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DAME DURDEN AND LITTLE MR. BABE.

BY S. W. BIRNIE.

It was such a queer old face that looked in upon me through the open window; and such a restless little body! I put down the book I was reading and walked toward them for a closer view.

"Good mornin'," a brisk voice spoke up, with a jerk of an uncombed, yellow-whitish head; "I've come to see Little Mr. Babe."

"Oh, you have," I replied, somewhat taken aback, as the saying is, at the crisp salutation, and not knowing what this startling infant meant. "But who are you, and where did you come from?"

"Goodness," snapped this young pepper-box again, "don't you know that? Everybody 'round knows my father; he's a sexcum in this 'ere church across the way, and my mother, she takes in washin' and ironin', and we don't have sugar only Sundays, 'cause you see my mother she says she works too hard for me to wear my best hat, and sugar every day."

"I suppose you help your mother a great deal," I said, as soon as I was permitted to express an opinion, and at the same time wondering to what use the restless creature could possibly be put, unless it were to swing as a pendulum, or twist a gilt rooster on a weather-vane, as she never rested for over a minute on either foot, and her yellow head danced like a crazy sunbeam, keeping a sort of nodding time to her words, which rattled off like beans from a bag.

"Yep," she nodded, "I sing 'Happy Day,' and wash my own face" (I thought very likely), "and scold Jont when he grows too much, and—" with

a sudden stand-still that threatened to upset her,—
"Where 's Mr. Babe?"

"I am sure I don't know, child," said I; "where did you leave him last, and what is he?"

"Well, now," she answered, with a scornful sniff, "that *is* a joke. Why, I say, aint you got a baby up in this house? I heard you had from Marthy Kerru, and while my father was makin' the fire at the church for prayer meetin' (he has to make all the fires, don't you b'lieve, 'cause he 's the sexcum), I jest run away to see if Marthy Kerru told me a straight story about it. It was Marthy told me; mebber you know her; that dirty-faced little thing you see runnin' for the cow 'round here, with her stockin's all down. She said you 'd jest moved up here from New York and brought along a baby."

I told her I had not the pleasure of Marthy's acquaintance, and asked her to come into the house, adding—"if you are not afraid your mother will worry about you. The baby is asleep now, but you may sit down here with me and wait until he wakes."

"Oh, I 'm four or six years old," she replied with a pitying glance for my ignorance, as, with a brisk "Here I am!" she curled and wriggled over the window-sill into my room. "No; my mother wont worry about *me*. It 's Jont; he will growl so and tear his pants, and then you see my mother has to stop right in the hot suds and mend 'em. He 's an awful young 'un, that Jont."

Jont was n't, then, as I had supposed from her conversation, a bad-tempered dog.

"Is Jont your brother?"

"I should say so. You don't seem to know anything, do you? But then you've jes' come, and if you want a good dress-maker, there's one lives down by our house; that charges awful. I'll speak to her if you like. Why, do you b'lieve she trimmed my Sunday hat; not *this* one" (holding up a very dilapidated red flannel hood, she had been swinging by one string), "and would n't take no pay for it. But dear me, I s'pose we'll have to do all her fine clo'es this summer to make up for it, and the hot weather's awful tryin'!"

I began to fear that this intelligent atom was a trifle too wise.

"Where's Tomato?" she went on. "I know her; she came and talked to my mother over our fence. She's a queer one, aint she? Kin you make out what she says? She asked my mother to give her some of our lylicks to bring home to you. Did you ever git them lylicks? I s'pose she thought she'd git some rosies too, but lylicks has a pretty good smell to 'em, don't you think so?"

I certainly did think so, and was very much obliged to her mother for sending them to me. Témidá, or as this precocious one called her, "Tomato," was my boy's nurse, and, as she remarked after her last question, "I s'pose she's upstairs with Mr. Babe."

"Yes," I answered, "she is taking care of him now."

"He's waked up then, has he? Shall I go up?"

"No; I do not think he is awake yet; but Témidá sits by his cradle while he sleeps, and rocks him if he stirs."

"Flies bite him, I guess, this hot weather. They say it beats all the weather we ever had 'round here. You aint got any little girl 'cept Mr. Babe, have you? Marthy Kerru said you had n't, and if you like, I guess I kin git you one. Mis' Jones she's jes' died about three weeks ago, and left one, and do you b'lieve they sent it off to a 'sylum in New York. I wish I'd a known you was a-comin'. I'd a spoke about it. Mr. Babe must be lonesome. Kin he talk?"

"No, he is too little to talk yet; but he crows sometimes"

"Well, I declare; that's jes' like our chickens; they crow till my head is 'most off. He sleeps a long time though; don't you think so?"

I began to think she was getting tired, as she had never sat down all this time, and that she was preparing to go and leave her object unaccomplished, but the next moment she was unburdening her mind of a new thought, and bombarding me after this fashion:

"Mis' Kerru says you've had more'n five cooks since you came here to live, and you can't seem to

keep 'em. What's the matter; don't you give 'em enough to eat?"

This was too much! I replied, with a faint show of indignation, that I had not had five cooks, and I had never heard my girls complain of hunger, so that Mrs. Kerru must have been mistaken.

"Well, I would n't wonder," was the response from Dame Durden, as I was calling her to myself, "for my mother says she's a queer one, or she'd never let that Marthy go 'round with the cows, with her stockin's down an' such a dirty face. You'd think she'd clean her up now, would n't you?"

I nodded, having no chance to speak.

"An' do you b'lieve that dirty little thing goes over here to Sunday-school, jes' all the same, and don't care. But then it's the greatest Sunday-school you ever knowed, or I would n't say so. Why, they don't give nothin' at Christmas, nor no time, but puncshall 'tendance cards, and your name on the black-board. Pooh! Once we had a teacher give us a little book, but she's dead now. Well, they do have a banner class, an' that's the class that gits the most money. I'd like to know, now, how they expect our class to git the banner. Why, my mother has to work awful hard, and my father's the sexcum. We never give the tramps that come to our house no butter on their bread. We can't afford it; and I've just made up my mind they won't have me in that Sunday-school a great while longer. Look a here, do you think this is fair? There's that Hattie Hunt, she sits behind me, an' puts her feet on my clean dress that takes my mother so long to wash an' iron, an' then do you b'lieve I can't say nothin', 'cause she's rich, and Mr. Brown, he's the minister, of course would n't care if I did. He'd jes' let her go on doin' it, an' let me go out. I'd lick her, but she's some bigger than my big brother George, and he dassent, you see. My, if it aint the queerest Sunday-school! Once they had a Christmas tree, oh! long before you was here, and Hattie Hunt got a big doll with open and shut eyes, an' a cradle; an' every blessed thing do you b'lieve they give me, was a white apron, an' not a pocket in it, an' a little stingy bag of candy. You see, Hattie Hunt's mother put her things on the tree for her, and the sewin'-school give me mine. There, now," with a sudden spring at the window, that broke up the Sunday-school, "if you want to see Marthy Kerru, there she goes. Did n't I tell you? Look at her stockin's! Will I call her in, so's you can git acquainted?"

"I guess not to-day; you can bring her with you some time. I think I hear the baby now, so, if you wish, we will go upstairs."

This we at once proceeded to do, Dame Durden perking her head on one side like a bird, and

giving everything she passed on the way a notice of some kind.

"My!" she exclaimed, stopping in the hall to inspect the baby-carriage, "I don't like that willow thing at all. I've seen awful prettier ones. If I was Mr. Babe, I'd tumble out of it."

At this awful threat, the yellow head bobbed worse than ever, and then a-top of it, the young



"HERE I AM!" SAID DAME DURDEN.

vixen perched the red flannel hood, which I was afraid would frighten Baby.

"How do you do, Tomato?" she at once saluted my nurse. "I've come to see Mr. Babe. My! but you're a little one;" touching his nose with

her little brown hand. "He aint got no hair to speak of, has he? Shall I take him?"

"You may see if he will go to you; but be very careful not to let him fall."

"Come along, Mr. Babe," she said, holding out her arms. "I know you, and I'll sing you 'Ring around a Rosy.'"

But the baby, whose stock of words was somewhat limited, only opened his eyes very wide, and made up a wry face while he tried to say something that sounded more like "bug" than anything else.

"What's that he says?" asked Dame Durdan. "I s'pose he wants my hat, but you can't have that, you know, 'cause you might put it in your mouth." Then, turning to me, "I s'pose you're awful fond of him?"

"Well, yes; but don't you think he is a nice baby?"

"I should n't say he was so *awful* pretty, should you?"

"Why, we think he is a beauty up here. Just look at his bright eyes, and see how cunning he laughs. And he has six little white teeth."

"My, would you b'lieve it, and for sure, they're for all the world like Marthy Kerru's rabbit's teeth. Did you know Mis' Kerru is a-goin' to have that rabbit for Christmas? To eat. My, I'd as soon eat a cat. What's the baby's name?"

"Alec," I answered, quite sure she would object.

"My goodness! where did you get that name? Nancy is an awful nice name, but then, I s'pose you would n't like it for him. Why don't you call him Charley? That's a splendid name. Aint it, Mr. Babe?"

Mr. Babe had long since sunk into an awed and submissive silence.

"I don't s'pose you git any dinner here in the middle of the day," was her next remark, and, as I found, her last one for that time. "Mebbe my mother 'll wonder where I am, 'cause you see I run away. Good-bye, Tomato. Good-bye, Mr. Babe; mebbe I'll bring you a pair of red slippers when I come up to-morrow. There goes that dirty Marthy Kerru. I'll hurry, and tell her I saw the baby first."

Then she literally flung herself down the stairs, and I saw her a minute later, her hands and feet and head, and tongue all in wild pursuit of poor Marthy Kerru.



A SUMMER SONG.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

ROLY-POLY honey-bee,
 Humming in the clover,
 With the green leaves under you,
 And the blue sky over,
 Why are you so busy, pray?
 Never still a minute,
 Hovering now above a flower,
 Now half-buried in it!

Jaunty robin red-breast,
 Singing loud and cheerly,
 From the pink-white apple-tree
 In the morning early,
 Tell me, is your merry song
 Just for your own pleasure,
 Poured from such a tiny throat,
 Without stint or measure?

Little yellow buttercup,
 By the way-side smiling,
 Lifting up your happy face,
 With such sweet beguiling,
 Why are you so gayly clad—
 Cloth of gold your raiment?
 Do the sunshine and the dew
 Look to you for payment?

Roses in the garden beds,
 Lilies, cool and saintly,
 Darling blue-eyed violets,
 Pansies, hooded quaintly,
 Sweet-peas that, like butterflies,
 Dance the bright skies under,
 Bloom ye for your own delight,
 Or for ours, I wonder!

RARE WOODS.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

As I walked along the docks of New York the other day, I came to a very large yard surrounded by a high board fence on two sides, a great shed at the back, and several schooners at the front along the water. The whole yard was filled with what seemed to be old logs and timbers that might have come from an old bridge or barn. They all were dark and rusty; some were even rotten in places, and full of deep checks or cracks. The timber was of all sizes and shapes: there were little short logs, just right for a fire-place; also piles of stuff like cord-wood, and thick chunks like the knots you cannot split up for the kitchen stove; then halves or pieces of long logs—only the outside shell of trees that had lost their heart by decay; also crooked logs the size of railroad ties; and larger, squared logs, even as big as three feet across the end.

Men were at work about the yard, hoisting and piling logs with tall derricks; and some were weighing the wood on steelyards. Teams were hauling logs from the schooners to the yard, by swinging one end on chains under the axle of a cart. And the vessels were busy, with tackles and men on deck and down in the dark holds. But the wood all looked so dull, crooked and worthless, that I wondered why anybody should take the trouble to store it. Just then I caught sight of seven men under the shed working very hard to lift something, and when I came to them, I found that they were trying to move a stick only about a foot in diameter and twelve feet long. It was so heavy that they could hardly stir it. This made me wonder what kind of wood it was; and on looking about I saw here and there fresh-cut ends of sticks or logs that were of strange colors. Some were red, some yellow, some green, some black. And all had figures and marks on the end to tell their size and even their weight. I soon found out that the yard was not filled with refuse timber, but with rare and costly woods used for making furniture and objects of art. So those rough, crooked sticks were worth more than ten times as much clear lumber of common kinds. Just then the owner of the yard came up, and told me about the various woods.

"These large square logs of red wood are mahogany from Mexico, and Spanish cedar. You see that many of them are squared in a queer shape, smaller at one end than at the other. The size does not grow less by tapering gradually, but by deep steps or notches on each side every few feet.

The logs must be squared to stow closely in a ship's hold; but this hewing away of the log wastes a great deal of wood—often the best part. So we went to Mexico some years ago, and built a saw-mill to saw up the logs instead of chopping them. But the natives were afraid that the mill would take away their work, and they burnt it down. We built it up again; but as they soon destroyed it a second time, we had to let them go on in their old way. All the costly woods from Africa, South America, and other wild countries are still wasted in this way."

"How many kinds of fine wood are there?"

"I cannot tell, exactly; but there are several hundred, and perhaps thousands. New woods are being found every year, and some of them are made into furniture as an experiment. People are now finishing the walls of fine houses with wood instead of plaster, so that new woods are wanted to match the new styles of furnishing houses. Some years ago, we Americans followed the French fashions in furniture, and used a great deal of black walnut. One tree, or three logs of it about three feet in diameter, sold in this city for about \$40,000. Of course it had a very uncommon grain, and was therefore very valuable. But black walnut is not a good wood for furniture; it warps and springs, and works the joints loose. We now follow the English taste in household matters, and use more mahogany, rose-wood and oak. These are very durable and beautiful woods, and solid furniture made of them lasts many lifetimes. The best mahogany comes from the south side of the island of San Domingo; but very good wood comes also from the western shores of the Gulf of Mexico, about Santa Anna, Tupilco and Chiltepec. The best is worth as high as \$2.82 per foot in the log; but I once saw a piece valued at \$4 per foot. Rose-wood grows in Brazil. This heavy wood is sold by weight in logs, from three to twelve cents a pound. Satin-wood from San Domingo is worth \$2 per foot. Some kinds of oak are very valuable. A single room in a house in San Francisco is finished with brown weathered oak, imported in logs from England at a cost of \$10,000. This weathered oak is turned almost as dark as walnut by exposure to the weather. The logs are allowed to lie on the ground for fifty years; and the rain and sun strike the brown color clear through them. Bog-oak is another valuable kind of oak. It is found buried many feet deep in the bogs of Ireland. The trees

fell many centuries ago in these swamps, and were gradually covered by the peat; and after soaking so long in the black mold they have turned almost as black as coal."

As we walked about the yard and stopped at various lots of timber, the horses and men kept at work hauling and piling logs that came out of the vessels. The yard that at first had seemed full of old rubbish now seemed a very different place to me.

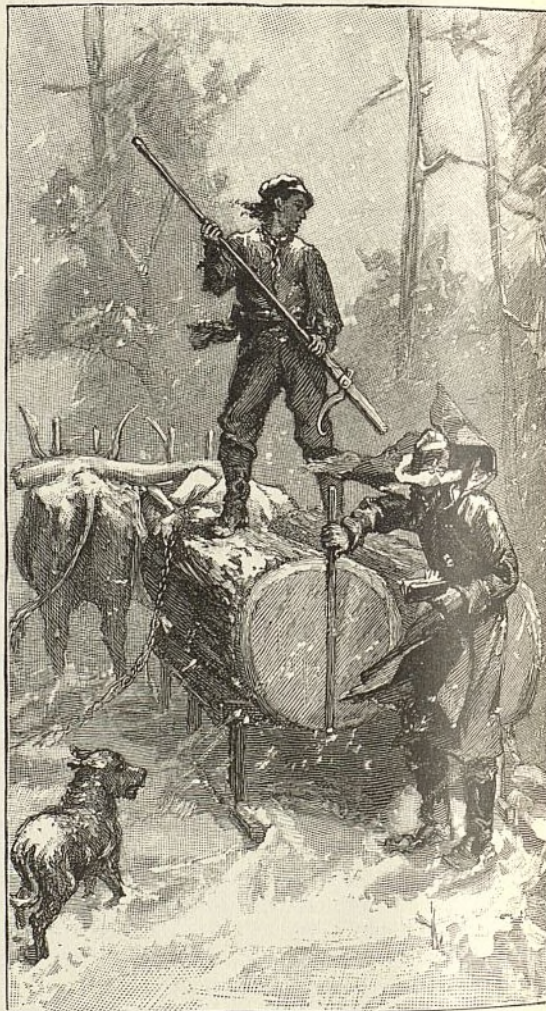
"What is the value of all these piles of wood?" I asked.

"I don't know, exactly; but probably about \$400,000. You would be surprised at the variety of uses of some of these foreign woods. This pencil cedar from Florida is made into closets, piano actions, pencils, painters' brushes, and into coffins. There is a pile of box-wood from Turkey; the sticks look like cord-wood, but they are worth just now about \$250 per ton. It is used for wood-engraving, for printing the illustrations of ST. NICHOLAS and other magazines. The sticks are all sawed up across the grain, into little pieces about one inch thick; these are squared, fitted together very nicely, so as to leave no cracks, then glued together to make blocks of any size. The blocks are then planed and scraped till the surface is quite flat and smooth. The artist draws the pictures on these blocks; then the engraver cuts the lines into the wood with sharp chisels, so that the ink will stick where it is wanted, and leave the block clean in other places. Box-wood is the best for this purpose, because its grain is very close and fine; and the blocks are made so as to present the ends of the grain to the surface, because the fibers in this position do not break or split in cutting or in printing. This granadilla, or cocus, a heavy, dense wood, almost black, is used to make knife handles. It looks like horn. Cocobolo is another close-grained wood, in color somewhat like rose-wood, used for the same purpose. They are so dense that they hold the rivets of the knife without splitting. Snake-wood, which has a grain that resembles the marks on some kinds of serpents, is worth eight cents a pound. It is used now and then to decorate furniture. Spanish cedar is one of the largest trees we import. I saw, in a Mexican port, a vessel about seventy feet long and eight feet wide, that had been cut out of a cedar log. She carried two masts and a bowsprit, and made quite long voyages. Here, now, is a log just arrived; it is four feet two inches by two feet five

inches on the end, and nineteen feet long; it is worth \$400. The heaviest wood we use is *lignum-vitæ*, from San Domingo. It is made into dead-eyes for ships, into the sheaves of blocks, boxes for machinery, and ten-pin balls. It is worth from \$12 to \$50 per ton. There is not much of it in a ton; for that stick, about eighteen inches in diameter and three feet eight inches long, weighs 518 pounds."

"I suppose that, as new countries are explored, new woods are found that are valuable?"

"Yes; and some of the new woods are tried now and then, but they are not very valuable until



MEASURING A LOG.

they become fashionable. The colors of some of them are very pretty, such as that of the Colorado wood, like a blood-orange, and the amarilla, a bright yellow. A very costly wood is obtained

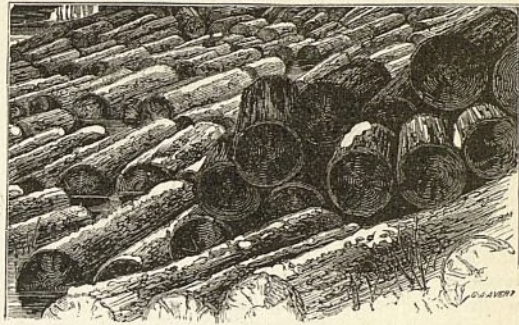
from the French walnut burls. They do not grow in France, but on the Circassian mountains about the Black Sea. They are called French, because we buy them in France. The burl is a wart, or knot, that forms on the side of a young tree; it has fibers and sap-vessels running from its root, or center, to its outer sides, or bark, by which it nourishes leaves and grows as the tree grows. The consequence is that the grain of the burl is very much twisted, and figured with pretty lines and knots. They often grow larger than the trunk of the tree which bears them. You must have seen them often on oaks, maples and beeches in our forests. I had a French burl last year that was seven feet high, five feet thick, and weighed 5000 pounds. Some fine burls are worth as much as thirty-five cents a pound. A lumber dealer, traveling in Canada, saw a man trying to split up and burn a large burl. He bought it for \$6; took it to Toronto and sold it for \$50. From there it came to New York, was cut up into veneers, and one-half of the veneers were sold for \$2500."

I left the yard to visit a veneer mill, where these burls and some of the woods are cut into strips so thin that twenty-eight of them together are only one inch thick. The logs are steamed twelve hours; then they are fastened in a machine where a knife shaves them up in broad sheets. These thin pieces are then put between the shelves of a hydraulic press heated to 400°, and kept there a few minutes to straighten and dry them. The burls, also, are shaved up into very thin sheets; a burl, you see, is shaped like the half of an apple, and the best of the grain is on the outside; so they make the knife take a circular motion over the top of the burl, and cut off a sheet from the round side, as you might cut off a strip of the apple-rind. The next cut takes off a sheet from the same place; and so the knife cuts up the whole burl, always taking the sheet from the circumference instead of from the flat base. Then all the veneers are set up edgewise in racks that stand out-of-doors, exposed to the sun, rain and wind. After they are thoroughly seasoned they are kept in a dry room; all the veneers that came from each burl are piled up together, in their natural order, so that each pile seems like the burl again, although it is now composed of sheets almost as thin as paper. And as the fibers all start from the center or roots of the burl and run out to the circumference, all the sheets from a burl seem generally alike,—copies, as it were, of one picture, with the same general lines and colors.

These beautiful veneers are often glued on to the common woods of which furniture is usually made; but such sham-work is neither honest nor durable, and it would be much better to make

expensive furniture of real, solid, fine woods, and common furniture of solid common woods.

After going through all the various changes, these rare woods from foreign climes might tell interesting stories, if our furniture could talk: of



their life in the great tropical forests, where monkeys and gorgeous birds played in their branches, and alligators, lions and elephants lived at their feet; of their death when half-naked savages cut them down; of their burial in the hold of ships to be brought to a great city; of their being cut up into pieces by steam saws; of their long stay in the workshops, where they were planed, and carved, and polished; of their coming out again into the world as chairs, tables and cabinets; and of the various scenes they afterward witnessed in society. You see, rare woods hold a very important position in the world.

But American boys need not buy foreign woods for their workshops; for the forests of their own country furnish a great variety of pretty grains and colors.

You can make a very interesting collection of them for a little museum by getting a piece of each kind of tree, about six inches long and three to four inches thick; leave the bark on, saw it in two in the center, and then plane, smooth and varnish the flat wood-side and the ends. You will thus learn the bark and the grain of every tree from its heart to its sap-wood. You could make a more compact collection—a kind of library edition of trees—by taking short pieces of boards, cutting them into the size and shape of small books, smoothing and varnishing them; then mark their names on the back as books are labeled, and place them on shelves. You might have also a separate division for foreign woods, and ask your sailing and traveling friends to bring you some pieces from distant countries, so that, when people come to see how much you know about woods, you could show them many volumes of practical, solid worth. You would get to know and to like all the trees

and their woods; and if you will take the trouble to observe the work of wagon-makers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, you will learn the uses for which each is best adapted.

If you are a mechanic, you can make pretty chess-boards containing a collection of many woods,—maple, birch, and other light-colored woods for the white squares, and black walnut, apple-tree, and other dark woods for the black squares. If you have a lathe, you can make vases and cups showing beautiful colors and lines. If you live where trees are not very valuable, take a saw, an axe and a mattock, and drive into the forest to collect a store of wood for turning and for making small objects.

I need not tell you here what special kinds of trees to choose, because half the pleasure of the work lies in discovering for yourself the qualities of each tree. But I will advise you what parts of a tree are the best for your use.

In the first place, then, do not fail to take a sample of every wood you can easily get; even the door-yard lilac-bush has a beautiful, close grain, and the common sumac has a rare olive-green hue; indeed, every tree of a close, firm texture has some peculiar grain, color or quality. Of course you are not to cut down large trees just for this amusement; but you are to take a branch now and then,—pick up pieces of cord-wood, perhaps,—and collect odd bits from brush-fences, and from trees already blown or cut down. The grain is generally prettiest in the most cross-grained pieces,—as where two branches join, or where a knot turns the fibers around it,—for in such pieces the lines and colors are most varied. Knots them-

selves, if sound, are choice bits for turning; they present dark, rich colors, and close, varied grain; and, being hard, they turn smoothly and take a fine polish. The roots of some trees have a pretty grain, very much twisted and crossed, particularly where the roots branch off, and where they crook about stones in the soil. Wounded places on the trunk or branches often show curious lines and stains. Then the warts or burls growing on the trunk make very beautiful saucers or vases; those on maples and birches, when large enough, are sold to make large wooden bread-bowls or trays, because the grain is so crossed and interwoven that the wood does not split or crack. The heart, also, of many trees is very hard, dark, and pretty for turning.

You will find the search a pleasant excursion,—climbing trees, chopping, sawing, and digging in banks,—and driving home again with a lot of crooked, gnarled roots, forks, knots and burls. The only drawback is that they should be well seasoned before use, and this seasoning is perfectly secured only by storing them for three years under shelter, and where the air has a perfectly free circulation. Some will think them a worthless lot of rubbish, but you know that they are rare woods, and that they hide many beautiful lines and colors under their rough bark. You long for the day when you can take them in hand and make them into pretty vases, saucers and candlesticks for your friends. And the more you study woods the more interest you will feel in them, and the more pleasure you will take in the workshop where they are so useful, and in the forest where the trees are so beautiful.

A LUCKY STROKE.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

TOM MORTON was a young English fellow, who lived in Australia. He had been there for two or three years, and greatly enjoyed the outdoor life which he led, for, as his father was an extensive sheep-farmer, he had plenty of opportunities for all the open-air exercise the most active and healthy boy could desire. If anything was wanted from the town, twenty miles away, or if anything was to be done at the farthest point of the sheep-range, Tom was the fellow to mount his horse and ride away to attend to the matter.

One day, he had had a very long ride, and coming back late in the afternoon, he thought he would try a short cut. To do this, he must ford a small river, which was bridged a few miles above. He knew that there was a fordable place in the stream, somewhere near where he was, and if he could find it, it would save him nearly all the distance to the bridge, and back again.

He thought that he could better explore the bank of the river on foot, and so he tied his horse to a tree, and made his way through the reeds to

the water. There were not many trees hereabout, and he could see better than in the woods where he had been riding, but he could find no place which looked as if it had been used as a ford. He walked quite a distance up the stream, and was about to give up his search, when he heard a

western plains. These savages were armed with spears, and were approaching the river. It is probable that they had had no idea that any white person was near by, until Tom so rashly raised his head above the weeds. Then a great shout gave token that they saw him, and instantly every



"HE DID NOT SEE THE RECKLESS FELLOW BEHIND HIM."

sound which startled him. It was like a footstep upon crackling twigs. He stopped and listened. He heard another—many of them!

He greatly wondered who could be stealing along in this way; but as he incautiously looked up over the reeds, he was amazed and frightened. It was a band of native blacks, or bushmen, as they are called, who are often as dangerous to meet as the hostile Indians of our

black rascal of them rushed toward him with brandished spear and fearful yells.

Poor Tom had not a moment to think what he should do. There was only one thing that he could do, and that was to jump into the river. He threw off his hat and sprang into the water, without hesitating a moment.

His first idea, which he formed as he gave his jump, was to swim under water to the opposite

bank, but he soon found that he could not do this. The river was too wide, and he could not hold his breath long enough. He soon would be obliged to show his head above water, and the moment he did this he might expect to have half a dozen spears hurled at him. So, before his breath gave out, he turned and swam back to the bank from which he started, coming up gently among some tall reeds growing in the water. Here he crouched, with only his head above the water, and watched the enemy.

The current had carried him some little distance down the river, but the blacks were not far from him, some on the bank and some standing in the water. By the attitude of the latter, whom he could plainly see, he supposed that they all were waiting with their spears poised, ready to hurl them at him the moment his head appeared above the surface.

But it did not appear, and, judging from their cries and movements, they seemed much astonished at this. They had seen him go down, why did n't he come up? Even if he had swum across under water, the opposite bank was in full sight, and they could have seen him when he reached it.

But as he did not appear, they must have concluded that he was capable of staying under water like a fish, or that he had struck a stone or sunken log when he dived, and had been stunned. Evidently, they thought he was somewhere at the bottom, for they all waded in up to their waists, and began thrusting their spears into the water.

Some went up the river, and some went down; they even crossed over, for the water was not higher than their chins, and wickedly jabbed their spears down to the bottom, at every step.

Poor Tom trembled. Had not the daylight been so nearly gone, they might have seen the reeds about him shake a little. At any moment they might thrust their spears into the very place where he was crouching!

But they seemed to fancy that he must be at some distance from the bank, from which he jumped in, for the water near shore was not very deep, and they had seen him leap far out; and so, for the greater part of the time, they kept near the middle, and toward the opposite side.

It was not long, however, before a number of them began to cluster together, very near Tom's hiding-place. He could see them very plainly, through the reeds. Some seemed to be infuriated by their failure and were thrusting about wildly, while others were talking and gesticulating as if they were advising some different plan of action. One man began to thrust his spear into the reeds, not ten feet from poor Tom!

At this moment one of the savages, who was blindly jabbing about in every direction, approached a man who was calling to some others, apparently directing them to go up stream. He did not see the reckless fellow behind him, who, in his turn, did not notice the other, and giving a fierce thrust downward, he struck the man who was speaking fair in the heel.

The moment he felt that his spear had caught in something, the man who had made the thrust threw up his weapon, by putting his left hand, in which he held a rude shield, under the spear, and giving it a powerful jerk into the air. As he did this, up came the foot he had speared, and down went the unfortunate owner of the foot, face foremost into the water!

There was a tremendous splash, and a great yell of triumph. Everybody hastened to the spot where the exulting spearman held up the foot of his victim. But the surrounding savages had barely time to see that it was a black foot and a naked one, and therefore could not be that of the white boy who had jumped into the river, before the foot, which was only held by its tough, thick skin, was jerked away from the spear, and the submerged savage arose from the bottom, dripping with water, but with flashing eyes and cries of rage. Raising his spear, which he had never dropped, he glared around for an instant, to see who had done this outrageous deed. It was scarcely possible to make a mistake. The man who had speared him stood there, with his weapon in almost the same position as when it held the unfortunate foot in the air.

Instantly the angry savage dashed at him, and as instantly the blundering spearman fled as fast as he could through the water.

The pursued man dived to escape the spear which was hurled at him by his assailant, and then, followed by the whole party, yelling and shouting, the two savages made their way toward the opposite shore. Bounding up the bank, the injured man only stopping for an instant to pick up his spear, the band of howling blacks disappeared in the woods.

Tom waited until the sound of their harsh voices had died away, and then he crept out of his hiding-place, so chilled and stiff that at first he could scarcely walk, but with a heart full of joy and thankfulness for the great escape he had made. He pushed along down the river, about as far as he thought he had come up, and then turned inland to look for his horse. It was now so dark in the woods that he could not see for any considerable distance, and after wandering about for some time, he began to fear that the animal had broken away and that he might yet be left in these lonely woods, to fall a victim to his black pursuers,

who might return at any time, or to some other band of equally savage bushmen, who might come prowling in that direction.

