A NEW YEAR

OF

ST. NICHOLAS.

GRANDMOTHER.

ST. NICHOLAS:

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DEPARTMENTS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER, 1879. NO. 1.

HOW SOME DOLLS BROKE THE LAW.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

AT William Hackett's dingy, cramped quarters in London, there were three very busy people. These were Mrs. Hackett, Miss Hackett, and Master Hackett. They were working upstairs in an attic room, sitting about a table on which there were dolls, doll-heads, doll-bodies. All about the room were boxes of dolls, undressed, except for those inevitable little paper-cambric slips which seem to embody the only inalienable right that dolls have in this world. There were red-haired dolls, black-haired dolls, golden-haired dolls, no-haired dolls,—every description of the genus, perhaps, except the china doll.

Were the Hacketts—Mrs., Miss and Master—dressing dolls to help out belated Santa Claus? No. Were they making dolls? Again, no. They were unmaking the creatures. It would have made any little girl's blood run cold to stand by and witness the slaughter.

First, the lovely dears were beheaded. Then they were ripped open about where their clavicles would have been if the doll-makers had n't left the clavicles out of the darlings. When they were all ripped, and gaping in a ghastly way from shoulder to shoulder, they were emptied of what would have been their vital organs if it had n't been sawdust. Then the heads and bodies were stuffed like Thanksgiving turkey, not, however, with oysters or curry force-meat, but with costly laces,—laces fit to adorn a duchess.

Mr. William Hackett was going to emigrate to America. No; he was n't going to colonize with the little deaf and dumb men and women. He was going to open a toy-shop and a lace-shop in the United States, and make his fortune. He had put his means, the gatherings and savings of thirty years of work and economy, into fine laces.

It was a queer way to carry fine laces,—was n't it?—crammed in spaces where dolls' brains and hearts and lungs ought to have been, if the darlings had had their dues.

"It 's a very heavy risk to run," said Mrs. Hackett, shaking her head.

"No risk at all," said Master Hackett, the bold; "the thought will never come to the stupids to look down a doll's throat."

"Or to take its head off," said Miss Hackett.

"Well, be sure you make good knots in your thread, Flora, and sew the bodies up snug; and glue the heads on tight, Billy," said Mrs. Hackett.

"Trust me," replied Billy. "I 'll engage that none of these beauties will ever lose their heads. I 'll glue them on so snug, the dolls wont be able to wag their heads when they get to Yankee-land."

"Any way, I 'll feel uneasy till we 're safe past the custom-house. They do say that the officers are prying, beyond all believing. I must say, it is not to my liking,—this dodging the law; I 'd be far happier to have father pay the duty on the lace, like an honest man. I 'd feel more as if the Lord had good cause to give us good luck in a new land, than if we 'd cheated at the gate; though, to be sure, it 's not like dealings between man and man. A few pounds more or less can't make a deal of difference with America."

"No," said Master Hackett, "the Yankees 'll never know they 're hurt; but I would n't care if they should feel it. If they had n't kicked up a rumpus, and fought us, and set up an establish-

ment for themselves, there would n't be any duties to pay. I don't wonder they did fight, though, I 'm going to 'list to fight the Indians when I get over there."

"And to get scalped," said Miss Hackett, as she crammed a point-lace collar into an alabaster doll-head. "I believe we shall never get this work done."

It was a tedious job, but it was, at length, done, and the dolls and the Hacketts shipped for the United States.

When the custom-house officials boarded the incoming steamer, Mr. Hackett, without hesitation, reported his dolls and toys, and stood by while his wares were rummaged so roughly that Master Hackett, also standing by, thought that some of the doll-heads must surely burst open and let out their secrets. But the investigation ended without any cracked skulls; duty was paid on the dolls, while the laces passed in free.

The Hacketts, in good humor, took rooms, and again the dolls were beheaded, disemboweled and reconstructed. The laces were worked over and carded; a toy-shop was opened, and Master Hackett, instead of going off to fight the Indians, and to get scalped, was set to keep it, while Miss Hackett presided over the lace-shop. You and I know why her laces could be sold at low prices,—low prices bring quick sales,—thus Mr. Hackett soon found himself back in London, ready to bring out another lot of immigrant dolls, to find homes in little Yankee girls' hearts. In the meantime, some things had happened,—among others, the Chicago fire. By this, many and many a little girl was left doll-less, and many a boy top-less. All over the country, from New England and New York and Ohio, and the great North-west and the Pacific coast, while mammas were boiling and baking, and packing boxes of clothing for the burnt-out folks, and papas were giving their checks freely, the dear little boys and girls were getting tops and dressing dollies to comfort the burnt-out children.

And Santa Claus, you must know, was one of the heaviest sufferers from the great fire. Thousands and thousands of his Christmas toys were destroyed. But when the great holiday came around, the children in the land stood by their blessed old saint and friend. Many a Christmas-box they sent to Chicago for this and that burnt-out Sunday-school. And so it came that there was a Christmas-tree for a certain Presbyterian Sunday-school in Chicago, all of whose gifts had been sent by children of nobody-knew-what-places; that is to say, nobody knew by the time the articles had reached the tree.

Among other things on this certain tree was a wonderful dolly, in a marvelous dress of pink gauze.

"If I could have that," said Josie Hawley, "I'd stop crying about my burnt-up dolly."

"Why don't you pray to get it," said Patsy Clark. "I 've been praying for that picture-book up there ever since I first saw it."

"Well, I will," said little Josie.

She put her hands up to her eyes, and looking through her fingers to keep the coveted dolly in sight, she said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake"——

"Is that the right way? 'I pray the'—— Santa Claus has tooked it down!" she cried.

A lady had just whispered to Santa Claus. He was looking straight into Josie's eager face.

"This beautiful doll," he said, "is for the good little girl, Josie Hawley."

Oh! where was the little girl who had sent that pretty doll? She ought to have been there to see Josie's radiant, happy face, as two eager arms were reached out to receive the beauty.

One day, in the following January, Mrs. Hawley was thinking, in desponding mood, of her ruined fortunes, when Josie ran into the room, crying:

"Come quick, Mamma! My dolly is drownded all to pieces in the baf-tub."

"Why, Josie, what have you been doing?" said Mamma, hastening to the bath-room.

"I gived her a baf; her wanted a baf so bad," said Josie.

There, in and on the booming deep, with a cataract roaring from the open faucet, was the beautiful dolly, all unpasted. One fair foot and the fairer head had gone to the bottom of the tub. The beautiful unglued curls were floating in a tangled mass on the restless waves.

"And what is this?" said Mamma, as, having rescued the other parts, her hand plunged and brought up the head. Dripping honiton lace was hanging from it. "Did anybody ever?" continued Mamma, pulling at the lace, and drawing out yard after yard.

Further investigation followed; dolly was dissected, and a marvelous anatomical structure was revealed. You see how it was, do you not? It was one of the Hackett dolls which, by mistake, did not get its lace insides taken out, on its arrival in America.

Of course, the matter could n't be kept out of the papers; it was published far and wide. I presume you read an account of it. Some custom-house officers did, and the Hacketts did not. They took a London paper, setting it down that American newspapers were sensational and unreliable. The custom-house folks had their explanation

about the lace-stuffed doll: the lace was smuggled lace. They wrote it down on their memories' tablets, "Beware of dolls!" Mr. Hackett was coming in on a second venture while this inscription was fresh on the tablets.

When his dolls were exposed for inspection, the investigator took one in his hand. It was a beautiful creature, with long Saxon curls, black eyes, bright cheeks and a rose-bud mouth. There is surely not a little girl in all the world who could have looked at it without a flutter. What do you think that hard-hearted officer did? He took the head in his right hand, the bright face against his great palm, while the left grasped the darling just over the little heart, if there had been a heart in its body. He laid the neck across the box's edge and broke the pretty head off, so that it would have bothered Master Hackett, expert that he was, to reconstruct that doll.

Doubtless, there never was another lot of dolls that paid a higher fee than Mr. Hackett's for admission into our country.

ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN.

By Frank H. Converse.

With shaking sails and jib hauled snug to windward, the old whaling schooner "Macy" lay tossing unrestfully on the waves of the Caribbean Sea in the swiftly gathering, tropical twilight. Leaning idly over her taffrail, Captain Smith, and Mr. Freeman the mate, watched the approach of a whale-boat containing Captain Bangs of the "Doane" (also a whaler), which vessel was hove to, a pistol-shot distant, to afford her commander opportunity for making an evening call.

"Drop her astern, you 'Dolph," growled the genial Bangs; and, the boat having arrived alongside, he scrambled over the Macy's rail, followed by his boat's crew. "Mind you make the painter well fast!" With this injunction he dived below, in compliance with a nod from Captain Smith. 'Dolph, a stolid Belgian noted for his stupidity, grunted obedience, and with great deliberation tied the "painter," or boat-line, around the nearest stanchion with an elaborate double bow-knot, as though it were a kind of gigantic shoe-string, after which he joined his shipmates forward. But Boy Jack, who was youngest and lightest of the "Doane's" crew, and pulled "stroke" for the captain, remained in the boat.

"Better than tobacco smoke and a dirty forecastle," he muttered, drowsily, as, curled up in the stern-sheets, he watched the Mother Carey's chickens which danced in the "Macy's" wake. And vaguely associating their monotonous note with the well-remembered twittering of barn-swallows at home, he fell fast asleep, unconscious that, little by little, the clumsily knotted boat's painter was yielding to the strain imposed upon it by the rising and falling waves.

Three hours later, Captain Bangs came on deck, and, having summoned his crew, somewhat hilariously ordered his boat to be brought alongside.

Presently, 'Dolph, who had been aft, appeared before the waiting commander with a dismayed countenance.

"It vos a touble bow-knotz, Mynheer Cap'n," he stammered, "and I shall not tinks how he would untie, but ——"

"Why, you dunderheaded old—old—graven image!" shouted Captain Bangs, rushing to the rail in horror. "You don't mean to say that a brand-new three-hundred-dollar whale-boat has gone adrift through your everlasting, blamed stupidity!"

"I haf tied my shoe yesterday mit the same knotz, an' he wos not yet untie," answered 'Dolph, innocently advancing an enormous foot for the frenzied captain's inspection.

"O–ww!" roared the wrathful Bangs, twining his hands in his own hair in a seeming endeavor to lift himself from the deck; "take that thick-skulled idiot away, some of you, before I throw him overboard!" and Captain Bangs strode wildly up and

down, to the intense but secret delight of little Mr. Marshall, the second mate, who grew purple to his ear-tips with suppressed laughter.

To add to the perplexities of the situation, a heavy squall began to darken the sky and whiten the waves to windward, rendering a return to the "Doane," for that night at least, an impossibility.

But, leaving the hapless commander to pour out the vials of unavailing wrath upon the head of the unlucky but unmoved 'Dolph as he assists in shortening sail on board the "Macy," let us see how it fares with our hero, Boy Jack.

He had been rudely aroused from a two hours' sleep by the violent tossing and pitching of the boat. With a strange feeling that something was wrong, he stumbled forward through the darkness, half awake, to find the painter towing alongside, and the boat drifting aimlessly at the will of the waves! At the same moment, by a sudden flash of lightning which lit up the sea for miles around, he saw for an instant a white speck against the blackening horizon, which he knew was probably the "Macy."

But though cast down, Boy Jack was not of the stuff which yields easily to despondency.

"I must work up to windward as well as I can, till morning, and take my chance of being seen from aloft," he said half aloud as he raised the light mast which every whale-boat carries, fitted to an adjustable socket. Then bringing the peak of his sail down nearly to the tack, he lashed it securely, thereby making a sort of storm try-sail, after which, shipping the rudder, he brought the boat up to the wind, and began his hazardous voyage.

But the wind, at first blowing in fitful gusts, soon burst with fierce suddenness from the north-west. Narrowly escaping being swamped in the act, Boy Jack had no other resource than to keep off and run before the fierce blast, which sent the terrible green seas cockling and cresting in close pursuit astern.

Crouched in the stern, and drenched to the skin with driving spray, he clung convulsively to the tiller as the buoyant boat flew with frightful velocity over the storm-tossed waves, bending all his energies upon the one effort to prevent the little craft from broaching to. Shivering with cold and excitement, oh, how bitterly he regretted the madness which had induced him, two months before, to leave his quiet New England home for a life whose every surrounding he had found, when too late, was not at all to his taste.

But as the hours passed on, and the first gleams of morning appeared in the east, breaking through the dispersing clouds, the violence of the wind gradually abated until it had settled down to a steady breeze. It was then, as he stood erect and shook out his sail, that he caught his first sight of the strange island which, on the chart, is laid down as "Rondia," and which from its dangerous surrounding of coral reefs, is seldom or never visited by vessels, that might pass and repass a thousand times without discerning the wonderfully concealed passage leading to its interior. For Rondia is nothing more nor less than an extinct volcano, rising cone-like from the sea, with neither shore nor harbor visible a cable's length distant from its lofty sides.

It was not until Boy Jack had steered his boat between rows of coral reefs against which the surf unceasingly chafed and fretted, and had come under the very shadow of the overhanging cliffs, that a cleft in the mountain-side, through which a narrow creek flowed inland, revealed itself to his astonished eyes. Ages ago, say the Rondians, this was a burning volcano. And they add that, at the crucifixion of our Savior, when earth and sea were shaken, its eastern side was riven from top to bottom, so that the sea, rushing suddenly in, quenched the internal fires, and remaining, formed the bowl-shaped harbor in the center of which no bottom (so they assert) can be reached. As one in a dream, Boy Jack was borne on the incoming tide between towering walls of stone, until, suddenly rounding an abrupt bend in the stream, a wonderful scene was presented to his view.

Before him lay a perfectly circular basin of clear water, rimmed with dazzlingly white sand; on the shore opposite to him was a tiny collection of palm-thatched huts. From behind them, as from every side of the beautiful harbor, thickly wooded slopes rose gradually upward to a wedge-shaped summit which was seemingly shut in by a circular patch of blue sky.

As the boat's keel grated on the powdered coral beach, Boy Jack stepped ashore, and not yet entirely certain that he was fully awake, looked about him. The stillness, no less than the heat, was intense. No sign of life was anywhere visible. Following a sort of foot-path leading up from the beach, he found himself in an irregular palm-shaded, grass be-grown sort of street, which, wandering aimlessly along between the little vine-embowered dwellings on either side, lost itself in luxuriant groves of plantains and bananas.

"The land of Nod," said Boy Jack, dreamily. For Rondia was taking her noonday siesta, and reclining at ease in grass hammocks, or stretched at indolent length in the cooling shade, was the entire population of Rondia, a people who, for the most part, appear to be allied to French or Spanish creoles in appearance and language, yet who claim that the blood of the now extinct race of Caribs flows in their veins.

Fortunately for Boy Jack, weak and faint with hunger, Father Francis, a sort of missionary priest, who had been sent here thirty years before from Dominica, and had taken up his permanent abode in Rondia, appeared upon the scene. He was a spare, kindly visaged man in a faded cassock and broad-brimmed hat, mounted upon a little, venerable and sleepy-looking donkey. Jack briefly related his story to the amazed priest, amid muttered exclamations of languid surprise in a jumble of poor French and stray bits of English from

"A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHTNING LIT UP THE SEA."

a throng of now aroused Rondians who gathered about him, and to whom he expressed his willingness to dine on the shortest possible notice.

Boy Jack has since averred that the baked beans of his native land never tasted one-half as good as the savory bowl of stew which was soon set before him. It was composed of salt fish, oil, beans, Chili peppers, yams, sweet-potatoes, gumbo, turtle meat and plantains, thickened with cassava, and flavored to a shuddering extent with garlic.

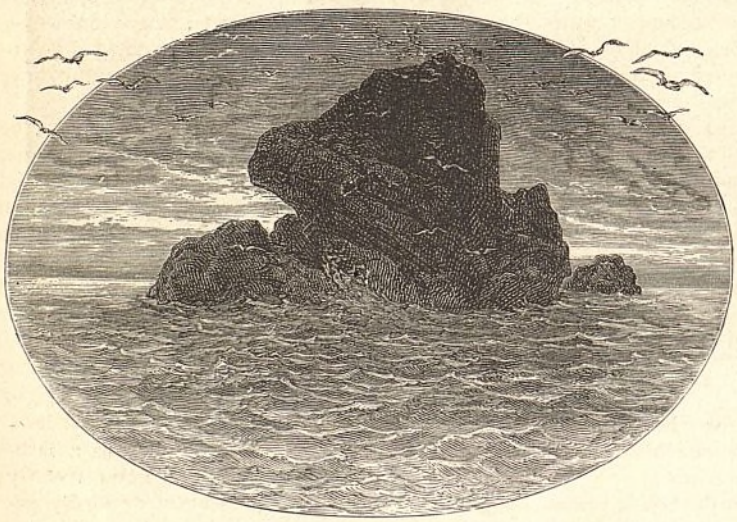
In a day or two, the little ripple of excitement which the stranger's advent had caused among this the most indolent people in existence, had subsided, and Rondia had returned to her normal condition of eating and sleeping. Yet, as Boy Jack learned from Father Francis, his was the first white face which had been seen there since the year 1852, when a Scotch brig was wrecked near the entrance to the harbor, and the two only survivors, who found their way into this strange interior, were afterward carried to Barbadoes by a turtle-catcher. Twice a year a small sloop is loaded with the few native products of the island, to be exchanged in Barbadoes for the necessaries of life,—which, with the Rondians, seem to consist of calico, chewing tobacco, and stove-pipe hats,—though these last-named articles are considered rather as a fashionable luxury, than as a necessity. You can easily imagine that a Rondian presents a decidedly peculiar and imposing appearance as he stalks majestically over the burning sand (the thermometer at 102° in the shade) in dingy and tattered linen shirt and pants, and barefooted, but with his crisp hair surmounted by a stiff, bell-crowned hat of the fashion of forty years ago.

The curious interior of Rondia, already alluded to, is formed of lava, which cooled so suddenly from its fiery, melted state that it left the ground-surface covered with air-holes, like the top of an

immense griddle-cake. These then became gradually filled with dust, loose earth and decayed animal and vegetable matter, forming a surface soil of wonderful richness. Every variety of vegetation matures for the lazy Rondian without his help, and all kinds of tropical fruits ripen with incredible rapidity, as though to fall into his open mouth as he snores away two-thirds of his indolent life in a grass hammock. With the exception of the three hurricane months, as they are called,—which periods of wind and rain afford an excuse for an additional amount of sleep,—the climate of Rondia is that of a perpetual summer.

The harbor itself, from its nearness to the sea and great depth, abounds with fish and turtle. Here Boy Jack saw for the first time the cardinal-hued "snapper" and crimson mullet, the chameleon-like dolphin, the slender pipe-fish, parrot-fishes, gorgeous in plate armor of red and green, and occasionally the rainbow-tinted angel-fish of the Bermudas.

Now Boy Jack called to mind how often, in his school days, he had dreamed of the happiness which a perpetual holiday in some such climate as this—a holiday unbroken by the slightest semblance of duty or task—would afford him. But he found that, after a week of this very easy way of living, it began to grow too tiresome. He had made the acquaintance of every male inhabitant of Rondia, from old Manuel, the Spaniard, popularly believed to have been a pirate, to Jocopo, a peculiarly vicious monkey belonging to Father Francis. Mamma Moyo, an Obi woman, or witch, had given him a charm to insure him riches and long life. He had visited the ruined stone lookout where La Fitte, the freebooter, watched the sails in the offing; for, many years before, Rondia was a famed trysting-place for the pirates which infested the Caribbean sea. He had been out to the wreck of a Spanish man-of-war, where at low tide the whitening bones of her ill-fated crew can be seen among the rusty cannon on the bottom. His appetite was sated with fruit, and he loathed the odor of garlic.



"A BARREN ROCK WITH SEA-GULLS SWOOPING ABOUT IT."

"Rest you easy, my son," said Father Francis, who took a secret pride in his English; "s'pose you s'all here for always to stay, the peoples have to me told that they you will make to become a—a—*Gobernador*—I am not know what he s'all be call in English."

For the primitive Rondians looked upon Boy Jack, who had given them such wonderful accounts of the world without, and especially of the great Yankee nation, with a sort of superstitious respect, as a being possessed of vast stores of wisdom.

But this dazzling honor, to which was added the inducement of marriage with a Rondian belle of some personal beauty, was insufficient to turn Boy Jack from his fixed purpose of setting sail for the nearest sea-board port frequented by American shipping. To reach his quiet New England home once more, never to leave it again,—to ask forgiveness of his loved parents for his headstrong folly in running away to sea, and be to them evermore a dutiful son,—this was the one dream which was present to his mind.

And one day, amid general lamentation, Boy Jack waved a good-bye to Rondia, leaving Father Francis to lift up his voice and weep, while his flock forgot their sorrows in sleep. His boat was provisioned with dried turtle, cassava, and fruit; he had water sufficient to last a week. Barbadoes was but eighty miles distant, the course W. N. W. by his boat compass, and at this season of the year he might reckon upon fair weather and the steady breath of the N. E. trade-wind. He had a blanket and an old sou'wester hat, in addition to his scanty stock of clothing; but in that delightful climate this was all-sufficient for ordinary needs.

Could he but reach Barbadoes, he knew that he was almost sure of finding American vessels loading with sugar or molasses for northern ports. The most he feared was the remote possibility of falling in with the "Doane" or "Macy." He fully intended that in some way the whale-boat should be

returned to its owners ; but he firmly resolved that he himself would never willingly go back to the rough life of a whaler's forecastle.

By night-fall, the lofty peak of Rondia was no longer visible. Now and then, a lonely, barren rock could be discerned, with a troop of sea-gulls swooping about it, but as the twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars shone out with a softened brilliancy peculiar to the tropics, Boy Jack began to experience that terrible sensation of being

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,"

in all its misery. But finally, commending himself to the loving care of Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, he wrapped himself in his blanket and fell asleep, awaking at intervals to find the weather fine and the wind gradually dying out.

Toward day-break, he was awakened by a repeated hail of "Boat ahoy!" Struggling to his feet, he became conscious that the cry came from a large fore-and-aft schooner, which was becalmed a cable's length distant. A sudden terror came over him, for in the dim light the vessel's rig and size appeared to be exactly those of the "Doane," and at that distance he could not see whether she carried quarter-boats and had lookout stations aloft, or not.

"Come alongside and give an account of yourself," again shouted a hoarse voice, which to Boy Jack's excited imagination seemed that of the dreaded Bangs; and, as escape was impossible, he slowly propelled his boat toward the schooner. But as he neared her he saw, with feelings of great relief, that it was no whaler; her name was the "Ella," of Boston.

As he came alongside, a gray-bearded man silently left the wheel and took the boat's painter.

"Can I see the captain?" asked Boy Jack, as, reaching the deck, he noticed with some surprise that no one but the gray-bearded man was in sight, and he seemed to have suddenly fallen asleep as soon as he grasped the spokes of the wheel.

"You can," curtly answered the gray-bearded man, suddenly opening his eyes, but not otherwise moving a muscle of his face.

"Well," said Boy Jack, "where is he?"

"I 'm the individual," was the unmoved answer. "Who are you—a runaway from a whaler, eh?"

In some astonishment, Boy Jack told his story, to which the captain—whose name was Simons—listened without remark. He had met with so many more remarkable experiences in his thirty-three years of sea life, that he seemed to think Boy Jack's narration hardly worthy of comment.

"S'pose you want to work your passage north?" said Captain Simons interrogatively. Jack nodded.

"Well," was the dry answer, "you 'll have a chance to. Me and the steward has buried mate, second mate, and three men, who 've all died of yellow fever, since we left Trinidad eight days ago, bound for Boston. And I 'm going to get the schooner home, if nobody 's left aboard but me."

At Captain Simons's bidding, Boy Jack called the steward, who was a gigantic, but wonderfully good-natured, negro; and, the whale-boat being taken up to the stern davits with infinite labor, the captain gave Boy Jack the course and the wheel, and was asleep almost as soon as he reached the cabin.

But long before they sighted Highland Light, Boy Jack was in the same condition. Sometimes, after standing three or four hours at the wheel, a sudden squall would rise, the halyards would be let go; and, after the squall had passed, the three would manage, with heart-breaking toil, to hoist the heavy foresail and mainsail again.

Oftentimes did Boy Jack pace the deck, in the night watch, when it was perfectly impossible to keep awake; and he slept as he walked, until aroused by some order, when he would be obliged to pull and haul till it seemed as though his arms would drop off.

Still, with the exception of a blow off Hatteras, the wind and weather held generally fair. Captain Simons, who was a man of indomitable pluck and energy, vowed that he was n't going to ask assistance, at any rate not as long as he could do without it, though several times they might have spoken passing vessels.

However, Boy Jack has since told me that he thinks he could not have had a *much* harder time, if he had made the voyage in his whale-boat; and that, while he had great admiration for Captain Simons's courage, he was many times inclined to doubt the wisdom of his judgment.

But on one beautiful day in June, the tug-boat "Vixen" took the schooner's hawser in Boston Bay and finally carried her alongside Commercial wharf. Boy Jack helped to furl the heavy sails for the last time, and, after packing his scanty stock of clothing in a bundle, went into the cabin to say good-bye to Captain Simons, who, by the way, had promised to see that the whale-boat in which Boy Jack had made his memorable trip was sent across to Provincetown, where the "Doane" was owned, with the compliments of Jack Smith.

Mr. Mason, one of the owners of the "Ella," was talking with Captain Simons, and rubbing his hands in rather a satisfied manner.

"And this is the boy, eh?" said Mr. Mason, looking sharply over his spectacles at Jack, who, finding that he had been the subject of conversation, colored violently.

"That 's the boy," answered Captain Simons con-

cisely, "and a better or more willing lad never stood five hours to a wheel without a whimper."

An order for a suit of clothes and a check for fifty dollars are not very unwelcome gifts to any one. I wish some one would make such a present to *me*. And that is just what Mr. Mason handed Boy Jack; moreover, he patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Good boy—he 'll make a smart man." Captain Simons also said words to the same effect, and wrung his hand at parting till it ached.

"But whatever you do," said Captain Simons finally, "*don't* go to sea for a living." And Jack not only said that he certainly would n't, but has kept his promise.

THAT DROPPED STITCH.

By R. S. T.

A LITTLE old woman
With silver-rimmed "specs,"
Quite daintily dressed
In the cleanest of checks,
Was sitting alone in a tower, so high
That it seemed like a needle piercing the sky.

There she had sat
For—oh, ever so long!
Knitting, and singing
A sweet little song.
And she said, while her face was all puckered with smiles,
"I 'll soon have enough, for I 've knit twenty miles."

She had needles all round her
And yarn in her shoe,
And she had a partic-
Ular object in view.
Being awfully tired of perpetual sitting,
She meant to climb down on her long piece of knitting.

The knitting hangs free
From the wide-open casement;
The end of it reaches
Almost to the basement.
She cheerfully knits, and remarks as she sings:
"By means of this knitting I 'll do without wings."

Of the world far beneath her
She knew not a bit,
But she said to herself,
With a good deal of wit:
"If no better than this place, it cannot be worse."
So continued her knitting, and singing her verse.

At last, she got near
To the end of her work;
The swift needles flew
In and out, with a jerk,
When, some knot in the worsted producing a hitch,
This cheerful and pleasant old girl dropped a stitch.

Now, a great many persons
Are apt to suppose
That dropping one stitch—
Which you know, hardly shows—
Should be a small matter quite easy to shirk;
And so the old lady went on with her work.

She finished her line,
Never minding her error;
Tied it fast, and then started,
When, oh! to her terror,
It began, where the stitch had been dropped, to unravel,
And rapidly down toward the earth did she travel!

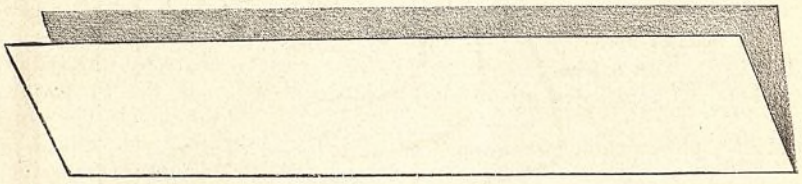
At first fast, and then faster,
The knitting unwound,
And faster and faster
She fell to the ground,
Whirled over and over, and heavily dropped,
Poor soul! How she wished on her window she 'd stopped!

So, children, be thorough,
Whatever you do,
For a similiar trouble
Might happen to you.
In performing your duties don't offer to shirk,
But be careful no stitches are dropped in your work.

TWO "ALLIES."

By Edwin C. Taylor.

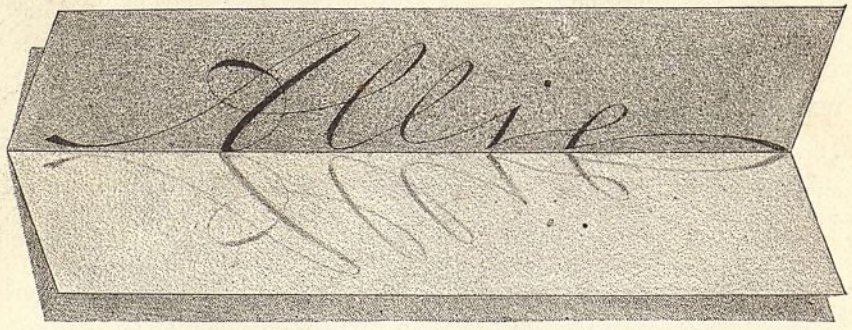
Have you ever noticed, boys and girls, the effect of repetition in design? Glance at the carpet



under your feet, and see how symmetry is produced by repeating forms irregular in themselves.

The merest blur, repeated, may form part of a very pretty pattern which will be quite regular in

shape, not having at all the effect of a blur. This doubling quite takes away the uneven look, as you might call it, and so produces harmony of shape,



though a thing *may* be beautiful without this evenness or regularity.

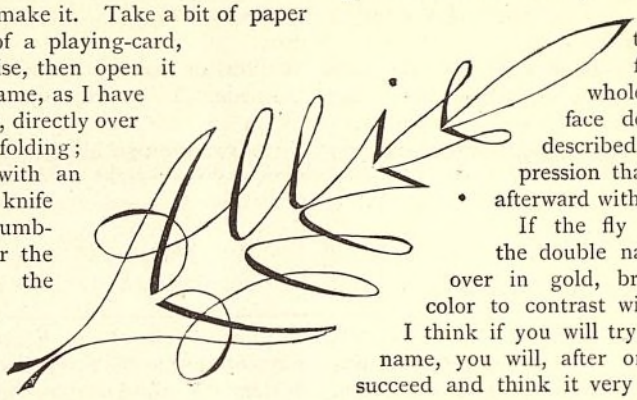
Many of the fairest forms of classic decoration are made by the repetition of shapes in themselves destitute of beauty. That which is called "a honeysuckle," a favorite decorative device since the days of ancient Greece, is, as you will see by finding the word in Worcester's big dictionary, merely a repetition of a lobe-like form taken from a part of the unopened flower.

The kaleidoscope furnishes the most striking evidence of this power to assume a pleasing shape that repetition gives to irregular fragments,—for you all know what pretty designs are formed from bits of glass or other material within the angles of your kaleidoscopes.

I want to show you a very pretty illustration of

the effect of repetition and one which any of you may easily make as an ornament to the fly leaf of a book or for any other purpose where it is desired to introduce a name as an adornment.

This is the way to make it. Take a bit of paper say about the size of a playing-card, and fold it lengthwise, then open it flat and write any name, as I have written "Allie" here, directly over the crease caused by folding; fold it again and with an ivory paper cutter, a knife handle or your thumb-nail, rub evenly over the folded paper, and the name written with the soft black lead pencil will be slightly "set off" on the opposite side of the crease, as seen in the third sketch. The faint impression may then be traced over with pencil, and you will have the pretty figure of the two "Allies," as shown on this page.



If it is desired to transfer this to the fly leaf of a book, the whole design may be laid face down and rubbed as described and the slight impression that is left, finished up afterward with ink or pencil.

If the fly leaf is dark paper, the double name may be painted over in gold, bright red or other color to contrast with the ground; and I think if you will try and make a double name, you will, after one or two attempts, succeed and think it very pretty.

ARBOR VITÆ OR NOT?

By Ella A. Drinkwater.

Supper was over, the dishes were washed, and there was no one in the tidy little kitchen but Wallace and Diantha. Wallace was on his knees before the stove stirring some evergreen branches in a large pan in the oven, and Diantha was preparing to make a sponge for Graham bread.

"How good and woodsy that smells, Wal," said Diantha as she measured the flour into the large, yellow bowl. "What is it?"

"Arbor vitæ for Billy; I'm going to mix it with his feed."

"I don't believe he will like it if it tastes as strong as it smells."

"Mr. Guerin likes it; he says he eats it between bread and butter, and it 's good for a horse. He told me about it and gave it to me."

"You might have used some of ours," replied Diantha, dropping a pinch of salt into the flour.

"We have n't any," said Wallace, springing up and seating himself on the wood-box.

"Why yes we have," returned Diantha, "in the front yard before the parlor windows."

"Why no," declared Wallace, "there is n't an arbor vitæ on the place. In the front yard we have spruce and pine and hemlock."

"Why, William Wallace Angus, you know it 's arbor vitæ," cried Diantha, turning an astonished face upon her brother. "We have spruce in the corner, hemlock before the piazza door, and arbor vitæ before the parlor windows."

"Never!" retorted Wallace, "we never had a speck of arbor vitæ on the place. Why should I get it elsewhere if we had it?"

"Let me see what you call arbor vitæ," asked Diantha, stooping to take a hot spray from the oven. "Yes, it is arbor vitæ, just like ours in the front yard."

"You don't know what arbor vitæ is," contended Wallace, his eyes beginning to shine and the color streaming up into his forehead.

"I know this is arbor vitæ," said Diantha, dropping the spray and turning to pour the yeast into the flour.

"But if you say we have it in the front yard, you don't know what it is."

"What is Mr. Blake's hedge made of?" quietly asked Diantha.

"Arbor vitæ, of course ——"

"The tree in our yard is just like that."

"But it does n't grow into trees," persisted Wallace.

"It does if it is not trimmed, and ours has never been, only a little underneath to let the grass grow under it. Just run out and get a piece and compare it with this."

"My boots are off, and the rain will wet my slip-

pers," objected Wallace, "and beside," he added laughing, "there is n't any arbor vitæ there."

"What is there?"

"Spruce and hemlock and —— I wont say positively, what the other is; I only know it is not arbor vitæ. I think the other is pine."

"How did you know arbor vitæ?"

"By experience. I guess a fellow that is old enough to begin to learn a carpenter's trade ought to know different kinds of wood. Where did you learn about arbor vitæ?"

"The man who sold it to father said it was arbor vitæ ——"

"He could n't have said any such thing," interrupted Wallace, hotly. "Father must have forgot the name."

"And every one who has ever spoken of it in my hearing has called it arbor vitæ," continued Diantha, beginning to stir lukewarm water into the flour, and speaking rather sharply.

"Then they did n't know. Arbor vitæ never grows with limbs stretching out straight like the one before the parlor windows. It grows in a thick clump."

"So does ours. It has about five or six trunks that grow straight up."

"I know better, it has only one trunk. You never can see through the limbs of an arbor vitæ as we can through that," Wallace said eagerly.

"But you can't see through this at all, except perhaps in some places where it was winter-killed year before last," explained Diantha.

"It never was winter-killed," cried Wallace, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"You have been at home so little lately that you have forgotten," replied Diantha, who now became calm as her brother's vehemence increased.

