

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## HAP.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

BLANCHE is a little girl who lives in Connecticut, some twenty-five miles from the Sound, on one of the beautiful, busy branches of the great New England river. She is a bright child, with large black eyes, long black hair, and pretty little womanly ways, that make every one love her at first sight, although they usually remark, too: "What an *old*-looking little creature!"

When Blanche was eight years old, her father and mother both died. They had been living in the far West, and after their death the little girl was sent back, in the care of strangers, to her grandmother's home in Connecticut.

Blanche had a great many relatives, and they came to see her at once to ask her all sorts of questions about her parents. They were all very particular to tell her that she must be a good girl, and not make her grandmother any trouble, nor let her see that she herself felt badly; because, if she did, her grandmother would die of grief, and they were not sure but she would as it was.

So the poor, lone little girl walked about the great, solemn house where her grandparents lived with two sober-faced elderly servants, fearful all the time lest she should make a noise or disarrange something. She did not dare to look at her dolls, nor books, nor playthings, in any place excepting in her own room. This, however, was a very pretty and pleasant room. It had been her mamma's room before she married Blanche's papa and went to live with him out West.

But there was not a cat, nor dog, nor bird, nor pig, nor chicken about the house and grounds,

and no children lived near. You can imagine what a lonesome time the little orphan had.

Whenever Blanche felt as if she could n't get along another minute without a good cry, she used to slip quietly out of the piazza door, run around the gravel walk to the farther end of the flower-garden, hide under the thick, low branches of the Norway spruce tree, and cry softly to herself. She would, now and then, while in this little "crying-nook," look through the spaces of the paling-fence into the street, and when she saw children with their own mothers, or fathers, or brothers and sisters go by, gayly laughing and chatting, she would cry all the harder, and wish she could tell them how thankful they ought to be. Her grandparents and other relations loved her, but it was in such a queer way, she thought.

One day, she sat there crying under the big, tall tree, and wishing that God would let her and her sorrowing grandmother go to heaven together pretty soon, when she saw through her tears a poor, cross-looking old man, with a tired, starving horse and rickety old wagon, driving down the street. They were covered with dust, and looked as if they had come a long distance.

Closely following behind the wagon, with a half-ashamed, half-afraid air, was a tawny Scotch terrier. He was too big to be called a little dog, and too little to be called a big dog. He looked very attractive and companionable, however, to the weeping, affectionate child, and, as he went patiently trotting past the garden fence, she looked yearningly at him, and sobbed harder than ever.



The dog must have heard her, for he pricked up his soft, yellow, silky ears, stopped and listened. And then he ran sniffing up to the fence, and peered through it with his great, brown, human-looking eyes.

When he saw the little girl there under the big tree, with the tears still running down her cheeks, trying to still the sobs that yet heaved her little bosom, he wimpled up his face in a queer way as if he were laughing, wagged his stubby tail so fast that it seemed as if it would come off, and acted in every way as if he were an old friend.

Blanche thrust her small hand through the paling, and patting the smooth, pretty head of the dog, she sobbed:

"Oh, you sweet, dear little fellow! I wish you would stay with me all the time, for I'm so lonely I don't know what to do. My precious, *precious* mamma and papa are both dead, and I have no brother or sister, and I can't die, for I have tried and tried; but if I make trouble for Grandma she will die, and then what will become of me!" and poor Blanche broke down completely, and her sobs burst forth afresh.

The dog now gave a short, sharp, whining bark after the old wagon, that had by this time rattled almost out of sight, and then, as if thinking his duty lay in another direction, he ran to the gate, crawled under it, and, quickly finding little Blanche in her shady evergreen bower, jumped upon her, kissed her face and hands, and went through such antics of delight that the dear child fully believed the good Lord had sent the pretty, affectionate terrier to her.

Blanche's face was wreathed with smiles when she went in to supper, in answer to the bell, taking her four-footed friend with her, and telling that he came to her of his own accord, as she sat near the fence.

"I named him 'Hap' right off, Grandma, because he *hap*-pened to come, and because I was so *hap*-py to have him," she said.

Grandpa and Grandma did n't like this business much. Grandpa scolded at poor Hap, and said to him, sharply, "Start, sir, and find your master!" but the dog curled closely up to Blanche's soft black dress, and showed his white, glistening teeth to the old gentleman.

Grandma smiled at that, and, relenting, said: "Well, well, he may stay to supper, Blanche. Would you like some supper, sir?" Hap quickly sat up on his haunches and begged as prettily as any dog could be expected to. Then, all of his own notion, he "spoke," rolled over and over, walked on his hind legs, made bows, and indulged in various other antics, until Blanche laughed and clapped her hands for joy.

Grandpa and Grandma now exchanged half-surprised, half-pleased looks with each other, and could hardly refrain from laughing heartily themselves. Grandma said: "The dog shall stay." Grandpa said: "Yes, if he behaves himself and don't get under foot; and I will try to find his master and pay him for the dog."

Hap seemed to understand very well what the old gentleman said about getting under foot, for he at once took the soft, crimson-wool door-mat in his teeth, drew it across the sitting-room to a corner of the recess near the hearth, and lay down upon it in a very cunning fashion; and that has been his own resting and sleeping place, when indoors, ever since.

Blanche and Hap were very merry together, you may be sure. The little girl grew cheerful and contented and childlike day by day, and frolicked in the yard and garden with her new companion from morning till night. But Grandpa, who was a very just and conscientious man, did not like the idea of keeping a dog that belonged to somebody else, who might be looking for him. "It seemed dishonest," he said.

In August, the large house was shut up, and the whole family went down to New London,—to the Pequot House,—to stay a week. Grandpa had made this stipulation with Blanche: They would leave Hap behind, on his rug upon the broad piazza, with instructions to the butcher and milkman to feed him every day. "The dog will get lonesome," Grandpa said, "and will return to his master, who cannot live so very far off,—probably in one of the adjoining towns. By this means, the owner will be found. He was peddling baskets at the stores the day he came past our house, I have been told. I am quite sure he will return again with Hap, when I will buy him of the man, even at a good round price."

Blanche willingly consented to this agreement, for "I know," said she, "Hap will never leave the house."

And sure enough, when the family returned, they found the faithful creature sitting on the piazza.

As soon as he heard Blanche's shouts of delight, he ran to the gate as friskily as his half-famished condition would permit.

The neighbors said he had driven every one away who had attempted to enter the gate,—even the butcher and the milkman, who would have fed him gladly had he been willing to allow such familiarity.

Grandpa was a good deal touched at Hap's fidelity, and said no more about sending him away, and finding the owner.

One day, the next summer, an old man came



through the street on foot, peddling baskets. He was retailing them now from house to house, and stopped at Grandpa's. As soon as Hap saw him, he jumped into his little mistress's lap, and hid his face under her arm.

"Hallo!" said the man. "How came you by my dog, little girl?"

"Your dog! How is that?" asked Grandpa, in surprise, hearing the peddler's gruff voice.

"He stopped here and came right to you," you say, little girl? What was you doing when he found you, may I ask?"

"I was crying because I was lonesome," said Blanche, timidly, hugging Hap more closely in her arms.

"That accounts for it," said the old, cross-looking man. "My little girl was always lame and sick, and always crying. I never could bear a dog,



"HE PEERED IN AT HER THROUGH THE FENCE."

"Oh," replied the man, "I have n't seen him for a year, and I thought he was dead; but I spied him before I got to the door, and he ran to that little girl's lap. Besides, I should know those eyes he is trying to hide, anywhere. I never used to kick him but he would look up into my face exactly as if he was going to speak. I should n't have kept him as long as I did, only he belonged to my little girl. She thought everything of him, and learned him lots of things. After she died, I wanted to get rid of him, so I took him with me on one of my trips, in hopes I could sell him. I lost him somewhere; but I did n't much care.

or help kicking one if it came in my way; but I allowed her to keep this one, it seemed to be such a comfort to her."

"Oh, he has been *such* a comfort to me!" said Blanche, drawing a long breath, and secretly wishing the peddler had never come back.

Grandma cried a little, softly, and Grandpa, after giving a queer little cough, took out his pocket-book and gave the man a bank-note. So Hap was now Blanche's very own dog, and seemed dearer to her than ever.

This is a true story, because Blanche told me all about it herself one evening, not long ago; and



after she had hugged Hap and gone up to bed, her grandma said: "She was such a sweet, quiet little thing, and I was so wrapped up in my own grief at losing her mother, who was my only child, that I did not realize such a little one's heart could be broken. I think she would have died, had not Hap come to her, and now she has made her

grandfather and me young again. We have opened the house and our hearts for all the pets she has a mind to care for, and we enjoy her music and the company of her young companions as much as she does herself. I tremble when I think what crabbed, fussy old folks we might have been, had not our Blanche, and Hap, too, come to us."

## THE LANTERN FLY.

BY DR. J. B. HOLDER.



HERE is a very curious insect, and one which has certain peculiarities that make us look at it with wonder. It is found in the forests of Surinam, in northern South America. A French lady, Madame Merian, who traveled in that country to study the insects and plants, has given us a pleasant account of it. Its name is the Lantern Fly.

You will see by the picture that it is about the size of the largest moth or butterfly. But you may be surprised to see such a great head, which is almost as large as its body.

The eyes are about where you would expect to find them, but there is a balloon-shaped bag standing out from the head, and this is very thin and light, so that it does not really feel heavy to the creature when flying, as you would think it might. It has always been called Lantern Fly by the natives, on account of the light which they say

it shows in the head; and naturalists call it *Fulgora lanternaria*, the first word meaning brightness or dazzling, and the last is applied on account of its lantern-shaped head. A much smaller species of this insect is found in the East Indies.

Madame Merian says she has seen them flitting about at night, and that they show a light within the front lantern so clear and brilliant that it is easy to see and read by its rays. During the day the lantern is as transparent as a bladder, and colored green and red.

The Indians once brought her a number of them, which she shut up in a box. In the night they made such a noise that she was awakened; on opening the box, she was much surprised to see a flame of fire issue from it, or, at least, it had the appearance of a flame to her, because the light was so intense.



The smaller Lantern Fly is found among the banyan-trees, and is said to be seen in great numbers, lighting up the forests, and sparkling in the dark, tropical glades.

A small kind, something like the Fire-fly of our own meadows, is found in Cuba, where the ladies use them to decorate their hair. They put them in nets, and there the fire-flies shine like bright gems.

Another curious thing about the great Lantern Fly is that there comes from a great many pores, all over the wings and body, a white substance which is the real white wax that is sold in the shops.

This insect has a very strange voice; in Surinam it is called "Scare-Sheep," by the Dutch people, because it is so noisy. It flits about at night making a sound like a scissors-grinder; a kind of sawing or rasping noise, which is so loud and disagreeable the people would gladly do without the handsome display of fire-works these creat-

ures make, by night, to be rid, also, of the unwelcome noise.

You will be sure to ask, I suppose, why this insect is provided with the great lantern, so strange and different from other creatures of its class. As it is a night-worker, as some of the great moths are, it is likely that Nature has given it the power of showing a light to attract smaller insects within reach of its mouth.

We know how quickly the small moths come to the lights during the hot summer evenings. It seems reasonable, then, that Nature has given the Lantern Fly its lantern, and its light at night, to assist the insect in catching its food.

The light itself is phosphorescent, like that which sometimes shows on the end of a match in the dark, and instead of shining from one point, like a gas jet or candle, the light is spread all over the inside of the lantern which this curious moth carries on its head.

## ROBIN, GOOD-BYE!

BY S. M. CHATFIELD.

ROBIN,—good-bye! Robin,—good-bye!  
 The last crimson leaf from the maple is gone,  
 The meadows are brown and the swallow has flown,  
 And heaped in the hollows the fallen leaves lie;  
 Robin,—Good-bye!

Robin,—good-bye! Robin,—good-bye!  
 The music that falls from your beautiful throat  
 Pipes tender and low, with a quavering note;  
 Oh, linger no longer! To summer-land fly!  
 Robin,—good-bye!

Robin,—good-bye! Robin,—good-bye!  
 Far and faint from the southward we hear your mates call,  
 Dear Robin, your song was the sweetest of all.  
 We will watch for your coming when April draws nigh;  
 Good-bye! Good-bye!







A TIRED MOTHER.

## LUDOVICK'S ROCKS.

BY PAUL FORT.

LUDOVICK was a plow-man, and a very industrious and praiseworthy man; but there were some things that he met with in his business which he did not like. These were the big stones and the rocks which he so frequently struck while plowing. Whenever he came to one of these, he would have to stop, and if it were a large stone, he must get it up, in some way, and throw it aside, while if it happened to be a rock, he would have to plow around it. He was continually stopping, and pulling his plow back, and making a fresh start. If he forgot himself, and did not stop his oxen the moment he felt an obstruction in the way, there was danger that he would break his plow. If he could only go ahead, he thought, and do his work in a steady, straightforward way, without interruption or hindrance, he would be perfectly satisfied to plow every day in the year; but this stopping and

jerking back, and beginning over again, was a great annoyance to him.

One day, as he was plowing in the field near the sea-shore, some sailors, from a vessel at anchor near by, came on shore for water. They were accompanied by an officer, who, seeing Ludovick pulling and jerking his plowshare from under a great stone, which it had partly undermined, came up and spoke to him:

"You seem to have a hard time there, my good fellow," said the officer.

"Yes," said Ludovick; "I am all the time striking rocks. I no sooner get around one, and seem to be going on comfortably, than I strike another. It is very discouraging."

"It must be," said the officer. "I don't wonder you dislike plowing."

"Oh, but I do not dislike it," said Ludovick.



"If I could go right straight ahead without stopping, I should like it very much. I have often thought that if I could plow in a great desert of sand, I would like to make a furrow a hundred miles long, and go right on, without stopping or turning, from one end to the other of it. That would be splendid; but, of course, it is of no use to plow sand."

"If that is the sort of thing you like," said the officer, "why do you not plow the main?"

"What's that?" cried Ludovick.

"The main," said the officer, "is a name sometimes given to the sea, and we plow it with our ships. They sail on splendidly, indeed, and often make a furrow which is many hundreds of miles long. How would you like that kind of plowing? It is ever so much better than this humdrum work."

The officer talked for some time in this way, for he needed men on his ship, and at last Ludovick made up his mind that he would rather plow the main than plow stony fields. So, as it was now near the end of the day, he took the oxen home to his employer, bade him farewell, and came back to the beach, where the sailors, with their boat, were waiting for him. He was soon on board the ship, which, early the next morning, began to plow the main.

Ludovick liked his new life very well, although there was a great deal of hard and unusual work in it. But he was a strong and active fellow, and, no matter how much he had been working, he was always perfectly satisfied when he had performed his duties and had time to go to the bow of the ship and look over into the water beneath, as she gayly cut through the waves, throwing up a great furrow of spray on each side. This was delightful to Ludovick, and he never tired of watching the gallant vessel plow the main.

One day, when it was rather foggy, Ludovick was at his favorite post. He could not see very far ahead, but suddenly, through the fog, he saw, at a short distance, a black object, looming up out of the water.

"Hello!" said he, "there is a rock. Now we shall have to stop, or go around it, exactly as I always used to do. I did not expect this."

The vessel did stop, when it reached the rock,—which no one on board, excepting Ludovick, had seen,—but it was not in the way in which he had been in the habit of stopping with his plow. The ship dashed so violently against the rock that its forward part was broken to pieces, and it soon became a total wreck.

Ludovick was thrown, by the violence of the shock, headlong upon the rock before him. Fortunately, he was not injured, and he lay holding fast to the jagged stone, while he saw the vessel

slowly slip backward from the rock and drift away into deeper water, where she soon sank with all on board.

Ludovick could see through the fog this terrible disaster, but he could do nothing to help his comrades.

"Alas!" he cried. "It was very different when I met with a rock in my way, peacefully plowing on shore."

But it was of no use to repine, and when the fog lifted and Ludovick saw that the rock on which he lay was but a short distance from what seemed to be the main-land, he sprang into the water to swim ashore. He was a good swimmer, and soon reached the land, but the rocks here were very high, and the water at their feet quite deep, so that for some time he could find no place to land. He swam round, at last, to a little cove, where there was a sloping beach. He ran up on the sand and lay down to rest himself.

When he felt rested, and his clothes were dry, he rose and climbed up on the high, rocky bank to look about him. He saw a wide extent of land, covered here and there with trees and vegetation; but what pleased him more than anything else, he saw, not very far away, a fire, and a number of people sitting around it.

"They must be cooking something at that fire," said Ludovick to himself, "for they would want a fire for nothing else in this hot land," and so, as he was very hungry, he walked toward the fire.

As he approached it, he saw that the people around it were a company of half-naked savages; but still he did not hesitate. "It will be no worse to be killed by them," he said to himself, "than to starve to death," and he walked boldly up to them. His appearance had, apparently, the same effect upon the people that a spark would have upon a pile of gunpowder. As if it had suddenly exploded, the circle of savages sprang up and instantly disappeared in the surrounding bushes.

Ludovick was struck with surprise at this sudden flight, but he did not stop long to think about it. He stepped up to the fire, and taking a piece of the meat that was roasting over the coals, he began to eat.

Meanwhile, the savages looked at him in utter amazement. They could not imagine where he came from. Their island was so surrounded by rocks that no ship nor boat ever attempted to land there, and they never thought of any one swimming to them. But here appeared a white man, who came from they knew not where, and who must be very brave and powerful, for he had walked right up to them without the slightest fear.

But he looked quite mild and peaceful, as he sat eating by the fire, and after a little while they



began to think that he might not hurt them, if they came out of the bushes. Still, it was well to be careful, and so, before any of the men ventured out, they sent a boy with orders to sit down by the fire and eat. If the strange man did not injure him, he would probably not make an attack upon them. The boy came slowly up to the fire, trembling with fear; but Ludovick merely asked him where the rest of his people were, and went on eating. The boy, not understanding a word he had said, but pleased that he had not been instantly seized and killed, also began to eat.

The savages, seeing that the boy had received no harm, now came out of the bushes and surrounded Ludovick. They talked a great deal to him, and he answered back, but nothing whatever came of the conversation. At last they asked him to let them take him to their village, and, as they supposed he consented, some tall men picked him up to carry him. One took him by each leg, and one by each shoulder, while a shorter man walked under him with his woolly head under the small of Ludovick's back, in order to give him easier support. Two boys put their upraised hands under the back of his head, and thus he found himself very pleasantly carried along. He did not know what they were going to do with him; but it was of no use to resist, and so he lay quiet and enjoyed the scenery as he passed along.

When they reached the village, Ludovick was conducted to a little hut, and everything that could be done for his comfort was done. He began to think that he had fallen among a very pleasant set of savages. The only thing that annoyed him was the many speeches which were made to him by those who appeared to be the chief men among them. He did not know, of course, what they were saying, and contented himself by occasionally bowing his head, and saying, "Yes, sir, certainly. I have no doubt of it at all," and such expressions. But he wished they would go away and let him sleep, and this at last they did.

The next morning there came to him an old savage, who could speak a little of Ludovick's own language. This old fellow told him that he had been captured years ago, while at sea in a canoe, by a ship, and taken on a long voyage, during which he had learned to understand the white man's speech. In the course of some years the ship came within about ten miles of this island, when he slipped quietly overboard and swam ashore. He then went on to tell Ludovick that the people of the island, on which he now was, had recently lost their head man of law, or chief judge, and that they thought he looked like just the kind of a superior person who could fill the vacant place. They did not know where he came from, and that

made him a still more imposing and suitable man for this high position. They would like to have his answer immediately.

Ludovick reflected that, if he did not accept this offer, it was not likely that they would want him for anything else, and that they might be anxious to put him out of the way, and so he accepted the proposition on the spot.

"It will be easy enough to decide the questions which these simple people will raise," he said to himself, "and as they are inclined to treat me very well, I shall have quite an agreeable time."

So he was soon installed as head judge of the island, and the old man, Pinpano, was appointed his interpreter, with a suitable salary.

For some time no questions of law arose, and Ludovick had a very easy and pleasant position. But one day there came to him two men, who were violently quarreling, and who evidently wished him to decide which one was right. Ludovick called his interpreter, and ordered the men to state their cases. A large crowd gathered around to hear the decision.

The case was a simple one: One man had caught a turtle on the beach, and had turned it over on its back, and had left it, intending to come back and get it. But while he was gone, the other man had come up and had taken the turtle home to his own hut, where it had been cooked and eaten. The second man declared that he thought the turtle had turned itself over, and that he had considered himself the finder and the rightful owner of it. How was he to know that the first man had really caught it? Anybody might come and say he had caught it. This was the whole of the case.

Ludovick soon made his decision.

"Did you put your mark on the turtle when you caught it?" said he, to the first man.

"My mark!" said the man, through the interpreter; "I have no mark."

"Well," said Ludovick, "you should have one. A cross, or a straight line, or some dots, or a circle, or something which you could put on the under-shell of the turtles you catch, so that people would know they were yours. That is the way cattle are marked in my country, and there is never any trouble about knowing who owns them. It will be well not to carry this matter any further, but, after this, every one who catches turtles should choose some mark, which he should always put upon his turtles; then there will be no further trouble."

This was thought to be excellent advice, and every man on the island immediately went to work to devise a turtle-mark for himself. Ludovick, who had had experience in the marks used on sheep and cattle, showed them how to make many curious tri-

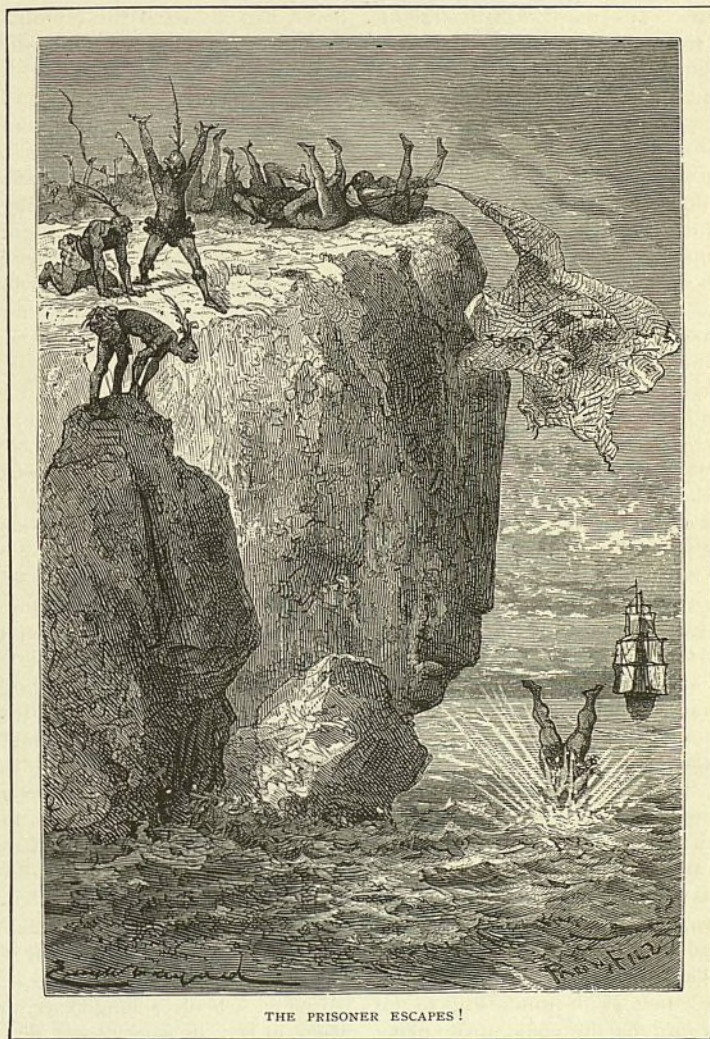


angles, squares and crosses, and before long every one had his private and individual turtle-mark.

There were now no further disputes about the ownership of turtles, nor, indeed, about anything else, and Ludovick congratulated himself on his easy and comfortable position.

"This is, indeed, plowing in a long, straight

told him that it was on account of Tata, the man who had been on trial for taking a turtle which another man had caught. This Tata had never been considered much of a fisherman, but now he caught more turtles than anybody else; and more than that, he caught so many that he would mark them, and let them go into the sea again, expect-



THE PRISONER ESCAPES!

line, with no rocks nor stones to stop and worry me. It is better than anything else."

And so he ate and drank, and took long walks, and was very happy.

But, after a while, he began to see signs of dissatisfaction among the people. They talked and jabbered a great deal among themselves, and seemed to be divided into two parties. Ludovick asked Pinpano the reason of this, and the old man

ing to catch them at some future time. In this way, people were continually catching turtles with Tata's mark on them, and as he always claimed them, this annoyed his fellow-fishermen very much. There was scarcely any good in fishing if they only caught turtles for Tata.

Of course, Tata could not use all his turtles, and so he set up a market; many people bought turtle-meat of him, and he began to be rich. His cus-



tomers took his side in all disputes, while the men who fished for themselves, and so often caught turtles with his mark on them, formed a party with very bitter feelings toward Tata and his friends.

Ludovick could not imagine how this state of things could have come about; but this was no wonder, for Tata was a very shrewd and cunning fellow, and no one but himself knew how he managed his affairs. His mark was a straight, black line, which he made on the under-shell of a turtle, and the manner in which he marked so many turtles with his private sign of ownership was this: Late in the evening, when he was sure every one was asleep, he would go down on the beach with a pot of his marking stuff, which was a black, pitchy mixture, that would not wash off in water, and with this he would daub the top of a number of the stones which lay on that part of the beach where the turtles went on shore to lay their eggs.

When the turtles came, many a one would be sure to drag itself over a pitchy stone, and so make a short line on its under-shell. Then it was marked, and, whenever caught, was claimed by Tata.

The crafty Tata kept his secret well, and, day by day, the feeling between the two parties grew stronger, and the old interpreter told Ludovick that a great many of the savages began to blame the head judge for this state of things, because, before he introduced his plan of marking turtles, there had been scarcely any quarrels among the people, and never any so serious as this one. Ludovick soon saw for himself that this was true, for many persons looked at him in a very ill-natured way, and several times some of the more quarrelsome savages shook their weapons at him, as if to threaten punishment for what he had done.

Poor Ludovick was very much troubled. "Alas!" he said to himself, "one cannot go straight ahead, in a comfortable way, no matter what plan he tries. I am afraid I shall soon run against rocks which will be worse than any I have met yet."

One day he was walking by himself on some high ground, when, not very far away, he perceived a ship becalmed. His heart leaped with joy. This was his chance! He remembered how Pinpano had made a long swim from a ship to the island, and he was sure that he could easily make a swim from the island to a ship. So, throwing off a portion of his clothes, he ran down to the shore, by the rocks where he had landed. He avoided the beach, for he was afraid he might there meet some of the savages, and, climbing down from one rock to another, he let himself quietly into the deep water at their base. He immediately struck out for the open sea, when, to his horror, he found that he had entered the water in

a place where a large fishing-net had been set, and, in spite of his struggles, he could not make his way out of it. It surrounded him on every side.

In a short time he heard a voice above him, and he found that a rope extended from the net to the top of the rock, and his struggles had so jerked and agitated the bush to which this rope was tied, that it had attracted the attention of some of the natives, who thought a great fish must certainly be in the net.

When the men on the rock saw Ludovick in the net they set up a great shout, and soon a crowd of savages came running to the rock. The chief men quickly perceived the state of affairs. They knew that Ludovick had been intending to escape to the ship, and that he had been caught in the net. So, with great joy and triumph, they gave the order to haul him up. Nothing could have happened to suit them better. He had acknowledged himself guilty by trying to escape, and now they had him, securely caught.

A long line of savages seized hold of the rope, and with shouts and yells they began to pull Ludovick from the water. He was now completely enveloped in the net, which was drawn up around him and over his head, and in a moment he was dangling in the air, as the savages drew him toward the top of the rock. Up, up, he went, and soon he would be in the midst of his savage enemies. There was but little time for thought, and Ludovick could think of but one thing to do. He quickly climbed as high up into the net as he could get, and then, turning, gave a spring to the bottom of it. His plan succeeded. He was large and heavy, and he broke through the meshes of the net and went headlong into the deep water!

The net shot upward, and every man who had hold of the rope tumbled on his back, with his heels kicking in the air. Cries of rage and disappointment burst from all, as they picked themselves up and hurried to the edge of the rock. But Ludovick struck out steadily to the ship, and it was not very long before the watching savages saw him pulled up her side.

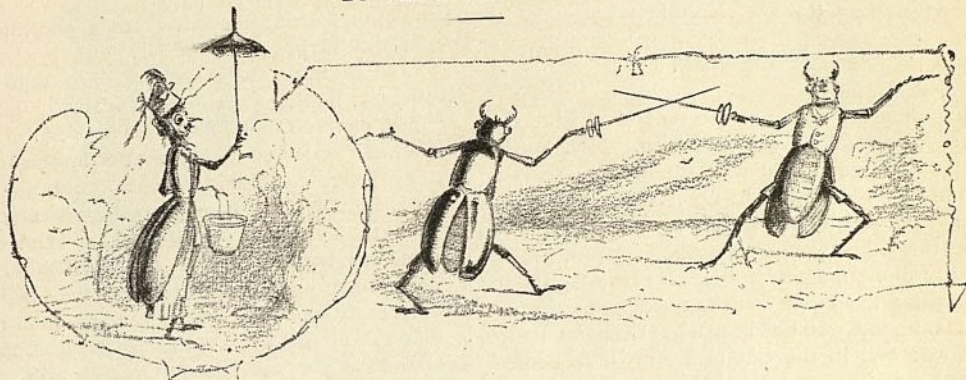
Ludovick made a long cruise in that vessel, and when, at last, he went ashore, he journeyed to his old home, and sought service with the farmer who had before employed him. He was glad enough to walk again behind his old plow.

"I shall never leave it again," he said, "while I am strong enough to work. I may be often stopped and hindered by stones and obstacles, but I shall never see, in these peaceful fields, such terrible and dangerous rocks as I have met with elsewhere."



## A TRAGEDY.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.



THE day was fair, the sky was bright,  
And daisies starred the meadow land,  
When fine Miss Beetle, gold bedight,  
Walked forth, a basket in her hand.

She knew that wild, and red, and sweet,  
The berries, ripening by the road,  
Peeped from their shady, green retreat,  
Or in the mellow sunlight glowed.

That morn, beside the roadway, met  
Her lovers,—for, oh, fickle one!  
She smiled on two from eyes of jet,  
As many a fair coquette has done.

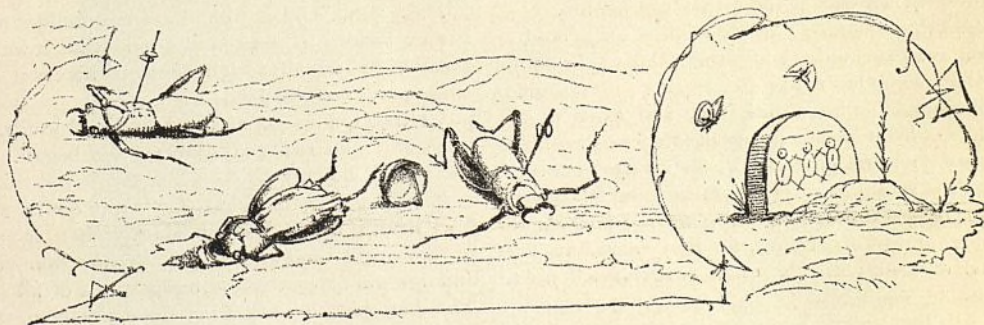
Ah, blows fall hard when beetles meet!  
Now thrust and parry quick were made;  
And when the battle reached its heat,  
Each in the other sheathed his blade.

Miss Beetle, from a mossy stone,  
Looked down upon the battle-ground,  
Then gave a faint, heart-broken groan,  
And this is what the people found:

Three victims lying still and cold,  
Where two broad roads together meet;  
One glorious with specks of gold,—  
An empty basket at her feet.

