



"HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK, THE BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN,  
SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN JAGS AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS!"

*Mother Goose.*

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## THE PROUD LITTLE GRAIN OF WHEAT.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THERE once was a little grain of wheat which was very proud indeed. The first thing it remembered was being very much crowded and jostled by a great many other grains of wheat, all living in the same sack in the granary. It was quite dark in the sack, and no one could move about, and so there was nothing to be done but to sit still and talk and think. The proud little grain of wheat talked a great deal, but did not think quite so much, while its next neighbor thought a great deal and only talked when it was asked questions it could answer. It used to say that when it thought a great deal it could remember things which it seemed to have heard a long time ago.

"What is the use of our staying here so long doing nothing, and never being seen by anybody?" the proud little grain once asked.

"I don't know," the learned grain replied. "I don't know the answer to that. Ask me another."

"Why can't I sing like the birds that build their nests in the roof? I should like to sing, instead of sitting here in the dark."

"Because you have no voice," said the learned grain.

This was a very good answer indeed.

"Why did n't some one give me a voice, then—why did n't they?" said the proud little grain, getting very cross.

The learned grain thought for several minutes.

"There might be two answers to that," she said, at last. "One might be that nobody had a voice

to spare, and the other might be that you have nowhere to put one if it were given to you."

"Everybody is better off than I am," said the proud little grain. "The birds can fly and sing, the children can play and shout. I am sure I can get no rest for their shouting and playing. There are two little boys who make enough noise to deafen the whole sackful of us."

"Ah! I know them," said the learned grain. "And it's true they are noisy. Their names are Lionel and Vivian. There is a thin place in the side of the sack through which I can see them. I would rather stay where I am than have to do all they do. They have long yellow hair, and when they stand on their heads the straw sticks in it and they look very curious. I heard a strange thing through listening to them the other day."

"What was it?" asked the proud grain.

"They were playing in the straw, and some one came in to them—it was a lady who had brought them something on a plate. They began to dance and shout: 'It's cake! It's cake! Nice little mamma for bringing us cake.' And then they each sat down with a piece and began to take great bites out of it. I shuddered to think of it afterward."

"Why?"

"Well, you know they are always asking questions, and they began to ask questions of their mamma, who lay down in the straw near them. She seemed to be used to it. These are the questions Vivian asked:

"Who made the cake?"

"The cook."

"Who made the cook?"

"God."

"What did he make her for?"

"Why did n't he make her white?"

"Why did n't he make you black?"

"Did he cut a hole in heaven and drop me through when he made me?"

"Why did n't it hurt me when I tumbled such a long way?"

"She said she 'did n't know' to all but the two first, and then he asked two more."

"What is the cake made of?"

"Flour, sugar, eggs, and butter."

"What is flour made of?"

"It was the answer to that which made me shudder."

"What was it?" asked the proud grain.

"She said it was made of—wheat! I don't see the advantage of being rich—."

"Was the cake rich?" asked the proud grain.

"Their mother said it was. She said, 'Don't eat it so fast—it is very rich.'"

"Ah!" said the proud grain. "I should like to be rich. It must be very fine to be rich. If I am ever made into cake, I mean to be so rich that no one will dare to eat me at all."

"Ah!" said the learned grain. "I don't think those boys would be afraid to eat you, however rich you were. They are not afraid of richness."

"They'd be afraid of me before they had done with me," said the proud grain. "I am not a common grain of wheat. Wait until I am made into cake. But gracious me! there does n't seem much prospect of it while we are shut up here. How dark and stuffy it is, and how we are crowded, and what a stupid lot the other grains are! I'm tired of it, I must say."

"We are all in the same sack," said the learned grain, very quietly.

It was a good many days after that, that something happened. Quite early in the morning, a man and a boy came into the granary, and moved the sack of wheat from its place, wakening all the grains from their last nap.

"What is the matter?" said the proud grain.

"Who is daring to disturb us?"

"Hush!" whispered the learned grain, in the most solemn manner. "Something is going to happen. Something like this happened to somebody belonging to me long ago. I seem to remember it when I think very hard. I seem to remember something about one of my family being sown."

"What is sown?" demanded the other grain.

"It is being thrown into the earth," began the learned grain.

Oh, what a passion the proud grain got into! "Into the earth?" she shrieked out. "Into the common earth? The earth is nothing but dirt, and I am *not* a common grain of wheat. I won't be sown! I will *not* be sown! How dare any one sow me against my will! I would rather stay in the sack."

But just as she was saying it, she was thrown out with the learned grain and some others into another dark place, and carried off by the farmer, in spite of her temper; for the farmer could not hear her voice at all, and would n't have minded it if he had, because he knew she was only a grain of wheat, and ought to be sown, so that some good might come of her.

Well, she was carried out to a large field in the pouch which the farmer wore at his belt. The field had been ploughed, and there was a sweet smell of fresh earth in the air; the sky was a deep, deep blue, but the air was cool and the few leaves on the trees were brown and dry, and looked as if they had been left over from last year.

"Ah!" said the learned grain. "It was just such a day as this when my grandfather, or my father, or somebody else related to me, was sown. I think I remember that it was called Early Spring."

"As for me," said the proud grain, fiercely, "I should like to see the man who would dare to sow me!"

At that very moment, the farmer put his big, brown hand into the bag and threw her, as she thought, at least half a mile from him.

He had not thrown her so far as that, however, and she landed safely in the shadow of a clod of rich earth, which the sun had warmed through and through. She was quite out of breath and very dizzy at first, but in a few seconds she began to feel better and could not help looking around, in spite of her anger, to see if there was any one near to talk to. But she saw no one, and so began to scold as usual.

"They not only sow me," she called out, "but they throw me all by myself, where I can have no company at all. It is disgraceful."

Then she heard a voice from the other side of the clod. It was the learned grain, who had fallen there when the farmer threw her out of his pouch.

"Don't be angry," it said, "I am here. We are all right so far. Perhaps, when they cover us with the earth, we shall be even nearer to each other than we are now."

"Do you mean to say they will cover us with the earth?" asked the proud grain.

"Yes," was the answer. "And there we shall lie in the dark, and the rain will moisten us, and the sun will warm us, until we grow larger and larger, and at last burst open!"

"Speak for yourself," said the proud grain; "I shall do no such thing!"

But it all happened just as the learned grain had said, which showed what a wise grain it was, and how much it had found out just by thinking hard and remembering all it could.

Before the day was over, they were covered snugly up with the soft, fragrant, brown earth, and there they lay day after day.

One morning, when the proud grain awakened, it found itself wet through and through with rain which had fallen in the night, and the next day the sun shone down and warmed it so that it really began to be afraid that it would be obliged to grow too large for its skin, which felt a little tight for it already.

It said nothing of this to the learned grain, at first, because it was determined not to burst if it could help it; but after the same thing had happened a great many times, it found, one morning, that it really was swelling, and it felt obliged to tell the learned grain about it.

"Well," it said, pettishly, "I suppose you will be glad to hear that you were right. I *am* going to burst. My skin is so tight now that it does n't fit me at all, and I know I can't stand another warm shower like the last."

"Oh!" said the learned grain, in a quiet way (really learned people always have a quiet way), "I knew I was right, or I should n't have said so. I hope you don't find it very uncomfortable. I think I myself shall burst by to-morrow."

"Of course I find it uncomfortable," said the proud grain. "Who would n't find it uncomfortable to be two or three sizes too small for oneself! Pouf! Crack! There I go! I have split all up my right side, and I must say it's a relief."

"Crack! Pouf! so have I," said the learned grain. "Now we must begin to push up through the earth. I am sure my relation did that."

"Well, I should n't mind getting out into the air. It would be a change at least."

So each of them began to push her way through the earth as strongly as she could, and, sure enough, it was not long before the proud grain actually found herself out in the world again breathing the sweet air, under the blue sky, across which fleecy white clouds were drifting, and swift-winged, happy birds darting.

"It really is a lovely day," were the first words the proud grain said. It could n't help it. The sunshine was so delightful, and the birds chirped and twittered so merrily in the bare branches, and, more wonderful than all, the great field was brown no longer, but was covered with millions of little, fresh green blades, which trembled and bent their frail bodies before the light wind.

"This *is* an improvement," said the proud grain.

Then there was a little stir in the earth beside it, and up through the brown mould came the learned grain, fresh, bright, green, like the rest.

"I told you I was not a common grain of wheat," said the proud one.

"You are not a grain of wheat at all now," said the learned one, modestly. "You are a blade of wheat, and there are a great many others like you."

"See how green I am!" said the proud blade.

"Yes, you are very green," said its companion.

"You will not be so green when you are older."

The proud grain, which must be called a blade now, had plenty of change and company after this. It grew taller and taller every day, and made a great many new acquaintances as the weather grew warmer. These were little gold and green beetles living near it, who often passed it, and now and then stopped to talk a little about their children and their journeys under the soil. Birds dropped down from the sky sometimes to gossip and twitter of the nests they were building in the apple-trees, and the new songs they were learning to sing.

Once, on a very warm day, a great golden butterfly floating by on his large lovely wings, fluttered down softly and lit on the proud blade, who felt so much prouder when he did it that she trembled for joy.

"He admires me more than all the rest in the field, you see," it said, haughtily. "That is because I am so green."

"If I were you," said the learned blade, in its modest way, "I believe I would not talk so much about being green. People will make such ill-natured remarks when one speaks often of oneself."

"I am above such people," said the proud blade, "I can find nothing more interesting to talk of than myself."

As time went on, it was delighted to find that it grew taller than any other blade in the field, and threw out other blades; and at last there grew out of the top of its stalk ever so many plump, new little grains, all fitting closely together, and wearing tight little green covers.

"Look at me!" it said then. "I am the queen of all the wheat. I have a crown."

"No," said its learned companion. "You are now an ear of wheat."

And in a short time all the other stalks wore the same kind of crown, and it found out that the learned blade was right, and that it was only an ear, after all.

And now the weather had grown still warmer and the trees were covered with leaves, and the birds sang and built their nests in them and laid their little blue eggs, and in time, wonder-

ful to relate, there came baby birds, that were always opening their mouths for food, and crying "peep, peep," to their fathers and mothers. There were more butterflies floating about on their amber and purple wings, and the gold and green beetles were so busy they had no time to talk.

"Well!" said the proud ear of wheat (you remember it was an ear by this time) to its companion one day. "You see, you were right again. I am not so green as I was. I am turning yellow—but yellow is the color of gold, and I don't object to looking like gold."

"You will soon be ripe," said its friend.

"And what will happen then?"

"The reaping-machine will come and cut you down, and other strange things will happen."

"There I make a stand," said the proud ear, "I will *not* be cut down."

But it was just as the wise ear said it would be. Not long after, a reaping-machine was brought and driven back and forth in the field, and down went all the wheat ears before the great knives. But it did not hurt the wheat, of course, and only the proud ear felt angry.

"I am the color of gold," it said, "and yet they have dared to cut me down. What will they do next, I wonder?"

What they did next was to bunch it up with other wheat and tie it and stack it together, and then it was carried in a wagon and laid in the barn.

Then there was a great bustle after a while. The farmer's wife and daughters and her two servants began to work as hard as they could.

"The thrashers are coming," they said, "and we must make plenty of things for them to eat."

So they made pies and cakes and bread until their cupboards were full; and surely enough the thrashers did come with the thrashing-machine, which was painted red, and went "Puff! puff! puff! rattle! rattle!" all the time. And the proud wheat was thrashed out by it, and found itself in grains again and very much out of breath.

"I look almost as I was at first," it said; "only there are so many of me. I am grander than ever now. I was only one grain of wheat at first, and now I am at least fifty."

When it was put into a sack, it managed to get all its grains together in one place, so that it might feel as grand as possible. It was so proud that it felt grand, however much it was knocked about.

It did not lie in the sack very long this time before something else happened. One morning it heard the farmer's wife saying to the colored boy:

"Take this yere sack of wheat to the mill, Jerry. I want to try it when I make that thar cake for the boarders. Them two children from Washington city are powerful hands for cake."

So Jerry lifted the sack up and threw it over his shoulder, and carried it out into the spring-wagon.

"Now we are going to travel," said the proud wheat. "Don't let us be separated."

At that minute, there were heard two young voices, shouting:

"Jerry, take us in the wagon! Let us go to mill, Jerry! We want to go to mill."

And these were the very two boys who had played in the granary and made so much noise the summer before. They had grown a little bigger, and their yellow hair was longer, but they looked just as they used to, with their strong little legs and big brown eyes, and their sailor hats set so far back on their heads that it was a wonder they stayed on. And gracious! how they shouted and ran.

"What does yer mar say?" asked Jerry.

"Says we can go!" shouted both at once, as if Jerry had been deaf, which he was n't at all—quite the contrary.

So Jerry, who was very good-natured, lifted them in, and cracked his whip, and the horses started off. It was a long ride to the mill, but Lionel and Vivian were not too tired to shout again when they reached it. They shouted at sight of the creek and the big wheel turning round and round slowly, with the water dashing and pouring and foaming over it.

"What turns the wheel?" asked Vivian.

"The water, honey," said Jerry.

"What turns the water?"

"Well now, honey," said Jerry, "you hev me thar. I don't know nuffin 'bout it. Lors-a-massy, what a boy you is fur axin' dif'cult questions."

Then he carried the sack in to the miller, and said he would wait until the wheat was ground.

"Ground!" said the proud wheat. "We are going to be ground. I hope it is agreeable. Let us keep close together."

They did keep close together, but it was n't very agreeable to be poured into a hopper and then crushed into fine powder between two big stones.

"Makes nice flour," said the miller, rubbing it between his fingers.

"Flour!" said the wheat—which was wheat no longer. "Now I am flour, and I am finer than ever. How white I am! I really would rather be white than green or gold color. I wonder where the learned grain is, and if it is as fine and white as I am?"

But the learned grain and her family had been laid away in the granary for seed wheat.

Before the wagon reached the house again, the two boys were fast asleep in the bottom of it, and had to be helped out just as the sack was, and carried in.

The sack was taken into the kitchen at once and opened, and even in its wheat days the flour had never been so proud as it was when it heard the farmer's wife say :

"I'm going to make this into cake."

"Ah!" it said; "I thought so. Now I shall be rich, and admired by everybody."

The farmer's wife then took some of it out in a large white bowl, and after that she busied herself beating eggs and sugar and butter all together in another bowl: and after a while she took the flour and beat it in also.

"Now I am in grand company," said the flour. "The eggs and butter are the color of gold, the sugar is like silver or diamonds. This is the very society for me."

"The cake looks rich," said one of the daughters.

"It's rather too rich for them children," said her mother. "But Lawsey, I dunno, neither. Nothin' don't hurt 'em. I reckon they could eat a panel of rail fence and come to no harm."

"I'm rich," said the flour to itself. "That is just what I intended from the first. I am rich and I am cake."

Just then, a pair of big brown eyes came and peeped into it. They belonged to a round little head with a mass of tangled curls all over it—they belonged to Vivian.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Cake."

"Who made it?"

"I did."

"I like you," said Vivian. "You're such a nice woman. Who's going to eat any of it? Is Lionel?"

"I'm afraid it's too rich for boys," said the woman, but she laughed and kissed him.

"No," said Vivian. "I'm afraid it is n't."

"I shall be much too rich," said the cake, angrily. "Boys, indeed. I was made for something better than boys."

After that, it was poured into a cake-mold, and put into the oven, where it had rather an unpleasant time of it. It was so hot in there that if the farmer's wife had not watched it carefully, it would have been burned.

"But I am cake," it said. "And of the richest kind, so I can bear it, even if it is uncomfortable."

When it was taken out, it really was cake, and it felt as if it was quite satisfied. Every one who came into the kitchen and saw it, said :

"Oh, what nice cake! How well your new flour has done!"

But just once, while it was cooling, it had a curious, disagreeable feeling. It found, all at once, that the two boys, Lionel and Vivian, had come quietly into the kitchen and stood near the table

looking at the cake with their great eyes wide open and their little red mouths open, too.

"Dear me," it said. "How nervous I feel—actually nervous. What great eyes they have, and how they shine! And what are those sharp white things in their mouths? I really don't like them to look at me in that way. It seems like something personal. I wish the farmer's wife would come."

Such a chill ran over it, that it was quite cool when the woman came in, and she put it away in the cupboard on a plate.

But, that very afternoon, she took it out again and set it on the table on a glass cake-stand. She put some leaves around it to make it look nice, and it noticed that there were a great many other things on the table, and they all looked fresh and bright.

"This is all in my honor," it said. "They know I am rich."

Then several people came in and took chairs around the table.

"They all come in to sit and look at me," said the vain cake. "I wish the learned grain could see me now."

There was a little high-chair on each side of the table, and at first these were empty, but in a few minutes the door opened and in came the two little boys. They had pretty, clean dresses on, and their "bangs" and curls were bright with being brushed.

"Even they have been dressed up to do me honor," thought the cake.

But, the next minute, it began to feel quite nervous again. Vivian's chair was near the glass stand, and when he had climbed up and seated himself, he put one elbow on the table and rested his fat chin on his fat hand, and, fixing his eyes on the cake, sat and stared at it in such an unnaturally quiet manner for some seconds, that any cake might well have felt nervous.

"There's the cake," he said, at last, in such a deeply thoughtful voice that the cake felt faint with anger.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Some one drew the stand toward them and took a knife and cut out a large slice of the cake.

"Go away!" said the cake, though no one heard it. "I am cake! I am rich! I am not for boys! How dare you!"

Vivian stretched out his hand; he took the slice; he lifted it up, and then the cake saw his red mouth open—yes, open wider than it could have believed possible—wide enough to show two dreadful rows of little sharp white things.

"Good gra——" it began.

But it never said "cious." Never at all. For in two minutes Vivian had eaten it!!

And there was an end of its airs and graces.

## JAPANESE TOP-SPINNING.

BY J. REED SEVER.



THE TOP SPINNING ON THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

AT certain seasons of the year, top-spinning engages a great part of the leisure time of American and English boys, and some of them become very skillful. But Japanese jugglers are the people to spin tops, and I will try to describe some of their more difficult feats, as I saw them.

I was at a Japanese juggling entertainment, and when the first part of the performance was over, the men who had been acting cleared the stage, set on it a small table, a number of swords, and a little house, like the doll houses sold in toy shops, bowed low, and left. Immediately afterward, a richly-dressed Japanese made his appearance, carrying in his arms about a dozen tops, somewhat

resembling common humming-tops, each with a long thin stem run through the bulb-shaped part, and protruding at the top and bottom,—the top stem being cased in a loose sheath. Bowing to the spectators, the Japanese took one of the tops and twirled it briskly between his palms for a second or two; he then dropped it upon the table, where it spun around in that swiftly revolving, but apparently motionless state, that boy top-spinners call "sleeping." The Japanese indicated by signs that it would stop when he told it to, and turning toward the table, he lifted his hand as a command. No sooner had he done this than the top stopped as if it really had seen and understood the signal.

The Japanese picked up the top again, and, twirling it as before, placed it upon the table, where it spun itself to sleep. He then selected from the swords on the floor one with a long, keen blade, and lifting the top from the table by the sheath of the upper stem, placed the point of the lower stem carefully upon the edge of the blade, near the hilt. The top spun for some moments in this position, and then began to run slowly toward the point of the sword. When it had reached the point, it leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and continued to revolve for several moments in that difficult position, until it was caught in the juggler's hand just as it was about to stop spinning.

Throwing the sword to one side, the performer again made the top spin upon the table, and picking up five others started them also. He then stretched a thin wire across the stage, and taking the tops from the table, placed them one after another upon the wire, as he had previously placed the first one upon the edge of the sword. They spun around for a few seconds without moving; but suddenly, as if by one impulse, they all started on an excursion along the wire, balancing themselves as they went, with all the nicety of expert tight-rope walkers. Reaching the end of their trip, they dropped one by one into the hands of an assistant, who stood ready to catch them.

This trick was succeeded by a much more mysterious one. The Japanese walked to the side of the stage and untied a string, which as soon as it was loosed swung quickly to the middle of the stage, and then hung perpendicularly. After untying this string, the Japanese took a top from his assistant, and twirling it in his hand until it revolved quickly enough, he took hold of the end of the string, and, placing the stem of the top at right angles to it, left things to take care of themselves.

The top spun a short time at the end of the string, but soon it began to move slowly upward,

still spinning at right angles with the string. It continued in this way to move steadily upward until at length, it had traversed the entire distance, and was lost to view behind the "flies" over the stage.

When the applause that greeted this trick had subsided, the Japanese moved the doll-house to the center of the stage and placed it beside the table. He then set six tops, exactly alike in size and appearance, spinning upon the table, and taking a seventh in his hand, indicated to the spectators, by signs, that he would send it on a journey through the doll-house. He then sat down on the floor, and curling up his legs, Turk fashion, started the seventh top spinning. It ran along the floor until it reached a sort of inclined drawbridge leading to the entrance of the little house, and then went up slowly to, and through, the open door. The juggler waited a moment, as if expecting some signal from the now invisible top. His suspense was relieved an instant later by the tinkling of a silver bell, which indicated that the top had entered one of the tiny rooms. The Japanese held up one finger and waited, in a listening attitude, for a second signal. It came, as before, in the tinkle of a bell, upon hearing which the man held up two fingers. Finally, when ten rooms had been visited, and ten bells, rung in this way, had been counted on the performer's fingers, he arose and pointed toward the house, and toward the table, upon which the six tops were yet spinning. After a few moments, during which we silently watched the door of the house, the top that had been ringing the bells came quickly out of the entrance, ran down the drawbridge and dropped motionless at the feet of the Japanese. That same moment the tops on the table stopped, and dropped over on their sides.

You may fancy how we applauded, and what a puzzle this wonderful top-spinning was to me. I only hope that you may be more successful than I was in trying to unravel the mystery of it.

## THE DOLLS' BABY-SHOW,

By B. M. B.

It all began at a missionary-meeting.

"Do you want to make fifty children perfectly happy?" asked Sister Eliza, as we sat there together, we two girls and the sweet, self-denying woman with the peace in her face.

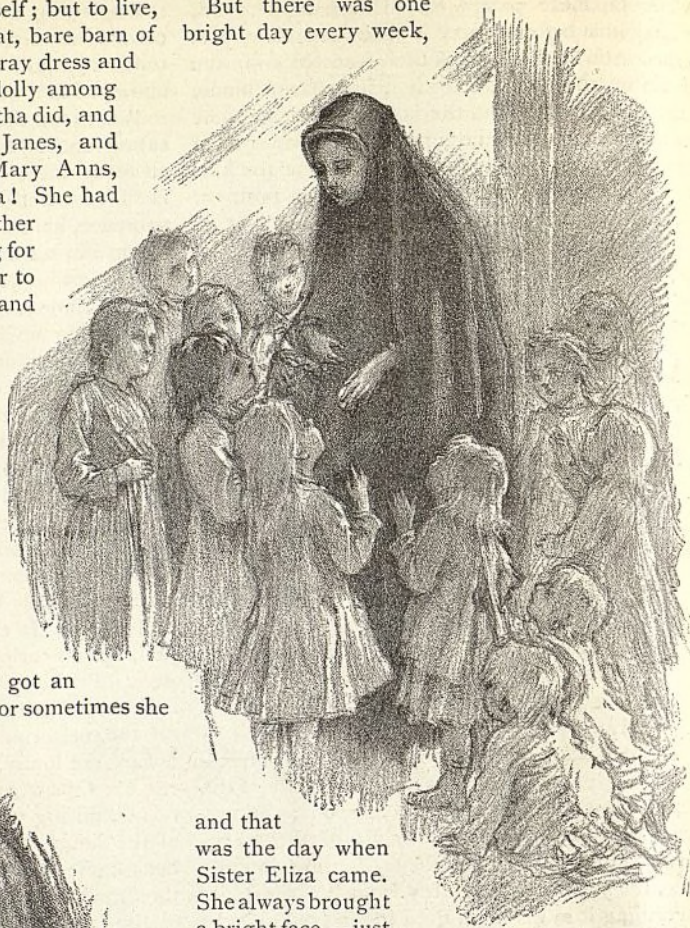
"Of course we do—but how?" was our exclamation, "what do you mean?" And what she meant, by making fifty children perfectly happy, and how

she thought that we could do this good thing, and how, when we heard about it, we determined to do it, and how we did it, and how the dolls' baby-show came about, and what it really was, and what followed this novel baby-show,—is just what we propose to tell to those who care about making children happy and who choose to read our story.

It is n't a pleasant thing to have no father and

no mother and no home by one's self; but to live, fifty children, all together, in a great, bare barn of a house, every one with the same gray dress and the same white apron, and not a dolly among them all! Yet this was what Tabitha did, and forty-nine other Tabithas, and Janes, and Elizas, and Carries, Nellys, and Mary Anns, along with her. Poor little Tabitha! She had nobody to love her. When her father and mother died, there was nothing for the neighbors to do but to send her to the orphan-asylum of the county, and this was where she was, not many miles from New York itself. There was a great long room, with columns down the middle; no carpet on the floor; nothing pretty on the walls; twenty-six cold-looking beds straight along the sides,—and this was all the home poor little Tabitha had. Some of the other children were sick and dreadful, and she had n't very good times playing with them. How she would have liked to have a doll! Sometimes she got an old newspaper and twisted it up, or sometimes she

But there was one bright day every week,



SISTER ELIZA'S VISIT.



TAKING CARE OF NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

made believe with a pillow-case; but if she could only have a real, live doll! A real, live doll!

and that was the day when Sister Eliza came. She always brought a bright face,—just like sunshine, after

they had n't been out for a week, Tabitha thought,—and pleasant words, and goodies. Candy? Bless you, no! These poor, little gray ducklings never saw a peppermint stick. But she brought always a little paper of sweet crackers, just enough for two bites all around, and that was pudding, and pie, and candy, and marmalade to them for a whole week. And one day, the very day before Christmas, she came with her brightness and her crackers, and—something else! Something, she said, that a kind lady had given her, and that they should know all about on Christmas-day. The children wondered what it could be,—more crackers? a Christmas-cake? perhaps only shoes and stockings,—everybody sent them shoes and stockings, shoes with the toes out, and stockings with the heels darned, so that they hurt. They talked about nothing else. Tabitha stayed awake almost all the night thinking it over, and then dreamed about it till she woke up Christmas morning.

"Liza," said she, to her little bed-neighbor,

before she had said "Merry Christmas!" even, "Liza, what do you think I dreamed about last night: Oh, I dreamed—oh, it wath such a nice dream! I dreamed that Sister Sunshine's bundle (that 's what the children called her) that she would n't let us know anythin' about, wath a funny little square box, an' she left it in the closet, an' then I woke up in the middle of the night an' Santa Clauth he came down the register and he opened the closet door, an' the little box it grew and it grew, an' by and by it wath a big, *big*, BIG baby house, an' out came a big doll, an' then a littler doll, and then heaps of littler dolls, and their heads were all made of sweet crackers, and they kept dancing about all 'round in the air with a funny kind o' light about their heads, and one of them came bobbing up to me and says, 'Eat

Sure enough there was a dolly! Not fifty dolls, indeed, but one! A big, funny, rag dolly, tied to the post in the middle of the room, and "Merry Christmas!" written over it. Tabitha's cry had roused up all the other forty-nine children from the twenty-six white beds, and in an instant they had all jumped out—all but the two little sick ones in beds by themselves who could n't get up at all—and were dancing round the post in their night-gowns, trying to get a hug at the 'most suffocated doll. Such a noise they made, and such a quarrel they began to get into,—yes, a quarrel even on Christmas morning,—that the matron came running in, and actually took the dolly away. The poor disappointed faces! But after breakfast they were to have the doll again, and each child, the matron said, should have it five minutes for her



AT THE DOLL BABY-SHOW.

me up!' an' I bit off its head, an' I was so sorry, an' I bit my tongue, too; and I woke up an'—oh-h-h, my goodness! There is a dolly!"

very own. The children who came next actually stood in line waiting their turns, and by the time each of them had given the poor doll fifty hugs

and thirty kisses apiece, it was so worn to pieces that it did not seem as though it could live through the night, the matron said. In the midst of it, in came Sister Sunshine herself, and such a welcome as she had. Presently little Tabitha crept up to her and told her her dream.

"I fink it 's weal nice to dweam," said Tabitha, "when you can't have things weally an' twuly; an' when I waked up and saw that dear dolly, I thought my dweam had weally come twue. Only it does take so long to go wound, and I only had it such a little bit of a minute to myself."

"Dear little souls," said Sister Eliza to herself, "next Christmas you shall have a dolly each to yourself." And this was how she was to make fifty children "*per*-fectly happy."

Meanwhile, the dolly lived in the orphan asylum with the fifty children. She was almost bigger than the smallest child, and the matron always called her "Fifty-one," so that this got to be her name. By and by one of the little sick children died, on Easter day, and when summer came two new children were brought in; but dolly stayed "Fifty-one." One doll to fifty children! Fifty

boy doll she was married to, and the rag-baby, and all the paper dolls that are its lineal descendants! This one dolly had a hard time of it. She had so much hugging that it gave her the chromatics, which is a curious doll disease, when they get very black and blue and dirty-like, particularly in the face, and the feet begin to drop off, and the stuffing (if it 's a stuffed doll) comes out. Her best friend

would n't have recognized her; but she lived a whole year, and to these poor little children, who had no "folks" of their own, she was papa, mamma, and brother and sister, all together. They actually remembered her in their prayers, and one queer little girl made a rhyme, which they said after "Now I lay me to:"

"And till the birds wake up  
the sun,  
Dear Lord, take care of  
Fifty-one!"

Every time that Sister Eliza saw the doll, it put her in mind of her promise. That was how we came into the story. She asked us if we could n't get our friends to give us fifty dolls,—old ones the girls did not want; and we thought we could, and said we would. But we had forgotten a very important matter,—that nobody ever saw, or heard of, or dreamt of a single, solitary doll, brainless or headless, banged or stuffingless, without arms or without feet, that its little mother did not cling to as "her own dear child." So we began to take up contributions for new dollies, when a generous friend sent us—as a Christmas gift for the poor—



"THE CHILDREN STOOD IN LINE WAITING THEIR TURNS."

dolls to one child would not be so very remarkable,—the every-day doll, and grandmother's doll, and the doll Aunt Lottie brought from Paris, and the

to as "her own dear child." So we began to take up contributions for new dollies, when a generous friend sent us—as a Christmas gift for the poor—

the dollies themselves, fifty and to spare, packed like sardines in boxes of six, and all of them twins. So alike, indeed, that you could only tell them apart by their boots, which were pink, and green, and blue, and black, and almost any color you can think of.

And now the dolls began to start on their travels, for we had engaged all our friends as doll-dress-makers, and the dressmakers lived pretty much all over the country. The dolls went by cars, they went by boat, they went by pocket. One found her way to Staten Island, where was a little girl who wanted to dress at least one, and she came back as though she had been to Paris and had her dress made by the man dressmaker, Worth,—a real Miss Flora McFlimsey. Presently the door-bell began to ring at all sorts of hours, and they all came trooping, one after another, "back to mamma's, home again!" Now you could tell them apart easily: here was a French *bonne*, with her white cap and white apron; here a black-hooded nun; here a little boy in a Scottish suit; here two sailor laddies; another dressed just like Sister Eliza herself; and still another in the gray gown of the asylum children they were all to visit. If those dolls could only have told the stories of their travels, what a book they would make!

So the dolls were all home again, waiting for Christmas morning. You could n't go anywhere in the house but a new doll would seem to pop out. And then everybody said we must have a baby-show. We wanted to give the fifty children some candy, too, and make their cold, bare room pretty, for once, with Christmas-greens, and now the dolls themselves should earn the money to buy their mammas candy. Then came the show!

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, only ten cents admission, to see the prize baby, and the biggest baby in the world, and the smallest baby in the world, and everyone the best baby in the world,—ten cents admission, fifty babies, five for a cent,—walk in, ladies and gentlemen," said the manageress, a Mrs. Jarley with doll-babies instead of wax-works, to those who gave their tickets at our parlor door. And such a show of babies! Shawls and sashes, hung around the walls, served as screens and decorations, and ranged around were not only the fifty dollies themselves, but lots of other dollies who had been sent in as prize babies. As they could n't tell their own names, placards did it for them. Here were "other people's children," mischievous as "Budge and Toddie," but quiet as mice. Over them was the little girl who was "born with a silver spoon in her mouth," dressed as fine as a fiddle, and next to her the one "born with no spoon at all," in sober homespun. "The convalescent" sat up in her tiny bed, looking as pretty as a pink.

Opposite to her was "a child of the dark ages," a dreadful rag-baby thing, made of a pillow and a black mask, with curls of carpenters' shavings. And in the back-room were the talking midgets,— "no extra charge,"—for the two boys had covered a table with a sheet, and dressed up their hands as



"SILVER SPOON" AND "NO SPOON AT ALL."

doll-babies, which stood on the table, while they hid themselves underneath, and asked conundrums, and answered questions from the audience.

The baby-show was a success; we counted the money after each new-comer bought a ticket, and the last time of counting we had eight dollars and forty cents. This bought us fifty fine large cornucopias, and candy to fill them all, and a great bundle of Christmas-greens. What fun we had buying the candy, and filling the horns! And when Christmas-eve at last came, the fifty dolls said good-by, marched out of the house into an expressman's carriage, and so rode off to the asylum.

Fifty dolls had never been seen there before, and their arrival created a grand excitement. But they were kept quiet from the children till Christmas morning, and on Christmas morning they woke up to find the great room dressed with greens, the Star in the East at one end and at the other the Cross, and festoons of greenery all between, and a dolly and candy for each one. Tabitha's dream had come true. Her bed-neighbor, 'Liza, was no longer there; they had found for her a home in the great, far West, where kind people would take care of her until she grew up to be a little serving-maid,—to milk the cows and help about the house. But little Tabitha told her dream to 'Lisbeth, who had taken 'Liza's place, and hugged and squeezed her dolly, "her very own all the whole time." And

so each of the fifty dolls found a new mamma and each of fifty children was made "*per-fectly* happy." Only most of them ate their candy so all at once, that the doctor had to

think. The children were most of them not pretty and not bright,—not very merry, even,—and we could not but think of the prettier, and brighter, and happier children we knew. One little, sick child with red, weak eyes hugged her dolly tight, as though she could n't have so good a time very long.

"Well, you've got your dolly at last; you're always hugging up some bundle or other," said the nurse.



"PERFECTLY HAPPY."

come next day, and give them each a dreadful dose of medicine.

Sister Eliza and we two girls came later in the day,—and did we laugh or did we cry? Both, I

The days are dull for these poor things, they have not much to brighten them; we were very glad we had made the Star in the East shine once into their lives with Christmas brightness.

## BIDDING THE SUN "GOOD-NIGHT" IN LAPLAND.

BY JOY ALLISON.

WHEN the short, bright summer of Lapland is ended, and the sun is about to set, to rise no more for seven or eight months, the people of the hamlets and villages ascend the neighboring hills to see the last of the Day God, and chant a requiem, or farewell psalm, for the parting day.

"COME, little daughters, hasten,  
Ye should be bravely dight!  
Make ready, boys! for we go forth  
To bid the sun good-night.

"Four months with steady shining  
He's made the whole earth fair,  
And myriad blossoms greeted him,  
And bird-songs filled the air.

"But now October waneth;  
His setting draweth near;

We shall not see his face again  
For more than half a year."

So forth they go, together,  
Parents and children, all,  
The aged, and the little ones,  
Young men, and maidens tall.

From many a neighboring village,  
From many a humble home,  
To climb the rocky summit  
The thronging people come.

The sun hangs low in heaven ;  
He throws his slanting rays  
Across their loving faces, turned  
To meet his parting gaze.

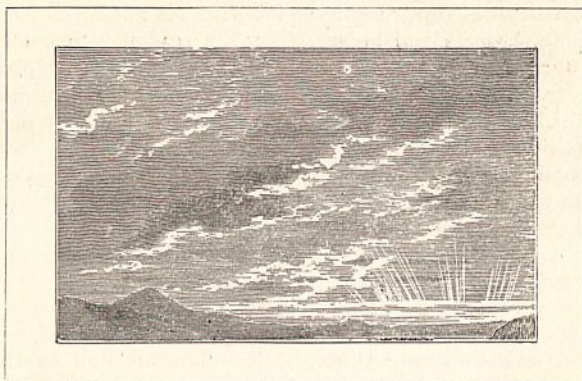
And now he 's gone ! The darkness  
Is settling like a pall,  
A long low dirge of sad farewell  
Breaks from the lips of all ;

In mournful cadence chanting  
The requiem of the sun,

The dear bright day departed now,  
The long, long night begun.

And yet with cheerful patience  
They take their homeward way,  
The elders talking how the time  
May best be whiled away.

And many a youthful face is bright  
With glad expectance still,  
And many a merry little child  
Goes dancing down the hill.



