



(See page 174.)

THE MADONNA OF THE LILY.

AFTER A PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## LITTLE NELLIE IN THE PRISON.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

The eyes of a child are sweeter than any hymn we have sung,  
And wiser than any sermon is the lisp of a childish tongue!

HUGH FALCON learned this happy truth one day;  
('T was a fair noontide in the month of May)—  
When, as the chaplain of the convicts' jail,  
He passed its glowering archway, sad and pale,  
Bearing his tender daughter on his arm.  
A five years' darling she! The dewy charm  
Of Eden star-dawns glistened in her eyes;  
Her dimpled cheeks were rich with sunny dyes.

"Papa!" the child that morn, while still abed,  
Drawing him close toward her, shyly said;  
"Papa! oh, wont you let your Nellie go  
To see those naughty men that plague you so,  
Down in the ugly prison by the wood?  
Papa, I 'll beg and pray them to be good."  
"What, you, my child?" he said, with half a sigh.  
"Why not, papa? I 'll beg them so to *try*."

The chaplain, with a father's gentlest grace,  
Kissed the small ruffled brow, the pleading face;  
"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings still,  
Praise is perfected," thought he; thus, his will  
Blended with hers, and through those gates of sin,  
Black, even at noontide, sire and child passed in.

Fancy the foulness of a sulphurous lake,  
Wherefrom a lily's snow-white leaves should break,  
Flushed by the shadow of an unseen rose!  
So, at the iron gate's loud clang and close,  
Shone the drear twilight of that place defiled,  
Touched by the flower-like sweetness of the child!



O'er many a dismal vault, and stony floor,  
The chaplain walked from ponderous door to door,  
Till now beneath a stair-way's dizzy flight  
He stood, and looked up the far-circling height;  
But risen of late from fever's torture-bed,  
How could he trust his faltering limbs and head?

Just then, he saw, next to the mildewed wall,  
A man in prisoner's raiment, gaunt and tall,  
Of sullen aspect, and wan, downcast face,  
Gloomed in the midnight of some deep disgrace;  
He shrank as one who yearned to fade away,  
Like a vague shadow on the stone-work gray,  
Or die beyond it, like a viewless wind;  
His seemed a spirit faithless, passionless, blind  
To all fair hopes which light the hearts of men,—  
A dull, dead soul, never to wake again!

The chaplain paused, half doubting what to do,  
When little Nellie raised her eyes of blue,  
And, no wise daunted by the downward stir  
Of shaggy brows that glowered askance at her,  
Said,—putting by her wealth of sunny hair,—  
“Sir, will you kindly take me up the stair?  
Papa is tired, and I'm too small to climb.”  
Frankly her eyes in his gazed all the time,  
And something to her childhood's instinct known  
So worked within her, that her arms were thrown  
About his neck. She left her sire's embrace  
Near that sad convict-heart to take her place,  
Sparkling and trustful!—more she did not speak;  
But her quick fingers patted his swart cheek  
Caressingly,—in time to some old tune  
Hummed by her nurse, in summer's drowsy noon!

Perforce he turned his wild, uncertain gaze  
Down on the child! Then stole a tremulous haze  
Across his eyes, but rounded not to tears;  
Wherethrough he saw faint glimmerings of lost years  
And perished loves! A cabin by a rill  
Rose through the twilight on a happy hill;  
And there were lithe child-figures at their play  
That flashed and faded in the dusky ray;  
And near the porch a gracious wife who smiled,  
Pure as young Eve in Eden, unbeguiled!

Subdued, yet thrilled, 't was beautiful to see  
With what deep reverence, and how tenderly,  
He clasped the infant frame so slight and fair,  
And safely bore her up the darkening stair!  
The landing reached, in her arch, childish ease,  
Our Nelly clasped his neck and whispered:

“Please,

Wont you be good, sir? For I like you so,  
And you are such a big, strong man, you know ——”  
With pleading eyes, her sweet face sidewise set.  
Then suddenly his furrowed cheeks grew wet

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With sacred tears—in whose divine eclipse  
 Upon her nestling head he pressed his lips  
 As softly as a dreamy west-wind's sigh,—  
 What time a something, undefined but high,  
 As 't were a new soul, struggled to the dawn  
 Through his raised eyelids. Thence, the gloom withdrawn  
 Of brooding vengeance and unholy pain,  
 He felt no more the captive's galling chain;  
 But only knew a little child had come  
 To smite Despair, his taunting demon, dumb;  
 A child whose marvelous innocence enticed  
 All white thoughts back, that from the heart of Christ  
 Fly dove-like earthward, past our clouded ken,  
 Child-life to bless, or lives of child-like men!

— Thus he went his way,  
 An altered man from that thrice blessed day;  
 His soul tuned ever to the soft refrain  
 Of words once uttered in a sacred fane:  
 "The little children, let them come to me;  
 Of such as these my realm of heaven must be;"  
 But most he loved of one dear child to tell,  
 The child whose trust had saved him, tender Nell!

## MYRTO'S FESTIVAL.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

MYRTO'S festival was not a strawberry-festival to be held in church parlors, for this was long, long ago, about five centuries before the birth of Christ, and in the beautiful but pagan city of Athens.

The magnificent temple of the Parthenon, the rebuilding of which had occupied fifteen years, was finished. It was on this account that the Panathenæa, the greatest celebration day of the Athenian people (a festival dearer to their hearts than the Fourth of July to American citizens), was to be solemnized with more than usual pomp. There was not a citizen, from the great governor Pericles down to the poorest child, but looked forward with high anticipation to the four days of the festival. Indeed, Athens, at this time, was, in some respects, like Philadelphia just before the Centennial.

Myrto was one of three adopted children, who had been brought together from widely distant homes. Cleis, eldest of the three, was almost sixteen; she was quite a foreigner, having come from the Isle of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea. She was never merry; her eyes seemed always looking far away, perhaps across the sea to her Lesbian home, or else away to the hills where the immortals dwelt, for Cleis was the child of song, a descendant of the poetess

Sappho. Charmides, a sturdy Dorian boy, was from Sparta; he was fifteen, strong as a young Hercules, but agile as strong; brave, generous, and truthful. Myrto was fourteen; a sensitive, loving girl, from the pleasure-loving city of Corinth. They had been adopted by a wealthy and kind-hearted man named Ischomachus. Let us imagine ourselves in the inner court of his house; there are beds of flowers surrounding a small fountain, and the rest of the space is paved with a mosaic of white and dark marble. The walls are painted in fresco, and the court is open to the sky. Cleis, leaning on the basin of the fountain, is feeding the fishes, while Myrto bends over her embroidery-frame.

"Myrto! Myrto!" exclaimed Cleis, impatiently, "why do you work so busily in the time the Mother gives us for recreation?"

"Because," replied Myrto, "I have a little scheme which I shall tell you about after the festival; perhaps you will help me in it."

"Not if it is embroidery, or spinning; you know I detest work of that kind. But why does not Charmides return? The exercises at the gymnasium must have closed long since. Ah! here he is."

Charmides bounded into the court, exclaiming:





THE PROCESSION—BEARING THE MANTLE FOR THE STATUE OF PALLAS.

"Where is Ischomachus, where is the Mother? I have been chosen to compete in the games! Oh, Cleis! I don't see why girls are not taught gymnastics here, as in Sparta. I knew several there who could leap farther than I. There was one game in which they represented a stag-hunt. The one who could leap the highest, and run the fastest, was the stag, and the rest gave chase, with their hair flying behind them."

Cleis's lip curled scornfully. "I do not envy

name is Aristophanes. You would like him, Myrto, he is a very funny boy, he mimics everything. You should have heard him recite his song of the frogs. How we shouted! We promised to crown him poet some day."

The days before the Panathenæa seemed, to the children, to hardly move. But at last the great festival came. There were exercises of wrestling, and races in the stadium. In one of these, Charmides won great distinction by leaping from a



THE RACE OF THE SPARTAN GIRLS.

such rough play, but I should like to compete in poetry and literature. How glorious it would be to write like the young Euripides! Myrto, do you remember when they played his *Alcestis*?"

"Oh, yes," spoke up Charmides; "that part where Hercules breaks into the house of mourning and makes such a jolly row, scolds every one for wearing a solemn face, and keeps calling for refreshments; and then, like the true old hero he is, fights a duel with Death, and brings *Alcestis* back to her husband. There is a boy at our gymnasium who can't bear what Euripides writes; his

chariot, running by the side of the horses for a long distance, and then remounting with a bound. Then there were the recitations of poems, the musical exercises, and dances at the Odeon, and finally, on the fourth day, the procession. All the citizens met in the Ceramicus, or potters' quarter, and marched out to Eleusis, a town to the north of Athens, and making the circuit of a very large temple in honor of Ceres, returned to Athens, halting at the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, where, later, St. Paul made a memorable address. Then the people mounted by an immense marble staircase to





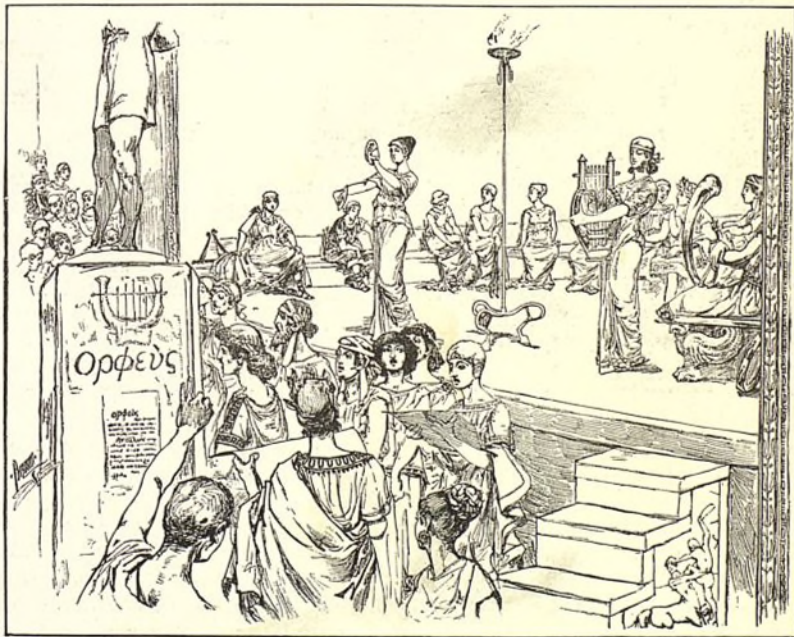
THE PROCESSION—THE ATHLETES.

the Acropolis, a high hill on which were crowded the principal temples of Athens, the chief of which was the Parthenon, which had just been completed in honor of Pallas. In this procession the old men led, bearing branches of trees; next followed the young girls of noble families, bearing a beautiful crocus-colored mantle, richly embroidered, for the statue of Pallas. Next came the deputations from allied cities, the "distinguished guests," as we should say nowadays. Then more people with offerings, and the athletes on horses or in chariots, which must have been left at the foot of the staircase, and then the great mass of the people. At last they reached the Parthenon, decorated with sculptures from the studio of Phidias. The frieze is now in the British Museum, brought there, from Greece, by Lord Elgin. And what do you imagine it represents? What but this very same joyous festival procession, just as I have explained it to you. The building must have been a marvel of beauty when first completed, and within was the exquisite ivory statue of the goddess at whose feet they now laid their offerings.

Only one class of people in the whole city took no part in the ceremonies. The slaves had nothing to do with the Athenians' religion or the Athenians' pleasures. Little Myrto pitied them from her heart. Ischomachus owned a great many, who were employed upon his estate on Mount Hymettus. The family spent a part of the year at this country-seat, and Myrto determined that the children of the slaves should have their Panathenæa, too. These slaves

were not all negroes. A few of them had been brought from Egypt, but most were people of northern tribes, captured in battle; fair-skinned and blue-eyed, intelligent as the Greeks, of different nations, but all classed together as barbarians.

This was why Myrto had worked so steadily. She was fashioning a robe in imitation of the one which had been borne to the goddess. The wife of Ischomachus, pleased with the child's fancy, helped her; and she had one other friend—Philip the Pedagogue—who joined heartily in her plans to give the slave children one happy holiday. He had been seized when a young man by the piratical slave-dealers of Chios, and sold to Ischomachus, who had allowed him to study, and now intrusted to him the education of the children.



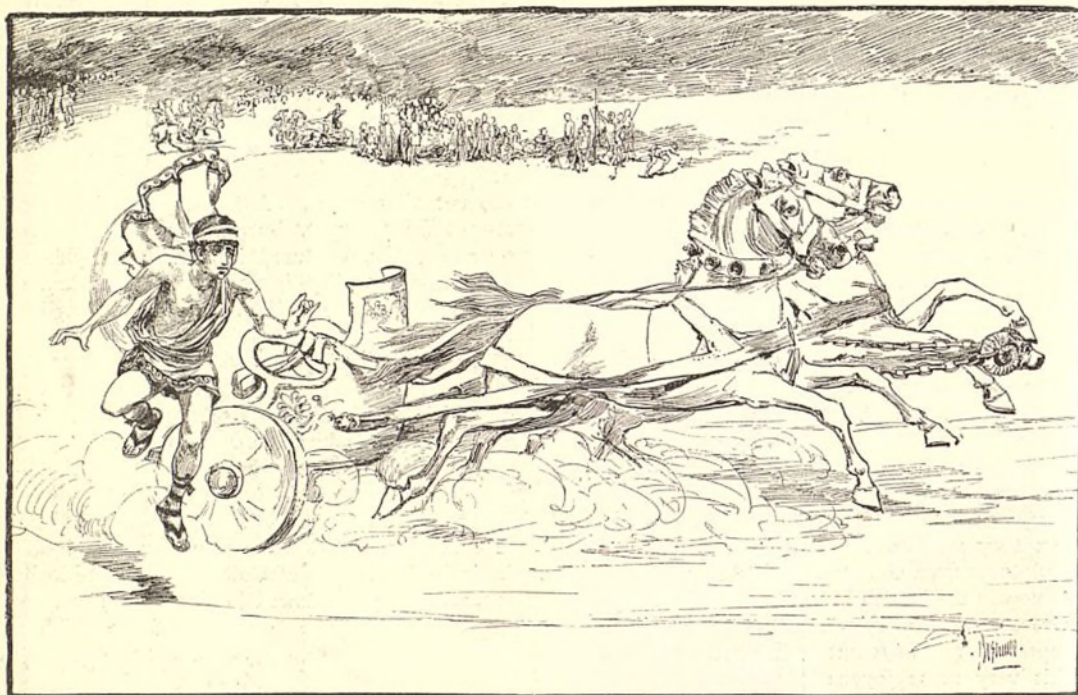
THE MUSICAL EXERCISES AT THE ODEON.

Philip was the soul of honor. There was one line from Menander which he was never tired of quoting: "Serve like a freeman—thou shalt be no slave!"



And yet Myrto, who had heard him speak of his mother, knew that he longed to return to her. She asked Ischomachus for what he would consent

which Charmides had learned long before in Sparta, in which the combatants struck, warded off, retreated, rallied, and fell as though wounded. The



THE WONDERFUL LEAP OF CHARMIDES.

to ransom the pedagogue, and he had agreed to do so for two minas—about forty dollars of our money.

The day for her festival arrived. For hours after dawn, elegant chariots bringing guests from Athens, and the occupants of the neighboring villas, on horseback and on foot, poured in a continuous stream to the country house of Ischomachus. Myrto showed them to cushioned seats under a vine-canopied pavilion, on the ground in front of which sat the slaves. A grassy lawn stretched before them, and here the boys, trained by Charmides, performed various feats of jumping, running, and wrestling. Refreshments were passed to the guests, and the drama of the day, arranged by Cleis and Philip, was acted by the children of the slaves.

The play was a burlesque called "The Battle of Frogs and Mice." Charmides had obtained from a chorus-master in Athens a quantity of masks shaped like the heads of frogs and mice. These were worn by the children, the mice being further distinguished by gray tunics, and the frogs by mantles of green.

After a variety of amusing scenes, a mimic battle took place between the frogs and mice, an exercise

mice were victorious, and it was only through the re-enforcement of a platoon of cuirassiers—boys dressed to represent crabs—that the frogs were able to make an orderly retreat to their pond. After the acting of the drama, the procession was formed, Cleis and Charmides, crowned with laurel, leading the way, two little slaves following, bearing the lavender-colored robe, with its narrow border of gold, which Myrto had embroidered, and which was to be sold to the highest bidder. Next came the invited guests, as "foreign deputations," bearing their offerings—pieces of money, vases, scarfs, and caskets. After them came the long procession of slaves, no one so mean but he had his offering, too,—a little pot of honey, a basket of figs or pomegranates, a snared bird, a little cake. They marched to the door-way of the mansion, which was supported by two columns, one in the Doric and the other in the Ionic style, and on these Myrto had requested that the names of the two victors, Cleis and Charmides, should be carved. This was now done with great ceremony. The capitals were wreathed with laurel and myrtle, and libations poured upon the door-sill between them. Ischomachus said there should have been a third

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column, to have borne the name of Myrto; but there was none, and Myrto herself could not see that she deserved it, for she had neither won a race nor written a poem. Last of all, the embroidered robe was sold, and the value of the offerings computed. They were worth, Ischomachus thought, about three minas.

"Then, dear father," said Myrto, "will you take them and give Philip his liberty?"

"Right willingly," replied Ischomachus, handing Philip the parchment which declared him a free man, and a bag of silver, which would more than defray his expenses to his native land.

The poor man was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy, and took leave of them with tears in his eyes.

The subsequent history of the children will not take long to tell. Cleis became a very talented and brilliant woman, though not a very happy one. Charmides, when the Peloponnesian war broke out, became a soldier, and fell fighting for his country. Myrto, several years after this, died while visiting



THE STATUE OF PALLAS.



• Myrto • Cleis • Charmides •

THE CORINTHIAN, IONIC, AND DORIC COLUMNS.

stalk of acanthus happened to be among them, which took root, and its graceful leaves shot from the open spaces of the basket-work, growing upward until their progress was stopped by the tile, when they curved as gracefully downward. A Greek architect, Calimachus, saw this, and from it invented the Corinthian capital, the third order of classical architecture.

Philip, returning to Athens to visit the family of his former master, heard this story, and begged to be allowed to erect a third column, to Myrto's memory, beside the two which had been wreathed upon her festival day.

The three capitals still remain, representing, even in their ruin, physical, mental, and moral beauty; a poem without words, the history of three lives, and the principles which they

her native city, Corinth. We are told that a slave placed upon her grave a basket of flowers, with a tile upon the top to protect them from the sun. A



expressed, told simply by a different combination of carven curves.

Something of this hidden lesson of human life, the many wise architects and lovers of antiquity, who have studied these different capitals, have guessed. A poet named Thomson, too, seems to have understood the meanings which these three beautiful styles of column convey, when he wrote :

"First unadorned,  
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;  
The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,  
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriantly last,  
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath."

But in spite of its having lain for ages like an open book before the eyes of architects, antiquarians, and poets, you children are the first to hear the story of Myrto's festival.

## MEISTER FICK-FECK.

BY JULIA D. FAY.

YOU all have heard of the beautiful river Rhine, that has its birth in the mighty Alps, and comes from its snowy, rocky cradle a strong young river, hastening on like the heart of a boy impatient to seek his fortunes. It has a pleasant road, and foams and dashes along, now blue, now green, now silver, its waters singing on its way past olden city, nestling village, vine-covered height, castle-crowned rock, deep forest, golden valley, and crumbling ruin, on and ever on, until at its full growth it reaches the sea.

There are many strange stories told about it and the many mountains and villages that lie along its banks. There is one with the funny title of "Meister Fick-feck."

"Who was Meister Fick-feck?" you ask.

Well, he belonged to the race of dwarfs, and lived in among the Rhine Mountains. He was never seen by the villagers, and yet he was well known for miles around, and the people all came to him, or rather to the crevice of the rock where he lived, and called out to him, "Ho, ho, Meister Fick-feck!" and always he answered their call. He was a very obliging dwarf, and heard and relieved all the wants of the poor villagers who came to him with their troubles. The maidens begged him for some trinket or ribbon, the boys for a boat, a kite, or a gun, the men for help in their fields or the shop, the women for the weaving of linen or spinning of wool; and always, on the following day, they found their requests granted. On the mountain before the cave lay the gifts for the maidens; the boy found the boat on the river, the blacksmith the horses shod, the miller his meal ground, the farmer his field plowed, the housewives their spinning and weaving all done.

If a little one was baptized in the village, it was Meister Fick-feck who gave the christening robe. If the young girl grew tired of spinning, and dropped asleep over the spinnet, when she awak-

ened she found the work completed, and with a laugh, said, "Thanks to Fick-feck, my work is done!" He helped with the wine in the wine season, cleared the paths in the winter time, and made the children happy with wonderful dolls, fifes, trumpets, and comical toys. He gave wedding garments for the bridal pair, and even shrouds for the burial, when the aged people of the village died.

His work was never finished, for the peasants had always some new task for him to do, and stood early and late before his door in the mountain. They were grateful, these poor people, for all his goodness to them, and one day they talked among themselves as to how they could reward him. There was a great debate about it, and finally they agreed that it would be best to ask the dwarf what he would like to have; so, accordingly, they went up to the mountain and called out: "Ho, ho, Meister Fick-feck! We want to make you a present. What will you have?"

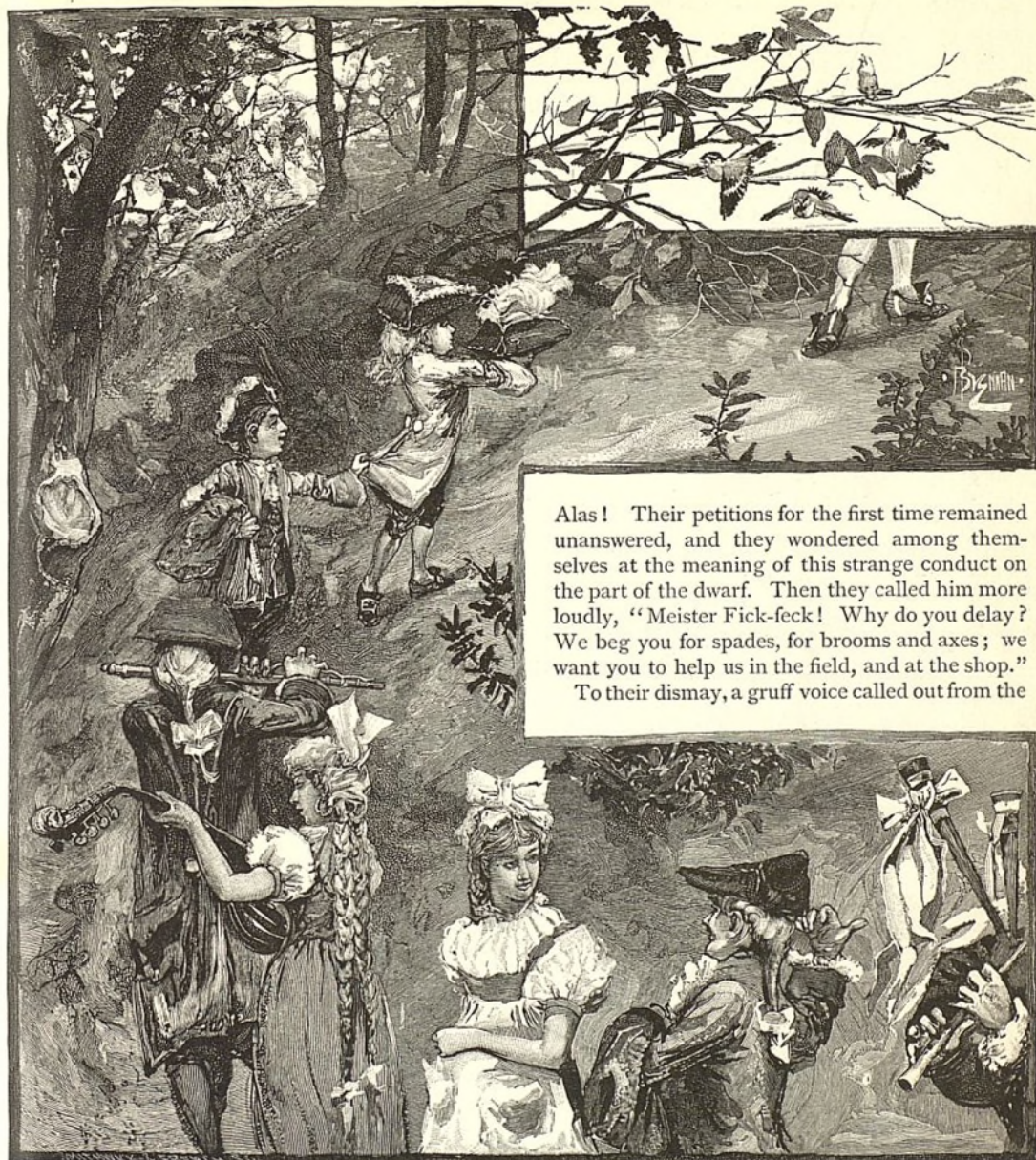
Then one offered wine of the choicest vintage, but the voice of the dwarf said, "I drink no wine."

Another proffered him a fat calf, another a lamb; but no, he ate neither veal nor lamb cutlets, but at last he modestly said that he would like a suit of clothes such as were worn by men.

Then the people gladly cried: "A suit thou shalt have, Meister Fick-feck," and left the mountain in great haste to give the order. They told the tailor he must fashion a right royal suit for the dwarf. They cared not for the expense. The coat must be made of bright blue velvet, the knee-breeches of scarlet satin, and the vest of yellow silk, embroidered with different colors. A chapeau with a waving plume completed this wonderful costume.

When it was finished, the entire village took a holiday, and formed a procession with flutes and pipes, festal wreaths and crowns, and trudged up





Alas! Their petitions for the first time remained unanswered, and they wondered among themselves at the meaning of this strange conduct on the part of the dwarf. Then they called him more loudly, "Meister Fick-feck! Why do you delay? We beg you for spades, for brooms and axes; we want you to help us in the field, and at the shop."

To their dismay, a gruff voice called out from the

THE VILLAGERS CARRYING THE COSTUME TO FICK-FECK.

the mountain, where they halted before the rocky door of the dwarf's dwelling, sang a song of thanks and honor, laid down the splendid costume, and went to their homes.

The next day, however, they came again, with even more favors to ask than formerly, feeling sure that they would be granted by Fick-feck, in his joy over the gorgeous attire they had given him.

rock: "Ei—ei; pack off, each one of you, and ask no more of me;" and while the peasants stared with open eyes and mouths, the voice came again: "Go each to your work. I am free from my bondage, and henceforth shall lead a gay life, as befits a courtier. My work is all finished. I am dressed like a gentleman, and henceforth will live at ease. The former 'Meister Fick-feck' bids you farewell."



## KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

IT is now about seven hundred and thirty years ago that a remarkable book suddenly appeared in England, which, under the rather commonplace name of "History of the Britons," professed to give an account of a number of ancient British kings living both before and after Christ, who had never been heard of in history before.

One of these kings was Arthur, whose adventures, under the advice of his prophet, Merlin, and with the help of his special company of knights, were set forth with much fullness. Its author, Geoffrey of Monmouth,—who, I think, would feel obliged if you would not pronounce his name Gee-of-frey, as does a young lady of my acquaintance, but plain Jeffrey,—claimed to have translated a Welsh book, which a friend had brought him, and which contained the histories of these kings. Whether Geoffrey's story of the Welsh book was true or not—a point on which the world divided in his own day, and has never yet come together—really makes little difference. Here, at any rate, the story of King Arthur got fairly into literature for the first time. Writers from every side took up the Arthurian story, retold it in prose and verse, changed it, added to it, and in various ways worked upon it, until finally five great romances, besides a host of smaller ones, grew up, which far outran Geoffrey's original, and which continued the delight of Europe for three hundred years. Not that they ceased then; but they began a fresh career, with the invention of printing.

About the time when King Richard III. cast the little princes, his nephews, into the Tower, and while the Wars of the Roses were still smoldering, it happened one day that some English gentlemen asked sturdy old William Caxton,—who had recently set up the first printing-press in England, at Westminster Abbey,—why, among the books he was sending forth, he had not printed the famous history of King Arthur? At other times the question was repeated; and upon looking about for a suitable work on this subject to print, it was found that some years before—about 1469 or 1470—an English knight named Sir Thomas Malory had collected the five great "Romances" just now mentioned, cut out part, added much, re-arranged the whole, and made it into one continuous story, or novel, all centering about the court of King Arthur, and ending with the mournful wars between him and Sir Launcelot on the one side, and Sir Mordred on the other, in which the great king

is finally killed, and the Round Table is broken up forever.

This book Caxton printed, finishing it, as he tells us, on the last day of July, 1485; and it is this book which now, nearly four hundred years afterward, has been reprinted in an edition for boys, from which the engravings accompanying this sketch are taken.

It is, therefore, with the pleasant sense of introducing an old English classic to young English readers that I comply with the request of the editor of ST. NICHOLAS for some account of Sir Thomas Malory's book, which may bring it before younger minds than those for whom the introduction to the work itself was written.

Before giving some sample stories out of Sir Thomas, it is well to have a clear understanding of the idea upon which it is plain that all his tales are strung, like necklace-beads on a golden wire. This idea is chivalry.

The first principle, we may say, of the old-time chivalry was the tender protection of weakness; and such we may fairly call the main motive which holds together all the people about King Arthur; the protection of the weak. That is the ideal business of the knight-errant. When the young cavalier rides forth on a bright morning, all armed, and singing, his jousts and fights with those whom he meets, even if their direct object is not the succor of some distress, are considered by him as mere training and exercise for helpful deeds; and if he tries, in the old phrase, "to win worship" ("worship" being a short way of saying *worth-ship*, that is, the esteem of worthiness), his worship is always at the service of helplessness.

You can now, perhaps, more clearly understand what is really beneath all this stir of battle and adventure in Sir Thomas's book. The general sweep of the story, as he has put it together, is this: Old King Uther Pendragon having died, there is trouble who shall be king in his place. During this trouble, one day, a stone appears with a sword sticking in it; and who can draw out that sword from the stone, he shall be king. Many try, and fail; until at last a boy named Arthur, who has been brought up by the prophet Merlin, and who is (though not so known) really the son of Uther, takes the sword by the hilt and draws it out with ease. He becomes King Arthur, and straightway gathers about him a company of strong and faithful knights, who form a brilliant court, around which all the adventures



of the time thereafter seem to turn. The story now for a while goes mainly upon Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the strongest knight of the world; and many wild adventures of his are related. The main figure then, for a little while, becomes one Sir Gareth, of Orkney, who was nicknamed Beaumains. He comes one day in disguise to Arthur's court, and begs to be allowed to serve in Arthur's kitchen for a year. Unheeding the scornful jokes of the by-standers, he passes his year in the kitchen; but he is always at hand when any deed of arms is going on about the palace. At the end of the year, a person in distress appears one day at Arthur's palace, and asks that some knight will undertake a desperate enterprise. Beaumains begs the honor; and, amid many jeers, for many days, always scorned and flouted, fights battle after battle, with knight after knight, conquers them, and binds them to appear at King Arthur's court on a certain time, as his prisoners, and finally wins such worship that all jeers are silenced, and he is triumphantly made Knight of the Round Table.

We are now introduced to a new hero, Sir Tristram de Lyonesse, who is beset with the toils of the ungrateful and treacherous King Mark of Cornwall, and by many wanderings and adventures comes to King Arthur's court, where he is made Knight of the Round Table, and is the strongest knight of all the world save Sir Launcelot. A great change here comes upon the story. It is noised that the Holy Cup called the "Saint Grail," in which the blood of the Savior was said to have been caught as it flowed, had been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, and is now in England, full of miraculous powers. At this, all the knights depart in search of it, and we have the wonderful adventures of the famous "Quest of the Saint Grail," during which Sir Galahad, the purest knight of the whole world, comes upon the scene, with the gentle and winning Sir Percival. Sir Galahad finds the Holy Grail, and dies soon afterward; the knights—those who are left alive—return to King Arthur's court, and he, who had spent his days in sorrowful foreboding ever since they departed, dreams again of renewing his old brilliant Round Table. But a shadow soon darkens the court, and presently overglooms all. Queen Guenever makes a great banquet to the returned knights, and all is merry until suddenly a knight tastes of an apple and falls down dead. The kinsmen of that knight accuse the queen of poisoning him; and she is condemned to be burnt, unless by a certain day a champion appear to prove her innocence by the gage of battle. The day comes, the stake and fire are made ready; but Sir Launcelot in disguise dashes into the lists and defeats her accuser. Nevertheless, treachery and discord are now at work; Sir Mordred is plotting; Sir Gawaine

conceives a violent hatred against Sir Launcelot; King Arthur allows Sir Gawaine to lead him; and presently we have the forces of King Arthur besieging Sir Launcelot in his castle of Joyous Gard; the talk over the walls here, between Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine; the magnificent control of Sir Launcelot, who ever tries to avoid the war; the patient goodliness with which he reasons away the taunts of Gawaine and the king; the care with which he instructs his knights and soldiers to do no harm to King Arthur, on pain of death; and the tender loyalty with which, one day, he himself rescues King Arthur, who has been hurt and thrown, sets the king on horseback, and conducts him into safety; all these are here told with such simple art and strength as must strike the soul of every reader, old and young. Finally, King Arthur, after twice levying war upon Sir Launcelot, is recalled by the treachery of Sir Mordred, whom he left in charge of the kingdom, but who has taken advantage of his absence to seize the realm into his own hands, and is even trying to compel Queen Guenever to be his wife. Many battles follow, until, in a great final struggle, Arthur is wounded to death, in the act of killing Mordred; and the scene closes with the pathetic and beautiful departure of Sir Launcelot from this world; who, with some old companions that remained, had become holy men after the death of their king, and served God until He took them to Him.

In the two engravings given herewith, the artist has very pleasantly endeavored to make us eyewitnesses of at least the critical moments in some of the adventures with which our "History of King Arthur" overflows; and I cannot do better than give you, in Sir Thomas's own words, as far as possible, an outline of the stories thus illustrated.

In looking, then, at the picture called "Sir Ector and Sir Turquine," please fancy that, on a certain morning, Sir Launcelot finds that he has rested and played long enough at court since the great Roman victories of King Arthur, and, turning his back upon the gay life there, sets forth, with his nephew Sir Lionel, through forest and plain, upon knight-errantry. The two straightway fall into adventures enough; but meantime Sir Ector, with whom we are here concerned, discovering that Sir Launcelot has left the court, through great love and anxiety hurries forth after him, to help him, if need be. "Then," says Sir Thomas, "when Sir Ector had ridden long in a great forest, he met with a man that was like a forester. 'Fair sir,' said Sir Ector, 'knowest thou in this country any adventures that be here nigh-hand?'"

"'Sir,' said the forester, 'this country know I well, and hereby within this mile is a strong manor and well dyked'" (that is, *moated*), "'and by that



manor, on the left hand, there is a fair ford for horses to drink of, and over that ford there groweth a fair tree, and thereon hangeth many fair shields, which have been conquered from good knights;



SIR ECTOR AND SIR TURQUINE.

and at the hollow of the tree hangeth a bason of copper; strike upon that bason with the butt of thy spear thrice, and soon after thou shalt hear new tidings." Sir Ector thanks him, and, upon riding up to the tree, finds it all be-hung with shields, which some victorious knight has won from their owners and thus displayed. Upon looking more closely, Sir Ector is stricken with grief to see hang-

ing there the shield of his brother, Sir Lionel. He is inflamed to right this matter. "Then anon Sir Ector beat on the bason as he were wood" (that is, *crazy*), "and then he gave his horse drink at the ford; and there came a knight behind him and bade him come out of the water and make him ready; and Sir Ector turned him shortly, and in rest cast his spear, and smote the other knight a great buffet that his horse turned twice about. 'This was well done,' said the strong knight, 'and knightly thou hast stricken me'; and therewith he rushed his horse on Sir Ector, and caught him under his right arm, and bare him clean out of his saddle"—as you see in the engraving—"and rode with him away into his own hall, and threw him down in the midst of the floor. The name of this knight was Sir Turquine." It is not long, however, before Sir Launcelot, after passing through many toils and enchantments,—spread about him by four queens who had taken him sleeping,—fares hither, defeats the strong Sir Turquine in a terrible fight, and delivers Sir Ector, along with a great number of prisoned knights.