They made a sad and silent grave,  
Where butterflies float in the air,  
And fragrant blooms of clover wave,  
And mullein-stalks grow tall and fair.

And there these three do sweetly rest,  
Though truly this had ne'er been so,  
Had fair Miss Beetle thought it best  
To smile on one brave beetle beau.





## JACK AND JILL.\*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## CATTLE SHOW.

THE children were not the only ones who had learned something at Pebbly Beach. Mrs. Minot had talked a good deal with some very superior persons, and received light upon various subjects which had much interested or perplexed her. While the ladies worked or walked together, they naturally spoke oftenest and most earnestly about their children, and each contributed her experience. Mrs. Hammond, who had been a physician for many years, was wise in the care of healthy little bodies and the cure of sick ones. Mrs. Channing, who had read, traveled and observed much in the cause of education, had many useful hints about the training of young minds and hearts. Several teachers reported their trials, and all the mothers were eager to know how to bring up their boys and girls to be healthy, happy, useful men and women.

As young people do not care for such discussions, we will not describe them, but as the impression they made upon one of the mammas affected our hero and heroine, we must mention the changes which took place in their life when they all got home again.

"School begins to-morrow. Oh, dear!" sighed Jack, as he looked up his books in the Bird-Room, a day or two after their return.

"Don't you want to go? I long to, but don't believe I shall. I saw our mothers talking to the doctor last night, but I have n't dared to ask what they decided," said Jill, affectionately eyeing the long-unused books in her little library.

"I've had such a jolly good time, that I hate worse than ever to be shut up all day. Don't you, Frank?" asked Jack, with a vengeful slap at the arithmetic, which was the torment of his life.

"Well, I confess I don't hanker for school as much as I expected. I'd rather take a spin on the old bicycle. Our roads are so good, it is a great temptation to hire a machine, and astonish the natives. That's what comes of idleness. So brace up, my boy, and go to work, for vacation is over," answered Frank, gravely regarding the tall pile of books before him, as if trying to welcome his old friends, or tyrants, rather, for they ruled him with a rod of iron when he once gave himself up to them.

"Ah, but vacation is not over, my dears," said

Mrs. Minot, hearing the last words as she came in, prepared to surprise her family.

"Glad of it. How much longer is it to be?" asked Jack, hoping for a week at least.

"Two or three years, for some of you."

"What?" cried all three, in utter astonishment, as they stared at Mamma, who could not help smiling, though she was very much in earnest.

"For the next two or three years I intend to cultivate my boys' bodies, and let their minds rest a good deal, from books, at least. There is plenty to learn outside of school-houses, and I don't mean to shut you up just when you most need all the air and exercise you can get. Good health, good principles and a good education are the three blessings I ask for you, and I am going to make sure of the first, as a firm foundation for the other two."

"But, Mother, what becomes of college?" asked Frank, rather disturbed at this change of base.

"Put it off for a year, and see if you are not better fitted for it then than now."

"But I am already fitted: I've worked like a tiger all this year, and I'm sure I shall pass."

"Ready in one way, but not in another. That hard work is no preparation for four years of still harder study. It has cost you round shoulders and many a headache, and has consumed hours when you had far better have been on the river or in the fields. I cannot have you break down, as so many boys do, nor pull through at the cost of ill-health afterward. Eighteen is young enough to begin the steady grind, if you have a strong constitution to keep pace with the eager mind. Sixteen is too young to send even my good boy out into the world, just when he most needs his mother's care to help him be the man she hopes to see him."

Mrs. Minot laid her hand on his shoulder as she spoke, looking so fond and proud that it was impossible to rebel, though some of his most cherished plans were spoiled.

"Other fellows go at my age, and I was rather pleased to be ready at sixteen," he began. But she added, quickly:

"They go, but how do they come out? Many lose health of body, and many what is more precious still—moral strength, because too young and ignorant to withstand temptations of all sorts. The best part of education does not come from books, and the good principles I value more than

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either of the other things are to be carefully watched over till firmly fixed; then you may face the world, and come to no real harm. Trust me, dear, I do it for your sake; so bear the disappointment bravely, and in the end I think you will say I'm right."

"I'll do my best; but I don't see what is to become of us if we don't go to school. You will get tired of it first," said Frank, trying to set a good example to the others, who were looking much impressed and interested.

"No danger of that, for I never sent my children to school to get rid of them, and now that they are old enough to be companions, I want them at home more than ever. There are to be some lessons, however, for busy minds must be fed, but not crammed; so you boys will go and recite at certain hours such things as seem most important. But there is to be no studying at night, no shutting up all the best hours of the day, no hurry and fret of getting on fast, nor skimming over the surface of many studies without learning any thoroughly."

"So I say!" cried Jack, pleased with the new idea, for he never did love books. "I do hate to be driven so I don't half understand, because there is no time to have things explained. School is good fun as far as play goes; but I don't see the sense of making a fellow learn eighty questions in geography one day, and forget them the next."

"What is to become of me, please?" asked Jill, meekly.

"You and Molly are to have lessons here. I was a teacher when I was young, you know, and liked it, so I shall be school-ma'am, and leave my housekeeping in better hands than mine. I always thought that mothers should teach their girls during these years, and vary their studies to suit the growing creatures as only mothers can."

"That will be splendid! Will Molly's father let her come?" cried Jill, feeling quite reconciled to staying at home, if her friend was to be with her.

"He likes the plan very much, for Molly is growing fast, and needs a sort of care that Miss Dawes cannot give her. I am not a hard mistress, and I hope you will find my school a pleasant one."

"I know I shall; and I'm not disappointed, because I was pretty sure I could n't go to the old school again, when I heard the doctor say I must be very careful for a long time. I thought he meant months; but if it must be years, I can bear it, for I've been happy this last one though I was sick," said Jill, glad to show that it had not been wasted time, by being cheerful and patient now.

"That's my good girl!" and Mrs. Minot stroked the curly black head as if it was her own little daughter's. "You have done so well, I want you

to go on improving, for care now will save you pain and disappointment by and by. You all have got a capital start during these six weeks, so it is a good time to begin my experiment. If it does not work well, we will go back to school and college next spring."

"Hurrah for Mamma and the long vacation!" cried Jack, catching up two big books and whirling them around like clubs, as if to get his muscles in good order at once.

"Now I shall have time to go to the gymnasium and straighten out my back," said Frank, who was growing so tall he needed more breadth to make his height symmetrical.

"And to ride horseback. I am going to hire old Jane and get out the little phaeton, so we can all enjoy the fine weather while it lasts. Molly and I can drive Jill, and you can take turns in the saddle when you are tired of ball and boating. Exercise of all sorts is one of the lessons we are to learn," said Mrs. Minot, suggesting all the pleasant things she could to sweeten the pill for her pupils, two of whom did love their books, not being old enough to know that even an excellent thing may be overdone.

"Wont that be gay? I'll get down the saddle to-day, so we can begin right off. Lem rides, and we can go together. Hope old Jane will like it as well as I shall," said Jack, who had found a new friend in a pleasant lad lately come to town.

"You must see that she does, for you boys are to take care of her. We will put the barn in order, and you can decide which shall be hostler and which gardener, for I don't intend to hire labor on the place any more. Our estate is not a large one, and it will be excellent work for you, my men."

"All right! I'll see to Jane. I love horses," said Jack, well pleased with the prospect.

"My horse wont need much care. I prefer a bicycle to a beast, so I'll get in the squashes, pick the apples, and cover the strawberry bed when it is time," added Frank, who had enjoyed the free life at Pebbly Beach so much that he was willing to prolong it.

"You may put me in a hen-coop, and keep me there a year if you like. I won't fret, for I'm sure you know what is best for me," said Jill, gayly, as she looked up at the good friend who had done so much for her.

"I'm not so sure that I won't put you in a pretty cage and send you to cattle show, as a sample of what we can do in the way of taming a wild bird till it is nearly as meek as a dove," answered Mrs. Minot, much gratified at the amiability of her flock.

"I don't see why there should not be an exhibition of children, and prizes for the good and



pretty ones, as well as for fat pigs, fine horses, or handsome fruit and flowers: I don't mean a baby show, but boys and girls, so people can see what the prospect is of a good crop for the next generation," said Frank, glancing toward the tower of the building where the yearly agricultural fair was soon to be held.

"Years ago, there was a pretty custom here of collecting all the schools together in the spring, and having a festival at the town hall. Each school showed its best pupils, and the parents looked on at the blooming flower show. It was a pity it was ever given up, for the schools have never been so good as then, nor has the interest in them been so great;" and Mrs. Minot wondered, as many people do, why farmers seem to care more for their cattle and crops than for their children, willingly spending large sums on big barns and costly experiments, while the school-houses are shabby and inconvenient, and too often the cheapest teachers are preferred.

"Ralph is going to send my bust. He asked if he might, and Mother said 'Yes.' Mr. German thinks it very good, and I hope other people will," said Jill, nodding toward the little plaster head that smiled down from its bracket with her own merry look.

"I could send my model; it is nearly done. Ralph told me it was a clever piece of work, and he knows," added Frank, quite taken with the idea of exhibiting his skill in mechanics.

"And I could send my star bed-quilt! They always have things of that kind at cattle show;" and Jill began to rummage in the closet for the pride of her heart, burning to display it to an admiring world.

"I have n't got anything. Can't sew rags together, nor make baby engines, and I have no live-stock—yes, I have, too! There's old Bun. I'll send him, for the fun of it; he really is a curiosity, for he is the biggest one I ever saw, and hopping into the lime has made his fur such a queer color, he looks like a new sort of rabbit. I'll catch him and shut him up before he gets wild again;" and off rushed Jack to lure unsuspecting old Bun, who had grown tame during their absence, into the cage which he detested.

They all laughed at his ardor, but the fancy pleased them; and as Mamma saw no reason why their little works of art should not be sent, Frank fell to work on his model, and Jill resolved to finish her quilt at once, while Mrs. Minot went off to see Mr. Acton about the hours and studies for the boys.

In a week or two, the young people were almost resigned to the loss of school, for they found themselves delightfully fresh for the few lessons

they did have, and not weary of play, since it took many useful forms. Old Jane not only carried them all to ride, but gave Jack plenty of work keeping her premises in nice order. Frank mourned privately over the delay of college, but found a solace in his whirligig and the gymnasium, where he set himself to developing a chest to match the big head above, which head no longer ached with eight or ten hours of study. Harvesting beans and raking up leaves seemed to have a soothing effect upon his nerves, for now he fell asleep at once, instead of thumping his pillow with vexation because his brain would go on working at difficult problems and passages when he wanted it to stop.

Jill and Molly drove away in the little phaeton every fair morning, over the sunny hills and through the changing woods, filling their hands with asters and golden-rod, their lungs with the pure, invigorating air, and their heads with all manner of sweet and happy fancies and feelings born of the wholesome influences about them. People shook their heads, and said it was wasting time; but the rosy-faced girls were content to trust those wiser than themselves, and found their new school very pleasant. They read aloud a good deal, rapidly acquiring one of the rarest and most beautiful accomplishments; for they could stop and ask questions as they went along, so that they understood what they read, which is half the secret. A thousand things came up as they sewed together in the afternoon, and the eager minds received much general information in an easy and well-ordered way. Physiology was one of the favorite studies, and Mrs. Hammond often came in to give them a little lecture, teaching them to understand the wonders of their own systems, and how to keep them in order,—a lesson of far more importance just then than Greek or Latin, for girls are the future mothers, nurses, teachers of the race, and should feel how much depends on them. Merry could not resist the attractions of the friendly circle, and soon persuaded her mother to let her do as they did; so she got more exercise and less study, which was just what the delicate girl needed.

The first of the new ideas seemed to prosper, and the second, though suggested in joke, was carried out in earnest, for the other young people were seized with a strong desire to send something to the fair. In fact, all sorts of queer articles were proposed, and much fun prevailed, especially among the boys, who ransacked their gardens for mammoth vegetables, sighed for five-legged calves, blue roses, or any other natural curiosity by means of which they might distinguish themselves. Ralph was the only one who had anything really worth sending; for though Frank's model seemed quite



perfect, it obstinately refused to go, and at the last moment blew up with a report like a pop-gun. So it was laid away for repairs, and its disappointed maker devoted his energies to helping Jack keep Bun in order; for that indomitable animal got out of every prison they put him in, and led Jack a dreadful life during that last week. At all hours of the day and night that distracted boy would start up, crying, "There he is again!" and dart out to give chase and capture the villain, now grown too fat to run as he once did.

The very night before the fair, Frank was wakened by a chilly draught, and, getting up to see where it came from, found Jack's door open and bed empty, while the vision of a white ghost flitting about the garden suggested a midnight rush after old Bun. Frank watched laughingly, till poor Jack came toward the house with the gentleman in gray kicking lustily in his arms, and then whispered, in a sepulchral tone:

"Put him in the old refrigerator—he can't get out of that."

Blessing Frank for the suggestion, the exhausted hunter shut up his victim in the new cell, and found it a safe one, for Bun could not burrow through a sheet of zinc, nor climb up the smooth walls.

Jill's quilt was a very elaborate piece of work, being bright blue with little white stars all over it; this she finished nicely, and she felt sure no patient old lady could outdo it.

Merry decided to send butter, for she had been helping her mother in the dairy that summer, and rather liked the light part of the labor. She knew it would please her very much if she chose that instead of wild flowers, so she practiced molding the yellow pats into pretty shapes, that it might please both eye and taste.

Molly declared she would have a little pen, and put Boo in it as the prize fat boy,—a threat which so alarmed the innocent that he ran away, and was found two or three miles from home, asleep under the wall, with two seed-cakes and a pair of socks done up in a bundle. Being with difficulty convinced that it was a joke, he consented to return to his family, but was evidently suspicious, till Molly decided to send her cats, and set about preparing them for exhibition. The Minots' deserted Bunny-house was rather large; but as cats cannot be packed as closely as much-enduring sheep, Molly borrowed this desirable family mansion, and put her darlings into it, where they soon settled down, appearing to enjoy their new residence. It had been scrubbed up and painted red, cushions and plates were put in, and two American flags adorned the roof. Being barred all around, a fine view of the Happy Family could be had, now twelve in

number, as Molasses had lately added three white kits to the varied collection.

The girls thought this would be the most interesting spectacle of all, and Grif proposed to give some of the cats extra tails, to increase their charms, especially poor Mortification, who would appreciate the honor of two, after having none for so long. But Molly declined, and Grif looked about him for some attractive animal to exhibit, so that he, too, might go in free and come to honor, perhaps.

A young lady in the town owned a donkey,—a small, gray beast,—who insisted on tripping along the sidewalks and bumping her rider against the walls, as she paused to browse at her own sweet will, regardless of blows or cries, till ready to move on. Expressing great admiration for this rare animal, Grif obtained leave to display the charms of Graciosa at the fair. Little did she guess the dark designs entertained against her dignity, and happily she was not as sensitive to ridicule as a less humble-minded animal, so she went willingly with her new friend, and enjoyed the combing and trimming-up which she received at his hands, while he prepared for the great occasion.

When the morning of September 28th arrived, the town was all astir, and the fair-ground a lively scene. The air was full of the lowing of cattle, the tramp of horses, squealing of indignant pigs, and clatter of tongues, as people and animals streamed in at the great gate and found their proper places. Our young folks were in a high state of excitement, as they rumbled away with their treasures in a hay-cart. The Bunny-house might have been a cage of tigers, so rampant were the cats at this new move. Old Bun, in a small box, brooded over the insult of the refrigerator, and looked as fierce as a rabbit could. Gus had a coop of rare fowls, who clucked wildly all the way, while Ralph, with the bust in his arms, stood up in front, and Jill and Molly bore the precious bed-quilt, as they sat behind.

These objects of interest were soon arranged, and the girls went to admire Merry's golden buttercups among the green leaves, under which lay the ice that kept the pretty flowers fresh. The boys were down below, where the cackling was very loud, but not loud enough to drown the sonorous bray which suddenly startled them as much as it did the horses outside. A shout of laughter followed, and away went the lads, to see what the fun was, while the girls ran out on the balcony, as some one said, "It's that rogue of a Grif, with some new joke."

It certainly was, and, to judge from the peals of merriment, the joke was a good one. In at the gate came a two-headed donkey, ridden by Grif, in great spirits at his success, for the gate-keeper



laughed so he never thought to ask for toll. A train of boys followed him across the ground, lost in admiration of the animal and the cleverness of her rider. Among the stage properties of the Dramatic Club was the old ass's head once used in some tableaux from "Midsummer Night's Dream." This Grif had mended up, and fastened by means of straps and a collar to poor Graciosa's neck, hiding his work with a red cloth over her back. One eye was gone, but the other still opened and shut, and the long ears wagged by means of strings, which he slyly managed with the bridle, so the artificial head looked almost as natural as the real one. The

they nearly fell over the railing, and the boys were in ecstasies, especially when Grif, emboldened by his success, trotted briskly around the race-course, followed by the cheers of the crowd. Excited by the noise, Graciosa did her best, till the false head, loosened by the rapid motion, slipped around under her nose, causing her to stop so suddenly that Grif flew off, alighting on his own head with a violence which would have killed any other boy. Sobered by his downfall, he declined to mount again, but led his steed to repose in a shed, while he rejoined his friends, who were waiting impatiently to congratulate him on his latest and best prank.



GRIF CONTRIBUTES TO THE FAIR.

funniest thing of all was the innocent air of Graciosa, and the mildly inquiring expression with which she now and then turned to look at or to smell the new ornament, as if she recognized a friend's face, yet was perplexed by its want of animation. She vented her feelings in a bray, which Grif imitated, convulsing all hearers by the sound as well as by the wink the one eye gave, and the droll waggle of one erect ear, while the other pointed straight forward.

The girls laughed so at the ridiculous sight that

The committee went their rounds soon after, and, when the doors were again opened, every one hurried to see if their articles had received a premium. A card lay on the butter-cups, and Mrs. Grant was full of pride, because *her* butter always took a prize, and this proved that Merry was walking in her mother's steps, in this direction at least. Another card swung from the blue quilt, for the kindly judges knew who made it, and were glad to please the little girl, though several others as curious but not as pretty hung near by. The cats



were admired, but, as they were not among the animals usually exhibited, there was no prize awarded. Gus hoped his hens would get one; but somebody else outdid him, to the great indignation of Laura and Lotty, who had fed the white biddies faithfully for months. Jack was sure his rabbit was the biggest there, and went eagerly to look for his premium. But neither card nor Bun was to be seen, for the old rascal had escaped for the last time, and was never seen again; which was a great comfort to Jack, who was heartily tired of him.

Ralph's bust was the best of all, for not only did it get a prize, and much admiration, but a lady, who found Jill and Merry rejoicing over it, was so pleased with the truth and grace of the little head, that she asked about the artist, and if he would do one of her own child, who was so delicate she feared he might not live long.

Merry gladly told the story of her ambitious friend, and went to find him, that he might secure the order. While she was gone, Jill took up the tale, gratefully telling how kind he had been to her, how patiently he worked and waited, and how much he longed to go abroad. Fortunately, the lady was rich and generous, as well as fond of art, and being pleased with the bust, and interested in the young sculptor, gave him the order when he came, and filled his soul with joy by adding that, if it suited her when done, it should be put into marble. She lived in the city, and Ralph soon arranged his work so that he could give up his noon hour, and go to model the child; for every penny he could earn or save now was very precious, as he still hoped to go abroad.

The girls were so delighted with this good fortune that they did not stay for the races, but went home to tell the happy news, leaving the boys to care for the cats, and enjoy the various matches to come off that day.

"I'm so glad I tried to look pleasant when I was lying on the board while Ralph did my head, for the pleasantness got into the clay face, and that made the lady like it," said Jill, as she lay resting on the sofa.

"I always thought it was a dear, bright little face, but now I love and admire it more than ever," cried Merry, kissing it gratefully, as she remembered the help and pleasure it had given Ralph.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### DOWN THE RIVER.

A FORTNIGHT later, the boys were picking apples one golden October afternoon, and the girls were hurrying to finish their work, that they might go and help the harvesters. It was six weeks now

since the new school started, and the girls began to like it very much, though they found that it was not all play by any means. But lessons, exercise, and various sorts of housework made an agreeable change, and they felt that they were learning things which would be useful to them all their lives. They had been making under-clothes for themselves, and each had several neatly finished garments, cut, fitted and sewed by herself, and trimmed with the pretty tatting Jill had made in such quantities while she lay on her sofa.

Now they were completing new dressing-sacks, and had enjoyed this job very much, as each chose her own material, and suited her own taste in the making. Jill's was white, with tiny scarlet leaves all over it, trimmed with red braid, and buttons so like checker-berries she was tempted to eat them. Molly's was gay with bouquets of every sort of flower, scalloped all around, and adorned with six buttons, each of a different color, which she thought the last touch of elegance. Merry's, though the simplest, was the daintiest of the three, being pale blue, trimmed with delicate edging, and beautifully made.

Mrs. Minot had been reading from Miss Strickland's "Queens of England" while the girls worked, and an illustrated Shakspeare lay open on the table, as well as several fine photographs of historical places for them to look at as they went along. The hour was over now, the teacher gone, and the pupils were setting the last stitches as they talked over the lesson, which had interested them exceedingly.

"I really believe I have got Henry's six wives into my head right at last. Two Annes, three Katharines, and one Jane. Now I've seen where they lived and heard their stories, I quite feel as if I knew them," said Merry, shaking the threads off her work before she folded it up to carry home.

"King Henry the Eighth to six spouses was wedded,—  
One died, one survived, two divorced, two beheaded,"

was all I knew about them before. Poor things; what a bad time they did have!" added Jill, patting down the red braid, which would pucker a bit at the corners.

"Katharine Parr had the best of it, because she outlived the old tyrant and so kept her head on," said Molly, winding the thread around her last button, as if bound to fasten it on so firmly that nothing should decapitate that.

"I used to think I'd like to be a queen or a great lady, and wear velvet and jewels, and live in a palace, but now I don't care much for that sort of splendor. I like to make things pretty at home, and know that they all depend on me, and love me very much. Queens are not happy, and I am,"



said Merry, pausing to look at Anne Hathaway's cottage as she put up the pictures, and to wonder if it was very pleasant to have a famous man for one's husband.

"I guess your missionarying has done you good; mine has, and I'm getting to have things my own way more and more every day. Miss Bat is so amiable I hardly know her, and Father tells her to 'ask Miss Molly,' when she goes to him for orders. Is n't that fun?" laughed Molly, in high glee at the agreeable change. "I like it ever so much, but I don't want to stay so all my days. I mean to travel, and just as soon as I can I shall take Boo and go all around the world, and see everything," she added, waving her gay sack, as if it were the flag she was about to nail to the mast-head of her ship.

"Well, I should like to be famous in some way, and have people admire me very much. I like to act, or dance, or sing, or be what I heard the ladies at Pebbly Beach call a 'queen of society.' But I don't expect to be anything, and I'm not going to worry, for I shall *not* be a Lucinda, so I ought to be contented and happy all my life," said Jill, who was very ambitious in spite of the newly acquired meekness, which was all the more becoming because her natural liveliness often broke out like sunshine through a veil of light clouds.

If the three girls could have looked forward ten years, they would have been surprised to see how different a fate was theirs from the one each had chosen, and how happy each was in the place she was called to fill. Merry was not making the old farm-house pretty, but living in Italy, with a young sculptor for her husband, and beauty such as she never dreamed of all about her. Molly was not traveling around the world, but contentedly keeping house for her father and still watching over Boo, who was becoming her pride and joy as well as care. Neither was Jill a famous woman, but a very happy and useful one, with the two mothers leaning on her as they grew old, the young men better for her influence over them, many friends to love and honor her, and a charming home, where she was queen by right of her cheery spirit, grateful heart, and unflinching devotion to those who had made her what she was.

If any curious reader, not content with this peep into futurity, asks, "Did Molly and Jill ever marry?" we must reply, for the sake of peace: Molly remained a merry spinster all her days,—one of the independent, brave and busy creatures of whom there is such need in the world to help take care of other peoples' wives and children, and do the many useful jobs that the married folk have no time for. Jill certainly did wear a white veil on the day she was twenty-five, and called her husband

Jack. Further than that we cannot go, except to say that this leap did not end in a catastrophe, like the first one they took together.

That day, however, they never dreamed of what was in store for them, but chattered away as they cleared up the room, and then ran off ready for play, feeling they had earned it by work well done. They found the lads just finishing, with Boo to help by picking up the windfalls for the cider-heap, after he had amused himself by putting about a bushel down the various holes old Bun had left behind him. Jack was risking his neck climbing in the most dangerous places, while Frank, with a long-handled apple-picker, nipped off the finest fruit with care, both enjoying the pleasant task and feeling proud of the handsome red and yellow piles all about the little orchard. Merry and Molly caught up baskets and fell to work with all their might, leaving Jill to sit upon a stool and sort the early apples ready to use at once, looking up now and then to nod and smile at her mother, who watched her from the window, rejoicing to see her lass so well and happy.

It was such a lovely day, they all felt its cheerful influence; for the sun shone bright and warm, the air was full of an invigorating freshness which soon made the girls' faces look like rosy apples, and their spirits as gay as if they had been stealing sips of new cider through a straw. Jack whistled like a blackbird as he swung and bumped about, Frank orated and joked, Merry and Molly ran races to see who would fill and empty fastest, and Jill sang to Boo, who reposed in a barrel, exhausted with his labors.

"These are the last of the pleasant days, and we ought to make the most of them. Let's have one more picnic before the frost spoils the leaves," said Merry, resting a minute at the gate to look down the street, which was a glorified sort of avenue, with brilliant maples lining the way and carpeting the ground with crimson and gold.

"Oh, yes! Go down the river once more, and have supper on the island. I could n't go to some of your picnics, and I do long for a last good time before winter shuts me up again," cried Jill, eager to harvest all the sunshine she could, for she was not yet quite her old self again.

"I'm your man, if the other fellows agree. We can't barrel these up for a while, so to-morrow will be a holiday for us. Better make sure of the day while you can—this weather can't last long;" and Frank shook his head like one on intimate terms with Old Probabilities.

"Don't worry about those high ones, Jack. Give a shake, and come down and plan about the party," called Molly, throwing up a big Baldwin with what seemed a remarkably good aim, for a



shower of apples followed, and a boy came tumbling earthward, to catch on the lowest bough and swing down like a caterpillar, exclaiming, as he landed: "I'm glad that job is done! I've rasped every knuckle I've got, and worn out the knees of my trousers. Nice little crop, though, is n't it?"

"It will be nicer if this young man does not bite every apple he touches. Hi, there! Stop it, Boo!" commanded Frank, as he caught his young assistant putting his small teeth into the best ones, to see if they were sweet or sour.

Molly set the barrel up on end, and that took the boy out of the reach of mischief; so he retired from view and peeped through a crack as he ate his fifth pearmain, regardless of consequences.

"Gus will be at home to-morrow. He always comes up early on Saturday, you know. We can't get on without him," said Frank, who missed his mate very much, for Gus had entered college, and so far did not like it as much as he had expected.

"Or Ralph; he is very busy every spare minute on the little boy's bust, which is getting on nicely, he says; but he will be able to come home in time for supper, I think," added Merry, remembering the absent, as usual.

"I'll ask the girls on my way home, and all meet at two o'clock for a good row while it's warm. What shall I bring?" asked Molly, wondering if Miss Bat's amiability would extend to making goodies in the midst of her usual Saturday's baking.

"You bring coffee, and the big pot, and some buttered crackers. I'll see to the pie and cake, and the other girls can have anything else they like," answered Merry, glad and proud that she could provide the party with her own inviting handiwork.

"I'll take my zither, so we can have music as we sail, and Grif will bring his violin, and Ralph can imitate a banjo so that you'd be sure he had one. I do hope it will be fine; it is so splendid to go around like other folks and enjoy myself," cried Jill, with a little bounce of satisfaction at the prospect of a row and ramble.

"Come along, then, and make sure of the girls," said Merry, catching up her roll of work, for the harvesting was done.

Molly put her sack on as the easiest way of carrying it, and, extricating Boo, they went off, accompanied by the boys, "to make sure of the fellows" also, leaving Jill to sit among the apples, singing and sorting like a thrifty little housewife.

Next day, eleven young people met at the appointed place, basket in hand. Ralph could not come till later, for he was working now as he never worked before. They were a merry flock, for the mellow autumn day was even brighter and

clearer than yesterday, and the river looked its loveliest, winding away under the somber hemlocks, or through the fairy-land the gay woods made on either side. Two large boats and two small ones held them all, and away they went, first up through the three bridges and around the bend, then, turning, they floated down to the green island, where a grove of oaks rustled their sere leaves, and the squirrels were still gathering acorns. Here they often met to keep their summer revels, and here they now spread their feast on the flat rock, which needed no cloth beside its own gray lichens. The girls trimmed each dish with bright leaves, and made the supper look like a banquet for the elves, while the boys built a fire in the nook where ashes and blackened stones told of many a rustic meal. The big tin coffee-pot was not romantic, but it was more successful than a kettle slung on three sticks, gypsy fashion; so they did not risk a downfall, but set the water boiling, and soon filled the air with the agreeable perfume associated in their minds with picnics, as most of them never tasted the fascinating stuff at any other time, it being the worst thing children can drink.

Frank was cook, Gus helped cut bread and cake, Jack and Grif brought wood, while Bob Walker took Joe's place and made himself generally useful, as the other gentleman never did, and so was quite out of favor lately.

All was ready at last, and they were just deciding to sit down without Ralph, when a shout told them he was coming, and down the river skimmed a wherry at such a rate the boys wondered whom he had been racing with.

"Something has happened, and he is coming to tell us," said Jill, who sat where she could see his eager face.

"Nothing bad, or he would n't smile so. He is glad of a good row and a little fun after working so hard all the week;" and Merry shook a red napkin as a welcoming signal.

Something certainly had happened, and a very happy something it must be, they all thought, as Ralph came on with flashing oars, and leaping out as the boat touched the shore, ran up the slope, waving his hat, and calling in a glad voice, sure of sympathy in his delight: "Good news! Good news! Hurrah for Rome, next month!"

The young folks forgot their supper for a moment, to congratulate him on his happy prospect, and hear all about it, while the leaves rustled as if echoing the kind words, and the squirrels sat up aloft, wondering what all the pleasant clamor was about.

