

BUILDING THE CHEESE-PRESS.

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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

VOL. V

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NO. 10.

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KING CHEESE.

(A Story of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.)

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WHERE many a cloud-wreathed mountain blanches
Eternally in the blue abyss,
And tosses its torrents and avalanches
Thundering from cliff and precipice,
There is the lovely land of the Swiss,—
Land of lakes and of icy seas,
Of chamois and chalets,
And beautiful valleys,
Musical boxes, watches, and cheese.

Picturesque, with its landscapes green and cool,
Sleek cattle standing in shadow or pool,
And dairy-maids bearing pail and stool,—
That is the quaint little town of Nulle.

There, one day, in the old town-hall,
Gathered the worthy burghers all,
Great and small,
Short and tall,
At the burgomaster's call.

The stout and fat, the lean and lame,
From house and shop, and dairy and pasture,
In queer old costumes, up they came,
Obedient to the burgomaster.

He made a speech—"Fellow-citizens: There is
To be, as you know,
A wonderful show,

A Universal Fair, at Paris;
Where every country its product carries,
Whatever most beautiful, useful, or rare is,
To please and surprise,
And perhaps win a prize.

Now here is the question
Which craves your counsel and suggestion—
With you it lies:
So, after wise
And careful consideration of it,
Say, what shall *we* send for our honor and profit?"

Some said this thing, some said that;
Then up rose a burgher, ruddy and fat,
Rounder and redder than all the rest,
With a nose like a rose, and an asthmatic chest;
And says he, with a wheeze,
Like the buzzing of bees:
"I propose, if you please,
That we send 'em a *cheese*."

Then a lithe little man
Took the floor, and began,
In a high, squeaky voice: "I approve of the plan;
But I wish to amend
What's proposed by my friend:
A BIG CHEESE, I think, is the thing we should
send."

Then up jumped a third,
To put in a word,
And amend the amendment they had just heard;
"A ROYAL BIG CHEESE" was the phrase he
preferred.

The question was moved,
Discussed and approved,
And the vote was unanimous, that it behooved
Their ancient, venerable corporation,

To send such a cheese as should honor the nation.
So ended the solemn convocation ;
And, after due deliberation,



"PEASANT GIRLS BRINGING THE MILK."

The burgomaster made proclamation,
Inviting people of every station,
Each according to his vocation,
With patriotic emulation
To join in a general jubilation,
And get up a cheese for the grand occasion.
Then shortly began the preparation.

One morning was heard a mighty clamoring,
With sounds of sawing and planing and hammering.

The painters, forsaking their easels and pallets,
Came to look on, or assist in the labor ;
The joiners were there with their chisels and mallets ;

Trades of all grades, every man with his neighbor ;

The carpenters, coopers,
And stout iron-hoopers,

Erecting a press for the thing to be done in,
A tub big enough to put ton after ton in,
And gutters for rivers of liquid to run in.
March was the month the work was begun in,—
If that could be work they saw nothing but fun in ;
'T was finished in April, and long before May
Everything was prepared for the curd and the whey.

Then the bells were set ringing—
The milking began ;

All over the land went the dairy-maids singing ;

Boy and man,
Cart, pail, and can,

And peasant girls, each in her pretty dress,

From highway and by-way all round, came bringing,

Morning and evening, the milk to the press.
Then it took seven wise-heads together to guess
Just how much rennet, no more and no less,
Should be added, to curdle and thicken the mess.

So, having been properly warmed and stirred,
The cheese was set ; and now, at a word,
Ten strong men fell to cutting the curd.

Some whey was reheated ;

The cutting repeated ;

Each part of the process most carefully treated,
For fear they might find, when the whole was completed,

Their plan had by some mischance been defeated.

Now the weavers come bringing the web they were spinning,

A cloth for the curd, of the stoutest of linen.

The ten men attack it,

And tumble and pack it

Within the vast vat in its dripping gray jacket ;
And the press is set going with clatter and racket.
The great screw descends, as the long levers play,
And the curd, like some crushed living creature,
gives way ;

It sighs in its troubles—

The pressure redoubles !

It mutters and sputters,

And hisses and bubbles,

While down the deep gutters,

From every pore spirted, rush torrents of whey.

The cheese was pressed, and turned, and cured ;
And so was made, as I am assured,
The rich-odored, great-girdled Emperor
Of all the cheeses that ever were.

Then, everything ready, what should they have else,

In starting His Majesty on his travels,

But a great procession up and down

Through the streets of the quaint old town ?

So they made

A grand parade,

With marching train-band, guild, and trade :
The burgomaster in robes arrayed,
Gold chain, and mace, and gay cockade,
Great keys carried, and flags displayed,
Pompous marshal and spruce young aide,
Carriage and foot and cavalcade ;
While big drums thundered and trumpets brayed,
And all the bands of the canton played ;
The fountain spouted lemonade,

Children drank of the bright cascade ;
Spectators of every rank and grade,
The young and merry, the grave and staid,
Alike with cheers the show surveyed,
From street and window and balustrade,—
Ladies in jewels and brocade,
Gray old grandam, and peasant maid
With cap, short skirt, and dangling braid ;
And youngsters shouted, and horses neighed,
And all the curs in concert bayed :
'T was thus with pomp and masquerade,
On a broad triumphal chariot laid,
Beneath a canopy's moving shade,
By eight cream-colored steeds conveyed,
To the ringing of bells and cannonade,
King Cheese his royal progress made.

So to the Paris Exposition,
His Majesty went on his famous mission.

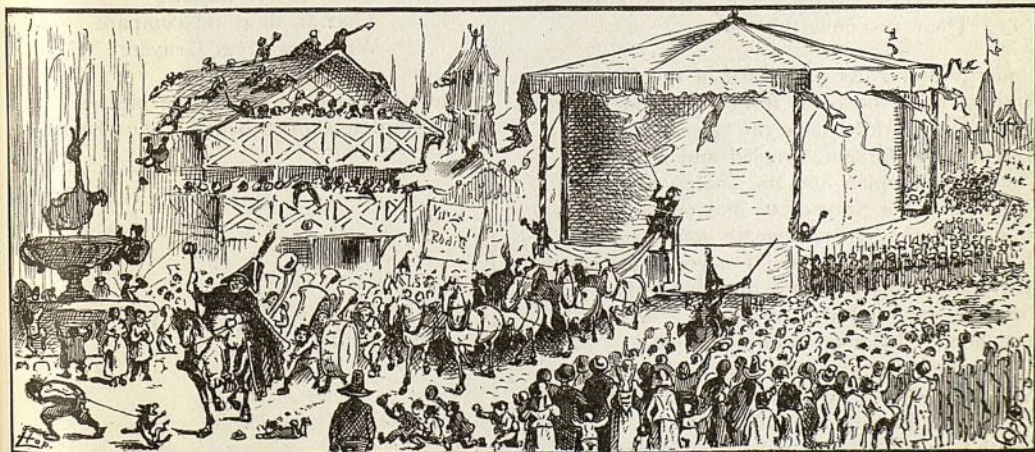
At the great French Fair !
Everything under the sun is there,
Whatever is made by the hand of man :
Silks from China and Hindostan,
Grotesque bronzes from Japan ;
Products of Iceland, Ireland, Scotland,
Lapland, Finland, I know not what land—
North land, south land, cold land, hot land,—
From Liberia,
From Siberia,—
Every fabric and invention,
From every country you can mention :

Of gold and silver and diamond,—
From the farthest land, and the land beyond.

And everybody is there to see :
From Mexico and Mozambique ;
Spaniard, Yankee, Heathen Chinee ;
Modern Roman and modern Greek ;
Frenchman and Prussian,
Turk and Russian,
Foes that have been, or foes to be :
Through miles on miles
Of spacious aisles,
'Mid the wealth of the world in gorgeous piles,
Loiter and flutter the endless files !

Encircled all day by a wondering throng,
That gathers early and lingers long,
Behold where glows, in his golden rind,
The marvel the burghers of Nulle designed !
There chatters the cheery *bourgeoisie* ;
And children are lifted high to see ;
And "Will it go up in the sky to-night ?"
Asks little ma'm'selle, in the arms of her
mother,—
"Rise over the houses and give us light ?
Is this where it sets when it goes out of sight ?"
For she takes King Cheese for his elder brother !

But now it is night, and the crowds have departed ;
The vast dim halls are still and deserted ;
Only the ghost-like watchmen go,
Through shimmer and shadow, to and fro ;



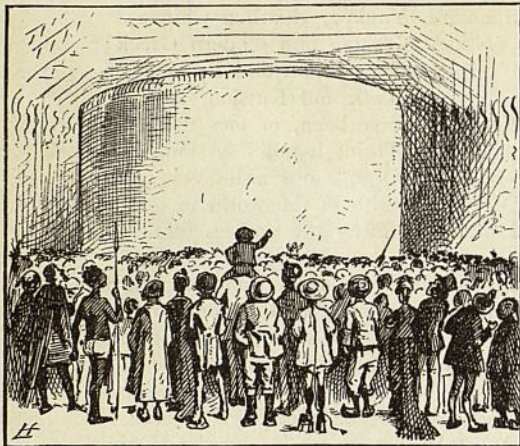
"SO THEY MADE A GRAND PARADE."

From Algeria and Sardinia ;
From Ohio and Virginia ;
Egypt, Siam, Palestine ;
Lands of the palm-tree, lands of the pine ;
Lands of tobacco, cotton, and rice,
Of iron, of ivory, and of spice,

While the moon in the sky,
With his half-shut eye,
Peers smilingly in at his rival below.

At this mysterious hour, what is it
That comes to pay the Fair a visit ?

The gates are all barred,
With a faithful guard
Without and within; and yet 't is clear
Somebody—or something—is entering here!



"ENCIRCLED ALL DAY BY A WONDERING THROG."

There is a Paris underground,
Where dwells another nation;
Where neither lawyer nor priest is found,
Nor money nor taxation;
And scarce a glimmer, and scarce a sound
Reaches those solitudes profound,
But silence and darkness close it round,—
A horrible habitation!
Its streets are the sewers, where rats abound;
Where swarms, unstified, unstarved, undrowned,
Their ravenous population.

Underground Paris has heard of the Fair;
And up from the river, from alley and square,
To the wonderful palace the rats repair;
And one old forager, grizzled and spare,—
The wisest to plan and the boldest to dare,
To smell out a prize or to find out a snare,—
In some dark corner, beneath some stair
(I never learned how, and I never knew where),
Has gnawed his way into the grand affair;
First one rat, and then a pair,
And now a dozen or more are there.
They caper and scamper, and blink and stare,
While the drowsy watchman nods in his chair.
But little a hungry rat will care
For the loveliest lacquered or inlaid ware,
Jewels most precious, or stuffs most rare;—
There's a marvelous smell of cheese in the air!
They all make a rush for the delicate fare;
But the shrewd old fellow squeaks out, "Beware!
'T is a prize indeed, but I say, forbear!
For cats may catch us and men may scare,
And a well-set trap is a rat's despair;

But if we are wise, and would have our share
With perfect safety to hide and hair,
Now listen, and we will our plans prepare."

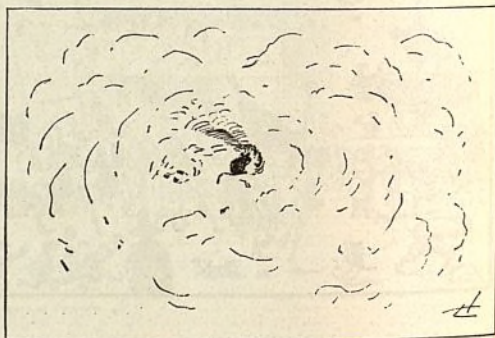
The watchman rouses, the rats are gone;
On a thousand windows gleams the dawn;
And now once more
Through every door,
With hustle and bustle, the great crowds pour;
And nobody hears a soft little sound,
As of sawing or gnawing, somewhere underground.

At length, the judges, going their round,
Awarding the prizes, enter the hall,
Where, amid cheeses big and small,
Reposes the sovereign of them all.
They put their tape round it, and tap it and
bore it;

And bowing before it,
As if to adore it,
Like worshipers of the sun, they stand,—
Slice in hand,
Pleased and bland,
While their bosoms glow and their hearts expand.
They smell and they taste;
And, the rind replaced,

The foremost, smacking his lips, says: "Mes-
sieurs!
Of all fine cheeses at market or fair,—
Holland or Rochefort, Stilton or Cheshire,
Neufchâtel, Milanese,—
There never was cheese,
I am free to declare,
That at all could compare
With this great Gruyère!"

In short, so exceedingly well it pleases,
They award it a prize over all the cheeses.



"FIRST, ONE RAT."

That prize is the pride of the whole Swiss nation;
And the town of Nulle, in its exultation,
Without a dissenting voice, decrees
To the poor of Paris a gift of the cheese.

Paris, in grateful recognition
Of this munificence, sends a commission—
Four stately officials, of high position—
To take King Cheese from the Exhibition,
And, in behalf of the poor, to thank,
With speeches and toasts, the Swiss for their
gift.

The speeches they made, the toasts they drank;
Eight Normandy horses, strong and swift,

At the entrance wait
For the golden freight;

And all the porters are there to lift,
Prepared for a long and a strong embrace,
In moving His Greatness a little space.

They strain at the signal, each man in his place:
"Heave, ho!"—when, lo! as light as a feather,
Down tumbles, down crumbles, the King of the
Cheeses,

With seven men, all in a heap together!
Up scramble the porters, with laughter and
sneezes;

While sudden, mighty amazement seizes
The high officials, until they find
A curious bore

In the platform-floor,

And another to match in the nether rind,—

Just one big rat-hole, and no more;
By which, as it seemed, had ventured in
One rat, at first, and a hundred had followed,
And feasted, and left—to the vast chagrin



"DOWN TUMBLES, DOWN CRUMBLES, THE KING OF THE
CHEESES."

Of the worthy burghers of Nulle—as thin
And shabby a shell as ever was hollowed;
Now nothing but just
A crushed-in crust,
A cart-load of scraps and a pungent dust!

So the newspapers say; but though they call
King Cheese a hoax, he was hardly that.
And the poor he fed, as you see, after all;
For who is so poor as a Paris rat?

RODS FOR FIVE.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

NOT birch-rods; fishing-rods. They were going fishing, these five young people, of whom I shall treat "under four heads," as the ministers say,—1, names; 2, ages; 3, appearance; 4, their connection.

1. Their names were John and Elsie Singletree, Puss Leek, Luke Lord, and Jacob Isaac; the last had no surname.

2. John was fifteen and a few months past; Elsie was thirteen and many months past; Puss Leek was fourteen to a day; Luke Lord crowded John so closely, there was small room for superior age to claim precedence, or for the shelter which inferior age makes on certain occasions; Jacob Isaac was "thutteen, gwyne on fou'teen."

3. John Singletree was a dark-eyed, sharp-eyed,

wiry, briery boy. Elsie, of the same name, was much like him, being a dark-eyed, sharp-eyed, wiry, briery girl. Her father used to call her Sweet-brier and Sweet-pickle, because, he said, she was sweet but sharp. Puss Leek had long, heavy, blonde hair, that hung almost to her knees when it was free, which it seldom was, for Puss braided it every morning, the first thing,—not loosely, to give it a fat look, hinting of its luxuriance, but just as hard as she could, quite to Elsie's annoyance, who used to say, resentfully, "You're so afraid that somebody'll think that you are vain of your hair." Puss's ears were over large for perfect beauty, and her eyes a trifle too deeply set; but I've half a mind to say that she was a beauty, in spite of these, for, after all, the ears had a generous look, in har-

mony with the frank, open face, and the shadowed eye was the softest, sweetest blue eye I ever saw. She had been called Puss when a baby, because of her nestling, kitten-like way, and the odd name clung to her. Luke Lord was homely; but he did n't care a bit. He was so jolly and good-natured that everybody liked him, and he liked everybody, and so was happy. He had light hair, very light for fifteen years, and a peculiar teetering gait, which was not unmanly, however. It made people laugh at him, but he did n't care a bit. Jacob Isaac was a "cullud pusson," as he would have said, protesting against the word "negro." "Nigger," he used to say, "is de mos' untolerbulis word neber did year." It was the word he applied to whatever moved his anger or contempt. It was his descriptive epithet for the old hen that flew at him for abducting her traipsing chicken; for the spotted pig that led him that hour's chase; for the goat that butted, and the cow that hooked; and for gray Selim when he stood on his hind legs and let Jacob Isaac over the sleek haunches.

But to return to No. 4. John and Elsie Single-tree were brother and sister. Puss Leek was Elsie's boarding-school friend, and her guest. Luke Lord was a neighboring boy invited to join the fishing-party, to honor Puss Leek's birthday, and to help John protect the girls. Jacob Isaac was hired to "g'long" as general waiter, to do things that none of the others wanted to do—to do the drudgery while they did the frolicking.

They were all on horseback,—John riding beside Puss Leek, protecting her; Luke riding beside Elsie, and protecting her; Jacob Isaac riding beside his shadow, and protecting the lunch-basket, carried on the pommel of his saddle.

"I keep thinking about the 'snack,'" said Puss Leek's protector, before they had made a mile of their journey.

"What do you think about it?" asked the protected.

"I keep thinking how good it'll taste. Aunt Calline makes mighty good pound-cake. I do love pound-cake!"

"Like it, you mean, John," said his sister Elsie, looking back over her shoulder.

"I *don't* mean like," said John. "If there is anything I love better than father and mother, brother and sister, it's pound-cake."

"But there is n't anything," said Puss.

"My kingdom for a slice!" said John, with a tragic air. "I don't believe I can stand it to wait till lunch-time."

"Why, it has n't been a half-hour since you ate breakfast. Are you hungry?" Elsie said.

"No, I'm not hungry; I'm *ha'nted*." John pronounced the word with a flatness unwritable.

"The pound-cake ha'nts me; the fried chicken ha'nts me; the citron ha'nts me. I see 'em!" John glared at the vacant air as though he saw an apparition. "I taste 'em! I smell 'em! I feel moved to call on him" (here Jacob Isaac was indicated by a backward glance and movement) "to yield the *wittles* or his life. Look here!" he added, suddenly reining-up his horse and speaking in dead earnest, "let 's eat the snack now. Halt!" he cried to the advance couple, "we're going to eat."

"Going to eat?" cried Elsie. "You're not in earnest?"

"Yes, I am. I can't rest. The cake and things ha'nt me."

"Well, do for pity's sake eat something, and get done with it," Elsie said.

"But you must wait for me," John persisted. "I'll have to spread the things out on the grass. I keep thinking how good they'll taste eaten off the grass. There's where the ha'ntin' comes in."

"Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?" said Elsie to the others. "But I suppose we had better humor him; he wont give us any rest till we do; he's so persistent. When he gets headed one way, he's like a pig." Elsie began to pull at the bridle to bring her horse alongside a stump. "Puss and I can get some flowers during the rest."

"I call this a most peculiar proceeding," said her protector, leaping from his horse, and hastening to help her to "light."

Jacob Isaac gladly relinquished the lunch-basket, which had begun to make his arm ache, and soon John had the "ha'nting things" spread. Then he sat down Turk-like to eating; the others stood around, amused spectators, while chicken, beaten biscuits, strawberry tart, pound-cake disappeared as though they enjoyed being eaten.

"I believe I'm getting 'ha'nted,' too," said Luke Lord, whose mouth began to water,—the things seemed to taste so good to John.

"Good for you!" John said, cordially. "Come along! Help yourself to a chicken-wing."

"Why, Luke, you aint going to eating!" Elsie said.

"Yes, I am; John's made me hungry."

"Me, too," said Jacob Isaac.

"Of course, you're hungry," said John. "Come along! Hold your two hands."

"Let's go look for sweet-Williams and blue-flags," Puss proposed to Elsie.

"No; if we go away, the boys will eat everything up. Just look at them! Did ever you see such eatists? You boys, stop eating all the lunch."

"Aint you girls getting 'ha'nted?'" Luke asked.

"If you don't come soon, there wont be anything left for you."

"I believe that's so," said Puss confidentially to Elsie. "I reckon we'll have to take our share now, or not at all. We've got to eat in self-defense."

And so it came about that those five ridiculous children sat there, less than a mile on their journey, and less than an hour from their breakfast, and ate, ate, till there was nothing of their lunch left except a half biscuit and a chicken neck. John, fertile in invention, proposed that they should go back home and get something more for dinner; but Puss said everybody would laugh at them, and Elsie thought they would n't be able to eat anything more that day, and, if they should be hungry, they could have a fish-fry.

"Aint no use totin' this yere basekit 'long no mawr," Jacob Isaac suggested. "I'll leave it hang in this yere sass'fras saplin'." When it was intimated that it would be needed for the remainder of the lunch, he said there was n't any "'mainder." "What's lef' need n't pester you-all; I'll jis eat it."

Arrived at the water, the boys baited the hooks, at which the girls gave little shrieks, and hid their eyes, demanding to know of the boys how they would like to be treated as they were treating the worms.

"The poor creatures!" said Puss.

"So helpless!" added Elsie, peeping through her fingers at the boys. "Are n't the hooks ready yet?"

"Yours is," and Luke delivered a rod into her hands.

"And here's yours, Puss," John said. "Drop it in."

Soon there were five rods extended over the water, and five corks were floating which might have told of robbed molasses-jugs and vinegar-jugs, and five young people were laughing, and talking nonsense by the — How is nonsense estimated? Everybody kept asking everybody else if he had had a bite, and everybody was guilty of giving false alarms. As for Elsie, she shrieked out, "A bite!" at every provocation,—whenever the current bore unusually against her line, when the floating hook dragged bottom or encountered a twig.

"Jupiter!" said John, growing impatient at the idle drifting of his cork. "I can't stand this, Elsie. You girls stop talking. You chatter like magpies; you scare the fish. Girls ought n't ever to go fishing."

Jacob Isaac snickered, and remarked *sotto voce*: "He talks hisse'f maw 'n the res' of the ladies."

Elsie did not heed John's attack. Her eye was riveted on her bobbing cork; her cheeks were glowing with excitement; her heart was beating wildly. There was a pulling at her line.

"Keep quiet!" she called. "I've got a bite." "You would have, if I could get at your arm," said John, who did n't believe she had a bite.

"I have, truly," she said, excitedly. "Look!" All came tramping, crowding about her.

"I feel him pull," she said, eagerly.

"Well, get him out," said Luke.

"Shall I pull him or jerk him?" Elsie was nearly breathless.

"If I knew about his size, I could tell you," said Luke. "If he's big, give him a dignified pull; if he's a little chap, jerk him; no business to be little."

"Oh! I'm afraid it will hurt him," said Puss.

"Out with him!" said Luke.

"I'm afraid the line will break," said Elsie, all in a quiver.

"No, it wont," said John.

"The rod might snap," said Elsie.

"Here, let me take the rod," John proposed.

"No, no; I'm going to catch the fish myself," Elsie said, in vehement protest.

"Then jerk, sharp and strong," her brother said.

Elsie made ready; steadied her eager brain; planted her feet firmly; braced her muscles by her will; and then, with a shriek, threw up her rod, "as high as the sky," Puss said. There was a fleeting vision of a dripping white-bellied fish going skyward; and then a faint thud was heard.

"She's thrown it a half-mile, or less, in the bushes," said Luke.

"And there's her hook in the top of that tree," said John. "What gumps girls are when you take them out-of-doors!"

All went into the bushes to look for the astonished fish. They looked, and looked, and looked; listened for its beating and flopping against the ground.

After a while, Luke said he thought it must be one of the climbing fish described by Agassiz, and that it had gone up a tree.

"I mos' found it twice't; but it was a frog an' a lizar', 'stead uv the fish," said Jacob Isaac.

To this day, it remains a mystery where Elsie's fish went to.

Jacob Isaac climbed the tree to rescue Elsie's hook and line, while the other boys went down the stream to find a cat-fish hole that they had heard of.

"Don't pull at the line that way," Puss said to the thrasher in the tree-top; "you'll break it. There, the hook is caught on that twig. You must go out on the limb and unhitch it."

"Lim' hangs over the watto," Jacob Isaac said; but he crawled out on it, and reached for the hook.

Then Elsie shrieked, for crashing through the branches came Jacob Isaac, and splashed back-foremost into the water. Then there was con-



"HE KNELT ON THE BANK TO FIX HIS BAIT."

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fusion. Jacob called to the girls to help him; they called to the boys to help; the boys, ignorant of the accident, shouted back that they were going on to where they could have quiet, and went tramping away. Then Elsie tried to tell Jacob Isaac how to swim, while Puss Leek darted off to where the horses were tethered. She mounted the one she had ridden—a gentle thing, aged eighteen. Then she came crashing through the bushes and brush, clucking and jerking the bridle, dashed down the bank, and plunged into the stream.

Elsie held her breath at the sight. The water rose to the flanks, but Puss kept her head steady, sat her saddle coolly, and, when Jacob Isaac appeared, put out a resolute hand, and got hold of his jacket,—speaking, meanwhile, a soothing word to the horse, which was now drinking. She got the boy's head above water.

"I'll hold on to you; and you must hold on to the stirrup and to the horse's mane," she said.

Jacob Isaac, without a word, got hold as directed. Puss held on with a good grip, as she had promised, and the careful old horse pawed through the water to the bank—only a few yards distant, by the way.

"Thankee, Miss Puss," is what Jacob Isaac said, as he stretched himself on a log to dry.

"Puss, you're a hero," is what Elsie said, adding immediately: "Those hateful boys! Great protectors they are!"

John had found up-stream a deep hole in the shade of some large trees. Just above it the creek tumbled and foamed over a rocky bed. John said to Luke: "It just empties the fish in here by the basketfuls. All we've got to do is to empty 'em out,"—and he knelt on the bank to fix his bait.

But Luke was not satisfied. "You'll never catch any fish there," said he. "The current's too swift." And off went he, to look for a likelier place.

Yet neither of the boys had better luck than when with the girls, and both soon went back to them. When Elsie's vivid account of the rescue had been given, the boys stared at Puss with a new interest, as though she had undergone some transformation in their brief absence.

Then somebody suggested that they must hurry up and catch something for dinner. So all five dropped hooks into the water, everybody pledged to silence. Fishing was now business; it meant dinner or no dinner.

For some moments, the fishers sat or stood in statuesque silence, eyes on the corks. Then Jacob Isaac showed signs of excitement.

"I's got a fish, show's yer bawn," he called, dancing about on the bank.

"Let me see it," John challenged.

"Aint pulled it out yit," said Jacob Isaac, jumping and capering.

"What's the matter with you? What are you cavorting about in that style for?" John asked.

"Playin' 'im!" answered Jacob Isaac, running backward and forward, and every other way.

"Is that the way they play a fish?" Elsie said, gazing. "I never knew before how they did it."

She went over to where the jubilant fisherman was yet skipping about, and asked if she might play the fish a while.

"Law, Miss Elsie! he'd pull yo' overboa'd! Yo' could n't hol' 'im no maw'n nuffin. He's mighty strong; stronges' fish ever did see."

But Elsie teased till Jacob Isaac gave the rod into her hand, when she danced forward and back, chassé-ed, and executed other figures of a quadrille, till Puss Leek came up to play the fish. She was n't so much like a katydid as Elsie, or so much like a wired jumping-jack as Jacob Isaac. She played the fish so awkwardly that John came up and took the rod from her hand. He had no sooner felt the pull at the line than he began to laugh and "pshaw! pshaw!" and said that all in that party were gumps and geese, except himself and Luke.

"You would n't except Luke," Elsie interrupted, "if he was n't a big boy. You'd call him a gump and a goose, if he was a girl."

"If he was a girl, he would be a gump and a goose," said this saucy John. "This fish," he continued, "which you've been playing, is a piece of brush. Oh! how you did play it! This is the way that Jacob Isaac played it." John jumped and danced and hopped and strutted and plunged, till everybody was screaming with laughter. "And this is the way that Elsie played it." He got hold of his coat-skirts after the manner of an affected girl with her dress; then he hugged the rod to his bosom, and capered, flitted, pranced. Then, having reproduced Puss Leek's "playing," he said, grandly: "I shall now proceed to land this monster of the deep."