But suddenly he heard a whinny, not far from him, and hurrying toward the joyful sound, he found his horse, tied just as he had left him, and leaping on his back, dripping, shivering, and without a hat, he rode away, at full gallop, for the bridge, the happiest boy in all Australia!

No more short cuts for him, after sundown, in that wild part of the country!

He never heard whether the fellow who had had his foot stuck succeeded in catching the fellow who stuck it, or whether the blacks ever came back to look for the white boy who had disappeared in the river; but he never ceased to believe that no one could have made a more lucky stroke for him than that made by the blundering Australian savage.



BY MRS. C. A. WYCKOFF.

JACKY, Jacky, always naughty,
Said unto himself one day,
"Guess I'll make a jolly scarecrow
Of my sister's dolly,—May."

Down with eager steps he hurries
Out into the glowing morn,
Where the sun is brightly shining
On the fields of springing corn.

Then he ties poor Dolly safely
To a pole in merry glee,—
Such a pretty little scarecrow
'T was a funny sight to see!—

Plants the pole down very firmly,
Gazes at the cloudless sky,

Laughs to think how it would frighten
Every crow that circled nigh.

Well content he is, and happy,
Though pursued by unseen wrath,
For behind comes unclé Arthur,
Softly walking down the path.



Uncle Arthur, shocked and awful!
Carried home the sister's pet.
Jack went, too, in anxious silence;—
And the crows are laughing yet.

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JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XV.

SAINT LUCY.

SATURDAY was a busy and a happy time to Jack, for in the morning Mr. Acton came to see him, having heard the story overnight, and promised to keep Bob's secret while giving Jack an acquittal as public as the reprimand had been. Then he asked for the report which Jack had bravely received the day before and put away without showing to anybody.

"There is one mistake here which we must rectify," said Mr. Acton, as he crossed out the low figures under the word "Behavior," and put the much desired 100 there.

"But I did break the rule, sir," said Jack, though his face glowed with pleasure, for Mamma was looking on.

"I overlook that as I should your breaking into my house if you saw it was on fire. You ran to save a friend, and I wish I could tell those fellows why you were there. It would do them good. I am not going to praise you, John, but I did believe you in spite of appearances, and I am glad to have for a pupil a boy who loves his neighbor better than himself."

Then, having shaken hands heartily, Mr. Acton went away, and Jack flew off to have rejoicings with Jill, who sat up on her sofa, without knowing it, so eager was she to hear all about the call.

In the afternoon, Jack drove his mother to the Captain's, confiding to her on the way what a hard time he had when he went before, and how nothing but the thought of cheering Bob kept him up when he slipped and hurt his knee, and his boot sprung a leak, and the wind came up very cold, and the hill seemed an endless mountain of mud and snow.

Mrs. Minot had such a gentle way of putting things that she would have won over a much harder man than the strict old Captain, who heard the story with interest, and was much pleased with the boys' efforts to keep Bob straight. That young person dodged away into the barn with Jack, and only appeared at the last minute to shove a bag of chestnuts into the chaise. But he got a few kind words that did him good, from Mrs. Minot and the Captain, and from that day felt himself under bonds to behave well if he would keep their confidence.

"I shall give Jill the nuts; and I wish I had something she wanted very, very much, for I do

think she ought to be rewarded for getting me out of the mess," said Jack, as they drove happily home again.

"I hope to have something in a day or two that *will* delight her very much. I will say no more now, but keep my little secret and let it be a surprise to all by and by," answered his mother, looking as if she had not much doubt about the matter.

"That will be jolly. You are welcome to your secret, Mamma. I've had enough of them for one while," and Jack shrugged his broad shoulders as if a burden had been taken off.

In the evening Ed came, and Jack was quite satisfied when he saw how pleased his friend was at what he had done.

"I never meant you should take so much trouble, only be kind to Bob," said Ed, who did not know how strong his influence was, nor what a sweet example of quiet well-doing his own life was to all his mates.

"I wished to be really useful; not just to talk about it and do nothing. That is n't your way, and I want to be like you," answered Jack, with such affectionate sincerity that Ed could not help believing him, though he modestly declined the compliment by saying, as he began to play softly, "Better than I am, I hope. I don't amount to much."

"Yes, you do! and if any one says you don't I'll shake him. I can't tell what it is, only you always look so happy and contented—sort of sweet and shiny," said Jack, as he stroked the smooth brown head, rather at a loss to describe the unusually fresh and sunny expression of Ed's face, which was always cheerful, yet had a certain thoughtfulness that made it very attractive to both young and old.

"Soap makes him shiny; I never saw such a fellow to wash and brush," put in Frank, as he came up with one of the pieces of music he and Ed were fond of practicing together.

"I don't mean that!" said Jack, indignantly. "I wash and brush till you call me a dandy, but I don't have the same look—it seems to come from the inside, somehow, as if he was always jolly and clean and good in his mind, you know."

"Born so," said Frank, rumbling away in the bass with a pair of hands that would have been the better for some of the above-mentioned soap, for he did not love to do much in the washing and brushing line.

"I suppose that's it. Well, I like it, and I shall keep on trying, for being loved by every one is about the nicest thing in the world. Isn't it, Ed?" asked Jack, with a gentle tweak of the ear as he put a question which he knew would get no answer, for Ed was so modest he could not see wherein he differed from other boys, nor believe that the sunshine he saw in other faces was only the reflection from his own.

Sunday evening Mrs. Minot sat by the fire, planning how she should tell some good news she had been saving up all day. Mrs. Pecq knew it, and seemed so delighted that she went about smiling as if she did not know what trouble meant, and could not do enough for the family. She was down-stairs now, seeing that the clothes were properly prepared for the wash, so there was no one in the Bird-Room but Mamma and the children. Frank was reading up all he could find about some biblical hero mentioned in the day's sermon; Jill lay where she had lain for nearly four long months, and though her face was pale and thin with the confinement, there was an expression on it now sweeter even than health. Jack sat on the rug beside her, looking at a white carnation through the magnifying glass, while she was enjoying the perfume of a red one as she talked to him.

"If you look at the white petals you'll see that they sparkle like marble, and go winding along way down to the middle of the flower where it grows sort of rosy; and in among the small, curly leaves, like fringed curtains, you can see the little green fairy sitting all alone. Your mother showed me that, and I think it is very pretty. I call it a 'fairy,' but it is really where the seeds are hidden and the sweet smell comes from."

Jill spoke softly lest she should disturb the others, and, as she turned to push up her pillow, she saw Mrs. Minot looking at her with a smile she did not understand.

"Did you speak, 'm'?" she asked, smiling back again, without in the least knowing why.

"No, dear. I was listening and thinking what a pretty little story one could make out of your fairy living alone down there, and only known by her perfume."

"Tell it, Mamma. It is time for our story, and that would be a nice one, I guess," said Jack, who was as fond of stories as when he sat in his mother's lap and chuckled over the hero of the bean-stalk.

"We don't have fairy tales on Sunday, you know," began Jill, regretfully.

"Call it a parable, and have a moral to it, then it will be all right," put in Frank, as he shut his big book, having found what he wanted.

"I like stories about saints, and the good and wonderful things they did," said Jill, who enjoyed

the wise and interesting bits Mrs. Minot often found for her in grown-up books, for Jill had thoughtful times, and asked questions which showed that she was growing fast in mind if not in body.

"This is a true story; but I will disguise it a little, and call it 'The Miracle of St. Lucy,'" began Mrs. Minot, seeing a way to tell her good news and amuse the children likewise.

Frank retired to the easy chair, that he might sleep if the tale should prove too childish for him. Jill settled herself among her cushions, and Jack lay flat upon the rug, with his feet up, so that he could admire his red slippers and rest his knee, which ached.

"Once upon a time there was a queen who had two princes——"

"Was n't there a princess?" asked Jack, interested at once.

"No; and it was a great sorrow to the queen that she had no little daughter, for the sons were growing up, and she was often very lonely."

"Like Snowdrop's mother," whispered Jill.

"Now, don't keep interrupting, children, or we never shall get on," said Frank, more anxious to hear about the boys that were than the girl that was not.

"One day, when the princes were out,—ahem! —we'll say hunting,—they found a little damsel lying on the snow, half dead with cold, they thought. She was the child of a poor woman who lived in the forest,—a wild little thing, always dancing and singing about; as hard to catch as a squirrel, and so fearless she would climb the highest trees, leap broad brooks, or jump off the steep rocks to show her courage. The boys carried her home to the palace, and the queen was glad to have her. She had fallen and hurt herself, so she lay in bed week after week, with her mother to take care of her——"

"That's you," whispered Jack, throwing the white carnation at Jill, and she threw back the red one, with her finger on her lips, for the tale was *very* interesting now.

"She did not suffer much after a time, but she scolded and cried, and could not be resigned, because she was a prisoner. The queen tried to help her, but she could not do much; the princes were kind, but they had their books and plays, and were away a good deal. Some friends she had came often to see her, but still she beat her wings against the bars, like a wild bird in a cage, and soon her spirits were all gone, and it was sad to see her."

"Where was your St. Lucy? I thought it was about her," asked Jack, who did not like to have Jill's past troubles dwelt upon, since his were not.

"She is coming. Saints are not born—they are made after many trials and tribulations," answered his mother, looking at the fire as if it helped her to spin her little story. "Well, the poor child used to sing sometimes to while away the long hours—sad songs mostly, and one among them which the queen taught her was 'Sweet Patience, Come.'"

"This she used to sing a great deal after a while, never dreaming that Patience was an angel who could hear and obey. But it was so; and one night, when the girl had lulled herself to sleep with that song, the angel came. Nobody saw the lovely spirit with tender eyes, and a voice that was like balm. No one heard the rustle of wings as she hovered over the little bed and touched the lips, the eyes, the hands of the sleeper, and then flew away, leaving three gifts behind. The girl did not know why, but after that night the songs grew gayer, there seemed to be more sunshine everywhere her eyes looked, and her hands were never tired of helping others in various pretty, useful or pleasant ways. Slowly the wild bird ceased to beat against the bars, but sat in its cage and made music for all in the palace, till the queen could not do without it, the poor mother cheered up, and the princes called the girl their nightingale."

"Was that the miracle?" asked Jack, forgetting all about his slippers, as he watched Jill's eyes brighten and the color come up in her white cheeks.

"That was the miracle, and Patience can work far greater ones if you will let her."

"And the girl's name was Lucy?"

"Yes; they did not call her a saint then, but she was trying to be as cheerful as a certain good woman she had heard of, and so the queen had that name for her, though she did not let her know it for a long time."

"That 's not bad for a Sunday story, but there might have been more about the princes, seems to me," was Frank's criticism, as Jill lay very still, trying to hide her face behind the carnation, for she had no words to tell how touched and pleased she was to find that her little efforts to be good had been seen, remembered, and now rewarded in this way.

"There is more."

"Then the story is n't done?" cried Jack.

"Oh dear, no; the most interesting things are to come, if you can wait for them."

"Yes, I see, this is the moral part. Now keep still, and let us have the rest," commanded Frank, while the others composed themselves for the sequel, suspecting that it was rather nice, because Mamma's sober face changed, and her eyes laughed as they looked at the fire.

"The elder prince was very fond of driving

dragons, for the people of that country used these fiery monsters as horses."

"And got run away with, did n't he?" laughed Jack, adding, with great interest, "What did the other fellow do?"

"He went about fighting other people's battles, helping the poor, and trying to do good. But he lacked judgment, so he often got into trouble, and was in such a hurry that he did not always stop to find out the wisest way. As when he gave away his best coat to a beggar boy, instead of the old one which he intended to give."

"I say, that is n't fair, Mother! Neither of them was new, and the boy needed the best more than I did, and I wore the old one all winter, did n't I?" asked Jack, who had rather exulted over Frank, and was now taken down himself.

"Yes, you did, my dear; and it was not an easy thing for my dandiprat to do. Now listen, and I'll tell you how they both learned to be wiser. The elder prince soon found that the big dragons were too much for him, and set about training his own little one, who now and then ran away with him. Its name was Will, a good servant, but a bad master; so he learned to control it, and in time this gave him great power over himself, and fitted him to be a king over others."

"Thank you, Mother; I'll remember my part of the moral. Now give Jack his," said Frank, who liked the dragon episode, as he had been wrestling with his own of late, and found it hard to manage.

"He had a fine example before him in a friend, and he followed it more reasonably till he grew able to use wisely one of the best and noblest gifts of God—benevolence."

"Now tell about the girl. Was there more to that part of the story?" asked Jack, well pleased with his moral, as it took Ed in likewise.

"That is the best of all, but it seems as if I never should get to it. After Patience made Lucy sweet and cheerful, she began to have a curious power over those about her, and to work little miracles herself, though she did not know it. The queen learned to love her: so dearly she could not let her go; she cheered up all her friends when they came with their small troubles; the princes found bright eyes, willing hands and a kind heart always at their service, and felt, without quite knowing why, that it was good for them to have a gentle little creature to care for; so they softened their rough manners, loud voices and careless ways, for her sake, and when it was proposed to take her away to her own home they could not give her up, but said she must stay longer, did n't they?"

"I'd like to see them saying anything else," said Frank, while Jack sat up to demand, fiercely:

"Who talks about taking Jill away?"

"Lucy's mother thought she ought to go, and said so, but the queen told her how much good it did them all to have her there, and begged the dear woman to let her little cottage and come and be housekeeper in the palace, for the queen was getting lazy, and liked to sit and read, and talk, and sew with Lucy, better than to look after things."

"And she said she would?" cried Jill, clasping her hands in her anxiety, for she had learned to love her cage now.

laughed more than ever as three astonished faces turned to her, and three voices cried out:

"Still more?"

"The very best of all. You must know that, while Lucy was busy for others, she was not forgotten, and when she was expecting to lie on her bed through the summer, plans were being made for all sorts of pleasant changes. First of all, she was to have a nice little brace to support the back which was growing better every day; then, as the warm weather came on, she was to go out, or



THE STORY OF ST. LUCY.

"Yes!" Mrs. Minot had no time to say more, for one of the red slippers flew up in the air, and Jack had to clap both hands over his mouth to suppress the "hurrah!" that nearly escaped. Frank said, "That's good!" and nodded with his most cordial smile at Jill, who pulled herself up with cheeks now as rosy as the red carnation, and a little catch in her breath as she said to herself:

"It's too lovely to be true."

"That's a first-rate end to a very good story," began Jack, with grave decision, as he put on his slipper and sat up to pat Jill's hand, wishing it was not quite so like a little claw.

"That's not the end," and Mamma's eyes

lie on the piazza; and by and by, when school was done, she was to go with the queen and the princes for a month or two down to the sea-side, where fresh air and salt water were to build her up in the most delightful way. There, now! is n't that the best ending of all?" and Mamma paused to read her answer in the bright faces of two of the listeners, for Jill hid hers in the pillow, and lay quite still, as if it was too much for her.

"That will be regularly splendid! I'll row you all about—boating is so much easier than riding, and I like it on salt water," said Frank, going to sit on the arm of the sofa, quite excited by the charms of the new plan.

"And I'll teach you to swim, and roll you over the beach, and get sea-weed and shells, and no end of nice things, and we'll all come home as strong as lions," added Jack, scrambling up as if about to set off at once.

"The doctor says you have been doing finely of late, and the brace will come to-morrow, and the first really mild day you are to have a breath of fresh air. Wont that be good?" asked Mrs. Minot, hoping her story had not been too interesting.

"Is she crying?" said Jack, much concerned, as he patted the pillow in his most soothing way, while Frank lifted one curl after another to see what was hidden underneath.

Not tears, for two eyes sparkled behind the fingers, then the hands came down like clouds from before the sun, and Jill's face shone out so bright and happy it did one's heart good to see it.

"I'm not crying," she said, with a laugh which was fuller of blithe music than any song she sung. "But it was so splendid, it sort of took my breath away for a minute. I thought I was n't any better, and never should be, and I made up my mind I would n't ask, it would be so hard for any one to tell me so. Now I see why the doctor made me stand up and told me to get my baskets ready to go a-Maying. I thought he was in fun; did he really mean I could go?" asked Jill, expecting too much, for a word of encouragement made her as hopeful as she had been despondent before.

"No, dear, not so soon as that. It will be months, probably, before you can walk and run, as you used to; but they will soon pass. You need n't mind about May-day; it is always too cold for flowers, and you will find more here among your own plants than on the hills, to fill your baskets," answered Mrs. Minot, hastening to suggest something pleasant to beguile the time of probation.

"I can wait. Months are not years, and if I'm truly getting well, everything will seem beautiful and easy to me," said Jill, laying herself down again, with the patient look she had learned to wear, and gathering up the scattered carnations to enjoy their spicy breath, as if the fairies hidden there had taught her some of their sweet secrets.

"Dear little girl, it has been a long, hard trial for you, but it is coming to an end, and I think you will find that it has not been time wasted. I don't want you to be a saint quite yet, but I am sure a gentler Jill will rise up from that sofa than the one who lay down there in December."

"How could I help growing better, when you were so good to me?" cried Jill, putting up both arms, as Mrs. Minot went to take Frank's place, and he retired to the fire, there to stand surveying the scene with calm approval.

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"You have done quite as much for us; so we are even. I proved that to your mother, and she is going to let the little house and take care of the big one for me, while I borrow you to keep me happy and make the boys gentle and kind. That is the bargain, and we get the best of it," said Mrs. Minot, looking well pleased, while Jack added, "That's so!" and Frank observed, with an air of conviction, "We could n't get on without Jill, possibly."

"Can I do all that? I did n't know I was of any use. I only tried to be good and grateful, for there did n't seem to be anything else I could do," said Jill, wondering why they were all so fond of her.

"No real trying is ever in vain. It is like the spring rain, and flowers are sure to follow in good time. The three gifts Patience gave St. Lucy were courage, cheerfulness and love, and with these one can work the sweetest miracles in the world, as you see," and Mrs. Minot pointed to the pretty room and its happy inmates.

"Am I really the least bit like that good Lucinda? I tried to be, but I did n't think I was," asked Jill, softly.

"You are very like her in all ways but one. *She* did not get well and *you* will."

A short answer, but it satisfied Jill to her heart's core, and that night, when she lay in bed, she thought to herself: "How curious it is that I've been a sort of missionary without knowing it! They all love and thank me, and wont let me go, so I suppose I must have done something, but I don't know what, except trying to be good and pleasant."

That was the secret, and Jill found it out just when it was most grateful as a reward for past efforts, most helpful as an encouragement toward the constant well-doing which can make even a little girl a joy and comfort to all who know and love her.

CHAPTER XVI.

UP AT MERRY'S.

"Now fly 'round, child, and get your sweeping done up smart and early."

"Yes, mother."

"I shall want you to help me about the baking, by and by."

"Yes, mother."

"Roxy is cleaning the cellar-closets, so you'll have to get the vegetables ready for dinner. Father wants a boiled dish, and I shall be so busy I can't see to it."

"Yes, mother."

A cheerful voice gave the three answers, but it

cost Merry an effort to keep it so, for she had certain little plans of her own which made the work before her unusually distasteful. Saturday always was a trying day, for, though she liked to see rooms in order, she hated to sweep, as no speck escaped Mrs. Grant's eye, and only the good old-fashioned broom, wielded by a pair of strong arms, was allowed. Baking was another trial: she loved good bread and delicate pastry, but did not enjoy burning her face over a hot stove, daubing her hands with dough, or spending hours rolling out cookies for the boys; while a "boiled dinner" was her especial horror, as it was not elegant, and the washing of vegetables was a job she always shirked when she could.

However, having made up her mind to do her work without complaint, she ran upstairs to put on her dust-cap, trying to look as if sweeping was the joy of her life.

"It is such a lovely day, I did want to rake my garden, and have a walk with Molly, and finish my book so I can get another," she said, with a sigh, as she leaned out of the open window for a breath of the unusually mild air.

Down in the ten-acre lot the boys were carting and spreading loam; out in the barn her father was getting his plows ready; over the hill rose the smoke of the distant factory, and the river that turned the wheels was gliding through the meadows, where soon the blackbirds would be singing. Old Bess pawed the ground, eager to be off; the gray hens were scratching busily all about the yard; even the green things in the garden were pushing through the brown earth, softened by April rains, and there was a shimmer of sunshine over the wide landscape that made every familiar object beautiful with hints of spring, and the activity it brings.

Something made the old nursery hymn come into Merry's head, and humming to herself—

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,"

she tied on her cap, shouldered her broom, and fell to work so energetically that she soon swept her way through the chambers, down the front stairs to the parlor door, leaving freshness and order behind her as she went.

She always groaned when she entered that apartment, and got out of it again as soon as possible, for it was, like most country parlors, a prim and chilly place, with little beauty and no comfort. Black horse-hair furniture, very slippery and hard, stood against the wall; the table had its gift-books, albums, worsted mat and ugly lamp; the mantelpiece its china vases, pink shells and clock that never went; the gay carpet was kept distressingly bright by closed shutters six days out of the seven,

and a general air of go-to-meeting solemnity pervaded the room. Merry longed to make it pretty and pleasant, but her mother would allow of no change there, so the girl gave up her dreams of rugs and hangings, fine pictures and tasteful ornaments, and dutifully aired, dusted and shut up this awful apartment once a week, privately resolving that, if she ever had a parlor of her own, it should not be as dismal as a tomb.



"OVER THE HILL ROSE THE SMOKE OF THE FACTORY."

The dining-room was a very different place, for here Merry had been allowed to do as she liked, yet so gradual had been the change, that she would have found it difficult to tell how it came about. It seemed to begin with the flowers, for her father kept his word about the "posy pots," and got enough to make quite a little conservatory in the bay-window, which was sufficiently large for three rows all round, and hanging baskets overhead. Being discouraged by her first failure, Merry gave up trying to have things nice everywhere, and contented herself with making that one nook so pretty that the boys called it her "bower." Even busy Mrs. Grant owned that plants were not so messy as she expected, and the farmer was never tired of watching "little daughter" as she sat at work there, with her low chair, and table full of books.

The lamp helped, also, for Merry set up her own, and kept it so well trimmed that it burned clear and bright, shining on the green arch of ivy overhead,

and on the nasturtium vines framing the old glass, and peeping at their gay little faces and at the pretty young girl, so pleasantly that first her father came to read his paper by it, then her mother slipped in to rest on the ugly lounge in the corner, and finally the boys hovered about the door as if the "settin'-room" had grown more attractive than the kitchen.

But the open fire did more than anything else to win and hold them all, as it seldom fails to do when the black demon of an air-tight stove is banished from the hearth. After the room was cleaned till it shone, Merry begged to have the brass andirons put in, and offered to keep them as bright as gold if her mother would consent. So the great logs were kindled, and the flames went dancing up the chimney as if glad to be set free from their prison. It changed the whole room like magic, and no one could resist the desire to enjoy its cheery comfort. The farmer's three-cornered leathern chair soon stood on one side, and mother's rocker on the other, as they toasted their feet and dozed or chatted in the pleasant warmth.

The boys' slippers were always ready on the hearth; and when the big boots were once off, they naturally settled down about the table, where the tall lamp, with its pretty shade of pressed autumn-leaves, burned brightly, and the books and papers lay ready to their hands instead of being tucked out of sight in the closet. They were beginning to see that "Merry's notions" had some sense in them, since they were made comfortable, and good-naturedly took some pains to please her in various ways. Tom brushed his hair and washed his hands nicely before he came to table. Dick tried to lower his boisterous laughter, and Harry never smoked in the sitting-room. Even Roxy expressed her pleasure in seeing "things kind of spruced up," and Merry's gentle treatment of the hard-working drudge won her heart entirely.

The girl was thinking of these changes as she watered her flowers, dusted the furniture, and laid the fire ready for kindling; and, when all was done, she stood a minute to enjoy the pleasant room, full of spring sunshine, fresh air and exquisite order. It seemed to give her heart for more distasteful labors, and she fell to work at the pies as cheerfully as if she liked it.

Mrs. Grant was flying about the kitchen, getting the loaves of brown and white bread ready for the big oven. Roxy's voice came up from the cellar singing "Bounding Billows," with a swashing and scrubbing accompaniment which suggested that she was actually enjoying a "life on the ocean wave." Merry, in her neat cap and apron, stood smiling over her work as she deftly rolled and clipped, filled and covered, finding a certain sort of pleasure in doing it well, and adding interest to

it by crimping the crust, making pretty devices with strips of paste and star-shaped prickings of the fork.

"Good will giveth skill," says the proverb, and even particular Mrs. Grant was satisfied when she paused to examine the pastry with her experienced eye.

"You are a handy child and a credit to your bringing up, though I do say it. Those are as pretty pies as I'd wish to eat, if they bake well, and there's no reason why they should n't."

"May I make some tarts or rabbits of these bits? The boys like them, and I enjoy modeling this sort of thing," said Merry, who was trying to mold a bird, as she had seen Ralph do with clay to amuse Jill while the bust was going on.

"No, dear; there's no time for knickknacks today. The beets ought to be on this minute. Run and get 'em, and be sure you scrape the carrots well."

Poor Merry put away the delicate task she was just beginning to like, and taking a pan went down cellar, wishing vegetables could be grown without earth, for she hated to put her hands in dirty water. A word of praise to Roxy made that grateful scrubber leave her work to poke about in the root-cellar, choosing "sech as was pretty much of a muchness, else they would n't bile even"; so Merry was spared that part of the job, and went up to scrape and wash without complaint, since it was for father. She was repaid at noon by the relish with which he enjoyed his dinner, for Merry tried to make even a boiled dish pretty by arranging the beets, carrots, turnips and potatoes in contrasting colors, with the beef hidden under the cabbage leaves.

"Now, I'll rest and read for an hour, then I'll rake my garden, or run down town to see Molly and get some seeds," she thought to herself, as she put away the spoons and glasses, which she liked to wash, that they might always be clear and bright.

"If you've done all your own mending, there's a heap of socks to be looked over. Then I'll show you about darning the table-cloths. I do hate to have a stitch of work left over till Monday," said Mrs. Grant, who never took naps, and prided herself on sitting down to her needle at three P. M. every day.

"Yes, mother," and Merry went slowly upstairs, feeling that a part of Saturday ought to be a holiday after books and work all the week. As she braided up her hair, her eye fell upon the reflection of her own face in the glass. Not a happy nor a pretty one just then, and Merry was so unaccustomed to seeing any other, that involuntarily the frown smoothed itself out, the eyes

lost their weary look, the drooping lips curved into a smile, and, leaning her elbows on the bureau, she shook her head at herself, saying, half aloud, as she glanced at Ivanhoe lying near.

"You need n't look so cross and ugly just because you can't have what you want. Sweeping, baking and darning are not so bad as being plagued with lovers and carried off and burnt at the stake, so I won't envy poor Rebecca her jewels and curls and romantic times, but make the best of my own."

Then she laughed, and the bright face came back into the mirror, looking like an old friend, and Merry went on dressing with care, for she took pleasure in her own little charms, and felt a sense of comfort in knowing that she could always have one pretty thing to look at if she kept her own face serene and sweet. It certainly looked so as it bent over the pile of big socks half an hour later, and brightened with each that was laid aside. Her mother saw it, and, guessing why such wistful glances went from clock to window, kindly shortened the task of table-cloth darning by doing a good bit herself, before putting it into Merry's hands.

She was a good and loving mother in spite of her strict ways, and knew that it was better for her romantic daughter to be learning all the housewifely lessons she could teach her, than to be reading novels, writing verses, or philandering about with her head full of girlish fancies, quite innocent in themselves, but not the stuff to live on. So she wisely taught the hands that preferred to pick flowers, trim up rooms and mold birds, to work well with needle, broom and rolling-pin; put a receipt-book before the eyes that loved to laugh and weep over tender tales, and kept the young head and heart safe and happy with wholesome duties, useful studies, and such harmless pleasures as girls should love, instead of letting them waste their freshness in vague longings, idle dreams and frivolous pastimes.

But it was often hard to thwart the docile child, and lately she had seemed to be growing up so fast that her mother began to feel a new sort of tenderness for this sweet daughter, who was almost ready to take upon herself the cares, as well as triumphs and delights, of maidenhood. Something in the droop of the brown head, and the quick motion of the busy hand with a little burn on it, made it difficult for Mrs. Grant to keep Merry at work that day, and her eye watched the clock almost as impatiently as the girl's, for she liked to see the young face brighten when the hour of release came.

"What next?" asked Merry, as the last stitch was set, and she stifled a sigh on hearing the clock

strike four, for the sun was getting low, and the lovely afternoon going fast.

"One more job, if you are not too tired for it. I want the receipt for diet drink Miss Dawes promised me; would you like to run down and get it for me, dear?"

"Yes, mother!" and that answer was as blithe as a robin's chirp, for that was just where Merry wanted to go.

Away went thimble and scissors, and in five minutes away went Merry, skipping down the hill without a care in the world, for a happy heart sat singing within, and everything seemed full of beauty.

She had a capital time with Molly, called on Jill, did her shopping in the village, and had just turned to walk up the hill, when Ralph Evans came tramping along behind her, looking so pleased and proud about something that she could not help asking what it was, for they were great friends, and Merry thought that to be an artist was the most glorious career a man could choose.

"I know you've got some good news," she said, looking up at him as he touched his hat and fell into step with her, seeming more contented than before.

"I have, and was just coming up to tell you, for I was sure you would be glad. It is only a hope, a chance, but it is so splendid I feel as if I must shout and dance, or fly over a fence or two, to let off steam."

"Do tell me, quick; have you got an order?" asked Merry, full of interest at once, for artistic vicissitudes were very romantic, and she liked to hear about them.

"I may go abroad in the autumn."

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Is n't it? David German is going to spend a year in Rome, to finish a statue, and wants me to go along. Grandma is willing, as cousin Maria wants her for a long visit, so everything looks promising and I really think I may go."

"Wont it cost a great deal?" asked Merry, who, in spite of her little elegancies, had a good deal of her thrifty mother's common sense.

"Yes; and I've got to earn it. But I can—I know I can, for I've saved some, and I shall work like ten beavers all summer. I won't borrow if I can help it, but I know some one who would lend me five hundred if I wanted it," and Ralph looked as eager and secure as if the earning of twice that sum was a mere trifle when all the longing of his life was put into his daily tasks.

"I wish I had it to give you. It must be so splendid to feel that you can do great things if you only have the chance. And to travel, and see all the lovely pictures and statues, and people and

places in Italy. How happy you must be!" and Merry's eyes had the wistful look they always wore when she dreamed dreams of the world she loved to live in.

"I am—so happy that I'm afraid it never will happen. If I do go, I'll write and tell you all about the fine sights, and how I get on. Would you like me to?" asked Ralph, beginning enthusiastically and ending rather bashfully, for he admired Merry very much, and was not quite sure how this proposal would be received.