"Yes, I'm really going in November. German asked me to-day to go with him, and if there is any little hitch in my getting off, he'll lend a hand,

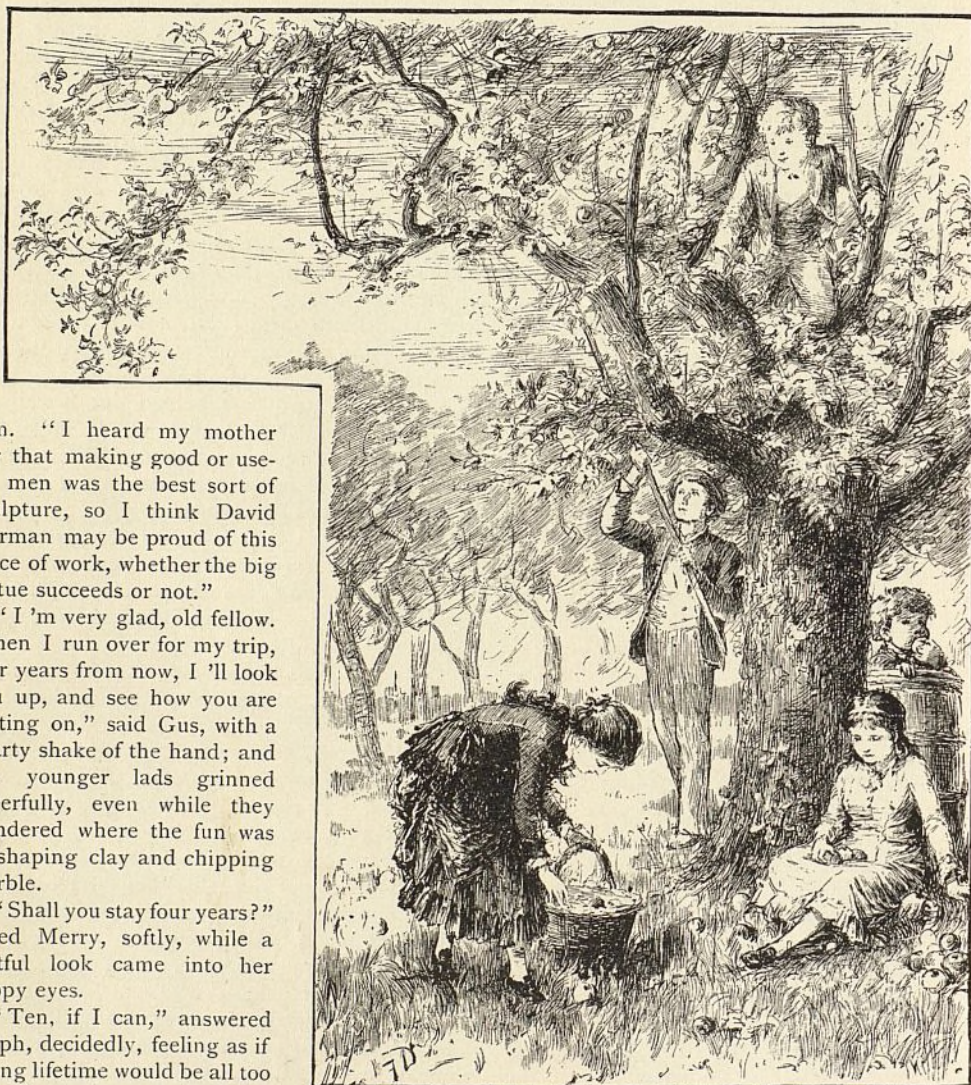


and I—I'll black his boots, wet his clay, and run his errands the rest of my life to pay for this!" cried Ralph, in a burst of gratitude; for, independent as he was, the kindness of this successful friend to a deserving comrade touched and won his heart.

"I call that a handsome thing to do!" said Frank, warmly, for noble actions always pleased

then; I like to hear of other people's good times while I'm waiting for my own," said Molly, too much interested to observe that Grif was sticking burs up and down her braids.

"Of course, I shall write to some of you, but you must n't expect any great things for years yet. People don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and



HAPPY WORK FOR AN OCTOBER DAY.

him. "I heard my mother say that making good or useful men was the best sort of sculpture, so I think David German may be proud of this piece of work, whether the big statue succeeds or not."

"I'm very glad, old fellow. When I run over for my trip, four years from now, I'll look you up, and see how you are getting on," said Gus, with a hearty shake of the hand; and the younger lads grinned cheerfully, even while they wondered where the fun was in shaping clay and chipping marble.

"Shall you stay four years?" asked Merry, softly, while a wistful look came into her happy eyes.

"Ten, if I can," answered Ralph, decidedly, feeling as if a long lifetime would be all too short for the immortal work he meant to do. "I've got so much to learn, that I shall do whatever David thinks best for me at first, and when I *can* go alone, I shall just shut myself up and forget that there is any world outside my den."

"Do write and tell us how you get on, now and

butter, you'll find," answered Ralph, sobering down a little as he remembered the long and steady effort it had taken to get even so far.

"Speaking of bread and butter reminds me that we'd better eat ours before the coffee gets quite



cold," said Annette, for Merry seemed to have forgotten that she had been chosen to play matron, as she was the oldest.

The boys seconded the motion, and for a few minutes supper was the all-absorbing topic, as the cup went around and the goodies vanished rapidly, accompanied by the usual mishaps which make picnic meals such fun. Ralph's health was drunk with all sorts of good wishes; and such splendid prophecies were made, that he would have far surpassed Michael Angelo if they could have come true. Grif gave him an order on the spot for a full-length statue of himself, and stood up to show the imposing attitude in which he wished to be taken, but unfortunately slipped and fell forward, with one hand in the custard pie, the other clutching wildly at the coffee-pot, which inhospitably burnt his fingers.

"I think I grasp the idea, and will be sure to remember not to make your hair blow one way and the tails of your coat another, as a certain sculptor made those of a famous man," laughed Ralph, as the fallen hero scrambled up, amidst general merriment.

"Will the little bust be done before you go?" asked Jill, anxiously, feeling a personal interest in the success of that order.

"Yes; I've been hard at it every spare minute I could get, and have a fortnight more. It suits Mrs. Lennox, and she will pay well for it, so I shall have something to start with, though I have n't been able to save much. I'm to thank you for that bust, and I shall send you the first pretty thing I get hold of," answered Ralph, looking gratefully at the bright face, which grew still brighter as Jill exclaimed:

"I do feel so proud to know a real artist, and have my bust done by him. I only wish I could pay for it as Mrs. Lennox does; but I have n't any money, and you don't need the sort of things I can make," she added, shaking her head, as she thought over knit slippers, wall-pockets, and crochet in all its forms, as offerings to her departing friend.

"You can write often, and tell me all about everybody, for I shall want to know, and people will soon forget me when I'm gone," said Ralph, looking at Merry, who was making a garland of yellow leaves for Juliet's black hair.

Jill promised, and kept her word; but the longest letters went from the farm-house on the hill, though no one knew the fact till long afterward. Merry said nothing now, but she smiled, with a pretty color in her cheeks, and was very much absorbed in her work, while the talk went on.

"I wish I was twenty, and going to seek my fortune, as you are," said Jack; and the other boys agreed with him, for something in Ralph's

new plans and purposes roused the manly spirit in all of them, reminding them that playtime would soon be over, and the great world before them, where to choose.

"It is easy enough to say what you'd like; but the trouble is, you have to take what you can get, and make the best of it," said Gus, whose own views were rather vague as yet.

"No, you don't, always; you can *make* things go as you want them, if you only try hard enough, and walk right over whatever stands in the way. I don't mean to give up my plans for any man; but, if I live, I'll carry them out,—you see if I don't;" and Frank gave the rock where he lay a blow with his fist that sent the acorns flying.

One of them hit Jack, and he said, sorrowfully, as he held it in his hand so carefully it was evident he had some association with it:

"Ed used to say that, and he had some splendid plans, but they did n't come to anything."

"Perhaps they did; who can tell? Do your best while you live, and I don't believe anything good is lost, whether we have it a long or a short time," said Ralph, who knew what a help and comfort high hopes were, and how they led to better things, if worthily cherished.

"A great many acorns are wasted, I suppose; but some of them sprout and grow, and make splendid trees," added Merry, feeling more than she knew how to express, as she looked up at the oaks overhead.

Only seven of the party were sitting on the knoll now, for the rest had gone to wash the dishes and pack the baskets down by the boats. Jack and Jill, with the three elder boys, were in a little group, and as Merry spoke, Gus said to Frank:

"Did you plant yours?"

"Yes, on the lawn, and I mean it shall come up if I can make it," answered Frank, gravely.

"I put mine where I can see it from the window, and not forget to water and take care of it," added Jack, still turning the pretty brown acorn to and fro as if he loved it.

"What do they mean?" whispered Merry to Jill, who was leaning against her knee to rest.

"The boys were walking in the cemetery last Sunday, as they often do, and when they came to Ed's grave, the place was all covered with little acorns from the tree that grows on the bank. They each took up some as they stood talking, and Jack said he should plant his, for he loved Ed very much, you know. The others said they would, too; and I hope the trees will grow, though we don't need anything to remember him by," answered Jill, in a low tone, thinking of the pressed flowers the girls kept for his sake.

The boys heard her, but no one spoke for a



moment as they sat looking across the river, toward the hill where the pines whispered their lullabies and pointed heavenward, steadfast and green, all the year round. None of them could express the thought that was in their minds as Jill told the little story; but the act and the feeling that prompted it were perhaps as beautiful an assurance as could have been given that the dear dead boy's example had not been wasted, for the planting of the acorns was a symbol of the desire budding in those young hearts to be what he might have been, and to make their lives nobler for the knowledge and the love of him.

"It seems as if a great deal had happened this year," said Merry, in a pensive tone, for this quiet talk just suited her mood.

"So I say, for there's been a Declaration of Independence and a Revolution in our house, and I'm commander-in-chief now; and don't I like it!" cried Molly, complacently surveying the neat new uniform she wore, of her own choosing.

"I feel as if I never learned so much in my life as I have since last December, and yet I never did so little," added Jill, wondering why the months of weary pain did not seem more dreadful to her.

"Well, pitching on my head seems to have given me a good shaking up, somehow, and I mean to do great things next year in better ways than breaking my bones coasting," said Jack, with a manly air.

"I feel like a Siamese twin without his mate, now you are gone, but I'm under orders for a while, and mean to do my best. Guess it won't be lost

time;" and Frank nodded at Gus, who nodded back with the slightly superior expression all Freshmen wear.

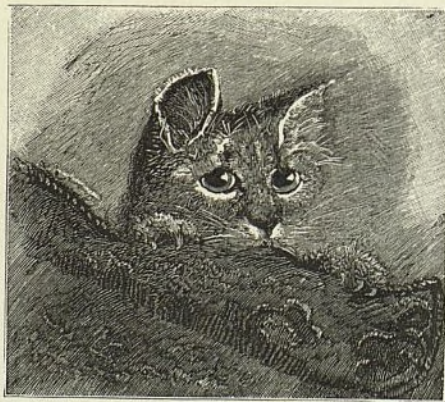
"Hope you won't find it so. My work is all cut out for me, and I intend to go in and win, though it is more of a grind than you fellows know."

"I'm sure I have everything to be grateful for. It won't be plain sailing,—I don't expect it; but, if I live, I'll do something to be proud of," said Ralph, squaring his shoulders as if to meet all obstacles as he looked into the glowing west, which was not fairer than his ambitious dreams.

Here we will say good-bye to these girls and boys of ours as they sit together in the sunshine, talking over a year that was to be forever memorable to them, not because of any very remarkable events, but because they were just beginning to look about them as they stepped out of childhood into youth, and some of the experiences of the past months had set them to thinking, taught them to see the use and beauty of the small duties, joys and sorrows which make up our lives, and inspired them to resolve that the coming year should be braver and brighter than the last.

There are many such boys and girls, full of high hopes, lovely possibilities, and earnest plans, pausing a moment before they push their little boats from the safe shore. Let those who launch them see to it that they have good health to man the oars, good education for ballast, and good principles as pilots to guide them, as they voyage down an ever-widening river to the sea.

THE END.

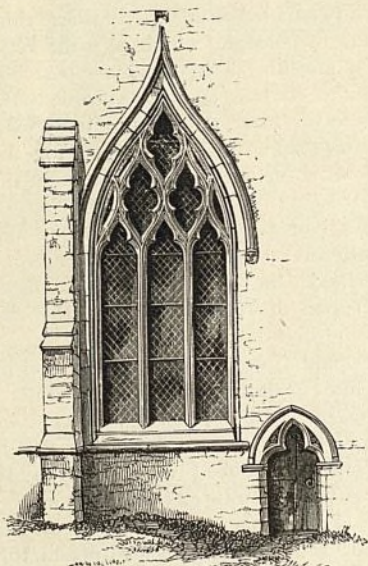


NAUGHTY KITTEN: "IT IS THE CAT!"



## LILY CHAPEL.

BY EMMA K. PARRISH.



A GOTHIC WINDOW.

JAMIE was lame. Can you guess what it is to be lame? Not to play with other boys, and to know nothing of skating or snow-balling. Always to have to stay in-doors and amuse yourself in quiet ways. Yet Jamie was never unhappy—not a bit.

He was fond of planning and contriving, and kept himself busy a great deal of the time in manufacturing pretty little articles of all sorts, most of which he gave away when finished. He was an industrious child, and very persevering. "I hate to leave anything unfinished," he would often say to his mamma. "It makes me feel unhappy, somehow, as if I had done something wrong."

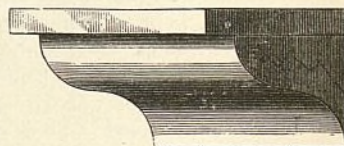
Once, in looking over an old magazine, he came upon a picture which charmed him greatly. It was a scene in church. There was the beautifully carved roof, the altar, with fresh lilies and roses standing upon it, the arched windows, and high up, over the chancel, a round rose-window full of colored glass. It was all so beautiful that Jamie longed to see the real church; he began to wonder if it were not possible for him to imitate it in some way.

Very soon, as a beginning, he begged a large

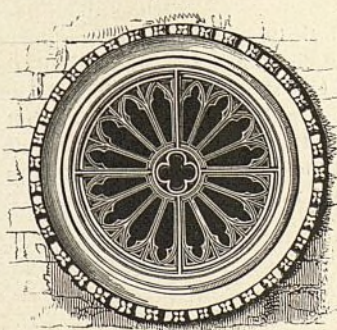
pasteboard box from his mamma, who possessed a convenient knack of always having in hand precisely the thing which Jamie wanted. The box was a foot wide and about eighteen inches long. This, Jamie thought, would do nicely for the body of the church. First of all he measured carefully, and with a sharp knife cut three windows on each side of the box, Gothic windows with arched tops. Then he cut a great door at one end, so big that all the inside was visible, and lined the walls inside with cream-tinted paper, which Mamma gave him from her writing-desk. Mamma also gave him twenty-five cents, with which to buy material. He spent it in paper,—chestnut-colored paper for the seats, and some large sheets of yellow for the outside of the church. The money was enough for all, and left five cents over for further expenses.

Mamma helped in cutting out the seats. They had pointed ends with open-work in them, and were made "as Gothic as we could," Jamie explained afterward. There were two rows of seats, arranged so as to leave an aisle between them and one on each side. The middle aisle was three inches wide, and the side aisles an inch and a half each.

The seats were cut three inches long, and were made from stiff pasteboard. It was hard work to paste the chestnut paper over this, but Jamie persevered, in his resolute way, and it looked very well when all was done.



WHAT THE PULPIT AND DESK WERE MADE OF.



A ROSE-WINDOW.

Next, Jamie cut out a part of the end wall, and pasted into it a curved piece of pasteboard, to resemble what is called a "chancel." This he covered with the same kind of paper which lined the inside. There were twenty pews in each row, between the door and the chancel, and Mamma helped Jamie to cushion them, first with thin layers of cotton, and then covers of wine-colored merino, which stayed on beautifully and looked just like real pew-cushions. The floor under the pews was carpeted with the same merino, but the aisles were laid with some old-fashioned wine-colored ribbon,



flowered with yellow satin, and bordered with yellow edges. There were two widths in the center aisle, and one in each of the side aisles.

The window panes troubled Jamie very much. He did n't want empty holes in the wall, and could not for a long time invent any way of overcoming the difficulty. At last, a brilliant thought struck him.

"Why would n't colored paper do, Mamma?" he asked, eagerly.

"Nicely," said his mother; "why did n't we think of that before? The Pilgrim Fathers used oiled papers for window glass, they say, so why not you?"

Mamma's stationery-box was again called upon, a delicate gray tint was selected, and carefully cut into the shape of the windows, with holes in the form of diamonds and stars cut out in them. Then bright-colored scraps were chosen to enliven the gray, carefully shaped to fit the spaces, and pasted on. Jamie wanted something more elaborate than diamonds and stars, but his mother thought he would better not attempt any shapes which were more difficult than these, so he decided not to try them for the side windows, but had in his mind a beautiful intricate design for a round window behind the pulpit.

Papa looked in occasionally, to see how the church was getting on, and Baby Lily spent most of her time admiring it. She considered Jamie one of the seven wonders of the world!

Jamie's papa kept a furniture store, and also dealt in picture-frames. One evening, when he came home, Jamie was delighted with the present of several pieces of beautiful wooden molding. Some were fluted, some carved. They were of different widths; where the plain wood showed at the ends, Jamie varnished it over. The pieces were about an inch in length. One broad, thick one made a superb pulpit, and another the prettiest little reading-desk in the world.

Next, Jamie constructed a neat little platform from a shallow pasteboard box, about eight inches long and three inches wide, made two steps on each side, and carpeted them with the flowered ribbon. He then carpeted the platform with some more of the merino, and glued the pulpit in its place, with the reading-desk about two inches

from it on one side, and a font, made of a brass thimble set in a stand of twigs glued together and varnished, on the other.

An organ and a choir was his next ambition. And his imagination even took such daring flights as steeples, chimes, and registers in the floor. But Mamma persuaded him to give these things up. All except the steeple, which he made very ingeniously, by fastening a small, square pasteboard box on top of his church, an oblong one on that, a small round one on that, and a slim pasteboard cone surmounting all; the whole glued together, and covered with yellow paper to match the walls below.

It really had a very successful effect, and when the "catherine-wheel window," as Papa called it, was finished, and "dim, religious light" fell through upon the gorgeous aisles, the effect was beautiful beyond description.

Jamie could draw and paint nicely, and he made several short scripture texts for the walls. They were in no one style of lettering, but combined Old English, German, and anything else that took his fancy; but they looked very pretty and bright, painted as they were in gay water-colors.

The paper on the outer walls was measured off with a rule and marked with lead-pencil, to imitate blocks of stone. Jamie made a high, sharp roof of stiff pasteboard bent to form a peak. Before putting it on, he frescoed the inside with designs on colored paper, and painted colored figures in between the designs as well as he could. He did not feel himself enough of an artist to attempt anything very elaborate.

Some very tiny mosses and michella sprays were put into the font, and into a tiny vase, which Jamie placed on the reading-desk. He wanted to have lilies, also, as in the picture which had pleased him so much, but none could be had which were small enough, so at last he stuck in a few very white popped-corns among the green, and I assure you the effect was really pretty.

Last of all, the structure was christened "The Lily Chapel," and given to Baby Lily, not as a toy to play with, but to stand on a table and be admired for hours together. Would not some of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls like to try to make a similar one?





## DAY-DREAMS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHITE wings over the water, fluttering over the sea,  
 White wings over the water, what are you bringing me?  
 A fairy prince in a golden boat,  
 With golden ringlets that fall and float,  
 A velvet cap and a taffeta coat,—  
 This you are bringing to me!

Fairy, fairy prince-kin, sailing hither to me,  
 Silk and satin and velvet, what are you coming to see?  
 A little girl in a calico gown,  
 With hair and eyes of dusky brown,  
 Who sits on the wharf of the fishing town,  
 Looking away to sea.

Golden, golden sunbeams, touch me with wands of gold,  
 Make me a beautiful princess, radiant to behold.  
 Blue and silver and ermine fine,  
 Diamond-drops that flash and shine,—  
 So shall I meet this prince of mine,  
 Fairer than may be told.

White wings over the water, fluttering far away,  
 Dark clouds hiding the sunbeams, sullen, cold and gray.  
 Back I go in my calico gown,  
 Back to the hut in the fishing town,  
 And oh! but the night shuts darkly down  
 After the summer day.





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

By H. H.

## PART SECOND.

VERY little was said to me that night. I was somewhat sobered by the sad faces and the silence, and went to bed with rather gloomy forebodings about the morrow.

"I wish they had whipped me to-night and had it over," I thought; "but I suppose it will be done in the morning." However, I was too tired to lie awake, even from dread of a whipping, and I slept like a top all night long.

The next morning I went down-stairs with some anxiety at my heart, but I tried to look as if nothing were the matter. To my great surprise, everybody else looked so, too. Nobody made the least allusion to what had happened the day before. The servants said nothing; my grandfather and father and mother said nothing; little Ann said nothing; there was a sort of gravity on all their faces; but, excepting for that, all went on as usual. I was utterly perplexed. I did not know which way to look, or what to say.

I think I have never felt more uncomfortable in all my life, before or since. My mind was full of the incidents of my runaway trip. I also was full of a certain sort of penitence, not very hearty nor deep, but still I was sorry everybody had been made so uncomfortable by my naughtiness. In the course of the day several neighbors called, and began to speak of the affair; but my mother made the briefest replies to them, and changed the subject instantly. At last I could not stand it any longer, and I began to speak about it to Mrs. Smith. Her countenance clouded at once, and she said:

"I should think you'd be ashamed to allude to it, Miss. If you got what you deserve, you'd get the biggest whipping ever you had in your life."

"Well, I expect I shall get it?" replied I, interrogatively.

Mrs. Smith pursed up her lips, and would say no more.

Well, this state of things went on day after day, till I was at my wits' end with discomfort and suspense. I felt myself in a sort of disgrace, which was all the harder to bear because there was so little that I could define in it. I went and came, just as before; everybody spoke pleasantly to me; nothing in all the routine of my daily life was changed in the smallest degree; only I felt that

everybody was thinking about my runaway day, and nobody would speak of it; and I was thinking about it all the time, and yet I did not dare to speak of it.

I was quite miserable, excepting when I was in school. There I was elated and gay. I was quite a heroine, in the estimation of the younger scholars. I had walked all the way to Hadley. They were never tired of hearing me recount the incidents of the day, and I, on my part, was never tired of telling them. We even concocted a plan for going in a body, some Saturday, to the little pine-grove, to recover the treasures which I had been so cruelly and unjustly compelled to leave there. I do not remember how many days this state of things lasted, but I think it must have been at least ten days or two weeks. The whole matter was gradually passing from my mind, and I had almost left off wondering why I had not been punished, when one morning, after breakfast, my father said, as he left the room:

"Helen, I would like to see you in my study a little while."

Oh, how my heart sank within me! I knew what was coming—that long-deferred punishment. How much worse it seemed to have it so long after the offense. I went upstairs with very slow steps, and I stood some minutes at the study door before knocking. As soon as I saw my father's face, I knew it was not a whipping I was to have, but something a great deal worse—a long talk.

"My little daughter," he said, "your mother and I have been waiting very anxiously all these days, to see if you would express any sorrow for the very wrong thing you did in running away from home, and leading your little playmate Mary away with you."

"Oh, dear," thought I to myself, "this is what it meant, is it? If I'd only known, I'd have said I was sorry, fast enough."

I began to cry.

"But I was sorry," I said. "I am real sorry."

My father looked very stern.

"Yes, I do not doubt you are sorry now," he said, "because you see that you are to be punished; but if you had felt any true penitence, you would have expressed it to your mother and to me, long before this. You may go up into the garret, now, and stay there till I come to see you."

Very sullenly I went up into the garret. I had



spent a good many solitary days in that garret, and I hated the place with all my heart. It was a small garret, with one window to the west, but the barn, and kitchen chimney and roof, were nearly all that I could see from this window. Only part of the floor was boarded over, the rest was left unfinished, with the plaster sticking up in rough ridges between the laths. There was nothing in the garret excepting some old boxes and trunks, piles of old newspapers and a few bundles of herbs hung up to dry. The chimney-stack stood out by itself in the unfinished part, and I used to spend many an hour fancying how, if Indians came, I could possibly hide behind that chimney-stack. There was an old cricket, covered with red carpet, with little brass rings at each end and little brass claws for feet, which stood by the window, and I always sat on it when I was shut up in the garret. But this morning I was so angry that I kicked the cricket over and over, and then sat on the floor. For a little while I cried hard. Then, the more I thought about it, the more I felt that I had been unjustly treated. "If they wanted me to say I was sorry," I said to myself, "they might have asked me. They might have known I would n't dare to say anything about it, if they did n't. They're real mean to let me go all this while, and then punish me after all." You see, I was still so thoroughly naughty a girl that I did not realize what I had done.

At noon Sarah Ann (she was a negro girl, my little sister's nurse) brought up my dinner to me, on a tray. A very nice dinner—just the same that the family were eating down-stairs; but it did not taste good to me, all alone in my prison.

"Sarah," said I, eagerly, "do you know how long I'm going to be kept up here?"

Sarah shook her head.

"Have n't you heard them say anything about it?" I persisted.

"I'm not to speak a word to you," replied Sarah, severely. "So it's no use your asking me any more questions," and she left the garret.

"I don't care!" I said to myself. "They're just as cruel to me as they can be. I dare say they'll keep me shut up, like Caspar Hauser, till I can't speak. I won't eat any dinner! I'll starve myself, and then they'll be sorry. I wonder if they'll put on my grave-stone: 'Starved to death by her parents.' Oh, no, they could n't do that, if it was only because I would n't eat that I died. Anyhow, I mean to do something to pay them off for this," and I looked round and round the garret, to see what I could do. There seemed to be no chance for any mischief there. Then I looked out of the window, on the kitchen roof, and thought of lowering myself down on that, and

pushing over the kitchen chimney, but I was afraid I should slip on the steep roof and fall to the ground. Besides, I had some doubts whether I could push the chimney over. Suddenly a thought struck me: such a wicked and mischievous one. I cannot imagine, to this day, how it ever came into a child's head. You remember I told you that the greater part of the garret floor was left unfinished, with the rough plaster sticking up in ridges between the laths. You could only go about in this part of the garret by stepping carefully from beam to beam. My mother had told me that if we stepped where the plaster and laths were, we might break through into the chamber.

"I know what I'll do; I'll poke holes into all the chamber ceilings," I said to myself. I looked about for a weapon; away out under the eaves I found a big nail, and also a small, sharp-pointed stick. With these two I went to work, as nearly as I could make out, where the spare chamber was. When I got the first hole made, I lay down very cautiously, stretching my body across from beam to beam, and looked through into the room below. Yes, I had hit the very spot. I could look down on the spare-chamber bed. Then I worked like a beaver. It was very hard work, too, to balance myself on the narrow timbers, which were pretty far apart, and to grind away with my nail and stick in the plaster. But I persevered. I think I must have worked three or four hours. I made the holes in straight lines, following the lines of the timber back and forth across the room, till the ceiling was full of holes. The carpet below was covered with little piles of white plaster—a little pile under each hole.

Then I made one very big hole, and lay down with my eye at that, to watch for my father. I knew he would come through that room, when he came to the garret to speak to me. I was very tired, and nearly fell asleep before he came. At last he opened the door. The first thing he saw was a little pile of white dust at his feet; he brushed that away, and was passing on, when suddenly he caught sight of more piles. He was very near-sighted, and wore glasses. I saw him straighten the glasses on his nose, and look curiously on the floor; then he stooped down and touched one of the little piles with his finger; he was thoroughly perplexed; suddenly it flashed on his mind what it must be; he glanced swiftly up at the ceiling, and saw it full of holes as a colander.

"That child!" I heard him exclaim, and he took great strides across the room in the direction of the hall leading to the garret stairs. I scrambled back to the window, and was sitting very still on my cricket when he opened the garret door.

It is not necessary to tell what happened then;



only I will say that, though to-day I disapprove quite as much of the practice of whipping children as I did when I was a child, I must confess that I think if ever a child deserved a whipping I deserved the one I got then.

I spent one week in that garret. My breakfasts and dinners and suppers were brought up to me,

a piece of cloth for pillow-cases, and I was to hem towels and make pillow-cases, and she would keep an exact account of it all, at the same prices she would have had to pay to a seamstress, till I had earned seven dollars. Now, if any of you think that it is an easy thing to earn seven dollars hemming towels and making pillow-cases, just try it. Oh,



THE PRISONER.

always the very same food I should have had downstairs. At night I was taken down and put to bed, and in the morning I was dressed and led back to my jail. I was allowed to have some books, and I had another occupation about which I will tell you, because I think it was the best part of my punishment. On the second day, my mother came up into the garret and had a long, kind talk with me. She told me that, on the day I ran away, two of the gentlemen who were kindly driving about in search of us had had a skittish horse; and this horse, taking fright, had upset the buggy and broken it, so it would cost seven dollars to have it mended. My mother said that, as I disliked to sew more than almost anything else in the world, if I had to do sewing enough to earn seven dollars, it would make me remember my naughty runaway longer than any other punishment she could invent. I thought so, too, and I do assure you that, when my mother said this, my heart sank within me. So, she said, she had bought a piece of toweling, and

how I did sew! Long afternoons, when I ached all over from sitting still, and when all the other children were out at play, or going for May flowers, I sat at home and stitched and stitched on those towels and pillow-cases. I thought I never should get the work done. The account was in a little yellow-covered blank-book, which was kept in the big basket with the work; and every night my mother used to put down what I had earned in the day, and add it up for me. She did not hurry me to do any more than I chose, each day; but she said to me:

"Now, if I were in your place, I would not have this job dragging around all summer. I'd just hurry through it, and have it off my mind."

And I felt so, too. I could not take the least comfort in playing when I remembered that big basket piled up with pillow-cases and towels; and I hardly stirred out of the house, except to school, till they were all done. I overheard my mother say to a neighbor, one day:



"I'm really afraid Helen will make herself ill over that sewing. She drives so at it, my heart aches for the child."

It did not make me ill, however. It was one of the very best things that ever happened to me; but it took me weeks and weeks and weeks to get to the end of it.

Now, perhaps you think this was the last of my punishments. Not at all. The worst one, and the one which lasted longest, I have not yet told you anything about. It was a punishment with which my father and mother had nothing to do, and which nobody thought of as being a punishment at all. It was what we call a "natural punishment,"—the sort of punishment which will surely, sooner or later, overtake everybody, young or old, who does wrong. It was the reputation of that piece of naughtiness. It followed me year after year, day by day, and I never knew when or where or how it would fall upon me. Sometimes people would come to our house to see my father or mother, and I would be sitting quietly in the room, minding my own business, and, all of a sudden, somebody would turn to me, and say:

"Got rested from that long walk of yours, Miss Helen?" or, "What quarter of the globe do you propose to visit next?" or, "Well, Miss Runaway, do they let you go out by yourself yet?" and hundreds of other questions and speeches of the same sort, which they did not once think would hurt my feelings, but which did mortify me terribly.

Very often my father and mother used to take drives to the neighboring towns, and carry my sister Ann and me with them, and almost always they used to stop at the house of some friend to make a call; and I do believe it happened, in nine cases out of ten,—at any rate, for a year or two,—that some one would say, looking from Ann to me:

"Well, which of these little people was it that took that famous walk to Hadley?"

Then my father would look very grave, and put-

ting his hand on my shoulder, would say, in a sad voice:

"This is the little daughter that gave us that terrible fright," and then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up. The worst trial of all, however, was once at a Commencement dinner. Those of you who know anything about college towns know what "commencement dinner" means. It is the greatest occasion of the year, and it is very seldom that the children in any house are allowed to come to the table to the commencement dinner. Everybody has as many friends and strangers as he can possibly seat on that day, and children have to wait. But it so happened that, on this day, somebody who had promised to come to our house staid away, so there was a vacant seat at the table, and my mother said that, as a very great treat, I might come. I was almost wild with excitement; such a big table; such a fine dinner, and so many gentlemen to tell stories and laugh. I had often listened in the hall, and heard the fun at commencement dinners, but I never expected to sit at one myself, till I was a grown woman like my mother. Would you believe it, that the dinner had hardly begun, when one of the gentlemen, a red-haired minister (I remember him distinctly, but I won't tell his name, because he may be alive yet), leaned forward, and, looking at me, said, in oh, such a loud voice:

"Is this the little pedestrian?"

I burst out crying, and ran away from the table, and that was the only commencement dinner at which I ever sat down. I began to think I should never hear the end of that trip, as long as I lived, and I am not at all sure I ever shall, for, even to this day, I now and then meet somebody who was a student in Amherst College at that time, and before he is through talking with me, he is sure to say, "I wonder if you recollect anything about the time you ran away and walked all the way to Hadley?"