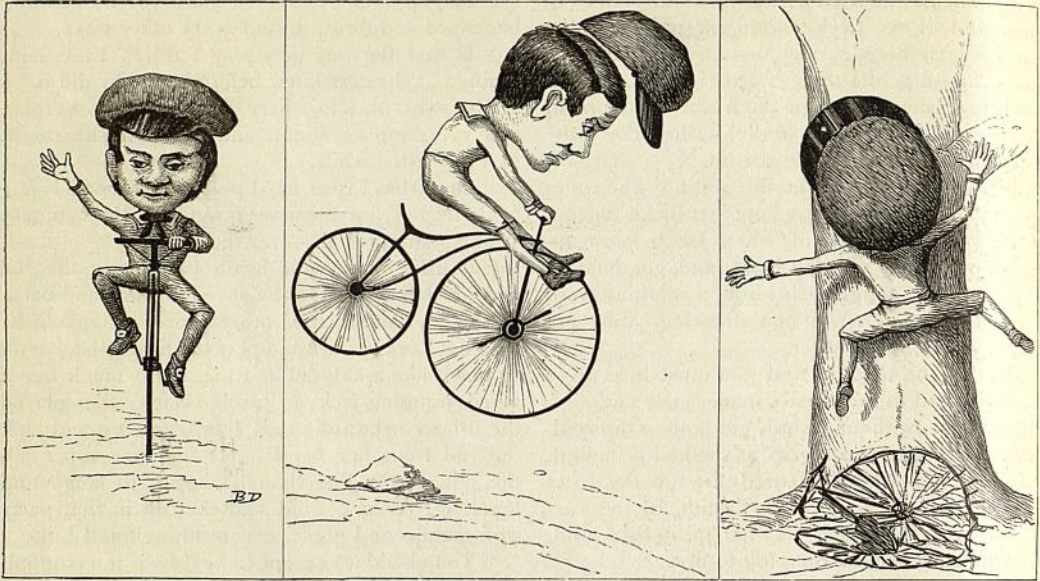
"He made a great show of getting ready, and then pulled, pulled, pulled, pulled,—when out and up there came, not the brush everybody was expecting, but a fine, beautiful fish.

You ought to have heard, then, the cheers of those surprised boys and girls! Jacob Isaac danced, turned somersaults, walked on his hands, and for one supreme half-second stood on his head.

"Looks like he was playing a whale or a searpernt," said Luke, between his bursts of laughter.

"You're all playing a fool that you've caught," said John, who had joined in the laugh against himself, "and you've a right to."

JOHN AND HIS VELOCIPEDE.



1.—HE GETS A GOOD START,

2.—HAS A FINE RUN DOWN-HILL,

3.—AND COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP.

HOW TO TRAVEL.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

THIS article does not refer to the journey to Europe, toward which almost all young people are looking. When the opportunity for foreign travel comes, there are plenty of guide-books and letters from abroad which will tell you just what to take with you, and what you ought to do in every situation. This is for short, every-day trips, which people take without much thought; but as there is a right and a wrong way of doing even little things, young folks may as well take care that they receive and give the most pleasure possible in a short journey, and then, when the trip across the ocean comes, they will not be annoying themselves and others by continual mistakes.

As packing a trunk is usually the first preparation for a trip, we will begin with that.

It is a very good way to collect what is most important before you begin, so that you may not leave out any necessary article. Think over what you

will be likely to need; for a little care before you start may save you a great deal of inconvenience in the end. Be sure, before you begin, that your trunk is in good order, and that you have the key. And when you shut it for the last time, do not leave the straps sticking out upon the outside. Put your heavy things at the bottom, packing them tightly, so that they will not rattle about when the trunk is reversed. Put the small articles in the tray. Anything which will be likely to be scratched or defaced by rubbing, should be wrapped in a handkerchief and laid among soft things. If you must carry anything breakable, do it up carefully, and put it in the center of the trunk, packing clothing closely about it. Bottles should have the corks tied in with strong twine. Put them near articles which cannot be injured by the contents, if a breakage occurs. Tack on your trunk a card with your permanent address. As this card is to

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be consulted only if the trunk is lost, it is not necessary to be constantly changing it. Take in the traveling-bag, pins and a needle and thread, so that, in case of any accident to your clothes, they can be repaired without troubling any one else. A postal-card and a pencil and paper take up but little room, and may be very convenient. The best way to carry your lunch is in a pasteboard box, which can be thrown away after you have disposed of the contents.

Put your money in an inner pocket, reserving in your purse only what you will be likely to need on the way, so that you may be able to press your way through a crowd without fear of pickpockets. Your purse should also contain your name and address.

Try to be ready, so that you will not be hurried at the last moment; and this does not mean that it is necessary to be at the station a long time before the train leaves. To be punctual does not mean to be *too early*, but to be just early enough.

Try to find out, before you start, what train and car you ought to take, and have your trunk properly checked. Put the check in some safe place, but first look at the number, so that you may identify the check if lost by you and found by others. Have your ticket where you can easily get it, and need not be obliged to appear, when the conductor comes, as if it was a perfect surprise to you that he should ask for it.

Of course, you have a right to the best seat which is vacant, and, if there is plenty of room, you can put your bundles beside or opposite you; but remember that you have only paid for one seat, and be ready at once to make room for another passenger, if necessary, without acting as though you were conferring a favor.

If you have several packages, and wish to put any of them in the rack over your head, you will be less likely to forget them, if you put all together, than you will if you keep a part in your hand.

If you *must* read in the cars, never in any circumstances take a book that has not fair, clear type; and stop reading at the earliest approach of twilight. If, as you read, you hold your ticket, or some other plain piece of paper, under the line you are reading, sliding it down as you proceed, you will find that you can read almost as rapidly, and with much less injury to your eyes. A newspaper is the worst reading you can have, as the print is usually indistinct, and it is impossible to hold it still.

You may not care to read in the cars when in motion, but it is convenient to have a book with you, in case the train should be delayed.

If your friends accompany you to the station, be careful that your last words are not too personal or too loud. Young people are apt to overlook this,

and thus sometimes make themselves ridiculous before the other passengers by joking and laughing in a way which might be perfectly proper at home, but which before a company of strangers is not in good taste.

If you meet acquaintances, do not call out their names so distinctly as to introduce them to the other passengers, as it is never pleasant for people to have the attention of strangers called to them in that way. If you are alone, do not be too ready to make acquaintances. Reply politely to any civil remark or offer of assistance, but do not allow yourself to be drawn into conversation, unless it is with some one of whose trustworthiness you are reasonably sure, and even then do not forget that you are talking to a perfect stranger.

If you cannot have everything just as you prefer, remember that you are in a public conveyance, and that the other passengers have as much right to their way as you have to yours. If you find that your open window annoys your neighbor, do not refuse to shut it; and if the case is reversed, do not complain, unless you are really afraid of taking cold, and cannot conveniently change your seat. Above all things, do not get into a dispute about it, like the two women, one of whom declared that she should die if the window was open, and the other responded that she should stifle if it was shut, until one of the passengers requested the conductor to open it a while and kill one, and then shut it and kill the other, that the rest might have peace.

There are few situations where the disposition is more thoroughly shown than it is in traveling. A long journey is considered by some people to be a perfect test of the temper. There are many ways in which an unselfish person will find an opportunity to be obliging. It is surprising to see how people who consider themselves kind and polite members of society can sometimes forget all their good manners in the cars, showing a perfect disregard of the comfort—and even the rights—of others, which would banish them from decent society if shown elsewhere.

To return to particular directions: Do not entertain those who are traveling with you by constant complaints of the dust or the heat or the cold. The others are probably as much annoyed by these things as you are, and fault-finding will only make them the more unpleasant to all. Be careful what you say about those near you, as a thoughtless remark to a friend in too loud a tone may cause a real headache. Many a weary mother has been pained by hearing complaints of a fretful child, whose crying most probably distresses her more than any one else. Instead of saying, "Why will people travel with babies?" remember that it is sometimes unavoidable, and do not disfigure your face by a

frown at the disturbance, but try to do what you can to make the journey pleasant for those around you, at least by a serene and cheerful face. A person who really wishes to be helpful to others, will find plenty of opportunities to "lend a hand" without becoming conspicuous in any way.

Do not ask too many questions of other passengers. Keep your eyes and ears open, and you will know as much as the rest do. If you wish to inquire about anything, let it be of the conductor, whose business it is to answer you, and do not detain him unnecessarily. Remember what he tells you, that you may not be like the woman Gail Hamilton describes, who asked the conductor the same question every time he came around, as if she thought he had undergone a moral change during his absence, and might answer her more truthfully.

If you get out of the car at any station on your way, be sure to observe which car it was, and which train, so that you need not go about inquiring where you belong when you wish to return to your seat.

A large proportion of the accidents which hap-

pen every year are caused by carelessness. Young people are afraid of seeming timid and anxious, and will sometimes, in avoiding this, risk their lives very foolishly. They step from the train before it has fairly stopped, or put their heads out of the window when the car is in motion, or rest the elbow on the sill of an open window in such a way that a passing train may cause serious, if not fatal, injury. Sometimes they pass carelessly from one car to another when the train is still, forgetting that it may start at any moment and throw them off their balance. Many similar exposures can be avoided by a little care and thought.

These are very plain, simple rules, which it may be supposed are already known to every one; but a little observation will show that they are not always put in practice.

A great deal has been left unsaid here on the advantages and pleasures of travel; but, without a knowledge of the simple details we have given, one will be sure to miss much of the culture and enjoyment which might otherwise be gained by it.



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THE SWALLOWS.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

DEAR birds that greet us with the spring,
 That fly along the sunny blue,
 That hover round your last year's nests,
 Or cut the shining heavens thro',
 That skim along the meadow grass,
 Among the flowers sweet and fair,
 That croon upon the pointed roof,
 Or, quiv'ring, balance in the air;
 Ye heralds of the summer days,
 As quick ye dart across the lea,
 Tho' other birds be fairer, yet
 The dearest of all birds are ye.

Dear as the messengers of spring
 Before the buds have opened wide,
 Dear when our other birds are here,
 Dear in the burning summertide;
 But when the lonely autumn wind
 About the flying forest grieves,
 In vain we look for you, and find—
 Your empty nests beneath the eaves.

UNDER THE LILACS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOWS AND ARROWS.

If Sancho's abduction made a stir, one may easily imagine with what warmth and interest he was welcomed back when his wrongs and wanderings were known. For several days he held regular levees, that curious boys and sympathizing girls might see and pity the changed and curtailed dog. Sancho behaved with dignified affability, and sat upon his mat in the coach-house pensively eyeing his guests, and patiently submitting to their caresses; while Ben and Thorny took turns to tell the few tragical facts which were not shrouded in the deepest mystery. If the interesting sufferer could only have spoken, what thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes he might have related. But, alas! he was dumb, and the secrets of that memorable month never were revealed.

The lame paw soon healed, the dingy color slowly yielded to many washings, the woolly coat began to knot up into little curls, a new collar handsomely marked made him a respectable dog, and Sancho was himself again. But it was evident that his sufferings were not forgotten; his once sweet temper was a trifle soured, and, with a few exceptions, he had lost his faith in mankind. Before, he had been the most benevolent and hospitable of dogs; now, he eyed all strangers suspiciously, and the sight of a shabby man made him growl and bristle up, as if the memory of his wrongs still burned hotly within him.

Fortunately, his gratitude was stronger than his resentment, and he never seemed to forget that he owed his life to Betty,—running to meet her whenever she appeared, instantly obeying her commands, and suffering no one to molest her when he walked watchfully beside her, with her hand upon his neck,

as they had walked out of the almost fatal backyard together, faithful friends forever.

Miss Celia called them little Una and her lion, and read the pretty story to the children when they wondered what she meant. Ben, with great pains, taught the dog to spell "Betty," and surprised her with a display of this new accomplishment, which gratified her so much that she was never tired of seeing Sanch paw the five red letters into place, then come and lay his nose in her hand, as if he added: "That 's the name of my dear mistress."

Of course Bab was glad to have everything pleasant and friendly again, but in a little dark corner of her heart there was a drop of envy, and a desperate desire to do something which would make every one in her small world like and praise her as they did Betty. Trying to be as good and gentle did not satisfy her; she must *do* something brave or surprising, and no chance for distinguishing herself in that way seemed likely to appear. Betty was as fond as ever, and the boys were very kind to her; but she felt that they both liked "little Betcinda," as they called her, best, because she found Sanch, and never seemed to know that she had done anything brave in defending him against all odds. Bab did not tell any one how she felt, but endeavored to be amiable while waiting for her chance to come, and when it did arrive made the most of it, though there was nothing heroic to add a charm.

Miss Celia's arm had been doing very well, but it would, of course, be useless for some time longer. Finding that the afternoon readings amused herself as much as they did the children, she kept them up, and brought out all her old favorites, enjoying a double pleasure in seeing that her young audience relished them as much as she did when a child; for to all but Thorny they were brand new. Out of one of these stories came much amusement for all, and satisfaction for one of the party.

"Celia, did you bring our old bows?" asked her brother, eagerly, as she put down the book from which she had been reading Miss Edgeworth's capital story of "Waste not Want not; or, Two Strings to your Bow."

"Yes, I brought all the playthings we left stored away in uncle's garret when we went abroad. The bows are in the long box where you found the mallets, fishing-rods and bats. The old quivers and a few arrows are there also, I believe. What is the idea now?" asked Miss Celia in her turn, as Thorny bounced up in a great hurry.

"I'm going to teach Ben to shoot. Grand fun this hot weather, and by and by we'll have an archery meeting, and you can give us a prize. Come on, Ben. I've got plenty of whip-cord to rig up the bows, and then we'll show the ladies some first-class shooting."

"I can't; never had a decent bow in my life. The little gilt one I used to wave round when I was a Coopid was n't worth a cent to go," answered Ben, feeling as if that painted "prodigy" must have been a very distant connection of the respectable young person now walking off arm-in-arm with the lord of the manor.

"Practice is all you want. I used to be a capital shot, but I don't believe I could hit anything but a barn-door now," answered Thorny, encouragingly.

As the boys vanished, with much tramping of boots and banging of doors, Bab observed, in the young-ladyish tone she was apt to use when she composed her active little mind and body to the feminine task of needlework:

"We used to make bows of whalebone when we were little girls, but we are too old to play so now."

"I'd like to, but Bab wont, 'cause she's most 'leven years old," said honest Betty, placidly rubbing her needle in the "ruster," as she called the family emery-bag.

"Grown people enjoy archery, as bow and arrow shooting is called, especially in England. I was reading about it the other day, and saw a picture of Queen Victoria with her bow, so you needn't be ashamed of it, Bab," said Miss Celia, rummaging among the books and papers in her sofa corner to find the magazine she wanted, thinking a new play would be as good for the girls as for the big boys.

"A queen, just think!" and Betty looked much impressed by the fact, as well as uplifted by the knowledge that her friend did not agree in thinking her silly because she preferred playing with a harmless home-made toy to firing stones or snapping a pop-gun.

"In old times, bows and arrows were used to fight great battles with, and we read how the English archers shot so well that the air was dark with arrows, and many men were killed."

"So did the Indians have 'em, and I've got some stone arrow-heads,—found 'em by the river, in the dirt!" cried Bab, waking up, for battles interested her more than queens.

"While you finish your stints I'll tell you a little story about the Indians," said Miss Celia, lying back on her cushions, while the needles began to go again, for the prospect of a story could not be resisted.

"A century or more ago, in a small settlement on the banks of the Connecticut,—which means the Long River of Pines,—there lived a little girl called Matty Kilburn. On a hill stood the fort where the people ran for protection in any danger, for the country was new and wild, and more than once the Indians had come down the river in their canoes and burned the houses, killed men, and car-

ried away women and children. Matty lived alone with her father, but felt quite safe in the log-house, for he was never far away. One afternoon, as the farmers were all busy in their fields, the bell rang suddenly,—a sign that there was danger near,—and, dropping their rakes or axes, the men hurried to their houses to save wives and babies, and such few treasures as they could. Mr. Kilburn caught up his gun with one hand and his little girl with the other, and ran as fast as he could toward the fort. But before he could reach it he heard a yell, and saw the red men coming up from the river. Then he knew it would be in vain to try to get in, so he looked about for a safe place to hide Matty till he could come for her. He was a brave man, and could fight, so he had no thought of hiding while his neighbors needed help; but the dear little daughter must be cared for first.

"In the corner of the lonely pasture which they dared not cross, stood a big hollow elm, and there the farmer hastily hid Matty, dropping her down into the dim nook, round the mouth of which young shoots had grown, so that no one would have suspected any hole was there.

"Lie still, child, till I come; say your prayers and wait for father," said the man, as he parted the leaves for a last glance at the small, frightened face looking up at him.

"Come soon," whispered Matty, and tried to smile bravely, as a stout settler's girl should.

"Mr. Kilburn went away, and was taken prisoner in the fight, carried off, and for years no one knew if he was alive or dead. People missed Matty, but supposed she was with her father, and never expected to see her again. A great while afterward the poor man came back, having escaped and made his way through the wilderness to his old home. His first question was for Matty, but no one had seen her; and when he told where he had left her, they shook their heads as if they thought he was crazy. But they went to look, that he might be satisfied; and he was; for there they found some little bones, some faded bits of cloth, and two rusty silver buckles marked with Matty's name in what had once been her shoes. An Indian arrow lay there, too, showing why she had never cried for help, but waited patiently so long for father to come and find her."

If Miss Celia expected to see the last bit of hem done when her story ended, she was disappointed; for not a dozen stitches had been taken. Betty was using her crash-towel for a handkerchief, and Bab's lay on the ground as she listened with snapping eyes to the little tragedy.

"Is it true?" asked Betty, hoping to find relief in being told that it was not.

"Yes; I have seen the tree, and the mound

where the fort was, and the rusty buckles in an old farm-house where other Kilburns live, near the spot where it all happened," answered Miss Celia, looking out the picture of Victoria to console her auditors.

"We'll play that in the old apple-tree. Betty can scrooch down, and I'll be the father, and put leaves on her, and then I'll be a great Injun and fire at her. I can make arrows, and it will be fun, wont it?" cried Bab, charmed with the new drama in which she could act the leading parts.

"No, it wont! I don't like to go in a cobwebby hole, and have you play kill me. I'll make a nice fort of hay, and be all safe, and you can put Dinah down there for Matty. I don't love her any more, now her last eye has tumbled out, and you may shoot her just as much as you like."

Before Bab could agree to this satisfactory arrangement, Thorny appeared, singing, as he aimed at a fat robin, whose red waistcoat looked rather warm and winterish that August day:

"So he took up his bow,
And he feathered his arrow,
And said: 'I will shoot
This little cock-sparrow.'"

"But he did n't," chirped the robin, flying away, with a contemptuous flirt of his rusty-black tail.

"That is exactly what you must promise *not* to do, boys. Fire away at your targets as much as you like, but do not harm any living creature," said Miss Celia, as Ben followed armed and equipped with her own long-unused accoutrements.

"Of course we wont if you say so; but, with a little practice, I *could* bring down a bird as well as that fellow you read to me about with his woodpeckers and larks and herons," answered Thorny, who had much enjoyed the article, while his sister lamented over the destruction of the innocent birds.

"You'd do well to borrow the Squire's old stuffed owl for a target; there would be some chance of your hitting him, he is so big," said his sister, who always made fun of the boy when he began to brag.

Thorny's only reply was to send his arrow straight up so far out of sight that it was a long while coming down again to stick quivering in the ground near by, whence Sancho brought it in his mouth, evidently highly approving of a game in which he could join.

"Not bad for a beginning. Now, Ben, fire away."

But Ben's experience with bows was small, and, in spite of his praiseworthy efforts to imitate his great exemplar, the arrow only turned a feeble sort of somersault, and descended perilously near Bab's uplifted nose.

"If you endanger other people's life and liberty in your pursuit of happiness, I shall have to confiscate your arms, boys. Take the orchard for your archery ground; that is safe, and we can see you as we sit here. I wish I had two hands, so that I could paint you a fine, gay target," and Miss Celia looked regretfully at the injured arm, which as yet was of little use.

"I wish you could shoot, too; you used to beat all the girls, and I was proud of you," answered Thorny, with the air of a fond elder brother; though, at the time he alluded to, he was about twelve, and hardly up to his sister's shoulder.

"Thank you. I shall be happy to give my place to Bab and Betty if you will make them some bows and arrows; they could not use those long ones."

The young gentlemen did not take the hint as quickly as Miss Celia hoped they would; in fact, both looked rather blank at the suggestion, as boys generally do when it is proposed that girls—especially small ones—shall join in any game they are playing.

"P'r'aps it would be too much trouble," began Betty, in her winning little voice.

"I can make my own," declared Bab, with an independent toss of the head.

"Not a bit; I'll make you the jolliest small bow that ever was, Betcinda," Thorny hastened to say, softened by the appealing glance of the little maid.

"You can use mine, Bab; you've got such a strong fist, I guess you could pull it," added Ben, remembering that it would not be amiss to have a comrade who shot worse than he did, for he felt very inferior to Thorny in many ways, and, being used to praise, had missed it very much since he retired to private life.

"I will be umpire, and brighten up the silver arrow I sometimes pin my hair with, for a prize, unless we can find something better," proposed Miss Celia, glad to see that question settled, and every prospect of the new play being a pleasant amusement for the hot weather.

It was astonishing how soon archery became the fashion in that town, for the boys discussed it enthusiastically all that evening, formed the "William

Tell Club" next day, with Bab and Betty as honorary members, and, before the week was out, nearly every lad was seen, like young Norval, "With bended bow and quiver full of arrows," shooting away, with a charming disregard of the safety of their fellow-citizens. Banished by the authorities to secluded



MATTY KILBURN AND HER FATHER
AT THE TREE.

spots, the members of the club set up their targets and practiced indefatigably, especially Ben, who soon discovered that his early gymnastics had given him a sinewy arm and a true eye; and, taking Sanch into partnership as picker-up, he got more shots out of an hour than those who had to run to and fro.

Thorny easily recovered much of his former skill, but his strength had not fully returned, and he soon

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grew tired. Bab, on the contrary, threw herself into the contest heart and soul, and tugged away at the new bow Miss Celia gave her, for Ben's was too heavy. No other girls were admitted, so the outsiders got up a club of their own, and called it "The Victoria," the name being suggested by the magazine article, which went the rounds as general guide and reference-book. Bab and Betty belonged to this club also, and duly reported the doings of the boys, with whom they had a right to shoot if they chose, but soon waived the right, plainly seeing that their absence would be regarded in the light of a favor.

The archery fever raged as fiercely as the baseball epidemic had done before it, and not only did the magazine circulate freely, but Miss Edgeworth's story, which was eagerly read, and so much admired that the girls at once mounted green ribbons, and the boys kept yards of whip-cord in their pockets, like the provident Benjamin of the tale.

Every one enjoyed the new play very much, and something grew out of it which was a lasting pleasure to many, long after the bows and arrows were forgotten. Seeing how glad the children were to get a new story, Miss Celia was moved to send a box of books—old and new—to the town library, which was but scantily supplied, as country libraries are apt to be. This donation produced a good effect; for other people hunted up all the volumes they could spare for the same purpose, and the dusty shelves in the little room behind the post-office filled up amazingly. Coming in vacation time they were hailed with delight, and ancient books of travel, as well as modern tales, were feasted upon by happy young folks, with plenty of time to enjoy them in peace.

The success of her first attempt at being a public benefactor pleased Miss Celia very much, and suggested other ways in which she might serve the quiet town, where she seemed to feel that work was waiting for her to do. She said little to any one but the friend over the sea, yet various plans were made then that blossomed beautifully by and by.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPEAKING PIECES.

THE first of September came all too soon, and school began. Among the boys and girls who went trooping up to the "East Corner knowledge-box," as they called it, was our friend Ben, with a pile of neat books under his arm. He felt very strange, and decidedly shy; but put on a bold face, and let nobody guess that, though nearly thirteen, he had never been to school before. Miss Celia had told his story to Teacher, and she, being a kind little woman, with young brothers of her own,

made things as easy for him as she could. In reading and writing he did very well, and proudly took his place among lads of his own age; but when it came to arithmetic and geography, he had to go down a long way, and begin almost at the beginning, in spite of Thorny's efforts to "tool him along fast." It mortified him sadly, but there was no help for it; and in some of the classes he had dear little Betty to condole with him when he failed, and smile contentedly when he got above her, as he soon began to do,—for she was not a quick child, and plodded through First Parts long after sister Bab was flourishing away among girls much older than herself.

Fortunately, Ben was a short boy and a clever one, so he did not look out of place among the ten and eleven year olds, and fell upon his lessons with the same resolution with which he used to take a new leap, or practice patiently till he could touch his heels with his head. That sort of exercise had given him a strong, elastic little body; this kind was to train his mind, and make its faculties as useful, quick and sure, as the obedient muscles, nerves and eye, which kept him safe where others would have broken their necks. He knew this, and found much consolation in the fact that, though mental arithmetic was a hopeless task, he *could* turn a dozen somersaults, and come up as steady as a judge. When the boys laughed at him for saying that China was in Africa, he routed them entirely by his superior knowledge of the animals belonging to that wild country; and when "First class in reading" was called, he marched up with the proud consciousness that the shortest boy in it did better than tall Moses Towne or fat Sam Kitteridge.

Teacher praised him all she honestly could, and corrected his many blunders so quietly that he soon ceased to be a deep, distressful red during recitation, and tugged away so manfully that no one could help respecting him for his efforts, and trying to make light of his failures. So the first hard week went by, and though the boy's heart had sunk many a time at the prospect of a protracted wrestle with his own ignorance, he made up his mind to win, and went at it again on the Monday with fresh zeal, all the better and braver for a good, cheery talk with Miss Celia in the Sunday evening twilight.

He did not tell her one of his greatest trials, however, because he thought she could not help him there. Some of the children rather looked down upon him, called him "tramp" and "beggar," twitted him with having been a circus boy, and lived in a tent like a gypsy. They did not mean to be cruel, but did it for the sake of teasing, never stopping to think how much such sport can make a fellow-creature suffer. Being a plucky fellow, Ben pretended not to mind; but he did feel it keenly,

because he wanted to start afresh, and be like other boys. He was not ashamed of the old life, but finding those around him disapproved of it, he was glad to let it be forgotten,—even by himself,—for his latest recollections were not happy ones, and present comforts made past hardships seem harder than before.

He said nothing of this to Miss Celia, but she found it out, and liked him all the better for keeping some of his small worries to himself. Bab and Betty came over on Monday afternoon full of indignation at some boyish insult Sam had put upon Ben, and finding them too full of it to enjoy the reading, Miss Celia asked what the matter was. Then both little girls burst out in a rapid succession of broken exclamations which did not give a very clear idea of the difficulty:

"Sam did n't like it because Ben jumped farther than he did —"

"And he said Ben ought to be in the poor-house."

"And Ben said *he* ought to be in a pig-pen."

"So he had!—such a greedy thing, bringing lovely big apples and not giving any one a single bite!"

"Then he was mad, and we all laughed, and he said, 'Want to fight?'"

"And Ben said, 'No, thanky, not much fun in pounding a feather-bed.'"

"Oh, he was *awfully* mad then and chased Ben up the big maple."

"He's there now, for Sam wont let him come down till he takes it all back."

"Ben wont, and I do believe he'll have to stay up all night," said Betty, distressfully.

"He wont care, and we'll have fun firing up his supper. Nut-cakes and cheese will go splendidly; and may be baked pears would n't get smashed, he's such a good catch," added Bab, decidedly relishing the prospect.

"If he does not come by tea-time we will go and look after him. It seems to me I have heard something about Sam's troubling him before, have n't I?" asked Miss Celia, ready to defend her protégé against all unfair persecution.

