

THE HOME OF THE HERONS.

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VOL.



Nelly, and sleep with the same papa as—  
see that  
MAY MARSH was five years old, and lived in a country village in central New York, where her papa kept a store. Her grandmamma, Mrs. Stone, lived in the same street, four doors away. Little Miss May, as the villagers called her, was a chubby little girl, with a round, pink and white face, a little pug nose, large blue eyes, a pretty large mouth with two rows of small, white teeth, and her hair was "banged" all around. All day she was as busy as a bee in summer time, swinging in the yard, playing at see-saw with her sister Nelly, or skipping upstairs and down, singing—

"Over the hills and far away!"

which were all the words she knew of a song she had heard somewhere. These words seemed to be, for her, quite enough; and for the other lines she would hum

"La, la, la,"

and then, with all her little voice, as if breaking forth afresh, sing bravely out:

"Over the hills and far away!"

Sometimes she would trudge about so gravely, and with so business-like an air, as to greatly amuse the housemaid, who, suspecting some mischief, would ask:

"Well, what now, little Miss May?"

"Oh, I am very *busy* to-day! I've my doll's stockings and skirts to wash; they're *awful* dirty. She's such a *lazy* doll that, if I did n't *make* her get up, she would lie right in the dirt on the floor all day long, so that it takes half my time to keep that doll looking 'spectable, it does."

With all her active ways, May was a very good

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MAY MARSH FISHER.

child, excepting no boy nor girl could ever

She would sew on

Not that she could be needleful of thread.

forth through a piece of

and making very long stitches

she never wanted to sew

Sunday morning breakfast

give nobody any peace until

threaded for her, when she

at her sewing as if she were

stress. Her mamma was so

girl sew on Sunday, but said

ing she would cease to care for

But, as the weeks passed on, it

fair way to sew on every Sunday,

lived. At length her mother decided

her having a needle, and on the following

morning, calling May to her, she said:

"You cannot sew to-day, May."

"Why not to-day, mamma?"

"Because it is Sunday!"

"Well, what if it be Sunday?"

"God does n't like to have little girls sew on Sunday."

"Who is God, mamma?"

"God made you, dear."

"Where is God, mamma?"

"He is everywhere."

"Then He is here, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"In this room?"

"Yes."

"Then He is in my pocket, mamma?"

"You must not talk so," said mamma, very



ing  
d, she  
girl, but  
s, May looked  
bread and butter  
When the meal  
and running into the  
back to the breakfast-  
t-gown.

na," she said.

here no more," said her  
no papa, and mamma  
ma. You will have to say  
and, when you come here,  
the door-bell, and you will be

er for that, but stood twirling  
At last, turning desperately  
she said:

et care! Grandmamma will let me  
I know! Wont she, Nelly?"

she "guessed not," whereupon May  
bonnet over her face and, hugging her  
night-gown, started for her grandmother's.  
atched her from the window, laughing at  
the figure trudging down the sidewalk, mov-  
if she already had begun to battle with the  
things of life.

"We won't say anything to her, will we, mam-  
ma?" said Nelly, as May turned in at her grand-  
mother's; "and I guess she'll be glad enough to  
come back before night."

May went in without knocking, and told her  
grandmamma that she had come to "live with her,  
—live with her *always*."

Mrs. Stone, amused at the child's decided man-  
ner, said she would be very glad to have a little  
girl to live with her. When she asked her why she  
had left home, May replied:

"Mamma buses me; I is *tired* living there."

papa acted as if he did not know her, and  
taking down some pink calico, asked her if that  
would do. She said "Yes," and he cut her off a  
yard. She put her two cents on the counter, when  
Mr. Marsh told her that the money was not enough;  
then, looking soberly down into her face, he asked  
whose little girl she was.

"I is my grandmamma's."

"And what is your name?"

"I is Little—Little Miss Stone."

"Ah, yes, I see," said her father. "Well, I am  
not *acquainted* with any Little Miss *Stone*, so I'm  
afraid I can't let you have the calico."

May's lips began to tremble and her brave little  
stock of bravado to give way, when one of the  
villagers, who had been standing near, slipped a ten  
cent piece into her hand; this she quickly placed  
on the counter, and then, with an air of victory,  
she walked away with her calico.

Time passed happily enough at her grand-  
mother's until the doll's dress was made, which  
happened at about five o'clock in the afternoon.  
May was then anxious to show it to Nelly. Full  
of this idea, and forgetting how she had left home  
in the morning, May put on her bonnet and ran  
back with her doll, rushing into the house without  
ringing, and exclaiming:

"See, Nelly, my doll's new frock!"

"Ah, what young lady have we here?" asked  
Mrs. Marsh, in surprise.

"This is Little Miss Stone," said Nelly,  
roughly.

"Little Miss Stone? Indeed! And is Little  
Miss Stone well to-day?" continued her mother.

Poor May was driven quite to her wit's end. She  
had had the habit, ever since she could talk, of put-  
ting her hands over her ears when she wished to say



something that a third person should not hear. So, quickly clapping her fat little hands over her own ears, she put her face close to Nelly's, and shouted:

"I is *not* Little Miss Stone; you is very much mistookened."

"Why, yes you are," laughed Nelly. "I guess you've forgotten!"

Their mother pretended not to have heard May's remark, and continued:

"I think, Nelly dear, we will go out pretty soon to look all around for a little sister for you. Perhaps Little Miss Stone can tell us where to find a little girl who will be *glad* to live here; to play with Nelly, and sleep with her, and have the same papa and mamma that Nelly has."

It was plain to see that a struggle was going on in little May's heart, for she looked first at her mother anxiously, then at Nelly; when her eyes caught sight of a beautiful little round pumpkin-pie that stood on the table. Now, if there was anything of which May was especially fond, it was pumpkin-pie, and an aunt of hers often sent her a small one. The sight of the pie drove all her sorrows from her mind, and clapping her hands she was about to seize it, when Mrs. Marsh, who was already tying Nelly's bonnet strings for their walk, said:

"That pumpkin-pie was sent to our house by Aunt George for our little girl who moved away this morning; she got tired of staying here, and went to live with her grandmother, so she could sew on Sunday! Now, we must go out and look for another little May, to be a sister to Nelly, and to eat the pumpkin-pie."

Mrs. Marsh moved toward the door, when May, no longer able to control her feelings, burst into tears, and, hiding her face in her mamma's frock, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't cry, May," begged Nelly, soothingly.

"Mamma's only in fun! Mamma, *this is May*;

*really*, mamma, it *is* May. I told you all along she'd come back!"

At this moment Mr. Marsh came in, and seeing his little girl in trouble, caught her up in his arms, exclaiming:

"Well! And what has become of Little Miss Stone?"

"I guess *she's* runned *away*," answered May, her eyes shining through her tears, and turning longingly toward the pumpkin-pie, which she was soon permitted to eat, while her papa and mamma looked on, with satisfied smiles. In half an hour, she was quite at home again, and singing her old song:

"Over the hills and *far* away."



LITTLE MISS STONE MAKES A PURCHASE.

But for a long time the only reproof the happy little girl needed for asking leave to sew on Sunday, or for any other fault, was to remind her of Little Miss Stone.





## APPLE-SEED JOHN.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

POOR Johnny was bended well nigh double  
With years of toil, and care, and trouble;  
But his large old heart still felt the need  
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said;  
"I who work so hard for daily bread?  
It takes heaps of money to do much good;  
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply a while,  
Then over his features gleamed a smile,  
And he clapped his hands with a boyish  
glee,  
And said to himself, "There's a way for  
me!"

He worked, and he worked with might and  
main,  
But no one knew the plan in his brain.  
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,  
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,  
And no man saw him for many a day.  
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,  
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,  
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;

But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,  
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,  
And in ev'ry hole he placed a core;  
Then covered them well, and left them there  
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,  
And saw not a living creature pass,  
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,  
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie-dogs  
bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb  
Came striding along and walked with him;  
And he who had food shared with the other,  
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was filled,  
And looked at the holes that the white man  
drilled,  
He thought to himself 't was a silly plan  
To be planting seed for some future man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,  
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,  
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,  
And welcome rest for his weary feet.



He had full many a story to tell,  
And goodly hymns that he sung right well;  
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys  
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty, in work or play,  
Men, women, and boys all urged him to  
stay;  
But he always said, "I have something to do,  
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,  
Soon found what it was he put in the  
ground;  
And so, as time passed and he traveled on,  
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-seed John."

Whenever he 'd used the whole of his store,  
He went into cities and worked for more;  
Then he marched back to the wilds again,  
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;  
While others said he was only lazy;  
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,  
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound  
Where once a tree could not have been found;  
That a flick'ring play of light and shade  
Would dance and glimmer along the glade;

That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers,  
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;  
And the little seeds his hands had spread  
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,  
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.  
He said at the last, "'T is a comfort to feel  
I 've done good in the world, though not a  
great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,  
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;  
And they often start, with glad surprise,  
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,  
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,  
The answer still comes, as they travel on,  
"These trees were planted by Apple-seed John."



## JACK AND JILL.\*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### JACK HAS A MYSTERY.

"WHAT is the matter? Does your head ache?" asked Jill, one evening in March, observing that Jack sat with his head in his hands, an attitude which, with him, meant either pain or perplexity.

"No; but I 'm bothered. I want some money, and I don't see how I can earn it," he answered,

tumbling his hair about, and frowning darkly at the fire.

"How much?" and Jill's ready hand went to the pocket where her little purse lay, for she felt rich with several presents lately made her.

"Two seventy-five. No, thank you, I won't borrow."

"What is it for?"

"Can't tell."

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"Why, I thought you told me everything."

"Sorry, but I can't this time. Don't you worry; I shall think of something."

"Could n't your mother help?"

"Don't wish to ask her."

"Why! can't *she* know?"

"Nobody can."

"How queer! Is it a scrape, Jack?" asked Jill, looking as curious as a magpie.

"It is likely to be, if I can't get out of it this week, somehow."

"Well, I don't see how I can help if I'm not to know anything," and Jill seemed rather hurt.

"You can just stop asking questions, and tell me how a fellow can earn some money. That would help. I've got one dollar, but I must have some more," and Jack looked worried as he fingered the little gold dollar on his watch-guard.

"Oh, do you mean to use that?"

"Yes, I do; a man must pay his debts if he sells all he has to do it," said Jack, sternly.

"Dear me; it must be something very serious." And Jill lay quite still for five minutes, thinking over all the ways in which Jack ever did earn money, for Mrs. Minot liked to have her boys work, and paid them in some way for all they did.

"Is there any wood to saw?" she asked, presently, being very anxious to help.

"All done."

"Paths to shovel?"

"No snow."

"Lawn to rake, then?"

"Not time for that yet."

"Catalogue of books?"

"Frank got that job."

"Copy those letters for your mother?"

"Take me too long. Must have my money Friday, if possible."

"I don't see what we can do, then. It is too early or too late for everything, and you won't borrow."

"Not of you. No, nor of any one else, if I can possibly help it. I've promised to do this myself, and I will," and Jack wagged his head, resolutely.

"Could n't you do something with the printing-press? Do me some cards, and then, perhaps, the other girls will want some," said Jill, as a forlorn hope.

"Just the thing! What a goose I was not to think of it. I'll rig the old-machine up at once." And, starting from his seat, Jack dived into the big closet, dragged out the little press, and fell to oiling, dusting and putting it in order, like one relieved of a great anxiety.

"Give me the types; I'll sort them and set up my name, so you can begin as soon as you are ready. You know what a help I was when we did

the programmes? I'm almost sure the girls *will* want cards, and I know your mother would like some more tags," said Jill, briskly rattling the letters into the different compartments, while Jack inked the rollers and hunted up his big apron, whistling the while with recovered spirits.

A dozen neat cards were soon printed, and Jill insisted on paying six cents for them, as earning was not borrowing. A few odd tags were found and done for mamma, who immediately ordered four dozen at six cents a dozen, though she was not told why there was such a pressing call for money.

Jack's monthly half-dollar had been spent the first week,—twenty-five cents for a concert, ten paid a fine for keeping a book too long from the library, ten more to have his knife ground, and five in candy, for he dearly loved sweeties, and was under bonds to mamma not to spend more than five cents a month on these unwholesome temptations. She never asked the boys what they did with their money, but expected them to keep account in the little books she gave them; and, now and then, they showed the neat pages with pardonable pride, though she often laughed at the queer items.

All that evening Jack & Co. worked busily, for when Frank came in he good-naturedly ordered some pale-pink cards for Annette, and ran to the store to choose the right shade, and buy some packages for the young printer also.

"What *do* you suppose he is in such a pucker for?" whispered Jill, as she set up the new name, to Frank, who sat close by, with one eye on his book and one on her.

"Oh, some notion. He's a queer chap; but I guess it is n't much of a scrape, or I should know it. He's so good-natured he's always promising to do things for people, and has too much pluck to give up when he finds he can't. Let him alone, and it will all come out soon enough," answered Frank, who laughed at his brother, but loved him none the less for the tender heart that often got the better of his young head.

But for once Frank was mistaken; the mystery did not come out, and Jack worked like a beaver all that week, as orders poured in when Jill and Annette showed their elegant cards; for, as everybody knows, if one girl has a new thing all the rest must, whether it is a bow on the top of her head, a peculiar sort of pencil, or the latest kind of chewing-gum. Little play did the poor fellow get, for every spare minute was spent at the press, and no invitation could tempt him away, so much in earnest was our honest little Franklin about paying his debt. Jill helped all she could, and cheered his labors with her encouragement, remembering how he stayed at home for her.



"It is real good of you to lend a hand, and I'm ever so much obliged," said Jack, as the last order was struck off, and the drawer of the type-box held a pile of shining five and ten cent pieces, with two or three quarters.

"I love to; only, it would be nicer if I knew what we were working for," she said, demurely, as she scattered type for the last time; and seeing that Jack was both tired and grateful, hoped to get a hint of the secret.

"I want to tell you, dreadfully; but I can't, because I've promised."

"What, never?"

"Never!" and Jack looked as firm as a rock.

"Then I shall find out, for I have n't promised."

"You can't."

"See if I don't!"

"You are sharp, but you won't guess this. It's a tremendous secret, and nobody will tell it."

"You'll tell it yourself. You always do."

"I won't tell this. It would be mean."

"Wait and see; I can get anything out of you if I try," and Jill laughed, knowing her power well, for Jack found it very hard to keep a secret from her.

"Don't try; please don't! It would n't be right, and you don't want to make me do a dishonorable thing for your sake, I know."

Jack looked so distressed that Jill promised not to make him tell, though she held herself free to find out in other ways, if she could.

Thus relieved, Jack trudged off to school on Friday with the two dollars and seventy-five cents jingling in his pocket, though the dear gold coin had to be sacrificed to make up the sum. He did his lessons badly that day, was late at recess in the afternoon and, as soon as school was over, departed in his rubber boots "to take a walk," he said, though the roads were in a bad state with a spring thaw. Nothing was seen of him till after tea-time, when he came limping in, very dirty and tired, but with a reposeful expression, which betrayed that a load was off his mind. Frank was busy about his own affairs and paid little attention to him, but Jill was on tenter-hooks to know where he had been, yet dared not ask the question.

"Merry's brother wants some cards. He liked hers so much he wishes to make his lady-love a present. Here's the name," and Jill held up the order from Harry Grant, who was to be married in the autumn.

"Must wait till next week. I'm too tired to do a thing to-night, and I hate the sight of that old press," answered Jack, laying himself down upon the rug as if every joint ached.

"What made you take such a long walk? You

look as tired as if you'd been ten miles," said Jill, hoping to discover the length of the trip.

"Had to. Four or five miles is n't much, only my leg bothered me," and Jack gave the ailing member a slap, as if he had found it much in his way that day; for, though he had given up the crutches long ago, he rather missed their support sometimes. Then, with a great yawn, he stretched himself out to bask in the blaze, pillowing his head on his arms.

"Dear old thing, he looks all used up; I won't plague him with talking," and Jill began to sing, as she often did in the twilight.

By the time the first song ended a gentle snore was heard, and Jack lay fast asleep, worn out with the busy week and the walk, which had been longer and harder than any one guessed. Jill took up her knitting and worked quietly by firelight, still wondering and guessing what the secret could be; for she had not much to amuse her, and little things were very interesting if connected with her friends. Presently, Jack rolled over and began to mutter in his sleep, as he often did when too weary for sound slumber. Jill paid no attention till he uttered a name which made her prick up her ears and listen to the broken sentences which followed. Only a few words, but she dropped her work, saying to herself:

"I do believe he is talking about the secret. Now I shall find out, and he *will* tell me himself, as I said he would."

Much pleased, she leaned and listened, but could make no sense of the confused babble about "heavy boots"; "all right, old fellow"; "Jerry's off"; and "the ink is too thick."

The slam of the front door woke Jack, and he pulled himself up, declaring that he believed he had been having a nap.

"I wish you'd have another," said Jill, greatly disappointed at the loss of the intelligence she seemed to be so near getting.

"Floor is too hard for tired bones. Guess I'll go to bed and get rested up for Monday. I've worked like fury this week, so next I'm going in for fun;" and, little dreaming what hard times were in store for him, Jack went off to enjoy his warm bath and welcome bed, where he was soon sleeping with the serene look of one whose dreams were happy, whose conscience was at rest.

"I have a few words to say to you before you go," said Mr. Acton, pausing with his hand on the bell, Monday afternoon, when the hour came for dismissing school.

The bustle of putting away books and preparing for as rapid a departure as propriety allowed, subsided suddenly, and the boys and girls sat as still



as mice, while the hearts of such as had been guilty of any small sins began to beat fast.

"You remember that we had some trouble last winter about keeping the boys away from the saloon, and that a rule was made forbidding any pupil to go to town during recess?" began Mr. Acton, who, being a conscientious man as well as an excellent teacher, felt that he was responsible for the children in school hours, and did his best to aid parents in guarding them from the few temptations which beset them in a country town. A certain attractive little shop, where confectionery, base-balls, stationery and picture papers were sold, was a favorite loafing place for some of the boys till the rule forbidding it was made, because in the rear of the shop was a beer and billiard saloon. A wise rule, for the picture papers were not always of the best sort; cigars were to be had; idle fellows hung about there, and some of the lads, who wanted to be thought manly, ventured to pass the green baize door "just to look on."

A murmur answered the teacher's question, and he continued:

"You all know that the rule was broken several times, and I told you the next offender would be publicly reprimanded, as private punishments had no effect. I am sorry to say that the time has come, and the offender is a boy whom I trusted entirely. It grieves me to do this, but I must keep my promise, and hope the example will have a good effect."

Mr. Acton paused, as if he found it hard to go on, and the boys looked at one another with inquiring eyes, for their teacher seldom punished, and when he did it was a very solemn thing. Several of these anxious glances fell upon Joe, who was very red and sat whittling a pencil as if he dared not lift his eyes.

"He's the chap. Wont he catch it?" whispered Gus to Frank, for both owed him a grudge.

"The boy who broke the rule last Friday, at afternoon recess, will come to the desk," said Mr. Acton, in his most impressive manner.

If a thunderbolt had fallen through the roof it would hardly have caused a greater surprise than the sight of Jack Minot walking slowly down the aisle, with a wrathful flash in the eyes he turned on Joe as he passed him.

"Now, Minot, let us have this over as soon as possible, for I do not like it any better than you do, and I am sure there is some mistake. I'm told you went to the shop on Friday. Is it true?" asked Mr. Acton, very gently, for he liked Jack, and seldom had to correct him in any way.

"Yes, sir," and Jack looked up as if proud to show that he was not afraid to tell the truth as far as he could.

"To buy something?"

"No, sir."

"To meet some one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it Jerry Shannon?"

No answer, but Jack's fists doubled up of themselves as he shot another fiery glance at Joe, whose face burned as if it scorched him.

"I am told it was; also that you were seen to go into the saloon with him. Did you?" and Mr. Acton looked so sure that it was a mistake that it cost Jack a great effort to say, slowly:

"Yes, sir."

Quite a thrill pervaded the school at this confession, for Jerry was one of the wild fellows the boys all shunned, and to have any dealings with him was considered a very disgraceful thing.

"Did you play?"

"No, sir. I can't."

"Drink beer?"

"I belong to the Lodge," and Jack stood as erect as any little soldier who ever marched under a temperance banner and fought for the cause none are too young nor too old to help along.

"I was sure of that. Then what took you there, my boy?"

The question was so kindly put that Jack forgot himself an instant, and blurted out:

"I only went to pay him some money, sir."

"Ah, how much?"

"Two seventy-five," muttered Jack, as red as a cherry at not being able to keep a secret better.

"Too much for a lad like you to owe such a fellow as Jerry. How came it?" and Mr. Acton looked disturbed.

Jack opened his lips to speak, but shut them again, and stood looking down with a little quiver about the mouth that showed how much it cost him to be silent.

"Does any one beside Jerry know of this?"

"One other fellow," after a pause.

"Yes, I understand," and Mr. Acton's eye glanced at Joe with a look that seemed to say, "I wish he'd held his tongue."

A queer smile flitted over Jack's face, for Joe was not the "other fellow," and knew very little about it, excepting what he had seen when he was sent on an errand by Mr. Acton on Friday.

"I wish you would explain the matter, John, for I am sure it is better than it seems, and it would be very hard to punish you when you don't deserve it."

"But I do deserve it; I've broken the rule, and I ought to be punished," said Jack, as if a good whipping would be easier to bear than this public cross-examination.

"And you can't explain, or even say you are



sorry, or ashamed?" asked Mr. Acton, hoping to surprise another fact out of the boy.

"No, sir; I can't; I'm not ashamed; I'm not sorry, and I'd do it again to-morrow if I had to;" cried Jack, losing patience, and looking as if he would not bear much more.

A groan from the boys greeted this bare-faced declaration, and Susy quite shivered at the idea of having taken two bites out of the apple of such a hardened desperado.

away, I had only that time, and I'd promised to pay up, so I did."

Mr. Acton believed every word he said, and regretted that they had not been able to have it out privately, but he, too, must keep his promise and punish the offender, whoever he was.

"Very well, you will lose your recess for a week, and this month's report will be the first one in which behavior does not get the highest mark. You may go; and I wish it understood that Master



"JACK & CO." AT WORK WITH THE PRINTING-PRESS.

"Think it over till to-morrow, and perhaps you will change your mind. Remember that this is the last week of the month, and reports are given out next Friday," said Mr. Acton, knowing how much the boy prided himself on always having good ones to show his mother.

Poor Jack turned scarlet and bit his lips to keep them still, for he had forgotten this when he plunged into the affair which was likely to cost him dear. Then the color faded away, the boyish face grew steady, and the honest eyes looked up at his teacher as he said very low, but all heard him, the room was so still:

"It is n't as bad as it looks, sir, but I can't say any more. No one is to blame but me; and I could n't help breaking the rule, for Jerry was going

Minot is not to be troubled with questions till he chooses to set this matter right."

Then the bell rang, the children trooped out, Mr. Acton went off without another word, and Jack was left alone to put up his books and hide a few tears that would come because Frank turned his eyes away from the imploring look cast upon him as the culprit came down from the platform, a disgraced boy.

Elder brothers are apt to be a little hard on younger ones, so it is not surprising that Frank, who was an eminently proper boy, was much cut up when Jack publicly confessed to dealings with Jerry, leaving it to be supposed that the worst half of the story remained untold. He felt it his duty, therefore, to collar poor Jack when he came out,



and talk to him all the way home, like a judge bent on getting at the truth by main force. A kind word would have been very comforting, but the scolding was too much for Jack's temper, so he turned dogged and would not say a word, though Frank threatened not to speak to him for a week.

At tea-time both boys were very silent, one looking grim, the other excited. Frank stared sternly at his brother across the table, and no amount of marmalade sweetened or softened that reproachful look. Jack defiantly crunched his toast, with occasional slashes at the butter, as if he must vent the pent-up emotions which half distracted him. Of course, their mother saw that something was amiss, but did not allude to it, hoping that the cloud would blow over as so many did if left alone. But this one did not, and when both refused cake, this sure sign of unusual perturbation made her anxious to know the cause. As soon as tea was over, Jack retired with gloomy dignity to his own room, and Frank, casting away the paper he had been pretending to read, burst out with the whole story. Mrs. Minot was as much surprised as he, but not angry, because, like most mothers, she was sure that her sons could not do anything very bad.

"I will speak to him; my boy wont refuse to give *me* some explanation," she said, when Frank had freed his mind with as much warmth as if Jack had broken all the ten commandments.

"He will. You often call me obstinate, but he is as pig-headed as a mule; Joe only knows what he saw, old tell-tale! and Jerry has left town, or I'd have it out of him. Make Jack own up, whether he can or not. Little donkey!" stormed Frank, who hated rowdies and could not forgive his brother for being seen with one.

"My dear, all boys do foolish things sometimes, even the wisest and best behaved, so don't be hard on the poor child. He has got into trouble, I've no doubt, but it cannot be very bad, and he earned the money to pay for his prank, whatever it was."

Mrs. Minot left the room as she spoke, and Frank cooled down as if her words had been a shower-bath, for he remembered his own costly escapade, and how kindly both his mother and Jack had stood by him on that trying occasion. So, feeling rather remorseful, he went off to talk it over with Gus, leaving Jill in a fever of curiosity, for Merry and Molly had dropped in on their way home to break the blow to her, and Frank declined to discuss it with her, after mildly stating that Jack was a "ninny," in his opinion.

"Well, I know one thing," said Jill, confidentially, to Snow-ball, when they were left alone together, "if every one else is scolding him I wont say a word. It's so mean to crow over people

when they are down, and I'm sure he has n't done anything to be ashamed of, though he wont tell."

Snow-ball seemed to agree to this, for he went and sat down by Jack's slippers waiting for him on the hearth, and Jill thought that a very touching proof of affectionate fidelity to the little master who ruled them both.

When he came, it was evident that he had found it harder to refuse his mother than all the rest. But she trusted him, in spite of appearances, and that was such a comfort! for poor Jack's heart was very full, and he longed to tell the whole story, but he would not break his promise, and so kept silence bravely. Jill asked no questions, affecting to be anxious for the games they always played together in the evening; but while they played, though the lips were sealed, the bright eyes said as plainly as words, "I trust you," and Jack was very grateful.

It was well he had something to cheer him up at home, for he got little peace at school. He bore the grave looks of Mr. Acton meekly, took the boys' jokes good-naturedly, and withstood the artful teasing of the girls with patient silence. But it was very hard for the social, affectionate fellow to bear the general distrust, for he had been such a favorite he felt the change keenly.

But the thing that tried him most was the knowledge that his report would not be what it usually was. It was always a happy moment when he showed it to his mother, and saw her eye brighten as it fell on the 99 or 100, for she cared more for good behavior than for perfect lessons. Mr. Acton once said that Frank Minot's moral influence in the school was unusual, and Jack never forgot her pride and delight as she told them what Frank himself had not known till then. It was Jack's ambition to have the same said of him, for he was not much of a scholar, and he had tried hard since he went back to school to get good records in that respect at least. Now, here was a dreadful downfall, tardy marks, bad company, broken rules, and something too wrong to tell, apparently.

"Well, I deserve a good report, and that's a comfort, though nobody believes it," he said to himself, trying to keep up his spirits, as the slow week went by, and no word from him had cleared up the mystery.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### AND JILL FINDS IT OUT.

JILL worried about it more than he did, for she was a faithful little friend, and it was a great trial to have Jack even suspected of doing anything wrong. School is a child's world while he is there, and its small affairs are very important to him, so



Jill felt that the one thing to be done was to clear away the cloud about her dear boy, and restore him to public favor.

"Ed will be here Saturday night and may be he will find out, for Jack tells him everything. I do hate to have him hectored so, for I know he is, though he's too proud to complain," she said, on Thursday evening, when Frank told her some joke played upon his brother that day.

"I let him alone, but I see that he is n't badgered too much. That's all I can do. If Ed had only come home last Saturday it might have done some good, but now it will be too late; for the reports are given out to-morrow, you know," answered Frank, feeling a little jealous of Ed's influence over Jack, though his own would have been as great if he had been as gentle.

"Has Jerry come back?" asked Jill, who kept all her questions for Frank, because she seldom alluded to the tender subject when with Jack.

"No, he's off for the summer. Got a place somewhere. Hope he'll stay there, and let Bob alone."

"Where is Bob now? I don't hear much about him lately," said Jill, who was constantly on the look-out for "the other fellow," since it was not Joe.

"Oh, he went to Captain Skinner's the first of March, chores round, and goes to school up there. Captain is strict, and wont let Bob come to town, except Sundays; but he don't mind it much, for he likes horses, has nice grub, and the hill fellows are good chaps for him to be with. So he's all right, if he only behaves."

"How far is it to Captain Skinner's?" asked Jill, suddenly, having listened, with her sharp eyes on Frank, as he tinkered away at his model, since he was forbidden all other indulgence in his beloved pastime.

"It's four miles to Hill District, but the Captain lives this side of the school-house. About three from here, I should say."

"How long would it take a boy to walk up there?" went on the questioner, with a new idea in her head.

"Depends on how much of a walkist he is."

"Suppose he was lame and it was sloshy, and he made a call and came back. How long would that take?" asked Jill, impatiently.

"Well, in that case, I should say two or three hours. But it's impossible to tell exactly, unless you know how lame the fellow was, and how long a call he made," said Frank, who liked to be accurate.

"Jack could n't do it in less, could he?"

"He used to run up that hilly road for a breather, and think nothing of it. It would be a

long job for him now, poor little chap, for his leg often troubles him, though he hates to own it."

Jill lay back and laughed, a happy little laugh, as if she was pleased about something, and Frank looked over his shoulder to ask questions in his turn.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Can't tell."

"Why do you want to know about Hill District? Are you going there?"

"Wish I could! I'd soon have it out of him."

"Who?"

"Never mind. Please push up my table. I must write a letter, and I want you to post it for me to-night, and never say a word till I give you leave."

"Oh, now *you* are going to have secrets and be mysterious, and get into a mess, are you?" and Frank looked down at her with a suspicious air, though he was intensely curious to know what she was about.

"Go away till I'm done. You will have to see the outside, but you can't know the inside till the answer comes;" and, propping herself up, Jill wrote the following note, with some hesitation at the beginning and end, for she did not know the gentleman she was addressing, except by sight, and it was rather awkward.

"ROBERT WALKER:

"DEAR SIR:—I want to ask if Jack Minot came to see you last Friday afternoon. He got into trouble being seen with Jerry Shannon. He paid him some money. Jack wont tell, and Mr. Acton talked to him about it before all the school. We feel bad, because we think Jack did not do wrong. I don't know as you have anything to do with it, but I thought I'd ask. Please answer quick.—Respectfully yours,

JANE PECQ."

To make sure that her despatch was not tampered with, Jill put a great splash of red sealing-wax on it, which gave it a very official look, and much impressed Bob when he received it.

"There! Go and post it, and don't let any one see or know about it," she said, handing it over to Frank, who left his work with unusual alacrity to do her errand. When his eye fell on the address, he laughed, and said in a teasing way:

"Are you and Bob such good friends that you correspond? What will Jack say?"