"I tell you I have n't forgotten. I looked at the front yard trees before I got mine from Mr. Guerin, and I tell you there is n't a shred of arbor vitæ on the place. You don't know one evergreen tree from another."

"That 's true," replied Diantha meekly, "I do forget their names, but I know how they all look, and I know arbor vitæ."

"How can you when you just acknowledged that you don't know one tree from another? I read to-day that boys reason, but girls jump at a conclusion. Just as you jump at that arbor vitæ."

"I know it because it is so different from all the others," Diantha answered quietly. "I have always noticed it and liked it because its name means the *tree of life*. Now, Wal, do just run out to the front yard and get a piece for me; you can put on your rubbers."

"There 's nothing to go for," declared Wallace, walking about with his hands in his pockets, and trying to appear as if the matter were now settled and done with.

"Is there any other tree that looks very much like arbor vitæ?" asked Diantha wavering a little.

"Yes, that tree in the front yard," replied Wallace ironically, ending with an excited laugh that had just a little sneer in it.

"If you wont go I 'll get up and look at it as soon as it is daylight in the morning," said Diantha, carefully covering her sponge with the breadboard.

"Well, I 'll go just to satisfy you," cried Wallace, slipping on his overshoes and catching up the candle.

"Then I 'll dry it and hold that and your arbor vitæ together and let you choose which came from the front yard," Diantha called after him as he swiftly followed the path around to the front of the house, his candle flickering and sputtering in the rain.

Diantha waited in the door-way with her apron thrown over her head, watching him as he stood before the tree.

He was gone rather longer than it generally takes one to pick a sprig from a tree, but his sister waited for him, and allowed him to speak first as he came toward her looking disturbed.

"You 're right," he answered huskily. "I would n't have believed it. I must have forgotten."

"People usually have the trees aiike on both sides of the path; that must have been the reason you thought so," returned Diantha hastily, dropping her eyes to conceal the laugh in them, while she mentally determined never to mention the subject to him again.

"Then if you are through with your work in the kitchen, let us go to the sitting-room, and I 'll play a game of chess with you," proposed Wallace, bending his flushed face over his rubbers, which seemed hard to get off.

"So we will," answered Diantha, knowing that he disliked chess as deeply as she enjoyed it, but generously accepting his endeavor to atone for his injustice to her.

So they sat down together at the chess table in the cheery sitting-room where their invalid mother lay on the lounge, her fingers busy with needlework, while their father sat beside her reading aloud from the weekly paper.

"You move," whispered Wallace, after they had arranged their men.

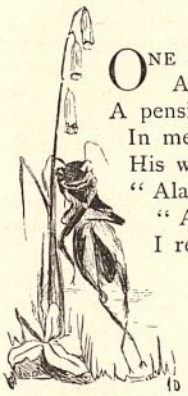
Then Diantha, to begin the game, moved her king's bishop's pawn, hesitating with her finger upon it, as her eyes met those of Wallace.

"Wallace," she said softly, noting the color still in his face and his nervous, apologetic manner, "we ought to be very happy that neither of us said anything unkind, when we were so heated. It 's manly to yield so gracefully in an argument."

"But it 's awful hard," he returned, looking relieved. "I don't remember what I said, but now I 've made up my mind always to be just and reasonable in an argument, for it 's the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken."

THE PENSIVE CRICKET.

By Joel Stacy.



One cold November morning,
All kind companions scorning,
A pensive cricket sought
In melancholy thought
His woes to stifle.
"Alas! alas!" cried he,—
"Ah woe, ah woe is me!
I really do not see
Why I should be
So melan—melancholy.
Ah me!
Let 's see."

He thought, and thought, and thought,—
That cricket did.
"It is not love, nor care,
That fills me with despair.
My chirp is sharp and sweet,
And nimble are my feet;
My appetite is good,
And bountiful my food;
My coat is smooth and bright;
My wings are free and light.—
Then ah, and O! Ah me!
What can the matter be?"

Long time the cricket sighed,
And muttered low: "Confound it!"
Then joyfully he cried:
"Eureka! O, Eureka!"
By which he meant, "I 've found it."—
The learned little shrieker!
"It is—ah, well-a-day!
Because my girl 's away,
My dimble, damble Dolly,
My cheery, deary Polly.
Oh, Queen of little girls!—
I like her sunny curls;
I like her eyes and hair,
Her funny little stare,—
Her way of jumping quick
Whene'er she hears me click.
She 's loving and she 's neat,
She 's spry and true and sweet;
And though I caper free,
She never steps on me.
Ke-nick! Kee-nick!
Ker tick! a tick!
And now the thought has come,—
To-morrow she 'll be home!
My Polly, Polly, Polly,
My dimble, damble Dolly!
I 'll dance to-night
In the bright moon-light.
To-morrow I 'll see Polly!—
Tra la! How very jolly!"

Next night the house with pleasure rang,
For Polly girl had come;
The cricket on the hearth-stone sang,—
And home once more was home.

PLAYTHINGS.

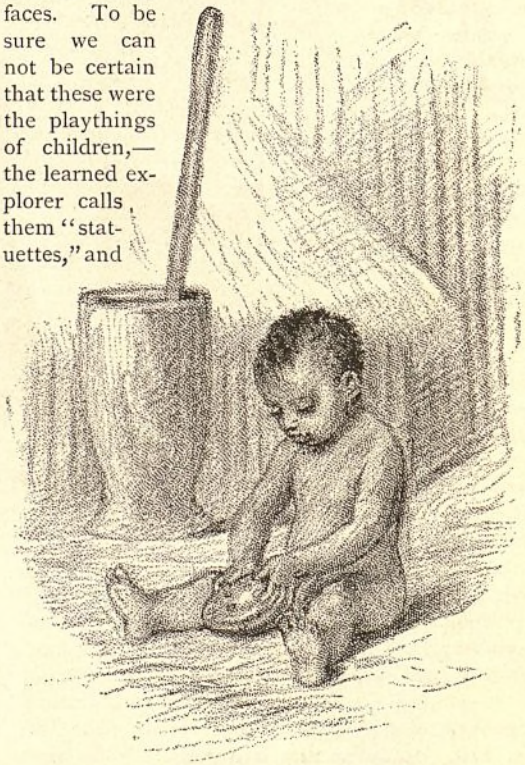
By Olive Thorne.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOYS.

THE first toy is said to have been a rattle-box,—a symbol, said the thoughtful ancients, "of the eternal agitation, which is the cause of progress."* The play-life of our nineteenth century babies begins with the same object, and the only genuine toy to be found in all Africa (says a traveler) is a rattle-box.

The second toy was, doubtless, a doll, for that fascinating object has been in use from the earliest times of which we have any record, by all peoples, barbarous or civilized. The English name is said by some of the wise men to be a nickname for Dorothea, while others think it a contraction of "idol." When we see the affection of little people for their dolls, this origin seems probable. The French call a doll *poupée* and the Germans *puppe*. The pronunciation differs in the two languages, but both names come from the Latin *pupa*, a girl.

The dignified science of history is too much taken up with stories of the wars and troubles of grown-up people to tell us what the little ancients used to play with; but we have found out many things in spite of the big books. Out of the ground are being dug, nowadays, ruined cities and treasures of the people of long ago, among them the precious toys of children. Thus we have found out that the little people of the island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, who lived three thousand years ago, had toys of terra cotta, figures of animals, of horses on platforms which ran on four terra cotta wheels, with riders of curious form, some on their knees, and others holding in each arm a large jar; donkeys with panniers, two-wheeled vehicles like our drays, and chariots with horses and drivers. Then they had a representation of some game,—whether of child or man,—several figures with joined hands, dancing around one standing still; perhaps some antique play of "Oats, pease, beans." There were also figures shaped like a jumping-jack, a mother with a baby in her arms, and, above all, dolls of all sizes and shapes, and all with smiling faces. To be sure we can not be certain that these were the playthings of children,—the learned explorer calls them "statuettes," and



THE AFRICAN BABY AND HIS RATTLE-BOX.

other names,—but they are certainly very suitable for the youngsters, and all of you who live in, or

* See "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," June, 1877.

visit, New York, can see them any day at the Metropolitan Museum. If they were not toys, they ought to have been.

The ancient little Egyptian, three or four thousand years ago, had dolls, painted to represent clothes, with arms and legs moving on pins by means of strings, so that if they could n't take off their clothes, they could move about. Some were very rude, without limbs, and for hair they had thick and long strings of beads. They had also figures washing, or kneading bread, which could be worked by pulling strings, and crocodiles which would open their mouths by the same means. The British Museum has quite a collection of ancient Egyptian toys; balls covered with leather, foot-balls, marbles, small fish, and other things. Some of the balls are stuffed with bran or husks, others are made of rushes, plaited and covered with leather, and others of painted earthenware, probably only to look at.

The first toy of the ancient Greek baby was a rattle-box, then came —as he grew—dolls of clay (a sort of coarse china doll), figures of animals, apes, with their little ones, ducks, tortoises, and others. Then they had small wooden wagons, to which they harnessed live mice, horses and ships made of leather, chickens, and jack-stones (called by a long Greek name.) Your "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" told you of them once in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877. Tops were among the earliest playthings of the Greeks, and were well known in Rome in the time of Virgil. One old writer says that a woman, named Anagalia, of Corcyra, made the first ball. However that may be, we know that ladies used to play ball in those days.

So much for ancient playthings. It is evident that little folks were amused; let us see what they are playing with to-day. Begin with the "Cradle of Nations," the mother of us all,—Asia. It is said that the religion of Mohammed forbids toys, but, if so, it does not prevent little Mohammedans of Central Asia from having balls and tops, and even rag-dolls, which travelers say are not very pretty, by the way. Also of terra cotta they have horses, cattle, dogs, fish, chickens, lions, and donkeys with pack saddles. In Western Asia, dolls with arms and legs moved by strings, like a jumping-jack, comic figures, whistles, marbles, and other things.

NEW-ZEALAND GIRL AND HER PET PIG.

The children of India fare better than many Asiatics about toys. The girls have dolls made of wood, cut out all dressed, and painted in gay colors, as though they wore real clothes. They have them of all sizes, and, indeed, the doll is a very important member of the family. "In many houses dolls have a room to themselves, and enjoy as much attention as children. Feasts and garden parties are given in their honor. The death of one involves a great show of mourning, and the marriage of one is a public event." A Bengal paper gives an account of the wedding of two dolls belonging to very wealthy Hindu families. There was a grand procession through the streets as though they were two people, followed by an expensive feast to the friends and the poor.

Besides dolls, curiously dressed in paint and gilt, with ears of some bright color, spots on nose and chin, and a head that "comes off,"—though the clothes do not,—the Hindu children have elephants and other animals of wonderful shapes and colors, with stripes and dots and stars of various colors and gilt, with ears that come off!

To speak of China makes one think of lanterns, fire-works, and kites, though perhaps no one of

them belongs exclusively to the children. The men fly kites, let off fire-works, and light lanterns. The lanterns of China are really wonderful. They are of every shape, color, and design—round, square, flat; some in the shapes of animals, and some of men; some roll on the ground and keep burning; others, shaped like horses, run on wheels; some whirl like a top; some gallop like a horse; there are ships that sail, soldiers that march, and people that dance. The power that works them is the current of hot air from the light. Some lanterns are made of red paper, with patterns made by holes; others are covered with painted gauze; some are carried in the hand, and some are made so as to stick on the wall.

"PLAYING BUILD A HUT."

The real "Paradise of Babies" is Japan,—as has been said many times,—for not only do the children have every imaginable toy, but many persons get their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap bubbles for them with pipes that have no bowls as ours have. These young Japs have tops, stilts, pop-guns, blow-guns, magic lanterns, kaleidoscopes, wax-figures, terra cotta animals, flying-fish and dragons, masks, puzzles, and games; butterflies and beetles that flutter about; turtles that move their legs and pop out their heads; birds that fly about, and peck the fingers and whistle; pasteboard targets that, when hit, burst open and let a winged figure fly out; and—most wonderful of all, perhaps—little balls looking like elder pith, which, thrown into bowls of warm water, slowly expand into the shape of a boat, or a fisherman, a tree, flower, crab, or bird.

A KAFFIR DOLL.

The girls of Japan have dolls' furniture and dishes, and, of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance; dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls dressed to represent nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations, and in some families are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as yours do; and, in fact, they can hardly be the dear playmates that yours are. They are kept as a sort of show; and, though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them and take them to bed, as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in silk paper and packed away in a trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls,—the Feast of Dolls, of which ST. NICHOLAS has told you,*—there is a great show of dolls and toys, and it is the event of the year for the queer little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of Flags is the boys' great day, and they have banners, flags, figures of war-

* March, 1875.

riors and great men, swords, and other toys for boys.*

But the finest toy of Japan — as no doubt all you youngsters will agree—is carried about the streets by a man or woman, for any child to play with who is the owner of the hundredth part of a cent, or one "cash."

"TO MAKE THEM SQUINT."

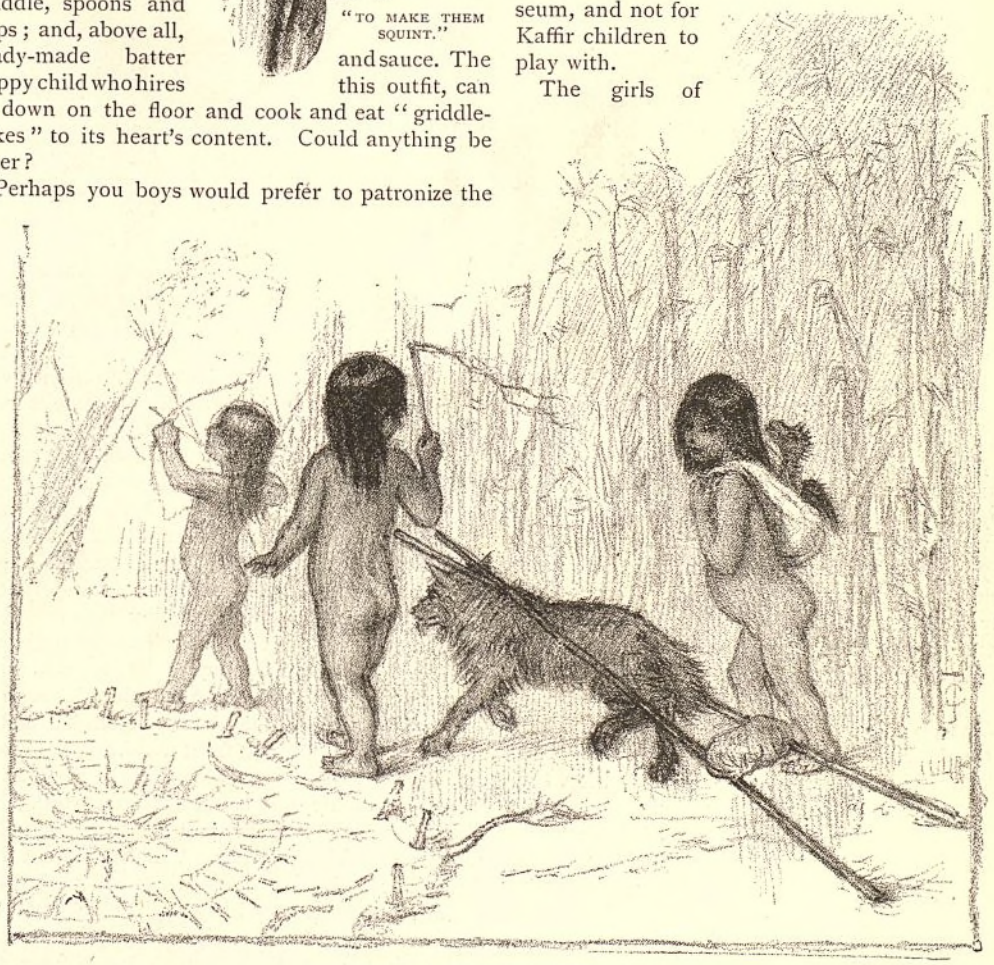
This is a small charcoal stove with hot coals, a copper griddle, spoons and cups; and, above all, ready-made batter and sauce. The happy child who hires this outfit, can sit down on the floor and cook and eat "griddle-cakes" to its heart's content. Could anything be nicer?

Perhaps you boys would prefer to patronize the "Bug Man," who fastens paper carts to the backs of beetles with bits of wax, and a half-dozen of them will draw a load of rice up quite a hill—made of a board.

The unfortunate babies of Africa have very few playthings, except what they make themselves. One traveler did see a rattle-box which a baby could not have made, as I said above. It was formed of a kind of fruit that has a tough rind and hard seeds, by squeezing the pulp out while green, and leaving the seeds to dry inside the hard skin. The solemn-faced black baby shook his toy with as much gravity as our babies shake theirs. Mr. Wood tells of leather dolls made by the Kaffirs; but they were made for the white man's museum, and not for Kaffir children to play with.

"A GREAT BEAUTY."

The girls of Damaras are fond of dolls; but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and



LITTLE INDIANS AT PLAY.

* See ST. NICHOLAS, May, 1875.

carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. The clumsy puppy faces look funny enough sticking out of the bandages.

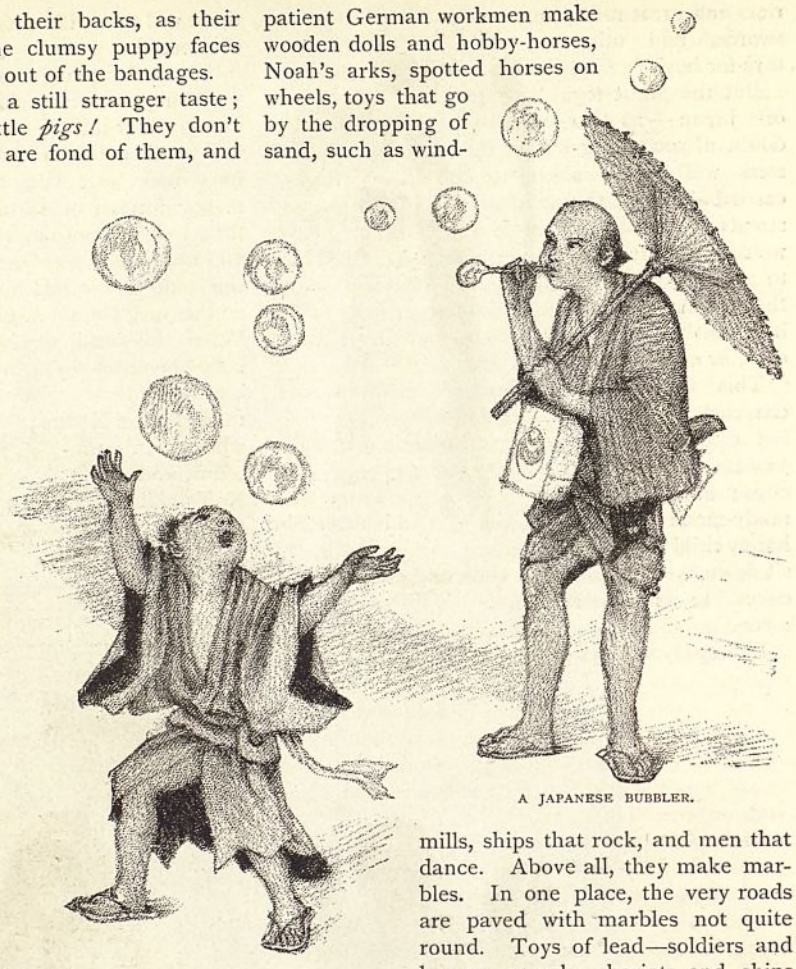
New-Zealand girls have a still stranger taste; they "play baby" with little *pigs!* They don't need your sympathy; they are fond of them, and carry them about from morning to night, under their mantles. The boys of the same country have tops, and three-cornered kites made of leaves, and they always sing while the kite flies. Besides, they play "cat's cradle," in which they make many more figures than we do, such as huts, men and women, and others.

The Wezee boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the "white man's gun." Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is a tuft of loose cotton.

In one African tribe the youngsters have spears made of reeds, shields, bows and arrows, with which they imitate their fathers' doings; and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters "jump the rope." Besides, Africans, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves "making pretend." They imitate the life around them, as you do; not playing "keep house," "go visiting," or "give a party," to be sure, because they see none of thes in their homes; they pretend building a hut, hoein a garden, making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat.

What do the native South-American babies do for toys? Do without, I was going to say; bu they do have blow-pipes of reeds, and they, too, mimic the various doings of grown-ups.

Now for Europe. A list of toys made in that continent would read like an inventory of a toy-shop. It is curious that even there, where there is so much interchange between the people, each nation makes its peculiar toys. Our shops bring toys from several of them, and they are quite different. From Germany we get our "box toys,"—sets of stiff wooden soldiers, villages, farm-yards, tea-sets, and everything that comes in an oval wooden box. The patient German workmen make wooden dolls and hobby-horses, Noah's arks, spotted horses on wheels, toys that go by the dropping of sand, such as wind-



A JAPANESE BUBBLER.

mills, ships that rock, and men that dance. Above all, they make marbles. In one place, the very roads are paved with marbles not quite round. Toys of lead—soldiers and horses, camels, chariots and ships of war, locomotives, and others—nearly all come from Nuremburg, while tin toys—horses, steam-engines, steamers, etc.—come from another city.

Toys are very cheap in Germany, because of the division of work. A peasant will make one or two things all his life, and, of course, he comes to do his special work very rapidly. A traveler visited an old German woman, who had learned from her mother to cut out six animals from wood. They were a cat, dog, wolf, sheep, goat, elephant. She had cut these all her life, and could not cut anything else. It was her trade, and she had taught her daughter and her granddaughter, as a life work, to cut these six animals. In one house, they will perhaps do nothing but paint gray horses with black spots; in another, only red horses with white spots.

Glass beads, or many of them, come from Venice. France sends us, first of all, wonderful young-lady dolls, with various accomplishments and the completest wardrobes and outfits; then clock-work

toys, masks, sabers, muskets, and all kinds of warlike toys.

England is scarcely behind Japan in variety of playthings. To begin with the best known and widest spread of all toys—the doll. England makes the most beautiful wax dolls in the world, though I must say the most marvelous doll I ever heard of was owned by Vasilissa the Fair, of Russia, and was able to help her mistress out of trouble by doing the hard tasks set for her, while she rested herself. But this doll, I fear, never lived out of the story books. To return to England's dolls: they have real hair, set in the scalp, and not a paltry wig; they have glass eyes, each of which is made separately, and is a work of art. There are sixteen manufactories of dolls in London alone.

The London doll *special* is the rag-baby, and a very pretty thing it is, just beginning to come over to our babies. The head is of wax covered with very thin muslin, which gives it a peculiarly soft and babyish look, and makes it strong enough for a live baby to play with. Dolls' boots and shoes are also an English trade.

Next to the doll, in that busy island, comes the boat. These are made of all sizes and prices, from one costing a dime up to six or eight dollars. At one house are used eight tons of lead in one year, for keels alone. England makes, also, mimic theaters, with characters and plays all ready, rubber toys of many kinds, toy picture-books, and thousands of other things.

There are some ancient English toys told about in books. They were in the days when men-at-arms fought on horseback, and the toys consisted of knights on horseback, completely armed and equipped, and fastened to platforms on wheels. They were of brass, and four or five inches high. To play with them, they were drawn together with force, to see which knight would be thrown off by the shock.

In America,—to begin with the natives,—the Indian children living in wigwams in the Far West, have their playthings, though they are somewhat rude. The boys play with bows and arrows, and the girls with dolls, or a substitute for them. The dolls are of rags, with hideous faces painted on them, and daubed with streaks of red, in the style admired by the race. To these, however, they prefer a live plaything,—or a "meat baby," as a little girl once said,—so they make pets of ravens, young eagles, and puppies. A young Indian girl is often seen with the wise head of one of these birds, or the fat, round face of a puppy, sticking out of her blanket behind. They also imitate the life of their mothers, and rig an arrangement with two poles crossed on the back of a dog, as the squaws do on the back of a horse, on which queer vehicle they carry jars of water, or anything they choose. The babies of the Indians, strapped into their cradles, play with the dangling string of beads or other article which is hung before their faces to make them squint, that being considered a great beauty.

You are indebted to Mr. H. W. Elliott, who has spent years in the Far North, and knows all about them, for a most interesting account of the playthings of the Eskimo children, who spend five or six months of every year in an underground hut, when the day is nearly as dark as the night, and all the family must find amusement within.

Toys they have in plenty, and they are twice as useful as our toys; for, making them entertains and occupies the parents, and playing with them does the same for the children. From ivory they carve the animals of their country,—bears, wolves, foxes, geese, gulls, walrus, seals and whales. These are quite small, none more than three inches long, and many not more than one inch, but so well carved that the animal is easily recognized.

LITTLE ESKIMOS HAVE THEIR PLAYTHINGS.

For the boys, are made small ivory or wooden spears, arrows, lances and sleds, and, above all,

toy *kyacks*, or boats, and even imitations of the "big boat," or ship of the stranger, with sinews, or the roots of a peculiar grass for the rigging.

But here—as everywhere—the doll is the grand toy. No wax, china, rubber, or rags will do for the Eskimo doll. It is made of ivory or wood, carefully carved as nearly like the human figure as possible, with eyes of bits of pearly shell, inlaid. Some of them are twelve or eighteen inches tall, but most of them are six or eight inches only. As to the manner of playing with them, I suppose the Eskimo boys play seal-catching, bear-hunting, sledge-riding, and dog-training; and the girls keep house with their ivory dollies, get the meals and make the clothes, all in Eskimo fashion.

It is pleasant to know that the droll little round-faced Eskimo babies have nice times, and plenty of playthings in their homes, that seem to us so dreary.

Our own toy-shops have all the wonders of European make, but the kinds we invent ourselves are mostly mechanical toys,—creeping dolls, bears that perform, horsemen that drive furiously, boatmen that row, steam cars that go; and we have a monopoly of base balls and bats, for no other people use them. None but English-speaking people indulge in plays so violent as to be dangerous to life and limb, as is our base ball, and the cricket of our English cousins.

When we begin to talk of these games we reach the amusements of the grown-ups, which perhaps they would n't like to have called "playthings," though—between you and me—they are just as much toys as are dolls and tops.

MRS. McGLINTY'S PIGS.

By Miriam Alden.

"I TELL ye, Micky, a shtroke o' good luck is afther comin' til us, and all through the freshet, that 's dalin' destruction to others. Ye know Danny Casey that 's livin' in the shanty, on the very edge of the river, on the other side? It 's the freshet is carryin' him away, entirely, and he not havin' time to get anythin' but the childer and the bit o' furniture to a safe place, an' he havin' as beautiful a litter o' pigs as iver was, siven o' them, and not a week old, and the wather, and the big blocks of ice floatin' up, and washin' over the pen! An' says he to me, says Danny, says he, 'Mrs. McGlinty, I know you 're a poor, lone, widdy woman, and the bit and the sup for the childer is hard to get, and you 're welcome to three o' my pigs, as foine pigs as iver you seen, an' me movin' into the loft over the Company's store, where the wife and the childer 'll be warrm and safe, but pigs is not allowed.' An' the ould one, and four of the little ones he 's afther sellin' to a man from Oil City, for a good price, so Danny 'll not be losin', an' it 's rich they 'll be, afther givin' us three foine young pigs, an' it 's beautiful an' fat, an' worth a dale they 'll be agin fall! But my tongue runs away wid me, and it 's drownding the foine little pigs is by this time as like as not! Run, Micky, darlin', wid the big basket, an' put sthraw in it an' the bit of an' ould shawl to cover them, for it 's tinder plants young pigs is!"

The few last remarks of Mrs. McGlinty were screamed from the open door, for Micky, no less delighted than his mother at the prospect of possessing "three foine pigs," had already started, on the run. And before he reached the bridge he had seen, in his mind's eye, the tails of those pigs

gradually straighten out of their quirks, as they advanced to mature pighood; had seen them weighted with flesh beyond any pigs that ever lifted up their squeals in Clarion County, had seen them sold, and had seen his mother's broad face aglow with delight over a heap of money that would buy them all warm clothes, and plenty to eat for the winter. For Micky, though he was only eleven, was the man of the family, and had taken a great deal of care and responsibility upon his shoulders, ever since the death of his father, more than a year before.

Micky found a crowd of people lining the banks of the river. It had rained, steadily, for five days, and the river was rising rapidly. It was full of ice, —huge blocks, that leaped and slid over each other, almost as if they were living things. It had been the most severe winter for many years, and the ice was of wonderful thickness. A great many logs and timbers were floating among the blocks of ice, with the roof of a shanty, a hen-coop, and a broken chair and portions of a light wooden bridge.

The iron mills were near the bank of the river, and the men had left their work to look at the rising river. Micky heard one of them prophesy that the bridge would go. He paused in his run for one moment. What if he should be swept away with the bridge, and drowned? His mother would be worse off without him than without the pigs; the wages that he earned in the mills were all that she had to depend upon, except the washing which she found to do now and then. Mr. Ludlow, the superintendent of the mills, was standing at the entrance of the bridge.

"MICKY CLUTCHED HIS PIGS TIGHTLY, AND PREPARED TO JUMP."

"Will the bridge go, sir?" said Micky, out of breath, his red hair standing out straight, under his rimless cap, and his freckled face fiery with excitement.

"Pooh! have they been trying to scare you, my boy?" said Mr. Ludlow, a red-faced, jolly man, who was always very kind to Micky. "There is n't a stancher bridge on the Alleghany!"

Mr. Ludlow was authority for Micky. He never thought of questioning his opinion. With one

bound he was on the bridge, running, not for life,—he had not a shadow of fear since Mr. Ludlow had pronounced the bridge safe,—but for the pigs, almost as dear as life. Danny Casey's shanty looked as if it were almost submerged; what if the pigs had already found a watery grave? That thought lent redoubled swiftness to Micky's feet. In almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, he reached Danny Casey's deserted shanty. He only cast one glance at the shanty, and rushed to the pig-pen. It was completely under water! The blow was too much for Micky to bear calmly; he thrust his fists into his eyes, and uttered a prolonged Irish howl.

"Is it the Widdy McGlinty's bye ye are?" called a voice from a neighboring house, higher and drier than Danny Casey's, and an old Irishwoman approached with her capacious apron filled with a squealing mass, which proved to be the three little pigs. "Danny left 'em wid me, and well he did, wid the murtherin' wather covering the place intirely!"

Micky's mourning was suddenly turned to joy. He placed his treasures tenderly in his basket, amidst the straw, and covered them with the piece of a warm shawl which he had brought, and their squealings gave place to piggish grunts of satisfaction. The crowd on both sides of the river had increased, Micky noticed, as he took his way homeward, but everybody had left the bridge.

"Look here, boy, I don't know as you had better go across there. I aint sure that it 's safe!" called a man.

"Pooh!" said Micky, imitating Mr. Ludlow. "There don't be a *standisher* bridge on the Alleghany!"

And he ran along, without a thought of fear. It had never occurred to Micky, in all his life, that Mr. Ludlow could be mistaken.

He ran very fast, and looked neither to the right nor the left, he was in such haste for his mother to see the pigs; there never were quite such pigs, Micky thought,—so white, so plump, and with such bewitching quirks in their tails!

Suddenly there was a great shouting on the banks; everybody was looking and pointing up the river. A great mass of ice-blocks, piled high, one above another, wedged together into a solid, glittering iceberg, was sweeping down toward the bridge. Micky was only a little more than half way over. In spite of Mr. Ludlow his knees shook. That great, massive thing, sweeping along so swiftly, must carry everything before it!

There was a great shock. It seemed to Micky, as he said afterward, "as if the woruld and the sky had come together wid a bang!" A heaving and creaking of timbers, a crashing of masonry! The bridge divided into three parts; the great mass of ice went crashing through, driving the middle portion of the bridge almost entirely under water. The icy pile seemed almost like a living thing, powerful and relentless, treading a defenseless object under its feet.

Where was Micky? He had just stepped off the middle portion, which the iceberg crushed beneath it; he was floating down the river on that part of the bridge which was near his own shore. But he was too far from the shore ever to reach it, thought Micky. There was a great commotion on the bank; hurrying to and fro, and shouting, but there seemed to be no way to release him from his dangerous position. Just here the water was comparatively free from ice. The great mass in its onward rush had swept it almost clear. But there were signs that this mass had been weakened by its collision with the bridge, and was about to break up into blocks; and, when the trembling, creaking, wooden raft upon which Micky was afloat got into the midst of great blocks of ice, it would almost inevitably be broken in pieces, or submerged. Some men were running as fast as possible down along the shore, probably hoping that Micky's frail craft would float near enough to the shore for them to rescue him, before it got among the dangerous ice blocks. It did drift nearer the shore; but the next moment the relentless ice blocks were around it, pushing it farther out toward the middle of the river. It pitched and tossed, now riding over the blocks and sheets of ice, now pushed almost entirely under them; great planks and timbers were torn from it.

"The saints preserve us!" cried Micky. "The pigs an' me 'll niver get home!"

The raft was drifting nearer the shore, but alas! it was going to pieces surely and swiftly.

"Jump! jump on to the ice cake!" cried voices from the shore.

He could see Mr. Ludlow pointing frantically to a large cake of ice which was floating by him. But the space between him and the cake was so wide that Micky was afraid he could not leap it, encumbered, as he was, by the basket.

"Never mind the basket! leave the basket!" cried voices from the shore.

"Is it lave the pigs, ye say? Niver!" shouted Micky, angrily.

But the boards were giving way under his feet, and he jumped, basket and all—and reached the ice cake. "Hurrah!" went up from the shore, whither anxiety with regard to Micky's fate had led the crowd which had witnessed the giving way of the bridge, nearly half a mile farther up the river.

But Micky's feet went out from under him as he came down, in his flying leap, on the slippery cake

of ice. The shock sent the basket, with its precious contents flying. It rolled over and over, and into the water, before Micky could catch it! But two of the "foine little pigs" were sprawling on the ice, squealing as if they fully realized the dangers through which they were passing—the other had uttered his last squeal, as he went overboard with the basket.

Micky's perils were not yet over, and he knew it, but yet the first cry he had uttered was for the loss of the pig. The cake of ice on which he stood was drifting toward the shore, but soon it might be steered out toward the middle of the river by other blocks. But some kind influence seemed to guide it; now it was very near the shore. The men had tried to launch a little boat, but near the shore the blocks of ice were so close together that it was impossible. Mr. Ludlow and one or two others walked out, stepping from block to block, to within a few yards of Micky's ice-raft.

"Now is your time, Micky!" called Mr. Ludlow, as the cake floated near. "Jump, and if you go into the water we 'll catch you!"

Micky clutched his pigs tightly, one under each arm, and prepared to jump.

"Let the pigs go!" called Mr. Ludlow, angrily.

But even Mr. Ludlow's command was not sufficient to make Micky desert the pigs.

"I could 'nt go home to the mother, sirr, widout the pigs, an' her depindin' on 'em!" said Micky.

But alas! one of the squirming, squealing creatures dropped as he jumped, and Micky went up the river bank amid the shouts and congratulations of the crowd, happy that he was safe on land, of course, but with a great pang at his heart because he had only one pig left.

"How can I go home wid but the won pig, an' she depindin' on 'em to buy the warrm clothes next winter?" he cried.

"O, that 's it, is it?" said Mr. Ludlow. "Well, I 'll make that loss up to you—I ought to do it, because I told you the bridge was safe."