"Yes'm, Sam and Mose are always plaguing Ben. They are big boys and we can't make them stop. I wont let the girls do it, and the little boys don't dare to, since Teacher spoke to them," answered Bab.

"Why does not Teacher speak to the big ones?"

"Ben wont tell of them or let us. He says he'll fight his own battles and hates tell-tales. I guess he wont like to have us tell you, but I don't care, for it *is* too bad," and Betty looked ready to cry over her friend's tribulations.

"I'm glad you did, for I will attend to it and

stop this sort of thing," said Miss Celia, after the children had told some of the tormenting speeches which had tried poor Ben.

Just then, Thorny appeared, looking much amused, and the little girls both called out in a breath: "Did you see Ben and get him down?"

"He got himself down in the neatest way you can imagine," and Thorny laughed at the recollection.

"Where is Sam?" asked Bab.

"Staring up at the sky to see where Ben has flown to."

"Oh, tell about it!" begged Betty.

"Well, I came along and found Ben treed, and Sam stoning him. I stopped that at once and told the 'fat boy' to be off. He said he would n't till Ben begged his pardon, and Ben said he would n't do it if he stayed up for a week. I was just preparing to give that rascal a scientific thrashing when a load of hay came along and Ben dropped on to it so quietly that Sam, who was trying to bully me, never saw him go. It tickled me so, I told Sam I guessed I'd let him off that time, and walked away, leaving him to hunt for Ben and wonder where the dickens he had vanished to."

The idea of 'Sam's bewilderment tickled the others as much as Thorny, and they all had a good laugh over it before Miss Celia asked:

"Where has Ben gone now?"

"Oh, he'll take a little ride and then slip down and race home full of the fun of it. But I've got to settle Sam. I wont have our Ben hectored by any one —"

"But yourself," put in his sister, with a sly smile, for Thorny *was* rather domineering at times.

"He does n't mind my poking him up now and then, it's good for him, and I always take his part against other people. Sam is a bully and so is Mose, and I'll thrash them both if they don't stop."

Anxious to curb her brother's pugnacious propensities, Miss Celia proposed milder measures, promising to speak to the boys herself if there was any more trouble.

"I have been thinking that we should have some sort of merry-making for Ben on his birthday. My plan was a very simple one, but I will enlarge it and have all the young folks come, and Ben shall be king of the fun. He needs encouragement in well-doing, for he does try, and now the first hard part is nearly over I am sure he will get on bravely. If we treat him with respect and show our regard for him, others will follow our example, and that will be better than fighting about it."

"So it will! What shall we do to make our party tip-top?" asked Thorny, falling into the trap at once, for he dearly loved to get up theatricals, and had not had any for a long time.

"We will plan something splendid, a 'grand combination,' as you used to call your droll mixtures of tragedy, comedy, melodrama and farce," answered his sister, with her head already full of lively plots.

"We'll startle the natives. I don't believe they ever saw a play in all their lives, hey Bab?"

"I've seen a circus."

"We dress up and do 'Babes in the Wood,'" added Betty, with dignity.

"Pho! that's nothing. I'll show you acting that will make your hair stand on end, and you shall act too. Bab will be capital for the naughty girls," began Thorny, excited by the prospect of producing a sensation on the boards, and always ready to tease the girls.

Before Betty could protest that she did not want her hair to stand up, or Bab could indignantly decline the rôle offered her, a shrill whistle was heard, and Miss Celia whispered, with a warning look:

"Hush! Ben is coming, and he must not know anything about this yet."

The next day was Wednesday, and in the afternoon Miss Celia went to hear the children "speak pieces," though it was very seldom that any of the busy matrons and elder sisters found time or inclination for these displays of youthful oratory. Miss Celia and Mrs. Moss were all the audience on this occasion, but Teacher was both pleased and proud to see them, and a general rustle went through the school as they came in, all the girls turning from the visitors to nod at Bab and Betty, who smiled all over their round faces to see "Ma" sitting up "side of Teacher," and the boys grinned at Ben, whose heart began to beat fast at the thought of his dear mistress coming so far to hear him say his piece.

Thorny had recommended Marco Bozzaris, but Ben preferred John Gilpin, and ran the famous race with much spirit, making excellent time in some parts and having to be spurred a little in others, but came out all right, though quite breathless at the end, sitting down amid great applause, some of which, curiously enough, seemed to come from outside; which in fact it did, for Thorny was bound to hear but would not come in, lest his presence should abash one orator at least.

Other pieces followed, all more or less patriotic and warlike, among the boys; sentimental among the girls. Sam broke down in his attempt to give one of Webster's great speeches. Little Cy Fay boldly attacked

"Again to the battle, Achaians!"

and shrieked his way through it in a shrill, small voice, bound to do honor to the older brother who

had trained him, even if he broke a vessel in the attempt. Billy chose a well-worn piece, but gave it a new interest by his style of delivery; for his gestures were so spasmodic he looked as if going into a fit, and he did such astonishing things with his voice that one never knew whether a howl or a growl would come next. When

"The woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;"

Billy's arms went round like the sails of a wind-mill; the "hymns of lofty cheer" not only "shook the depths of the desert gloom," but the small children on their little benches, and the school-house literally rang "to the anthems of the free!" When "the ocean eagle soared," Billy appeared to be going bodily up, and the "pines of the forest roared" as if they had taken lessons of Van Amburgh's biggest lion. "Woman's fearless eye" was expressed by a wild glare; "manhood's brow, severely high," by a sudden clutch at the reddish locks falling over the orator's hot forehead, and a sounding thump on his blue checked bosom told where "the fiery heart of youth" was located. "What sought they thus afar?" he asked, in such a natural and inquiring tone, with his eye fixed on Mamie Peters, that the startled innocent replied, "Dunno," which caused the speaker to close in haste, devoutly pointing a stubby finger upward at the last line.

This was considered the gem of the collection, and Billy took his seat proudly conscious that his native town boasted an orator who, in time, would utterly eclipse Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips.

Sally Folsom led off with "The Coral Grove," chosen for the express purpose of making her friend Almira Mullet start and blush, when she recited the second line of that pleasing poem,

"Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove."

One of the older girls gave Wordsworth's "Lost Love" in a pensive tone, clasping her hands and bringing out the "O" as if a sudden twinge of toothache seized her when she ended.

"But she is in her grave, and O,
The difference to me!"

Bab always chose a funny piece, and on this afternoon set them all laughing by the spirit with which she spoke the droll poem, "Pussy's Class," which some of my young readers may have read. The "meou" and the "sptzss" were capital, and when the "fond mamma rubbed her nose," the children shouted, for Miss Bab made a paw of her hand and ended with an impromptu purr, which was considered the best imitation ever presented to an appreciative public. Betty bashfully murmured "Little

White Lilly," swaying to and fro as regularly as if in no other way could the rhymes be ground out of her memory.

"That is all, I believe. If either of the ladies would like to say a few words to the children, I should be pleased to have them," said Teacher,

applauded, consciences pricked, and undone tasks, complaining words and sour faces seemed to rise up reproachfully before many of the children, as well as their own faults of elocution.

"Now we will sing," said Teacher, and a great clearing of throats ensued, but before a note could



"THE OCEAN EAGLE SOARED."

politely, pausing before she dismissed school with a song.

"Please 'm, I'd like to speak my piece," answered Miss Celia, obeying a sudden impulse; and, stepping forward with her hat in her hand, she made a pretty courtesy before she recited Mary Howitt's sweet little ballad, "Mabel on Midsummer Day."

She looked so young and merry, used such simple but expressive gestures, and spoke in such a clear, soft voice that the children sat as if spell-bound, learning several lessons from this new teacher, whose performance charmed them from beginning to end, and left a moral which all could understand and carry away in that last verse:

"T is good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'T is good, like Little Mabel,
To have a willing mind."

Of course there was an enthusiastic clapping when Miss Celia sat down, but even while hands

be uttered, the half-open door swung wide, and Sancho, with Ben's hat on, walked in upon his hind legs, and stood with his paws meekly folded, while a voice from the entry sang rapidly:

"Benny had a little dog,
His fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Benny went
The dog was sure to go.

"He went into the school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a dog —"

Mischievous Thorny got no further, for a general explosion of laughter drowned the last words, and Ben's command "Out, you rascal!" sent Sancho to the right-about in double-quick time.

Miss Celia tried to apologize for her bad brother, and Teacher tried to assure her that it did n't matter in the least as this was always a merry time, and Mrs. Moss vainly shook her finger at her naughty daughters; they as well as the others would have

their laugh out, and only partially sobered down when the bell rang for "Attention." They thought they were to be dismissed, and repressed their giggles as well as they could in order to get a good start for a vociferous roar when they got out. But, to their great surprise, the pretty lady stood up again and said, in her friendly way :

"I just want to thank you for this pleasant little exhibition, and ask leave to come again. I also wish to invite you all to my boy's birthday party on Saturday week. The archery meeting is to be in the afternoon, and both clubs will be there, I believe. In the evening we are going to have some fun, when we can laugh as much as we please without breaking any of the rules. In Ben's name I invite you, and hope you will all come, for we mean to make this the happiest birthday he ever had."

There were twenty pupils in the room, but the eighty hands and feet made such a racket at this announcement that an outsider would have thought a hundred children, at least, must have been at it. Miss Celia was a general favorite because she nodded to all the girls, called the boys by their last names, even addressing some of the largest as "Mr.," which won their hearts at once, so that if she had invited them all to come and be whipped they would have gone, sure that it was some delightful joke. With what eagerness they accepted the present invitation one can easily imagine, though they never guessed why she gave it in that way, and Ben's face was a sight to see, he was so pleased and proud at the honor done him that he did not know where to look, and was glad to rush out with the other boys and vent his emotions in whoops of delight. He knew that some little plot was being concocted for his birthday, but never dreamed of anything so grand as asking the whole school, Teacher and all. The effect of the invitation was seen with comical rapidity, for the boys became overpowering in their friendly attentions to Ben. Even Sam, fearing he might be left out, promptly offered the peaceful olive-branch in the shape of a big apple, warm from his pocket, and Mose proposed a trade in jack-knives which would be greatly to Ben's advantage. But Thorny made the noblest sacrifice of all, for he said to his sister, as they walked home together :

"I'm not going to try for the prize at all. I shoot so much better than the rest, having had more practice, you know, that it is hardly fair. Ben and Billy are next best, and about even, for Ben's strong wrist makes up for Billy's true eye, and both want to win. If I am out of the way Ben stands a good chance, for the other fellows don't amount to much."

"Bab does; she shoots nearly as well as Ben, and

wants to win even more than he or Billy. She must have her chance at any rate."

"So she may, but she won't do anything; girls can't, though it's good exercise and pleases them to try."

"If I had full use of both my arms I'd show you that girls *can* do a great deal when they like. Don't be too lofty, young man, for you may have to come down," laughed Miss Celia, amused by his airs.

"No fear," and Thorny calmly departed to set his targets for Ben's practice.

"We shall see," and from that moment Miss Celia made Bab her especial pupil, feeling that a little lesson would be good for Mr. Thorny, who rather lorded it over the other young people. There was a spice of mischief in it, for Miss Celia was very young at heart, in spite of her twenty-four years, and she was bound to see that her side had a fair chance, believing that girls can do whatever they are willing to strive patiently and wisely for.

So she kept Bab at work early and late, giving her all the hints and help she could with only one efficient hand, and Bab was delighted to think she did well enough to shoot with the club. Her arms ached and her fingers grew hard with twanging the bow, but she was indefatigable, and being a strong, tall child of her age, with a great love of all athletic sports, she got on fast and well, soon learning to send arrow after arrow with ever increasing accuracy nearer and nearer to the bull's-eye.

The boys took very little notice of her, being much absorbed in their own affairs, but Betty did for Bab what Sancho did for Ben, and trotted after arrows till her short legs were sadly tired, though her patience never gave out. She was so sure Bab would win that she cared nothing about her own success, practicing little and seldom hitting anything when she tried.

CHAPTER XX.

BEN'S BIRTHDAY.

A SUPERB display of flags flapped gayly in the breeze on the September morning when Ben proudly entered his teens. An irruption of bunting seemed to have broken out all over the old house, for banners of every shape and size, color and design flew from chimney-top and gable, porch and gate-way, making the quiet place look as lively as a circus tent, which was just what Ben most desired and delighted in.

The boys had been up very early to prepare the show, and when it was ready enjoyed it hugely, for the fresh wind made the pennons cut strange capers. The winged lion of Venice looked as if trying to fly away home; the Chinese dragon appeared to

brandish his forked tail as he clawed at the Burmese peacock; the double-headed eagle of Russia pecked at the Turkey crescent with one beak, while the other seemed to be screaming to the English royal beast, "Come on and lend a paw." In the hurry of hoisting, the Siamese elephant got turned upside down, and now danced gayly on his head, with the stars and stripes waving proudly over him. A green flag with a yellow harp and sprig of shamrock hung in sight of the kitchen window, and Katy, the cook, got breakfast to the tune of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." Sancho's kennel was half hidden under a rustling paper imitation of the gorgeous Spanish banner, and the scarlet sun-and-moon flag of Arabia snapped and flaunted from the pole over the coach-house, as a delicate compliment to Lita, Arabian horses being considered the finest in the world.

The little girls came out to see, and declared it was the loveliest sight they ever beheld, while Thorny played "Hail Columbia" on his fife, and Ben, mounting the gate-post, crowed long and loud like a happy cockerel who had just reached his majority. He had been surprised and delighted with the gifts he found in his room on awaking, and guessed why Miss Celia and Thorny gave him such pretty things, for among them was a match-box made like a mouse-trap. The doggy buttons and the horsey whip were treasures indeed, for Miss Celia had not given them when they first planned to do so, because Sancho's return seemed to be joy and reward enough for that occasion. But he did not forget to thank Mrs. Moss for the cake she sent him, nor the girls for the red mittens which they had secretly and painfully knit. Bab's was long and thin, with a very pointed thumb, Betty's short and wide, with a stubby thumb, and all their mother's pulling and pressing could not make them look alike, to the great affliction of the little knitters. Ben, however, assured them that he rather preferred odd ones, as then he could always tell which was right and which left. He put them on immediately and went about cracking the new whip with an expression of content which was droll to see, while the children followed after, full of admiration for the hero of the day.

They were very busy all the morning preparing for the festivities to come, and as soon as dinner was over every one scrambled into his or her best clothes as fast as possible, because, although invited to come at two, impatient boys and girls were seen hovering about the avenue as early as one.

The first to arrive, however, was an uninvited guest, for just as Bab and Betty sat down on the porch steps, in their stiff pink calico frocks and white ruffled aprons, to repose a moment before

the party came in, a rustling was heard among the lilacs and out stepped Alfred Tennyson Barlow, looking like a small Robin Hood, in a green blouse with a silver buckle on his broad belt, a feather in his little cap and a bow in his hand.

"I have come to shoot. I heard about it. My papa told me what arching meant. Will there be any little cakes? I like them."

With these opening remarks the poet took a seat and calmly awaited a response. The young ladies, I regret to say, giggled, then remembering their manners, hastened to inform him that there *would* be heaps of cakes, also that Miss Celia would not mind his coming without an invitation, they were quite sure.

"She asked me to come that day. I have been very busy. I had measles. Do you have them here?" asked the guest, as if anxious to compare notes on the sad subject.

"We had ours ever so long ago. What have you been doing besides having measles?" said Betty, showing a polite interest.

"I had a fight with a bumble-bee."

"Who beat?" demanded Bab.

"I did. I ran away and he could n't catch me."

"Can you shoot nicely?"

"I hit a cow. She did not mind at all. I guess she thought it was a fly."

"Did your mother know you were coming?" asked Bab, feeling an interest in runaways.

"No; she is gone to drive, so I could not ask her."

"It is very wrong to disobey. My Sunday-school book says that children who are naughty that way never go to heaven," observed virtuous Betty, in a warning tone.

"I do not wish to go," was the startling reply.

"Why not?" asked Betty, severely.

"They don't have any dirt there. My mamma says so. I am fond of dirt. I shall stay here where there is plenty of it," and the candid youth began to grub in the mold with the satisfaction of a genuine boy.

"I am afraid you're a very bad child."

"Oh yes, I am. My papa often says so and he knows all about it," replied Alfred with an involuntary wriggle suggestive of painful memories. Then, as if anxious to change the conversation from its somewhat personal channel, he asked, pointing to a row of grinning heads above the wall, "Do you shoot at those?"

Bab and Betty looked up quickly and recognized the familiar faces of their friends peering down at them, like a choice collection of trophies or targets.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to peek before the party was ready!" cried Bab, frowning darkly upon the merry young ladies.

"Miss Celia told *us* to come before two, and be ready to receive folks, if she was n't down," added Betty, importantly.

"It is striking two now. Come along, girls," and over scrambled Sally Folsom, followed by three or four kindred spirits, just as their hostess appeared.

"You look like Amazons storming a fort," she said, as the girls came up, each carrying her bow and arrows, while green ribbons flew in every direction. "How do you do, sir? I have been hoping you would call again," added Miss Celia, shaking hands with the pretty boy, who regarded with benign interest the giver of little cakes.

Here a rush of boys took place, and further remarks were cut short, for every one was in a hurry to begin. So the procession was formed at once, Miss Celia taking the lead, escorted by Ben in the post of honor, while the boys and girls paired off behind, arm in arm, bow on shoulder, in martial array. Thorny and Billy were the band, and marched before, fifing and drumming "Yankee Doodle" with a vigor which kept feet moving briskly, made eyes sparkle, and young hearts dance under the gay gowns and summer jackets. The interesting stranger was elected to bear the prize, laid out on a red pin-cushion, and did so with great dignity, as he went beside the standard-bearer, Cy Fay, who bore Ben's choicest flag, snow white, with a green wreath surrounding a painted bow and arrow, and with the letters W. T. C. done in red below.

Such a merry march all about the place, out at the Lodge gate, up and down the avenue, along the winding-paths till they halted in the orchard where the target stood and seats were placed for the archers, while they waited for their turns. Various rules and regulations were discussed, and then the fun began. Miss Celia had insisted that the girls should be invited to shoot with the boys, and the lads consented without much concern, whispering to one another with condescending shrugs—"Let 'em try, if they like, they can't do anything."

There were various trials of skill before the great match came off, and in these trials the young gentlemen discovered that two at least of the girls *could* do something, for Bab and Sally shot better than many of the boys, and were well rewarded for their exertions by the change which took place in the faces and conversation of their mates.

"Why, Bab, you do as well as if I'd taught you myself," said Thorny, much surprised and not altogether pleased at the little girl's skill.

"A lady taught me, and I mean to beat every one of you," answered Bab, saucily, while her sparkling eyes turned to Miss Celia with a mischievous twinkle in them.

"Not a bit of it," declared Thorny, stoutly; but he went to Ben and whispered, "Do your best, old

fellow, for sister has taught Bab all the scientific points, and the little rascal is ahead of Billy."

"She wont get ahead of *me*," said Ben, picking out his best arrow, and trying the string of his bow with a confident air which re-assured Thorny, who found it impossible to believe that a girl ever could, would, or should excel a boy in anything he cared to try.

It really did look as if Bab would beat when the match for the prize came off, and the children got more and more excited as the six who were to try for it took turns at the bull's-eye. Thorny was umpire and kept account of each shot, for the arrow which went nearest the middle would win. Each had three shots, and very soon the lookers on saw that Ben and Bab were the best marksmen, and one of them would surely get the silver arrow.

Sam, who was too lazy to practice, soon gave up the contest, saying, as Thorny did, "It wouldn't be fair for such a big fellow to try with the little chaps," which made a laugh, as his want of skill was painfully evident. But Mose went at it gallantly, and if his eye had been as true as his arms were strong, the "little chaps" would have trembled. But his shots were none of them as near as Billy's, and he retired after the third failure, declaring that it was impossible to shoot against the wind, though scarcely a breath was stirring.

Sally Folsom was bound to beat Bab, and twanged away in great style; all in vain, however, as with tall Maria Newcome, the third girl who attempted the trial. Being a little near-sighted, she had borrowed her sister's eye-glasses, and thereby lessened her chance of success; for the pinch on her nose distracted her attention, and not one of her arrows went beyond the second ring, to her great disappointment. Billy did very well, but got nervous when his last shot came, and just missed the bull's-eye by being in a hurry.

Bab and Ben each had one turn more, and as they were about even, that last arrow would decide the victory. Both had sent a shot into the bull's-eye, but neither was exactly in the middle; so there was room to do better, even, and the children crowded round, crying eagerly, "Now, Ben!" "Now, Bab!" "Hit her up, Ben!" "Beat him, Bab!" while Thorny looked as anxious as if the fate of the country depended on the success of his man. Bab's turn came first, and as Miss Celia examined her bow to see that all was right, the little girl said, with her eyes on her rival's excited face:

"I want to beat, but Ben will feel *so* bad, I 'most hope I sha' n't."

"Losing a prize sometimes makes one happier than gaining it. You have proved that you could do better than most of them, so, if you do not beat, you may still feel proud," answered Miss Celia, giv-

ing back the bow with a smile that said more than her words.

It seemed to give Bab a new idea, for in a minute all sorts of recollections, wishes and plans, rushed through her lively little mind, and she followed a sudden generous impulse as blindly as she often did a willful one.

"I guess he'll beat," she said, softly, with a quick sparkle of the eyes, as she stepped to her place and fired without taking her usual careful aim.

Her shot struck almost as near the center on the right as her last one had hit on the left, and there

"A tie! a tie!" cried the girls, as a general rush took place toward the target.

"No; Ben's is nearest. Ben's beat! Hooray!" shouted the boys, throwing up their hats.

There was only a hair's-breadth difference, and Bab could honestly have disputed the decision; but she did not, though for an instant she could not help wishing that the cry had been, "Bab's beat! Hurrah!" it sounded so pleasant. Then she saw Ben's beaming face, Thorny's intense relief, and caught the look Miss Celia sent her over the heads of the boys, and decided, with a sudden warm glow all over her little face, that losing a prize *did* some-



PRACTICING FOR THE MATCH.

was a shout of delight from the girls as Thorny announced it before he hurried back to Ben, whispering anxiously:

"Steady, old man, steady; you *must* beat that, or we shall never hear the last of it."

Ben did not say, "She wont get ahead of me," as he had said at the first; he set his teeth, threw off his hat, and knitting his brows with a resolute expression, prepared to take steady aim, though his heart beat fast, and his thumb trembled as he pressed it on the bow-string.

"I hope you'll beat, I truly do," said Bab, at his elbow; and as if the breath that framed the generous wish helped it on its way, the arrow flew straight to the bull's-eye, hitting, apparently, the very spot where Bab's best shot had left a hole.

times make one happier than winning it. Up went her best hat, and she burst out in a shrill, "Rah, rah, rah!" that sounded very funny coming all alone after the general clamor had subsided.

"Good for you, Bab! you are an honor to the club, and I'm proud of you," said Prince Thorny, with a hearty hand-shake; for, as his man had won, he could afford to praise the rival who had put him on his mettle though she *was* a girl.

Bab was much uplifted by the royal commendation, but a few minutes later felt pleased as well as proud when Ben, having received the prize, came to her, as she stood behind a tree sucking her blistered thumb, while Betty braided up her disheveled locks.

"I think it would be fairer to call it a tie, Bab,

for it nearly was, and I want you to wear this. I want the fun of beating, but I don't care a bit for this girl's thing, and I'd rather see it on you."

As he spoke, Ben offered the rosette of green ribbon which held the silver arrow, and Bab's eyes brightened as they fell upon the pretty ornament, for to her "the girl's thing" was almost as good as the victory.

"Oh no; you must wear it to show who won. Miss Celia would n't like it. I don't mind not getting it; I did better than all the rest, and I guess I should n't like to beat *you*," answered Bab, unconsciously putting into childish words the sweet generosity which makes so many sisters glad to see their brothers carry off the prizes of life, while they are content to know that they have earned them and can do without the praise.

But if Bab was generous, Ben was just; and though he could not explain the feeling, would not consent to take all the glory without giving his little friend a share.

"You *must* wear it; I shall feel real mean if you don't. You worked harder than I did, and it was only luck my getting this. Do, Bab, to please me," he persisted, awkwardly trying to fasten the ornament in the middle of Bab's white apron.

"Then I will. Now do you forgive me for losing Sancho?" asked Bab, with a wistful look which made Ben say, heartily:

"I did that when he came home."

"And you don't think I'm horrid?"

"Not a bit of it; you are first-rate, and I'll stand by you like a man, for you are 'most as good as a boy!" cried Ben, anxious to deal handsomely with his feminine rival, whose skill had raised her immensely in his opinion.

Feeling that he could not improve that last compliment, Bab was fully satisfied, and let him leave the prize upon her breast, conscious that she had some claim to it.

"That is where it should be, and Ben is a true knight, winning the prize that he may give it to his

lady, while he is content with the victory," said Miss Celia, laughingly, to Teacher, as the children ran off to join in the riotous games which soon made the orchard ring.

"He learned that at the circus 'tunnyments,' as he calls them. He is a nice boy, and I am much interested in him; for he has the two things that do most toward making a man, patience and courage," answered Teacher, smiling also as she watched the young knight play leap-frog, and the honored lady tearing about in a game of tag.

"Bab is a nice child, too," said Miss Celia; "she is as quick as a flash to catch an idea and carry it out, though very often the ideas are wild ones. She could have won just now, I fancy, if she had tried, but took the notion into her head that it was nobler to let Ben win, and so atone for the trouble she gave him in losing the dog. I saw a very sweet look on her face just now, and am sure that Ben will never know why he beat."

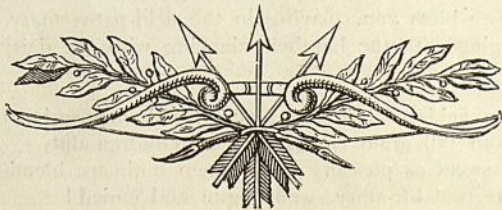
"She does such things at school sometimes, and I can't bear to spoil her little atonements, though they are not always needed or very wise," answered Teacher. "Not long ago I found that she had been giving her lunch day after day to a poor child who seldom had any, and when I asked her why, she said, with tears, 'I used to laugh at Abby, because she had only crusty, dry bread, and so she would n't bring any. I *ought* to give her mine and be hungry, it was so mean to make fun of her poorness.'"

"Did you stop the sacrifice?"

"No; I let Bab 'go halves,' and added an extra bit to my own lunch, so I could make my contribution likewise."