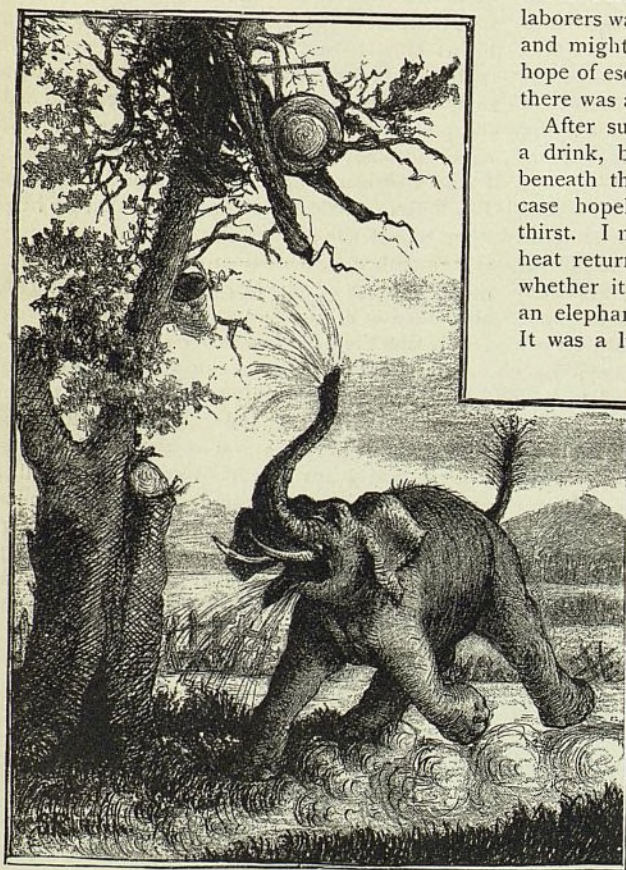


## THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. NO. VIII.

## A GREEN MAN AND A "GREEN BEAST."

ONE season I got tired of African vegetables, and concluded to grow some corn and asparagus in a field about half a mile from my house. I had inclosed the land with a strong fence, and was on my way to paint the fence green, with a view to preserving the wood and keeping off certain insects. I had nothing in my hand but the paint-pot, never dreaming that I should meet any dangerous brute so close to the company's station.

Just as I got inside the inclosure, I heard the



trumpeting of an elephant, and saw a huge animal charging at me, trunk in air. It is very uncommon for an elephant to attack a man, unprovoked; but this one was a "rogue," which, being driven out from the herd, becomes the most vicious and dangerous of its kind.

This I found out afterward, for, at the time, I bent all my thoughts and all my energies upon reaching the nearest large tree, knowing that I should not be safe in a small one. My tree of refuge was a baobab, small of its kind, not being over fifteen feet in circuit. It was easy to climb, and so, hardly knowing what I was doing, I took my paint-pot up with me.

On came the elephant, right through the fence, which snapped in pieces before him, only seeming to increase his rage.

I knew I was in for a long siege, unless some one should come that way; for one of my negro laborers was laid up, and the other was out fishing, and might be out all night. Nor was there any hope of escaping when the brute went to water, for there was a brook in sight of the tree.

After sunset, the elephant did withdraw to take a drink, but came straight back, and lay down beneath the tree. About that time, I thought my case hopeless, for I was already suffering from thirst. I might last till the morning, but when the heat returned I must faint and fall. I wondered whether it would be pleasanter to be trampled by an elephant, or to poison myself with green paint. It was a lucky thing that I thought of that paint, for it put an idea into my head.

Acting upon this idea, I began to tease the brute and disturb his repose, by throwing broken twigs and shouting at him. I wanted to make him particularly mad with me, so that he would let anybody else pass him unmolested.

Then I took off all my outer clothes, and having made them fast where I had been sitting, I painted myself green from head to foot! Of course he could not see what I was doing in the dark.

At the first signs of dawn, I descended to a lower bough, taking my snuff-box with me. This I opened and threw at his head, thinking it advisable to impair his sense of smell, if possible. He started to his feet and looked about him. It

was lighter now, for it lightens quickly in Africa; but he could not see me, as I was the same color as the leaves of the baobab. So he merely fixed his gaze on my clothes, and sneezed.

Just then I slipped down to a still lower branch, and from that to the ground, and walked away—



coolly in one sense of the word,—for I was shivering with fright.

He looked at me for one moment only: it was not a green man nor a green monkey that he was

after. So I left him sneezing and trumpeting furiously—at my garments.

The elephant was wrong in believing the common adage that “the tailor makes the man.”

## ZACK'S EXCURSION TRIP.

BY EMMA L. PLYMPTON.



CONSIDERING the hard life Zack had to lead, he bore his fortune pretty bravely. But now and then he could not help calling himself the most unlucky fellow in the country; and if being boy-of-all-work to the meanest man in the neighborhood gives one the right to that title, then he might well lay claim to it. His employer, Simon Baxter, kept the little variety shop of the country village in which he lived; that is to say,

Zack kept it, and he kept Zack, and Zack was pretty tired of the arrangement; for as if measuring and selling oil, mackerel, stale confectionery and gaudy calicoes all day was not enough, through the long winter evenings he must needs be kept picking out the decayed apples from the barrels, or smoking hams in the little building devoted to that purpose.

He used to long for the season to be over, when such duties would necessarily be at an end; but when, at last, the warm, lightsome summer evenings came, he found that they brought with them their own occupations. There was the damp, mildewed cellar to be cleared of its winter accumulations, and the store to be made ready for the new grains and roots that were to take the place of those of last year; and many an evening, when the heat was so intense that the shop was deserted even by the loafers that frequented it, Zack sat up there far into the night, settling up the books or taking account of stock, before he was permitted to crawl upstairs to the little room over the shop that served as the joint apartment of himself and master.

It was one morning after one of these midnight vigils that Zack, having snatched a few hours of sleep toward day-break, awoke in a very sorry mood indeed, for the opposite cot on which his employer nightly reposed was vacated. It was not that a sight of the sharp-featured face that usually, at this

hour, appeared above the bed-clothes, was necessary to his happiness, but because there was an understanding between them whereby the earliest riser might serve himself first from the contents of the tin-pail which contained the breakfast—an arrangement devised by the shop-keeper to incite Zack to early hours.

On the present occasion, to his great disgust, he found only a half cracker in that receptacle. In fact, everything went wrong with him; and when, a little later in the day, he was sent to the back part of the building to fetch some kerosene for a customer, he put the little can he had brought with him under the faucet of a great cask, and sat down on a butter-firkin, the better to indulge in a good grumble.

“Dear, dear! What with working and fasting, I’m just worn out,” he began. “I wonder if this sort of life is to last forever?”

“What does thee say, lad?” cried a voice near at hand.

Zack started up, with a nervous exclamation at being thus surprised, and beheld a broad-brimmed hat moving about on the other side of the corn-bags, whereby he knew that Friend Freeman, a Quaker neighbor, was about to sharpen his axe at the grind-stone there.

“Did thee say thee was tired?” persisted the man. “That is a strange ailment for a lad; but what does it matter when one is young? Thee will be rested presently.”

“No, sir,” contradicted Zack; “let old Baxter alone for keeping a fellow always at work. I wish I could run away; indeed I do.”

“Tut, tut; thee is wrong,” returned the Quaker. “Don’t thee know —”

Here the good man’s intended reproof was interrupted by a loud voice from the shop:

“Zack, Zack! Is n’t that little can filled yet?”

“Coming!” shouted Zack, glad by this summons to escape the chiding which he well knew he deserved for his foolish wish.

When the Quaker saw him next, an hour later, Zack stood demurely behind the counter. What a



place it was on a hot day, with the nauseous flavors that could not but be very disagreeable, even to chance visitors! Of these there were not a few; a knot of farmers stood discussing politics at the door; the minister had just stepped in to get the morning paper; and there was also a person upon whom the shop-keeper was waiting with obsequious deference, whom the Quaker quickly recognized as Squire White, the magnate of the village.

"County fair at Portland to-day," read the minister. "Reduced rates; excursion tickets only one dollar."

"Every one ought to go," remarked the Squire.

"Just so," chimed in old Baxter, the shop-keeper. "Tickets are dirt cheap."

"I am glad to hear thee say so," observed the Quaker, in his gentle tones, "for I have a proposition to make to thee, Simon Baxter. Why not send Zack to Portland for a breath of salt air? It would not cost thee much, for he can stay to-night with my brother, who is living there. The lad has served thee well, and well merits a change."

The Squire's glance met the Quaker's, and he took up the subject.

"Well thought of, Friend Freeman," he cried.

"Do you hear, Zack? The train starts in half an hour, and you can get there in time for a good half day at the fair, so hurry up, my lad, and be off, for surely, Baxter, you can't refuse the boy so rare a chance."

The shop-keeper thought he could do so very well, but it did not seem prudent to offend his best customers, so he gave a grudging consent.

"Thee must not send the lad away without some money, Simon," continued the Quaker, mildly.

Old Baxter glanced around and met the concentrated stare of a dozen pairs of eyes. What he thought we cannot tell; but he put his hand into his pocket, and, slowly dragging out a leathern purse, laid the fare and two silver quarter-dollars more in Zack's palm.

Poor Zack looked about in a daze. The minister met his glance with a nod of encouragement; the Squire was smiling in his most genial manner; everybody smiled but the Quaker, who bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and wrote a note to his brother in Portland, which he handed to the delighted Zack.

It was not long before Zack, comfortably seated in the train, dashed gayly on toward the show, the music and the crowd awaiting him in Portland. It was a perfect day for merry-making. Zack was quite sure he could hear the brooks rush and the bobolinks warble above the roar of the engine. There were only two things that disturbed the youth, and those were the two silver quarter-dollars

which lay heavily in his pocket. At every station where the train stopped long enough for a boy to skip into a refreshment room, he would take them out and twist them nervously in his hand, and then resolutely slip them back into his pocket. For each temptation was finally conquered, because he knew that one of the quarters would be needed for the fair, and that the other quarter would be none too much to meet the requirements of the afternoon and next morning in Portland.

But the time came when, in spite of these sound arguments, he was constrained by his long fast to leave his seat, being tantalized by a more than usually tempting array of viands displayed upon the counters of a certain restaurant visible from the car window. There was a wait of ten minutes at this station, and Zack resolved to have something to eat. Enthroned upon a high stool near at hand, he hastened to assuage the aching void within him, and he had just begun to think that he had done this very effectually, when sundry movements of the passengers warned him to be off.

"How much do I owe you, sir?" he asked of the man behind the counter.

The big Dutchman measured him coolly with his eye.

"Feefty cents, if you pleaz," he answered.

"Fifty cents!" exclaimed Zack, in a burst of indignation. "That is too much, by half."

"Zat is what it comes to," said the man, holding out his hand.

There was no time to argue the matter—the train was beginning to move. So Zack threw down the two quarters and ran to his car.

He reached Portland just about noon, and the absurdity of his position in not being able to attend the fair, after traveling so many miles to accomplish that end, now forced itself upon his mind, making him reluctant, indeed, to open the little wicket-gate leading to the house to which he had been directed by his good friend the Quaker. He hesitated still longer at the front door, with its oaken panels and general air of neatness—a door-way much too fine, he thought, for daily use; and as he turned the angle of the building in search of the side entrance, he found himself suddenly before it.

The color flushed up into Zack's face like a girl's, for, the door being open, he had come upon a domestic scene that woke up, in a breath, all the old longings for home and pleasant things which the youth supposed were slumbering soundly beneath the realities of his present life. How like the result of a nightmare seemed the dingy shop, as he contrasted it with the sweet, trim kitchen before him! It was quite worth the trouble of the journey, Zack thought, just to look into the quiet,



motherly face of the woman in Quaker garb, who was putting the dinner upon the table. She was assisted by a young girl, to whom her father was speaking.

"Put on the pumpkin pie, Dorothea!" he cried. "Those thee sent to the fair were well spoken of. I have no doubt thee will get the prize. Ah! thee

it was only with difficulty he could finish the large plate of meat and vegetables before him. This seemed to annoy his host, who, to his assertion that he had but recently lunched, replied:

"That is but a poor excuse for a growing lad. I fear thee cannot put up with our simple fare. It speaks ill for the pie, Dorothea.

Our little maid will have sore doubts should there be so much as a crumb of it left on thy plate. See, she has a look of concern already."

Zack glanced furtively across the table at the sweet little face opposite, and he inwardly determined to eat the pie, if such a thing were possible; but, fortunately, he was

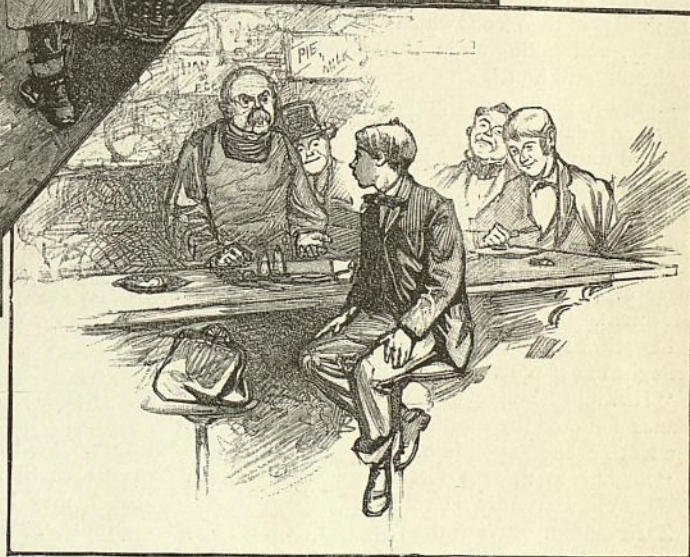


BAXTER CONCLUDES TO BE GENEROUS.

had a good teacher. Few in all the county can cook like thy mother, child. But whom have we here,—a stranger? Walk in, walk in, my lad!"

Zack, thus addressed, advanced bashfully into the room, and having presented the Quaker's letter which he brought with him, was soon installed at the table, well laid with dishes, the contents of which abundantly testified to the correctness of the Quaker's remark concerning the excellent cookery of his wife.

But poor Zack could only deplore his bad luck in not being able to feel a corresponding hunger. Indeed, he had so thoroughly satisfied his appetite, a half-hour before, in the refreshment saloon, that



"FEEFVY CENTS, IF YOU PLEAZ."

not compelled to undertake this difficult feat. Chance came to his relief in the guise of a pair of prize oxen for the fair, the sight of which, as they walked proudly down the street, caused a great flutter in the family and a general stampede to the piazza. Left to himself for a few moments, Zack slipped the pie from his plate into his big silk handkerchief,—a Christmas present from one



of Baxter's customers,—and, after folding it carefully therein, he buried it in the depths of his coat-pocket. There it lay, a weight on his conscience, and an added damper to his spirits.

He was rewarded for this act of deception by an approving nod, on the Quaker's return.

"Well, well, since thee has eaten the pie, we will let thee off from further duty—especially as it is time we were already at the fair. Come, get thy hat, lad: we want to be on the grounds as soon as we can."

Zack opened and shut his mouth in the vain endeavor to explain that he had no money to indulge in such pleasures; but his feeble excuses were lost in the gay mirth of the little party, who were bustling with the excitement of the start.

Thus Zack found himself on the way to the fair, with the embarrassing confession yet unmade. As he walked by the side of the little Quaker down the public street, there was an occasional twinkle in her clear, blue eyes, which assured him that, in spite of her sober garb and sweet and modest way, she had a quick sense of humor, and would not be slow to see the absurdity of the position which he was at that very moment striving to put into words. In truth, he had been so engrossed in these speculations as to be quite unmindful of the clouds which were hurrying across the sky, and rolling up in great black masses over his head, until he felt a rain-drop on his hand, and, looking up, perceived Dorothea striving to stretch over her Quaker bonnet the small square of muslin that did duty for a pocket handkerchief.

Zack, though a bashful youth, was not devoid of politeness; he whipped his own ample bandana out of his pocket in a twinkling, and was in the act of presenting it to Dorothea, when the unlucky piece of pie dropped out and fell pat upon the pavement.

Dorothea started back, with an exclamation that brought her parents to the spot directly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the worthy Quaker, for his glance followed the frantic gaze of poor Zack, and the truth flashed upon him.

"So it is to these straits our guests are driven. Well, well, what next, Dorothea?"

Zack did not listen to the remark that was faltering on her tongue; he only knew that the droll twinkle had re-appeared between the stiff sides of the gray Quaker bonnet. It gave him courage, and he laughed, too. There was real humor in his tones, and a touch of something sadder, as, walking slowly forward with the rest, he narrated the circumstances of the day which had led to the act that must seem to them like an unwarranted insult to their hospitality. The tale was barely ended, when they reached the gate of the fair grounds.

"Well, well," said the Quaker; "think no more of so small a matter as the pie; the fault was mine, for it was wrong to press thee so. But let us forget all unpleasantnesses in the fair."

"I—I have no money, as I told you," cried Zack, shrinking back.

The Quaker took from his vest pocket the family ticket, and showed it to the boy. Zack looked at it doubtfully.

"I am not one of your family," he faltered.

"But thee may be if thee will," was the prompt



DOROTHEA.

return. "Thee shall not go back to so hard a task-master as Simon Baxter, unless thee have a fear that I may be no better. I have need of an apprentice, and would gladly take thee into my family. It was not for nothing that my brother sent thee hither. He speaks well of thee, and he tells me in his note that he will make matters right with thy old master. Come, let us hasten. Dorothea is on the other side of the gate, already."

Zack looked through the opening, where the young girl stood merrily beckoning him onward. The band within burst into music. All the world had suddenly brightened and grown friendly. As the youth heard the gate clang behind him, the



harsh sound was more grateful to his ears than the flourish of trumpets, for it seemed to shut out all the old cares and sorrows of his hard life, and to usher him suddenly into new paths, as glad and merry as those usually pursued in boyhood.

Nor did Zack's new hopes fade unfulfilled. He entered the family of the Quaker, and the only traces left of his hardships were the self-reliance and habits of industry which they had bred, and which were well rewarded in his new home.

## IN THE ORCHARD.

BY HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

MELLOW lies the sunshine on the orchard slopes and meadows,  
On nooks of purple asters and the tints of leafy hills;  
The soft, warm haze is tender with a palpitating splendor,  
And a fresh, delicious odor all the dozing valley fills.

Colors like a prairie in the glory of its blossoms  
Gleam amid the grasses where the luscious fruitage lies,  
And in their cozy places on the boughs, with tempting faces,  
Peep and nestle myriad apples, like birds of many dyes.

Golden, green and russet, and warm with scarlet blushes,  
Basking in the silent noon upon their perches 'mong the leaves,—  
How they glow like royal roses, where the loving sun reposes,  
How they fall from their own fatness on the crisp autumnal eves.

O apples, fragrant apples, piled high beside the presses,  
And heaped in wain and basket 'neath the broad-branched, mossy trees,  
Can we fairly call him sober,—the splendid, rich October,—  
Pouring out his sweets and beauty in such lavish gifts as these?

Children frolicking and feasting on the ripeness to the core,—  
Monarchs of the orchard kingdom, with every tree a throne,—  
What are spring days for your praises, or wood-paths, or the daisies,  
To these provinces of sweetness which, by right of love, ye own?

Sadly may the aged ponder life's decays and changes,  
But youth sees no dark omen as the mellow apples fall.  
O children, keep your gladness; may you have no more of sadness  
Than while, romping in the orchards, you are kings and queens of all!





## SOME MAN-EATERS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE LION.

How the title "man-eaters" is to be understood depends a great deal upon what part of the world you happen to be in. To us North Americans, and to our English cousins, it has a very foreign sound, since there is no animal in our forests, nor hardly any along our coasts, to which the term is commonly applied or would properly belong. If you should say "man-eater" in South America, the native would at once think of the cayman and the jaguar, and similarly, in India, the crocodile would be suggested along the Ganges, and the royal tiger in Bengal. In Africa, it is the lion which would at once be brought to mind. To a West Indian, or to the pearl-fishers of any coast, the shark is the dreaded foe, while the Vancouver Indian looks upon the ugly cuttle-fish as the man-eater of his region, and the Eskimo fears the polar bear.

While all wild carnivorous beasts capable of coping with men may become man-eaters,—since human flesh is no doubt quite as palatable as the

flesh of any of the other animals upon which they are accustomed to feed,—yet, properly speaking, only those are called "man-eaters" that, having once tasted human blood, are supposed always afterward to be hankering for it, and never to be quite satisfied with any less noble diet. They are thought to be forever on the watch for men, lying in ambush and seeking every means of destroying them, and never feeding on anything else, excepting to satisfy extreme hunger. Such beasts, being especially dreaded, are credited with extraordinary size, strength and ferocity.

In Africa, every district has a lion of this kind, which is feared by the whole region as much as all the rest of the lions there put together, and the case is equally true of central India. The lion truly deserves the royal name he bears. Although by no means of great size, the strength of his massive shoulders and fore legs, and of the thick muscles of his great neck and firm, square jaws,



is so enormous that he can drag down the heaviest buffalo and overthrow the powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees, and whose skin is nearly an inch thick. There is no animal, even the elephant, which the lion hesitates to attack; yet, notwithstanding the power of the machinery which has been given him for this purpose, it has been packed in such small compass in his lithe body that he can overtake and prey upon quadrupeds as fleet as zebras and antelopes.

Although he has great speed, the lion does not depend so much upon chase in the open field as upon strategy, in securing his prey. He follows about from pasture to pasture, and from spring to spring, the herds of deer and buffaloes as they change their feeding-places at different seasons. Remaining asleep, and concealed in the recesses of the forest or among secluded rocks, during the day, he sallies out at night in company with one or two friends, or perhaps with his mate and two half-grown cubs, or often alone, and repairs to the nearest water-hole. In Africa, water is very scarce. The springs are few and far between, and the animals of the whole region must resort to a particular fountain, some time during the night, to quench the thirst which there alone can be allayed. The lion knows this, and goes to the vicinity of this spring, choosing the early part of the evening, if the moon is to rise early, or waiting until morning, after the moon has set, if it be on the wane, so as not to show himself. When some convenient prey approaches, he leaps upon it, bears it down with his weight, breaking its neck by the stroke of his heavy paw or the crushing strength of his jaws, and drags the body away into the jungle, to be feasted upon at leisure.

At such times, if you should happen to pass near him, you would hear a low, deep moaning as he eats, repeated five or six times, and ending in faintly audible sighs. At other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, uttered in quick succession. Often, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, making music inconceivably grand to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer chances to be all alone in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, and within twenty yards of the fountain which the troop of lions is approaching.

In central Africa, many of the native tribes do not bury the bodies of their dead, but simply carry them forth and leave them lying anywhere on the plain. Lions are always prowling about, and, finding many of these corpses, do not hesitate to dine off them, for it is not true that the king of beasts will not eat what he himself has not killed. Afterward, that lion, particularly if he is an old and cunning fellow, becomes a very dangerous neighbor.

I do not believe that the lion has from the first a preference for the flesh of men over fresh venison or beef, but that it is an agreeable discovery to him that men are animals, and good to eat; and, furthermore, that he soon recognizes unarmed men as less able to resist or escape from him than are the four-footed beasts. He, therefore, keeps an eye out for human prey, since it costs him less trouble.

In the tropical wastes of India, the forest, or jungle, is grown up very densely with cane, stout, tangled grass, creepers, vines, and so on, until the only way to get through it is by following paths kept open by constant traveling. In traversing these dark and narrow passages, the traveler is peculiarly exposed to attack from the lions and tigers which make the jungle their home, and the native Hindoos are often stricken down. Then ensues a grand hunt from the nearest village, assisted by some English officer, who, with his cool courage and precise shooting, usually does more to kill the beast (if he is killed) than all the rest of the villagers combined.

Generally, the animal will try to get away and hide, when he hears the hunters approaching. But if he is a hardened old man-eater, it does not take long to bring him to bay, since he has grown courageous, or reckless, or both. Then those who are on foot look out for their safety as best they can, usually by climbing the nearest tree, and those who are on horseback dismount and get upon the back of an elephant, where, in a sort of basket strapped upon the great animal, two or three will stand together, ready to shoot the moment they get a chance, while the elephant slowly crushes his way toward that spot in the thick jungle where the tiger is heard growling. The books about life in India, and the letters which sportsmen write home to the English newspapers, are full of accounts of such hunts; but none that I know of is more thrilling, or better shows the terrific danger sometimes encountered in such contests of men-eating lions and tigers with lion-killing men, than an incident related by Charles Waterton, in his charming "Essays on Natural History."

Three English officers and a lot of natives were hunting for two lions, which had made a raid upon a village the night before, and in the course of the day one of the pair was killed, but the other escaped to the jungle. When at last his hiding-place was discovered, the three officers got upon an elephant and proceeded toward the heart of the jungle, to rouse the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly toward them. He allowed them to approach within range of his spring, when he made a sudden leap, and clung upon the elephant's trunk. The men fired, but without avail, and the



elephant managed to shake his troublesome visitor off, but was so frightened that he became uncontrollable, and when the lion made another spring at him, rushed in headlong fear out into the clearing. The officers, therefore, had to give up all idea of forcing the elephant to face the lion again, but one of them, Captain Woodhouse, took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of the game; and finally seeing him, fired through the bushes, the only effect of which was to make the lion retire still deeper into the brake.

Resolved not to let the game escape, his companions, the two lieutenants, now took the elephant, intending to proceed around the jungle, so as to discover the route the lion had taken on the other side. But Captain Woodhouse reloaded his rifle, and alone followed the tracks through the thicket. Finally, Lieutenant Delamain joined him.

Proceeding cautiously, after a few steps the lieutenant saw the lion, and instantly fired, which enraged the beast so that he rushed toward him at full speed. Captain Woodhouse saw the movement, and knew that if he tried to get into a better position for firing, he would put himself directly in the way of the charge, so decided to stand still, trusting that the lion would pass close by him, unaware, when he could perhaps shoot to advantage. But he was deceived. The furious animal saw him, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his antagonist. At this desperate juncture, Lieutenant Delamain ran up and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused both beast and man to fall to the ground together, while the lieutenant hastened out of the thicket to reload his gun. The lion now began to crunch the captain's arm; but as the brave man, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool, determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a crouching posture, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward position, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in his fall. Instantly the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, and crunched it as before, breaking the bone higher up. This hint was not lost on Captain Woodhouse, who saw at once the imprudence of stirring, and to the motionless attitude which this lesson taught him to keep thereafter he undoubtedly owed his life.

But while death was close upon him, as he lay bleeding and broken in the power of the most

mighty enemy which a man can meet in the forest, and was closing his eyes to a world on the point of vanishing forever, he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching. But the lieutenants were in the wrong direction. Aware that, if his friends fired, the balls would hit him after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly spoke, in a low voice, "To the other side! To the other side!" Hearing the voice, they for the first time saw the horrible position of their commander, and having cautiously but quickly made the circuit, Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness had been conspicuous in many an encounter with wild beasts, fired from a short distance at the lion, over the person of the prostrate warrior. The beast started up a little, quivered, the massive head sank down, and in an instant he lay dead, close beside his intended victim.

The lesson to be learned from this true story of nerve and heroism is that, when a person is in the power of a lion, tiger, leopard or panther, or any other of the great cats, he must feign death and lie absolutely still, if he hopes for life. Let him make a motion, and his foe will pounce upon him as the house-cat does on an escaping mouse; but so long as he keeps still, he has a chance. Yet not every one has the nerve to do so. With dogs, wolves and bears, on the other hand, the only way, when attacked, is to resist sturdily to the last limit of your strength, since, once having a victim in their power, they never cease worrying it until it is utterly dead. Sometimes, nevertheless, resolution and nerve are no protection, since there is no opportunity to exercise them. This was the case in a dreadful tragedy which happened in the lonely camp of that great Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, during one of his hunting expeditions to the far interior of Africa. Lions had been roaring about all day, but at last their voices ceased, and apparently they all went off. After their supper, three of the men went off to a little fire they had built, near some bushes, at some distance from the main camp-fire, and lay down—two of them under the same blanket.

"Suddenly," says Mr. Cumming, "the appalling voice of an angry lion burst upon our ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the deafening roar was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, 'The lion! the lion!'

"Still, for a few minutes, we thought the lion was no doubt only chasing one of the dogs around the kraal: but, all at once, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out: 'The lion! the lion! the lion! He



has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Oh! Hendric is dead! Let us take fire and seek him!' The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be let loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not

The next day, toward evening, knowing the lion would return for a second victim that night, Mr. Cumming decided to seek him out and kill him. So, setting his dogs to work, and following the track along which the mangled body of poor Hendric had been dragged, the hunter soon came up with the savage beast, among some thorn-brush. But let him tell it:

"As I approached, he stood, his horrid head right to me, with open jaws, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side. On beholding him, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him, and shouted, '*Your* time is up, old fellow!' I halted my horse, and, placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the



THE TIGER.

help him; and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire, and closed the entrance as well as we could.

"It appeared that, when the unfortunate Hendric rose to drive in the oxen, the lion had watched him to his fireside; and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling, thunderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backward around the bush into the dense shade."

next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder, and dropped him on the spot. . . . I ordered John to cut off his head and fore paws and bring them to the wagons, and, mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me their father."

Perhaps the next most important class of animal-enemies of men is that of the sharks. Of sharks, there is a large number of species. They are of various sizes and inhabit all seas, from Arctic and Antarctic to tropical latitudes. They are most abundant, of greatest size and of most importance, in



the tropics, however; and it is among the coral rings of the Pacific Islands, and along the shining sands of the Gold Coast, that the shark is the most dreaded.

In the South Sea Islands, everybody swims from infancy, like so many water-dogs. It is asserted that a Mexican is taught to ride before he learns to walk. It is just as near truth—and, indeed, very little removed—to say that a native of the Sandwich or Society Islands can swim before he can creep. Babies a few months old are tossed into the surf, and, before they have cut their teeth, they become as lively and safe in the water as ducks. We have accounts of these people swimming incredible distances. Ten or a dozen miles seem to offer no difficulty whatever to them; and when ships approach the shores of the less civilized islands, they are surrounded by men and women and children, who sport about the bows like dolphins, long before the sailors have thought of taking in sail or preparing to anchor.

But along a tropical coast, where hundreds of people are constantly at play in the surf, and often are far out from shore, it is to be expected that

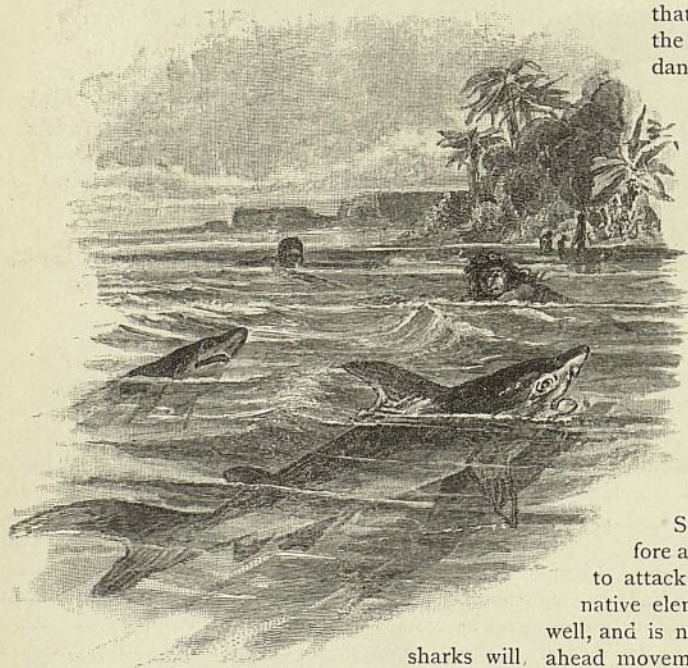
sight always produces great consternation, and a rush for the shore takes place, though sometimes the crowd will unite, and, by shouting and splashing, frighten the great fish away. Yet, not infrequently, he comes upon them unawares, and, dashing into their midst like a streak of white light, is scarcely observed before the death-scream of some wretched bather is drowned, almost before uttered, as he is dragged down, and the next wave rolls in red with blood, or casts high upon the gleaming beach some torn fragments of what was once their friend. Looking seaward, they see the shark cruising back and forth, eager for another victim, and perhaps they go out to attack him, in revenge. But the surf-riding is over for that day, for the shark will stay there many hours, in hope of more prey.

