d, the pupa or chrysalis and 4th, the perfect insect, and this is true of all the six-footed insects. When our Mr. Fly looks more closely at his cousins, he will find that they are quite different from him, after all, and particularly so about the mouth. He would see that they have nothing like a file or rasp, as he has, but that in place of it they have a proboscis, and on the upper side of it, in a little groove, there are

four slender, very sharp, needle-like organs. So, although they cannot file or bite anything, they can thrust these sharp little needles into an animal and then suck out the blood. This is the way, too, in which a mosquito, who is also a fly, "bites," as we usually say; yet, of course he does n't really bite, but he "pierces" you with his little needles, of which he has six.

Away out West, very near the boundary line between California and Nevada, there is a beautiful lake, called Lake Mono. In this lake there live ever so many of these rat-tailed larvæ, which, however, do not go into the ground when they are about to change into chrysalides, but only crawl up on the beach.

The chrysalides are so numerous that the Indians, who call them "cho-cha-bee," rake them up into piles and carry them home to be cooked and eaten.

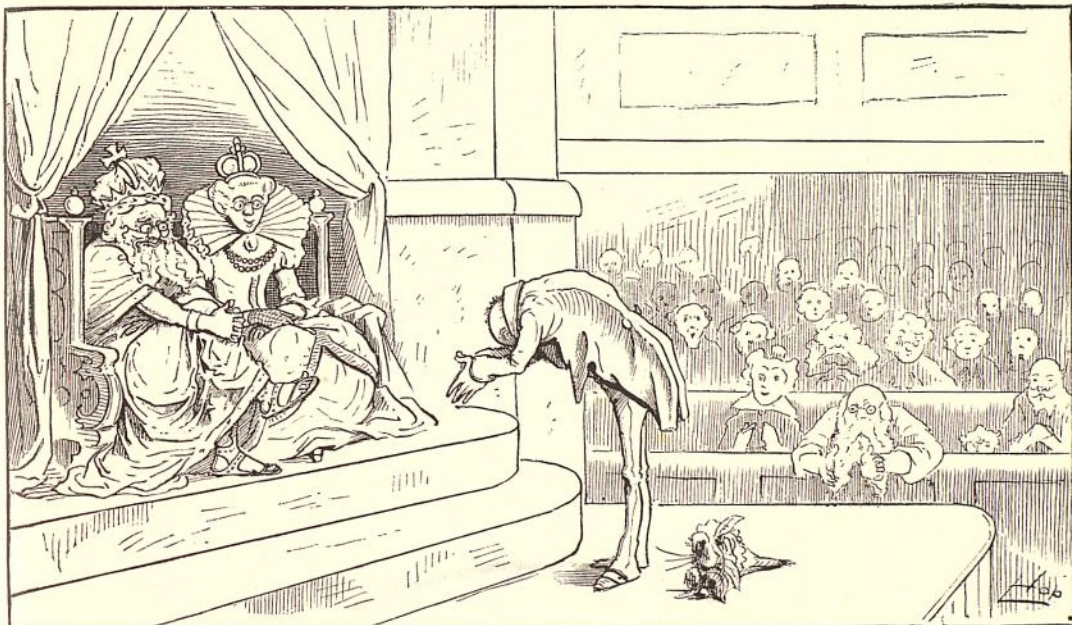
There are many other interesting things about flies, but I have only time left to tell you how you may distinguish a fly from the other kinds of insects. A fly has only two wings, just one pair, while the other insects—the bees, the butterflies, the beetles, the squash-bugs, the grasshoppers and dragonflies—have two pairs.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FROLICSOME FLY.

"BUTTERED PEASE," IN CHOCTAW.

BY FREDERIC PALMER.



THERE was once a man who had studied all his life and become very wise—so wise that he could say "Buttered pease," in Choctaw. Everybody looked up to him with great admiration, and the little children stopped their play and put their fingers in their mouths when he passed by. And when a little boy one day asked what was the use of saying "Buttered pease," in Choctaw, all the children standing near, that were properly brought up, cried out with astonishment:

"Why, you ought to know better!"

"Of course."

"Why, how can you speak so!"

Saying this gave them a feeling that they had done a right and noble thing, and made the little boy feel very ignorant and miserable.

But, at last, the king heard how wise the man was, and he sent a herald to him congratulating him on having attained such results of his life-study, and appointed a day when he would assemble his court and hear him say "Buttered pease," in Choctaw.

So, on the appointed day, the hall of the palace was filled with people eager to see and hear the

wise man. The king and queen were seated on a splendid throne at one side of a raised platform; and, at a given signal, a herald approached from the other side and made a long speech, introducing the man who was to introduce the wise man, and when the herald had finished, the man whom he introduced made a grand oration, an hour long, saying how great the wise man was, and praising his self-denying life in being willing to endure severe privation for the sake of being able to say "Buttered pease," in Choctaw. And when he had finished, and gathered up his embroidered robes, and passed off the stage, a little man dressed in shabby clothes, with bright eyes and a bald head and spectacles, trotted up before the king, and, stopping in front of him, put his hands together and made a queer little bow.

Then, while all the people held their breath to hear, he said "Buttered pease," in Choctaw, and bowed again, and turned about, and trotted off the stage. And all the people gave a great cheer, and, as they went home, said to one another how grandly it sounded and what a learned man he must be.

THE STORY OF A PRINCE.

BY PAUL FORT.

THE prince that I am going to tell you about was not a fairy prince, nor yet was he always a real prince. We will soon see, however, what sort of a prince he was at first, and how he afterward came to be a different kind of one.

He was Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, son of the Emperor Napoleon III., who, when this young prince was born, twenty-three years ago, sat upon the imperial throne of France. If ever there was a boy who should have been considered a real prince, such a boy was little Louis. He was, perhaps, the most important prince in Europe, for in each of the other principal kingdoms and empires, there were several royal children, and if one of them died there were others to take his place. But there was only one heir to the great throne of France. Little Louis had no brothers and sisters, and if he died, while young, the French imperial crown would pass to other branches of the family, or, what was more likely, it would cease to be a crown at all, for if the French people could not have a son of their present ruler for an emperor they would prefer not to have any, but to establish a republic and govern themselves.

So it was very important that the young prince should live and prosper, not only for his own sake but for that of the empire.

He was a delicate child, but every possible care was taken of him, and he gradually grew strong and healthy. His mind received as much careful training as his body, and although he was a prince of very high degree, on whom the eyes of the world were fixed, he did not lead a life of ease and indolence, but was obliged to work as hard at his studies as any of the common boys of France. His nurse was an Englishwoman and she always talked to him in her own language, and he had a man to wait on him, who was not allowed to speak to him in any tongue but German. His mother, who was born in Spain, talked to him a great deal in Spanish, and so he learned these languages almost as easily as he learned his own—the French. In all other ways he was very thoroughly educated, his tutors being men of great ability, and, as many of them were military men, he was generally under very strict discipline, during his study-hours.

