

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE WRONG PROMISE.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"WELL! At last Christmas has really come!"

"Oh, Kitty! Have you seen Santa Claus?"

asked six-year-old Nell, thinking, from her sister's tone, that she certainly had let the children's saint in at the front door.

"Not exactly; but he has sent something—a big——"

"A tree! A tree!" screamed both Nell and George.

"Yes, a tree; and now all that's left is for mother to dress it, and I'm to help her."

As Katy pronounced these last words, she seemed to grow taller before the children. They stared with wonder, and she bore her honors anything but meekly, looking provokingly self-satisfied, and with an "I'm-so-much-bigger-than-you" air that George, who was nearly nine, "only wished she were a boy, so 's he could thrash her."

"Yes, I'm to help! That is, if you look after Jenny and the baby" (George at once resolved that Baby should have a trying time); "and if you both will be very good and keep the little ones amused, I'll——"

Kate paused.

"What'll you do?" asked Nell, eagerly, while George mentally held the baby balanced between a state of rapture and one of anguish. Kate looked cautiously around.

"I'll let you two see the tree to-night!"

To tell the truth, this was a very sudden resolution of Kate's. She could not think in an instant what to promise. Her pocket-money had all gone for card-board, worsteds, and the etceteras of Christmas work. Apples, her great resource, had failed of

late, and in her eager desire for a free time she made a promise which she knew was wrong. But, if wrong, it was very successful. Nell's face may have looked doubtful, but George, the great enemy of peace, was evidently gained over. Baby was sure to be whistled to and "jounced," instead of teased and tormented.

It was the custom in the Reade family to have the Christmas tree on Christmas morning, because then the little ones were bright and able to enjoy it fully. Besides, as Mrs. Reade argued, they then had the day before them for enjoying the presents, instead of having to go to bed in a state of excitement and impatience for the morning.

"Tate, Mamma 's doin' to bring 'er baby down wight away!" said Jenny, marching in with her apron full of kittens. It was clear that the household was upset, or Jenny's kittens would not have been allowed in the sitting-room. The tree was to be in the nursery, and so, for that day, all the children were to stay down-stairs.

"Here, Kate," said Mrs. Reade, coming in with Baby in her arms, "here 's the darling; get them all happy and contented, and then you may come upstairs."

It was wonderful what a sudden turn for Kindergarten pleasures, of the very simplest kind, George developed. He rolled balls about the room, and was so attractive that even Jenny forgot her pets and joined in the game. Kate slipped off, delighted with her success.

"That was a lucky thought," she said to herself, complacently, and then soon forgot promise, Baby, and all, in the delight of hanging cornucopias,



climbing the step-ladder, and balancing the Christ-child on the very top of the tree.

As for the mother,—like all mothers,—she loved her children, if possible, a little more than ever, as she hung the presents which had been obtained through much self-denial and patience on her part. It was very delightful to sit down and look on, instead of doing all the work herself; and as Kate's eyes danced with pleasure while she hung up George's sled and Nell's new muff, never seeming to notice the utter lack of anything for herself, the mother felt as if this eldest daughter was the jewel of all.

"I have n't heard a quarrelsome word nor a scream," she said, after an hour or two of busy work. "Just step to the door, Katy, girl, and make sure all is right."

As Kate opened the door, a peal of merry laughter sounded from the room below.

"That 's answer enough, is n't it, Mother?"

"You must have bewitched them, Kate," said Mrs. Reade,—“given them some of your own good temper, my dear little daughter.”

Kate was tying on the oranges, and we all know how bothersome that part of the dressing must be; perhaps that was why her face flushed and she did not give her mother the grateful look which usually repaid Mrs. Reade for words of praise. But the mother did not miss the look; her thoughts had gone on to the other children, to the boy whose teasing ways gave her so much trouble, and Kate seemed so grown up and womanly that Mrs. Reade spoke out her thoughts, as if to an older friend.

"George is a trying boy; he vexes you often, I know, Kate, and his father, too. Still, we must have patience; almost all boys tease their sisters, and if only he is truthful and upright, doing no sly, deceitful things, I don't mind the teasing; he will learn a truer manliness by and by. The boy is kind-hearted, after all; but, Katy, I am so afraid lest George should learn to be—to be—not exactly upright and truthful!"

Mrs. Reade's tone was so anxious that Katy forgot her oranges for a moment, and, flinging herself at her mother's feet for a rest (perhaps, too, to take in the general effect of the tree from a little distance), said, rather absently: "Oh, George is truthful enough; he despises lying."

"Yes; but have you noticed the difference between Nell and George? You remember about the citron-cake, don't you?"

"Yes, Mother, but George owned that he had taken it."

"Yes; but Nell was so hurt that any one could think she would be so mean as to take a thing slyly. 'If I took it at all, I'd take it when you were looking, Mother,' she said, and I believe the child spoke

truly,—she *might* disobey, but she never would tell a falsehood about it. She is the soul of honor."

What is the matter? Somehow the tree is not half so beautiful in Kate's eyes as it was. She tries to get up her interest again, and laughs and jokes, hailing Aunt May's entrance with delight, for she feels that she cannot bear any more of this confidential talk. Nell the soul of honor!

The startled, doubtful look in the child's face is explained. Kate is sure, now, that Nell will take no peep at the Christmas tree, and she is quite as sure that she herself will be mean and deceitful if she keeps her promise to George. Something must be done. A happy thought strikes her.

"Mother," she says, "the tree is all finished so early—wont you have it to-night, instead of to-morrow morning? The Tracys, and Campbells, and Manns all have theirs to-night."

"To-night! The tree to-night? Why, Kate, child, have you forgotten your Christmas-eve party, at Mary Mann's, which you have talked of for a month past? Besides, your father is kept so late at the store to-night, you know, that we couldn't keep the children up."

No, it was impossible; and Kate, to forget her anxiety and quiet her conscience, went down to the children. The moment she opened the door, George sprang up, saying, in a cautious undertone:

"Are you through? When are we to see?"

With her mother's words in her mind, the boy's tone was painful to Kate.

"We're all through," she said, with a poor attempt at dignity; "but, George" (with sudden desperation, as she noted his eager expression), "can't I buy off from my promise?"

The boy scowled angrily. "I should think not! Here I've been playing nurse for two hours and more, besides keeping Jenny quiet! No; you promised, and I must get a look, unless—" said George, always ready to seize an advantage, and feeling sure he was suggesting something impossible—"you'd give me your skates instead."

To his surprise, Kate did not laugh at the idea—she neither accepted nor refused his offer. Baby, tired from his busy play, was dropping asleep, and in five minutes George had gone out to the street, Jenny had wandered into the kitchen, and only Nell and Kate were left in the room.

"You don't care to look, do you?" said Kate, feeling fairly ashamed to ask the sturdy little woman such a question.

"I was n't going to," was the short reply.

"What does she think of me?" thought Kate, and anxious to raise herself in Nell's eyes, she tried to explain matters.