In another engraving, called "Sir Beaumains and the Black Knight," we have one of the numerous encounters in the long series which was undertaken for a damsel by our Sir Gareth of Orkney, already mentioned in the general sketch. He had been nicknamed "Beaumains" by Sir Kay, for the largeness of his hands; but with incredible meekness, long-suffering, strength, and valor, he made the name one of the most honorable at Arthur's court. After riding forth with the damsel upon her adventure; after overcoming several knights; after enduring the bitter tongue of the very damsel he is fighting for, who ever chides him as a base "kitching-knave," better among pots and pans than swords and armor: one day, Beaumains "rode with that lady till even-song time"—vespers—"and ever she chid him, and would not rest. And then they came to a black

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lawn, and there was a black hawthorn, and thereon hung a black banner, and on the other side there hung a black shield, and by it stood a black spear, great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk, and a black stone fast by. There sat a knight all armed in black harness, and his name was 'The Knight of the Black Lawn.' The damsel advises Beaumains to flee. "'Gramercy,'" says Beaumains, and quietly holds his ground. The Black Knight asks if this is the damsel's champion. "'Nay, fair knight,'" said she, "'this is but a

nought; and whether it like thee or not, this lawn will I pass maugre'" (in spite of) "'thine head; and horse nor harness gettest thou none of me, but if thou win them with thy hands; and therefore let see what thou canst do.'" Then they departed with their horses, and came together as it had been the thunder; and the Black Knight's spear broke, and Beaumains thrust his through both his sides, and therewith his spear broke, and the truncheon left still in the side. But nevertheless, the Black Knight drew his sword and smote many eager



SIR BEAUMAINS AND THE BLACK KNIGHT.

kitchen-knave, that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms.'" Thereupon, after some talk with the damsel, the Black Knight concludes to be merciful to the kitchen-knave, and says: "'This much shall I grant you. I shall put him down upon one foot, and his horse and his harness'" (his "harness" is his armor) "'shall he leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm.'" But Beaumains, the kitchen-knave, is not so minded. "'Sir knight,'" he says, and one can easily enough fancy that his chin is a little in the air, and his neck-muscle straight, and his voice marvelous low and steady,—"'Sir knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and harness; I let thee know it cost thee

strokes—one of which strokes the Black Knight, with the truncheon sticking in his side, is just delivering upon Beaumains's shield, in the picture—"and hurt Beaumains full sore." The battle, however is won, after great tribulation, by Beaumains; who then goes on to many adventures, still reasoning away the bitter scoldings of the damsel, until finally—as he had announced at starting—he "wins worship worshipfully," marries a fair bride won in the course of his adventures, and has all men to his friends.

And so runs the record of numberless like adventures, until those last days when the fair fellowship ends with the death of King Arthur.



## A DEAR LITTLE GOOSE.

BY M. M. D.



WHILE I'm in the *ones*, I can frolic all the day;  
I can laugh, I can jump, I can run about and play.  
But when I'm in the *tens*, I must get up with the lark,  
And sew, and read, and practice, from early morn till dark.

When I'm in the *twenties*, I'll be like Sister Joe;  
I'll wear the sweetest dresses (and, may be, have a beau!)  
I'll go to balls and parties, and wear my hair up high,  
And not a girl in all the town shall be as gay as I.

When I'm in the *thirties*, I'll be just like Mamma;  
And, may be, I'll be married to a splendid big papa.  
I'll cook, and bake, and mend, and mind, and grow a little fat—  
But Mother is so sweet and nice, I'll not object to that.

Oh, what comes after thirty? The *forties*! Mercy, my!  
When I grow as old as forty, I think I'll have to die.  
But like enough the world wont last until we see that day;—  
It's so very, very, very, *very*, VERY far away!

## THE FLOATING PRINCE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once an orphan prince, named Nassime, who had been carefully educated to take his place upon the throne of his native country. Everything that a king ought to know had been taught him, and he was considered, by the best judges, to be in every way qualified to wear a crown and to wield a scepter.

But when he became of age, and was just about to take his place upon the throne, a relative, of great power and influence in the country, concluded that he would be king himself, and so the young

prince was thrown out upon the world. The new king did not want him in his dominions, and it was therefore determined, by his teachers and guardians, that he would have to become a "floating prince." By this, they meant that he must travel about, from place to place, until he found some kingdom which needed a king, and which was willing to accept him to rule over it. If such a situation were vacant, he easily could obtain it.

He was therefore furnished with a new suit of clothes and a good sword; a small crown and a



scepter were packed into his bag; and he was started out to seek his fortune, as best he could.

As the prince walked away from the walls of his native city, he felt quite down-hearted, although he was by nature gay and hopeful. He did not believe that he could find any country which would want him for a ruler.

"That is all nonsense," he said to himself. "There are always plenty of heirs or usurpers to take a throne when it is empty. If I want a kingdom, I must build up one for myself, and that is just what I will do. I will gather together my subjects as I go along. The first person I meet shall be my chief counselor of state, the second shall be head of the army, the third shall be admiral of the navy, the next shall be chief treasurer, and then I will collect subjects of various classes."

Cheered by this plan, he stepped gayly on, and just as he was entering a wood, through which his pathway led him, he heard some one singing.

Looking about him, he saw a little lady, about five inches high, sitting upon a twig of a flowering bush near by, and singing to herself. Nassime instantly perceived that she was a fairy, and said to himself: "Oho! I did not expect a meeting of this sort." But as he was a bold and frank young fellow, he stepped up to her and said: "Good-morning, lady fairy. How would you like to be chief counselor to a king?"

"It would be splendid!" said the lively little fairy, her eyes sparkling with delight. "But where is the king?"

"I am the king," said Nassime, "or, rather, I am to be, as soon as I get my kingdom together."

And then he told her his story and his plans. The fairy was charmed. The plan suited her exactly.

"You might get a larger counselor than I am," she said, "but I know a good deal about government. I have been governed ever so much, and I could not help learning how it is done. I'm glad enough to have a chance to help somebody govern other people. I'll be your chief counselor."

"All right," said the prince, who was much pleased with the merry little creature. "Now we'll go and hunt up the rest of the kingdom."

He took the little fairy in his hand and placed her in one of the folds of his silken girdle, where she could rest, as if in a tiny hammock, and then he asked her name.

"My name," she answered, "is Lorilla, chief counselor of the kingdom of—what are you going to call your kingdom?"

"Oh, I have n't thought of a name, yet."

"Let it be Nassimia, after yourself," said Lorilla.

"Very well," answered the prince, "we will call it Nassimia. That will save trouble and disputes, after the kingdom is established."

Nassime now stepped along quite briskly, talking to his little companion as he went, and explaining to her his various ideas regarding his future kingdom. Suddenly he stumbled over what he supposed was the trunk of a fallen tree, and then he was quickly raised into the air, astride of the supposed tree-trunk, which seemed to have a hinge in it.

"What now?" said a great voice, and the prince perceived that he was sitting on the knee of a giant, who had been lying on his back in the wood.

"Don't be afraid," said Lorilla, looking out of her little hammock. "He won't hurt you."

"Excuse me," said the prince, "I did not see you, or I should have been more careful. How would you like to be general of the army of the kingdom of Nassimia?"

"That sounds splendidly!" cried little Lorilla.

The giant looked bewildered. He could not understand, at all, what the prince was talking about. But when Nassime explained it all to him, he said he would like very well to be head general of the army, and he accepted the position.

Rising to his feet, the giant offered to carry the prince on his arm, so that they could get along faster, and in this way they traveled, all discussing, with much zest, the scheme of the new kingdom.

About noon, they began to be hungry, and so they sat down in a shady place, the giant having said that he had something to eat in a bag which he carried at his side. He opened this bag, and spread out half a dozen enormous loaves of bread, two joints of roast meat, a boiled ham, and about a bushel of roasted potatoes.

"Is that the food for your whole army?" asked Lorilla.

"Oh, no," answered the giant, who was a young fellow with a good appetite. "I brought this for myself, but there will be enough for you two. I don't believe I should have eaten it quite all, anyway."

"I should hope not," said the prince. "Why, that would last me several weeks."

"And me a thousand years," said Lorilla.

"You will talk differently, if you ever grow to be as big as I am," said the giant, smiling, as he took a bite from a loaf of bread.

When the meal was over, they all felt refreshed, and quite eager to meet the next comer, who was to be the admiral, or commander of the navy, of the new kingdom. For some time, they went on without seeing any one, but, at last, they perceived, in a field at some distance, a man on stilts. He was tending sheep, and wore the stilts so that he could the better see his flock, as it wandered about.

"There's the admiral!" said the giant. "Let me put you down, and run over and catch him."

So saying, he set the prince on the ground, and



ran toward the shepherd, who, seeing him coming, at once took to flight. His stilts were so long that he made enormous steps, and he got over the ground very fast. The giant had long legs, and he ran swiftly, but he had a great deal of trouble to get near the man on stilts, who dodged in every direction, and rushed about like an enormous crane. The poor frightened sheep scattered themselves over the fields, and hid in the bushes.

At last, the giant made a vigorous dash, and swooping his long arm around, he caught the shepherd by one stilt, and waving him around his head, shouted in triumph.

The prince and Lorilla, who had been watching this chase with great interest, cheered in return.

"Now we have an admiral," said the fairy, as the giant approached, proudly bearing the shepherd aloft. "Don't you think it would be well for you to get out your crown and scepter? He ought to understand, at once, that you are the king."

So Nassime took his crown and scepter from his bag, and putting the first on his head, held the other in his hand. He looked quite kingly when the giant came up, and set the shepherd down on

"Admiral?" cried the poor frightened man. "I don't understand."

"Oh, it's all right," exclaimed the merry little



THE GENERAL RESOLVES TO SECURE AN ADMIRAL.

Lorilla, as she slipped out of the prince's sash, and ran up to the shepherd. "We're going to have a splendid kingdom, and we're just getting together the head officers. I'm chief councilor, that giant is the general of the army, and we want you to command the navy. There'll be a salary, after a while, and I know you'll like it."

When she went on to explain the whole matter to the shepherd, his fear left him, and he smiled.

"I shall be very glad to be your admiral," he then said, to the prince, whereupon the giant lifted him up on his feet, or rather on to the stilts, which were strapped to his feet and ankles, and the affair was settled. The party now went on, the giant and man on stilts side by side, the prince on the giant's arm, and Lorilla in Nassime's sash.

"What other great officer must we have?" asked she of Nassime. "The chief officer of the treasury, or chancellor of the exchequer. I see him now."

It was true. Along a road in a valley below



"THE GIANT LOOKED BEWILDERED."

his knees before him, with his stilts sticking out ever so far behind.

"I am glad to see you," said the prince, "and I herewith make you admiral of my royal navy."



them, a man was walking. Instantly all were excited. The giant and the man on stilts wished to run after the new-comer, but the prince forbade it, saying it would be better to approach him quietly.

The man, who halted when he saw them, proved to be a clam-digger, with his clam-rake over one shoulder, and a large basket in his hand. The prince did not waste many words with this person, who was a rather humble-minded man, but briefly explained the situation to him, and told him that he was now the chancellor of the exchequer, in charge of the treasury of the kingdom of Nassimia.

The man, remarking that he saw no objection to such a position, and that it might, in the end, be better than clam-digging, joined the prince's party, which again proceeded on its way.

That night, they all slept in a palm-grove, first making a supper of cocoa-nuts, which the giant and the admiral picked from the tops of the trees.

"Now, then," said Nassime, in the morning, "what we must have next, is an aristocracy. Out of this upper class, we can then fill the government offices."

"Very true," said the giant, "and we shall want an army. I do not feel altogether like a general, without some soldiers under me."

"And I must have a navy," said the admiral.

"And there must be common people," remarked the chancellor of the exchequer. "For we shall need some folks on whom I can levy taxes with which to carry on the government."

"You are all right," said Nassime, "and this is the way we will manage matters. All the people we meet to-day shall be the aristocrats of Nassimia; all we meet to-morrow shall form the army, and all we see the next day shall be taken to make up the navy. After that, we will collect common people, until we have enough."

"I can tell you now," said the admiral, "how to get a lot of aristocrats all together in a bunch. A mile ahead of where we now are, is a school-house, and it is full of boys, with a gray-headed master. Those fellows ought to make excellent aristocrats."

"They will do very well," said Nassime, "and we will go quietly forward and capture them all."

When they reached the school-house, Nassime, with his crown on his head and his scepter in his hand, took his position at the front door, the giant crouched down by the back door, the chancellor

stood by one window and the admiral tried to stand by the other, but his stilts were so long that he looked over the roof, instead of into the window.

"Is not that a well near you?" said the little councilor Lorilla, who was perched on a vine, for



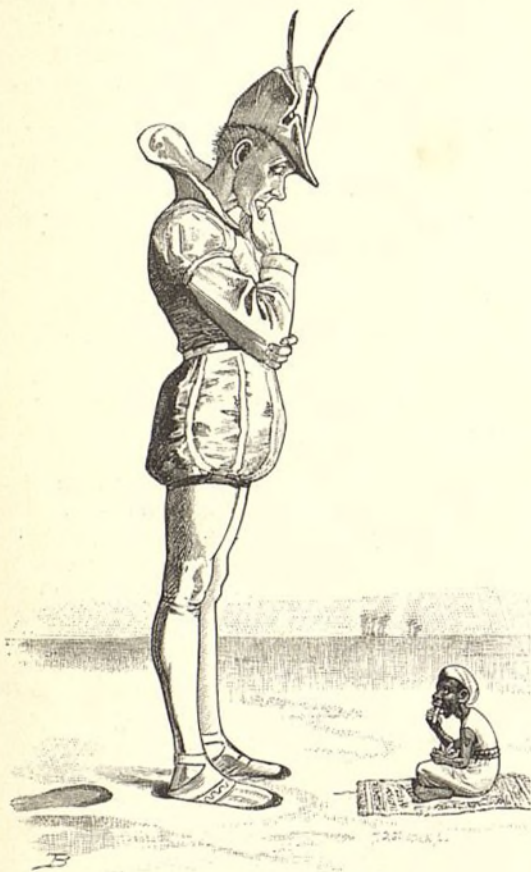
THE GENERAL AND THE ADMIRAL LED THE PROCESSION.

safe-keeping. "Step into that, and you will, most likely, be just tall enough."

The admiral stepped into the well, which was close to the house, and found that he stood exactly high enough to command the window. When all were posted, Nassime opened his door, and stepping



a short distance into the room, declared his title and position, and called upon them all to consider themselves members of the aristocracy of his kingdom. The moment he said this, the astonished and frightened boys sprang to their feet and made



THE GIANT AND HIS ARMY.

a rush for the back door, but when they threw it open, there squatted the giant, with a broad grin on his face, and his hands spread out before the door-way. They then turned and ran, some for one window and some for the other, but at one stood the treasurer, brandishing his clam-rake, and at the other the admiral, shaking his fists. There was no escape,—one or two, who tried to pass by Nassime, having been stopped by a tap on the head from his scepter,—and so the boys crowded together in the middle of the room, while some of the smaller ones began to cry. The master was too much startled and astonished to say a word.

Then came running into the room little Lorilla, and mounting to the top of the school-master's table, she addressed the school, telling them all about the new kingdom, and explaining what a

jolly time they would have. It would be like a long holiday, and although their master would go with them, to teach them what they would have to know in their new positions, it would not be a bit like going to school.

As soon as the boys heard that they would not have to go to school, they agreed to the plan on the spot. Some of them even went out to talk to the giant. As to the master, he said that if his school was to be taken into the new kingdom he would go, too, for he had promised the parents that he would take care of their boys.

So, when all was settled, the whole school, headed by the master, made ready to follow Nassime and his officers. The giant pulled the admiral out of the well, much to the delight of the boys, and all started off in high good humor.

The company went into camp on the edge of a wood, quite early in the evening, because Lorilla said that boys ought not to be up late. If it had not been for the luncheons which the boys had in their baskets, and which they cheerfully shared with their older companions, many of the party would have gone to sleep hungry that night. As for the giant, it is probable that he did go to sleep hungry, for it would have taken the contents of all the baskets to have entirely satisfied his appetite.

Early the next morning, he aroused the party.

"Here are a few bushels of cocoa-nuts," he cried, emptying a great bag on the ground. "I gathered them before any of you were awake. Eat them quickly, for we must be off. To-day is my army day, and I want to get as many soldiers as I can."

As every one was very willing to please the giant, an early start was made, and, before very long, the party reached the edge of a desert. They journeyed over the sand nearly all day, but not a living being did they see. Late in the afternoon, a black man, on an ostrich, was seen coming from behind a hillock of sand, and immediately, with a great shout, the whole party set out in chase.

It is probable that the man on the bird would have soon got away from his pursuers, had not the ostrich persisted in running around in a great circle, while, with whoops and shouts, the giant and the rest succeeded in heading off the ostrich, which tumbled over, throwing his rider on the sand. The bird then ran off as fast as he could go, while the negro was seized by every aristocrat who could get near enough to lay hold of him. The giant now came up, and lifted the man from the midst of his young captors. "You need not be frightened," said he. "You are to belong to my army. That is all. I will treat you well."

"And not kill me?" whimpered the black man.

"Certainly not," said the giant. "I need soldiers too much to want to kill the only one I've



got. Fall into line, behind me, and we'll march on and see if we cannot find you some comrades."

But by night-fall the giant's army still consisted of one black man. The party encamped in an oasis, where grew a number of date-palms, the fruit of which afforded a plentiful supper for everybody. The giant had not much appetite, and he looked solemn while gazing at his army, as it sat cross-legged on the ground, eating dates.

The next morning, the admiral earnestly petitioned that they should try to get out of the desert as soon as possible. "For," said he, "I have a dreadful time in this sand with my stilts, and I really need more men in my navy than the giant has in his army. Besides, the best kind of sailors can never be found in a dry desert, like this."

As no one could object to this reasoning, they set forth, turning to the east, and, before noon, they saw before them fields and vegetation, and shortly afterward they came to a broad river. Journeying down the bank of this for a mile or two, they perceived, lying at anchor in the stream, a good-sized vessel, with a tall mast, and a great sail hauled down on the deck.

"Hurrah!" shouted the admiral, the moment he set his eyes upon this prize, and away he went for it, as fast as his stilts would carry him. When he reached the water, he waded right in, and was soon standing looking over the vessel's side.

He did not get on board, but, after standing for some time talking to a person inside, he waded back to the shore, where his companions were anxiously waiting to hear what he had discovered.

"There are not many persons on board," he said, rather ruefully. "Only an old woman and a girl. One is the cook and the other washes bottles. There were a good many men on the ship, but the old woman says that they all went away yesterday, carrying with them a vast number of packages. She thinks they were a lot of thieves, and that they have gone off with their booty and have deserted the vessel. She and the girl were simply hired as servants, and knew nothing about the crew. It is n't exactly the kind of navy I wanted, but it will do, and we may see some men before night."

It was unanimously agreed that the government of Nassimie should take possession of this deserted vessel, and the giant soon managed to pull her to shore, anchor and all. Everybody excepting the giant went on board, Nassime and Lorilla going first, then the government officers, the aristocracy, and the army. The admiral stood on his stilts, with his head up in the rigging, and the ship was formally placed under his command. When all was ready, the giant ran the ship out into the stream, wading in up to his middle; and then he very carefully clambered on board. The vessel

rocked a good deal as he got in, but it could carry him so long as he kept quiet.

"As my navy is not large enough, just now, to work the ship," said the admiral to Nassime, "and, also, as it does n't know anything about such work, I shall have to have the help of the aristocracy, and also to ask the general to lend me his army."

"All right," said the giant, "you can have him."

A number of the larger boys, assisted by the negro, now went to work and hoisted the sail. Then the army was sent to the helm, the vessel was put before the wind, and the kingdom of Nassimie began to sail away.

There was a large quantity of provisions on board, enough to last many days, and everybody ate heartily. But not a person was seen that day on either bank of the river.

They anchored at night, and the next morning, setting sail again, they soon entered a broad sea or lake. They sailed on, with the wind behind them, and everybody enjoyed the trip. The admiral sat on the stern, with his stilts dangling behind in the water, as the ship sailed on, and was very happy.

"Now," said the chancellor of the exchequer, as the officers of the government were talking together on deck, "all we want is some common people, and then we can begin the kingdom in real earnest."

"We must have some houses and streets," said Nassime, "and a palace. All those will be necessary before we can settle down as a kingdom."

They sailed all night, and the next day they saw land before them. And, slowly moving near the shore, they perceived a long caravan.

"Hi!" shouted the chancellor of the exchequer, "there are the common people!"

Everybody was now very much excited, and everybody wanted to go ashore, but this Nassime would not permit. Capturing a caravan would be a very different thing from capturing a negro on an ostrich, and the matter must be undertaken with caution and prudence. So, ordering the ship brought near the shore, he made ready to land, accompanied only by the giant and Lorilla.

The giant had found a spare mast on the vessel, and he had trimmed and whittled it into a convenient club. This he took under one arm, and, with Nassime on the other, wearing his crown and carrying Lorilla in his sash, the giant waded ashore, and stopped a short distance in front of the approaching caravan.

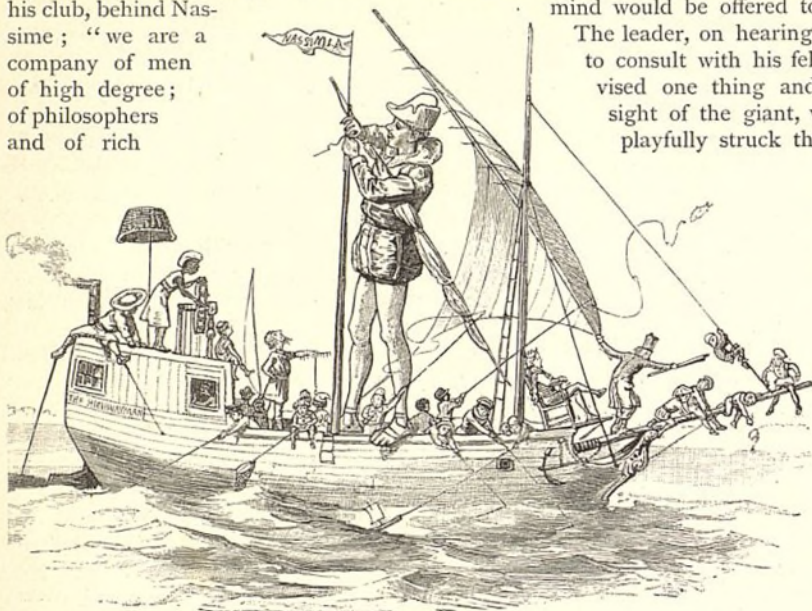
Nassime, having been set on the ground, advanced to the leader of the caravan, and, drawing his sword, called upon him to halt. Instantly the procession stopped, and the leader, dismounting from his horse, approached Nassime, and bowed low before him, offering to pay tribute, if necessary.

"We will not speak of tribute," said Nassime,



"at least, not now. What I wish, is to know who you all are, and where you are going."

"That is easily answered," said the other, giving a glance upward at the giant, who stood leaning on his club, behind Nassime; "we are a company of men of high degree; of philosophers and of rich



THE KINGDOM OF NASSIMIA AFLOAT.

merchants, who have joined together to visit foreign lands, to enjoy ourselves and improve our minds. We have brought with us our families, our slaves, and our flocks and other possessions. We wish to offend no one, and if you object to our passing through your dominions —"

"I do not object," said Nassime, "I am very glad you came this way. These are not my dominions. I am king of Nassimia."

"And where is that, your majesty?"

"It is not anywhere in particular, just now," said Nassime, "but we shall soon fix upon a spot where its boundaries will be established. It is a new kingdom, and only needed a body of com—"

"Say populace," whispered Lorilla, from his sash, "the other might offend him."

"And only needed a populace," continued Nassime, "to make it complete. I am the king—of royal blood and education. I have ministers of state and finance; an admiral and a navy; a general of the army, whom you see here," pointing to the giant, "and an aristocracy, which is at present on board of that ship. I have been looking for a populace, and am very glad to have met you. You and your companions are now my people."

"What, your majesty?" cried the astonished leader of the caravan. "I do not comprehend."

Nassime then explained the plan and purpose of

his kingdom, and assured the other that he and his countrymen could nowhere be more happy than in the kingdom of Nassimia, where every opportunity of enjoyment and the improvement of the mind would be offered to the people.

The leader, on hearing this, begged permission to consult with his fellow-travelers. Some advised one thing and some another, but the sight of the giant, who every now and then playfully struck the earth with the end of his club in such a way as to make the ground tremble, hastened their decision.

"If we were poor men," said one of the philosophers, "and had no treasures with us, we might scatter in various directions, and many of us might escape. That giant could not kill us all. But we are too rich for that. We cannot run away from our great possessions. We must submit in peace."

So it was settled that they should submit to

the king of Nassimia and become his people, and the leader carried the decision to Nassime.

The chancellor of the exchequer now became very anxious to go on shore. He had cast off his clam-digger's clothes, and wore a magnificent suit which he had found in the ship, and which had belonged to the robber captain. He stood on the deck and made signs for the giant to come for him. So the giant was sent for him, and soon returned, bringing also the army, which the chancellor had borrowed of him for a time. This officer, as soon as he had landed, approached Nassime and said: "These, then, are the common people. I suppose I might as well go to work and collect taxes."

"You need not hurry about that," said Nassime.

"They will never believe in your government until you do it," urged the chancellor, and so Nassime allowed him to do as he wished, only telling him not to levy his taxes too heavily.

Then the chancellor, with the negro behind him, carrying his old clam-basket, over which a cloth had been thrown, went through the caravan and collected taxes enough in gold and silver to fill his basket. He also collected a horse for himself and one for Nassime. "Now," said he, "we have the foundation of a treasury, and the thing begins to look like a kingdom."

Everything being now satisfactorily arranged, the



company began to move on. The giant, with his army at his heels, and his club over his shoulder, marched first. Then rode Nassime with Lorilla, then the chancellor, with his basket of treasure before him on his horse, and after him the caravan. The ship sailed along a short distance from the shore.

In the evening, the land party encamped near the shore, and the vessel came to anchor, the giant shouting to the admiral Nassime's commands. The chancellor wished to make another collection of taxes, after supper, but this Nassime forbade.

Lorilla then had a long talk with Nassime, apart from the company, assuring him that what was needed next was the royal city.

"Yes, indeed," said Nassime, "and we are not likely to meet with that as we have met with everything else. We must build a city, I suppose."

"No," said Lorilla, gayly. "We can do much better. Do you see that heavy forest on the hills back of us? Well, in that forest is the great capital city of my people, the fairies. We are scattered in colonies all over the country, but there

morning, while the stars were still shining, she returned and awoke him, and while they were going to the camp she told him her news.

"Our queen," she said, "will have a city built for you, all complete, with everything that a city needs, but before she will have this done, she commands that some one in your party shall be changed into a fairy, to take my place! This must be a grown person who consents to the exchange, as I have agreed to be your chief councilor of state. And it must be some one whose mind has never been occupied with human affairs."

"I don't believe you will find any such person among us," said Nassime, ruefully.

But Lorilla clapped her hands and cried, merrily:

"Ah, yes! The bottle-washer! I believe she is the very person."

Nassime was cheered by this idea, and as soon as they reached the shore, he asked the giant to carry him and Lorilla to the ship. Early as it was, they found the young girl sitting on the deck, quietly washing bottles. She had lost her parents when



THE LAND FORCE ON THE MARCH.

is our court and our queen. And it is the fairies who can help you to get a royal city. This very evening, I will go and see what can be done."

So, that evening, Nassime took Lorilla to the edge of the forest, and while she ran swiftly into its depths, he lay down and slept. Early the next

an infant, and had never had any one to care for. She had passed her life, since she was a very small child, in washing bottles, and as this employment does not require any mental labor, she had never concerned herself about anything.

"She will do," exclaimed Lorilla, when she had



found out all this. "I don't believe her mind was ever occupied at all. It is perfectly fresh for her to begin as a fairy."

When the girl was asked if she would be a fairy, she readily consented, for it made no difference to her what she was, and when the admiral was asked if he would give her up, he said: "Oh, yes! To be sure, it will reduce my navy to one person, but, even then, it will be as large as the army. You may take her, and welcome." The bottle-washer therefore was taken to the shore, and Nassime conducted her to the woods with Lorilla. There he left them, promising to return at sunset.

"You must be careful of one thing," said Lorilla to him, before he left, "and that is, not to let those aristocrats come on shore. If they once get among the populace, they will begin to lord it over them in a way that will raise a dreadful commotion."

Nassime promised to attend to this, and when he went back he sent orders to the admiral, on no account to allow any aristocrat to come on shore. This order caused great discontent on the vessel. The boys could n't see why they alone should be shut up in the ship. They had expected to have lots of fun when the common people were found.

It was, therefore, with great difficulty that they were restrained from jumping overboard and swimming ashore in a body. The master had been made an ancient noble, but his authority was of little avail, and the poor admiral had his hands full. Indeed, he would have been in despair, had it not been for the gallant conduct of his navy. That brave woman seized a broom, and marching around the deck, kept watchful guard. Whenever she saw a boy attempting to climb over the side of the vessel, she brought down the broom with a whack upon him, and tumbled him back on the deck. In the afternoon, however, the giant came to the vessel with a double arm-load of rich fruit, cakes, pastry and confectionery, an offering from the common people, which so delighted the aristocrats that there was peace on board for the rest of the day.

At sunset, Nassime went to the woods and met Lorilla, who was waiting for him.

"It's all right!" she cried; "the bottle-washer is to be magically dwindled down to-night. And when everybody is asleep, the fairies will come here and will see how many people there are and what they are like, and they will build a city just to suit. It will be done to-morrow."

Nassime could scarcely believe all this, but there was nothing to be done but to wait and see. That night, everybody went to sleep quite early. And if the fairies came and measured them for a city, they did not know it.

In the morning, Nassime arose, and walked down toward the shore. As he did so, a lady came out

of a tent and approached him. He thought he knew her features, but he could not remember who she was. But when she spoke, he started back and cried out: "Lorilla!"

"Yes," said the lady, laughing, "it is Lorilla. The king of Nassimia ought to have a chief counselor of state who is somewhat longer than his finger, and last night, as the girl who took my place dwindled down to the size of a fairy, I grew larger and larger, until I became as large as she used to be. Do you like the change?"

Lorilla was beautiful. She was richly dressed, and her lovely face was as merry and gay as ever.

Nassime approached her and took her hand.

"The chief counselor of my kingdom shall be its queen," he said, and calling a priest from the populace, the two were married on the spot.

Great were the rejoicings on land and water, but there was no delay in getting ready to march to the royal city, the domes and spires of which Lorilla pointed out to them behind some lovely groves.

Nassime was about to signal for the ship to come to shore, but Lorilla checked him.

"I'm really sorry for those poor aristocrats, but it will never do to take them to the royal city. They are not needed, and they would make all sorts of trouble. There is nothing to be done but to let the admiral sail away with them, and keep on sailing until they are grown up. Then they will come back, fit to be members of the nobility. They will have their master with them, and you can put three or four philosophers on board, and they can be as well educated, traveling about in this way, as if they were going to school."

Nassime felt sorry for the aristocrats, but he saw that this was good advice, and he took it. A quantity of provisions and four philosophers were sent on board the ship, and the admiral was ordered to sail away until the boys grew up. As he liked nothing better than sailing, this suited the admiral exactly and after having a few sheep sent on board, with which to amuse himself during calms, he hoisted sail, and was soon far away.

The rest of the kingdom marched on, and in good time reached the royal city. There it stood, with its houses, streets, shops, and everything that a city should have. The royal palace glittered in the center, and upon a hill there stood a splendid castle for the giant!

Everybody hurried forward. The name of the owner was on every house, and every house was fully furnished, so in a few minutes the whole city was at home.

The king, leading his queen up the steps of his royal palace, paused at the door:

"All this," he said, "I owe to you. From the



very beginning, you have given me nothing but good advice."

"But that is not the best of it," she said, laughing. "You always took it."

The vessel carrying the aristocrats sailed away and away, with the admiral sitting on the stern, his stilts dangling in the water behind, as the ship moved on.

## DESTINY.

BY MRS. Z. R. CRONYN.

"FOUR eggs, is it, or only three?"

Said a careful housewife, musingly;

"I will look again at my recipe."

"What 's that on the hay out there I see?"

An egg, as I am alive," said she;

"Somebody 's left it there for me."

She whipped her batter, so smooth and thin,  
And emptied it into the buttered tin:  
Three eggs, not four, had she put therein.

She rolled toward her the precious thing,  
And hid it under her downy wing,  
To see what a future day would bring.

The fourth she laid on the cupboard shelf;  
But out from a corner peeped an elf,  
Who roguishly laughed to her little self—

At length came a knock—so faint and small  
It scarce was heard—on the egg's white wall,  
And a chick stepped into the world. That 's all.

A chubby girl of the age of three,  
Who scrupled not, when the coast was free,  
To take the egg for *her* property.

Ah, no! not all. Soon a hawk swooped down  
And snatched the feathers from off its crown;  
Then it was chased by a weasel brown.

Weary and sore, that very day,  
A tramp was passing along that way,  
And he said what tramps are wont to say.

Three times into treacherous tubs it fell,  
And once dropped into an open well.  
It wished it was back in its little shell.

The child was touched at his hungry plight,  
So she drew from her apron the egg so white,  
And said: "Cook this for your tea to-night."

Full oft did it choke till nearly dead;  
A falling apricot bruised its head:  
O the turbulent life that chicken led!

But lo! as he tossed on his bed of hay,  
In vagabond dreams of a better day,  
The egg from his pocket rolled away.

But it grew, at last, to its full estate;  
And now you may think some high-born fate,  
For a thing so cared for, lay in wait.

Now a speckled hen, with yellow streaks,  
Had sat on an empty nest for weeks.  
Such are, at times, an old hen's freaks.

But listen. The end was a fricassee  
For the Jones's Christmas jubilee.  
And this is the thing that puzzles me:

And all that the farmer's wife could do  
With tying and ducking and screaming "*shoo!*"  
Had failed with Speckle; she sat it through.

Wherefore should Fortune take such heed  
To ward off dangers,—only to feed  
The Joneses with something they did n't need.

Here, now, she was on her well-worn nest,  
When the coming of morning broke her rest.  
"What 's that!" said she, as she raised her crest.

I think, if I could have had my prayer,  
The wife would have saved this run of care  
By ending its history then and there.



## LADY BERTHA.

BY AGNES THOMSON.

THE story of Lady Bertha is very, very old, but the curious part of it is, that though her name has been a household word in Germany for centuries, and though her memory is cherished still among the legend-loving people of the world, the Lady Bertha never *really* lived at all.

She was, in fact, a goddess of German mythology—and so gracious and gentle a goddess that even the sweet sunshine was thought to be subject to her command, and the rain came only when Frau Bertha willed. If the fields were prosperous, the people smiled and thanked Frau Bertha; and it was Frau Bertha, they thought, who sent all the little children to the earth to make the household happy. It was she who was supposed to hold the keys to the chambers of life and death, so you will hardly wonder, I think, that the ancients sought in every way to win her approbation.

She dwelt, they said, in no beautiful palace, but in hollow mountain caves, apart from men, where she fostered and cherished the souls of those little children who had died an early death. There, in her kingdom under the earth, she plowed the ground with her plow, the little souls working with her the while, it being their part to water the fields.

The most beautiful tradition connected with this heathen goddess is that known as the "Legend of the Pitcher of Tears." Full as this legend is of contradictory ideas, it shows the grief that mothers feel when their little ones die, and how the hope of one day meeting them again helps them to bear long and sorrowful years of loneliness.

Lady Bertha was once passing with her little train down a green and lovely meadow-land, across whose length ran a wall to mark some boundary line. One by one, the children bravely clambered over the wall, but the last little one, who bore in her arms a heavy pitcher, in vain tried to follow her sisters.

A woman who had lost her child by death a short time before, was standing near, and immediately recognized the darling for whom she had been weeping so many days and nights.

Rushing forward, she clasped the child to her breast. Then the little one said: "Ah! How warm is mother's arm! But I pray thee, weep not so bitterly, else my pitcher will become heavier than I can bear! See, dear mother, how all thy tears fall into my pitcher, and how they have already wet my

robe! But Lady Bertha, who kisses me and loves me tenderly, says that thou, too, shalt come to her one day, and that we shall then dwell together in the beautiful gardens under the mountain for ever and ever."

And so, the legend tells us, the mother wept no more, but let her darling go, while from that hour she was resigned and patient, her heavy heart finding comfort in the thought of that happy meeting, in the "beautiful gardens under the mountains," that was sure to come.

Later, Lady Bertha had also the oversight of all spinners. On the last day of the year, which was sacred to her, and which used to be called "Puchentag" in German before the Christians rechristened it "Sylvestentag," it is said if she found any flax on the distaff she spoiled it, and in order to win her entire approval, her festival-day had to be observed with meager fare—oatmeal porridge, or pottage and fish. Indeed, a most terrible punishment awaited all who ventured to eat anything else on that day. Lady Bertha, you see, could be very severe when she was displeased; the slightest sign of disrespect to herself was always promptly resented by this shadowy lady.