Perhaps the metropolis of shark life is off the western coast of Africa. They found there always plenty of food, furnished by the slave-ships which used to haunt those waters. There are few good harbors along the whole of that extensive sea-coast. The ships, therefore, were obliged to anchor some distance away, and send back and forth to the shore by the small boats. It was thus that the slaves were taken on board. But the passage through the surf was always dangerous, and often the yawls were cap-

sized. On such occasions, few of the blacks were ever seen again.

The sudden activity of the swarms of ever-present sharks, and the blood-stained water, told sufficiently well their fate. Troops of these same sharks would follow a slave-ship clear across the Atlantic, sure of their daily meal of dead and dying captives, which were thrown overboard from those floating dens of the most awful human misery the world has ever seen—misery that we cannot even think of without a sick and shuddering sense of horror.

Some of the Polynesian fishermen before alluded to, nevertheless, do not hesitate to attack and conquer the largest shark in his native element. The fish does not see very well, and is not very quick in any but a straight-ahead movement. The swimmer, armed with a long knife, watches the shark's onslaught coolly, and just as the great fish opens his horrid mouth to seize the brave man in his jaws, the fisherman dives out of reach, and plunges his knife deep into the shark's belly, as the disappointed monster passes over his head. This feat is attempted only by the coolest and ablest divers, you may be sure,



TOO NEAR THE SHARKS!

Fortunately, all sharks, or nearly all, are surface-swimmers. They do not lurk at the bottom or float in the depths, like the true bony fishes; usually, therefore, their great triangular back-fins appear above the water and give the bathers warning. The

sharks will often get a good meal.



but it is done; and it is one of the most splendid examples I know of the success of human pluck against animal force greatly its superior. Should the swimmer fail in his plan by an instant of time, his life must pay the penalty. The pearl-divers in the Gulf of California are said to employ an equally audacious method of fighting the sharks which torment them when at work on the deep-sea beds of the pearl-oyster. They carry with them a stick of hard wood about a foot long, sharp-pointed at both ends. Finding that a shark is meditating an attack, they grasp this stick in the middle, and calmly await him. When he opens wide his mouth, they dexterously shove in the sharp stick, crosswise, and then get out of his way as fast as possible, while the too-eager shark shuts his jaws only to find that he has mortally wounded himself by punching holes in the roof and floor of his mouth. I cannot vouch for this story; the reader must take it for what it is worth.

Not long ago I read, in the New York *Herald*, a diver's narrative of how he escaped from a shark which seemed to have too great curiosity as to his edible qualities. This man was known as "On Deck," and he had an eventful life. A sailor in youth, a diver in manhood, and a "ne'er-do-weel" in old age, he saw more than falls to the lot of most men. In California, in 1851, a ship lost an anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, and "On Deck" was sent for to recover it. While so engaged, he noticed a shark hovering a few feet above him, evidently observing his movements. The fish was at least eighteen feet long, and was known as the "bottle-nose," one of the most voracious of the shark kind. This discovery naturally alarmed the diver. He had found the anchor, made a cable fast to it, and was about ascending, when the appearance of the shark made him pause. He had heard that sharks did not molest men in armor. He doubted this, and did not feel now like risking the experiment. He moved a few paces from the anchor—the shark moved, too. He returned to his former place—the shark followed. He was evidently, to use his own words, "spotted by the bottle-nose for a supper," and, unless signally favored, would fall a victim to its voracity. He hardly knew how to act, when he thought how the cuttle-fish often escapes its enemies by darkening the waters with an inky liquor ejected from its

body. He accordingly stirred up the mud at the bottom till the water was darkened around him, cast off weights, and signaled the man to haul him up. The shark snapped at him as he ascended, and three of his toes

were taken off. A little more and his foot would have gone, a stout boot only saving it. The happy idea of



muddying the water was all that preserved his life.

The shark's mouth is one of the most formidable means of destruction I know of among animals anywhere. It is on the under side of the head, some distance back of the end of the snout, and crescent-shaped. The teeth are in three to seven close, crescentic, parallel rows, the largest and oldest in front, the smaller ones behind—that is, farthest inside the mouth. Some sharks have more than 200 of these teeth. They are three-cornered, exceedingly thin and sharp-pointed, and in some cases have saw-edges. When the mouth is wide open they stand erect, and almost protrude from the lips, but when it is closed they lie down flat, out of the way. When those in the front row wear out or break off, the next row behind is gradually pushed forward to take their places. The shark thus has reserves of teeth which, operated by

ATTACKED BY A WOLF.



the tough and exceedingly muscular mechanism of the jaws, are able to bite through anything, especially since the bite is nearly always accompanied by a rolling or wrenching movement which causes the teeth to act like a saw, and thus cut through the quicker. For some of the larger sharks in the South Seas, it would be only a moderate mouthful to take half a man's body in, and clip him off at the waist. Nevertheless, I believe fewer persons have lost their lives by sharks than we generally suppose, though many narrow escapes are constantly happening.

There are some other fishes which would regard it as very good luck to find a human body in their power,—the old piratical threat, of making "food for the fishes" out of their captives, was not altogether an idle one,—but there are few, if any, besides the sword-fish, that could do a man much harm, or would be likely to. A friend at my elbow suggests the whale; but I object. The whale is not a fish!

There is a sea-beast, nevertheless, which makes a formidable antagonist to man, and does not hesitate to attack him, or anything else that comes in its way. This is the cuttle-fish, which is also

far away, winding in and out among the slimy rocks and stems of sea-weed, and others are shortened up close to the body, as the animal lies concealed in a dark and muddy crevice of a broken rock at the bottom of the sea, patiently waiting for its prey. Two enormous round, bulging eyes are ever staring about, and nothing escapes their attention. Let a living thing come within reach of those arms, and its fate is sealed. Quick as thought, the snaky member clutches the prey, and holds on by a host of little suckers and tiny hooks, in the grasp of which the strongest and slipperiest animal is fast. Other arms whip out to the help of the first, paralysis soon overpowers the unfortunate captive, and slowly the arms are contracted until the prey is brought within reach of the sharp, parrot-like jaws, when it is deliberately eaten up.

Some of these cuttle-fishes are of vast size. They are abundant in the Eastern Mediterranean, on the coast of British Columbia, on the Pacific coast of Asia, on the Banks of Newfoundland and elsewhere. They lurk near the shore, hiding very quietly among the rocks, where, as they are mud-color, they are not easily seen.

The Indians of Puget Sound eat these cuttle-



THE CROCODILE.

known as the devil-fish, in allusion to its frightful appearance and evil disposition. It has a shapeless pouch of a body, spotted, rough and wrinkled, from all sides of which branch stout, elastic arms of a leathery character, some of which are stretched

fishes, baking the flesh in the ground. They go in canoes and hunt for them, spearing them with a long-handled harpoon when discovered. It is exceedingly dangerous business, and many have lost their lives at it, besides those who now and



then are dragged down when bathing over the spot where a cuttle-fish lies in wait.

This frightful tyrant over all the inhabitants of

the stony glare of the cold, glassy eyes. The crocodiles haunt the shallows of streams, lurking among the rank vegetation which grows along marshy



THE BEAR.

the ocean must be allowed a place among our man-eaters; and a great deal more might be said about his peculiar and interesting, though always deadly, habits, were there room.

Turning from salt to fresh waters, no more feared and hated animals stand in the way of human enjoyment than the crocodiles and alligators, which swarm in all tropical rivers from Borneo to Guatemala. The most famous of these ugly reptiles are the long-snouted, hungry gavial of the Ganges, the crocodile of the Nile, the cayman of the Amazonian region, and the alligator of our own Southern States. Their jaws are of great extent and strength, and filled with strong, sharp teeth, while the broad tail is able to deliver so effective a blow as to stun almost any animal which it strikes, and even splinter a stout boat. Nothing can exceed the ugliness of their rough, knotted hide, so thick that a rifle bullet glances off without harm, or equal

shores, or lying asleep upon banks and half-submerged islands of mud. Sometimes persons, finding one thus, have mistaken it for an old water-soaked log of drift-wood, and stepped upon it. It was fortunate if they discovered their mistake in time to get out of the reach of the powerful tail. When swimming, crocodiles move about with only the tip of the snout, where the nostrils are, out of water; and, if they want to escape notice, they will sink altogether beneath the surface so quietly that not a ripple disturbs the water. Thus they stealthily approach any animal swimming in the stream, or drinking upon the margin, and, making a sudden rush when close by, drag it down before it has time to make an effort to escape. The South American and West Indian species, known as caymans, are the most active and dangerous of all, and a great many negro slaves and Indians lose their lives through them every year. The same thing



happens on the Nile, and, to a less extent, in the bayous of Louisiana and Florida. The people there get somewhat careless, and forget how quietly the alligator approaches, and how terrible is his attack when within reach. In the United States, however, not many of these disagreeable creatures reach a sufficient size to make them able to drag down and devour a full-grown man.

The history of the natives of India is full of dark and bloody rites, which shock all civilized hearts by their blind superstition and cruelty. Human life seems of very small account to those eastern nations, and most of their deities are fearful tyrants, to be dreaded and appeased rather than loved and honored. It has always been a pagan idea that, when any misfortune came upon a family or a nation, it was an expression of anger on the part of a god, and that the only way to get rid of present distress, or avert a threatened disaster, was to sacrifice, on an altar consecrated to the particular deity from which the affliction was supposed to come, something of great value. Sometimes it was the first of a farmer's fruit or crops; sometimes the fattest ox or the whitest dove; sometimes quantities of gold and precious stones, which were given for the support of the temples of this god, or made into images of him; and along the Ganges, the Hindoo mothers bid their tender babes a heart-rending farewell, and set them afloat on the tide of that vast stream for the crocodiles to eat.

The subjection of India to England has put a stop to this terrible custom to a great extent, but it is still occasionally followed. The Hindoo mother is suffering under some real trouble, or the village in which she lives is visited by pestilence or some other calamity, or her priest tells her that a catastrophe will follow unless she sacrifices her child. Perhaps there are many mothers who hope similarly to avert the frown of their god and save their neighbors from calamity,—for I do not believe any woman would put her baby to death merely to save herself from suffering; and so these women make little boats of rushes, dress the laughing and crowing infants as though for a festival, heap the little boat up with flowers, and, with the semblance of joy but with hearts almost dead with grief, commit their darlings to the wide, rolling, merciless river, and watch the pigmy craft as the eddies toss it this way and that, while the current bears it on to where the chubby little hands will be held up in vain, and the delicate voice be hushed forever.

Surely the crocodiles belong in the horrible society of man-eaters.

Returning to four-footed beasts, it is hard to find any, besides the lion and other large cats, that will attack man without any provocation. Some of the bears, when severely pressed by hunger, are very

savage, and may perhaps prey upon man at such times, but instances of their doing so are, I think, very rare. The grizzly bear of our Rocky Mountains is the most ferocious of its race, and one authority says of it: "If it is not certain that he will voluntarily attack a human being, it is certain that, if attacked, he will pursue the assailant to the last, nor quit the conflict while life remains." The bears can hardly be classed among man-eaters, I think; yet they are very dangerous enemies of man, and certainly the grizzly and the polar bear should be numbered with the animals that *kill* man. And if such beasts may be mentioned here, we must not forget the "rogue" elephant, as certain old cross leaders of the herd are called, for he is a very dangerous fellow to be in the same grove with; and the black rhinoceros of South Africa, who, when on his native heath, does not wait to do the polite thing, but introduces himself by a fierce snort and a headlong charge as unexpected as it is impetuous. But, of course, the elephant and rhinoceros could not eat any portion of their victims,—their food is wholly vegetable; at the same time, I do not know of beasts more dangerous to meet.

There are no other animals that I know of which could properly be called man-eaters, excepting wolves, and they are timid about attacking, unless they are in packs and starving. So much has been written about them of late, that I refrain from saying a great deal. You cannot do better than to read Mr. Hamerton's talk on this subject in his "Chapters on Animals." It is very rare that a man's life is lost by the attack of wolves, though, like other beasts, they will fight when put in a corner. On our western plains, there is a tradition which seems to have a considerable foundation of truth concerning a mad wolf, which can properly be told here:

Half a century ago, bands of trappers used to wander through the northern Rocky Mountains, shooting and trapping bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, and other animals, for the sake of their fur. When winter came on, it was their custom to settle in a fixed camp at some convenient spot, and make short excursions, while in summer they roamed about the cañons. One winter night, where several companies happened to be close together, the men were all asleep, when suddenly a cry of "Mad wolf! Mad wolf!" rang through the silent camp, and frightened men leaped up from their blankets only in time to see a dark form vanishing swiftly into the darkness, and hear shrill howls die away in the distance. It was not long before the effects began to be seen. Dogs were seized with hydrophobia and shot, till nearly all were gone. Not one alone, but nearly all the camps had been visited, and, one by one, men in



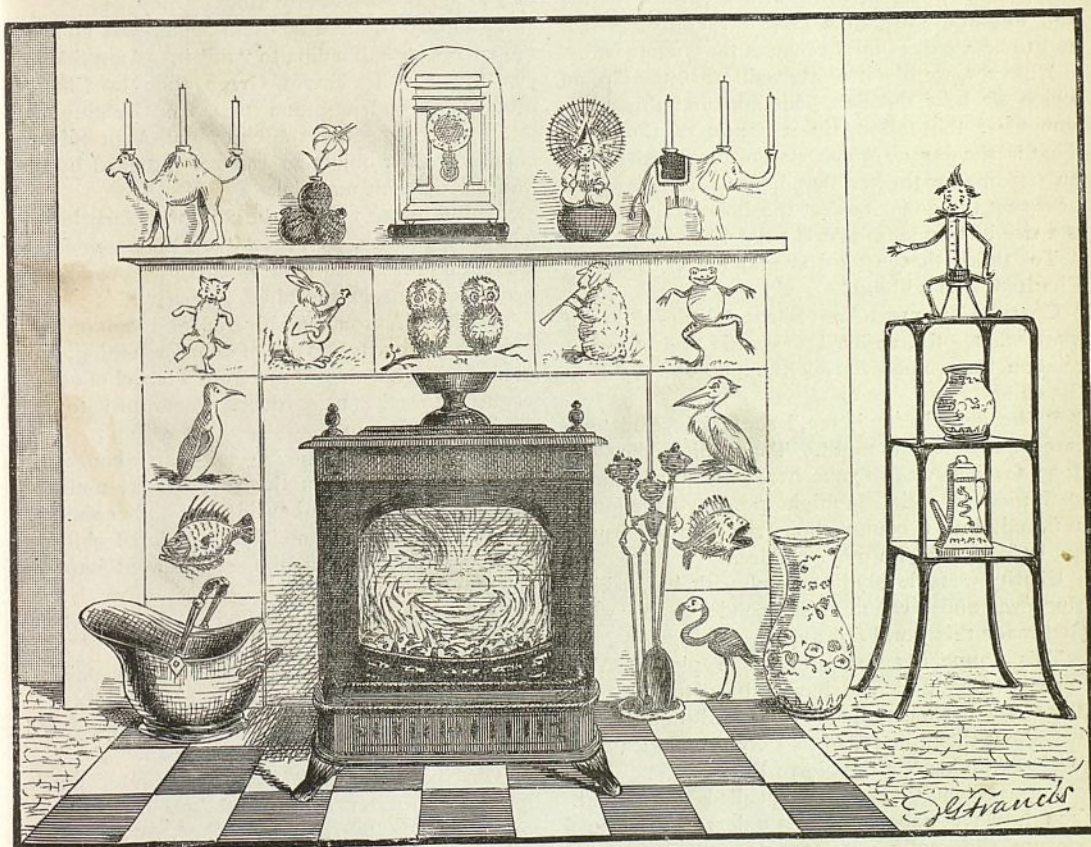
each of these little, far-isolated communities were seized with the dreadful disease, and were left to die. How many lives were thus lost I do not know, and no one ever can tell, but there were many; and all through the next summer the skel-

etons and bodies of wolves were found scattered over that region, and these evidently had been bitten by the rabid animal and died of hydrophobia. It is a horrible story to think of, and a fit conclusion to a talk about "Man-Eaters."

## THE STOVE AND THE THERMOMETER.

(A Fable.)

BY J. H. TEMPLE.



A CERTAIN Thermometer was very proud of its high place on the top of the what-not, and one day said to the Stove :

"My sable friend, why do you cause people so much work for nothing? The maid spends half her time cramming you with fuel, and carrying off the dirt you make. But my master is a wise man, and knows very well who keeps the house warm; for he comes and looks at me himself a dozen

times a day, while he leaves you entirely to the care of servants."

The Stove only chuckled to itself a little, and the Thermometer went on, contemptuously :

"If I could n't perform my task without making so much ado about it, I'd seek some employment I was fitted for, and leave the work of keeping the house warm to those who understand the business."



## CHARITY CARTER'S PICNIC.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

It happened eight years ago, and on the day that the first bobolink sang.

Of course, I do not mean on the very first day that the very first bobolink *ever* sang, although, now that I come to think about it, I almost wish it had happened then, for it would be such a joy to have been there when the bubble of song began to burst; to hear the delicious tinkle of that musical trickle; just to see, you know, what the world thought about it; to thrill with the throb of the air; to join in the glad surprise of the bird himself, and to be a part of the ecstasy of that moment.

However, we like it pretty well, now, the day on which we hear the first bobolink, and think his, somehow, the fullest, ripest music of the year. That is the day on which we go about with kisses on our lips for the air that bore us the song, and pray that the gun aimed at the bobolink, when he is a rice bird, may miss every time.

To think that a bird should make us forget Charity Carter so long!

Charity Carter was Aunt Silence's little—I do not know what,—for, really, I never did find out what relation the woman herself thought she held to the child.

"She gave her a home," she said. She took care of her, she thought. That which she had done for her was to take her from a charitable institution, wherein she might possibly have found a friend, into a country-house, where she would not let her play with other children.

Charity was a lovely little soul, with big, asking blue eyes and a vague, misty wonder as to "what God made this world for, anyhow."

This happening was all about a picnic. You know all about picnics, having been to one or a dozen,—but Charity had only heard in a far-off way about them, and had as correct an idea of a picnic as we have of the North Pole.

Aunt Silence,—everybody called her Aunt, though why, nobody knew, unless it was just because she really was aunt to no one,—Aunt Silence did not believe in picnics, especially for charity, but this one to be was a church picnic, a Sunday-school affair, and the minister himself had called to invite Charity to go. Right there, to his face, she did not quite like to say "No," and she said "Yes," knowing perfectly well that, if Charity went, Charity must go in a new dress. The brown one, very heavy, very old, very dark, would not do in bobolink time, when

everybody whom Aunt Silence knew would surely be there, and would know, too, that Charity was her—I don't know what Aunt Silence did call her, even in her thought; but she had told the minister "yes," and Charity must go.

The material for the dress was bought a week before the time. It was checked gingham, green and white,—good to wash, good to wear.

Charity Carter thought it fine. The child had had so few dresses of any kind!

Susan Green, the little dress-maker, was up from the village for half a day, to "fit" it. Aunt Silence was to make it. Susan Green thought Charity pretty, and had ambition to make the gingham into comely shape for the child, but Aunt Silence objected. Her objection was strengthened by the want of sufficient material.

"I don't want to spoil the child with furbelows," said Aunt Silence. "Make it up plain—no fancy touches on it. I had none when I was a child, and it's all nonsense, especially for Charity."

The little dress-maker shivered, and went on with her work. Charity was out-of-doors, watching, with interest, the slow drip of lye from a barrel of ashes, set up near the back door, preparatory to the making of soft-soap.

Aunt Silence was making soft-soap when Charity arrived at the farm the year before, and the child remembered the bewildering bother she had to make the soap "come," and wondered if it was going to happen over again; so she went into the house, and said:

"Aunt Silence, is soap-making always just the same?"

"Why?" and the black eyes of the questioner fairly snapped the reason out of Charity's lips.

"'Cause," she said, "if it is, I was hoping you'd make my dress before you did the soap."

"Charity! Go right out this minute, put a dipperful of water on the ash-barrel, and then go and weed in the strawberry-bed, till I call you to come in."

Charity took down her slat sun-bonnet from its nail in the kitchen, paid the ash-barrel its due, and then slowly followed the narrow trail through chick-weed and plantain to the garden. When there, she dropped upon her knees beside the strawberry-vines and went to work. It was not disagreeable work at that hour in the morning, for the eight feet of lilac-hedge that ran along the east side of the garden shielded one from the sun.



During the time that Charity was pulling up weeds, Susan Green was contriving a way to make the coming dress look a little presentable. She approached it cautiously, by commending the hue of the white in the gingham.

"Yes, it's very clear white," said Aunt Silence, "and will look clean when 't is clean."

"A few yards of cambric edging——" began the dress-maker.

"Cambric edge, indeed, Susan Green! Do you think I'm going to spend all my substance on one dress for that child? Sweet and clean is good enough for me."

Aunt Silence made the young woman shiver again, as she glanced up and received the electric flashes from her eyes, but in going back to her work, the meek eyes of Susan chanced to glance through the open window. She was emboldened to look up again.

"Miss Silence," she asked, "why do you suppose it pleased God to make sweet-williams with white edges?"

"It's not for you and me to inquire into the divine purposes, Susan Green."

Susan Green said no more, but went on quietly with her measuring and cutting and basting; but, in her own little world, she was still thinking and contriving how she *could* slip some trace of prettiness into the dress.

"If she'd only let me take it home and make it," she thought, "I'd find a way. Charity Carter has just as good a right to the good times and the pretty things as any of them."

Presently she said: "I guess I'll go to the well and get a drink; the water in your well is always so good and cold."

Although Aunt Silence told her to sit right still, and she would fetch it for her, Susan Green threw down her work and went to draw the water.

At any other time, before disturbing it, she would have leaned over the brown curb and peered down the mossy stones into the clear water, in the hope of seeing the trout swim over the white rock that formed the well's floor; but now the bucket went down with a splash, and up with a spring. She took the veriest sip at the cup before watering the chick-weed with its contents. Then she hurried to the garden.

"Do you like to weed things?"

Charity gave a great start, and turned her head to look upward.

The little dress-maker laughed. Of course, she would not have laughed if she had had the time to think, but she was surprised into laughing by the queer little face under the slat sun-bonnet.

This is what Charity had been doing—warming her face with hard work, and then washing it with

a few tears, which she, in turn, wiped away with the weeds she had plucked.

"I suppose I ought to like it. Aunt Silence says so. I'd weed here all day, if 't was n't for the soft-soap that's coming," she said.

"Is *that* what made you cry?"

"Yes, ma'am!" said Charity.

"I want you in about five minutes to try the dress on; and, Charity, what if I change work with Aunt Silence, and let her make soap for me, while I sew on your dress for her?"

"I *wish* you would, for I know she'll never get it done in time,—*that* is what made me cry."

"Well, I'm willing, if she is."

A slight rustle was heard in a garden border, and there stood Aunt Silence. She had been watching to see what went on outside.

Charity buried her face in her bonnet, and held her bonnet as low down as she could get it, into the vines before her.

"Going to have many berries this year?" asked Susan, glancing about with the air of one having been invited into that garden. "I thought I'd just look around a bit, and make up afterward for lost time. Your garden is looking first-rate."

"I guess, Susan Green, you're not gifted in knowledge of gardens. Mine never was so poor and backward every way as 't is this year, or I should n't be having strawberry-vines weeded out in blossom time."

"And you have n't got to soap-making yet, I see, by the barrel of ashes out. I've been thinking, this good while, that I ought to take a day or two from sewing, to tend to mine, only I do like to sew, and I do *hate* to touch grease."

"It's easy enough, if you only give yourself up to it, as I do. Just devote the whole time to the work till it's done."

"And I s'pose," said Susan, with an innocent little air, "that it's about as easy to make a whole barrel as 't is to make half?"

"Don't take a great deal longer, but *you* don't want half a barrel of soap!" exclaimed Miss Silence.

"Oh, my, no! A couple of gallons is all that I should use in a whole year, and I was thinking—but my! *this* wont get that dress ready to try on," and the little dress-maker hurried into the house, leaving Aunt Silence gathering currant-worms.

"Charity," said she, the minute the back door closed on the retreating figure, "tell me what Susan Green came out here for."

"I—I don't know," stammered Charity, tugging at a very big rag-weed, well rooted.

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to know what made me cry."

"Did you cry?"



"Not much."

"What for?"

"I don't want to tell."

"You *must* tell me. I won't have you cry without knowing the reason why."

Charity was silent, and did not look up from her work.

"Charity Carter!" said Aunt Silence, in her sternest tones.

"It was because"—faltered forth the child—"because I was afraid you would n't get my dress done in time for the picnic."

"If I see or hear of any more tears between this and the time, you *will* stay at home, let me tell you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Charity, firmly resolved not to let a tear twinkle near her eyes again within a week.

When Susan Green, in her very best and kindest manner, suggested that it would be such a help to herself if Miss Silence would exchange work with her, the proffer was declined, with very stiff dignity.

"I'm not getting so far on in years that I can't get together a frock for a child like Charity," she said.

"Oh, Miss Silence, I never meant anything of the kind—only I thought of a real pretty way to make it, by putting little white pipings on the edge of everything, and it would n't cost a cent, either—just pieces of bleached muslin, that everybody has plenty of, and I did think it was a kind of a nice job and would bother you some, and I could do it as easy as you could make the soap."

"I'm much obliged, Susan Green, but I'll do it myself, and if I want help, I'll send to you."

"I'll come any time, gladly, and do it for missionary work, too," said Susan, receiving her due—twenty-five cents—and walking away toward the village, feeling a strong desire to shake Aunt Silence and tumble her house down, or do anything that would help Charity to a good time. The kind-hearted little soul had lost her own childhood out of her life, and knew that, if she were to go on living forever, nothing that could come to her would make up for its loss; and she did long to make Miss Silence open her eyes to see what she was doing to Charity Carter, in shutting her away from young, growing life, like her own. To be sure, Susan did not stop to consider exactly in what manner shaking was to accomplish it, whether of Miss Silence or of her substantial dwelling-place, but she wanted a revolution somewhere.

The day the gingham was purchased was Thursday. It was "fitted" on Friday, and on Saturday evening the kind-hearted little dress-maker ventured to take a walk to the farm.

She went in, brisk and lively, half out of breath, and in great apparent haste, saying:

"Aunt Silence! Old Mrs. Heminway wants to know if you won't let her have a handful of catnip. She is quite sick, and everybody knows how nice your catnip is."

Aunt Silence "prided" herself, she often said, on having her garret hung with "pretty much everything in the way of dried herbs."

"It's dark up garret by this time," said Aunt Silence, pleased, in spite of herself, at the praise of her catnip, "but if you will come along and carry the lantern, I should n't wonder if we could find some, somewhere."

Susan Green followed the determined figure to the garret, with her ears listening and her eyes watching at every step for some sign of Charity. She listened and looked in vain.

Aunt Silence appeared to be all alone in the house.

"Are you a-going to take this catnip to Mrs. Heminway, yourself?" she asked, taking down a huge bunch, which any cat could have found in the darkest night, without a lantern.

"Yes, ma'am," said Susan.

"Then you may as well take along some of this boneset and pennyroyal; it's handy to have in the house," and she proceeded to fill a newspaper with herbs, savory and unsavory. Susan held the lantern and tried her best to think of a way to bring Charity's gingham into the conversation without causing displeasure.

She had taken the walk in the hope of getting the chance to speak to Charity herself, and now she began to wonder what had become of the child.

As they went down, she ventured to say:

"I hope to-morrow will be a pleasant day; it's always so dull on a rainy Sunday. Did the gores in that skirt bother you any?"

One would have thought, listening to the sentence, that the Sunday, the gores and the skirt were all parts of the one subject.

Aunt Silence found it convenient to take a long time to extinguish the flame in the lantern, and answered Susan never a word.

There was nothing left for the disappointed dress-maker to do but to hug her big parcel of herbs, say good-night, and walk back to the village, no wiser than she came.

She did half turn at the gate, fancying she heard a rustle in the white lilac by the window over the porch; but thinking that probably some chicken had taken refuge there, she kept on her way.

Meanwhile Charity was upstairs, in bed,—sent to bed in disgrace,—and all because of the coming picnic.

Saturday was Aunt Silence's baking-day. She



did think she would hurry with the work in hand, and get time to sew a little on the dress. She had made gingerbread, all but the ginger, and, behold! the ginger-pot was empty. Ginger she *must* have, and there was n't time to send Charity to the

Charity ran off, thinking it very nice to be out of ginger. Now, may be, she should learn something about the picnic; for Clara Brown would go. Past the garden, through the field by the brook, over the fence, into the road, across the bridge where Trout Brook roared, and on up the hill to Farmer Brown's, she took her way, full of expectation.



"DO YOU LIKE TO WEED THINGS?"

village; but there was time to send her across lots, about a quarter of a mile; that is, if Charity ran all the way, to neighbor Brown's, to borrow some. Thrifty Miss Silence detested borrowing, but she sent Charity this once, bidding her:

"Now, don't stop a minute for anything, but hurry back as quick as you can come."

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The road up the hill lay in full sight from the open door-way, where Miss Silence worked. She saw the little figure mount the hill, and turn in at the distant gate-way. She hoped Mrs. Brown would give her the ginger quick. Then, when it was time, she watched for Charity to come from the house. There, she was in sight! the ginger would be at hand in a few minutes, now; but she looked again—there was the child standing still, and, on the stone wall by the road-side, were two heads in plain sight.

Miss Silence looked, and nodded her head three times in a most energetic manner. She even said: "I wish I had a string tied to her or the ginger." She put her foot down in a decidedly determined manner as she hurried across to the mantel-shelf, where hung the horn used for calling John, the farm laborer, to meals. She seized it, and, standing on the threshold,

blew a succession of blasts that seemed to startle up every blade of grass within hearing.

Charity gave a great jump the instant she heard the horn, and ran down hill, spilling half the ginger from the cup. She did not stop until, panting with the exertion, she had reached the kitchen door-sill.

There was Aunt Silence, so cross, so threatening, so everything that any poor little girl of ten years must dread, looking down upon her with those cold, shiver-giving eyes of hers.

Charity stopped. "Here is the ginger," she said, almost plaintively.

"What were you doing standing stock-still in the road, Charity Carter? Tell me that!"



"Clara and Charley were just a-speakin' to me, ma'am."

"What about?"

"Asking me, Aunt Silence, what you was going to make for me to take to the picnic."

"And what did you tell them?"

"A new green and white gingham dress," faltered forth Charity, venturing into the room, and placing the cup on the baking-table.

"What did they say to that?"

"They just laughed as hard as ever they could," said Charity, "and said something I did n't half hear, 'cause I heard the horn just then,—about not eating dresses, or something."

"Charity Carter, I did n't suppose you was quite such a fool, and if you had minded what I told you, and not stopped, you 'd 'a' saved yourself from being made a laughing-stock."

"What *is* a laughing-stock?" questioned poor Charity, making a noble effort to repress the forbidden tears.

"You can go right upstairs and undress yourself, and go to bed and stay there till I call you, and then, may be, you 'll remember to mind me next time."

Going to bed at half-past two on a Saturday afternoon, when apple-blossoms were snowing pink and white flakes on green grass; when the sun was full of shine, and the brook full of ripple, and the air full of song, and the strawberry-vines were all weeded out, was a bitter, bitter thing to a little girl full of life.

How Charity Carter did want to cry! But there was the Sunday-school picnic forbidden to her if she should let a tear fall.