"I really did n't think, Nell, how mean it was



and now I don't want to show George—it's bad for him—but I can't help it! Unless——"

Kate paused—the alternative was too dreadful. Kate's one ambition for the last year had been a pair of club-skates; though, as she often said, how she ever came to hope for them was strange, as she knew very well that her parents, with their limited means, could never spare the money for such extravagance. But, most unexpectedly, it happened that Kate's godmother, whom she never saw and

All this has taken time to tell, but Nell, as her sister paused, said quietly, and as if it were a very easy matter:

"He said he'd take the skates instead."

Kate fairly writhed. So Nell had heard?

"I know; but, Nell,—my skates!"

It was a tone that a mother might have used in speaking of parting from her child, and the distress was so deep that even Nell, who was not so warm-hearted or impulsive as Kate, felt sorry for her sister.

"I wish I could get you another pair. Oh, I'll tell you! I'll ask Santa Claus!"

Now it happened that so far Nell's little wants had all been within the compass of her parents' means, so, having received what she had asked for, she had most implicit faith in Santa Claus. Kate envied the little girl's faith—it would have made her sacrifice so much easier.

"Daughter," called her mother at this moment, "put on your things and take this note to the store, and wait for an answer."

Here was a respite. Delighted at the prospect of a walk down Broadway, the girl hurried off. She grew so interested in the Christmas show-windows, besides meeting two or three of her school friends whose chat diverted her mind, that by the time she reached the store



GEORGE ENTERTAINS THE BABY.

who had never given her even a christening present, had suddenly awakened to a sense of what (in most cases) is expected of godmothers, and on Kate's birthday, which came in October, had sent five dollars to be spent on "something that would give the child pleasure." Kate overlooked the term "child" in her delight at owning the wherewithal for the coveted skates. They had been bought at once, and only twice since had the ice been strong enough for Kate to use them; but again and again had she put them on. George, too, had been allowed to prove that they fitted him quite as well as they fitted Kate. And now, either she must cheat and lead George astray, or give up those precious skates! She could not do it!

she had quite forgotten George and her promise, and felt quite cheerful and bright again. She stepped up to her father, who, instead of looking bright and cheerful, was standing talking hurriedly to some gentlemen, and appeared to have just heard bad news.

"Ah, Katy! Dear, dear!" he said, in an excited tone. "I shall have to tell your mother, child! Sam Barker has just been discovered cheating—he has robbed his employers, little by little. I hardly could feel worse if it were one of you. Oh, Katy, my girl," and her father's voice was strangely solemn and impressive, "never cheat nor deceive, at any cost—at any cost."

The news, his words and looks, brought her



trouble all back to Kate, but she saw it in a clearer light.

"George will see what I think of cheating, and perhaps he will learn a lesson as well as myself. I was a fool to make such a promise, but I'll give up my skates."

Back she went, and at the corner of the street George met her.

"Hurry up," he said. "There's a good chance now,—Mother's putting Jenny to bed, and we can slip up easily. Nell is n't going to look."

"Did she tell you why?"

The boy hung his head.

"She says it's mean. But you proposed it, so it can't be so very bad."

"It *is* mean, George, and bad; and oh, George, I'll give you my skates, only never, never deceive and rob your employers!"

Poor Kate's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she almost sobbed in the street, while George, blank with astonishment, stood staring at her. When he heard what Sam Barker, whom he had known so well, had done, it may be he appreciated his sister's feelings, in part, but he could not resist keeping Kate to her bargain, and so hurried her home to give him the skates.

On entering the house, Kate ran upstairs, full of indignation at George's intense selfishness, and yet happier than she had been all day.

"Here they are," she said, throwing upon the sitting-room table the pretty blue flannel bag which she had taken so much trouble to make.

George was ashamed to take them, but as she ran out of the room instantly, he lifted the bag from the table, and then hurried to his room to gloat over his treasures, and prepare the heels of his shoes. But as he polished his "beauties" he suddenly stopped and listened. Nell had been sent up to bed, and through the open door of the next room to his, George heard this strange little prayer:

"Please, Santa Claus, bring Sister Kate a pair of club-skates. She feels awfully, Santa Claus, but she wants George to be a truly true boy. So give her the skates. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

The boy held the skates, and thought. He was not inclined to smile at the idea of praying to Santa Claus, for he suddenly realized that it is from God that every good gift—small as well as great—comes. "And He is sending me presents—nice things, I'll be bound! How mean I must look to Him!"

The skates were shoved into the bag, wrapped in brown paper, and then, with a feeling somewhat

like reverence, George wrote, in his best hand, "Katy, from Santa Claus."

The morning dawned clear and cold; no chance for sleds, but skates would be at a premium. The Reade family were all up betimes, you may be sure, and though the parents felt the shock of their young friend Barker's sin and disgrace, they let no sign of it mar the jollity of the Christmas proceedings. The children chattered at the breakfast table in joyful anticipation of coming delights.

"There's a present on the tree that nobody knows of but me," said Nell.

Mother smiled at the notion, while George thought of a hidden bundle, with its string all ready to be tied to the tree, and felt wonderfully happy and important.

Kate was too sympathetic and fond of the little ones to allow her own trouble to shadow her face, but it must be owned that one corner of her heart felt sore and empty. At last, all were gathered in the upper hall, and arranged before the two doors of the nursery so that, when they were flung open, all should "see first."

"Oh, how beautiful! How beautiful!"

Then in they rushed, and for at least five minutes the children danced and capered about the dazzling tree. Mrs. Reade saw George fasten something on, but thinking it was a present for his father or herself, said nothing.

Then came the stripping of the tree. What shouts of delight, as the little ones received just what they had asked of Santa Claus! But Nell, though delighted with her muff, and the new outfit which Kate had made for her doll, kept looking among the branches for some particular thing. At last, George managed to bring her around to where his parcel hung, and something in its shape made her say: "Oh, Katy! Here it is!"

Father and Mother drew near as Kate opened the parcel bearing her name.

"A good joke!" laughed Papa. "Her own beloved skates re-presented!"

The look on Kate's face George never forgot, nor her hearty thanks when they had a quiet minute together.

"They're yours and mine, now, George," she said; and so they proved, the two skating in turn all winter, and loving each other more than ever from having seen a better side of each other's character. They each had learned a life-long lesson from that wrong promise.



## ONE OF HIS NAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NEVER a boy had so many names;  
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,  
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew  
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,  
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"  
Until the echoes, little and big,  
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall  
"Jim-my! Jim-my!" would sweetly call,  
Until he answered, and let her know  
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,  
And held his head with an air of pride,  
Did n't believe in abridging names,  
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if Papa ever wanted him,  
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"  
That would make the boy on his errands run  
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,  
Call him anything else but "Jeems,"  
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,  
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,  
Was the one pet name that he liked the best;  
"Darling!"—he heard it whate'er he was at,  
For none but his mother called him that.



GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



## THE CHILDREN'S FAN BRIGADE.

BY ELLA S. CUMMINS.