"Don't know, and don't care! Be good, now, and let's have a little secret as well as other folks. I'll tell you all about it when he answers," said Jill, in her most coaxing tone.

"Suppose he does n't?"

"Then I shall send you up to see him. I *must* know something, and I want to do it myself, if I can."

"Look here; what are you after? I do believe you think——" Frank got no farther, for Jill



gave a little scream, and stopped him by crying eagerly: "Don't say it out loud! I really do believe it may be, and I'm going to find out."

"What made you think of him?" and Frank looked thoughtfully at the letter, as if turning carefully over in his mind the idea that Jill's quick wits had jumped at.

"Come here, and I'll tell you."

Holding him by one button, she whispered something in his ear that made him exclaim, with a look at the rug:

"No! did he? I declare I should n't wonder! It would be just like the dear old blunder-head."

"I never thought of it till you told me where Bob was, and then it all sort of burst upon me in

while she eagerly read it he sat calmly poring over the latest number of his own private and particular "Boys' paper."

Bob was not a "complete letter-writer" by any means, and with great labor and much ink had produced the following brief but highly satisfactory epistle. Not knowing how to address his fair correspondent he let it alone, and went at once to the point in the frankest possible way:

"Jack did come up Friday. Sorry he got into a mess. It was real kind of him, and I shall pay him back soon. Jack paid Jerry for me, and I made him promise not to tell. Jerry said he'd come here and make a row if I did n't cash up. I was afraid I'd lose the place if he did, for the Capt. is awful strict. If Jack don't tell now, I will. I aint mean. Glad you wrote. R. O. W."



JILL MAKES A DISCOVERY.

one minute!" cried Jill, waving her arms about to express the intellectual explosion which had thrown light upon the mystery, like sky-rockets in a dark night.

"You are as bright as a button. No time to lose; I'm off," and off he was, splashing through the mud to post the letter, on the back of which he added, to make the thing sure, "Hurry up. F. M."

Both felt rather guilty next day, but enjoyed themselves very much nevertheless, and kept chuckling over the mine they were making under Jack's unconscious feet. They hardly expected an answer at noon, as the Hill people were not very eager for their mail, but at night Jill was sure of a letter, and to her great delight it came. Jack brought it himself, which added to the fun, and

"Hurrah!" cried Jill, waving the letter over her head in great triumph. "Call everybody and read it out," she added, as Frank snatched it, and ran for his mother, seeing at a glance that the news was good. "Jill was so afraid she should tell before the others came that she burst out singing 'Pretty Bobby Shafto' at the top of her voice, to Jack's great disgust, for he considered the song very personal, as he *was* rather fond of "combing down his yellow hair," and Jill often plagued him by singing it when he came in with the golden curls very smooth and nice to hide the scar on his forehead.

In about five minutes the door flew open and in came mamma, making straight for bewildered Jack, who thought the family had gone crazy when his parent caught him in her arms, saying tenderly:



"My good, generous boy! I knew he was right all the time!" while Frank worked his hand up and down like a pump-handle, exclaiming heartily:

"You're a trump, sir, and I'm proud of you!" Jill meantime calling out, in wild delight:

"I told you so! I told you so! I did find out, ha, ha, I did!"

"Come, I say! What's the matter? I'm all right. Don't squeeze the breath out of me, please," expostulated Jack, looking so startled and innocent, as he struggled feebly, that they all laughed, and this plaintive protest caused him to be released. But the next proceeding did not enlighten him much, for Frank kept waving a very inky paper before him and ordering him to read it, while mamma made a charge at Jill, as if it was absolutely necessary to hug somebody.

"Hullo!" said Jack, when he got the letter into his own hand and read it. "Now who put Bob up to this? Nobody had any business to interfere—but it's mighty good of him, anyway," he added, as the anxious lines in his round face smoothed themselves away, while a smile of relief told how hard it had been for him to keep his word.

"I did!" cried Jill, clapping her hands, and looking so happy that he could not have scolded her if he had wanted to.

"Who told you he was in the scrape?" demanded Jack, in a hurry to know all about it now the seal was taken off his own lips.

"You did," and Jill's face twinkled with naughty satisfaction, for this was the best fun of all.

"I did n't! When? Where? It's a joke!"

"You did," cried Jill, pointing to the rug. "You went to sleep there after the long walk, and talked in your sleep about 'Bob' and 'All right, old boy,' and ever so much gibberish. I did n't think about it then, but when I heard that Bob was up there I thought may be he knew something about it, and last night I wrote and asked him, and that's the answer, and now it's all right, and you are the best boy that ever was, and I'm so glad!"

Here Jill paused, all out of breath, and Frank said, with an approving pat on the head:

"It won't do to have such a sharp young person round if we are going to have secrets. You'd make a good detective, miss."

"Catch me taking naps before people again," and Jack looked rather crestfallen that his own words had set "Fine Ear" on the track. "Never mind, I didn't mean to tell, though I just ached to do it all the time, so I have n't broken my word. I'm glad you all know, but you need n't let it get out, for Bob is a good fellow and it might make

trouble for him," added Jack, anxious lest his gain should be the other's loss.

"I shall tell Mr. Acton myself, and the Captain, also, for I'm not going to have my son suspected of wrong-doing when he has only tried to help a friend, and borne enough for his sake," said mamma, much excited by this discovery of generous fidelity in her boy; though, when one came to look at it calmly, one saw that it might have been done in a wiser way.

"Now, please, don't make a fuss about it; that would be most as bad as having every one down on me. I can stand your praising me, but I won't be patted on the head by anybody else," and Jack assumed a manly air, though his face was full of genuine boyish pleasure at being set right in the eyes of those he loved.

"I'll be discreet, dear, but you owe it to yourself, as well as Bob, to have the truth known. Both have behaved well, and no harm will come to him, I am sure. I'll see to that myself," said Mrs. Minot, in a tone that set Jack's mind at rest on that point.

"Now, do tell all about it," cried Jill, who was pining to know the whole story, and felt as if she had earned the right to hear it.

"Oh, it was n't much. We promised Ed to stand by Bob, so I did as well as I knew how," and Jack seemed to think that was about all there was to say.

"I never saw such a fellow for keeping a promise! You stick to it through thick and thin, no matter how silly or hard it is. You remember, mother, last summer, how you told him not to go in a boat and he promised, the day we went on the picnic. We rode up, but the horse ran off home, so we had to come back by way of the river, all but Jack, and he walked every step of five miles because he would n't go near a boat, though Mr. Burton was there to take care of him. I call that rather overdoing the matter," and Frank looked as if he thought moderation even in virtue a good thing.

"And I call it a fine sample of entire obedience. He obeyed orders, and that is what we all must do, without always seeing why, or daring to use our own judgment. It is a great safeguard to Jack, and a very great comfort to me; for I know that if he promises he will keep his word, no matter what it costs him," said mamma, warmly, as she tumbled up the quirls with an irrepressible caress, remembering how the boy came wearily in after all the others, without seeming for a moment to think that he could have done anything else.

"Like Casabianca!" cried Jill, much impressed, for obedience was her hardest trial.

"I think he was a fool to burn up," said Frank, bound not to give in.



"I don't. It's a splendid piece, and every one likes to speak it, and it was true, and it would n't be in all the books if he was a fool. Grown people know what is good," declared Jill, who liked heroic actions, and was always hoping for a chance to distinguish herself in that way.

"You admire 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and glow all over as you thunder it out. Yet they went gallantly to their death rather than disobey orders. A mistake, perhaps, but it makes us thrill to hear of it; and the same spirit keeps my Jack true as steel when once his word is passed, or he thinks it is his duty. Don't be laughed out of it, my son, for faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come. One's conscience can hardly be *too* tender when honor and honesty are concerned."

"You are right, mother, and I'm wrong. I beg your pardon, Jack, and you sha'n't get ahead of me next time."

Frank made his mother a little bow, gave his brother a shake of the hand, and nodded to Jill, as if anxious to show that he was not too proud to own up when he made a mistake.

"Please tell on, Jack. This is very nice, but I do want to know all 'bout the other," said Jill, after a short pause.

"Let me see. Oh, I saw Bob at church, and he looked rather blue; so, after Sunday-school, I asked what the matter was. He said Jerry bothered him for some money he lent him at different times when they were loafing round together, before we took him up. He would n't get any wages for some time. The Captain keeps him short on purpose, I guess, and wont let him come down town except on Sundays. He did n't want any one to know about it, for fear he'd lose his place. So I promised I would n't tell. Then I was afraid Jerry would go and make a fuss, and Bob would run off, or do something desperate, being worried, and I said I'd pay it for him, if I could. So he went home pretty jolly, and I scratched 'round for the money. Got it, too, and was n't I glad?"

Jack paused to rub his hands, and Frank said, with more than usual respect:

"Could n't you get hold of Jerry in any other place, and out of school time? That did the mischief, thanks to Joe. I thrashed him, Jill,—did I mention it?"

"I could n't get all my money till Friday morning, and I knew Jerry was off at night. I looked for him before school, and at noon, but could n't find him, so afternoon recess was my last chance. I was bound to do it, and I did n't mean to break the rule, but Jerry was just going into the shop, so I pelted after him, and as it was private business

we went to the billiard-room. I declare I never was so relieved as when I handed over that money, and made him say it was all right, and he would n't go near Bob. He's off, so my mind is easy, and Bob will be so grateful I can keep him steady, perhaps. That will be worth two seventy-five, I think," said Jack, heartily.

"You should have come to me," began Frank.

"And got laughed at,—no, thank you," interrupted Jack, recollecting several philanthropic little enterprises which were nipped in the bud for want of co-operation.

"To me, then," said his mother. "It would have saved so much trouble."

"I thought of it, but Bob did n't want the big fellows to know for fear they'd be down on him, so I thought he might not like me to tell grown people. I don't mind the fuss now, and Bob is as kind as he can be. Wanted to give me his big knife, but I would n't take it. I'd rather have this," and Jack put the letter in his pocket with a slap outside, as if it warmed the cockles of his heart to have it there.

"Well, it seems rather like a tempest in a teapot, now it is all over, but I do admire your pluck, little boy, in holding out so well when every one was scolding at you, and you in the right all the time," said Frank, glad to praise, now that he honestly could, after his wholesale condemnation.

"That is what pulled me through, I suppose. I used to think if I *had* done anything wrong, that I could n't stand the snubbing a day. I should have told right off, and had it over. Now, I guess, I'll have a good report if you do tell Mr. Acton," said Jack, looking at his mother so wistfully, that she resolved to slip away that very evening and make sure that the thing was done.

"That will make you happier than anything else, wont it?" asked Jill, eager to have him rewarded after his trials.

"There's one thing I like better, though I'd be very sorry to lose my report. It's the fun of telling Ed I tried to do as he wanted us to, and seeing how pleased he'll be," added Jack, rather bashfully, for the boys laughed at him sometimes for his love of this friend.

"I know he wont be any happier about it than some one else, who stood by you all through, and set her bright wits to work till the trouble was all cleared away," said Mrs. Minot, looking at Jill's contented face, as she lay smiling on them all.

Jack understood, and, hopping across the room, gave both the thin hands a hearty shake; then, not finding any words quite cordial enough in which to thank this faithful little sister, he stooped down and kissed her gratefully.

(To be continued.)



## GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

BY HARRY S. BARNES.



How many happy afternoons we have spent in this old room—"Grandma's room," as it is still called, though it is many a day since the dear old lady left it forever! Nothing here has been changed since that day, and I can fancy I see her, as I saw her last, sitting in her old chintz-covered arm-chair, with her head resting on her hand, reading quietly from her Bible; only raising her eyes now and then to gaze thoughtfully into the fire. At her feet

played Doodles, the cat, and her little kitten. A bright fire snapped and crackled upon the hearth, for Grandmother only gave up her fire at the last moment, saying that it was such a cheerful companion. She would sit alone for hours, watching the fantastic, ever-changing picture among the flames, as the wood turned slowly into embers, the embers into dust.

We two children had spent the afternoon "up



garret," a little Paradise as it then seemed to us, playing all sorts of happy pranks, rummaging to our hearts' content among the accumulated rubbish of nearly a hundred years—a rubbish to us full of delightful surprises. The twilight came upon us suddenly, and all too soon. Though it had been gradually stealing over us, we had not noticed it till, looking up, the attic was all dark. We ran down stairs and sought the Grandmother. As we came romping in, she looked up with a smile and said, "Well, chicks, what is it now?" For always after we had been up-stairs, we had some new-found treasure to inquire about. Now it would be a curious old piece of brass, now a pair of antlers, now the old flax-wheel,—and about each, Grandmother had some little story of the time when she was young. It seemed so funny to us to think of Grandmother as young, and visiting her grandmother, as we visited her. This time it was a big leather saddle with a projection behind, the like of which we had never seen, and whose use we could by no means make out. We climbed up upon the arms of her chair, one on either side, and told her about it.

"When I was young," said Grandmother, "very few people could afford to keep carriages, and if they could have done so I doubt whether they would have been of much use to them, for the roads were few and poor. The country was wilder than it is now. Horseback riding was the usual mode of traveling, for both ladies and gentlemen. Of course there were no railroads. We thought nothing of riding off ten miles to church in winter. But I am forgetting your question, my dears.

"This saddle was your grandfather's (that was before we were married), and many a long ride we've had on it together. Did you never hear of two people riding together on one horse? This was the way we managed: Your grandfather would sit on the saddle as any gentleman does now, and I would perch myself up behind on this projection ("pillion" it's called), with my arms about him, to hold on, you know, and off we'd go. It was very cold sometimes, for it was not considered necessary in those days for girls to wrap up as they do now. Why, in the coldest weather I used to ride dressed in a white dimity gown and low slippers, with nothing but a thin shawl thrown over my shoulders. It makes me shiver to think of it now, but then I did not mind it, for I was only too happy to ride with your Grandfather. (There hangs his likeness, my dears, cut out of black paper; it's hung there nigh on to forty years.) Well, we used to wish the ride to church, which we took once a week, was longer than it was, and even the long, long

sermon appeared short. We had no stove in our church, and those who lived near were accustomed to bring live coals in small, square tin boxes (such as you'll find in the garret) to put under their feet. But the good old parson preached such long sermons that the boxes were often cold long before it was time to go home.

"I told you there were not many carriages in the country, but in our church there was one old gentleman who had a light wagon, with two seats—one fastened, and another at the back, movable. I must tell you what happened to him one Sunday. Church was over and he and his wife were starting off quite grandly in their wagon, he on the front seat, she on the back, when the horse gave a sudden bound, and what do you think!—if that back seat did n't turn right over and spill the old lady into the road! The funny part was that he, being deaf, did not hear her fall, and drove all the way home without her. The first he knew of it was when he got down to help her out. Of course, he had to drive back and get her, and well he was laughed at through the whole country round. That was a long time ago."—And Grandmother was silent, looking at the fire.

But we had not heard nearly enough, and begged for just one little story more. Grandmother yielded, finally,—as what Grandmother will not?—and asked:

"Did you ever know what made that hole in the sounding-board just above the pulpit? It was one Sunday, during the revolution, and all the people were sitting in church, when, unexpectedly, the British marched into town. One of the soldiers opened the church door and fired at the minister as he stood in the pulpit, but luckily missed him, and the ball lodged in the sounding-board just above his head. You may see it there yet. How frightened the people were! But there was no more trouble just then, and before night the blue coats had collected and driven the British away. Now, Grandmother's tired and can't tell you any more. I guess if you can find Marnie she knows where there are some cookies."

Marnie was the old servant who, for fifty years, had lived with the Grandmother until every one looked upon her as one of the family. Her cookies were known far and wide, and to us were especially delicious. So we kissed the Grandmother and went in search of her. As we went out of the door, I looked back and saw the dear old lady sitting with her book open before her; not reading, though one finger marked the place, but looking far away—into the past, as it seemed.

Happy the home that has a Grandmother in it!



## MY SHIP.

BY W. T. PETERS.



OH, once I was a melancholy, lonesome little boy,  
 And I lived alone beside the restless sea;  
 And every mighty vessel that I saw upon the main,  
 I was positive that ship belonged to me.



But now I'm a contented little, merry little man,  
 For I do not dwell *alone* beside the sea;  
 And tho' I know those mighty vessels never can be mine,  
 I'm as happy as a little man can be.



## HOW TO CAMP OUT.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.



"NO ONE AT HOME."

TO ME, no longer a young boy, the next best thing to really living in the woods is talking over such an experience. A thousand little incidents, scarcely thought of at the time, crowd upon my mind, and bring back with them the feeling of freedom and adventure, so dear to the heart of every boy. Shall I ever enjoy any flavor earth can afford as we did our coffee's aroma? The flapjacks, how good and appetizing! the fish, how delicate and sweet! And the wonderful cottage of boughs, thatched with the tassels of the pine,—was there ever a cottage out of a fairy tale that could compare with it!

I have tried to make a picture from memory, and the result lies before you. It is late in the afternoon; there stands the little cot, flooded with the light of the setting sun; those who built it and use it for a habitation are off exploring, hunting, fishing and foraging for their evening meal, and the small, shy creatures of the wood take the opportunity to satisfy the curiosity with which they

have, from a safe distance, viewed the erection of so large and singular a nest.

The boys will soon return, each with his contribution to the larder,—a fish, a squirrel, a bird, or a rabbit, which will be cooked and eaten with better appetite and enjoyment than the most elaborate viands that home could afford. And, although such joys are denied to me now, I can, at least, in remembering them, give others an opportunity to possess similar pleasures. It shall be my object to describe how these houses may be built and these dinners cooked, and that, too, where there are neither planks, nor nails, nor stoves. To boys well informed in woodcraft, I should need to give only a few hints; but, for the benefit of amateurs, we will go more into detail.

Four persons make a good camping-party. Before arriving at their destination, these persons should choose one of their number as captain.

The captain gives directions and superintends the pitching of the tent or the building of the rustic



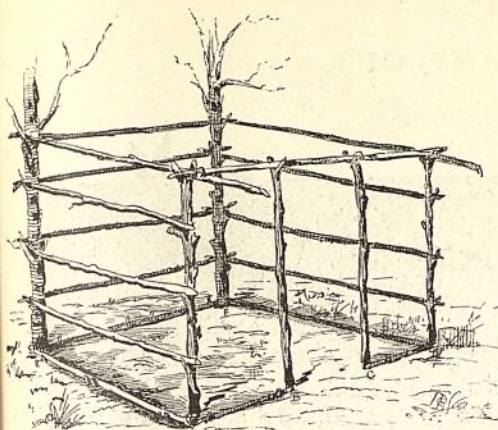


FIG. 1.—FRAME-WORK OF COTTAGE.

cottage. The site for the camp should be upon a knoll, mound, or rising ground, so as to afford a good drainage. If the forest abounds in pine-trees,

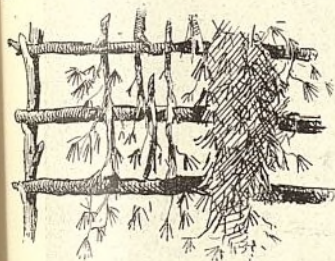


FIG. 2.—METHOD OF THATCHING.

the young cottage-builder's task is an easy one. It often happens that two or three trees already standing can be made to serve for the corners of the proposed edifice, though trees are not absolutely necessary.

Figure 1 represents part of the frame-work of one of the simplest forms of rustic cottage. In this

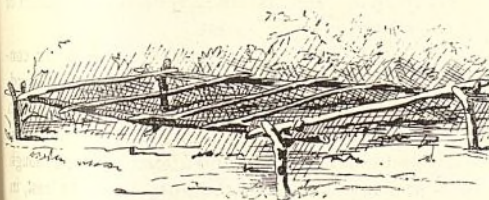


FIG. 3.—RUSTIC BEDSTEAD.

case, two trees serve for the corners of the rear wall. The upright posts are young trees that have been cut down and firmly planted at about four or five paces in front of the trees. As shown in the diagram, enough of the branches have been left adhering to the trunks of the upright posts, to serve as rests for the cross-bars. To prevent complication in the diagram, the roof is not shown. To make this: fasten on an additional cross-bar or two to the rear wall, then put a pole at each side, slanting down from the rear to the

front, and cover these poles with cross-sticks. When the frame-work is finished, the security and durability of the structure will be improved by



FIG. 4.—THE SPRING-MATRESS.

fastening all the loose joints, tying them together with withes of willow, grass, or reeds. The next step is to cover the frame. This is done after the method shown in Figure 2. From among some boughs, saved for this purpose, take one, and hang it upon the third cross-bar, counting from the ground up; bring the bough down, passing it inside the second bar, and resting the end on the ground outside the first bar; repeat this with other boughs until the row is finished. Then begin at the fourth bar, passing the boughs down inside the



FIG. 5.—MATTRESS COVERED WITH RUBBER SHEET.

third and outside the second bar, so that they will overlap the first row. Continue in this manner until the four walls are closed in, leaving spaces open where windows or doors are wanted. The roof is thatched after the same method, beginning at the front and working upward and backward to the rear wall, each row overlapping the preceding row of thatch. The more closely and compactly you thatch the roof and walls, the better protection will they afford from any passing shower. This completed, your house is finished, and you will be astonished to see what a lovely little green cot you have built.

The illustration entitled "No one at home" differs from the one we have just described only in

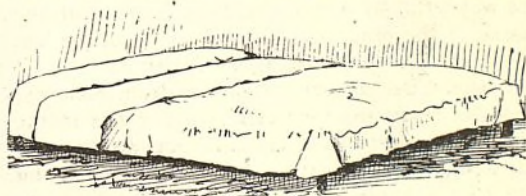


FIG. 6.—THE BED COMPLETE.

having the roof extended so as to form a sort of verandah, or porch, in front; the floor of the porch



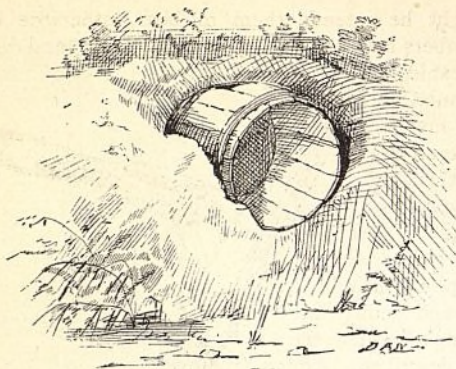


FIG. 7.—THE OVEN BEGUN

being covered with a layer of pine-needles. Should you find your house too small to accommodate your party, you can, by erecting a duplicate cottage four or five paces at one side, and roofing

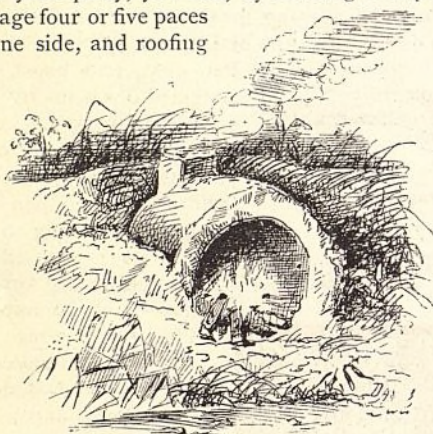


FIG. 8.—THE OVEN IN A BANK.

over the intervening space, have a house of two rooms with an open hall-way between.

Before going to housekeeping, some furniture will be necessary; and for this we propose to do

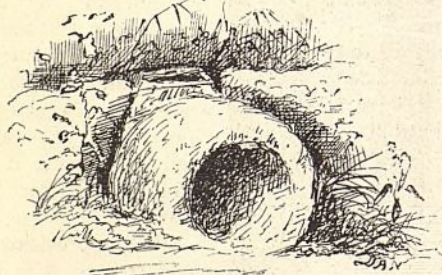


FIG. 9.—THE OVEN IN AN ARTIFICIAL EMBANKMENT.

our shopping right in the neighborhood of our cottage. Here is our cabinet and upholstery shop, in the wholesome fragrance of the pines.

After the labor of building, your thoughts will naturally turn to a place for sleeping. Cut four



FIG. 10.—FIRE-PLACE OF FLAT STONES.

forked sticks, sharpen the ends, and drive them firmly into the ground at the spot where you wish



FIG. 11.—READY TO COOK.

the bed to stand in your room. Two strong poles, long enough to reach lengthwise from fork to fork, will serve for side-boards, a number of short sticks



FIG. 12.—BOILING THE SOUP.

will answer for slats; after these are fastened in place, you have the rustic bedstead shown in



Figure 3. A good spring-mattress is very desirable, and not difficult to obtain. Gather a lot of small

A green branches, or brush, and cover your bedstead with a layer of it about one foot thick; this you will find a capital substitute for springs. For your mattress proper, go to your upholstery shop under the pine-tree, and gather several armfuls of the dry pine-needles; cover the elastic brush "springs" with a thick layer of these needles; over this spread

your india-rubber blanket, as shown in Figure 5, with the rubber side under, so that any moisture or dampness there may be in your mattress may be prevented from coming through. You may now make up your bed with whatever wraps or blankets you have with you, and you have (Figure 6) as complete and comfortable a bed as any forester need wish for.

I would suggest to any boy who means to try

weight he intends them to bear, otherwise his slumbers may be interrupted in an abrupt and disagreeable manner.

My first experiment in this line proved disastrous. I spent the greater part of one day in building and neatly finishing a bed like the one described. After it was made up, with an army blanket for a coverlid, it looked so soft, comfortable and inviting, that I scarcely could wait for bed-time to try it.

When the evening meal was over, and the last story told around the blazing camp-fire, I took off hat, coat, and boots, and snuggled down in my new and original couch, curiously watched by my companions, who lay, rolled in their blankets, upon the

hard ground. It does not take a boy long to fall asleep, particularly after a hard day's work in the open air, but it takes longer, after being aroused from a sound nap, for him to get his wits together,—especially when suddenly dumped upon the ground with a crash, amid a heap of broken sticks and dry brush, as I happened to be on that eventful night. Loud and long were the shouts of laughter of my companions when they discovered my misfortune. Theoretically, the bed was well planned, but practically it was a failure, because it had rotten sticks for bed-posts.

Having provided bed and shelter, it is high time to look after the inner boy; and while the foragers are off in search of provisions, it

will be the cook's duty to provide some method of cooking the food that will be brought in.

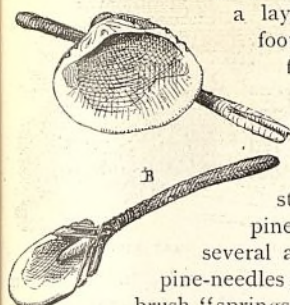


FIG. 13.—SPOONS.

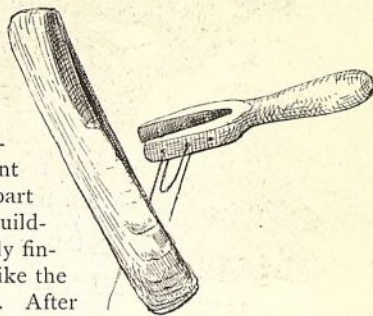


FIG. 14.—KNIFE-BLADE AND HANDLE



FIG. 15.—A RUSTIC KNIFE.

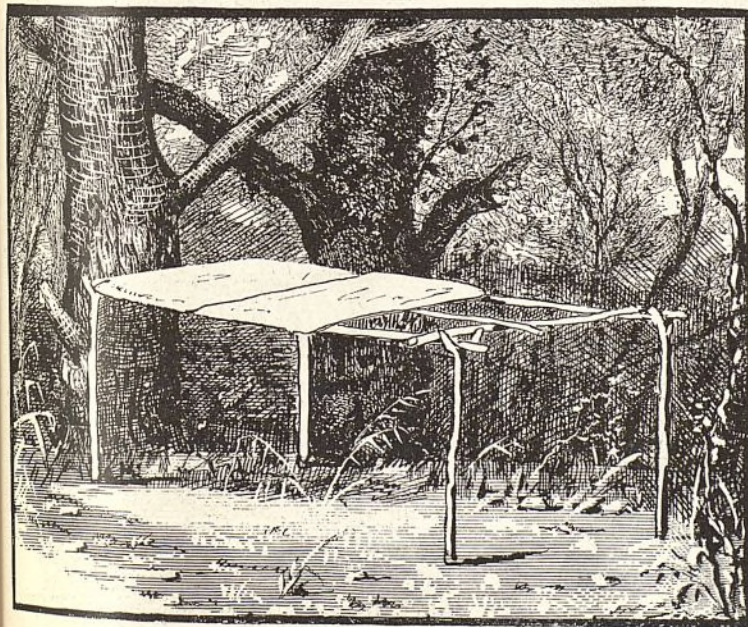


FIG. 16.—FRAME-WORK OF TABLE.

this rustic cabinet-making, to select carefully for the bed-posts sticks strong enough to support the



One of the simplest and most practical forms of bake-oven can be made of clay and an old barrel.

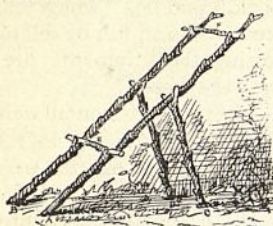


FIG. 17.—FRAME OF CHAIR.

Remove one head of the barrel, scoop out a space in the nearest bank, and fit the barrel in (Figure 7). If the mud or clay is not damp enough, moisten it, and plaster it over the barrel to the depth of a foot or more, leaving a place for a chimney at the back end, where part of a stave has been cut away; around this place build a chimney; Figure 8. After this, make a good, rousing fire in the barrel, and keep adding fuel until all the staves are burned out and the surrounding clay is baked hard. This makes an oven that will bake as well as, if not better than, any new patented stove or range at home. To use it, build a fire inside and let it burn until the oven is thoroughly heated, then rake out all the coal and embers, put your dinner in and close

and grayling, fresh from the cold water of northern Michigan, but never have I had fish taste better than did a certain large cat-fish that we boys once caught on a set-line in Kentucky. We built a fire-place of flat stones, —a picture of which you have in Figure 10,— covered it with a thin piece of slate, cleaned the fish, and placed it upon the slate with its skin still on. (Figure 11.) When it was done upon one side we turned it over, until it was thoroughly cooked. With green sticks we lifted off the fish and placed it upon a piece of birch-bark; the skin adhered to the stone, and the meat came off in smoking, snowy pieces, which we ate with the aid of our pocket-knives and rustic forks made of small green twigs with the forked ends sharpened.

If stones cannot be had to answer for this stove, there still remains the old, primitive camp-fire and pot-hook, shown in Figure 12. The very sight of this iron pot swinging over a blazing fire, suggests soup, to eat which, with any comfort, spoons are necessary. These are quickly and easily made by thrusting clam or mussel shells into splits made in the ends of sticks; Figure 13 A shows a shell and stick; Figure 13 B represents a spoon made firm by binding the shell in its place. A splendid butter-knife can be made from the shell of a razor-oyster in a similar manner, with a little care; see Figures 14 and 15.

If you stay any time in your forest home, you can, by a little ingenuity, add many comforts and conveniences. I have drawn some diagrams, as hints in this direction. For instance, Figure 17 shows the manner of making an excellent rustic chair. A and B are two stout poles; E and F are two cross-poles, to which are fastened the ends of a piece of canvas, carpet or leather (Figure 18), which, swinging loose, fits itself exactly to your form, making a most comfortable easy-chair in



FIG. 18.—CAMP-CHAIR.



