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BUTTERCUP GOLD.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

OH! the cupperty-buts! and oh! the cupperty-buts! out in the meadow, shining under the trees, and sparkling over, the lawn, millions and millions of them, each one a bit of purest gold from Mother Nature's mint. Jessy stood at the window, looking out at them, and thinking, as she often had thought before, that there were no flowers so beautiful. "Cupperty-buts," she had been used to call them, when she was a wee baby-girl, and could not speak without tumbling over her words and mixing them up in the queerest fashion: and now that she was a very great girl, actually six years old, they were still cupperty-buts to her, and would never be anything else, she said. There was nothing she liked better than to watch the lovely golden things, and nod to them as they nodded to her; but this morning her little face looked anxious and troubled, and she gazed at the flowers with an intent and inquiring look, as if she had expected them to reply to her unspoken thoughts. What these thoughts were, I am going to tell you.

Half-an-hour before, she had called to her mother, who was just going out, and begged her to come and look at the cupperty-buts.

"They are brighter than ever, mamma! Do just come and look at them! golden, golden, golden! There must be fifteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold just on the lawn, I should think."

And her mother, pausing to look out, said, very sadly:

"Ah, my darling! if I only had this day a little of that gold, what a happy woman I should be!"

And then the good mother went out, and there little Jessy stood, gazing at the flowers, and repeating the words to herself, over and over again:

"If I only had a little of that gold!"

She knew that her mother was very, very poor, and had to go out to work every day to earn food and clothes for herself and her little daughter; and the child's tender heart ached to think of the sadness in the dear mother's look and tone. Suddenly, Jessy started, and the sunshine flashed into her face.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I get some of the gold from the cupperty-buts? I believe I could get some, perfectly well. When mamma wants to get the juice out of anything, meat, or fruit, or anything of that sort, she just boils it. And so, if I should boil the cupperty-buts, wouldn't all the gold come out? Of course it would! Oh, joy! how pleased mamma will be!"

Jessy's actions always followed her thoughts with great rapidity. In five minutes she was out on the lawn, with a huge bushel basket beside her, pulling away at the buttercups with might and main. Oh! how small they were, and how long it took even to cover the bottom of the basket. But Jessy worked with a will, and at the end of an hour she had picked enough to make at least a thousand dollars, as she calculated. That would do for one day, she thought; and now for the grand experiment! Before going out she had with much labor filled the great kettle with water, so now the water was boiling, and she had only to put the buttercups in and put the cover on. When this was done, she sat as patiently as she could, trying to pay attention to her knitting, and not to look at the clock oftener than every two minutes.

"They must boil for an hour," she said; "and by that time all the gold will have come out."

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Well, the hour did pass somehow or other, though it was a very long one; and at eleven o'clock, Jessy, with a mighty effort, lifted the kettle from the stove and carried it to the open door, that the fresh air might cool the boiling water. At first, when she lifted the cover, such a cloud of steam came out that she could see nothing; but in a moment the wind blew the steam aside, and then she saw,—oh, poor little Jessy!—she saw a mass of weeds floating about in a quantity of dirty greenish water, and that was all. Not the smallest trace of gold, even in the buttercups themselves, was to be seen. Poor little Jessy! she tried hard not to cry, but it was a bitter disappointment; the tears came rolling down her cheeks faster and faster, till at length she sat down by the kettle, and, burying her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Presently, through her sobs, she heard a kind voice saying: "What is the matter, little one? why do you cry so bitterly?" She looked up, and saw an old gentleman with white hair and a bright, cheery face, standing by her. At first, Jessy could say nothing but "Oh! the cupperty-buts! oh! the cupperty-buts!" but, of course, the old gentleman did n't know what she meant by that, so, as he urged her to tell him about her trouble, she dried her eyes, and told him the melancholy little story: how her mother was very poor, and said she wished she had some gold; and how she herself had tried to get the gold out of the buttercups by boiling them. "I was so sure I could get it out," she said. "And I thought Mamma would be so pleased! And now——" Here she was very near breaking down again; but the gentleman patted her head and said, cheerfully: "Wait a bit, little woman! Don't give up the ship yet. You know that gold is heavy, very heavy indeed, and if there were any, it would be at the very bottom of the kettle, all covered with the weeds, so that you could not see it. I should not be at all surprised if you found some, after all. Run into the house and bring me a spoon with a long handle, and we will fish in the kettle, and see what we can find."

Jessy's face brightened, and she ran into the house. If any one had been standing near just at that moment, I think it is possible that he might have seen the old gentleman's hand go into his pocket and out again very quickly, and might have heard a little splash in the kettle; but nobody was near, so, of course, I cannot say anything about it. At any rate, when Jessy came out with the spoon, he was standing with both hands in his pockets, looking in the opposite direction. He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for

some time. At last there was a little clinking noise, and the old gentleman lifted the spoon. Oh, wonder and delight! In it lay three great, broad, shining pieces of gold! Jessy could hardly believe her eyes. She stared and stared; and when the old gentleman put the gold into her hand, she still stood as if in a happy dream, gazing at it. Suddenly she started, and remembered that she had not thanked her kindly helper. She looked up, and began: "Thank you, sir;" but the old gentleman was gone.

Well, the next question was, how could Jessy possibly wait till twelve o'clock for her mother to come home? Knitting was out of the question. She could do nothing but dance and look out of window, and look out of window and dance, holding the precious coins tight in her hand. At last, a well-known footstep was heard outside the door, and Mrs. Gray came in, looking very tired and worn. She smiled, however, when she saw Jessy, and said:

"Well, my darling, I am glad to see you looking so bright. How has the morning gone with my little housekeeper?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Jessy, hopping about on one foot, "it has gone very well! oh, very, *very*, very well! Oh, my mother dear, what do you think I have got in my hand? *What* do you think? oh, what *do* you think?" and she went dancing round and round, till poor Mrs. Gray was quite dizzy with watching her. At last she stopped, and holding out her hand, opened it and showed her mother what was in it. Mrs. Gray was really frightened.

"Jessy, my child!" she cried, "where did you get all that money?"

"Out of the cupperty-buts, mamma!" said Jessy, "out of the cupperty-buts! and it's all for you, every bit of it! Dear mamma, now you will be happy, will you not?"

"Jessy," said Mrs. Gray, "have you lost your senses, or are you playing some trick on me? Tell me all about this at once, dear child, and don't talk nonsense."

"But it is n't nonsense, mamma!" cried Jessy, "and it did come out of the cupperty-buts!"

And then she told her mother the whole story. The tears came into Mrs. Gray's eyes, but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

"Jessy dear," she said, "when we say our prayers at night, let us never forget to pray for that good gentleman. May Heaven bless him and reward him! for if it had not been for him, Jessy dear, I fear you never would have found the 'Buttercup Gold.'"

THE SWAN-SONG.

BY KATHARINE RITTER BROOKS.

"The swan sings before it dies."—Old Proverb.

THE great old-fashioned clock struck twelve, but as yet not one of the boys had stirred. All were listening too intently to what Carl von Weber was saying, to notice the time. The large music-room was a very pleasant room to look at. Around lay all kinds of instruments—pianos, harps, violins, cornets, flutes, and violoncellos. Along the wall were arranged shelves upon shelves of music, both sheet and bound. Busts of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart looked out at you from the tops of music-cases, and from obscure nooks and corners. Around one of the grand pianos a group of boys was gathered. Perched on the top of it was a bright, merry-looking boy of fourteen. He was talking very fast, and brandishing the bow of his violin in a very excited manner. By his side sat a pale, delicate little fellow, with a pair of soft dark eyes, which were fixed in eager attention upon Carl's face. Below, and leaning carelessly on the piano, was Raoul von Falkenstein, a dark, handsome boy of fifteen. He was a great favorite with old Herr Bach, and his fine ear and wonderful memory made the master entertain great hopes of him.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, scornfully, after Carl had finished. "Is that all—just for a few paltry thalers and a beggarly violin, to work myself to death? No! I don't think I shall trouble myself about it."

"Oh, Raoul!" cried Franz, the little fellow who sat by Carl, "you forget that it is to be the most beautiful violin in Germany, and to be given to us by the Empress herself. And the two hundred thalers—just think of that!" and Franz's dark eyes grew bright to think what *he* could do with them.

"Really," returned Raoul, insolently, "you don't mean to say that *you* are going to try! Why, the last time you played you broke down entirely!"

The color mounted into Franz's face, and the tears came into his eyes; and Carl cried out, angrily.

"For shame! You know very well that it was only fright that made Franz fail. Was n't it?" he cried, appealing to the boys who had been listening to the aforesaid conversation.

"Yes, yes!" they cried, indignantly, for Raoul was no favorite with them. But his highness only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and sauntered slowly out of the room.

"Don't mind him," said Carl, putting his arm around his friend's neck. "He is only hateful as he

always is. But come; don't sit moping there. Let us go and see who is to be chosen for the concert. Come, Franz!"

"No, Carl," said his friend, quietly; "I would rather stay here. You go and find out, and then come and tell me."

"All right!" replied the lively boy; and, whistling the "Watch on the Rhine" to the time of a jig, he capered out of the room, followed by the other boys.

The Empress once a year gave a prize to the school, but this year it was to be finer than usual, and her majesty had sent to Herr Bach and requested him to choose five of his best boys, each of whom was to compose a piece of his own. No one was to see it until the end of three weeks, when they were to play it at a grand concert, which the imperial family were to attend with the whole court. And now Herr Bach and his assistants were selecting the boys that were to contend for the prize. It was a great honor to get this prize, and those who had formerly obtained it were always sure to rise in the musical world. Franz was very anxious to be chosen, for he wanted the prize very much. He thought how pleased the mother would be, and he thought how hard she worked to give her little boy a musical education, and how many comforts the thalers would buy. Oh! he would work hard for it. The dear mother would be so surprised. And he fell into a brown study, from which he was awakened by feeling a pair of strong arms around him, and being frantically whirled about the room, while a voice shouted in his ear:

"We've got it! We're chosen—you, Gottfried, Johann, old hateful Raoul, and I!"

And, having delivered this excited speech, Carl dragged Franz upstairs into his room, where they talked as fast as their tongues could go, and got ready for lunch.

The whole school was in a ferment, and a delightful air of mystery pervaded it all. The five boys put on very important airs, and retired at all hours of the day to their rooms, under the excuse of composing, leaving the other boys in various states of curiosity and excitement. The boys worked very hard, for there was only a short time given them. Franz put his whole soul into his composition, and made himself almost sick over it. Raoul went about declaring, in his usual contemptuous manner, that he did not intend to kill himself over it, but secretly he worked with great industry.

One lovely moonlight night, as he sat by his window composing, for the moon was so bright he could see very well, he impatiently flung his pen down and muttered, "There is no use; I can never do it; this will never do!" and began angrily to tear up one of the music-sheets, when suddenly he stopped and raised his head and listened intently. Such a lovely melody, so soft and clear, rising and falling in the sweetest cadences, now growing louder and louder in a wild, passionate *crescendo*, and then dying slowly away!

For a moment, the boy remained silent; then, suddenly springing to his feet, he cried:

"It is Franz! I know it, for no one but he could write anything so beautiful. But it shall be mine, for it is the piece that will gain the prize! Ah! Franz, I play before you, and what I play shall be —"

He stopped, and the moonlight streaming in at the window glanced across the room, and revealed a look of half triumph, half shame on his dark, haughty face. Why had he stopped? Perhaps



"FRANZ STOOD MOTIONLESS, LISTENING."

his guardian angel stood behind him, warning him against what he was about to do. For a moment, a fierce struggle seemed to take possession of the boy, between his good and evil spirits. But, alas! the evil conquered, and, sitting down, he wrote off what he had heard, aided by his wonderful memory; and, after an hour, he threw down the piece,

finished. Then, with an exulting smile, he cried, "The prize is mine!" and, throwing himself on the bed, he fell into a troubled sleep.

The time had come at last for the great concert, and the boys were so excited they could hardly keep still; even Franz, whose cheeks glowed with a brilliant hectic flush, and whose eyes were strangely bright. Then came the time for them to start, and off they went to the concert-hall. The hall was crowded. The imperial family was there, together with the whole court, and box upon box, tier upon tier, were filled with the fairest and loveliest ladies and the bravest and handsomest officers of the realm. They were in full dress, and the uniforms of the officers and the beautiful dresses of the ladies, the sparkling and flashing of diamonds, and the waving and flutter of the dainty fans, made a very brilliant scene.

The boys peeped out from behind the curtain, and admired the beautiful hall, the like of which they had never seen before.

The concert began with an overture from the orchestra. Then came Fraulein the Prima Donna of the imperial opera, and then the boys. Carl came first, and played a brilliant, sparkling little piece, and was loudly applauded; next Gottfried and Johann, and then Raoul. When he stepped out upon the platform, his handsome face and fine form seemed to make an impression on the audience, for they remained perfectly silent. Raoul commenced. At first, Franz paid no attention to him, then suddenly he started. The melody flowed on; louder and louder, clearer and clearer it rose. Franz stood motionless, listening in strained, fixed attention, until at last, overcome with grief and astonishment, he sank upon the floor and cried out piteously, with tears streaming down his face:

"Oh, Raoul! Raoul! how could you, could you do it—my own little piece that I loved so much? Oh, mother! mother!"—and, burying his head in his arms, he sobbed in an agony of grief.

He heard the burst of applause that greeted his piece—not Raoul's; he heard it all, but moved not until he heard Carl say:

"Come, Franz! It's time to go. They are all waiting for you; but I am afraid that Raoul has won the prize."

What should he do, he wondered? And then he thought perhaps the kind Father in heaven would help him. The mother had said to trust always in Him, and he would ask Him. So, breathing a little prayer in his heart, he walked calmly forth upon the platform.

At first, he trembled so, that he could hardly begin; then a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him—a quick light swept across his face. He raised the violin to his shoulder, and began.



"THE SWEET FACE OF THE EMPRESS BENT OVER HIM."

The audience at first paid no attention; but presently all became quiet, and they leaned forward in breathless attention. What a wonderful song it was!—for it was a song. The violin seemed almost to speak, and so softly and sweetly and with such exquisite pathos were the notes drawn forth, that the eyes of many were filled with tears. For it was pouring out all little Franz's griefs and sorrows; it was telling how the little heart was almost broken by the treachery of the friend; it was telling how hard he had worked to win, for the dear mother's sake; and it was telling, and the notes grew sweeter as it told, how the good God had not forsaken him. The boy seemed almost inspired; his eyes were raised to heaven, and his face glowed with a rapt delight, as he improvised his beautiful song. Not a sound was heard; it seemed as if all those great lords and ladies were turned to stone, so intense was the silence. His heart seemed to grow lighter of its burden, and the song burst into a wild, sweet carol, that rang rich and clear through the hall; and then it changed and grew so soft it could hardly be heard, and at last it died away.

For a moment the vast audience seemed spell-bound; then, all rising with one uncontrollable impulse, and breaking into a tempest of applause that rocked the building to its very foundations, they rained down bouquets on his head.

But the boy stood with a far-off look in his large

and beautiful eyes, and then giving a little sigh, fell heavily to the floor.

Carl and the others rushed forward and carried the fainting boy into the anteroom. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of people; but, what seemed odd to him, he did not care anything about it, and he felt very happy to be so free from the pain that had always troubled him. He heard a voice say "Poor child!"—it seemed like Herr Bach's; and then he heard Carl say, in a sobbing voice, "Franz! dear Franz!" Why did they pity him, he wondered; and then it all came back to him—the prize, the violin, and Raoul.

"Where is the violin?" he murmured.

"It will be here in a moment," some one said.

Then he saw the pale, remorseful face of Raoul, who said: "Dear little Franz, forgive me!"

The boy raised his hand and pointed to heaven, and said, softly: "Dear Raoul, I forgive you!"—and then all the pain and bitterness in his heart against Raoul died out.

Some one said, "Is there no hope, Herr Doctor?"

"None!" replied a quiet voice.

Then he saw by his side a grand, stately lady. It was the Empress, Franz knew, and the glad thought came to him that he had now the prize at last, and now indeed the mother would be proud of him. The sweet face of the Empress, made

lovely by its look of tender pity, bent over him, and she kissed him and murmured, "Poor little one!" Then she placed the beautiful violin in his arms, and the thalers in his hands.

And so, with the famed violin and the bright thalers clasped close on his breast, the life-light died out of his eyes, and little Franz fell asleep. So the wondrous swan-song was finished.

LONGITUDE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

BY JOHN KEILLER.



THE older readers of ST. NICHOLAS who were interested in the account of Greenwich, and Longitude Naught, given in the number for last June, would probably like to hear of what, with some reason, might be termed Longitude Naughty; because it often confuses the ideas of the passengers who now cross the Pacific Ocean from California to China, Japan and Australia, and also because, in a particular instance, it robbed a deserving man of his birthday.

Toward the close of the year 1859, I shipped as second mate in the barque "Moonshine," of Philadelphia, then in San Francisco harbor, bound to Hong Kong. She was all ready for sea when I went on board, and we were off next morning. We passed in sight of Honolulu on the nineteenth day, and at the end of another week's sailing, I had the dog-watch on deck from six to eight in the evening. While the captain and I were conversing, the cook and steward (the barque carried only one man to attend to both duties) came up from the cabin. He was a Philadelphia ducky who had sailed with the captain for two or three years in the Atlantic trade, but this was his first voyage on the Pacific. As he passed along the deck, the captain said:

"Doctor" (the cook always was called "doctor" on board),—"doctor, this is Christmas Eve, and

you must remember to give the men a duff, with plenty of raisins in it, for dinner to-morrow."—Duff is the ship-name for pudding.

Then turning to me, he said:

"You need not set them about any rigging work to-morrow; we will keep Christmas as well as we can."

The cook stood looking at the captain for a minute, then he said:

"How is dat, Captain Small? Dis is the 23d by my alm'nack, an' I neber seed no Christmas Ebe come on de 23d, sar. My burfday is the 24th, and many burfday ebenin's I 'se been roun' about Eighth and Chestnut street seein' Christmas Ebe."

"You 're right, doctor," said the captain; "this is the 23d, but to-morrow is going to be the 25th if this wind holds, and I rather think that that fact will make this Christmas Eve."

"Den whar is the 24th goin' to come in, Captain Small?" asked the doctor, in surprise.

"Well," said the captain, "nowhere, doctor. It's a pity, but I think you are likely to lose your birthday. You've been a sailor a long time, and have n't you ever heard of the place where you lose a day every year?"

"Yes, sar, I hab, but I thought it was an ole sailor yarn, but I 's sartain dis is de fust year I

neber had a burfday. But, anyways, I'll gib de boys their plum duff to-morrow."

The breeze continued brisk, and we passed the meridian of 180° in the first part of the middle watch, and "sure sartain," as our darky said, the next day was the 25th, and our Christmas Eve had come on the 23d.

Now, if any young readers have not studied the subject of longitude, they will find it profitable and interesting to do so, and find out about this thing. Longitude is defined by imaginary lines, called meridians, drawn lengthwise over the earth's surface and meeting at its poles, thus dividing the surface of the globe into three hundred and sixty parts, or degrees, of longitude.

Of course, any one of these meridians might have been taken as the point to start from in calculating longitudes; but, since the English, as a people, held the highest position in astronomy, navigation, and chart-making, they naturally chose to represent the first meridian as drawn through their royal observatory at Greenwich, and it is now generally recognized as the first meridian; so that, as was stated in the article on Longitude Naught, all longitude is practically reckoned east or west from Greenwich. Now, as longitude is reckoned from the meridian of Greenwich, so the hours of time may be said to *begin again* at the meridian of 180°, which is exactly opposite, on the other side of the globe.

Longitude is calculated by time, and in this way: When a navigator wishes to know the longitude his ship is in, he finds (by observation of the sun or other heavenly bodies) the true time of day at the ship. He then compares this with the time at Greenwich, shown by his chronometer, and thus he gets his longitude in time, that is, in hours, minutes, and seconds, which he turns into degrees of longitude by multiplying by fifteen; for, as each of the earth's 360 meridians of longitude is rolled directly under the sun once in every twenty-four hours, then 360 degrees of longitude must be equal to twenty-four hours of time, or fifteen degrees of longitude to one hour of time.

There is no such thing as 24 o'clock, for we reckon twelve hours before noon and twelve hours after noon; and so, also, there is no 360th degree of longitude, but 180° east and 180° west, making *together* 360 degrees.

Now, the apparent noon, or twelve o'clock apparent time at any given place, is the time when the earth, by her rotary motion from west to east, rolls the meridian of that given place directly under the sun, and therefore the meridian of Greenwich comes under the sun one hour sooner than the meridian of 15° west. So, when it is twelve o'clock, or noon, at Greenwich or any other place on the

meridian of longitude naught (for all places in the same longitude have the same time, no matter what their latitude may be), it will be eleven o'clock forenoon at all places in longitude 15° west, consequently, only ten o'clock forenoon in longitude 30° west, 9 o'clock forenoon longitude 45° west, and so on, counting back one hour of time for every fifteen degrees of longitude. Thus we find that, when we get across the Western Hemisphere to longitude 180°, we are twelve hours behind the time at Greenwich; or, when it is noon on January 1st at Greenwich, it is midnight, or just the commencement of January 1st, at the longitude of 180°. But, for the same reason, by the rotation of the earth from west to east, any place in 15° *east* longitude will come under the sun one hour *before* Greenwich; or, it will be one o'clock in the *afternoon* at those places when it is only noon at Greenwich, and so, counting across the Eastern Hemisphere, one hour ahead of Greenwich for every fifteen degrees of longitude, we come to the longitude of 180°, twelve hours *ahead* of Greenwich time.

Now, on January 1st, it is midnight, or the end of January 1st, say, for instance, one inch on the *west* side of meridian 180°. But we have just seen that, at that very same time (that is, noon, January 1st, at Greenwich), it is only the beginning of January 1st at, say, one inch on the *east* side of meridian 180°; so that there is twenty-four hours, or one whole day, difference in time between two persons supposed to be standing, one immediately on the east side, the other immediately on the west side of 180°; and so, while it is noon of January 1st with the one at the east, it would be within a few minutes of noon, January 2d, with the one at the west. Therefore, by stepping across the meridian, the day of the week and the date would be changed. The one who stepped from east to west would lose a day, and the other, stepping from west to east, would have two successive days of the same name and date, and so would gain a day.

But we have here used the words East and West as you use them every day, that is, as directions according to the points of the compass, and you must remember that if we reckon in that way at the meridian itself, then the *Western Hemisphere* lies to the *East* of the line, and the *Eastern Hemisphere* to the *West* of it. For, as your geographies tell you, the Eastern Hemisphere extends East *from* Greenwich over Europe, Asia, etc., to meridian 180°, and the Western Hemisphere reaches west from Greenwich over the Atlantic Ocean, the American Continents, and the Pacific Ocean, to the same meridian. So, suppose a passenger on a steamship from San Francisco to China goes below, and "turns in" or goes to bed, at nine o'clock on

the evening of February 21st, the ship being then in west longitude, and, say, thirty nautical miles this side of the meridian of 180° , and steaming at the rate of ten miles an hour; then, at three minutes before midnight, she will have sailed twenty-nine and a half miles, placing her half a mile on the east side of 180° , according to the compass, but, of course, still in *west* longitude. As we have seen, the time at Greenwich is then twelve hours *ahead* of the time in the vicinity of 180° *western* hemisphere; therefore, as it is February 21st near midnight at the ship, it will be February 22d near noon at Greenwich.

Now, suppose at this same moment a sailing ship is lying becalmed a mile from the steamer, to the *west* according to the compass, but of course in the *eastern* hemisphere. The time on board that sailing ship will be twelve hours *ahead* of *Greenwich*, or near midnight February the twenty-second, the whole of February the twenty-second having passed with them; while on board the steamship, February the twenty-second is just about to commence. Now the steamship steams across the meridian of 180° , and in a few minutes is alongside the sailing ship, both being in the Eastern Hemisphere. The steamship's time will now be the same as the ship's (for the latter has not moved from her position, being becalmed), and that time is the beginning of February the twenty-third, so that February the twenty-second is dropped from the calendar of the people on the steamer. In the morning, our passenger comes on deck, salutes the officer of the deck, and, being a patriotic American, asks:

"Do you make any celebration of Washington's birthday at sea?"

"Yes," replies the officer; "when it occurs, we load and fire the guns, and run the flag up."

"Then I suppose you will celebrate it to-day?"

"No, I think not," says the officer, "as Washington's birthday comes on the twenty-second, and this happens to be the twenty-third."

"Beg pardon," says the passenger, "but this is the twenty-second."

"It should have been, in the ordinary course of events, but we crossed the line of 180° during the night, and it is now the twenty-third," says the officer.

Our passenger, not having thought on this subject before, concludes to keep his diary by his own date, and, consequently, when he arrives at Yokohama, he finds he has got the wrong day of the

week and the wrong date. He proceeds to Hong Kong and finds there, also, that he is a day behind, and, of course, he has to change his date, which he should have done when he crossed 180° . And should he return to the United States by the way of the Pacific Ocean, when he crosses 180° he must call two successive days by the same name and date. Therefore, it is said, we gain a day coming from China, and lose a day going there.

If this is not sufficiently clear to any boys or girls, let them place themselves on the west side of a table, put a globe on the table in front of them, and light a candle to represent the sun, placing it east of the globe. Now, let them suppose that time has not yet begun, and that they are going to mark the very first day, which may be called January the first, year one. We are told in the Bible that the evening and the morning were the first day. So if the evening was the first half of the day, time must begin at noon.

Now, let some one place the meridian of 180° on the globe directly opposite the candle, or sun, having the North Pole depressed toward the North, and with his right hand on the globe, revolve it from him, which is the way the earth revolves. It then will be seen that the Eastern Hemisphere comes under the sun first, and as each meridian rolls under the sun, all places on that meridian will have their first noon, or noon of January the first, year one. Likewise, when the globe has rolled half way round, the meridian of Greenwich will be under the sun, making it midnight where we started from, so that a person in, say, longitude $179^{\circ} 59'$ east, will have spent half of his first day.

Now, as the Western Hemisphere is rolled under the sun, giving all places there their first noon, it will be found that when longitude $179^{\circ} 59'$ west comes under the sun, a person living there will have *his* first noon, or noon of January the first, year one; but it now will be seen that the earth has only to roll two miles more of longitude, which occupies about eight seconds of time, to bring our first personage under the sun again, or to give him noon for the second time, which must be January the second, at noon; so that two persons, although within a mile of each other, if on different sides of the meridian of 180° , will always have a different date and a different day of the week. But all this, of course, is so only at the meridian of 180° and nowhere else.

THE LAZY PUSSY.

BY PALMER COX.



THERE lives a good-for-nothing cat,
 So lazy it appears,
 That chirping birds can safely come
 And light upon her ears.

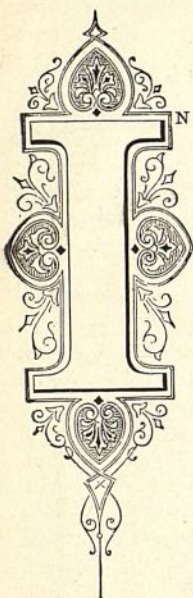
And rats and mice can venture out
 To nibble at her toes,
 Or climb around and pull her tail,
 And boldly scratch her nose.

Fine servants brush her silken coat
 And give her cream for tea;—
 Yet she's a good-for-nothing cat,
 As all the world may see.

THE TEA-KETTLE LIGHT.

(A True Story.)

BY FLORA A. SANBORN.



IN a New Hampshire farm-house, about the beginning of the present century, there lived a boy who, according to the custom of his Bible-loving ancestry, had been named Joseph. Joe went to school only in the winter, after he was ten or twelve years of age; but he had learned the ordinary English branches so well, that his father and the neighboring farmers thought his education pretty nearly finished, especially as he was now seventeen years old. But the boy himself was not so easily satisfied. He delighted in gaining knowledge of every sort, and he constantly craved time and facilities for study.

Well, Joe was seventeen now, and winter was just coming on. The district school was about to begin, with an uncommonly well-qualified teacher, and Joe was very anxious to go; but his father had other plans.

"Joe," said he, one evening, "our barn must be built larger next year, and the whole roof 'll have to be shingled new, and we must get out the shingle this winter. We must get out enough, while we are about it, to sell some to buy flour with. We've got to buy for the first time since I can remember, thanks to last summer's drought and the early frost, which have left us neither corn nor wheat. I'll shave the shingles, but you must split them ready for me. You must get up the wood" (that big fire-place could consume more wood than a moderate-sized township would nowadays). "Besides, the fodder for the stock is uncommonly short, and there's no grain for them; so it will be a tough job to get them through the winter alive. Altogether, we shall have a pretty busy winter, I calculate."

Joe thought a little before he replied. He felt the truth of all that his father had said, but he could not reconcile himself to the idea of giving up the winter schooling. He was not easily discouraged, and in a few moments he spoke up cheerfully:

"Father, I believe I can do the work and go to school too."

"Then you 'll have to command the sun and

moon to stand still six or eight hours every day, and that's more than ever Joshua undertook."

"I could command them easy enough, but the lazy fellows are in such a hurry to get to bed this cold weather, that I don't suppose they would obey me as well as they obeyed Joshua. But I've been thinking it over, and I believe I can do it all without interfering with the sun and moon."

"I'd like to know how?"

"Well, the timber is close by, and I can get up the wood Saturdays, and cut it nights and mornings, and help take care of the stock, too, if we get up early."

"That may all be, but when do you calculate to split the shingles for me?"

"Oh, I'll do that after dark."

"But you can't see to work in the night."

"I believe I can see well enough to do that, if mother will let me split them here by the fire-place."

"What!" said his mother, "and have the house littered all over every evening, and all the racket besides? And you'd batter the floor all up. No, Joe, that never will do."

"But, mother, I could keep the shingle-blocks here snug in the corner, and split them on this flat stone, and I don't think the noise will be very bad."

"Well, you can try it, for all I care, but I don't believe you can see well enough by fire-light. It's precious few candles we have this year, and they must be kept for sickness and company."

"Of course he can't see to split shingles by fire-light," said his father, "and he could n't split enough evenings, s'posin' he *could* see."

"I can split pretty fast, you know, father," persisted Joe; "and I'll make so bright a light with the splinters and shavings, that we won't want a candle."

A score of other objections was brought against Joe's project by his mother and sisters, and not a little ridicule; but by his promising, if he failed in his plan, to give up school, his father reluctantly consented, adding:

"I don't see any sense in it. You are ahead of all the school now, and what more you want, I'm sure I don't know. And there's another thing about it. If you are going to school, that coal-pit must be tended to straight off, unless you think you can do that, too, at night."

Thankful for the ground already gained, Joe felt equal to almost any undertaking, and asked: "Can't we go about it to-morrow? There's a moon."

"May be we can, if it is fair weather," was the response, and so the matter was settled.

Charcoal-pits are not now so common as they were before railroads and furnaces used up the wood faster than it grew, and before it was discovered what treasures of coal were hid in the Pennsylvania mountains, and under the rich soil of the Western states. Then the great question with many farmers was how to get rid of the forests on their farms. Clearing timber-lands formed the heaviest labor of many of our forefathers. The trees were cut down, and the logs best suited for lumber were drawn to a saw-mill, which was sure not to be far away in that land of abundant water-powers. Then, after the wood which was desirable for home use was drawn off, the whole tract of land was burned over. The next step was to cut the logs, which had been pretty well trimmed of their branches by the fire, into sticks from four to six feet in length, and stand them upon their ends, as closely as possible, around a tall stick driven into the ground where the center of the coal-pit was to be, and which had plenty of birch-bark and other kindlings piled about its base. Reaching outward from this mass of kindling-wood, two sticks, a few inches apart, were laid side by side on the ground, and upon them was placed a slab of wood, thus forming a narrow tunnel from the outside of the coal-pit to its very heart. When enough logs had been stood up for the ground tier, the remainder were piled on them around the tall pole in the middle, hemlock-boughs were packed thickly about the whole, and over all a light covering of earth was thrown. A small opening was always left at the top, and logs were usually laid lengthwise about the outside, near the base of the pile, with open spaces between them, to give the fire draft enough to insure it a good start. The whole structure looked more like a huge stack of earth than like a "pit,"—a name which was given it because sometimes the charcoal was burned in a large hole or broad trench in the ground, instead of being piled on the surface.

The next day, after the conversation about the winter's work and schooling, Joe and his father proceeded to build their coal-pit. It was made of white birch trees, which, strange to say, had not been even scorched when his father had burned off the clearing, and showed their white trunks as clean as ever. It usually is very dirty, disagreeable work to build a coal-pit, for all the wood has been charred more or less on the outside, and the soot smirches everybody who has any thing to do with

it. But these white birches grew on a knoll in the clearing, and the wind, shifting a little, had carried the fire around the knoll instead of directly over it.