## JACK AND JILL.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WARD NO. I.

FOR some days, nothing was seen and little was heard of the "dear sufferers," as the old ladies called them. But they were not forgotten ; the first words uttered when any of the young people met were : "How is Jack ?" "Seen Jill yet ?" and all waited with impatience for the moment when they could be admitted to their favorite mates, more than ever objects of interest now.

Meantime, the captives spent the first few days in sleep, pain, and trying to accept the hard fact that school and play were done with for months perhaps. But young spirits are wonderfully elastic and soon cheer up, and healthy young bodies heal fast, or easily adapt themselves to new conditions. So our invalids began to mend on the fourth day, and to drive their nurses distracted with efforts to amuse them, before the first week was over.

The most successful attempt originated in Ward No. 1, as Mrs. Minot called Jack's apartment,

and we will give our sympathizing readers some idea of this place, which became the stage whereon were enacted many varied and remarkable scenes.

Each of the Minot boys had his own room, and there collected his own treasures and trophies, arranged to suit his convenience and taste. Frank's was full of books, maps, machinery, chemical messes, and geometrical drawings, which adorned the walls like intricate cobwebs. A big chair, where he read and studied with his heels higher than his head, a basket of apples for refreshment at all hours of the day or night, and an immense inkstand, in which several pens were always apparently bathing their feet, were the principal ornaments of his scholastic retreat.

Jack's hobby was athletic sports, for he was bent on having a strong and active body for his happy little soul to live and enjoy itself in. So, a severe simplicity reigned in his apartment ; in summer, especially, for then his floor was bare, his windows were uncurtained, and the chairs uncushioned, the

bed being as narrow and hard as Napoleon's. The only ornaments were dumb-bells, whips, bats, rods, skates, boxing-gloves, a big bath-pan and a small library, consisting chiefly of books on games, horses, health, hunting, and travels. In winter, his mother made things more comfortable by introducing rugs, curtains, and a fire. Jack, also, relented slightly in the severity of his training, occasionally indulging in the national buckwheat cake, instead of the prescribed oatmeal porridge, for breakfast, omitting his cold bath when the thermometer was below zero, and dancing at night, instead of running a given distance by day.

Now, however, he was a helpless captive, given over to all sorts of coddling, laziness, and luxury, and there was a droll mixture of mirth and melancholy in his face, as he lay trussed up in bed, watching the comforts which had suddenly robbed his bower of its Spartan simplicity. A delicious couch was there, with Frank reposing in its depths, half hidden under several folios which he was consulting for a history of the steam-engine, the subject of his next composition.

A white-covered table stood near, with all manner of dainties set forth in a way to tempt the sternest principles. Vases of flowers bloomed on the chimney-piece,—gifts from anxious young ladies, left with their love. Frivolous story-books and picture-papers strewed the bed, now shrouded in effeminate chintz-curtains, beneath which Jack lay like a wounded warrior in his tent. But the saddest sight for our crippled athlete was a glimpse, through a half-opened door, at the beloved dumb-bells, bats, balls, boxing-gloves, and snow-shoes, all piled ignominiously away in the bath-pan, mournfully recalling the fact that their day was over, now, at least for some time.

He was about to groan dismally, when his eye fell on a sight which made him swallow the groan, and cough instead, as if it choked him a little. The sight was his mother's face, as she sat in a low chair rolling bandages, with a basket beside her in which were piles of old linen, lint, plaster, and other matters, needed for the dressing of wounds. As he looked, Jack remembered how steadily and tenderly she had stood by him all through the hard times just past, and how carefully she had bathed and dressed his wound each day in spite of the effort it cost her to give him pain or even see him suffer.

"That's a better sort of strength than swinging twenty-pound dumb-bells or running races; I guess I'll try for that kind, too, and not howl or let her see me squirm when the doctor hurts," thought the boy, as he saw that gentle face so pale and tired with much watching and anxiety, yet so patient, serene, and cheerful, that it was like sunshine.

"Lie down and take a good nap, mother dear, I feel first-rate, and Frank can see to me if I want anything. Do, now," he added, with a persuasive nod toward the couch, and a boyish relish in stirring up his lazy brother.

After some urging, mamma consented to go to her room for forty winks, leaving Jack in the care of Frank, begging him to be as quiet as possible if the dear boy wished to sleep, and to amuse him if he did not.

Being worn out, Mrs. Minot lengthened her forty winks into a three hours' nap, and as the "dear boy" scorned repose, Mr. Frank had his hands full while on guard.

"I'll read to you. Here's Watt, Arkwright, Fulton, and a lot of capital fellows, with pictures that will do your heart good. Have a bit, will you?" asked the new nurse, flapping the leaves invitingly,—for Frank had a passion for such things, and drew steam-engines all over his slate, as Tommy Traddles drew hosts of skeletons when low in his spirits.

"I don't want any of your old boilers and stokers and whirligigs. I'm tired of reading, and want something regularly jolly," answered Jack, who had been chasing white buffaloes with "The Hunters of the West," till he was a trifle tired and fractious.

"Play cribbage, euchre, anything you like," and Frank obligingly disinterred himself from under the folios, feeling that it *was* hard for a fellow to lie flat a whole week.

"No fun; just two of us. Wish school was over, so the boys would come in; doctor said I might see them now."

"They'll be along by and by, and I'll hail them. Till then, what shall we do? I'm your man for anything, only put a name to it."

"Just wish I had a telegraph or a telephone, so I could talk to Jill. Would n't it be fun to pipe across and get an answer!"

"I'll make either you say," and Frank looked as if trifles of that sort were to be had for the asking.

"Could you, really?"

"We'll start the telegraph first, then you can send things over if you like," said Frank, prudently proposing the surest experiment.

"Go ahead, then. I'd like that, and so would Jill, for I know she wants to hear from me."

"There's one trouble, though; I shall have to leave you alone for a few minutes while I rig up the ropes," and Frank looked sober, for he was a faithful boy, and did not want to desert his post.

"Oh, never mind; I won't want anything. If I do, I can pound for Ann."

"And wake mother. I'll fix you a better way than that," and, full of inventive genius, our young Edison spliced the poker to part of a fishing-rod in a jiffy, making a long-handled hook which reached across the room.

"There's an arm for you; now hook away, and let's see how it works," he said, handing over the instrument to Jack, who proceeded to show its unexpected capabilities by hooking the cloth off the table in attempting to get his handkerchief, catching Frank by the hair when fishing for a book, and breaking a pane of glass in trying to draw down the curtain.

"It's so everlasting long, I can't manage it," laughed Jack, as it finally caught in his bed-hangings, and nearly pulled them, ring and all, down upon his head.

"Let it alone, unless you need something very much, and don't bother about the glass. It's just what we want for the telegraph wire or rope to go through. Keep still, and I'll have the thing running in ten minutes," and, delighted with the job, Frank hurried away, leaving Jack to compose a message to send as soon as it was possible.

"What in the world is that flying across Minot's yard—a brown hen or a boy's kite?" exclaimed old Miss Hopkins, peering out of her window at the singular performances going on in her opposite neighbor's garden.

First, Frank appeared with a hatchet and chopped a clear space in the hedge between his own house and the cottage; next, a clothes line was passed through this aperture and fastened somewhere on the other side; lastly, a small covered basket, slung on this rope, was seen hitching along, drawn either way by a set of strings; then, as if satisfied with his job, Frank retired, whistling "Hail Columbia."

"It's those children at their pranks again. I thought broken bones would n't keep them out of mischief long," said the old lady, watching with great interest the mysterious basket traveling up and down the rope from the big house to the cottage.

If she had seen what came and went over the wires of the "Great International Telegraph," she would have laughed till her spectacles flew off her Roman nose. A letter from Jack, with a large orange, went first, explaining the new enterprise:

"DEAR JILL: It's too bad you can't come over to see me. I am pretty well, but awful tired of keeping still. I want to see you ever so much. Frank has fixed us a telegraph, so we can write and send things. Wont it be jolly! I can't look out to see him do it; but, when you pull your string, my little bell rings, and I know a message is coming. I send you an orange. Do you like *gorver* jelly? People send in lots of goodies, and we will go halves. Good-by."

"JACK."

Away went the basket, and in fifteen minutes

it came back from the cottage with nothing in it but the orange.

"Hullo! is she mad?" asked Jack, as Frank brought the dispatch for him to examine.

But, at the first touch, the hollow peel opened, and out fell a letter, two gum-drops, and an owl made of a pea-nut, with round eyes drawn at the end where the stem formed a funny beak. Two bits of straw were the legs, and the face looked so like Dr. Whiting that both boys laughed at the sight.

"That's so like Jill; she'd make fun if she was half dead. Let's see what she says," and Jack read the little note, which showed a sad neglect of the spelling-book.

"DEAR JACKY: I can't stir and its horrid. The telly graf is very nice and we will have fun with it. I never ate any *gorver* jelly. The orange was first rate. Send me a book to read. All about bears and ships and crockydiles. The doctor was coming to see you, so I sent him the quickest way. Molly Loo says it is dreadful lonesome at school without us.—Yours truly, JILL."

Jack immediately dispatched the book and a sample of guava jelly, which unfortunately upset on the way, to the great detriment of "The Wild Beasts of Asia and Africa." Jill promptly responded with the loan of a tiny black kitten, who emerged spitting and scratching, to Jack's great delight; and he was cudgeling his brains as to how a fat white rabbit could be transported, when a shrill whistle from without saved Jill from that inconvenient offering.

"It's the fellows; do you want to see them?" asked Frank, gazing down with calm superiority upon the three eager faces which looked up at him.

"Guess I do!" and Jack promptly threw the kitten overboard, scorning to be seen by any manly eye amusing himself with such girlish toys.

Bang! went the front door; tramp, tramp, tramp, came six booted feet up the stairs; and, as Frank threw wide the door, three large beings paused on the threshold to deliver the courteous "Hullo!" which is the established greeting among boys on all social occasions.

"Come along, old fellows; I'm ever so glad to see you!" cried the invalid, with such energetic demonstrations of the arms that he looked as if about to fly or crow, like an excited young cockerel.

"How are you, Major?"

"Does the leg ache much, Jack?"

"Mr. Phipps says you'll have to pay for the new rails."

With these characteristic greetings, the gentlemen cast away their hats and sat down, all grinning cheerfully, and all with eyes irresistibly fixed upon the dainties, which proved too much for the politeness of ever-hungry boys.

"Help yourselves," said Jack, with a hospitable wave. "All the dear old ladies in town have been sending in nice things, and I can't begin to eat them up. Lend a hand and clear away this lot, or we shall have to pitch them out of the window. Bring on the doughnuts and the tarts and the shaky stuff in the entry closet, Frank, and let's have a lark."

No sooner said than done. Gus took the tarts, Joe the doughnuts, Ed the jelly, and Frank suggested "spoons all round" for the Italian cream. A few trifles in the way of custard, fruit, and wafer biscuits were not worth mentioning; but every dish was soon emptied, and Jack said, as he surveyed the scene of devastation with great satisfaction:

"Call again to-morrow, gentlemen, and we will have another bout. Free lunches at 5 P. M. till further notice. Now tell me all the news."

For half an hour, five tongues went like mill clappers, and there is no knowing when they would have stopped if the little bell had not suddenly rung with a violence that made them jump.

"That's Jill; see what she wants, Frank;" and while his brother sent off the basket, Jack told about the new invention, and invited his mates to examine and admire.

They did so, and shouted with merriment when the next dispatch from Jill arrived. A pasteboard jumping-jack, with one leg done up in cotton-wool to preserve the likeness, and a great lump of molasses candy in a brown paper, with accompanying note:

"DEAR SIR: I saw the boys go in, and know you are having a nice time, so I send over the candy Molly Loo and Merry brought me. Mammy says I can't eat it, and it will all melt away if I keep it. Also a picture of Jack Minot, who will dance on one leg and waggle the other, and make you laugh. I wish I could come, too. Don't you hate growl? I do.—In haste,  
J. P."

"Let's all send her a letter," proposed Jack, and out came pens, ink, paper, and the lamp, and every one fell to scribbling. A droll collection was the result, for Fred drew a picture of the fatal fall, with broken rails flying in every direction, Jack with his head swollen to the size of a balloon, and Jill in two pieces, while the various boys and girls were hit off with a sly skill that gave Gus legs like a stork, Molly Loo hair several yards long, and Boo a series of visible howls coming out of an immense mouth in the shape of o's. The oxen were particularly good, for their horns branched like those of the moose, and Mr. Grant had a patriarchal beard which waved in the breeze as he bore the wounded girl to a sled very like a funeral pyre, the stakes being crowned with big mittens like torches.

"You ought to be an artist. I never saw such

a dabster as you are. That's the very moral of Joe, all in a bunch on the fence, with a blot to show how purple his nose was," said Gus, holding up the sketch for general criticism and admiration.

"I'd rather have a red nose than legs like a grasshopper; so you need n't twit, Daddy," growled Joe, quite unconscious that a blot actually did adorn his nose, as he labored over a brief dispatch.

The boys enjoyed the joke, and one after the other read out his message to the captive lady:

"DEAR JILL: Sorry you ain't here. Great fun. Jack pretty lively. Laura and Lot would send love if they knew of the chance. Fly round and get well.  
Gus."

"DEAR GILLIFLOWER: Hope you are pretty comfortable in your 'dungeon cell.' Would you like a serenade when the moon comes? Hope you will soon be up again, for we miss you very much. Shall be very happy to help in any way I can. Love to your mother. Your true friend,  
E. D."

"MISS PECQ.

"Dear Madam: I am happy to tell you that we are all well, and hope you are the same. I gave Jem Cox a licking because he went to your desk. You had better send for your books. You won't have to pay for the sled or the fence. Jack says he will see to it. We have been having a spread over here. First rate things, I would n't mind breaking a leg if I had such good grub and no chores to do. No more now, from yours with esteem,  
JOSEPH P. FLINT."

Joe thought that an elegant epistle, having copied portions of it from the "Letter Writer," and proudly read it off to the boys, who assured him that Jill would be much impressed.

"Now Jack, hurry up and let us send the lot off, for we must go," said Gus, as Frank put the letters in the basket, and the clatter of tea-things was heard below.

"I'm not going to show mine. It's private and you must n't look," answered Jack, putting down an envelope with such care that no one had a chance to peep.

But Joe had seen the little note copied, and, while the others were at the window working the telegraph he caught up the original, carelessly thrust by Jack under the pillow, and read it aloud before any one knew what he was about.

"MY DEAR: I wish I could send you some of my good times. As I can't, I send you much love, and I hope you will try and be patient as I am going to, for it was our fault, and we must not make a fuss now. Aint mothers sweet? Mine is coming over to-morrow to see you and tell me how you are. This round thing is a kiss for good-night.  
YOUR JACK."

"Is n't that spoony? You'd better hide your face, I think. He's getting to be a regular molly-coddle, is n't he?" jeered Joe, as the boys laughed, and then grew sober, seeing Jack's head buried in the bedclothes, after sending a pillow at his tormentor.

It nearly hit Mrs. Minot, coming in with her

patient's tea on a tray, and, at sight of her, the guests hurriedly took leave, Joe nearly tumbling down-stairs to escape from Frank, who would have followed, if his mother had not said, quickly:

"Stay, and tell me what is the matter."

"Only teasing Jack a bit. Don't be mad, old boy, Joe did n't mean any harm, and it *was* rather soft, now was n't it?" asked Frank, trying to appease the wounded feelings of his brother.

"I charged you not to worry him. Those boys were too much for the poor dear, and I ought not to have left him," said mamma, as she vainly

"Serves him right," muttered Jack with a frown. Then, as a wail arose suggestive of an unpleasant mixture of snow in the mouth and thumps on the back, he burst out laughing, and said good-naturedly, "Go and stop them, Frank, I wont mind, only tell him it was a mean trick. Hurry, Gus is so strong, and he does n't know how his pounding hurts."

Off ran Frank, and Jack told his wrongs to his mother. She sympathized heartily, and saw no harm in the affectionate little note, which would please Jill, and help her to bear her trials patiently.



"'HELP YOURSELVES!' SAID JACK."

endeavored to find and caress the yellow head, burrowed so far out of sight that nothing but one red ear was visible.

"He liked it, and we got on capitally till Joe roughed him about Jill. Ah, Joe's getting it now! I thought Gus and Ed would do that little job for me," added Frank, running to the window as the sound of stifled cries and laughter reached him.

The red ear heard also, and Jack popped up his head to ask with interest:

"What are they doing to him?"

"Rolling him in the snow, and he's howling like fun."

"It is n't silly to be fond of her, is it? She is so nice and funny, and tries to be good, and likes me, and I wont be ashamed of my friends, if folks do laugh," protested Jack, with a rap of his tea-spoon.

"No, dear, it is quite kind and proper, and I'd rather have you play with a merry little girl, than with rough boys, till you are big enough to hold your own," answered mamma, putting the cup to his lips that the reclining lad might take his broma without spilling.

"Pooh! I do n't mean that, I'm strong enough now to take care of myself," cried Jack, stoutly.

"I can thrash Joe any day, if I like. Just look at my

arm; there's muscle for you!" and up went a sleeve, to the great danger of overturning the tray, as the boy proudly displayed his biceps and expanded his chest, both of which were very fine for a lad of his years. "If I'd been on my legs, he would n't have dared to insult me, and it was cowardly to hit a fellow when he was down."

Mrs. Minot wanted to laugh at Jack's indignation, but the bell rang, and she had to go and pull in the basket, much amused at the new game.

Burning to distinguish herself in the eyes of the big boys, Jill had sent over a tall, red-flannel night-cap, which she had been making for some proposed Christmas plays, and added the following verse, for she was considered a gifted rhymester at the game parties:

"When it comes night,  
We put out the light.  
Some blow with a puff,  
Some turn down and snuff,  
But neat folks prefer  
A nice extinguisher.  
So here I send you back  
One to put on Mr. Jack."

"Now, I call that regularly smart; not one of us could do it, and I just wish Joe was here to see it. I want to send once more, something good for tea; she hates gruel so," and the last dispatch which the Great International Telegraph carried that day was a baked apple and a warm muffin, with "J. M's best regards."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WARD NO. 2.

THINGS were not so gay in Ward No. 2, for Mrs. Pecq was very busy, and Jill had nothing to amuse her but flying visits from the girls, and such little plays as she could invent for herself in bed. Fortunately, she had a lively fancy, and so got on pretty well, till keeping still grew unbearable, and the active child ached in every limb to be up and out. That, however, was impossible, for the least attempt to sit or stand brought on the pain that took her breath away and made her glad to lie flat again. The doctor spoke cheerfully, but looked sober, and Mrs. Pecq began to fear that Janey was to be a cripple for life. She said nothing, but Jill's quick eyes saw an added trouble in the always anxious face, and it depressed her spirits, though she never guessed half the mischief the fall had done.

The telegraph was a great comfort, and the two invalids kept up a lively correspondence, not to say traffic in light articles, for the Great International was the only aerial express in existence. But even this amusement flagged after a time; neither had much to tell, and when the daily health bulletins had been exchanged, messages gave out, and the basket's travels grew more and more infrequent.

Neither could read all the time, games were soon used up, their mates were at school most of the day, and after a week or two the poor children began to get pale and fractious with the confinement, always so irksome to young people.

"I do believe the child will fret herself into a fever, mem, and I'm clean distraught to know what to do for her. She never used to mind trifles, but now she frets about the oddest things, and I can't change them. This wall-paper is well enough, but she has taken a fancy that the spots on it look like spiders, and it makes her nervous. I've no other warm place to put her, and no money for a new paper. Poor lass! there are hard times before her, I'm fearing."

Mrs. Pecq said this in a low voice to Mrs. Minot, who came in as often as she could, to see what her neighbor needed; for both mothers were anxious, and sympathy drew them to one another. While one woman talked, the other looked about the little room, not wondering in the least that Jill found it hard to be contented there. It was very neat, but so plain that there was not even a picture on the walls, nor an ornament upon the mantel, except the necessary clock, lamp and match-box. The paper was ugly, being a deep buff with a brown figure that did look very like spiders sprawling over it, and might well make one nervous to look at day after day.

Jill was asleep in the folding chair Dr. Whiting had sent, with a mattress to make it soft. The back could be raised or lowered at will; but only a few inches had been gained as yet, and the thin hair pillow was all she could bear. She looked very pretty as she lay, with dark lashes against the feverish cheeks, lips apart, and a cloud of curly black locks all about the face pillowed on one arm. She seemed like a brilliant little flower in that dull place,—for the French blood in her veins gave her a color, warmth, and grace which were very charming. Her natural love of beauty showed itself in many ways: a red ribbon had tied up her hair, a gay but faded shawl was thrown over the bed, and the gifts sent her were arranged with care upon the table by her side among her own few toys and treasures. There was something pathetic in this childish attempt to beautify the poor place, and Mrs. Minot's eyes were full as she looked at the tired woman, whose one joy and comfort lay there in such sad plight.

"My dear soul, cheer up, and we will help one another through the hard times," she said, with a soft hand on the rough one and a look that promised much.

"Please God, we will, mem! With such good friends, I never should complain. I try not to do it, but it breaks my heart to see my little lass

spoiled for life, most like," and Mrs. Pecq pressed the kind hand with a despondent sigh.

"We won't say, or even think, that, yet. Everything is possible to youth and health like Janey's. We must keep her happy, and time will do the rest, I'm sure. Let us begin at once, and have a surprise for her when she wakes."

As she spoke, Mrs. Minot moved quietly about the room, pinning the pages of several illustrated papers against the wall at the foot of the bed, and placing to the best advantage the other comforts she had brought.

"Keep up your heart, neighbor. I have an idea in my head which I think will help us all, if I can carry it out," she said, cheerily, as she went, leaving Mrs. Pecq to sew on Jack's new night-gowns, with swift fingers, and the grateful wish that she might work for these good friends forever.

As if the whispering and rustling had disturbed her, Jill soon began to stir, and slowly opened the eyes which had closed so wearily on the dull December afternoon. The bare wall with its brown spiders no longer confronted her, but the colored print of a little girl dancing to the tune her father was playing on a guitar, while a stately lady, with satin dress, ruff, and powder, stood looking on, well pleased. The quaint figure, in its belaced frock, quilted petticoat, and red-heeled shoes, seemed to come tripping toward her in such a life-like way, that she almost saw the curls blow back, heard the rustle of the rich brocade, and caught the sparkle of the little maid's bright eyes.

"Oh, how pretty! Who sent them?" asked Jill, eagerly, as her eye glanced along the wall, seeing other new and interesting things beyond: an elephant-hunt, a ship in full sail, a horse race, and a ball-room.

"The good fairy who never comes empty-handed. Look round a bit and you will see more pretties,—all for you, my dearie," and her mother pointed to a bunch of purple grapes in a green leaf plate, a knot of bright flowers pinned on the white curtain, and a gay little double gown across the foot of the bed.

Jill clapped her hands, and was enjoying her new pleasures, when in came Merry and Molly Loo, with Boo, of course, trotting after her like a fat and amiable puppy. Then the good times began; the gown was put on, the fruit tasted, and the pictures were studied like famous works of art.

"It's a splendid plan to cover up that hateful wall. I'd stick pictures all round and have a gallery. That reminds me! Up in the garret at our house is a box full of old fashion-books my aunt left. I often look at them on rainy days, and they are very funny. I'll go this minute and get every one. We can pin them up, or make paper dolls," and

away rushed Molly Loo, with the small brother waddling behind, for, when he lost sight of her, he was desolate indeed.

The girls had fits of laughter over the queer costumes of years gone by, and put up a splendid procession of ladies in full skirts, towering hats, pointed slippers, powdered hair, simpering faces, and impossible waists.

"I do think this bride is perfectly splendid, the long train and veil are so sweet," said Jill, reveling in fine clothes as she turned from one plate to another.

"I like the elephants best, and I'd give anything to go on a hunt like that!" cried Molly Loo, who rode cows, drove any horse she could get, had nine cats, and was not afraid of the biggest dog that ever barked.

"I fancy 'The Dancing Lesson'; it is so sort of splendid, with the great windows, gold chairs, and fine folks. Oh, I would like to live in a castle with a father and mother like that," said Merry, who was romantic, and found the old farm-house on the hill a sad trial to her high-flown ideas of elegance.

"Now, that ship, setting out for some far-away place, is more to my mind. I weary for home now and then, and mean to see it again some day," and Mrs. Pecq looked longingly at the English ship, though it was evidently outward bound. Then, as if reproaching herself for discontent, she added: "It looks like those I used to see going off to India with a load of missionaries. I came near going myself once, with a lady bound for Siam; but I went to Canada with her sister, and here I am."

"I'd like to be a missionary and go where folks throw their babies to the crocodiles. I'd watch and fish them out, and have a school, and bring them up, and convert all the people till they knew better," said warm-hearted Molly Loo, who befriended every abused animal and forlorn child she met.

"We need n't go to Africa to be missionaries; they have 'em nearer home and need 'em, too. In all the big cities there are a many, and they have their hands full with the poor, the wicked and the helpless. One can find that sort of work anywhere, if one has a mind," said Mrs. Pecq.

"I wish we had some to do here. I'd so like to go round with baskets of tea and rice, and give out tracts and talk to people. Would n't you, girls?" asked Molly, much taken with the new idea.

"It would be rather nice to have a society all to ourselves, and have meetings and resolutions and things," answered Merry, who was fond of little ceremonies, and always went to the sewing circle with her mother.

"We would n't let the boys come in. We'd have it a secret society, as they do their temperance lodge, and we'd have badges and pass-words and grips. It would be fun if we can only get some heathen to work at!" cried Jill, ready for fresh enterprises of every sort.

"I can tell you some one to begin on right away," said her mother, nodding at her. "As wild a little savage as I'd wish to see. Take her in hand, and make a pretty-mannered lady of her. Begin at home, my lass, and you'll find missionary work enough for a while."

long for castles before she knows how to do her own tasks well," was the first unexpected reply.

Merry colored, but took the reproof sweetly, resolving to do what she could, and surprised to find how many ways seemed open to her after a few minutes' thought.

"Where shall I begin? I'm not afraid of a dozen crocodiles after Miss Bat," and Molly Loo looked about her with a fierce air, having had practice in battles with the old lady who kept her father's house.

"Well, dear, you have n't far to look for as nice



WARD NUMBER 2.

"Now, mammy, you mean me! Well. I will begin; and I'll be so good, folks wont know me. Being sick makes naughty children behave in story-books, I'll see if live ones can't;" and Jill put on such a sanctified face that the girls laughed and asked for their missions also, thinking they would be the same.

"You, Merry, might do a deal at home helping mother, and setting the big brothers a good example. One little girl in a house can do pretty much as she will, especially if she has a mind to make plain things nice and comfortable, and not

a little heathen as you'd wish," and Mrs. Peck glanced at Boo, who sat on the floor staring hard at them, attracted by the dread word "crocodile." He had a cold and no handkerchief, his little hands were red with chilblains, his clothes shabby, he had untidy darns in the knees of his stockings, and a head of tight curls that evidently had not been combed for some time.

"Yes, I know he is, and I try to keep him decent, but I forget, and he hates to be fixed, and Miss Bat does n't care, and father laughs when I talk about it."

Poor Molly Loo looked much ashamed as she made excuses, trying at the same time to mend matters by seizing Boo and dusting him all over with her handkerchief, giving a pull at his hair as if ringing bells, and then dumping him down again with the despairing exclamation: "Yes, we're a pair of heathens, and there's no one to save us if I don't."

That was true enough; for Molly's father was a busy man, careless of everything but his mills. Miss Bat was old and lazy, and felt as if she might take life easy after serving the motherless children for many years as well as she knew how. Molly was beginning to see how much amiss things were at home, and old enough to feel mortified, though, as yet, she had done nothing to mend the matter except be kind to the little boy.

"You will, my dear," answered Mrs. Pecq, encouragingly, for she knew all about it. "Now you've each got a mission, let us see how well you will get on. Keep it secret, if you like, and report once a week. I'll be a member, and we'll do great things yet."

"We won't begin till after Christmas; there is so much to do, we never shall have time for any more. Don't tell, and we'll start fair at New Year's, if not before," said Jill, taking the lead as usual. Then they went on with the gay ladies, who certainly were heathen enough in dress to be in sad need of conversion,—to common sense at least.

"I feel as if I was at a party," said Jill, after a pause occupied in surveying her gallery with great satisfaction, for dress was her delight, and here she had every conceivable style and color.

"Talking of parties, is n't it too bad that we must give up our Christmas fun? Can't get on without you and Jack, so we are not going to do a thing, but just have our presents," said Merry, sadly, as they began to fit different heads and bodies together, to try droll effects.

"I shall be all well in a fortnight, I know; but Jack won't, for it will take more than a month to mend his poor leg. May be, they will have a dance in the boys' big room, and he can look on," suggested Jill, with a glance at the dancing damsel on the wall, for she dearly loved it, and never guessed how long it would be before her light feet should keep time to music again.

"You'd better give Jack a hint about the party. Send over some smart ladies, and say they have come to his Christmas ball," proposed audacious Molly Loo, always ready for fun.

So they put a preposterous green bonnet, top-heavy with plumes, on a little lady in yellow, who sat in a carriage; the lady beside her, in winter costume of velvet pelisse and ermine boa, was fitted

to a bride's head with its orange flowers and veil, and these works of art were sent over to Jack, labeled "Miss Laura and Lotty Burton going to the Minots' Christmas ball,"—a piece of naughtiness on Jill's part, for she knew Jack liked the pretty sisters, whose gentle manners made her own wild ways seem all the more blamable.

No answer came for a long time, and the girls had almost forgotten their joke in a game of Letters, when "Tingle, tangle!" went the bell, and the basket came in laden heavily. A roll of colored papers was tied outside, and within was a box that rattled, a green and silver horn, a roll of narrow ribbons, a spool of strong thread, some large needles, and a note from Mrs. Minot:

"DEAR JILL: I think of having a Christmas tree so that our invalids can enjoy it, and all your elegant friends are cordially invited. Knowing that you would like to help, I send some paper for sugar-plum horns and some beads for necklaces. They will brighten the tree and please the girls for themselves or their dolls. Jack sends you a horn for a pattern, and will you make a ladder-necklace to show him how? Let me know if you need anything.—Yours in haste,

"ANNA MINOT."

"She knew what the child would like, bless her kind heart," said Mrs. Pecq to herself, and something brighter than the most silvery bead shone on Jack's shirt-sleeve, as she saw the rapture of Jill over the new work and the promised pleasure.

Joyful cries greeted the opening of the box, for bunches of splendid large bugles appeared in all colors, and a lively discussion went on as to the best contrasts. Jill could not refuse to let her friends share the pretty work, and soon three necklaces glittered on three necks, as each admired her own choice.

"I'd be willing to hurt my back dreadfully, if I could lie and do such lovely things all day," said Merry, as she reluctantly put down her needle at last, for home duties waited to be done, and looked more than ever distasteful after this new pleasure.

"So would I! Oh, do you think Mrs. Minot will let you fill the horns when they are done? I'd love to help you then. Be sure you send for me!" cried Molly Loo, arching her neck like a proud pigeon to watch the glitter of her purple and silver necklace on her brown gown.

"I'm afraid you could n't be trusted, you love sweeties so, and I'm sure Boo could n't. But I'll see about it," replied Jill, with a responsible air.

The mention of the boy recalled him to their minds, and looking round they found him peacefully absorbed in polishing up the floor with Molly's pocket-handkerchief and oil from the little machine-can. Being torn from this congenial labor, he was carried off shining with oil and roaring lustily.

But Jill did not mind her loneliness now, and

sang like a happy canary while she threaded her sparkling beads, or hung the gay horns to dry, ready for their cargoes of sweets. So Mrs. Minot's

recipe for sunshine proved successful, and mother-wit made the wintry day a bright and happy one for both the little prisoners.

(To be continued.)

## THE THREE COPECKS.\*

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.



CROUCHED low in a sordid chamber,  
With a cupboard of empty shelves,—  
Half starved, and, alas! unable  
To comfort or help themselves,—

Two children were left forsaken,  
All orphaned of mortal care;  
But with spirits too close to Heaven  
To be tainted by Earth's despair,—

Alone in that crowded city,  
Which shines like an Arctic star,

By the banks of the frozen Neva,  
In the realm of the mighty Czar.

Now, Max was an urchin of seven;  
But his delicate sister, Leeze,  
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,  
Could scarcely have reached your knees!

As he looked on his sister weeping,  
And tortured by hunger's smart,  
A Thought like an Angel entered  
At the door of his opened heart.

\* The "copeck" is a Russian coin of about a cent's value in our currency.

He wrote on a fragment of paper,—  
 With quivering hand and soul,—  
*"Please send to me, Christ! three copecks,  
 To purchase for Leeze a roll!"*

Then, rushed to a church, his missive  
 To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,—  
 As the surest mail bound Christward,—  
 In the unlocked Box for Alms!

"But not without Leeze?" "No, surely,  
 We'll have a rare party of three;  
 Go, tell her that somebody's waiting  
 To welcome her home to tea." . . .

That night, in the coziest cottage,  
 The orphans were safe at rest,  
 Each snug as a callow birdling  
 In the depths of its downy nest.



While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it,  
 One passed from the priestly band,  
 And with smile like a benediction  
 Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom  
 Grew warm with a holy joy:  
*"Ah! Christ may have heard you already,—  
 Will you come to my house, my boy?"*

And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,  
 The preacher so spake of these  
 Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus  
 Had blessed by the sacred seas;—

So recounted their guileless story,  
 As he held each child by the hand,  
 That the hardest there could feel it,  
 And the dullest could understand.



O'er the eyes of the listening fathers  
There floated a gracious mist;  
And oh, how the tender mothers  
Those desolate darlings kissed!

"You have given your tears," said the preacher,—  
"Heart-almes we should none despise;—  
But the open palm, my children,  
Is more than the weeping eyes!"

Then followed a swift collection,  
From the altar steps to the door,  
Till the sum of two thousand rubles  
The vergers had counted o'er.

So you see that the unmailed letter  
Had somehow gone to its goal,  
And more than three copecks gathered  
To purchase for Leeze a roll!

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# THE LAND OF SHORT MEMORIES.

By S. S. COLT.

GEORGIE meant to be a good boy, but he very seldom did anything that he was told to do. He nearly always forgot it. Once, when his sister May was very sick, he was sent after some medicine for her. So he started in a great hurry; but he met Fred Smith with his dog, and Fred coaxed him to go and coast "just once" down the long Red Hill. Then he forgot all about May and the medicine until it was quite dark, and he felt so sorry and ashamed that he ran home, and crept up the back stair-way to bed, hungry and lonely and cold.

By and by, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was in a new and strange place. He found himself in a house which was only partially covered by a roof, and the rain came in through the uncovered part and dropped upon his bed. Georgie sat up and looked around him. There was a fire-place in the room, besides some wood and kindlings, which the poor, shivering little fellow eyed very wistfully, thinking that some one might perhaps light a fire. It was very chilly, and his teeth chattered. There was a wee old woman sitting in the chimney-corner, and Georgie spoke to her.

"What is it you want, Jimmie?" she said.

"Will you please tell me what your name is, and where I am?" he asked.

"My name—well, really, I forget it just now," she replied, "but you are in the Land of Short Memories—that, I am aware of!"

"But what shall I call you?" asked Georgie.

"Oh, call me Mite! That will do as well as any other name till you forget it, Henry."

"My name is Georgie."

"Is it? Well, I will try and recollect it. 'Tom,' you said it was, did n't you?"

"No, I did n't!" retorted Georgie, getting cross with the old lady, for he thought she meant to tease him.

"There, there!" cried Mite; "the doctors said you must not get excited, or else that you must, I forget which. Do you want anything to eat?"

"Yes, I should like to have some gruel."

"I will make you some," said she. "I have a nice fire here, or I should have, only that I seem to have forgotten to light the kindlings."

While she was bustling around, busy with the gruel, Georgie lay quite still, looking out where there was no roof, at the blue sky, which he could now see, for it had ceased raining.

"Why don't you have the roof cover the whole of your house?" asked Georgie of the old lady.

"The rest of the roof is somewhere around," said she. "I guess the workmen forgot to put it on. Now, here is your nice gruel all ready for you."

"Why, it is cold!" exclaimed the disappointed Georgie, who was quite hungry.

"Sure enough; I forgot to boil it!" said the old lady.

"And I don't see anything in the bowl but water!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mite. "I must have forgotten to put any meal in it!"

Georgie now began to cry.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Johnnie," said Mite, "I will boil a chicken for you by and by, if I don't forget it. Here are the doctors coming to see you now, and you must sit up and talk with them."

Pretty soon two doctors came in, and one of them asked Mite if she felt better to-day.

"Yes, I think I do," said she.

"Did you take the medicine I ordered for you?" asked the other doctor.

"I suppose I did, but I don't remember," answered Mite. Then the doctors felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and said she must take some salts, and went away. When they had left the house, Georgie began to cry more loudly than before.