But it must not be supposed that he did not have his amusements and recreations. His parents were extremely fond of him, and he had every pleasure that was considered suitable for a prince.

Some of the pursuits, indeed, in which he took much interest, were such as many princes—especially the princes of story-life—knew nothing of. Beside his beautiful ponies and horses, his dogs and his guns, and all the other things he needed for his royal pleasures, he had a little printing-press, on which he printed cards and circulars, very much as the boys in this country print them.

Of course, as he was expected to be an emperor and to command armies, great attention was paid to his military education, and his father did everything that was possible to make him a thorough soldier. Not only was he, at a very early age, made an officer in the French army, and obliged to perform military duties at certain times, but when the late war between Germany and France broke out his father determined that he should know what a battle really was, and so took him with him to the battle of Saarbrücken, where father and son sat on their horses in the front of the fight, with the bullets falling around them. It is said that the young Louis showed no signs of fear, and picked up a musket-ball which fell near him, to preserve as a memento of this experience, which his father called his "baptism of fire."

It is easy to see, by all this, that the Emperor Louis Napoleon tried to do everything necessary to make his son worthy to take his place on the throne of France, but there was one very important thing he did not do; he did not give that son a throne to sit upon. Before the boy was grown up, the throne, and the crown, and the empire were all gone. The Germans had defeated the French, the emperor and empress and the young prince had taken refuge in England, and the people of France had established a republic.

Now it was that the young Louis ceased to be a real prince, for there was nothing for him to be prince of. If he printed cards and amused himself like other boys, there was nothing strange in it, for he was very much like other boys. To be sure, there were many Frenchmen who believed that the empire would be restored, and they looked upon the son of the ex-emperor as the true Prince Imperial, who, one day would restore the empire, and take his place at its head.

But the prince was not a real prince, for all that; his parents were not royal, there was no throne or crown to which he could succeed.

But although not a real prince, he was a really good fellow, and he worked as hard as ever to

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The y
and Queen
and attentiv
indeed, as it
country which
throne and had s
to die in a lonely
as a man who had no
right to be considered
of royal rank—now was
foremost in according to
Eugénie and her son all
the honors due to an
ex-empress and an ex-
prince.

Young Louis was not
unmindful of these fa-
vors, or ungrateful for
them. England had
been very good to him,
and he felt that he would
be glad in turn to do
something for England.
And therefore, when a
war began, in South
Africa, between the En-
glish and the Zulus,—a
warlike native tribe,—
the young man volun-
teered to go down to
Zulu-land and fight for
the country which had
befriended him and his
family.

So down he went to South Africa, and joined
the British forces in Zulu-land. He was assigned
to no special duty, but one day—the first day of
this year's summer—he started out with a small
party of horsemen to select a spot for a camp. No
one supposed that there were any hostile natives
near by, but when a place had been chosen for the
camp, and the men were about to mount their horses
to ride away, a body of Zulus, who had been hidden
in the high grass around them, burst out and
attacked them. The soldiers sprang into their
saddles and dashed away, but young Louis' horse
was frightened, and he could not mount before the

grass and
their of that
an empire and
are other Bona-
is the son of an em-
of them has ever been a Prince
Imperial.

Heir and empire, both are dead.

The general sorrow
which was felt for his
death, especially in Eng-
land, proved that there
was a large class of
people who had regard-
ed him as one who
might, some day, help
to shape the fortunes of
Europe. The greatest
honors were paid him.
The Queen of England
came to his funeral, and
his pall-bearers were six
royal princes.

But although this un-
fortunate young fellow,
whose grand prospects
and whose life were cut
off so suddenly, was
never able to shape any
national fortunes, or
even to be of any ser-
vice to his political sup-
porters, he may have
been of service to many
another young fellow
who has heard how
hard and faithfully he



YOUNG LOUIS NAPOLEON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.)

worked to prepare himself for his future position,
and this not only when he was a prince, and
felt sure of a throne, but when he was an ex-
prince, and had but a slight hope of ever sitting
upon one.

He was perfectly educated and trained for his
business in life, and although he was never able to
undertake that business, the result was that he
became what the French call, "*un jeune homme,
bien élevé,*" and what we speak of as "a well-bred
young man."

And this was worth all that had been done for
him, and all that he had done for himself.

looking

"There

"let us go a

So, over they flew, to a very place to build a nest in.

"It's a long way to go to fetch the mud," said one; "but I like the place. Let us build here."

"Agreed," said the other one; "and we'll build right away."

And off they flew toward the sea. They alighted on a sedge-bog and pecked about, until each bird-mouth was full of marsh mud. They carried it to the porch and laid it on the ledge.

The blue and green and purple wings were very happy little wings as they went and came full fifty times within the next hour.

"Now, you can go alone this time, and I'll pick up straws and sticks before the mud dries too hard," said one swallow, and away flew the other to the blue sea. As he came back, when he flew over the telegraph wire, he thought he heard his mate calling, "Here! here!"

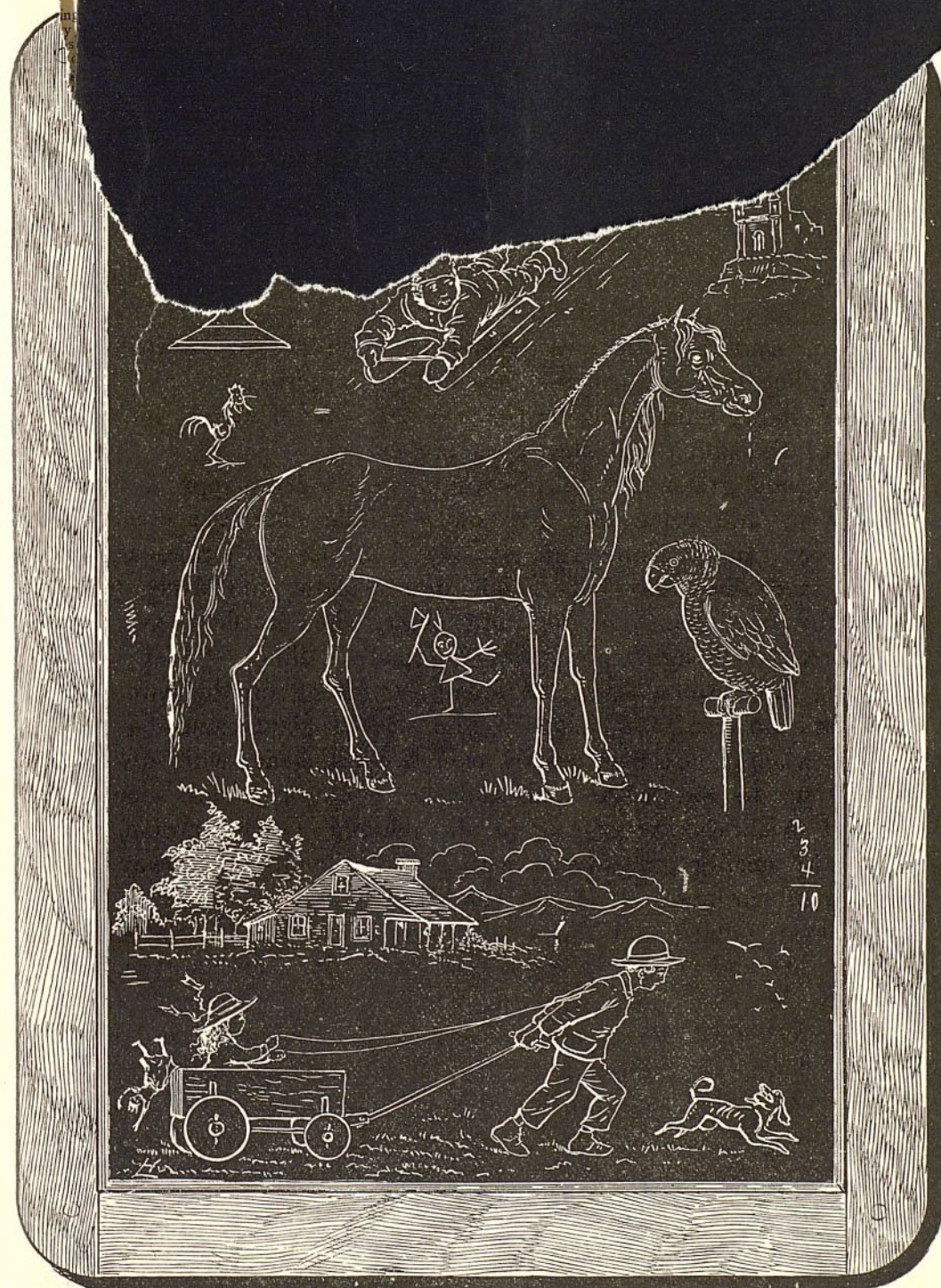
Giving a little swoop down, he found her sitting on the wire.