A DINNER IN THE WOODS.

up the front with the head of the barrel, preserved for this purpose.

If there be no bank convenient, or if you have no barrel with which to build this style of oven, there are other methods that will answer for all the cooking necessary to a party of boys camping out. Many rare fish have I eaten in my time. The delicious pompano at New Orleans, the brook-trout

conveniences. I have drawn some diagrams, as hints in this direction. For instance, Figure 17 shows the manner of making an excellent rustic chair. A and B are two stout poles; E and F are two cross-poles, to which are fastened the ends of a piece of canvas, carpet or leather (Figure 18), which, swinging loose, fits itself exactly to your form, making a most comfortable easy-chair in



which to rest or take a nap after a hard day's tramp. It often happens that the peculiar formation of some stump or branch suggests new styles of seats. A table can be very readily made by driving four forked sticks into the ground for legs, and covering the cross-sticks upon the top with pieces of birch or other smooth bark; Figure 16 shows a table made in this manner, with one piece of bark removed to reveal its construction. In the illustration entitled "A Dinner in the Woods," the young campers are sitting at one of these tables, eating.

As a general rule, what is taught in boys' books, though correct in theory, when tried, proves impracticable. This brings to mind an incident that happened to a party of young hunters camping out in Ohio. Early one morning, one of the boys procured from a distant farm-house a dozen pretty little white bantam eggs. Having no game, and only one small fish in the way of fresh meat, the party congratulated themselves upon the elegant breakfast they would make of fresh eggs, toasted

crackers, and coffee. How to cook the eggs was the question. One of the party proposed his plan.

"I have just read a book," said he, "which tells how some travelers cooked fowls and fish by rolling them up in clay, and tossing them into the fire. Shall we try that plan with the eggs?"

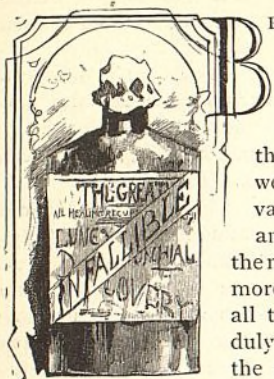
The rest of the party assented, and soon all were busy rolling rather large balls of blue clay, in the center of each of which was an egg. A dozen were placed in the midst of the hottest embers, and the boys seated themselves around the fire, impatiently waiting for the eggs to cook. They did cook,—with a vengeance! Zip, bang! went one, then another and another, until, in less time than it takes to tell it, not an egg remained unexploded; and the hot embers and bits of clay that stuck to the boys' hair and clothes were all that was left to remind them of those nice, fresh, bantam eggs. It was all very funny, but ever after, the boys of that party showed the greatest caution in trying new schemes, no matter how well they might seem to be indorsed.





## BESSIE AINSLEY DOCTORS THE DODDSES.

BY MRS. M. L. EVANS.



the upper shelves, rows and rows of boxes and bottles, all containing "doctors' stuff," the greater part of it belonging to the class of remedies known as patent medicines.

The herbs in the garret and the medicines in the closet were not there merely to be looked at; it was intended that they should be used, either internally or externally, by inmates of the Ainsley residence; and used they were by every one who was so unfortunate as to be smitten with a pain or an ache, or to receive a scratch, a burn, or a bruise, however slight.

Of the wisdom of Mrs. Ainsley's system, and its effect upon members of her family other than Bessie, I will leave you to judge. Bessie, at the time of this story, was eight years old, and a remarkably healthy child,—no thanks to the herbs and patent medicines; for it really was a matter of regret to her mother that Bessie should stand in so little need of these; not that she wanted her little girl to be sick, but it was "such a comfort to doctor folks up."

The effect of hearing so much about medicines, with perfect immunity from taking them, was to inspire Bessie with a profound respect for cure-alls and for her mother's knowledge concerning them; and what she thus learned at home she did her best to teach her playmates at school. She could tell them the name of any weed they could find, and what it was "good for"; the geography lessons that most delighted her were those in which were mentioned the drug products of the countries described; and she was also deeply interested in all of the little aches and bodily ills of childhood. The playmate with the nose-bleed, the boy with a stone-bruise on his toe, the girl with a headache, and the

one with the ache that comes of eating too much green fruit,—all found in her a sympathizing friend; and, though occasionally a sauce-box would call her "Mother Pillbags," as a general thing her ministrations and advice were most gratefully received; for if there is one thing that all children crave it is sympathy. But there came at last a case in which Bessie's sympathies carried her a little too far.

One day, early in the winter, Mrs. Ainsley came home with a new kind of cough-mixture,—she always bought every new medicine as soon as it came into the market,—this was called "The Great All-Healing Recuperative Lung and Bronchial Discovery," and it was accompanied by an almanac most fearfully and wonderfully gotten up in the way of illustrations, and containing innumerable testimonials to the virtues of the "Discovery," though it had been but just discovered.

Mrs. Ainsley was very enthusiastic over her purchase, and quite anxious for some member of the family to "catch cold," that she might test its powers. Bessie was, as usual, much interested, and studied the almanac with great care, particularly the illustrations.

The next day she came to her mother with a sad tale of the little Doddses, Addie and Jimmie, who had come to school, she declared, with the worst cough she ever heard. "And I told them, mamma," added she, "about your new medicine, and that they had better tell their mother to get some and cure them up, but they said that she always says she has n't any money to throw away on doctors' stuff, and 'most always lets them get well without any."

"Well, now, that's what I call downright criminal carelessness. 'No money to throw away on doctors' stuff,' indeed! She may have to pay fifty times the cost of that bottle of medicine, in doctor's bills, for neglecting that cough. But there is no use in talking to such people, Bessie, you waste your breath," and Mrs. Ainsley shut her lips very tightly indeed, as if she, for one, had no breath to waste.

That afternoon was a half-holiday, and after dinner Mrs. Ainsley went out, leaving Bessie to her own devices. The little girl fell to thinking about the little Doddses, with that dreadful cough, and no kind mother like hers to buy medicine for them. She did not know that the children she so pitied were in the first stage of whooping-cough, a disease more annoying than dangerous, and upon which not



all the medicines in her mother's stores would have had effect, or she would not have been prompted to do the absurd thing she did; for she soon decided to take the new medicine to Mrs. Dodds and see if she could not prevail upon her to test its merits upon the children, and to buy a bottle for further use. So she took the bottle from the closet, took off the wrapper, loosened the cork, and was about starting with it, when she happened to think that she did not know how much of the medicine to administer at one time. Yes, now she came to think about it, she was sure her mother said a table-spoonful was a dose. Now, the Doddses were poor, and Bessie thought very likely they had no spoons in the house but brass or iron ones, and she had often heard her mother say that nothing was fit to take medicine from but a silver spoon; so she took from the tray a silver table-spoon, and with the Great All-healing, etc., and the almanac with which to fortify her arguments in its behalf, she started out to play the good Samaritan.

Arriving at the Dodds residence, she found that Mrs. Dodds had gone from home, and left Addie, a girl of the same age as herself, and Jimmie, aged six, to take care of the house and a baby ten months old. Bessie was soon saluted by the cough that had so troubled her, and she lost no time in making known her errand. Although, as the children had said, their mother was not in the habit of giving them much medicine, still they had had sufficient acquaintance with it to acquire a hearty dislike to everything that bears the name; they flatly refused to take a spoonful of Bessie's cough-mixture, and

eyed the bottle with great disfavor. Bessie's strongest argument, namely, that the cough might grow worse and worse and the children finally die of it, was met by Addie with the unanswerable statement that they had had bad coughs before, and had n't died of them either.

Bessie was nearly in despair, when she happened to think of the almanac; opening it, she said:

"See here, Jimmie, look at this boy. It says, under the picture, 'before taking,' and the reading about him says that he has had a bad cough all winter. See how poor and thin he looks. He's got only a little bit of hair, and that all hangs down around his face as if it was going to fall off, and his clothes are all poor and old, and they hang on him just like bags."

"But I don't look like that," said Jimmie.

"No; but you may before spring, if your cough is n't cured," answered Bessie.

"Don't believe it," returned Jimmie, stoutly.

"Well, now, look at this picture on the next page," said Bessie; "it is the same little boy after he took the medicine. See how nice and fat he looks. How beautifully his hair curls! And what a nice jacket he has on, all covered with buttons!"

Here Bessie had, unconsciously, touched Jimmie's weak point; of the many things in the world that he wanted very much, a jacket covered with buttons stood the foremost; but he could not, for his life, exactly see how taking the medicine would bring it.

While he was pondering this question, Bessie had turned the leaf to another "before taking."



BESSIE INTENDS TO CURE THE DODDSES.



"O, do just look at this woman!" said she to Addie. "She's just what my mother would call a bag of bones, and she stoops as if she was going to fall over on her face. See that great wart, or mole, or something on her chin, and how sorry she looks about being so sick! Now look at this 'after taking.' How straight and fat and jolly she is. And I declare, if the wart is n't all gone! Why, Addie," lifting up a face all radiant with a bright, new idea, "I should n't wonder if the medicine would take that great mole off of your nose, that the children plague you so much about."

Addie was now as much interested as Bessie.

"Well," said she, "I would n't mind taking 'most anything if I could get rid of that, the girls do laugh so much about it. I say, Jim, I'll take a spoonful of the dose if you will."

Jimmie had already decided within himself to make the effort to get those buttons; so both swallowed the medicine that Bessie now poured out for them, with no protest other than that expressed by very wry faces.

"But the baby has the cough, too; she ought to have some of the medicine, ought n't she?" said Addie.

"Why, of course," said Bessie, and immediately poured out another spoonful, which, as it was not necessary to consult the helpless little innocent that lay kicking and crowing in the cradle, she proceeded to administer without delay. But the baby proved not so helpless, after all; she made quick work of taking the medicine; one sudden slap at the spoon sent the dark liquid in every direction but the one that Bessie intended it should take.

"Mother always holds her nose when she gives her medicines," said Addie. "You see, she has to open her mouth to breathe, then mother just chucks the stuff in, and she has to swallow it or choke, you know."

Bessie thought that a queer way in which to treat a baby, and concluded that, if the older children were thus taught to take medicines, it was little wonder that they did not like it; but she measured out another spoonful, saying nothing. Then Addie firmly grasped the baby's nose, Jimmie held its hands, and, when it opened its mouth, in went the medicine; but just then the poor, struggling little creature planted such a vigorous kick on Jimmie's chest that he dropped the hands with a howl; the liberated members flew up and sent the spoon spinning across the room, but not until the child had swallowed nearly three times what was intended for a dose of the medicine, because, you see, Bessie had made a mistake,—her mother had said a tea-spoonful, not a table-spoonful.

Now, the medicine contained opium,—a drug which every one knows produces sleep,—and if one

takes more than a certain quantity of it, he goes so soundly asleep that nothing can ever again awaken him.

Happily for the Doddses, and no less for Bessie, there was not enough opium in the spoonful that each had taken to produce such a sad result, though in less than an hour the stupefying effect of what they had taken became apparent. Bessie did not return home immediately; she sat talking with Addie about their school, their playmates, and the approaching holidays. Addie talked with animation for a while, but seemed, gradually, to lose interest; she yawned and rubbed her eyes occasionally, then her replies to Bessie's remarks, from being few and brief, became confused and indistinct. Jimmie, too, who had been buzzing around the room at a great rate, grew strangely quiet. Bessie turned to see what had become of him, and found him curled up in a large arm-chair, eyes closed and head nodding. She watched him a minute, laughing to herself, for he did look comical with his poor little head bobbing about so helplessly. Pretty soon she said:

"What is the matter with Jimmie? Does he take a nap every afternoon? Seems to me, he is too old for that."

Addie made no reply, and Bessie turned toward her. Behold, she was nodding, too!

Bessie sat bolt upright in amazement. Here were two children who, without apparent reason, were falling asleep in broad daylight; and, looking into the crib, she found that the baby, too, was fast asleep. What could it all mean? Just then her eye fell upon the bottle and spoon on the table, and they at once suggested the answer; for Bessie knew that there are medicines which put people asleep, and she instantly decided that this must be one of the kind. "And may be," said she to herself, "that is why it is so much better than any other cough medicine; the people who take it just go to sleep, and forget how bad they feel, and when they wake up again perhaps they find that they are all cured." But, as she thought more about it, certain vague doubts darkened somewhat this hopeful view; the only thing that remained perfectly clear to her mind was that she ought not to go home and leave these three children asleep and alone; she must stay with them until they awoke, or until their mother returned. So she settled herself in her chair, with a long sigh, and again fell to thinking uneasily about what she had done. She had taken the medicine from home without her mother's permission, and had given it to these children without their mother's permission. Now, what would both mothers say when they knew the truth? Besides, Mrs. Dodds might return home at any moment, and Bessie knew that she



had the reputation of being a high-tempered woman. What might she not do if she found her children in this condition? At this stage of her reflections, Bessie really began to tremble for her own safety. Still she waited bravely, hoping that the children would soon awaken; but a half-hour passed and they gave no sign of returning consciousness; then Bessie could stand it no longer;

ping Addie, the poor little doctor ran to Jimmie, and repeated the performance,—with a like result.

Bessie was now ready to cry in despair. "What have I done! What can I do!" gasped she, looking from one to the other of the sleepers. Then, like an inspiration, came the recollection of how mischief-loving Aunt Sue had awakened brother Tom one morning, when every one else in



DOCTORING THE BABY.

she had become so alarmed that she determined to make an effort to arouse the children, and then escape from the wrath to come, by running home.

So she went over to Addie and shook her soundly. The little girl so roughly handled half-opened her eyes, murmured some indistinct words, and dropped heavily back. Bessie shook her again and again, but Addie would only give a helpless blink and fall soundly asleep again. Then, drop-

ping Addie, the poor little doctor ran to Jimmie, by dashing a little cold water into his face. She ran to the bucket and brought a whole dipperful of water; she intended to use but a little of it, but in her nervous eagerness the dipper slipped from her fingers, and a quart of ice-cold water was dashed into Jimmie's face. In the twinkling of an eye he was awake, as wide awake as he could be and be nearly drowned. But Bessie was too



anxious to awaken the other children to stop to help him; she left him choking and spluttering while she got some water for Addie, whom she treated to a much smaller quantity, finding that it answered the purpose quite as well. It was now the baby's turn, but Jimmie had found his voice, and was howling so piteously to be wiped off and have a dry jacket, that Bessie turned her attention to him.

By the time she had dried his face, changed his jacket, and seated him by the fire, Addie had become thoroughly awake, and had joined him at the stove; and now they wailed, and scolded Bessie in chorus. They were cold, they were dizzy, their heads ached, and they "felt sick all over," and Addie declared that Bessie had tried to poison them with her dreadful medicine.

Bessie could hardly keep back her tears, but felt that she must make some defense.

"Well," said she, "it is a queer kind of medicine to put you to sleep so, but I meant to cure you of your coughs, and I guess it will; when your headaches go off, you will find yourselves all well."

But this consoling reflection did n't seem to have much effect upon her patients; they were in a most limp condition of body and unsatisfactory state of mind, so she turned her attention to the baby, which was still asleep. She took it up, shook it gently, and wetted its face with cold water; it was beginning to awaken when Addie, who had been looking on in sullen silence, suddenly thought of something.

"Bessie," said she, "bring me that little looking-glass that hangs under the clock. I am so dizzy that I know I'd fall over if I tried to go for it myself."

The looking-glass was immediately brought. Addie took one look into it, and turned on Bessie, furiously: "You mean thing! You story-teller! You said it would take the mole off of my nose, and you have made me sicker than I ever was in my life, and there is the mole yet, as big as ever it

was. Now you just go home, and I'll tell mother the instant she comes back!"

Bessie was almost crushed. "But the baby," said she, faintly, glancing at the child on her arm, which was falling asleep again.

"I'll take care of her," answered Addie. "I'd do it if I was a good deal sicker, before I'd let you touch the dear little soul again. Just go!"

And Bessie took up the bottle and spoon, and crept home, with the sick feeling about her heart that many an older philanthropist has learned to know so well.

Going into the house, she found her mother in the sitting-room, and, setting the bottle down on the table with a rap, she said, with all the force she could summon: "There, I don't think much of that medicine, anyway!"

"Why, whatever in the world have you been doing with it?" said Mrs. Ainsley.

Then Bessie briefly related her adventure, ending with a burst of miserable tears. Serious as the matter was, in one aspect, Mrs. Ainsley had much ado to keep from laughing; but she managed to say, soothingly: "Well, there, don't cry about it; they will soon get over the headache, and then, no doubt, will be the better for the medicine, and I will make it right with Mrs. Dodds, if she ever has anything to say about it."

Mrs. Dodds came the very next day, with a good deal on her mind "to say about it," but she was so mollified by receiving a present of a new dress for Addie, a comforter for Jimmie, and a warm sack for the baby, that she entirely omitted the highly-seasoned lecture which she had prepared upon "people minding their own business."

About Christmas time, too, Jimmie received a present of a new jacket which, for buttons, rivaled that worn by the boy in the almanac; but I regret to state that Addie still carries the mole on her nose.

Do you wonder that Bessie's faith in patent medicines grew weaker after this?







## THE DAISY MAIDENS.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

WHAT a flutter in the clover!  
 Did the South-wind pass?  
 No,—a dear old woman's garments  
 Brushed it, and—alas!—  
 Six unmannerly young Daisies  
 Giggled in the grass!

Alice, singing through the meadow,  
 'Called to Grandma, "See!  
 What a chance for daisy-faces!  
 Trust the dears to me;  
 I will make them caps and ribbons  
 Neat as neat can be."

While she deftly clipped and penciled  
 Frill and frowning face,  
 Six uncanny Daisy Grandams  
 Blossomed out apace;  
 But the naughty Daisy Maidens  
 Died of the disgrace.

## TWO FAMOUS OLD STONES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

"WHAT is the Rosetta Stone, mother?" asked an intelligent lad of fourteen years. "I have just been reading that, by its help, the inscription on the coffin of a newly arrived mummy was readily deciphered, showing it to be the body of a renowned priest who lived more than three thousand years ago. I do not see what the Rosetta Stone had to do with deciphering the hieroglyphics on a coffin."

"I am sorry, my son," replied the mother, "not to be able to give you the information you desire; and I, too, have been curious to know in what consists the great value of this wonderful stone. Yet, while others have been talking so glibly of its merits, I have shrunk from betraying my ignorance by asking what I have been longing to know."

Perhaps some of those who spoke "so glibly" of the Rosetta Stone were not better informed than

this gentle lady, whose constant cares in her kitchen and nursery left her little leisure for the study of books; and perhaps some of the boy and girl readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, also, have been puzzled to know just what this wonderful stone is. We see frequent allusions to it, in the sketches of Eastern tourists and in descriptive accounts of Egyptian antiquities, new specimens of which are being frequently brought to Europe and our own country; while it is taken for granted that everybody knows all about the Rosetta Stone. Well, perhaps the grown folk do, but I am writing for the boys and girls, who, I feel sure, are not ashamed to ask the meaning of what they do not understand. Nobody knows everything; nor is there any disgrace in not knowing what one has had no opportunity of learning; but there is both sin and shame in remaining ignorant in order to appear wise. Now let me tell you in what the great value of the

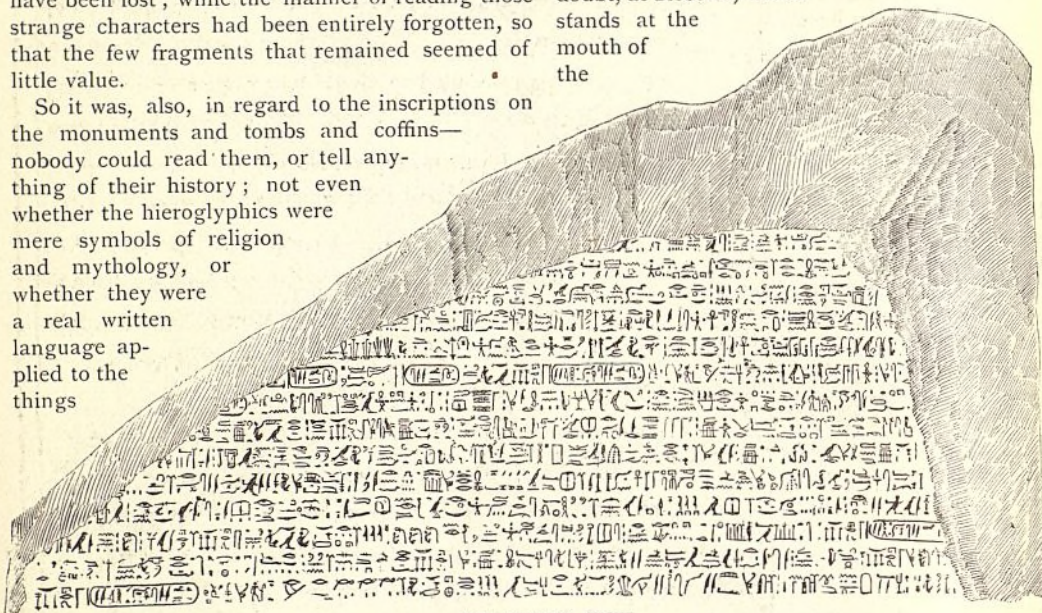


Rosetta Stone consists, so that you may the better understand its use. The art of writing was very early known to the Egyptians, and they had books before most other nations. This is proved by the writing implements found on monuments that are supposed to have existed before Moses was born. Clemens of Alexandria, who lived about seventeen centuries ago, states that in his day there were still extant forty-two sacred books of the Egyptians. They were all written in the old Egyptian characters that we call hieroglyphics, and most of them have been lost; while the manner of reading those strange characters had been entirely forgotten, so that the few fragments that remained seemed of little value.

So it was, also, in regard to the inscriptions on the monuments and tombs and coffins—nobody could read them, or tell anything of their history; not even whether the hieroglyphics were mere symbols of religion and mythology, or whether they were a real written language applied to the things

the Nile. Then, with new zeal and hope, scholars applied themselves to the task of deciphering these strange, mystifying symbols. But alas! the key was still wanting. If they had only had an authentic translation of just one ancient Egyptian inscription, into any language known to modern scholars, they might, by analogy, have continued to work out the others. And this is precisely what the Rosetta Stone came forth from its grave to furnish.

In August, 1799, Mons. Bouchard, a French officer of artillery, in digging the foundation of a redoubt, at Rosetta, which stands at the mouth of the



THE ROSETTA STONE.

of every-day life. Scholars all over Europe had been puzzling over the problem for two or three hundred years, trying to find out some way of reading these wonderful hieroglyphics; but for a long time with very little success. At length a Frenchman, named Quatremère, found out that the Coptic was the language of the ancient Egyptians, but the books that have come down to our times are mostly written in the Greek characters, with the addition of seven others from the demotic, or common language of the country. This was, however, one step toward learning how to decipher the mysterious writing on the tombs and monuments; and the famous expedition of Napoleon to Egypt furnished a second. The *savants*, or learned men, who accompanied his army, brought home exact copies of many inscriptions from Egyptian monuments; and, after that, the country was thrown open to the investigation of the learned, and the various museums of Europe began to be enriched with the spoils taken from the banks of

western branch of the Nile, found this stone. It is inscribed with various characters, which proved to be in three different languages,—that is, the old legend is inscribed three times, once in the old hieroglyphics, again in demotic characters, and the third time in Greek.

This stone, which is now held as a priceless treasure in the British Museum, is of a kind known by the learned as black semite basalt. It is four feet long by three feet broad, with one corner broken off, so that no one of the inscriptions was entire, although the larger part of all remained. Scholars saw at once its importance as a probable key to the reading of hieroglyphics; and the Antiquarian Society caused the inscriptions to be engraved and copies generally circulated among the learned men of Europe. Their attention was, of course, first turned to the Greek, which was found to be a recognition of the royal honors conferred on Ptolemy Epiphanes by the Egyptian priesthood

assembled and the co- tence directe cree should on a table in three w glyphics, in ordinary cha country, and with this key an untold am the inscriptio tombs and m become intel may now lea ages, condit quently som history, of t old mummie humed and us, after th thousands of

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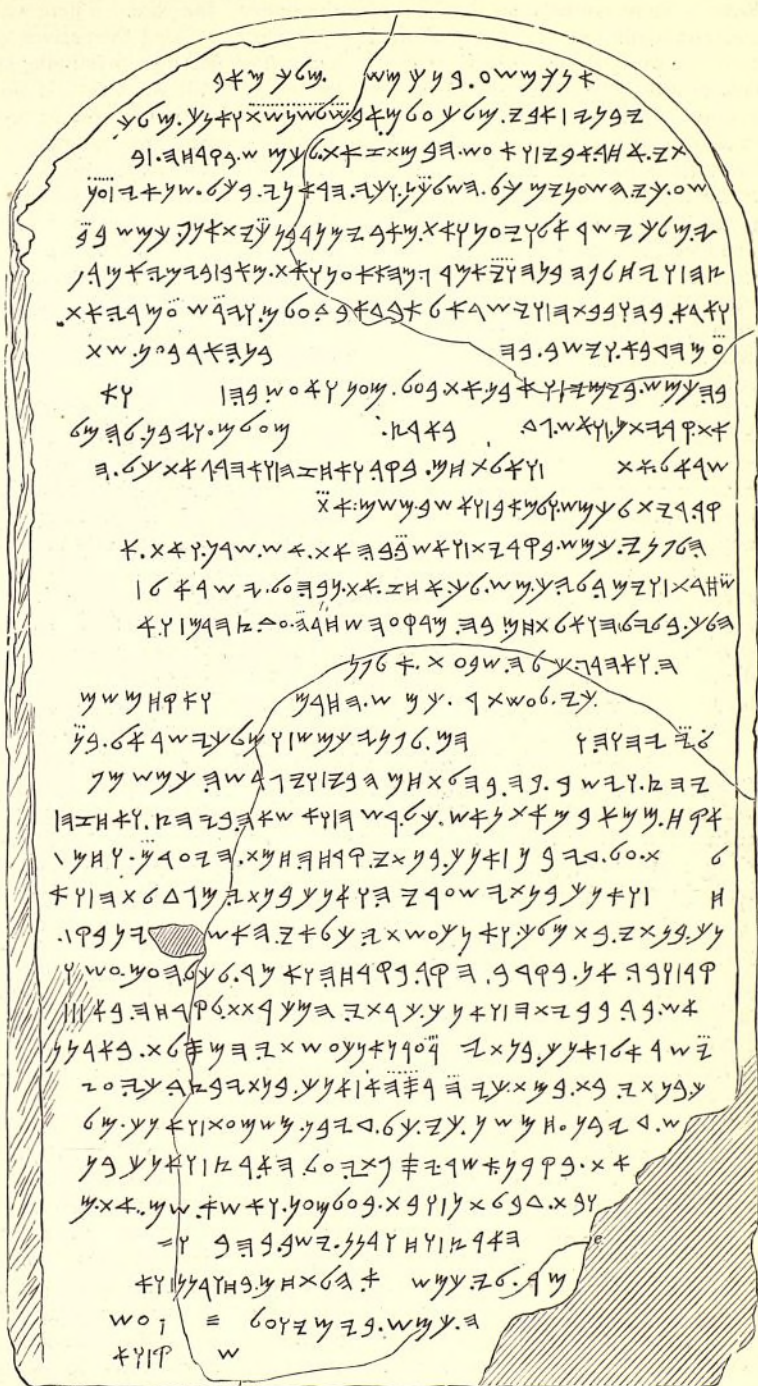
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assembled at Memphis; and the concluding sentence directed that the decree should be engraven on a tablet of hard stone, in three ways—in hieroglyphics, in demotic, or ordinary characters of the country, and in Greek. So with this key, coupled with an untold amount of study, the inscriptions on those old tombs and monuments have become intelligible, and we may now learn the names, ages, condition, and frequently something of the history, of those shriveled old mummies that are exhumed and placed before us, after their burial for thousands of years.

This is what the Rosetta Stone has done, and can you wonder that it is so highly prized; or that the learned men who have so rejoiced in its discovery, should take it for granted that everybody else has been engrossed with it, like themselves, and of course has learned all about it?

The Moabite Stone, another famous relic of ancient times, was found in the year 1868, by Mr. Klein, a missionary traveling in the country of Moab. It was a thick slab of basalt, measuring about three feet five inches high and one foot nine inches wide. The inscription upon it is the oldest existing writing in alphabetic characters, as it dates from about nine hundred years before Christ. It records the doings of Mesha, king of Moab, during the days of the Israelitish prophet Elisha, and of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat, kings of Judah and Israel, mentioned in the Bible in the third chapter of writing is given on page 32 of the second volume of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY magazine.



THE MOABITE STONE.



## THE "WEST WIND'S" LAST CRUISE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

JERRY and I are twins, and, if we live till the twentieth of next July, we shall be sixteen years old. We are as much like each other in looks as two peas in a pod, but the likeness does n't go any further than our faces. I am hasty and quick-tempered, as they say father used to be, when he was young, while Jerry is a cool, steady-going sort of chap, as good as gold. The fellows call him my balance-wheel. He is more like what mother was. She died years ago, but, somehow, I never hear little Boler, in the next room to us, talking about *his* mother, and praising her up to the skies, without a lump comes up in my throat, and I have to make believe I see a fellow out of the window that I want to speak to. I guess, if our mother had lived, Jerry and I would not have outgrown her, as some chaps do theirs. "Honor thy father and thy mother," the Bible says, and you don't catch me going back of that. Dr. Burton told us, one Sunday, that he "never knew of a boy that turned out bad who began by falling in love with his mother." And I think he is right.

Dr. Burton is the Principal of the "College Institute," where Jerry and I are at school. He was mother's brother, but he has been, and is, a regular father to us. We have lived with him ever since mother died; and as for Aunt Burton,—well, she can't be improved on much, I tell you.

You see, father is captain of the ship "Adelaide," and, like his father and grandfather before him, he is never contented ashore. He was home four years ago, for a day or two, and, oh, did n't Jerry and I beg of him to let us go just one voyage! But no, he would not.

"Stick to your books till you are eighteen years old," said father; "get geography and mathematics and navigation at your fingers' ends, and then,"—he said with a kind of sigh,—"if you are still of the same mind, you can try a voyage."

We felt pretty blue about it, for Jerry and I both meant to follow the sea, yet we felt father was right. But it was a bit aggravating that he should have taken Dick Newell, who is but three years older than Jerry and me, away with him, and made him second mate before he had been gone a year. And when Dick came home, how he did brag! You'd have thought that father could n't sail the ship without him! And he told everybody in Rivermouth that he was going first mate with Captain Harris on his next voyage.

But just before father sailed from Savannah, he

wrote to Jerry and me that he would rather not take Dick with him again. "He is a tolerable navigator," so the letter read, "and an excellent 'fair weather' sailor, yet in any emergency I cannot depend upon him. But he thinks himself A No. 1, and in an argument would try to prove that the Nautical Encyclopædia was wrong and he right. He has once or twice kindly attempted to give me a little advice as to the shortest ways of making and taking in sail; but that, of course, I don't regard. If he lives to be forty years old, he will learn what an ass he was at twenty, as a great many others have done."