"What is the matter, Fred?" demanded Mite.

"My name is not Fred, I tell you!" screamed Georgie.

"Never mind; I always forget your name, so I call you by anything I can think of. But tell me what makes you cry."

"Why, I am sick, and I thought the doctors were coming to see me!"

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed the old lady, "sure enough, I was not the one that was sick! I meant to have remembered and told the doctors that they came to see you; but I forgot it when they looked at my tongue. I'll run after them and call them back!"

So, away went Mite, and was gone ever so long. When she came back, she said she could not find the doctors anywhere, and everybody had forgotten where they lived, so that no one could go after them. "I'm sorry," said Mite, "but it can't be helped, for you know we live in the Land of Short Memories."

Then Georgie cried still more bitterly. "I wish I could go home," he said. "I am sure I shall die

here! "I wish I could go home! I would never forget to mind mother again!"

As soon as he had said this, he heard a familiar voice pleading, "Ma, may n't I go for Georgie's medicine? I won't forget to bring it!"

Georgie turned slowly in his little bed and saw his sister May. Next, his eyes rested on his mother, who looked very pale and thin, but sweet and smiling.

"Oh, Ma, have I come back to you?" he cried, with a sigh.

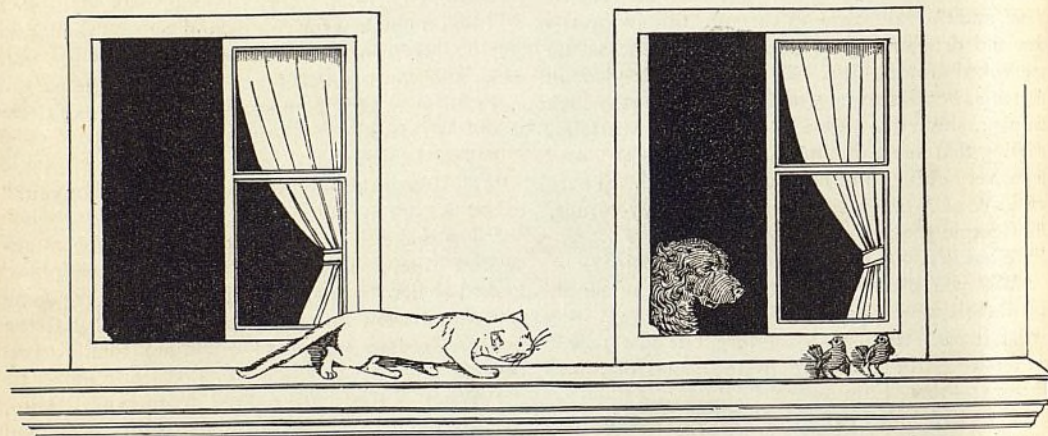
"We hope so, Georgie," replied his mother. "You have had a bad fever, just like May's, and been very sick, but you soon will get well now."

"Did May die, because I forgot her medicine?"

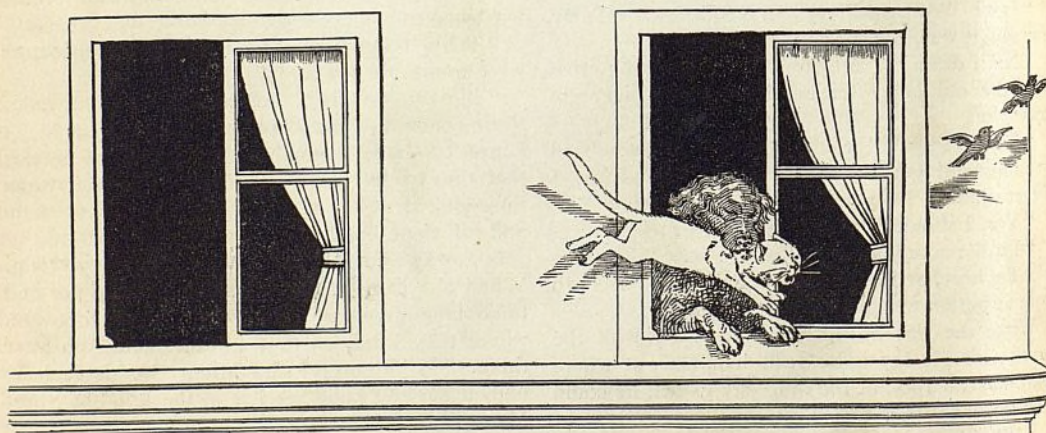
"No. Father came home and got it for her, and she is well now, and has helped me take care of you; but you have not seemed to know her, and have called her Mite ever since you were taken sick."

"Mother," said Georgie, very earnestly, "I am going to try not to forget things any more!"

And Georgie did try. When he became well, and was sent upon errands, he always thought of Mite, and the gruel, and the doctors, and the Land of Short Memories, where he went in his fever-dreams, and he was cured of the very bad habit of forgetting his duty.



THE CATCHER



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## THE PRACTICAL FAIRY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

It was ten o'clock Christmas morning, and the sun looked in at Jane Brown's window and found her fast asleep. The morning half gone, and still asleep! Jane Brown! you are odd. Though it was so late, she slept right on, as if it was quite the proper thing. At half-past ten she woke, dressed, and went down-stairs, and at eleven she sat down to breakfast. Her father and mother had their breakfast at eight o'clock, and this second breakfast was for Jane alone. Jane Brown! you live in a style quite uncommon for a ten-year-old girl.

Jacob Brown was a porter in a down-town store. His wife was a clear-starcher, and their only child was a fairy. The wages earned by a porter are not very much; clear-starching pays very little; and so it came that Jane was obliged to be a fairy. Then, father had been sick and lost his wages for months, and mother had to let the clear-starching go and attend to him. So it happened that the Browns were in debt for the rent of the rooms in East Thirteenth street. The landlord had been kind, and let them stay in the place while Jane helped to make up the arrears of rent by being a fairy.

Of course, the moment you talk about fairies you expect something uncommon. This particular fairy got up late, had breakfast near noon, had dinner at four, and became a fairy at eight o'clock in the evening. No! Stop! This is a mistake. She was a fairy all the time. All fairies are good. Jane was very good, and as soon as breakfast was over she took up a white skirt and began to mend a place that had been torn the night before, when she was flying. The material, we are informed, was called "illusion," which was quite proper for a fairy.

At half-past seven o'clock, Jane laid the illusion skirt and a white body, a pair of white shoes and pink socks, in a little hand-bag. Then she drew a warm brown cloak over her every-day dress, put on a felt hat and a pair of stout boots, and prepared for the regular fairy business. She had blue eyes and reddish-yellow hair and a pretty little nose, and, altogether, she was quite a nice-looking child. No, that's another mistake; not a child, but really a fairy. She kissed her mother good-night, and said to her father:

"You need n't come for me till a quarter before twelve. Columbine has a new piece, and Mr. Smitens is going to try his double-basket act."

"Christmas is always a late night," said her father. "Oh, by the way, Jane, the landlord is

coming early in the morning. I have saved a little something, and you might ask the manager if he can pay you to-night instead of to-morrow night."

"There'll be plenty of money in the house to-night. I'll ask for some. Besides, my belt is tight for me and I mean to ask for a new one."

Then she kissed her father, for she was a good fairy, and started out alone into the snowy streets. The stores were all open and brightly lighted. Every window was filled with Christmas gifts. In the street, sleighs were passing, filled with happy children, all intent on enjoying the holiday. Some of them saw a little girl in a brown cloak looking in at a toy-shop window, but not one of them knew it was a fairy. Then she walked on, and in a few moments overtook two more fairies, Sarah Levine and Catherine Stranmers. She joined them, and, gaily chatting, they walked on together till they came to a narrow back street. They turned down this street, and presently came to a tall brick building having a curious narrow door, two stories high.

Such a remarkable place! On one side, a lofty brick wall; on the other, tall wooden screens covered with canvas; beyond these, a vast space, black and strange. Everywhere, people, both men and women, workmen in their shirt-sleeves, gas-men, and carpenters. The three fairies passed between the canvas screens and entered the dim space beyond. At the left, was a large green cloth swelling out in the wind like the mainsail of a ship, and from behind it came a confused murmur of voices and the sound of musical instruments being tuned. Opposite, were more tall screens, and, to the right, a monster picture, as big as a house and representing an ancient castle. Overhead, was a wild tangle of ropes, machinery, and gas-lamps.

"Please take my bag to the dressing-room, Kate; I want to see the manager," said Jane.

Kate took the bag, for she was a good-natured fairy, and Jane turned to the left, passed between the canvas screens, and came to a small door in the brick wall. There was a man there, on guard, but he let her pass, and, in a moment, she stepped from the cool, dim place into the warmth and light of a large theater. What a great company of children and ladies! Jane looked out on the multitude of happy faces, and wondered how it would seem to be rich and comfortable and to go to the theater and see fairy pieces, instead of working in them.

No time to think about that now. The conductor was already in his place. She must hurry

in order to get back before the play would begin. She walked up the side aisle till she came to a little door near the entrance. She knocked, and somebody inside said "Come in." She opened the door and stood in the manager's office. An elderly gentleman sat at a desk counting a big pile of bills, and behind him was a little clerk perched on a high stool. Jane waited a moment, and then the gentleman looked up and said:

"Well, my child, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir, the landlord is coming to-morrow, and I should like my money to-night."

"Bless us! Landlords are terrible animals. We must give you something to scare him away."

"Yes, sir; but our landlord is real good, and I'm paying up the arrears, and, if I can have it, I'd like my pay now."

"Oh, certainly! Here, Lawson, give Miss Brown her wages and the little surprise. Don't forget the surprise, Lawson."

The little clerk opened a drawer and counted out sixteen silver half-dollars, and gave them to Jane. Then he whispered to her:

"Here's five dollars more. The piece has drawn first-rate, and the manager has given every one, from me to the gas-man, a Christmas present."

Jane paused before the old gentleman.

"I'm much obliged, sir, for the surprise."

"Child!" said he, with a grand flourish, (he used to act tragic parts when he was young), "You have my blessing. Be good, and you will rise in the profession."

"So I do, sir,—every night—up to the flies."

The manager tried to frown, but he smiled, instead, and said:

"We shall have to give you a speaking part soon. Go!"

Jane stepped out into the theater just as the orchestra began a merry strain. Her heart was light, for she knew that a "speaking part" meant acting with the real people on the stage. She tripped down the aisle, a little girl in a big cloak, and nobody knew she was their good fairy. She passed the narrow door, crossed the wide stage, now crowded with knights and fine ladies, dragons and mermaids, passed the great curtain, and flew down the stairs into her own room. Waving the five-dollar bill over her head, she cried:

"Girls, see what the manager gave me!"

Girls? There were no girls there. Only five fairies in white dresses.

"We all are to have the same," said Kate. "Now, hurry, for the orchestra is on."

In exactly two minutes another fairy was ready, and then the whole six, laughing and talking together, ran up the stairs to the stage. All the people were crowded between the various scenes,

and the great space in the center was bare. The fairies slipped between the people till they came to a clear space between the screens at the back or top of the stage. Here they found an empty box, and, taking care not to tumble their skirts, they all sat down and began to talk in a half-whisper.

Now, to understand what happened to our fairies, we must notice that the tall canvas screens are called wings or side-scenes, the back scene is called a flat, and the hanging scenes overhead, painted to represent sky, or clouds, or trees, are called flies. Above the flies are galleries on each side, filled with ropes and machinery. These galleries the fairies could see from where they sat, though the audience in the theater never see them. These galleries are called the fly galleries. High above all, seventy feet from the stage, was a loft or floor over the stage and full of holes, and through these holes hung the ropes that supported the flies, and the gas lamps, called the "border lights." This loft is called the rigging loft. The fairies sat between the two upper wings on the right of the stage and under one of the fly galleries.

Suddenly a bell rang. The orchestra struck up louder than before, and the great curtain rolled up. The play had begun. The fairies were busy talking in whispers and paid no heed to what was going on. Our fairy once or twice looked out on the stage and observed the actors. The manager had promised her a speaking part, and she watched to see how the others did, that she might learn from them. Of course, her salary would be raised, and then, how fast the debt would disappear!

In a short time, the first act was over, the curtain went down, and, at once, the stage grew dark. Instantly, there was the greatest confusion everywhere. Men dragged the scenes this way and that. The flat parted in the middle and a beautiful palace came down from above and took the place of the castle. Some men brought out painted rocks and set them up by means of iron pins screwed to the floor. The fairies knew exactly what to do, and stood in a row across the stage, behind the rocks. Strong iron wires were let down from the rigging-loft, and to the end of each the men fastened leather straps and white stirrups. Jane stood near the middle, and put her feet in the stirrups, and while a man buckled the belt round her, a boy gave her a wooden wand with a tin star at the end. Each of the other fairies was strapped to a wire in the same way. Then the orchestra began again. The bell rang, the gas lamps overhead flared up, and the stage was as light as day. The curtain rose, but, as the fairies were behind the rocks, they could not be seen, nor could the fairies see the theater. They stood there, a row of plain, simple girls, ready to do their duty as

best they knew, because they were poor. Still they were fairies,—“practical fairies” they were called in the theater, because they were alive and could work.

The palace behind them was the home of Prince Catchoc. Presently, the Prince came on and spoke to the Witch Blackcattia. Then he waved his wand and cried out: “Come forth, oh fairies! and hie you to your cloudy home.”

“Cloudy home” was the “cue” for the men in the fly-galleries, so, as soon as they heard the words, they began to turn great cranks. The wires tightened, and each fairy felt herself lifted into the air as she stood in the stirrups.

“Steady, girls!” said a man standing in the wing. “Wave your wands now, and keep them waving till you reach the flies.”

“My belt hurts,” said Jane.

“Can’t help it now. You should have spoken of it before.”

“I forgot —”

“Hush! Don’t talk. Here you go!”

Our fairy rose with the others above the rocks and looked out over the stage to the house beyond. What a vast throng of people rising tier above tier to the roof! How many children there were! She waved her wand slowly and tried to ease her belt, and cared no more for the thousands looking at her than if they were wooden images. She was helping father pay that debt. This was her business, and that’s all she thought about it. As the fairies moved slowly upward, as if flying, a loud shout of applause came from the people. They always did that every night, and our fairy really hardly heard it. It seemed to be a part of the regular thing, just like the creaking wheels over her head. Up and up and up the fairies went, and the people only cheered the more, and our fairy glanced up to the flies to see how much farther she must go. Now her head reached the level of the edge of the flies, and they began to hide the theater as if a curtain had been let down before her. The air grew hot and stifling, and the flaring gas-lamps shone directly in her face. Now they were nearly up, and in a moment would disappear from the people.

Suddenly she felt the wire stop. She had nearly passed the flies, but her feet were still below. The other fairies moved on past her and were soon over her head. Somehow, her wire had caught.

“Take me up! Move me up higher!” cried Jane to the man in the fly-galleries.

“Yes, miss, in a moment.”

“Go on! Go on!” cried the stage-manager from below. There was a hush and sudden pause, as if no one knew what was the matter. She could see the people on the stage looking up and the conductor waiting with upraised baton.

Then some boys in the gallery laughed. She could not see the people in the house, but she heard the boys laugh.

The idea of a fairy going up to the sky and stopping there, with her feet hanging out of the clouds! The audience broke into a loud laugh. They were laughing at the fairy. Her face flushed with mortification and misery, and she burst into tears.

“Oh, sir, call the manager! Call the manager, and let me down!”

There he was, now, tearing up the winding stairs to the fly-gallery on her right, where the man was working over the machinery.

“For heaven’s sake, man, stop that! The wire may break. Ring the curtain down.”

The tears ran down her cheeks and fell in shining drops forty feet through the air to the stage below, while all the people laughed in ill-mannered merriment. Then she heard the bell, and knew that the curtain was going down to hide her misery.

“Don’t cry, Miss Brown,” said the manager, leaning over the gallery,—for he was only just above her. “The people were very rude; but we must n’t mind ’em. Send the other girls down, Mr. Smith.”

This was the stage manager, who had also come up on the fly-gallery. The other girls were above Jane, and they now moved down, passed by her, and safely reached the stage far below.

“They were real mean,” said Kate as she passed. “I hate ’em for laughing.”

“We can’t get you down just now, miss,” said the manager. “You must wait a little while. We will pull you up between the flies till after the next act. Are you quite comfortable?”

“Yes, sir. The belt hurts me, but——” Then she saw Mr. Smith on the gallery, and she added, “I don’t mind it much. And, if you please, I’d like a drink of water.”

“Mr. Smith, these girls must never be sent up unless they are quite comfortable. Tell the gas-man to put a bottle of water on a pole and hand it to Miss Brown.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Jane; “and, sir, you see, I’m not high enough in the profession yet.”

“Good for you, little one! That’s the right kind of talk for a rising fairy.”

She saw a man putting together a jointed fishing-pole. A boy brought a bottle of water, and they lashed it to the pole, and, leaning over the edge of the fly-gallery, they pushed out the pole till she could reach the bottle. She took it off and put it to her mouth and drank, and then the gas-man took it away.

“Go on with the next act,” said the manager, “and send some men up to the rigging-loft to pull the girl up a foot or two.”

The flies before and behind her moved up and down. She saw the men below moving the scenes, and, presently, the bell rang for the curtain, and the play went on. There she hung in mid-air, between two sheets of painted canvas, with one of the rows of border-lights enclosed in iron cages right in front of her. It was terribly hot, and the perspiration dripped from her chin and ran down her bare arms, as she swung slowly backward and forward in the hot draft of air that swept through the place. The leading lady in the play was on the stage below, directly under her feet. She listened to every word and noted every gesture, and wondered if she ever should be a leading lady, and have a good salary and a carriage and all that.

Ah! What is that? A tiny puff of smoke floating in the air! She looked about in alarm to see where it came from. What if the theater should take fire, and she up there among the flies and unable to get down? Her eye caught a slender stream of smoke curling from the ragged edge of the canvas fly in front of her. It had been torn, and the piece had been blown or pushed through the wire cage that covered the border-lights. The cloth was already smouldering in the heat. She made a movement of her body, and found she could swing herself backward and forward in the air. Perhaps, by swinging she could reach the smoking cloth and tear it off before it took fire. She swung farther and farther each time. The smoke was increasing, and she could see the cloth curling up in the heat. She was tempted to call out for help, but was so terrified she could think of nothing save the bit of smouldering cloth. Ah! The next swing would bring her in reach. She dropped her wand, and it fell. She stretched out both hands and grasped the canvas and held it tight, and, as she swung back, a yard or more of the rotten stuff tore off and instantly blazed up, fanned into flame by the motion through the air. She swung back against the fly behind her and dropped the cloth, for it had burned her wrist. The wand fell straight down, struck the stage, and bounded off to the right, and the blazing cloth floated down, swirling round and round, like a burning meteor out of the sky. She looked along the border, as she swung forward again, and saw she had torn the burning portion completely off. The fire was out.

The crash of the falling wand startled everybody, and when the burning rag fell down in sight of the whole audience, the people looked from one to another in alarm. The play stopped, and there was a terrible hush, as if a panic was about to begin. Some person, silly and wicked with fear, cried out "Fire!" and everybody stood up.

"It's all out! It's all out!" screamed Jane.

The child's shrill, clear voice from the flies went through the whole vast building, and everybody heard it and was still.

She looked down on the stage, and saw the manager, with a white face, wildly looking up at her.

"It's out, sir. I tore it off. There's no fire."

She saw him run to the wall and take down a canvas sign on which was marked in big letters, "NO FIRE. SIT DOWN!" She knew he was going to the edge of the stage to hold it up before the people. Suddenly, the border lights all went out and she was left hanging in darkness, though the stage below was still lighted by the foot-lights. She supposed it must be for safety this had been done, and she was glad of it, for the heat was terrible.

Then she heard the people sit down. The panic had been prevented. Then the bell rang, and the curtain went down. Suddenly, a man in the gallery of the theater cried out:

"Hurrah for the little girl!"

The next moment, the most tremendous roar came from behind the curtain. It frightened the fairy, for she did not know what it meant.

"There's no fire! Tell 'em not to run out," she cried, as loud as she could.

She heard the manager calling the people on the stage to their places, and, looking down, she called to him.

"Let me down! I've burned my wrist."

"Be quick, men! Let the girl down. The house is calling her."

The wire started, moved faster and faster, and in a moment she stood on the stage. Such a hubbub and uproar! Everybody wanted to shake her hand, and the leading lady ran up to her and kissed her.

"My child, the house is wild for you. I'll take you before the curtain."

"No. no. Let me change my dress first."

"Hear the girl! Come! I'll escort you on."

They were making a fearful din outside the curtain, and, before she knew it, she was standing in front of the curtain, with the manager holding one hand, and the leading lady the other. All the people stood up and gave three loud cheers, but she only felt that dreadful burning pain in her left wrist. Then the manager held up his hand, and the house was as still as a mouse.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Miss Brown, by her courage and ready coolness, conquered the devouring element and heroically —"

"Oh, cut that!" cried a loud-voiced man in the gallery. "Pass the hat for her. It's Christmas, anyway!"

With that, he threw a silver half-dollar down on

the stage  
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and gave  
There are  
But, that  
daughter  
silver!  
full, and

the stage, and it struck at her feet and bounced into the orchestra. The conductor picked it up and gave it to her. And then—and then—Well! There are some things you can never tell straight. But, that night, Jacob Brown and his wife and daughter spent a whole hour counting bills and silver! The next day, the landlord was paid in full, and Jane—no—it was the fairy—opened an

account at the savings bank with a deposit of two hundred and forty dollars and seventeen cents.

Jane no longer takes fairy parts. With care and study she has steadily improved, and though, like all actresses, she has very hard work to do, she enables her parents to live in comfort. But she always wears a wide bracelet on her arm. Some say it is to hide a scar that will never come out.

## POPPING CORN.

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.



PIPPETY-POP! Pippety-pop!

The redder the fire  
The faster they hop!  
Now here, now there,  
Now everywhere;  
Now up, now down,  
Now spinning around,  
Now madly turning to left, to right,  
Now whirling away with wild delight;  
No mortal dance did you ever see

So full of mad ecstatic glee;  
Bright wee fairies in yellow and brown,  
The steadiest fairies ever were found;  
Till, pippety-pop! pippety-pop!  
Like crazy creatures they skip and hop,  
And change to fancies more wild and bold  
Than ever poem or story told.

Pippety-pop! pippety-pop!  
The redder the fire

The faster they hop !  
 Silent a moment,  
 Then off in a flurry,  
 Pippety-pop, and hurry skurry,  
 Helter skelter, flying, frisking,  
 Swelling, springing, whirling, whisking,  
 Skipping and striking, they bound and rebound,  
 And with pippety, pippety-pop, resound.

Pippety-pop ! pippety-pop !  
 The redder the fire  
 The faster they hop !  
 Silent a moment,  
 Then hopping and popping,  
 Jerking and dropping,  
 Forever a-dancing  
 With hippety-hop !  
 Forever a-dinning  
 With pippety-pop !

Pippety-pop ! pippety-pop !  
 The redder the fire

The faster they hop !  
 Silent a moment,  
 Then brightly they quiver,  
 Turning to whiteness  
 With tremor and shiver.

Now gracefully falling,  
 And awkwardly sprawling ;  
 Now up they go sounding,  
 And down they come bounding ;  
 Now up they go grumbling,  
 And down they come tumbling ;  
 Anon they're delaying,  
 Then weary with staying,  
 Together a-jumping,  
 They all go a-bumping,  
 Now up and now down,  
 And around and around,  
 Forever a-spinning,  
 With hippety-hop !  
 Forever a-dinning,  
 With pippety-pop !

## THE SHEPHERD-BOY OF VESPIGNANO.

BY AGNES ELIZABETH THOMSON.

LONG, long ago, when the world was some six hundred years younger than it is now, a certain little boy was born on the sunny slopes of Vespignano.

I dare say you never so much as heard of Vespignano before, and that is not to be wondered at, because it is only a wee bit of a hamlet, away off in the heart of Tuscany, of no importance to anybody, except to the few peasants whose uneventful lives are spent there.

Yet, because of this little boy who first opened his eyes within its ragged, rugged borders, the little hamlet, no doubt, takes a certain pride in itself, and when it has time to think about it at all, thinks it may surely hold up its head with the best.

This little boy's name was Giotto Bondone,—or Bondone Giotto, very likely, he was called by his comrades, for the Italians have a queer fashion of twisting round their names until one cannot tell which is the Christian and which the surname !

Giotto was a happy-go-lucky little fellow from the very first. His father was but a simple farmer, who worked from early morning till long after the sun had gone to bed,—worked with a pair of patient, white oxen in his master's corn-fields, and

vineyards, and sheep-pastures, to be paid in the harvest-time with just enough corn and wine and wool to keep himself, his wife and his boy, happy and hearty.

It was not much that Father Bondone could give his little child besides a name, a sheep-skin with the wool still on for a coat, and plenty of sunshine and pure air.

But the child had something of his own better than any gift. He had a bright and happy nature, and an intelligence so remarkable that even when he could just walk and talk, it attracted all who saw him, and made him his father's pet.

When he was ten years old, Father Bondone thought it time he should begin to be useful,—time to be earning at least the salt to his porridge,—so he was sent out to watch a few sheep in the fields.

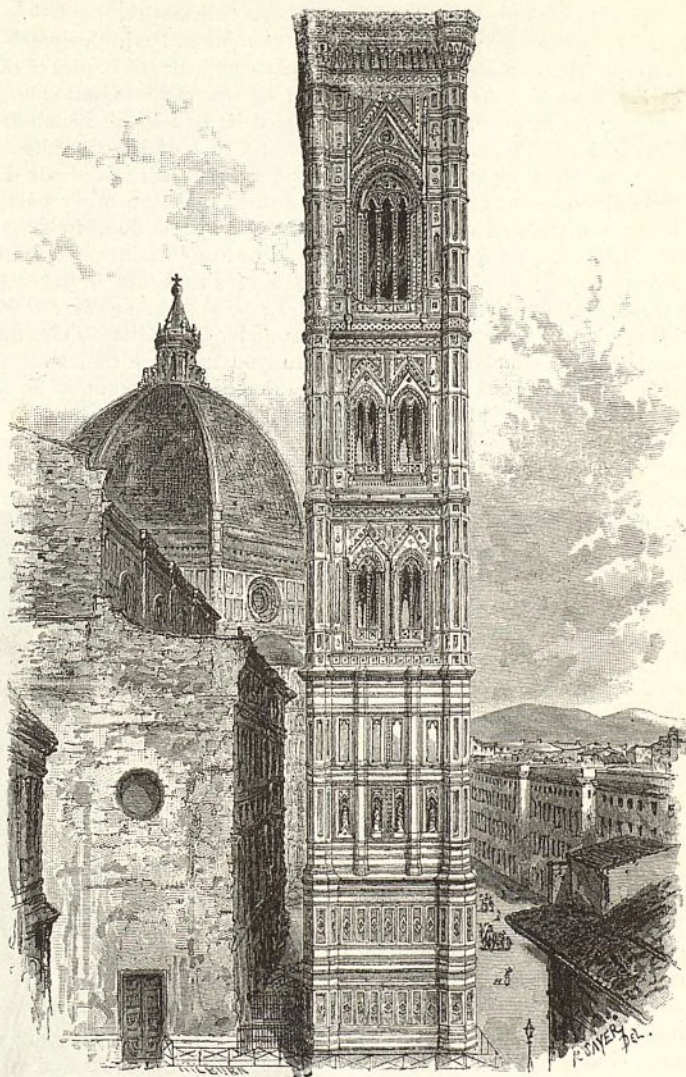
I think he did more than keep the young lambs from straying.

I think he laid himself down on the ground, and forgot all about the sheep, sometimes, while from the blue skies, and green valleys, and brilliant flowers, and warmly-tinted rocks of old Tuscany, he learned how to mix colors on his palette by

and by, or from the spreading branches of the oak-trees he learned the secret of forming graceful arches and checkered patterns.

A wise man once assured the world that there are "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything;" the untaught little Giotto

It happened, one day, that some trifling matter sent a celebrated Florentine artist up to the region of Vespignano, and, as he was riding along, having lost his way, perhaps, he perceived not far from the road-side Father Bondone's quiet flocks comfortably grazing, while their youthful shepherd



GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE, OR BELL-TOWER.

must have been able to find out the "good in everything" for himself, and not only were his sharp eyes quick to perceive, but his nimble fingers were quick to imitate.

He was always trying to draw some picture on any smooth bit of rock or slate that came to hand, although he had nothing better for a pencil than another bit of stone sharpened down to a point.

seemed very much engaged about something near by. The great artist was somehow drawn by the lad's intent attitude. He rode up to the boy, looked over his shoulder, and saw that he had been drawing one of the sheep on a piece of stone which he held upon his knee.

Cimabue—that was the name of the artist—was greatly astonished when he beheld the picture on

the stone. He began to talk to this strange shepherd-lad, and, among other things, asked him how he would like to leave his hills and sheep-tending, his father and mother, and go away with him to Florence, and study drawing and art in earnest.

From the portrait of Master Cimabue that has come down to us, one would not think that any little boy would be willing to exchange father and mother for such a queer, bonneted gentleman; but Giotto loved drawing better than anything else on the face of the earth, so he answered joyously that he would like very much to go to Florence, inwardly thinking himself, I'm sure, the luckiest young shepherd-lad that ever drew breath.

Father Bondone gave his consent to the scheme as gladly as Giotto had given his, and so our hero went forth into the world to seek his fortune with the stranger from Florence.

And the teaching went on so wisely and so well, day after day, that in a few years the tables were turned, and lo! Master Cimabue had need to go to school to pupil Giotto! Think of that!

Yes, Giotto won great fame for himself in a short time. He painted picture after picture and church after church, in Florence and Pisa, in Arezzo and Assisi, in Siena, and a great many places besides, doing such good service for art—which for two hundred years had been going wrong in Italy—that to this day he is considered a great benefactor to the world. He was one of the first to give life to modern art, in making his works truly reflect Nature. Painting in imitation of Nature was a new thing in that day, and everybody was surprised and delighted with it. One writer of the time says of Giotto's pictures, as if it were a thing to be wondered at: "The personages who are in grief look melancholy, and those who are joyous look gay."

The fame of Giotto's genius and skill soon penetrated to Rome, the greatest city of the civilized world in those times. In all haste, the Pope sent off a courier to Florence to see what kind of a man this Giotto might be, and pass judgment upon his works, reasoning that if all were true that people said, it would be well to bring him to the Eternal City, to paint the walls of St. Peter's.

One bright morning, Giotto was busily engaged in his workshop, when the Pope's messenger entered, stated the reason of his visit, and finally requested a drawing which he might send to his master.

Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper, and a brush dipped in red color; then, with one turn of the hand, he drew a circle so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold.

This done, he turned, smiling to the courtier, saying: "Here, sir, is the drawing you wished for."

"Am I to have nothing more than this?" inquired the messenger, surprised.

"That is enough and to spare," returned Giotto. "Send it with the rest, and you will see if it will be recognized."

The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill-satisfied, and fearing that he had been trifled with.

Nevertheless, having dispatched other drawings to the Pope, with the names of those who had made them, he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle; from which the Pope and such of his courtiers as were well versed in the subject, conceived the idea that if Giotto could surpass all the other painters of his time in this way, he could do so in other ways.

And out of this incident grew a proverb, which the Tuscans make use of to the present day.

"*Tu sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto.*" "You are rounder than Giotto's O," they say, when they mean you are very dull and stupid, because the word that means "round" in Italian means also "dull."

Of course, Giotto was summoned to Rome, and of course he was glad enough to obey the sum-



STATUE OF GIOTTO, AT FLORENCE.

mons, and to win new laurels. And it is a comfort to know that his wonderful talents were fully appreciated by the Pope and the people of Rome.

Numberless stories are told of Giotto's wit, as well as of his marvelous paintings.

When he was studying under Cimabue, it is said



PORTRAIT OF CIMABUE.

that he painted a fly on the nose of one of the figures his master was then working at,—a fly so like the real thing, that when Master Cimabue came in, he tried to brush it away with his hand!

If we may believe their biographers, a great many artists have painted remarkably life-like

flies. I saw one of them myself in Antwerp. It was resting on the foot of a fallen angel, and was as large as a mouse! I must mention, however, that the angel itself was of colossal size.

But that work which endears our Giotto to the hearts of his countrymen, to the hearts of all those who love beauty, in fact, is his exquisite bell-tower in Florence—Giotto's Campanile.

Our own poet, Longfellow, has sung its praise, and indeed, of itself it seems a poem in stone.

It is a tall slender shaft of variegated marbles, detached from the church, as all bell-towers are in Italy, but it is so graceful, so beautiful, so rich in detail, and so perfect in proportion, that you cannot wonder men gaze on it with astonishment and admiration.

And, exquisite as it seems at first, it grows more exquisite as one becomes familiar with it. Every portion is worthy of careful examination and study, and yet, considered as a whole, it is grand and perfect.

It is many and many a long year since Giotto folded his hands to rest forever beneath the shadow of the tower which is such a joy to us. He did not live to finish this, his last and best work, but from his designs his pupils were able to complete the building and his fame. And I can wish nothing pleasanter for you when you grow up, my little friends, than a month in Florence and a sight of Giotto's Campanile.

## INO AND UNO.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

INO and Uno are two little boys  
Who always are ready to fight,  
Because each will boast  
That he knows the most,  
And the other one cannot be right.

INO and Uno went into the woods,  
Quite certain of knowing the way:  
"I am right! You are wrong!"  
They said, going along.  
And they did n't get out till next day!

INO and Uno rose up with the lark,  
To angle awhile in the brook,  
But by contrary signs

They entangled their lines,  
And brought nothing home to the cook!

INO and Uno went out on the lake,  
And oh, they got dreadfully wet!  
While discussion prevailed  
They carelessly sailed,  
And the boat they were in was upset!

Though each is entitled opinions to have,  
They need not be foolishly strong;  
And to quarrel and fight  
Over what we think right,  
Is, *You know*, and *I know*, quite wrong!

## HOW HAL WENT HOME.

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

THE street-car was a long time coming. Much longer than usual, Hal Turner thought, as he stood at the corner and waited. But at last it came in sight, drew nearer and nearer, reached the corner, and stopped, and Hal, books in hand, jumped in. To his dismay, however, the car was full of people, and he had expected it would be quite empty. He would not have been so anxious for it to come if he had known how things really would be. But Hal was no coward. He had something to do, he had said he would do it, and he meant to be as good as his word, people or no people. So he marched up to the front of the car, taking no notice of two ladies who moved to make a place for him. He stood for a moment looking at the horses, and then, with a coming of color into his face, turned and walked back to the other end. One of the ladies smiled, and half motioned with her hand to the seat.

"No, I thank you," said Hal, and, turning, he walked back to the front again and then once more to the rear.

"Why don't you sit down, young man?" said an old gentleman, who had drawn his foot up every time Hal had passed him.

"Oh, I don't care to; I am very comfortable," answered Hal.

At this, the old gentleman smiled.

"Well, I am not," he said, "for I have had the rheumatism in my foot, and I expect you will tumble over it."

"I will be very careful," Hal replied, still on the march, but pressing close to the opposite side of the car.

Just then, the conductor came in and collected his fare.

"There is a seat," said he to Hal, pointing to the vacant place by the ladies; but the boy made no reply, and, as soon as the conductor returned to the platform, he began his walk again.

"See here, my boy," said a gentleman in the corner, looking up from his newspaper, "how far are you going?"

"Above Girard Avenue," answered Hal.

"And are you going to keep this up all the way?"

"I should like to," Hal replied, but feeling very certain that he really did not like to find himself such a conspicuous personage.

"Do you always rage up and down in this manner?"

"No, sir," said Hal; "I generally sit down."

"Why don't you take that seat?"

"Because," said Hal, as boldly as he could, "because I told my sister I would walk home."

"H'm!" said the gentleman, "and why don't you?—on the street, where walking is in order?"

"Because my mother won't let me. She thinks it is too far from school to our house, and she says that I must ride."

At this, everybody in the car laughed, and Hal felt his face grow scarlet. He turned from his questioner and walked down the car, resolving that, as soon as he got home, he would tell Nan she was a goose.

But his troubles were not yet over, for the conductor said sharply:

"See here, sir! there is a seat. If you want it, take it; if you don't, stand still or get out!"

Hal glanced into the car, where he met two rows of laughing eyes, and, without a word or a moment's hesitation, jumped off the car.

He had not meant to give up, but he could not stand it. He ran up the street a little way; but, when the car had passed him and was out of sight, he slackened his speed and walked. He was not in a very good humor. "I might have known just how it would be," he said to himself, "but when Nan persisted that I could n't walk home, and at the same time mind mamma, who says I must always ride, I never thought of a car full of people! I do think Nan is the most obstinate girl in the whole world! Now, here I am, everybody laughs at me, and I have to break my word to mamma, after all, for I can't get into another car and ride; I've no more money. Bother it all!" and with this he kicked a little stone out of his way and felt better. He had quite a long walk before him; but he was not sorry for that, as he felt he needed a little time for thinking the matter over before he met his mother's reproof and Nan's laughter. It was all very well to blame Nan now, but he knew in his heart who it was who was obstinate, and who planned the whole affair, and that person was not Nan! So he trudged on, both hands in his pockets, and his books slung by the strap over his shoulder, trying to look as if this walking was a matter of course, and he did it every day.