"Indeed I should! I'd feel so grand to have letters from Paris and Rome, and you'd have so much to tell it would be almost as good as going myself," she said, looking off into the daffodil sky, as they paused a minute on the hill-top to get breath, for both had walked as fast as they talked.

"And will you answer the letters?" asked Ralph, watching the innocent face, which looked unusually kind and beautiful to him in that soft light.

"Why, yes; I'd love to, only I shall not have anything interesting to say. What can I write about?" and Merry smiled as she thought how flat her letters would sound after the exciting details his would doubtless give.

"Write about yourself, and all the rest of the people I know. Grandma will be gone, and I shall want to hear how you get on." Ralph looked very anxious indeed to hear, and Merry promised she would tell all about the other people, adding, as she turned from the evening peace and loveliness to the house, whence came the clatter of milk-pans and the smell of cooking:

"I never should have anything very nice to tell about myself, for I don't do interesting things as you do, and you would n't care to hear about school, and sewing, and messing 'round at home."

Merry gave a disdainful little sniff at the savory perfume of ham which saluted them, and paused with her hand on the gate, as if she found it pleasanter out there than in the house. Ralph seemed to agree with her, for, leaning on the gate, he lingered to say, with real sympathy in his tone and something else in his face:

"Yes, I should; so you write and tell me all about it. I did n't know you had any worries, for you always seemed like one of the happiest people in the world, with so many to pet and care for you, and plenty of money, and nothing very hard or hateful to do. You'd think you were well off if you knew as much about poverty and work and never getting what you want, as I do."

"You bear your worries so well that nobody knows you have them. I ought not to complain, and I won't, for I do have all I need. I'm so glad you are going to get what you want at last," and Merry held out her hand to say good-night, with

so much pleasure in her face that Ralph could not make up his mind to go just yet.

"I shall have to scratch 'round in a lively way before I do get it, for David says a fellow can't live on less than four or five hundred a year, even living as poor artists have to, in garrets and on crusts. I don't mind as long as Grandma is all right. She is away to-night, or I should not be here," he added, as if some excuse was necessary.

Merry needed no hint, for her tender heart was touched by the vision of her friend in a garret, and she suddenly rejoiced that there was ham and eggs for supper, so that he might be well fed once, at least, before he went away to feed on artistic crusts.

"Being here, come in and spend the evening. The boys will like to hear the news, and so will father. Do, now."

It was impossible to refuse the invitation he had been longing for, and in they went, to the great delight of Roxy, who instantly retired to the pantry, smiling significantly, and brought out the most elaborate pie in honor of the occasion. Merry touched up the table, and put a little vase of flowers in the middle to redeem the vulgarity of doughnuts. Of course the boys upset it, but as there was company nothing was said, and Ralph devoured his supper with the appetite of a hungry boy, while watching Merry eat bread and cream out of an old-fashioned silver porringer, and thinking it the sweetest sight he ever beheld.

Then the young people gathered about the table, full of the new plans, and the elders listened as they rested after the week's work. A pleasant evening, for they all liked Ralph, but as the parents watched Merry sitting among the great lads like a little queen among her subjects, half unconscious as yet of the power in her hands, they nodded to one another, and then shook their heads as if they said:

"I'm afraid the time is coming, mother."

"No danger as long as she don't know it, father."

At nine the boys went off to the barn, the farmer to wind up the eight-day clock, and the housewife to see how the baked beans and Indian pudding for to-morrow were getting on in the oven. Ralph took up his hat to go, saying, as he looked at the shade on the tall student-lamp:

"What a good light that gives! I can see it as I go home every night, and it burns up here like a beacon. I always look for it, and it hardly ever fails to be burning. Sort of cheers up the way, you know, when I'm tired or low in my mind."

"Then I'm very glad I got it. I liked the shape, but the boys laughed at it as they did at my bulrushes in a ginger-jar over there. I'd been reading

about 'household art,' and I thought I'd try a little," answered Merry, laughing at her own whims.

"You've got a better sort of household art, I think, for you make people happy and places pretty, without fussing over it. This room is ever so much improved every time I come, though I hardly see what it is except the flowers," said Ralph, looking from the girl to the tall calla that bent its white cup above her as if to pour its dew upon her head.

"Is n't that lovely? I tried to draw it—the shape was so graceful I wanted to keep it. But I could n't. Is n't it a pity such beautiful things wont last forever?" and Merry looked regretfully at the half-faded one that grew beside the fresh blossom.

"I can keep it for you. It would look well in plaster. May I?" asked Ralph.

"Thank you, I should like that very much. Take the real one as a model—please do; there are more coming, and this will brighten up your room for a day or two."

As she spoke, Merry cut the stem, and, adding two or three of the great green leaves, put the handsome flower in his hand with so much goodwill that he felt as if he had received a very precious gift. Then he said good-night, so gratefully that Merry's hand quite tingled with the grasp of his, and went away, often looking backward through the darkness to where the light burned brightly on the hill-top—the beacon kindled by an unconscious Hero, for a young Leander swimming gallantly against wind and tide toward the goal of his ambition.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER STORY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A BLUEBIRD met a butterfly,
One lovely summer day,
And sweetly lisped, "I like your dress,
It's very bright and gay."
There was n't any butterfly
When bluebird flew away!

Our black cat met that shy bluebird
When going for a walk,
And mewed, "My charming, singing friend,
Let's have a quiet talk."
But there was n't any bluebird
When puss resumed her walk!

A JAPANESE MILITARY NOBLE IN COURT DRESS.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

THE Japanese pay great attention to rank and etiquette. They have thirty-one grades of rank, and the ambition of every noble and gentleman is to get one step higher, and higher yet. Very few, indeed, ever reach as high as the third or second rank, and none reach the first till after their death.

They make a great fuss about their dress, for every rank has a special costume. A reception at the court of the emperor, called the Mikado, is a wonderful scene of rustling silk robes of every imaginable color and design of embroidery. A

Japanese dandy is prouder of his flowing sleeves and trails than a peacock of its feathers.

This exquisite in the picture is of the fifth rank, and is dressed all in hemp. The long silky fibers of this plant, in Japan, are the finest in the world, and when woven into cloth, and dyed blue or green, it resembles satin. A tremendous amount of starch is used to stiffen it. When ready to put on, it is like sheet-iron. You may imagine how the dandy in the picture feels in this strait-jacket. When he walks, it rustles like ten old ladies in black silk, or a breeze in a row of poplar-trees.

But he does n't walk. He waddles. A goose could go more gracefully. American ladies have one trail to their skirts; this dandy has two. In some cases his loose trousers trail two feet behind him.

the soft matting in their stocking-feet; the long trains covering the feet.

You can imagine how hard it is to waddle gracefully forward and then backward, without falling

on your nose. I warrant, the nobleman in the picture had practiced well before he risked the disgrace of a tumble at court.

Out-of-doors, the Japanese gentlemen always wore two swords, one short, the other long. In-doors, or on ceremony, only the short one remained, and was stuck in the center of the girdle, with the gold and silk-wrapped hilt where it could show best. The wearer is more proud of a handsome and costly sword than a New York dandy is of watch and chain, or scarf-pin. The cap on his head, which looks like a trowel without a handle, or a triangular piece of pie-crust, or a brick-bat, is made of black, varnished paper. It is held on by his top-knot, and a white silk string 'round his neck. It also marks his rank. The middle of his scalp is shaved according to fashion. On his sleeve and breast the crest or coat-of-arms of his family is stamped.

He is not extreme in fashion. Nobles of higher rank wear a still longer trail from their coat, and I have seen Japanese high lords with ten feet of gold and silver laced satin dragging after them. This was in-doors, at court, of course. In the streets, I have seen them in gold-embroidered satin long and loose enough to cover a horse all over nearly to his knees. The horse and the rider looked like one animal,—a pyramid of silk on four legs, topped by a black brick. These fashions in dress and swords have now passed away. The Mikado and his nobles dress like gentlemen in Europe and America.



THE COURT DRESS OF A JAPANESE MILITARY NOBLE OF THE FIFTH RANK.

When he sits down—which he does on his knees and heels—he will need four feet square to spread himself upon.

The reason is this: In Europe, when you are presented to the king, or kiss the queen's hand, you must walk out backward, so as to show your face, not back, to royalty. So, in Japan, at the Mikado's court, it was not proper to let the feet be seen. The people take off their sandals, and tread

silver laced satin dragging after them. This was in-doors, at court, of course. In the streets, I have seen them in gold-embroidered satin long and loose enough to cover a horse all over nearly to his knees. The horse and the rider looked like one animal,—a pyramid of silk on four legs, topped by a black brick. These fashions in dress and swords have now passed away. The Mikado and his nobles dress like gentlemen in Europe and America.

PEDRO.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

PEDRO is a dog, to begin with; so, if any reader thinks this story is to be about an emperor, or even a Portuguese grandee, and wishes to read that kind of a story, and is n't willing to read just an every-day kind of a dog-story, he had better pass by this article altogether.

Pedro began life under difficulties. His mother did not move in good society. It may have been on account of her color, for she was very black. It may have been on account of her education—for she had n't any worth speaking of. It may have been because her mother or her mother's mother or grandmother, or ever so many great-grandmothers, did n't go into good society. They were a very common family of dogs, who would lick the bones they ate, and make a noise with their mouths when they drank.

Pedro was born in a barn; that was against him. And it was a rag-dealer's barn at that, and his first bed was a pile of very smelly rags, and as his mother had five other little dogs of exactly his age to look after, she could n't wash and dress him properly, or tie his tail up in papers to make it curl gracefully,

that he thought that was what boys and stones and cords were for. But Pedro's mother, poor thing, she knew what it all meant. She knew that of all the diseases incident to puppyhood, boys and stones, complicated with cords, was the most fatal. Pedro's mother had lost seventeen of her darlings in a similar way. Talk about scarlet fever, or the croup, or diphtheria after that! She kissed her precious children, moaned over them a little, and when they were taken away in a basket, was so overcome that she had n't even strength enough to lift her drooping tail and wag them a good-bye.

The boy took the basket to a bridge, and lifting the puppies one by one, sent them over the parapet—down—down to an anchorage at the bottom of the river. Pedro did n't like it. It made him dizzy going down; the weight of the stone made the cord cut his neck, and the water was cold. He went straight to the bottom, and would have drowned there like the rest if the cord had been stronger. But the cord broke. Pedro found out that he could swim—and he made for the shore.

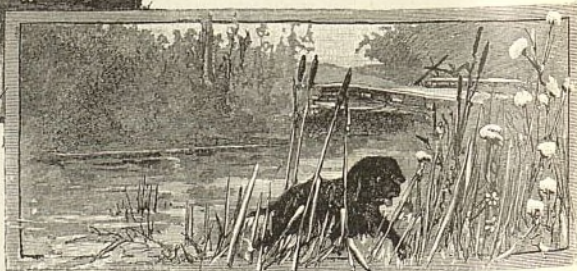
He was very cold, very wet, very much discouraged. He did not like to go back where that speckled-faced boy was; besides, he did n't know the way. So he made up his mind that he would set up for a tramp;—and started at once on his travels.

He was a little fellow, but he grew—grew in spite of the kicks and cuffs that he met, in spite of the stonings that bad



or do any of those things that well-bred dog-mothers are in the habit of doing for their dog-babies.

Pedro opened his eyes one morning and looked about him. What do you think he saw? A big boy with a basket and six stones in it. The boy took a stone and began tying it to Pedro's neck with a piece of cord. He did the same thing to all of Pedro's brothers and sisters. Did Pedro think it strange? Not a bit of it—he was so young and ignorant



boys gave him, in spite of being only half fed. Grew to be a big, black, shaggy dog, with a kind eye, and one of the most friendly and wagiferous tails I ever knew. And could n't he swim? He just ploughed right along in the water, steering

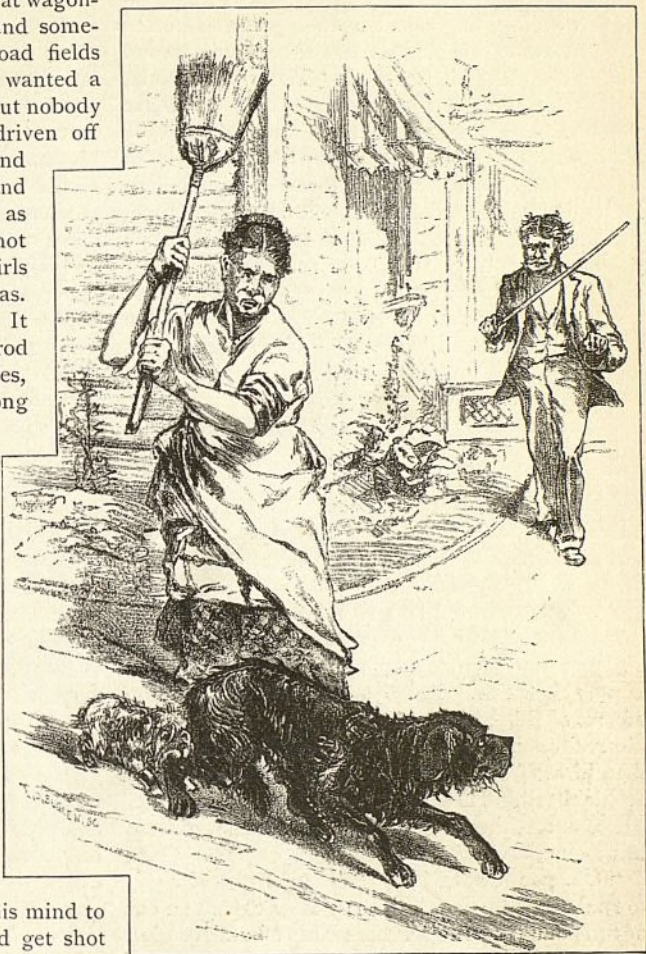
himself with his shaggy tail, and winking and blinking at the waves, that in the sunlight winked and blinked at him.

But he had no home—poor dog. He slept in the by-ways and hedges, and dropped in at wagon-sheds and crept under road-side carts, and sometimes he had to sleep in the great broad fields among the clover and the daisies. He wanted a home badly enough—every dog does. But nobody would take him in. He used to get driven off of premises with sticks and whips and stones. Nobody seemed to want him, and he would have looked upon this world as a very hard world on dogs had he not seen, now and then, some boys and girls that were treated quite as badly as he was.

So things went on for two years. It was the close of summer. The golden-rod had begun to blossom on the road-sides, and Pedro knew that frost would be along ere many weeks. He was in a sea-side town, for he loved the ocean, and he sat down on the beach to think himself over. He was getting to be shiftless. He would wear burrs in his shaggy coat for days and days, and when a dog gets to this point of shiftlessness he must either turn over a new leaf, or go to the bad pretty rapidly. He did not want to get into low-lived ways. He was a dog of excellent intentions regarding himself—but it somehow seemed to him that he had had no kind of a chance in life. He almost wished that the stone had n't slipped off his neck when he had been thrown over the bridge. He came very near being in despair. The horrid thought crossed his mind to go and bite somebody in the village and get shot for mad. It takes so little trouble for a dog to put himself out of misery in this way. I think he would have gone and thrown himself off the bridge, but that he knew what an excellent swimmer he was, and that it would be of no use.

He was getting almost miserable, when a gentleman passed by who seemed so well fed, so well contented with himself and the world, and so happy, that Pedro really cheered up, and wished that he had such a man for a master; and when a little behind him came a well-combed, well-kept little blue skye-terrier, whom this gentleman spoke gently to—even tenderly, Pedro yearned to get up and adopt the gentleman for a master at once. But he hardly dared to do it. He knew that that little blue skye-terrier would fiercely resent such a familiar proceeding. Perhaps, however, the gentle-

man might be willing to give him just a second-hand bone, and a far-off corner of a stable to sleep in for a night or two. That much he would try, at any rate. So he rose up, and followed the gentle-



"GET OUT WID YE!"

man and the blue skye-terrier at a little distance. Once the blue skye caught sight of him, and turned and gave him a fierce look, as if surmising his intentions, and then curled up his aristocratic little black nose and trotted on, as if, after all, such a matter was quite beneath his notice.

The gentleman at last walked home, and Pedro stood at the garden gate and saw them go in. They had such a welcome, especially the little blue skye-terrier. Two pretty children came out to meet him, one was a boy of ten years or so, and the other a young lady of fifteen. The young lady caught up the terrier and embraced him, and even kissed him, and talked softly to him, and carried him off at last into the house, where a

saucer of milk and dainty bits of cold chicken were awaiting him. That Pedro knew, for he heard the little boy tell him that much.

"My!" said Pedro, "if they give him chicken and milk, they surely can't grudge me a bone,"—and so saying, he pushed open a gate and trotted straight across an elegant flower-bed, and round the house to the kitchen door. There was a bone, to be sure, and a very meaty bone too. Of course the little dog inside would n't want it, and of course nobody would object to his having it—it was evident that it had been thrown away, and so Pedro first sniffed at it, by way of whetting his appetite, and then fell to, and began to gnaw blissfully; it was about as good a bone as Pedro had ever had. He had almost forgotten his misery, and was beginning to feel that the world was n't such a bad world after all, when the kitchen door was flung open by a red-faced Irish cook, who bounced out with a pan of dirty water and flung it into Pedro's face and eyes, saying angrily, as she did so:

"Go 'long wid ye, yer great black feller of a dawg. You 're a thavin' baste to come eating poor Blitzen's" (Blitzen was the skye's name, it seems) "bone. Get out wid ye!" and she seized a broomstick, and flew at Pedro like a fury.

Pedro was surprised; he hung his tail with mortification and shame and turned to leave, when out flew Blitzen, barking and yelling, and seized him by the heels. Pedro might have shaken the life out of Blitzen in a minute, but he always prided himself upon never turning upon a dog smaller than himself,—he only started to run, with Blitzen at his heels. He had nearly reached the gate, when out rushed the benign gentleman, with a thick cane, and said:

"Oh, you low-bred mongrel cur, I 'll teach you to run across my flower-beds! How came you out of the pound, you miserable scamp?" and coming up to Pedro he dealt him such a succession of blows as made him stagger, and left him half-blind with pain.

At last Pedro reached the gate, which fortunately had been left open, and, darting into the street, he freed himself from the yelping Blitzen, and ran as hard as he could toward the beach. He had a very bitter feeling in his heart. He was not conscious of having done any harm, and yet everybody and everything had turned against him. Surely it was a hard world.

He lay down on the beach, and began looking himself over. He was bruised from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. One of his eyes was half-closed. His heel was smarting where Blitzen had bitten him, and he was dripping with the cook's dirty water. He had n't energy enough to

wash himself and dress his wounds. He just lay there and moaned. What was he, anyway? An outcast from puppyhood, homeless, hungry, all his brothers and sisters drowned, and everybody, dog and man, beating him. He wondered how long it would take him to lie there and die. He made up his mind that he would never move on,—one place was as good as another. He could n't even solace himself by a swim, because the water was salt, and would give him pain where he was bitten and bruised. So he just stayed still, forlorn, and hating himself and everything and everybody. He had lain there for hours, and seen the tide come up, and people go walking along the beach. Nobody even noticed him, except one boy, who flung a pebble-stone at him, and then laughed because he gave a cry of pain.

It got to be afternoon, and, as the tide was high, people came out to bathe. Presently he saw the boy and the young lady from the house where he had been so badly treated. They had Blitzen with them, and a servant who brought towels and bathing suits, and a silk cushion. The first thing they all did was to see that Blitzen had his bath. How carefully they bathed him, and then dried him on fine towels, and then the servant put down the cushion in a warm nook, and spreading a soft towel over it, put Blitzen down for a nap. Then the children prepared to bathe. They came out of the bath-house all dressed for the sea, and a very lovely couple they looked as they dimpled the smooth sand of the beach with their pretty pink feet. They plunged into the surf, and had a glorious time of it. The boy could swim, and he was trying to teach his sister. Pedro almost enjoyed seeing them, in spite of himself. They had been in quite a good while, when the servant called them to come out.

"All right," shouted the boy; "Florence may go out, and I 'll take one more swim and then I 'll come." So he turned his face toward the horizon and struck out boldly, and made glorious headway against the waves. He was pretty far out, when there was a cry, he threw up his hands, and the golden head disappeared beneath the waves.

Pedro was on his feet in a moment, and had run half-way down the beach. The boy was drowning. He had heard that same kind of a cry once before. He would plunge in and save the boy. That was his first thought. Then he stopped. "No," he said, "I 'll have my revenge. That boy's father ill-treated me—his dog bit me; let the little cur save him—it is no business of mine," and he turned to go up the beach again.

"Help! help!" came from the water. The sister heard it, and ran out of the bathing-house, followed by the servant. They screamed, too, for

help, but no help was at hand. The pretty sunny head came in sight once more, and was gone. The women wrung their hands in agony. Pedro could not stand it—he turned, plunged down the beach, in through the surf, out on the rising and falling waves, battling them furiously, as he swam.

Now there are two heads side by side—a black, shaggy head, a sunny head and a pale face. There is no cry now, the poor little blanched lips are too weak for that. Pedro gives a little moan of desperation, seizes the bathing-jacket by the neck, and turns. Will he have strength to get this heavy weight to the shore? He feels his strength is going fast. The father has heard the cry of his daughter, and is flying to the beach. Blitzen has waked and stands staring, wondering what it all means.

One wave nearer shore, now on the crest of another, now in the surf, now on the white beach! Pedro drags the boy up on the sand, and lies down beside him. He is almost exhausted. They don't

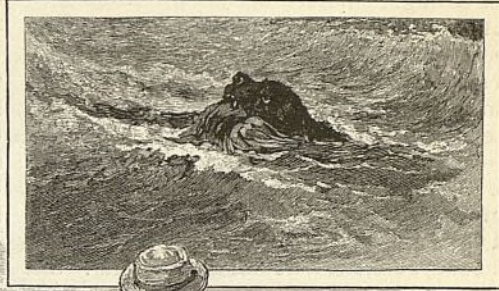
drive him away now. Perhaps they hardly notice him in this awful moment. They are working over the boy. Oh, the blanched face of the father, and the tearful face of the sister! The servant has run for blankets. They are rubbing the child and trying to detect some signs of life.

Now the mother comes—she sees her boy lying there stiff and pale—and gives a quick cry of pain, and then stoops over him and puts her hand anxiously on his heart. Yes—yes—it beats, but so feebly! In a minute it may stop. She clasps the little hands and prays—oh, how she prays!

Yes, he's alive; he's opening his eyes. Pedro is rested a little, and comes and looks on, while they wrap the boy in a blanket, and then he says to himself: "Well, I can't do anything more. I guess I'll be going;" and he goes and

touches the little hand with his tongue to be sure there is some life there, and turns to go away.

What is this we see? Yes; a strong man falling on this dog's neck and kissing his shaggy head,



"PEDRO IS AN OUTCAST NO LONGER!"

while the great tears roll down his cheeks;—a pair of fair young arms thrown about poor Pedro's black and dripping body, while a rare pale face buries itself in his shaggy fur and weeps for joy. Pedro is an outcast no longer! The sunshine is coming in upon his life now. It came through doing a simple duty, as most sunshine comes.

Pedro has a home now. No bed is too soft for him,—no food too choice! He might have the whole roast off the table any day he chose to ask for it. He wears a silver collar, and he sleeps in the family sitting-room, and they pet him, and talk to him, and sometimes the gentleman whom he followed that morning will lay his hand on his head, and tears will fall on the black fur, and the dog will hear him say, in a voice that trembles a good deal:

"God bless our Pedro, that saved my boy!"

ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

ELIZABETH ELIZA joined the Circumambient Club with the idea that it would be a long time before she, a new member, would have to read a paper. She would have time to hear the other papers read, and to see how it was done, and she would find it easy when her turn came. By that time she would have some ideas; and long before she would be called upon, she would have leisure to sit down and write out something. But a year passed away, and the time was drawing near. She had, meanwhile, devoted herself to her studies, and had tried to inform herself on all subjects by way of preparation. She had consulted one of the old members of the club, as to the choice of a subject.

"Oh, write about anything," was the answer; "anything you have been thinking of."

Elizabeth Eliza was forced to say she had not been thinking lately. She had not had time. The family had moved, and there was always an excitement about something, that prevented her sitting down to think.

"Why not write out your family adventures?" asked the old member.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure her mother would think it made them too public, and most of the club papers she observed had some thought in them; she preferred to find an idea.

So she set herself to the occupation of thinking. She went out on the piazza to think; she stayed in the house to think. She tried a corner of the china-closet. She tried thinking in the cars, and lost her pocket-book; she tried it in the garden, and walked into the strawberry bed. In the house and out of the house, it seemed to be the same—she could not think of anything to think of. For many weeks she was seen sitting on the sofa or in the window, and nobody disturbed her. "She is thinking about her paper," the family would say, but she only knew that she could not think of anything.

Agamemnon told her that many writers waited till the last moment, when inspiration came, which was much finer than anything studied. Elizabeth Eliza thought it would be terrible to wait till the last moment, if the inspiration should not come! She might combine the two ways; wait till a few days before the last, and then sit down and write anyhow. This would give a chance for inspiration, while she would not run the risk of writing nothing.

She was much discouraged; perhaps she had better give it up. But no; everybody wrote a paper, if not now, she would have to do it some time!

And at last the idea of a subject came to her! But it was as hard to find a moment to write as to think. The morning was noisy, till the little boys had gone to school, for they had begun again upon their regular course, with the plan of taking up the study of cider in October. And after the little boys had gone to school, now it was one thing, now it was another; the china-closet to be cleaned, or one of the neighbors in to look at the sewing-machine. She tried after dinner, but would fall asleep. She felt that evening would be the true time, after the cares of day were over.

The Peterkins had wire mosquito-nets all over the house, at every door and every window. They were as eager to keep out the flies as the mosquitoes. The doors were all furnished with strong springs, that pulled the doors to as soon as they were opened. The little boys had practiced running in and out of each door, and slamming it after them. This made a good deal of noise, for they had gained great success in making one door slam directly after another, and at times would keep up a running volley of artillery, as they called it, with the slamming of the doors. Mr. Peterkin, however, preferred it to flies.

So Elizabeth Eliza felt she would venture to write of a summer evening with all the windows open.

She seated herself one evening in the library, between two large kerosene lamps, with paper, pen and ink before her. It was a beautiful night, with the smell of the roses coming in through the mosquito-nets, and just the faintest odor of kerosene by her side. She began upon her work. But what was her dismay! She found herself immediately surrounded with mosquitoes. They attacked her at every point. They fell upon her hand as she moved it to the inkstand; they hovered, buzzing, over her head; they planted themselves under the lace of her sleeve. If she moved her left hand to frighten them off from one point, another band fixed themselves upon her right hand. Not only did they flutter and sting, but they sang in a heathenish manner, distracting her attention as she tried to write, as she tried to waft them off. Nor was this all. Myriads of June-bugs and millers hovered round, flung themselves into the lamps, and made disagreeable funeral pyres of themselves, tumbling noisily on her paper in their last unpleasant agonies. Occasionally one darted with a rush toward Elizabeth Eliza's head.

If there was anything Elizabeth Eliza had a terror

of, it was a June-bug. She had heard that they had a tendency to get into the hair. One had been caught in the hair of a friend of hers, who had long, luxuriant hair. But the legs of the June-bug were caught in it like fish-hooks, and it had to be cut out, and the June-bug was only extricated by sacrificing large masses of the flowing locks.

Elizabeth Eliza flung her handkerchief over her head. Could she sacrifice what hair she had to the claims of literature? She gave a cry of dismay.

The little boys rushed in a moment to the rescue. They flapped newspapers, flung sofa-cushions, they offered to stand by her side with fly-whisks, that she might be free to write. But the struggle was too exciting for her, and the flying insects seemed to increase. Moths of every description, large brown moths, small, delicate white millers whirled about her, while the irritating hum of the mosquito kept on more than ever. Mr. Peterkin and the rest of the family came in, to inquire about the trouble. It was discovered that each of the little boys had been standing in the opening of a wire-door for some time, watching to see when Elizabeth Eliza would have made her preparations and would begin to write. Countless numbers of dor-bugs and winged creatures of every description had taken occasion to come in. It was found that they were in every part of the house.

"We might open all the blinds and screens," suggested Agamemnon, "and make a vigorous onslaught and drive them all out at once."

"I do believe there are more inside than out, now," said Solomon John.

"The wire-nets, of course," said Agamemnon, "keep them in now."

"We might go outside," proposed Solomon John, "and drive in all that are left. Then to-morrow morning, when they are all torpid, kill them, and make collections of them."

Agamemnon had a tent which he had provided in case he should ever go to the Adirondacks, and he proposed using it for the night. The little boys were wild for this.

Mrs. Peterkin thought she and Elizabeth Eliza would prefer trying to sleep in the house. But perhaps Elizabeth Eliza would go on with her paper with more comfort out of doors.

A student's lamp was carried out, and she was established on the steps of the back piazza, while screens were all carefully closed to prevent the mosquitoes and insects from flying out. But it was of no use. There were outside still swarms of winged creatures that plunged themselves about her, and she had not been there long before a huge miller flung himself into the lamp, and put it out. She gave up for the evening.

Still the paper went on. "How fortunate!"

exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza, "that I did not put it off till the last evening!" Having once begun, she persevered in it at every odd moment of the day. Agamemnon presented her with a volume of "Synonyms," which was of great service to her. She read her paper, in its various stages, to Agamemnon first, for his criticism, then to her father in the library, then to Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin together, next to Solomon John, and afterward to the whole family assembled. She was almost glad that the lady from Philadelphia was not in town, as she wished it to be her own unaided production. She declined all invitations for the week before the night of the club, and on the very day she kept her room, with *eau sucré*, that she might save her voice. Solomon John provided her with Brown's Bronchial Troches when the evening came, and Mrs. Peterkin advised a handkerchief over her head, in case of June-bugs. It was, however, a cool night. Agamemnon escorted her to the house.

The club met at Ann Maria Bromwich's. No gentlemen were admitted to the regular meetings. There were what Solomon John called "occasional annual meetings," to which they were invited, when all the choicest papers of the year were re-read.

Elizabeth Eliza was placed at the head of the room, at a small table, with a brilliant gas jet on one side. It was so cool the windows could be closed. Mrs. Peterkin, as a guest, sat in the front row.

This was her paper, as Elizabeth Eliza read it, for she frequently inserted fresh expressions:

"THE SUN.

"It is impossible that much can be known about it. This is why we have taken it up as a subject. We mean the sun, that lights us by day, and leaves us by night. In the first place, it is so far off. No measuring tapes could reach it, and both the earth and the sun are moving about so, that it would be difficult to adjust ladders to reach it, if we could. Of course, people have written about it, and there are those who have told us how many miles off it is. But it is a very large number, with a great many figures in it, and though it is taught in most, if not all, of our public schools, it is a chance if any one of the scholars remembers exactly how much it is.