As time went on, paganism gave place to Christianity in the German fatherland, and Frau Bertha descended from her high estate of goddess, becoming little more than a terror and a bugbear to frighten children, who, by this time, were taught to think of her as a hideous being with a long iron nose and a remarkably long foot.

In France, too, the long foot played a prominent part, for the traditions of Lady Bertha are by no means confined to Germany alone. As the story goes, King Pepin fought in combat for the hand of a very beautiful maiden and accomplished spinner, Bertrada, the daughter of a Hungarian king. King Pepin having won the day and covered himself with honor, the prize was declared to be his, and the beautiful maiden, accompanied by a large suite, was sent by her father to be queen over France, while the fame of the fair lady's beauty traveled even faster than she herself. This was not strange, however, for excepting the drawback of one deformed foot, her beauty was wondrous indeed.

But it happened that a certain wicked lady of honor was not at all pleased with the choice King Pepin had made, and which had foiled her own



ambition; so, quietly bribing some men, as wicked as herself, to carry off the Lady Bertrada and slay her in the woods, she put in the place of this royal maiden her own hideous and hateful daughter.

The fraud, you may be sure, was soon discovered,

moonlight. She was extremely beautiful, and one of her feet was remarkably long. Then the king gave a cry of joy, for he knew he had found the real Bertrada, alive, after all; and, happy once more, he carried home to the castle his long-lost bride.



THE PITCHER OF TEARS.

and the false queen instantly put to death by command of the royal and wrathful bridegroom.

Late one evening, when the king was riding through the woods after a long day's hunt, he came to a mill on the banks of the river Main, in which he found a maiden, diligently spinning in the pale

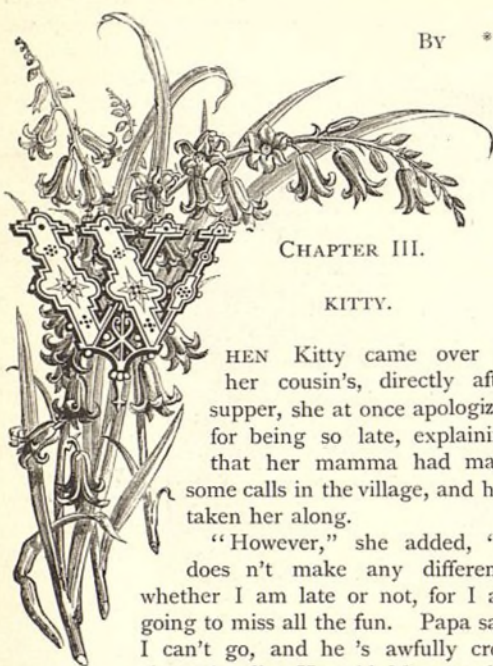
This Bertrada, or Bertha, was the mother of the great and famous Emperor Charlemagne, and it is due to a remembrance of this story about her that you will find on the walls of many French churches quaint pictures of ancient queens, perfect excepting one deformed foot.



## MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY



## CHAPTER III.

## KITTY.

WHEN Kitty came over to her cousin's, directly after supper, she at once apologized for being so late, explaining that her mamma had made some calls in the village, and had taken her along.

"However," she added, "it does n't make any difference whether I am late or not, for I am going to miss all the fun. Papa says I can't go, and he's awfully cross about it all. He told Mamma that she must n't mention your plan to any one, for perhaps Cousin Robert would change his mind, and then it need never be known. But you wont do so, will you? I know I would n't."

"We are not going to change our minds," said Fred. "When a Baird says he will, he will! As for the village knowing it, some do know it already. Donald Stuart does, for one, for he is going along."

"Donald Stuart!" ejaculated Kitty. "Donald Stuart! And I—I, a member of the family,—I stay at home! It is outrageous!"

"Never you mind," said Sandy. "You may go. Even if your father is a Baird, he may change his mind. I declare, if I thought it would do any good, I would go ask him this minute."

"I don't doubt that," his father replied; "where Kitty is concerned, I never knew your interest to fail. Do you really think, Kitty, that your father is determined not to let you go?"

"He is as hard as the rocks of Gibraltar," said Kitty, mournfully. "Even Mamma says she knows he wont change his mind. Here comes Donald Stuart. It's too bad!"

Donald, tall and blue-eyed, came in by the gate. "I am going to have Joe Hillside's fishing-line," he said. "He offered to lend it to me."

"I shall just pretend I am going, anyhow," said

Kitty, "and I am going to borrow a gypsy kettle, or something. Of course, you will want me to help you get ready. And it will be more fun for me, if I pretend I am to be one of the happy party."

"I should n't like that," said Donald, who was very practical. "I should be more disappointed when left behind, if I had played that I was going."

"I sha'n't," said Kitty; "and I mean to have some of the fun. I really have half a mind to run off! I have never even seen Greystone since I was a baby. Is it true that it has bells all around the roof, Cousin Robert?"

"Not now. It used to have, and in stormy weather they jingled merrily."

"How absurd," said Donald, again. "Why were there bells around the roof? Is it a big house?"

"Big!" repeated Fred. "Why, it has nearly eighty rooms in it."

"That makes a good deal of roof around which to hang bells," said Donald.

"The bells were only around the center building," said Mr. Baird. "Two long wings have since been added. The house was built by a Dutchman, who had made a fortune in China, and had, I suppose, pleasant ideas about bells. The walls of his house are three feet thick, and the ceilings very high. But he brought something more curious than bells from China. Two wives."

"Was he allowed to keep them?" cried Belle.

"No; for one ran away. He built two little houses for them, but the youngest ran off with the gardener."

"What became of the Dutchman?" said Donald. "I hope he caught it, some way!"

"He died in prison for debt; did n't he, Papa?" Fred asked; "and they say the cellar was once used by pirates for storing goods?"

"We'll look," said Donald, "some rainy day, when we can't go fishing."

"It is a forlorn old house," said Mrs. Baird; "you must not expect much romance."

"Is it like a castle?" said Kitty.

"Not a bit. It is long and narrow. The wings were added when it was used for a boys' school. I have no doubt it is dirty enough to be a castle."

"We'll take a broom," said Kitty; "but now I must go and see Patty. She ought to decide upon what kitchen things she wants."

Kitty was as good as her word. From this moment she devoted herself to asking questions,

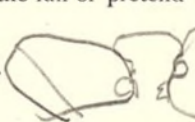


and deciding for every one. Patty declared she must lie awake at nights, or she never could think of so many things. She decided how many cuffs her cousin Robert would need, and that her cousin Juliet must take a feather-pillow. She picked out all the china they would want, and, sagely remarking that as most of it would be broken, it had better not be too good, made so forlorn an assortment that Patty was disgusted. She invaded the linen closet, but here Belle routed her. She told Fred not to take his gold pen, for fear it would be lost, and she directed Sandy to wear good, but not his best, boots. She came over whenever she had a chance, and, if she had but a moment to stay, she came all the same. It occurred to her that they might need a lantern, and so, one evening, after supper, she started on a two-mile walk to borrow one. Of course she got it, for no one refused Kitty anything; and then, as it grew darker, she stopped at a house, and begging some matches, lighted her lantern and went on her way, astonishing every one she met by the sight of so small a girl, with so large a light, alone on the road at this late hour.

She grumbled, she scolded, she laughed, and she complained; but, although she was quite sure her father would not relent, she never allowed any one to say she really was not going to Greystone.

She meant, she said, to have the fun of pretending she was.

#### CHAPTER IV. IN CAMP.



It was not many days before all preparations were made, baskets and bags packed, and at last the party, including Patty, but not poor Kitty, stood on the wharf at Greystone, and watched the boat move off. In front of them was the broad and beautiful river, behind them a green and wooded country, while around them lay all sorts of curious, nondescript baskets, bags, and bundles.

"Come, come," said Mr. Baird, finally; "don't stand gazing at that boat, or I shall think you repent of having landed. Behold! It is a new world. Columbus has stepped upon the shore! Or, Robinson Crusoe has saved his family and his baggage from the wreck, and his man Friday will at once lead the way to the house."

"We look much more like western immigrants, Papa," said Belle.

"And there," added Fred, with a glance toward two men who were loading a wagon with milk-cans, "are your Indians, and they both have their mouths open."

"It is the contradictory effect of our good clothes and our shabby bundles," explained Sandy; "they evidently think these bundles contain our

wardrobes, and they don't understand why such a very nobby family should not have trunks."

"We might have had them," replied his mother; "we could have packed Patty's tea-kettle and the table-cloths in a trunk instead of the clothes-basket."

"It was n't right to offer the neighbors such a conundrum," said Mr. Baird; "if I had thought of it, I would have protested. There is Belle's dress! Half of it is silk; it ought all to have been chintz; she ought to be in character."

"Only a little is silk, Papa," said Belle; "and it is not clean, and it is old-fashioned; you ought to consider all that. But, to-morrow!—to-morrow I'll come out in brogans and calico!"

At this announcement, Sandy gave a little sniff, and then, to prove that one member of the party was prompt and practical, he lifted the heaviest of the bundles, and put it on his back. Mr. Baird and Fred took the clothes-basket, heavy with kitchen-ware, between them; Donald shouldered another great bag; Mrs. Baird gathered up the basket of forks and spoons, a tin-bucket of butter, and a shawl-strap well-filled; while Belle airily marched off with a basket of meat which, at home, would have been much too heavy to lift. Patty looked at the bundles remaining. Then she sat down on the stump of a tree.

"I'll stay here and watch them until you come back; so you boys had better hurry."

This was an order to move; it was obeyed, and the whole party marched off.

Patty looked after them. It was all rather crazy, she thought, but it was all right. She was in the habit of scolding about everything, and then cheerfully turning around and helping. She had come to see Mrs. Baird one afternoon about twenty years before, and, a storm coming up, she staid all night. She staid the next day to help with some quilting, and had not yet found time to go away. She had always meant to go to her sister's, out West, but it was preserving, or pickling, or the baby had the croup, or Fred was going to school, or Sandy's birthday cake was to be made, or something was to be done, and so Patty staid!

It was now a lovely evening, but it was growing hazy, and ominous clouds came up the west. The birds were chattering and flocking in the trees, the partridges were stealthily calling for that mysterious person, "Bob White"; the wild-turnip was in blossom, the cardinal-flower blazed down by the river, and the poke-berry bushes, by the fences, were slowly staining leaves and stalks with red purple.

Belle stopped to rest; she lifted her hat from her head, pushed back her hair, and looking around, said it was "just lovely," and the whole party agreed with her.



"Pull my hat over my eyes, Belle," said her father, "there is Mrs. Lambert on her porch, and your uncle Robert particularly mentioned her as one of the neighbors who would be shocked. She does n't know any of you, but I used to dance with her, when I was young and good-looking, and I have n't altered. Here, Fred, change hands, it will rest you."

"Are you not ashamed, Papa," cried Belle. "You want to get on the side farthest from her!"

"There!" said Mrs. Baird, suddenly interrupting, "we have forgotten the candles!"

"Never mind," said her husband, "we have Kitty's lantern."

At this, Sandy gently sighed; he had not yet forgiven his uncle for refusing to allow Kitty to come

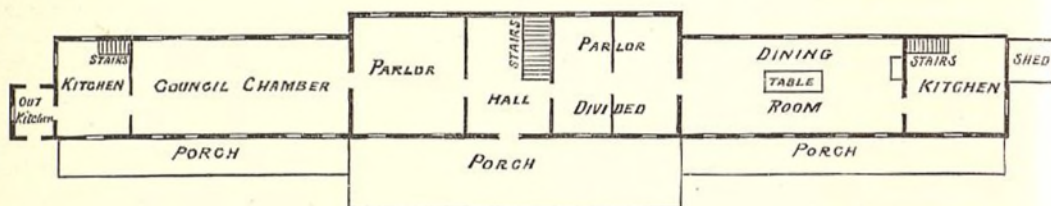
counterfeiters; they see we are not all right. Disclose the worst!"

"In a week, they'll say we are lunatics," observed Patty. "Well, I do think the Reverend Baird was right. Such a place! And for a holiday!"

"It would n't be a bad place for a counterfeiter," Fred said to Donald, "but for smuggling—it would be splendid! It is like one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Here is the deserted castle; here the river. Of course there is a cove—there always is—all we should need would be something to smuggle."

"You'll need to do it soon," said Patty, "for the bread won't hold out two weeks, and I am sure there isn't a place for baking in this old rattle-trap."

"It would be best to turn pirate," said Sandy.



PLAN OF GREYSTONE.

with them, but at that moment, Belle, who was a little in advance, cried out: "There is Greystone!" and then, in a cooler tone, "when it rains, we shall have to sleep down-stairs, for I believe there is not a whole pane of glass upstairs!"

This announcement stirred the hearts of the whole party; they quickened their steps, and in a moment all had turned into a green and shady lane, and Greystone, with its great outspread wings, its ample porches, and numerous doors and windows, was in full view.

"I salute thee!" cried Fred. "But do, Papa, change hands again; the basket grows heavier and heavier."

"Look there!" cried Belle, turning her head and pointing down the lane, to the milk-wagon, which was bringing the rest of the luggage, and Patty.

"Our gate!" cried Sandy. "Behold, like Christian, I drop my burden, I run to open the wicket-gate—but Fred!" he called back, "it has no hinges; come, lift the other end."

When the bundles and baskets were placed on the great porch, the men stood and looked at them, and then at the owners resting on the steps.

"Going to live here?" asked one.

"For a time," cheerfully replied Mr. Baird.

"Furniture not come?"

"Not yet," said Fred.

"Oh, it'll be along," said the man. "Suppose you can stay at Saunders's till it comes?"

"Tell them," whispered Sandy, "that we are

"I always wanted to be one, and then we could easily get our supplies. All those tugs and sloops must have bread and salt meat on board. That's what we'll do, Patty,—when the larder is low, and the night it is dark, we will go out in our boat, board a merchant-man, and bring you home the spoil! You need not worry over the oven."

"The oven," said Mr. Baird, catching the last words, "is there one? But come, boys, there is plenty to be done; the house is to be explored, furnished, and the hay bought."

"First we'll choose our rooms," cried Sandy, "and then we'll know what color hay to get."

"This is the parlor," said Belle, entering the house, as usual, ahead, and looking into an open door at the left.

"It is too big, Belle," said her father, "there is too much bare floor, and our lantern would n't light it."

"Well, this is better, then," and Mrs. Baird opened a door on the right; "the rooms have been alike, but this one has had a partition run across it."

Adjoining the "little parlor," as it was at once called, was a long dining-room, with eight windows, and five doors, all open to the breezes. In the corner stood a great yellow closet, and for the rest, it was dusty, cheerful, and dirty.

"The floor," said Belle, lifting her skirts, "is not good to walk upon, and when the rainy season sets in, and the voyagers are obliged to dine in-doors, I am sure they cannot put a table-cloth on it."



"The rainy season is not so far off," said her father, who was standing at one of the back doors looking over at the garden, now a wilderness of tangled roses, grapes, syringas, and peach-trees, "and so, if you boys do not get the hay soon, we shall have our choice of wet beds or none."

"Then the first thing to do," said Fred, "is to carry upstairs the bags in which we mean to put the hay, and empty them."

"I don't know where you will put the things," said Patty, quickly unstrapping the broom from the umbrellas, "if upstairs is as dusty as downstairs. Just you come along, and I'll brush up a place in a jiffy!"

"After you have finished, Patty," cried Mrs. Baird after her, "throw the broom down, for Belle and I are going to furnish the dining-room, and we must first sweep."

"Sweep!" muttered Patty, "the old barn ought to be scrubbed from top to bottom, and before I am a day older, if my life is spared, I'll have these stairs washed down."

Upstairs, Donald, Fred, Belle and Sandy were soon busy selecting rooms. In the main building, on each side of the hall, was a large room, with two small dressing-rooms attached to each. The one with the greatest number of whole window-panes was appropriated for the father and mother, while the one opposite was chosen for Belle and Patty. The boys took their rooms in the wing nearest Patty's, as she settled the matter by saying if they did not, she would sit up all night rather than be murdered in her bed!

They were not, however, as close as they would have been, had not Sandy proved to be very fastidious about the colors of the wall-paper, objecting to some because they were "loud," and to others because they did not suit his complexion.

While these four young and merry people ran from room to room, laughing and calling, Patty, with an energy that overlooked the corners, had swept out Mrs. Baird's room, and spreading out a great patchwork quilt on the floor, emptied the bags and was ready, she announced, for the hay.

Patty's hints had one merit, they were not easily misunderstood, and so each boy took a bag, and they set off to look for hay. They had not far to go, for Farmer Saunders, who was only about a quarter of a mile distant, said at once, that if it was Robert Baird's fancy to sleep on hay, he could have as much as he wanted, and he then insisted on sending over milk, or anything they needed.

When the boys got back, the rooms were swept, and Belle had chalked on each door the name of the occupant of the room. The beds were soon made. The hay was spread down smoothly and compactly, the sheets and white quilts were put on,

pillow-cases filled with hay, and they looked comfortable enough.

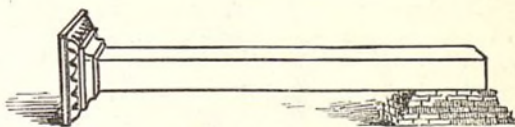
Fred and Donald refused for their rooms all Patty's offers of assistance. They had appropriated two small rooms, and in one they made a bed that covered the whole floor, and took four sheets to furnish! In the next room they hung their clothes, a pin-cushion and a little looking-glass. For a chair, they had an empty box. Then, deciding that the basin ought to be with the pitcher, they carried it down-stairs, and turned it upside down on the pump in the shed.

In the dining-room a revolution was being enacted. Belle had tied up her head in her father's handkerchief, and had swept the room. Then, with her mother's help, she investigated the great closet. It had two good doors, opening in the middle and fastening with a button. It had firm shelves; and Belle got a basin of water, a cloth, and mounting on a chair, prepared to scour it. Then she had a brilliant idea.

"Mamma," she cried, turning around, "this closet is not fastened to the wall. Let us turn it on its back upon the floor, and make a table of it. We can still use it for a closet, all the same, for we can put everything in, just as well; the shelves will make division walls," and so she jumped off the chair, and with much trouble and a heavy thud, they got the closet down and pushed it into the center of the room, and then Belle cleaned it out.

In it she put such of the stores as could not be placed in a dry well in the shed, and then with much haste she fastened down the doors, and spread the cloth, so that when the boys came back with the hay, there was a large, low table set for supper.

It was at once hailed as a surpassingly excellent invention, and worthy of the occasion. As a matter of course, many suggestions were made at once.



"SANDY'S BENCH."

The first question was how they should sit around it. Chairs were pronounced much too high, and as they had none, no one contradicted this assertion. Next, as the table was entirely too wide, it was proposed that instead of having the cloth placed to one side,—as Belle had arranged it,—it should be put in the middle, and that they should then sit on the edge of the table. This, Fred said, would be an excellent thing to do, as then the closet would combine the whole dining-room furni-



ture, and be sideboard, table, and chairs. Donald was in favor of having cushions of hay, and reclining on them like the Orientals, but ingenious Sandy settled the whole question. Out on the porch lay a square wooden pillar, a ruin, but still strong. It was about seven feet long, and had once supported the end of a little porch. This, Sandy brought in, and as one end was higher than the other, having the capital still upon it, after laying it down by the table, he made it level with bricks.

Then he gazed at it with satisfaction. The clothes-basket he turned up at one end of the table for his mother, an old soap-box was brushed off and placed for his father, while Patty, who at once declined sitting on that "rickety contrivance," Sandy's bench, said that a bucket upside down would do for her, and so, with a napkin for a tablecloth, she established herself on the opposite side.

The four young people laughed at her for her precautions, and filing carefully in, sat down upon the pillar. Mrs. Baird, at ease upon the clothes-basket, poured out the coffee, while Patty explained that before she could make a fire in the range she had to dig out a hole with the hatchet, so full was it of a solid mass of cinders.

"It is splendid coffee, at any rate," said Mr. Baird; "but there is no sugar in mine."

"Nor in mine," said Sandy.

"Nor mine," echoed Fred.

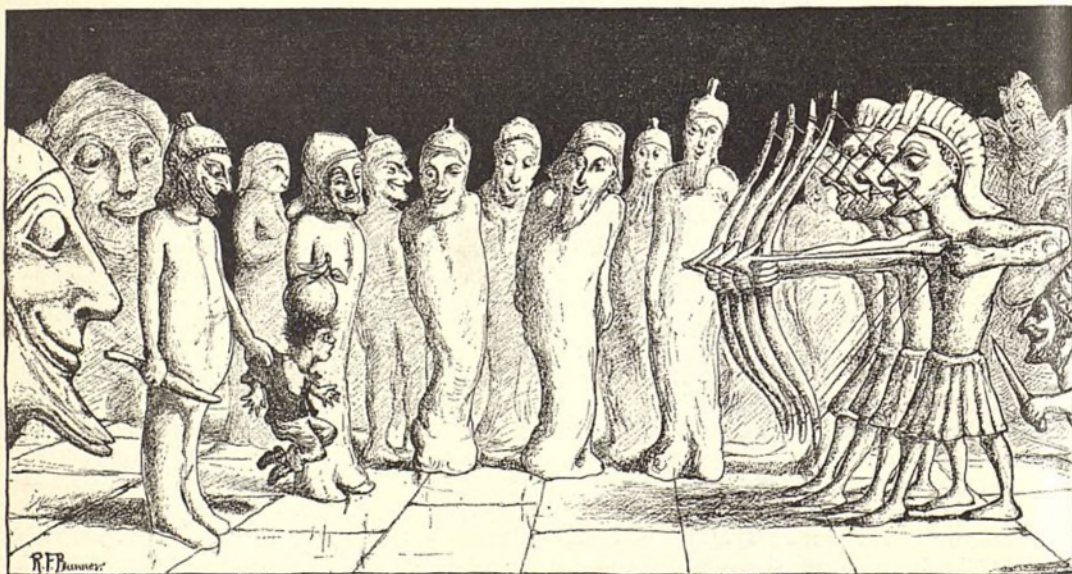
"No," replied Mrs. Baird, "for I have none. Belle has forgotten it. It is in the closet!"

"Every man take his own plate and cup, and clear the table," said Belle promptly; and following her example, they arose, they cleared the table, they opened the closet and took out the sugar, and then made a careful inventory of what was out, to see if anything that was in was needed; but in spite of all their care, no one thought of the salt until the table was set again, and the cold chicken was carved, and then they agreed it really was not needed.

It was a merry supper. They were all hungry, and all full of plans and good humor. It was, however, Sandy himself who reached over too far to get the butter, and thus disturbed the order of the bricks on which the pillar rested. The bricks trembled, they slid, they fell, and the four who depended on them were suddenly precipitated from their seat. Sandy went on to the table, Donald fell back with his heels in the air, Belle caught herself, Fred clutched Sandy, and the older people jumped up with exclamations.

But neither Donald nor Sandy spoke; they lifted the pillar up and carried it out, and then coming back, sat down cross-legged, like Turks or tailors, and Belle and Fred followed their example.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE TOMMY'S DREAM AFTER VISITING THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.



## A YELLOW PANSY.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

TO THE wall of the old green garden  
A butterfly quivering came;  
His wings on the moss of the margin  
Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gray geraniums,  
And the sleepy four-o'clocks;  
He looked at the low lanes bordered  
With the glossy-growing box.

He longed for the peace and the silence,  
And the shadows that nestled there,

For his wee, wild heart was weary  
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden—  
I know not how it came—  
A single pansy is growing,  
Bright as a yellow flame.

But whenever a gay gust passes,  
It quivers as if with pain,  
For the butterfly-soul that is in it  
Longs for the winds again!

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE  
AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

## CHAPTER I.

THE busiest time in a sailor's life is the day before the ship reaches her harbor. On the afternoon before our arrival in Acapulco, the crew of the steamer "Honduras" had to scrub the deck, clean awnings and carpets and wash the gunwales, besides piling up barrels and boxes and all kinds of hardware and heavy freight; and when at last the bell rung for supper, some of them lay down before the mast and left their dishes untouched,—they were too tired to eat. But just before sunset an old tar sauntered up to the railing of the passenger-deck to take a look at a corner behind the caboose, where I had stowed my own baggage. He beckoned one of his comrades, and before long the whole crew were on their legs, crowding around the railing, staring and whispering. Curiosity had got the better of their weariness.

"That man is carrying his own bed along," observed the carpenter; "that hammock there does n't belong to our ship. What has he got in that queer tin box, I wonder?"

"Just look at those funny baskets," said the cook; "they are made of copper wire, it seems. That boy of his has got a pole with a sort of a har-

poon: and they have fire-arms, no doubt; they must be seal-hunters, I think."

"That pole looks more like a grappling-hook," whispered the mate; "and did you notice that coil of rope he is sitting on? He has a cutlass, too. They must be smugglers, I guess."

I could not help overhearing their conversation, and their remarks amused me so much that I opened a case with two big Spanish army pistols, to see if they would take us for disguised pirates.

But I have no right to make fun of my readers, so I had better tell the truth at once. Those hook-poles, wire-baskets and things were part of a hunter's outfit, and we were on our way to the wilds of the American tropics, to catch pets for a French menagerie. About nine years ago, the city of Marseilles, in southern France, was overrun with fugitive soldiers and vagabonds, and one stormy night in midwinter the buildings of the zoölogical garden caught fire, and thousands of living and stuffed rare animals were destroyed; for the garden also contained a museum and a large menagerie-depot, where showmen and private persons could buy all the curiosities they wanted. The citizens clamored for a new Zoo, but the town was very poor just then, and being unable to get animals from Euro-



pean cities at reasonable prices, they decided to send out agents to the tropics, and open a menagerie-depot of their own. Two commissioners went to the East Indies, one to Africa, and I was sent to America. They had only one assistant to spare, and he was engaged by the East Indian party; so I took my nephew Tommy along, a boy of fourteen, who had been in the Pyrenees Mountains with his father, and could talk Spanish nearly as well as his native language.

Besides Tommy, I had a Mexican lad to take care of our pack-mule, and a half-Indian guide,—Daddy Simon, as his countrymen called him,—an old fellow, who had been all over Spanish America and knew every village in Southern Mexico. Menito, our little muleteer, was not much older than Tommy, and as mischievous as a monkey, but not a bad boy, and a sort of Jack-at-all-trades. He could wash and cook, mend shoes and harness-

away from home. Black Betsy, our mule, was a native of Lower California, heavy built and a powerful eater, but good-natured, like most overgrown creatures. Her best friend in the world was a shaggy deer-hound that had been brought from the same country, and had slept in her straw since we left San Francisco. His Mexican name was Rugerio, but we always called him Rough.

Poor Tom had been sea-sick for a day or two, and was very glad when I told him that this was our last night on board. When the sun went down, the coast was veiled by a sea-fog, but toward midnight we could see the moonlit crest of the peak of Las Vegas, and soon after the lights of a little sea-port town glittered on the horizon like rising stars. Sailors have other ways of sighting the coast at night,—they can often tell it by the white mist that hovers over the moist coast-swamps; and a Portuguese ship, having lost her bearings,



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE WONDERLAND.

gear, saddle a mule, and paddle a canoe through the heaviest surf. His father had been a sailor, he said; but he would never tell us where he had spent the last two years; I am afraid he had run

and approaching the coast of Cuba in a stormy night, was once saved by an Indian sailor, who recognized the smell of the mountain forests, where thousands of balsam-firs were in full bloom.

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With the first glimmer of dawn we were on deck again, and when the sun rose it gilded a long range of coast-hills, capped with clouds which here and there revealed a glimpse of the inland Sierras, the wonderland of nature, with its snowy heights and evergreen valleys.

"Do you see that glittering streak yonder?" said the captain. "That glittering water-line in the gap of the coast-hills? That's the valley of the Rio Balsas; if you are going to cross the Sierras, you will have to follow that river right up to the highlands."

When we approached the harbor, we heard the boom of a tumultuous sea, and we thought the breakers looked somewhat dangerous, till a little pilot-boat came dancing through the surf, so light and swift that we became ashamed of our apprehensions. The landing was rather rough; but storm, danger and sea-sickness were now all forgotten,—we had reached the harbor of Acapulco. My Tommy leaped ashore with a loud hurrah, and Black Betsy cantered up the steep bank as if the pack on her back were merely a feather. The poor creature little knew through what thickets and over what mountains she would have to carry that same pack before long.

There were several hotels near the landing, but at Daddy Simon's and Menito's earnest request, I permitted the old man to guide us to a grassy dell at the mouth of the river, where we pitched our tent under a clump of hackberry trees, for our Mexicans were anxious to show their great skill in cooking and camping.

As soon as we had put our tent in order, I left old Simon in charge of the camp, and took the two boys to the market-place, where pets of all kinds could be bought like pigs and cattle in our agricultural fairs. Nearly every huckster had a song-bird or a tame squirrel for sale, and in some of the larger booths we found parrots and monkeys at astonishingly low prices. They asked twenty cents for a squirrel-monkey, and sixty for a young ant-bear, and only two dollars for a fine talking parrot. Armadillos and tame snakes could be bought on the street for a few pennies.

We bought a monkey from a street peddler for half a dollar. The same man sold us a tame badger for sixty cents, and on the wharf we met a couple of fisher-boys who had a still stranger pet, a big tortoise that followed them like a dog, and permitted a little child to ride on its back. We bought it, too, for a French merchant showed us the house of an honest gardener, who had a large empty store-room, and who agreed to take care of our Acapulco animals, and feed them half a year for ten dollars. We understood how he could do it so cheap, when we found out that bananas are sold in

Acapulco like turnips, by the wagon-load, and that a netful of fish can be bought for a few coppers.

Our plan was to leave a lot of animals in every large place we passed through, and after we were



THE PEAKS OF LAS VEGAS.

done, a freight agent from Marseilles was to collect them and ship them to France.

I finished all my private business in Acapulco that same day, and early the next morning we passed through the town in full marching order, and took the overland road that leads across the mountains toward the virgin woods of Chiapas and Tabasco.

"Good luck! Good luck to you, friends!" cried the neighbors, when we passed through the city gate; they took us for a party of gold-hunters on the way to the mountain mines. We might certainly think ourselves lucky in having started so early, for an hour later, when the high-road was covered with cars and riders, the dust became almost suffocating; and when a Mexican stage-coach whirled by at full gallop, we hardly could see the head of the *adelantero* or outrider, with his broad hat and fluttering scarf: all the rest was one big cloud of blinding dust.

"Never mind," said our guide, "we soon shall reach the river-road, and leave the highway far to



the right, and up in the mountains there is hardly any dust at all."

The river-road proved to be a mere trail. Ten miles east of Acapulco, the river-valley became narrow, the trees and bushes looked much fresher, and the ravines were covered with flowering shrubs. We had reached our first hunting-grounds.

"Why, uncle, look here!" cried Tommy, "here are some of the same butterflies that are sold for half a dollar apiece in the Marseilles curiosity-shops,—oh, and look at that big blue one! Stop, Menito, let me get my butterfly-catcher. Please get the press, uncle; we can catch ten dollars' worth of curiosities right here!"

The "press" was a sort of paper box with leaves like a book, for preserving butterflies and small beetles. For big beetles we had a wide-necked bottle with ether. Rough, the deer-hound, soon joined in the chase, though he could find nothing to suit him; we were still in the Vega, in the Acapulco horse-pastures, where game is very scarce. At last, he made a dash into a bramble-bush, but sprang back as if he had seen a snake.

"Come here, quick!—all of you!" shouted Tommy; "have you ever seen such a lizard?—two feet long and as red as a lobster. Hurrah! Here we are!"

The lizard scampered across the meadow like a rabbit, with Tommy at its heels, but soon distanced its pursuer, and hid out of sight. Lizards seem to enjoy sunshine more than other creatures; at noon, when the sun stood directly overhead, even the butterflies retired into the shade, or fluttered near the ground, as if the heat had scorched their tender wings; but lizards of all sizes and all colors darted through the grass and basked on the sunny faces of the way-side rocks.

"I wonder if that river water is fit to drink," said Tommy.

"Better wait till we reach a spring," I replied; "Mr. Simon will show us a place where we can eat our dinner, by and by."

"I do not know about any good drinking-water in this neighborhood," said the Indian; "but I'll tell you what we can do: there's a deserted convent twelve miles from here, an old

building with two good halls and a fine garden, where we can eat our supper."

"Does anybody live there?" I asked.

"No, sir; only an *espectro* or two," said he.

"A *what*?"

"It used to be a convent, señor, and they say that there's an *espectro* there now,—a ghost that's watching the money the monks buried before they left. But he wont hurt us if we sleep there for one night only."

"Is there any good drinking-water there?"

"Yes, sir; a fine spring,—just the place for a camp; only—I'm afraid the boys will get tired before we reach there."

"Not I," said Tommy, stoutly; "Daddy is right; we ought to keep on till we reach a good place."

"Of course," laughed Menito; "let's go and see the ghost and have some fun. I shall ask him where he keeps that money."

"Captain, I fear that's a bad boy," said the old Indian; "we had better watch him, and stuff a handkerchief into his mouth if the ghost should come 'round; those *espectros* wont stand much."

As we kept steadily uphill, the river-valley became deeper and narrower, and at the next turn of the road we entered a forest of pistachio pines, where we lost sight of the coast. The ground be-

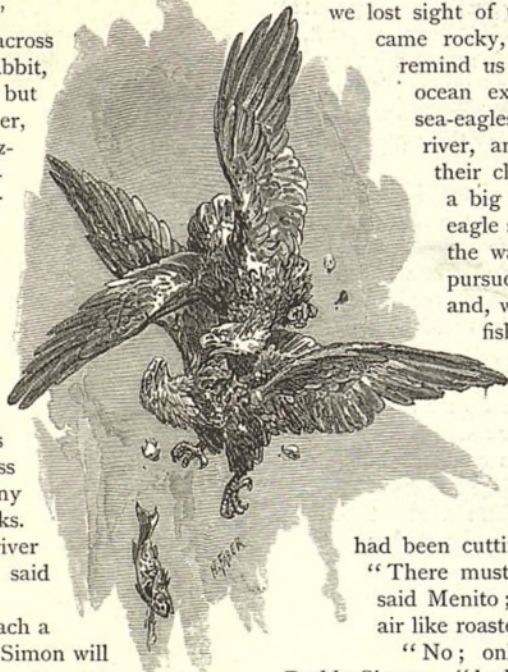
came rocky, and there was nothing to remind us of the neighborhood of the ocean excepting some white-winged sea-eagles, that flew up and down the river, and often rose with a fish in their claws. One of them dropped a big fish in mid-air, and another eagle snatched it before it touched the water; but the rightful owner pursued him with loud screams, and, while they were fighting, the fish dropped again, and this time reached the water in time to escape. Here and there the pistachios were mixed with other trees, and a little farther up we came across a fallen fir-tree, that looked as if somebody

had been cutting pitch-chips out of it.

"There must be a house very near here," said Menito; "there's a smell in the air like roasted acorns."

"No; only an Indian wigwam," said Daddy Simon; "look down there,—you can see their smoke going up. It's a family of Pinto Indians; they build no houses, but sleep in hammocks with some big tree for their roof."

"Let's go and see them," I said; "may be they have monkeys or birds for sale."



SEA-EAGLES  
FIGHTING.



Before we reached the wigwam, a curly-headed little child ran up to us with outstretched hands.