After a while, he came to the Ridge Road. This street, as all Philadelphia boys and girls know, runs across the city from south-east to north-west,

and cuts the corners of the other streets which go from north to south and from east to west. It begins at Ninth and Vine streets, and runs on through the city,—making it easy for people to lose their way by the cross-roads it creates,—up by

stores present very attractive windows, and on the Ridge Road almost every house has a store on the first floor. Some of them seemed so full that the contents, Hal thought, had spilled out on to the pavements, which were crowded with all sorts



"WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN?"

the Park, and on past factories, and mills, until it gets into the country, and then on and on through farms, past iron mines, villages, woods, and furnaces, until it finds itself among the hills, miles and miles away from the noisy corner where it started.

When Hal reached this point, he stopped to consider. He was now on Eleventh street, but if he took the Ridge Road he could make a short cut up to Fifteenth street and so home. It was a more lively street than Eleventh, and that was another reason for using it. The Philadelphia

of merchandise, and as Hal glanced in at the doors, he wondered where all these things could be put, if they were taken in at night.

But he did not long consider this question, for he spied a carpenter's shop, and that reminded him of some inquiries he wished to make. The door of the shop was open, and when he had gone up the two little steps, he could hear some

one hammering. He looked in; there was the bench and there were the tools, but he could not see the workman. Then he went in, and over in the corner, where she could not be seen from the door, was a little girl, standing at a little bench, hammering lath nails into a piece of wood with a little hammer. She had on a large apron, tied around her waist, and her brown hair hung around her neck. She looked up and saw Hal, and laying down the piece of wood, but keeping the hammer in her hand, she waited for him to speak.

"Where is the carpenter?" he asked.

"I am the carpenter," she gravely replied.

At this, Hal laughed.

"Is this your shop?" he said. "Do you make dog-houses?"

"I never have made a dog-house," replied the carpenter. "I never thought of it. Of course, my papa could. I can make tables and chairs; I am making a table now."

And she drove a nail in so promptly and firmly, that Hal came up in admiration to look at her.

"Why, you are a real good carpenter!" he exclaimed; "our Nan could n't do that, and she is older than you are. I sometimes miss the head of a nail myself."

"I never do," replied the girl, "my papa would be ashamed of me if I did."

"Does he go away and leave you here? Do you really mean to be a carpenter?"

"I suppose so," she answered. "Papa said he always thought one of his boys would take the business, and he has n't any, and no girls either, except me."

"I never heard of a woman carpenter," said Hal, "and I don't believe there ever was such a thing."

"May be not," she answered coolly, taking a nail out of her mouth and driving it into the leg of her table, "but there will be one after I grow up. But do you want a dog-house? My papa will be home after five o'clock."

"I can't wait that long. Can't you really make one?"

"I never did," repeated the carpenter, "but there is the slate. You'd better write what you want on it, and when papa comes home he can tell me how to make a dog-house. I should like to make one."

The slate hung by the door. Hal took it down and sat on a broken chair to write. He thought, as he did so, that if he was a carpenter he would mend all the broken chairs in his shop.

"I don't know what to write," he said.

"Say you want a dog-house," the carpenter promptly replied.

So Hal wrote: "*I want a dog House.*"

"Is that enough?" he asked.

"Of course not," the carpenter said; "people always say how big they want things."

"I don't know how big it ought to be," and Hal looked doubtfully at her.



"I AM THE CARPENTER," SHE REPLIED.

"Two feet by twenty," and she held up her table, which now had three legs, and, with her head on one side, she looked at it critically.

"Do you mean twenty feet high and two feet broad?"

"I suppose so."

"Nonsense," said Hal, after thinking a moment.

"You don't know how high twenty feet would be!"

"The other way would do just as well, then," said the carpenter. "Two feet high and twenty broad."

"Why, this room is n't twenty feet long, I am

sure," said Hal. "I don't think you can know the sizes of things very well."

"I told you I never made a dog-house," returned the girl; "and if you can't wait until papa comes, I don't know what you will do."

Hal held the slate in his hand and reflected.

Then the carpenter made a suggestion. She said:

"You might measure your dog, and then the house would be sure to fit."

"So I might," said Hal. "Perhaps that would be the best way. I should n't like to have a house made, and then find the dog could n't get into it."

"Is he a very large dog?" asked the girl.

"I don't know," replied Hal. "I have n't got him yet."

At this, the girl laughed.

"Of course, I expect to have him," said Hal, a little warmly, "and he will be big, I suppose. I thought I had better get the house made first, and then it would be all ready."

"But you could n't know what size it ought to be," the carpenter remarked.

"There must be a usual size," said Hal, "and your father would know what that is."

"Of course he would," replied the carpenter, confidently. "Suppose you stop here to-morrow."

"Oh, I can't do that. To-morrow I must ride home from school. But I'll come on Saturday."

And so it was settled. Hal hung the slate up again, but he left his message on it, and then he bid the girl good-bye, and started for home.

Hal never knew how it happened, but the shop must have stood at the corner of some of the streets that come together, three at a time, on the Ridge Road, for, instead of going on the same street toward Fifteenth, he soon found that he was walking past private houses, and that the stores, the wagons, and the liveliness of the Ridge Road were gone. The next surprise he had was to see the name of "Le Conte & Haffelfinger" on a grocery store. There certainly were not two firms of this name, and yet one was very near his grandfather's house. Then he looked into the grocery store, and sure enough, there was a man with a red beard

weighing coffee, and he looked enough like Mr. Haffelfinger to be his twin brother. So then Hal went around the corner, and there, really and truly, was his grandfather's house! He was certainly not near his home, but when a boy chooses, or happens, to get lost, there are worse places than the neighborhood of his grandfather's house, and when he goes in tired and warm, a grandmother who gets out the cake-box and a milk pitcher is not a bad person to meet with.

Hal told his story as he ate. He did not expect his grandfather to scold him much, for the old gentleman had no such unpleasant habits, but he really thought that if a boy could n't walk home and ride also, at the same moment, without everybody laughing at him, the boy was ill-used. But he felt better when his grandfather had old "Largo" harnessed up, and drove Hal home. His arrival in this good company may have had something to do with the facts that the boy was not scolded much, and that the next Saturday he and Nan were allowed to go to the carpenter's and finish the arrangements for the dog-house. One reason—Hal felt sure of this—was because his grandfather offered to pay for it.

The strangest thing of all, however, was that Hal never could find that carpenter's shop again. He thought he knew just where it was, but neither he nor Nan could find it. After this, he often walked along the Ridge Road. The stores and the goods on the pavements were all there, but the carpenter's shop and the carpenter's girl had disappeared. He used to talk it over with Nan, his father, and the school-boys; and although some of the boys went to look for it, sure that they could find it, they never did, though Hal described it often, and never omitted the girl, the two little steps, one broken chair, and the slate with "*I want a dog House*" written on it. The carpenter had probably moved away, or else the shop was not on the street where Hal thought it was. Nan and the boys always said he ought to have put his own name and address on the slate, and then one of the carpenters might have sent him word; but it is very easy for some one else to say what you ought to have done, if you only did n't do it.



## THE RELAY IN THE DESERT.



"THE RELAY IN THE DESERT."

(By permission of Messrs. Goupil &amp; Co.)

THIS picture of a scene in the great desert of Africa is taken from a picture by the French artist, Gérôme, who is celebrated for his wonderful paintings of Eastern scenes, as well as for his pictures of life in Pompeii, in the old days when that was a great city, and its people were noted for their love of luxury and art. Of course, as Gérôme is an artist of the present day, he can only get his ideas of Pompeian life and scenery from careful study of the pictures and sculptures which have been discovered in the ruins of that city; but he has studied so well, and with such a love for the art of by-gone days, that he has painted pictures which are probably better representations of the people and houses and streets of Pompeii than any of the artists of that city ever painted themselves. He has done so much of this peculiar kind of painting, that he is considered a leader in what is called the Pompeian, or New Greek school of art.

Gérôme has also painted pictures of life in ancient Greece and Rome. Some of you may have seen engravings of these, representing fights between gladiators, races, and other such scenes.

It is, however, in his pictures of Eastern scenery and people, such as the one from which our engraving was taken, that we think Gérôme must be at his best, for he has lived under the burning sun of Africa, and among the Moors and the Arabs, and has drawn and painted his pictures of the East from what he saw with his own eyes. Few artists have been able to show as well as he has shown, the strange effect of the glaring sunlight of those regions, and the desolate and solemn appearance of the wide-spreading and lonely desert sands.

The picture above given shows one of the peculiar methods of hunting in the desert. The dogs you see are Syrian greyhounds, which are used in Africa in hunting the gazelle. In some of these hunts, the game runs for such a long distance that the dogs become tired, and, as the gazelles generally take a particular course, according to the wind perhaps, the hunters station "relays" of dogs somewhere on that part of the desert which they expect to pass, so that the fresh hounds can take up the chase when the others begin to flag; just as

relays of horses used to be placed on the old stage-routes, in order that the great coaches could always roll along at high speed, with fresh horses every ten miles or so.

This "relay" business is all very well for the hunters and the dogs, but it seems pretty hard on the gazelles, who have to run just as fast as they can until the hunt is over, without any chance of getting rested, or of having any fresh gazelles to take their places.

The dogs in the picture are strong and vigorous fellows, and they are listening and watching, as well as the man who is holding them, for some sign of the approaching hunters. We pity the poor gazelles when they come sweeping around that sandy hill, and these swift hounds are let loose to dash after them.

The beautifully engraved picture on the opposite page was not copied directly from Gérôme's, but from an etching made from the painting.

## PLUMS.

*A Fable.*

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE were once two young bears, who were very kind to each other. They were brother and sister. The brother was named Sigismund, and the sister was Brunetta. They used often to go out and take walks. It was good for their health to go about in the open air, and they frequently found something nice to eat, which they would always divide as nearly equally as possible. One day, as they were wandering through the country, they saw a plum-tree, loaded with fruit.

"Ho, ho!" cried Sigismund. "Here is something! Look at those plums! Let us bounce up this tree. I never saw such plums."

"No, no!" cried Brunetta; "don't try to climb that tree. The branches are too slender, and would break under the weight of either of us. Let us get the plums some other way."

"You are too timid," said Sigismund. "We have often climbed trees that were smaller and weaker than that."

"That is true," said Brunetta, "but we were younger and lighter, then. You forget that we are growing every day."

"That may be," replied her brother, who could not help feeling that she was right; "but we must have the plums."

"Very true," said Brunetta. "Let us think of some good way. We might throw stones and sticks at them. I have seen people doing that."

"So have I," said Sigismund. "But it is a poor way. You get very few plums by throwing at them. And, besides, girls can't throw."

Brunetta did not much like this remark; but she said nothing, for she knew she could not throw so as to hit anything.

"I'll tell you," cried Sigismund, "I have a good plan! One of us will climb up the tree a little way,

and bend down a branch and then the other one can pick off the plums. When the one on the ground has eaten enough plums, she can climb the tree, and bend down a branch and let the other one eat."

"Then you intend to climb the tree first," said Brunetta.

"Certainly I do," replied her brother, and up he went.

The lower branch of the plum-tree was a slender one, as Brunetta had said, and Sigismund found it easy to bend. It came down so low, as the young bear threw his weight upon it, that his sister, by standing on her hind legs, could easily reach and pick the delicious fruit, which was so ripe that much of it dropped to the ground as the branch was bent.

It was a pretty picture to see this affectionate young couple thus enjoying themselves. Brunetta was in ecstasies of delight. She had never tasted such plums, and she crammed them into her mouth as fast as she could pick them from the branches.

As for Sigismund, he clung with his fore paws to the branch, while with one of his hind legs planted against the trunk, he waved the other pleasantly in the air, and looked around at his sister with a jovial smile.

"Eat on," he cried, "eat just as many as you want. I can hang on here ever so long. The branch does seem to be cracking a little, but that does not matter. If it breaks off, we'll get the plums all the easier. It won't hurt me to drop. Is n't this a good plan? And don't they taste sweet and juicy?"

"Indeed they do," said Brunetta.

She would have said more than this in praise of the plums, but she could not stop eating long enough. She was in a hurry to get through, so

that she could pull down the branch and let her brother eat.

But just as she began to feel that she would soon be nearly satisfied, Sigismund gave a cry, and the smile fled from his face.

"Look there!" he cried; and he pointed to a field, not far off.

Brunetta raised herself up, as high as she could, and looked. And there she saw a man and two dogs running toward them! The man had a great club and the two dogs looked very fierce.

There was no time to be lost. Sigismund dropped from the tree, and he and his sister scampered off as fast as they could go. They soon reached the forest; but they got there none too soon, for the dogs were close behind them. The man did not care to venture in among the thick shadows of the woods, where there might be large bears, and so he called off his dogs and went back to see what damage had been done to his plum-tree.

As for Brunetta and her brother, they did not stop running until they reached the cave of their parents, where they felt perfectly safe.

As soon as they recovered their breath, they told their story.

"I think you went too far away from home," said their father; "considering that it was in the day-time when you could be seen from quite a distance. If there had been several men and more dogs, they might have followed you into the woods and killed you."

"That is true," said Brunetta; "but the plums were perfectly delicious, and Sigismund was so kind. He held the branches down for me, for ever and

ever so long, so that I could get the plums quite easily. We had a glorious time."

"Yes," said Sigismund; "it was very pleasant, and I am glad you liked the fruit. But I did all the work, and did not get a plum. This does not seem quite right. And I am dreadfully hungry."

"But it is not my fault," said Brunetta. "If the man and the dogs had not come, you would have had some plums."

"I know that," said Sigismund; "but I did not get any, and there is something very wrong about it, somewhere."

"My son," said his father, "did it not give you pleasure to see your sister enjoying those plums? Was not your heart filled with generous emotions as you held down the branches for her?"

"Oh yes!" said Sigismund.

"And did you not feel," continued his father, "that you were doing a very good action in climbing the tree first, and allowing Brunetta to eat all the fruit she wanted, before you had any?"

"Yes, I did," said Sigismund.

"And did you not have an idea that she would not have been so ready to do all this for you, and that you were, in fact, a little kinder and a little more generous than

your sister, and did not this idea make you feel well satisfied with yourself and happy?"

Sigismund was obliged to admit that it did.

"Then," said his father, "you ought to be content to go without plums. You can't have everything."

Sigismund and Brunetta sat still for a long time, and thought and thought and thought.



"DON'T THEY TASTE SWEET AND JUICY?"

## THE BOYS' OWN PHONOGRAPH.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

IN winter-time, when a great part of a boy's fun must be found in-doors, it is a good thing to know how to get up amateur exhibitions of various kinds. In this way, boys, and girls, too, in many cases, can have a good time while preparing the shows, and may also afford a great deal of pleasure to their companions and friends, who make up the audiences.

One of the most entertaining parlor exhibitions which can be given at a moderate expense by a party of bright boys, accustomed to the use of carpenters' tools, is "The Boys' Own Phonograph" invented by Mr. D. C. Beard, who has made the drawings which accompany this article.

The first thing necessary in the construction of this very peculiar machine is a dry-goods box, large enough for a boy to sit inside of it, without discomfort. The top must be firmly nailed on, and the two sides taken off, thus leaving nothing but the top, bottom and two ends of the box. The sides, each of which probably consists of two or three pieces of board, are to serve as doors, and therefore must be firmly fastened together by means of cleats or narrow strips of board nailed across them. One side of the box, which we shall call side A, must be very strong, and will probably require three cleats. The other side, B, which is in front when the apparatus is in use, must now be fastened to the box by a pair of hinges, strong enough to sustain its weight. There should be a hook on it, to keep it shut, when necessary.

A shelf, wide enough for a small-sized boy, with a strong voice, to sit upon, must be attached to side A, and should be supported by iron braces. Strong leather straps will do, if a blacksmith is not handy; but they must be very firmly fastened to the shelf and to the back door of the box, as we shall now call side A. As the small boy with a strong voice is to sit on this shelf, it would ruin the exhibition if the shelf were to break down, not to speak of the damage which might be done to the box. Then, this back door must be fastened to the box by heavy gate or barn-door hinges.

Two strong wooden bars or handles must now be secured to the bottom of the box, and should project far enough at the ends of the box, to allow a boy to stand between them, at each end, when the box is to be lifted or carried.

The rest of the necessary work is very easy. A crank, or turning handle (which will turn noth-

ing), is to be fastened to one end of the box; and two holes—about two inches in diameter—are to be made, one in the front door, and one in the top of the box. In each of these, a tin or pasteboard horn is to be fastened—the one on top to be smaller than the other.

Then, on the inside of the box, a round stick—a broom-stick will answer—is to be placed on two notched blocks fastened to the ends of the box, so that it can easily be taken out of its place by the small boy, and put back again, when occasion requires. A tomato-can is to be stuck on the broom-handle, so that it will look like a tin cylinder containing something or other of importance. This round stick, with its cylinder, is only for show; but it must not be omitted.

Nothing more is now necessary but a pair of wooden trestles, or horses, such as carpenters use, on which the box is to stand during the exhibition.

Having explained how to make this novel phonograph, I have only to tell you how it is to be used. It is evident, from what I have said, that there is to be a small boy in that box; and the fact is that he is the most important part of the whole machine; for this is only a piece of fun, intended to excite curiosity and amusement in the audience, who may, perhaps, imagine that there is a small boy somewhere about the apparatus, but who cannot see where he is.

The phonograph, which should stand in a room opening into that in which the audience is to assemble, or it may be behind a curtain, must be arranged in working order some minutes before the time fixed for the exhibition to commence.

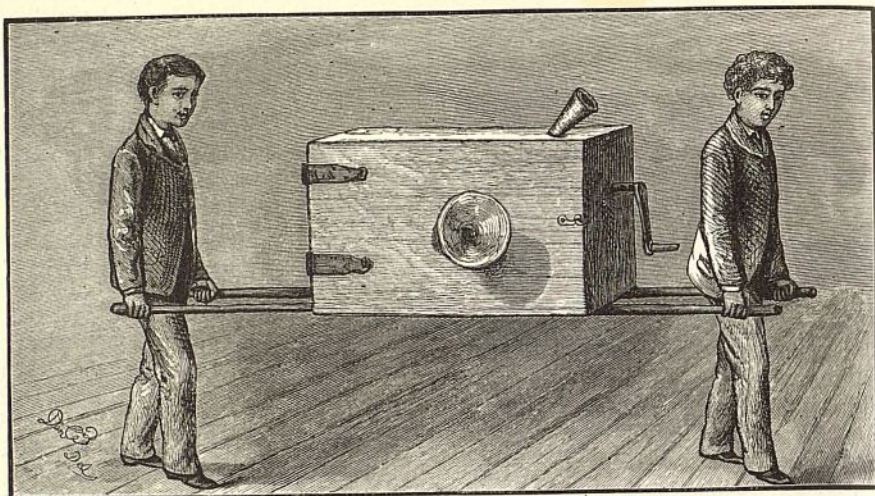
The way to arrange it is as follows: The back door of the box must be opened, and the small boy seated on the shelf. The door is then closed, the boy going into the box as it shuts. The front door is also shut. If the broom-handle and tomato-can are in the boy's way, he can take them down and put them on one side.

The professor—who is to exhibit the workings of the machine, and who should be a boy able to speak fluently and freely before an audience—must now come out and announce that the exhibition is about to begin. He should see that the wooden horses are so placed that the box will rest properly upon them, and should make all the little preparations which may be necessary. Then, after a few words of introduction, he may call for his phono-

graph, and the box will be borne in by two boys, as you see in the first picture.

After the bearers have walked around the stage,

him from the audience, as it stands open. As soon as the Professor announces that he is about to open the box, the small boy must put the



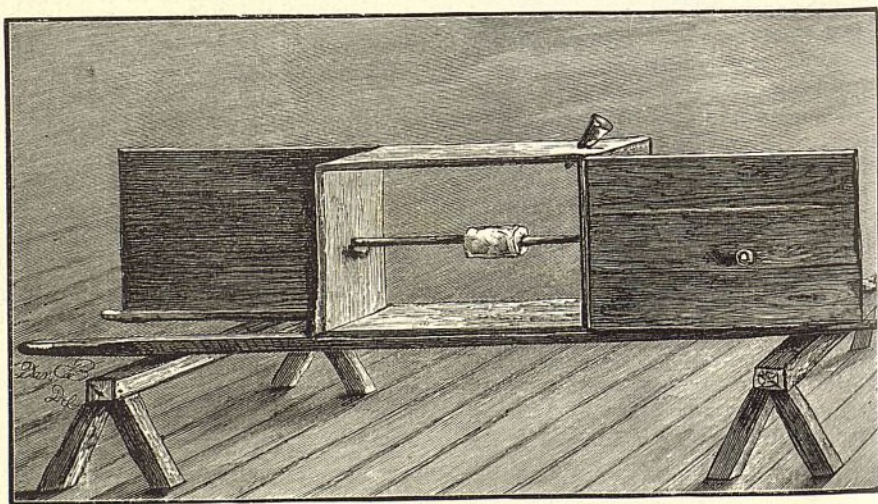
BRINGING IN THE PHONOGRAPH.

so that both sides of the box may be seen by the audience, it is to be placed on its trestles, or stands, with the front door toward the company.

The Professor will now call attention to the fact that the persons present have seen each side of the box, and can see under and all around it, thus assuring themselves that it has no connection with anything outside of it, except the stands on

broom-stick in its place, if he has taken it down. Then the Professor throws open the front door and shows that there is nothing in the box but the rod and cylinder which seem to be attached to the crank. What machinery may be concealed in that little tin cylinder, he does not feel called upon to say.

After a few minutes for a general observation of



FRONT VIEW OF PHONOGRAPH WHEN OPEN.

which it rests. He will then proceed to open it, taking care to open the back door first. The small boy then swings back with the door, which conceals

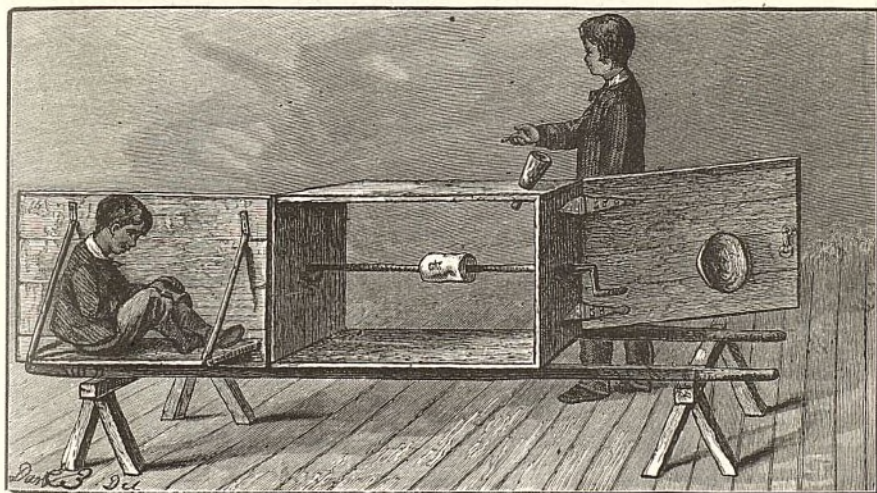
the inside of the box, he closes it, being very careful to shut the front door first. Then the small boy takes down the broom-stick, puts it out of his

way, and proceeds to make himself comfortable and ready for business.

The Professor now begins to exhibit the phonograph, by speaking into the horn at the top of the box. He generally commences with a short sentence, pronouncing each word loudly and clearly, so that every one can hear them. He gives the crank a few turns, and calls upon the audience to be very quiet and listen, and then, in a very few moments, the same words that he used are repeated from the horn in the front of the box, the small boy within imitating, as nearly as possible, the voice and tone of the Professor.

The exhibition may go on as long as the audience continues to be interested and amused.

tempted. The box-doors should work perfectly, the small boy should be able to sit on his shelf in such a way that his head will never stick up when the back door is open, and he should practice putting up the broom-stick when the Professor announces that the box is to be opened. By the way, if the box is opened several times during the performance to oil the rod, or to do some little thing to the cylinder, it will help to excite the curiosity of some of the audience, but the Professor must not forget that the front door must never be open when the back door is shut. The boys who carry the box should also carefully practice their business, so as to set the box down properly on its supports, and to see that it is firmly placed. It may



BACK VIEW OF PHONOGRAPH WHEN OPEN.

All sorts of things may be spoken into the box, which, after a few turns of the crank, will be repeated from the mouth-piece or horn in the front door. Various sounds may be reproduced by means of this machine, and an ingenious Professor and a smart small boy can make a deal of fun.

A startling final effect may be produced, if, after the Professor has crowed into the upper horn, the boy inside can manage, unperceived,—say by means of a small sliding panel,—to throw out a live, strong-voiced rooster, especially if the rooster can be persuaded to crow as he comes forth; still if the rooster does n't crow, the boy may.

But it must not be supposed that an exhibition of this kind will be successful without a good deal of careful preparation and several rehearsals. Every one should be perfectly familiar with his duty before a performance in front of an audience is at-

tempted. The box-doors should work perfectly, the small boy should be able to sit on his shelf in such a way that his head will never stick up when the back door is open, and he should practice putting up the broom-stick when the Professor announces that the box is to be opened. By the way, if the box is opened several times during the performance to oil the rod, or to do some little thing to the cylinder, it will help to excite the curiosity of some of the audience, but the Professor must not forget that the front door must never be open when the back door is shut. The boys who carry the box should also carefully practice their business, so as to set the box down properly on its supports, and to see that it is firmly placed. It may

be necessary for one or both of them to sit on the front handles when the back door, with the boy on it, is swung back, so as to balance his weight and prevent an upset. But experiment will show whether this is necessary or not.

As to the business of the Professor and the small boy, that, of course, must be carefully studied. It will not do to rely on inspiration for the funny things which must be said by the Professor, and imitated by the boy in the box. The Professor may bark like a dog, crow like a cock, or make any curious sound he pleases, provided he knows, from practice at rehearsal, that the small boy can imitate him.

The cost of the box, hinges, braces, etc., will probably be between two and three dollars, and if the box is painted, or covered with cheap muslin, it will look much more mysterious and scientific.



THERE was a young lady of Brooking,  
Who had a great fondness for cooking;  
She made sixty pies  
That were all of a size,  
And could tell which was which without looking.

## THE CHILDREN'S "CLAIM."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

FROM the waters of the Arkansas, a little stream, like a miniature canal, with a narrow path along its bank, winds through the pine woods, past the lonely prospectors' cabins, the charcoal pits and camps of the wood-choppers, out into the noise and dust and glare of a great mining camp in the gulch below.

The miners call this little stream a "ditch," as they call the noble valley a "gulch"; but swift, bright, clear water, pure as the snows which gave it birth, cannot be fouled by an ugly name. It is like a ray of sunlight through the somber pine wood; swiftly it glances past the blackened wastes where the forest fires have left their foot-prints, as if glad to leave such desolation behind it. In the shades of the deep woods it steals along, and seems to still its ripples as if to listen to the grand music of the pine-trees' breath.

It gives a friendly sparkle as it passes the outlying cabins, where children gather at its brink.

"With the current, my little man," it whispers, with its merry ripple, to a lad who stoops to fill his water-pail. "With the current, if you would not lose your pail and your balance, and perhaps your temper, too."

"Carefully, carefully! over those loose, rough logs," it murmurs, as it slides under a bridge, and glances upward at a pretty young mother who trips across with her baby in her arms. "My bed is smooth enough for me, but it might be too rough for the wee girlie in your arms! And so her papa is living alone on the mountain, digging 'a hole with nothing but disappointment at the bottom. If it is gold he must have, I could tell him—but, would it make you any happier, little mother?"

The stream, you see, was both merry and wise.

It could prattle, and it could keep its own counsel, too.

But its play days ended, as all our play days end, sooner or later, in the work that is waiting for us. Sometimes, it is work we would never choose for ourselves. I can hardly believe the little stream very much enjoyed the work which awaited it down in California gulch, where the hungry gold-seekers forced it to help them sift the precious grains from those of common earth.

It did not enjoy it, still it did it without grumbling, knowing that other work, and better, would come to it soon enough. How it may have laughed to itself, thinking of the treasures of the mountains whose secrets were its own by birthright,—secrets these anxious gold hunters would give, if not their own lives, the lives of a good many other people, perhaps, to know! For our little stream, although the miners called it a "ditch,"—though it was no respecter of persons, and gave water to a worn-out stage-horse turned out to die, quite as readily as to the capitalist who had just put his millions in a mine; though it lent itself to very common uses,—even washing the clothes of the camp and the faces of dirty children,—was of royal birth! Its mother, the Arkansas, was a daughter of the great snow-covered range, whose calm, white brows are lifted, overlooking the continent, and telling the rivers which way to run.

Is it likely they do not know all about the gold and silver locked in the treasure-chambers of the mountains? Our little stream may have heard the secret whispered over the tops of the pine-trees, when the great winds wandered from peak to peak at twilight, and the cloudy curtains sank over the heads of the giant dreamers. But now I must tell you what the stream helped two little children to do. Their own good hearts told them to do it, but when the good thought came, the little stream was ready to help them turn it into deeds.

These children, like the stream, had known a good deal of play and a little of work in their lives, but they were not of royal birth. I do not believe there are any disguised or stolen princes or princesses in the woods about that mining camp in the gulch; but Nanny Peerie's eyes could not have been bluer, nor her dark locks more curly, nor her cheeks redder under the sun-tan, if she had been the daughter of a hundred earls, instead of the child of one not very prosperous teamster called Ben Peerie. Nanny's brother, Alec, was sandy-haired and freckled, with light hazel eyes, and a broad, merry smile.

They were both stout and tall for ten and twelve years, and this was fortunate, just because life was not all play-time to them. Ben Peerie, the teamster, had laid down his "jack-rein" and "snake-

whip," and taken up the miner's pick and shovel. He had built a rude hut on the edge of the timber line, where the sparse and stunted firs show how hunger and cold can cripple the life of a tree, as well as of a man. Here he spent his time and strength sinking a "prospect hole," where he daily expected to uncover a fortune.

Sometimes, he felt tired and discouraged, and two or three days would pass while he lay around his cabin and smoked, and the hole grew no deeper. Sometimes, he tried to "sell out," and hoped for better luck in another spot; but no one seemed anxious to buy his prospect. So he continued to dig, and smoke, and dream of future wealth. Meantime, Jane, his wife,—a slender woman with Alec's hazel eyes and smile (both less bright than they had been a few years before), took in washing, by which she supported herself and the children, and supplied Ben with the food, tobacco, and clean clothes on which his hopes were fed.

The children "packed" water for their mother, and carried the bundles of clothes to and fro through the town, besides being generally helpful, and cheery to look at. When they were not to be seen, the mother was seldom troubled about them. The pine woods were near, and they spent many happy hours there. They had their own "prospect holes," and their own visions of hidden treasure awaiting the lucky touch; but they faithfully performed all the humdrum tasks at home, before entering the dream-world of the forest.

Now, for days of the dry and windy summer, the forest-fires had been roaming around the hills, showing like a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. They were watched by the town in the gulch, by the mines on the hills, by the outlying cabins and camps, and as the wind veered to the south, or west, or north, anxiety sharpened the watch. Now it was the timber men in Frying-pan gulch who were threatened, or the charcoal-burners in the Arkansas valley; now the little camp of Oro in the hills, or the big camp in the gulch, or cabins west of it, which stood against a redder sunset than had lit the pine woods for many a year.

Men were sent out to "back-fire"; and along the course of the stream, as it entered the forest, a picket guard of fires sent up their red light by night and their smoke cloud by day. All the well-known camps and cabins were watched and guarded, but there were many wandering sheep from that great fold in the gulch. Many solitary cabins lent their glow to the night fires that lit the silent stream on its way, and no one but the stream, perhaps, could have told of the grim watch kept by some shelterless outcast over the ashes of his "last chance."

Nanny and Alec had their own "claim," as they called it, about half a mile distant in the woods. It was a patch of young pines, growing thickly together, where, twenty years before, the larger trees had been cut. Here and there a fallen log served for a seat, where they often sat and listened to the wind surging up from the valley, like the surf on a distant shore. They called the young pines their Christmas trees, and amused themselves for hours, gathering such treasures as the woods afforded, and hanging them on the branches of their pet trees, with bits of string, treasured in Alec's pocket for that purpose.

Every day, when work was done, they hurried into the forest to see if their "claim" was still safe from the fires.

One morning, a miner, driving his donkey loaded with "grub" along the ditch, saw two children sitting on a fallen and blackened log, gazing at the burnt waste around them. He wondered what they were doing so far in the woods alone, and, seeing their faces were troubled, asked if they had lost their way.

"No, sir," the girl replied. "But this was our 'claim,' and the fires have burnt it all up!"

He smiled to himself as he passed on, for he had children of his own in a little prairie town of Illinois.

"Never mind," said Alec, "I know where there are lots more Christmas trees just as nice as these. We can locate somewhere else."

"I sha' n't ever like any other place so well as this one," Nanny replied, kicking to pieces with her foot the charred likeness of a slender pine twig. "There will be people there, asking questions—or something! Alec, did you ever see that cabin before?"

It stood just across the log road, which separated it from the burnt waste, with the heavy woods behind it.

"I knew 't was there, but there did n't seem to be anybody livin' in it. You could n't see it 'less you was close to it."

"I wonder if it's empty! We might live in it ourselves, if it is!" cried Nanny, springing up with a brightening face.

"Here's his prospect-hole—guess he did n't find anything, and quit."

"Who?" said Nanny.

"Why, the feller that built the cabin. This was his hole, don't you see, and he's cleared out and left 'em both."

"May be he was afraid of the fires. Oh, Alec! Suppose we had a real house of our own, and had to see it burnt up! That would be worse than losing our claim."

"A heap worse. But we're not likely to have a

house of our own very soon, 'less we jump this feller."

They were at the edge of the prospect-hole, gazing down into it, and Alec was listening for the thud of a stone he had dropped.

"It's awful deep! He must 'a' worked here 'most all summer, if he worked alone. Think how many times he must 'a' filled that bucket, and climbed out, and hauled it up after him, and every time, I s'pose, he hoped he'd find somethin'. Pop says it wears a man out, this waitin' and waitin'."

"What does he do it for, then?" said Nanny. "I don't believe mother wants him to. Did n't you hear a noise then?"

"Heard it before, but I thought you'd be frightened, so I did n't say anything. Sounds like some one groanin'."

"There is some one in the cabin, Alec! May be he's sick, or hurt, or something! Do you s'pose he could hear what we said about taking his cabin?" whispered Nanny, as they neared the door.

"What if he did? If he gets well, he wont be 'fraid of us; and if he does n't, he wont care."

"Oh, hush—do! He's there, and he *is* sick!"

Nanny was peering through the door, which stood open. A broad beam of sunlight crossed the gloom of the low, square cell,—for it could hardly be called a room,—and fell with a ruthless glare upon the face and head of a man lying on a bed of logs, placed side by side on the floor, with a few withered pine boughs and old blankets tossed over them. He had writhed himself about until his head rested on the dirt floor, but still the sunbeams pursued him. They showed with startling distinctness the swollen, discolored face, and the matted beard and hair which straggled over it. Both children held back a moment, for the man was a hideous picture of misery. Then Nanny whispered:

"Shut the door! He don't like the sun."

Should they shut themselves in, with dirt and gloom and squalid sickness, or outside, in the clear, pure sunlight, and leave him?

The little stream turned its bright eye upon the children, as they hesitated a moment at the door. Who can tell what secret understanding there may have been between it and the night winds which blew up the fires and laid bare the children's claim? For many days and nights it had been telling the story of the sick man, alone in his cabin in the woods, but few listened and no one understood. The "claim" was a waste, and the pretty Christmas trees were dead; but Christmas means something better than hanging playthings on a tree. The real meaning of Christmas had come to the children on this hot summer day, as they stood at the sick man's door. So they shut themselves

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NANNY AND ALEC AT THE EDGE OF THE PROSPECT-HOLE.



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in with him. Nanny refolded smoothly the old coat which served him for a pillow, and together they lifted his head and laid it upon it. He could

tried to move them, and then rolled his head from side to side and moaned.

"Perhaps he wants a drink," said Alec. "That



NANNY AND ALEC AT THE EDGE OF THE PROSPECT-HOLE.

not open his eyes, for his face was fearfully swollen and covered with unsightly red blotches. His lips, too, were swollen and cracked with fever. He

pail looks as if it had n't had any water in it for a week."