"It is the same with its size. We cannot, as we have said, reach it by ladders to measure it, and if we did reach it, we should have no measuring tapes large enough, and those that shut up with springs are difficult to use in a high place. We are told, it is true, in a great many of the school-books, the size of the sun; but, again, very few of those who have learned the number have been able to remember it after they have recited it, even if they remembered it then. And almost all of the scholars have lost their school-books, or have neglected to



carry them home, and so they are not able to refer to them. I mean after leaving school. I must say that is the case with me, I should say with us, though it was different. The older ones gave their school-books to the younger ones, who took them back to school to lose them, or who have destroyed them when there were no younger ones to go to school. I should say there are such families. What I mean is, the fact that, in some families, there are no younger children to take off the school-books. But, even then, they are put away on upper shelves in closets or in attics, and seldom found if wanted—if then, dusty.

"Of course we all know of a class of persons called astronomers, who might be able to give us information on the subject in hand, and who probably do furnish what information is found in school-books. It should be observed, however, that these astronomers carry on their observations always in the night. Now, it is well known that the sun does not shine in the night. Indeed, that is one of the peculiarities of the night, that there is no sun to light us, so we have to go to bed as long as there is nothing else we can do without its light, unless we use lamps, gas or kerosene, which is very well for the evening, but would be expensive all night long; the same with candles. How, then, can we depend upon their statements, if not made from their own observation? I mean, if they never saw the sun.

"We cannot expect that astronomers should give us any valuable information with regard to the sun, which they never see, their occupation compelling them to be up at night. It is quite likely that they never see it. For we should not expect them to sit up all day as well as all night, as, under such circumstances, their lives would not last long.

"Indeed, we are told that their name is taken from the word *aster*, which means 'star,' the word is 'aster—know—more.' This, doubtless, means that they know more about the stars than other things. We see, therefore, that their knowledge is confined to the stars, and we cannot trust what they have to tell us of the sun.

"There are other asters which should not be mixed up with these,—we mean those growing by the way-side in the fall of the year. The astronomers, from their nocturnal habits, can scarcely be acquainted with them; but, as it does not come within our province, we will not inquire.

"We are left, then, to seek our own information about the sun. But we are met with a difficulty. To know a thing, we must look at it. How can we look at the sun? It is so very bright that our eyes are dazzled in gazing upon it. We have to turn away, or they would be put out,—the sight, I mean. It is true, we might use smoked glass, but that is apt to come off on the nose. How, then, if

we cannot look at it, can we find out about it? The noonday would seem to be the better hour, when it is the sunniest; but, besides injuring the eyes, it is painful to the neck to look up for a long time. It is easy to say that our examination of this heavenly body should take place at sunrise, when we could look at it more on a level, without having to endanger the spine. But how many people are up at sunrise? Those who get up early do it because they are compelled to, and have something else to do than look at the sun.

"The milk-man goes forth to carry the daily milk, the ice-man to leave the daily ice. But either of these would be afraid of exposing their vehicles to the heating orb of day,—the milk-man afraid of turning the milk, the ice-man timorous of melting his ice,—and they probably avoid those directions where they shall meet the sun's rays. The student, who might inform us, has been burning the midnight oil. The student is not in the mood to consider the early sun.

"There remains to us the evening, also,—the leisure hour of the day. But, alas! our houses are not built with an adaptation to this subject. They are seldom made to look toward the sunset. A careful inquiry and close observation, such as have been called for in preparation of this paper, have developed the fact that not a single house in this town faces the sunset! There may be windows looking that way, but, in such a case, there is always a barn between. I can testify to this from personal observations, because, with my brothers, we have walked through the several streets of this town with note-books, carefully noting every house looking upon the sunset, and have found none from which the sunset could be studied. Sometimes it was the next house, sometimes a row of houses, or its own wood-house, that stood in the way.

"Of course, a study of the sun might be pursued out-of-doors. But, in summer, sun-stroke would be likely to follow; in winter, neuralgia and cold. And how could you consult your books, your dictionaries, your encyclopedias? There seems to be no hour of the day for studying the sun. You might go to the East to see it at its rising, or to the West to gaze upon its setting, but—you don't."

Here Elizabeth Eliza came to a pause. She had written five different endings, and had brought them all, thinking, when the moment came, she would choose one of them. She was pausing to select one, and inadvertently said, to close the phrase, "you don't." She had not meant to use the expression, which she would not have thought sufficiently imposing,—it dropped out unconsciously,—but it was received as a close with rapturous applause.

She had read slowly, and now that the audience applauded at such a length, she had time to feel she was much exhausted and glad of an end. Why not stop there, though there were some pages more? Applause, too, was heard from the outside. Some of the gentlemen had come,—Mr.

Peterkin, Agamemnon and Solomon John, with others,—and demanded admission.

"Since it is all over, let them in," said Ann Maria Bromwich.

Elizabeth Eliza assented, and rose to shake hands with her applauding friends.

THE LITTLE MODELS.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.



[It is quite common in Europe for children to earn their living by serving as models to painters. They will sit or stand all day if allowed to have an occasional resting-time. Our older boys and girls will enjoy Mr. Francillon's suggestive verses; but the younger ones, perhaps, will be more interested in knowing that these two little Italians really acted as models for Mr. Sheppard, who drew their pictures for *ST. NICHOLAS*.—THE EDITOR.]

This is a painter's work-room. See
The sitters' throne of rushes,
The metal box behind, where he,
The painter, keeps his brushes.

The little pair of mortals here,
For Tuscan landscape fitting—
These are his models, not, I fear,
Of patience while they're sitting.

They 've sat for hours—three weary whiles—
 With limbs for frolic aching,
 And naught but stolen, quick-sent smiles
 To ease such picture-making.

A French château, an English hall,
 A cataract from Norway—
 They 'd rather see that water-fall
 Come tumbling through the door-way!



What's Art to them? what's e'en its name
 To Tina, here, and Beppo?
 Though here 's the Atlantic in a frame,
 A desert from Aleppo;

The painter does his utmost part
 To reach to glory's stature:
 These sit, 'mid all the strain of Art,
 Two little scraps of Nature.

And never heed, nor dream, nor care
That, when their picture made is,
They 'll be held worthy of the stare
Of critics, lords and ladies;

Who now would pass them by, as if,
Till painted, nothing matters—
So much of glory Art can give
To Nature's rags and tatters!

Not less their picture's good to greet
Because 't is all so common:
He eats—she likes to see him eat,
Like grown-up man and woman.

Between their eyes, the colors blent
Around the walls grow fainter,
Till love, the pure and innocent,
Becomes their portrait-painter.

I'd wish this love to last them still,
Our grown-up hearts reproving—
To take all else that Heaven may will
So that it leaves them loving.

He sees but her: she sees but him:
And, though he 'll clean forget her
When Change and Growth her picture dim,
They 'll never paint a better.

Perhaps—who knows?—small Beppo there
Will catch from paint and plaster
The inspiration of the air,
And grow, himself, a master:

Perhaps—But who can read 'mayhap'?
And who can fathom 'whether'?
If I could buy a wishing-cap
I'd wish them kept together,

As pure in heart, in thought, in eye,
As simple in their story,
As if there were no Art to try
To thrust them into glory.

TOM'S ANTI-FIRE-CRACKER LEAGUE.

BY MARY WAGER FISHER.

"MOTHER, mother, why does Miss Scott wear those horrid green goggles?" asked twelve-year-old Tom Dixon one summer's day, after the departure of that lady from a visit to his mother.

"Because her eyes are very sensitive to the light. She is nearly blind, my child."

"And what made her so, mamma? Was she always so blind?"

"No; she had as bright and as good eyes as you have, Tommy, when she was six years old."

"But what put 'em out, mother?" pursued the eager boy.

"Fire-crackers."

"Fire-crackers? How funny!"

"Close your eyes, Tom, so that you can't see. There, do you find it 'funny'?" asked his mother.

"No; I—I did n't mean *funny*. May be I meant *queer*. Any way, how did fire-crackers do it, mother?"

"It was on a Fourth of July. A boy in the street wanted to 'frighten the little girl,'—so he said,—and he threw a lighted bunch of fire-crackers at her. They exploded in her face and eyes. And

now, the doctor says that at the end of another year she will be entirely blind, and can never, never again see the sunshine, nor anything."

Tom sat with a scared and solemn look on his little face. He could imagine nothing so terrible as to be blind.

"That was an awful, abominable thing to do; was it not, mamma?"

"Most abominable, indeed," she replied, smiling to herself at Tommy's large word.

"And what did they do to the boy, mamma?"

"I never knew, Tom, that anything was done to him. His father, I believe, paid quite a sum of money to Mr. Scott to pay doctors' bills, for the little girl was for a long time under the care of an oculist, which is a person who treats diseases of the eye. But the boy's family soon after moved away, and it was said to be on his account, for he was never happy after that. Every time that he saw Susy Scott, with her scarred face and her eyes shut in behind green glasses, and felt that he was the cause of it all, he could not bear it. Then, too, the boys and girls at school taunted him with it.

After he left the village I heard nothing more of him. I dare say that he never again wanted to see, or hear, a fire-cracker."

Now Tommy, only the day before, had been teasing his papa for a supply of fire-crackers for the coming "Fourth," which was little more than a week off, and this story of Susy Scott was making his busy brain think of what it had never thought of before. And when a boy thinks, he asks questions.

"Mamma, did you ever hear of fire-crackers hurting anybody else?" he asked.

"Yes; a great many people. A fine, large, beautiful city in the State of Maine was destroyed some years ago by a fire kindled by a fire-cracker, and hundreds of people had their homes and all they possessed burned up. Suppose, Tom, that we look at your papa's files of daily papers and see if we can find a list of the accidents caused by fire-crackers on the Fourth of July last year in the city," for the family lived in a little village not far from Philadelphia.

So upstairs went Tom and his mother, to the very top of the house, where the papa had a large room with books and great piles of newspapers and magazines. Finally, they found the *Philadelphia Daily Trumpet* for July, 1878.

"Now, we will look in the paper of July 5th," said the mother. "Here they are,—'Fourth of July Casualties,'" and Mrs. Dixon glanced down the long list of shot, burned, maimed, bruised persons with broken bones and broken heads, all resulting from Fourth of July powder. But as they were chiefly interested in fire-crackers,—those little red-coated, long-tailed powder-barrels that the Chinese so deftly make,—his mother said:

"I will make a skip, hop and jump down the line, Tommy, to read what the fire-crackers did, and you can follow me with your two ears. First:

"A boy had his hands badly burnt.

"A horse frightened, ran away—wagon broken—a man thrown out and his arm broken.

"Another runaway—driver's shoulder dislocated.

"A child frightened, and, while running excitedly across the street, was run over by a horse and wagon and horribly mangled.

"A girl's dress set on fire; girl badly burned.

"Another runaway. Lady thrown from her carriage—taken up for dead—carried to a hospital—life despaired of.

"Another boy burnt about the face—disfigured probably for life.

"A young woman burnt to death. A fire-cracker thrown at her feet set her light clothing on fire, and in a moment she was in flames. She died, two hours later, in great agony."

At this point Mrs. Dixon glanced at Tom. He sat with his face white as a sheet, his great black eyes shining wide with horror.

"I think I've read enough, Tommy," said his mother.

"And as much bad happened in all the other large cities as in Philadelphia?" asked the boy.

"Yes; and in some places much more. If all the accidents in the whole country from fire-crackers on the Fourth of July were put together, they would make a large book. Then, too, you must remember that many sick and nervous people are made worse by the noise and excitement, and sometimes die because of it. Don't you think it very strange, Tom, that boys are always wanting fire-crackers for the Fourth of July?"

"Did n't you ever hear of fire-crackers doing anybody good, mamma?" asked Tommy, not heeding his mother's question.

"Never, Tom."

Then Tom thought deeply for a moment.

"Do you s'pose, mamma, that anybody could have a regular Fourth of July without fire-crackers?"

"Certainly, Tommy, I think so. It seems to me a very stupid way for American boys to celebrate the independence of their country by touching off Chinese powder. They ought to have wit enough to invent something themselves,—something more American, and that will not be a nuisance. What would you think of using fire-crackers on Christmas?"

"That *would* be funny!" laughed the boy.

"But there are boys and girls," said his mother, "who would think Christmas a very poor Christmas without fire-crackers. At least, they did a few years ago, in some of the southern cities. But for a great many years after the Fourth of July was born, nobody celebrated the day with fire-crackers. They came into fashion because merchants could buy them very cheaply from the Chinese, and could make a great deal of money by bringing them to this country and selling them to American boys to make a noise with. And I'm afraid that some boys, if they could, would trade their heads for a noise machine. But you see, Tommy, that the Fourth of July lived a good many years without the fire-crackers, and the boys and girls had just as fine a time then as now, and nobody hurt with powder."

"I should n't think that children's fathers-es and mothers-es would let them have fire-crackers," observed Tommy, shrewdly.

"Neither should I," laughed his mother. "I wonder why they do? I wish you would ask the boys that you know, how it happens."

And Tom began that very day.

As he was going to the post-office for the mail, he met two of his schoolmates, Jack Thompson and Frank Jones, and they began at once to talk about the Fourth.

"Father's going to give me seventy-five cents to buy fire-crackers," said Jack, "and Frank's going to have a lot, and Jim Barnes and Kit Lawson's going to put their funds into torpedoes,"—and he said "funds" as though they had a million or two of dollars to spend. "And what'll you contribute, Tom? We're all going to meet in the square and make things zip. There'll be a regular swell time, you better believe."

"What makes your fathers-es give you money to buy fire-crackers?" asked Tom.

"Buy fire-crackers? And the Fourth o' July coming?" exclaimed Jack, in astonishment. "You don't know what you're talking about, Tom Dixon! Why, a Fourth o' July without fire-crackers would be like a—a—a—"

"Yes, it would," added Frank, gravely, but with a twinkle in his merry brown eyes. "We should never survive it!" at which the boys roared with laughter.

"But who ever heard of a Fourth o' July without crackers?" persisted Jack.

"I have," said Tom, a little proudly.

"And I, too," remarked a voice behind them. "If you'll come over with me to the square, boys, and sit awhile on the bench, I'll tell you all about it."

The speaker was good old Squire Lewis, who, the boys thought, was the oldest man in the world. He was eighty-six, and he remembered very well when the boys and girls he knew, who celebrated the Fourth of July, had never heard of fire-crackers. And after telling the boys about this, he went on to tell them how the day was celebrated when he was a boy—of the picnics in the woods—how the prettiest girl was dressed as a goddess of liberty, and the smartest boy delivered an oration; how they had flags and drums and a fife, and shouted and hurrahed until they were tired and hoarse, and glad enough, when night came, to tumble off into bed, and wait until next day to think what a jolly, jolly time they had had. And nobody was scared to death, nor burnt with powder. "We thought there had been enough people peppered with powder in the Revolutionary war; and why should we burn up any more in celebrating our victory?" concluded the Squire, looking at each of the three boys inquiringly.

"I'm down on fire-crackers and powder," said Tom, stoutly, rising to his feet and stuffing his hands in the side pockets of his linen coat. "That's the way Miss Scott got her eyes hurt," and he related how it happened.

This sad story, as Tom told it, seemed to make quite an impression upon the boys, although Jack contended that a boy must be a "born fool" to throw a bunch of lighted fire-crackers at a little girl in that way.

But Tom did not stop with the Scott story. He stood in front of the bench and repeated all he could remember of what his mother had told him and read to him out of the last year's newspaper in the morning, and then the boys remembered having heard of the young woman who was burned to death by her dress having been set in a blaze by a fire-cracker.

Then, for a long time for boys,—fully a quarter of a minute,—nobody said anything. At last, Tom said:

"Say, s'posin' we get up a Union League on the cracker question?"

"A new Declaration of Independence," observed Frank, with a laugh.

"Very good! very good!" said Squire Lewis, thumping with his cane on the bench for applause. "Independence from China, this time!" with more applause.

"But what'll we do with our funds?" asked Jack, financially.

"Put 'em into ice cream," said Frank, and then, as if catching at a brand-new idea, he hopped up and stood by Tom. "I'll tell you what! Let's say nothing to our folks about it, only make sure of our money—the money for the fire-crackers, you know. Then let's take that cash and give a Fourth of July ice-cream party and invite the—the girls."

"But where'd we have it?" asked Jack, who was always seeing lions in the way.

"Let me fix that," said the old Squire. "You invite your girls and order your ice cream, and come around to my house on the morning of the Fourth,—say half a dozen of you. Trust me that you'll have the best Fourth of July that ever you had. And I'll keep your secret, boys."

"And where'll we get our half-dozen? All the other boys'll want to have fire-crackers. They'll never give them up. You'll see." Of course it was Doubting Jack who said that.

"Call a mass meeting of the boys!" said Tom. "That's the way big folks do. Get the boys together, say, to-morrow afternoon. We can meet behind papa's carriage house. Nobody'll hear us talk there."

"And we'll have Tom, here, to be our Daniel Webster of the meeting," said the ever-ready Frank. "He can tell 'em what he got off to-day to us about fire-crackers, and that we propose to strike out in a new line this year and use our fire-cracker and torpedo money for something else,

and that every boy who wants to join us can do so, by twisting our two thumbs and putting his Fourth of July money into our bag. Then we'll 'point a committee, and there's where we'll get our half-dozen. I know as many as eight boys who I'm pretty sure will join."

"Exactly," said Tom, as if feeling sure that Frank's argument was a "clinch." Then, after some further arrangements for the "mass meeting," and more encouraging words from old Squire Lewis, the boys separated, and Tom, remembering that he had left home to go to the post-office, ran off at full speed.

To tell the story of the next few days would take too long. The mass meeting was quite a success, and Tom's speech sounded better than ever. Most of the boys agreed to the new plan; they were willing to try it for once, at least, to see how it would go; for no boy, however full of life and fun, takes pleasure in doing what causes harm, and often great suffering. No really manly boy, I mean—only the cowards do that. A manly and truly brave boy always has a tender heart, and is thoughtful, too. Several of the boys who did not join the League that day, joined afterward in time for the "Fourth."

The "Fourth" was a lovely day, as it proved, and the "committee," with Squire Lewis, arranged chairs and tables under the wide-spreading apple trees in his garden. This "committee" proved to be a very wonderful committee, for, after it began to think, it thought of a great many things,—of begging bouquets from the ladies of the village, of wheedling mothers and sisters into baking sponge cakes for an affair that must be kept a profound secret, and Mrs. Dixon was waited upon to know if she would kindly train ten boys to

sing some patriotic pieces, for Tom could play the organ, you see. So, when the day came, the time had been so well improved that the committee had everything "just splendid," as the girls said—flowers and music and everything. Tom had his organ there, and the boys sang really very well; at all events, they made a respectable noise and were loudly cheered, and the cake and ice cream were all right.

The girls, who were invited to come to Squire Lewis's garden gate at four o'clock P. M., were half afraid of a hoax, and were "dying" to know what it all meant. But when the flag went up in the garden, the secret of the week began to leak out, and a very nice secret everybody thought it, too. The "fathers-es" and "mothers-es," as Tom respectfully called the parents, declared it was the most respectable "Fourth" they had ever known. And when they came to know about the Anti-Fire-cracker League, then every one declared that in future they would double the young folks' Fourth of July money as long as they put it to such a charming use.

And that was the way Tom's reform began. This coming "Fourth," the Anti-Fire-cracker-League-Fourth-of-July party is expected to be a great deal better than the one of last year.

It will be held in the large garden of the Dixons' house, for good old Squire Lewis is no longer alive to invite the boys to his garden. One of the last things he talked about was that Fourth of July party. He was glad that he had lived to see it, and by his will he gave a five-dollar gold piece each to Tom Dixon, Frank Jones and Jack Thompson.

But I don't think Jack deserved his so much as did the others. Do you?



Oh, turn
And wh
Now, ho
For this

A rich n
A doctor
Oho! wh
If only h

And seve
no!
My baby



BUTTONS AND FORTUNES.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

Oh, turn about, turn about, whirly me jig!
 And what will my little one be when he's big?
 Now, how many buttons has baby to show?
 For this is the way baby's fortune to know.

A rich man—a poor man—a beggar—a thief—
 A doctor—a lawyer—a merchant—a chief;
 Oho! what a great one my baby might be
 If only he boasted *eight* buttons, you see!

And seven would make him a merchant—but
 no!
 My baby has not *seven* buttons to show!

He'll not be a lawyer—I cannot find six,
 Nor five! Now I'm frightened. Four *would*
 be a fix!

Because, if it *should* be, he *could* be a thief,
 But no—he's not four, even. What a relief!
 And now if a beggar my baby should be,
 I'll count—but he wont, for he cannot show three!

A poor man? Well, well,—can it really be true?
 My poor pinned-in darling has not even two!
 A rich man, perhaps,—but the child has n't one,—
 Of fortunes and buttons my baby has none!

But baby and I,—why, we don't care a feather,
 The buttons and fortunes will all come together.



A COUNTRY-SEAT.

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTS IN 1775.

BY GEO. J. VARNEY.

THE river that forms the outlet of Lake Champlain has many names, taken from the towns through which it passes; and various book-makers have chosen different ones, so that confusion must often arise in the minds of hasty readers. For convenience, I will call it *Sorel*; and the readers of ST. NICHOLAS can readily find out from the map what must be the others.

In the parish of Chambly, which lies south-east of Montreal, the *Sorel* widens to a broad basin, with pleasant islands, and just above are rapids. Another point of interest at this place is the old fort, or castle, on the west bank of the river. It was built by the French, in 1711, when "Queen Anne's war" was raging between England and France. But the interest which my readers will find in it must come chiefly from the fact that, in the Revolution, the inhabitants of the parish of Chambly, joining our patriot forefathers, captured their own fort from its British garrison, and gave it into possession of the Federal government.

Some of these very Canadians were with our army when it took possession of Montreal, and accompanied the Federal forces down the St. Lawrence to join in the siege of Quebec. Had not our army received this aid, it must have rolled back in disaster from the strong position of the British at St. John's, and never have gained possession of the St. Lawrence, and the control of the lakes. It will be my pleasant duty to tell the story of

this brilliant campaign, and of the brief career of its hero, the noble young Irishman, General Montgomery.

Richard Montgomery was born in the north of Ireland, of respectable parents, in 1737, entering the army when he was fifteen years of age. As a youth, he was virtuous and studious; and these, with other good qualities, caused his early promotion. In 1757 he served, under the celebrated General Wolfe, against the French in Nova Scotia and Louisburg, and thus became acquainted with America. Being unjustly refused promotion, he sold the commission of captain which he held, and, in January, 1773, came to New York to make his home in the New World. Thus the unfriendliness of the government lost Great Britain a noble soldier, and what she lost America gained. In the following July he married the eldest daughter of Judge Robert R. Livingston, and, abandoning all purpose of a military life, he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Fixing upon Rhinebeck as his residence, he built there a mill, stocked a farm, and laid the foundations of a new house.

With every prospect of happiness, his mind was ever tinged with melancholy; and he would often say: "My happiness is not lasting, but yet let us enjoy it as long as we may, and leave the rest to God."

Thus the Revolution found him. On receiving his appointment of brigadier-general, he reluct-

antly bade adieu to his "quiet life,"—"perhaps forever," he said; "but the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." Soothing the fears of his wife for his safety by cheerfulness and humor, he parted from her, finally, at Saratoga, with the words: "You will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery."

Joining his chief, Major-General Schuyler, at Ticonderoga, he never ceased to urge an advance. Having such a capable second, Schuyler, who was old and infirm, left to him the charge of the army, and, abandoning the camp, sought his needful ease at Saratoga.

Montgomery disliked this inaction, and desired of his superior instructions to advance. "Moving without your orders," says he in one of his messages, "I do not like; but the prevention of the enemy is of the utmost consequence; for if he gets his vessels into the lake, it is over with us for the present summer."

He therefore went forward down Lake Champlain with twelve hundred men; but, by reason of head winds and rain, it was the 4th of September when they reached *Isle aux Noix*, in the Sorel.

The next day, a declaration of friendship was circulated among the inhabitants; and, on the 6th, the army, under the lead of General Schuyler (who had now overtaken it), advanced against St. John's.

Alarmed by a slight attack which had been easily repulsed by Montgomery, Schuyler ordered a retreat; and without having made even a reconnoissance of the fort, he led his troops back to *Isle aux Noix*.

Here he was soon confined to his bed by illness, and everything went wrong. At length, Montgomery entreated permission to retrieve the late disasters; and Schuyler set out in a covered boat for Ticonderoga, "relinquishing with regret, but without envy, to the gallant young Irishman the conduct, the danger and the glory of the campaign."

The day after his departure, Montgomery moved the army against St. John's, arriving on the 17th of September. The next morning he led a corps of five hundred men to the north side of the fort, falling in with a detachment of the garrison, which, after a brief skirmish, retreated into the fort. He next established an intrenched camp of three hundred men at the junction of the roads to Montreal and Chambly, thus cutting off communications between St. John's and its supporting posts.

The bold and restless Ethan Allen, the captor of Ticonderoga, had attached himself to the army as a volunteer. To make his activity useful to the cause, Montgomery sent him with thirty men to La Prairie, a parish lying between St. John's and

Montreal, to associate with the inhabitants, in order to secure their friendship, and induce them to join the American standard. Having speedily obtained about fifty recruits, and, dazzled by vanity from his former success, without consulting his commander he attempted to surprise Montreal, but was himself defeated and captured by the British.

As the Americans had a very slight stock of ammunition, no assault upon St. John's could be attempted, and the hope of forcing the garrison to surrender from want of provisions was fading away. The weather was cold and rainy, and the ground in the camps became very wet, so that there was much sickness. The men were ill-tempered, and so rebellious that, when the general would have erected a battery nearer the fort, it was manifest his orders would not be obeyed.

"I did not consider," said he, "that I was at the head of troops who carried the spirit of freedom into the field, and think for themselves."

Yet the confidence of the men in their leader steadily grew. A little later, the battery was erected, and with the co-operation of those who had at first opposed it. The sick, the wounded, and even deserters, passing home, praised him at every halt upon their way.

But adversities and delays added greatly to his weariness and anxiety.

"The master of Hindostan," he writes, "could not recompense me for this summer's work; I have envied every wounded man who has so good an apology for retiring from a scene where no credit can be obtained. O fortunate husbandman! would I were at my plough again."

But difficulties only bring out the resources of a courageous mind. It was so with Montgomery.

One James Livingston, a native of New York, who had resided in Canada for some time, was very popular with the inhabitants; and, at the request of the general, he made use of his influence to raise a company of Canadian troops. General Carlton, the British governor of Canada, had hoped to succor St. John's by arming the rural population; but nearly the whole militia of the district refused to march at his command.

The inhabitants of the parish of Chambly soon gave in their adhesion to the American cause, and sent messengers into other parishes to induce them to do likewise. •Livingston had soon recruited some hundreds of those, of whom he was made major; and the capture of the fort of Chambly was immediately planned by the Canadians, who were familiar with the place.*

Artillery was placed in bateaux, which, during a dark night, were run down the river past the fort at St. John's, and landed at the head of Chambly rapids, where it was mounted on wheels and taken to the

* Garneau's Hist. of Canada, vol. 2, p. 133.

point of attack. The force consisted of three hundred Canadians under Major Livingston, accompanied by fifty Federalists under Major Brown. The fort was firmly built of stone, was well supplied with cannon, and garrisoned by a detachment of the Royal Fusiliers under Major Stopford. The Chambly villagers joined their countrymen under Livingston; and on the 18th of October, after a siege of a day and a half, the fort, with its walls unbroken and its stores unharmed, was surrendered to the patriots.

The prisoners, one hundred and sixty-eight in number, were marched to Connecticut, and the fort was garrisoned by the Americans. In it were found seventeen cannon, a hundred and twenty-four barrels of powder, with abundant other ammunition, and a great stock of provisions.

The powder and cannon enabled Montgomery to press the siege of St. John's with vigor. When General Carlton heard at Montreal of the success of the patriots, he perceived that the Sorel could be saved only by his taking the field against the Americans. He accordingly ordered Colonel McLean from Quebec to St. John's, with three hundred militia; and, on the 31st, he himself set out to join him with a force of eight hundred men. Colonel Seth Warner, with three hundred Green Mountain boys, met and defeated him on the shore of the St. Lawrence.

At the same time McLean, moving up the Sorel, found the bridges broken down, and the inhabitants preparing to resist him; and he retreated, perforce, to the mouth of the river. Towards evening of the day of Carlton's repulse, Colonel Warner reached St. John's with his prisoners. Montgomery immediately sent a flag of truce to the fort, informing the commandant of the defeat of his chief, and demanding the surrender of the fortress to prevent further effusion of blood. The commandant requested four days for consideration, but it was refused. There was no alternative; so, on the 3d of November, after a siege of six weeks, St. John's surrendered. According to terms granted out of respect to their bravery, the garrison, consisting of five hundred British regulars and one hundred Canadians, marched out with the honors of war, and stacked their arms on the neighboring plain.

The cold season was beginning, and the raw troops, weary of the privations of the field, and yearning for home, clamored to be dismissed, for the term of enlistment of many had already

expired. Having gained possession of the Sorel, they at first refused to go a step further; but the patriotic zeal, the kindness and the winning eloquence of Montgomery prevailed with them, and all but a small garrison left at St. John's pressed on to Montreal.

On the 12th of November, the patriot army took unopposed possession of the town, the people declaring themselves sympathizers in the American cause. McLean had already retreated toward Quebec, and Colonel Easton, of the Massachusetts militia, occupied a position at the mouth of the Sorel commanding the St. Lawrence; and the British fleet, consisting of eleven sail of vessels, with General Prescott and one hundred and twenty-six regulars, fell into the hands of Montgomery. General Carlton, disguised as a villager, got into a row-boat and dropped down the river in the night, and thus escaped.

In the midst of his successes, our hero, no less than his soldiers, longed to return to his family, his books, and the pleasant occupations of the farm. He earnestly entreated General Schuyler to pass the winter in Montreal, adding: "I am weary of power. I must go home this winter, if I walk by the side of the lake."

But Quebec was not in our hands, and, until that was accomplished, Canada remained unconquered from foreign rule. Men, money and artillery were wanting for the task, but honor forbade the leader to turn back without attempting the capture of the last post held by Great Britain in Canada. In the face of a Canadian winter, he set out with such force as he had to accomplish this desperate but glorious object.

Well-known histories narrate the siege of Quebec with sufficient clearness, and I need not attempt the repetition. There, against vast difficulties, and in great privation, with yet a good hope of success, the brave and noble Montgomery fell, in the full tide of assault, at the head of his troops. The single chance of success was lost at that moment; and our forces sustained a disastrous defeat.

In a few months all the ground we had gained in Canada was wrested from us, and the new nation seemed to have suffered a great misfortune. It certainly appeared very desirable that Canada should join the federation of American States, and become a sharer of their independence; but the God of Nations ruled otherwise; and many now believe that they see reasons for thinking that all happened for the best.