"Pass round the hat—let 's pay for the two pigs!" said one of the bystanders.

The hat was passed round. Two members of the iron company, rich men from New York, were there, and two or three oil princes. Every man gave something. I would n't dare to tell you how well those two pigs were paid for, lest you should doubt my veracity. Micky thought it was too good to be true.

Mrs. McGlinty had just heard of Micky's peril, and met him on his way home. She was too happy to see him safe and sound, to think of the pigs. But when Micky poured his pile of money into her lap, she shed tears of joy.

"The saints be praised! The foine little pigs was a sthroke of luck, after all!" she cried.

And the little pig who survived such perils lived to be a great comfort to Mrs. McGlinty.

I KNOW a little maiden who can knit and who can sew,
Who can tuck her little petticoat; and tie a pretty bow;
She can give the thirsty window-plants a cooling drink each day;
And dust the pretty sitting-room, and drive the flies away.
She can fetch Papa his dressing-gown, and warm his slippers well,
And lay the plates, and knives and forks, and ring the supper-bell;
She can learn her lessons carefully, and say them with a smile,
Then put away her books and slate and atlas, in a pile;
She can feed the bright canary, and put water in his cage;
And soothe her little brother when he flies into a rage.
She can dress and tend her dollies like a mother, day or night,—
Indeed, one-half the good she does, I cannot now recite;
And yet there are some things, I 'm told, this maiden cannot do.
She cannot say an ugly word, or one that is not true;—
Who *can* this little maiden be? I wonder if it 's you.

IRENE AND THE YESTERDAYS.

BY "RAJA.'

ONLY two minutes ago, mamma tucked little Irene into her warm bed, and kissed her good-night, and here stands the white-robed child at the window looking—looking so intently that she does not hear the footsteps at the door. What is it that has drawn her with such magnetic force from her nest? is it the wonderful landscape, the fields and trees and hills all covered with snow and flooded with moonlight? No, for her eyes are turned to the sky and fixed upon the yellow moon.

"Why, Miss Irene, you naughty child," cries nurse, suddenly coming in, "what are you doing there by the window? Don't you know that you 'll catch your death of cold unless you go back to bed this minute?"

"I am looking at my dear moon," answers Irene, allowing herself to be again stowed away between the blankets. "I was thinking if the yesterdays went up there, Katy: do they, I wonder? Where *do* they go?"

"Mercy! Miss Irene, how should I know? When they 're gone, they 're gone, that 's all I care about, and it 's the to-morrows that bring the wrinkles and the gray hairs, though to be sure, you 're not likely to think of these for some time to come. Good-night, now, and don't get out of bed again."

"No, I will not," answers Irene, and goes on thinking to herself.

"I wonder what is up there; how I should like to go up and see! Nurse says the moon is all made of green cheese, and papa says there is n't any old man, but I can't believe either of them, and ——"

A beautiful star-queen comes gliding in through the window, followed by a train of tiny thought-fairies,—fair thoughts, queer thoughts, tricksy thoughts, ill-natured thoughts, and good. For a moment the tricksy thoughts try to drive away the better ones, but they do not succeed; and soon Tom, the sweetest of the thought-fairies, whispers into Irene's ear,—the star-queen waves her wand and all the odd little forms vanish and twelve lovely stars come dancing in at the window. They hold out their hands to the dazzled and bewildered child.

"Come quickly, darling; come quickly," they sing, "we have seen you watching us often, and we love you, and now we are going to take you up to the moon. Make haste, pretty one!"

And be ore Irene can think of what she is doing, she finds herself in the arms of the stars, floating gently through the air. Oh, how beautiful the white earth looks, as she rises far above it!

A little breeze rustles about with an important air, and tells a great secret to the evergreens.

"What do you think? The stars are taking a little girl up to the moon." And the snow whispers to the poor little violets who are imprisoned underground and cannot see what is going on in the world, "Little Irene has gone to look for the yesterdays."

Higher and higher rise the stars, bearing with them the happy child. They are singing sweet melodies to her; they are telling her wonderful tales of star life.

"Oh, I am all alone, says Irene, suddenly, and looks about her in dismay. What odd place is this that she sees? She is standing in the midst of a great field, which is covered with grass and stones: there are a few trees to be seen, but there is not a hill in sight, and what makes it all so strange, is that the grass, the stones, the trees and the flowers are of a bright yellow color.

"Well, I never!" cries Irene, and wonders what she shall do next.

"Ahem!" says a voice close at her side; and turning quickly around she perceives a little man not more than three feet high, who is dressed all in yellow, and whose cap is covered with bells.

"Good-evening, my dear," he replies in a pleasant tone. "I am glad to see you up here. It is not often that a human child finds her way to the moon, but she is sure of a welcome if she does come."

"You are very kind," answers Irene, quite relieved by the cordiality of his words. "Are you the man in the moon?"

"One of the men in the moon, my dear; but perhaps not the one of whom you are thinking. I never have been to Norwich," with a merry look and a sideways glance at the little girl. "My name is Father Gander."

"Indeed!" says Irene.

"Yes; my wife is the famous Mother Goose. You 've read her books, have n't you?"

"I 've read one of them," answers Irene; "a book of — of — poems; but I did n't know that she had written any others."

"Oh, well," replies Father Gander, "the book

"THE BEAUTIFUL STAR-QUEEN WAVES HER WAND."

of melodies is her best-known work. But in reality half of the books in your world are the productions of her mind; for she dictates to mortals and they write. Still, they never give her the credit, which is a piece of gross injustice, according to my way of thinking. However, her style is unmistakable; that is my only comfort."

While Father Gander is talking, he has gently led Irene across the fields, and the two now find themselves upon the brink of what seems like a yawning precipice.

"If you please," says Irene, "what is this hole?"

"It is one of the spots which you have often seen upon the surface of the moon," answers Father Gander, "and which many of you mortals imagine to be mountains. In reality, they are the passages which lead to our home."

Irene gives him a questioning glance, and he replies:

"You know that we do not live on the outside of the moon, but in the interior."

"Oh, why, how dark it must be in your houses," ventures Irene, "unless you have gas."

"You shall see," returns her guide; "now just close your eyes for a moment."

Irene complies, and, upon re-opening her eyes, finds herself in a most wonderful spot. She is in a large and brilliantly beautiful hall; so far from being dark, it is flooded with light which proceeds from millions of tiny winged creatures that flit about the place. As Irene learns from Father Gander's explanations, these insects are called *ignes fatui*,—creatures which have come to live in the moon, because on the earth people doubt their existence; and though, in the world, they are rather uncertain and misleading lights, in the moon they are forced to behave. The walls of this apartment are blazing with precious gems, and Irene scarcely dares to stir, for the whole floor is composed of diamonds and pearls. But now Father Gander is presenting to her a crowd of strange beings, who gather about the new-comers; here are all the well-known characters of the "Mother Goose Melodies"; here are the ogres and dwarfs of ancient fable, and here the beloved fairies with Oberon and Titania at their head. Irene just laughs a glad little laugh, and cries in joyful surprise:

"Why, here you are all of you, you dear, lovely old things! And, just to think! They told me you were 'make-believes!'"

"We came up to the moon, dear child," answered Titania, "because Doubt always drives us away. We live here, and we are merry enough all the time. But how did you manage to reach our home?"

"The little stars brought me up to see the Yesterdays."

"Ah, the Yesterdays," says the queen, gently, and all the bright creatures about echo, very softly, "The Yesterdays!"

Then there is a short silence.

"Memory!" calls the queen, and, in answer to her call, there comes the strangest little man. His face is old and wrinkled, and one minute it looks sad, while the next it looks as bright and happy as possible, and then, again, it appears gay and fanciful. His voice is changeable, and beginning with a sad complaining tone, ends with a sound that is not unlike a piece of dance music.

"Memory," says the queen, "this little girl would like to see the Yesterdays."

Memory gives her a sharp look from head to foot.

"Come, follow me," he says, "you are one of the right kind."

"Good-bye, dear fairies; good-bye, all of you!" cries Irene, making a little courtesy to the assembled company, who all kiss their tiny hands to her and ask her to come again.

Memory leads her through many winding passages, and finally pauses before a door; turning a key in the lock, he invites her to enter.

"Oh!" says Irene.

For there is a heavy mist before her eyes, and she can see only a few indistinct figures moving back and forth.

Memory waves his hand, and mutters a few unintelligible words. The mist vanishes, and Irene perceives that she is in a hall, larger and brighter than the first, and filled with graceful, beautiful women. They move so gently to and fro that they seem almost to float upon the air; and as they glide past her, a faint, far-off music reaches her ear, and seems like some half-forgotten air.

"Come in order! in order!" calls Memory, and a band of white-robed maidens quickly place themselves before the little girl.

"What Yesterdays are you?" queries Irene.

"We are the Yesterdays of your infancy," returns one of the group.

"Mine?"

"All the Yesterdays in the room are yours, dear child. You could not see those of other people."

"I love you," says Irene; "you look so happy."

"We are happy, for we have nothing to be sorry for," say the maidens, as they glide away.

And now comes another band. Beautiful they are, all of them, and light in movement as the zephyrs; but some of the number, sad to say, wear upon their faces an expression which is anything but peaceful.

"Why do you frown so?" says Irene to one damsel; "you are not like the rest."

"Alas!" answers the Yesterday; "when I was 'To-day' you frowned upon all who approached you, and I must forever frown."

"Your voice is harsh and loud ——" began Irene.

"Your voice was harsh and loud," was the answer.

Irene is silent. Then she passes on to the next bright form.

"Oh, you are prettier than all the rest! And what beautiful flowers!" and she takes hold of the Yesterday's garland of roses, but draws back with a cry of pain. "It pricked me! Why did you not tell me of the thorn?"

"Ah," says the Yesterday, mournfully, "when I was 'To-day' you were full of happiness and glee, but your pleasures stung, for they were selfish. You had no thought of any one but yourself."

"Come here, dear Yesterday!" calls Irene to a third, but she does not stir.

"I will not come; for, when I was 'To-day,' you were a disobedient child."

"I cannot come, for you were jealous of your little brother," murmurs a fourth, covering her eyes.

"Nor I, for you were uncharitable, and spoke unkind words of a little playmate," says a fifth.

"Nor I, because your thoughts were discontented," says a sixth.

Little Irene casts down her eyes, a few tears run down her cheeks, her breast heaves, and, bursting into sobs, she sinks upon the ground and buries her face in her hands.

"Oh, Yesterdays, I am so sorry! oh, I am so sorry!"

"Don't be discouraged, little one," says Memory, kindly; "look up,—here are more coming."

And through her tears Irene sees the most beautiful Yesterday of all, whose face is covered with smiles.

"When *I* was 'To-day,'" she says in a low, sweet tone, "you were kind, and unselfish, and pleasant to every one whom you saw. You had little trials and vexations, but your lips smiled on just the same; you had temptations, but you resisted them; your feet were weary, but you ran to help your tired mother; you answered gently when a rough boy spoke to you in angry tones, and you prayed for him that night, although he had made your heart ache."

Oh, how bright grows Irene's face, as she turns to welcome the next Yesterday! She is clothed in sad-colored garments, but her eyes are full of a sweet, holy light, and she clasps the little girl in her arms.

"When I was 'To-day,'" she whispers, "poor Irene bore a bitter sorrow, for her loved father left the world for ever. But her troubles only turned her eyes heavenward, and though she wept and mourned for him whom she had loved so dearly, she strove to lose all thought of self, and comfort her heart-broken mother."

Irene gives a deep sigh and says:

"Yes, I remember you very well. You were sad, dear Yesterday; but you were the best of all."

"Sorrow is never hurtful in the end, if it is rightly met," murmurs the Yesterday.

"I have seen enough now, Memory," says Irene, quietly; "but tell me, Yesterdays, do you always stay here?"

"We stay here, love, until you leave the world, and then we go with you to the Beautiful Land. There the Holy One will see us."

"Oh no—no!" cries Irene, clasping her hands. He must not see the wicked Yesterdays, the cross, the selfish, disobedient Yesterdays. It hurts me in my heart to think that He will see them. Will it be so?"

"Dear child," answers one of the maidens, "the Holy One has already seen us all. We can never be changed, we can never be other than what you have made us; but if you ask Him to forgive us, He has promised that He will do so. And there, hidden beyond that mist, are a great company of To-morrows. No, little girl, you cannot see them,—you can never see them. But remember, when each To-morrow becomes To-day, to fill it up, with right and kindly deeds, then His love will brighten every moment, and all the Yesterdays to come will be spotless, pure, and beautiful."

A dim, gray mist rises before Irene's eyes. The Yesterdays all vanish. A ray of light greets the child with a morning kiss, and, springing out of her bed, Irene cries:

"Oh, now it is *To-day!*"

GATHERING MUSCADINES IN MISSISSIPPI.

By Winnie Weston.

THE MUSCADINE PARTY ON THE WAY HOME.

It was in the early autumn, when the summer vacation was fast drawing to a close, and the very next week the children must look up books, buckets and slates, to begin again the routine of the school-room for another year. No wonder, then, that the busy brains of Mr. Butler's two fun-loving children, Fred and Fannie, were crowded with plans for extracting the very essence of fun out of the few remaining days of freedom.

Fred and Fannie were twin brother and sister, eleven years old. One bright morning, their mother said, at breakfast, to their older brother:

"Joe, I wish you could get me a good lot of muscadines to make some jelly for winter use."

Joe, always ready to please, thought a moment, and replied:

"I must carry some wheat to mill to-day, but to-morrow I 'll see if I can find any along the creek about two miles from here, where we went for scaly-barks last year,—don't you remember, Fred?"

"Oh yes!" said Freddy; "it was a beautiful place. You know we wished Fannie had gone with us, for it was not damp along the creek at all,

and there were such fine old beech-trees, lovely vines, and——"

Here Joe stopped him, saying:

"Well, if mother says so, Fannie shall go and see all those wonders for herself. You and she will be great help in picking up the muscadines, and you can carry your dinner, and make a picnic of it."

The children were delighted, but presently Fannie said, half doubtfully:

"Mamma, does n't it take more than three people to make a picnic?"

The mother smiled, and took the hint by saying:

"As you seem to think it does, you may invite Nannie and Kitty Harris, and their cousin Hal, to go with you; don't you think so, Joe?"

"Yes, I 'll have to go in the wagon, and there will be room enough for all, and the muscadines besides."

A happy day that was to the five children, and the next morning found a merry group in front of Mr. Butler's door, with baskets in hand, waiting for Joe. Soon he came, in the new farm-wagon, with its gorgeous body of green and red, and its high spring seats. Two large gray mules were drawing it, and looked proud of their fine equipage. A hamper was lifted in for the muscadines, and in it lay a bag filled with something hard and knobby, which Joe said was his contribution to their dinner. Baskets were securely tucked away under the seats, and the children climbed in while the mother stood at the gate, telling Joe to take good care of his precious freight, and cautioning the children about health and safety.

A crack of the whip and off they go,—past fields of rustling corn, shaking their plumy tassels in the morning breeze, past fields of early cotton, whitening with the "fleecy staple" as it bursts the boll, and hangs out invitingly to the pickers, who with bags and baskets dot the fields,—until they come to a hill. As the mules go toiling up its sunny slope the children spy in front of them two grotesque-looking darkies, with blue buckets on their arms. They were barefooted and ragged, but chatting as merrily as the party in the wagon.

"Who are those children,—do any of you know?" asked Joe; for their buckets made him think that probably they were on the same errand as themselves.

"I think the boy has worked for us sometimes; his name is Sandy," said Kittie Harris.

Joe stopped and called out:

"Hullo, Sandy, where are you traveling?"

"We'se gwine atter muskidimes, we is; we hearn we kin git two-bits a bucket fer 'em in town."

"We are going to look for some, too," returned Joe, "and you may get in and go with us. We will share our luck with you."

Their teeth flashing and eyes dancing, the colored children climbed in, and Kitty, feeling that she had introduced Sandy, turned to the little girl and asked her name.

"Dey calls me Babe, but dat aint my name. I 'most forget what my name is; does you 'member, San?"

"Did n't Mammy say sumfin 'bout Sinai?"

"Dat 's it. I knows now. Yes 'm; my name 's Sinai Sarepta Jones."

By this time they had passed the fields, and turned from the road into a dense forest that skirted a large creek. After driving as far in as possible, they stopped, took the mules out, and set out on the search for vines. Joe divided the party into twos, taking little Nannie with him because she was the youngest. Hal and Fannie set off together, Fred and Kittie took another direction, and Sandy and Sarepta still another. Fannie's eyes proved brightest, for she soon called out, lustily: "Come this way; I 've found them!" There was the vine with its bright shining leaves, and beautiful purple grapes, stretching from tree to tree until it made one large arbor, shading twenty or thirty square yards of ground. As soon as jackets and hats could be thrown aside, up went the boys, and down came the grapes, bouncing and bumping on the heads of the girls, who hastened to do their part by filling the baskets. Joe came down from his tree, when he found all were employed, and said he would look for another vine, and also select a place for their dinner. Meanwhile, the fingers worked busily, and the merry voices made the old forest ring with a music not often heard in its shaded depths.

Before long, a call from Joe summoned all to the spot he had selected for the picnic dinner. It was on the banks of the creek, and under the very beeches that Freddy had so admired before. Just there, a huge tree had fallen across the stream, making a bridge by which one could easily cross to the opposite side. Over there, Joe had set fire to an old dead tree trunk, which was sending up such myriads of red sparks and wreaths of graceful smoke, that the children saw only the beauty thus presented, and many were the exclamations of delight as piece after piece of the burning wood fell to the ground, and the sparks flew up in all directions through the green arches above. When the dinner of sandwiches, cakes, etc., had been spread, Joe told Sarepta to go to the fire and bring his share of the repast. Tripping across the log to the foot of the burning stump, she found a lot of sweet-potatoes roasted in the ashes, and a row of roasting-ears, all nicely brown, stood in front

of the fire, leaning against a piece of wood placed there for the purpose.

What a fine dinner that was, and what fine appetites for enjoying it! It was not eaten with much ceremony, and was soon over, Sandy and Sarepta leaving not a crumb to carry back. An hour's play followed, and the lunch-baskets were filled with grasses, berries, ferns and flowers. Then another vine was stripped of muscadines, this time filling all the baskets and the buckets besides. The mules were harnessed up, and the girls and boys moved toward the wagon, where Joe was stowing away the fragrant purple load.

"Don't you wish we did n't have to go to school, and could come back for more?" said Kitty.

"May be we can come some Saturday," Fred answered.

"The Saturdays are nearly all rainy days, seems to me."

"Why, Kittie," said Fannie, "you are like Jo in the story who thought it always is a-rainin'. May be there 'll be some bright Saturdays, and you will bring us; wont you, Joe?"

"If I can find time, I surely will," good-natured Joe answered.

"Wish I could git to go 'long wid yer," said Sarepta, for this had been a glorious day to her.

"Hump, chile," said San, 'we 'll be in de cotton patch den, dar's whar *we 'll* be."

They were going home now, and a bright picture the brilliant wagon with its load made as they wound their way through the dim aisles of the wood, and then along the dusty highway. Joe sat in front with Nannie beside him, holding the whip, and looking into his face now and then to ask if she should give the mules a little "persuasion." Hal and Fannie were on the next seat, and Kittie and Fred behind them. The girls had let their sunbonnets fall back, and the setting sun sent gleams of gold through their hair, as it fell in long braids or clustering curls over their shoulders; their laps were filled with flowers, which they arranged as they rode leisurely along, and the boys watched with interest to see which mamma was to have the prettiest bouquet. Sandy and Sarepta stowed themselves among the heaping baskets in the rear. When they reached home, the mothers bought the bucketfuls of Sandy and his sister, so that they scampered home, each with an empty bucket in one hand and a bright two-bits piece in the other.

As the children exchanged good-byes and separated, they all concluded that this day, of combined work and play, had been the happiest of all the happy vacation.

A LEGEND OF HARVEST.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

So long ago that history pays
No heed nor record of how long,
Back in the lovely dreamy days,
The days of story and of song,

Before the world had crowded grown,
While wrong on earth was hard to find,
And half the earth had never known
The forms and faces of mankind,

When just as now the years would keep
Their terms of snows and suns and showers,
It chanced that Summer dropt asleep,
One morning, in a field of flowers.

And while the warm weeks came and fled,
In all their tender wealth of charm,
She slept, with beauteous golden head
Laid softly on her weary arm.

She did not hear the waving trees,
The warbling brook she did not hear,
Nor yet the velvet-coated bees
That boomed about her rosy ear.

In many a yellow breezy mass,
The rich wheat ripened far away,
And glittering on the fragrant grass,
Her silver sickle idly lay.

But then at last, one noontide hour,
A gorgeous moth, while hovering by,
Mistook her sweet mouth for a flower,
And Summer waked, with startled cry.

She rose, in anxious wonder, now,
To gaze upon the heightened wheat,
And saw its plenteous tassels bow
Dead-ripe below the sultry heat.

Half crazed, she wandered East and West
Amid the peaceful spacious clime,
Until at length, with panting breast,
She stood before old Father Time.

With tears of shame she told him all,
While pointing to the wheat unmown,
And said, "What power shall make it fall
Ere Autumn's bitter winds have blown?"

Then Father Time, with laughter gay,
Bowed all his frame, and crooked his knees,
And tossed his white beard like the spray
That crowns the crests of wintry seas.

"Oh, daughter, cheer your heart!" he cried;
"The wheat shall fall ere falls the night.
We two shall mow it, side by side,
And reap it in the stars' pale light!"

So Summer cleared her brow of gloom,
And forth with Father Time she went,
And, haggard Age by Youth in bloom,
Above the tawny wheat they bent.

Ere fall of night the harvest fell;
But since that season, fair and blithe,
As ancient annals love to tell,
Old Father Time has borne a scythe!

THE FAMILY WITH WHOM EVERYTHING WENT WRONG.

By M. M. D.

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE BABY.

It was the queerest family that ever was known. In the first place, there was the baby,—and a real nice, hearty, pretty baby it was. That baby went wrong from the first week of its existence. It was always waking up when they wished it to sleep, and dozing off when they longed for it to be at its brightest. When the father came home and tried to have a sort of subdued romp with the little mite, it would blink and blink, and finally drop off, just when he was saying "A-choo!" in his funniest possible style. But there was a good reason for that, as you will admit when you hear more about the father. And when he wished the house to be very, very quiet, I declare if the rose-bud would n't wake up and scream as if it were taking the prize in a crying-baby show! But just so sure as company came, and mamma, ringing the parlor bell, said sweetly, "I 'll have the baby brought down; he 's a lively little thing for his age," it would be carried in, the next moment, bathed in the sweetest of dewy slumbers. Later on, that baby "beat everything in the way of contrariness" the nurse "ever saw." He was so large of his age that it made him "delicate"; he kicked when they rocked him to sleep, and collapsed when they tried to stand him on his legs; finally, he was so plump and puffy that he had the croup every seventh night, — not really serious croup, but just croup enough to set the family on edge.

SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH JOHN.

But baby was sugared moonbeams compared with his little brother Rob,—or rather his big brother, for I suppose a boy of four years *is* a big brother from a younger point of view. That boy was always going where he was not wanted, though when needed he was invariably out of sound and reach. If you were talking secrets, he would suddenly pop up from behind a sofa. If you wished to steal out by the side door, you 'd be sure to find him on the sill, and he would catch at your ankle and coax until you said, "Oh yes, you can come, too." And then, if you did say it, he would n't keep hold of your hand, and he would go exactly where he pleased. Then, when he went exactly where he pleased, he was sure to get into trouble. If he ran to Ponto's kennel, he would catch his feet in the chain, and Ponto would spring out and snarl at him; if he went to the barn to look for eggs, the old hen would scare him away; if he went to the stable, it would be at the precise moment when the old mare was switching insects away with her tail, and poor Rob's eye would be taken for a fly; if he went to the kitchen, he would certainly upset the molasses-jug or milk-pail, and so be chased out by the cook's broom-stick. He was n't really bad; but somehow he was never absolutely good. "His stars were unpropitious," his brother John said; "they would n't twinkle, twinkle, for

SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH ROB.

him worth a cent." But then, John himself had a dark way of looking at things.

Once, in a fit of kindness, the big brother took pity on him. He was reading on the bank, and, seeing Rob run crying from the house, he called: "Hello! trouble again, hey? Come here, poor little chap!" Soon, however, the poor little chap proved to be so much in his way that he lifted him up and set him upon the beam of an old, broken-down pier close by. The water was quite deep there; but the beam was strong, and Rob, who was stout and brave, did n't mind it at all, and said so.

"Don't move now, my little man! Call big brudder when you get tired," said John exultingly, as he went back to his reading.

Any one would have supposed that now poor Rob was out of everybody's way, for once. But no! In a few moments the "big brudder" looked up from his book, and, with a whistle, sprang to his feet, crying:

"Hi! If Rob is n't in one of his fixes again!"

There sat Rob, helpless, on the beam; his poor little feet dangling over the rough waters, and a great sea-gull flying into his face, as if to drive him away. Rob was so used to not being wanted, that he took it quite as a matter of course, until the gull came too very, very close; and then he screamed so loud that John, who was about to rescue him, asked if he wanted to make a fellow deaf?

This John was a queer fellow, too. He was ten years old, and a book-worm. He read, morning, noon and night. It was almost impossible for any one but Rob to make him hear, when once he became absorbed in a book. The door-bell might ring, his mother might call, the fire might go out, the daylight might fade slowly away; and still John would not look up. There is a story that once he sat down in the swing and began "Little Men," and when at last he reached the last word of the book and looked up, he found a fine spider-web stretching from his knee to the ground. You can imagine how often he got into trouble. The history of his school-days would make almost a tragedy. Everything went wrong with him, he said, from morning till night; all because he had no eyes nor ears for anything besides the book he happened to be reading on the sly. If he was set to watch the baby, the poor little thing would find the scissors, or put feathers into its mouth, or climb into the coal-scuttle, in less than no time. If sent on an errand, he would pull out his book, sit down on a tempting stoop, and read till it began to rain. One day, when painters were frescoing the library ceiling, he climbed up their ladder to get out of the way, and perched himself on a bracket shelf over a book-case. There he sat, absorbed and happy, and at last the men forgot about him. They moved the book-case, because it was in the way; finished their work; took out the ladder; and when finally John looked up, he found himself alone in the great room, and about eight feet from the floor. It was a big jump, but he made it, and, of course, sprained his ankle. He

SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH NELL.

was laid up for a month; and, as the baby and Rob were down with the measles just then, his sister Nell had to nurse him, though she admitted she "hated it like sixty."

What a queer girl Nell was! She was sourer than a lemon ten miles from a lump of sugar; she was as cross as two sticks,—that is, she was very, very cross, indeed. What wonder, poor child, belonging, as she did, to *that* family! If things went wrong with them generally, everything went wrong with her especially. She was known as the most unlucky girl in school. At home, if she sipped tea, it was sure to burn her lips; if she skipped her rope, it invariably tripped her; if she smelled a flower, its thorn, or some sharp stem, was certain to prick her nose and make her cry. In fact, it would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS for me to tell you all that happened to poor Nell from almost any Monday till the next Saturday night.

What else could you expect of a girl with such a father and mother? What? Did n't I tell you about them? Dear me! It is such a long story that, if once begun, it would never be ended. I must be content with saying that the father was a night editor; that is, he worked all night, every night, on a newspaper that had to be printed and sent out before breakfast to thousands of readers. So, of course, if he worked all night, he had to sleep all day; and that was quite enough to turn any household topsy-turvy. As for the mother, she belonged to a first family. Well, we all know what first families are. Look at Adam. He belonged to a first family. So did Cain. And this mother was so very busy, belonging to a first family, —thinking about it, talking about it, acting up to it,—that things went at sixes and sevens generally. It is not a complete explanation, perhaps; but I have no other to give just now.

And I have no moral to give, either. But any moral that would come out of such a family as that would hardly be worth having, I think. Don't you think so, too?

HUNTING JACK-RABBITS.

BY A BOY.

OUT in Kansas, we have rare sport hunting jack-rabbits. Eastern boys can hardly guess how much excitement there is in it. We have other game, of course. Deer and antelopes are quite common in Edwards and other south-western counties; and the wolves that prowl over the prairies are worse for our sheep and calves than bears are, or ever were, in New England.

But the greatest sport of all is hunting jack-rabbits. We hunt them on horseback, with greyhounds. All the settlers in our section keep one or more greyhounds on purpose to hunt jack-rabbits. I went fox-hunting twice, with hounds, in Maine,* and did not have half the fun that I have had out here, in Kansas, hunting "jacks."

Our jack-rabbit, I should say, is no such little scrub as the Massachusetts rabbit, or even the Maine hare. Jack is quite a beast, and makes, roast or stewed, a pretty good dish. Many a settler's family lived on jacks, after the grasshoppers came. Our rabbit has black legs and black ears, and a blackish head. When he stands up on his haunches, for a look around, he is nearly three feet tall. His tail is long, and that is black, too. But the body is a brownish gray. I have seen jacks almost as large as a small goat. Now and then one comes across a tremendously large one,—so big and tall and long-eared, and so awfully clumsy-looking, as fairly to make a fellow stare, even when he is used to jacks. Generally, however, they do not weigh more than fifteen or twenty pounds.

These jack-rabbits live right out on the open prairie and along the shallow river-valleys, where there is not a bush, nor a tree, anywhere in sight. Most of the grass, except by the streams, is buffalo grass,—a short, curly, fine grass; but scattered about are seen bunches, or rings, of taller grass, two and a half or three feet high. These rings of high grass are commonly not larger across than a bushel-basket, but quite thick. And right inside of the grass rings is where the jacks hide. They hide in there, curled up, cuddled warm out of the prairie wind, and well out of sight, too. You scarcely ever see a jack stirring on the prairie in

* The narrator emigrated to Kansas from Maine when fifteen years old.

the day-time, even in places where they are really very numerous. Those grass bunches are so thick that you may pass close to one and not see the jack cuddled up in the middle of it; and if he sees you, he will not stir, unless you kick, or strike, into the grass. Then out he goes, ten feet at one jump; and, clumsy as he looks, there is nothing that runs which can catch him, if he gets twenty yards start, as if propelled by a single kick, then stop and look. The wolf knows that the game is up. I once saw a wolf sit down and look hard at the rabbit, and sniff him longingly; and the jack, not yet half awake, sat and winked. But the wolf turned away and went to another bunch of grass. He knew better than to waste his strength chasing a jack-rabbit.

The way we used to hunt jacks was to start out—

"BUT I WAS N'T IN THE SADDLE. I WENT ON."

—not even a greyhound. Away he flies, like an old felt hat flopping along the ground before the wind; and you think that the hound will catch him in no time; but he does n't. Jack keeps just about two jumps ahead, and will run one mile, or two, or all day, just as you like. There is no such thing as tiring one down, when once he has had a good fair start, and has had a chance to get his eyes fairly open and catch his wind. The only way we ever catch jack-rabbits with hounds is to take them by surprise, before they have time to lay themselves out for good steady leaping.

I have often laughed to see a wolf hunt jack-rabbits. The wolf will sneak along, crouched close to the ground, and work up to a ring of grass, then give a sudden jump right into the midst of it. About one time in fifty, he will manage to seize the sleeping jack. But commonly the rabbit will, in some mysterious way, leap out from under the wolf's very nose, and go twenty or thirty feet, eight or ten of us—on our ponies (and there are no horses in this country fleeter than some of those Texas ponies), with all the greyhounds we could muster,—sometimes fifteen or twenty of them. Riding out on the prairie, we would now string out in a line, with the dogs all running close beside the ponies, and go at a gallop for those rings of tall grass. Just as some pony's fore feet were going into a bunch of tall grass, out would leap a rabbit. The greyhounds would be at close hauls, not two yards from the rabbit's tail; and everybody knows how a greyhound will buckle down to the ground and run, without so much as a *yip*. The jack, waked up so suddenly, would not have time to straighten out for long leaps, and would tack, first right then left. In that way he would dodge one hound, but in dodging one, another would grab him. That was the way we used to hunt them. Sometimes we would by this plan catch eighteen or twenty in an hour. Oh, it was live sport! Such shouting

and cheering on! Three or four jacks going at once, and all crazy after them, at a dead run! The ponies would chase as eagerly as the greyhounds. Why, I have seen more excitement and more downright, laughable fun in a jack-rabbit hunt than in anything else I ever witnessed.

But it is not the safest business in the world—riding at full spring and at a venture across the prairie. For one is always liable to run into a "buffalo wallow," or break through into some old burrow. Our Texas ponies were pretty sure-footed little fellows; but, of course, if a horse broke into a deep hole he would go down in a heap, and his rider would go headlong on the ground. I once got a tremendous "fore-reacher" of this sort. And here I should explain, perhaps, that a "buffalo-wallow" is not a slough, nor a pig-mire, but just a dry hole where a bison has got down and dug with his horns, and rolled and plowed himself into the dirt, either to get rid of flies or vermin, or else, perhaps, from some desire to get the fresh earth into his hair.

The winter after the grasshoppers came, my brother and I started a "bone-team." We were about cleared out in the way of money; we had land and lean cattle, *but nothing to eat.* So we rigged up an old prairie-schooner (large wagon), and put our ponies to it and went into the business of drawing bones. Perhaps, too, I need to explain what a bone-team is. On those prairies where buffalo and deer and antelope have run so many years, there are vast quantities of old bones lying about. In many tracts the ground is fairly covered with them; and in the winter and spring, when the grass is off and the sun shining, the plain at a distance looks white as if covered with frost or ice. The turf is full of bones of all sorts and sizes; and scattered about are some enormous buffalo skulls, with the short, thick horns still in them.

These old bones are of some commercial value. At almost every station of the railroads across the plains there is an agency for the purchase of bones. They are taken East, and manufactured into fertilizers, like superphosphate of lime. The price paid a year ago at the stations of E—— County was five dollars per ton. My brother and I drew in rather over a hundred tons during the winter. It is no great job to pick up a ton of those bones in many places, but we had to haul ours nearly twenty miles; for the most of the land near the railway has now been taken up, or at least cleared of bones. It was a three-days' trip to go out on the plains and get a load. With our team of six ponies, we commonly drew in three tons. While out on these bone trips, we made considerable account of jack-rabbits; we had two greyhounds on purpose to hunt them, and to hunt antelopes. I did most of the hunting; my brother was a little lame that season from a "hoist" he had received off a reaper. We had one of the fleetest ponies for running I have ever seen. In color she was so light as almost to look silvery, and had both her fore legs white. Her hair was very short and thin. She was slim and trig—oh, a delicate little creature! In weight she was not much above seven hundred pounds; but ah! she would skim those plains like a goshawk. We called her Gilly.

I would get up before sunrise, call in Sport and Grip (the two greyhounds), then mount Gilly, and start after a jack for breakfast. One morning we got after a pretty big jack, and ran him out past a large white-topped "schooner," where an emigrant party had hauled up for the night. Two men and a woman were stirring about it; and I saw two nice, rosy girls peering out of the back end of the wagon. They looked so inspiring that I thought I would show them a little fancy riding. So I touched Gilly and told her to go. At that, she just reached out those white legs of hers and straightened to it. Oh, she went like an arrow after the hounds and past that schooner, and away on across the prairie. And, right in the midst of her keenest run, she broke into a wolf-hole! Believe it or not, the mare turned a complete somersault! But I was n't in the saddle when she turned it: I had gone on, and went on; went on my head, went on my knees, went every way. I was more than fifty feet from the pony when I finally stopped! Sport and Grip pulled up to see me go, and the jack,—he stopped and looked. The wolf came out of the ground and looked, too. They were all so interested in it, that they entirely forgot each other. And back at the schooner I saw six or seven men, women and girls, standing motionless, with their mouths open. When I, at length, got up, such a "ha! ha!" came wafted on the wind as I shall not soon forget. It hurt me outrageously. I got up feeling as if I were a hundred and one years old. As for the jack, he had taken leave; and the dogs were barking into the wolf-hole.

