


ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME VII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1880.



ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

CONDUCTED BY
MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME VII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1880.

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ET. NICHOLAS.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

MILLY MARYS DOBBER

CHILDREN'S

FRANKLIN

NEW YORK

WILLIAM L. BROWN, PUBLISHER

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CONTENTS OF PART II., VOLUME VII.

	PAGE.
A. D. 1695. (Illustrated by H. W. Troy)	Mrs. D. G. Bacon..... 578
AH LO. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	Robert S. Talcott..... 637
ALPHABET IN COUNCIL. The (Illustrated by the Author)	Palmer Cox..... 976
ANCIENT HISTORY. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	Margaret Vandegrift..... 584
ANTI-FIRE-CRACKER LEAGUE. Tom's (Illustrated)	Mary Wager Fisher..... 713
ANTS. Curious Facts Concerning (Illustrated by A. C. Warren)	E. W. Olney..... 554
"A PLUMP LITTLE GIRL." Jingle. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	Margaret Johnson..... 765
APPLE-SEED JOHN. Poem. (Illustrated by George Gibson)	Lydia Maria Child..... 604
BALLOONS. Paper (Illustrated by the Author)	Daniel C. Beard..... 728
BARBARA BRIGHT. Jingle. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	Mabel C. Dowd..... 561
BARNEGAT. A Day off (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	Helen Campbell..... 841
BEFORE AND AFTER FLOWERING. Poem. (Illustrated)	Philip Bourke Marston..... 823
BESSIE AINSLEY DOCTORS THE DODDSES. (Illustrated by W. Taber)	Mrs. M. L. Evans..... 624
BICYCLE. A Talk About the (Illustrated)	Charles Barnard..... 887
BLACK CAT WINKED. Why the (Illustrated by A. Brennan)	Sophie Swett..... 809
BOATS (Small): How to Rig and Sail them (Illustrated by the Author)	Charles L. Norton..... 878
BOY AND THE GIANT. The (Illustrated)	Susan Coolidge..... 589
BUTTERFLY. Captain Verses. (Illustrated by Theodore Bauer)	Eleanor Kirk..... 873
BUTTONS AND FORTUNES. Verses. (Illustrated by W. Taber)	Laura Ledyard..... 717
BYE-BYE. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	F. Blake Crofton..... 806
CAMP OUT. How to (Illustrated by the Author)	Daniel C. Beard..... 618
CANADIAN PATRIOTS IN 1775. The	George J. Varney..... 718
CAPTAIN BUTTERFLY. Verses. (Illustrated by Theodore Bauer)	Eleanor Kirk..... 873
CAT'S-MEAT MAN OF LONDON. The (Illustrated)	Alexander Wainwright..... 975
CAUGHT! Picture, drawn by	W. T. Smedley..... 736
CHARITY CARTER'S PICNIC. (Illustrated by Robert Lewis)	Sarah J. Prichard..... 966
CHASED BY A HOOP-SNAKE. (Illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin)	F. Blake Crofton..... 866
CHEERY ROBIN. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author) ..	B. Lander..... 727
CHEWINK. Poem	Lucy Larcom..... 789
CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY'S SUMMER HOME FOR POOR CHILDREN. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	Olive Thorne Miller..... 647
CHRONICLES OF THE MOLBOS. More (Illustrated by Frank Beard)	662
COMBINING PLEASURE WITH DUTY. Picture, drawn by	Jessie McDermott..... 814
CORAL CASTLE. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	E. T. Disosway..... 785
COUNTRY-SEAT. A Picture, drawn by	H. L. Stephens..... 718
CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING ANTS. (Illustrated by A. C. Warren)	E. W. Olney..... 554
DAISY MAIDENS. The (Illustrated by the Author) ..	Mary A. Lathbury..... 629
DAME DURDEN AND LITTLE MR. BABE. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	S. W. Birnie..... 681
DARNING-NEEDLE. The (Illustrated)	E. C. N..... 766
DAY AMONG THE WELSH CASTLES. A (Illustrated)	Nettie B. Wilcox..... 867
DAY-DREAMS. Poem. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren)	Laura E. Richards..... 945
DAY OFF BARNEGAT. A (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	Helen Campbell..... 841
DISCUSSING THE CROPS. Picture, drawn by	Palmer Cox..... 980
DISTRICT SCHOOL. A Term at the (Illustrated by the Author and W. T. Smedley)	A. G. Plympton..... 550
DOROTHY DUMP. Jingle. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	Mabel C. Dowd..... 561

	PAGE.
ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER.	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 708
FAIRPORT NINE. The (Illustrated by A. C. Redwood)	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 562
	654, 737, 817, 895, 985
FAIRY PHOTOGRAPHS. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis).....	<i>H. H. Ballard</i> 526
FIELD-SPARROW. The Poem.....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 533
FLOWERING. Before and After Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Philip Bourke Marston</i> 823
FOREIGN HEAD-DRESSES OF MEN. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Sphinx</i> 641
FOX AND THE STORK. The (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 761
FRESH-AIR-FUND EXCURSIONS. (Illustrated)	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 800
FULL-DRESS ADVENTURES OF MISS MORIARTY. The Verses. (Illustrated by } L. Hopkins).....	<i>Eleanor Kirk</i> 548
GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS. A Talk with.....	<i>Washington Gladden</i> 521
GIRLS' SWIMMING BATH. The (Illustrated by Miss C. A. Northam).....	<i>Florence Wyman</i> 902
"GOOD-NIGHT." The Swiss (Illustrated by A. C. Warren and Walter F. Brown).....	<i>George Bancroft Griffith</i> 845
GOOD SHOT. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Joseph Kirkland</i> 639
GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM. (Illustrated)	<i>Harry S. Barnes</i> 615
GREEN MAN AND A "GREEN" BEAST. A (Illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin).....	<i>F. Blake Crofton</i> 950
GUNPOWDER STORIES. Two (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly and Percival De Luce).....	<i>J. L. W.</i> 743
HAP. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Annie A. Preston</i> 921
HAPPY THOUGHT FOR STREET CHILDREN. A (Illustrated).....	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 800
"HARK, HARK! WHAT 'S THAT NOISE?" Jingle. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>M. F. Butts</i> 726
HEAD-DRESSES OF MEN. Foreign (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Sphinx</i> 641
HOME OF THE HERONS. The Picture, facing.....	601
HOP O' MY THUMB. Picture, facing.....	761
HOUSE WITH THE LACE FRONT. The.....	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 981
"HOW HAPPY WOULD I BE WITH EITHER!" Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Laura C. Hills</i> 684
HOWIS DATFORHI. The (Illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin).....	<i>F. Blake Crofton</i> 806
HOW LITTLE PATTY SAVED HER MOTHER. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate B. Horton</i> 746
HOW TO CAMP OUT. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i> 618
HOW TO CARE FOR THE SICK. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	<i>Susan Anna Brown</i> 586
HOW TOM COLE CARRIED OUT HIS PLAN.	<i>M. A. Hopkins</i> 870
HOW TO SAVE TIME.....	<i>Susan Anna Brown</i> 979
HUMMING-BIRD. The Making of the Poem.....	<i>Annie A. Preston</i> 784
ICE-CREAM MAN. The Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> 789
IN THE CONTINENTAL SPIRIT. White Silhouettes, drawn by.....	<i>L. Hopkins</i> 756, 757
IN THE ORCHARD. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Horatio Nelson Powers</i> 955
INVASION. The Picture, drawn by.....	<i>F. B. Mayer</i> 770
JACK AND JILL. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 536
	605, 693, 770, 852, 932
JACKY'S SCARECROW. Verses. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	<i>Mrs. C. A. Wyckoff</i> 691
JAPANESE FAN. The Jingle. (Illustrated by A. Brennan).....	<i>Mattie C. Cook</i> 573
JAPANESE MILITARY NOBLE IN COURT DRESS. A (Illustrated)	<i>William E. Griffiths</i> 702
JINGLES.....	561, 573, 578, 588, 617, 726, 765, 806
JOHNNY'S POCKETS.....	<i>Anna B. Averill</i> 797
JUGGLERY. Oriental (Illustrated).....	<i>Fannie Roper Feudge</i> 545
LACE FRONT. The House with the.....	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 981
LANTERN FLY. The (Illustrated).....	<i>Dr. J. B. Holder</i> 924
LESSON OF WALNUT CREEK. The (Illustrated).....	<i>M. E. Edwards</i> 874
LILY CHAPEL. (Illustrated by J. F. Runge).....	<i>Emma K. Parrish</i> 943
"LITTLE MISS STONE." (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren).....	<i>Mary Wager Fisher</i> 601
LITTLE MODELS. The Poem. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>R. E. Francillon</i> 711
LITTLE VIOLINIST. The Picture, drawn by.....	<i>Miss C. A. Northam</i> 984
LITTLE WAVE'S HISTORY. A.....	<i>T. C. H.</i> 815
LIZBETH AND THE "BABY." The Story of (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	<i>George Houghton</i> 533
LOST AND FOUND. (Illustrated by E. M. S. Scannell).....	<i>Florence Scannell</i> 642
LUCK. Verses.....	<i>Margaret B. Harvey</i> 745
LUCKY STROKE. A (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 688
LUDOVICK'S ROCKS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 926

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

	PAGE.
SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT." The (Illustrated by A. C. Warren and Walter F. Brown) <i>George Bancroft Griffith</i>	845
TALK ABOUT THE BICYCLE. A (Illustrated)..... <i>Charles Barnard</i>	887
TALK WITH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS. A..... <i>Washington Gladden</i>	521
TERM AT THE DISTRICT SCHOOL. A (Illustrated by the Author and by W. T. Smedley).....	<i>A. G. Plympton</i> 530
"THIS LITTLE OLD MAN LIVED ALL ALONE." (Illustrated by the Author)..... <i>L. Hopkins</i>	578
TIRED MOTHER. A Picture, drawn by..... <i>W. J. Lockhart</i>	926
TOM'S ANTI-FIRE-CRACKER LEAGUE. (Illustrated)..... <i>Mary Wager Fisher</i>	713
TOPSYTURVY'S DREAM. (Illustrated)..... <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	580
TRAGEDY. A Verses (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)..... <i>Thomas S. Collier</i>	931
TRIAL BY JURY. A Picture, drawn by..... <i>J. G. Francis</i>	796
TRUE AND SAD BALLAD OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. The Poem.....	596
TWO FAMOUS OLD STONES. (Illustrated)..... <i>Fannie Roper Feudge</i>	629
TWO GUNPOWDER STORIES. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly and Percival De Luce) <i>J. L. W.</i>	743
TWO-LEGGED STEED. A (Illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin)..... <i>F. Blake Crofton</i>	531
UNINVITED BALLOONIST. An (Illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin)..... <i>F. Blake Crofton</i>	529
VENICE. "The Queen of the Sea." (Illustrated)..... <i>H. G. Gray</i>	891
WALNUT CREEK. The Lesson of (Illustrated)..... <i>M. E. Edwards</i>	874
WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES. Picture, drawn by..... <i>H. B. Jacobs</i>	991
WELSH CASTLES. A Day Among the (Illustrated)..... <i>Nettie B. Wilcox</i>	867
"WEST WIND'S" LAST CRUISE. The (Illustrated by Granville Perkins)..... <i>Frank H. Converse</i>	632
WHAT THEY SAID. Jingle. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)..... <i>Mabel C. Dowd</i>	561
WHY THE BLACK CAT WINKED. (Illustrated by A. Brennan)..... <i>Sophie Swett</i>	809
WILD FLOWERS. Poem. (Illustrated by R. Riordan)..... <i>Margaret Bourne</i>	654
WONDER-LAND. Poem..... <i>Caroline A. Mason</i>	867
WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER. The Poem..... <i>Joy Allison</i>	815
ZACK'S EXCURSION TRIP. (Illustrated by W. T. Smedley)..... <i>Emma L. Plympton</i>	951

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Introduction—Carpets—Photographs under Water—The Gemsbok and Eland—The Two Biggest Trees—About Some Tea-leaves—Roots Eighty Feet in Air (Illustrated)—The Cuckoo—Bamboozle—Found by a Lost Cow, 594; Introduction—Earthenware Moccasins—Giant Animals—A Flame as a Watch-dog—The Horse that Fed His Friend—Rabbits in California—The Crow that Stole Fishes—Strange Things in Colorado (Illustrated)—Cactus Paper—Growth of Knowledge in Butterflies, 674; Introduction—Sir Bumble-Bee's Story—How the Bechuanas Smoke—Insect Rag-pickers—Keeping Cut Flowers Fresh—Goddess of Tatters—Extract from a Little Girl's Letter (Illustrated)—Lightning as a Tube-maker—A Tree Still Taller, 754; Introduction—Salamanders—To Hot-house Plants and Others—An Electric Mail-carrier—Under-ground Things—An Egyptian "Rip Van Winkle" (Illustrated)—Five Pet Field-mice (Illustrated)—Decorative Crabs—One Crowded Day, 834; Introduction—A "Talking Book"—Kitty's Last Chance—A Baby-plant—The Little School-ma'am on Insects—Queer Fruit of an Oak (Illustrated)—An Ancient Insult—A Friendly Warning, 914; A Blackbird's Little Joke—How they Appear through a Glass (Illustrated)—What Steam can do—A Tree that bore Curious Fruit—The Brilliant Sea-mouse—The Salamander Dress—Voyage of a Cricket (Illustrated), 994.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK (Illustrated).

Christmas Eve; Little Speckle has Laid an Egg, 592—About a Big Dog; The Bird and its Mother; Did You? 670—Freddy and the Hawk; Little Popple-de-Polly; Tabby's Supper, 751—Ted and Kate, 830—An Old Rat's Tale; The Cook's Story, 912; Bobby's Supper, 992.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

The Story Written (Illustrated), 676—The Bicycle Boys, 916.

THE LETTER-BOX (Illustrated)..... 597, 677, 756, 836, 917, 996

THE RIDDLE-BOX (Illustrated)..... 599, 679, 759, 839, 919, 999

FRONTISPIECES.—"Ahoy, lads! Ah-o-y!" facing Title-page of Volume—Sir Christopher Wren, facing page 521—The Home of the Herons, 601—Elizabeth Zane Saves the Fort, 681—Hop o' my Thumb, 761—Feeding the Pigeons of San Marco, 841.

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A TALK WITH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

"BUT there are girls, too, in the cities and the towns. Do not they deserve to be talked with in a friendly way, as well as the boys? Have n't you something to say to them?"

Thus a chorus of girls, and their mothers.

I confess to you, maidens and matrons, that the task to which you thus summoned me was one that I undertook with some diffidence. When I was talking to boys I was sure of my ground. Something about boys I do know, for I have been a boy; but the wisdom of experience fails me when I try to discuss the problems of life as they present themselves to girls. That I might have something worth saying I determined, therefore, to seek instruction by sending a circular letter to a large number of those who once were girls, but who now are women of experience and reputation, asking them to tell me—

"1. What are the most common defects in the training of our girls?"

"2. What principles of conduct are most important, and what habits most essential, to the development of a useful and noble womanhood?"

This circular brought me more than forty letters, and it is upon the truths contained in these letters that this talk will be founded. I only undertake to reflect, in an orderly way, some of the advice of these wise women. I shall give you their words sometimes, and sometimes my own.

I shall find it necessary, now and then, to turn in this talk from the girls to their mothers. Indeed, a large share of what is written in these letters is intended for mothers rather than for girls, and cannot, therefore, be so freely used in this place as I should like to use it; but the girls are

generous enough, I am sure, to be willing that their mothers, and their fathers too, should have some share of the advice.

In the first place, then, girls make a great mistake in being careless about their health. I do not know that they are any more careless than boys, but their habits of life, and especially their habits of dress, are generally more injurious to health than those of boys. The great majority of our girls take much less vigorous exercise in the open air than is good for them: those who can walk three or four miles without exhaustion are exceptions.

"It seems to me a mistake," says one of my correspondents, "that boys and girls should be trained so differently, particularly in regard to out-of-door sports. With a strong love for everything in nature, I remember as a child what torture it was to be kept always in-doors, in some feminine employment, while my strong brothers (strong on this very account, perhaps) could spend all their leisure time in the open air. I was much interested years ago in reading a sketch of Harriet Hosmer's girlhood. Her father, having lost all his children by consumption, and finding her delicate, resolved to bring her up as a boy, teaching her all sorts of athletic sports, and thus making her a strong, healthy woman."

The lack of exercise on the part of girls is due, no doubt, in part, to the foolish styles of dress, in which it is impossible for them to be out in rough weather, or to make any considerable muscular exertion. "The lack of warmth in clothing, and the foolish adjustment of what is worn," is said in one of these letters to be one of the chief causes

VOL. VII.—35.

that produce "the peculiar nervous diseases to which women are subject."

I wish I could make you all understand how great a mistake you make when you sacrifice health, or the physical comfort on which health depends, to appearance or to any other earthly good; when you neglect to provide, by regular exercise and wise care, a good stock of physical vigor for the labors and the burdens of the coming years. Without this foundation, all that you can learn in school, and all that wealth can buy for you, will be worthless. "Intellect in an enfeebled body," says some one whom I quote from memory, "is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket,—it only makes him sink the sooner."

Another great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness, or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that the girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthiest families, than in the families of mechanics and of people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

"Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects, say, the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life,' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the short-comings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor deluded woman! She did it all herself, instead!"

The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice: the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be, who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household! And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "O, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her

temper with necessary house-work! The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter; and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose.

The result of all this is to form in the minds of many girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live by some means or other.

There is scarcely one of these forty letters which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you, girls, that if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

"Work," says one of my letters,—and it is written by a woman who does not need to labor for her own support, and who does enjoy with a keen relish the refinements of life,—"work, which you so plainly showed to be good for our boys, is quite as necessary for our girls."

Closely connected with what has just been said, is the mistake of many girls in making dress the main business of life. I quote now from one of my letters, whose writer has had unusual opportunities of observing the things she describes:

"From the time when the little one can totter to the mirror to see 'how sweetly she looks in her new hat,' to the hour when the bride at the altar gives more thought to the arrangement of her train and veil than to the vows she is taking upon herself, too large a share of time and thought is devoted by mothers and daughters to dress."

"I have heard," writes one of my correspondents, "a vain mother say of her beautiful baby, 'I'm so glad it's a girl; I can dress her so much finer than I could a boy.'" O woman! woman! to what depths of degradation you have sunk when you can look into the face of a baby lying in your lap,—the face of a child that God has given you to train for the service of earth and the glory of heaven,—and have such a thought as that find a moment's lodgment in your mind! The pity of it, the pity of it, that children should ever be given to such women! It is one of the inscrutable things of Providence. What can such a woman do but destroy the souls of her children?

Listen to these strong words of another correspondent:

"From the cradle to the casket, and including them both, the important question is not of the spirit and its destiny, but of the frail house of the soul,—how much money it can be made to represent,—what becomes it, and is it all in the latest

fashion. The occasional sight of a young girl simply and girlishly dressed is like a sight of a white rose after a bewildering walk through lines of hollyhocks and sunflowers. It is generally conceded that early tastes leave indelible results in character. What may be prophesied for the future of our girls with their banged, befrizzed hair, jingling ornaments and other fashions, which some one has well characterized as 'screaming fashions'?"

It is not that there is any harm in thinking about dress, or in wishing to be tastefully attired; it is only that personal appearance comes to be in the minds of so many of you the one subject, to which everything else is subordinate. This weakness, if indulged, must belittle and degrade you.

I do not think that the girls, or their mothers, are wholly to blame for this absorbing devotion to dress. The vanity of women is stimulated by the foolishness of men. A young woman who is modestly and plainly clad is much less likely to attract the notice of young men than one who is gorgeously arrayed. From bright, intelligent, finely cultured, sensible girls, whose chief adorning is *not* the adorning of braided hair, or golden ornaments, or of gay clothing, the young men often turn away in quest of some creature glittering in silks and jewelry, with a dull mind and a selfish heart. But I beseech you to remember, girls, that a young man who cares for nothing but "style" in a woman is a young man whose admiration you can well afford to do without. If that is all he cares for in you, you cannot trust his fidelity; when you and your finery have faded, some bird in gayer feathers than you are wearing will easily entice him away from you, and the sacred ties of marriage and parentage will prove no barrier to his wayward fancies. The girl who catches a husband by fine dress too often finds that the prize she has won is a broken heart.

Another mistake that many of our girls are making is in devoting too much of their time to novel-reading. The reading of an occasional novel of pure and healthful tone may be not only an innocent diversion, but a good mental stimulant; but the reading of the lighter sort of novels (which, if they do not teach bad morality, do represent life in a morbid and unreal light, and awaken cravings that never can be satisfied), and the reading of one or two or three of them in a week, as is the common habit of many of our girls, must prove grievously injurious to their minds and hearts. It is mental dissipation of a very dangerous sort; its influence is more insidious than, but I am not sure that it is not quite as fatal to character as, the habitual use of strong drink. Certainly the mental dissipation of novel-reading is vastly more prevalent than the other sort of dissipation, not only in "the best

society," but in the second best, as well; and five women's lives are ruined by the one where one life is wrecked by the other. "Ruined," do I say? Yes; no weaker word tells the whole truth. This intemperate craving for sensational fiction weakens the mental grasp, destroys the love of good reading, and the power of sober and rational thinking, takes away all relish from the realities of life, breeds discontent and indolence and selfishness, and makes the one who is addicted to it a weak, frivolous, petulant, miserable being. I see girls all around me in whom these results are working themselves out steadily and fatally.

Another mistake which our girls are making—or which their parents are making—is a too early initiation into the excitements and frivolities of what is called society. It was formerly the rule for girls to wait until their school-days were over before they made their appearance in fashionable society. At what age, let us inquire, does the average young lady of our cities now make her *debut*? From my observations, I should answer at about the age of three. They are not older than that when they begin to go to children's parties, for which they are dressed as elaborately as they would be for a fancy ball. From this age onward they are never out of society; by the time they are six or eight years old they are members of clubs, and spend frequent evenings out, and the demands of social diversion and display multiply with their years.

"I think," writes one of my correspondents, who loves little girls, "the greatest defect in the training of girls is in letting them think too much of their clothes and of the boys. Little girls that ought to be busy with their books and their dolls are often dressed up like dolls themselves, and encouraged to act in a coquettish manner that many of their elders could not equal."

"It seems to me," writes another, "that one prominent defect in our modern training of girls is undue haste in making them society young ladies, and cultivating a fondness for admiration by lavish display of dress. Before leaving the nursery, many a child does penance by being made a figure on which a vain mamma may gratify her taste in elegant fabrics and exquisite laces to be exhibited at a fashionable children's party. This trait easily becomes a controlling one, and girls scarcely in their teens, with the *blasé* manner of a woman of the world, will scan a lady's dress, tell you at once the quality of the material, the rarity of the laces, the value of the jewels—even venture an opinion whether or not it be one of Worth's latest designs, showing what apt scholars they have become."

"It is in the claims of society upon our girls," writes another, who knows them well, "that their strength is most severely taxed, and their charac-

ters endangered. To meet creditably the demands of this master, our girls must attend day-school, dancing-school, take music lessons, go to parties, concerts, the theater, sociables; be active members of cooking-clubs, archery-clubs, reading-clubs; ride, skate, walk, and go to the health-lift. To do this and to dress with appropriate anxiety for each one of the occasions, a young girl runs an appalling gauntlet of foes to the healthy development of her soul and body."

I am sure that the early contact of our girls with the vanities and the insincerities and the excitements of social life is doing a great injury to many of them. Girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age, who ought to be in bed every night at nine o'clock, are out at parties till midnight, and sometimes later, thus destroying their health and keeping their young heads filled with thoughts which are not conducive to healthy mental or moral growth.

And as for the children's parties to which my correspondents apply words of such severity, I cannot conceive anything more hurtful than they are in the way that they are generally managed. If a little company of children could be brought together in the afternoon or in the early evening, all plainly dressed, so that they might romp and play to their hearts' content, and take no thought for their raiment—if they could be healthily fed, and wisely amused, with no resort to kissing-games, and no suggestions of beaux—that would be innocent enough; but to dress these children in silks and laces, in kid gloves and kid slippers, with frizzed hair and jewelry—to parade them up and down the drawing-rooms for the foolish mothers who are in attendance to comment on their dresses in their hearing, saying, "O, you dear little thing! How sweet you look! What a beautiful dress! How that color becomes her!" then to chaff them about their lovers and sweethearts, and laugh at their precocious flirtations,—oh, it is pitiful! pitiful! I say to you, mothers, that if there are any children for whom my heart aches it is these innocent, beautiful children who are being sacrificed on the altars of foolish fashion. The children of the poor, thinly clad, poorly fed, rudely taught, are not any more to be pitied than are many of the children of the rich; their bodies may suffer more, but their souls are not any more likely to be pampered and corrupted and destroyed.

From this early entrance into fashionable society the girls go right on, as I have said, plunging a little deeper every year into the currents of social life, until many of them, as my friend has said, are utterly *blasé* before they are twenty. Society is a squeezed orange; they have got all the flavor out of it, they have nothing serious nor sacred to live

for, and you sometimes hear them wishing they were dead.

I suppose that many of us who are parents yield, with many misgivings and protests, to this bad custom, which drags our children into social life and its excitements at such an early age. We give in to it because all the rest do, and because it is hard to deny to our children what all their companions are allowed. And sometimes I suspect you might go into a company of girls and boys who are keeping late hours, and carrying their social diversions to an injurious excess, and find there not a single child whose parents did not heartily disapprove of this excess. Yet the thing is allowed, not so much because the parents lack authority over their children, as because they lack the firmness to resist a bad social custom.

I will mention only one more sad mistake which some, I hope not many, of our girls are making, and it shall be described for you in the language of one who has had the amplest opportunities of knowing whereof she speaks.

"The most common defect in the training of girls is, in my judgment, the ignoring of the command to honor and obey parents. From the age of thirteen, girls and parents alike seem to regard this commandment as a dead letter. The girl of thirteen regards herself as her own mistress; she is already a woman in her own estimation, and has a right to do as she likes. If she prefers to go to parties, sociables, and so forth, three or four evenings in a week, rather than spend her evenings in study, she does so. Both she and her parents, however, expect and demand that she is to be ranked at graduation as high as the laborious, self-denying, faithful worker in her class.

"Again, in one congregation in this city I know of four cases well worthy of thoughtful consideration. The four families all are respectable, such people as form the majority of your own congregation. In each of three of these families is only one child. Each one of these three girls left school when she chose to do so, went into society when she pleased, spent as much time on the street as she liked, and all three, still under twenty, have now become a by-word and reproach among all who know them. In the fourth family there were three girls, two of whom cast off all restraint, while father and mother were regularly taking part in prayer-meetings. This father and mother excused themselves by saying they did not know what their girls were doing, yet the girls lived at home all the time and their neighbors knew all about their conduct."

This habit of running loose, of constantly seeking the street for amusement, and even of making chance acquaintances there, is practiced by some of the girls of our good families, and it is not at

all pleasant to see them on the public thoroughfares, and to witness their hoydenish ways. I know that they mean no harm by it, but it often results in harm; the delicate bloom of maiden modesty is soiled by too much familiarity with the public streets of a city, and a kind of boldness is acquired which is not becoming in a woman.

Such are some of the errors which are frequently committed in the training of our girls, and some of the dangers to which they are exposed; I am sure that you will see that none of them are imaginary, and that all of them are serious. I know that many of you girls, and mothers, too, are fully aware of them, and on your guard against them. If I have succeeded in drawing the more careful attention of any of you to any of them, I shall not have written in vain.

I have left myself small space to speak of the principles and habits requisite to the development of a noble womanhood. These, however, have been suggested in what I have said already. In avoiding the mistakes to which I have referred, you will be guided to the right principles of conduct. Let me speak very briefly of some of the elements which go to make up a beautiful womanly character:

The first is industry. Willingness and ability to work lie, as I have said already, at the basis of all good character. The moral discipline, the patience, the steadiness of purpose, the power to overcome, that are gained in work, and only in work, are just as necessary to women as to men; and the girl who is given no chance of learning these traits is sadly defrauded.

Besides, there are certain strong reasons why girls ought to be well trained in that particular kind of work which they are most likely to be called to perform. "All women, however situated," writes one of my correspondents, "should have a practical knowledge of manual labor; should know how to cook, to purchase household stores, how to avoid waste, how to buy, cut and sew garments, how to nurse the sick. All these things should be a part of a thorough education, and few women can pass through life, no matter what their means or station, who will not find the time when such knowledge will help others, even if they personally may get on very well without it." So say a great many of them, and it is all true.

"I would train my daughter," writes one, "to regard all work, in the broadest meaning, as honorable. Whatever is necessary to be done is honorable work, for highest and lowest alike."

After industry comes thoroughness. It is not enough to be busy; we ought to do *well* whatever our hands find to do, else we may be forced to say what Hugo Grotius said when he came to the end:

"Alas! I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing." To be thorough in study, to be thorough in all work, ought to be the aim of every girl, not less than of every boy. Our methods of female education have encouraged superficiality rather than thoroughness; we have given our girls smatterings of many things, and mastery of few things. We teach them a little Latin, and a little French, and a little Italian, and a little German, and a little Spanish, and a little English—precious little, too, generally; we give them a few lessons on the piano (not often too few, however, of these), and a few lessons on the organ, and a few on the harp, and a few on the guitar, and a few, perhaps, on the violin or the banjo; we let them take oil-painting for a quarter, and water-colors for a quarter, and crayons for a quarter, and china decoration for a quarter, and so on, and so on; and the poor things, when they are done with it all, know a little of everything, and not much of anything. Don't do it, girls; life is short and art is long; you cannot be mistresses of all the arts. It is better to confine yourselves to a single branch and make yourselves proficient in that. It is much better to say, "This one thing I *do*," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."

After thoroughness, independence. A habit of relying on your own judgment, a habit of thinking for yourself, and caring for yourself, not selfishly, but in a true womanly fashion—a habit of taking responsibility and bearing it bravely is one of the habits that women as well as men need to cultivate. Your parents ought to give you some chance to form this habit; it is a great mistake to shield a girl from all care, and then, by and by, when the helpers on whom she has leaned fall by her side, to leave her with judgment untrained and powers undisciplined, to carry the burdens of life.

Respect for character, for manhood and womanhood, more than for money or rank, or even genius, is another of the first lessons that every girl ought to learn. Virtue, truth, fidelity, these are the shining things that every true woman honors, and she who values above these a coat-of-arms or a bank account, degrades herself. There is a silly snobbery among some of our girls that is the reverse of lovely. I see them now and then spurning association with worthy young men and women who are poor, and hear them talking in a large way about blue blood, when all the blue blood that is in their veins flowed into them from the veins of tanners or wood-choppers. Shame upon the girl who cannot recognize and honor in others the same qualities that lifted her father or her grandfather to wealth and station!

I might speak of many other elements of character indispensable to the truest womanhood, such

as truthfulness, and conscientiousness, and purity, and modesty, and fidelity, but I will only name one more which sums up much of what my friends have written, and that is:

Consecration. It is a great word. It means many things. It means, to begin with, that God has some purpose concerning you, some good work for each of you to do. It means that He has given you the power to serve in some way, and that He wishes you to devote that power which He has given you to that service for which He created you. What kind of work He has for you to do I cannot tell; but I know that He has called every one of you with a high calling, to some ennobling work. Not to be butterflies, not to be drones, not to be sponges, has He called any of you; but to be helpers, and ministers, and friends of all good; to wait with ready hands and loving hearts for the service that you can do for Him. Most of you will be called, by and by, to the dignity of wifehood and motherhood; there is no greater dignity than that and no nobler work.

One of the ladies asked me to describe the successful woman. There is more than one type, I answer, but among them all is none more illustrious than that of the wife and mother; the woman who builds and rules a beautiful and happy home; who holds the honor of her husband and the reverence of her children; who leads those whom God has given her up to vigorous and virtuous manhood and womanhood, imparting to them by daily communion with them her own wisdom and nobleness, and sending them forth to do good and brave service in the world. The

woman who does such work as this, I say, is a successful woman; and there is no grander work than this within the measure of a man or even of an angel.

But marriage is not for all of you, and should not be for any of you the chief end. "I try to teach my daughter," writes one, "that while happy wifehood is the glory and blessing of every true-hearted woman's life, and maternity the crown of this—more to be desired than queendom, she should hold herself too pure and dear a thing to marry for home, or position, or because it is expected of her." Many women are living happily and nobly out of wedlock, and no one is fit for it who is not fit to live without it.

To what kind of service our Lord has called you, then, I cannot tell; but I know that for you as for Him, the joy of life must be, not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. God help you to understand it, girls, before it is too late. There is so much good in living, if one knows how to live; there is such delight in serving when one has learned to serve, that I do not like to see any of you going on aimlessly and selfishly, and laying up in store for yourselves a future of disquietude and gloom. There is a better and brighter way than this, a way that has never been pointed out more clearly than in the simple words of our good friend, Mr. Hale: "To look up and not down; to look forward and not back; to look out and not in; and to lend a hand." Set your feet in that path, and follow it patiently, and you will find it the path "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

FAIRY PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

THE sun was shining happily one morning. So was Tommy's face.

"I'm goin' strawberryin'," said he.

"So 'm I," said his small sister Polly.

"No you aint, neither," said Tommy. "Sisters are always taggin' on to everybody."

So he went off alone.

He knew where the large red berries grew—"thicker 'n hops"—and he could pick a whole pailful and "never eat a single one." He had to cross a meadow on his way to the hill where he knew a "spot that nobody else could find."

In this meadow lived a black and white bobo-

link. Bobolinks are great chatterboxes, as every one knows; and this particular bobolink, as soon as he caught sight of Tommy, bubbled up from the grass, and tumbled out of himself the queerest jargon in the world.

"Bobolink, bobolink, what do you think? Where 's your sister, Tommy? Tell me quick—er 'n a wink, wink, wink!"

This made Tommy's face very red. He picked up a stone and threw it at the bird. It struck the bird's head and stopped all the beautiful music.

"I wonder what makes everything so cross and ugly this morning!" thought Tommy.

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his face.

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Just then, a great yellow butterfly fluttered past his face.

"Hi!" says Tommy. "I'll fix you!"



So he struck it with his big straw hat, and, pinching its delicate wings in his rough fingers, he stuck a pin through it and fastened it on his hat-band.

Nothing else happened until he had come to where the strawberries lay dreaming under the cool green leaves.

He soon had his pail filled, and was about to start for home, when he spied a little brown rabbit sitting on its hind legs and looking at him with two funny little eyes.



"Hi!" said Tommy. "I'll fix you!"

So he picked up a stick and struck at the rabbit with all his might; but what was his surprise to see the stick slip from his hand, run along the

ground like a chipmunk and then dart down a hole in the ground, before he could say "Jack Robinson"!



There stood the rabbit, too—only a little farther off—and it had one eye shut.

Tommy wondered whether he had put the eye out when he struck, or whether the rabbit was winking at him.

"We'll see," said Tommy.



With that, he started in pursuit of the rabbit, which, however, did not turn around and bound away as rabbits generally do; but, still facing the boy, it began to hop backward so rapidly that Tommy hardly could keep it in sight.

The pail of berries was thrown aside in the eagerness of the race, and the golden curls blew all around Tommy's glowing cheeks as he ran on

and on. Pretty soon it began to grow dark, and then the little boy noticed for the first time that he was in the midst of a lonely forest.

Once he thought he saw a face with tears on it looking at him out of the branches of a great oak-tree; but how could his sister be away out there and up in a tree?

"It's only a shadder," said Tom; but he was growing a trifle uneasy. So he whistled.

No sooner had the first clear notes rung out in the woods, than they were caught up and echoed from a thousand points—only instead of the tune which he meant to whistle, he heard all around him:

"Bobolink, bobolink! What do you think? This boy killed a butterfly! Spink, spank, spink!"

"Bobolinks don't live in woods," said Tommy; "That's nuthin but a chipmunk—you can't fool me!"

But his legs began to grow quite shaky all at once, and somehow or other his whistle died away. By this time it was very dark indeed.

"Now is a good time to have your photograph taken, my boy," said a shrill voice close to poor Tommy's ear. He started, but seeing only the little rabbit, which he had been chasing so long, he plucked up courage enough to say:

"H'm! rabbits can't take photographs! Nobody can take 'em when it's all darker 'n Egypt, any how," he added, emphatically.

"We prefer the dark for taking bad boys' pictures," said the rabbit, who, to Tommy's terror, was growing bigger and bigger. "Just you sit down on this stump," he continued in a rougher voice, "and I'll fix you."

Tommy felt he must obey. Then the rabbit, who was by this time as big as a bear, brought a stout hickory sapling and stuck it up in the ground behind Tommy, for a head-rest.

It was n't very comfortable, though, for the rabbit twisted a branch around the boy's head so tight that it made him as fast as the poor butterfly on his hat.

Then the rabbit went off a little way, and pointed the end of a hollow log at the boy, putting his own head behind it and peering through at him, just as real photographers do.

"Look a little more pleasant," said the rabbit; but it was all Tommy could do to keep the tears from flowing.

"Don't you wink," said the rabbit.

