

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A DAY OFF BARNEGAT.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"YOU need n't tell me," said Paul, decidedly. "Don't you suppose I know well enough that there isn't any such thing as a cedar *mine*? Why, you stupid, mines are for iron and stone and such things. Just as if trees ever grew down in the ground! I thought you had more sense. You don't know what you are talking about, when you talk about cedar *mines*."

"Come, now," said Jack, who, sitting on a clam-basket, had been digging his heels into the sand and watching Paul with a twinkle in his honest gray eyes. "Who's lived here the longest? There were cedar mines off Barnegat when you and I were n't anywhere and our fathers were babies. Come along with us, and you'll see."

"Where is it you're going? Where are the cedar mines?" cried Lotty and Polly, running up from their little benches in the rock-house near by.

"You can't go unless you hem three new sails for my brig," said Jack's small brother, Jimmy.

"I'll help," Lotty said, as Polly's face fell. "If you'll only take us. Where is it?"

"To the cedar mines, to be sure," said Jack. "And to stay all night, too. Cap'n Barlow is going to have a new surf-boat, just like mine, and he's going for just the right kind of log, an' he said as long as he had n't any freight, he'd as soon take some passengers. So I told your grandfather, and we're all going to-morrow; all except Paul, and he won't want to, I suppose, 'cause there is n't any such thing as cedar mines, he says, and it would n't be worth while to start for nowhere. Now, mind you, Polly Ben,—three sails to hem, and that pays your passage. I wish I could earn mine as easy."

"I guess you would n't think it so easy if you had to prick your fingers as many times as I do," said

Polly, looking very melancholy. "It does seem as if you might have one boat without hemming the sails. Why can't they be raw edges?"

"Can't be done," said Jimmy. "You never saw a ship's sails left with raw edges. That's what girls are for—to hem, and all such things."

"Fudge!" said Polly, indignantly. "I guess a girl knows better what she's for than a boy does. Now, boys always think they know so much, and try to make girls think they don't know anything."

"Oh, it's because they are boys," said Lotty, soothingly. "Men would n't ever act like that. My father does n't. Jimmy and Nathan went when they're big. Now, let's hem as fast as we can, for I've got to go home to dinner pretty soon."

"Well, but," said Polly, still exercised in her mind, "I think it's mean to be always throwing it up to you that you aint a boy. Just as if you could help it. I would n't be one, any way,—hollering so loud, and knocking down everything and bursting all their buttons off. Now, if I was married and had thirteen boys, Lotty,—like Cap'n Brown; they've got thirteen, and not even a single girl,—why, one of 'em would *have* to learn to sew. I would n't sew buttons on for thirteen every day. No; I would n't."

"For the land's sake, Polly Ben!" said a voice, and Polly looked up, rather guiltily, to see her mother, who stood in the door-way. "I guess you'll never hurt yourself with buttons, nor anything else. I want you to shell the peas, Polly. You come along, Lotty, if you want to."

"No; it's 'most dinner-time, and I must go," Lotty said; "but I'm coming down this afternoon to finish the sail. See the boat dance! I believe Nathan is shaking it."

The children stood still a moment, watching the boys, who were in a boat near the red buoy. Then Lotty climbed the bluff and walked on through the grove to Grandfather Green's, where she found him busy baking all sorts of good things for the next day. In the parlor was a tall gentleman with very long beard and very bald head, who, she found, was to go with them, and who looked at her over his spectacles, and said:

"How do you do, little girl?"

Lotty watched him carefully, confiding to Polly that afternoon that she believed he tied on his beard every morning, because, how could he have so much hair on his face and not a speck on his head except a little fringe at the back? Polly agreed to find out, if possible, whether Mr. Cross tied on his beard or not; and when, next morning, they all met on board Captain Barlow's pretty schooner, she examined the gentleman so sharply that he felt quite uncomfortable.

"You must n't stare so," Jack whispered, as the anchor came up and the sails filled. "What's the matter?"

"Why, I just wanted to find out if he did tie it on," Polly answered.

"Tie what on?"

"His whiskers, you know. Lotty thought he did, 'cause you see he has n't got any hair on his head."

Jack laughed uproariously, and then stroked his own smooth chin with a reflective air.

"Just think," said Lotty, suddenly, "how the mosquitoes will bite him."

"Then he can tie his beard all around his head," said Polly. "He'll have to do something when we get to the swamp. Don't you know, when we went for salt hay last year, how we tied on our handkerchiefs and everything? My! How they did bite! Oh, see how we're going! Is n't this a nice schooner?"

"I reckon," said Captain Barlow, who stood by, looking with calm pride at the pretty vessel. "There is n't one in New York Bay can beat her. Mind the boom there! Look out!"

The strange gentleman, quite unused to boats, sat near the boom talking earnestly with Squire Green, who moved away and said, "Take care!" but not soon enough for Mr. Cross, who, rising in surprise that his audience should walk away quietly, had his hat sent flying, and was pushed down by one of the sailors as the heavy spar swung over.

"I ax your pardon," the man said, smiling, "but you'll lose your head, too, if you don't look out for that jib."

"Is it loose? Why don't you fasten it?" asked Mr. Cross, looking forlornly after his hat, which danced up and down in the water, while Paul

and the other boys rushed to the cabin, where they could laugh as much as they liked.

When they came out, Mr. Cross's head was tied up in a red silk handkerchief, and he was talking earnestly, as before, about cretaceous and triassic formations, while Paul's father and mother looked a little as if they would rather enjoy the clear air and bounding motion through the blue water than listen to any lecture on geology.

"He's a geologist," said Paul, who had concluded to come, as all the boys and girls knew he would. "He knows everything there is in the earth and out of it. It's all he thinks about, and he's been at Father and Grandfather every minute since noon yesterday. It does me good to think Father has to listen just the way we boys do to a teacher."

"Just the way you boys don't," Polly said. "You'd know a heap if you listened half as hard as your father. You would n't listen about the cedar mines."

"They're in sight now," said Captain Barlow, pointing south. "Now, you would n't believe it, but there's Barnegat Inlet, where you see that long beach. Well, forty years ago,—an' I remember it well,—there was what they called the Great Swamp, quarter of a mile long; yes, more 'n that. Now, you can't find hide nor hair of it, except at low water; an' then you jest see the stumps sticking up near two hundred yards from the beach. That's the way the sea is doing to Jarsey,—crawlin' up, crawlin' up, an' there's no knowin' where it'll stop. In 1824, our folks had six acres o' land along there, an' now there aint one inch of it to be seen nowhere. There were salt-works at Absecon, and now there aint a thing but Absecon Inlet. Four hundred yards swallowed whole."

"That's the way these cedar-swamps are made," said Squire Green, who had brought his camp-stool near the children. "Great forests, generations ago, came down to the very edge of the shore, and the sea crept up, gradually swallowing tree by tree, till now, at low water, you can see the trunks far out from shore. All along this coast are marshes where thousands of white and red cedar-trees are buried. Sometimes, roots or branches stick up and show the spot, but oftener you must sound for them with a long rod; for they are covered over with sod smooth as a meadow."

"I should n't think they'd be good for anything," said Paul. "They ought to be all soft and spongy, under water so."

"That's the singular part of it," Grandfather went on, warming with his subject. "There is some quality in the soil which helps to keep them, for when it's dry it burns like peat,—the Irish peat, you know,—about the only fuel they use. These

fellows who make the shingles can tell by the sound, when the rod strikes a log, whether it's good or not."

"That's so," said Captain Barlow, who had come near again. "They're as keen as woodpeckers after a hollow tree. It beats me. There's Seth Chapin, always been around in them swamps till I believe he knows every log in 'em. He's a heap more dried up than they be. That's his ground over there. We'll anchor about here, and send you over in the boat."

In another hour the party were on shore, where only curiosity could have made them stay at all. Dead tree-trunks were all about, some bleached by

one where the shingle-makers worked on rainy days.

Some distance on, three or four men were gathered about one spot, and Seth Chapin piloted the party toward them.

"Easy, now," he said, as Mr. Cross, in his eagerness, suddenly went up to his knees in water. "It don't do to walk around here very lively, unless you know the ropes. Now you watch that fellow."

A man in high boots was sounding with a long iron rod, pushing it down into the mud; and, presently, seeming to have found what he wanted, he took a spade and began digging.

"It was all standing water here ten years ago,"



SOUNDING FOR THE CEDAR LOGS.

long exposure, standing white and ghost-like; others black and grim. Sluggish creeks wound through them to the sea, and far inland stretched the Great Swamp, with treacherous green spots where one sank unawares, and a wild mass of fallen and twisted trunks. Now and then, in the waste, one saw the deep green of a cedar, and the strong salt grass pushed its way everywhere, while over all danced clouds of mosquitoes, rejoicing in these fresh and succulent arrivals. Near the shore was a sort of camp; a hut, where cooking was done; another, where the men slept, and a larger

Mr. Chapin went on as they watched. "But we cut off all the live timber, and it's drying off considerable."

"Look at him! He's smelling of a chip!" cried Harry. "What's that for?"

"So's to know if it's a *windfall* or a *break-down*," said Mr. Chapin. "Now, you need n't laugh, Squire. Could n't tell you *how* he knows, but I know, and he does, too, the minute we smell. A *windfall* was sound when the wind laid it, but a *break-down* came from old age, and they're of no 'count. What is it, Jim?"

"*Windfall*," the man said, shortly, proceeding to cut away the matted roots and earth and saw off the ends, aided by a boy, who suddenly appeared. Two red-faced men came with crow-bars, with which they pried underneath; and as the water, always near the surface here, filled up the hole they had made, the log rose to the top with as much buoyancy as if it had been a fresh one.

"Now, that's a thumper!" said Mr. Chapin, as they all bent forward; and Mr. Cross, forgetting mud and mosquitoes, seated himself on a stump, and began counting the rings which showed the age of the tree.

"That's the biggest one we've had in a long while," Mr. Chapin went on, eyeing it critically. "Mostly, they're from two to three feet through; but this one, I should say, was — I'll see."

Mr. Chapin took out a foot-rule and bent over the trunk.

"Five feet eleven inches. Might as well call it six. That's an old one. Generally, now, we get 'em—well—about a hundred; but there's been trees cut down that was seven hundred years old, and out of the swamp we've had 'em a thousand and more."

"You've got such an one now," said Mr. Cross, rising up with a flushed but beaming face, and waving aside a cloud of mosquitoes. "That log has nine hundred and thirty-six rings! It's an infant, though, to some that you'll never get, for this swamp has been thousands of years in forming. Now, you see here first the common blue mud of the marshes. Looking at my boots gives you a clear idea of its character. Two feet or so of that, and then we have the peaty, cedar-swamp earth; cedar-stumps bedded in it first; below, gum and magnolia, and finally hard bottom, the original earth. I see it with my mind's eye;" and Mr. Cross shut his visible eyes tight, while Seth Chapin looked at him with a surprised expression. "You'll find a very good idea of it in 'Lyell,' volume first, thirty-fourth page. Very good ideas, indeed. Borrowed, like other good ideas. Borrowed from Dr. Beasely, who knew the swamps like his A B C, and took him through them. He is conclusive as to the age of these bogs."

"Well, I'm not," said Mr. Chapin. "I don't go ag'in' creation, no how nor way, and 't aint likely these shingles is any older 'n Genesis. That's old enough for me; and I'm glad to get 'em any age. That log, Cap'n? You want to trade for that log? We'll talk about it."

Captain Barlow lighted his pipe and sat down, knowing the talk would take some time, and the children scattered, some watching the neat, quick splitting of the lengths into shingles, and the boys who made them into bundles, while Polly and

Lotty, growing tired of this, went down to the shore and watched some sea-spiders which had been left in a pool of water by the last tide. Captain Barlow concluded his bargain in time; a one-eyed and skinny horse drew the log to shore, and it was towed behind them as they rowed back to the schooner,—Jack rolling up his trousers and sitting astride of it.

Once on deck again, Mr. Cross made notes in a thick, green book of all he had seen, while the children ran about examining everything, and trying to wait patiently for supper, the savory smell of which filled the cabin.

The moon rose early, and the dead tree-trunks about the inlet looked more ghostly than ever. The sailors gathered on the deck and told stories of strange sights seen about these shores, till the children shivered, and were glad that they were not to go to bed alone that night. Even Mr. Cross joined the circle, and gave some learned reasons as to the great improbability that any of Captain Kidd's money would ever be found, while the boys, remembering their private search for it the year before, looked at one another consciously.

At nine o'clock, one of the men brought up two or three mattresses, and laid them on the deck.

"Oh, Captain Barlow! Am I going to sleep here?" Lotty said.

"No, ma'am, you're not," the Captain answered. "They're for the men folks. You ladies have my cabin, and your ma's there now."

"Oh, do let me sleep here," Lotty begged, thinking how wonderful it would seem to have those tall masts for bed-posts.

"No place for gals. They're not tough enough for outdoors."

"I'm tough," Lotty urged, but was called before she had time for more begging, and, tired out with the long day, she and Polly were soon asleep.

Mr. Cross tried one of the mattresses for a time, but, not liking it altogether, climbed presently to a place he had seen one of the sailors occupy that day—the loose folds of the foresail, which had been hauled in, and made a bed comfortable as a hammock. Here he lay, serenely looking up at the stars, and at last he fell asleep to dream of new geological formations; and there he was still when morning dawned, and Captain Barlow ordered all sail set for home. Quicker than I can write, the ropes were loosened, and, as the sails flew out, Mr. Cross flew too, sprawling wildly in the air, and then going down in the clear water.

For a moment, the sailors stood bewildered at the apparition. Then the cry, "Man overboard!" was heard, and as every one rushed on deck, Captain Barlow jumped overboard, caught the struggling man as he came to the surface, and in a

minute more the two were hauled in by the sailors, who had thrown ropes to them.

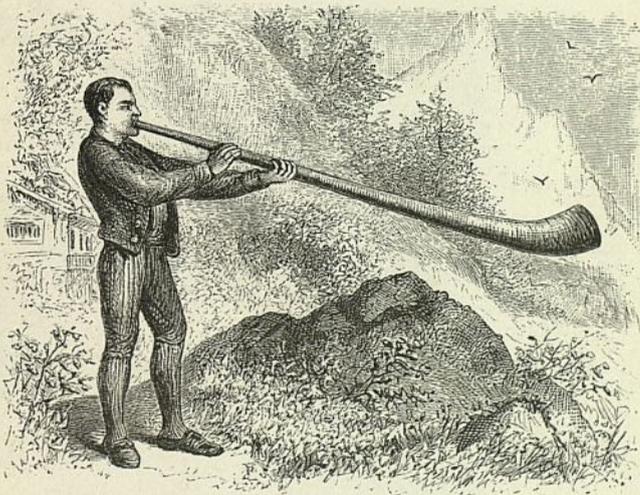
"You've saved my life," Mr. Cross said, coughing and choking. "What can I do to reward you?"

"Get some dry clothes and keep away from the boom," was all the Captain said, as he took him down to the cabin; and ten minutes later the two

appeared, Mr. Cross looking more eccentric than ever in a sailor's shirt and wide trousers. The ducking had done him no harm. In fact, the geology seemed to have been washed out for the time, and quite a different man showed himself, who told stories and made sport generally, till the boys shouted, and Polly said it was too bad he could n't have been ducked the day before.

THE SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT."

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



"AMONG the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking-trumpet, 'Praise the Lord God!'

"As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring huntsmen, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime, it has become quite dark.

"'Good-night!' at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the huntsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest."

Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy-crowned summits lift far overhead!

'T is the sweet "Alpine hour," when the night is descending
To brood o'er the homes where the cottagers dwell;

And the sweet *Ranz des Vaches* no longer is blending
With silence—'t is evening, the time of farewell.

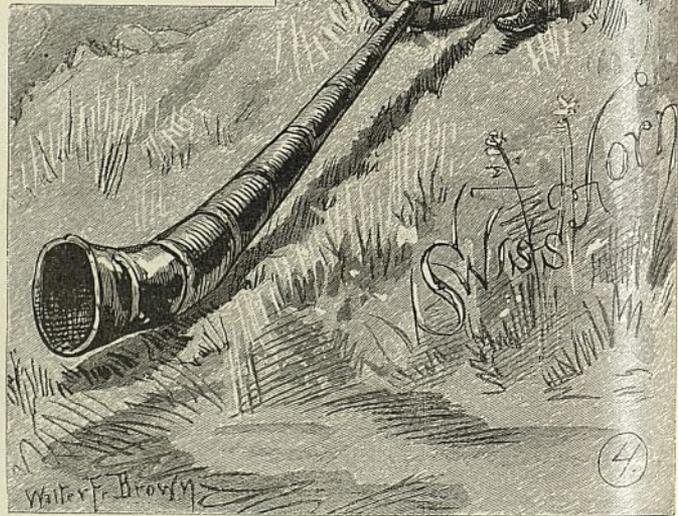
And yet once again the huntsman is taking
His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the door.
Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking—
"Praise the Lord God, evermore!—evermore!"

Clear, sharp and distinct, down the mountains repeating,
In solemn succession voice answereth voice,
Till e'en the lost chamois will hush his wild bleating,
And the heart of the forest awake and rejoice.

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing,
It rolls like a pæan of triumph above,
Till ev'ry grand summit and tall peak is singing,
While bathed in the smile and the halo of love!

O magical hour! O soul-offered
duty!
So solemn, instructive, its noble refrain;
What an exquisite scene, when
God's rainbow of beauty
Speaks the language of promise
to mortals again!

And when all the glory of sunset
has faded
From cloud-piercing heights,
and the stars twinkle out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-
night," repeated
To ev'ry lone dwelling with
musical shout!



The chain of affection to God and each other
So perfectly linking and welding aright:
When fondly the accents—"Hail, neighbor and brother!"
Melt in the broad air with—"Good-night, friend, g-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t!"

ROLL'S RUNAWAY.

BY H. L. S. AND M. W., JR.

IT was a bright, crisp morning, and although the air felt like September, it was really July; one of those days which it seems ought to belong to the autumn, but which, by some mistake of the weather-clerk, has been misplaced. The cool "off-shore" wind, coming from far away up in the meadows, scarcely paused as it swept over the little sand island and rushed boisterously out to sea, with the force of "half a gale."

Any one who was on the alert that morning might have seen two boys walking along the beach, one holding a ball of stout cord, part of which was wound around the body of the other. From the motions of both the boys and the evident straining and surging of the line, the observer might have supposed that they had hooked a large fish, and, not being able to land it, were content merely to prevent its escaping. But the principal fact contradictory to this theory was that the line, instead of leading downward into the ocean, stretched upward far above their heads.

If, now, the spectator had continued his search for the unknown cause of the boys' singular movements, he would have discovered, away up in the air, a monster kite, now rising, now falling, as the gusts struck it, and continually surging and swaying on the kite-string, seemingly trying either to snap the cord or drag the boys into the water.

"Whew! Does n't it pull, though!" exclaimed the younger of the two, who held the ball of twine.

"I should say it did," answered the other, as he felt the quivering line. "Is n't it a pity, Tom, that we can't make use of that power in some way or other? It tugs as hard as a young horse. Why could n't we make it haul a wagon, or a—boat?" he added, as his eyes fell upon the little dory that lay beside the dock, off which his younger brother Rollin was just plunging.

The idea once in his head, Ernest was not the boy to give it up without, at least, a trial; so, having explained his plan at some length to Tom (who always eagerly agreed with him), the two hurried out to the end of the dock, and Ernest, jumping down into the dory, tied the kite-string to a ring in the bow; he then proceeded to make the stern of the boat fast to the pier with a rope.

Meanwhile, Roll had arrived at the surface of the water with many sputterings, and, seeing what was going on, immediately clambered into the dory. He was a bright, athletic-looking boy of eleven, but at present his aquatic gambols had tired him

somewhat; so, instead of assisting his brothers vigorously, as was his wont, he simply sat down on one of the seats and asked questions.

The preparations for the trial trip were very simple, so in the course of a few minutes Ernest said:

"Now everything's ready, excepting the oars. Run up to the house and get them, wont you, Tom? Do; there's a good fellow!"

"All right," replied Tom, although, it must be confessed, somewhat reluctantly, and he started off, but in a moment turned back again, with:

"I say, Ernest, you've forgotten the rudder, and I can't carry everything, you know."

"Hold up a second, and I'll come, too, then," responded Ernest, adding, as he swung himself up on the dock, "Now, Roll, you sit in the boat and watch the kite while we're gone. Mind, and don't let it get loose or tangled in anything."

"I'll keep an eye on it," answered Roll, as the two others trudged off through the long, salt grass, on their way to the house. Arrived there, at first the oars could not be found, but after a search they were discovered under the cherry-tree, one broken short off at the blade by the children in their efforts to knock the fruit off the branches. Calling for string, Ernest sat down on the back porch and patiently began the tedious task of splicing the two pieces together.

At last, after the rudder had been secured and they were just ready to start, it was too provoking to have their mother call them in to take some lunch, for, as she expressed it:

"There's no telling when you'll get back from your kite-sailing."

Reluctantly the boys threw down the things they were carrying and went in-doors, resolved to eat as little and as quickly as possible; and while they are thus engaged, let us leave them and go back to Roll.

As soon as his brothers disappeared among the sage-bushes, he lay down in the stern of the dory, resolved to make himself comfortable until they returned.

It was very cozy in the boat, and as the wind blew through his tangled hair and on his wet body, it felt cool and refreshing in the extreme.

Roll lay thus for several minutes, watching the kite struggle to free itself, and speculating as to why the boys did not come back. From observing the kite he began to wonder how it would seem to

be up there where it was, swaying to and fro, and soaring among the sea-birds.

Thus Roll's fancy soared, and unfortunately for him, as there was quite a glare in the sky, he shut his eyes for a few moments, and, as is generally the case when people wonder with their eyes closed, he softly and quietly fell into a slumber, as deep as tired boys of eleven usually enjoy. It was a sleep gentle though not dreamless, for in Roll's imagination he was himself a kite, flying among the clouds, rushing through space toward an approaching storm.

Nearer and nearer it came, and now he could hear its roar, when, just as he felt the first splash of rain in his face, he awoke with a start.

Where was he? What had happened? Poor Roll, stupefied, instinctively put his hand up to his cheek. It was wet, not with rain, but merely with a dash of spray, which the bow of the boat, half-buried in foam, had thrown up in her reeling, staggering course.

Roll looked around him, but there was naught to be seen save sky and water, and over the waves, far to windward, a blue cloud lying low on the horizon, the fast-disappearing land.

And still the dory plunged on, quivering in every timber, as she fairly leapt from one billow to another. Far above him was the great kite, rushing through the air and dragging the boat through the water with almost the speed of a locomotive, while from the stern hung a little end of that fatal rope, which, truth to tell, was an old one Tom had found on the shore.

Only for a moment or so was Roll bewildered. Quickly regaining his presence of mind, he realized his situation, and comprehended that the first thing to be done was to untie the kite-string. But this he soon saw was impossible, as the strain on the line had drawn the knot too tight. Roll felt for his pocket to get out his jack-knife, but alas! since he had started on this singular voyage in his bathing-suit, he was disappointed in finding either. To break such stout cord was far beyond his strength, and at last the poor boy sat down again almost in despair, while horrible thoughts of shipwreck, sharks and starvation kept thronging through his mind.

Thus he was carried along for some distance, until, when he again got up and looked about him, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

The low, blue cloud, instead of being astern as before, was now directly ahead.

Had the wind changed, and thus turned the boat around? No; for he would have noticed it instantly. Roll eagerly peered forward till he was able to discern, far out at sea on his left hand, a large ocean steamer inward bound.

Here, then, was a chance of being rescued, if the

people on board could only see him; so Roll excitedly set to work to find something with which to attract attention to himself. He was fortunate enough to discover under one of the seats a large bunch of dry sea-weed, and, armed with this very poor excuse for a flag of distress, he stationed himself in the bow and patiently waited until the steamer should draw near.

This vessel was none other than the "Antarctic," bound from Queenstown to New York, and now on her last day out. The passengers were lounging about the deck in the half-hour before dinner, when the lookout suddenly reported a sail on the starboard bow, whereupon everybody busied himself in trying to make her out.

"Hello, it's no sail at all; it's a huge kite!"

This announcement, coming from a young Englishman who had been looking through a telescope almost as long as himself, naturally created quite a sensation; and when, shortly afterward, it was discovered that not only was there a boat attached to the kite, but that in the boat was a boy, wildly gesticulating, the greatest excitement prevailed. The strange combination of boy, boat and kite was flying along at quite a fair rate of speed, and coming directly toward the steamer.

"Lower a boat!" was the order from the bridge, after a short consultation among the officers, and the next instant the ship's engines ceased to move.

"Give way!" shouted the second mate, as soon as the keel of the life-boat touched the water, and the sailors bent to their oars with a will, while their progress toward the dory was watched with breathless interest from the steamer, although there was now no doubt as to their overtaking it, since the wind, which had lately blown with much force, was going down with the sun.

The iron monster rolled lazily from side to side in the long, easy swells of the midsummer sea, and an uncommon silence prevailed along the decks, which at length was broken by a cheer, as the life-boat came up to the dory and succeeded in taking its occupant on board.

The runaway "kite-boat" was left drifting on the waves.

"Why, the boy's got nothing on but a bathing-suit!" exclaimed the short young man with the long telescope, as the rescuers approached the steamer.

"And what a mere child! How ever came he in such a position?"

"Do run, Walter, and get something for him to put on."

"Poor fellow! He must be nearly dead with cold and hunger."

Such and many more similar expressions were heard on the "Antarctic's" deck, as the boat came

alongside and was hoisted up to its place on the davits.

Roll—for it was no other—looked about him with a dazed expression, as if he were still asleep in the dory and this was but one of his dreams. The passengers were crowding around him, and asking all sorts of questions, as to who he was, where he hailed from, and even as to what was the

details of Roll's curious runaway, which, while the latter was dressing, Walter hastened to recount to the other passengers, from among whom he had a large and appreciative audience.

After dinner, Roll, in company with his young guardian, explored the "Antarctic" from stem to stern, and when the two came on deck again, at eight o'clock, the Highland Lights were visible.



A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

latest American news. But here the Captain interposed, and handed Roll over to the care of Master Walter Lansing, who at that instant appeared on deck with the suit of clothes for which his mother had sent him.

This young gentleman, feeling greatly honored by the trust reposed in him, lost no time in conducting the hero of the hour to his own state-room. Here he was speedily made acquainted with the

Soon after, the steamer dropped anchor off Quarantine, and lay there till early next morning, when she proceeded up the harbor to her pier in New York city.

At nine o'clock Roll walked into his father's office, with his bathing-suit under his arm, and an hour later he was being kissed, and cried and laughed over, by mother and sisters, Tom and Ernest, in the country-house at Mackerel Cove.



SHELL-SCREENS FROM ENOSHIMA.

By B. D.

ON going to Japan, one generally lands at Yokohama, and before the ground seems steady, his friends make up an excursion to show him the country, and send him off in a big baby-carriage, pulled at a trot by a man who can run all day. This very thing happened to Tom and me. Before we had been two days ashore, we were sent off to see the famous little island, Enoshima. With the easily opened purses of strangers fresh from the sea, we hired two men for each carriage, making light work and a lively run down to the southern coast. We stopped on the way at Kamakura, for a noon rest, and looked at the famous shrines and idols there; and later at Katasé, a little village near the shore, where a very pagan temple stands on a hill-side terrace. From the knoll above it, a broad view of land and ocean is spread out to the west, where the Hakone Mountains make a rugged horizon; and over this, great Fujiyama—the sacred mountain of Japan—lifts his snowy cone. No wonder that the artists there like so well to draw and lacquer pictures of his pure white summit and smoothly sloping sides.

Near at hand, the thatched roofs of the village

lie under shady pines; beyond, a river runs to the sea between rice-fields; boats are floating down with its current and sailing out into the quiet ocean; and, away off on the blue horizon, a volcano is smoking languidly this pleasant afternoon. Enoshima is opposite us, a short distance from shore—a little rocky island, with steep cliffs toward the sea; but on the side toward us is a village in a sloping hollow, that reaches down to the water's edge, and from there a strip of sand, that lies bare at low tide, makes an isthmus to the mainland. It was by this sandy strip that we walked across, but as the tide was rising, we had to go part of the way on a narrow bamboo bridge, where a few bits of brass were paid for toll. The single street of Enoshima comes down to meet the bridge, and just where they join stands a bronze *torii*,—a gate of two posts, with double cross-bars above, showing holy ground beyond. All the island is considered holy, and many pilgrims visit it. We had a most amusing evening at our tea-house, struggling with a large dictionary to translate our wants: for we were without guide or interpreter. It was very surprising to find that we could pick

out real Japanese words and make real Japanese people understand us.

The next morning, we took the half-mile walk around the path over the cliffs. What should we choose as a memento of the charming little island? In a shop open to the street, some small folding-screens, with shell-work on the panels, seemed fitting and easily carried, and we decided to try to buy them. "How much?" had been taught us in Yokohama; but we could not understand a word of the answer. Judging by its length, the price must have been very high. There was nothing to do but pay the old woman more and more till she seemed satisfied, and for this it took so much that Tom and I swore secrecy; we will never, never tell how much those screens cost us. They were carefully tied up, protected by a thin board on each side, and now they have traveled safely through a long voyage half around the world, and stand open on the piano in the parlor here at home.

light wooden frame nine inches high and three broad. These are hinged by strips of—of—something woven of thread, but whether to call it linen or muslin, or cotton or cloth, I cannot tell, and, as my wife is away, I cannot

find out. Never

mind; you

might cut

such hing-

es out of linen tape

or any rags that are

strong enough, and paste them

on the wooden frames. Bright

colored paper, the same for

all the pan-

els, smooth-

ly extends

across the back

of the frames; to

have this neat, the

paper should be damped

with a sponge to make it

expand a little. While it is still moist, paste it

to the wood; on drying, it will be smooth and

tight. The shells are to be glued to this

paper, and strong, stiff white glue should be

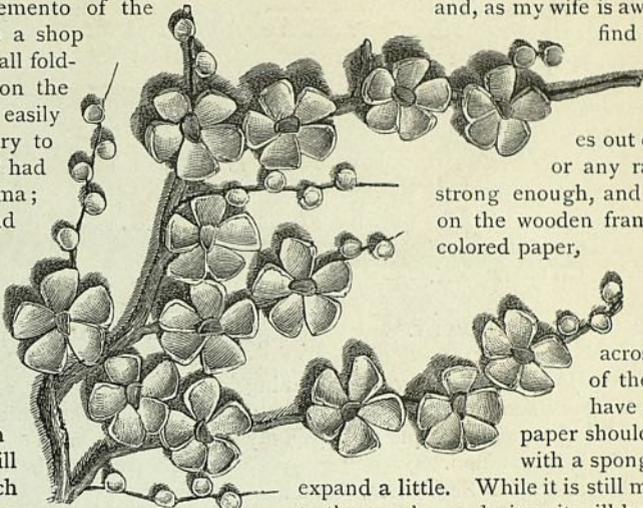
used; but first it would be well to draw an outline

of the figure they are to make.

Cherry blossoms will be easiest to begin on; pieces of dried sea-weed will serve for the branches and twigs; small shells make buds, and five little shells around a tiny one in the center make a blossom; those shown in this picture are enough for two panels.

Figures of men are more difficult, and the shells for them will be harder to find. Here is a beggar hobbling along with a staff—a lame old beggar, bending over as he walks, or perhaps he is blind, feeling his way with a stick. His legs and the stick and the stem of the peculiar plant in front of him may be made of sea-weed, and several kinds of shells make his hat and clothes and the "foliage"; he is about two inches and a half high. The ground and the grass are made by marking out the lines with glue, and sifting black sand over the paper; it will stick wherever the glue is. Clouds and mountains can be made at the top of the frame in the same way, using different colored sands, and, of course, noble Fujiyama must rise over all.

Now for the curious shell procession shown on the preceding page: First comes a tall man who must be very rich, judging by the number and beauty of his cloaks, and by the elegance of his hat; and very great, since he is so much taller than his body-guard; then comes his particular private and confidential valet, with a splendid, far-reaching sun-shade; next, two strong soldiers bearing flag



CHERRY BLOSSOMS MADE OF SHELLS.



THE SHELL BEGGAR.

Would you not like to make some while you are at the sea-shore this summer?

There are six panels in our screens, each one a

and banner; and, finally, the entire remaining force with a battle-axe on his shoulder. The shells for the banners may be stained with carmine ink; seaweed makes the flag-staff and umbrella-handle; and the swords, of which you see each retainer carries

two, must be made of the sharpest sea-urchin spines you can find. And, now, you have several pretty panels, that cost little besides painstaking.

But no one, excepting Tom and me, shall ever know how much we paid for our screens.

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XX.

A SWEET MEMORY.

Now the lovely June days had come; everything began to look really summer-like; school would soon be over, and the young people were joyfully preparing for the long vacation.

"We are all going up to Bethlehem. We take the sea-shore one year and the mountains the next. Better come along," said Gus, as the boys lay on the grass after beating the "Lincolns" at one of the first matches of the season.

"Can't; we are off to Pebbly Beach the second week in July. Our invalids need sea air. That one looks delicate, does n't he?" asked Frank, giving Jack a slight rap with his bat, as that young gentleman lay in his usual attitude, admiring the blue hose and russet shoes which adorned his sturdy limbs.

"Stop that, Captain! You need n't talk about invalids, when you know Mother says you are not to look at a book for a month, because you have studied yourself thin and headachy. I'm all right!" and Jack gave himself a sounding slap on the chest, where shone the white star of the H. B. B. C.

"Hear the little cockerel crow! You just wait till you get into the college class, and see if you don't have to study like fun," said Gus, with unruffled composure, for he was going to Harvard next year, and felt himself already a Senior.

"Never shall; I don't want any of your old colleges. I'm going into business as soon as I can. Ed says I may be his book-keeper, if I am ready when he starts for himself. That is much jollier than grinding away for four years, and then having to grind ever so many more at a profession," said Jack, examining with interest the various knocks and bruises with which much ball-playing had adorned his hands.

"Much you know about it. Just as well you don't mean to try, for it would take a mighty long

pull and strong pull to get you in. Business would suit you better, and you and Ed would make a capital partnership. Devlin, Minot & Co.,—sounds well; hey, Gus?"

"Very, but they are such good-natured chaps, they'd never get rich. By the way, Ed came home at noon to-day, sick. I met him, and he looked regularly beaten out," answered Gus, in a sober tone.

"I told him he'd better not go down Monday, for he was n't well Saturday, and could n't come to sing Sunday evening, you remember. I must go right around and see what the matter is;" and Jack jumped up, with an anxious face.

"Let him alone till to-morrow. He wont want any one fussing over him now. We are going for a pull; come along and steer," said Frank, for the sunset promised to be fine, and the boys liked a brisk row in their newly painted boat, the "Rhodora."

"Go ahead and get ready,—I'll just cut around and ask at the door. It will seem kind, and I must know how Ed is. Wont be long;" and Jack was off at his best pace.

The others were waiting impatiently, when he came back with slower steps and a more anxious face.

"How is the old fellow?" called Frank from the boat, while Gus stood leaning on an oar in a nautical attitude.

"Pretty sick. Had the doctor. May have a fever. I did n't go in, but Ed sent his love, and wanted to know who beat," answered Jack, stepping to his place, glad to rest and cool himself.

"Guess he'll be all right in a day or two," and Gus pushed off, leaving all care behind.

"Hope he wont have typhoid; that's no joke, I tell you," said Frank, who knew all about it, and did not care to repeat the experience.

"He's worked too hard. He's so faithful, he does more than his share and gets tired out. Mother asked him to come down and see us when he has his vacation; we are going to have high old

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times fishing and boating. Up or down?" asked Jack, as they glided out into the river.

Gus looked both ways, and seeing another boat with a glimpse of red in it just going around the bend, answered, with decision, "Up, of course. Don't we always pull to the bridge?"

"Not when the girls are going down," laughed Jack, who had recognized Juliet's scarlet boating-suit as he glanced over his shoulder.

"Mind what you are about, and don't gabble," commanded Captain Frank, as the crew bent to their oars and the slender boat cut through the water, leaving a long furrow trembling behind.

"Oh, ah! I see! There is a blue jacket as well as a red one, so it's all right.

"Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As white as a lily, as brown as a bun,"

sang Jack, recovering his spirits, and wishing Jill was there too.

"Do you want a ducking?" sternly demanded Gus, anxious to preserve discipline.

"Should n't mind, it's so warm."

But Jack said no more, and soon the "Rhodora" was alongside the "Water Witch," exchanging greetings in the most amiable manner.

"Pity this boat wont hold four. We'd put Jack in yours, and take you girls a nice spin up to the Hemlocks," said Frank, whose idea of bliss was floating down the river with Annette as coxswain.

"You'd better come in here; this will hold four, and we are tired of rowing," returned the "Water Witch," so invitingly that Gus could not resist.

"I don't think it is safe to put four in there. You'd better change places with Annette, Gus, and then we shall be ship-shape," said Frank, answering a telegram from the eyes that matched the blue jacket.

"Would n't it be *more* ship-shape still, if you put me ashore at Grif's landing? I can take his boat, or wait till you come back. Don't care what I do," said Jack, feeling himself sadly in the way.

The good-natured offer being accepted with thanks, the changes were made, and, leaving him behind, the two boats went gayly up the river. He really did not care what he did, so sat in Grif's boat awhile watching the red sky, the shining stream, and the low green meadows, where the blackbirds were singing as if they, too, had met their little sweethearts and were happy.