Another young fellow, named Adney Clark, and myself once ran a jack-rabbit under a settler's house, which stood out by itself on the prairie. The rabbit ran up to it and crawled under the sill. The hounds could not get under. We went round the house and then into it. There was no one at home. We were determined to have that jack, anyhow. So we pulled up two or three boards of the floor, and Ad took the fire-poker and got down under the floor, to poke out the jack. He had not been down there long when he uttered a screech and came out at one jump, with a great big rattle-snake hanging to his boot-leg! I grabbed a chair and killed the snake. Ad was so weak he could

not stand alone and could scarcely speak. I pulled off his boot. But there was no mark on him. Fortunately, the snake had only bitten his boot-leg. We then poked out the jack and the hounds grabbed him.

And at another time, when eight or ten of us were out racing down jacks, with as many as thirteen hounds, we all got after one big fellow, and at length ran him into an old deserted "dig-out."

A "dig-out," or "root-out," is a house dug in the ground, and the floor of it is often four or five feet below the level of the soil. The door of this one was gone. The jack, being pretty hard run, darted in there. In went the whole pack of hounds after him, and there was no end of a pow-wow. Round and about they went, yelping and growling down there in the dark. We thought there would n't be much left of that jack when, by and by, out he came and leaped away, leaving all the hounds in there tumbling over one another, and the end of the business was that we had to go in and haul those dogs out by the legs.

GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING.

By M. E. Winslow.

"THESE ARE ALL TO BE YOURS, DAUGHTER, AS LONG AS YOU TAKE CARE OF THEM."

"Will it never be Thanksgiving?" said Amanda, plaintively, as she threw her dinner-basket and books in a corner and prepared to eat the supper, which she found neatly spread for her, on her return from the school-house, two long miles away.

"What possesses you to think about Thanksgiving in May?" said Jake, scornfully. "You might as well talk about Fourth of July when the pond is all frozen up and the ground covered with snow."

"So I would, if it would make me warm to think about it," said the little girl, looking out over the

broad meadow land and green swales which lay between her little brown home and the black, jagged mountain ridge which had bounded the horizon of her whole life. Only one house lay between her and the mountain,—a long, low farm-house,—where dwelt her companion, Cynthia, with whom she daily walked those long two miles to school. These were in the other direction, where, half hidden in a clump of trees, stood the white church, the black school-house, the store, and the five houses composing "the village." Not another human habitation was in sight, and, though there were other farm-houses scattered here and there in solitary spots, even the thought of this scattered population did not tend to make one feel "crowded."

"It 's so dull," pursued Amanda; "there 's never anything to do but go to school, nor anybody to see, nor anything to hear about, except when the folks come home for Thanksgiving. I just wish we could be getting ready for it all the time."

"So we can, little daughter," said a gentle, tired voice, as the worn, faded-looking farmer's wife placed upon the table the smoking hot pork, potatoes, corn-bread and tea, which had only awaited the arrival of the little school-girl. "Every day of our lives may be made a preparation for Thanksgiving, by counting up our mercies, and thanking the Lord for them as we go along."

"Pshaw!" said Amanda, "I did n't mean that way; I meant doing something. It 's always so gay and lively when you 're chopping apples and making pies and all that; but we 've got to wait six whole months for that, and it 's so dull."

"Suppose we begin to-day, Mandy," said the farmer, as he took his place at the table, "and you and Jake spend your spare time all summer getting ready for Thanksgiving; that is, of course, when lessons are over."

Wondering looks crossed the table, but no more was said; for the farmer was just ready to say grace, and after that the business of the hour absorbed every one's attention.

When tea was over and the farm lay in the shadow of the great mountain, while slant yellow rays of sunlight still rested on the village and further down the valley, the farmer unfolded his plan, and the first preparation for Thanksgiving was made by the children's going out into the garden-patch and in the center of a great open space dropping three squash-seeds into an open hole in the top of a little hill. It was a small beginning, but Amanda at once began to take an interest in garden-work which she had never experienced before. The next day was Saturday, and her mother called her into the barn-yard and presented her with two setting hens, a brood of downy little chickens, and a flock of young turkeys.

"These are all to be yours, daughter, as long as you feed them regularly and take care of them. All the turkeys and chickens you can raise, and all the eggs you can store, will be for Thanksgiving."

Meanwhile, Jake went with the farm hands to plant corn, and undertook to drive the cows to and from the pasture every night, and to learn to milk, that he might help to make the golden butter, which would be needed by and by, to spread Thanksgiving bread and to make the Thanksgiving pie-crust.

No one heard the children complain of dullness now, for the poultry and the cows took up a great deal of the long, light evenings, and the shouts of delight with which Amanda announced the discovery of shining white eggs, were only equaled by their joy at the sight of the little green squash-vines that in time peeped up above the dark-brown earth. Then Jake begged for another bit of land, in which to plant little purple potato-eyes; and his father promised that, if they came to anything, those potatoes and no others should be cooked for the Thanksgiving dinner. Even vegetables cannot grow without care, and potato and squash bugs had to be picked off very carefully, while in the long weeks of July drought the children carried many a tin pail of water, with which to keep moist the roots of their precious vine; and the onion-beds, parsley-beds, and beds of sage and summer savory, which were to help dress the Thanksgiving dinner, were kept by those little fingers as free from weeds as any one could desire. What delightful berrying expeditions Amanda and Jake and Cynthia had, during the hot July and August afternoons! They worked as they had never worked before, for they had an object in their picking; and when the mother showed her little daughter how to dry the huckleberries on boards covered with white paper, and how to make beautiful pots of jam of the raspberries and blackberries, she felt quite like an old housekeeper, and put away these delicacies, beaming with delightful visions of the future Thanksgiving.

As the season advanced, there were apples to be gathered and packed away in barrels; or else peeled, strung on long cords, and hung up to dry. The frost opened the chestnuts, and they and the hickory-nuts afforded many an hour's busy sport for the children; and many a jolly woodland excursion was taken on Saturday, while the men cut down trees, brought them home, and cut and piled wood for the Thanksgiving fires. One grand excursion to the cranberry swamps closed the season, and on this occasion the baskets and pails, filled with bright red berries, were crowned with wreaths of ground pine, branches of hemlock, and twigs of shining holly, with which to decorate the old

farm-house for the grand Puritan Christmas,—the Thanksgiving festival.

Meanwhile, the children, Amanda and Jake, happy and contented, had been growing healthy and strong from their constant work in the bracing mountain air. They had learned many secrets of nature, and of domestic and rustic art; and if thoughts had sometimes come to them of the power and love that caused the earth to bring forth in its season, sending the rain to fill, and the sunshine to ripen, the harvests, turning aside the lightning and the frost, keeping that mysterious thing called life in the animals, and crowning the year with plenty, till thankful longings arose in their hearts,—such thoughts did not pale any of the roses in their cheeks, or take away the least bit from the joy of the days. Nor did even their annoying disappointments, when young turkeys hung themselves on wood-piles, black hawks carried off downy chickens, malicious boys stole unripe crook-necks, and the like, hurt them; they thus learned to "endure hardness," and to gain the mental and moral vigor which comes from perseverance under difficulty and patience in defeat.

"I did not think it took so much time and so many things to get ready for Thanksgiving," said Amanda, as, the afternoon before the happy feast-day, she stood in the store-room with her mother, taking a last look at the preparation for to-morrow's festival. There were turkeys and geese, ready dressed for roasting; sausages waiting to be fried, and chickens ready to be broiled. Great loaves of white and brown bread and jars of cookies and nut-cakes already were made for the children, and sponge and jelly cake for their elders. A great plum-pudding, tied in a bag, was ready to boil, and was flanked by pork-pies, chicken-pies, apple-pies, cranberry tarts, and yellow pumpkin delicacies wherein the ripened crook-necks, garnered eggs, and grass-fed milk told of a summer's successful and faithful labor. On a shelf lay piled-up dishes of rosy and golden apples and cracked hickory-nuts, all wrinkled and appetizing, ready for the coming festival.

Outside of the store-room, all was in a state of beautiful, home-like decoration. Fires blazed on every hearth, and beside them stood wood-boxes piled with logs and crackling brush, gathered by Jake's busy hands. Bedrooms had been fixed up everywhere, and snowy beds prepared in rubbish rooms and closets, while the warm, dry loft above the wood-house, with its row of "bunks," looked, Jake said, "a good deal like camp-meeting." For all "the folks" were coming to-night, and the two great farm wagons had been fitted up with plank seats and sent down to the dépôt to meet them. Amanda's two elder brothers and their wives, her three sisters and their husbands, the unmarried teacher sister, even Aunt Sophronia and Uncle Bill, and all the crowd of grandchildren who lived ever so far away, traveled night and day to be at home; for on that one day, at least, of all the long year, the old brown farm-house should hold its own united family.

"So many things," said Amanda, as she closed the door; "besides all that we have done, there's sugar and raisins and spice and flour, and the things to put them in, and the things to cook with—oh dear, I can't think how many!"

"Yes," said her father, who just then entered, bright with expectation; "long before you or I were born, and ever since, God has been busy getting ready for our Thanksgiving. He put the coal down in the earth; He set the trees to growing; He prepared the seeds, and made ready the soil, and blessed the labors of the husbandman. He built the homestead and sent the children. Yes, wife, He has watched and cared for each one as it grew up, and so arranged its life that, of the band who come to us to-day, not one but is an honor and cause for thanksgiving."

"Yes, indeed," said his wife heartily, "and I want my little girl here to learn that not by fits and starts of feeling, but by steady perseverance in appointed tasks all through life; by gentle works and loving thoughts, by kindly and care-taking deeds, we must be storing up the good things, just as she has done this summer."

"It 's all 'getting ready,' I suppose," said Amanda thoughtfully, at the same time breaking the least little teenty bit from the edge of the fruit-cake and nibbling it with great complacency.

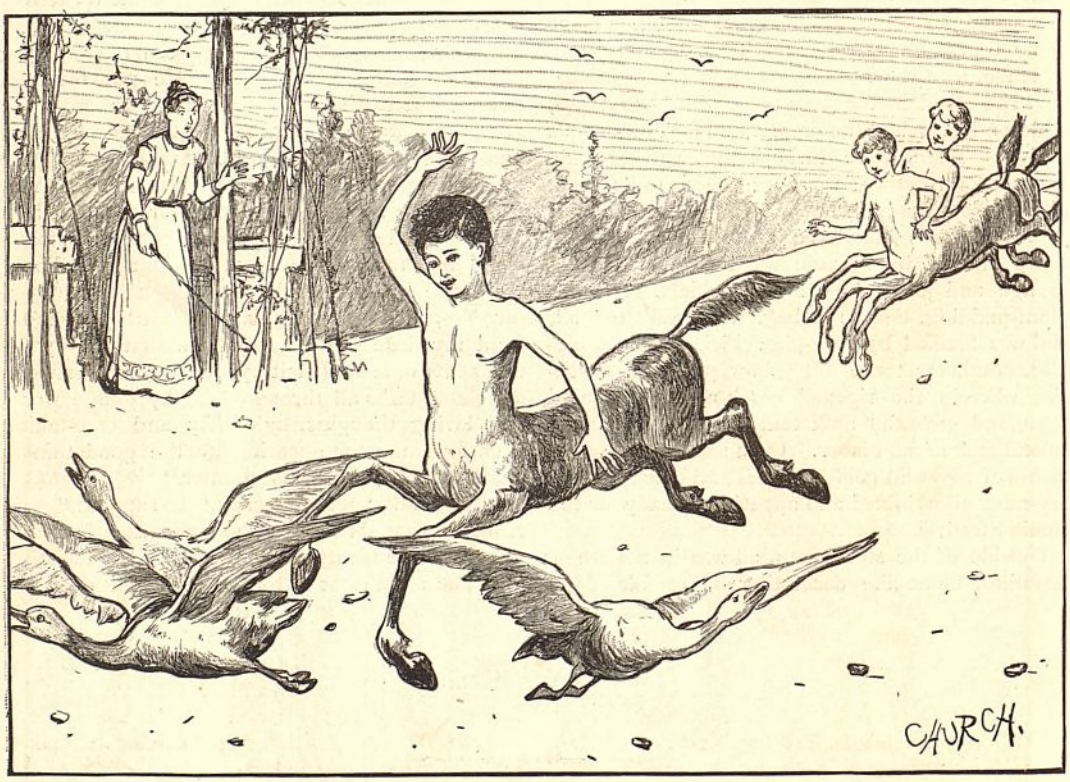
THE BOYS AT CHIRON'S SCHOOL.

BY EVELYN MÜLLER.

EVERY one knows about the Centaurs,—"a people of Thessaly;" yet no one ever has told us about Centaur boys.

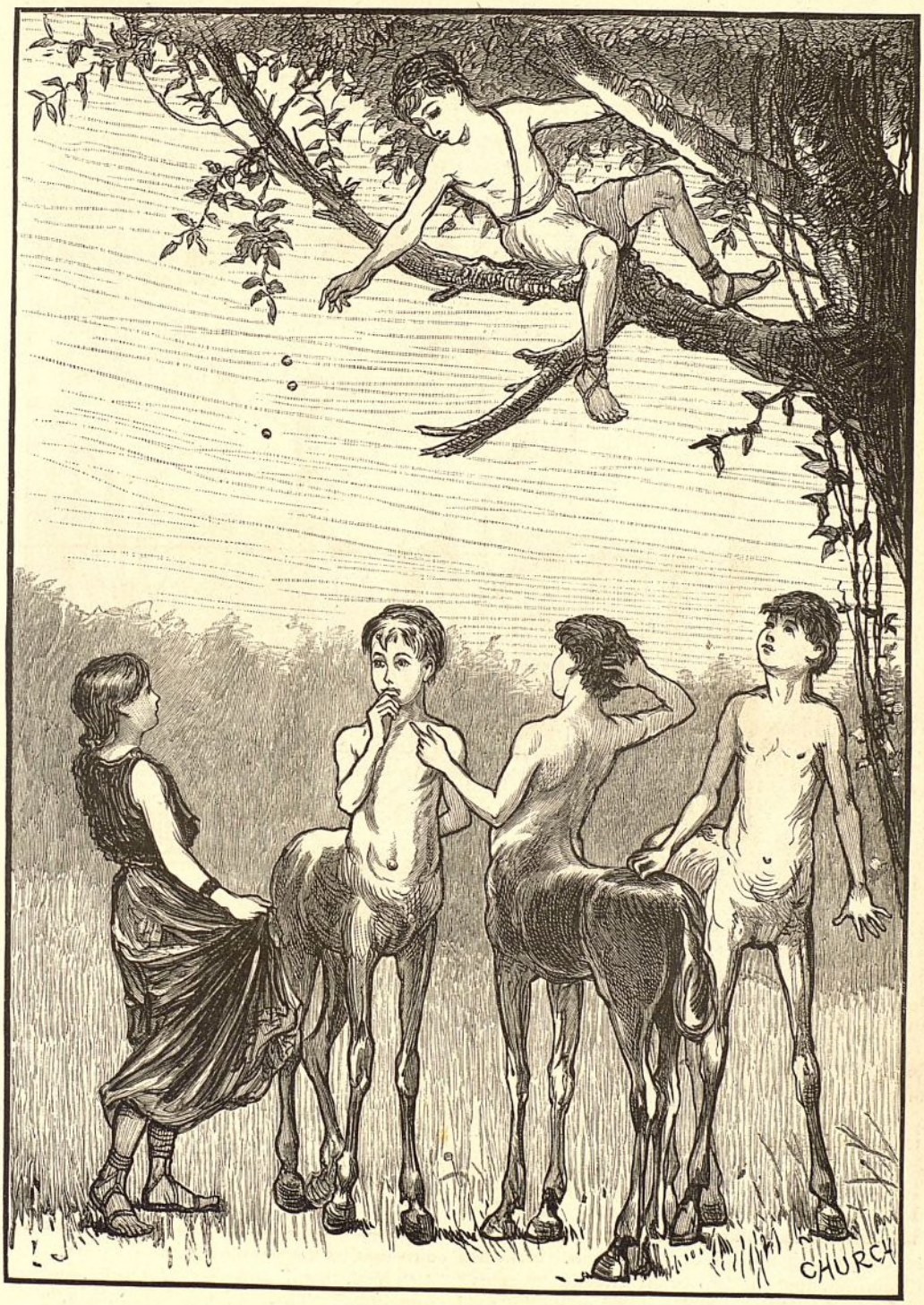
But nowadays people are discovering everything. There is Dr. Schliemann, who has discovered all the old kitchen-ware of the ancient Trojans, and written a book about it; and another explorer has just found out about some young Centaurs who went to old Chiron's school.

It was a boarding and day school, situated on the Island of Peparethos, off the coast of Thessaly; "a most salubrious spot," the school prospectus said, and old Chiron taught all the polite arts. It must have been a trouble, for young Centaurs were a wild set. Indeed, people in those days never said, "This boy is as wild as a young colt," but "As wild as a young Centaur," which amounted to the same thing. The Centaur boys had good times, you may be sure. The polite arts did not bother them much, though the boys bothered old Chiron. He was always shouting to them to keep their hoofs off the desks, and to stop switching their tails about, for they knocked down ink bottles and things. Of course, in fly-time such a rule was very hard, but the Centaur boys revenged themselves by chasing the geese that belonged to Chiron's old housekeeper, and making her scold till she was hoarse. They played foot-ball, too, and such a splendid game, for every Centaur could kick with both his hind feet, while he steadied himself on his fore feet. The ball sometimes went clear across the island—about two miles. At least, that is the record the boys left cut on the rocks at Peparethos, so far as our discoverer could make out and translate. "Gryneus" and "Pholus" must have been the best kickers, for he found their names cut on the rocks, just under this big kicking score.



THE CENTAUR BOYS CHASING THE GEESE.

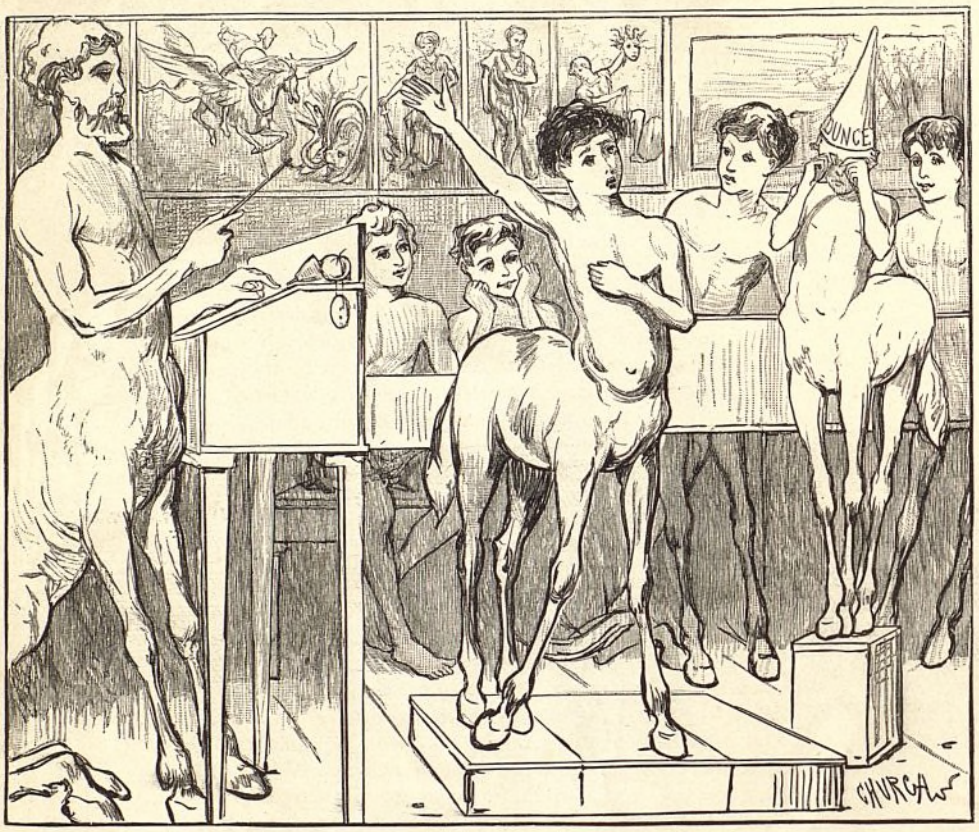
And they had grand games of base-ball; such



"THE CENTAUR BOYS COULD NOT CLIMB A TREE."

running and catching! They did not need to stoop to steady themselves when they caught, so none of them were at all bow-legged, and that was certainly an advantage over two-legged boys.

But they never played marbles, for they could not kneel down properly, though it was a great saving favors. This made the Centaurs envious, and they did their best to make the young Greeks' lives a burden to them. They would not let them play ball, because they had only two legs, nor race, though Crantor was a first-rate runner, nor even let them chase the old woman's geese. So Cran-



CHIRON'S SCHOOL—THE LITTLE CENTAUR SPEAKS HIS PIECE.

in trouser-knees. They ran races, though, and made splendid time. "Rhœtus" was the best racer for two school terms, so the record said, and the name of the champion for the next year must have been kicked off out of envy, for our explorer noticed a big piece of rock chipped off, just under Rhœtus's name. They could not have boat races, of course, but they had swimming matches, and you may imagine that a boy with four legs and two arms could make pretty fast time.

They were a right conceited set, those Centaurs, but they had a "take down," when two Greek boys from the mainland came to school. These boys had only two legs, like our boys here, and the Centaur boys made no end of fun of them. But when Chiron saw that the two young Greeks, "Crates" and "Crantor," were studious and polite, he used to ride them on his back, and show them other

tor and Crates gave up, and turned their attention to the polite arts, hoping their turn would come soon.

And it did.

Crates and Crantor had a cousin, a pretty little Greek girl named Celena, who came to visit them one day. She brought a splendid cake for the boys, and some honey from Hymettus, so, of course, all the boys were anxious to please her. They ran races, and played ball, and jumped fences, and Celena said they were very smart.

Then Crates turned a hand-spring, and Crantor stood on his head.

"Can you do that?" asked Celena.

The Centaurs were ashamed, but they had to own up that it was impossible.

"Well, then," said Celena, "can't you get me some nuts? There is a tree full of them."

The Centaur boys all gathered around the tree,

and reached up as far as they could, but having gathered all the nuts within reach some days before, they could get none now for Celena.

"Why don't you climb up, stupids?" said she.

Then all those Centaur boys were covered with confusion, for not one of them could climb a tree.

Crates and Crantor could, and in a minute they were on the topmost branches gathering nuts and throwing them down to Celena, who thanked them very prettily, and turned up her pretty Greek nose at the unhappy Centaur boys. And after that Crates and Crantor held their heads high enough.

"For some things," sighed the Centaur boys, "it is better to be a two-legged boy." and then they grew more modest, and went to work to study the polite arts.

A BOY'S REMONSTRANCE.

By C. Perry.

I AM feeling very badly; everything is going to smash:
All the things I have believed in are going with a crash!
The folks are growing learned, and all their wretched lore is
Used to shake a fellow's faith in his best-beloved stories.
The fairies have been scattered, and the genii they have gone,
There are no enchanted castles; they have vanished, every one.
Aladdin never lived, and the dear Scheherazade,
Though very entertaining, was a much mistaken lady.
Of course I see through Santa Claus, I had to, long ago;
And Christmas will be going, the next thing that I know,
For I heard, I was n't listening—I heard the parson say,
He had really—yes had really—grave doubts about the day.
And as for Master Washington, they say the goose should catch it,
Who believed a single minute in that story of the hatchet.
They 've given a rap at Crusoe, and dear old Friday. Why!
We 'll all believe in Friday, we boys will, till we die!
They may say it 's not "authentic," and such like if they dare!
When they strike a blow at Friday, they hit us boys. So there!
And I 've been reading in a book, writ by some college swell,
That there never was a genuine, a *real live* William Tell!
That he was just a myth, or what we boys would call a sell:
That he did n't shoot the apple, nor Gesler, not a bit—
That all the other nations have a legend just like it.
I think it 's little business for a college man to fight
Against these dear old stories and send them out of sight.
And all the boys are just as mad! and so the girls are, too;
And so we called a meeting to decide what we should do.
And we passed some resolutions, because that is the one
And only way for meetings, when it 's all that can be done.
I send you here a list:

Resolved, that there *was* a William Tell;
That by his bow and arrow the tyrant Gesler fell.
Resolved, that he was *not* a myth, whatever that may be—
But that he shot the apple and Switzerland was free.
Resolved, that Crusoe lived, and Friday, and the goat.
Resolved, that little Georgy his father's fruit-tree smote,
And owned up like a hero. Resolved, that all the science
Of all the learned professors shall not shake our firm reliance
In the parties we have mentioned; and we do hereby make known
The fact that we boys feel that we have some rights of our own—
And request that in the future these rights be let alone.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE can do it. I give it up. They could n't be making a better show if they tried. Aunt Keziah said she 'd have her peonies in bloom when the city folks got here. She 's done it, but I was n't mor 'n half sure she could."

The sun had not been up an hour yet, but he was shining full and warm in the rosy face of the very plump, healthy-looking boy who stood there, on the grass, looking down at the peonies.

"The old tub 's choke full of 'em," he continued. "They 're almost all burst out, now. They 'll burst the tub next. What fat, red-looking fellows they are. Aunt Keziah says I 'm like 'em. I don't care. They 're real pretty. Anyhow, I don't believe I 'll tumble all to pieces, as they will when they get through bursting. I 'm fat, all the year round."

"Hullo, Piney!"

He did not turn around, or even take his hands out of his pockets, as he answered:

"Hullo, Kyle, is that you? Drove your cows to pasture? I have."

"Course I have, or I would n't be here. What 's the matter with your pinies? Looks as if the tub was sinking with 'em."

"Sinking? You 'd sink if you had all those flowers to carry. How red they are!"

"Reddest kind. Aunt Keziah named you after 'em, did n't she?"

"So she says."

"They 're redder 'n you are. They 're a good deal handsomer, too."

"I aint a flower, and I don't live in a tub. Aunt Keziah says I burst everything she puts on me, though, just as they do. That 's why she makes all my clothes so loose."

"They 're bursting all theirs, and no mistake. Glad there 's no danger of my skin cracking round like that."

"I say, Kyle, how 'd you like to go a-fishing?"

"Tip top. That 's what brought me over. It 's Saturday."

"We can't go next Saturday, you know."

"No," said Kyle; "and I have n't half learned my piece for the Academy Exhibition."

"I 've learned mine. 'T is n't that I 'm afraid of."

"What then?" said Kyle, in surprise.

"What then?" echoed Piney, sharply. "Why, the Examination, of course."

"O, that 's nothing. Wilbur begins with a W, and that puts my name 'most at the bottom of the list. Bill Young and I talked it over. They wont get down to us."

"They 'll get to me. Then wont I turn red in the face and forget everything!"

"Piney! Piney! Piney! Come in to breakfast."

A shrill, sweet, girlish voice was calling very positively from the top of the steps in the middle of the front piazza, and Piney started for the house.

"I 'll come over after breakfast," shouted Kyle Wilbur after him.

"He ought not to miss that," muttered Piney, as he walked along. "Aunt Keziah says his face 'd do for a hatchet. Why can't she call me some other name. But, then, Dick 's the nickname for Richard, and I would n't like that any better. Anyhow, she might have picked out a meaner flower than they are. Bull-thistles are red."

"Piney, why don't you hurry?"

"What for, Roxy?"

"Why, for breakfast. It 's all ready. I 've been helping Aunt Keziah."

"Did you boil the radishes?"

"Not this time. Guess I know better than that, now; but I picked the strawberries, and put lots of sugar on them."

"Brown sugar?"

"No, of course not. I put on the white, fine sugar, out of the wooden box. Aunt Keziah put it out on the table, and I sugared the berries."

The look on Piney's face told very plainly of his liking for strawberries and cream, with plenty of sugar. As for Roxy, her rosy face was full of pride over her morning's performances. It was not so plump as her brother's, although her eyes and hair were as dark, and any one would have said she was his sister. She was younger, too,—not over seven or eight years, perhaps,—while Piney must have been somewhere between thirteen and fifteen.

When a boy is so evidently large for his age, it is not always easy to say just how old he is.

Roxy was not large for her age; she was only a little too old for it, so that she sometimes walked into mistakes. Such, for instance, as boiling the crisp, fresh radishes.

While she and Piney went in to breakfast, the sun rose higher, very slowly indeed, but steadily, promising a grand, warm, June day. He was not looking down, that morning, upon many prettier places than that valley.

The old farm-house stood right at the head of a little lake. It was big and white, with a high, peaked roof, from which the dormer windows looked out as if they were forever watching for somebody to come around the turn of the dusty road. A great many people did come, too, but the windows on the roof sat right there and waited for somebody else, all the same.

"PINEY! PINEY! COME TO BREAKFAST."

There were no blinds up there, but there were green ones to all the windows of the lower story, and those on the front piazza came right down to the floor.

The barns and the hayricks were away back from the road, and the ground sloped from them down to the front gate. That was toward the east and the sunrise. On the south it sloped to the very edge of the lake, and they kept the grass mowed down close, so as to make a beautiful green lawn.

You could have measured out a dozen good croquet grounds on that lawn if you had wanted to.

Away to the north, a mile and more, there was another little lake, and beyond that another; but a little bit of a river ran into the upper one, and out of that into the next, and out of that into the third, and out of that into the valley below. So a man in a boat could row himself through all those lakes and then down-stream.

Nobody but the Indians at the reservation, long miles to the north, could pronounce the name of that river correctly, but when the white men gave up trying and spelled it out, they called it the Ti-ough-ne-au-ga. That was as near as they could have hit it if they had shot at it.

That is, if they had tried with a bow and arrow and could not shoot very well. And the little river was crookeder than any name that even an Indian could have given to it.

Roxy had been in a great hurry to have Piney come in. To tell the truth, she was apt to be a little ahead of time, and when Piney entered the dining-room the only person yet seated at the table was his three-year-old brother Chub in his high chair.

There was no need of asking how he came by his name, but just at that moment Chub's face was very red indeed, and he was pounding the table with a spoon, while he uttered a squall that made Aunt Keziah put down the coffee-pot and rush in from the kitchen.

"Roxy! Roxy! What are you doing to that baby?"

"Nothing at all. I brought him a whole saucer full of strawberries, and I poured the cream all over them."

"I never told you to," exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "You 're a meddlesome girl. Piney, ring the bell for your mother to come down. Roxy, tell Ann to bring in the breakfast. What can be the matter with that child!"

"Berry sour," whimpered poor Chub, as he pushed the saucer away from him.

"Sour? No, they 're not. You naughty boy, to scare me so."

But even the arrival of his mother, a tall, pallid,

languid-looking lady, evidently not in good health, who came in just then, failed to pacify Chub. It was not till all the rest were seated at the table that the cause of his trouble came out.

It was almost a matter of course that Piney should be the next person to try a spoonful of those berries.

"Mother! Aunt Keziah!" sputtered he, as he reached suddenly out for a tumbler of water. "The berries are salted!"

"Salted?" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "Piney Hunter, what do you mean?"

"Richard, my son," murmured his mother; "Salted?"

"Yes, mother. Just you taste 'em. I don't wonder Chub said they were sour."

"O, Roxy! Roxy Hunter! This is some of your work," exclaimed her mother, dolefully.

"No, mother, I saw Aunt Keziah bring the box out herself."

"The salt box! So I did, and the sugar box, too. They 're just alike. That child 'll p'ison us all, yet!"

Aunt Keziah's face was as red with vexation, almost, as Piney's own. His, though, was redder than usual, for he was trying not to laugh, and that was always hard work for him.

"Roxy," said her mother, "you can go right out into the garden and pick some more berries, in place of the spoiled ones. When you come in you are not to have any."

"Glad there 's plenty of 'em on the vines," said Aunt Keziah. "These 'll all have to be thrown away. But, Elizabeth, what are we to do with Roxy? Suppose her uncle and aunt and all the rest had been here. I 'd have died of mortification."

"Uncle Liph would n't," said Piney. "He 'd have laughed."

"Not with salted berries in his mouth," said Aunt Keziah; but poor, crestfallen Roxy was already marching through the back door with her basket on her arm, muttering:

"I wish I 'd tasted it before I put it on, so I 'd have known if it was sugar."

CHAPTER II.

THERE were, indeed, vines and strawberries in great abundance in that garden, and Aunt Keziah Merrill was as proud of all that grew there as she was of her peonies and other flowers.

Roxy picked away as fast as she could, but was glad enough, in a minute or so, when her big brother came to help her.

"Don't cry, Roxy," he said, as he knelt near her, "these berries are just as good as the others."

"But I can't have any," whimpered Roxy.

"I 'll ask mother if you can't have some of mine. Kyle Wilbur and I are going fishing after breakfast."

"O, can I go with you?"

"Not this time. You see, Roxy, we want to catch some fish."

"I can catch fish."

"Yes; but I don't believe mother and Aunt Keziah 'll let you go."

Roxy was very much of Piney's opinion on that head, but she asked, all the same, as soon as they got in with their berries.

"In the boat?" exclaimed her mother. "And get upset, and may be get drowned?"

"O, she would n't get into the water," said Aunt Keziah; "but she 's been a naughty girl this morning. Besides, I want her in the house. I 'm going to make some cake."

"Cake? O, aunty, I 'd rather make cake than catch fish."

"But you must let things alone. I can't afford to have my cake salted."

"I wont touch ——"

"Mother," said Piney, "let me give Roxy some of the berries I picked."

"Just a few, then; I want her to remember about the sugar."

"About the salt, you mean," said Aunt Keziah. "Well, she 's a pretty good little girl if she would n't be so forward. I 'll give her a few of mine."

Chub said nothing about giving anybody a share of the berries in his saucer, but he tasted them carefully before he tried a whole spoonful at once.

Piney did not linger long at the table, and when he reached the shore of the little lake, with his rod and line all ready, and his bait in an old blacking-box, there was Kyle Wilbur, sitting in the boat, waiting for him.

"Guess you did n't eat much breakfast," said Piney.

"Yes I did. What made you stay so long?"

"O, I had to pick some more berries." And Piney told him the story of Roxy's blunder, in a way that made Kyle laugh all over. If Aunt Keziah could have seen him, she would have said it was the best thing in the world for a thin, peaked boy like him.

In a minute more they were rowing away, straight across the lake, toward the woods on the other side. Both of them said they were sure the fish bit better over there.

The boat was a good one, not at all likely to get upset. It was square at each end, and the boys called it "the scow."

It was quite good enough for them to fish from, and may be they were right about the habits of the fish, for they did bite very well, that morning,

along the shore where the tall trees leaned over the water. The day was beginning to be a warm one, and it may be the fish were thinking that part of the lake would be shadier by and by.

Both Piney and Kyle were pretty good fishermen, and the perch and sun-fish and bull-heads came in pretty fast for an hour or so. Piney even hooked a pickerel that weighed more than a pound.

"I caught a bigger one than that, last week," said Kyle.

"O, that 's nothing. Aunt Keziah says they eat more than any other fish, and can't get fat on it, either."