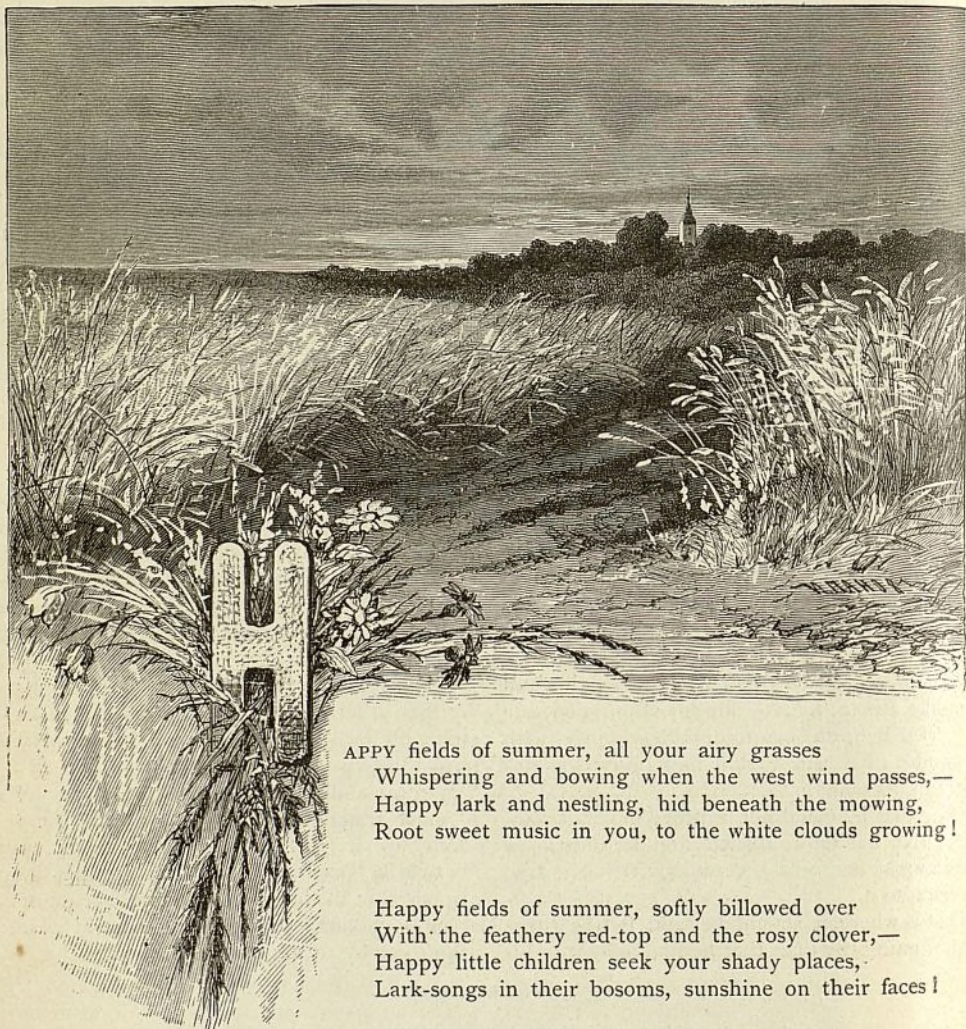
"Come and tell me about Abby's folks. I want to make friends with our poor people, for soon I shall have a right to help them;" and, putting her arm in Teacher's, Miss Celia led her away for a quiet chat in the porch, making her guest's visit a happy holiday by confiding several plans and asking advice in the friendliest way.

(To be continued.)



"HAPPY FIELDS OF SUMMER."

BY LUCY LARCOM.



HAPPY fields of summer, all your airy grasses
 Whispering and bowing when the west wind passes,—
 Happy lark and nestling, hid beneath the mowing,
 Root sweet music in you, to the white clouds growing!

Happy fields of summer, softly billowed over
 With the feathery red-top and the rosy clover,—
 Happy little children seek your shady places,
 Lark-songs in their bosoms, sunshine on their faces!

Happy little children, skies are bright above you,
 Trees bend down to kiss you, breeze and blossom love you;
 And we bless you, playing in the field-paths mazy,
 Swinging with the harebell, dancing with the daisy!

Happy fields of summer, touched with deeper beauty
 As your tall grain ripens, tell the children duty
 Is as sweet as pleasure;—tell them both are blended
 In the best life-story, well begun and ended!

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THE DIGGER-WASPS AT HOME.

BY E. A. E.

JULY had come again, and brought with it such warm, sultry days that it almost seemed as if no living creature could stir abroad. Nevertheless, there was a wonderful deal going on in our garden. Through the air and over the flower-beds hastened hundreds of little people. Some lived in the trees and bushes, others in the ground, and all were hard at work.

One morning, especially, there seemed to be something unusual going on; the buzzing, and humming was fairly deafening.

Whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r! What was that great creature that darted past my face? And here came another, and another; why, the garden was full of them!

Big brown-and-yellow wasps these strangers were, and all in a most desperate hurry. Scores of them were already hard at work digging away in the firmly packed sand of the path.

As these new-comers seemed to care very little who watched them at their work, I sat down on an upturned flower-pot in the shade of a friendly lilac, determined to make their acquaintance.

Hardly had I settled myself before one of the wasps approached. She seemed searching for something, for she flew rapidly back and forth, now alighting for a moment—now darting away again. At last she dropped upon the ground close to me and began to bite the earth with her strong jaws. When quite a little heap lay before her she pushed it to one side with her hind feet and then returned to her digging. In five minutes she had an opening big enough to get into; every time she appeared she backed up out of it pushing a huge load of sand as big as herself behind her. Soon all around the hole was a high bank of earth, and she found it necessary to make a path across it, and push her loads over that. Two hours' hard work, and the house was finished. It was very simply planned, and had only one room down at the end of a long, narrow passage. But simple as it was, this little creature had done more work in the two hours than a man could do in a day. That is, of course, taking her size into consideration. And she did not even now stop to rest. Not she! With one last look into the house, to make sure she was leaving all as it should be, she flew away. In a moment her strong wings had taken her quite out of sight but it was not long before she re-appeared. Back and forth she hastened, at one moment flying through the grape-arbor, at the next wheeling

above the cabbage-bed. All this time the object of her search, a fat young locust, was quietly sitting on a gate-post, quite forgetting, as even locusts sometimes will, that he had an enemy in the world.

A moment later and the wasp's sharp eyes had found him out; and then, quick as lightning, she darted down upon him, and pierced him with her sting. When the locust lay perfectly still, the wasp seized him and flew off. Arrived at her hole, she tumbled him head foremost in at the door, expecting him, of course, to fall quite to the bottom. But her calculations had been slightly at fault; the locust was too fat to go in, and there he stuck with his head and shoulders in the hole and his body in the air. Here was a dilemma! But my wasp friend was evidently not one to be overcome by difficulties of this sort. She flew off again, and this time returned with two other wasps; they crowded round the hole, and began digging away the earth which pressed close about the locust. In a short time they seemed satisfied, for they stood up and pushed at the object of their toils. Slowly he slid down out of sight, and she who had brought him hurried after. She laid an egg close to him in her house; then, hurrying up, began to carry back the earth she had before taken out, and in a short time the door was securely closed. Then she scraped away, and patted down all the loose earth, till she had made it quite impossible for any evil-minded creature to find any traces of her home.

The wasp knew very well that her egg would soon hatch out; that the little white grub, her chick, would at once begin to feed upon the locust, which would supply food till the young one was full-grown.

The following morning I again visited the garden, to see how the home-making progressed. Soon a handsome wasp came running toward my seat, under the lilac, near which was a newly made hole.

"She knows me! she is no longer afraid!" But no; she stopped short and raised her long, delicate antennæ, evidently on the lookout for danger. She could not be the same wasp I had watched yesterday; but how was I to make sure? They seemed all exactly alike.

I was all this time as motionless as if I had been turned to stone.

She came a step or two nearer, and, at last, quite re-assured, hurried down into her hole. What a long time she stayed! but, at last, on watching the opening intently, I saw something coming toward

daylight. It was a great ball of earth, quite filling the hole, that the wasp was forcing up by her hind legs. With one mighty heave the ball rolled out, scattering itself in all directions, as it broke apart.



MAKING A HOME.

I noticed at this time, and afterward, that as the depth of the holes increased and it took longer journeys to reach the surface, the wasps always pressed the earth they wished to get rid of into these compact balls, and so managed to bring up a much greater quantity at once than would otherwise be possible. The wasp now walked entirely round the hole, pushing carefully back the loose sand which seemed likely to fall in again. This done, she was up and away. She was in search now of the insect near which to lay her egg, but although she came in sight of several, she could get no nearer.

The inhabitants of our garden were learning how dangerous these new settlers might be, and kept well out of her way. At last, as she poised herself high in the air, and rested on her broad, strong wings for an instant, she spied, far beneath her, a small grasshopper. It was the work of only a second to pounce upon him, and to lay him out on his back perfectly insensible.

But now a difficulty arose. How could she, borne down by this heavy weight, manage to rise into the air? The locust of the day before had been caught upon a high post, and in order to carry him the wasp had only to fly down. This was a wholly different case. At last an idea seemed to occur to her: she jumped astride of the grasshopper, seized its head with her fore feet, and ran along the ground.

Ha! This was famous; but hard work, nevertheless, and she had often to let go and rest. She entered the broad path in which her house was, but somehow she had become bewildered, and mistook a neighbor's hole for her own. As she dismounted

before it, and looked in, the owner angrily darted out, buzzing in a frightful manner. Our poor friend, much abashed, proceeded to the next house, and the next, everywhere meeting with the same reception.

"How stupid of her," I thought, "not to know her own home!" but just then she saw the entrance, ran swiftly toward it, and in another minute she and her burden were both safely in-doors.

Presently she came out and again flew off. She had laid her egg close to the grasshopper, but the amount of provision was not enough, so she had now gone in search of another insect, with which to fill her larder.

As soon as she was out of sight, a tiny creature flew down into the hole. She, too, had her egg to lay, and here was just the opportunity. Inside of the digger-wasp's egg the little ichneumon fly placed another and a very much smaller one, after which she darted away, just in time to escape meeting the returning mother, who, coming back laden with a second grasshopper, placed it close to the first, and set about closing the door. But all her careful work would be of no avail; no child of hers would ever come out of this house a perfect full-grown insect like herself.

This is what happened:

In time the two eggs hatched. The young digger-wasp set to work upon the grasshopper, and the little ichneumon began to eat the wasp-grub. At last the young wasp died, and at that moment there flew out from his body a little fly.

It rested a minute, then turned and pushed its



AT THE WRONG HOUSE.

way through the soft earth till it reached daylight. It waved its wings gently up and down a few times, and darted away and out of sight.

The digger-wasps had been living for some weeks

in our garden, when, one afternoon, there came up a fearful thunder-storm. The rain poured down in torrents. Where had been shortly before neatly kept paths about our house, we saw now rapid little rivers tearing up sand and gravel as they raced down-hill, and doing all the damage their short lives would allow. But all of a sudden the sun burst out from the clouds, the rain stopped, and the water which had fallen sank into the ground.

I did not waste many minutes in reaching the garden. What a sight met my eyes! The broad path stretched itself out before me smooth and wet; not a single hole remained,—all were buried deep under the sand. Instead of the air being, as was usual, fairly alive with busy, happy creatures, there was now, here and there, a miserable mud-covered insect clinging to a leaf, and wearily trying to clean its heavy wings.

What a sad ending to the gay, bright summer!

The next day, however, I found a few survivors hard at work digging again; but this time every hole was sloping instead of perpendicular. After much thought, I came to the conclusion that these clever little creatures had found the way to prevent such another calamity as had overtaken them the day before. Formerly, the first drops of an unusually hard shower filled the holes instantly,

drowning the inmates. Now, this could not happen, especially if the openings were placed, as most of them were, under the shelter of the big grape-



AFTER THE RAIN-STORM.

leaves which at many points rested on the edge of the path. This all took place two years ago; but each summer since then has brought with it some of our old friends, the digger-wasps.

THE EMERGENCY MISTRESS.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

JULES VATERMANN was a wood-cutter, and a very good one. He always had employment, for he understood his business so well, and was so industrious and trustworthy, that every one in the neighborhood where he lived, who wanted wood cut, was glad to get him to do it.

Jules had a very ordinary and commonplace life until he was a middle-aged man, and then something remarkable happened to him. It happened on the twenty-fifth of January, in a very cold winter. Jules was forty-five years old, that year, and he remembered the day of the month, because in the morning, before he started out to his work, he had remarked that it was just one month since Christmas.

The day before, Jules had cut down a tall tree, and he had been busy all the morning sawing it

into logs of the proper length and splitting it up and making a pile of it.

When dinner-time came around, Jules sat down on one of the logs and opened his basket. He had plenty to eat,—good bread and sausage, and a bottle of beer, for he was none of your poor wood-cutters.

As he was cutting a sausage, he looked up and saw something coming from behind his wood-pile.

At first, he thought it was a dog, for it was about the right size for a small dog, but in a moment he saw it was a little man. He was a little man indeed, for he was not more than two feet high. He was dressed in brown clothes and wore a peaked cap, and he must have been pretty old, for he had a full white beard. Although otherwise warmly clad, he wore on his feet only shoes and no stock-

ings, and came hopping along through the deep snow as if his feet were very cold.

When he saw this little old man, Jules said never a word. He merely thought to himself: "This is some sort of a fairy-man."

But the little old person came close to Jules, and drawing up one foot, as if it was so cold that he could stand on it no longer, he said:

"Please, sir, my feet are almost frozen."

"Oh, ho!" thought Jules, "I know all about that. This is one of the fairy-folks who come in distress to a person, and if that person is kind to them, he is made rich and happy; but if he turns them away, he soon finds himself in all sorts of

"No, I will not tell you," said the fairy-man. "You have kept me standing here long enough."

Jules could not see what this had to do with it. He was getting very anxious. If he were only a quick-witted fellow, so as to think of exactly the right thing to do, he might make his fortune. But he could think of nothing more.

"I wish, sir, that you would tell me just what you would like for your cold feet," said Jules, in an entreating tone, "for I shall be very glad to give it to you, if it is at all possible."

"If your ax were half as dull as your brain," said the dwarf, "you would not cut much wood. Good-day!"—and he skipped away behind the wood-pile.



JULES AND THE LITTLE MAN.

misery. I shall be very careful." And then he said aloud: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"That is a strange question," said the dwarf. "If you were to walk by the side of a deep stream, and were to see a man sinking in the water, would you stop and ask him what you could do for him?"

"Would you like my stockings?" said Jules, putting down his knife and sausage, and preparing to pull off one of his boots. "I will let you have them."

"No, no!" said the other. "They are miles too big for me."

"Will you have my cap or my scarf in which to wrap your feet and warm them?"

"No, no!" said the dwarf. "I don't put my feet in caps and scarfs."

"Well, tell me what you would like," said Jules. "Shall I make a fire?"

Jules jumped up and looked after him, but he was gone. These fairy-people have a strange way of disappearing.

Jules was not married and had no home of his own. He lived with a good couple who had a little house and an only daughter, and that was about the sum of their possessions. The money Jules paid for his living helped them a little, and they managed to get along. But they were quite poor.

Jules was not poor. He had no one but himself to support, and he had laid by a sum of money for himself when he should be too old to work.

But you never saw a man so disappointed as he was that evening as he sat by the fire after supper.

He had told the family all about his meeting with the dwarf, and lamented again and again that he had lost such a capital chance of making his fortune.

"If I only could have thought what it was best to do!" he said, again and again.

"I know what I should have done," said Selma, the only daughter of the poor couple, a girl about eleven years old.

"What?" asked Jules, eagerly.

"I should have just snatched the little fellow up, and rubbed his feet and wrapped them in my shawl until they were warm," said she.

"But he would not have liked that," said Jules. "He was an old man and very particular."

"I would not care," said Selma; "I would n't let such a little fellow stand suffering in the snow, and I would n't care how old he was."

"I hope you'll never meet any of these fairy-people," said Jules. "You'd drive them out of the country with your roughness, and we might all whistle for our fortunes."

Selma laughed and said no more about it.

Every day after that, Jules looked for the dwarf-man, but he did not see him again. Selma looked for him, too, for her curiosity had been much excited; but as she was not allowed to go to the woods in the winter, of course she never saw him.

But, at last, summer came; and, one day, as she was walking by a little stream which ran through the woods, whom should she see, sitting on the bank, but the dwarf-man! She knew him in an instant, from Jules' descriptions. He was busily engaged in fishing, but he did not fish like any one else in the world. He had a short pole, which was floating in the water, and in his hand he held a string which was fastened to one end of the pole.

When Selma saw what the old fellow was doing, she burst out laughing. She knew it was not very polite, but she could not help it.

"What's the matter?" said he, turning quickly toward her.

"I'm sorry I laughed at you, sir," said Selma, "but that's no way to fish."

"Much you know about it," said the dwarf. "This is the only way to fish. You let your pole float, with a piece of bait on a hook fastened to the big end of the pole. Then you fasten a line to the little end. When a fish bites, you haul in the pole by means of the string."

"Have you caught anything yet?" asked Selma.

"No, not yet," replied the dwarf.

"Well, I'm sure I can fish better than that. Would you mind letting me try a little while?"

"Not at all—not at all!" said the dwarf, handing the line to Selma. "If you think you can fish better than I can, do it by all means."

Selma took the line and pulled in the pole. Then she unfastened the hook and bait which was on the end of the pole, and tied it to the end of the line, with a little piece of stone for a sinker. She

then took up the pole, threw in the line, and fished like common people. In less than a minute she had a bite, and, giving a jerk, she drew out a fat little fish as long as her hand.

"Hurrah!" cried the little old man, giving a skip in the air; and then, turning away from the stream, he shouted, "Come here!"

Selma turned around to see whom he was calling to, and she perceived another gnome, who was running toward them. When he came near, she saw that he was much younger than the fisher-gnome.

"Hello!" cried the old fellow, "I've caught one."

Selma was amazed to hear this. She looked at the old gnome, who was taking the fish off the hook, as if she were astonished that he could tell such a falsehood.

"What is this other person's name?" said she to him.

"His name," said the old gnome, looking up, "is Class 60, H."

"Is that all the name he has?" asked Selma, in surprise.

"Yes. And it is a very good name. It shows just who and what he is."

"Well, then, Mr. Class 60, H," said Selma, "that old—person did not catch the fish. I caught it myself."

"Very good! Very good!" said Class 60, H, laughing and clapping his hands. "Capital! See here!" said he, addressing the older dwarf, and he knelt down and whispered something in his ear.

"Certainly," said the old gnome. "That's just what I was thinking of. Will you mention it to her? I must hurry and show this fish while it is fresh,"—and, so saying, he walked rapidly away with the little fish, and the pole and tackle.

"My dear Miss," said Class 60, H, approaching Selma, "would you like to visit the home of the gnomes,—to call, in fact, on the Queen Dowager of all the Gnomes?"

"Go down underground, where you live?" asked Selma. "Would it be safe down there, and when could I get back again?"

"Safe, dear miss? Oh, perfectly so! And the trip will not take you more than a couple of hours. I assure you that you will be back in plenty of time for supper. Will you go, if I send a trusty messenger for you? You may never have another chance to see our country."

Selma thought that this was very probable, and she began to consider the matter.

As soon as Class 60, H, saw that she was really trying to make up her mind whether or not to go, he cried out:

"Good! I see you have determined to go. Wait here five minutes and the messenger will be

with you," and then he rushed off as fast as he could run.

"I did n't say I would go," thought Selma, "but I guess I will."

In a very few minutes, Selma heard a deep voice behind her say: "Well, are you ready?"

Turning suddenly, she saw, standing close to her, a great black bear!

Frightened dreadfully, she turned to run, but the bear called out: "Stop! You need n't be frightened. I'm tame."

The surprise of hearing a bear speak overcame poor Selma's terror; she stopped, and looked around.

"Come back," said the bear; "I will not hurt you in the least. I am sent to take you to the Queen Dowager of the Gnomes. I don't mind your being frightened at me. I'm used to it. But I am getting a little tired of telling folks that I am tame," and he yawned wearily.

"You are to take me?" said Selma, still a little frightened, and very certain that, if she had known a bear was to be sent for her, she never would have consented to go.

"Yes," said the bear. "You can get on my back and I will give you a nice ride. Come on! Don't keep me waiting, please."

There was nothing to be done but to obey, for Selma did not care to have a dispute with a bear, even if he were tame, and so she got upon his back, where she had a very comfortable seat, holding fast to his long hair.

The bear walked slowly but steadily into the very heart of the forest, among the great trees and the rocks. It was so lonely and solemn here that Selma felt afraid again.

"Suppose we were to meet with robbers," said she.

"Robbers!" said the bear, with a laugh. "That's good! Robbers, indeed! You need n't be afraid of robbers. If we were to meet any of them, you would be the last person they'd ever meet."

"Why?" asked Selma.

"I'd tear 'em all into little bits," said the bear, in a tone which quite restored Selma's confidence, and made her feel very glad that she had a bear to depend upon in those lonely woods.

It was not very long before they came to an opening in a bank of earth, behind a great tree. Into this the bear walked, for it was wide enough, and so high that Selma did not even have to lower her head, as they passed in. They were now in a long winding passage, which continually seemed as if it was just coming to an end, but which turned and twisted, first one way and then another, and always kept going down and down. Before long

they began to meet gnomes, who very respectfully stepped aside to let them pass. They now went through several halls and courts, cut in the earth, and, directly, the bear stopped before a door.

"You get off here," said the bear; and, when Selma had slid off his back, he rose up on his hind legs and gave a great knock with the iron knocker on the door. Then he went away.

In a moment, the door opened, and there stood a little old gnome-woman, dressed in brown, and wearing a lace cap.

"Come in!" she said; and Selma entered the room. "The Queen Dowager will see you in a few minutes," said the little old woman. "I am her housekeeper. I'll go and tell her you're here, and, meantime, it would be well for you to get your answers all ready, so as to lose no time."

Selma was about to ask what answers she meant, but the housekeeper was gone before she could say a word.

The room was a curious one. There were some little desks and stools in it, and in the center stood a great brown ball, some six or seven feet in diameter. While she was looking about at these things, a little door in the side of the ball opened, and out stepped Class 60, H.

"One thing I did n't tell you," said he, hurriedly. "I was afraid if I mentioned it you would n't come. The Queen Dowager wants a governess for her grandson, the Gnome Prince. Now, please don't say you can't do it, for I'm sure you'll suit exactly. The little fellow has had lots of teachers, but he wants one of a different kind now. This is the school-room. That ball is the globe where he studies his geography. It's only the under part of the countries that he has to know about, and so they are marked out on the inside of the globe. What they want now is a special teacher, and after having come here, and had the Queen Dowager notified, it would n't do to back out, you know."

"How old is the Prince?" asked Selma.

"About seventy-eight," said the gnome.

"Why, he's an old man," cried Selma.

"Not at all, my dear miss," said Class 60, H. "It takes a long time for us to get old. The Prince is only a small boy; if he were a human boy, he would be about five years of age. I don't look old, do I?"

"No," said Selma.

"Well, I'm three hundred and fifty-two, next Monday. And as for Class 20, P,—the old fellow you saw fishing,—he is nine hundred and sixty."

"Well, you are all dreadfully old, and you have very funny names," said Selma.

"In this part of the world," said the other, "all gnomes, except those belonging to the nobility and the royal family, are divided into classes, and let-

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tered. This is much better than having names, for you know it is very hard to get enough names to go around, so that every one can have his own. But here comes the housekeeper," and Class 60, H, retired quickly into the hollow globe.

"Her Majesty will see you," said the housekeeper; and she conducted Selma into the next room, where, on a little throne, with a high back and rockers, sat the Queen Dowager. She seemed rather smaller than the other gnomes, and was very much wrinkled and wore spectacles. She had

Selma, standing there before this little old queen and this little old housekeeper, was somewhat embarrassed, and a question like this did not make her feel any more at her ease. She could not think what qualifications she had. As she did not answer at once, the Queen Dowager turned to the housekeeper and said:

"Put down, 'Asked, but not given.'"

The housekeeper set that down, and then she jumped up and looked over the list of questions.

"We must be careful," said she, in a whisper,



"ROBBERS!" SAID THE BEAR. "THAT'S GOOD! ROBBERS, INDEED!"

white hair, with little curls on each side, and was dressed in brown silk.

She looked at Selma over her spectacles.

"This is the applicant?" said she.

"Yes, this is she," said the housekeeper.

"She looks young," remarked the Queen Dowager.

"Very true," said the housekeeper, "but she cannot be any older at present."

"You are right," said Her Majesty; "we will examine her."

So saying, she took up a paper which lay on the table, and which seemed to have a lot of items written on it.

"Get ready," said she to the housekeeper, who opened a large blank-book and made ready to record Selma's answers.

The Queen Dowager read from the paper the first question:

"What are your qualifications?"

to the Queen Dowager, "what we ask her. It wont do to put all the questions to her. Suppose you try number twenty-eight?"

"All right," said Her Majesty; and, when the housekeeper had sat down again by her book, she addressed Selma and asked:

"Are you fond of children?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Selma.

"Good!" cried the Queen Dowager; "that is an admirable answer."

And the housekeeper nodded and smiled at Selma, as if she was very much pleased.

"'Eighty-two' would be a good one to ask next," suggested the housekeeper.

Her Majesty looked for "Eighty-two," and read it out:

"Do you like pie?"

"Very much, ma'am," said Selma.

"Capital! capital!" said Her Majesty. "That will do. I see no need of asking her any other

questions. Do you?" said she, turning to the housekeeper.

"None whatever," said the other. "She answered all but one, and that one she did n't really miss."

"There is no necessity for any further bother," said the Queen Dowager. "She is engaged."

And then she arose from the throne and left the room.

"Now, my dear girl," said the housekeeper, "I will induct you into your duties. They are simple."

"But I should like to know," said Selma, "if I'm to stay here all the time. I can't leave my father and mother——"

"Oh! you won't have to do that," interrupted the housekeeper. "You will take the Prince home with you."

"Home with me?" exclaimed Selma.

"Yes. It would be impossible for you to teach him properly here. We want him taught Emergencies—that is, what to do in case of the various emergencies which may arise. Nothing of the kind ever arises down here. Everything goes on always in the usual way. But on the surface of the earth, where he will often go, when he grows up, they are very common, and you have been selected as a proper person to teach him what to do when any of them occur to him. By the way, what are your terms?"

"I don't know," said Selma. "Whatever you please."

"That will suit very well,—very well indeed," said the housekeeper. "I think you are the very person we want."

"Thank you," said Selma; and just then a door opened and the Queen Dowager put in her head.

"Is she inducted?" she asked.

"Yes," said the housekeeper.

"Then here is the Prince," said the Queen Dowager, entering the room and leading by the hand a young gnome about a foot high. He had on a ruffled jacket and trousers, and a little peaked cap. His royal grandmother led him to Selma.

"You will take him," she said, "for a session of ten months. At the end of that time we shall expect him to be thoroughly posted in emergencies. While he is away, he will drop all his royal titles and be known as Class 81, Q. His parents and I have taken leave of him. Good-bye!"

And she left the room, with her little handkerchief to her eyes.

"Now, then," said the housekeeper, "the sooner you are off, the better. The bear is waiting."

So saying, she hurried Selma and the Prince through the school-room, and, when they opened the door, there stood the bear, all ready. Selma mounted him, and the housekeeper handed up the

Prince, first kissing him good-bye. Then off they started.

The Prince, or, as he must now be called, Class 81, Q, was a very quiet and somewhat bashful little fellow; and, although Selma talked a good deal to him, on the way, he did not say much. The bear carried them to the edge of the woods, and then Selma took the little fellow in her arms and ran home with him.

It may well be supposed that the appearance of their daughter with the young gnome in her arms greatly astonished the worthy cottagers, and they were still more astonished when they heard her story.

"You must do your best, my dear," said her mother, "and this may prove a very good thing for you, as well as for this little master here."

Selma promised to do as well as she could, and her father said he would try and think of some good emergencies, so that the little fellow could be well trained.

Everybody seemed to be highly satisfied, even Class 81, Q, himself, who sat cross-legged on a wooden chair surveying everything about him; but when Jules Vatermann came home, he was very much dissatisfied, indeed.

"Confound it!" he said, when he heard the story. "I should have done all this. That should have been my pupil, and the good luck should have been mine. The gnome-man came first to me, and, if he had waited a minute, I should have thought of the right thing to do. I could teach that youngster far better than you, Selma. What do you know about emergencies?"

Selma and her parents said nothing. Jules had been quite cross-grained since the twenty-fifth of January, when he had met the gnome, and they had learned to pay but little attention to his fault-finding and complaining.

The little gnome soon became quite at home in the cottage, and grew very much attached to Selma. He was quiet, but sensible and bright, and knew a great deal more than most children of five. Selma did not have many opportunities to educate him in her peculiar branch. Very commonplace things generally happened in the cottage.

One day, however, the young gnome was playing with the cat, and began to pull his tail. The cat, not liking this, began to scratch Class 81, Q. At this, the little fellow cried and yelled, while the cat scratched all the more fiercely. But Selma, who ran into the room on hearing the noise, was equal to the emergency. She called out, instantly:

"Let go of his tail!"