I tell you, Dick felt pretty blue when Jerry let him know that father did n't want him again. But he went to New York a few days after, and wrote home from there that a rich fellow had engaged him as sailing-master for his new yacht. We found out afterward that this was a fib, for he was only one of the crew, which makes quite a difference. But this was the last we heard of Dick Newell for ever so long.

Aunt Joe is father's only sister, and though it seems funny to say it about a lady, she is a born sailor, like all the Harrises. She is pretty well on in life,—thirty-four or thirty-five, I think,—and for all she has so much money, she is not married. She has a nice house in Oldport, but she does n't stay there much. Summers, she just cruises along the coast in her yacht. And there was n't a better sea-boat anywhere than the "West Wind." Why, almost every winter she took a trip South,—round Hatteras, you know,—and two years ago she took a party clear to Havana, as comfortably and safely as though the "West Wind" was a thousand-ton Cunarder. Jerry and I always went with her in summer vacation, and Aunt Joe says, herself, that either of us can work the yacht as well as Cap'n Morrison, an old coast pilot who used to go as sailing-master.

"Generally speaking," says Aunt Joe, in her blunt way, "I don't fancy boys on board. They're apt to be rude, and sure to be sick. But you two are exceptions,—owing to belonging to the Harris family, probably."

Last summer holidays, Aunt Joe made up a little party for Mount Desert, and, good soul that she is, invited Jerry and me.

Well, we carried our traps aboard, bright and early, the morning we were to sail, and who do you suppose was the first person we saw? You might

have floored  
and behold  
Scotch brog  
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Sir Joseph F  
"Hello, b  
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"So you  
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"Cap'n N  
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"Yes," Di  
my grin; "  
to look after  
and only get  
wanted a hur  
is so mighty  
than —"  
It is lucky  
that the sigh

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have floored me with a feather duster! For, lo and behold! in place of old Morrison, with his Scotch brogue, there was Dick Newell, with a cigar in his mouth, giving off orders to Sailor Dan, as important as though he were the Right Honorable Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.

"Hello, boys!" he said, and shook hands very condescendingly; but I could see that he did n't feel very glad to find us of the party.

"So you 've left the 'Vesta,' eh, Dick?" says Jerry, as cool as you please, for he never seems taken aback at anything.

with luggage enough for a voyage to Europe, cut his story short just at that moment. But he began to help the ladies aboard very politely; so Jerry and I went below to stow away our traps.

Oh, but the "West Wind" was a beauty, from her royal truck clear down to her keelson! She measured about sixteen tons, and was schooner-rigged. She drew as much water as a pilot-boat of twenty tons, and Cap'n Morrison said that was what made her such a dry and safe boat in heavy weather.

The ladies' cabin was all finished off in bird's-eye



"A SAIL! A SAIL!" [SEE PAGE 636.]

"Cap'n Newell, if you please," answered Dick, standing on his dignity; and I laughed out,—I could n't help it, to save me, but Jerry never so much as smiled.

"Yes," Dick went on, pretending not to notice my grin; "t was too much responsibility, having to look after eight men aboard of a racing yacht, and only getting a hundred dollars a month. I wanted a hundred and twenty-five, but the owner is so mighty close, he did n't want to give more than —"

It is lucky for Dick's conscience—if he has one—that the sight of Aunt Joe's party on the wharf,

maple and walnut. There were six berths; the lockers all had cushions on them; there were a center-table and an easy-chair, both made fast to the floor; and, on one side, was a little bath-room. There was a store-closet between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins, but you could pass right through; for the table was generally set in one end of the boat. The cook-room and pantry were forward, under deck, and old Dinah, the stewardess, kept things as neat as wax, and you 'd have laughed to see how carefully she stowed away the crockery and everything, in the racks back of the ice-room.

"I guess Aunt Joe shipped her new sailing-



master in too much of a hurry to look at his references, eh, Jerry?" I whispered, while we were fixing our mattresses. For old Dinah told us, when she was setting the table, that Cap'n Morrison had disappointed Aunt Joe at the last moment. That was why she had taken Dick Newell, on the strength of his own story, for we found out afterward that he had boasted of having sailed a gentleman's yacht for years.

"May be," answered Jerry, in his quiet way; "but don't you go to making a noise yet awhile; keep your mouth shut and your weather-eye open, my boy."

"Very good," I answered, for Jerry is almost always right, and I generally mind him pretty well; "but suppose he runs us ashore, or —"

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," interrupted Jerry, and I knew it was just as well to keep quiet.

For, after all, Dick could work up latitude and longitude, and we had good charts of the coast. Besides, it would seem kind of mean, running to Aunt Joe with stories, when, like as not, he could get along as well as any one else if the weather held fair. And, if it came to the worst, Jerry and I knew two chaps who would do their level best, anyway.

Oh, it's just lovely, sailing out of Oldport, as we did that day, with a fair wind and summer sky! The harbor is shaped like a big letter U. The town lies in the bend, and an island, which reaches half-way across the open part, separates it from the ocean. We ran through the ship channel, round Light-house Point, and there we were, right out to sea, with nothing between us and Europe but steamers and vessels.

Aunt Joe has such a nice way of making people around her feel at their ease, that, in a little while, you'd have thought we had known one another always. There were Mr. and Mrs. Mayfair, from Boston, who had been married but a little while, and kept calling one another "dear," and "love." She was a very bright, pretty young woman, and he was dressed like Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinafore." His nobby little hat blew overboard before we got fairly outside. He had a big pair of opera-glasses strapped to him, and you would have laughed to hear him answer everybody "Aye, aye," and to see him hitch up his bell-muzzled trousers just like a mariner bold.

Mr. Thorpe and his wife were from Chicago. They were tremendously rich, and neither of them ever had smelt salt water before. You could n't help liking him, he was so jolly, and was always saying something to make one laugh. So was Mrs. Thorpe, only she did n't do it on purpose. Jerry said that, in spite of her diamonds, she was

a near relation to Mrs. Partington. Professor Hart was last, but not least, and just a splendid man. He did n't talk much, but what he said was worth listening to. Aunt Joe told us afterward that he used to sell papers in the street, and had worked his way up,—educated himself, as you might say,—and was now Professor of Mathematics at R—University. "God helps him who helps himself," my copy-book says, and I believe it, clear down to the bottoms of my boots.

After we were well clear of the land, Dick—for I sha'n't call him Captain Newell—got out a chart, and after considerable flourishing round with compasses and parallel ruler, he told Dan, who was at the wheel, to keep her E. S. E., and then, I guess, he turned in, for I did n't see him again till toward evening.

Jerry and I always stand our regular watch and watch, "four hours on and four hours off," as the sailors say, so we got along swimmingly. The wind was right astern, and I don't think I ever knew the sea so smooth as it was that day, and all night, too, for that matter.

Jerry, who is always noticing things, said that the sun set in a cloud-bank, and the barometer was falling; but, for all I could discover, the weather looked well enough. Besides, it was the sailing-master's business to watch the weather,—not the sailor's.

Next morning, everybody was on deck early to see the sun rise. It was so cloudy that we could only now and then see the sun itself, but the colors in the sky and sea were beautiful, I tell you. Up among the clouds, there was every shade of the rainbow, and the reflections on the moving water were a sight to see.

All that morning the breeze kept freshening and working round, till by noon it was about north-east. By that time we were close-hauled on the wind, and the sea was "getting up," as Dan said. All the time we were heading our course; but, for all that, we were edging away from the land little by little, till, what with the haze and the distance, it was shut out altogether.

Aunt Joe herself did n't like the looks of the weather, and began to talk about running in,— "that is, if you're sure of your whereabouts, Captain Newell," she said to him.

"If you say so, we'll go about, mum," answers Dick, "for Cape Elizabeth lies just two points on the weather-beam; but it's a pity to lose this wind because it looks a little cloudy."

"But the barometer is falling," said Aunt Joe, sort of undecided.

"Which it is apt to do in the finest weather, during the summer," was his answer, as bold as brass. So Aunt Joe said no more for the time.

But about heavy, and, north-west li master, who allowed tha for land. So under reefs, you don't kn women-folks the sails an tumble overb

But after "West Win green seas w her mast-head like a—a—M "West Win

"Baromet said Jerry, v where I stood light-hearted that always Newell, I am did n't seem

Poor Mr. M over the lee groaning and ing away in around like a

About eight pretty blue; and the "W stormy lookin painting.

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yacht would crack like a off close to th "Hooray!

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But about two o'clock that afternoon it came on heavy, and, I tell you, it blackened up in the north-west lively. And even our gallant sailing-master, who had been asleep below since dinner, allowed that we'd better shorten sail and run in for land. So the four of us got the "West Wind" under reefs, and, if you've never had a hand in it, you don't know what exciting work it is. But the women-folks seemed to think, with the slatting of the sails and all, that the yacht was going to tumble overboard, or something.

But after we got under weigh again, if the "West Wind" did n't walk Spanish! The big green seas would cockle and crest half as high as her mast-head; but she went topping over them like a—Mother Carey's chicken. Oh, but the "West Wind" was a bonny boat!

"Barometer going down,—dinner coming up," said Jerry, with a grin, as he staggered along where I stood at the wheel. He is one of those light-hearted chaps who never seem to worry, and that always makes me feel plucky. But Dick Newell, I am free to confess, looked flustered, and did n't seem to have much to say, anyway.

Poor Mr. Mayfair! I can see him now, hanging over the lee-rail, wet through and bare-headed, groaning and sick. And Mr. Thorpe was moaning away in the lee scuppers, where he rolled around like a cask.

About eight bells in the evening, things looked pretty blue; there was never a sign of light on land, and the "West Wind" was fairly flying over as stormy looking a sea as you ever saw in a marine painting.

Finally, we decided to take in the reefed mainsail and lie-to under a balance-reef foresail and storm-jib until morning. "We'll be carryin' the sticks out of her if we don't!" shouted Jerry; for, what with the wind and sea, we could hardly hear ourselves speak.

He had n't the words well out of his mouth when, with a roar like a great tornado, the wind burst all at once out of the north-west, ten times harder than ever! I thought we were gone, sure, and I remember I thought of father, and tried to pray, all in a second. The "West Wind" went down on her beam ends in the sea, and an awful wave, that boarded us, swept boat, water-casks, and a spare topmast smash through the bulwarks overboard! Dan had his wheel hard up, but the yacht would n't pay off till, all at once, there was a crack like a cannon, and the mainmast, snapping off close to the deck, went over the side.

"Hooray!" sings out Jerry, who was hanging on to the weather side of the house with Dick and me. For, the minute the mast went, the yacht righted,—the fore boom jibed over with a bang,

and then such going! It makes me hold my breath to think of it. One minute we'd be almost becalmed in an awful gulf, with a black mountain of water ahead and astern; the next we were spinning down a long descent, scooping up tons and tons of green sea at every plunge.

Dick was in a regular daze. At one time he'd think we'd better heave to. Then he guessed we'd better scud. And, finally, he said he did n't know what to do, and thought we'd better all pray.

You can—no, you can't, either,—imagine what an uncomfortable time it was. The men-folk sick and frightened, the ladies frightened and sick. All but Aunt Joe and the Professor. Trumps, both of them. They handed us out some luncheon, and the Professor lent me his ulster. Every one of us on deck was a little wetter than a drowned rat.

Finally, the weather began to moderate. Now, before Jerry and I had cut the mainmast clear of the side, the heel of it had given the "West Wind" one or two awful pokes under the quarter. And when I saw Jerry with the sounding-rod in his hand, I knew what he was thinking of.

While he was watching his chance to get at the pump-well, Mr. Mayfair and Mr. Thorpe crawled on deck.

"We can't—er—anchor, or, or—anything?" asked Mr. Mayfair. Poor man, he was frightened nearly to death, though now the wind and sea were going down, and there was a sort of break in the clouds.

Dick Newell had just begun to spruce up and talk in an important kind of way about rigging a jury-mast, when Jerry came aft, as white as a sheet, with the sounding-rod in his hand.

"Aunt Joe," he said,—and the brave fellow's voice shook just a little,—"it's a pretty hard show for us; there are two feet of water in the hold, and I'm afraid that a butt is started, where the mast struck."

Well! How I felt about that time, is neither here nor there. But I watched Jerry, and as he did n't show the white feather, I made up my mind that I would n't.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Dick, "we're lost,—we're lost!"

"We'll rig the pumps, anyway," muttered Dan, who was a whole crew in himself; and he went to work at once.

Poor Mr. Mayfair took his young wife right into his arms before all of us, and fairly blubbered.

"A feller don't care a copper for himself, Viola, dear," he said, "but when he's got a wife—"

I always respected Mayfair after that, if he was a bit soft, and I slapped him on the back, half ready to cry myself.



"Good for you, old chap," I said. And I meant it, too.

Just then it was, that the Professor came out in a new light. You should have seen him pump! His long arms went like a perpetual motion. And when Dick Newell began to cut up rusty and say it was no use—he was n't going to use himself up for nothing, the Professor, who is as strong as a young steam-engine, just collared him and walked him to the pump-brake, where he kept him working lively for a time. It was Professor Hart, too, who went around encouraging everybody, beginning at Aunt Joe and ending with old Dinah. You see, we kept the yacht jogging along before the wind, barely hoping to meet a vessel, which was better than lying-to and sinking without trying to do anything. And while the Professor was ciphering out on the companion-way slide how long she could keep afloat,—so many cubic feet of air, to so much displacement of water, to such an amount of buoyancy, all at once he looked up, threw down his pencil, cut a regular pigeon's-wing, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"A sail! A sail!"

Sure enough! It had been kind of thick and hazy round the horizon, but all at once it lifted, the sun shone out bright, and there was a full-rigged ship under top-gallant sails braced sharp up on the wind, heading right for us.

We set our flag union-down, and the ship ran up her ensign, so we knew that she saw us. "When I saw the steeple of the little church," says Mark Tapley in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "I thought it would a' choked me." Which was the way I felt when I saw the ship.

"'Feller's a—a—fool," said Mr. Mayfair, "that—er—says there's no—a—Providence and all that sort of thing." His wife did n't make any answer, but her eyes were full of tears.

I tell you there's no finer sight in the world than a big vessel under sail, especially to anybody situated as we were. No painter ever painted any such picture as that ship made. She'd heel over, as the wind freshened a bit, and you'd see the bright copper below the water-line glisten through the green seas; then she'd rise to her bearings and plunge forward with a great sheet of white foam round her bows—oh! it was just grand. I sha'n't forget it—never.

By the time she'd run past us and hove to, our deck was level with the water. And, if you'll believe me, her boat had n't fairly got alongside, when that sneak Dick Newell made a break for it, the very first one! But Professor Hart reached for him. "Wait your turn, you coward," he said, and the way he set him down on deck was beautiful. He waited.

No one made much talk after we were fairly in the boat and were pushed off. Aunt Joe drew her hand across her eyes as she looked back and saw the "West Wind" give a lurch and disappear, and I came nigh sniveling, only for Jerry.

"She'll have another one built inside of a year," he whispered, and Jerry generally knows what he is talking about, so I kept a stiff upper lip.

"Tight squeak for you, mum," said the mate, who was steering. I guess he was n't much used to ladies, for he never opened his mouth again till we got on board.

The boat was hoisted up and the ship got under way. The captain stood with his back to us, all the time, watching a sail through his glasses, as indifferent as a monument, just as though saving a pleasure party from a sinking yacht was too common a thing to mind much.

We all stood round on the quarter, awkwardly enough, till Aunt Joe stepped forward.

"Captain," she said, touching his arm, "we owe our lives——"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the captain wheeling round as if somebody had struck him; "why—what!——"

You should have seen all our faces—especially Jerry's and mine! I guess the sailors thought Aunt Joe had found a long-lost lover, as people do in story-books.

For Aunt Joe screamed, "Oh John, dear John," and fainted dead away in his arms! So, with Aunt Joe and two fellows about the size of Jerry and me, who bolted at him at the same time, the captain was all struck aback.

When a couple of chaps have not seen their father for four years, and are thinking he is three or four thousand miles off, and when all of a sudden they are plumped right down before him on a ship's deck in mid-ocean, as one might say, they've a right to be a little hystericky, have n't they?

"Mr. Marline," said father to the mate, quite helplessly, "will you have the goodness to let the watch sway up the fore to'gallant halyards! That will wake me up I guess," we heard him mutter, as he rubbed his hand across his eyes and looked at us all by turns, as if he were in a dream. But he did come to, at the boatswain's whistle, and then it seemed as if he'd never stop asking questions and wondering.

You see, the "Adelaide" had been ordered from Liverpool to Boston, instead of making a long voyage as father had expected. And so it was that he had got off our coast, just in time to pick us up, as the event proved.

Well, we arrived in Boston two days afterward, safe and sound.

"Viola and I are much obliged for hospitality



and that sort of thing," said Mr. Mayfair, as he put his wife into a hack on the wharf, and turned to bid us good-bye; "but I guess we sha'n't go to sea any more. Feller whose liver's out of order better stay home," he added.

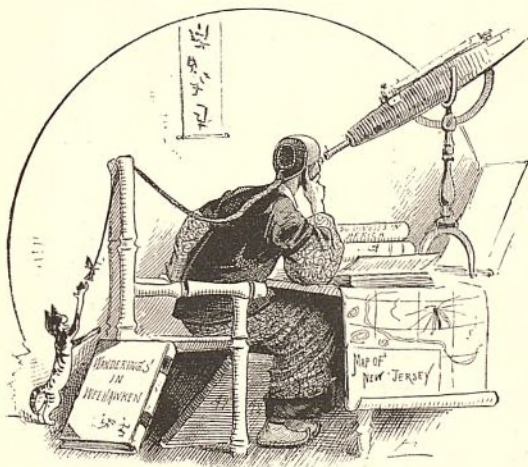
"I'm going to retire as far away from the blustering billows as ever I can," were Mrs. Thorpe's last words when they started for Chicago, and her husband said that after this his pleasure trips would be by land—he was too nervous, he said, for sea-

going. Dick Newell sneaked off without saying anything, and afterward shipped in the "Rainbow," before the mast.

Auntie Joe is going to have another yacht built, and she has invited the Professor to be present at the launching. This he said he would do with pleasure, as long as he could witness it from firm land. But father says Jerry and I have shown ourselves to be such good sailors that we shall go with him next voyage. Hurra!

## AH LO.

BY ROBERT S. TALCOTT.



A MERCHANT of China, one sunshiny day,  
Sat sipping his tea in a leisurely way,  
And thoughtfully twisted the end of his queue,  
While he pondered the question of what he should do.

Ah Lo was his name, but, ah!—high was his station;  
His wealth gave him rank with the first of the nation.  
His wealth had increased to so great an amount,  
His houses and stores he no longer could count;

So,—retiring from business,—relieved from all care,  
He resolved upon travel. The question was,—where?  
He had been a large reader of travelers' books:  
Had read about "Stanleys," and "Franklins," and "Cooks";  
But ambition, like theirs, made him wish to explore  
Entirely new countries, ne'er heard of before.

He thought on this subject by day, and night, too,  
But the deeper he thought the more puzzled he grew,

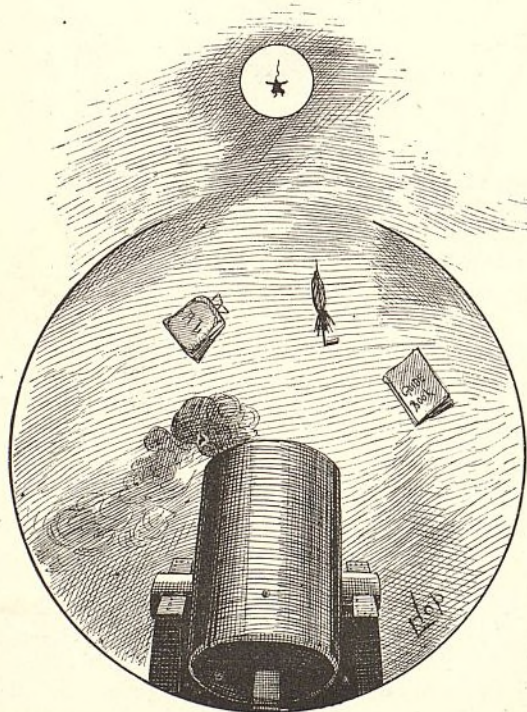


Till—sad to reflect on!—the pressure and strain  
Of continual thinking subverted his brain.  
Since he could not on Earth, what he wanted, espy,  
He looked for his goal in the star-dotted sky,  
And, gazing at “Jupiter,” “Venus,” and “Mars,”  
Became fully convinced he could get to the stars.

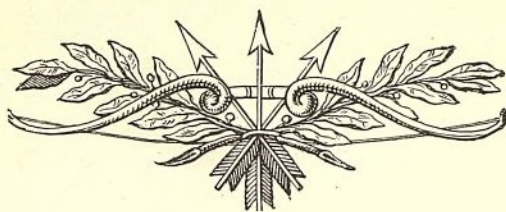
This notion grew stronger,—at last he declared  
There was nothing a man could not do,—if he dared:  
He would travel as no other man had yet done,  
By shooting himself from the mouth of a gun.  
The gun was procured, and loaded with care;  
Then placed in position, the muzzle in air.  
Ah Lo took his seat, with a smile on his face,  
Then a flash,—and a bang!—and he started through space.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some few of his friends, who knew his sad plight,  
Still meet in his summer-house, night after night;  
And, softly and silently sipping their tea,  
Wonder often, but quietly, where can he be?  
“We know he *is* gone, for we saw him depart;  
In fact, we were present, and helped him to start;  
But *where*?—In the bustle and hurry of going  
He forgot to provide any means for our knowing.”







## THE GOOD SHOT.

*(A Short Tale in Short Words for Boys both Tall and Short.)*

BY JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

✱

ONCE there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone, or a sling-shot, or a bow-and-arrow, or a cross-bow, or an air-gun, or anything he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he came near. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or his mother's left eye-glass, or anything he chanced to see.

Near where he lived there lived a little bird who had a nest and five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads, always wide open for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight next morning.

Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back quick with a bit of some kind of food. And though she did not eat much herself, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want; not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on a wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and of course aimed at her and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and as they were hungry they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of

all, but she could not come up to them, nor even tell them why she did not come. And when she heard the call of the small one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing in a droll way. I think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her tumble over.

All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered, only when the good marksman chanced to pass near by; then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them. Some time in the night the mother-bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest where her young ones were dying of hunger.



But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again. And the next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest. And in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow mouth to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth still wide open and empty.

And so, the good marksman had killed six birds at one shot,—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy? Should you not like to do the same?

If you know him, please read this little tale to him. He may like to hear it.





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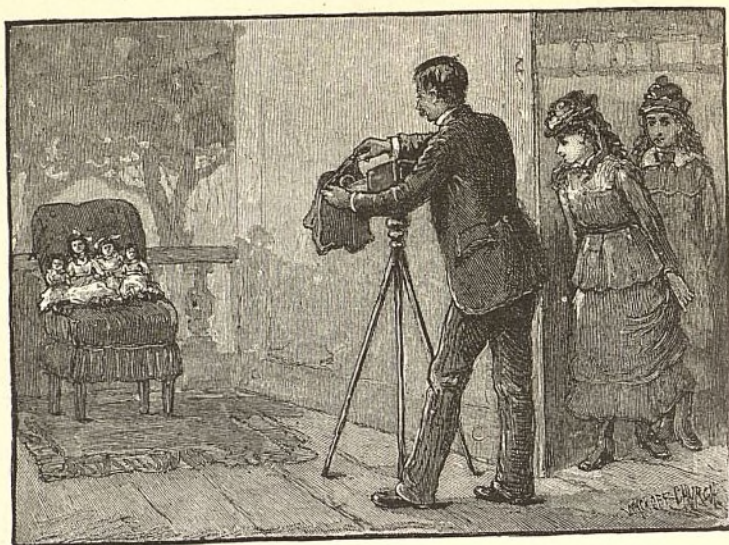
## FOREIGN HEAD-DRESSES.

BY SPHINX.

THIS queer-looking page of queer-looking heads looks strangely like a puzzle; and perhaps it might puzzle you to know where they all came from, and who they are. They come from different countries on the continent of Europe, and you would see just such heads, with just such hats and head-gear, if you traveled there now. The one up in the left-hand corner need not be explained, as he looks the picture of a jolly Irishman, with a sprig of shamrock and a pipe tucked in his hat, just coming from a fair; while the man with a mask, looking at him, comes from sunny Naples, where he acts the part of a clown, and is always seen at the carnivals and merry-makings. Very unlike is he to his two neighbors on the right,—the one a solemn Spanish priest, with a long shovel-hat, and the other a still more solemn old English guardian of the Tower of London, dressed in a costume of the time of Henry the Eighth; he feels his dignity and position, but not as much as does the officer just below him, who is one of the Horse Guards, and is used to being stared at by every one. The three in a row just in front of him are all from the British Isles, and live a long distance from the strange, odd-looking old man in the row beneath, who is a dignitary of Persia, and has to bow his tall, fur hat before the Shah, his master. I do not think you would find his neighbor, who is just opposite to him, so servile and obedient, for he comes from the mountains of the Tyrol, and much prefers his free life—wandering over the hills with his gun—to living in any court, however gorgeous. The Tyrolese hunter seems to be poking his gun into a very staid individual with a large cocked hat. He looks as if he were a very grand personage, and, in fact, he feels himself to be such, for he is the coachman of a Neapolitan prince, and feels much prouder than his master as he sits on his coach with his best livery. He looks down with contempt on the poor fisherman, his countryman, below him; but the fisherman, with his red cap, does not seem to care, for he sings all day long as he pulls in his net with a few sardines, and is as happy as a king. His singing is very different from the singing of the old, fat monk, who goes about begging in a very old rusty-brown gown, and who chants his

prayers two or three times a day through his nose. The only hat that he has is the long, peaked hood at his back, which can be drawn over the face at pleasure. He seems to be staring at a French Zouave, with turban and bronzed face, who has been in the wars in Algiers; and also at an Italian sharp-shooter, who seems weighed down beneath his load of cocks' feathers; in fact, these plumes are so large that they seem to cover the entire side of his hat and shoulder; he is very vain, however, of his head-dress, and he would not exchange it for the monk's old brown hood for any money. The only ornament the little Breton baby has on his cap is a big worsted tassel, and that is the way they dress the boy-babies in Brittany; the girls have a similar cap, but no tassel, so the queer little head put by the soldier is a little Breton boy. Down in the left-hand corner is one of the French gendarmes, who are seen all over Paris, and they maintain order and quiet, as the police do. He has a very picturesque hat, and he knows how to put it on in a very Frenchy way; and when he throws the end of his cloak over one shoulder and waxes out his moustaches, he thinks he is a perfect marvel of beauty. But he is not really so handsome, nor so picturesque, as his Italian neighbor, who is only an Italian peasant, and comes from a little mountain town, where he sleeps and dances all summer, tends a few olive-trees and vines in the autumn, and sits as a model to the artists at Rome in the winter; for he has very large, dark eyes, and long hair and beard, and looks very well in a picture; better, you think, than the little man with a pointed cap, who is a French student listening to a very dry lecture; or the Breton peasant with his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; or the man with a large head and curly hair and an astonishingly little cap perched on top of it over his forehead. He is a German student, and the little cap is very important, as it shows to what society he belongs; it is more for ornament than for protection. He is fond of fighting duels with a little narrow sword, and sitting by the hour with a big pipe in his mouth and a large glass of beer by his side. His queer face and odd little round cap finish our page, bringing us to the last corner.





PHOTOGRAPHER: "NOW! SIT PERFECTLY QUIET. LOOK PLEASANT!"

## LOST AND FOUND.

BY FLORENCE SCANNELL.

ON the south coast of England is the little village of Swanston, consisting chiefly of fishermen's cottages. The few houses of any pretensions it possesses are built along the front, facing the sea, and this part of the village is called the Marine Parade. In the summer these houses are let to the few families who come to enjoy the pure air and good bathing, without the noise and dress of more fashionable seaside places.

In one of the cottages lived a fisherman, named Jem Price. He was not a native of Swanston, having come there about six or seven years before, with his wife, and one child about a year old. Mrs. Price was a neat, industrious woman, and Jem's cottage, in her time, was very bright and cheerful; the little child was well clothed and fed, and Jem always looked happy. Unfortunately, his good wife died about a year after their arrival, and poor Jem, feeling very lonely, and with the baby on his hands, married again. His second wife was a careless, untidy woman, who did not take very good care of her own children, and paid still less attention to little Jacky, who, at the time our story begins, was about eight years old. He was a pretty, bright little fellow, with fair, curly hair and dark blue

eyes, and, in spite of his poor home, would sing and play merrily enough with the other children on the beach, and was always ready to do an errand for any of the neighbors, who would often call him in and give him a dinner and a seat by their fire in the winter.

Everybody liked Jacky, and sometimes he was fortunate enough to earn a sixpence by holding a horse for some gentleman.

One day, as the season was just beginning, Jacky, on the look-out for jobs, was walking down the High street on his way to the Parade. He saw one of his playmates, Molly, a child about seven years old, struggling with a boy much bigger than she was. Molly was the daughter of a poor Irish fruit-woman, who had often been kind to Jacky, so he ran quickly to see what was the matter. When he came up, the boy ran away with two apples, which he had taken from Molly. The little girl was selling fruit for her mother, who was sick, and she cried bitterly as the boy made off with at least one quarter of her stock of apples. Jacky, who was a brave boy, and strong and active for his age, was after the thief in a minute, and, soon catching him, he threw him down and took the apples from



him; then he returned with them to Molly, flushed and panting.

"Well done, my boy," said a voice, "you'll make a good soldier some day."

Jacky looked up in astonishment and saw a tall gentleman, with a brown beard and moustache, looking kindly at him. The boy colored with pleasure at the praise, and gave his front hair a pull in salute. The gentleman tossed him a shilling and walked on, amused with the incident.

"Who's that gentleman?" said Jacky. "I never saw him before, Molly; did you?"

"Oh," answered Molly, "it's the ossifer what's come and took Mrs. Hawkins's white house for the summer. He and his wife have got a little girl who comes down to bathe every mornin' in the sea, and sometimes she goes out on a pony; and just look, Jacky, there she is comin' along now."

Jacky turned, and saw a pretty little girl, with large blue eyes and soft golden hair, coming up the street on a white pony, led by a groom. She turned into the Parade, and the children, following quickly, saw her stop at one of the largest houses.

The door opened, and the tall, brown-bearded "ossifer," as Molly called him, came down the steps and lifted the little girl from the pony. She ran into the house, gathering up her long blue skirt, but soon appeared again with pieces of sugar for the pony, who looked intelligently at his little mistress and rubbed his nose against her. The pretty child looked pityingly at the ragged, forlorn little creatures, and brought out some biscuits to give them.

When the pony was led off, Molly and Jacky walked slowly away, talking about the little girl and her wonderful horse; but they soon parted, and Jacky went home.