Jack remembered that quiet half-hour long afterward, because what followed seemed to impress it on his memory. As he sat enjoying the scene, he very naturally thought about Ed, for the face of the sister whom he had seen was very anxious, and the

word "fever" recalled the hard times when Frank was ill, particularly the night it was thought the boy would not live till dawn, and Jack cried himself to sleep, wondering how he ever could get on without his brother. Ed was almost as dear to him, and the thought that he was suffering destroyed Jack's pleasure for a little while. But, fortunately, young people do not know how to be anxious very long, so our boy soon cheered up, thinking about the late match between the "Stars" and the "Lincolns," and after a good rest went whistling home, with a handful of mint for Mrs. Pecq, and played games with Jill as merrily as if there was no such thing as care in the world.

Next day Ed was worse, and for a week the answer was the same, when Jack crept to the back door with his eager question. Others came also, for the dear boy lying upstairs had friends everywhere, and older neighbors thought of him even more anxiously and tenderly than his mates. It was not fever, but some swifter trouble, for when Saturday night came, Ed had gone home to a longer and more peaceful Sabbath than any he had ever known in this world.

Jack had been there in the afternoon, and a kind message had come down to him that his friend was not suffering so much, and he had gone away, hoping, in his boyish ignorance, that all danger was over. An hour later, he was reading in the parlor, having no heart for play, when Frank came in with a look upon his face which would have prepared Jack for the news if he had seen it. But he did not look up, and Frank found it so hard to speak, that he lingered a moment at the piano, as he often did when he came home. It stood open, and on the rack was the "Jolly Brothers' Galop," which he had been learning to play with Ed. Big boy as he was, the sudden thought that never again would they sit shoulder to shoulder, thundering the marches or singing the songs both liked so well, made his eyes fill as he laid away the music and shut the instrument, feeling as if he never wanted to touch it again. Then he went and sat down beside Jack, with an arm around his neck, trying to steady his voice by a natural question before he told the heavy news.

"What are you reading, Jacky?"

The unusual caress, the very gentle tone, made Jack look up, and the minute he saw Frank's face he knew the truth.

"Is Ed —?" He could not say the hard word, and Frank could only answer by a nod as he winked fast, for the tears would come. Jack said no more, but as the book dropped from his knee he hid his face in the sofa-pillow and lay quite still, not crying, but trying to make it seem true that his dear Ed had gone away forever. He could not do it, and

presently turned his head a little to say, in a despairing tone:

"I don't see what I *shall* do without him!"

"I know it's hard for you. It is for all of us."

"You've got Gus, but now I have n't anybody. Ed was always *so* good to me!" and with the name so many tender recollections came, that poor Jack broke down in spite of his manful attempts to smother the sobs in the red pillow.

There was an unconscious reproach in the words, Frank thought; for he was not as gentle as Ed, and he did not wonder that Jack loved and mourned for the lost friend like a brother.

"You've got me. I'll be good to you; cry if you want to—I don't mind."

There was such a sympathetic choke in Frank's voice that Jack felt comforted at once, and when he had had his cry out, which was very soon, he let Frank pull him up with a bear-like but affectionate hug, and sat leaning on him as they talked about their loss, both feeling that there might have been a greater one, and resolving to love one another very much hereafter.

Mrs. Minot often called Frank the "father-boy," because he was now the head of the house, and a sober, reliable fellow for his years. Usually he did not show much affection except to her, for, as he once said, "I shall never be too old to kiss my mother," and she often wished that he had a little sister, to bring out the softer side of his character. He domineered over Jack and laughed at his affectionate little ways, but now, when trouble came, he was as kind and patient as a girl; and when Mamma came in, having heard the news, she found her "father-boy" comforting his brother so well that she slipped away without a word, leaving them to learn one of the sweet lessons sorrow teaches,—to lean on one another, and let each trial bring them closer together.

It is often said that there should be no death nor grief in children's stories. It is not wise to dwell on the dark and sad side of these things; but they have also a bright and lovely side, and since even the youngest, dearest and most guarded child cannot escape some knowledge of the great mystery, is it not well to teach them in simple, cheerful ways that affection sweetens sorrow, and a lovely life can make death beautiful? I think so, therefore try to tell the last scene in the history of a boy who really lived and really left behind him a memory so precious that it will not be soon forgotten by those who knew and loved him. For the influence of this short life was felt by many, and even this brief record of it may do for other children what the reality did for those who still lay flowers on his grave, and try to be "as good as Elly."

Few would have thought that the death of a quiet

lad of seventeen would have been so widely felt, so sincerely mourned; but virtue, like sunshine, works its own sweet miracles, and when it was known that never again would the bright face be seen in the village streets, the cheery voice heard, the loving heart felt in any of the little acts which so endeared Ed Devlin to those about him, it seemed as if young and old grieved alike for so much promise cut off in its spring-tide. This was proved at the funeral, for, though it took place at the busy hour of a busy day, men left their affairs, women their households, young people their studies and their play, and gave an hour to show their affection, respect and sympathy for those who had lost so much.

The girls had trimmed the church with all the sweetest flowers they could find, and garlands of lilies of the valley robbed the casket of its mournful look. The boys had brought fresh boughs to make the bed a green bed for their comrade's last sleep. Now they were all gathered together, and it was a touching sight to see the rows of young faces sobered and saddened by their first look at sorrow. The girls sobbed, and the boys set their lips tightly as their glances fell upon the lilies under which the familiar face lay, full of solemn peace. Tears dimmed older eyes when the hymn the dead boy loved was sung, and the pastor told with how much pride and pleasure he had watched the gracious growth of this young parishioner since he first met the lad of twelve and was attracted by the shining face, the pleasant manners. Dutiful and loving; ready to help; patient to bear and forbear; eager to excel; faithful to the smallest task, yet full of high ambitions; and, better still, possessing the childlike piety that can trust and believe, wait and hope. Good and happy,—the two things we all long for and so few of us truly are. This he was, and this single fact was the best eulogy his pastor could pronounce over the beloved youth gone to a nobler manhood, whose promise left so sweet a memory behind.

As the young people looked, listened, and took in the scene, they felt as if some mysterious power had changed their playmate from a creature like themselves into a saint or hero for them to look up to, and imitate if they could. "What has he done, to be so loved, praised and mourned?" they thought, with a tender sort of wonder; and the answer seemed to come to them as never before, for never had they been brought so near the solemn truth of life and death. "It was not what he did but what he was that made him so beloved. All that was sweet and noble in him still lives; for goodness is the only thing we can take with us when we die—the only thing that can comfort those we leave behind, and help us to meet again hereafter."

This feeling was in many hearts when they went away to lay him, with prayer and music, under the budding oak that leaned over his grave, a fit emblem of the young life just beginning its new spring. As the children did their part, the beauty of the summer day soothed their sorrow, and something of the soft brightness of the June sunshine seemed to gild their thoughts, as it gilded the flower-strewn mound they left behind. The true and touching words spoken cheered as well as impressed them, and made them feel that their friend was not lost, but gone on into a higher class of the great school whose Master is eternal Love and Wisdom. So the tears soon dried, and the young faces looked up like flowers after rain. But the heaven-sent shower sank into the earth, and they were the stronger, sweeter for it, more eager to make life brave and beautiful, because death had gently shown them what it should be.

When the boys came home they found their mother already returned, and Jill upon the parlor sofa, listening to her account of the funeral with the same quiet, hopeful look which their own faces wore; for somehow the sadness seemed to have gone, and a sort of Sunday peace remained.

"I'm glad it was all so sweet and pleasant. Come and rest—you look so tired;" and Jill held out her hands to greet them,—a crumpled handkerchief in one and a little bunch of fading lilies in the other.

Jack sat down in the low chair beside her and leaned his head against the arm of the sofa, for he was tired. But Frank walked slowly up and down the long rooms, with a serious yet serene look on his face, for he felt as if he had learned something that day, and would always be the better for it. Presently he said, stopping before his mother, who leaned in the easy-chair looking up at the picture of her boy's father:

"I should like to have just such things said about me when I die."

"So should I, if I deserved them as Ed did!" cried Jack, earnestly.

"You may if you try. I should be proud to hear them, and, if they were true, they would comfort me more than anything else. I am glad you see the lovely side of sorrow, and are learning the lesson such losses teach us," answered their mother, who believed in teaching young people to face trouble bravely, and find the silver lining in the clouds that come to all of us.

"I never thought much about it before, but now dying does n't seem dreadful at all,—only solemn and beautiful. Somehow, everybody seems to love everybody else more for it, and try to be kind and good and pious. I can't say what I mean, but you know, Mother;" and Frank went pacing on again

with the bright look his eyes always wore when he listened to music or read of some noble action.

"That's what Mary said when she and Molly came in on their way home. But Molly felt dreadfully, and so did Mabel. She brought me these flowers to press, for we are all going to keep some to remember dear Ed by," said Jill, carefully smoothing out the little bells as she laid the lilies in her hymn-book, for she, too, had had a thoughtful hour while she lay alone, imagining all that went on in the church, and shedding a few tender tears over the friend who was always so kind to her.

"I don't want anything to remember him by. I was so fond of him, I couldn't forget if I tried. I know I ought not to say it, but I *don't* see why God let him die," said Jack, with a quiver in his voice, for his loving heart could not help aching still.

"No, dear; we cannot see nor know many things that grieve us very much, but we *can* trust that it is right, and try to believe that all is meant for our good. That is what faith means, and without it we are miserable. When you were little, you were afraid of the dark, but if I spoke or touched you, then you were sure all was well, and fell asleep holding my hand. God is wiser and stronger than any father or mother, so hold fast to Him, and you will have no doubt nor fear, however dark it seems."

"As you do," said Jack, going to sit on the arm of Mamma's chair, with his cheek to hers, willing to trust as she bade him, but glad to hold fast the living hand that had led and comforted him all his life.

"Ed used to say to me, when I fretted about getting well, and thought nobody cared for me, which was very naughty, 'Don't be troubled,—God won't forget you; and if you must be lame, He will make you able to bear it,'" said Jill, softly, her quick little mind all alive with new thoughts and feelings.

"He believed it, and that's why he liked that hymn so much. I'm glad they sung it to-day," said Frank, bringing his heavy dictionary to lay on the book where the flowers were pressing.

"Oh, thank you! Could you play that tune for me? I did n't hear it, and I'd love to, if you are willing," asked Jill.

"I did n't think I ever should want to play again, but I do. Will you sing it for her, Mother? I'm afraid I shall break down if I try alone."

"We will all sing; music is good for us now," said Mamma; and in rather broken voices they did sing Ed's favorite words:

"Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know,
Just as when His mandate lays a monarch low;
Not a leaflet moveth but its God doth see,—
Think not, then, O mortal, God forgetteth thee.
Far more precious, surely, than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye.
E'en thy hairs are numbered; trust Him full and free,

Cast thy cares before Him—He will comfort thee;
 For the God that planted in thy breast a soul
 On His sacred tables doth thy name enroll.
 Cheer thine heart, then, mortal, never faithless be;
 He that marks the sparrows will remember thee."

CHAPTER XXI.

PEBBLY BEACH.

"Now, Mr. Jack, it is a moral impossibility to get all those things into one trunk, and you must n't ask it of me," said Mrs. Pecq, in a tone of despair, as she surveyed the heap of treasures she was expected to pack for the boys.

"Never mind the clothes—we only want a boat-suit apiece. Mamma can put a few collars in her trunk for us; but these necessary things *must* go," answered Jack, adding his target and air-pistol to the pile of bats, fishing-tackle, games, and a choice collection of shabby balls.

"Those are the necessaries and clothes the luxuries, are they? Why don't you add a velocipede, wheelbarrow and printing-press, my dear?" asked Mrs. Pecq, while Jill turned up her nose at "boys' rubbish."

"Wish I could. Dare say we shall want them. Women don't know what fellows need, and always must put in a lot of stiff shirts, and clean handkerchiefs, and clothes-brushes, and pots of cold cream. We are going to rough it, and don't want any fuss and feathers," said Jack, beginning to pack the precious balls in his rubber boots, and strap them up with the umbrellas, rods and bats, seeing that there was no hope of a place in the trunk.

Here Frank came in with two big books, saying, calmly, "Just slip these in somewhere; we shall need them."

"But you are not to study at all, so you won't want those great dictionaries," cried Jill, busily packing her new traveling-basket with all sorts of little rolls, bags and boxes.

"They are not 'dics,' but my encyclopedia. We shall want to know heaps of things, and this tells about everything. With those books, and a microscope and a telescope, you could travel around the world, and learn all you wanted to. Can't possibly get on without them," said Frank, fondly patting his favorite work.

"My patience! What queer cattle boys are!" exclaimed Mrs. Pecq, while they all laughed. "It can't be done, Mr. Frank; all the boxes are brim full, and you'll have to leave those fat books behind, for there's no place anywhere."

"Then I'll carry them myself," and Frank tucked one under each arm, with a determined air, which settled the matter.

"I suppose you'll study cockleology instead of

boating, and read up on polliwigs while we play tennis, or go poking around with your old spy-glass instead of having a jolly good time," said Jack, hauling away on the strap till all was taut and ship-shape with the bundle.

"Tadpoles don't live in salt water, my son, and if you mean conchology, you'd better say so." I shall play as much as I wish, and when I want to know about any new or curious thing, I shall consult my 'cyclo,' instead of bothering other people with questions, or giving it up like a dunce;" with which crushing reply Frank departed, leaving Jill to pack and unpack her treasures a dozen times, and Jack to dance jigs on the lids of the trunks till they would shut.

A very happy party set off the next day, leaving Mrs. Pecq waving her apron on the steps. Mrs. Minot carried the lunch, Jack his precious bundle with trifles dropping out by the way, and Jill felt very elegant bearing her new basket, with red worsted cherries bobbing on the outside. Frank actually did take the encyclopedia, done up in the roll of shawls, and whenever the others wondered about anything,—tides, light-houses, towns or natural productions,—he brought forth one of the books and triumphantly read therefrom, to the great merriment, if not edification, of his party.

A very short trip by rail and the rest of the journey by boat, to Jill's great contentment, for she hated to be shut up; and, while the lads roved here and there, she sat under the awning, too happy to talk. But Mrs. Minot watched, with real satisfaction, how the fresh wind blew the color back into the pale cheeks, how the eyes shone and the heart filled with delight at seeing the lovely world again, and being able to take a share in its active pleasures.

The Willows was a long, low house close to the beach, and as full as a bee-hive of pleasant people, all intent on having a good time. A great many children were swarming about, and Jill found it impossible to sleep after her journey,—there was such a lively clatter of tongues on the piazzas, and so many feet were going to and fro in the halls. She lay down obediently, while Mrs. Minot settled matters in the two airy rooms and gave her some dinner, but she kept popping up her head to look out of the window to see what she could see. Just opposite stood an artist's cottage and studio, with all manner of charming galleries, towers, steps, and even a sort of draw-bridge to pull up when the painter wished to be left in peace. He was absent now, and the visitors took possession of this fine play-place. Children were racing up and down the galleries, ladies sitting in the tower, boys disporting themselves on the roof, and young gentlemen preparing for theatricals in the large studio.

"What fun I 'll have over there!" thought Jill, watching the merry scene with intense interest, and wondering if the little girls she saw were as nice as Molly and Merry.

Then there were glimpses of the sea beyond the green bank, where a path wound along to the beach, whence came the cool dash of waves, and now and then the glimmer of a passing sail.

tired, and I do want to be like other folks right off," said Jill, who had been improving rapidly of late, and felt much elated at being able to drive out nearly every day, to walk a little, and sit up some hours without any pain or fatigue.

To gratify her, the blue flannel suit, with its white trimming, was put on, and Mamma was just buttoning the stout boots when Jack thundered at



JILL'S RETREAT.

"Oh, when can I go out? It looks so lovely, I can't wait long," she said, looking as eager as a little gull shut up in a cage and pining for its home on the wide ocean.

"As soon as it is a little cooler, dear. I'm getting ready for our trip, but we must be careful and not do too much at once. 'Slow and sure' is our motto," answered Mrs. Minot, busily collecting the camp-stools, the shawls, the air-cushions and the big parasols.

"I'll be good, only do let me have my sailor-hat to wear, and my new suit. I'm not a bit

the door, and burst in with all sorts of glorious news.

"Do come out, Mother; it's perfectly splendid on the beach! I've found a nice place for Jill to sit, and it's only a step. Lots of capital fellows here; one has a bicycle, and is going to teach us to ride. No end of fun up at the hotel, and every one seems glad to see us. Two ladies asked about Jill, and one of the girls has got some shells all ready for her,—Gerty Somebody,—and her mother is so pretty and jolly, I like her ever so much. They sit at our table, and Wally is the boy,

younger than I am, but very pleasant. Bacon is the fellow in knickerbockers; just wish you could see what stout legs he's got! Cox is the chap for me, though; we are going fishing to-morrow. He has a sweet-looking mother, and a sister for you, Jill. Now, then, *do* come on; I'll take the traps."

Off they went, and Jill thought that very short walk to the shore the most delightful she ever took; for people smiled at the little invalid as she went slowly by, leaning on Mrs. Minot's arm, while Jack pranced in front, doing the honors as if he owned the whole Atlantic. A new world opened to her eyes as they came out upon the pebbly beach, full of people enjoying their afternoon promenade. Jill gave one rapturous "Oh!" and then sat on her stool, forgetting everything but the beautiful blue ocean rolling away to meet the sky, with nothing to break the wide expanse but a sail here and there, a point of rocks on one hand, the little pier on the other, and white gulls skimming by on their wide wings.

While she sat enjoying herself, Jack showed his mother the place he had found, and a very nice one it was. Just under the green bank lay an old boat, propped up with some big stones. A willow drooped over it, the tide rippled up within a few yards of it, and a fine view of the waves could be seen as they dashed over the rocks at the point.

"Is n't it a good cubby-house? Ben Cox and I fixed it for Jill, and she can have it for hers. Put her cushions and things there on the sand the children have thrown in,—that will make it soft; then these seats will do for tables; and, up in the bow, I'm going to have that old rusty tin boiler full of salt water, so she can put sea-weed and crabs and all sorts of chaps in it for an aquarium, you know," explained Jack, greatly interested in establishing his family comfortably before he left them.

"There could n't be a nicer place, and it is very kind of you to get it ready. Spread the shawls and settle Jill, then you need n't think of us any more, but go and scramble with Frank. I see him over there with his spy-glass and some pleasant-looking boys," said Mamma, bustling about in great spirits.

So the red cushions were placed, the plaids laid, and the little work-basket set upon the seat, all ready for Jill, who was charmed with her nest, and cuddled down under the big parasol, declaring she would keep house there every day.

Even the old boiler pleased her, and Jack raced over the beach to begin his search for inhabitants for the new aquarium, leaving Jill to make friends with some pretty babies digging in the sand, while Mamma sat on the camp-stool and talked with a friend from Harmony Village.

It seemed as if there could not be anything more delightful than to lie there, lulled by the sound of the sea, watching the sunset and listening to the pleasant babble of little voices close by. But when they went to tea in the great hall, with six tables full of merry people, and half a dozen maids flying about, Jill thought that was even better, because it was so new to her. Gerty and Wally nodded to her, and their pretty mamma was so kind and so gay that Jill could not feel bashful after the first few minutes, and soon looked about her, sure of seeing friendly faces everywhere. Frank and Jack ate as if the salt air had already improved their appetites, and talked about Bacon and Cox as if they had been bosom friends for years. Mamma was as happy as they, for her friend, Mrs. Hammond, sat close by; and this rosy lady, who had practiced medicine, cheered her up by predicting that Jill would soon be running about as well as ever.

But the best of all was in the evening, when the elder people gathered in the parlors and played Twenty Questions, while the children looked on for an hour before going to bed, much amused at the sight of grown people laughing, squabbling, dodging and joking as if they had all become young again; for, as every one knows, it is impossible to help lively skirmishes when that game is played. Jill lay in the sofa corner, enjoying it all immensely; for she never saw anything so droll, and found it capital fun to help guess the thing, or try to puzzle the opposite side. Her quick wits and bright face attracted people, and in the pauses of the sport she held quite a levee, for everybody was interested in the little invalid. The girls shyly made friends in their own way, the mammas told thrilling tales of the accidents their darlings had survived, several gentlemen kindly offered their boats, and the boys, with the best intentions in life, suggested strolls of two or three miles to Rafe's Chasm and Norman's Woe, or invited her to tennis and archery, as if violent exercise was the cure for all human ills. She was very grateful, and reluctantly went away to bed, declaring, when she got upstairs, that these new friends were the dearest people she ever met, and The Willows the most delightful place in the whole world.

Next day, a new life began for the young folks,—a very healthy, happy life; and all threw themselves into it so heartily that it was impossible to help getting great good from it, for these summer weeks, if well spent, work miracles in tired bodies and souls. Frank took a fancy to the bicycle boy, and, being able to hire one of the break-neck articles, soon learned to ride it; and the two might be seen wildly working their long legs on certain smooth stretches of road, or getting up their muscle

rowing about the bay, till they were almost as brown and nautical in appearance and language as the fishermen who lived in nooks and corners along the shore.

Jack struck up a great friendship with the sturdy Bacon and the agreeable Cox: the latter, being about his own age, was his especial favorite; and they soon were called Box and Cox by the other fellows, which did not annoy them a bit, as both had played parts in that immortal farce. They had capital times fishing, scrambling over the rocks, playing ball and tennis, and rainy days they took possession of the studio opposite, drew up the port-cullis, and gallantly defended the castle, which some of the others besieged, with old umbrellas for shields, bats for battering-rams, and bunches of burs for cannon-balls. Great larks went on over there, while the girls applauded from the piazza or chamber-windows, and made a gay flag for the victors to display from the tower when the fight was over.

But Jill had the best time of all, for each day brought increasing strength and spirits, and she improved so fast it was hard to believe that she was the same girl who lay so long almost helpless in the Bird-Room at home. Such lively letters as she sent her mother, all about her new friends, her fine sails, drives and little walks; the good times she had in the evening, the lovely things people gave her and she was learning to make with shells and sea-weed, and what splendid fun it was to keep house in a boat.

This last amusement soon grew quite absorbing, and her "cubby," as she called it, rapidly became a pretty grotto, where she lived like a little mermaid, daily loving more and more the beauty of the wonderful sea. Finding the boat too sunny at times, the boys cut long willow-boughs and arched them over the seats, laying hemlock branches across till a green roof made it cool and shady inside. There Jill sat or lay among her cushions reading, trying to sketch, sorting shells, drying gay sea-weeds, or watching her crabs, jelly-fish and anemones in the old boiler, now buried in sand and edged about with moss from the woods.

Nobody disturbed her treasures, but kindly added to them, and often when she went to her nest she found fruit or flowers, books or *bon-bons*, laid ready for her. Every one pitied and liked the bright little girl who could not run and frisk with the rest, who was so patient and cheerful after her long confinement, ready to help others, and so grateful for any small favor. She found now that the weary months had not been wasted, and was very happy to discover in herself a new sort of strength and sweetness that was not only a comfort to her, but made those about her love and trust

her. The songs she had learned attracted the babies, who would leave their play to peep at her and listen when she sang over her work. Passers-by paused to hear the blithe voice of the bird in the green cage, and other invalids, strolling on the beach, would take heart when they saw the child so happy in spite of her great trial.

The boys kept all their marine curiosities for her, and were always ready to take her a row or a sail, as the bay was safe and that sort of traveling suited her better than driving. But the girls had capital times together, and it did Jill good to see another sort from those she knew at home. She had been so much petted of late that she was getting rather vain of her small accomplishments, and being with strangers richer, better bred and better educated than herself made her humble in some things, while it showed her the worth of such virtues as she could honestly claim. Mamie Cox took her to drive in the fine carriage of her mamma, and Jill was much impressed by the fact that Mamie was not a bit proud about it, and did not put on any airs, though she had a maid to take care of her. Gerty wore pretty costumes, and came down with pink and blue ribbons in her hair that Jill envied very much; yet Gerty liked her curls, and longed to have some, while her mother, "the lady from Philadelphia," as they called her, was so kind and gay that Jill quite adored her, and always felt as if sunshine had come into the room when she entered. Two little sisters were very interesting to her, and made her long for one of her own when she saw them going about together and heard them talk of their pleasant home, where the great silk factories were. But they invited her to come and see the wonderful cocoons, and taught her to knot pretty gray fringe on a cushion, which delighted her, being so new and easy. There were several other nice little lasses, and they all gathered about Jill with the sweet sympathy children are so quick to show toward those in pain or misfortune. She thought they would not care for a poor little girl like herself, yet here she was the queen of the troupe, and this discovery touched and pleased her very much.

In the morning they camped around the boat on the stones, with books, gay work and merry chatter, till bathing-time. Then the beach was full of life and fun, for every one looked so droll in the flannel suits, it was hard to believe that the neat ladies and respectable gentlemen who went into the little houses could be the same persons as the queer, short-skirted women with old hats tied down, and bare-headed, barefooted men in old suits, who came skipping over the sand to disport themselves in the sea in the most undignified ways. The boys raced about, looking like circus-tumblers, and the

babies were regular little cupids, running away from the waves that tried to kiss their flying feet.

Some of the young ladies and girls were famous swimmers, and looked very pretty in their bright red and blue costumes, with loose hair and gay stockings, as they danced into the water and floated away as fearlessly as real mermaids. Jill had her quiet dip and good rubbing each fine day, and then lay upon the warm sand watching the pranks of the others, and longing to run and dive and shout and tumble with the rest. Now that she was among the well and active, it seemed harder to be patient than when shut up and unable to stir. She felt so much better, and had so little pain to remind her of past troubles, it was almost impossible to help forgetting the poor back and letting her recovered spirits run away with her. If Mrs. Minot had not kept good watch, she would have been off more than once, so eager was she to be "like other girls" again, so difficult was it to keep the restless feet quietly folded among the red cushions.

One day she did yield to temptation, and took a little voyage which might have been her last, owing to the carelessness of those whom she trusted. It was a good lesson, and made her as meek as a lamb during the rest of her stay. Mrs. Minot drove to Gloucester one afternoon, leaving Jill safely established after her nap in the boat, with Gerty and Mamie making lace beside her.

"Don't try to walk or run about, my dear. Sit on the piazza if you get tired of this, and amuse yourself quietly till I come back. I'll not forget the worsted and the canvas," said Mamma, peeping over the bank for a last word as she waited for the omnibus to come along.

"Oh, *don't* forget the Gibaltars!" cried Jill, popping her head out of the green roof.

"Nor the bananas, please," added Gerty, looking around one end.

"Nor the pink and blue ribbon to tie our shell-baskets," called Mamie, nearly tumbling into the aquarium at the other end.

Mrs. Minot laughed and promised, and rumbled away, leaving Jill to an experience which she never forgot.

For half an hour the little girls worked busily; then the boys came for Gerty and Mamie to go to the Chasm with a party of friends who were to leave next day. Off they went, and Jill felt very lonely as the gay voices died away. Every one had gone somewhere, and only little Harry Hammond and his maid were on the beach. Two or three sand-pipers ran about among the pebbles, and Jill envied them their nimble legs so much, that she could not resist getting up to take a few steps. She longed to run straight away over the

firm, smooth sand, and feel again the delight of swift motion; but she dared not try it, and stood leaning on her tall parasol, with her book in her hand, when Frank, Jack and the bicycle boy came rowing lazily along and hailed her.

"Come for a sail, Jill? Take you anywhere you like," called Jack, touched by the lonely figure on the beach.

"I'd love to go, if you will row. Mamma made me promise not to go sailing without a man to take care of me. Would it spoil your fun to have me?" answered Jill, eagerly.

"Not a bit; come out on the big stones and we'll take you aboard," said Frank, as they steered to the place where she could embark the easiest.

"All the rest are gone to the Chasm. I wanted to go, because I've never seen it; but, of course, I had to give it up, as I do most of the fun," and Jill sat down with an impatient sigh.

"We'll row you around there. Can't land, but you can see the place and shout to the others, if that will be any comfort to you," proposed Frank, as they pulled away around the pier.

"Oh, yes, that would be lovely!" and Jill smiled at Jack, who was steering, for she found it impossible to be dismal now, with the fresh wind blowing in her face, the blue waves slapping against the boat, and three good-natured lads ready to gratify her wishes.

Away they went, laughing and talking gayly till they came to Goodwin's Rocks, where an unusual number of people were to be seen, though the tide was going out, and no white spray was dashing high into the air to make a sight worth seeing.

"What do you suppose they are about? Never saw such a lot of folks at this time. Shouldn't wonder if something had happened. I say, put me ashore, and I'll cut up and see," said the bicycle boy, who was of an inquiring turn.

"I'll go with you," said Frank; "it won't take but a minute, and I'd like to discover what it is. May be something we ought to know about."

So the boys pulled around into a quiet nook, and the two elder ones scrambled up the rocks, to disappear in the crowd. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and they did not return. Jack grew impatient, so did Jill, and bade him run up and bring them back. Glad to know what kept them, Jack departed, to be swallowed up in his turn, for not a sign of a boy did she see after that; and, having vainly strained her eyes to discover the attraction which held them, she gave it up, lay down on their jackets, and began to read.

Then the treacherous tide, as it ebbed lower and lower down the beach, began to lure the boat away; for it was not fastened, and when lightened of its load was an easy prize to the hungry sea,

always ready to steal all it can. Jill felt nothing of this, for her story was dull, the gentle motion proved soothing, and before she knew it she was asleep. Little by little the runaway boat slid further from the shore, and presently was floating out to sea with its drowsy freight, while the careless boys, unconscious of the time they were wasting, lingered to see group after group photographed by the enterprising man who had trundled his camera to the rocks.

In the midst of a dream about home, Jill was aroused by a loud shout, and, starting up so suddenly that the sun-umbrella went overboard, she found herself floating off alone, while the distracted lads roared and beckoned vainly from the cove. The oars lay at their feet, where they had left them; and the poor child was quite helpless, for she could not manage the sail, and even the parasol, with which she might have paddled a little, had gone down with all sail set. For a minute, Jill was so frightened that she could only look about her with a scared face, and wonder if drowning was a very disagreeable thing. Then the sight of the bicycle boy struggling with Jack, who seemed inclined to swim after her, and Frank shouting wildly, "Hold on! Come back!" made her laugh in spite of her fear—it was so comical, and their distress so much greater than hers, since it was their own carelessness which caused the trouble.

"I can't come back! There's nothing to hold on to! You did n't fasten me, and now I don't know where I'm going!" cried Jill, looking away from the shore to the treacherous sea that was gently carrying her away.

"Keep cool! We'll get a boat and come after you!" roared Frank, before he followed Jack, who had collected his wits and was tearing up the rocks like a chamois hunter.

The bicycle boy calmly sat down to keep his eye on the runaway, calling out from time to time such cheering remarks as "All aboard for Liverpool! Give my love to Victoria! Luff and bear away when you come to Halifax! If you are hard up for provisions, you'll find an apple and some bait in my coat pocket!" and other directions for a comfortable voyage, till his voice was lost in the distance, as a stronger current bore her swiftly away, and the big waves began to tumble and splash.

At first, Jill had laughed at his efforts to keep up her spirits, but when the boat floated around a point of rock that shut in the cove, she felt all alone, and sat quite still, wondering what would become of her. She turned her back to the sea and looked at the dear, safe land, which never had seemed so green and beautiful before. Up on the hill rustled the wood through which the happy party were wandering to the Chasm. On the

rocks she still saw the crowd, all busy with their own affairs, unconscious of her danger. Here and there, artists were sketching in picturesque spots, and in one place an old gentleman sat fishing peacefully. Jill called and waved her handkerchief, but he never looked up, and an ugly little dog barked at her in what seemed to her a most cruel way.

"Nobody sees or hears or cares, and those horrid boys will never catch up!" she cried in despair, as the boat began to rock more and more, and the loud swash of water dashing in and out of the Chasm drew nearer and nearer. Holding on now with both hands, she turned and looked straight before her, pale and shivering, while her eyes tried to see some sign of hope among the steep cliffs that rose up on the left. No one was there, though usually at this hour they were full of visitors, and it was time for the walkers to have arrived.

"I wonder if Gerty and Mamie will be sorry if I'm drowned," thought Jill, remembering the poor girl who had been lost in the Chasm not long ago. Her lively fancy pictured the grief of her friends at her loss; but that did not help nor comfort her now, and as her anxious gaze wandered along the shore, she said aloud, in a pensive tone:

"Perhaps I shall be wrecked on Norman's Woe, and somebody will make poetry about me. It would be pretty to read, but I don't want to die that way. Oh, why did I come! Why did n't I stay safe and comfortable in my own boat?"

At the thought a sob rose, and poor Jill laid her head down on her lap to cry with all her heart, feeling very helpless, small and forsaken, alone there on the great sea. In the midst of her tears came the thought, "When people are in danger, they ask God to save them;" and, slipping down upon her knees, she said her prayer as she had never said it before, for when human help seems gone we turn to Him as naturally as lost children cry to their father, and feel sure that he will hear and answer them.

After that, she felt better, and wiped away the drops that blinded her, to look out again like a shipwrecked mariner watching for a sail. And there it was! close by, coming swiftly on with a man behind it,—a sturdy brown fisher, busy with his lobster-pots, and quite unconscious how like an angel he looked to the helpless little girl in the oarless boat.

"Hi! hi! Oh, please do stop and get me! I'm lost! No oars, nobody to fix the sail! Oh! oh! Please come!" screamed Jill, waving her hat frantically, while the other boat skimmed past and the man stared at her as if she really was a mermaid with a fish-like tail.

"Keep still! I'll come about and fetch you!" he called out; and Jill obeyed, sitting like a little image of faith till, with a good deal of shifting and flapping of the sail, the other boat came alongside and took her in tow.

A few words told the story, and in five minutes she was sitting snugly tucked up, watching an unpleasant mass of lobsters flap about dangerously near her toes, while the boat bounded over the waves with a delightful motion, and every instant brought her nearer home. She did not say much, but felt a good deal; and when they met two boats coming to meet her, manned by very anxious crews of men and boys, she was so pale and quiet that Jack was quite bowed down with remorse, and Frank nearly pitched the bicycle boy overboard because he gayly asked Jill how she'd left her friends in England. There was great rejoicing over her, for the people on the rocks had heard of her loss, and ran about like ants when their hill is disturbed. Of course, half a dozen amiable souls posted off to The Willows to tell the family that the little girl was drowned, so that when the rescuers appeared quite a crowd was assembled on the beach to welcome her. But Jill felt so used up with her own share of the excitement that she was glad to be carried to the house by Frank and Jack, and laid upon her bed, where Mrs. Hammond soon restored her with sugar-coated pills, and words even sweeter and more soothing.

Other people, busied with their own pleasures, forgot all about it by the next day; but Jill remembered that hour long afterward, both awake and asleep, for her dreams were troubled, and she often started up imploring some one to save her. Then she would recall the moment when, feeling most helpless, she had asked for help, and it had come as quickly as if that tearful little cry had been heard and answered, though her voice had been drowned by the dash of the waves that seemed ready to devour her. This made a deep impression on her, and a sense of child-like faith in the Father of all began to grow up within her; for in that lonely voyage, short as it was, she had found a very precious treasure to keep forever, to lean on, and to love during the longer voyage which all must take before we reach our home.

CHAPTER XXII.

A HAPPY DAY.

"OH dear! Only a week more, and then we must go back. Don't you hate the thoughts of it?" said Jack, as he was giving Jill her early walk on the beach one August morning.

"Yes; it will be dreadful to leave Gerty and Mamie and all the nice people. But I'm so much

better I won't have to be shut up again, even if I don't go to school. How I long to see Merry and Molly. Dear things! If it was n't for them I should hate going home more than you do," answered Jill, stepping along quite briskly, and finding it very hard to resist breaking into a skip or a run, she felt so well and gay.

"Wish they could be here to-day to see the fun," said Jack, for it was the anniversary of the founding of the place, and the people celebrated it by all sorts of festivity.

"I did want to ask Molly, but your mother is so good to me I could n't find courage to do it. Mammy told me not to ask for a thing, and I'm sure I don't get a chance. I feel just as if I was your truly born sister, Jack."

"That's all right; I'm glad you do," answered Jack, comfortably, though his mind seemed a little absent and his eyes twinkled when she spoke of Molly. "Now, you sit in the cubby-house, and keep quiet till the boat comes in. Then the fun will begin, and you must be fresh and ready to enjoy it. Don't run off, now,—I shall want to know where to find you by and by."

"No more running off, thank you. I'll stay here till you come, and finish this box for Molly; she has a birthday this week, and I've written to ask what day, so I can send it right up and surprise her."

Jack's eyes twinkled more than ever as he helped Jill settle herself in the boat, and then with a whoop he tore over the beach, as if practicing for the race which was to come off in the afternoon.

Jill was so busy with her work that time went quickly, and the early boat came in just as the last pink shell was stuck in its place. Putting the box in the sun to dry, she leaned out of her nook to watch the gay parties land, and go streaming up the pier along the road that went behind the bank which sheltered her. Flocks of children were running about on the sand, and presently strangers appeared, eager to see and enjoy all the delights of this gala-day.

"There's a fat little boy who looks ever so much like Boo," said Jill to herself, watching the people and hoping they would not come and find her, since she had promised to stay till Jack returned.

The fat little boy was staring about him in a blissful sort of maze, holding a wooden shovel in one hand and the skirts of a young girl with the other. Her back was turned to Jill, but something in the long brown braid with a fly-away blue bow hanging down her back looked very familiar to Jill. So did the gray suit and the Japanese umbrella; but the hat was strange, and while she was thinking how natural the boots looked, the girl suddenly turned around.