The gnome let go, and the cat bounded away.

The lesson of this incident was then carefully impressed on her pupil's mind by Selma, who now

thought that she had at last begun to do her duty by him.

A day or two after this, Selma was sent by her mother on an errand to the nearest village. As it would be dark before she returned, she did not take the little gnome with her. About sunset, when Jules Vatermann returned from his work, he found the youngster playing by himself in the kitchen.

Instantly, a wicked thought rushed into the mind of Jules. Snatching up the young gnome, he ran off with him as fast as he could go. As he ran, he thought to himself:

"Now is my chance. I know what to do, this time. I'll just keep this young rascal and make his people pay me a pretty sum for his ransom. I'll take him to the city, where the gnomes never go, and leave him there, in safe hands, while I come back and make terms. Good for you, at last, Jules!"

So, on he hurried, as fast as he could go. The road soon led him into a wood, and he had to go more slowly. Poor little Class 81, Q, cried and besought Jules to let him go, but the hard-hearted wood-cutter paid no attention to his distress.

Suddenly, Jules stopped. He heard something, and then he saw something. He began to tremble. A great bear was coming along the road, directly toward him!

What should he do? He could not meet that dreadful creature. He hesitated but a moment. The bear was now quite near, and, at the first growl it gave, Jules dropped the young gnome, and turned and ran away at the top of his speed. The bear started to run after him, not noticing little Class 81, Q, who was standing in the road; but as he passed the little fellow, who had never seen any bear except the tame one which belonged to the gnomes, and who thought this animal was his old friend, he seized him by the long hair on his legs and began to climb up on his back.

The bear, feeling some strange creature on him, stopped and looked back. The moment the young gnome saw the fiery eyes and the glittering teeth of the beast, he knew that he had made a mistake; this was no tame bear.

The savage beast growled, and, reaching back as far as he could, snapped at the little fellow on his back, who quickly got over on the other side. Then the bear reached back on that side, and Class 81, Q, was obliged to slip over again. The bear became very angry, and turned around and around in his efforts to get at the young gnome, who was nearly frightened to death. He could not think what in the world he should do. He could only remember that, in a great emergency,—but not quite as bad a one as this,—his teacher had come to his aid with the counsel, "Let go of his

tail." He would gladly let go of the bear's tail, but the bear had none—at least, none that he could see. So what was he to do? "Let go of his tail!" cried the poor little fellow, to himself. "Oh, if he only had a tail!"

Before long, the bear himself began to be frightened. This was something entirely out of the common run of things. Never before in his life had he met with a little creature who stuck to him like that. He did not know what might happen next, and so he ran as hard as he could go toward his cave. Perhaps his wife, the old mother-bear, might be able to get this thing off. Away he dashed, and, turning sharply around a corner, little Class 81, Q, was jolted off, and was glad enough to find himself on the ground, with the bear running away through the woods.

The little fellow rubbed his knees and elbows, and, finding that he was not at all hurt, set off to find the cottage of his friend Selma, as well as he could. He had no idea which way to go, for the bear had turned around and around so often that he had become quite bewildered. However, he resolved to trudge along, hoping to meet some one who could tell him how to go back to Selma.

After a while, the moon rose, and then he could see a little better; but it was still quite dark in the woods, and he was beginning to be very tired, when he heard a noise as if some one was talking. He went toward the voice, and soon saw a man sitting on a rock by the road-side.

When he came nearer, he saw that the man was Jules, who was wailing and moaning and upbraiding himself.

"Ah me!" said the conscience-stricken wood-cutter, "Ah me! I am a wretch indeed. I have given myself up into the power of the Evil One. Not only did I steal that child from his home, and from the good people who have always befriended me, but I have left him to be devoured by a wild beast of the forest. Whatever shall I do? Satan himself has got me in his power, through my own covetousness and greed. How—oh! how—can I ever get away from him?"

The little gnome had now approached quite close to Jules, and, running up to him, he said:

"Let go of his tail!"

If the advice was good for him in an emergency, it might be good for others.

Jules started to his feet and stood staring at the youngster he had thought devoured.

"Whoever would have supposed," said he, at last, "that a little heathen midget like that, born underground, like a mole, would ever come to me and tell me my Christian duty. And he's right, too. Satan would never have got hold of me if I had n't been holding to him all these months, hoping to

get some good by it. I'll do it, my boy. I'll let go of his tail, now and forever." And, without thinking to ask Class 81, Q, how he got away from the bear, he took him up in his arms and ran home as fast as he could go.

During the rest of the young gnome's stay with Selma, he had several other good bits of advice in regard to emergencies, but none that was of such general application as this counsel to let go of a cat's tail, or the tail of anything else that was giving him trouble.

At the expiration of the session, the Queen Dow-

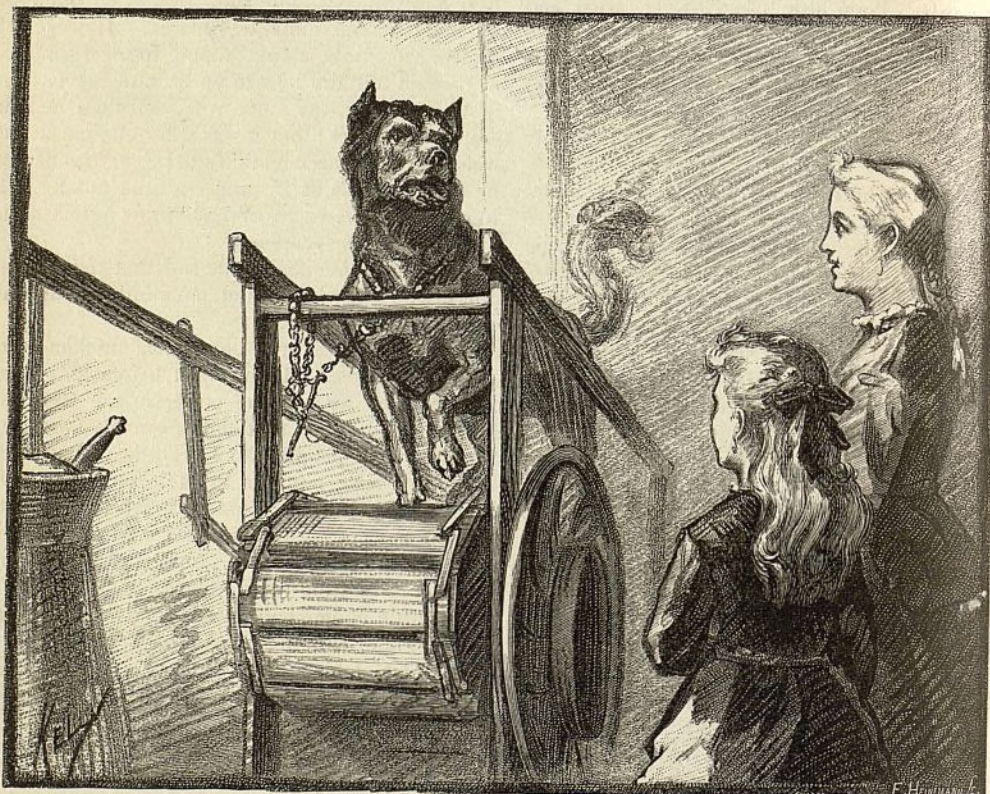
ager was charmed with the improvement in her grandson. Having examined him in regard to his studies, she felt sure that he was now perfectly able to take care of himself in any emergency that might occur to him.

On the morning after he left, Selma, when she awoke, saw lying on the floor the little jacket and trousers of her late pupil. At first, she thought it was the little fellow himself; but when she jumped up and took hold of the clothes, she could not move them. They were filled with gold.

This was the pay for the tuition of Class 81, Q.

CHURNING.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.



I'm such an unfortunate dog, oh, dear!
To leave my nap and the sunshine clear,
And down in the cellar—the cold dark place—
I must turn my steps and sorrowful face,
And begin the daily churning.

To be sure, I've enough to eat, you know,
And I can rest while the men must mow;
But oh! how I'd like to hide away
When I hear them come to the door and say:
"It's time for the dog to be churning!"

So here I tread, and the wheel goes round,
And the dasher comes down with a weary sound;
But after awhile the butter is done,
Then off I go to some richer fun
Than this weary, dreary churning.

There 's a lesson, though, in this work of mine,
That thou, little one, may'st take to be thine:
We each have our duties, both great and small,
And, if we want butter for bread at all,
Some one must do the churning.

And then, again, I think that this life,
With its tread-mill of duties, joy and strife,
Is like to a churn.—Press on! Press on!
For by and by the work will be done,—
With no more need of churning.

THE MOON, FROM A FROG'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.

MISS FROG sat, in the cool of the evening, under a plantain-leaf, by the side of her blue and placid lake.

The day had been excessively warm, and so, as she sat, she gracefully waved, backward and forward, one of her delicate web feet.

It was a beautiful, natural fan, and served, admirably, the purpose intended.

Around Miss Frog arose the varied warble of other frogs. The little polliwogs had all been put to bed; and now, came stealing on, the season for silent thoughts. Always anxious to improve her mind, Miss Frog gazed about her to find a subject on which to fasten her attention.

She had been once sent to a southern lake to finish her education, and was really quite superior to ordinary frogs.

"There is no one here, in this mud-hole, to appreciate me," she regretfully sighed, as two silly frogs passed her leaf, flirting so hard that neither of them observed her.

She drew around her her shawl of lace, made from the finest cobwebs of Florida—and sulked.

Just then arose the moon, taking its solitary, silvery way across the sky.

Her attention was arrested at once.

"How like to a polliwog it is!" she rapturously exclaimed, "save that it lacks a tail."

"And a glorified polliwog it is, daughter of the water!" croaked a sudden hoarse voice beside her.

She hopped with fright, and gasped as if about to faint; but calmed herself again as she recognized the tones of the rough-skinned Sage of the Frogs, who dwells alone in some remote corner of the

lake. He it is who always sings, "Kerdunk!" when he condescends to sing at all.

This learned hermit, after clearing his throat repeatedly, thus explained himself:

"There is a legend, connected with our race, that runs in this wise:"

"Ahem!"

Upon a time, in a certain valley, where once flowed a considerable stream, the waters suddenly failed and the stream died away.

Upon the unfortunate frogs who dwelt there, in vast numbers, the hot summer sun shone its fiercest rays unhindered.

"Dreadful!" piped Miss Frog.

"Yes, it did!" said the Sage, reproachfully, "and if you wish to hear this story, you must be careful not to interrupt me again, thoughtless girl!"

As Miss Frog was very desirous, indeed, of hearing the story, she remained quiet, and the hermit frog continued:

The waters dried away, and hundreds of wretched frogs died on those scorching fields. Dying fishes gasped with their last breath for a drop of cool water, and joined their wails to those of our suffering kindred.

At length, one old trout, who had held out to the last, confessed:

"Miserable I! and wicked! I have caused this drouth! And now I have no power to remedy the evil I have done!"

At this, all of the frogs who were not yet dead gathered around the tough old trout, and listened to his words.

"That was an evil day," gasped the speckled sinner, "when I poked my nose out of water to dare a saucy kingfisher, who was mocking the whole fish tribe in his usual dashing manner. 'Catch me, if you can!' I cried, darting about at my ease.

"But the bird beguiled me. He made me believe that, if I would only work a little hole through that dam there, I could descend with the escaping waters to the stream below, and make my way to the sea, where, as I heard, the fishes were all kings, and ate nothing but diamonds for dinner.



"OH-H-H! BOO-HOO-HOO!"

"I enticed all the trout that I could influence to assist me, and we wriggled and wriggled our noses into the gravel for a long time, apparently to no purpose.

"But, at last, a little leak started, and our water dripped away, drop by drop; but not in sufficient volume to carry us with it.

"When the waters had receded, so as to make the stream very low, back came that artful kingfisher, to dive for us in the shallow pools.

"And now, what the drouth had not destroyed that tempter has gorged himself upon.

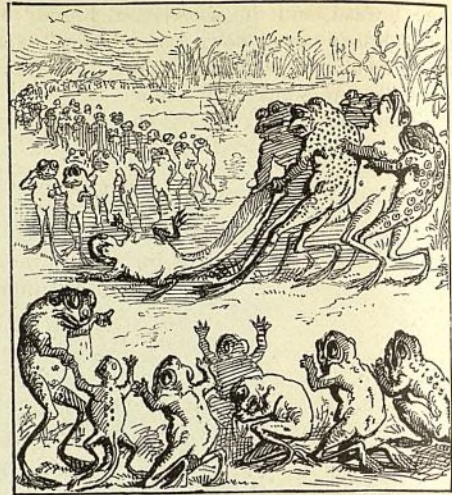
"Oh-h-h! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

The frogs freely forgave him because he cried.

But the problem remained, how was the supply of water to be renewed.

At this juncture, an earnest, meek-eyed polliwog flopped feebly, and said: "Show me the place where these waters leak away."

Astonished at her manner, the sobbing trout indicated the spot.



THE TADPOLE TO THE RESCUE.

"Drag me thither by my tail!" exclaimed the heroine, resolutely.

Then the frogs used their last remaining strength to do as she bade them, and waited, in exhausted surprise, to see what would happen next.

"Good-bye!" wept the brave little polliwog, wriggling with feeling, and groaning some. "If any of you survive me, tell it to your children that I laid myself in the breach!"

With these few farewell words she crowded herself into the hole, out of their sight.

Presently, the stream began to rise and the pools to fill up. The frogs sat knee-deep in water, and the fishes swam upon their sides.



"IN THE SKY."

Day by day things improved, and the fishes began to sit up in bed, while the frogs were heard incessantly blessing the little polliwog. One night,

she appeared to them in the sky, as you see her to-night; returning nightly, for many nights, to beam at them; growing larger and brighter at every appearance.

"Such," said the Sage, concluding, "is our Legend of the Moon!" And he leaped into the waves with a resounding plump!

Miss Frog felt so many different sensations at once that she dropped her lower jaw involuntarily, and sat so, unconscious of aught until awakened from her reverie by a cricket jumping suddenly into her throat.

Hastily gulping him down, she gathered her shawl about her, and, with a spring, sprawled graciously toward her wave.

DAB KINZER: A STORY OF A GROWING BOY.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER IX.

HAM MORRIS was a thoughtful and kind-hearted fellow, beyond a doubt, and a valuable friend for a growing boy like Dab Kinzer. It is not everybody's brother-in-law who would find time, during his wedding trip, to hunt up even so very pretty a New England village as Grantley, and inquire into questions of board and schooling.

Mrs. Myers, to the hospitalities of whose cool and roomy-looking boarding-house Ham had been commended by Mr. Hart, was so crowded with "summer boarders," liberally advertised for in the great city, that she hardly had a corner for Ham and his bride. She was glad enough that she had made the effort to find one, however, when she learned what was the nature of the stranger's business. There was a look of undisguised astonishment on the faces of the regular guests, all around, when they gathered for the next meal. It happened to be supper, but they all looked at the table and then at one another; and it was a pity Ham and Miranda did not understand those glances, or make a longer visit. They might have learned more about Mrs. Myers if not the Academy. As it was, they only gained a very high opinion of her cookery and hospitality, as well as an increase of respect for the "institution of learning," and for that excellent gentleman, Mr. Hart, with a dim hope that Dabney Kinzer might enjoy the inestimable advantages offered by Grantley and Mrs. Myers, and the society of Mr. Hart's two wonderful boys.

Miranda was inclined to stand up for her brother, somewhat, but finally agreed with Ham that—

"What Dabney needs is schooling and polish, my dear. It'll be good for him to board in the same house with two such complete young gentlemen."

"Of course, Ham. And then he'll be sure of

having plenty to eat. There was almost too much on the table."

"Not if the boarders had all been boys of Dab's age and appetite. Mrs. Myers is evidently accustomed to them, I should say."

So she was, indeed, as all the summer boarders were ready to testify at the next morning's breakfast-table. There was one thing, among others, that Mrs. Myers failed to tell Mr. and Mrs. Morris. She forgot to say that the house she lived in, with the outlying farm belonging to it and nearly all the things in it, were the property of Mr. Joseph Hart, having cost that gentleman very little more than a sharp lawsuit. Neither did she say a word about how long or short a time Mr. Hart had given her to pay him his price for it. All that would have been none of Ham's business or Miranda's. Still, it might have had its importance.

So it might, if either or both of them could have been at the breakfast-table of the Hart homestead the morning after Annie Foster's sudden departure. The table was there with the breakfast things on it, and husband and wife, one at either end, as usual; but the side-seats were vacant.

"Where are Joe and Foster, Maria?" asked Mr. Hart.

"Gone on some errand of their own, I think. Something about Annie."

"About Annie! Look here, Maria, if Annie can't take a joke——"

"So I say," began his wife; but just then a loud voice sounded in the entry, and the two boys came in and took their places at the table. In a moment more "Fuz" whispered to his brother:

"I'm glad Annie's gone, for one. She was too stiff and steep for any kind of comfort."

"Boys," said Mr. Hart, observing them, "what have you been up to now? I'm afraid there wont

be much comfort for anybody till you fellows get back to Grantley."

"Well," replied Joe, "so we did n't have to board at Mother Myers', I would n't care how soon we go."

"Well, your cousin is sure to go, and I'm almost certain of another boy besides the missionary's son. That'll fill up Mrs. Myers' house, and you can board somewhere else."

"Hurrah for that!" exclaimed the young gentleman whose name, from that of his lawyer relative, had been shortened to mere "Fuz." And yet they were not so bad-looking a pair, as boys go. The elder, Joe,—a loud, hoarse-voiced, black-eyed boy of seventeen,—was, nevertheless, not much taller than his younger brother. The latter was as dark in eyes and hair as Joe, but paler, and with a side-wise glance of his unpleasant eyes, which suggested a perpetual state of inquiry whether anybody else had anything he wanted. The two boys were the very sort to play the meanest kind of practical jokes, and yet there was something of a resemblance between their mother and her sister, the mother of Ford and Annie Foster. There's really no accounting for some things, and the two Hart boys were, as yet, among the unaccountables.

Not one of that whole list of boys, however, inland or on the sea-shore, had any notion whatever of what things the future was getting ready for them. Dab Kinzer and Ford Foster, particularly, had no idea that the world contained such a place as Grantley, or such a landlady as Mrs. Myers.

As for Dabney, it would hardly be fair to leave him standing there any longer, with his two strings of fish in his hands, while Ford Foster volubly narrated the stirring events of the day.

"Are you sure the black boy was not hurt, Ford?" asked his kind-hearted mother.

"Hurt, mother? Why, he seems to be a kind of fish. They all know him, and went right past my hook to his all the while."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, "I forgot. Annie, this is Ford's friend, Dabney Kinzer, our neighbor."

"Wont you shake hands with me, Mr. Kinzer?" asked Annie, with a malicious twinkle of fun in her merry blue eyes.

Poor Dabney! He had been in quite a "state of mind" for at least three minutes; but he would hardly have been his own mother's son if he had let himself be entirely "posed." Up rose his long right arm with the heavy string of fish at the end of it, and Annie's fun burst out into a musical laugh, just as her brother exclaimed:

"There, now, I'd like to see the other boy of your size can do that. Look here, Dab, where'd you get your training?"

"I must n't drop the fish, you see," began Dab, but Ford interrupted him with:

"No, indeed. You've given me half I've got as it is. Annie, have you looked at the crabs? You ought to have seen Dick Lee with a lot of 'em gripping in his hair."

"In his hair?"

"When he was down through the bottom of his boat. They'd have eaten him up if they'd had a chance. You see he's no shell on him."

"Exactly," said Annie, as Dab lowered his fish. "Well, Dabney, I wish you would thank your mother for sending my trunk over. Your sisters, too. I've no doubt we shall be very neighborly."

It was wonderfully pleasant to be called by his first name, and yet it seemed to bring something into Dabney Kinzer's throat.

"She considers me a boy, and she means I'd better take my fish home," was the thought which came to him, and he was right to a fraction. So the great lump in his throat took a very wayward and boyish form, and came out as a reply, accompanied by a low bow.

"I will, thank you. Good afternoon, Mrs. Foster. I'll see you to-night, Ford, about Monday and the yacht. Good afternoon, Annie."

And then he marched out with his fish.

"Mother, did you hear him call me 'Annie?'"

"Yes; and I heard you call him 'Dabney.'"

"But he's only a boy——"

"I don't care!" exclaimed Ford, "he's an odd fellow, but he's a good one. Did you see how wonderfully strong he is in his arms? I could n't lift those fish at arm's length to save my life."

It was quite likely that Dab Kinzer's rowing, and all that sort of thing, had developed more strength of muscle than even he himself was aware of; but, for all that, he went home with his very ears tingling. "Could she have thought me ill-bred or impertinent?" he muttered to himself.

Thought?

Poor Dab Kinzer! Annie Foster had so much else to think of, just then, for she was compelled to go over, for Ford's benefit, the whole story of her tribulations at her uncle's, and the many rudenesses of Joe Hart and his brother Fuz.

"They ought to be drowned," said Ford.

"In ink," added Annie; "just as they drowned my poor cuffs and collars."

CHAPTER X.

"LOOK at Dabney Kinzer," whispered Jenny Walters to her mother, in church, the next morning. "Did you ever see anybody's hair as smooth as that?"

And smooth it was, certainly; and he looked, all

over, as if he had given all the care in the world to his personal appearance. How was Annie Foster to guess that he had got himself up so unusually on her account? She did not guess it; but when she met him at the church door, after service, she was careful to address him as "Mr. Kinzer," and that made poor Dabney blush to his very eyes.

"There!" he exclaimed; "I know it."

"Know what?" asked Annie.

"Know what you're thinking."

"Do you, indeed?"

"Yes, you think I'm like the crabs."

"What *do* you mean?"

mit her son to go out in that way if she did not feel safe about him. He's been brought up to it, you know, and so has the colored boy who is to go with them."

"Yes, mother," argued Ford, "there is n't half the danger there is in driving around New York in a carriage."

"There might be a storm."

"The horses might run away."

"Or you might upset."

"So might a carriage."

But the end of it all was that Ford was to go, and Annie was more than half sorry she could not go



GOING THROUGH THE BREAKERS. [SEE PAGE 683.]

"You think I was green enough till you spoke to me, and now I'm boiled red in the face."

Annie could not help laughing,—a little, quiet, Sunday morning sort of a laugh,—but she was beginning to think her brother's friend was not a bad specimen of a Long Island "country boy." Ford, indeed, had come home, the previous evening, from a long conference with Dab, brimful of the proposed yachting cruise, and his father had freely given his consent, much against the will of Mrs. Foster.

"My dear," said the lawyer, "I feel sure a woman of Mrs. Kinzer's good sense would not per-

with him. She said so to Dabney, as soon as her little laugh was ended, that Sunday morning.

"Some time or other, I'd be glad to have you," replied Dab, "but not this trip."

"Why not?"

"We mean to go right across the bay and try some fishing."

"Could n't I fish?"

"Well, no. I don't think you could."

"Why could n't I?"

"Because,—well, because you'd most likely be too sea-sick by the time we got there."

Just then a low, clear voice, behind Dabney,



quietly remarked: "How smooth his hair is!" And Dab's face turned red again. Annie Foster heard it as distinctly as he did, and she walked right away with her mother, for fear she should laugh again.

"It's my own hair, Jenny Walters," said Dab, almost savagely.

"I should hope it was."

"I should like to know what you go to church for, anyhow?"

"To hear people talk about sailing and fishing. How much do you s'pose a young lady like Miss Foster cares about small boys?"

"Or little girls either? Not much; but Annie and I mean to have a good sail before long."

"Annie and I!"

Jenny's pert little nose seemed to turn up more than ever as she walked away, for she had not beaten her old playfellow quite as badly as usual. There were several sharp things on the very tip of her tongue, but she was too much put out and vexed to try to say them just then. As for Dabney, a "sail" was not so wonderful a thing for him, and that Sunday was therefore a good deal like all others; but Ford Foster's mind was in a sort of turmoil all day. In fact, just after tea, that evening, his father asked him:

"What book is that you are reading, Ford?"

"Captain Cook's 'Voyages.'"

"And the other in your lap?"

"'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Well, you might have worse books than they are, even for Sunday, that's a fact, though you ought to have better; but which of them do you and Dabney Kinzer mean to imitate to-morrow?"

"Crusoe," promptly responded Ford.

"I see. And so you've got Dick Lee to go along as your Man-Friday."

"He's Dab's man, not mine."

"Oh, and you mean to be Crusoe number two? Well, don't get cast away on too desolate an island, that's all."

Ford slipped into the library and put the books away. It had been Samantha Kinzer's room, and had plenty of shelves, in addition to the very elegant "cases" Mr. Foster had brought from the city with him.

The next morning, within half an hour after breakfast, every member of the two families was down at the landing to see their young sailors make their start, and they were all compelled to admit that Dab and Dick seemed to know precisely what they were about. As for Ford, that young gentleman was wise enough, with all those eyes watching him, not to try anything he was not sure of, though he explained that "Dab is captain, Annie, you know. I'm under his orders to-day."

Dick Lee was hardly the wisest fellow in the world, for he added, very encouragingly: "An' you's doin' tip-top for a green hand, you is."

The wind was blowing right off shore, and did not seem to promise anything more than a smart breeze. It was easy enough to handle the little craft in the inlet, and in a marvelously short time she was dancing out upon the blue waves of the spreading "bay." It was a good deal more like a land-locked "sound" than any sort of a bay, with that long, low, narrow sand-island cutting it off from the ocean.

"I don't wonder Ham Morris called her the 'Swallow,'" remarked Ford. "How she skims! Can you get in under the deck, there, forward? That's the cabin?"

"Yes, that's the cabin," replied Dab; "but Ham had the door put in with a slide, water-tight. It's fitted with rubber. We can put our things in there, but it's too small for anything else."

"What's it made so tight for?"

"Oh, Ham says he's made his yacht a life-boat. Those places at the sides and under the seats are all air-tight. She might capsize, but she'd never sink. Don't you see?"

"I see. How it blows!"

"It's a little fresh. How'd you like to be wrecked?"

"Good fun," said Ford. "I got wrecked on the cars the other day."

"On the cars?"

"Why, yes. I forgot to tell you about that."

And then followed a very vivid and graphic description of the sad fate of the pig and the locomotive. The wonder was how Ford should have failed to tell it before. No such failure would have been possible if his head and tongue had not been so wonderfully busy about so many other things ever since his arrival.

"I'm glad it was I instead of Annie," he said, at length.

"Of course. Didn't you tell me your sister came through all alone?"

"Yes; she ran away from those cousins of mine. Oh, wont I pay them off when I get to Grantley!"

"Where's that? What did they do?"

The "Swallow" was flying along nicely now, with Dab at the tiller and Dick Lee tending sail, and Dab could listen with all his ears to Ford Foster's account of his sister's tribulations.

"Aint they older and bigger than you?" asked Dabney, as Ford closed his recital. "What can you do with two of 'em?"

"They can't box worth a cent, and I can. Anyhow, I mean to teach them better manners."

"You can box?"

"Had a splendid teacher."

"Will you show me how, when we get back?"

"We can practice all we choose. I've two pair of gloves."

"Hurrah for that! Ease her, Dick! It's blowing pretty fresh. We'll have a tough time tacking home against such a breeze as this. May be it'll change before night."

"Capt'in Dab," calmly remarked Dick, "we's on'y a mile to run."

"Well, what of it?"

"Is you goin' fo' de inlet?"

"Of course. What else can we do? That's what we started for."

"Looks kind o' dirty, dat's all"

So far as Ford could see, both the sky and the water looked clean enough, but Dick was right about the weather. In fact, if Captain Dabney Kinzer had been a more experienced and prudent seaman, he would have kept the "Swallow" inside the bar, that day, at any risk of Ford Foster's good opinion. As it was, even Dick Lee's keen eyes hardly comprehended how threatening was the foggy haze that was lying low on the water, miles and miles away to seaward.