But there was no use in his saying this, for Tommy could no more wink than he could get off from that stump and run home—which is saying a great deal.

"One done," said the rabbit; "but we must try again, this is very poor indeed."

Poor Tommy shivered and trembled all over, for, every time the rabbit looked at him now, he felt as cold as ice.

After four pictures had been taken, the rabbit untwisted the branch from his head, pushed him off the stump, gave him the photographs wrapped up in a big leaf, and bade him run home and give them to his mother, without daring to so much as look behind him.

"If you do," said the rabbit, "we'll fix you."

"I will remember," said Tommy, only too glad to get out of that dreadful place.

Then the woods were gone, and the rabbit, and the bobolink songs, and right before him he saw his own beautiful home and his mother looking out to see if her boy were coming.

Tommy felt almost like running off to hide, but he did n't dare disobey the rabbit. So he went slowly up to his mother and gave her his pictures. When she opened them, she looked very sad.

The first one showed Tommy just as he had looked when he spoke so crossly to his little sister that morning.

His eyes were all puckered and his mouth drawn down in anger.

The second was taken just as he was throwing a stone at the pretty bobolink, and in one corner was a picture of the little bird with its head hanging all on one side—dead.

Then came a sorry-looking photograph of the pinned butterfly, and last of all Tommy striking at the little rabbit.

All of them were perfectly black—like the silhouettes of your grandfather in mamma's room, or somebody's grandfather in some other room.

"Please, mamma, burn those horrid pictures up," said Tommy, "and I'll never, never, *never* be so mean again 's long 's I live and breathe."

His mother told him that although she could easily burn those pictures, yet that every time he said such cross words and did such cruel things, a picture of them was made on his own heart—inside of him—which could n't be gotten rid of so easily.

"Guess I'll be pretty careful how I sit for such photographs," said Tommy.

And he was.



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TWO MORE OF THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.



THE TWO-LEGGED STEED. [SEE PAGE 532.]

NO. II.—AN UNINVITED BALLOONIST.

It once struck me that ballooning would be the pleasantest way of traveling in my business, lifting me above the sands, beasts and barbarians of the desert. So I had a big balloon constructed, with a patent rudder, guaranteed to steer against any ordinary wind. One day, when the breeze blew inland, I embarked, thinking my return voyage would be plain sailing, owing to the patent rudder and to the figuring of a man of science, who proved quite clearly that an upper current of air set steadily from the desert to the western ocean. But either the upper current of air or the patent rudder went all wrong, and I was landed at Morocco, from which city I made my way home by sea, with the loss of four months' time, my whole cargo of feathers, and every cent I had taken out with me.

For the future, I confined my ballooning to short voyages of exploration.

On one of these occasions, my supply of water had nearly run out, when, noticing a stream, as I thought, I descended and made fast the balloon. What I fancied was a brook turned out, however, to be a wady—that is, one of the dried-up water-

courses of the Sahara. As I turned back empty-handed, I saw a prettily spotted animal, which proved to be a baby-leopard, playing like a kitten in the wady. I caught the creature and hoisted it into the car by a rope. Then, as no living thing was in sight, I was leisurely preparing to launch my air-ship once more. Two of the three ropes which secured it to the earth were already cut, and I was turning to cut the third, when I was horrified at seeing the mother-leopard creeping toward me, noiselessly but swiftly, and with a revengeful gleam in her eyes.

The infuriated beast was now barely forty feet away, and I had enough presence of mind left to lose no time in cutting the last rope. The liberated balloon rose majestically in the air—about a second too late. While I was severing the rope, the leopard had reduced her distance, and when I had finished she was poised for a spring. Up she bounded, the embodiment of cruelty and grace, her paws outstretched, her tail stiff, her jaws distended, her eyes flashing. Her fore claws only just reached the bottom of the rising car; but they grasped it like grim death, and she soon clambered into the car, nearly capsizing it in the process. Then she stood a moment over her sprawling cub

and gave a roar, whether a roar of greeting to the cub or of menace to me I did not even try to guess. Just at that time, I was going up the ropes which secured the car to the balloon, in a way that would have won the prize at any gymnastic exhibition.

In a few seconds I was clinging to the netting of the balloon, and glancing uneasily down at the "bearded pard."

A glance showed me there was no immediate danger from the leopard. She was quite as alarmed as I was. Her first movement, when she perceived the earth receding beneath her, was to seize her cub in her teeth and hasten to the edge of the car, as if about to spring to the ground. But the height was too great, and, abandoning her intention, she dropped the cub and whined in abject terror.

I had now time to reflect. Even if I wished to make the balloon descend, in the hope that the frightened leopard might leap to the ground at the first opportunity, I had not the means of doing so from where I was. To go down into the car while the leopard remained there alive, seemed like putting my head in a lion's mouth, and I had no means of killing the beast, for my fire-arms were also in the car. Meantime, though I had secured a foothold in the netting, the strain on the muscles of my hands and arms was great, and I could not support it forever. At last I drew my knife, which, in my hurry, I had luckily shoved into my pocket unclashed, and, climbing around the base of the balloon, began severing the ropes which attached the car to it. As the car swung downward, supported by the last two ropes, the young leopard fell to earth; but its mother, becoming suddenly conscious of what I was doing, sprang upward and struggled hard to climb the single rope that remained uncut—for the other, half severed, had yielded when she sprang. It was a trying moment, but the knife was sharp and I managed to divide the rope in time.

Down fell the car, and the leopard after it, still grasping the rope with her claws. Sometimes the car was uppermost, sometimes the beast. In spite of my own perilous position, I could not help watching this terrific see-saw in the air, until beast and car, after shrinking to mere specs, were dashed to pieces on the ground. Fortunately for me, my eyes were accustomed to dizzy heights.

I had provided against the too rapid ascent of the balloon, when lightened of so great a weight, by cutting a small hole in its side. But this proved insufficient to stop its upward progress. So I made other small holes with great caution—for my only chance of a successful descent was to let the gas escape by slow degrees. My task was not

an easy one, for the balloon, cut loose from its ballast, now lay over considerably on one side, with me beneath. The strain on my hands had consequently grown much greater. However, I eased it somewhat by getting one leg inside the netting, and soon I was glad to perceive, from the gently upward direction of the loose ropes, that I was beginning to descend. The motion grew more and more rapid, and though I managed to reduce



THE LEOPARD STRIVES TO REACH THE MAJOR.

its rapidity for a time by cutting off all the swinging ropes within my reach, I should probably have been maimed, or killed outright, had I not alighted on the long, feathery leaves of a date-palm, in the center of a beautiful cluster of these trees.

After refreshing myself with some dates, and filling my pockets with more, I struck into the desert to seek the wreck of the car, and especially my rifle and revolver, without which I had no hopes of reaching civilization again. My ruined balloon did me a last service, as it limped over the tops of the palms: it enabled me to tell the direction of the wind, which I could not have discovered

otherwise, for it was nearly a dead calm. By going directly against the wind, I knew I must draw near the objects of my search. I found the shattered car and the leopard by it; but rifle and pistol were bent and broken beyond any possibility of use or repair.

But the way I got home is a story in itself.

NO. III.—A TWO-LEGGED STEED.

SO HERE goes for Story No. III. When I found my fire-arms smashed, I was dumbfounded for a minute or so. Then, as the sun was just setting, I looked over the wreck of the car, and picked out a thin rope, and the skin in which I used to carry my water, and which still held about half a gallon. I built a fire out of the remnants of the car and its contents, and, stretching my feet toward it, fell asleep almost instantaneously. I was too tired to make any plans.

Next morning I was awakened by a sharp pain on my right cheek, and, opening my eyes, I saw a vulture perched upon my breast, and preparing to have a second and more satisfactory peck at my face, if I should happily prove to be dead or mortally wounded. I jumped up with a shout, which scared the cowardly bird and a whole flock of his mates that were feeding on the carcass of the leopard.

The course of the balloon had been nearly due east, and, as well as I could guess at its average speed, I was not much more than a hundred miles from the coast. So, after breakfasting on the rest of the dates and a small allowance of water, I took Horace Greeley's advice to young men, and went west.

"How could you tell which side was the west?" you will ask.

Well, the sun, my dears, very kindly got up that morning at about the usual time and place. And during the whole of the first day I made for a distant clump of trees which lay but little out of my course.

I reached the clump half broiled and without a drop of water, having used up most of my supply in moistening my head to keep off sunstroke. However, the trees were date-palms and grew over a brook, as these trees commonly do. So I found an abundance of food, drink and fuel, and slept as soundly and safely as the night before.

I started into the desert early next morning in better spirits, for I was some twenty-five miles nearer home, and had not, so far, met a beast of prey, though I had heard one roaring near my fire.

About noon I observed an animal behind me,

but too far away to recognize. Some minutes later I looked round again, and saw it in about the same position. This looked as if it was following me. I felt uncomfortable, and glanced back a third time. It was a little nearer now, and I perceived, to my alarm, that its color was tawny. Wishing to know the worst, I halted. To my surprise, the animal halted, too. Its motion had been stealthy and cat-like; but now its pose was bold and commanding, as it raised its head and paused to contemplate me.

If I had any doubts remaining, they were soon gone, for the beast lifted its head higher, and proved its identity by roaring as only lions can roar.

Though much alarmed at this, I had presence of mind enough not to turn and flee at this terrible summons. On the contrary, I looked the lion steadily in the face for some minutes, and then calmly resumed my journey west.

As I had hoped, he did not charge, but continued to follow at the same interval. When I halted again, he halted, too; when I walked, he walked after me. He apparently meant to attack me in the dark, when lions are boldest.

Several times that day I was on the point of ending my fearful suspense by rushing at my pursuer, and forcing him either to fly, or else to eat me for his dinner instead of for his supper. But each time some new hope would spring up in my breast, and I would trudge on still. Once I remembered Androcles, and hoped that the lion might tread upon a thorn. Another time I thought of the man in a similar plight with myself, who, happily combining presence of mind with absence of body, raised his cloak and hat on a stick, and induced a deluded lion to spring at it, and fall down a convenient precipice. Time and again I hoped for trees, and time and again I asked myself the conundrum, "Why is a lion like an oyster?" and comforted myself with the answer, "Because neither can climb a tree." Yes; if I were only up a tree, I would fear the lion no more than any oyster of the same size and weight.

I think I could have climbed anything just then, —a branchless palm, the North Pole, a genealogical tree. But I could see nothing higher than myself, except the sun.

At last I came to a slight rise in the boundless waste. From the summit I saw neither rock nor tree. Two cassavas were in sight, but they were only stunted shrubs, a few feet high. The sun was at the horizon, and the lion had decreased his distance visibly.

I felt the courage of despair, and was about to turn and force the wild beast to kill me then or never, when I saw something rise out of the long

shadow cast by the cassavas in the setting sun. I soon discovered that it was a large ostrich, which had been frightened by some sight or sound at the other side of the bushes, for it came straight toward me, using wings and legs, as ostriches do when hurried or alarmed.

In a moment, I had formed a plan of escape. I headed the huge bird, and shouted at it. It fled in bewilderment back to the cassavas, where, according to its silly custom, it thrust its head into the leaves and halted, in the belief that not to see involves not to be seen.

It was a double chase; for no sooner did I begin to run after the ostrich than the lion, echoing my shout with compound interest, started in pursuit. To a looker-on, the race would have shown strange contrasts,—the flapping, waddling, frightened ostrich; the man running silently for life; the roaring lion, with successive bounds, hastening after his prey.

I was a good hand at leap-frog when I was at school. I had often leaped on to the sixth or seventh back at the old game of "High Cockalorum." But I never had so high "a back" given me before as that now offered by the unconscious ostrich. Still, I never had so much encouragement to distinguish myself at any game before, for a hungry lion had never been the next player behind me!

Mustering all my strength, I sprang into the air, tipping the ostrich's tail with my fingers as I flew over it. In another moment I was seated comfortably on the back of the bird, holding tightly to its neck with both hands. The huge creature, terrified no less by the roaring of the lion, now hardly fifty yards behind, than by the mysterious weight on its back, hastily raised its head from the cassava bush, and went off at a pace which soon distanced our pursuer.

We traveled all night, and on the following afternoon struck the coast, six miles below the trading-post, which we reached at sun-down.

"But what did the ostrich eat on the way, Major?" you will say.

Chiefly money.

"Money?"

Yes; money. I suppose you are aware that ostriches are fond of eating stones and metals. Well, I thought a few coins might be a pleasant change for my ostrich, and I had a quantity of gold coins in a belt, to provide against accidents, as my habit was when ballooning. So I threw him a sovereign, which he swallowed eagerly; then an eagle, which he seemed to enjoy still more. At least, he ran to it, and stooped for it with more haste,—whether because it was a larger coin, or because it was of American manufacture, I am unable to decide.

"How did you get him to go in one direction all the time?" I hear.

By making a slip noose on my rope and lassoing his neck, keeping the ends of the rope in my hands to act as reins. I put two knots on the rope, to prevent the noose from getting too tight and strangling the bird; yet I managed to make it mighty disagreeable for him when he tried to alter his course. While the coins lasted, I had no trouble at all; for, whenever he wanted to turn, I just threw one straight ahead, and by the time the silly bird had reached it he had quite forgotten his desire to turn.

"What a lot it cost to feed that ostrich!" do you say?

Bless your soul, it did n't cost a cent. If I never got home, the money was no use to me; if I did, I knew I could get it back. I hated to shoot that ostrich; but times were bad, and I could not afford to wait and find out whether the bird would lay golden eggs.

The feathers of that ostrich wave to-day from my aunt's bonnet. I brought them home as witnesses of my adventure. The yellowish tinge in them is owing to the large quantity of gold swallowed by my two-legged steed.



THE FIELD-SPARROW.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

A BUBBLE of music floats
The slope of the hill-side over,—
A little wandering sparrow's notes,—
On the bloom of yarrow and clover.
And the smell of sweet-fern and the bayberry-leaf
On his ripple of song are stealing;
For he is a chartered thief,
The wealth of the fields revealing.

One syllable, clear and soft
As a raindrop's silvery patter,
Or a tinkling fairy-bell, heard aloft,
In the midst of the merry chatter
Of robin and linnet and wren and jay;—
One syllable, oft repeated.
He has but a word to say,
And of that he will not be cheated.

The singer I have not seen;
But the song I arise and follow
The brown hills over, the pastures green,
And into the sunlit hollow.
With the joy of a lowly heart's content
I can feel my glad eyes glisten,
Though he hides in his happy tent,
While I stand outside and listen.

This way would I also sing,
My dear little hill-side neighbor!
A tender carol of peace to bring
To the sunburnt fields of labor,
Is better than making a loud ado.
Trill on, amid clover and yarrow,—
There's a heart-beat echoing you,
And blessing you, blithe little sparrow!

THE STORY OF LIZBETH AND THE "BABY."

BY GEORGE HOUGHTON.

ONE Monday morning, last June, I drew the chair up to my office desk, and prepared to begin my week's work. First, I opened and read the papers,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven,—O! so many to count; then I cut open all the newspapers,—there were enough to paper the front of the building; and at last I came to a strange round parcel, and wondering what could be in that, I took off the pink string and wrappings that surrounded it, when out rolled a tin mustard-box, with holes punched in the lid. What to make of this I did n't know. I tried to twist off the cover, but it would not stir. Then I rapped it gently with a ruler, when, all of a sudden,—pop! off came the lid, and out sprang a wad of cotton wool, and a queer little drab and yellow thing, three inches long, that squatted down among the papers. Four small legs, a big tail, a head with a coat of many colors: that seemed of it. I waited for it to move, but it kept very still that I thought it must be dead, so I gave it a poke with my pen-handle, when away it ran, like a mouse, over papers, down to the carpet, across the floor, and into a dark corner behind the safe.

Thus was I introduced to "Lizbeth," the horned lizard, or horned toad, which my friend, the Professor, had sent me from Colorado.

I carried her home with me that night, and in a few days she came to be looked upon as one of the family. She took possession of one of the broad window-seats in the library, where she had a cigar-box for her house and a hickory twig for furniture. Here she spent most of her time. In the morning she lay in the sunshine, or clung to the window-sill to look out at the ailantus-tree opposite. She showed only one bad trait,—she would not eat, and for five weeks she was never known to take any food or drink. But this did n't trouble her as much as it did the rest of us. She continued to look plump, and the Professor tells me that she could have fasted for six months without starving. One night I put four beetles in the cigar-box with her, fastening down the cover; in the morning they were gone, and from that time she had a good appetite, and devoted most of her waking hours to appeasing it with such flies, ants, or beetles, as came within reach of her. I once counted fifty flies that went into her mouth within as many minutes.

And she always was ready for contributions of in-

sects, but they must be alive. If you took a fly by one wing and held it, buzzing, two or three inches from her mouth, suddenly out flashed a small stubby tongue, with a sort of mucilage on the end of it, and before you knew just what had happened, the fly was swallowed.

Lizbeth soon learned to recognize the members of the family, and would often follow us from room to room. She showed intelligence in many ways; we taught her several tricks, such as lying on her back as if dead, and sitting on her haunches with back against an inkstand, and demurely holding a tooth-pick in one of her small hands, and when hungry for a meal, she would come to us with open mouth, as a sign of readiness. She was always pleased to have her neck scratched, or to be held in one's hand, when she would snuggle down into the warm palm and go to sleep.

One day in September, three months after Lizbeth's arrival, a very important event happened. There came another tin mustard-box from the Professor, who was then with the Wheeler Exploring Expedition in California, and in it was a baby companion for Lizbeth,—according to the Professor's standard of beauty, the prettiest creature alive. It was three inches long, and had five gold bands across its back, black shading just before each, and a beautiful white stomach.

So now there were two heads that peeped out from the library window at the ailantus-tree, and two hungry mouths to fill with flies and beetles. Baby soon became the favorite. The color of her coat was prettier, and she had no horns on her head. You may wonder what Lizbeth's horns were for. I hardly know, unless as a substitute for a shovel in digging into the soil, but she used hers very skillfully to pry open the lid of her cigar-box.

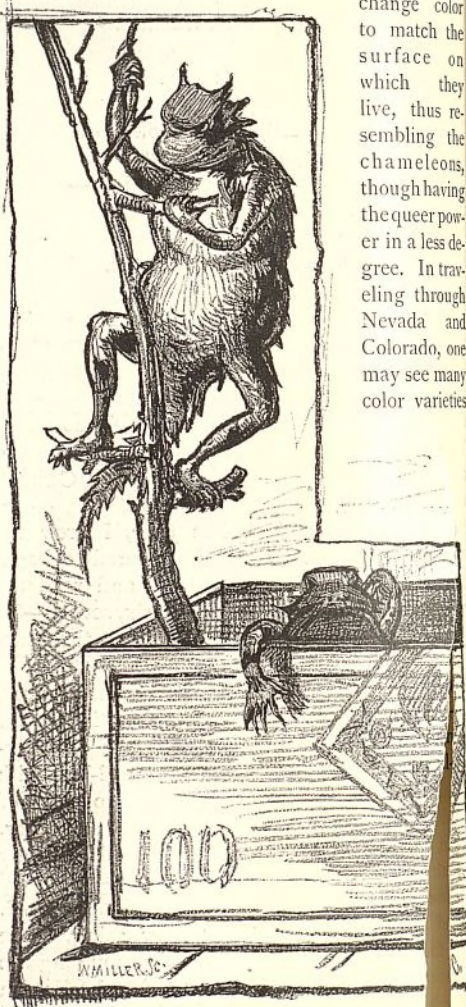
Lizbeth was the livelier of the two. While a lady caller, one evening, was seated near the center-table, Lizbeth sprang out of a hat and alighted on her hand, uttering a shrill "*Ptsch!*" and giving her a fright and a hatred of the "beasts" (as she called them), from which she never fully recovered. A Danish gentleman, who visits us sometimes, nearly fainted when he first saw her approaching, and ever afterward, when he called, he used to push his head through the half-opened door, asking "Where are dose reptiles?" and when told, he seated himself at the farthest corner of the room, and on the very edge of his chair, ready at the first appearance of Lizbeth or Baby to escape through the door.

It may be you would not have liked Lizbeth and the Baby at first sight. You might have thought them too much like toads. But if you could have seen the two as they climbed over my mother's sewing, while she sat at work, scrambling in and

out of her pockets, stopping now and then to wink or scratch their heads with the hind leg, or if you could have watched them follow her from room to room, scampering like mice and then falling asleep in a square of sunlight at her feet, I feel sure you would soon have been willing to hold their soft little bodies in your hand, that you might examine their many-colored coats, which were very pretty, looking like bits of Persian carpet surrounded by fringe.

There is one queer fact about the horned lizards'

coats,—they change color to match the surface on which they live, thus resembling the chameleons, though having the queer power in a less degree. In traveling through Nevada and Colorado, one may see many color varieties



of the same species, the changes in tin place in accordance with similar shade soil. I have seen one that was pure over—an albino, perhaps. Why do you Mother Nature gave them this singular I think there were two reasons. In

place, they have no means of defense; they cannot bite nor sting nor scratch, but they crouch closely upon the soil, and lie so quietly, that, if of the same color as the ground, it is next to impossible to catch sight of one until it stirs. When discovered, they will generally act as if dead, even though roughly handled. Dr. Coues says that they show special fear of dogs. On the approach of a dog, he says, they will raise themselves to the full length of their legs, puff out the body, open the mouth, and hiss violently. There is, no doubt, some special reason for this aversion. It may be that the coyote, the dog of the plains, includes horned lizards in his varied bill of fare, and that from this fact they instinctively recognize an enemy in all dogs.

In the second place, the gift of color mimicry helps the horned lizards to obtain food. Their legs are too short to enable them, like their cousins, the true lizards, to run down their prey, and knowing this, they adopt a different method. When an unlucky fly alights a few inches from what appears a mere bunch of earth, our little friend, with body compressed and movements so slow and regular as to be unnoticed, creeps close to the unsuspecting insect, and with a flash of the tongue secures the welcome morsel. Beetles it catches more easily, and when it is at home in the dry, sandy wastes west of the Great Plains, and in Texas, these form its chief food. The agreeable odor, like musk, which it emits when warm, is also a noteworthy fact, and this may have an influence in attracting insects. Aided by this and by sugar sprinkled around them, Lizbeth and Baby found no lack of prey during the warm weather.

Early in October, however, the weather changed, and there began to be a suggestion of snow in the

air. They felt the cold keenly, and when the sun left the window, they would creep under the curtain tassel and lie there dormant all the afternoon. Then we brought them a larger box, filled with loam and vegetable mold, and as the weather grew colder, they generally buried themselves, after breakfast, in the soft soil, leaving only their noses exposed, and slept there until breakfast-time next morning, when, if not too cold, they crept out to beg for a bug or a fly. And I was so afraid that before spring came their coats would change to the color of dirt, that I dug them up every little while to see whether they had changed already. And they had. Lizbeth's beautiful white stomacher became brown, and those gold spots on Baby's shoulders were getting to be very dull.

One bleak day in January, I carried them both, in my coat-pockets, to the studio of Mr. Church, the artist. I wanted him to draw their portraits. He made some pictures of them, but unfortunately Lizbeth took cold, and became quite ill. For two days she languished. She took no interest in anything. On the second day I thought I might divert her by letting her do some of her tricks with a tooth-pick. She took the tooth-pick in her little hands, and breathed her last.

Troubles never come singly. On the next morning but one, I found Baby's box on the floor of the library; the dirt was scattered over the carpet, and, on her back, under the center-table, lay poor Baby! The kitten had been playing with her, had tumbled her about the room, had rolled on her, and pawed her, and killed her!

Alas! Though the spring shall come, with many beetles and bugs in its train, it will bring me only sad remembrances of my little friends, the horned lizards.



JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

"DOWN BRAKES."

THE greatest people have their weak points, and the best-behaved boys now and then yield to temptation and get into trouble, as everybody knows. Frank was considered a remarkably well-bred and proper lad, and rather prided himself on his good reputation, for he never got into scrapes like the other fellows. Well, hardly ever, for we must confess that at rare intervals his besetting sin overcame his prudence, and he proved himself an erring, human boy. Steam-engines had been his idols for years, and they alone could lure him from the path of virtue. Once, in trying to investigate the mechanism of a toy specimen, which had its little boiler and ran about whistling and puffing in the most delightful way, he nearly set the house afire by the sparks that dropped on the straw carpet. Another time, in trying experiments with the kitchen tea-kettle, he blew himself up, and the scars of that explosion he still carried on his hands.

He was long past such childish amusements now, but his favorite haunt was the engine-house of the new railroad, where he observed the habits of his pets with never-failing interest, and cultivated the good-will of stokers and brakemen till they allowed him many liberties, and were rather flattered by the admiration expressed for their iron horses by a young gentleman who liked them better even than his Greek and Latin.

There was not much business doing on this road as yet, and the two cars of the passenger-trains were often nearly empty, though full freight-trains rolled from the factory to the main road, of which this was only a branch. So things went on in a leisurely manner, which gave Frank many opportunities of pursuing his favorite pastime. He soon knew all about No. 11, his pet engine, and had several rides on it with Bill, the engineer, so that he felt at home there, and privately resolved that when he was a rich man he would have a road of his own, and run trains as often as he liked.

Gus took less interest than his friend in the study of steam, but usually accompanied him when he went over after school to disport himself in the engine-house, interview the stoker, or see if there was anything new in the way of brakes.

One afternoon they found No. 11 on the side-

track, puffing away as if enjoying a quiet smoke before starting. No cars were attached, and no driver was to be seen, for Bill was off with the other men behind the station-house, helping the expressman, whose horse had backed down a bank and upset the wagon.

"Good chance for a look at the old lady," said Frank, speaking of the engine as Bill did, and jumping aboard with great satisfaction, followed by Gus.

"I'd give ten dollars if I could run her up to the bend and back," he added, fondly touching the bright brass knobs and glancing at the fire with a critical eye.

"You could n't do it alone," answered Gus, sitting down on the grimy little perch, willing to indulge his mate's amiable weakness.

"Give me leave to try? Steam is up, and I could do it as easy as not," and Frank put his hand on the throttle-valve, as if daring Gus to give the word.

"Fire up and make her hum!" laughed Gus, quoting Bill's frequent order to his mate, but with no idea of being obeyed.

"All right; I'll just roll her up to the switch and back again. I've often done it with Bill," and Frank cautiously opened the throttle-valve, threw back the lever, and the great thing moved with a throb and a puff.

"Steady, old fellow, or you'll come to grief. Here, don't open that!" shouted Gus, for just at that moment Joe appeared at the switch, looking ready for mischief.

"Wish he would; no train for twenty minutes, and we could run up to the bend as well as not," said Frank, getting excited with the sense of power, as the monster obeyed his hand so entirely that it was impossible to resist prolonging the delight.

"By George, he has! Stop her! Back her! Hold on, Frank!" cried Gus, as Joe, only catching the words "Open that!" obeyed, without the least idea that they would dare to leave the siding.

But they did, for Frank rather lost his head for a minute, and out upon the main track rolled No. 11 as quietly as a well-trained horse taking a familiar road.

"Now you've done it! I'll give you a good thrashing when I get back!" roared Gus, shaking his fist at Joe, who stood staring, half-pleased, half-scared, at what he had done.

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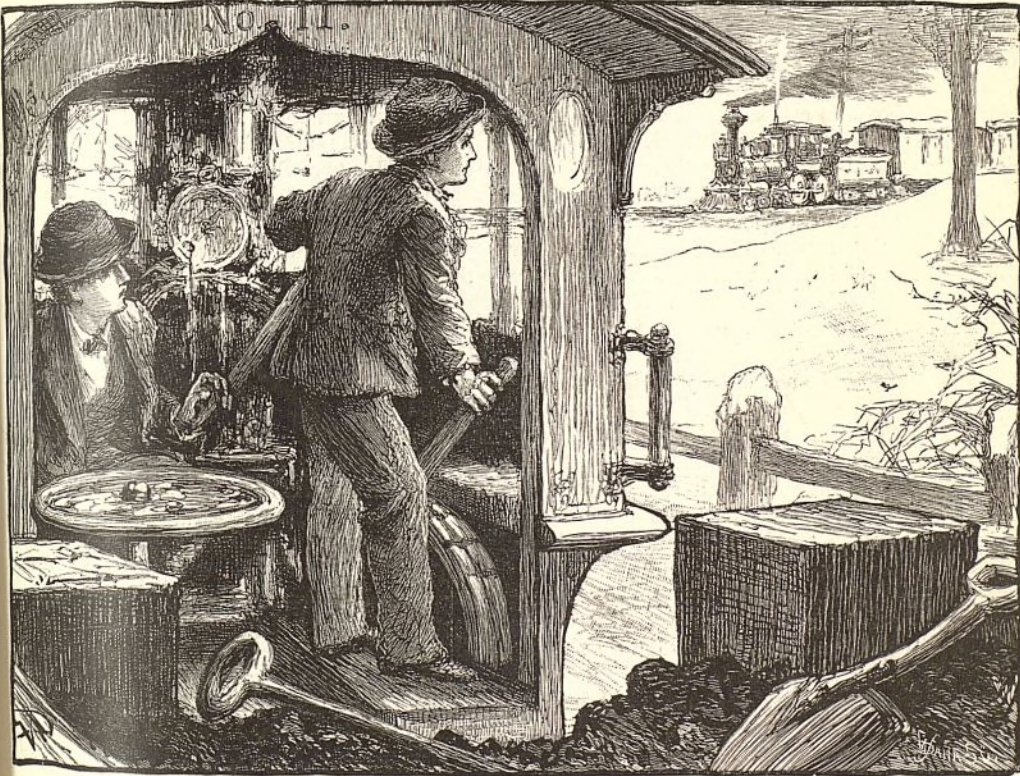
"Are you really going to try it?" asked Gus, as they glided on with increasing speed, and he, too, felt the charm of such a novel adventure, though the consequences bid fair to be serious.

"Yes, I am," answered Frank, with the grim look he always wore when his strong will got the upper hand. "Bill will give it to us, any way, so we may as well have our fun out. If you are afraid, I'll slow down and you can jump off," and his brown eyes sparkled with the double delight of getting his heart's desire and astonishing his friend at the same time by his skill and coolness.

"Let them yell. I started to go to the curve, and I'll do it if it costs me a hundred dollars. No danger; there's no train under twenty minutes, I tell you," and Frank pulled out his watch. But the sun was in his eyes, and he did not see clearly, or he would have discovered that it was later than he thought.

On they went, and were just rounding the bend when a shrill whistle in front startled both boys, and drove the color out of their cheeks.

"It's the factory train!" cried Gus, in a husky tone, as he sprang to his feet.



"DOWN BRAKES!"

"Go ahead. I'll jump when you do," and Gus calmly sat down again, bound in honor to stand by his mate till the smash came, though rather dismayed at the audacity of the prank.

"Don't you call this just splendid?" exclaimed Frank, as they rolled along over the crossing, past the bridge, toward the curve, a mile from the station.

"Not bad. They are yelling like mad after us. Better go back, if you can," said Gus, who was anxiously peering out, and, in spite of his efforts to seem at ease, not enjoying the trip a particle.

"No; it's the five-forty on the other road," answered Frank, with a queer thrill all through him at the thought of what might happen if it was not. Both looked straight ahead as the last tree glided by, and the long track lay before them, with the freight train slowly coming down. For an instant, the boys stood as if paralyzed.

"Jump!" said Gus, looking at the steep bank on one side and the river on the other, undecided which to try.

"Sit still!" commanded Frank, collecting his wits, as he gave a warning whistle to retard the

on-coming train, while he reversed the engine and went back faster than he came.

A crowd of angry men was waiting for them, and Bill stood at the open switch in a towering passion as No. 11 returned to her place unharmed, but bearing two pale and frightened boys, who stepped slowly and silently down, without a word to say for themselves, while the freight train rumbled by on the main track.

Frank and Gus never had a very clear idea as to what occurred during the next few minutes, but vaguely remembered being well shaken, sworn at, questioned, threatened with direful penalties, and finally ordered off the premises forever by the wrathful depot-master. Joe was nowhere to be seen, and as the two culprits walked away, trying to go steadily, while their heads spun round, and all the strength seemed to have departed from their legs, Frank said, in an exhausted tone:

"Come down to the boat-house and rest a minute."

Both were glad to get out of sight, and dropped upon the steps red, ruffled, and breathless, after the late exciting scene. Gus generously forebore to speak, though he felt that he was the least to blame; and Frank, after eating a bit of snow to moisten his dry lips, said, handsomely:

"Now, don't you worry, old man. I'll pay the damages, for it was my fault. Joe will dodge, but I wont; so make your mind easy."

"We sha' n't hear the last of this in a hurry," responded Gus, relieved, yet anxious, as he thought of the reprimand his father would give him.

"I hope mother wont hear of it till I tell her quietly myself. She will be so frightened, and think I'm surely smashed up, if she is told in a hurry;" and Frank gave a shiver, as all the danger he had run came over him suddenly.

"I thought we were done for when we saw that train. Guess we should have been if you had not had your wits about you. I always said you were a cool one," and Gus patted Frank's back with a look of great admiration, for, now that it was all over, he considered it a very remarkable performance.

"Which do you suppose it will be, fine or imprisonment?" asked Frank, after sitting in a despondent attitude for a moment.

"Should n't wonder if it was both. Running off with an engine is no joke, you know."

"What did possess me to be such a fool?" groaned Frank, repenting, all too late, of yielding to the temptation which assailed him.

"Bear up, old fellow, I'll stand by you; and if the worst comes, I'll call as often as the rules of the prison allow," said Gus, consolingly, as he gave his afflicted friend an arm, and they walked away,

both feeling that they were marked men from that day forth.

Meantime, Joe, as soon as he recovered from the shock of seeing the boys actually go off, ran away, as fast as his legs could carry him, to prepare Mrs. Minot for the loss of her son; for the idea of their coming safely back never occurred to him, his knowledge of engines being limited. A loud ring at the bell brought Mrs. Pecq, who was guarding the house, while Mrs. Minot entertained a parlor full of company.

"Frank's run off with No. 11, and he'll be killed sure. Thought I'd run up and tell you," stammered Joe, all out of breath and looking wild.

He got no further, for Mrs. Pecq clapped one hand over his mouth, caught him by the collar with the other, and hustled him into the ante-room before any one else could hear the bad news.

"Tell me all about it, and don't shout. What's come to the boy?" she demanded, in a tone that reduced Joe to a whisper at once.

"Go right back and see what has happened to him, then come and tell me quietly. I'll wait for you here. I would n't have his mother startled for the world," said the good soul when she knew all.

"Oh, I dar's n't! I opened the switch as they told me to, and Bill will half kill me when he knows it!" cried Joe, in a panic, as the awful consequences of his deed rose before him, showing both boys mortally injured and several trains wrecked.

"Then take yourself off home and hold your tongue. I'll watch the door, for I wont have any more ridiculous boys tearing in to disturb my lady."

Mrs. Pecq often called this good neighbor "my lady" when speaking of her, for Mrs. Minot was a true gentlewoman, and much pleasanter to live with than the titled mistress had been.

Joe scudded away as if the constable was after him, and presently Frank was seen slowly approaching with an unusually sober face and a pair of very dirty hands.

"Thank heaven, he's safe!" and, softly opening the door, Mrs. Pecq actually hustled the young master into the ante-room as unceremoniously as she had hustled Joe.

"I beg pardon, but the parlor is full of company, and that fool of a Joe came roaring in with a cock-and-bull story that gave me quite a turn. What is it, Mr. Frank?" she asked eagerly, seeing that something was amiss.

He told her in a few words, and she was much relieved to find that no harm had been done.

"Ah, the danger is to come," said Frank, darkly, as he went away to wash his hands and prepare to relate his misdeeds.

It was a very bad quarter of an hour for the poor fellow, who so seldom had any grave faults to confess; but he did it manfully, and his mother was so grateful for the safety of her boy that she found it difficult to be severe enough, and contented herself with forbidding any more visits to the too charming No. 11.

"What do you suppose will be done to me?" asked Frank, on whom the idea of imprisonment had made a deep impression.

"I don't know, dear, but I shall go over to see Mr. Burton right after tea. He will tell us what to do and what to expect. Gus must not suffer for your fault."

"He'll come off clear enough, but Joe must take his share, for if he had n't opened that confounded switch, no harm would have been done. But when I saw the way clear, I actually could n't resist going ahead," said Frank, getting excited again at the memory of that blissful moment when he started the engine.

Here Jack came hurrying in, having heard the news, and refused to believe it from any lips but Frank's. When he could no longer doubt, he was so much impressed with the daring of the deed that he had nothing but admiration for his brother, till a sudden thought made him clap his hands and exclaim exultingly:

"His runaway beats mine all hollow, and now he can't crow over me! Wont that be a comfort? The good boy has got into a scrape. Hooray!"

This was such a droll way of taking it, that they had to laugh; and Frank took his humiliation so meekly that Jack soon fell to comforting him, instead of crowing over him.

Jill thought it a most interesting event; and, when Frank and his mother went over to consult Mr. Burton, she and Jack planned out for the dear culprit a dramatic trial which would have convulsed the soberest of judges. His sentence was ten years' imprisonment, and such heavy fines that the family would have been reduced to beggary but for the sums made by Jill's fancy work and Jack's success as a champion pedestrian.