"Why, how much she looks like Molly! It can't be—yes, it might—I do believe it *is!*" cried Jill, starting up, and hardly daring to trust her own eyes.

As she came out of her nest and showed herself, there could be no doubt about the other girl, for she gave one shout and came racing over the beach with both arms out, while her hat blew off unheeded, and the gay umbrella flew away, to the great delight of all the little people except Boo, who was upset by his sister's impetuous rush, and lay upon his back, howling. Molly did not do all the running, though, and Jill got her wish, for, never stopping to think of herself, she was off at once, and met her friend half-way with an answering cry. It was a pretty sight to see them run into one another's arms, and hug and kiss and talk and skip in such a state of girlish joy they never cared who saw or laughed at their innocent raptures.

"You darling dear! Where did you come from?" cried Jill, holding Molly by both shoulders, and shaking her a little to be sure she was real.

"Mrs. Minot sent for us to spend a week. You look so well, I can't believe my eyes!" answered Molly, patting Jill's cheeks and kissing them over and over, as if to make sure the bright color would not come off.

"A week? How splendid! Oh, I've such heaps to tell and show you; come right over to my cubby and see how lovely it is," said Jill, forgetting everybody else in her delight at getting Molly.

"I must get poor Boo, and my hat and umbrella. I left them all behind me when I saw you," laughed Molly, looking back.

But Mrs. Minot and Jack had consoled Boo and collected the scattered property, so the girls went on arm in arm, and had a fine time before any one had the heart to disturb them. Molly was charmed with the boat, and Jill very glad the box was done in season. Both had so much to tell and hear and plan, that they would have sat there forever if bathing-time had not come, and the beach suddenly looked like a bed of red and yellow tulips, for every one took a dip, and the strangers added much to the fun.

Molly could swim like a duck, and quite covered herself with glory by diving off the pier. Jack undertook to teach Boo, who was a promising pupil, being so plump that he could not sink if he tried. Jill was soon through, and lay on the sand enjoying the antics of the bathers till she was so faint with laughter she was glad to hear the dinner-horn, and do the honors of The Willows to Molly, whose room was next hers.

Boat-races came first in the afternoon, and the girls watched them, sitting luxuriously in the nest, with the ladies and children close by. The sail-

ing matches were very pretty to see; but Molly and Jill were more interested in the rowing, for Frank and the bicycle boy pulled one boat, and the friends felt that this one must win. It did, though the race was not very exciting nor the prize of great worth; but the boys and girls were satisfied and Jack was much exalted, for he always told Frank he could do great things if he would only drop books and "go in on his muscle."

Foot-races followed, and, burning to distinguish himself also, Jack insisted on trying, though his mother warned him that the weak leg might be harmed, and he had his own doubts about it, as he was all out of practice. However, he took his place with a handkerchief tied around his head, red shirt and stockings, and his sleeves rolled up as if he meant business. Jill and Molly could not sit still during this race, and stood on the bank quite trembling with excitement as the half-dozen runners stood in a line at the starting-post, waiting for the word "Go!"

Off they went at last, over the smooth beach to the pole with the flag at the further end, and every one watched them with mingled interest and merriment, for they were a droll set, and the running not at all scientific with most of them. One young fisherman with big boots over his trousers started off at a great pace, pounding along in the most dogged way, while a little chap in a tight bathing-suit with very thin legs skimmed by him, looking so like a sand-piper it was impossible to help laughing at both. Jack's former training stood him in good stead now; for he went to work in professional style, and kept a steady trot till the flag-pole had been passed; then he put on his speed and shot ahead of all the rest, several of whom broke down and gave up. But Cox and Bacon held on gallantly; and soon it was evident that the sturdy legs in the knickerbockers were gaining fast, for Jack gave his ankle an ugly wrench on a round pebble, and the weak knee began to fail. He did his best, however, and quite a breeze of enthusiasm stirred the spectators as the three boys came down the course like mettlesome horses, panting, pale or purple, but each bound to win at any cost.

"Now, Bacon!" "Go it, Minot!" "Hit him up, Cox!" "Jack's ahead!" "No, he is n't!" "Here they come!" "Bacon's done it!" shouted the other boys, and they were right: Bacon had won, for the gray legs came in just half a yard ahead of the red ones, and Minot tumbled into his brother's arms with hardly breath enough left to gasp out, good-humoredly, "All right; I'm glad he beat!"

Then the victor was congratulated and borne off by his friends to refresh himself, while the

lookers-on scattered to see a game of tennis and the shooting of the archery club up at the hotel. Jack was soon rested, and, making light of his defeat, insisted on taking the girls to see the fun. So they drove up in the old omnibus, and enjoyed the pretty sight very much; for the young ladies were in uniform, and the broad green ribbons over the white dresses, the gay quivers, long bows and big targets made a lively scene. The shooting was good; a handsome damsel got the prize of a dozen arrows, and every one clapped in the most enthusiastic manner.

Molly and Jill did not care about tennis, so they went home to rest and dress for the evening, because to their minds the dancing, the illumination and the fire-works were the best fun of all. Jill's white bunting with cherry ribbons was very becoming, and the lively feet in the new slippers patted the floor impatiently as the sound of dance music came down to The Willows after tea, and the other girls waltzed on the wide piazza, because they could not keep still.

"No dancing for me, but Molly must have a good time. You 'll see that she does, wont you, boys?" said Jill, who knew that her share of the fun would be lying on a settee and watching the rest enjoy her favorite pastime.

Frank and Jack promised, and kept their word handsomely; for there was plenty of room in the great dancing-hall at the hotel, and the band in the pavilion played such inspiring music that, as the bicycle boy said, "Every one who had a leg could n't help shaking it." Molly was twirled about to her heart's content, and flew hither and thither like a blue butterfly; for all the lads liked her, and she kept running up to tell Jill the funny things they said and did.

As night darkened, from all the houses in the valley, on the cliffs and along the shore, lights shone and sparkled; for every one decorated with gay lanterns, and several yachts in the bay strung colored lamps about the little vessels, making a pretty picture on the quiet sea. Jill thought she had never seen anything so like fairy-land, and felt very like one in a dream as she drove slowly up and down with Mamie, Gerty, Molly and Mrs. Cox in the carriage, so that she might see it all without too much fatigue. It was very lovely; and when rockets began to whiz, filling the air with golden rain, a shower of colored stars, fiery dragons or glittering wheels, the girls could only shriek with delight, and beg to stay a little longer each time the prudent lady proposed going home.

It had to be at last; but Molly and Jill comforted themselves by a long talk in bed, for it was impossible to sleep with glares of light coming every few minutes, flocks of people talking and tramping by

in the road, and bursts of music floating down to them as the older but not wiser revelers kept up the merriment till a late hour. They dropped off to sleep at last; but Jill had the nightmare, and Molly was waked up by a violent jerking of her braid as Jill tried to tow her along, dreaming she was a boat.

They were too sleepy to laugh much then, but next morning they made merry over it, and went to breakfast with such happy faces that all the young folks pronounced Jill's friend a most delightful girl. What a good time Molly did have that week! Other people were going to leave also, and therefore much picnicking, boating and driving was crowded into the last days. Clam-bakes on the shore, charades in the studio, sewing-parties at the boat, evening frolics in the big dining-room, farewell calls, gifts and invitations, all sorts of plans for next summer, and vows of eternal friendship exchanged between people who would soon forget each other. It was very pleasant, till poor Boo innocently added to the excitement by poisoning a few of his neighbors with a bad lobster.

The ambitious little soul pined to catch one of these mysterious but lovely red creatures, and spent days fishing on the beach, investigating holes and corners, and tagging after the old man who supplied the house. One day after a high wind he found several "lobs" washed up on the beach, and, though disappointed at their color, he picked out a big one, and set off to show his prize to Molly. Half-way home he overtook the old man on his way with a basket of fish, and, being tired of lugging his contribution, laid it with the others, meaning to explain later. No one saw him do it, as the old man was busy with his pipe; and Boo ran back to get more dear lobs, leaving his treasure to go into the kettle and appear at supper, by which time he had forgotten all about it.

Fortunately none of the children ate any, but several older people were made ill, and quite a panic prevailed that night as one after the other called up the doctor, who was boarding close by; and good Mrs. Grey, the hostess, ran about with hot flannels, bottles of medicine and distracted messages from room to room. All were comfortable by morning, but the friends of the sufferers lay in wait for the old fisherman, and gave him a good scolding for his carelessness. The poor man was protesting his innocence when Boo, who was passing by, looked into the basket, and asked what had become of *his* lob. A few questions brought the truth to light, and a general laugh put every one in good humor, when poor Boo mildly said, by way of explanation:

"I fought I was helpin' Mrs. Dray, and I did want to see the dreen lob come out all red when

she boiled him. But I fordot, and I don't fink I'll ever find such a nice big one any more."

"For our sakes, I hope you wont, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, who had been nursing one of the sufferers.

"It's lucky we are going home to-morrow, or that child would be the death of himself and everybody else. He is perfectly crazy about fish, and I've pulled him out of that old lobster-pot on the beach a dozen times," groaned Molly, much afflicted by the mishaps of her young charge.

"I always wanted to tatch a whale, and this is a baby one, I fink. A boy said, when they wanted to die they comed on the sand and did it, and we saw this one go dead just now. Aint he pretty?" asked Boo, displaying the immense mouth with fond pride, while his friend flapped the tail.

"What are you going to do with him?" said Mrs. Hammond, regarding her infant as if she had often asked herself the same question about her boy.

"Wap him up in a paper and tate him home to



BOO FINDS A PRIZE.

There was a great breaking up next day, and the old omnibus went off to the station with Bacon hanging on behind, the bicycle boy and his iron whirligig atop, and heads popping out of all the windows for last good-byes. Our party and the Hammonds were going by boat, and were all ready to start for the pier when Boo and little Harry were missing. Molly, the maid, and both boys ran different ways to find them, and all sorts of dreadful suggestions were being made, when shouts of laughter were heard from the beach, and the truants appeared, proudly dragging in Harry's little wagon a dead devil-fish, as the natives call that ugly thing which looks like a magnified tadpole,—all head and no body.

"We've dot him!" called the innocents, tugging up their prize with such solemn satisfaction it was impossible to help laughing.

pay wid," answered Harry, with such confidence in his big blue eyes that it was very hard to disappoint his hopes and tell him the treasure must be left behind.

Wails of despair burst from both children as the hard-hearted boys tipped out the little whale, and hustled the indignant fishermen on board the boat, which had been whistling for them impatiently. Boo recovered his spirits first, and, gulping down a sob that nearly shook his hat off, consoled his companion in affliction and convulsed his friends by taking from his pocket several little crabs, the remains of a jelly-fish, and such a collection of pebbles that Frank understood why he found the fat boy such a burden when he shouldered him, kicking and howling, in the late run to the boat. These delicate toys healed the wounds of Boo and Harry, and they were soon happily walking the

little "trabs" about inside a stone wall of their own building, while the others rested after their exertions, and laid plans for coming to The Willows another year, as people usually did who had once tasted the wholesome delights and cordial hospitality of this charming place.

(To be continued.)

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

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.



CHASED BY A HOOP-SNAKE.

IN the Yelgree forest, near our trading-post, there was a big snake that had adopted rapid transit. I saw him when he first learned it. He was chasing a small hoop-snake, when the little one put his tail in his mouth, after the manner of his kind, and rolled clean out of sight. Well, what did his big snakeship do but put his own tail into his mouth, and begin practicing! After a few turns he grew accustomed to the thing, and in half an hour could beat the best bicycle time on record.

A few days after this I shot a deer, and was carrying its horns home. As I was passing a few hundred yards from the Yelgree forest, I saw what seemed to be a loose wheel coming out of the wood. It was the biggest wheel I ever saw. I felt almost as if the polar circle had got loose from its fixings and was making for me.

"Hoop la!" I cried, and then I shut up, for I saw it was the big revolving python.

'T was no use shooting at his head, for he was revolving at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and no

use trying to escape, unless I could hire an express engine on the spot. So I just lay down to make it harder for the reptile to swallow me.

When the snake came up and noticed the deer's horns, he shivered, just as a Christian would if he saw a horned man! As I lay, they must have seemed to be growing out of my head, and the python may have mistaken me for the Old Serpent himself. Whatever his idea may have been, he had not ceased shivering before he made tracks for the forest and let me go in peace.

On my way home I reflected that horned animals are bad for the health of serpents, which swallow their prey whole, and that, time and again, imprudent pythons and boas have been found dead with deer all swallowed but the antlers.

"A snake," I said to myself, "that is smart enough to take a hint in the way of locomotion is smart enough to take a hint in the way of feeding."

Anyhow, his prudence or his fears lost him a good meal, for I was fat then. A little learning is a dangerous thing for snakes.



WONDER-LAND.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I WONDER what makes the sky so blue;
 I wonder what makes the moon so bright,
 And whether the lovely stars are born,
 Like brand-new babies, each summer night.

And why do they hide when daylight comes?
 I wonder where in the world they go!
 Perhaps, when the great, hot sun gets up,
 They dry like dew, or they melt like snow.

I wonder what makes the flowers so sweet;
 And where do they get their splendid dyes?
 And why should some be as red as blood,
 And others blue as the summer skies?

I wonder, too,—but so much there is
 To puzzle my little head!—and oh,
 I doubt if ever I'll find out half
 The wonderful things that I want to know!

A DAY AMONG THE WELSH CASTLES.

BY NETTIE B. WILCOX.

I BELIEVE, of all stories written for boys, none interest them more than those of old castles; and American boys long for the privilege granted to their English cousins of roaming over ivy-covered ruins, climbing lofty towers, and endangering their necks in all manner of dangerous places. And so my strong sympathy with this trait in boys leads me to tell the story of my explorings in two old castles, whose names ought to be familiar to all school-boys. But I must first give you a little early English and Welsh history, that you may know why these castles were built.

When England became a settled kingdom, with a number of divisions whose princes were under the English king, and whose people paid dues to him, Wales was one of these divisions, and at times the Welsh were very troublesome, refusing to pay dues, or submit to the will of the king. Castles were built and given to English nobles, to whom was allowed all the land they could seize from the Welsh, and the people were oppressed in various ways, till Llewellyn became Prince of North Wales. When Henry III., a boy only nine years old, was crowned, Llewellyn acknowledged him as king, and for fifty-six years rendered obedience to him as superior sovereign; but when Edward I. became king, Llewellyn at last threw off the yoke, and resisted sturdily. He was finally forced to submit; but falling in an encounter with an English knight, his brother David, claiming to be legal sovereign of North Wales, summoned a council of Welsh chieftains at Denbigh, a little town in the north of Wales. They determined to commence

hostilities against the English, but were not successful. David was imprisoned, and this was the end of Welsh independence.

Wales was united to England, and Edward I. determined to secure the submission and willing obedience of its people. It is said he promised them a prince who could not speak a word of English. Now, he had a baby-boy who was afterward Edward II.; he presented him as the promised prince, and, ever since, the oldest son of the English king is called the Prince of Wales.

This little prince lived in Carnarvon, the largest of the one hundred and forty-three castles in North Wales, and it is of the beautiful ruin of this castle that I will first tell you.

It is on a high hill in the western part of Wales; climbing the hill you come upon a huge mass of gray stone, with immense towers; on two sides surrounded by a river, while a moat or ditch protects the other two. Originally there were thirteen towers; five have fallen, and the stones have been carried away by the inhabitants of the town to build their quaint little houses.

The castle has only narrow openings for windows on the outside; these are not more than four inches wide, but the walls are ten feet thick, and these windows are five or six feet wide on the inside, the sides slanting close together through the thickness of the wall as they get near the outside, thus forming a kind of room in each window.

In those days, battles were fought and castles defended principally with cross-bows and arrows, and these window-niches furnished standing room

for six or eight men, who in turn discharged their arrows at the enemy.

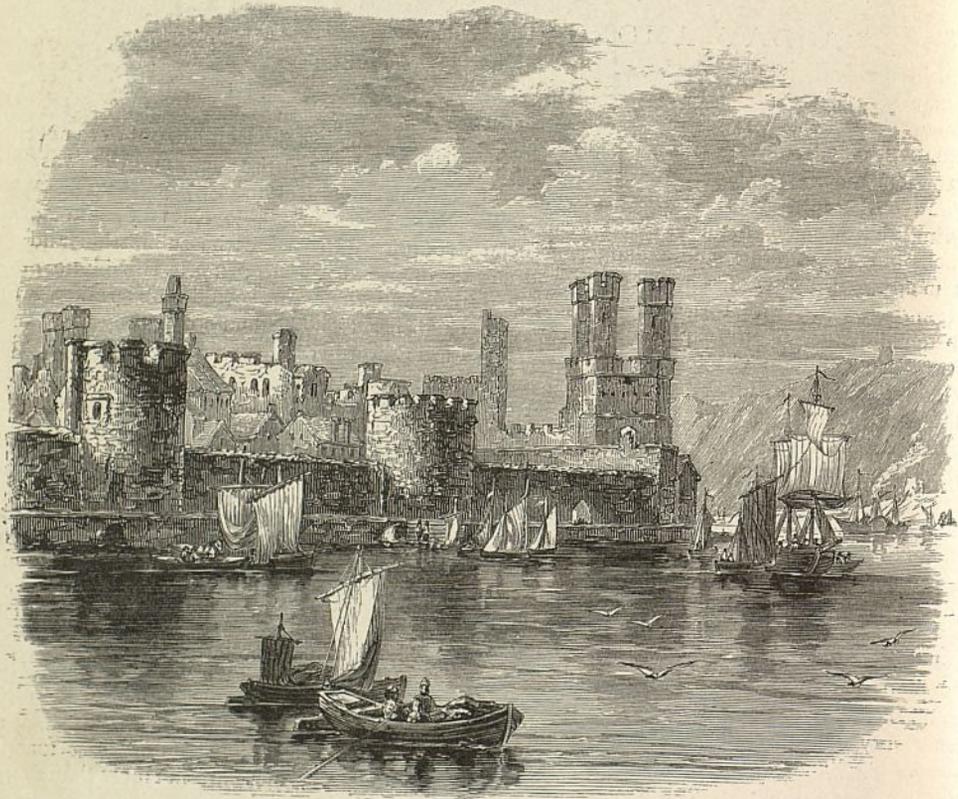
It was very easy for them, close to the narrow openings, to aim carefully at the enemy, but almost impossible for the outsiders to send their arrows where they would take effect.

The towers are full of crooked passages and narrow, stone staircases, with rooms of all sizes and shapes. Entering the door at the end of the path and passing up the worn and broken stone steps, I almost lost my way in dark galleries, where the chattering of the birds which have appropriated the deep windows for their nests, and the sound of my own footsteps re-echoed till I had hardly courage to complete the ascent. At last it grew lighter, and I found myself in the open space between the two smaller towers.

In the center of the main tower, in the good old

and staircases only wide enough for one person to pass. At the end of each staircase is a door, so that, granting the enemy succeeded in forcing passage to the court,—a large oblong square in the center of the castle,—a single soldier could defend such a narrow staircase and yet be safe himself.

I suppose boys would climb to the top of the small tower where the flag-staff stands. I did not care to, so I went down and began a search for Prince Edward's room. The old histories say he was born in the tower, but there are always people who like to spoil a good story, and these say he was three years old when brought here. I like the old story, so I asked a guide to show me where the prince was born. Entering the same door, we climbed the steps till we reached the room in the second story, lighted by the narrow window to the left of the door. The little square



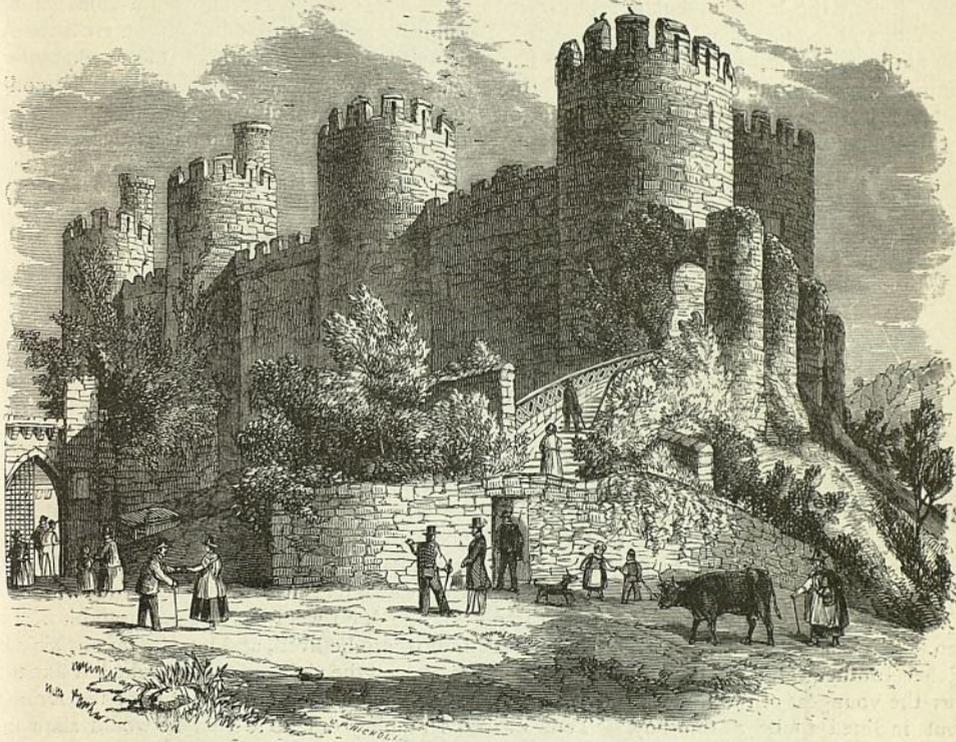
CARNARVON CASTLE.

times, there were five rooms, one above another. The floors have fallen, and, looking over the inner wall, I could see only the holes where floor-beams had rested, and a heap of ruins at the bottom. Around these central halls, which must have been lighted by artificial means, were smaller rooms,

window just above it lighted the "confessional," a little niche in the wall still holding the receptacle for holy water. This room passed, we went clear around the tower, till we came through the narrowest of all passages to a room only ten feet by twelve. This was certainly the room of Queen

Eleanor and the first Prince of Wales, whether he was born there, or brought when a very small boy. Back of the window is a narrow door which opens upon a walk upon the walls, called Queen Eleanor's

are still to be seen, as is also the end of the leaden water pipe away back in the walls; trophy hunters have carried away as much of it as their arms could reach. The castle was entered by two gates; the



CONWAY CASTLE.

walk. She could not go outside the castle walls, and it would not be pleasant for her in the court with soldiers passing to and fro, and her only exercise out-of-doors had to be taken on this narrow path. When the walls were in repair she could walk from this tower to the next, through that to another wall, and so on around the castle, entering back of the confessional. I followed the walk a little way, and was glad enough that I was not compelled, like the poor queen, to take all my fresh air on a path two feet wide on castle walls. This tower, called Eagle Tower, was the strongest of the thirteen, and for this reason the queen was placed in it; the next, to the left, was the Royal Tower, and the enemy would naturally go there to look for the baby prince. The banqueting hall occupied the space between the Eagle and Royal towers, indicated now only by a line of stones left for the purpose. The kitchens were directly opposite, and the places which years ago held the boilers

king's gate, or general entrance, and one smaller, but more beautiful, through which Queen Eleanor first entered Carnarvon. This gate is the most picturesque part of the castle, being partially in ruins and covered with ivy and wall-flowers.

Around the whole were high walls with towers at intervals, a part of the town of Carnarvon being now built within them.

If Carnarvon is the grandest old castle ruin, Conway is certainly the most beautiful. At the former there is one large oblong court; the latter has two square ones, surrounded by lofty rooms with arched roofs; the entire castle is covered with a mass of ivy. The grand hall is 130 feet in length, the roof formerly being supported by eight arches. The roof and four of the arches have fallen, but ivy has covered the remaining ones so luxuriantly that, looking up from the floor, one can only see a leafy mass above, with here and there a speck of blue sky. It is built on a rock, and can be entered by

steps cut into the rock, or by a draw-bridge over the moat, and up a rambling path. Back of the castle is a pleasant yard, so that the lady of Conway was more fortunate than poor Queen Eleanor.

Conway was built by King Edward I. also, and he was at one time besieged in it, during a revolt of the Welsh; he was nearly reduced by famine to surrender, but at the last moment a fleet arrived with supplies and reinforcements.

Many of the castles were dismantled by the Parliamentarians in the time of Oliver Cromwell, but for some reason this was spared,—it is claimed, on account of its peculiar beauty.

Denbigh has a ruined castle, but it is hardly safe to explore it, as it was not left for time to destroy, but was blown up by gunpowder in the time of Charles II.

But I think boys care less for the history of these old ruins than for the pleasure of climbing around them. It is possible that the account of Carnarvon at least may lead some of you to study enough of English history so that, when you cross the Atlantic and have the opportunity to see what now you read of, you will not have to depend upon poor guides, or spend half your time in hunting up why and by whom these grand old castles were built.

HOW TOM COLE CARRIED OUT HIS PLAN.*

(Suggested by an incident in the life of the late William Morris Hunt.)

BY M. A. HOPKINS.

WITHOUT, it was wild and stormy: the freshly fallen snow covered everything with its soft white garment—the wind howled and roared, as though, itself uneasy, it intended no one else should rest.

Within, seated before a bright fire, were three children. Sue was the eldest, very pretty, "but prim," her brother Tom said. Sally, ten years old, was the youngest of the three, and was full of fun, but inclined to be a tom-boy. Tom was fourteen, and is the hero of this little story. If one were to hunt the wide world over, he would scarcely find a more generous, manly boy than this same Tom Cole. The children had no parents, and at the time of this story they were living with their grandfather on Beacon street, in the city of Boston. As I said, on this particular evening they were in their sitting-room, talking around the fire—planning some very mysterious thing, and waiting for their governess to come in, that she might help them out of their trouble. When she opened the door, the children all rushed toward her, talking and exclaiming all together.

"We thought you never would come," said Tom, at last, as poor besieged Miss Margaret seated herself in the large arm-chair they brought for her, and stretched her white hands toward the burning logs.

"But, dear me, if you all talk at once how can I understand what you are trying to tell? Girls, let us hear first what Tom has to say," said she.

So Tom began: "Well, you know, Marnie,

we've all had lots of fun this winter watching the poor little Italian who used to grind the organ on the edge of the Common opposite. I'm afraid you won't like it when I tell you what I did; but one day I went out and spoke to him. I asked him where he lived, and how he taught his monkey to play on the violin—for I thought I'd like to teach our 'Charcoal' how to do some of the funny tricks his monkey did. He said he would show me if I would go to his house. So, one afternoon, I ran off and followed him. Marnie, I was awfully scared when I saw where he was taking me—it was away down on North street, where there were drunken Italians and swearing women. Ugh! It was dreadful! I won't tell you about it—it's too horrid. I did not go far, it was so bad; so I gave Beppo my last nickel and came home as fast as I could; and, girls, I think you were regular bricks not to tell Grandpa of me. Yesterday, Beppo came grinding under the window again, and as I parted the curtains to look at him, he beckoned to me. I went out to see what he wanted. He said he was awfully sick, and that he could hardly move, he ached so; said he had crawled out of bed hoping to make enough to get some dinner, but it had been a bad day; no one had given him a penny, and so he had come to me for a car ticket. Of course I gave him one, and walked with him to a car, but when it came along the horrid old driver would not let us put the organ on the platform, and so —"

Here Tom stopped, and blushed fiery red.

* See "Letter-Box," page 916.

"Well, what did you do?" said the children and Marnie in one breath.

"Well,—I—I carried the organ myself," said Tom, stammering with shame. He had not meant to tell this part of the story.

"Hurrah for you!" said Sally, jumping up and swinging her handkerchief around her head.

"Did Beppo wait for you after he left the car?" said Sue. "And what did you do down in that horrid street, where the drunken people were? Did n't they laugh at you?"

"I did n't mind it much if they did," said Tom. "They saw Beppo was sick, but they laughed at my good clothes. I did n't care, though,—for I think I felt more like a man, with Beppo's organ on my back, than I did when I went before, for then I only carried the idea of learning to train a monkey. At last we reached Beppo's room. Bah! It's such a beastly place!" he said, shuddering; "up five flights of rickety stairs, and there is no light nor sunshine in the house; in the court-yard were piles of half-naked children, playing and fighting and yelling. Well, Beppo lay down on a pile of potato sacks, which he called a bed. I covered him with my overcoat, and left him.

"Now, Marnie, what can we do to help the poor boy? He has n't any one to do a thing for him, and he will dié if he is left there much longer. He's awfully sick. I know he is. We have not had much time to talk it over; this morning you had us at our lessons, and, since lunch, Grandpa's been making me read to him such a lot of stupid stuff!"

Then followed much talking. Many plans were proposed, but some reason was found why each one would not work. At last, Marnie said:

"Tom, dear, why don't you take him to the hospital, and let the city care for him?"

"Oh! did n't I tell you," said Tom, "that all the way down he kept asking me not to take him there? He said he was in one once, where they treated him like a brute. He trembled and cried when I told him he would have to go there, and said he would rather die first," he went on, his perplexity making his sentences rather jerky.

"There's the dinner-bell," said Sue, "and we have not decided on any plan yet. We shan't be together again until to-morrow, at noon, what with prayers, and practicings, and lessons."

"But we can each be thinking of some way out of it," interrupted Sally, "and when we do meet we will each tell the rest, and then we'll vote which plan to take." So they left the fireside for the dinner-table.

That night the children scarcely slept, so busy were they trying to find a way out of their trouble, and when at length sleep did kiss their pillows, it

brought only dreams of doctors and monkeys, hand-organs and hospitals.

At noon the three met in the sitting-room, as they had agreed. Tom was brimming over with fun, and had all he could do to compose himself and listen to the girls' ideas.

"I've the best plan of all," he said, "only I'm going to carry it out first, and tell you about it afterward," looking very mysterious and important, while the girls questioned him closely.

"You'll be meaner than dog-pie if you do, Tom Cole!" said Sally, angrily, "and I think you are very unkind to snub our plan about sending for a doctor, and then refuse to tell us yours! I don't think it's a bit fair; do you, Sue?"

"If my plan raises any money, you'll think I'm fair enough," said Tom, not wishing to quarrel with his angry little sister.

That afternoon, immediately after lunch, Tom left the house and fairly ran to Beppo's room. He found the little Italian in a raging fever; by his side was an Irish woman, the mother of many of the fighting children who were in the court-yard.

Hastily making her understand that he was Beppo's friend, and wanted to be of some assistance, the enthusiastic boy began his preparations. He stripped off his coat, vest, collar and cravat, displaying to the eyes of the woman, who closely watched him, an old blue calico shirt, torn, faded and starchless. He quickly got into the shabby jacket Beppo had taken off, and taking from the pockets of his own coat a brimless hat and two odd boots, he put them on, and then strapped Beppo's organ on his back. Nodding to the old woman, he went down the rickety stairs as fast as he could,—the monkey following unwillingly,—through the dirty court with its swarms of dirtier children, and into the street beyond.

Tom turned his steps toward Beacon street, making up his mind as he walked that he would play before every house on the street. "If they only give me three cents at every house, I'll have quite a fortune by the time I reach home," he thought, trying to count the number of houses on the street.

So, plucking up his courage, he slung the organ around on to its one leg and began to grind out, in a very jerky way, "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," utterly unconscious that this tune was hardly appropriate to the season. The monkey stood shivering on the curb-stone, and dumbly refused to obey the strange voice which bade him dance or clap the bones. Perplexed at the animal, Tom became aware that the children had left the window, that the monkey would not show off, that he had been grinding out the same tune over and over again, and that the snow was falling fast.

He began to feel a little discouraged, but, saying bravely to himself, "Brace up, old fellow," he began to look for the knob which he knew he must turn in order to change his tune. He found it at length, but that did not do him any good, for now he discovered that he did not know how to use it. Turn and twist as he would, the organ would play nothing but "Spring, spring, beautiful spring." Provoked and disheartened, Tom at last sat down on the curb-stone; his feet were in the gutter, and his head was buried in his hands; on his back was the organ, and on it crouched the monkey, as sorrowful as poor Tom himself, who was ready to cry with vexation. What should he do? He could not go home and tell the girls he had failed in carrying out his plan; they would laugh at him, and, worse than all, Beppo would get no relief, and so the poor boy was very unhappy.

Soon the jingle of sleigh-bells attracted him, and past him went a sleigh, with two men in it. They looked hard at him, and Tom fairly trembled lest they should be friends who might recognize him, and go to his grandfather with some exaggerated tale of his plan to help the poor organ-grinder. While Tom was watching the men, the sleigh turned and stopped opposite him. A gray-bearded man jumped out and said, almost rudely, to Tom:

"Give me your jacket; now your organ; now your hat;" and, taking off his own coat, he threw it over Tom's shivering shoulder. A passer-by would have seen a queer sight there at that minute: The gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, with the organ on his back, and the ragged jacket thrown over his shoulders, while Tom, clothed in an ulster that touched the ground, stood rubbing his hands together and looking with wonder at the queer actions of the gentleman. The gentleman had taken the organ and monkey under the windows of a neighboring house, and had begun to play the same old tune, "Spring, spring, beautiful spring." The frightened monkey stood shivering by, resolved not to dance for any one but his own master. When the tune was finished, the pretended organ-grinder went up the steps and rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. B—— that Mr. H—— would like to see him," he said.

The butler at once recognized the familiar face of the visitor, and hesitatingly said:

"But, Mr. H——, there is an afternoon reception, and your clothes ——"

Then, fearing he had gone too far, he did not finish his sentence.

"So much the better," said Mr. H——, who

was a great painter and an intimate friend of the family. "I will enter the parlors and pass around the hat." So, hauling the reluctant monkey after him, he crossed the halls and parlors, grinding as he went the everlasting tune, "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," and presented himself at the side of his astonished host. The eyes of the whole assembly were upon him, and wondering whisperings went around as to what new freak their queer friend had taken.

Then Mr. H—— said, "Well, you see, B——, I want some money to help a poor organ-grinder, who is crying in the cold under your very windows," and pulling off the brimless hat, he inverted it and said, "How much will you put in my hat to start with?" then, in a most grinder-like way, he limped and stumbled around the room, presenting his hat to each one present. The whole party appreciated the joke, and, humoring the man's queer freak, as they called it, filled his old hat with crisp notes.

Leaving the room as suddenly as he had entered, amid the applause of the guests, Mr. H—— descended the steps, gave the boy the money, and, hastily putting on his own coat and hat, jumped into his sleigh and drove off, and Tom never saw him again.

Tom was too happy for words, and, unconscious of the eyes which were peering at him from the windows of the B—— house, he counted the money as quickly as his stiff fingers would allow. He fairly ran to Beppo's room, and flung on his own clothes in place of those he had worn during his masquerade, and then started for home.

"Thirty-five whole dollars!" he exclaimed, as he entered the sitting-room and tossed the notes into Marnie's lap.

"Tom Cole, I believe you stole it!" said Sally.

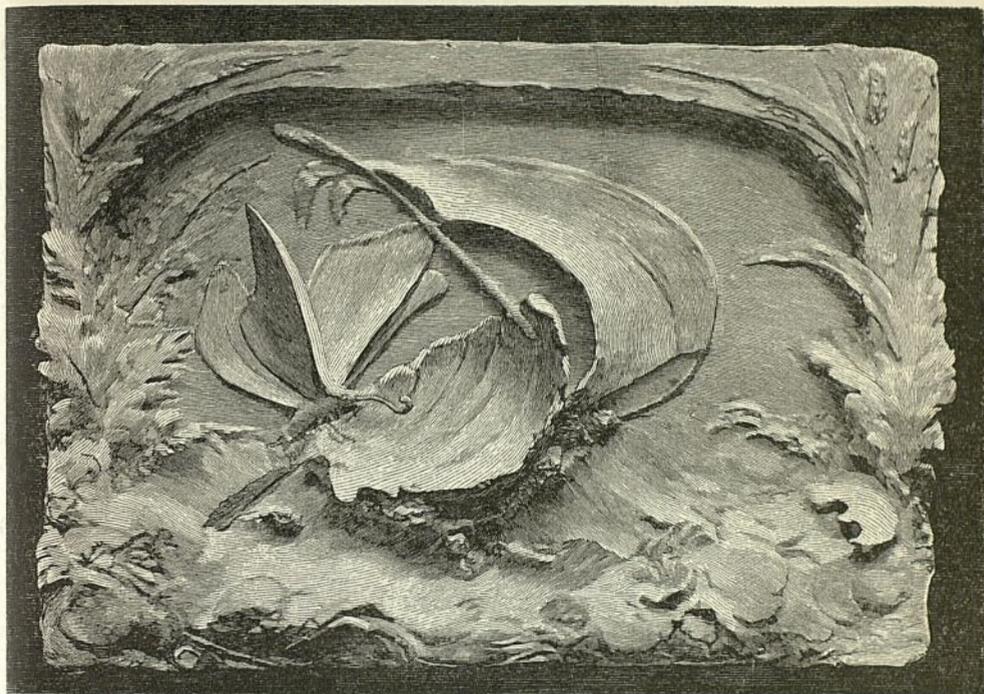
"Guess I did n't. If you 'll give a fellow a chance to get his breath, I 'll tell you about it," he gasped, as he stretched himself in his favorite position on the hearth-rug.