It was magnificently exciting fun, at all events, and the "Swallow" fully merited all that had been said in her favor. The "mile to run" was a very short one, and it seemed to Ford Foster that the end of it would bring them up high and dry on the sandy beach.

The narrow "strait" of the inlet was hardly visible at any considerable distance. It opened to view, however, as they drew near, and Dab Kinzer rose higher than ever in his friend's good opinion as the swift little vessel shot unerringly into the contracted channel.

"Pretty near where we're to try our fishing, ain't we?" he asked.

"Just outside, there. Get ready, Dick. Sharp now!"

And then, in another minute, the white sails were down, jib and main, the "Swallow" was drifting along under "bare poles," and Dick Lee and Ford were waiting for orders to drop the grapnel.

"Heave!"

Over went the iron.

"Now for some weak-fish. It's about three fathoms, and the tide's near the turn."

Alas for human calculations! The grapnel caught on the bottom, surely and firmly; but the moment there came any strain on the seemingly stout hawser that held it, the latter parted like a thread, and the "Swallow" was adrift!

"Somebody's done gone cut dat rope!" shouted Dick, as he caught up the treacherous bit of hemp.

There was an anxious look on Dab's face for a

moment, as he shouted: "Sharp now, boys, or we'll be rolling in the surf in three minutes! Haul away, Dick! Haul with him, Ford! Up with her! There, that'll give us headway."

Ford Foster looked out to seaward, even as he hauled his best on the sail halliards. All along the line of the coast, at distances varying from a hundred yards or so to nearly a mile, there was an irregular line of foaming breakers. An awful thing for a boat like the "Swallow" to run into.

Perhaps; but ten times worse for a larger craft, for the latter would be shattered on the shoals where the bit of a yacht would find plenty of water under her, if she did not at the same time find too much *over* her.

"Can't we go back through the inlet in the bar?" asked Ford.

"Not with this wind in our teeth, and it's getting worse every minute. No more will it do to try and keep inside the surf."

"What can we do, then?"

"Take the smoothest places and run 'em. The sea is n't very rough outside. It's our only chance."

Poor Ford Foster's heart sank within him, but he saw a resolute look on "Captain Kinzer's" face which gave him a little confidence, and he turned to look at the surf. The only way for the "Swallow" to penetrate that dangerous barrier of broken water was to "take it nose on," as Dick Lee expressed it, and that was clearly what Dab Kinzer intended.

There were places of comparative smoothness, here and there, in the foaming and plunging line, but they were bad enough, at the best, and would have been a great deal worse but for that stiff breeze off shore.

Bows foremost, full sail, rising like a cork on the long, strong billows, which would have rolled her over and over if she had not been really so skillfully handled,—once or twice pitching dangerously, and shipping water enough to wet her brave young mariners to the skin, and call for vigorous baling afterward,—the "Swallow" battled gallantly with her danger for a few minutes, and then Dab Kinzer shouted:

"Hurrah, boys! We're out at sea!"

"Dat's so," said Dick.

"So it is," remarked Ford, a little gloomily; "but how will we ever get ashore again?"

"Well," replied Dab, "if it does n't come on to blow too hard, we'll run right on down the coast. If the wind lulled, or whopped around a little, we'd find our way in, easy enough, long before night. We might have a tough time beating home across the bay. Anyhow, we're safe enough now."

"How about fishing?"

"Guess we wont bother 'em much, but you

might try for a blue fish. Sometimes they're capital fun, right along here."

CHAPTER XI.

THERE'S no telling how many anxious people there may have been in that region, after tea-time that evening, but of two or three circles we may be reasonably sure. Good Mrs. Foster could not endure to stay at home, and her husband and Annie were very willing to go over to the Kinzers' with her, and listen to the encouraging talk of Dabney's stout-hearted and sensible mother.

"O, Mrs. Kinzer, do you think they are in any danger?"

"I hope not. I don't see why they need be, unless they try to return across the bay against this wind."

"But don't you think they'll try? Do you mean they won't be home to-night?" exclaimed Mr. Foster, himself.

"I sincerely hope not," said the widow, calmly. "I should hardly feel like trusting Dabney out in the boat again if he should do so foolish a thing."

"But where can he stay?"

"At anchor, somewhere, or on the island. Almost anywhere but tacking on the bay. He'd be really safer out at sea than trying to get home."

"Out at sea!"

There was something dreadful in the very idea of it, and Annie Foster turned pale enough when she thought of the gay little yacht, and her brother out on the broad Atlantic in it, with no better crew than Dab Kinzer and Dick Lee. Samantha and her sisters were hardly as steady about it as their mother, but they were careful to conceal their misgivings from their neighbors, which was very kindly, indeed, in the circumstances.

There was little use in trying to think or talk of anything else besides the boys, however, with the sound of the "high wind" in the trees out by the road-side, and a very anxious circle was that, up to the late hour at which the members of it separated for the night.

But there were other troubled hearts in that vicinity. Old Bill Lee himself had been out fishing, all day, with very poor luck; but he forgot all about that when he learned that Dick and his young white friends had not returned. He even pulled back to the mouth of the inlet, to see if the gathering darkness would yield him any signs of his boy. He did not know it; but, while he was gone, Dick's mother, after discussing her anxieties with some of her dark-skinned neighbors, half weepingly unlocked her one "clothes-press," and took out the suit which had been the pride of her absent son. She had never admired them half as much before, but they seemed to need a red neck-tie to set them off; and so the

gorgeous result of Dick's fishing and trading came out of its hiding-place, and was arranged on the white coverlet of her own bed with the rest of his best garments.

"Jus' de t'ing for a handsome young feller like Dick," she muttered to herself:

"Wot for 'd an ole woman like me want to put on any sech fool finery. He's de bestest boy in de worl', he is. Dat is, unless dar aint not'in' happened to 'im."

But if the folks on shore were uneasy about the "Swallow" and her crew, how was it with the latter themselves, as the darkness closed around them, out there upon the tossing water?

Very cool, indeed, had been Captain Dab Kinzer, and he had encouraged the others to go on with their blue-fishing, even when it was pretty tough work to keep the "Swallow" from "scudding." He was anxious not to get too far from shore, for there was no telling what sort of weather might be coming. It was curious, too, what very remarkable luck they had, or rather, Ford and Dick; for Dab would not leave the tiller a moment. Splendid fellows were those blue-fish, and work it was to pull in the heaviest of them. That's just the sort of weather they bite best in; but it is not often such young fishermen venture to take advantage of it. Only the stanchest and best-seasoned old salts of Montauk or New London would have felt altogether at home, that afternoon, in the "Swallow."

"Don't fish any more," said Dabney, at last. "You've caught ten times as many as we ever thought of catching. Whoppers, too, some of 'em."

"Biggest fishing ever I did," remarked Ford, as if that meant a great deal.

"Or mos' anybody else out dis yer way," added Dick. "I is n't 'shamed to show dem fish anywhar."

"No more I aint," said Dab; "but you're getting too tired, and so am I. We must have a good hearty lunch, and put the "Swallow" before the wind for a while. I dare n't risk any more of these cross-seas. We might get pitched over any minute."

"Dat's so," said Dick. "And I's awful hungry."

The "Swallow" was well enough provisioned, not to speak of the blue-fish, and there was water enough on board for several days, if they should happen to need it; but there was very little danger of that, unless the wind should continue to be altogether against them.

It was blowing hard when the boys finished their dinner, but no harder than it had already blown, several times, that day, and the "Swallow" seemed to be putting forth her very best qualities as a "sea-boat." No immediate danger, apparently; but there was one "symptom" which Dab discerned, as he glanced around the horizon, which gave him

more anxiety than either the stiff breeze or the rough sea.

The coming darkness?

No; for stars and light-houses can be seen at night, and steering is easy enough by them.

A fog is the darkest thing at sea, whether by night or day, and Dabney saw signs of one coming. Rain might come with it, but that would be of small account.

"Boys," said Dabney, "do you know we're out of sight of land at last?"

"Oh no, we're not," replied Ford, confidently; "look yonder.

"That is n't land, Ford; that's only a fog-bank, and we shall be all in the dark in ten minutes. The wind is changing, too, and I hardly know where we are."

"Look at your compass."

"That tells me the wind is changing a little, and it's going down; but I would n't dare to run toward the shore in a fog and in the night."

"Why not?"

"Why? Don't you remember those breakers? Would you like to be blown through them, and not see where you were going?"

"No," said Ford. "I rather guess I would n't."

"Just you let Capt'in Kinzer handle dis yer boat," almost crustily, interposed Dick Lee. "He's de on'y feller on board dat un'erstands nagivation."

"Should n't wonder if you're right," said Ford, good humoredly. "At all events I sha'n't interfere. But, Dab, what do you mean to do?"

"Swing a lantern at the mast-head and sail right along. You and Dick get a nap, by and by, if you can. I wont try to sleep till daylight."

"Sleep! Catch me sleeping!"

"You must, and so must Dick, when the time comes. Wont do to get all worn out together. Who'd handle the boat?"

Ford's respect for Dabney Kinzer was growing, hourly. Here was this overgrown gawk of a green country boy, just out of his roundabouts, who had never spent more than a day at a time in the great city, and never lived in any kind of a boarding-house: in fact, here was a fellow who had had no advantages whatever, coming out as a sort of a hero. Even Ford did not quite understand it, Dab was so quiet and matter-of-course about it all; and as for the youngster himself, he had no idea that he was behaving any better than any other boy could, should and would have behaved, in those very peculiar circumstances.

At all events, however, the gay and buoyant little "Swallow," with her signal-lantern swinging at her mast-head, was soon dancing away through the deepening darkness and the fog, and her steady

young commander was congratulating himself that there seemed to be a good deal less of wind and sea, even if more of mist.

"I could n't expect everything to suit me," he said to himself. "And now I hope we sha'n't run down anybody. Hullo! Is n't that a red light, though the haze, yonder?"

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was yet another "gathering" of human beings on the wind-swept surface of the Atlantic, that evening, to whose minds it had come with no small degree of anxiety. Not, perhaps, as great as that of the three families over there on the shore of the bay, or even of the boys, tossing along in their bubble of a yacht; but the officers, and not a few of the passengers and crew, of the great, iron-built ocean steamer, were anything but easy in their minds.

Had they no pilot on board? To be sure they had, but they had, somehow, seemed to bring that fog along with them, and the captain had a half-defined suspicion that neither he nor the pilot knew exactly where they were. That is a bad condition for a great ship to be in, and that, too, so near a coast which requires good seamanship and skillful pilotage in the best of weather. Not that the captain would have confessed his doubt to the pilot, or the pilot to the captain, and that was where the real danger lay. If they could only have permitted themselves to speak of their possible peril, it would probably have disappeared.

The steamer was French and her captain a French naval officer, and very likely he and the pilot did not understand each other any too well. That speed should be lessened, under the circumstances, was a matter of course; but not to have gone on at all would have been even wiser. Not to speak of the shore they were nearing, they might be sure they were not the only craft steaming or sailing over those busy waters, and vessels have sometimes run against one another in a fog as thick as that. Something could be done in that direction, and lanterns with bright colors were freely swung out; but the fog was likely to diminish their usefulness, somewhat. None of the passengers were in a mood to go to bed, with the end of their voyage so near, and they seemed, one and all, disposed to discuss the fog. All but one, and he a boy.

A boy of about Dab Kinzer's age, slender and delicate looking, with curly, light-brown hair, blue eyes, and a complexion which would have been fair but for the traces it bore of a hotter sun than that of either France or America. He seemed to be all alone, and to be feeling very lonely, that night;

and he was leaning over the rail, peering out into the mist, humming to himself a sweet, wild air, in a strange, musical tone.

Very strange. Very musical. Perhaps no such words had ever before gone out over the waves of that part of the Atlantic; for Frank Harley was a missionary's son, "going home to be educated," and the sweet, low-voiced song was a Hindustanee hymn which his mother had taught him in far-away India.

Suddenly the hymn was cut short by the hoarse voice of the look-out, as it announced: "A white light, close aboard, on the windward bow."

And that was rapidly followed by even hoarser hails, replied to by a voice which was clear and strong enough but not hoarse at all. The next moment something, which was either a white sail or a ghost, came slipping along through the fog, and then the conversation did not require to be shouted any longer. Frank could even hear one person say to another, out there in the mist: "Aint it a big thing, Ford, that you know French. I mean to study it as soon as we get home."

"It's as easy as eating. Shall I tell 'em we've got some fish?"

"Of course. Sell 'em the whole cargo."

"Sell them? Why not make them a present?"

"We may need the money to get home with. They're a splendid lot. Enough for the whole cabin full."

"Dat's a fack. Capt'in Dab Kinzer's de man for me, he is."

"How much then?"

"Twenty-five dollars for the lot. They're worth it. 'Specially if we lose Ham's boat."

Dab's philosophy was a little out of gear, but a perfect rattle of questions and answers followed, in French, and, somewhat to Frank Harley's astonishment, the bargain was promptly concluded.

How were they to get the fish on board? Nothing easier, since the little "Swallow" could run along so nicely under the stern of the great steamer, while a large basket was swung out at the end of a long, slender spar, with a pulley to lower and raise it. Even the boys from Long Island were astonished at the number and size of the prime, freshly caught bluefish to which they were treating the passengers of the "Prudhomme," and the basket had to come and go again and again.

The steamer's steward, on his part, avowed that he had never before met so honest a lot of Yankee fishermen. Perhaps not; for high prices and short weight are apt to go together where "luxuries" are selling. The pay itself was handed out in the same basket which went for the fish.

The wind was not nearly as high as it had been, and the sea had for some time been going down.

Twenty minutes later, Frank Harley heard, for he understood French very well:

"Hallo, the boat! What are you following us for?"

"Oh, we wont run you down. Don't be alarmed. We've lost our way out here, and we're going to follow you in. Hope you know where you are."

And then there was a cackle of surprise and laughter among the steamer's officers, in which Frank and some of the passengers joined, and the saucy little "fishing-boat" came steadily on in the wake of her gigantic guide.

"This is grand for us," remarked Dab Kinzer to Ford, as he kept his eyes on the after-lantern of the "Prudhomme." "They pay all our pilot fees."

"But they're going to New York."

"So are we, if to-morrow does n't come out clear and with a good wind to go home by."

"It's better than crossing the Atlantic in the dark, anyhow. But what a price we got for those fish!"

"They're ready to pay well for such things at the end of the voyage," said Dab. "I expected they'd try and beat us down a peg. They generally do. We only got about fair market price, after all, only we got rid of our whole catch at one sale."

Hour followed hour, and the "Swallow" followed the steamer, and the fog followed them both so densely that sometimes even Dick Lee's keen eyes could with difficulty make out the "Prudhomme's" light. And now Ford Foster ventured to take a bit of a nap, so sure did he feel that all the danger was over, and that "Captain Kinzer" was equal to what Dick Lee called the "nagivation" of that yacht. How long he had slept he could not have guessed, but he was suddenly awakened by a great cry from out the mist beyond them, and the loud exclamation of Dab Kinzer, still at the tiller:

"I believe she's run ashore!"

It was a loud cry, indeed, and there was good reason for it. Well for all on board the great French steamship that she was running no faster at the time, and that there was no hurricane of a gale to make things worse for her. Pilot and captain had both together missed their reckoning,—neither of them could ever afterward tell how,—and there they were stuck fast in the sand, with the noise of breakers ahead of them and the dense fog all around.

Frank Harley peered anxiously over the rail again, but he could not have complained that he was "wrecked in sight of shore;" for the steamer was anything but a wreck yet, and there was no such thing as a shore in sight.

"It's an hour to sunrise," said Dab to Ford, after the latter had managed to comprehend the situa-

tion. "We may as well run further in and see what we can see."

It must have been aggravating to the people on the steamer to see that cockle-shell of a yacht dancing safely along over the shoal on which their "leviathan" had struck, and to hear Ford Foster sing out: "If we'd known you meant to run in here, we'd have followed some other pilot."

"They're in no danger at all," said Dab. "If their own boats don't take 'em all ashore, the coast-wreckers will."

"The Government life-savers, I s'pose you mean?"

"Yes, they're all along here, everywhere. Hark! there goes the distress gun. Bang away! It sounds a good deal more mad than scared."

So it did, and so they really were—captain, pilot, passengers and all.

"Captain Kinzer" found that he could safely run in for a couple of hundred yards or so; but there were signs of surf beyond, and he had no anchor to hold on by. His only course was to tack back and forth, as carefully as possible, and wait for daylight, as the French sailors were doing, with what patience they could command.

In less than half an hour, however, a pair of long, graceful, buoyant-looking life-boats, manned each by an officer and eight rowers, came shooting through the mist, in response to the repeated summons of the steamer's cannon.

"It's all right now," said Dab. "I knew they would n't be long in coming. Let's find where we are."

That was easy enough. The steamer had gone ashore on a sand-bar a quarter of a mile from the beach and a short distance from Seabright, on the Jersey coast; and there was no probability of any worse harm coming to her than the delay in her voyage, and the cost of pulling her out from the sandy bed into which she had so blindly thrust herself. The passengers would, most likely, be taken ashore with their baggage, and sent to the city overland.

"In fact," said Ford Foster, "a sand-bar is n't as bad for a steamer as a pig is for a locomotive."

"The train you was wrecked in," said Dab, "was running fast. Perhaps the pig was. Now, the sand-bar was standing still, and the steamer was going slow. My! what a crash there'd have been, if she'd been running ten or twelve knots an hour with a heavy sea on."

By daylight there were plenty of other craft around, including yachts and sail-boats from Long Branch, and "all along shore," and the Long Island boys treated the occupants of these as if they had sent for them and were glad to see them.

"Seems to me, your're inclined to be inquisitive,

Dab," said Ford, as his friend peered sharply into and around one craft after another, but just then Dabney sung out:

"Hullo, Jersey, what are you doing with two grapnels? Is that boat of yours balky?"

"Mind your eye, youngster. They're both mine, I reckon."

"You might sell me one cheap," continued Dab, "considering how you got 'em. Give you ten cents for the big one."

Ford thought he understood the matter, and said nothing; but the "Jersey wrecker" had "picked up" those two anchors, one time and another, and had no objection at all to talking "trade."

"Ten cents! Let you have it for fifty dollars."

"Is it gold, or only silver gilt?"

"Pure gold, my boy, but seein' it's you, I'll say ten dollars."

"Take your pay in clams?"

"Oh, hush, I haint no time to gabble. Mebbe I'll git a job here, 'round this yer wreck. If you want the grapn'l, what'll you gimme?"

"Five dollars, gold, take it or leave it," said Dab, as he pulled out a coin from the pay he had taken for his blue-fish.

In three minutes more the "Swallow" was furnished with a much larger and better anchor than the one she had lost the day before, and Dick Lee exclaimed:

"It jes' takes Capt'in Kinzer!"

For some minutes before this, as the light grew clearer and the fog lifted a little, Frank Harley had been watching them from the rail of the "Prudhomme" and wondering if all the fisher-boys in America dressed as well as these two.

"Hullo, you!" was the greeting which now came to his ears. "Go ashore in my boat?"

"Not till I have eaten some of your fish for breakfast," replied Frank. "What's your name?"

"Captain Dabney Kinzer, of 'most anywhere on Long Island. What's yours?"

"Frank Harley, of Rangoon."

"I declare!" almost shouted Ford Foster, "if you're not the chap my sister Annie told me of. You're going to Albany, to my uncle, Joe Hart's, are n't you?"

"Yes, to Mr. Hart's, and then to Grantley, to school."

"That's it. Well, you just come along with us, then. Get your kit out of your state-room. We can send over to the city for the rest of your baggage after it gets in."

"Along with you, where?"

"To my father's house, instead of ashore among those wreckers and hotel-people. The captain'll tell you it's all right."

It was a trifle irregular, no doubt, but there was

the "Prudhomme" ashore, and all "landing rules" were a little out of joint by reason of that circumstance. The "Swallow" lay at anchor while Frank got his breakfast, and such of his baggage as was not "stowed away," and, meantime, Captain Kinzer and his "crew" made a very deep hole in their own supplies, for their night of danger and excitement had made them wonderfully hungry.

"Do you mean to sail home?" asked Ford, in some astonishment.

"Why not? If we could do it in the night and

probable at that season. And so, with genuine boyish confidence in boys, after some further conversation over the rail, Frank Harley went on board the "Swallow" as a passenger, and the gay little craft slipped lightly away from the neighborhood of the very forlorn-looking stranded steamer.

"They'll have her off in less'n a week," said Ford to Frank. "My father'll know just what to do about your baggage, and so forth."

There were endless questions to be asked and answered on both sides, but at last Dab yawned a very sleepy yawn and said: "Ford, you've had



THE WELCOME ON THE BEACH.

in a storm, we surely can in a day of such splendid weather as is coming. The wind's all right too, what there is of it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE wind was indeed "all right," but even Dab forgot, for the moment, that the "Swallow" would go further and faster before a gale than she was likely to with the comparatively mild southerly breeze which was blowing. He was by no means likely to get home by dinner-time. As for danger, there would be absolutely none, unless the weather should again become stormy, which was not at all

your nap. Wake up Dick there, and let him take his turn at the tiller. The sea's as smooth as a lake, and I believe I'll go to sleep for an hour or so. You and Frank keep watch while Dick steers."

Whatever Dab said was "orders," now, on board the "Swallow," and Ford's only reply was: "If you have n't earned a good nap, then nobody has."

In five minutes more the patient and skillful young "captain" was sleeping like a top.

"Look at him," said Ford Foster to Frank Harley. "I don't know what he's made of. He's been at that tiller for twenty-three hours, by the watch, in all sorts of weather, and never budged."

"They don't make that kind of boy in India," replied Frank.

"He 's de best feller you ebber seen," added Dick Lee. "I 's jes' proud of 'im, I is."

Smoothly and swiftly and safely the "Swallow" was bearing her precious cargo across the summer sea, but the morning had brought no comfort to the two homes at the head of the inlet, or the cabin in the village. Old Bill Lee was out in the best boat he could borrow, by early daylight, and more than one of his sympathizing neighbors followed him a little later. There was no doubt at all that a thorough search would be made of the bay and the island, and so Mr. Foster wisely remained at home to comfort his wife and daughter.

"That sort of boy," mourned Annie, "is always getting into some kind of mischief."

"Annie," exclaimed her mother, "Ford is a good boy, and he does not run into mischief."

"I did n't mean Ford; I meant that Dabney Kinzer. I wish we 'd never seen him, or his sail-boat either."

"Annie," said her father, reprovingly, "if we live by the water, Ford *will* go out on it, and he 'd better do so in good company. Wait a while."

Summer days are long, but some of them are a good deal longer than others, and that was one of the longest any of those people had ever known. For once, even dinner was more than half neglected in the Kinzer family circle. At the Fosters' it was forgotten almost altogether. Long as the day was, and so dreary, in spite of all the bright, warm sunshine, there was no help for it; the hours would not hurry, and the wanderers would not return. Tea-time came at last, and with it the Fosters all came over to Mrs. Kinzer's again, to take tea and to tell her of several fishermen who had returned from the bay without having discovered a sign of the "Swallow" or its crew.

Stout-hearted Mrs. Kinzer talked bravely and encouragingly, nevertheless, and did not seem to abate an ounce of her confidence in her son. It seemed as if, in leaving off his roundabouts, Dabney must have suddenly grown a great many "sizes" in his mother's estimation. Perhaps that was because he did not leave them off too soon.

There they sat, the two mothers and the rest, looking gloomy enough, while, over there in her bit of a brown house in the village, Mrs. Lee sat in very much the same frame of mind, trying to relieve her feelings by smoothing imaginary wrinkles out of her boy's best clothes, and planning for him any number of bright red neck-ties, if he would only come back to wear them.

The neighbors were becoming more than a little interested and even excited about the matter; but what was there to be done?

Telegrams had been sent to other points on the coast, and all the fishermen notified. It was really one of those puzzling cases where even the most neighborly can do no better than "wait a while."

Still, there were nearly a dozen people, of all sorts, including Bill Lee, lingering around the "landing" as late as eight o'clock, when some one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"There's a light, coming in."

And others followed with: "And a boat under it." "Ham's boat carried a light." "I'll bet it's her." "No, it is n't." "Hold on and see."

There was not long to "hold on," for in three minutes more the "Swallow" swept gracefully in with the tide, and the voice of Dab Kinzer shouted merrily: "Home again! Here we are!"

Such a ringing volley of cheers answered him! It was heard and understood away there in the parlor of the Morris house, and brought every soul of that anxious circle right up standing.

"Must be it 's Dab!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer.

"Oh, mother," said Annie, "is Ford safe?"

"They would n't cheer like that, my dear, if anything had happened," remarked Mr. Foster, but, in spite of his coolness, the city lawyer forgot to put his hat on, as he dashed out of the front gate, and down the road toward the landing.

Then came one of those times that it takes a whole orchestra and a gallery of paintings to tell anything about, for Mrs. Lee as well as her husband was at the beach, and within a minute after "Captain Kinzer" and his crew had landed, poor Dick was being hugged and scolded within an inch of his life, and the other two boys found themselves in the midst of a tumult of embraces and cheers.

Frank Harley's turn came soon, moreover, for Ford Foster found his balance, and introduced the "passenger from India" to his father.

"Frank Harley!" exclaimed Mr. Foster, "I've heard of you, certainly, but how did you—boys, I don't understand——"

"Oh, father, it's all right! We took Frank off the French steamer after she ran ashore."

"Ran ashore?"

"Yes; down the Jersey coast. We got in company with her in the fog, after the storm. That was yesterday evening."

"Down the Jersey coast! Do you mean you've been out at sea?"

"Yes, father; and I'd go again, with Dab Kinzer for captain. Do you know, father, he never left the rudder of the 'Swallow' from the moment we started until seven o'clock this morning?"

"You owe him your lives!" almost shouted Mr. Foster; and Ford added, "Indeed, we do."

It was Dab's own mother's arms that had been around him from the instant he made his ap-

pearance, and Samantha and Keziah and Pamela had had to be content with a kiss or so apiece; but dear old Mrs. Foster stopped smoothing Ford's hair and forehead, just then, and gave Dab a right motherly hug, as if she could not express herself in any other way.

As for Annie Foster, her face was suspiciously red at the moment, but she walked right up to Dab, after her mother released him, and said:

"Captain Kinzer, I've been saying dreadful things about you, but I beg pardon."

"I'll be entirely satisfied, Miss Annie," returned Dabney, "if you'll ask somebody to get us something to eat."

"Eat!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinzer, "Why, the poor fellows! Of course they're hungry."

Of course they were, every one; and the supper-

table, after all, was the best place in the world to hear the particulars of their wonderful cruise.

Meantime, Dick Lee was led home to a capital supper of his own, and as soon as that was over he was rigged out in his Sunday clothes,—red silk neck-tie and all,—and invited to tell the story of his adventures to a roomful of admiring neighbors.

He told it well, modestly ascribing pretty much everything to Dab Kinzer; but there was no reason, in anything he said, for one of his father's friends to ask, next morning:

"Bill Lee, does you mean for to say as dem boys run down de French steamah in dat ar' boat?"

"Not dat, not zackly."

"'Cause, if you does, I jes' want to say I's been down a-lookin' at her, and she aint even snubbed her bowsprit."

(To be continued.)

GERTY.

BY MARGARET W. HAMILTON.

UGH! How cold it was!—sleet driving in your face, wind whistling about your ears, cold penetrating everywhere! "A regular nipper," thought Dick Kelsey, standing in a door-way, kicking his feet in toeless boots to warm them, and blowing his chilled fingers, for in the pockets of his ragged trousers the keen air had stiffened them. He was revolving a weighty question in his mind. Which should he do,—go down to "Ma'am Vesey's" and get one of her hot mutton pies, or stray a little farther up the alley, where an old sailor kept a little coffee-house for the benefit of newsboys and boot-blacks such as he? Should it be coffee or mutton pie?