That evening, when he had finished his supper, he sat leaning his head against the door, looking out toward the sea; his thoughts full of the tall gentleman who had spoken so kindly to him, and of the beautiful little girl. He was roughly awakened from his reverie by a box on the ear. "Get out of my way," said his stepmother, who was just going out. "You've had your supper, so now go to bed and don't be settin' in the door to trip people up, as if I had n't plenty to do with my own children without being bothered by other people's." Jacky, knowing from experience what he might expect if he did not obey, was glad to slip off to his hard little bed.

The next morning, Jacky went up the High street until he reached the baker's shop, and stood there looking at the tempting fresh rolls and loaves in the window. He had had a poor breakfast, and

had given his shilling to his stepmother. He watched the people going in and out of the shop, looking wistfully at the bread they carried away. At last a stout, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a younger one, coming out of the baker's, stopped and looked at him.

"Why, little boy, you look as if you'd like a roll, eh! I'd sooner give you that than money, for I don't approve of beggars," said she.

"Please, ma'am, I'm pretty hungry," said Jacky. The kind woman bought a roll and gave it to him, Jacky thanking her warmly.

"Well, Susan, it's a pleasure to see him so grateful. What nice eyes he's got, just like Miss Lillie's, I declare. What's your name, child? Have n't you got a mother to mend your clothes a little?"

Jacky told her he had only a stepmother, and she looked pityingly at him and then walked on, saying to Susan: "Ah, what would the Colonel give for a boy like that! His own son would have been just about that size if he had lived. Such a beautiful babe he was, and so proud and happy as they were when he was born! I thought the mistress would have died when the news came of that dreadful shipwreck, and the Colonel was like to go out of his mind with grief."

"Now, do tell me all about it, Mrs. Hunter. I never heard tell of it before," said Susan.

"Well, Susan, you must know India has a very bad climate, and the little English children don't thrive there at all. So when Miss Lillie, who was born there, was about two years old, she began to pine away, and had n't a bit of color in her cheeks, and at last the mistress sent her over to her mother in England, and for some time they thought she'd never live, so delicate was she. Then, when the other child was born, about six months after Miss Lillie had left, the mistress said she would n't risk his precious life, and as soon as he was a year old she sent him, with his black nurse, the ayah, and a family she knew, that was going home to England. It nearly broke her heart to part with him, but she would n't leave her husband, and she knew it was saving the life of the children. Well, the voyage seemed to be got over pretty well, but just as they were nearing home an awful storm came on, and something, I don't know what, got wrong with the steamer, and it foundered on some rocks, in a fog; and though they said the sailors worked hard and did their best, still some of the lives of the passengers were lost, and among them poor Mrs. Seymour's sweet baby, and the ayah, too. The mother seemed as if she could never get over the loss, and even now, though it's more than six years ago, and she tries to be gay and cheerful with the Colonel and Miss Lillie, I often see her eyes fill



with tears when she looks at the sea, or at some little boy, and she says to me: 'Ah, nurse, if only my little Cecil had lived! How could I ever have sent my darling from me!'"

"Poor lady!" said Susan, "no wonder she can't bear Miss Lillian out of her sight. How she must have longed to see her after the other one was lost."

"Yes, indeed; but soon after the dreadful trial of losing their little boy, the Colonel gave up the army, and they left India; which I really think was the saving of the mistress's life, for it was a great consolation for her to have the other child with her."

Chatting thus, the two servants soon arrived at the house Colonel Seymour had hired for the summer; the pure air of Swanston having been recommended for his little daughter, who, like many other children born in India, was very delicate and required great care.

In the course of the morning Jacky strolled down to the beach, and he had not walked far, before he saw little Molly, the fruit-girl, lying asleep on the sand. She had been out for some hours with her fruit-basket, and had now come down to the beach for a little play. But she was so tired, that after gathering a few shells she lay down and soon fell asleep. Jacky saw that the tide was coming in, and that the water would soon reach the sleeping girl; and he was just about to awaken her, when a very interesting sight caused him to forget all about her. Colonel Seymour, his wife and little daughter were walking on the beach, at a short distance, evidently looking for a boat in which to take a sail.

"Boat, sir? Nice day for a sail, sir, and you 'd find the 'Fairy' is about the best boat here, sir," said a boatman approaching the party.

"Very well, my man," said the Colonel, "get her ready. We'll see if we can catch some fish for mamma, Lillie."

The little girl clapped her hands, and the fisherman lifted her into the boat very carefully, as if he were afraid such a dainty little creature would break in his strong hands. Then the others got in and they pushed off, several boys running up to help, among whom was our little friend Jacky, who gazed with great admiration at the sailing party, particularly at Mrs. Seymour, whose face, in some way, seemed familiar to him.

He wandered off by himself, not feeling inclined to play, and puzzling his brains to remember where and when he could have seen Mrs. Seymour before. He scrambled upon a rock from which he could see the boat; he heard the laughter of Lillie, as she dipped her hands in the water and splashed her father, and saw the Colonel shake the drops off

his beard and pretend to throw the mischievous little sprite into the sea; and he saw her mamma lean forward, half in play and half in fear, to stop such wild pranks.

Jacky felt sad, and the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of his miserable home and unkind step-mother. He wondered if that gentleman wanted a boy to help in the stables or anything; he would be so happy if they would take him. He sat on the rock for a long, long time, and then, all of a sudden, he remembered Molly, and ran off to the place where she had been lying. She was not to be seen, and for a moment Jacky was frightened. "I wonder if she is drowned!" he said to himself. "I'll run up to her house and see if she's there." But just as he started he happened to see the fishing-boat come in. This attraction was too strong for him, and he ran down the beach, reaching the boat just as the party stepped ashore.

"Hallo, here's the champion of the apple-girl again," said Colonel Seymour. "Here, boy, come and carry this basket up to the house for us."

Jacky ran up, charmed at being employed, and walked up after them, listening to their merry talk. Lillie turned round now and then to see if the precious basket of fish was being safely carried, looking at the ragged little boy with curiosity.

"Tell me about him, papa," she said, and the Colonel related the story of Jacky's fight for the apples.

Mrs. Seymour then, also, turned and looked at him with interest, and when they arrived home she slipped an extra shilling into his hand, besides the one her husband had given him. Jacky, astounded at such sudden riches, thanked the lady very earnestly, but still stood standing by the doorstep.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Mrs. Seymour, kindly, as she was about to enter the house.

"Oh, please, ma'am," cried Jacky, looking anxiously up into her face, with his wistful blue eyes. "do, do take me for a servant boy; I can help in the stables and do anything you tell me. I don't want no wages, only please let me come, sir," he added, imploringly, turning to the Colonel, who answered:

"Why, my boy, you are very anxious to work. At your age, I should have thought you would have preferred making mud pies, or toy boats. Why do you want so much to come to us, eh?"

"'Cause—'cause you speak so kind, sir, and I'd like to be one o' your soldiers, sir, when I'm growed up," said Jacky, hanging his head and blushing.

The Colonel asked Jacky his name, and after promising to think about the matter, and perhaps



see his father on the subject, he sent Jacky to have a good dinner in the kitchen, promising not to forget him, and the boy went home full of hope and expectation.

"Hugh, I like that boy's face so much," said Mrs. Seymour, "I am sure he is a good little fellow. We really must see after him, poor child, he looks so neglected, and seems quite devoted to you. He must have a good heart to be so grateful for a few kind words."

That afternoon, as Colonel Seymour was walking through the village, he inquired for Jem Price, and some boys, who were playing at ball, pointed out Jacky's father standing on the beach.

Dover, and one night as was awful foggy and dark, besides a bit of a gale blowing, the men came crying out that there was a steamer struck agin some rocks out there, and was agoin' down. Some of us tried to go out and help, but the fog was that thick, we could n't do no good. Early the next morning we was all out, but nothing was left of the ship but pieces floating about all over the sea, and bales of goods and baggage of all kinds was being washed up. Well, sir, I was out in my boat seeing what I could pick up, when I see a barrel floating toward me. I know'd by the way it floated that there was something weighty in one end of it, and so I pulled it near and lifted it into my boat, and what should



ASLEEP ON THE SAND.

Colonel Seymour went up to the man and spoke to him. He was a rough, good-humored looking fellow, and seemed pleased when the gentleman spoke to him of Jacky. Colonel Seymour said he liked the boy, and was willing to find some good employment for him if the father wished it. The fisherman looked thoughtful, and, after some hesitation, said:

"Well, sir, it's rather a curious story, but he aint my child at all, nor I don't know whose he is; and if it had n't been for my first wife, poor Mary, what's dead, he'd be on the parish now, most likely."

"Tell me all about it," said the Colonel.

"Ay, ay, sir. Well, about five or six years ago, I and my wife Mary, that was, sir, were living near

I find but a baby lying in the bottom of it, seemingly dead. It was rolled up in a queer sort of fashion, with a silk scarf. I rowed quickly back and took it to Mary. She undressed it, and we found it was n't quite dead, though very nigh; so she warmed and coaxed it like, and at last it sat up and began to cry. It was too little to talk much, being about a year old, but the few words it did say were a strange sort of gibberish—Mary thought French. Anyhow, it was n't English, and its clothes looked furrin, too. Mary would n't hear of my taking it to the parish folks, and said if its parents was alive they would be sure to come and look for it, and if they were n't, there was n't no good taking it to the parish, as it was a furrin child. So, as we had n't got any of our own, and Mary begged hard



to be let keep it, I gave in, and nobody ever came to look for the child, nor we never heard of any advertisements about it, so here he is still; for when poor Mary died, I'd taken a fancy like to the little fellow, and would n't part with him, though I've got plenty of my own now."

Colonel Seymour gave great attention to this story, and he asked Jem what was the name of the steamer and where it came from.

"They said it was bringing soldiers from abroad, sir. I don't remember the name. It was just six years ago this June, and my Mary died the year after. She made me promise always to be good to the boy, and to keep his clothes, for some day his relations might turn up; but they never have, and I don't expect they ever will, now. None of the folks here knows but he's my child, for we came here as strangers and never told anybody about it."

"Have you the clothes now? Can you show them to me?" asked the Colonel, eagerly.

"Yes, sir, certainly I can."

"Come on, then," said the Colonel, and together they walked to Jem's cottage.

Jem Price went into an inner room, and after searching some time, and turning out an old sea-chest, he brought in a bundle. The wife and children gathered round in a state of great curiosity, as the bundle was untied, and a little faded pelisse was brought out; it was embroidered all over with silk, that had been white but was now discolored by time and sea-water.

The Colonel's eyes sparkled and his voice was quite husky as he asked if he might take it to show to his wife. It was possible that he knew the parents of the child, he said. Jem agreed, and Colonel Seymour slipped a sovereign into his hand, and taking the pelisse rolled up, walked quickly home. He now felt convinced that their long-lost boy was found, but hardly knew how to break the news to his wife, fearing that the shock, although one of joy, would be almost too much for her.

However, he gave the little bundle to nurse Hunter, telling her to bring it in when he rang the bell. His wife had come home from a walk, and was taking her afternoon tea with Lillie.

He sat down to the table, and, in as natural and easy a manner as he could command, he told the story that he had heard from Jem Price. Mrs. Seymour turned pale, her hand trembled as she put down the cup.

"Hugh!" said she, "can I see those clothes?"

The Colonel rang the bell, and nurse Hunter entered with the little pelisse. Mrs. Seymour started up and snatched it from her. With trembling hands she turned it over. On one end of it she saw her child's initials, embroidered by herself.

"It is Cecil's!" she cried, and fell back fainting.

When Mrs. Seymour had been restored to consciousness she insisted upon being taken immediately to her son, but the Colonel had sent for Jacky, and in a few minutes he was with them.

We shall not try to describe the scene. There



JACKY.

was no doubt about Jacky's identity. The lost child was found!

Poor Jacky was in such a state of bewilderment that he was almost incapable of understanding what they said to him. Only after his real parentage had been explained over and over again did the truth slowly begin to dawn upon his mind, and then his joy seemed to overcome him. "That beautiful lady his mother! That gentleman his father! and Jem, who was he? How could it be?" At last, he was taken off by nurse Hunter, who, after he had enjoyed a warm bath, put him into a soft, white bed, and the lady, *his mother*, came and leant over him, kissing him and talking lovingly to him.

And she brought him nice things to eat, such as he had never tasted before, and while he was sitting up in his bed and eating, hoping he was not going to wake out of this delicious dream just yet, the tall, kind gentleman came and kissed his forehead, and Lillie sat on the side of his bed and chattered to him, until nurse came and took her off. And then, Jacky, who had never had so many kisses since he was a baby, soon fell asleep.

The next morning, Jem Price arrived. The father and mother asked a few more questions as to the time and place of the wreck, and found the "gibberish," that Mary took for French, was very much like a few words of Hindostance that the Colonel repeated, and that "Ghitah, Ghitah" was what the baby had often cried at first, which Mrs. Seymour recognized as the name of his ayah.



Jem was rewarded liberally, and went off congratulating himself on his good luck. His cross wife, though, upbraided him bitterly for not having told her before that Jacky was a gentleman's child, as she might have come in for the good graces of the lady and gentleman.

Mrs. Seymour went out with nurse Hunter to get some clothes for her boy, and bought a pretty sailor suit. "We will have some nicer things sent from London as soon as possible, but for the present these will do," said the mother. "We must teach him to talk properly, poor little fellow; he does n't even know his letters; but we must not worry him," she added, "for he has been running wild so long, and the first thing he must learn is to be happy."

Jacky, or Cecil, as he was now called, felt very odd in his new clothes, and at first found his shoes very uncomfortable, and he could n't get over his awe of James the tall footman, whom he often called "sir." But everybody in the house was very gentle and patient with him, and, in a week or two, the little ragamuffin would hardly have been recognized in the tidy, well-dressed little boy, with his golden curls arranged so prettily by his mother's own slender fingers.

Lillie could not help laughing at his first attempts with his knife and fork, but he was very quick to learn, eager to improve, and he soon became quite a little gentleman in his manners and habits, as he had always been in nature.

He was devoted to his father, would trot about after him like a little dog, and the Colonel said, laughingly, that at least the stepmother had saved them the trouble of teaching him obedience, if her other lessons had not been so good.

Mrs. Seymour went to see all the women who had been kind to her child, and thanked them so sweetly that she won all their hearts.

One of the first walks that Cecil took, after he got his new clothes, was to little Molly's house. He had heard nothing from her, and he was afraid that *perhaps* she had been drowned when the tide came in, but he found her quite well and hearty; and Mrs. Seymour, who was with him, compensated for Cecil's forgetfulness by a handsome present to his little friend.

When the family left Swanston to return to town, Mrs. Seymour had quite regained her health and cheerfulness; and Lillie, enchanted at having a brother of her own, went back with the roses of health in her cheeks. She read all the wonderful stories about "Blue Beard," "Cinderella," "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," etc., to her brother, who was very much interested, although his papa's histories of tiger and bear hunts pleased him rather better.

And here we will leave him in his happy home. True, there are many other children whose homes are just as happy, but few of these have had the experiences of neglect and poverty passed through by our little hero, and so can never value their advantages as he grew to value his.

## A SUMMER HOME FOR POOR CHILDREN.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

MAGGIE has two homes.

First, there is the home she has always lived in, with her parents and brothers and sisters. It is a back basement room, with scarcely a piece of whole furniture in it; a broken-down kitchen stove, a pile of rags for a bed, a dilapidated table, the remains of a few chairs, and a floor always damp. The children look as you might expect, pale, gaunt, ragged, silent, often cold and hungry, and never in the least childlike. In a home of this sort, if a child falls ill, it lies unnoticed in the corner, with not one of the comforts of a sick-room, no soft bed, no cool drink, no dainty food, no kind nurse; but with the noise and confusion of the family and neighbors in the crowded house, and

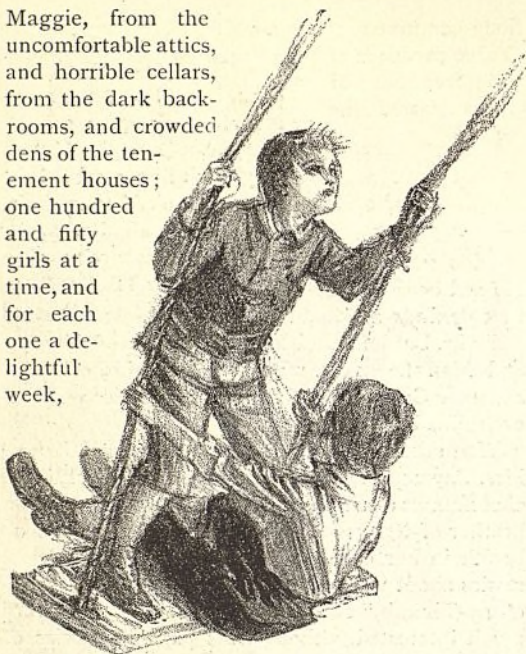
the heated stove, with cooking or whatever housework is done, close to the sufferer.

Three hundred and fifty-nine days of every year, Maggie lives in this dreadful place, and only six days in the pleasant home you are to hear about. But those six long summer days are packed so full of happiness and pleasure that they bring color to her face, smiles to her lips, and strengthen her for another long year. In truth, the effects of that one week on Maggie, and others like her, seem like magic,—they are the magic of sunshine and fresh air.

Turn from the sad picture of Maggie's home in the city and hear about the other home, which all the long summer through, is filled with girls like



Maggie, from the uncomfortable attics, and horrible cellars, from the dark back-rooms, and crowded dens of the tenement houses; one hundred and fifty girls at a time, and for each one a delightful week,



DOWN WE GO!

that helps the poor little creature to be good and patient all through the long, dreary winter.

In the first place, it is in the country, with a big grassy yard, full of trees and swings, and everything that's nice; in the second place, it is on the beach, with delicious sea-breeze and delightful sea-bathing; and last—and best—there live in it a real fairy-godmother sort of a woman, with a big motherly heart for suffering children, and a kind-hearted gentleman who must have a perfect giant of a market-basket, so full of good things does he keep the pantry and cellar, for the children's benefit.

Ah,—good air, good beds, good food (and plenty of it) and good times are the real doctors for little people. You would n't know Maggie after she has spent that happy week in the Summer Home.

And she has had something else as well as a good time. She has had the benefit of gentle discipline free from hardship and pain. She has for once had the satisfaction of undressing at night, of climbing into a pretty little bedstead, and lying between nice smooth sheets. The poor little thing, tossing afterward on the heap of rags, may long so much for a return of these comforts that she will resolve to learn all she can, and so better her condition. Thank heaven! Ways of learning to be good scholars and good workers are now open in our cities to all poor little girls,\* so that even the most destitute may hope to be able, in time, to earn comforts and even luxuries for themselves.

But now, at the Summer Home, Maggie is given over wholly to enjoyment. It is a charming sight; a hundred and fifty poor children, so happy they hardly know how to believe in it, romping and rolling on the grass, playing croquet, bean-bag, or "tag," singing morning and evening songs, drinking delicious milk (a hundred quarts a day), frolicking in the big play-room,—like a clean, sweet barn,—and jumping and screaming with delight in the sun.

At first, as you may suppose, hard-working and ignorant fathers and mothers in the hot city, back there, could hardly believe their ears when the children were invited to spend a week in the country, where there were plenty to eat and fine times to be had. They wondered why it was done, and suspected that there was some bad reason for this nice-seeming plan. "These people must want to carry off our children," they thought, "or disturb their religion, or do something else bad, or they would not be taking our ragged girls into the country at their own expense."

They loved their own children perhaps as well as happier parents, and most of them refused to consent to what they decided must be a trap of some sort; only a few, who had known the city missionaries for years, would let their children go. Nothing more was needed, however. When those youngsters came back, fat and rosy, and full to overflowing of the "splendid times" they had had, there were no more refusals of invitations; in fact, the refusals came from the other side; the kind managers, who easily could fill a house twice the size of the Summer Home they have, were forced to refuse the children.

Each year, as charitable people have found out about it, and given the society money to do so, the Home has been made larger; now, one wing built for a dining-room, with big bed-room overhead, by the kindness of one lady; and then another, with a pleasant play-room below and another big bed-room above, by another lady; till last summer they could entertain a hundred and fifty at once. Happier people delight in helping on the good work; children empty their savings banks, and Sunday-school classes unite their pennies to send one or more unhappy little creature from the city. It does not cost much either; two dollars will give one girl this long week, make her happier for a year, and better for all her life.

Girls, I say—and I'm sorry to say it, for boys were included in the plan by its kind-hearted founder,—a lady on Staten Island,—and at first they were taken out every other week as the girls were; but alas! the boys could not be satisfied to get all possible fun out of the Home itself; they carried their habit of lawless mischief with them. They overran the neighbors' gardens, they picked the flowers and carried off the fruit; they broke the

\* See "Little Housemaids," in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1879.



managers were obliged to decide that they never could spend a week in the Summer Home, and that one day's picnic in the season must suffice for each boy.

So now, after the girls have gone home, and more than two thousand of them have enjoyed their week, the boys come down in parties of one or two hundred at a time, and return the same day. They are a queer picnic party, you may be sure. Two hundred boys gathered from the streets, and regular little ragamuffins, such as you see in the city hanging on wagons at the risk of their lives, scudding across the streets under the feet of the horses after a stray dog, holding out a dirty hand for some pennies, making ugly faces, or doing any sort of a prank you can think of;—boys who have no home, but sleep in boxes, alley-ways, wagons, or any hole they can creep into, and many of whom can be made to go to school only by the bribe of a good dinner.

Two hundred small boys, off for a frolic, with hats of all kinds and sizes, and in all stages of shabbiness; boys wearing their fathers' pantaloons cut off; boys with so many patches that the original garment could not be guessed at; boys with men's coats, and boys with no coats at all; boys with clothes tied on with strings; boys with pockets hanging outside, boys with pantaloons pinned on; barefooted, ragged, shock-headed, and, it must be confessed, not very clean-looking.

But they were a happy party, as seen by your reporter one day last autumn. Every one of their faces wore a smile, and every eye was bright and wide-awake. You surely would have thought so if you had heard them shout and hurrah as they passed through the suburbs of Brooklyn, greeting each astonished cow with a

long-continued "Mo-o-o-o." Three car-loads of boys! and whatever one of them started the others



READY FOR A FROLIC IN THE WAVES.

immediately joining in,—saluting goats with a chorus of "Ma-a-a-as," and hens with "crows" and "clucks" to drive them wild, and whistling



and calling to dogs, till the sagacious creatures hardly know whether to be insulted, and bark furiously, or to regard it as a polite attention, and wave their tails for thanks.

These entertainments were varied by whistling the "Mulligan Guards," every boy beating time with his feet; and then by singing, first the street melodies, "Little Buttercup," "She's a Daisy," "Grandfather's Clock," and others, and then falling into the airs they learned at school, "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," and—greatest favorite of all—"Sweet By-and-by."

Poor boys! one could scarcely hear that from such lips, without a tear.

They are really



THE GIRLS AT PLAY.

school-boys, though you would not think it, unless you have seen the Mission Schools, which gather the children in, from streets and alleys of New York, and try to civilize and teach them something. They are all from such homes as Maggie's, in the dreadful tenement

houses. None of them know what a comfortable home is like, and most of them know very well how it feels to be hungry and have no food.

But to go on with the picnic. After a ride on street and steam cars for about an hour, the train stops at Bath, on the southern shore of Long Island, and, in about ten seconds, every boy is out of the cars. They form in a line, two by two, but they're a regular mob for all that, as they rush on after the gentleman who leads, little ones falling down, struggling up and trudging on again, stopping to pick every weed that has a blossom, even a tempting great purple

thistle (which is dropped without the cry that happier children would give), shouting

at the growing corn, "scuffing" their feet as they cross the road, to raise a cloud of dust, and, in this scrambling, noisy way, reaching, at last, the big white gate of the Home.

Here there is a division: a gentleman stands at the gate, and gives each boy a choice; most of them turn away with a shout, and run further up



the street, while perhaps fifty go through the gate with an expectant, solemn air.

What is the magic word that sends the crowd so eagerly on? It is "swimming." The choice is between swimming and scupping,—what that queer but venerable old Dutch word means, you 'll soon find out; it is a "survival" from New Amsterdam days,—if you understand that.

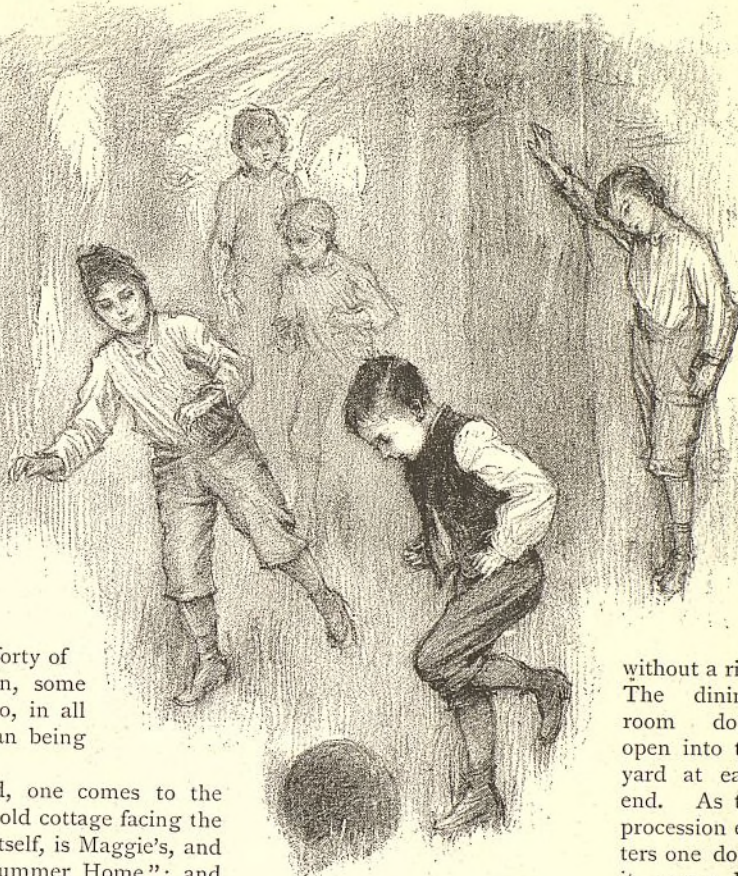
When the last swimmer has joined the yelling mob on the way to a secluded beach, and the last scupper has disappeared behind the gate, the grown-ups follow, and discover that scups are nothing more nor less than swings, and that about forty of them are now in full motion, some with one boy, many with two, in all positions possible for a human being to assume.

Passing this happy crowd, one comes to the buildings. The picturesque old cottage facing the sea, with wings bigger than itself, is Maggie's, and all other poor children's "Summer Home"; and in the long dining-room are now at work several ladies, with Mrs. Holt at their head. They are preparing lunch for the boys. What piles of water-melon, clothes-baskets full of sandwiches,—adapted in size to a boy's appetite,—immense cans of fresh milk, and rows of white mugs! Pretty soon there will be a curious scene here.

But now let us go through the house, into the front yard, with its pleasant seats under awnings, where little invalids can get the sea air without heat of the sun, and, best of all, its lovely sea-view, with gently sloping beach and stretched ropes, where troops of poor little girls have bathed and danced, and shouted. Looking up the beach, Coney Island appears, with its hotels, and towers, and flags; and looking down, past the distant view of many piles of clothes on the bank, and many heads bobbing about in the water, the two forts guarding the entrance to New York harbor.

After a while there comes a sound of voices, and a long procession marching toward the dining-room.

Lunch!—for two hundred hungry street boys! Let us see how these experienced ladies manage it



A BIG FOOT-BALL FOR LITTLE BOYS.

without a riot. The dining-room doors open into the yard at each end. As the procession enters one door, it passes between two baskets of sandwiches, with ladies to serve them. Each boy coming in receives the food, and at once passes on, through the room, to the other side of the house.

There the rough street training comes out; as soon as the boy gets through the door, he starts on a run around the house, to join the line again, and get another sandwich. But the managers know all these little tricks, and at each passage stands a man who orders the young "repeaters" back. So the hungry, happy fellows crowd together, and have to devour their bread and meat peaceably in the front yard.

No sooner is it swallowed than gates are forced open, or fences climbed, and before one can wink fifty boys' heads appear on the surface of the water below.

"Here!" shouts one. "This is n't the place to bathe. You must n't go in here!" But, alas! too late,—they are in, and a good frolic they have



for a half-hour, till the magic word "lunch" salutes their ears. Then, in a twinkling, rags and duds are huddled on, and the boys, hungrier than before, join the procession forming for another march through the dining-room.

The next course—in lunch—is water-melon, and over the low half-door dozens of hungry faces have been hanging, with longing eyes turned toward the immense pans of cut melon, each piece a big semi-circle—cool, tempting and beautiful, with its rich



A HAPPY MELON PARTY.

The former scene is repeated, and now each one has had four slices of bread and two of meat. Again the "scups" have a turn, two or three boys in each, and the croquet balls get some hard knocks, the bean-bags take extraordinary flights, and the trees are full of clambering boys hunting for fruit; another rush is made to the great salt bath-tub outside, and another fifty come out somewhat cleaner, and much merrier.

pink and green. But the word goes round, and the third time the eager procession comes in.

Perhaps you think that to give two hundred boys each a piece of melon, two hundred pieces are enough, but the old hands, used to the business, always provide two hundred and fifty. Water-melon is a treat, and so sly and so ill-taught are these young rogues, that they will take a piece with the right hand, hide it behind their back, and put



the left hand out on the other side for a second piece.

It is funny to stand outside and see the boys come out; some with their melon already eaten, and ready to throw the rind,—which seems to be half the fun,—and others with theirs carefully hoarded till they can sit down. The common way of eating is to cram it down, the quicker the better. They eat as if they were used to having their food snatched away, and perhaps they are,—poor boys.

The last course is now announced,—peaches, cake and milk. Once more the long line passes through the room, but more slowly, for each child has a peach, a cake, and a mug of milk which he has to drink before passing on.

Soon after this, the order is for "home," and the long string passes through the gateway with cheers and good-bys, and is soon packed into the waiting cars and whirled off to the city again.