"I must be a sort of a pickerel, then. I say, Piney, have you practiced your piece for the Exhibition?"

"Mother made me say it to her, once, but I don't believe I can say it before a crowd."

"Why don't you try and speak it out here? What is it?"

"O, everybody knows it. It begins, 'O, why does the white man follow my path.'"

"That 's an Indian piece. You ought to speak it in the woods. Let 's go ashore and try it."

Piney colored very red, but he answered, promptly:

"Well, I will, if you wont tell anybody. Then will you speak yours, after I 'm done?"

"Of course I will. We 've got fish enough."

"No, we have n't. But we can come back and catch some more. Let 's go ashore now."

The anchor, a big, heavy stone, was at once pulled up from the bottom and the scow as quickly fastened to a bush on the bank, while the two young orators went on under the shade of the trees.

They knew there would be nobody there to hear them, for all the men about the place were busy in the fields. In fact, the woods were as pleasant and still as could have been asked for, and if the tall hickories and maples were getting ready to listen, they did not say a word about it to confuse the speakers.

"Hurrah, Kyle! Look at what I 've found," suddenly exclaimed Piney, who had been stooping down to tie one of his shoes before he began his piece. "I 'm to be an Indian warrior, and here I 've been and picked up an Indian arrow head!"

Kyle examined it eagerly enough, although he remarked coolly:

"That 's nothing. People pick 'em up everywhere. Father plowed up a stone hatchet last spring. That 's a pretty big arrow head, though. Most of 'em are little fellows."

It was a piece of flint, nearly as wide as a half dollar, and more than twice as long, tapering to a point at one end with sharp, ragged edges, and at the other end it had a sort of knob with a notch in it.

"That 's to tie it to the arrow by," said Piney. "Uncle Liph has any number of 'em. I mean to give him this."

"I guess father 'd let him have the stone hatchet," said Kyle. "Did n't you say he was coming to visit you?"

"We expect him here to-night. Now, Kyle, you stand over there by that hickory, and I 'll stand here on this knoll and I 'll say my piece."

He brandished the stone arrow-head in his right hand, and launched into his recitation.

"O, why does the white man follow my path
Like the hound on the tiger's track?
Does the hue of my dark cheek waken his wrath?
Does he covet the bow at my back?"

Right there Piney pointed fiercely over his shoulder with the arrow-head, resolving to have some kind of a real bow provided in time for use at the Exhibition.

He went safely through with verse after verse of the poetry, while Kyle Wilbur leaned against the hickory tree and watched him.

"First rate," exclaimed Kyle. "But you 'll never do it that way before a crowd. Are you sure you 'll remember it all?"

"Kind o' half way sure."

"Wish I was, but I aint."

"Guess I 'll have the arrow-head in one hand and the stone hatchet in the other. Then I can put it through. What piece did you learn?"

"Oh, I picked out 'The boy stood on the burning deck.' It 's awful old, but then I 've spoken it before, and I wont be so likely to break down in it."

"'The boy stood on the burning deck,'" repeated Piney. "Why, that does n't belong to the woods. You ought to practice that in the boat."

"Could n't set it on fire, and it has n't a square inch of deck."

"Oh, we can fix that. Come on. Gather all the birch bark and hickory bark you can lay your hands on."

"Why, what 'll you do?"

"I 'll show you," answered Piney. "I 've got an idea in my head."

"You 're always getting ideas in your head," grumbled Kyle; but he did as he was bidden, for it was clear that of those two boys, Piney Hunter was decidedly the leader.

It took but a few minutes to gather an armful of dry bark, and Piney hurried toward the scow. He dropped his load on a dry spot in the bottom.

Next he picked up a long, wide, flat board, which lay there, and laid it across the boat. It reached over for nearly a foot on either side.

"There 's your deck, Kyle," said Piney. "Now for your fire."

The pieces of bark were quickly heaped up on the board, and a match and a wisp of paper from Piney's pockets did the rest. The fire was there.

you to stop till you 've done speaking your piece. Now for it."

As he said that, Piney shoved the boat away from the shore, and the bark began to blaze and smoke.

"The boy"—began Kyle, in a somewhat unsteady voice, as he stood up, striking an attitude, behind the small bonfire on the board.

"THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK."

"'The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him ——'

"But," objected Kyle, steadying himself in the boat, "that is n't enough of a deck to give a fellow a fair show, and you 've made so much fire I can't stand on it."

"Can't help that," said Piney. "You can stand close to it. And you can make believe there are masts and sails on fire over your head. I 'll be your father, and I 'm dead and can't tell

Ough—ough—ough—ough—look a-here, Piney Hunter, you 've swung the boat around so the wind blows the smoke in my face. I 'll cough my head off—ough—ough!"

"I guess the real boy in the story must have had a coughing spell before the ship blew up," said Piney. "Go ahead. This ship wont blow up. Not till you finish your piece."

There was no help for it, Piney seemed so very determined; and so Kyle went bravely on for several stanzas, but just as he was exclaiming,—

"But once again he cried aloud,
'Say, father, must I stay?'"

he was compelled to add:

"Hold on, Piney, if his boat had rocked like that, he would n't have stayed in it half a minute. Don't be mean, now, I 'm 'most through."

"I wont," said Piney, and Kyle was really doing splendidly, when Piney suddenly seized the board with its blazing load and shoved the whole thing over into the lake.

"It is n't time to blow up," said Kyle, reproachfully.

"Go right on," said Piney. "The deck was burned through, that 's all. You 'll have to speak the rest of it without any fire."

Kyle went on without missing a word, but he sat down very suddenly at the end of it, as if he had doubts as to Piney Hunter's intentions.

"That 's tip top," exclaimed Piney. "It 's a good deal better 'n mine. But then they wont let us set the academy hall platform on fire, you know. You 'll miss your deck."

"I wont be choked with birch-bark smoke, either. Let 's catch some more fish."

"All right," said Piney.

And so they did, but when they finally got tired of it and rowed across the lake for some dinner, Aunt Keziah hardly looked at Piney's string of fish before she asked him:

"What made you kindle a fire in the woods?"

"Did n't kindle any, Aunt Keziah. That fire was out on the water."

"In the boat? What for?"

"To help Kyle Wilbur speak his piece. He had to have some sort of a burning deck."

A few more questions and answers explained the matter.

"Piney Hunter," exclaimed Aunt Keziah, as the tears of laughter rolled down her cheeks, "you 'll set the lake on fire next. Roxy, keep your fingers away from those fish. There, I thought so. One of the bullheads has pricked you with his horns."

"Oh, aunty, it hurts me awfully. I 'll never touch one of them again. Not as long as I live."

"Better not, then. It 's a good string, though, and I 'm glad of it. Your uncle 's fond of fish."

"And I 've found an Indian arrow-head for him," said Piney, "and Kyle Wilbur has promised me a stone hatchet his father plowed up."

"I 'm sure he 'll be pleased with them," said Aunt Keziah. "Come, now, it 's dinner-time."

Chapter III.

Every now and then, while they were at dinner, Roxy gave a pitying look at the thumb of her right hand. There was a very distinct mark on it, for the "horns" of a bull-head are sharp and stiff, and she had picked up the slippery little fish without thinking of them.

"I did n't hurt him a bit," she said to herself, but Piney heard her, and answered:

"No, but I did, when I caught him, and perhaps he knew you were a sister of mine."

"Teach her a lesson," said Aunt Keziah. "I sometimes wonder she has any fingers left."

But for all that, Aunt Keziah put on her spectacles and looked closely at the dent on Roxy's thumb.

"There, dear, don't make any more fuss about it. I guess he did n't mean to hurt you."

"Well, he did n't. Not much," said Roxy, "and I hope Uncle Liph 'll eat him up."

"All but his horns," said Piney.

It was a splendid summer day, and the doors were all wide open. So were the windows, although the blinds were closed.

Up on the roof, where there were no blinds, the dormer windows seemed more wide awake than ever, as if they were watching for the visitors from the city.

It was hours too early for them, whether the windows knew it or not; but a great many other travelers came along the road. The largest company that arrived together was a flock of sheep, with a man and two boys and a dog to keep them going, and the noise they all made brought out Piney and his sister.

Dinner was about over, but Roxy came out with a piece of pie in her hand.

There was nothing very wonderful in a flock of sheep, though that was quite a large one, but not a great distance behind it there came such a queer-looking little man that Piney laughed outright as he exclaimed:

"If there is n't the Woodchuck!"

"Why, it 's the blackberry Indian himself," said Roxy. "And there 's Kyle Wilbur, coming up to the gate."

"Yes, and there 's Hawknose John, coming around the turn. He 's trying to catch up with the Woodchuck."

"He 's the chief, is n't he?"

"Not exactly. Not the head chief. The head chief lives in a good house, up at the Reservation, and he would n't pick berries or whittle bows and arrows for anybody."

"Piney, did you hear that?"

"Why, if the Woodchuck is n't trying to sing."

"He 's funny, is n't he."

"Come down to the gate, Roxy. I want to see Hawknose John."

Kyle Wilbur got there about as soon as they did, and the Woodchuck came along in the middle of the road, singing a queer chant, or song, full of rough, harsh-sounding words.

"That 's real old Onondaga, Roxy," said Piney. "It 's Indian. His mouth must be made different from yours or mine."

"And his ears, too," said Roxy, "or he could n't know what he 's singing."

The Woodchuck was a short, broad man, remarkably dirty and ragged. His face was dark and ugly, and his long, coarse black hair came down on his shoulders from under all that was left of what must once have been a white man's high black hat. He had put a red ribbon around it, and stuck a feather in the ribbon on one side, and a strip of shining tin on the other, so that he certainly was a very gay and funny-looking old Indian that day.

The man who was now coming close up to him was a very different sort of person. He was as dark and Indian-looking as the Woodchuck, but he was very tall and thin, with a high, hooked nose, that gave his face almost a fierce expression. In fact, if Hawknose John had lived in the old times, when his tribe was a great nation, it is very likely he would have been a warrior, for he looked like one as it was, he was so stern and stood so straight.

He spoke a word or two to the Woodchuck, in harsh, guttural tones, and that Indian at once stopped singing and stood still.

John was evidently very angry, but it could not have been about the feather or the piece of tin, for he, too, had a wide red ribbon around the straw hat he was wearing, and he had on an old blue swallow-tail coat, with gilt buttons.

"Is he swearing?" asked Roxy.

"No," said Kyle Wilbur, "Hawknose John would n't swear. He 's as good as a deacon, but anybody can see he 's mad. The Woodchuck 's always getting into some sort of scrape."

He was in one now, beyond a doubt, for the tall Onondaga raised his long right arm, when he ended his rough scolding, and struck him hard on the forehead with his clenched fist.

It made a sharp, cracking sound, as the blow fell, and over went the Woodchuck in the dust, as if he had been an Indian nine-pin. He was not much hurt, however, for he at once picked himself up, rubbing his forehead, and marched off along the north road without saying a word. Hawknose John said nothing, either, but pointed threateningly in the direction of the Indian Reservation.

"John," said Piney, "what made you knock him down? He does n't belong to you."

"Woodchuck big fool. Drink whisky. Hawknose John good friend. Knock him down and send him home. Go home sober now. Not waste any more money for squaw. He sell berries for squaw. Promise not drink. Go wicked just a little. Knock him down, so he stop right there. White man not know enough to do that."

"Yes," said Piney, "but what if he 'd been a big Indian and you a little one?"

"Boy ask too many question," said the tall Onondaga, with dignity.

"Got any potatoes?" he asked, presently.

"Plenty of 'em," said Piney. "Is that bow for sale?"

Piney had been watching, from the first, an unusually long and handsome-looking bow which John carried in his left hand. It was beautifully polished, but was likely to require a strong arm to bend and use it. John now lifted it at arm's length, and held it up for the boys to admire, but slowly remarked:

"No. No sell him. Hawknose John give him away."

"Whom will you give it to?" asked Kyle Wilbur.

"Give it to Aunt Keziah. So she give John some potatoes. No sell bow."

"O, that 's it," said Piney. "Let me show it to her, John. It 's just the kind of bow she wants."

Kyle and Roxy laughed while Piney seized the bow and hurried back into the house.

"Aunt Keziah," he shouted, "see what a splendid present Hawknose John has brought you. Just what you were wishing for."

"Me, Piney? A present to me? Why, it 's a hickory bow. What a pretty one. But what do I want of a bow?"

"O, you can lend it to me. I 'll take care of it for you. Besides, Hawknose John wants you to make him a present of some potatoes."

"He 's always wanting something. They 're a lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing set."

"O, Aunty, you ought to have seen him knock down the Woodchuck and send him home, just because he 'd taken one drink of whisky!"

"Did he? I always said there was something good about John. How many potatoes does he want?"

"He did n't say. He can't carry a great many. It 's a splendid bow."

"Well, tell him he may have as many as he can carry in a sack. New potatoes can't be had yet, and good old ones, like ours, are high and scarce."

Very likely Hawknose John knew all that, for Aunt Keziah's skill at making potatoes "keep over" was as well known as some of her other wis-

LITTLE LOUIS, THE DAUPHIN.

[See page 51.]

doms. She was very likely, too, to get good prices for what she sold, and she knew her Indian acquaintance was too lazy a man to carry a heavy load far in that weather.

"Piney's a good boy," she said to his mother, "and I like to humor him. Besides, it 's only a few potatoes."

When the bargain was completed with Hawknose John, however, that tall, thin person pulled from under his blue coat a very stout-looking sack, and silently followed Piney to the barn.

"Have what can carry?" he remarked, as he leaned over the side of the potato-bin, and began to pick out the best ones and drop them into his bag.

"Yes, John, you 're only to have as many as you can carry."

"Good. John like that. You like potatoes?"

"O, yes, I eat them."

"Good for boy. Eat a heap. John got boy at home. Eat all day."

Piney began to think there must have been a famine at the Reservation, as John worked away at his bag. He never ceased putting in more and more, until it was so full that he could hardly tie the mouth of it.

"You can't carry that," said Piney.

"You see. Hawknose John big Indian. Put him right on shoulder."

And so he did, and walked out of the barn with it, although it made him stagger and waver in his walk. And Aunt Keziah, happening to look out of the kitchen window just then, had to exclaim:

"Well, I declare! Why, that Indian rascal has taken a good two bushels and more. It 'll kill him if he tries to carry it. And all that for a bit of hickory wood."

Hawknose John did not seem to notice anybody, however, until he had marched out of the front gate and along the road for several rods. He then carefully slipped the bag of potatoes down on the grass and took a seat beside it.

Piney and Kyle and Roxy had followed him, wondering what he meant to do, and the former asked:

"John, how 'll you ever carry that bag to the Reservation?"

"Boy ask too many question. My potatoes now. Aunt Keziah give big bag full. Wagon come along, by and by. Put 'em in and take 'em home to squaw."

There was a look of something very much like fun on his dark face as he said this, and Kyle Wilbur said to Piney:

"He 's got a big price for his bow, anyhow. Your Aunt Keziah is n't sharp enough to make trades with Indians."

"She is with white men, then. I never saw her beaten so badly before. Anyhow, his little Indians must have something to eat, and the bow 's a splendid one."

"Will you teach me to shoot?" asked Roxy.

"Certainly," answered Piney, absently, but in high good humor. Already he was planning a splendid frolic. The bow and arrow would be just the thing!

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAUPHIN.*

By Alice D. Wilde.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there lived, in a palace in France, a poor little boy. You will wonder, if he were a *poor* little boy, why he should have lived in a palace; but he was not poor in that sense. He had no lack of food and clothes; cold and hunger were unknown to him. On the contrary, no little child was ever more tenderly cared for than he. His home was in a superb palace, richly furnished and adorned with rare pictures and fine statuary. His play-ground was a beautiful garden, with winding walks and green alleys leading to summer-houses and pavilions, and where fountains, gushing forth in the midst of beds of lovely flowers, cooled the air with their spray. Besides all this, he had a little plot of ground of his own, which you may be sure he cared for far more than he did for all the stateliness and variety of his father's garden.

He worked in it quite diligently, and great was his pride and delight when at length he could carry a bouquet of his own raising to his beautiful young mother.

In winter, or when the weather was too stormy to play out-of-doors, he had numberless bright and costly toys, and his sister—who was older than himself, and who was very sweet and gentle—would play with and amuse him for hours. But with all these lovely things about them continually, they

*See Frontispiece.

were not allowed to think only of themselves; for their mother taught them to care for the poor and helpless, and to be ready always to give up their own pleasure for the comfort and happiness of those about them.

One New Year's Day,—which in France is the great day for making presents, as Christmas is with us,—she caused a number of splendid toys to be brought to the palace, and spreading them out on a table before her, she called her children, and bade them look at these fine playthings, which she had intended to give to them as New Year's gifts; but, owing to the severity of the winter and the consequent suffering among the poor, she should instead, if they were willing, buy clothing and food for those who needed both so sadly. The children gave up their toys very sweetly and cheerfully, and their mother had the pretty things taken away, paying the man for his trouble in bringing them.

But you must not imagine that this little boy's whole time was taken up with play. No, indeed; he had a very kind and wise governess, who taught him a great many useful things, and a tutor who gave him instruction in all the manly studies, arts and exercises of those times.

He was very diligent in his studies, and made wonderful progress. His memory was very good, and he could recite long poems with great correctness and taste.

It was very necessary that he should be thoroughly well educated; for, child as he was, he was a very important personage in France, second only to his own father, and it was hoped that one day he would hold the highest position in the kingdom —that of its sovereign.

Surrounded as he was by all this wealth and luxury, tenderly beloved by his sweet sister, the pet and darling of his kind father and lovely young mother, the pride and hope of a great nation, you are no doubt wondering why I should call him a *poor* little boy.

There is a certain Greek proverb which says, "Call no man happy till his death," and it applies perfectly to this young prince.

His name, which you have not yet heard, was Louis. Louis Capet, I suppose, was his full name; but, as he was the son of Louis XVI., king of France, he never was called by his last name. Kings and princes always sign their first name only. He was not even called Prince Louis, as he would have been if he had been an English prince; but was called the Dauphin, a title always bestowed on the eldest son of the king of France. His sister, although she was only a little girl and a princess, was called simply Madame.

But in spite of his youth and the love and tenderness that would have shielded him from all harm, clouds began to overshadow the sunny brightness of his life. When he drove out through the streets of beautiful Paris with his father and mother, instead of the shouts of joy, the cheers and demonstrations of affection, with which their presence had always been greeted by the people, there began to be, first, silence, broken by a few faint cheers; then low mutterings of anger, which after a time developed into loud and insulting remarks.

Fierce and scowling faces peered into the carriage, and the shrill voices of coarse women were heard in horrid yells and mocking laughter.

Louis was no longer glad to accompany his father and mother in their drives. He would have preferred the quiet and peacefulness of his own garden. He used to ponder over these things, and wonder what could be the meaning of so great a change. His usually bright face looked serious and perplexed. His father asked him one day why he looked so sober.

Little Louis said, "Papa, why are the people, who used to love you so much, so angry with you now? What have you done to them?"

The king took his son on his knees, and replied: "My child, I wished to make my people happy. I asked for money to pay the expenses of the wars, as all my ancestors have done; the parliament opposed me, and said that the people alone had the right to grant it. I therefore called together the principal inhabitants of every town, at Versailles. This assembly is called the States General. When they were assembled, they required of me concessions which I could not make, either with due respect for myself, or with justice to you, who will be king after me. Wicked men have made the people angry, and this has caused the crowds and trouble of the last few days; the people themselves must not be blamed for them."

But little Louis, although he accepted his father's explanation and asked no more questions, yet was not satisfied. He could not understand why the people should be so angry at being asked for money.

Carefully shielded as he had been from every rough wind, he could not realize that there were thousands of little children in the same city with himself, who, in all their lives, had never known what it was to have enough to eat; who, pinched with cold and hunger, every night lay down on the bare stone floor, huddling together, and drawing their wretched rags over their wasted limbs, to try if by any means they might keep off the bitter cold. But the fathers and mothers, who loved their children as well as the Queen of France loved her little ones, knew it was so; and, in their fierce struggle for the barest necessaries of life, they grew hard and bitter, and ready to curse the rich lords and

LITTLE LOUIS IN HIS PRISON. [SEE PAGE 54.]

masters who, as they considered, had ground them down and trampled them under foot.

Now, in this case, as it often happens, the innocent suffered, as well as the guilty. Louis XVI. certainly was a better man than the kings before him had been, and much more careful than they

not to waste the public money by spending it extravagantly on his own pleasures.

But he was too tender-hearted to rule with a strong hand, and too weak in judgment to govern wisely; so the wind which his fathers had sown became the whirlwind for his reaping.

The long course of oppression under which the people had suffered had made them hard and cruel, and when the strong hand which had kept them down was exchanged for a weak one, the fierce passions of hatred and revenge, which had been slumbering in their breasts, were ready to burst forth at a word into crimes of such ferocity that the world stood aghast. At length, one July day, the word was given, and a mob of twelve thousand people attacked the Bastille, and set free the prisoners who had been shut up in it.

After that, matters grew worse every day. Jeering and mockery were familiar sounds whenever the royal family drove out, and soon the mob shouted their brutal insults under the very windows of the palace.

One night at Versailles, after a day of unusual tumult, when the rioters had forced themselves into the palace itself, Louis lay in his little bed, shaking and sobbing with terror. He could not get over the shock of seeing his mother insulted,—his sweet, beautiful mother,—and his piteous sobs continued till the queen came to bid him good-night.

She soothed him with tender words and comforting assurances, until at length he fell asleep.

He was awakened, about four o'clock the next morning, by shrieks and cries and sounds of fire-arms; and, before he had time to do more than wonder, his governess came in and hurried him off to his father's apartments, where he found his sister and the queen, who had barely escaped with her life. That same day they were forced to go to Paris, whither the fierce mob accompanied them.

They surrounded the carriage, pressed upon it, and peered into it, scanning with cruel eyes the unhappy occupants, and with rude, mocking laughter, making their coarse comments.

A band of fish-women—large, broad-shouldered, brawny-armed, and fierce, even more vile, degraded and brutal than the men, if that were possible—stalked on before, their wooden shoes clattering on the pavements; and they cried with hideous yells: "We shall no longer want bread, for we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy with us!"

The poor little dauphin arrived at Paris half dead with terror; so much so that the next day, hearing some noise in the court-yard of the palace, he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying, "Oh, mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

From that time there was little peace for the royal family. They were captives in their own house, surrounded by guards day and night. Once they made an attempt to escape, but were discovered and brought back. And after this, escape was impossible for them. They were closely guarded, and daily and nightly these scenes of horror and of blood were renewed in the great city around them, till at length it was almost a relief to them when the walls of a prison shut from their sight that maddened, yelling mob thirsting for their blood.

This was the Prison du Temple, and here little Louis sometimes walked on the roof with an older companion, and threw a few crumbs to the little birds, whose freedom the young prince envied. For, although he still had good food and a clean dwelling, which he shared with his father, mother and sister, he was in prison, and could no longer enjoy freely the fresh air and warm sunshine.

At last, the summons came for the king to appear before the tribunal to answer for the crime of being of royal blood.

He bade his family a last farewell, embraced them tenderly, gave his blessing to his children, and bade them trust in God for their deliverance.

More happy than his wretched wife, in being spared the sight of his beloved ones' sufferings, the king, forgiving his enemies, calmly yielded up his life on the scaffold.

One night, shortly after the king's execution, the guards came to the queen's cell, and roughly told her that they must take away the dauphin. The unhappy mother, in the extremity of her anguish, threw herself before her son, and for a long time kept off the guards. But, at length, utterly exhausted, she fell fainting at their feet, and the young prince was then removed.

The little boy, who had been so carefully nurtured, so tenderly cherished all his life, was roughly thrust into a cold, damp cell, and, with a rude push and an oath, was left by the guards to sob and cry through the long night for the mother who would never come to him again.

So cruelly was he treated that, in a few months, no one would have been able to recognize the bright, beautiful young prince in the dirty, squalid, neglected little being who inhabited a cell in the Prison du Temple.

Scantily covered with a few filthy rags, his body wasted to a mere skeleton, he sat, for the most part, on a wretched heap of straw, which served him for bed by night and seat by day.

His food was thrown to him twice a day, and he scarcely ever saw a human being save his brutal jailer, Simon, who could hardly be considered human.

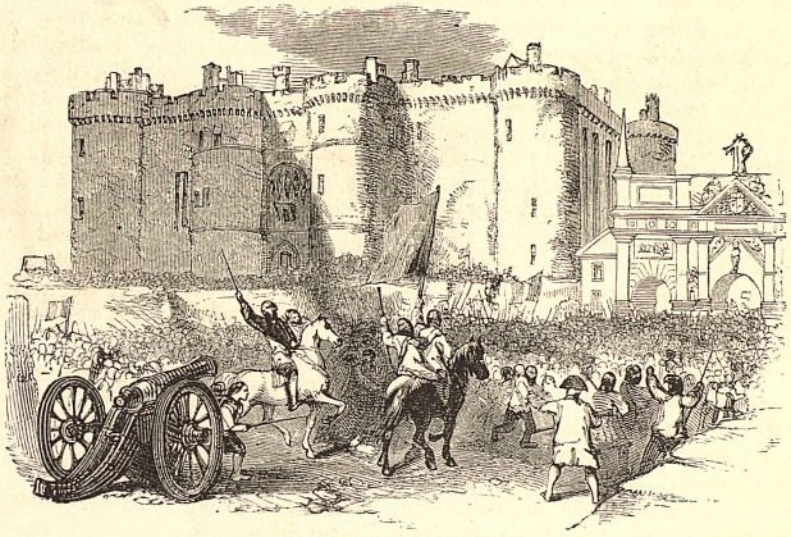
He was not only neglected and starved, he was also cruelly beaten and roughly knocked about. The hardened wretch, Simon, taught him vile and

wicked language, and tried to make him as degraded as himself.

After eighteen months had passed away, the fall of Robespierre caused the prison doors to be opened; but the poor little prince, sunk in a heap on his bed, took no notice of any one, and when his sister came, almost heart-broken and longing for a smile of recognition from the only one of her family left alive, he had for her only a dull and vacant stare.

His mind was gone, and in a few days the gentle Death-angel released him from his misery.

And so ends the sad, sad story of the last Dauphin of France.



THE ATTACK ON THE BASTILLE.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

By M. E. Bennett.

THE school-house stood beside the way,
A shabby building, old and gray,
With rattling sash, and loose-hung door,
And rough, uneven walls and floor;
And why the little homespun crew
It gathered were some ways more blest
Than others, you would scarce have guessed;
It is a secret known to few.

I 'll tell it you. The high-road lay
Stretched all along the township hill,
Whence the broad lands sloped either way,
And smiling up did strive to fill
At every window, every door,
The school-house, with that gracious lore
That God's fair world would fain instill.

So softly, quietly it came,
The children never knew its name;
Its various, unobtrusive looks
They counted not as study-books;
And yet they could not lift an eye
From play or labor, dreamily,
And not find writ in sweetest speech,
The tender lessons it would teach:
"Be gentle, children, brave and true,
And know the great God loveth you."

Only the teacher, wise of heart,
Divined the landscape's blessed art;
And when she felt the lag and stir
Of her young idlers fretting her,
Out-glancing o'er the meadows wide,
The ruffling woods, the far hillside,
She drew fresh breath of God's free grace,
A gentler look came in her face,
Her kindly voice caught in its own
An echo of that pleasant tone
In which the great world sang its song—
"Be cheerful, patient, still and strong."

THE GUDRA AND HIS DAUGHTER START ON THEIR JOURNEY. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE GUDRA'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE Gudra's daughter was named Volma. She was thirteen years old, and had never been to school. Her kind mother had taught her all she knew.

But as there are many people who do not know what a Gudra is, I will state, at once, that a Gudra is a giant dwarf. Volma's father belonged to a nation of dwarfs, who dwelt among the mountains. These little people were seldom over three feet in height, but the Gudra—the giant among them—was between five and six feet high, and broad and stout in proportion. He was a powerful lord among his people, and his size and courage gave him additional importance and influence. He was very proud of his superior stature and his high position, and this pride was the reason why his daughter, Volma, had never been to school. He considered her far above such a thing as going to school with the dwarf children of the country.

Volma resembled her father, in stature, and, at the time of this story, was as large as an ordinary girl of her age. She was very good and gentle, and would have been glad to go to school, but this her haughty father would not allow. One day, Volma's mother—who was quite a small woman, even for a dwarf—began to talk about her daughter's want of education.

"Education!" cried the Gudra, "I intend she shall have an education. But I do not intend that she shall waste years in poring over books and parchments. She is a girl with a fine mind, like mine. She can take in learning instantly. Even now, she is a head higher than any woman in the country."

"But does that make it any more easy for her to learn?" asked her mother.

"Of course it does!" exclaimed the Gudra. "She is superior, in every way, to any other child in the nation. She shall have an education, but she shall have it all at once. I am sure that her mind is capable of taking in an excellent education in a week."

This made the Gudra's wife exclaim, in astonishment, "My!"

"Of course it is!" cried the Gudra; and then, taking up a heavy hammer, he struck a large bell which hung in his room. This was his manner of summoning his attendants.

One stroke brought the attendant of the first rank, two strokes him of the second rank, and so on.

The one stroke brought in old Krignock, the head-councilor.

"Krignock!" said the Gudra, "you have known

me for a very long time,—ever since I was born. Did you ever know me to fail in anything?"

"Most noble sir," said Krignock, "I never did."

"There now!" cried the Gudra, turning to his wife. "Did you hear that. I never have failed in anything, and I don't intend to do it now."

"But how do you expect to manage this matter?" asked his wife.

"I don't know yet," said the Gudra. "But I'll do it."

The next day, the Gudra told his wife that he had decided to give his daughter her education among the ordinary men and women of the world; that their methods of learning must be better than those of the dwarfs, and that as Volma was now quite old enough to be a learned little princess, he should take her to the part of the world where ordinary people live, and have her immediately educated.

"Am I to go?" asked his wife.

"No," said the Gudra. "I do not wish any one to suppose that she has so small a mother. I will take Krignock, half a dozen servants, and the Curious One. That will be enough. We shall soon be back."

"But will it not be dangerous," asked his wife, "to travel with the child and so few attendants?"

"Dangerous!" roared the Gudra, indignantly, "am *I* not going?"

The next day they started. They went on foot, for the dwarfs have no horses. The Gudra and his daughter marched first, then came Krignock, then the attendants in single file, and at the rear of all walked the Curious One. This was a young fellow, not quite three feet high, and dressed entirely in white. He had a small head, which was absolutely bald. He was a full-grown dwarf, but had never had any hair on his head. To add to his peculiar appearance, he wore a glass cap. This allowed the sun to shine on his head, to keep it warm, and, in time of storms, it protected his pate from snow and rain. He was very proud of this cap, which was his own invention.

The duty of the Curious One was to find out things, and tell them to the Gudra. He was excellent at this business, being of an investigating turn of mind, and very fond of telling what he knew; and, on this account, the Gudra liked always to have him near at hand. He now walked last, so that he could see everything that the rest of the company might happen to do.

Having marched for the greater part of a day, with frequent rests, the Gudra and his party drew near a large city. As they approached it, they saw, walking toward them, an Ordinary Man.

"Ho, ho!" cried the Gudra, "here is one of them! And now, Krignock, tell me, am I not larger and taller than this person, who, I suppose, is about as big as any of them?"

"Exalted sir," replied Krignock, "it seems to me—it really does seem to me—that you are rather taller, and somewhat stouter than this person."

"I thought so, myself," said the Gudra, drawing himself up. "Indeed, I supposed, before I saw any of them, that I was larger than the men of this place."

The Ordinary Man now drew quite near, and was much amazed to see the company of dwarfs, who composed the train of the Gudra and his daughter. He stood still and looked at them.

A happy idea came into the Gudra's head. "We shall want some one to guide us about the great city," said he to his head-councilor. "Let us engage this person, if he is acquainted with the place."

"I SHALL NOT FAIL NOW!" SAID THE GUDRA.

The Ordinary Man, when Krignock proposed that he should become their guide, immediately consented. He was not rich, and was glad to get a

job. He was also well acquainted with the city, having lived there all his life. The Gudra promised to pay him well.

"In the first place," said the Ordinary Man, when these arrangements had been made, "a party of your rank should not walk into the city. It would not be considered dignified. It would be well if you would sit here and rest, while I go and bring animals for your proper conveyance."

So the Gudra and his company sat down by the road-side, and the Ordinary Man returned to the city, where he went to one of his relatives, who kept a camel-stable, and hired a string of eleven camels. On these animals in single file, one person on each camel, the Gudra and the Ordinary Man leading, with the Curious One bringing up the rear, the party entered the town. As they slowly filed through the streets, a crowd of people collected and followed them. The Gudra was very proud when he saw the curiosity of the citizens.

"I thought I should attract attention," he said to himself.

It was generally supposed that this was a dwarf-show, in charge of the Gudra and the Ordinary Man; and the little people on the camels were regarded with great interest, especially the Curious One, who was very conspicuous as he sat on the tallest camel, with his glass cap glistening in the sun. The party was conducted to one of the best inns, where all were sumptuously lodged.

The next day, early in the morning, the Gudra summoned the guide, and told him his object in visiting the city.

"I suppose there are teachers of eminence in this place." said he.

"Oh yes, good sir!" replied the other. "There are persons here who can teach anything from alchemy to zoölogy. And there are also excellent schools."

"Which is the best school?" asked the Gudra.

"The *very* best?" said the other.

"Yes, certainly," replied the Gudra sharply; "of course I mean the very best."

"Well, then," said the Ordinary Man, "the very best school is the one where the young prince, the only son of the reigning prince of the city, is educated. In it are all our most learned professors, and there is a class for every branch of education. But the young prince is the only pupil in the school. He is the only one in each class, and all the apartments, and apparatus, and books, and all the professors and tutors are for him alone."

"That is the very school I want," cried the Gudra. "It is just what I am looking for."

"But it would be impossible for you to get your daughter into that school," said the Ordinary Man. "It was established solely for the young prince, and his father will allow no one else to enter it. Some of our highest grandees have asked that their children might be permitted to share the instruction of the young prince, in this most admirable school, but they have always been denied the privilege."

"That makes no difference," said the Gudra. "*I* have never asked. I shall do so instantly. I shall write a letter to the prince of the city, tell him who I am, and ask that my daughter be allowed to study in this school, where everything seems to be brought together in such a manner that an education can be obtained, by such a girl as she is, in a very short time."

Without further ado, the Gudra wrote the letter, and the Ordinary Man was ordered to have it conveyed to the prince.

That same day the answer came. The prince positively refused to allow any child, with the exception of his son, to enter his school.

Now, indeed, was the Gudra angry. No one had ever seen him storm around a room as he now stormed. He vowed he would send to the king of his country, borrow an army, and carry his daughter into the prince's school at the point of the sword.

"I am afraid," said the Ordinary Man, "that an army of dwarfs would have but a small chance against the soldiers of our prince. And he has plenty of them."

The Gudra could not help thinking that there was sound sense in this remark, but that did not make him feel in any better humor. He called for his head-councilor.

"Krignock!" he cried, "did you ever know me to fail in anything?"

"Never, most eminent sir," replied Krignock; "I never did, indeed."

"Well, then," said the Gudra, striding up and down the floor, "I shall not fail now."