Birch-bark, besides being pretty, and so thin and white on the outside that it has sometimes been used for writing paper, contains an oil which renders it very inflammable, and makes it excellent for lighting fires. It kindles readily, and is often used for torches by fishing parties. It can easily be taken from the trees in large sheets, and out of these sheets the Indians make canoes, each light enough to be carried by one man from stream to stream, yet sufficiently strong to withstand the force of the wildest rapids.

While we have been talking about birch-bark, Joe has made his coal-pit ready to set on fire. To do this, he found a pole long enough to reach easily from the outside of the pit to the center, and having fastened some pieces of burning birch-bark to one end of it, he pushed it through the covered tunnel before described, quite to the mass of kindling at the foot of the central stick. The kindlings, of course, caught very readily, the bark on the wood caught also, and the whole pile threatened to burn to ashes very soon, instead of smouldering slowly to charcoal, as it ought to do. Joe saw that the openings for draft must all be shut up as soon as possible. So, having closed the chimney-hole at the top, he began banking up the base closely with earth. This compelled him to work on into the night; but, as a coal-pit must always be watched night and day, he did not mind this. A little hut had been made for him, containing a bed of the flat, springy, odorous boughs of the hemlock, upon which were spread some blankets; and he thought that if the weather was moderately agreeable and the moon shone, it was not an unpleasant event in a boy's life to help burn a coal-pit. After he had once got it to burning properly, he would only have to see that as the sticks inside burned off and settled, the earthy covering should not become broken, and fissures be left allowing too much draft to the fire within; also to watch that the pit was not stopped up too tightly, so as to put the fire out altogether. He knew how, by proper openings at the base, to draw the fire into any particular part of the pit where it might not be burning sufficiently. Joe was thinking all this over, while he was banking up his coal-pit. He had all the sides nearly done, it was quite dark, and the great black heap looked gloomy enough, when suddenly Joe heard a loud puff, and instantly it was as light as day all about him. He looked up and saw what seemed burning smoke pouring out of the apertures on the opposite side. These flames streamed up over the pile with a wonderful brightness. He examined more closely, and satis-

fied himself that there was no fire close to the surface of the pit, but the air around it and over it seemed to be on fire, as though the smoke had burst into a blaze after it got out. Convinced that the inside of the coal-pit was in no immediate danger, he began to marvel at and admire the brilliancy of the light; but he could not explain it. He thought of the burning bush which Moses saw all alone at Mount Horeb, and a feeling of awe crept over him. Sometimes the flames would almost die away, then shoot suddenly far up into the air; or, fanned by the wind, the unearthly blaze would leap into all manner of fantastic shapes, so that Joe had a most wonderful exhibition of fireworks all to himself in the dark New Hampshire forest.

After enjoying it for some time, he continued his work, and soon had the last side banked up. Then the mound of wood and earth seemed disenchanted, and behaved itself like any other sober coal-pit. Three or four days of burning made the pile nearly ready to "keel up." But, first, Joe had to probe it here and there with an iron bar, to ascertain whether it were burning evenly throughout. When the bar struck hard wood instead of coal, he made air-holes down through the coverings of earth, and boughs to draw the fire to that part. Finally, when satisfied that the wood had all become charcoal, all the air-holes were closed, and the coal-pit was then "keeled up",—that is, the hemlock was raked out, so as to shake the dry earth down into the fire. This quickly extinguished it, and the coal was now ready to be taken out and sold to the blacksmith; which was accomplished just in season to leave Joe at liberty to go to school.

With the welcome days at school came the long evenings of shingle-splitting. Joe worked diligently, and kept up so bright a light with the shavings and splinters, that the old farm-house seemed very cheerful. But he soon discovered that so many minutes were consumed in feeding the fire, that, when bed-time came, he had serious misgivings whether, in spite of all his exertions, there were enough shingles prepared for his father to shave the next day. On the morrow, he found that his doubts were well founded, and the next night it was little better, though he worked with redoubled energy, and though his mother occasionally paused in her knitting long enough to throw a handful of splinters on the fire in front of the enormous back log. That night, Joe's countenance was rueful, and his father smiled ominously as he glanced at the pile of shingles just before retiring.

Next day, Joe seemed to be in a brown study. He lost several of his precious school hours in increasing his stock of shingles. Altogether, he

felt that unless light should dawn from some new quarter, his school must be given up. If there were only some way to secure a light which would cost nothing, and which would not take half his time to attend to, he could split the shingles easily. He wondered how the sun had shone with undiminished splendor for so many ages, and how the twinkling sparks of starlight contrived not to get lost in all the infinite space they shot through. He thought of the fox-fire and the Jack-o'-Lanterns which he had often seen in the woods. Then his mind wandered to the pillar of fire which guided a whole nation for years through those wonderful ancient Arabian nights. He recalled the story of the burning bush, which burned and was not consumed. If his splinters would only do that! This reminded him of his own unexplained illumination at the coal-pit, and here he paused in his work. His brow contracted, and he studied over some new thought as he did over the puzzles on the last pages in the arithmetic, which he was trying so hard to finish at school. What ever could have caused the beautiful light he saw? He never had heard of such a thing before. He had asked old men about it, but nobody could remember any similar appearance, or give any explanation of this. It could not have been smoke which burned, and it certainly could not have been steam. It must have been something that he could burn, if somehow he could get hold of more of it. With his diminished school hours, and with his abstraction, he did not solve many of the arithmetical riddles that day, and his parsing was so badly done, that the school-master wondered what had come over him.

On his way home from school, he had an errand at the house of a neighbor, named Wheeler, and in the course of a friendly chat, Mrs. Wheeler found out about Joe's difficulty. Her ready interest and sympathy drew him out, and he told her, also, of his strange night in the woods.

"What sort of wood was your coal-pit made of, Joe?" she asked.

"The white birch that grew on that knoll in the piece we cleared in October."

"Then the bark was all burned off, of course."

"No," Joe replied; "the wind carried the fire clean past the knoll, without so much as scorching it. So we had a poor burn, but we had a nice job, cutting and piling the birches in their clean white jackets, so we did n't much care."

"You are sure the light you saw did not come from the inside of the pit?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure. It was dark close to the coal-pit, but it seemed as though the steam from the green wood caught fire after it came out. But, of course, steam wont burn any more than water."

I wish it would. I'd hang a tea-kettle of water on the crane, and after it began to boil I could set the steam on fire, and see to work nicely."

"That light must have come from the burning of something which chemists call gas," said the sensible woman, thoughtfully.

"And it must be that the gas came from the green birch-bark, and that the heat drove it off, and set it on fire," exclaimed Joe, suddenly. "Nobody else's coal-pit ever got bewitched, as

believe there is a way to do it, if I only could study it out," declared our hero as he put on his cap.

Tramping homeward through the snow, Joe's wrinkled brow gradually smoothed itself out, and when he went in to supper, and saw the tea-kettle on the crane sending forth clouds of steam, which hissed and puffed and made the heavy iron cover dance, he was as smiling and cheerful as ever. His mother thought he smelled the "flap-jacks" she was cooking. So he did, perhaps; but his



"HE CARRIED, WITH TREMBLING HANDS, A LIGHTED SHAVING TOWARD THE KETTLE."

old Mr. Clark said this one was, because nobody else ever cleared a piece of land and did n't burn the birch-bark."

"No," said Mrs. Wheeler, reflectively; "witches don't infest coal-pits, that ever I heard of."

"Now," resumed Joe, with his brow all in a pucker, "can't I get a light from birch-bark up at the house somehow, if I try, as well as down in the woods when I did n't try at all? If I only could build a little green birch coal-pit in the house!"

"I'm afraid you would have more coal than house if you should."

"Yes, I suppose we should, and I'd have to split shingles for a house as well as a barn. But I

mind was so full of something else, that he was scarcely conscious of flap-jacks.

As he was beginning his evening task, his father said to him:

"Now, Joe, that's no kind of use. You can't do it, and I knew it all the time. I've had to be busy a part of the time at something else, so far, and to-morrow your mother wants to go up to Uncle Gilmore's, and next day I must go to mill, so may be you can go to school the rest of this week and yet keep me in shingles; but then you see, yourself, that when I get to work in earnest, as I must next week, you'll have to stay at home."

"Perhaps I shall," Joe replied. "I've been afraid of it. But I want to try one thing more

first. Mother, is that old tea-kettle up garret good for anything?"

"I'm going to sell it one of these days for old iron. It is n't of any use now to any one. It's cracked down the sides, and all ready to fall to pieces. If you want something to put your gim-cracks in, you'd better make a box, and let that smutty thing alone."

"No, if you please, mother. I'd rather have that old cracked tea-kettle than anything else I know of just now."

"Very well," said his mother, "you can have it."

That night, Joe split shingles with all his speed, and coaxed his younger brothers and sisters to keep up the firelight for him, so that at bed-time he had a good supply prepared for his father. Saturday he spent in drawing loads of wood to the house. During these trips he secured a quantity of birch-bark, which he put carefully away. Just before night, he came down-stairs with his tea-kettle, and the girls shouted that Joe was going to set up housekeeping by himself, and that he had an old tea-kettle to start with. Little Moses tripped after him, and whispered:

"Are you going to make a mouse-trap of it, or what?"

"Wait a little bit," Joe whispered back, "and we'll see."

His mother looked curious, but said nothing, until Joe began to stir up a batter in the pan she had been mixing her tea-biscuit in, asking, as he did so, how she made brown bread. This was too much for the good woman's curiosity, and she exclaimed:

"Why! What in the world, Joe? There's plenty of rye and brown bread, of course; it's Saturday night!"

"Yes, I suppose there is," Joe answered, quietly; "but I want brown-bread crust for a particular purpose."

The dough made, Joe came out of his mystery enough to remark that he was going to stop the cracks in his old tea-kettle, and then he disappeared into the wood-shed.

Lois called after him that if he did n't "grease his tea-kettle well, it would stick."

"He's going to make a tea-kettle dumpling!" shouted Deborah.

But Joe, out in the cold wood-shed, kept plastering dough over the cracks in the tea-kettle. This well done, he began cutting into small pieces the birch-bark he had saved, so that it could be crowded closely into the tea-kettle. By the time he had filled it, supper was called, and Joe, going in, set his patched contrivance close by the fire.

"Well, Joe," laughed his mother, "what now? Are you going to turn blacksmith or baker?"

"Joe, Joe," piped Moses, "will you be a blacksmith or a bakesmith, mother says?"

"O, I am a shingle-splitter," said Joe, smiling back. "And I'd like to be a lightsmith, too, pretty well, if I could."

After supper was cleared away, and the big kettle was taken off the crane, Joe hung on his tea-kettle, bread dough, birch-bark, and all, swung it over the fire, and sat down to watch the result of his operations.

"What is it, anyhow, Joe?" asked Moses.

"Why, don't you see? It's an old tea-kettle."

"What you dot in it?" piped little Judith.

"Birch-bark, sis," responded Joe, laconically.

"Maple-bark is best to make ink of; is n't it, mother?" queried Debby.

"Yes, indeed, Joe, and you don't have to burn it,—only steep it, and put in a little copperas."

"I am not trying to make ink, mother," Joe answered, "though I must make some before long."

Then turning to his father, he said:

"You remember how the coal-pit we burned last week got 'bewitched,' don't you? Well, I think it must have been the green birch-bark, which I don't suppose ever before got piled into a coal-pit, that caused the light somehow, though I don't know how; and I am trying to see if birch-bark wont make a light here as well as there."

Joe spoke with a deprecating tone, for he knew his father's violent antipathy toward all "new-fangled notions."

"Well, you are a dunce, to be sure. Don't you suppose that if birch-bark had been good for anything but a torch, somebody would have found it out before this? Young folks, nowadays, think they know more than their fathers. It was n't so when I was a boy. You'd better just put that tea-kettle out of the way and go to work."

The key-note had been struck by his father, and every voice in the household joined in making fun of him and his cracked kettle. Joe was irritated, of course, but was so full of his new idea that he had n't time to get angry, and he comforted himself with the belief that it might be his turn to laugh before long. Yet he knew he never would hear the last of it if his experiment failed. He watched it very anxiously. At last, his father imperatively ordered him to take his kettle away; but he was so earnest in his pleading for time to give his idea a fair trial that his mother interposed out of pity, and his father consented to let him alone, thinking he would thus be more convinced that he was following up a crazy notion.

So Joe, thankful for the respite, kept intently watching the flames reach up toward the queer, patched object on the crane, baking the dough-

cement harder, and concealing it with a deposit of soot. Soon a trace of steam issued from the spout, and became a new center of interest to him, and a new subject for chaffing by the merry circle of sisters.

"When the steam passes off the gas will begin to come," explained Joe, quietly. Then there was a new cause of alarm. Jane became more and more nervous—"fidgety," as her mother said—because company was coming, and her brother and his old tea-kettle "would be town-talk." This nearly stopped his proceedings, but he managed to save his machine a little longer, Jane's "young man" still delaying his expected coming; and as the clouds of steam began to grow less and less, with strange earnestness, that even the thoughtless little ones respected, Joe begged for only ten minutes longer, and warned Jane and her tongs away from interfering, in a tone so quietly stern, that she never thought of answering him, but sat down immediately.

The girls went to work on their grammar lesson, but soon got back to the kettle. Everybody's thoughts spun round that black, hissing object just now. They talked a good deal about it, but Joe did not appear to be listening. The steam had stopped entirely, and he was carrying a lighted shaving with trembling hands toward the spout of the kettle. A brilliant blaze suddenly lighted up the house.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe. "Sell your box of candles and buy yourself a new gown, mother. Hurrah for school and shingles all winter! Hurrah!"

"Why, Joe!" cried his mother, something sparkling in her eyes, "why, Joe, I did n't think it would burn so; but it does, and I'm glad of it, too."

Little Moses and Judith skipped about from one corner to another, laughing to know that something was not hid there to catch them every time they ventured into the darkness. Joel came in just then to Jane's great satisfaction, though, perhaps, he did not help to a correct grammar recitation on Monday. Notwithstanding his presence, she did not seem very seriously alarmed for Joe's reputation. Joel looked on the blazing tea-kettle in amazement, and with some trepidation.

"May be it 's bewitched!" said he to Jane.

"O, I don't know what Joe's been doing to it, I'm sure," said the promising girl; "but I guess it is light enough to see to play cat's cradle," and so they tried it.

"Why, Joe, you're a genius, instead of a dunce, I do declare!" cried Debby. "This is an invention, and no mistake."

"You are all acting like a parcel of dunces," declared their father, preparing to go to bed. "'Taint no great wonder that birch-bark should burn after its got afire, if it is in an old tea-kettle. It 'll all burn out in ten minutes."

"No, Debby, I'm only a dunce," Joe replied; "but you will soon see that it will burn all the evening."

And it did. At bed-time the tea-kettle was taken from the crane and the blaze extinguished. The next evening it was hung on again,—this time without opposition,—and lighted after it got hot, no time being lost in waiting for steam to dry off. Joe split his shingles now without delay, and never was there a more diligent and happy fellow. Toward the end of the week the crust burned off the cracks in the kettle, whereupon the light became more brilliant than ever, for it streamed out from every crack as well as from the spout, and the black, old tea-kettle was clothed in a mantle of flickering fire. But Joe was afraid the shattered constitution of his favorite would hardly hold together under so much excitement. So, on Saturday, he plastered the cracks over anew, this time with clay, and filled it with a new stock of birch-bark.

And thus he worked by his tea-kettle light all winter.

The fame of Joe's invention was soon spread abroad, and everybody wondered, for there were not supposed to be so many new things under the sun in those days; and when something extraordinary did happen, it made a stir. Many were the inquiries from neighbors that Joe had to answer about his tea-kettle light, and at home, from some slight indications, which he was quick to perceive, he inferred that even his father and Jane were rather proud of him, as they surely had good reason to be.

Thus endeth the true history of the first of all the gas factories.

CROCUS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O THE dear, delightful sound
Of the drops that to the ground
From the eaves rejoicing run
In the February sun!
Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip
From the icicle's bright tip,
Till they melt the sullen snow
On the garden bed below.
"Bless me! what is all this drumming?"
Cries the crocus, "I am coming!
Pray don't knock so long and loud,
For I'm neither cross nor proud,
But a little sleepy still
With the winter's lingering chill.
Never mind! 'Tis time to wake,
Through the dream at last to break!"
'Tis as quickly done as said,
Up she thrusts her golden head,
Looks about with radiant eyes
In a kind of shy surprise,
Tries to say in accents surly,
"Well! you called me very early!"

But she lights with such a smile
All the darksome place the while,
Every heart begins to stir
Joyfully at sight of her;
Every creature grows more gay
Looking in her face to-day.
She is greeted, "Welcome, dear!
Fresh smile of the hopeful year!
First bright print of Spring's light feet,
Golden crocus, welcome, Sweet!"
And she whispers, looking up
From her richly glowing cup,
At the sunny eaves so high
Overhead against the sky,
"Now I've come, O sparkling drops,
All your clattering pattering stops,
And I'm very glad I came,
And you're not the least to blame
That you hammered at the snow
Till you wakened me below
With your one incessant tune.
I'm not here a bit too soon!"

BABIE STUART.

BY AGNES ELIZABETH THOMSON.

SHE was what the Scotch call a "bonnie babie."
And when I look at those great, wondering, innocent eyes of hers, I cannot help saying to myself, over and over,

"Surely she dreamed of many a fair, pure thing,
Lilies, and snow, and birdlets white of wing."

I only wish I knew more about her than I do. But, truth to tell, historians have a provoking way of telling every little thing about all the horrors of a nation, the wars, and persecutions, and executions, and government jars, and things nobody can possibly take the least interest in,—nobody under ten, that is. It never seems to occur to the profound gentlemen to enter the palace doors, march boldly along till they come to the little people's corner, and there keep a strict record of all that is done and said.

But this much that I do know, you certainly shall hear.

I dare say in the good old times in which the "bonnie babie" lived,—gone by this two hundred years and more, now,—nobody ever thought of calling her by a name half as familiar or friendly as the Babie Stuart. For she was a royal princess of England, Her Royal Highness, the Princess Anne.

She was born in that great old London palace of St. James, in the year 1637, and on the seventeenth day of March, which, as you know, is St. Patrick's day—in the morning.

A gentleman writing to his friend the news about "Lunnon-town" at this time, mentions, among other things, the birth of the queen's little daughter. "The Irish ought to be pleased," he says, and perhaps they would have been, had they known what a dear little blossom it was.

Her father was that unhappy King Charles the First. You have read about him, no doubt, in your history books, and probably have learned to

pity him very much. His life was saddened by many a sorrow and many a care, and he was forced to pay dearly for the doubtful pleasure of wearing a crown. He was not bad at heart, and he died most royally and bravely; still, I cannot think his character quite as perfect as some people will paint

names, like any ordinary father. The queen, too, Henrietta Maria, was fond of her children; and so we can look through the palace clouds and fancy many a happy home-scene, after all. Before the dark days of trial and misfortune had fallen upon the king and her, she wrote that she was "the hap-



BABIE STUART, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.

it to you. He was sometimes weak, when he should have been strong, and he was not always so true to his friends and his people as he should have been.

But there is no doubt that he loved his little sons and daughters with all the strength of his warm, loving heart.

It is pleasant to think of him bending over them, and calling them "Sweetheart," and other pet

piest woman in the world,"—happy as a queen, wife, and mother; and there is still treasured somewhere a faded and yellow old letter, which shows the bliss of the young mamma over her first little boy. She is extremely proud of "my son," and yet she winces, laughing the while, at his ugly, small face.

"He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him," she says; "but his size and fatness atone for his want

of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself."

Whenever she could, she ran away from the tiresome ceremonies and grandeur of the court, up to the nurseries of her children. There she lulled her babies to rest with true motherly joy and tenderness, and sang out her happiness to these sleepy little birdies before she laid them down in their soft, warm nests.

Queen Henrietta Maria had a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. It used to fill the galleries of St. James's with melody when she sang the lullaby songs; but, royal though she was, the rules of court life would not allow her to use her voice excepting for her children's pleasure.

With all their power and distinction, queens are not as free in some respects as the commonest peasant within their realms, and it would have been counted a shocking breach of the royal etiquette had Her Majesty, the Queen of England, ventured so to humble herself as to sing for the entertainment of her Court.

She little guessed the adventures in store for

some of her nestlings, nor the bitter blasts they were to encounter in their journey of life.

Not so with *our* Babie Stuart, however—quaint little sweetheart! The life of the pretty fledgling was very short; and being so short, let us hope it was bright with sunshine, and that it had plenty of daisies along the way.

An old writer has told us, in curious language, how the "little lady" was wise above her age, and how she died in her infancy when not full four years old.

"Being minded," he says, "by those about her to call upon God, even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer' (meaning the Lord's Prayer), 'but I will say my short one, Lighten my eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death!' This done, this little lamb gave up the ghost."

Babie Stuart! though you lived so short a time and so far away, thousands of little ones, gazing upon your picture to-day, will take you to their hearts as a new playmate,—a royal, dainty little lady of four years, who, nestled in her parents' arms, wondered at the sights and sounds about her, very much as they wonder to-day.



I.—IT 'S SUCH WORK TO GO UP,—UP,—UP!

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2.—BUT SUCH FUN TO GO DOWN,—DOWN,—DOWN!

GATHERING CAOUTCHOUC IN NICARAGUA.

BY E. P. LULL.

PERHAPS some of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS who see the many uses to which india rubber, or caoutchouc, is applied would like to know how it is gathered and brought to the manufacturers.

I suppose that almost all of you know that it comes from a tree. The india rubber tree, like the sugar-maple, yields its product in the form of sap; but if it were one-fourth as laborious to gather and prepare the sugar as it is to gather the rubber, we should see very little maple sugar. For rubber trees are not found in large numbers together, but one by one scattered thinly through a trackless forest, such as none of you have ever seen, unless you have been in the tropics. At first sight, that immense jungle seems utterly impenetrable, and, indeed, it often proves so, unless the traveler is weaponed with a strong-bladed *machete*, which I shall describe farther on.

The india rubber hunter generally has to work his way into the forest a long distance for each tree that he finds, and, after gathering the rubber, has to carry it on his back to his camp; and as there

are no roads through the forests, the water-courses are his routes from camp to camp.

If you will get down your atlas and look for Nicaragua, you will see in the south-western part of the country a lake also called Nicaragua, and from the south-eastern end of the lake a river called the San Juan, that empties into the Caribbean Sea. On the banks of the San Juan, and of the little streams that flow into it, and on the borders of the lake at points accessible by canoes, are the camping places of the india rubber hunters, sometimes a hundred miles from any town or village. A rubber-party generally consists of three or more men, one of whom is called *patron*, which means the same as the English word foreman. Those of the hunters who speak English call him, by the every-day title of *boss*. The canoe is big enough to carry from fifteen to twenty men.

We will suppose ourselves at Greytown (also called San Juan del Norte), at the mouth of the San Juan River, and will walk down to the water-side, and look at some of the parties of rubber-hunters who are just leaving.

A short distance down the street, we suddenly come upon a group speaking Spanish, and gesticulating in an excited manner. Two of the party seem to be soldiers, or policemen,

sion requires, it is a formidable weapon. I have often wondered that it was not brought into use in our own country, particularly as nearly all the *machetes* that are found in Central America are made in the United States.

While we are looking at the canoe, the *patron*, having disposed of his cargo to his satisfaction, lays over it a sort of waterproof cover, made by smearing rubber over common cotton drilling, and this, by the way, is the only direct use the natives have ever learned to put rubber to, not an article of any sort, even a shoe, being made of it in the Nicaraguan country.

The two policemen now approach with the two men in custody, and the latter, looking not too amiable, get into the

being armed with bayonets, and these two appear to be the cause of the excitement among the others, as they are forcing two men down to one of the canoes, which are lying at the wharf just ahead of us. We will go and look at the boat and its cargo, and then ask a resident American merchant whom we meet, for what cause the two men are being thus handled. Here we are at the canoe, and now let us see what a rubber-hunter's outfit consists of. First there is a half barrel of flour from the United States; and then a bag of beans; a bag of rice; a large lump of chocolate; a very large bunch of plantains; a coarse native cheese; some very dirty-looking brown sugar; a tin can of lard; a quantity of the peculiar beef of that country, dried in strips and sold by the yard. Each man has a blanket and a small pillow, and one or two pairs of leather sandals. A few cooking utensils, some cups made of the shells of a curious gourd that grows in Nicaragua, two shot-guns, several large, shallow, tin pans and the *machete*, constitute the remainder of the outfit.

I don't know whether I should better describe the *machete* as a huge butcher-knife or as a short heavy sword. It has a blade about two and a half feet long, very wide and heavy toward the point, the hilt usually made of horn and so shaped as to give the hand a good grip upon it. It is the inseparable companion of every Central American in the field or forest, or upon the road, and it really takes the place of many tools and implements that we should think almost indispensable. It is axe, hatchet, hammer, saw, hoe, rake, and scythe, and even spade and shovel; and if occa-

canoe, talking as rapidly as ever,

while the policemen, and indeed most of the other men and women in the canoe and on the wharf, are also conversing excitedly, the only silent one being the *patron*, who quietly arranges seats to his taste, and then gives the word to shove off the canoe. Now comes a general exchange of hand-shaking and good-byes between the crew and the men and women on shore; and we are surprised to see that the leaving-taking between the policemen and their late captives is quite as cordial as that between any of the others. The party are soon off; each man dips his large cedar paddle into the water, and the canoe darts out into the stream, the volley of "good-byes" continuing until she disappears into the tall grass that borders the channel leading up the river.

We now turn to our new acquaintance, the American merchant, and walk with him to his store. He tells us that the canoe which has just started is his property, and that the men are in his employ,—that they are "matriculated" to his house. That long word, as you possibly know, is, in this country, associated with entering college, and many



ENCOUNTERING WILD HOGS.

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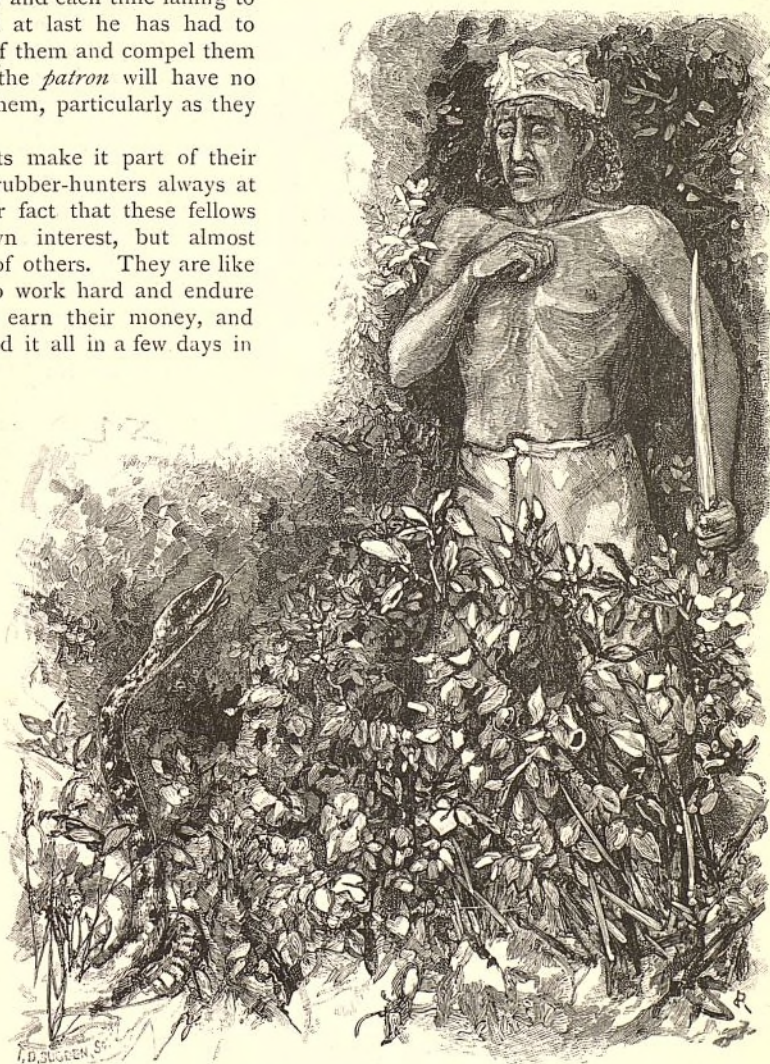
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of you boys and girls are getting ready for that now; but we find that in Nicaragua it means bound to service for a certain time, or until a certain indebtedness is worked out. The merchant informs us that the party came in from the woods three weeks ago with a good lot of rubber, that they have spent all their money, and have gone in debt quite as much as they will be able to repay with the proceeds of this trip. So he has furnished them a new outfit, the value of which is also charged to them. The boat has been ready for three days, each day the crew promising him faithfully that they would start the next, and each time failing to keep their promise; and at last he has had to send the police after two of them and compel them to go. Once fairly off, the *patron* will have no difficulty in controlling them, particularly as they have no money left.

Many of the merchants make it part of their regular business to keep rubber-hunters always at work, it being a singular fact that these fellows rarely work in their own interest, but almost invariably in the employ of others. They are like a great many sailors who work hard and endure all sorts of privations to earn their money, and then, when paid off, spend it all in a few days in carousing and gambling. As it costs a large sum for canoe, provisions, &c., and as few of them ever save a cent of their money, they would be unable to go back into the woods if the merchants did not fit them out for the purpose. Indeed, after spending all they have made, they generally go in debt to their employer, until he refuses them another penny, and they are thus forced to start on the new trip.

As we enter the store, the merchant shows us some of the rubber which has been brought in. Part of it, we observe, is in large, round, flat cakes; these he tells us are called *tortillas* (the Spanish for cakes), and are the portions caught in the pans which we saw in the canoe. He next shows us some

bundles made of ragged-looking strips of rubber; this is what flows down and solidifies on the bark of the trees, and is called *barucha*. He tells us that the bargain with the men is that all the *tortillas* they bring go to pay their indebtedness to the house, and should there be more than enough for that, they are paid in money for the surplus; but for the *barucha* they are paid in money, however much they may be in debt, and whether they have enough *tortillas* to pay all or



THE RUBBER-HUNTER MEETS AN ENEMY.

not. This arrangement is necessary, because it very often happens that they do not get enough *tortillas* to pay off all they owe, and if they had no

hope of receiving money, they would sell their rubber to some small trader along the river, and run away, rather than return without money or a claim for it. Indeed, they often do sell a portion of their *tortillas*, and pretend not to have been as fortunate as they really have been. The small traders regard it as quite a piece of proper business enterprise when they can induce somebody else's men to sell them part of their "find," though I have



THE MACHETE.

observed that the most of them thought it a piece of shameful rascality when any one else practised the same thing upon them.

Having seen the rubber-hunters start upon their trip, we will now follow them to their camp; but as there is a comfortable stern-wheel steam-boat, of the American river type, that will carry us up the San Juan, we will take passage in her, say, to the mouth of the Poco Sol, where our particular party are going to hunt. This river empties into the San Juan from the Costa Rica side, about twenty miles from the head of the San Juan. When we reach the Poco Sol, we shall have to take a canoe, as the steamer cannot carry us as far up as we shall probably have to go to overtake our party.

After several hours' paddling, we come to the sought-for camp, though none of you will suppose it to be one when you first see it, so little does the hut look like anything you can imagine as a home for a number of men during a whole fortnight at a time. There is a sort of thatched roof, supported by four forked stakes driven into the ground; the thatch consists of the branches or fronds of palms and of wild plantains. The sides of the hut are all open, and there is not a sign of a bed. The rubber-hunters, as a rule, roll themselves up in their blankets, head and all, and sleep on the ground. As the nights are almost always quite chilly, the blankets are very necessary, and serve not only to keep the men warm, but also to protect them from mosquitoes. Sometimes, particularly in the rainy season, a bed is made by driving four short, forked stakes in the ground, laying short sticks across the head and foot, and, lengthwise upon these, poles side by side, until they form a very rough spring bottom, such as you would think very uncomfortable, particularly as there is nothing to take the place of a mattress. For cooking, they simply build a fire on the ground, sometimes setting three stones so as to support their kettle. Their beans, rice, dried beef, and any game or fish

they can obtain, are boiled, and the plantains, while they last, are roasted in the ashes. These operations, with making chocolate, or coffee if they have it, and something which serves as bread with the flour, constitute their entire cooking. I am afraid it would take you a good while to learn to eat any of their messes, especially if you saw them prepared. The woods supply plenty of game, some of it very good, indeed. Wild hogs, tapirs, deer, arnadillos, iguanas, squirrels, wild turkeys, ducks, pigeons, wood-hens, and numerous other animals and birds abound. The rivers contain many varieties of fish, and occasionally a manatee* is caught, when the natives think they have a great prize. So you see that the rubber-hunters are in no danger of starvation while in the woods, though some of you boys would think their old-fashioned shot-guns very poor things to hunt with.

On our arrival, we find one of the men just setting out for a tree that he knows the location of, having found it on a former trip; and those of you who don't mind scrambling through the thicket for three or four miles, can go with him. He will not mind showing it to us, as he knows we have come for curiosity only. He wears only a pair of stout, coarse-linen trousers, and even these he rolls up above his knees. On his feet he has sandals, and a cotton handkerchief is tied around his head. His *machete* in one hand and, probably, a staff in the other, complete his preparations.