"No use! no use," said she. "The wicked giant came out of the house, and when I just flew quietly over her big head with my straws, she looked up to the ledge, and said she: 'Laura, Laura, come here! The horrid swallows are nesting in the porch. Fetch a broom, quick!' Then a little smaller giant came with a broom and swept away all the foundations of our nest. It's too bad!"

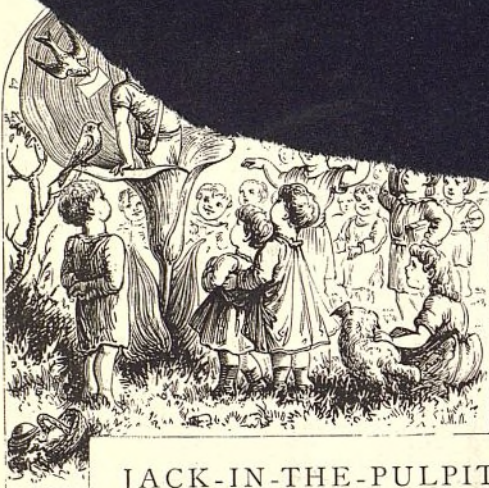
"Oh, never mind," said the other bird. "Plenty of good places to build nests in, and we'll go right away and find another spot."

Off they flew, and they went to the biggest barn they could find, and, in the very tip-toppest part of the roof they found a tiny window; so in they flew, and there was a ledge just as good, and every way safer than the one in the porch; for no house-cleaning had been done there or would be done while the barn should last. Here the swallows built their nest, and to this barn they come back from year to year, and every year they tear down the old nest and build a new one, and say each time:

"After all, it was a good thing for us that the giant did n't let us build in the porch, for there is no telling what might have happened to the baby swallows there; and here, we are as safe as safe can be."



These pictures are for you to copy on a slate. They are not very hard to draw, if you are careful to follow the lines as you see them here.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NEAR where your Jack's pulpit stands, my youngsters, a crazy Echo keeps dinging and clanging, as if he were trying to repeat the ringing of every school-bell in the land. May be, he is.

It makes me think how bright and rosy the Little Schoolma'am looked the other day, as she passed me on her way to assure herself that the Red School-house would be ready for the coming study-time.

Well, now! Here she comes again, bless her! But, this time, a score of sun-browned boys and girls are skipping and laughing and racing around her. They look as though they mean to carry some of the hearty play-time spirit into school with them, and perhaps Deacon Green spoke shrewdly when he called them "boys and girls of right good sort, who mean to be ready, when the time comes, to do the work of strong, wise men and women."

But now, here is some business for us; and, first, who will answer this question for me?

ARTESIAN WELLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just come back home from a city out West where there is an Artesian well, from which the water spurts as if it were forced out by a powerful engine. I think I know why the water rushes out so strongly, but I do not know why the well is called an "Artesian" well. Will you please tell me? I am, your devoted friend,

J. B. L.

"FLOWERS OF THE AIR."

A GERMAN writer, named Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, once called butterflies "flowers of the air"; but this he did only on account of their bright and varied colors. He did not know, what has been found out since his time and has just been told to me, that there is a butterfly, called Papilo Gayi, which has an odor like that of a flower, besides looking like a brilliant blossom.

A lucky person who happened to come across

like the... nails, frogs and
all. Do you find it so,

A CRANE WITH A WOODEN LEG.

IN London—in St. James's Park—there once lived a crane. By some accident he broke one of his long legs, and a kind doctor who saw him in pain cut it off above the knee. The bird got well, but how was he to get about in the world? He could n't use a crutch, as a man with one leg can, nor had he any friends to wheel him about in an invalid-chair, as some sick people have when they can't walk.

I can't work. I don't know what the poor bird would have done; but a soldier, who knew how to do a good many things, saw the crane's trouble, took pity on him, and went to work to help him. He made a wooden leg, with a joint for a knee, and he managed to fasten it to the poor cripple, so that he could walk about and take care of himself. It was not a pretty leg, like his other, but it was useful, and he was satisfied with it. For a long time this wooden-legged bird was one of the sights of the Park, and very proudly he bore himself before the crowds of curious boys and girls who came to see him.

FISHES THAT SHOOT.

A MAN I heard of had a pond, and a few feet above it, in one corner, was a branch covered with ants. Right underneath, in the water, came a crowd of little fishes, each about six inches long, and, as the man watched, he saw them shoot out of their mouths into the air volleys of tiny water-drops which struck the ants and knocked them into the water; and then the fishes ate them up. The shooting went on until every one of the ants was disposed of; not a single ant escaped. I'm told that there was a picture of one of these finny archers in your May ST. NICHOLAS three years ago.

The jaws of a particular kind of these scaly shot-guns look like long beaks, and serve as gun-barrels. These shoot only one drop of water at a time, and it rarely fails to hit the mark.

TOUCHY ANIMALS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I must tell you some queer things that have set me puzzling.