This delightful charity is under the careful management of the Children's Aid Society, with Mr. Charles L. Brace—"the children's Mr. Brace"—at its head. There seems to be no limit to his noble work in behalf of poor children. The Society, of which he is the founder and leader, has for years been turning young lives from poverty and even degradation, into paths of usefulness and happiness. All over the great West can be found to-day, honorable hard-working young men who were taken from city docks and streets by the Society; and every year it sends new

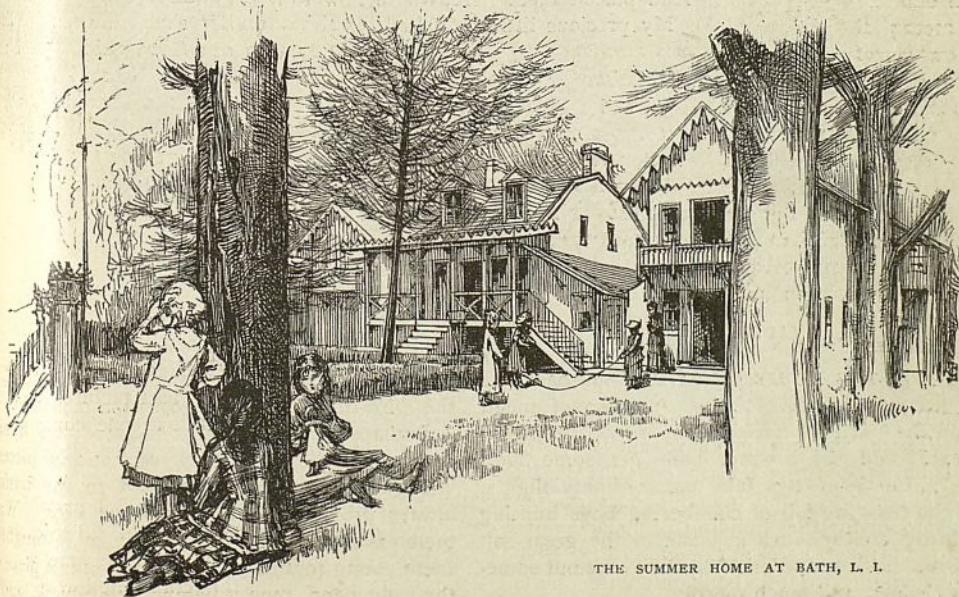
crowds of boys to It has its schools, and often clothes, for the scholars, big sister can baby" if sary, and Houses where, for a

good country homes. where dinners, are provided and where take "the neces- Lodging



BEFORE BREAKFAST.

few cents, newsboys and girls, and others, with small earnings, can get comfortable meals and lodging, besides helpful instruction. These are all supported by the charity of kind-hearted people, and it could help twice as many children if it had twice as much money.



THE SUMMER HOME AT BATH, L. I.



## WILD-FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET BOURNÉ.



A TINY vase of tangled flowers,  
Clover and daisies white,  
Stands on the table at my side:  
A very common sight.

But to my eyes they have a grace  
Unknown to blossoms rare,  
Because I see the sunny face  
Of her who placed them there.

I hear again the little feet,  
Bounding in childish glee;  
I hear the voice, so dear and sweet,  
Say, "Pretty flowers! See!"

"And they are all for you!" she said,  
Her face a radiant sight,  
She raised her eyes, then drooped her head,  
"I want to be polite."

"May be you 'd be politer, too,"  
She lisped with questioning gaze,  
"If you would give me back a few,  
Mamma, for my own vase."

We shared the gift: her little hand  
Arranged these blossoms wild,  
And placed them here, where now they stand,—  
My precious little child!

## THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HOUSE ON STILTS.

THE Black family lived in one of the houses on stilts. There was no good reason why there should have been any houses on stilts in Fairport. There was land enough everywhere to furnish room for the building of houses on the solid ground; yet, here, at the edge of the harbor and overhanging a steep bank, supported by tall,

upright timbers, just like stilts, were built four houses. They were the delight of boys who were so unfortunate as to live in less picturesque dwellings. From the rear windows one could drop a fishing-line directly into the water, at high tide, and from these windows the tenants were accustomed to throw all the refuse and slops which less favorably situated people were obliged to carry out of doors. Then, too, from these same windows the boys who lived within could, at low tide, drop



a handful of stones, or a bucket of water, on the head of the casual passenger beneath. Such advantages as these were fully appreciated by the boys of Fairport, every one of whom envied Sam Black the extraordinary facilities for fun which he had in one of the houses on stilts.

In the house at the end of the row, next to the path which led down to the shore from the village street, dwelt the father and mother of Sam

Thankful Snow, then the only colored woman in those parts. The fugitive slave from Brazil was known as Tumble Black, nobody knew why, but it is likely that his queer first name was a faint echo of his African name. In his life of slavery he was only known as Mumbo, a name which was so hateful that he dropped it as soon as he was a free man. The one only child of Tumble and Thankful Black was Sam, originally named



THE HOUSE ON STILTS.

Black. Nobody knew the real name of the paternal Black. It is not likely that he knew it himself. When he was a young lad, he had been stolen from the coast of Africa and sold into slavery in Brazil. Employed about the coffee warehouses of Rio de Janeiro, he managed to conceal himself on board of a Fairport brig loading there, and so was brought to Maine, where he found a wife on Plum Island, in the person of

Samuel Peleg Black, thus bearing, as a token of his father's gratitude, the names of the first and second mates of the brig "Draco," in which craft Tumble made his escape from South American slavery.

The houses on stilts were inhabited by the families of men who followed the sea as foremast hands, or who were the clam-diggers, wood-sawyers and wharf-keepers of the port. Tumble



Black was whitewasher, wood-sawyer, and musician. In the Fairport Guards' Band, consisting of bass-drum and fife, Tumble played the fife; and very well he played it, too. He likewise played a French horn, chiefly for his own amusement. And on calm and still nights, when the moon was at her full, people on the water, gliding up the harbor, sometimes rested on their oars to listen to the melancholy notes of Tumble's horn as they floated over the bay from the window where he usually sat and poured out his soul in plaintive strains. A lady from Boston once said she thought that he was playing a lament for the lost land and home of his youth on Afric's coral strand.

Old Tumble was a prime favorite with the boys. He not only knew all the things about the sea, and shore, and the woods, which a boy admires in anybody, but he was full of strange and mysterious information about charms and witchcraft. It was said and believed that he could charm a bird from off a tree by a wild and peculiar whistle which he produced by making a sort of pipe of his thick lips. And it was notorious that he could bring the fish out of the sea by a motion of his hand. If this was not so, how else could any one account for his wonderful luck in fishing at times when nobody but he could catch anything? When the fishermen of the port came in, empty-handed and discouraged, old Tumble would put out in the bay for a little while, alone, and come back in the nightfall with a great haul of cod, haddock and hake. The fishermen shook their heads, and, glancing up at the house on stilts, would say that it "war'n't for no good that old Tumble-bug has been singing to himself out on the bay, after dark."

The old man was full of story and anecdote about his youthful life in Africa. He lived, he said, near a great river which was called Quorra, and when some of the boys looked into the map of Africa and found that this was the native name of the Niger, they felt as if they had discovered the river for themselves. Old Tumble, also, delighted his small hearers with scraps of the dialect which was his native language. He had well-nigh forgotten the words which he had used when he was a youngster in his own land, so overlaid were they with Spanish, Portuguese and English; but the boys of Fairport were delighted to talk enough Congo to mystify the older people.

To ask for bread as "bomba," and for water as "slee," or to say that they were "gaigai" when they were hungry, was very great fun for these young linguists. Sam, it should be added, did not seem to take kindly to these little reminiscences of his father's past life. His own language was as pure as that of any of his playfellows, who,

I am sorry to say, used more slang than Sam did. But, as has been intimated, Sam had all of his father's knowledge of the secrets of the sea and the wilderness. He was never thought to be able to charm the fish or the birds, but he was on more friendly terms with these shy creatures than any other boy in Fairport.

Old Tumble, too, had the reputation of being what was called "a money-digger"; not that he actually spent his time, or any part of it, in digging for money, but it was supposed that he could tell, if he chose, how and where to dig for buried treasure. Fairport was full of stories and traditions of buried pots and chests of money—the spoils of freebooters and buccaneers who once sailed the seas, and who put in to these lonely harbors to hide in the earth their ill-gotten gains. It was believed by many people that there was a magic by which hidden treasure could be found, if only one knew how to use the magic. There were charms, divining-rods, and various species of witchcraft, all more or less requiring the aid of necromancy, by which money hidden in the ground, or in the sea, could be discovered. It was always necessary that such a search should be made in the darkest of the night, when no moon was shining, when the tide was out, and when the planets in the heavens were in a peculiar position as to the fixed stars. Nobody knew just how all these signs were to be observed, but if any man did know, it was supposed that old Tumble was that man. He was black; he had been born in a land where magic, necromancy and the black art were understood, if anywhere. So, by general consent, it was agreed that if old Mr. Black chose to tell, he could guide anybody to hidden treasures of Captain Kidd and the rest of the bold buccaneers who hid their money in the earth and never came back for it. Nobody seemed to think that if old Tumble, who had had a hard time in the world because of his poverty, could find the lost treasures for others, he could find them for himself; and yet he had never been lucky enough to find anything more valuable than an old copper plate, bearing a Latin inscription, and supposed to be a relic of the French Jesuit mission, established here in the seventeenth century, when the Sieur D'Aulney ruled this land under General Razillai.

Billy Hetherington, sitting in the sunny kitchen of the house on stilts and looking over the bay, often wondered if old Tumble could really raise ghosts and spirits, as the gossips said he could. But he never mustered up the courage to ask him, nor even to ask his crony, Sam, for he saw that such a question would not please the boy, who had none of the superstitions of the ignorant 'longshoremen and toilers of the sea. Once, taken off his guard by his strong imagination, Billy, seeing Sam's



father put an odd-looking frying-pan on the fire, asked: "Is that your storm-pan?" This was an unfortunate question. There was a foolish belief among the sailors of the bay that old Tumble had a pan by which he could raise a storm at any time,

no storm-pan; at least, not that I know of, and they are bad and wicked people who have filled your head with such nonsense as that."

Billy felt reprov'd, and he was very much relieved when old Tumble took down his fife and



TUMBLE BLACK.

by merely putting it on the fire; and when Billy asked the old man if that was the storm-pan, he put into words the idle superstition which had led many a man, when out in a gale at night, to complain, "Old Tumble has got on his storm-pan."

Black looked angrily at the boy for a moment, and Sam turned away his face, as if in reproach. But the old man's features softened in an instant, and he said, "No, my little gentleman, there is

played for him an African melody, sad and wild, which, he explained, had been taught him by his mother, in their old home, years and years ago, and which he had not forgotten and could not forget. "Sometimes, when the fishermen hear this tune," he said, "they think that I am doing something to charm away the fish from the seine, or to bring on a spell of bad weather. If they knew how my poor old mother, dead and gone, I s'pose, these many years, learned me this tune,



they would laugh at themselves because they are so foolish."

Emboldened by the old man's burst of confidence, Billy had the courage to say "And they do say, Mr. Black, that you know how to dig for buried money, and how to find a spring of water that is hid in the ground."

"All nonsense, child, all nonsense. Nobody knows where to dig for hidden treasure, unless he has been told where it is. Anybody can dig if he knows *where* to dig."

"And can't you find springs of water? My father said you can."

"Yes, child, I can find a spring of water, providing the dew is off the grass, and it is airy morning, and my divining-rod is in tune." And here the old man took down a green wand of witch-hazel, forked at one end. Holding it with one prong in each hand, he added, "And when I walk over the ground, holding this upright, so, I can see it bend down whenever I pass over a spring hid in the ground. But the dew must be off of the grass, and the sun be up, but not up too high."

Sam was a little impatient at this, and he signed to Billy to go out with him on the beach below.

"That is mighty curious, Sam, is'n't it?" said Billy, as he skipped a stone across the waves. "I wish I had a divining-rod, I would find a spring nearer our camp in the fort pasture. O! say, Sam," he exclaimed, a bright idea striking him, "suppose you get your father to go down back of the fort, some day, when the dew is off the grass, and the sun is not too high, and have him find a spring for us; it is so far to go for water to the gully from the camp, every time we go a-Maying."

Sam dug his bare black toe thoughtfully in the sand before he replied.

"Well, you see, Billy, I don't think that your mother would like to have any such doings, for she is awful particular, you know, about 'stitions and things. Don't you remember how mad she was at you and me for listening to old Ma'am Heath's stuff about digging for money in the full of the moon, down behind the block-house?"

This was a sore point with Billy, for he had been seriously reasoned with by his mother when he had come home, full of a new project for money-digging, in which he and Sam were to be aided by Vene Snowman, a step-son of Ma'am Heath, the village seeress. They were to find a toad with seven warts on his back, a field-sparrow with seven white feathers in his tail, and procure a crooked four-pence-ha'penny, and seven tallow candles, and several other things, and Vene, whose full name was Sylvanus, was to be prompted by his step-mother with all the information needed to find where Captain de la Tour hid his money

behind the block-house hill, when he was driven away from Acadia and never came back again. It was darkly whispered that the old Captain did come back on stormy nights, in the time of the spring tides, when the storm winds blew shrilly over the peninsula, and when the night sky was full of wild-driving clouds. At such times, it was said, the old Captain might be seen by anybody who was brave enough to be out in such a night, walking among the spruce-trees behind the block-house hill, muttering to himself, "Where did I put it? Where did I put it?"

But, as nobody ever was brave enough to go out to the lonely spruce-covered hill, on such a wild night as I have described, nobody ever did see the ghostly captain. Neither did anybody ever hunt in earnest for the treasure which he was supposed to have buried there.

The expedition of Vene Snowman, Billy and Sam failed, because of an interdict put on it by Mrs. Hetherington. And when Sam's mother caught him hiding three tallow candles under his jacket (these being his contribution to the money-digging outfit), and made him confess what he was about, she took him by the ear and led him into the little bedroom overlooking the bay, and told him that he should not stir a step out of the house until it was time for him to go to the pasture after Judge Nelson's cow. And, a prisoner there all the bright afternoon, he was tantalized by the sight of Billy on the beach below, wondering why Sam, looking out of the window, frantically motioned him to go away, but would give no answer to his off-repeated whistle-call. And all this was reason enough why both boys should remember that there was somebody who did not approve of their having anything whatever to do with incantations and other such nonsense.

Nevertheless, Billy secretly resolved that he would find some of Captain Kidd's money when he grew up, if it was anywhere buried on the Fairport peninsula.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

MRS. HETHERINGTON was a tall and stately lady, of whom all the boys of Fairport stood in great awe. She never told Billy to put wood on the fire, but said: "William, you may replenish the fire." Nor was she ever known to refer to Billy's uncle, old Reuben Stover, who lived "off the Neck," as a rich farmer. To her, at least, he was "an opulent agriculturist." And the intimacy which existed between Billy and Sam Black was, according to her, "a distressing social complication with a young person of color." If Mrs. Hether-



ington had not been famed through all the region around Fairport for her kindness to the poor, her unflinching charity to the sick and the distressed, and for her truly wonderful doughnuts, made by her own white and aristocratic hands, these peculiarities would have been insufferable. But no man nor woman who knew—as everybody did—of her great goodness, could think twice of her exceeding fastidiousness. And no boy who once tasted of those admirable doughnuts, which were given with a liberal hand, could be brought to think that the lady who made them, and gave them away, was anything but a perfect woman. Sam Perkins was wont to say, with a certain appearance of shamefacedness, "Those are better doughnuts than my mother makes, but then, my mother makes the best cup-cakes of anybody in the world." This was a great tribute to the genius of Mrs. Hetherington.

The Hetherington house stood on the hill crowned by the old fort. One of the Hetherington ancestors, in the Revolutionary war, had been a general, and he had been brought back here by the British, to his own town, while they held possession of it, and had been imprisoned in the barracks in the fort. The story of his escape and flight across the country to the Penobscot river, accompanied by Captain Wadsworth, an ancestor of one of the greatest of American poets, may be read in the chronicles of Fairport. The home of Billy Hetherington was embellished with many curious relics of those old days. There were the silver-mounted pistols, brought from France, which the Revolutionary hero carried in the holsters of his saddle, and there hung over the mantel-piece the identical sword which General Knox, Washington's trusty lieutenant, gave General Hetherington, with the remark that no braver man than he ever drew sword in defense of his country's liberties. And in a big mahogany press upstairs, an heirloom in the family, hung the blue coat faced with buff, and the buff knee-breeches, which the great man wore for his uniform when he was at the head of his troops. The boys of Fairport, admitted to the Judge's library when that awful personage was absent, and Billy had the courage to pilot them in, gazed with awe and admiration on a portrait of Brigadier-General Hetherington, a tremendous person, indeed, clad in full uniform, wearing a haughty look and a long queue, or pigtail, tied with a bow of black ribbon. It was said that the Hetherington family burned incense before this work of art, night and morning, but I do not believe this; and it is certain that the old hero stared at the opposite wall with a fixed and stony gaze, entirely unmindful of the admiration of the boys and of the Hetherington family.

In the days of which I am writing, slavery still

existed in a portion of the United States, and it had not been long since some of the people who then lived in Maine could say that they had seen people who had owned slaves in New England. And there were dark hints that some of the ancestors of Mrs. Hetherington, whose name was Stover, had made a great deal of money by bringing slaves from the coast of Africa to Oldport, Rhode Island, where they were landed secretly, years and years ago, when slave-trading and smuggling were regarded with so much abhorrence that nobody liked to be caught at it. In the library of the Hetherington mansion was a small collection of queer things from the coast of Africa, a stuffed parrot, a shield of wire-grass, a knobby club of iron-wood, and a frightful-looking spear. These, ranged against the north wall of the room, like a trophy of arms, were supposed by some to have been part of the spoil of the African captives brought from their native land by that wicked and remote ancestor of Billy Hetherington, known as "the Black Stover."

None of the Stover family before Mrs. Hetherington had ever lived in the house on the hill. They had lived in an old and tall house on Main street, and a straightening of the street, years ago, had so changed the location of that house that it was no longer used as a place of residence by anybody. Once, in the more prosperous times of Fairport, a portion of the Stover house had been occupied as a carpenter's shop. But the carpenter was dead and gone, the windows of his shop were boarded up, and timid children, looking in through the chinks of the boarding, saw, or thought they saw, strange shapes and monstrous things within, partly revealed by the few straggling rays of sunlight that found their way inside. And at night, only the bravest of the small boys of Fairport dared to pass on the side of the street where the old Stover house stood. There were stories that "Black Stover" had buried money in the cellar of the old house, and that, on certain nights in the year, at the time when the nights were the longest and the days were the shortest and coldest, the ghost of "Black Stover" used to come and try to find where his ill-gotten wealth was buried. This fable delighted and horrified the smaller children very much, and they were never tired of hearing about the shade of the wild sea-rover and of his vain attempts to find his hidden treasure.

But, though some of the tragic romance of "Black Stover" was found about the Hetherington house on the hill, there was a look about the mansion which was so wholesome and hearty that nobody could long remember the idle stories of the gossips when the real comfort of the Hetherington place was in view. The tall Lombardy poplars,



that stood like sentries in front of the house, the trim flower-garden inside the palings, bright with hollyhocks, marigolds and china asters, and the long rows of red and black currant bushes that stretched in the rear of the mansion, and the lilacs and seringas that were clumped together before the front windows, were not at all suggestive of anything so uncanny as the uneasy ghost of a dead and gone slave-trader. It was a fine old home, and we may well wonder why Mrs. Hetherington should be afraid that her son Billy should like any other place so much better as to be willing to live elsewhere. But it did really seem as if she thought that Billy would, some day, go off into the wide, wide world with Sam, the colored felder of the Fairport Nine. It seemed strange that the poor mother should worry so about her boy; but if Blackie had been a rascal, instead of the bright and well-behaved youngster he was, Billy's mother could not have been more troubled about her son's intimacy with the only black boy in the village.

"Why, mother," Billy would say, "I don't see why you object to my playing with Blackie. Everybody says that he is the best of all the boys in town, and the schoolmaster, only the other day, said that he was *facile princeps* in the school-room, and in the woods and fields. I don't know what *facile princeps* means, but I know it must be something good, for Old Potter thinks Blackie is a bully boy, I am sure. He's always praising him up to the rest of us fellows."

"My son! my son! what slang! Have I not frequently told you that these low associations would so debase your character and conversation that your family would be ashamed of you."

Mrs. Hetherington did not object to Billy's playing with poor Sam, but she did object to his being so much with the black boy. And so when Billy went out into the back-yard, murmuring to himself, and puzzled as to the reason of his mother's aversion to Sam, who was the most entertaining boy in the whole place, to say nothing of the Fairport Nine, he was a little glad to see the object of his thoughts sitting on the fence which skirted the Hetherington place next to the fort pasture.

"What's up, Sam?" asked Billy.

"I am," answered Blackie, sententiously. "Leastways, I am up on this fence, and two or three of the boys are coming up to see us try the walk on the ceiling."

The boys had been to a circus, lately shown in North Fairport, and one of the attractions of the performance had been the feat of "Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini, the human fly." This wonderful man had contrived some apparatus by which he had actually walked on the under side of a

plank flooring, head downward, like an enormous two-legged fly, as Sam Perkins had remarked. While the boys had been talking over this and other admirable things which they had seen, Blackie had kept up a deep thinking, and now that the great base-ball match was over, he announced that he was ready to do the feat "as good as the Professor."

Jo Murch and Sam Perkins soon scaled the fence, and the four boys found "the Lob" in the barn waiting for the arrival of the performers. The mow was selected as the scene of operations. I suppose all country boys know that the mow of a real barn is the part of the barn which is fenced off, as it were, from the rest by a deep screen, or fence, or plank, nearly as high as the eaves of the building. The upper part of this screen is open, but the lower part is solid boarding or planking. The mow, or, as some call it, the bay, is filled with hay away up to the eaves, when the hay crop is gathered in the fall. In the summer, however, the mow is only partly full of hay, and it is great sport to jump from the beams which cross it, high in the roof, to the soft and fragrant hay beneath. In the great barn of the Hetherington place, it was a tremendous leap from the upper beams to the top of the now half-filled hay-mow. But Sam was equal to this, and Billy was never far behind him.

On this occasion, however, leaping was not in order. The game was higher. Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini was to be imitated. Sam Black had gathered all the martingale rings that he could find, and selecting two of the stoutest of these, he fixed them on the bottom of his bare feet, as he would have fastened his skates, and he used his skate-straps for this purpose. Buckling them tight, he had a ring on the bottom of each foot, strong enough to hold up a boy of twice his weight; and Sam was not a very light boy, either. Meantime, the other boys, under his direction, had nailed along the under side of one of the beams that crossed the hay-mow, high up in the roof, several hooks, once used to drive into the window-frames of the Stover house, to support the blinds of that mansion, but now drawn out by the ingenious Sam. These, driven about a foot apart on the under side of the beam, were to hold Sam on his voyage across, in his character as Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini, the human fly.

Sam Perkins, being the captain of the Nine, was not able to see this performance proceed without his direction, so, as ring-master, he superintended the driving of the hooks, and, having examined the rings and skate-straps on Blackie's feet, to see that they were all right and tight, he gave the word of command:



"Now, then, Professor Blinaldo Blinaldino, you will please mount the fiery and untamed hay-mow."

"Get me a couple of halters first," said Blackie. The halters were brought, and Blackie, neatly splicing them together, climbed up to the topmost beam, and his halters were thrown up after him. Then, placing the rope over the beam, he tied the loose ends underneath, thus making what the sailors call "the bight of the rope" below the beam. Next, he slid cautiously down the rope, and, throwing up his feet, he caught the ring on his right foot into the first of the row of hooks. Then he slipped the other ring into the next hook, let go of the rope, and was off on his walk across the beam, head downward and feet in the air, precisely like Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini, the human fly. The boys in the mow below felt their hearts go up into their throats as they watched Sam painfully move on from hook to hook.

"What if a hook should pull out?" asked Billy, with a sinking of the heart. He had not thought it half so dangerous a feat until now, when he saw his black crony hanging high in the air from those rusty blind-hooks.

"Never you fear that," said Sam Perkins, stoutly, but with a little quaver in his voice; "I drove those hooks in, and I guess I know a thing or two about driving things, 'specially when a fellow is going to walk on them."

"Hold on for dear life, professor of the human fly!" shouted Jo Murch, unpleasantly, for he did not like to see anybody do anything which he had not himself done first. But Sam did not need warning. He was now half-way across the dizzy height, as it seemed to the boys, unused to any very high places. At that point, a hitch occurred, one of the hooks being so much bent that it held the ring firmly. The boys all shouted out their advice at once, and Nance Grindle, hearing the racket, came in through the cow-stable, and,

unperceived by the excited boys, gazed scornfully at their antics. She was about to give her advice, too, when Blackie disengaged his foot and passed on his perilous journey. Slowly he worked his way across, and in a few minutes more he was on the other side, his left foot in the last hook at the end of the beam, and his face against that side of the barn. Here a new difficulty arose. Sam could not get down! The rope was at the farther end of the beam. His feet could not be taken from the hooks without letting him fall head foremost on the hay, and that would certainly break his neck. Sam Perkins, without knowing why, climbed the joists leading up to the roof, like a cat, and there Blackie hung helplessly in the air, unable to stir. To let go with his feet was almost sure death, and to stay longer, after such a hard feat, was impossible.

Then Nance Grindle, bouncing out of the stall where she had been hidden, cried out:

"You, Sam Perkins! Get up there and carry Sam Black that rope on the other end of the beam! Don't you know anything scarcely?"

Sam was already on the beam, and, without a word, he took the rope, slid it along the beam to Sam, who, grasping it with both hands, held himself firmly for an instant, then, pulling himself upward, loosened his feet from the rings and, turning a somersault, dropped safely, feet first, into the hay-mow below.

"That 's the luckiest escape I ever saw," said Captain Sam, from the beam.

"Yes, and you had to have a gal tell you how to get out of it," said Nancy, contemptuously, as she flung out of the barn, half-provoked with herself for having been the means of getting Blackie out of a bad predicament.

"Ever so much obliged to you, Nance!" cried Blackie, as the girl flew off.

"No matter about anything," she replied, without looking back. Then the boys sat down on the hay and talked it all over.

*(To be continued.)*





## MORE CHRONICLES OF THE MOLBOS.\*

## THE LEGS.

A NUMBER of Molbos once sat down on the ground in a circle, but when they wanted to get up again, their legs were so intermingled that no one could make out which were his. They remained, therefore, sitting quietly, fully convinced that they could never get up again. A traveler passing by, they called him and asked him to tell them how each man might find his own legs again. The man first showed each one where his feet were, and wanted him to draw up the legs and get up; but as this only increased their confusion, he thought of another remedy. He took his stick and struck first one man smartly over his legs, then another,

succeeded in getting it down from the belfry; but it was still harder to determine how and where it should be hid away, so that the enemy should not find it. At last, they agreed to sink it in the deep ocean. They therefore dragged the bell down to their big boat, rowed far out on the ocean, and threw the bell overboard. After it had disappeared, the good Molbos began to reflect, and said to each other: "The bell is now truly safe from the enemy, but how are we to find it again when the enemy has left us?" One of them, who thought himself wiser than the rest, sprang up and cried: "That is easy enough; all we have to do is to cut a mark where we dropped it!" He snatched a knife from



then a third, and so on. As soon as each man felt the stroke, he became aware of which were his legs, and moved them quickly out from the heap.

## THE CHURCH BELL.

THE Molbos were once greatly scared by a report that the enemy intended to invade their country, and they determined to save what they could from falling into the hands of the invaders. What they prized most, and would save first of all, was their church bell. After a great deal of trouble, they

his pocket and cut a deep notch in that side of the boat where the bell had been thrown overboard, and said: "It was here we threw it out!" This done, they rowed back, fully assured they would be able to find the bell again by the mark.

## THE WATCH.

WALKING along the road, the Molbos found a watch, lost by some traveler. They took it up and looked at it with the greatest surprise, as none of them had ever seen such a queer thing. But sud-

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1879, page 180.





denly one of the party noticed that a ticking sound came from the inside of the watch. He no sooner heard it than he said that it must be possessed by the Evil Spirit, and, very much frightened, he threw the watch away. No one else dared touch it. But the oldest among them, more plucky than the rest, bent down and picked up a large piece of rock and hammered away at the watch until it was entirely smashed, and of course stopped beating. Having performed this great feat, the man kneeled down, laid his ear to the watch to listen if it ticked any more. Hearing nothing, he proudly said to the others: "Do you see,—did n't I teach him to keep quiet?" Then they all rejoiced that they had destroyed this enemy, and went away, leaving the watch on the ground.





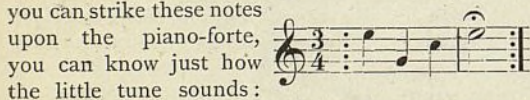
## SOMETHING ABOUT MUSICAL DUCKS.

•BY MRS. R. SWAIN GIFFORD.



THE OLD SQUAW.

IN the autumn, when the birds are migrating, we often see flocks of wild ducks swimming past our cottage, and there is one kind that we call the musical duck, on account of a strange, wild call that it has. It is like a fragment of a song, and if you can strike these notes upon the piano-forte, you can know just how the little tune sounds:



The fisher-boys say that the words are, "He got no gun." This is repeated over and over again, especially if they catch sight of a man who might have had a gun; and as we watch the little creatures we can see them shaking their heads and hurrying up to each other with the good news that really "He got no gun." When they *do* see a gun, they dive under water before you can wink. No one ever sees them go,—you only see the place where they were a minute

before. Then what fun it is to watch the water until they bob their heads out again!

The name given them by the people living "along shore" is Old Squaw, and you must be sure to pronounce it with the accent on the *Old* and not on the Squaw, as if there might be plenty of young squaws, perhaps, but very different creatures from these ducks.

They are very shy birds, never coming near our cottage until the noisy boys and girls, who have played in the sand all summer long, have gone away from the sea-shore, and are safely shut up in school.

Their color is yellow, brown, black and white, and thin white feathers hang over their black wings, giving a very peculiar effect, as if the white plumes were made of silver.

They sleep on the sand, with their heads tucked under their wings, looking like balls of down; and, when disturbed, hurry off to the sea, making the sand fly in their efforts to escape.



## MARION'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

Of course, Bunny was a rabbit. I don't know why it is, but they never call cats or dogs Bunny, do they?

Yes, he was a rabbit, and just as white as he could be all over, except his eyes and the linings of his ears. They were pink.

But he was wild, and never would be caught nor held. Once, I remember, I was feeding him with some little birch twigs. He liked them better than anything else, and would come close up to get them. Well, he was nibbling away as fast as he could, and I thought it would be a good time to tame him. So I put my hand on his back, and patted him very softly.

The bad little thing! He turned right around with his back to me,—which was n't very polite, you know,—and hopped off across the garden with his long ears flapping. He did n't stop at all till he was out of sight in the bushes by the brook. But I think we liked him all the better, because he would n't be held like the cats. For when he would let us come near, it seemed such a favor! And we could have the cats all the time, for there were six of them.

But this is n't a cat story. It's a rabbit story, and, oh yes!—a dog story, too.

For there *was* a dog,—a little, shiny, black fellow, named Trip. His real name was Triptolemus; but we never called him that, unless we were angry with him.

There was a little red table in one corner of the kitchen, and whenever we said in a loud, rebuking tone: "Triptolemus,—little table!" he would put his tail between his legs, and hang down his head, and crawl under that table to the very farthest corner.

And then, if we said "Good doggie, Trip," out he would come, wagging his tail, and jumping up on everybody. But that has n't anything to do with the story; only, I wanted you to know that Trip was really a nice dog. My brother, Ned, used to call him a mongrel, and a cur of low degree, whatever those are. But we children thought he was just as good as if he had been a great greyhound, or a Newfoundland dog, or a fierce little terrier, always snapping at people.