WHAT shall we have for our entertainment? was the question that puzzled the committee; the operetta of *Red Riding-hood* already was decided upon for a part of the programme; but that was not enough. Something was needed to finish up the evening nicely with a good round turn; something novel and interesting. And when it was suggested that a "children's fan brigade" might answer the description, the idea was seized upon and approved.

Now, you must know that in San Francisco the ladies' fan drill (founded on a paper written by Addison in the year 1711) is considered quite a feature in an entertainment; but a children's brigade is decidedly a novelty.

"Very well," said the chairman. "We shall have the children's fan drill, and leave it all to you, Miss Lacy."

This all sounded very pleasant and easy, but Miss Lacy had her hands full for the next four weeks.

After selecting eight little girls, and arranging matters so that somebody always would be ready to play on the piano for the rehearsals, we decided upon our music. The *Gavotte Circus Rens* and *Tripping through the Meadows* (accentuated on first and third beats) were found to be appropriate; the latter, which is very simple, was chosen for the drill, while the first part of the former, on account of its quaint rhythm, was used for the bows.

Now I tell the story, so that others who wish to have a children's fan brigade can take hints therefrom.

First came the bows. The children stood, with their sides to the audience, in two rows, thus:

\* \* \* † † \* \* \*

The tallest pair occupied the two middle places † †, and the other three pairs of children arranged behind them (as shown by the asterisks) were ready to step forward, a pair at a time, and take the place of each preceding couple that should leave the line. When all were in position, as described, one bar of music was played as a preliminary, each child counting four with the music; then the leaders at † † advanced from their companions and toward each other four steps (counting four); then bowed slowly to each other (counting four)—see picture on page 184—then turning to their right and left respectively (toward the audience), stepped four steps; then facing and bowing again (counting four), each turned off, one to the right, the other to the left, circling back to place at the rear of their respective rows. Meantime, the second couple had followed, on the fourth bar of music, making their

first bow in unison with the second bow of the first couple; the third and fourth couple following the same course, in turn, with perfect precision.

This figure can be fairly understood only by practical experiment and with careful counting. When it is accomplished correctly, two couples will bow together till all are in line; they repeat the entire figure, the middle pair bowing whenever they come together, the last time facing the audience.

The beginning is very stately and elegant if performed slowly and in perfect time; and if the bows are of the old-fashioned minuet-curtsey kind. Miss Lacy frequently took her children by the shoulders and pressed them down, telling them to bow at the same time, the object being to have them droop toward the floor very low, rather than to curve their bodies.

The fans should be of paper (five-cent Chinese fans will do to practice with, as many are broken in the drill), the object being to make a considerable crackling noise.

All now stand in line with fans on shoulders; then count four; then down with fans to the side, (hanging downward); all this with the right hand, of course. Now for the drill; this is difficult to explain, even when written carefully and illustrated; but to simplify, it may be said to have a rest after each movement in the following list (excepting those joined by a brace). In the "rest," the fan is held downward at the side and closed with a sharp snap; for the fan must be constantly fluttered, excepting when otherwise employed, as herein detailed. The movements may be performed in succession, with the drill-prompter concealed from the audience, and giving the word of command in a whisper. Or the drill-prompter may call out each command after the manner of a military captain: "Hold, fans!" "Unfurl, fans!" etc., etc.

1. HOLD FANS. Counting four. Fan spread in front, held with both hands.
2. UNFURL. Counting four. Each fan held against left shoulder by left hand, while right hand pulls it open outward at *one*, shut at *two*, open at *three*, shut at *four*.
3. GENTLE FLUTTER. Counting four. Waving fan in the ordinary way, but with two flutters to a count—making eight little flutters.
4. MAJESTIC WAVE. Counting eight. In two waves, fan thrown out to right, head held up looking toward it, fan in large curve, counting 1, 2, as it is thrown out, 3, 4, as it tips over just in front of eyes.
5. SCORNFUL. Counting eight. Head turned to the





PLAYFUL.

left, fan in large curve past the face, counting as in preceding movement, two waves.

6. **PLAYFUL.** Counting eight. One step forward, body slightly bent, fan held open, spread on a line with the eyes and fluttered.
7. **BASHFUL.** Counting eight. Head turned away to the left, eyes looking downward, fan hiding face with light flutter.
8. **ANGRY.** Counting eight. One step forward with a light stamp of the foot, fan struck angrily on breast.
9. **INVITING.** Counting eight. Body leaned forward to right, fan with scoop-like movement in four large waves toward face.
10. **REPELLENT.** Counting eight. Head quickly turned away, same position of body, waves away from the face.
11. **GOSSIP.** Counting eight. Fan held over head, spread, slightly inclined, line to break up in groups of two each, as if whispering.
12. **PRESENT ARMS.** Counting four. Return in line, shut fans in front instead of "rest" at the side, then *present!* Fans aimed straight outward at audience, each outside stick of fan held by one hand separately.
13. **CRACK FANS.** Counting four. Left hand let go, right gives a brisk crack, opening fan at *four*.
14. **SHOULDER FANS.** Counting four. Leaned on shoulder, shut.
15. **CARRY FANS.** Counting eight. Struck on palm of left hand eight times.
16. **GROUND FANS.** Counting two. Up at *one*, struck on ground at *two*, held on shoulder at *three*, by the side at *four*.

17. **RETREAT FANS.** Counting four. Step back four steps.
18. **TRIUMPH FANS.** Counting four. One step forward, fan held straight up over the head, closed.
19. **SPREAD FANS.** Counting four. At *four*, fan thrown open.
20. **SURRENDER FANS.** Counting four. Fan let fall on the floor.
21. **RECOVER FANS.** Counting four. Picked up and shut.
22. **MILITARY SALUTE.** Counting four. At *one*, straight out to the right, fan held up parallel with body, *two* at cheek, *three* out, *four* down, the rest counting four before the next movement, as in the others.
23. **DISCHARGE FANS.** Counting four. At *three*, held in front of shoulder by one stick, at *four*, thrown open outward with brisk crack.
24. **FAN SALUTE.** Counting four. At *four*, held to the lips and outward with inclination of the head.

"Oh dear," said Miss Lacy, "where is your time, Maud?" and she beat with her own fan on her palm to accentuate the time. It was surprising to see the interest the children all took in their drill, and how pleased Mabel and Maggie were when they were told that they were "more accurate" than the others, and how the others went to work to prove that they could be accurate, too. And what sudden improvement there was between two



MAJESTIC WAVE.

rehearsals, how the laggards gained on the steady ones, and improved in their idea of time; and how the fans were torn, and, finally, how the little girls begged to be allowed to "to do it just once



more," when it seemed they must be completely tired out!

And then their dresses! O dear, such pretty costumes, all in the style of Queen Anne! You would not have recognized those little school-girls of nine to twelve years—all small children—in those gayly dressed, stately little dames with pointed waists, court trains fifty inches long, silk petticoats, white wigs, and tower caps. They were what some little girls call "too sweet for anything."

Now, of course, to get up a fan drill, the mammas must not be discouraged at the outset by the thought of silk dresses and such things, so I will reveal some secrets on the subject.