Poor Volma was greatly terrified and troubled at all this, and begged her father to take her home. She would be perfectly satisfied, she said, to learn from her mother and the ordinary teachers of dwarf-land. But her father would listen to nothing of the kind. He stalked up and down the floor, still vowing he would succeed in what he had resolved to do, although he did not seem to have any idea how to go about it.

Two or three days now passed, during which the Gudra fumed and strode about; little Volma sat at the windows and looked out at the strange sights of the great city, and the Curious One went everywhere, looking at everything, and coming back, in the evening, to tell his master what he had seen and heard. He heard a great deal—not very complimentary—about himself, and even that he told the Gudra.

During one of his walks, he wandered into a suburb of the city. He wanted to see if anything in particular was going on there. Coming to a place where two roads began, one of which seemed about as interesting as the other, he was in great doubt as to which way he should go. He would not, upon any account, miss anything worth seeing by going the wrong way. While still unable to decide which road to take, he saw a person approaching him who seemed to be a traveler. He was dusty and travel-worn.

"Sir!" cried the Curious One, "can you tell me where these roads lead?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," replied the other; "I am a stranger here; I never saw the city before."

"Indeed!" cried the Curious One; "where did you come from?"

"I came from the land of the giants," said the other.

"The Giants!" exclaimed the Curious One. "Why, what were you doing there? Were you not afraid they would kill you?"

"Oh no!" replied the other, smiling; "they would not kill me. I am one of them."

"You!" cried the Curious One. "You! Why you are no bigger than an ordinary man."

"That is probably true," said the other, "I am a dwarf giant."

The Curious One opened his eyes, as wide as they would go. He was too much astonished to say a word.

"Yes," said the other, "my countrymen and my family are all giants. I am the only dwarf among them. I am so much smaller and weaker than any of them, that I can do none of the great things they do. And so, somewhat disheartened by my inferior position, I thought I would journey to this city, of which I have heard a great deal, in the hope that something would happen to raise my spirits."

"Do you know?" cried the Curious One, "this is the most wonderful thing! My master, who lately came to visit the city, is a giant dwarf! And he is just about your size!"

"That is rather remarkable," said the other. "A giant dwarf! I should like to see him."

"You can do that easily enough," said the Curious One. "Come with me, and I 'll take you to him. He has n't looked at many rare sights yet, and I know he will be glad to see you."

The dwarf giant smiled, and consented to go with the Curious One; not so much, however, to please the Gudra, as to see for himself what a giant dwarf looked like. On the way to the inn the Curious One (who had lost all interest in the two roads, now that he had found something so well worth seeing and showing) told the dwarf giant why his master had come to the city, and what had happened since his arrival.

"Perhaps you can help him."

"I doubt that very much," said the dwarf giant. "I am seldom successful in anything I undertake. But I am perfectly willing to try."

When they arrived at the inn, the Gudra appeared glad to see the dwarf giant, and immediately poured into his ears the story of his troubles and the affronts to which he had been subjected, to which the other listened as silently and patiently as if he had not heard it all before. When the long recital was finished, the Ordinary Man was summoned, and a consultation between the three was begun.

As little Volma sat and gazed at them, while they were talking together, she said to herself:

"They look just like three brothers."

The Gudra was in favor of carrying out his object by means of some kind of force. He proposed that he should challenge the prince to single combat, and thus decide the matter. The others opposed this, the dwarf giant saying that, if he were in the Gudra's place, he would be afraid to undertake such a combat, for he had been told that the prince was a brave soldier and a good fighter. The Ordinary Man, also, thought the plan was a poor one. He proposed that they should all three go to the prince, and lay the matter before him, in person. It was often much better to do things in this way than to write letters.

This proposition was agreed to, and the next day the three, accompanied by little Volma, proceeded to the prince's palace. They were admitted, and the prince gave them an audience. They found him on his throne, in a magnificent and spacious hall; and, as it happened to be a holiday, the little prince was sitting on a cushion by the side of his father's throne.

The prince requested them to make known their business, and the Gudra, drawing himself up as tall as possible, began to state what he wanted, and how dissatisfied he was with the answer to his letter. During this speech, the little prince beckoned to Volma, and, moving to one side, made room for her on his cushion. So she sat down beside him, and they soon began to talk to each other, but in a very low tone.

"You, then," said the prince, addressing the Gudra, when he had finished, "are a giant dwarf, and you," turning to his companions, "are a dwarf giant and an ordinary man?"

The three assented.

"Well," continued the prince, with a smile, "I really do not see very much difference between you. I have heard the giant dwarf. Now, I would like

to know what the dwarf giant and the ordinary man have to say."

The dwarf giant said that, of course, the prince had a good right to say who should go to the school he had himself founded, and who should not go. But he thought it would be doing a very great favor to the Gudra, and especially to the Gudra's daughter,—who, in his eyes, was a very charming little girl,—if the prince would allow her to study with his son. He put the matter entirely on this ground.

The Ordinary Man thought that, while the proposed arrangement would be of advantage to the little girl and the Gudra, it would also be of advantage to the prince, who, when his son was grown up, would probably be very glad to know that there was, in a country not a day's march away, a young lady of noble birth, who was also admirably educated.

At this, the prince and the others turned and looked at Volma and the little prince, as they sat side by side. But the two children were now so busy talking that they did not notice this, nor had they heard a word that had been said.

"Well," said the prince, "I will carefully consider what all of you have said, and will send an answer some time to-morrow." So saying, he dismissed his visitors, first drawing little Volma toward him and taking a good, long look at her pretty and good-humored countenance. In everything but stature, Volma resembled her mother.

THE PROFESSOR OF MOTTO-PAINTING PAINTS A MOTTO ON THE CURIOUS ONE'S HEAD.

After they had departed,—the Gudra a little discontented, for he had wanted his answer on the spot,—the prince proceeded to consider the proposition that had been made to him. He would not have taken more than a minute to make his decision, had it not been that the dwarf giant was one of the party that asked the favor. He cared nothing for the Gudra and his dwarfs; but it would be a bad thing for him to be drawn into a quarrel with the giants, who would not take long to destroy his city, if they should happen to go to war with him. And, although this dwarf giant was very peaceful and reasonable in his remarks, there was no knowing that the quarrelsome Gudra would not be able to prevail upon him to enlist his countrymen in his cause.

So the prince considered and considered, and the next morning he had not finished considering. He walked over to his son's great school-house, that he might consult some of the professors in the matter. While standing in one of the large lecture-rooms, the prince happened to spy a little creature, dressed in white and wearing a glass cap, who was creeping about among the benches and desks.

"Hello! What is that?" cried the prince, and he ordered his attendants to seize the creature. The Curious One was very nimble, but he was soon surrounded and caught. When the prince saw him, he laughed heartily, and asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The Curious One did not hesitate a moment, but told the prince all about himself, and also informed him that he had visited the palace, and afterward the school, to try to hear something that would give him some idea of what the prince's decision would be in regard to his master's proposition, so that he could run back and take the Gudra some early news. But, he was sorry to say, he had n't found out anything yet.

"Then your business," said the prince, "is to hear and see all you can, and tell all you hear and see?"

"That is it, Estimable Prince," replied the Curious One.

"And to pry into other people's affairs?" continued the prince.

"I have to do that, sometimes," returned the little fellow.

"Well, you must not come prying here," said the prince, "and I shall punish you for doing so this time. I might send you to prison, but I will let you off with a slighter punishment than that."

He then called to him the Professor of Motto-

Painting, and ordered him to paint a suitable motto on the top of the Curious One's bald head.

The Professor immediately took a little pot of black paint, and, with a fine brush, he quickly painted a motto on the smooth, white pate of the Curious One. The glass cap was then replaced, and the motto, which was beautifully painted, was seen to show quite plainly through the top of the cap. All the professors gathered around to see the motto, and they, as well as the prince, laughed very heartily when they read it.

The prince then called his son and told him to read the motto.

"You must understand," he said to him, "that this is not done to annoy, or to make fun of this little person. It is a punishment, and may do him more good than locking him up in a cell."

THE CURIOUS ONE TRIES TO READ HIS MOTTO.

The moment the Curious One was released, he ran into the street, and asked the first person he met to please read the motto that was painted on his head, and tell him what it was. The man read it, and burst out laughing, but he would not tell him what the motto was. Many other people were asked, but some of them said there was nothing there, and others simply laughed and walked away.

Devoured by his desire to know what the motto was, the Curious One ran to the inn, feeling sure that his friends would relieve his anxiety; but they laughed, just as the others had done, and even little Volma told him there was nothing there. This he did not believe, for he had felt the paint on his skin, and so he went to his room and, holding a looking-glass over his head, tried to read the motto. There was something there,—that he could see plainly enough,—but the words appeared, in the glass, not only to be written backward, but upside down, for the Professor had stood behind him when he painted them. So he had to give it up in despair, and for the rest of his stay in the city he wandered about, vainly trying to get some one to tell him what was written on his head. This was the only thing that he now wished to find out.

"Why don't you wash it off if it gives you so much trouble?" asked the Ordinary Man. "A little oil would quickly remove it."

"Wash it off!" cried the Curious One. "Then I should never know what it was! I would not wash it off for the world."

After the prince had consulted with the professors, he concluded, solely because he was afraid of offending the giants, to agree to the Gudra's proposal.

"It will not matter so very much," he said, "as he only wishes his daughter to attend the school for one week, it seems."

The Ordinary Man was very much opposed to this plan of getting an education in a week. He thought it was too short a time, not only for Volma, but for himself, for he wished his engagement to last as long as possible. But the Gudra would not listen to any objections. His daughter had an extraordinary mind, and a week was long enough for her. He took her to the school, and desired each Professor to tell her, in turn, all about the branch of learning he taught, and thus get through with the matter without loss of time. Then, each day, while his daughter was in school, he and his party, in company with the dwarf giant, and under the guidance of the Ordinary Man, visited all the sights and wonders of the city.

As for Volma, she did not study anything, as

children generally study. She went from room to room, asking questions, listening to explanations, and paying the strictest attention to the manner in which the little prince studied and recited his lessons. The professors did not pretend to tell her, as the Gudra had desired, all about their different branches. They knew that would be folly. But they gave her all the information they could, and were astonished to find that she had already learned so much from her mother.

In exactly a week, the Gudra brought his visit to a close. He took leave of the prince, giving him a diamond, handsomer than any among his treasures; he bade the dwarf giant good-bye; and then, with his party mounted on the eleven camels, he rode away until he came to the mountains, where, paying the Ordinary Man twice as much as he had promised, he left him to return to the city with the animals, and proceeded, for the rest of the journey, on foot.

"There now!" he cried to his wife, when he had reached home. "Did not I tell you I never failed in anything? My daughter has been to the best school in the world, and her education is finished."

"My dear Volma," said her mother to her, when they were alone, "what *did* you learn in the great city?"

"Oh, mother dear!" said Volma, "I learned ever so much. I learned, for one thing, that the largest dwarf is no bigger than the smallest giant, and that neither of them is larger than an ordinary man. And, at the school, I learned that it takes years and years to study properly all that I should know. And I have found out how the little prince studies, and how he recites, and I have a list of the books and parchments and other things that I need for my education. And now, dear mother, we will get these things, and we will study them together here at home."

This they did, and, gradually, little Volma became very well educated. Every year, the young prince came to see her, and, when she was about twenty years old, he married her, and took her away to the great city, of which he was now prince. Volma's mother used to make her long visits, but her father seldom came to see her. He liked to stay where he was bigger than anybody else.

The dwarf giant went home in very good spirits. He had found out that a very small giant is as large as an ordinary man, and that satisfied him.

As for the Curious One, as soon as he reached home, he gathered together a lot of small looking-glasses, and so arranged them that, by having one reflect into another, and that into another, and so on, he at last saw the reflection of the top of his head, with the words thereon, right side up, and in their proper order. And he read these words:

"There is nothing here."

"Now, what does that mean?" he cried. "Did that Motto-Professor mean hair or brains?"

He never found out.

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

[THE incident occurred in our church one Sunday. I suspect the little creature ran away to church "unbeknownst" to her mother, for I saw her, after service was over, running down street, alone, as fast as her feet could carry her.—*Extract from author's letter.*]

THE church was dim, and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.

Without, the sweet, still sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,—

With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her
Stood in the aisle alone;

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro;

It was but for a moment,
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?

And the changing color fluttered
In her troubled little face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

Then up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If, when, sometime, I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand, abashed and drooping,
In the portals' golden glow,
Our God will send his angel
To show me where to go!

PRINCE PHILIP OF FRANCE DEFENDING HIS FATHER AT POITIERS.

THE BOY-HEROES OF CRÉCY AND POITIERS.

By Treadwell Walden.

Almost every one has heard of the famous battles of Crécy and Poitiers, which were so much alike in all that made them remarkable that they are generally coupled together,—one always reminding us of the other. Yet there is one point they had in common which has not been especially remarked, but which ought to link them memorably together in the imagination of young people.

These two great battles really took place ten years apart; for one was fought in 1346 and the other in 1356. The battle-fields also were wide apart; for Crécy was far in the north of France, near the coast of the English Channel, and Poitiers away in the south, deep in the interior, nearly three hundred miles from Crécy. But they have drawn near to each other in the mind of students of history, because in both cases the French largely outnumbered the English; in both cases the English had gone so far into the country that their retreat seemed to be cut off; in both cases there was a most surprising and unexpected result, for the French were terribly defeated; and in both cases this happened because they made the same mistake: they trusted so much to their overwhelming numbers, to their courage and their valor, that they forgot to be careful about anything else, while the English made up for their small numbers by prudence, discipline, and skill, without which courage and valor are often of no avail.

It is quite exciting to read the description of these battles, with their archery fights, the clashing together of furious knights, the first brave advance and the final running away; but, after a while, the battles at large seem to fade out in the greater interest which surrounds the figures of two youngsters,—one hardly more than fifteen, the other scarcely fourteen,—for one carried off all the honors of the victory of Crécy, and the other redeemed from total dishonor the defeat of Poitiers. Let us now take up the romantic story of the English lad in the former battle, and of the French lad in the latter.

When, in 1346, Edward III. of England had determined upon an invasion of France, he brought over his army in a fleet of nearly a thousand sail. He had with him not only the larger portion of his great nobles, but also his eldest son, Edward Plantagenet, the Prince of Wales. He had good reasons for taking the boy. The prince was expected to become the next King of England. His father evidently thought him able to take a very important part in becoming also the king of France. If all the accounts of him are true, he was a remarkable youth; wonderfully strong and courageous, and wonderfully discreet for his years.

There was only one road to success or fame in those days, and that was the profession of arms. The ambition of every high-born young fellow was to become a knight. Knighthood was something that both kings and nobles regarded as higher in some respects than even the royalty or nobility to which they were born. No one could be admitted into an order of the great brotherhood of knights, which extended all over Europe and formed an independent society, unless he had gone through severe discipline, and had performed some distinguished deed of valor. Then he could wear the golden spurs; for knighthood had its earliest origin in the distinction of fighting on horseback, while ordinary soldiers fought on foot. Although knighthood changed afterward, the word "chivalry" always expressed it, from *cheval*, a horse. And in addition to valor, which was the result of physical strength and courage, the knight was expected to be generous, courteous, faithful, devout, truthful, high-souled, high-principled. Hence the epithet, "chivalrous," which, even to-day, is so often heard applied to men of especially fine spirit. "Honor" was the great word which included all these qualities then, as it does in some measure now.

I have only time to give you the standard, and cannot pause to tell you how well or ill it was lived up to generally. But I would not have taken this story in hand if Chivalry had to be left out of the account, for it was chivalry that made my two boys the heroes they were.

As soon as King Edward had landed at La Hogue, he gave very clear evidence of the serious work he had cut out for his son, and of his confidence that the youngster would be equal to it. He publicly pledged his boy, beforehand, to some great deed, and to a life of valor and honor. In sight of the whole army, he went through the form of making him a knight. Young Edward, clad in armor, kneeled down before him on the wet sand, when the king touched his shoulder with his sword, saying: "I dub thee knight. Be brave, bold, and loyal!" You may imagine how proudly then the young fellow seized lance and sword and shield, and sprang into his saddle at a leap, and with what high resolve he rode on beside his

mailed and gallant father to deserve the name which that impressive ceremony had given him.

The army moved rapidly forward and northward toward Calais, conquering everything on its way, till, when in the neighborhood of Crécy, the intelligence came that the French king, Philip, with an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men and all the chivalry of France, had come in between it and the sea. There was no retreat possible. Edward had but thirty thousand to oppose this great host. They were four to one. He was in a dangerous spot also; but after a time he succeeded in getting away to a good position, and there he awaited the onset. No one will doubt that he was anxious enough, and yet what did he do? After arranging his troops in battle order, three battalions deep, he sent young Edward to the very front with a brilliant group of his finest barons to take the brunt of the terrible charge that was now to come! It shows of what stern material the king and the men of that time were made, for all his present love, all his future hope, lay around that gallant boy. But he knew that the value of the glory which might be earned was worth all the risk. Besides, he was as much under chivalrous necessity to send him, as the lad was under to go. That pledge to knighthood, on the sea-shore, had not been either lightly taken or lightly given. If Chivalry was not equal to sacrifice, it was equal to nothing. There was keen wisdom, too, in the act. The king could count all the more on the enthusiasm, self-devotion and valor of the knights and men-at-arms, in whose keeping he had placed so precious a charge. That whole first battalion would be nerved to tenfold effort because the prince was among them, for every one would be as deeply concerned as the father in the boy's success.

Edward carried this feeling of devotion to his son's best interests to such a chivalrous extent that he made it a point of duty to keep out of the battle altogether. He was nowhere to be seen. He went into a windmill on a height near by, and watched the fight through one of the narrow windows in its upper story. He would not even put on his helmet. That was the way the father stood by his son—by showing absolute confidence in him, and denying himself all the glory that might come from a great and important battle. And the young fellow was a thousandfold nerved and strengthened by knowing that his father fully trusted in him.

I need not give the details of the battle. It is sufficient to know that the first line of the French chivalry charged with the utmost fury. Among these was an ally of note. John, king of Bohemia, who with his barons and knights was not behindhand in the deadly onset; and yet this king was old and blind! His was Chivalry in another form! He *would* have his stroke in the battle, and he plunged into it with his horse tied by its reins to one of his knight's on either side. A plume of three ostrich feathers waved from his helmet, and the chroniclers say he laid about him well. After the battle, he and his two companions were found dead, with their horses tied together.

But although the French were brave they were not wise. For not only had they brought on the fight with headlong energy before they were prepared; but they had allowed Edward to place himself so that the afternoon sun, then near its setting, blazed full in their eyes and faces. Edward's army fought in the shadow. The terrible English bowmen sent their deadly cloth-yard arrows so thick and fast into the dazzled and crowded ranks of fifteen thousand Genoese archers and the intermingled men-at-arms, that the missiles filled the air like snow. The Genoese were thrown into confusion, and this spread throughout the whole French army. The French king, with some of his dukes, flew foaming over the field in the rear, trying in vain to get up in time to swell the onset upon the English front.

But the onset had proved hard enough as it was. The knights around the young prince were frightened for his safety. One of them, Sir Thomas of Norwich, was sent back to Edward to ask him to come to the assistance of the prince.

"Sir Thomas," said the king, "is my son dead or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?"

"Not so, my lord, thank God; but he is fighting against great odds, and is like to have need of your help."

"Sir Thomas," replied the king, "return to them who sent you, and tell them from me not to send for me, whatever chance befall them, so long as my son is alive, and tell them that I bid them let the lad win his spurs; for I wish, if God so desire, that the day should be his, and the honor thereof remain to him and to those to whom I have given him in charge."

And there he stayed in the windmill till the battle was over. Soon the cry of victory reached him as the French fled in the darkness, leaving their dead strewn upon the field. Now the young prince appeared covered with all the glory that his father had coveted for him, bearing the ostrich plume which he had taken from the dead king of Bohemia. The boy rode up with his visor raised,—his face was as fair as a girl's, and glowed under a crown of golden hair. He bore his trophy aloft, and when it was placed as a knightly decoration above the crest of his helmet, he little thought that the triple tuft was to wave for more than five hundred years, even to this day, on England's front, for

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE, IN THE CHARGE AT CRÉCY.

such it does, and that, next to the crown, there shall be no badge so proudly known as the three feathers which nod above the coronet of the Prince of Wales. Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, now wears it because Edward, the Prince of Wales, when still in his teens, won it at Crécy. We will leave him there, and go on ten years.

Philip, the French king, had passed away about six years before, and John, a wild character for such a trying time, had ascended the throne. He was always plunging himself into difficulties, and was often guilty of cruelty; and yet was of such a free, generous nature, and had so many of the virtues of chivalry in that day, that he was known as "John the Good." He was the extreme opposite to the grave, prudent, sagacious Edward III., who was still alive and well, and king of England.

Some time after the victory of Crécy, Calais had been taken, and then both nations were glad to arrange a truce. Nine years of this had gone by, when Edward thought it necessary to make another attempt on France. As soon as might be, therefore, young Edward, his son, now twenty-five, came over alone, landing at Bordeaux. He had, meantime, gained great fame. He was now known as "the Black Prince," because he had a fancy for having his armor painted as black as midnight, in order, they say, to give a greater brightness to his fresh blond complexion and golden hair. Marshaling his little army of 12,000 men, he set out into the interior of France. When he had reached the neighborhood of Poitiers, he was astounded by the news that King John was both after him and behind him, with a force of 60,000 men—five to one! Here was Crécy over again as to numbers, but there was one thing made it worse; for, as Edward III. not long before had instituted the famous "Order of the Garter," which is even now one of the foremost orders of knighthood in Europe, so John, not to be behindhand, and in order to give a new chivalrous impulse to his nobles, had just instituted the "Order of the Star." He made five hundred knights of this new order, every one of whom had vowed that he would never retreat, and would sooner be slain than yield to an enemy.

The Black Prince thought it almost impossible to fight his way through such a desperately determined host. So he offered to restore all he had just conquered and to make another truce, if he might pass by unmolested. But John would not consent. He must have Calais back again, and the prince, with one hundred of his best knights, into the bargain. "This will never do," thought the prince. "Better try for another Crécy."

On the morning of September 19, 1356, the battle began. John had with him all four of his sons, Charles, Louis, John and Philip; the eldest only nineteen, and the youngest fourteen. The three former were put under good guardianship in different portions of the field; but why the hare-brained monarch took the youngest boy with him into the very front and thickest of the fight, it is hard to guess, unless it was another imitation of Edward, and he had also good reason to think that the lad was unusually well able to take care of himself, having been trained to arms and pledged to knighthood. But young "Sir Philip," as he was called, proved quite equal to the occasion.

King John himself led the van, moving down through a defile, into which, after a time, his whole army found themselves crowded. Meantime, the Prince of Wales had planted his army just where he would tempt John into that trap and had set his archers in good position. These men were clad in green, like Robin Hood's men, and carried bows seven feet long and so thick that few men of modern days could bend them. A cloth-yard shaft from one of these would fly with tremendous force. Edward had placed these archers in ambush, behind green hedges, and crouching in the green of the vineyards.

Just as the French king, with all his new chivalry around him, dashed down the narrow valley—the white standard of France on one side of him, his keen-eyed little son on the other—and began to deploy the whole advance battalion, preliminary to a grand charge—whiz! whiz! whir! whir! from both sides came the arrows, as thick as hail and as terrible as javelins, from the hidden archers. The astonished Frenchmen fell back. That crowded still more those who were yet wedged in the narrow space behind. Now came the English onset. Then a panic. Then a rout. Then a general flight. Dukes, barons, knights of all sorts fled with the rest; also Charles, Louis, John, the three elder sons of the king. The king was in great danger of being slain; but he did not move, and Philip stood, fighting by his side. The standard-bearer fell, and the white ensign lay in the dust. Many a faithful knight was cut down, or swept away a prisoner. But Philip flinched not.

The assailants—some of whom knew the king, while others were wondering who he might be—pressed them fiercely on every side, striking at them, but more anxious to take them captive than to kill them, for they were worth a heavy ransom. The Englishmen shouted all together, "Yield you! Yield you, else you die!" Little Sir Philip had no yield in him, as long as his father held out. He kept close to him, trying to ward off the blows which were aimed at him, and warning him in time, as his quick eye caught a near danger on either hand. Every instant he was heard calling out, "Father, ware right! Father, ware left!" Suddenly a

mounted knight appeared, who hailed the king in French. It was a French knight, who was fighting on the English side.

"Sir, sir!" he shouted, "I pray you yield!"

"To whom shall I yield me?" said John. "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?"

"Sir, yield you to me; I will bring you to him."

"Who are you?" said the king.

"Dennis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois; I serve the king of England, not being able to live in France, for I have lost all I possessed there."

"I yield me to you," said John, handing him his steel glove.

Then the whole crowd began to drag at him, each exclaiming: "I took him!" Both the king and the prince were sadly hustled, until two barons broke through the throng by dint of their horses, and led the two to the tent of the Prince of Wales, "and made him a present of the King of France!" says an old chronicler. "The prince also bowed full low before the king, and received him as a king, properly and discreetly, as he well knew how to do."

In the evening he entertained him and Philip at supper, "and would not sit at the king's table for all the king's entreaty, but waited as a serving man, bending the knee before him, and saying: 'Dear sir, be pleased not to put on so bad a countenance, because it hath not pleased God to consent this day to your wishes; for, assuredly, my lord and father will show you all the honor and friendship he shall be able, and he will come to terms with you so reasonably that you shall remain good friends forever.'"

Nor did all this end in words, but it went on for years during all the captivity of King John and Prince Philip,—first at Bordeaux and afterward at the then new Windsor Castle, in England, where galas, tournaments, hawking and hunting, and all sorts of entertainments were devised for them. When King John was brought from Bordeaux to England, where King Edward had prepared to meet him in great state, the French king was mounted on a tall, cream-colored charger, and young Philip rode by his side in great honor also, while the Prince of Wales sat on a small black horse, like a humble attendant on them both. The two royal fathers met midway in that London street, the houses which lined the way were hung with rich tapestries, the trades were out in companies of many colors, the people thronged round the steel-clad cavalcades as they came together, and they filled the air with shouts—but what two figures now most fill the eye when all that pageant has passed away? Not the father who stood by his son with such chivalrous faith, nor the father whose son stood by him with such chivalrous devotion, but the fair youth who carries that tuft of feathers upon his helmet, with its motto, "I serve," and the lad whom all have now heard of as "Philip the Bold;" the boy-hero of Crécy doing chivalrous honor to the boy-hero of Poitiers!

CLOUD-LAND.

By Mary N. Prescott.

Sometimes there 's a flock of sheep
Traveling landward, where the grass
Grows so green and fresh and deep,
They might crop it as they pass.

Sometimes there 's a school of fish,
Slowly swimming out to sea,
Perch or mackerel, as you wish,
Scales as bright as scales can be.

Now a castle rises there,
Broken casements, turrets rent;
Here a bit of crazy stair,
Or a ruined battlement.

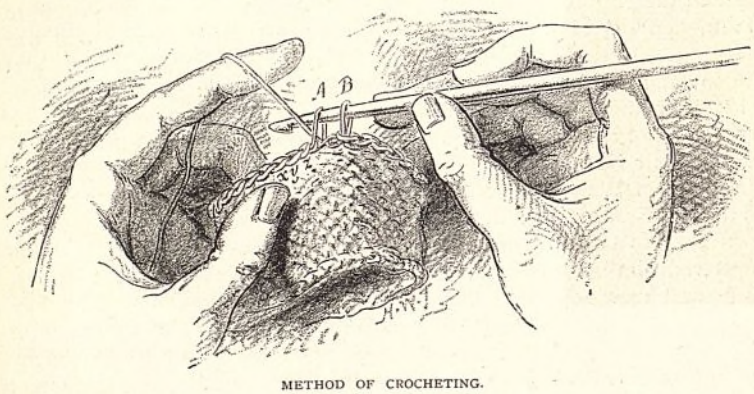
And anon, a mountain peak
Shines beneath eternal snows,
Where the venturous might seek
For the little Alpine rose.

Or, perchance, a face looks out,
Like a seraph's, faint and far,
Just to see what we 're about,
In this distant star!

A FEW PRETTY THINGS IN FANCY WORK.

By Eliza Howe.

These pretty things are to be made by the hands of skillful girls, not bought out of shops. Most girls begin to knit, or crochet, when they are eight or nine years old; and, at ten years of age, are sufficiently expert to follow printed directions, plainly expressed. In this way their minds and fingers become educated in designing and making a variety of simple articles, and they are prepared, when a little older, to learn the higher branches of fancy work,—what we call "artistic needlework."



METHOD OF CROCHETING.

These little things that you girls like to take off to an obscure corner, or to your own rooms, to do privately, that you may surprise the friend for whom they are intended, often afford more satisfaction to giver and receiver than more costly gifts, not fashioned by your own hands. Perhaps I can suggest some pretty presents that will be new to you.

How would you like to make a pair of mittens for your baby brother, or sister? Baby will be proud of them, and Mamma will be pleased by your loving thought, and then, too, she cannot buy such pretty ones as cheaply as you can make them. If you have no baby at home, there must be some dear little one among your friends, who is your own particular darling, and whose hands you will be glad to keep warm during the wintry weather.

To Crochet Baby Mittens.

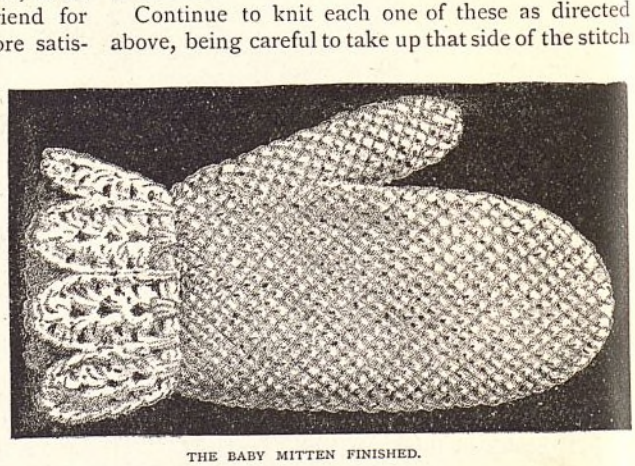
For these you will need a bone crochet-needle five inches long, with a hook a quarter of an inch long, and about a sixth of an inch wide; also three skeins of yarn, which will probably cost six or seven cents a skein.

First make a chain as for any other crochet work. It should have thirty-eight loops or stitches.

With the needle in the thirty-eighth stitch, unite the two ends, taking care not to twist the chain. You have now a circle of loops or stitches. Begin with the stitch nearest the yarn. Put the needle *under* the stitch, as at A in the sketch, and bring the yarn round *under* the hook of the needle; then draw the yarn through the stitches A and B. This will drop A and B off the needle, but you have a new stitch in the place of B. Take up the next loop of the chain; this will take the place of A again, and you put the yarn *under* the hook, as before, and draw it through the two stitches, dropping them, and again forming a new stitch.

Thus proceed till you have gone once round the chain. Your work will now look like a simple circle of stitches.

Continue to knit each one of these as directed above, being careful to take up that side of the stitch which lies toward you. In the sketch this circle of stitches is shown around the edge of the work. Put the hook of your needle *under* that side of each stitch nearest you, as at X Y Z. Our artist has made the stitches on the needle very loose, that we may see



THE BABY MITTEN FINISHED.

them well; but in the work we make them only loose enough to be easily crocheted.

In order to give the hand of the mitten the proper shape, the following directions should be observed:

After crocheting once round the work, you must widen. This is done by making two stitches in the same loop; that is, you take up a loop and knit it as above, then, instead of going to the next one, you take up the *same* loop and knit it again, thus making two stitches in the place of one. This widens once. Then crochet round, taking care at this place to knit each of these two stitches, and pass on. On coming round the second time, you widen again on *each side* of this first place of widening—thus making two stitches between these last new ones. Crochet round plain again, knitting *both* stitches at the two widening places.

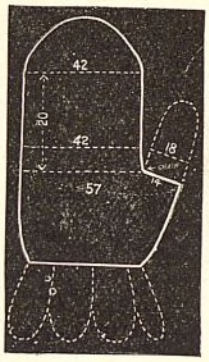


DIAGRAM OF MITTEN.

When you come round again, widen twice more, on the *outside* of the former widening, or with six stitches between the last two pairs of new ones. Continue to widen two stitches every other time round, till you have fifty-seven stitches round your mitten, having started with thirty-eight. Now crochet to the first of your two widening places; then make a chain of three stitches. Count fourteen stitches on your mitten, beginning at the point where you began your chain; take up the fifteenth stitch with your needle, and knit it fast to your last chain-stitch. This forms the base of the thumb.

Crochet once round and *over* the chain; then the second time narrow twice on each end of the chain. (To narrow, take up two loops and knit them as if they were but one.) The third round, narrow in the same way. You should now have but forty-two stitches round the mitten. Continue to crochet round and round, without widening or narrowing, till from the chain across the thumb, you have crocheted twenty rounds.

Then crochet fourteen stitches and narrow; fourteen more and narrow again; and so on three times. Then crochet thirteen stitches and narrow; thirteen more and narrow; and so on three times. So with twelve, eleven, ten, etc., till you get down to six; then narrow every third stitch, till but three or four are left, when you narrow every stitch, breaking your yarn eight or ten inches from the mitten, and drawing it through the last stitch, that it may not ravel.

When your mitten is done, you must darn this end neatly into it.

You should now make the thumb for your mitten, and to do this you must proceed as follows:

Tie the yarn in the corner of the thumb-hole. Take up and crochet the first of the fourteen stitches and so on to the last one. The stitches now, of the chain crossing the thumb, will not be very distinct, so take a deep stitch in the mitten itself, crochet it, and make another in the same way, and so round to the plain stitches again. Be sure and take these first stitches *deep* enough, or your work will not wear well.

Crochet round once, then narrow two or three times (on the side toward the hand), or till your thumb numbers eighteen stitches. Go on crocheting round and round till the thumb is sufficiently long—say ten rounds—then narrow every third stitch, till but three or four are left, when you finish the same as with the hand.

The hand and the thumb having been finished, there is nothing more to be done but to furnish the mitten with a suitable cuff.

There are various ways of making the cuff. One of the easiest and prettiest is to reverse the mitten,

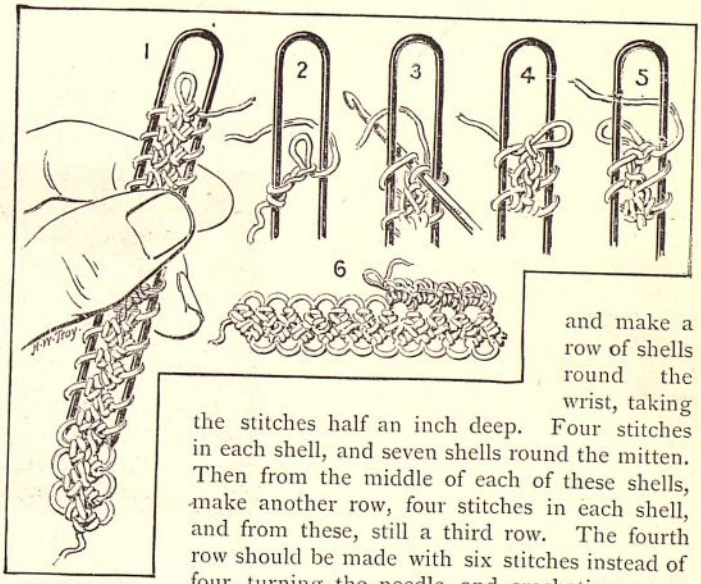


DIAGRAM FOR HOME-MADE BRAID.

and make a row of shells round the wrist, taking the stitches half an inch deep. Four stitches in each shell, and seven shells round the mitten. Then from the middle of each of these shells, make another row, four stitches in each shell, and from these, still a third row. The fourth row should be made with six stitches instead of four, turning the needle and crocheting up to the wrist and back again, after making each shell. This forms a pretty scallop.