We, in order to be comfortable, must be dressed in strong but light clothing, stout shoes, with canvas leggings, and we shall be wise to each wear a soft hat that we can pull well down over our ears. It will be well for each of us to carry a staff and a *machete*, too. We can cut the former as we go. We must also be very careful not to touch with our hands any tree, branch, vine, or plant, as we may grasp some stinging insect, or thorns which may not only be very sharp, but poisonous as well. I remember once, to keep from falling, seizing a bush called *chichicaste*, which filled my hand with minute thorns, each producing a sensation like the sting of a wasp. The severe pain lasted for about a quarter of an hour, but it was weeks before the thorns ceased to annoy me, being so small that I could not extract them. We may see on our way some wild animals and some very beautiful birds. Monkeys are in great abundance. One kind, called howling monkeys, make a noise which sounds more like the roar of a lion or tiger than anything else, and is quite startling the first time you hear it, though the monkeys themselves are harmless enough. Parrots, macaws, paroquets, toucans, and many other birds, are to be seen almost any day. There are also pumas (called the

* See illustrated article "The Manatee," ST. NICHOLAS, February, 1874.

American or maneless lion), ounces, and two or three varieties of tiger-cats; but all these are afraid of men, and generally keep well out of sight. We may come upon a band of wild hogs, which, if in any considerable number, will hardly deign to get out of our way; but instead of grunting like the domestic hog, will express their dissatisfaction by champing their jaws together.

We will let the hunter take the lead, as he has a keen eye for snakes. We shall find numberless insects, any amount of briars and thorns, and altogether it will be anything but a pleasant walk.

We shall not have gone far without realizing that the journey is a very difficult one, and without opening our eyes with amazement at the wonderful forest. There are multitudes of different kinds of trees growing close together, and some of them are enormously large, so large that in this country each one would be an object of curiosity. The rest of the trees range from these huge fellows down to the merest shoots, and from them hang perfect net-works of clinging vines of all sizes, from that of a kite-string to that of a good-sized cable. I have seen the vines from fifty to a hundred feet long, no larger than one of your fingers, but so tough and flexible that they are used by the natives for all purposes for which we would use ropes, cords, or string. They also are used for several other purposes, house-building, for instance, being one of them, though you might think it a stretch of the imagination to call their structure a house. But it is, at least, a habitation, and in the building of it there is not a single nail used, —the side, the ridge-poles and the rafters being tied in place with vines, and the thatch tied on to them with the same. The natives declare that the vines will last and be as good as ever after a nail, in their damp climate, would have rusted away. Whether that be true or not, it is well that they think so, for vines are to be had for the gathering, while nails are very expensive. Worse, if anything, than the vines in the forests, is the undergrowth, consisting of canes, bushes, weeds, several varieties of cactus and other thorn-bearing plants, Spanish bayonet and numerous plants very much like it. Some of them are very valuable for their fibers, but all are very difficult to travel through, being interlaced and matted together. You can readily believe it is no small labor to work your way along, to say nothing of the snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and other disagreeable things that you may meet.

You would imagine that few men would be willing to undertake quite such severe work, but so large are the returns in money when a man is ordinarily successful, that plenty are ready to go, and indeed large numbers make it their only occu-

pation, going into the woods, and remaining one, two, and even three months at a time, according to the luck they have.

All this we find out on our way through the tangle, following as closely as possible at the heels of our rubber-hunter. We are very hot and tired by the time we reach the tree, but we will sit down on anything we can find,—a stump or log,—while Juan, our hunter friend, proceeds to tap his tree, which, by the way, is the kind known to botanists as the *castilloa-elastica*.

Juan makes with the *machete*, low down upon the trunk of the tree, two deep scores, inclining downward, and coming together at a very obtuse angle, just below which he secures a little gutter made of a piece of split cane. He now makes, higher up, other scores, all leading into the first two. Taking hold of some of the pendent vines, he manages to climb twenty or thirty feet high, scoring and mutilating the tree most fearfully. We conclude that with such treatment as this the tree will not last many seasons; judiciously tapped, it would yield twice a year for many years, but in order to get a little more each time, these improvident people cut the bark off so badly, that in a few seasons the tree is ruined.

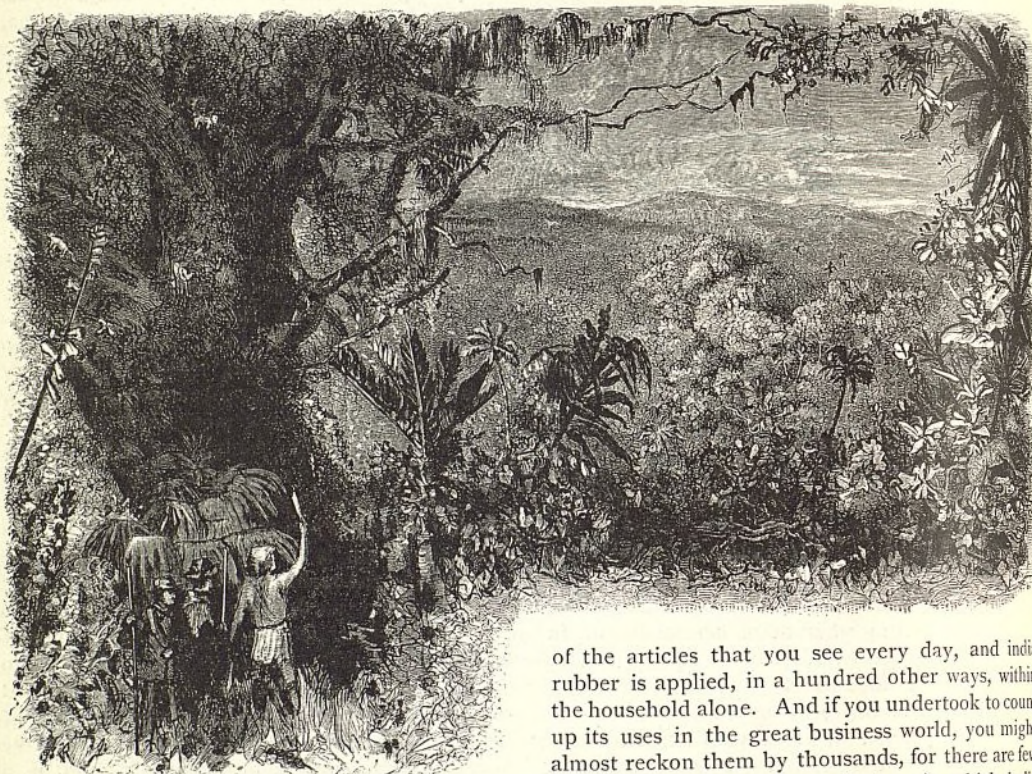
The sap, or milk, begins to ooze out at once, and runs down into the pan placed to receive it, though we observe Juan is likely to obtain considerable *barucha* from the manner in which he has arranged his scores, and particularly from the height to which he has extended them. The appearance of the sap is like that of thick cream, and, if left to itself, it would be days before it became solid; but Juan soon finds a vine called *alchuca*, and sap of this vine he mingles with the milk; this has the effect of coagulating it, or making it solid, in a short time, so that in the course of a day it will be ready to be removed, though it will be some time longer before the *barucha* is hard enough to be stripped from the tree. Slowly the rubber, by exposure to the air, turns black, as you generally see it.

Each day the hunters look in all directions for new trees, sometimes succeeding and sometimes not. When they are satisfied that they have gathered all there is to be found within four or five miles of their camp, they seek a new camping-ground higher up the stream, and continue the same course until they have collected several hundred pounds apiece. If they are very fortunate, they may not be more than a month on the trip, which, however, often has to be extended to two or even three months. And during that time, the hunters see no one but themselves and, possibly, an occasional party of other hunters going to or coming from their work. And they have no amusements

except smoking and, perhaps, card-playing among themselves.

When they have collected a sufficient quantity, or when their provisions give out, part of the rubber is loaded into the canoe, and part tied by vines and towed after it. With the current of the river in their favor, the journey is made in good time,

foot-balls; the girls' dolls; the baby's rattle, and a score of miscellaneous toys; rubber boots, and overshoes; water-proof cloaks, coats, leggings; ink and pencil erasers, ink-stands, paper-knives, and elastic bands for the desk; combs; hat and umbrella covers; garden hose, gas-tubing for the drop-light, and so on. But these are only a few



IN THE JUNGLE

and without much labor, the party stopping occasionally to cook their meals, and tying up at night at any wood station or hut they may come to. Arrived at Greytown, their cargo is soon landed, their accounts settled with their employer, and a new season of carousing begins, which will soon rob them of all they have made. Meantime, the india rubber is being shipped off to the United States or to Europe, to be put to uses of which the men who gather it have no conception, and to be so changed into various forms, that they would never recognize it as the same material.

Let any city boy or girl try to name all the things, made of india rubber, that he or she can recall, and the list will quickly lengthen out to a surprising number. There are the boy's balls and

of the articles that you see every day, and india rubber is applied, in a hundred other ways, within the household alone. And if you undertook to count up its uses in the great business world, you might almost reckon them by thousands, for there are few branches of trade or manufacture in which india rubber is not employed in some form. There are rubber ammunition-bags, haversacks, gun-covers, bandages, and blankets; belting for machinery; rubber springs for cars; sheet-rubber for packing, and for use, also, in valves, pumps, etc.; piano-covers; matting for floors; rubber beds and bathtubs; cushions and pillows; rubber trousers, stockings, and jackets for sportsmen; rubber gloves; and even a rubber gymnasium and health-lift.

And so, we see that while the thousands of busy people in New York or London, who use india rubber every day, never think of it as the *tortillas* or *barucha* of the lonely worker in the jungle, yet our Nicaraguan Juan, as he cuts his toilsome way to and from his rubber tree, a hundred miles from the smallest town, is doing a part in the great world's work, of which he, also, little dreams.

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

JILL'S MISSION.

THE good times began immediately, and very little studying was done that week in spite of the virtuous resolutions made by certain young persons on Christmas-day. But, dear me, how was it possible to settle down to lessons in the delightful Bird-room, with not only its own charms to distract one, but all the new gifts to enjoy, and a dozen calls a day to occupy one's time?

"I guess we 'd better wait till the others are at school, and just go in for fun this week," said Jack, who was in great spirits at the prospect of getting up, for the splints were off, and he hoped to be promoted to crutches very soon.

"I shall keep my 'speller' by me and take a look at it every day, for that is what I'm most backward in. But I intend to devote myself to you, Jack, and be real kind and useful. I've made a plan to do it, and I mean to carry it out, any way," answered Jill, who had begun to be a missionary, and felt that this was a field of labor where she could distinguish herself.

"Here's a home mission all ready for you, and you can be paying your debts beside doing yourself good," Mrs. Pecq said to her in private, having found plenty to do herself.

Now Jill made one great mistake at the outset,—she forgot that she was the one to be converted to good manners and gentleness, and devoted her efforts to looking after Jack, finding it much easier to cure other people's faults than her own. Jack was a most engaging heathen and needed very little instruction; therefore, Jill thought her task would be an easy one. But three or four weeks of petting and play had rather demoralized both children, so Jill's "speller," though tucked under the sofa pillow every day, was seldom looked at, and Jack shirked his Latin shamefully. Both read all the story-books they could get, held daily levees in the Bird-room, and all their spare minutes were spent in teaching Snowdrop, the great Angora cat, to bring the ball when they dropped it in their game. So Saturday came, and both were rather the worse for so much idleness, since daily duties and studies are the wholesome bread which feed the mind better than the dyspeptic plum-cake of sensational reading, or the unsubstantial *bon-bons* of frivolous amusement.

It was a stormy day, so they had few callers, and

devoted themselves to arranging the album, for these books were all the rage just then, and boys met to compare, discuss, buy, sell and "swap" stamps with as much interest as men on 'Change gamble in stocks. Jack had a nice little collection, and had been saving up pocket-money to buy a book in which to preserve his treasures. Now, thanks to Jill's timely suggestion, Frank had given him a fine one, and several friends had contributed a number of rare stamps to grace the large, inviting pages. Jill wielded the gum-brush and fitted on the little flaps, as her fingers were skillful at this nice work, and Jack put each stamp in its proper place with great rustling of leaves and comparing of marks. Returning, after a brief absence, Mrs. Minot beheld the countenances of the workers adorned with gay stamps, giving them a very curious appearance.

"My dears! what new play have you got now? Are you wild Indians? or letters that have gone round the world before finding the right address?" she asked, laughing at the ridiculous sight, for both were as sober as judges and deeply absorbed in some doubtful specimen.

"Oh, we just stuck them there to keep them safe; they get lost if we leave them lying 'round. It's very handy, for I can see in a minute what I want on Jill's face and she on mine, and put our fingers on the right chap at once," answered Jack, adding, with an anxious gaze at his friend's variegated countenance: "Where the dickens *is* my New Granada? It's rare, and I would n't lose it for a dollar."

"Why, there it is on your own nose. Don't you remember you put it there because you said mine was not big enough to hold it?" laughed Jill, tweaking a large orange square off the round nose of her neighbor, causing it to wrinkle up in a droll way, as the gum made the operation slightly painful.

"So I did, and gave you Little Bolivar on yours. Now I'll have Alsace and Lorraine, 1870. There are seven of them, so hold still and see how you like it," returned Jack, picking the large, pale stamps one by one from Jill's forehead, which they crossed like a band.

She bore it without flinching, saying to herself with a secret smile, as she glanced at the hot fire, which scorched her if she kept near enough to Jack to help him, "This really is being like a missionary, with a tattooed savage to look after. I have

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to suffer a little, as the good folks did who got speared and roasted sometimes, but I wont complain a bit, though my forehead smarts, my arms are tired, and one cheek is as red as fire."

"The Roman States make a handsome page, don't they?" asked Jack, little dreaming of the part he was playing in Jill's mind. "Oh, I say, is n't Corea a beauty? I'm ever so proud of that," and he gazed fondly on a big blue stamp, the sole ornament of one page.

"I don't see why the Cape of Good Hope has pyramids. They ought to go in Egypt. The Sandwich Islands are all right, with heads of the black kings and queens on them," said Jill, feeling that they were very appropriate to her private play.

"Turkey has crescents, Australia swans, and Spain women's heads, with black bars across them. Frank says it is because they keep women shut up so; but that was only his fun. I'd rather have a good, honest green United States, with Washington on it, or a blue one-center with old Franklin, than all their eagles and lions and kings and queens put together," added the democratic boy, with a disrespectful slap on a crowned head as he settled Heliogoland in its place.

"Why does Austria have Mercury on the stamp, I wonder? Do they wear helmets like that?" asked Jill, with the brush handle in her mouth as she cut a fresh batch of flaps.

"May be, he was postman to the gods, so he is put on stamps now. The Prussians wear helmets, but they have spikes like the old Roman fellows. I like Prussians ever so much; they fight splendidly, and always beat. Austrians have a handsome uniform, though."

"Talking of Romans reminds me that I have not heard your Latin for two days. Come, lazy-bones, brace up, and let us have it now. I've done my compo., and shall have just time before I go out for a tramp with Gus," said Frank, putting by a neat page to dry, for he studied every day like a conscientious lad as he was.

"Don't know it. Not going to try till next week. Grind away over your old Greek as much as you like, but don't bother me," answered Jack, frowning at the mere thought of the detested lesson.

But Frank adored his Xenophon, and would not see his old friend, Cæsar, neglected without an effort to defend him; so he confiscated the gum-pot, and effectually stopped the stamp business by whisking away at one fell swoop all that lay on Jill's table.

"Now then, young man, you will quit this sort of nonsense and do your lesson, or you wont see these fellows again in a hurry. You asked me to hear you, and I'm going to do it; here's the book."

Frank's tone was the dictatorial one, which Jack hated and always found hard to obey, especially when he knew he ought to do it. Usually, when his patience was tried, he strode about the room, or ran off for a race round the garden, coming back breathless, but good-tempered. Now both these vents for irritation were denied him, and he had fallen into the way of throwing things about in a pet. He longed to send Cæsar to perpetual banishment in the fire blazing close by, but resisted the temptation, and answered honestly, though gruffly: "I know I did, but I don't see any use in pouncing on a fellow when he is n't ready. I have n't got my lesson, and don't mean to worry about it; so you may just give me back my things and go about your business."

"I'll give you back a stamp for every perfect lesson you get, and you wont see them on any other terms;" and thrusting the treasures into his pocket, Frank caught up his rubber boots, and went off swinging them like a pair of clubs, feeling that he would give a trifle to be able to use them on his lazy brother.

At this high-handed proceeding, and the threat which accompanied it, Jack's patience gave out, and catching up Cæsar, as he thought, sent him flying after the retreating tyrant with the defiant declaration:

"Keep them, then, and your old book, too! I wont look at it till you give all my stamps back and say you are sorry. So now!"

It was all over before Mamma could interfere, or Jill do more than clutch and cling to the gum-brush. Frank vanished unharmed, but the poor book dashed against the wall to fall half open on the floor, its gay cover loosened, and its smooth leaves crushed by the blow.

"It's the album! Oh, Jack, how could you?" cried Jill, dismayed at sight of the precious book so maltreated by the owner.

"Thought it was the other. Guess it is n't hurt much. Did n't mean to hit him, any way. He does provoke me so," muttered Jack, very red and shame-faced as his mother picked up the book and laid it silently on the table before him. He did not know what to do with himself, and was thankful for the stamps still left him, finding great relief in making faces as he plucked them one by one from his mortified countenance. Jill looked on, half glad half sorry that her savage showed such signs of unconverted ferocity, and Mrs. Minot went on writing letters, wearing the grave look her sons found harder to bear than another person's scolding. No one spoke for a moment, and the silence was becoming awkward when Gus appeared in a rubber suit, bringing a book to Jack from Laura and a note to Jill from Lotty.

"Look here, you just trundle me into my den, please. I'm going to have a nap, it's so dull to-day I don't feel like doing much," said Jack, when Gus had done his errands, trying to look as if he knew nothing about the fracas.

Jack folded his arms and departed like a warrior borne from the battle-field, to be chaffed unmercifully for a "pepper-pot," while Gus made him comfortable in his own room.

"I heard once of a boy who threw a fork at his brother and put his eye out. But he did n't mean to, and the brother forgave him, and he never did so any more," observed Jill, in a pensive tone, wishing to show that she felt all the dangers of impatience, but was sorry for the culprit.

"Did the boy ever forgive himself?" asked Mrs. Minot.

"No, 'm; I suppose not. But Jack did 'nt hit Frank, and feels real sorry, I know."

"He might have, and hurt him very much. Our actions are in our own hands, but the consequences of them are not. Remember that, my dear, and think twice before you do anything."

"Yes, 'm, I will," and Jill composed herself to consider what missionaries usually did when the natives hurled tomahawks and boomerangs at one another, and defied the rulers of the land.

Mrs. Minot wrote one page of a new letter, then stopped, pushed her papers about, thought a little, and finally got up, saying, as if she found it impossible to resist the yearning of her heart for the naughty boy:

"I am going to see if Jack is covered up, he is so helpless, and liable to take cold. Don't stir till I come back."

"No, 'm, I won't."

Away went the tender parent to find her son studying *Cæsar* for dear life, and all the more amiable for the little gust which had blown away the temporary irritability. The brothers were often called "Thunder and Lightning," because Frank lowered and growled and was a good while clearing up, while Jack's temper came and went like a flash, and the air was all the clearer for the escape of dangerous electricity. Of course Mamma had to stop and deliver a little lecture, illustrated by sad tales of petulant boys, and punctuated with kisses which took off the edge of these afflicting narratives.

Jill meantime meditated morally on the superiority of her own good temper over the hasty one of her dear playmate, and just when she was feeling unusually uplifted and secure, alas! like so many of us, she fell, in the most deplorable manner.

Glancing about the room for something to do, she saw a sheet of paper lying exactly out of reach, where it had fluttered from the table unperceived.

At first her eye rested on it as carelessly as it did on the stray stamp Frank had dropped; then, as if one thing suggested the other, she took it into her head that the paper was Frank's composition, or better still, a note to Annette, for the two corresponded when absence or weather prevented the daily meeting at school.

"Would n't it be fun to keep it till he gives back Jack's stamps? It would plague him so if it was a note, and I do believe it is, for compo's don't begin with two words on one side. I'll get it, and Jack and I will plan some way to pay him off, cross thing!"

Forgetting her promise not to stir, also how dishonorable it was to read other people's letters, Jill caught up the long-handled hook, often in use now, and tried to pull the paper nearer. It would not come at once, for a seam in the carpet held it, and Jill feared to tear or crumple it if she was not very careful. The hook was rather heavy and long for her to manage, and Jack usually did the fishing, so she was not very skillful, and just as she was giving a particularly quick jerk she lost her balance, fell off the sofa, and dropped the pole with a bang.

"Oh, my back!" was all she could think or say as she felt the jar all through her little body, and a corresponding fear in her guilty little mind that some one would come and find out the double mischief she had been at. For a moment she lay quite still to recover from the shock, then as the pain passed she began to wonder how she should get back, and looked about her to see if she could do it alone. She thought she could, as the sofa was near and she had improved so much that she could sit up a little if the doctor would have let her. She was gathering herself together for the effort, when, within arm's reach now, she saw the tempting paper, and seized it with glee, for in spite of her predicament she did want to tease Frank. A glance showed that it was not the composition nor a note, but the beginning of a letter from Mrs. Minot to her sister, and Jill was about to lay it down when her own name caught her eye, and she could not resist reading it. Hard words to write of one so young, doubly hard to read, and impossible to forget.

"DEAR LIZZIE: Jack continues to do very well, and will soon be up again. But we begin to fear that the little girl is permanently injured in the back. She is here, and we do our best for her; but I never look at her without thinking of Lucinda Snow, who, you remember, was bed-ridden for twenty years, owing to a fall at fifteen. Poor little Janey does not know yet, and I hope —"

There it ended, and "poor little Janey's" punishment for disobedience began that instant. She thought she was getting well because she did not suffer all the time, and every one spoke cheerfully

about "by and by." Now she knew the truth, and shut her eyes with a shiver as she said, low, to herself:

"Twenty years! I could n't bear it; oh, I could n't bear it!"

A very miserable Jill lay on the floor, and for a while did not care who came and found her; then the last words of the letter—"I hope"—seemed to shine across the blackness of the dreadful "twenty years" and cheer her up a bit, for despair never lives long in young hearts, and Jill was a brave child.

"That is why Mammy sighs so when she dresses me, and every one is so good to me. Perhaps

"I've told a lie, for I said I would n't stir. I've hurt my back, I've done a mean thing, and I've got paid for it. A nice missionary I am; I'd better begin at home, as Mammy told me to," and Jill groaned again, remembering her mother's words. "Now I've got another secret to keep all alone, for I'd be ashamed to tell the girls. I guess I'll turn round and study my spelling; then no one will see my face."

Jill looked the picture of a good, industrious child as she lay with her back to the large table, her book held so that nothing was to be seen but one cheek and a pair of lips moving busily. Fortunately, it is difficult for little sinners to act a



"TWENTY YEARS! OH, I COULD N'T BEAR IT!"

Mrs. Minot does n't really know, after all. She was dreadfully scared about Jack, and he is getting well. I'd like to ask Doctor, but he might find out about the letter. Oh, dear, why did n't I keep still and let the horrid thing alone!"

As she thought that, Jill pushed the paper away, pulled herself up, and with much painful effort managed to get back to her sofa, where she laid herself down with a groan, feeling as if the twenty years had already passed over her since she tumbled off.

part, and, even if the face is hidden, something in the body seems to betray the internal remorse and shame. Usually, Jill lay flat and still; now her back was bent in a peculiar way as she leaned over her book, and one foot wagged nervously, while on the visible cheek was a Spanish stamp with a woman's face looking through the black bars, very suggestively, if she had known it. How long the minutes seemed till some one came, and what a queer little jump her heart gave when Mrs. Minot's voice said, cheerfully: "Jack is all right, and, I de-

clare, so is Jill. I really believe there is a telegraph still working somewhere between you two, and each knows what the other is about without words."

"I did n't have any other book handy, so I thought I'd study awhile," answered Jill, feeling that she deserved no praise for her seeming industry.

She cast a sidelong glance as she spoke, and seeing that Mrs. Minot was looking for the letter, hid her face and lay so still she could hear the rustle of the paper as it was taken from the floor. It was well she did not also see the quick look the lady gave her as she turned the letter and found a red stamp sticking to the under side, for this unlucky little witness told the story.

Mrs. Minot remembered having seen the stamp lying close to the sofa when she left the room, for she had had half a mind to take it to Jack, but did not, thinking Frank's plan had some advantages. She also recollected that a paper flew off the table, but being in haste she had not stopped to see what it was. Now, the stamp and the letter could hardly have come together without hands, for they lay a yard apart, and here, also, on the unwritten portion of the page, was the mark of a small green thumb. Jill had been winding wool for a stripe in her new afghan, and the green ball lay on her sofa. These signs suggested and confirmed what Mrs. Minot did not want to believe; so did the voice, attitude and air of Jill, all very unlike her usual open, alert ways.

The kind lady could easily forgive the reading of her letter since the girl had found such sad news there, but the dangers of disobedience were serious in her case, and a glance showed that she was suffering either in mind or body,—perhaps both.

"I will wait for her to tell me. She is an honest child, and the truth will soon come out," thought Mrs. Minot as she took a clean sheet, and Jill tried to study.

"Shall I hear your lesson, dear? Jack means to recite his like a good boy, so suppose you follow his example," she said, presently.

"I don't know as I can say it, but I'll try."

Jill did try, and got on bravely till she came to the word "permanent"; there she hesitated, remembering where she saw it last.

"Do you know what that means?" asked her teacher, thinking to help her on by defining the word.

"Always—for a great while—or something like that; does n't it?" faltered Jill, with a tight feeling in her throat, and the color coming up, as she tried to speak easily, yet felt so shame-stricken she could not.

"Are you in pain, my child? Never mind the lesson; tell me, and I'll do something for you."

The kind words, the soft hand on her hot cheek,

and the pity in the eyes that looked at her, were too much for Jill. A sob came first, and then the truth, told with hidden face and tears that washed the blush away, and set free the honest little soul that could not hide its fault from such a friend.

"I knew it all before, and was sure you would tell me, else you would not be the child I love and like to help so well."

Then, while she soothed Jill's trouble, Mrs. Minot told her story and showed the letter, wishing to lessen, if possible, some part of the pain it had given.

"Sly old stamp! to go and tell on me when I meant to own up, and get some credit if I could, after being so mean and bad," said Jill, smiling through her tears when she saw the tell-tale witnesses against her.

"You had better stick it in your book to remind you of the bad consequences of disobedience, then perhaps *this* lesson will leave a 'permanent' impression on your mind and memory," answered Mrs. Minot, glad to see her natural gayety coming back, and hoping that she had forgotten the contents of the unfortunate letter.

But she had not; and presently, when the sad affair had been talked over and forgiven, Jill asked, slowly, as she tried to put on a brave look:

"Please tell me about Lucinda Snow. If I am to be like her, I might as well know how she managed to bear it so long."

"I'm sorry you ever heard of her, and yet perhaps it may help you to bear your trial, dear, which I hope will never be as heavy a one as hers. This Lucinda I knew for years, and though at first I thought her fate the saddest that could be, I came at last to see how happy she was in spite of her affliction, how good and useful and beloved."

"Why, how could she be? What did she do?" cried Jill, forgetting her own troubles to look up with an open, eager face again.

"She was so patient, other people were ashamed to complain of their small worries; so cheerful, that her own great one grew lighter; so industrious, that she made both money and friends by pretty things she worked and sold to her many visitors. And, best of all, so wise and sweet that she seemed to get good out of everything, and make her poor room a sort of chapel where people went for comfort, counsel, and an example of a pious life. So, you see, Lucinda was not so very miserable after all."

"Well, if I could not be as I was, I'd like to be a woman like that. Only, I hope I shall not!" answered Jill, thoughtfully at first, then coming out so decidedly with the last words that it was evident the life of a bed-ridden saint was not at all to her mind.

"So do I; and I mean to believe that you will not. Meantime, we can try to make the waiting as useful and pleasant as possible. This painful little back will be a sort of conscience to remind you of what you ought to do and leave undone, and so you can be learning obedience. Then, when the body is strong, it will have formed a good habit to make duty easier; and my Lucinda can be a sweet example, even while lying here, if she chooses."

"Can I?" and Jill's eyes were full of softer tears as the comfortable, cheering words sank into her heart, to blossom slowly by and by into her life, for this was to be a long lesson, hard to learn, but very useful in the years to come.

When the boys returned, after the Latin was recited and peace restored, Jack showed her a recovered stamp promptly paid by Frank, who was as just as he was severe, and Jill asked for the old red one, though she did not tell why she wanted it, nor show it put away in the spelling-book, a little seal upon a promise made to be kept.

CHAPTER VIII.

MERRY AND MOLLY.

Now let us see how the other missionaries got on with their tasks.

Farmer Grant was a thrifty, well-to-do man, anxious to give his children greater advantages than he had enjoyed, and to improve the fine place of which he was justly proud. Mrs. Grant was a notable housewife, as ambitious and industrious as her husband, but too busy to spend any time on the elegancies of life, though always ready to help the poor and sick like a good neighbor and Christian woman. The three sons—Tom, Dick and Harry—were big fellows of seventeen, nineteen and twenty-one; the two first on the farm, and the elder in a store just setting up for himself. Kind-hearted but rough-mannered youths, who loved Merry very much, but teased her sadly about her "fine lady airs," as they called her dainty ways and love of beauty.

Merry was a thoughtful girl, full of innocent fancies, refined tastes and romantic dreams, in which no one sympathized at home though she was the pet of the family. It did seem, to an outsider, as if the delicate little creature had got there by mistake, for she looked very like a tea-rose in a field of clover and dandelions, whose highest aim in life was to feed cows and help make root beer.

When the girls talked over the new society, it pleased Merry very much, and she decided not only to try and love work better, but to convert her family to a liking for pretty things, as she called her own more cultivated tastes.

"I will begin at once, and show them that I don't mean to shirk my duty, though I do want to be nice," thought she, as she sat at supper one night and looked about her, planning her first move.

Not a very cheering prospect for a lover of the beautiful, certainly, for the big kitchen, though as neat as wax, had nothing lovely in it, except a red geranium blooming at the window. Nor were the people all that could be desired, in some respects, as they sat about the table shoveling in pork and beans with their knives, drinking tea from their saucers, and laughing out with a hearty "Haw, haw," when anything amused them. Yet, the boys were handsome, strong specimens, the farmer a hale, benevolent-looking man, the housewife a pleasant, sharp-eyed matron, who seemed to find comfort in looking often at the bright face at her elbow, with the broad forehead, clear eyes, sweet mouth, and quiet voice that came like music in among the loud masculine ones, or the quick, nervous tones of a woman always in a hurry.

Merry's face was so thoughtful that evening that her father observed it, for, when at home, he watched her as one watches a kitten, glad to see anything so pretty, young and happy, at its play.

"Little daughter has got something on her mind, I mistrust. Come and tell father all about it," he said, with a sounding slap on his broad knee as he turned his chair from the table to the ugly stove, where three pairs of wet boots steamed underneath, and a great kettle of cider-apple sauce simmered above.

"When I've helped clear up, I'll come and talk. Now, mother, you sit down and rest; Roxy and I can do everything," answered Merry, patting the old rocking-chair so invitingly that the tired woman could not resist, especially as watching the kettle gave her an excuse for obeying.

"Well, I don't care if I do, for I've been on my feet since five o'clock. Be sure you cover things up, and shut the buttery door, and put the cat down cellar, and sift your meal. I'll see to the buck-wheats last thing before I go to bed."

Mrs. Grant subsided with her knitting, for her hands were never idle; Tom tilted his chair back against the wall and picked his teeth with his pen-knife; Dick got out a little pot of grease, to make the boots water-tight; and Harry sat down at the small table, to look over his accounts, with an important air,—for every one occupied this room, and the work was done in the out-kitchen behind.

Merry hated clearing up, but dutifully did every distasteful task, and kept her eye on careless Roxy till all was in order; then she gladly went to perch on her father's knee, seeing in all the faces about her the silent welcome they always wore for the "little one."

"Yes, I do want something, but I know you will say it is silly," she began, as her father pinched her blooming cheek, with the wish that his peaches would ever look half as well.

"Should n't wonder if it was a doll now," and Mr. Grant stroked her head with an indulgent smile, as if she was about six instead of nearly fifteen.

"Why, father, you know I don't. I have n't played with dollies for years and years. No; I want to fix up my room pretty, like Jill's. I'll do it all myself, and only want a few things, for I don't expect it to look as nice as hers."

Indignation gave Merry courage to state her wishes boldly, though she knew the boys would laugh. They did, and her mother said in a tone of surprise:

"Why, child, what more can you want? I'm sure your room is always as neat as a new pin, thanks to your bringing up, and I told you to have a fire there whenever you wanted to."