Maggie and Florence had pointed waists and court trains of silesia covered with cretonne flowers; the first was of buff, with wine-colored flowers, the second of blue, with tea and pink roses. You have no idea how pretty they looked with all the lace fixings at the neck and sleeves, and laced in front, with some old-fashioned silk skirt of their mamma's tucked up underneath for petticoats,—one of apple-green, the other striped. Lillie and Maud each had a pink waist and train, with cretonne flowers and a blue petticoat. Mabel and Lizzie had cretonne upper parts made very prettily, the former a petticoat of pink-pressed satin, such as is used for fancy work, and the latter a puffed blue front of silesia. Teenie and Alice had also

silk flowers, a relic of ancient splendor, improvised into a petticoat front.

Alice's suit was of blue and white sprigged cretonne, a very pretty blue front of silesia braided with gold braid, criss-cross, up and down, with old-fashioned porcelain picture on her bodice-waist.

Then Miss Lacy and her friends spent a couple of days making the caps and wigs. About four yards of white tarletan and eight yards of ribbon-wire made the caps, and a pound of pure white curled hair, bought in the rope (a wise plan of which few people avail themselves in amateur theatricals), made the wigs.

The caps are about twice the height of the face, as seen in the pictures, with box-plaited ruching around the edge concealing the wire, the tarletan for the caps taken double, and streamers of the same hanging down the back.

The caps can be made much prettier with silk lining, to match the costume, lace trimming and rosettes; but it is much more easy to make them in the simpler style, and the result is more appropriate to the childish faces.

The curled hair, untwisted carefully and kept in a long strand, is shaped to the head, sewed with a needle and thread to hold it together, and after the inside hair is rolled up in a little knot, is fastened by hair-pins, and tied around with a ribbon of black velvet to conceal the line where the real hair joins



POSITION FOR BOWS. (SEE PAGE 182.)

cretonne, the former in red ground, full of flowers and humming-birds; trimmed with silver fringe, with a fancy blue satin apron embroidered in white

the forehead, having a little frizz of white hair below. I must not forget to mention the wee black court-plaster patches, which must be cut before-



hand, ready to be put on at the last moment, three or four on each little face.

When the eventful evening came, there was con-

Anne, and gain an idea of how she dressed; and if they follow it up, they can know she lived about two centuries ago, that Addison, the author, lived in her



"FANS SPREAD."

siderable excitement among the little girls, for they each dressed at home, wearing ulsters over their dresses, and their school hats, till half through the entertainment, when they met in the dressing-room, having their caps and wigs and trains arranged (which last they had practiced in several times). And then, as the piano struck up the stately march, the eight grand little ladies walked up the aisle, the four half-couples stopping as they reached the stage till the other four passed them and turned around facing; then they took position, stepped toward each other, bowed low, slowly using a whole bar of music for this, the little tower-caps nearly touching, then four steps to the front of the stage, another stately bow, and around, each following in place, bowing and marching. Then the drill passed off in perfect time, with only one little bit of a mistake, unnoticed save by Miss Lacy's observant eyes, clear through to the end, and the salute was gracefully given, when the curtain fell amidst a full round of applause, which increased so that they were compelled to raise it again, when the little white-haired dames, covering their confusion, stepped back to place, and repeated the drill in perfect time without an error.

Some sober-minded persons may ask of this Fan Brigade "What does it signify?" I think it could be put in the category with all beautiful things that arouse our sense of the picturesque and artistic. In the first place, it is a drill requiring brightness, quickness, and very good time-keeping; in the second, the little girls learn there was a good Queen

time, and in 1711 wrote about the fan in his periodical, the *Spectator*. In the third place, it is a charming home amusement or it forms a pretty addition to an entertainment, capping the climax, one may say. And, finally, the childhood days of the little girls who perform will be bright-



"INVITING."

ened by the sparkling memories they will carry to mature old age, of the time when they wore white hair and yet were young.



## OUT OF STYLE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



AN old and respectable Ostrich  
Was seized with a wish to work cross-stitch—  
“I could cover my eggs  
And ridiculous legs  
With rugs and with mats,” said the Ostrich.

So she went to a friendly red Heifer,  
And purchased some needles and zephyr,  
Some canvas and crash,  
And some burlap, for cash,  
“For I don’t sell on trust,” said Miss Heifer.

But when, casually, the old Ostrich  
Remarked that she meant to work cross-stitch,  
Miss Red-Heifer’s smile  
Made her feel that her style  
Was obsolete,—e’en for an Ostrich.

Said Miss Heifer, “My dear Mrs. Ostrich,  
Art-embroidery now is the “boss” stitch,—

If you’ll pardon the slang,—  
And it gives me a pang  
To hear that you mean to work cross-stitch.

“My customers all follow Fashion,  
Why”—here she flew into a passion—

“My position is gone,  
Yes, for good, with the *ton*,  
If they hear you’ve worked cross-stitch my  
crash on!”

Do you fancy this settled the Ostrich?  
No! She’d made up her mind to work cross-  
stitch;

So she picked up her zephyr,  
And said, “Madame Heifer,  
I may be an old-fashioned Ostrich,

“And I may not know how to work banners,  
But I *have* been instructed in manners;

I will wish you good-day,  
But first let me say—  
(You might work it on some of your banners)—

“There is something still older than cross-stitch”—  
And you just should have seen the fine frost which  
She put in her manner—

“’T is worthy a banner:  
It is courtesy, ma’am,” said the Ostrich.

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## STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. FIRST PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

PAINTING was practiced in Egypt 3000 years before the birth of Christ. But Egypt lost her place among the great powers of the world, and her art declined and died.

When, therefore, in these days, we speak of the origin of painting or of sculpture, we mean that of classic art,—or European art, which is traced back to the Greeks,—and there are many interesting stories told of the ancient artists.

## ZEUXIS.

THIS celebrated painter was a native of Heracleia, and flourished in the last part of the fifth century before Christ. He traveled much in Greece, and probably visited Sicily.

He belonged to the Ephesian school of painting, which was characterized by its perfect imitation of the objects represented, and its reproduction of personal beauty in its subjects.

The most celebrated work by Zeuxis was a picture of Helen, painted for the temple of Juno at Croton. In order to make this a representation of the highest excellence of personal beauty in woman, five of the most lovely virgins were chosen as models for the picture, so that the painter might select the most beautiful features of face and form among the five, and thus in his one figure give a high average of feminine personal beauty. This picture was much praised by Cicero and other ancient writers, and Zeuxis himself declared not only that it was his masterpiece, but that it could not be surpassed by any other artist.

The painter received a large sum for this work, and, before it was dedicated in the temple, he placed it on exhibition, and from the admission fees made a great gain. Zeuxis was vain, not only of his talent, but of his wealth, of which he made much display; at times he wore a rich robe, on which his own name was embroidered in letters of gold.