She pressed her fingers over her eyeballs and groped her way up the stairs to the little room over the front porch, undressed herself with tightly shut lips, and hid herself away from everything bright, in the night of pillow and bedclothes, wishing, with all her little heart, that she could go to sleep and not awake again until time for the picnic. Downstairs was Miss Silence, a lonely, cheerless-hearted, cheerless-looking woman, thinking, with profound regret, of the promise she had made to the minister. Aunt Silence herself had entirely forgotten, when she made it, that it involved the fitting up of a basket of "something to eat" for Charity to take to Cedar Dell, the place of the grand gathering. She had also forgotten, when she sent Charity to bed, that all the baking-dishes were waiting to be washed; she wished that Charity was down-stairs again. She went up the staircase, very softly for so energetic a woman, lifted the latch and peeped in. A silent, motionless little mound of suffering child was in the bed.

"Charity! Charity Carter!" called Miss Silence,

entering the room, and fully believing that she had caught the girl crying.

Charity moved, and raised her head from under the cover. She had held fast her eyeballs so long, that by this time she did not behold the face of Miss Silence, nor anything else, very clearly.

"Have you been crying?"

"No, ma'am. You told me I could n't go to the picnic if I cried."

"And you have n't been crying?"

Miss Silence looked at the pillow and the sheet. No tear-drops had fallen on them. She was, it must be confessed, disappointed. A pretext for keeping Charity at home on the coming Thursday would have been a relief to her; but Charity had not given it, thus far.

Miss Silence went down, washed the dishes, laid the tea-table, dressed herself, and wished somebody would come in to see her; but nobody came until Susan Green made her appearance.

Sunday followed. Monday came—washing-day. The dress lay unfolded, just where it had been laid by the dress-maker. Tuesday was ironing-day. Tuesday night Charity went and stood beside the chair that held the dress, and just wished. But she had n't cried,—not a tear,—and she did not mean to. Wednesday morning, the little piping voice of Charity was heard singing upstairs, as she dressed herself in the early light of the lovely morning.

That little song, although the woman knew not a word of it, touched Aunt Silence's conscience, stirring it into action more than a whole day of lamentation could have done.

When Charity went hopping down-stairs into the kitchen, there was Miss Silence, with the back door wide open, the fire unmade, and she was sitting on the very door-sill, in the midst of fragments of green gingham.

"If you 'll hurry up and make the fire, and see if you can't get breakfast all alone, Charity, I 'll get to work on your dress," she said, in the pleasantest tone the child had ever heard her use.

How the little girl's heart and words and feet did respond, and say, "I will! I will!"

Charity made the fire, and got breakfast without assistance. Meanwhile, Miss Silence was stitching up seams with vigor. She did "most wish she had let Susan Green take the dress home," for, to tell the truth, she did not like to sew.

Charity washed the breakfast-dishes, made Miss Silence's bed, John's and her own, and was ready to do any and every thing, with the prospect before her of having the dress finished.

Dinner-time came, and it was well begun; tea-time came, and it had grown a little; bed-time came, and it was not even half-way done; but



Charity, hopeful little soul of ten, happily did not take account of the stitches to be added—she only saw that it was getting made. And she went upstairs to bed that night faithful of soul and tired of hands and feet. Charity shut her eyes, and her brain grew dizzy thinking over the mysterious happiness of the coming Thursday, until it fell into the calm of sleep.

"Charity! Charity!" called Miss Silence, very early the next morning.

"I guess you'd better fix your hair nice, and put on your brown dress this morning, and run up into town before breakfast, and just see if Susan Green can't come down and help a little on the dress. I'm 'most afraid I sha'n't have time to finish it alone."

Miss Silence prepared breakfast.

Charity's feet fairly flew through the dew-wet grass by the road-side, and in a short time she was knocking at the dress-maker's door. It was a little door opening into a little house, but it seemed impossible to arouse the little dress-maker.

"Miss Green! Susan Green!" shouted Charity, after knocking for several seconds, a good many times over.

"Susan Green is n't to home!" shouted a boy, who was milking a cow in the house-yard adjoining.

"Where is she? Do you know?" questioned Charity.

"Yes, I do," responded he. "She's gone up to Mr. Fairchild's. Went yesterday afternoon. I saw him come and get her!"

Charity let go of the fence, suddenly, and came with a jar to the ground. The boy had no idea of the sad effect of his words.

Mr. Fairchild's house was at least five miles from the farm.

Charity went home and told the news as best she could, and did not want a bit of breakfast, but she fought down the tears that came to her eyes, when Miss Silence said:

"Never mind; may be it *will* be done yet. I'll try my best—don't cry, child."

How fast the minutes slipped by that morning, and the work "bothered" Miss Silence at every turn. Twelve of the clock, and the sleeves were not touched, nor the button-holes made, and at half-past one, Charity was to be called for: The child helped all that she could. She threaded needles and made knots, and wished dresses grew ready-made, and prepared herself all ready to go except the dress, and stood by watching it. The minutes went out and the stitches went in, until there, at last, full in sight, was the very wagon coming up the road for Charity, according to promise. Charity saw it. Miss Silence saw it.

"Run upstairs, out of sight—quick, child!" said she. "I'll go and speak to them."

Charity needed not a second bidding. She flew upstairs, seized her old brown dress in her hands, ran down the back way, out of the back door, and fled to the shelter of the lilac-hedge, for a dressing-room.

By the time the big wagon, with a place left in it for Charity Carter, had rolled away from the front door, that little disappointed waif was out of sight and sound of human sympathy. She was in the dim recesses of a many-acred wood-lot, through which ran roaring brooks.

Charity's disappointment was too bitter to be borne in human companionship. She went on and on; her heart filling and filling with grief at every step, until it could hold no more. She had hoped against this disappointment so long, and yet it had come. She sat down by the stream, and cried her heart easy and her eyes almost out.

"I'm never, *never* going to have any of the good times. I wish I was n't anybody, or anywhere. I just wish God had n't made me, I do. And I worked so hard, and tried so hard, and did every single thing I possibly could." And at this summing up of the case, poor Charity burst forth again into hopeless tears. She did not even think what Miss Silence would say to her for running away. Charity thought she had felt the worst that could come to her, and was afraid of nothing that might follow.

She got up and ran through the wood, breaking down in her flight the loveliest ferns, without seeing them. She went out of the wood, up a hill, where she had never been before, into another piece of forest-land, and then followed the stream as it grew into Trout Brook, and ran silent, with deep places of water, under lonely pines. Charity was not courageous. At any other time she would not have thought of going so far. She kept on and on, until it must have been quite an hour since she had left home, and she was worn out with the disappointment and the walk.

It seemed half night in the dell where she was sitting. Charity even wished it were night, and she could get to sleep and sleep always. She had not the slightest idea that a Great God up in the heavens had anything to do with such a little thing as a picnic on earth. Of course, He had to do with such things as telling lies, but nothing to do with the things the lies were told about. Charity was thinking—but her own trouble vanished on the instant, for there, right before her eyes, running, slipping down the steep hill from above her, she saw two children—tiny children, half her size or less—a girl and a boy.

In a frolic they had started; in a fright they were



now, as they felt themselves going down the hill, both together, to the brook, and could not stop.

Ere Charity could get upon her feet and stand in their way, as she instantly tried to do, the little white dress had flashed past her on the moss, and the blue-stockinged boy had caught at a tree trunk that grew over the bank, and missed it; and then, to her horror, Charity saw the black water of the pool close over the shining pair.

hold upon the tree, and went down with the children into the pool.

But help was at hand. A dozen anxious faces peered over the hill-top, and strong men were hurrying down to the rescue.

When Charity returned to consciousness, she thought she was in the midst of a beautiful dream, for, surely, some one was kissing her with just such a kiss as she had always longed for, even when



"CHARITY CLUTCHED THE GIRL'S DRESS."

Alive to the awful peril of the moment, Charity uttered piercing cries for help. But no one was within sight. She must save them herself.

She ran down to the old tree that lay over the pool. She got out upon the trunk. She threw one arm around it, pressed her knees hard against it, and leaned out to catch a glimpse of anything that might come up to the surface.

At the first gleam of white through the blackness below, Charity made a desperate reach, and clutched the girl's dress in her grasp. She had but one arm and her teeth to hold by, and her own face was hardly out of the water as she held on bravely, saying over and over to herself: "Somebody will come! Somebody surely will come!"

The boy held on to his sister, and Charity struggled nobly with both, until she, at last, lost her

she was happy, and had hungered for whenever she felt lonely or disappointed about anything.

She opened her eyes and found out that it was all true about the kiss, for there, still bending over her, was the real, lovely lady who had kissed her.

"Are you better now, my dear?" she asked.

Then Charity knew that she was lying on the ground with a shawl folded under her head, and, surely, that was Susan Green's voice saying to her:

"Charity Carter, you *are* at a picnic, and a great deal nicer one than the church-folk are having; and, Charity, you have saved Lou and Harry Fairchild from drowning. Oh, I am so glad Miss Silence would not let me take that dress home!"

Charity sat up and looked about her. There she was, in the midst of the loveliest place, all moss and vines and pine-trees, and two tables just loaded



with things pleasant to hungry eyes. Yes, she was in the midst of the delights of the best picnic the Dell Woods had ever seen; and, also, she was at the beginning of all the good times her little life knew, but of that she knew nothing then.

"It was a blessed Providence that you were there," said Mr. Fairchild, bending over Charity, with beaming eyes. Charity burst into tears.

"It was n't Providence at all," she sobbed. "It was 'cause my new dress was n't finished, and I could n't go to the picnic, and I ran away."

At that moment the horses were announced as ready to go, and three thoroughly wet children were well wrapped and put into a carriage. It was on her way home from that picnic that Charity heard the bobolink sing; and ever since that time, the day on which she hears that sweetest of all

songs, is her best day in the year, for it is full of thanksgivings that everything which happened in those days, did happen just as it did; for had the green gingham been ready for the picnic, not one of the long train of good things that came to her out of that disappointment would have come.

When Charity went to live with the Fairchilds, a little later on, Aunt Silence dropped a tear or two, and admitted to herself her regret that she had not tried to make her own home pleasanter for Charity. And when, six years later, she lay very ill, and that young girl went to her and gave her the most tender, helpful care through days and nights of weary pain, Aunt Silence's heart was won; for she kissed Charity with true affection, and secretly resolved that the next child she took to bring up should have just as good a time as she could give her.

## SLUMBER-LAND.

(Mamma and Robby at bed-time.)

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"COME!" she said; "it is sleepy time;  
I will sing you such a sweet little rhyme—  
Something that you can understand—  
About what they do in Slumber-Land."

"No," he said, "I will *not* be good!  
I'm a robber,—I live in a great big wood:  
It is made of cake-and-candy trees,—  
*You* can go to Slumber-Land, if you please!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Town  
Everybody is lying down,  
And all the creatures, from man to fish,  
Have something better than they can wish!"

"Then they don't know how to wish," he said.  
"I think it is stupid to lie in bed!  
I am going to burn the world all down,  
And I don't want to go to your Slumber-Town."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Street  
You often hear music low and sweet,  
And sometimes, there, you meet face to face  
People you'll meet in no other place!"

"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go;  
I like a hand-organ best, you know,  
With a monkey; and I do not care  
To meet strange people *anywhere*!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-House  
The cat forgets how to catch the mouse;  
The naughty boys are never, there,  
Stood in a corner or set on a chair!"

"Well, that is a little better," said he,  
"But I am going, at once, to sea;  
I'm a captain, I'm not a little boy,  
And this is my trumpet,—ship ahoy!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Room  
Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom;  
The best of them all, the very best,  
You may pick if you choose—its name is Rest."

"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he said;  
"But you need n't think I am going to bed!  
I'm a robber again,—a great big, brave,  
Splendid robber,—and this is my cave!"

How quiet the cave grew, presently;  
She smiled, and stooped low down to see,  
And what she saw was her little brigand  
Traveling far into Slumber-Land.

Two curtains white, with their fringes brown,  
Had shut him fast into Slumber-Town,  
And she knew that the restless little feet  
Were walking softly in Slumber-Street.





A VISIT FROM THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN.



## THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN OF LONDON.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

LONDON is a city of big numbers; it has hundreds of thousands of houses, hundreds of thousands of dogs, and hundreds of thousands of workmen; in fact, most things there are to be counted by the hundreds of thousands, and the cat population by itself is over a quarter of a million. Think of that! More than two hundred and fifty thousand cats in one city,—what a multitude of soft, spiteful, purring, screaming, furry and bristling creatures it is! And then imagine the food this population must require! Let any boy or girl who is clever at arithmetic figure it out—taking the quantity consumed by the kitten at home as a starting point, and multiplying by 250,000. The result will be astonishing.

The necessity of feeding this vast number of pets has created a business employing several thousand men and a great deal of money.

Once a day, jaunty little wagons, somewhat like the butchers' carts of New York, only much smaller, may be seen in the streets where the dwelling-houses are, and at their approach nearly all the cats in the neighborhood make their appearance, purring at the windows and peeping out, running up the area steps, and rubbing themselves against the railings, and showing other signs of expectation and satisfaction. It is pussy's dinner-time.

The driver is an old man with a battered hat, a long coat and an apron. There is not a cat in the neighborhood that does not know him better than its own mother. According to the highly decorative sign on his wagon, he is no less a personage than "Purveyor of Meat to his Canine and Feline Patrons of the Metropolis"; but he is better known to his customers as the "cat's-meat man."

Pussy has tastes of her own; she likes milk, of course, when she is a mere child, but as she grows older she craves something more substantial.

As far as we have been able to find out, she has no objection to beefsteak, mutton-chops or cold roast chicken, if the flavor of the stuffing is not too strong, and a little cream or milk satisfies her as a drink; but of all dishes her favorite—we are almost ashamed to say it—is horse-flesh.

We do not know of any other city besides London where "the purveyor to his feline patrons" finds sufficient trade to support himself, nor where pussy's singular taste is so well understood; and a London

cat that should be made to live in another city would very much miss the morning calls of her old caterer and his brightly painted wagon.

The wagon is a very showy affair, and its outside is usually ornamented with oil-paintings of scenes in pussy's life. Much fun is made of rival dealers. One wagon has a picture of a fine, sleek cat that has invited a very thin cat to supper. The owner of the wagon is named Dobbins. "Ah!" exclaims the cat-guest, "this is indeed a treat;" and while she is smacking her lips, the host replies with politeness: "Glad you enjoy it. We buy our meat of Dobbins."

The meat is sold on small wooden skewers, in pieces that cost a half-penny, a penny, twopence, or threepence, according to size. The dealer springs from his cart with a basket on his arm, and drops a piece of the required size into his customer's area—the open space that is in front of what are called English-basement houses. If pussy has heard him coming, she does not wait to be helped, but devours her meat immediately; and her eagerness sometimes exposes her to a cheat, and this unhappy incident is illustrated by another picture on the side of Dobbins's wagon:

A wicked dealer has thrown a skewer, with no meat on it, down the area, and a poor pussy-cat sniffs around it, very much puzzled. Her mistress appears, and supposing that she has eaten the meat in her usual hurry, pays the deceitful dealer, who retires with the ill-earned money in his hand, and a mocking smile on his face. The fraud is so intolerable that Mr. Dobbins drops into the following poetry under the picture:

"Confusion seize the mind so base  
That would rob a cat as in the above case.  
Helpless are those he robs, and dumb;  
I'd have such a vagabond shut up in the sewers,  
And give him the title of Baron Skewers."

The meat is not raw, but has been boiled for about two hours, the carcass of the horse of which it once formed part having been previously stripped of its hide and hair.

Small tradesmen, mechanics and laborers are considered good customers. "Old ladies buy enough," a cat's-meat man once said, "but they're awful bad pay. They will pay a penny and owe a penny, and then forget all about it."



## THE ALPHABET IN COUNCIL.

BY PALMER COX.



ONE day, in secret council met  
 The letters of the alphabet,  
 To settle, with a free debate,  
 This matter of important weight:  
 Which members of the useful band  
 The highest honors should command.  
 It was a delicate affair,  
 For all the twenty-six were there,  
 And every one presumed that he  
 Was just as worthy as could be,  
 While &, a sort of go-between,  
 Was seated like a judge serene,  
 Impartially to hear the case,  
 And keep good order in the place.

Said S, arising from his seat,  
 And smiling in his own conceit:  
 "Now, comrades, take a glance at me;  
 There 's grace in every curve, you see,

And beauty, which you 'll never find  
 In letters of the broken kind.  
 Now, there is I, straight up and down,  
 How incomplete is such a clown!  
 Without a foot, without a head,  
 A graceful curve or proper spread,—  
 And J and K, and F and L,  
 Who look as though on ice they fell,  
 Or Z, our many-angled friend,  
 Who forms, indeed, a fitting end.  
 Such homely letters, at the best,  
 Are heaping insult on the rest."

At this there was a sudden spring  
 To feet around the council ring,  
 And every letter, down to Z,  
 Said such aspersions must not be.  
 "No personalities," cried they,  
 "Should be indulged in here to-day,"



While &, good order to restore,  
Applied his truncheon to the floor.  
Said A, "One moment will suffice  
To show you all where honor lies;



Suppose there were no head, like me,  
To lead the way for brother B,  
What would become of neighbor C,  
Or who would ever think of D?  
I might go on unto the end  
And say you all on me depend."

Then O, arising to his feet,  
Said, "I, of all, am most complete;  
No waste material is there,  
But just enough, and none to spare;



No horns above, no tails below,  
An even-balanced, perfect O."  
Said E, "Though all may beauty boast,  
In service I appear the most;

Well-nigh to every word I'm called,  
And often more than once installed,  
While some so seldom are required,  
They should from service be retired."



Then into sundry groups they'd break  
To argue points and fingers shake,  
Or tell each other to their face  
Their plain opinions of the case,  
While & kept thumping till he wore  
A hole half through the oaken floor.  
At last he cried, "I plainly see  
You'll never in the world agree,  
Though you should stand to argue here,  
And shake your fists, throughout the year.  
Now, let me tell you, plump and plain,  
From first to last, you're all too vain;



It's true that some, in form and face,  
Seem suited for a leading place.  
But whether crooked, straight or slim,  
Of graceful curve or balance trim,



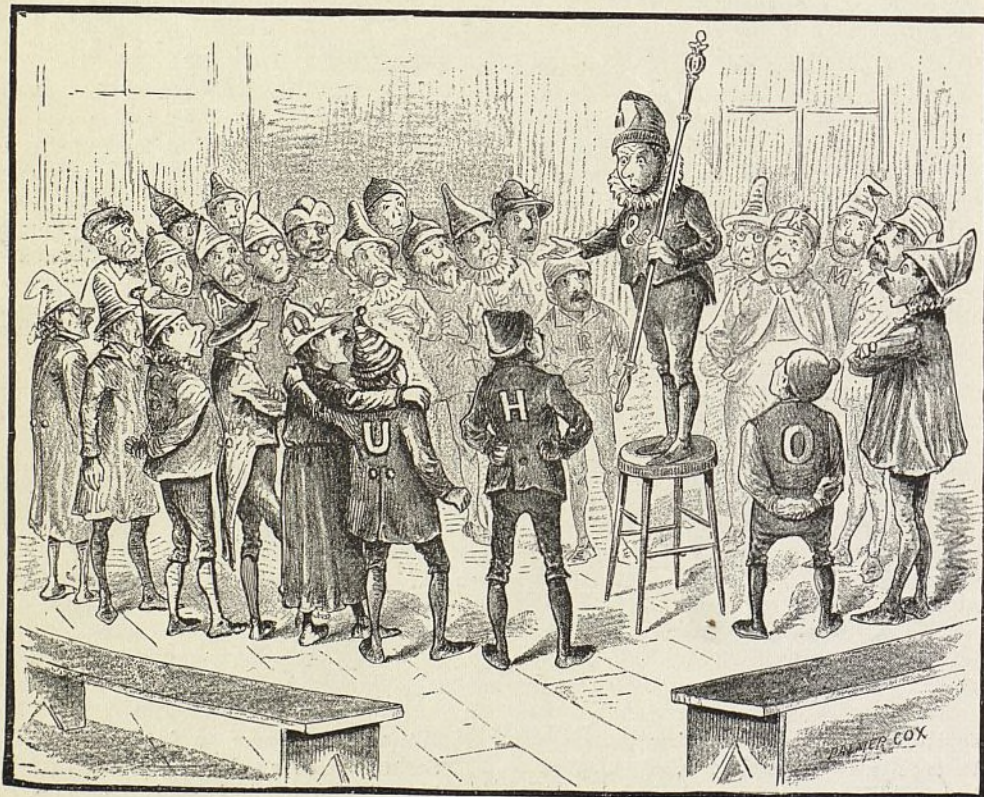


The best of you, from A to Z  
(On second thought you'll all agree),  
Without support would worthless be.  
But when united, hand in hand,  
In proper shape, you form a band  
Of strength sufficient, be it known,  
To shake a monarch from his throne.



So be content, both great and small,  
For honor rests alike on all."

"He speaks the truth," the letters cried;  
"All private claims we'll lay aside."  
So, thanking & for judgment fair,  
The controversy ended there.





## HOW TO SAVE TIME.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

WHEN people say that they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life, and those who know how to economize time, have learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

Almost every one has observed that some persons are able to accomplish a great deal, while others, who have as favorable opportunities, equal talent, and as good health as they, do very little. Now, one person has really no more time than another, only he chooses to use it differently.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was must have spent all her life in hard study, and have had a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides her mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and—let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving time is to learn to move quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dexterity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be gone through by all, many times in the course of a year, yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy

as long as they, are sure to be behindhand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as little while about it as is consistent with doing it properly.

Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

Some people keep up a large correspondence by writing letters in their odd moments, while others are always burdened with unanswered letters, and when they do write, are sure to take time which makes it necessary for them to neglect some more important duty.

Another good rule, is not to try to do too many things at a time. There is a very pretty story by Jane Taylor, called "Busy Idleness," which illustrates this. It is an account of two sisters, one of whom worked hard for two weeks to accomplish nothing but a collection of beginnings, all of very useful things, but not one complete; while the other, without half the trouble, had really done a good deal, by not attempting more than she was able to finish.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others, and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it. But those who are always ready to pass quickly from one occupation to another, will have accomplished all they had intended, while we have been thinking what to be at. If you have some definite idea in the morning of what you mean to do during the day, whether in work or play, you will do more than you will if you simply pass from one thing to another with no plan; and you will be more likely to do things at the proper time.

Another help to save time, is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book, and another book."

It is surprising how much can be acquired by giving a little time each day to systematic reading. The story is often told of the young man who read through Macaulay's History of England, and was



surprised at ending so soon, by a habit of reading a few pages each day, while he was waiting for his dinner. Of course, the same rule applies to other things, as well as to reading.

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something you are industrious. You may be worse than idle, if you are wasting not only time, but eye-sight and materials. Work must be to some purpose, to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day, than to be reading trash, or straining your eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needle-work, "red with the blood of murdered time." Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate. A simple, inexpensive present, which shows that you have thought of what your friend would like best, is better than a very costly and elaborate one which is only made from a wish to get rid of an obligation, and which misuses time in the making.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might,

whether it be croquet, or arithmetic, or base-ball, or worsted work. If a boy is thinking of his Latin lesson when he ought to be striking a ball, he will probably be thinking of the game when he ought to be saying "*Sum, es, est,*" and the result will be that he will have neither a good lesson nor a good score.

Now, perhaps, you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the Ant, in the old nursery rhyme, says:

"I always find something or other to do,  
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you "lend a hand."



DISCUSSING THE CROPS.



## THE HOUSE WITH THE LACE FRONT.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

LESS than a thousand miles from New York lives a most charming family, in a house with a lace front. It is a large family, for it numbers about two hundred; and it is of foreign descent, having originally emigrated from certain well-known islands. Every one is beautiful, and half are delightful singers, though not one of them is more than a few inches tall. Yellow and green are the colors they wear, and—as you have already guessed—they are all canary birds.

The house with the lace front is in the upper story of a certain residence. It consists of two rooms of pleasant size,—a parlor furnished with a small tree instead of sofas and chairs, and a dining-room containing two more trees, a table always spread, and bath-tubs conveniently placed on the floor. Wire-gauze windows make it cool in summer, and a furnace keeps it warm in winter. Both rooms are carpeted with clean sand, and both are full of birds, flying from parlor to dining-room, from tree to window-sill, from bath-tub to seed-dish, exercising their wings, eating, chatting and twittering, very like families of larger growth.

Few of these birds have ever known the slavery of a cage. The great-great-grandmother of the canary babies now sporting their first yellow and green coats may have stories to tell, on a long winter afternoon, of her young days when she lived in a wire prison, but to the youngsters, they are merely interesting tales. That such a sad experience as being shut up in prison can come to them, they never dream; nor will it come while lives their best friend, whom we will call "Mrs. Nellie."

They are most musical little people. The first thing one hears, on entering the house—the big house—is the concert in full blast upstairs,—fifty, yes, perhaps a hundred, singing at the top of their voices. A bird-shop is nothing to it for noise.

These little creatures are observing, and extremely curious. Put a new thing in their home, and the whole family is at once agitated; songs stop instantly; the hungry ones—who are always taking a lunch—are called by energetic peeps; there's a great flutter of wings, and the liveliest interest is manifested by the excited family, till the strange object is fully understood, or has become familiar.

If it is a new dish, like the end of a large watermelon, or a new pan for water, they will gather in a ring around it, stretching up on tip-toe, with neck craned out, to look into the mystery, presenting a bright and funny picture of curiosity.

An unfortunate bluebird fell into the hands of Mrs. Nellie, and was introduced into the lace house. His arrival caused a genuine panic, and a wild, frightened scattering. Innocent as the little fellow was, he was bigger than any of them, and he was blue,—a fierce, dreadful color, no doubt, in the estimation of the yellow family. They could not accept him, and the mistress hit upon a new device; she put Mr. Bluebird into a cage, and exhibited him in the light of a prisoner to the happy household. This was another matter; the bluebird as a prisoner was not at all alarming; and, on closer acquaintance, finding that he was not in the least cruel or a bully, the green and yellow birds became so accustomed to him that they finally allowed him to join the family circle.

He is now free among them, and may be considered one of them; but he is a melancholy instance of solitude in a crowd. He flies with them, sits beside them on the tree, no one disturbs him; but they do not make him a companion, and he feels his separateness, never eating till the second table, nor bathing till every canary has bathed.

Another object of curiosity to the birds is the dog. It is the nature of Master Rover to kill mice, and when he first joined the family he did not observe any difference between mice and birds. He soon learned, however, that the little yellow fellows were to be looked at and admired, but not to be touched.

Sometimes an inquisitive bird will jump upon his back, as he lies stretched out on the floor. It is a trial to his doggyish nerves, yet he endures it, breathless, as the bird hops up the length of his back, and upon his head; but the moment it hops off, with a sigh of relief Master Rover rolls over on his back, and holds up his four feet in the air, to make sure that the intruder has gone.

Rover likes to visit the lace house, but generally stays outside. The birds are quite well used to him, and do not mind him, unless in his clumsy way he sometimes happens to lean against the delicate front. The lace yields, and it does look as though Master Rover might burst through. Then there is deep interest in the canary family; the songs stop, the whole tribe gathers about the scene of the possible catastrophe, and all stand with craned necks to see what the result will be.

Things do happen, even in this happy home—accidents, deaths by violence, even murder.

One little creature caught its foot behind a nail,



and, being suddenly startled, flew away and left the poor little foot behind. Mrs. Nellie, of course, did everything possible for him, and he did not seem to suffer, but very soon was flying about, and hopping on his stump of a leg as cheerful as ever.

Another bird, still more unfortunate, hung herself to the tree, by a string, and was found in the morning dangling head downward, and apparently quite dead. Cold water revived her, however; she ate a little sponge cake, and in a short time was quite recovered, although the leg by which she had been caught, withered and fell off.

At another time, one cold, rough day in April, there was great consternation in the family when it was found that one of the babies, only six weeks old, had slipped out of the door, and gone off. He was followed up and found, but he was so pleased with his liberty that he refused to come back. Poor baby! Little he knew of the harsh outside world, on a night in April. He found out before morning that running away was a foolish business, and actually made his way back to the windows of his native room. But the wire-gauze that keeps birds in will also keep naughty runaways out, and he could not get back until he had flown into a neighbor's house, and was returned by one of the children to his grieving relatives, a wiser bird.

The darkest tragedy that has taken place in this carefully guarded home was a dreadful murder. The miserable assassin came into the house at the silent hour of midnight, as was proper for such a deed, went quietly upstairs, tore a hole in the lace front, and so got into the room, where every inmate sat puffed up into a soft feather ball, and fast asleep. In a few minutes Mrs. Nellie, on the floor below, was wakened by a commotion in the house, shrieks of fright, flutter of wings, and cries of distress. Aid was quickly called, and the domestic police appeared on the scene and made short work of Rat, the burglar; but alas! not soon enough to prevent the death of more than one of the pretty sleepers.

Though not molested since then, the canaries have a vigilant enemy next door, who lives in an elegant but strong house of wire. It is four stories high, and very grand, but the owner spends nearly all his time in the attic, because from that point he can look into the lace house; and to look in, and perhaps to dream of the delight of tyrannizing over the whole feathered clan, is his greatest pleasure.

He is a splendid great mocking-bird, in a rich slate-colored coat, with black trimming, and he is a magnificent singer. His eyes are sharp and bright, and not a movement among his lively neighbors escapes them. He turns his wise head, first one side and then the other, watching in deeply interested silence everything that goes on. He acts like a detective in disguise.

The birds don't mind him when he is still, but let him speak one word, a sort of croak that sounds like "Get out!" and there is a scamper of wings into the next room. Sometimes he plays a joke on them. He can speak canary language as well as they can, and once, when two birds sat alone in the parlor, he called out "Tweet!" with the perfect accent of a native canary. Each of the two birds evidently thought the other had spoken, and each at once replied, and then looked with amazement at the other, as much as to say:

"Who *did* speak, then, if not you?"

He is doubtless the bugaboo of the canary family. Who knows but Mamma Canary holds up the Old Gentleman in Drab to the babies, as the big ogre that carries off naughty chicks who crowd in the nest, or snatch more than their share of food?

And there are plenty of babies in that house, I tell you. When nesting time comes, in the spring, every little fussy yellow or green Mamma begins to look about for house-building materials, and Papa flutters around her, and sings his sweetest, till Mrs. Nellie provides for their wants. Bits of string, beautiful feathers, fine horse-hair, and plenty of soft things, are on hand, while the most convenient of wire-baskets suddenly appear all over the walls.

Never was so busy a household as this is now; never such earnest looking over of treasures, such careful selection of houses, such dainty building; but at last everything is arranged, each baby-house is built, the lovely pale-blue egg-cradles are placed in them, and Mamma settles down to her work of sitting, while Papa does his share by the most delightful singing, the gayest fluttering about, and the most devoted attention to her wants. When the babies first show their heads,—their mouths rather, for they are nearly all mouth,—they are not pretty, and nobody but their proud parents cares to look at them; but they grow fast, and in a few weeks are hopping about, full of fun and careless frolic.

Before the family grew so large, the baby-houses were built in the trees, and were very pretty to see. They perfectly answered the purpose for the first babies, but those naughty youngsters, when they had been turned out of the nests, and left to take care of themselves, while Mamma attended their younger brothers and sisters, were full of mischief, and one of their favorite pranks was to seat themselves on a branch under the nests, and deliberately pull out the bottom, to see the eggs or the babies fall to the floor.

That had to be stopped, of course, so Mrs. Nellie provided wire baskets to hold the nests.