They found such comfort and amusement in this sensational programme that they were rather disappointed when Frank returned, reporting that a fine would probably be all the penalty exacted, as no harm had been done, and he and Gus were such respectable boys. What would happen to Joe, he could not tell, but he thought a good whipping ought to be added to his share.

Of course, the affair made a stir in the little world of children; and when Frank went to school, feeling that his character for good behavior was forever damaged, he found himself a lion, and was in danger of being spoiled by the admiration of

his comrades, who pointed him out with pride as "the fellow who ran off with a steam-engine."

But an interview with Judge Kemble, a fine of twenty-five dollars, and lectures from all the grown people of his acquaintance, prevented him from regarding his escapade as a feat to boast of. He discovered, also, how fickle a thing is public favor, for very soon those who had praised began to tease, and it took all his courage, patience and pride to carry him through the next week or two. The lads were never tired of alluding to No. 11, giving shrill whistles in his ear, asking if his watch was right, and drawing locomotives on the blackboard whenever they got a chance.

The girls, too, had sly nods and smiles, hints and jokes of a milder sort, which made him color and fume, and once lose his dignity entirely. Molly Loo, who dearly loved to torment the big boys, and dared attack even solemn Frank, left one of Boo's old tin trains on the door-step, directed to "Conductor Minot," who, I regret to say, could not refrain from kicking it into the street, and slamming the door with a bang that shook the house. Shrieks of laughter from wicked Molly and her coadjutor, Grif, greeted this explosion of wrath, which did no good, however, for half an hour later the same cars, all in a heap, were on the steps again, with two headless dolls tumbling out of the cab, and the dilapidated engine labeled "No. 11 after the collision."

No one ever saw that ruin again, and for days Frank was utterly unconscious of Molly's existence, as propriety forbade his having it out with her as he had with Grif. Then Annette made peace between them, and the approach of the Twenty-second gave the wags something else to think of.

But it was long before Frank forgot that costly prank: for he was a thoughtful boy, who honestly wanted to be good; so he remembered this episode humbly, and whenever he felt the approach of temptation he made the strong will master it, saying to himself "Down brakes!" thus saving the precious freight he carried from many of the accidents which befall us when we try to run our trains without orders, and so often wreck ourselves as well as others.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

OF course, the young ladies and gentlemen had a ball on the evening of that day, but the boys and girls were full of excitement about their "Scenes from the Life of Washington and other brilliant tableaux," as the programme announced. The Bird-Room was the theater, being very large, with four doors conveniently placed. Ralph was in his

element, putting up a little stage, drilling boys, arranging groups, and uniting in himself carpenter, scene-painter, manager and gas man. Mrs. Minot permitted the house to be turned topsyturvy, and Mrs. Pecq flew about, lending a hand everywhere. Jill was costumer, with help from Miss Delano, who did not care for balls, and kindly took charge of the girls. Jack printed tickets, programmes and placards of the most imposing sort, and the work went gayly on till all was ready.

When the evening came, the Bird-Room presented a fine appearance. One end was curtained off with red drapery; and real footlights, with tin shades, gave a truly theatrical air to the little stage. Rows of chairs, filled with mammas and little people, occupied the rest of the space. The hall and Frank's room were full of amused papas, uncles, and old gentlemen whose patriotism brought them out in spite of rheumatism. There was a great rustling of skirts, fluttering of fans, and much lively chat, till a bell rang and the orchestra struck up.

Yes, there really was an orchestra, for Ed declared that the national airs *must* be played, or the whole thing would be a failure. So he had exerted himself to collect all the musical talent he could find, a horn, a fiddle and a flute, with drum and fife for the martial scenes. Ed looked more beaming than ever, as he waved his baton and led off with Yankee Doodle as a safe beginning, for every one knew that. It was fun to see little Johnny Cooper bang away on a big drum, and old Mr. Munson, who had been a fifer all his days, blow till he was as red as a lobster, while every one kept time to the music which put them all in good spirits for the opening scene.

Up went the curtain and several trees in tubs appeared, then a stately gentleman in small clothes, cocked hat, gray wig, and an imposing cane, came slowly walking in. It was Gus, who had been unanimously chosen not only for Washington but for the father of the hero also, that the family traits of long legs and a somewhat massive nose might be preserved.

"Ahem! My trees are doing finely," observed Mr. W., senior, strolling along with his hands behind him, casting satisfied glances at the dwarf orange, oleander, arbuton and little pine that represented his orchard.

Suddenly he starts, pauses, frowns, and, after examining the latter shrub, which displayed several hacks in its stem and a broken limb with six red-velvet cherries hanging on it, he gave a thump with his cane that made the little ones jump, and cried out:

"Can it have been my son?"

He evidently thought it *was*, for he called, in tones of thunder:

"George! George Washington, come hither this moment!"

Great suspense on the part of the audience, then a general burst of laughter as Boo trotted in, a perfect miniature of his honored parent, knee breeches, cocked hat, shoe buckles and all. He was so fat that the little tails of his coat stuck out in the drollest way, his chubby legs could hardly carry the big buckles, and the rosy face displayed when he took his hat off, with a dutiful bow, was so solemn, the real George could not have looked more anxious when he gave the immortal answer.

"Sirrah, did you cut that tree?" demanded the papa, with another rap of the cane, and such a frown that poor Boo looked dismayed, till Molly whispered, "Put your hand up, dear." Then he remembered his part, and, putting one finger in his mouth, looked down at his square-toed shoes, the image of a shame-stricken boy.

"My son, do not deceive me. If you have done this deed I shall chastise you, for it is my duty not to spare the rod, lest I spoil the child. But if you lie about it you disgrace the name of Washington forever."

This appeal seemed to convulse George with inward agony, for he squirmed most effectively as he drew from his pocket a toy hatchet, which would not have cut a straw, then looking straight up into the awe-inspiring countenance of his parent, he bravely lisped:

"Papa, I cannot tell a lie. I did cut it with my little hatchet."

"Noble boy,—come to my arms! I had rather you spoil *all* my cherry trees than tell one lie!" cried the delighted gentleman, catching his son in an embrace so close that the fat legs kicked convulsively, and the little coat-tails waved in the breeze, while cane and hatchet fell with a dramatic bang.

The curtain descended on this affecting tableau, but the audience called out both Washingtons, and they came, hand in hand, bowing with the cocked hats pressed to their breasts, the elder smiling blandly, while the younger, still flushed by his exertions, nodded to his friends, asking, with engaging frankness, "Was n't it nice?"

The next was a marine piece, for a boat was seen, surrounded by tumultuous waves of blue cambric, and rowed by a party of stalwart men in regimentals, who with difficulty kept their seats, for the boat was only a painted board, and they sat on boxes or stools behind it. But few marked the rowers, for in their midst, tall, straight and steadfast as a mast, stood one figure in a cloak, with folded arms, high boots, and, under the

"Sage," ready to fill again when the patriotic ladies were ready for a second "dish."

It would have been very successful if, all of a sudden, one of the rowers had not "caught a crab" with disastrous consequences. The oars were not moving, but a veteran, who looked very much like Joe, dropped the one he held, and in trying to turn and pummel the black-eyed warrior behind him, he tumbled off his seat, upsetting two other men, and pulling the painted boat upon them as they lay kicking in the cambric deep. Shouts of laughter greeted this mishap, but George Washington never stirred. Grasping the banner, he stood firm when all else went down in the general wreck, and the icy waves engulfed his gallant crew, leaving him erect amid a chaos of wildly tossing boats, entangled oars and red-faced victims. Such god-like dignity could not fail to impress the frivolous crowd of laughers, and the curtain fell amid a round of applause for him alone.

"Quite exciting, was n't it? Did n't know Gus had so much presence of mind," said Mr. Burton, well pleased with his boy.

"If we did not know that Washington died in his bed, December 14, 1799, I should fear that we'd seen the last of him in that shipwreck," laughed an old gentleman, proud of his memory for dates.

Much confusion reigned behind the scenes; Ralph was heard scolding, and Joe set every one off again by explaining, audibly, that Grif tickled him, and he could n't stand it. A pretty, old-fashioned picture of the "Daughters of Liberty" followed, for the girls were determined to do their share to the brave and patient women who had borne their part in the struggle, yet are forgotten when those days are celebrated. The girls were charming in the big caps and high-heeled shoes of their predecessors, as they sat about a spider-legged "magazine" table, the tax, and pledging themselves. Then the tea till it was taken off will sit and propose "Liberty for peculiar music and tyrants," to judge from the attention. Grif held her egg-shell cupping to notice the others to drink the toast; and, as she held out her hand on

It was evident that something very martial was to follow, for a great tramping, clashing and flying about took place behind the scenes while the tea-party was going on. After some delay, "The Surrender of Cornwallis" was presented in the most superb manner, as you can believe when I tell you that the stage was actually lined with a glittering array of Washington and his generals, Lafayette, Kosciusko, Rochambeau and the rest, all in astonishing uniforms, with swords which were evidently the pride of their lives. Fife and drum struck up a march, and in came Cornwallis, much cast down but full of manly resignation, as he surrendered his sword, and stood aside with averted eyes while his army marched past, piling their arms at the hero's feet.

This scene was the delight of the boys, for the rifles of Company F had been secured, and at least a dozen soldiers kept filing in and out in British uniform till Washington's august legs were hidden by the heaps of arms rattled down before him. The martial music, the steady tramp, and the patriotic memories awakened, caused this scene to be enthusiastically encored, and the boys would have gone on marching till midnight if Ralph had not peremptorily ordered down the curtain and cleared the stage for the next tableau.

This had been artfully slipped in between two brilliant ones, to show that the Father of his Country had to pay a high price for his glory. The darkened stage represented what seemed to be a camp in a snow-storm, and the two figures were, too; for on "the

"Valley Forge," said some one, and the room was very still as old and young looked silently at this little picture of a great and noble struggle in one of its dark hours. The crust, the wounded feet, the rags, the snow, the loneliness, the indomitable courage and endurance of these men touched the hearts of all, for the mimic scene grew real for a moment; and, when a child's voice broke the silence, asking pitifully, "Oh, mamma, was it truly as dreadful as that?" a general outburst answered, as if every one wanted to cheer up the brave fellows and bid them fight on, for victory was surely coming.

In the next scene it did come, and "Washington at Trenton" was prettily done. An arch of flowers crossed the stage, with the motto, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Preserver of the Daughters;" and, as the hero with his generals advanced on one side, a troop of girls, in old-fashioned muslin frocks, came to scatter flowers before him, singing the song of long ago:

"Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

"Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,—
Strew your hero's way with flowers."

And they did, singing with all their hearts as they flung artificial roses and lilies at the feet of the great men, who bowed with benign grace. Jack, who did Lafayette with a limp, covered himself with glory by picking up one of the bouquets and pressing it to his heart with all the gallantry of a Frenchman; and when Washington lifted the smallest of the maids and kissed her, the audience

wear a night-gown in public. I can't tell secrets, but I think they have got a very clever little finale for the first part,—a pretty compliment to one person and a pleasant surprise to all," answered Mr. Burton, who was in great spirits, being fond of theatricals and very justly proud of his children, for the little girls had been among the Trenton maids, and the mimic General had kissed his own small sister, Nelly, very tenderly.

A great deal of interest was felt as to what this surprise was to be, and a general "Oh!" greeted the "Minute Man," standing motionless upon his pedestal. It was Frank, and Ralph had done his best to have the figure as perfect as possible, for the maker of the original had been a good friend to him; and, while the young sculptor was dancing gayly at the ball, this copy of his work was doing him honor among the children. Frank looked it very well, for his firm-set mouth was full of resolution, his eyes shone keen and courageous under the three-cornered hat, and the muscles stood out upon the bare arm that clutched the old gun. Even the buttons on the gaiters seemed to flash defiance, as the sturdy legs took the first step from the furrow toward the bridge where the young farmer became a hero when he "fired the shot heard 'round the world."

"That is splendid!" "As like to the original as flesh can be to bronze." "How still he stands!" "He'll fight when the time comes, and die hard, won't he?" "Hush! You make the statue blush!" These very audible remarks certainly did, for the color rose visibly as the modest lad heard himself praised, though he saw but one face in all the crowd, his mother's, far back, but full of love and pride, as she looked up at her young minute man waiting for the battle which often calls us when we least expect it, and for which she had done her best to make him ready.

If there had been any danger of Frank being puffed up by the success of his statue, it was counteracted by irrepressible Grif, who, just at the most interesting moment, when all were gazing at the statue, gave a whistle, followed by a "Choo, choo!" and "All aboard!" so naturally that no one could mistake the joke, especially as Grif's voice added, "Now, then, No. 1, get down the house and the carriage."

It was so difficult to keep the last scene of all. He thought it difficult than spoil the grand effect, but a pained look would efface that ill-considered thought from the public mind. So, when the children, in their midst, and voices called out, "Grif, stand one in reappeared, grimacing, high boots, one, for grouped all

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about his pedestal were Washington and his generals, the matrons and maids, with a background of troops shouldering arms, Grif and Joe doing such rash things with their muskets, that more than one hero received a poke in his august back. Before the full richness of this picture had been taken in, Ed gave a rap, and all burst out with "Hail Columbia," in such an inspiring style that it was impossible for the audience to refrain from joining, which they did, all standing and all singing with a heartiness that made the walls ring. The fife shrilled, the horn blew sweet and clear, the fiddle was nearly drowned by the energetic boom of the drum, and out into the starry night, through open windows, rolled the song that stirs the coldest heart with patriotic warmth and tunes every voice to music.

"America!" We must have 'America!' Pipe up, Ed, this is too good to end without one song more," cried Mr. Burton, who had been singing like a trumpet; and, hardly waiting to get their breath, off they all went again with the national hymn, singing as they never had sung it before, for somehow the little scenes they had just acted or beheld seemed to show how much this dear America of ours had cost in more than one revolution, how full of courage, energy and virtue it was in spite of all its faults, and what a privilege, as well as duty, it was for each to do his part toward its safety and its honor in the present, as did those brave men and women in the past.

So the "Scenes from the Life of Washington" were a great success, and, when the songs were over, people were glad of a brief recess while they had raptures, and refreshed themselves with lemonade.

The girls had kept the secret of who the "Princess" was to be, and, when the curtain rose, a hum of surprise and pleasure greeted the pretty group. Jill lay asleep in all her splendor, the bonny "Prince" just lifting the veil to wake her with a kiss, and all about them the court in its nap of a hundred years. The "King" and "Queen" were dozing comfortably on the throne; the maid of honor, like a garland of nodding flowers, lay on a couch; the little page, unconscious of his position, was about to fall, and the fool drea—

mouth wide open.

It was so pretty, people did not notice till Jack's lame leg began to move. He perched: "Drop her or I shall find. Even the curtain; but it rose, and all sit and was the court after this peculiar music and "Queen" looking at attention. dignity, the maids in pique to notice the fool grinning from the "Princess" holding out her

glad to welcome the right lover when he came at last.

Molly got the laugh this time, for she could not resist giving poor Boo the cuff which had been hanging over him so long. She gave it with unconscious energy, and Boo cried "Ow!" so naturally that all the children were delighted and wanted it repeated. But Boo declined, and the scenes which followed were found quite as much to their taste, having been expressly prepared for the little people.

Mother Goose's Reception was really very funny, for Ralph was the old lady, and had hired a representation of the immortal bird from a real theater for this occasion. There they stood, the dame in her pointed hat, red petticoat, cap and cane, with the noble fowl, a good deal larger than life, beside her, and Grif inside, enjoying himself immensely as he flapped the wings, moved the yellow legs, and waved the long neck about, while unearthly quacks issued from the bill. That was a great surprise for the children, and they got up in their seats to gaze their fill, many of them firmly believing that they actually beheld the blessed old woman who wrote the nursery songs they loved so well.

Then in came, one after another, the best of the characters she has made famous, while a voice behind the scenes sang the proper rhyme as each made their manners to the interesting pair. "Mistress Mary," and her "pretty maids all in a row," passed by to their places in the background; "King Cole" and his "fiddlers three" made a goodly show; so did the royal couple, who followed the great pie borne before them, with the "four-and-twenty black-birds" popping their heads out in the most delightful way. Little "Bo-Peep" led a woolly lamb and wept over its lost tail, for not a sign of one appeared on the poor thing. "Simple Simon" followed the pie-man, gloating over his wares with the drollest antics. The little wife came trundling behind, and the little wife came

very properly, did not appear after stealing the barley-meal, which might be seen in the pan tied up in a pudding, like a cannon-ball, ready to fry.

But Tobias, Molly's black cat, covered himself with glory by the spirit with which he acted his part in

"Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string."

First he was led across the stage on his hind legs, looking very fierce and indignant, with a long tape trailing behind him; and, being set free at the proper moment, he gave one bound over the four-

fat "King Cole" with the most ragged of the beggar-maids. "Mistress Mary," in her pretty blue dress, tripped along with "Simple Simon" staring about him like a blockhead. The fine lady left her horse to dance with "Bobby Shafto" till every bell on her slippers tinkled its tongue out. "Bo-Peep" and a jolly fiddler skipped gayly up and down. "Miss Muffet" took the big spider for her partner, and made his many legs fly about in the wildest way. The little wife got out of the wheelbarrow to help "Boy Blue" along, and Molly, with the frying-pan over her shoulder, led off splendidly when it was "Grand right and left."



DELAWARE.

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curtain went down at last on the flushed and panting party, Mother G—— bowing, with her hat all awry, and the goose doing a double shuffle as if it did not know how to leave off.

But they could not "do it all over again," for it was growing late, and the people felt that they certainly had received their money's worth that evening.

So it all ended merrily, and when the guests departed the boys cleared the room like magic, and the promised supper to the actors was served in handsome style. Jack and Jill were at one end, Mrs. Goose and her bird at the other, and all be-

tween was a comical collection of military heroes, fairy characters and nursery celebrities. All felt the need of refreshment after their labors, and swept over the table like a flight of locusts, leaving devastation behind. But they had earned their fun; and much innocent jollity prevailed, while a few lingering papas and mammas watched the revel from afar, and had not the heart to order these noble beings home till even the Father of his Country declared "that he'd had a perfectly splendid time, but could n't keep his eyes open another minute," and very wisely retired to replace the immortal cocked hat with a night-cap.

(To be continued.)

ORIENTAL JUGGLERY.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE narrow, shaded streets of an Oriental city, thronged by crowds of sedate-looking men, with long beards and turbaned heads, though seldom showing a woman or child to vary the monotony, look odd enough to unaccustomed eyes. Still more strange seem the huge gates that lead to private dwellings; for the gates are always closed, and the houses, with their high, narrow windows, appear to have been built backwards, facing inward on a court, instead of toward the street. These courts are adorned with bright, tropical flowers and cool fountains, and they form the usual lounging-places of households, where indolent nabobs retire from the noise and dust of the outer world to enjoy, in the society of the family, the quiet and repose in which orientals so especially delight. The father is generally too dignified or too listless to care for amusements; but his lively wives and children indulge in various exciting pastimes. Music and dancing, fencing, leaping and other feats of agility, and, above all, juggleries, serve to entertain the secluded household; and actors in all these sports can be readily obtained by calling in one of the bands of traveling jugglers met at every turn in the large cities of the East. For there is never a wedding nor a funeral, a feast nor a fast, the consecration of a priest nor the crowning of a king, where these "magicians," as they call themselves, are not found. Even on the public thoroughfares, they will sit and wait for an audience, droning their peculiar music, or throwing out something to attract attention. Scarcely can one pass without stopping to notice weird faces and fantastic decorations; and, as one trick follows

another, each more wonderful than the last, every pedestrian becomes a patron, helping to fill the pockets of these dexterous knaves. They are believed by their countrymen to possess supernatural powers, to act under the influence of evil spirits, and to be able, by a mere glance of the eye, to make well people sick and sick people well without so much as touching them. Of course, you know that this is not really true of them, and that their marvelous performances are only seeming, not real, miracles; but the exhibitions of their art are strangely fascinating, nevertheless. Often have I sat watching the feats of these jugglers, and trying to find out the secret of their strange power, but not a single success rewarded my efforts. The longer one looks, the more he is bewildered; and, though perfectly aware that he is being imposed on, eyes, ears, touch and taste, all attest the truth of what is absolutely false!

On one occasion, quite a famous band of Indian jugglers was in attendance at a great national festival; and, for their use, beautifully decorated booths and tents had been erected, and supplied with tanks of water for the numerous ceremonial ablutions for which the Hindoos are famous. Before eating, before sleeping, before praying, as an "open sesame" alike to palace, theater and temple, as part and parcel of their religion, their business, and their pleasures, come always and everywhere the inevitable bath and shaving of the head. And these jugglers, one could see at a glance, came always to the arena fresh from their ablutions and robed in snow-white muslin. On an occasion of such general festivity, with its thousands of wor-

shippers who helped to pay expenses, of course everything that could add to the comfort of the performers would be provided,—everything but the barber, who, in this land of caste, is quite a “peculiar institution.” A Brahmin may be shaved by none but a Brahmin; and a coolie or Sudra barber must not, in any circumstances, shave a Vaisya or a Kschatryah.

Let me tell you something of the difference between these classes, or castes, as they are called in India. The Hindoos believe that the Brahmins sprang from the head of the Creator, and so it became their birthright to be the priests and lawgivers of the nation. Kschatryahs, they say, sprang from the shoulders, and in right thereof they fill the kingly, magisterial and military offices. Vaisyas are said to have sprung from the body of the god, and hence are the merchants and traders, whom the Hindoos regard as superior to mechanics, but in no wise fit to mingle with princes or soldiers. Sudras, deriving their origin from Brahma's feet, can be nothing but artisans and servants to the three higher castes. Lower than all and despised by all are the Pariahs, who have no caste at all, and are held in such detestation, that it would be

leaving only a small tuft of hair on the crown. In the picture you see the manner of performing the operation, barber and customer being alike independent of operating chairs, while the razor is a clumsy tool of the commonest metal, the blade being not more than four inches long. To hide their shaved heads turbans are worn by the people of Hindostan; and by the form and color of these coverings a practiced eye reads readily the rank and caste of the wearers.

The first trick at the festival I have mentioned was known as the “bamboo-trick;” and, though repeated several times, the audience did not seem to weary of it. Amid the beating of tom-toms and the music of many instruments, the jugglers smoothed a place on the hard, dry sand of the arena. We were invited to examine the ground, but we could find nothing like an opening, nor even that the soil had been recently dug up, nor did we discover any concealed apparatus of any sort. Presently, a large basket of coarse wicker-work was laid down and carelessly covered with a little square of gauze flannel. Both basket and flannel were passed around, so that all who chose might satisfy themselves that these articles were quite



THE COOLIE BARBER.

death to a Pariah if he should so much as touch the garments of a Brahmin, a Kschatryah, a Vaisya, or a Sudra.

So, at all the festivals, and wherever they go, every little squad or company takes its own barber, as the Hindoos keep their heads shaven closely,

empty; while in the single waist-cloth and transparent muslin jacket, of which the dress of each actor was composed, no large article could have been concealed. Yet, five minutes later, when the basket was lifted, there appeared growing in the hard, sandy bed a flourishing bamboo plant, more

than a foot in height! When the basket had been raised the second time, the tree was three feet high, and in twenty minutes more our wondering eyes beheld a live twelve-foot bamboo clothed with verdure, while from its top blossoms and fruit budded out luxuriantly! One of the conjurors then drew from his mouth some twenty yards of strong silk cord, which he adroitly knotted, and attached to half-a-dozen hooks that had been drawn from the same roomy place. By the aid of these he gathered the bamboo fruit, and then, without once having left the arena, he passed it around to be handled and tasted by all who wished.

Another of the conjurors took from a tiny bag a single handful of paddy, which is rice with the husk still on. He first lightened the soil of about two square feet of the floor with a two-pronged fork, and scattered on it the handful of paddy; then pouring on it a cup of water, he said:

"Now you will please to wait until my crop grows, and see whether I am not the best farmer you know."

He turned a basket over his little plantation, and sang a simple air, so sweet and plaintive that we were not surprised when a bird seemed to answer his call. He lifted the basket, and sure enough, there were the rice-plants, grown six inches high in as many minutes, and in their midst a nest of real live rice-birds, a mother and four nestlings! The old bird fluttered and flapped her wings, as if frightened, then cooed softly to her little ones, and folded over them her downy wings. Meanwhile the basket had been lying sideways on the floor where the juggler had thrown it a few minutes before. Now he picked it up without leaving his seat, and carelessly replaced it over the rice-plants and birds. Yet the next time this mysterious basket was raised, nothing was to be seen but a pair of deadly sun-snakes, writhing and twisting themselves as if in a frenzy at having been pinned in such close quarters. They darted their forked tongues and snapped their fiery eyes at one and another of the spectators nearest them, to the no small terror of all. But the conjuror had only to wave a tiny silver wand, and, in a droning, caressing voice, to speak to the serpents, when they sprang into his arms, one coiling itself about his neck, the other kissing his very lips and the tip of his tongue, and then hiding its hideous form in his bosom.

The wonderful power these conjurors gain over dumb animals is well proved by the tricks they perform with tortoises, perhaps the most sluggish

and unpromising subjects that could be chosen. A juggler produces from the bosom of his muslin vest eight or ten tortoises; some full grown, the



THE TORTOISE-DANCE.

others in various stages between babyhood and youth. Having placed them all on the floor in a heap, he gently strikes his cymbal, when the tortoises begin at once to disentangle themselves, and to file into a long line, in the order of their sizes, the largest being at the head of the column and the baby-tortoise bringing up the rear. Around and around the small soldiers march, moving faster or slower to keep time with the music, and halting the very instant it stops. Then, in obedience to half a dozen words of command spoken by the master, the whole company put themselves into position for getting upon a table some ten inches high. And queer enough they look, as each, with his mouth, lays hold of the hinder part of the shell of the one before him. When all are ready, the leader puts out a paw; the juggler lays hold of it, and helps him to get up on the table, where the knowing tortoise sturdily plants himself, until the entire column has gained the top. Their spirits seeming to rise in proportion to their elevation, the tortoises turn to dancing, tumbling, fighting mimic battles with tiny wooden swords, and performing a variety of antics as wonderful as ludicrous.

They end the series of maneuvers by this very queer one: Putting their outstretched heads close together for a moment, as if in consultation, the entire band convert themselves into a pyramid in the center of the table, the largest tortoises uniting to form the base, while the little one at the top then dances a regular four-footed jig. As soon as the tiny Terpsichorean stops, the tortoises at the bottom crawl away in opposite directions, then off go the next, and so on, till of this whole living structure only the top one remains. The little fellow glances around with a bewildered air, and then runs to his master for protection.

Another trick was performed on the occasion referred to. A tall, muscular man threw himself on his back, with both feet pointing upward; and, at a single bound, a ten-year-old lad, clothed in long, tight drawers of silver sheen, a conical cap, and silvery wings, leaped upon the upturned soles, and began to smoke a cheroot. Then entered a Coolie, upon whose shoulders, head and arms one saw only wooden buckets. These were of the lightest construction, and all of different sizes; and the Coolie piled them up by the side of the man and boy. The lad, reaching over, seized the top one, which was the largest of the pile, and nimbly as a cat he placed himself upon it, the top of the bucket being turned downward, and resting on the man's feet. The second bucket was secured in the same way and put upon the first; the third had to

be handed to him by one of the attendants, as it was too far off to be reached by the little fellow, but he readily placed it in position upon the second, stepping with all ease upon it; and so he went on until he had used the entire heap. There were a dozen in all, I should think; and the wee knight, seated on this queer pile of buckets, looked, at that dizzy height, more like a shining statue of ebony and silver than a real live boy. Suddenly the man at the bottom gave a dreadful yell and leaped out of the arena at a bound, while the buckets fell pell-mell in every direction; but out of this chaos rose the graceful little gymnast, not only unhurt, but evidently quite amused at the looks of consternation on every face but his own. Bowing gracefully he disappeared, followed by shouts of applause.

More wonderful still, a juggler will appear to kill his son, cutting off the legs and arms with a sword, and throwing a piece of blanket over the remains. At the same time he plants a melon-seed in a flower-pot filled with earth. Presently, on lifting the blanket, the body has vanished, and a large melon occupies the place on the ground where the flower-pot has been. After the melon has been looked at and handled by all who wish, the blanket is again thrown over it. On being lifted, a few minutes later, the melon is gone, but the boy, who had seemed to be killed, and whose body had been so terribly cut to pieces, sits there alive and well, without a wound.



THE FULL-DRESS ADVENTURES OF MISS MORIARTY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

MISS MORIARTY

Was dressed for the party
In satin, and ribbon, and lace.
She called in the cat,
And inquired, "How is that?"
And the cat laughed out in her face.

Miss Moriarty,
All dressed for the party,
Went out to get into the gig.
She was white as a sheet,
For there on the seat
Sat the widow McGafferty's pig.



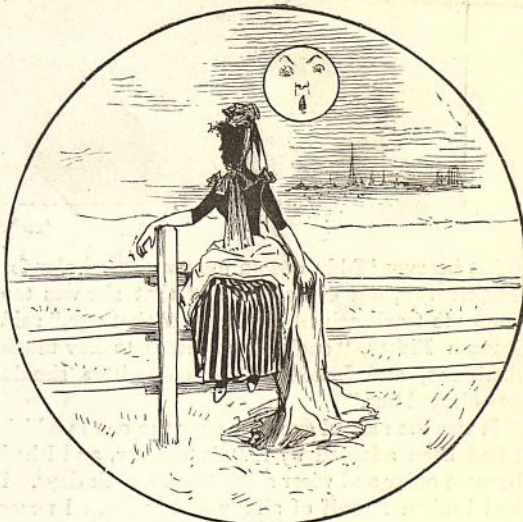
Miss Moriarty,
Dressed up for the party,
Inquired of a froggy the way.
The frog, with a grin,
Said 't was "time to go in,
For the chickens were raking hay."



Miss Moriarty,
Complete for the party
In fardingale, bodice and frill,
Then gazed at her clothes,
Till she fell in a doze,
And dreamed that she led the quadrille.



Miss Moriarty,
Too late for the party,
With her laces and satin and silk,
Was ready to cry;
But an owl said, "Oh, fie!"
And an elephant soothed her with milk.



Miss Moriarty
So dreamed of the party
She danced herself all out of breath;
And ere it was day,
The moon heard her say:
"Why, bless me! I'm tired to death!"

A TERM AT THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

(A Sequel to "Kitty's Mother." From the pen of Mary Jane.)

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.



'TILDY'S HOME.

To be sure 'Tildy was an uncommon scholar for Tuckertown, but everybody said that she was too young to teach school. "A gal o' that age," said Deacon Fisher, "can't be expected to hev much discipline, and I wonder the cummittee should hev elected her."

It was the second summer after the one in which I had been adopted by Kitty's mother, and I had become older and wiser since those foolish days. I had broken myself of all my bad habits. I never interrupted people any more, and never answered back. I was reformed. That spring, Lucy had come down with the scarlet fever, and Dot and I were sent to grandpa's to escape the contagion, and that is how I came to go to school to 'Tildy Joy.

Before I had been in Tuckertown five minutes, in came Beth Hall. We had always been bosom-friends, but I remembered how she used to mock grandpa's limp, and Aunt Jane's cough, and the way Deacon Fisher sang through his nose, and I wondered if I ought to go with her now that I had

reformed. While I was making up my mind, she bounced up to me, saying:

"You dear elegant Mary Jane, I'm so glad you've come," and she kissed me, and I had to kiss her, of course, and after that there was no use holding back. I thought at first I'd try and reform her too, but she is so full of fun, and such a harum-scarum thing that I concluded that it would n't be any use to try.

The minute Aunt Jane went out of the room, Beth told me that 'Tildy Joy was going to teach the district school.

"Just think of our having to mind her," she said, scornfully, "and only last year she was nothing but a scholar herself, and played tag 'long of us, recesses."

"Well," said I, "I sha'n't mind a word she says, and you must n't either, Dot."

"Land, I pity the schoolma'am that has you for a scholar," said Betsy, who had come up to unstrap our trunk. She did n't know that I had

reformed, you see. "You're a perfect imp and always were."

"I don't care," said I, "I think it's real mean of Aunt Jane to send us to school when we come visiting her. 'Tis n't polite, any how."

I remembered 'Tildy perfectly. She was a real green-looking girl, and wore the biggest sunbonnet in Tuckertown, and that's saying a great deal. The Joys were poor, and they lived in a curious old black house, with a roof which sunk right in the middle, and folks said it would tumble in some time on their heads. Aunt Jane said that she had heard that 'Tildy meant to fix the old house up, now that she had a salary.

It seemed queer enough, I can tell you, to see 'Tildy in the teacher's seat that next morning, when Beth and Dot and I went into school. She had had her dress made long, and braided her hair behind; and as she sat at the desk, she looked as stiff as a stick. I could see she was trying to be very dignified, but I remembered how she used to tease for my cores, and I was n't going to be respectful.

"How d' ye do, 'Tildy?" says I. "Going bare-foot this year?"

Everybody giggled except 'Tildy, and she looked bouncing mad.

"Take your place, Mary Jane," said she. "The seat next to Beth Hall."

Did you ever hear of such a goose? The idea of putting Beth and me together. After I had had all the trouble of reforming, too; for I knew, the minute I slipped into my seat, that I never could keep that up, with Beth giggling at my side. You see she had a bad influence over me. She just set me on. She would have made a saint in white cut up capers, I do believe. I wonder why it was that no one saw how she set me on; but they did n't; they thought poor innocent me was at the bottom of everything; and her mother even told Aunt Jane that Beth thought she must do just as I did, 'cause I lived in the city. Now I am sure that she started all the mischief. It was she who proposed putting the toads in 'Tildy's lunch-basket, and it was she who wrote that letter. I believe I told her what to say, but then that's nothing. We had lots of fun about the letter. You see, we pretended it was sent by the committee, and we addressed it to Miss 'Tildy Joy, and said that her salary was going to be raised, and signed it Deacon Brown. He is one of the committee, you know. We watched her through the keyhole when she read it, and I remember how happy she looked all the morning, and how we giggled because she was so much more amiable than usual.

It was a real queer school. It was n't one of the strict kind, at all. Whenever any one missed, in a

lesson, they flung a bit of paper at the wall behind 'Tildy. She had to dodge 'em. It was such fun, I often missed on purpose. 'Tildy said it was n't dignified, but nobody cared. There is no kind of a trick that we did not play on 'Tildy. At least, I never heard of one. I never saw such a school before; but it was n't my fault.

But the worst thing of all happened one day toward the end of the term. We had been expecting the committee all the morning, and had been on our best behavior. I don't know how it came about, but they had all got an inkling of how things went at school. Perhaps the mothers found out and told 'em. I know *they* did n't want 'Tildy to teach next term, and they all seemed to think that she had n't any discipline. I don't suppose she had. Jane Fairbanks, who lived next house to 'Tildy, said she had seen Deacon Brown go in there once, and thought, from the tone of his voice, that he was complaining about something. At any rate, she began to look pale and worried. Aunt Jane said she hoped I was not troubling 'Tildy with my shines. Shines, indeed! It was all very well to feel kindly to her, but what was the use of hurting my feelings, I'd like to know. I was so mad, or rather grieved, that I made up a face at her every time she turned her back.

Well, the committee did n't come, and it was recess time.

"I'll tell you what," said Beth, "let's climb upon the roof, and let 'Tildy hunt for us." (I hope you notice that it was Beth and not I who said this.)

"Let's," said I, and we all made a rush for the shed. We had got up on the roof before, and knew that it was easy enough to boost each other up from the top of the shed. There we sat, waiting for the bell to ring. Pretty soon it did ring. I heard the door open, and, by holding on to the edge of the roof and leaning over, I could just see 'Tildy's hand with the bell in it. Then she went in, and we waited. In a few minutes she rang it again, furiously. We were all giggling by this time, and if I had n't held on to Dot, she would have rolled off the roof. Then it sounded from one of the side windows, and then from a back window, and then at the door again, and then 'Tildy called and called, and finally she stepped out, and, still ringing the bell, walked toward the woods. I shall never forget her look when she turned round and saw us.

Oh, my! But was n't she mad! She stood at the foot of the shed and called us to come down, in a voice that fairly shook with rage. I don't know why, but we insisted that we were not coming down, that we were going to say our lessons up there, and she could bring a chair out and sit down

and hear 'em. While we were still there, and 'Tildy stood entreating us, we heard the sound of a wagon, and the first we knew that old committee had come. As we hopped down, one by one, from the roof, they stood talking with 'Tildy and watching us. Beth said she thought she caught the

position, too, and that night I dreamt that the old Joy house had tumbled down, and folks said that it was my fault.