This artist was a rival of another great painter, Parrhasius, and on one occasion these two men engaged in a trial of skill, in order to determine which one could most perfectly imitate inanimate objects. Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes so perfectly that when it was publicly exposed the birds tried to peck them; the painter was more than satisfied with this testimony to his power, and confidently demanded of Parrhasius that he should draw aside the curtain which concealed his picture. It proved that the vain artist had been himself

deceived, since the curtain was a painted one, and not a piece of stuff, as it had appeared to be. Zeuxis admitted his defeat, and generously pointed out that he had only deceived birds, while Parrhasius had deceived an artist.

Another time, Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes, and when the birds flew at them, the painter was very angry, saying, "I have painted the grapes better than the boy; for had I made him perfectly like life, the birds would have been frightened away."

Zeuxis also excelled in dramatic subjects, and executed many remarkable works. When Agatharcus, a scene-painter, boasted of his celerity in his work, Zeuxis replied: "I confess that I take a long time to paint; for I paint works to last a long time."

## PAUSIAS.

THIS painter was born about 360 B. C., and lived at Sicyon. He is famous as being the first artist who used encaustic painting for the decoration of the ceilings and walls of houses. (Encaustic painting is any kind of painting in which heat is used to fix the colors;—thus, china-ware, tiles, *faience*, and many sorts of pottery are illustrations of encaustic painting.) Before his time this painting had only been employed for representing the stars on the ceilings of temples; but the special kind used by Pausias was done in heated or burnt wax, and was employed for just such interior decoration as that which we now distinguish by the general name of fresco painting.

The most celebrated works of Pausias represented the "Sacrifice of an Ox," a "Cupid with a Lyre," and "Methe, or Drunkenness," drinking out of a glass goblet through which her face was seen; this was a remarkable effect.

Pausias loved Glycera, a lovely young garland-twiner, and he so studied her and her flowers that he became very skillful in representing them on canvas, and won great fame as a flower-painter. A portrait which he made of Glycera was mentioned and praised by several ancient writers.

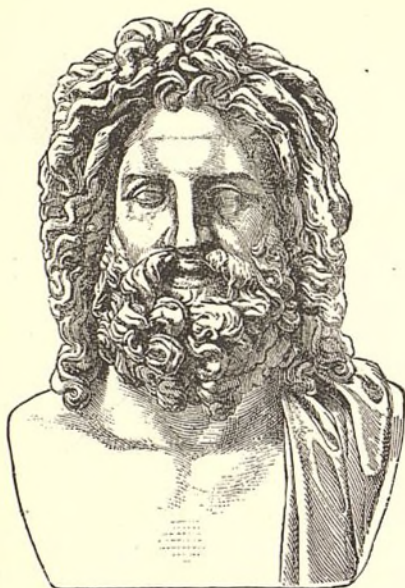
Lucius Lucullus bought at Athens a copy of this picture, for which he paid the large sum of two talents, or twenty-three hundred and sixty dollars.

## APELLES.

APELLES was the most distinguished of all the Greek painters. He lived from about 352 to 308



before Christ. This artist spent the main portion of his life at the court of Alexander the Great, and executed his greatest works for that monarch.



BUST OF JUPITER, FOUND AT OTRICOLI; NOW IN THE VATICAN PALACE, ROME. (SEE PAGE 192.)

His picture of the Venus Anadyomene (which means, Venus rising out of the sea) was his most famous work. In it the goddess was wringing her hair, and the silvery drops fell around her in such a way as to throw a transparent veil before her form. This picture was painted originally for the temple of Æsculapius, at Cos, which city has been called the birthplace of Apelles; Augustus carried this great work to Rome, and placed it in the temple which he dedicated to Julius Cæsar. After a time it fell into complete decay, and during the reign of Nero a copy was made of it by Dorotheus.

Apelles painted many allegorical pictures, such as representations of "Slander," "Thunder," "Lightning," and "Victory"; but it is probable that after the celebrated "Venus," some of his portraits of Alexander were his best works. Of one of these pictures the King said: "There are two Alexanders; one is the son of Philip, who is unconquerable; the second, the picture by Apelles, which is inimitable."

In spite of the great perfection to which Apelles carried his art, he never relinquished his studies, and was careful to use his pencil every day. From him came the maxim, "*Nulla dies sine linea*"; "No day without a line,"—or, "No day without something accomplished."

Apelles also made improvements in the mechan-

ical part of his art. From what is now positively known, his principal discovery was the use of varnish, or what is now called glazing or toning; but other discoveries are attributed to him.

That the character of Apelles was noble and attractive is shown by the fact that, although Ptolemy had formed an opinion of the artist which was not in his favor, yet when Apelles was driven by a storm to Alexandria, and the sovereign was brought into contact with the artist, their relations became those of true friendship; and though the enemies of Apelles endeavored to ruin him with Ptolemy, their schemes were fruitless.

Apelles treated other artists with great generosity, and was the means of bringing the works of Protogenes, of Rhodes, into the favor they merited. He did this by going to Rhodes, and buying pictures of Protogenes, for which he paid high prices, declaring that they were worthy to be sold as his own work. Apelles said that he himself was excelled by Amphion in grouping, and by Asclepiodorus in perspective, but that he claimed grace as his own peculiar gift, in which he excelled all others. He also blamed Protogenes for finishing his works too much, and asserted that he himself knew "where to take his hand from his work."

One of the peculiarities of Apelles was, that when he had finished a picture he exhibited it in a public place, and concealed himself where he could hear what was said of it. On one occasion a cobbler criticised the shoes of a figure; the next day the correction he had suggested was made. Then the cobbler proceeded to find fault with the legs, when Apelles rushed out in a tury, and commanded the cobbler to speak only of such things as he knew about. From this circumstance came the proverb: "*Ne supra crepidam sutor*," which means, "Let not the shoe-maker go beyond his last"; but is more generally given, "Let every man stick to his trade."

#### PROTOGENES.

THIS Rhodian artist became very famous, for, after the praise of Apelles, others were roused to the appreciation of the great artist who had been content to do his best, and was too modest to assert himself. His most celebrated work was the picture of Ialysus, a mythical hero, grandson of the god Apollo, and a special patron and guardian of the island of Rhodes. The artist represented him either as hunting or as returning from the chase. Some of the ancient writers relate that Protogenes spent seven, or even eleven, years on this picture. Pliny says that the artist became discouraged in his attempt to paint, to his liking, the foam at the mouth of a tired hound; finally, in his impatience, he threw a sponge, with which he had repeatedly



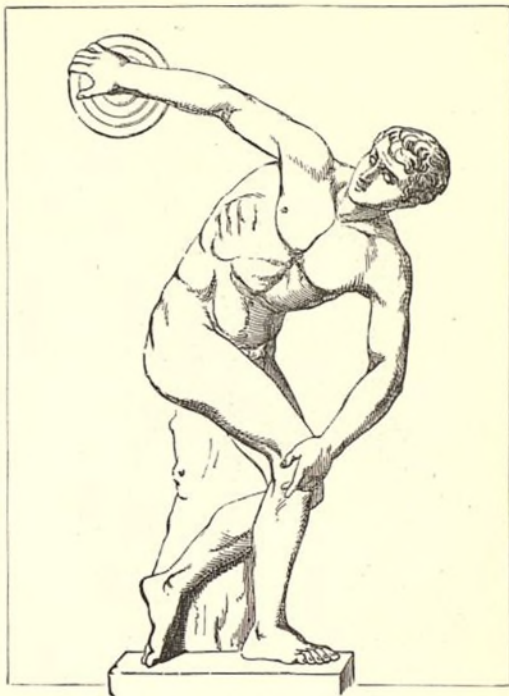
washed off his colors, at the offending spot, and the very effect he wished was thus produced.