NOW, BUMBLE-BEE!

BY NELLIE WOOD.

Now, Bumble-bee, you just keep still,—you need n't jump and buzz;
 I've had such a time to catch you as never, never wuz.
 I've chased you round the garden, and, 'cause I did n't look,
 I almost fell right over into that drefful brook;
 And I'm going to put *you* in it, tho' I s'pose you think you're hid,
 For last week you stung my pussy,—you know very well you did.
 Yes, and you made us 'fraid that she was goin' to have a fit;
 She jumped up so, and tried to catch the place where you had bit.
 Yes! I shall surely drown you!—

But, p'raps you've got a home,
 And your little ones will wonder why you don't ever come;
 And I think, p'raps, you're sorry you went and acted so,—
 If you'll only wait till I run away,—I—b'lieve—I'll—let you go.

ONE-TREE ISLAND.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

NEAR the head of a small bay on the coast of South Carolina, there is a small, sandy island, which, at the time of this story, bore the name of One-tree Island, from the fact that a single tall palmetto was the only tree upon it. The island belonged to a family named Barclay, who had a house there, which was used as a summer residence; and although the island was not very shady, the air was pure and healthful, and there were broad piazzas around the house where shade and coolness could always be found.

The family consisted of a father and mother, a son of fourteen, named Charley, and two younger children, both girls. Besides these white people, there were generally a dozen or more colored servants; for this was long ago, in the days of slavery, when most Southern families had a great many house-servants.

Mr. Barclay was a lawyer, and in the winter he lived near the small town at the head of the bay, where he had a plantation.

One morning in August, the whole family had gone over to the town in a sail-boat. The weather had been cooler than usual for some days, and it was a pleasant sail from the island to the town. Mr. Barclay managed the boat, assisted by an old negro, called Daddy July, who sat in the bow and attended to the sail.

Mr. Barclay had business in the town, regarding the sale of some property in which he was concerned; but the rest of the family procured a carriage and rode out to the plantation, where Mrs. Barclay spent the day in attending to some domestic matters. In the evening, when they found themselves again at the wharf where the sail-boat—the “Anna”—was moored, they were met, not by Mr. Barclay, but by a messenger with a note. In this, Mr. Barclay stated that he had been obliged to go out of town to meet some important parties to the business in which he was engaged, and that Charley, with Daddy July’s help, would have to take them home.

Charley could sail a boat very well, as his father knew, and he was delighted at this chance of taking command of the “Anna,” and showing his mother and sisters how well he could manage her; for they had never been out with him alone before.

But Mrs. Barclay was not delighted. She had not her husband’s confidence in Charley’s seamanship,—indeed, she knew very little about such

things herself, and had an idea that no boy of fourteen should be trusted with a sail-boat in which there were ladies or children. As to Daddy July, she was sure he knew almost nothing about sailing, as she had heard Mr. Barclay say so.

But Charley was urging her not to be afraid, but to get into the boat, which would be just as safe with him at the helm as if his father were there; and the two little girls were very anxious to get on board and have another sail, and Daddy July was in the boat, arranging the cushions and making ready for a start. And then, too, she began to think that her husband ought to know whether Charley was to be trusted or not, and so, after a little more hesitation, she went down the steps at the end of the wharf, and Charley helped her on board.

The sail home was very pleasant, and devoid of any accident whatever. The wind was fresh, but not too strong, and Charley steered his little craft with steadiness and good judgment. When they ran up alongside of the landing platform, at the back of the house, Charley turned to his mother and said:

“There, mother! Have n’t I brought you over safely enough?”

“Indeed, you have, my boy,” said Mrs. Barclay. “I had no idea you were such a good sailor.”

“And wont you be willing to take a sail with me,—with me alone, I mean,—some other time?”

“That is another matter,” said Mrs. Barclay, laughing. “You know how afraid I am when I’m on the water. But we shall see.”

The little girls and their mother went into the house, which stood quite near the water’s edge, although it faced the other way, so that from the front piazza there was a view across the island and down the bay. This island might have been called, with truth, “one-house island,” for Mr. Barclay’s residence was the only house upon it, if we except the small buildings which were used as quarters for the servants, and for various domestic purposes. These were all clustered together on one side of the house, and not far from the solitary palmetto which gave its name to the island.

“Daddy July,” said Charley, before he went into the house, “be sure to anchor the boat a good way out from shore. Father always wishes that done, you know, or when the tide runs out it may leave her aground. You can take the little bateau out with you, and come back in her when

you 've anchored the sail-boat." And then Charley hurried in, for he was hungry and it was quite supper-time.

"Whar 's dat ar bateau?" said old Daddy July, looking on both sides of the platform.

"She 's done gone. Dat ar boy Clum 's been, an' come, an' done gone an' took her fur to go fishin', an' jist as like as not he 's lef' her at de udder end ob de islan'. Dat 's jist like dat boy, Clum,—knowin' we was all away. I wonder ef Mahs'r Chawles tinks I 'm a-gwine to take dat ar sail-boat out dar, an' den swim ashore! 'Cause I 's not a-gwine to do it. I 'll jist push her out as far as I kin wade, an' anchor her dar, an' tie her to de landin' with a good long rope, an' den, ef she 's lef' agroun', I 'll get up early in de mawnin' an' push her off."

And so Daddy July rolled up his trousers, and anchored the boat some thirty feet from the pier.

That night, about twelve o'clock, or perhaps a little later, Gracie, the younger of the little girls, fell out of bed. This was a favorite trick with her, as she was a great roller and tumbler, but she never before had had such a curious feeling when she had fallen out of bed. For this time she went plump into water half a foot deep!

As she struggled to her feet, dripping and floundering about in the water, her wild screams awoke her mother and sister; even Charley, who was a heavy sleeper, was aroused. Mrs. Barclay sprang out of bed, and when she found herself over ankle-deep in water she could not refrain from a scream, and this brought up Charley, who jumped on to the floor of his room with a tremendous splash.

"Hello!" cried Charley, and for a moment he thought he was dreaming. Then he heard his mother calling him, and he splashed over to the bureau for a match, and lighted his lamp. By its light he saw that the floor was covered with water. Hastily slipping on a few clothes, and without stopping to roll up his trousers, he ran into his mother's room.

"Oh, Charley!" cried his mother, holding the dripping Gracie in her arms. "There is a flood! We shall all be swept away."

Charley did not answer. He ran to the window. It was a moonlight night, although the sky was now cloudy, and he could see nothing but water spreading out around the house. The surface of the island had disappeared. The sea had certainly risen, and was sweeping up the bay. The water, which had come in under the doors, seemed higher out on the piazza than in the room where he was. It was evident that it had been rising for some time, or had risen very rapidly, for although the bedrooms were all on the first floor, the house stood

on piles which raised it five or six feet from the ground.

His mother again called to him:

"What are we to do?" she cried. "We shall certainly be washed away. Where are all the people? Why did n't they come and tell us? What shall we do?"

"I don't believe they know of it," said Charley, quickly. "The quarters are on higher ground than the house. Perhaps it has n't reached them." He then ran through the water to another room, where there was a window which looked out in the direction of the quarters. He could see that all the houses must be surrounded by water; but a building, which was used as a kitchen, stood between him and the quarters, and he could not see what was going on there. He put his head out of the window and shouted, but received no answer.

As he hurried back to his mother's room, he heard a knocking at the back of the house. He stopped to listen, and then quickly made his way to the dining-room, the windows of which looked out upon the back piazza. When he reached a window, the first thing that he saw was the sail-boat, bumping and rubbing against the outside of the piazza railings.

Charley was astounded! How did that boat get there? But there was no time to consider questions of this sort. He raised the window and sprang out on the piazza. The water was nearly up to his knees, but he waded to the railings, climbed over, and got into the boat. As he jumped in, it floated away from the house, but he seized an oar and drew it up again to the railings, where he made it fast at the bow. A rope ran out from the stern and went down under the water.

"Daddy July has tied her to the end of the platform," said Charley, "and she's floated around."

This was true. As the water rose, the boat had pulled up the anchor, which was attached to a chain that the old man had made much too short, and then, being caught in an eddy which the waters had made in sweeping around the house, she had drifted back, still held by the long rope. This Charley quickly cut,—he found his knife in his pocket,—then he drew the stern also close to the piazza. He made it fast and hurried back into the house.

There he found the water much higher, and his mother almost frantic. She thought he must be lost, in some way, for he had not answered her calls, and yet she was afraid to leave the other children to go and look for him.

"Mother!" he cried. "We're all right! The 'Anna' is right here, at the back of the house. Get ready and we'll all be off. We must be quick. I will carry Dora."

"Stop one minute," said his mother, hurriedly; "I must get them some clothes," and she set Gracie on the bed.

"And yourself, too," cried Charley. "Can't I help?"

Mrs. Barclay quickly opened some bureau-drawers, which were luckily above the water, and seizing some of the children's frocks, she handed them to Charley. She then grasped some of her own clothes, which were hanging in the room, with a shawl or two, which hung by them. Picking up the wet little Gracie, she said she was ready to go. Charley took up Dora, and they all made their way to the dining-room. Being now better used to the dim moonlight that came through the windows, they did not need a lamp.

Charley put Dora and the clothes on the window-seat, and climbed out upon the piazza. Then, as quickly as he could, he placed the children and the clothes in the boat, and helped his mother out of the window, and over the railing. When she was safely seated with the children, Charley cast loose, stern and bow, and pushed the boat away from the house.

While Charley was at work hoisting the sail, Mrs. Barclay took the wet clothes from little Gracie and rubbed her dry with a towel she had brought. Then she slightly dressed both the children and wrapped them in shawls. When this was done, she put on a wrapper and a shawl and drew the little girls close to her, one on each side. Fortunately, it was a warm night, and although they all were so slightly dressed, and none of them had on any shoes or stockings, they did not feel cold.

The boat had been lying in the lee of the house, and they had not felt the wind, but when Charley put her about, so that her sail caught the strong but steady breeze that was coming up the bay, she quickly got under headway.

"Oh, Charley!" cried Mrs. Barclay, as they rapidly sailed away from the house, "what can have become of all the people? It seems dreadful to go away and leave them; and yet we could not take them all in this little boat. There are other boats, are there not?"

"Oh, yes!" said Charley; "there 's the big fishing-boat. I reckon they could all get into that. And the little bateau could carry three or four of them, if they crowded."

"But were the boats near at hand?" asked his mother.

"The big boat was," said Charley. "It was anchored close to the quarters."

"But why did not some of them come to us?" said Mrs. Barclay. "I cannot understand it."

"It must be as I said, mother," said Charley. "The quarters being higher than the house, they

may not have known of the flood until it was too late to come to us."

"Well, I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that they are all safe," said Mrs. Barclay. "I wish we could have sailed near the quarters, so that we could have found out something about them."

"Well, I'll try and sail near enough to see the quarters when we come back," said Charley.

"Come back!" exclaimed his mother. "You don't mean to say we are going back?"

"Not exactly back," replied Charley, "but, you see, with this wind we have to tack across the bay so as to get up to town. I'd be afraid to run before such a strong breeze as this, with you all on board. And when we go on the other tack, I can run down pretty near the quarters, and then if we can pick up anybody we'll do it. It don't matter about losing time. We're all right, now we're safe aboard the 'Anna.'"

But Charley did not go near the quarters on his back-tack. When he put the boat about, and his mother and sisters had changed their seats to the other side of the vessel, it was not long before he saw ahead of him what he thought was a boat. So he steered straight for it, and soon saw that it was full of people, with two men rowing as hard as they could. When they came nearer, he knew it was his father's big fishing-boat. He ran up ahead of her, lay to, and hailed her.

As soon as the fishing-boat drew up, Mrs. Barclay called out to know if everybody was on board. Half a dozen darkies spoke at once, but she understood that all were on board,—men, women and children,—excepting Clum and two other boys, who were in the bateau.

"And dar 's the bateau!" called out a negro man at the bow. "Sée de bateau! Dar she cum, wid Clum a-sculin' her wid a rail."

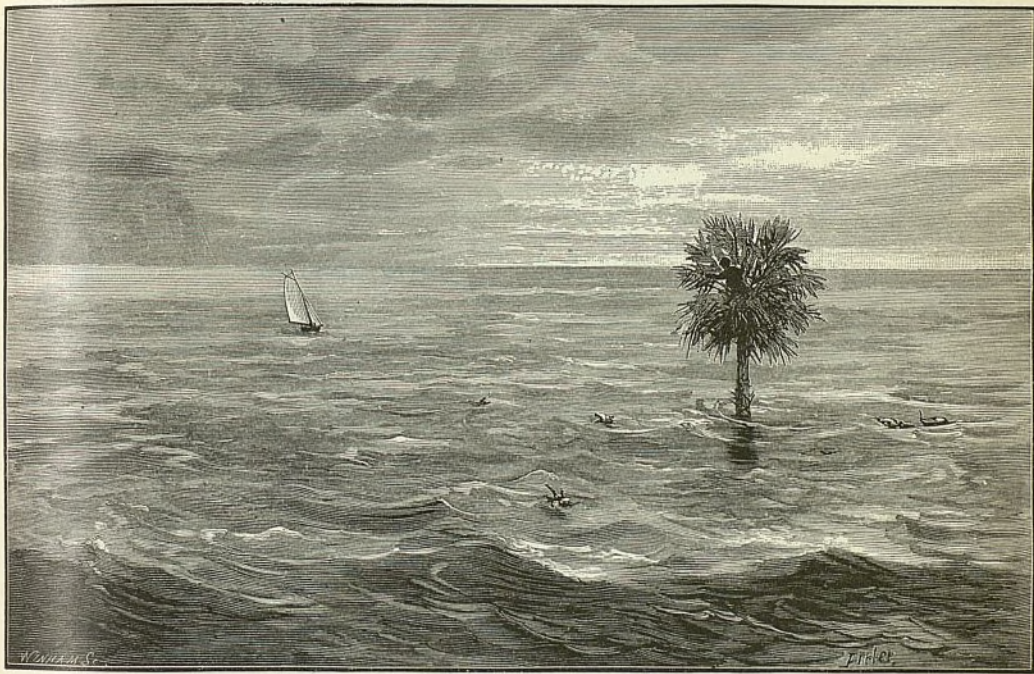
And then another man explained that the reason why Clum was sculling with a rail, was because they could n't find the oars of the big boat, which had probably been lying on the sand and floated off, and so they had to take the bateau oars for the big boat, and give Clum a rail, which fortunately happened to be in one of the houses. And as Clum was supposed to be able to propel a boat with almost any kind of a stick, this was considered to be all right. And, sure enough, the bateau was coming along quite rapidly.

The negroes furthermore informed Mrs. Barclay that they had rowed to the house as soon as they had got the big boat started, but had seen the "Anna" sailing away, and were quite sure the family was on board of her; and they were mighty glad, too, for there was not room for another person in their boat.

Much relieved to find that everybody was safe, Charley brought the "Anna" around to the wind, and away she went on a long tack. It was daylight when she was gently run ashore, high up in a field in the outskirts of the town. The negroes, seeing where the sail-boat had landed, made for the same spot. Mrs. Barclay and the children were quickly conveyed to a neighboring house, and it was not long before they were joined there by Mr. Barclay, who had heard of the great flood in the bay, and had hurried into town, that he might go to the assistance of his family. But it would not be easy to describe his joy and thankful-

and Clum was sure he had not been in his bateau. The fishing-boat was searched, to see if he had crawled under anything and gone to sleep. But there was no sign of him. It was pretty evident that he had been left behind.

Mr. Barclay was greatly grieved. Daddy July was a favorite old servant, and he could not bear to think that he had been left to drown. The water had risen so high that the quarters must have been carried away, and the house had probably shared the same fate. But Mr. Barclay did not stop to conjecture in regard to these things. The flood had now ceased to increase, and there



"DADDY JULY WAS IN THE TOP OF THE OLD PALMETTO."

ness to find them all safe in the town, or his pride in his boy Charley, who had so manfully brought them away.

"But, after all, father," said Charley, "we ought to be particularly obliged to old Daddy July; for if he had anchored the 'Anna' where I told him to, she would have dragged her anchor and been blown far away from us. It was tying her to the platform that made her swing around to the house, where I got hold of her."

"Where is Daddy July?" asked Mr. Barclay; but this was a question not easily answered. The other negroes were all sitting about in the sun, outside; but the old man was not among them. No one could remember seeing him in the big boat, though all thought, of course, he was there,

might be a chance of doing some good by visiting the island, or the place where the island was submerged, and so the "Anna" was launched, and, with two trustworthy negro men and Charley (who, having had his breakfast, felt as lively as a lark and ready for anything), Mr. Barclay set sail. Long before they reached the spot where their happy summer home had stood, they saw that every building had been swept away. The house would probably be found, in pieces, along the shores of the bay. But one thing was standing to show the exact location of the island, and that was the solitary palmetto-tree, which, with its branching top and half its trunk out of water, still stood, gently waving over the island which bore its name.

Charley was sitting in the bow of the boat. As

it approached the tree, he sprang to his feet and gave a shout.

"Hello!" he cried. "Look there! There he is! There 's Daddy July, in the top of the old palmetto!"

Sure enough, there he was, snugly nestled among the branches at the top of the tree!

Everybody shouted at him, as the boat was brought around and made fast to the tree, and a happier old darkey never slowly slid down a palmetto trunk and dropped into a boat.

"How in the world, Daddy July," said Mr. Barclay, as the old man sat down in the stern of the boat, "did you ever come to climb that tree?"

"Why, you see, Mahs'r George," said the old negro, "dey was so long findin' de oars an' gittin' ready, dat I was jist afeard dey neber would git off at all, an' I jist clum' up dat tree, as quick as eber I could, for de water was a-gittin' wuss an' wuss; but I did n't b'lieve it would eber git ober de top ob dat tree. An' when Mahs'r Charley went off in de sail-boat, I hollered at him; but de wind took away de holler, an' when de fellers in de big boat sot out I hollered at dem, but dey did n't hear,

an' when Clum come along—— Hello! what's dis?"

And he sprang to his feet, with his hand in his trousers-pocket.

"Dar 's somethin' mighty soft an' warm in dar," he said, as he pulled out a big rat, which had been cuddled up in his pocket. He put his hand in again, and pulled out another. These he threw into the water, and putting his hand in the other pocket, pulled out three more.

The poor creatures were driven by the flood to the tree, and during the night had found the old man's pockets nice, warm places in which to nestle. Some were found even in the folds of his shirt.*

"Dar now! Mahs'r George," said Daddy July, as he threw away the last of them, "if you wants any more rats in de island, you got to fotch 'em over. I 'se done gone an' brung 'em all away, dis time, shuah."

Mr. Barclay did not build another house on "One-tree Island," but chose for his next summer residence a higher and a safer spot. And Mrs. Barclay was never again afraid to take a sail with only Charley to manage the boat.

* This incident is a fact.



HARK, hark! What 's that noise?
Something 's the matter with the toys.
Scrub, scrub! Swish, swash!
The biggest doll is trying to wash,

The other dolls are making cake.
The new cook-stove is beginning to bake;
The table is setting itself, you see;
They must be expecting friends to tea.



CHEERY ROBIN.

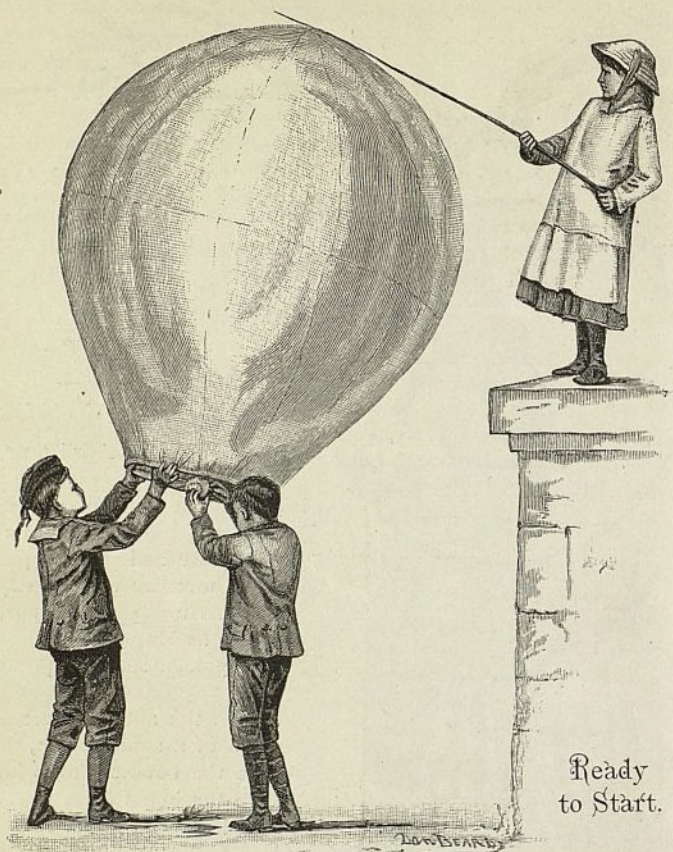
BY B. LANDER.

ROBIN in the April time
 Blithely sings of summer prime,
 Every mellow note outwelling
 Sweetly telling of his glee;
 How his merry carol rings!
 As he sings,
 In the budding April time,—Cheerily!

Robin in the summer prime,
 What cares he for autumn rime!
 Present care and present pleasure
 Fill the measure of each day;
 And his merry carol rings,
 While he sings,
 In the golden summer prime,—Cheerily!

Robin in the autumn rime
 Singeth of a sunny clime,
 Where the bowers glow with flowers,
 Where the hours brim with glee.
 Still his merry carol rings!
 Still he sings,
 In the chilly autumn rime,—Cheerily!

Robin to the aged Year
 Sings a parting note of cheer;
 Happy heart of sunshine, Robin,
 Ever throbbing merrily.
 Sweet contentment Robin brings,
 When he sings,
 With a cadence loud and clear,—Cheerily!



PAPER BALLOONS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

DID you ever watch a beautiful soap-bubble dance merrily through the air, and think how closely it resembled the immense silken bubble beneath which the daring aeronaut goes bounding among the clouds? When a school-boy, the writer used to attach one end of a small rubber tube to a gas-burner and the other to a clay pipe, and thus let the gas blow soap-bubbles, which would shoot up into the air with the greatest rapidity.

From these soap balloons, his ambition led him to make balloons of more lasting material, and, after numerous experiments and disasters, he succeeded in building paper balloons of a style which is comparatively safe from accident, and seldom the

cause of a mortifying failure. If you do not want to disappoint the spectators by having a fire instead of an ascension, avoid models with small mouth openings or narrow necks. Experience has also taught the writer that balloons of good, substantial, portly build, go up best and make their journey in a stately, dignified manner, while the slim, narrow balloon, on the contrary, even if it succeeds in getting a safe start, goes bobbing through the air, turning this way and that, until the flame from the fire-ball touches and lights the thin paper, leaving only a handful of ashes floating upon the summer breeze.

The reader can see here illustrated some of the objectionable shapes as well as some of the

safe styles. For large balloons, strong manilla paper is best; for smaller ones, use tissue paper.

When you build a balloon, decide first what height you want it, then make the side-pieces or

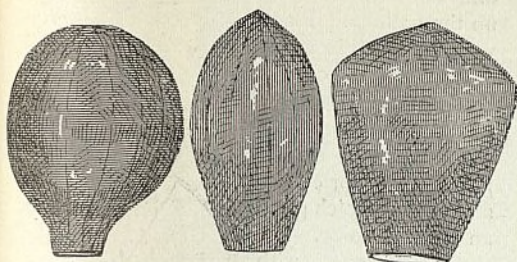


FIG. 1.—UNSAFE SHAPES FOR BALLOONS.

gores nearly a third longer; a balloon of thirteen gores, each six feet long and one foot greatest width, makes a balloon a little over four feet high. For such a balloon, first make a pattern of stiff brown paper by which to cut the gores. To make the pattern, take a strip of paper six feet long and a little over one foot wide; fold the paper in the center lengthwise, so that it will be only a little over a half foot from the edges to the fold. Along the bottom, measure two inches from the fold, and mark the point. At one foot from the bottom, at right angles from the folded edge, measure three inches and one-half, and mark the point; in the same manner, mark off five inches from two feet up the fold.

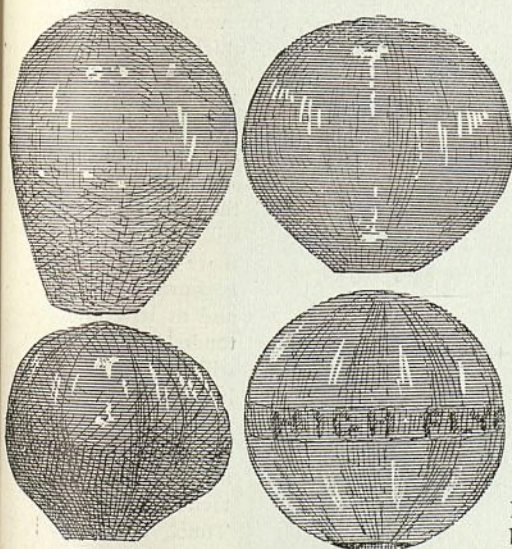


FIG. 2.—SOME SAFE SHAPES FOR BALLOONS.

From a point three feet four inches from the bottom, measure off six inches, and mark the point; from this place the width decreases. At the fourth foot, mark a point five inches and one-half from the

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fold; about three inches and a third at the fifth foot; nothing, of course, at the sixth foot, or top, where the gore will come to a point. With chalk or pencil draw a curved line connecting these points, cut the paper along this line and unfold it.

You will have a pattern the shape of a cigar, four inches wide at the bottom, one foot greatest width, and six feet long.

After pasting your sheets of manilla or tissue paper together in strips of the required length, cut, by the pattern just made, thirteen gores; lay one of these gores flat upon the floor, as in the highest diagram in Fig. 3; fold it in the center as in the middle diagram, Fig. 3; over this lay another gore, leaving a margin of the under gore protruding from beneath as in the lowest diagram, Fig. 3. With a brush, cover the pro-

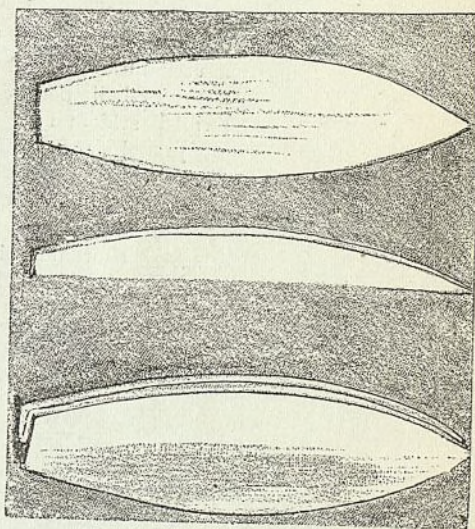


FIG. 3.—THE GORES, CUT AND FOLDED.

truding edge with paste, then turn it up and over upon the upper gore, and with a towel or rag press it down until the two edges adhere. Fold the upper gore in the center as you did the first one, and lay a third gore upon it; paste the protruding edge; and so on until all thirteen are pasted. It will be found that the bottom gore and top gore have each an edge unpasted; lay these two edges together, and paste them neatly.

Next, you must make a hoop of rattan or some light substance to fit the mouth opening, which will be about one foot and a half in diameter. Fasten the hoop in by pasting the edges of the mouth opening around it. In very large paper balloons it is well to place a piece of string along the edge of each gore and paste it in; letting the ends of the strings hang down below the mouth; fasten the hoop in with these ends before pasting the

paper over it. It will be found next to impossible to tear the hoop from a balloon strengthened in this manner.

Should you discover an opening at the top of your balloon, caused by the points not joining exactly, tie it up with a string if it be small, but, if it be a large hole, paste a piece of paper over it. When dry, take a fan and fan the balloon as full of air as you can, and while it is inflated make a thorough inspection of all sides to see that there are no accidental tears, holes or rips.

Fig. 4 shows the cross-wires that support the fire-ball. The latter is best made of old-fashioned lamp-wick, wound rather loosely in the form of a ball, the size depending upon the dimensions of the balloon. The sponge commonly used soon burns out and the balloon comes down in a very little while, but the wick-ball here described seldom fails to propel the little air-ship upward and onward out of sight. A short, fine wire should next be run quite

hooking the ends of this wire over the cross-wires at the mouth.

If you use a little care, you will have no difficulty in sending up the balloon. Place your wick-ball in a pan or dish, put the corked bottle of alcohol beside it, and about thirty feet away make a simple fire-place of bricks or stones, over which place an old stove-pipe. Fill the fire-place with shavings, twisted pieces of paper, or anything that will light readily and make a good blaze. In a loop of string fastened at the top of the balloon for that purpose let one of the party put

the end of a smooth stick, and, with the other end in his or her hand, mount some elevated position and hold the balloon over the fire-place. Before touching a match to the combustibles below, expand the balloon as much as possible by fanning it full of air; then light the fire. Be very careful, in all the process that follows, to hold the mouth of the balloon directly above and not too near the stove-pipe, to prevent the blaze from setting fire to the paper, which would easily catch. At this stage of the proceedings one person must take the bottle of alcohol, uncork it, and pour

the contents over the wick-ball in the basin, and the ball must be made to soak up all it will hold of the spirits. The balloon will become more and more buoyant as the air becomes heated inside, and at length, when distended to its utmost, it will begin pulling to free itself. Holding the hoop at the mouth, walk to one side of the fire and with all speed have the ball attached securely in place. Touch a light to it, and it will blaze up. At the words "All right," let go. At the same instant the stick must be slid from the loop on top, so as not to tear the paper, and away will sail the balloon upon its airy voyage.