First of all, I have been told that some animals, like cats and birds, do not mind being laughed at, but that dogs and horses do. I know our dog, Hero, does not like to be laughed at. And a certain Mr. B. has said many times very cross whenever he hears anybody speaking ill of him; and, if you laugh at the pony to his face, he stamps, sets back his ears, snaps with his mouth, and is downright furious. Then, there are some dogs that seem to know whether you are laughing at them in derision or by way of showing that you enjoy their funny

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THE MUSICAL CRICKET.

Now, let us all listen.
Hush! It is the "Ta-na-nà."
What? Not hear him?

Well, well, my dears, I
suppose you really don't—
unless, indeed, there happen
to be some of you on the
banks of the lower Amazon,
where the "musical cricket" is found.

He is not a grasshopper, mind you, but a kind
of wood-cricket, and he sings "Ta-na-nà, ta-na-
nà!" very loud and clear, over and over again,
and never stops to take breath.

The fact is, that he does not really sing, although
it seems so to the ear; for he makes the sound by
rubbing together the overlapping edges of his
wing-covers. The natives name this cricket "Ta-
na-nà," and they sometimes keep one in a wicker
cage, as if he were a song-bird. He lives only a
few days in prison, and then his music ends.

AN UNDERGROUND WATER-PLANT.

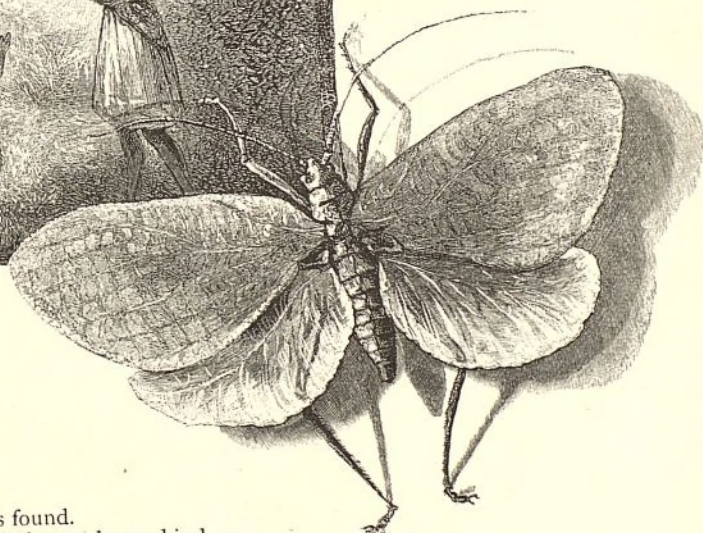
I DON'T know its name, and it is not a melon,
but a kind of water-holding root, rather like an
overgrown potato, to look at. It is so obliging
as to grow of itself just where men are most likely
to want it,—on the wide sandy wastes of South
Africa, which, during several months of the year,
have no rain at all, and are moistened only by dew.

Thirsty travelers crossing these dry deserts look
eagerly for the plant, which is small, and has
stalks scarcely thicker than a pigeon's quill.

...own, Phila.
...our little friends
...a smooth piece of
...He probably will
...ntly an ant will make
...ie. This is just what he
...hops and, quick as a flash, his
...gue draws the ant into his mouth. But it
...is not always that his supper comes to him; then
...he must go hunting up and down, back and across,
...until he finds his game. If it is a large black ant,
...and it sees him coming, the chase will last several
...yards, as you may be sure the ant knows what the
...toad is after. Mr. Toad of course varies his diet,
...but it is not easy to follow him when he takes the
...other courses to his meals.—Yours truly, M.W. S.

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

DID ever you see a name printed on
a growing apple, pear or peach? No?



Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is
the way to obtain it: While the fruit yet hangs
green upon the tree, make up your mind which is
the very biggest and most promising specimen of
all. Next, cut out from thin tough paper the ini-
tials of the name of your little brother or sister or
chief crony, with round specks for the dots after the
letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick.
Then paste these letters and dots on that side of
the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking
care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper
cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays
of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath
them, so that the name or initials now show plainly.
After that, bring the owner of the initials to play
near the tree, and say presently: "Why, what
are those queer marks on that apple up there?"

You will find this quite a pleasant way to sur-
prise the very little ones, and, of course, you can
print a short pet name as easily as initials.

THE fine picture of the "teau D'Oiron" in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS by Mr. John M. appeared in "The History of Modern," published by Mr. M. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is an old negro in our town who made a political speech in behalf of Hon. C. U. M. The following is an extract from it: "I tell you my friends dat Mr. M. is the man. He is a magnificent man, he is a splendid man, he is an eloquent man, he is a noble man. Did I say noble? Yea, he is ignoble." If Mr. M. is elected, we shall have reason to be proud of our representative.—Your constant reader,
"AZILE."

IN the article entitled, "How to make a Hammock," in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, a mistake occurs. The explanation of Fig. 7, on page 620, should read: "She did with mesh A just what she did with the original loop * * * went on knotting through B, C, and so on until," etc., etc. In other words, the learner should look upon mesh A (Fig. 7) as it were the original loop (Fig. 1), and take the stitch through it accordingly, and so with the rest of the row. When the row is finished, it is to be turned over, and the work will then go back in reverse order through the meshes of the new row.

As many boys and girls have written to us that they have learned to make hammocks from studying our article, we presume that they have perceived and corrected this error for themselves.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I live near the Okefenoke swamp. One afternoon, not long ago, I was visiting a friend, and an alligator crawled up to the front door. I don't know whether he was going to knock or not, as one of the boys shot him before he could tell his business.—Yours truly,
ANNIE LEE WRIGHT.

ERNEST W. WOODWARD.—Nothing sure is known about England before Caesar landed there from Gaul in the year 55 B. C. The Phœnicians, however, who lived on the Mediterranean coast of what is now Turkey in Asia, are believed to have brought tin in ships from Cornwall or the Scilly Isles, as early as 600 B. C., and so it is thought that they must have first known of the existence of England sometime during the preceding century, from 700 to 600 B. C. This is the burden of the answers received to Ernest W. Woodward's question, "When was England discovered?" printed in the July "Letter-Box."

Answers have come from Arthur Dunn—Jual Trefren—Bessie Mead—Anna Richmond Warner—Annie A. G.—G. W. Waterman—St. Clair Nichol—Lucy Clayton—Lettie May Follett—S. and C. W. Brockunier—Thomas L. Wood—Max *?—H. S. W.—Ralph H. Baldwin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You told us in the number for October, 1877, about Madame Cottin, who wrote the story of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," and how Elizabeth walked alone her terrible journey across the dreary steppes, from Tobolsk to Moscow. And now I want to tell you what has been going on lately over much the same road she followed, only in the other direction.