This great work was doubtless dedicated in the temple of Ialysus, at Rhodes; and when Demetrius Poliorcetes besieged that city, he was careful to spare this temple for the sake of the picture of Protogenes. Demetrius also showed marked personal attentions to the painter, who lived in a cottage outside the walls of the city, and quietly continued his work in the midst of the siege. When Demetrius demanded of him how he dared to remain in so exposed a position, Protogenes answered: "I know that you are at war with the Rhodians, but not with the arts." Upon this reply, Demetrius stationed a guard about the cottage, and the painter worked quietly on, amidst the din of war which raged all about him.

The Ialysus was carried to Rome in later times, and placed in the temple of Peace.

Another remarkable picture by Protogenes was the representation of a satyr leaning against a column. The painter bestowed great pains upon the figure of the satyr, and considered it the best

it as if it were alive. This amused and delighted the populace, but it was so disagreeable to Pro-



THE QUOIT-THROWER. A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BY MYRON.  
(SEE PAGE 192.)

togetes that he painted over the bird, in order that men might see the satyr.

#### AËTION.

THIS artist is sometimes said to have lived in the time of Alexander; but Lucian, who gave an account of him, distinctly declares that he lived in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines.

He painted a wonderful picture of the "Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana," with Erotes or Cupids busy about them, and with the armor of the king. When this work was exhibited at the Olympic games, one of the judges—Proxenidas—exclaimed: "I reserve crowns for the heads of the athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Aëtion, as a recompense for his inimitable painting." Later, this picture was carried to Rome, and it has been said that Raphael sketched one of his finest compositions from it. The chief excellence of this painter was in his mode of mixing and laying on of colors.

#### THE FIRST BASS-RELIEF.

ABOUT twenty-five hundred years ago, there lived at Sicyon, in Greece, a modeler in clay, whose



HEAD OF JUNO. POSSIBLY BY ALCAMENES. IN THE LUDOVISI PALACE, ROME. (SEE PAGE 192.)

part of the work; but on the column he painted a partridge, which was so true to nature that much attention was given to it,—even the bird-sellers brought tame partridges to the picture, and when the living birds saw the painted one they chirped to



name was Dibutades. He had a daughter who is called by two names, Kora and Callirhoe. This young girl could not assist her father much, but she went each day to the flower-market, and

dear to her. It was an inspiration on the part of the girl, and so correct was the likeness that when Dibutades saw it he instantly knew whom it represented. Then he wished to do his part, for he



THE FIRST BASS-RELIEF.

brought home flowers which she put in vases in the little shop, to make it pleasant for the modeler, and attractive to his customers. Kora was very beautiful, and as she went out, with her veil about her, the young Greeks of Sicyon caught glimpses of her face which made them wish to see her again, and thus many of them visited the artist Dibutades.

One of these young men at length asked the modeler to receive him as an apprentice; his request was granted, and by this means the young Greek made one of the family of the artist. The three lived a life of simple happiness; the young man could play upon the reed, and had much knowledge which fitted him to be the teacher of the lovely Kora. After a time, for some reason that we know not, it was best for him to go away, and he then asked Kora to promise that she would be his wife. Vows of betrothal were exchanged, and they were very sad at the thought of parting.

The last evening, as they sat together, Kora suddenly seized a coal from the brazier, and traced upon the wall the outline of the face which was so

loved the young man also; so he brought his clay, and from the outline which Kora had made he filled in a portrait in bass-relief, the first that was ever made. Thus the love of Kora had originated a great art.

After this time, Dibutades perfected himself in the making of medallions and busts, and decorated many beautiful Grecian buildings with his work. He also founded a school for modeling at Sicyon, and became so famous that several Greek cities claimed the honor of having been his birthplace.

The first bass-relief, made from Kora's outline, was preserved in the Nymphæum at Corinth about two centuries, after which it was destroyed by fire. Kora's lover became her husband, and a famous artist at Corinth.

#### PHIDIAS.

ALTHOUGH the Egyptians were great sculptors, as some of their remaining works show, and though the Lions of Nineveh attest the skill of the Assyrians, yet the sculpture of the Greeks is that which



is most admired by all the world. Of all Greek sculptors Phidias is the most famous. He was the son of Charmides, and was born at Athens about 500 B. C., and became very prominent in the time when Pericles was sole ruler at Athens. Phidias was made overseer of all the public works, which then was a very important office, because all the temples and buildings which had been destroyed by the Persians were restored. Many of these great works were done by other celebrated architects and sculptors under the direction of Phidias, but he made himself the very remarkable statue of Athena or Minerva, which was placed in the larger chamber of the temple of that goddess, called the Parthenon.

It was of the kind of work which is called *chryselephantine*, said to have been invented by Phidias. The foundation of the statue was of wood, which was covered with ivory and gold; the ivory was used for the flesh parts of the statue, and the gold for the draperies and ornaments.

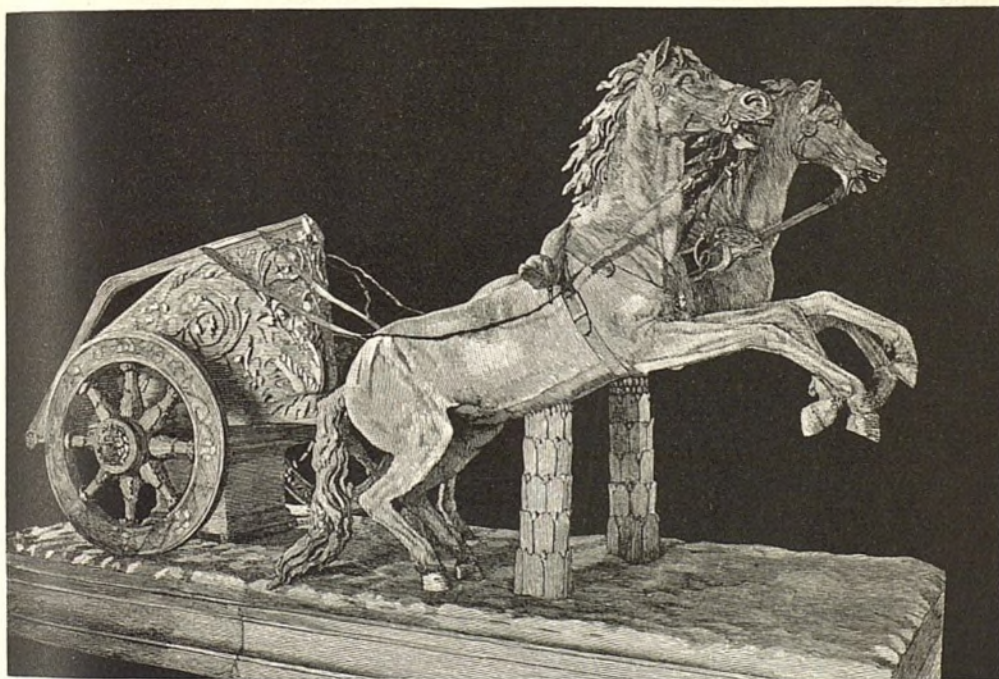
Athena, or Minerva, was the goddess of wisdom

serpents, and had a golden head of Medusa in the center; the lower end of the spear rested on a dragon; the shield was embossed on both sides with representations of Athenian legends, and even the base upon which the statue stood was wrought in relief with many gods and goddesses and other figures upon it.