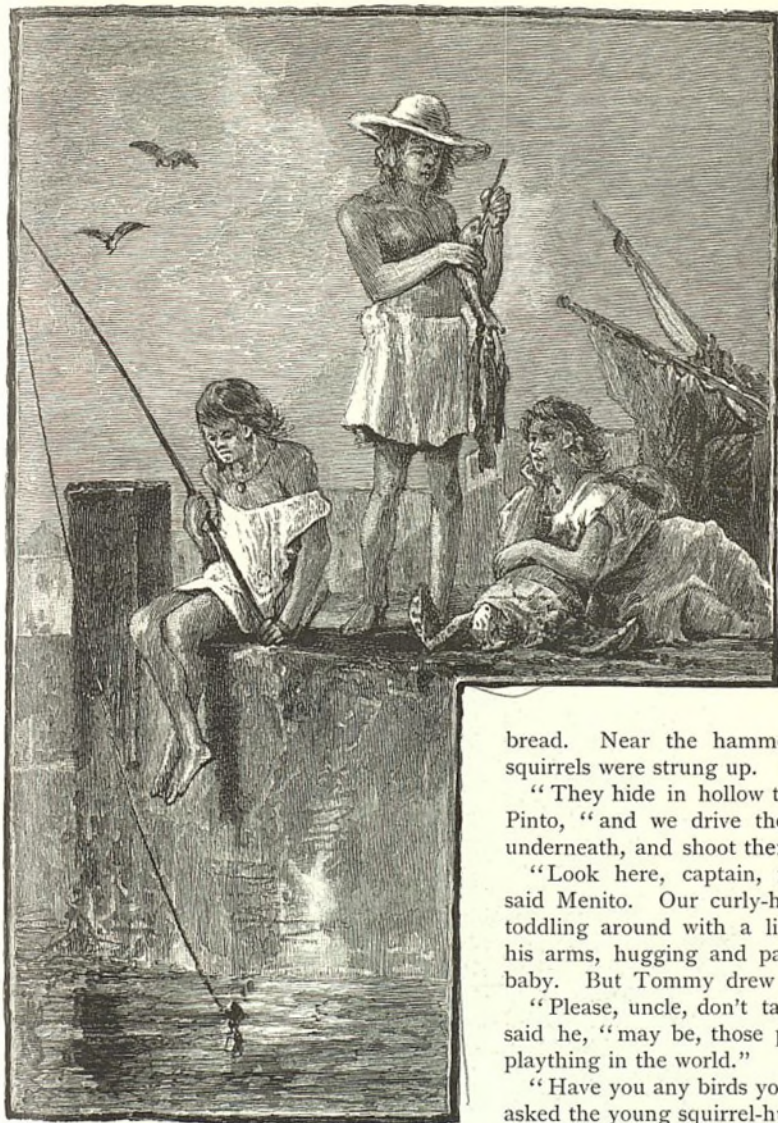
"Please gimme a copper," he cried; "I will be

boa," said I. "How did you manage to kill such a monster? Have you a gun?"

"No; we are very poor, señor," said the Pinto.

"I killed it with this," showing us a heavy bignonia-wood bow.

The family seemed to be very poor, indeed; all their household stuff might have been removed in a wheelbarrow. Their hammock was made of a sort of matting, like coarse coffee-bagging, and the entire cooking outfit consisted of an iron kettle and two forked sticks. The old squaw was roasting acorns for supper; there is an oak-tree growing in southern Mexico which our botanists call the *Quercus Ilex*, and whose acorns taste almost like hazel-nuts, and often are baked into a sort of sweetish



MEXICAN FISHER-BOYS.

a good Johnny; will you gimme a copper now?"

"Certainly," laughed Tommy; "here is one; where's your father?"

"Behind that tree," said the boy; "he's skinning a cully for supper."

The cully, or culebra, was a big fat snake, dangling from the projecting bough of a pine-tree. The Indian had almost finished skinning the snake, and I am afraid they were actually going to eat it.

"Why, that's an ugly-sized reptile,—a regular

bread. Near the hammock, some twenty gray squirrels were strung up. I asked about them.

"They hide in hollow trees," explained the old Pinto, "and we drive them out by lighting a fire underneath, and shoot them as fast as they come."

"Look here, captain, they have a monkey," said Menito. Our curly-headed young friend was toddling around with a little tamarin-monkey in his arms, hugging and patting it as if nursing a baby. But Tommy drew me aside.

"Please, uncle, don't take that monkey away," said he, "may be, those poor boys have no other plaything in the world."

"Have you any birds you would like to sell?" I asked the young squirrel-hunter.

"No, sir," said he; "nothing but a few chickens; but there is a humming-bird's nest in that bush over yonder."

He took us to a large catalpa-bush, at the brink of a river, and pointed to one of the top branches. I bent the bough down and found that the bird had fastened its nest to the lower side of a large leaf, so deftly and cunningly that one might have passed that bush a dozen times without noticing anything.

Before we left the wigwam, Tommy gave the little curly-head another copper.



"That's right," said the little fellow. "Now gimme your gun, too, please? What for? To shoot my monkey," said the little Indian.

"Why, you bad boy," laughed Tom; "did n't you promise us you would be a good Johnny?"

"I wont shoot him altogether," said Johnny. "I only want to shoot his head off, because he's making such faces at me."

The sun had already disappeared behind the south-western coast-hills when we sighted the ruins of the convent, on a steep bluff of limestone rocks. We had some difficulty in getting our mule up; but Daddy Simon was right; it was a splendid place for a camping-ground. In front of the building there was a broad terrace, and a little grass-plot, strewn with broken stones; the lawn was surrounded with a wildering thicket of briars and flowering shrubs, and the upper part of the inclosure seemed to have been an orchard, for near the garden wall the grass was covered with figs and *cetrinos*, as the Spaniards call a sort of wild lemon with a pleasant aromatic scent. Hawk-moths of all sizes swarmed about the shrubbery, and the air was filled with the perfume of honeysuckle and parnassia flowers. At the lower end of the garden there were two fine springs that formed a little rivulet at their junction, and farther down, a pond, where we had a good wash, and then, finding that we could dispense with a tent for this night, we all encamped on the terrace around our provision-box. We had neither tea nor coffee, but the cool spring-water, with *cetrinos* and a little sugar, made an excellent lemonade, and after our forced march we would not have exchanged our free and easy picnic for a banquet in the palace of Queen Victoria.

"There comes the moon," said I. "Do you think you could find a few more lemons, boys?"

"Yes, try," said the Indian. "I am going to fetch another bucketful of water."

After ten or fifteen minutes, Menito at last returned, with a whole hatful of *cetrinos*.

"I found the best place in the garden," said he. "The top of that wall is just covered with them. Why! Where is Daddy?"

"Listen!" said Tom. "He's down there, talking to somebody. Oh, here he comes!"

"Why, Mr. Simon, that's not fair," said Menito. "If you met that specter you ought to have told us, so we could get our share of the money."

"That tongue of yours will get us all into trouble yet," said Mr. Simon. "No, no; it's old Mrs. Yegua, the widow who lives on the little farm down in the hollow. She says her own spring is nearly dry. Come up, Mrs. Yegua!"

A strange figure appeared on the moonlit terrace—

a figure that would have looked rather specter-like, indeed, if one had met her unawares; our dog, at least, retreated with a frightened growl when she hobbled up the steps, with a bucket in one hand and a big stick in the other. She had only one garment, a sack-like gown without sleeves, but with a collar-flap that went over her head like a hood.

"How do you all do?" said she, shaking hands with us like an old acquaintance. "My spring turned brackish again," said she, "just like the year before last, you know. Mr. Simon here tells me that he saw my Josy in Acapulco."

She then sat down and told us a long story about her grandson José, who had enlisted in the Mexican army for a drummer, and would be a major by and by. "Well, I must go," said she, at last. "I'm glad I found you all in good health."

"Would n't you take supper with us before you go?" said I. "Here, try some of these cakes, Mrs. Yegua."

"No, thank you," said the old lady, putting her hand on Menito's shoulder; "but if you want to do me a favor, I would ask you to lend me this boy for ten minutes to-morrow morning."

"Certainly; but what can he do for you?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said she; "there's a troop of *monos* (ceboo monkeys) in that cauchowood behind my place, and they rob me nearly every day, and I can't stand it any longer. Yesterday morning they broke into my corn-crib, and this morning again; now, if I had a slim little chap, like this lad, to hide behind the door, we could catch every one of them."

"Will you give us the monkeys if we catch them?" asked Menito.

"Yes," said she, "you can take them; but, please, don't be too hard on them."

"Why not?"

"They are my only neighbors, you see," said Mrs. Yegua, "and I should not like to get them into trouble if I could help it."

"Why? What would you do with them?"

"I meant to lock them up and keep them on fair rations," said she. "If they run at large, they take about ten times more than they need; they somehow seem to have no principles at all."

"Very well, Mrs. Yegua," said I. "I'll send Menito over at any time you like."

"Yes, please send him early," said she; "we'll manage it between us two. I know I can fight them if I have them under lock and key."

The next morning we dispatched Menito at day-break, and, after helping Daddy to pack the mule, we all went down to the farm to witness Mrs. Yegua's fight with her monkey-neighbors.

(To be continued.)

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With



## WILL O' THE WISP.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



"WILL O' THE WISP, Will o' the wisp,  
Show me your lantern true!  
Over the meadow and over the hill,  
Gladly I 'll follow you.

"Never I 'll murmur, nor ask for rest,  
And ever I 'll be your friend,  
If you 'll only give me the pot of gold  
That lies at your journey's end."

And after the light went the brave little boy,  
Trudging along so bold;  
And thinking of all the things he 'd buy  
With the wonderful pot of gold:

"A house, and a horse, and a full-rigged ship,  
And a ton of peppermint drops,  
And all the marbles there are in the world,  
And all the new kinds of tops."

Will o' the wisp, Will o' the wisp,  
Flew down at last in a swamp.  
He put out his lantern and vanished away  
In the evening chill and damp.

And the poor little boy went shivering home,  
Wet and tired and cold.  
He had come, alas! to his journey's end,  
But where was the pot of gold?



## A CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

"H'm!" growled Uncle Jack. "What will you do to me if I won't tell you a story?"

"Hang you on the Christmas-tree!" shouted Joe. "Kiss you a thousand times!" cried Sue.

"Hold! Enough!" exclaimed the besieged uncle. "I'll come right down. Look here! You have n't heard about that wonderful machine, lately invented by somebody, which shows you things that are going on hundreds of miles away?"

"Tell us about it," chants the full battalion.

"Well, I don't know much about *that*; but I have an instrument of my own that will do wonderful things. By looking into it, you can not only see people that are far off, you can hear what they are saying and tell what they are thinking; and what is more, you can look back and see what has happened to them, and look ahead and see what is going to happen to them for hours and days to come."

"Oh, Uncle! Give us a look into it, won't you?"

"No; I can't do that. But, if you like, I'll take a look into it myself, and report what I see."

Presently, Uncle Jack returned from his room, where all sorts of curious machines were stored,—microscopes, electrical batteries, and what not,—bringing with him a curious-looking instrument. It was composed of two shining cylinders of brass, mounted like small telescopes, and placed at an angle, so that one end of one of them was quite near to one end of the other, and the other ends were wide apart. Between the adjacent ends was a prism of beautifully polished glass.

Uncle Jack placed this instrument on a stand in the bay window, and sat down before it.

"Now you must all retire and be seated," he said. "I do not believe that the machinery will work unless you keep perfectly still. You must n't interrupt me with any questions. When I am through, I will try to explain anything that you do not understand."

"All right; go ahead!" The battalion was soon at parade rest, and Uncle Jack proceeded.

The first thing that comes into the field of vision is a railway-station, about one hundred and fifty miles from this city. A boy is just entering the rear door of the last car of the afternoon express, and quietly depositing himself and his little Russia bag on the short seat at the end of the car. He has just taken from his pocket a letter addressed to

"Mark Howland." That is his name. His uncle Cyrus has invited Mark to spend Christmas with his cousins in New Liverpool, and he is now on his way to that metropolis.

There is nothing to fear on account of the strangeness of the place to which he is going, for his cousins Arthur and Clarence will meet him at the station; and there is no reason to doubt the heartiness of his welcome, for his uncle's family are not at all "stuck up," if they do live in a fine house; and his father and mother are not only willing, but glad to have him go; so the happy light of expectancy shines out of his eyes.

It has been a busy day with Mark. He was up at four in the morning to go over the paper-route with Horace Mills, who is to carry the morning papers for him during his three days' absence; then there were many little preparations to make about the house, for Mark did not wish to take his pleasure at the expense of extra work for his father and mother, whose daily burdens are heavy enough; and therefore, as far as he can, he has anticipated the work of the three coming days. This filled the forenoon. After dinner, there were a few last errands for his mother, and then there was only time to pack his bag and don his Sunday suit, and hurry to the station for the four o'clock express.

The evening is cloudy and it is soon dark, and there is little to see from the windows of the car. Mark amuses himself for a while in watching the passengers; but they happen to be an unusually decorous company, and there is not much entertainment in that occupation. At length, he makes himself comfortable in his corner of the car, rests his head against the window-frame, and gives himself up to imagining the delights of the coming day. Presently the speed of the train slackens, and the brakeman cries: "Lunenburg; ten minutes for refreshments; change cars for the Aërial Line!"

While Mark is observing the departure of the passengers who get down at this station, and wondering what the "Aërial Line" may be, he is surprised to see his uncle Cyrus entering the front door of the car.

"Oh, here you are, Mark!" he exclaims, as he espies him. "Glad to see you, my boy. How you grow! But come, bring your bag. We have changed our plans since morning. I have had an invitation to spend Christmas with Sir Marmaduke Monahan, and I am to bring my boys along. You



are one of my boys for the time being, so here you go. Arthur and Clarence are waiting outside. I have telegraphed your father, and he knows all about it. Come on."

Mark picks up his bag and follows his uncle, half-dazed by the suddenness of this change of plans.

Arthur and Clarence greet him in high glee.

"Is n't this a gay old adventure?" cries Arthur.

"You did n't expect anything like this; did you?"

"N-no," answers Mark, rather demurely. He is not yet sure that he is glad to be cheated out of his visit to New Liverpool. And then he asks:

"But who is Sir Marmaduke Monahan?"

"Don't you know?" cry both the boys. "Why, he's the one they call The Man in the Moon. When he was down here the last time, he stopped over Sunday with us. Papa's one of the aldermen, you know, and Sir Marmaduke was the guest of the city; so Papa saw him and asked him to our house. He's just the jolliest little old chap. He told us ever so much about his home, and made us promise that we would visit him sometime. This morning we got a telegram from him, and started this afternoon on short notice."

Now it begins to come to Mark that he has read in the papers of the establishment of an aerial line to the moon, the result of one of Edison's wonderful inventions.

The night is dark and chilly; but at the farther end of the station a great electric light is blazing, and thither the four travelers make their way. A long flight of steps leads up to an elevated platform, alongside of which, resting upon trestle-work, stands the great aerial car. It looks a little like one of the Winans cigar-steamers; its length is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, and its shape is that of a cylinder, pointed at both ends. Just forward of the middle of the car are two enormous paddle-wheels, one on each side, not covered in like the paddles of a North River steam-boat, but in full view.

"How soon does it start?" Mark asks his uncle.

"In five minutes; there is the captain now."

A man in a bright red uniform is coming out of the station, with a lantern in his hand. Following him is a company of thirty or forty little people, whose singular appearance strikes Mark almost dumb with astonishment.

"What queer creatures are those?" he whispers.

"Those are the moon-folk," answers his uncle.

"You have never seen any of them, have you? They are getting to be so common in the streets of New Liverpool that we hardly notice them."

"But what are those things around their heads?"

"Those are the air-protectors. You know the atmosphere of the moon is very thin; some of the astronomers used to say that there was n't any, but there is; only it is so extremely rare that we were

not able to discover it. The lungs of the moon-folk are, of course, adapted to that thin atmosphere, and could not breathe in ours any more than we could breathe water. So when they come down to earth they wear these globes, which are hermetically sealed around their necks, and are very strong, to protect them from our air."

"Are these globes made of glass?" asks Mark.

"Yes, they are: the new kind of glass, that is annealed so that it is flexible and tough as iron."

As the curious little folk go trotting by on their way to the car, one of them recognizes Mr. Howland, and gives a queer little jerk of the head.

"That," says Clarence, "is Sir Marmaduke's steward. He was at our house with his master."

Now the little man halts and holds out to Mr. Howland a tiny telephone and transmitter. Mark notes that they communicate with a mouth-piece inside the globe which protects the moon-man's head.

"That's the way they have to talk," said Arthur. "There is n't any air to speak of inside that glass, and so there can't be any sound. But he manages it with this little telephone. He hears with his teeth,—that's the new way of hearing,—then he speaks into his transmitter, and we can hear him."

"What was he saying?" asks Arthur, as the little man hurries on.

"Only that Sir Marmaduke is expecting us, and that he will see us at the other end of the line," replies his father.

"All aboard!" shouts the captain. "Earth-folk forward; moon-folk abaft the wheel!"

Mark observes that two gang-planks run out to "The Meteor,"—for that is the name of the aerial car,—and that the little people are passing in over one of them, and the earth-born passengers over the other. They all are soon inside a handsome little saloon, elliptical in shape, furnished with stuffed lounges and easy-chairs, and a center-table with a few books and papers, lighted by small windows of thick plate-glass, and warmed by electric radiators. The sliding door is shut by the guard and firmly fastened, a few strokes of a musical bell are heard, a tremulous flutter passes through the frame of "The Meteor," and the great paddle-wheels begin to revolve. Mark observes that the separate paddles of each wheel are constructed so that, as each one begins the downward and backward stroke, it spreads out like a fan, and then shuts up as it begins to rise from its lowest position, so as to offer but little resistance to the air.

The huge ship rises slowly from its timber moorings; the paddle-wheels begin to revolve with great rapidity; the lights of the village below drop down and down like falling stars; for a moment, a thick mist outside hides everything from view—"The



Meteor" is passing through the clouds; in another moment, the stars above blaze out with wonderful brilliancy, the clouds are all lying beneath,—a silvery sea, lit by the rising moon,—and the lights of the under world have all disappeared.

"How high up are we now?" Clarence asks.

His father turns to a barometer on the wall, with a table of altitudes hanging beside it, and answers: "About six miles, I judge from this table. We are not yet fully under headway. But my ears begin to ring, and I guess we had better be getting on our respirators."

Following Mr. Howland, the boys all go over to the forward part of the saloon, where a gentlemanly steward is assisting the passengers to adjust these curious contrivances.

An elderly gentleman, who has just secured his outfit, is returning to his seat.

Mark notices that he wears over his nose a neatly fitting rubber cap, from the bottom of which a tube extends to the inside pocket of his coat.

"You see," explains his uncle, "we are getting up now where the atmosphere is very thin, and presently there will be next to none at all. These respirators are made for the supply of air to the earth-folk on their journey through space and during their stay at the moon. Edison's wonderful air-condenser is the invention that makes this possible. By this invention, twenty-five thousand cubic feet of air are condensed into a solid block, about three times as large as a good-sized pocket-book, that will keep without aerifying in any climate. There! He is slipping one of the bricks of condensed air into that pouch just now, and handing it to that gentleman. You see that it looks a good deal like a piece of Parian marble. The tube connects the pouch containing the condensed air with the respirator on the end of the nose, and the moisture of the breath produces a gentle and gradual aerification, as they call it, or change of the brick into good air."

"How long will one of those chunks of condensed air last?" Mark asks.

"About twenty-four hours. They can last longer, but they are generally renewed every day."

"I should think, then," Mark answers, "that earth-folk, while they are in the moon, would feel like saying in their prayers, 'Give us this day our daily breath,' as well as 'our daily bread.'"

"Perhaps," rejoined his uncle, reverently, "they might fitly offer that prayer while they are on the earth, too, as well as anywhere else."

"How fast are we going now?" Arthur inquires.

"Possibly sixty miles an hour," says his father.

"Sixty miles an hour!" answers Mark. "Why, that's—let me see: six fours are twenty-four, six twos are twelve, and two are fourteen. That's only

fourteen hundred and forty miles a day, and we have two hundred and thirty thousand miles to travel."

"Whew!" cries Arthur. "It will take us more than a hundred days—almost two hundred—to get there, at this rate."

"You don't understand," Mr. Howland explains. "We can only go by means of these paddles through our atmosphere."

"And that," breaks in Arthur, "is only forty-five miles."

"It is more than that. The later conjectures of the best astronomers, that the atmosphere extends about two hundred miles from the surface of the earth, have been verified. But just as soon as we reach the outermost limits of this atmospheric envelope of the earth, we strike the great electric currents that flow between the earth and the moon. These currents, at this time of the day, flow toward the moon. They go with immense velocity,—probably twenty thousand miles an hour. This car is covered, as you saw, with soft iron, and, by the electric engines which drive the machinery, it is converted into an immense electro-magnet, on which these currents lay hold, sweeping the car right along with them. There is no air to resist the motion, you know, and you are not conscious of motion any more than you are when drifting with the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic."

"We shall get there, then," Mark figures, "in about twelve hours from the time we started."

"Yes; if nothing happens we shall land about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now, as there is very little that you can see, and as we shall have a fatiguing day to-morrow, and ought to start fresh, I propose that we all lie down upon these comfortable couches and try to get a night's rest."

The boys do not quite relish the suggestion, but they adopt it, nevertheless, and are soon sleeping soundly. An hour or two later, Mark awakens, and, lifting himself on his elbow, looks out of the forward windows. The moon is shining in, and such a moon! Talk about dinner-plates or cart-wheels! The great bright shield of this moon fills a vast circle of the heavens. It is twenty times bigger than any moon he ever saw. He takes a quarter-dollar from his pocket and holds it before his eye at a distance of about two inches, and the coin does not hide the planet; a bright silver rim is visible all around it. The dark spots on the moon's surface are now clearly seen to be deep valleys and gorges; the mountain ranges come out in clear relief. Mark is at first inclined to wake his cousins; but he concludes to wait an hour or two till the view shall be a little finer; and before he knows it, he is sound asleep again.

He is wakened by a general stir in the saloon. The captain is crying, "All ashore!" the passen-





"ALL ABOARD FOR THE MOON!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



gers are gathering their hand-luggage, and preparing to disembark. How in the world, or rather in the moon, this landing was ever effected, Mark does not understand. But there is no time now to ask ques-



EVERY MAN MUST WEAR A RESPIRATOR.

tions, and he picks up his bag and follows his uncle and his cousins. The gang-plank leads out to an elevated platform, crowned with a neat little building, from the cupola of which a purple-and-white flag, shaped and colored somewhat like a pansy, is floating in the faint breeze. In a neat little park surrounding the station an orderly crowd of the moon-folk are waiting.

It is the brightest-colored company that Mark has ever seen. The park fairly glitters and dances with brilliant hues. The little carriages in which the gentry are sitting, instead of being painted dead black, are gay with crimson and purple and gold. The little ponies themselves have coats as bright as the plumage of the birds on the earth, and the costumes of the people are all as gay as color can make them.

"See!" exclaims Clarence; "what do they mean? They are all waving flags, and they seem to be shouting, but they do not make any noise."

"No noise that you can hear," replied Mr. Howland. "The atmosphere is so rare that it does not convey the sound to our ears. Perhaps when we draw nearer we shall hear a little of it."

"But what are they shouting for?" asks Arthur.

"They are greeting us," replies his father. "These are Sir Marmaduke's people—his constituents perhaps I ought to call them; and they have come at his summons to give us a welcome."

A handsome young officer now appears on the platform, and touching his cap to the travelers, beckons them to follow him. They all descend the platform and go to the small square in front of the park, where the carriages are waiting. Here Sir Marmaduke comes forward to greet them, lifting his chapeau, and extending his hand in a very cordial fashion.

He is a pleasant-faced little man, with gray hair; he is dressed in a purple uniform with white facings, and he carries at his side an elegant little sword. He puts his fingers to his ears and points with a smiling face toward the multitude in the park (who are waving their flags and their caps, and seem to be shouting still more uproariously), as if to say:

"They are making so much noise that it is of no use for me to try to talk."

The boys can hardly refrain from laughing at this dumb show; but a faint murmur comes to their ears, like the shouting of a multitude miles away, and they realize that it is not really pantomime, though it looks so very like it.

They are led by Sir Marmaduke to the chariot in waiting. The body of this conveyance is scarlet, the wheels are gilt, and the cushions are sky-blue; it is drawn by sixteen ponies, four abreast, each team of which is driven by a postilion. The chariot is about as large as an ordinary barouche, with seats for four; but it towers high above all the carriages of the moon-folk.

A faint popping comes to their ears, which seems to be a salute from a battery of electrical cannon in the upper corner of the park; in the midst of the salute, the procession moves off. A band, dressed in scarlet and gold, and playing on silver instruments, leads the way; the tones resemble the notes of a small music-box, smothered in a trunk. Sir Marmaduke's body-guard of two hundred cavalry comes next; then Sir Marmaduke himself in his carriage of state, drawn by eight ponies; then the travelers in their chariot; then the grandees of the moon in carriages, and then the rest of the military and citizens on foot.

It is about a mile from the station to the palace of Sir Marmaduke, and the travelers have a chance to observe the scenery. The surface is quite un-



even; the hills are high and steep, and the valleys narrow; the trees are small and somewhat different in form from those on the earth; the grass is fine and soft, and multitudes of the brightest pink and yellow flowers bloom in the meadows. The houses, from all of which the pansy flag is flying, are stone, and are nearly all of a single story, built, Arthur guesses, in view of earthquakes.

"Moonquakes, you mean," suggests Mark.

The very moderate laugh with which the other boys greet this small witticism seems to produce consternation among the moon-folk. Sir Marmaduke claps his hands to his ears, the cavalry ponies in front fall to jumping and prancing, and the whole procession is struck with a sudden tremor.

"Careful, boys!" whispers Mr. Howland. "You must remember that one of our ordinary tones sounds like thunder to these people, and the rush of air from our lungs, when we suddenly laugh or cry out, affects this thin atmosphere somewhat as an explosion of nitro-glycerine affects the atmosphere of the earth. A sudden outcry in a loud tone might do great damage."

And now the head of the column halts upon a wide avenue leading up to a fine

Marmaduke, and the travelers, and the grandees, to dismount and ascend the pavilion; the troops march past with flying banners and music faintly heard, and the guests are escorted to their rooms in the palace, and are told to amuse themselves in any way that pleases them until dinner shall be ready.

"I have read," says Arthur, "that there is no moisture on the surface of the moon; but this vegetation proves that there is. Besides, right there, is a beautiful fountain playing on the lawn before the palace, and yonder is a river."

"It is true," his father answers, "that there are but few signs of moisture on the side of the moon that is nearest the earth; but we sailed around last night to the other side,—the side that we never see from the earth; and here the surface is much lower, and there is moisture enough to promote vegetation. It is only this side of the moon that is inhabited."

It is not long before a herald comes to summon our travelers to dinner. They pass through a long corridor into the spacious hall of the palace, where the feast is spread. Sir Marmaduke meets them at the door of the hall, and escorts them to a dais at the side of



THE GRAND CAVALCADE IN THE METROPOLIS OF THE MOON.

palace; the cavalry is drawn up in ranks on either side of the avenue; the carriages pass between, halting at the steps only long enough to allow Sir

the room, upon which stands the table prepared for them. From this elevated position the whole of the banqueting hall is visible; and the gay



costumes of the guests, with the splendor of the table-service and the abundance of the flowers, make it a brilliant spectacle.

Sir Marmaduke places Mr. Howland on his right, and his prime minister on his left; the three boys occupy the seats next to Mr. Howland.

The master of the feast holds in his hand a speaking-trumpet, with which he can converse with his guest upon the right; for it is only by the aid of this that he can make himself heard. The

wires are not working very well; but, with strict attention, they catch the words of his speech:

"My lords and gentlemen: We are honored in having with us to-day one of the most distinguished inhabitants of the earth. Allow me to present him, and the young gentlemen who are with him, and to bid him and them, in the name of you all, a hearty welcome to the moon."

Here the whole company rise and give three tremendous cheers, which sound to the boys about



SIR MARMADUKE MAKES A SPEECH.

waiters who come to serve the earth-folks also have speaking-trumpets slung around their necks; but they find little use for them, for the feast proceeds with great formality and in excellent order.

One course after another is served. Mark has never seen in his dreams anything so tempting as this bountiful feast.

Presently the cloth is removed, and the Man in the Moon rises to propose the health of the earth-folk. To each of the guests a monstrous ear-trumpet is handed, with a megaphone attached, and the boys, at a sign from Mr. Howland, draw back from the table, bring their chairs a little nearer to Sir Marmaduke, and listen to what he is saying. His thin voice comes to them as from afar, a little like the sound of the telephone when the

as loud as the buzz of half a dozen house-flies on a window-pane.

"There could be no better day than this," Sir Marmaduke goes on, "for the promotion of peace and good-will between the inhabitants of this planet and those of Mother Earth." ("Hear! Hear!" from the multitude below.) "It has been one of my dearest ambitions to secure more perfect communication and more friendly relations between the moon and the earth." ("Hear! Hear!" and cheers.) "I need not refer to the erroneous opinions which so long were held by our people, concerning the earth and her inhabitants. You know that, until a recent period, it was believed by most of our scientific men that the people living on the earth were quadrupeds,—that each was provided with four



legs, two horns, and a tail." (Sensation.) "The origin of this opinion is known to you all. Many centuries ago, a creature from the earth passed swiftly through our sky one day about noon, and was seen to return in the direction of the earth. It was supposed to be one of the earth's inhabitants. It is now known that it was one of their domestic animals. The event is recorded in the annals of the earth, and is one of the facts taught to the children of that planet at a very tender age. It is referred to in one of their treatises of useful science in the following manner:

"Hey diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon."

"It was a cow, then, my lords and gentlemen, and not one of the earth-folk, that appeared that day so suddenly in our sky. Our scientists were too hasty in their inferences. They should not have based a theory so broad upon a single fact. And inasmuch as there have been those among us who were slow to relinquish the old theory, and loath to believe that the people of the earth are bipeds like ourselves, I am greatly pleased to give you today an ocular demonstration of the new theory."

Sir Marmaduke sits down amid great cheering.

Mr. Howland has risen, and is watching for the applause to subside before beginning his response. The boys have kept as sober faces as possible, but the speech of the Man in the Moon has pretty nearly upset their gravity. Mark is biting his lips to keep back the merriment, when he suddenly turns around and perceives the fat old prime minister, who has eaten too much Christmas dinner, asleep in his chair through all this enthusiasm, and nodding desperately in the direction of a hot pudding that has been left by the waiters before him on the table. Every nod brings his face a little nearer to the smoking heap, and finally down goes his nose plump into the pudding.

It is a little more than the boy can endure. How much of it is laugh, and how much cough, and how much scream, nobody can tell; but there is a tremendous explosion from the mouth and nose of Mark—an explosion that smashes crockery and upsets vases, and sends Sir Marmaduke spinning out of his chair, and scatters the guests as if a thunderbolt had struck the palace. In a few moments the hall is deserted by all but the master of the feast and a few of his attendants, with the guests from the earth, who are looking on in dismay at the havoc which has been made by Mark's unlucky outburst.

The good Sir Marmaduke quickly comes forward to re-assure them.

"Really," he says, "you must not be distressed about this. No serious harm has been done. The

boy was not to blame. I, too, caught a glimpse of the old gentleman, making the last desperate nod, and I could n't help bursting with laughter."

"But the people," says Mr. Howland. "I am very sorry that we should have had the misfortune to frighten them so badly."

"You need have no anxiety on that score," replies Sir Marmaduke. "They did not connect the noise they heard with you in any way. They all thought it was a moonquake, and they have hurried home to see whether their houses have sustained any injury."

While they have been talking, they have been passing through the hall toward the pavilion. The chariot of the guests has just appeared in front of the palace.

"Can it be possible?" exclaims Mr. Howland. "Our time of departure has come. Good-bye, Sir Marmaduke. You have done us much honor, and given us great pleasure."

"Good-bye," returns the gentle host. "I shall see you here again, I am sure. And I want the boys to come without fail. The next time, we will take a little trip to the mountains, and see some of the craters of the extinct volcanoes, and camp out a few days where the game and the fish are plenty. Good-bye. *Bon voyage!*"

The parting guests, thus heartily speeded, mount their carriage, are whirled to the station, enter again the saloon of "The Meteor," are lifted upon the great electric tide then just ebbing, and will soon, no doubt, be safely landed at the Lunenburg terminus of the Great Aërial Line.

When Uncle Jack's narration closes there is silence in the library for half a minute.

"Uncle Jack!" finally ejaculates Sue, with a good deal of emphasis on "Jack," and with a falling inflection.

"Let us look into that machine," pleads Joe.

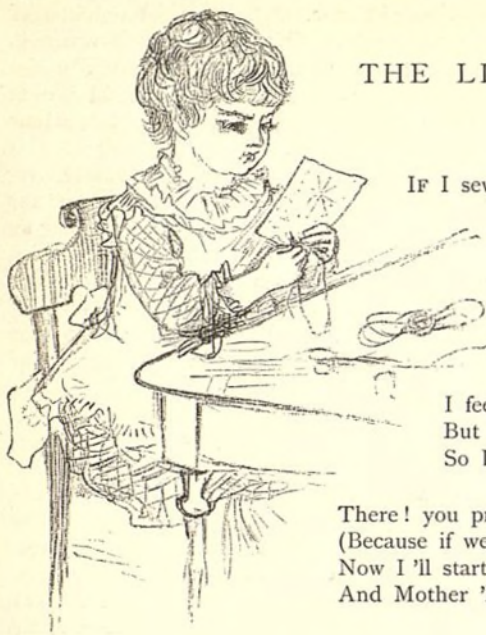
"Oh, *that* machine," says Uncle Jack, in a very cool way, "is my spectroscope. I did not see in *that* the things I have been telling you."

"What did you see them in?" urges Joe.

"Humbug!" shouts the knowing Fred. "He made it all up out of his own head. There! He's got the blank-book in his hand, now, that he writes his stories in. I'll bet he's read every word of it out of that book while he has been sitting there with his back to us, pretending to look into that old spectroscope."

"Alas! my gentle babes," complains the solemn uncle, slipping the blank-book into his desk. "I grieve that you should have so little confidence in me. But you must remember that in these days of Edison and Jules Verne, nothing is incredible."





## THE LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.

BY BESSIE HILL.

IF I sew, sew, and pull, pull, pull,  
The pattern will come, and the card be full;  
So it's criss, criss, criss, and it's cross, cross, cross;  
If we have some pleasant work to do we're never  
at a loss.

Oh, dear! I pulled too roughly,—I've broken  
through my card.

I feel like throwing all away, and crying real hard.  
But no, no, no,—for we never should despair,  
So I'll rip, rip, rip, and I'll tear, tear, tear.

There! you pretty purple worsted, I've saved you, every stitch  
(Because if we are wasteful we never can get rich).  
Now I'll start another tablet, and I'll make it perfect yet,  
And Mother'll say: "Oh, thank you, my precious little pet!"

## THE GAMES AND TOYS OF COREAN CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

LOOK on the map of Asia, and see the peninsula of Corea hanging out from the main-land like our Florida. It lies just between China and Japan, and is of the same size as Minnesota or Great Britain. Perhaps as many as ten million people live in Corea, so that there must be at least two million children there. They all dress in white. Their clothes are made of cotton or of bleached sea-grass. One of the greatest labors of a Corean housekeeper is the whitening of her husband's and children's clothes for a gala day. To see a gang of Corean farmers laboring in the rice-fields, reminds one of a flock of big white birds, like the snowy heron of Japan.

Corea is a forbidden land. Until three years ago, no foreigner was allowed to set foot on her shores. Corea was like a house full of people, but shut up, with gates barred, and "No Admittance" nailed up everywhere. When sailors were shipwrecked on the shores, the Coreans fed and housed them, but always sent them out of the country as quickly as possible. Englishmen, Russians, and Americans sometimes came to Corea and said: "Be sociable and open your doors. We want to trade with you. We have nice machines and cloth and

corn and clocks and guns, which we want you to buy; and you have gold and tiger-skins and cattle and silk to sell to us. Please open your doors."

"We won't!" said the King of Corea and all his court. "We're a little kingdom in the corner of the earth. Our country is four thousand years old; it has done without your clocks and coal-oil so far. We don't want to trade. Good-bye. Please go away."

So they all went away, and said Corea was like a hermit-crab in a shell, showing nothing but its claws. And so the great world knows no more of Corea than if it were a patch of moon-land. But in 1876 the Japanese sent a great fleet of war-ships to Corea, and General Kuroda acted as Commodore Perry did in Japan in 1853. He had rifled cannon and plenty of powder at hand, but he did not fire a shot. He gained a "brain-victory" over the Coreans, and they made a treaty with the Japanese; and the merchants of Japan now travel and trade in the country. One of these merchants, who perhaps had children of his own, and wished to make them a New Year's present on his return home, collected a number of the toys of Corean children. Of these, the artist Ozawa made a sketch



and sent it to the writer. Now, some of the games of Japanese children are borrowed from the Koreans; and so, from seeing them, we know something about play and toys in Corea.

First, there is the jumping-jack, or "sliding Kim," we ought to call it, for Kim is a Korean name. A little Korean boy (a wooden one, of course) holds a trumpet in his right hand. When the string is pulled down, he puts out his tongue; when it slides up, in goes the tongue, and the trumpet flies to his lips. The hat and feather, and dress with fringed sleeves, are exactly like those of live, rollicking children in the Korean homes. Below, in the copy of Ozawa's sketch, you will see the trumpet on which real Korean boys blow, and all the toys here mentioned.