"I'll toss up for it!" said Dick, finally; and, fumbling in his pockets, the copper was produced ready for the test.

Just then, his attention was suddenly diverted. Close to him sounded a voice, weak and not very melodious, but bravely singing:

"There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day!"

Dick listened in silence till the last little quaver had died away, and then said: "Whew! That was purty, anyhow. Where is the piper, I wonder!" He looked about for the musician, but could see no one. He was the only person in the alley.

Again the song began, and this time he traced the voice to the house against which he had been leaning. The window was just at his right, and through one of the broken panes came the notes. Dick's modesty was not a burden to him, so it was the work of only a moment to put his face to the hole in the window and take a view.

A small room, not very nice to see, was what he saw; then, as his eye became used to the dim light, he espied on a low bed in the corner a little girl gazing at him with a pair of big black eyes.

"I say, there! Was it you pipin' away so fine?" began Dick, without the slightest embarrassment.

"If you mean, was I a-singin'?"—I was," answered the child from the bed, not seeming at all surprised at this sudden intrusion upon her privacy.

"I say, who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Gerty, and I stay here all the day while mother is away washing; and she locks the door so no one can't get in," explained the girl.

"My eye!" was Dick's return. "And what are you in bed for?"

"Oh, I have a pain in my back, an' I lie down most of the time," replied Gerty in the most cheerful manner possible, as if a pain in the back were the one desirable thing, while Dick withdrew his head to ponder over this new experience.

A girl locked in a room like that, lying in bed with pain most of the time, with nothing to do, yet cheerful and bright—this was something he

could not understand. All at once his face brightened. Back went his eyes to the window.

"I say, got anything to eat in there?"

"Oh yes, some crackers; and to-night may be mother 'll buy some milk."

"Pooh!" said Dick, with scorn. "Crackers and milk! Did you ever eat a mutton pie?"

"A mutton pie," repeated Gerty, slowly. "No, I guess not."

"Oh, they're bully! Hot from Ma'am Vesey's! Tip-top! Wait a minute,"—a needless caution, for Gerty could not possibly have done anything else.

Away ran Dick down the alley and around the corner, halting breathless before Ma'am Vesey.

"Gi'e me one, quick!" he cried. "Hot, too. No, I wont eat it; put it in some paper." The old woman had offered him one from the oven.

"Seems to me we're gettin' mighty fine," she said; for Dick was an old customer, and never before had he waited for a pie to be wrapped up.

"Never you mind, old lady," was his good-natured, if somewhat disrespectful, reply; and, dropping some pennies, he seized his treasure and was off again.

Gerty's eager fingers soon held the pie, which Dick dexterously tossed on the bed, and Dick's eyes fairly shone as he watched the half-starved little one swallow the dainty in rapid mouthfuls.

"Oh, I never in all my life tasted anything half so good! Don't you want some?" questioned the child, whose enjoyment was so keen she feared it hardly could be right.

"No, indeed!"—this with hearty emphasis. "I've had 'em. I'm goin' now," he added, reluctantly, "but I'll come back again 'fore long."

"Oh, do!" said Gerty, "an' I'll sing you some more of 'Happy Land,' if you want me; and I know another song, too. I learned them up to the horspital when I was there. You see, I was peddlin' matches and shoe-strings, and it was 'most dark and awful slippery, and the horses hit me afore I knowed it; and then they picked me up, and I did n't know nothin', and could n't tell where I lived, and so they took me to the horspital; and the next day I told 'em where mother was, and she came. But the doctors said I had better stay, and p'raps they could help me. But they could n't, you know, cos the pain in my back was too bad. And mother, she washes, and I watch the daylight, and wait for night, and sing; and when the pain aint too bad, the day don't seem so very long."

"My eye!" was all Dick could say, as he beat a hasty retreat, rubbing the much appealed-to member with a corner of his ragged coat.

"Well, them's hard lines, anyhow," he soliloquized, as he went to the printing-office. "An' she's chipper, too. Game as anything," he went

on to himself. "Now, I'm just goin' to keep my eye on that little un, and some o' my spare coppers 'll help her, I guess."

How he worked that night! His papers fairly flew, he sold them so fast; and when, under a friendly street-lamp, he counted his gains, a prolonged whistle was his first comment.

"More 'n any night this week," he pondered. "Did me good to go 'thout the pie. Gerty 'll have an orange to-morrow."

So, next morn'ing, when the last journal had been sold, a fruit-stand was grandly patronized.

"The biggest, best orange you got, and never mind what it costs." Then but a few moments to reach Gerty's alley, and Gerty's window.

Yes, there she was, just the same as yesterday, and the pinched face grew bright when she saw her new friend peering at her.

"Oh! you're come, are you?" joyfully. "Mother said you would n't, when I told her, but I said you would. She would n't leave the door unlocked, cos she did n't know nothing about you; but she said, if you came to-day, you could come back to-night when she was home, and come in."

"Oh, may I?" said Dick, rather gruffly; for he hardly liked the idea of meeting strangers.

"Yes," went on Gerty; "I'll sing lots, if you want; and mother 'll be glad to see you, too."

"All right; mebbe I'll come. And say, here's suthin for ye," and the orange shot through the window.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, "how nice! Is it really for me?" And Dick answered, "Yes, eat it now."

Half his pleasure was in watching her eager relish of the fruit; and as Gerty needed no second bidding, the orange rapidly disappeared, she pausing now and again to look across gratefully at Dick and utter indistinct expressions of delight.

"Now shall I sing?" she asked, when the last delicious mouthful was fairly swallowed; for she was anxious to make some return for the pleasure he had given her.

"All right," responded Dick, "I'm ready."

So the thin little voice began again the old refrain; Gerty singing with honest fervor, Dick listening in rapt attention. Following "Happy Land" came "I want to be an angel," "Little drops of water," etc.; and when full justice had been done to these well-worn tunes, Dick suggested a change.

"Don't you sing 'Mulligan Guards'?" he questioned, at the close of one of the hymns.

"No," said Gerty, perplexed. "They did n't sing that up to the horspital."

"Oh, mebbe they don't sing it to the horspital; but I've heard 'em sing it bully to the circus. I say," he went on suddenly, "was you ever there—to the circus, I mean?"

"No," said Gerty, eagerly. "What do they do?"
 "Oh, it's beautiful!" was Dick's answer. "All bright, you know, and warm, and the wimmin is dressed awful fine, and the men, too; and the horses prance around; and they have music and tumbling, and—oh, lots of things!"

"My! and you've been there?"

"Oh yes, I've been!" Then, as he watched her sparkling eyes, "Look here, I'll take you. I could carry you, you know, and we'd go early, and I'd put you up against a post, and— Don't you want to go?"

"Want to go?" she repeated with rapture. "Oh, it's too good to be true! I was scared just a-thinkin' of it. Oh, if mother'd let me an' I could! Would n't I be too heavy? Mother says I'm light as a feather,—and I would n't weigh more'n I could help," she added, wistfully.

"Never you mind," was Dick's hearty reply. "I'll come to-night and see the old lady,—your mother, I mean,—and we'll go next week, if she'll let you."

So it was decided; and when Dick said "good-bye," and ran off, Gerty settled back with a sigh, half of delight and half of anxiety, lest her wild, wonderful hope should never be fulfilled.

But Dick came that night, and Gerty's mother, when she saw Dick's honest, earnest face, and her little girl's eager, pleading eyes, gave consent.

The next Monday night was fixed upon, and this was Thursday. "Four days," counted Gerty on her fingers; and oh, they seemed so long! But even four days *will* crawl away, and Monday night came at last. By seven o'clock, Dick appeared, his face clean and shining, radiant with delight.

Gerty was dressed in the one dress owned by her mother beside her working one, and the shrunken little figure looked pathetically absurd in its ample proportions. It was much too long for her, of course, but her mother pinned up the skirt. Good old Peggotty Winters, the apple-woman, who lived in the back room, had lent her warm shawl for the occasion, and the little French hair-dresser on the top floor had loaned a knitted hood which had quite an elegant effect. So Gerty considered herself dressed in a style befitting the event; and if she and Dick were satisfied, no one else need criticise.

"Pooh!" was Dick's comment as he lifted her in his arms. "Like a baby, aint you?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you don't think I'm heavy! It's the first time I ever was glad to be thin," sighed Gerty, clinging around his neck.

Then away they went, out through alleys and across side-streets to the main artery of travel, where Dick threaded his way slowly through throngs of gay people. At length, after what seemed miles to Gerty, they halted in front of a

brilliantly lighted building, and in another moment were in the dazzling entrance-way.

On went Dick slowly, patiently, with his burden, down the aisle, as near to the front as possible, and—they were there!

Gerty was carefully set down in a corner place, and her shawl opened a little to serve as a pillow; and then she began to look about her, gazing with awe-struck curiosity at the great arena and the mysterious doors.

After a while the house seemed full, the musicians came out and took their places, the gas suddenly blazed more brightly, and the band struck up a gay popular air. Gerty felt as if she must scream with delight and expectation.

Presently, the music stopped, there was a bustle of preparation, a bell tinkled, and the great doors slowly swung open. Gerty saw beautiful ladies, all bright and glittering with spangles, and handsome horses in gorgeous trappings, and great strong men in tights, all the wonders and sights of the circus, and the funny jokes and antics of the clown and pantaloon. And Gerty had never known anything half so fine; and there was riding and jumping and tumbling, and all manner of fun, until the doors shut again.

"Was n't it lovely?" whispered Gerty. "Is that all?"

"Not half," said Dick; and Gerty leaned back to think it all over and watch for the repetition. But the next scene was different; there came an immense elephant, some little white poodle-dogs, and some mules, and everybody clapped hands and laughed, and was delighted. At last, the climax of ecstasy was reached,—a beautiful procession of all the gayly dressed and glittering performers, with their wonderful steeds, the wise old elephant, the queer little poodles, and the fun-provoking mules; and the band struck up some stirring music, and Gerty was dumb with admiration. But in another minute the arena was empty, the heavy doors had shut out all the life and magnificence, the band was hushed, the lights were dimmed, and Dick told her it was over.

Carefully he folded her in the shawl again, and once more the cold night air blew in her face. Not a word could she say all the way home, but when she sank in her mother's arms it was with the whisper, "I've seen 'Happy Land';" and Dick felt, somehow, as if no other comment were needed.

And the winter days went on, Dick's faithful service and devotion never ceasing. The window was mended, but Dick had a key to the door, and spent many an hour with the sufferer. As spring approached, the two watchers noted a change in the girl. She was weaker, and her pain constant; and when Dick carried her out to the park in the

April sunshine, he was shocked to find her weight almost nothing in his arms.

Yes, Gerty was dying, slowly but surely; and Dick grew exceeding sorrowful. By and by, she even could not be carried out-of-doors, but lay all day on her little couch. Then Dick brought

soon after got into a quarrel with a fellow newsboy who had hinted that his eyes were red. Anon he was back with some fresh gift, only to struggle again with the choking grief.

And then came the end—quietly, peacefully. Near the close of a July day, when the setting sun



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CIRCUS.

flowers and fruit, and talked gayly of the next winter, when, said he, "We'll go every week to the circus, Gerty."

"No, Dick," said the child, quietly, "I shall never go there again. But oh! 't'll be suthin better!"—at which Dick rushed off hastily, and

glorified every corner of the room, Gerty left her pain, and, with a farewell sigh, was at rest.

"Oh, Gerty!" sobbed Dick, "don't forget me!"

Ah, Dick, you are held in everlasting remembrance, and more than one angel is glad at thoughts of you, in the "Happy Land!"

THE CROW THAT THE CROW CROWED.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

“ Ho ! ho ! ”
 Said the crow :
 “ So I ’m not s’posed to know
 Where the rye and the wheat
 And the corn kernels grow—
 Oh ! no,
 Ho ! ho ! ”

“ He ! he !
 Farmer Lee,
 When I fly from my tree,
 Just you see where the tops
 Of the corn-ears will be .
 Watch me !
 He ! he ! ”

Switch—swirch,
 With a lurch,
 Flopped the bird from his perch
 As he spread out his wings

And set forth on his search—
 His search—
 Switch—swirch.

Click !—bang !—
 How it rang,
 How the small bullet sang
 As it sped through the air—
 And the crow, with a pang,
 Went spang—
 Chi—bang.

THE TAIL FEATHERS.

Now know,
 That to crow
 Often brings one to woe ;
 Which the lines up above
 Have been put there to show,
 And so,
 Don’t crow.

THE LONDON MILK-WOMAN.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

VERY sturdy in form and honest in face is the London milk-woman shown in our picture. She has broad English features, smoothly parted hair, and a nice white frill running round her old-fashioned, curtained bonnet. Her boots are strong, and her dress is warm—the petticoats cut short to prevent them from dragging in the mud. A wooden yoke fits to her shoulders, which are almost as broad as a man’s, and from the yoke hang her cans, filled with milk and cream, the little ones being hooked to the larger ones.

The London day has opened on a storm, and the snow lies thick on the area railings, the lamp-posts and the roofs ; but the morning is not too cold or stormy for her. Oh, no ! the mornings never are. It may rain, or blow, or snow the hardest that ever was known, no inclemency of weather keeps her from her morning round, and in the dull cold of London frosts and the yellow obscurity of London fogs, she appears in the streets, uttering her familiar cry, “ Me—oh ! me—oh ! ” which is her way of calling milk.

Pretty kitchen-maids come up the area steps with their pitchers to meet her, and detain her with much gossip. The one in the picture, whose arms are comfortably folded under her white apron, may be telling her that the mistress’s baby is sick, and that the doctor despairs of its life. She may even be saying to her : “ The only thing it can swallow, poor little dear, is a little milk and arrowroot, and the doctor says unless it can have this it must die.” A great deal of the London milk is adulterated, and, perhaps, this honest-looking milk-woman knows that water has been added to hers. May be, she has babies of her own, and then her heart must be sore when she realizes that the little sick one upstairs may perish through her employer’s greed for undue profits.

To-morrow, she may find the blinds drawn close down at that house, and the maid-of-all-work red-eyed and tearful ; then she will turn away, bitterly feeling the pressure of her yoke on her shoulders, although, from her looks, she herself appears to be incapable of dishonesty ; she is, and more than that,

kindly,
 polishe
 betoker
 breakfa



AT THE AREA GATE.

kindly, cheery, and industrious. Her cans are polished to the brilliancy of burnished silver, and betoken the most scrupulous cleanliness. Many breakfast-tables depend upon her for that rich

cream which emits a delicious flavor from her cans, in the sharp morning air. "Me-oh! me-oh!" We turn over in bed when we hear her, and know that it is time to get up.

ALICE'S SUPPER.



FAR down in the valley the wheat grows deep,
 And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;
 And this is the song that I hear them sing,
 While cheery and loud their voices ring:
 "'T is the finest wheat that ever did grow,
 And it is for Alice's supper—ho! ho!"



Far down by the river the old mill stands,
 And the miller is rubbing his dusty old hands;
 And these are the words of the miller's lay,
 As he watches the mill-stones grinding away:
 "'T is the finest flour that money can buy,
 And it is for Alice's supper—hi! hi!"



Down-stairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,
 And cook is a-kneading the soft white dough;
 And this is the song she is singing to-day,
 As merry and busy she's working away:
 "'T is the finest dough whether near or afar,
 And it is for Alice's supper—ha! ha!"



To the nursery now comes mother, at last,—
 And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
 'T is a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
 And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright:
 "'T is the best bread and butter I ever did see,
 And it is for Alice's supper—he! he!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"WARM!" you say?
Don't mention it, but take it good-naturedly.
And, now, let's be quiet and have a talk about

HEARING FLIES WALK.

"Ho, ho; nobody can do that!"
But anybody *can* do that,—with a microphone.
"And what's a microphone?"

Why, it's a machine by which very low sounds, that don't seem to be sounds at all, may be made to grow so loud and clear that you can easily hear them. If any of you come across one of these things, my dears, just take it to some quiet green spot, and coax it to let you hear the grass grow.

There's one feature of the microphone that is likely to be troublesome; it makes loud noises sound hundreds of times louder. Something must be done, therefore, to prevent the use of these machines on any Fourth of July. That would be what nobody could stand, I should think.

A CRAB THAT MOWS GRASS.

IS N'T this dreadful? In India—a long way off, I'm glad to say—there is a kind of crab that eats the juicy stalks of grass, rice, and other plants. He snips off the stalks with his sharp pincers, and, when he has made a big enough sheaf, sidles off home with it to his burrow in the ground, to feast upon it.

Ugh! I hope I shall never hear the cruel click of his pincers anywhere near me!

WASHERWOMEN IN TUBS.

OVER here, as I've heard, the clothes to be washed are put in tubs, and the washerwomen or washermen stand outside at work. But I'm told that in some parts of Europe the washerwomen

themselves get into the tubs. They do this to keep their feet dry. The tubs or barrels are empty, and are set along the river banks in the water, and each washerwoman stands in her tub and washes the clothes in the river, pounding, and soaping, and rinsing them, on a board, without changing her position.

MICE IN A PIANO.

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR JACK: I have long wished to tell you of a little incident that occurred in our family.

About a year ago we bought an upright grand piano, and after we had had it a few months we noticed that one of the keys would stay down when touched, unless struck very quickly and lightly, and the next day another acted in the same way. That evening, after the boys had gone to bed, father and myself were sitting by the grate fire, when we thought we heard a nibbling in the corner of the room where the piano stood. I exclaimed, "Do you think it possible a mouse can be in the piano?" "Oh no!" he said; "it is probably behind it." We moved the piano, and found a little of the carpet gnawed, and a few nut-shells. Then we examined the piano inside, as far as possible, but found no traces there. I played a noisy tune, to frighten the mouse away, and we thought no more about it.

Two or three days after, more of the keys stayed down, and I said, "That piano must be fixed." The tuner came, and the children all stood around him, with curious eyes, as he took the instrument apart. Presently I heard a great shout. What do you think? In one corner, on the key-board, where every touch of the keys must have jarred it, was a mouse's nest, with five young ones in it! Those mice must have been fond of music! The mother mouse sprang out and escaped; but the nest and the little ones were destroyed.

Well, what do you suppose the nest was made of? Bits of felt and soft leather from the hammers and pedal; and the mouse had gnawed in two most of the strips of leather that pull back the hammers! So, when the piano had been fixed, there was a pretty heavy bill for repairs.—Very truly yours,
P. L. S.

RATTLE-BOXES.

YOU'D hardly believe how old-fashioned rattle-boxes are,—those noisy things that babies love to shake. Why, they are almost as old-fashioned as some of the very first babies would look nowadays. A few very ancient writers mention these toys, but, instead of calling them, simply, "rattle-boxes," they refer to them as "symbols of eternal agitation, which is necessary to life!"

Deacon Green says that this high-sounding saying may have been wise for its times, when the sleepy young world needed shaking, perhaps, to get it awake and keep it lively. "But, in these days," he adds, "the boot is on the other leg. People are a little too go-ahead, if anything, and try to do too much in too short time. Real rest, and plenty of it, is just as necessary to life as agitation can be."

Remember this, my chicks, all through vacation; but don't mistake laziness for rest.

A MOTHER WITH TWO MILLION CHILDREN.

NO, not the old woman who lived in a shoe,—though old parties of the kind I mean have been found with their houses fixed to old rubber high-boots,—but a quiet old mother, who never utters a word, and whose house is all door-way, as I'm told. Every year she opens the door and turns two million wee bairns upon the world.

Away they rush, the door snaps shut behind them, and they can never come back any more! They don't seem to mind that very much, however, for they go dancing away in countless armies, without ever jostling, or meeting, or even touching one another.

And how large a ball-room do you suppose a

troop of them would need? One drop of water is large enough for thousands upon thousands of them to sport in!

The mother is the oyster, and her children are the little oysters, and a curious family they must be, if all this is true, as I'm led to believe.

A CHINESE FLOATING VILLAGE.

THE Little Schoolma'am wishes you a good and lively vacation, and sends you a picture of a Chinese Floating Village,—a cool and pleasant kind of village to live in through the summer, I've no doubt, with plashing water, and fresh breezes, all about you. She goes on to say:

"In China, where there are about four hundred and fifty millions of people, not only the land, but also much of the water, is covered with towns and streets; and, although the Chinese are more than eleven times as numerous as the people of the United States, their country is not half as large as ours,—even leaving Alaska out of the count. So that China is pretty well crowded.

"In the picture, the little boats belong to poor

INFORMATION WANTED.

Providence, R. I.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: SIR: I write to ask if any of your little birds ever crossed the Equator; and, when just above it, whereabouts in the sky did they look for the sun at noon?

If you will answer this you will oblige me very much, as I have been wondering for about a month past.

Don't think this foolish.

EDWIN S. THOMPSON.

None of my feathered friends ever told me about this; but, perhaps, some of you smart chicks who have just passed good examinations can answer Edwin's question. If so, I'd be glad to hear from you; especially if you'd let me know, also, what kind of a thing the equator is, and by what marks or signs a bird or anybody might make sure he had pitched upon it?

A BIRD THAT SEWS.

Sandy Spring, Md.

DEAR JACK: Have you ever heard of a bird that sews? Perhaps you have, and some of your chicks have not. He is not much larger than the humming-bird, and looks like a ball of yellow worsted flying through the air. For his nest he chooses two leaves on the outside of a tree, and these he sews firmly together, except at the entrance, using a fiber for thread, and his long, sharp bill as a needle. When this is done, he puts in some down plucked from his breast, and his snug home is complete. He is sometimes called the "tailor-bird."—

M. B. T.



A CHINESE FLOATING VILLAGE.

people, but the big ones, called 'junks,' belong to folks who are better off. Sometimes junks are used by rich people for traveling, and then they are built almost as roomy, and fitted up quite as comfortably, as the homes on shore.

"There are no railroads in China worth mentioning, so traveling has to be done by highroad, or by river and canal; and, as this last, though easy, is a very slow way, it is a good thing when, like the snail, a traveler can take his house with him."

A BEE "SOLD."

TALK about the instinct of animals! I'm sure my little friends the bees are as bright as any, yet I heard, the other day, a strange thing about one. There was a flower-like sea-anemone, near the top of a little pool of water, when a bee came buzzing along and alighted on the pretty thing, no doubt mistaking it for a blossom. That anemone was an animal, and had no honey. Now, where was the instinct of that bee? That's what I want to know.

THE LETTER-BOX.

West Roxbury, Mass.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your June number, in the "Letter-Box," an account of a turtle; so I thought I would tell you about "Gopher Jimmy." My uncle brought him from Florida. He is a gopher, and different from the common kind of turtle. His back is yellow, with black ridges on it. His feet are yellow and scaly. Gophers burrow in the ground; and, when full grown, a man cannot pull one out of its burrow, and a child can ride easily on its back. I feed mine on clover. He likes to bask in the sun. My uncle named him "Gopher Jimmy." When full grown, they can move with a weight of 200 pounds. Jimmy is a young one.—Your devoted reader,
 FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps the other readers of your magazine have heard of "Tyrian purple," a dye which once sold in the shops of ancient Rome for its own weight in silver. Well, after a while, the way to make this dye was forgotten,—probably because those who had the secret died without telling it to others. And now I want to let you know what I have learned lately, in reading, about how the secret was found again, after hundreds of years.

A French naturalist, named Lacazo Duthiers, was on board a ship, when, one day, he saw a sailor marking his clothes and the sails of the ship with a sharp-pointed stick, which, every now and then, he dipped into a little shell held in his other hand. At first, the lines were only a faint yellow in color; but, after being a few minutes in the sun, they became greenish, then violet, and last of all, a bright, beautiful purple, the exact shade called by the ancients "Tyrian purple"—a color that never fades by washing, or exposure to heat or damp, but ever grows brighter and clearer! The naturalist was rejoiced, and after trial found that he really had discovered again the long-lost secret. He felt well repaid for keeping his eyes open. The little shell was the "wide-mouthed purpura," as some call it, some three inches long, found in the Mediterranean Sea, and on the coasts of France, Ireland and Great Britain. My book says that the difficulty of obtaining and preserving these shells must always render "Tyrian purple" a rare and expensive color.

I remember, too, that the Babylonians thought "Tyrian purple" too sacred for the use of mortals, so they used it only in the dress of their idols. Romulus, king of Rome, adopted it as the regal color, and the Roman emperors forbade any besides themselves to wear it, on penalty of death.—Yours truly,
 F. R. F.

THE boys and girls who solved the poetical charade printed on page 639 of the July number, must have noticed that it is an unusually good one, and we are sure that all our readers will admire the charade, after comparing it with its solution, which we publish upon page 704 of this number.

Alexandria, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know who would succeed to the throne in case of Queen Victoria's and her eldest son's deaths. My brother and I sold hickory-nuts and onions to get the ST. NICHOLAS last fall. We have taken it ever since it was published. I am ten years old.
 WILLIE CASTLE.

Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Wales's eldest son, if then alive, would succeed to the English throne after Queen Victoria, in case of the previous death of her eldest son,—the Prince of Wales. A general answer to this question will be found in the "Letter-Box" for May, 1877 (Vol. IV., page 509), in a reply to an inquiry from "Julia."

Brunswick, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has occurred to me that some of my ST. NICHOLAS friends may like to know what I have learned from ancient books about the constellation Ursa Major, or the Dipper, which, in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1877 (vol. iv., p. 168), Professor Proctor has likened to a monkey climbing a pole. It is about the other title of this constellation, "Great Bear." I need not describe the group itself, for that has been done already by Professor Proctor in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1876.

Sailors, in very ancient times, were without compasses and charts, and when voyaging guided themselves by studying the situations and motions of the heavenly bodies. They saw that most of the stars passed up from the horizon and rose toward the zenith, the point right over head, and then dropped westward to hide themselves beyond the earth. After a time they noted some stars which never set, but every night, in fair weather, were seen at that side where the sun never appears, or, in other words, were seen at their left side, when their faces were toward the sun-rise. They did not long hesi-

tate how to use these stars. And when, during foul weather, the sailors were tossed to and fro, these same constant stars, that again appeared after the storm, indicated to them their true position, and, as it were, *spoke to them*. This caused them to give more exact study to the constellations in that same part of the heavens. None appeared more remarkable than that among which they reckoned seven of the brightest stars, taking up a large space. Some who watched this star-group, as it seemed to turn around in the sky, named it the "Wheel," or "Chariot." The Phoenician pilots called it, sometimes, "Parrosis," the Indicator, the Rule, or "Callisto," the Deliverance, the Safety of Sailors. But it was more commonly named "Doubé," signifying the "speaking constellation," or the "constellation which gives advice." Now, the word "Doubé" signified also to the Phoenicians a "she-bear," and the Greeks are supposed to have received and used the word in its wrong sense, and to have passed it down to us without correction. This explanation seems plausible to me; and now, whenever I see the star-group we call the "Dipper," I think how gladly it was hailed by poor storm-tossed sailors upon the narrow seas, in the early ages, before the "lily of the needle pointed to the pole."—Yours truly,
 R. A. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The flowers are all in bloom; it looks so pretty. Here is a little piece of poetry:

Lieutenant G—
 Was lost in the sea;
 He was found in the foam,
 But he was carried home
 To his wife,
 Who was the joy of his life,
 His lovely brunette,
 His idolized pet.
 She went to a ball,
 And this is all.

I have a little sister named Henrietta, but we call her "Wackie," because when she cries she goes "Wackie, wackie, wackie!"
 I remain, your constant reader,
 ROWENA T. EWING.

Camp Grant, A. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army boy. The other day my papa went down to Mexico, and I went with him. The first day I rode fifty-seven miles on a mule; the next day, thirty-five miles; and the third day, forty miles. If you know any boy East, eleven years of age, who can do that, tell me his name. Lots of Indians out here.
 PAUL COMPTON.

HERE is an account of how four enterprising girls from an inland district spent ten summer days by themselves at the sea-side.

FOUR "INLAND" GIRLS BY THE SEA.