There was going to be a huckleberry party that next day, and we all begged in vain to stay away from school and go. I did n't feel near so bad

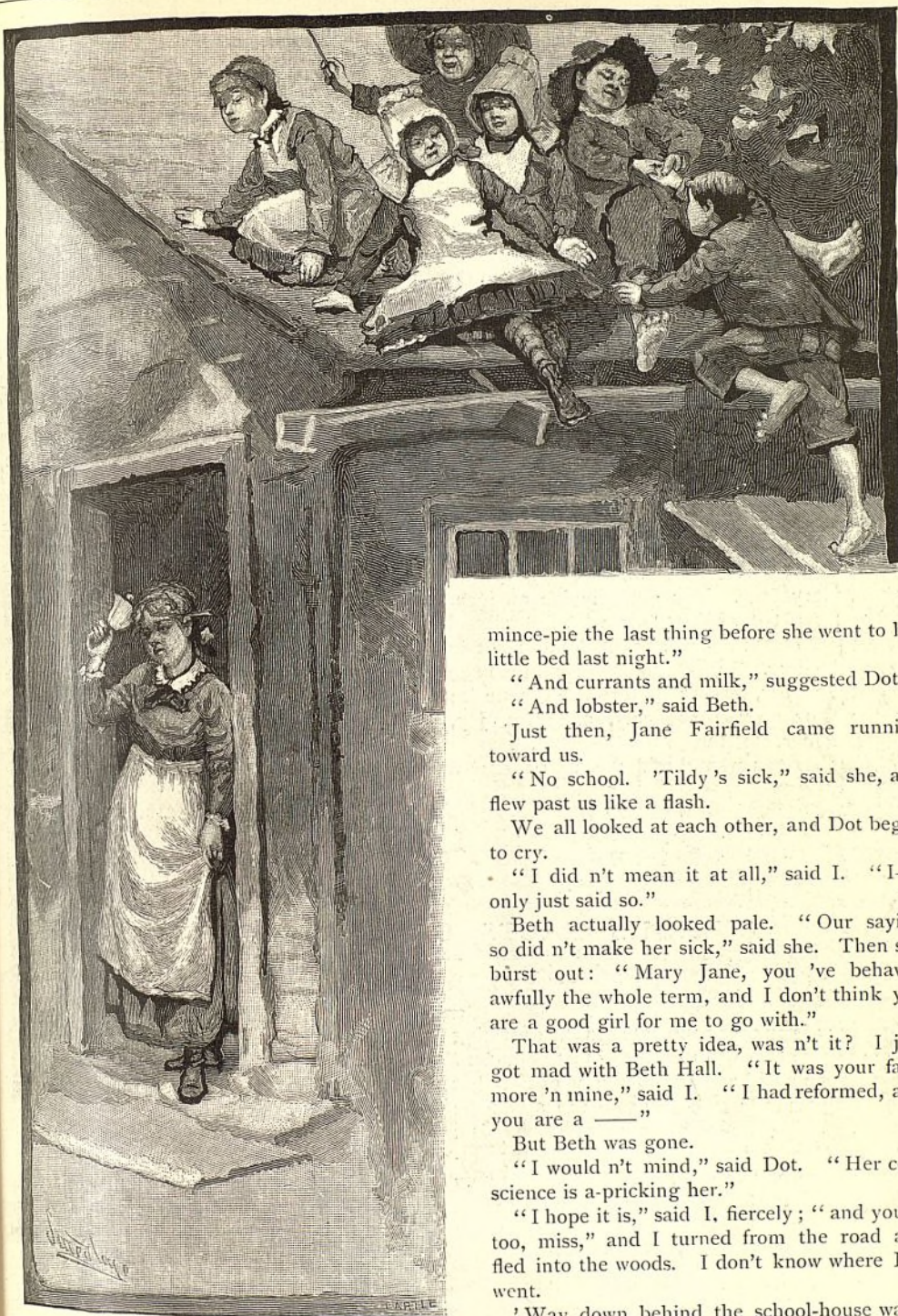


"HOW D' YE DO, 'TILDY?" SAID I.

words "too young," and "discipline." I know I heard 'Tildy sigh as I passed her to go into the school-house, and her eyes were full of tears. We tried to do our best in the examination, but it was plain that 'Tildy had lost her hope and courage. I wondered, as I walked home, if she would lose her

about 'Tildy as I had in the night. I have noticed that I do most of my repenting, and make most of my good resolutions, in the night; and I think it's a real good plan, 'cause it leaves the days all clear to do what you please in.

"I think it's real mean," said Beth; "my mother never wants me to have any fun. Oh, if school only would n't keep. If only the school-house had blown down, or 'Tildy was sick."



THE ABSENT SCHOLARS.

"Oh, I wish she were," said I. "I just wish she were! I hope she ate lots of plum-pudding and

mince-pie the last thing before she went to her little bed last night."

"And currants and milk," suggested Dot.

"And lobster," said Beth.

Just then, Jane Fairfield came running toward us.

"No school. 'Tildy's sick," said she, and flew past us like a flash.

We all looked at each other, and Dot began to cry.

"I did n't mean it at all," said I. "I—I only just said so."

Beth actually looked pale. "Our saying so did n't make her sick," said she. Then she burst out: "Mary Jane, you've behaved awfully the whole term, and I don't think you are a good girl for me to go with."

That was a pretty idea, was n't it? I just got mad with Beth Hall. "It was your fault more 'n mine," said I. "I had reformed, and you are a —"

But Beth was gone.

"I would n't mind," said Dot. "Her conscience is a-pricking her."

"I hope it is," said I, fiercely; "and yours, too, miss," and I turned from the road and fled into the woods. I don't know where Dot went.

'Way down behind the school-house was a cave, where we often played house, Beth and me. I went there because I would be sure of seeing no one. There I sat all the forenoon, and thought

of all the tricks we had played on 'Tildy, and called myself and poor little Dot and Beth all the hard names I could think of. I know I must have felt real sorry, for I made up my mind to go and tell 'Tildy so, and promise to be a better girl in the future.

As I came out by 'Tildy's house, what was my surprise to find Beth sitting on the old stone wall by the road.

"Well, if I ever," said I. "What did you come here for?"

"I'm going to see 'Tildy," explained Beth. "My conscience has been pricking me till I feel like a pincushion, and I'm just going to tell 'Tildy how sorry I am, and that I shall behave like an angel when she comes back."

"Well," said I, "that's what I came for. Let's go together, for, you know, folks say we always set each other on. Now, Beth, you begin and set me on pretty quick, 'cause aunt Jane will be as cross as a bear if I don't get home in time for dinner."

"But you must set me on, too," said Beth.

"I'm trying, but you don't go," I answered.

Beth sniffed, "It's all bosh about my setting you on, Mary Jane. You don't budge an inch. I'll bet I could *push* you along a lot faster," and before I knew what she was about, I was right in front of the door. I meant to knock and then slip round the corner, leaving Beth to face the music; but the door opened suddenly, and Mrs. Joy, 'Tildy's mother, stood upon the threshold.

"What do you want," said she, in, oh, *such* a

tone of voice. "You've about killed my 'Tildy with your capers, and now I won't have you hanging round the house. If you don't clear out this minute I'll set the dog on to you."

We ran every step of the way home.

"Oh, my," gasped Beth, "was n't she awful?"

That afternoon we went huckleberrying.

The summer passed and there was no school, but 'Tildy was getting better slowly before I left Tuckertown. I went up to bid her good-bye the day of the county fair, when Beth said her mother would be sure to be out, and I told her how sorry I was for everything I had done to annoy her. 'Tildy said that her uncle had invited her to spend the winter in New York, and she was going to wait till she was a little older before she tried to teach school again.

I add a letter which I received about a month after I got home. It was from Beth, and read:

"DEAR MARY JANE: You know I promised to write you what the new teacher was like. Well, she is a D R A G O N.

"The Committee was determined to have no more such doings as we had while 'Tildy was here, and they put an advertisement in the paper for the crossiest woman in America. Guess you would think they had found her, if you were here now. She begins the morning exercises by whipping all the big boys. I don't mind that so much as some other things, though. She has got plenty of discipline. We don't climb on the roof, recesses, any more. We don't put tools in *her* lunch basket. I don't like her. I don't think she is a very good teacher for she don't explain things clear. I don't think we get on as well as we did when we had 'Tildy. I told Deacon Green so. He laughed. All the mothers like her.

"Your affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH HALL.

"P. S.—I don't know for certain that they advertised for Miss Clarke, but everything else is just as I have said. Honest injun."

CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING ANTS.

BY E. W. OLNEY.

DID any of you ever happen to see the swarming of the winged ants some afternoon in late summer? Those of you who have never thought of ants but as the wingless little creatures who run about the gardens, may be startled by such a question. But when it gets to be July or August, watch the ant-hills and nests, and you will see, one day, that they seem alive with millions of tiny creatures, all in a state of bustling activity; and, presently, there will emerge great numbers of insects in such constant motion that, at a little distance, they resemble glittering silver and jet ribbons interlacing and intertwining. They slowly mount into the air, vibrating languidly up and down as they fly: they never rise higher than ten feet, but move on, at

that distance from the ground, until scattered by the wind or rain.

These swarms are caused by the young broods coming to their full growth.

There are three sexes among ants,—males, females, and neuters or workers. The males and females alone have wings, which they enjoy for one day of their lives. Comparatively few survive, and these are the mother-ants, who are destined to form new families. They cast off their wings at once, and sometimes find dwellings for themselves; but, oftener, the neuters seek homes for them, clip off their wings, and lead them to their cells. In some families of ants, more than one female is allowed in the nest; but as a usual thing,

there is only one mother-ant, who is sometimes termed the queen. The neuters, or working ants, are her subjects; but she might almost be called their prisoner, for she is constantly watched and tended by them; they even feed her, and stand over her when she rests. As soon as she begins to lay her eggs, each one is the object of the most faithful care on the part of the neuters, and the eggs are borne away and carefully piled in little heaps, and watched and guarded until they hatch. When the shell is first broken, the infant ant is perfectly helpless and not unlike a tiny worm: it is fed by the neuters with juices gathered for the purpose, and it is carried about to obtain warmth and light. One of the chief duties of the neuters at this time is to bear the small larvæ (as the newly-hatched ants are called) out into the sunshine; but if the heat is too great, or if rain threatens, they at once take the larvæ and carry them into the inside rooms. After the larvæ have remained in this helpless state for a time, they spin themselves cocoons, but they still depend on the neuters, who at length break each cocoon and release the nymph, or pupa, which is the fully developed ant.

As we have said before, these young ants are of three kinds, males, females and neuters, and as soon as the wings of the first two kinds have grown, they leave the nest and fly away. The males never return. The neuters and the queen-ants alone inhabit the cells until the next year, when the new family is ready to swarm.

Such is the constant system going on in the ant-hills and nests we see all about us. We have several varieties of ants in our fields and gardens,—the red, brown, yellow, and black ants,—and each kind has its own method of obtaining food and building its habitation. Some of them construct the little conical mounds which we call ant-hills. These are the outlets to vast subterranean abodes, and, on being carefully laid open with a spade, arched galleries, domes, pillars and partitions are disclosed, all beautifully smoothed and finished, and about one-fifth of an inch in height. The ant is probably the most enlightened builder of all the wonderful species of insects, birds and animals who construct their own homes. Ants have been observed to use straws and sticks, which they happened to come across in their excavations, for beams to support the ceilings of their domes.

Other ants raise a structure above the surface of the ground, and carefully build one story above another, containing large rooms with arched ceilings. Still others make their homes in decaying wood, in which they burrow hundreds of tiny galleries and chambers.

Their muscular power, their perseverance and capacity for steady endurance, are simply won-

derful; and no such rapid and perfect workers exist; for man, with all his scientific skill and his tools, could never begin to accomplish in a day what these tiny creatures achieve without implements and against all manner of obstacles. Comparing the size of an ant with the size of a man, and making the same proportion in the amount of their work, not twenty men could begin to accomplish in one day the work of a single ant, for the interior of each one of their tunnels is perfectly finished; each pellet of earth is prepared almost as carefully as we prepare the bricks that line our own excavations.

In Central and Southern America is to be found a variety called the Saïba ant, and in parts of those tropical regions these ants exist in such numbers that they sometimes take possession of the country, and almost drive away the population. They were formerly called the Parasol ant, because immense columns of them were seen marching along, each one carrying in its jaws a circular piece of leaf about the size of a dime, which they held by one of the edges; and it was supposed that the little creatures thus endeavored to ward off the burning heat of the sun, which sometimes kills ants. But a careful naturalist, studying their habits, discovered that these leaves were used to thatch the domes of their habitations. Strange to say, nowhere is division of labor more complete than in the building of ants' homes, for the laborers who gather and fetch leaves do not place them, but merely fling them on the ground and start at once for more, while other workers take them up, place them, and carefully cover them with minute globules of prepared earth.

But, although the neuter ants as a general thing are such admirable workers, we find among other varieties totally different customs; and, instead of a family of ants being composed of faithful co-workers and females, we occasionally find something resembling an aristocracy. Peter Huber, a renowned naturalist, who devoted his life to the observation of the habits of ants, relates the following story:

The afternoon of the 17th of June, 1804, he was walking in the suburbs of Geneva, when he saw a regiment of large red ants crossing the road. They marched in good order, with a front of three or four inches, and in a column eight or ten feet long. Huber followed them, crossed a hedge, and entered a pasture-ground where the grass was thick and high, and presently came upon a nest belonging to another species of ants, blackish or ash-colored. A few of these little creatures were guarding the entrance, and, as soon as they perceived the red ants, some of them darted angrily upon them, while the others rushed inside to give the alarm. The besieged ants came out in a body; the enemy dashed upon them, and, after a short but spirited

struggle, succeeded in driving them back into their holes, and followed them in. Huber, who was used to seeing battles among ants, supposed that



CARRYING THE LARVÆ OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE.

the red ants were slaughtering the black ones inside the nest; but not so. What was his surprise when, five minutes later, the red ants emerged, each holding between its mandibles an egg, or cocoon, of the conquered tribe! They retook the same road they had come, and made their way back to their homes still loaded with their prey.

This expedition—showing such fierce, warlike qualities and determined kidnapping on the part of the red ants—naturally inspired M. Huber to study their characteristics by watching their ant-hills. He discovered that the red ants (which he at once named the Amazons, from their warlike attributes) never worked, but that their sole duty was to fight, and carry off these eggs and cocoons from the black ants; and that the work was performed entirely by those black ants which had, in fact, been taken prisoners before they were hatched. The Amazons are quite helpless, and the black, or negro, ants, named by Huber "auxiliaries," perform all the labor which among other species is performed by the neuters of the same family. They open and close all the outlets and inlets to the nest; they go after food and feed the helpless larvæ and pupæ, both the young of the Amazons and those which have been stolen; they also feed their masters, the Amazons, and, in fact, carry on the entire establishment. Huber made an experiment which very plainly shows the dependence of the Amazons upon their auxiliaries. He inclosed thirty Amazons with several of their own nymphæ and larvæ, besides twenty of the black ant nymphæ, in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick

layer of earth: honey was given to them, so that they lacked neither shelter nor food, although they were cut off from their auxiliaries. At first they paid some little attention to the young, and carried them about here and there; but they soon left them. They did not even know how to provide themselves with food, and several died of hunger at the end of two days, although the honey-drops were close beside them!

The others were weak and languid, and not one of them had made the slightest effort to build a home for himself in the earth. Huber was sorry for them, and put *one* black auxiliary ant in the glass box. The faithful little worker at once established order and comfort, built a house in the earth and gathered together the infant larvæ and placed them inside it, and preserved the lives of the helpless Amazons about to perish of hunger.

In order to more perfectly get at the facts of their ways and doings, Huber opened and disordered an ant-hill where both Amazons and auxiliaries lived together, and so confused the boundaries that the Amazons could not find their way about. The auxiliaries, however, seemed to be much better able to detect the old paths. Huber writes: "An Amazon was frequently seen to approach a black ant and play upon its head with its antennæ, or feelers, when the black ant at once seized its master in its pincers and laid it at one of the entrances. The Amazon then unrolled itself, caressed once more its kind friend, and passed into the interior of the nest."

Those remarkable organs, the antennæ, with which the Amazon touches the auxiliary, seem to be their principal instruments of communication, and to take the place of voice and words. When the military ants are to set out for a foray, or a battle, they touch each other on the trunks with the



REJOICINGS IN THE QUEEN'S CELL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

antennæ and forehead; and this is the signal for marching, for as soon as any one has received it he is instantly in motion. If a hungry Amazon wants to be fed, he touches with his two antennæ the auxiliary from whom he expects his meal.

The helpless larvæ, too, are thus touched when it is time for them to open their mouths and receive their food. Ants show great kindness to inmates of their own nests that happen to be in trouble. Sir John Lubbock relates that in one of his nests of a certain species there was a poor ant which had come into the world without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, he watched her with great interest, but she appeared never to

expressed by motions of joy and exultation. They have a peculiar way of skipping and leaping, standing upon their hind legs and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of both to congratulate each other when they meet and to show their regard for their queen."

Let us recount another experiment of M. Huber's: He took an ant-hill from the woods and put it in his glass hive. Finding that he had too many



THE DRIVER ANTS OF AFRICA. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

leave the nest. At length, one day, he found her wandering about in an aimless way, apparently not knowing whither to turn. After a while she fell in with some specimens of different ants, who directly attacked her. He rescued her, but she was evidently badly wounded, and lay helpless on the ground. After some time an ant from her own nest came that way, examined the poor sufferer carefully, and then picked her up and carried her home.

In many ways these tiny creatures show their intelligence, their affection and tenderness toward each other. "In whatever apartment," says Gould, "a queen-ant condescends to be present, she commands obedience and respect. A universal gladness spreads throughout the whole cell, and is

ants, he let some of them escape, and they made a nest in his garden. He kept the hive in his study for four months, then put it in his garden, some forty feet from the nest the others had formed. The ants in the garden nest at once recognized their former companions, whom they had not seen for four months. They entered the hive and caressed their old friends with their antennæ; and taking them up in their mandibles, bore them to their own nest.

Not only have these insects strong affections, but they have strong passions as well, and often indulge in long and bloody wars. At first, two combatants seize each other, tearing off each other's legs and antennæ, and injecting their acid poison into the wounds. Others take part on each side till long

chains are formed, each column struggling for the mastery. Thus, myriads of them fight for days, until violent rains, or other causes, separate them, they forget their quarrel and peace is restored.

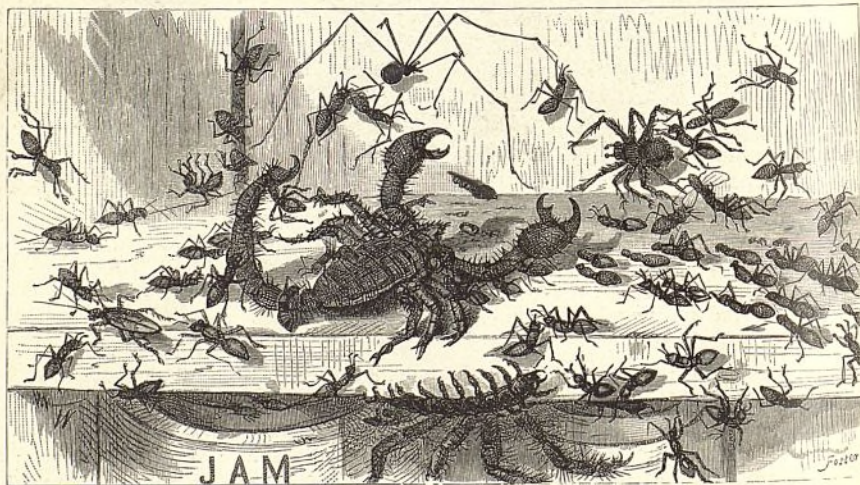
Some statements regarding ants, although well authenticated, almost pass belief; for instance, it is affirmed, both by Linnæus and Huber, that four or five species of ants milk the aphides—those little plant-lice which deposit the honey-dew on the leaves of trees in summer and autumn—in order to obtain the sweet fluid with which their bodies are filled. These aphides, or plant-lice, are called by naturalists the milch-cows of the ants, and nothing is more highly prized as food by the ants than the honey they obtain from them by pressing the bodies of the insects with their antennæ. These aphides have often been found in the nests of the yellow ants, apparently domesticated. They were evidently highly prized as domestic animals by their masters, for on the slightest appearance of danger they took them up in their jaws and carried them to a more secure spot. During autumn, winter and spring, many varieties of ants keep aphides, and rely on them for food, for the aphides can live upon the roots of plants which grow down into the nests. In northern climates ants do not otherwise lay in a stock of food for winter, for they are torpid under the effects of cold, but in warmer countries they store away their winter supply of nutriment carefully.

In the tropics these little creatures exist in count-

they drive before them any living creature, for no animal can withstand them. They destroy everything that crosses their path,—even the agile monkey,—for once let them make a lodgment on the body of any living creature and they devour it. Even reptiles fall victims to these ants,—the large lizards of those countries and snakes. Their manner of attacking snakes is to bite the eyes, as this causes them to writhe and flounder blindly in one spot instead of gliding away; and the masses of insects which at once settle upon the helpless prey soon finish it. The natives say that when the great python has crushed its victim within its deadly folds, it does not devour it at once, but makes a careful examination of the land at least half a mile on every side to discover if an army of these Driver ants is on the march. If so, it retreats, leaving its dinner to them; but if the coast is clear it returns to its prey, swallows it, and gives itself up to repose until the meal is digested.

So great is the dread of these Driver ants among the human inhabitants, that, as their armies approach, whole villages are deserted.

But in South America is found a species called the Ecitons, or Foraging ants, which the people of those countries hail as deliverers. For the houses are overrun with venomous little creatures of all kinds,—all of them ugly and many of them dangerous, as their fangs are full of poison. There are scorpions, centipedes, lizards, besides armies of disgusting cockroaches and every variety



CLEANING HOUSE.

less varieties, and many of them are of such fierce character and strong instincts that they are a scourge to the human population of the countries they inhabit. Among these species is the Driver ant, of Western Africa. They are called Drivers because

of smaller insect and vermin which can infest the habitations of man.

Against all such torments the Ecitons wage war. These foraging ants sally forth in vast narrow columns of at least two hundred feet in length; on

the outside of the column are officers like sergeants, who incessantly run backward and forward to see that every one is in his place.

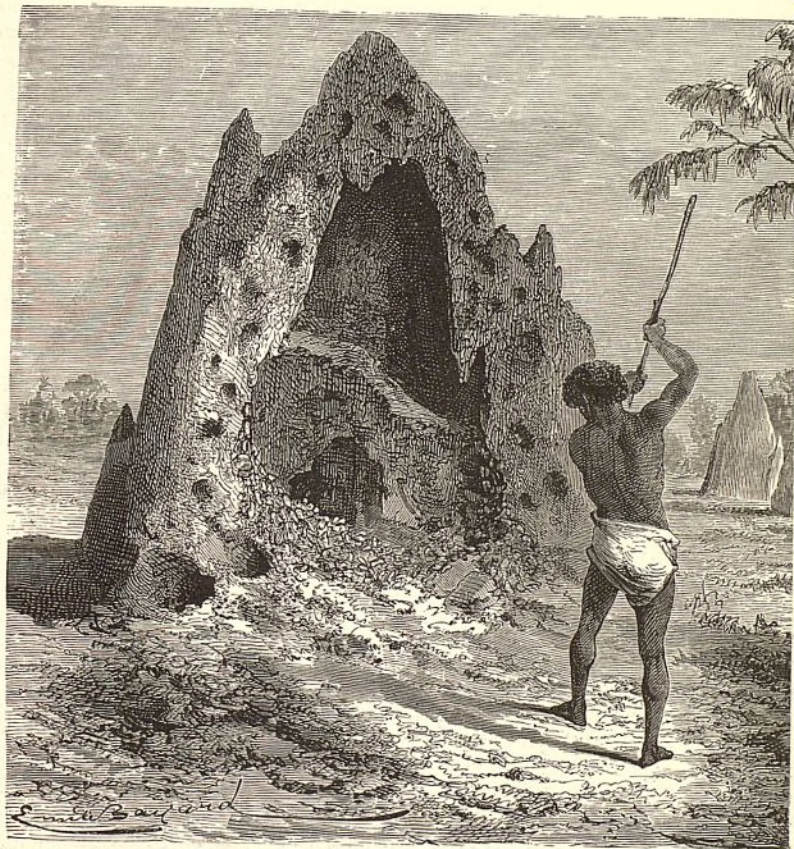
The advent of these fierce little foragers is known by numbers of birds called pittas or ant-thrushes which fly above them; and as soon as the Central Americans perceive the ants, they rejoice in their expected relief, and at once open their houses for them; not only doors and windows but every box and drawer, every closet and cupboard is opened to its widest; this done, the inhabitants retire from the premises until the war is over.

Presently the Ecitons approach. First they send their vanguard to inspect the houses and see if they will repay the trouble of a search. Then the long ant-column pours in, and penetrates each crack and corner and enters every nook and cranny. Not alone the smaller vermin, but cockroaches, rats and mice fall speedy victims to them, and even the scorpion and centipede are powerless against them. In a wonderfully short time the house is cleaned out, and the army passes on laden with spoils, leaving the inhabitants to return and find no intruders upon their comfort—no scorpions in their shoes, nor

cockroaches in their food. But even our own common ants will not hesitate to attack reptiles if provoked, as is proved by the following interesting account by Dr. J. T. Payne:

"While camping in Alabama, during the late war, I witnessed an attack of a band of black ants upon a striped snake. One evening, while I was trying to go to sleep after a long day's march, I felt something move under my head. I lifted one corner of the blanket and found a snake between three and four feet in length. I quickly hit it with a small stick; but the snake hardly seemed to be stunned by the blow, for he coiled himself up. Then, with the aid of the stick, I threw him about fifteen feet away, and he landed upon a large ant-

hill. Almost instantly the ants came forth from their nest, which was underground, and began a vigorous attack upon the intruder, who soon was covered by scores of his small assailants, biting him fearfully. I thought the snake would move away quickly, but he seemed resolutely determined to fight. The battle raged with great fury, and in a few minutes there was formed about the spot a



A NATIVE AFRICAN DESTROYING A HOUSE OF TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

circle of human observers, who had been called together by the unusual sight. The contest seemed, at first, to be an unequal one; for the snake was rapidly thinning out his persecutors. But, on the other hand, the ants were very numerous, and quick in their aggressive movements. The active little creatures fought with a desperation wonderful to behold, while the snake, by one blow of his powerful tail, would kill or wound a long line of ants. It so happened that the soil was soft and sandy, and the snake soon worked himself by his twistings several feet from the nest. When he struck the ants, many were forced into the sand, stunned for a moment or two, but then they jumped up and fought as vigorously as before. I was astonished

beyond measure to see the tactics of the ants. When they perceived that their numbers were being lessened, they despatched couriers for reinforcements, which appeared on the scene in due time, to replace the killed and wounded. Several hours passed, and the fight still raged. The moon, after a time, lit the scene; but as there appeared to be no signs of a near termination of the struggle, one after another of the spectators sought a comfortable place to sleep, and I myself at length felt my eyes grow heavy, and again stretched myself on my blanket.

"Before moving away from the scene, next morning, I thought I would take a look at the field that had interested so many spectators during the previous evening.

"The battle between the ants and the snake had ended, and on the ground were evidences that the struggle had been severe indeed. The slain insects were scattered in every direction; but there were six or seven watchful ants upon the back of the snake, which lay stretched out near the ant-hill—dead."

By far the most wonderful of all varieties of the ant-tribe are the Termites, or white ants of the East Indies and Southern America, but they differ in so many respects from the ordinary ant that some naturalists do not class them among ants, but among the neuropterous insects. Their families are composed of males, females and neuters; they live in communities and construct hills and turrets, and so much resemble the true ants, or Formicidæ, that, outside of scientific rules, they seem to be of the same general family. They swarm at certain seasons like true ants, in the manner that we have described, but in such prodigious numbers that they form the chief food of the birds, reptiles, and even of the men living near, who are on the lookout for them as they fall to the ground after their short day of aerial life. Few survive this swarming, for they are devoured as a great delicacy by all sorts of ant-eaters. But it is probably a law of nature that only a few queen-ants should live, as each one lays eggs to the amount of some thirty millions. The working ants, after gaining a queen, inclose her in a sort of cell, to preserve her from her enemies, it is supposed—for her large, soft body renders her incap-

ble of taking care of herself. In this cell are small holes, to enable the workers to pass inside and gather the eggs, which she lays more rapidly than one can credit; sixty a minute,—upwards of eighty thousand in twenty-four hours.

The houses built by Termites are, compared with the builders' size, the highest in the world. Man, in order to compete with these insects, must raise an edifice two thousand eight hundred feet in height; for one of these white ants is but a quarter of an inch long, and one inch, for it, is equal to twenty-four feet for a man. These nests are ten and twelve feet above the ground, and beneath are large galleries, extending hundreds of yards under the earth; and the roads from these lower chambers wind in spirals up to the top of the hill. The view of these habitations from a distance much resembles an assemblage of huts, and the hills are composed of a sort of clay which in time bears grass and other plants.

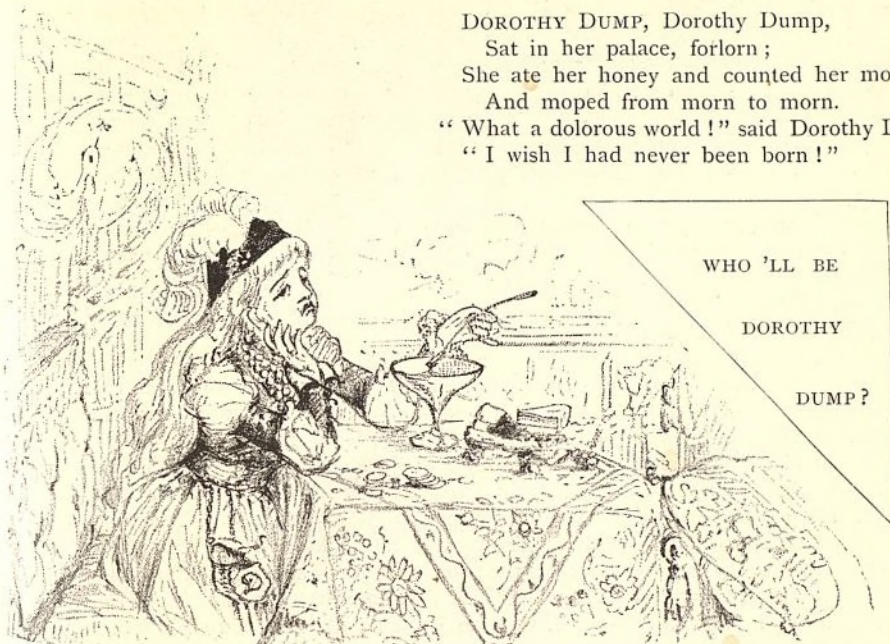
The principal food of these creatures is wood, although they will work through almost anything; they are miners in their tactics, and always eat first through the interior of what they attack, leaving the outer surface apparently untouched. Their obvious place in the economy of the universal system of things is to absorb the constantly decaying vegetable matter which encumbers tropical forests. They devour enormous fallen trees in a few weeks.

Ants' instincts are certainly most wonderful, and their tenacity of life, when attacked by human agencies, at times shows absolute powers of reason. Nothing in animal or insect life can surpass their perseverance, their industry, nor their attachment to their young, although, strange to say, that attachment is alone displayed by the sexless neuters, while the mother-ant seems to be a mere machine for laying eggs.

Ants have always been and continue to be a torment to the human race, but, nevertheless, not all the discomfort at times arising from their depredations has ever lessened the curiosity and patient study of those who have spent their lives chronicling their habits and instincts, their forays and wars; and we must all regard with interest and admiration the activity, harmony and cheerful energies which reign in their swarming but tiny communities.

DOROTHY DUMP.

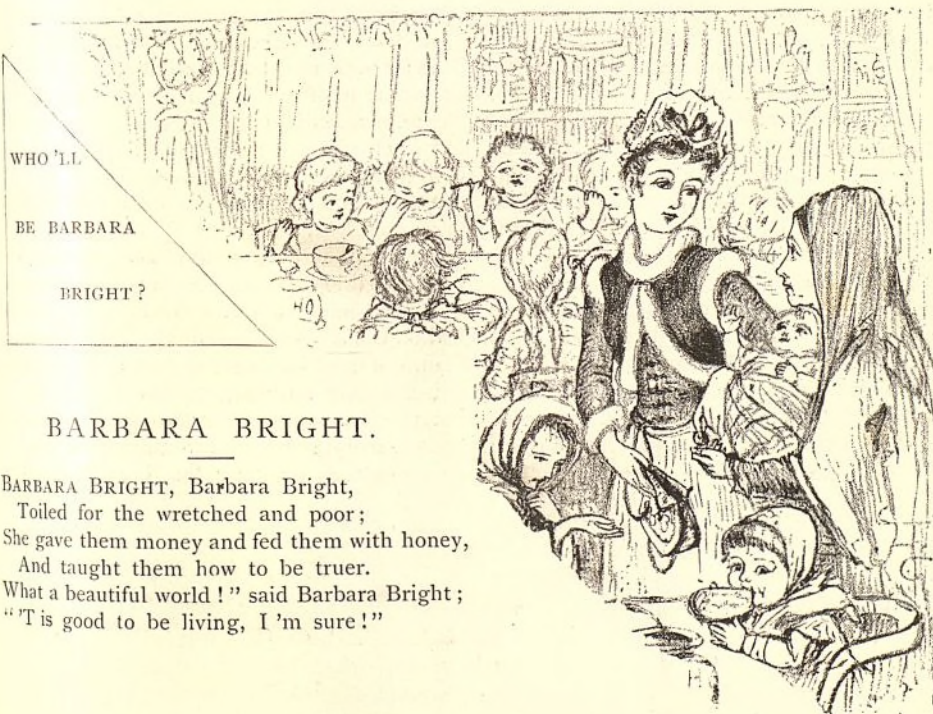
DOROTHY DUMP, Dorothy Dump,
 Sat in her palace, forlorn;
 She ate her honey and counted her money,
 And moped from morn to morn.
 "What a dolorous world!" said Dorothy Dump;
 "I wish I had never been born!"



WHO 'LL BE

DOROTHY

DUMP?



WHO 'LL

BE BARBARA

BRIGHT?

BARBARA BRIGHT.

BARBARA BRIGHT, Barbara Bright,
 Toiled for the wretched and poor;
 She gave them money and fed them with honey,
 And taught them how to be truer.
 "What a beautiful world!" said Barbara Bright;
 "'Tis good to be living, I'm sure!"

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

Pitcher—Ned Martin.
Catcher—John Hale, otherwise "The Lob."
1st Base—Jo Murch.
2d Base—Hi Hatch.
3d Base—James Pat Adams.
Short Stop—Sam Perkins, Captain.
Left Field—Sam Black, otherwise "Blackie."
Center Field—Billy Hetherington.
Right Field—Bill Watson, otherwise "Chunky."

THE WHITE BEARS.

Pitcher—Jake Coombs.
Catcher—Eph Weeks.
1st Base—Joe Patchen.
2d Base—George Bridges.
3d Base—Sam Booden, Captain.
Short Stop—Eph Mullett, otherwise "Nosey."
Left Field—Dan Morey.
Center Field—Joe Fitts.
Right Field—Peletiah Snelgro.

The whole assisted by a large number of young ladies and gentlemen, who do not belong to any base-ball nine, but who hope to, if they live long enough.

CHAPTER I.

RINGING THE BELL.

IN Fairport, every boy slept with some other boy on the night before the Fourth of July. If any boy did sleep in his own bed, it was because he had a playmate with him. But, for the most part, the boys of that period thought it poor fun to sleep at home on that eventful night. They all preferred to sleep in barns, hay-mows, or some other out-of-the-way and unusual place. It was a sign that a fellow was a milk-sop if he slept in a real bed on that night, except under such circumstances as have just been referred to. For there was a great deal to be done on the night before the Fourth. In the first place, there was a bonfire to be built on the common. There was a large, bare spot in the middle of the common where the grass refused to grow from one year's end to another, because the bonfire was built there on the night before the Fourth. And to feed that fire, it was necessary to gather much fuel from various and distant places. Spare barrels, store-boxes, and occasionally a loose board from off some careless person's fence, were to be brought in. The boys did not take gates off their hinges to kindle the fire, as tradition said that their older brothers did, when they were boys. The time of which I write was a great improvement on that elder period. No boy fed the bonfire with anything more valuable than the few loose things that could be picked up without alarming the neighbors. The neighbors were easily alarmed, anyhow. There was a class of old ladies in Fairport who never remembered from one Fourth of July to another that, on the night before it, the boys, ever since there were any boys, built a bonfire on the common. So, when the bright flames began to rise up in the darkness, one or more of these timid women would be sure to come

out on her door-step and cry: "Boys! Boys! What are you doing? You'll set the town a-fire, you pesky boys!"

Jo Murch (his whole name was Jotham Augustus Murch) used to be very much mortified when his mother came out like that, and he would say: "Now, Ma, don't be so foolish. There is n't any danger of our setting anything a-fire!" Once, one of the Selectmen of the town, a very dignified and truly awful person, came upon the common to see what the boys were at. It was nearly midnight, and it seemed as if something alarming was about to happen when the great man came out at that time of night. But he only looked the party of boys all over, as if to be sure that he would know them again, if anything happened, and then he went away, telling them to be careful of the sparks.