On May 5, three hundred persons started from Moscow to go to prison in Siberia. On May 12, four hundred more went; on the 20th, six hundred; and on the 24th, yet more. Still that will not be nearly all that are to go, for the Moscow prisons held, in the beginning of May, about eleven thousand persons who are condemned to exile in Siberia. I do not know if they go all the way by railroad; but for a part of it they do. Any way, whether they walk or ride, I think it is dreadful for them to leave home, family and friends, and go so far away to prison.—Yours truly,
L. N. D.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your July number, I find a paragraph speaking of this state as an extremely cold region, with thermometers at minus 30°, windows curtained with frost, and men and horses

The above paragraph appeared in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" for July. The paragraph were taken from "The Minneapolis Mail" for January 14th, 1875. It is not quite certain that the date of the year is right, as the pencil note upon the old newspaper-clipping is not clear.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your July number there is a letter about a "live doll," whose name is Lucia Zarate. I would like to tell your other readers that my sister and I have seen her and played with her. She was in St. Louis a year ago giving exhibitions in company with several other little people, Admiral Dot, Miss Jennie Quigley, and General Mite. We were all staying at the same hotel, and I used to see Admiral Dot, and Miss Jennie Quigley every day in the dining-room and halls.

One day, my sister and I were invited into Lucia's room to play with her, and we had a grand game of hide-and-seek. She is so small she could hide in the funniest places you can imagine. Once she ran under the bed without stooping at all; and she hid in her papa's slipper and fairly screamed with fun when we found her. A roll of paper lying on the floor tripped her tiny feet, and she fell and bumped her dear little nose, but this only made her laugh the louder. I would like to have her for a plaything all the while.

JOSIE L. FOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What you told us in the July number about "The Live Doll," reminds me that several years ago two Aztec, or native Mexican, dwarfs were exhibited in England.

The male was about three feet high and twenty-two years old. The female was sixteen, and nearly two feet six inches in height. Their limbs, though slender, were well formed and in good proportion. Their heads were very narrow, and the features of their faces stood out a good deal, but the expression was agreeable. Each had a quantity of jet-black hair which flowed gracefully in curls.

These dwarfs were lively, intelligent, and easily taught; and they quickly picked up little English phrases of common conversation. At the time of their exhibition, the wise men were puzzled to know whether they were a new kind of human being or merely dwarfs. I wonder what the same wise men would have thought of the tiny Lucia Zarate and her mite companion?—Your constant reader,
JENNIE BELLEW.

At Cape Palmas on the west coast of Africa, at the northern entrance to the Gulf of Guinea, is a mission-school under the charge of Mr. Fair and his wife. In the school is a class of native negro girls, from thirteen to fifteen years old, and some of their "compositions" have been sent to ST. NICHOLAS. The girls themselves chose the subjects, and wrote the pieces without help. Of course there is not room in the "Letter-Box" for all of the compositions, and so we can print only a few of the most interesting and amusing parts of them.

One of the girls, Lottie Hogan, writes what she knows and fancies about "Clouds." Among other odd things, she says: "The clouds act so queer, sometimes. I think they often look down on the earth, some running head over heel. They see a dog barking and so on, so they imitate as it is going on, on the earth. When the clouds are cut into small pieces in the sky it looks beautiful to my eyes, it looks like the skin of the Royal Tiger, with white and black stripes. It may be that they have seen the Royal Tiger below them in the forest and they have made themselves look like him. * * * You know everybody do not like to do one thing every time. So is the clouds. They do not like to fall into drops only. Sometimes they like to fall into one heavy drop called the waterspout. This drop is very dangerous."

Anna Turner writes about how a lion caught a deer: A lion once made the figure of a man, set it in the ground, and tarred it all over to make it look like a negro. Presently, up came a deer, who sniffed

at the figure curiously and, at length, "put his finger on it, and his finger stuck on." Then the deer said: "If you don't let me go, I will nok you with my head." He did not let him go. So the deer noked, and his head stuck on. Still, he did not let him go. And the deer knok with his feet, and his feet stuck on. And the lion went and nok poor deer in his head."

Lucy M. Bryant seems to have a real love for the live things in nature, for she mentions very fondly a beautiful fly often seen by her when she took her little brothers and sisters for walks. "This Father-Fly was a playmate to us, and a very kind one, too. That is the reason why I gave it the name 'Father-Fly.'" The fly would enter the bell of a certain flower and drink some of its nectar,—"palm-wine" Lucy calls it,—and then the children would pluck the flower, and share among them what nectar was left; for what the Father-Fly might drink was safe for them also. Lucy adds: "O 't is pleasant to have a friend of little insect and to be all the time playing with it, and have a nice time with it; 't is so sweet, yes it is. When I left that part of the country to come to Cape Palmas, one thing I was sorry about,—my Father-Fly. I think he was sorry for me to leave him alone, because I loved him very much. When I first came here I thought I could find any other flower like my Palm-wine flower, but I found none like them. There is none here like them. I do not think I shall ever see my Father-Fly with the Palm-wine flowers. By this time, if they still are to be seen, I do not think any of them have any remembering of me; but I remember them yet. I shall never forget you, my Father-Fly."

Lottie Hogan, in a second paper, has an amusing way of writing about "Historic, Geographic and the Earth." She says: "Historic Geographic and the Earth just do to go together. One tells us about that, and one about this, and so forth. Histories are interesting to read. Indeed they are."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why was it that the "Magyar" told about in your July number, would not stoop?

I think that it was because his nature was too noble to stoop even for a diamond. And I would like to know if it is right.—I remain, your constant reader, G. H. M.

G. H. M. refers to a piece sent by Clara Catharine May Twiss, and printed in the July "Letter-Box." The Magyar was poor and old, but his nature was noble; and he would not stoop, because he thought it would be shameful to take something and give nothing in return.

H. C. HOWLAND.—Russell Fraser sends the following solutions of the problem printed in the July "Letter-Box":

Problem: Given $x^2 + y = 7$, and $y^2 + x = 11$; to find the value of $x + y$.

I. By Comparison: II. By Substitution: III. By Addition or Subtraction:

$x^2 + y = 7$	$x^2 + y = 7$	$x^2 + y = 7$
$y^2 + x = 11$	$y^2 + x = 11$	$y^2 + x = 11$
$x = 7 - y$	$x = 7 - y$	$x + y = 7$
$x = 11 - y^2$	$x = 11 - y^2$	$y + y = 11$
$7 - y = 11 - y^2$	$y^2 + 7 - y = 11$	$2x + y = 14$
$7 - y = 22 - y^4$	$y^4 + 7 - y = 22$	$-x - 2y = -22$
$y + y^4 = 22 - 7$	$y^4 + y = 22 - 7$	$8x + 4y = 56$
$y^5 = 15$	$y^5 = 15$	$-2x - 4y = -44$
$y = \frac{15}{4}$	$y = \frac{15}{4}$	$6x = 12$
$y = 3$	$y = 3$	$x = 2$
$x = 7 - 3$	$x = 7 - 3$	$x^2 + y = 7$
$2x = 4$	$2x = 7 - 3$	$4 + y = 7$
$x = 2$	$x = 2$	$y = 7 - 4$
$x + y = 5$	$x + y = 5$	$y = 3$
		$x + y = 5$

Solutions were received, also, from C. W. B.—Belle S. Roobach—Sylvan Drey—C. H. C.—Rebecca L. Lodge—W. G. T., Jr.—Louis J. Nance—Harry B. Walter—Mary Armstrong—Jas. Jastrow—R. E.—Mary Lantry—Frank Farmer.