The sick man made an eager gesture toward

the pail. The children took it to the stream. If they had brought it back filled with the gold he had sought so long, how bitterly he would have spurned it for one mouthful of the water, which, all summer, had been flowing unheeded past his door!

"Would you like us to send for a doctor to see you?" Nanny asked, when they had given him a drink, and set the pail and cup within his reach.

He muttered something about "pardner" and "Stray Horse gulch," he paid no heed to Nanny's second question about the doctor, but continued his incoherent mutterings; the words "pardner" and "Stray Horse," recurring from time to time.

"Have you got a partner, and is he at Stray Horse gulch? Do you want us to send for him?"

He shook his head with a fierce laugh which made his face more hideous than before.

The children could make nothing of his mutterings, and very soon he seemed to fall asleep, or into a kind of stupor,—for his eyes were always closed,—and then the brother and sister stole away, shutting out the sunlight.

"Now, see here," said their mother, when they had finished their long story, "it was the right thing for you to do. I don't find any fault with what have you done; but you've run a terrible risk.

"We don't know what kind of sickness he's got, it may be measles, there's plenty of it 'round, or it might be something a great deal worse. I don't want you both sick on my hands, they're full enough as it is, so just keep away from that cabin after this! I don't want you to go anywhere near it! I'll tell the doctor about him when I go in town to-night. Now, eat your suppers and be quick about it!"

She got up with a sigh, and they saw that she looked worried and tired.

"Can't I carry the basket in for you to-night, mother?" Alec asked, "so you need n't go?"

"I've got to go, I tell you," she answered, with a sharpness quite unlike her usual manner, "I want to get some money for father." She gave the quick sigh again, and then kissed them both, with a hand on the shoulder of each. "Don't be running out and getting cold, and be sure to go to bed early."

The forest fires mounted high that night behind the pines west of the Peerie cabin. The children watched them from the door, and then climbed to the path beside the ditch, from which they could look far into the heart of the stricken forest.

From the direction of the fires, they saw that the sick man's cabin must be in their track, and they looked at each other with terror in their eyes.

"Mother said we must n't go there again," whispered Nanny, a tremor of doubt in her tone.

"Mother would n't see a man burnt up before her face and eyes, I guess; you'd better not come Nan; but I'm going to see."

Alec ran ahead, and Nanny followed more slowly, for the path by the ditch was narrow, and all the light came from the red glare before her, which half-blinded her eyes.

At a turn in the channel, she came upon the belt of fire, extending as far as she could see, along the windward side of the stream. These fires had been started for the purpose of laying waste a strip of the forest on the track of the advancing fires from the valley, so that when they came to it they might be checked for want of fuel. They were hurrying on with a terrible confederate (the wind) at their back, while the defensive fires being started against the wind, were thus prevented from becoming unmanageable.

There was a guard of men in charge of the fires, lest the wind should shift and turn them into a foe instead of an ally; they were lounging on the ground, watching the leaping, restless flames in silence, like the silence which falls upon people who watch the motion of a brook, or a fountain or a water-fall; a motion always changing, and yet repeating itself, and with a continuous voice of its own. The fires had a voice, as changeful and violent as their movements. It was crackling laughter when the flames leaped and clung to a dry pine-bough, half-way up the trunk, whirling its torch against the darkness, and then dropping it in a shower of sparks, while the steadier flames coiled up the trunk, waiting for another spring; it rustled and hissed like a serpent in the underbrush,—it roared among the dry, heaped boughs, and muttered, as it blinked and flickered in the embers, licking up the least morsels of its feast.

The men were very rough-looking, but their silence and their quiet attitudes encouraged Nanny to ask them if they had seen her brother pass.

One of them looked at her a moment, and took his pipe from his mouth to say:

"There was a boy came this way with a story 'bout a sick man down in the woods. Two of our fellers went along with him."

"Yes, that's Alec," said Nanny; "which way did they go?"

"Why, you can't foller 'em, sissy! They had to go considerable ways down to git across the fires. Had n't ye better run home?"

"Oh no, please! mother's away and it's too lonesome!"

She sat down on a fallen log, shivering, not so much with cold, as with excitement and a vague terror of the scene. It was indeed a wild and beautiful sight, that long lane of fire, with the stream at one side, reflecting its red splendor, the

forest behind it, and rolling up against the sky, that heavy cloud of smoke, lurid with the flames hidden in its folds. The tall pines standing opposite the fire looked as if painted on the black sky in pale, gray light; the wind rocked them to and fro, and long, surging sighs swept through all their spectral branches; the fire, blown back by the wind, reached its baffled hands toward them across the dividing stream and roared hungrily. It was Saturday night, the miners and prospectors from the hills were gathered into the town in the gulch, filling it with discordant noises; tramping of heavy boots on the board side-walks, hoarse shoutings, and bursts of music, softened by the distance. A huge, brilliantly-lighted tent, called the "Great Western Amphitheater," seemed the center of the revelry. Nanny thought of the sick man, alone in his cabin, and wondered if, in all that noisy crowd, there was no one who missed him. It seemed to her very dreadful that the town should be giving itself up to merriment, with such a terrible enemy at its back. If she had been older, she might have taken comfort from the thought that the empty voices are the loudest, and that our ears cannot hear the busy-silences, which are full of help and sympathy.

"Here, take this!" the man said, tossing toward her the coat he had been lying on. "You're Mrs. Peerie's little gal, aint ye? She done my washin' for a spell after I first come, but I've got my own woman along now. It's a heap better. I've got a young one about your size,—only, my gal's a boy."

"Is he any of your folks?"

"Who?" asked Nanny.

"The sick man," pointing over his shoulder toward the woods.

"Oh, no! We just happened to find him; we don't even know his name."

"Pretty rough! My name's Kinney; you ask your ma if she don't remember me; she washed a pair o' pants for me once; I paid her a dollar, 'n' they wus worth it; never srunk a bit!"

Black figures were now seen coming along the path; sharp touches of light soon began to show on their faces, and Nanny recognized Alec first; then two men followed, bearing a burden between them. They laid it down near a group of men waiting below.

The man who called himself Kinney got up and strolled toward this group, while Alec, running past him to meet Nanny, exclaimed:

"There's a man down there, who knows him, says his name's Bill Lauder. Come along and see what they're going to do with him!"

A tall, sandy-bearded man was bending over the bundle of blankets, saying in a slow, careless voice:

"What gits me is, Bill's pardner up to Stray Horse told me only yist'day that they'd quit, and Bill had put out for ole St. Jo to see his wife and young ones."

"Bill aint got any wife, now, nor young ones neither," said another voice. "The typhus cleaned him out more 'n' a year ago."

"Wal! I 'lowed I'd heered that myself. This here's a game that needs watchin'. Take him 'long to my cabin, boys; I'll go in to see the doctor 'bout him."

"He's terrible sick," said one of the two bearers, who stood near. The others had quickly dispersed at sight of the face, half concealed by the blankets. "He's got small-pox onto him, or measles, anyhow. He don't know nothin', does he?"

"No, he don't. Take him 'long to my bunk! I've had small-pox, 'n' if I did n't have measles, I can't git 'em no younger. Pick him up easy!"

The bearers took up their unconscious burden and walked on in uncomfortable silence.

Jane Peerie had very little to say to the children's story that night. She sighed her little, quick sigh:

"Well, I can't say as you've done anything but what's right, and if trouble comes of it, I suppose it's our share."

She came to them after they were in bed and kissed them both good-night again.

"Why, mother!" Nanny suddenly exclaimed.

"It's Saturday night! Where's father?"

"He stayed in town to see his partner."

"Why! I did n't know he had one!"

"Well, it's something new. It was only yesterday they fixed things up between them."

"Who is he, mother?"

"I don't know his name. He came from the camp at Stray Horse gulch."

"I wonder," whispered Nanny, as the mother turned away, "if it could be——"

"Oh, fudge!" said Alec. "You're always wondering. I guess there's more 'n one man in Stray Horse gulch!"

But Nanny continued to wonder, and one day she wondered with some reason. They had wandered to the deserted prospect-hole and the heap of ashes and charred logs which had been the sick man's cabin. They were poking about among the fragments of a pine stump, hunting for pieces of charcoal straight and long enough to mark with, when they came upon a tin tobacco-can.

Opening it, they found within a stout leather wallet, which was stuffed with bank-bills, much soiled and crumpled, a few gold pieces, a watch, and some articles of rather common jewelry. It looked quite a precious store to the children.

"They must belong to him," said Alec. They

often talked about their sick man, and always called him "Him."

"This must have been his bank; 't was a pretty safe one, was n't it?"

They took the wallet home to their mother, and the next day she carried it to the cabin where Bill Lauder was being nursed. The tall, sandy man, whose name was Keeler, said that Bill had got well "'mazin' sudden after all." He was "res'less, 'n' wanted to put off somewheres—did n't keer much where. He war lookin' for a pardner o' his—and fact is, ma'am, I could n't tell you now where Bill is! You jist keep that there pile, Mis' Peerie, and I'll let Bill know where to go for it when I hear from him. I know well enough what he'd do with it if he was here. He'd jist sling it at them young ones o' yourn, what picked him out o' the fire, or he aint the kind o' chap I take him for!"

Mrs. Peerie laughed in a rather nervous way. She took the "pile" home with her, and put it safely away. The next day, both children were taken sick with the measles. Three weeks of trouble followed, and poor Jane was tempted sometimes to feel that it was a little more than their share. The children were very ill. Her work took her away from them a good deal, and in her absences the fire would get low, and the children took cold. With all this care, there was an added anxiety in the fact that she had neither seen her husband, nor heard from his camp on the mountain, since the Saturday night she had furnished him with her last earnings, for the partnership.

One day, early in the fourth week, he walked into the cabin. He looked rather haggard, as if with illness or anxiety; but the expression of his face was more bewildered than unhappy. If Jane Peerie had ever seen a picture of Rip Van Winkle awakening from his long sleep on the mountain, her husband's face would have reminded her of it, as he seated himself by the fire, stretched out his legs, and looked about him.

"What! the children sick, too?"

"Why, yes, Ben! I sent word to you a week ago that they had the measles."

"So you did—I remember now—but I s'posed they'd be around before this. Well, I've et my last meal in that shanty up there."

"What's happened to you, Ben? You look so queer!"

"Well, I feel queer! I've been feelin' uneasy for a good while, but things have took a most unexpected turn with me. It's as if I'd got started on a down grade, goin' like thunder, an' the brake would n't pull a pound, 'n' just as I was gittin' ready to jump, the whole outfit went sailin' round the turn, every mule in line and the load as steady as a church steeple!"

"Well, I can't see what you're tryin' to get at."

"Sit down, little woman, and I'll tell you. What'd you say if I was to quit prospectin', and go back to teamin' ag'in?"

"Ben! That's just what I've been praying for these six months."

"Why did n't you tell me so, then?"

"Well, I did n't want you to give up your way till you was sick of it—because, if you did, and things went wrong, you might throw it up at me that I had stood in the way of your doing better."

"Well, I guess you was about right, as you usually are. I'm sick enough of that hole up there, anyhow."

"But what's become of your pardner?"

"That's more 'n I can tell you. I know it took just about what was left of that money you scraped up, to git him to Denver last Monday week. He was clean busted, he said,—had n't but two nickels of his own. You see, for every dollar I put up he was to go two, because my summer's work was thrown in, and, if we struck it, he was to have half. Well, that looked square; but his money was all in Denver, and he wrote an' wrote, an' it did n't come. He spent most of his time trampin' back an' forth to town. He seemed dreadful uneasy, an' finally nothin' would do but he must go 'n' look after it. He'd been gone a week Monday 'n' nary sign from him. I began to feel peculiar myself. It was my turn to go trampin' in town and stand in the line at the post-office. I did n't let on to you, Janey, 'cause I knew you'd be worried—I was worried myself. It hurt me a good deal to have your money fooled away like that. I never 'd 'av' asked for it, only I hated to throw away all I'd put into the hole. And I could n't go on with it alone. You aint in a hurry 'bout anything, are you? Seem to be fidgetin' in your chair some."

"I wish, Ben, you'd tell me how it's all ended."

"Did n't I tell you we cleared the curve, just as I was shakin' loose for a jump? 'Twas about Wednesday noon there came to the cabin a tall, bony man, rather peaked lookin', with big black eyes, 'n' he says:

"'Kin I see your pardner, Cantripp?'"

"'No, you can't,' ses I, 'n' then I told him about the trip to Denver."

"He smiled a curus sort of smile, and then he says:

"'I reckon I know Cantripp better 'n you do, if you expect to see him agin.'"

"He set to then 'n' told me his whole story. Cantripp 'n' he'd prospected together for more 'n a year and had some luck till they stuck on that hole back there in the woods. He got sick with the

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measles—had 'em awful bad—crazy with 'em—and Cantripp left him alone in the cabin there, 'n' give out that he 'd gone home to Missouri. Hooked his pile, too, 'n' some trinkets——"

"No, they 're all here! The children found them close by the prospect hole!"

"Great sign! What 'll them young ones do next. Lauder—Bill Lauder, his name is—told me all about 'em.

"'Peerie,' says he, 'their name was,' lookin' at me with that queer smile of his.

"'My name 's Peerie,' says I.

"'So I've heered,' says he. 'T would be queer now, would n't it, if you should turn out to be the father o' that boy and gal.' So we shook hands on it."

"They 've got the measles of him, you know."

"Yes! I concluded as much, but I did n't let on to him, as they was anyways the worse for what they 'd done. He 's made it all square, I guess. He 's bought me clean out; give me a check on the bank for a clean fifteen hundred for the old cabin, and the hole, and what 's to come out of it. I say I'm well quit! What do you say, little woman? And I aint goin' to shove it down no more prospect holes neither."

One day, a few months later, when Mrs. Peerie was hanging out her "wash," the shadow of a man's hat and shoulders crossed the white sheet she was pinning up. She turned quickly and saw a tall, bony, black-eyed man,—“rather peaked-lookin’,” she said to herself, remembering her husband's description of Bill Lauder.

"Hope I did n't scare ye, ma'm! My name 's Lauder. P'r'aps you 've heered it before."

"Yes, indeed!" said Jane Peerie, with a quick smile. "Come in, Mr. Lauder. We 've got some of your property waiting for you here."

"'T was on account of that same property I come here to-day, ma'am."

He took the chair Mrs. Peerie offered, and tilted himself about on it rather uneasily when he talked.

"You see, my pardner was a keerful man. He knew I could n't look after my truck, bein' sick, so he 'lowed he 'd put it in a safe place,—only, ye see, he forgot to tell me where 't was. Howsomever, them young ones o' your'n found it. So I 've heered"——

There was silence a moment.

"I dunno as them child'n 'd be any better off if they had money, but if they would, I wish my pile was bigger."

He rose and stood by the door, drawing his large forefinger up and down a crack in the panel.

"'Cause what 's mine is theirn, you know, ma'am, after what they 've done for me. I aint no family of my own. Them rings and the locket,—I dunno but I 'll take them 'long with me. They belonged to my wife. But the money I aint no partic'lar use for, and the watch I 'd like that boy o' your'n to pack round when he gits big enough. The money 'd better go to the girl. Boys ought to earn their own money."

The children running in, a few minutes later, met Mr. Lauder on the door-step. He took hold of the boy's shoulder with a hard grip, and looked in his face a moment, but the little girl's hands he held in his, stroking them softly.

He did not speak a word to either, and when he had gone, the children questioned their mother about the stranger.

We have just heard all that she told them. The little stream could have told the story and finished it much better than any one else; but its stories are very long,—so long that most of us think we are too busy to listen to them.



## SOW, SEW, AND SO.

BY ROSA GRAHAM.

SOW, sow, sow,  
So the farmers sow!  
Busy, busy, all the day,  
While the children are at play,  
Stowing, stowing close away  
Baby wheat and rye in bed,  
So the children may be fed,  
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew,  
So the mothers sew!  
Busy, busy, all the day,  
While the children are at play,  
Sewing, sewing fast away,  
So the children may have frocks,  
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks,  
So, so, so,

Sow, sew, so,  
So they sow and sew;  
S, and O, and W,  
This is what the farmers do;  
Put an E, in place of O,  
This is how the mothers sew,—  
So they sow and sew for you,  
So without the W,  
So, so, so.

## A STRANGE MUSIC.

BY LOUIS C. ELSON.



IN THAT one evening, Maud and Arthur were tired of their music lessons. It was not that they were either lazy or incapable, but they had reached an era in their practicing which comes at least once to every boy and girl, in studying piano music,

when the work loses its flavor, and can be pushed further only by real perseverance and "grit."

Besides, a reaction had set in. They had been studying with great zeal to be able to display their newest pieces to their Uncle Herbert, on his return from China. Maud had learned the whole of Schumann's first Album, and Arthur had almost learned Kullak's "*Kinderscenen*." Uncle Herbert was very fond of music, and, though he had not seen them since their babyhood (Maud was four and Arthur two when he went away), he had sent a sum of money to their mother, asking her to apply it to their musical studies: and that was why they had overworked since they had heard, four months before, that he was coming home.

"I am getting tired of practicing," said Arthur confidentially to his sister. "I've been cramming awfully on that Kullak set, and our old piano is getting almost 'tin-pan-y.' Every time I play to Harry Somers, he asks me if I can stand the tone of that piano all the time."

"I know that, Artie," said the more quiet Maud. "Edith says something very much the same to me, but I don't mind it—much. Still, I know I shall be dreadfully nervous, after all my practicing, when I play to uncle."

"Pooh!" answered Arthur, "you've got it easy enough. You stretch an octave, and Mr. Lichtenstein lets you use the pedal, which he won't let me do, and he always praises you, and calls me 'careless.' I'm the one to be scared."

But neither of them was scared, when, instead of a severe old man, they found their uncle a hearty, young-looking, good-humored fellow, who never said a word about music the first few days he was with them, but entered into their sports, gave Maud a pair of Chinese ladies' slippers which she scarcely could cram even her toes into; made an enormous dragon kite for Arthur, and,

in fact, in ever so many ways, was a lovable, story-telling uncle, full of fun and cheer.

When they did play to him (he asked them if he should "sit with them while they practiced") they enjoyed it as much as he did, which was very much indeed.

But, one day, while they were out to try the new kite, Arthur suddenly said:

"There! it's striking five, and I must go home to practice. It's awful work."

"Why, Arthur," said Uncle Herbert, "you don't have to work as hard at your music, as a Chinaman does at his, when he studies it."

"Do they have music away off there?" asked the astonished Arthur.

"H'm! well, it's not what we might call music, but they call it so, and love it very much."

"Oh, do tell us about Chinese music," cried Maud, who had come out in search of her uncle and brother.

"Well, I'll make an agreement with you both; we'll dip into musical history together, after you've finished practicing, every day."

"Oh, that's jolly!" shouted Arthur. "Shall we begin to-night?"

"Yes. After supper we'll see what we can find interesting in the music of the Chinese."

That evening the family gathered to hear Uncle Herbert's tales of strange music. Mother brought in her sewing, and improved her mind and the children's stockings at the same time, for, since their father died, it had been necessary to economize, and she did so in time as well as in money.

But the children sat on the lounge, one on each side of Uncle Herbert, devoting their entire attention to the new story which they felt sure would be the best of all he had yet told them.

"I suppose we ought to begin at the beginning," said he, "since Chinese music is said to have been invented by a person whom you have often read about. He was Emperor of China about 2950 B. C., or nearly 5,000 years ago. The Chinese called him Fo Hi, but some of our own people suppose that he really was Noah, who lived about that time. The Chinese also hold that much of their music was brought to them from heaven by a bird which they named the 'Foang-Hoang.' This was supposed to be a very fortunate bird, which never appeared anywhere else but in China, and, whenever it came, it brought good luck with it. It appeared whenever a good emperor was born, and its nest was wrapped in mystery, for no one knew where it dwelt."

"Why, that's something like the Phoenix, that the Greeks used to believe in," said Maud.

"Yes, there is a resemblance; perhaps the

Greeks borrowed their bird from the Chinese one. This bird appeared with its mate, when Ling Lun, by the order of the Emperor Hoang-Ti, was making his first inventions in music. It sang to him in six tones, while its mate also used six different ones, making a scale containing twelve notes, just like our chromatic scale. But the Chinese only use five of these, and call the others 'female tones.' In China, everything female is thought to be useless."

"Have n't they got topsy-turvy ideas!" said Maud.

"Well, in this case they are open to that suspicion. The singing of the 'Foang-Hoang' was such beautiful music that it caused absolute goodness in every one who heard it, and its songs had the beautiful name of 'Tsie-ven,'—'Temperance and Mercy.' After Hoang-Ti, came an emperor named Chao-Hao, who invented a new mode of marking time. He had large drums beat at various hours of the night, to tell what o'clock it was; he composed, also, many songs. The earliest emperors all studied music, but it was with a view of teaching their subjects good manners and morals. The songs were sometimes only directions when to plant seeds, how to catch fish, how to behave in company, and so on. Sometimes, the words are to keep the emperor's own duty in mind. Thus, one begins: 'The breeze of mid-day brings warmth and dispels sorrow; may it be the same with Chun, may he be the joy and consolation of his people.'

"Another emperor,—Yu, the great,—used musical instruments for a very good purpose. He placed before his palace a large and a small bell, a drum, a tamtam, and a tambourine, and any person having business with him would be admitted on striking one of these."

"What's a 'tamtam,' uncle?" asked Arthur.

"A kind of gong. By the various sounds, he could tell, before seeing him, the nature of his visitor's business. The large bell meant that the person was coming to complain of an injustice; the small one was for private visitors; the drum told that the business was about the manners or customs of the empire; the tamtam, a public misfortune; the tambourine asked for the emperor's judgment in regard to some crime. China possessed some very patriotic songs at this ancient date, and when, at a later period (245 B. C.), a usurper won the throne, he was more afraid of the music than of anything else. He thought that, by reminding the people of their good emperors, they would be encouraged to resist him. Do you recollect anything like this in your English history, Arthur?"

"Edward I. killed the Welsh bards because he was afraid their singing roused the people against him," said Arthur, fresh from a recent history lesson.

"Well, Tchi-chi did n't have any bards to kill; but he ordered all the ancient books to be burned. Especially he tried to destroy all the works of the great philosopher, Confucius. All the instruments of music were to be broken up and new ones made, and in every way he tried to root out all the old songs and tunes. Those who tried to conceal anything were punished with death. And yet, many people risked their lives in hiding their instruments and books in the walls of houses and in the ground."

"What a monster he must have been!" said Maud.

"Not in all respects; he built the great wall of China, which was a good thing for the country," replied Uncle Herbert.

"But did the Chinese have many books about music?" inquired Arthur.

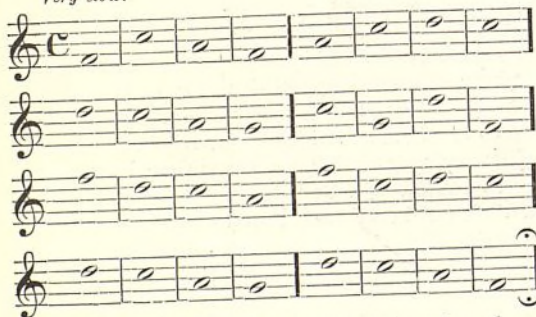
"They had and have more than any other nation. They have whole libraries of musical books. In the library of Pekin, there are four hundred and eighty-two strictly musical books, and hundreds which are partially musical. I don't mean books of music, but histories and essays. Hundreds of years after Tchi-chi (A. D. 640), the Emperor Tay-tsung searched vigorously for the books and musical instruments which had been buried and concealed, and tried to recover some of the old style of music. He did n't succeed altogether, and the Chinese have very little of their ancient music nowadays. They think that the old music must have been very beautiful, and use at their greatest feasts whatever they have of it."

"Oh, uncle! did you ever hear any of it?" cried both the children.

"Yes. I even tried to copy one of their old tunes, which they sang at a 'feast of ancestors.' They hum it, very gravely and slowly; and to me it seems very monotonous. Play it to us, Maud."

And Maud took the scrap of paper which Uncle Herbert gave to her from his memorandum-book, and, going to the piano, played this:

*Very slow.*



"Oh! how dull," said everybody in a breath,—even mother, from her corner, joining in the cry.

"Well it's not exactly lively, but recollect that this is their sacred music; their popular songs are sung in quicker style."

"But do they really enjoy such tame stuff?" asked Arthur.

"Oh! yes. It is associated with their parents, their childhood, their whole lives, and that means a great deal; then, also, it has poetical and moral poetry attached, which is more. I'll tell you how much they like it: in the last century, a number of missionaries went to China from France, and one of these, Father Amiot, was a good musician. He tried to win their good opinion by his skill on the clavichord, the piano of those days, and the flute. But, after playing to them the best pieces of European music, he found that they had no effect upon his audience, and, finally, he asked one of his most intelligent friends, a Chinese mandarin, if he thought that the music of Europe was not the finest in the world. To his astonishment, the reply was: 'It may be so, but it is n't made for Chinese ears; our melodies reach right to the heart.' So you see that what we think monotonous, is to them of the greatest beauty, while what we think beautiful, fails to delight them. But their popular tunes have some melody; only the people insist on singing them through the nose, and as 'caterwauls' as possible, besides making all kinds of din with gongs, drums, etc., so that the real melody scarcely can be distinguished. If it were not for this, the Chinese tunes would be very much like the Scotch. Here is one for you to play, Arthur; with one hand, without accompaniment, for, you know, the Chinese don't use harmony."

Arthur took the paper and read the following tune:



"I like that better than the other," said Maud, emphatically.

"It's a question whether you would, as they sing it. The other is sung with far more impressive ceremonies. The rules are very strict in the performance of the ancestral music; every player and singer has to stand in a particular

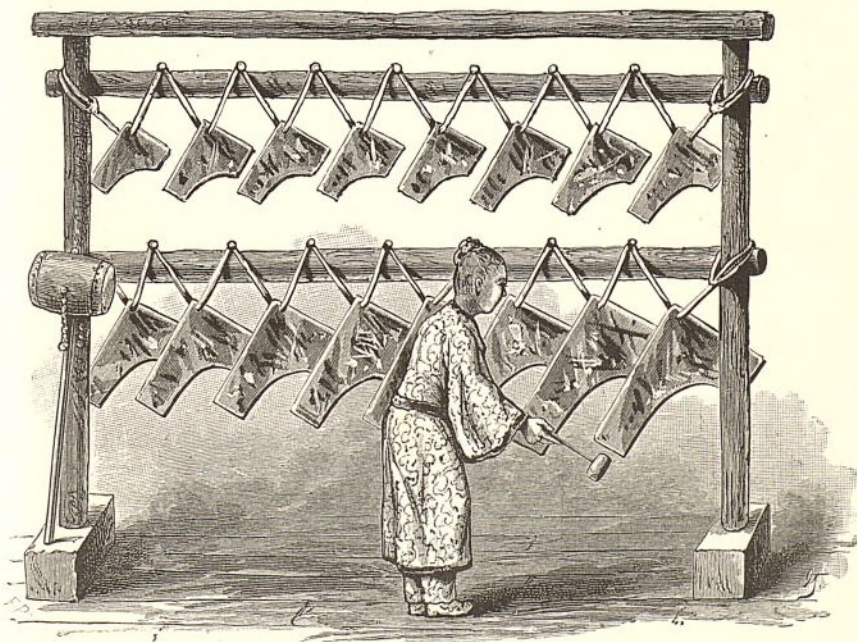
A CHINESE DRUMMER, AND THE *hiuen-kou*.

place,—one at the southwest, another at the north-east, another at the north, and so on."

"That is the most curious part of all. In their instruments they seem to have anticipated the invention of many of our instruments, by some thousands of years, but, having once invented them, they never seem to have tried to perfect them. It is characteristic of these people to pause at the threshold of great discoveries. Take the organ, for example; the Chinese knew the principle of the reed-organ 4,500 years ago, and to-day know no more than they did then."

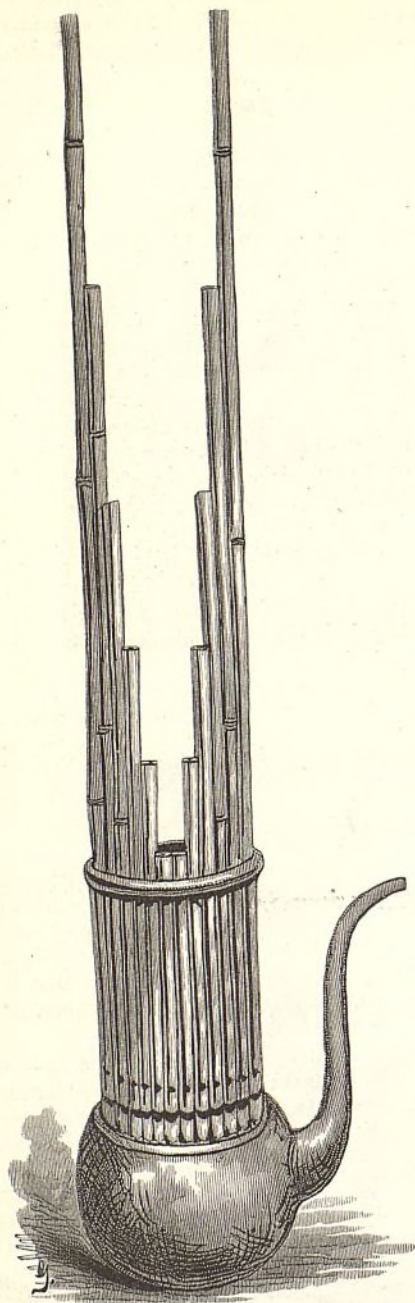
"What is their organ like?" eagerly asked Arthur.

"I'll show you. But don't expect to see a large church-organ." And Uncle Herbert went upstairs to his room, whence he immediately returned with a bundle of papers. "Here is a drawing of the Chinese organ or *cheng*. It has usually twenty-four pipes of bamboo, which are inserted in the gourd of a calabash. In each of these pipes is a reed or tongue of gold or copper, which, by its vibration, causes the sound, as in our cabinet organs; beneath this reed a hole is made in the bamboo, and when this hole is left open the air rushes out through it without making any sound; but when it is closed, by placing a finger upon it, the breath is forced up the tube, compelling the reed to vibrate, and give out an agreeable sound. It seems incredible that, with such an instrument,

A CHINESE BELL-RINGER PRACTICING ON THE *king*.

"But what instruments do they use?" asked the mother. "Are they at all like ours?"

the Chinese should not have added harmony to their melodies, but they never have.

CHINESE ORGAN, OR *cheng*.

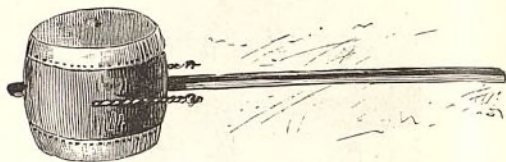
"Do they use pianos?" asked Arthur.

"They have an instrument whose tones are somewhat like those of a piano or harp. It is called the *kin*, and consists of silken cords, stretched along a sounding-board. There are various sizes of

this instrument, the largest of which is called the *che*; it is sometimes nine feet long, and has twenty-five strings. Here is a picture of a performer on the *che*."

"What is the other man doing with the little box?" asked both of the children, with much curiosity.

"That is n't a box," replied Uncle Herbert;

LITTLE *tao-kou*, OR DRUM ON A STICK.

"it is a sort of drum called the *po-sou*, and he is playing it, in the customary manner, with his hands; it is filled with grains of rice, which make it sound somewhat like a baby's rattle when it is struck."

"Well, I think the Chinese don't touch us on drums," said Arthur. "Our smallest toy drums would beat that."

"Wait a bit," said Uncle Herbert. "You have only seen one kind. These 'celestials' have eight sorts, some of which are, in every sense of the word, hard to beat. Here are two in this old picture, which was made by a missionary, a hundred and fifty years ago. The large drum is called the *Huen-Kou*, and is to be struck heavily; two small ones are suspended from the sides and are struck lightly, as accompaniment to the big one. They have different names, according to the side they hang on. The little drum on a stick is the little *Tao-kou*, and has a string running through it which hangs down on each side, ending in knots or balls. It is played at funerals, and also in concerts, to announce the end and beginning of various divisions of the music. Sometimes, it is held in the left hand and struck with the right, and sometimes it is twirled in the hands, and this causes the knots to rap against the faces of the drum."

"Do they play in church the organ that you showed us?" asked Maud.

"Oh, no! They like the organ to dance by best. Their grandest religious ceremony is usually accompanied by several instruments; but the most important of these is an expensive instrument, called the *King*. It is made of stones cut in proper shapes and finely polished; these are hung on a frame and struck with a wooden mallet. The stones, which are very valuable and of beautiful colors, are found near the river-banks in the province of Yun-nan. The picture of a man practicing on the *king* might remind one of the Swiss bell-ringers and their apparatus."

"Why, all these instruments seem ingenious and musical," said mother.

"They would be, if they were played in our

"But do the Chinese ever use any of our instruments?" said mother, now greatly interested.

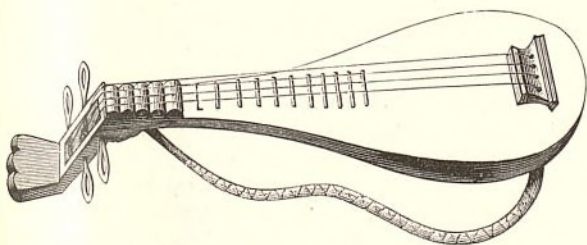
"The violin they are rather fond of, and the



PERFORMERS ON THE *che* AND *po-sou*.

style; but the Chinese love to add all possible clatter and din to the tune. Gongs, drums, trumpets, and bells, serve to drown the melody. At

flute. But they like our music-boxes best of all; so much so, that the manufacturers in Switzerland make boxes with Chinese tunes, expressly for that market, and great numbers are sold in China. Some Chinese are fond of the piano; and so are the people of Japan, where many music-boxes and pianos are sold, the empress herself being a very good pianist. But, after all, music-boxes are liked everywhere; even in the very heart of Africa, travelers have found that it is a sure road to the favor of a chief to give him a music-box.

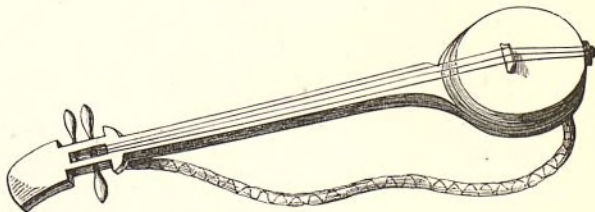


*gut-komm*, OR CHINESE GUITAR.

"Then, too, they have the *gut-komm*, which is the Chinese guitar, and is not very different from some of our own stringed instruments; and here is the *samm-jin*, or *samm-sin*, which, as

the beginning and end of each piece, a meaningless clatter of sticks and wooden utensils is kept up. Here, for instance, is the *Tchu*, which is only a mallet fastened in a wooden box, and which is sounded by a person putting his hand through the hole and giving it a pull. It only gives an irregular 'rat-tat-tat' against the sides of the box; but that increases the noise, and therefore pleases the audience. In addition to this, each of these instruments is dear to them on account of the legends and symbolical meanings which have been attached to it. Even this wooden box, the *Tchu*, is supposed to typify the advantages of social intercourse."

you see, is a much more primitive instrument. It appears to bear about the same relation to the



*samm-jin*, OR CHINESE BANJO.

*gut-komm* that our banjo does to the guitar. As the picture indicates, it has three strings of catgut.

"It is probable that neither of these two instruments is of Chinese origin, but that both came to China from India. The *samm-jin* is also a favorite



*ty*, OR CHINESE FLUTE.

in Japan, and it is certainly to be found in the wedding outfit of every bride.

"The *ty* is a good example of the kind of flutes used by the Chinese. It is made of bamboo, and has three embouchures, or breathing-holes, instead of one, as our flute has.

"One of the harshest of all Chinese instruments, whose sound is sufficient to set one's teeth on edge, is the fiddle of two strings. It had, like the *samm-jin*, an Indian origin. The small sounding-board is made of the skin of the gazelle, and the strings are made of the intestines of that animal.

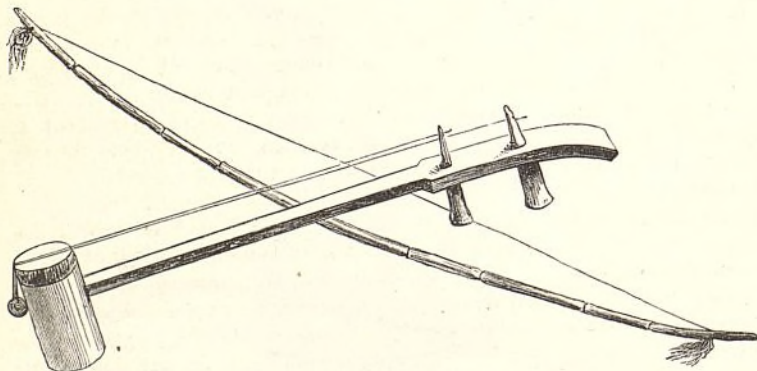
"All of you will remember the excruciating toy which the boys invented a short time ago, and which consisted of a waxed string drawn through a tin box. Well, the small sounding-board of this instrument looks like that unpleasant toy, and its tones bring it to mind yet more forcibly."