For boys there are all sorts of real camping-out, fishing and hunting parties, and it's almost enough to set their sisters wild with envy. Nevertheless, "we girls"—four of us—succeeded one year in having a deal of holiday enjoyment all by ourselves out of the old sea. This is how we did it, what sort of place it was, and how we lived:

We engaged a room in a cottage close to the sea, not fifty miles from Boston. We paid one dollar per day for a medium-sized chamber, with the privilege of parlor, dining-room, kitchen, kitchen utensils, and china. Our cottage had fine sea-views from three sides, and roomy balconies all around, where the salt breezes came up fresh and strong. We had a large closet for our one trunk, not a Saratoga and not full of finery, for we had run away from work, company, fashion. We spent whole days in Balmoral and calico redingotes.

We took with us a few pounds of Graham flour, some fresh eggs, pickles, tumbler of jelly, plenty of delicately corned beef,—boiled and pressed,—salt and pepper and French mustard; some tea and coffee and condensed milk. Fresh vegetables, milk and fruits, could be obtained from neighbors; and fun it was to be one's own milkmaid and market merchant; but still more fun to play gypsy and forage for light driftwood for firing. Then, at a pinch, there were a baker and a fish-man within easy reach.

The place was quiet, and nobody disturbed us, by day or by night, and it was delightful to go to sleep, lulled by the music of the waves and pleasant breeze.

We took turns presiding over the meals of the day, and none but the day's caterer had any thought or care about that day's bill of fare. The oldest of our party was "Auntie True," one of the real folks and a confirmed Grahamite. The next in age was Helen Chapman, the head and front of the quartette; a good botanist and geologist, and acquainted with all manner of things that live in the sea, and from her we had delightful object lessons fresh from Nature. Next

came I, and then Jo, the youngest of us, a girl of fifteen, ready to run wild on the least excuse. She was fairly quelled and awe-struck, however, at her first sight of the sea. "You'll never get me to go into that!" she exclaimed, fairly shuddering. Yet that very day she was enjoying, bare-foot, the cool, soft sand, and playing with the foamy wavelets as the tide came in. But she screamed like an Indian if but invited to plunge beneath the curling surf. There was every day fresh fun in the water,—we frolicked like fishes in their own element. And what ludicrous sights we enjoyed watching the bathers who came from the hotels and boarding-houses,—whole family parties, big and little!

Our party had fine weather, for in our ten days there was only a half day of cloud and rain; but it would have been a fresh delight to see the ocean in a storm.

The last of our pleasures was watching the sun rise out of the sea, a crimson streak, growing into the great red sun! C. N. EFF.

Charleston, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell the boys and girls how to make a pretty little ornament. You take a shell, and bore two holes in each side, then run a piece of ribbon in each hole with a bow on the top, and it has a very pretty effect. It can hold knickknacks, or a plant; but if you want it for a plant, you must bore a hole in the bottom for drainage.—Your friend,
CARMEN BALAGUER.

E. M.—George Washington's wife was called "Lady" Washington out of respect for her husband's high position as President, at a time when titles of courtesy were sometimes given to people not of noble rank who were in authority. The title has always clung to Martha Washington, partly from custom, and partly also from the great reverence of all Americans for General Washington and his wife.

Florence Wilcox, M. B., Isabelle Roorbach, and Lillie M. Sutphen sent answers to E. M.'s question.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you my experience with wild mice. Some time ago I spent the summer in the Sierra Nevada range. Our family had a little cabin right in the woods, built of single boards. One day our servant went to her valise, which had been left slightly open; to her surprise, she found, neatly packed away, in one corner, a small quantity of bird-seed; she at once accused a young friend, who was staying with us, of having put it there for fun; but the accused pleaded "not guilty," and the matter began to look mysterious. One day my papa took down a pair of heavy mining boots, which were hung from the rafters; he went to put his foot in, and found he could not; then he turned the boot upside down. A lot of bird-seed ran out! The mystery thickened. Another time a little dish of uncooked rice was left in the kitchen overnight. The next morning the rice had disappeared. Then we began to suspect mice, and hunted for the rice. It was three or four days before we found it, in a box containing sewing materials, on the top shelf of a cupboard. Then we took the same rice and put it in with some broken bits of cracker, and tied a string to one of the pieces. Papa left all on the kitchen floor. It had disappeared the next day, except the bit with the string; this wise little mouse had not touched. That night we heard pattering all over the house. Next day we began to hunt for the rice again; but it was only just before we left the cabin that we found it. It was in the tray of a trunk; and the end of the matter was, that the poor mice had all their trouble for nothing.

I am a little girl just nine and a half, and have every number of ST. NICHOLAS, and have them all bound, and love it dearly.—Yours truly,
LIZETTE A. FISHER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following description of what she calls the "Island of Juan Fernandez," near Paris.

One of the most attractive places for out-door amusement, just outside of Paris, is a spot fitted out to be a counterpart of the Island of Juan Fernandez, described by Daniel de Foe in his story of Robinson Crusoe.

After leaving the railroad depot, you enter an omnibus on which are painted the words "Robinson Crusoe." This leaves you at an arch-way bearing the curious inscription: "A mimic island of Juan Fernandez, the abode of Robinson Crusoe, dear to the heart of childhood, and a reminder of our days of innocence." You pass under this with high hope, and are not disappointed.

Inside, you find a kind of gypsy camp. Groups of open "summer-houses," built of bark, unhewn wood, and moss, are clustered here and there. Some stand on the earth, others are in grottoes or by shady rocks, and some are even among the branches of the great trees. All these houses are meant for resting-places while you are being served with such delicacies as pleasure-seekers from Paris are wont to require. In each of those huts, which are in the trees, stands a waiter who draws up the luncheon, the creams, or ices, in a kind of

bucket, which has been filled by another waiter below. All is done deftly and silently, and you are as little disturbed as was Elijah by the ravens who waited on him.

The trees in which these houses are built are large old forest-trees, each strong enough in the fork to hold safely the foundation of a small cottage; and the winding stairs by which you get up into the tree are hidden by a leafy drapery of ivy, which covers the trunk also, and hangs in fluttering festoons from limb to limb.

From one of these comfortable perches you look down upon a lively scene of foliage, flowers, greensward, gay costumes and frolicking children. The view is wide, and has many features that would be strange to "dear old Robinson Crusoe." His cabin is multiplied into a hamlet, and his hermit life is gone. But you still recognize the place as a modernized portrait of the island of De Foe's wonderful book. And, as if to furnish you with a fresh piece of evidence, yonder appears Robinson Crusoe himself, in his coat of skins, and bearing his musket and huge umbrella.

Instead of Man Friday, Will Atkins, and the rest, you see donkeys carrying laughing children and led by queer-looking old women. And you heave a little sigh when you think: "How few of these French boys and girls really know old Crusoe and his adventures! To them this charming place has nothing whatever to do with running away to sea, shipwrecks, cannibals, mutinies, and such things. It is nothing but a new kind of pleasure-ground to them."

However, everybody feels at home here, and so everybody is happy; for, after all, looking for happiness is much like the old woman's search for her spectacles, which all the time are just above her nose.

O dear delightful island, how glad we were to chance upon you right here in gay, care-free Paris! And what an enchanted day we spent amid your thousand delights and thronging memories!

C. V. N. C. U.

HERE are two welcome little letters received some time ago from a boy and girl in Europe:

Nice, France.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in Europe now, in Nice. I have seen a great deal already. Nice is a nice place. And it is the only city in the world that one may call "Nice" always. I can talk French now a little, enough to be understood. I go to the "Promenade des Anglais" by the sea every morning, and I like it very much. Nice is situated in the south-eastern part of France, very near Italy. It once did belong to Italy. It was given to Napoleon III. as a reward for helping the late king of Italy, Victor Emanuel II., to the throne of Sardinia. I get the ST. NICHOLAS sent from home, and like the stories very much.—Your loving subscriber,
CHARLES JASTRON.
(Age 12.)

Nice, France.

DARLING ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old, and I live in Nice. I enjoy myself very much here, and have a great deal of fun. I have nothing to do. I like it here very much. There are a great many mountains here, but now I do not know any more to write.—Your loving reader,
NELLIE JASTRON.

Pittsburgh, Penn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have thought about it several times. I live in the east end of the city. I like your magazine very much, and always read it through. I had a dispute to-day with a boy friend of mine. It was about the gypsies, who camp near our place every year. He said that not all people who lived that way were gypsies; but that only those who were descended from the Egyptians were so named. I did not agree with him, because, in the first place, I do not think that they are descended from the Egyptians, and, in the second place, I think that all people who live in that way are called gypsies, no matter what country they come from. I must now close.—Your constant reader,
FRANK WARD.

New York, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Did you know that we once had musical watchmen in this country? Less than fifty years ago, it was quite usual in Pennsylvania for the watchmen to sing the passing hours during the night. I suppose the custom was brought over by the Germans, who settled in the Keystone State. I fancy it must have been sleepy work for the poor watchman, calling the quiet hours, and adding, as he always did, his little weather report; at least, he invented a very drowsy, sing-song sort of tune for it.

In these days of telegraphing, and other scientific improvements, we should think it a very uncertain, and rather stupid, way to judge of the weather, to say it was "past ten o'clock on a starry evening," or "a cloudy evening," or "a frosty morning." Now, we have only to pick up the morning paper, and consult "Old Probabilities," who nearly always forecasts truly. But in those times there were no telegraph wires running the length and breadth of the land, and no Signal Service, either, so that the regular cry of the watchman may have been held in high esteem; and, perhaps, the sleepy folk would raise an ear from the pillow to hear the "probabilities" for the coming day, and lie down again to arrange business or pleasure accordingly.

A hundred years ago the people of Philadelphia were startled by a

famous cry of a watchman at dead of night, making every one who heard it wild with joy. It was just after the battle of Yorktown, the last of the Revolution, when Lord Cornwallis and his army surrendered to Washington. The bearer of the news of victory, entering Philadelphia, stopped an old watchman to ask the way to the State House, where Congress was in session, waiting for news from the army. As soon as the watchman heard the glad tidings, he started off on his rounds, singing out to his monotonous tune the remarkable words—

“Past four o'clock, Cornwallis is taken!”

Up flew the windows on all sides, and every ear was strained to catch the joyful sound. The old bell sent forth a glad peal, houses were thrown open and illuminated, and the streets were filled with happy people congratulating one another, paying visits, and drinking toasts; so that, could but one thousand of the seven thousand British soldiers captured that day by Washington have entered the city that night, they might have taken it without a struggle.—Yours very truly,
E. A. S.

St. James House, King's Lynn, Norfolk, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago my brother and I had a little bazaar which I should like to tell you about. We had been collecting and making things for a good long time, so we had nearly forty, most of which we made ourselves, but some were given to us by friends. I copied some of the things out of “A Hundred Christmas Presents,” in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1877. They were very pretty, especially the little wheelbarrow. We had a little refreshment stall with sweets, ginger-snaps, etc., and they sold more quickly than anything. We got £1, is., a guinea, which we sent to an orphan institution in London.

I like your magazine very much. I do not know which part is the best.—Yours truly,
M. Y. GIBSON.

Bay Shore, Long Island.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I lived in Germany over four years, so I know something about it. I should like to tell you about rafts on the Elbe.

They are of several kinds. Some are of boards all ready to be sold, others of round timber, just cut; another kind is of squared logs, and

a fourth of both logs and boards. As the Elbe is not a rapid river, the unaided progress of a raft is very slow. So each man on it has a pole with an iron point on one end, while the other end fits to the shoulder; and the men pole along most of the time. To each end of the raft there are fastened three or four oars about twenty feet long; and with these they steer. The Elbe is so shallow that in the summer time boys walk through it; but in the spring the snow melting in the mountains at the river's source (Bohemia) makes freshets which carry off animals, boards, planks and sometimes houses. Under the arch-ways of the bridge at Dresden during these freshets, there are suspended large nets, two corners of each of which are fastened to the railing of the bridge, the lower side is heavily weighted and dropped, and so the net catches anything which comes down the stream.—Yours respectfully,
FRANK BERGH TAYLOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish that you would tell me how to make skeleton leaves. I have seen some done just lovely, and so I think that I should like to try—even if I don't succeed—to make some myself. I am going to the country this summer to stay quite a long time, and so I shall have a chance to get a great many different kinds of leaves.—Your constant reader,
IRENE C. W.

Irene's question is answered in Volume III. of ST. NICHOLAS, pages 115 and 116,—the number for December, 1875.

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF VASCO DA GAMA. By George M. Towle. Eight Full-page Illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. In 294 pages of clear type this book gives a cleverly condensed account of the most interesting events in the life of Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese navigator who first found the way from Europe to India around the Cape of Good Hope. His daring nobility of character and true and exciting adventures are presented in such a way as to delight boys and girls, and yet the romance that cannot be taken from the story is not allowed to interfere with historical truth. As the first of a series entitled “Heroes of History,” this volume makes a good start in a pleasant and fruitful field.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

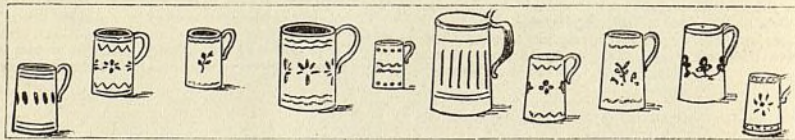
THE initials and finals name a flower. 1. A fruit. 2. A Shakespearean character. 3. A neck of land. 4. A spice.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

It was 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 to the teacher's 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 me to go home early, that I escaped the shower. C. D.

PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION PUZZLES.

FIND for each picture a word, or words, that will correctly describe it, and then transpose the letters of the descriptive word so as to form another word, which will answer to the definition given below the picture.



1. Aromatic kernels of a much used kind.



2. Sovereigns.

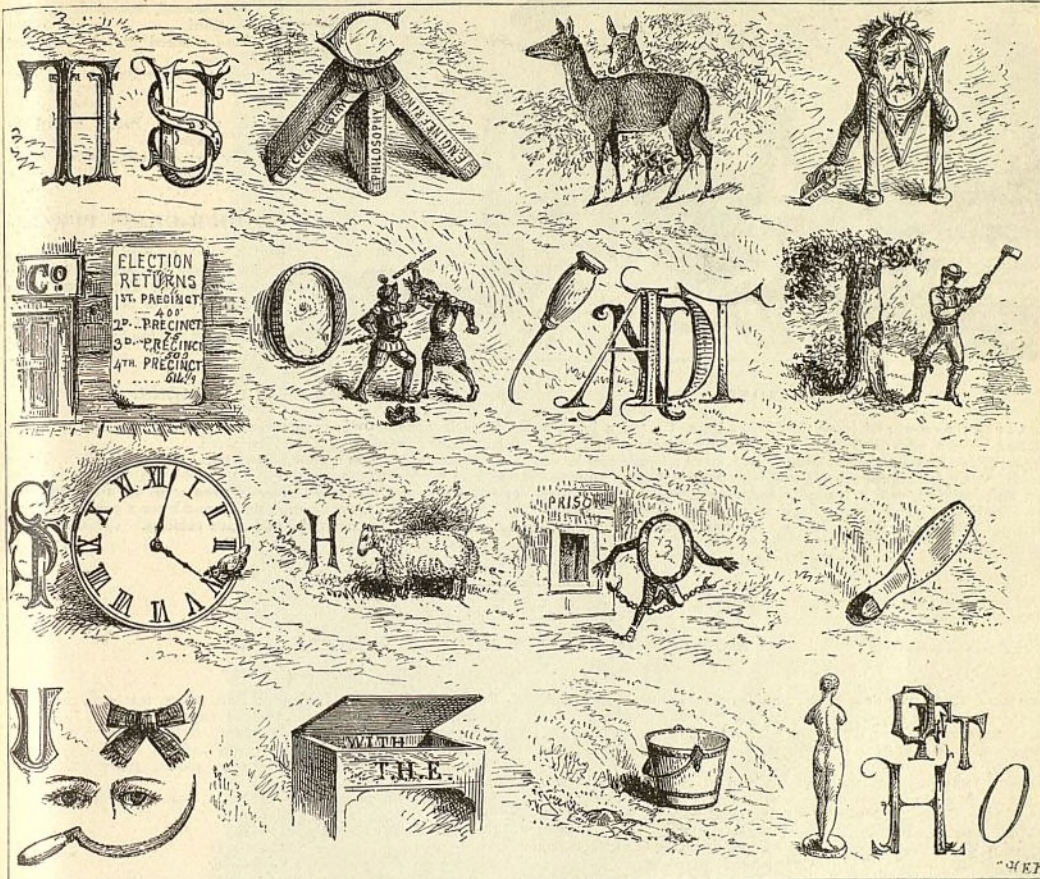
DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In martin, not in curlew. 2. A rather showy bird. 3. A very showy bird. 4. An Oriental animal. 5. In sparrow.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A WADING-BIRD. 2. A talking-bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. Steadiness of courage, or fortitude. 5. To go in.

SHAKSPEAREAN REBUS.



A three-line quotation from one of Shakspeare's plays.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials name a large country of Asia, and the finals a country of Europe renowned for its climate.

1. A country of South America.
2. An ancient name for a narrow strait in South-eastern Europe.
3. A British possession in Asia.
4. A kingdom of Northern Hindostan.
5. A North American mountain system.

SEDGWICK.

METAGRAM.

I AM a word, with meanings many;
 To plunge, is just as good as any;
 With new head, I'm a piece of money;
 With other head, I'm "sweet as honey."
 Another still, I'm a projection;
 One more, I sever all connection.
 Another change, I'm the teeth to stick in;
 Another still, I plague your chicken.
 One more new head, and I'm to taste;
 One more, and I discharge with haste.

L. W. H.

VERY EASY HIDDEN FURNITURE.

(FOR LITTLE FOLKS.)

1. MAY got a tablet for her Christmas.
2. My father walks so fast!
3. Such air as we breathe in our school-room is hurtful.
4. My brother's tools are always out of place.
5. What! not going to the party to-night?
6. Vic! Ribbons are out of place on school-girls.
7. What spool-cotton is the best to use?
8. Boys, stop that racket!
9. Lily made skips going along to school every day.

C. L. J.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In shelf, but not in seat;
2. In food, but not in meat;
3. In slow, but not in fast;
4. In model, but not in cast;
5. In hovel, but not in hut;
6. In almonds, but not in nut.

Read this aright, and you will find
 Two Yankee poets will come to mind.

L. E.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

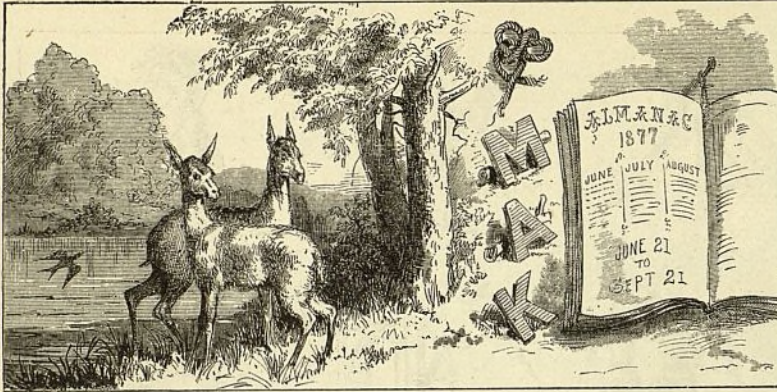
In each of the following sentences, fill the first blank, or set of blanks, with an appropriate word, or set of words, the letters of which may be transposed to fill the remaining blanks, as often as these blanks occur.

Thus, in No. 1, the first blank may be appropriately filled with the word "warned." The letters of this word, when transposed once, give "warden" for the second blank, and, transposed again, "wander" for the third.

1. Though _____ before setting forth, the church- _____ lost his way and continued to _____ helplessly for some time.
2. If a _____, or even a _____ had _____ at will through that well-kept _____, the plants would have been in great _____.
3. If _____ grow in the Levantine island of _____, at least _____ and _____ are to be found there. This was told me as a _____ fact.
4. Neither a precious stone such as a _____, nor a _____ of peeled willow, nor even a _____ of the sweet-pea vine, is of much account to an animal so savage as the _____.

W.

PROVERB REBUS.



CONTRACTIONS.

1. CURTAIL a color, and leave the forehead. 2. Curtail a joiner's tool, and leave a plot or draught. 3. Curtail a machine tool, and leave an article used in house-building. 4. Curtail a shrub, and leave warmth. 5. Curtail another shrub, and leave fog. 6. Curtail an ornament, and leave a fruit. 7. Curtail a badge of dignity or power, and leave a bird. 8. Curtail a thrust, and leave an organ of the human body. 9. Curtail a number, and leave a building for defense. 1. A.

WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.

In each of the following sentences, remove one of the defined words from the other, and leave a complete word.

1. Take always from a young hare, and leave to allow. 2. Take a tree from random cutting, and leave to throw. 3. Take part of the eye from cuttings, and leave what children often say the kettle does. 4. Take a sty from a workman in wood, and leave a carrier. 5. Take a favorite from floor-coverings, and leave vehicles. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

WITHIN my first, by no breeze stirred,
My second, mirrored, saw my third,
And plucked it, juicy, ripe and red,
From a stray branch just overhead.

A town in India, owned by France,
My whole, might well enrich romance. J. P. B.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

CENTRAL, read downward, an implement formerly used in war and the chase. Horizontals: 1. To sing in solemn measure. 2. Mineral produce. 3. In administrator. 4. A part of a toothed wheel. 5. An arbor. C. H. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—1. Dry. 2. Elope. 3. Drovers. 4. Spend. 5. Try. Remaining diamond: 1. R. 2. Lop. 3. Rover. 4. Pen. 5. R. A CONCEALED BILL-OF-FARE.—1. Tea. 2. Beef. 3. Butter. 4. Ham. 5. Egg. 6. Meat. 7. Pie. 8. Fish. 9. Shad. 10. Salad. 11. Peas. 12. Hash.

EASY "ANNIVERSARY" PUZZLES.—Three anniversaries: 1. Fourth of July; J is a fourth part of the word "July." 2. First of May; M is the first letter of the word "May." 3. Holidays; hollid A's.

GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC.—Liverpool. 1. Liffey. 2. Irrawaddy. 3. Vienné. 4. Euphrates. 5. Rhone. 6. Po. 7. Oder. 8. Ohio. 9. Lena.

EASY HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.—Tempus fugit: (Time flies.) Totem pushed; Oufugi to.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—"Make hay while the sun shines."

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Bread. 2. Rumor. 3. Emery. 4. Aorta. 5. Dryad.

ANAGRAM DOUBLE-DIAMOND AND INCLOSED DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.—Diamond, across: 1, R; 2, hat; 3, mated; 4, pen; 5, S. Word-square, downward: 1, Hap; 2, ate; 3, ten.

EASY BEHEADINGS.—1. Y-awning. 2. G-ape. 3. W-ant. 4. C-rate. 5. S-rape. 6. P-lace. 7. L-oaf. 8. S-hocks. 9. S-pin. 10. B-lot. 11. B-ranch. 12. S-lack.

SHAKSPEAREAN ENIGMA.—Rosalind.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Patience: Pan, pence, ape, can, cane, cent, ice, pint, tin, ten, tie, net, pie, tea, cat, cape.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—Belle's letters; Belles-lettres.

CHARADE.—Harpischord: Harp, sigh, chord.

SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Plaster, plaster, paster, pater. 2. Harem, harm, ham. 3. Clamp, clap, cap.

ACROSTIC.—Mignonette. 1. MaN. 2. IcE. 3. GnaT. 4. NaT. 5. Ode.

DOUBLE, REVERSED ACROSTIC.—

D —i— D
E —k— E
E —v— E
D —eife— D

ENIGMA.—Hans Christian Andersen. 1. Shasta. 2. Chin. 3. Reins. 4. Red. 5. Nan.

EASY ENIGMA.—Tennis: Sin, net.

BIOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Abraham Lincoln. 1. AdmiraL. 2. Bandittl. 3. RobiN. 4. ArC. 5. HerO. 6. Anvil. 7. Marten.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Chamois. 1. DisCern. 2. ScHah. 3. DAn. 4. M. 5. FOe. 6. PaIns. 7. VasSals.

REVERSALS.—1. Flow, wolf. 2. Draw, ward. 3. Gulp, plug. 4. Laud, dual. 5. Leer, reel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 18, from "Allie," Milly E. Adams, Maude Adams, George J. Fiske, Jeanie A. Christie, "Fannie," Edward Vultee, "Aimée," Estella Lohmeyer, Bertha Keferstein, Willie B. Deas, "Winnie," "Vulcan," "St Nicholas Club," Chas. Carhart, "Patrolman Gilhooley," Harry Price, Frankie Price, M. W. C., "Prebo," "Cozy Club," E. S. G., M. H. G., "Lillian," Gertrude H., Bessie G., Georgie B., Adele F. Freeman, Nessie E. Stevens, Minnie Thiebaud, Eleanor P. Hughes, Ella Blanke, Kittie Blanker, "Bessie and her Cousin," Alice Robinson, C. S. King, Wm. H. McGee, Adele G. D., E. F. T., Nettie Kabrick, Debe D. Moore, Neils E. Hansen, Isabel Lauck, "O. K.," Alfred Terry Barnes, Florence Wilcox, Francis H. Earp, Imogene M. Wood, Horace F. W., Rowen S. McClure, Julia Crofton, "The P. L. C.," S. Norris Knapp, "K. Y. Z.," "Nameless," W. C. Eichelberger, John Cress, Daisy Briggs, Romeo Friganzi De Plonzies De Flon, G. P. Dravo, Marshall B. Clarke, Mary L. Fenimore, Bessie H. Jones, Samuel Hoyt Brady, Edith McKeever, R. Townsend McKeever, Annie L. Volkmar, E. Gilchrist, H. B. Ayers, S. A. Gregory, Virgie Gregory, "Caprice," Lewis G. Davis, Charles Fritts, Frances Hunter, Ray T. French, Nellie Zimmerman, Kittie Tuers, Eita Taylor, Guardie Kimball, Lulu Loomis, W. A. Ricker, Florence R. Swain, Nellie Baker, Gracie Van Wageningen, C. B. Murray, Gertrude Cheever, Albert T. Emery, Florence Van Rensselaer, "Hard and Tough," Nellie Emerson, Hans Oehme, Paul Oehme, C. N. Cogswell, Louisa Blake, W. H. Patten, Clara F. Allen, Caroline Howard, Helen Jackson, Ethel S. Mason, Helen S. Rodenstein, Harry Durand, Charles H. Stout, Sarah Duffield, Constance Grand-Pierre, "Prince Arthur," Madeleine Boniville, K. Beddle, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Marnie Robbins, C. L. S. Tingley, A. M. Holz, "Black Prince," J. R. Garfield, Anna E. Mathewson, "Adrienne," Grace A. Smith, M. H. Bradley, Gladys H. Wilkinson, and "John Gilpin."

THE LABYRINTH PUZZLE was solved by Esther L. Fiske, "Aimée," Estella Lohmeyer, Bertha Keferstein, "Vulcan," "Patrolman Gilhooley," Chas. H. Stout, M. W. C., "Cozy Club," R. M., Nessie E. Stevens, Minnie Thiebaud, Eleanor P. Hughes, Ella Blanke, Kittie Blanker, "Bessie and her Cousin," Adele G. D., Horace F. W., S. Norris Knapp, W. C. Eichelberger, John Cress, Romeo Friganzi De Plonzies De Flon, Samuel Hoyt Brady, Eddie K. Earle, R. Townsend McKeever, Nettie F. Mack, "Caprice," C. Maud Olney, Frances Hunter, Charles Fritts, Harvey E. Mason, Lulu B. Monroe, Nellie Baker, Nellie Emerson, Caroline Howard, "Diaconos," Sarah Duffield, Constance Grand-Pierre, William T. Gray, K. Beddle, Georgine C. Schnitzspahn, Gladys H. Wilkinson, and H. Martin Vail.

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