Another bit of fun to the little yellow rogues is



to play practical jokes on their elders. A sedate two-year-old canary, sitting quietly on a branch, was suddenly disturbed by a jerk of one of her beautiful long tail-feathers. On the branch below sat two giddy young things but a few weeks out of the nest, and being on her dignity she resolved to pay no attention to them. Meanwhile, Mrs. Nellie was watching, and she saw the joker give a sly pull to the feathers, and then look away as innocently as though he had n't thought of such a thing. No response being given, he did it again, and again turned his head away, much interested, all at once, in the doings of the bluebird. Still no response, and, growing bolder, he gave a tremendous jerk, expressing as plainly as though he had said it: "There! I guess that 'll rouse you!" It did; this was too much for any self-respecting bird to endure. The insulted canary leaned over and administered a great, fierce peck, like a hard slap,—to the wrong youngster. The amazed look and the indignant cry of the wrongly punished infant were droll to witness; but the guilty one plainly chuckled as he flew away.

This family has its share of unpractical folk, as well as the human family. They have made all sorts of experiments, one of which is trying to have twenty bathe at once, in a tub only big enough to hold ten; and this trial they have not yet ended to their satisfaction. They have even attempted to put in practice the tenement-house system—several couples building, and placing their cradles in the same house, with sad results of broken eggs and smothered babies.

Perhaps the most interesting personage in the lace house is the great-grandmother of all, who lives there still, though old age has crept upon her, and she passes her days in blindness. She is as pretty as ever, and seems to enjoy life as well as anybody. Of course, she is the object of especial care and tenderness from Mrs. Nellie, and is very tame. She will readily perch on an offered finger, and never attempt to leave it, though freely caressed and talked to. She knows her mistress's voice, and will turn at once toward it, smooth down her feathers (which, when she is alone, are always ruffled up, as if to protect herself against possible danger) and listen with deep attention.

She has many privileges of age; not a rocking-chair in the warmest corner, to be sure, but what she prizes more highly, a private breakfast-dish, outside the lace house, where her hungry young grandchildren cannot crowd. She is a wise little thing, and knows the feeling of every dish on the table. If placed on the edge of the drinking-cup, when she wants to eat, she will not attempt to in-

vestigate its contents, but at once hop down, while, if put on the seed-dish, she will begin to eat.

Since she became blind, she has never attempted to build a nest, and she deserves her ease, for she and her mate—a faithfully attached couple all their lives—have raised at least twelve families.

It is pitiful to see her shuffle around on the floor, trying to find a perch, feathers ruffled up, and evidently listening sharply. By and by she gets under the tree, and a bird alights directly over her head, a few inches above; in an instant, as though guided by the sound, she hops to the perch beside him, without mistake.

Mrs. Nellie has never made any attempts to tame or handle her pets, and though they know her well, and alight on her head and shoulders by dozens, they are a little shy of being caught, until they are in trouble. The moment one is in distress it seems to recognize its benefactor, comes to her, and allows her to do anything for it.

When she starts upstairs in the morning, to give them breakfast, she calls at the foot of the stairs, "I'm coming." At once there is a response of delight, and when she appears, every feather-head is clinging to the lace front of the house, to welcome her with twittering and flutters of joy.

House-cleaning day in the lace house comes about once a fortnight, when paint and floor are scrubbed, and a new sand-carpet is laid down; but the great event of the year is about Christmas time, when three splendid new trees are set up. Do they enjoy the green leaves? Certainly they do; they enjoy picking them off, and they work like beavers at it; and not till the trees are reduced to bare sticks do they consider them suitable for canary perches, and fit ornaments for their home.

This happy family began with two birds, allowed to fly about in Mrs. Nellie's room, and from that small beginning it has, in four or five years, grown to the present immense family, not more than five couples having been added.

What a care they are, no one who has not tried it can imagine, and they weigh on the mind like so many babies. There is one now who has suffered for weeks with what seems like a bad cough. All day it sits ruffled up on the perch, with pants of distress, and all night it coughs, so that Mrs. Nellie can hear it in her room down-stairs. Every night she thinks she will give it a dose of chloroform, and end its sufferings, and every morning she thinks, perhaps, it may get well after all.

There's a good deal of what we call human nature about these little creatures, and, after all, life in the lace house is not so very unlike life in the houses of brick and stone around it.





THE LITTLE VIOLINIST. [SEE LETTER-BOX.]









"AHOY, LADS! AH-O-Y!"

[See page 985.]

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XI.

## A YARN FROM GLOUCESTER.

IN October, Jake Coombs came back from his fishing voyage. It had been a fortunate venture, and the appearance of the trim little schooner, the "Diana," as she sailed up the harbor, laden deeply, showed that she had a full fare of fish. Jake was, accordingly, "mighty cranky," as the boys said; for in those days, fishermen on the Banks were paid in proportion to the extent of the catch.

The very next day after the arrival of the "Diana," as Blackie was lounging in the window of the house on stilts, which overlooked the harbor, Jake, slouching along some distance off, upon the beach, laden with fishing-tackle, made a speaking trumpet of his hand and bawled:

"Ahoy, lads, ah-o-y!"

Sam, in the same humor, shouted back, "Ahoy yourself! What luck?"

Jake soon brought to opposite the house, and made answer, "Now, if you fellows want to try another game with the White Bears, before the fall rains set in, we are ready for you."

"We are always ready for the White Bears, and you know it, Jake," was Blackie's reply. "But you need n't think that, just because you made a good thing of your share of the 'Diana's' catch, you're a-going to carry all before you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jake, "you Fairports are not smart enough to take that pennant from the White Bears, I calculate, and we are willing to give you another try at it, just for fun. I've got something I want to tell you, Blackie; come down on the wharf, for half a minute."

Johnson's Wharf, where the "Diana" lay moored, was a sleepy and quiet place. It was dotted over with rows of empty sugar-hogsheads, from which the boys had long since scraped all the loose sugar left sticking to the fragrant staves. Piles of rusty chain-cables lay against the weather-beaten store-house, and two or three huge anchors sunned themselves at the head of the wharf. Nailed against the gable of the store-house, and looking steadfastly seaward, was the figure-head of the old ship "Arethusa," a once-white nymph, very spare in the face and very full in the chest, with a broken nose, and an unseemly wad of tar on her neck, the wanton gift of some bad boy. It was a delightful old place, full of the associations of the sea, and redolent of

tar and sailors' yarns. Here, on sunny days, the returned mariner sat on an anchor-stock and told to open-eyed and open-eared boys the most astounding tales of moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes upon the raging main, and of strange sights in foreign parts. And here, sheltered from the October wind, Jake and Sam sat down in the sun.

"When we were on the Banks," began Jake, confidentially, "I found a feller on board a Glo'ster schooner—she was a pink-built schooner, with a big jib and painted red—and he could spin yarns just everlastingly. He came aboard of the 'Diana,' one Sunday, while we was a-layin' off and on, and me and him got to talkin' about base-ball. It 'pears that he was the pitcher of the Cape Ann Nine, down to Rockport; but that's neither here nor there. What I was comin' at is how we got to talkin' base-ball, and that's about how it was."

"And you let on and bragged how you and the rest of the White Bears had whipped the Fairport Nine, I suppose? Hey, Jake?"

"Well, Sammy, I did n't throw away no chances to say a good word for the White Bears; that would n't be in natur', now would it, Sammy?"

Jake was very friendly, although he had had a full fare from the Banks. At least, Blackie thought so.

"But, as I was sayin'," continued Jake, "he was a yarn-spinner, he was; a 'yarn-spinner from Yarn-spinnersville,' as old Keeler would say. One day, I was tellin' him about how smart you was in the left field, and how you knew more than most white boys, 'specially about things that run in the woods and swim in the sea, and he ups and says, says he, 'Well, now, if that boy's father is the one that run away from South America in the old brig "Draco," years and years ago, he must be a mighty old man by this.' And I said he was."

"He's only sixty-odd," interrupted Sam.

"Oh, sho," replied Jake, "he don't know how old he is. Nobody ever does know how old a darky is, 'specially a darky who has been into slavery."

"Now don't go off mad," he added, seeing Blackie making an impatient movement. "I aint half through my yarn yet, so keep your moorings and hear the rest of it. 'It's mighty curious,' says the Glo'ster man to me, says he; 'I know all about old Tumble, as you call him. My gran'-ther sailed with Captain Whitney out of Lincolnville, ever so many years ago, and between you



and me, he wa'n't too good to dicker in the slave-trade once in a while. Mind,' says this Glo'ster chap, 'I don't say that he was in the slave-trade regular, but he was n't above taking a dash at it, once in a while, when the molasses business was dull. He was in the Trinidad trade, my gran'ther was, and he had dealings with a skipper that they called "Black Stover," who sailed out of Fairport. This Black Stover,' said the Glo'ster feller, 'traded all along the Spanish Main, sellin' slaves from the Gold Coast, as far up north as Oldport, Rhode Island, and as far south as the River Plate.'" And Jake paused to watch the effect of the yarn.

"I was laughing to think that you should be such a fool as to believe that anybody would take in such a tough yarn as that."

"I don't care; there 's the story. All of the fellers in our crew will tell you the same thing. Most of 'em heard it. Jim Snowman, Si Booden, and Steve Morey, I know heard that Glo'ster man tell that story. He said that he remembered his gran'ther very well, and that he used to tell his goings-on all over the world to everybody that would listen to him; and that his gran'ther actilly believed that one of the slaves that the Black Stover fetched from the Congo Coast to South



BLACKIE HEARS JAKE'S YARN.

"It 's a good story, Jake," remarked Blackie, "but I don't see what it has got to do with me."

"Hold hard, youngster; I'll tell you what it has got to do with you. This Glo'ster chap, he says to me, says he, 'Black Stover, he told my gran'ther that he brung a likely young darky from the Congo to Rio, and that he sold him there, and that he afterward saw him on Spruce Island, in Penobscot Bay, and that he was called Black. And my gran'ther, who is dead and gone since I was forty-three, said he saw that identical darky in Fairport, when he was there, foremast hand on "The Chariot of Fame," Captain Whitney, of Lincolnville.' Leastways, that 's what the Glo'ster man told me," and Jake paused.

Sam laughed loud and long.

"Seems like it tickled you, Blackie," said Jake, a little nettled. "Seems as if it tickled you, though it beats me why it should."

"Well," answered Blackie, his left eye closed,

America afterward escaped to the coast of Maine, the very country that the Black Stover came from; so, now."

Blackie did not feel very happy as he walked slowly up the wharf, turning over in his mind the tale he had just heard. And he was not at all cheered by Jake's shout after him to "go and have it, out with the Black Stover's granddaughter, Squire Hetherington's wife."

When he reached home, Sam lost no time in solving his doubts. "Tell me, Dad," he said to his father, "do you know the name of the captain of the ship that brought you from Africa to Rio?"

The old man started, and then, recovering himself, said gently:

"It war n't no ship, Sammy, it was a brig,—a square-rigged brig. I was too young then to know much about ships and vessels, but I know now that she was a square-rigged brig, for I remember just exactly how she looked."



Sam stood too much in awe of his father to show the impatience which he felt at this evasive reply, and, stifling it as well as he could, he persisted:

"Well, what was the name of the captain of the square-rigged brig that brought you over from Africa?"

"Well, my son, that was a mighty long while ago. Reely, I disremember. Mebbe it was Brown. You remember Captain Brown, Sammy; he that was lost in the 'Two Brothers.' Dear! Dear! He was a nice man, was Captain Brown; and he could splice a two-inch hawser better 'n any man I ever see. 'Pears to me that all the smartest men die first; hey, Sammy?"

"Well," said Sam, "I saw Jake Coombs, to-day, and he said that when he was on the Banks, this voyage, a Gloucester man came aboard the 'Diana' and told him a long yarn about his grandfather, who sailed out of Lincolnville, ever so many years ago, and who knew Captain Stover, and that he whom they call the Black Stover, you know, commanded a slave-trader, on the sly, as it were, and that you came over on his vessel, a square-rigged brig, say, from Africa to Rio. Now, what do you think of that for a yarn, Dad?"

"I don't believe a word of it, Sammy!" replied the old man, with great emphasis.

"But Jake says that his grandfather saw you here, long ago, when he was in here on 'The Chariot of Fame,'" persisted Blackie. "And he says that he knew you because of your name, and that he was sure of your being the same man that the Black Stover brought from the Congo coast."

"And this Glo'ster man's grandfather knows that I, who was a slip of a boy when the Black Stover brought me over (now, mind, I don't say that he did bring me over, Sammy), was the same man that he saw when 'The Chariot of Fame' came in here with that cargo of Cadiz salt, the year that the monument was built on Grindle's Ledge? Why, I remember it just as if it was yesterday, the year that that monument was built! And he says I was the same man? Oh, sho! How folks do talk! It's nothing to be ashamed of. But it's a shame to be a-tellin' that Squire Hetherington's wife's father was ever in the slave trade. It's a wicked, wicked thing, so it is, Sammy."

"But the Glo'ster man said so," replied Sam, rather sadly.

"Perhaps the Glo'ster man lied," said the old negro, with a meaning smile.

Sam brightened up and said, "Perhaps the Glo'ster man's gran'ther lied?"

"I should n't wonder the least mite if he did." And this was all that old Tumble could ever be induced to say about the yarn which had been spun at sea by the man from Gloucester.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE GREAT MATCH.

IF the town of Fairport had not been speedily stirred up by the news that there was to be a grand final game between the two Nines, it is likely that this revival of the old scandals of the Black Stover's slave-trading pursuits would have caused much talk. As it was, a few ancient ladies, who took their tea and their gossip together, whispered to each other that it was "dreffle curious that that old sin would keep a-comin' up to disturb the Hetheringtons; and they so stuck-up and set in their ways, too; only Mis' Hetherington was n't in the least mite proud; but there was the Squire, who walked down Main street as if the earth was too mean for him to step on."

But they never got much farther than this. And the younger portion of the population were in a fever over the intelligence that the two Nines would soon play a deciding match-game for the championship.

During the summer, several "scrub" games had been played by the Fairports, who had supplied the place of the absent Jo Murch by putting George Bridges at the first base. Their opponents were usually made up from such members of the White Bears as happened to be at home and at leisure; and that was not many. Jo Murch had not shown himself in any base-ball game, excepting to sit sullenly outside the field and watch the play, making rough criticism on all that went on. But when it was noised abroad that the Fairports were to play the White Bears once more, Jo commissioned his small brother Sam to hand in his written resignation to the members of the Nine. It had been all along understood that he was really in with the White Bears, though he had not formally severed his connection with the Fairports.

"Tell Jo," said Captain Sam Perkins, with great severity, "that we should have turned him out if he had not resigned. George Bridges has resigned from the White Bears, and he will have Jo's place. So it is good riddance to bad rubbish, anyhow."

When Jo Murch received this message, he was very angry, and sent word to Captain Sam that he was glad to get out of a Nine that could n't play any better than the Fairports, and that he was tired of being bullied around by a petty tyrant like Sam Perkins. The messenger in this instance was the mild-mannered Sam Murch, and he conveniently forgot to deliver it, and the gallant captain was spared the mortification of this last insult from his rebellious ex-player.

"Now, boys, we must brace up the Nine for the grand combat," said Captain Sam. "If we beat



them this time, it will be a tall feather in our caps, for they have got one of our best basemen, and we shall have no other chance to play for the pennant until next summer."

Billy Hetherington and Blackie were in favor of recasting the Nine, with the understanding that "the Lob" should remain at the post of catcher, and that George Bridges, when elected, as he was sure to be, should be put in Jo Murch's old place at first base.

To this the rest of the Nine agreed, and, after much discussion, the captain took Hi Hatch's place at second base, Hi going to short stop, the station formerly held by Captain Sam. Bill Watson and Billy Hetherington changed stations, Watson going to center field, and Billy to the right field.

The news of this re-organization of the Fairport Nine spread through the town like wild-fire. It was the talk of all the boys and girls; and Jake Coombs, who had become the leader of the White Bears, sitting on the end of Johnson's Wharf, with his big boots dangling over the tide, solemnly advised Captain Sam Booden to do the same thing with the White Bears, if he did not want to "be got away with everlastingly."

Sam Booden agreed to carry out this suggestion, though with some reluctance. He was jealous of Jake's rising leadership in the Nine. Jake had already had two fights since his return from the Banks, and he had come off victorious in each.

Jo Murch had been taken into the White Bears, the members sitting on the bottom of old Getchell's boat, which was lying on the beach below the houses on stilts. So, by a solemn vote of the South-end Nine, he was put into George Bridges's station at second base. Captain Sam Booden then took the first base, changing with Joe Patchen, who went to third base. Dan Morey went to short stop, and Eph Mullett to center field, while Joe Fitts, who had been the center-fielder, took Dan Morey's station at left field. It was a complete re-organization.

When Captain Sam Perkins heard of it, he laughed and said the White Bears were getting scared. But it was acknowledged by all the boys that the White Bears had strengthened themselves by these changes. This is the way the match was played:

#### THE FAIRPORT NINE.

*Pitcher*—Ned Martin.  
*Catcher*—John Hale.  
*First Base*—George Bridges.  
*Second Base*—Captain Sam Perkins.  
*Third Base*—James Pat Adams.  
*Short Stop*—Hi Hatch.  
*Left Field*—Sam Black, "Blackie."  
*Center Field*—Bill Watson.  
*Right Field*—Billy Hetherington

#### THE WHITE BEARS.

*Pitcher*—Jake Coombs.  
*Catcher*—Eph Weeks.  
*First Base*—Captain Sam Booden.  
*Second Base*—Jo Murch.  
*Third Base*—Joe Patchen.  
*Short Stop*—Dan Morey.  
*Left Field*—Joe Fitts.  
*Center Field*—Eph Mullett.  
*Right Field*—Peletiah Snelgro.

The bright blue October sky gave promise of a fine day when the two Nines and their friends assembled in the old fort, once more to try their skill with each other. The air was a little chilly for the girls, who were prettily grouped together on the ramparts, now brown and sear with the frosts of autumn; but Sarah Judkins, with her customary superior air, said that she could keep warm by merely looking at the exercise of the players.

"And as for me," said Alice Martin, shaking her yellow curls, "I shall be in a fever until I see those horrid White Bears so awfully beaten that they will never dare to say 'base-ball' again as long as they live. Just look at that dreadful Jake Coombs, now, strutting around as if he owned the whole fort!"

"The stuck-up thing!" said Comfort Stanley, who overheard this remark. But Comfort Stanley referred to Alice, and not to Jake, for whom she entertained a warm admiration. For Comfort was a daughter of one of the White Bear families, as the South-end portion of the population of Fairport had come to be called.

The members of the two Nines were too much engrossed in the vast interests which they had now at stake to pay the slightest attention to the light gossip and chatter which reached them faintly from the bright ranks of their girl admirers on the sides of the ramparts. With grave and even anxious face, Sam Perkins cried "Heads!" as the copper cent went up into the air. He lost the toss, and the White Bears, with an elation they did not try to hide, chose to take the field first.

"We lost the toss and we lost the game, last time," whispered Ned Martin to the captain. "It's a sign of bad luck, is n't it?"

Sam made no reply, but gloomily took his place in the line of fellows waiting for their turns at the bat.

"There's no luck in the game, Sam," cheerily said Mr. Nathan Dunbar, who had consented to act as umpire. "It's good playing, my lad, that's going to win this game; and the fellows that play best will carry the pennant back to town." Mr. Dunbar was a philosopher.

Sam felt comforted, and his spirits rose with his temper when he heard Dan Morey say, as he



went to short stop, "This is a-going to be a regular walk-over, boys."

Ned Martin went first to the bat. He made a terrific strike at the first ball pitched, which was exactly where he wanted it. He hit the ball, but it struck foul and was caught by Captain Sam Booden, who played first base for the first time, and whose dexterity was applauded vigorously by Comfort Stanley and her friends on the fort.

Ned was called "out" by the umpire, and his place was taken by John Hale, who was soon retired, going out on strikes. Next came Hi Hatch, and when he took up the bat a general murmur of approval rose from the spectators. Hiram was a prime favorite. He made a capital hit, knocking the ball over Dan Morey's head at short stop.

Hi was the first man to reach the first base, and as soon as Jake Coombs had pitched the ball to George Bridges, who now took up the bat for the Fairports, Hi started for second base and safely reached it. But when he next attempted to run to third base, Joe Fitts, in some mysterious manner, got in from left field, and Eph Weeks, the catcher, threw him the ball, and Hi was caught between the bases and so put out. Thus ended the first half of the first inning.

"They're blanked! They're blanked!" cried Hannah Kench, one of the friends of the White Bears. Sarah Judkins looked calmly over Hannah's head, and said to her comrades that she thought that there were more ill-mannered people this year than usual.

There was exultation when the White Bears now went to the bat, the redoubtable Jake Coombs being the first striker. He led off with a safe base-hit, Eph Weeks being next after him. Eph struck the first ball pitched, to Hi Hatch at short stop. Hi handled it with lightning rapidity to Sam Perkins, at second base, and he in turn sent it flying to first base, and both men were put out by the skillful playing of these two, amidst great applause from all the spectators. Even the friends of the White Bears lent a hand to cheer the Fairports.

Thus the Fairports were credited with a very fine double-play, and when their old first-base man, Jo Murch, stood up at the bat, as he came next, a perceptible smile of triumph spread over the faces of the martial Nine. There were murmurs of disapprobation, too, on the slopes of the fort, where some of the girls recalled Jo's desertion from his company. And when he was disposed of by his ball bounding right into the catcher's hand, even the champions of the White Bears secretly thought that it served him right. Somehow, Jo had lost good repute by his desertion.

The first inning was now completed, both Nines being "whitewashed." The second inning opened

with Pat Adams at the bat. He knocked a daisy-cutter over to Pel Snelgro, in the right field, so swiftly that it could not be stopped. This was a fine hit, and, with great enthusiasm prevailing, Pat made his second base from it. Sam Perkins followed with a single-baser, which advanced Pat Adams to the third base. Sam Black, who was next in order, disappointed his friends, as he "hit Barlow," and was put out at first base, to his own great mortification.

But the Fairports were cheered by Watson, who, striking wildly at two balls, hit the third with a tremendous crack and sent it flying between center and right fields, thus bringing Pat Adams home, and sending the gallant captain to the second base. Billy Hetherington, coming next to the bat, hit a short ball to Jo Murch at second base, which gave the White Bears a double play and ended the second inning of the Fairports, with one run to their credit.

Again the Bears went to the bat, but with ill-fortune attending them, as their three strikers went out in one—two—three order.

"Another blank for the White Bears!" cried Ned Martin, exultingly, as he came up to the bat. "It is n't such bad luck to lose the toss, after all; is it, Sam?" But Ned's elation was soon over. All three of the strikers went out, as the White Bears had just gone, on strikes.

There was a solemn hush inside the fort when the third inning opened with only one run scored. The crisis was an exciting one. Some terrific batting was done in the last half of this inning by Jake Coombs, Eph Weeks and Joe Patchen. They succeeded in earning two runs before they were retired; and the fourth inning began with the Fairports at the bat. But they were retired with a blank, only one base-hit being made, and that was Hi Hatch's. He did not succeed in getting any farther than first base, the three players following him striking out. The White Bears watched the field so closely that it was impossible to steal around, and the Fairports took the field again somewhat downhearted. Ned Martin, as he went to his station, confided to Blackie his worst fears.

"They think they have got us," said Ned.

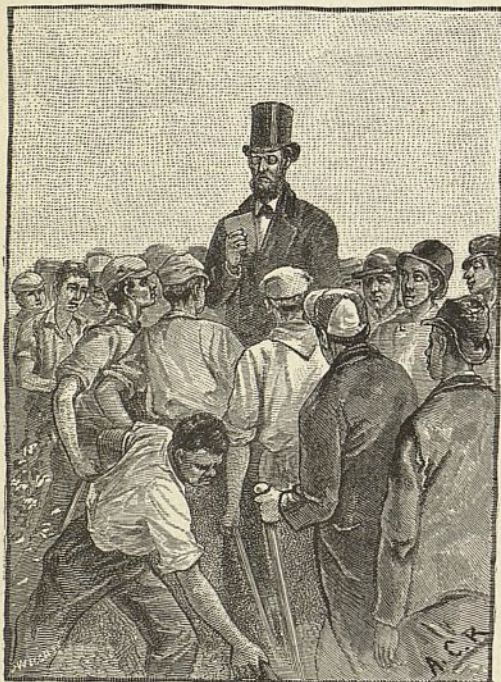
Blackie laughed confidently and made no answer. But he knew that the score stood two to one against them.

The White Bears now went in to end the fourth inning, with Sam Booden at the bat. He led off with a fly to the left field, which Blackie caught with one hand, after a long run. Eph Mullett, who came next, made a fine hit over the center-fielder's head, on which he got his second base. Dan Morey followed with a single-base hit which put Eph to third base, and from there he



attempted to steal home; but he was caught between the bases and was put out by John Hale, after a lively struggle. Joe Fitts, coming next to the bat, sent the first ball pitched to Billy Hetherington, in the right field, and Billy held it, and thus the inning was ended, the Bears being retired with another blank, to the great delight of some of the girls,—Sarah Judkins saying that it was just what might have been expected.

Billy Watson went first to the bat for the



MR. DUNBAR ANNOUNCES THE SCORE.

Fairports, and, as he took his station, little Sam Watson, who could not suppress his admiration for the martial Nine, shrilly shrieked, "Now give it to 'em, Billy," to the great scandal of Captain Sam Perkins, who shouted, "Silence in the ranks!"

This made the girls laugh, and Jake Coombs, at pitcher's station, satirically said that the captain of the Fairports had not got his sea-legs on yet.

Bill Watson knocked a liner over to center field, the ball flying over the head of Ephraim Mullett. By very hard running, Bill managed to reach the third base, where he paused, quite out of breath. Billy Hetherington followed with a foul fly which he sent straight into the catcher's hands, and then he gave way to Ned Martin, who came to the rescue in fine style. Ned made a fine two-base hit which brought Watson home amidst great excitement, the score now standing two to two.

Then John Hale, otherwise "the Lob," went

out on a fly to Dan Morey at short stop. Hi Hatch hit a grounder to the pitcher and was cut off at first base, which left Martin on third base, to which he had stolen, and put the Fairports out.

In the rest of this fifth inning the White Bears were soon disposed of, Pel Snelgro hitting a fly to Ned Martin, at pitcher, who held it after a great deal of fumbling. The next two strikers, Jake Coombs and Eph Mullett, hit high balls to Pat Adams, at third base, and he closed on them, and Umpire Dunbar declared the strikers out.

Even the chattering girls on the ramparts of the fort were hushed as the sixth inning opened with the Fairports at the bat. But it was a short inning. Both sides scored blanks, still leaving the score two and two.

John Hale opened the next inning. He made a base hit, and Hi Hatch followed with a hit to center field. Mullett let the ball pass, Hale got home on his error, and Hiram went to his third base. George Bridges, Pat Adams and Sam Perkins followed with weak hits to short stop and second base, but the ball was fumbled each time.

The White Bears began to show signs of dismay. Jake Coombs, although the air was cool, was in a state of redness and perspiration wonderful to behold. Before his comrades could recover themselves, the Fairports had made four runs.

The flutter of the white handkerchiefs on the fort signaled the triumph there felt at the new turn of affairs in the field. Perhaps the high beating of the proud hearts of the Nine caused them to become reckless. The White Bears scored two unearned runs in this inning, through errors at short stop, first and third base, and center field.

"This wont do, my lads," whispered Captain Sam, between his teeth. "Here 's the end of the seventh inning, and we 're only six to four."

But the eighth inning retrieved the day. Captain Sam's many cautions to his fellows were not in vain, and the Fairports, with skillful playing and good running, succeeded in adding two more to their score, their opponents gaining none.

Now came the ninth and final inning, with everything looking bright for the Fairports. But the White Bears were by no means discouraged. Jake Coombs, their leading spirit, cheered them by his confident bearing and his rough wit at the expense of their adversaries.

When the Fairports went to the bat, they did some first-rate batting, but the ball was handled so quickly that they found it impossible to gain their first base once, and were retired with a blank.

Then the Bears went to the bat for their last time, the inning being opened by Eph Mullett, who made a two-base hit, Dan Morey following him with a single hit, which sent Mullett to third base. Joe



Fitts, who next took up the bat, sent the ball between center and left field, and thus brought Ephraim home and Dan Morey to the third base.

When Martin pitched the ball for Snelgro, Joe Fitts attempted to run to second base, but Hale, catcher, had the ball there before him, and he was cut off by Sam Perkins's fielding it home. This made two men out, and two strikes on third man at the bat; the next ball might decide the game.

Pel Snelgro, at the bat, hit the ball and sent it straight to Watson, in center field. Bill closed on the ball, doubling himself together in his anxiety to keep it. A great sigh of relief was breathed through the ball-field, for the game was won, and the Fairports were victorious. A shrill cheer ran along the ramparts of the fort, and Phoebe Sawyer, taking her bonnet by the strings, waved it wildly around her head. Then the Fairports gave a yell of triumph, and Mr. Dunbar, after a little figuring, mounted a bench and announced the following result of the final championship game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
The Fairport Nine.....	0	1	0	0	1	0	4	2	0—8
The White Bears.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	1—5
Time of game, two hours.									
Umpire, Mr. Nathan Dunbar.									
Runs earned—Fairport Nine, 3; White Bears, 2.									

THE END.

"Never mind, boys," said Jake Coombs, stoutly; "they had to work hard for it, and we'll get that pennant back, next year; see if we don't."

"It's not so big as the 'William and Sally's' burgee, but it is ours!" cried Blackie, quoting the very words used by the White Bears when they had captured the pennant, last July. Jake laughed, for he saw the joke, and was too good-natured to grudge the Fairports their hard-earned victory.

Alice Martin and some of the other girls of the Fairport Nine's friends clustered around Billy Hetherington, who, as the standard-bearer of the martial Nine, carried the championship pennant.

"It's just splendid," said Alice, with her blue eyes gleaming, "and I knew we should get the pennant back again."

"We, indeed!" cried Sarah; "I'd like to know what *we* have had to do with it?"

"Well, I don't care," replied Alice, "everybody that is anybody is awful glad that our Nine won."

And, as the boys went joyfully down into the town, Billy Hetherington, who lagged behind with the pennant proudly waving over his head, whispered to Blackie, "I don't believe in luck, but I felt it in my bones that the base-ball championship belonged to the Fairport Nine."



WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES.



## BOBBY'S SUPPER.

By B. W.

LIT-TLE BOB-BY was a lit-tle ne-gro boy. He was very fond of his break-fast, his din-ner and his sup-per, and if there had been any other meal, he would have been glad to have that, too.

Bob-by's fa-ther used to say that his lit-tle boy liked his meals bet-ter than he liked any-thing else, and that, if he did not stop eat-ing so much, he would grow fat and round, like a big pig, and would not look like a boy at all.

But Bob-by's moth-er thought that her lit-tle boy ought to eat just as much as he could. "If it makes him fat," said she, "I do not mind that. I like fat lit-tle boys."

Bob-by was al-ways glad when he had mush and milk for his sup-per, be-cause his moth-er gave it to him in a ver-y large wood-en bowl, which held a great deal. One day, his moth-er said to him:

"Bob-by, my boy, here is your bowl, with your mush and milk. You can take it out to the back door, and sit on the top of the steps. It will be nice and cool for you there."

So Bob-by took the bowl of mush and milk, which was so big and heav-y that he scarce-ly could car-ry it, and went to the back door and sat down. There was a good deal of milk in the bowl, and not much mush, be-cause that was the way Bob-by liked it. He had to be ver-y care-ful how he held the bowl, for fear some of his sup-per should be spilt. So he put it in his lap and held it tight, be-tween his knees, while he took his spoon in his hand and gazed at his sup-per.