"How do they write their music?" asked Arthur, memories of the difficulties in reading bass notes coming over him.

"They have one of their letters or hieroglyphs for each note."

"And wont they ever like our beautiful compositions?" was Maud's pitying question.

"It's not very probable, though occasionally an enthusiast rises among them. In the year 1678 or '79 the emperor, Kang-Hi, became infatuated with



FIDDLE OF TWO STRINGS.

European music. He studied it himself from the missionaries; he made his courtiers study it; he wrote a book about it; and he made his musicians play it; but at last he saw that everybody was

bored, and desisted from forcing our gentle music upon the poor Chinese."

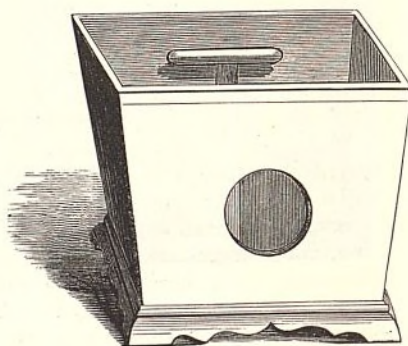
The clock here joined in the conversation by striking ten.

"Why, we are an hour beyond bed-time!" anxiously exclaimed mother; "shall we hear the rest to-morrow?"

"There is no 'rest,'"

said Uncle Herbert. "I have given you all I can think of on the subject, that the young heads can take in; so this evening's history is done."

That night, Arthur dreamt that he was entertaining the emperor of China with variations of "Pina-



THE *tchu*.

fore" played on the *king*, and his mother was aroused late at night by his pounding on the wall during his imaginary performance. But the music lessons improved, and many an evening the party gathered in the library to hear the music of various nations, as Uncle Herbert had heard it in his travels.

The crisis of dullness in the musical studies soon passed away, and, before Uncle Herbert went back to Hong-Kong, he saw his niece and nephew working with zeal and pleasure at a study which, for a short time, had become irksome.

Yet it did fret them both, a little, that their piano was not a better one. Their mother did not feel able to purchase

a new one for them.. However, their affection and good sense would not allow them to complain.

The week before their uncle's departure was a busy one, musically, for them both; there was to

be a school exhibition in the town-hall, and Maud was asked to perform the sixth of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and Arthur, Mozart's Sonata in C major. How they felt as they came before the large audience! but, as Maud said: "I saw Uncle Herbert looking at me nervously, and I made up my mind that I would show him I had been studying hard, at least." And both pieces went gloriously; so that their playmates, Edith and Harry Somers, asked: "Did you practice those pieces altogether on your

own piano?" Neither of them heeded much the implied slur on their little upright; but they cared much less for the remark when, after a day's ramble with their uncle, they came home hurriedly to practice, and found the old piano gone, and in its place a new grand-piano, with a large card on the music-rack, which bore the inscription:

*"To Maud and Arthur Parkbourne, in memory of the pleasant musical chats with*

*"Uncle Herbert."*

## BLODGET'S ORDERS.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

GRAND AUNTIE VON TIEZLE had ordered the great family coach and partaken of luncheon, and, at one by the clock, sat wrapped in her tippets and flappets, for her grand nieces, the darlings, the treasures, had put their pretty heads together, and for what? Why, that the great family coach, with Vixen and Spanker, should be ordered to take them a ride.

What a tour they would make! Since Grand Auntie von Tiezle came in possession of the great coach, no such marvelous route had been projected. In fact, why should it have been? Were not Spanker and Vixen creatures of blood and mettle? Was not the coach a marvel of beauty and polish? Was not Grand Auntie von Tiezle herself given to cramps and stitches, and were any of the three to be trifled with?

But it was plain there was a new leaf to be turned with the coming in of the new year. Nothing was surer than that Grand Auntie von Tiezle had ordered the coach for one o'clock, and that Bradley, the butler, had been given to understand that nobody need be expected till the clock struck five—and who could tell what to make of it?

Grand Auntie von Tiezle and her nieces were cushioned in the great coach. Each heart was in a flutter; each tongue was all a clatter; each horse was at a scamper, and the wheels flew round.

Grand Auntie von Tiezle was not certain about the time it would take to reach Crimpton; it was usually considered a drive of an hour; everybody thought an hour was not long, and began glancing to the right and to the left, to the left and to the right, to note the progress on the road. Everybody glanced carelessly, then more carefully, then leaned forward in astonishment. Everybody

turned to look at everybody, for the coach, at that moment, was dashing past Grand Auntie von Tiezle's own mansion, which they had left with Bradley and the maid servants, and had believed to be a mile away!

"It is strange! It is odd! It is past understanding!" chimed three young voices.

"Quite remarkable," said Grand Auntie von Tiezle, lying back in the flying coach; and they whisked around a corner; went a block and whisked again around a corner, and, in a trifle of time, were again dashing past Grand Auntie von Tiezle's own mansion!

Astonishment sat on every face.

"What can be the matter? What can the driver be doing? What can he be dreaming of?"

Impatience mingled with dismay as the horses flew along, dust blew up, and the sashes were at a clatter, and Blodget sat, tall and serene, driving Spanker and Vixen on apace.

Would Grand Auntie von Tiezle ever speak to him? Would she ever ask him? Would she ever do anything but say: "It is rather odd!"

"It is vexatious! It is outrageous!"

Grand Auntie von Tiezle looked in perfect dismay as she heard the exclamations from her nieces.

"You are on the way to Crimpton, are you not, my dears? It seems you are in need of patience."

"In need of patience? On the way to Crimpton? Why, Auntie von Tiezle, we are this minute but passing, for the fortieth time, the house from which we started."

"Ah!" said Auntie von Tiezle, looking provokingly through her glasses. "Possibly, it is all right, my dears. Blodget has his orders: he understands the lines——."

"But the road, Auntie dear, the road!"

"The road? Ah, yes, it is all correct: it is some miles to Crimpton; I told Blodget to drive as fast as he dared."

"But he has not started; he is yet at your door!"

"Yes? Well, he will turn the corner in a moment. You see, the roads are poor a mile beyond, and I told Blodget to drive the proper number of miles around the block, for I wanted him to get to Crimpton by a smooth and easy way."

Nobody could speak. Astonishment was giving way to fear. Had Auntie von Tieze and the driver on the box gone mad? But she continued, quite sanely: "It is foolish, you know, my dears, to do things by hard ways; it is silly to drive over rough roads when you can fly over smooth ones."

"We have lost our New Year's frolic! We have lost our ride to Crimpton!" cried the voices.

"Silly dears! We are riding right along."

"But the road; there is a right road; there is only one way that leads to Crimpton!"

"There is only one way? Ah! How? The real road, the right road! Then we must take the right road, must we? Then it will not do to go by easy ways, smooth ways, our own ways?"

"Oh, you wicked, teasing Auntie!" chimed the voices. "You mean to show us ——"

"That if you mean to do anything; this year you must not think about it, talk about ——"

"We see it all now—we understand it all now."

"Do you want to acquire knowledge? Then do not talk of books, and sigh over the covers, and glance at the first page and the last page, and hope to get over the difficulties, simply by riding around the block. Great men have found it hard to tug over! Choose where you wish to go this year, and get on the road. Do you want to learn to be patient, gentle, Christlike? make haste and get on the road,—not some easy, smooth, round-the-block road, but the real, right road; beware this year of riding round the block when you want to get to Crimpton."

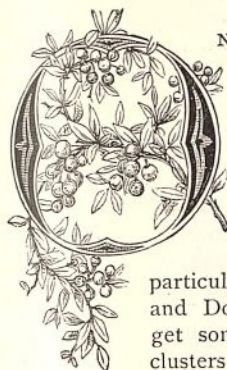
Then everybody understood all about it, and Auntie von Tieze was not mad, and the girls protested that they would not ride around the block this year, but get on roads that led somewhere. Then Blodget had new orders, and the wheels flew around, and the dust blew about, and on before went Spanker and Vixen, and everybody knows, of course, that they were at last on the right road to Crimpton, and what's more, they got there!



WHICH WILL GET IT? TIME WILL TELL.

## THE SPRIG OF HOLLY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



NE Christmas, there was a great scarcity of holly in that part of the country where Colin and his little sister Dora lived. Everybody decorated their houses with Christmas greens, and as holly-branches and berries were

particular favorites that year, Colin and Dora wished very much to get some to put up among the clusters of evergreens which their father had arranged over the big

fire-place in their parlor at home. But not a leaf or sprig of holly could they find.

"I tell you, Dora," said Colin, "we are too late. All the people have been out here, and have picked every bit of holly they could see. We ought not to have waited so long. It is almost Christmas now, and of course the persons who wanted holly came and got it a good while ago. I know one thing: I'm not going to put off picking holly, next year. I'm coming out into the woods before anybody else."

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora.

They wanted so much to find some holly, that they did not give up the search, although they had been wandering about so long. They had found an evergreen bush with some berries on it; but it was not holly. All at once, Colin saw a fine twig of holly, with several great leaves and some berries as red as ripe cherries, waving gently about by the side of a great tree. It seemed as if it must be the only sprig on some little bush.

Without saying a word, Colin dashed forward toward the big tree, followed closely by little Dora; but when they reached the holly, they found that it was not on a bush at all, but was held by a little dwarf, who had been waving it over his head to attract their attention.

"Hello!" cried the dwarf. "Don't you want a nice sprig of holly?"

Colin did not answer at first. He was too much astonished, and as for Dora, she just stood close to her brother, holding tight to his hand. The dwarf did not appear to be big enough to do them any harm, but he was such a strange creature that it is no wonder Colin hesitated before speaking to him. He wore a high cap, a funny little coat, and his breeches and shoes and stockings were all in one piece and fitted very tightly indeed.

"You do want some holly, don't you?" he said.

"Yes," said Colin, "I want some very much. We have been looking everywhere for it, but could n't find a bit."

"There is n't any more than this," said the dwarf. "This is the last sprig in the whole forest. And it's splendid, too. There's been no holly like it in this country for years and years and years. Look what big leaves it has, and see how bright and shiny they are, and what a fine bunch of berries is on it! It's very different from that piece of bush you have in your hand. That's not holly."

"I know it is n't," said Colin, "but I thought it might do, perhaps, if we did n't find any real holly."

"But it won't do," said the dwarf. "Nothing will do for holly but holly. That's been settled long ago. You can have this, if you'll pay me for it."

"How much do you want?" asked Colin.

"One year of your life," said the dwarf.

If Colin and Dora were astonished before, they were ever so much more astonished now.

"Why—what do you mean by that?" stammered Colin.

"I mean," said the dwarf, "that for one year you are to belong to me, and do everything I tell you to do."

"I won't do that," said Colin, who had now recovered his spirits. "It's too much to ask."

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora, clinging closer to her brother.

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "what do you say to six months? I will let you have the sprig for six months of your life."

"No," answered Colin, "that's too much, too."

"How would a month suit you?" asked the dwarf. "That's not a long time."

"Indeed it is a long time," answered Colin. "I should think it was a dreadfully long time, if I had to do everything you told me to do, for a month."

"Yes, indeed" said little Dora.

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "suppose I say a week. Nothing could be more reasonable than that. I'll let you have this splendid sprig of holly,—the only one you can get anywhere,—if you will agree to belong to me for only one week."

"No," said Colin.

"A day, then," said the dwarf. "I'll let you have it if you'll be mine for one day."

Colin did not answer. He stopped to think.

What could the dwarf want with him for one day? He might tell him to do something very hard and very wrong. Perhaps he would make him commit a burglary. That could be done in less than a day.

While this conversation was going on, two little dwarfs, much smaller than the one with the holly-sprig, were crouching behind a mound of earth on which the larger dwarf was standing, and endeavoring, in all sorts of ways, to catch Dora's eye. They had a doll-baby, which they held up between them, trying to make her look at it. They seemed unwilling to show themselves boldly, probably be-

earnest little creatures, and directly Colin looked up and said:

"No, I won't agree to it for a day."

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "I won't be hard on you. Will you agree to an hour?"

Colin thought that in an hour he might be made to do something he did n't like at all. Nobody could tell what these dwarfs could set a boy to doing. So he said:

"No, not an hour."

"A minute, then," said the dwarf.

Colin hesitated. That was not a long time, but



"THIS IS THE LAST SPRIG IN THE WHOLE FOREST."

cause they were afraid of the larger dwarf; but they whispered, as loud as they dared:

"Oh, little girl, don't you want this doll? It's a splendid one, with wiggle-y legs and arms. You can have it for just one year of your life. Or, if you will be ours for six months, you can take it. Look at it! You can have it for just one month of your life. Or a week—a short, little week!"

But neither Dora nor Colin saw or heard these

he might be made to fire a gun or do something very dangerous in a minute.

"No, sir," said he.

"A second?" cried the dwarf.

"I might strike Dora in a second," thought Colin, and he sung out:

"No, I won't."

"Well, then, will you take it for nothing?" asked the dwarf.

"Oh, yes," said Colin. "I 'll take it for nothing."

"Here it is," said the dwarf, "and I am very glad, indeed, to give it to you."

"Well!" exclaimed Colin, in surprise. "You are a curious fellow! But I'm very glad to get the holly. We're ever so much obliged."

"Yes, indeed," said Dora, and she fairly jumped for joy.

The two little dwarfs were now nearly frantic in their endeavors to make Dora look at their doll. They still were afraid to call out, but they whispered as loud as they could:

"Oh, ho! little girl! Look here! You can have this doll for one short week of your life. For a day! For an hour! One minute! A second! Half a second! For one millionth part of a second! For the twenty-millionth part of a half second! Or for nothing at all! You can have it for nothing!"

But Dora heard not a word that they said, and never looked at them.

"Why are you so glad to give me the holly?" said Colin to the dwarf. "And if you wanted me to have it, why did n't you give it to me at first?"

"Oh, I could n't do that," said the little fellow. "We always have to try to get all the work we can out of the boys we offer that holly to, and I'm glad you did n't make a bargain, because, if you had, I don't know what in the world I should have set you to doing. I offered it to a boy last year, and he agreed to do what I told him for six months. He would n't engage for longer than that, for his summer holidays would begin at the end of that time. And I know he thought he'd rather work for me than go to school. Well, I had a dreadful time with that boy. After the first week or two, I could n't think of a thing for him to do. He had done everything that I wanted. I would tell him to go and play, and he would come back in an hour or two, and say, 'I've done playing; what shall I do next?' And then I'd have to shake my fist at him, and look as cross as I could, and tell him that if he did n't go play and stay playing, I would do something dreadful to him. But of course that sort of thing would n't do very long, and so I had to find work for him until his time was up. It nearly wore me out. I think that if he had agreed for a year, it would have driven me crazy."

"But how did you come to have the holly-sprig, if this boy earned it?" asked Colin.

"Oh, the first thing I told him to do, after his

bargain was made, was to give me back that holly. We have to do that, or else we could n't keep on hiring boys."

"I call that cheating," said Colin.

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora.

"I suppose it is," said the dwarf, "if you look at it in a certain light. But we won't talk about that now. You have the holly-sprig, and I have no right to ask you to give it back to me. You can take it home, and I shall never see it again. Hurrah! Good-bye!"

And he made one jump backward, behind the big tree, and was gone.

Colin and Dora now hurried home, very happy, indeed, for no such sprig of holly had they ever seen as this which the dwarf had given them. It would look splendidly over the fire-place!

The two little dwarfs ran after them as fast as they could.

"Where had we got to?" said one to the other, just as they caught up to Colin and Dora.

"We were at 'nothing,'" said the other.

"All right, then, we won't go back on the bargain."

Then they both ran in front of the children, and holding up the doll between them, they called out:

"Little girl! will you have this doll for nothing?"

Colin and Dora stopped short. This was truly a most astonishing sight.

"Look at its legs and arms," said the larger dwarf. "See how they wiggle! You can make it sit down. Will you take it for nothing?"

Dora did not hesitate.

"Yes, indeed," said she.

Thrusting the doll into her hands, the two little dwarfs gave a wild shout, and rushed away, with the little tails which they had to their bonnets waving in the wind as they ran.

The children then hurried home as fast as they could, and when they had told their story and shown their gifts, great was the surprise and delight of everybody; for no one had ever seen such a large-leaved and bright-berried sprig of holly as the one the dwarf gave Colin, or so fine a doll, with such remarkably wiggle-y arms and legs, as the one the little dwarfs gave Dora.

"The thing that pleases me most about it all," said their father, "is Colin's steady refusal to make a rash bargain, even for a very short time. Colin, my boy, I think you are to be trusted."

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora, hugging her doll, and looking proudly into her brother's face.

## AMONG THE LAKES.

*(A Farm-house Story.)*

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

## CHAPTER VII.

"It's only a good swim, Uncle Liph," Piney shouted, as he struck out vigorously toward the drifting boat that held the little ones. "I'll push them ashore all right. It's fun."

"Piney's comin'," laughed Chub, in great glee. "He's s'immin'. See Piney s'im!"

"O, Roxy!" exclaimed Susie; "he wont be drowned, will he?"

"Oh no," said Roxy; "Piney learned how to swim, ever so long ago. Before he ever went into the water. He wont get drowned."

There was reason to doubt a part of that, but Roxy's confidence in her big brother was almost unbounded, and her little face grew serene and smiling as he came nearer and nearer.

"O, Piney," she said, "why did n't you bring the oars? Then I could have rowed the boat."

"O," said Piney, "you can row 'most as well without them. Sit still. I'll take you home safe."

It was easy enough to turn the head of the scow toward the shore, and to shove it along over the water. Even Susie began to think it was a very nice bit of fun, and Chub shouted at the top of his voice. As for Roxy, there was a thought creeping into her mind as to what she should say to her mother and Aunt Keziah, and she did not utter a word till they reached the landing.

"Here they are," said Piney, as he shoved the scow to place and hooked the chain to the post again. "I guess I'd better put the padlock on."

"I'll never do it again," said Roxy. "I just wanted to teach Susie how to row."

"And so you did n't take any oars," said Grandfather Hunter.

Piney's mother had caught Chub in her arms, and Aunt Sarah was hugging Susie, and poor Roxy looked so crest-fallen that Aunt Keziah said to her: "Come, dear, get out of the boat. You're a naughty girl; but I wont scold you. You and Susie may go to the garden and pick some strawberries for supper. Aint you glad Piney was at home?"

"O, Aunt Keziah, Piney always comes just in time."

"After all," said Uncle Liph, "it's a good sort of a lesson in more ways than one. Bayard, you must go in swimming every day while we're here. I want to see you outswim Richard."

"He'll never learn with his clothes on," said Piney, merrily. "Now, I think I'll go and change mine. It's the best kind of fun. Is n't it, Bi?"

"Yes," said Bayard, doubtfully; "but you're the wettest boy I ever saw."

Piney hurried away into the house, to put on his other clothes, and Roxy's mother scolded her a little before she let her and Susie go to the kitchen for their strawberry baskets, accompanied by Aunt Keziah.

Grandfather Hunter was pretty tired, after his long ride, especially as he had hurried a good deal when he heard the outcry about the children, and he and Uncle Liph went and sat down on the front piazza. As for Aunt Sarah and Cousin Mary, they set out for a walk along the lake shore and carried Chub with them, so that Bayard was left alone. He stood, for a few minutes, looking at the boat. Then he threw a stone, as far as he could, into the water, and said to himself:

"I wonder how far Cousin Richard could throw a stone. That is, without a sling or anything like that. There is n't any chance to throw stones in the city. No more than there is to swim."

Then he looked all over himself, and there was no-denyng that he was a much neater-looking and much better dressed boy than Piney Hunter. Especially, considering that he was dry from head to foot.

It is not easy for one boy to give up that another is his superior in any way, and, certainly, Bayard Hunter had not been used to having a small opinion of himself.

He turned away from the shore and sauntered across the lawn.

There was a boy coming along, just then, from the other way, and the first that Bayard knew of it was:

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" said Bayard, as he turned around and looked at the new-comer, and he could not help saying to himself:

"If Cousin Richard is too fat, this fellow's as thin as a chicken. What a peaked face!"

"I say, are you Piney Hunter's cousin? From the city?"

"Yes. My name is Bayard Hunter. Richard is my cousin."

"Yes, that's his name. Only we all call him

Piney. Is that the kind of hat they wear in the city?"

"Well, yes, it's my hat."

"I guessed it was. I'm Kyle Wilbur. I live in that house over yonder. Our farm joins on to Aunt Keziah's. Have you heard Piney speak his piece?"

"Speak his piece?"

"Yes, for the Academy Exhibition. If he does n't forget the last half of it he'll do it up tiptop. Don't you wish you was as good-lookin' a feller as he is?"

"Call him good-looking?"

"I'd say so. I'd give anything to weigh what he does. Did you see the pickerel he killed?"

"With his bow and arrow? Yes, I saw that."

"It's a big one, aint it? Tell you what, I helped him do that. I paddled the boat. You ought to have seen him go over into the water. But he never let go of that pickerel. He'd have got away from a feller like you in a jiffy."

"Could you have caught him?"

"Course I could, if I'd have shot him and got a good hold on him. That's the trouble. Piney always seems to get a good hold when he goes for anything."

"Does he?" asked Bayard.

"Yes, he does. How long are you and your folks going to stay here?"

"Oh, I don't know. A good while."

"Hope you will. Piney's just the kind of teller I'd like to visit with. Specially if I'd been brought up in the city and did n't know much. I'll see you ag'in. I'm goin' to the village, now. If you go after Piney's cows with him, you just look sharp after that brindled heifer of his'n. She does n't take kindly to strangers."

And, so saying, Kyle Wilbur shut his mouth hard, as if to keep himself from talking any more, and hurried away down the road.

Bayard laughed, and then walked toward the lake. Piney came there also, and before long he was giving his city cousin a pull in the old scow.

"We wont forget to put the oars in," he said, as they pushed away from the landing. "There is n't anybody handy to swim out after us. It's too late, or we might try for some fish. But then we'll have plenty of that while you're here."

"Next week?"

"Yes, and more the week after. School does n't close till a week from to-day. It'll be Examination next Friday. You know what that is, I suppose."

"Guess I do. What are you to be examined in?"

Piney told him, and Bi's respect for his cousin rose a good deal before they finished their mutual account of the books they were at work on.

Still, it was comforting to Bi to find that he was "ahead" in the study line. There was more of some things to be had, ready made, in the city than in the country. All of Piney's advantage was likely to be in the sort of things he had not learned at the academy.

The supper-hour came, and the boys were back in time for that. So were Roxy and Susie, with their strawberries, and the former gravely remarked, shortly after they were seated at the table:

"O, Aunt Keziah, I've something dreadful to tell."

"What is it, Roxy?"

"It's a hornet's nest. Only think of it!"

"That's so," said Piney. "It's in the apple-tree at the further end of the garden; I saw it. It's a hanging nest."

"I'm glad they've never stung any of you," said his mother. "Is it a very large one?"

"Pretty large. But nobody ever goes up there."

"What will you do with them?" asked Grandpa.

"Let 'em alone, unless they get troublesome. I want to get the nest whole. It's a splendid one."

"I see. I see," said his grandfather. "Get it without breaking it and send it to me."

"That's what I meant to do."

"I'd as lief have it as a fresh pair of deer-horns, or almost anything else. But you must n't let them sting you."

"I wont, if I can help it. But Roxy and Susie had better keep away from it."

"Do you hear that, Roxy?" asked Aunt Keziah.

"Yes, ma'am," said Roxy; "but if Piney does n't shoot the hornets, they wont let him have the nest."

"He'd better shoot fish," said Uncle Liph, who was eating one of those Piney and Kyle had caught in the morning. "When are we to have his big pickerel?"

"Oh," said Roxy, "Aunt Keziah said we were to have that for breakfast. Only it wont be enough, and we've saved some of the little fish to go with it. You're to eat the pickerel."

"What, the whole of him?"

"Oh no; his head's been cut off—"

"And 'oo must n't eat de bones," said Chub. "Dey'll toke 'oo."

"Choke me, would they? Well, then, I'll be careful. What are you going to do after supper, Richard?"

"Go for the cows, sir."

"Shall I go with him, father?" asked Bayard.

"I'm not too tired."

"Yes, certainly," said his father; "only be careful how you approach the brindled heifer that Roxy has been telling me about."

"Guess I 'm not to be scared by any cow," proudly replied Bi, his face flushing a little.

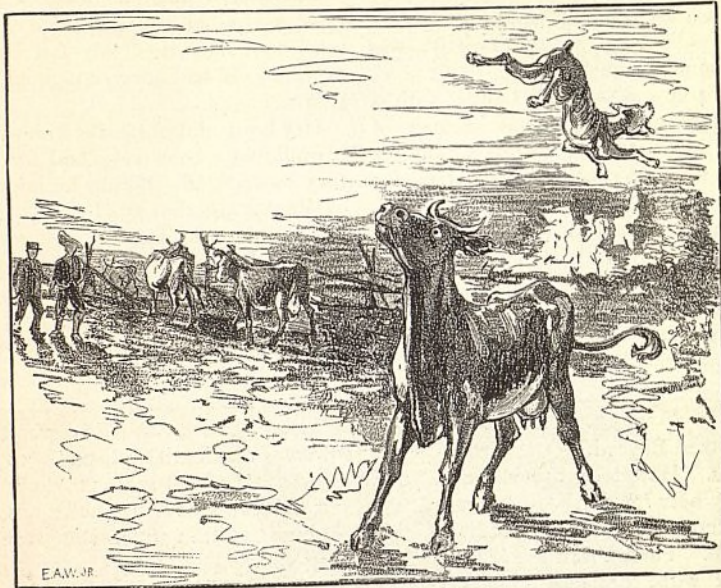
#### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE were woods and rocks on the hill, away back behind the farm-house, the barns and the hay-ricks. Through the barn-yard back gate and

"They don't do any harm in the lane," he said, in answer to a question of Bayard's, "but they are a great bother in some parts of the farm."

"Can't you kill them out?" asked Bi.

"They don't die easy. If you killed them all, this year, they 'd come up again next spring, just as if nothing had happened."



"WHAT A TOSS THAT WAS!"

up the hillside, running along the edge of the woods till it turned up and went over the hill, was a sort of lane, with a fence on each side. It led over the hill to a great, green pasture-lot beyond, sloping down to the bank of the little river that joined the lakes.

It was good pasture land, as Piney told Bi, but there were great boulders of rock scattered here and there over it, and it would not have done so well for wheat, or corn, or potatoes.

The sun was still more than half an hour high when, after supper, the two boys set out for the pasture. It was Piney's regular business, but it was all new to Bi, and he enjoyed it more than he would have said anything about. The long lane was not kept up at all like a city street. Just back of the barn-yard it was lined, for several rods, with "choke" cherry-trees. There were none of them very large. Hardly more than good, tall bushes. Beyond that, were some sumac bushes with their bright red ornaments. Burdocks and big bull-thistles grew everywhere, and Piney pointed out milk-weed and scoke-root and a dozen other plants. He seemed to know them all and what they were good for.

They had been walking along past the woods as they talked, and had stopped a dozen times to look at things, but just now they were close by the bars leading into the pasture. Some of the cows were in sight, but instead of quietly feeding, they were beginning to move around and even to trot along towards the bars.

"Co' boss! Co' boss! Co' boss!" shouted Piney, at the top of his voice, as he let down the bars.

"Do they come when you call?" asked Bi.

"Patty does, and Lady Washington, and the rest follow. There they come. Where's Patty? There comes the old lady; but how queerly she is acting! Well, I declare!"

"What's the matter?"

"Matter? Why, it's Bill Young's yellow dog. He just loves to worry cows. I believe he's a sheep-killer, too. I'll give him a charge of buck-shot some day, if he does n't keep out of our pasture. See him, now!"

Some half a dozen cows were coming rather hurriedly along the hill-side, towards the bars, but two more were coming more slowly in the rear.

"Come on, Bi," said Piney, as he started forward, "Patty has turned on him. She never ran

from a dog in her life,—nor from anything else. She 's my pet heifer; I raised her from a calf. She 'll follow me anywhere."

Piney did not add, as he might have done, that he was the only living being of her acquaintance to whom "the brindled heifer" did not sometimes show signs of her uncertain "temper." She was, very decidedly, not a cow to be trifled with.

It may have been that one of the reasons why Lady Washington herself, the best and most peaceful of milkers, walked on so composedly, was because of her confidence in Patty.

A noble-looking cow was the "Lady," with a mild, motherly face and a dignified manner of marching, as if she knew her owner would not have traded her for any other four cows in the valley.

Piney and Bi hurried forward.

"Hush!" said Piney, "let 's see what he 'll do. He is trying to dodge past Patty."

A big, ungainly, mongrel sort of dog was that of Bill Young. Nobody in the world would have

sharp, black horns moving to and fro in a very dangerous-looking way.

"I would n't care to have her hook me," said Bi.

"Guess you would n't," said Piney. "That dog wont, either, if she gets a chance at him. There!"

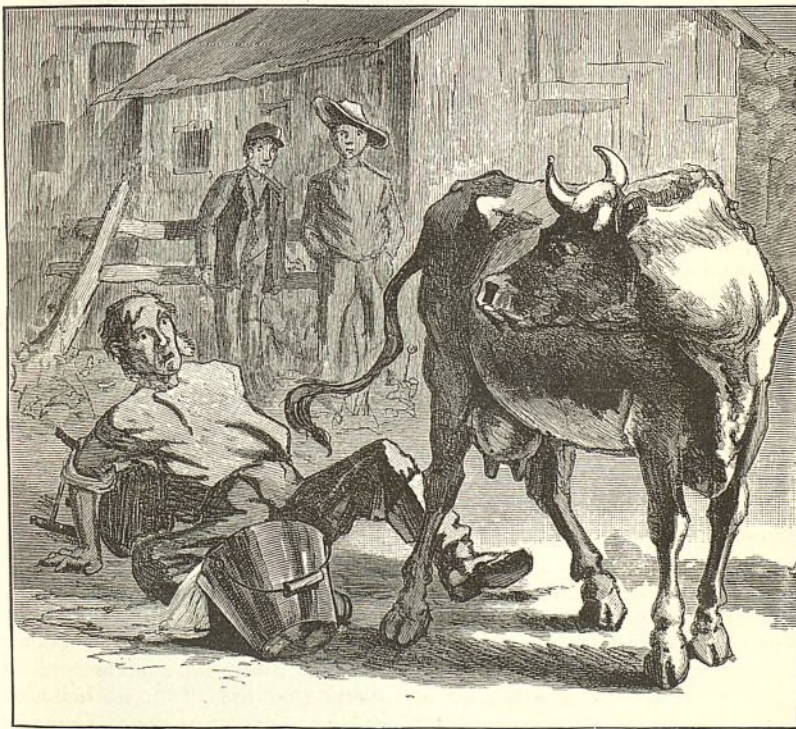
"Hurrah for her!" shouted Bi.

The yellow dog had made a sudden jump and rush, as if he meant to make a charge on the other cows, especially the Lady, but Patty was too quick for him. Bi had never imagined any cow could be so quick as that.

Her horns did not strike him with their points, or it would have been very bad for him indeed, but they passed under him as he jumped.

What a toss that was!

The next instant the yellow dog was flying through the air, clean over the back of the brindled heifer, and he fell crashing into a clump of huckleberry bushes. Perhaps he would have been worse hurt if the bushes had not broken his fall, but the



"PATTY HAD GIVEN THE MILK-STOOL ONE KICK AND THE PAIL ANOTHER."

given five cents for him; but he was just the kind of dog to make trouble, for all that.

He was barking furiously at the brindled heifer, who was facing him with her head down, and her

moment he was on his feet he ran as if for his life, yelping piteously.

Bi sent after him a stone he had picked up, but the dog was running too fast for even Piney to

have made a good throw at him. Still, it helped Bi to express his feelings and show which side he was on.

Piney hardly looked after the dog, but walked up to Patty, saying: "So, so! Patty. You're the cow for me. Come, now, stop shaking your head. He's gone."

Patty answered with a sort of subdued bellow, that said a good deal for her state of mind. She was evidently quite ready for another dog, and did not care a wisp of hay how soon he should come to be tossed. Still, she submitted to be patted and praised by her young master, and even allowed Bi himself to make her acquaintance. He certainly complimented her warmly, and she would have been a very ungrateful cow to have shaken her tapering horns at him.

The brindled heifer was a much more slender and graceful creature than Lady Washington, but, as Piney explained: "Nothing like so good a milker. We'd have sold her, long ago, if she had n't been a kind of pet."

"Then, too," said Bi, "she's wonderfully good for stray dogs."

"Guess that dog does n't think so. I wish Bill Young had seen him fly. Come, Patty, the Lady is at the bars. The rest are half-way to the barn."

Patty was a brisk walker, and they soon caught up with the others; but nothing more happened until they reached the barn-yard.

The sun was down, it would soon be dark, and all those cows were to be milked.

Ann and one of the hired men were waiting to attend to the business, and there, too, were Roxy, and Susie, and Chub.

"I won't milk, Susie," said Roxy. "I'll stand with you and show you how they do it."

"Do you ever milk the cows?"

"Oh, I milked one, once, but I did n't get any milk."

"Not a bit, did n't you?"

"No, not a bit. Ann said it was because that cow'd been milked."

"Does she know all about cows?"

"Guess she does. She's milking our Lady Washington, now. That's the biggest milk-pail we've got."

"Aunt Keziah said we were to have all we wanted, when they brought it in."

"Just as much as we can drink. You don't have any cows, do you?"

"No, but the milkman comes."

"Does he bring it in a pail?"

"No, in a wagon. He comes early in the morning, before we're up."

"Is it real milk?"

"Yes, father says so. That is, he said he guessed there was milk in it."

"Ours is real milk; 'cause we've got the real cows. They're all real."

So they were, but the hired man was trying to get Patty to stand still for him, just then, and was not succeeding any too well. At last the brindled heifer quieted her angry mind a little, and the pail was filling rapidly when Roxy said to Susie:

"That's Piney's pet heifer. She does anything he wants. She likes me, too. Just see me speak to her."

Roxy tripped forward and put her little hand on the heifer's neck, saying:

"Pretty Patty. Good cow. Nice cow."

But Patty not only shook her head in an unpleasant sort of way, she struck out vigorously with her hind feet.

Before Roxy could jump back and scream, the hired man was rolling on the ground with a shower of new milk flying all over him. Patty had given the milk-stool one kick and the pail another; but nobody was hurt.

"Did she take him for a dog?" asked Bi.

"Guess not," said Piney. "I ought to have milked her, to-night. Sometimes she won't stand still for anybody else."

"Oh, Roxy," exclaimed Susie, "are you hurt?"

"Not a bit," said Roxy, "but she's kicked over the milk."

"It's your fault," said Ann. "If you'd have let her alone she'd never have stirred."

"I just touched her."

"Come, Roxy," said Piney, "you and Susie and Chub had better come in with Bi and me."

"What for, Piney?"

"Oh, it's time. Besides, we can't have any more pails kicked over. The cows are cross to-night."

"Do take 'em in," said Ann.

"Yes, Roxy," said Susie. "I don't like their horns a bit."

Chub had kept very still, ever since he came into the barn-yard. He had seen the cows milked before, and not only was he tired, but he knew that the best part of the whole business, the milk drinking, would come to pass in the house.

"New milk is good, that's a fact," remarked Bayard Hunter, less than half an hour later.

(To be continued.)

## SNOW-BALL WARFARE.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

No season of the year can boast of more healthy out-door games, brimful of fun and excitement than winter, and there is no sport among winter

Make these balls of snow as large and dense as possible, then roll them in place upon the lines traced out for the foundation. We will suppose it to be a square. In this case, care must be taken to have the corners of the square opposite the most probable approach of the enemy. This will leave



FIG. 1. HOW TO NAIL THE CROSS-PIECES ON.

games more exciting and amusing than snow-ball warfare.

All the boys must join in building the fort, selecting the highest point of the play-grounds, or, if the grounds are level, the corner of a wall or fence. Supposing the top of a mound has been selected, as the place where the works are to be

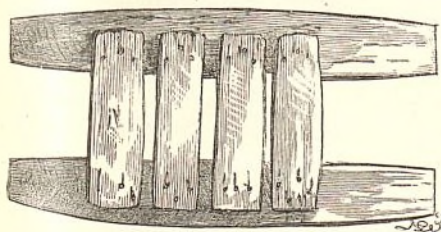


FIG. 2. TOP OF SLED.

built, the first thing to do is to make out the plan of the foundations. The dimensions depend upon the number of boys. A circle, twelve feet in diameter, or a square with sides of ten feet, will make a fort that will accommodate a company of ten boys. It is better to have the fort too small than too large. The chief engineer must set his men at work rolling large snow-balls, the smaller boys can commence and the larger ones take them in hand when the balls have gained in size and become too heavy for the younger boys.