Montclair, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As grown-up folk sometimes have a word to say in your interesting "Letter-Box," I venture to write you of a true incident which may interest some of your young folk, or their parents:

Little May, about five years old, was always running in and out of

her aunt's studio, as it suited her whim, and, consequently, she had often been present when a class met there for instruction in drawing. She was very fond of pictures, and made numerous attempts at copying some of her favorite flowers. One day she brought in a handful of daisies that she had just gathered and placed them in a glass on the table. Her aunt, soon after, took up a pencil and began to sketch them. The little girl watched her quietly for some time, then, wondering, remarked: "You have no teacher, Auntie." The aunt, absorbed in her own study, unconsciously answered, "No."

Instantly the child's face brightened, and, full of a new thought, she exclaimed: "The daisies are your teacher, Auntie!" and ran off to her play again, little thinking how wisely she had spoken.—Yours truly, D. H. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and I live in California.

I thought you would like to hear about a curiosity we have in our little town. It is an eagle's nest built of quite large sticks, in the top of a big old sycamore tree. It looks like it had been a very snug home for the little eagles. This is eight miles to the Pacific Ocean, where I suppose the old mother went to market for the fish to feed them on. I think may be this was the same old fellow with the snake in its claws that I have seen on the old Mexican dollars.

FRANK BETHUNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is in the army, and we live in Fort Wallace, Kansas. Our regiment was ordered out here from the South, and that was a great change. There is no green grass nor flowers here. From the ranche-men we get some vegetables. There is a river called the "Smoky"; you could jump across it. The creeks have funny names: "Punished Woman" is one, and "White Woman" is another.

My papa is out scouting; he has with him two Pawnee scouts. He takes a few soldiers and a wagon, and a little box full of food, and goes 120 miles without seeing a house or a person. I am nine years old and my name is MARY ESTELLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a fly which came to our house in the winter. We called him Buzz, because he buzzed round so and made such a noise. He was so tame we could smooth his back with our fingers. If we put any sugar on the stand, he would walk up to it and eat some. He stayed with us about two weeks, and then went away, and as he did n't come back, I suppose he was frozen.—Your affectionate friend, PANSY.

W. A. M. writes from Oregon asking what is the meaning of the three letters, "J. L. B." on twenty-dollar gold pieces; and W. W. E. wishes to know why the stars on the United States coins are six-pointed. Who can answer these questions?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a story told me by my friend, F. W. F. I have written it out, and I hope you will put it in the "Letter-Box" when there is a chance.—Truly yours, MORGAN B.

WAS HE SCARED?

My cousin Ned H. had a big dog named "Snap," and, one day, the two went hunting. In the afternoon, Ned became tired and lonely. He had tramped a long way without shooting anything, his gun felt heavy, and—he had lost his dog.

As night fell, he found himself in a thick wood in a pouring rain. Weary and disheartened, he crawled into the hollow of an immense log, and there he soon fell asleep. When the patter of the rain ceased, Ned awoke, and, peeping out, he saw the moon shining. He got out of his hole and walked about to stretch his legs, leaving his gun under shelter.

Hardly had he gone fifty paces, when, from the end of the log opposite to the one he had slept in, came a sound of claws scratching vigorously inside. Thinking some small animal was there, and hoping to scare it out, Ned pitched a stone which fell plump upon the log.

For a minute the scratching ceased, then it began again, this time with fury. Presently came a growl, very like a bear's, deep, loud and savage. Ned thought it best to have his gun at hand, and had just stepped forward to get it when a large dark object shot from the log toward him, giving a hoarse cry of rage.

Ned stood stock still for about two seconds, a cold chill running down his back. Then he turned, and flew as fast as his legs could carry him, calling "Snap! Snap!" at the top of his voice, in the hope that still his wandering dog might hear and come to his assistance. But no Snap barked in answer. Instead of that, the dreadful creature behind increased its speed every time Ned called; and so the boy had to run faster and faster.

On went the two, like the wind, the beast gaining. Ned felt his strength failing, when ahead of him in a glade he saw a high farm-yard board fence. Making a tremendous effort, he gathered himself together, and leaped and scrambled over, falling exhausted at the other side upon a heap of straw. He felt safe.

Happening to glance up, however, he saw in the air above him a huge dark body, with outspread limbs, open jaws and glaring eyes. At this poor Ned gave a shriek and fell back insensible.

When he came to, Snap was at his bedside licking his hand. The woman of the farm-house where he was lying said she had seen him in the moonlight running like mad with a dog after him. Then, hearing his cry, she ran out and found him stretched on the straw in a faint, the dog panting at his side.

The next morning, Ned fetched his gun from the wood and went home, not much the worse for his adventure; but it was a long time before he fully forgave Snap for his share in that race.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading about the large plant, "Rafflesia Arnoldi," in your May number, I thought I would tell you more about it. It was discovered in 1818 by Dr. Arnold. He was straying about the island of Sumatra, accompanied by the governor and his wife, when the Malay servant who was in advance of them suddenly called him, with gestures of surprise and in tones of astonishment. "Come with me, sir, come! Here is a flower,—large, beautiful, most wonderful!" Proceeding with the man for about a hundred yards into the jungle, he did indeed see a strange flower of immense size growing close to the ground. The flower thus discovered was called *Rafflesia*, in compliment to the governor (Sir Stamford Raffles), and Arnoldi in allusion to its discoverer.—Your faithful reader,

ROBERT B. SALTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One cold day last October, Uncle Henry took me out sailing in his little yacht. He is a stout, jolly man, and he knows all about handling a sailing-boat, so we had a splendid time together. The sea was not very rough, at first, but, on the voyage home, the wind blew so fresh that we had to scud down the coast under close-reefed sails.

There was a line of sunken rocks jutting out from shore, and we had passed them safely, as we thought, when—bump!—the boat struck, and stuck on a sharp point that made a clean round hole in the lower part of the hull, near the bows. The masts and sails stood all right, and we were silently considering what to do, when an eddy

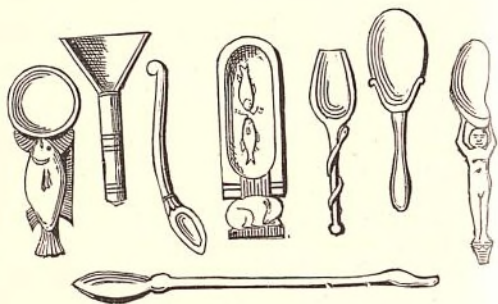
of the wind blew us off the rock, and the water rushed in through the big hole. In two minutes we should have swamped, for there was nothing with which we could stop the leak in time; but Uncle Henry quietly sat down right over the hole, and then no more water came in.

While Uncle sat there, he baled out the water, and told me how to rig the steering gear so that he could use it.

It was not very long before we were tacking homeward, and Uncle Henry began to laugh at his queer position, sitting over the leak.