"My! Was n't I afraid he would see old Snelgro's wheelbarrow!" said Ned Martin, when the Selectman was gone.

At midnight, as near as they could guess, it was necessary that the meeting-house bell should be rung. At least, every Fairport boy thought it was necessary; and it was rung. There was a bell on the school-house at the right of the common, only, as nobody but the nearest neighbors objected to the ringing of this bell, the boys did not much enjoy ringing it. They took a pull at it, once in a while, for fear that the folks around would not know that the glorious Fourth had arrived. The folks usually found it out before day-break. The town bell was on the Unitarian meeting-house, below the school-house, and facing the street which skirted the bottom of the Common. To ring this bell was not only necessary, but it was also a great feat. The Selectmen had forbidden that the bell should be rung by anybody but the town sexton, except in case of fire. From time immemorial, Old Fitts had been the

town sexton, and if any man really hated boys, Old Fitts did. Probably he never was a boy. It seemed absurd to think that he ever could have been a boy. Boys were his natural enemies. They used to shin up the lightning-rod of the church and catch the pigeons which he reared in the belfry; and they used to ring the bell on the night before the Fourth of July. Generation after generation of boys had done this; but, somehow, Old Fitts could never become reconciled to it. On the particular night about which I am going to write, Old Fitts had not only nailed up one of the two church doors and put an extra padlock on the other, but he had carried away the bell-rope. The Fairport boys were a curious set. They laughed among themselves when they saw him going home, after he had rung the nine o'clock bell, with the long bell-rope coiled up on his back. But when they flew to the doors, after he was well out of sight, and beheld the defenses which he had put on them, they began to think that, for the first time in the history of the world, the bell would not be rung on the night before the Fourth of July.

As the boys scattered to the barns and hay-mows where they had chosen to sleep, Ned Martin said to his crony, Sam Perkins:

"I'll ring that bell before daylight, you see."

"But how, Ned?"

Now, Sam was the leader of the boys in almost all of the mischief that was afoot, and he was, beside all that, the captain of the Fairport Nine. For Fairport had a base-ball nine, and it was the terror of the surrounding villages. Of course, Sam did not want any other boy to lead off in a feat of this kind unless he had a hand in it himself. But Ned Martin knew a thing or two, and Sam was sure that he would ring the bell, if he said so. And when the boys, three of them, for Hi Hatch bunked in with them that night, were safely hidden in the hay, Ned unfolded to them his plan. It was a good scheme, and all agreed to it.

In all the world, probably, there is no stillness like that which comes between nine o'clock and the time when the Fairport boys get up to ring the bell and build their bonfire, on the night before the Fourth of July. At least, Hiram Hatch thought so that night, as he lay awake in the hay in his father's barn, listening to the heavy breathing of his mates. The spears of hay tickled his ear so that he could not get to sleep; and the stillness was awful. He almost wished that he was snug in his own bed, and he wondered why Ned and Sam should go to sleep so soon, and he should be so broad awake. There was a sound of something on the barn floor below. It was a tread! Then he heard a ghostly whisper, and he felt the hair rising

on his head. Desperately poking Sam in the back he whispered:

"There is something climbing up the ladder!"

Sam bounced up and cried: "What's—what's that!"

There was a scrambling and a rush of feet below, and all was still again. But Hiram was too badly scared to go to sleep at once, and when, tired out by his long vigil, he did drop off into slumber, he slept so soundly that Sam had hard work to wake him, as he shook him and shouted in his ear:

"Remember you have got to play second base, to-day."

"What do you s'pose that was in the barn, just now?" shivered Hiram, for the midnights in Fairport are cool, seeing that the town is on Penobscot Bay, on the cold coast of Maine.

"Oh bother!" said Sam. "Let's get out of this as still as we can. If your father should hear us, as likely as not he'd fire that double-barreled shot-gun at us."

Hiram held his peace, for the double-barreled shot-gun was a sore subject with him, since he had promised to carry it off on the sly and have it for firing the usual midnight salute. He was comforted now by the reflection that he had not the responsibility of that gun on his mind; and Ned assured him that the noise in the night was probably only made by some of the other boys who had intended to steal a place to sleep, without waking up the rightful tenants.

Silently, and as if bent on some dreadful deed, dark forms now stole in from all around, and clustered in the middle of the common. A crockery crate, filled with straw, and stuck all around with pickets from some slothful man's dilapidated fence, was set on fire. The cheerful blaze, ascending, lighted up the fronts of the houses on the edge of the common, and shed a lurid glare on the tall elms which stood tremulously in the midnight air. The flames warmed the boys, and revived their spirits, somewhat damped by cold and lack of sleep.

"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" shouted Bill Watson, a burly little chap, the right fielder, and better known as "Chunky." Then every other fellow cried "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" And it was felt that the fun had begun.

Amidst great enthusiasm, Pat Adams now fired off his gun. It was only a single-barreled one, to be sure, but it spoke well for itself. Pat's name was James Patterson Adams, but he was known, for short, as Pat Adams, and, when the boys were not in much of a hurry, he was called Jim Pat Adams, to distinguish him from another Jim whose name was not Adams. When the bang of Pat's gun rent the air, there was a sound of opening windows, and the boys knew that angry looks were directed

toward them from some of the houses roundabout. There was a wild hurrah when Sam Black, assisted by Billy Hetherington, staggered up to the fire with the better part of a tar-barrel, which they had hidden away some days before. There is no aristocracy among real boys, and it was an evidence of this truth that Sam Black, who was the only negro boy in Fairport, was a crony of Billy Hetherington, whose father was the county judge, and had been to Congress. If any boy had a right to be "stuck up," it was Billy, whose family held themselves very high in Fairport. But Billy never once thought of such a thing. If he had, his mates would have cut him at once, and he would have found himself alone in the village of boys. It was curious that the only black boy in the town should be Black by name. So Sam, who was a great favorite with his comrades, was usually called "Blackie," a term which carried with it no idea of contempt. Blackie was the best fellow of the boys of that generation, and, moreover, he knew more of the habits of the birds, beasts, fish, and all manner of living wild things, than most of the naturalists who write thick books about the animal kingdom. The times and seasons when birds come and go, and when they mate, and where they build their nests, as well as the secret lairs of the small game of the woods and fields, were all as familiar to Blackie as if he had been born in the wilderness, and not in a house on stilts at the harbor's edge.

"Three cheers for the left fielder!" cried Jo Murch, as Blackie, his face shining with satisfaction and pride, helped Billy Hetherington heave the tar-barrel on the blazing pile. "And now, boys, for the bell," he added, for it was already past twelve, one of the boys having reconnoitered, through the kitchen window of a neighboring house, to ascertain the time of night.

Ned Martin looked around on the little group of lads in his superior way, and said:

"Which of you fellows is the best on shinning a lightning-rod?" There was a great laugh when John Hale stoutly answered: "I am!" for John was so big and lubberly that he was never called anything but the "lob." In Fairport, the 'long-shoremen call any craft which is clumsy and unwieldy "lob-sided," meaning, perhaps, that it is lop-sided, a phrase which may be found in the dictionaries. If one but stuck out a fist at Johnny Hale he fell over. And when the schoolmaster tried to get him up on the tall stool where it was the custom for boys to be hoisted for punishment, the master and Johnny invariably came down in a heap together on the floor, the "lob" was so very clumsy and so very heavy. Nevertheless, the "lob," for all his awkwardness, was the champion catcher

in Fairport, and the envy of the White Bears, the rival club from the south end of town.

The "lob" was rejected as the champion climber, however, and little Sam Murch, Jo's brother, was selected for the feat of shinning up the lightning-rod of the church.

As an aid, in case of need, the volunteered services of Blackie were also promptly accepted, for the Fairport Nine never did anything that was not "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," or, otherwise, according to rule and discipline.



"SAM HAD REACHED THE EDGE OF THE PROJECTING EAVES."

Old Major Boffin's house stood so near the meeting-house that one could toss a biscuit from the roof of one to the other; and the Major's grandson, Ike, was a member of the party, though not of the famous "Nine." This was lucky; and it was also lucky that the roof of the Major's house was nearly flat, and that it had at each of the angles of said roof a big, square chimney, so big that two or three boys might hide behind one of them without

fear of detection. And when it was remembered that the roof of the Major's house could be reached by a lightning-rod, much easier of ascent than that on the meeting-house, it was evident that fortune favored the brave when it was necessary for the brave to ring the bell on the night before the Fourth of July. The testy old Major, calmly sleeping in his bed, could not have dreamed how much his property was contributing to the celebration of the glorious Fourth, when, in addition to all this, Ned Martin, carefully stripping the sheets, shirts and pillow-cases from the clothes-line in the Major's garden, took the line and making one end fast to the ankle of little Murch, gave him a hoist, and told him to "go it" up the lightning-rod of the meeting-house.

The projection of the eaves of the building set the rod out from the side of it a great way, and, as the rod was jointed in two or three places, it swayed fearfully while Sam laboriously shinned up it. Now and again, he would be flung round and round by the swinging rod, as he passed over the clanking joints, the clatter of which threatened to bring the choleric Major down upon them at any moment.

"Hold fast, little one," hoarsely whispered Captain Sam from below, for Sam, with his usual facility for taking command, had now assumed the direction of things. "Hold fast, or Blackie will be on your heels." And Blackie, dancing up and down with impatience, was ready to make a spring at the rod when little Murch should be out of his way.

"Bully for Sam," half shouted Ned Martin, for the little fellow had reached the edge of the far-projecting eaves, and was now struggling to get over the most difficult part. The boys below held their breath, for it was a perilous place. The lightning-rod, after turning up the edge of the shingles, was fastened to the roof by strong staples which held it firmly down and afforded almost no hold to which even a boy's small and hook-like fingers could cling. But little Sam was "clear grit," as his brother proudly remarked in a suppressed whisper, and while the silent spectators below all looked up, with their hearts in their mouths, he turned the edge of the eaves and went picking his way up the roof, hand over hand. It was now Blackie's turn to go up, but Captain Sam interfered, and declared that if both of the best climbers went up into the meeting-house belfry, there would be nobody to shin up to the roof of the Major's house and carry the rope from the bell, when it was made fast. Half-a-dozen boys volunteered to go up the Major's lightning-rod, but Ike Boffin agreed to "hook in" by the back door, steal up the stairs to the roof, and take care of the rope when there.

"So, then, you are to have all the fun of ringing the bell, are you?" demanded Captain Sam, sarcastically.

"Well," said Ike, "you pick out four other fellows, and I will undertake to get them up on our roof, if they will promise to be mighty still about it."

Accordingly, Captain Sam, Ned Martin, Hi Hatch and Chunky were chosen to go up on the Major's roof, guided by Ike, who, with a quaking heart, opened the back door and let in these midnight conspirators. No cat could have climbed the stairs more softly than the five boys, Ike at the head. Barefoot and breathless, they stole by the door of the sacred chamber where the old Major, snoring manfully, was sleeping in happy unconsciousness of what was going on around him. Drawing a long breath, the five boys found themselves out on the roof at last. To their great delight and relief, they saw little Murch just shinning up the part of the rod which led from the roof to the belfry, not a very difficult job, in comparison with that which he had just finished. In a moment more he was in the belfry, and pausing on the balustrade which decorated the rim, he gave a noiseless cheer, dropped over to the inner side, and made fast to the clapper of the bell the end of the line which he had brought up with him. Ned Martin now dropped down from the roof of the Major's house one end of a mackerel line which he had with him. To this the boys below fastened the end of the line from the bell-clapper, and it was drawn up to Captain Sam, who took it up behind his chimney with great joy. The boys on the ground now scattered to all parts of the common, at a whispered command from Captain Sam, and then the big bell struck a peal of mighty strokes, pulled by the sinewy hand of Sam. The night air quivered with the blows on the bell. Old Fitts' pigeons, affrighted by the midnight booming of the bell, flew out in crowds, scaring Sam Murch as they dashed in his face. The brave little lad swung himself over the balustrade, and, sliding down the roof in a hurry, was soon on the long and swaying rod below, and on firm ground once more, and then safe among his comrades.

"Those pesky boys," sighed Grandmother Boffin, as she turned uneasily in her sleep, but awake enough to know what was the cause of the horrible din which rent the air. The Major got out of bed, and, putting his head out of the window, addressed the darkness, commanding all in sound of his voice to disperse and go home, or take the consequences. But the old Major never forgot that he had been a boy once himself, although that was a great many years ago; and when he went back to bed, smiling grimly to himself as the

bell answered his warning with a yet louder peal, he said: "Well, mother, boys will be boys, you know. There's no law ag'in ringing the meeting-house bell on the night before the Fourth." The Major, although a hot-tempered man, remembered that he had fought in "the last war"—that of 1812—and something was due, he thought, to the day we celebrate.

A sudden idea struck the good grandmother. She crept out of bed, stole to the bedroom of her grandson, passed her hand over the vacant bed, and then going back to her chamber-window, cried into the air, as the Major had done, "You, Ike, wherever you are, don't you dare to come into the house for your breakfast!" Ike, who was now taking his turn at the clothes-line, laughed to himself. He remembered that he had a share in a boiled ham, a basket of apples and a paper of crackers, stowed away in Hatch's barn, under the hay.

Suddenly there was an alarm of "Fitts! Fitts!" from the boys stationed on the court-house steps, from which post they could see all the way down Howe's lane, up which the old sexton must come to the defense of his precious bell. Fortunately for the boys, Fitts never stirred out of doors, no matter how light the night, without his lantern. And the rays from that familiar lantern, "like a lightning-bug," as Billy Hetherington declared, now bobbed along the ground as Fitts climbed the hilly lane.

Warned in time, not a boy was in sight when the old sexton, grumbling to himself, reached the top of the hill and went across the bottom of the common toward the meeting-house. The bell continued to ring, much to the delight of the boys hidden behind the chimneys and stowed away in various nooks and corners below. With infinite trouble, Old Fitts got the door open, and with many a hard word for the boys, toiled up the long stairs which led to the belfry. "Now, then, Ned, give her a good one," whispered Captain Sam, as the old sexton's lantern, shining through the belfry windows, showed that he was almost up to the bell, and, sure enough, as Fitts put his head out of the scuttle which opened to the deck of the belfry, a tremendous and audacious peal boomed directly over his head.

The old man walked all around the big bell. Not a boy was to be seen. The rope, he knew, was safe in his own house, and there was no sign of anything by which the bell could be rung. The light line leading to the roof of the Boffin house was too small to be noticed as it lay on the slanting deck of the belfry. The boys chuckled to themselves as they watched the puzzled old man walking around the bell, again and again peering over the

balustrade, as if to see if some small boy were circling around in the air with the scared pigeons which silently flew about their master's head. It was very queer, so it was.

Just then, the "lob," who was never known to stand up when he could fall down, slipped on the roof behind the Boffin chimney that hid him. He might have slid off to the ground below if he had not put out his hand to save himself by grabbing at the boy next to him, which happened to be Sam, who tried to shake the "lob" from him. It was in vain, and the two boys came down in a heap behind the chimney, Sam pulling the rope with him. As he fell, the bell, of course, was given another peal, and the rope in the belfry flew up before the astonished eyes of the old sexton. Fitts stooped, cut the line, and, shaking his fist in the direction of the Major's house, cried, "I've stopped your fun this time, you young varmint;" and so he had. When he had carefully locked the scuttle of the belfry, descended the stairs and gone home, his light disappearing in the distance, the four boys on the roof, somewhat crestfallen, silently slid down the Major's lightning-rod, and made their way up to the bonfire. The "lob" was overwhelmed with ridicule for his share in the failure of the bell-ringing feat. "And he wanted to shin up the meeting-house lightning-rod!" said Captain Sam, derisively.

Blackie, however, soon found a way to remedy the mischief. He went up the lightning-rod again with the agility of a cat, spliced the line, then, disdaining to go up through the Major's house, he shinned up its lightning-rod and speedily had the bell a-ringing merrily. Meantime, the boys about the bonfire were doing their best to celebrate the night by firing the few pieces of small-arms which they had; and their fire-crackers were exploded—sparingly, however, as it was borne in mind that the Fourth was yet to come, and more noise would be needed for the day.

Hiram Hatch, returning from a visit to the back of Major Boffin's house to encourage Blackie, who was pulling away lustily at the bell-rope, cast his eyes on the fire, and, to his horror, spied the remains of the leaching-tub which he knew ought to be standing on his father's barn floor. "Where did that come from?" he demanded. Nobody knew, but Chunky guessed that Jo Murch and George Bridges had thrown it on the fire.

"That came out of my father's barn," said Hi, stoutly, "and the fellow that took it is a mean sneak, and I don't care who he is."

"I don't see that it is any meaner to take that leaching-tub out of Deacon Hatch's barn than it is to steal old Boffin's clothes-line, or Judge Nelson's chicken-coop, so there," said Jo Murch.

As the Judge's coop had been ravished by

Hiram, he felt condemned; but he replied, hotly, that there was a big difference between taking an old chicken-coop, only fit for kindlings, anyhow, and stealing a leaching-tub out of a man's barn. Then, suddenly remembering the mysterious noises which he had heard while he was trying to go to sleep, he exclaimed, with his small fist before Jo Murch's nose, "And you came in there and stole that tub while we were in the hay-loft. I heard you."

"Yes, and mighty scared you were, too," Jo replied, with an unpleasant sneer.

There were symptoms of a fight, when one of the sentries on the court-house steps shouted "Fitts! Fitts!" Then all the boys, in their anxiety for the bell, scattered to points about the meeting-house from which they could see the fate of Blackie, who, perceiving the lantern of the old sexton coming, improved the time by giving the bell as many and as vigorous strokes as possible.

Grumbling and groaning to himself, the sexton slowly climbed the belfry stairs once more, and was soon on the upper deck. "Why, oh why, did n't I nail down that scuttle?" groaned little Blackie, as, from behind his chimney, he saw the old man emerge upon the belfry deck. Blackie consoled himself with the reflection that he would do this the next time the coast was clear. But he was doomed to disappointment. Fitts, as soon as he had cut the line, for the second time, gave it a strong pull, and a sudden pull, and poor Blackie, not for a moment dreaming what was going to happen, was jerked out from behind the chimney, and, still holding on, across the scuttle, which had been left open.

"Aha! It's you, is it; you, you black limb, is it?" cried Old Fitts, exultingly, as the boy came dimly into sight from behind the chimney. "Major Boffin! There's a burglar on your roof!" shouted the old man, as he tugged at the line which Blackie sturdily refused to let go.

"Shame! Shame! Old Fitts!" shrieked several of the boys below, in their concealment. "He's no burglar, and you know it."

In the midst of the racket, Major Boffin, with a grim smile on his face, put his head out of the window, and, after shouting "Thieves! Thieves!" at the top of his voice, fired into the sky a horse-pistol which he kept loaded for the entertainment of the midnight cats that sometimes disturbed his slumbers. A profound silence followed this volley. Even Old Fitts was quiet in his belfry; and Blackie, taking advantage of the lull, dropped the line which he had held, and softly crept down the roof, clutched the lightning-rod, slid to the ground, and made off in the darkness.

"If I catch those pesky boys around here again

to-night," said the angry sexton, "I'll put a load of buckshot into some of 'em."

"Never you fear," answered the Major, "you will never catch them. Sooner catch a lot of weasels." And the old man shut down his window with a bang.

Fitts descended into the little loft below the belfry, and, though the boys waited for his appearance beneath, his lantern did not shed its beams again on the outside of the meeting-house.

"He's camping in the steeple!" cried the boys, in alarm. And so he was. Determined to stop the ringing of the bell, and afraid to leave his post of duty, the old man lay down on the floor of the loft, secure in the knowledge that no enemy could scale the roof without awakening him. The boys gathered in a knot below, examined the ground and confessed that, for once, they were circumvented.

It was growing toward morning. The east was pale with the first streaks of dawn. It had been a tiresome night. The great base-ball match was coming off on that day. The bell had been rung. The Nine went to bed, and Fairport was quiet at last.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT MATCH.

BETWEEN the White Bears and the Fairport Nine there was, in the opinion of the older people, a great gulf fixed. The White Bears were, for the most part, the sons of fishermen, longshoremen, and men who, in the expressive language of the place, "did chores" about town. This was the social gulf which separated the famous Nine and the White Bears. Then the boys who called themselves White Bears were noted for their rough mischief. If an unfortunate cow was found with her tail cut off, it was the work of a White Bear. And when the old revolutionary cannon which had stood for years, with its breech in the ground, an upright landmark, on the corner of Main street, was dug up and pitched off the end of Adams's wharf, everybody knew that the White Bears had been out on an errand of malicious mischief. The boys of Fairport, who were represented by the famous Nine, were not goody-goody youngsters; indeed, some of the older folks thought that they ought to be a great deal better than they were, but they were never accused of being ruffianly or cruel, or destructive; and all these traits were justly set down to the credit of the White Bears. Besides all this, the White Bears lived in the scattered and dingy groups of houses at the south end of the village; and this, until they took for themselves the name by which they were better known, gave them the title of the Southenders. To be a Southender

was to be a rough fellow, with small respect for law, order, or the rights of others.

The White Bears, with all their muscle, were not very much better in the base-ball field than the Fairport Nine. They were trained, many of them, in the cod-fishing fleet, which used to sail to the Grand Banks, before the fishing business went into the hands of our Canadian neighbors. And, exposed as they all were to the hard life and rough usage of those who pick up a scanty living on the coast of Maine, they were as tough and rugged as the polar bear, whose name they took in a spirit of boasting and bravado. Sam Booden was their captain, and he was the roughest and the toughest of the gang. Sam had regularly "walloped" the village schoolmaster, as fast as a new one came to town; and, as he was as regularly turned out of school, his education was none of the best. He never staid in school any longer than to have his first chance at the master, and, as boys of his class were not often at home during the summer, his acquaintance with the inside of a school-house was very limited.

But Sam was at home long enough to make a tolerable base-ball player, and at the third base he was perhaps the very best in all Fairport. Jake Coombs was the pitcher of the White Bears, and a first-rate pitcher he was. He had been two voyages as cook on a mackereling schooner, and was probably the most quarrelsome boy in Fairport. Usually, he had a black eye, the mark of one of his latest fights. Of course, all of his fingers were more or less out of shape. But that is the proper badge of an accomplished base-ball player. Eph Weeks was the catcher of the White Bears, and Joe Patchen was the first base. George Bridges, their second base, was the decenterest boy of the gang. He was in full fellowship with the Fairport Nine, and, although he was sometimes obliged to do dirty work at hog-killing time (for his father was the town butcher) about the houses of some of the more favored boys of the place, he was a crony and a companion to many of the favorite Nine.

As I have said, Sam Booden was the third base, as well as captain of the White Bears. Eph Mullett was their short stop, and as Eph had an unfortunate defect in his speech which made his words seem to come from his nose rather than his mouth, he was usually known as "Nosey" among the boys of Fairport. In summer time he wore a parti-colored tunic, or cooler, from which circumstance he was sometimes called "The Turkey," or "Turk," as it suited the fancy of his dear friends and associates. With Dan Morey in the left field, Joe Fitts in center field, and Peletiah Snelgro in right field, the Nine of the White Bears is complete.

Whenever Sam Perkins met one of the White

Bears he was wont to say, as if addressing the universe:

"The Fairport Nine is the Nine that I belong to, and I am not ashamed to own it either."

No White Bear ever dared to take that up, as the saying is, and as Sam never had the luck to encounter more than one of the Bears when he was alone, he was always safe in his defiance. But Sam was deeply mortified when his Nine played what he called a scrub game with the White Bears, and were consequently defeated with great disgrace. For this defeat, Sam always blamed Jo Murch, who was playing center field that day, and not at first base where he usually belonged. On that momentous occasion, he made a muff of a high fly ball, far out in the left center, in the eighth inning, which allowed the White Bears to score three runs. To tell the whole truth, the White Bears were considered the worst enemies of the Fairports on the base-ball field, as they had defeated all the other clubs in the small towns roundabout, and had held the championship for the last two seasons, but were hard-pressed for this particular season by the White Bears. This was the reason why this game on the Fourth of July was so important. It was to decide the championship of Fairport, and of North Fairport, Penobscot, and Riversville.

Now, every boy knows why Sam Perkins was anxious when he tumbled out of bed on Fourth of July morning, at the call of his mother. Had he been left to himself, he would have slept until noon. A boy who has got up at midnight, and has gone to bed again at daylight, might be reasonably sleepy at so early an hour as seven o'clock. But hard work was to be done.

The White Bears had beaten the Fairports in the latest, or second, game for championship, it is true, but the first game of the series was won by the Fairports by a score of eight to one, a tremendous victory, to be sure. Now had come the momentous day when the third and decisive game was to be played. And when Sam looked anxiously at the sky, he was troubled to notice that a dark cloud hung low down in the West, just over the old fort in which the match was to be played.

"Just our luck," he grumbled, when he met his trusty lieutenant, Ned Martin, on the common, where he was hunting around in the ashes of last night's fire for a lost jack-knife. "Just our luck! I'll bet it rains to-day and spoils all our fun. Our fellows are all in first-rate shape. No sprained legs, no broken fingers, and here it comes up to rain, as sure as a gun. It's too bad, so it is."

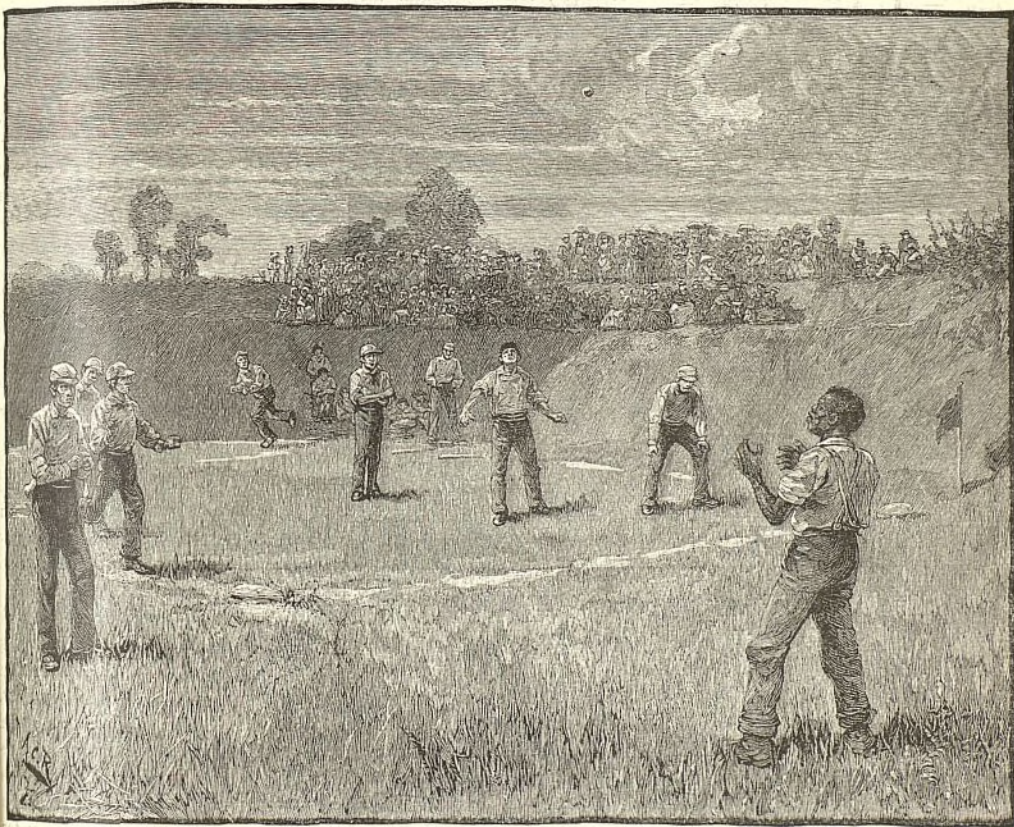
"Oh, never mind," said the more cheerful Ned. "If it rains, the Bears will be as badly off as we are; that's one comfort; wont they?"

"But we want to have this thing over with," replied Sam. "The Bears have been poking that last game at us ever since they beat us. But they sha'n't have a chance to crow over us after to-day, as sure as my name is Perkins," he added, more hopefully. "I'll play my position at short stop for all it is worth, you just be sure of that now, Neddy, my boy," and Captain Sam Perkins stretched himself, with a tremendous yawn, wishing that he had had a good night's rest by way of preparation for the day's work.

Fairport is built on the sunny side of a penin-

built by the British troops in the war of the Revolution.

Once there was a brick barrack in the fort, and in one corner is still shown the entrance to a dungeon dug into the thick mass of earth, stone and timber which forms the fort. The barrack has disappeared, and the inclosed space is as smooth and level as a ball-ground should be. Laying off the field against one of the angles of the earth-work, they had a grassy field under foot, while the slopes of the fort furnished seating-places for the spectators, as well as a screen for the catcher. It



THE GREAT MATCH.

sula which juts out into Penobscot Bay. To the north and west, the land slopes sharply down to a little cove, known to the youth of the village as "the Back Cove." To the east and south, the land falls off more gradually to the harbor's edge, and on the gently falling slope is nestled the old town shaded with elms, horse-chestnuts and maples.

On the ridge which forms the backbone of the promontory is the old fort, a huge, high earth-work, inclosing about three acres of ground, and

is not likely that the British commander, General McLean, when he built this fort, in 1779, and called it Fort George, after his royal master, George III., of England, ever thought what a service he was doing for the boys of Fairport. But it is true that no base-ball field in this or any other country can be compared with that which the British army left for generations of boys at Fairport. And when, on the memorable Fourth of July, the Fairport Nine met the White Bears for the fight for the championship, the old fort presented a

brilliant sight. On the grassy slopes of the ramparts, commanding a good view of the field, were all the nice girls of the village, some of whom had concealed about them the gay rosettes, made of the Nine's cherry-colored ribbon, with which each purposed to decorate a certain favorite player, in case all went well with the Nine of Fairport. The boys who were not of the Nine, but who hoped to be, some day, were scattered about among the bright groups on the slopes, or crowded together just outside of the limits of the field. It was a pretty sight and a momentous day.

Captain Samuel Perkins placed his men thus: Pitcher—Ned Martin; catcher—the "lob"; first base—Jo Murch; second base—Hi Hatch; third base—Pat Adams; short stop—Sam Perkins; left field—Samuel Black, colored member, and better known as "Blackie"; center field—Billy Hetherington; right field—Bill Watson, otherwise known as "Chunky." The captain surveyed his team with mingled pride and anxiety, looked at the sky, which was dark with clouds, and then calmly tossed up the copper with the Captain of the White Bears, Samuel Booden, to decide which should go first to the bat. The toss was won by the proud captain of the Fairport Nine, who yelled, "We'll take the field!"

They always thought it an advantage to go first to the field, and as the White Bears took up the bat, a smile of satisfaction ran over the faces of the illustrious Nine of Fairport. The Bears did not find it very easy to hit the skillful pitching of Ned Martin; and Samantha Sellers, sitting on the grassy rampart beside Mary Ann Martin, said, with a chuckle of delight, "I s'pose Pel Snelgro thinks he can play ball, but just see him whang the air every time Ned fires that ball. Ned has got the curve down fine, has n't he, Mary Ann?"

"Do hush and look at that catch," for at that moment Peletiah Snelgro sent a hot liner to Pat Adams, at third base. Pat made an extraordinary catch, taking it with one hand, and with a light spring in the air, which won him a round of applause from the girls sitting on the slopes of the fort; and even the boy spectators, outside of the field, murmured their approbation. Pat took off his cap and bowed low to the ladies in reply to this compliment. Jake Coombs was the next striker for the Bears, and he sent a foul tip behind the bat which struck the "lob," catcher for the Fairports, square on the nose. The "lob" doubled himself up in pain, and a perceptible shudder ran through the sympathizing crowd of girls on the rampart. "What a shame!" cried Phoebe Noyes, who had a tender heart, and admired very much the rosy face and blue eyes of the "lob." But John stoutly declared that it was "nothing,"

although the blood dropped freely from his inflamed pug-nose. Cold water was brought from the spring, half of the boys of Fairport volunteering to sop the "lob's" face, and run a cold iron spoon down his back, or hold his nose at the bridge, or do any of those things which any bright boy knows are sovereign remedies for the nose-bleed.

This diversion over, Captain Sam Booden went to the bat. "Now look out for squalls, you stuck-up Fairport Niners," said Nance Grindle, with withering sarcasm. Nance was a Southender, and was "second girl" in the family of the Hetheringtons, and cordially hated all aristocrats. Sure enough, Booden sent a daisy-cutter toward Hi Hatch, at second base, but Hi picked it up finely, and so Captain Sam Booden retired at first base, and the White Bears also retired without a score.

"A goose egg! A goose egg!" shouted the friends of the Fairport Nine. Captain Sam Perkins, too glad to speak, walked over to Hiram and wrung his hand in silence. It was now the first inning of the Fairports, and they did some very heavy batting, and scored five runs before their side was put out, three of them being home runs. But there were no special features of the game, and the girl-champions of the Fairports were not sorry when their friends were out once more. "They do so much better in the field," they said, innocently.

But the Fairport Nine had a decided lead, and the chances were that they would have kept it to the end and have won the game, but, just as the White Bears were going to their second inning, great drops of rain began to fall, and the storm which Captain Sam had been dreading all day was upon them. The girls put up their parasols and umbrellas, and expressed their intention to stay and see the game through, rain or shine. But the umpire, Mr. Sylvanus Tilden, of North Fairport, called the game, which was accordingly postponed until next day. "Just our luck!" grumbled Captain Sam, as the Nine went down the hill into town. It was a dismal ending of a Fourth which had begun so noisily, with the pealing of bells, the firing of guns, and the flaming of bonfires, prophesied by one of the revolutionary forefathers.

"Just our luck!" grumbled Sam, next day, when he saw that the sky was cloudless, and that the silvery waters of the bay reflected Nautilus Island, Gray's Head and Hainey's Point as if in a looking-glass. "Some days it rains, and then, again, some days it don't rain. Yesterday, just as we were making ready to wallop the White Bears, and had a lead of 5 to 0, it ups and rains, and so puts a stop to the game. To-day not a wet cloud shows its face in the sky. You look over the

fort and you can see the whole of Brigadier's Island reflected in Penobscot Bay, just as if it was on the bottom of a new tin pan. Before this game is over, boys, you'll wish a long shower would come and save the feelings of the bully Nine of Fairport; now you see."

"Sam is always croaking," said Blackie, who was always looking on the bright side of things, as if his spirit was much lighter than his face. But when Sam lost the toss and the White Bears took the field and their opponents went to the bat first, things did look a little gloomy for the Fairports. And when their first inning was finished without scoring one run to their credit, even the calm and stolid "lob" felt a sinking at the heart.

"It's too bad," said pretty Alice Martin, shaking her yellow curls with emphasis. "It's too bad for anything, and if I was Sam Perkins I'd give that Coombs boy an awful whipping. Every time one of the White Bears makes a base hit, he just grins like a chessy-cat, and makes up a face as if to say that he did it all. He's perfectly horrid!"

But serious business was now in hand, for the Bears went to the bat in high spirits. It was the first time that they, or any other nine, had prevented the Fairports from making one run. They had a right to feel pleased. "Mightily tickled," Sarah Judkins confidentially said they were, when she leaned over and whispered her opinion into Phoebe Noyes's sun-bonnet.

Before the Fairports went to their places, Captain Sam went among his forces and warned them that the White Bears were playing at their very best that day, and that if they would win it must be with hard work, cool heads, and, above all, no nonsense. The game went on rapidly to the close of the eighth inning, and, up to that time, the Fairport Nine had not been able to make a single run, and their score stood exactly where it did at the close of their first inning of the day before. The White Bears, however, crept up, making a run at a time, until, when their opponents went to the bat on the eighth, and the Fairports' last, inning, the score stood 5 to 5. Sam Perkins was the first striker, and while he was selecting his bat, his comrades noticed, with some surprise, that the White Bears had quietly changed their pitcher. The redoubtable Eph Mullett, otherwise "Nosey," and otherwise "Turkey," went to the place of pitcher, and Jake Coombs took the left field, while Dan Morey went to short stop, where "Nosey" had been playing. This move did not disconcert Sam in the least. He was one of the strongest hitters of his Nine, and was almost always safe.

There was not a sound. Even the chattering young ladies on the slopes of the rampart were as quiet as so many mice. They watched the game

with the most intense interest, and, as for their friends in the Nine, they did not dare to speak, and hardly to breathe, for fear they might lose some point in the style of the new pitcher. Then came the umpire's question: "Where will you have the ball?"

"Knee high," was Sam's steady reply, which could be heard by every person inside of the fort. Eph Mullett delivered the ball; it went like lightning. Sam did not even make a motion to strike at it, and his fellows, who were waiting their turn on the bench near by, looked at each other in speechless amazement. But the gallant Captain hit the next ball and sent it whizzing along the ground, and made the first base. Cheery little Blackie was next at the bat. "See the ducky!" scoffed Nance Grindle. "Thinks he is as good as a white man, don't he? So stuck-up along with Billy Hetherington! Sakes alive! What's he at, anyhow!" For Blackie made two attempts to hit the ball delivered by Mullett, and in vain.