Phidias wished to put his name on his work, but not being allowed to do so, he accomplished his purpose by making his own portrait in one of the figures upon the shield.

Many other works by Phidias were in and upon the Parthenon, and some of these are now in the British Museum in London, and are known as the Elgin marbles, from the fact that they were carried to England by the Earl of Elgin.

After the completion of the Minerva, Phidias went to Elis, where he made the wonderful statue of the Olympian Jupiter, for the great temple of that god in the Altis, or sacred grove, at Olympia. This represented the god as seated on a throne, holding in his right hand a statue of victory, and



THE MOST ANCIENT FORM OF GREEK CHARIOT. (FROM AN ANTIQUE SCULPTURE.)

and of war, and this statue represented her as victorious. It was nearly forty feet high, including the base; the different parts were very much ornamented; the crest of the helmet was formed like a sphinx, and had griffins on each side; the coat of mail, or upper garment, was fringed with golden

supporting a scepter, surmounted with an eagle, with his left hand. A curtain concealed this statue, except on great festival days, when it was exposed to full view. The decorations and ornaments upon every part of the figure, and upon the throne, were wonderful in their design and execution; there were



hundreds of figures of gods, youths, dancing-girls, and animals, and flowers in great numbers.

When the statue was completed, the sculptor prayed to Jupiter for a sign in approbation of his work, and it is said that the pavement close by was struck by lightning. As an honor to Phidias, his descendants were given the office of caring for this statue and cleaning it. A building outside of the Altis, where he had worked, was also preserved, and called the work-shop of Phidias. His name was inscribed at the feet of this statue.

Jupiter was the highest of all the gods of mythology, and Phidias represented him according to a description which Homer had written, and which, as translated by Alexander Pope, reads :

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god ;  
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the center shook."

The head given on page 188 is from a feeble copy of the original, executed in the Roman period, but it gives an idea of the original.

Among the pupils of Phidias was Alcámenes, a distinguished sculptor. It is said that he contended with Phidias in making a statue of Minerva, to be placed on a very high column at Athens. When the two works were completed and exhibited, that of the pupil received the first praise, because it was highly finished, while that of the master seemed coarse and rough. But Phidias demanded that they should be raised to the intended height, when it was found that the statue of Alcámenes lost its effect, and that of Phidias proved all that could be desired.

Alcámenes, like Phidias, was a sculptor of the gods, and it is thought that a statue of Juno, which was found in a temple between Athens and Phaleros, was his work; the head of Juno given on page 189 is probably a part of the statue found in this temple.

When Phidias returned from Elis to Athens, he found that his friend and master, Pericles, had fallen into bad repute through the jealousy of his enemies. This jealousy was extended to Phidias, and he was accused of having stolen a part of the gold which had been furnished him for making the statue of Minerva. As the plates of gold were so arranged that they could be removed from the statue, they were weighed, and Phidias was cleared from all suspicion of dishonesty. His accusers next brought a charge of impiety, because he had introduced his own portrait on the shield; upon this charge he was thrown into prison, where he died,

some writers say from disease, while others declare that he was poisoned. His death occurred about 432 B. C.

It is not possible to say positively that any work executed by the hand of Phidias exists; but the marbles known as the "Elgin marbles," in the British Museum, are certainly works executed under his eye, if not by his hand, and some authorities do not hesitate to consider them his work. These marbles consist of single figures and groups which formed portions of the outside decorations of the Parthenon, of which temple Phidias was the chief architect, and all its ornaments were subject to his approval. They derive their present name from the fact that the Earl of Elgin brought them from Athens to England. These sculptures may be considered as equal, or indeed superior, to any now existing, and they belong to the time when sculpture had reached its very highest point.

#### MYRON.

THIS sculptor was born at Eleutheræ, about 430 B. C., but is spoken of as an Athenian because his native city belonged to the Athenian franchise or district, and because his most celebrated work—the statue of a cow—stood in the midst of the largest open space in Athens, and his fame was thus connected with that city. This cow was represented as lowing, and was elevated upon a marble base; it is praised by many writers, and no less than thirty-six epigrams were written upon it, and these have all been collected by Sontag and are in the "Unterhaltungen für Freunde der alten Literatur," or "Entertainments for the Friends of Ancient Literature." In later times the cow was removed to Rome, and placed in the Temple of Peace.

The second most famous work of Myron was the "Discobolus," or the disk or quoit thrower. The original statue exists no longer, but there are several copies of it. That from which the picture on page 189 was made was found on the Esquiline Hill at Rome in A. D. 1782, and was placed in the Villa Massini.

This statue shows forth the sculptor's most striking characteristic, which was to represent figures in excited action, at the very moment of some great effort of strength or skill. This is a very difficult thing to do, since no model could constantly repeat such acts; and, if that were possible, there is but a flash of time in which the artist can see what he is trying to reproduce, and yet this figure is so life-like that it seems, when one looks at it, as if it would be safer to stand so that the quoit shall not hit him as it flies.

Besides the Discobolus, there are several other works attributed to Myron; they are: a copy in marble of his statue of Marsyas, in the Lateran at Rome; a torso, restored as a son of Niobe, in the gallery at Florence; the torso of an Endymion, in same gallery; a figure restored and called Diomed; and a bronze in the gallery at Munich.



## HANDEL.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



And, in melting, minor measures,  
 Into silence died.  
 Say, what skillful, rapt musician,  
 In the lonely room apart,  
 Thus made glad the somber midnight  
 With his wondrous art?

From the moon, now bright, now hidden  
 In the clouds that crossed her way,  
 Through the misty garret-window  
 Shot a slender ray,—  
 Glanced upon an ancient spinet,  
 O'er whose keys, with dust defiled,



BARE and cold the garret chamber,  
 Gloomy with its shadows dim;  
 Hung with dusty, drooping cobwebs,  
 Drapery weird and grim.  
 Rattled loud the loosened casement.  
 Bleak the night-wind rose and fell;  
 In the pauses of its wailing  
 Told the midnight bell.