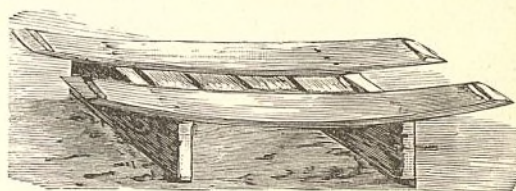


FIG. 3. BED OF SLED, WITH ENDS ATTACHED.

the smallest point possible exposed to the attack, and the inmates of the fort can, without crowding each other, take good aim at the foe. After the four sides of the square are covered by large snow-balls, as in Figure 7, all hands must pack the snow about the bottom, and fill up each crack and crevice, until a solid wall is formed. Then with spades and shovels the walls should be trimmed

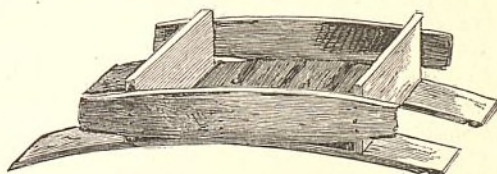


FIG. 4. BED OF SLED, BOX COMPLETE.

down to a perpendicular on the inside, but slanting upon the outside, as shown in the last picture. The top of the wall may be two feet broad and the base four feet. When the wall is finished, prepare a mound of snow in the center of the square for the flag-staff. This mound will be very useful, as a reserve supply in case the ammunition gives out. A quantity of snow-balls should next be piled up,

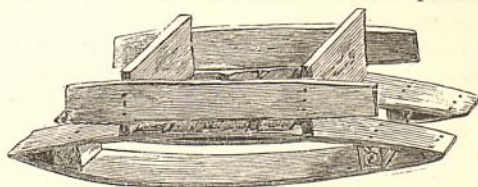


FIG. 5. SLED COMPLETE.

inside the walls, at the four corners. This done, the fort is ready for its defenders, and it only remains to equip the attacking force.

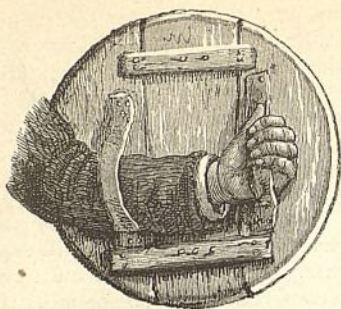


FIG. 6. THE SHIELD.

The building of a fort generally uses up all the snow around it, making it necessary for the besieging party to carry their ammunition with them, upon sleds made for that purpose.

The construction of these sleds is very simple, the material and tools necessary consisting of a flour-barrel, a saw, a hammer or hatchet, some shingle nails and an old pine-board.

To make the sled, begin by knocking the barrel apart, being careful not to split the head-boards, as they will be needed afterward. Pick out the four best staves, as nearly alike in breadth and curve as can be found, and saw two or three of the other staves in halves. Take two of the four staves first selected, and nail the half staves across, as shown in Figure 2. These must be nailed upon the convex, or outside, of the staves, and this will be found impossible unless there is something solid under the point where the nail is to be driven, otherwise, the spring of the stave, when struck, will throw the nail out, and your fingers will probably receive the blow from the hammer. To avoid this, place a block, or anything that is firm, under



FIG. 7. THE BIG SNOW-BALLS IN POSITION.

the point where the nail is to be driven (see Figure 1), and there will then be found no difficulty in driving the nails home. When this is done, you will have the top of your sled as shown in Figure 2; on this

you will need a box, or bed, to hold the snow-balls; this you can make of two pieces of pine-board and two staves, thus: Take a board about the same width as, or a little wider than, a barrel-stave, saw off two pieces equal in length to the width of the sled, set them upon their edges, reversing the top of the sled, place it across the two boards, as in Figure 3, and nail it on securely. Then take two staves and nail them on for side boards, and you have the top portion of your sled finished, as in Figure 4.

The two staves remaining, of the four first selected, are for runners. Fit on first one and then



THE USE OF THE SHIELD.

the other to the staves of your top. Nail-holes will probably be found near the ends of the staves where the nails were that held the barrel-head in; through these drive nails, to fasten your runners; to do this you must rest them upon some support, as was done before; this will hold your sled together, but to make it stronger, take four blocks of wood and slide them in between the runners and the top, as shown in Figure 5, and nail these firmly in place, from above and below.

If all this has been properly done, you now have made a sled which it will be almost impossible

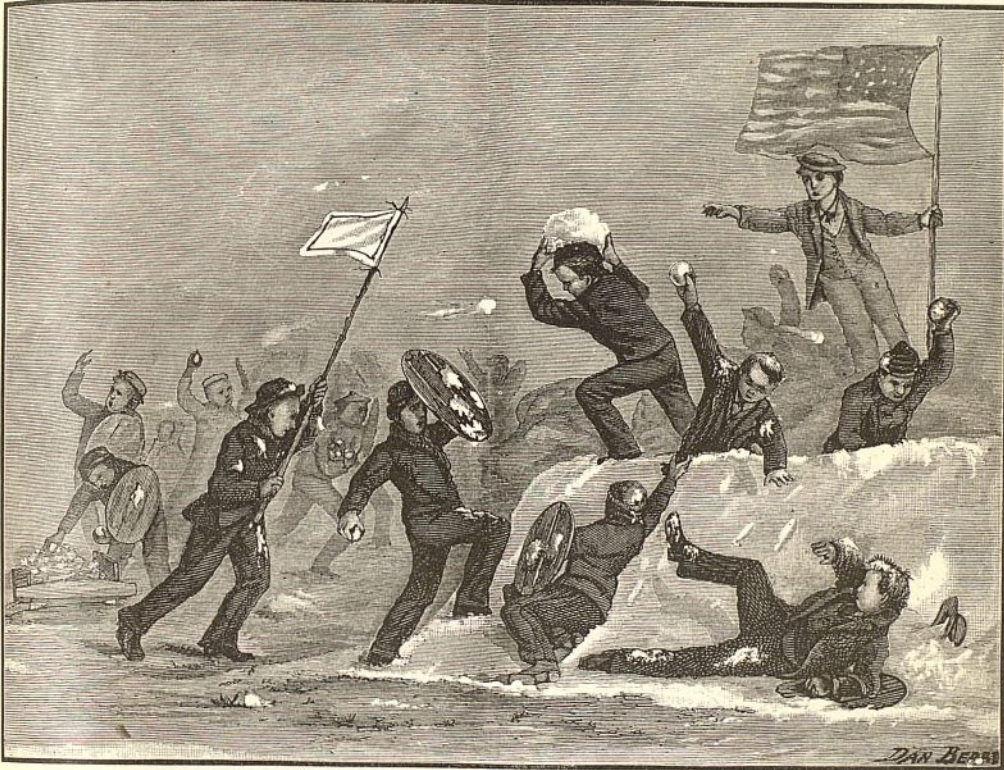
to break; and you need but a rope to pull by. One boy can haul snow-balls enough for a dozen companions.

The shield is made from the head of a barrel. Lay the barrel-head upon some level surface, so that nails can be driven in without trouble.

From a strip of board, half inch thick and two and one-half inches wide, saw off two pieces long

These officers, after being elected and appointed, are to give all orders, and should be promptly obeyed by their respective commands. The captains decide, by lot, the choice of position.

In choosing sides, the commander of the fort has first choice, then the two captains name a boy, alternately, until two-thirds of the boys have been chosen. The defenders of the fort then retire to



STORMING THE FORT.

enough to fasten the parts of the barrel-head together, as you see them in Figure 6. Fasten these strips on firmly with shingle nails.

Lay your left arm upon the shield, as shown, mark a place for the arm-strap, just in front of elbow, and another for the strap for the hand. From an old trunk-strap, or suitable piece of leather, cut two strips, and nail them on your shield at points marked, being careful that the arm-strap is not too tight, as it should be loose enough for the arm to slip in and out with ease. This done, you have a shield behind which you may defy an army of unprotected boys.

The rules of warfare governing a snow-ball battle are as follows:

Two commanders, or captains, must be elected. If the forces engaged are very large, each captain may appoint one or two assistants, or lieutenants.

their stronghold, leaving the boys unchosen to join the attacking army, it being supposed that one-third behind fortifications are equal to two-thirds outside.

Only the attacking party are allowed shields and ammunition sleds.

At least thirty yards from the fort, a camp must be established by the outsiders or attacking army, and stakes driven at the four corners to locate the camp. Imaginary lines from stake to stake mark its limits.

The colors of the attacking army are erected in the center of this camp.

Each party will have its national colors, in addition to which the attacking party have a battle-flag which they carry with them in the assault.

The defenders of the fort must see to it that all damages to the fortifications are promptly repaired.



DRAWING THE AMMUNITION-SLED.

Any soldier from the fort who shall be carried off within the limits of the camp, becomes a prisoner of war, and cannot leave the camp until rescued by his own comrades.

Any one of the attacking force pulled into the fort becomes a prisoner of war, and must remain in the fort until it is captured.

Prisoners of war cannot be made to fight against their own side, but they may be employed in making snow-balls or repairing damages to fortifications.

Any deserter recaptured must suffer the penalty of having his face washed with snow, and being set at work with the prisoners of war.

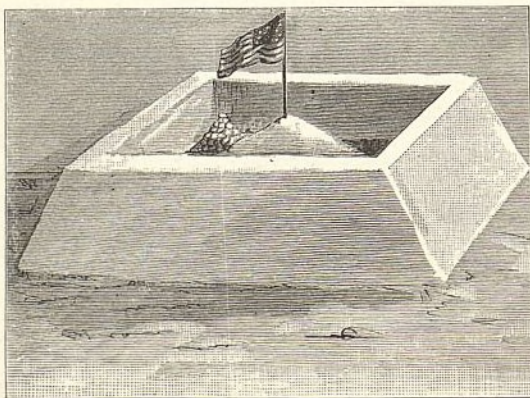
When the outsiders, or attacking army, can replace the enemy's colors with their battle flag, the fort is captured, the battle is won by the

attacking party, and all fighting must immediately cease.

But if, in a sally, the soldiers of the fort can by any means take the colors of the opposite party from the camp and bring them inside their fortifications, they have not only successfully defended their fort, but have defeated the attacking army; and this ends the battle, with double honors to the brave defenders.

No water-soaked or icy snow-balls are allowed. No honorable boy uses them, and any one caught in the ungentlemanly act of throwing such "soakers," should be forever ruled out of the game.

No blows are allowed to be struck by the hand, or by anything but the regulation snow-ball, and, of course, no kicking is permitted.



THE FORT COMPLETE.

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## THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

BY JOHN V. SEARS.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In producing this piece, special attention should be paid to the choruses and the tableaux. The choruses should be given with a swinging cadence strongly marked, even to a little sing-song fault. This will keep the voices well together and make study easier. Two parts will suffice, but soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, will be better. Uncles and aunts behind the scenes can lend judicious aid in the singing. An orchestra of, say, four stringed instruments, is desirable, but a piano will do very well. The tableaux will need careful rehearsal, the manager playing the part of audience. Pose each about half a minute. Group the smaller children in front, the taller toward the back of stage. For most important scenic effects, depend on draperies, curtains, table-covers, shawls, dress-stuffs, etc., deep and rich in color. For the cradle and the princess's couch, use white draperies, cotton or linen, with broad borders of vines and scrolls, cut from gilt paper and pasted on. For stage, drop-curtain, etc., see books on Parlor Theatricals. The roof and rafters of the garret may be represented by sheets of dark hardware paper pasted together and stretched tent-wise across a ridge-pole, extending from front to back of stage. For thrones, use large chairs, throwing draperies over seats and arms. Round-topped, gilt mirror frames, with cloth tacked across the openings, can be used for the backs. Over these hang a canopy, formed of curtains or piano-covers. The thrones should be on a platform, with two steps, covered with rich rugs.

Where costumes are provided from home wardrobes, court-mantles may be the main feature for both lords and ladies. The skirts of evening silk dresses, not put on over the head but thrown across the shoulders, will answer this purpose. Fasten the belt, doubled, around the neck and cover it with a large collar or a ruff cut from tissue-paper. The royal mantles, trim with bands of ermine, made of cotton batting with spots of black. The ladies will want trains,—the longer the better. The lords should wear long hose and straight swords, the latter made from sticks, covered with gilt or black paper. The fairy train should be dressed in white, with wands and crowns of silver, and wings of white tissue-paper pasted on whalebone frames. Distinguish Titania by wings, crown and wand of gold. Malicina's dress should be scarlet, including shoes and gloves. Her wand, crown, and wings, should also be scarlet, the latter erect and pointed, made from glazed paper. Prince Charming should be in gorgeous array, consisting of velvet doublet, short cloak, trunks, embroidered hose, plumed cap and rapier. This part may be played by a girl. A bright, wee girl can also play baby Arabella, if sure not to cry at the wrong time: otherwise, assign this part to a large doll.

Any one with musical tact can adapt pretty airs for the voices, and arrange suitable accompaniments; but, if desired, the full score of the operetta can be had, at the cost of copying, by addressing the author, No. 304 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

## SCENE.

THE ROYAL COURT OF DREAM-LAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOMNOLENTICUS, King of Dream-land.  
DORMINA, Queen of  
PRINCESS ARABELLA, an infant. Subsequently a maid of eighteen years.  
CHAMBERLAIN, COURTIERS, PAGES, HERALDS, etc.  
PRINCE CHARMING.  
TABITHA, a venerable dame.  
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.  
ELFINELLA,  
ROSALINE,  
LUCINA,  
MELODIA,  
VIOLETTA,  
MALEICINA, The Wicked Fairy.

The Fairy Train.

## ACT I.

## TABLEAU.

[Throne-room in Royal Palace of Dream-land. King and Queen seated, center. Courtiers, Lords, and Ladies grouped right and left. Heralds and Pages on steps of throne. Grand Chamberlain right, front of throne.]

## CHORUS, [Courtiers.]

All hail the King,  
Whose praise we sing,  
All hail, and hail again,  
Long may he live  
Our land to give  
A peaceful, happy reign.  
We gladly meet  
Our King to greet  
And wait upon his will;  
From far and near  
We gather here,  
His mandates to fulfill.

KING [rising and bowing—recitative].

Most loyal subjects, kind and true,

Assembling near the throne,  
Our royal Chamberlain to you  
Will make our pleasure known.

[Heralds sound trumpets.]

CHAMBERLAIN [advancing—recitative.]

Nobles of Dream-land, pillars of the State,  
Hear ye the message of our mighty King.

[Reads from large scroll.]

With joy we give the tidings ye await,  
With joy receive the happy news we bring.  
The fairies who attend the fortunes of our Queen  
Have brought a princess to our consort fair,  
A lovely babe, the sweetest ever seen,  
To be our comfort and the kingdom's heir.

CHORUS, [Courtiers.]

All hail our Queen,  
The best e'er seen,  
All hail, all hail, all hail!  
The fairies have brought her  
A beautiful daughter,  
All hail, all hail, all hail!

QUEEN [rising and bowing—recitative].

No babe so beauteous e'er before was seen;  
Her voice is gentle as a cooing dove,  
Her eyes are blue, her hair of golden sheen;  
Her winning smile will captivate your love.

CHORUS, [Courtiers.]

May happy fate  
Attend her state,  
All hail, all hail, all hail!  
With heart and voice

Let all rejoice,  
All hail, all hail, all hail!

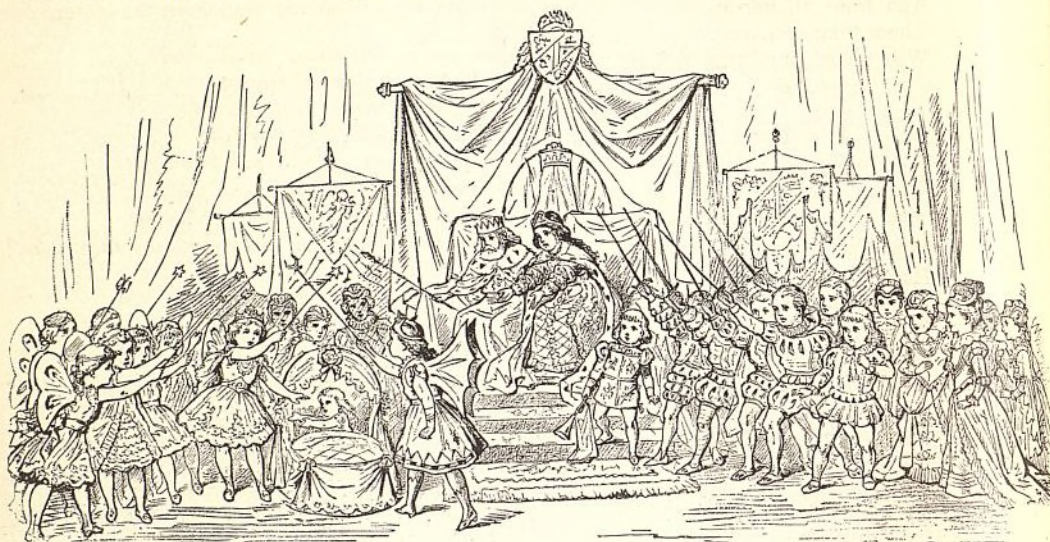
KING [*recitative*].

Our loyal friends, it is with pleasure  
We listen to your wishes kind;  
We seek a name for the little treasure,  
And ask you each to speak your mind.  
Each give a name, that it may prove  
A bond with each of faithful love.

By name herewith, forever and a day,  
As follows, to wit, that is to say:  
Arabella, Bertina, Luella,  
Carolina, Amina, Corella.

CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

Our princess hail!  
No fairy-tale  
Is told of one more dear.  
The name we give



"TITANIA AND MALICINA CROSS WANDS OVER THE CRADLE." (SEE END OF ACT II.)

FIRST LADY.

I offer Arabella.

FIRST LORD.

I speak for Bertina.

SECOND LADY.

I tender Luella.

SECOND LORD.

Pray call her Amina.

THIRD LADY.

I prefer Carolina.

THIRD LORD.

And I Corella.

KING.

That 's a plenty; I am sure  
She can't another name endure.  
Our Chamberlain will now proclaim  
Our little baby daughter's name.

CHAMBERLAIN.

By proclamation from the throne,  
The royal Princess shall be known

In fame shall live  
For many and many a year.

KING [*recitative*].

A splendid feast we do proclaim  
Upon the christening day,  
In honor of our daughter's name.  
Let all attend who may.

CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

A feast! A feast!  
With joy increased  
We hear and will obey:  
Let every courtier  
Come, and bring  
A gift to grace the day.

KING [*recitative*].

And furthermore we do ordain  
The fairies' favor to obtain,  
That Queen Titania and her train  
Shall be our guests.  
Sir Chamberlain!  
Attend to these behests.

CHAMBERLAIN [*bowing to King*].

Each kindly fairy in the land  
Shall duly be invited;  
And with your majesty's command,  
Will doubtless be delighted.

CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

The fairies hail!  
They will not fail  
To come with pride and pleasure.  
And from all harms,  
Their magic charms  
Will guard our little treasure.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

TABLEAU.

[State Chamber. Canopied cradle with infant Princess, right front.  
King and Queen center. Courtiers and Fairies, left front.]

CHORUS [*Fairies and Courtiers*].

Happy the day  
Hastens away  
Blithely and merrily,  
Lightly and cheerily.  
Laughing and joyous  
Pleasures employ us;  
Naught can annoy us,  
Happy the day.

[*Fairies cross stage to cradle.*]

SEMI-CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

Fairies from Elf-land  
Welcome to Dream-land,  
This to our Princess  
Fortune evincès;  
Your gracious bearing  
Our pleasures sharing  
Favor declaring.  
Happy this day!

SEMI-CHORUS [*Fairies*].

Mortals of Dream-land  
Friendly ye seem, and  
Happiness is it  
With ye to visit.  
Kindly your greeting,  
Pleasant our meeting,  
Joyous though fleeting  
This happy day.

KING [*recitative*].

Fairy Titania, Queen of the Elves,  
And you, our fairy-guests,  
Thanks for the honor to our royal selves,  
Your presence here your friendly will attests,  
In behalf of our baby Princess, too,  
Our warm acknowledgements are due.

QUEEN DORMINA.

We seek your favor for our child  
And beg you to watch over her,  
To make her gentle, sweet, and mild,  
And let no harm discover her.

SEMI-CHORUS [*Fairies*].

Your majesties have been most kind,  
We are not ungrateful you shall find.  
To your royal court we brought her  
And we will guard your baby daughter.

TITANIA [*recitative*].

If your majesties approve  
We will leave with Arabelle  
Each in token of our love,  
A charmed gift, as our farewell.  
Let each fairy come and show  
The choicest gift she can bestow.

[*Advances and waves her wand over the cradle.*]

I, Titania, your queen,  
Will confer a gracious mien:  
A dignified and sweet address  
Arabella shall possess.

[*The fairies in turn advance and wave their wands over the cradle.*]

ELFINELLA.

I am the fairy Elfinella,  
And I will give to Arabella  
The gift of beauty. In form and feature  
She shall be the loveliest creature  
That ever in the world was known,  
As heiress to the Dream-land throne.

ROSALINE.

I will to our charge impart  
A faithful, true, and loving heart.  
It is a precious gift I ween  
From the fairy Rosaline.

LUCINA.

Lucina, daughter of the light,  
I will give our baby bright  
A brilliant mind and mother-wit,—  
Endowments for a princess fit.

MELODIA.

I am Melodia, child of the air,  
The Princess's voice shall be my care.  
Low and clear shall its tones be heard,  
Soft and sweet, as the song of a bird.  
All shall listen when she speaks,  
And none deny whate'er she seeks.

VIOLETTA.

Violetta me they call;  
My gift shall be the best of all.

Modesty, the grace of maids,  
Beautiful when beauty fades,  
Arabella shall possess,  
In meek and gentle lowliness.

[Flourish of wild discordant music. All are startled. Baby cries.  
Enter Malicina.]

MALICINA.

Mighty fine, upon my word!  
Perhaps of me you never heard.  
A fairy feast is here, I'm told,  
And all my sisters I behold.  
Every fay has been invited,  
Except myself! I have been slighted!

TITANIA.

Malicina, dreadful sprite,  
Why hast thou returned to light?  
Hie thee back to thy lone cell;  
Work not here thy wicked spell.

MALICINA [to Titania].

In thy absence I have gained  
Liberty, and power obtained;  
For to-day my wand is strong  
Over all who do me wrong.

KING [to Chamberlain].

Sir Chamberlain, 't is your defect  
Has been the cause of this neglect.  
Answer, how has this arisen?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Sire, Malicina's been in prison  
So long, I —

MALICINA [to Chamberlain].

Silence, slave!

[Turns to King.]

Your Somnolence,  
I hold *you* bound for this offense:  
Yours is the fault, and yours shall be  
The burden of the penalty.  
King as you are, I'll teach you how  
To treat a fairy. Hear my vow!  
This puling chick shall never live  
To know the gifts my sisters give.  
Beware the day she learns to spin,  
For then shall my revenge begin.  
Upon the flax my charm shall lie,  
And by the spindle she shall die!

QUEEN DORMINA.

Oh, Titania, save thy ward!  
Break the charm, or turn it toward  
The mother. This I crave:  
Let *me* die; the Princess save.

TITANIA.

We cannot break this hateful charm,

But we can turn aside its harm.  
The child shall live; but yet your tears  
Must fall for her. A hundred years  
Under the spell she must remain,  
Sleeping till we can wake her again.

KING, AND QUEEN DORMINA.

A hundred years! Oh, sad, sad fate!  
Long ere then our court and state  
May pass and fade.  
When she wakes, our little maid,  
Strange among a host of strangers.  
Still must meet a thousand dangers.

TITANIA.

Guard her well and keep her fast  
Until maidenhood is past.  
Let her never see a wheel;  
Flax and yarn from her conceal.  
Let no spindle reach her hand,  
Though you burn all in the land.  
But when, after all your care,  
Fate descends, then straight repair  
Unto her chamber, where we'll spread  
A fairy charm about her bed.  
A hundred years she there must sleep,  
The while a fairy watch we'll keep.  
Then a prince shall come and wake her,  
And to fairer fortune take her.

TABLEAU.

[Titania and Malicina cross wands over the cradle; M. in threatening, and T. in a protecting, attitude.]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

A period of eighteen years is supposed to have elapsed.

[Scene: a garret, poorly furnished. Dame Tabitha discovered spinning.]

DAME T. [singing].

Lone is my labor,	Spinning's forbidden,
I am forgot.	Spinsters are banished,
Never a neighbor	Spindles are hidden,
Cheering my lot.	Wheels have all vanished.
Working alway in	
This bare old garret,	My poor old wheel!
Day out and day in,	In secret I turn it.
No one to share it.	Should you reveal
	It, soon would they burn it.
Within the borders	No one comes near me;
Of all the land,	Even in pain
By royal orders,	No one can hear me
This the command:	When I complain.

[Enter Princess Arabella, a beautiful maiden of eighteen; pantomime of mutual surprise.]

DAME T. [recitative].

Good-morrow to you, my pretty dear!  
Who may you be, and how came you here?

## PRINCESS.

How I came I do not know,  
For I have lost my way.  
I am the Princess Arabella;  
And now, where am I, pray?  
And what is that curious-looking wheel?  
And that turning thing in your hand?

[*Takes up the flax.*]

How soft this woolly stuff does feel!  
What is it? I would understand.

## DAME T.

This is flax, my pretty girl,  
And I am spinning my thread.  
I give my spindle a twist and a twirl,  
And wind it up on the head.

## PRINCESS.

Oh, is n't that nice?  
Let me try now.

I think I can if you show me how.

[She takes spindle, twirls it, wounds her hand, and falls, left. Tabitha screams. Enter Malicina, center; waves wand over A. in triumph. Enter King, Queen, and Courtiers, right. Consternation and distress.]

## TABLEAUX.

## CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

## TABLEAU.

[Princess's chamber; Arabella reclining on couch, center. Titania and her fairies grouped about couch. King, Queen, and Chamberlain right; Courtiers left.]

KING [*recitative—very sadly*].

Sleep, my gentle daughter, sleep;  
Fairies near their watch shall keep,  
Shielding thee from harm and fears,  
Till time shall count a hundred years.

QUEEN D. [*weeping*].

May thy slumber only seem  
One unbroken, happy dream;  
Till thy destined Prince shall wake thee  
And to fairer fortune take thee.

CHORUS, [*Fairies and Courtiers*].

Sleep, Princess, sleep; Thy lovely eyes  
Sweetly repose! In slumbers deep;  
Nor sigh nor weep, Time swiftly flies;  
But softly close Sleep, Princess, sleep!

TITANIA [*recitative*].

Lest the Princess should be lonely  
Lest she wake 'midst strangers only,  
I will charm her loving friends,  
And bid them sleep till her slumber ends.

[Touches each in turn with wand, including King and Queen, and they fall asleep.]

CURTAIN [*to plaintive music*].

## ACT V.

A hundred years supposed to have elapsed.

[Princess and attendants discovered as at close of last scene. Tableau, to low but cheerful music. Enter fairies.]

CHORUS [*Fairies*].

A hundred years have passed away,  
And still our watch we keep,  
But now has come the happy day  
To wake our charge from sleep.

The promised Prince is drawing near  
To learn his earthly bliss.  
Come, welcome Prince, appear, appear!  
And wake her with a kiss.

[*Fairies beckon with wands. Enter Prince.*]

PRINCE [*recitative*].

All fast asleep! how strange it seems  
To find a court in the land of dreams.  
Music, sweeter than words can say,  
Hath guided me upon my way.  
A royal court here greets my view,  
And oh, what a lovely Princess, too!  
Now, ere this beauteous maid awake,  
A stolen kiss I'll boldly take.

[He approaches couch, kisses Princess, who awakes. Attendants wake and rise.]

## PRINCESS.

Oh, charming Prince! I was dreaming of you!  
And am I awake? and is it true?

## PRINCE.

You, in dreams, I oft behold,  
As my promised bride to be.  
My fairy godmother foretold  
That you, dear maid, awaited me.  
Pray, arise, my Princess sweet,  
Our fairer fortune let us seek.

[He gives his hand, and Princess arises. King and Queen awaken and embrace Princess, who presents to them the Prince.]

CHORUS [*attendants*].

Hail Prince and Princess fair!  
Joy and gladness may you share.  
Peace and plenty fill your days,  
Health and hope attend your ways.  
Fairies kept our Princess' sleep,  
May they still their watches keep.  
May he be brave, and she be good,  
The Sleeping Beauty in the wood.

## TABLEAU.

[Prince and Princess center. Fairies right. Attendants behind the King and Queen, left.]

## CURTAIN.

## TROT, DOT, AND BUNNY.

TROT, Dot, and Bunny lived in a large town. Trot was a nice boy, only five years old, and Dot was just the dearest little girl in the world. She was nearly four; as for Bunny, she was only two years old.

Papa sometimes put the children to bed, when he was tired studying, so that mamma could rest, or patch Trot's trowsers, which she generally did, instead of resting. When papa put the children to bed, he always told them a story. Just one story, that was all he knew; but as it was the only one the children cared to hear, it did not so much matter about his not knowing any others. And this was the way the story began:

"Some time, when papa gets enough money, he is going to buy a cow."

"A cow named Star, papa," says Trot. "'Es, cow named 'Tar, papa," Bunny would echo. "With a white 'pot in her fowad," Dot would always add. Then papa would go on: "Yes, a nice cow, with a white spot in her forehead, and we will name her Star."

"And a little calf-ty," says Bunny.

"Named Forget-me-not," says Trot; "so we won't forget to feed her."

"I'll give her some gwass, I will," says Dot, "dear little bossy calf."

"Well," says papa, "we will call the calf Forget-me-not, so we won't forget to feed her. Then Trot will pull down some hay for the cow, and I will make her a nice bran-mash, and while she's eating it I'll milk."

"No; I'll milk her, papa," says Trot.

"No; I milk!" cries Dot.

"Me milk," says little Bunny.

"Yes, we all will milk her, I guess," says papa, and mamma laughs.

"Then, when we are all done milking, we will come in to breakfast, and Trot and Dot and Bunny shall have some nice new milk, and mamma and I will have some nice cream for our coffee. After breakfast, I will say: 'Come Trot, and Dot, and Bunny, you must take the cow to the pasture.' So Trot will get his hat, and Dot and Bunny will get their bonnets, and you each will get a long stick to drive the cow with. I will open the gate, and start the cow, and you all will follow, driving her."

"Go 'long," says Trot.

"No, I'll drive," says Dot.

"Me drive," says Bunny.

"Yes," says papa, "you all will drive her. And by and by, as the

old cow goes walking quietly along, Trot will stop to see how far he can throw a stone."

"I stop to pick daisies," says Dot. "I 'top to get a drink," says Bunny. "I want some water," says Trot. "I want some, too," says Dot. "Me want drink," says little Bunny.

So papa gets the large tin dipper full of water, and the thirsty little ones take a drink all round, and then papa goes on with his story:

"When the old cow casts one eye round, and finds that you all have stopped, she will think it just as well to stop a little herself, and gather a mouthful of the sweet green grass that grows by the roadside; and



there she will stay till Bunny takes up her stick and touches her gently on her leg, and says: 'Go 'ong, 'Tar.'

"Star moves on. By and by they come to the brook. Trot finds such splendid pebbles there, that he stops again to throw stones. Dot and Bunny sail little sticks, and Star stops to take a drink of the cool, clear water."

"Me want dink," says Bunny, half asleep.

"I want a drink, too," says Trot, sitting up in bed.

"I defful firsty," says Dot.

Papa passes round the tin dipper again, and then three little heads sink back on the pillows, and Trot, Dot, and Bunny are asleep.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OH, now, here comes a hopeful-looking young chap, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty by name; but why in the world he must needs come skipping in among us, is more than your Jack knows. For my part, I was well enough pleased with Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, and I should n't mind if we could have the jolly old fellow keep right along. However, that would n't satisfy you youngsters, I suppose; so, when this gallant New Year comes your way, give him Jack's best compliments, and say that, if he expects to do better than our old friend who is leaving us, he will have to behave himself, and keep us all very particularly pleasant and busy.

Let's set him a good example, my dears, and get to work at once. Here 's something about

## MINERAL WAX.

I HAVE heard of a bed of wax about twenty feet thick, and stretching underground sixty miles one way and twenty miles the other! Ah, you may well open your eyes!

But, if you go to Southern Utah, you will be able to see it there for yourself,—and almost see through it besides, for I'm told that, while the wax is black in the lump, light shines through thin slices of it. There is another place, Galicia in Spain, where rock-wax is found. It is a sort of paraffine, if you can find out what that is, and at one time must have formed part of vast underground stores of rock-oil, or petroleum, which, having disappeared, left the waxy deposit behind. Perhaps some day you will meet a man who has studied the subject of mineral wax, and can tell you all about these beds.

## WHAT PLANTS BREATHE OUT.

YOUR Jack has told you already about the wonderful weeping Miningo-tree, which in the sunniest

weather sheds tears. But now comes information yet more startling, concerning the famous Washington Elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The tree, in high June, used to have about two hundred thousand square feet of surface on its leaves, and, besides, it had the habit of breathing out, during twelve hours, every clear day, nearly eight tons in weight of watery vapor!

All plants breathe out more or less vapor, I'm told, and that is why people keep them in rooms that are heated by stoves or hot-air furnaces. When well watered, the plants breathe out the water again, in the form of unseen vapor, and this helps to keep the air in a room from becoming too dry to be wholesome.

So, you see, my dears, it will pay you to give my relatives a cordial welcome to your warm homes, and to treat well those you persuade to visit you for the winter.

## SLEEVE-STOVES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I remember reading in the April St. NICHOLAS of last year, about Puritan little boys in the old times, and how they carried small stoves to church for their mothers and sisters to keep their feet warm with through the long service. But I have just been told that ages before the days of the Puritans, the Chinese had foot-stoves, and, what is more, hand-stoves; and that they have them even now! They are small earthenware things with oil and wicks, like lamps.

No Chinaman in his native land ever thinks of setting up a stove in the house merely to warm himself and his family; but, during cold weather, both Chinamen and Chinawomen, who are well off, carry their tiny oil-stoves about with them, in their sleeves, just to keep their hands comfortable! Why, it must be dangerous!—Your faithful reader,

R. J. M.

## SEA-SILK.

HO, girls! What do you think the dear Little Schoolma'am says? Why, that a kind of shell-fish found in the Mediterranean Sea,—a mussel,—contains in each shell a little hank of stringy stuff that glistens like golden yellow or olive-brown silk! That is, after combing and washing, it looks so; but at first it is dirty and muddy and covered with odds and ends of dead sea-weed.

This sea-silk can be made into stockings, gloves, and neckties, and even into the finest lace.

I wonder if your Jack could have a coat of it to wear when the fairies dance about him on moonlight nights?

## COOKED BY COLD.

MY DEAR JACK: What you said in December about "The Coldest Cold," makes me want to tell you what I have just been reading: A Hungarian chemist named, Dr. Sawiczewosky, subjected fresh meat to a degree of cold which completely cooked it, and then he sealed it in air-tight cans. When taken out some time after, the meat looked delicious,—just the thing for a "cold collation"—and was as good to eat as if it had been cooked in the ordinary way by heat.

Already, there is in Hungary a factory where meat is cooked and canned according to Dr. Sawiczewosky's cold process. I don't know if his terrible name helps the process at all, but I have heard of even live people being frozen with terror at sounds less dreadful.—Yours truly,

J. A.

## CHAMPION WALKERS AND JUMPERS.

OF course you have all heard of the walking-matches in England and New York. And many of you boys, no doubt, have been trying your legs, too, and the champion walkers among you are looked upon as amazing fellows.

But I know of a little insect that beats all the

walking or running ever done by mortal man or boy. Even the "Seven-League Boots" would have been left behind in a match with this wonderful pedestrian.

It is a small fly, about as large as a grain of sand; and it runs three inches in half a second; and, in that space, makes five hundred and forty steps. If a man were able to walk as fast in proportion to his size; supposing his step to measure two feet: he would run in one minute, more than twenty miles,—twenty times as fast as the fastest railroad train. Think of *that*, my dears!

Then, as to leaping; why, many of you have heard of Sam Patch and his wonderful feats,—how he jumped down a waterfall, and off a church tower,—but think of standing down on the ground, near the Custom-House in New-York city, leaping right over Trinity church spire, and landing two blocks the other side,—about four hundred yards in all! That is how a man could jump, if he were as good in leaping as fleas or locusts. They jump two hundred times their own length.

I'm a hungry, hard-shell turtaloo,  
And I'm going to eat you up!"