Meantime, however, Sam Perkins had stolen to his second base, and Blackie, with a mighty effort, gave him his third base by a masterly stroke that sent the ball to center field. Now it was Ned Martin's turn to distinguish himself. With two players on the bases, it required very delicate playing. Ned played cautiously until he got a ball that almost everybody thought would bring home the two men on the bases. Alas! it went straight into the hands of the first base, who returned it with surprising dexterity to the catcher at home base, just in time to put out Sam Perkins, by a hair's-breadth.

A double play for the "White Bears," two out on the side of the "Fairports," and not a run scored,—this prospect was not bright for the famous Nine. Fleet-footed Blackie was at second base, however, and Billy Hetherington, next to Sam Perkins the best striker of the Fairport Nine, was the next man at the bat. Billy was tall and lank, for his years, and was sometimes called "Crane," by way of joke. But he had an unerring eye, and was as cool as a cucumber under any and all circumstances. Billy struck the first ball, and Blackie was off like a deer for third base. But, contrary to all expectations, Billy's ball was a foul, and, fortunately, as it turned out, went away out of the catcher's reach, among the thistles which grew at the base of the bastion. And so Blackie had time to resume his position at second base once more. Billy's next hit was a high-flyer, and as his comrades saw the center fielder move back to get in range of the descending ball, their hearts almost stood still. They saw the ball go right through his hands, and then they breathed a long sigh of relief which was echoed among the very

nicest girls on the side of the fort. Sam Perkins treated the spectators to a few steps of his favorite war-dance.

But the joy of the Fairports was short-lived. The "lob," their next batsman, sent a foul ball straight up over his head, and it fell plumb into the hands of the catcher. This ended the last inning of the Fairport Nine, and they had not made one run that day. Their only hope now was to "skunk" the White Bears, who were coming to the bat with their faces aglow with satisfaction and anticipated triumph. This, at least, might prolong the game, which could result in a tie.

When the Fairports went to the field in the ninth inning, it was evident that their spirits were a little drooping.

"I don't see our way out of this pickle," said Billy Hetherington to his sable chum, as they passed each other on their way to their respective stations.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Billy," replied his hopeful crony. "I've seen sicker cats than this get well."

Billy thought to himself that, though a cat may have nine lives, the Fairport Nine did not have more than one chance in a thousand to beat the White Bears in this match; and then all would be over.

The sympathies of the spectators were unmistakably with the Fairports, and when Pat Adams, at third base, took a hot ball straight from Joe Patchen's bat, with one hand, almost precisely as he had done the day before, there was a breezy ripple of applause all along the side of the fort where the girls were the thickest in a group. Dan Morey was their next striker. He sent a ball straight over to little Blackie, at left field. Blackie was watching the ball as it described a beautiful ascending curve in the air, but his quick eye had also marked the tall thistles on the top of the fort nodding in the wind, which was now rising somewhat. He took a position a little to the right of the place where everybody thought the ball should fall. Captain Sam, at short stop, saw this and ground his teeth with rage, and inwardly groaned "he'll make a muff!" But the colored member of the Nine knew what he was about. The wind took the ball a little to the north; it then descended with a rush, and dropped directly into his tawny hands; and good Blackie held it like a vise, doubling himself over in his anxiety to grip it. A scream of delight went up from the rampart where the girls waved their sun-bonnets with joy. The Fairports winked encouragingly at each other, and Captain Sam muttered an apology to Blackie, as he was in the habit of talking to himself. The White Bears had not made a run yet, and they

had two players out. The prospect was decidedly better.

George Bridges was their next batsman, and he was always to be feared. As he stood in position, wearing his usual pleasant expression, but with a look of dogged determination on his brown face, everybody knew that he "meant business," as the Fairports were saying to themselves. If he once got a good blow at that ball, the chances were that it would go at a tremendous rate somewhere. Silently, Captain Sam motioned his fielders to fall back. The precaution was well taken. Bridges had a square hit at the ball, and sent it away over the head of Billy Hetherington at center field. Before he could get it and throw it to Ned Martin, the pitcher, George Bridges had made his third base. Joe Fitts was the next man to stand up before the pitcher of the Fairports, and to him the White Bears now looked for success. He must hit the ball so as to bring George home, and if he could only do this, the game was won. It was a thrilling crisis. A hush fell on the field. The flower-bed of sun-bonnets and parasols on the rampart and the side of the fort ceased its fluttering in the wind and sunshine. Even the boy friends of the White Bears did not speak, although they showed by their looks that they had confidence in Joe's ability to do something great. And then Jemima Pegg, a long-legged girl who worked in the lobster-packing factory, stood up and waved her bonnet, crying out, "Go it, Joe! Now 's yer chance!"

Joe struck at the ball twice, but missed it. At the third attempt, however, he was more fortunate. He sent it whizzing through the air over to Pat Adams, at third base. Joe went for the first base as fast as his legs could carry him. George Bridges did the same in the direction of the home base, and, to the confusion and grief of the Fairports and their fair friends, Pat Adams muffed that ball. "Oh, Patsy! Patsy! How could you do so?" groaned Captain Sam. For that muff virtually lost the game, and the crisis was past. But, before the White Bears' third player was put out, the score-keepers had to allow them a home run for Jake Coombs, which, with Joe's one, made the score five to eight in favor of the White Bears, and the next striker was put out by a foul.

The great match was over, and pretty Alice Martin, rising from her seat on the turf, said: "It's too awfully mean for anything for those Southenders to get the pennant. But it was just splendid." Alice was always a little mixed in her ideas, but she meant that the game was splendid. And so thought and said a great many of the less personally interested spectators, as they went down to the village. But so did not think Captain Sam when he saw the umpire hand the pennant over to

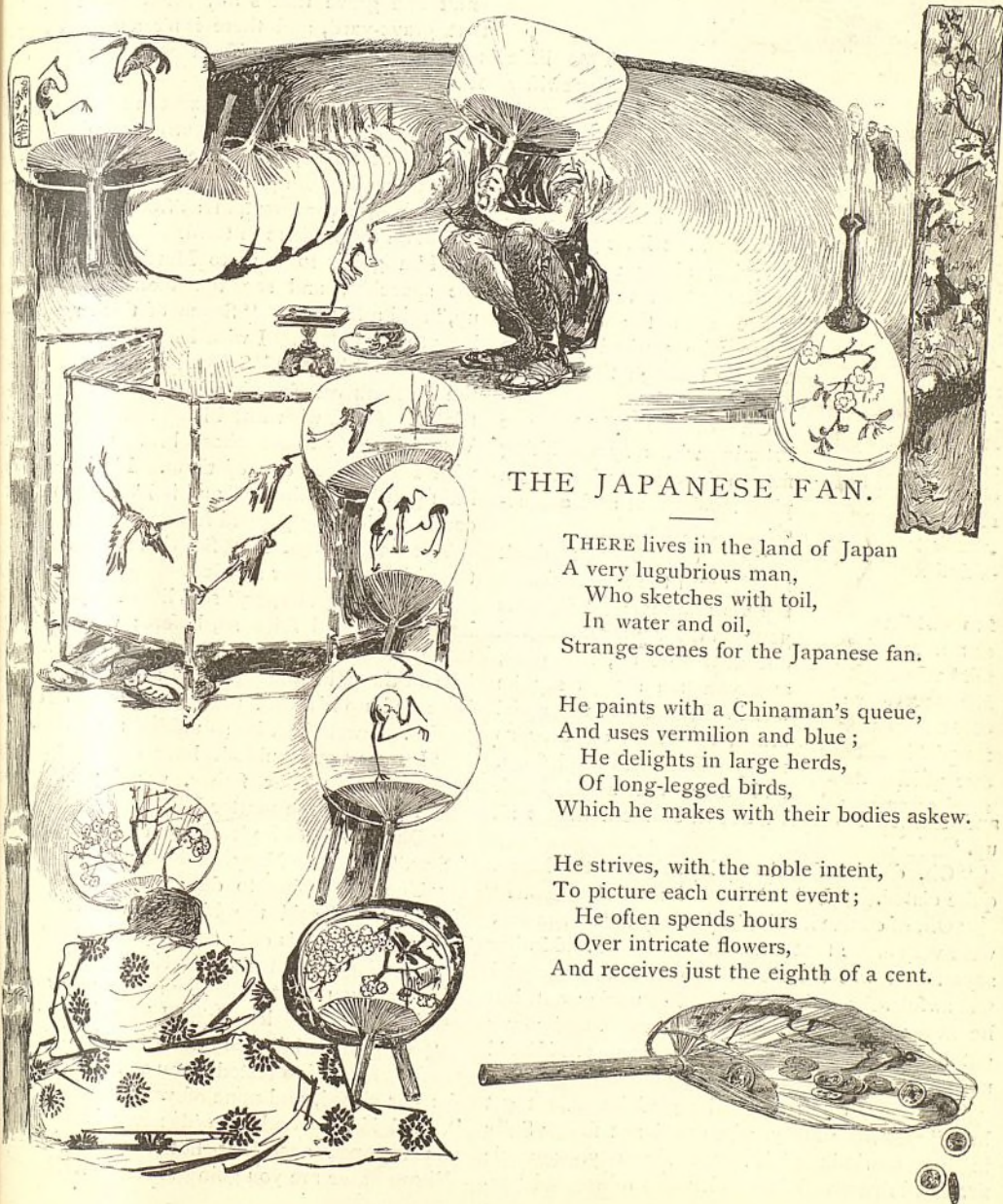
the triumphant Booden, of the White Bears. That hero took it with a grin, and, waving the little strip of red and white bunting over his head, bawled—"It's not so big as the 'William and Sally's' burgee, boys, but it's our 'n."

Sam and his mates turned away in speechless

rage, but bold little Blackie called after the departing victors—"You had to work for it harder than you ever did before the mast! So, now!"

"Hush up, Blackie," said Billy Hetherington. "They've won the championship, and the great match is over."

(To be continued.)

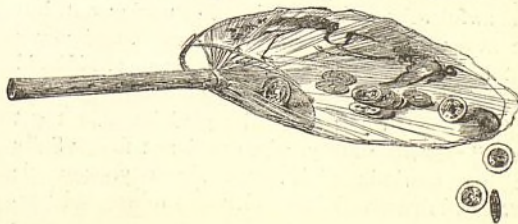


THE JAPANESE FAN.

THERE lives in the land of Japan
A very lugubrious man,
Who sketches with toil,
In water and oil,
Strange scenes for the Japanese fan.

He paints with a Chinaman's queue,
And uses vermilion and blue;
He delights in large herds,
Of long-legged birds,
Which he makes with their bodies askew.

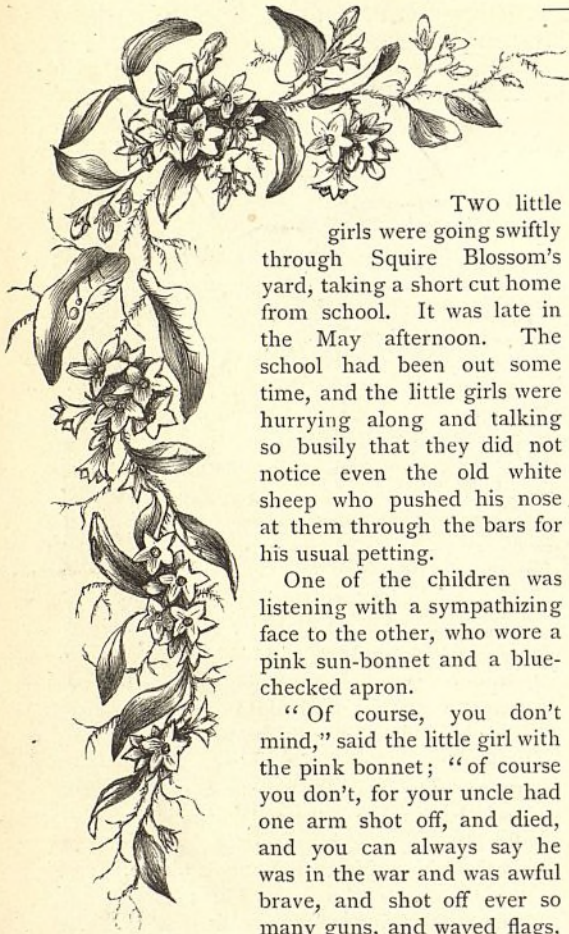
He strives, with the noble intent,
To picture each current event;
He often spends hours
Over intricate flowers,
And receives just the eighth of a cent.



SALLY'S SOLDIER.

(A Decoration-day Story.)

BY CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.



Two little girls were going swiftly through Squire Blossom's yard, taking a short cut home from school. It was late in the May afternoon. The school had been out some time, and the little girls were hurrying along and talking so busily that they did not notice even the old white sheep who pushed his nose at them through the bars for his usual petting.

One of the children was listening with a sympathizing face to the other, who wore a pink sun-bonnet and a blue-checked apron.

"Of course, you don't mind," said the little girl with the pink bonnet; "of course you don't, for your uncle had one arm shot off, and died, and you can always say he was in the war and was awful brave, and shot off ever so many guns, and waved flags, and drummed awful hard,

and slashed his sword about, and cut things all up."

"Oh, did he do all that?" asked little Mary, quite elated. "I did n't know it; who told you?"

"Oh, of course he did," said Sally; "all the men were very brave that went from our town. Mother says father was too sick to go to the war, and I feel awful ashamed about it. My uncle went, but he never lost one of his fingers, even, and never got shot one bit; so it's just the same as if he'd never been!"

"I should think you'd be glad he did n't get hurt," said little Mary, who could not follow Sally in her patriotic flight. "Perhaps your uncle fired and drummed just as hard as mine, and per-

haps he shot the enemy so' fast that nobody got a chance at him."

"Well, I'm real mad and ashamed, too," replied Sally. "Tuesday is Decoration-day, and there is n't one grave that's any relation to me in all that grave-yard, and there is n't a name on that monument in Martinsville that belongs to our folks!"

But, when Sally took her seat in school the next morning, her face wore a cheerful and determined air; and at recess, when the little boys and girls were discussing the glories of Decoration-day, she joined in the conversation as freely as if she had owned all the soldiers in town.

"I'm going to walk to Martinsville and hear the speeches, and see the monument trimmed up," said a big boy. "Seven of those names belong to our village. I wish I had been a soldier."

"So do I!" cried Sally. "Why, when I hear the crackers on Fourth of July, I feel awful patriotic! Oh, I wish I had lived in the Revolution! When I study about those brave women I just wish I had been one of them. I'd have kept a little gun in my kitchen, and if I'd seen a red-coat coming, I'd have popped him off."

The boys laughed at Sally's warlike spirit, but the girls were rather startled.

"Why, Sally Barnes," said little Mary, "I never knew you hated folks so, before; why, I'd have taken a red-coat in, and hid him in our garret, up behind the old spinning-wheel and the chests. I'd have tied up his shot places and taken his dinner to him. I would n't be so unkind to anybody."

"I guess you would n't have done that if he'd been shooting your father, would you?" asked Sally, to bring the matter home.

"Oh, but I did n't mean one that had shot father," said little Mary, in dismay.

"They are going to decorate the graves in our village first," said the big boy who had spoken before. "There's only seven, you know, and then they'll all go over to Martinsville; you girls won't, of course, you can't walk three miles and back."

"I can," said Sally, "and I'm going to, too."

"Why, Sally!" cried one of the big girls, "you need n't be so interested; you were n't born when the war closed, and none of your relations died in it, and if they had they'd never know whether you tramped over that hot, sandy road or not. Whose grave are you going to weep over?"

Sally was silent.

"I guess she's going to weep over my uncle's," said little Mary, anxious to share her blessing with her friend. "My uncle used to live next door to her house, you know."

"I don't want to borrow anybody's relation's grave," said Sally, "for I've got one of my own, now. It never did belong to anybody, and I've adopted it; so I've got a right to go to Martinsville, if I want to!"

The big boys and girls burst out laughing. "Whose grave is it, Sally?" they asked.

"It's John Anderson's," said the little girl, "and it does n't belong to any of you, for I asked my father, and he said it did n't. He was a Swede, and worked for the doctor, and went to the war, and came back sick and died, and did n't belong in this town. So I said I'd have him for my soldier, and my father says I can."

Everything Sally took hold of was done thoroughly. "I'd rather have one hour of Sally's work than three of Katy's," her mother used to say.

The family, when she told them of "her grave," only laughed; they were used to "Sally's ways."

Early on Decoration-day morning, Sally went to the grave-yard, which was lying fresh and green in the morning sun. It was a place where one might like to rest after a sad and weary life. It lay on a little rise of ground, and was surrounded by a low stone wall, tinted by lichens in green and gold.

It was uncared for, except as Nature tended it. The blackberry-vines ran at will over the low stones, the bees hummed in the long grasses, which waved, and blossomed, and died, untouched by the scythe.

Violets bloomed thickly in the spring-time, and the daisies bent and swayed in the sweet summer air. Far off lay the blue sea. Quiet was always there, and rest belonged to the place.

It looked very bright on this May morning; and Sally, in her pink sun-bonnet, stepped resolutely along until she came to "her grave." She cut the grass carefully from it with a large pair of scissors, and heaped the mound with flowers.

When the little procession turned into the yard, the people were all surprised to see the grave of the poor Swede, who had lived for so short a time among them, carefully trimmed and decorated.

After the simple ceremony was over, the people separated, most of them returning to their homes. Sally, however, followed the men and boys who were going to Martinsville.

The minister and his wife rode in a buggy. When they saw Sally trudging along in the hot sun, they offered to tuck her in between them, and she was very glad to accept the invitation.

"Why were you taking this long walk, my dear?" asked Mr. Raymond.

"I want to hear the speeches, and go to Decoration-day, and see the monuments. Besides," said Sally, "I want to hear what they are going to say about John Anderson."

"Who is John Anderson?" asked the minister. "Do you mean Major Anderson of Sumter?"

"I don't know, sir,—I mean a man who died in the war, for us. He was a Swede, and need n't have gone to our war at all, only he was so polite," Sally replied.

"I remember the poor fellow, now; he came here as a sailor on one of our ships, and stayed—worked on the doctor's farm. He was an honest, hard-working man; he little thought he had come among us only to find a grave."

"Why did n't they have him buried near his relations?" asked Sally.

"No one knew, I suppose, where his friends lived."

"And perhaps," said Sally, "his mother is looking out for him all the time, and thinks he has forgotten her," and tears came into her large gray eyes.

Sally told Mrs. Raymond about adopting the grave, and the lady was much amused and touched.

When they came into Martinsville, the scene was quite exciting to the little girl.

The streets were filled with people, and, on the little square where the monument stood, the band was playing slow and mournful music.

Sally's heart thrilled with the sound.

Mr. Raymond tied his horse to a tree near the square, and then they walked on to the "green," to be within hearing of the speakers.

Sally listened attentively, as one after another named the brave fellows who had given their lives for their country.

When Squire Barnard rose, Sally never took her eyes from him; he was from her village, and would speak of the soldiers who belonged there.

He named and praised one and another, briefly, and then sat down; he never mentioned John Anderson! Sally's cheeks grew red,—she pulled Mr. Raymond's sleeve.

"I did n't think Mr. Barnard was so unkind and mean," she whispered; "he never said one single word about John Anderson; and I'll never play with his little girl again! When I'm big enough, I'll carve a head-stone for my soldier."

A gentleman now spoke to Mr. Raymond, and the two walked off together toward the platform. The minister rose to say a few words.

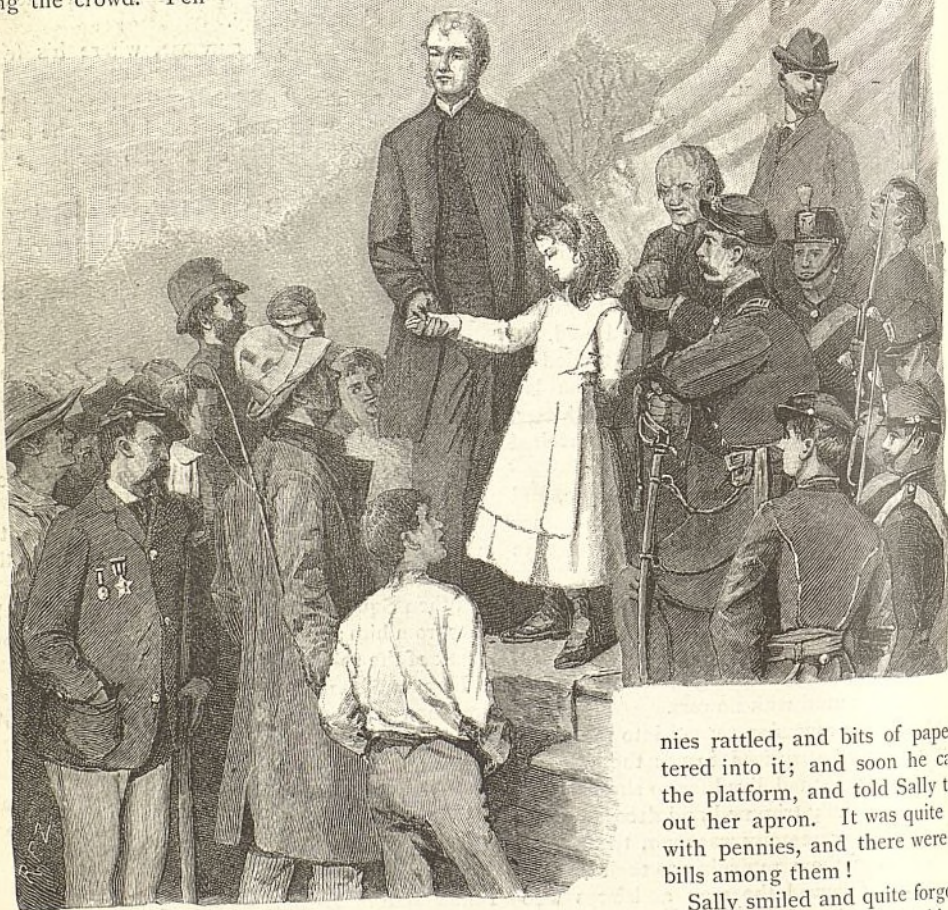
He said he wanted to tell a little story. So he told them of Sally's adopted grave, and spoke very

tenderly of the poor stranger who had cast his lot among them; and of the little girl who wished to keep his memory fresh, and who had felt hurt that the Squire had forgotten to mention him.

"Let's see the little girl," said a voice; and before Sally knew where she was, a man had lifted her on to the platform. She looked upon the crowd; and then she held down her head, the tears in her eyes. The people all laughed.

"I propose," said Mr. Raymond, "that we give money enough to this little woman, to buy a simple head-stone for the grave of John Anderson."

The people clapped their hands, and a man passed his hat around among the crowd. Pen-



SALLY ON THE PLATFORM.

"Oh, thank you," she said, her eyes sparkling. And then she added, suddenly, in a grateful tone of voice: "I'll put some flowers on your monument the next time we ride over."

Then everybody clapped their hands, and stamped and laughed; and Sally was helped down and took her seat again by Mrs. Raymond.

nies rattled, and bits of paper fluttered into it; and soon he came to the platform, and told Sally to hold out her apron. It was quite heavy with pennies, and there were dollar bills among them!

Sally smiled and quite forgot herself, thinking of the people's kindness.

The Squire said the speakers ought to ride home together; so he put Sally into his carriage, which was lined with blue cloth, and had a nice stuffed back, and springs in the seat.

Sally's mother was quite surprised to see her little girl getting out of Squire Barnard's carriage. She had worried about her all day, for she never dreamed that she really meant to go all the way to Martinsville.

Sally told the family all about her day, and how she had been on the platform; and she showed the money; and her father, when he had heard all, said he should never worry about that girl,—she always fell feet down!

The story of Sally's patriotic zeal soon spread around the firesides of the county, and several gentlemen and ladies, who were not present at the celebration, sent her money to help in buying the head-stone.

When she had thirty dollars, Sally began to grow impatient to have the work done. So she dressed herself very neatly one afternoon, and called on Mrs. Squire Barnard. The lady smiled kindly on her, and said:

"Oh, this is the little girl who made the speech at Martinsville! I am glad to see you again, dear. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sally; "I came to ask you if you would take your nice carriage some day and go shopping with Mrs. Raymond and me, for a head-stone for my soldier. I don't want to buy just any one that happens to be left over at the Center."

Mrs. Barnard said she was going on Monday to the county town, where there were two or three marble-yards, and that she would be very happy to take Mrs. Raymond and Sally with her in the carriage.

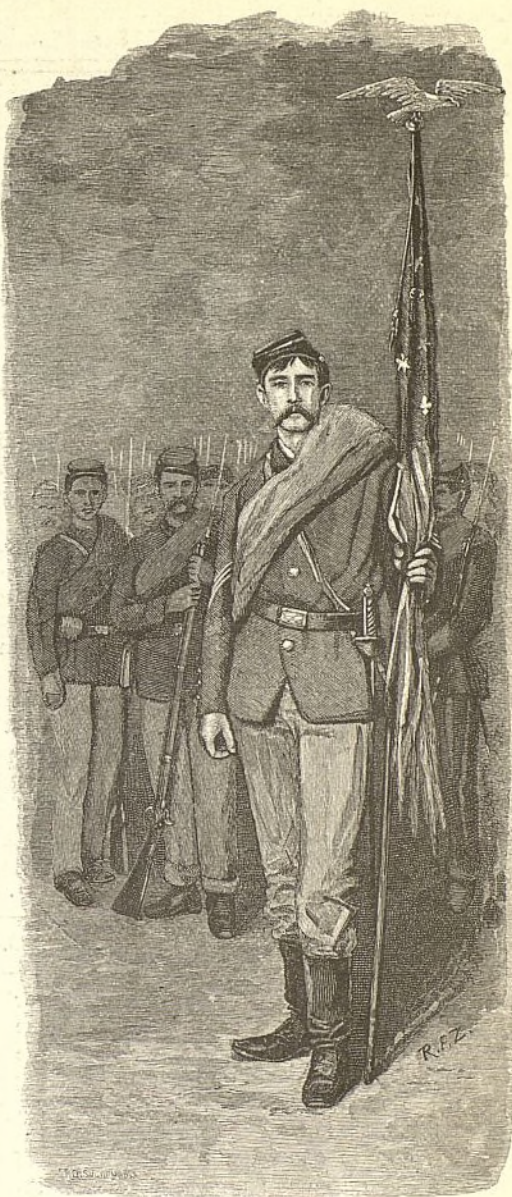
That was a proud and happy day when the little girl climbed into the fine carriage and took her seat opposite the two ladies.

But when they reached the marble-yard, Sally was very much disappointed not to find a stone all ready and waiting for her, with drums and fifes, and swords and guns carved on it.

Mrs. Raymond said that, as there was no more war where her good soldier had gone, some emblem of peace would be better.

Sally then turned her attention to the doves and lambs she saw on head-stones, but, after some effort, the ladies diverted her from these; and soon they all agreed on a beautiful white marble scroll.

The price of this was thirty-five dollars; but when the owner heard the story of Sally's soldier, he said he would sell it for thirty.



If ever you should visit Sally's town, you would see a well-kept grave in the church-yard, with a scroll at its head, on which is carved in bold relief:

"John Anderson,
A Native of Sweden,
Aged 28 Years."

And beneath this a grateful acknowledgment of the sacrifice the young stranger had made for union, justice and liberty among us.



THIS little old man lived all alone,
And he was a man of sorrow;
For, if the weather was fair to-day,
He was sure 't would rain to-morrow.

A. D. 1695.

BY MRS. D. G. BACON.

ALMOST all boys and girls who read this paper will have either read or studied at school some history of England, and will remember that while they can recall the names of King John, King Stephen, Kings Edward, Henry, and many others, and can think, too, of queens who have reigned alone, it is only in one reign that the names of both king and queen are always mentioned together—namely, those of William and Mary.

Now, after the good queen Mary's death, and while William was reigning sadly alone, there was something done of great importance in the kingdom,—not always told in small histories,—which may be of interest to our young readers, and well worth remembering. This event of importance was a new method of coining money. Before this time, for centuries, money had been shaped in just one rude way. The metal, after being prepared of a certain thickness, was marked and cut by hand with shears into pieces; these were then

hammered as nearly round as possible, the pieces having around them no rim nor inscription such as we are used to seeing on coined money now. Made in this unskillful way, the coins in use could not be of exactly the same weight and value, and it was found to be very easy to clip off little portions of them, without very much reducing their value or changing their appearance. These clippings, although very small, when collected from many pieces and melted together, were found to be of much value. But in time, the clipped coins, after passing through the hands of many dishonest persons, who each took a little paring, became so much lessened in size that a shilling was in weight worth no more than a sixpence or even less, and all pieces became reduced in the same proportion.

Some boy interested in trading may ask, "If a clipped shilling passed for a shilling, and would buy a shilling's worth of any thing, what difference

did it make?" It made this difference: Shillings and crowns being of all sizes, those who labored for money demanded to be paid in good-sized pieces, and there were continual wranglings and disputings between the laborer and his employer, and between buyer and seller, as to what sort of money should be received in payment. These arguments took much time, gave rise to ill feeling, and sometimes ended in fights and bloodshed. Then, if money were to be sent to France or any foreign country, where its value must be decided according to its weight, fifty pounds, face value, in clipped English money would be found to be worth, perhaps, no more than twenty pounds.

To remedy this very unhappy state of affairs, it was thought best that the government should have new money coined, hoping that it would in a short time drive out the old altogether. So, in 1558, a mill was set up in the Tower, by which means the new pieces were shaped of uniform size, each with a raised rim and cross-fluted edge, so that it could not be clipped without showing the cut. Coin from the new mill was called "milled" money, and people liked it, for it was the best then coined in Europe. The horse in the Tower went round and round (for machinery then was not much like ours), and heaps of bright new pieces were continually being made. However, very little of the new coinage was in circulation, and dishonest persons still grew rich from the clippings of the old coins, and the same quarreling and dissatisfaction existed. The new money was either hoarded or sent out of the country,—the poor coins still passed from hand to hand in trade.

Then very severe laws were made to punish those who should be found guilty of mutilating the money. The offense was punished with as much severity as counterfeiting. Some persons proved to have clipped money were hanged, and one woman, we are told, was burned alive. Still, the business was so profitable that even these severe laws could not check it, and the wisest men in the kingdom tried to find some better plan.

This was what was done. Good men thought that the government ought to make good the loss on the clipped money to each person who should have it in his possession. If a poor man should have saved a hundred pounds, they said, and a law were to be passed that each individual must give up his money to be melted down and coined again, this poor man would receive for his one hundred perhaps only forty or fifty pounds in exchange. So

it was resolved to call in after a certain day all the old money and pay its full face value in exchange. To do this, twelve hundred thousand pounds would be needed, and the next question was how the government could raise so large a sum.

It was decided at last to put a new tax upon the people. The inmates of every house were required to pay a certain tax upon each window in the house. This was called the window-tax.

Then many furnaces were employed to melt the old money and make it into ingots. These were made into milled money in the Tower, and after a certain day in the year A. D. 1695, none of the old clipped money could be legally used. Finally, then, this great evil, which had lasted a very long time, was cured.



The two double pictures represent a clipped coin and a milled coin, both faces of each. The clipped coin is an unusually well-preserved specimen, and is a very rare English shilling, minted in 1549, during the reign of Edward VI. Besides showing the marks of clippings, it is of interest as being an example of the first appearance of a date upon English money. The milled coin is an English shilling of the reign of Charles II., and was minted in 1663, two years before the Great Plague. The third picture represents a coin lying flat, and shows the milling, or cross-fluting, upon the edge. The specimens from which these pictures were taken were kindly loaned to St. NICHOLAS by Gaston L. Feuardent, Esquire, of New York.



TOPSYTURVY'S DREAM.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



Topsyturvy had lived all his life in a great old-fashioned house, not far from the sea. He was only eight years old, and he had big, musing blue eyes, and airy yellow hair, that seemed to hold the flash of a buttercup in it. His father and mother were both very fond of him, and very kind to him; but often, when the neighbors admired his lovely looks, both parents would shake their heads sadly, and say: "Oh, yes, but he is always getting everything wrong."

And he was. Yet in his lessons and his daily life he made mistakes, not from stupidity, but from absent-mindedness. He was a dreamer. Everybody, who knew him well, agreed that if he would only stop falling asleep and dreaming with his eyes wide open, he would be a clever child, and a shining credit to those whom his grotesque errors now sorely tried. As might be supposed, in a little boy of his temperament, he was very fond of fairy-tales. He was never tired of reading about the marvels which they narrated, and he knew a number of them by heart. These he would recite to himself while he walked along the pleasant pastoral roads. They were an immense comfort to poor Topsyturvy, these quaint, fantastic stories. Just to murmur them aloud as he did would soothe him wonderfully after the torments of school-hours. "I suppose I like them," he would say, "because the people who are in them are all queer, just as I am. Only, I wish that I could manage to find a few more books of them."

At first, Topsyturvy's parents encouraged his love of fairy-tales; there seemed no harm in such a taste, and it was certainly better than the lawless pranks of most boys. But by degrees the good people began to suspect that this fanciful reading only made their son more self-forgetful and peculiar. At length an awful edict went forth. Topsyturvy was to read no more fairy-tales. The little book-case in a corner of the sitting-room, that held his favorites, was mercilessly locked. Poor

Topsyturvy gazed at the gilded scroll-work on some of their backs till his eyes grew dim. He felt as if his heart had been taken from his breast and shut behind those cruel glass panes. "It's no comfort to look at them," he said, woefully, one afternoon; "they only make me feel all the more that I've lost them."

He went out and rambled along a road that swept away past the homestead in which he lived, frequented by few vehicles, and leading straight toward the sea. It was now September, and the margins of the road were gay with jungles of blossoming golden-rod, or richly purple with the feathery blooms of asters. The afternoon light gave a kind of silvery-blue glitter to the sky, and the fresh Autumn breeze had the least hint of winter in its soft keenness. A creeper wound about the trunk of a somber cedar had begun to burn with vivid scarlet tints. Already the calm splendor of the sea, behind black overhanging crags, had broken upon Topsyturvy's sight. He loved the sea dearly. The melodies of its incoming or outgoing tides had always been fascinatingly sweet to him. Not far away there was a sort of rocky bluff, with a cavernous hole in it, whose edges the waters had draped years ago in beaded lichens. From this rough alcove, when the tide was low, Topsyturvy liked to watch the spacious grandeur of the sea, while seated on a certain sun-dried ledge. He clambered up into the ledge now, and let his eyes roam across the silent, measureless expanse. A few sails gleamed here and there, faint as the white wings of far-away gulls. Presently he turned his sight toward the interior of the cave, leaning his bushy gold head against the cool, firm wall of rock. He was longing for one of the fairy-tale books. He had so often read them before, just in this very spot! The place seemed thronged with the people whom he loved, and whose lives and fortunes he had read about with such affectionate wonderment. A strange idea entered his sad, distressed brain.

"They say that I get everything wrong," he sighed, wistfully * * * "I hope I have n't made any mistakes about the stories * * * I hope I understood *those* all right * * *

It seemed to him only a very little while afterward that the interior of the cave grew full of a pale, doubtful light, as though the earliest glimmer of morning were filling it. His eyes were still turned away from the sea, but he did not change

his posture. He was not at all frightened. It occurred to him that he somehow ought to be, and yet he was not.

He could no longer recognize the spot where he had seated himself. The swarthy sea-weeds had all faded away. He seemed surrounded with a calm, whitish mist, such as he had seen clothe the shore on foggy days, when the sun had touched all the fleecy, vaporous masses with a sweet, dull glory. By and by the mist parted very slowly, and he perceived several obscure, confused forms. For some time he could make none of them out at all distinctly. But by degrees one of them became very plain to him.

It was a beautiful, princely figure, clad in a doublet of velvet that glistened with gems. It had on a cap from which curved a long white feather, that partly shadowed the handsome, delicate face.

"Oh, dear," murmured Topsyturvy, admiringly, "how splendid you are! Who can you be?"

The vision gave a light, musical laugh. "I?" he said. "Oh, I am the person whom you have always thought Cinderella's prince. But you were very much mistaken. You are forever getting things wrong, you know. I marry a poor, ignorant little creature who constantly sat among the cinders! Not a bit of it!"

Another laugh, in a very feminine voice, sounded immediately afterward. A beautiful lady, in a brocade dress and with powdered hair rolled high off her blooming face, stood at the Prince's side. But her lip had a proud curl, and in her white, jeweled neck was the haughty arch that we see in a sailing swan's. Somehow, Topsyturvy knew this lady the moment that he looked upon her. He felt sure that she was one of Cinderella's wicked sisters.

"Yes," cried the brilliant creature, suddenly spreading out an immense fan, that was almost the size of a peacock's tail, and painted over with pink cherubs firing roses at one another—"oh, yes, everybody knows that Topsyturvy is all the time getting things wrong. The slipper fitted me perfectly. See there!"

And she held out the daintiest and neatest of feet, on which sparkled a small glass slipper.

Topsyturvy felt like uttering a shout of astonishment; perhaps he would have done so if a very sad voice, and a very sad face as well, had not both quickly claimed his attention. And now Cinderella herself stood before him, with a wan, tired look, and dark, mournful eyes. She had silky flaxen hair, but this, like her wretched, ragged garments, bore thick powdery traces of the cinders among which she had dwelt so long.