With many interruptions from the girls, he told his story. It was decided then and there that the thirty-five dollars should be given to their old nurse, who had left them when Marnie came, and that she should take Beppo to her home and nurse him till he got well.

After this was settled, a silence fell on them all. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Exactly what they were thinking, I cannot tell; but certain am I that firelight never danced over four happier young folk than those who sat on the hearth-rug that evening enjoying pleasant warmth and home-cheer.

CAPTAIN BUTTERFLY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.



HE was tired of the farm, this butterfly gay,
 And wanted to go to sea,
 So he rigged him a boat and sailed away,—
 Oh, as proud as a king was he, was he,
 As proud as a king was he!

The butterfly's boat was a scallop-shell
 Which he found upon the shore,
 And he thought the craft would do very well,
 For he'd never been out before, before,
 For he'd never been out before.

A spider spun him a web for a sail,
 'T was as fine as fine could be,
 And the helm was a quill from an eagle's tail,
 And a captain gay was he, was he,
 And a captain gay was he.

The heavens were blue, and the sea was calm,
 The wind blew fresh from the south,
 And he thought of the butterflies on the farm
 With a smile about his mouth, his mouth,
 With a smile about his mouth.

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“Oh! how lovely this is!” again and again
 To himself he laughingly said.

“Why, to flutter all day in a country lane,
 'T were just as well to be dead, be dead,
 'T were just as well to be dead.”

In his haste he had never once thought of food,
 And now he was out to sea.

No pollen was near, nor anything good,
 “I am starving to death!” said he, said he,
 “I am starving to death,” said he.

He began to be ill, as the sea, so calm,
 Was lashed by a gale from the south;
 And his smile, as he thought of the woods and
 farm,
 Was the other side of his mouth, his mouth,
 Was the other side of his mouth.

“Oh! what shall I do?” he cried, in despair.
 “No captain should leave his ship!
 But if I could see the shore anywhere,
 I would give this craft the slip, the slip,
 I would give this craft the slip.”

The butterfly's wings of scarlet and gold,
 Were as wet as wet could be;
 And the butterfly's spirit, once so bold,
 Had become quite cowardly,—'ardly,
 Had become quite cowardly.

The wind at last, with a terrible roar,
 Ran off with the scallop-shell,
 And landed the captain high on the shore,
 Then blew him safe to the dell, the dell,
 Then blew him safe to the dell.

The butterflies crowded around their mate,
 And laughed aloud in their glee.
 "If you 've got to come back," they said, "in this state,
 We 'll none of us go to sea, to sea,
 We 'll none of us go to sea."

THE LESSON OF WALNUT CREEK.

BY M. E. EDWARDS.

MATTIE and Helen Talbot were spending a whole, long summer at Walnut Farm. Their Aunt Helen lived there. She was Mrs. Morrison, and her two daughters, Grace and Anna, were a little older than Mattie and Helen; but not so much older that they felt above playing with their cousins from the city. The four girls were almost inseparable during the visits that were exchanged between the families; the Morrisons going to the city for a month in the winter, and the Talbots going to the country for a month in the summer. But this summer Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were in Europe; and Mattie and Helen had the privilege of being with their cousins during all the long vacation. They were delighted, for they enjoyed country life, and Walnut Farm was a beautiful place among the green hills, and very near Walnut Creek, a clear and sparkling stream, on whose picturesque banks the four girls passed much of their time.

In all enterprises Mattie was the foremost spirit, and was recognized as a leader, though she was the youngest of the party except Helen. Mattie was an enterprising and ambitious girl, and a brave one, too; but she had such overweening confidence in herself that it seldom entered her mind to take any precautions in case of danger. She had an idea that courage would carry a person through all difficulties. A great many young people have this idea. It is by no means peculiar to Mattie. And then prudence implied painstaking, and Mattie did not like painstaking. She did not care to do anything she had to learn how to do. She preferred to do things "off-hand," as she expressed it. She often laughed at her sister Helen, who was so timid, she did not even pretend to any bravery.

And Helen did not in the least object to being taught useful things, and especially things that would help her in taking care of herself.

"I am going to learn to swim," she said one day, to Mattie, when they were in their own room. "Grace and Anna can both swim, and they have offered to teach me, and there is a perfectly safe place down by the big willows on the creek, where I can take my lessons."

"Of course," said Mattie, with a laugh, "you will choose a *safe* place; but people don't need to know how to swim if they are never in unsafe places."

"The safe place is only for the beginning," said Helen, turning very red, for she was sensitive to ridicule. "After I know how to swim, I will venture into deeper water."

"And what good will it do you to know how to swim?" asked Mattie.

"It is a good thing to know how to swim," said Helen. "It gives one confidence when in the water."

"I have confidence enough already," said Mattie, loftily.

"And then," continued Helen, "you know Uncle John often takes us out in the boat, and I might fall overboard some time, and then think what a splendid thing to know how to swim!"

"You will never fall out of the boat," said Mattie; "you are too careful of yourself for that. You wont even paddle in the water with both hands."

"No," said Helen; "I have to lean over too much to do that; and, if I should lose my balance, I should have no hand to steady myself with. One hand is all I dare put in the water at a time."

"There is not a particle of use in your learning to swim," said Mattie, with a scornful laugh.

But Helen, though she shrank from ridicule, did not easily give up a point, and she did learn to swim.

When Mattie saw that Helen was in earnest, she took a few lessons herself, partly because she thought there might be some fun in it, and partly to give Helen more confidence. But she soon grew tired of it. It seemed to her to be tame sport, as the Morrison girls taught it, for they were not at all reckless,—they themselves had been too carefully trained for that,—and she found she had to take a good deal of trouble to learn to swim properly. And so she contented herself with "taking care of Helen while swimming," as she said.

As all that Mattie did on these occasions was to



"TAKING CARE OF HELEN."

sit on the shaded bank of the stream, and watch Helen put on her bathing-dress, and look at her as she plunged into some deep hole for a swim, and as Mattie could not swim, it was difficult to see what help she could possibly be to her sister. But Mattie firmly believed that she was taking excellent care of Helen. She was accustomed to feel that she ought to lead and take care of people.

One day, when the four girls were rambling through the woods along the bank of the creek, Grace said:

"Mattie, I don't believe you and Helen have ever been to the cave."

"What cave?" cried both girls, in a breath.

"The cave at Bear Spring, on the other side of the creek," said Grace.

"I hope there are no bears there!" exclaimed Helen.

The other girls laughed.

"There have been no bears there for at least a hundred years," said Anna.

"I only wish we could see one," said Mattie; "it would be a splendid sight. A bear in his native woods!"

"I should like to be sure," said Grace, "that he could not get at me, or I should not enjoy the sight."

"I should n't like it, any way," said Helen. "I am afraid to look at wild beasts in cages; I can't help thinking, What if they should get out?"

"Poor child!" said Mattie, pityingly, laying her hand on Helen's shoulder. "How unhappy it must make you to be forever afraid of everything!"

"I have often wished I was brave like you," said Helen, looking up at her sister with admiring eyes.

"But Helen is not unhappy," interposed Grace. "I think she is the merriest one of our party."

"And she is not afraid of everything, by any means," added Anna, kindly.

"I am not at all unhappy," said Helen, "but I *am* timid. There is no doubt about that, for everybody says so. I am not brave, but then, you know, hardly ever anything happens to be afraid of. But what is this cave? I never heard of it before."

"It is a deep hole that runs 'way back into a rock," explained Anna. "It makes a sort of room that a tall man can't stand up straight in; but we can. It is cold and horrid in there, and people say bears used to live in it. But the most beautiful mosses grow around that cave you ever saw in your life."

"Oh, we *must* go there!" cried Helen in a rapture.

"Of course we will go!" said Mattie, with her usual decision.

"I don't know about that," said the prudent Anna. "It is a very hot day, and the bridge is a mile down the creek, and, part of the way, there is no shade. We had better wait for a cooler day."

"We can ford the creek," said Mattie. "There is not the least use in walking away down to the bridge."

"Ford the creek!" cried Grace. "I never did that in my life. I have waded along the banks many a time, but I never dared to wade across it."

"It is easy enough," said Mattie, carelessly.

"There is a place I know well, not a quarter of a mile down, where I can see the bottom clear across to the other side."

"Brother Tom and Joe Briggs wade across," said Anna; "but I don't know just where."

"Of course, *they* do," said Grace; "but they

The four girls were soon in the stream, tripping gayly along, Mattie, of course, leading the way. They arrived, without any adventure, at the pine-tree, where another consultation was held. Here was one of the narrowest parts of the creek; but the statement Mattie had made, that she could



"MATTIE LED THE WAY."

are boys, and, besides, they know the dangerous places, and we don't."

"I don't believe there are any dangerous places," said Mattie, deciding the question very promptly.

"Don't let us go, if there is the least danger," pleaded Helen, seeing that Mattie was proceeding to take off her shoes and stockings.

"Don't be silly, Helen," said Mattie. "Can't you trust me? I know the exact spot, I tell you, where we can cross safely, and if you will just follow me, you will be all right."

"I am very much afraid it is not safe fording, Mattie," said Grace, who, as the eldest of the party, felt in a measure responsible for the others.

"But I tell you it *is* safe!" persisted Mattie.

"Are you *sure*?" asked Anna.

"I am *sure*!" said Mattie, emphatically. "You are not afraid to wade, near the bank, from this place to the old pine-tree, are you?"

All agreed there could be no danger.

"Very well," said Mattie. "We will all wade down to the old pine. It will be cool and pleasant to go through the water under the trees. Then we can decide upon crossing the creek, for the shallow place runs right across from that old pine."

"see the bottom clear across to the other side," was found not to be correct. She had not intended to tell anything that was not true; but when people make such very positive assertions about matters that they have not very carefully studied, they are not apt to hit the exact truth. However, though the girls could not "see the bottom clear across," a number of rocks and stones showed above the surface, scattered along the whole distance. This appeared to indicate shallow water.

Grace and Anna hesitated. They acknowledged that there were places where the boys waded across, and this looked as if it might be one of those places. Helen alone gave it as her decided opinion that they had better stay where they were.

"What a coward you are, Helen!" said Mattie, impatiently. "If you are so timid, you can stay here. And if you are all afraid, I will go alone. I am so thankful I am not a coward!"

So saying, she turned her face toward the opposite bank, and stepped boldly out into the stream. Helen followed, at a little distance, as she was almost sure to do when Mattie had fully determined upon carrying out any adventure. Grace and Anna also followed, some distance behind Helen.

Mattie picked her way along with very little difficulty, and splashed through the water, which was not half up to her knees, quite proud of her bold and adventurous spirit. When she had waded about a third of the way across, she turned, and taking off her hat waved it to her companions as a signal of triumph.

Then she turned to proceed on her way; but, just at that place, the bottom of the creek suddenly shelved down to a considerable depth. In her excitement she did not perceive this; her feet slipped, and down she went into the current, which swept her irresistibly along.

For an instant, Helen was terror-stricken at this catastrophe. She seemed to have neither thought nor feeling. Then there rushed into her mind the awful thought that there was no help near; and then another awful thought, that Mattie could not swim. In another instant she was dashing down the stream, through the shallow water in which she was standing when Mattie fell. She succeeded in reaching a point below the drifting form of Mattie; and springing into the deep water, and swimming out to her sister, was able to seize her, and, with great exertion, to push and pull her along until they were in such shallow water that Mattie could struggle upon her feet. Then she was safe.

This had passed so quickly that Grace and Anna had scarcely time to be frightened at Mattie's being swept into the stream when they saw Helen plunge

in to the rescue; and, directly after, were relieved to see them in the shallow water.

When the girls had started to cross the creek, they had tied their stockings and shoes around their necks, so that they could have the use of both hands, and when Mattie and Helen reached the bank the shoes were still swinging at the ends of the long, wet stockings. The shoes were very wet, too, but they managed to get them on their feet; and then Grace and Anna would not let them rest another minute, but hurried them home as fast as they could go, for fear that, all dripping as they were, they would take cold and be sick.

Their aunt made them go to bed, and gave them hot drinks. After the excitement was over, and the two girls had been lying quiet for some time, Mattie said: "Helen, are you asleep?"

"No," said Helen.

"I am very thankful that you learned to swim."

"It was a good thing," said Helen, sleepily.

"Helen!" called Mattie again, after a while.

"Well?" said Helen.

"I will never call you a coward again. You are a brave girl."

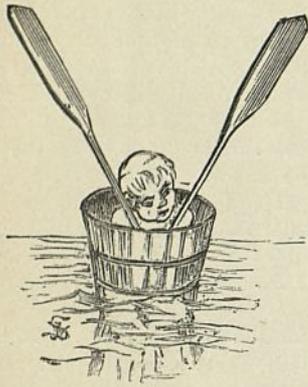
This was all Mattie said, but she was thinking deeply for some time after Helen was fast asleep. It is probable that she had learned the lesson that bravery without knowledge is not worth much; and that true confidence in one's self should come from proper training and study.



A QUIET CHAT.

SMALL BOATS: HOW TO RIG AND SAIL THEM.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.



ERY many persons seem to ignore the fact that a boy who knows how to manage a gun is, upon the whole, less likely to be shot than one who is a bungler through ignorance, or that a good swimmer is less likely to be drowned than a poor one. Such, however, is the truth beyond question.

If a skilled sportsman is now and then shot, or an expert swimmer drowned, the fault is not apt to be his own, and if the one who is really to blame had received proper training, it is not likely that the accident would have occurred at all. The same argument holds good with regard to the management of boats, and the author is confident that he merits the thanks of mothers, whether he receives them or not, for giving their boys a few hints as to practical rigging and sailing.

In general, there are three ways of learning how to sail boats. First, from the light of nature, which is a poor way. Second, from books, which is better; and third, from another fellow who knows how, which is best of all. I will try to make this article as much like the other fellow and as little bookish as possible.

Of course, what I shall say in these few paragraphs will be of small use to those who live within reach of the sea or some big lake, and have always been used to boats, but there are thousands and thousands of boys and men who never saw the sea, nor even set eyes on a sail, and who have not the least idea how to make the wind take them where they want to go. I once knew some young men from the interior who went down to the sea-side and hired a boat, with the idea that they had nothing to do but hoist the sail and be blown wherever they liked. The result was that they performed a remarkable set of maneuvers within sight of the boat-house, and at last went helplessly out to sea, and had to be sent after and brought back, when they were well laughed at for their performances,

and had reason to consider themselves lucky for having gotten off so cheaply.

The general principles of sailing are as simple as the national game of "one ole cat." That is to say, if the wind always blew moderately and steadily, it would be as easy and as safe to sail a boat as it is to drive a steady old family horse of good and regular habits. The fact, however, is that winds and currents are variable in their moods, and as capable of unexpected freaks as the most fiery of unbroken colts, but when properly watched and humored they are tractable and fascinating playmates and servants.

Now, let us come right down to first principles. Take a bit of pine board, sharpen it at one end, set up a mast about a quarter of the length of the whole piece from the bow, fit on a square piece of stiff paper or card for a sail, and you are ready for action. Put this in the water, with the sail set squarely across (A, Fig. 1), and she will run off before the wind,—which is supposed to be blowing as shown by the arrow,—at a good rate of speed. If she does not steer herself, put a small weight near the stern, or square end; or, if you like, arrange a thin bit of wood for a rudder.

Probably the first primeval man who was born with nautical instincts discovered this fact, and, using a bush for

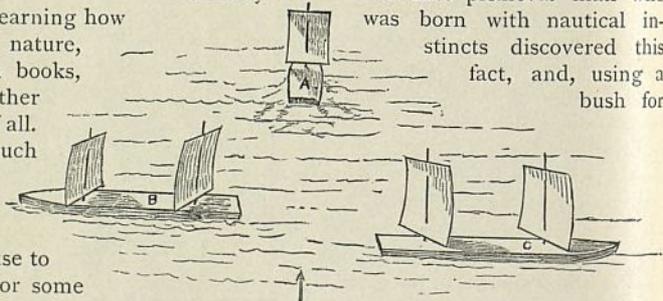


FIG. 1.

a sail, greatly astonished his fellow primevals by winning some prehistoric regatta. But that was all he could do. He was as helpless as a balloonist is in mid-air. He could go, but he could not get back, and we may be sure that ages passed away before the possibility of sailing to windward was discovered.

Now, put up, or "step," another mast and sail like the first, about as far from the stern as the first is from the bow. Turn the two sails at an angle of forty-five degrees across the boat (B or C, Fig. 1), and set her adrift. She will make considerable progress across the course of the wind, although she will at the same time drift with it. If she

wholly refuses to go in the right direction, place a light weight on her bow, so that she will be a little "down by the head," or move the aftermost mast and sail a little nearer to the stern.

It will be seen, then, that the science of sailing lies in being able to manage a boat with her head pointing at any possible angle to or from the wind. Nothing but experience can teach one all the

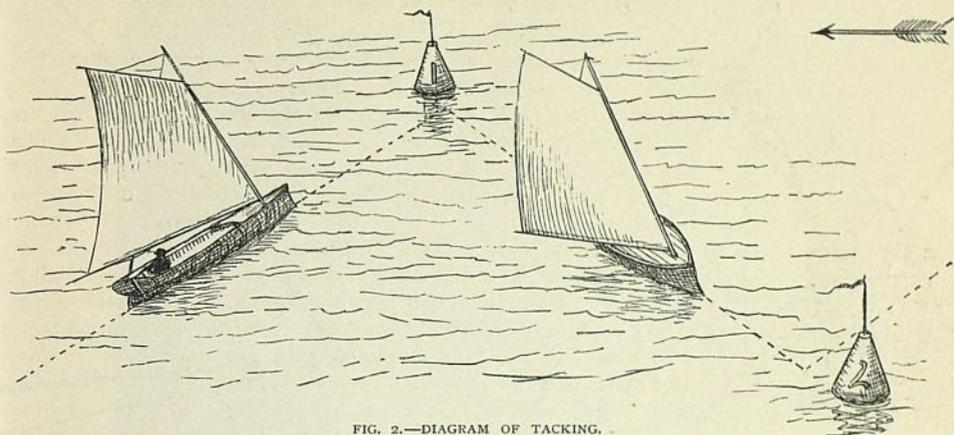


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM OF TACKING.

The little rude affair, thus used for experiment, will not actually make any progress to windward, because she is so light that she moves sidewise almost as easily as she does forward. With a larger, deeper boat, and with sails which can be set at any angle, the effect will be different. So long as the wind presses against the after side of the sail, the boat will move through the water in the direction of the least resistance, which is forward. A square sail, having the mast in the middle, was easiest to begin with for purposes of explanation; but now we will change to a "fore-and-aft" rig,—that is, one with the mast at the forward edge or "luff" of the sail, as in Fig. 2. Suppose the sail to be set at the angle shown, and the wind blowing as the arrow points. The boat cannot readily move sidewise, because of the broadside resistance; she does not want to move backward, because the wind is pressing on the aftermost side of the sail. So she very naturally moves forward. When she nears buoy No. 1, the helmsman moves the "tiller," or handle of the rudder, toward the sail. This causes the boat to turn her head toward buoy No. 2, the sail swings across to the other side of the boat and fills on the other side, which now in turn becomes the aftermost, and she moves toward buoy No. 2, nearly at right angles to her former course. Thus, through a series of zig-zags, the wind is made to work against itself.

This operation is called "tacking," or "working to windward," and the act of turning, as at the buoys No. 1 and No. 2, is called "going about."

niceties of the art, but a little aptitude and address will do to start with, keeping near shore and carrying little sail.

I will suppose that the reader has the use of a broad flat-bottomed boat, without any rudder. (See Fig. 3.) She cannot be made to work like a racing yacht under canvas, but lots of fun can be had out of her.

Do not go to any considerable expense at the outset. Procure an old sheet, or an old hay-cover, six or eight feet square, and experiment with that before spending your money on new material. If it is a sheet, and somewhat weakly in its texture, turn all the edges in and sew them, so that it shall

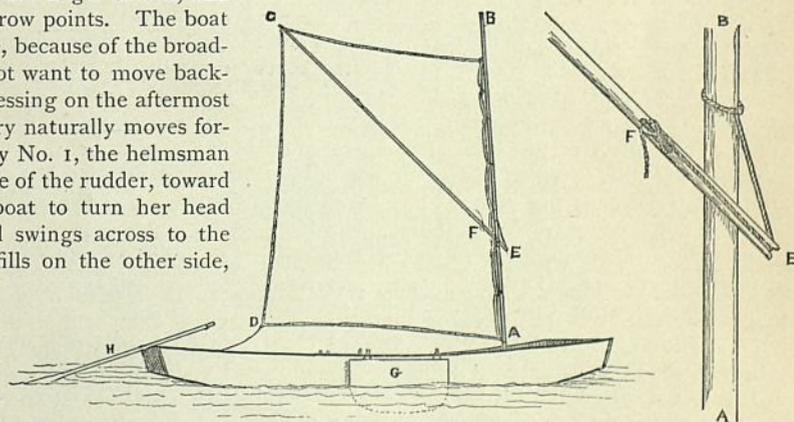


FIG. 3.—A SIMPLE RIG.

not give way at the hems. At each corner, sew on a few inches of strong twine, forming loops at the angles. Sew on, also, eyelets or small loops

along the edge which is intended for the luff of the sail, so that it can be laced to the mast.

You are now ready for your spars, namely, a

we may turn our attention to more elegant and elaborate, but not always preferable outfits.

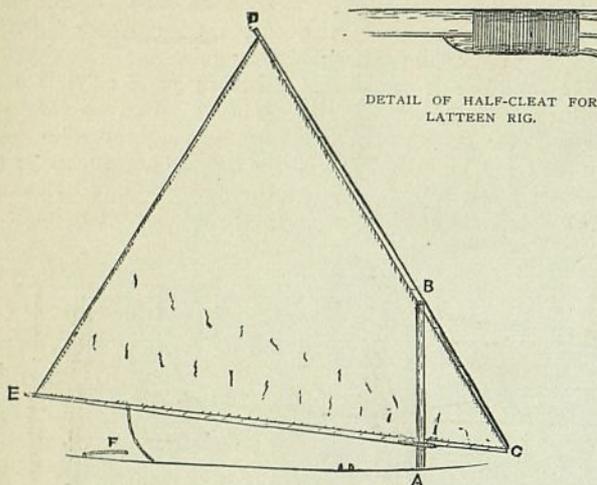
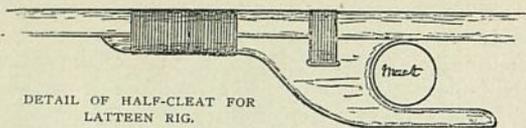


FIG. 6.—THE LATTEEN RIG.

mast and a "sprit," the former a couple of feet longer than the luff of the sail, and the latter to be cut off when you find how long you want it. Let these spars be of pine, or spruce, or bamboo, as light as possible, especially the sprit. An inch and a half diameter will do for the mast, and an inch and a quarter for the sprit, tapering to an inch at the top. To "step" the mast, bore a hole through one of the thwarts (seats) near the bow, and make a socket, or step, on the bottom of the boat, just under the aforesaid hole,—to receive the foot of the mast. This will hold the mast upright, or with a slight "rake" aft.

Lace the luff of the sail to the mast so that its lower edge will swing clear by a foot or so of the boat's sides. Make fast to the loop at D a stout line, ten or twelve feet long. This is called the "sheet," and gives control of the sail. The upper end of the sprit, C E, is trimmed so that the loop at C will fit over it but not slip down. The lower end is simply notched to receive a short line called a "snotter," as shown in the detailed drawing at the right of the cut. It will be readily understood that, when the sprit is pushed upward in the direction of C, the sail will stand spread out. The line is placed in the notch at E and pulled up until the sail sits properly, when it is made fast to a cleat, or to a cross-piece at F. This device is in common use and has its advantages; but a simple loop for the foot of the sprit to rest in is more easily made and will do nearly as well. H is an oar for steering. Having thus described the simplest rig possible,



DETAIL OF HALF-CLEAT FOR LATTEEN RIG.

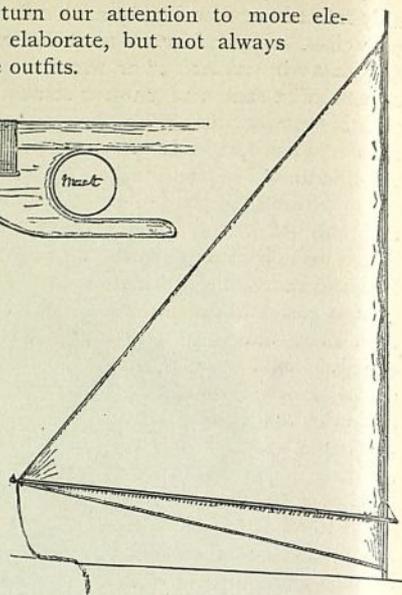


FIG. 4.—LEG-OF-MUTTON RIG.

One of the prettiest and most convenient rigs for a small boat is known as the "leg-of-mutton sharpie rig" (Fig. 4). The sail is triangular, and the sprit, instead of reaching to its upper corner, stands nearly at right angles to the mast. It is held in position at the mast by the devices already described. This rig has the advantage of keeping the whole sail flatter than any other, for the end of the sprit cannot "kick up," as the phrase goes, and so the sail holds all the wind it receives.

Fig. 5 shows a device, here published for the first time, which enables the sailor to step and unstep his mast, and hoist or lower his sail without leaving his seat—a matter of great importance when the boat is light and tottlish, as in the case of that most beautiful of small craft, the modern canoe, where the navigator sits habitually amidships. The lower mast (A B, Fig. 5) stands about two and a half feet above the deck. It is fitted at the head with a metal ferrule and pin, and just above the deck with two half-cleats or other similar devices (A). The topmast (C D) is fitted at F with a stout ring, and has double halyards (E) rove through, or around its foot. The lower mast being in position (see upper part of cut), the canoeist desiring to make sail brings the boat's head to the wind, takes the topmast with the sail loosely furled in one hand, and the halyards in the other. It is easy for him by raising this mast, without leaving his seat, to pass the halyards one on each side of the lower mast and let them fall into place close to the deck, under the half-cleats at A. Then, holding the halyards taut enough to keep them in position, he

will hook the topmast ring over the pin in the lower mast-head, and haul away (see lower part of cut). The mast will rise into place, where it is made fast. A collar of leather, or a knob of some kind, placed on the topmast just below the ring, will act as a fulcrum when the halyards are hauled taut, and keep the mast from working to and fro.

The advantages of the rig are obvious. The mast can be raised without standing up, and in case of necessity the halyards can be let go and the mast and sail unshipped and stowed below with the greatest ease and expedition, leaving only the short lower mast standing. A leg-of-mutton sail with a common boom along the foot is shown in the cut as the most easily illustrated application of the device, but there is no reason why it may not be applied to a sail of different shape, with a sprit instead of a boom, and a square instead of a pointed head.

The "latteen rig" is recommended only for boats which are "stiff"—not tottlish, that is. The fact that a considerable portion of the sail projects forward of the mast renders it awkward in case of a sudden shift of wind. Its most convenient form is shown in Fig. 6. The arrangement for shipping and unshipping the yard is precisely like that shown in Fig. 5—a short lower mast with a pin at the top and a ring fitted to the yard. It has a boom at the foot, which is joined to the yard at C by means of a hook or a simple lashing having sufficient play to allow the two spars to shut up together like a pair of dividers. The boom (C E) has, where it meets the short lower mast, a half-cleat or jaw, shown in detail at the top of the cut—the circle representing a cross section of the mast.

This should be lashed to the boom, as screws or bolts would weaken it. To take in sail, the boatman brings the boat to the wind, seizes the boom and

draws it toward him. This disengages it from the mast. He then shoves it forward, when the yard (C D) falls of its own weight into his hands, and can be at once lifted clear of the lower mast. To keep the sail flat, it is possible to arrange a collar on the lower mast so that the boom, when once in position, cannot slip upward and suffer the sail to bag.

The "balance-lug" (shown in Fig. 7) is deservedly popular with canoeists. It has a yard at the head and a boom at the foot, and is hoisted and lowered by means of halyards rove through a block near the head of the mast. These halyards should be so adjusted to the yard that, when hauled

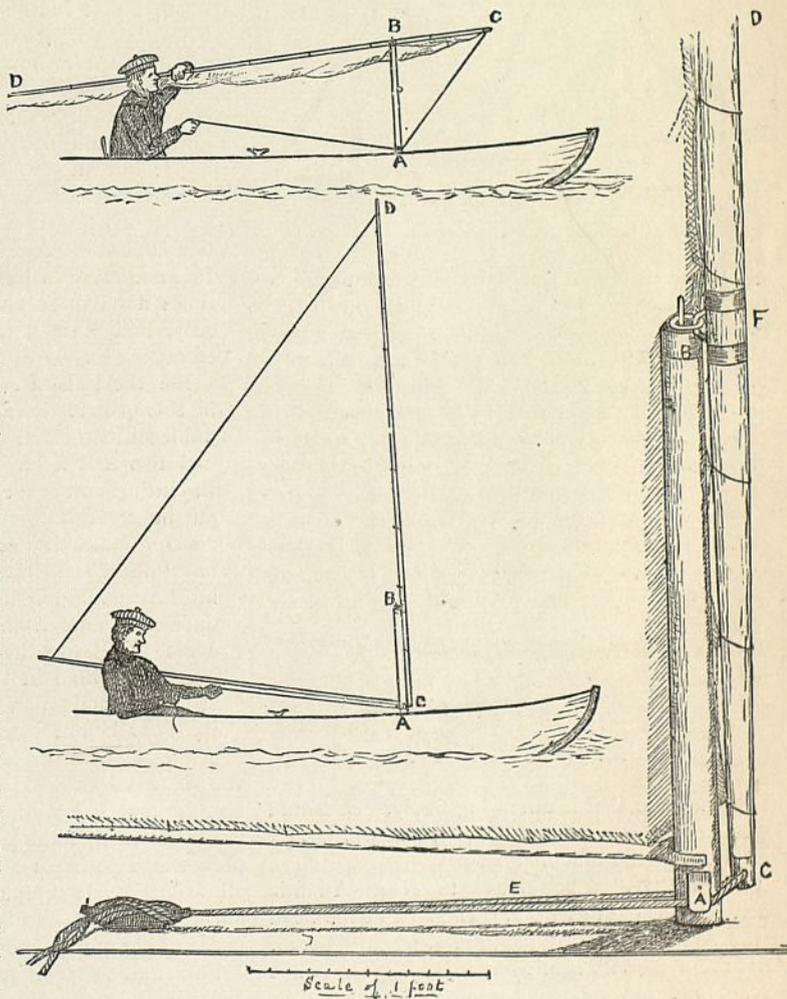


FIG. 5.—A NEW DEVICE.

taut, the sail will be stretched smoothly between the two spars. The yard and the boom are held closely to the mast by means of "parrels," shown by the black lines crossing the mast near A and B.

These are simply short bits of line, or straps, fastened to the spars and passing on the other side of the mast. They hold the spars closely enough to the mast for practical purposes, and yet suffer the yard to slide readily up and down. The halyard is sometimes made fast to the yard-parrel, so that it acts in hoisting on both parts of the yard at once. The boom must be fastened near the foot

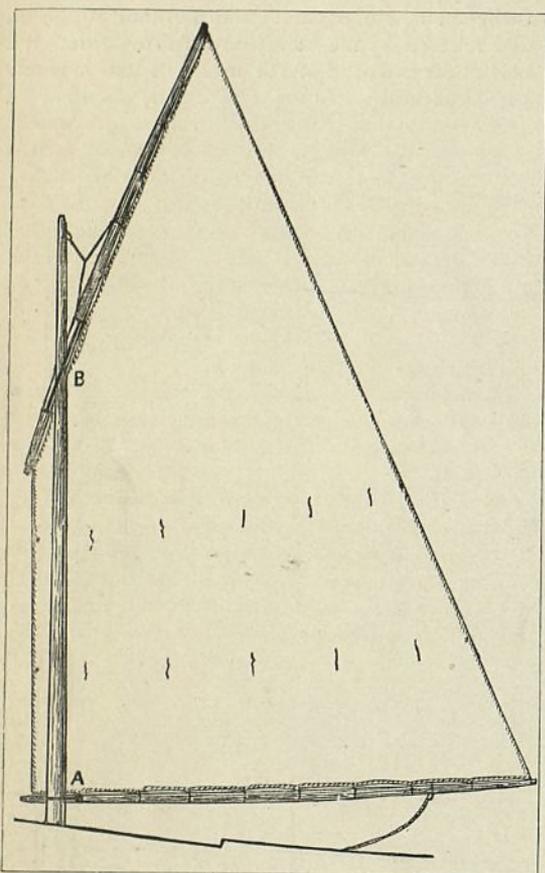


FIG. 7.—THE BALANCE-LUG.

of the mast, so that it can swing freely, but cannot be hoisted higher than is desired, and will not let the sail bulge too much.

The "cat-rig," so popular on the North-Atlantic coast, is indicated in Fig. 2. The spar at the head of the sail is called a "gaff," and, like the boom, it fits the mast with semicircular jaws. The sail is hoisted and lowered by means of halyards rove through a block near the mast-head. The mast is set in the bows,—“chock up in the eyes of her,” as a sailor would say. A single leg-of-mutton sail will not work in this position, because the greater part of its area is too far forward of amid-

ships. No rig is handier or safer than this in working to windward; but off the wind,—running before, or nearly before it, that is,—the weight of mast and sail, and the pressure of the wind at one side and far forward, make the boat very difficult and dangerous to steer. Prudent boatmen often avoid doing so by keeping the wind on the quarter and, as it were, tacking to leeward.

This suggests the question of "jibing," an operation always to be avoided if possible. Suppose the wind to be astern, and the boat running nearly before it. It becomes necessary to change your course toward the side on which the sail is drawing. The safest way is to turn at first in the opposite direction, put the helm "down" (toward the sail), bring the boat up into the wind, turn her entirely around, and stand off on the new tack. This, however, is not always possible. Hauling in the sheet until the sail fills on the other side is "jibing"; but when this happens, it goes over with a rush that sometimes carries away mast and sheet, or upsets the boat; hence the operation should be first undertaken in a light wind. It is necessary to know how to do it, for sometimes a sail insists upon jibing very unexpectedly, and it is best to be prepared for such emergencies.

For the sails of such boats as are considered in this paper, there is no better material than unbleached, twilled cotton sheeting. It is to be had two and a half or even three yards wide. In cutting out your sail, let the selvedge be at the "leech," or aftermost edge. This, of course, makes it necessary to cut the luff and foot "bias," and they are very likely to stretch in the making, so that the sail will assume a different shape from what was intended. To avoid this, baste the hem carefully before sewing, and "hold in" a little to prevent fulling. It is a good plan to tack the material on the floor before cutting, and mark the outline of the sail with pencil. Stout tape stitched along the bias edges will make a sure thing of it, and the material can be cut, making due allowance for the hem. Better take feminine advice on this process. The hems should be half an inch deep all around, selvedge and all, and it will do no harm to re-enforce them with cord if you wish to make a thoroughly good piece of work.

For running-rigging, nothing is better than laid or braided cotton cord, such as is used for awnings and sash-cords. If this is not easily procured, any stout twine will answer. It can be doubled and twisted as often as necessary. The smallest manilla rope is rather stiff and unmanageable for such light sails as ours.

In fitting out a boat of any kind, iron, unless galvanized, is to be avoided as much as possible, on account of its liability to rust. Use brass or copper instead.

Nothing has been said about reefing thus far, because small boats under the management of beginners should not be afloat in a "reefing breeze." Reefing is the operation of reducing the spread of sail when the wind becomes too fresh. If you will look at Figs. 6 and 7 you will see rows of short marks on the sail above the boom. These are "reef-points"—bits of line about a foot long passing through holes in the sail, and knotted so that they will not slip. In reefing, the sail is lowered and that portion of it between the boom and the reef points is gathered together, and the points are tied around both it and the boom. When the lower row of points is used it is a single reef. Both rows together are a double reef.

Make your first practical experiment *with a small sail and with the wind blowing toward the shore*. Row out a little way, and then sail in any direction in which you can make the boat go, straight back to shore if you can, with the sail out nearly at right angles with the boat. Then try running along shore with the sheet hauled in a little, and the sail on the side nearest the shore. You will soon learn what your craft can do, and will probably find that she will make very little, if any, headway to windward. This is partly because she slides sidewise over the water. To prevent it you may use a "lee-board"—namely, a broad board hung over the side of the boat (G, Fig. 3). This must be held by stout lines, as the strain upon it is very heavy. It should be placed a little forward of the middle of the boat. It must be on the side away from the wind,—the lee side,—and must be shifted when you go about. Keels and center-boards are permanent contrivances for the same purpose, but a lee-board answers very well as a make-shift, and is even used habitually by some canoeists and other boatmen.

In small boats it is sometimes desirable to sit amidships, because sitting in the stern raises the bow too high out of water; steering may be done with an oar over the lee side or with "yoke-lines" attached to a cross-piece on the rudder-head, or even to the tiller. In this last case, the lines must be rove through rings or pulleys at the sides of the boat opposite the end of the tiller. When the handle of the oar (H, Fig. 3)—or the tiller (F, Fig. 6), if a rudder is used—is pushed to the right, the boat will turn to the left, and *vice versa*. The science of steering consists in knowing when to push and how much to push—very simple, you see, in the statement, but not always so easy in practice.