"Let me have some old things out of the garret, and I'll show you what I want. It *is* neat, but so bare and ugly I hate to be there. I do so love something pretty to look at!" and Merry gave a little shiver of disgust as she turned her eyes away from the large greasy boot Dick was holding up to be sure it was well lubricated all round.

"So do I, and that 's a fact. I could n't get on without my pretty girl here, any way. Why, she touches up the old place better than a dozen flower-pots in full blow," said the farmer, as his eye went from the scarlet geranium to the bright young face so near his own.

"I wish I had a dozen in the sitting-room window. Mother says they are not tidy, but I'd keep them neat, and I know you'd like it," broke in Merry, glad of the chance to get one of the long-desired wishes of her heart fulfilled.

"I'll fetch you some next time I go over to Ballad's. Tell me what you want, and we'll have a posy bed somewhere round, see if we don't," said her father, dimly understanding what she wanted.

"Now, if mother says I may fix my room, I shall be satisfied, and I'll do my chores without a bit of fuss, to show how grateful I am," said the girl, thanking her father with a kiss, and smiling at her mother so wistfully that the good woman could not refuse.

"You may have anything you like out of the blue chest. There's a lot of things there that the moths got at after Grandma died, and I could n't bear to throw or give 'em away. Trim up your room as you like, and mind you don't forget your part of the bargain," answered Mrs. Grant, seeing profit in the plan.

"I wont; I'll work all the morning to-morrow, and in the afternoon I'll get ready to show you what I call a nice, pretty room," answered Merry, looking so pleased it seemed as if another flower had blossomed in the large bare kitchen.

She kept her word, and the very stormy afternoon when Jill got into trouble, Merry was working busily at her little bower. In the blue chest she found a variety of treasures, and ignoring the moth holes, used them to the best advantage, trying to imitate the simple comfort with a touch of elegance which prevailed in Mrs. Minot's back bedroom.

Three faded red-moreen curtains went up at the windows over the chilly paper shades, giving a pleasant glow to the bare walls. A red quilt with white stars, rather the worse for many washings, covered the bed, and a gay cloth the table, where a judicious arrangement of books and baskets concealed the spots. The little air-tight stove was banished, and a pair of ancient andirons shone in the fire light. Grandma's last and largest braided rug lay on the hearth, and her brass candlesticks adorned the bureau, over the mirror of which was festooned a white muslin skirt, tied up with Merry's red sash. This piece of elegance gave the last touch to her room, she thought, and she was very proud of it, setting forth all her small store of trinkets in a large shell, with an empty scent bottle, and a clean tidy over the pincushion. On the walls she hung three old-fashioned pictures, which she ventured to borrow from the garret till better could be found. One a mourning piece, with a very tall lady weeping on an urn in a grove of willows, and two small boys in knee breeches and funny little square tails to their coats, looking like cherubs in large frills. The other was as good as a bonfire, being an irruption of Vesuvius, and very lurid indeed, for the Bay of Naples was boiling like a pot, the red sky raining rocks, and a few distracted people lying flat upon the shore. The third was a really pretty scene of children dancing round a May-pole, for though nearly a hundred years old, the little maids smiled and the boys pranced as gayly as if the flowers they carried were still alive and sweet.

"Now I'll call them all to see, and say that it is pretty. Then I'll enjoy it, and come here when things look dismal and bare everywhere else," said Merry, when at last it was done. She had worked all the afternoon, and only finished at supper time, so the candles had to be lighted that the toilette might look its best, and impress the beholders with an idea of true elegance. Unfortunately, the fire smoked a little, and a window was set ajar to clear the room; an evil disposed gust blew in, wafting the thin drapery within reach

of the light, and when Merry threw open the door proudly thinking to display her success, she was horrified to find the room in a blaze, and half her labor all in vain.

The conflagration was over in a minute, however, for the boys tore down the muslin and stamped out the fire with much laughter, while Mrs. Grant bewailed the damage to her carpet, and poor Merry took refuge in her father's arms, refusing to be comforted in spite of his kind commendation of "Grandma's fixin's."

The third little missionary had the hardest time of all, and her first efforts were not much more satisfactory nor successful than the others. Her father was away from morning till night, and then had his paper to read, books to keep, or a man to see down town, so that after a hasty word at tea, he saw no more of the children till another evening, as they were seldom up at his early breakfast. He thought they were well taken care of, for Miss Bathsheba Dawes was an energetic, middle-aged spinster when she came into the family, and had been there fifteen years, so he did not observe, what a woman would have seen at once, that Miss Bat was getting old and careless, and everything about the house was at sixes and sevens. She took good care of him, and thought she had done her duty if she got three comfortable meals, nursed the children when they were ill, and saw that the house did not burn up. So Maria Louisa and Napoleon Bonaparte got on as they could, without the tender cares of a mother. Molly had been a happy-go-lucky child, contented with her pets, her freedom, and little Boo to love; but now she was just beginning to see that they were not like other children, and to feel ashamed of it.

"Papa is busy, but Miss Bat ought to see to us; she is paid for it, and Goodness knows she has an easy time now, for if I ask her to do anything, she groans over her bones, and tells me young folks should wait on themselves. I take all the care of Boo off her hands, but I can't wash my own things, and he has n't a decent trowser to his blessed little legs. I'd tell papa, but it would n't do any good; he'd only say, 'Yes, child, yes, I'll attend to it,' and never do a thing."

This used to be Molly's lament when some especially trying event occurred, and if the girls were not there to condole with her, she would retire to the shed-chamber, call her nine cats about her, and, sitting in the old two-bushel basket, pull her hair about her ears, and scold all alone. The cats learned to understand this habit, and nobly did their best to dispel the gloom which now and then obscured the sunshine of their little mistress. Some of them would creep into her lap and purr

till the comfortable sound soothed her irritation; the sedate elders sat at her feet blinking with such wise and sympathetic faces, that she felt as if half a dozen Solomons were giving her the sagest advice; while the kittens frisked about, cutting up their drollest capers till she laughed in spite of herself. When the laugh came, the worst of the fit was over, and she soon cheered up, dismissing the consolers with a pat all round, a feast of good things from Miss Bat's larder, and the usual speech:

"Well, dears, it's of no use to worry. I guess we shall get along somehow, if we don't fret."

With which wise resolution, Molly would leave her retreat and freshen up her spirits by a row on the river or a romp with Boo, which always finished the case. Now, however, she was bound to try the new plan and do something toward reforming not only the boy's condition, but the disorder and discomfort of home.

"I'll play it is Siam, and this the house of a native, and I'm come to show the folks how to live nicely. Miss Bat wont know what to make of it, and I can't tell her, so I shall get some fun out of it, any way," thought Molly, as she surveyed the dining-room the day her mission began.

The prospect was not cheering; and, if the natives of Siam live in such confusion, it is high time they were attended to. The breakfast-table still stood as it was left, with slops of coffee on the cloth; bits of bread, egg-shells, and potato-skins lay about, and one lonely sausage was cast away in the middle of a large platter. The furniture was dusty, stove untidy, and the carpet looked as if crumbs had been scattered to chickens who declined their breakfast. Boo was sitting on the sofa, with his arm through a hole in the cover, hunting for some lost treasure put away there for safe keeping, like a little magpie as he was. Molly fancied she washed and dressed him well enough; but to-day she seemed to see more clearly, and sighed as she thought of the hard job in store for her if she gave him the thorough washing he needed, and combed out that curly mop of hair.

"I'll clear up first and do that by and by. I ought to have a nice little tub and good towels, like Mrs. Minot, and I will, too, if I buy them myself," she said, piling up cups with an energy that threatened destruction to handles.

Miss Bat, who was trailing about the kitchen, with her head pinned up in a little plaid shawl, was so surprised by the demand for a pan of hot water and four clean towels, that she nearly dropped her snuff-box, chief comfort of her lazy soul.

"What new whimsey now? Generally, the dishes stand 'round till I have time to pick 'em up, and you are off coasting or careering somewhere. Well, this tidy fit wont last long, so I may as well

make the most of it," said Miss Bat, as she handed out the required articles, and then pushed her spectacles from the tip of her sharp nose to her sharper black eyes for a good look at the girl who stood primly before her, with a clean apron on and her hair braided up instead of flying wildly about her shoulders.

"Umph!" was all the comment that Miss Bat made on this unusual neatness, and she went on scraping her saucepans, while Molly returned to her work, very well pleased with the effect of her first step, for she felt that the bewilderment of Miss Bat would be a constant inspiration to fresh efforts.

as she looked at the unconscious innocent peacefully playing with the spotted dog, now bereft of his tail, and the lone sausage with which he was attempting to feed the hungry animal, whose red mouth always gaped for more.

"It will be an awful job, and he is so happy I wont plague him yet. Guess I'll go and put my room to rights first, and pick up some clean clothes to put on him, if he is alive after I get through with him," thought Molly, foreseeing a stormy passage for the boy, who hated a bath as much as some people hate a trip across the Atlantic.

Up she went, and finding the fire out felt dis-



MOLLY LOO ENJOYING A QUIET SULK.

An hour of hard work produced an agreeable change in the abode of the native, for the table was cleared, room swept and dusted, fire brightened, and the holes in the sofa covering were pinned up till time could be found to mend them. To be sure, rolls of lint lay in corners, smears of ashes were on the stove hearth, and dust still lurked on chair rounds and table legs. But too much must not be expected of a new convert, so the young missionary sat down to rest, well pleased and ready for another attempt as soon as she could decide in what direction it should be made. She quailed before Boo

couraged, thought she would rest a little more, so retired under the blankets to read one of the Christmas books. The dinner-bell rang while she was still wandering happily in "Nelly's Silver Mine," and she ran down to find that Boo had laid out a railroad all across her neat room, using bits of coal for sleepers and books for rails, over which he was dragging the yellow sled laden with a dismayed kitten, the tailless dog, and the remains of the sausage, evidently on its way to the tomb, for Boo took bites at it now and then, no other lunch being offered him.

"Oh dear! why can't boys play without making such a mess," sighed Molly, picking up the feathers from the duster with which Boo had been trying to make a "cocky-doo" of the hapless dog. "I'll wash him right after dinner, and that will keep him out of mischief for a while," she thought, as the young engineer unsuspiciously proceeded to ornament his already crocky countenance with squash, cranberry sauce and gravy, till he looked more like a Fiji chief in full war-paint than a Christian boy.

"I want two pails of hot water, please, Miss Bat, and the big tub," said Molly, as the ancient hand-maid emptied her fourth cup of tea, for she dined with the family, and enjoyed her own good cooking in its prime.

"What are you going to wash now?"

"Boo—I'm sure he needs it enough," and Molly could not help laughing as the victim added to his brilliant appearance by smearing the colors all together with a rub of two grimy hands, making a fine "Turner" of himself.

"Now, Maria Louisa Bemis, you aint going to cut up no capers with that child! The idea of a hot bath in the middle of the day, and him full of dinner, and croupy into the bargain! Wet a corner of a towel at the kettle-spout and polish him off if you like, but you wont risk his life in no bath-tubs this cold day."

Miss Bat's word was law in some things, so Molly had to submit, and took Boo away, saying, loftily, as she left the room:

"I shall ask father, and do it to-night, for I will not have my brother look like a pig."

"My patience! how the Siamese do leave their things round," she exclaimed, as she surveyed her room after making up the fire and polishing off Boo. "I'll put things in order, and then mend up my rags, if I can find my thimble. Now, let me see," and she went to exploring her closet, bureau and table, finding such disorder everywhere that her courage nearly gave out.

She had clothes enough, but all needed care; even her best dress had two buttons off, and her Sunday hat but one string. Shoes, skirts, books and toys lay about, and her drawers were a perfect chaos of soiled ruffles, odd gloves, old ribbons, boot lacings and bits of paper.

"Oh, my heart, what a muddle! Mrs. Minot would n't think much of me if she could see that," said Molly, recalling how that lady once said she could judge a good deal of a little girl's character and habits by a peep at her top drawer; and Molly went on, with great success, to guess how each of her school-mates kept her drawer.

"Come, missionary, clear up, and don't let me find such a glory-hole again, or I'll report you to

the society," said Molly, tipping the whole drawer-full out upon the bed, and beguiling the tiresome job by keeping up the new play.

Twilight came before it was done, and a great pile of things loomed up on her table, with no visible means of repair,—for Molly's work-basket was full of nuts, and her thimble down a hole in the shed-floor, where the cats had dropped it in their play.

"I'll ask Bat for hooks and tape, and papa for some money to buy scissors and things, for I don't know where mine are. Glad I can't do any more now! Being neat is such hard work!" and Molly threw herself down on the rug beside the old wooden cradle in which Boo was blissfully rocking, with a cargo of toys aboard.

She watched her time, and as soon as her father had done supper, she hastened to say, before he got to his desk:

"Please, papa, I want a dollar to get some brass buttons and things to fix Boo's clothes with. He wore a hole in his new trousers coasting down the Kembles' steps. And can't I wash him? He needs it, and Miss Bat wont let me have a tub."

"Certainly, child, certainly; do what you like, only don't keep me. I must be off, or I shall miss Jackson, and he's the man I want," and, throwing down two dollars instead of one, Mr. Bemis hurried away, with a vague impression that Boo had swallowed a dozen brass buttons and Miss Bat had been coasting somewhere in a bath-pan; but catching Jackson was important, so he did not stop to investigate.

Armed with the paternal permission, Molly carried her point, and oh, what a dreadful evening poor Boo spent! First, he was decoyed upstairs an hour too soon, then put in a tub by main force and sternly scrubbed, in spite of shrieks that brought Miss Bat to the locked door to condole with the sufferer, scold the scrubber, and depart, darkly prophesying croup before morning.

"He always howls when he is washed; but I shall do it, since you wont, and he must get used to it. I will not have people tell me he's neglected, if I can help it," cried Molly, working away with tears in her eyes—for it was as hard for her as for Boo; but she meant to be thorough for once in her life, no matter what happened.

When the worst was over, she coaxed him with candy and stories till the long task of combing out the curls was safely done; then, in the clean night-gown with a blue button newly sewed on, she laid him in bed, worn out, but sweet as a rose.

"Now, say your prayers, darling, and go to sleep, with the nice red blanket all tucked round so you wont get cold," said Molly, rather doubtful of the effect of the wet head.

"No, I won't! Going to sleep *now!*" and Boo shut his eyes wearily, feeling that his late trials had not left him in a prayerful mood.

"Then you 'll be a real little heathen, as Mrs. Pecq called you, and I don't know what I shall do with you," said Molly, longing to cuddle rather than scold the little fellow, whose soul needed looking after as well as his body.

"No, no; I won't be a heevin! I don't want to be frowed to the trockindiles. I will say my prayers! oh, I will!" and, rising in his bed, Boo did so, with the devotion of an infant Samuel, for he remembered the talk when the society was formed.

Molly thought her labors were over for that night, and soon went to bed, tired with her first attempts. But toward morning she was awakened by the hoarse breathing of the boy, and was forced

to patter away to Miss Bat's room, humbly asking for the squills, and confessing that the prophecy had come to pass.

"I knew it! Bring the child to me and don't fret. I 'll see to him, and next time you do as I say," was the consoling welcome she received as the old lady popped up a sleepy but anxious face in a large flannel cap, and shook the bottle with the air of a general who had routed the foe before and meant to do it again.

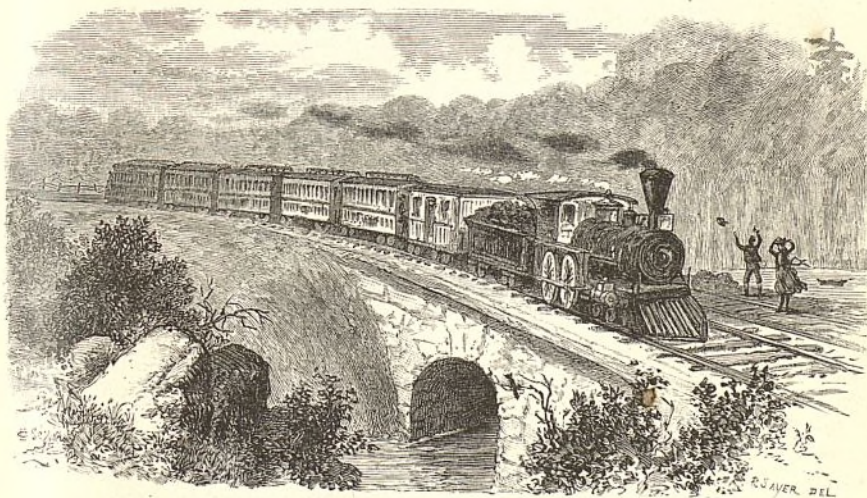
Leaving her little responsibility in Miss Bat's arms, Molly retired to wet her pillow with a few remorseful tears, and to fall asleep, wondering if real missionaries ever killed their pupils in the process of conversion.

So the girls all failed in the beginning; but they did not give up, and succeeded better next time, as we shall see.

(To be continued.)

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

BY H. F. KING.



CLICKETY, clackety, how the wheels run!
Crickety, crackety, is n't it fun
Rushing through bridges and over the streams,
Seeing the country like so many dreams!

Bumpity, bumpity, bang, on each rail!
How the car shivers through mountain and vale!
Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain,
Running the same in the sunshine or rain.

Chunkety, chunkety, chunkety, chunk!
Bandbox and passenger, bundle and trunk,
All on the single train speeding away
Faster than antelopes bounding in play.

Jigglety, jogglety, bumpity, bump,
Crickety, crackety, humpity, hump,
Rattlety, battlety, clickety, clang,
Whistlety, ringity, here we stop, bang!

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"COME," said the Snow-flakes, "it's time we should rally,
 To tuck up the roots of the grass,
 To shine on the hill-top and whiten the valley
 And touch the world up as we pass.
 All the huts that are ruined and ugly
 Let us change into marble halls,
 We will cover the naked hedges up snugly,
 And festoon the ragged stone walls.
 We will build our drifts on the king's highway,
 Mimic the shape of star or feather,
 We will silently waltz the livelong day,
 Or sculpture garlands together.
 Never, outside of the spider's loom,
 Shall be spun such laces as ours,
 And never, after the summer's bloom,
 Shall be seen such wonderful flowers."

CHY LUNG, THE CHINESE FISHERMAN.

BY FANNY M. OSBORNE.

CHY LUNG lived quite alone by the sea, in a small hut left him by his father, who, with his mother, had died long ago, full of years, honest and kindly people, but never well to do. Chy Lung followed in his father's footsteps, and in his grandfather's, and his grandfather's father's, and, like them, was a fisherman.

He had been carefully reared, and was a virtuous youth. He performed all the religious rites which had been taught him; he observed all feast days, and he never yet had allowed the new year to find him with debts unpaid. Though toiling for their daily bread, and used to many privations, his parents had found some time for the education of their only son. He knew something of Chinese literature, was a good arithmetician, and was seldom without his volume of Confucius, of whose life and maxims he was exceedingly fond.

His occupation was a never-ending pleasure to Chy Lung. While he was waiting to draw his nets, he sat on the shore and listened to the sound of the waves, and watched and wondered at the craft in the dim distance, and sometimes even made verses about the strange lands he could almost see; for Chy Lung was a bit of a poet, and liked composing verses almost as well as read-

ing them; and when he drew in his nets, he watched for the haul with the same eager curiosity he had felt as a child. Such strange creatures came from the depths of the sea; great fishes fit for the market; things with big eyes, and ugly wide mouths, which it was necessary to kill, as they devoured everything that came in their way smaller than themselves; thousands of little silvery minnows that were either dried on strings and hung in festoons on the walls of the hut, or thrown back into the water until they should attain a larger growth.

The pleasant monotony of Chy Lung's life remained unchanged for a long while, until one morning, for the first time, the sea failed him, and refused him her treasures. The first failure only occasioned surprise; but when the second morning Chy Lung cast his nets in vain, things began to wear a more serious aspect, for it was each day's gain that supplied each day's food.

The third morning he rose betimes and hastened out to try once more. With the deepest anxiety he drew in his nets; it was easy work—for they were empty.

Chy Lung sat for a long time, looking disconsolately at the empty nets, and apparently deep in

thought. He had need for reflection, for he had only two small fishes wherewith to stay the pangs of hunger, which by this time had begun to make themselves felt most unpleasantly. At last, he rose, and hanging out his nets to dry, went homeward.

Scraping together the last of his fuel, he cooked and ate the smaller of the two fish with a ravenous appetite. In the preparation of the other he took greater pains. When it was browned to a nicety he placed it upon his best dish, and after changing his blouse for a fresh one, he started for the temple, there to lay the fish as an offering before the idol called the God of Plenty.

As he entered the door of the temple a pungent and aromatic smell of incense met his nostrils, mixed with the odor of scented woods, and of the baked meats, which had been brought as offerings. Curious and elaborate carvings adorned the walls; silken banners heavily embroidered hung from the ceiling. The idols sat in a row on a dais beneath a canopy. Some held fans, some had double faces; all were hideous, and none showed the least concern when the savory dishes were carried away from beneath their very noses for the entertainment of the priests in an inner apartment. They all kept their seats, and moved neither hand, foot, nor eyebrow, and there they are still sitting to this day.

Chy Lung pushed impatiently toward the God of Plenty, before whom he laid his humble offering. He prostrated himself before the idols, and then, rising, he threw what are called the lucky sticks. He frowned, and murmured to himself that his hand had slipped, threw them again, and, stooping upon his hands and knees, studied them anxiously. But the lucky sticks that day proved most unlucky for Chy Lung; they prophesied naught but grief and disaster.

He rose, left the temple, and stood for some time outside the door lost in thought. An old story came into his mind, told by his mother, of a time when the fisheries had failed altogether, when strong men starved to death, and little children perished in their mothers' arms. He was faint and giddy with fasting; his imagination was fevered. Weird tales of his childhood returned to his memory, and that of the Sorcerer of the Sea was as vividly clear to him as when he heard it first at his grandfather's knee.

He stepped quickly forth into the street with a cry, "Oh, I am so young to die, so young and strong! If what I feel is but the beginning of starvation, what must be the final pangs? Would that I could meet the Sorcerer of the Sea! I would kneel at his feet, and beseech him until he should help me for pity's sake!"

He looked up and down the street; no door stood open; there was no cross street; and yet, suddenly, a ragged old man appeared before him, lean and bent with age.

"Who art thou, old man?" cried the fisherman, with an involuntary shudder. "Why do you stop and look at me? Go on! I have nothing for you. But, no, no!" and he fell at the beggar's feet. "I meant not what I said. Forgive me, forgive and help me, or I die!"

For he knew him now! There was a certain air about him which showed him to be the Sorcerer of the Sea!

"Rise, strange youth," said the old man. "I understand you not. It is for me to ask, and for you to give. What can any but a madman expect from a beggar like this?" And he shook his rags in the air.

"Give me something to eat. Give me some good fortune, I implore you!" cried Chy Lung; "see, I cling to your robe, and here I shall cling until you have granted my petition."

"You are a bold youth," said the beggar, and, even as he spoke, he was gone. Chy Lung looked up and down the street, rubbed his eyes, and looked again; but no living thing was in sight. It seemed a dream until his eyes fell upon his hand, in which he still held a piece of the beggar's dress, which, thin and rotten, had given way in his frantic grasp. At least he had this.

He slept that night with the rag in his breast, but his sleep was troubled and full of ugly dreams. At day-break he rose to go down to the sea to throw his nets. "I will drop with them a bit of the rag," he thought. As he did so, he felt his heart beat thickly, and his blood quicken with excitement.

When it was time to draw the nets, they pulled heavily; he forgot his hunger and his weakness, and hauled with an energetic force that soon brought them to land. They might well have taxed a stronger arm than his; for they were full of the largest and finest of fish!

When he had joyfully loaded his baskets, and balanced them at each end of a long pole which he slung across his shoulders, he started for the market-place with a long and swinging trot.

Though it was early morning, many people were already there, who had come betimes that they might have their choice of the fresh vegetables and fruit with the dew yet upon them, and the fish still flapping the sea-water from their glittering sides.

Chy Lung was at once surrounded by a crowd of purchasers, and disposed of his fish without delay. He returned home joyfully, his money in his bosom. Never before had he earned so much in a single day. He began to consider himself a

prosperous man, and fell to building castles in the air. As he laid away his rice and provisions, he glanced about the hut which had been his home for so long. It looked smaller and meaner than

market-place, and again the people crowded about him; but not to buy. On the contrary, they began to scold and abuse him in the most dreadful way, and every moment the noise increased.



CHY LUNG BRINGS AN OFFERING TO THE TEMPLE.

he had thought. He determined to build a new one, soon. It should be made of bamboo, and there should be matting on the floor, and he would have many other things which he felt, for the first time, to be necessary.

In the morning he went early to cast his nets; but now he had no misgivings, and threw in the scrap of rag with an air of confidence. Again his nets were filled to bursting; again he went to the

"What is it? I do not understand," he cried, in astonishment; for at first the angry hum of voices confused his hearing.

A heavy-browed woman stepped forward.

"Thief and deceiver that thou art!" cried she. "We bring our money, good and hardly earned; we buy of thee food for our families and our little children; but our children go hungry to bed, and we are beaten by our husbands because there is no

meal prepared at their return; we trudge home through the sun and dust; we open our baskets; what do we see? *Nothing! They are empty!* The fish we bought have vanished! Now make good our loss, or it shall fare badly with thee!"

The fisherman was deeply troubled.

"It is some strange mistake," said he. "To each who yesterday bought of me a fish which afterward disappeared, I will now give another, and a better, and a finer one, for I have had a good haul to-day."

Still threatening, and but partially appeased, a number of the villagers came forward and had their baskets refilled. Chy Lung's panniers were emptied as quickly as before, but he carried home no money in his blouse, and built no castles in the air that night.

When daylight came, he tried his nets once more, with the same result. As he approached the market-place his steps became slower, and his air doubtful. He trembled as he listened to the angry roar of a multitude.

The moment he appeared, the crowd rushed forward.

"Thou hast tricked us again!" they cried, "thou infamous fisherman! We will touch no more of thy vile and bewitched fish! Return to us our money!"

Chy Lung, amazed and terrified, emptied all the money he had left, upon the ground, but it fell short of the amount required.

The crowd moved nearer with menacing gestures, and, as he dropped his pole and ran for his life, it followed him with raging fury. An oyster-shell struck him on the temple, followed by a stone; missiles of every sort came flying from every direction.

"Ah, I am lost!" he cried. "Thou Sorcerer of the Sea, it is to thee I owe my danger; why comest thou not to save me?"

Suddenly an old man, in beggar's rags, was waving back the multitude with an air of authority which none seemed able to dispute. Those foremost in the ranks were thrown to the ground by the wild rush of the mob behind. In a second they were all sprawling upon the ground, a confused heap of arms, legs, baskets and queues.

"Save yourself while you may," said the stranger. "I will amuse the fools for a moment."

As he spoke, he dipped his forefinger into some mud by the way-side and drew upon a white wall figures in outline. The people who had arisen to their feet fell back appalled; for now a wonderful thing took place: as the old man's hand was raised from the drawing of each figure, it moved, a living thing, grimacing and gesticulating at the open-mouthed crowd of astonished gazers.

One figure after another became thus possessed of vitality, each more grotesque in shape than the last. They leaped, they nodded, they bowed, they seemed to crack their shadowy fingers in the air; and every moment their gestures became swifter and more extravagant, until a cry of fright burst from the mob, and they turned and fled like one man; for one of the figures, crowded off the end of the wall, showed in strong relief against the bright sky, still capering madly.

The beggar smiled, took a handful of rags from his breast, wiped away the remaining figures, and disappeared as suddenly as they.

All this time Chy Lung had stood spell-bound; now he, too, turned to flee; but not alone. For, as he fled, the outline figure fled with him; when he stopped, it stopped; when he hurried on again, it was still beside him, against a white wall, or the bright sky, showing close behind him and throwing its arms aloft in derisive mirth.

From that time it accompanied him in all his wanderings. For now he became a wanderer. Chy Lung, who had been so proud of his honest independence, begged his bread from door to door, while the figure followed and laughed at him.

Some weeks had elapsed when he found himself far from his native town, hungry, foot-sore and weary. As he stood in the street a laborer passed by, from whom he begged a handful of rice. The man looked at him in surprise.

"I wonder," said he, "that a man like you, strong and able, should so demean yourself. Why do you not work?"

"That I would do gladly," said the fisherman; "but what work, and where? I do not understand tilling the soil; I am only a fisherman."

"In that case," cried the man, "there is some hope for you. You see the tops of those pagodas in the distance? Well, just beyond lie the estates of a great mandarin, and I heard but this morning that his steward was inquiring for a fisherman. Make haste, that you may be the first to apply."

Chy Lung did make haste, and was engaged upon trial. Here, surrounded as he was with all the comforts of life, pursuing an avocation that suited him, he might have passed many years of peace and quiet, but for the annoying presence of the outline figure, which still continued to show itself to him whenever it had a chance. He soon began to long for any change that might distract his thoughts, and was quite pleased when the time drew near for the Feast of Lanterns.

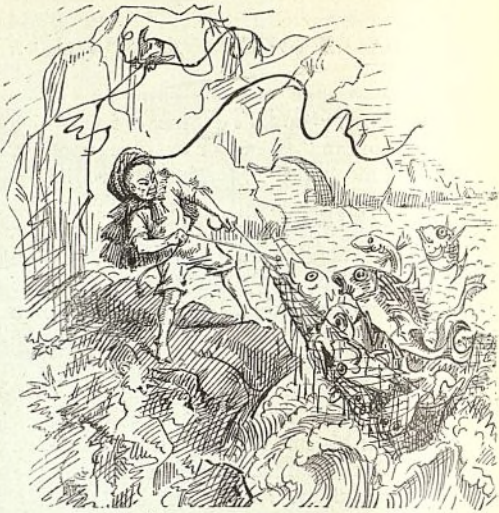
Preparations had already begun. Acrobats, jugglers, and theatrical performers were journeying toward the mandarin's residence from all parts of the empire. Immense paper dragons, with fire spouting from their nostrils, guarded the garden

gates; the trees bore strange luminous fruits; grotesque lanterns hung from every projection; a display of fire-works that should rival the sun was near completion; singing kites, cunningly devised with lanterns at their tails and strings stretched across their bodies, through which the wind played, sent down strains of harmony, now here, now there, now low, now high; flowers bloomed, and tinkling fountains cooled the air. Everything was arranged upon a scale of the utmost magnificence. In the store-house were pigs ready for roasting whole, dried oysters, piles of curious-looking fungi, edible birds'-nests for soup, packages of tea beyond all price, sweetmeats of every kind, preserved ginger, melons, delicious and of great variety,—everything, in fact, and much more than was necessary for the feast of a great mandarin.

The day arrived at last. Guests began to come in, the road was filled with coolies carrying sedan chairs curtained with silk, and numbers of gayly dressed people walked about the beautiful and extensive gardens, admiring all they saw.

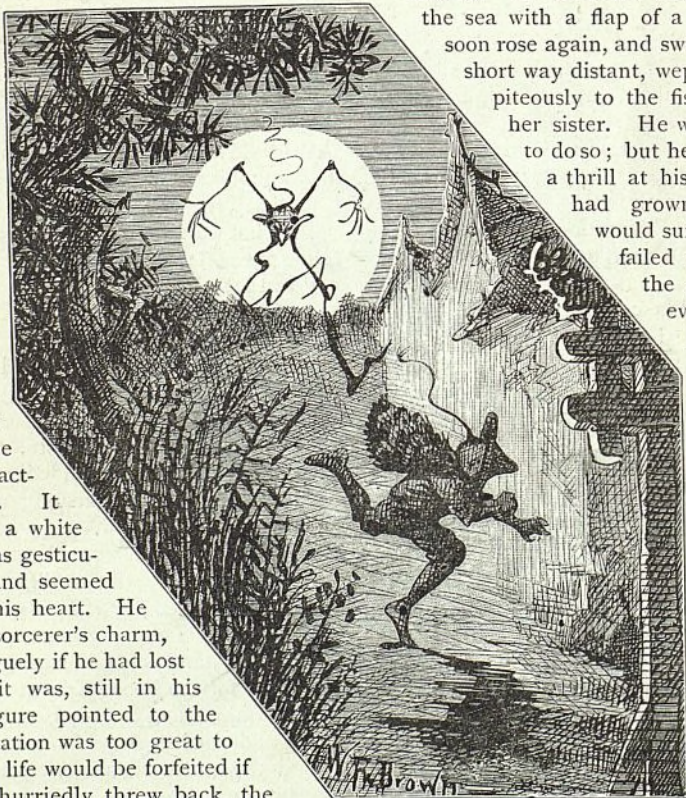
It was with difficulty that Chy Lung could tear himself away from the entrancing sight; but he needs must, for time was flying apace, and there was still the fish to be caught for the evening banquet. When he drew in the nets, to his horror they were quite light and empty. He dared not go back without the expected fish. He sat looking at his nets, as they lay upon the sands, in helpless distress. Unwonted gestures on the part of the outline figure at last attracted his attention. It was seen against a white chalk cliff, and was gesticulating violently, and seemed pointing toward his heart. He remembered the sorcerer's charm, and wondered vaguely if he had lost it. No; there it was, still in his bosom. The figure pointed to the nets. The temptation was too great to be resisted. His life would be forfeited if he failed, so he hurriedly threw back the nets, with a piece of the beggar's rag in them.