When the seventh scallop is made, crochet to the wrist and back; break the yarn (as at the end of

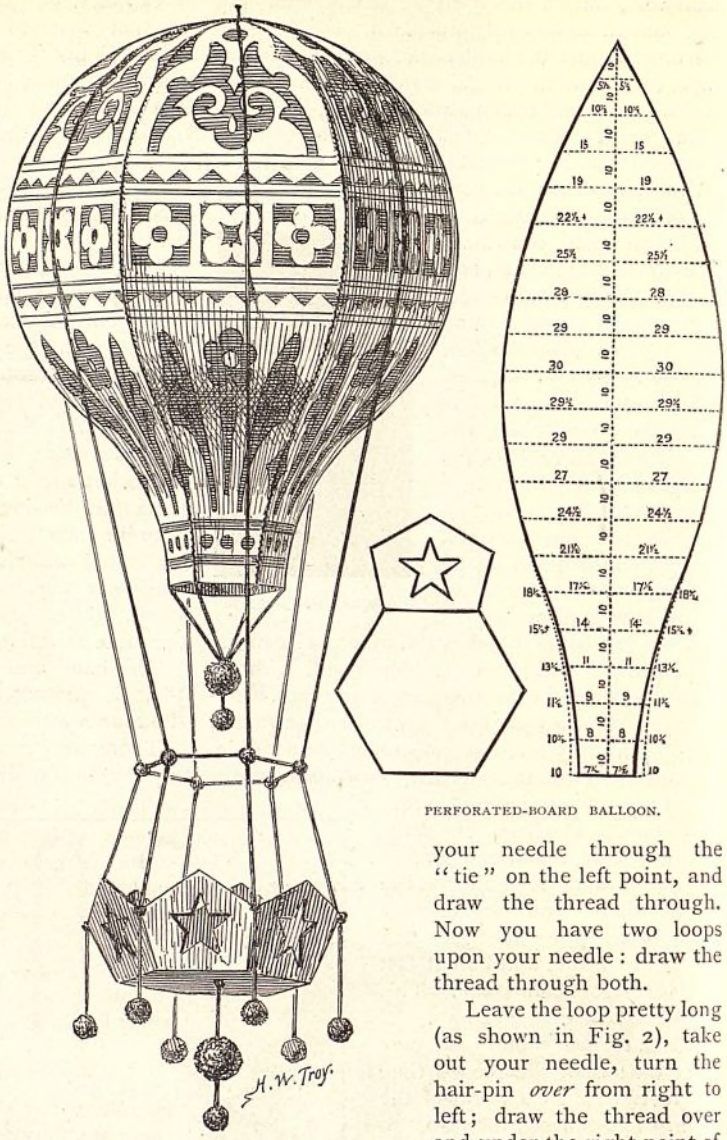
the thumb and of the hand) and fasten securely, and your mitten is done.

If you wish variety, you can make the first three rows of shells of some different color from the mitten (as pink or blue, when the mitten is white; or chinchilla, when the mitten is scarlet). It is a prettier finish to make the last row that forms the scallop, of the same color as the mitten.

The above directions give the size of crocheted mittens for a child of three years. But you can make them larger or smaller by following the scale here given, and looking at the diagram. The third row of figures in the scale you see is the same as the diagram.

SCALE OF STITCHES FOR CROCHETING MITTENS.

Wrist.....	30	35	38	42	43	45	47
Base of Thumb.	45	52	57	63	64	66	70
Left for Thumb.	14	14	14	16	18	18	20
Hands.....	33	38	42	46	50	50	52
Thumb.....	15	17	18	20	20	21	21



PERFORATED-BOARD BALLOON.

A very pretty specimen of crochet work has lately been sent me by Hannah Sheppard, of Salem, New Jersey, and it is so simple that I have obtained directions from her for the ST. NICHOLAS girls. She calls it—

HOME-MADE FEATHER-EDGED BRAID.

It is intended for the heading or "beading" of any crocheted edging. You first make this heading, and then crochet on it an edge of shells, or any pattern you may fancy. It will also make pretty and durable trimming, in itself (without an edge) to be "set on,"—two or three rows on a little apron, for instance.

The materials needed are—a long, thick hair-pin, a fine steel crochet-needle, and a spool of No. 8 white cotton.

Hold the hair-pin between thumb and finger, as shown in Fig. 1. Tie the end of your cotton round the left point of the hair-pin; then make one or two chain-stitches, and pass your thread over and under the right point of the hair-pin (see Fig. 2). Draw the thread through the loop; now put your needle through the "tie" on the left point, and draw the thread through. Now you have two loops upon your needle: draw the thread through both.

Leave the loop pretty long (as shown in Fig. 2), take out your needle, turn the hair-pin *over* from right to left; draw the thread over and under the right point of the pin (as before); draw the thread through the loop; then put your needle into the upper loop around the hair-pin on the left side (see Fig. 3). You now have two stitches on your needle; draw the thread through both; turn your hair-pin again (as always) *over*, from right to left, and proceed as before. The pins and stitches are sketched large and spread, the better to show the detail.

When you have your pin as full as that shown in Fig. 1, push downward the work already done, and draw off a few stitches from the lower end without stretching them.

Fig. 4 shows the work just before you turn the pin over, and Fig. 5 the pin just turned. Fig. 6

illustrates a simple design for an edging. For this edge, No. 24 cotton should be used.

While reading these directions, they may seem difficult to you; but, if you get your materials and try, following the directions exactly, you will find the work easy.

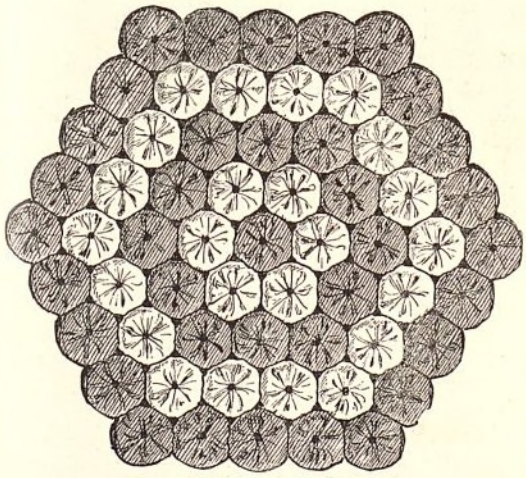
And now I will turn to other materials with which you are, no doubt, quite as familiar as with crochet needles, yarn and cotton, and tell you how to make a very fanciful little affair out of perforated card-board.

Perforated-Board Balloon.

The card-board should be fine, about fourteen inches long, and four and a half inches wide. (If you use coarse card-board it must be proportionately larger.) Mark a line of holes down the middle. Divide this into 20 parts of 10 holes each, and draw lines across the central ones. On these mark off the distances of the curved line from the center, by counting the number of holes given in the diagram. (The dimension "½" means a point half way between two holes.)

Now draw the curved lines, following the points as above marked off, either free-hand or by bending a piece of whalebone, or the old rib of a used-up umbrella. Cut the figure out neatly, and use it for a pattern with which to mark out six pieces, saving the original for future use.

An easy way to count the holes is to take the blank strip that is usually on the side of a sheet of perforated board, and mark off the tens on it; then you can use this marked piece as a scale.



ROSETTE TIDY.

Sew your six pieces of card-board together with worsted, and you will have a six-sided balloon, eight inches in diameter, and about ten inches high. But, before putting the sides together, it will make your balloon much more handsome if you work on them, with variously colored worsteds, some ornamental designs, as suggested in the illustration.

And now you must have a car for your balloon;

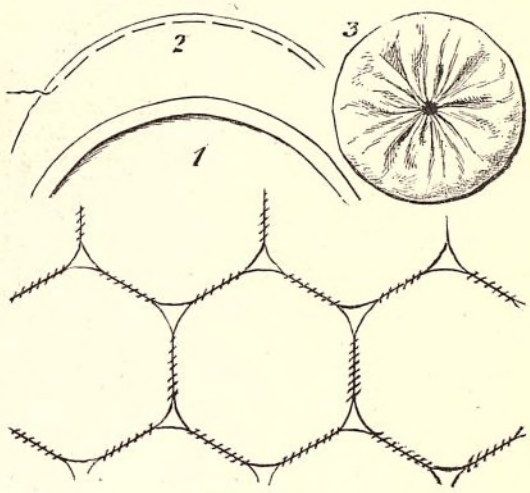


DIAGRAM FOR TIDY.

and you will see that the one attached to this balloon is made like a six-sided card-receiver. The bottom is three inches wide. Suspend this to the balloon by cords as here shown, and add balls, beads, or tassels for ornament. A cord on top of the balloon will attach it to the chandelier or to the ceiling.

Your grown-up brother, or cousin, or friend can make for you, or for his own pleasure,

A Tissue-Paper Fire-Balloon,

by taking the same dimensions, and multiplying them any number of times, remembering that he must allow a quarter of an inch for pasting. It would be better for him first to cut a pattern out of brown paper. The gores should be larger toward the bottom, according to the outside dotted lines and figures. The opening will require a circular wire (as light as will keep the shape) with two cross-pieces, at the intersection of which secure a sponge, dipped in alcohol. This is intended to burn, *but do not set anything else on fire.* A little strip of folded tissue-paper pasted on the top of the balloon will enable it to be held until it is inflated. Be careful, at first, not to let the sides flap against the blaze. When it is swelled out to its full dimensions, let go, and the balloon will slowly rise up.

Now I will give you an idea about making

ROSETTE TIDIES, OR MATS.

Cut circular pieces of about four inches in diameter out of silk, or merino. You can mark them out with the top of a tea-cup, or small bowl, using a pencil or tailor's chalk. Suppose you cut between ninety and a hundred of these. You can tell when you put them together whether you will need more or less. Now fold down the edge of each of these pieces, making a narrow fold, as shown in Fig. 1; and run a thread of silk through this, as in Fig. 2. Draw this thread until the circle is nearly closed; fasten your thread securely; and flatten out smoothly the puff you will then have, and you will form a rosette, like Fig. 3, with a small hole where it is gathered. Be careful to make this hole come exactly in the center. When you have a sufficient number of rosettes, arrange them in some pretty shape,—a hexagon, like the illustration of the completed tidy; or a diamond, or any figure you may fancy. Sew the rosettes together at the points of contact, and sew them on the *plain* side, that the stitches may not be visible on the right side. The diagram shows how the rosettes are to be put together.

The size and number of circles given above makes quite a large tidy. For table-mats you can make much smaller rosettes, and fewer in number. A good deal of ingenuity may be displayed in forming pretty designs for these mats and tidies.

Silk, or merino, makes the handsomest articles; but very pretty ones can be made of fine sun-bleached shirting and Turkey red combined. Your rosettes may be all of one shade, or of different shades of the same color blended together, or of different colors. In fact, the ST. NICHOLAS girls can make these mats an education in color, for much of their beauty depends upon harmony of hues.

Any one of these things will be a pretty Christmas present (except the fire-balloon, which is a summer toy), and they are easily made, and cost but little money.

ST. MARTIN'S EVE.

BY ANNA EICHBERG.

IMAGINE, children, that a little bird had seen all this—a little bird rocking itself high up in the top branch of a linden-tree; or, perhaps, a nightingale trilling gloriously in the pleasant solitude of a rose-bush—for they have nightingales in Germany—but I forgot! The dear old Saint comes in the middle of November when all the merry company of birds has fled and only a few withered leaves remain clinging to the branches.

So, then, dear children, suppose it was a clear, bright star which shone down on St. Martin's Eve, and told all it saw. The stars have been over the world so long, that our own dear star has seen the grandfathers of the grandfathers of the great-grandfathers of every child—yes, and great-grandfathers even farther back than that,—listening with beating heart to the heavy steps of the Saint coming upstairs, and then knocking solemnly against the sitting-room door.

Saint Martin and Santa Claus live near together, which is very pleasant for them, for they can talk together of the little people they love, and what they would like to give them. It is hard for Santa Claus to turn his face away even from a naughty child and go off with all his treasures on his back; but Saint Martin always leaves something, if it is only a bunch of switches for a luckless youngster whom you can't help but pity as he is sent supperless to bed.

Santa Claus hurries from one end of the earth to the other at all the world's call if it only wants him; but the bright star that saw Saint Martin, always twinkled down on the river Rhine, in Germany, especially on an old town called Düsseldorf.

You 've heard of the beautiful Rhine? The river with the high hills on either side; with vineyards covering them from base to summit, and perched upon the highest peaks the ruins of stone-built castles where beautiful ladies and gallant cavaliers once lived.

It is pleasant to think of them looking down on the flowing river below from the tops of queer turrets, or out of narrow, deep-set slits of windows. Why, on one of the hills a dragon lived who ravaged the whole country round till a brave knight came and killed him and then married the beautiful lady whom the dragon had stolen from her home. Surely you have heard of the Loreley, who combed her golden hair with a golden comb, while she sang a magic song? But I shall forget Saint Martin if I say more.

Imagine, children, then, that wonderful country where Saint Martin and Santa Claus live next door to each other, where, it is said, the toys grow on trees,—think of a doll-tree and a rocking-horse tree!—and the cakes and candies on bushes, so that you can pick off anything you like. On the eleventh of November, after tea, Santa Claus strolled into Saint Martin's garden to see how his neighbor was getting ready for his journey: wished him God-speed, and many good children to serve, and helped him mount his patient donkey with the huge, heavy baskets at its sides filled with delicious things not to be seen just yet. Saint Martin flung a few switches over his shoulder,—after all there are not many bad children,—and with his round, rosy face and kind eyes glowing with pleasure he started off. The dear old man is so glad to shut his eyes to all naughtiness that, if a bad child, at the last moment, begs pardon of his parents, I think Saint Martin always finds a good excuse to call. Of course it never snows nor rains when he comes, for he would not have his children's pleasure spoiled for all the world, and so he and his donkey—a nice, cheerful donkey, but rather short in the legs, so that Saint Martin's sandaled feet touch the ground—reached the old town of Düsseldorf with its narrow street and the gabled, red-roofed houses where all the children, great and small, were ready to greet him royally.

You understand, now, the advantage of being a star and seeing everything? The queer, old town was brilliant with light; in every window shone a lamp, and the streets were crowded with children all hurrying to the market-place, where stood the statue of an old Prince John riding a superb bronze horse. Who knows, when this old John was a child perhaps his heart also beat fast when the beautiful princess, his mother, told him to be good, for Saint Martin was coming? If the bronze prince could have looked down, how he 'd have winked at the sudden light which came pouring into the great, square market-place from every alley and street. Every child in the whole town had come, and each carried a torch or a lantern,—Chinese lanterns, glass lanterns, or hollowed-out pumpkins with candles burning inside. How they laughed,—the children! why, there was not one so poor or so small that it had not a twinkling light to swing in the air while walking in the long procession which formed here in the market-place. In and out of the crooked streets they filed, swinging their lanterns and singing an old hymn to Saint Martin, while, at the end of the long line, the babies were carried, and even they clutched gorgeous lanterns with dimpled hands, and sang, too, they did. I wish you could have heard them. How sweet and clear were the young voices, rising into the night; not that it was a very wonderful hymn, but it was loved for the sake of old memories, for parents and grand-parents leaning out of the windows remembered that they, too, had sung the melody. So it begins:

As for Saint Martin, he and his donkey remained modestly hidden; he watched the little people filing all over the town with torches and lanterns, and he rejoiced when he heard the hymn, listening fondly till the clear voices became fainter and fainter and the little feet were beginning to be very tired. At last the children wanted to go home and see Saint Martin in real earnest. It was time, for the babies at the end of the procession were doubled up, fast asleep, and even the red and yellow lanterns could not keep them awake. So, in the twinkling of an eye, the streets were deserted,—not a child remained. Now was the time for Saint Martin to start on the most important part of his mission. He patted the donkey gently on the neck, and went to every house where he was called.

How the little folk hurry up to the sitting-rooms, dark but for the lanterns brought out of the street! The Saint likes to speak to each child alone, and so everybody else is hustled into a side room.

Put the lantern, with the candle still burning, in the middle of the floor; jump over it three times; call: "Saint Martin! Saint Martin! Saint Martin!" as bravely and loudly as you can.

Sure enough there comes a knock at the door. "Come in, Saint Martin!" some one says, with a beating heart. The saint opens the door a crack, and asks, in a solemn voice:

"Have you been a good child this whole year?"

As for concealment, it is of no use, for Saint Martin knows everything; so you might as well say, if it is the case, that you have been a bad child, for he has a respect even for naughty children who tell the truth.

"I 've been a bad child!" sobs a little voice; and if it is true, the saint flings a bunch of switches into the room, and stumps sadly down the dark stairs.

If, however, the little voice falters: "I 've tried to be a good child," then, oh, children! I wish you could be there once to see how Saint Martin rewards a child who has tried to be good. The door is thrown open,—though the saint keeps in the dark,—and in come, tumbling and rushing out of his enchanted bag, huge roasted chestnuts, bursting with pride and haste,—boiled chestnuts filled, as it were, with delicious cream; rosy apples, which come bumping in on their plump cheeks; nuts, raisins, figs, dates, oranges, walnuts,—nearly fresh from the tree,—filberts, cakes of every kind

and shape, everything that the heart can wish; but, best of all, a word of praise from Saint Martin, who runs quite briskly down-stairs in his joy at having found a good child. The moment he is gone, a blaze of light bursts in from the next room, then in come father and mother and sisters and brothers, and the way they help to pick up Saint Martin's treasures is really splendid. Even this is not the end of the holy man's visits. He has been known to come back at supper-time, when some one is sitting by the mother's side, with two chubby arms hugging a huge dish of goodies. The door is flung open, and Saint Martin, wonderfully wrapped in a great cloak, while a broad-brimmed hat is pulled over his face, makes a low bow, as if begging pardon for coming so often, walks solemnly up to each, and leaves a mysterious package at every plate. He says little or nothing as he walks slowly about the table; but, goodness only knows, nobody wants words; they want actions, and Saint Martin's are superbly generous. So, amid startled silence, he reaches the door and vanishes.

"ST. MARTIN AND HIS DONKEY REMAIN HIDDEN."

Once I knew a little boy who was so curious to see Saint Martin's donkey, and to learn whether or not the old man meant to go over the way to see his playmate, Elsbeth, that he ran after him down the dark stairs, when he stumbled and fell, and might have hurt himself badly if two strong arms had not caught him in time: but these arms did not belong to Saint Martin at all.

"Oh, Uncle! Uncle! did you see Saint Martin?" a breathless voice cried.

"Ah, what if I met him on the street just as he crossed over to Elsbeth!" Uncle said, solemnly, but with a twinkle in his pleasant, brown eyes.

"I am so glad," the small inquisitor said, drawing a sigh of relief; then looking up, wonderingly, as the strong arms let him down on the ground: "Uncle, what 's the matter with your hair? it 's all rumpled;" at which Uncle blushed unnecessarily. Then, without waiting for an answer: "Uncle, do you know Saint Martin's voice is just like yours?"

"Ah, dear child, there are so many curious

things in the world, and old people's voices often sound alike," Uncle begins to explain, a bit confused, while Saint Martin, over the way, has probably come and gone.

The bell in the church-tower, by the market-place, struck twelve; the city was still; the happy children were asleep, and the lanterns were all burnt out. Saint Martin, on his donkey, trudging homeward, was all alone with the bright star. His two bags were quite empty, though he still carried the switches over his shoulder. The good donkey stepped briskly along, for he was going home and his load was so light.

To the star looking down, the saint seemed a little sad, as if it made him unhappy to part from his little people. However, he smiled as he saw the bright star.

"Come back, dear Saint Martin; come back next November, and the children and I will be ready for you," it seemed to say, and the dear old man patted the donkey encouragingly on the back, and so they reached their home in the wonderful land where the toy-trees grow. Santa Claus stood by the garden-gate under a sugar-plum-tree with chocolate blossoms, waiting for him.

"Glad to see you back, St. Martin! How are all the children?"

"Growing better every year!" he cried, joyously, as he dismounted from the donkey. "See," he said, quite excitedly, going toward Santa Claus, "I 've brought all the switches back. Now it is your turn; but do you think," he said, anxiously, "but do you think there 'll be toys enough on the trees for all the good children in the world?"

"Don't worry," Santa Claus said, kindly. "Little things trouble you. If there were twenty million more children in the world than there are, and not a bad one among 'em, there 'd be presents enough and to spare. I am glad you found the children so good, though you must be tired going up all those stairs. I find the chimneys a great convenience. Indeed," Santa Claus said, rather thoughtfully, "I don't think I could do the whole world alone if I had to climb so many stairs."

"But you don't," Saint Martin suggested.

"That 's true," and Santa Claus laughed. Perhaps, children, you never heard Santa Claus laugh? Keep your ears wide open this Christmas, for it is the jolliest, merriest sound in the world.

So they bade each other good-night and parted.

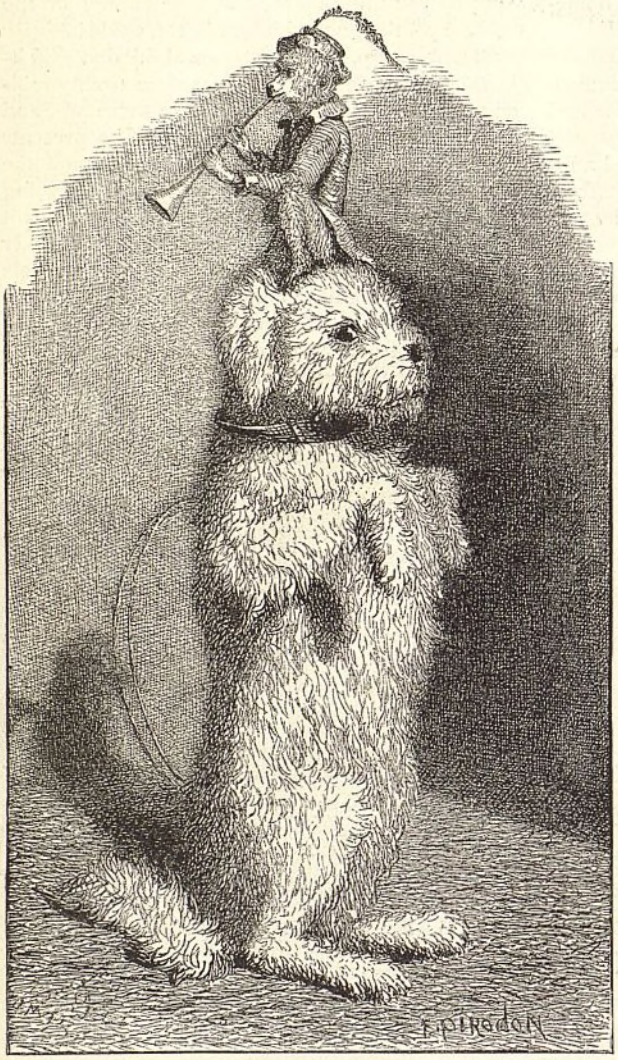
HOW KIT SAW THE SHOW.

KIT STRONG sat on the door-step, looking very sad. A Great Show had come to town only the day before, and had set up its big white tent on the common, almost in sight of his home. Yet Kit could not go to it. He had no money, and his mother was very poor.

He always sat on the door-step when he was in trouble. It was shady and cool, for the little house stood back from the street, and on one side a high brick wall reached all the way from the house to the sidewalk, and on the other a little tree shook its leaves whenever there was a breeze. So Kit liked the step, and would often sit there for ten whole minutes, which was a long time for him, as he was a very lively boy.

But this morning he stayed, five, ten,—yes, *twenty* minutes, at least! There he sat, and thought and thought and thought. He had been around to the common, and the bill posters he had seen there, and the queer sounds that came out of the tent, had made him sure that the tent

held such wonders as he had never seen in all his life. But how to get in—that was what troubled Kit. I suppose there is no way in the world for a boy to get to see a show, that Kit did not think of. But sitting there, with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees, if he had been a girl, you might have thought she was crying. Indeed, the only move he made looked very much like brushing away a tea—; but then Kit was a boy, and the other thing must have been a fly. Still, Kit seemed very, very sad for a lively boy. He would n't look up at all. The whole show—except the brass band—might have passed along the street in front of him, and he would never have known it. And, strange to tell, when he did look up at last, there it was!—or if not the show, certainly a part of it.



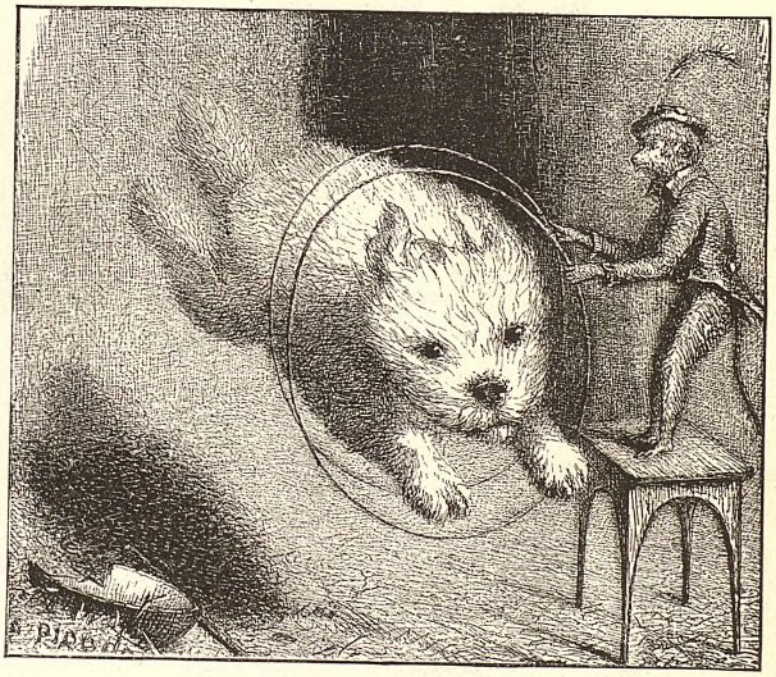
For there, in the open street, was a queer procession: a big white woolly dog and a little black monkey were walking along together, followed by a troop of boys, and, stranger still, the monkey wore a little coat and a hat with a feather, and he carried a trumpet and a pair of light hoops, while the dog had a small stool in his mouth. And, strangest of all, the monkey, dog and boys were all coming right into Kit's open gate, and then—could *anything* be stranger?—the monkey and the dog, without looking at Kit at all, or saying "by your leave," or even making a bow—went over to a little bare spot near the brick wall, and actually began to give a show, right there in Kit's yard!

Kit could n't believe his eyes,—but that was his very last minute on

the door-step for that time. The next minute, he was among the boys, looking on.

First—Master Dog put down the little stool, and Master Monkey set the hoops against the wall. The dog then sat up on his hind legs, and the monkey jumped on top of his head, and began to blow his horn. When Monkey had blown on his horn a good while, he got down from Doggie's head and stood up on the stool, holding the two hoops for Doggie to jump through. The dog went back a little way, so as to get a good start, and then he ran as hard as he could, and made one spring right through both of the hoops. When Kit and the boys saw that, they clapped their hands and shouted.

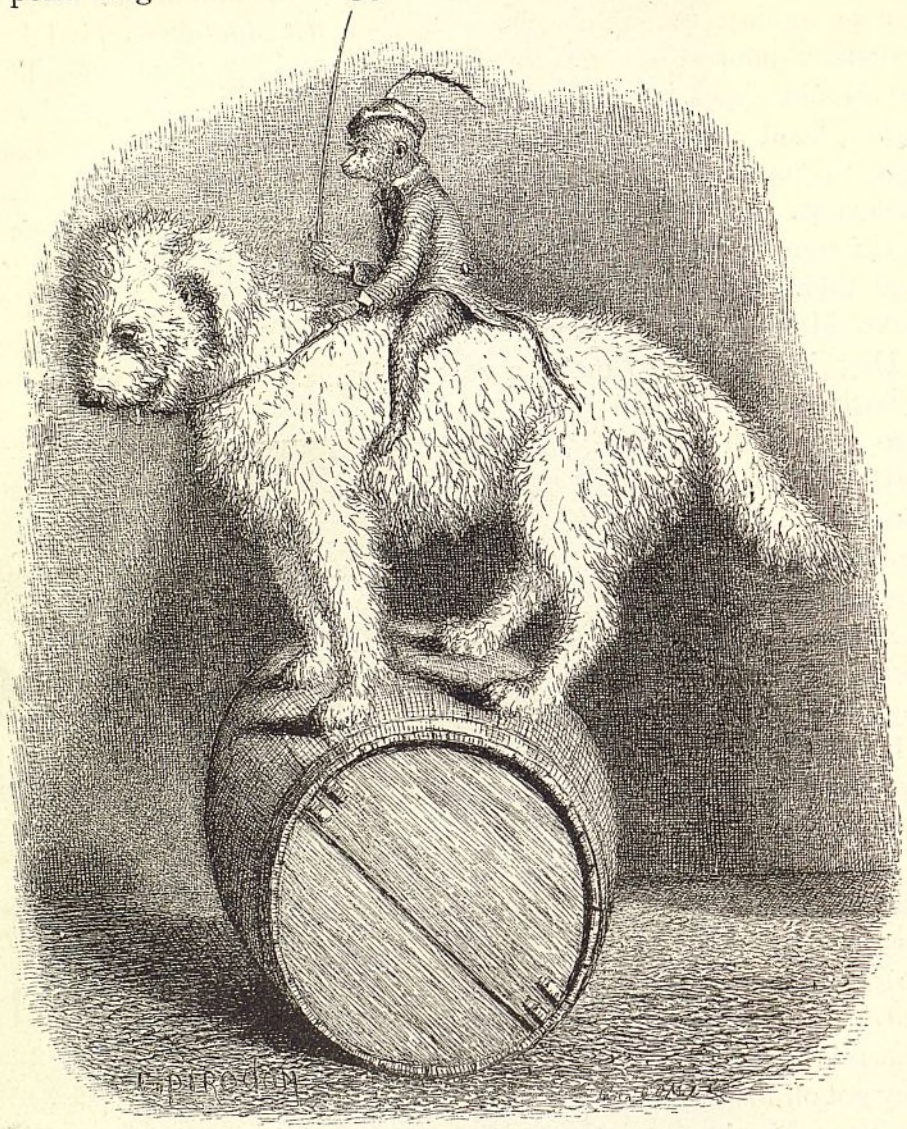
Next, Monkey took a piece of string out of his little pocket and put it in Doggie's mouth to make a sort of bridle. Then he jumped on the dog's back and began to ride him around. The boys laughed to see the dog galloping like a horse with the little monkey on his back, and when the dog jumped up on a barrel lying in the yard, and stood there like a stone statue, they laughed and shouted more than ever.



Doggie soon jumped down from the barrel, and Monkey got off his back. Then Monkey sat down on the little stool and began to blow on his horn, and the dog stood up on his hind legs and danced. The boys thought this was the best thing of all. "Toot–toot-too–ty–too-ti-ty too!" went Master Monkey, and skip, skip, skip, went Master Dog up and down the yard, turning his head from one side to the other, just as dancing people do.

All these funny tricks amused the boys very much, but at last Master Monkey settled down on his stool, and Master Doggie lay down beside

him. And now, those bad boys would not let them rest. They began to tease Monkey to do more tricks by throwing little pebbles at him, and to poke long sticks at Doggie, and shout to them to "do it again."



This made Kit angry, and he pushed the boys aside, and told them to go away. But they would not.

"The dog and monkey are not yours," said one.

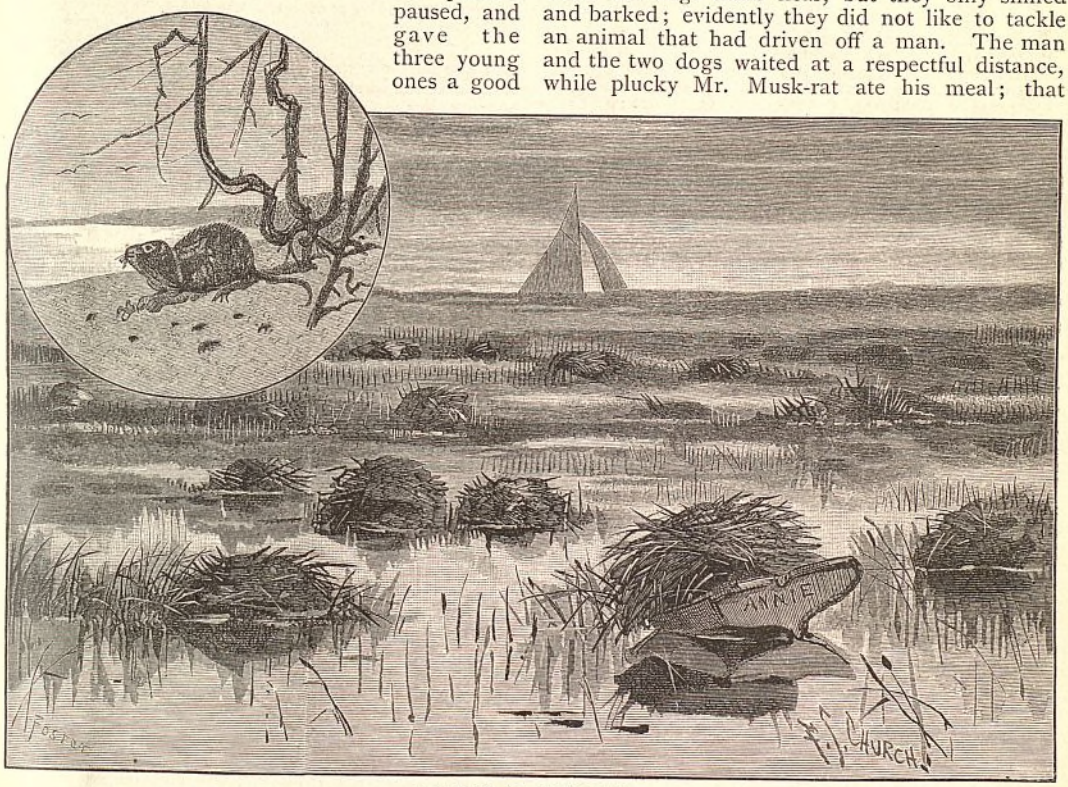
"Well, they are in our yard," said Kit.

"We 'll take them with us," was the reply. But Master Doggie's white teeth said "No" to that, very plainly. And Kit replied:

"No, you 'll only tease 'em. I mean to take care of 'em."

season in its warmer climate, coming south into Natal to spend the summer. The herd was fired into by everybody who could get hold of a gun; but the animals gave no heed to the bullets, and slid down the steep bank of the river Umooti, and plowed through its flood, swollen with heavy rains. They swam gracefully where it was too deep to reach bottom, keeping their ears dry. There were three young baby-elephants, however, which screamed loudly for help, refusing to go into deep water. After a few notes from their trumpets, the mothers joined their trunks under the calves' bodies and ferried them across.

When they reached a shallow spot in the river, the parents paused, and gave the three young ones a good sousing, "playing a fountain" over head and ears with their trunks. The "infants" took the dose meekly, setting a good example to little boys and girls who kick and scream under the sponge in a shallow bath.