The sail should be so adjusted in relation to the

rest of the boat that, when the sheet is hauled close in and made fast, the boat, if left to herself, will point her head to the wind like a weather-cock, and drift slowly astern. If it is found that the sail is so far forward that she will not do this, the fault may be remedied by stepping the mast farther aft, or by rigging a small sail near the stern. This is called a "dandy" or "steering-sail," and is especially convenient in a boat whose size or arrangement necessitates sitting amidships. It may be rigged like the mainsail, and when its sheet is once made fast will ordinarily take care of itself in tacking.

Remember that, if the wind freshens or a squall strikes you, the position of safety is with the boat's head to the wind. When in doubt what to do, push the helm down (toward the sail), and haul in the slack of the sheet as the boat comes up into the wind. If she is moving astern, or will not mind her helm,—and of course she will not if she is not moving,—pull her head around to the wind with an oar, and experiment cautiously until you find which way you can make her go.

In making a landing, always calculate to have the boat's head as near the wind as possible when she ceases to move. This, whether you lower your sail or not.

Thus, if the wind is off shore, as shown at A, Fig. 8, land at F or G with the bow toward the shore. If the wind is from the direction of B, land at E with the bow toward B, or at F; if at the latter, the boom will swing away from the wharf and permit you to lie alongside. If the wind is from D,

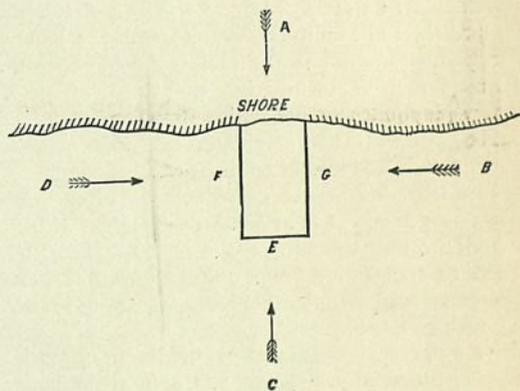


FIG. 8.—MAKING A LANDING.

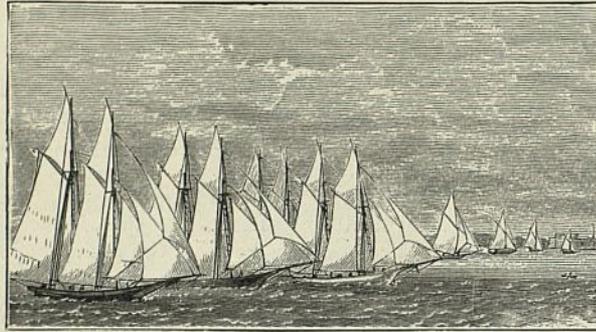
reverse these positions. If the wind comes from the direction of C, land either at F or G, with the bow pointing off shore.

If you have no one to tell you what to do, you will have to feel your way slowly and learn by experience; but, if you have nautical instincts, you

will soon make your boat do what you wish her to do, as far as she is able. *But first learn to swim before you try to sail a boat.**

Volumes have been written on the subject which

is treated in these few pages, and it is not yet exhausted. The hints here given are safe ones to follow, and will, it is hoped, be of service to many a young sailor in many a corner of the world.



THE NEW ENGINEER OF THE VALLEY RAILROAD.

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

ALONG the single track of the Valley Railroad trudged a merry, brown-faced Italian, singing as he went. In one hand he carried a stout stick to which was fastened a platform about a foot and a half square, while with the other he held the end of a tiny chain attached to the collar of a small South-American monkey, perched upon his shoulder. In spite of his gay scarlet jacket, with its tarnished gilt military trimmings, Jocko looked very sad. Perhaps he was thinking of the good times he used to have scampering about with troops of merry playmates in his native Brazilian forests, or jabbering with his neighbors the toucans, the parrots and the long-tailed macaws.

Just then his master came in sight of the car-house at the end of the road. The engine, with its steam up, was standing ready to back down the track to the station, and quite a crowd of small boys and road hands were lounging around, waiting for the starting.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Italian aloud, hurrying with all his might. "Now, Jocko, perhaps we haf a chance to make a leetle penny!"

In a moment more he had planted his staff firmly in the ground, and, pulling a parcel from under his ragged coat, took out a soldier's cap, which he clapped on Jocko's head, and a tiny toy gun, which he placed in the monkey's brown paw, and then stood him on the platform, ready to show off the clever tricks which he had taught him.

"Shoulder arms! Present arms! Carry arms! Load! Fire! Scharge baynet!" shouted the merry Italian, at short intervals, holding up a stick threateningly.

Jocko obeyed, with the most soldier-like air possible. The small boys screamed with delight, and made up faces and capered about, acting a great deal more monkey-like than did Jocko, who stood up as stiff as a poker and as dignified as a Roman senator.

Jocko hated small boys. In the first place, he thought if it were not for them he might live in peace, and not have to go through with those odious tricks, for if all the people in the world were grown up, they would have neither the time nor the taste for such nonsense. And, in the second place, small boys seemed born without mercy, for when he had played soldier again and again, until his back and limbs were sore and stiff, the greedy creatures never failed to ask for more.

The Italian pulled off Jocko's military coat and cap, and opening the bundle a second time, took out a short brown petticoat and red waist, and white cap with a big frill around the front of it, and put them on the monkey, who scolded and jabbered away as if he was utterly disgusted at such folly. Then a little broom was given him, and he had to go through the motions of sweeping over and over again. But when he passed the hat around and heard the chink of the pennies, he felt better-

* See Dr. Hunt's article, "A Talk about Swimming," ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1877.

natured, for he knew that so much money meant a good supper for that night.

"Jump in here," said the engineer, beckoning to the monkey's master. "I'll take you down to the station. Perhaps you'll have a chance to pick up a few pennies there."

The Italian clambered up the side of the engine, and Jocko sat perched on his shoulder, watching with his inquisitive, sharp little eyes the pulling out of the throttle-valve, and every movement made by the engineer.

At the station, the Italian had just fixed the stand to the platform, ready to show off Jocko's accomplishments, when a tremendous clatter was heard, and a horse with a pony phaeton, in which were a lady and two little children, dashed up the street at a furious pace. The engineer and fireman left their places, and all the men about the station ran toward the road, hoping to stop the horse as he came along. Even the Italian, in the excitement of the moment, forgot Jocko and darted off like a deer.

Finding himself alone, Jocko jumped down from the stand and scrambled up the side of the engine, and, hopping on one of the seats of the cab, sat looking about him as wise as an owl or a college professor. Then his keen, mischievous eyes espied the throttle-valve, and reaching up his brown paw he gave the handle a violent pull.

"Pish! Pish!" The engine made a sudden plunge which nearly jerked the passengers' heads off, and caused two stout old gentlemen, who were standing in the aisle talking politics, to bump their noses together in a very painful manner.

"Pish-pish, pish-pish, pish-pish, pish-pish," faster and faster turned the wheels, and faster and faster came the great white clouds from the smoke-stack!

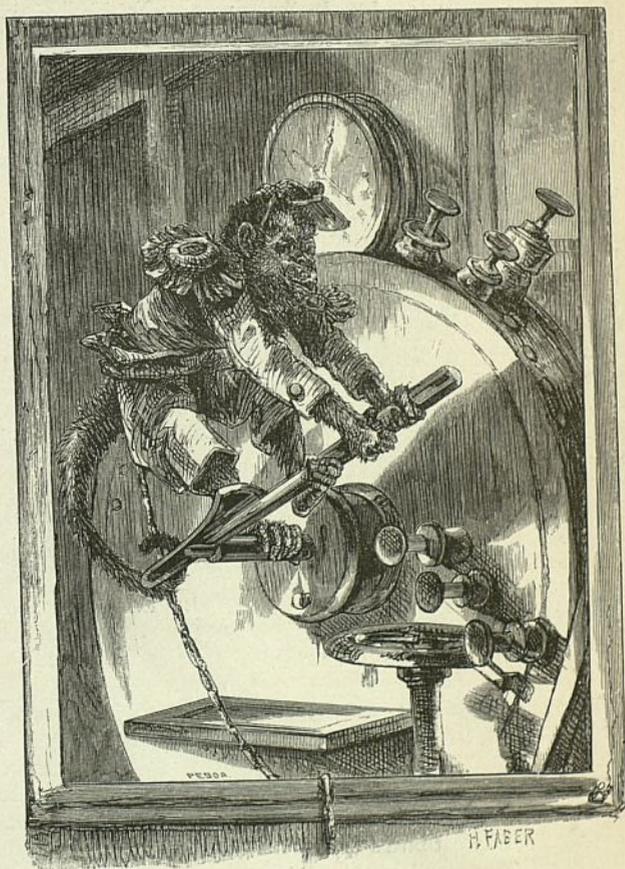
The train was already far beyond the switch, and Jocko, looking out of the window, saw that the runaway horse had been stopped and the lady and children were safe, and all the people were running after the iron horse as if they thought they could stop that as easily as they had brought the real horse to a stand-still.

"It's some rascally boy," said the fireman, hopping up and down in his anger, while the engineer shook his brawny fist toward the train and shouted until he was hoarse: "Stop! Stop! You young scamp. If ever I catch you I'll take your head off close to your shoulders." The long-legged conductor, however, gave chase to the engine, and ran

as far as the car-house after it, followed by a stout old lady, who kept waving her parasol and screaming: "Wait a bit, wait a bit!" until she puffed almost as much as the locomotive.

The track for some distance was a steep downgrade, and Jocko, delighted at the tremendous speed at which he was going, felt himself of considerable importance, and jabbered and grinned with joy. The people in the car thought it was all right until they reached the first way-station, and the train thundered by without so much as a warning whistle. Then they began to put their heads out of the windows and wonder at the unusual rate of speed.

"Can we be late?" asked one of the stout old



THE NEW ENGINEER AT HIS POST.

gentlemen, rubbing the bump on his red nose, and looking rather anxiously at his neighbor.

"Perhaps the engineer has a fit," remarked a fidgety old lady, as the cars gave a sudden lurch.

"What does it mean, Patrick?" asked a lady of the coachman who had brought her to the third way-station in time to take the train.

"Howly saints!" exclaimed Patrick, with a white face and big, round eyes. "Shure, ma'am, and it's the devil himself let loose and a dhriving the ingine. Be me sowl, I saw his tail!"

The locomotive slackened its furious speed as it puffed its way up the steep ascent just before the long level stretch which lay between the branch railroad and its junction with the main line. Then, Jocko suddenly remembered that he had seen the engineer push in the throttle-valve, and he did likewise, and the train gradually came to a stand-still. But just as the passengers were starting anxiously for the door to find out what was the matter, the mischievous monkey pulled out the handle again, and the locomotive nearly leaped from the track, throwing the passengers violently against the seats. A few rods beyond, in went the valve again, and two or three times these strange maneuvers were repeated, while the passengers, with white, terror-stricken faces, sat holding on to the seats, expecting every instant some awful accident. Just as the train was nearing the junction, Jocko pushed in the handle of the throttle-valve for the last time, and in a moment more two of the station men, who had been watching in utter surprise the queer movements of the engine, sprang into the cab and backed the train down to the side track, just in time to get out of the way of the lightning express which

whizzed by on the main track, leaving a thick cloud of dust behind it.

"There's a new engineer on the Valley Road, your honor," said one of the men to the superintendent, who came to see what the trouble was. "And he's rayther a green hand at it," and he pointed to the monkey, who sat there as solemn as a judge.

A telegram was at once sent to the Valley Station, explaining matters, and the superintendent, delighted with the monkey's smartness, bought him for his two boys, paying the Italian a good round price for him. The engineer and fireman came very near losing their places for leaving their engine, but when the superintendent found out that the runaway horse which the engineer's strong hand had seized was his own, and that the lady and two little girls in the phaeton were his wife and youngest children, he let the men off with a mild rebuke and some good advice.

Jocko led a happy and peaceful life, becoming a great favorite with the railroad hands, who petted him, and took him by turns to ride on the engines, and always spoke of him as the "new engineer of the Valley Railroad."

But the smart little fellow was never after allowed to be alone on the engine, as on the day when he made his first trial-trip.

SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY L. W. BACKUS.

A SMALL brown thing
I flit and sing
Thro' the golden globes o' the orange-trees,
And I mock, and mock
The birds that flock
To the North, like clouds in a southern breeze.

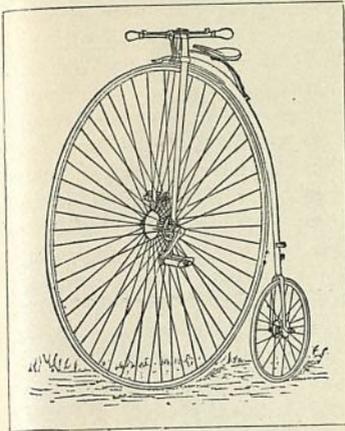
The cat-bird's cry,
The small wren's sigh,
The swallow and the whip-poor-will,
The screaming jay,
All day, all day,
Find in my notes their echo still.

With eye askance
And wicked glance,
I mock them all; and e'en at night
Give back "tu whoo"
To th' owl's "halloo,"
When the moon floods all my haunts with light.

And every sound
That haunts the ground,
The locust's chirp, the hum—half-heard—
Of bee and fly,
I mock,—and cry:
"O listen, Earth, to the Mocking-bird!"

A TALK ABOUT THE BICYCLE.

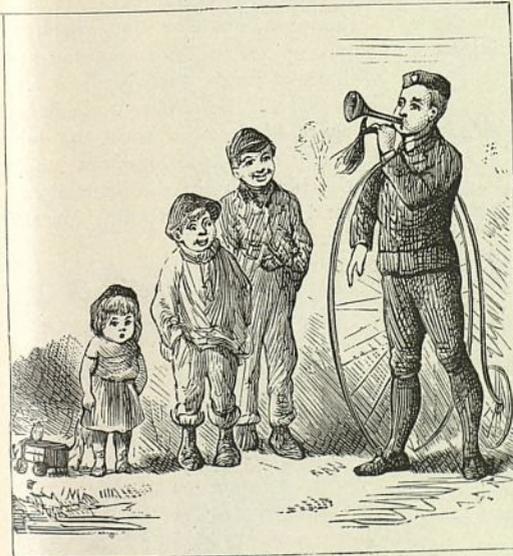
BY CHARLES BARNARD.



THE BICYCLE.

and a good kitchen, will furnish enough good times to last through the long vacation.

Country boys and girls have a great deal of fun. There are berrying parties, nutting parties and hunting parties, husking-bees in the big barn, and candy-pullings in the kitchen, and picnics in the shady grove.



THE BICYCLE CALL.

City children have their good times, too. They have scores of household games and toys; and there are visits to the Beach, where the gay

wooden-horse careers around in the most exciting manner, and Mr. and Mrs. Punch show what a lovely time they had together,—to say nothing of surf-bathing and steam-boat rides. Then there is the great city Park, with wonderful donkeys and the most delicious goat carriages, with a free sight at the bears and lions, and pleasant walks where the Guinea-hens chatter so sweetly and the beautiful peacocks sing.

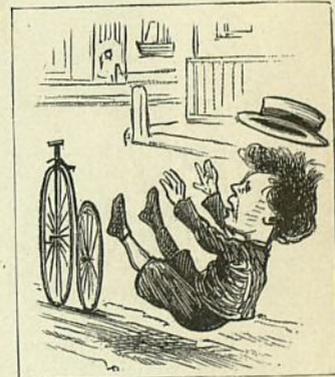
A kite is a lofty kind of sport, and chess and cribbage have tranquil joys. Dolls are quite splendid, and a doll's house, with real beds

Now, it is a solemn fact that men like fun. Big, grown-up fellows sometimes leave their work and have a real good time at base-ball, or cricket, or in sailing or riding. They don't say much about it, but they really and truly like fun as much as boys. No boy nor girl would ever think of such a thing as sitting down at a table and playing whist. Perhaps there is n't any such thing as fun in it, after all. People are so solemn over the game it is quite clear they do not know what fun means. Some kinds of fun enjoyed by men and women are good for boys and girls, particularly the new styles, like archery and tennis. Sometimes men invent a new sport or a new kind of fun, and then all the boys want to know what it is, and ask if it is good for boys to play at, too.

About sixty years ago, a man invented a new kind of fun.

He took two small carriage-wheels and placed one behind the other, with a wooden frame to hold them together;

put a seat on the frame between the wheels, and, sitting on it, his toes touching the ground, he pushed himself along at a jolly pace. He steered the machine by a handle in front that controlled the forward wheel, and, in going down hill, he had only to lift up his feet and have a coast on wheels. Everybody thought it was quite a splendid machine, and a great many were made, both for men and boys. But it had a habit of tipping over sideways, and it would not go much faster than a boy could run. Then they tried to make various improvements on



LEFT BEHIND.

the machine. They put on another wheel, so that it would stand alone, and then they took it off again, for they found it would go better with two wheels. At last, about ten years ago, they made improved machines called velocipedes, with cranks on one wheel so that it could be moved by turning the cranks with the feet. But even these machines did not last long, and they all went out of fashion. It was of no consequence, for they were very poor things.



HOPELESS!

make pretty good fun, but not real tip-top fun, only a kind of half fun, like rowing a heavy boat with oars a mile too big. It is far too much



work to drive a velocipede, and it does shake a fellow up fearfully. So, no wonder they used to call them "bone-shakers." About three years ago, somebody made a better kind of velocipede, and called it a "bicycle," and now boys, and men, too, have a machine that it is really some fun to use. Lately they have begun to call it "the wheel," which is a better name than bicycle.

Talk about coasting down hill at ten miles an hour! There's the sled to be dragged up the hill again. Talk about skating! It's cold fun, sometimes, particularly when the ice flies up and hits a fellow on the back of the head. Some boys

think it would be great fun to fly. It is a pity we have n't the right style of wings, so that we could take a good fly now and then, but with a bicycle you can skim along the ground, if not over it. Riding a wheel is next to flying, and ten times better than coasting or skating.

There are two kinds of fun: fun with the hands or feet, such as running, swimming or skating, playing ball, or any other simple games, and fun in thinking, as in solving puzzles or riddles. The best fun is found where the two are combined, as in playing tennis or at archery, in driving a horse or sailing a boat, and all the sports



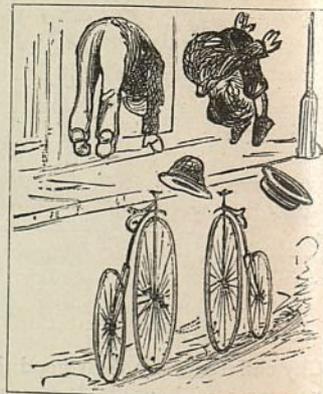
COASTING.

where you use your mind as well as your hands. In driving a horse or boat, you must guide the horse or boat as well as use your hands—you must think for the horse and pick out a path for the boat. So it is with this new kind of fun. You have to choose a road for the wheel, to think where you are going, and use your feet and hands to make the wheel move.

Of all the different kinds of sport, the best are those that take a boy or girl out-of-doors, under the blue sky, in the open air, on land or water. Nothing gives so



much pleasure as to move from village to village, to travel along a road or



river, to see new scenes and new faces. To ride a horse, or sail a boat, gives a sense of freedom and movement that is delightful. Birds must enjoy life. They have such splendid freedom of movement, they fly so fast and so far, it is plain they have a far better time than animals that only walk or run. At any rate, they are the only creatures that sing, and singing springs from a happy heart.

It must have been these things that led man to invent the bicycle. Think of a machine that will enable him to go a mile in two minutes and twenty-seven seconds, or almost as fast as a train, and without oars or an engine of any kind! Think of a wheel that will enable him to ride a hundred miles in seven hours, that will carry him fifty miles a day without exerting more

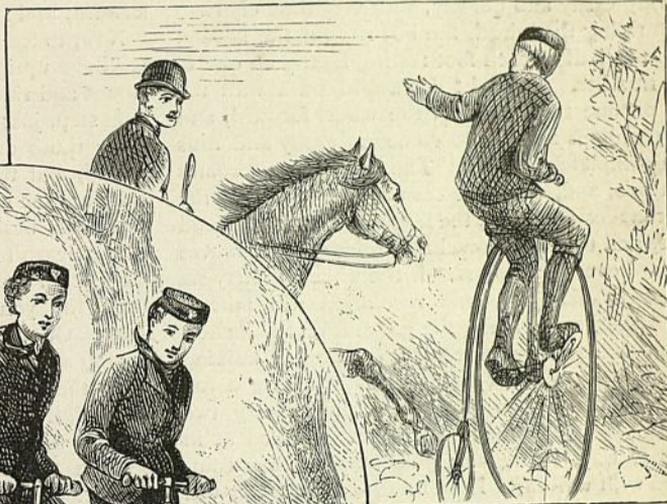


force than it would take to walk twenty! A man on a wheel can outrun a horse, go as fast as a dog, and have all the fun of a bird. You may be sure there was never anything invented equal to a good bicycle for real manly out-of-door sport.

Well! This is all very fine for a man. Will it do for boys? All manly, out-of-door sports are good for boys, and the use of the "wheel" will make a lad brave, self-reliant, wide-awake and active, and he may well mount it and feel sure it is the right thing to do.

A bicycle is a two-wheeled carriage. The front wheel is quite large, the rear wheel is much smaller and runs close behind it. The two wheels are

joined together by a backbone, or perch, that carries a saddle, on which the rider sits, over the forward wheel, and with his feet hanging down on either side. A bicycle for boys will have a front wheel thirty-six inches in diameter, a rear wheel of sixteen inches, and it will weigh about thirty-eight pounds and cost fifty dollars. Some boys may require a slightly larger wheel, as the machine must fit the boy, or he cannot use it. Let us have a look at the machine, name the parts, see how they are made,



and see how a fellow is to use such a queer piece of machinery. The first things are the two wheels. These are of steel, very light and strong, and bound with thick rubber tires. The hollow rim that holds the tire is joined to the hub by fine steel wires, firmly screwed into place. Securely fastened to the hub are cranks for moving the large wheel, placed so that one is moving up while the other is moving down, or in opposite directions. A steel axle is placed in the center of the wheel, and, as this is quite long, all the spokes flare, or spread out in the center. On each crank is a treadle, or foot-rest, which is partly covered with rubber. These treadles turn around freely on the crank, so that the feet resting on them are always flat and in an easy position. From the hub over the top of the wheel is a piece of steel in two branches called the "fork," and at the top it joins the "backbone," or perch, that carries the seat and joins the two wheels together. The fork above this has a standard or head fixed to it, but free to turn around on the backbone, and having handles at the top, so that

the front wheel may be turned to the right or left in guiding the machine. In front of the handles is a second handle by which to control a brake for checking the speed when the rider wishes to go slow. These are the principal parts of this steel horse, and, if the rider wishes, he can have a saddle-bag for holding an oil-can and tools for repairs, and a bell and lantern to warn people on the road of the approach of the swift and silent steed. All parts of the machine are of steel or rubber, except the saddle, and the whole is very light and graceful, moving easily and quickly, with very little effort.

In riding the wheel, the boy sits on the saddle, with the ball of each foot resting lightly on one of the treadles. A slight downward push with the foot on one treadle sends the wheel forward, and the treadle is allowed to come up easily and thus turn completely around. The other foot alternates with this, and, while the cranks turn once and the rider makes two steps, the large wheel turns around once, and the whole machine, rider and all, moves forward over the ground. If the wheel is thirty-six inches in diameter, one revolution will take it three times as far along the ground, or 108 inches, which is equal to nine feet. A boy in walking moves about one foot eight inches in taking a full step. The boy on the wheel, in making two motions, or steps, moves nine feet. Looked at in another way, riding a bicycle may be thus compared with walking: In walking a mile a boy will spend fifteen minutes, on the wheel five minutes, and with very much less work, because, while making two steps on the cranks he moves very much farther than in walking two steps. In walking a mile, a boy has to lift his weight every time he steps, and must carry his weight the whole distance; on the wheel he rides quite comfortably, and the machine carries his weight, or the difference between his weight and the force, or weight, he puts on each treadle. In other words, you can wheel three times the distance in the same time as walking, and with one-half the trouble. A man can walk thirty miles a day; on the wheel he can ride fifty with less trouble. Boys with bicycles think nothing of a five-mile run after tea, or twenty miles of an afternoon, while a ten-mile walk would give more work than fun.

It seems very queer that a boy can ride on two wheels, one behind the other. The machine will not even stand alone, and it certainly looks as if a boy on top would easily tip over sideways. A boy on skates looks quite as queer, and it is equally strange he does not fall. He does fall, until he learns to balance himself. So the bicyclist mounts his wheel and rides all day securely, because, like the boy on skates, or the rope-walker at the circus, he learns to balance himself on his wheel.

Suppose a boy has a machine and he wishes to

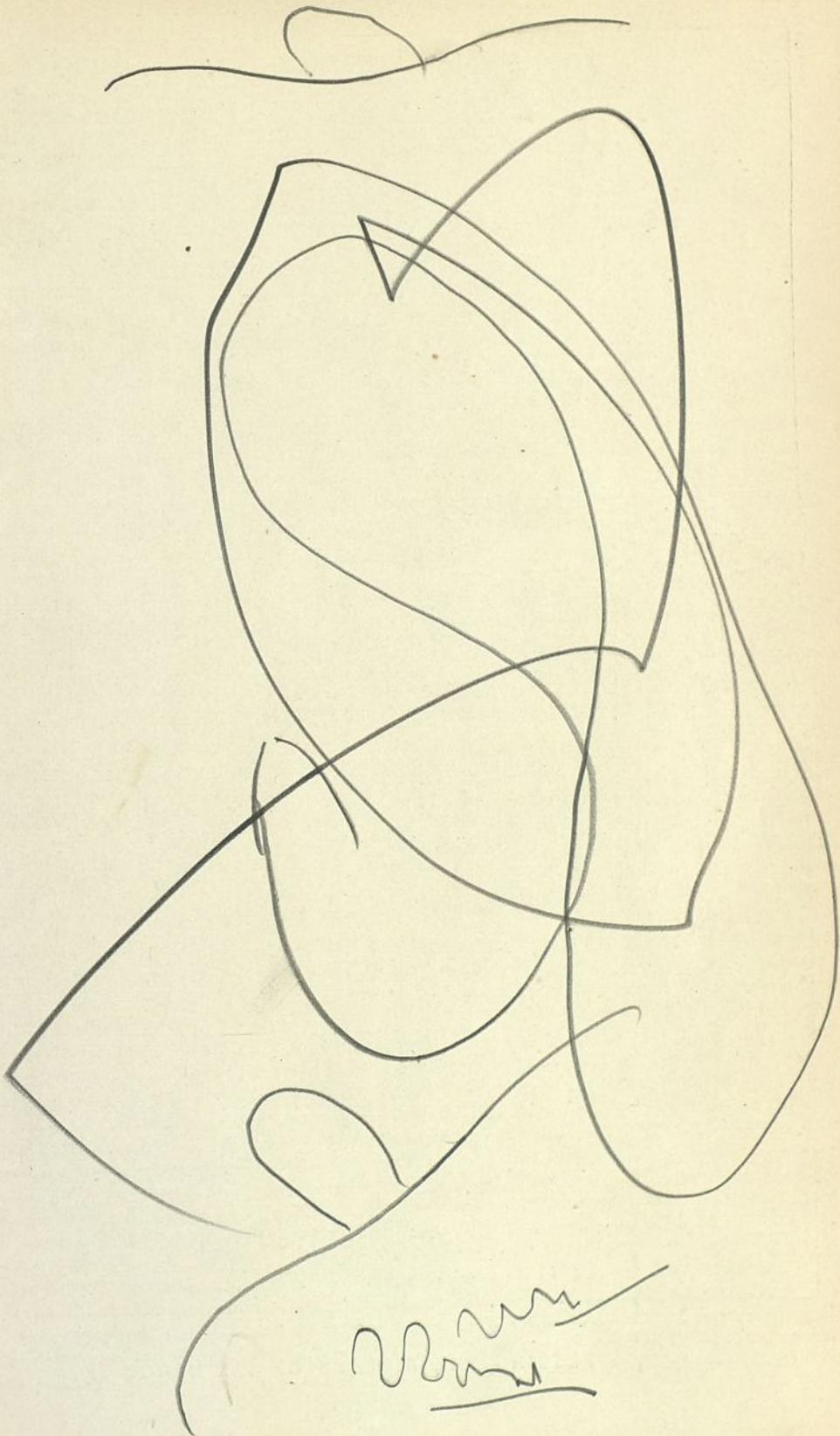
learn to ride. There are riding-schools in some places; but a far better way is to go out-of-doors, on some quiet road or path, with a friend to hold the machine till you learn to balance yourself. First learn to hold and lift the machine. Stand on the left side of the wheel and hold it with the right hand on the saddle. To lift it, grasp the fork with the left hand just above the hub, and put the right hand under the backbone just above the small wheel. To roll it along, stand on the left side, hold the saddle with the right hand and push it forward, and steer it with the left on the handle.

Now, to learn to ride, get your friend to hold the machine upright and keep it steady while you mount and ride. Put the toe of the left foot on the little step, just above the rear wheel, and then hop a few times on the right foot till the machine is started, and then gently rise on the left foot and slide into the saddle. For a little while, the friend must walk beside the machine and keep it steady till you learn to balance yourself. Rest the ball of one foot on each treadle, and let them turn around easily till you get accustomed to the motion. Now! Go ahead! Hands on the handles and looking straight forward. If you feel yourself falling to the right, turn the wheel gently and slowly to the right, and the balance will be restored. If going to the left, turn the wheel that way. Always steer in the direction you are inclined to fall. Another way is to press down on the crank at the side opposite that on which you are falling. Either or both of these movements will prevent a fall, and you will soon learn to hold yourself and the wheel upright without the slightest trouble, and in a short time it becomes a habit to balance yourself, and you think no more about it than in balancing yourself on your feet in walking or skating.

In dismounting, the most simple way is to slide back on the saddle while the machine is going, lift the left foot off the crank and slide it down the backbone till it reaches the step. Then, resting the weight gently on the handles, lift the right foot from the crank and spring lightly to the ground, still keeping hold of the handles. There are other ways of mounting and dismounting, just as there are several fancy styles of riding, but these are the most simple and easy.

Once the machine is mastered, then the fun begins. Here is a steed that will outrun a horse, that will not shy at the cars, nor run away if the harness breaks. To be sure, he has his tricks. Some boys say he will kick, and throw a fellow over his head or spill him on the road; but on asking the winged horse how this is, he says it is generally the rider's own fault. Sometimes, he will run away down hill at forty miles an hour, but you must look out for the brake, and, if you must

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid



FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF SAN MARCO

[See page 89r.]

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fall, it's a good plan to choose a soft place in the road—if there is one at hand.

Some doctors go on this wonderful horse to see their patients, and postmen take their letters about on him. Thousands of men, and boys, too, already ride the wheel; and, a few months ago, a company of nearly two hundred "American wheelmen" met at Newport, Rhode Island, where they gave a bicycle parade. Altogether, it seems as if bicycling might

be the best kind of fun for boys. It will teach them to be quick of eye and hand, brave to endure long runs, and bring a sense of freedom and life in the open air, such as no other sport can give. In fact, some boys say it is the best kind of fun ever invented. And the doctors say, too, that riding the bicycle will not injure you, as the strain of the bicycle-exercise is not the same as that of the velocipede, which many doctors believe to be harmful.

"THE QUEEN OF THE SEA."

BY H. G. GRAY.

THE city of Venice, often called "the Queen of the Sea," is one of the most beautiful cities in Italy, and is built on a number of small islands in the Adriatic Sea.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Venice was at the height of its power and splendor. Its chief magistrate was called a Doge, and though the government was republican, there was very much more splendor and pomp than in our day.

The palace of the Doge still stands as one of the monuments of that time, very interesting to travelers, and the famous "Bridge of Sighs," spanning the canal, joins the palace with the prisons.

Some of you may have read Byron's lines,—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,"—

and in the picture on the next page you can see both buildings plainly. Persons accused of crimes against the state were tried in the palace before the Doge, and after they were sentenced, the criminals were taken across the "Bridge of Sighs" to the dungeons, where they remained until their execution. So this bridge was indeed well named.

You already have been told in ST. NICHOLAS* about the church of San Marco, or St. Mark. It was built at a very early date, and was improved and enlarged at intervals during several centuries. Its gigantic clock has been the wonder of many ages, and its beautiful steeple or "campanile," as the Italians call it, can be seen for miles against the clear sky, with an angel's figure poised on its summit. The church and the buildings connected with it occupy a whole square.

On the roofs of these lives a colony of doves or pigeons, who build their nests and rear their young undisturbed. Pigeons have for centuries been protected by the keepers of the church. It was an

ancient custom, dating as far back as A. D. 877, for the sacristans or sextons, after the service on Palm Sunday, to let loose a number of pigeons, fettered with strips of paper. The people were allowed to catch as many of these birds as they could, and fatten them to eat on Easter Sunday. As many pigeons as escaped and took refuge on the roof of the church were protected, as belonging to the sacred edifice, and were fed at the expense of the republic. During all the wars and troubles, and until the downfall of this government in May, A. D. 1797, these little birds were cared for, and lived their happy lives, unconscious of the confusion around them. They were very tame, and would feed from the hands of those accustomed to throw them their daily portion of grain. After the republic was done away with, and the palace of the Doges was unoccupied, a pious lady left a bequest to continue the supply to the pigeons. This lady was of the Cornaro family, once high in esteem in Venice. As there were a number of sacristans of San Marco, the feeding of the pigeons was intrusted to some members of their families, their wives or daughters, and the frontispiece will give some idea of the pretty scene when these little feathered pensioners came down to receive their portions from the hands of a bright-eyed Venetian girl, whose charge they were.

One of the most interesting features of Venetian life were the festivals which occurred every year, and served to keep in remembrance certain events in the history of the city. Among these was one kept annually for centuries called "La Festa della Marie," and this is the incident it commemorates: In very old times, it was the custom in Venice to have all the marriages among the nobles and chief citizens celebrated on the same day, and in the same church in the eastern part of

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

the city, on a little island called Olivolo, where the bishop lived. On the day of the *fête*, elegant gondolas were seen on the waters, carrying people dressed in holiday attire to the appointed place, and the young couples landed to the sound of sweet and joyous music. The jewels and other presents given to the brides were carried in the procession,

and a long train of friends, relatives and attendants came after.

In A. D. 933, an event happened at this ceremony which came very near ending tragically for the happy lovers. The pirates of Istria, a neighboring country, were in the habit of scouring the Adriatic, and were the terror of all the cities on the coast.

Always alert for plunder, they decided that the time of the Venetian wedding feast would be a favorable one to enrich themselves very easily. Near to Olivolo was a small island, at that time uninhabited, and here, the day before the *fête*, the wily Istriotes concealed themselves and their light vessels.

The next day, the gay companies passed slowly along to the church, unconscious of danger. The services began, and the espoused couples stood before the altar. Then suddenly the Istriote pirates, swift as arrows, rowed their boats into the harbor where the gay procession had just disembarked. In the midst of the solemn service, the doors of the church were thrown open and the dark-bearded pirates rushed in. With their drawn swords in their hands, they made their way to the altar, and, snatching up the terrified brides, they rushed to their boats, not forgetting to secure the caskets with the bridal gifts. Before the horrified bridegrooms and guests could realize what had happened, the robbers were carrying their prize, with swift and steady strokes, toward the shores of Istria. The Doge was assisting at the ceremony; but, rushing from the church, he called on all to follow, till the number of citizens soon swelled to hundreds, as they ran to the wharf, shouting for vengeance.

There were several ships in the harbor, and they hastily embarked. Every sail was unfurled, and they started in pursuit of the pirates and their precious booty. The wind being favorable, they overtook them in the lagoons, or low water near the shore. It was not to be expected that any quarter would be given to the robbers. The girls were restored unhurt to their lovers, and all the jewels were recovered. It is said that every pirate was fettered and thrown headlong into the sea, not one escaping to tell the story to his countrymen.

Another gorgeous festival at Venice was the marriage of the city to the Adriatic Sea. It was celebrated every year on Ascension Day, and this, too, had its origin in an historical event. In A. D. 1170, Pope Alexander III. was driven from Rome by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, or Red-beard, and he took refuge in Venice, where he was received with great respect and affection. The emperor demanded that the republic should give him up; but the request was refused.

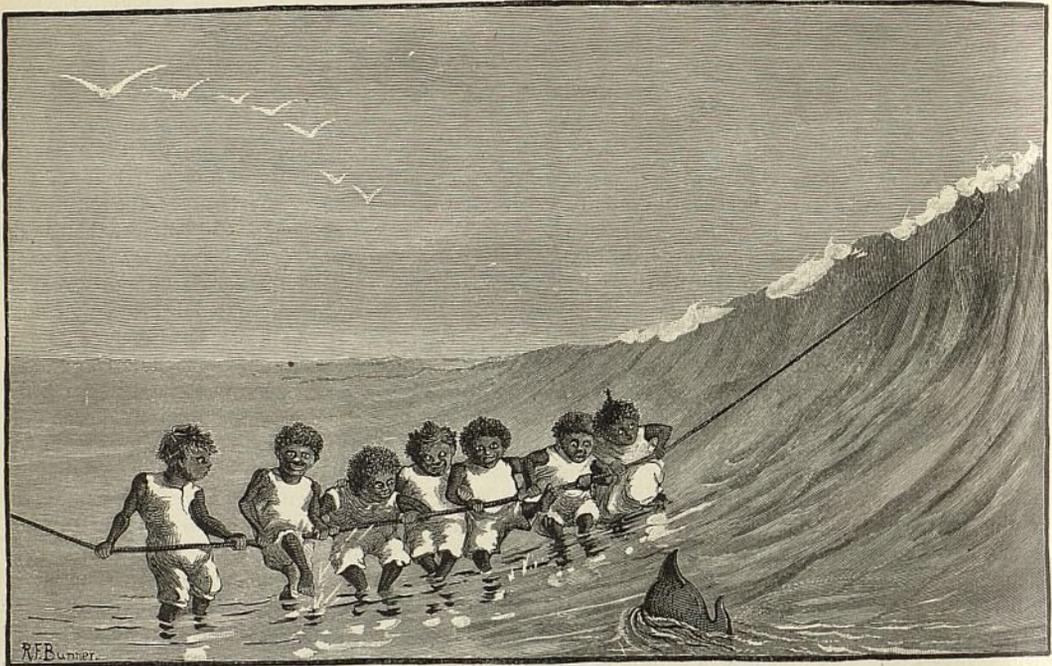
Barbarossa then sent a fleet of seventy-five galleys, under the command of his son, Otho, with orders to destroy all that came in their way. The Doge had only forty galleys; but he was an expert seaman, and drove the emperor's fleet off the coast and took Otho prisoner. After this battle, peace

was made, and Frederick consented to come to Venice to be reconciled with the Pope.