Now the nets came up heavy indeed. He pulled harder and harder until they were landed. What



"THE NETS CAME UP HEAVY."

was his amazement and dismay, instead of fish, to behold two beautiful mermaids struggling in the meshes. He unloosed one, who sprang into the sea with a flap of a shining tail. She soon rose again, and swimming to a rock a short way distant, wept aloud and called piteously to the fisherman to release her sister. He was at first inclined to do so; but he remembered, with a thrill at his heart, how late it had grown, how his head would surely be cut off if he failed to bring a fish for the great feast in the evening. "She is half fish, anyway," he said. "I will take her, and then they cannot say I brought them nothing." In vain the mermaid implored his mercy, and told of her mother waiting for her in the gardens of the sea; in vain did she plead her youth and sex, and offer him a ransom in priceless jewels from



"THE OUTLINE FIGURE FLED WITH HIM."

her mother's treasury, if he would put her back into the sea from which he had taken her.

"You cannot," she said, "be such a monster as to wish to have me cooked as a fish! No man could be so hard-hearted as to condemn me to such a fate."

"Have you fish enough?" said the cook, when Chy Lung found him.

"Oh, yes!" said the young fisherman. "I have a fine one, and it is so large and heavy that half of it will be quite enough for the feast."



AT THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

"I am indeed sorry," replied the fisherman; "but you must know that my own life is at stake. To save it, I must take you to the kitchen. I don't believe they will cook you, but I am bound to take something."

So saying, Chy Lung put the mermaid in a great bag and carried her to the kitchen. There was no one there, and he laid the bag on the floor and went to look for the cook.

But when they came into the kitchen, the bag was empty.

"Where is the fish?" cried the cook.

"I do not know," said Chy Lung, frightened. "Some one must have put it into the pot which is boiling over the fire."

"We shall see," said the cook; and he raised the lid. A gust of steam escaped which he blew away with his breath, while he plunged a long

pointed stick several times into the cauldron; it contained nothing but hot water. Turning upon the fisherman, he struck at him savagely with the stick, crying: "Ah, ha! dearly shall you pay for



"AH, HA!" SAID THE COOK.

this practical joke! I will see to it that your head is not upon your shoulders by this time to-morrow."

The mermaiden was safe enough, but very unhappy. She had rolled out of the bag, and through the kitchen door upon a smooth little lawn, which sloped down to a fish-pond. Into this pond she plunged, and concealed herself beneath the water.

Now, indeed, Chy Lung looked upon himself as doomed to die; but owing to the cook's multiplicity of duties, no charge was brought against him until the following morning, when a formal complaint was made. He had already made his escape, but it was impossible for him to get very far away, as he would be instantly apprehended if he ventured outside of the mandarin's grounds, for a cordon of guards surrounded them, with orders to allow no one to pass either in or out, except at the public gates.

The beach, which was within the grounds, was a bleak and lonely place, for which none cared to leave the gardens; besides, it was whispered that strange noises mingled with the sound of the waves. Some imagined they heard groans and sobs, as of a strong man weeping; others declared, on the contrary, the voice was plaintive, and of an unearthly sweetness, and that it seemed to be singing the saddest of songs.

To these superstitions the fisherman owed his safety; it was not by ghosts the shore was haunted. In a cleft under the chalk cliff Chy Lung had hidden himself, venturing out only at

midnight to feed upon the scraps thrown aside by careless hands. Every night, too, the mermaiden sat on the rock, and bemoaned her sister. Her pitiful lamentations showed a grief so intense and enduring, that Chy Lung's heart was soon wrung with remorse. Throwing himself upon the sands, he joined his sobs with hers. Her gentle heart was touched by his sorrows. She spoke to him, and asked why he was hiding like a wild beast. When she heard his story, she felt compassion for his miserable state, and though she could not forget the sister she had lost, this gentle creature forgave her murderer, and sought in her fashion to ameliorate his condition. She often swam to the beach with beautiful things from her garden to adorn his little cavern: sea-weed braided into baskets, and filled with pearls and amber; golden coins that had been brought her from sunken ships, with which she paved the damp rock under his feet; branches of coral, both red and white, and shells and pebbles of brilliant hues. Sometimes she sang, but in so melancholy a strain that her voice pierced to the fisherman's soul, and made him sadder than he was before.

After a while her visits grew rare and brief, for her mother was lonely without her, and would not let her go. At these times, Chy Lung fell into the habit of crawling up to the garden to hide under the shrubbery, hoping to find at least momentary forgetfulness of his miseries by watching the happiness of others.

One evening, after the guests had retired, and the lanterns were extinguished, so that the fisherman could wander at will without fear of molestation, he was leaning listlessly against a tree, near the fish-pond, when he was startled by a voice near at hand.

"Fisherman!" it said. "Listen to me!"

He turned hastily toward the pond, and, as the words were repeated, he perceived that they came from some one speaking just beneath the surface of the water.

"What is it you want of me, and who are you?" he asked in a whisper.

"I am the mermaiden you caught in your net, and cruelly tore from her family," the voice replied. "Escaping by mere chance from the captivity in which you placed me, I managed to reach this pond, where I have been concealed for many days. Do you wish to keep me here, or is your heart less hard than it was when you dragged me from the sea?"

"My heart is not hard at all," answered Chy Lung. "I have suffered greatly on account of the injury I did to you, and I am sure I repent it most

heartily, for myself as well as for you and for your poor sister, who continually mourns your loss."

"You do repent it!" exclaimed the mermaid. "If that is so, why not repair the injury? why not restore me to my home and to my family?"

"I will do it!" cried Chy Lung, "I will do it this very instant," and, wading a short distance into the pond, he seized the outstretched hands of the mermaid and drew her ashore; then, seating her upon his shoulder, he ran rapidly to the sea, and soon the sad song of the sister could be heard, as she sat upon a rock near the beach.

"It is my sister! my dearest sister!" cried the mermaid on Chy Lung's shoulder. "Throw me into the sea, that I may join her!"

Chy Lung accordingly ran into the waves and tossed the mermaid into the water. She swam rapidly to the rock, and in a moment the two sisters were folded in each other's arms.

"Who could have hoped for such happiness?" cried she who had been carried away. "Come, my sister, we must leave this place, never to return; all the unhappiness of our lives we have found here." And she turned away, without a glance toward the fisherman, but her gentler sister besought forgiveness for him.

"He is hunted for his life," she explained. "See! his only home is this damp cave. All his wrong-doings have been caused by the Sorcerer of the Sea. Yonder creature," pointing to the outline

figure, which was grinning and skipping on the white side of the cliff, "stays with him all the time and puts selfish ideas into his head."

"As to that," said the other, "I know enough of the habits of mortals to feel sure that the contents of the cave will buy any man's life, and place him in what station he chooses. As for this creature, behold!" and she smiled rather contemptuously as she swam near the shore and erased the outline figure from the cliff with a handful of damp seaweed; then, clasping her sister in her arms, they both floated out to sea, and Chy Lung never saw them again.

The mermaid spoke truthfully when she foretold that the treasure of the cave would pay for a man's life. It did that for Chy Lung, and more; it made him a man of wealth and standing besides. And when he saved the mandarin's daughter from drowning, and it was discovered that she had long cherished an affection for the handsome fisherman, her father offered him her hand in marriage.

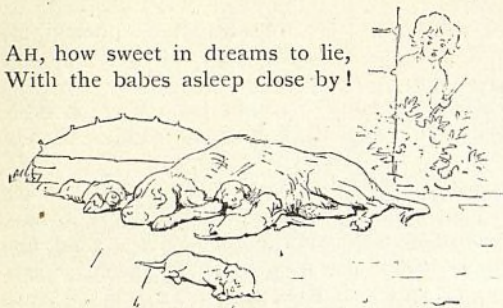
Some of Chy Lung's day-dreams came to pass, after all. He had a fine house and everything he needed; and, when children grew up around him, he often amused himself by fishing, and listened to the voices of his boys and girls as they exclaimed at the wonders of the sea. He told them many stories of his youth, but he never mentioned the Sorcerer of the Sea, nor told how he caught a mermaid when he expected to pull in a fish.



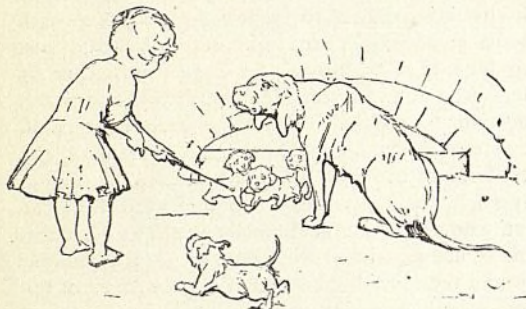
"THEY EXCLAIMED AT THE WONDERS OF THE SEA."

A NAUGHTY BOY.

AH, how sweet in dreams to lie,
With the babes asleep close by!



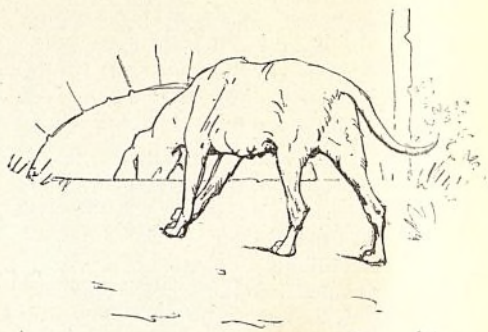
And how bitter when our rest
Is broken by unwelcome guest!



Horror! They have tumbled all!
In the water-butt they'll fall!



"I am coming, children, dear.
Shiver not, for help is near."



"Here we go, dear, up! up! up!
Safe I'll bear each precious pup."



"Pretty darlings! warm and dry,
Soon in dreams again we'll lie."

THE DISADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

NOT having much else to do, I have taken to thinking much of late about the boys of our cities. For one who lives in a city, that is not a very strange thing to do; a good many boys are in sight as one walks about; you find them not only in the school-houses and the school-yards, but on the corners of the streets, and in the alleys and the vacant lots; and whenever a ball-match is about to begin in the Park, you see crowds of them faring eagerly that way.

Here and there you find boys at work: there are cash-boys and news-boys and office-boys and messenger-boys and shop-boys and boot-blacks and garbage-boys,—some very honest and manly little chaps, too, in that unpoetic branch of business. Indeed, there are quite a good many boys in every city who are hard at work every day, helping to support themselves, and perhaps their mothers, too.

But, besides these boys who work, there are not a few who have a great deal of time on their hands. Some of the school boys study out of school, but most of them, I fear, do not; and these, especially the high school boys, have much the largest portion of their waking hours to spend either in play or in idleness, or in what is much worse than either play or idleness. Many of these are the sons of wealthy or well-to-do people; many others are children of the poor. They sleep say eight hours of the twenty-four, and this part of their time is well improved; when they are asleep they are all very good boys. Then they are in school four-and-a-half or five hours; that makes, say thirteen hours; and they spend, perhaps, two hours at their meals, and on their way to and from school, making fifteen hours; and that leaves nine hours which those of them who do not study out of school have to spend in amusing themselves. One whole work-day in every week is a holiday, and that is devoted wholly to play or idleness. About thirteen weeks of every year are vacation weeks, and in these there is nothing at all to do. Now let us figure it up. One-quarter of the working time of every year is vacation time. Of the three-quarters left, one-sixth is holiday time, and one-sixth of three-quarters is one-eighth; a quarter added to an eighth is three-eighths. Of the five-eighths of the working time left, about three-fifths is spent in idleness or diversion, and three-fifths of five-eighths is three-eighths; this added to the three-eighths we had before makes three-fourths,—

three-quarters of the working time of every year spent in fun or in idleness.

Even those boys who study an hour or two out of school, on school days, but who have no other work to do, have fully half of the working time of every year for their own amusement.

Now, I like to see boys playing, and I would deny myself a great many things rather than have my boys forced to work as constantly as I did, and with so little respite for fun as I had when I was a boy; but, after all, it seems to me that it is a grave question whether a boy who spends three-quarters, or even half, of the working time of every year in amusing himself is not carrying it a little too far; whether, indeed, such a life as this is the kind of life that a boy ought to be leading from his tenth to his eighteenth year; whether this is the best way for him to fit himself for the serious work of life. And because this seemed to me so grave a question, I thought I would see what light could be thrown upon it by experience. "If this is the best kind of life to fit a boy for success," I said to myself, "then, doubtless, we shall find that the men who now stand at the head of affairs lived this kind of life when they were boys." And I thought I would try to find out whether this was true of the men in my own city who stand at the head of affairs. The city of Springfield, Massachusetts, in which I live, is a fair sample of American cities. It is not one of the largest class, but is one of our oldest towns; it was founded only sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed, and we who live here think that in wealth and enterprise and respectability and culture it compares favorably with the other cities of the land. And I thought that if we could find out how the active and prominent men of this one city were trained, it might help to solve the question we are considering. Accordingly, I prepared the following circular:

"MY DEAR SIR: I desire to find out, for the benefit of the boys, how the leading men of this city spent their boyhood. Will you be kind enough to tell me,

"1. Whether your home during the first fifteen years of your life was on a farm, in a village, or in a city; and,

"2. Whether you were accustomed, during any part of that period, to engage in any kind of work when you were not in school?

"I should be glad, of course, to have you go into particulars as fully as you are disposed to do; but I do not wish to tax your patience, and I shall be greatly obliged for a simple answer to these two questions."

I sent out one hundred of these to all the presidents of the banks and of the insurance companies,

to the chief managers of the railroads, to the heads of the most important manufacturing companies, to the leading merchants in the principal lines of trade, to leading lawyers and physicians, to the chief editors of the newspapers, and to the principals of the schools. I tried to pick out one hundred men who could fairly be said to stand at the head of the financial, commercial, professional and educational interests of the city, and to them I sent my circular. No less than eighty-eight of these busy gentlemen were kind enough to answer my questions,—some of them briefly, most of them quite fully. And it turned out, as I suspected, that these men did not in their boyhood live the kind of life that we have been talking about. Here is a summary of the returns:

Of these eighty-eight men, twelve spent the first fifteen years of their life in the city, twelve in villages, and sixty-four were farmers' boys.

But of the twenty-four who lived in villages and cities, six were practically farmers' boys, for they lived in small villages, or on the outskirts of cities, and had the same kind of work to do that farmers' boys have. One of these village boys says:

"I learned to hoe, dig, and mow; in fact, I was obliged to work, whether I liked it or not. In winter I went to school, and worked nights and mornings for my board."

Another says: "I used to work away from home, some on a farm in the summer and fall. In the winter, when going to school, we three boys used to work up the wood for winter use."

One of the city boys says: "Up to my fifteenth year, I was required to do the chores of the house, milk and drive cows to pasture, saw the wood, etc., which occupied nearly all of my hours and gave me little time to play."

Another says: "My father kept many horses, and several cows, and out of school hours I was expected to do chores, look after the cows, cut wood, and, in vacations, lend a hand at taking care of horses and teaming, which I did."

Two others tell substantially the same story.

Now these, we shall all allow, were about the same as farmers' boys, and we may as well add them to that list, and that will make it up to seventy, so that seventy out of eighty-eight,—almost four-fifths of all these men,—had the training of farm-life.

And what is farm-life for a boy? If you could read all of these letters, you would get a pretty clear idea of what it is like. I can tell you very shortly about what it means. It means work, steady work, hard work, all the year round, with few holidays and few leisure hours. From about seven to ten years of age, these farmers' boys, who are now bank presidents and merchants and lawyers and doctors, were accustomed to go to school

about three months in the winter and three months in the summer; but out of school hours, and during vacations, there was always work for them to do: gardens to weed, cattle and sheep and pigs and chickens to care for, fire-wood to saw and split and pile and carry into the house, hay to stir and rake, corn to husk and shell,—plenty of work, and they were set at it and kept at it, most of them, from the time that they were seven or eight years old. After they were about ten, they stopped going to school summers; they were wanted at home to work; so that, from about ten to fifteen, they had three or four months of schooling every winter, during which time they did many chores mornings and evenings, while all the other nine months of the year were devoted to work, with little respite.

I am permitted to give you one or two extracts from these letters, which will show you how these farmers' boys spent their time:

"For the first eighteen years of my life," says one of them, "I lived on a farm, and, as soon as I was old enough, attended school for about five months during the fall and winter, and, until I was ten years old, a summer school, taught by a lady, about three months. When attending school, I had work to do, both night and morning—what was called chores; and when not attending school, I worked with my father on the farm, commencing early, and working without any let-up, except for meals, until sunset, frequently staying in the field as long as we could see during the haying season. The only holidays or vacations I knew anything about were Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July."

Another writes: "I worked from sunrise to sunset, when out of school. When in school, morning, noon and night I had to feed the cattle and cut the wood, and Saturdays I went into the woods to chop wood, for which," he adds—and perhaps it is easier for some of us older ones than it is for the boys to feel the force of his devout words—"for which I thank my Heavenly Father."

"I was born and reared on a farm," writes another, "working summers mostly, and going to school winters, from the time I was eight years old until I was fifteen. After that, I worked upon the farm with my father and brothers, when at home vacations, until I commenced the practice of law."

"I think I began to weed in the garden," writes another, "when not more than eight years old. I drove the cow to pasture, and, at the age of ten or twelve, milked the cow, carded the oxen, and fed the pigs. I think we burned twenty cords of wood a year, and it was my business always in winter to have a good stock on hand, piled up in the back room. Shelling corn on the edge of an iron shovel was also one of the duties to be per-

formed, frequently as a stint (generally pronounced stint) in the half days when there was no school. With riding horse to plow in the summer, before school hours, I had a busy life of it."

Another of these gentlemen says: "I had very little time for play or recreation. My school was more than half a mile distant, and when I was twelve or thirteen years of age, I was always required to come home to dinner if the weather and the going were fair. We had just one hour's intermission, and in that hour in winter I would travel home and do about ten to fifteen minutes' work at the barn, when that was needed; if that was not needed, I was required to spend about the same length of time chopping wood at the door. After traveling that mile and a quarter, eating dinner, and working ten minutes, I would get back to the school-house, and have sometimes five or eight minutes for snow-balling or other play before the afternoon session began."

Some of these boys knew what it was to have a day or a half day, once in a great while, for fishing, or hunting, or berrying. During the long winter evenings, there was sport for them in coasting or in skating, with now and then a friendly game of "I spy," with neighbor boys, after dark, around the barn and the straw-stacks, and occasionally the rare excitement of a husking-bee, or a spelling-match, or a singing-school. It was not all drudgery, and for these occasional hours of fun they had a keen relish. But, after all, life with them meant, as I said at first, hard and steady work from the beginning to the end of the year.

Now, how was it with the eighteen city and village boys that are in our list? Did they have an easy time of it? Five of them did, as they testify; five of them had no work in particular to do, but one of the five says that he studied law when out of school, and that was not exactly play. The rest of the eighteen were poor boys,—not paupers, by any means, but children of the humbler classes, many of them in narrow and needy circumstances,—and though they lived in cities or villages, they were accustomed from their earliest years to hard work.

"Was generally employed," says one, "during the summer months and in vacations in doing any kind of work that offered."

"Always had some daily work to do," says another.

"When not in school, I was engaged in work."

"Nearly all my time was occupied in work when not in school."

"Was employed in my father's wood-working shop when not in school."

"I was accustomed to work in my father's printing-office."

"After twelve years of age I attended school in the winter only, working in a woolen-mill the rest of the time."

These are sample cases.

Four of the city boys were newsboys. One of them says: "The last year I was 'connected with the press,' I earned one hundred dollars before breakfast."

Another: "I have paid my own way since eight years of age, without any assistance except my board, from my eighth to my eleventh year."

"When I was fourteen years old," says another of these city boys, "I worked out summers, attending school winters, paying for the schooling by acting as janitor. During vacations I did any odd jobs I could find to do, earning sometimes a dollar a day, and sometimes thirty to fifty cents, but never refusing to work on account of price, thinking half a loaf better than no bread. I would leave play any time for a paying job, although I was very fond of play, and good at it, too. I recall that, on the morning I was to go to take my first lesson in the business that was to be my occupation for eighteen years, I drove to pasture the cows which I had engaged to drive for ten cents a week, and then, donning my best clothes, reported for duty."

I think that you can now see pretty clearly what sort of training the boys had who are now at the head of affairs in Springfield. Seventy of them were country boys, trained by the severe discipline of farm life; thirteen of them were city and village boys who found it necessary to work when they were not in school, and who had but little leisure for play; five only of the eighty-eight were boys who had nothing particular to do.

But while these boys were growing and working; hoeing the corn, tending the lathes, carrying the newspapers, a great many boys were growing up in this same city of Springfield. They were the sons of the merchants and the bankers and the lawyers and the doctors of that day. They went to school, and they spent the time out of school in amusing themselves, as boys of their class are apt to do. Where are they? Only five boys of *this class* are heard from among the eighty-eight solid men of my city. Where are the rest of them? They were here on the ground; they ought to have stepped into the places of influence and prominence in which their fathers stood. What has become of them?

"Perhaps," you are saying, "they are leading men in other cities. A prophet is not without honor save in his own country; perhaps they have found better openings elsewhere than they could find at home, and are as successful and prosperous as their fathers were." Some of them are, no

doubt, but the number of these must be very small. For you notice that we find in Springfield only five men out of eighty-eight *who came from this class*. Ninety-four and a half per cent. of these men from whom we have heard were either farmers' boys or poor and hard working town boys. They did not come from rich or well-to-do families anywhere. They are not the sons of merchants or bankers in Hartford, or Worcester, or Northampton. If we found at the head of affairs in Springfield a goodly number of the sons of such men, who had come from other cities, then we might easily believe that the boys of this class who were raised in Springfield, were in similar positions in other cities; but this is just what we do not find; and since we have no reason to suppose that Springfield is at all exceptional, we must believe that a very small number of boys of this class are in leading positions anywhere, and that those Springfield boys whose fathers stood where the men from whom we have been hearing now stand, have stepped down and out; that they are either occupying subordinate positions to-day, or else—and this is true of many of them—that they have gone to ruin.

Now, why is it that these farmers' boys and these poor men's sons have gone right up to the front, and taken the places that by inheritance belonged to the others? Is it because farmers' boys have more brains than city boys? Is it because poor men's sons are smarter than rich men's sons? No; we are not going to admit anything of the kind.

Is it because the farmers' boys and the poor men's sons are morally superior to the sons of the well-to-do people in the cities? No; I do not think that this is true either. The class of boys of which I am talking are not, in their early years, exceptionally immoral. There are bad specimens among them, of course; but there are quite as many, in proportion, in those classes out of which these successful men have come. There is a great deal of vice, and animalism, and iniquity, among country boys. And many of these fellows who grow up in the homes of the well-to-do people of the cities are as manly and ingenuous and right-hearted as any boys in the world. Why is it, then, that the great majority of them fall behind in the race of life?

The reason is a very simple one. They are not trained to work when they are young, and therefore they are beaten at every point by the boys who are trained to work. Pretty nearly all the prizes of life are carried off by the men who have learned to work. And the boys who are compelled by circumstances to learn this lesson, are perfectly sure, in this country, to outstrip those who have not learned it.

I heard, the other day, not from him, but from

one who knew him well when he was a boy, a very good story of one of the best known and most prosperous of these business men. He was a farmer's boy; and when he was about ten years old he went out for the first time with the men into the potato field to help in hoeing the potatoes. It was a large field, and the soil was stony, and there were many weeds, and the progress was slow. After they had been at work for some time, the boy lifted himself up, and looked around upon the few rows that were hoed, and then over the wide field, upon which so small a beginning had been made, and said, with a sigh:

"Can this field of potatoes ever be hoed?"

Well, the work went on, and after a good while the last row was finished. It had been a long and tedious job, but it was done. By and by it was necessary to hoe the potatoes the second time, and the boy was summoned to help. He had not been at work very long when he straightened up, this time with a very different comment:

"This field of potatoes," he said, "has been hoed once, and it can be hoed again."

There it is—the whole philosophy of it. The boy had learned a most salutary and precious lesson. He had learned that it was possible to accomplish a long and difficult and disagreeable task by settling right down to it, and keeping at it, hill by hill, and row by row—hour after hour, and day after day—until it was done. He had learned the value of patience and persistence and steadiness. That is the lesson that a farmer's boy has a good chance to learn, and that every boy is likely to learn who has any grit in him, and who is forced to face the hard fact of poverty. Any boy who has learned that lesson well has good promise of the future; to any boy who has not learned it, the education of the schools is worthless, and money is a curse.

You see, then, boys, that those of you who belong to the class of which I first began to speak,—those of you who are not obliged to do any regular work, and who have half or more than half of all your working time in which to amuse yourselves—are not, after all, in a very favorable position. You are sometimes talked to about your advantages; but the fact is that you are laboring under great disadvantages.

It is an immense disadvantage to you that you are not learning, in these years when the habits of life are formed, the habit of steady, patient, plodding work.

It is a disadvantage to you that you have so much time for play; many of you get the idea that the staple of life is play: your heads are so full of it that you cannot do justice to your studies; any task becomes irksome to you; and you lose the power of application and the habit of persistence.

The abundance of amusements within reach of a city boy whose parents are in fair circumstances is a great obstacle in his way. Such amusements, indulged in to the extent that they are by the majority of boys of this class, debilitate the mind, instead of refreshing it, and unfit the boy for the serious business of life.

The free access to the city libraries and the circulating libraries is, I fear, a great disadvantage to many of you. It need not be, if you make the right use of them; but if you read almost wholly for amusement, as many of you do—if you read only novels, and sensational tales of travel—then your reading has exactly the same effect upon your mind that your other amusements have; the result of it is, that you lose your mental grip, and find yourselves unable to do any patient, vigorous mental work.

Another of your disadvantages is, that you have too much money to spend—or, if you have not much, that what you have comes easily—with little or no effort or sacrifice on your part. You have not much chance of learning the cost of money. Money costs work, and any large amount of it costs prudence and frugality; that is the rule, to which there are few exceptions. You are not likely to prove exceptions to the rule when you go out into the world, and it is a pity that you should seem to be exceptions now. You think, perhaps, that your fathers get considerable money without seeming to work very hard; but you forget that it was by years of hard work, with small earnings and small savings, that your fathers, most of them, gained the power, and the knowledge, and the credit, and the capital that enable them now to reap large rewards with comparative ease. You are not going to do, off-hand, what it has cost them a life-time to learn how to do. And it is a great misfortune to you that your money, be it much or little, is so easily gotten; you do not realize the price that must be paid for money, and you throw it away in a reckless fashion; as the wise man says, it comes lightly, and is soon diminished.

One of the prosperous gentlemen from whom we have been hearing writes thus to me:

"I remember well the first money I ever earned. I worked for a neighboring farmer six months for two dollars per month. I was then quite young, and during the long summer days I was sometimes a little discouraged; but then the thought would come to me of the exceeding great reward which would be mine at the end of the six months, and I labored on, performing, I am now inclined to believe, six months of as honest and faithful work as any I have since done. Certain I am, that I have never received for any six months since, while at work for others or engaged in business for my-

self, any remuneration which seemed quite equal to that I then received."

That boy learned a lesson that was of incalculable value to him; it is a lesson that country boys and poor boys are very often compelled to learn, and that many of you do not seem to have the chance of learning; and this is a tremendous disadvantage to you.

So, then, you see that what people call your advantages are really your disadvantages; for, while you are having a good time here, hanging on the fences, sunning yourselves in the vacant lots, watching the ball-games, or joining in laughing over the minstrel shows or the Pinafores, reading the novels and the story papers, spending your money for little luxuries, the poor boys and the country boys are learning to work, learning to put themselves right down to hard tasks, learning that disagreeable things can be done by sticking to them, learning, in their small gains, what a costly thing money is, learning the great and profitable lessons of labor and patience and frugality and steadfastness. And so, when you and they start out together in the great arena of the world's work, they go right past you, and the first you know you are nowhere, and the work of the world and the prizes of industry and skill and power are in their hands.

You often see two young men beginning together in business, with equal chances and equal abilities, the only difference between them being, that one of them has learned during his boyhood what work means, and the other has not. Presently, this last one finds that there is much that is disagreeable and confining and tedious about his work; that much is required and little is given for it; and he gives it up and is off in search of something pleasanter. It is not easy to find; and so he tries one thing after another, sticking to nothing long, and getting no mastery of anything. His gains are therefore small, but his wants are many; his expenses exceed his income; he is always in debt, and by and by he gets utterly discouraged. Luck is all against him, he says, it is no use to try, and he sinks down into helpless poverty, or perhaps plunges into vice or crime. A great many of the forgers and defaulters come from this class. The other young man, meantime, sticks to his work. He knows that work is not always agreeable, but he is not going to let the task conquer him; he will conquer the task. He has done it before, and can do it again. Success does not come all at once, but he can wait as well as work. And it comes to him by and by. He does not need to go in search of it; promotion seeks him. Prosperity does not need to be run after; it follows.

Now, boys, you are thinking by this time that,

for those of you who are so unlucky as not to be obliged to earn your own living, there is a dubious outlook. Well, I have only been giving you the facts. I did not invent these facts; I have simply reported them as honestly as I could, and you certainly can afford to look them in the face. I want to guard you, however, against one or two wrong inferences.

You must not infer that all the country boys who come to the cities become rich and influential men. There are tens of thousands of them who become paupers; there are tens of thousands of them who come to the city because they do not like to work, and because they imagine that city folks have an easy time of it. They come to grief, of course, and it serves them right.

Neither must you infer that all poor boys in the cities become leading merchants and leading lawyers. Tens of thousands of them are growing up to be paupers and criminals.

Neither are you called upon to believe that these boys from whom we have heard liked the severe and confining labor at which they were kept in their boyhood. Some of them disliked it less than others did, no doubt; but most of them did hard work, not because they enjoyed it, but because they were compelled to do it.

What these facts and figures teach is simply this: that a boy in city or in country, who is trained to work, who gets the discipline of will that comes with that training, has eighteen chances of succeeding in life, when the boy who has not had this training has one chance.

They teach also, and this is the fact that I want you all to notice, that you cannot afford to go with the majority of your class, unless your class greatly changes its habits; that if you do about as the other fellows of your class do, you will come out about where the other fellows of your class come out—and that is nowhere—crippled, beaten, distanced in the race of life.

Well, then, is there no chance for you? Yes; there is a splendid chance, if you will only seize it. Here are five men who have succeeded—who have come up to tell you their story. They had your disadvantages, but they have made men of themselves—successful, worthy, influential gentlemen. All honor to them! What they have done you can do. And if the boys of this generation will look the facts in the face, and see what the conditions of successful manhood are, the next census, thirty years from now, will tell a different story.

Can anything be done to give boys in the city a better chance?

Yes; there are some things that can be done, and that must be done. Our system of education must be modified so as to provide industrial as well

as mental training. The education of the hands, the education of the eye, the education of the judgment, the education of the will, that a boy gets by learning to work, are of more consequence to him in future life than arithmetic and geography and grammar. These last are of great importance, but those first are of greater importance; and it is a poor system of education that makes no provision for them.

It is *habits* rather than methods of industry, however, that you need to learn; and many of you will find some opportunities of learning these about your own homes, if you will look for them. There is considerable work of one kind or another that boys can do—that some boys do—in connection with the house or the garden or the grounds; and if you will shoulder this, and do it well and faithfully, the exercise and the training will be very profitable to you, and may be very helpful to your parents.

Furthermore, there is plenty of chance for you to do faithful, mental work; and this, if you will take hold of it with a will, may be almost as valuable training for future usefulness as manual labor could be.

To begin with—there is your every-day school work, to which some of you might give a good deal more time, with great profit. If you will take the studies that you like least, and go at them with the determination to master them—if you will put yourselves right down to the disagreeable parts of your school work with steady patience, and hold yourselves to them till they are thoroughly done, you will get in such victories as these a discipline of will that is almost as good as you would get in hoeing a stony potato-field. Besides, there are lines of reading or of study that you could take up in connection with your school work in which you would find the best kind of discipline. If the boy who now spends almost all his afternoons in the park, or visiting boy-friends, and almost all his evenings at his club, or at the music hall, and who fills in the intervals of leisure with Fireside Library stories, will make up his mind to give at least two solid hours of every day to the reading of some instructive book—doing it of his own accord, doing it thoroughly, not fooling around two hours with the book in his hand, but holding his attention right to it, whether he is specially interested in it or not, till he comprehends it, and fixes it in his mind—that will prove to him a most valuable training. The boy who can do a thing like this can make a man of himself. He is not the kind of chap that will be elbowed off the track by country boys, nor by anybody else.