But it was chilling work, he said. We arrived safely at our dock; but I thought you would like to hear how that leak was stopped, so I wrote you this.—Truly yours,

PHILLIP DEAN.



A LITTLE girl in Columbus, Ohio, sends the "Letter-Box" the above picture, which represents ancient spoons of bone and horn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why, when you shake up soap and water together, it makes bubbles?—Yours truly,

PERLIE WATERHOUSE.

The air gets into the suds, when you shake them, and makes bubbles, much as when you blow air into the suds through a straw or a pipe-stem.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

SIXTEEN letters are all of me,
The name of a song that over the sea
A north bird sang in a south country.

My 5, 2, 16, is sometimes lighter than the 15, 7, 12, 8, which blows over mount 9, 13, 4, on whose slopes great herds of 1, 14, 10, 3, are grazing, beasts to which 6 and 11 are much indebted. G. Z. C.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.



A river.



A state.



A state.



A continent.

FOUR EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. ANXIETY. 2. A space of ground. 3. To raise. 4. Found on stalks at harvest time.

II. 1. Bodies of water. 2. A mountain in Sicily. 3. A plant from which indigo is made. 4. Saline.

III. 1. Chief. 2. The name of a man who was a leader among the Jews after they returned to Jerusalem from Babylon. 3. A large body of armed men. 4. Portions of the week.

IV. 1. Erudition. 2. A precious stone or gem. 3. A means of torture in the middle ages. 4. The name of a large horned animal, in its plural form. CASSIVELAUNUS.

DOUBLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THE central letter of each horizontal word is used both as the last letter of one word and as the first letter of another; as,—*"eaten, eat, ten."* In the following statement of the problem, the first part, as *"eat,"* is defined first; then the second part, as *"ten"*; and, last, the whole word, as *"eaten."*

HORIZONTALS: I. 1. A metallic vessel which gives a musical sound when struck. 2. What a cow often does. 3. An instrument used for sending air through a tube. II. 1. An insect. 2. A part of the day. 3. Any bovine quadruped; a word rarely used, but sanctioned by Washington Irving. III. 1. Perform. 2. Upon. 3. A title used in Spain. IV. A consonant. V. 1. A negative particle. 2. A conjunction. 3. A negative connective particle. VI. 1. A carriage. 2. A color. 3. Was concerned. VII. 1. A river, city and province in South America. 2. Endued with capacity. 3. An instructive story.

PERPENDICULAR: 1. A city in Spain. 2. A girl's name. 3. Another girl's name. H. H. D.

ENIGMA.

My first is in you, but not in me,
My second in liberty, not in free.
My third is in red, but not in black.
My fourth is in Queen, but not in Jack.
My fifth is in teach, but not in learn.
My sixth is in pitcher, but not in urn.
My seventh is in hot, but not in burn.
My whole is a town for a treaty famed
And by lovers of velvet often named.

J. M. J.

RHYMING ANSWERS.

EACH line of the riddle has its own separate answer, and all the answers rhyme with one another, and not with the ends of the lines

of the verses. The lines seem to refer to one thing all the way through, when perhaps they have no connection one with another. Here is an example:

When I am broken, you go free;
Though you be worse, I am less bad;
I come by mail to make you glad.
'Then, you are what I am. D' you see?
A very dog, though not gone mad!

Answer: Fetter, better, letter, getter, setter.

Here are four more puzzles of the same kind. What are their answers?

Golden and sweet to market I go,
Half trembling, half flying,
Down the street, whether dirty or no.
Low grumbling, not crying;
Confused and halting in speech—so!
Or like fat a-frying.

I'm all created things, yet man
May boil or bake me in a pan.
While I am heard and never seen
To sow broadcast, I always mean.
Dost think me true? I'm false to thee:
Never the former can I be.
But, may I hang on your new gown
If I can't make best hats in town!

I am always at your toilet?
Am I the rose on your cheek?
Scornful am I in expression?
There, you'll break me if you speak!
Should you venture e'er to taste me,
Quickly then away I'll flow,
Grinding all things into powder
As so swiftly on I go.

Nor brain, nor hands, yet toil is mine through life,
I only speak for triumph or in fiercest strife.
Indebted to me for the very coats they wear,
Yet, that I am their fate, men oftentimes declare.
When they shall cease to live and move within my space,
Then do I offer them a quiet burial place.

L. W. H.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In rhinoceros. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A pictorial puzzle.
4. Of a dark color. 5. In substitution. DOTTIE DIMPLE.

PICTORIAL QUOTATION.



A LINE from "Romeo and Juliet," Act III.

EASY METAGRAM.

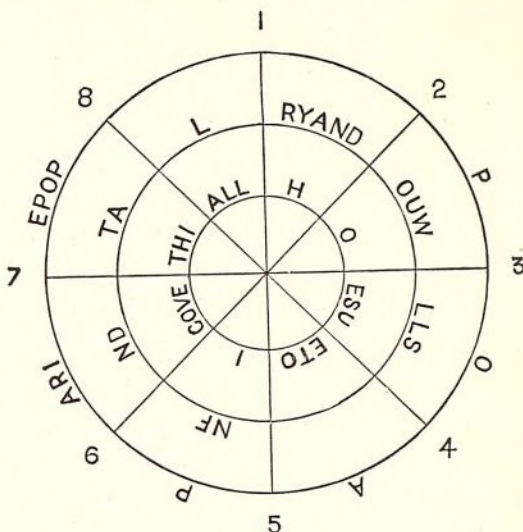
WHOLE, I am to strike against. 1. Behead me and I become part of a whip. 2. Take away 50 and add 100, and I am money. 3. Take away the hundred and I am a timber tree. 4. Behead me again, and I stand for "Silence!" A. G. C.

ANAGRAMMATIC DOUBLE DIAMOND.

FROM the letters of the following phrase:—TEN SHARPER PINS, form a double diamond with a central perpendicular meaning "more near to perfection," and a central horizontal meaning "parts of men's necks." No letter of the phrase may be used twice over in making the diamond. C. D.

WHEEL PUZZLE.

A LETTER is to be placed at each point in the diagram where lines cross. When the proper letters have been placed, the spokes will



read as follows, beginning in each instance with the letter at the center: 1. A Greek letter. 2. A short poem. 3. A bird of Egypt. 4. A metal. 5. An image. 6. A deity of the ancient Egyptians. 7. A flower. 8. Is never found where there is no water.

Around the tire is a quotation from an English poet, with his name. The middle circle is a sentence encouraging the puzzler to solve the problem. The innermost circle is another sentence of further encouragement. O'B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals spell the names of two important personages in one of Shakespeare's plays.

Cross words: 1. A note in music. 2. A name for a tune. 3. Something which burns slowly and without flame, and is often applied to the person. 4. A mixed color. 5. Treatment; the process by which new fashions become old customs. 6. A measure of length. 7. A name used in Scotland to denote a long inlet of the sea. A. G. C.

AN ARITHMETICAL KITE.