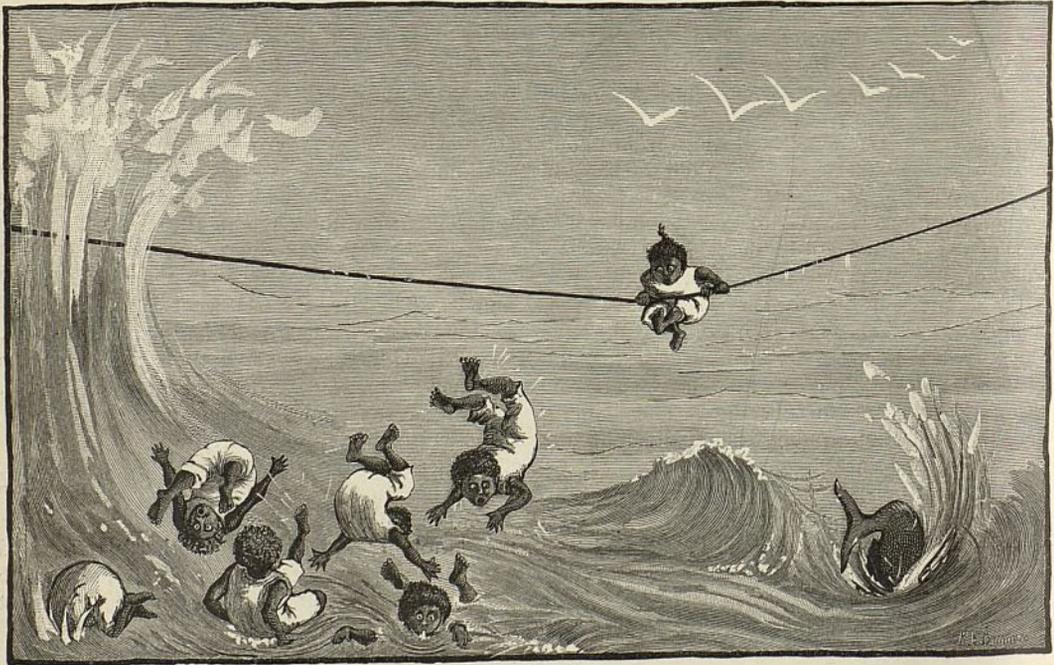
To reward the Venetians for their services, the Pope bestowed on them the sovereignty of the Adriatic Sea, and presented the Doge with a ring, saying, "Receive this as a symbol of your sovereignty, and celebrate your espousals with the sea every year."

This *fête* on Ascension Day was a universal holiday. The poor and the rich put on their gayest dresses and went to witness the marriage of the Doge with the sea. The bells of the city rang from daybreak their most joyful chimes, the canals were thronged with gondolas ornamented with banners. In one of the largest harbors, called La Piazzetta, was anchored a large vessel, called the "Bucentaur," which belonged to the Doge. The crew were chosen from among the strongest and handsomest of the Venetian seamen. The prow of the ship was gilded and ornamented with figures, and in the center was a crimson-velvet tent embroidered with gold, above which floated the flag of San Marco. When the hour of noon sounded, the door of the church was thrown open and a grand procession moved forth. First came eight standard-bearers with the flags of the republic in red, blue, white and violet, and six men with silver trumpets; then came the officers in the service of the Doge, dressed in their state robes. Next followed the musicians, and a deacon carrying a large wax taper sent by the Pope, and men bearing the throne and cushions of the Doge. The city magistrates made part of the procession, and, lastly, the Doge himself, in his ducal robes, his mantle of ermine fastened with gold buttons, his robes of blue and cloth of gold; his head covered with the ducal cap of Venice, over which was a crown of gold sparkling with precious stones. The procession advanced slowly up the quay and embarked on the "Bucentaur," with the admiral of the Venetian fleet at the helm. As they drew up the anchors, all the bells in the city poured forth their most joyful sounds. The large vessel went slowly on, surrounded by numerous smaller barges and gondolas, all filled with people gayly dressed. After the fleet had advanced some distance into the Adriatic, the Doge rose from his throne, walked to the prow of the vessel on a raised gallery, and threw into the blue waves a gold ring, saying, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of real and perpetual sovereignty." Then the Doge and his suite attended service in the church of San Nicolas on another island, called Lido, and the fleet returned to Venice, where the grand personages attended a sumptuous repast at the ducal palace.

THE SEA-URCHINS AND THE WAVE.



BEFORE.



AFTER.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER IX.

A MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

THAT night, when the feast was over, and the girls had gone home, and the darkness of the wood was only dimly lighted by the flickering flames of the bonfire, the old soldiers were not only tired and sleepy, but somewhat lonely. To be sure, there were fourteen sturdy boys of them, and as they began to select their sleeping-places for the night, they had a feeling of being very much more numerous than they were. Every boy wanted to sleep in the best place, and, as there were not many best places, it was difficult for so many to be accommodated. But this nice question having been adjusted by Captain Sam, who solved all difficulties by taking the best berth for himself, the boys lingered around the fire, loath to go, and yet reluctant to sit up longer.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows," said Blackie, "this would be a first-rate chance to go money-digging. None of our folks would know a word about it, and we might go over to the fort-pasture, where that ring is made in the turf, and try our luck."

"Pshaw!" cried Captain Sam, scornfully. "What's the use of going after old De la Tour's money on a night like this? See, there isn't a cloud in the sky. You can't dig for money on a clear night. It's got to be cloudy, but with the moon at the full, and the wind must blow a ten-knot breeze at the very least."

"Besides," added Billy Hetherington, "we have n't got any tools."

"But there is a spade and shovel, and then we have two hatchets in the camp. And that's all we want."

"But," explained Billy, "we want money-digging tools. We must have a divining-rod, and the seven white feathers from a field-sparrow's tail, and lots of things besides." There was a general laugh at this, as most of the boys, although they had heard of the magical tricks and tools supposed by the ignorant and superstitious to be necessary for money-digging, were ready to ridicule all such notions when they were seriously discussed. Billy reddened at the laughter which he had raised by his earnest remark, but, as he screened his cheeks from the hot glare of the fire, he said, a little petulantly, "Well, you may laugh, but I have heard

old Ma'am Heath tell how old Kench found that treasure over on the Doshen shore with a divining-rod and other things."

"And she told how a big, black dog, with red, fiery eyes, came and barked at old Kench, as he was digging, and how the old man said: 'What's that?' And then the lights all went out, and how the chest, which he could just feel with the end of his shovel, went down, down." This was Hi Hatch's contribution to the learning of the money-diggers. And, as he told his tale,—told so many times before,—the boys looked suspiciously around them into the gloomy depths of the wood.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Ned Martin, "what's the use of talking such rubbish? You'll scare these little fellows so that they won't dare to go to bed to-night. There is little Sam Murch, now, so scared that his eyes are sticking out so that you can hang your cap on them."

Sam stoutly denied that he was frightened the least bit, but his teeth chattered as he spoke, and some of the other small boys declared that it was growing cold. So, with many protests that they were not sleepy, the party curled up in twos and threes on the layers of fragrant spruce and cedar boughs with which they had covered the uneven floor of their camp.

Billy Hetherington and Blackie nestled close to each other, and whispered for a while about the money-digging project which was so dear to Billy's heart. But Blackie soon dropped off to sleep, and all the camp was still, to Billy's wakeful ear, save when some little chap, turning uneasily, muttered in his dreams.

The fire snapped and flickered outside the camp. The white rays of the moon began to sift down through the tree-tops, and afar off on the bay could be heard the rude music of sailors singing as they hove up anchor, a sound which was comforting to Billy, who lay still and thought of the ship which had anchored there in the afternoon, waiting for the turn of the tide to take her up to the port. Then the cheery "Yo-heave-ho" of the sailors died away, and the listening boy heard only the snapping of the hemlock in the fire, and the distant and mournful cry of a loon on the bay. Occasionally, too, a night-hawk gave a shrill call as he whirred over the forest, or the hoot of an owl sounded and resounded dismally from the Block-house Hill.

"Why can't I get to sleep?" moaned Billy,

impatiently to himself. "There 's Sam actually snoring. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why can't I get to sleep? I wonder what the folks are doing at home? It 's after nine o'clock. We heard the meeting-house bell ring ever so long ago. I s'pose Old Fitts is sound asleep by this time. Oh, dear me! Why can't I get to sleep?"

The boy raised himself up and looked enviously around on his sleeping comrades. Little Sam Murch was lying where a ray of white moonlight fell across his face, and Billy mused:

"He 's a nice boy, Sam. I wonder why he is such a good chap, and his brother is such a slouch? I wonder if Jo will join the White Bears? I wonder if we wont lick the White Bears, the next time we have a match game with them? That was an awful good catch that dear old Blackie made, last game. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why don't I go to sleep? There! The moon is shining right spang in Sam's face. I wonder if it will strike him blind? That 's what old Tumble says. I wonder if old Tumble would know how to dig for money? I wonder if the White Bears would come down and break up our camp to-night, if they knew we did not stand guard, as they do up to Orland when they have muster there?"

And here Billy, in sheer desperation, lay down and went to sleep. At least, he thought he had gone to sleep, when he heard a soft tread outside. Instantly, he was alert and listening. Again he heard it. Was it old De la Tour coming back for his money? But the old captain did not haunt this part of the peninsula; besides, he did not usually come at this time of year. There were whispers in the darkness, and Billy felt cold chills running down his back, and a goose-fleshy feeling all over him. There was a tight band around his head, and he felt that his hair was standing on end. Scared though he was, he had enough presence of mind to wonder to himself if his hair was really standing up, or if it only felt so. Then he poked Blackie in the back, and, as the lad turned sleepily, he whispered in his ear:

"There 's somebody outside of the camp!"

"White Bears," suggested Blackie.

"I guess so," replied Billy. "Listen!"

And Blackie listened. Just then, a big stone came crashing through the side of the camp, and struck Tom Tilden in the back. That warrior awoke with a tremendous howl of rage and pain. With that, the cry of "Firebrand! Firebrand!" rang through the woods, and the Fairport Nine knew that the Philistines were upon them. The battle-cry of the White Bears was "Firebrand!" Why, nobody knew, but when the sleeping camp was aroused by that ominous yell, they knew who were their assailants. Even in the dark,

it is a good thing to know with whom you are fighting.

"The enemy are upon us!" shouted Captain Sam, not forgetting his position as commander, even in the midst of alarms. "The enemy are upon us! Charge bayonets!"

There were no bayonets to charge with, and, even if the Nine had had them, the enemy were not to be seen. When the boys rushed out into the open, where the fire was dying down into embers, nobody was to be seen. There was not a sound of the enemy.

"Come out of your hiding-place, you cowards!" shouted Captain Sam, valiantly. They waited for a moment to see if anybody would break cover. Then a voice in the darkness replied:

"Oh, hush up, you petty tyrant!"

Then everybody knew that Jo Murch had gone over to the White Bears.

This insult to the captain was more than he could bear. He rushed into the shadow of the wood from which the voice had come, and, belaboring the thicket with a thick stick, he presently uttered a loud yell and rushed back to camp with a bleeding nose.

"First blood for the White Bears!" shouted a voice, derisively, from behind a clump of spruce-trees.

Billy Hetherington, flying in the direction of the sound, saw Joe Fitts, the center-fielder of the White Bears, sneaking around to get into the camp. Without thinking of the bigness of Joe, who was twice as tall as Billy, the boy threw himself on him, crying: "A spy in the camp! A spy in the camp!" In another moment the two boys were wrestling on the ground, Billy underneath. But Blackie was not far off, and, before Joe Fitts could turn his head to see what had happened, the agile black boy was on his back, pummeling him with a very fair-sized fist. Joe roared for mercy, and, in the midst of the tumult, Tom Tilden came up and Joe was made a prisoner.

"First prisoner for the Fairports!" now shouted Captain Sam, in derision, to the hidden White Bears. His only answer was a big stone that came whirling out of the bushes and fell, without any injury to anybody, into the fire, which was now heaped up with fuel.

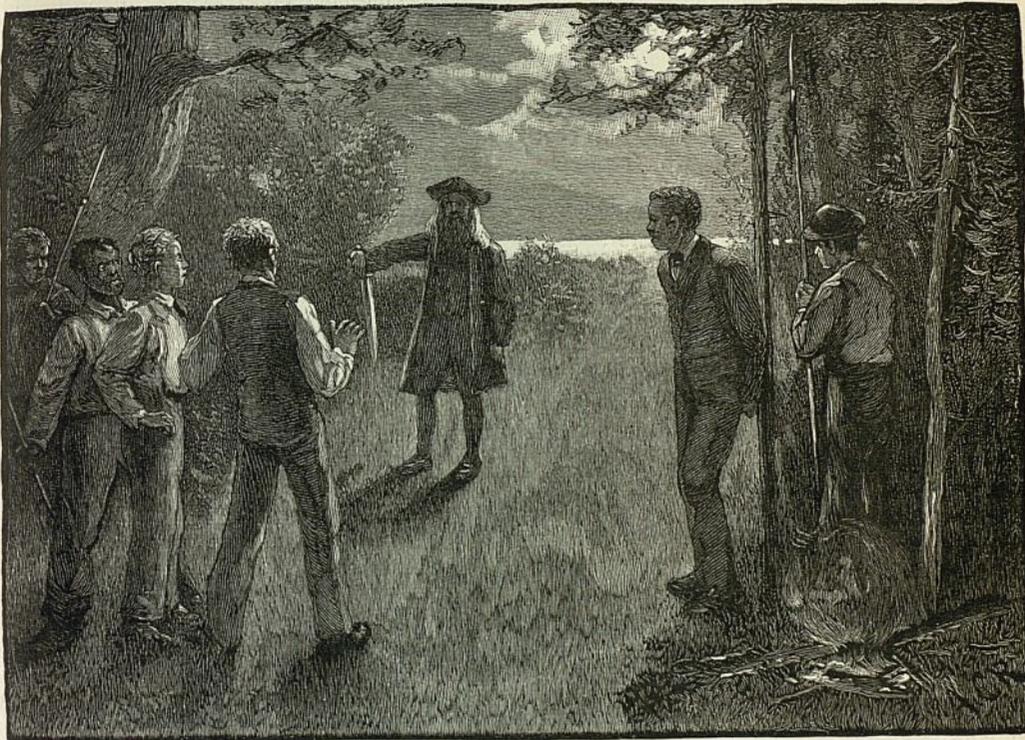
Joe Fitts, the prisoner, contentedly sitting by the cheerful blaze, refused to give any account of the numbers and purposes of the White Bears. "You know, fellows," he explained, "it would n't be the fair thing for me to tell on my own crowd, and you had n't ought to ask me, now, and you know it."

Billy suggested that their prisoner might be put to torture, as once was the custom in warfare.

"Tie him to a tree and stick splinters into him," suggested Hi Hatch, who was a deeply learned reader of Indian massacres and Indian fights. Tom Tilden, who had great admiration of his own fighting prowess, invited the captive to a rough-and-tumble wrestle, no tripping, underhold, and no biting nor pulling hair. This contest was sternly forbidden by the captain, and Joe was tied to a birch-sapling to wait for developments.

It was now past midnight, and the moon had begun to sink in the west. The air was chill, and the excited boys were cooling off, as the attack had, somehow, ceased. The besieged party were

Suddenly, from the darkest portion of the wood opposite the door of the camp, emerged a solitary figure. It was that of an old man dressed all in black, with a cocked, or three-cornered, hat on his head, and with white hair hanging down on his shoulders. His face was covered by a full black beard, and everything about him was black, except his hair and a red feather in his hat. Bright buckles glistened at the knees of his small-clothes, and in his hand he carried a gigantic cutlass. This strange figure, emerging from the darkness of the wood, stopped short when it had reached the open space, farthest from the fire. Then it waved the



THE GHOSTLY VISITOR.

uncertain what to do. "Let's make a charge into the woods and rout them out," said "the Lob," who was too clumsy to fight, although he was the champion catcher of the Nine.

Just then, a strange thing happened.

The camp was built with one side toward the shore, which was below, at the base of the rocky and wooded bluff. In front of the camp was a cleared space, in which burned the camp-fire, and all around, and beyond, where the broken ground finally rose to a considerable height, were thickets of spruce, hemlock, fir and pine, with a few tall and thick beeches and birches mingled in between.

cutlass three times in the air, and remained motionless.

Breaking the painful silence, Joe Fitts, tied to the sapling, ejaculated: "The Black Stover, as I'm alive!"

At this the figure waved its cutlass three times again, as if to say this was correct. The boys gazed spell-bound for a moment, when Captain Sam, with a perceptible quaver in his voice, shouted "Who are you?" The figure made no other reply than to point downward to the ground with its cutlass, as if digging, and then, turning, it was about to vanish into the woods, when Ned

Martin and Tom Tilden rushed forward swiftly and silently and, without a word of warning, grabbed the specter by the legs and brought him to the ground with a tremendous thud. That ghost must have weighed at least one hundred and ten pounds. Instantly, as it fell, a crowd of White Bears plunged from the wood and threw themselves on Tilden and Martin, who manfully resisted every effort of the ghost to get away, helped though it was by its comrades. A re-enforcement from the camp now rushed up, and Captain Sam, throwing himself into the struggling heap of boys, tore from the head of the apparition a wig of hemp and a massive set of whiskers made of black moss. He was proceeding to insult the ghost of the Black Stover still further, when that discomfited specter cried, in the unmistakable language of a White Bear and a Mullett: "I surrender, fellers! Le' me up!" So the ghost got up, with his nose bleeding profusely, and disclosing the familiar form of Eph Mullett, otherwise "Nosey." It was Ephraim's habit to talk through his nose.

"Second blood for the Fairport Nine," observed Pat Adams, gravely. The White Bears acknowledged themselves defeated, "for once," they said, with an unpleasant attempt at sarcasm. So a truce was sounded, and the late combatants sat down around the fire, and discussed the battle with great friendliness.

"Oh, were n't you fellers just scared out of your wits, though!" said Peletiah Snelgro.

"No, we were not," answered little Sam Murch, who had stood guard over the prisoner while the rest of the force went to the attack on the ghost. At this, everybody laughed good-humoredly, except Jo Murch, who kept at a distance from Captain Sam, and who did not think that his small brother had any business in the camp of the Nine, anyhow.

"Well," said Billy, "I'll own up that I was scared when I heard the whisperings and the treads about in the darkness and the night, when all the rest of the fellows were sound asleep and snoring."

"Snoring! Come now, I like that!" cried Hi Hatch. "I never snore. No fellow ever snores. Leastways, I never knew anybody who owned up that they did."

"It was n't the snoring that frightened you," said Dan Morey, the left-fielder of the White Bears.

"It was the ghost of the Black Stover a-coming after his buried treasure."

"Just as though anybody could n't tell that that was a real fellow!" sneered Ned Martin, who was not a little proud of the courage and presence of mind with which he had assaulted the ghost.

"Well," yawned the specter, "I don't know how it is with you chaps, but I am clean beat out,

and have n't been so sleepy since the wreck of the 'Royal Tar.'" The "Royal Tar" was a steamship which had been burned on the bay, at a date when some of the smaller boys were too young to know much about it, although they had been told, in later years, of the horrible sight of the wild beasts of a menagerie which was on board, leaping from the burning cages and plunging into the waters of the bay to perish. So, when Eph said that he had not been so sleepy since the wreck of the "Royal Tar," and it was known that he had sat up all night to see the wonderful and tragical fire, they felt for him an immense respect.

"Well, I was only four years old when the 'Royal Tar' was burned," said Hi Hatch, "but I can lick any fellow who says I am not sleepy." So saying, he looked around and met no answer but a general chorus of yawns.

Even the sound of the night-birds was hushed, and the white streaks of the dawn were paling the eastern sky, as besiegers and besieged, friends and foes, White Bears and Fairports, lay down together and slept peacefully around the smoldering fire.

CHAPTER X.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

A FEW days after the great muster and camping-out of the Nine, Billy and Blackie lounged into the village apothecary's shop. It was a curious old place, highly attractive to the boys on account of its being the only shop in town where stick licorice, snake-root, gamboge, and other things necessary to a boy's happiness, were sold. On the shelves, too, were ranged glass jars, known as "specie jars," filled with sticks of peppermint and saffras candy, and in the back shop, aromatic and pungent with strange odors, were produced divers sweet and palatable syrups recommended for coughs and colds, and so greatly relished by the children of the village that they sometimes aggravated their slight disorders for the sake of having a dose of one of these honeyed mixtures.

"Now that's a mighty cur'ous coin," said the apothecary, a tall, spare and bald man, wearing a pair of tremendous spectacles on his nose. It was a silver coin, about as large as a quarter of a dollar, but much thinner. On one side was a rude representation of a pine-tree, with an illegible inscription about the rim. On its other side was the inscription "New England—An—Dom," and in the center of this the date, "1652," under which were the numerals, "XII."

"Yes; a mighty cur'ous coin," repeated Mr. Redman, slowly. "How did you ever come across that, Abel?"

Now Abel Grindle was a close-fisted and close-mouthed old farmer who lived "off the Neck," as that portion of the main-land immediately adjoining the peninsula of Fairport was called. And to Redman's question he replied, "I don't know that it makes the leastest mite of difference to you where I got it from. Duz it? It 's good

of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts had n't set up for herself."

Billy paused, with his face flushed at his boldness, as well as with excitement over the discovery of a Pine-Tree shilling being offered "in trade" for rat-poison.

"Smart boy," said the apothecary, looking approvingly at Billy over his spectacles.

"Too pesky smart for anything," muttered the farmer.

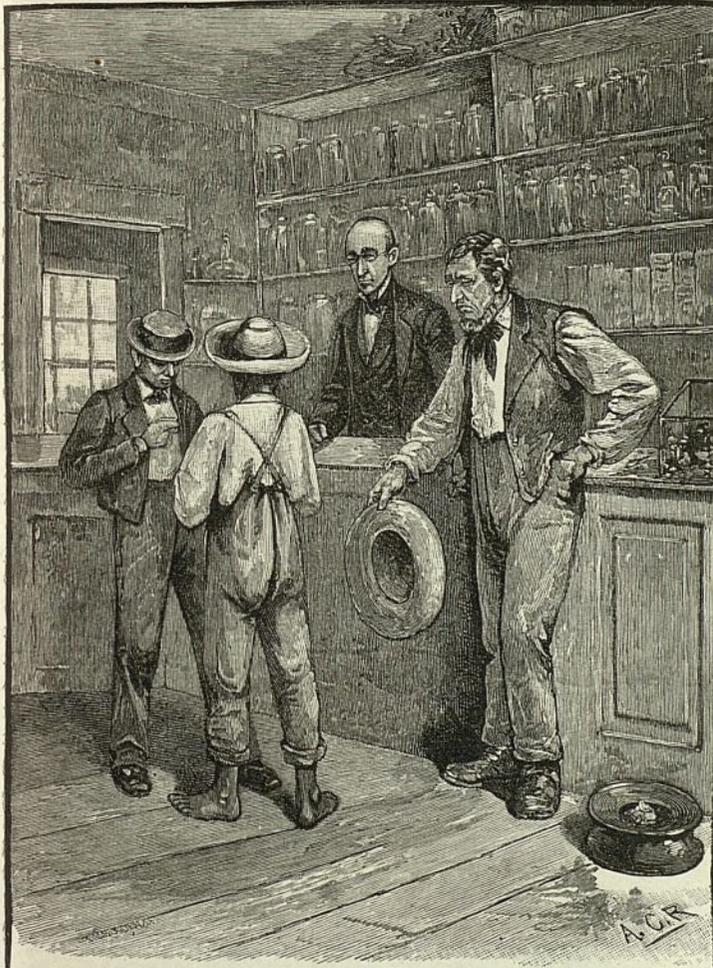
"If you know so much, youngster, perhaps you can tell me what this is," and the old man displayed on the palm of his dingy, seamed and horny hand an irregularly shaped lump of silver which looked as though it had been hammered out flat and then stamped. It was thick in the middle, and thinner at the edges. On one face was stamped something which looked like a Greek cross, in two angles of which were two queer-looking creatures, rearing on their hind legs, and probably meant for rampant lions. In the other two angles of the cross were castles, and scattered over the piece were letters, but so worn that they could hardly be read. The other face of the strange coin bore a complicated design, and the only parts of it which could be made out were two upright pillars, bearing something like leaves on their tops.

"That's the Spanish pillars, fast enough," said the apothecary, musingly. "And that 'His' must mean Spanish, I cal'late. Put your sharp eyes onto it, Billy."

"I'm afraid I don't know what this is," said Billy, modestly, "but those are the Spanish pillars, sure enough, and oh! here's the date! 1667! Why, what an old fellow it is!"

Now Blackie, taking the coin into his hand, cried:

"Aha! I know what this is! It's what we read about in *The Pirate's Own Book*. Don't you remember, Billy, those 'pieces of eight'? I don't know why they were called 'pieces of eight,' though; there is a big 8, and a 'P' and an 'E'



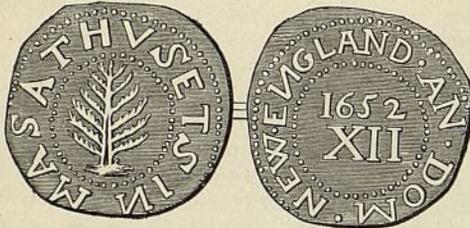
EXAMINING THE PIECE OF EIGHT.

money. Wuth a shilling, ain't it? Looks to me as if 't was, and I cal'late I know good money when I see it. It's wuth a half a pound of rat-p'ison, anyways, and that 's all I want to-day. Rat-p'ison haint riz, has it, Mr. Redman?"

"Why, it 's a Pine-Tree shilling!" exclaimed Billy, who had managed to get a sight of the coin which the druggist was turning to the light. "My father has got one of them, which his grandfather had. That was coined by the Province of Massachusetts, ever so long ago, when Maine was a part

right up there between those pillars. Some folks call them cob dollars, I don't know why, unless Gen. Cobb first dug 'em up, for they are mostly dug up."

"The nigger is a smarter boy than the other one," said Abel Grindle, with a sour smile.



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

"They were dug up, every one on 'em, on my farm off the Neck."

The eyes of both boys fairly shone with amazement at this tale. But the apothecary only put his spectacles on top of his bald head and said: "Land sakes alive! You don't say so." In New England, at least in those days, it was not the custom of the people to be surprised by anything.

Before night, the entire population of Fairport knew that Abel Grindle had found on his farm several thousand pieces of silver money. Some said that there were two thousand dollars, and some said that he had found ten thousand dollars in gold and silver. The truth was that he had found about two thousand pieces, but many of them were very small, scarcely as large as the fourpence ha'penny, or six-and-a-quarter-cents coin, which circulated then. But in the treasure were many of the big thick "pieces of eight" which Sam Black had described; and then there were Pine-Tree shillings and sixpences, French crowns, half-crowns and quarter-crowns, besides numerous coins of Spanish and Portuguese origin, the original value of which nobody knew.

Abel Grindle had been picking up the rocks and stones which plentifully covered his fields, when, turning over a flat rock, "about as big as a bake-kettle cover," as he expressed it, his astonished eyes fell on a heap of coins, tarnished and dusty, but showing that they were once good, honest money. Nobody could tell who had put them there, but public opinion, after the excitement had somewhat subsided, settled down to the belief that this was some of the "Black Stover's" ill-gotten gains. And more than one ancient gossip, shaking her head wisely, said that "it was master

strange that Mrs. Hetherington's son should be the first to have a good square look at the money which her grandfather had hid away in the ground."

As for Billy, his imagination was fired anew by this wonderful discovery. In their secret talks, he and his black chum discussed the matter so earnestly that they finally resolved to try their luck at money-digging. Many an expedition through the pastures did the youngsters have before they could make up their minds where to dig. There was scarcely a spot on the entire peninsula which did not have a history to it. All around the old Fort George were marks and scars of the battles of the Revolution; and in the fort-field, as it was called, the plow of the farmer often turned up a brass button with a big "82" on its rusty surface, showing that it belonged to the uniform of some poor soldier of His Britannic Majesty's 82d Foot.

Down by the shore, below the town, were the ruins of the old French fort, built by the exiled baron, who, in 1667, established himself here, and married an Indian wife from the tribe of the Taratines. Near by, too, was the very spot on which the pirate, Gibbs, was said to have landed to hide in the earth the rich booty which he had taken from the traders of the Spanish Main and the West Indies. Near the light-house, farther down the shore, and toward the entrance of the bay, were mysterious caves and fissures in the rocky precipices of the bluffs, in which dark deeds were said to have been done in ancient times. And on the top of Block-house Hill were the remnants of an old foundation, under which it was said and believed that the British had hidden the plunder of rich prizes captured along the coast, and which



THE PIECE OF EIGHT.

they had left behind them in the hurry of their flight, when they finally left this part of the country.

All over the pastures were low rings of earth, usually about fifteen feet in diameter, where once had been what seemed miniature forts. But these

were too small for any warlike purpose. Besides, they were scattered about without any reference to the forts and batteries which had been built in the old times by the fighting races that, one after another, had occupied the peninsula. Nobody could guess why these mysterious rings on the surface of the earth had been made. Billy and Sam, after much debate and hard thinking, came to the conclusion that they marked spots where money was buried.

At some time in his life, every Fairport boy had tried his hand at money-digging. Blackie and Billy, when they resolved to try theirs, came to the sensible conclusion that it was not worth while to bother with incantations and spells. Here was old Abel Grindle, who, while Ma'am Heath and the rest of the wise ghost-seers were trying magic spells and hunting for buried treasure with divining-rods, had actually turned up a heap of money, in broad daylight, and while he was engaged in the particularly hard and commonplace work of picking up rocks on his farm.

Nevertheless, it was thought safest, almost necessary, to dig for money at night, and as near midnight as possible; so, with much secrecy, the two boys smuggled into the orchard behind the Hetherington house a pickax, two shovels and a crowbar. To these were added several tallow candles, a ball of twine, and a meal-bag in which the treasure was to be carried home.

Now it chanced that on the very night which Billy and Sam had chosen for their secret expedition, Captain Sam Perkins and his trusty lieutenant, Ned Martin, had resolved to carry out a long-cherished piece of mischief. In front of the old fort above the town lay an ancient gun, a twenty-four-pounder, which had been left to rust and decay ever since the fort was dismantled. Children played about its black muzzle, and the birds of the field billed and flirted with each other at the vent where once flashed the ill-omened fire. On one Fourth of July, some of the patriotic citizens lifted the mouth of the cannon from the grass and put a big stone under its muzzle, and fired it in honor of the day. So there it lay, and the two boys, furtively hoarding their powder, and hiding it in the hay-loft for weeks and weeks, finally got together enough to load the old piece once.

It was a dark night when Sam and Ned, who had slept together at Ned's house, as being nearest the fort, slipped out of bed, down the water-conductor, and off to the fort. As they crept by Deacon Adams's house, they heard the tall old clock in his front entry strike twelve. They shivered. The night was not very cold. Quickly was the cannon loaded with grass, wet moss, and anything that would "make the old thing speak." A

slow match was slipped into the touch-hole, and back to the house, up the conductor, and into bed, went the young artillerymen. Then they lay and waited in breathless silence for the report which did not come.

Meanwhile, the two money-diggers, meeting at the appointed apple-tree in the Hetherington orchard, gathered up their tools, and swiftly and silently sped across the fields to the old fort. At the south of the fort was the earth-ring which the boys had selected for their operations. It was fourteen feet across, and not more than nine inches above the level of the ground. Stretching two lengths of string across from four points opposite each other on the outer rim of the circle, they found the middle of the ring at the place where these crossed each other. It had been decided that it was necessary to dig for money in the middle.

"Now you go it with the pick, and I will handle the shovel," whispered Sam. "And when I make motions with my hand, so, you take the shovel for a spell." For it had also been decided that it was absolutely necessary that not a word should be said while the digging was going on.

It was hard work, and the boys, who had been shivering in the cold, moist air, were soon in a glow of perspiration. They stopped to breathe, peering down into the hole, already nearly two feet deep, when off in the darkness somewhere they heard a muffled thud, as of somebody ramming down a cannon. Sam shivered and shook perceptibly. Billy put his finger warningly on his lips. Then they exchanged glances, for they knew that that was only a trick of the ghostly guardian of the buried treasure to make them speak. But, as they bent to their work again, each boy felt a chilly sensation glide down his backbone.

A few minutes later, Sam and Ned, turning uneasily in Ned's bed, wondered why that cannon did not go off. It seemed to them that it had been an hour since they left the fort. Really, it was not fifteen minutes.

"We might as well go up and see what's the matter, Ned. It'll never do to let the load stay in until to-morrow."

Sam's right leg was already out of the window when a prodigious explosion took place. It seemed as if the town were blown up by a mine underneath. Then there was a sound of jingling glass from windows broken by the concussion. Then other windows were heard opening in the darkness. Anxious female voices called across the street to village neighbors, asking "what the land-a-massy's sake had happened." Then there were the patterings of many feet on the wooden sidewalks. But nobody knew where to look for the cause of the

frightful explosion. Probably, thought some of the timid folks, it was an earthquake.

Blackie and Billy were hard at work, Blackie digging and Billy shoveling. They had a good-sized hole made in the earth, and no goblin had come to disturb them. Awkwardly handling his shovel, Billy smote his chum a hard blow on his toe. Sam, smarting with pain, dropped his pick, and, grasping his wounded toe in his hand, cried: "Ouch!" In an instant, the air was red with flame, and a tremendous peal of thunder, louder than any cannon, burst in the direction of the front of the old fort. There was a rattle of something jingling, and then all was still. The only sound in that part

of the fort-pasture was the swift brushing of bare feet through the dewy grass, as two badly scared boys darted across the hill, flew over the stone wall, scudded through the orchard, and finally buried themselves deep down in the hay in Judge Hetherington's barn. So deep did they bury themselves that they did not hear the voice of the Judge calling, "William, my son, where are you?"

So deep did they bury themselves that when, next morning, Reuben Gray, the hired man, trampling over the hay, felt something lumpy underfoot, dragged out first a black boy, then a white one, both of these, sitting up, said, as in a chorus, "Was it an earthquake?"

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS' SWIMMING BATH.

BY FLORENCE WYMAN.



HE visitor among the lower parts of New York city, far from all the pretty shops, and toward the river-side east and west, finds only narrow, crowded streets, gas factories, buzzing mills, and big-chimneyed iron-works. As he comes

nearer the shore, he sees piles of rope and chain. Masts of vessels loom up before him, and everything looks unclean, busy and disagreeable.

But here live more families to each block than are in a quarter of a mile of houses in clean, up-town districts. Grimy-faced children flock in the streets and play tag under the horses' noses. Sometimes a ten-years-old boy will be seen trundling his little brother in a baby-wagon, and perhaps smoking, at the same time, the end of a cigar which he doubtless had begged from some passing stranger. Lively little fellows they are, too. They are knowing in street sights, and quick to find out where they can "have some fun"; for a boy who never had a good pair of shoes nor a whole jacket in his life will somehow manage to get his fun, and plenty of it, though not always of a good sort.

There is one thing, however, that may be said of these poor boys and girls. They are energetic, and skillful to make the most of what they have. It would be well if all happier boys and girls would only keep their wits bright, and try as zealously to

understand all they see in town and country, as do these street-urchins. Many little fellows, who do not have even proper food and clothing, yet become active and strong by taking plenty of exercise and living so much in the open air.

The way these rollicking children appreciate the free baths shows that they know a good thing when they find it.