Of course, you ought to have a chance to play. A boy likes to play, and a school-boy needs to

play. I should wish my boys to have at least two hours every day of good, wholesome, vigorous outdoor sport; so much as that would not hurt them, I am sure—though that is a great deal more than I had. But I am equally sure that all those city boys

who really expect to hold their own in the great competitions of the world must give less time to idleness, and play and foolish reading, and put their minds and their wills in training for the serious work of life.

THE LEGEND OF THE GROUND-HOG.

BY WILLIAM M. PEGRAM.



A GROUND-HOG climbed up to the mouth of his hole
 Just to take a sly peep at the weather;
 And right careful was he not to venture too far,
 For he said "I've some foes, and I know who they are;"
 But he thought he would like to know whether
 The long, cheerless winter was certainly o'er,
 Or whether 't would linger for six weeks or more.

He peeped slyly out—'t was a dull, cloudy day,
 And the prospect was dismal and gloomy;
 But it suited him well, for he bolted right out,
 And the way that he frolicked and gamboled about
 Showed a liking for places more roomy
 Than the close and contracted, though snug little hole,
 In which he'd been sleeping as blind as a mole.

What a queer look he had! You'd have thought so, I'm sure,
 Had you caught but a glimpse of the fellow;
 Out of four little paws, you'd have noted but three
 That were black, for the fourth was as white as could be,
 While his fur was of mixed gray and yellow;

And right lanky was he with a famishing maw,
For he could n't eat dirt and he would n't eat straw !

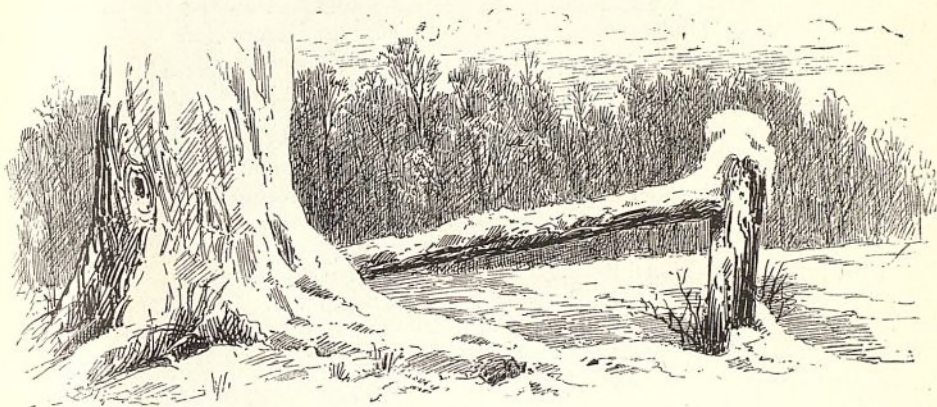


He rose with an appetite, doubtless you 'll think,
'T was exactly his own way of thinking ;
So he made up his mind that he 'd soon have his fill,
To a garden hard by started off with a will,



And the sight that he saw set him blinking ;
For a splendid repast to his taste there he found
In the winter fruit scattered all over the ground.

He had only just taken a nibble or two
 When he noticed a chill wind a-blowing;
 And lo, and behold! he could scarce trust his eyes,
 For a clear azure streak showed itself in the skies,
 And soon the bright sun, too, was showing;
 His shadow he saw, and with piteous dole
 He cried, "Out too soon! I must back to my hole!"
 —And for six weeks thereafter 't was snowing!



AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

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

CHAPTER XIII.

IN city or country, it is all the same, Monday is always "washing day."

Aunt Keziah Merrill was a person who was apt to begin that sort of work early in the morning, and on that particular Monday she had a woman come over from the village to help Ann, so that, by the middle of the forenoon, all the lines that were stretched between the trees and fence-posts in the back yard were white and pink and check with the fruit of the wash-tub.

"It's a big washing," said Susie, as she stood on the piazza with Roxy. "Are all those little stockings yours, Roxy?"

"No," replied Roxy. "Some of 'em are Chub's. One day there was a chair left under the line and the Shanghai rooster jumped upon it and he pulled all my stockings off the line."

"What did he do that for?"

"I don't know. Piney said he was a poor

heathen Chineec, and didn't know any better. But then, he crowed about it."

"Are we all going walking this morning?"

"I guess not. Uncle Liph and Mother and Grandpa are going out riding, by and by. But Aunt Keziah and Cousin Mary are going with us."

"I 'am glad of that. Only I hope we wont meet any bad sheep."

"There aint any. We 've got the only one there is."

And Roxy seemed almost inclined to be proud of the fact.

It was not long before Aunt Keziah called them in to see if they were ready for their walk, and then, with Chub toddling on ahead of them, they all marched through the front gate and up the road for a little stroll.

They had not gone far when they saw a strange-looking group in front, who seemed to be friends to Chub, for Mary exclaimed:

"Where is Chub running to? What queer people! Does he know them?"

"Those? Oh, they're Indians from the Reservation. It's Piney's friend, Hawk-nose John, that he was talking of. The little one is The Woodchuck, and the two women are squaws."

"The tall man has picked up Chub. He wont hurt him?"

"Hurt him? No! I only hope he has n't any maple sugar in his pocket. He's always giving the child something of the kind."

They had quickened their pace, and were pretty near the little squad of Onondagas. Roxy, herself, tripped on ahead, but Susie was quite contented to take hold of her grown-up sister's dress and walk beside her. The two squaws had each a burden to carry, for on each pair of shoulders, tightly held in a blanket, in spite of the hot day, there nestled a brown-faced bit of a baby.

"Oh, the papposes!" exclaimed Roxy. "See them, Susie."

"How funny they are!"

"I should think they'd melt under those blankets, this hot day," said Aunt Keziah, "but they don't. Indians take naturally to blankets."

Mary was really interested in the papposes, and the two squaws smiled very pleasantly, but did not say a word, as the ladies patted their dusky babies.

"How boy like new bow?" said Hawk-nose John. "Break window yet?"

"No, John," said Aunt Keziah, "but he shot a pickerel. Biggest one I've seen in a year."

"Good. Boy make Indian, some day."

"What will you take for your pappoose, John?" said Aunt Keziah, with a sly look at Mary.

"Potatoes," said John, gravely. "All can carry in big bag."

"That's what you made me give you for Piney's bow," laughed Aunt Keziah. "I wont make any more bargains with you. You might carry off the farm."

"Good," said Hawk-nose John. "S'pose did. Indian own him all once. Trade him to Aunt Keziah's grandfather for blanket and old gun. All tree, den. Plenty deer. Plenty Onondaga. Indian no pick berry and trade bow for potatoes. Keep bow to kill deer."

"He is n't so far wrong, Mary. Your great grandfather used to trade a good deal with the Indians."

"But, Aunt Keziah," said Roxy, "we don't want any Indian babies at our house, do we?"

"Why not, Roxy?" said Mary. "That's a real pretty one."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Susie, "buy it and we'll take it with us to the city."

"We never could grow it up at our house, anyhow," objected Roxy.

"Would n't it eat?" asked Susie. "Not even if you gave it milk? Could n't Piney tame it for you?"

But Hawk-nose John's squaw had been listening, and she now broke out into a merry fit of laughter as she shook her head and pulled her blanket tighter around her little one. She had not said a word, for that would have been contrary to Indian customs, in the presence of her husband, but both she and the other squaw started off down the road, followed pretty quickly by Hawk-nose John and The Woodchuck.

It would not do to make too long a walk of it, if only for Chub's sake, and after Aunt Keziah had led them to the top of a little hill, and showed them the next lake, in the distance, they made the best of their way home. The children, indeed, were glad enough to follow Chub's example and have a nap, for they had been up and busy since early that morning, and it was now almost noon.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT Monday afternoon, Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Piney's mother went for a drive in the carry-all. Mary Hunter went back to her room, after dinner, for another look at her papers and magazines.

Aunt Keziah had a great deal to do about the house, and Roxy and Susie got hold of some old picture-books, a great heap of them, more than they could have gone through in one day.

Bi was left to himself, therefore, for Piney would not be home till nearly four o'clock, and so he took his cousin's advice, got out his rod and fishing-tackle, and started for the lake. When at last Piney did come home, he asked where Bi was, and when Aunt Keziah told him, he said: "I'm glad of it. I'm going right upstairs to my room."

"Why, Piney, you're not sick?"

"Almost sick of algebra. One of these problems has just about stuck me. I can't make it go, and I wont give it up. What if it was given to me on Examination day? Besides, I wont be beaten, any way, by a lot of mere equations and roots and things."

"That's you, Piney, my boy," said Aunt Keziah, earnestly. "Never do you give up, so long as you live."

Aunt Keziah was one of the people who do not give up very easily, and Piney's rosy face looked a good deal as if he were another.

But all that while Bi had been having the boat to himself, and the lake, too, for that matter.

Somehow, after he found himself floating off

alone, he did not seem to care whether he caught any fish or not.

"Don't believe they bite much at this time of day," he said to himself, as he leaned over and looked down into the water. "Besides, it's better fun to paddle along and see things."

It was a quiet kind of fun, but there was plenty of it and it did not call for any very hard work. The scow slipped along over the water quite easily. Now and then, Bi stopped rowing entirely, and just let her float. Away up over his head, a great hen-hawk was sailing around in wide, slow circles, watching the earth for prey of some sort. Some crows were cawing from the opposite shore. On a dead limb of a tree, that leaned from the nearest bank, a kingfisher sat peering down into the water. A little farther on, he could see three good-sized snapping-turtles, sunning themselves on the same half-sunken log. Twice, already, he had seen a musk-rat put his nose above water, and he had wondered what it could be.

"There," he suddenly exclaimed, "that pickerel sprang clear out of the water. Must have been after a fly. Is n't this great, now? Why, I'm drifting away down the lake."

So he was, and that did not mean going very far, for the lake was but little more than a mile long, and hardly more than half as wide. It was very irregular in shape, and there was quite a stretch of marsh, with bushes and flags growing all over it, at the southern end.

That was where Piney had told him there was always good rabbit shooting in winter, and he pulled away to have a look at it.

Pretty soon he came to a sort of opening, and he steered the scow right in. It grew narrower, till it was little more than a hundred feet wide.

"I know what it is," he exclaimed, at last. "This is where the river goes out. I'll push right on down."

It was grand fun. Bi had hardly ever felt more excited. It seemed to him a good deal as if he had discovered that river, and he thought of Hendrick Hudson, and De Soto, and Christopher Columbus, and John C. Fremont, and a great many other explorers.

"What fun it would be to find the north pole," he said to himself. "Only I'd like to go there on a June day, and be sure of getting back in time for supper."

But it was soon very plain to Bi that he had got out into the river, for the water now ran pretty fast, and was shallow, especially in some places.

"Wonder if this would n't be a good place to fish," he said to himself. "I'll try it, anyhow. It's a wonderfully lonely place."

Bi had hit it. That was one of the best fishing-

grounds around the lake, at that time of day, and he was fairly delighted with his success. To be sure, he caught a great many shiners, not more than eight inches long, and bull-heads and pumpkin-seeds. Then, up came a sucker that weighed more than a pound. Then, some very good yellow perch, and the largest bull-head he had seen since he came. And then he was puzzled, for his next capture was an eel. Such a wriggler!

Hardly was the eel over the side of the boat before it had itself all tangled up in the line, and it seemed to have no idea of lying still to have the hook taken out of its mouth.

"I never want to catch another," said Bi. "Be quiet, wont you! There,—I've got my foot on him."

That was about the only way he could have done it, and the moment the hook was out, the eel seemed to get over all the bottom of the scow, every which way, in a twinkling.

"They're good to eat," he said; "but I wish I knew how to bait my hook so they would n't touch it."

That was one thing he did not know, however, and it is to be doubted if even Piney could have told him; and three times more, before he pulled up the anchor of his boat, he had to bother ever so long in taking off an eel. He hurt his fingers a little, too, on some of his bull-heads, but he did not mind that much.

About five o'clock, Bi started home. Roxy and Susie were at the landing, waiting for him. They had wearied of their picture-books, and had come out for a romp.

"Cousin Bi!" shouted Roxy, "it's almost supper-time, and I was afraid you'd lost yourself."

"O, no," said Bi, as he pulled to the landing, "I did n't lose myself. I caught some fish. What do you think of that?" asked Bi, as they looked into the boat.

"Why, you caught some eels," said Roxy. "Look at 'em, Susie; they're just like snakes, and they'll slip right away from you."

"They're dreadful creatures," said Susie.

"Wait, Bi," said Roxy; "I'll run to the kitchen for a pan."

"O yes, please do," he said; but she was off like a little curly-headed flash, and was back again by the time he had fastened his boat, and began to pick over his fish.

"How can I ever pick up those eels!" he exclaimed.

"O, Piney picks 'em right up," said Roxy. "It's just as easy."

"How does he do it, I'd like to know?"

"Why, anybody knows that. He just gets his hands all covered with sand, and then the eels

don't slip. It's because they slip so, that you can't catch 'em. That's all."

"Sand! And I never thought of that. Of course it'll do."

And it did, but, even with sand to help him, Bi declared he would rather be set at some other kind of work than picking up eels.

"The horrid things," said Susie, "they wont lie still now they're dead."

CHAPTER XV.

TUESDAY and Wednesday passed pleasantly, but very quietly, at the farm-house.

The older people from the city had come there to rest, and were inclined to take it, now they were there, while the younger ones found plenty to amuse themselves with, out-of-doors.

Every now and then Roxy would say, "Wait till Piney's vacation comes," but just what would happen then, she never attempted to tell.

He, himself, was wrestling all the while with his preparations for Examination. So much, that he told Kyle Wilbur he had had no chance to practice his piece at all.

"I've worked at mine," said Kyle, "I dreamed I was blown up, last night, and what do you think it was?"

"Can't guess," said Piney.

"Why, I'd looked around for my father, to ask if I'd got to stay on the burning deck, and I rolled out of bed, thumped my head on the floor, and woke up the folks."

A good many calculations had been made on what was to be done with that Thursday. Piney had determined to give up his books, at last, and devote himself to his cousins, all day long.

"We'd have a haying time," he said to Mary, "but the clover field is all in, and they wont begin cutting the big meadow till next week. Then I'll show you some fun. Bi and I are going to the upper lakes. May be gone all day."

But when the people at the farm-house awoke on Thursday morning, it was not the sunshine that awakened them. Not a bit of it.

It was the heavy patter of rain on the shingles of the roof, and the moment Aunt Keziah looked out of her window, she said:

"I thought so. It wont clear up before the middle of the afternoon, if it does then."

And, at the breakfast table, Roxy said to Susie:

"I don't know what on earth we'll do with you all to-day. Aunt Keziah says it's awful to have so many people rained in at one house."

"So it is," said Aunt Sarah. "Elizabeth, what shall we do with the children? Picture-books?"

"I'll fix 'em," said Piney. "We'll make a good day of it."

"What can you do?" asked his mother.

"Do? Why, Mother, there's the garret. There's more fun in it than we could use up in a week. May we have the garret, Aunt Keziah?"

"Have it? Why, you may turn it all out on the roof, if you'll only keep the children out of the kitchen and out of mischief. Take Bi and Mary up there, too, and find them something to play with."

Both Bi and Susie had looked at the rain ruefully enough, that morning, and Roxy had been in real distress about her guests, but the mention of the garret set their spirits all in motion again. Even Cousin Mary had seemed a little blue, till she heard her aunts and her mother discussing the relics of ancient times, which Piney invited them all to explore.

"You'd better wear your old clothes," he said. "The garret has as much dust in it as there is on the south road. We'll be a nice-looking lot before we get through with it."

Roxy was inclined to wonder, a little, for the garret had been a sort of forbidden ground to her and Chub. It was an enchanted island that they were rarely permitted to land on, and then, not to stay long.

"Oh, Susie," she exclaimed, "I'd rather play in that garret than anywhere else in the world. We must take our dolls up there."

"Our dolls? What for?"

"Oh, to dress 'em up. There's just the splendidest lot of old clothes you ever saw!"

And so, not a great while after breakfast, Piney led the way, and called on the rest to follow. Back, through the dining-room and sitting-room and into the kitchen.

"This is the old part of the house," he said to Bi. "The stairs go up into the garret from that door in the corner."

"Why, is it only in the second story!"

"The house has n't more than that, anywhere. But you never climbed steeper stairs in your life."

"That's a fact," said Bi, when the door was opened. "They're more like a ladder."

"I'll look out for Chub," said Cousin Mary. "What a pokerish flight of stairs! Were they always as bad as this?"

"Great-grandfather Hunter had nothing but a ladder," said Piney. "The old log-house that stood here was a kind of fort. The Indians attacked it once."

"In the Indian war?" asked Mary.

"O, no, it was n't war, exactly, but they quarreled with him. They were pretty near neighbors then. All around him, and no Reservation."

"It's a wonder there was any *preservation*," said Mary, as she slowly climbed the stairs, and helped Chub to clamber beside her.

If the stairs were pokerish, so was the garret. To be sure, there were two windows at the back, and there had been two more in front, but the latter had been darkened forever when the front part of the house was built, and the others had not been washed for many a long day, and were glazed with

"Why, it's a cavalry saber. It's a good deal crookeder than they make 'em now."

"Crooked as a scythe. That came from a trooper in Burgoyne's army."

"Did he have any cavalry?"

"Can't say. But, then, there's the sword. Here's another."

This was a straight-pointed sword, with a three-cornered blade and no edge.



THE PROCESSION FROM THE GARRET.

small panes of greenish, old-fashioned glass. The ceiling was the roof, with the rafters all uncovered, and the rain was now pattering dismally on the shingles.

"Cousin Mary," exclaimed Roxy, "can you spin? Aunt Keziah can. That's a spinning-wheel."

"Why, there are three or four of them," said Mary. "And that must be part of an old loom. Mother says grandmother Merrill, that's Aunt Keziah's mother, made all the linen and woolen cloth she used till she was forty years old."

"Yes," said Roxy, "and she made the beautiful rag-carpet in the dining-room. Piney says it's a regular B'ustles carpet."

"O, but, Bi," shouted Piney, as she pulled something out of a corner, "do you see that?"

"It's a sticker," said Bi.

"It's what the British infantry sergeants used to wear. Tip-top for toasting bacon on."

"But, Piney, what a gun that is! I never saw such a long barrel. And the end flares out like a young bugle."

"That's a bell-muzzled fowling-piece. Our folks used them on the British at Bunker Hill. They're great for ducks and geese. Put in any amount of shot."

"I'd say you could," said Bi.

Roxy was whirling one of the great, wooden spinning-wheels, to Susie's intense delight, and Chub was pulling all sorts of queer things out of odd corners.

"What's in those chests?" asked Bi.

"Grandmother's clothes," said Roxy, "and my great-grandmother's, and lots of other things. Some of them are pretty nice, too."

"O, Piney!" shouted Roxy, "open them all

right away, please, and let Susie and me dress our dolls."

"All right," said Piney, and in a few minutes more the floor was covered with ancient treasures of millinery and dress-making.

Mary Hunter had quite enough of her father's liking for antiquities to take an interest in such matters, and she helped the children dress their dolls in a way that might have made a cat laugh.

There were cases of old account-books and papers of all sorts. Bushels of old letters. Old hats and bonnets. One large, hair-covered trunk, was almost full of old tools, and Piney and Bi ransacked them with a will. Hour after hour went past, till Piney suddenly exclaimed: "Now, cousin Mary, let's all dress up and go down-stairs."

"What fun!" said Mary. "We'll dress the children, too, and carry the dolls with us."

So they did, and a wonderful set of Guys they made of themselves. Perhaps the funniest figure, except the dolls, was Chub, in an old army uniform coat, that almost covered him up.

As for Mary,—in a green silk dress of her great-grandmother's and a coal-scuttle bonnet, and with a yellow sash around her waist, and huge, dirty "elbow-gloves" on,—all she needed was a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, that Piney fished up for her out of the tool-chest. When they were all ready, the one remaining difficulty was to get down those steep and narrow stairs without falling. Bi and Piney managed it for them, however, in spite of the queer toggery they had on, although Bi had girded himself with the saber, and Piney was armed with the straight sword and the big fowling-piece.

Mary carried Roxy's great rag-doll in her arms, and there had never before been such a procession seen in that house, as they made when they went through the kitchen into the dining-room.

Nobody was there, and Mary said, half choking with laughter:

"They must all be in the front parlor. Let's march right in."

"Forward march," said Piney.

They were all there, sure enough.

Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Piney's mother and Aunt Keziah, and, besides them, there was a tall, pleasant-looking gentleman, who sprang to his feet as the procession entered, exclaiming:

"Bless me!"

There was no help for it; everybody had to laugh. Even the strange gentleman laughed, although Roxy said, afterward, she was sure she saw him trying not to.

But Mary Hunter forgot she was carrying the rag-baby, for she dropped it on the floor, and said: "Mr. Sadler! when did you come?"

And he stepped forward very politely, and said: "I wanted to see your father on some important business. Came in by the stage, and had myself driven right over. It's a rainy day, Miss Hunter."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARY HUNTER said something or other, not very distinctly, as she stooped to pick up the rag-baby; but when she arose, she stepped forward in a very stately way, with it in her arms, and sat down in a big rocking-chair.

All the rest were in fits of laughter over the children. Roxy said:

"Uncle Liph, don't you see? Susie and I are both our grandmothers."

"What a mess you must have made in that garret," remarked Aunt Keziah, but Piney said:

"Yes, it's dreadful. The dust won't settle in a week. Bi, how does that hat feel? It is n't exactly a city hat."

"No," said Bi. "I wonder where it was made?"

"It must feel like a helmet," said Uncle Liph.

"What's a helmet?" asked Roxy.

"It's an iron hat. When you come to see me, I'll show you one."

"An iron hat!" exclaimed Roxy. "How they must have hurt."

"But then they did n't wear out," said Susie, "and they did n't bend if anybody sat down on 'em."

"It's pretty near dinner-time," said Aunt Keziah. "Mary, my grandmother never came to dinner with her bonnet on."

"Then I'll go and put mine away," said Mary.

"Come on, Bi," said Piney. "If my face is as dusty as yours, we'd both better try some soap and water."

That was what the children needed, too, very much, indeed, and they were all marched out of the parlor, not forgetting the dolls.

Piney and Bi were back in the parlor before the rest, and when Mary Hunter came in, Piney whispered: "Is n't she pretty, Bi? I never saw her look so well before."

That was a merry dinner party, in spite of the rain that was still pouring down over everything out-of-doors. Uncle Liph seemed to be in high spirits, and Grandfather Hunter told a story of how the ladies and gentlemen were dressed on his wedding day.

The people around the table seemed ready to laugh at anything, but Piney was a little sober over the prospects for the rest of the day.

What should he contrive for amusement?

He need not have troubled himself about Roxy

and Susie and Chub, for they were almost ready to leave their pie, to get back to their dolls and their wonderful new, old dresses. Mary herself began to help them, after dinner, but Aunt Sarah made her stop and go to the parlor to play and

was nothing serious, and glad to have Mr. Sadler visit at the farm-house.

"Bi," said Piney, as soon as he saw how nicely everything was going on without his help, "let us have a game of chess. I've a set of men, and a board."

"I'm ready. Chess is just the thing for a rainy day."

So they played, in a corner of the back parlor, until, about the middle of the afternoon, there was a sound of giggling and of rustling silk on the hall stairs, and Piney said:

"Checkmate in two moves, Bi. Let's see what's up."

"All right," said Bi. "You can beat me, anyhow. I must get me a book and study up my games."

Something was about to happen, and Roxy was at the bottom of it. Piney felt sure of that, but he could not have guessed what it was. A little while before, Roxy had suddenly dropped her doll, exclaiming: "Oh, Susie, I have n't practiced my piece since you came."

"Your piece? What's that?"

"Oh, for the exhibition, next Saturday! Did n't you know I went to school to the academy?"

"Why, you don't go with Piney?"

"Sometimes I do; but not in the last week. I don't go reg'lar, but I'm to speak my piece reg'lar."

That was about it, for Roxy had arranged the matter for herself a few weeks before with the young lady "principal" of the girls' department of the academy.

"Well," said Susie, "speak it now, and Chub and I'll hear it."

"Yes, but I don't mean here. I'll dress up and go and speak it in the parlor to all the folks."

"How will you dress up? Is it that kind of a piece?"

"It's 'The Breaking Waves,'" said Roxy, "and it's the best piece in the world. Aunt Keziah wanted me to learn another, but I wanted 'The Breaking Waves.'"

"I never heard it," said Susie.

"Did n't you? Don't they know it in the city? Well, Cousin Mary left that green silk dress on the floor in her room, and she threw the big bonnet away into the corner."

"Are the spectacles there?"

"No; they're scattered out in the hall, I guess. But I don't want them; I only want the dress and the bonnet."

Susie was quite ready to help in an affair of that kind, and Chub danced all around them while Roxy was putting on the things. She was almost hidden under so much dress and bonnet, and Susie



"ROXY WAS WHIRLING ONE OF THE SPINNING-WHEELS."

sing. That was after Mr. Sadler had had a talk about "business" with Uncle Liph.

"Is it anything serious?" Aunt Sarah had asked, when Uncle Liph met her in the hall, and he had said, with a queer smile:

"A trifle serious, my dear, but not very bad. I think we must keep Sadler here for a few days. I'll talk with you about the business, by and by."

Aunt Sarah smiled, too, as if she were glad there

said: "Long trails are just the fashion, but you 'll have the longest trail in all the world."

Very likely she had, for a lady of her size.

The older people had once more seated themselves in the front parlor, just as Roxy and Susie and Chub came down the stairs, and Mr. Sadler was spreading out some new music on the piano. It was some he had brought with him, and he was saying:

"That 's old, but it 's pretty. It 's 'The Rainy Day'—" here he was interrupted by the voice of Roxy, in the middle of the room behind him:

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night tongue dark,
The hills and waters sore—"

But at that point poor Roxy was interrupted by peals of laughter all around the room.

Roxy looked behind her.

"Chub, you naughty boy, get off from my trail. You make them all laugh. It 'll spoil my piece." For there he was, "tetering" on the skirt of the

green silk on his tiptoes, and poking out his little hands in imitation of Roxy's gestures.

Then she turned around and tried to go on, but Chub only stepped off the train to come in front of her, and put his fat little face away inside of the scoop-shovel bonnet. And then, all that the rest could hear, was something about "the wild New England shore."

Then Roxy herself began to laugh, for it was all too funny for anything, but she was a little vexed about her piece, and she said: "Mamma, I could say it if Chub would keep away."

"Come here, Chub," said his mother.

"O, yes," exclaimed Cousin Mary, "do let us have the whole of it. Go on, Roxy, dear."

"I 'll go on," said Roxy, "but I guess you could n't speak very well, with somebody poking his face under your bonnet."

Still, Roxy felt encouraged to go on, and she recited the whole of "The Landing-of the Pilgrim Fathers," with only here and there a few changes in the words. And I think that if one of the veritable Pilgrims had tried to recite it, with that dress and bonnet on, he probably would have skipped some of the words, or changed them.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE PEASANT.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

(See Frontispiece.)

UNSTRUNG by her heart's first sorrow,
In the dawn of her life she stands,
With listless fingers holding
A vacant nest in her hands.

The grass at her feet no longer
Is bright with the light of the skies,
As downward she looks through the tear-drops
That stand in her heaven-blue eyes.

For the nest, so cold and forsaken,
Has taught her the lesson to-day,
That the dearest of earthly treasures
Have wings and can fly away.

Yet she clings to the empty casket,
And sighs that no more is left,—
As a mother clings to the cradle
Of its dimpled treasure bereft.

Alas for the early shadows
That fall about our way,
When the beautiful light has vanished,
And the hill-tops are cold and gray!

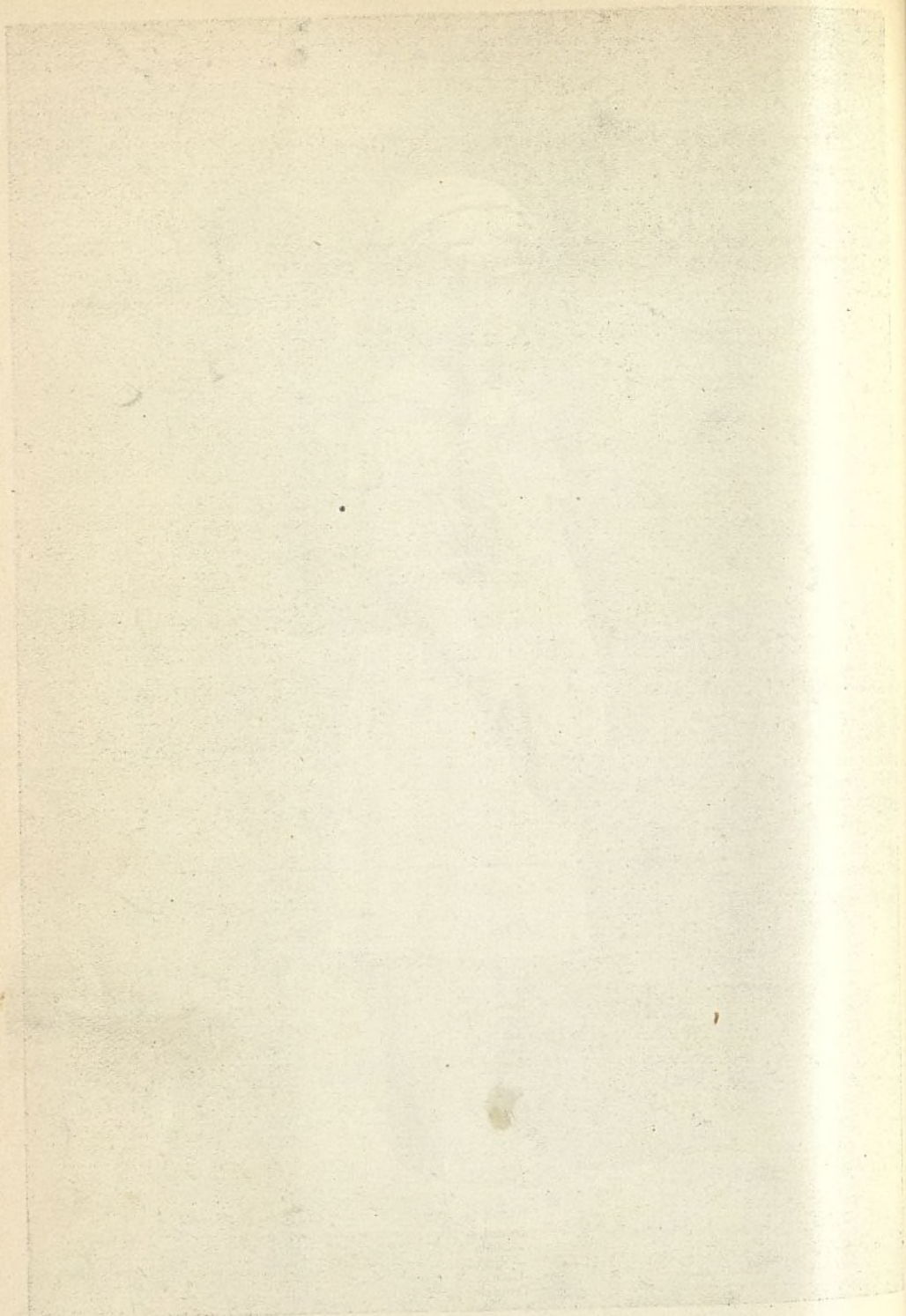


THE LITTLE PEASANT.

AFTER THE STATUE BY E. D. PALMER.

(See page 420.)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

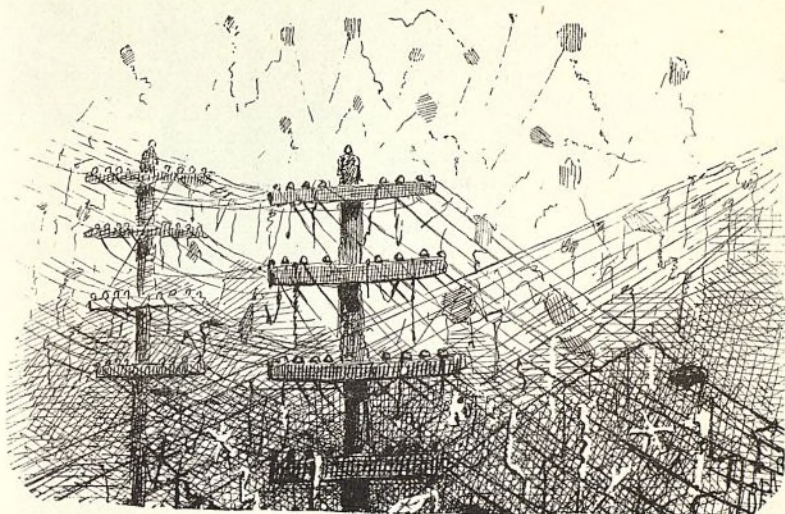


It is a
sunshine
upon the
as it swa
and hig
away am
greatly e
skimming
air is a k
to tell y
and the

To ma
rattan a

KITE TIME.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.