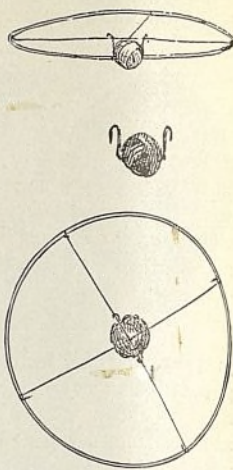
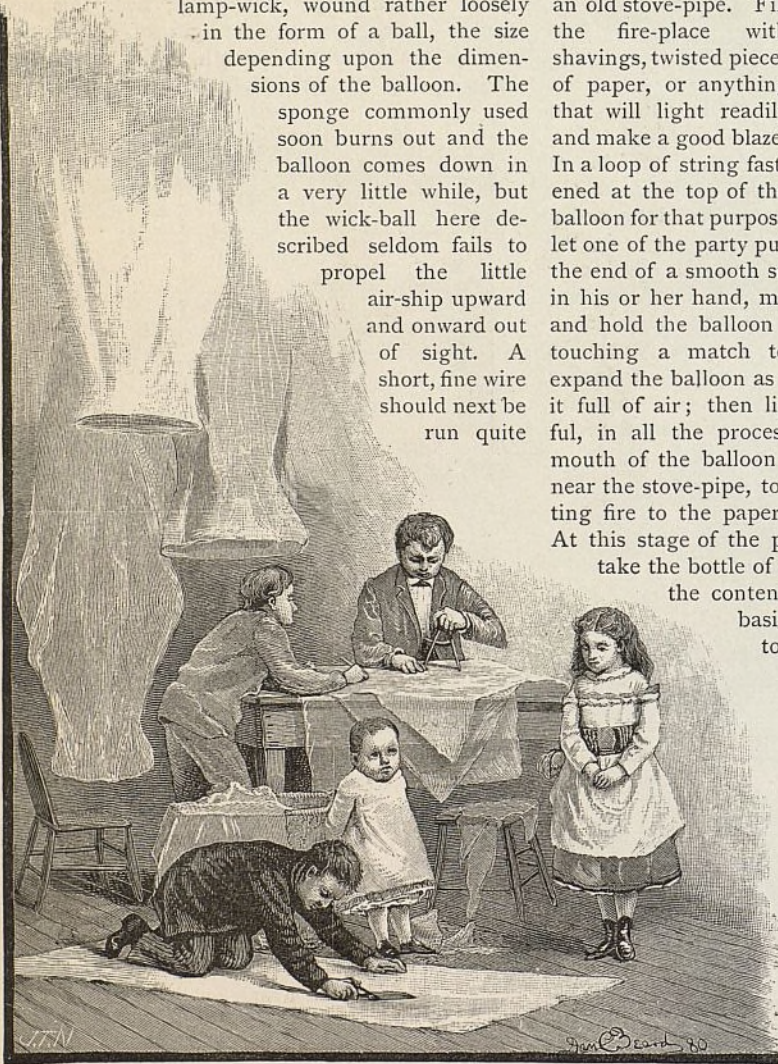


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE FIRE-BALL AND THE MANNER OF ATTACHING IT.



MAKING THE BALLOON.

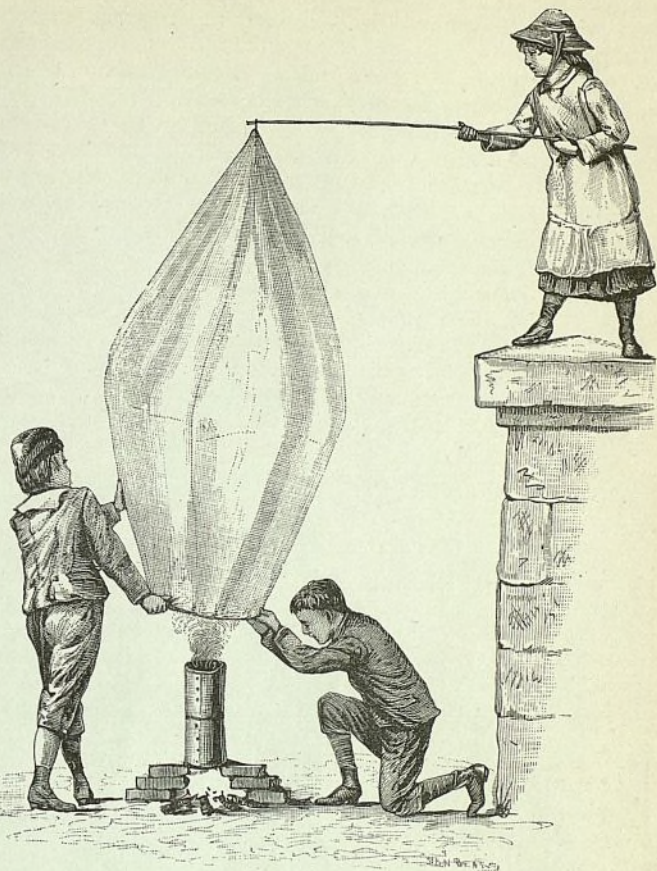
through the wick-ball, so that it can be attached to the mouth of the balloon in an instant by

the loop on top, so as not to tear the paper, and away will sail the balloon upon its airy voyage.

Never attempt to send up a balloon upon a windy day, for the wind will be sure, sooner or later, to blow the blaze aside and set the paper on fire, and, if once it catches, up in the air, there is not much use in trying to save it.

After you have made a balloon like the one just described, and sent it up successfully, you can try other shapes. A very good plan in experimenting is to make a small working model of light tissue-paper, fill it with cold air by means of an ordinary fan, and, when it is expanded, any defect in form or proportion can be readily detected and remedied. If it be too narrow, cut it open at one seam and put in another gore, or *vice versa*, until you are satisfied with the result; with this as a pattern, construct your larger balloon. Such a model, eighteen inches high, lies upon the writer's table. He has sent it up in the house several times, by holding it a few moments over a burning gas-jet. It rapidly fills with heated air and, when freed, soars up to the ceiling, where it rolls along until the air cools, then falls gently to the floor.

The parachute shown in Fig. 10 is simply a square piece of paper with a string at each of the four corners, meeting a short distance underneath, where a weight is attached. Fig. 5 shows how to make one that will not tear. It is made of two square pieces of paper. Two pieces of string are



FILLING THE BALLOON WITH HEATED AIR.

These parachutes are attached to a wire that hangs from the balloon, in this manner: From the center and top of the parachute is a string, we will say, a foot long; this is tied securely

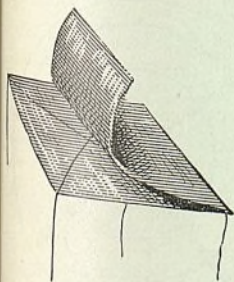


FIG. 5.—METHOD OF PASTING PAPER AND STRINGS FOR PARACHUTE.

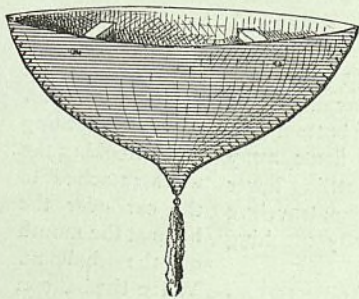


FIG. 6.—THE PASTEBOARD CAR.

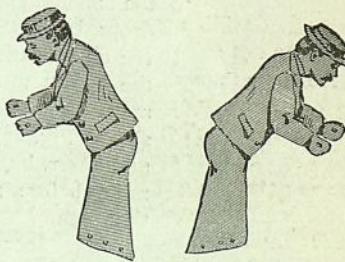


FIG. 7.—THE PASTEBOARD MEN.

fold diagonally across the first paper; on top of this the second piece of paper is pasted, inclosing the strings without disturbing them; the ends of the strings come out at the corners.

to one end of a fuse, from out of a pack of Chinese fire-crackers; a few inches from the other end of the fuse another string is tied and fastened to the wire. Just as the balloon starts, the free end of the



fuse is lighted; when it has burned itself away past the point where the upper string has been fastened, it of course severs the connection between the parachute and the balloon, and the parachute drops, but does not go far, for the air beneath spreads it out, the weight at the bottom balances it, and it floats away slowly (Fig. 13), settling lower and lower, but often traveling miles before finally reaching the earth.

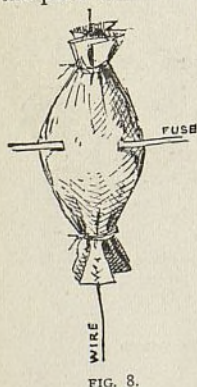


FIG. 8.

All manner of objects may be attached to a parachute,—notes addressed to possible finders, letters, or figures of men or animals. The latter look very odd in the air.

A real passenger balloon may be pretty closely imitated by painting crossed black lines upon the

upper part of a paper balloon, to represent the net-work. A pasteboard balloon-car, made after the manner shown in Fig. 6, and holding two pasteboard men cut out as shown in Fig. 7, may be hung on by hooking the wires attached to the car over the hoop at the mouth of the balloon. When the balloon and car are a little distance up in the air, it takes a sharp eye to detect the deception, because distance in the air cannot be easily judged.

But, so far, we have dealt only with day balloons; for night, you must attach some luminous object

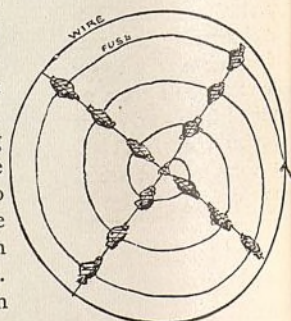


FIG. 9.

A lantern made like the one described in "Kite-time," ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1880, may be fastened to the balloon by a long string and wire, and when it goes swinging after the larger light above, it has a curious appearance. In a similar manner, a long string of lanterns may be hung on to a large balloon, or packs of Chinese crackers may be exploded in mid-air by means of a fuse.

The writer has experimented in other fire-works, but found them very dangerous to handle. Mr. Stallknecht, of the *Hat, Cap and Fur Trade Review*, however, showed the author how to make a simple, safe and beautiful pyrotechnic out of a roman candle with colored balls, a piece of wire and a fuse. The fuse

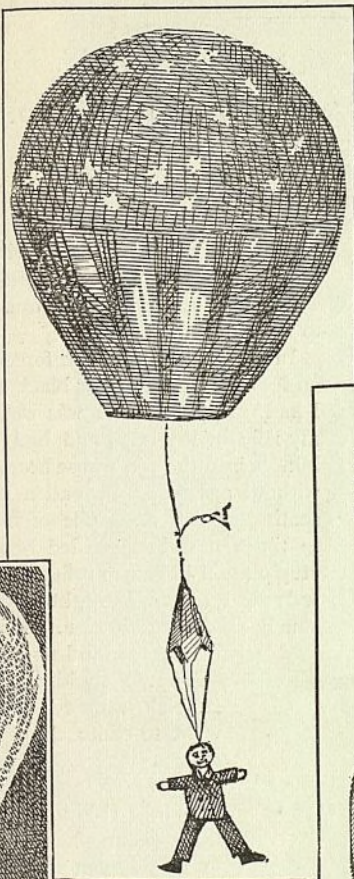


FIG. 10.—BALLOON WITH PARACHUTE.

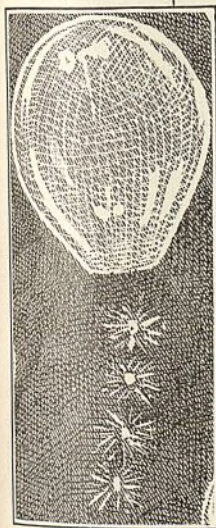


FIG. 11.—ILLUMINATED NIGHT-BALLOON.

used can be bought in almost any city or town; it is sold to miners for setting off blasts. With the wire, make a sort of wheel, with two or three spokes; cut open the roman candle and extract the powder and balls; wrap up each ball with some of the powder loosely in a piece of tissue paper and tie the paper at the ends upon the spokes or cross-wires of the wheel, as shown in Fig. 8. Run the fuse spirally around, passing through each parcel containing a ball, and allow the long end of the fuse to trail down beneath

from the center or side. (Fig. 9.) To the rim of the wire-wheel attach several wires of equal

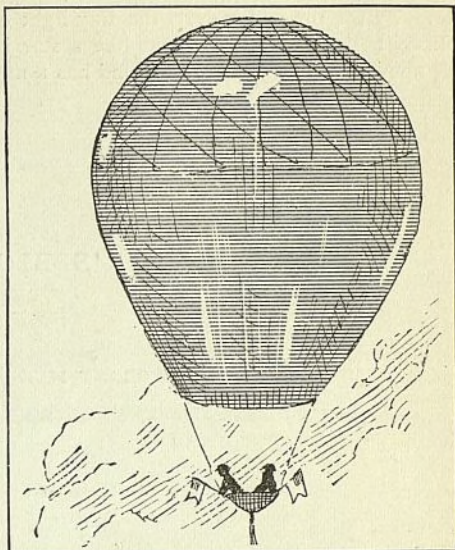


FIG. 12.—BALLOON WITH PASTEBOARD CAR AND MEN.

lengths, with hooked ends; hook these on to the hoop at the mouth of the balloon, just before letting it go, and light the trailing end of the fuse. As the fire creeps slowly along, the balloon mounts

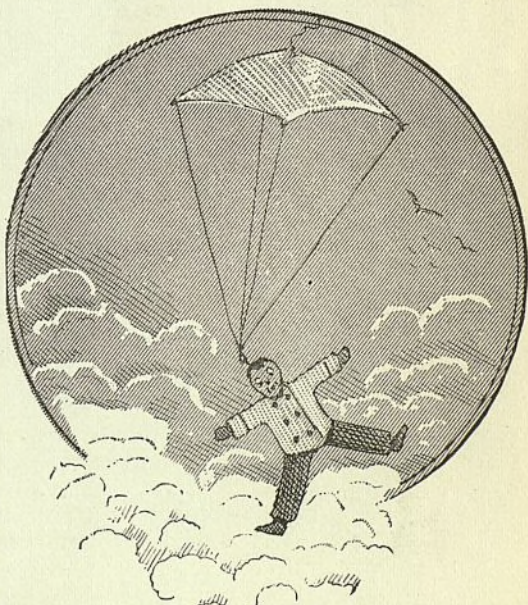


FIG. 13.—THE PARACHUTE FALLING.

higher and higher. Suddenly, the whole balloon glows with a ruddy, lurid glare! The fire has reached the first ball. In another instant, you see a floating globe of pale-green light, then blue, and

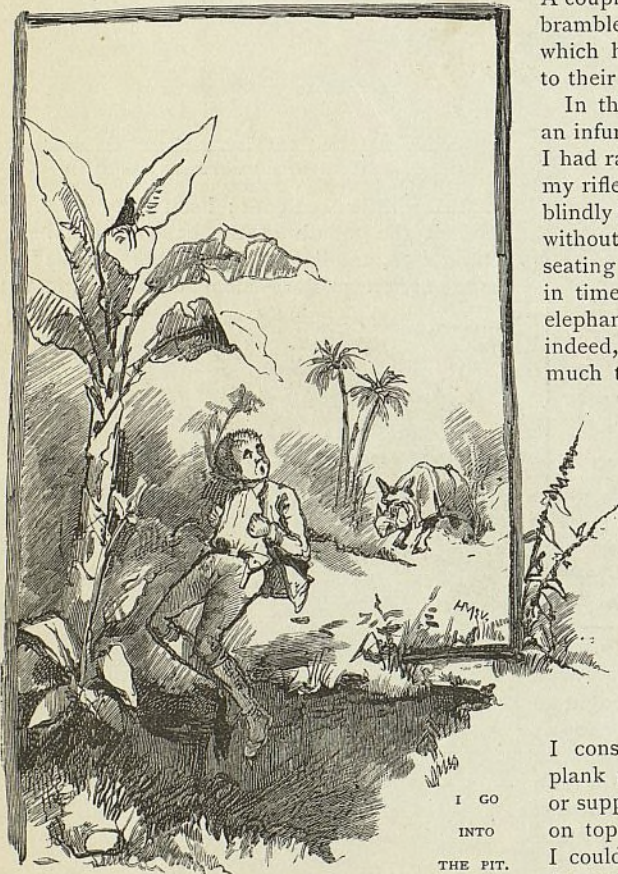
so on, until all the balls are consumed. Showers of pretty, jagged sparks are falling constantly during the illumination, caused by the burning powder. By the time all is over, the tiny light of the solitary ball in the balloon looks like a star in the sky above, traveling where the wind has a mind to

blow it. For the most experienced aeronaut has but very little more command over the actions of his immense silken air-ship than has the young amateur aeronaut, who builds his balloon of tissue paper, and sends it skyward, with a ball of fire for its motive power.

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. NO. IV.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

A SEE-SAW IN AN ELEPHANT PIT.



I GO
INTO
THE PIT.

SOME miles from the company's trading-post was a four-sided cut in the ground. It was thirty feet long, by twenty broad. In depth it was over twelve feet, and its sides were perpendicular. It had been an elephant pit when elephants were plenty and the ivory trade brisk in the district.

At the time I speak of, it was no longer in use. A couple of planks, covered with withered sods and brambles, were all that remained of the false roof which had served to lure unsuspecting elephants to their downfall.

In this cut I was once forced to take refuge by an infuriated keitloa, or black rhinoceros, at which I had rashly fired. I was obliged to throw away my rifle in my race, and had barely time to leap blindly into the pit, whose bottom I luckily reached without any injury beyond a slight shock. Here, seating myself on a pile of broken planks, which in times past had yielded beneath the weight of elephants, I began to reflect. I had enough time; indeed, I feared I might have a good deal too much time for reflection. A wounded rhinoceros is a stayer, and no mistake.

That I could climb out by piling up rubbish seemed likely; but I did not want to climb out while the keitloa was on duty there. That he could jump in was certain; and I fancied I could tease him into risking a leap. But I was far from wishing him to do so, unless I could go up and out *at the same instant*; and this, I thought, was simply impossible.

At last I hit upon a scheme—a dangerous one to be sure, but not so dangerous as waiting to be starved to death. I constructed a see-saw. A strong, unbroken plank made my moving-beam; for a stationary, or supporting board, I put several broken planks on top of one another and bound them, as best I could, with bits of old rope. This rope had formerly served to bind the false roof, and now lay among its ruins at the bottom of the pit.

One end of the moving-beam was immediately under that side of the pit where the rhinoceros had taken his stand. Across the beam, from this end to where its center rested on the fixed support, I tied branches and covered them with withered

grass—knowing that a rhinoceros is never remarkable for smartness, and is especially easy to deceive when angry.

I then took my seat on the other end of the see-saw, thereby, of course, tipping up the extremity nearest the huge brute, at which I began popping with my revolver. I also, in imitation of the natives, called him various abusive names, and reflected in-

If he touched the see-saw with any part of his ponderous body, I should be shot up—where, I could not exactly tell; if he missed the see-saw, I should stay down, and it would be all up with me.

Bang! came his forefoot on the raised end of the beam, cutting short my reflections. Whiz! up went the lower end, and I with it, like a rocket. I fortunately alighted outside the pit, having been



THE RHINOCEROS
GOES INTO THE PIT.

sultingly upon his ancestry. At last he screamed, or perhaps I should say grunted, with rage (whether at the bullets or the abuse, I cannot say) and withdrew a few steps for a charge. Notwithstanding a slight sinking sensation, I fired my last cartridge and shouted out the name which I had heard was most offensive to a sensitive keitloa. Then I shut my eyes and nervously awaited his descent.

considerably above its brink at the height of my flight.

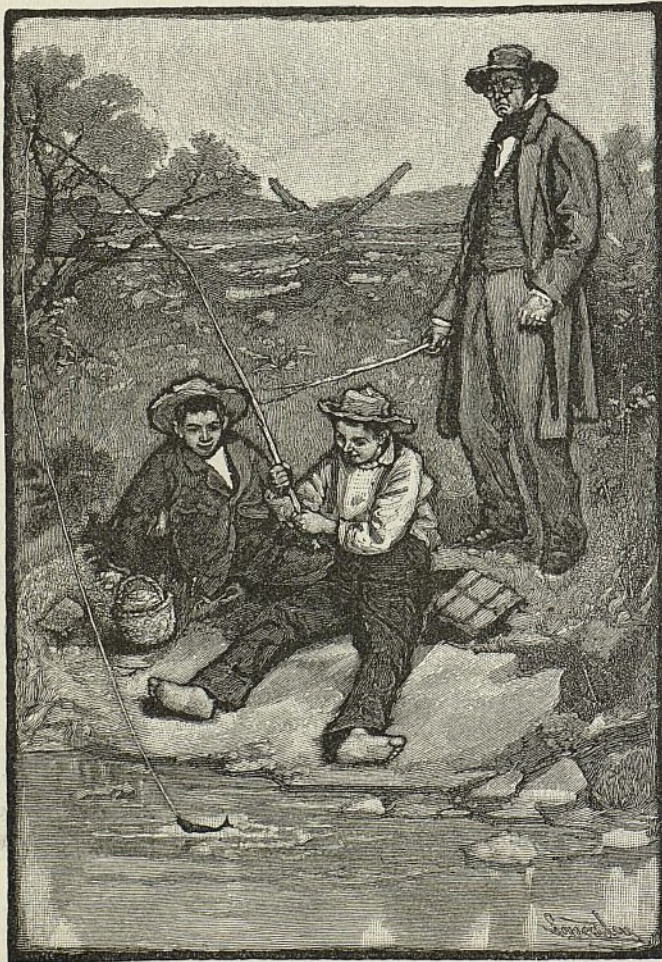
The rhinoceros was now a captive himself. Indeed, I believe he continues one to this day, for an agent of Barnum's shortly afterward visited our station in search of new attractions for his menagerie, and I sold my prisoner for —, but I must not let out trade secrets.

ROSES.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"It is summer," says a fairy,
 "Bring me tissue light and airy;
 Bring me colors of the rarest,
 Search the rainbow for the fairest—
 Sea-shell pink and sunny yellow,
 Kingly crimson, deep and mellow,
 Faint red in Aurora beaming,
 And the white in pure pearls gleaming;

"Bring me diamonds, shining brightly
 Where the morning dew lies lightly;
 Bring me gold dust, by divining
 Where the humming-bird is mining;
 Bring me sweets as rich as may be
 From the kisses of a baby;—
 With an art no fay discloses
 I am going to make some roses."



CAUGHT!

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER V.

THE NINE IN MARTIAL ARRAY.

"If Jake Coombs goes to the mackerel grounds with Captain Kench, I s'pose Pel Snelgro will go too; he always does what Jake does, and then we sha'n't have another hack at the White Bears until next fall, and that's too bad." Sam Perkins said this as he lounged at full length on the hay-mow.

Jo Murch, who was emptying some hay-seed out of his shoe, looked down from his perch on the beam and said: "Say, fellows, I'll tell you what, —let's start a military company." The other boys looked at Jo with amazement, as if unable to grasp his bold idea. Jo was famous for his bold ideas. But Sam Perkins sat up on the hay and cried: "The very thing; let's organize a militia company and call it the Hancock Cadets." Now the name of the local military company was "The Hancock Guards."

"Where shall we get our guns?" asked Billy Hetherington, doubtfully. "A militia company without any guns would be of no account, and we could n't muster more than three altogether, even counting in my father's double-barreled shot-gun, and I am no way sure that he would let me have that."

"Say, fellows," said Sam Black, "I can fife, you know, and that will be some help, and there is George Bridges, he's got a drum, or his father has, and that's all the same, and George drums first-rate; so there's the music, anyhow."

Jo Murch, with some little scorn in his face, replied: "Oh, yes, Blackie has got his place in the company all fixed, but he don't show the way to get the arms and 'couterments."

"What are 'couterments, anyhow," asked Billy.

"Ignorance!" sneered Jo. "Why 'couterments are the things a soldier is obliged to carry. Don't the militia call say, 'armed and equipped as the law directs, with musket, knapsack, priming-wire, brush,' and all that sort of thing? And the arms and equipments are the accouterments. Now, then, smarty, ask me another hard question, will you?"

Here Sam Perkins interposed in the interest of peace.

"I never saw such a disagreeable chap as you are, Jotham Murch; always trying to be too smart for anything. Why don't you invent something for the arms and 'couterments? Say," he

added, as a new thought struck him, "we might have wooden swords and guns, you know. I don't believe they would cost much. Charles Fitts is a great dabster in cutting and carving things, and perhaps he would get us up some for next to nothing."

"Pooh!" cried Jo, "who wants to train with wooden guns and broom-handles? Why, the White Bears would laugh at us, and I should n't blame them, either, if we were to turn out in a rig like that. And say," he said, turning upon Blackie, "you have a great deal of brass to say that George Bridges will be our drummer. Why, he is the White Bears's second base. A nice lot we should be with one of the best basemen of our hereditary foes beating the drum for us," and Jotham leaned over the edge of the hay-mow and jabbed at a stray hen with a pitchfork, in an absent-minded sort of way.

It was explained that George was the only boy in town who had a drum, or a chance at a drum, and that it was necessary that he be invited into the proposed company for his drum; besides, as Sam Perkins explained, George was a good fellow, and it was not his fault that he was a member of the White Bears's Nine. So it was agreed that he be asked to join the company, when it should be made up, and Sam Black, being a neighbor of the absent George, was instructed to give him a chance to come into the organization.

Jo, who had been striking at imaginary hereditary foes with the pitchfork, exclaimed:

"I have it! Lances are the thing! When I was in Boston, last summer, I saw the Boston Lancers, and they were just prime. Each man was mounted on a big horse, and he carried in his hand a long lance——"

"But we can't be mounted on horses," interrupted Sam Perkins, derisively. "Besides, where are you going to get your lances, any better than your guns?"

Sam Perkins did not, as a rule, approve of anything suggested by Jo, and Jo was apt to rebel at the petty tyranny which Captain Sam exercised over the rest of the Nine. And, more than all this, Jo was fond of saying, "When I was in Boston, last year," which was unbearable to boys who had not been in Boston; and most of the Fairport boys had not been so fortunate. So, when Jo proposed lances, and added insult to injury, so to speak, Sam was ready to quarrel with him. The good-natured,

rosy-cheeked "Lob" poured oil on the troubled waters, by remarking that lances could be made of long, round sticks, painted and varnished to look like the lances which he had seen in the pictures in Scott's novels.

"But what are you going to do for heads?" demanded Sam Perkins. "Make 'em of cast iron? That would be too costly, and there is no iron foundry in these parts."

"Make 'em of tin," explained Jo, who had recovered his good temper. "Make 'em of tin, and fasten them into the ends of the poles. Tin looks enough like steel to be a lance-head, anyhow, and we can put on some little strips of red bunting to look like the pennons that the Boston Lancers had on theirs."

This, it was agreed, was a feasible plan, and it was settled that the boys should talk the matter over among the members of the Nine, and that they should have a meeting in Hatch's barn, next Saturday afternoon, and at once organize.

The entire Nine, with George Bridges added, met as agreed upon, and it was further and formally agreed that the arms of the company should be lances made as suggested by Jo Murch and "the Lob." The question of the name was not so easily settled. Sam Perkins wanted the name to be "The Fairport Cadets," but Pat Adams said that that was the name of the militia company at Ellsworth. "Why not call it the Fairport Nine?" he cried manfully, mindful of the honor of the base-ball club.

"Why, there will be more than nine of us," said Hi Hatch. "I would n't belong to a company with only nine fellows in it, and we are ten now, counting George, and he is a member of the other Nine, besides. I vote for the name of 'The Hancock Cadets.' Ellsworth is a long way off, anyhow, even if the Captain of the Cadets did say, in his toast, when the Hancock Guards gave them a dinner on the common, last year, that it was no further from Fairport to Ellsworth than from Ellsworth to Fairport. By the way, fellows, that was a first-rate toast, wasn't it?"

"All in favor of calling our company 'The Hancock Cadets,' hold up their hands till counted!" called out Captain Sam. Four hands went up, George's being one. "Contrary minds!" Six hands went up. "It aint a vote," said Sam, with some appearance of disappointment.

"Now, then, all you fellows who are in favor of calling it 'The Fairport Nine,' hold up your hands till you are counted." Six hands went up. "Oh, this is too ridiculous!" cried Sam.

"Call the contrary minds!" shouted George Bridges. "Declare the vote," said Jo Murch, who had voted for the name of the Nine, just to

spite Sam Perkins, as he afterward explained. So Sam declared the name adopted by the company was "The Fairport Nine"; and "a very ridiculous name it was, too," as he added, for the benefit of those who had voted against him.

The election of officers being next in order, Sam Perkins was naturally chosen captain, though Jo Murch whispered to "the Lob" that there was no sense in making the skipper of a schooner the captain of a full-rigged ship, which figure of speech "the Lob" understood to be a reflection on the policy of choosing the Captain of the Nine as captain of the militia company. "Silence in the ranks!" thundered Captain Sam, as well as his somewhat thin voice could thunder. "Don't begin to put on airs so soon," said Jo. "We're not in the ranks yet, and, when we are, there will be lots of time for you to put on frills."

Captain Sam wisely overlooked the impertinence, and the election of officers went on, Billy Hetherington being chosen standard-bearer, and Ned Martin first-lieutenant. It was voted not to have any second-lieutenant until the company was bigger. As it was, the rank and file of the company consisted of only five men, or boys, I should say,—the other five being the captain, first-lieutenant, standard-bearer, fifer and drummer.

"Billy Hetherington ought to have been the captain," said Jo Murch to Blackie, as the boys sauntered homeward, after the election was over. "His father is a judge, and his grandfather was a general," he added, by way of clinching the argument.

"And his mother makes the best doughnuts of anybody in town," added Blackie, with a merry grin. "Is n't that reason enough?"

The first parade of the Fairport Nine took place about two weeks after the organization of the company. It is needless to say that the appearance of the little band was hailed by those of the White Bears who were at home with shouts of derision.

If Captain Sam Perkins's appreciation of military discipline had not been very strong, he would have left the ranks and attacked Eph Mullett with his tin sword, as that unpleasant young man put his head out of the hearse-house door, shouted, "Goose egg!" and shut himself in again.

As it was, Ned Martin, who was not wrapped up in his dignity as he should have been, bawled out: "Nosey! nosey!" to the mortification of the captain, who shouted: "Silence in the ranks!" until he was red in the face.

Drawn up on the Common, the "Nine" mustered fourteen in number, the original ten having been reinforced by four other boys, the smallest of whom was little Sam Murch, whose services in climbing the meeting-house lightning-rod, on the

night before the Fourth of July, seemed to deserve some such reward. The lances were resplendent in varnish, and the tin tops, cut out according to a pattern furnished from a picture in *Ivanhoe*, were as good as the best lance ever put in rest by any of the heroes of that delightful story,—at least, so Billy Hetherington thought, as he glanced proudly at the array. The little strips of red bunting fluttered in the breeze from the heads of the lances, and the general appearance of the troop, as Jo Murch remarked, was quite like that of the Boston Lancers. The manual of arms, to which the boys were somewhat accustomed, after having watched the militia company of the town at drill, was gone through very creditably, excepting that "the Lob," when told to ground arms, would persist in throwing his weapon on the ground, instead of dropping the lower end to the ground, as was the customary fashion in the old-time drill. And Jo Murch, who was clearly in a mutinous spirit, kept his lance at the shoulder, when the order "Present arms!" was shouted by the captain. Captain Sam looked at the malcontent for a moment, as if in doubt what to do with him, and then good-naturedly said: "Well, it is n't any matter, Jo." Whereupon Jo immediately presented arms, having gained his point, which was to make the captain "take water," as the boys were wont to say.

Another difficulty occurred when the company was marching to the house of Pat Adams, where the standard was to be presented to the company. George Bridges, so intent on beating his drum that he could not keep in line, was continually out of his place, to the confusion of the rest of the troop. Finally, when, absorbed by his own music, he strayed into the grass-grown gutter by the side of the road, Captain Sam came down upon him with his tin sword, and, drawing it from an imaginary scabbard, shrieked:

"If you don't keep in line, I'll assassinate you!"

To this terrific threat the young drummer, who had about as much idea of the meaning of the word used as Sam had, replied, with a drawl:

"If you 'sassinat me, I wont drum."