"That lady is quite right," murmured Cinderella, looking straight at Topsyturvy with her deep, melancholy eyes. "You are always getting

things wrong, remember. My sisters just went to the ball without me, and that was the end of it. I staid at home and sat in the cinders, as I shall no doubt have to do until my other sister gets married—which I hope will be soon. Nobody knows who dropped the glass slipper on the ball-room floor. It is said that there were several foreign princesses there, that night, with whom our Prince danced, but he was certainly more attentive to my sister than to anybody else. And the next morning, when he appeared with the slipper, he knew perfectly well that it would fit her; he had seen her foot before; he recollected how pretty and small it was."

The low, dreary voice in which she spoke, died slowly away. And then Cinderella's form died away with it, and that of the Prince and the fine, cruel sister likewise. Once more it seemed to Topsyturvy that the cave was filled with mist. But though the visions had vanished, the impression left on their observer was still a strong one.

"I am so sorry for poor Cinderella," lamented Topsyturvy. "Perhaps I may be always getting things wrong, but it would have been a great deal better, I am very sure, if the whole affair had been managed my way instead of hers!"

Just as he finished these words, it seemed to him that some strange power lifted him gently upon his feet, and that he was borne along for quite a distance without walking a step. And now, as if magically conjured up from nowhere, a high, dense, thorny hedge rose before him. Its prickly sharpness, mingled with the close-growing leafage, looked picturesque enough, but it nevertheless made Topsyturvy think, with a little shiver, what a very hard time any one would have who might attempt to scramble through it. There was a door, however, or a vine-girt opening that resembled one, and beside this sat a queer, sleepy old man, in a dull, wine-colored jerkin and a faded taffetas cap. He looked up drowsily as Topsyturvy drew near. He wore his gray beard cut in a peaked form, and the toes of his shoes came to a sharp point, and fell a little sideways because of their limp length.

"Oh," he said, seeing who had arrived, "it's only you."

And he lowered his old eyes toward the ground again.

"Were you expecting anybody else?" asked Topsyturvy.

The old man looked up once more. This time he gave his bony shoulders an impatient shrug.

"Oh, I suppose the Prince will come, one of these days. They say that he will. It's been over five hundred years now since he was expected. My father watched here before me, and my grand-

father, and my grandfather's father, and so back for many generations."

A light began to break in upon Topsyturvy.

"Oh," he said, softly, "this door leads to——"

"The Sleeping Palace," said the old man. Then he looked at Topsyturvy a little keenly out of his dreamy eyes. "I dare say you thought it had waked up long ago. But then, you know, you are always getting things wrong."

"Yes," said Topsyturvy, ruefully, "I am sorry to say that I am."

"You can go in, if you please," said the old man, staring down at his pointed shoes, "and see for yourself."

Topsyturvy felt himself gently borne through the leafy aperture. He stood presently in what seemed to him the court-yard of a magnificent marble palace. But the marble was all sallow and stained with time, and faint films of velvety moss clung to it here and there in greenish patches. An immense flight of steps led upward to a vast colonnaded balcony, and beyond this rose a front of spacious windows, all overhung by thick masses of sculpture, in which he saw griffins' heads jutting forth in bold relief. Across the balcony hung great embroidered banners of silk and satin, that must have been gorgeous in their day, but were now tarnished and tattered. Along the stately stairs lay numerous forms of pages and vassals, some brawny, grown men, and some slender, pretty boys, with curly golden heads. But each form wore the listless apathy of deep slumber, and every face among them had its eyes tightly shut. Topsyturvy had never before been in so still a place. The silence was perfectly breathless. High grass had grown through the crevices of the court-yard flags, and from the big carved urns that flanked the majestic portico, rank growths of untended flowers trailed in tangled festoons, making the air heavy with their perfumes. One of the little pages was half smothered by a profusion of ivy that had pushed itself through the stony balustrade, and wrapped him in its dark luxuriance.

Half of his own accord, and half because some hidden force still urged him, Topsyturvy mounted the lordly steps. He trod very softly, as though afraid to rouse the sleepers. But none of them stirred. At length he passed along the broad balcony, and entered a superb archway that led through an enormous hall. Here, at various intervals apart, sat men in rusty armor, but their helmeted heads had fallen sideways, and though their mighty hands still grasped tall halberds in slanting positions, all were fast asleep. Presently Topsyturvy found himself in a new apartment, and now his blue eyes opened very wide indeed with wonder.

The room was hung with many mouldering tapestries, where gleamed dim shapes of huntsmen, with leaping hounds at their sides, and sometimes a lady on horseback, with a hawk fluttering upward from her wrist. But in the chamber itself was a raised throne, and here, on a huge chair that seemed made of dragons, all twisted together, sat a venerable figure, with a high golden crown and a flowing white beard that swept nearly to the floor. This was too plainly the King, but a full, mellow snore, regular as the strokes of a clock, told that he, too, was sleeping. At his side stood a page, with drooped head, also asleep, but holding in one hand a burnished flagon, and in the other a goblet. The King had put forth his own hand, as if in act to receive the goblet, but his outstretched fingers lay drooped upon the gilded frame-work of the chair. All about him stood lords and retainers, but upon each had sunk the same benumbing spell.

After this, Topsyturvy wandered about the whole palace, seeing many strange sights. In one room he found a gray-haired lady, whose moth-eaten robe clung round her with brittle dryness. She tended a skein toward a young girl who had been arrested by sleep, like herself, while in act of unwinding it. But across the skein was woven a heavy brown cobweb, in which even the crafty spiders that had wrought it did not stir. Then again he found a dog, in act to bark at an elderly dame, who held a silver-mounted staff in air; but the dog and the old woman were alike mute in slumber. * * * And so on, through many separate chambers, till at last, in a remote portion of the palace, Topsyturvy reached the end of his curious journey.

Here the light came through a large oriel window, and struck full upon a couch, whose coverlet had once been some costly purple fabric, sown with stars and lilies; but although this rare cloth was now dull and raveled, she whose form it overspread almost dazzled you with her loveliness. Slumber had given a damask tint to her cheeks, like that which a peach will wear on the side that has been turned nearest to the sun; and her lips, half unclosed, had the curl of rose-petals. Her dark hair fell in plenteous folds about the pillow, for though a jeweled net had once confined it, the meshes had rotted apart and loosened their glossy burden. This was the Sleeping Beauty. Topsyturvy knew her the moment his gaze fell upon her.

Grouped about the couch of the Princess were many slumbering damsels, some who stood upright, others who reclined in languid attitudes. A few had lutes in their laps, but the lute-strings had quite shriveled away. One lady had her white throat stretched out like a bird when it sings, and her mouth plainly parted; her amber tresses

and pure, saint-like face seemed to tell you how sweet the song might have been, hundreds of years ago! Another damsel had been reading from some sort of volume with fretted golden clasps, but all the leaves of the book had fallen to dust; only a single shred of one yet lingered beneath her sightless look. Topsyturvy leaned over her shoulder, and glanced down at it; only one line remained there, and this somehow seemed like a line of poetry; but the language was now forgotten, even by the wisest men!

As Topsyturvy gazed on the sleeping Princess, a pitiful murmur left him. "I may be always getting things wrong," he said, touching a lock of her dark, coiling hair, "but it surely would have been better if the Prince *had* come and waked you up. What if *I* kiss her!" he whispered to himself; and then he bent forward and pressed his lips against the Princess's cheek. He felt his heart beat frightenedly all the while. He would have liked to put his arms about her neck, just as he did every night and morning with his dear mother; only she looked too grand and queenly for that. But Topsyturvy was not the Prince whose kiss must awake her. And so she still slept on. And then, soon afterward, the damsels' forms grew quite dim, and the whole chamber faded away. A pale mist once more enveloped Topsyturvy; the enchanted palace and all its inmates had mysteriously fled!

And now, while Topsyturvy marveled over all the strange and sad things that he had seen, a tower rose up out of the mist, built of gray, rugged stone; and on the top of this tower stood a pale lady, who wrung her hands, and wailed in heart-broken tones.

"Dear, dear!" said Topsyturvy; "you seem in great trouble. Who are *you*?"

Then the lady turned her tearful look upon him.

"Don't you know me?" she moaned. "I am the sister of poor Fatima. I——"

"Oh, I know. You're Sister Anne," said Topsyturvy.

Now, of all his favorite stories, Topsyturvy had always loved "Bluebeard" the best. It was his special treasure—the apple of his eye. He felt his cheeks flushing hotly as an unhappy thought struck him.

"Yes," answered the lady, still wringing her hands, "I am Sister Anne; true enough."

"Then why are you so sorrowful?" asked Topsyturvy. "I thought——"

"Oh," interrupted the lady, petulantly, "you are always getting things wrong, you know. Do you remember why my poor sister sent me to the roof of this tower?"

"Yes, indeed! It was to watch for the brothers who came and saved her from Bluebeard."

There was a little silence. The big tears were running down Sister Anne's cheeks.

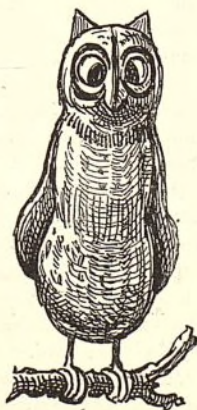
"You're always getting things wrong, Topsyturvy," she began, in a broken voice.

But here a wild, mournful cry cut short her further words.

"Oh, don't tell me that the brothers did n't come at all!" exclaimed Topsyturvy, despairingly. "I know I get everything wrong, but don't tell me I've made *that* mistake! Don't tell me that poor, sweet Fatima has been killed!"

But the loudness of Topsyturvy's own cry awoke him. And there he sat, alone in the cave, above the tawny, glistening sea-weeds, while the risen tide plashed against the crags below, and the darkening water had turned rosy with twilight.

It had all proved a dream, and Topsyturvy sighed a great sigh of relief to find it so. There was such comfort in thinking that for once, after all, he had not been "getting things wrong!"

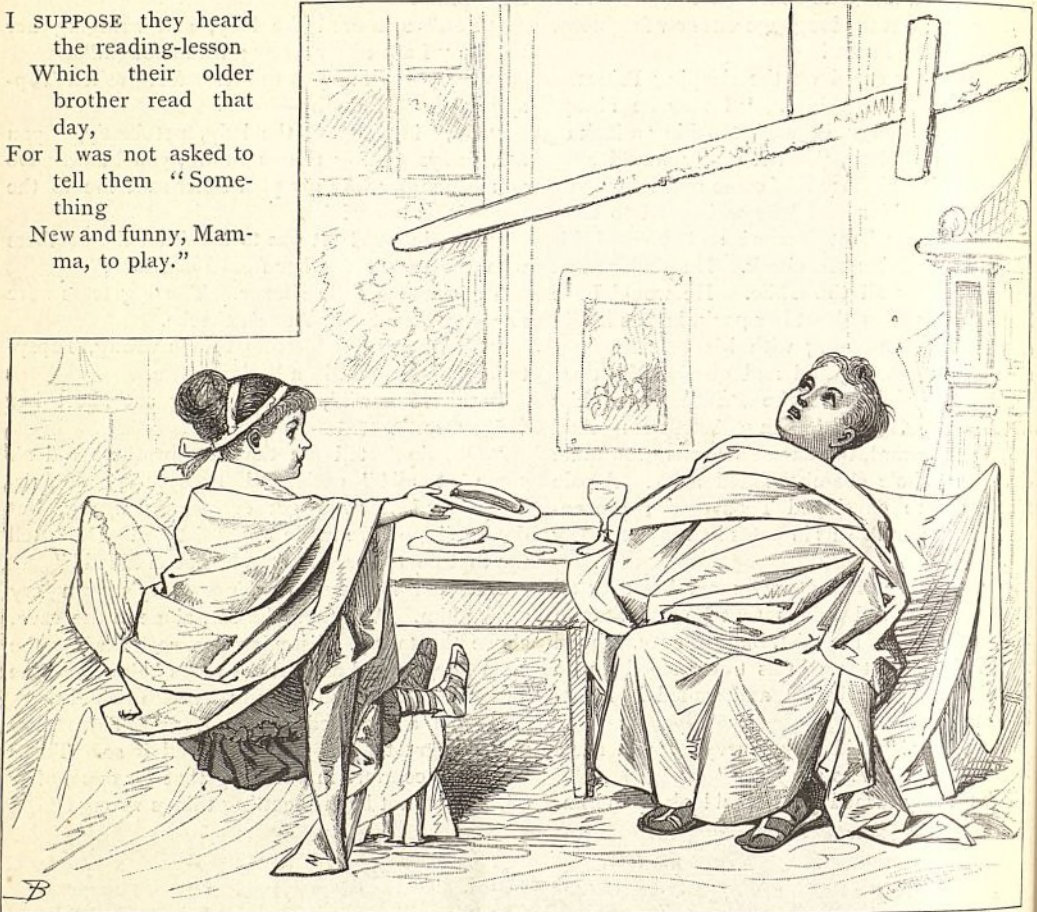


ANCIENT HISTORY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

(A prose story in rhyme.)

I SUPPOSE they heard
the reading-lesson
Which their older
brother read that
day,
For I was not asked to
tell them "Some-
thing
New and funny, Mam-
ma, to play."



But when I happened into the nursery,
Both were reclining in regal state,
By a table furnished with two bananas,
And a vast amount of gilt-paper plate.

Johnny was looking anxiously upward,
But May, apparently quite at ease,
Announced, from a shawl and two sofa-pillows,
"We are Mr. and Mrs. Damocles!"

And I never, certainly, had encountered
Such a sword as hung above Johnny's head;
It was six feet long, and swayed, suspended
From a cap-pin, by a single thread.

I must admit the horror was lessened—
Though it seems too bad their romance to spoil—
By the fact that the pasteboard showed in places,
Through its lavish covering of tin-foil!

Johnny and May were dressed in togas,
Each composed of a single sheet,
Draped in a highly classic manner,
And pasteboard sandals adorned their feet.

I took my work to a distant window,
And began to sew at a rapid rate,
And the revelers, not at all embarrassed,
Went on with the banquet in all their state.

"My dear, will you have a piece of peacock?"

Said Mrs. Damocles, tenderly.

His Highness, groaning deeply, answered:

"There's no use offering peacock to me!

"Do you think I can ever enjoy my dinner,
When that old sword may drop any minute?"

Said Mrs. D., in her gentlest accents:

"Do take some pudding, there's raisins in it!"

And Damocles made heroic answer,

"Well, give me some peacock, and pudding,
and all!

I s'pose I might as well eat my dinner,

If that old thing *is* going to fall!"

A light breeze wandered in at the window,
And swayed the sword on its single thread;
The treacherous cap-pin left the ceiling,
And down came the sword on Damocles' head.

I laughed at myself for being startled,
And May gave a horrified little squeak,
But Damocles, as became his station,
And heroic soul, was first to speak.

He eyed the sword with contempt and anger,
Then—"I don't even know where the old
thing hit!

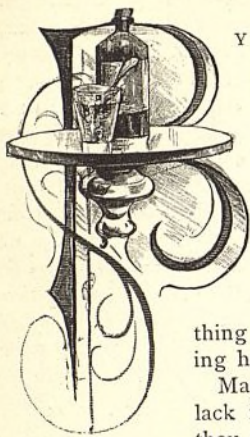
I'll not play Damocles any longer—

Why, it did n't hurt me a single bit!"



HOW TO CARE FOR THE SICK.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.



Y almost all the civilized world, the name of Florence Nightingale is spoken with love and admiration. Any suggestions upon the care of the sick, cannot begin better than by her story, which always brings to every one who hears it a thrill of longing to do something great and good for suffering humanity.

Many girls think that all they lack is the opportunity, and if they only had the chance, they could win the love and rever-

ence of thousands of their fellow-beings just as she did; but no one can start out of an aimless, useless life into a heroic one. The beginning of the path of glory is narrow and difficult, and often very dull.

Florence Nightingale had been nursing among the poor tenants on her father's estate, for many years before the Crimean war began; so that she was all ready for the opportunity when it came. When, in that fearful time, soldiers were dying by thousands for want of proper care, England, at last, was aroused to a sense of her own responsibility in the matter, and it was decided to send nurses. Mr. Herbert, the Secretary of War, who had charge of the expedition, knew that he could never send a band of women to that foreign land to care for the soldiers, unless some one woman could be found who understood the whole matter, and could take charge of the entire company. There was no time to train a person for this position. She must be found, all ready for the work. He remembered that, in Derbyshire, there was a woman who had been working among the poor in their own homes, and had visited hospitals and studied the art of nursing for years. Who could doubt that she would undertake the great charge of carrying help and comfort to the dying soldiers? He wrote and asked her, and his letter crossed, on its way, one from her, offering her services as an army nurse. So this company of brave women started, with Miss Nightingale at their head. When they reached the seat of war, they found such sickness and suffering as they had never dreamed of finding. No "Sanitary Commission" had poured in boxes of supplies, as in our late war. The hos-

pitals were dirty and comfortless, and, even when food was abundant, the men often suffered, because there was no one whose business it was to see that it was given to them. An order had to pass through so many different officers, that the men might die before they could get what they needed. On one occasion, soon after the nurses arrived, the sick were suffering for the want of something which was locked up among the stores from England. No one could get it until the proper officer came. "I must have it now," said Miss Nightingale. "You cannot, until you have a proper permit," said the guard. She said no more, but simply called some Turks to help her, and went straight to the building where the stores were kept. "Knock the door down," said this resolute woman; and down went the door. She took what was needed, and went back to the hospital. After that, the officers knew that though most scrupulous in obeying necessary orders, she was not one who would sit still and let men die, while waiting until a regular form had been gone through.

You all know the story of how the soldiers loved her, "the lady with the lamp," and how they turned to kiss her shadow, as it fell upon their pillows; and how, when she came back to England, she met the gratitude of the nation; the Queen herself sending her a beautiful locket, blazing with gems, with "Blessed are the merciful" upon it, and underneath, the word "Crimea." Her countrymen desired to offer her some testimonial of their gratitude, and a fund was raised for that purpose, but Florence Nightingale declined any personal reward for her labors, and the money was devoted to the founding of an institution for training nurses.

One heroine is sure to make others. When our war came, hundreds of women, remembering what she had done, were ready to give their time and strength to the work of nursing the sick and wounded. Day and night they toiled, and it was not all bathing aching heads, nor reading aloud and writing letters for the soldiers; there were dreadful wounds to be dressed, and tiresome rubbings, and wearisome watchings. But they learned that even the most distasteful details may be endured, if one only has unselfishness and courage. It is to be hoped that none of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will ever be needed as army nurses; but it is almost certain that every one of the girls, and many of the boys, will have to care for the sick many

times in the course of their lives, either in their own homes or in the homes of others; and unless they know how to do it in the best and easiest way, for the best is always really the easiest, they may do more harm than good. The best intentions and kindest feelings, in order to be successful, must be intelligently applied. Experience is, of course, the best teacher, but it is not pleasant for sick people to be experimented upon, and mistakes or omissions in such matters are sometimes fatal; so perhaps a few simple directions may be the next best thing to experience.

In the first place, remember that, in cases of severe illness, a friend's life may depend upon care and watchfulness on your part, and that the duties of the sick room are made up of a great variety of little things, which may seem trivial, but which are really *very* important.

Keep the air of the room fresh and pure *always*, and do not try to do it by opening the door now and then. It was one of Miss Nightingale's rules, that "windows are made to be open—doors are made to be shut." Pure air must come from outside. Do not be afraid to open the window unless the physician has forbidden it, but be sure that you do not cool the air too much in trying to freshen it. There is no essential connection between *cold* air and *pure* air. In admitting fresh air, be very careful that it cannot blow directly upon the invalid. A shawl spread across two high-backed chairs will take the place of a screen in keeping off the draught.

Keep everything about the patient as sweet and clean as possible. Have the room neat and pleasant and orderly. A row of sticky bottles, with two or three spoons in which medicine has been measured, a bowl from which gruel has been served, an untidy grate, a littered floor or table, will make any sick person feel discouraged. A few flowers by the bedside, a constant supply of fresh, cool water, bed-clothes frequently smoothed and pillow changed, the light carefully shaded from the weak eyes,—attention to little things like these will make a great difference in the comfort and spirits of the sick person.

Write down all that the physician tells you before you forget it, and pin the paper where you can consult it easily; and look at it frequently, that you may not let the time for giving medicine slip by without knowing it. This will save you the trouble of remembering everything, and if some one comes to take your place, you will not have to repeat the directions.

Do not wait until sick people ask for what they want, but try to anticipate their wishes. Some people, with the kindest intentions, annoy by constantly asking the sick if they do not wish this and that, and how they feel, and other similar ques-

tions, until they are quite worn out by answering, and are tempted to give the ungracious reply, that all they want is to be let alone.

In sickness, people are sensitive to small annoyances, which can hardly be appreciated by a person in health. The crackling of a newspaper, or the rustle of a silk dress, may become a source of serious discomfort to them. Learn to avoid all unnecessary noise, but remember that there is a sort of *laborious quiet*, more annoying still. Walking about on tiptoe, or whispering, are sure to disturb a nervous person more than an ordinary step or tone. If the fire needs replenishing, it can be done very quietly by having the coal in paper bags, which can be laid on with no noise at all. If you are careful, every time you leave the room, to remember to take something with you which is to go down stairs, and, when you come back, to bring something which you need, you will save yourself many steps, and the invalid the annoyance of hearing you go out and in five or six times, when once would have done as well.

Ask the physician what food a sick person may have, and be careful to follow his directions in this, as in everything else, *exactly*. Whatever you take to the invalid, make it look as attractive as possible. Marion Harland has told you, in ST. NICHOLAS, how to make beef tea, and "always put it in the prettiest bowl you can find," which is a very important part. Do not take too much of anything, as a small quantity is much more likely to tempt the appetite. Spread a clean napkin over your salver, and if you have nothing more to offer than a toasted cracker, and a cup of tea, let everything be good of the kind, and neatly served. A slop of tea in the saucer, a burnt side to the cracker, a sticky spoon, may spoil what might have seemed an attractive breakfast. If the invalid can sit up in a chair to eat, so much the better; but if not, spread a large napkin, or towel, over the sheet, that it may not become disfigured by drops spilled upon it. Have something always at hand to throw over the shoulders while sitting up in bed, and see that the pillows are so arranged as to afford a comfortable support for the back.

If you can procure some little delicacy, it will taste much better if it comes as a surprise than it will if you have been foolish enough to mention it beforehand. Food should never be spoken of in a sick room, unless it is absolutely necessary.

If you read aloud, be sure to read distinctly, and not too long at a time, because sick people are easily tired. This must be remembered when callers are admitted. When they ask leave to come in, you must say, frankly, that your charge can only bear short visits; and when you yourself are calling on invalids, remember that time seems

longer to them than it does to you. Last of all, but by no means least, talk only of pleasant things. The baby's last funny speech, the good fortune of your friend, the pleasant letter, bringing good news from a far country, the amusing anecdote, the entertaining book,—never of the worries, and pain, and care, which come to your knowledge. Sick people do not need to hear of others' misfortunes. They know enough of their own. Whatever of weariness or anxiety you may feel, never betray it by word or look, and do not let them feel that the time which you devote to them is given grudgingly. I have said nothing of kindness, and forbearance, and patience, and good temper; but all these graces will be needed, since invalids often are very provoking. Let all their little peevish

ways give you a hint of something to avoid when your time of sickness comes, and you are ministered to by others.

These few suggestions, of course, do not exhaust the subject. They may seem to you quite unnecessary, and only what ought to be familiar to every one; but they are not always acted upon, as many sufferers can testify.

Dr. Holmes, who knows something, from education, observation, and experience, about a sick room, says that

"—Simple kindness kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn;
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile,
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile."



MY LADY IS EATING HER MUSH.

HUSHABY, hushaby, hush,
My lady is eating her mush.
Her little black servant, alas!
Is bobbing in front of the glass—
Bobbing now, just think upon it,
Drest in my lady's best bonnet!

The cat on the pantry shelf
To the cream is helping herself.
A little grey mouse, at her ease,
Is nibbling away at the cheese.
Each slyly her own way pursuing,
Sees not what the other is doing:—

But wait till my lady is done!
Wait, if you wish to see fun!

THE BOY AND THE GIANT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ONCE upon a time there was a giant, a real true giant; not a made-up one, such as we read about in fairy tales. He was nearly twelve feet high, as tall as two ordinary men, and his head and hands and body were big in proportion. Also, he was enormously strong. When he went out to fight he carried in his hand a spear which weighed three hundred pounds, and wore a huge brazen helmet, and a coat of mail so heavy that a horse was hardly able to drag it along. But the strong giant bore it easily, and it clanked with a terrible noise as he stalked about. In all the land where he lived was no man so strong as he, and when his country-people prepared for battle he was always set in front of the other soldiers, because the very look of him was enough to make the enemy tremble and run away.

In another country, close to that in which the giant dwelt, there lived at the same time a good old farmer who had eight sons. Seven of them were tall, stalwart fellows, of whom their father was justly proud. The youngest was a slight, active lad, with a fair skin and pink cheeks, whom his big brothers, as big brothers often will, looked upon as almost a baby, and treated accordingly. They did the hard and heavy work on the farm, and set him to watch and tend the sheep, of which the old farmer had a large flock. Tending sheep in those days, however, was not so easy a task as with us, for there were wild beasts in the land, and occasionally they attacked the flocks in their pasturing grounds. One morning the little shepherd came in with an exciting story. A lion with a bear, he said, had fallen on the sheep during the night; and he had fought and killed them both. The old farmer was pleased at his boy's prowess, but the big brothers laughed provokingly, and "guessed" it must have been a very small lion and a very small bear, and that little David was making a great deal out of a small matter. Did I tell you that David was the youngest brother's name?

Of course, David did not like this treatment, but he was of a happy, cheerful temper, and bore it pleasantly, returning no sharp words, but going on with his daily work and biding his time. "All things come to him who waits," says the old proverb. Much was coming to David.

The country in which these persons lived was ruled at that time by a young king, who had been selected by lot a few years before. He was taller and handsomer than any other young man in the

land; a great fighter, too, and the people were very proud of him at first. But he was not as wise as he was handsome, and latterly had done many wrong and foolish things, and offended the Lord God, who was the real head and king of the nation. God had, therefore, resolved to give the people another king, and had signified this to a great prophet who, in those days, dwelt in the land, and was much feared and respected by everybody. He told the Prophet to take the horn of oil with which the kings were always anointed, and go down to the part of the country where the old farmer lived, and anoint a new king from among the eight sons.

So, horn in hand, the Prophet went. The people of the village were frightened when they saw him, for they feared it was to predict some misfortune that he was come to them. But he smiled and said No, it was no misfortune; he was there to offer a sacrifice, and everybody must attend and help. Among the rest came the old farmer and his seven elder sons. Little David stayed with his sheep,—nobody thought of him. I dare say they did not even let him know that the Prophet was there.

When the Prophet saw the seven tall, splendid young men, he rejoiced in his heart.

He looked on the eldest as he came forward, and thought, "Surely the Lord's Anointed is before me!" But the voice of the Lord within the Prophet seemed to say: "I have refused him, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Then the second son came forward, and the third and the fourth, and each time the Prophet thought, "Surely this is he!" But still the voice of the Lord within the Prophet said, "Neither have I chosen this."

When all the seven had tried and failed, the Prophet asked of the farmer, "Are here all thy children?"

The farmer replied:

"There remaineth the youngest, but behold he keepeth the sheep."

Then said the Prophet, "Send and fetch him."

Pretty soon, fresh, rosy and active, his shepherd's staff in his hand and wonderment in his eyes, came the little shepherd through the crowd; and the Prophet knew that this was the chosen of the Lord. So he poured the oil on his head, and

cried, "This is he who shall be king over the people!"

I have an idea that the big brothers stared at this scene, and afterward whispered among themselves, that the Prophet was getting old and did not seem to know what he was about, else why did he choose that boy? Little David did not take on any airs because of these new honors, but went back to his sheep-cote, did his work faithfully, and when he had leisure, composed music and played on a harp which he had, singing with his fresh voice. In all the country round, no one played so well as David.

Not long after, the young king was seized with a strange mental illness. He became moody and fierce, could not sleep, and daily grew worse. Nothing seemed to soothe him excepting the sound of music, and his attendants sought far and wide for a skillful harper who could play before the king and brighten his mood with sweet sounds. Some of them heard of David, and one day they came and carried him and his harp to the court. David was not frightened, and played so beautifully that the king loved to hear him better than any one else, and when he recovered, he kept the dear boy near him as an armor-bearer, or page. Before long, however, a great war broke out between the people of that land and the people of the fearful giant. The king had to rouse himself and take command of the army, so he sent the little page home again to his father and the sheep.

All the active fighting men were wanted for the war, and among the rest went David's seven brothers. The two armies encamped on two opposite mountains, with a valley between, and every morning and every evening the great giant, in his shining armor, with his spear in his hand and his enormous shield borne before him by a man, strode down from the hillside into the valley, and called out, insultingly, "I defy you! Send down a man to fight me, if there is one among you. If I conquer, you shall all be my servants, and if you conquer, we will be yours." But the people knew very well who was likely to conquer, and no one dared answer the challenge, because the giant was so big and terrible.

So things went on for several days, the giant becoming louder and more insulting in his tone, and no one venturing to descend into the valley to meet him. One morning the old farmer loaded an ass with corn and cheeses and loaves of bread, and told David to drive it to the camp; for he feared the brothers there would be in want of food. I fancy David must have been glad to go—boys like to see what is going on, and it is not pleasant to be left at home as too young to help, when all the others set forth to fight giants.

So David fed his sheep, gave directions for the care of them to one of the serving men, took a last look at the quiet fold, and set forth. The Bible, which gives the rest of this beautiful story, does not tell us anything about David's journey to the camp, but among the people of David there is a pretty tradition, which I will give, not as true, but only as curious:

"As David went he passed over a pebbly bit of soil, and a stone cried to him, 'Pick me up and take me with thee.' He stooped and picked up the stone and placed it in his pouch. And when he had taken a few paces, another stone cried to him, 'Pick me up and take me with thee.' He did so. And a third stone cried in like manner, and was in like manner taken by David. The first stone was that wherewith Abraham had driven away Satan, when he sought to dissuade the patriarch from offering up his son; and the second stone was that on which the foot of Gabriel rested when he opened the fountain in the desert for Hagar and Ishmael; and the third stone was that wherewith Jacob strove against the angel whom his brother Esau had sent against him. It was with these stones that David afterward vanquished the Philistine."

David reached the camp just as a great battle seemed about to begin. His brothers were with their "thousands" in the trenches. He left the provisions with the tent-keeper, and searched till he found the brothers. As they stood talking, down from the opposite mountain stalked the giant, shaking his spear and clattering his iron armor. The very earth trembled as he marched along. In the valley below, he halted, and again rang the insulting challenge:

"Give me a man and let us fight together."

When David heard this, the hot blood blazed in his cheeks, and he spoke passionately to those near him: "Who is this unholy Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God? What will the king give to the man who killeth him and taketh away the reproach from Israel?"

The others replied: "The man who killeth the giant the king will enrich with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free forever."

But David's oldest brother was vexed at what he considered the boastful spirit of the question, and he said, severely, "What did you come here for, and who is taking care of your sheep while you are away? I know what a conceited fellow you are. You have run away to see the battle, and ought to be at home."

But meantime somebody had repeated David's words to the king. I suppose, after the long panic they had been in, it was refreshing to have some-

body speak in a different strain, for the king sent for David, and asked him why he had said thus. And David answered, "Let no man's heart fail him, I will go and fight this Philistine."

"But," said the king, "you are not able; you are only a boy, and he is a man of war from his youth up."

But David said: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock."

"And I went out after him and smote him, and delivered him out of his mouth; and when he arose against me I caught him by the beard, and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this unholy Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing that he has defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And when the king heard this and marked David's clear eye and brave bearing, he said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee." Then he offered to lend David his own helmet and sword and coat of mail. But when David tried them, he found that he could not move easily because he was unused to them; so he took them off again, and in his simple shepherd's coat, with his staff in his hand, and his sling and a wallet full of smooth stones by his side, set off down the hill to meet the giant.

When the giant saw the slender boy come forth to meet him, he was full of anger and contempt, and said: "Am I a dog that you come to me with a staff?" He began to curse and swear. "Come here, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field."

Then said David: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."

"This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand, and I will smite thee and take thy head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

When the giant heard these daring words he roared louder than ever, and made haste across the

valley that he might seize and crush the boy between his finger and thumb. David made haste too, and as he ran, slipping his hand into the pouch, he chose a pebble, put it into his sling, and, taking good aim, hurled it straight at his foe. So truly was it aimed that the pebble hit the giant exactly in the middle of his vast forehead, and struck so heavily that he was stunned, and fell to the ground. Then David, who had no sword, ran, jumped on the giant, plucked the big sword from the sheath, and with it cut off the giant's head, which he held up that the people on both hillsides might see. Oh, what a shout arose from the army of Israel! while the Philistines, seized with sudden panic, scattered and ran like sheep,



the Israelites pursuing and slaying thousands of them before they could escape to their own land.

This was the end of the giant, but not of little David. He never went back again to the sheepfolds. The Lord had greater work for him to do, and put, instead of the flocks, a nation into his keeping. He had been faithful over a few things, and was faithful also over the larger charge when it came. Israel never had so wise nor so great a ruler as her Shepherd King and Sweet Singer, who, when he was a boy, fought with and overcame the giant.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

MAM-MA was put-ting Gre-ta and Mi-mi to bed the night be-fore Christ-mas; and she told them this story: "Af-ter the chil-dren are fast a-sleep, the good Sant-a Klaus climbs down the chim-neys with his great bag of toys. Then he goes to all the lit-tle beds and looks at the fa-ces of the sleep-ers, and he has seen so man-y of them that he has grown ve-ry wise. While they are at rest he can tell if the lit-tle shut eyes look



an-gry when they are o-pen, or if cross words are apt to come out of the mouths. He will look at my Gre-ta to-night, and will say: 'There are no marks of tears on her cheeks; her mouth is sweet and ros-y,—I am sure it has been a smil-ing, hap-py mouth all day. Her hands are fold-ed, but they are bu-sy hands,—I am sure they have picked up Mi-mi's toys and Mam-ma's spoons. They have tak-en hold of Mi-mi's fat hands and helped her up and down the steep stairs, and they have giv-en her a big piece of the cake which Grand-ma sent Gre-ta for her own.'

"Then Sant-a Klaus will see Mi-mi and say: 'I think Mi-mi's face looks as if she loved Gre-ta,—her mouth looks full of kiss-es, and her hands will soon learn to be bu-sy, like Gre-ta's.' Last of all, Sant-a Klaus will go to Mam-ma's bed, and will say: 'Mam-ma's face would not look so hap-py and so full of peace if her lit-tle girls were not ve-ry

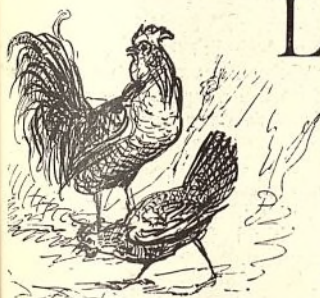
good and sweet. I must put some of my pret-ti-est toys in their stock-ings, and I will leave two pict-ure-books on their lit-tle chairs.'"

Then Mam-ma hung up the stock-ings and kissed her lit-tle ones good-night. Gre-ta and Mi-mi were so hap-py that they laughed soft-ly un-der the bed-cov-ers, and they had to wink and blink their eyes a long time be-fore they could go to sleep.

And in the morn-ing the sto-ry came out true.

LITTLE SPECKLE HAS LAID AN EGG.

BY E. T. ALDEN.



LITTLE SPECK-LE has laid an egg,—

"Kik, kak, kik-a-kee, koo!"

Bob-by Shang-hai lifts his leg

And mut-ters a low "K'l-doo!"

The gray goose stretch-es her neck to hear,

The pig-eons o-ver the barn-eaves peer,

The ducks wad-dle out of the mud;

The pig-gy grunts at the door of his sty,

The cow looks up with a won-der-ing eye,

For-get-ting to chew her cud;

"Baa!" bleats the goat by the hay-stack tied,

The po-ny stamps in his stall,

The par-rot, perched by the win-dow wide,

Be-gins to scream and call,

The kit-tens un-der the ta-ble hide,

"Bow-wow!" barks Frisk in the hall;

And lit-tle Char-ley comes run-ning out

To see what the fuss is all a-bout.

It's on-ly Speck-le,— "K'kak, k'kee!"—

She's laid an egg as sure as can be.

It's on-ly Speck-le—"K'kak, k'koo!"—

So proud she does n't know what to do.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger, comes dancing from the east, and leads with her the flowery May," as somebody's Jack said, ever so long ago.

Talking of "long ago," my youngsters, you ought to be truly thankful that you don't live in the times of the old Romans, for they gave up the whole of May to the old folks, the "Majores," as they called them. It is from this that the month takes its name, the Little Schoolma'am says. She might tell you more about it, perhaps, but, just now, she is busy cleaning house;—which reminds me, since it is moist spring weather, to give you a few dry facts from another schoolma'am about

CARPETS.

"HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago, when Europeans were living with floors bare or strewed with rushes or twigs, carpets were in use in China, India and Egypt. The first carpets were simply rugs to sit upon in place of chairs. In the time of Homer, the blind Greek poet, either plain or embroidered carpets were spread before the couches that guests reclined upon at meals; and later, when the Greeks grew more fond of rich and gay furniture, they imported from Babylon gorgeous carpets with raised figures of men and animals.

"The early Romans were stern warriors and did not mind bare floors; but, when Rome became mistress of the world, her chief men grew extravagant, and bought the richest carpets the Orientals could make.

"The first attempt to make carpets in Western Europe was the plaiting of rushes into matting. Before this, Queen Mary I. of England had her presence chamber, where she received company, strewed with rushes. But Elizabeth, when she came to the throne, had the rushes cleared away and fine Turkey carpets put in their place.

"It used to take a man a life-time to make a carpet large enough for a small room, because carpets had to be made by hand; and this caused them to be very costly, so that only rich persons could afford to buy them. Europeans at length succeeded in weaving them by machinery, and in course of time even poor families could have warm and pretty coverings for the floors of their rooms. But still, nowadays, in Persia, Turkey and India, whole families are employed in making carpets by hand, and some persons consider these far finer than the best that machinery can weave."

PHOTOGRAPHS UNDER WATER.

NOBODY yet has opened a studio for taking photographic portraits under water, I believe,—unless some of you hasty young inventors have been getting ahead of your Jack's paragrans. But somebody has succeeded in taking a few photographs deep in the sea, near the coast of Scotland.

So, now, any one who is burning to distinguish himself may rejoice in a cool way of becoming famous. All he has to do is to dive well down under water with a weighted photographing machine, and take portraits all day long of wonderful fishes and corals and shells, and weedy and ugly monsters in their native haunts. It would be well for him to choose a time after the big fishes have dined, or they might mistake him for dinner. Or he might go down in a diving-bell, or even arrange to do the work from a boat on the surface of the water by means of electricity.

Well, any way, you'd better think these hints over pretty thoroughly before you put them into practice, my youngsters.

THE GEMSBOK AND ELAND.

MY DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In answer to S. W. K.'s question in your February budget, I found in "Wood's Natural History" that although the Gemsbok is nearly independent of water, it needs some moisture; and it would perish in the arid deserts, were it not that it finds there certain plants which attract and retain every particle of moisture that may happen to settle near. You mentioned one of these plants in September, 1879.

I did not come across anything about the Oryx or the Druiker; but, concerning the Eland, Wood says that in some strange way it contrives to live for months together without drinking; and even when the herbage is so dry that it crumbles to powder in the hand, the Eland keeps in good condition.—Yours truly, BELLA WEHL.

THE TWO BIGGEST TREES.

YOUR Jack has just received the startling news that, in Victoria, Australia, two trees have been found larger than the biggest trees of California! They are of the Eucalyptus family, and one of them is four hundred and thirty-five feet high, the other four hundred and fifty.

What will the giant California trees say to this?

ABOUT SOME TEA-LEAVES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I believe you would like to know about this, so I will tell you, and then you can tell the others, if you wish to.

One evening, a nice lady, something like the Lady from Philadelphia whom the Peterkins knew, asked us at supper-time:

"Do you know the shape of the tea-leaf?"

Of course, we all said "No."

"But you can very easily find out," said she.

I said, "I don't see very well how." And none of the others knew how. We had no books that told about the shape of tea-leaves; and, as for dried tea, of course that would n't help.

"You have some soaked tea-leaves right by you," said the lady. "Take a few out of the tea-pot and spread them flat."

We said, "O, pshaw;" but very soon had a lot of tea-leaves spread out flat. Some of them were torn, but the whole ones were very pretty, and, afterward, I picked out a number, and arranged them on white paper. The little girls from near by all came in to see, and said they looked very pretty.

Good-bye, dear Jack, with love from your little friend,

MAMIE LEWIS.

ROOTS EIGHTY FEET IN AIR.

IN the East Indies there are trees whose roots stand seventy and even eighty feet in the air,—more than twelve times the height of a tall man.

A tree of this kind generally grows from a seed dropped by a bird in a fork of some other lofty tree. The young plant lives for a time on the sap of the friendly giant that supports it, but, in a little while, it sends out roots which grow toward the

The pictures show a young tree with its roots already grown part of the way down, and also a well grown tree, though not one of the tallest, for its roots reach up only thirty feet, or about five times the height of the man standing beside them.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo bird is like the cow-bird in one thing—it lays eggs in the nests of other birds, and lets them hatch the eggs and take care of the strange young ones. Its name comes from the cry it makes, which is just like the sound of the word "cuckoo." In England, this bird's note, when heard for the first time early in the year, is supposed to tell that spring is coming.

Your Jack reminds you of all this, my dears, so that you may better understand these verses which V. H. G. sends, as a translation, by himself, from the German:

Once from the town a starling flew,
And on the road there met his view
A cuckoo, who to him did say:
"What is the news from town to-day?"
Said he: "The nightingale's sweet lays
Receive from all the greatest praise.
The thrush, the blackbird and the wren,
Are slightly mentioned now and then."
Then said the cuckoo, anxiously:
"Pray tell me what they say of me."
The starling faltered, then replied:
"What greatly hurt the cuckoo's pride:
"That is a thing I cannot do;
Because none ever speak of you."
The cuckoo tossing, then, his head
In anger to the starling said:
"I'll be revenged, and will from spite
Sing of myself from morn till night."

BAMBOOZLE.

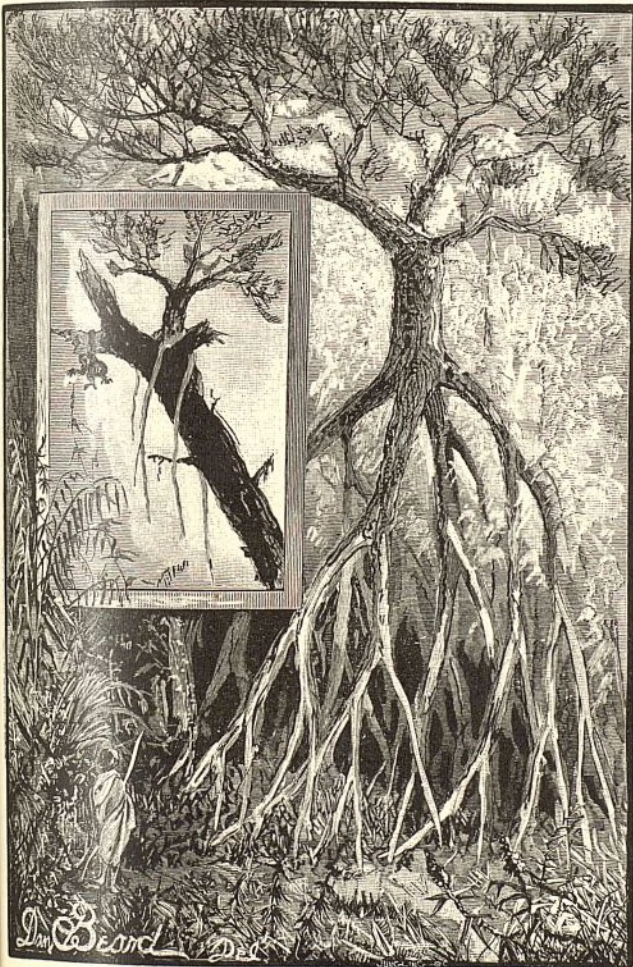
THIS is a word which the Chinese and gypsies gave us, the Little Schoolma'am says. And she adds that it takes its meaning from an old, common joke in China—that of dressing a man in bamboos in order to teach him to swim. But it does n't teach him, and, if he has been dull enough to submit to the joke, he finds he has been fooled about it. So, nowadays, the word means "deceived by a transparent trick."

FOUND BY A LOST COW.

DEAR MR. JACK: When my father was a boy, he was lost in a forest haunted by wild beasts. The harder he tried to find his way, the deeper he got into the wood. Just as night came on, he reached a stream, and on its edge were tracks of wild animals who came there to drink,—bears, panthers, deer and elk. But, besides these, there was the fresh print of a cow's hoof. He thought this must be the favorite cow missed from a neighbor's farm many months before, and supposed to have run wild. So he hid himself and waited, hoping she would come there again to drink.

She did come; and, as she was quietly walking away, the boy took a strong grip of her tail, struck her with a stick, and hallooed at her. This scared her very much, and she ran so fast that it was all he could do to keep hold. When she stopped, they were in a clearing near home. She was quelled by that time, and he easily got her into the barn.

Of course, he felt proud at having recovered a valuable animal, but the folks only laughed at him, because, they said, "he had been found by a lost cow"!—Yours truly,
L. H.



A TREE WITH ROOTS THIRTY FEET IN AIR.

ground and at last strike there. When the older tree dies and falls to pieces, the other is held up firmly by its own roots, from the top of which, as from a tall pyramid of interlacing trunks, it rears its head and spreads abroad its leafy branches.

THE TRUE AND SAD BALLAD OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THIS pathetic ballad, now printed for the first time, was written thirty years ago by a little girl for the entertainment of her playmates. Together they had just witnessed the enactment of this true history, and had sorrowed over the tragic fates of Christie, Sister Chirp, Pick, Hop and the "sweet ladye." We can imagine the melancholy satisfaction of the little group in listening to the recital so closely resembling, to their ears, the ballads in their beloved book, "Percy's Reliques." Miss Bridges gives you, in the frontispiece, a spirited sketch of Sir Christopher and his family, showing them in their pretty home just before their troubles began.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was as brave a bird
As ever sang in a tree,
And when the northern summer was come,
Up from the south came he.

He stole the heart of a birdie small,
And made her his Lady Wren,
The happiest bird for miles around
Was our Sir Christopher then.

O long is the early summer day,
And long was the way they went,
Over meadow and garden and woodland wild,
To look for a place to rent.

At last they came to a calabash
With a large, round hole for a door,
A house that was to be had for a song,
And so they looked no more.

Ah, he was a skillful architect
That raised the great St. Paul;
But our Sir Christopher Wren could make
What the other could not at all.

And after a while there were dear little eggs,
Four round eggs in the nest,
And the mother Wren spread out her wings,
And settled herself to rest.

Oh, day by day did her true knight fly
Her dainty meals to bring;
And day by day, to please his ladye,
Would hop on the roof and sing.

At last out came the little ones,
As hungry as they could be:
Sir Christopher never in all his life
Had seen any birds so wee.

And proud and happy was he,
And his evening song was gay,
Although he was often tired with flying
About for food all day.

Oh, sad and drear is the tale I sing,
And O that it were not true!
One day they both went out to search,
To look for a worm or two.

Then up and spake young Christie Wren,
"Oh, sister Chirp," said he,
"I think I'll look outside this door
To find what I can see."

"Oh no, oh no, our brother dear!"
Cried out his sisters three;
"You might fall down and break your bones."
"Oh, I'll take care," said he.

But, sure enough, away he went,
His sisters heard him go;
They tried to pull him back again,
But saw him fall below.

Oh, when Sir Christopher and his wife
Came back in the evening gray,

And saw their son so dear and dead,
How sad, how sad were they.

With hearts of grief they went, next day,
To get some food for the rest;
But the poor little birds had been so frightened
They never stirred from the nest.

This time they brought in food enough
To last at least a week;
But little Pick she ate so much
She could nor move nor speak.

They could not do her a bit of good,
And pretty soon she died;
They laid her on the ground so low,
And bitterly they sighed.

Oh, sad and drear is the northern wind,
And sad is the tale I write!
One night the northern wind blew cold,
Though it was in the summer night.

And Lady Wren she covered her daughters;
But little Hop did say:
"I wont have covers! I wont have covers!"
And threw them all away.

So when the morning sunlight came,
Poor Hop was cold and dead:
They laid her on the ground so low,
And many a tear was shed.

Poor little Chirp sat all so lonely
Beneath her mother's wing,
She would not hop about nor play,
Nor eat a single thing.

They sometimes left her all alone,
Alone in the empty nest,
So, at last, she pined herself away,
And went with all the rest.

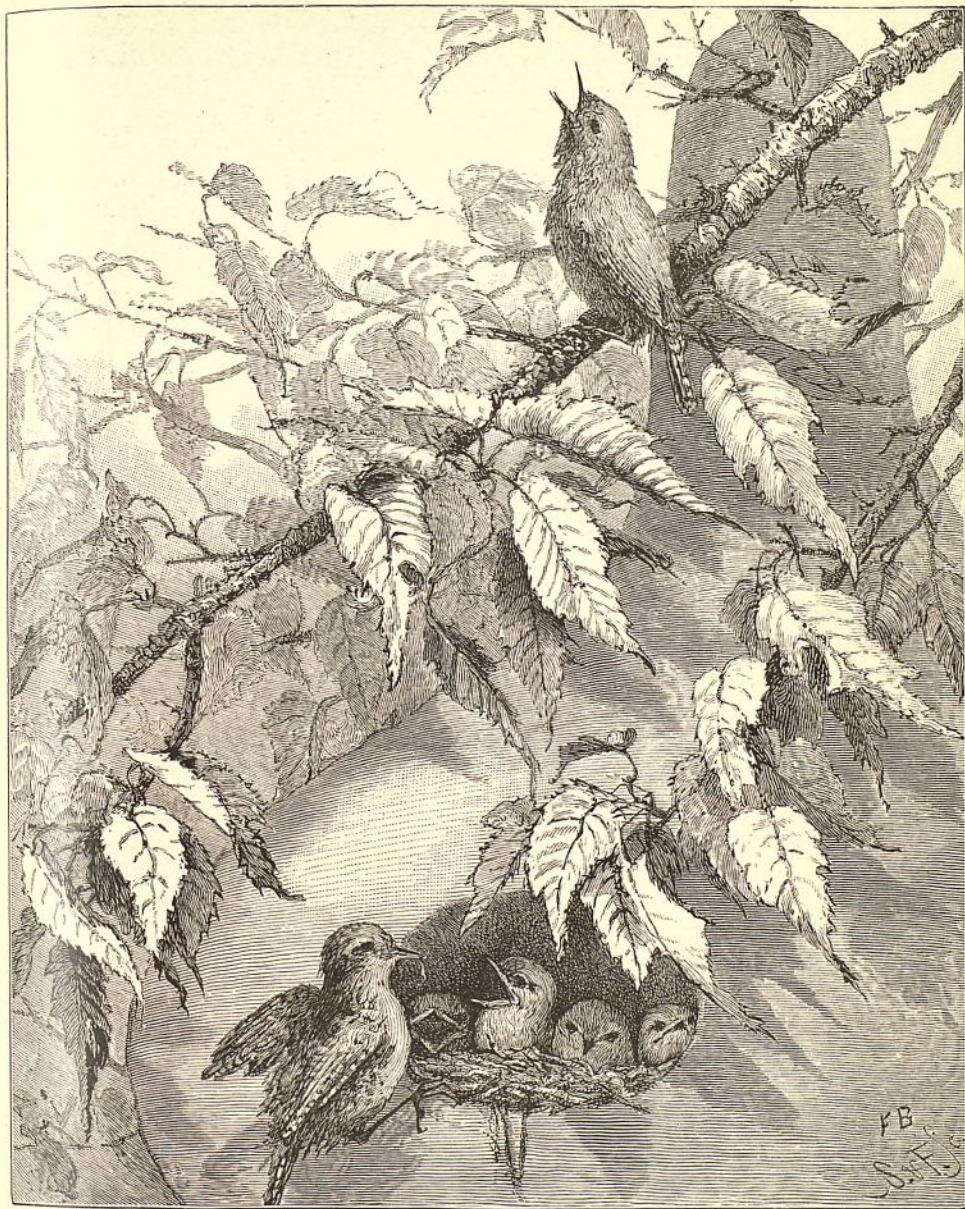
And yet more sad my tale must be,—
For, oh! it came to pass,
Next day the poor little Lady Wren
Was hopping among the grass.

She was trying to pick a little dinner,
Though grief was on her mind,
And she did not see the old gray puss
Come creeping on behind.

He pounced upon the little lady
Before she turned her head;
She hardly even felt his paw,
She was so quickly dead.

And poor Sir Christopher hopped in the tree
Till the evening shades grew dim,
Looking about for his little lady
Who never came back to him.

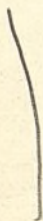
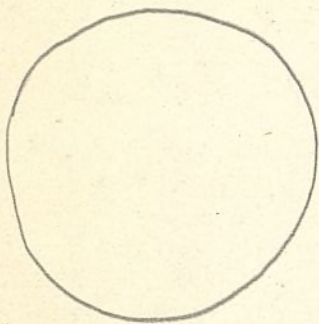
He left the home where he once had been
As happy as any prince;
Slowly and sadly he flew away,
And has never been heard of since.



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

DRAWN BY MISS FIDELIA BRIDGES.

[See page 596.]



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THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a young lady in Boston, who asks "why I could not unbutton my dress" when I was caught in my trunk, and "slip out of it,"—out of my dress, she means. That was the trouble. I could not "slip out" of anything. I tried to slip out of my boots, but could not reach them (for I could not move), and it would not have done any good. My dress was caught and held me fast, so I could not "slip out," or turn anywhere. I wished I could. I wish trunks would not snap to, so, when you sit on them, and yet they won't shut if you don't.—Respectfully,

ELIZABETH ELIZA PETERKIN.

P.S.—The young lady might try.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin, who is in a ship coming from Java, wrote this about a monkey which they had on board: "He was full of mischief as he can be. Once a sailor was taking a letter to the captain to be mailed, when up jumped Jack, for that is the monkey's name, snatched the letter and tore it up. This was the first time the poor sailor had written home for more than three years. Once before, he wrote, and a parrot tore up that letter. He would not write a third; so Jack did more harm than he meant to, perhaps. He is a very good friend to the ducks; but he does not like chickens, and pulls out their feathers whenever he gets a chance."

ALLIE M. J.

ALPHA EPSILON.—From your description, we should say the coin is a Spanish piece of two "reals." It is of small value as money, and of no value for a collection.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Sister Katy told me this story about a pair of ducks: A lady bought a pair of ducks, and after a while one of them was run over by a cart and died. The one that lived would not do anything nor do anything. One day it found a little piece of looking-glass on the barn floor, and looked into it; and it sat down there and nobody could get it away. For a long time they could not think what was the matter. But at last they found it out. There was its own reflection, but it thought it was the other duck. I think this showed that it did not forget, but loved still.

This is a true story.—From your loving reader,

LIZZIE H. HILLIARD.

ISABELLA NICHOLS.—"St. Kitt's" is the local name of "St. Christopher's," one of the Caribbee Islands, and a possession of Great Britain.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like my game of "Solitaire" much better than the one spoken of by Benjamin T. Delafield in the March "Letter-Box." My father made me a board, five or six years ago, with a small gimlet hole in place of Delafield's numbers; and we use a little peg for every hole except the center one, which is left to jump into at the first move. We are not allowed to jump diagonally at all. The game consists in leaving but one man; it is very difficult, but it can be done.

V. D'O. S. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I saw in an article in a newspaper the following item:

"The decade of the *eighteen hundred and seventies* is now a thing of the past, and we have entered upon the momentous decade of the *eighteen hundred and eighties*."

It seems to me that the writer of this has made a mistake in reckoning the decade. Did n't the first decade begin with the year one, and end with the year ten? And did n't the second begin with the year eleven and end with the year twenty? And so did n't the decade of the *eighteen hundred and seventies* begin with the beginning of *eighteen hundred and seventy-one*, and does n't it end with the present year? I have heard it said that Washington died in the last hour of the last day of the last century. But he died a little before midnight on the 14th of December, 1799. And besides that, the last century ended with the end of the year 1800. I should like to know what other ST. NICHOLAS readers think about it.—Your devoted reader,

M. A. G. C.

A SCHOOL-BOY writes, saying: "One of our teachers, the other night, proposed this riddle, which, she said, broke Homer's heart: 'Some fishermen went fishing. What they caught they threw away, and what they did n't catch they carried with them.' There is no

one here smart enough to guess it, and if any of the readers of the 'Letter-Box' can solve it, I shall be very glad."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that, in Australia, the leaves, instead of exposing their flat surfaces to the sun, turn their edges to his rays. Why is this?—Your friend,

CARRIE SNEAD.

THOSE of our older readers who were interested in the Algebraic problem printed in the Letter-Box for July, 1879, may like to test the following solution, for which the author holds himself responsible. Several other "solutions" have been sent in, but there is not room for more than one.

Doylestown Seminary, Doylestown, Pa.

Editor "ST. NICHOLAS": The following is a true solution of the algebraic problem discussed in your magazine:

- (1.) $x^2 + y = 7$
 - (2.) $x + y^2 = 11$
 - (3.) $x^2 + xy^2 = 11x$ (multiply (2) by x)
 - (4.) $xy^2 - y = 11x - 7$ [subtract (1) from (3)]
 - (5.) $2x + 2y^2 = 22$ [multiply (2) by 2]
 - (6.) $xy^2 + 2y^2 + 2x - y = 11x + 15$ [add (4) and (5)]
 - (7.) $(x + 2)y^2 - y = 9x + 15$ (factoring and reducing)
 - (8.) $y^2 - \frac{y}{x+2} = \frac{9x+15}{x+2}$ (dividing by coefficient of y^2)
 - (9.) $y^2 - \frac{y}{x+2} + \left(\frac{1}{x+2}\right)^2 = \frac{9x+15}{x+2} + \left(\frac{1}{x+2}\right)^2$ (completing the square) $y - \frac{1}{x+2} = \sqrt{\frac{36x^2 + 132x + 101}{(x+2)^2}} = \frac{6x+11}{x+2}$
 - (10.) $y = \frac{6x+11}{x+2}$ (transpose)
- $$y = 3$$
- $$x + 9 = 11$$
- $$x = 2.$$

M. F. SCHEIBNER.

ROBERT T. asks the "Letter-Box" readers to let him know who first said "Be sure you are right; then go ahead;" and when and why he said it.

SEVEN, ELEVEN, AND THIRTEEN.

MANY young students who enjoy occasional pastime in arithmetical play-grounds will be interested in the following communication from Mr. Hale:

The arithmetics in common use generally contain rules for finding out by inspection whether numbers are divisible by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, but make no attempt at all, or at best an imperfect attempt, to give a rule for 7 and stop short with the decimal number. But it happens that there is a simple rule which answers perfectly as regards all numbers exceeding 1,000, not only for 7 but also for two other ugly looking prime numbers, namely 11 and 13. It is an objection to this rule that it does not apply to numbers less than 1,000; but neither does the rule ordinarily given for finding out whether a number is divisible by 8, apply when the hundreds are even.

The rule for finding whether a number is divisible by 7, 11, or 13 is this: Separate the number into two parts by detaching the last three figures from the rest; subtract the smaller of these two parts from the larger; repeat the process, if necessary, until a remainder less than 1,000 is obtained; if this remainder be divisible by 7, or 11, or 13, the original number is divisible by the same divisor; otherwise, not.

For example, suppose we have the number 654,731. By the rule, we separate it into two parts, 654 and 731. We subtract 654 from 731 and find the remainder to be 77. This we easily see is divisible by 7, and also by 11, but not by 13. We conclude, therefore, that the number 654,731 is divisible by 7 and also by 11, but not by 13; and this is true.

The reason why this rule holds, lies in this, that the number 1,001, celebrated in the famous Arabian Nights' Entertainments, is not capriciously obtained by the addition of a single unit to the round thousand, on the principle upon which is based the phrase "forever and a day"; but is the continued product of the three numbers 7, 11, and 13. Seven times eleven is seventy-seven, and thirteen times seventy-

seven is one thousand and one. Accordingly, any number divisible by 1,001 is divisible by all three of its factors, 7, 11, and 13; and, if what is left of the number after the division by 1,001 is divisible by any of these factors, the whole number is divisible by the same factor; otherwise, not. The separation of the number into two parts, and the subtraction of one of these from the other, is a short way of ascertaining the remainder after a division by 1,001, when the former part is less than the latter, and is substantially the same thing, as far as our purpose is concerned, when it is greater.

For finding out whether numbers less than 1,000 are divisible by 7, 11, or 13, there are certain rules, differing, however, for each divisor. Again, we must separate the number into two parts, this time by detaching the last two figures. For 7, we double the former part and add it to the latter; for 11, we add the former part to the latter without change; and for 13, we multiply the former part by 9 before adding. In every case, if the sum obtained by the addition is divisible by 7, 11, or 13, the original number is divisible by the same; otherwise, not.

For instance, the number 1,876, which marked the Centennial year, is seen to be divisible by 7, when we separate it into two parts, 18 and 76, and, after doubling the former, add 36 to 76, obtaining 112, which is divisible by 7. But 1,876 is not divisible by 11, since 18 and 76 added together give 94, which is not divisible by 11; nor is it divisible by 13, as the application of the rule will show. In 1,870, we find a number divisible by 11, since 18 and 70 together make 88, which is a multiple of 11; and in 1,872, one divisible by 13, since 9 times 18, or 162, added to 72, gives us 234, which is divisible by 13.

It may no doubt be suggested that these rules are of no particular use, since their application in the case of the smaller numbers may be as troublesome as the trial of the divisor itself. But they are not the less interesting as showing not only that "figures never lie," but may be made to betray their own secrets, and they may be made of use in verifying computations into which any of the weird numbers to which they relate enters as a factor.

CHARLES HALE.

A VERY, very little boy sends in a little letter this puzzle for other very little boys to find out. It speaks for itself.



O. I. C. U. R. A. B.

EFFIE.—We cannot share the enthusiasm of those deluded persons who hoard up defaced and used U. S. postage-stamps, in the vague hope that a certain large number of thousands of the worthless things will bring a tremendous price *somehow and somewhere*. The postal authorities say that these old stamps are worth simply their weight in old paper.

MANY boys and girls wrote answers to the question printed in the March "Letter-Box"—What becomes of the earth which the chipmunk throws out of his burrow, or that he does not throw out? The letters were forwarded to the firm of book-publishers who promised a volume to the writer of the best answer. These gentlemen, however, found that two writers equally deserved the prize; and so, although they had promised but one volume, still, rather than disappoint either in settling the choice by lot, they sent one to each of the two winners: Edgar A. Small, Hagerstown, Md.; and Willie W. Greenwood, Newark, Wayne County, N. Y. The successful answers agree in saying that the chipmunk carries in his cheek-pouches the earth dug in burrowing, and drops it at some distance from the hole.

Answers were received, before March 20, from N. L. Herzog—W. H. Merriam—C. Davis—M. L. Willets—I. and W. P. Morris—A. M. Keiffe—B. Sauerwein—D. A. Harrison—W. P. Woodward—A. Ward—A. M. Gordon—E. K. Ballard—L. Merrill, Jr.—H. M. Carson—R. E. Carson—S. Casey—R. A. Gally—A. Macrum—K. L. Spencer—A. Hays—F. E. Harndon—G. B. Hoppin—C. V. Abbott—A. G. Bull—C. H. Buell—G. T. Hudson—S. Hawkins—K. R. Spencer—N. Granbery—L. H. Foster—S. Sprague—A. E. Leon—N. Ludlow, Jr.—J. V. L. Pierson—W. A. Calkins—O. O. Page—B. Page—M. H. Tatnall—H. R. M. Thom—S. B. Robbins—F. G.

Lane—L. H. D. St. Vrain—M. Buntin—C. Du Puy—N. De Graaf—C. A. Horne—C. D. Cook—V. Wilson—C. L. Therrell—R. G. Goodhue—O. M. Sibley—M. W. H. Thurston—F. W. Porter—M. Cone—S. Vankeuren—H. M. Knapp—E. Dolbear—M. Meser—G. Porter—E. L. Caswell—E. Bond—E. B. Halsey—L. R. Talcott—E. Hunt—B. Gortner—E. S. Gilbert—J. F. Hopkins—L. Byrns—B. Lynn—G. T. Trembley—W. M. Gibson—N. Holmes—L. Hughes—E. H. Gregory—W. C. Grant—M. Robinson—G. W. Currier—F. Johnston—W. Kennedy—G. L. Hawkes—J. Trester—R. S. Elliott—G. H. Stuart—H. G. Hanna—S. Dauchy—M. A. Jordan—S. M. Coe—W. T. Mandeville—F. Thompson—C. W. Lord—J. B. McCoy—A. C. Beebe—W. D. Hulbert—G. R. Adams—A. L. Tucker—L. Frye—L. Weld—W. D. Sammis—G. K. Davis—L. H. Allyn—J. P. Montross—H. D. Thompson—G. Parks—Bradley—C. Thompson—J. R. Blake—F. B. Warren—E. G. Bantz—N. Holloway—D. Williams—E. Williams—H. J. Koehler—Gifford—C. K. Linson—A. P. Burt—B. M. L.—S. B. Franklin—W. E. Owens—M. E. Hotchkiss—E. Bridge—F. G. Easterday—Thompson—S. M. Hough—G. E. Jester—W. T. Gillinder—F. Pratt—E. Hills—K. Birks—W. Wells—H. Bennett—B. H. Williams—L. Fenimore—R. B. Deane—H. Redfield—L. M. Follett—M. Chapman—N. W. B.—B. Jackson—J. Critchett—A. A. Jackson—C. Wright—J. M. Francis—Mina Gomph—A. Tweedy, of Plymouth, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. My sister is six years old, and her name is Helen. We take you together. My oldest sister Susie told me to ask the children what was the oldest country in the world, she says it is Farther India, "Farther India, you know."—From your friend
GIPSIE FRAYNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have at our house a fowl which has changed its color. The first year we had it, it was a bright red color, the second year it was speckled with white and red, and now it is pure white.—Yours truly,
W. J. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me what is the only green flower in the world. And what is the name of a little bell-shaped flower that is first green, but soon turns to a rich brown? The second has a delicious fruit, something like a banana.—Yours
W. E. R.

LOUIS P. B.—A vague outline of land in the Southern Ocean, near where Australia proved to be, appears upon maps made by Portuguese sailors in A. D. 1542. McCulloch's "Geographical Dictionary" tells us that the Dutch vessel, "Duyfken," in 1606, sighted the Australian coast. From "Early Voyages to Australia" (edited by R. H. Major) we learn that Australia was reached by the "Duyfken" in March, 1606, and that, about five months later, a ship commissioned by the Spanish government of Peru, and commanded by Torres, sailed through the strait that now bears his name, and touched at Australia. It is probable, however, that the Chinese, who seem to have been ahead in nearly everything else, knew about the "island continent" long before the Europeans "discovered" it.

ANSWERS were received, before March 20, from J. Harry Brown—Anna McEwen—May S. Wilkinson—R. B. Salter, Jr.—John H. Embick—G. Meade Emory—Guy T. Trembley—Eliza C. McNell—Chas. P. Johnston—W. M. P.—"Chenery"—S. D. S., Jr.—Inez Ethel A. W.—Gertie Lathrop—Lillian Roche—Bennie T.—Dora Williams—Graham F. Putnam—Katy Flemming—B. M. L.—Frank Boyd—Florence E. T.—Clara M. Phelps—Helen G. Wallace—Laura Skeen—"Georgie"—Ben Ames—and Margaret Eversen, of Guildford, England.

CAROLINA M. CALDWELL asks: "Will you please tell me of an orphan asylum that really needs dolls and picture-books?"

In answer to this, "Aunt Fanny" writes: "The better-known institutions are well supplied, but there is the 'Diet Kitchen,' corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, where medicine and food are given to poor babies and children. Only think how gladly the mothers would take home toys, to amuse the small sufferers! And if your good people are broad-hearted, as we Protestants should be, and do not refuse toys to poor children because their parents may hold a different religion, there is no charity for children which needs help of all kinds so much as the Franciscan Home, at Peekskill. The toys can be sent to their house in West Thirty-first street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, next door to the church. There are eighty children in their country home, and they are very poor."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

STROKE PUZZLES FOR YOUNG SPELLERS.

1. I AM healthy; put a stroke through one of my letters, and I become deep dislike. 2. I am a small valley; add a stroke to one of my letters, and I become a fruit. 3. I am a spacious room; draw a short line across one of my letters, and I become a command welcome to the soldier after a long day's march.

DYCIE.

A PUZZLE OF PRONUNCIATION.

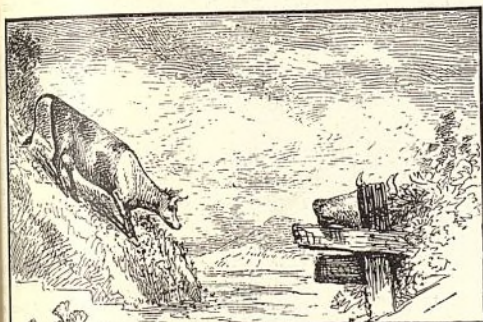
FOUR parts have I of varied sounds;
The power of kings in me abounds.
My first is felt of God above,—
A kind of fear that mates with love;
My second's seen in melting snows;
My third a hardy cereal grows;
My fourth is called a cheering cup;
Now tell my whole, or give me up.

S. L. P.

SQUARE WORD

1. CUNNING. 2. A sharp tool. 3. Blue. 4. Shapes. 5. A ringlet.

EASY PICTORIAL RIDDLE.



WHAT animal is this, and what is the animal doing? What flowers are these? What parts of what animal's head are here? These three questions can be answered with one word: what is the word?

CYRIL DEANE.

GRANDMA'S ANAGRAM.

The same eleven letters, naming an old spring-time custom of New England, are omitted from each stanza.

Ten boys and girls,—a merry *****—
Long years ago we went a-*****;
Gathering flowers in the lane,
And o'er the sunny hill-side straying.

My mem'r'y lingers,—well i' *****—
O'er relics of the past remaining,
Dried blossoms of that far-off day,
That knew no cloud nor hint of *****.

The skies were bright; how could i' *****?
Oh! 't was a joyous, blissful *****!
Your Grandpa sought my love to gain,
And we were wed ere time of haying.

We took no wedding tour,—no, no!
That custom has of late been gaining;
But we were well content to go
Among the crowd to see *****.

LILIAN.

TANGLES TO UNRAVEL.

EACH of the following examples is formed from a piece of poetry, the words being misplaced, but otherwise correct. The problem is to give the work from which the piece is quoted, and to arrange the words in their proper order. Each quotation is from a well-known writer, and is but one sentence.

1. Queen o' the stars, and Queen o' the night-winds, mother come

there May be a pass; I 'm the whole of the happy drop of the meadow-grass, as will seem to them above The rain and they to May be brighten to be day, and mother, I 'm not upon the livelong go.

II. A bear of great resolution, from the country with the name of something that puzzles the native cowards is cast to the currents of pale hue rather than have these and the sickled traveler sweat and weary, grunt, and thus lose the undiscovered conscience. but we know we thought—thus does this dread bear of pith with life Who makes us death and ills, returns not others after those that would make their fardels turn o'er to us, all of whose will and moment of action fly bourn awry—and under no regard of enterprises?

III. yonder the sightless lark becomes a loud and lovelier hue, Now down'd in a long blue woodland the living distance rings and takes the song.

WORD-BUILDING.

EACH of the following puzzles is to be solved by forming a series of words, building the words by adding one letter at a time, and sometimes changing the order of the letters. For example: the words tea, tape, prate, taps, repeats, would form one such series; ass, seas, seams, sesame, measles, would make another.

I. Inflammable air,
By one letter, with ease,
You may make into clothes
Old and worn, if you please.
These to something sweet-tasting,
Now change in like manner;
That, next, to a squadron
Of troops with a banner.

II. Frame now for me,
Of letters three,
A woman, vow'd in single life to live;
Now add one more—
So making four—
And change her to a substantive.

One more to this—
A vowel 't is—
Join, and you 'll get a joining, as I hope
Change and add one;
When this is done,
You have a messenger sent by the Pope.

III. A knock at the door
I change, if I wish,
With one letter into
A long-living fish.

With a consonant now
Make what covers the floor,
And a part of a book
Out of that and one more.

F****S.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE initials name an important commercial city of Northern Europe, the finals name the country in which the city is situated.

Cross Words: 1. An important city of Pennsylvania. 2. A city of Turkey in Europe. 3. An island of Africa. 4. A small kingdom of Europe. 5. A city of New York. 6. A river and bay of New Jersey. 7. A city and bay of Ireland.

W. T. BURNS.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

HORIZONTALS: 1. An ancient chest. 2. To turn around swiftly. 3. Pertaining to the mountains of a certain small country in Europe. 4. To render linen stiff. 5. Of profit. 6. The chief of a religious order of women. Diagonal, from left to right downward: The ancient name of a celebrated island of the Mediterranean Sea.

ENIGMA.

If naught occur to foil,
I coil, uncoil and coil
In never ending toil.

Great fear I cause;
My wildness draws,
From crowds, applause

Down from the hill's hush,
Down to the stream's rush,
My lonely way I push.

My gracious reign I hold
When daffodils unfold
Their tender green and gold.

L. W. H.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A PAIR of support. 2. Part of a fortification. 3. To render fit. 4. A leap, a pickled bud. 5. A sentinel decapitated, an entrance.

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