It is a pleasant sensation to sit in the first spring sunshine and feel the steady pull of a good kite upon the string, and watch its graceful movements as it sways from side to side, ever mounting higher and higher, as if impatient to free itself and soar away amid the clouds. The pleasure is, however, greatly enhanced by the knowledge that the object skimming so bird-like and beautifully through the air is a kite of your own manufacture. I propose to tell you how to make some new kinds of kites, and the first and chief of these is the

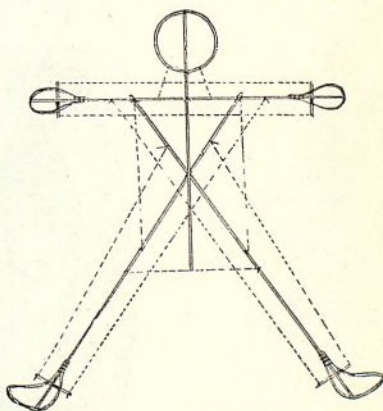
size, I would suggest that the larger the man is, the better he will fly. Now let us suppose you are going to make this fellow four feet high. First, cut two straight sticks three feet nine inches long; these are to serve for the legs and body; cut another straight stick two and one-half feet in length for the spine, and a fourth stick, three feet five inches long, for the arms. For the head select a light piece of split rattan,—any light, tough wood that will bend readily will do,—bend this in a circle eight inches in diameter, fasten it securely to one



MAN KITE.

MAN KITE.

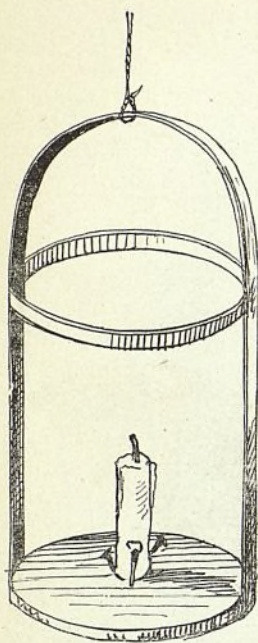
To make this you will require four sticks, some rattan and some tissue paper. In regard to his



FRAME OF MAN KITE.

end of the spine by binding it with strong thread, being careful that the spine runs exactly through the center of the circle. Next find the exact center

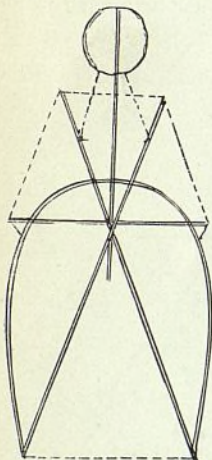
of the arm-stick, and with a pin or small tack fasten it at this point to the spine, two inches below the chin.



FRAME OF LANTERN.

After wrapping the joint tightly with strong thread, lay the part of the skeleton which is finished flat upon the floor, mark two points upon the arm-sticks for the shoulder-joints, each seven inches from the intersection of the spine and arm-stick, which will place them fourteen inches apart. At these points fasten with a pin the two long sticks, that are to serve for the body and legs. Now cross these sticks as shown in diagram, being careful that the terminations of the lower limbs are at least three feet apart; the waist-joint ought then to be about ten inches below the arm-stick. After taking the greatest pains to

see that the arm-stick is perfectly at right angles with the spine, fasten all the joints securely. Upon the arms bind oblong loops of rattan, or of the same material as the head-frame. These hand-loops ought to be about three inches broad at their widest parts, and exact counterparts of each other. The loops for the feet must approach as nearly as



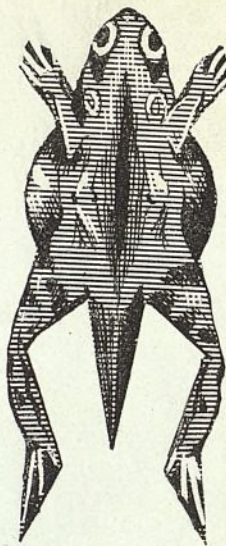
FRAME OF WOMAN KITE.



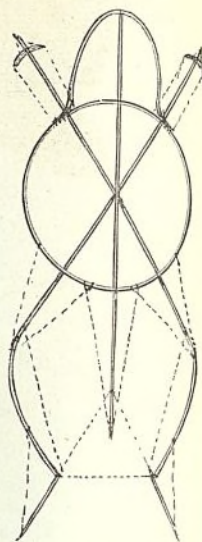
WOMAN KITE. (SEE PAGE 425.)

possible the shape of feet, and these, too, must be exactly alike, or the kite will be "lopsided," or

unequally balanced. Now cut two sticks three inches long, and two others four inches long, for the ends of sleeves and bottoms of trousers; fasten them on as shown in the illustration.

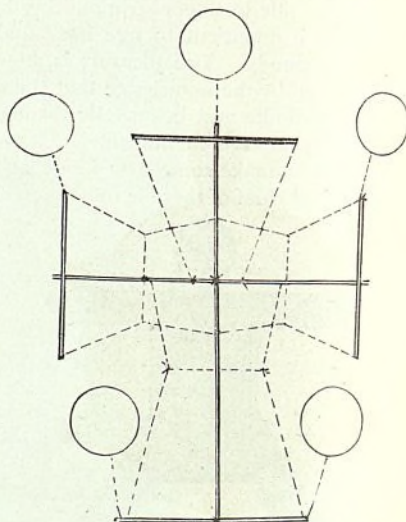


FROG KITE.



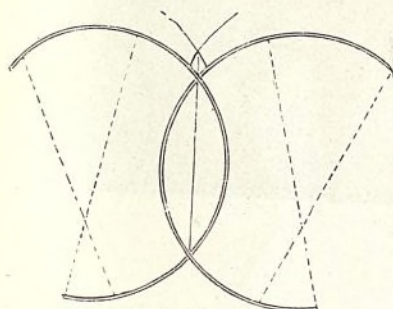
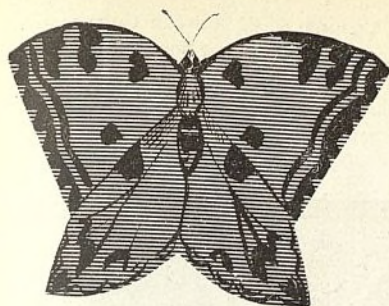
FRAME OF FROG KITE. (SEE PAGE 425.)

Now the strings must be put on, as shown by the dotted lines in the diagram, at equal distances from the spine and about seven inches

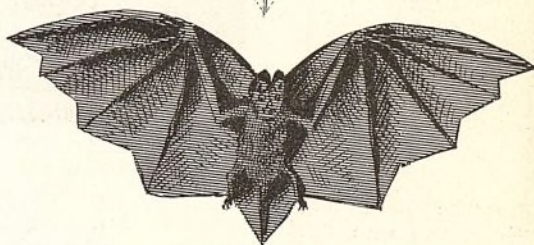
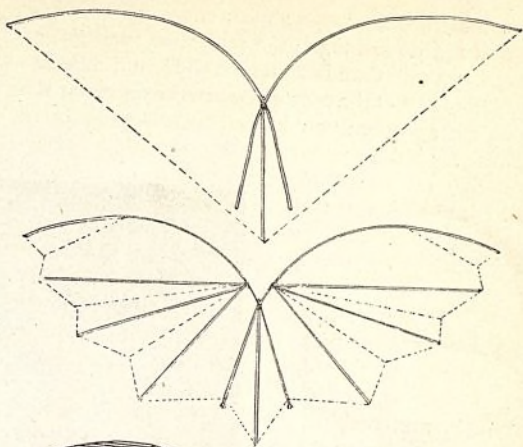


FRAME SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF BALLOON KITE.

apart. Tie two strings to the arm-sticks, extend them slantingly to the head, and fasten them. Take another thread and fasten to the top of cross-stick of right arm, pass it over and take a wrap around the spine, continue it to top of cross-stick upon left arm, and there tie it. Fasten another string to bottom of cross-stick on right arm, draw



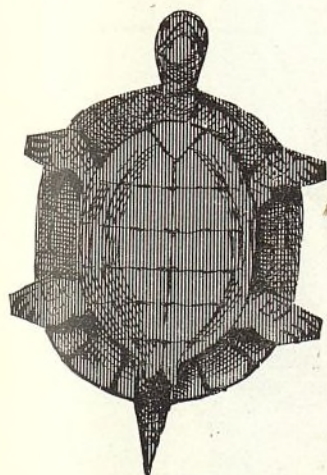
BUTTERFLY KITE AND FRAME.



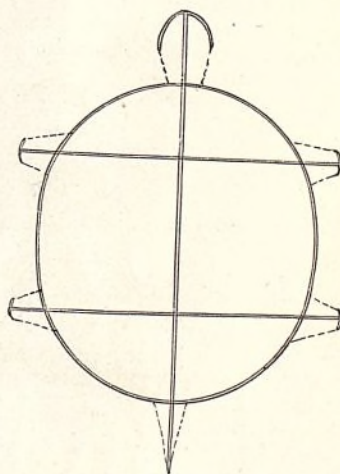
BAT KITE AND FRAMES.

it tight and wrap it on spine four inches below intersection of arm-stick, pass it on to the bottom of cross-stick on left arm, draw taut and fasten it. Tie the body-string at the right shoulder-joint, drop the thread down to a point exactly opposite the termination of spine upon the right leg, take a

inches from the intersection of spine, extend it down in a straight line to inside end of cross-stick of left limb and fasten it there. Tie another string at a point one inch and a half to the left of spine upon right arm-stick, extend it down in a straight line to outside end of cross-stick of left limb. Go



TURTLE KITE.



FRAME OF TURTLE KITE.

wrap, and draw the line across to point upon left leg exactly opposite, bind it there, then bring it up to left shoulder-joint and tie it. For the trousers, fasten a string at a point on right arm-stick, eleven

through the same process for right leg of trousers, and the frame-work will be complete.

Now paste some sheets of tissue-paper together, red for the trousers, hands and face, blue for the

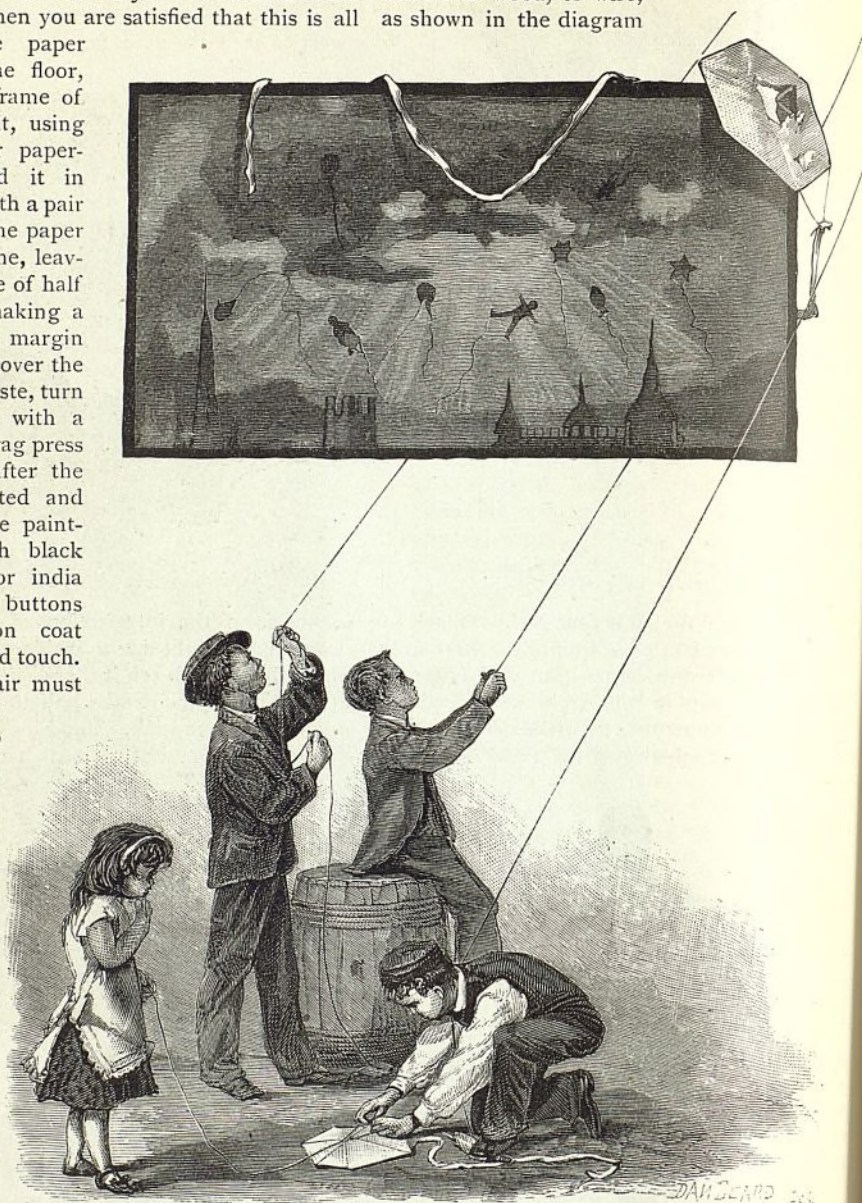
coat, and black, or some dark color, for the feet. In pasting, do not make the seams, or overlaps, of the paper more than half an inch wide, and measure the paper so that the coat will join the trousers at the right spot. When you are satisfied that this is all right, lay the paper smoothly on the floor, and place the frame of the kite upon it, using heavy books or paper-weights to hold it in place. Then with a pair of scissors cut the paper around the frame, leaving a clear edge of half an inch, and making a slit through the margin at each angle; cover the margins with paste, turn them over, and with a towel or an old rag press them down. After the kite is all pasted and dry, take a large paint-brush, and with black marking-paint or india ink, put in the buttons and binding on coat with a good broad touch. The face and hair must be painted with broad lines, so that they may be seen clearly at a great height. Follow this rule wherever you have to use paint upon any kind of kite.

THE MOVING STAR

is a paper lantern attached to the tail of any large kite. A Chinese lantern will answer this purpose, although it is generally so long and narrow that the motion of the kite is apt to set fire to it.

To make a more suitable lantern, take a circular piece of light board five inches in diameter, drive three nails in the center, just far enough apart to

allow a candle to fit between them firmly. Make of rattan or wire a light hoop of the same diameter as the bottom-piece; fasten these to a strap or handle of wood, or wire, as shown in the diagram



KITE TIME.

on page 422, and cover the body of the lantern with red tissue paper.

This lantern, fastened to the tail of a large kite that is sent up on a dark night, will go bobbing around in a most eccentric and apparently unac-

countable manner, striking with wonder all observers not in the secret.

THE WOMAN KITE,

though differing in form, is made after the same method as the man kite, and with the aid of the diagram on page 422, any boy can build one if he is careful to keep the proper proportions, making the width at the hips a little less than half the height.

The costume given in the illustration may be varied according to fancy, with the same framework. A Dolly Varden or a Martha Washington costume can be made. A blue overskirt and waist covered with stars, and a red and white striped skirt, give us Columbia or a Goddess of Liberty.

If you have been successful in making the foregoing kite-patterns, you can try your skill in the manufacture of the

FROG KITE.

This should be at least two feet high. It is hardly necessary to go into the details of this kite, as the diagram on page 422 shows Mr. Frog's anatomy complete. By carefully following the construction according to the diagrams, the average boy will, with a little ingenuity, be able to build this, or in fact any of the kites here given, for accompanying each illustration is a complete plan of the frame-work,—the solid lines representing the sticks, the dotted lines the strings. Care must be taken to select pliable wood, and make the parts that require bending thinner than the rest of the stick. In some parts of these new-fashioned kites, especially if they be made on a small scale, thin strips of rattan or whalebone will answer better than wood. By the last diagram on page 422, you can make a kite which will carry up five air-balloons.

KITE-TAILS.

Kites can be made without tails, but it is not their natural condition, and as tailless kites are not easy to fly, all these new ones should be furnished with tails.

A tail made of string, weighted with bunches of different colored paper tied at regular intervals, is popular with many boys, but on account of its liability to become tangled with the kite string or twisted up in bunches, it is never used by the accomplished kite-flyer.

The most graceful, serviceable, and practical kite-tail is made of rags torn in strips of from one to two inches in width, according to the size of the kite. This mention of the size of a kite recalls an incident of my boyhood:

I remember, when quite a small boy, building an immense man kite, seven feet high. It was a gorgeous affair, with its brilliant red nose and cheeks, blue coat, and striped trousers.

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As you may imagine, I was nervous with anxiety and excitement to see it fly. After several experimental trials to get the tail rightly balanced, and the breast-band properly adjusted, and having procured the strongest hempen twine to fly it with, I went to the river-bank for the grand event.

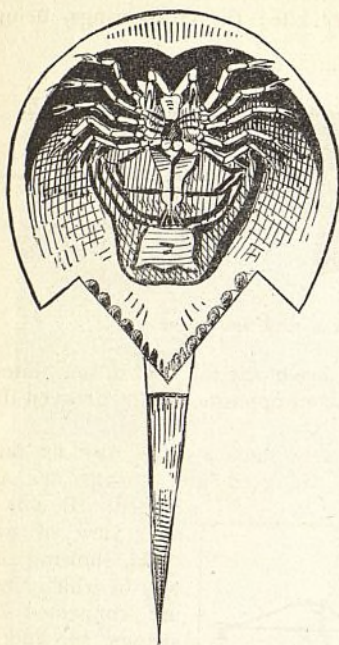


THE MOVING STAR.

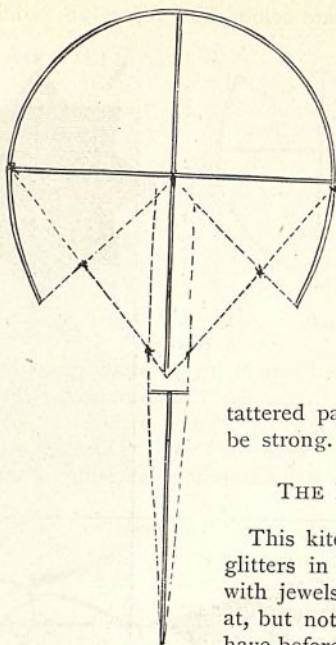
My man flew splendidly; he required no running, no hoisting, no jerking of the string to assist him. I had only to stand on the high bank and let out the string, until my fingers were almost blistered, so fast did the twine pass through my hands. People began to stop and gaze at the queer sight, as my man rose higher and higher, when, suddenly, my intense pride and enjoyment was changed into something very like fright.

The twine was nearly all paid out, when I found that my man was stronger than his master, and I could not hold him! Imagine, if you can, my dismay. I fancied myself being pulled from the

bank into the river, and skimming through the water at lightning speed, for, even in my fright, who had kindly come to the rescue, had considerable trouble to hold it. The great kite, swinging high in the blue sky, attracted quite a crowd, and I felt very grand about my new flying-man; but my triumph was short-lived. The tail made of rags was too heavy to bear its own weight, and breaking off near the kite, it fell to the ground, while my kite, freed from this load, shot up like a rocket, then turned, and came headlong down with such force, that dashing through the branches of a thorny locust-tree, it crashed to the ground, a mass of broken sticks and



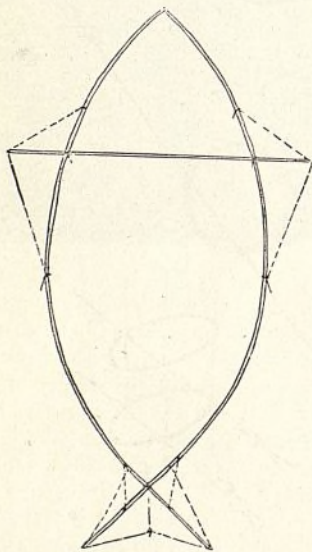
THE KING-CRAB KITE.



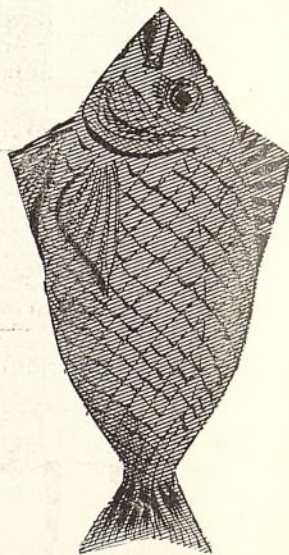
FRAME-WORK.

the idea of letting go of the string did not once occur to me. However, to my great relief, a man standing near came to my assistance, just as the stick upon which the twine had been wound, came

feet long, half an inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick. The face can be simplified by using a loop, as in the man kite. Two more loops, as shown in the diagram (B), will serve as frames for



FRAME OF FISH KITE.



FISH KITE.

dancing up from the ground toward my hands. So hard did the kite-giant pull, that even the friend, the wings. Paper is pasted upon this, and hangs loose like an apron in front below the cross-stick

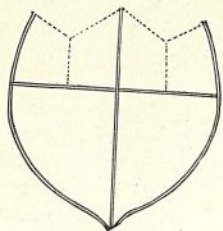
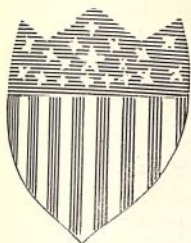
THE DECORATIVE CHINESE KITE.

This kite is a most resplendent affair, and glitters in the sunlight as if it were covered with jewels. It is rather complicated to look at, but not very difficult to make. The one I have before me was made in China.

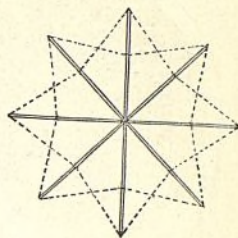
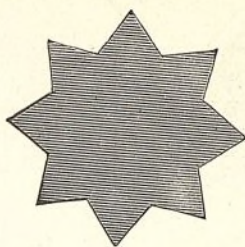
The top or horizontal stick (B, 1—2) is three feet long, half an inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick. The face can be simplified by using a loop, as in the man kite. Two more loops, as shown in the diagram (B), will serve as frames for

(B, 1-2), cut long enough to cover the first disk of the tail-piece, as shown in the finished kite (A). This head-piece is ornamented with brilliant colors, bits

lar tuft is fastened by a string to the opposite end to balance it. The breast-band is made like that upon an ordinary kite; the cross-strings, being



LIBERTY-SHIELD KITE AND FRAME.



STAR KITE AND FRAME.

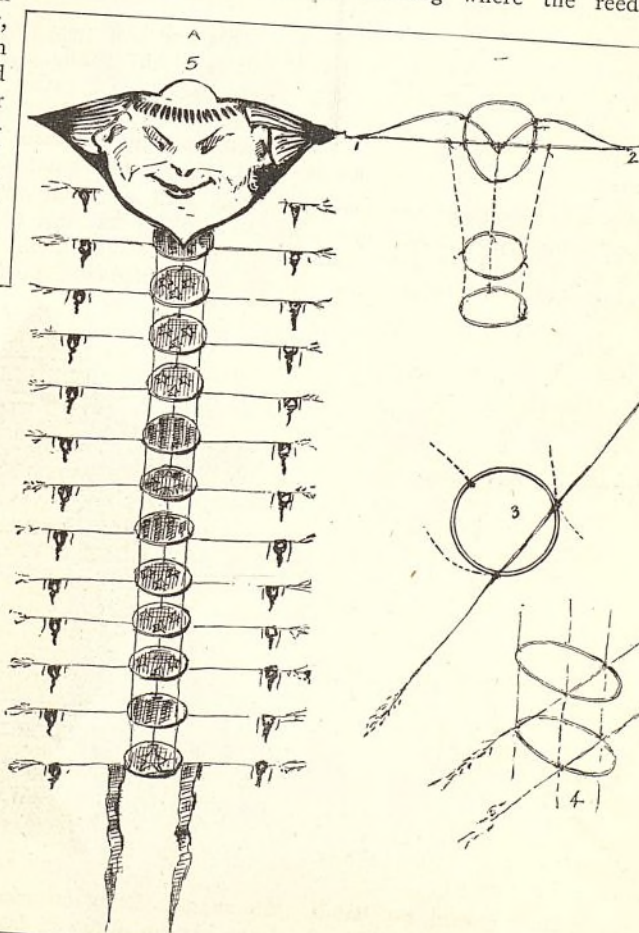
of looking-glass pasted on or attached with strings, so that they dangle loosely, etc.; this makes the top rather heavy, as, in fact, it ought to be, for then it serves to balance the tail, which, in this instance, actually is the kite. This is a succession

attached to the face at the top and bottom, intersect each other about opposite a point between the eyes.

Diagram B 3 represents a single disk for tail, showing where the reed and strings are attached.

B 4 is a side view of two disks, showing the way in which they are connected by strings, six and a half inches space being left between each two disks. A 5 is a front view of finished kite.

of circular kites, ten inches in diameter, and thirteen in number, connected with one another by strings. Attached to each of these paper disks is a slender piece of reed or grass with a tufted head; a simi-



CHINESE KITE AND PARTS OF THE FRAME.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music and Words written for ST. NICHOLAS.

Andantino.

Min-nie and Win-nie slept in a shell. Sleep, lit-tle la-dies! And *dolce.*

The first system of musical notation for 'Minnie and Winnie'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes G2, C3, and F3.

they slept well. Pink was the shell with-in, sil-ver with-out;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes C5, B4, and A4, then a half note G4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, C3, and F3.

Sounds of the great sea wan-der'd a-bout.

rall.

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, C3, and F3.

Sleep, lit-tle la-dies! Wake not soon!

dim...... *al tempo.*

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes C5, B4, and A4, then a half note G4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes G2, C3, and F3.

Ech - o on ech - o dies to the moon. Two bright stars peep'd
rall..... al tempo.

in - to the shell. "What are they dream-ing of? Who can tell?"
rall.....

Start-ed a green lin-net out of the croft: Wake, lit-tle la-dies, the
f al tempo con spirito.

sun is a-loft!
rall.

THE CITY CHILD.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by MRS. ALFRED TENNYSON.

p Allegretto.

Dain-ty lit - tle maid - en, whith-er would you wan - der, Whither from this pret - ty home, the
Dain-ty lit - tle maid - en, whith-er would you wan - der, Whither from this pret - ty house, this

p

1st time. 2d time. *mf*

home where mother dwells? [OMIT.....] "Far and far away," said the dainty lit-tle maid-en;
[OMIT.....] cit - y house of ours? "Far and far away," said the dainty lit-tle maid-en;

mf

"Far and far a - way," said the dain - ty lit - tle maid - en. "All a-mong the gar - dens, au -
"Far and far a - way," said the dain - ty lit - tle maid - en. "All a-mong the mea - dows, the

dim.

ric - u - las, an-em - o - nes, Ros - es and lil - ies, and Can-ter-bur - y bells."
clo-ver and the clem-a - tis, Dais - ies and king-cups, and hon-ey-suck-le flowers."

dim.

DID
rock-y
min-ute
They w
be e-no
qui-et-l
bits of

Little
so high
if you
move a
head, b
one ro
ledge a
you to

The
the mo
Those

But
would
called
The ha
at that

It is
and fe

"Ma-r
you of
turn a
they ta
you fo

Dic
ba-bies
cow's
who w

GOATS WITH LONG HAIR.

BY L. G. MORSE.

DID you ev-er see goats climb the mount-ains? They run up the rock-y sides and a-long such lit-tle, nar-row places, that it seems, ev-er-y min-ute, as if they would sure-ly roll off and be killed at the next step. They will stop high, high up on a spot, where there does not seem to be e-nough ground for their feet to rest up-on, and look a-round them as qui-et-ly as if they were stand-ing in a field, and be-gin to nib-ble the bits of grass near by. They are not at all a-fraid.

Little boys and girls, who live near, look up at them a-way up—ever so high—and wish that they could climb as fast and well. Some-times, if you saw a goat in such a place, you might won-der how he could move at all; but, sud-den-ly, you would see him draw back his horn-y head, bend his fore legs un-der his bod-y, and spring through the air from one rock to an-oth-er, com-ing down, at last, safe and sound, up-on a ledge as nar-row as the one he had left. But it would be more fun for you to see them in the fields, where they can skip and play near you.

They are in a field in the pict-ure; but one of them is look-ing at the mount-ains, I think. You can see how long and thick their hair is. Those goats ly-ing down would make nice, soft pil-lows for your heads.

But these goats are not like those that you have seen at home. You would have to go far a-way, to the oth-er side of the world, to a place called An-go-ra, to find goats with long, silk-y, curl-y hair like that. The hair of the cats, dogs and rab-bits, as well as of the goats that live at that place, is very fine and soft.

It is ea-sy to make any goat tame and gen-tle. If you were to pet and feed one for a few days, it would soon fol-low you a-bout, like "Ma-ry's lit-tle lamb." They are al-most al-ways ver-y po-lite, too; if you of-fer them e-ven an old piece of pa-per, they do not sniff at it and turn a-way their heads, as dogs, or cats, or most oth-er pets would; but they take it pret-ti-ly and eat it up, as if they were much o-bliged to you for it.

Did you ev-er taste goat's milk? It is ver-y nice, and good for lit-tle ba-bies. Sick peo-ple oft-en drink it, be-cause it is bet-ter for them than cow's milk. Once I knew two lit-tle girls, named An-nie and Ma-rie, who went a-cross the big sea in a ship. Their pa-pa bought two goats,



THREE ANGORA GOATS.

which
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which were put in a pen on board of the ship, and so went all the way with the lit-tle girls. An-nie and Ma-rie had some of their milk ev-er-y day, and they fed their pret-ty goats with bread.

The goats were named "Muff" and "Tuf-ty," and they were so glad when the lit-tle girls came to see them, that they would lick their hands and frolic as much as they could in the lit-tle pen. When An-nie and Ma-rie left the ship, they gave Muff and Tuf-ty to a poor wom-an, who led them home for her own lit-tle chil-dren to pet.

BABY'S JOURNEY.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



HOP-PET-Y, hop-pet-y, ho!
Where shall the ba-by go?

O-ver dale and down,
To Lim-er-ick town,
And there shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
How shall the ba-by go?
In a coach and four,
And pos-si-bly more,
And so shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
When shall the ba-by go?
In the aft-er-noon,
By the light of the moon,
And then shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
Why shall the baby go?
To learn a new jig,
And to buy a new wig,
And that's why the ba-by shall go.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"MARCH," said one of the Red School-house children, in a composition which I afterward heard the Little Schoolma'am reading to Deacon Green,—"March is a windy month, because it is the month for flying kites." And he was right. March is more interested in kites than you think, my lads. It loves a good tussle with one as much as you do. It plays with it, and teases it, at first, but that is only its way. In a moment, if the kite is worth anything, and the boy at the other end is alert, you'll see business.

"Look sharp, there!" says March, along the string, telephone-fashion.

"Aye! aye!" says the boy; and off goes the kite—up, up, up, higher, steadier, with a long, firm sweep, and a resolute pull, which grows steadier as she grows smaller in the blue distance—steadiest and strongest when she is a mere speck. And dear old March jerks at the boy's coat, knocks his hat off, rolls and laughs with joy in the dry old grass, and, in every possible way, shows its honest interest in the sport.

Yes, the school-boy was right. Now for our budget. Talking of flying things makes me feel like giving you a bit of a sermon on

THE DAY-FLY.

DEACON GREEN sends this little tale about a day-fly, which is an insect that lives but one day. He says: "There's something in it for your ambitious youngsters, if they look carefully."

At the court of Kaliph Musa-al-Hadi lived an Arabian Sage who understood the languages of all animals. One fine evening, he observed on the leaves of a bush a colony of day-flies. One of these little creatures sat on a leaf apart, thinking aloud and saying:

"The wisest ancients of our race have handed down the prophecy that the world would not last longer than eighteen hours. I fear they spoke the truth. For even during my lifetime the sun has sunk nearer to the sea. Soon he must fall into the flood, his light will go out, the earth will be in darkness, and all things will perish.

"Yet what a long life mine has been! I have seen whole generations rise, flourish, and pass away.

"And what have I gained by all my care and labor? What does it profit me that I fought for my race, freed them, counselled them, trained them? Nothing remains to me but fame. They tell me, indeed, that my fame is very great and glorious; but of what use is glory if the sun is to be put out so soon, and if the world is to return, presently, to chaos? Ah!" sighed the venerable day-fly, and just then the light of the sunset flashed upon him a ruby glow,—*"if I could but count on a fame that should last thirty or forty hours!"*

Here the Arabian Sage interrupted him, saying: "As if the sun would not rise upon another day!" and he laughed softly at the strain in which the short-lived insect had been talking; but, quickly checking himself, he added: "Yet, after all, it is much the same with mankind; and what great difference is there, in the end, between hours and years?"

WHISTLING BUOYS.

THESE whistlers are never still, and they do little else but whistle.

Yet they are not two-legged boys; indeed, they have no legs at all. They are merely floats moored near to rocks or shoals, or along channels, and fitted with whistles. The up-and-down motion of the waves sets agoing a little machine that forces air into a close box. From this box the air cannot escape without blowing the whistle, and thus warning shipmen of danger. This it does in night and fog, as well as in bright weather; and the rougher the water, the more surely will the machine work.