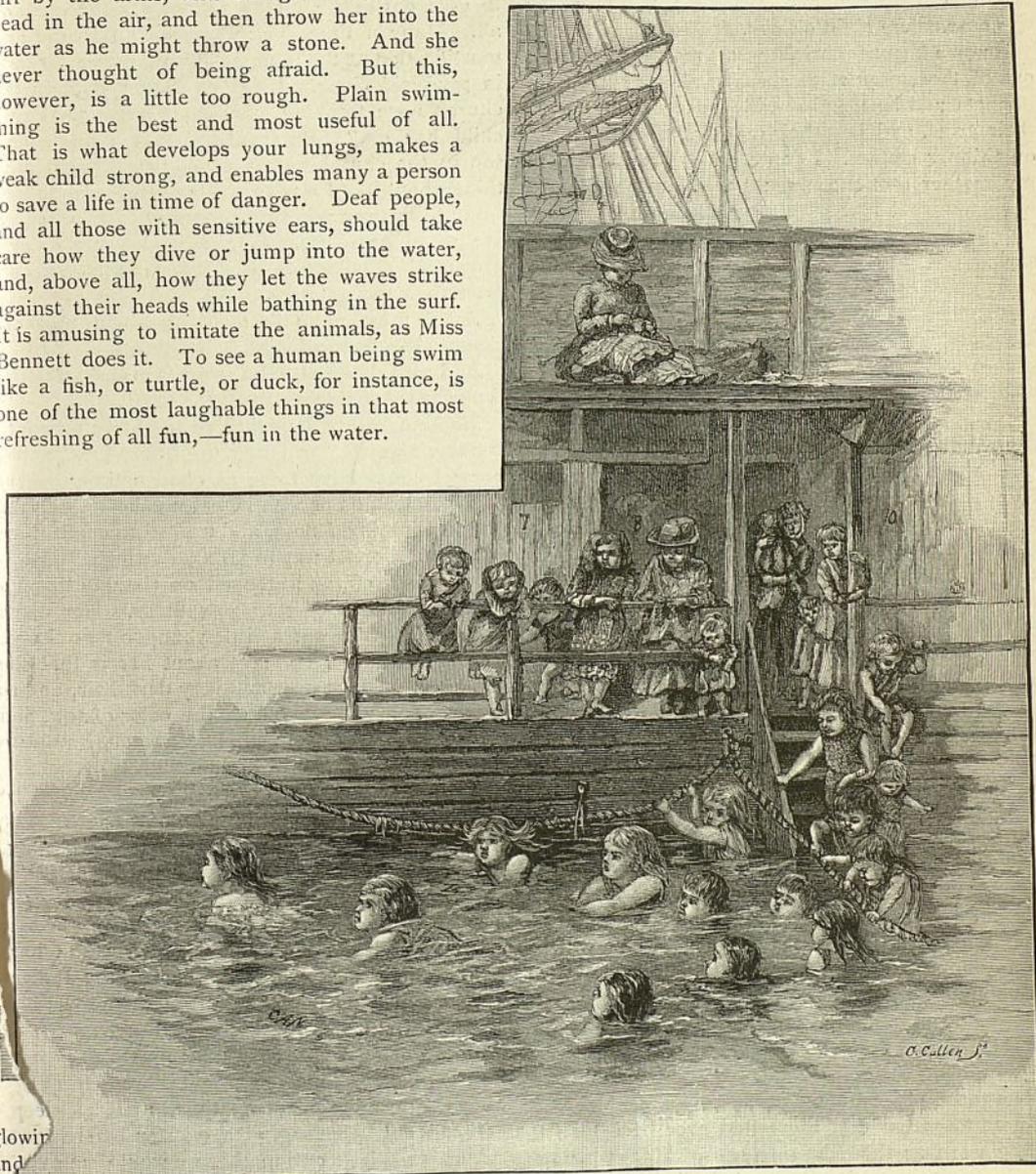
You ought to see how these floating houses look, and try to imagine the noise made by 200 children jumping, splashing and screaming with all their might. From five o'clock in the morning until nine at night the great tank is never empty. Sometimes, on a very warm day, the bathers are enjoying themselves so much that the superintendent cannot get them out when it comes time to close. They hide away in dark corners and under the platforms, so that the gas has to be turned down in order to scare them into coming away.

One day, a merry party of ladies went down to see all this, and report it for ST. NICHOLAS. There was one to sketch, you may be sure, and one to write, and the rest were like the "three pretty maids" in the nursery song,— "One could dance and one could sing, and one could play on the violin." They all left the street-cars at Gouverneur street, and walked across a block or two to the river-side. There they saw, close to the shore, a pretty little flat-roofed house, right in the water, and looking for all the world like a "Noah's Ark." It was neatly painted, and there was a noise coming from it something like what is heard in a school-yard at recess time. I think you all know

becomes almost amphibious. He becomes so skillful that he is equally at home on land and water.

I have seen a row of young people take hold of hands and jump down twenty feet into the river, swim off under water awhile, and then, coming to the surface to take breath, strike out for a race, and have a general scramble at the winning-post. All this is without wanting to touch ground, of course. And I have known a swimming-teacher in Germany to take a little girl by the arms, and swing her around his head in the air, and then throw her into the water as he might throw a stone. And she never thought of being afraid. But this, however, is a little too rough. Plain swimming is the best and most useful of all. That is what develops your lungs, makes a weak child strong, and enables many a person to save a life in time of danger. Deaf people, and all those with sensitive ears, should take care how they dive or jump into the water, and, above all, how they let the waves strike against their heads while bathing in the surf. It is amusing to imitate the animals, as Miss Bennett does it. To see a human being swim like a fish, or turtle, or duck, for instance, is one of the most laughable things in that most refreshing of all fun,—fun in the water.

You cannot imagine what a useful as well as pleasure-giving institution the free swimming bath is, unless you yourself have been to the place and seen the happy change in the appearance of the little bathers, and in the expression of their faces. And, when once you have seen this sight, you will realize what stores of health must come to these poor little folk from even a week's regular exercise of this kind in the cool water, and from the joyful times they have together.



THE RACE.

THE NAUGHTIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By H. H.

PART FIRST.

I BEGAN to be naughty very early that day. I began immediately after breakfast; and breakfast was over before eight o'clock.

It was a beautiful bright warm morning in April; one of those days when children always carry their bonnets and hats and outside jackets swinging on their arms, and beg their mothers to let them put on thinner clothes. I don't doubt that I said to my mother that morning: "Oh, don't make me wear my cloak! I shall roast alive in it! It's as hot as summer, out-doors." I do not recollect saying this, but I have no doubt I did, and that my good and wise mother replied:

"Helen, these spring days are very deceitful. They are warm for a few minutes, and then they change suddenly and become very cold, and people who have gone out in thin clothes get dreadful colds. You must wear your cloak, my little daughter."

At any rate I recollect that I wore my cloak, and I felt very cross because I had to wear it, and this was the beginning of my naughtiness. That cloak cost me a great deal of suffering, first and last. It was made out of very bright plaid, red and green, and I felt as conspicuous as a scarecrow in it. Do you wonder? There was not a child, nor a grown person, either, in our whole town, who was seen wearing bright red and green plaid, excepting my sister and me, and when the boys at our school wanted to tease us, they used to make fun of our plaid cloaks. The way we happened to have them was this:

At the time my papa and mamma were married, bright red and green plaids were all the fashion for ladies' cloaks; and my mamma had two of them of different-sized plaids. The cloth was very nice indeed, and cost a great deal of money, so that it would not wear out in one person's life-time, which is anything but a recommendation to a cloth, in my opinion, especially when it leads to its being handed down in a family from mothers to children, as this red and green plaid was in our family.

By the time my sister and I were big enough to have these cloaks made over for us, people had almost forgotten that there had ever been such a thing worn as these bright plaids. However, the cloth was too good to be wasted; it was fine and

warm and soft; and so it was made up into two school-cloaks for my sister Annie and me. On rainy Sundays we had to wear them to church also, to save our best ones. And that was the worst of all. Many a time I have cried with shame and mortification at the thought of walking up the aisle in my plaid cloak. I felt as if everybody in the church were thinking, "What a queer cloak that child has on." But probably not a single person in the church remarked it, nor thought anything about it. I was very silly. It is strange that small things can seem so important to us when we are small ourselves. We must be sure to out-grow such smallnesses as fast as our bodies out-grow their baby-clothes.

But I must not talk too long about that old cloak. We have a long day before us.

As I said, I began to be naughty at eight o'clock; that was the crossness about the cloak.

Mamma had told us that we might go over into "Baker's woods" and play till school-time, and I knew I could have twice as good a time without that old cloak on as with it. It was horribly in the way in climbing fences, and we had to climb three going the shortest way to "Baker's woods." However, we set off, and stopped on the way to get a little playmate of ours to go with us. Her name was Mary. She was a little younger than I was. The chief thing I recollect about her is that she had beautiful blue eyes and very dark hair, and as my own hair was very much the color of tow, and my eyes were light-green, like a cat's, I used to look at blue eyes and black hair with envy.

"Baker's woods" was a small pine-grove. The trees were very large and high and far apart. The ground was covered with the fallen pine-needles, piled up so thick that when you walked it felt as if you were walking on a hair mattress. At the lower end of the grove the trees were closer together, and there was some underbrush; here we sometimes found little clumps of the Indian-pipe, and just outside this part of the grove, in a field full of stumps, checker-berries grew.

Our school did not begin until nine o'clock, and it was not more than ten minutes' walk from the grove. So we had plenty of time to get back after the academy bell rang, at a quarter before nine, and we promised our mother we would set out to come back the minute we heard that bell ring.

It did not seem as if we had been in the woods five minutes before it rang.

"Oh dear!" cried Mary, "there 's that hateful old bell!"

At first I pretended not to hear it; but it was of no use. It rang harder and faster; it could be heard from one end of the town to the other.

"Come," said Mary. "we must go."

"Let 's stay here," said I.

"We 'll get marked," replied Mary, timidly.

"I don't care if we do," I replied.

This was a big fib, for I did care very much;



"THE TOWN LOOKED LIKE A PICTURE."

but just at that minute I cared a great deal more for something else, something which was always a pleasure to me, and that was to stay on in the beautiful, green, fragrant woods.

Little Ann looked from one to the other. She understood that it was a very naughty thing we were proposing to do, and she began to cry. But we hushed her, and told her we would go in a few minutes, and then we sat down and began to eat our checker-berries. It seemed to me that academy bell never would stop ringing. "Ding, ding, ding," it kept on, and every "ding" seemed louder than the last one.

"Oh, Helen, let 's go back!" said Mary.

"No," said I. "You may go, if you 're such a 'fraid-cat. But I 'm going to stay in the woods all day. You stay, too! We 'll have a splendid time. I know a place in another grove—the next one to this—where there are lots of little snails."

"What! Real, live snails?" exclaimed Mary. "Do they stick their horns out?"

"Yes," said I. "They crawl around on the under side of dead leaves. We 've seen hundreds of them there."

This decided Mary, and she was in great haste to be off to the wood in search of the snails. But I was thinking of something else. You know I told you this was the naughtiest day of my life. I was thinking about little Ann, and what a trouble she would be in a long day in the woods. I was wondering if I could help her over the fences, and then make her go back to the house alone. But, naughty as I was, I did not quite dare to do that. I loved my little sister very much, and I was afraid she would get hurt. So I sat still, in some perplexity, looking at her and idly chewing a tough old wintergreen-leaf. The academy bell had stopped ringing, and the grove was as still as if every living creature had gone to sleep. Suddenly there came a sharp voice, calling:

"Children! Children!" and, looking up, we saw Mrs. Smith, our cook, leaning over the fence, a few rods off.

"Come right home this minute, you naughty girls," she said. "Did n't you hear that bell? I know very well who 's at the bottom of this, and I just hope your mother 'll give you a good whipping, Helen Maria!" (I was always called Helen Maria when I was naughty, a thing over which I puzzled my brains a good many years.)

"You get up off that damp ground this minute, and come home; do you hear?" she continued, getting redder in the face as she spoke. She was very angry, for it was washing-day, and she hated to lose her time looking up runaway children.

Little Ann ran as fast as she could toward the fence, and Mrs. Smith lifted her up and set her down on the other side.

Mary and I did not stir, and I am ashamed to say that I made up the worst face I could at Mrs. Smith, and called out: "Why don't you come and get us!" and then, springing to my feet, I ran farther back into the woods, and Mary after me, as fast as our feet could carry us.

Mrs. Smith called, but we could not hear the words she said, and, presently, we could not hear her voice, nor see her when we looked back. Then we stopped, out of breath, and sat down.

"Good enough for the old thing," said I. "If she had n't been so hateful, I 'd have gone back."

"You said we would stay all day," said Mary.

"Well, I did n't mean to, really," I answered.

"It's all her fault for being so cross. Mamma does n't allow her to speak to us like that. I heard her giving her a real scolding one day, when she had been snapping us up. She's the crossdest old patch we ever had in our house."

"Do you suppose you'll get whipped?" said Mary, who was anything but an exhilarating comrade for a runaway trip.

"I dare say," cried I, as nonchalantly as if that were the least of my concerns; "so we might as well have a good time now. Come on!" and we plunged into the thickest part of the woods, through them, and across a field into the other wood, where the snails were. Here there were no pines, only maples, and you could see very little sky, the tops were so close together. I had never been in this wood but once, and then it was mid-summer. Now it looked quite different: the ground was matted with wet, brown, dead leaves, and we could not find any snails.

"I guess they only come with the leaves in summer," I said to Mary, who was much disappointed. She would never have come except for the snails. But we found the little red blossoms of the maples lying on the ground everywhere, and they looked like little bits of red coral.

We roamed on and on till we came to the end of this wood, and then across fields and into more woods; and then out into fields again, till we got so far away from the town that it looked like a picture away up on the hill. The farther we went, the happier I felt. It seemed to me that I should like to go on walking from grove to grove and field to field as long as I lived. I never once thought about school nor my teacher, nor my poor father and mother; all I thought of was the blue sky and the sunshine, and the great world of fields and woods stretching away as far as we could see.

"Mary!" I exclaimed, "I mean to go into every single wood we can see—into those away out against the sky—all there are in sight!"

"Oh, Helen, we could n't," replied Mary, who was not borne up by any such wild delight as I felt. "We could n't! It would be miles and miles, and, besides, we'd get hungry."

"Hungry!" I had not once thought of that; but I made light of it. "Oh, we shall find some house where they'll give us something to eat."

"I'd be ashamed to beg," said Mary, stoutly.

"I would n't," retorted I. "Lots of folks come to our house begging for something to eat, and Mrs. Smith always gives it to them."

"I know," said Mary; "but it's begging."

"Well, I'm not one bit hungry," I replied, "and I don't believe I shall be, all day."

"No; I'm not, either," said the wise Mary; "it's only a little while since breakfast; but you see if we're not awfully hungry by noon."

And so we were. Dear me, how well I remember that hunger; it seemed actually to gnaw at my stomach. We had roamed on from wood to wood, from field to field, crossing and recrossing the roads to which we came; now climbing a hill; now diving down into swampy places; we had found cones, and fungi, and moss, and acorns, and a few snail-shells. Our aprons were so full we had to take all the things out, and lay them on the ground close to the bottom of every fence we climbed; and then reach through and pick them all up again, after we had climbed over. Our ankles were wet, and our India-rubber overshoes were so coated with mud, they felt as heavy as lead on our feet. I think we must have been a very funny-looking little pair of vagabonds; we were very tired and a little cross, and Mary, who all the time had not more than half wanted to come, was almost ready to cry, when suddenly, as we came to the top of a sandy hill, we saw a village lying below it.

"Oh, goody!" I exclaimed. "Here's Hadley! I've been here often. I know it's Hadley."

So, indeed, it was. We were four miles from home; but counting our ramblings in and out of the woods, we had walked double that distance.

With the prospect of food my spirits rose. The proud unwillingness to beg which Mary had felt was all gone. We both ran down the hill as fast as we could, and knocked at the door of a mean little house, which stood near the road. A black woman opened the door.

"Will you please give us something to eat?" we both said at once.

"Well, now, that's queer," she said. "I jist happen to be out of everything. I haint got nothing in the house but a little butter. But the folks next door, they'll give ye suthin';" and she eyed us very curiously. "Where'd ye come from, anyhow?" she added.

But I did not choose to tell, and seizing Mary by the hand, I ran away. At the next house the woman had her bonnet and cloak on, and her husband, who was with her, had his overcoat and hat on; they were just that minute going out.

"Why, dear me!" she said, kindly, "hungry be ye? Dear me! You'd like some bread and milk, would n't ye?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" we both exclaimed. "Indeed we would."

She looked at her husband. "We can't wait," she said; "we're late now. How'll we manage it? We must lock the house up."

"Oh, give it to 'em, and let 'em sit on the doorstep and eat it. They can leave the things under

the bushes," he replied; so she hurried into her pantry to get the bread and milk, and the man, turning to us, said: "Look here, youngsters, I reckon you're honest. You just hide the bowls and spoons under the lilac-bushes, when you're done, and we'll find 'em when we come home. They'll be safe. We're goin' to the funeral. Whose little gals be ye?" he added, looking at us as closely as the negro woman had looked.

We hung our heads and did not reply.

"Well, well," he said kindly; "look out and get home before dark, whoever ye be. You're not used to roamin' 'round country this way, I reckon," and he patted Mary on the head in a fatherly way,

How good it did taste; we drank every drop of the milk and ate more than half the bread; then we hid the bowls, as she had told us to, under the lilac-bushes, and then we went out of the yard and stood looking up and down the street, and wondering what we should do next.

"Let's go home," said Mary. "Do you suppose you can find the way, Helen?"

"Find the way!" I replied, contemptuously. "What a goose you are; the road's as straight as an arrow, all the way there. It isn't far. Let's go into the village and see where the funeral is. I think it's in the meeting-house. See the horses and wagons tied there, just as they are Sundays."



FISHING IT OUT.

and called out to his wife: "Be s pry, Hannah, the bell's 'most done tolling; we'll be late."

She came running with two big yellow bowls full of delicious milk—one in each hand; and under her arm she had a loaf of brown bread.

"There," she said, giving each of us a bowl, and putting the bread down on the broad stone doorstep. "Now, you just make yourselves comfortable, and eat all you can; and when you're done you push the bowls in among them lilac-bushes, and nobody'll get 'em." Then she locked the door, and put the key in her pocket, and walked away with her arm in her husband's. They both looked back at us and smiled kindly to see us devouring our bread and milk like ravenous little

So we ran on till we came to the meeting-house. The big outside doors stood wide open, and we saw, standing close by one of the inside doors, a bier, such as coffins stand on in a hearse.

"Yes," we whispered to each other, "the coffin must be inside, in front of the pulpit; that's the way they do sometimes."

Then the choir began to sing a sad, slow hymn.

"The funeral's begun," said Mary, in a low whisper. "We can't go in now."

"No," said I, "but we can sit down out here."

So we sat down on the bier, with our feet between the slats; we felt very solemn, and sat very still.

Presently the sexton came out on tiptoes, and when he saw us, he came up to us softly and said:

"Did you want to go in, children? Are your father and mother in there? I'll take you in."

But we only shook our heads, and did not say anything, and he went back again and left us.

After the singing was done, there came a sound of a voice talking, but we could not hear any words; so pretty soon we grew tired of sitting there on the bier, and went out again into the street.

It was muddier than anything you ever saw in your lives, unless you have been in some town on the low banks of a river, where the river-water comes up into the streets of the town every spring.

The town of Hadley is on the Connecticut river. You can see it on your map of Massachusetts. Every spring the snows melting in the mountains make all the little brooks very full, and they empty into the rivers, and make the water so high that it overflows the banks. Sometimes it carries away the bridges, and sometimes houses, also, if they are built too near the edge of the river. Once the water came up so high into the streets of this town of Hadley, that people went about in boats, and then there came a cold snap and froze it hard, and all the men and boys in Hadley got out skates and went skating up and down, so as to say they had skated on the Connecticut River, in Hadley's streets. Such a big freshet as this had happened only once, I believe, since the town was settled, but every spring a large part of the meadows of the town was flooded with water, and as for the mud,—well!—I told you you had never seen anything like it, unless you had been in Hadley or some other town, lying, as it does, low on a river bank. And this is what happened to us next, all by reason of that Connecticut River, and the mud it made every spring: As we were picking our way across the street, after we left the meeting-house, Mary suddenly gave a scream, "Oh! I've lost my shoe off!" and there she stood on one foot, holding the other up in the air. Sure enough, the mud was so deep and sticky it had actually sucked her India-rubber and her shoe inside of it, off her foot. She began to cry: "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

"Hop! Hop!" I said. "Hop on one foot; I'll get your shoe out!"

But hopping with one's whole weight on one foot, in such mud, was not a good thing, nor an easy thing to do. At the first hop poor Mary gave, down she went, so deep that the mud and water poured into her other shoe, and she had to put her shoeless foot down at once, to save herself from falling.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said I. "Never mind, walk right along, now. We'll go into a house and dry your stockings. I'll get a stick and fish out your other shoe."

Such a time as I had to find a stick, and then,

when I got back with the stick, Mary had crawled along out of the mud, and stood on the grassy edge of the road, and we could not see exactly where the shoe had gone in. However, at last I found it, and drew it out on the end of the stick. It was dripping full of mud and water, and I had to carry it as far off from me as I could. It makes me laugh to this day, to think of the figure we must have cut; poor Mary limping along with her muddy stocking, and the tears rolling down her cheeks, and I following after, with her shoe and India-rubber on a long stick, and my feet also dripping wet with mud. We did not dare go to anybody's front door, in such a plight, so we crept round to the back door of a nice-looking white house. The door stood open, and the servant-woman was washing the floor. It was Monday, and she was just getting her kitchen in order after the washing. As soon as she saw us, she screamed out:

"Mercy on us! Don't you come in on my clean floor! What's happened to you! Who are you! Don't you dare to set foot in here!"

Then she put down her mop and came to the door and began to laugh, and to pity us, too, as soon as she saw the tears on Mary's face. I told her what had happened, and that I thought perhaps some kind lady would let us wash Mary's stockings and dry them by the kitchen fire.

The girl laughed harder and harder the longer she looked at us, but in the bottom of her heart she was very sorry for us, for she helped us to take off our wet shoes and stockings on the door-step, and then she sat us in chairs by the kitchen stove, with our feet on other chairs, to warm and dry them.

"There. You just sit still," she said, "till I get my floor dried off, and then I'll sozzle out your stockings for you."

(This was a great many years ago, but I never have forgotten that word "sozzle.")

In a few minutes she had our stockings hanging on the back of the chair, to dry them. She scraped the mud off our shoes, and washed the inside of Mary's shoe clean with a wet cloth, and set them all under the stove. Then she went about her work again, and took no more notice of us.

I kept pinching the stockings to see if they were dry. I was very impatient to be off again.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and in came the mistress of the house. As soon as she saw us she gave an exclamation, and came very quickly toward us.

"Why, good gracious, I do believe these are the very children! What's your name? Did n't you come from Amherst?" she said, looking at Mary, who was crying as hard as she could cry. I whispered to Mary not to tell, but it was of no use; she sobbed out: "Yes, ma'am."

And then I knew all was over for us. We were caught. Before Mary had half finished her "Yes, ma'am," the lady had run back to the door, opened it, and called in an excited voice:

"Here they are! Here are the runaways!"

Exclamations followed, instantly, and the sound of feet, and two gentlemen came hurrying into the kitchen, saying:

"Where are they? What good luck! You naughty children! I expect you're the one responsible for all this, Miss Helen Maria?"

And they gathered around the stove, and all looked at us and talked about us till I wished we could sink through the floor, or be dead, or anything to get away from their eyes. These gentlemen were two professors from Amherst College, who had come over to the funeral which we had seen in the meeting-house. They were friends of my father, and of Mary's, and I knew there was no escape for us now.

They said that a great many people were out looking for us; that recitations in the College had been given up, and the students were out searching, too; that everybody feared we had wandered away into some thick woods, where we would never be found, and that our fathers and mothers were frantic with distress. I cried a little when I heard all these things, but still it did not diminish a desire I had to go back to that pine-grove and sleep. I think a sort of insanity had taken possession of me, from my delight in the freedom and the outdoor life. I love it well enough now to understand how I must have felt then.

These gentlemen had driven over in a buggy, so they could take only one of us. I heard them discussing which it should be, and I felt very angry when they said, "Well, we'll make sure of Helen, she's the ringleader."

I did not know then what "ringleader" meant, and I thought it was much worse than it really is.

My shoes had been so shrunk up, by drying at the hot stove, that it was hard to get them on, and they hurt my feet terribly. But I said nothing. I ate my supper in silence, and waited to see what would happen. By this time I had wrought myself up to a pitch of wild determination not to be "captured," as I called it; but I saw no loop-hole of escape; somebody's eye was on me all the time.

Tea was over. I had been wrapped up in my cloak, taken out, and put into the buggy. Then the kind lady, who was standing in the door-way talking with one of the gentlemen, called:

"I'm afraid that child is not wrapped up enough. It will be very cold before you reach

Amherst. Come back and I'll give you a warm shawl to wrap around her."

The professor ran back to the house to get it.

"Now's my chance," thought I. In less than a twinkling of an eye, I jumped out of the buggy and ran at the top of my speed down the road which led out of the village. It was dusk; it took several minutes for them to get the shawl, bid the lady good-bye and return to their buggy; and when they got there, lo! no child was to be seen! I have often wished I could have seen their faces at that minute. However, they whipped up the horse and drove furiously after me. I doubt if any human being, running for his life, ever strained his every muscle more thoroughly than I did when I heard those wheels coming behind me. I very nearly escaped. I had reached the fence; if I had succeeded in climbing it before I was overtaken, I should have easily eluded my pursuers, and no doubt perished of cold and fright before morning. But, luckily for me, I was overtaken. From the very top rail of the fence I was dragged down, none too gently it must be confessed, and lifted again into that buggy. As my captor put me on the seat, he shook me back and forth very hard, several times, and said:

"You deserve a horse-whipping."

I don't wonder he was angry. He was quite out of breath, and had come very near letting me slip through his fingers. I sat very still till we came to the pine-grove where our treasures were. Then I begged piteously to be allowed to jump down and get them; but all my entreaties were in vain. This seems to me a grief even to-day.

About half-way between Amherst and Hadley, we met a carriage driving furiously; it stopped, and my grandfather's voice called: "Heard anything?"

"Got one of them here," was the reply. "Got Helen. You'll find Mary at Mrs. Seymour's."

"Thank God!" said my grandfather, in a tone which I recollect thinking at that time sounded more like a growl than like a thanksgiving.

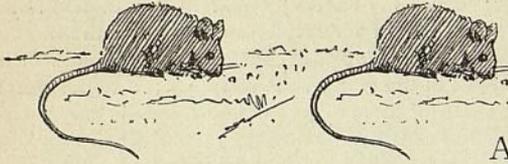
It was very dark when we reached my father's house. I recollect very distinctly how his face looked when I went into the room, where he was lying on the sofa, utterly exhausted from anxiety and fatigue. I do not remember anything about my mother at that moment; but I think the best account of the scene is in her own words, which I read, years after her death, in a letter which she had written to a friend, giving an account of the affair:

"Helen walked in," she said, "at a quarter before ten o'clock at night, as rosy and smiling as possible, and saying, in her brightest tone:

"Oh, mother! I've had a perfectly splendid time!"

(To be concluded.)

AN OLD RAT'S TALE.



HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one an-oth-er well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curl-ing and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the fin-est tail
In the world, ex-cept-ing mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pro-nounced it good;
And both re-marked it would great-ly add
To the charms of their dai-ly food.
So he vent-ured out, and she vent-ured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
But what be-fell them I nev-er can tell,
For they nev-er came back a-gain.



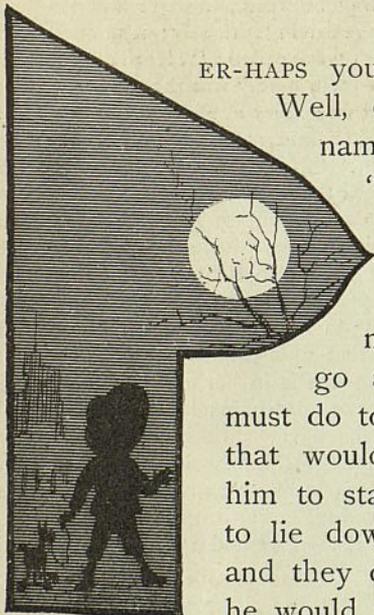
COOK'S STORY.

PER-HAPS you 'd like to hear a bit of a sto-ry, my dears?

Well, once up-on a time there was a lit-tle boy,
named Pe-ter, who could not wait to be a man.

"I want to be big," he said; "I want to reach
as high as the moon. I want to be the big,
big, big-gest man that ev-er lived." But still
he could n't be an-y-thing but a lit-tle boy,
nev-er mind how much he wished. He would

go a-round ask-ing ev-er-y one he met what he
must do to grow. One told him to eat green corn and
that would make him shoot up in-to the air; one told
him to stand in the wa-ter all day, and one told him
to lie down in the sun. Well, he tried all these things,
and they did no good. At last, a queer man told him if
he would fill his pa-pa's shoes full of yeast, and stand in



them till the sun went down, he would reach the moon be-fore morn-
ing; and what did he do but try it! He took his pa-pa's shoes, aft-er
din-ner, and filled them with yeast, and stood in them and kept say-ing
to him-self: "Now, Pe-ter, up! Up! Up!" And what *do* you think?
Aft-er a long while, the yeast took ef-fect. He be-gan to rise; and he
rose and rose and rose till he could touch the moon. It was cold and
bright, and it flashed at him ev-
er-y time he touched it. Well,
he soon got tired of this, and then he want-ed to
get down a-gain. But he could n't. He tried
and tried, and said: "Down,



Pe-ter! Down!
it was of no use. Then
the moon say-ing, as an-gri-
your shoes, you stu-pid boy!"
then what *do* you think hap-pened? Why, he be-gan to—to—to—
Down!" But
he heard the man in
ly as could be: "Kick off
He kicked them off, and

She wakes up.

Bless me! Here I 've been sit-tin' fast a-sleep in my kitch-en, ev-er
since the chil-dren went up to bed, and here's the bread a-wait-ing to be
knead-éd, and I a-dream-ing the sil-li-est, fool-ish-est dream that ever was!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"Do we know the children?" piped my birds, indignantly, when I asked them the question. "We should think we did! They are monstrous things without feathers, that flounder about and stick to the grass or the trees and fences all the time. Their eyes are like bright lakes, and their open mouths are as big as our houses. Then they have strange, broad, clattering voices that shake the very air. Yes, indeed. We know them a great sight better than they know us."

"Prove it," said I, solemnly.

"Why, only the other day," they retorted, with a merry bird-laugh, "we heard the beautiful thing with cheeks like nearly ripe peaches (you call it the Little School-ma'am)—well, we heard it ask them whether a little bird moved its upper or lower bill, or both, when eating, and not one of them could tell!"

"Away with you!" I cried, enraged. "How dare you slander my youngsters in that manner?"

Then I cooled down, and said, quietly and sarcastically: "Of course, my friends, *you* know how *they* eat? You know perfectly well that their upper jaw is movable, and their lower jaw is set so firmly in their head that it will not move at all?"

The little mites looked at one another with their bright little bead-eyes, and changed the subject.

"Would you like a song, Jack, dear?"

And, without waiting for an answer, they trilled and carolled their way up into the blue sky, till I lost sight of them altogether.

A "TALKING BOOK."

Now, here is news that *is* news!

A wise and happy man in Germany—none but a wise man could have done it, and it must make him happy to know he has done it—has contrived what he calls a "talking book."

On opening the volume, there appears upon one

page the picture of some animal, perhaps a sheep. The opposite page has some reading matter, and near the bottom is a string. Pull this string, and a voice from the book cries "Ba—a-a!" just like a sheep. The rooster picture crows, the cat sheet mews, the duck page says "Quack!" and so on.

Your Jack could tell you more about this clever invention, but what would be the use? The book can speak for itself.

KITTY'S LAST CHANCE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is a true incident which your young readers may find interesting. It was told me by the owner of the kitten.

The janitor of the Butter Exchange (a large building with about 200 rooms, on Westminster street, Providence) has a kitten, which was in the habit of following him about as he cleaned out some of the offices after business hours. To some of these rooms he had a key, but the kitten followed him one evening into a room to which he had no key, and which he soon left, the door closing with a spring catch.

He thought no more about the matter until nearly an hour later, when, on passing the door, he heard the kitten crying inside. The ventilator over the door was open, and, taking a step-ladder, he found he could look inside, but could not get inside to open the door, nor did he see how he could help the prisoner to get out. At last the plan struck him of taking off his coat, and letting it down inside for the kitten to catch hold of, and thus be drawn up. But, although the kitten seemed to catch his meaning directly, and made frantic efforts to reach the coat by springing for it, yet the garment still hung just too high. After several trials, he gave it up, and began to draw the coat away. The kitten howled as the coat went up. "Well," said the janitor, "one more trial, kitty, and this is your last chance." And, sure enough, she caught her claws in the coat this time, and was drawn up safely.—Yours, very truly,

W. E. F.

A BABY-PLANT.

DID ever you hear of the Japanese baby-plant? It does not grow real Japanese babies, but the birds tell me that it bears a blossom which is wonderfully like a plump little baby, stretching out its arms as if it wished somebody to take it. Even its dimpled feet can be seen. A young girl writes to the Little School-ma'am that the San Francisco newspapers tell of a lady there who had just bought one of these plants for three hundred dollars. This seems a pretty big price, but if the plant should bear about three hundred babies, it would soon pay for itself.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM ON INSECTS.

MY DEAR JACK: Thank you for forwarding the letters from your young people in respect to the hearts of animals and the true classification of spiders. One of these letters,—and a good one, too,—reads like a page out of a book. Here it is:

"DEAR JACK: In reply to the Little School-ma'am's April question, I should like to say that the most approved classification does not, I believe, place spiders in the same class with the true insects. Spiders differ from true insects (class *Insecta*) in having four pairs of legs, in having the head and thorax united in one segment, and in having from six to eight simple eyes.

"The Little School-ma'am's statement that all animals have hearts differs from the teachings of modern zoology. In the sub-kingdoms Protozoa Coelenterata and Annuloida, no organ is found which can properly be called a heart. I think that the Little School-ma'am would find it pretty hard to see the heart, or any other organ, in those specks of protoplasm which scientists call monera.—Yours,

"D. E. M."

Well, Jack, your correspondents are right; and that fine distinction between spiders and true insects is precisely what I wanted to bring out. At the same time, when one is speaking in a general way of articulated animals which are not worms and not crustaceans, it is proper enough to call them insects, without referring to the closely drawn lines of strict entomology. There is danger of becoming pedantic in constantly bringing forward in ordinary talk all the finest points; still, one ought to *know* them all the same.

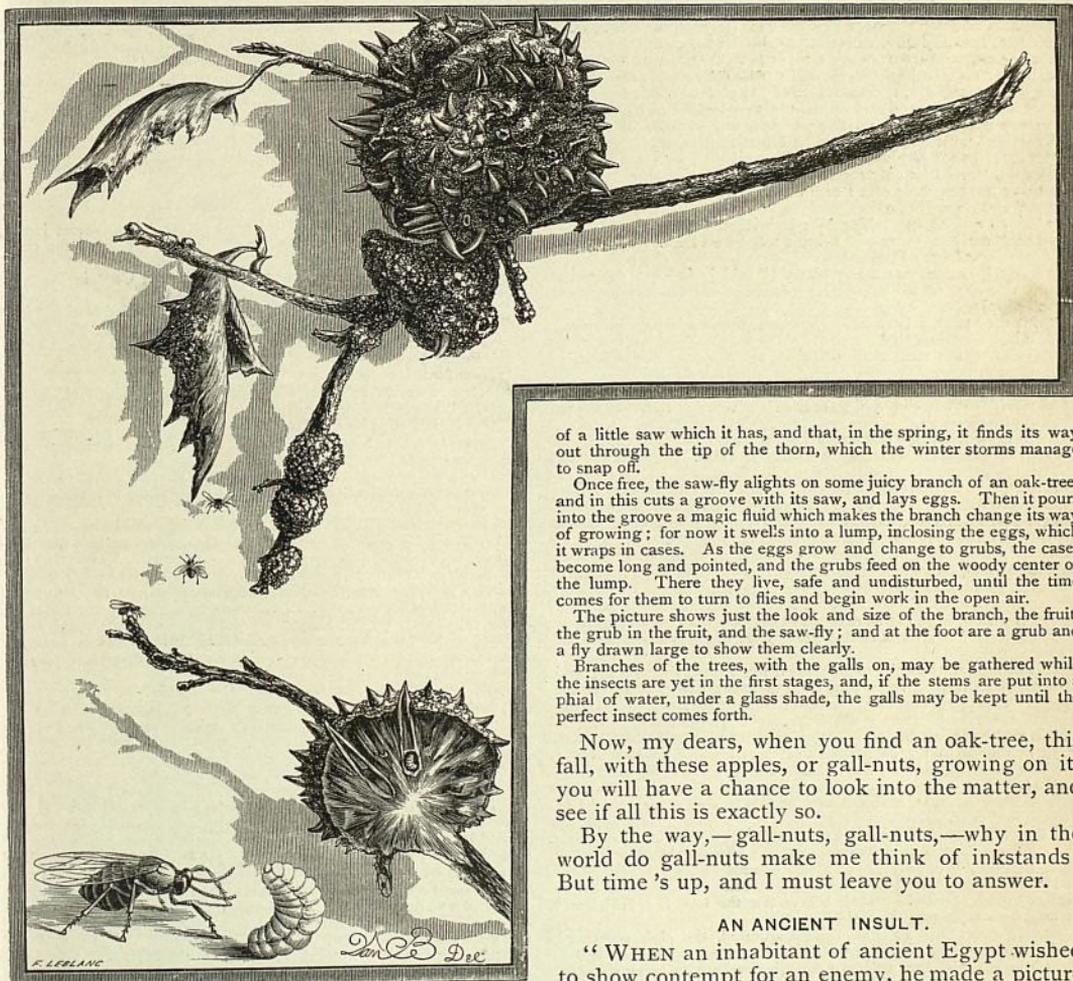
As to the matter of the heart, I confess I overlooked those almost or quite formless dots of jelly called monera, and those larger clots known as amœbæ, and all the rest of the vague border-life between recognized animals and unmistakable plants. They have no circulation, because they have no blood; no mouth, because no digestive organs; no feelings, because no nervous system; and so on. They are nothing but bits of material such as that out of which the tissues of our own complicated bodies are formed, and it is hardly certain yet that many of them are not plants, nor even that they are living matter at all.