No, Trip was a dear dog, and never did anything bad but once in his life. And, O dear me! that's what my story is about.

Trip liked to be petted, and he always would growl when he saw us trying to coax Bunny with a

bunch of twigs. He would look at us with such funny bright eyes, as if he wanted to say: "What do you bother with that dreadful rabbit for, when here I am, so black and handsome, and ready to do anything for you?" Sometimes he would run after Bunny, and chase him till the rabbit got into some little hole or corner where he could n't be found.

Well, we children went away over to Grandpa's and spent a week. We had such a splendid time that, when Father came for us, we did n't want to go home. There were ever so many more things we were going to do. I had just got on Gran'ma's big apron; it was tied around my neck, and came clear down to my feet. But this was n't all. I was standing on a box by the kitchen table, rolling out a great piece of dough. And it was going to be cookies! There were two cunning little cutters, a heart and a star, and Gran'ma said Susy and I might have all the cookies to carry home. As for Sue, I don't believe you can imagine what she was doing. She was at the other end of the table, and had on a towel for an apron. She was picking over raisins, and putting them in a china bowl. Gran'ma told her to save out every tenth one for us to eat when we got through our work. The rest of them were going into a pudding for dinner.

Of course, we could n't talk much; for Sue had to count, and I was trying to get my sheet of dough even, so that I could cut out the dear little hearts and stars. But Sue did n't know how nice she looked. I am going to say that, if she is my sister.

She was bending down over the raisins till her curls almost touched the dish, and her cheeks were like two red apples.

Her mouth was open a little, and she had a funny way of putting out her tongue, the least bit, when she was busy about anything. Once in a while she looked up at me, and then we both laughed. All at once a wagon drove into the yard. I ran to the door, with my hands and face all floury. They always laughed at me for getting flour on my face, but somehow I could n't help it. Well, I ran to the door, and there was Father!

In a minute Sue came out with her great towel on, and Father took her up in his arms. I am four years older than Sue, and, of course, it would be perfectly ridiculous for Father to take *me* in his arms. But I know he loves me just as well, and sometimes he does hold me.



Well, Father had come for us, and he could n't wait. So Gran'ma put some raisins in a paper bag, and promised to send the cookies by Uncle Jim.

And I put on my things, and Father put on Sue's, and in about a minute we were in the wagon. I climbed in myself first, and oh! how they did laugh at me!

For I was in such a hurry that I forgot to wash my hands or take off my big apron. I put my sack right on over it, and there the old thing was, tangled at my feet, when I tried to climb over the

home. And as soon as he got there he ran into the kitchen, and crawled under his little red table.

We wondered what made him behave so, but there were so many other things to see, and we were so glad to get home, that we forgot all about him presently. There was Mother, and brother Ned, and dear little lame brother Robbie.

He's so patient and good, I ought to have told you about him before, but I could n't.

Then out we scampered into the barn and garden. Oh! how those specks of piggies had grown. The



"TRIPTOLEMUS LOOKED DREADFULLY ASHAMED."

wheel. And when I had put on my sun-bonnet, I had pushed my hair out of my eyes with my floury hands.

As soon as we drove out of the yard, Father looked around and said: "Why, where is Trip? He came with me." Then we all looked back, but could n't see him. I called, "Good doggie, Trip," and then I thought I heard a little noise under the wagon.

I bent down so that I nearly tumbled over, to see what it was. And, if you'll believe it, Trip was there. He would n't come out at all, but kept under the wagon as much as he could all the way

cats were all around in different places, and did n't seem to care much about us, and Bunny—well, where *was* Bunny?

Sue and I called him and called him, till we began to be afraid we never could say anything else. And so I began to call Susy, and Susy began to call me, for fear. But still we looked for Bunny, and went down to the brook, by the birch-tree, and got the nicest twigs and fresh leaves we could find.

We laid some of them all about in the barn, hoping he would smell them and come out from somewhere.

Then they called us to dinner, but we could n't



eat much, and I kept asking Mother if she did n't suppose Bunny had come by this time.

"Come? No," said brother Ned; "nobody has seen him since day before yesterday."

"Oh, dear!" Susy and I took hold of hands, and went and sat down on the barn-floor and cried. Something dreadful had happened to him, and the worst of it was that we did n't know what. And there we had been having such a good time at Grandpa's, just as if we did n't care at all.

I could n't bear to see the birch twigs lying there, and we picked them all up as fast as we could, and threw them into the pig-pen.

For what was the use!

We went into the house, and sat down by Robbie's big chair. Everybody always did when they were sorry and felt badly. And Robbie began to show us some chairs and a table that he had been making for our big dollies, and we all got to talking, and the afternoon did n't seem so very long after all.

When supper was over, Father said he was going up on the hill to see about some sheep, and told Sue and me to put on our bonnets and come with him. We always liked to go with Father, and that walk to the hill was the best of all, for there were so many things to see.

There was a path near the edge of a very high bank that went down to the river. The earth and stones were always shelving off and falling down like avalanches. Once Father took fast hold of my hand, and let me push off some stones with my foot. But he said we never must go near the edge when he was n't there. And we could look away down and see brother Ned's island covered with grape-vines, and the school-house, and lots of things.

Pretty soon we began to hear the sheep baa-ing, and when they saw Father they baa-ed louder than ever. They made such a noise that Susy and I thought we would go on farther. For I heard a lady tell Mother once that when people were in trouble, they liked to be quiet. And if *we* were n't in trouble I don't know who ever was. There was a great field next to the sheep that had been plowed before we went away. I should have liked nothing better than to walk on the little hills and valleys,

and see what strange new kinds of bugs and things had been uncovered by the plow.

But I was taking care of Susy, and I knew Mother would n't like to have her there. So we stood at the bars looking in at the field.

"What is that white thing, away off in the corner, that looks like a piece of paper?" said Susy. I saw it, too, but I thought it looked more like a feather than a piece of paper.

Father was just coming from the sheep, and he said he would go and see. We watched him as he went with great long steps over the field. Then we saw him stoop down a minute, and then he began to laugh.

Oh, dear! he's the best Father that ever was, but I don't know what he laughed for. He scratched the earth away, and then held up something big and white.

"Oh," whispered Sue, putting her little hands together, "*Bunny!*"

I forgot all about Sue and Mother and everything. I climbed over that stone wall and was across the field in a jiffy.

Poor Bunny! He was n't very clean, of course,—nobody could be with dirt all over them that way. But I did n't care.

I took him right in my arms and carried him home. I felt all the way as if it was wrong for me to hold him, for I knew how he never would be held when he was alive. And going down the hill Father said that Trip,—just think of it, our Trip!—must have killed him and put him there.

If you could have seen Trip you would have thought so, too.

He stayed under his little table, with his nose in the corner, nearly all the time. And he looked dreadfully ashamed.

It was some comfort to have Bunny in a pretty grave, right in the middle of a flower-bed. I think he liked violets and honeysuckles.

There was a clean new shingle with his name on it, that Robbie painted, at one end, and a white stone that I found in the brook, at the other.

All that brother Ned did to help me in my trouble was to ask, "Why don't you have a muff made of his fur?"

A muff, indeed!





## MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS.

BY ALICE WOOD.

HERE they are in this old, low book-case, opposite the broad, sunny window—our books.

I do not mean the family books,—poetry, history, novels,—ranged upon the shelves down stairs, though many of them are my true friends now and will be my true friends always. I am speaking of those which were called, years ago, “The Children’s Books,” and which I love to-day because I loved them then. *Our* books—for on many a merry Christmas they came to all of us, to Jeanie, Kate and me.

Let us see whether any of your friends and mine are the same.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe! I went through much sorrow for him. It was very safe and bright in our parlor, and I, a wee girl, sat close by Mother’s knee, and listened, with breathless interest, while Kate read his story aloud; but afterward, when I lay in my bed, in the dark, how my heart ached for him!

My dear Swiss Family Robinson! You, in your old worn cover, call up only pleasant memories. Many an anxious thought you gave me, but never a throb of pain. My days on that island were all happy ones, and Fritz, and Jack and Ernest could hardly have felt more interest than I in Tent House and Falcon’s Nest.

Here is Rosamond,—kind, good friend!—and “Sunbeam Stories,” with the real heart’s sunshine in them.

How I used to delight in these “Wonderful Tales”! Sometimes when I see a pale flower fading, or one looking as though it had an exquisite secret hidden away in its rosy cup, or, in summer

twilight, when a toad goes hopping by in his evening walk, I wish for Hans Christian Andersen to tell me their story. “The Nightingale,” “The Ugly Duck,” “The Little Mermaid”—they haunt my memory like strains of lovely music.

My beautiful, loving Undine, and poor, sad Sintram! Only just now when the red light shone upon my wall, I thought of the Pilgrim’s song.

But we shall not have time to speak of all, though there are many that we might talk over; so let us only take a few which I used to love the best. This book bears on its blank leaf: “Alice; from Father.” Dear Father, you little knew what you were bringing to your daughter, on that evening long ago, when you brought home “Ministering Children” from town. You brought me happy hours among the green English fields and in the cottages of the villagers, for it was like living in the beautiful quiet country with little Rose and Mercy; pleasant times at the Farm with Farmer Smith’s family, sympathy in their troubles, and gladness on that glad day when William rode Black Beauty home. More than all, you brought me love for Herbert Clifford and his sister. When, in the still summer night, death came to the sweet young lady at the Hall, I felt as though my best friend too, were gone. I mourned with the villagers; my heart was very sore for Herbert. I did earnestly resolve that I would be a better girl, that I, too, would try and be a ministering child. If I failed sadly, the fault was in me, not in the pure, sweet book. I would have others read it, and do better.

Do you not love “The Wide, Wide World”?



I think some of the best influences of my life were breathed forth from those two faded green volumes. I wonder if you followed Ellen Montgomery through her trials and pleasures with the intense interest that I felt. My life had more sorrow than rejoicing when I was with her; but the happy times were so very happy, and I was content only to be with her, and Alice and John. Oh! did not Aunt Fortune make your blood boil many times, and did you not always feel a sense of glad release when, in the bright afternoon, the work was at last finished, and Ellen free to speed up the mountain-path to Alice? Do you remember the visit to Mrs. Vawse, the walk home through the snow-storm, and the cheerful gleam of Mr. Van Brunt's lantern? The Bee was as great a novelty to me as to Ellen, and Christmas at Ventnor seemed very pleasant; but the lovely, quiet times at the Parsonage, in the sitting-room with the glass door—they were the happiest.

In those old times, a story had to seem very real to bring the tears to my eyes, but, when the days of trouble came, I did cry with Ellen. I could not bear to have Alice die. The white house seemed very desolate without her. When the bitterness of many partings had been gone through, and Ellen was far away in Scotland, I, too, was homesick and heart-sick to think of the moonlight streaming through the glass door into the empty sitting-room.

My Ellen! I thought I loved you truly. Why did I not love you well enough to follow then in your small footprints, copy then your gentleness and patience, and try to do my duty as well as you did yours?

This worn, brown book in the corner is one of my truest friends. I never look at it without wishing that I were braver and better. I am sure you love it just as well as I; I am sure you gave Tom Brown your warm and ready sympathy through all those "School Days," dark and bright. Through

the perils and adventures which he and Harry East shared together, through the trials and victories of that better time, when, thanks to the Doctor and Arthur, "the tide turned," and Tom took the side of Right, up to the chapter in which, the brave and worthy captain of the Eleven, he plays his last match at Rugby. And were you not truly glad that he grew up such a noble fellow? Did it not give you a tender and reverent admiration for Doctor Arnold? Did you not sincerely thank Thomas Hughes for writing such a book?

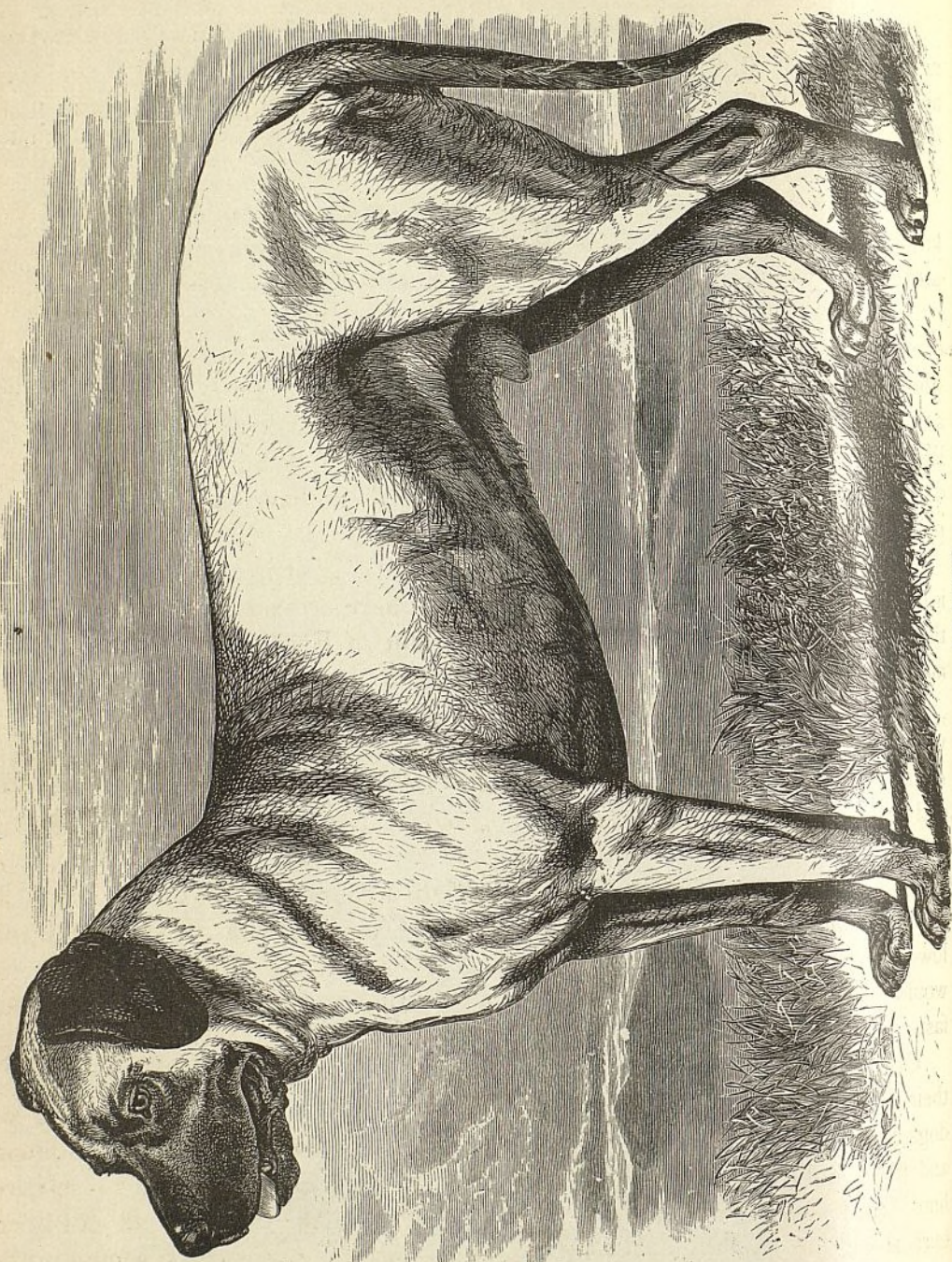
Sometimes, when everything seems to be going wrong, and I feel tired and discouraged, if I chance to pass by the book-case, I stop and open the brown doors, and look, for a moment, at my friends standing quietly there. I need not take down a single volume; the old backs speak to me. The beautiful old days come back to me. The voices that whispered to me then of lovely, lofty things, breathe to me now encouragement and cheer: "Be strong! Try again to be good." And I go down stairs, feeling comforted.

Dear, I want to say something to you. You read many books—Mrs. Whitney's, Miss Alcott's, and numberless others. If you would receive from them the good they have to give you, take the lessons they teach to yourself, into your own heart. Be good and pure, like Faith Gartney; unselfish, like Leslie Goldthwaite; true to what you know to be right, like the Marches. Struggle with your faults as bravely as Tom Brown fought his school-foes first and his temptations afterward. It is, it must be, a struggle; but you can, if you *will*.

Then, when you stand some day, as I do, before your old books, it will be with no sad thought of what might have been, if you had carried out the good impulses they awakened; but gladly, gratefully, saying: "They were true friends. They helped me to be good."







THE MASTIFF.

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## ABOUT A BIG DOG.

SOME boys and girls are ver-y much a-fraid of a "big dog," but there is not al-ways a good rea-son for this. While some big dogs are cross and sav-age, there are oth-er large fel-lows who are as gen-tle as any lit-tle dog who ev-er wag-ged a tail. And there are small dogs, such as bull-dogs, who are oft-en very sav-age in-deed.

The New-found-land is one of the most com-mon of our large dogs. You know what a big, shag-gy fel-low he is, and how he likes to go in-to the wa-ter, and swim a-bout.

Then there are man-y big dogs which are used for hunt-ing, such as hounds and set-ters and point-ers, though some of these are not ver-y large. Blood-hounds are a-mong the ver-y big-gest dogs. They are ver-y strong and sav-age, and are some-times used as watch-dogs where there are large yards to be guard-ed. The St. Ber-nard is an-oth-er ver-y large dog. You may have heard how some of them have saved the lives of peo-ple lost in the deep snow.

But the big dog which I am go-ing to tell a-bout is a mas-tiff, and there is a pict-ure of him on the oth-er page. There are not man-y mas-tiffs in this coun-try, and I nev-er saw but one. But in Eng-land there are a great man-y of them, and they are al-ways watch-dogs.

There is no bet-ter watch-dog in the world than a mas-tiff. He is not a ver-y hand-some fel-low, but he is ver-y brave, and has a great deal of sense. A mas-tiff will oft-en take al-most as good care of a house as a man will, and on dark, cold nights, such a dog would be more like-ly to at-tend to his du-ty than most watch-men.

I have heard of a mas-tiff who would go a-round his mas-ter's house at night, af-ter ev-er-y-bod-y had gone to bed, and look at all the doors and low-er win-dows, to see if they were shut up. If he found one o-pen, he would stand be-fore it and bark un-til some-bod-y came down-stairs to fast-en it.

Oth-er mas-tiffs have the sense to know that if they catch a rob-ber on their mas-ter's place, they need not al-ways bite him. I have heard of dogs of this kind who would spring up-on a rob-ber and throw him down, and then, hold-ing him fast, would bark un-til some one came to se-cure him. And when the man got up it would be found that he had not been hurt at all. Some dogs—e-ven big ones—would never catch a man with-out bit-ing him. They would think it was all right.

It is this good sense which makes the mas-tiff one of the best of dogs



to own. He is large and strong and ver-y brave, but there are dogs that are as large and as brave as he is, and some of these could e-ven beat him in a fight.

But there is no big dog who is so strong, so brave and so wise, all in one. E-ven the best New-found-land dogs will some-times for-get them-selves, and chase chick-ens or kill sheep.

But a good mas-tiff would not do this. He knows he has a du-ty to do, and he thinks a-bout it. He is al-ways at home. If a stran-ger comes to the house, he does not rush at him bark-ing, as if he would fright-en him a-way. He walks down to meet the man, and goes with him to the door. There he waits un-til the man is let in; or, if he is not let in, the mas-tiff walks with him to the gate.

If the stran-ger be-haves him-self, all goes well, but it would not do for him to try to steal.

I think you will a-gree with me that, though the mas-tiff is not as hand-some as some oth-er dogs, he is as fine a fel-low as any of them.

## THE BIRD AND ITS MOTHER.

*(A Dialogue for Baby to Learn with Mamma.)*

*Mam-ma.* HERE we are in our nice warm nest—I and my lit-tle bird.

I won-der if he is a-wake? I must list-en.

*Ba-by.* Peep! peep!

*Mam-ma.* Oh, yes. He is wide a-wake. What do you want, lit-tle bird?

*Ba-by.* Peep! peep! peep!

*Mam-ma.* Oh, you want your break-fast, do you? Well, I must fly a-way and find you some-thing nice.

*Ba-by.* Peep! peep! peep! peep!

*Mam-ma.* What! Do you wish to go, too?

*Ba-by.* Peep!

*Mam-ma.* Very well. The sky is blue, and it is a nice bright day. Let me see if your lit-tle wings are strong. (*Mam-ma works ba-by's arms gent-ly up and down.*) Yes, the wings are strong. Now, come! (*Mam-ma takes hold of Ba-by's hands and lets him skip with her a-cross the room.*)





Did you ev-er go on sun-ny days the pret-ty flow-ers to pull,  
And, kneel-ing in the mead-ow, fill your lit-tle a-pron full?  
Did you ev-er see the dai-sies shine, and hear the bird-ies start,  
Till you some-times found it hard to tell the flow-ers and song a-part?  
And did you ev-er feel the breeze steal light-ly to your cheek,  
As if it loved you ver-y much and had a word to speak?  
Well, if you have known all these things so beau-ti-ful and wild,  
I'm sure the birds and flow-ers and breeze have known a hap-py child.





### JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GREAT poles have lately gone up in my meadow. They have wires stretching along between the tops, and there the birds settle and gossip in fine style,—dozens of them, sometimes, in one shining, bobbing row.

Yesterday morning they held a meeting there. Some of the birds thought there were too many wires, others thought the place was too public, but on the whole they were delighted, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the kind unknowns who erected this splendid perching-ground for them. One old bird said:

"My friends! This is at least a hop in the right direction, and it is sung on good authority that one of our race known as The American Eagle is at the bottom of it."

Then they all piped three tremendous little cheers, and flew away.

Now you shall hear about

#### EARTHENWARE MOCCASINS.

MY DEAR FRIEND JACK: We have had sent to us a pair of little earthenware moccasins. To think of a little child pattering about in high crockery slippers without heels! They are rough inside, but smooth outside; one is of a dark red color, and so is the other, but it has, besides, a broad black band where it was burned black by the fire. They are made of a clay that has what look like gold specks in it, and these shine and sparkle in the light.

If your children had that kind of clay to play with, they could build doll-houses with it, and let them harden in the sun, and even make tiny moccasins for the dolls.

Our clay moccasins are only large enough for a big doll, I should think; but they really were worn by a little girl, one of the Pueblo Indian children. These Indians are undersized people who live now in New Mexico; but whether they lived there always, or whether they went from the North and are descendants of the ancient race called Mound-builders, I do not know.—Truly yours,

LIZZIE.

#### GIANT ANIMALS.

SOMEWHERE near Newark, Ohio, I'm told, there's a bird whose body is one hundred and fifty feet long, while each of his wings is one hundred and ten feet across! A tremendous fellow! Who measured him, I wonder, and how big must a little boy be to safely put salt on the monster's tail? I

hope he wont try to perch on my pulpit,—even in a friendly way.

Most birds will not meddle with you, if let alone, my dears, and I suspect this one is not very active just now; but here is news that looks rather serious: Word has come that in Wisconsin there are animals as large as this bird, and that look like giant bears and tigers.

This is startling, I must say. But who found them? and how is it that nothing was heard of these enormous creatures when they came to this country,—if they are foreigners,—or while they were growing to their present size, if they are American born?

Please inquire into this matter, my youngsters, especially those of you who are in the threatened districts, and let your Jack know what you find out.

#### A FLAME AS A WATCH-DOG.

THOSE of you who have picked deep holes in the mill-stones of science, my painstaking young investigators, know as well as anybody else that a long, thin flame, when allowed to rise through a tube of glass or metal, can be made to roar and sing very loudly, and even to give out barking noises, keeping silence, however, until blown upon.

Well, a flame strait-jacketed in this curious way can be placed near a window at night. Then if any person who ought n't to happens to open the window, or a door, or to break a hole so that a draught makes unsteady the air about the flame, the barking begins, and the improper person goes off in shame and haste,—unless, of course, he already knows about barking flames, for then he just turns out the light, takes what he wants, and goes away in silence.

#### THE HORSE THAT FED HIS FRIEND.

L. H. sends this true story about a horse:

There were two horses, one of them blind, belonging to a country doctor out West, who for eighteen years drove them on his rounds of visiting, generally harnessing them together.

One evening, the doctor took out his blind horse alone, and drove him until late. On his return he put the horse into a stall next to that of its mate, there being a tight board partition between them from floor to ceiling. Then he threw some ears of corn into the manger and went in-doors.

By and by, the doctor was startled by curious sounds from the stable, and he took a lantern and went to see what was the matter. As he drew near, he heard the two mates calling and answering each other in cheerful tones; and, when he looked into the stable, there was the blind horse pushing ears of corn to his friend through a big knot-hole in the partition! The two old chums were having a brotherly chat, and enjoying it all the more because they were going halves in something good to eat.

#### RABBITS IN CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK: Our neighbors here in San José, California, have a great many rabbits of different varieties, and they are very careful not to give them water, even wiping off the moisture from the cabbage-leaves before feeding them. The children say they would get the "wet-mouth," as they call it, if they drank water. It has always seemed very strange to us elders, and we were very incred-



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lous about it at first, but know it is really true. I read the communication of S. W. K., in your February budget, and it reminded me of these rabbits. They have their houses too high from the ground to get any water for themselves, so of course they actually live without fluid, excepting the water that may exist in the vegetables they eat. I do not know whether this peculiarity is confined to California rabbits or not. You know there are a great many months in the year with us in which the streams are all dried up and no rain falls, so it is lucky for any animals here who can live without water.

A. B. F.

#### THE CROW THAT STOLE FISHES.

SOME friends of mine had one of the first aquaria in Iowa. The boys of the family put the fishes they brought from country streams into a well-protected tank in the back yard of their home.

Every day the little fishes would be missing. Where could they go? If a fish loses even one scale it shows in the water; if many scales are rubbed off he gets sick; if he dies, he turns over and floats on the water. But to have the fishes utterly disappear from a deep tank was a mystery.

The boys had a pet crow named Jack, who was fond of flying about when the family were at the table, eating; then he would perch on their fingers and shoulders and coax for crumbs. When he had his mouth and the pouch in his cheek full of crumbs, he would fly away. No one knew where he went, and, he was so sly, it was long before any one found out.

One day at dinner the mother happened to go to a back window. There was naughty Jack, dropping crumbs upon the water of the tank so that the fishes would jump up to the top for them, and, as they did this, he gobbled them up.

After that, no crumbs were given him, and the fishes were carefully protected.



THE TWINS.

#### STRANGE THINGS IN COLORADO.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Your dear Little Schoolma'am has asked me to tell you something about the wonderful rock figures in Colorado, and I am very glad to comply.

The strangest things in that strange country are the sandstone rocks. They are of bright colors—red, white, yellow, and pink, and they are of such queer, quaint shapes that you would think some-

body must have molded them for fun. The geologists think that it was all done by the action of water, ages ago.

Here is a picture of some of these queer rocks. The two that stand side by side are in a beautiful park, about ten miles north of Colorado Springs. This Park is called Monument Park, because it



THE PHRENOLOGIST.

is full of rocks which look as if they had been cut and carved into shape. These two are huge figures, and are called "The Twins," or "The Two Brothers," or, by some people, "The Two Dutchmen." I think the last name is the best.

The other rock is called "The Phrenologist." You see, it really does look a good deal like the head and upper part of the body of a person who is feeling another person's head, and that, you know, is what phrenologists always do. This is on "Austin's Bluffs," about five miles east of the town of Colorado Springs. These bluffs are several hundred feet higher than the plains about them, and from the top there is a most beautiful view of several ranges of mountains, and the town of Colorado Springs lying below. All the rocks on these bluffs are of a pale yellow color, and they look beautiful among the dark pine trees. I think you will find pictures of other Colorado rock figures in the second volume of ST. NICHOLAS. Yours truly,

H. H.

#### CACTUS PAPER.

DID you ever see a cactus? In the great West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, there are cactus thickets, outlandish, tangled and thorny, but bearing beautiful flowers which travelers prefer to admire at a distance. Well, the Californians have discovered a way of making good writing-paper out of these cactus plants. Is n't that news? It seems to me that good, strong, sweet poetry might be writ on such paper.

#### GROWTH OF KNOWLEDGE IN BUTTERFLIES.

IF you watch, you will find that a butterfly, when about half an hour old, is not shy of your coming near to it; but when three or four hours old, it seems already to have learned that, as a general thing, it is not safe for a butterfly to trust to the kindness of human beings.

No doubt it learns, during the rest of the one or two days of its short life, a great many things more happy and pleasant for it to know; but it is a pity to have it begin to fear while yet so young. And I'm told that matters are much the same with other insects, poor things!



## THE STORY WRITTEN.

Of the many hundreds of stories sent in by the boys and girls in response to our request on page 316 of the February number, a large proportion are really good, considering the ages of the writers. Only two or three of the contributors are over fifteen years of age, and the youngest is only eight.

It was very difficult to select the one best story from so many, and therefore we have concluded to print the following three—and to give in one long Roll of Honor the names of all the other young folks who sent in creditable stories. We are glad to note the good handwriting and careful spelling of the communications.



THE PARDON.

At the time of the French Revolution, Count de Barry was falsely accused of treason, and thrown into prison. He had an old and trusty servant, in whose charge he had left his wife and child. Pierre was deeply grieved to see his master thrown into prison, and was so urgent in his entreaties to be allowed to visit him there, that he was at length permitted to do so; but, as the keeper said, he was only to stay with the Count for one half-hour. He entered the low, dark room, and kissed his master's hand, dropping hot tears upon it. As soon as their first emotions were over, the Count said: "Pierre, I am afraid there is no hope for me! I do not know who my false accuser is, but he is so eager in his efforts to have me killed, that I cannot be saved. However, to-morrow I shall be tried." Then the Count instructed him as to his wife and child. Much too soon the keeper appeared, and announced the expiration of the time. Master and servant parted. Sleep shunned Pierre that night, and he lay thinking of means to save the Count. Anxiously he awaited the next evening, but, alas! he heard that his master would die on the guillotine. In the night he had formed a plan, the success of which I will relate.

Pierre had gone to the Committee of Public Safety, had obtained a pardon for his master, and was hurrying to the prison. He had spent four days in obtaining it, having made many unsuccessful efforts, and now every minute was precious. It was two minutes past four, and still he was far away from the prison. Twenty minutes more, and his master would be dead. Quickly you walk, Pierre, but not quick enough for such a cause! Suddenly he looks in his wallet, into which he had put the pardon. He stands blank with despair and amazement: it is not there! He examines further, throwing out his handkerchief: a great hole is in the wallet. Now the moments fly by

unobserved by the almost frantic Pierre. He hears a rustling; there lies the pardon under his foot! He rushes up to the prison, he sees the place of execution, and his master is almost on the guillotine. He shouts, shows and waves the pardon, and Count de Barry is saved! IDA GIMBEL, aged 12.

## THE KING'S LETTER.

A STORY TOLD IN RHYME.

'T was a letter, a wonderful letter,  
That was sent to a wise old king,  
To tell how to get rich in one minute,  
And all that sort of thing.  
So the king sent forth a butler,  
A servant of high degree,  
To get that wonderful letter,  
And see what the message could be.  
The butler got the treasure,  
And stowed it away with care,  
And hurried off along the road,  
Then climbed the castle stair.