So, nowadays, storms which used to have nothing but peril for the sailor, may be used to make less doubtful his safe entry into port.

PIGEONS THAT HELP DOCTORS.

HERE'S pleasant news about my friends, the carrier pigeons.

It seems, there is a country doctor in England who takes several of these wise birds with him when visiting his patients. If medicine is needed, he writes on a piece of paper what is wanted, giving the patient's address; then he ties the paper to the pigeon, and lets it go. The bird flies right to the doctor's house; the physic is made up then and there, by an assistant, and is sent off at once to the sick person, thus saving a deal of precious time.

If the doctor fears there may be a serious change in his patient's condition before the time set for the next visit, he leaves a bird, to be sent back to him with a message in case of need.

Useful creatures, these carrier pigeons,—a sort of winged and feathered telegraph!

RED RAIN.

SCARCELY had your Jack closed his February budget, in which there was mention of red snow, when one of his gray-beard scientific "youngsters" sent in this information about red rain:

Says he: "There is red rain as well as red snow, and it has been known to fall upon vessels sailing near the west coast of Africa, and also, but seldom, upon countries in the south of Europe. It is a grayish and reddish dust, mingled with rain, and the color seems to be due to oxide of iron, which is iron rust. But where on earth this comes from no one has found out, and men who know about such things, think it does n't come from anywhere on earth, but from somewhere beyond."

He adds: "Once, when red rain was falling in

Italy, red snow was falling on the Alps." Now, this may account for our Sierra Nevada red snow also; but then, again, it may not, and in a matter like this, it is well to bear in mind that "one does n't always know what he has n't found out."

KEDREVNİK.

THE Trailing Cedar, my polite young friends, is an example of "handsome is that handsome does." The Russians call it Kedrevnik, and of all queer

trees, it is about the queerest, for it never stands erect, but grows under the snow, covering the ground with a net-work of gnarled, twisted and interlocking trunks, and generally choosing to grow on the most desolate plains and mountain-sides. It is almost the only fire-wood in its cheerful home, north-eastern Siberia, and without it men could n't live there.

What puzzles your Jack is, that men should ever even try to live in such a dreary country as that must be.

SEA ROBINS.

A SEA ROBIN is — but what *is* a sea robin, my profound young ichthyologists?

"Why, it's a bird, of course, Mr. Jack," says Master Johnny So-and-so, jumping up smartly. But your Jack once heard the Little School-ma'am say to Deacon Green: "Little Johnny sometimes knows more to-day than he will know to-morrow."

So, my plodders, let us be careful. And, now, look at this picture.

In it you can see some sea robins, and also some winged creatures that live in the air. But the question is—Which are which?

For there seem to be butterflies in the water as well as in the air!

Well, the fact is, that sea robins are fishes, and they have very large front or pectoral fins, marked with black and bright yellow; so, when the creatures go sailing through the water with their wing-like fins spread out, they have the look of butterflies, especially if seen end first. Some of them are as big as robins, and perhaps that is why they

got their name. They like to stay at the bottom of the sea, where they find the shell-fish, on which they live; and there you probably will find them, if you pay them a visit. The Little School-ma'am says that, some time ago, she saw some sea robins, with other fishes, in a big sea-water tank, which was in the great Aquarium at New York.

SOME PRETTY "HOW D' YE DO'S?"

DEAR JACK: Your other chicks may like to know this, which I have just read, about queer ways of greeting among foreign nations.

Moors gallop on their horses to meet a stranger, as if they were going to ride him down; then they stop suddenly, and fire a pistol over his head. Arabs of high rank kiss each other on the cheek, inquire many times about the health of one another, and then kiss their own hands. In the desert, the Arabs, when they meet, shake hands six or eight times.

In the Society and Friendly Islands, it is the polite thing to rub noses together. In some of the South Sea Islands, where people dress very scantily, the most courteous thing a man can do to his friend, on meeting, is to throw a little cold water over him, — a cool, but cordial, greeting.

In Japan, the inferior, meeting a superior, takes off his sandals, kneels down, and rocks slowly back and forth, saying: "Augh! augh!" which means "Do not hurt me!" In Siam, if an inferior meets one of higher rank, he throws himself prostrate on the ground. An attendant then goes to see if there is anything disagreeable about him. If there is, he is kicked out of the great man's road; but, if there is not, the attendant raises him and lets him go on his way.

In America, one says, "How d' ye do?" The other, without answering, says, "How d' ye do?" And they pass on.

K. R. B.

FLOWERING WITHOUT ITS ROOT.

ON the mountains of California grows a very wonderful flower. It is a twining hyacinth which climbs up some bush or other till it has reached the top, and, after resting a while to make sure it has a good hold, breaks loose from its root, and goes on to spread out its lovely

pink blossoms just as though nothing curious had happened. It carries on the business by itself, in fact, blooming and seeding all alone for weeks and months, in spite of the sun that burns by day and the air that chills by night. This seems a little strange, my dears, but the information comes from a good source. However, it will do no harm to look further into the matter, especially if you happen to be on the spot.



BUTTERFLIES AND SEA ROBINS.

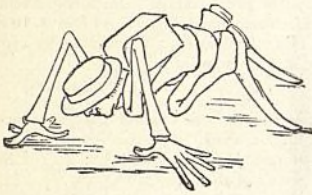
MISS MOFFAT'S DREAM.

Miss MOFFAT saw a spider,
Who came and sat beside her,
And it frightened Miss Moffat away.

But she dreamed that night of a still greater fright.



For the spider grew and grew and grewd,



Till at last a youth beside her stood.



Poor Miss Moffat
Awoke with a scream;—
And that was the end
Of her terrible dream.

THE LETTER-BOX.

TO THOSE of our readers who are surprised at seeing the song of "The City Child" printed a second time in *ST. NICHOLAS*, we must explain that the present is the corrected or revised version, which was received from Mr. Tennyson after our February number was printed. He writes us that the music is composed by Mrs. Tennyson; so, you see, this pretty little song is sent you, as it were, directly from the poet's own fireside,—the words of the Laureate set to music by his wife.

OUR "open-air paper" this month will, we hope, prove a source of practical pleasure to both boys and girls, for who does not enjoy flying or watching a graceful kite? Mr. Beard, who wrote the article and drew the pictures for you, says that he himself has made and practically tested all the kites described, and that he believes a bright boy can easily make any one of them. We hope that all the boys

and girls to whom the "Snow Fort" and "Snow Building" papers brought real delight in January and February, will find the "Kite Time" article exactly the thing for this windy month of March. There are other good papers in preparation, and each will appear just when you are ready for the particular kind of work or play which it describes.

A NEW SHORT DIALOGUE.—To all the boys and girls who have asked for a good piece to speak as a dialogue, we would say: We think you will find what you want in the poem entitled "Quite a History," printed on page 348 of our February number. By changing "Philander" to "Amanda" you make the questioner's speeches suitable for a girl. The chances for gesture and elocution are capital. The speakers might be dressed in old-time costumes. You can tell by the punctuation and the sense where each speech begins and ends.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January "Letter-Box" I saw a description of a four-legged chicken, and, as I had one, two summers ago, I thought that you might like to hear about it, too. I think that it was even more wonderful than R. H. S's., because it had, the extra legs come from one joint, which came from under its wing, and so it had three legs on one side, and one on the other. It died a melancholy death, being stepped on by one of its relatives. G. S. W.

Montclair, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of the readers of the "Letter-Box" please tell me when Australia was discovered?—Yours affectionately,
LOUIS B. P.

BESSIE C. BARNEY asks where originated the expressions "as bold as brass," "at sixes and sevens," and "ducks and drakes." Who will answer her?

In answer to M. V. D.'s question in the January "Letter-Box," O. C. Turner sends seven words,—Cion, Coercion, Epinicion, Internection, Ostracion, Pernicion, and Suspicion. Agnes L. Taylor, J. W., and A. H. S. send each six of these; "Wilmington," G. Meade Emory, Ernest W. Clarke, and Geo. G. Hall, send each five of them: Daisy E. Eastlake, "Tranquillity," A. C. Averill, and Mary and Annie Chamberlaine with Etta Williams, send three each; and "Punch and Judy," S. G. C., and Bessie and her Cousin," send two each.

BEAN-BAG GAME.

DIVIDE the party into pairs, all standing in two opposite lines, as in "Virginia Reel" or "Contra Dance." Each side chooses a captain, and the captains choose an umpire, who sits at the end of the lines by a table between the captains.

Each side has five bean-bags. The bags are of two colors;—say, five red and five blue. All the red bags are piled on the table before one of the captains, and the blue ones are heaped in front of the other.

At a word of command from the umpire, each captain picks up bag after bag from his (or her) own heap, and passes them one by one to the next player of the line, who takes it with one hand, and with the other passes it on to the third player. In this way, every bag is passed down the line, from player to player, until it reaches the end, when it must be laid on a chair, picked up, and passed back again, up the line to the captain, who throws it on the table. When the captain receives back the last bag, he holds it up high, for the umpire to see.

The side which first gets all its bags back to its captain scores one point; and there are ten points to a game. The interest is increased by offering a prize to the winning side.

Here is an epitaph written by a little boy of nine years:

Here lie the bodies of three tadpoles.
If you go to the pond you can catch them in shoals.
They were treated as well as tadpoles could be,
And yet they all died ungrateful-ly!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was told, lately, of a pretty little thing which would give an air of dainty freshness to any room in city or country homes, during the days of winter and early spring, when we are longing for out-door greenness. So I thought other readers of the "Letter-Box" might like to know of it also. Perhaps most of us have tried growing grass seed in a pine cone set in a wine-glass of water, and very successfully, too; but this plan is different.

Take a round plate,—any size desired,—put either sand or moss upon it for a foundation, place in the center the largest cone, grouping around it other cones, graded according to size. If all are alike, then heap up the foundation in the middle, letting it slope down toward the edge. When the cones are in place, sprinkle sand carefully, so as not to bury the tiny ones, should there be any. Then mix the pyramid, and scatter freely over it either grass or flax-seed; I prefer flax-seed. If put on the mantel, above the furnace register, or near a stove, and turned, now and then, so that all sides may have an equal amount of heat, the seeds will soon sprout, and the effect is said to be very beautiful when the cone has become a mass of green. The plants grow so rapidly, if kept warm and moist, that the cone gardens will be far more satisfactory than many more elaborate affairs.

Or if one should happen to have a rather flat hanging-basket, and arrange the cones in the same way,—always mounding up the sand in the center,—and planting lycopodium between the cones and

around the edges, to be twined according to taste, I am sure it would make a lovely addition to a library or "living-room."

Of course, in the city, the difficulty is to obtain the cones, but there may be some which have been gathered in summer ramblings; or if there are no "country cousins" who would take such slight trouble as to mail a box of them, there are generally some of the market people who, for a mere trifle, will furnish such things.

A city friend of mine gets the prettiest partridge-berry vines (mitchella) in this way, and these very vines would make a bright edging for our plate.

My "dish-garden,"—for which I sent a recipe to the "Letter-Box" last year,—has done wonderfully this season, so many new ferns have sprung up, and the partridge-berries are as fresh-looking as possible. I believe the "secret" is in putting the plate near the stove every night, so that the roots are kept warm, while the glass prevents the moisture from escaping. And, before many weeks, I expect to be rewarded for my care by the pure, snowy blossoms on the mitchella.

HANNAH SHEPPARD.

FANNIE E. LEWIS.—The piano-forte was invented early in the eighteenth century, but by whom is not certain. The honor of being the first inventor is claimed for Bartolomeo Cristofali, of Padua, Italy, some time before the year 1711; for Marius, a Frenchman, in 1716; and for Schröter or Schröder, a German, in 1717.

THE BROTHER OF A SUBSCRIBER: "Bric-à-brac" is pronounced in English as if spelled "brick-a-brack," and this is according to Webster. In French, the pronunciation is similar; but the i is like ee, short, and the last a is like a in father, also short.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please ask in the "Letter-Box" why is it that when a flat-iron is hot it smooths the clothes better than when it is cold?—Your constant reader,
JOSHUA C. HUBBARD.

SIDNEY STEINER: The original limits of Virginia were not exactly defined. The name was first given, by Queen Elizabeth, to the region (now North Carolina) discovered in 1584, by persons sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh. Later, all the country in North America between 35° N. and 45° N. was known as Virginia. In 1607, the first colony was founded on the James River, by persons belonging to "The London Company of Merchant Adventurers." In 1609, this Company's territory, named Virginia, was described in the grant as comprising all that tract of country which extends from two hundred miles north of Old Point Comfort, to two hundred miles south of it, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific.

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask, through the "Letter-Box," for a good book to teach me to draw, and where I can get it. I have had but one drawing-book in my life, and it was a small one.—Yours truly,
J. B.

A good guide in learning to draw is the "Vere Foster Complete Course." It is arranged in easy grades through the various kinds of drawing, and the designs given to copy were made by some of the best artists of Great Britain. These drawing-books are sold separately, and can be ordered through any bookseller. The American publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM sends the "Letter-Box" this composition, written by a little boy ten years old, all by himself:

This composition is going to be about a five-gallon crock, that I fell into. I fell into it last night. It stood in the corner of the kitchen, and they were going to put three thousand pickled onions in it,—if it would hold 'em, but it would n't. It would n't hold more than three hundred. I went into the kitchen with Wallace to read. I was going to sit on the crock to read. I was n't looking, because I was reading, so I thought the crock was bottom-side up. But when I sat down, I went right in, and my knees went up to my forehead. I was near smothered,—all that was out of the crock was my arms and heels! I could n't scream, for my coat was over my face; but I struggled and kicked a good deal. I could n't see, either; but one of my hands caught the pump-handle, and it made so much noise that Mamma heard it. She was standing on the other side of the kitchen, so she turned around, and saw my heels kicking. She waited awhile—I should think about fifteen minutes—before she came to help me, and I could hear her laughing. Then, when she came to me, she could n't pull me out. So she tipped over the crock, and I came out upon the floor. Then I stood up, and picked up my book. When I

fell into the crock, I let it drop on the floor. When I slipped in, I thought I was going down into the cellar. I went into the library after this, and did n't try to read in the kitchen any more. After I went to bed, I heard Papa laughing, and I know Mamma was telling him about how I fell.

EDDIE DUFFY.

EDDIE DUFFY.

THE publishers of a capital book, full of information for boys and girls, wish to be able to give, in its future edition, a satisfactory answer to a simple question, and have requested us to say that they will present a copy of the book to the boy or girl who first sends the required satisfactory answer to **SR. NICHOLAS**. The question is this: What becomes of the dirt which the chipmunk throws out of his hole, or that he does not throw out? No dirt can be found, and yet, how does he make his hole without throwing out dirt?

Now, young folks, who will be the first? We leave the decision in the hands of those who make the offer; but, as this magazine is published in the interest of boys and girls and not of the publishers referred to, we shall print neither the name of the book nor of the house that issues it. The question is worth answering, though, and the book is worth the trouble. As Jack-in-the-Pulpit would say,—the matter is worth looking into.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my white mice and a cat. My uncle brought me seven white mice, and I let them run around in a large box. Next door, a little girl has a cat, and it comes over here very often. One day I missed some of my mice and thought that the cat had eaten them. I put the rest in a glass box, and let them run about the room very often. Two weeks after I missed four more, and was sure of the cat. I gave the other mouse away. One day, the little girl came running over and told me to come and see her kittens. I went with her, and there in the garret, in an old basket, lay the cat and my six mice! When I took them out, the cat cried and mewed so that the little girl gave me the cat to take home with me. And now pussy and her mice live in a basket by the stove, and uncle has promised the girl six mice like mine.—Ever a reader.

A. M.

A. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in the following true story.—Yours, A. L. A. SMITH.

A. L. A. SMITH.

Once an Englishman and a Frenchman were boasting about their native languages. One said English was best, and had most words from the same root, and most words with similar meanings. But the Frenchman objected, and made the following verse in proof:

“ Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde décorde,
Le cordon décordant fait décorder la corde.”

The Englishman then set his wits to work, made a translation of the Frenchman's rhyme, and, adding two stanzas on the same subject, went off triumphant. Here is the Englishman's rhyme :

"When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three twines doth untwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

“Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.

"The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

THE answer to Geo. H.'s question in the January "Letter-Box" is that "Maoris" is a New Zealand word, meaning "native," and is the name given to themselves by the inhabitants the earliest European discoverers found there. Answers were received from Nellie De Graff—Charlie W. Jerome—Mary H. J.—Lamira G.—Alla D.—Paul A. Conn—Hubert S. W.—Maude A.—Arthur Meggett—L. B. P.—Lottie Durand—Frank Skinner—Annie M. Foulks—Susie N. Swain—Annie H. Wright—Blanche Howards—Harry M. Edwards—R. Townsend McKeever—Alice C.—Nellie Nicolls—C. M. Andrews—Virgie R. F.—A. H. S.—Constance M. Gerry—Louise G. Hinsdale—Carrol L. Macey—J. T. K.—W. F.—Agnes E. Kennedy—Gertrude Abbott—L. P. Waddell—"Pickwick"—F. J.—Amia McEwen—Martin W. Sampson—Gertie Gaylord—Martha H.—"A Reader"—Chas. P. Johnston—Chas. Ernest Hall—Netta Van Antwerp—S. Fanny Waterhouse—Louisa Jackson—M. F.—Edith Chubb—Gussie A. Smith—"Fannie"—Bertha D. Allen—Maria Hoydel—Jas. A.

Parker—A. C. Averill—and Florence Cleaves, who adds, "the alphabet of the Maoris has only fourteen letters, A, E, H, I, K, M, N, O, P, R, T, U, W, and Ng, and is well adapted to poetry." M. A. B. and Caroline A. C. have misread, "Moeris" for "Maoris."

THIS letter comes to us from a young member of the only American family in Poitiers:

Poitiers France

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to hear something about this old town of Poitiers, as it is quite interesting.

The cathedral is very large, and one side of it bears the marks which Coligny's cannon made, when he fired upon the city, three hundred years ago. On the side of the hill, opposite the cathedral, there is a high, pointed rock, behind which Coligny stood to command the Protestant army.

Notre Dame is a very old church, on the Place du Marché. In this church there is an image of the Virgin, of which this curious story is told, which your readers may believe or not, as they choose.

One night, when the English were encamped around the city, the keeper of one of the gates made an arrangement with an English officer to give him the keys of the city at midnight, and let the army in. But when the gate-keeper went to get the keys, they were nowhere to be found. When daylight came, and people went to mass, they saw the keys in the hands of this image of the Virgin. It is said that in the night the Virgin appeared to the enemy, and frightened them so much, that they began to kill each other, and the French marched out and won the battle. In memory of this deliverance, there is, every year now, a procession, in which the image is carried to that gate, where there are religious ceremonies. Near the Cathedral there is a very old building, called the Temple of St. John, said to have belonged to the Knights Templar.

The Blossac is a park situated on the ancient ramparts, commanding a fine view of the river Clain, and the hills beyond. There is much more to tell about this strange old city, but it would make my letter too long, so I must close.

From your friend and constant reader,

P. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Being much pleased with a game called "solitaire," I thought some of your other friends might like a problem, and I send you one, as I owe much for the pleasure you have given me.

The game is played on a board marked as follows:

	1	2	3						
		4	5	6					
7	8	9	10	11	12	13			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27			
		28	29	30					
		31	32	33					

Problem: Place pennies or checkers on the numbers 3, 4, 5, 8, 16, 18, 24 and 21, and proceed to move either at right angles or diagonally, jumping a man at each move, so as to leave but one man.

Answer: 4 to 6, takes 5; 3 to 11, takes 6; 11 to 25, takes 8; 25 to 23, takes 24; 8 to 24, takes 16; 24 to 22, takes 23; 21 to 23, takes 22; and leaves one.

BENJ. T. DELAFIELD.

BENJ. T. DELAFIELD

THE following letter comes from a Western State, where the boys must go into business very early in life, if G. H. M. is a fair sample:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old; and, when I was four, my mother and I went to New-York to visit my grandfather, and he gave me one dollar. When I came home, my father told me he would give me a heifer for the dollar and a year's work for five cents a day. I said all right; and, after the year's work was done, my father sold the cow, and, giving me the money, I bought a four-year-old cow. After a while the cow had a calf; he grew to be a yearling. By this time the cow had another calf. The first calf grew to be a two-year-old, and I traded him for another cow. The first cow had a calf again, and he grew to be a yearling; and the second cow had a calf. I sold two of the yearlings for twenty-three dollars, and, besides, I had six dollars. I put this money to interest for ten cents on a dollar a year. After a while my grandfather sold me six dollars. I bought the finest cow and calf my father had. I sold the first cow for twenty-seven dollars, I bought two pigs for three dollars, and now I have traded my stock so that I have two cows, two calves, two pigs, a pony and saddle, and twenty-four dollars besides,—all in six years.—Yours truly,
G. H. M.

G. H. M.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

THREE SQUARE WORDS.

- I. 1. A PRECIOUS stone of many hues. 2. A valuable timber tree.
 2. The name of a girl, meaning "Grace." 4. Part of a book. II. 1.
 A circle. 2. A metal. 3. Another name for a girl. 4. An insect.
 III. 1. A large assemblage of persons, generally in regular order. 2.
 One of the United States. 3. Evil deeds. 4. A throw.

GRACE AND HER COUSIN.

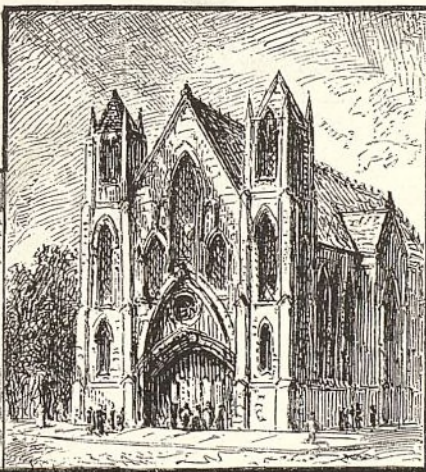
EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD disloyalty, and leave the pride of mankind. 2. Behead
 a course, and leave to stretch and strain. 3. Behead to drench, and
 leave a tree of a certain kind. 4. Behead a quality belonging to all
 substances which can be weighed, and leave a number. 5. Behead
 an implement of warfare, and leave a sign of a thought. 6. Behead
 small numbered cubes, and leave a product of hard frost. D.

ANAGRAMS FOR OLDER HEADS.

In each of the following anagrams, the letters used are just those
 which spell the words defined, neither more nor fewer.

1. A nigger on a colt; definition, pertaining to a religious
 assembly. 2. Anointed priest; definition, the act of foreordain-
 ing events. 3. Ended in
 pence; definition, self-main-
 tenance without control or
 assistance. 4. Mix clean
 oats; definition, outcries. 5.
 Here is hemp; definition,
 half the globe. 6. Oiled rats;
 definition, pagans. 7. No
 monied saint; definition, gen-
 eral classes. L. H. W.



ILLUSTRATED METAGRAM.

The four pictures in the above illustration stand for four words,
 each of which, reading in the order of the pictures from left to right, is
 spelled with all but one of the letters that make up the preceding
 word. What are the four words?

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail the five words first defined, and leave a
 diamond.

1. A beverage. 2. A place where a fire may be made. 3. Per-
 sons indispensable to theaters,—even without the second letter of
 the required word. 4. Vapor. 5. What all men are apt to do.
 Diamond: 1. In elephant. 2. A small animal much disliked by
 good housewives. 3. A person who puts things down carelessly.
 4. A plant whose chief use was first made known in China. 5. In
 ardent. H. H. D.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

THEY came from Oriental realms
 And from the far Pacific strand,
 They came from England's castles old,
 And from the vine-clad Southern Land.
 Monarchs proud and statesmen hoary,
 Students grave and warriors bold,
 Lovely Anglo-Saxon maidens
 With red lips and locks of gold;
 Fair Columbia's happy children,

Pilgrims from the golden West,
 One and all to me came bringing
 Every rarest gift and best.
 And they gazed upon my temples,
 And they worshiped at my shrines,
 And they bent before my columns
 Flashing with historic lines;
 And they viewed my gallant armies,
 Saw their banners proudly wave,
 Still recalling that Great Leader
 Who his laws to Europe gave:
 Then I decked them with my colors
 Ere they took their homeward flight,
 And adorned each child of genius
 With a glittering order bright.

FINALS.

I vanished, and my people wept!
 A fair land mourned its queen,
 Kings threw aside their coronets,
 And shield and helm were seen.
 Then crowded vessels slowly sailed
 Forth toward the rising sun;

But many a chief was lowly laid
 Ere victory was won.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. WHEN the sun is high,
 And the snow-drifts lie
 No longer in the vale;
 When the blue-bird sings
 As she plumes her wings,
 Or spreads her azure sail;
 When blossoms fair
 Beyond compare
 With rose-mist veil the earth,
 When all rejoice
 That Winter's voice
 Is hushed in glad Spring's mirth;
 Then I come, ever pitiless,
 With keen and shining blade,
 O, violet blue and daisy bright,
 Your grave too oft I've made.
2. A lovely girl with strange, dark eyes,
 Stands by the lonely shore,
 Awaiting fondly, tenderly,
 One who returns no more.
3. Drops as diamonds bright,
 Widening waves of light,
 Gleaming and glancing,
 Singing and dancing,
 Then finding rest
 In Ocean's breast.
4. A famous Empress of the Orient
 Who curious chess-men once to Charlemagne sent.
5. With cimeter, and turban green,
 Adorned with jewel bright,
 I dash forth to encounter him,
 Proud England's bravest knight.

M. I. S.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



THESE three pictures represent a couplet which urges a boy to be studious.

WHAT AM I?

I HAVE feet, but no legs and no toes. My feet are in constant use, yet I can neither run nor walk; and I am neither quadruped nor biped, though I have been known to stand upright. I have hands, fingers, and nails, but no arms. Part of me is attached to nearly every dwelling-house, to a prison or a church; and part of me, nay, my whole also in former times, too often beat a lad. Men might use me as an arm of offense, for want of a stouter weapon, but my right place and use are in peaceful commerce.

EASY DISENTANGLEMENTS.

In each of the following groups, all the letters given are to be arranged so as to spell the word defined. Thus: CAERSU; found on a tea-table. Answer, saucer.

1. PAPOLE; a city of Turkey in Asia. 2. NEGRAD; a home for beautiful, silent friends. 3. PIGSPINK; a favorite pastime among girls.

4. SLYPE; a hurt dog does it. 5. RUBASUT; a sweet-scented, much-hunted flower. 6. PENISAL; a dog of a certain kind.

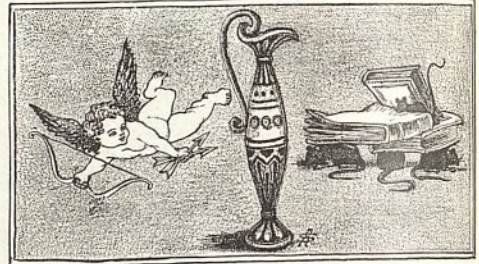
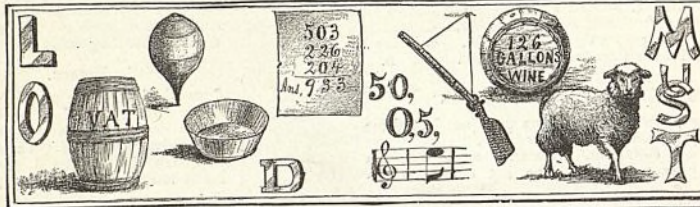
AMPUTATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

— ALLO —
— LIGHTIER —
— AVE —
— ARE —
— ART —

In this example, the initials and finals are to be found and added, to complete the cross-words, each of which is given without the beginning or the ending letter. When read in connection with each other, the words spelled by the initials and finals name peculiar features of the weather during late winter or early spring.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM a famous motto and contain twenty six letters. My 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 6 is loosed. My 7, 8, 13, 14, 19, 20 is bound. My 9, 10, 11, 26, 22 is old. My 21, 24, 15, 23 is a lost object. My 18, 25, 16 is a number composed of three numerals all alike. My 17, 12 is in certainly.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Tripoli. (Triple-E.)
PICTORIAL RIDDLE.—One shows the leaves, and the other leaves the shows.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Mango-tree.
ENIGMA.—Tassel.—EASY ENIGMA.—Boy.
EASY WORD-SQUARE.—1. Corn. 2. Ohio. 3. Riot. 4. Note.
A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.—Better eat gray bread in your youth than in your age.—RIDDLE.—A fence.
TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Initials: Neap. Centrals: Olio. Finals: Tide. Initials and Finals connected: Neap-Tide. Across: 1. Not. 2. Eli. 3. Aid. 4. Poe.
SQUARE WORD.—1. Tomato. 2. Orator. 3. Martin. 4. Attila.
5. Toilet. 6. Ornate.—CHARADE.—Omelet. (O-me-let.)
NUMERICAL DIAMOND.—1. C. 2. Cub. 3. CuBit. 4. Bit. 5. T.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. M-use-um. 2. S-top-ped. 3. T-hank-ed. 4. No-ma-d. 5. Mo-nit-or. 6. Car-can-et.
ANAGRAM.—St. Valentine. 1st Stanza: Linnet, stave. 2nd Stanza: Talents (di) vine. 3rd Stanza: Nettles, vain. 4th Stanza: St. Valentine.—PUZZLE.—Love.

TWO SQUARES.—
CAME DROP
I. AMEN II. ROPE
MEND OPEN
ENDS PENT

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—New York, New York. 1. NankiN. 2. EriE. 3. WarsaW. 4. YoughioghienY. 5. Ohio. 6. RochesteR. 7. KeokuK.

PROVERB ENIGMA.—Faint heart never won fair lady.

ANSWERS TO THE WORD-MAKING PUZZLE IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 25, from Henry and Charles, Claire H. Pingrey—O. C. Turner—"The Stowe Family"—"J. W."—Bessie and her Cousin, all of whom made all the words correctly, and from Florence E. Pratt, 22—Pierre Jay, 5—William C. McLeod, 5—A. M. C., and L. L. C., 24—"Kew," 8—Daisy E. Eastlake, 6—Willie S. Conant, 13.

ANSWERS TO OTHER PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Henry and Charles, 16 (all)—Camie Adler, 1—Jennie, Cyddie, Eddie, 1—Eddie C. Smith, 8—Barney L. Biggin, 12—Reta S. McIlvaine, 4—Bessie and her Cousin, 12—Harry S. Myers, 1—"Uncle Ned," 1—Virginia Callmeyer, 6—Ethel Bangs, 2—Christie and Harry, 1—J. Wendel Bollman, 3—A. H. S., 1—A. Castle Postley, 2—Mollie Marcus, 8—George and Joe Lathrup, 1—"Diamond and Pearl," 4—"Prince," 2—Jennie Heard, 2—Gertrude and Wallie H., 1—Gustav and Albert Tuska, 2—J. B. Cooke, 1—De Witt C. Weld, Jr., 10—F. J. Reynolds, 1—Carrie and Edith Townsend, 3—Carroll L. Maxcy, 6—Weston Bayley, 1—Lizzie L. Van Liew, 7—Ella L. Bryan, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 7—Neta Van Antwerp, 5—M. R. B., 1—F. W. S., 2—Grace, 7—Lancelot M. Berkeley, 6—"Bunny," 2—"Blanke Family," 9—Clare, 3—W. and H. Pingrey, 11—Jessie K. Bancroft, 1—Charles Howes Hammond, 1—Walter E. Lewis, 9—Asa T. Hascall, 6—Willie F. Dix, 3—W. and C. Van Kleek, 7—Laleah Fanny and Miller, 8—Algie Hayden, 2—Belle and A. H. Laidlaw, 7—William C. McLeod, 3—M. F., 2—Annice Reynolds, 7—Sumner S. Bowman, 1—Florence E. Pratt, 9—S. G. Atkinson, 5—Lillian A. and Edith M. Peck, 2—Frank P. Nugent, 1—H. and B., 9—Alice C. Boyd, 2—Jessie D. Shuler and Emma W. Myers, 6—"Chenery," 7—"Jeanie," 3—"Luna," 10—"The Stowe Family," 14—John W. Kirby, 1—"Riddlers," 4—Hattie and Clara, 7—"Grace," 2—Mary Speiden, 4—Daisy B. Hodgson, 1—Agnes Luther, 4—Robert Allen Gally, 5—"Flyaway," 4—Nellie DeGraff, 12—William L. Stiles, 1—Ida Cohn, 7—Lucy E. Wollaston, 2—"J. W.," 10—Edward Vultee, 8—"Fannie," 1—Tom Reed, 5—Kitty C. Atwater, 10—George and Carleton Woodruff, 2—A. M. C., and L. L. C., 5—"Santa Claus," 1—M. H. I., 8—Mollie Donohoe, 3—Lottie A. Averill, 10—"Three Guessers," 6—Willie S. Conant, 10—"Kew," 15—"Impatiens," 14. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES were received late from Dycie Wurden, and S. Moon, England, and from Tom Spear, Oakland, Cal.