PUT one of the ten numerals (1-10) at each star, so that the product of those in any one straight line, multiplied together, shall be the same as the product of the numerals in any of the other straight lines. There are but six straight lines: the four along the edges of the kite, the perpendicular, and the horizontal. No figure is to be repeated in the same line; excepting in the horizontal line, at each of whose ends the same numeral is used; however, only one of the end figures of this horizontal line is to be used when multiplying together the numerals of that line. L. R. P.

REBUS.



A WELL-KNOWN verse of four lines.

ÉNIGME FRANÇAISE.

Je suis composée de vingt-deux lettres, et je suis un proverbe adressé aux méchants.

1. Mes 1, 2, 8, 9, 22 sont l'extrémité. 2. Mes 4, 18, 19, 6, 16, 21 sont un bâtiment où l'on prépare la farine. 3. Mes 7, 20, 5, 3 sont

la qualité d'être véritable. 4. Mes 11, 12, 10 sont sans lustre, ou sans vernis. 5. Mes 17, 15, 14, 13, 22 sont une espèce d'étoffe comme de la gaze. EUGÉNIE E. I.

BATTLE ACROSTIC.

1. Battle fought B. C. 331, in Asia. 2. Battle fought A. D. 1571, in Greece. 3. Battle fought A. D. 1792, in France. 4. Battle fought A. D. 1415, in France.

The initial letters of the names of the places where these battles were fought give the name of a brave and skillful, but very cruel, European general of the sixteenth century. ESOR.

FLORAL ENIGMA.

My first is in horse, but not in cow;
My second in peace, but not in row.
My third is in hill, but not in street.
My fourth is in pickle, but not in meat.
My fifth is in fowl, but not in bird.
My sixth is in question, not in word.
My seventh is in rain, but not in fleet.
My eighth is in shoe, but not in sect.
My ninth is in pot, but not in can.
My tenth is in wheat, but not in bran.
Now guess this riddle, if you've the power;
The answer names a fragrant flower.

ANNIE SKINNER.

SEXTUPLE WORD-CROSS.

..... E

The central letter, E, is given in the diagram, and is used for both the Full Perpendicular and the Full Horizontal; but the central letter forms no part of the words that make the limbs and arms of the cross.

Full Perpendicular, eight letters: A word of parting.

Full Horizontal, seven letters: An island belonging to Spain.

Top Limb, three letters: Distant.

Bottom Limb, four letters: A place for collecting and holding water.

Left Arm, three letters: Angered; subject to fits of unreason.

Right Arm, three letters: A scriptural name of a man.

D. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

A PUZZLING FAN.—Knavery, Bravery, Slavery; Very.
NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.—1. Car-go. 2. At-ten-dance. 3. Pleasure.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

DAKOTA
CANGES
CANTON
COBURG
WHITBY
ORANGE

WORD-SQUARE.—1. Nestor. 2. Eunice. 3. Snipes. 4. Tipple.
5. Ocelot. 6. Resets.
ANAGRAMS.—1. Pigeon. 2. Worthiness. 3. Threatens. 4. Flosscular. 5. Festivals. 6. Expression. 7. Severance. 8. Straightened. 9. Incessant. 10. Entangles.

HISTORICAL ENIGMAS.—I. Columbus. II. Thermopylae. III. Sir Walter Scott.

INVERTED DIAMOND.—I. Cowered. 2. Raved. 3. Red. 4. R. II. C. 2. Or. 3. War. 4. Ever. 5. Red. 6. Ed. 7. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Palestine.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Boy eating a pie.

PICTORIAL TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—1. Bluff. 2. Apollo. 3. Refrigerator. 4. Kite. 5. IUW. 6. New-graNaDa. 7. GléaneR. 8. Deer Fawn. 9. OrAngE. 10. GraVeyard. 11. SOI. 12. ScissoRS. 13. EsSense of F. 14. LepanTO. 15. DisH-coveR. 16. OsagE orange. 17. ManitoBA. 18. BRiAR. 19. IAM. TVE. 21. EyElid.

CONCEALMENTS.—1. Josephine. 2. Venus. 3. Dido. 4. Diana. 5. Hecuba. 6. Esther. 7. Antigone. 8. Medea. 9. Cleopatra.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from O. C. Turner—T. N.—M. B. French—Florence Wilcox—"Bunker"—"Rosa"—Katie L. Bigley—Bessie and her Cousin—A. O. Walther—St. Clair Nichol—Mr. Charles—E. B. Clark—Florence L. Turrill—Annie Reynolds—Susie A. Mackline—Rebecca L. Lodge—Lulu Mather—W. W. Oglesbee—Lizzie H. de St. Vrain—Philip C. Bergen—Bob and Charles—Kitty C. Atwater—Mamie A. Benedict—Lester Mapes—San Wells—Helen M. Harriman and Harriet A. Clark—Anna H. Mills—Maude Smith—Floy Carrier—Nellie S. Tappen—Mabel Gordon—The Blanke Family—Aunt Carrie—Geo. Mitchell—Etta M. Taylor—Margaret J. Gemmill—Anna Haughton—E. Wise, Alice and Kate—Hildegard Sterling—Grace V. Farnam and Emma L. Maxwell—Lancelot Minor Berkeley—"Yana"—Jennie Kimball—Bessie Abeel and Friend—Edward Vultee—"M. A. K."—Harry Crosby—"Rowena"—L. D. Black—Karl K.—Allen T. Treadway—Bessie Taylor—Maude Crane—Vee Cornwell—Edwin G. Seibels—Jennie Mondschein—Lillie Burling—Julia Grice—J. B. Johnston—Peter C. Hartough—Florence McL. Bergen—Fred. A. Conklin—Thomas S. Cheney—Clarence Hoffman Young—Louisa Haughton—Warren Wolfsberger—Jennie Rogers—Georgia Harlan—Morris Turk—Jno. V. L. Pierson—Amy E. Smith—Wm. McLean—Bessie C. Barney—Arthur C. Chamberlain—Eddie Worcester—Little Buttercup—O. B. Judson—Bettie L. Hillegeist—Arthur Dunn—Betsy Mondschein—Alfred W. Stockett—Bella Wehl—Harold S. Wilkinson—Charles T. Judson—J. Lloyd M. Scott—W. S. Grinstead—K. St. H.—M.—Richard Stockton—Kenneth Emerson—Mifflin B. Bradley—Ida Cohn—L. F. Guyot Cameron—Lucie F. Ducloux—Herbert James Fily—Agnes Nicholson—Bertha and Carl Keferstein—Edward Chamberlin—Henry Lincoln—Lulu Mather—Riddlers—Louise A. Robert—Flavel Scott Mines—A. Kana H. E. F.—Marion L. Pike—A. B. C.—Mary L. Pinkham—Fannie Densmore—Mary Belle Brewster—George J. Fiske—Esther L. Fiske—Bertha Newsome—and Anita Newcomb.

Anita Newcomb is the only one who sent correct answers to all the puzzles in the July number.