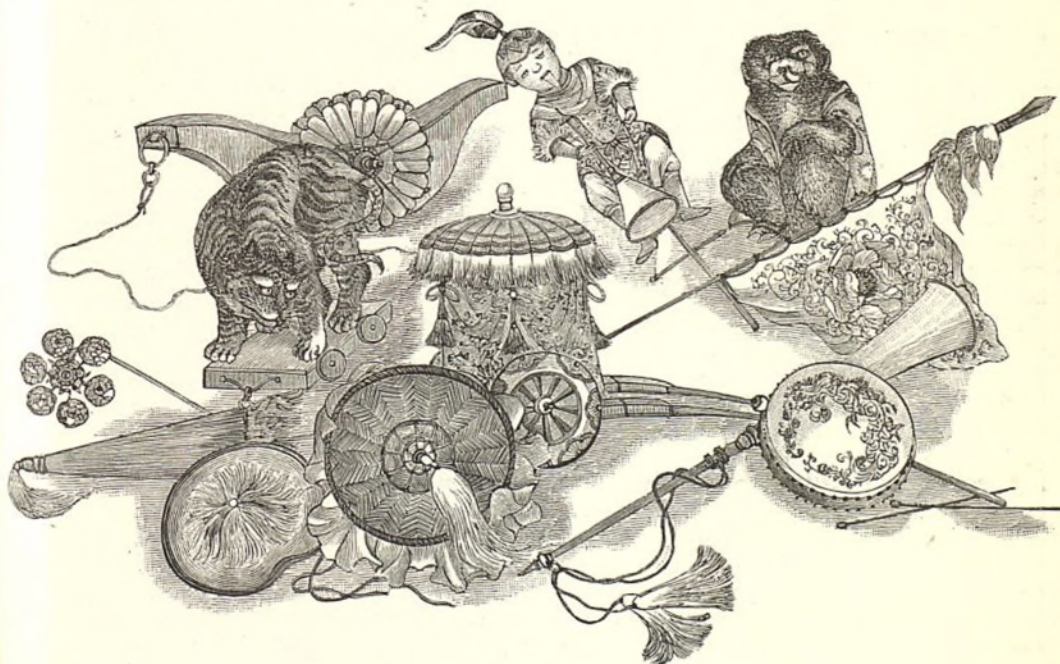
The Korean *Adne*, or boy, is very fond of playing with little dogs. He puts a coat on Master Puppy, teaching him to sit with his fore-paws on his knees. When the dog grows up, he may be trained to hunt the tiger. Tigers are very large and numerous in Corea. If you were to step into the parlor of a fine Korean house, you would see a tiger-skin spread out as a rug. On this the little boy plays, rollicking with his companions, or beats the drum, on which a dragon is painted.

For a rattle, the Korean baby plays with the dried skin of a round-bodied fish filled with beans. When the Korean boys wish to "play soldiers," or imitate the king's procession, they can beat the

drum, blow the trumpet, and march with their spear-headed flags. These are made of silk, embroidered with flowers and tipped with white horse-hair. In the middle will be the royal chariot, with a top like a fringed umbrella, silken hangings, and brass-bound wheels. In this the king rides. The big hats are as large as parasols, and have plumes of red horse-hair. One has a flap around the edge to keep off the sun. The state umbrella, which is only held over men of high rank, is also tasseled with horse-hair dyed red. The Koreans are very fond of ornament, and all their flags, banners, and fine articles of use are decorated with horse-hair, pheasant and peacock feathers, or tigers' tails.

On the left are seven pin-wheels set in one frame. With this, the Korean boy runs against the wind. The "boat-cart" is shaped like a Korean river-skiff, and has wheels, carved to represent arrows.

When the little Korean grows to be a man, he practices archery or horsemanship, becomes a student, hunts the tiger, or settles down to business. There are plenty of fishermen, but hardly any sailors, in the country, for the Koreans never travel abroad. We hope that Corea and the United States will yet have a treaty, and then we shall become better acquainted with these stay-at-home people. Only one Korean has ever visited this country. He was dressed like a Japanese, and attended the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.

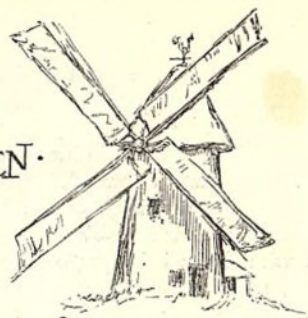




# THE MILLER OF DEE.

By EVA L. OGDEN.

The moon was afloat  
 Like a golden boat  
 On the sea-blue depths of the sky  
 When the Miller of Dee  
 With his Children III  
 On his fat red horse rode by.



“Whither away? O Miller of Dee?  
 Whither away so late?”  
 Asked the Toll-man old,  
 With cough and sneeze,  
 As he passed the big toll-gate.  
 But the Miller answered him never  
 Never a word spake he. a word.  
 He paid his toll and spurred his horse,  
 And rode on with his Children III.





"He's afraid to tell!"  
 Quoth the old Toll-man;  
 He's ashamed to tell" Quoth he.  
 But I'll follow you up and find out where  
 You are going, O Miller of Dee!"



The moon was afloat  
 Like a golden boat  
 Nearing the shore of the sky,  
 When, with cough and wheeze,  
 And hands on his knees,  
 The old Toll-man  
 Passed by.

"Whither away?  
 O Toll-man old?  
 Whither away  
 so fast?"  
 Cried the  
 Mill-maid who  
 stood at the farm-yard  
 When the Toll-man old  
 crept past.





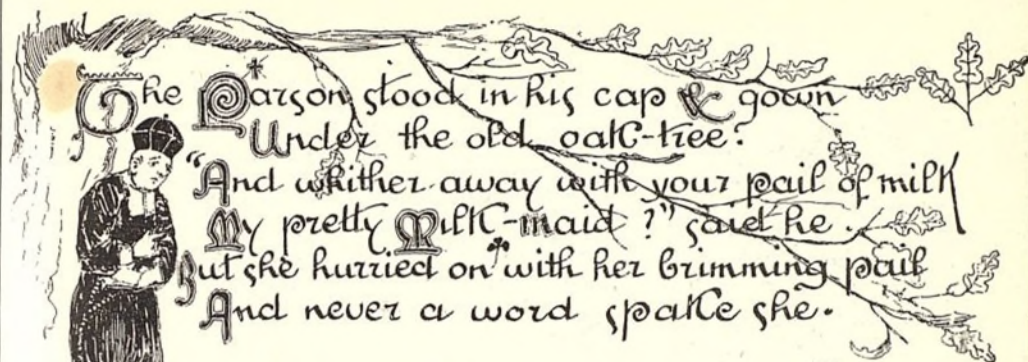
The Toll-man answered her  
 Never a word;  
 Never a word spake he.  
 Scant breath had he at the best to chase  
 After the Miller of Dee.



"We won't tell where!"  
 Said the Mill-maid fair  
 "But I'll find out!" cried she.  
 And away from the farm  
 With her pail on her arm  
 She followed the  
 Miller of Dee.







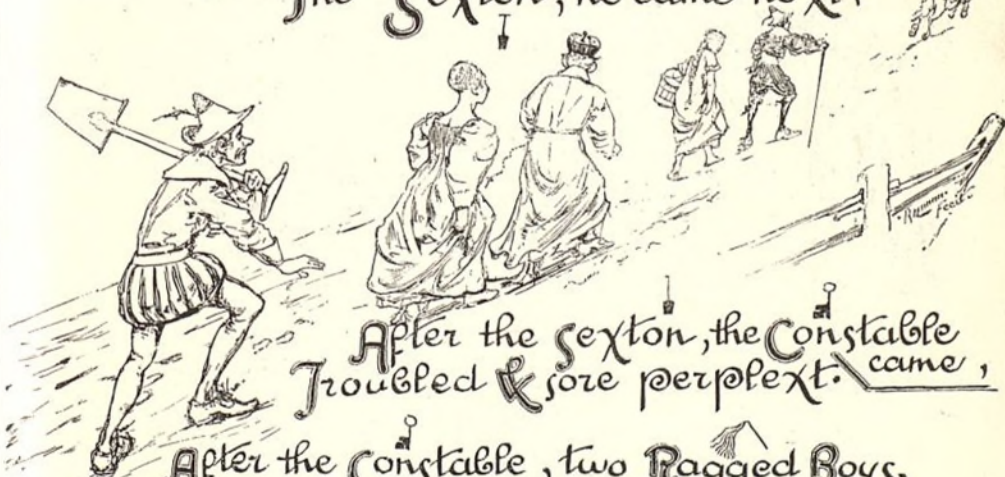
The Parson stood in his cap & gown  
Under the old oak-tree:

"And whither away with your pail of milk  
My pretty Milk-maid?" said he.

But she hurried on with her brimming pail  
And never a word spake she.

"He won't tell where!" the Parson  
cried:  
"It's my duty to know," said he.  
And he followed the Maid who followed the Man  
who followed the Miller of Dee.

After the Parson, came his wife;  
The Sexton, he came next.

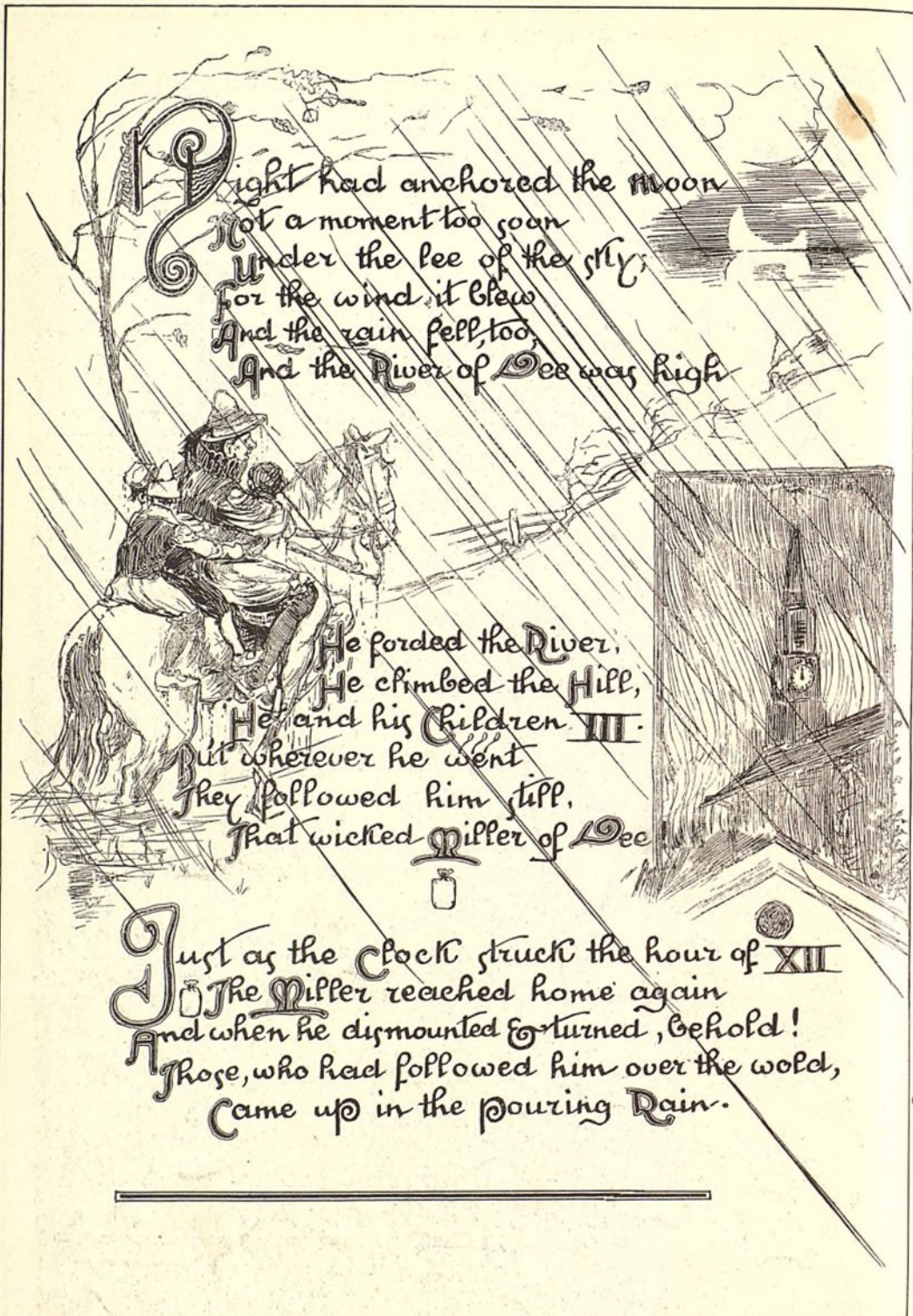


After the Sexton, the Constable  
Troubled & sore perplexed came,

After the Constable, two Ragged Boys,  
To see what the fun would be.

And a Little Black Dog with only one eye  
Was the last of the IX who with groan & sigh  
Followed the Miller of Dee.

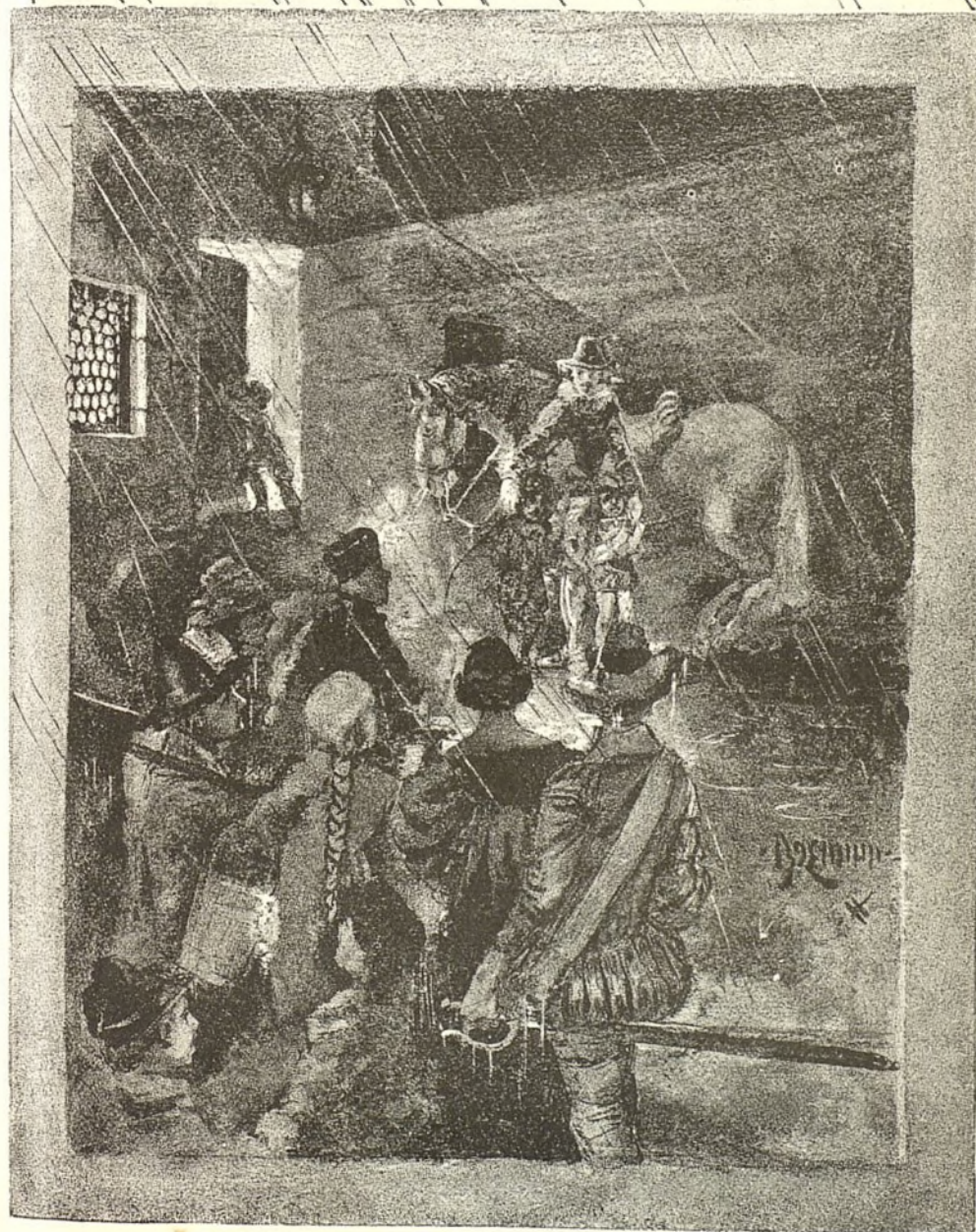




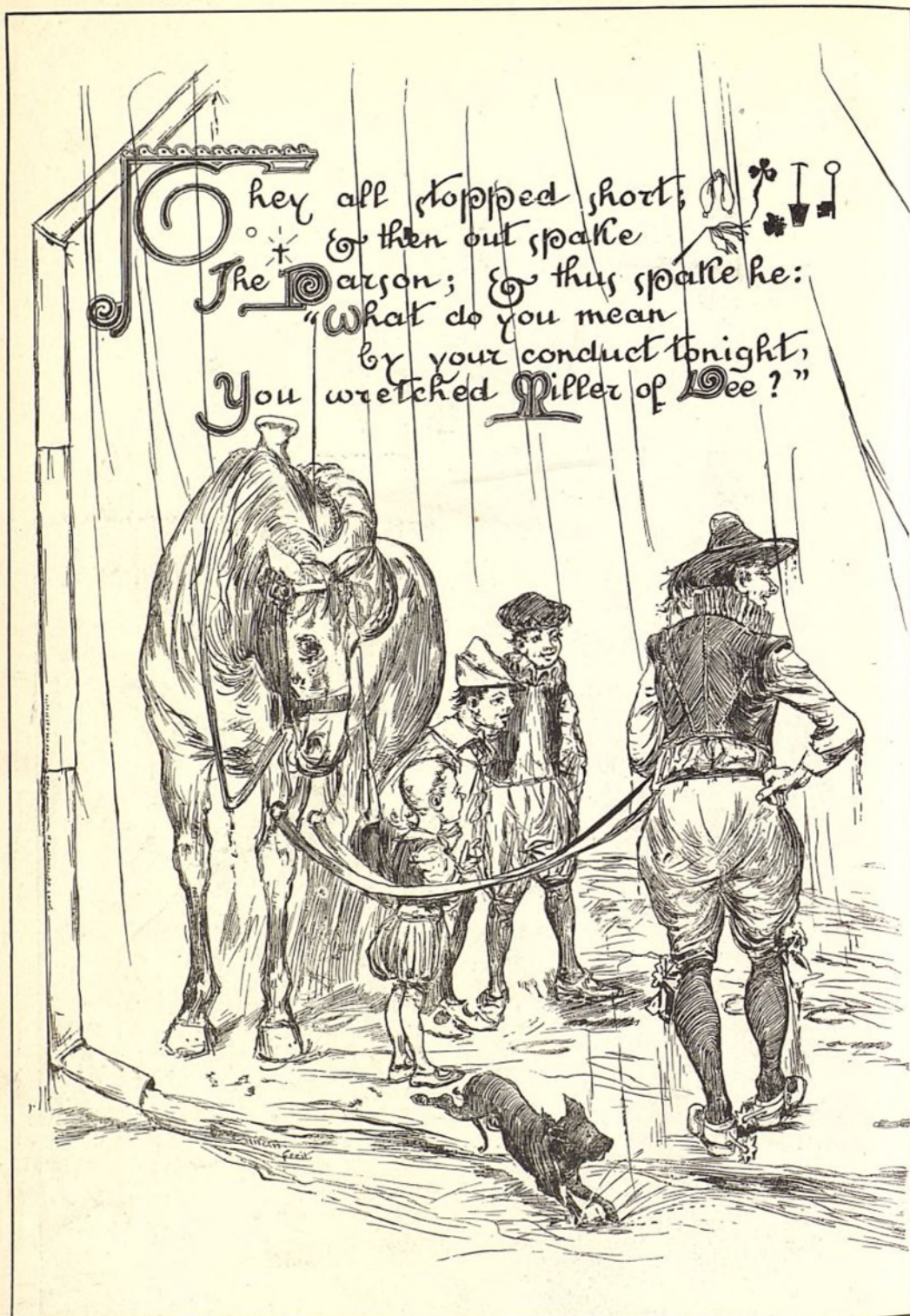




plashed & spattered from head to foot,  
Muddy & wet & draggled,  
Over the Hill & up to the Mill,  
That wretched company straggled.









"I went for a ride —  
 — a nice cool ride —  
 I & my Children III; III  
 for I took them along  
 as I always do;"  
 Answered the Miller of Dee.

"But you, my friends;  
 I would like to know  
 why you followed me all the way?"  
 They looked at each other:  
 — "We were out for a walk —  
 — A nice cool walk!" said they.





## WILL CROCKER AND THE BUFFALOES.

(A True Story.)

BY F. MARSHALL WHITE.



"YOU CAN'T HUNT BUFFALO ON THAT HORSE!" SAID HIS FATHER.

WILL CROCKER, whose adventure among a drove of buffaloes I am about to relate, was a young herdsman of the Lone Star State, and was, I regret to say, as wild and uneducated a boy as could be found in that far from classical region.

But, though Will was uneducated, he was clever-witted. He was not the kind of boy who, as the French say, "would tie a hungry dog to a tree with a string of sausages"; and, if he was ignorant of mathematics and geography, he was well informed on all matters relating to his father's calling. He could manage a horse as well as the best man on the ranch, and was a fair rifle-shot and a good drover.

But Will had one great defect. He was extremely obstinate, and his father had not enough force of character to check the fault. So, at seventeen years of age, Will was of such a self-willed disposition that to advise him in one direction was almost sure to make him take the opposite course.

On one occasion, this obstinacy brought Will into trouble which nearly proved fatal.

The drovers had got back from San Antonio,

whither they had driven their herds, and were going on a grand buffalo hunt. There were six of them—"Old man Crocker," as Will's father was called, to distinguish him from his son, a Frenchman named Henry Leclerc, a Dutchman, nicknamed "Dutch," two Mexican *vagueros*, and last, but by no means least, our friend Will.

It is impossible to hunt buffaloes on a horse unused to the business. But the following morning, as the hunters were about to start, Will appeared among them, mounted on a powerful black horse called Bonanza, which reared and plunged in a manner that would have unseated a less practiced horseman.

"Hello!" said Crocker. "What 're you doin' on that horse?"

"Going buffalo-hunting, of course," replied his son, as the animal he bestrode stood up on its hind legs, threatening to fall over backward, and vigorously gesticulated with his fore feet.

"You can't hunt buffalo on that horse!" said his father. "Go back and get another; and be quick. We 're going to start right away."



"Start as soon as you please," replied Young Obstinacy. "But I'll be the first man past —"

His remarks were cut short by Bonanza suddenly reversing himself and standing on his front feet, causing his enterprising rider to slide forward upon his neck. Dutch, seeing this, spoke up:

"You can't go to a buffalo up mit dat horse!"

"You fellows attend to your own affairs," remarked Will, disrespectfully, "and I'll attend to the horse. He's the fastest beast here, and I'm just about smart enough to put him alongside a buffalo, whether he wants to go or not."

"It makes me nodding odds if you go hunt on a steam-engine," observed Dutch.

"Remember what we're telling you," said Crocker, "when we strike buffalo and that critter runs away."

"The horse does n't live that can run away with me," replied Will, confidently, and the little cavalcade cantered off briskly toward the buffalo-pastures of the south-west.

It was a beautiful morning, peculiar to the Texan climate. The rising sun gilded the flower-decked plain, and from the tall grasses rose flocks of gay-feathered birds; while the balmy air of early fall

shouted and sang, as their powerful horses, with equal animation, bore them swiftly onward.

The second afternoon out, a buffalo-herd was discovered feeding far to the south, resembling a flock of black sheep in the distance.

A halt was at once called, and preparation made for a descent upon the game in the morning. The horses were tethered by long raw-hides, and the men proceeded to put their guns and ammunition in order. The next morning dawned fresh and clear. The buffaloes were still in sight, though farther away; and, as the wind blew from the hunters toward the herd, a long detour was made, in order to approach them from the opposite side.

At length, the hunters dashed among them and commenced the work of destruction. Will's horse, the unreliable Bonanza, behaved well while among his companions; but no sooner did they scatter than he became unmanageable, and his rider heartily wished he had taken his father's advice in relation to the animal, as he found he was going to be left out of the sport.

There were no breech-loading guns in the party, and it would astonish a crack sportsman—with his repeating Winchester and ready-loaded shells in a



"HE LEAPED TO THE NEAREST BUFFALO."

blew, fresh and invigorating, into the faces of the horsemen. With spirits raised by that sense of exhilaration which comes of rapid motion, the riders

convenient belt—to see a horseman charge a muzzle-loader from the saddle.

The report of the hunters' rifles gradually dif-



fused uneasiness among the buffaloes, which numbered two thousand or more, and they began to move, followed by the relentless horsemen.

In their course they again approached the horse of our disappointed friend. Will tried desperately to get close enough for a shot. He succeeded, but a scared bull, with shaggy front and furious, twinkling eyes, charged toward Bonanza, and that animal turned and fled ignominiously.

The now terrified buffaloes closed in upon the panic-stricken horse, and soon Will was surrounded by the shaggy herd. He tugged vainly at the bit; and the loud laughter of his companions, who remembered his boast on starting out, grew fainter as he was borne swiftly away.

He was not at all alarmed till he looked back and saw that he was fast leaving the men out of sight. Then flashed upon him the thought of how powerless he was in the midst of the unwieldy herd. He was completely surrounded, and the frightened buffaloes were running at their swiftest speed, which they would probably continue for hours.

He thought of stopping his horse by taking off his coat and putting it over the animal's eyes. But then, should the horse stop, he would be knocked down by the buffaloes, and both of them be pounded to death beneath the feet of the herd.

So powerful are these clumsy beasts that in a large herd they are almost invincible. They leave a track behind them which much resembles a plowed field. Should one of the number lose its footing, it is almost sure to be killed by its companions, as those in the rear, crowding upon the forward ranks, make a pause impossible.

Crocker observed his son's peril first. He was heard to cry out suddenly, and then, applying his spurs, he galloped in the rear of the fast-retreating herd. Leclerc and Dutch followed hard upon his heels, but the colder-blooded Mexicans remained to skin the buffaloes the little party had slain.

Meanwhile, Will had given himself up for lost. But he looked his peril in the face, with a courage begotten of a life among dangers.

Suddenly, a desperate thought occurred to him. He had heard drovers and trappers tell of Indian hunters whose mode of killing buffaloes was by

running on their backs, jumping from one to another, and spearing them as they ran. Why could not he escape that way? The animals were close together and, though a misstep would be fatal, to remain in his present position was certain death.

A dense cloud of black dust hung over the herd, through which naught was visible but the tossing sea of beasts near him. He, therefore, had no idea how many of the animals intervened between himself and safety. His chances of escape seemed not one in ten, but the stumbling of his horse decided him to make the attempt.

More thoughtful than most boys would have been in the face of a danger like his, he unbuckled his horse's bridle and tied it around his gun (which he carried strapped to his back), and then, getting off his saddle on to the horse's withers, he loosed the girth and let it fall to the ground, intending, should he succeed in making his escape, to go back and pick it up. He now rose to his feet on the horse's back, holding to the animal's mane, and in an instant leaped to the nearest buffalo, holding his gun, like a balancing-pole, in both hands.

The animal plunged, but he jumped to the next and the next, like Eliza crossing the Ohio on the ice, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He had accomplished half the distance, when one of the buffaloes, seeing him coming, jumped to one side. The boy fell between, but dropped his gun in time to grasp the animal by its long hair, and with difficulty he climbed upon the terrified and plunging creature, and jumped desperately on till he reached the outside of the herd, when he fell to the ground and rolled over and over, with his head swimming and a heart leaping for joy.

He was yet in danger from the stragglers on the edge of the herd, but the cloud of dust and the animals it obscured passed by, and faded into a smoke-like billow, leaving him uninjured.

Ten minutes after, Crocker and his two followers galloped up and, to their great joy, found the boy unhurt beyond a few bruises.

Will rode home behind his father's saddle, but whether or not the adventure had any effect for good on his stubborn nature, the chronicle saith not. Let us hope it had.

## NURSE'S SONG.

WHENEVER a little child is born,  
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;  
One more buttercup wakes to the morn,  
Somewhere.

One more rosebud shy will unfold,  
One more grass-blade push thro' the mold,  
One more bird-song the air will hold,  
Somewhere.





## THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION: BY THE EDITOR.

LITERATURE is a very big thing, young friends; and a box, you know, especially a treasure-box, suggests something rather small. But we hope to make this particular box so precious to you for its contents' sake, that it will remind you of the fairy caskets which, at command, filled themselves with magical wealth, or the vessels that sent forth giants and genii, lifted by their own beautiful clouds of golden mist. After all, that is just what a literary treasure-box ought to be; and we hope that very often, when you raise the lid of this one, wonderful things may float out of it toward you,—float out and expand into lifting mists of fancy, or turn to glittering jewels of thought, or settle into beautiful drifts of—

Dear, dear! This will never do. It is true, but after all, our box is supposed to be a very solid little affair, and not in the least up to fairy tricks. Therefore, the best way is to tell just what we propose to put into it, and why we have it at all.

To begin with: Our plan is to put into the Treasure-Box, from month to month,—though not necessarily every month,—standard poems, short stories and sketches, each fine in its way, and selected for you, with their publishers' consent, from works already printed, though not always within easy reach of boys and girls. Occasionally, we may print a long story or poem entire, but we shall reserve the privilege of omitting a verse or a paragraph whenever the interests of our young readers will be best served by our doing so. To add to the interest, many new pictures and sometimes portraits of the authors shall be given. We shall not shut out a good thing because it is familiarly known; for, if this is to be their treasure-box in earnest, whatever the boys and girls are most sure to love should have a permanent place in it. As a rule, we shall say very little about the several authors, trusting, rather, that the selections given will incite you to find out for yourselves more about them and their works.

Many may wonder why we are tempted to make room for this treasure-box in a magazine already crowded; and yet it would be hard for us to give a good reason why room should not be made for it. Our strongest motive is the feeling that it will be a good thing for you to have certain fugitive and beautiful writings safely stored within your own magazine,—writings to which you may confidently turn for specimens of standard English, and from which you can, when you wish, select pieces for recitation. But, beyond all this, we want to make you better acquainted with us grown folk. Children and their elders, in spite of near relationships and happy

home-ties, are too apt to be ignorant in regard to each other. Though familiar enough in some ways, they are, in others, too far apart. The children need to know how their elders really *feel*, just as the grown folk need to understand better the secret workings of the eager, longing, wondering spirits that animate their troublesome and dearly loved boys and girls.

Gifted men and women are the spokespeople of all the rest. They write, they paint, they act, or they live the best and truest things that are in us all, but which they alone can express fitly. A good writer represents not merely his own soul, but the souls of his race. In truth, what we call our enjoyment and appreciation of a writer or poet is simply a succession of grateful surprises, when he shows us what our souls know, or nearly know, already. A human soul, however generous or poetic it may be, must *recognize* a thought before it welcomes it; and this is one great reason why we all require education: so that we may recognize the things, deeds, and thoughts that are to delight and elevate us, and lead us in brotherhood to the Highest. Any little boy or girl may be one with the world in this upward march. Every time a fine, true thought or feeling—never mind how simple it is, or whether it is mirthful or pathetic, or comforting or inspiring—enters *any* soul, it is sure to add to this beautiful power of recognition that forms the chief joy of life. And so, why not have literary treasure-boxes ready for fine thoughts, true feelings, bright humor, and happy fancies?

Then, again, we do not feel that well-packed school-readers, "compilations," and encyclopedias—all important as these are in their way—can do for you just what this box can do. The school-reader has its drawbacks, because to read a fine thing while cozily seated on the window-seat, or by the fire-place, or swinging in a hammock, or lying under a tree, is quite different from reading it aloud, just so many lines in your turn, while standing with other readers in a row, under a vivid sense of pronunciation, intonation, and the vigilant, long-suffering attention of your teacher. Encyclopedias and collections are sometimes dangerous to young folks, because they give an idea that a certain amount of good literature must be acquired, and that here is the cream of it, skimmed and ready, and the sooner you begin swallowing it the better, especially if you are not in the least hungry for it—most especially, then, for it shows how much your mental system needs it. We once heard an honest girl say, after looking through an encyclopedia of literature: "Mercy, aunty! It's not all here! These are only



'specimens,' after all! Every one of these horrid authors has written books and books. It's too mean for anything!"

Poor girl! She was not hungry, you see, and the prospect of such a never-ending repast dismayed her.

Now, to change the figure, literature is not a bugbear nor a task-master. It is a mine of delight and satisfaction. But just as you hold its gems to the light, just so

much will they sparkle and glow for you. So this treasure-box has no claim on you at all. It is yours if you care for it, and not yours if you do not. It does not presume to be as complete as an encyclopedia, nor as well regulated as a school-reader, and its continued existence must depend upon the approval of our boys and girls.

This time, the Treasure-box holds for you a story and a poem, each telling of human life and human nature.

MANY of you already know of Nathaniel Hawthorne\* through his delightful Wonder Tales and shorter stories. He is America's great romancer, and a prince among the highest in literary style and purity of English. Each race loves its own language, and gives a high place of honor to the writer who uses it best, showing its strength and its beauty most skillfully, and bringing out its powers of expressing every thought and shade of meaning. You will like "David Swan," we think, and feel how simply and beautifully the story is told.

#### DAVID SWAN: A FANTASY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WE have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous

superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening discourse as an awful instance of dead-drunkenness by the road-side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome horses, bowled easily along and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple-trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps," whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a

\* Born 1804—died 1864.



secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappoint-

heart did not throb, nor his breath heave, nor did his features betray the least emotion. Yet Fortune was bending over him to let fall a burden of gold. The old man lost his only son, and had no heir but except a distant relative, with whom he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people do things than to act the magician, and to give a young man who fell asleep in a

"Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it were—was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring!

ment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's

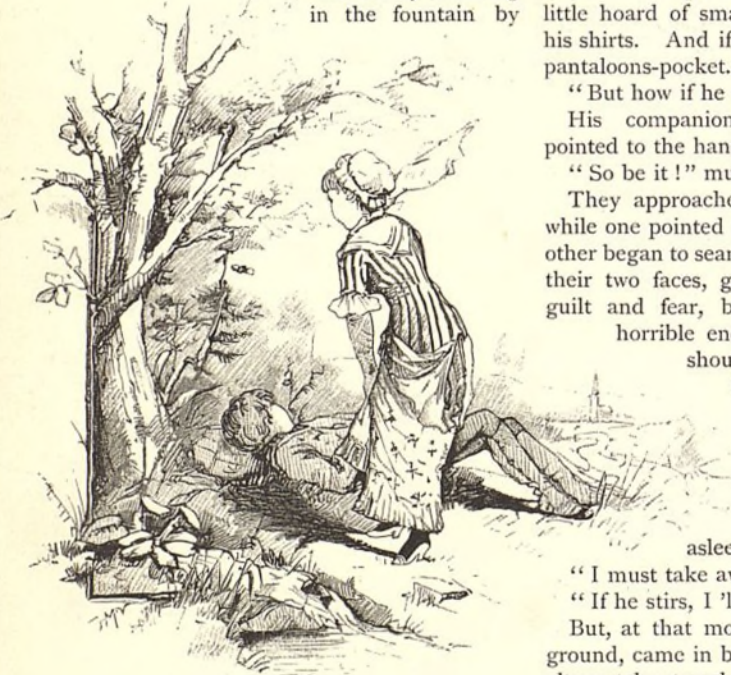
Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead,—buzz, buzz, buzz,—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes





free-hearted as she was innocent, she had thrust the intruder with her hands, and had sent him soundly, and drove him from the scene of his crime. How sweet a picture! How deep accomplished, with quickened senses, she stole a glance at the man for whom she had been battling so long in the air. "How handsome," thought she, and blushed at the thought.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love,—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart,—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by



his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such

a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow: "Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons-pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head; their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But, at that moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple-trees and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

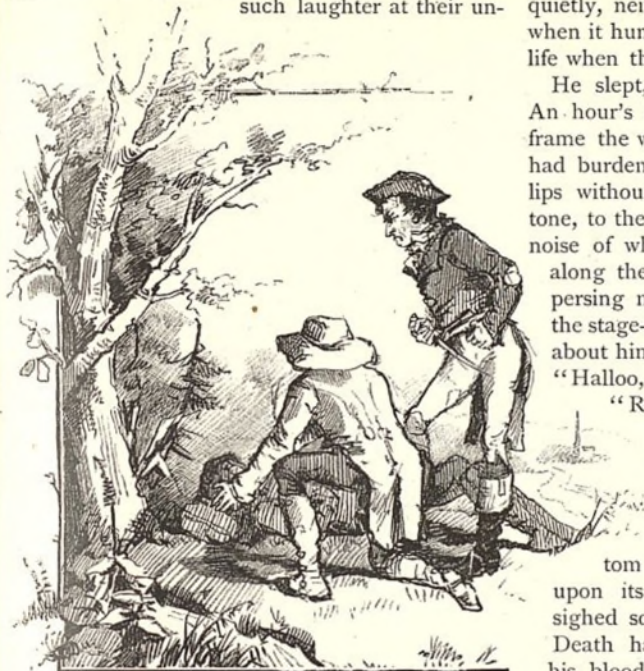
"Pshaw!" said one villain, "we can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge.