"This is real nice," said Bob-by to him-self, aft-er he had tast-ed a lit-tle of the mush and milk. "I like it, and I am go-ing to eat just as much as I can. Mam-my says it will make me grow, and I want to grow, and grow, and grow, and grow, un-til I am as big as my dad-dy. Then he wont tell me I must not eat so much. Peo-ple who are big can eat just as much as they want to. I like to eat too much. I think too much is just e-nough. And I am go-ing to ask my mam-my to buy me a big-ger bowl than this one, so that I can eat more mush and milk, and grow a great deal big-ger than this much mush and milk will make me grow. And when I am as big as my dad-dy, I would just like to hear him say I eat too much!"

As he said this, Bob-by let go of the bowl, which he held with his left



hand, and he sat up as straight as he could, as if he felt he was al-read-y grow-ing big-ger. Then he gave a great dip in-to the mush and milk, with the spoon which he held in his oth-er hand, for he want-ed to be-gin to eat a-gain, as fast as he could. He for-got he had let go of the bowl, and he gave it such a push, as he dipped his spoon in-to it, that it up-set and rolled off his knees. Then it went bang-ing and thump-ing down the steps, spill-ing some of the mush and milk on each step, un-til it got to the bot-tom, when it turned o-ver on one side, and all the rest of the mush and milk ran out on the ground.

Poor Bob-by sat on the top step, still hold-ing the spoon-ful of mush and milk in his hand. His eyes o-pened as wide as they would go, and he sat and looked at the bowl as if he did not know what in the world had hap-pened.

But he soon saw that it was of no use to sit there, and look at the bowl. He could not make it climb up the steps, and gath-er up all the mush and milk in-to it-self as it came up. All of Bob-by's sup-per was gone, and there was no help for it. He gave a deep sigh.

Then the tears be-gan to come in-to his eyes.

"I'd like to know how I'm go-ing to grow," he said, rub-bing his eyes, "if the bowls go and do that way. Now I shall have no sup-per at all." But if Bob-by had not been so greed-y, and if he had not thought he knew so much more than his fa-ther, he might have had just as much sup-per as he want-ed.



"ALL BOBBY'S SUPPER WAS GONE!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WORD comes to me, my dears, of strange goings-on in the woods these days!

I happen to know by sight, although I see him rarely, a hermit-thrush, who spends his life in the very loneliest part of the wood, where he goes whole weeks and weeks without seeing a boy's or a girl's face. How he can endure that kind of life I can't think, but it's clear that he even likes it, for he sends me a complaint that he has been frightened by crowds of children thronging around his home of late, and so he must move away.

You may be sure I looked very grave at this news, because I know of nothing more unlike a good child than to frighten a hermit-thrush. For, although he's the most modest fellow in the world, and so bashful he won't so much as chirp, if he knows you're by, yet all accounts agree that he is a perfect singer.

But, luckily, you've escaped a scold-y sermon from me, my dears, for the thrush's messenger was wiser than he, and soon explained things to my entire satisfaction.

Here are the facts of the disturbance:

It seems that more boys and girls visit the groves at this time than came even in June, when the trees put on their new spring clothes. Deacon Green says the woods are full of them. But they go in groups, and carry bags and baskets.

Ah, you understand now! Of course you do.

So did I, the moment my bird told me that.

It's Nutting Time! And, of course, boys and girls will go prowling around anywhere and everywhere to find such treasures as walnuts and hickory-nuts and chestnuts, and all the rest. And if some of them happen to stroll within sight of the hermit-thrush's home, why, bless me! what's the harm? Not one of them would annoy him for the world. Why does n't he come out and be sociable, and give them a song, as any sensible

singer would? Then he would find out what happy creatures and gentle companions boys and girls can be.

Between you and me, I've a notion that hermits are not the wisest people in the world, anyhow!

But, speaking of birds, let me tell you of

#### A BLACKBIRD'S LITTLE JOKE.

ONE day—says L. H.—my cousin John called at a house to see its owner on business. But the man was out, and John waited in the kitchen, where the man's wife was picking over dried apples, while a blackbird on the mantel-piece blinked at her solemnly.

Presently, the woman was called out. At once, the blackbird was in a tremendous flutter. He flew down, and, in a violent hurry, hid the greater part of the picked apples. Then he went and sat as gravely as ever in his former place.

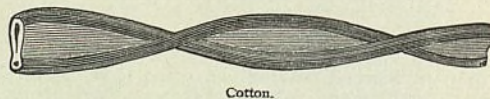
When the mistress came back, she looked with surprise at the diminished heap of apples, and glanced accusingly at John, who could not restrain himself, but suddenly burst into a hearty laugh.

The woman's face became very red, and she began to say something sharp. But John smothered his merriment, lifted a cloth, and, pointing to the solemn bird, said:

"Here are the apples, ma'am, and there's the culprit; but he looks so reproachful that I myself scarcely can believe I'm not the guilty party."

#### HOW THEY APPEAR THROUGH A GLASS.

THE microscope tells many curious and interesting secrets, my dears. For instance, look through it at the fibers of the cotton and flax plants, and at a single shred of silk just off the cocoon. You will find strange differences between



Cotton.



Silk.



Flax.

them, besides colors and sizes. The cotton will look like a flat twisted tube bordered at each side; the silk—but the pictures show it all at a glance.

#### WHAT STEAM CAN DO.

DID you ever try to count on your fingers the things that steam can do? It gently pushes a pin, an inch long, through two ridges in soft paper, and it drives a steamer, three hundred feet in length, through the great ocean waves, doing both duties with sure obedience to its master.

Of course, you know that this power was dis-



covered by a boy watching a tea-kettle on the fire in his mother's kitchen. The water boiled up into steam, which forced the cover of the kettle to dance a kind of jig. This boy's name was,—well, now I come to think of it, what was his name?

Not long ago, the Little School-ma'am sent me a printed scrap with these rhymes about steam. It will give you a pretty fair idea of this lid-dancer's accomplishments, but you're not obliged to commit it to memory, my suffering ones:

"THE USES OF STEAM.

"It lifts, it lowers, it propels, it tows.  
It drains, it plows, it reaps, it mows.  
It pumps, it bores, it irrigates.  
It dredges, it digs, it excavates.  
It pulls, it pushes, it draws, it drives.  
It splits, it planes, it saws, it rives.  
It carries, it scatters, collects and brings.  
It blows, it puffs, it halts and springs.  
It bursts, condenses, opens and shuts.  
It pricks, it drills, it hammers and cuts.  
It shovels, it washes, it bolts and binds.  
It threshes, it winnows, it mixes and grinds.  
It crushes, it sifts, it punches, it kneads.  
It molds, it stamps, it presses, it shaves.  
It rakes, it scrapes, it sows, it shaves.  
It runs on land, it rides on waves.  
It mortises, forges, rolls and rasps.  
It polishes, rivets, files and clasps.  
It brushes, scratches, cards and spins.  
It puts out fires, and papers pins.  
It weaves, it winds, it twists, it throws.  
It stands, it lies, it comes and goes.  
It winds, it knits, it carves, it hews.  
It coins, it prints—aye!—prints this news!"

A TREE THAT BORE CURIOUS FRUIT.

DEAR JACK: I know of a tree that bore curious fruit. It was not a curious tree, being merely a poplar, which usually bears no fruit at all, and yet this tree bore a crop of yellow fruit that had two feet and ran about. And the same summer it bore a second crop, of yellow and white fruit that had four feet, and ran faster than that with two. Does this sound strange? It is quite true.

Poplar trees are not very good for shade, as the branches do not spread out, but grow straight up. However, a hundred years ago they were thought very handsome, and were planted in rows on each side of carriage drives. When old they are easily broken by the wind, and this particular tree I am writing about had been broken off about twelve feet from the ground. New branches had grown up all around the top of the stump, leaving a hollow in the middle which formed the safest of hiding-places.

The old white hen found it, and scratching in the soft, dead wood, made a cozy nest. Here she laid thirteen eggs. At the end of three weeks, we saw her bustling and clucking at the foot of the tree, and, on climbing up, we found eleven little yellow chickens in the top of the tree. These we soon removed to a place safer for live chicks.

Not long after, old Tabby discovered the same retreat, and put her new kittens there. Every day we saw her clamber down from the tree and run to the kitchen for food, and then quickly go back again. We climbed again and looked, and behold, four little yellow and white kittens! We left these to come down when they were grown old enough, as we knew they would not fall.

Did you ever know a tree to bear such fruit?

M. A. C.

THE BRILLIANT SEA-MOUSE.

IN August we talked about a field-mouse, and a field-mouse is a pretty enough little fellow, frisky and soft, and with very bright eyes. But there is a mouse that is even more beautiful,—the bright and brilliant sea-mouse,—one of the prettiest creatures that live in the water.

Of course, your Jack has never visited him in his home, but persons who have seen him say that he sparkles like a diamond and is colored with all the hues of the rainbow. Yet he makes his home in the mud at the bottom of the sea. His shape is somewhat like that of a mouse, but he is as large

as a small cat. His beautiful glittering scales move as he breathes, shining through a fleecy down; and out of the down grow fine silky hairs, which wave to and fro and keep changing from one bright color to another.

A very fine fellow is this dazzling sea-dandy, but I am afraid his finery must help his enemies to catch him, when their dinner-hour comes round.

THE SALAMANDER DRESS.

DEAR JACK: Your August remarks about the salamander remind me that I once saw a man actually "sit in a blazing fire with comfort." He wore a "salamander dress," and this was air-tight excepting about the face, and was made of the fibers of asbestos-stone, which cannot burn. It was a double dress, one part fitting loosely over the other; and it covered all but the wearer's eyes, nose and mouth. A big bonfire was made, and just before the man walked into the flames, a tube, covered thick with asbestos, was attached to his dress. Through this tube, air was blown with great force. It rushed out from around his face; and, when he was in the midst of the fire, this air blew away the smoke and flames so that he could see, and breathe fresh air and take his ease. At least, this is what I understood of the explanation that was made to me at the time.—Yours truly,

G. M.

THE VOYAGE OF A CRICKET.

C. S. R. SENDS this picture and story:

On a farm where I used to live, there was a little round pond down by the edge of the woods. It was surrounded by alders, blackberry-bushes, and tall maple-trees, which were very beautiful in the



fall, with their gorgeous mantles of crimson, green and gold.

Well, I took my gun one day, and strolled down to the pond to shoot some musk-rats, that had bothered us a good deal. The surface of the pond was very clear, excepting that a few twigs had fallen from the maples, and were floating on the water, forming little rafts; and some dry leaves were drifting about, as the wind stirred them, like tiny canoes.

While I was peering around, I saw a little cricket jump from the root of a maple into the pond, and begin swimming toward the other side. I was very much surprised, for crickets do not like the water. By and by, when he got tired, he turned on his back and floated. Then the wind blew a dry leaf near him, and he hopped on that, and sailed away gayly. But as soon as the leaf began to drift out of his course, he sprang into the water, and swam until he came to a twig raft, on which he floated and rested for a while.

Thus, by swimming, and floating on the dry leaves and twigs, he reached the opposite side, in a straight line from the spot whence he had started; and he leaped up the bank, and hopped into a hole in a hollow stump, which, I suppose, was his home.

Was n't that voyage a great trial of courage, skill and endurance for such a little thing?



## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE Publishers of ST. NICHOLAS wish to say that, on account of the increased number and size of the pages, it will be necessary to bind the monthly issues for the present volume in two parts,—one comprising the numbers from November, 1879, to April, 1880, inclusive, the other containing the remaining six. The Publishers will bind the numbers for the year in the two parts described, or will supply covers for the purpose, in accordance with their notice on the contents page of the cover of the present number.

WE are sorry to say that the papers by Mrs. Oliphant about two Queens of England, and the proposed new department for choice specimens of English literature, which were to have been given in the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS, have been unavoidably crowded out by more timely articles. But we trust that all our readers who have been looking for the promised papers will have found compensation for their absence hitherto, in the articles entitled "Paper Balloons," "A Happy Thought for Street Children," "Small Boats: How to Rig and Sail them," "A Talk about the Bicycle," and "The Girls' Swimming Bath." And we now assure them that Mrs. Oliphant's papers and the English literature selections will appear in the eighth volume, which begins with next month's number.

## THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

MISS NORTHAM'S full-page picture, on page 984 of the present number, is taken from life, and a very true portrait it is. The original is a young friend of ours, named Lulu, who interested us, first, because she is a very happy, winsome little girl, and, next, because she plays the violin remarkably well for a child of ten years.

Lulu lives in Brooklyn, and spends her time very much as other little girls do. But, besides studying her lessons, frolicking in the sunshine with her friends, and taking care of her dollies, she has the great joy of playing, upon her beloved violin, music so sweet and rich that the eyes of her father and mother sparkle with happiness as they listen.

"Lulu plays pretty well," they say softly to each other, and then they take "solid comfort" in the thought of how patiently she has struggled through her first lessons, and how vigorously she has practiced. A punning friend of hers says that Lulu has had more terrible "scrapes" than almost any little school-girl he ever knew. So, you see, the sounds of that violin have not always been as sweet as they are now.

But we must tell what led our little friend into all these scrapes. One day, hardly a year ago, Lulu's father took her to a concert, and there she heard a little lassie of about her own age play upon the violin. She was delighted with this music, and on her way home, and for many days thereafter, begged and coaxed her parents to allow her to learn to play.

"Papa," she would say, "if you only let me take lessons on the violin, I promise you I will not give it up, and I will not be discouraged, but will learn to play well."

Finally, he yielded, and bought a small violin for her, secretly thinking it would prove, like a new toy, an amusement of which she soon would weary.

But Lulu had an absorbing love of music, and, by careful and industrious practice, she soon developed unusual powers. Her teacher, after a few lessons, pronounced his little pupil very talented; and he thinks that she promises to attain great skill upon her favorite instrument. And, even now, after only one year's practice, she often delights her parents and friends by her beautiful playing.

HERE is an exact copy of a quaint story written by a little friend of ours, seven years old. It is her first attempt, and while it certainly shows that the little maid has much to learn, it shows also that she has a lively imagination.

I wish I were a little bird, to sit upon a tree and sing the live-long day, the song that I'd sing in a pretty song and the place that I'd sit in is a pretty place and the house that I'd live in is a pretty house; and I think I will go to bed now, and if I should wake up in

the morn and find myself a bird what would I do? Well, what kind of a bird would I like to be? I guess a sparrow. I'd better go to sleep. Now it is morning, mamma calls me, but no answer, but a little song I sing, then mamma comes into the room and finds a little bird in my bed. Mamma looks out of the window, and out I go, and she says, "Come back, come back little birdy," but I do not come. I go and sit on a nice little place in the tree and sing all day, and at night I go on a large tree and in the morning I set forth to build a nest, at first I sing a song, then go and get the things to build it with, I get some moss, wool, hair, and a few other things in a few days I'd have it builded, and then I layed three nice little eggs, and next I got three little birdies, I left them once and told them not to let the old cat see them, and they did not, then they got to be quite big ones and then I went to see mamma again she said is this my little girl and I said yes. I have come to see you again I have some little birds. I will go and call them now. Yes I would like to see them how do you like to be a bird May very much said she would n't you like to come and live with me. I don't know said May. Good-bye and I flew back to my home again. LOUISE B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin lives out in the country in the summer. One day I went out there, and we went fishing. Among other things we caught a large bull-frog and took it home.

My cousin's mother thought it best not to keep it, so we gave it to a little boy that lived near.

Next morning, the boy met us, and told us that he had put the frog into his mother's aquarium, and it had eaten all the fish and died itself.—Your faithful reader,  
P. T. BROWN.

ARTHUR S. sends this interesting account of a visit paid by a polite young sparrow to a good-natured canary-bird:

I have a very pretty canary named Dick, who will perch on my finger, lay his little bill lovingly against my cheek, and take crumbs of sugar from my tongue. One pleasant evening in spring, Dick was hopping about in his cage by the open window, when a sparrow flew up, perched on the cage, and began to eat seed from Dick's store. I sat writing near by, and saw the little visitor making himself quite at home, encouraged now and then by a chirp of hearty welcome from his host.

The sparrow ate until satisfied and then flew off. Dick was again alone, and I went on writing.

Presently, however, the sparrow came back, bringing in his bill some chickweed, which he dropped inside Dick's cage. Having been made welcome to a delightful feast, the grateful wild bird brought a dainty morsel to his friend in recognition of the kindness. Dick ate the chickweed with relish, and, giving a cheerful chirrup, the sparrow flew away, to return no more.

MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL, in his article about "Some Man-Eaters," printed in the present number, mentions the loss of human life caused by wild beasts in Hindustan. It is not generally known how terribly great this loss is; but government reports show that in Hindustan, during the year 1877, snakes alone killed 17,000 persons, and tigers, elephants, leopards and other wild beasts, nearly 3,000 more.

The number of man-killing animals in that vast country must be very great. In the same year, 127,000 snakes and 22,000 wild beasts were killed, at a cost of \$50,000 in special rewards, and yet, it is said, the total of man-destroyers did not seem diminished.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though a rather old boy, now, there are some boyish things I have not yet put away. I read ST. NICHOLAS regularly, and can sympathize with its younger readers and correspondents. One of the latter has touched me in a very tender spot, indeed.

Master Robert Wilson, Jr., and his new microscope, bring back the time (how long ago it seems!) when I was taking my first glimpses of the fairy land which the microscope reveals to us. Then I, too, wanted to know the names of the strange things I saw in the stagnant water; but I had no one to tell me, and no ST. NICHOLAS to write to for information. However, I found out some things after a while, and I have kept on finding out more ever since, and yet I have made only the least little step toward acquiring the immense fund of facts which the microscope is capable of disclosing to those who use it properly.

In the first place, I should judge from Master Robert's descriptions that some of the "animals" he saw were not animals at all, but tiny vegetables which, during a portion of their lives, have the power of swimming freely about in the water. Into this class I think we must



put the "very small round ones" and the "big-little-ones"; but the description is not full enough for me to give their names.

Most of the other forms were probably animalculæ (little animals). Those which Robert called "potato-bugs" and "leeches" were perhaps different varieties of *Paramecia*. The "snails" and the "scissors-tails" were doubtless two varieties of *Rotifers* (see "Webster's Unabridged" at the word "Rotifer"), very curious fellows, indeed, who get their name from a row or rows of *cilia* (hair-like organs) surrounding what may be called their heads, and which, when in motion, have the appearance of revolving wheels. To show these plainly would probably take more magnifying power and greater skill than a boy usually has at his command during the first year that he owns a microscope.

Master Robert's "tied-tails" I take to be *Vorticellæ* (or little whirl-pool-makers)—formerly known as *Bell-animalculæ*, from the bell-like shape of their bodies. (See "The Microscope: and what I saw through it," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1878.)

I have not been very positive in my classifications, because my young friend's descriptions are very indefinite, though quite sufficient to show that he has the material in him for a good observer.

G. E. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that "in China only those possessing a high order of intellect and uncommon attainments are reckoned among the aristocracy." Please tell me if this is so, or if it is an inherited right, and oblige

T. F. T.

There is a nobility of birth in China, but there is a nobility of station, as well. This latter is open to all who have successfully passed literary examinations. In no other country is education held in higher esteem than in China, where the government encourages learning, by making it the road to distinction.

W. H.—"Macramé" is derived, it is said, from an Arabic word signifying "fringed border."

G. L. sends us these verses about some little friends of hers and their "Lesson in Subtraction":

"Your little basket holds, dear Nell,  
Five apples round and red,  
And Teacher took them out: "Now tell  
What have you left," she said.

Sweet Nell looked up with rounded eyes,  
Of treasures all bereft,  
And answer gave most wondrous wise,  
"I have my basket left."

"O, fie!—Come hither, little Sue,  
And shame your sister Nell.  
If I five apples take from you,  
The difference can you tell?"

Sue's dimpled cheeks grew rosy red;  
A moment thought she,—then,  
"No difference, ma'am," she sweetly said;  
"You'll give them back again."

SUSIE H.—The Editor will be glad to examine the "old book of children's papers," which you mention, and will send it back promptly, if you will write your full address on it.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell all the boys, who read your interesting letters, about this beautiful country near San Gabriel, California, full of sweet-scented orange groves and beautiful flowers. But best of all are the hunts the boys have in the mountains. My cousin and I went for a holiday up to the mountains to a place known as Butler's Cañon. We were riding along and we came suddenly upon two wolves. The lazy fellows turned around and gave a contemptuous glance at us, then trotted slowly away. Our dogs ran back, refusing to pursue them. We did not have our guns with us, so we did not attack the wolves.—Truly yours,

F. S. VAN TREES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if the young readers of this magazine have heard of the Passion Play, which was acted this year in Ober-Ammergau, a little village in Germany? It is a place in the Bavarian Alps. Similar villages are scattered all through Germany, but this one is world-renowned because of its Passion Play.

This play is the representation, on the stage, of the last few days of the life of our Savior. The idea appears very strange at first, but those who have seen the play do not feel that it is irreverent, because they see the unfeigned religious spirit in which it is performed.

Several hundred years ago this play was first acted. In those times, when only the upper classes knew how to read, the priests used to instruct the ignorant poor people as we teach little children now—that is, through their eyes and ears, instead of by means of

books. As the people could not read the Bible, the priests used to have its scenes acted. When we go to the theater, it is for amusement, but these miracle-plays, as they were called, given by the priests, were for instruction, and to go to one was considered just as much a religious act as it is for us to go to church. As time went on, however, the miracle-plays were gradually given up. But in this little village of Ober-Ammergau the custom still remains.

In former years, when such plays were common, a dreadful pestilence prevailed in all the villages around, spreading from one to another, and in Ober-Ammergau the inhabitants expected that the plague would soon come to them. In their fright they made a vow, that if the sickness should not touch them, they would take their escape as a sign that God had kept it away in answer to their prayers, and they would, as a thanksgiving, perform a miracle-play every ten years forever. The sickness did not come, and the villagers kept their promise.

Every ten years, the play is given every Sunday through the summer; and this summer just gone by was one of those in which it was performed.

The actors and actresses are drawn from among the most respectable people of the village. They are not only careful about this, but also, as I was told, those who are to play the principal parts do not go to dances and concerts during the year of the play, but try to lead an especially sober and religious life. On the Sunday morning when they are to act, they always go to church first, and celebrate the Last Supper as a preparation for the play; so, you see, they consider it a religious duty, and not a mere amusement, like a common play.

The people of Ober-Ammergau receive as boarders the strangers who come to see the play. All the villagers we saw appeared far above the same class of people in other places; it seems as if the Passion Play were a means of education to them. Nearly every family takes part, and they are obliged, in the planning and arranging of their play, to use a great deal of thought and study. The grouping and costuming are as nearly exact copies of the famous pictures of the great painters as they can make them, and they show great knowledge of those wonderful works of art. The actors are obliged to speak a pure German, very different from that spoken by the people in their own part of the country.

The play also has obliged the people to study music. The orchestra is entirely composed of native musicians, and is considered a very good one of its kind. One boy of sixteen not only took part in the orchestra, but played also upon four or five instruments for his own amusement, beside his regular occupation of wood-carving. The constant intercourse of the villagers with strangers must also add much to the number of their ideas. They see a great many of the better classes of all countries, with whom they associate upon equal terms, and this, of course, brings them ease and refinement of manner such as are unusual with their own poor country people. As the play is always performed in exactly the same way, I will tell you a little about how it was done in 1870, when I saw it.

During the afternoon on Saturday we took several walks through the village, which was swarming with foreigners. We also visited the empty theater, an immense building only partly covered. That is, the stage was a house in itself, open in front, and the space occupied by the audience stretched before it, a wilderness of benches, of which only those farthest from the stage were covered.

Long hair is a sign of a player, and we saw constantly in the streets men and boys with picturesque locks reaching to their shoulders. The principal actor, Joseph Mayer, had a special permission from the king of Bavaria to wear his hair long, while he was in the army, during the late war, in order to preserve it for the Passion Play.

When we were at last quietly settled in our seats, on the first Sunday, our feelings were not altogether pleasant. Although I had longed to see the Passion Play, I had looked forward to it with dread, as something that would be very painful; and, now that it was fairly beginning, I wondered how I was going to bear it. However, the reality was less terrible than the anticipation.

I will not try to describe all the details of the play. It kept closely to the text of the New Testament in the scenes of the Savior's life, his own words being used throughout. The first scene was the entry into Jerusalem. Toward the last there were the supper in the house of Simon the Leper; the Last Supper; the scene in Gethsemane; the Betrayal; the death of Judas; all the different scenes in the Savior's trials before the Roman governor and before the priests; and, finally, the Crucifixion and Resurrection.

The scene of the Crucifixion was, of course, dreadful in the extreme. Although we had grown familiar with the constant representation of it in pictures, none of them could equal the living scene then solemnly presented.

Almost as touching was the Descent from the Cross. This, and indeed every other scene, were in such exact imitation of the old paintings, that the whole play seemed to us to be one series of moving tableaux.

The representation was interspersed with such tableaux from the Old Testament as were supposed to have a connection with scenes in the life of Jesus.

The play lasted eight hours, and the strain of watching it caused us intense fatigue. We had one intermission of an hour, during which we went home and dined.

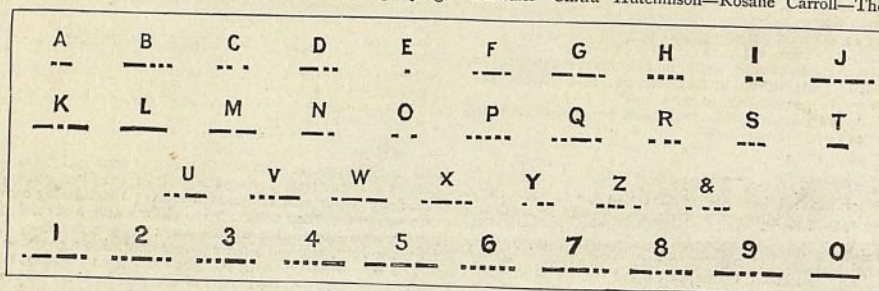
I think the most distinct feeling upon waking next morning was a sense of relief that the Passion Play was over. It was so entirely over, that it seemed strange to remember how it had occupied every



mind the day before. Monday morning saw the towns-people, including the actors and musicians, returning to their work, some to wood-carving and some to field-work; nearly all the strangers disappeared, and the whole place assumed the appearance of a quiet country village.

ALICE PARKMAN SMITH.

L. W. H.—The third line of the first stanza of the hymn "America" begins with the word "Of," not "On," as wrongly printed in telegraphic characters in the July "Riddle-Box." Accompanying



this is a diagram of a "Morse Telegraphic Alphabet," such as most telegraph operators use. Some operators use alphabets slightly different, but probably all would understand a message spelled in accordance with this diagram.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you of a visit from my father and his family to one of his parishioners, a farmer.

The farmer's wife came out to welcome mother; she had on a blue gingham frock and a nice white apron. Next came the farmer, in his domestic suit and pair of knit suspenders, which his good wife had made. It was the month of October, and he had been pounding cider, and a large pile of apples lay near the trough. I saw an ox-wagon coming in, piled with corn in the shucks, that was to be husked out that night. A large old colored woman was bringing in hamper of potatoes.

Father and the farmer sat at the cider-press, talking about affairs of state and church. I did not understand all they said, but it was about gold and greenbacks; they wanted more of both.

Presently, I heard the farmer's wife say to mother: "Please excuse me, I must see about dinner." The little boy followed her, crying: "Ma, Ma, don't kill my chicken!"

I am not going to describe the dinner; I only wish that the farmer and his wife were on our "committee of sustentation."

While seated at the table, the farmer said to my father: "Parson, what makes preachers' children so much worse than other children?"

I looked at mother's face and saw a cloud upon it, as she said, "I am not sure that that is the case."

Father then mentioned a number of good and great men who were the sons of preachers. He concluded by saying: "Generals Harrison and Jackson both had pious mothers." He did not see his mistake until we began to laugh. MOCKING-BIRD.

MANY translations of A. J. McN.'s French fable, "La Vigne et la Truelle," have been received. Perhaps the best was sent by Edith Merriam, and it is now printed. But several of the others—especially the one sent by L. W. H.—came very near the same degree of excellence. The accidental errors of printing, which appeared in the French original, were discovered by many of the translators. The phonographic English version of the fable, also given now, was sent in with the remark, "This is written in Graham's elementary style."

#### THE VINE AND THE TROWEL.

A TROWEL was resting against an arbor about which a little vine was creeping. "Why," said the discontented Trowel, "must I work while you do not work? For my part, I should like to have you do as I do."

"Indeed," replied the little Vine, "I do not think I am idle. I am trying to climb to the highest part of the arbor this summer, because I think that it will please the gardener."

A neighboring apple-tree, delighting to point a moral, concluded thus:

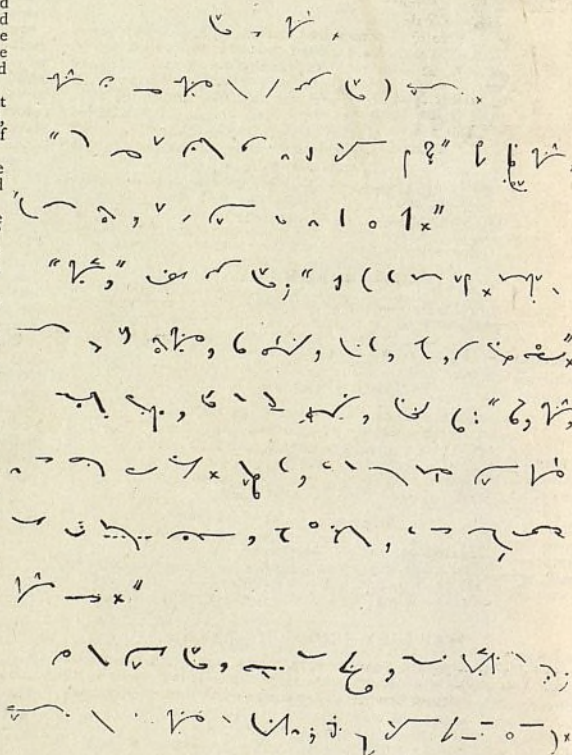
"Of yourself, Trowel, you are unable to move an inch. Besides, we all are almost like tools in the hand of our Creator, and without His aid we could not move more than the Trowel."

Let us be like the vine, growing in grace and purity of heart, clinging to the arbor of virtue; being content to do the work that the good God has given us.

EDITH MERRIAM, AGE 14 YEARS.

Translations of the fable "La Vigne et la Truelle" were received before August 20, from A. J. McN.—Klyda Richardson—"X. Y. Z."—Florence Burke—Lillian Gesner—Gertrude Abbott—Cece Bacon—Mathilde Weyer—Leslie W. Hopkinson—Annie H. Mills—Gertrude Hiudekoper—Bessie Beebe—Mary and Carrie Craighill—Marion B. Hudson—Emily R. Childs—Mabel Gordon—Belle M. Chandler—Cintra Hutchinson—Rosalie Carroll—Thomas Hunt—

Nellie Chandler—Alice M. Hunt—Ann Hay Battaile—Kate Sampson—Florence M. Easton—Nelly Granberry—Lancelot Minor Berkeley—Jennie H. Sieber—Clara E. Comstock—Edith Hamilton—Charitta L. Sanford—Mary G. Kelsey—Laura G. Jones—Eddie C. Dodd—Euphemia Johnson—Julie Wickham and M. F. Smith—Hally Adams—Mildred Grace Roberts—Clay V. Faulkner—Varina Lane Mitchell—G. E. Debevoise—Florence Van Rensselaer—Edith M. Pollard—M. Jeannette Brookings—Ritta Leche—Lucy B. Simms—Helen E. Stone—Mary M. Madison—Beatrice Brown—Richard C. Harrison—William Henry Gardner—William L. Miller,



of Toronto—Grace D. Gerow—C. B. Zerega—Mardochée la Juive—Mary D. and Sallie D. Rogers—Hattie F. Head—Nellie Henderson—Lila G. Alliger—Ethel Richmond Faraday, of Levenshulme, England—Florence Antonia Sterling, of Plymouth, England—Harriet Susan Sterling, of Plymouth, England.