The standard was a magnificent affair, made by the big sisters of several of the boys, assisted by Phoebe Noyes and some of the other girls, who, though they could not lay out the work, were glad to put a few stitches in the beautiful banner. It was made of white cotton cloth, with nine red stars in an oval line, emblematical of the illustrious Nine of Fairport, and in this oval was a cluster of four blue stars, the whole making the old thirteen, the number of the original States. A pair of bright-red curtain-tassels dangled from the top of the staff, which was surmounted by a tin spear-head, gilded, and the whole was a most gorgeous affair.

Flaxen-haired Alice Martin, Ned's sister, had been selected to present the standard. So, with the company drawn up before the front door of the house, pretty Alice, with the flag in her hand, and surrounded by the big girls and the little girls who had had a hand in this business, delivered the following address:

"Soldiers of the illustrious Nine! I am commissioned by the ladies of Fairport to present to you this beautiful banner, whereon are sown the stars of the thirteen colonies of our beloved land. We know we could give it into no more honorable and safe keeping than yours. You are the first to form a company of soldiers among the youth of our beautiful village, and to you belongs the great honor of being the first to receive the flag of your country from those who, though they may not mingle in the fray where you are to win laurels imperishable, may, at least, look on from afar with the sincerest admiration for your prowess, and the most tender wishes for your success in the strife. Take this banner, and, in the words of the poet,—

"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

This beautiful and eloquent address, it should be said, was composed by Sam Perkins's big sister Sarah; and the reply, by the same industrious young lady, was delivered by Billy Hetherington, who, advancing from the ranks, when Alice said "Take this banner," thus delivered his speech:

"Accept my thanks, dear madam,"—and here Alice blushed deeply,— "in behalf of myself and my fellow soldiers, for this elegant testimonial of the interest which the ladies of Fairport take in the welfare of the military service of the Republic. We receive it with pride; we shall bear it forth with a firm determination to die, if need be,"—and here Billy dropped a furtive tear and his voice quivered a little,— "in defense of the banner thus confidently intrusted to our keeping. When, on the field of battle, or in the lonely bivouac, we shall look upon its shining folds, shining with the stars of our beloved country, we shall think of this day, when we were reminded by you that, though you may not participate in the strife in which we must engage, you look at the carnage from a distance, and give us your fervent wishes for our success. And, whatever shall befall, we know that we may depend, in the words of the poet, on this:

"Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave;
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save."

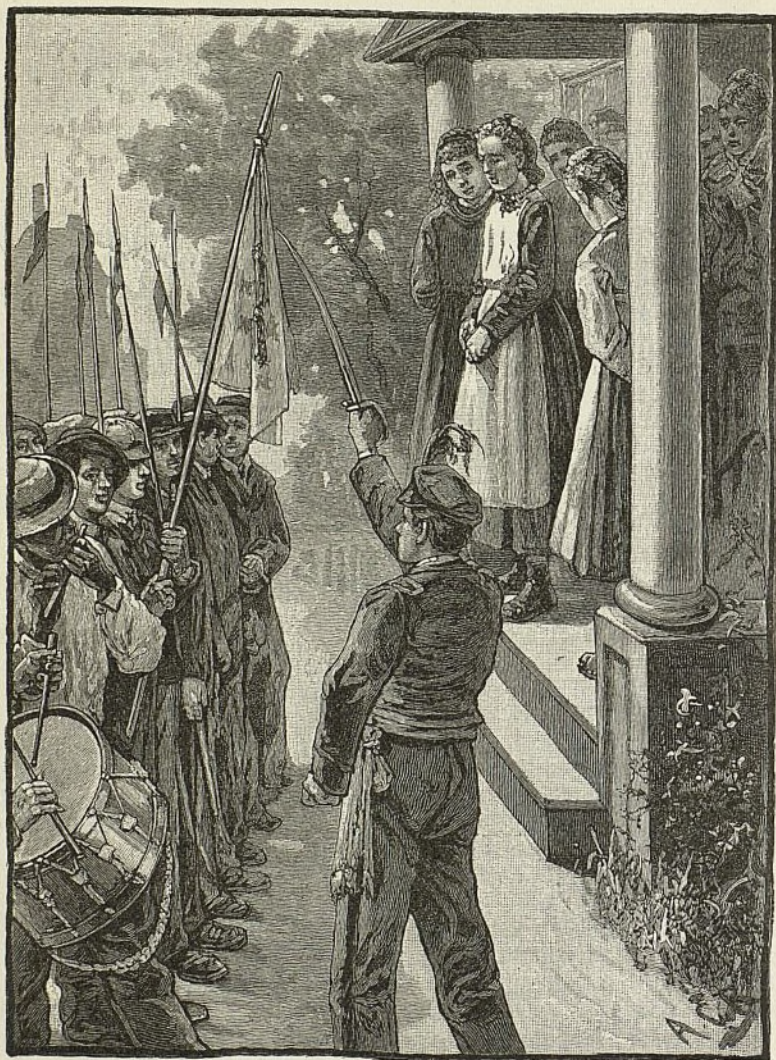
This address so touched the tender hearts of some of the smallest girls that they choked down a

little sob, while Captain Sam, turning to his gallant band, shouted: "Three cheers for the ladies!" The cheers were given with a will, the new banner being waved enthusiastically by the proud and happy standard-bearer.

"Three more for Miss Alice Martin!" shouted

command there was an immediate response, and Ned's anger at being reproved melted away.

There was a collation of cakes, pies, and berries and milk laid out in the wood-shed of the house on the hill, and, once more saluting the ladies with three shrill and hearty cheers, the martial Nine



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE LADIES!" SHOUTED CAPTAIN SAM."

the first-lieutenant, her brother. A disorderly and somewhat irregular cheer arose, when Captain Sam, brandishing his sword in air, cried: "Nobody has a right to give orders in this company but me; so, now. Now, then, fellow soldiers! three cheers for Miss Martin, the sister of your brave lieutenant, and the presenter of our flag, which she has done in a beautiful speech." To this long and elaborate

filed out into the street, and with fife and drum, colors flying, and lances glittering in the sunlight, they marched up the hill; an admiring throng of girls accompanying them on the sidewalk, they, too, being invited to the feast.

It was a great day for the Fairport Nine, and even Nance, who remained stanch to the prowess of the White Bears, with whom her sympathies

naturally belonged, confessed, as she brought out plateful after plateful of Mrs. Hetherington's famous doughnuts, that she was having "an awful good time," the fact that "that black boy was in it all" being the only drawback to her complete enjoyment of the festivities.

CHAPTER VI.

TRouble IN THE CAMP.

It was necessary that the first experience of the new military company should be as much like that of real soldiers as possible. It was, accordingly, agreed that there should be what the boys knew as a "muster."

Now, a muster in New England, in these days, was like the annual trainings which are held in some other States. The annual muster in the region of Fairport was held at Orland, a small town a few miles from Fairport. To it resorted all the militia companies from far and near. They were drilled and put through the exercises of war, in the most approved fashion. As the muster lasted for three or four days, it was needful for the soldiers to camp out during their stay; and so it came to pass that many of the visitors also spent the nights in tents and booths rented for the time by enterprising Yankees of the neighborhood.

The muster was the great annual festival of the country, rivaling the annual circus in its attractions. There were traveling jugglers, peep-shows, blowing-machines, learned pigs, and various delights for the entertainment of the visitor; and the booths, at which pies, cakes, baked beans, cold roast pig, ginger-beer, and other delicious things to eat and drink were sold, were to the boys like a vision of fairy land. To go to muster was to have a treat excelled only by a visit to Boston.

Obviously, one lone company could not have a muster, any more than one bird can flock by himself. But the Fairport Nine did not care very much for the niceties of military phrase. They would have a muster, whether it was like the real thing or not. What does a name signify?

It was late in the summer, and the wild raspberries were ripe, when the boys held their first annual muster in the block-house pasture of Fairport. This pasture was on the hillside sloping down to the shore of Penobscot Bay. The highest point of land anywhere about that region was once crowned by a block-house, built by the British at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. From this eminence toward the shore, the land descended abruptly, and the edge overlooking the water was bluff and precipitous. But, here and there, among the spruce-covered hills, were clear spaces level

enough for the Nine (who were really fourteen) to form in line and in platoons of two and three; but it was not a good place to march in. The real business of the occasion, however, was the muster.

For several days the boys spent all their spare time in the woods, building the camp. It had been their custom to spend the Fourth of July in camping out, taking a picnic with them. This had been made impossible this year, on account of the playing of the great base-ball match. The muster, too, was to exceed anything of the kind ever before attempted, as the soldiers were to spend the night in camp.

The silent woods resounded with the shouts and calls of the busy boys, who worked harder, as Nance Grindle grimly said, at the building of a camp in the woods than they ever did at any of the home tasks, which they regarded with so much disgust and horror as the very hardest kind of work ever put upon any human being. From the shore was brought many a back-load of drift-wood—long strips of waste lumber and dry poles, to form the frame of the camp. And other back-loads of spruce and fir boughs were brought from the adjacent groves, to thatch the roof and weave into the sides of the structure.

Four or five small-sized trees, standing as nearly as possible in the form of a square, were selected as the corner-posts of the camp, and on these were nailed the strips of wood and the poles gathered on the shore, leaving a space for the open door-way. When the frame-work was all nailed in place, the affair looked like a big wooden cage. But when the fragrant boughs of the fir and spruce were woven into the frame, concealing the whiteness of the dry and bleached drift-wood, there was beheld an arbor of verdure which might well have been the green nest of some huge bird, so complete and trim was it.

Inside, the camp (for of course no Fairport boy could ever have called this an arbor) was lined with soft twigs of hemlock, and a rude bench of rocks and shore-worn planks was constructed for the convenience of the girls, who were to visit the camp late in the day. No boy was ever allowed to sit on these benches, as it was a tradition with the Fairport boys that this would have been effeminate.

Right merrily worked the boys, the chatter of their voices and the ringing of their hatchets making music in the depths of the forest. Occasionally, a red squirrel paused in his scamper among the trees to look down with wonder at the busy creatures who were making such a strange din in the midst of his haunts; or a garrulous blue jay perched itself at a safe distance and scolded violently at the intruders. And once, an inquisitive mink, one of the most timid of animals, stole up from the

rocky shore to discover the cause of all this commotion in the usually silent woods.

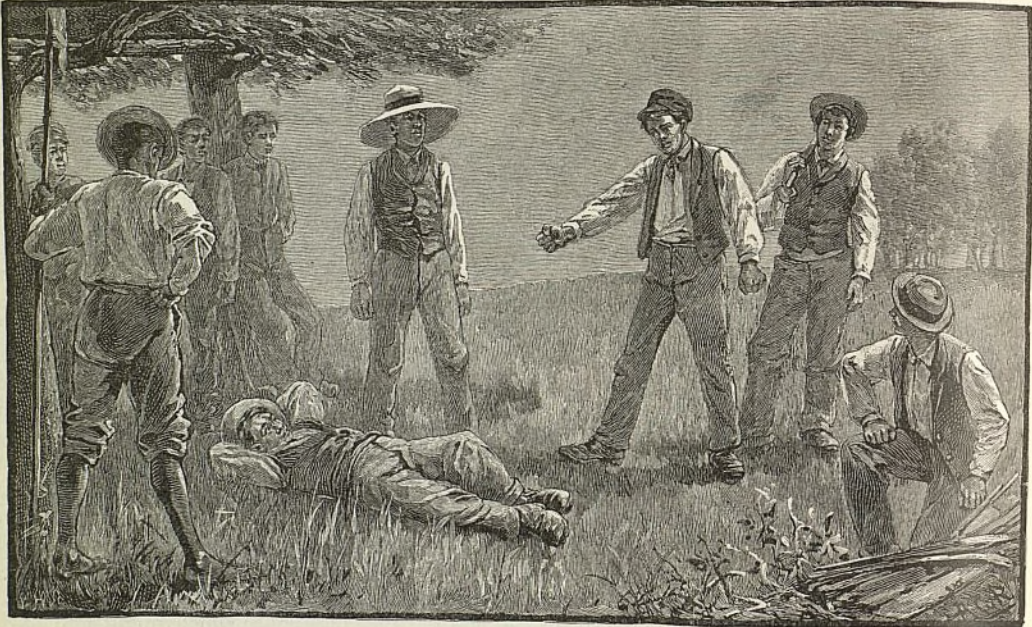
"A mink! a mink!" shouted Jo Murch, and away he flew after the beautiful little creature. The mink darted into the mossy crevices of a ledge near at hand, and was gone like a flash. Jo dug his hands into the rough cracks of the rock, as if he would tear them apart and dig out the animal.

"Ho! what a fool Jo Murch is to think that he can catch a mink after it has got into that ledge!" cried Pat Adams.

"You'd better come here and fix up that brace

"Ho!" sneered Jo, "who made you my master, I'd like to know? You can't play petty tyrant on me, now, so don't you try it."

The other boys were aghast at this direct defiance of the captain. As for Sam, he felt that his authority must be maintained at any cost, so he jumped down from the roof of the camp, where he had been arranging the covering of boughs, and clenching his brown and pitch-covered hands, he advanced toward Jo, stretched at ease on the bed of boughs, and before Jo knew what was coming, dealt him a smart blow under his left ear.



JO MURCH IS INSUBORDINATE.

you burst off when you started after that critter," said Captain Sam, angrily. Now, it must be confessed that Jo was more partial to running after birds and animals than he was to work, even when his labor was that of camp-building, so he replied surlily and threw himself at full length on a heap of spruce-boughs and yawned wearily:

"My! how my back aches!"

"That's nonsense," said Hi Hatch. "My father says that a boy's back never aches. He thinks it aches, but it does n't."

"Well, I don't care," grumbled Jo. "It feels just as bad to me as if it really did ache, and I am not going to work any more this afternoon, anyhow. That last back-load of lumber that I lugged up from the shore finished me for to-day!"

"If you don't do your share of work, you can't come to the muster," cried Sam Perkins, who was boiling with anger at this breach of discipline.

"Now, then, I'll give you another, if you call me 'petty tyrant' again."

Jo, recovering from his surprise, for it was very seldom that Sam resorted to violence in the maintenance of discipline, was on his feet in an instant. He gave Sam a blow between the eyes that made the sparks fly in his brain. But Sam, in an instant, got Jo Murch by the collar of his short jacket with his right hand, and his left arm was twisted about Jo's waist; his right foot was, meantime, busy with Jo's legs, trying to trip him to the ground. But Jo was wary and wiry, and it was several seconds before he fell heavily to the ground, Sam on top.

The other boys looked on admiringly, but with a certain sense of alarm, for this was a real fight, and their gallant commander was not always equal to Jo Murch, who was known as the best "wrestler" in the village.

There was more or less pummeling and scratching in the heap of spruce-boughs around which the rest of the boys gathered at a respectful distance. The two boys fought each other into the open ground and then into a clump of low-growing juniper, in which they struggled with each other in the midst of a cloud of dust which they raised from the dry mass of growth. When the combatants emerged from the confusion and obscurity of the juniper-bush, Sam had Jo's head under his arm, and was pelting the blows into the back of his neck. Presently, Jo, unable to endure this punishment any longer, cried: "I beg!" This was regarded among the Fairport boys as an equivalent for "I surrender," and it was not so difficult to say.

Sam unloosed his hold, and, with a farewell kick, swung loose of his late adversary and looked at him. Somehow, Jo had parted with the greater portion of his jacket, and the only part of his cotton shirt left on him was a stout neck-band of unbleached cloth which was buttoned about his neck. His aspect of sudden raggedness was surprising. But Sam had not come out of the encounter unscathed. He had been working without his jacket, but his shirt was now open behind as well as before, and his satinet waistcoat was a tattered ruin. Blackie picked up the fragments

and laid them on a convenient rock, while Sam cooled his flushed face at the spring.

"He's got a licking that he'll remember for the rest of this season," spluttered Sam, as he splashed the cold water into his face. And I'll give him another whenever he wants one."

"Oh, don't let's fight any more," said Ned Martin, with a mingled feeling of awe and admiration for his gallant commander.

Jo Murch, gathering up the ragged wreck of his garments, after wiping the blood from his face,—for he had had a blow on his nose,—scrambled up the hillside from the camp, and, shaking his fist at the group below, cried: "You fellows may be bullied around by that petty tyrant of a captain of yours. I won't, and that's all I've got to say to him. You can fill my place in the Fairport Nine just as soon as you please! So, now!" And with that, and a big rock which he sent crashing through the trees, a moment afterward, Jotham Murch was out of the camping ground, and out of the Fairport Nine.

That night, when Sam had gone to bed in disgrace, and his mother had told the whole shameful story to his father, as she tried to put together the wreck of Sam's satinet waistcoat, 'Squire Perkins only said: "Boys are young animals, Polly. I s'pose they must fight the brutality out of them some time or another."

(To be continued.)

TWO GUNPOWDER STORIES.

By J. L. W.

THE readers of ST. NICHOLAS who were interested in the account of "The Coolest Man in Russia," printed in the number for January, 1878, may like to hear of another exploit which, for pluck and daring, fully equaled that of the young Russian officer. This incident occurred in 1847, during our war with Mexico, and the hero of it was a boyish Yankee sergeant, named Kenaday, then about nineteen years old.

In seeking to capture the City of Mexico, the American army was obliged to take first the town of Churubusco, about six miles from the city. After that, the main approach was by a large causeway, with a ditch on each side, and, at one place, a fortified bridge. So the American forces, under General Worth, had to gain the bridge and fight upon the causeway; and, at one point in the battle, the General found himself separated from a part of his troops, whom he wished to rejoin.

In the middle of the causeway, among other wreck, stood a baggage-wagon, on fire, and, as the General and his staff approached the blazing cart, they suddenly discovered that it was laden with gunpowder! They drew up with a start, and waited results very anxiously. In a moment, however, Sergeant A. M. Kenaday, then of the Third U. S. Dragoons, motioned to three of his comrades, and without a word the four brave men dashed on to the wagon.

Although they could not tell how soon one of the powder boxes might explode, these men determined to clear a passage for their chief. The gunny-bag covers of the boxes were smouldering, and some of them were already aflame, but Kenaday and another soldier mounted into the midst of the blazing boxes, and fell to work in dead earnest—quickly tossing them one by one to the two other troopers, who as quickly rolled them into the wet and muddy ditch. Each wooden case, moreover, weighed about

seventy pounds, so that to empty the cart was no light labor.

Within a few minutes, the cover of the wagon had burned entirely off, and the gallant four,

charge, led by General (then Captain) Philip Kearny, on the San Antonio gate of the City of Mexico. In this reckless onset, twenty resolute dragoons cut their way into the city through six thousand of



THE BURNING POWDER-WAGON.

almost exhausted with heat and exertion, were soon after stopped by General Worth, who rode up to the wagon and ordered them out. This command was instantly obeyed, and then the General and his staff spurred their horses and made a rush past the wagon at full gallop, while the sergeant and his comrades followed at a pace that soon put them out of danger.

But they had not yet caught up with the General's party when they heard a loud report behind, and looking back, saw no trace of the wagon, even when the smoke had cleared. It had been blown to atoms by the few cases of powder which they had left in it.

And this was not the only act of bravery performed that day by the young sergeant, for later in the same afternoon he joined in the famous

the enemy's panic-stricken soldiers. General Scott, the American commander-in-chief, said it was the bravest charge he had ever seen or read of, and a full account of it may be found in almost every history of the Mexican War.

Very different from the young sergeant's powder-exploit, but quite worthy to be ranked with it for courage and self-sacrifice, was the other deed I have to tell about, and which you will find illustrated in the frontispiece. This time, the act of bravery was performed by a girl instead of a boy, and the powder, instead of making the danger, was the very thing which she risked her life to save. And the heroine of this story belonged not to an invading party, but to a small garrison who were besieged and making a desperate defense.

[JULY]

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ELIZABETH ZANE SAVES THE FORT.

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VOL. V

This is the way it happened:

Among the important border outposts of the Americans, during the war of the Revolution, was Fort Henry, situated on a bank of the Ohio River, near Wheeling Creek. In 1777, it was suddenly attacked by a band of Indians, under the command of Simeon Girty, a white man and a Tory, noted for his cruel hatred toward the Americans. The Indians numbered nearly five hundred, but the garrison in the fort were only forty-two, and, soon after the siege began, some thirty of these were caught in an ambush outside of the fort and slain. Only twelve men were now left to Colonel Shepherd, the American commander; but all these were good marksmen, and knowing that surrender meant death for their wives and children as well as for themselves, they resolved to fight to the last.

But, alas! bravery availed them little, for it was not long before the small stock of powder in the fort was almost exhausted, and only a few charges remained to each man.

In despair, the Colonel called his brave little band together, and told them that at a house some sixty yards outside of the fort, which their enemies had not yet dared to approach, there was a keg of gunpowder. Whoever should try to bring it into the fort would be in peril of his life from the rifles of the Indians. He had not the heart to order any man to such a task, but the powder was their only hope, and, therefore, it was his duty to ask if any one of them was brave enough to volunteer the undertaking.

Instantly, three or four young men avowed themselves ready, but only one man could be spared. And while they were generously disputing among themselves for the perilous errand, Elizabeth Zane, a girl of seventeen, approached the Colonel and begged that *she* might be allowed to

go for the powder. Her request was promptly refused, but she persisted earnestly, even against the remonstrances and entreaties of her parents and friends. In vain, they pleaded and reasoned with her, urging more than once that a young man would be more likely to succeed, through his power of running swiftly. She replied that she knew the danger, but that, if she failed, her loss would not be felt, while not a single man ought to be spared from the little garrison. Finally, it was agreed that she should make the first trial.

When all was ready, the gate opened and Elizabeth walked rapidly across the open space toward the house where the powder was stored. Those inside the fort could plainly see that the eyes of the Indians were upon her, but, either from curiosity or mercy, they allowed her to pass safely and to enter the house.

Her friends drew a breath of relief, and, watching even more anxiously for her re-appearance, saw her come out soon, bearing the powder in a table-cloth tied around her waist. But this time the Indians suspected her burden, and in a moment more, as she was hastening toward the fort, they sent after her a shower of bullets and arrows. These all, however, whistled by her harmless, and with wild, startled eyes, but an undaunted heart, she sped on with her treasure through the deadly missiles, until at last she bore it in triumph inside the gate.

By the aid of the powder and the enthusiastic courage which Elizabeth's self-sacrifice inspired, the little garrison was enabled to hold out until relief came to them. And so this noble act of a young girl saved the lives of all within the fort, and vanquished its five hundred dusky assailants.

You will find a fuller account of the incident in Mrs. Ellet's *Women of the Revolution*, from which the main facts of this story are taken.

LUCK.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

I DON'T know how it came about—
I put my sack on wrong side out;
I could n't change it back all day,
Because I 'd drive my luck away.

And when I went to school, the boys
Began to shout, and make a noise;
But while they plagued me, I sat still,
And studied spelling with a will;
So, when our class the lessons said,
I did n't miss, but went up head!

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As I came home, I looked around
And soon—a four-leaved clover found!
I wished, and put it in my shoe,
And, don't you think? my wish came true!
It was that I might overtake
The team, and ride with Uncle Jake.

And so, you see, the livelong day,
That I was lucky, every way;
And Grandma said, without a doubt
'T was 'cause my sack was wrong side out.

HOW LITTLE PATTY SAVED HER MOTHER.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

GRANDFATHER WARNE kept the little inn in Bakewell, and Patty lived with him. Of course, Grandmother Warne lived there, too, for nothing would have gone right if she had not been at hand to keep the maids busy, and to see that clean, fragrant beds, bright fires, and good, wholesome food were always ready for the travelers who came knocking at the little inn door at all hours of the day or night.

Dame Warne was a famous housekeeper. The inn fairly shone within and without, it was so clean; and oh! what beds! they really were fragrant. The pure white linen sheets and pillow-slips were kept in a great oaken "chest of drawers," where were always fresh bunches of lavender, rosemary and sweet-marjoram; and sleeping at the "Rutland Arms" seemed almost like sleeping on a bed of sweet flowers in some dainty old-time garden, only the great feather-beds and pillows of eider-down were softer than any flower-beds, and the fine rose-blankets warmer than rose leaves would be.

Summer nights in England are rarely too warm for a blanket, and sometimes—at the watering-places, or near the sea-coast when the night breezes blow cool—even a soft, down coverlid is needed, in addition.

Now, you all guess that Bakewell is in England. So it is: a quaint little town in Derbyshire, and very, very old. It is built partly on a hill sloping down to the left bank of the river Wye, one of the prettiest, most tranquil little rivers in all England. It never foams and tosses along, nor fusses about getting to the sea, but turns a laughing, sparkling face up to the sun, and ripples so softly and gently on its way that it makes one peaceful and happy just to wander beside it, as it slips quietly along, and watch it kiss the soft, grassy banks that hold it between them.

That is a wonderful hill, too, where the little town lies; there are so many things inside it. Black marble, and coal, and lead, and limestone,—all are quarried there; and at the foot of the hill are warm chalybeate (look in the dictionary for that big word) springs, whose waters cure many diseases.

On the opposite side of the river are the ruins of an old, old castle, built in A. D. 924 by Edward the Elder. Only think of it! More than five hundred years before our country was discovered, that old castle was built, and yet there are traces of it

still to be seen! I think workmen in those days wished their work to last.

In the very heart of the little town is a curious old church, built in Saxon times, hundreds of years ago, but as strong and perfect yet as if it intended to last forever. It is of dark stone, in the form of a cross, and in the niches and corners mosses and vines cling closely.

Within are many ancient and strange monuments; some like great stone chests, and lying on them, with clasped hands and upturned faces, are life-size stone figures of many noble people who died long years ago. Perhaps it would frighten a little American girl to go into such a church, but little Patty loved nothing better than to play among the old stone figures, as her mother had played when she, too, was a merry little maid.

There were two figures that Patty liked especially, and used to talk to as if they could know what she was saying.

These were pretty Dorothy Vernon and her lover husband, Sir John Manners, and they were not lying down, but kneeling near a little iron-barred window, through which the sunlight fell, making soft shadows and playing around them, touching their faces as if it, too, were whispering to them like Patty.

Beneath this window was a carved wooden desk, with a curious old book of stone lying open upon it. Patty said it always made her feel like saying her prayers, to go into this little corner, and sometimes she did say them there. Sometimes, too, she used to kneel on one corner of the stone chest, beside pretty Dorothy, and clasp her own little hands before her,—“just to see,” as she said, “how it must feel to stay there always.”

If I had time I would tell you how, when they were alive, pretty Dorothy and handsome Sir John dearly loved each other, but were cruelly kept apart; and how, one night—when there was a grand ball at Haddon Hall, where the Duke of Rutland lived—pretty Dorothy stole through one of the long windows out to the balcony, where her lover was waiting, and, all in her beautiful ball-dress of lace and satin, rode off with him to be married; how they never were forgiven, but even to this day their stone figures, instead of lying calmly sleeping, seem begging for forgiveness.

But it is too long a story to tell now; it is only because something very strange happened to little Patty, just beside them, that I tell you this much.

The little river Wye, and its neighbor, the Derwent, are capital fishing streams; so, between the anglers who went there to fish, and the patients who went to be cured at the springs, the little inn was not often empty. And what busy times there were when both kinds of visitors happened to be there together!

Grandmother was not quite so quick on her feet as she had been once upon a time, but her tongue was as nimble as ever, and her eyes were as bright. She seemed to see everything at once, and woe to the maid who left dust in the corners, or who lagged when the good dame said, "Hasten!"

There was always a blazing fire in the kitchen, and bacon and eggs, delicious fresh fish, and the dainty crumpets, for which the little inn was famous, were soon forthcoming, no matter how many hungry mouths were to be filled.

Little Patty used to like the "hurries," as she called them, for cook was always best-natured when she had the most to do, and was sure to bake her a crumpet all for herself as often as she sent a dishful in to the guests; and Patty loved crumpets dearly.

But you must not think she was a greedy little girl, who did nothing but eat. No, indeed! Grandmother used to call her her "little feet," she was always so ready to wait on her, and run quickly wherever she was sent. Her little scarlet cloak always hung handy on a peg behind the kitchen door, and when anything was wanted, Patty would put on this cloak, draw up its little hood over her curly head, and be off to the river bridge to buy fresh fish from the fishermen, or out to the barnyard to look for eggs. She loved to do errands for grandmother, and, no matter how short a time she was gone, on her return grandfather would always show her into the "home-room" as politely as if she were a little guest; then grandmother would kiss her, and hold her hand while she told her little story of where she had been and what she had seen.

Besides, she was the only one whom grandmother would trust to bring the silver spoons, cream jugs and sugar bowls from the great iron-bound chest in grandfather's room, where they were always kept locked up for safety.

Then, she could "lay" the table, as they say in Derbyshire, as neatly as the maid, and as quickly, too. She always liked to hear grandmother say, "Now, little feet, just run and tell Jane you are ready first." And grandfather would say, "Hasten, my Pit-a-pat." That was his pet name for her. Her real name, you must know, was Martha,—Martha Grey, her mother's name,—but grandfather used to declare that, when she first began to toddle after him, her little footsteps on the stone-flagged

hall and up and down the stone stairway always sounded like "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat"; so he called her little Pit-a-pat, and when that seemed too long to say, he shortened it to Patty, and that was her name ever afterward.

Perhaps you wonder where Patty's father and mother were all this time. Well, I must tell you of them. Her mother, who was grandfather Warne's only child, had married—against grandmother's earnest wishes—a sick gentleman named Mr. Grey, who had come to Bakewell to drink the spring waters, and when he had grown better she went to live in London with him. But he soon became ill again in the close, noisy city, and when Patty came, a tiny baby, to live with them, he just took one look at her dear little face, kissed his wife, and then closed his weary eyes forever. It almost seemed as if Patty were a little angel who had come from heaven to tell him God was ready for him, and, when he had gone, to stay and comfort the poor mother. And, oh! how this mother longed now for her happy, peaceful home in quiet Bakewell!—longed to lay her baby in grandmother's kind, sheltering arms, and her own tired head on grandfather's shoulder!

Was n't it strange that, when she was wishing this so earnestly, grandfather Warne should walk into her little room? Strange, but true, for he really did, and, seeming to read at one glance all the sad story, he kissed his daughter and bade her be comforted: he would do all that was needful, and then take her home to her mother.

He was true to his promise. Before very long the little home in London had been closed, the tiresome journey home was over, and late one summer day, when the sun was just kissing the hill-tops "good-night," and the little birds had sung themselves fast asleep, the one solitary Bakewell "fly" rattled up to the door of the little inn, and in a moment the poor, sad young mother, and the wee, sleepy, pink-faced baby were both held close to grandmother Warne's loving heart,—as closely as if she never meant to let them go.

For a while poor Mrs. Grey was contented, but then she grew restless and unhappy, and at last, one day, she said, "I must go back to London and work—work, or I shall die."