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

ONE of your Jack's friends has brought in this curious picture, which I turn over to you with his remarks:

Last autumn, I saw an oak-tree bearing what seemed to be small brown apples. I picked one of these, split it, and found that it was a woody ball, with hollow thorns which reached to its center and stuck out their points beyond the rind. In each thorn was a grub, or else a small fly.

Afterward, I found out that the fly is called "Saw-fly," because



QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

When dealing with life of a higher order—with jelly-fishes, for instance, which D. E. M. mentions,—whether there is a heart or not becomes almost a question of definition, for they have a kind of circulation kept up by the aid of the sea-water, and this circulation has a sort of heart-center. But, of course, if you say that only that is a heart which has auricles and ventricles to regulate and promote the circulation of the white or red blood, then, when mentioning creatures with hearts, you must leave out nearly everything beneath the mollusks in the naturalist's scale of animal life. That dim region of the Protozoa did not loom into my mental view when I used the word "animals"; and I might well have doubted whether any of your hearers had ever heard of it,—but, you see, some had. So, I thank D. E. M. and the rest for their letters, and I am glad they are interested in the subject.—Yours truly, THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

of a little saw which it has, and that, in the spring, it finds its way out through the tip of the thorn, which the winter storms manage to snap off.

Once free, the saw-fly alights on some juicy branch of an oak-tree, and in this cuts a groove with its saw, and lays eggs. Then it pours into the groove a magic fluid which makes the branch change its way of growing; for now it swells into a lump, inclosing the eggs, which it wraps in cases. As the eggs grow and change to grubs, the cases become long and pointed, and the grubs feed on the woody center of the lump. There they live, safe and undisturbed, until the time comes for them to turn to flies and begin work in the open air.

The picture shows just the look and size of the branch, the fruit, the grub in the fruit, and the saw-fly; and at the foot are a grub and a fly drawn large to show them clearly.

Branches of the trees, with the galls on, may be gathered while the insects are yet in the first stages, and, if the stems are put into a phial of water, under a glass shade, the galls may be kept until the perfect insect comes forth.

Now, my dears, when you find an oak-tree, this fall, with these apples, or gall-nuts, growing on it, you will have a chance to look into the matter, and see if all this is exactly so.

By the way,—gall-nuts, gall-nuts,—why in the world do gall-nuts make me think of inkstands? But time 's up, and I must leave you to answer.

AN ANCIENT INSULT.

"WHEN an inhabitant of ancient Egypt wished to show contempt for an enemy, he made a picture of him on the sole of his sandal, and thus was able to tread his foe under foot at every step."

Deacon Green sends the above extract from a book about Ancient Egypt, and says: "Perhaps this may prove a good hint for some of your very fiery youngsters; but the charm of it is that the plan also forces you to give your enemy a lift at every step."

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

DEAR JACK: If you have any friends among the fishes, tell them to keep clear of the telegraph cables in the deep sea. A whale dashed blindly against one of them off the coast of South America some time ago, and, although he managed to divide it, yet he so tangled himself up in the broken end that he was unable to rise to the surface to breathe, and so was drowned. Truly yours, S. G.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE BICYCLE BOYS.
BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

"OUT of the way there! Clear the track! O-h-h-h!" shouted Raymond Brown, as he shot quickly over the asphalt pavement on the pride of his heart, his new Columbia bicycle.

But it was too late; the man he intended to warn was only confused by his cries, and turning, received Ray's arms with startling suddenness about his neck, in an affectionate embrace which overthrew both man and boy, with the machine on top of them.

The street, a quiet up-town one in New York, was much frequented by the youthful bicyclers of the neighborhood, and four of these now hastened to the assistance of their fallen comrade.

Fortunately, nobody was hurt, as the two had helped each other to "come down easy"; but the man was angry, and scolded while picking his beaver out of the road and dusting his coat.

"No; I'll accept no apologies," he concluded, as Ray attempted to explain, "and I'm only sorry you were n't on the sidewalk when the thing happened, so that I could have you arrested, you reckless fellow," and he walked off.

"Much ado about nothing," quoth Dick Ranssee, the eldest of "our set," and the owner of the finest bicycle on the block, a "regular tip-top one" from England.

"Guess he never was a boy himself," said Jack Fent, somewhat contemptuously, as he helped Ray examine his fallen charger, in search of injuries.

"But they did n't have bicycles when he was a boy, you know," said Willie Francis.

Ray had by this time mounted again, and now the five were all in motion once more.

"I say, fellows," proposed Ned Arthing, suddenly, after a period of silence, "let's get up a bicycle club. I've been thinking it over for two or three days."

"I'll tell you what," suggested Dick; "let's run into the 'home station' and organize at once. What do you say?"

The proposal was immediately put into effect.

Now, the "home station" referred to was nothing more nor less than the front basement of the Ranssees' house, which had been reserved for Dick's exclusive use ever since he had been in his teens. It was the rallying point for all his friends, and had been fitted up at different periods as a play-room, a circus, a gymnasium, a ship, an aquarium, and latterly as the home of his three-wheeled "velocipede," his Columbia "bicycle," and his English "machine." Each of these was provided with suitable and ample quarters, huge illustrated circulars from the Boston and Coventry manufacturing companies adorned the walls, and copies of the *Bicycling World* were scattered everywhere.

To this retreat, then, the club-inclined five turned their wheels, and the machines having been piled in the lower entry, their owners perched one upon the table, another on a chair-arm, two on the window-sill and a fifth on the sofa-back, and so proceeded to business.

The preliminaries did not occupy much time, as all were of one mind in regard to the objects of the organization, as well as the proper person for its captain, which could be none other than Dick Ranssee. The new captain gracefully acknowledged the honor, accepted the position, and submitted the question as to what name they should take.

"The Wheelers" was at first proposed, but was rejected as being too commonplace, and a compromise was effected by determining upon that of "Wheeling," which was in turn given up, as tending to locate the members in West Virginia. Many names more or less high-sounding were suggested, but at last the lads decided to call themselves simply the "Bicycle Boys."

Having been thus successfully inaugurated, the club prospered finely, uniform caps and leggins were purchased, rules and regulations adopted, and the members furnished with note paper stamped with the name and insignia of the society.

And now, of course, they must have a "run."

"But how far?" inquired Willie Francis, somewhat anxiously, when this was mentioned.

"Oh, anywhere into the country," replied Dick, who was always ready to go to the ends of the earth when once in the saddle.

"Hurrah for the Bicycle Boys' Parade!" cried the enthusiastic Jack. "When shall we have it?"

"Next Saturday!" was the unanimous response.

"Meet, 7 A. M. sharp, at the Home Station, wet or shine," added Captain Ranssee; and during the remainder of the week the five could talk of nothing else.

Saturday came at last, and the autumn morning dawned,—not bright and clear, but cool and cloudy, "just the sort of weather for a good long run," as Ned declared.

All were on hand at the appointed hour, with the exception of Francis, who finally appeared at the sixty-fifth minute after six, rub-

bing his eyes with one hand, while he tried to steer with the other. However, Dick's call of "boots and saddles" with the shining new bugle waked him up, and the five "B. B.'s" rolled off in fine style, to the admiration of early small boys peeping through windows.

Dick, of course, led the way, and quickly they passed up the avenue, on by the Park, and so into the country.

They had been running for some time over a quiet stretch of road, and everything was working beautifully; Willie Francis had n't fallen off once, while all the five were in high spirits and enjoying themselves immensely; when all at once, Dick noticed that a pony phaeton, which had been coming toward them, suddenly stopped. A little girl got out of it, and came running up, waving her arms wildly and with a look of horror and alarm on her face.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried, as she drew near the "B. B.'s." And, in some wonderment, Captain Ranssee gave the signal to halt.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as the little girl came up, quite out of breath with her hurry.

"Oh, please," she said, as soon as she could speak, "our horse is awfully frightened at v'locipedes, and sister Clara's afraid he'll run off if you come any closer."

"All right, then," replied the gallant Dick; "we'll stay quiet here by the side of the road till you go past. Wont that do?"

"Oh, goodness, no! Why, Peter—he's the horse—most jumps outside of himself at the very sight of a v'locipede," and the child eyed the five machines askance.

"Then what do you want us to do?" pursued Captain Ranssee, patiently preserving his good humor.

"Can't you turn round and ride back till we come to Aunt Isabella's? We're going there to spend the day, and if you would only keep on a good deal ahead till we come to the gate, I don't think Peter'd mind."

"How far is it to your aunt Isabella's?" asked Dick.

"About four miles," was the calm response, upon which the "B. B.'s" began to lose patience.

"Oh, bother take Peter!" muttered Ned.

"Suppose we blindfold him with a handkerchief and then rush past," suggested Ray.

"Don't let's fool here all the morning," growled Jack, reminded by unmistakable feelings that the party was to lunch in a village still some miles distant.

Dick was puzzled for an instant as to how he should proceed. He did not like to be rude to ladies, and at the same time felt very disinclined to do as the young embassadress proposed. The country at this point was flat and open, with no clumps of trees or bushes behind which the objectionable "v'locipedes" might be concealed. The situation was annoying. There was Miss Clara in the phaeton, waiting patiently for the retreat, and here was her little sister, looking up at tall Dick in the most confiding manner, while grouped around, in various attitudes of amusement and disgust, were the noble members of the club.

Suddenly, a happy idea occurred to the captain.

"No, we should n't care to go back so far," he said, "as we've already ordered lunch to be prepared for us by a certain time; but I'll tell you what we can do. You and your sister walk past us, and I'll lead the horse, or the five of us will, if you think one is n't enough."

"I'll run and ask Clara," replied she, and flew back to the phaeton.

She had a hurried conversation with her sister, and then rushed out into the middle of the road and beckoned frantically. Dick gave his machine to Ray, and hastened to present himself before Miss Clara, who proved to be a rather overdressed young lady of some eighteen years. She had already got out of the carriage when he reached it, and, without further ado, Dick grasped the bridle of the nervous Peter, and started off at a slow pace, the sisters following.

Nearer and nearer to the "v'locipedes" they approached, and still the troublesome steed's ears were not pricked up, nor had his sensitive nose scented bicycles in the air.

According to their captain's instructions, the "B. B.'s" remained as quiet as mice, striving to conceal their machines as much as possible with their bodies.

And now Dick and the horse were directly in front of them, and still no sign from Peter that he was meditating anything more serious than what quality of oats he would be likely to get at "Aunt Isabella's."

Then the boys began to smile, and, as the little girl and her big sister hurried past, the smile had increased to a broad grin, and when the five sat down to their lunch fifteen minutes behind time, they were all much merrier, not to say hungrier, by reason of the delay.

"Why in the world did n't some of us think of turning down a cross-road or a lane?" wondered Jack aloud, as he helped himself to a third sweet potato.

And nobody could tell why they had n't.

The run home was brisk and uneventful, and Captain Dick kept a sharp lookout for the nervous Peter, the energetic little girl, her fine sister and the phaeton.

But they never met again.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: So much pleasure and instruction have been derived from the article, "A Knotty Subject," in the February ST. NICHOLAS, that I am sure a great many subscribers would be glad if you would induce Mr. Norton to give some information about splices.—Respectfully yours,
HARRY ROBINSON.

SPLICES? Certainly, Master Harry Robinson. Take two ends of three-stranded rope or large cord. Unlay—separate, that is—the strands of each, far enough to handle them easily, and "crotch" the two sets of strands together so that each strand of each set will be between two strands of the other set.

For convenience, we will call the set belonging to the right-hand rope's end "No. 1," and that belonging to the left-hand rope's end, "No. 2." Crowd the crotches pretty closely together, and lay the strands of No. 1 flat along the solid line of No. 2. Better tie them there with a bit of twine, to begin with. Now take a strand of No. 2 and pass it *over* that strand of No. 1 which touches it on the side farthest from you, and *under* the one next beyond. Pull it through as far as it will go. Now turn the whole splice over toward you, and take the next strand of No. 2. Pass it in turn *over* the strand of No. 1 which lies next it and *under* the one beyond. Turn the whole over toward you again, and do as before with the third and only remaining strand of No. 2. When you have in this way passed each strand of each set under two strands of the opposite set, you may stop. If you have made no mistakes, the end of each strand will come out by itself between two strands of the opposite line. Of course, before beginning to work with No. 1 you will remove the piece of twine with which it was fastened.

The loose ends may now be cut off, or untwisted and tucked in between the solid strands near them. Roll the splice between your hands, or under your foot, to get everything in place. The spliced part ought to look as if it were evenly braided, but you will hardly make it look so the first time. A spliced line is about one-eighth weaker than a whole one. A sharp instrument like an awl will help to raise the solid strands so that the loose ones can be passed under them. I have thus described a "short splice," and would tell you about a "long" one, but ST. NICHOLAS says my letter is long enough already, so I must cut it short.
C. L. NORTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been presented with the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, and, to my surprise and delight, the front-piece is a picture of my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Zane. I have heard the story often from my father, of how she carried the powder. I am fourteen years old. Just opposite Wheeling, where the old fort stood, is Martin's Ferry, where I was born and lived until six years of age; and it is the place where Betty Zane lived, died, and was buried.—Yours, very respectfully,
JESSIE B. MARTIN.

THE story of "How Tom Cole carried out his Plan," printed in the present number, is founded on an incident in the life of the late William Morris Hunt, the artist. The author of our story says: "The anecdote, which went the rounds of Boston art-circles, ran thus: Hunt was one day out sleighing in a severe snow-storm, when, seeing a forlorn organ-grinder turning out his tunes for the benefit of a row of empty windows, he jumped from his sleigh, took the man's coat and hat, put them on himself, and rang the bell of the nearest house. The door opened, and the disguised artist asked for the master, who happened to be a friend of his. The master came to the door, and to him Hunt described himself as a beggar in need of help. How much money the artist received I do not know, but, whatever it was, he gave it to the organ-grinder, and went his way. This was told to me by an artist friend, a pupil of Mr. Hunt.—Yours,
"M. A. HOPKINS."

C. F. A.—The present Khedive of Egypt is named Mehemed-Tewfik; he is the son of Ex-Khedive Ismail, who abdicated August 8, 1879. Mehemed-Tewfik was born in 1852.

A CORRESPONDENT, in mentioning a sentence in ST. NICHOLAS for June, very properly finds fault with the expression "a ruddy lurid light." If any of our young readers fail to detect the poor editing that suffered such a combination of adjectives to be put in type, they may consult both Worcester and Webster as to the meaning of the two opposed adjectives.

COMMODORE WHITING sends the following interesting communication to ST. NICHOLAS:

The following lines were written by a little girl (now dead), aged about ten years, and her younger brother, aged eight; the first verse being written by one, and the second by the other. W. B. W.

ON A SOAP-BUBBLE.

I saw a bubble, bright and fair,
Blown by a child at play;
'T was but a bubble, light as air,
Like a bubble it passed away.

It was a thing too frail to last
When touch'd by the win'try wind,
'T was bright as hope,—like hope it pass'd,
And left but a tear behind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The article in your July number, entitled "Paper Balloons," I have read with pleasure. I trust you will let me suggest one little idea, that, in my experience in "balloon building," I have found useful in "finishing off." It is this: In cutting the gores leave a small oblong tab at the upper end of each. The tabs, when the gores are pasted together, can be drawn up and tied, rendering the top of the "air-ship" perfectly air-tight. Without such tabs the tops of the gores are often obstinate about coming together.—Yours very truly,
Y. V. A.

T. C.—You will find an article about "Philately," or "Postage-stamp collecting," in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1875; it describes a good plan for sticking stamps in an album.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had dry times around my home this summer. One old neighbor, who owns scarcely anything but a spring and a small pond, has made heaps of money selling water at so much a barrel. We had to send twice a day for enough for our house.

One of our visitors says that the queerest plan of which she knows, for supplying a place with fresh water, is the method followed in Venice,—where the very streets are water, but salt water, not fresh. She says there are large cisterns all about the city, and people draw the water in big copper kettles at eight o'clock in the morning, for until that hour the cisterns are kept locked. Then they carry home their kettles, slung, one at each side, from the ends of wooden yokes that rest upon the shoulders. The water comes from distant hills on the main-land, and is carried from the sea-shore to the city in barges. From these it is pumped by steam machinery into the cisterns, which are filled every night.

The water is very good, my friend says; but it seems to me to be carried around a good deal before it reaches the people who use it. I thought the other "Letter-Box" readers might like to know about this.—Yours truly,
EDITH C. L.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—A good piece for recitation may be found on page 873 of the present number, entitled "Captain Butterfly," and another capital piece would be "The Woodman's Daughter," on page 815 of our August number. You will find very good pieces scattered throughout the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS; such as: "That Dropped Stitch," page 8; "A Boy's Remonstrance," page 43; "The Little Runaway," page 62; "The Knight and the Page," (sing the Page's song), page 99; and "The Four Sunbeams," page 117;—of the December number, 1879. "The Three Copecks," page 214; and "Sow, Sew and So," page 246;—of the January number, 1880. "Quite a History" (Dialogue), page 348, February, 1880. "St. George and the Dragon," page 494, April, 1880. "Elizabeth Eliza's Paper" (to be read), page 709, July, 1880.

INQUIRER.—In answer to your question as to where the flies stay during the winter, Mr. S. F. Clarke says:

"The common house-fly, or *Musca domestica*, as scientific people call him, stops his active life when cold weather comes on in the Fall, and, having found a dark, well-protected spot,—such as a quiet corner in an old shed, or in the barn, or up in the garret, or perhaps under some dry leaves in an angle of a fence,—he goes to sleep until the warmth of the spring wakes him up again. I sometimes wish, when the flies are keeping me awake in the summer mornings, that

the tormenting little black fellows had never waked up in the spring, but slept all the year through. However, they are useful in many ways, as 'Inquirer' may see by reading the article on 'The Frolicsome Fly' in *St. NICHOLAS* for September, 1879."

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: About the first of last April, there was brought me from the hen-house a little chicken, who was the first of a nest full of eggs, and I was to take care of him. Mamie and I made a nest of cotton for him in a covered basket and put him to bed. I petted him so much that he would not let Mamie put him to bed for a long time, but cried and chirped till I came. At first, it was all I could do to keep my cat from eating him; but, as he grew older, he thought he would give the cat as good as he received from her; so, whenever he saw the cat going to get something to eat, he would run and guard the dish, and although he might not want any, poor kitty had to wait till he went away. Whenever he went near the cat, she would run away from him. If the chicken saw my brother in the yard, he would run at him and peck his heels.—Your constant reader,
EVELYN L. STRONG.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: In reading the June number I saw a letter about rabbits in California, by "A. B. F." I once had two rabbits, when living in Brooklyn, and I can assure you they would never touch water. I never was so careful as to wipe the moisture off the cabbage-leaves with which I fed them, though.

My brother had 200 rabbits when at boarding-school,—not all at once, of course,—and it was he who told me I must give them no water. So, you see, other rabbits besides those which live in California must not have water.—Yours truly,
BESSIE.

WALTER F. WOOD'S question about feeding a pet alligator is thus answered:

H. B. says,—“If you want to keep your alligator alive, and he will not eat, throw some dead flies into the water, so that he can get at them, and leave him alone for six or eight hours. Then, if he will not eat, take him in one hand and open his mouth, and drop a fly in (if he is a big fellow drop in three or four), shut his mouth and put him back.”

Bell C. Pennell says,—“I feed my alligator on fish-worms.”
May Wickham says,—“You must not have any of the water deeper than half the way up the alligator's back, and it must not cover his back or he will drown. He eats from June to September, and then from September to June he does not eat at all. When he eats, you must give him a very small piece of raw meat, about half an inch long, and feed it to him on a stick, so that he will not bite you. One thing you must not do, and that is, handle him, or he may have a fit and die. I hope your alligator will live to be very old, and I will tell you one more thing, and that is, that they grow about an inch every three years.”

BERTHOLD W. MANVILLE.—Please read again what “Jack-in-the-Pulpit” said about “Cows' Upper Teeth” in *St. NICHOLAS* for October, 1875, and you will see how to answer your own question.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: I read to my sister, who is a school-ma'am, M. A. G. C.'s letter in the May “Letter-Box” about when the decade of the eighteen hundred and seventies ends and when the next decade begins. Next day, sister showed me in her educational magazine this little piece, copied from Sir John Herschel's “Outlines of Astronomy”: “In the historical dating of events, there is no year A. D. 0. The year immediately previous to A. D. 1 is always called B. C. 1.”

So, please tell M. A. G. C. that she is right; the decade of the eighteen hundred and eighties does not begin until next New Year's day.—Yours truly,
B. E. M.

A GOOD friend of *St. NICHOLAS* has forwarded for the “Letter-Box” several interesting letters written by children of the Omaha tribe of Indians. We cannot make room for the whole of every one of the letters, but the parts we print are just what the little Indians themselves wrote.

The writer of the first letter, Susette La Flesche, is better known to many of our readers by her Indian name, “Bright Eyes.”

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: I do not know whether you allow “savages” in your “Letter-Box,” but my two younger sisters seeming to have no doubt whatever on the subject, Rosalie and I have concluded not to let them get ahead of us; besides, nothing is ever complete unless “we four” are all “in it.” As my little brother Mitchell (who, by the way, considers himself the most important member of the family) is unable to write for himself, I will attempt to do it for him. He is six years old,—so old that he constitutes himself our protector on all occasions.

He tries to re-assure mother by telling her that he will keep all the

Sioux and Winnebagoes away from us. He can speak only a few sentences in English, although he chatters fast enough in Omaha, our own language. He admires the white people immensely. He said to me once:

“Sister, don't you like the white people? I do.”

“I don't know,” said I; “why should I?”

“Oh, because they know how to do everything.”

He is rather afraid of them, though, when he sees a good many of them together. The members of the “Joint Indian Commission” were out here a short time ago visiting the different tribes, and they called on us for a few minutes. While we were all busy entertaining and being entertained by them, we forgot Mitchell entirely. A gentleman—one of the employés of the Indian Reserve—came to the kitchen where Mitchell was and asked him if the Major (the agent of a Reserve is often called “Major” by Reserve people) was in the front room.

“No,” said Mitchell.

“Then please go and tell the Major that I want to see him,” said the gentleman.

“Oh, no,” said Mitchell, “I can't.”

“Why not?”

“Oh! I can't; there are too many white men in there for me.”

When our visitors had gone away, we found Mitchell standing by the dining-room window, with the tears rolling down his face, while he shook from head to foot with fright. I never knew him to be afraid of anything except white men, when he saw a good many of them together.

When he was three years old, he began riding horseback. When he was four years old, he rode alone to a neighbor's, nearly a mile off, although the road led over steep bluffs near the Missouri river. Now, he can get off and on a horse without any help whatever. We often see little Indian boys younger than he riding out alone on the prairie, hunting horses with perhaps an older brother. Mitchell can go in among a number of horses standing close together, and bring out any one of them without making any confusion or getting hurt.
SUSETTE LA FLESCHÉ.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: I am an Indian girl fifteen years old. I have three sisters and two brothers. Two of my sisters are older than I am. We four girls are keeping house by ourselves at the Omaha Agency. It is three miles from our own home, where our father and mother live. We are living on a Reserve, where nothing but Indians, called Omahas, live, except the employés of the Reserve.

Sometimes I am sorry that the white people ever came to America. What nice times we used to have before we were old enough to go to school, for then father used to take us on the buffalo hunt. How glad we used to be when the men were bringing in the buffaloes they had killed! I do wish we could go again. Whatever the white men take away from us, they cannot take away the love of roaming. I cannot write anything exciting, as nothing hardly ever happens, unless a number of Senators and Congressmen happen to come along and stir us up. All of us girls, and brother Frank, are very fond of reading and like you very much.—Your reader,
MARGUERITE LA FLESCHÉ.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: I am a little Indian girl twelve years old. I go to school at the Omaha Agency. I study geography, history, grammar, arithmetic and spelling. I read in the Fifth Reader. I have three older sisters and two brothers. Sometimes father, mother and grandmother come to see us. My father was a chief for fifteen years. My brother Frank once killed a deer, right by our house. Some Senators and Congressmen came to see the Omahas. They all came to our house and sang “Hold the Fort” with us. My oldest sister played backgammon with one of the Congressmen and beat him.—Yours truly,
SUSAN LA FLESCHÉ.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: I am one of four Indian girls who read you and like you very much. We live at the Agency, where we go to school with about sixty other Indian girls and boys. Perhaps you would like to know how we go on the hunt. Sometimes the whole tribe go, leaving at home the folks who are too old to go. When we were too young to go to school, father used to take us every time they went; but when we got old enough, we used to stay at the Omaha Mission, a boarding-school kept for the Indian children. One year they were going out on the buffalo hunt, and, as we were not going to school that year, father took us girls. We were so glad to go, as we had not gone for a long time. Sometimes they would travel almost all day, and I used to be so glad when they all stopped to camp, for I would get tired of riding. In a few minutes all the tents would be up, and the women would be getting dinner, while the men were out hunting. As soon as we girls were off our horses, we used to run down to the creek, or out into the woods, and get poles to make ourselves little tents. When the men came home with a lot of meat everybody was glad. As soon as the men got home they used to roast the buffalo ribs, while the women were getting the meat ready to dry. Mother used to let me have all the little pieces of meat to dry for my old grandmother, who had to stay at home. As soon as they had all the meat and skins they wanted, they would start for home.—Yours truly,
ROSALIE LA FLESCHÉ.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

TO SOLVE each of the following puzzles, take the last letter of the first word described, place it at the beginning of the rest of the word, and the letters in their new places will spell the second word described. For example: Change COLORS to LIMIT. Answer: Tints, stint.

1. Change languishes to part of the body.
2. Change havens to pleasure.
3. Change notes to a hard substance.
4. Change heaps to a pin for a cask.
5. Change troubles to a fright.
6. Change parks to little.
7. Change weeds to a fixed look.

KNIGHT'S-MOVE PUZZLE.

on	heav	per	o	seek	te	is	to
a	ex	the	ous	nish	let	to	beau
en	fume	of	cess	vi	the	smooth	waste
lous	throw	the	gar	eye	light	gild	ice
rain	to	cu	gold	to	the	ful	per
to	to	li	o	with	ed	or	re
the	bow	hue	di	to	an	ta	and
un	ly	paint	or	ther	ri	fin	add

THE above puzzle consists of a six-line quotation from Shakspeare. Each syllable occupies a square, and follows in succession according to the Knight's move on the chess-board.

RHYMING RIDDLES.

For Young Puzzlers.

TAKE away the first and the last letter of the word described in the first line of each couplet, and it will leave the word described in its second line.

- I. We light up your faces as bright as the sun.
A measure of distance you scarcely could run.
- II. A sweet little blossom you oft pull apart.
The most precious thing you can keep in your heart.
- III. Bright flowers, in whose fragrance you well may delight.
Look for me on your fingers when letters you write.
- IV. A light, graceful trimming,—you often have worn it.
A bright little burden,—your finger has borne it.
- V. I form a part of every book you read.
A funny animal I am, indeed.
- VI. A little fruit, I'm sweet and juicy, too.
Something I hope you will not often do.

SHAKSPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

VACATION was over. The (1) 12, 33, 15, 30, 65 struck (2) 68, 21, 47, 32 on the first morning of the Fall term, and the (3) 17, 66, 90, 71 had ceased (4) 46, 39, 35, 10, 6, 61, 62.
"It is (5) 29, 8, 44, 58," said the school-ma'am, "that we should return to our books and lessons after our long holiday." Then she gave the very (6) 82, 88, 72, 49, 43 pupils some easy examples to do, and they soon were busy with (7) 11, 63, 28, 22, 54, 85 and (8) 59, 3, 40, 55, 78, 70, 67.
The way (9) 41, 79 (10) 74, 38, 25, 86, 23 she imparted knowledge,

made study so easy and pleasant to all the (11) 27, 53, 87, 45, 16, 34, 56, 26 that time passed quickly, and twelve o'clock struck before any were well aware of it.

"It is now (12) 9, 14, 18, 42," said the teacher; "and, as you had no lessons prepared for to-day, we will take a (13) 2, 69, 77, 51 (14) 5, 84, 81, 60, 36, 52, 19."

Thereupon, most of the scholars flew (15) 48, 7, 83, 89 the open air, as if on (16) 4, 64, 73, 80, 37. After a chat with two or three of the girls, the teacher turned to get her hat from a (17) 24, 70, 50, 31 peg, and found that some audacious youngster had written in large (18) 20, 13, 75, 1, 57 letters upon the blackboard, this quotation from Shakspeare:

"1-2-3 4-5-6-7-8-9-10 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19
20-21-22-23 24-25-26 27-28-29-30-31-32-33
34-35-36 37-38-39-40-41-42-43 44-45-46-47-48-49-50
51-52-53-54 55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62, 63-64-65-66
67-68-69-70-71,
72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82 83-84 85-86-87-88-89-90"

VERY EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirteen letters, and am the name of a household help. My 4, 9, 2, is very cold. My 1, 10, 4, 5, 11, 12, 6, is bright. My 7, 2, 5, 8, 9, 13, is a threat. My 3, 8, 1, 10, 11, 5, 6, is a weekly tribulation.
CLARA J. FRY.

PUZZLE BIRDS.

EACH of the following stanzas is to be completed by adding, at the end of the fourth line, the name of the bird described in the preceding three lines. The stars show the number of letters in the name, which must rhyme with the second line.

1. Now soaring high, while gazing at the sun,
Now perched upon some cliff, with aspect regal,
Far, far above the range of hunter's gun,
What bird is that? The *****.
2. A Bible tale oft runneth in my head,—
For on my memory 't is deep engraven.
'T is of a prophet who by birds was fed.
What bird is that? The *****.
3. Wise birds are they who "to the moon complain"
Of wolves and foxes which by night do prowl,
Yet rats and mice flee from this bird in vain.
What bird is this? The ***.
4. Black vest, white coat, and collar buff or yellow!
What bird is this, dear children, can you think?
His song is cheery, bright and gay, but mellow.
This is the *****.
5. What bird so loved, we could not do without him?
To build his nest, he seizes cord or bobbin.
With whistling notes he fills the air about him.
You can't mistake the *****.

LILIAN PAYSON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: Majestic. Finals: A pleasant period. Cross-words: 1. A famous Greek. 2. The name given in its native land, Brazil, to the two-toed sloth. 3. A garden flower. 4. A town of Wurtemberg. 5. A river of Prussia. 6. A river of Italy.

BROKEN WORDS.

IN each of the following sentences, fill the first and second blanks with the word to be inserted in the third blank, but so divided as to make two separate words,—the whole to make sense. For example: With the _____ gave me I _____ a picture. Answer: Paint Ed, Painted.

1. The mischievous young _____ over our _____ grounds, and spoiled them.
2. He _____ minutes in which to reach the school; and if he does not _____ he will be late.
3. Unpractised writers should _____ of the _____ verbiage, too often found in their stories.
4. The _____ father performed was to balance a _____ on his nose.
5. When I saw you hold that tin _____ the saucepan, I began to _____ that you wished to prevent the steam from escaping.
6. Nelly saw her sister _____ on the grass as she was _____ out for a walk one Saturday afternoon.

FRED SINGLETON.

EASY PICTORIAL METAGRAM.



The chief feature in the central picture is to be described by a word of nine letters, and the name of each of eight objects depicted in the small drawings may be spelled with some of the letters of the word for the middle picture. J. R. S.

METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but sometimes more moves are required. For examples, see "Riddle-Box" for June.

1. Change BRUSH to STOVE in fourteen moves.
 2. Change LINEN to PAPER in five moves.
 3. Change HAND to FOOT in five moves.
 4. Change BOOK to CASH in five moves.
 5. Change HARD to EASY in four moves.
 6. Change GREAT to SMALL in ten moves.
- F. WINSOR.

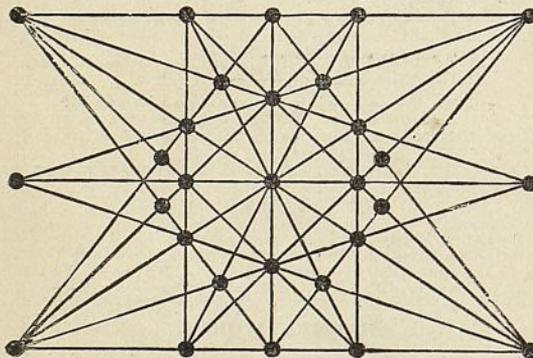
FIVE EASY SQUARE WORDS.

- I. 1. A NOBLEMAN. 2. A plant growing in warm countries. 3. A girl's name. 4. An unhappy king.
- II. 1. An Asiatic ruler. 2. To detest. 3. A small particle. 4. A plant having a tough fiber.
- III. 1. The main timber of a ship. 2. A whirlpool. 3. A beautiful garden. 4. A sharp-sighted animal.
- IV. 1. A small bed. 2. Traveled on horseback. 3. A Roman date. 4. Nothing better anywhere.
- V. 1. A clasp. 2. Has power. 3. The dross of metals. 4. For hats in the hall-way.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

F. L. P.'s REBUS IN AUGUST "LETTER-BOX." Because it is a paradox (pair o' docks). — EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A penny for your thoughts.

RIDDLE. Caterpillar. Chrysalis. Butterfly. — TREE PUZZLE.



GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE STORY. 1. James. 2. White. 3. Negro. 4. Baker. 5. Sandwich. 6. Nice (niece). 7. George. 8. Brown. 9. Florence. 10. Austin. 11. Havana (have Anna). 12. Charlotte. 13. Havre (have her). 14. Scilly (silly). 15. Horn. 16. Moosehead. 17. Grand. 18. Oyster. 19. Orange. 20. Spice. 21. Salmon. 22.

Turkey. 23. Seine (sane). 24. Marseilles. 25. Leghorn. 26. Hood. 27. Canary. 28. Yellow. 29. Catastrophe. 30. Rainy. 31. Smoky. 32. Long. 33. Crooked. 34. Fear. 35. Lookout. 36. Lyons. 37. Little Rock. 38. Black. 39. Blue Ridge (black and blue ridge). 40. Coral. 41. Worms. 42. Cod. 43. Land's End. 44. Bath. 45. Danger. 46. Wales. 47. Newark. 48. Maine. 49. Adriatic (a dry attic). 50. May. 51. Foulweather.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Savage. 1. CaSts. 2. StAir. 3. SeVer. 4. GraIn. 5. TiGer. 6. SpEar.

EASY PICTURE ENIGMA. Regatta. TWO-LETTER WORD SQUARES. I. 1. Forest. 2. Reseat. 3. Statue. II. 1. Oracle. 2. Access. 3. Lessen. III. 1. Before. 2. Forage. 3. Regent. IV. 1. August. 2. Guebre. 3. Stream. V. 1. Stores. 2. Ornate. 3. Esteem. VI. 1. Arbela. 2. Become. 3. Lament. VII. 1. Church. 2. Urchin. 3. Chinch.

DOUBLE DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

O B L I G E R O C T O B E R
 O B T U S E R A B J U R E R
 R E V I V E D M I S U S E D
 F R I E N D S F R E E D O M
 P O R T R A Y B A R I R O N
 A S P E R S E E V A S I V E
 E N D O R S E E P I S O D E

PICTORIAL METAGRAM.—Homestead. 1. Head. 2. Stem. 3. Dome. 4. Tea. — PYRAMID PUZZLE. Remember me.

EASY SQUARE WORD. 1. Pear. 2. Etna. 3. Ants. 4. Rasp. DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Revolt. Realms. 1. TeRRor. 2. ShEEts. 3. SAVAge. 4. StOLid. 5. HeLMet. 6. BeTSeY.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 20 from Capt. W. E. B., 1—L. M., 1—J. K., 1—A. D. M., 2—W. S. S., 1—H. W., 1—G. P. B., 1—R. O. R., 1—J. P. T., 1—I. P. S., 1—F. B. R., 1—L. D., 1—A. M. H., 2—J. R. B., 2—R. V. B., 1—H. N. C., 1—B. M., 9—N. B., 1—K. McH., 3—"X. Y. Z.", 6—"Tom, Dick and Harry," 9—N. S., 1—H. V. Z. B., 1—M. H. F., 1—C. S., G. A. B., and M. F. S., 3—S. B. H., 1—"Californian," 4—G. M., 1—J. H. W., 1—"Three Cousins," 6—B. C. B., 5—B. H., 1—"F. and B. Society," 3—B. T., 4—E. C. and K. L. H., 8—"J. and A." 1—A. H. P., 1—S. W. G., 3—L. H. D. St. V., 3—P. S. C., 10—L. C. F., 3—A. W., 2—"B. and her Cousin," 11—A. M. P., 4—C. B. H., Jr., 4—"Nixie," 1—W. A. T., 1—"Jessie," 3—E. M., 6—F. L. K., 10—L. V. M., 3—"D. and C.," 2—"Violet," 1—"Trailing Arbutus," 2—E. and C., 4—A. M. K., 8. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved. Solutions of "Crow's" puzzle in the July "Letter-Box" were received before July 20 from C. H. B.—H. H. P.—R. O. R.—B. P.—A. M. H.—B. F.—"Q"—S. H.—"A"—F. E. P.—M. S. McI.—S. B. H.—S. S. B.—F. S. E.—H. S.—F. H.—J. M.—K. L. H.—I. H.—H. G. M.—C. McK.—L. V. M.—B. M.—G. W. N.—C. R. L. of West Bromwich.