"I have it!" he cried, and every one  
Stood gaping to see what next would be done;  
But his face grew white, and he dropped his hat,  
And gasped as he felt in his pocket. "That  
Rascal has fooled us!" cried the king;  
"Let him stand where he is till we find the thing."  
"Lost! Lost!" moaned the men, as they hunted each lane.  
Said the king, "In the castle we'll meet again;  
We'll question the man where the letter can be,  
And if he don't know, he shall die," quoth he.  
So the men trooped up the castle stair,  
And called to the butler, "Where, oh, where  
Is the wonderful letter we long to see?  
Where, oh, where can the letter be?"

Then a little child ran into the room,  
Laughing and crowing with delight,  
For on the butler's shoe-buckles big  
Shone a sunbeam golden and bright.  
Down dropped the little one, to see  
What the bright shining things might be;  
And lo and behold! beneath the shoe  
Of the butler, she spied a paper too!  
In amazement the child drew a letter out,  
And then the wise men set up a shout,—  
'T was the wonderful letter, as sure as could be.  
Each man ran up, to try and see  
Before the rest what the message might be;  
And each grabbed the paper, and, sad to say,  
Each wanted to take it a different way;  
And by the time it reached the king  
There was nothing left of that wonderful thing.  
So the king and his wise men never will know  
What the wonderful letter had to show.

LIBBIE S. HAWES, aged 12.

## SAM'S LOSS.

THE man in the picture is Sam, the butler, who is too good-natured to know when he is imposed upon, and thinks he must always be to blame when things go wrong, as everybody blames him. But he never was in such a "fix" before. His employer gave him a letter to mail, the loss of which would cause great trouble and cost Sam his place. Snap (his wife) thought he could carry a geranium slip to her cousin Kate at the same time, borrow her slipper-pattern and last fashion magazine, stop at the store for a paper of pins and two spools of thread (one pink and one black), a ball for the baby, some chewing-gum for Sue, three yards of tape and a bottle of pepper-sauce. And he was also to be sure to call at Mrs. Bigswell's for the ten dollars she owed Snap for washing, as she must have it right away to get a dress off that pea-green delaine at Cheapman's before it was all gone. Poor Sam was so afraid he might forget some of Snap's errands that he decided to attend to them first. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the last spool tied up, and Mrs. Bigswell's bill safe in his pocket, and started for the post-office; but the little "errands of love" had made him so tired that he sat down by a fence to rest, and fell fast asleep! When he awoke, he saw two suspicious-looking men just ahead of him; he thought at once of the letters and money going out of sight; he thought at once of the letters and money which he had carefully placed in one wrapper. Putting his hand in his pocket, he found it gone! He jumped to his feet and felt in every pocket, laid down his cane so he could use both hands, and searched again; then took off his hat so he could think faster, and finally drew



out his handkerchief to wipe the drops from his forehead as he pictured the rage poor Snap would fall into over her loss. And he fairly howled when he thought of the possible ruin for his master.

Poor Sam!—But if he would only quit gazing at vacancy, and look under his left foot, go home and ask Snap to mend his pockets, he might live several years yet. LORETTA BROWN, aged 12½.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Anne T. Withington—W. P. Munn—H. Crane—Ruth L. Palmer—George Ziegler—Ausburn F. Towner—Grace Boutelle—Pauline  
 M. Lutz—Agnes V. Luther—Grace A. Hobart—Lilian Fitzgerald—Marion B. Hudson—Anna T. Wright—Edward M. Biddle—Davie  
 Jacobs—B. H. Warburton—Nellie Wolf—Carrie L. Parker—Sue M. Littell—Lizzie Langton—Sadie Foote—F. W. Parker—Matie Mitch-  
 ell—Bertie  
 Manier—Charlie K. Barry—Sarah Pedlow—H. G. Brengle—Bessie W. McKelvie—David Lewis—Eddie Miller—L. B.  
 Needham  
 "Bessy" Norton—Rollin Blackman—Gertrude D. Savage—Ridie McAllister—William Corben—Henry Gay—Annie Miller—  
 Belle Barr—G. H. Smith—James Harvey Lang—Mrs. Geo. T. Williams, for her children—Ellen Fowle and Geo. A. Fowle—Julie S.  
 Lawton—Maria Louise Wilson—L. M. Baugh—Arthur H. Bowditch—Lizzie Farrow—Gertrude Weil—F. N. Boynton—Nellie Bisland—  
 Willie E. Gaunt—Gussie Rawson—Louis A. Holman—Nellie C. Huggett—S. L. Wells—Everett W. Shumway—E. C. Aiken—Jacob H.  
 Miller—Agnes E. Babcock—Ada M. Fitts—Robin A. Law—Edith Grace Bristow—Florence G. Gilling—Mary K. Keyes—Jas. R.  
 Robertson—Dandelion and Clover—Louella M. Brown—Grace A. Petit—Rosalie L. Bradford—Max West—Eustace M. Trevor—Florence  
 Pratt—Earl Andrews—Jno. L. Johnson, Jr.—Julia T. Johnson—Sadie Carrington—Anna M. Norton—Courtenay H. Fenn—Jessie  
 May Young—Ernest Bigelow—Edith T. Stickney—Bessie Hoge—Lucy D. Waterman—Lizzie B. Congdon—Ada C. Collins—C. F.  
 Robinson—June Stevens—Alice Stedman—Hiram H. Bice—Grace E. Rockwell—Florence Harper—Bessie Ladd—Georgianna Chandler—  
 Mary J. Hull—J. Kinsley Blake—Florence Hull Watson—Pearl Clayton Nichols—Mary Millett—W. Constantine Pope—Virgie  
 Watson—Daisy Reed—Eleanor D. Plumb—Clara Glynn—Nettie Golay—Mamie W. Cannon—Frank E. Haskell—Freddie E. Cannon—  
 Wm. B. Faville—Marion S. Decks—Chas. W. Ford—Amy Smith—Virginia C. Garden—Libby—Arthur James—Mamie Blake—Florence  
 Lillian S. Apgar—Henry M. Thomson—Amy Brautigam—Clarence Marsh—Menitta Libby—Arthur James—Mamie Blake—Florence  
 Nightingale—Grace Mills—Margie Heron—Mamie A. Phoebe—Annette Phoebe—Chas. M. H. Tracy—Emma Dils—Hattie Coral  
 Smith—Fannie M. Levy—Josie L. Fox—Elsie L. Shaw—C. Morris—Fanny Lee Robinson—Frank W. Wentworth—Mary C. Hall—  
 Florence T. Lanman—Carrie Mallick—Emma H. Crane—Alice Hall—Mary Payne—Benj. P. Ellis—Lucy Gibson—Flora Tucker  
 —Florence M. King—Minnie M. Whitford—Belle G. Stone—Kittie Little—Aaron Goldman—Annie V. Gore—S. P. R. Chadwick—  
 Norman G. Johnson—Minnie Slover—Charlie D. W. Thresher—Bertha Potts—Helen F. Stone—Sadie H. Harlow—Clara L. Hovey  
 —Mabel N. Butterfield—Grace B. Latimer—Miss Bentenmarsch—Alice E. Bugbee—M. Claire Sherwood—Mary V. Wood—Lily Avis  
 Barton—Fleda M. Hardy—Fannie B. Montgomery—Terisita Soule—Mary Edith Gilbert—A. Collins Ely—Nannie Fitzhugh—Harold  
 B. Smith—Lillian E. Rogers—Edith R. Leonard—Thomas Herbert Chase—Sadie Zarone—Nettie Schoch—W. Hermann—Nellie  
 Greenhill—Rose Garland Filer—Lillie C. Kennish—Bessie B. Thompson—Mollie Potter—Henry B. Hedrick—John Bolgiano—A. A.  
 Nickerson—Martha W. Forsyth—Arthur B. Pinney—Isabelle S. Baldwin—Lila Taylor—Lucius M. Hull—May T. Harwood—Jeanie M.  
 Rowell—Henry Stillwell—Ethel G. Murray—Leoline Waterman—Frank Gray—Bertha Wiley—Edna C. Spaulding—Jessie D. Brooks—  
 M. K. Potter—Florence L. Blair—W. Western—Eugene Reilly—Edith Henry—Lucy Bartels—Margaret A. Lichfield—Ida S. Woodhouse.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is good news for every ST. NICHOLAS boy and girl who is kind-hearted, or who loves any dumb animal. Some time ago, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made an offer of various prizes "to the publishers of any books, magazines or newspapers, in which the cause of mercy to animals has been most satisfactorily explained and defended," and—to our joy and surprise—the report of the judges says: "We have selected for the first prize the ST. NICHOLAS, a monthly published in New York, by Scribner & Co."

We are very glad if these pages have been of influence in aiding so noble a cause: and the hearty interest and co-operation the boys and girls have shown is a happy promise that the coming men and women of America will sustain and carry on the good work of protecting dumb animals. So long as horses, cattle, dogs, cats and birds continue to be our companions, sharing, in some way, our daily lives, there will be constant opportunity of befriending and helping them, and we consider every ST. NICHOLAS reader who shows a kindness or averts a cruelty to any dumb creature, as a sharer in the honor of the Society's award.

G. S., AND SEVERAL OTHER CORRESPONDENTS: The story of "Napoleon and the Little Egyptian" originally was contributed to *Our Young Folks*. It came into our hands several years ago, with sundry other unpublished MSS. accepted by that magazine, and repurchased by Scribner & Co. at the time of its consolidation with *St. Nicholas*. The author's correspondence with the editor of *Our Young Folks* had not been preserved with the MS., and the latter (as received by us) bore no acknowledgment whatever that the story was a translation. We therefore printed it in our April number, with a picture drawn for us by Mr. Reinhart. But almost as soon as it appeared, we discovered the coincidence upon which the press has since very properly expressed its opinion. It was too late then to explain in our May issue, as that number was already being

printed. We give now Col. T. A. Dodge's reply to our letter of  
inquiry. Boston, Mass. April 25, 1880.

Brookline, Mass., April 25, 1880.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS :

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:  
 DEAR MADAM: It is more than ten years ago since I sent the article entitled "Napoleon and the Young Egyptian" to *Our Young Folks*. I had entirely forgotten it.

*Folks.* I had entirely forgotten it.

It is a translation from Wilhelm Hauff's works, and was sent as such. I remember that I was asked what vouched for the truth of the story, and I replied, quoting my source. I was unaware, until to-day's receipt of your favor of 21st inst., that another translation existed. My copy of Hauff's works was given me, as a lad, in Germany. A comparison of the original with both translations would probably show that each was an independent translation.

Yours most truly,  
NICHOLAS, our most welcome monthly,

I sincerely regret that Sr. NICHOLAS, our most welcome monthly, should, by any carelessness of mine, have the slur of plagiarism cast upon its columns. I certainly sent the article for what it was, and supposed so much to be shown in the MS.

If the letter of transmittal or the ensuing correspondence are still extant, they will speak for themselves.

Very truly yours,

THEO. A. DODGE.

THE following, from T. B. G., of Baltimore, may comfort some of our city boys:

our city boys:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I disagree with your correspondent, Mr. W. Gladden, in what he says about city boys. It may be quite true that they do not always, or generally, gain the highest pinnacles of wealth; but in lower positions it is a question whether they do not enjoy life more than those above them, and live it in a more generous and better manner. I have had much to do with boys, and have seen them growing and grown, and, without data, do not think that, with us, the large per cent. of successful men are those born and educated in the country.

Yours, with respect,  
T. B. G.

Yours, with respect,

T. B. G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading about Editha and the burglar in the February number, reminded me of something that happened to



one of my relations, when she was a little girl. She lived in one of the islands of the Pacific, where the people are mild and quiet, or she might not have been so brave. She was sleeping in a bed that stood near a door, when she was awakened by a noise in the room, and drew the blanket over her head. The door was fastened with a bolt, and in trying to push it back the burglar sat on the edge of her bed. Then the little girl stuck a pin into his flesh. You ought to have seen him! He jumped, and I guess he thought he'd better get out of that place.

Then she ran into the next room and told her brother, who had a little lead cannon in his room. He said he could frighten the burglar best by firing it off; but he was so long about it that the burglar got away very easily. Only, he dropped his handkerchief, and so was caught afterward. I have a small cannon, too, that came from Paris, and I mean to shoot the first burglar I see.—Your constant reader,  
P. L. WEAVER, Jr.

C. H. FLEMING AND OTHERS.—See Dr. Sanford B. Hunt's "Talk about Swimming," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1877, and illustrated with eight descriptive pictures, prepared by Mr. J. E. Kelly and approved by Dr. Hunt. The article gives plain directions how to swim, both off the sea-beach and in fresh water.

Read the following letter, received by the Editor early in March, 1880, from Columbus, Indiana:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought we would tell you how you enabled our brother to save a boy from drowning. He, together with several of his friends, was in bathing, when one of the boys, who could not swim, slipped from a log into the water. Brother Charlie had read your article on "swimming" in the July number of 1877, and saved the boy's life by following your directions.—Yours, very respectfully,  
E. and W. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Another boy and I are going to build a boat, and we are in a muddle how to go to work. I thought that you would try to help us about this, by having an article on the subject.—Yours,  
J. M. T.

In ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875, is a long, illustrated article, entitled "How to make a Boat," which will enable any boy who is handy with carpenters' tools to build a serviceable and safe row-boat, at a reasonable cost. We shall soon print a paper on "Small boats:—How to rig and sail them."

Will the gentleman who, some time ago, forwarded the beautiful paper sleigh and reindeer made by a little boy, please send his name and address, as his letter has been mislaid?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am six years old and have an alligator. It will not eat anything and I am afraid it will die. I let it crawl all over me and am not afraid of it. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much.  
WALTER F. WOOD.



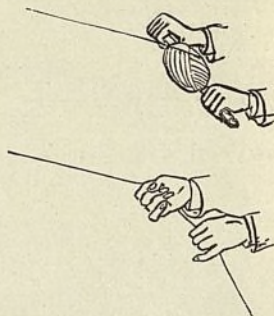
This is not a lot of alligators. It is only one alligator in a different place all over me.  
WALTER F. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to the question of Joshua C. Hubbard in the March "Letter-Box,"—"Why is it that when an iron is hot it will iron better than when it is cold?"—

Roll a piece of paper about anything that is round, and tie it with a string; after dipping all into water, put it in the sun to dry. When dry, untie the string and you will find that the paper will remain rolled, because it was dried rolled. So, when you iron a piece of dampened cloth with a flat-iron, the heat of the iron dries the cloth very quickly, and the smoothness of the iron keeps the surface of the cloth smooth while it is drying, consequently the smoothness remains.

But it is not the heat of the iron that makes the cloth stay smooth after it is ironed; it is the drying of it while smooth. If you were to hold a cold iron over one place on a damp cloth, and keep it there pressed down hard until the cloth should become dry, the cloth would remain smooth. But you would have to hold the iron for several hours if it were cold. If the iron is hot, however, it will dry the cloth at once.—Your constant reader,  
"HOPE."

KITE-STRING WINDERS.—Willie Hubner sends a drawing of a handy kite-string winder, which he invented, and by which he avoids blistering his fingers. Mr. Beard says he has used a winder or reel very like Willie's, besides many others more or less ingenious; but, after all, he prefers the old-fashioned method shown in the accompanying illustrations. He adds: "Sometimes, in raising a kite, the



stick is dropped upon the ground for the sake of convenience; then, if the wind catches the kite, the string is apt to slip between the fingers, as shown in the lower picture, and blisters are the result. But if the stick is held in the manner shown in the upper picture, the fingers will not be blistered."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to Walter and Robert Lowry's question about the markings of quail and woodcock, I will say that they are as follows:

THE WOODCOCK.—The forehead is of a dirty brown, with two black bars across the back of the head, and two narrow ones in front on the neck; a narrow dark line runs the whole length of the head, under the eyes and down to the bill, which is long and slender.

Three broad bands of brownish-black pass from the shoulder to the tail. The breast is of a warm fawn color.

QUAIL.—On the back the quail is of a beautiful brown; under the body the feathers are almost white, with black bars. The male, or "Bob White," has a pure white spot over each eye and a white throat. The bill is short and curved. Quail go in coveys or flocks, woodcock in pairs.  
JOHNNY A.

WALTER N. BURNS.—The best answer that can be given now to your question is to refer you to the March "Letter-Box," 1880, where you will find a reply to a similar inquiry from J. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some Sundays ago, our Sunday-school superintendent announced that there would be a "mass meeting in the afternoon, and the teachers would address the children." My little brother came home and reported to us that there would be a "mask meeting," and the teachers would "dress all the children." He was anticipating much pleasure at the masquerade, and, when Mamma explained that he had not heard aright, he was quite disappointed.—Yours truly,  
JOSIE CALVERT.

LAWSON Y. PERKINS.—You will find "Packard's Introduction to the Study of Insects" a serviceable elementary work on Entomology.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an amusing game for rainy days, called Apple Dumplings. Take a stout cord; stretch it from one side of the room to the other, tying it so that it will not come loose. It has to be about an arm's length above your head. Take a large apple; punch a hole through it, so that it will not be too large for a string to be put through; tie a small piece of wood to the end that is through the apple, so that the string will not come out; then tie the other end to the cord, so that the apple will hang even with your mouth. Ask some one to tie your hands behind you, and then try to bite the apple. This was tried at the Opera House. A dollar was offered to the one that first should bite the apple.  
G. H.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## TWO EASY SQUARE-WORDS.

- I. 1. A vehicle of commerce. 2. To put out of sight. 3. A notion.  
 4. The top or summit. II. 1. To preserve. 2. A broad surface. 3.  
 To turn and change about. 4. Animals, grains and pitchers have  
 them.

J. H. M., and LINA K.

## NUMERICAL DIAMOND.

	I	
I	2	3
1	2	3
3	4	5
5		

My 1 is in acknowledge. My 1, 2, 3 is a vehicle of hire, common  
 in London. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a much besieged city in Asia. My 3,  
 4, 5 is a fish of a certain kind. My 5 is in California.

ERNEST B. C.

## CELEBRATED NAMESAKES.

NAME the distinguished persons referred to in the following descrip-  
 tions. The persons all bear the same Christian name.

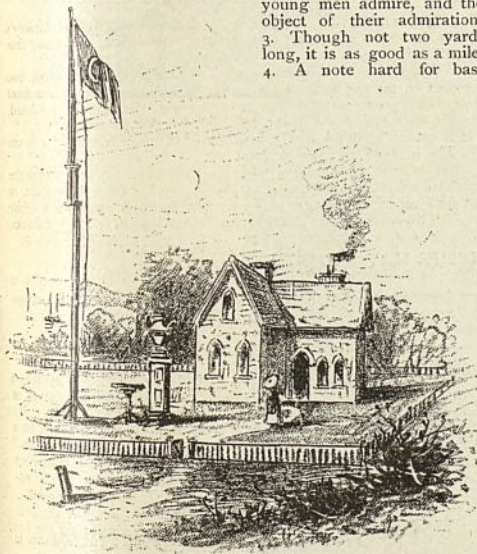
1. The "Golden Mouth." 2. The instigator of the massacre called  
 "The Sicilian Vespers." 3. "Time-honored Lancaster." 4. Assas-  
 sinated on the bridge of Montreueau, France. 5. The hero of Lepanto,  
 an Emperor's son. 6. The great Scottish religious reformer. 7. The  
 apostle of the American Indians. 8. A blind poet. 9. The "Inspired  
 Tinker." 10. A great French dramatist. 11. The victor of Ramillies.  
 12. A noted philanthropist. 13. A celebrated musical composer. 14.  
 The greatest author of Germany. 15. An unfortunate Arctic explorer.

K. K.

## PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

FIND in the picture appropriate correspondences with the following  
 seven sentences:

1. What a tramp had, and what he was doing with it. 2. How  
 young men admire, and the  
 object of their admiration.  
 3. Though not two yards  
 long, it is as good as a mile.  
 4. A note hard for bass



voices to reach. 5. What hard times cause in trade. 6. A good  
 motto for faint-hearted people. 7. Two measures of broadcloth.

LUCIUS GOSS.

## Dwindles.

Is each of the following puzzles, each word is part of a word,  
 excepting of course the first word, is less by one letter than the word  
 described next before it. Sometimes, after dropping the one letter,  
 the remaining letters stand in unchanged order; but, in other  
 instances, the remaining letters are re-arranged to form the word  
 described.

Example: 1. A word conjured with in one of the Arabian Nights'

Tales: SESAME. 2. A river of western Europe: MAESE. 3. A ridge:  
 SEAM. 4. A boy's nickname: SAM. 5. An endearing title: MA. 6.  
 A Roman numeral: M.

Solve the following dwindles in like manner.

- I. 1. To make smaller. 2. Raw. 3. The thickened part of a pleas-  
 ant drinking fluid. 4. Food of a ruminant animal. 5. A French  
 article in the possessive form. 6. A Roman numeral. II. 1. A letter  
 of a pope on some point of church law. 2. To make known. 3. A  
 piece of family furniture. 4. Closed with strings or cords. 5. A  
 green and lovely depression. 6. A young and growing animal of  
 much value. 7. Half a woman of high degree. 8. In enlighten-  
 ment. III. 1. A famous Greek comic poet. 2. A winding river in  
 Phrygia, Asia Minor. 3. To behave. 4. A female magician, daugh-  
 ter of a king and niece of Circe. 5. To consider. 6. A river of Great  
 Britain. 7. A nickname of a boy. 8. In accord.

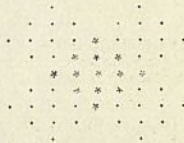
T.

## DROP-LETTER VERSE.

THE answer is a stanza of a poem by an English poetess:

—O—E—E—N—O—H—S—M—E—W—O—S,  
 H—R—E—T—R—T—N—A—N—Y;  
 —L—G—E—N—Y—A—E—H—C—E—T—U—L—A—E—,  
 A—D—H—E—R—H—S—U—L—F—O—. O. P. T.

## ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



THIS cross is formed of five diamonds, as indicated by the diagram,  
 the outer letters of the central diamond being used also in forming  
 the adjacent diamonds, which would be incomplete without them.  
 Each of the four points of the central diamond is used three times;  
 once as a point of its own block of stars, and once as a point of each  
 of the two neighboring diamonds. The words of each diamond read  
 the same across as up and down.

- I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In arithmetic. 2. To plunder.  
 3. A familiar bird. 4. Large. 5. In iron.  
 II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In monogram. 2. Part of  
 an auxiliary verb. 3. Titles. 4. A large body of water. 5. In  
 master.  
 III. Central Diamond: 1. In grand. 2. Air of a peculiar kind.  
 3. Parts of the fingers. 4. Slinking. 5. In gesture.  
 IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In patrons. 2. An affirmative.  
 3. The homes of some two-legged animals. 4. An inflamed swelling  
 on the eyelid. 5. In distribute.  
 V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In pleasant. 2. Still. 3. To  
 cut asunder. 4. A spelled number. 5. In crimson.

BESSIE TAYLOR.

## DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

OUR firsts are in joker, not in sage,  
 Our seconds in youth, but not in lad.  
 Our thirds are in son, but not in page,  
 Our fourths in cheerful, not in glad.  
 Summer finds us both together,  
 And gayest in the sunniest weather.

## EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer is composed of four words, or sixteen letters. The  
 1, 2, 6, 4 is a measure of length. The 11, 12, 10, 3 is a horned  
 animal with a shaggy coat. The 9, 7, 14, 16, 13 is principal. The  
 8, 15, 5 is anger. The whole is where and how I lost my home.

TONE.

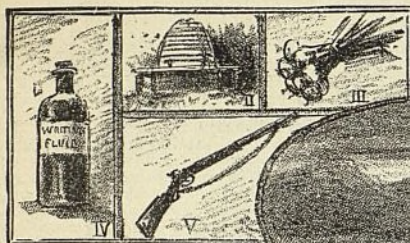
## A MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

THERE is a number which reads from right to left, and from left to  
 right the same. Its first two figures, if divided by a certain number,  
 give a quotient of 9; its tens and units (or the two numerals at the  
 right) if divided by a certain number, give a quotient of 9. If the  
 whole number be divided by 9, the quotient contains a nine. If the  
 whole number be multiplied by 9, the product contains two nines.  
 And if the two numerals at the left be placed under the two at the  
 right, and added to them, the sum will be one-nineteenth of the whole  
 number or answer. What is the number?

HALLIE.



## PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS puzzle differs from an ordinary numerical enigma only in that it gives pictures in place of the usual enigmatic definitions. The answer, an oft-repeated quotation, has fifty-seven letters, and is indicated as a whole by the small landscape at the right of the illustration.

In each of the thirteen divisions of the following statement, the Arabic numerals represent letters of the answer as these stand in the proper order of its words; the Roman numeral refers to the picture that is described by the word which the represented letters spell. Thus,—"III. 36, 9, 21, 5, 22, 1" means that the picture marked with the Roman numeral III. is described by a word spelled with the 36th, 9th, 21st, 5th, 22d, and 1st letters of the complete answer, namely—o, n, i, o, n, s,—and this will be found correct.

I. 4, 17, 27, 13, 11, 39, 8, 28, 26, 39, 6, 32, 2. II. 16, 14, 50, 54, 46, 49, 48. III. 36, 9, 21, 5, 22, 1. IV. 30, 29, 37. V. 57, 27, 47. VI. 51, 24, 52, 4, 14. VII. 45, 35, 43, 34. VIII. 10, 27, 40. IX. 3, 44, 7, 25. X. 55, 31, 56. XI. 15, 19, 39, 53, 2, 20. XII. 33, 34, 55, 41, 42, 50. XIII. 33, 18, 12, 23, 38. H. H. D.

## EASY DIAMOND.

1. In ibex. 2. Did eat. 3. A European country. 4. A tree. 5. In whey. BESSIE.

## METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word,

the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but sometimes more moves are required. Here is an example showing how to solve puzzles of this kind: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves: First move, LAME; second move, FAME; third move, FARE; last move, FIRE.

Solve the following eleven puzzles in a similar manner: 1. Change DUSK to SEAT, in six moves. 2. Change HOUSE to HOVEL, in fifteen moves. 3. Change WARM to COLD, in four moves. 4. Change CURD to WHEY, in eight moves. 5. Change DOG to HEN, in three moves. 6.

Change CLOTH to PAPER in seven moves. 7. Change POND to LAKE, in four moves. 8. Change COAL to WOOD, in three moves. 9. Change AWAKE to SLEEP, in eight moves. 10. Change BOY to MAN, in four moves. 11. Change SEAS to LAND, in six moves. WINSON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

STROKE PUZZLES.—1. Hale, hate. 2. Dale, date. 3. Hall, halt. PRONUNCIATION PUZZLE.—Authority, awe, thaw, rye, tea. SQUARE WORD.—1. Craft. 2. Razor. 3. Azure. 4. Forms. 5. Tress. TANGLES TO UNRAVEL.—I. The May Queen, Part I., stanza 9. II. Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. III. In Memoriam, Canto cxv., Stanza 2.—PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Cowslips. WORD BUILDING.—I. Gas, rags, sugar, guards. II. Nun, noun, union, nuncio. III. Rap, carp, crape, carpet, chapter. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—Hamburg—Germany. Cross-words: 1. Harrisburg. 2. Adrianople. 3. Madagascar. 4. Belgium. 5. UtiCA. 6. RaritaN. 7. Galway. DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Diagonal: Cyprus. Cross-words: 1. Coffer. 2. Gyrate. 3. AlPine. 4. StaRch. 5. UsefUl. 6. AbbesS. SQUARE WORD.—1. Brace. 2. Redan. 3. Adapt. 4. Caper. 5. Entry.—ENIGMA.—Spring. HISTORIC SCENES.—I. Socrates drinking the hemlock, B. C. 399. II. Henry III. gazing on the Duke of Guise lying dead in the Castle of Blois. III. Alexander of Macedon cut the Gordian Knot. The

prophecy was that only he who should unmake the knot could be master of Asia. IV. William Tell, after shooting with an arrow an apple placed on his son's head. V. Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and Charles III. of France, A. D. 911. VI. Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith, A. D. 1607.

EASY ENIGMAS.—I. Carpentry. II. Illicit. III. Figuratively. CENTRAL OMISSIONS.—VerbenA—1. Novel, Noel. 2. Cheat, chat. 3. Coral, coal. 4. Rebel, reel. 5. Cream, cram. 6. Venal. 7. Mad. M. D.—GRANDMA'S ANAGRAM.—May Training. EASY FRENCH ANAGRAMS.—1. G-orge. 2. T-roi-s. 3. P-uni. 4. A-près. 5. Sou-s. 6. Main-e. 7. P-laine. 8. C-hameau. 9. Cou-p. 10. Pari-s. 11. P-arc. 12. T-ours. BASE-BALL PUZZLE.—1. Muff. 2. Bat. 3. (Bat) Out on a fly. 4. Game (rabbit). 5. Foul (fowl). 6. Plate. 7. Tie. 8. Pitcher. 9. Sky-rocket. 10. Daisy-cutter (scythe). 11. Batter (in the bowl). 12. Club. 13. Nine (xx on card). 14. Score (xx on card). 15. Short-stop (comma after "paste," on bowl). 16. Match (beside box). 17. Diamond (keystone). 18. Ball. 19. Bounds (fences). 20. Field. 21. Catcher (spider). 22. Base (of pillar). 23. Three balls.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES in the April number were received before April 20, from P. J., 4—E. B. and M. K. B., 6—W. C. D., 3—W. R., 7—G. C. C., 9—H. S. D., 4—H. T., 2—F. J. K., 2—B. B., 3—M. C., 4—L. H. P., 6—W. H. O., 5—W. L. S., 6—C. R. C., 1—H. C. L., 3—C. A. S., 3—M. B., 3—L. C. F., 2—"The McK's," 5—"Little Maggie," 1—R. C. H., 4—C. L. R., 6—C. S. B., 1—R. P., 1—A. C. P. O., 4—R. B. S., Jr., 5—L. S., 11—A. and H. T., 2—A. L. R., 1—M. and J., 2—"Jupiter," 5—C. R. H., Jr., 3—C. H. F., 10—A. T. H., 10—"Two Cousins," 8—F. W. M., 8—L. H. D. St. V., 6—G. and W. H., 1—H. U., 2—"Helen's Babies," 6—L. C., 1—L. L. V. L., 8—M. J., 1—M. A. K., 12—W. V. D., 1—"Hope," 4—M. A. J., 1—C. J. V. A., 8—E. C. D., 4—A. H., 1—R. A. S., 2—R. G. S., 3—P. A. B., 1—H. B. W., 3—R. S. McL., 7—J. T. K., 5—M. S., 2—L. G. C., 11—"Tom, Dick & Co.," 8—L., 8—B. S., 9—A. C. R., 9—D. E., 9—E. S., 3—"Winnie," 8—"Riddlers," 5—R. A. G., 8—"Chenery," 5—"Starc Family," 12—F. W., 7—"Bab and Betty," 5—"X. Y. Z.," 9—"Arthur and Rob," 7. Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.