A COLONY OF MUSK-RATS.

A COLONY OF MUSK-RATS.

A SAILOR-MAN writes your Jack that by the sea, not far from New York, is a meadow over which the salt water flows with every tide; and in this salt-meadow are fifty or more queer untidy mounds, built of rushes, and rising about two feet above the surface of the water. These are the homes of musk-rats, or "musquashes." One of them has been built in the stern of a disused boat. The entrance to each of these dwellings is under water, and a passage leads from it up to a warm nest lined with soft grasses, and high enough to be always dry. When the meadow is frozen, there is a small hole in the ice near the door.

One day, in winter, a man saw a musk-rat which had caught a crab and was eating it hungrily. The rat heard the man near, looked up, but did not think it worth while to move away. Presently, two dogs came along, and, seeing the rat, ran to kill it. This was two to one, and therefore the man tried to make the rat go home, and so prevent the dogs from getting it. To his surprise, the rat made a furious attack upon him, and sent him off. Then the dogs came near, but they only sniffed and barked; evidently they did not like to tackle an animal that had driven off a man. The man and the two dogs waited at a respectful distance, while plucky Mr. Musk-rat ate his meal; that done, he went quietly home to take a nap, and the assembly broke up.

WELLS OF ARTOIS.

So, it seems that "Artesian" wells were so called from the name of the French province, "Artois," in which was dug the first well of the kind, in the year 1126. At least, this is the gist of the answers to J. B. L.'s question, which I gave out in September.

Answers came from Oriole—Emma Valentine—Juismer Le Comte—C. L. Wheeler—Primm de Noel—Maisie Balch—W. Shattuck—Josephine—I. B. D.—M. H. L.—Gertrude Abbott—Nellie C. Emerson—Hannah J. Powell—E. M. Hussey—Sallie W. Peck—Frances E. N.—T. T. Wood—E. N. Rochester—Aron Hobby—D. Beatty.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. NICHOLAS begins its seventh volume with this number, and, besides the promised extra pages, wider margins and heavier paper, the publishers have given an additional Frontispiece picture,—which is to serve as the frontispiece for the volume,—and a red-line title-page, as an earnest that they mean to do always a little better for the magazine than they may promise.

M. A. G.—Some things suitable for Christmas gifts are pictured, and the ways to make them described, in the article entitled "Some Pretty Things," printed in this number; and you will find the methods of making many others described in full, with illustrations and diagrams, in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875, and November, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you about a little incident that occurred at home. I live 'way down in Louisiana. An alligator came from the swamp into our yard. He was about five feet long. A flock of turkeys saw him, and followed him around and around, so close that they nearly stepped on his tail. He would snap at them, and they would jump away; then he would snap at them again, and they would jump away. It was very amusing to see the turkeys following him. He was a horrible-looking creature with his long mouth and formidable teeth.—Your friend, NELLIE.

A. P. S.—A little girl, living near New York, suggests sending old numbers of the magazine, as soon as they are read through, to other little girls who otherwise might not see it. This same thing is already done by a great many ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls; but there may be some who have not yet tried this easy way of giving pleasure to others.

FRED H. BEAR.—To make old silver coins look bright again, wash them thoroughly with soap and hot water; then rub them with a chamois leather, first with moistened whitening, and afterward with dry whitening. See also "Letter-Box," October, 1876.

Marlboro, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to ask a question; and, if it is answered in the "Letter-Box," I shall be very much obliged: Should the children of an American missionary, who are born in India or some such place, be called Hindoos or Americans?—Your constant reader, H. F. H.

MRS. LOUISA B. GODDALL sends ST. NICHOLAS a description of a novel kind of "side-show," which might be used in a church-fair, but it could be given by little girls at home, perhaps for a charitable object, yet not connected with a fair, and might prove very successful. It is called

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

The show must be in a side room, or in a part of the hall curtained off. The work of preparing this family and their parlor for exhibition can be done by six or more young ladies. Some of them take charge of the "room," which consists of a box about three feet wide and four feet long, or square, if you please. The box is to be placed on a table, the open part toward the spectators. Carpets may be put on the floor, paper on the walls; windows with lambrequins, curtains, and so forth, may be imitated; and there should be arrangements for fire-place and grate, with a fire of sparkling metallic foil, if possible. A door in the rear of the room should be made to stand ajar, and a strong light arranged behind the door.

Some others of the managers should provide the furniture of the room. There *must* be a piano; and, if a toy piano cannot be bought, a block of wood shaped like a piano, provided with legs, and with the keys painted in black and white, will do. Throw a handsome cloth partly over it; and a music-box (out of sight) will fairly serve for pianoforte playing. The other pieces of furniture can be bought, hired, or borrowed for the occasion,—chairs, tables, sofas, chandeliers with real wax candles to be lighted, pictures, ornaments, vases, flowers. A table in the center of the room is to be set for tea, with a dainty cloth, tea service, tiny biscuits, small berries, cake—in fact, whatever one would like for tea must be there in miniature.

Another part of the committee will see after the "happy family" itself, which is composed of dolls. The father stands in the front of the room, holding the baby in a long white dress. Baby's head will rest on his papa's shoulder or face. A fine wire may be used to fix the dolls in their proper positions, but it must be carefully hidden. Beside the father stands a little boy dressed in a blue suit; in his arms nestles a pet kitten or dog. A young lady sits at the piano, with her fingers on the keys; a tiny pin will keep her little hands in place, while the music-box plays the tune for her. By her side stands a brother, with a flute or violin, in playing position. At a small table, two children are seated engaged in some game. Mother stands by the tea-table, richly dressed, holding by the hand a little girl. At the fireside sit grandfather and grandmother, with the proper number of spectacles and bald heads. In the door-way, at the rear of the room, stand a young lady and gentleman, about to enter, ushered in by a black servant with many bright buttons on his livery. If you choose not to have callers, the servant can be entering the room bearing a tray full of things for the tea-table.

The dresses of the dolls should be very handsome, and in the latest fashion. Do not have the dolls too small. Every attitude must be made perfectly natural. At the close of the exhibition, the family can be sold off or otherwise disposed of.

A NEW and pretty way of writing a name in a Christmas gift-book is explained and illustrated on pages 10 and 11 of this number; and in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874, are some funny pictures showing a similar process, but with a very different effect.

Manasquan.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We often have nice times in this place swimming, crabbing and fishing. Crabs are a queer kind of an animal. Probably some of the boys would like to hear how crabs grow. The mother is called a "Cow Crab." She produces about ten million eggs and then dies. The young do not have the care of the mother, but have to take care of themselves. They shed their shells once a month. I don't know what a crab is usually called at first, whether a soft or hard crab. We say he is a "Buckler." A buckler is always very poor to begin with; but he eats everything he gets hold of, which, of course, fattens him up some. Then he is called a "Comer." He keeps on eating till he is bigger still; then he is called a "Shedder"; and he still keeps on eating and gets bigger still, and then cracks a little, and is called a "Crack-buster." He still grows till he is called a "Buster," and then sheds. Then he is called a "Soft Crab."

From your interested reader,

JAMES LESLIE PEARCE (13 years).

EMMA VALENTINE, Thomas Hunt, and Julia M. Ruggles, each sent a short verse containing all the letters of the alphabet. Their letters were too late for mention in the October "Letter-Box."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask if you could tell a remedy for a very peculiar and inconvenient trick of a horse. I know a gentleman whose horse will not go out in the rain, hating to have the water touch his ears. Almost everything has been tried to cure him, without success. If the day is a good one, and the owner starts out with him, and rain comes up, he has either to go under shelter and wait until the storm is over, or do as I knew of his doing once,—take his horse out of harness and leave it in a friend's stable, while he borrowed another to take him home.—Yours truly,

BELLA G. STONE, 13 years.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that Friday first began to be thought an "unlucky" day, as M. R. T. calls it in the October "Letter-Box," when the ancient Christians began to keep with sorrow and fasting the anniversary of the Savior's death. But whether or not that is a good reason for thinking the day unlucky, it might be hard to say. However, I will ask your readers, dear ST. NICHOLAS, to look through this long old list of fortune-favored Fridays, and then perhaps they may feel inclined to think that, after all, it is a lucky day—at least in America.—Yours sincerely,

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1497, Henry VII., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; on Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their

final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made by the British. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, and this saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, occurred the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms; and on Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you for the "Letter-Box" some story riddles. The point is to find out what stories or personages in story-books the verses refer to.

Recall the story, if you can,
About a lonely shipwrecked man;
A gentle savage he reclaims,
Master and man, who'll name their names?

A man who climbed the mountain steep,
With fairies tippling, fell asleep,
And dozed away life's hopes and fears,
About the space of twenty years.

That king and his fair queen, who sent
A man to seek a continent,—
Their names and his now tell who can,
And from what port he sailed,—this man.

Who laid his cloak before a queen,
To keep her dainty slippers clean?
A courtier and a man of pride,
Tell now his name and how he died.

In Athens, not the modern "Hub,"
A surly man dwelt in a tub;
With lantern lit, he sought by day
One honest soul: his name please say.

We play this game on long evenings, each person making a verse and handing it to the next neighbor. Then a judge is chosen, and whoever fails to answer correctly the verse given to him, pays a forfeit.—Yours truly,

J. D. L.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Let me tell you a funny thing about my little sister Rosie. She found an egg one day in the grass by the pond. So she carried it in her little white apron up to the house and into the parlor. She was dressed all in white, for it was late in the day, and Papa was expected home soon. No one was in the parlor but Brother Tom.

"Tom," said Rosie, holding her apron fast, "how does hennies get the tsickses out of zey eggses?"

"Why, they sit on them, of course! Don't you remember how you went with me to see old Gray-speckle and put water in her dish?"

"Did n't she do nuffin but sit on ze eggses, an' dwink wawa?" asked Rosie, anxiously.

"Why, of course not!" and off went Tom, whistling.

Rosie thought a little while, with her head on one side. Then she took the afghan from the sofa, and put it on the floor, where she arranged a "nes'," on which she placed the egg. Next, she brought a glass of water, from the hall table, and set it down by the "nes'"; then she gently sat down on the egg.

There was a soft "squelch," smothered by the afghan! Rosie took a sip of water.

"Ze sell 's broke," said she, cheerfully; "I wunner how soon ze tsick 'll say 'Tseep, tseep.'"

Five minutes passed,—ten minutes; Rosie took another sip of water, and her sweet little face looked troubled, as she felt herself settling down on the "nes'."

"Fwaid zere is n't woom for ze tsick to bweave," said she.

"Miss Rosie! Down on the floor in your clean dress; get up this minute, you naughty child!" called nurse, coming into the parlor. She was a person of power, for she had been Mamma's nurse, too; but Rosie rebelled.

"Nursey, I tan't det up; I'se hatsin' a tsick."

Rosie was pulled up by a strong hand, and shown a dreadful yellow stain on the pretty white dress.

Just then Papa's step was heard in the hall.

Rosie broke away, and, in one minute, was sobbing on her father's neck, and telling her pitiful story.

"I was a hen, Papa, an' Nursey pulled me off my nes' 'fore ze lit'l' tsick tould say, 'Tseep! tseep!'"

"You 'd better set her down, sir, or she 'll egg your coat. And I dressed her not an hour ago; and just look at her Ma's new afghan!"

Now came Mamma.

"Never mind, Nursey," she said, when she had heard all the story; "I do not believe she meant to be naughty."

"Well, come along, you tiresome midget, and be made tidy," said Nursey, laughing, and Rosie (with a wistful look at the "nes'") was carried off.—Yours truly,

ALFA.

OF course, Russell Fraser's three methods undertaking to solve H. C. Howland's algebraic problem are incorrect. They slipped into the September "Letter-Box" through an oversight, and were not found out until it was too late to have an alteration made. Letters have been received from everywhere calling attention to the oversight; and here is a list of the writers' names:

J. M. S.—J. F. Maynard—Honorable Richard Watson—Paul H. Applebach—Rebecca L. Lodge—J. W. J.—Charley T. Jamieson—Aimee—N. H. Strong—O. C. T.—A. N. Swibbor—Willie S. Burns, Jr.—Edward T. Ward—Algernon Bray—D. C.—Miss Julia Wilsor—M. D. C.—W. B. Dix—G. E. K.—William Rennyson—Vermifuge—J. Benson Akers—Sarah J. Russ—Harry B. Walter—James Blunt—S. Lincoln, Jr.—P. E. M.—C. E. N.—R. C. Taylor, Jr.—H. H. Saxe—High School Boy—W. R. Howland—C. G. Rockwood, Jr.—May H.—Charles Groenendyke—C. G. Blatcheler—Elmer Durggins—Miss May Townsend—R. H. Howard—A. G. H. M. R.—Sturley—Fanny M. Hyde—Alice Gregory—O. E. D.—S. K.—An old subscriber—Pupil in R. Academy—Old Reader—Sinclair Oliver—"x + y + z"—R. H. W.—Ella B.

H. C. Howland's problem cannot be solved by simple algebraic processes, and the solutions here given will not be understood at all by little folk, and are printed solely to satisfy those grown-up readers of the "Letter-Box" who are interested in such abstruse things.

The following is what an expert says about the problem:

"The equations $\begin{cases} x^2 + y = 7 \\ y^2 + x = 11 \end{cases}$ cannot, I believe, be reduced by artifice, as many of their class may be, to the solution of equations of the 2nd degree. They really involve equations of the 4th degree in x and y. These equations are found at once by ordinary elimination and may readily be solved by well-known methods. The algebraic solution of the problem shows that only one pair of the values of x and y is expressed in commensurable numbers. This remarkable pair may most readily be found by simple inspection. But if one likes roundabout work he can proceed thus:

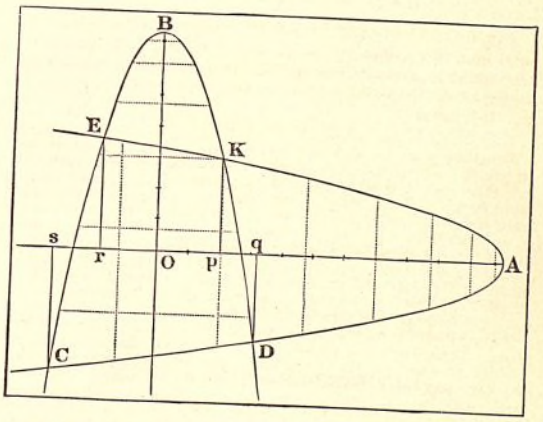
"Adding the two equations, and increasing each member of the result by ½, we have

$x^2 + x + \frac{1}{4} + y^2 + y + \frac{1}{4} = 18\frac{1}{2}$, therefore $(x + \frac{1}{2})^2 + (y + \frac{1}{2})^2 = \frac{74}{4} = \frac{25}{4} + \frac{49}{4}$

"This equation is satisfied if $(x + \frac{1}{2})^2 = \frac{25}{4}$ and $(y + \frac{1}{2})^2 = \frac{49}{4}$ that is if $x = 2$ and $y = 3$, which values also satisfy the original equations.

"There are four real values of x (two of them positive and two negative) which will satisfy the equations,—and four corresponding real values of y, two positive and two negative.

"This may clearly be seen by the accompanying geometrical solution of the problem which follows the method of Analytical Geometry. The employment of curves to solve such equations is allowed by the principle that every relation between the x and the y of an equation is the relation between the co-ordinates of some assignable curve.



"The equation $x2 + y = 7$ is represented by the parabola C B D. The equation $y2 + x = 11$ is represented by the parabola C A E. The co-ordinates of their points of intersection E K C D are the values of x and y which satisfy simultaneously both equations.

"Thus we have
$x = o\ p$ $\quad y = K\ p$
$x = o\ q$ $\quad y = D\ q$ (negative value)
$x = O\ r$ (neg.) $\quad y = E\ r$
$x = O\ s$ (neg.) $\quad y = C\ s$ (neg.)

"If the curves had been accurately drawn, the lines named would have given closely approximate values of x and y."

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask the readers of the "Letter-Box" to tell me how to break a dog from killing chickens?

G. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Could you tell me how to bleach ferns, so that I could make a bouquet of them with skeleton leaves? Please tell me in the "Letter-Box."—I remain your constant reader,

MILLIE J. RUSSELL.

Ferns that are to be bleached should be gathered in the country in summer, and prepared very soon after picking. But if you can find now some that are still vigorous, and not too old,—say in a fernery or conservatory,—you may bleach them whole, without making them into skeletons, by following these instructions:

Place the ferns, stems downward, in a glass jar containing two quarts of soft water,—rain water is the best,—in which a large tablespoonful of chloride of lime and a few drops of vinegar have been thoroughly mixed. Cover the jar, and set it in a warm place. Watch the ferns closely, and as each one whitens, carefully remove it and lay it in a dish of lukewarm water. When all are bleached, let them remain in the dish for several hours, changing the water often. Then spread them, one by one, upon sheets of blotting-paper, curving them as you like, and straightening out the little points with a pin. Place each sheetful between two other blotting-sheets, and then lay all beneath heavy books or weights until the ferns are perfectly dry. If any should stick to the paper, press your thumb-nail on the back of the sheet and the ferns will drop off. If you find the stems too brittle to use, you can make imitation ones by painting fine dry twigs with white oil-color, and gumming them on.

You will then have the ferns just as they grew, but white instead of green. If, however, you wish first to make them into skeletons before bleaching them and putting them into the bouquet, you will find in the "Letter-Box" for July, 1875, full directions for doing this, and, besides, for covering leaves with sparkling crystals.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received too late for mention last month from Florence L. Turrill—L. and K. Post—"Winnie"—Jno. V. L. Pierson—Wm. McKay—Edward Vultee—Will E. Nichols—"Riddlers"—Morris Hutchinson—Bessie and Her Cousin—Fannie Densmore—Rita S. McIlvaine—"Topsy"—B. Cushman—"Dick Deadeye"—"Unknown"; and James Buchanan Johnston, who answered all the July puzzles correctly.

In the following list the numerals denote the number of puzzles solved:

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number were received before September 20 from Dycie Warden, 18, all—"Jim Crow," 7—W. W. Oglesbee, 2—Matie H. Chase, 5—Millie Van Kleech, 4—Rufus B. Clark, 2—John H. M. Wells, 1—D. S. Shauts, 11—Julia W. Boyd, 2—F. S. Smith, 8—Bessie Campbell, 8—James Buchanan Johnston, 18, all—Ella F. Dargue, 2—Jennie S. Ward, 2—Harry C. Crosby, 3—J. Maurice Thompson, 6—Roberta Thornton, 3—Bessie Alexander, 2—Leddie C. Lander, 1—Julia Grice, 4—Annie E. Plumb, 5—A. W. Stockett, 6—"Old Judge" and Senate, 8—Edith L. Granger, 1—Minnie Baker, 2—Lloyd M. Scott, 8—A. T. Burnes, 2—"Guesser," 17—Fannie W. Hunt, 3—E. W. R., 1—Annie G. Baker, 8—E. B. Clark, 5—Perry Beattie, 2—B. S. and W. T., 7—Bella Wehl, 3—Ida Maud Angell, 3—Sallie W. Peck and Family, 6—"Scrub and Irish," 6—Mary L. Otis, 17—Mattie Olmstead, 8—John V. L. Pierson, 7—Kitty C. Atwater, 13—Carrol L. Mancy, 13—Bessie Hard, 7—Morris Hutchinson. 8—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Margaret J. Gemmill, 5—Julia Crofton, 3—Susie Sipe and Mamie Gordon, 13—Kenneth B. Emerson, 2—Nellie C. Emerson, 8—"No Name," 3—"Six Cousins," 17—B. E. L. T., 6—Lizzie R. Howland, 4—W. H. Rowe, 9—Annie Raynes, 3—Millie W. Thompson, 9—Lillie Burling, 4—Kate, Alice and Richard Stockton, 10—Stanley King, 4—Mollie B. Platt, 1—Georgie and Carlton Woodruff, 1—"Riddlers" 9—C. F. Lipman, 7—J. A. G. M. E. T., 1—"7, 8, 9," 1—Will E. Nichols, 5—Florence Wilcox, 9—Jennie Mondschein, 1—Betsy Mondschein, 1—O. C. Turner, 16—L. W. S., 1—"Winnie," 13—Elsie K. Alexander, 1—Wm. McKay, 7—Allen T. Treadway, 13—"Oriole," 3—Georgia Harlan, 11—"Three Guessers," 13—Edward Vultee, 13—Snibbuggledyboozledom, 9—Alfred Keppelmann, 7—Jessie Van Buren, 13—Lulu Mather and Brother, 7—Herbert James Tiley, 10—Arnold Guyot Cameron, 3.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

FOR LITTLE PUZZLERS.

THE answer, composed of two words and spelled with eleven letters, names an autumn festival. The initials of the words defined, taken in the order of the numbering, spell the answer

1. My 1, 2, 3, 5 is a swift animal. 2. My 2, 4, 5, 3 is to state. 3. My 3, 5, 6, 7 is repose. 4. My 4, 5, 6, 7 is a garment. 5. My 5, 2, 6, 7 is a point of the compass. 6. My 6, 7, 2, 3 is a bright thing far off. 7. My 7, 2, 3, 5 is a weed that sometimes grows among wheat. 8. My 8, 9, 6, 7 is an army. 9. My 9, 2, 3, 6 are used in rowboats. 10. My 10, 11, 5, 7 is fit and proper. 11. My 11, 4, 5, 3 is always.

GILBERT FORREST.

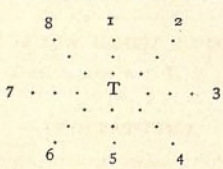
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

MY whole, spelled with twelve letters, is the name of a profusely flowering shrub.

My 2, 5, 1, 12 is a musical instrument. My 6, 3, 9, 11 is the name of a bird now extinct. My 10, 7, 8, 4 is to tear.

ISOLA.

REVERSIBLE-STAR PUZZLE.



THE letter in the middle of the diagram is the initial of each of eight four-letter words ending at the points of the star where the numerals are set. Each word is here defined, first as it reads forward, and then as it reads backward: 1. Season; to send forth. 2. To ring; an insect. 3. A heavy wagon generally used to convey coal; a market. 4. To overflow; to assemble. 5. An instrument used by mechanics; to plunder. 6. A snare; a portion. 7. Heads; a place. 8. A strong current; to publish.

H. H. D.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH cross-word consists of six letters. The third letters of the cross-words, taken as they come, spell a word indicating good times; the fourth letters of the cross-words, taken as they come, spell helps to spend a vacation enjoyably.

1. A kitchen utensil. 2. Agonized murmurs. 3. Felt in the wrists. 4. More thoroughly bleached. 5. Concealing. 6. Humiliated. 7. Strata. 8. Gone beyond.

F. S. F.

TRIPLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

IN this puzzle, the letters forming the Perpendicular, except its middle letter, are used three times; once in the whole word, once as the final of a short word made from the first portion of the whole word, and again as the initial of another short word made with the initial and the remainder of the whole word. Thus, if the whole word were "reDan," the letter D would be used in the center of the whole word, at the end of a short word, "reD," and at the beginning of another short word, "Dan." In the following statement of the puzzle, the whole word is numbered 1; the first short word 2; and the second short word 3.

Perpendicular, a character named in the title of one of Shakespeare's plays. Horizontals: I. 1 Was entertained; 2. distant; 3. a color: II. 1. A negative prefix; 2. opposed to consent; 3. a city of ancient Egypt. III. A part of me, but not of you or I. IV. 1. Came together; 2. the person you ought to know best; 3. a Latin word showing union. V. 1. A disagreeable expression; 2. back or backward; 3. to possess.

E. D. and L. H.

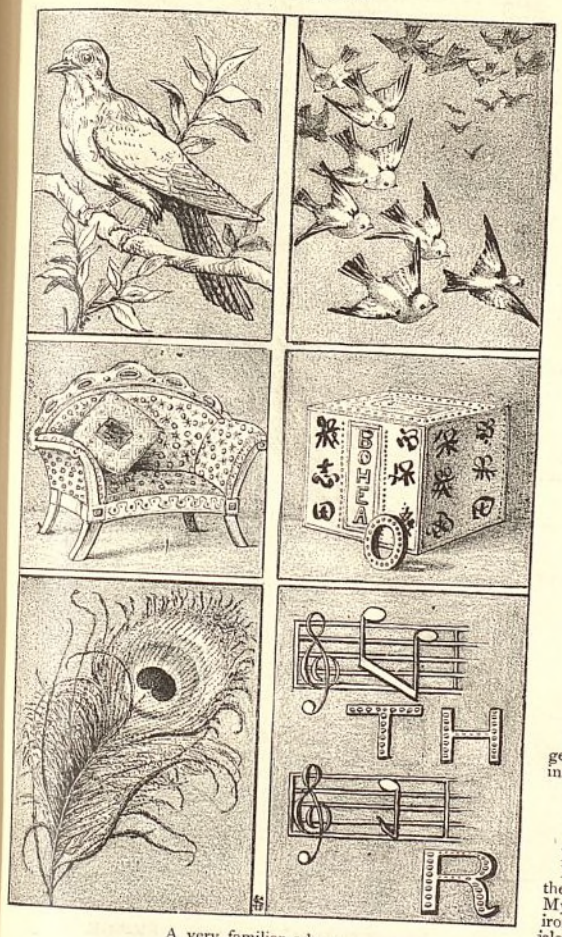
COMBINATION PUZZLE.

TAKE the middle letter away from one word in each of the following proverbs, and in each case leave a complete word. The abstracted letters, read downward, will spell something which is much desired, and difficult to use without abusing it. Each complete word that remains after syncopation, is defined after the proverb which contains it.

1. "Hopes delayed hang the heart upon tenter hooks." Garden tools.
2. "Many shout for help when in no danger." Closed.
3. "Contentment is a good dowry." Boat.
4. "He who has no bread to spare should not keep a dog." Nail.
5. "If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; but if he kills, the earth hides it." Hints.

C. D.

EASY REBUS.



A very familiar adage.

EASY GERMAN BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a pleasant temperature, and leave poor. 2. Behead want, and leave smoke. 3. Behead to press, and leave backs. 4. Behead a bladder, and leave a pitcher. 5. Behead a reed, and leave a part of the head. 6. Behead to burn, and leave to run. 7. Behead to show, and leave a metal. 8. Behead a part of a house, and leave without stopping.

DYCIE.

COMPARISONS.

IN the following puzzle, the first definition represents the positive degree, the second the comparative, and the third the superlative. To form the comparative, prefix to the sound of the positive the adverb "more," or add the sound of the syllable "er." To form the superlative, add to the sound of the positive the sound of the letters "st" or "est." Example: Behold; learning; farthest down. Answer; Lo, lore, lowest.

1. Lively; a kind of shark. 2. A large body of water; dry; done. 3. One; anger; chilled. 4. A natural phenomenon common in wet weather; a pile of débris at the foot of a glacier. 5. A keen observer; a tower; seasoned. 6. A name of a girl; to provide meals. 7. A garment; a skip. 8. A gulf; unclad; to sew. 9. A poet; to flow; a stake. 10. An insect; a beverage; an animal. 11. An instrument of ancient war; a nuisance; brag. 12. A domestic animal; a vessel; accustomed.

N. T. M.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

WE once attempted, in a quiet way,
To make a dinner on Thanksgiving Day,
But (cannibal idea for Christian feast!)
Had for a dish "the Sick Man of the East" (1).
Could he be thus disposed of by digestion,
Soon Russia's Czar would end the Eastern Question.
A son of Noah (2) for our dinner came,
Wearing the crown of the Nemean game (3).

We had the vegetable (4) Raleigh brought
To England from the far-off land he 'd sought.
Another kind (5) which General Marion gave
To British guest, the sole food of that brave,
In war's alarm, a hundred years gone by,
When patriots had heart to starve and die.
The chaff of naughty boys (6); the "staff of life" (7);
Some small amusement (8); many a man and wife (9);
The Paynim foe (10), of the Crusaders bold,
But from his name one syllable withhold.

A printer's treasures (11)—one, the pump's relation;
The other, scorn of greenback circulation.
A product of the dairy (12), closer pressed
Than e'er was babe to loving mother's breast.
There were some sweetmeats (13) which a rhyming lay
Says queenly fingers made one summer's day.
The fruit (14) that caused the fall of Mother Eve;
Some martial men (15), whose armor hard we leave;
Their ammunition (16) in sweet clusters dried;
And what a cold is like to be beside (17).

This was our dinner. If you guess it all,
We may invite you to partake next fall.

E. D. S.

OCTAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE words read across; 1. Base. 2 Outdo. 3. Satisfaction. 4. A geometrical figure. 5. Blundered. 6. Farming implements. 7. An insect. Central Perpendicular, the same as 4.

GUESSER.

DIFFICULT CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters.

My 19, 33, 4, 10 was an attendant of Juno. My 31, 29, 35, 29 was the goddess of health. My 21, 28, 15, 9, 1, 32 was one of the muses. My 20, 21, 13, 3, 27, 2 was the god of fire, and patron of all artists in iron and metal. My 5, 37, 36, 12, 16, 29 was one of the Æolian isles. My 10, 15, 23, 34, 28, 38 was a race of demi-gods. My 17, 18, 8, 33, 25, 9, 15, 22 one of hills of Rome. My 14, 8, 24, 6, 27 was the mother of Tiberius. My 30, 15, 11, 21, 10 was a famous robber, son of Vulcan, who stole some of Hercules' cattle. My 7, 8, 26, 38 was a Roman emperor. My whole is a Latin proverb, to the effect that in our eagerness to escape one danger, we are likely to fall into a greater.

SIMPLE WORD SQUARE.

1. A cord. 2. Off. 3. To shut up. 4. Small catches for hooks.

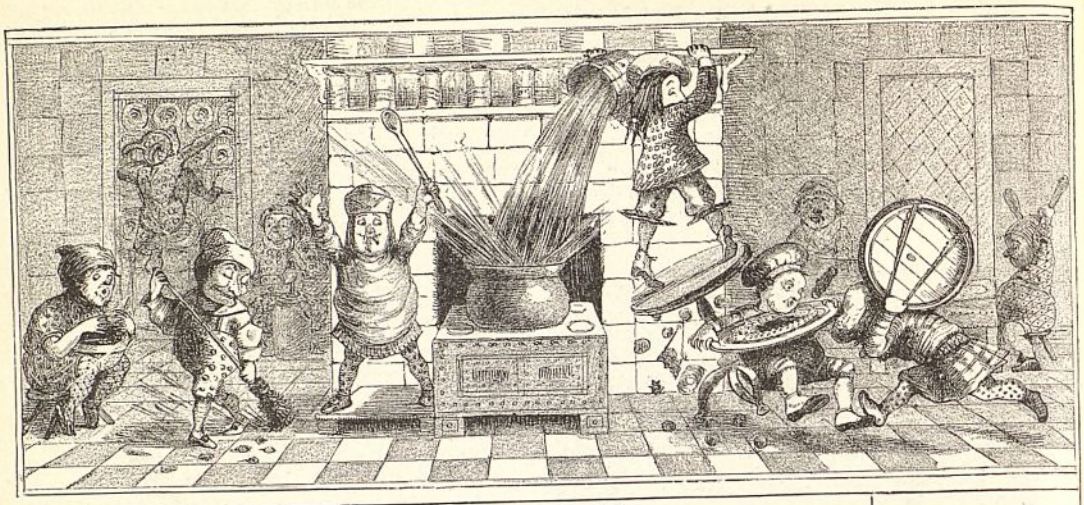
M. G. A.

AMPUTATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail to amass, and leave a propelling implement. 2. Behead and curtail flatters, and leave a beard of barley. 3. Behead and curtail to chew, and leave cured meat. 4. Behead and curtail a general dealer, and leave to touch.

CYRIL DEANE.

PICTORIAL PROVERB FOR LITTLE PUZZLERS.



THE proverb has six words, and is pictured entire by the upper part of the illustration. The smaller pictures represent words spelled with just the same letters that are contained in the proverb,—not one more nor less. The numerals refer to the six words of the proverb.

To solve the puzzle: find words that describe the small pictures properly, each word to have as many letters as there are numerals under its picture. When all the words have been found, write under each its own set of numerals; the first numeral under the first letter, the second numeral under the second letter, and so on. [Thus, supposing the word for the small left-hand picture to be "grub," the numeral 2 would be written under "g," 1 under "r," 5 under "u," and 6 under "b."] Now write down, some distance apart, the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Below figure 1 set down all the letters under which you have written that numeral; below figure 2, all the letters which have that numeral under it; and so on, until all the letters have been distributed into groups. On properly arranging the letters of each group into a word, and reading off the words in the order of their numbering, the answer will appear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Catamaran.——CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Asp.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—1. P. 2. MEg. 3. MoNad. 4. PenGuin. 5. GaUge. 6. DIe. 7. N.

SEVEN-LETTER ENIGMA.—Sparing.——HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM.—Three shirts.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.—1. N–ewe–l. 2. H–oar–d. 3. T–ape–r. 4. C–alas–h. 5. D–raw–l. 6. V–ill–a.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.—Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
[Not Henry VIII., but Henry V., Act 2, Scene 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Ataghan.——EASY ENIGMA.—Tongs.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Chocolate; Col., Choate. 2. Moat; o, mat. 3. Reached; ache, red. 4. Tactile; act, tile. 5. Valet; ale, Vt. 6. Mislead; isle, mad.

BEHEADED RHOMBOID.—
s H U T S
o P E N S
s N A P S
t R I P S
e L A T E

VERY EASY REBUS.—Nine birds: Knot, Grossbeak, Toucan, Diver, Bobolink, Bittern, Crane, Kingfisher, Kite.

PUZZLE.—Five words: Cater, caret, crate, react, trace.

ARTICLES OF ATTIRE.—1. Hoop-skirt. 2. Locket. 3. Shawl. 4. Panier. 5. Seal-skin sack. 6. Sun-bonnet. 7. Waterproof. 8. Parasol. 9. Pea-jacket. 10. Frill. 11. Bracelet. 12. Petticoat. 13. Handkerchief. 14. Hose. 15. Guard-chain. 16. Wrapper. 17. Tippet. 18. Cape. 19. Slippers.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—Multiplicand 74, multiplier 82.

TWO EASY SQUARE-WORDS.—

	E P O C H		W A S T E
	P A S H A		A L L O W
I.	O S I E R	II.	S L O P E
	C H E A P		T O P E R
	H A R P Y		E W E R S

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Names of trees: 1. Sumach, as much 2. Cedar, cared. 3. Limes, smile. 4. Pear-tree, repartee. 5. Maple, ample.——SQUARE-WORD.—1. Girl. 2. Idea. 3. Reed 4. Lads.

RHOMBOID AND HIDDEN DIAMOND.—
F E A S *t*
T R *e a t*
t a p i s
t i n E D
s T E E L

REBUS.—Couplet: Fortune a goddess is to fools alone;
The wise are always master of their own.

HIDDEN CITIES AND RIVERS.—1. Breslau, Oder. 2. Troy, Hudson. 3. Rome, Tiber. 4. Omaha, Missouri. 5. Paris, Seine. 6. Lucknow, Ganges. 7. Cairo, Nile.

For names of solvers of September puzzles, see "Letter-Box."

3,2.

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numerals
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grub," the
numerals
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rs of each

Shawl. 4.
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ticoat. 13.
apper. 17.

82.
S T E
L O W
O P E
P E R
E R S
much 2.
5. Maple,
4. Lads.

ne;
heir own.
Troy, Hud-
s, Seine. 6.