It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their un-



accomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imag-

ined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips without a sound; now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top," answered the driver.

Up mounted David and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood; all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

"KING CANUTE," by the great English author, William Makepeace Thackeray,\*—"dear old Thackeray" we grown folks often call him,—points to the absurdity and wickedness of flattery, and the greater kingliness that comes to an earthly king when he owns his mortal dependence on the Ruler of all things. Like everything else that came from Thackeray's pen, it shows a faith in honesty and a scorn of all that is fawning or untrue. Human "parasites," as you will see, were not favorites with him.

Thackeray is one of the world's spokesmen still, though he died years ago.

#### KING CANUTE.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,  
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;  
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop, walked the King with steps sedate,  
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and gold-sticks great,  
Chaplains, aides-de-camp and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,  
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;  
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

\* Born 1811—died 1863.



But that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young;  
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung,  
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master!" cried the Keeper of the Seal,  
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served for dinner, or the veal?"  
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

"'T is the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;  
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?  
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried: "The King's arm-chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded,  
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;  
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,  
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"  
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;  
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;  
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mold!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;  
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;  
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;  
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."  
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"Look, the land is crowned with minsters which your Grace's bounty raised;  
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;  
*You*, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."  
"Don't say so!" exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).  
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.  
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!  
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do 't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methusela  
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and may n't the king as well as they?"  
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper,—"fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to *us*?  
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;  
Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,  
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;  
Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

\* Meaning: Common to all.





"'BACK!' HE SAID, 'THOU FOAMING BRINE!'"

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,  
And the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?  
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;  
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?  
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide!"



"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"  
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly: "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."  
Canute turned toward the ocean: "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine."

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;  
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;  
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,  
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;  
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,  
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;  
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone. Parasites exist alway.



## NOT SO STUPID AS HE SEEMED.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

THERE was once a French ship, anchored, for a time, at a small port in Italy. While the unloading and loading of the vessel were going on, the sailors would often ramble about on shore, to see the sights of the strange town.

One day, a party of these sailors found themselves in the court-yard of an inn, where a traveling showman had lodged a number of wild animals, with which he intended to open an exhibition in the town, the next day.

Almost all these animals were in cages, but one of them, a large black bear, was quietly sleeping on the ground, being merely fastened by a rope from his collar to a stake. He was a performing bear, and one of the principal attractions of the show.

Among the sailors who had wandered into the court-yard, and now stood looking at the strange creatures around them, was a man named Caspar, who was a very vain fellow in many ways, but particularly vain of his knowledge. He wished all his comrades to understand that there were very few things which he could not tell them all about. He did not hesitate to say, indeed, that there were

matters which he could explain a good deal better than the captain could, or any of the officers.

When Caspar came into the yard of the inn, he saw immediately that here was an excellent opportunity for him to display his knowledge. So he walked about the yard, explaining to his comrades, and to the people who had been drawn together by the chance of seeing a show for nothing, the habits and peculiarities of the different animals.

The showman, who was a good-natured person, was much amused at Caspar's performance.

"I should like to have such a fellow to help me when I am giving a show," he said, to one of the inn-people; "but he would have to know a little more concerning the beasts before I should let him talk. About half he says is wrong."

By this time, Caspar had described nearly all the animals, and had reached the big, sleeping bear.

"It's a curious thing," said Caspar, to the little crowd around him, "to see the differences in animals. The bigger they are, the stupider they are. The little ones are the smart and lively fellows. They know how to take care of them-



selves. A man can't make one of them work for him, like a great dumb ox. They are too bright and sharp for that, and if a man wants to keep one of them he has got to shut him up in a cage. Take an elephant, for instance. What a great, lumbering creature an elephant is! And yet a man can make one of these overgrown monsters carry him and his whole family on his back, and do any kind of work he chooses to teach him. But take a panther or a leopard, who will not weigh as much as one of the elephant's legs, and see how easy it will be to make him work! It can't be done. He'd fly at the throat of any man who should try to teach him to work."

"Then you think, Caspar," said one of his companions, "that it's only stupid creatures that work?"

"Yes, that's what I think," said Caspar. "To be sure, I work, myself; but I am getting wiser and wiser every day, and so, after a while, I may be able to stop working and live as I ought to live."

"In a cage?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Do not interrupt me," said Caspar. "I was going on to speak of this bear, the biggest and strongest animal in the whole show, and yet he is the only one who has been stupid enough to allow himself to be taught to play tricks, and dance, and stand on his head,—things which are just the same as work to him. All the other animals have to be shut up behind iron bars and wires; but he, the largest of them all, allows himself to be led about by a rope, and does just what he is told to do. The great lump! Look how fat and stupid he is!" And Caspar, to show his contempt, gave the bear a punch in the ribs with a stick he held in his hand.

Instantly, the bear raised his head, and, seeing who had disturbed him, gave a roar and sprang upon Caspar. The frightened people ran in every direction, while the showman hurried to Caspar's assistance.

But he was too late. The bear had jumped so suddenly and violently that he pulled up the stake, and he now seized Caspar by the waist-band of his breeches, as he turned to run, and shook him as a dog would shake a rat. In vain the frightened

sailor struggled and cried. In vain the showman pulled at his bear; in vain Caspar's comrades shouted and yelled. The bear shook and growled and scratched until his rage had cooled down a little, and then he began to pay attention to the blows and commands of his master, and let poor Caspar go.

When the unfortunate lecturer on the habits of



THE TRAINED BEAR TEACHES CASPAR A LESSON.

animals arose from the ground, dirty, torn, and scared almost out of his wits, the showman said to him: "A bear may be a very stupid beast, but the man who punches him when he is asleep is a great deal stupider."

At this all the people laughed, and Caspar walked off to his ship without a word.

And he never again delivered a lecture upon animals.





## SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

BY JOEL STACY.

SEVEN little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,  
 Cried: "Mother, let us go. Oh, do! for good we'll surely be.  
 We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—  
 Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;  
 We'll always say 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"  
 "Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.

The seven little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,  
 Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;  
 They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite;—  
 With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.  
 But, alas for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk!  
 The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk  
 They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?  
 They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!  
 Yes, every naughty little kit set up a *meow* for more,  
 Then knocked the tea-cup over, and scampered through the door.

## DANCING.

BY JOEL STACY.



MASTER FITZ-EUSTACE DE PERCIVAL JONES  
 Went dancing with Polly McLever;  
 And he asked her that night, in the sweetest of tones,  
 To dance with him only,—forever.

"Indeed I will, Eustace de Percival Jones,"  
 Said dear little Polly McLever.  
 So he whispered her softly: "Delay is for drones—  
 Let's take the step now, love, or never."

To-day they are gray, and their weary old bones  
 Feel keenly each turn of the weather;  
 But dancing at heart still are Polly and Jones,  
 As they tread their last measure together.



## THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

*Grandmother May's Story.*

BY ADA CUMMINGS.

LET us see,—October, November, and Rachel came down with the fever soon after corn-husking,—it must have been about Christmas-time when the Governor gave his grand ball, and my aunt



Dorothy danced till midnight. I never think of it now without recalling all that happened at the same time,—a long, long time ago, my dears, when

Rachel and I were small, and played and took comfort the day long.

It had been a long, cold fall, with snow coming early and lying along from week to week, and then Rachel

was taken with the fever, and we kept her in a darkened room, and I stayed at home to help

Mother. Dreary enough it was, and you may be sure we were pleased when Rachel grew so well as to sit of an afternoon by the window in an easy-chair, and watch the teams glide past the gate through the snow, and the stage-coach lumber by the door and over the hill into the town.

And how pleased we were when one day the stage, instead of rumbling on as was its wont, stopped at our gate, and my aunt Dorothy came running up the path into the house! How she kissed Mother and Rachel and me, and what a cheerful, pleasant time we had all together. She was my father's sister,—your great great-aunt, my dears.

When Aunt Dorothy had been there about a week, an invitation came for her and for Mother to a grand party, to be given by the Governor's lady.

Mother said at once that she must stay at home, because of Rachel's being still so weak, but that my aunt must on no account miss such a treat. The Governor's son was to be there, and there were to be music and dancing, and a grand supper.

At first, Aunt Dorothy said it was n't to be thought of, for she could never get up a suitable dress, being out in the country with no dress-maker nor milliner; but Mother persuaded her that they could manage to make things presentable, with a little help from the town. So it was settled that my aunt should go to the ball.

Then the dress-making began. Mother had a brocade which had never been made up on account of her going into mourning for Father; this was very suitable for Aunt Dorothy's complexion, and they decided to use it for the dress part, with satin (for the train) from the town.

I used to have a bit of the brocade left,—I wish I had it here to show you,—a lilac ground, with clusters of blush roses. Aunt Dorothy had light hair and dark eyes, and such a soft, bright color,—you can fancy that a pattern like that would just suit her.

After they had decided on lilac for the train, and had sent to town for it, it occurred to my aunt to wonder where she could find any one to put up her hair properly. They wore it then in a mass, shaped something like a tower on the top of the head, and with great puffs, like wings, coming out from either side.

Mother thought we could manage to have it arranged at home, but Aunt Dorothy insisted on sending to the city and engaging a hair-dresser to come and put it up on the day on which the party was to be. She said there was everything in having the hair quite right, and that if he should fail to come, she should be obliged to stay at home.

Then there was only a week between the invitation and the party, but it seemed like four. There was so much cutting out and trying on and altering, and altogether such a deal of fuss and worry. My aunt had sent for lilac satin, and then she wished it had been pink, and after that she was afraid that neither would come; though it did come in good season, and a lovely shade at that. While they were planning and making things ready, it was a great treat to Rachel and me to see the work-women busy over the pretty garments, and to fancy how Aunt Dorothy would look and feel in the gay company.

At last the dress was ready and laid out on the spare bed, and everything was done but to find some one for an escort for my aunt, when, one night, while the wind was blowing drifts of snow up and down the road and around the corners of the house, who should walk in suddenly but Uncle George!

We were all surprised to see him,—except Mother, she took it very quietly,—and glad enough, you may believe. He was tall and handsome, and a great favorite with us children; and he always



brought us something nice. Mother said it was fortunate that he had come just then, because of Aunt Dorothy's needing some one for an escort to the party,—and my aunt seemed pleased enough to have it arranged in that way (as well she might be, we children thought, Uncle George being so soldierly and handsome). He was no relation to my Aunt Dorothy, but was Mother's brother.

Now, Rachel and I knew well that Uncle George never came all that distance without bringing us children some pretty gift. So we were on the lookout; and when supper was over, sure enough he came up to us and said:

"Girls, I came away in such a hurry that I did n't have a chance to hunt you up anything very nice; but I did the best I could. Here's something that will be rather cunning by and by."

And with that he laid in Rachel's lap a little wicker-box, and when she had opened it, there lay two of the cunningest white mice, just old enough to have their eyes open!

How delighted we were! Mother brought us two pieces of white cotton, and gently took out the tiny creatures and placed them on them. We had never seen anything like them, which made them doubly dear; the dainty pink ears, white noses, and funny tails seemed to us the most marvelous of curiosities. I danced up and down for joy, and Rachel! it did Mother's heart good to see how happy Rachel looked as she lay back in her chair and held the tiny baby-mouse against her cheek. When bed-time came, she was so excited and so afraid that something would get her treasure away from her in the night, that Mother had to promise her that she might keep it on a stand by her own pillow, so as to be near for protection in case of danger. We had never had a cat or a dog about the house; but the fever had left her weak and like a little child.

The next morning there was plenty to do to finish the preparations for the ball in the evening. I ran on errands for Mother and Aunt Dorothy; and Uncle George went up to the town and brought flowers, and there was a great deal going on. Soon after dinner, Rachel seemed so tired that Mother put her to bed, to get sleep if she could.

We had tied two bits of ribbon—mine blue, Rachel's pink—about the necks of our white mice, and had named them, respectively, "Fairy" and "Snowdrop." After Rachel went to bed, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea if I could discover any other mark of difference in them, so that they could be told apart; and while I sat holding them in my lap, the hair-dresser came.

Of course I was all anxiety to see what was going on, so I hastily gathered my apron together and stood by him while he brushed out my aunt's hair

and rolled it over his fingers, and then brought it down again in long, shining curls and puffs. There was a chair close by me, where his box of implements lay,—rolls of cotton and horse-hair,—which he would just press together a little and slip dexterously under the puffs of hair. I watched him breathlessly, forgetful of all else, till he had finished all but the last; then Mother called to me to do some little errand for her, and when I came back the man was gone, and my aunt was sitting as stiff as an old portrait, for fear of disarranging something.

"Alice," Rachel's gentle voice called from the bed-room, "will you please bring Snowdrop in here and let him lie on the bed?"

"Oh, yes," I said, drawing a long breath and peeping into my apron to see that the contents were all safe.

I could not believe my eyes for a moment. I shook the folds of the apron, at first gently, then more energetically, but to no purpose,—the mouse with the blue bit of ribbon was there safe enough, but nothing was to be seen of the other, even after I had emptied my lap and taken off my apron.

When I had fairly reached this conclusion, I laid my head in a chair and burst into tears; and after Mother and Aunt Dorothy had asked me what was the matter, it was a long time before I could control myself sufficiently to sob out that I had lost Rachel's mouse, and that I never could be happy again.

Of course they tried to console me, and said we should be sure to find it in a few minutes; but after we had all looked thoroughly in the sitting-room and the kitchen, and under chairs and on tables, and in all conceivable and inconceivable places, and there was yet no trace of the lost pet, there was nothing left to do but to confess that it was doubtful whether we ever saw it again.

This gave occasion for a fresh burst of tears from me. Mother went in and told Rachel all about it, and Rachel tried to be very brave and not mind, but between my crying and her trying not to, and being so weak, she was soon so excited that Mother was frightened and sent us all out of the room.

I stayed outside the door, and sent in word once by Mother that I wanted Rachel to have Fairy to love and keep as she had Snowdrop. And during the afternoon Uncle George came along, and said that he would get us another before the week was out. But Rachel had fallen into an uneasy sleep, and Mother could n't administer these small drops of comfort; and things were in this sad condition when it came evening, and my Aunt Dorothy and Uncle George started for the ball. I remember standing at the window and seeing them drive away in the sleigh, and wondering if there ever could be another afternoon so sad as that had been,

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—and I really think, my dears, that I never had one sadder, for the strength to bear always came with the trouble afterward, and then I was only a child and took things to heart more.

Now I must tell you about my Aunt Dorothy, as near as I can, in the way she used to tell it. Rachel and I used to make her go over the story again and again, till we had it almost by heart.

Well, it seems that my aunt and Uncle George rode along in the sleigh, up the hill and into the town, by the road that the stage took every day; and after a while they came to the Governor's house.

There were colored lamps before the door, and servants in blue and scarlet; and, when the guests were inside, there was a great hall with broad



stairs, and other servants in blue and scarlet to show them their way.

My Aunt Dorothy said she wished she could show us how grand everything was, with scarlet hangings up and down the room, and marble statues, and paintings that some one had brought over from France long before.

But as soon as they had been presented to the Governor and his lady, my Aunt Dorothy said she

began to feel quite at home—the more especially as the Governor gave her his hand and called her “my dear,” and then spoke to his son, who gave her his hand and asked her to dance.

So they went through minuets in a stately manner, and it seemed to my Aunt Dorothy quite like a dream that she should be dancing minuets with the Governor's son, among the scarlet hangings and statues and the grand people; for my aunt was quiet, and liked rather to stay at home with her own friends.

They had been dancing a long time, my aunt said, when she began to notice how uncomfortable her head was. One place seemed to be on the point of coming down, and kept up enough of a movement on her head to keep her in continual fear; and there were hair-pins, or something of the kind, that stuck into her head every few moments in such a way as to cause her considerable pain. However, she had made up her mind to be fashionable, and thought she ought not to complain.

Then they went out to supper, and there was every variety of cake and fruit, and dishes of foreign make and with foreign names; and there were servants behind every chair to wait on the guests. It was just after they had begun to eat slowly, that a strange fancy forced itself upon my aunt's mind—that there was a funny little squeaking kind of a noise proceeding from her own head!

The idea first struck her in a lull of the conversation, when everything was unusually quiet. She was talking with a city lady who sat on her right, and she imagined that the conversation ran like this: “Do you find the country pleasant?”

This was a question by the lady.

“Yes. I have only been here two weeks.”

This from my Aunt Dorothy's mouth, and a faint accompaniment of “*Quee,—quee*” from my Aunt Dorothy's head.

“Dull, though, is n't it, this cold weather?”

“Well, I have been so busy—*quee, quee, quee—ee*—that I can hardly tell.”

Then the talking grew louder around them, to my aunt's great relief, and the fancy died away for a time.

“Of course it is imagination,” my aunt thought, “but if I did n't *know* better, I could swear that I heard a noise every few minutes.”

Well, they got through supper after a time, and then it was eleven o'clock, and nearly time to go home. (They never staid beyond twelve in those days, my dears, which was much better than to be up till morning.)

But before they left the house, there was to be a short speech by the Governor, and Uncle George took my aunt and led her to a seat, and sat down beside her.



Now, whether there was anything objectionable in the Governor's speech, or anything to be offended at, I don't know; but certain it is that no sooner had the room become quiet and the Governor opened his mouth, than there proceeded from the direction of my aunt's chair a succession of faint but decided squeals. Then my aunt said she knew that she must be bewitched, and that, if she *was* bewitched, she had better be at home. Moreover,

sank into a chair, "will you take down my hair, or shall I become a maniac?"

Mother went to work in a dazed way, feebly pulling at a hair-pin here or there, when, of a sudden, some string or something else gave way, and down tumbled wads of cotton, rolls of horse-hair, and—one little, trembling, frightened white mouse!

Mother and Aunt Dorothy burst out laughing, and I stood petrified with surprise, till there



THE MINUET.

she fancied she saw several looking at her askance, and imagined that they were deliberating whether to duck her in the horse-pond or hang her without mercy for a witch; so she grasped Uncle George's arm and said:

"Oh, please, Mr. George, if you have no objections, I think I must go home." And so they got out as quietly as they could, and rode home like the wind.

And that was how it happened that, as Mother was sitting up to keep things all warm and pleasant for Aunt Dorothy's return, and I sat nodding in a chair beside her for company, the sleigh dashed up to the door and my aunt herself hurried in, waking me and bringing Mother to her feet in a hurry.

"Oh, Jane," said Aunt Dorothy, faintly, as she

appeared suddenly in the bedroom door-way a white-robed figure, and Rachel's voice exclaimed in rapture:

"My own darling mousey!"

"Mercy!" cried Mother, and caught Rachel and the long-lost treasure, and put them both into their respective resting-places.

We never knew how it happened, unless I dropped the mouse into the chair where the hair-dresser's utensils were, and so Snowdrop was tucked away instead of a piece of cotton; but one thing was sure, that, ever afterward, that mouse was to us the most marvelous of animals; and Rachel was even heard to say that she loved him better (if possible) for the trouble and anxiety he made her when he went, without leave, to the Governor's ball.



## AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD GNU.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

AN aristocratic old Gnu  
Found out he 'd a hole in his shoe.  
It made him turn pale,  
For there is not for sale,  
In the whole world, a shoe for a Gnu !

"It will let the whole river come in,  
And besides, I might tread on a pin,"  
Said the Gnu, with a groan,  
"Or a horrid sharp stone,  
And injure my delicate skin.

"I can't walk about on this hole,  
I'm afraid I must call on the Sole,  
But I hope he 'll perceive  
That, without express leave,  
He is not free to talk of the hole !"

The Sole re-assured the poor Gnu ;  
Of course he could mend him his shoe,  
It would scarce take a minute  
To put a patch in it—

"To put in a WHAT?" said the Gnu.

"A patch," said the Sole. "Oh, no, no!"  
Said the Gnu, "it would certainly show.  
You must think of a plan—  
And you certainly can—  
That is better than *that*, sir. No, no !

"I'm in the first circles—in fact,  
The notice a patch would attract  
In *my* shoe, Mr. Sole,  
Would be worse than a hole—  
My character might be attacked !"

The Sole smiled a pitying smile.  
"I really don't know of a style  
To cover a hole,  
Without one," said the Sole.  
"Then," the Gnu said, "it is n't worth while

"To detain you—but should you find out—  
As you will, I have scarcely a doubt—  
An invisible way,  
Send me word, don't delay,  
And meanwhile, I'll say I have gout."

The Sole sent next morning. "No doubt,"  
Said his note, "if you 'll turn inside out,  
I can sew it together  
With small strips of leather,  
And it never will show—you're so stout !"

"As if I *could* turn inside out !"  
Said the Gnu. "What 's the fellow about ?  
I *might* do it—but then—  
Could I get back again ?"  
And he still is disabled with gout.

## PHAETON ROGERS.\*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## CHAPTER I.

## A MORNING CANTER.

NOTHING is more entertaining than a morning canter in midsummer, while the dew is sparkling on the grass, and the robins are singing their joyful songs, and the east is reddening with the sunrise, and the world is waking up to enjoy these beautiful things a little, before the labors of the day begin.

If you live in the town, it is especially good for you to have a horseback ride now and then, and you should ride into the country in the early morning. And just here is one of the many advantages of being a boy. When ladies and gentlemen ride

horseback, it is considered necessary to have as many horses as riders; but an indefinite number of boys may enjoy a ride on one horse, all at the same time; and often the twenty riders who walk get a great deal more fun out of it than the one rider who rides. I think the best number of riders is three—one to be on the horse, and one to walk along on each side and keep off the crowd. For there is something so noble in the sight of a boy on a horse—especially when he is on for the first time—that, before he has galloped many miles, he is pretty certain to become the center of an admiring throng, all eyes being turned upon the boy, and all legs keeping pace with the horse.

It falls to the lot of few boys to take such a ride

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more than once in a life-time. Some, poor fellows! never experience it at all. But whatever could happen to any boy, in the way of adventure, was pretty sure to happen to Phaeton Rogers, who was one of those lucky fellows that are always in the middle of everything, and generally play the principal part. And yet it was not so much luck or accident as his own genius: for he had hardly come into the world when he began to try experiments with it, to see if he could n't set some of the wheels of the universe turning in new directions. The name his parents gave him was Fayette; but the boys turned it into Phaeton, for a reason which will be explained in the course of the story.

It was my good fortune to live next door to the Rogers family, to know all of Phaeton's adventures, and have a part in some of them. One of the earliest was a morning canter in the country.

Phaeton was a little older than I; his brother Ned was just my age.

One day, their Uncle Jacob came to visit at their house, riding all the way from Illinois on his own horse. This horse, when he set out, was a dark bay, fourteen hands high, with one white foot, and a star on his forehead. At the first town where he staid overnight, it became an iron-gray, with a bob tail and a cast in its eye. At the next halt, the iron-gray changed into a chestnut, with two white feet and a bushy tail. A day or two afterward, he stopped at a camp-meeting, and when he left it the horse was a large roan, with just a hint of a spring-halt in its gait. Then he came to a place where a county fair was being held, and here the roan became piebald. How many more changes that horse went through, I do not know; but, when it got to us, it was about eleven hands high (convenient size for boys), nearly white, with a few black spots,—so it could be seen for a long distance,—with nice thick legs, and long hair on them to keep them warm. All this Ned vouched for.

Now, Mr. Rogers had no barn, and his brother Jacob, who arrived in the evening, had to tie his horse in the wood-shed for the night.

Just before bed-time, Ned came over to tell me that Phaeton was to take the horse to pasture in the morning, that he was going with him, and they would like my company also, adding:

"Uncle Jacob says a brisk morning canter will do us good, and give us an appetite for breakfast."

"Yes," said I; "of course it will; and, besides that, we can view the scenery as we ride by."

"We can, unless we ride too fast," said Ned.

"Does your uncle's horse go very fast?" said I, with some little apprehension, for I had never been on a horse.

"I don't exactly know," said Ned. "Probably not."

"Has Phaeton ever been on a horse?" said I.

"No," said Ned; "but he is reading a book about it, that tells you just what to do."

"And how far is the pasture?"

"Four miles,—Kidd's pasture,—straight down Jay street, past the stone brewery. Kidd lives in a yellow house on the right side of the road; and when we get there we're to look out for the dog."

"It must be pretty savage, or they would n't tell us to look out for it. Are you going to take a pistol?"

"No; Fay says if the dog comes out, he'll ride right over him. You can't aim a pistol very steadily when you are riding full gallop on horseback."

"I suppose not," said I. "I never tried it. But after we've left the horse in the pasture, how are we to get back past the dog?"

"If Fay once rides over that dog, on that horse," said Ned, in a tone of solemn confidence, "there won't be much bite left in him when we come back."

So we said good-night and went to bed, to dream of morning canters through lovely scenery, dotted with stone breweries, and of riding triumphantly into pasture over the bodies of ferocious dogs.

A more beautiful morning never dawned, and we boys were up not much later than the sun.

The first thing to do was to untie the horse; and as he had managed to get his leg over the halter-ropes, this was no easy task. Before we had accomplished it, Ned suggested that it would be better not to untie him till after we had put on the saddle; which suggestion Phaeton adopted. The saddle was pretty heavy, but we found no great difficulty in landing it on the animal's back. The trouble was to dispose of a long strap with a loop at the end, which evidently was intended to go around the horse's tail, to keep the saddle from sliding forward upon his neck. None of us liked to try the experiment of standing behind the animal to adjust that loop.

"He looks to me like a very kicky horse," said Ned; "and I would n't like to see any of us laid up before the Fourth of July."

Phaeton thought of a good plan. Accordingly, with great labor, Ned and I assisted him to get astride the animal, with his face toward the tail, and he cautiously worked his way along the back of the now suspicious beast. But the problem was not yet solved: if he should go far enough to lift the tail and pass the strap around it, he would slide off and be kicked. Ned came to the rescue with another idea. He got a stout string, and, standing beside the animal till it happened to switch its tail around that side, caught it, and tied the string tightly to the end. Then getting to a safe distance, he proposed to pull the string and lift the tail for his brother to pass the crupper under.



But as soon as he began to pull, the horse began to kick; and not only to kick, but to rear, bumping Phaeton's head against the roof of the low shed, so that he was obliged to lie flat and hang on tight. While this was going on, their uncle Jacob appeared, and asked what they were doing.

"Putting on the saddle, sir," said I.

"Yes, it looks like it," said he. "But I did n't intend to have you take the saddle."

"Why not, uncle?" said Phaeton.

"Because it is too heavy for you to bring back."

"Oh, but we can leave it there," said Phaeton.

"Hang it up in Kidd's barn."

"No; that wont do," said his uncle. "Can't tell who might use it or abuse it. I'll strap on a blanket, and you can ride just as well on that."

"But none of us have been used to riding that way," said Ned.

Without replying, his uncle folded a blanket, laid it on the horse's back, and fastened it with a surcingle. He then bridled and led out the animal.

"Who rides first?" said he.

I was a little disappointed at this, for I had supposed that we should all ride at once. Still, I was comforted that he had not merely said, "Who rides?"—but "Who rides first?"—implying that we all were to ride in turn. Phaeton stepped forward, and his uncle lifted him upon the horse, and put the bridle-reins into his hand.

"I think you wont need any whip," said he, as he turned and went into the house.

The horse walked slowly down till he came to a full stop, with his breast against the front gate.

"Open the gate, Ned," said Phaeton.

"I can't do it, unless you back him," answered Ned. This was true, for the gate opened inward.

"Back, Dobbin!" said Phaeton, in a stern voice of authority, giving a vigorous jerk upon the reins. But Dobbin did n't back an inch.

"Why don't you back him?" said Ned, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

"Why don't you open that gate?" said Phaeton.

By this time, three or four boys had gathered on the sidewalk, and were staring at our performance.

"Shall I hit him?" said Ned, breaking a switch.

"No," said Phaeton, more excited than before; "don't touch him! Back, Dobbin! Back!"

But Dobbin seemed to be one of those heroic characters who take no step backward.

"I know how to manage it," said Ned, as he ran to the wood-pile and selected a small round stick. Thrusting the end of this under the gate, he pried it up until he had lifted it from its hinges, when it fell over outward, coming down with a tremendous slam-bang upon the sidewalk. A great shiver ran through Dobbin, beginning at the tips of his ears, and ending at his shaggy fetlocks. Then, with a

quick snort, he made a wild bound over the prostrate gate, and landed in the middle of the road.

I don't know how Phaeton managed to keep his seat, but he did; and though the boys on the sidewalk set up a shout, Dobbin stood perfectly still in the road, waiting for the next earthquake, or falling gate, or something, to give him another start.

"Come on, boys! Never mind the gate!" said Phaeton.

When he said "boys," he only meant Ned and me. But the boys on the sidewalk promptly accepted the invitation, and came on, too.

"You walk on the nigh side," said Phaeton to me, "and let Ned take the off side."

I was rather puzzled as to his exact meaning; and yet I was proud to think that the boy who represented what might now be considered our party on horseback, as distinguished from the strangers on foot crowding alongside, was able to use a few technical terms. Not wishing to display my ignorance, I loitered a little, to leave the choice of sides to Ned, confident that he would know which was nigh and which was off. He promptly placed himself on the left side, near enough to seize his brother by the left leg, if need be, and either hold him on or pull him off. I, of course, took a similar position on the right side.

"He told you to take the nigh side," shouted one of the boys to me.

"He's all right," said Phaeton; "and I'd advise you to hurry home before your breakfast gets cold. We'll run this horse without any more help."

"Run him, will you?" answered the boy, derisively. "That's what I'm waiting to see. He'll run so fast the grass'll grow under his feet."

"If there was a hot breakfast an inch ahead of your nose," said another of the boys, addressing Phaeton, "it'd be stone cold before you got to it."

Notwithstanding these sarcastic remarks, our horse was now perceptibly moving. He had begun to walk along in the middle of the road, and—what at the time seemed to me very fortunate—he was going in the direction of the pasture.

"Can't you make him go faster, Fay?" said Ned.

"Not in this condition," said Phaeton. "You can't expect a horse without a saddle on him to make very good time."

"What difference does that make?" said I.

"You read the book, and you'll see," said Phaeton, in that tone of superior information which is common to people who have but just learned what they are talking about, and not learned it very well. "All the directions in the book are for horses with saddles on them. There is n't one place where it tells about a horse with just a blanket strapped over his back. If Uncle Jacob had let me take the saddle, and if I had a good pair of wheel-spurs, and



a riding-whip, and a gag-bit in his mouth, you would n't see me here. By this time I should be just a little cloud of dust, away up there beyond the brewery. This animal shows marks of speed, and I'll bet you, if he was properly handled, he'd trot way down in the thirties."

So much good horse-talk, right out of a standard book, rather awed me. But I ventured to suggest that I could cut him a switch from the hedge, which Dobbin could certainly be made to feel, though it might not be so elegant as a riding-whip.

"Never mind it," said he. "It's no use; you can't expect much of any horse without saddle or spurs. And besides, what would become of you and Ned? You could n't keep up."

I suggested that he might go on a mile or two and then return to meet us, and so have all the more ride. But he answered: "I'm afraid Uncle Jacob would n't like that. He expects us to go right to the pasture, without delay. You just wait till I get a good saddle, with Mexican stirrups, and wheel-spurs."

By this time, the boys who had been following us had dropped off. But at the next corner three or four others espied us, and gathered around.

"Why don't you make him go?" said one who had a switch in his hand, with which at the same time he gave Dobbin a smart blow on the flank.

A sort of shiver of surprise ran through Dobbin. Then he planted his fore feet firmly and evenly on the ground, as if he had been told to toe a mark, and threw out his hind ones, so that for an instant they formed a continuous straight line with his body. The boy who had struck him, standing almost behind him, narrowly escaped being sent home to breakfast with no appetite at all.

"Lick those fellows!" said Phaeton to Ned and me, as he leaned over Dobbin's neck and seized his mane with a desperate grip.

"There are too many of them," said Ned.

"Well, lick the curly-headed one, any way," said Phaeton, "if he does n't know better than to hit a horse with a switch."

Ned started for him, and the boy, diving through an open gate and dodging around a small barn, was last seen going over two or three back fences, with Ned all the while just one fence behind him.

When they were out of sight, the remaining boys turned their attention again to Dobbin, and one of them threw a pebble, which hit him on the nose and made him perform very much as before, excepting that this time he planted his hind feet and threw his fore feet into the air.

"Go for that fellow!" said Phaeton to me.

He struck off in a direction opposite to that taken by the curly-headed boy, and I followed him. It was a pretty rough chase that he led me; but he

seemed to know every step of the way, and when he ran into the culvert by which the Deep Hollow stream passed under the canal, I gave it up, and made my way back. Calculating that Phaeton must have passed on some distance by this time, I took a diagonal path across a field, and struck into the road near the stone brewery. Phaeton had not yet come up, and I sat down in the shade of the building. Presently, Dobbin came up the road at a jog trot, with Phaeton wobbling around on his back, like a ball in a fountain. The cause of his speed was the clatter of an empty barrel-rack being driven along behind him.

On arriving at the brewery, he turned and, in spite of Phaeton's frantic "Whoas!" and rein-jerking, went right through a low-arched door, scraping off his rider as he passed in.

"So much for not having a gag-bit," said Phaeton, as he picked himself up. "I remember, Uncle Jacob said the horse had worked fifteen or sixteen years in a brewery. That was a long time ago, but it seems he has n't forgotten it yet. And now I don't suppose we can ever get him out of there without a gag-bit."

He had hardly said this, however, when one of the brewery men came leading out Dobbin. Then the inquiry was for Ned, who had not been seen since he went over the third fence after the curly-headed boy who did n't know any better than to hit a horse with a switch. Phaeton decided that we must wait for him. In about fifteen minutes, one of the great brewery wagons came up the road, and as it turned in at the gate, Ned dropped from the hind axle, where he had been catching a ride.

After we had exchanged the stories of our adventures, Ned said it was now his turn to ride.

"I wish you could, Ned," said Phaeton; "but I don't dare trust you on his back. He's too fiery and untamable. It's all I can do to hold him."

Ned grumbled somewhat; but with the help of the brewery man, Phaeton remounted, and we set off again for Kidd's pasture. Ned and I walked close beside the horse, each with the fingers of one hand between his body and the surcingle, that we might either hold him or be taken along with him if he should again prove fiery and untamable.

When we got to the canal bridge, we found that a single plank was missing from the road-way. Nothing could induce Dobbin to step across that open space. All sorts of coaxing and argument were used, and even a few gentle digs from Phaeton's heels, but it was of no avail. At last he began to back, and Ned and I let go of the surcingle. Around he wheeled, and down the steep bank he went, like the picture of Putnam at Horseneck, landed on the tow-path, and immediately plunged into the water. A crowd of boys who were swim-



ming under the bridge set up a shout, as he swam across with Phaeton on his back.

Ned and I crossed by the bridge.

"I only hope Uncle Jacob won't blame me if the horse takes cold," said Phaeton, as he came up.

"Can't we prevent it?" said Ned.

"What can you do?" said Phaeton.

"I think we ought to rub him off perfectly dry, at once," said Ned. "That's the way Mr. Gifford's groom does."

"I guess that's so," said Phaeton. "You two go to that hay-stack over there, and get some good wisps to rub him down."

Ned and I each brought a large armful of hay.

"Now, see here, Fay," said Ned, "you've got to get off from that horse and help rub him. We're not going to do it all."

"But how can I get on again?" said Phaeton.

"I don't care how," said Ned. "You've had all the ride, and you must expect to do some of the work. If you don't, I'll let him die of quick consumption before I'll rub him."

This vigorous declaration of independence had a good effect. Phaeton slid down, and tied Dobbin to the fence, and we all set to work and used up the entire supply of hay in rubbing him dry.

After several unsuccessful attempts to mount him by bringing him close to the fence, Phaeton determined to lead him the rest of the way.