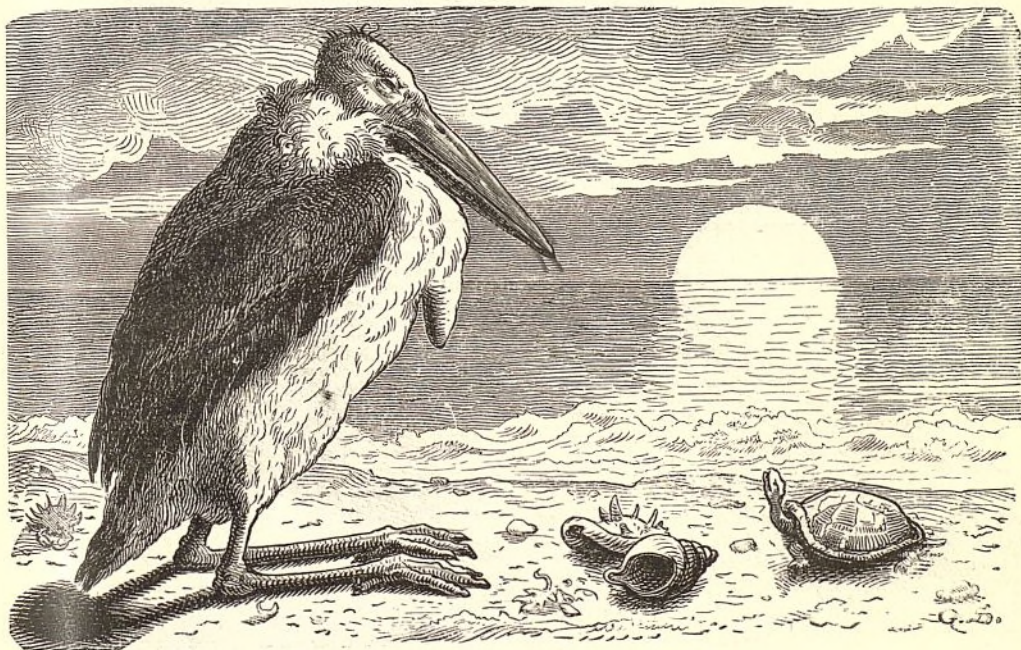
"Oh, ha!" said the other, with courage  
meet,—

The long-legged gungaboo,—  
"Let's see *you* stand on your two hind feet!"  
And then he swallowed the turtaloo.

#### SNOW-SPECTACLES.

H. J. F. reports: "The Eskimos have curious spectacles with which they save their eyes from the 'snow-blindness' that is caused by the dazzling sunlight reflected upward from the snow. Each pair of these spectacles is made of two bits of thin wood or ivory, shaped to cover the eyes. Lengthwise in each piece, a very narrow slit is cut, as long as the eye, but not all the way across from side to side. The pieces are joined over the nose, and are kept in place by strings tied at the back of the head.

"These eye-savers are of use also in the place



THE GUNGABOO AND THE TURTALOO.

#### THE GUNGABOO AND THE TURTALOO.

HERE is a bit of verse, with a lesson in it, which my boys may find or not, just as they please.

Oh, the gungaboo and the turtaloo

Met on a lonely shore!

Said the turtaloo to the gungaboo:

"This coast I would fain explore.

And I really must say that for something new,

You beat the bugs, fluffy gungaboo!

Now, draw in your head and legs, oh, do!

For my time has come to sup,

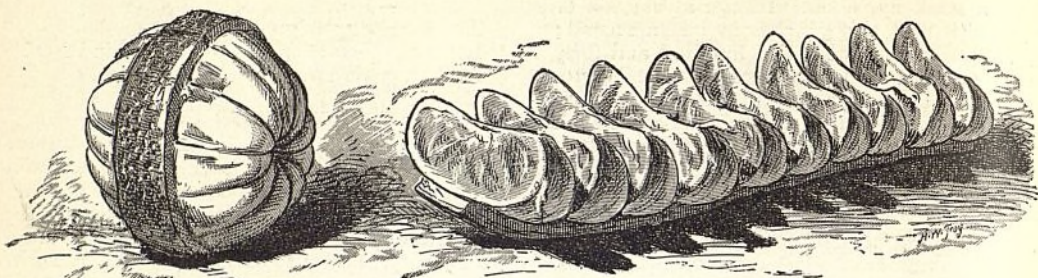
of spy-glasses, and, after a little practice, a man can see to a very great distance with them."

Some of this wisdom from the ends of the earth, you may be able to turn to use, my dears, even although you have fully made up your minds not to go in search of the North Pole this winter.

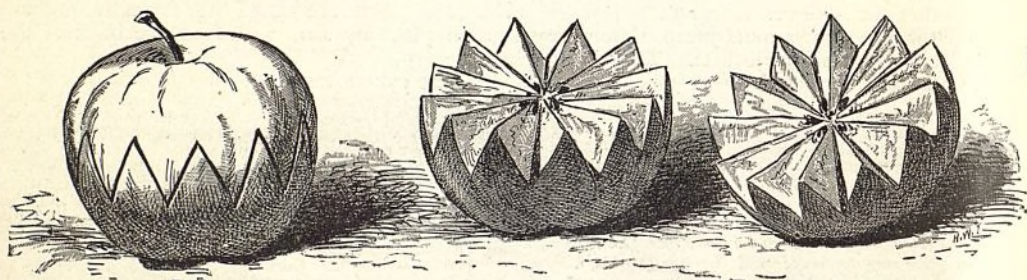
#### A HINT FROM DEACON GREEN.

THE Deacon sends his hearty good wishes, my youngsters; and he says: "All the presents that were not given at Christmas ought to be given on New Year's day; so as to start the year well."

## WAYS OF CUTTING ORANGES AND APPLES.



HOW TO CUT AN ORANGE.



HOW TO CUT AN APPLE.

To cut the orange, make two parallel cuts, through the skin only, leaving a continuous band about an inch wide round the body of the orange. Remove the rest of the peel. Cut through the band once, just over one of the natural divisions, and gently force the whole open, and out, as in the illustration, leaving each section detached from the others, but still fast to the band of peel.

The apple is cut by setting the blade of a narrow, sharp-pointed knife in the oblique position of the intended cut, and pushing it, point first, directly to the core. When all the cuts are so made, the apple will come apart in the above curious manner. Care must be taken not to let the knife slip through the apple, into the hand.

Here is a good though not a new way to cut an apple so that it will look whole and unmarked while in the dish, but, when pared, will fall to pieces without being cut with a knife:

Take a fine needle and a thin strong thread; insert the needle at

the stem of the apple in such a way that the point will come out again away from the stem and a short distance from the first insertion; pull the needle and thread through very carefully, so as not to break the skin or enlarge the holes, leaving a few inches of thread hanging at the stem. Then put the needle back into the second hole, thrust it in the same direction as before, bringing out the point still farther from the stem, and again pull the thread through. Go on in this way straight around the apple, and, when the thread comes out at the stem, pull it by both ends very carefully, until it has cut entirely through, and comes out of the apple. If pared now, the fruit would fall in halves; but, by working the thread round under the skin as before, at right angles to the first cut, and again pulling the thread quite through at the stem, the apple will fall into quarters.

After a little practice, the cutting can be done so skillfully that only a very keen eye will be able to find out how it was accomplished.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask some of your readers if they can tell me whether Adam and Eve belonged to the Caucasian race, and, if not, the one they did belong to? I should like to know very much. I have tried in many ways to find out, but as yet I have not been able to.—Your constant reader,  
H. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that I saw in his October budget that sweet-potatoes and morning-glories are related to each other, and I have heard something that proves it. On the southern shore of Lake Ontario, in the sandy soil, there grows a kind of wild morning-glory that has a root which looks like a small sweet-potato and tastes a good deal like one, too.—Your faithful reader,  
E. FRANK W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my bird. I read stories about cats, dogs, chickens, and nearly everything but birds. My bird's name is Charry, and when I let him out he will fly straight

to my pin-cushion, pull all the pins out and throw them away. Then he will twist his cunning little head and sing, as much as to say: "I love to get into mischief."—Good-bye,  
L. A. B.

THE following interesting letter comes from the junior editor of the "Petite Anse Amateur," the best amateur paper which we have seen. It is published on Petite Anse Island, Louisiana, once a month, and the number for November, 1879, contains twelve pages, three inches high by two inches wide, besides a supplement of eight extra pages. The paper is written, edited, and printed by boys and girls of from seven to fourteen years of age. Here is the letter:

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, wanted to know something about a curious reptile that one of his correspondents had written him of: so I have thought that I would tell him through this medium what I have 'seen with my eyes and heard with my ears.'

"We have a glass-snake in Louisiana. Papa has one, in alcohol,

that is twenty-seven inches long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Its head is smaller than its neck, lizard-like, and its back is light brown with white spots. The sides are of dark brown, with two light-blue stripes dividing the brown into three stripes; underneath, it is an ashy white. These snakes are called glass-snakes because they are so brittle that when struck, even with a small switch, they break in two or more pieces below the vitals. The muscles in the one we have are not over an eighth of an inch long, and they are dovetailed together. The negroes believe that when the snake is broken, it has the power to re-unite the broken pieces; but this is not so. They have the same habits as the lizard, and are classed with them, feeding on insects. Although on the snake there are no indications of legs, yet in the skeleton the undeveloped legs are plainly visible.

"The glass-snake is evidently the connecting link between the snake and lizard families, as it partakes of both natures."

"J. A. McL."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, as I have always been rather afraid to, but I have finally done so. Will you please be so kind as to tell me in what book I can find out about the clouds, besides the physical geography?—I remain, respectfully,  
M. R. T.

Professor Tyndal's book, called "The Forms of Water," will tell you a great many interesting things about the clouds.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the November number, directions for making hair-pin braid. I found it better to crochet toward the points of the hair-pin, instead of toward the bent end, as your directions said; for, instead of taking the crochet-needle out of the loop, to turn the hair-pin, I only had to pass the needle between the ends of the hair-pin, so that, when the hair-pin was turned, the crochet-needle came next to me. When I had worked the hair-pin full, I pushed the braid off, and put on again only the last two loops, one on each side of the hair-pin, and went on crocheting as before. I kept the braid clean by wrapping paper about it.—Your interested reader,  
J. O. B.

In answer to H. F. H.'s question in the November "Letter-Box," E. A. Kelley, Jr., quotes the Act of 1802. According to this, the son of a citizen of the United States, no matter in what other country the son may be born, is also a citizen of the United States,—that is, an American.

Rutherford, N. J.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask your readers where "Maoris" is? Several of the larger scholars in our school, seeing it among other geographical names, became so interested as to search each map in the geography; but they could not find it. We do not know whether it is a bay, a town, a river, or a range of mountains. Hoping that some of your readers will find it and let me know, I remain, your interested reader,  
GEO. H.

#### A MORNING CALL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The bright holidays now on their way, remind me of an incident that brightened last New Year's morning for me. And so I send your children this little account of it, thinking that some of them may like to carry out the idea in their own way and in their own homes.—Yours truly,  
EVE LYNN.

In the early dawn I hear  
Childish whispers, faint and sweet,  
Merry laughter, quickly hushed,  
Pattering of little feet.

Presently a little knock:  
Then the door flies open wide!  
Like a lovely picture, stand  
Old and New Year, side by side.

As he leans upon his staff,  
Old Year strokes his beard of snow;  
But beneath the quaint disguise  
Shine two bright eyes that I know.

Old Year, kneeling, asks to stay;  
Begs the gift of one month more.  
New Year stamps his little foot,  
Points him sternly to the door.

Says my little Goldilocks,  
"Go away, you Old Year, you!  
We don't want you any more;  
You're the Old Year, I'm the New."

Sundry giggles, heard outside,  
Spare the need of further knocks;  
And the Seasons come in view,  
Bending 'neath the croquet-box.

Old Year therein seats himself,  
Trying, vainly, not to laugh,  
As the New Year tucks him in,  
Picking up his hat and staff.

"Take him *very* carefully!  
Poor Old Year is dead and gone,"  
Chants the New Year, to a tune  
That must surely be his own.

"Autumn, cover him with leaves;  
Bring him roses, June and May,"  
(All my flower-box goes on)  
"Winter, keep the wind away."

Slowly the procession moves,  
Chubby Winter at the head,  
In my best umbrella hid,  
Save his little stockings red.

Then, I really have to laugh,  
And, like sparrows at the sound  
Of the mother-birdie's voice,  
All the six come flocking round.

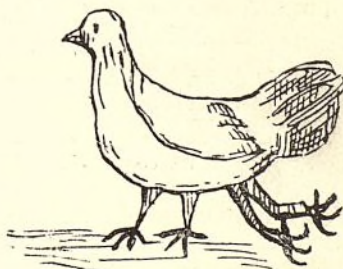
In the midst of noisy fun  
That would stronger nerves appall,  
With a hug, says Goldilocks,  
"Did you like your New Year call?"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: H. M. M., in the October "Letter-Box," seems to think \$24 a small price to pay for the island of Manhattan. But that \$24, at 7 per cent. compound interest, would now amount, I think, to more than the value of all the real estate in the City and County of New York.—Yours very truly,  
JOHN M. STAHL.

B. F. says: "H. M. M.'s letter reminds me that it is not so very long ago since vessels used to sail from the Hudson River through Canal Street, New York, to a fresh-water pond in Center street, where the Tombs prison now stands. In 1877 there was a man living who remembered this very well."

"Perhaps some of the 'Letter-Box' readers may like to know how it was that Maiden Lane, a crooked little street in the very busiest part of New York city got its sentimental name? It was called 'Maidens' Path' at first, because it was the path which the city washerwomen took to reach a little stream of spring water that ran through the valley near by. From 'Path' to 'Lane' was a very short step."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you of a wonderful curiosity we have at home. It is a four-legged chicken. It walks on two of its legs, and holds the other two out behind. As



I am not very good at drawing, this is the best portrait I could make. The chicken has a very peculiar appearance when roosting, its two extra feet standing out behind it.—Truly yours,  
R. H. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In marking out designs, I have tried tracing the lines with a lead pencil, which obscures the design, so as to spoil it; a small stick catches and jerks badly, a slate pencil tears the design; and so I am at a loss what to use.—Your friend,  
W. L. S.

A fine, smooth, steel or bone point should be used. Such points—used by artists in transferring tracings,—are to be bought; but a smart boy might make one from a crochet needle, or something of the sort.

BRIC-À-BRAC—The following is in answer to several inquiries about this word: The supplement to the latest edition of Webster's "Unabridged Dictionary" spells the term thus, "bric-à-brac," and

defines it as "a miscellaneous collection, particularly of antiquarian or artistic curiosities." *Bric-à-brac* was originally French, and the highest two authorities in that language, — Littré's "Dictionary" and the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française," — give its meaning as "old and chance objects, such as cabinets, articles of old iron and copper, pictures, statuettes." Both dictionaries limit the familiar French use of the term to the trade title *marchand de bric-à-brac*, "dealer in *bric-à-brac*," perhaps translatable, too, as "marine-store dealer" and "junk merchant"; but neither of them points out decidedly the origin of the term, although each makes a reference to the common phrase *de bric et de broc*, as though it were believed to be related, in some untraced way, to *bric-à-brac*. And this seems not unlikely; for the meaning of the phrase is, "from here and there," "by this means and that," "by hook and by crook"; and, certainly, the stock in trade of a dealer in *bric-à-brac*, of whatever kind, is gathered "from here and there," "by this means and that," and sometimes "by hook and by crook."

Chicago, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have made a collection of butterflies and moths this summer, and would like to learn about them. Will you please print in the next "Letter-Box" the name of some book that will tell me about them? I am eight years old, and my name is

PAUL.

"Insect Lives; or Born in Prison," by Julia P. Ballard, a contributor to ST. NICHOLAS, is a prettily illustrated book that tells a good deal very clearly, and in a very interesting way, about butterflies and moths. The book is published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

FLOY.—Send as many of the solutions of puzzles as you can. Your name will be put in the list, and against it the number of puzzles you solve correctly.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell about a game we play in the road. It is a game of our own invention,

and we have great fun playing it. We call it "Polo." It is exactly like grown-up Polo, only without the horses.

First of all, you measure about fifty feet on the sidewalk, and at each end drive two sticks (we generally use the handles of brooms, sawed off about two and a half feet from the top), set them in the ground about three feet apart, then find the middle of the ground (which will be twenty-five feet from either end) and draw a square, about six inches each way. Now you must choose sides, and each side must have a captain. You must each have a croquet mallet, and a croquet ball should be placed in the square above mentioned. Then a boy who is not playing must be chosen judge. He must take a stone and ask each side if they are ready. If they answer "Yes," he must drop the stone, and then each party must run and try to get to the ball first and knock it through the goal, that is, between the two sticks on the enemies' side, thus winning the game. We think it is great, and I hope the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will think so, too.

From your friend and constant reader,

F. E. B.

P. S.—If the ball rolls into the road, the judge must cry, "Out-side." Then he must pick up the ball and put it back in the square, and the game begins again.

M. V. D. would like to know, through the "Letter-Box," what five words in the English language—it is said there are only five—end in CION. Who will tell her?

Huben, Iselthal, Tyrol.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old, I live in California, but am traveling in Europe with my papa and mamma.

We are in Tyrol, and Huben is a very pretty place. They have dreadful avalanches here. Last winter one came down near where we are staying, and carried away a house with five persons in it. They all were killed, but the goat and the cat were found alive. There are a great many crucifixes and statues of saints here. The people put them up by the roadside, and pray before them when passing by. They hope the crucifixes and statues will keep the avalanches off, and they are very good people,—all but one man. He put up a statue of St. Florian, but an avalanche came and carried off his field, leaving nothing but the image of the saint. He was so mad, he tore up the statue and cut it up into little pieces and threw it down where the avalanche went, which was very steep!—Your loving reader,

ALICE.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Silas, not in Fred;  
In Lucas, not in Ned;  
In Adam, not in Bill;  
In Nathan, not in Will;  
In David, not in Sim;  
In Edgar, not in Tim;  
In Charlotte, not in Jane;  
Two things that always leave a stain.

CYRIL DEANE.

### COMPARISONS, DECLENSIONS, AND PRINCIPAL PARTS.

COMPARISONS: 1. Positive, an entrance to a narrow lane; Comparative, a reptile. 2. Compare like "much": Positive, a rabbit house; Comparative, a kind of frost; Superlative, a great company. 3. Compare like "good": Positive, a kind of fuel; Comparative, more moist; Superlative, a point of the compass. 4. Compare like "bad": Positive, past perfect of have; Comparative, a solemn vehicle; Superlative, an English name for a grove.

DECLENSIONS: 1. Decline like a pronoun of the first person: Singular.—Nominative, purchase; Possessive, a vine or near; Objective, exist. Plural.—Nominative, an insect; Possessive, an arbor or arbors; Objective, a vehicle. 2. Decline like a pronoun of the second person: Plural.—Nominative, a tree; Possessive, a pitcher or pitchers; Objective, a sheep. 3. Decline like a pronoun of the third person: Singular.—Nominative, a meadow; Possessive, a girl's nickname; Objective, a branch. Plural.—Nominative, a song; Possessive, a den; Objective, a boy's name abbreviated.

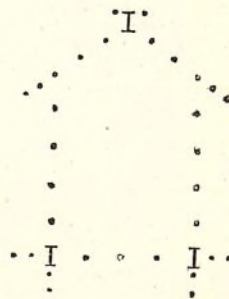
PRINCIPAL PARTS: Like the verb "go."—1. Present, an exclamation; Past, a fast; Perfect, a grass plot. 2. Present, unbaked bread; Past, a nick; Perfect, day-break. Like the verb "see."—3. Present, a wharf; Past, a bird's note; Perfect, acute. 4. Present, the sheltered side; Past, rule of action; Perfect, to incline. 5. Present, an English river; Past, a bird; Perfect, a church official. 6. Present, a

note of music; Past, a mouth; Perfect, carriage of the person. Like the verb "fly."—7. Present, elevated; Past, color; Perfect, a stone for sharpening. 8. Present, ashes mixed with water; Past, a game of cards; Perfect, without company. 9. Present, belonging to me; Past, a kitten's cry; Perfect, a sound of pain.

H. H. B.

### FRAME PUZZLE.

In this puzzle, the letter I occurs in each word forming the frame at the place where the letter is set in the diagram. Of each upright word, the first letter is that which occurs in the sloping word where it touches an upright word.



Left slope, reading upward: Entrancing. Right slope, reading downward: A fortress. Left upright: A high "round" number. Right upright: Government. Bottom, reading from left to right: To judge.

L. G. H.

## EASY PROVERB REBUS.



## RIDDLE.

WHAT is both hot and cold  
at the same time? G. B. R.

## BIRD PUZZLE.

ONE foggy day, a well-known bird went out for a walk with her husband. An express-train came along just as they were crossing the railroad, and, alas! she lost her tail and he lost his head. Their remains being united,—she first and he next,—made another bird. What is this other bird's name? You may find it illustrated in Webster's dictionary.

## SQUARE-WORD.

1. A COVERING formerly worn on the head. 2. A prefix. 3. The name of a tribe of uncivilized Americans. 4. Smaller. BERTHA.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals of the words described in the following lines, form two other words which suggest cake and mince pies:

The first is governed by Victoria's hand.  
The next describes her far-obeyed command.  
The third is hard for fighting-men to be.  
Fourth is a shell-fish, floater on the sea.  
The fifth you must be every now and then.  
Sixth, of the East were wisest of wise men.  
Seventh is an acid of a common kind;  
And eighth, a number, ball-players call to mind.

## EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I HAVE thirteen letters, and I mean appendages. My 1, 4, 12, 11 is a vessel for carrying liquids. My 6, 10, 3, 5 is a stringed instrument of music. My 13, 8, 7, 9, 2 is a place where men contend for victory in athletic sports. ISOLA.

## WORD-MAKING.

THOSE who play the game of "Word-making and word-taking" know how satisfactory it is to draw from the pool a letter which will enable them to capture a word from the enemy, especially if he have the required "ten" words. Many a time one of his ten words might be taken with the letter drawn, if his opponent only knew how to apply the letter. To show how to make use of the letter drawn, a little practice is here given in the shape of a puzzle.

Suppose your opponent has the words, thug, fit, may, win, and you draw an R. Can you add it to any one of his words? You cannot turn his "may" into "Mary," because proper nouns are not allowed unless found in the body of Webster's dictionary. But you can turn it into "army" and appropriate it. If you had drawn an S you could not have taken a word by merely adding the S to make it plural, and you are not permitted to make a word into a past participle with a D, nor may you make compound words. These rules apply in this puzzle.

Now, in each of the following examples are given the list of words your adversary has, and the letter drawn by you; and you are to discover which of his words you can capture.

1. List of words,—curate, if, cow, roiling, he, boot. Letter drawn, A.
2. List,—waiter, bring, when, glad, lyre, much. Letter B.
3. List,—fan, sand, bat, of, dream, laud, bishop. Letter C.

4. List,—back, crowd, deacon, furnace, field, plough, safety. Letter D.
5. List,—settle, smother, pie, my, is, grade, wagon. Letter E.
6. List,—leaf, leader, eke, site, terrace, butter. Letter F.
7. List,—bee, tone, large, play, vex, peculiar, sweet, law. Letter G.
8. List,—bounty, many, fix, dray, stray, thirdly. Letter H.
9. List,—minx, tribute, eve, fry, commerce, horse, cat, meed. Letter I.
10. List,—currant, diet, stole, parcel, debt, fortune, sour. Letter J.
11. List,—off, theater, whole, fur, fair, mantle, grief, moon, noble. Letter K.
12. List,—gig, bold, cyrd, theme, button, mongrel. Letter L.
13. List,—fool, crown, their, tool, no, virtue. Letter M.
14. List,—gold, man, hymn, teeth, little, oars. Letter N.
15. List,—bonnet, glove, it, stream, park, preachers. Letter O.

16. List,—brindle, tenement, roan, brown, nan, es, dentist. Letter P.

17. List,—true, blue, surely, purest, suit, suspense, tincture. Letter Q.

18. List,—grindstone, obit, iota, go, judge, nectar, candid. Letter R.

19. List,—stone, round, sharks, enough, lust, there, reasons. Letter S.

20. List,—Loan, vow, wages, jute, tooth, enemy, totality. Letter T.

21. List,—pipes, guns, building, between, ogre. Letter U.



22. List,—streets, truce, voice, tin, mug, perpetrate, adder. Letter V.
23. List,—haste, modest, maiden, temperate, persecute, accuse. Letter W.
24. List,—tent, value, nothing, inn, malice, courtesy, oval, yeast. Letter X.
25. List,—bad, foe, smooth, mutter, want, future, remark. Letter Y.
26. List,—dreary, polar, bears, mere, shocking, occult. Letter Z.

AUNT SUE.

## HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.

THE base is a word of four letters, the name of a girl. In each of the following sentences, find concealed one of the words of the square:

1. Tell Anna to call the harvesters, and have them make haste in to supper. 2. The mule appearing very mad—I hate a mad mule—I at once left his neighborhood.

3. The lazy lad excused himself;  
He had a mind to shirk.

4. Said teacher, giving him a slap:

"Excuse you? No, sir! Work!"

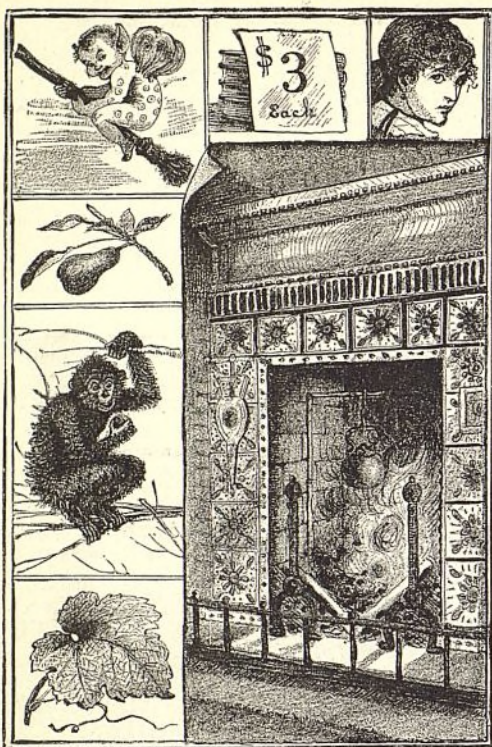
"LITTLE BRUNETTE."

## DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. In open. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A boy's name. 4. A drawing on cardboard. 5. A large screaming water-fowl. 6. An abbreviation of "mamma." 7. In any.

DOWN, beginning at the left: 1. In ocean. 2. An interjection of surprise. 3. The home of a Turk's wives. 4. To set forth by lines or colors. 5. A wild evergreen shrub, with yellow, white or purple flowers. 6. At a distance, but within view. 7. In many. DVICE.

## EASY PICTURE ANAGRAM.



THE answer is one word of nine letters, and is indicated by the largest picture in the illustration. Each of the small pictures represents an object the name of which may be spelled from the letters of the answer.

## RIDDLE.

THE sound of a word appropriate for the middle blank is to be so spelled as to fill the other blanks, and make sense.

The natives of Java say that if — the night under a — tree, the result must be that — away before morning

JENNY YOUNG.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM a line from Alexander Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and I contain twenty-seven letters.

My 20, 6, 17, 13, 9, 27 is moral excellence. My 15, 25, 18 is a

fruit. My 10, 16, 11, 26 is a low cry of pain. My 8, 2, 4, 7, 21 is an herb-eating animal. My 22, 19, 24, 23, 12, 3 is godlike. My 5, 14, 1 is to decay.

## CHARADE.

My first is rigid, formal, cold  
And never pleasing to behold.  
My second's fragrance fills the air  
When summer days are bright and fair.  
My whole has never had its birth  
Till gladsome Spring 's returned to earth.

G. L.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.—I. 1. L. 2. Sod. 3. LoYal. 4. DAM. 5. L. II. 1. M. 2. LAG. 3. MaGic. 4. GIn. 5. C.

PI.—In a primary school, not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Birds'-nests," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school: "What 's that for?" After a short pause a little chap piped out: "Please ma'am, that 's for the bird to roost on."

DIFFICULT TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Any crest, ancestry. 2. Palli-ated, dial-plate. 3. Requisite, it is queer. 4. One dares, reasoned.

BEHEADINGS.—1. T-Hames. 2. N-Early. 3. O-Rally. 4. P-Layer. 5. R-Educe. 6. R-Elapse.—RIDDLE.—Match-safe.

## FOUR EASY SQUARE-WORDS.—

PIG	OWE	ORE	ORB
I. ICE	II. WHY	III. ROB	IV. ROE
GEM	EYE	EBB	BEG

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Stove.—EASY CHARADE.—Seal-skin.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—1. Condiment. 2. Challenge. 3. McKim-ment. 4. Satirical. 5. SatiSfied. 6. ImposTure. 7. TradesMan.

8. Matutinal. 9. LucidnesS. Christmas.

CHRISTMAS CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Children singing Christmas

carols: 1. FaCes; of the children. 2. AsHes; sprinkled by the usher.

3. SpIre; of church. 4. HoLy; on arch of gate. 5. HeDge; in

front of house. 6. ApRon; on little girl. 7. StEPs; of church. 8.

PaNes; of windows. 9. BaSes; of porch pillars. 10. Drift; of

snow, by steps. 11. ViNes; on church. 12. SiGns; on fence. 13.

ChInk; in fence. 14. FeNce; in front of hedge. 15. LiGht; on

arch of gate.—16. LoCks; on gates. 17. UsHer; sprinkling

ashes. 18. GiRLs; singing. 19. StIck; in peddler's hand. 20.

VaSes; on the fence. 21. GaTes; of the fence. 22. LaMps; on

the church. 23. FlAGs; of sidewalk. 24. MuSic; in children's hands.

—25. PaCks; on peddler. 26. StArs; in the sky. 27. PoRch; of the church.

28. CrOSS; in porch gable. 29. BeLls; in the belfry.

30. PoSts; of the fence.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Santa-Claus. 1. SaranaC. 2. AbelA. 3.

Niagara. 4. TU. 5. AtlaS.

EASY METAGRAM.—Romeo, Rome; more, ore, or, o.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Ho-me-ly. 2. A-mica-ble. 3. Di-

urn-al. 4. Ar-den-t. 5. B-all-et. 6. Bon-fir-e.

SCATTERED SQUARE-WORDS.—1. Ache, coil, hill, Ella. 2. Acid,

care, iron, dent. 3. Cane, area, near, earl. 4. Chit, hare, iron, tent.

5. Clad, lace, acre, deer. 6. Clan, lace, acre, need. 7. Dawn, area,

wear, nard. 8. Hand, area, near, dart. 9. Halt, area, leer, tart. 10.

Epic, pare, iron, cent. 11. Hail, acre, iron, lent. 12. Jade, area,

dear, earl. 13. Jail, acre, iron, lend. 14. Wait, acre, iron, tend. 15.

What, hare, area, tear. 16. Wall, area, lead, lade.

PICTURE ANAGRAMS FOR YOUNG PUZZLERS.—1. Archery, a cherry.

2. Tens, nest. 3. Wings, swing. 4. Roes, rose.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from The Blank Family,—Oulagiskit,—Bessie and her Cousin,—Mary L. Otis, all of whose solutions were correct; and from John Smith, Jr., 1—Willie F. Dix, 1—Milly B. Cross, 1—Helen M. Duncan, 2—E. Farrington, 1—Mary L. Shipman, 2—Mamie M. Burney, 1—Mary L. Lamprey, 1—Robert B. Salter, Jr., 3—Edith Chase, 1—Susie A. Kachline, 3—M. McB., 1—Charles Fitts, 5—Ethel Bangs, 2—Meta Moore, 5—Mauch Chunk, 8—Gertrude Spalding, 2—Walter Dorset Parks, 1—R. A. A., 1—"Punch and Judy," 6—No Name, 1—"Scrub," 2—Emma and Netta McCall, 2—Carroll L. Maxcy, 5—Grace Ashton Crosby, 13—Charlie H. Jones, 1—Nettie Conine, 2—Nora O'Neil, 7—Eleanor N. Hughes, 7—Jennie W. Burritt, 2—Marie Morris, 2—Claire H. Pingrey, 9—B. E. and H. E. Melvin, 2—Sallie R. Marshall, 1—Rufus B. Clark, 3—E. Frank Thompson, 1—Bessie and Tommy Hotchkiss, 2—Ida Muller, 2—L. L. Van Liew, 2—Lillian Baker, 4—Gertrude H., 1—Buttercup, 11—Charles Sprague, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 2—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 6—Alice G. Benedict, 5—Helen Vaughn Cope, 1—"Quintettes," 5—Charlotte B. Serega, 1—Elizabeth L. Hillegeist, 6—Percy Crenshaw, 2—Bessie C. Barney, 6—Warren Wolfersberger, 5—Mary Campbell Murdock, 10—Julia Crofton, 6—Jessie O. Woodruff, 2—Lucy B. Shaw, 4—"G. H.," 6—Annie Keynes, 7—Diamond and Pearl, 4—J. Harry Anderson, 3—J. H. Slade, Jr., 2—Netta M. Van, 4—Benjamin C. Brown, Jr., 7—John V. L. Pierson, 6—Reta S. McIlwaine, 10—F. C. C., 3—Florence Wilcox, 12—Ida Cohn, 6—Allen T. Treadway, 10—Jim Crow, 6—Thomas Harwood, 1—Frances, Margaret, 10—F. C. C., 3—Vee Cornwell, 7—Bella Wehl, 8—Bertha Potts, 6—Lillie Burling, 5—Emmie J. Allen and Anna R. Jackson, 6—J. W. Yocum, 2—Nellie Kellogg, 5—Arthur P. Summers, 4—No Name, 7—Marion and Henry, 4—Willie B. Geery, 6—Eva and Ada Dolton, 4—Theodore Potts, 3—Morris Turk, 2—Russel Duane, 6—H. F. W., 3—Edward Vultee, 13—Pumble and Sam, 3—Cousins, 10—A. E. D. St. John, 9—"Riddlers," 5—Bessie S. Works, 1—H. W. Blake, 9—Edith W. Hamlin and May H. Weston, 8—Elvie Johnson, 7—Harkaway, and Sister, 4—Eddie Gwynne, 1—Harry C. Crosby, 2—Philip Sidney Carlton, 7—Robert Allen Gally, 6—H. Tournade, 1—U. Jacobi, 11—Susie Sipe, 11—Daisy and Harold, 4—David A. Center, 2—Will, 1—Georgie and Carlton Woodruff, 4—Lloyd M. Scott, 9—Jos. Van Doren, 4—Anna K. Phelps, 14—Nellie DeGraff, 10—Perry Beattie, 3—"Three Guessers," 11—H. J. Tiley, 12—Kitty C. Atwater, 6—Rob Bowles, 3—Edith Grace Bristow, 1—Laura H. and Charles D. Napier, 10—Emma Maxwell, 5—"Apple Blossom," 6—Jessie I. Upham, 7—M. J. G. and H. L. C., 5—Annie M. C., and Louis L. C., 12—No Name, 12—Kate Higson, 2—"Impatience," 12—Bessie Taylor, 5—Jennie Mondschein, 3—"Winnie," 9—R. Kelly, 3—Charlie W. Power, 4—Harry M. Norris, 6. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

ANSWERS TO J. D. L.'s PUZZLE in November "Letter-Box" were received, before November 20, from E. Farrington,—Bessie,—Emma and Netta McCall,—Anna Houghton,—Pumble and Sam"—Annie E. St. John.

4, 7, 21 is an  
My 5, 14,  
ISOLA.

G. L.

NUMBER.

1. 4. DAM.

undertook to  
She wrote  
yphen asked  
a little chap  
on."

y. 2. Palli-  
, reasoned.  
ally. 4. P-  
ch-safe.

ORB  
7. ROE  
REG  
Seal-skin.  
3. McKri-  
TradesMan.

g Christmas  
by the usher.  
HeDge; in  
church. 8.  
o. Drift; of  
n fence. 13.  
LiGht; on  
; sprinkling  
s hand. 20.  
LaMps; on  
dren's hands.  
27. PoRch;  
in the belfry.

AbeL. 3.

ble. 3. Di-

lla. 2. Acid.  
re, iron, tent  
Dawn, area.  
eer, tart. 10.  
Jade, area,  
on, tend. 15.

ery, a cherry.

skit,—Bessie  
3. Cross, 1—  
alter, Jr. 3—  
8—Gertrude  
McCall, 2—  
s, 7—Jennie  
3—E. Frank  
tttercup, 11—  
ttettes, 5—  
Mary Camp-  
nd Pearl, 4—  
McIlvaine,  
s, Margaret,  
on, 6—J. W.  
Ada Dolton,  
s, 10—A. E.  
ohnson, 7—  
ournade, 1—  
yd M. Scott,  
12—Kitty C.  
le Blossom,  
mpatience,  
he numerals

essie,—Emma