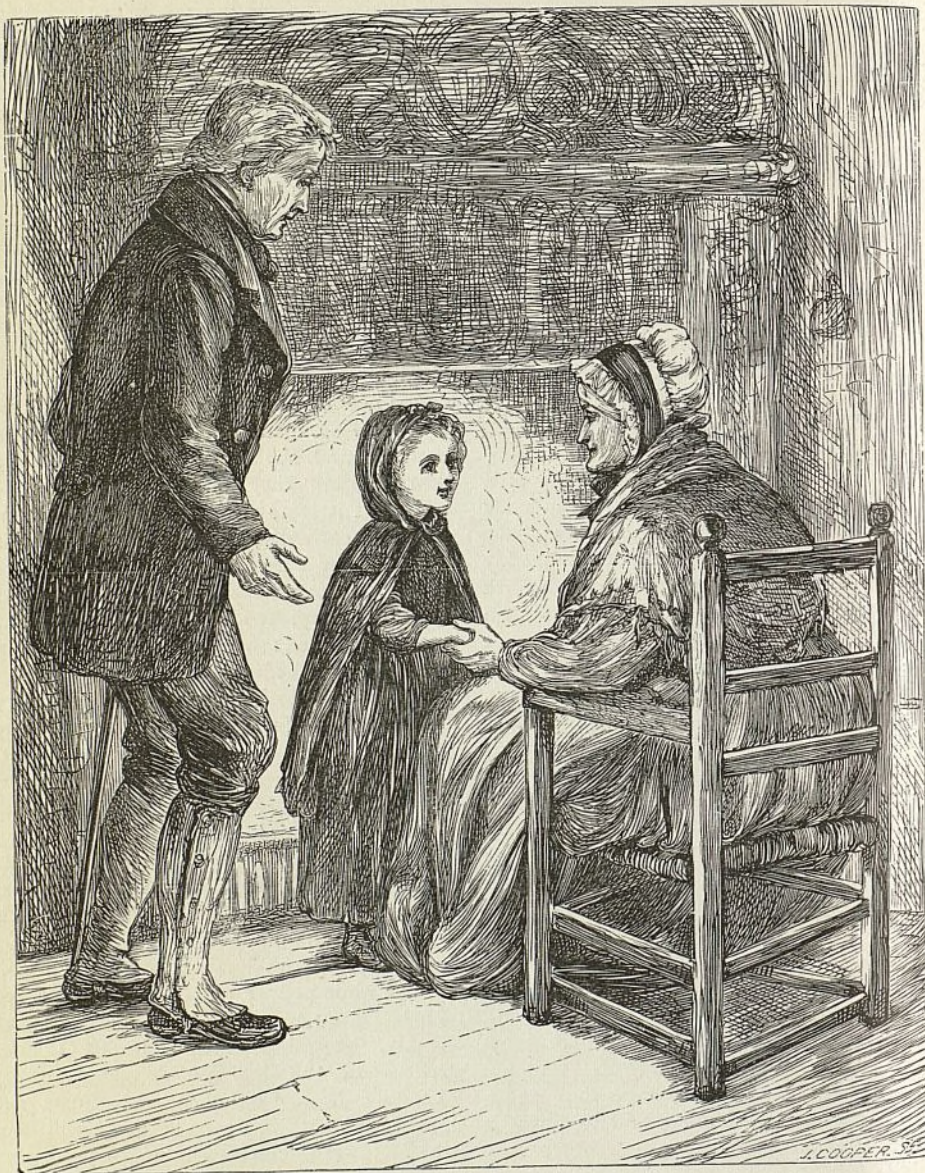
Grandmother, looking at her, knew she was right, so said, "Go, dear child; we will keep the baby and bring her up well for you; only remember this is home, and come back to it if the world is hard to you."

So Mrs. Grey went back to London; and the years rolled on. There were occasional letters, and one or two short, hurried visits, when little Pit-a-pat toddled after her mother, holding her gown and lisping pretty baby words to her. But the old rest-

lessness always came back, and even the loving baby hands could not hold their mother when an invisible cord seemed drawing her back to London, where, amid all the noise and turmoil, her dear husband was sleeping so peacefully.

when she was in pain the quaint country ballads and songs she had learned when she was a blithe little country maiden.

Grandmother was very glad to receive such good tidings; especially glad because there was a check



PATTY IN THE HOME-ROOM AT GRANDFATHER'S.

At last came a letter, saying she had found a good home as companion and nurse to a rich lady, whose riches could not make her happy, though, for she was always ill. But Patty's mother was a good nurse, and helped the poor lady, and sang to her

for five pounds in the letter, and now little Patty, who was growing out of all her clothes so fast, could have nice new ones.

"I'll make this dress long enough," said grandmother, who was very old-fashioned in her ideas;

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she did make the pretty new brown dress down to the very tops of the little low button-shoes; but that was nothing, for, as Patty said, her old one was so long that it did not matter whether she wore stockings or not. But she did wear stockings always,—nice warm scarlet ones that grandmother had for her.

Besides, she now had a new scarlet cloak, for the old one was entirely too short. I wish you could have seen her in that new cloak, with its pretty hood. She had a cunning little way of holding her head on one side and looking up out of her bright eyes, and of hopping along when she was in a hurry, that made one think of a robin red-breast, and if her name had not been Patty, it should certainly have been "little red-bird."

After the money-letter came, there was no news from Mrs. Grey for a long time. Grandmother began to grow worried, and grandfather would have gone at once to London to see what the matter was if he had not been so lame with the rheumatism that his knees were all swollen out of shape, and he could only just hobble around with the help of his cane.

At last, one day, some dreadful news came flying from London. It seemed that the rich lady with whom Mrs. Grey lived had missed a curious, old-fashioned bead purse, with ten guineas in one end and some silver half-crowns in the other; and, having no one especially to accuse, she declared that Patty's mother had taken it; and appearances were so much against her that poor Mrs. Grey was put in prison till the money should be paid back.

Of course she could not pay it, and although she was really and truly innocent, she could not prove it, and so was too heart-broken and ashamed to write to grandfather Warne and ask him to help her; and the news that came to Bakewell was that Patty's mother had stolen a great deal of money from her mistress, and was in jail for it.

"It happened ever so long ago," said the neighbor who brought the ill tidings; "she has been a weary while in the prison, poor lass."

What dreadful news to enter that happy little home! Grandmother was made so wretched by it that all that day she sat in her big chair in the chimney corner, moaning as if her heart would break, while grandfather wandered through the house in spite of his aching knees, and grieved because he was so helpless to aid Patty's poor mother. You see, they did not believe their child would do anything so wicked, but they were troubled because they could not help her.

As for little Patty, no one could bear to tell her what had happened: only cook caught her in her arms as she was running through the kitchen, gave her two fresh crumpets, and kissed her, saying:

"Ah, poor little one! Thy mother will be a sad

shame to thee now; she has done a dreadful thing."

"You naughty cook!" cried Patty, ablaze in a moment; "how dare you say bad things about my dear, far-away mother?" and she threw the crumpets down on the freshly sanded floor, and ran away sobbing to the old church, to tell her dear Dorothy all her trouble. Then she knelt by the old desk, and, folding her little hands, said:

"Dear God, please bring my mother home, so I may be like the little girls who have their mothers all the time."

That made her feel better, for she believed her prayer would be answered soon.

But she could not help sobbing a little as she thought how unhappy she would be if anything happened to her dear mother; and thought, too, that she never, never could forgive cook for speaking so; but, even as she was thinking, she fell fast asleep, with her head pillowed against her Dorothy, and in happy dreams forgot her sorrows.

When she awoke, the sun was taking his last look in at the little window, and Patty knew by the shadows in the corner that it must be past tea-time. She was rubbing her eyes wide enough open to see the way home, when the little door at the other end of the church opened, and some one entered softly. For a moment Patty was frightened, and her heart went pit-a-pat so loudly she almost thought some one was calling her, and she crouched down behind Dorothy's stone chest, trembling, as she heard footsteps approaching.

Looking out from her hiding-place, she saw a woman's figure! A large gray shawl completely covered her dress, and on her head was a silk hood that shaded her face so Patty could hardly see it. As she reached the little desk, she knelt, and, pushing back her hood impatiently, as if it choked her, she clasped her hands before her and sighed bitterly. Then Patty saw her face and oh! what a great jump her heart gave as she saw it was her mother! But how sad the face was! So pale and care-worn, and the eyes so wild that Patty was frightened and could not speak, but only looked, and wondered if that was really her own dear mother. Soon she knew, for the mother sobbed out: "Oh! for one look at my darling Patty's face! I want my little one just to hold and kiss, as I used to, long ago;" and she covered her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

Just then she felt two soft arms creep around her neck, while a warm little face was pressed close to hers, and a sweet voice whispered in her ear:

"Look up, dear mother! Here is your little Patty, waiting to kiss you!"

Then, you may be sure, the mother looked up, took Patty in her arms, and held her so close to

her heart it was almost painful, while she said, as she kissed the little upturned face: "My child, will you turn from me when you know I have been in prison? They know I am innocent now



"AT THE LITTLE DESK, SHE KNELT."

that the purse is found, those cruel people, but I can never be free from the taint of that dreadful prison till I wash it away in the river. I must go now, my baby,—the river is calling me; kiss father and mother for me; I *cannot* see them!"

Then she kissed her child again and again as if she could not part from her, while her eyes grew so wild that Patty trembled; but she clung to her mother, and said, bravely:

"Come, mother, we'll both go and see poor grandmother, who has cried all day."

So the sweet voice coaxed, and the little hands drew the almost frantic mother down the aisle, out through the church-door into the quiet street that led direct to the little inn.

"Look at me, mother," the child said, as they neared the foot-path that led down to the river. Her wise little head told her there was danger there; and her bright eyes looked up with all her loving heart shining out through them, and so held the mother's glance till the river lay behind them, and the little inn was close at hand. Just a few steps more and it was reached. Still holding her mother closely, Patty opened the door, and they stood before the poor old weeping couple.

Before any words could be spoken, Mrs. Grey fell, ill and fainting, at her mother's feet. Fortunately, there was a wise doctor from London staying at the little inn. Grandfather called him quickly, and the sick mother was well cared for. The doctor whispered "brain-fever" to grandmother, and shook his head as if it were very bad indeed. But he was wise and skillful, and after a time had his patient better, and up again, weak but in her right mind, which was the best of all.

Little Patty was a devoted nurse; her mother could not bear to miss her even for a few moments, so it was many weeks before she had a chance to run down to the old church and tell pretty Dorothy how happy she was now; how her dear mother was well again, and was never going away, but that they—four people, grandfather and grandmother Warne, little Patty and her mother—were going to live happily together forever in the little inn.

That was a good many years ago. Patty is grown up now—a pretty, sweet-faced maid of eighteen; and when I was at the "Rutland Arms," not so very long ago, I slept in one of the sweet, fragrant beds, and in the morning I had crumpets for breakfast that Patty herself had made. While she waited on me, she told me how happy they all were in the little inn, and what care her mother took of the two old people, who were too feeble to do anything but sit in their big chairs, one at each side of the fire-place, and talk and nod cheerfully to each other.

After breakfast, we went to the old church, and Patty showed me pretty Dorothy, and the desk where her mother had knelt that sad night.

"If I had not been there," said Patty, gravely, "I fear my mother really would have drowned herself. The doctor said she was wild with the fever then;" and she added, shyly, "I often come yet and talk to my Dorothy," and she looked lovingly at her stone friend.

Then I had to say "good-bye," and I have never seen her since; but I have no doubt that to this day Patty lives in the little inn, and still goes and tells her joys and sorrows to "pretty Dorothy."

to tell
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One day
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"Is it a ripe black-

"No; it's ev-er so
gar-den-er.

Fred-dy could n't think of any
looked ev-er-y day at the black-ber-ries and
as if they nev-er would get ripe, and he had prom-ise
his mam-ma nev-er to eat a green one.

But the gar-den-er took Fred-dy to a great li-lac
bush, and pulled aside the branch-es, and there, hid-den
a-mong the leaves and flow-ers, was a lit-tle nest with
young birds in it! Fred-dy could see each lit-tle feath-er-
less bird with wide-o-pen beak, when the gar-den-er lift-
ed him up.

"Where's the mam-ma bird?" said Fred-dy, look-ing
all a-round the bush.

"There she is, on that tree," said the gar-den-er.
"She is watch-ing for her mate, who has gone to get the
young birds' din-ner. See her now; here she comes
fly-ing and cry-ing. We've fright-ened her. We'd
bet-ter go a-way."

"You go a-way," said Fred-dy, "but let me stand here ver-y still
by this tree and watch for the pa-pa bird. I want to see him, too."

As Fred-dy was stand-ing watch-ing for the pa-pa bird, he heard a cry
from the mam-ma bird, and, look-ing up, he saw a great hawk in the
air and sweep-ing down to-ward the nest.

Fred-dy thought of the pict-ure in the book, and as he had n't any
gun to shoot the hawk, he be-gan to scream and throw stones at it,





LIT-TLE Pop-ple-de-Pol-ly
Said: "See my new Dol-ly!
With her boo-ti-ful, pop-o-pen eyes;
But I can't make her speak,
Though I've tried for a week;
And when-ev-er I hug her, she cries!"



He set down his bas-ket, took the milk a-way from the old cat and gave it to the kit-tens. Tab-by did not care, for she smelt the fish. She tipped the bas-ket o-ver, rolled out the ap-ple which a man had giv-en to Tim, and took the fish in her teeth. She did not like the flow-ers which Tim had picked for his moth-er. She kept her eyes fixed on him, hop-ing to get a-way with the fish be-fore he saw her. But Tim caught her just in time.

When he told his moth-er, she said that Tab-by had a right to what she found on that step, for that was the cat's sup-per-ta-ble. Then she gave him a fish-bas-ket for his own, and told him to try not to be so care-less again.

...the good times are here,
...heads rest from books and
...little hearts a freer chance to grow sweet
...moving.

My meadow never was fresher nor brighter
than now. By the way, the birds have made
friends with the bumble-bees, I think. At any rate,
here 's a message that I found on my pulpit this
morning, from E. S. C., whose real name seems
to be Sir Bumble-Bee. But what is this he says
about growing smaller as he became older?
Does n't Sir Bumble deceive himself?

Only listen now to this:

"SIR BUMBLE-BEE'S STORY.

"Hum-m-m! I was far from home, good sir,—
Hum-m-m!—in some lilies busy working,
When I felt a sudden shock—
On my back an awful knock—
And my poor head went a-jerking!

"Hum-m-m! 'T was an upstart humming-bird,—
Hum-m-m!—who gave me that hard thumping,
With the great long lance, his bill.
But he's only roused my will,
And soon I'll set him jumping.

"Hum-m-m! When I'm strong, some sunny day,—
Hum-m-m!—I'll prick him quick as winking!
He shall have a chance to see
That a knightly Bumble-Bee
Can do some powerful thinking!

"Hum-m-m! Lady Bumble waits for me,—
Hum-m-m!—So now I'm off—no moping—
Or my children, plump and tall,—
Since I've grown so old and small—
May pine with anxious hoping.
Hum-m-m!
Good-day!"

HOW THE BECHUANAS SMOKE.

"THE Bechuanas of South Africa don't carry
pipes and cigars about with them," says Deacon
Green; "but when they want to smoke, they make

RAG-PICKERS.

...once saw in Italy, on the ground,
what looked like a little nest of spiders' eggs, mov-
ing along. A sharp glance, however, showed an
untidy, fluffy ball, the size of a large pea, carried
by some creature about a quarter of an inch long.

But, my dears, you need n't go away to Italy to
find insect rag-pickers. Look in your raspberry
patches, when the red-caps, black-caps and yellow-
caps are ripening, and you will see some. They
gather and carry scraps of fiber, gauze of fly-wings,
dried flower-petals, and other ragged shreds, hold-
ing them on with the long hairs that grow upon
their bodies.

Ordinary persons know these insects by the
name "raspberry geometer," but if you are par-
ticular about calling them by their book-name, you
must say *Synchlora rubivoraria*.

Now, why do these little fellows go about dis-
guised in that way? It surely cannot be because
they think the rags and tatters will hide them from
the birds who might eat them? Why, a bird from
a tree-top will see a hair in the road-dust, and pick
it up to fill some remembered chink in its nest!

Maybe, these rag-pickers bundle up so as to make
themselves disagreeable morsels for birds to swal-
low? And maybe they do it just to tease, and set
everybody to asking questions about them.

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH.

DEAR MR. JACK: Once I cut out from a newspaper a little piece
about keeping cut flowers fresh for a long time, and I followed the
directions and succeeded beautifully, only the heliotrope did not keep
well. But mignonette stayed fresh for ever and ever so long. I
have the newspaper scrap yet, and I send it to you for other little
girls to try.—Your true friend,
SADIE HUNTER.

"Pour water into a flat dish. Stand a vase of
cut flowers in the dish, and over it put a bell-glass,
so that its rim comes beneath the water and rests
on the dish. The flowers will remain fresh for a
long time, because the air about them, being shut
in by the bell-glass, is kept moist by the vapor that
rises from the water. The vapor turns to water
again, and runs down the sides of the bell-glass

ESTORS WL
DOING CREDIT

put together. It was pasture lots of twenty thousand acres, with miles and miles of fencing. Its flower gardens cover acres upon acres; all the gardens and yards in your town put together will not equal one of its verbenas in size. Even the spiders in this great State are giant spiders, some of them being as large as a tea-cup or even a saucer. This giant is so rich that it has eighty-nine million acres of land to give away.

It is one of the United States; but it was not bought from somebody, nor was it ceded, that is, given by somebody, as were the other States, excepting the original thirteen. It came into the Union of its own free will.

Giants, you know, make long strides and accomplish great things in a short time. So this one builds cities as by magic. You may stand on one of its prairies and see nothing but waving grass, far to where the sky meets earth; returning in six months to the same spot, you will find a city, with stores, hotels, churches and schools; find busy people hurrying to and fro; merry children on their way to school, all looking as though their home had been there for years.

The name of this giant State signifies, according to some persons, "roof" or "roof-tiles"; according to others, "friends."

The name itself I have not mentioned, because I want to let your readers guess it.

MAB.

LILLIE (PHILADELPHIA), ANNA H. WIERUM, AND EVERYBODY ELSE.—Always send your full postal address when writing to ST. NICHOLAS;—not to be printed, but so that, if there should be no room in the "Letter-Box" for an answer, a written reply may be sent to you by mail.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the April number of the magazine I was much interested by the account of "The dear little deer," and thought I would like to get one. Could you tell me if they can be got anywhere in New York, or if they are very expensive? I would not even mind the brown instead of white, if only I could get one of them for a pet. I suppose those men who sell curious birds and animals would not keep them?—Your very devoted reader,

RHITA HANDCOCK.

To this letter Mr. D. C. Beard, who owned the "Dear Little Deer" at the time of its death, replies:

There is not, I believe, a single live specimen of the pigmy musk or mouse-deer now in the United States. The one I had, a picture of which I made for ST. NICHOLAS, is the only living one I have ever seen. White ones are exceedingly rare, and one of them would cost a very great deal of money. There is now, or there was a few months since, a specimen of a larger species of this deer at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia. The captain of the ship "Janet Furgerson" has promised to bring me over some more of the mouse-deer upon his next trip from Singapore, though it is extremely doubtful whether or not they will live until the ship reaches America.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Alligators' eggs are a little larger than hens' eggs. Not long ago a newspaper said that a woman found

some in a field, and were both very much surprised.

Your little friend,

W. H. P. sends word that the dog whose portrait appeared in the April "Letter-Box" is a black Irish setter, called "Bobbie," property of Mr. C. C. G., a gentleman in Eldora, Iowa, and father of the boy referred to in the letter printed with the picture. The dog in the picture had on Mr. G.'s hat and ulster and the photographer's spectacles. W. H. P. adds: "Every one who knows 'Bobbie' recognized his portrait in the 'Letter-Box.'"

Galveston, Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to the question of Miss Carrie Snead in the "Letter-Box" of your May number, I reply that the leaves of the trees in Australia do not expose their flat surfaces to the sun, because his rays are too burning, and the leaves would dry up very quickly if they were too bold.

C. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a wolf. The other day a man brought to a livery-stable in our city, Lincoln, Neb., a little baby prairie-wolf that did not have its eyes open. An old cat that had her kittens up in a hay-loft heard it crying, came down, picked it up, carried it in her mouth to the loft and put it with her kittens, and has nursed and taken care of it ever since. The baby wolf and kittens are living happily together, but I expect there will be trouble after a while; what do you think?

DAISY C.

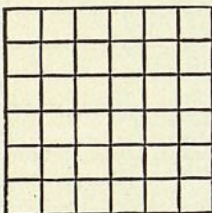
L. M. P. AND OTHERS.—In answer to your letters about the June frontispiece, entitled "The Home of the Herons," we will tell you a little about the birds themselves.

The species represented in the picture is the largest of the heron family,—the Great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias*),—found in almost all parts of temperate North America.

The average height of the Great Blue Heron is about three and a half to four feet, and its expanded wings measure from tip to tip nearly six feet. The tail is comparatively short, and is almost hidden by the folded wings.

The Great Blue Heron is of rather darker colors than the other members of its group, of which the chief color is a steel-gray. The head is black, with a white spot at the base of the bill; and protruding several inches behind is a plume of long, slender feathers, two of which are much longer than the others. Grayish-white, slender feathers are also seen upon the lower neck, breast and shoulders. The long neck is covered with soft, light-brown feathers, and extending down its entire front is a pure white streak or stripe. The edges of the wings and the upper portions of the legs are of a beautiful rich brown, and the under parts are almost entirely black, with streakings

WHO CAN SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Never having seen the inclosed puzzle printed, I send it to you.



The square contains thirty-six small squares. The object is to place six dots, one in a square, so that no two of them will be in the same line vertically, horizontally or diagonally.—Yours truly,
 "CROW."

NETTIE STEVENS.—Celluloid is the name of a pale yellow, transparent substance resembling some kinds of gum. It is light, hard and elastic, and is insoluble in water. The method of making it was discovered about ten years ago, and it began to be manufactured about six years ago, and is now made in very great quantities both here and in Europe. It is made by treating a certain kind of soft tissue-paper in acids till it is reduced to a soft pulp. It is then treated with camphor by a chemical process, and the material when finished is the celluloid so much used in place of ivory. It may be colored to resemble coral, tortoise-shell, malachite and many other natural substances, and in the form of piano keys, billiard balls, handles of all kinds, cuffs and collars, jewelry, harness mountings and hundreds of other things, it may be seen in almost every store in the country. It was thought at one time to be explosive, but it is now said to be no more dangerous nor inflammable than the paper and camphor out of which it is made. Celluloid is one of the most remarkable triumphs of chemistry in imitating natural substances like shell and ivory.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February article on automata, the author describes a wonderful clock made by a German; I want to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS of a still more wonderful clock, of which I have read. It was made by one Drez, of Geneva. "On it were seated a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached

MR. AND MRS. HOSPITALITY. Miss Despondent lay on the box which she held in her hands, her eyes half closed, occasionally sighing a sigh.

At last, she said: "I can't do it."
 "Then," said Mrs. Hospitality, "do put it down, and about it any more."

"But I must do it. I cannot leave it this way! And yet," said poor Miss Despondent, "I do not know how."

It was the "Game of Fifteen."

Miss Despondent, in an evil moment, had bought one. She had now got it all right but the last line, which came 13-15-14. She had been at it for two hours without speaking, which was not polite in a guest, but then, one must make every allowance for the slaves of 13-14-15.

Mr. and Mrs. Hospitality lived in Boston, and Miss Dorothy Despondent was visiting them. It was six o'clock when Miss Despondent said she could n't do it,—half an hour before dinner,—and it was getting dark. The gas was then lighted, and Miss Despondent still went on shifting the little wooden blocks, but never seeming to get any nearer the end. She had just put the box down on the table, saying she would have nothing more to do with it, when in walked young Mr. Henry Hospitality, who took it up. In about ten minutes, he said: "I have done it. If you turn the 6 upside down, and the 9 upside down, thus making a 6 of the 9, and a 9 of the 6, you can do it."

Miss Despondent never has any trouble now with "The Game of Fifteen." She can always do it.

In a short time, she is to become Mrs. Henry Hospitality.

K. U.

W. H. BROWN.—The earliest date when chocolate was used, in England, as a drink, is 1657. A London newspaper of that year says: "In Bishopsgate street, in Queen's Head alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called 'chocolate' to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates."

ERNEST T. CAPEN AND J. W. J.—In this letter, from the author of the story of "The Tea-Kettle Light," you will find answers to your questions:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In response to Ernest T. Capen's inquiry as to how Joe kept his birch bark from burning, I can add but few particulars to the account given in March.

Joe himself, now a white-haired man, sitting by my side, tells me that the tea-kettle he used was packed full of the thick outer bark taken from the trunk of the white birch-tree. He did not use the thinner bark of the branches and twigs, for it would have consumed faster. He also says there are other sorts of birch, especially the black and gray birch with their spicy inner bark, neither of which would probably have answered his purpose. It was easy to keep his kettle just hot enough.

It hung on a crane in an old-fashioned fire-place, just as represented in the engraving which accompanied the story; and, by the way, I would like to thank Mr. Redwood and yourself, also, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for that same good illustration. So, of course, the draft carried all smoke and odor up the chimney.

Joe says, too, that of course the gas must be lighted when it begins to issue from the spout of the tea-kettle, just like any gas. There was no difficulty at all with his light, except that indicated in the story. To put out the light, he lifted the kettle off the crane, and when it became cool, the flame went out.

Wishing success to any future attempt to reproduce this old-time, home-made gas-light, I remain yours truly, FLORA A. SANBORN.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

FOUR EASY SQUARE WORDS.

- I. 1. SOUND. 2. Parched. 3. Dainty. 4. A paradise.
 II. 1. To pursue. 2. One of the United States. 3. Part of the neck. 4. Muscle.
 III. 1. To puzzle. 2. A sign. 3. Part of a plant. 4. Terminates.
 IV. 1. A small particle. 2. An emblem. 3. A precious stone. 4. To dissolve.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

- I. 1. In procrastination. 2. A large cask. 3. A sweet substance. 4. A small horse. 5. In predestination.
 II. 1. In cowslip. 2. A beverage. 3. A kind of fruit. 4. A kind of ostrich. 5. In idiosyncrasy.
 Centrals Across: A kind of sweetmeat. D. W.

ENIGMATICAL FABLE.

The problem is to name the tools.

Some shrubs and vines for years had grown
 In a stony, rocky place,
 And now their roots were sadly cramped:
 How should they get more space?

They called a council, and agreed
 A certain rock to split,
 With powder or with dynamite,
 Could they but manage it.

"But who will drill the holes?" was asked

("I fear we are but fools!");

"The grape-vine will, of course," said one,—

"It always has the tools."

AUNT SUE.

CHARADE.

My first is a governor. My second a biped. My whole is a beautiful bird named in honor of a king who once reigned for his father.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

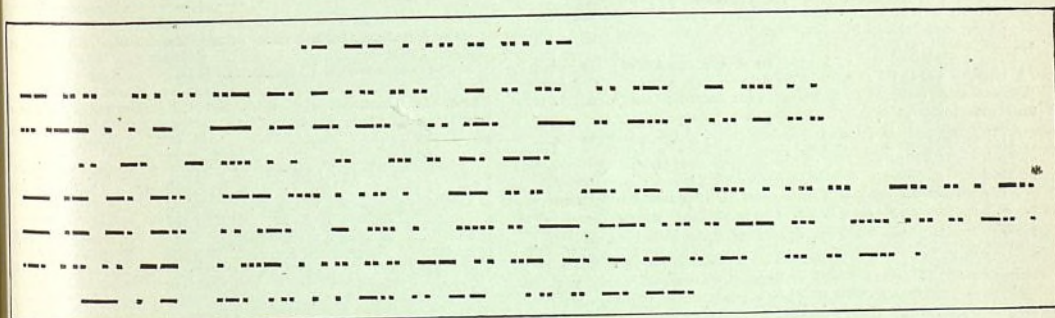
I AM composed of twenty-three letters, and am the full name of a noted American artist and inventor.

My 14, 20, 22, 11 is a flower. My 12, 2, 19 is a root used by man as food. My 3, 4, 10, 16 is a four-footed animal. My 7, 8, 13 is a falsehood. My 17, 5, 8, 9, 23 is a fish-net. My 18, 15, 6 is a fish. My 1, 23, 11, 21 is a prophet.

MARGARET POTTER.

TELEGRAPHIC PATRIOTIC VERSE.

The telegraphic characters arranged in the accompanying frame



represent the title and first stanza of a hymn well known to every American. The characters used are those of the Morse Telegraphic Alphabet.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

The problem is to name the chief persons mentioned as having part in the scenes described.

I. An American noted for courage is captured and bound to a tree, while the battle still rages around him. His captors, forced to retreat, carry him with them and again bind him to a tree, intending to torture him to death.

But the captive's life is saved by a Frenchman; and the American afterward fought at Bunker's Hill.

II. On the bank of a noble river, three men search a fourth, and find papers in his stockings.

III. A convention is in session. A tall, spare man is saying: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me —!"

IV. In South Carolina, a British and an American officer sit down to a dinner consisting of but one kind of vegetable.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

In each of these puzzles, but one word is needed to fill the blanks properly, only the letters of the word must be arranged differently for each blank.

1. The — were well learned, the — rich and clear, but the — of a — thrown through the window took away from our enjoyment of the music.

2. Three —, lounging on the gunwale, were gazing at a — and teaching each other the various — of navigation; but there were holes in their books, gnawed by —; so the lesson was short.

3. I took — and — to buy a —.

BERTIE JACKSON.

DIAMOND.

1. IN octoroon. 2. Part of an ape. 3. Found in temples. 4. A singing bird. 5. An inhabitant of a part of the East Indies. 6. A fish. 7. In octoroon.

ISOLA.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC RIDDLE.

THIS puzzle is based on names found in those books of the Old Testament which are called "Joshua," "Chronicles," and "Kings." Each cross-word spells the same backward and forward, but the word formed by the initials of the cross-words in the given order is spelled downward only.

1. A pass, by which an enemy came
To fight with Judah, but met with shame,
Backward and forward spelling the same.
2. To rank with princes my next could claim;
With men of valor is classed his name,
Which backward and forward spells the same.
3. The *father* of one, of Scripture fame
(Of *himself* no record gives praise, or blame);
And backward and forward spelling the same.
4. To the sons of Elpaal we offer no blame
For rearing a temple whose musical name
Backward and forward reads ever the same.

5. Of one who back to Jerusalem came
With Babylon captives my next is the name,
Backward and forward still spelling the same.

6. A town in Assyria next you may name
Where, brought by the king, Jewish captives once came,
And backward and forward it spells just the same.

The initials of these, in their order, will frame
Of a Jewish town, in a valley, the name,
And which backward and forward does *not* spell the same.