"Anyhow, I suppose he ought not to have too violent exercise after such a soaking as that," said he. "We'll let him rest a little."

As we were now beyond the limits of the town, the only spectators were individual boys and girls, who were generally swinging on farm-yard gates. Most of these, however, took interest enough to inquire why we did n't ride. We paid no attention to their suggestions, but walked quietly along,—Phaeton at the halter, and Ned and I at the sides,—as if guarding the sacred bull of Burmah.

About a mile of this brought us to Mr. Kidd's.

"What about riding over the dog?" said Ned.

"We can't very well ride over him to-day, when we've neither saddle nor spurs," said Phaeton; "but you two might get some good stones, and be ready for him."

Accordingly, we two selected some good stones. Ned crowded one into each of his four pockets, and carried one in each hand. I contented myself with two in my hands.

"There's no need of getting so many," said Phaeton. "For if you don't hit him the first time, he'll be on you before you can throw another."

This was not very comforting; but we kept on, and Ned said it would n't do any harm to have plenty of ammunition. When we reached the

house, there was no dog in sight, excepting a small shaggy one asleep on the front steps.

"You hold Dobbin," said Phaeton to me, "while I go in and make arrangements."

I think I held Dobbin about half a minute, at the end of which time he espied an open gate at the head of a long lane leading to the pasture, jerked the halter from my hand, and trotted off at surprising speed. When Phaeton came out of the house, of course I told him what had happened.

"But it's just as well," said I, "for he has gone right down to the pasture."

"No, it is n't just as well," said he; "we must get off the halter and blanket."

"But what about the dog?" said Ned.

"Oh, that one on the steps won't hurt anybody. The savage one is down in the wood-lot."

At this moment a woman appeared at the side door of the farm-house, looked out at us, and understood the whole situation in a moment.

"I suppose you had n't watered your horse," said she, "and he's gone for the creek."

Phaeton led the way to the pasture, and we followed. I should n't like to tell you how very long we chased Dobbin around that lot, trying to corner him. We tried swift running, and we tried slow approaches. I suggested salt. Ned pretended to fill his hat with oats, and walked up with coaxing words. But Dobbin knew the difference between a straw hat and a peck measure.

"I wish I could remember what the book says about catching your horse," said Phaeton.

"I wish you could," said I. "Why did n't you bring the book?"

"I will next time," said he, as he started off in another desperate attempt to corner the horse between the creek and the fence.

Nobody can tell how long this might have kept up, had not an immense black dog appeared, jumping over the fence from the wood-lot.

Phaeton drew back and looked about for a stone. Ned began tugging at one of those in his pockets, but could n't get it out. Instead of coming at us, the dog made straight for Dobbin, soon reached him, seized the halter in his teeth, and brought him to a full stop, where he held him till we came up. It only took a minute or two to remove the blanket and halter, and turn Dobbin loose, while a few pats on the head and words of praise made a fast friend of the dog.

With these trappings over our arms, we turned our steps homeward. As we drew near the place where we had given Dobbin the rubbing down to keep him from taking cold, we saw a man looking over the fence at the wet wisps of hay in the road.

"I wonder if that man will expect us to pay for the hay," said Phaeton.



"It would be just like him," said Ned. "These farmers are an awful stingy set."

"I have n't got any money with me," said Phaeton; "but I know a short cut home."

Ned and I agreed that any shortening of the homeward journey would be desirable just now,—especially as we were very hungry.

He led the way, which required him to go back to the first cross-road, and we followed. It seemed to me that the short cut home was about twice as long as the road by which we had come, but as I also was oppressed with a sense of having no money with me, I sympathized with Phaeton, and made no objection. When I found that the short cut led through the Deep Hollow culvert, I confess to some vague fears that the boy I had chased into the culvert might dam up the water while we were in there, or play some other unpleasant trick on us, and I was glad when we were well through it with only wet feet and shoulders spattered by the drippings from the arch.

We got home at last, and Phaeton told his uncle that Dobbin was safe in the pasture, at the same time giving him to understand that we were—as we always say at the end of a composition—much pleased with our morning canter. But the boys could n't help talking about it, and gradually the family learned every incident of the story. When Mr. Rogers heard about the hay, he sent Phaeton with some money to pay for it, but the stingy farmer said it was no matter, and would n't take any pay. But he asked Phaeton where we were going, and told him he had a pasture that was just as good as Kidd's, and nearer the town.

## CHAPTER II.

### RAPID TRANSIT.

If Phaeton Rogers was not an immediate success as a rider of horses, he certainly did what seemed some wonderful things in the way of inventing conveyances for himself and other people to ride.

One day, not long after our adventures with Dobbin, Ned and I found him sitting under the great plane-tree in the front yard, working with a knife at some small pieces of wood, which he put together, making a frame like this:



"What are you making, Fay?" said Ned.

"An invention," said Phaeton, without looking up from his work.

"What sort of invention? A new invention?"

"It would have to be new or it would n't be an invention at all."

"But what is it for?"

"For the benefit of mankind, like all great inventions."

"It seems to me that some of the best have been for the benefit of boykind," said Ned. "But what is the use of trying to be too smart? Let us know what it is. We're not likely to steal it, as Lem Woodruff thinks the patent-lawyer stole his idea for a double-acting wash-board."

Phaeton was silent, and worked away. Ned and I walked out at the gate and turned into the street, intending to go swimming. We had not gone far when Phaeton called "Ned!" and we turned back.

"Ned," said he, "don't you want to lend me the ten dollars that Aunt Mercy gave you last week?"

Their Aunt Mercy was an unmarried lady with considerable property, who was particularly good to Ned. When Phaeton was a baby she wanted to name him after the man who was to have been her husband, but who was drowned at sea.

Mrs. Rogers would not consent, but insisted upon naming the boy Fayette, and Aunt Mercy had never liked him, and would never give him anything, or believe that he could do anything good or creditable. She was a little deaf, and if it was told her that Phaeton had taken a prize at school, she pretended not to hear; but whenever Ned got one she had no trouble at all in hearing about it, and she always gave him at least a dollar or two on such occasions. For when Ned was born, she was allowed to do what she had wanted to do with Fayette, and named him Edmund Burton, after her long-lost lover. Later, she impressed it upon him that he was never to write his name E. B. Rogers, nor Edmund B. Rogers, but always Edmund Burton Rogers, if he wanted to please her, and be remembered in her will. She never called him anything but Edmund Burton. Whereas, she pretended not to remember Fayette's name at all, and would twist it in all sorts of ways, calling him Layit and Brayit, and Fater and Faylen, and once she called him Frenchman-what's-his-name, which was as near as she ever came to getting it right.

"Why should I lend you my ten dollars?" said Ned. "For the information you kindly gave us about your invention?"

"Oh, as to that," said Phaeton, "I've no objection to telling you all about it now that I have thought it all out. I did not care to tell you before, because I was studying on it."

"All right; go ahead," said Ned, as we seated ourselves on the grass, and Phaeton began.

"It is called the under-ground railway. You see, there are some places—like the city of New York, for instance—where the buildings are so close



together, and land is worth so much, that they can't build railroads enough to carry all the people back and forth. And so they have been trying, in all sorts of ways, to get up something that will do it—something different from a common railroad."

"Balloons would be the thing," said Ned.

"No; balloons won't do," said Phaeton. "You can't make them 'light where you want them to. I've thought of a good many ways, but there was some fault in all of them but this last one."

"Tell us about the others first," said Ned.

"I'll show you *one* of them," said Phaeton, and he drew from his pocket a small sheet of paper, which he unfolded, and exhibited to us this picture:



"This," said he, "represents the city of New York. *A* is some place far up-town where people live; *B* is the Battery, which is down-town, where they do the business. I suppose you both know what a mortar is?"

"A cannon as big around as it is long," said Ned.

"And shoots bomb-shells," said I.

"That's it," said Phaeton. "Now here, you see, is a big mortar up-town; only, instead of shooting a bomb-shell, it shoots a car. This car has no wheels, and has a big knob of India-rubber on the end for a buffer. When you get it full of people, you lock it up tight and touch off the mortar. This dotted mark represents what is called the line of flight. You see, it comes down into another sort of mortar, which has a big coiled spring inside, to stop it easy and prevent it from smashing. Then the depot-master puts up a big step-ladder and lets the people out."

Ned said he should like to be the one to touch off the mortar.

"And why was n't that a good plan?" said I.

"There are some serious objections to it," said Phaeton, in a knowing way. "For instance, you can't aim such a thing very true when the wind is blowing hard, and people might not like to ride in it on a windy day. Besides, some people have a very strong prejudice, you know, against any sort of fire-arms."

"There would n't be much chance for a boy to catch a ride on it," said Ned, as if that were the

most serious objection of all. "But tell us about the real invention."

"The real invention," said Phaeton, "is this," and he took up the little frame we had seen him making. Taking an India-rubber string from his pocket, he stretched it from one of the little posts to the other and fastened it.

"Now," said he, "suppose there was a fly that lived up at this end, and had his office down at that end. He gets his breakfast, and takes his seat right here," and he laid his finger on the string, near one of the posts. "I call out, 'All aboard!' and then —"

Here Phaeton, who had his knife in his hand, cut the string in two behind the imaginary fly.

"Where is the fly now?" said he. "At his office doing business —"

"I don't understand," said Ned.

"I've only half explained it," said Phaeton. "Now, you see, it's easy enough to make a tunnel under-ground and run cars through. But a tunnel always gets full of smoke when a train goes through, which is very disagreeable, and if you ran a train every fifteen minutes, all the passengers would choke. So, you see, there must be something instead of an engine and a train of cars. I propose to dig a good tunnel wherever the road wants to go, and make it as long as you please. Right through the center I pass an India-rubber cable as large as a man's leg, and stretch it tight, and fasten it to great posts at each end. All the men and boys who want to go sit on at one end as if on horseback. When everything is ready, the train-despatcher takes a sharp axe, and with one blow clips the cable in two behind them, and zip they go to the other end before you can say Jack Robinson."

Ned said he'd like to be train-despatcher.

"They'd all have to hang on like time," said I.

"Of course they would," said Phaeton; "but there are little straps for them to take hold by."

"And would there be a tub at the other end," said Ned, "to catch the passengers that were broken to pieces against the end wall?"

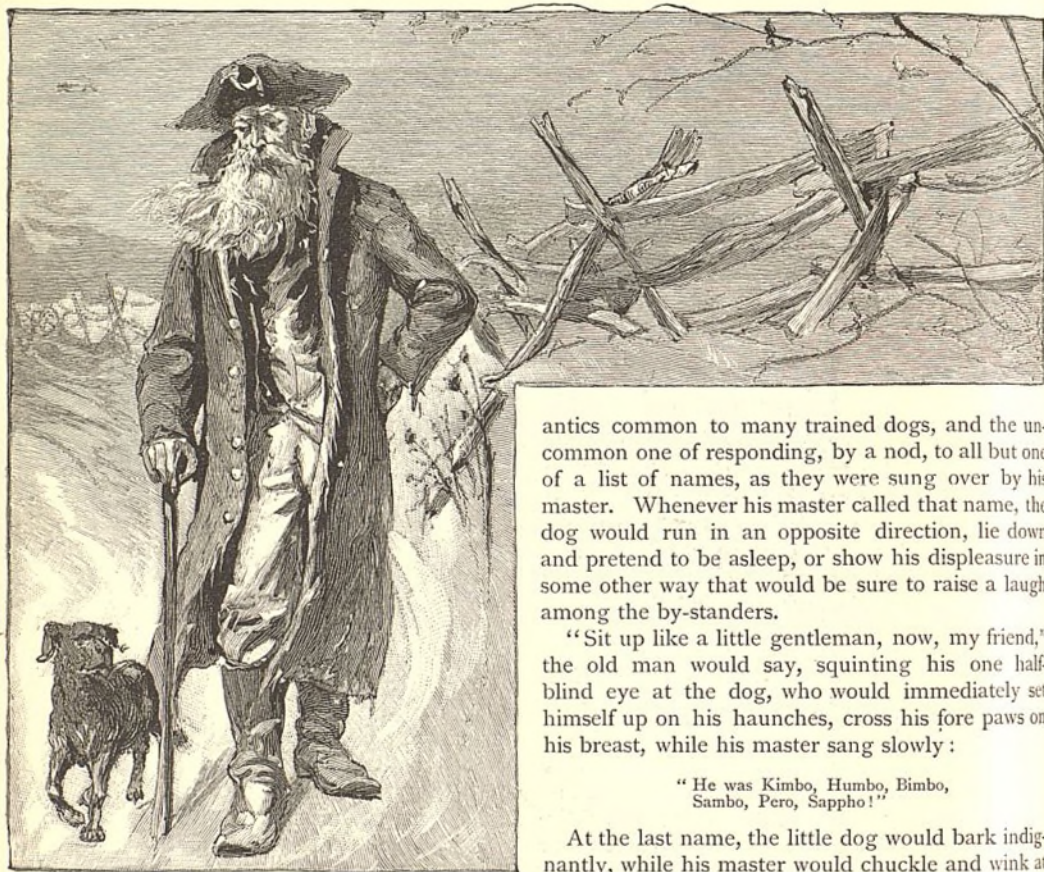
"Oh, pshaw!" said Phaeton. "Don't you suppose I have provided for that?"

(To be continued.)



## THE PEDESTRIANS.\*

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.



WHEN I was a little girl, my grandmother used to delight us children, on winter evenings, by telling us the story of a queer old man, whom her father, who was a lawyer, used to meet, during court terms, in the different towns in southern Massachusetts. This old man was almost blind, and led by a string a remarkably intelligent little coal-black dog.

This man was a curious character. He was well educated, and delighted to talk with the lawyers and judges about distinguished people he had met in London, and of various historical personages.

He was fond of big words, and called himself and his dog "The Pedestrians," and always stoutly maintained that he amply paid his way by exhibiting his "intelligent four-footed friend and companion," as he designated the pretty animal.

This dog would perform a variety of tricks and

antics common to many trained dogs, and the uncommon one of responding, by a nod, to all but one of a list of names, as they were sung over by his master. Whenever his master called that name, the dog would run in an opposite direction, lie down and pretend to be asleep, or show his displeasure in some other way that would be sure to raise a laugh among the by-standers.

"Sit up like a little gentleman, now, my friend," the old man would say, squinting his one half-blind eye at the dog, who would immediately set himself up on his haunches, cross his fore paws on his breast, while his master sang slowly:

"He was Kimbo, Humbo, Bimbo,  
Sambo, Pero, Sappho!"

At the last name, the little dog would bark indignantly, while his master would chuckle and wink at his audience, saying: "That's a girl's name, you know; you see he does n't like it," and continue:

"He was Cato, Crapo, Christmas,  
Sancho, and High Robert.  
That was all he was, excepting Peter Waggie,  
Darkis, Garret, and Father Howell, and that was all he was-y."

At this, the dog would put down his fore feet, whining and wagging his tail delightedly, and catching his master's hat, would carry it around to the spectators, soliciting pennies. The old "Pedestrian" picked up money enough in this way, people said, to keep himself and his four-footed friend in good living; but as he was seldom obliged to purchase a meal, and strictly temperate, folks often wondered what he did with his pennies.

"What became of the poor old man and his little dog at last?" we often asked. But grandmother did not know.

\* A true story.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

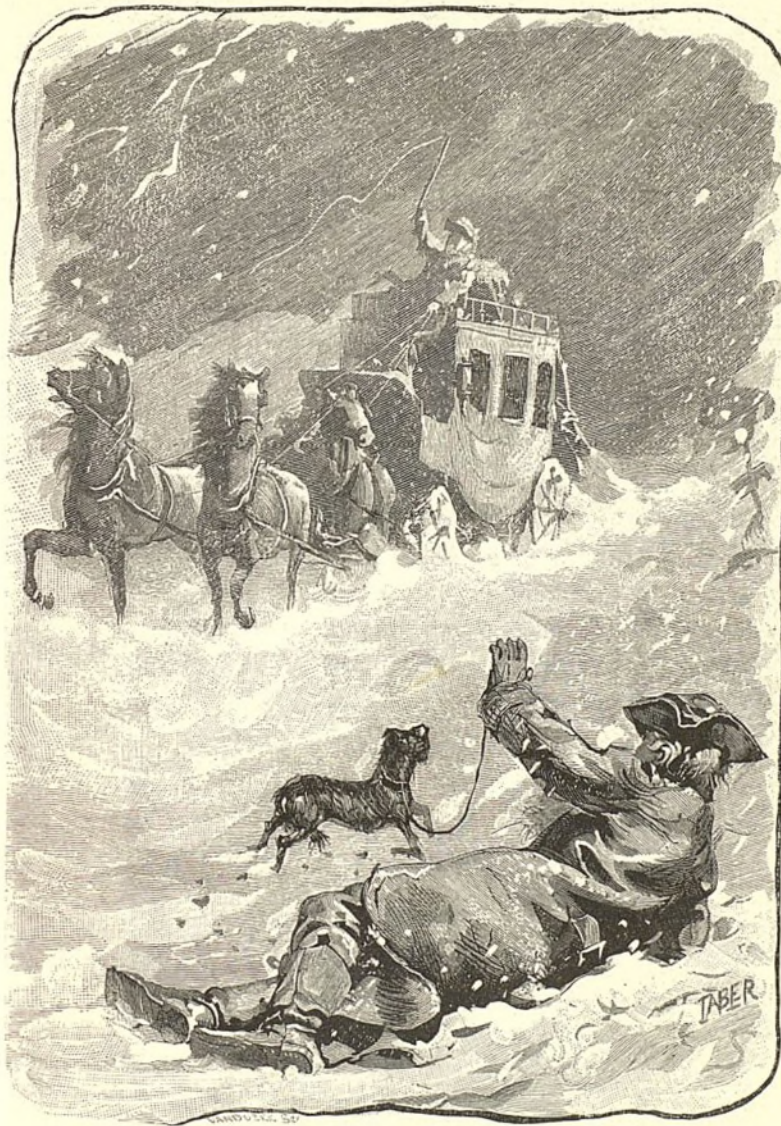
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Last summer I visited a lonely old lady in eastern Connecticut, who delighted in interesting reminiscences of "old times." One day she came smiling into my room with an old, well-worn book in manuscript in her hand, and said to me:

in it are many curious descriptions of different people who were guests of the house. Here is one which always struck me as being very pathetic," and she read me the following, which I have since copied from the book. It is dated January 6th, 18—.



A HARD TIME FOR THE PEDESTRIANS.

"When my grandfather and grandmother were first married, they kept a 'stage tavern' not far from here, near the Massachusetts line. This book is a journal my grandmother kept at the time, and

"A terrible snow-storm yesterday. The Hartford stage was belated for hours, and the coach brought in among its passengers a poor, nearly blind beggar, with a funny little black dog fastened



to his arm by a string, both of whom the compassionate driver picked up in a freezing condition, from a huge snow-drift a few miles back.

"They both were nearly dead. We undressed the man, rubbed them both, with snow at first, and put them to bed—both together—for they had just vitality and sense enough left to protest against being separated. The warm drinks and nourishing broths we administered revived the strange pair in a measure, however, and the man began to talk and to sing in a weak, trembling voice, which showed that he was partially delirious.

"He had intended to go to Providence, he said, but had got upon the wrong road in the blinding snow, and wandered off, he knew not whither. 'But I have found friends,' he said, clasping his hands; 'I have always found friends. God always takes care of his own.'

"He said that he was born in Scotland, and educated at Cambridge, England, and came to America to teach; but his eyes gave out, and he had lived since that time by exhibiting his little 'four-footed friend.' A wonderful scholar the poor man was, indeed, with a wonderful lot of names and phrases and quotations on his tongue's end, that would do honor to any gentleman. This morning he began to sing, in a plaintive monotone:

"He was Kimber, Hubner, Bibloo,  
Saxo, Perouse, Sappho,"—

when the little dog gave a feeble bark, and his master gave a languid smile.

"'He always protests against answering to a female's name,' said the poor man. 'He understands all about it,—a great scholar my four-footed

little friend is. I have taught him when we have been walking together. We are 'The Pedestrians,'" and he sang feebly once more—

"He was Cato, Crapen, Christie,  
Sancho, and High Robert.  
That was all he was except  
Peter Wading, Davies, Garrick,  
And Foster Powell,  
And that was all he was-y.'

"As he finished, the little dog made a vain effort to raise himself on his legs, turned his intelligent eyes upon his master's pale face, gave a feeble wag of the tail, and died.

"My husband threw a shawl over the poor animal, and lifted him carefully from the bed without attracting the attention of his master, who talked away about his own life and that of his little four-footed friend.

"All day long, while the unfortunate old man's fluttering breath remained in his body, he told us his story, over and over. Toward the last, he looked up at me and said: 'How joyous I feel! Only death could bring such joy to the old "Pedestrian." Remember, madam, there are pennies enough under—the white rock, near the—the great oak, to pay for our burial. Come—Kimber—Humber! we must be—be—moving,' and throwing up his arms, his soul passed from his poor, tired body, and was indeed moving on. We buried him and his little dog in the same grave, on a pleasant, sunny, eastern hill-side, not far from the tavern."

Here the record closed; but I felt sure my childish question was answered, and that I knew at last what finally became of the old blind man and his little dog that bore so many funny names.

## THE LAND OF NOD.

(An operetta for young folks, portraying the visit of six little sleepy-heads to the King of the Land of Nod, and the wonders they saw at his Court.)

BY E. S. BROOKS.

### CHARACTERS.

The King of the Land of Nod.	The Dream Sprites.
The Sand Man,	The Dream Goblin.
Jack o' Dreams,	The Six Little Sleepy-heads.
The Royal Pages.	His Majesty's Standard-bearer.
The Dream Prince.	The Goblin Can-and-Must.
My Lady Fortune.	The Queen of the Dollies.
Old Mother Goose.	The Dream Princess.

### COSTUMES AND MOUNTING.

The stage mounting and the costumes must depend entirely upon the taste and facilities of the managers. The more care bestowed upon the preparation of the costumes and the dressing of the stage,

the more effective will be the presentation. If no curtain is used, the scene should be set to represent a throne-room, with a tastefully draped throne at the center-rear of stage. The only other properties really necessary are a wheelbarrow; a hand-wagon; six couches, either small mattresses or inclined frames (of this style), over which bright-colored afghans may be thrown. Soap-boxes, cut to this shape and with sacking tacked across, would do

for these couches. Strings of artificial flowers for Dream Sprites—say, thirty to forty inches long, and a banner of crimson and gold (or equally striking combination), bearing conspicuously a big poppy, and the words, "To bed! To bed!" says Sleepy-head."





The costumes, as far as possible, should be based on the following:  
*The King.* Velvet (or imitation) tunic of cardinal color, trimmed with black and gold; trunks or knee-breeches; long cardinal stockings; shoes and gold buckles. Long velvet (imitation) robe and train-cloak, of royal purple, trimmed with ermine; gold crown, encircled with poppy wreath; long white beard; scepter and crown-jewels.

*The Sand Man.* Common working-suit of a house-painter (overalls, shirt-sleeves, etc.), painter's white or striped apron, and a sand-sprinkler or flour-dredger.

*Jack o' Dreams.* Regular costume of a court-jester, parti-colored, with cap and bells, jester's rattle and bells.

*The Dream Sprites.* (Not less than six, and more, if possible—all little girls.) Pretty white dresses, gauze wings, chains of artificial flowers as above.

*Dream Goblin.* Red goblin suit, tight-fitting suit with wings, red skull-cap with short horns.

*The Six Little Sleepy-heads.* Three little boys and three little girls (the younger the better), with long white night-gowns over their clothes, the girls with night-caps.

*The Dream Prince.* Fancy court suit.

*My Lady Fortune.* Classic Grecian female costume; gold fillet in hair. Wheel, about twelve inches in diameter, from an old velocipede, made to revolve, spokes and spaces between them covered with card-board and papered in different colors.

*Old Mother Goose.* Short red petticoat, red stockings, slippers and silver buckles, brown or fancy over-skirt and waist, high bell-crown hat, red or purple cape, large spectacles, and broom.

*The Goblin Can-and-Must.* Dull brown tight-fitting suit, brown skull-cap and short horns, heavy chains on hands.

*Queen of the Dollies.* Any pretty fancy costume, gold crown, wand; she should have two or three prettily dressed dolls.

*The Dream Princess.* Fancy court dress.

*The Royal Pages.* Two or four small boys in fancy court suits.

*The Standard-bearer.* Fancifully designed semi-military suit.

The costumes may, most of them, be made of silesia, which has the effect of silk. The following ages are suggested for children taking part in the representation: KING—Stout, well-voiced boy of about sixteen; JACK O' DREAMS, SAND MAN—Boys of twelve or fourteen; GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST—Boy of thirteen; THE DREAM PRINCE—Boy of eleven or twelve; DREAM GOBLIN—Boy of twelve or thirteen; PAGES—Boys of six; STANDARD-BEARER—Boy of eight or ten; DREAM SPRITES—Girls of ten or twelve; DREAM PRINCESS, MY LADY FORTUNE, MOTHER GOOSE—Girls of ten or twelve; QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES—Girl of eight; LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS—Children of four to six.

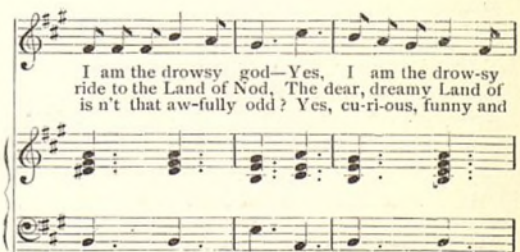
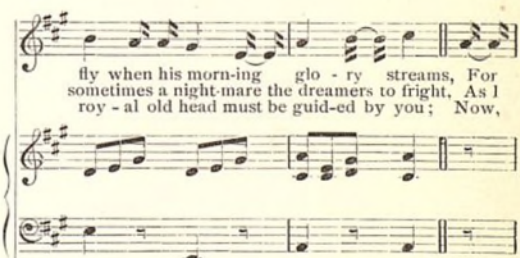
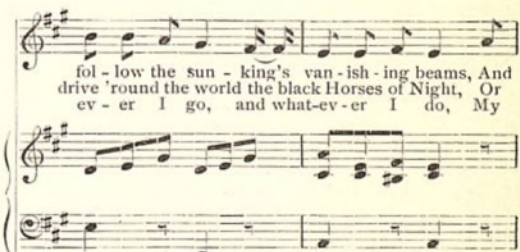
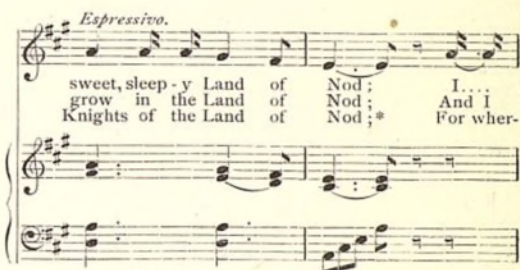
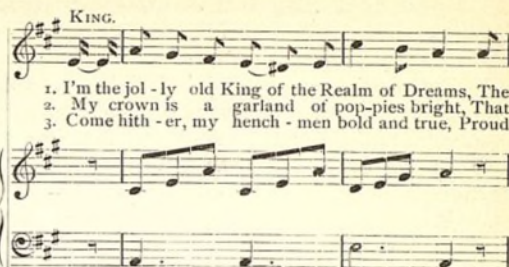
(Appropriate music should be played between parts, or whenever a pause occurs in which music would add to the effect. Any part, for which a good singer cannot be had, may be spoken instead of sung. Should all the parts be spoken, instrumental music only would be required, and this could be performed behind the scenes.)

#### THE OPERETTA.

[Enter in procession the King, preceded by Standard-bearer, and followed by the Pages. Music—"Fatinitza March," or any other preferred. King stands on the platform on which the throne is raised, and faces the audience. The Standard-bearer steps back to one side, and the Pages stand on either side at the foot of the throne.]

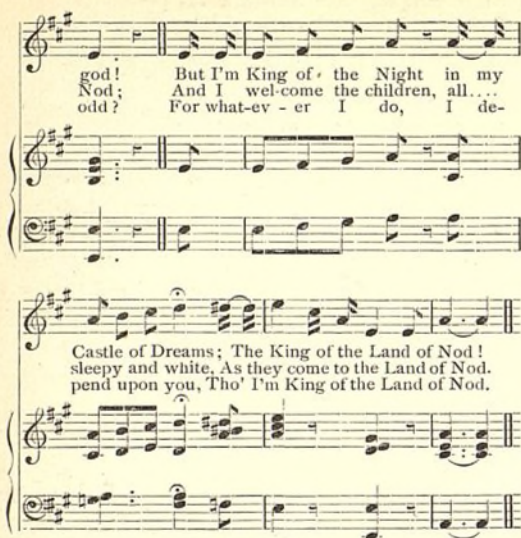
Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

*A la Militaire* (all salute the King).



\* [Enter—right and left—the *Sand Man* and *Jack o' Dreams*, who make, each, a low obeisance to His Majesty.]





(Use last four measures of Introduction as an Interlude.)

SAND MAN [bowing to the King].

I—I am the Sand Man bold!  
And I'm busy as busy can be,  
For I work when it's hot,  
And I work when it's cold,  
As I scatter my sand so free.  
Close to the eyes of the children dear  
I creep—and I creep; I peer—and I peer;  
I peer as with barrow I plod.  
Then I scatter, I scatter the sand so free,  
Till the children are s-l-e-e-p-y as s-l-e-e-p-y can be.  
And off we trot—the children with me—  
To the King of the Land of Nod.

I—I am the Sand Man bold!  
I come when the night-shades fall;  
Then up to the children my barrow I roll,  
And the sand fills the eyes of 'em all.

[Repeat last seven lines of first stanza.]

KING.

Scatter and plod, Sand Man odd,  
You're a trusty old knight of our Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS [bowing low to the King].

I'm the sprightly young, lightly young, Jack o' Dreams,  
And I caper the live-long night,  
While my jingling bells, with their tingling swells,  
Are the dear, sleepy children's delight.  
For I jingle them here, into each pearly ear,  
And I jingle them there again;  
And the dreams come and go, and the dreams fall and flow,  
As I jingle my bells again.  
And I dart, and I whirl, o'er their brains toss and twirl,  
As I scatter the fancies odd;  
I'm the child of the night, I'm the jolly young sprite  
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

\* Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" (simplified ed.); Heller's "Slumber Song"; "Swing Song," by Fontaine; "Good Night," by Loesch horn; Lange's "Blumlied"; "Nursery Tale," by Fradel, or other selection. Or, a lady may sing "Birds in the Night," by Sullivan.

KING.

Well spoken, my henchmen, bold and true,  
Proud knights of the Land of Nod;  
But tell to me, Sand Man, what do you  
Bring now to the Land of Nod?  
Just sample the stock of your latest flock,  
For the King of the Land of Nod.

SAND MAN.

O, sire! I bring to the Realm of Dreams  
The *sleepiest* set of boys  
That ever the sun-king's vanishing beams  
Cut off from their daylight joys.  
The *sleepiest*, *drowsiest*, *laziest* set  
In all my travels I've met with yet;  
And I've picked out three as a sample, you see,—  
A sample most funny and odd,—  
To show you the stock that comprises the flock  
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Ho! Fix the couches, Jack o' Dreams,  
And you, O Sand Man odd,  
Roll in the boys—without their noise—  
For the King of the Land of Nod.

[Low music.\* Jack o' Dreams arranges and smooths down the couches, and the Sand Man returns, bringing in his wheelbarrow three little boys in their night-gowns, fast asleep. He and Jack o' Dreams lift them out gently and place them on their couches.]

KING [who has risen to receive his guests—joyfully].

Now nid, nid, nod, my bonny boys.  
O Sand Man, it is plain  
The stock you bring before your king  
Your fealty proves again.  
Sleep right, sleep tight, with fancies bright,  
On Dream-land's pleasant sod;  
The night's begun, we'll have some fun,  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.  
And what, O Jack o' Dreams, do you  
Bring here to the Land of Nod?  
Come! let us know what you have to show  
To the King of the Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS.

Great King! I bring the sweetest things  
That ever you looked upon;  
With bangs and curls, and frills and furls—  
The rosiest, posiest little girls  
That ever romped or run;  
The tightest, brightest, sauciest lot  
That ever in dreams I plagued,  
I could n't pick better for you—no, not  
If you begged, and begged, and begged.  
And of these, there are three that I wish you to see—  
Three sleepers so charming and odd;  
If Your Majesty please, shall I bring in these  
For the King of the Land of Nod?

KING.

Ay! bring them in, young Jack o' Dreams,  
And you, old Sand Man odd,



Fix the couches all for the ladies who call  
On the King of the Land of Nod.

[Low music,† while Jack o' Dreams draws in a little wagon in which are three very little girls, in their night-gowns, fast asleep. He and the Sand Man lift them carefully out and lay them on the couches.]

KING [*in rapture, bending over each little girl in succession*].

Oh, my pink! Oh, my pet!  
You're the prettiest yet!  
Brave Jack o' Dreams so true,  
'Tis very plain that never again  
A fairer lot we'll view.  
Sleep soft, sleep well, O girlies fair,  
On Dream-land's pleasant sod,  
While the Dream Sprites start in each young heart  
For the King of the Land of Nod.

[Stands by the throne and waves his scepter.]

KING.

Cling, cling, by my scepter's swing,  
By the wag of my beard so odd;  
Dream Sprites small, I summon you all  
To the King of the Land of Nod!

[Enter the DREAM SPRITES, each with a chain of flowers. They glide in and out among the little sleepers, and repeat, in concert:]

We weave, we weave our fairy chain  
'Round each young heart, in each young brain,  
Our dream-spell chain so sweet.  
Bright Dream Sprites we, so gay and free;  
We come with tripping feet, with merrily  
tripping feet,  
To dance on Dream-land's sod.  
While we weave, we weave our fairy chain  
'Round each young heart, in each young brain,  
That beats and throbs in the sleepy train  
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

[Here the DREAM GOBLIN enters on tiptoe, with finger raised, and says:]

But if some children eat too much,  
Or on their backs recline;  
I jump and bump on all of such,  
Until they groan and whine.  
'Tis not my fault, you'll all agree,—  
I'm naught but a goblin, as you see,  
And I dance on Dream-land's sod.  
But if children *will* stuff, why—that's enough;  
I know what to do, for "I'm up to snuff"  
For the King of the Land of Nod.

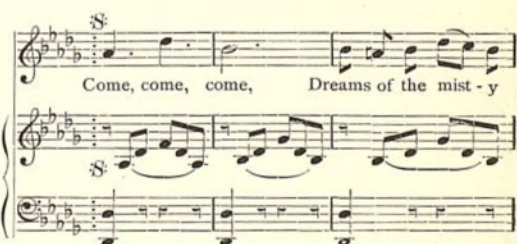
KING.

Now weave your chains, ye Dream Sprites fair,  
And call the Dreams from the misty air,—  
Stand back, O Goblin odd!  
Old Sand Man, scatter your sand apace,  
O'er each drooping eye, on each little face;  
And Jack o' Dreams, jingle your merry bells,  
Till the tinkling tangle falls and swells,

While trooping from Dream-land's pleasant lanes  
Come the Dreams through the ring of rosy chains;  
Come the Dreams so rare through the misty air,  
To the King of the Land of Nod.

*Dream Sprites's weaving song:*

Music composed by ANTHONY REIFF.\*



† See foot-note on page 164.

\* Copyright, 1880, by Anthony Reiff.



*2d time. Fine. pp*

Come to these children fair. Soft and low,

Soft and low, Sing to each list'ning ear,

Sing to each list'ning ear; Fall and flow,

Fall and flow,.....

Dreams of the air, ap-pear! Here ap-pear,

*Da Capo dal Segno al Fine.*

Here appear, Dreams of the air, appear!

KING.

Here, here, children dear!  
Now, by my scepter's swing,  
I hold you all in my mystic thrall,  
Fast bound in my fairy ring;  
Eyes bright, closed tight, rest ye on Dream-land's sod.  
As your slumbers you keep, speak the language of sleep  
To the King of the Land of Nod.

THE SIX LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS

[Sit up in bed, facing the audience, and nodding their heads sleepily, say, all together]:

We are Six Little Sleepy-heads just from the earth,  
To visit the Land of Nod.  
Our lessons are over, and so is our fun;  
And after our romp, and after our run,  
Right up to our beds we plod;  
And when Mamma is kissed, and prayers are said,  
Why—we drowsily, dreamily tumble in bed,  
And are off to the Land of Nod.

[Fall sleepily on their couches again.]

KING.

Now raise the call, my subjects all,  
As ye gather on Dream-land's sod.  
Bid the Dreams appear, to the children here,  
And the King of the Land of Nod.

Incantation chorus; all sing:

*Scherzoso.* Music composed by ANTHONY REIFF.\*

*mp Allegretto non troppo.*

Merri-ly, merri-ly here we sing, Cheeri-ly, cheeri-ly

let it ring, Ring, ring thro' the mist-y air;

\* Copyright, 1880, by Anthony Reiff.



Sprightly, O! lightly, O! Come at our call; Hith-er come,

hith-er come, Hither come, one and all! Hith-er come,

hith-er come, Come to these children fair.

SECOND CHORUS.

Gliding, sliding, full of joy,

Hast-en, hast-en, girl and boy. A-sleep, a-sleep on

Dream-land's sod, Quickly, oh, quickly we bid you come.

Drowsi - ly, drow-si - ly, Crooning with buzz and hum,

To the King of the Land of Nod, The King of the Land of

REFRAIN.

Nod. Good night! Good night!

Says the King of the Land of Nod, Buzz-buzz,

Buzz-buzz, Says the King of the Land of Nod.



[As the buzz-buzz chorus is repeated, with nodding motion and music accompaniment, the Six Dreams silently enter and stand behind the little sleepers.]

THE DREAM PRINCE [*steps in front of first little girl*].

I'm the gallant Prince of the Fairy Isles  
That float in the mists of story,  
I'm the glittering Prince of the Realm of Smiles,  
And I tread the paths of glory.  
I call the bright flush to each eager cheek,  
As my deeds are read with rapture,  
And the dangers I face and the words I speak  
Are certain all hearts to capture.  
O! I've danced in the brains of countless girls,  
As they've read with joy the story  
Of my wondrous treasures of gold and pearls,  
And my marvelous deeds of glory.  
I'm the Prince who glitters on many a page  
Of many a fairy story,  
Ever young and brave, as from age to age  
I reign in perennial glory;  
And I come to-night at the call of my King,  
To dance through *your* sleep, dream-laden,  
And many a happy thought to bring  
To my rare little, fair little maiden.

[Shakes his sword aloft.]

Here's my strong right arm, that shall shield from harm  
This Queen of my Realm of Story;  
I'm your Prince so true, and I come to you,  
Filling your dreams with glory.

[Steps behind her again.]

KING.

Right gallantly spoken, my brave young Prince;  
No knight of my realm has trod  
More loyal than you for the pleasures true  
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

MY LADY FORTUNE [*to first little boy*].

With My Lady Fortune's wheel,  
Turning ever, woe or weal,  
Into every life I steal,  
As to you, my boy.  
Listen, while I tell to you  
All I'm able now to do,  
If my aid you rightly sue,  
For your future joy.  
With my wheel, I'll turn and turn  
All the joys for which you yearn—  
High and leaping thoughts that burn  
In your heart so bright.  
Wealth and health, and honor, too,  
All that's noble, brave, and true,  
With my wheel I turn for you  
In your dreams to-night.  
But, my boy, remember this—  
Guard your heart, lest Fortune's kiss  
Turn your noble aims amiss  
To the ditch of pride;  
Wealth and health may sometimes pall;  
Pride e'er goes before a fall;  
With good luck be wise withal;  
Never worth deride.  
Fortune comes from patient heart,

Pleasures, too, from kindness start,  
Luck from pluck should never part;  
So, my boy, be strong!  
Ever to yourself be true;  
Help the needy ones who sue;  
Upright be and manly, too,  
Victor over wrong.

KING.

Hurrah for My Lady Fortune's Wheel!  
May it turn full many a rod,  
Never for woe, but ever for weal,  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE [*to second little girl*].

Over the hills and far away,  
Sailing aloft on my broomstick gay,  
Out from the Land of the Long Ago,  
Out from the Realm of the Want to Know,  
Scattering song-seeds high and low,  
Travel I fast to the children.

Into your dreams I bring to-night  
Snatches of song and of story bright,  
Glimpses of what you know—oh, so well—  
From the man who cries, "Young lambs to sell,"  
To the poor drowned kitty and ding-dong-bell,  
And dear old Mother Hubbard.

Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three,  
The Wise Men sailing their bowl to sea,  
Humpty Dumpty, the Mouse in the Clock,  
Taffy the Welshman, who got such a knock,  
Little Bo-Peep and her tailless flock,  
And the House-that-Jack-Built jumble.

Soon from your life I fade away;  
Treasure, my dear, to your latest day  
The songs I've sung and the truths I've taught,  
The mirth and laughter that oft I've brought,  
The sense my nonsense has ever wrought,  
And the blessing of Mother Goose.

KING. Dear Mrs. Goose, I'm proud to see  
You here on Dream-land's sod;  
And ever to you my castle is free,  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

THE GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST [*to second little boy*].

Clank! clank! in my dungeon dank,  
I live far down among chains and dust;  
And I say to each girl, and I say to each boy,  
I'm the grim old Goblin Can-and-Must.  
When they go to bed ugly, and cross, and bad,  
Leaving Mother and Father so sorry and sad,  
Then I come—and I stand—and I say:

[Shaking his finger.]

Little boy, little boy, you are wrong, you are wrong  
(And this is the burden of my song)  
What your parents say "Do," should be easy for you,  
And you *can and must* obey.

Yes, you *can and must* do right, do right;  
And however you squirm and twist,



I shall come, and shall stand in your dreams at night;  
And they 'll never be happy, and never be bright,  
Until love your heart has kissed,  
And you 're ready to say, on the very next day,  
My parents I *can and must* obey.  
Then away from your dreams to his chains and dust  
Will vanish the Goblin *Can-and-Must!*

KING.

You 're out of place, Mr. Can-and-Must! Go  
From pleasant Dream-land's sod!  
There 's not a boy—

[Here Can-and-Must shakes his head, and points to second little boy  
in proof of his statement.]

What? No?? Why! Sho!!  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES [*to third little girl*].

Little one; pretty one;  
Sleeping so sound,  
Resting so calmly on Sleepy-land's ground,  
Open your heart to a dream of delight,  
Open your dream-lids for me, dear, to-night;  
Open your dream-eyes to see what I bring,  
Open your dream-ears to hear what I sing;  
List to me, turn to me, here as I stand,  
The Queen of the Dollies  
From bright Dolly-land.

Small dreamer; wee dreamer;  
Into your heart  
Now, with my fancies and visions, I dart;  
Visions of dollies all satin and puff,  
Visions of dollies in azure and buff,  
Cloth of gold, silver thread, velvets so rare,  
Gossamer laces,—fair faces, real hair,—  
Bonnets, and bracelets, and jewels so grand,—  
Oh, sweet are the dollies  
Of bright Dolly-land.

Precious one; little one;  
Come, will you go  
Off with the Queen to the wonders she 'll show?  
Make your own heart, then, a land of delight,  
Fair with life's sunshine, with love's glances bright.  
Then shall we float, dear, in dreams soft and sweet,  
Off to the joy-gates and down the fair street—  
Into the palace and there, hand-in-hand,  
Reign both—Queens of Dollies  
In bright Dolly-land.

KING.

And I will go, too, fair Queen, with you,  
To Dolly-land's beautiful sod.  
Yes, Your Majesty bright, we will go to-night,  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

THE DREAM PRINCESS [*to third little boy*].

Daisies and buttercups lowly bend—  
Bend for me as I pass;

For the Queen of the Dreams to this boy doth send  
His own little, sweet little lass.  
O roses bright, and violets, too,  
Rejoice as so swiftly I pass;  
I shall dance and flutter his day-dreams through—  
I 'm his own little, sweet little lass.

O Powers above! In your infinite love,  
Make him gentle, and brave, and strong;  
Make him fearless and true, and manly, too,  
As Ye hasten his years along.

O Prince of the Isles of Beautiful Smiles,  
Send us pleasure and happiness rare;  
Send us favoring tides as our ship gayly glides  
Down Life's flowing river so fair.

KING.

Well, well, my brave boy, there 'll be nothing but joy  
In your pathway—so soon to be trod.  
May this sweet little lass make it all come to pass,  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS [*rushing in—right*].

Great King! the Sun is on the run,  
The lamps of day to light.  
'T is time to go,—Oho! oho!  
With the vanishing shades of night.  
Dismiss your court, break off your sport,  
'T is time that your way you trod  
Around Cape Horn, ere day is born,  
To the opposite Land of Nod.

SAND MAN [*rushing in—left*].

Too true, too true! Great King, for you  
The horses of night I 've hitched  
To your chariot grand, and a fresh load of sand  
Into my barrow I 've pitched.  
So, let us be off! Be off! be off!  
To China's celestial sod;  
To hold the court, and renew the sport,  
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

[Spirited music—"Racquet Galop," Simmons; "Full of Joy  
Galop," Fahrback; "Boccaccio March"; or other selection.]

KING [*rising*].

Gather and plod, gather and plod;  
Up and away from the Land of Nod.

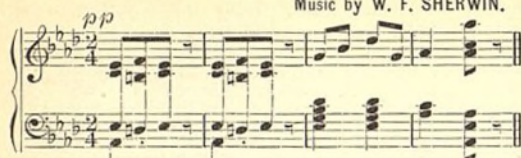
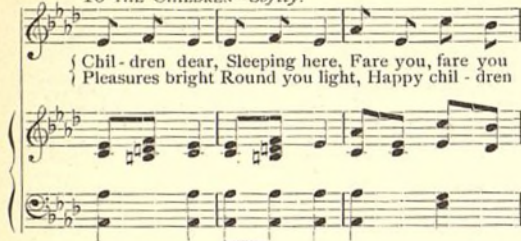
SAND MAN AND JACK O' DREAMS [*together*].

Goblins, sprites, and dreamy ring,  
Gather, gather, 'round your King,  
Here on Dream-land's sod.  
'Round the world we now must go,  
Ere the Sun his face doth show  
In this Land of Nod.

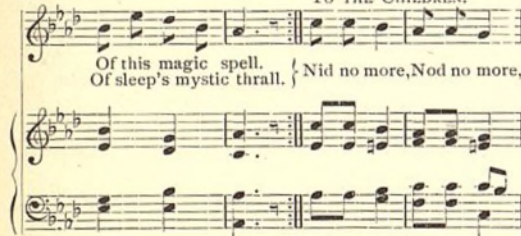
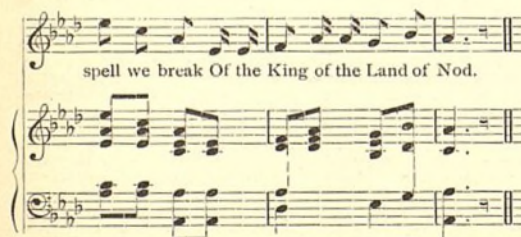
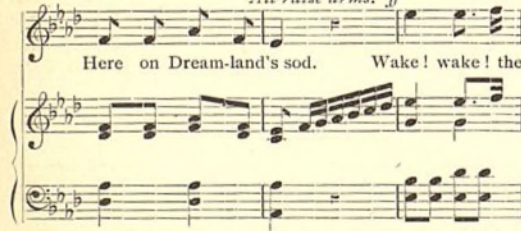
[All the characters form in circle around the children and, all except-  
ing the King, sing or repeat together.]



Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

TO THE CHILDREN—*Softly*.TO THE KING. *f*

TO THE CHILDREN.

All raise arms. *ff*KING [*from his throne, using music of first song*].

I'm the jolly old King of the Realm of Dreams,  
The sweet, sleepy Land of Nod.  
But I fly from the Sun-king's morning beams,  
To the Kingdom of Night and the Castle of Dreams  
Far away in the Land of Nod,  
In the Chinaman's Land of Nod;  
For I'm no good at all when the sunlight streams—  
I am King of the Land of Nod!

[Descends from the throne.]

Gather 'round me, henchmen bold and true,  
Proud knights of the Land of Nod,  
Bear your monarch away 'round the world with you.

[To the children.]

God-speed ye, dear children! Whatever you do,  
Come again to the Land of Nod.  
Wake, boys! and wake, girls! here 's the day shining  
through,  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[All pass off in procession, Standard-bearer leading, followed by the  
King and his Pages, Sand Man, Jack o' Dreams, Dream  
Sprites, Dreams, and Goblins. As they move off, they sing in  
chorus the following:]

*Good-bye song; use the music of the "Incantation Chorus"; see  
pages 166 and 167.*

Tra-la-la; la-la-la; soft and slow,  
Singing merrily, now we go,  
Off through the misty air.  
Waken, O little ones!—here is the dawn;  
Wake, with the flush of the rosy morn  
Tinging each cheek so fair.

Soft we go, slow we go, now farewell;  
Dreamers, awake, we break the spell,  
Haste ye from Dream-land's sod;  
Good night! Good morning! say King and court,  
Rouse ye, O children! waken to sport—  
Farewell to the Land of Nod.

Good-bye! Good-bye!  
Says the King of the Land of Nod;  
Good-bye! Good-bye!  
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[When the last strains of the good-bye song die away, and all is  
quiet, the Six Little Sleepy-heads begin to stir and stretch.  
Low music,—“Nursery Tale,” by Fradel; or “Blumlied,” by  
Lange,—during which the Six Little Sleepy-heads sit up on the  
edge of their couches, rub their eyes, finally become wide  
awake, and then cry out all together:]

Oh!—oh! What a beautiful dream! What a—why!  
See all the people! Why, where are we? Oh!  
Mamma! Mamma!

[All run off hastily.]

[CURTAIN.]

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE summer sun has gone, my young folk, and the autumn has blazed itself out. Now it's the snow's turn. See how it comes in a merry white dance to the warm and happy, and in cold nipping blasts to the poor and sorrowful! It's a good thing that glowing hearts can warm the earth and drive away shadows (the Deacon says he has seen them do it, for that matter, with a helping word, or an old shawl, or a pair of shoes, or a gift of something in the way of food or fuel). Soon the air will be alive with the ringing of Christmas bells. My, what a world it is! Most of the birds and all the flowers, hereabout, have said "good-bye" or gone into the houses; as for the trees, there are the brave old evergreens—and — Eh?

Bless my stars! What will the dear Little School-ma'am tell me next! She says we've a lovely and curious winter-tree that lasts only a few hours. It bears a great many sorts of "fruit," and does n't stand in the open air, as ordinary trees do, but it is housed securely from the cold.

This tree looks dismal, she says, as long as any inquisitive boys and girls happen to be in sight; but when they are safely out of the way, it cheers up wonderfully, and begins to bear fruit at once. As soon as the fruit is ripe and ready, the tree is shut up in the dark, and no one goes near it.

By and by, when the children are gathered in the next room, where the lights burn dim and only whispers are heard, the doors between are thrown open, and there stands the tree, no longer dismal, but with a bright bud of flame on every bough, and its arms loaded down with—well, my expectant ones, you will know very soon, Jack hopes. Meantime, we'll talk about

#### MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

A CHEERY-HEARTED Englishman sends Jack this letter, from Connecticut, which I am sure is in-

tended for some of you young folk; just read it over, my holiday-ites, and see if it is not:

"On Christmas-eve, when the curtains are drawn close, and the lamps are lit, and the happy home-folk are gathered before a blazing fire in the open grate, and are telling stories or thinking kindly of absent dear ones, it is pleasant to glance at the pretty greens in festoons along the walls, twined over the chandeliers and wreathed about hanging portraits and pictures, with red holly-berries peeping out cheerfully here and there, and a bunch of graceful mistletoe-sprays and white berries spread out over the door. This I remember seeing in England, where most of the homes as well as the churches are decorated at Christmas-time. But in America the custom is not so general; yet it is very pretty, and, once tried by any who have been strangers to it, it surely will be continued.

"Evergreens are very plentiful in America. Holly grows here abundantly, and, although it is not so beautiful as its English cousin, and its berries are not so bright, still its glossy leaves are very handsome, and the little red balls nestle cheerily among them.

"St. NICHOLAS told us in December, 1878, about the mistletoe, its history, and the customs connected with it, and how it is gathered in Normandy and sent to England, whence some of it comes to English people here. But there is no need to send across the water for mistletoe, I'm sure; for it grows here, from New Jersey and Illinois to as far south as Mexico, and is as lovely as the European kind, although some shades lighter. Your Texas youngsters, dear Jack, can easily find all the mistletoe they can possibly want, chiefly on the mesquite bushes."

#### GLOVES.

WHAT queer fashions there were in the olden times! Why, Deacon Green lately remarked in my hearing that, in the days of "Good Queen Bess," fashionable folk in England wore gloves that were scented and had air-holes in the palms!

Just as if the hands needed to breathe!

"And, before that time," said he, "in the reign of Richard of the Lion's Heart, gloves were ornamented with jewels at the hand and embroidery at the top. And, still earlier, five pairs of gloves were paid yearly to King Ethelred II., as a large part of a tribute for protecting German traders in England. Gloves were worth a good deal then, you may be sure. But they were worn even before that, for the Greek Xenophon wrote down, as a solemn piece of history, that 'Cyrus, King of Persia, once went without his gloves.'"

I suppose the king was obliged to wear them nearly all the time, poor fellow!

"And this very Christmas," added the Deacon, gently, "there will be many children poor and small, besides old, old people, who will have no gloves, nor even mitts, to keep their hands warm, unless some industrious, tender-hearted girl-knitters attend to the matter."

#### THE "SNOW-SNAKE" GAME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In snow-time the Indians near my home have a queer sport or practice, which your boys and girls may like to imitate. These Indians take a stick, eight or nine feet long and a little more than an inch thick, and shave it down to half an inch, excepting at one end, where they leave a kind of pointed knob. On this thick part they put strips of lead, to make the end heavy.

When complete, as I have tried to describe it, the snake is held by its thin end and thrown along the slippery tracks made by sleighs in the road, or over a clear space of crisp snow-crust, or on the ice of some lake or river. It slips away and away until it is almost out of sight, and you think it never will stop; and as it slides over uneven surfaces, its up-and-down, wave-like motion gives it the appearance of a snake gliding swiftly along over the snow; hence its name.

The Indians try who can make their pet "snakes" slide furthest, some one going with the umpire to send the queer things skimming back to the players. Messages slipped into covered grooves can be sent in snow-snakes across long stretches of ice too thin to bear a boy's weight, or hurled along a road from house to house, and so save time and labor, besides making fun of the kind that warms you.

Yours truly,

A. C. H.





ONCE there were two sun-flowers who lived in a gar-den. One of them knew the lit-tle girl who lived next door; but the oth-er did not care for any-thing but the sun. The friend-ly sun-flow-er often leaned o-ver the fence and bowed to the lit-tle girl. It was so tall, that she could not reach it, e-ven if she stood on her tip-toes; but it some-times would put one of its broad leaves o-ver the fence like a hand, and the lit-tle girl would shake it, and say, with a laugh:

"Good morn-ing, dear old Bright-face!"

One day she said:

"Would you like to know my dol-ly?"

The sun-flow-er nod-ded; so the lit-tle girl reached up as high as she could, and held up her dol-ly to be kissed. And they were all three ver-y hap-py.

Then the big-gest sun-flow-er nudged the oth-er, and said:

"How fool-ish you are! Why do you not al-ways look at the sun, as I do?"

Poor thing! It did not know how bright a lit-tle girl's face can be.

## KITTY AND DODO.

BY W. S. H.

OH! Kitty and Sir Dodo  
Went out to take a ride;  
And Dodo sat upon the seat,  
With Kitty by his side.  
Now Kitty had a bonnet on,  
All trimmed with ostrich feathers;  
And Dodo had pink ribbons hung  
Upon the bridle leathers.

And Kitty wore a blue silk dress  
With ninety-seven bows;  
And Dodo's coat had buttons fine  
Sewed on in double rows.  
And Kitty had a parasol  
Of yellow, white, and red;  
And Dodo wore a jaunty cap  
Upon his curly head.



Says Dodo to Miss Kitty:  
 "Where shall we drive to-day?"  
 "Just where you please," says Kitty;  
 "I'm sure you know the way."  
 Now Dodo had a famous whip,  
 That glistened in the sun,  
 And when he cracked the silken lash  
 It made the horses run.  
 "Oh, my!" said timid Kitty,  
 "I fear they'll run away."  
 "Don't be afraid," said Dodo,  
 "I can hold them any day."  
 Sweet flowers were blooming all  
 around,  
 The birds sang soft and low,  
 While, in the west, the setting sun  
 Set all the sky aglow.  
 Says Dodo to Miss Kitty:  
 "You are my pet and pride.  
 I love to go a-driving,  
 With Kitty by my side."  
 And then says happy Dodo:

"I know a lovely street  
 Where we can get some good ice-  
 cream  
 And strawberries to eat."  
 "How charming!" says Miss Kitty;  
 "I'm sure I'm fond of cream,  
 But of eating ice and strawberries,  
 I never yet did dream."  
 With that he smoothed the lap-robe  
 up,—  
 'T was made of leopard's skin,—  
 And put his arm around the seat  
 And tucked Miss Kitty in,  
 And said, "I hope, Miss Kitty,  
 Your pretty feet are warm?"  
 "Oh, thank you!" said Miss Kitty;  
 "I think they'll take no harm."  
 Thus Dodo and Miss Kitty  
 Enjoyed their pleasant ride,  
 Likewise the cream and straw-  
 berries;  
 And came home side by side.





## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE beautiful engraving which forms the frontispiece of the present number, is a copy of a painting made more than three hundred years ago by the great painter, Leonardo da Vinci. An interesting account of his life will be given to our readers in the course of the series of articles to be begun next month, entitled "Stories of Art and Artists." It is enough to say here, therefore, that he was one of the greatest men of all time, being not only a great painter, but also a distinguished sculptor, architect, engineer, and man of science.

The picture from which our frontispiece was made, representing the Madonna receiving a lily from the hand of the infant Jesus, is one of Da Vinci's best, and was painted in his later years.

THE supply of good things prepared for this Christmas number was so great that, in order to make room, it was decided to print no illustrations to either of the serial stories in this special issue, beyond the little diagrams given. All subsequent installments, however, throughout the volume, will be carefully illustrated.

Here are a few curious "moral stories," which some ambitious boys would do well to take to heart:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About the last place you would look for a good moral story would be in the advertising columns of a morning paper, but the other day I found a number there. All were short, only one chapter of two or three lines, but they told what kind of heroes the real world wanted, and that is my idea of a moral story.

For instance, one merchant wanted an "Intelligent boy." How very unromantic that merchant was! Not a suggestion about the necessity of the hero owning a revolver, being called "chief," or having seen an Indian. Such qualifications might weigh in a "dime novel" series, but there is no demand for them in the advertising columns. Ready wits and bright eyes are wanted. Next I read a most interesting story, with an excellent moral. "Wanted—Boy from 15 to 17. Apply in own handwriting." The hero of this story was a boy who wrote a good hand and spelled correctly.

"Boy wanted who can set type and make ready on Gordon press." This means that "knacks" and knowledge are worth dollars and cents. The hero of this story had learned to do something useful.

"Wanted,—a smart boy; must write a good hand, and come well recommended." Did you ever know a great moral story to turn out better than that? Natural ability, knowledge, and character, all recognized, sought for, and rewarded!

Such are the young heroes of real life, as faithfully pictured by the demands of the hour.

J. W. S.

THE tale of "Golden-hair," in the November number, was credited, by oversight, to Mrs. C. D. Robinson; but that lady only forwarded the manuscript for the author, Hon. Jeremiah Curtin. For some years, he was member of the American Embassy in Russia, and while there he took down this and other curious folk-stories from the lips of Russian peasants.

We feel sure that all our readers will appreciate the beautiful setting Mr. Brennan has given to the ballad of "The Miller of Dee." As the poem is a good one for recitation, however, we here reprint it, in a form convenient for reading aloud, or learning by heart.

## THE MILLER OF DEE.

BY EVA L. OGDEN.

THE moon was afloat,  
Like a golden boat  
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,  
When the Miller of Dee  
With his Children three,  
On his fat red horse rode by.

"Whither away, O Miller of Dee?  
Whither away so late?"  
Asked the Toll-man old, with cough and sneeze  
As he passed the big toll-gate.

But the Miller answered him never a word,  
Never a word spake he.  
He paid his toll and he spurred his horse,  
And rode on with his Children three.

"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old Toll-man.  
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he.  
"But I'll follow you up and find out where  
You are going, O Miller of Dee!"

The moon was afloat,  
Like a golden boat  
Nearing the shore of the sky,  
When, with cough and wheeze,  
And hands on his knees,  
The old Toll-man passed by.

"Whither away, O Toll-man old?  
Whither away so fast?"  
Cried the Milk-maid who stood at the farm-yard bars  
When the Toll-man old crept past.

The Toll-man answered her never a word;  
Never a word spake he.  
Scant breath had he at the best to chase  
After the Miller of Dee.

"He went tell where!"  
Said the Milk-maid fair,  
"But I'll find out!" cried she.  
And away from the farm,  
With her pail on her arm,  
She followed the Miller of Dee.

The Parson stood in his cap and gown,  
Under the old oak-tree.  
"And whither away with your pail of milk,  
My pretty Milk-maid?" said he;  
But she hurried on with her brimming pail,  
And never a word spake she.

"She went tell where!" the Parson cried.  
"It's my duty to know," said he.  
And he followed the Maid who followed the Man  
Who followed the Miller of Dee.

After the Parson, came his Wife,  
The Sexton he came next.  
After the Sexton the Constable came,  
Troubled and sore perplexed.

After the Constable, two Ragged Boys,  
To see what the fun would be;  
And a little Black Dog, with only one eye,  
Was the last of the Nine who, with groan and sigh,  
Followed the Miller of Dee.

Night had anchored the moon  
Not a moment too soon  
Under the lee of the sky;  
For the wind it blew,  
And the rain fell, too,  
And the River of Dee ran high.

He forded the river, he climbed the hill,  
He and his Children three;  
But wherever he went they followed him still,  
That wicked Miller of Dee!

Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve,  
The Miller reached home again;  
And when he dismounted and turned, behold!  
Those who had followed him over the wold  
Came up in the pouring rain.

Splashed and spattered from head to foot,  
Muddy and wet and draggled,  
Over the hill and up to the mill,  
That wretched company straggled.

They all stopped short; and then out spake  
The Parson; and thus spake he:  
"What do you mean by your conduct to-night,  
You wretched Miller of Dee?"

"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride,  
I and my Children three;  
For I took them along as I always do,"  
Answered the Miller of Dee.

"But you, my Friends, I would like to know  
Why you followed me all the way?"  
They looked at each other—"We were out for a walk,  
A nice cool walk!" said They.



"MEISTER FICK-FECK," the curious story printed in this number, has never appeared before in English. The author writes: "It is not a translation, but one of the lesser-known legends of the Rhine country, often told to little children, and I heard it from my German neighbors during a two-years' stay among them."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a true little story, which your other readers may like to hear:

Little fatherless Willie lived with his young mother far from their "fatherland," among strangers; yet of these the merry little fellow soon made friends. One day a new toy was given him by one of these friends,—a tin man upon horseback, gayly painted. Willie was charmed with this plaything; he hugged it in his arms, horse and all, by way of rest from the exercise of riding. By and by he sat down on the floor, holding his treasure before him with both hands; and looking earnestly at it, he said, fondly:

"He has his fader's eyes! He has his fader's eyes!" Willie had heard these words often from his mother's lips, with a loving gaze at himself; so he petted his tin darling the same way. E.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our cousin Alice has framed the photographs of the whole family in a curious and very pretty way. She

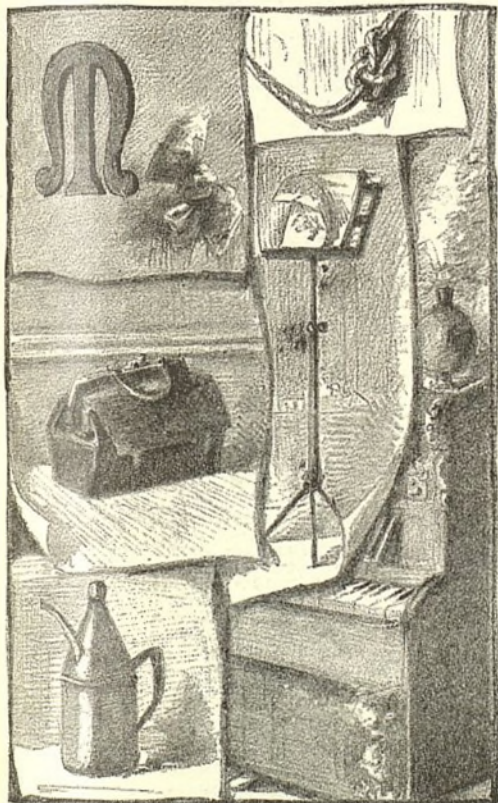
cut out frames of the proper sizes from sheets of perforated cardboard of different colors, and pasted these frames in layers one above another, the wider ones underneath. In most cases the frames have one general outline, but in one or two the form is varied a little, so as to bring out better the color of some one layer. A few of the frames she has touched up here and there with bright oil-colors; and others she has worked over, in vine patterns, with brilliant worsteds.

In a short letter we cannot tell you exactly how Cousin Alice makes these pretty frames. But these rough hints may help some girl who is in a quandary as to what useful thing she should make for a Christmas or New Year gift.—Truly yours, BESS AND ANN.

OUTDOOR GAMES AND SPORTS.—(M. O. CUNNINGHAM AND MANY OTHERS:) Here is a list of some numbers of ST. NICHOLAS in which are descriptions of good and lively open-air games and sports for boys and girls: "Japanese Games"; January, 1874—"Hare and Hounds"; October, 1877—"Snow-ball Warfare"; January, 1880—"Snow-sports"; February, 1880—"Kite-time," telling how to make and manage all kinds of kites; March, 1880—"Kite-cutting," a Mexican and Cuban game; April, 1880—"Small-boats: How to Rig and Sail them"; September, 1880—"Lacrosse"; November, 1880—"Quintain"; "Letter-box," November, 1880.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### PROVERB REBUS.



The proverb should be borne in mind when filling Christmas bags.

### CONCEALED BIRDS.

I. "Is THERE a glen on your estate, Reginald?" 2. He travels both day and night; in gale and in sunshine. 3. "If the baby is asleep,

lay her on the bed." 4. James wanted to go fishing last Friday. 5. "How can you call Ralph awkward?" 6. With encouragement, she would be an excellent pianist. 7. Henry IV. of France was a popular king. 8. The house was flaming on all sides. 9. "Your fine fowls have all gone to roost, Richard." 10. "Oh, Fernando, do not frighten my birds!" 11. Place the red over the gray, to form a pleasing contrast. 12. "Fill the pipe with bark of willow." 13. "Faint the hollow murmur rings, o'er meadow, lake, and stream." 14. "'Tis the break of day and we must away." L. T. S.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in call, but not in hear;  
My second in doe, but not in deer;  
My third is in fowl, but not in bird;  
My fourth is in sheep, but not in herd;  
My fifth is in earl, but not in king;  
My sixth is in whirl, but not in swing.  
And my whole—you surely ought to know it—  
Is the name of a famous English poet. MAUD.

### A DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

For older Puzzlers.

ALL the characters referred to are to be found in Charles Dickens's novels.

PRIMALS: A retired army officer who boasts of being "Tough, sir!"

FINALS: A school-boy, addicted to drawing skeletons.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of a woman who apparently spends all her time washing greens. 2. A name sometimes used in derision of Mrs. Cruncher by her husband. 3. The Christian name of a shy young girl, whom Mr. Lammle tries to induce "Fascination Fledgeby" to marry. 4. The surname of a friend of Mr. Guppy's, who, contrary to the proverb, does not "grow apace." 5. The surname of an eccentric old lady with a great dislike for donkeys. 6. The nickname given to the father of Herbert Pocket's wife. 7. The surname of a genial old fellow, who, having lost his right hand, used a hook in its place. 8. The name of an interesting family who lodged in the house with Newman Noggs. W.

### NUMERICAL OMISSIONS.

My whole is composed of eleven letters and is a garden cress. Omit 1-2-3-4-5-6 and leave herbage. Omit 7-8-9-10-11 and leave a spice. W. H.

### THREE EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. ALWAYS in doubt. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A city of northern Italy. 4. Large. 5. In tone.

II. 1. In panther. 2. An intelligent animal. 3. A kind of quadruped, noted for its keen sense of smell. 4. An animal that is seldom called "old," no matter how great its age may be. 5. In badger.

III. 1. In lawsuits. 2. A useful animal. 3. A name borne by many kings of France. 4. Sense. 5. In stall. P+X.



## PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer consists of eight words, and is suggested by the two larger pictures in the accompanying illustration. It is a salutation much heard during the present season. The key-words are not defined in the usual way, but are represented by pictures, each of which refers by a Roman numeral to its own set of Arabic numerals given in the statement of the puzzle. Thus: "III. 28-14-13" indicates that the twenty-eighth, fourteenth, and thirteenth letters of the answer, Y-A-M, spell a word which describes the picture bearing the Roman numeral III.

I. 11-27-1-17. II. 2-16-22. III. 28-14-13. IV. 25-3-12. V. 7-20-56-5-9-10-29-15. VI. 24-30-7-8-12. VII. 23-3-19-4. VIII. 6-21-31-18.

## CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

THE central letters of this puzzle reading across,



form a word of ten letters made of two words of five letters each. Upon the first half of the long word, the Left-hand Diamond is based; and upon the other half is based the Right-hand Diamond.

CENTRALS ACROSS: A protection to a harbor. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND, (across). 1. In doubt. 2. Metal. 3. An interruption. 4. To

corrode. 5. In knight. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND, (across). 1. In write. 2. A fixed regulation. 3. The luster of a diamond. 4. Moist. 5. In roads. 6.

## THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

I. THE barrel of 1-2-3 which my son 4-5-6-7 placed 8-9 the barn, has been wrapped in the 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8-9 which he is going to use for covering the hatches of his boat.

II. The 1-2-3-4 asked her daughter 5-6-7-8, who was moping in the 9-10-11-12, twilight, to read from the history of England the part referring to the decapitation of 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 9-10-11-12.

III. The rude boy, on nearing the hive, took a piece of 1-2-3-4, dripping with honey, and flung it 5-6 the bees, who then flew at him and stung him so badly, that he was hardly 7-8-9-10-11 reach home. His right to attack them, the bees evidently considered a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 one.

## EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE PRIMALS and finals spell a name which is dear to all children. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to schools. 2. Happening by chance. 3. One of the United States. 4. A living picture. 5. Nameless.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

HIDDEN ANIMALS. 1. Elephant. 2. Camel. 3. Horse. 4. Kangaroo. 5. Giraffe. 6. Ape.

DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID. W A I T S  
S T R I P  
S I L A S  
P A R E S  
S E T O N

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Nashville—Tennessee. Cross-words: 1. NantuckeT. 2. Adelaide. 3. SwedeN. 4. HebroN. 5. Venice. 6. Indianapolis. 7. LyonS. 8. Lucerne. 9. Erie.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Infancy—Manhood. EASY PROVERB-REBUS. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. 11—RHYMED ANAGRAMS. Harvest time.

INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. Sheared. 2. Ended. 3. Dad. 4. M. QUOTATION PUZZLE. Thanksgiving.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

SOLUTIONS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Hanover, 4—Barclay A. Scovil, 2.—The numerals denote number of puzzles solved.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from "Dyic," 11—Robert B. Salter, Jr., 6—F. W. Blodgett, 2—Henry and Charles, 12—Shack, 1—Grace E. Hopkins, 12—T. A. B. and Belle Baldwin, 4—Alice H. Paddock, 3—"Georgia and Lee," 10—Henrietta Howard, 2—James Tredell, 1—"Bluebells," 6—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Alice F. Brooks, 10—M. A. R., 11—O. C. Turner, 12—Lizzie C. Fowler, 8—"Suzette," 4—M. W. Carson, 1—John Pyne, 12—R. T. L., 9—Joseph A. Kellogg, 12—"Stove Family," 11—"Saffer," 8—Bessie Taylor, 7—G. A. Lyon, Jr., 4—P. S. Clarkson, 12—"X. Y. Z., 6—Tulphochen, 12—Katy Flemming, 9—"The Blanke Family," 12—Maria C., 10—Ella L. Bryan, 4—F. H. Roper, 1—Evelyn F. Shattuck, 11—Alice Maud Kyte, 12—Carrie F. Doane, 3—Sadie A. Beers and Mary J. Hull, 9—"Margaretta," 2—Bella Wehl, 2—G. H. and T. Richmond, 11—G. L. C., 12—Eddie B. Coburn, 5—Philip Sidney Carlton, 6—"Carol and her sisters," 9—"Trailing Arbutus," 3—William F. Mandeville, 4—Mamie and Mac Gordon, 4—Thomas Mullaney, 2—Ellie and Corrie, 7—Edward Vultee, 10—Richard Stockton, 7—"Sid and I," 9.