Suddenly, from out the shadows  
 Of the old, deserted room,  
 Came a strain of faintest music  
 Through the ghostly gloom.  
 Fiercer howled the wind, and stronger  
 Swelled the strain, exultingly,  
 Till there rolled among the rafters  
 Waves of melody.

While the night grew still to listen,  
 Soft and slow the music sighed,

VOL. VIII.—13.

Ran the eager, dainty fingers  
 Of a little child!

Boy, in after years the master  
 Of all mighty harmonies,  
 With a more than childish rapture  
 In thy lifted eyes,—  
 Surely, in the garret chamber,  
 Dim with shadowy mystery,  
 While the world slept in the midnight,  
 Angels talked with thee!



## HOW THE ARISTOCRATS SAILED AWAY.

*(A Sequel to "The Floating Prince," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1880.)*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

FOR many and many a day, the ship of the admiral of the kingdom of Nassimia, containing the admiral himself, the company of school-boys who had been made aristocrats, the old school-master, the four philosophers, and the old woman, who was cook and navy, all in one, sailed and sailed away.

The admiral sat on the stern, his long stilts dangling in the water behind, as the ship sailed on. He was happy, for this was just what he liked; and the four philosophers and the old master and the navy were happy; but the aristocrats gradually became very discontented. They did not want to sail so much; they wanted to go somewhere, and see something. The ship had stopped several times at towns on the coast, and the boys had gone on shore, but, in every case, the leading people of the town had come to the admiral, bearing rich presents, and begging him to sail away in the night. So it happened that the lively young aristocrats had been on land very little, since they started on their travels.

Finding, at last, that the admiral had no intention of landing again, the aristocrats determined to rebel, and, under the leadership of the Tail-boy, who was the poorest scholar among them, but first in all mischief, they formed a plan to take possession of the ship.

Accordingly, one fine afternoon, as the admiral, the master, and the four philosophers were sitting on the deck of the vessel, enjoying the breeze, six aristocrats, each carrying a bag, slipped quietly up behind them, and, in an instant, a bag was clapped over the head of each man. It was in vain to kick and struggle. The other aristocrats rushed up, the bags were tied securely around the necks of the victims, their hands and feet were bound, and they were seated in a row at the stern of the ship, the admiral's stilts lying along the deck. The Tail-boy then took a pair of scissors and cut a hole in each bag, opposite the mouth of its wearer, so that he could breathe. The six unfortunate men were now informed that if they behaved well they should be treated well, and that, on the next day, a hole should be cut in each of their bags, so that they could see with one eye; on the next day, a hole for one ear; on the next, a hole for the nose; and if they still behaved well, holes should be cut on the two succeeding days for the other ears and

eyes. The smartest boy of the school had said, when this arrangement was proposed, that by the time they got this far, they might as well take off the bags, but the rest of the aristocrats did not think so; a prisoner whose head was even partly bagged was more secure than one not bagged at all.

The admiral and his companions could think of nothing to do but to agree to these terms, and so they agreed, hoping that, by some happy chance, they would soon be released. It was suggested by a few aristocrats that it would be well to bring up the navy and bag her head also, but the majority decided that she was needed to do the cooking, and so she was shut down below, and ordered to cook away as hard as she could.

The prisoners were plentifully fed, at meal-times, by their captors, who put the food through the mouth-holes of their bags. At first, the aristocrats found this to be such fun that the poor men could scarcely prevent themselves from being overfed. At night, cushions were brought for them to lie upon, and a rope was fastened to the ends of the admiral's stilts, which were hoisted up into the rigging, so as to be out of the way.

The aristocrats now did just as they pleased. They steered in the direction in which they supposed the coast should lie, and, as they were sailing on, they gave themselves up to all manner of amusements. Among other things, they found a number of pots of paints stowed away in the vessel's hold, and with these they set to work to decorate the vessel.

They painted the masts crimson, the sails in stripes of pink and blue, the deck light green, spotted with yellow stars, and nearly everything on board shone in some lively color. The admiral's sheep were adorned with bands of green, yellow, and crimson, and his stilts were painted bright blue, with a corkscrew red line running around them. Indeed, the smell of paint soon became so strong, that three of the philosophers requested that the nose-holes in their bags should be sewed up.

There is no knowing what other strange things these aristocrats would have done, had they not, on the fourth day of their rule on the vessel, perceived they were in sight of land, and of what seemed to be a large city on the coast. Instantly, the vessel was steered straight for the city, which they soon

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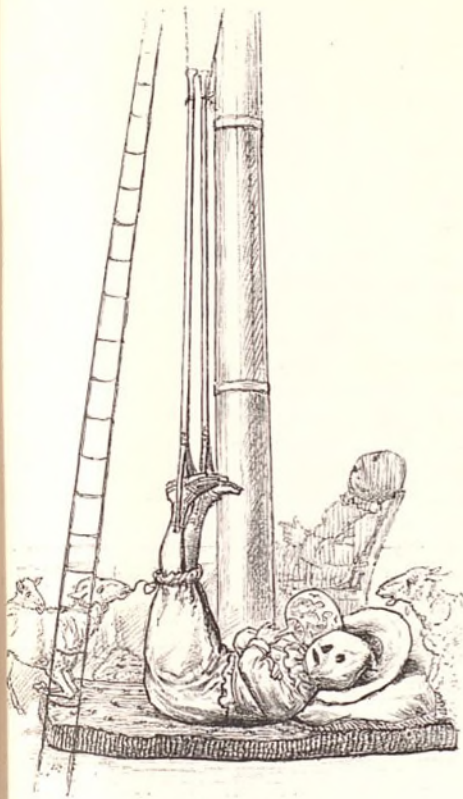


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reached. The ship was made fast, and every aristocrat went on shore. The cook was locked below, and the admiral and his companions were told to sit still and be good until the boys should return.

Each of the prisoners now had holes in his bag for his mouth, his nose, one eye, and an ear, but as the eye-holes were all on the side toward the water, the poor men could not see much that was going on. They twisted themselves around, however, as well as they could, and so got an occasional glimpse of the shore.



THE ADMIRAL AT NIGHT.

The aristocrats swarmed up into the city, but although it was nearly midday, not a living soul did they meet. The buildings were large and handsome, and the streets were wide and well laid out; there were temples and palaces and splendid edifices of various kinds, but every door and shutter and gate of every house was closely shut, and not a person could be seen, nor a sound heard.

The silence and loneliness of the place quieted the spirits of the aristocrats, and they now walked slowly and kept together.

"What does it all mean?" said one. "Is the place bewitched, or has everybody gone out of

town and taken along the dogs, and the birds, and the flies, and every living thing?"

"We might go back after one of the philosophers," said another. "He could tell us all about it."

"I don't believe he'd know any more than we do," said the Tail-boy, who had now forced his way to the front. "Let us go ahead, and find out for ourselves."

So they walked on until they came to a splendid edifice, which looked like a palace, and, much to their surprise, the great doors stood wide open. After a little hesitation, they went up the steps and peeped in. Seeing no one, they cautiously entered. Everything was grand and gorgeous within, and they gradually penetrated to a large hall, at one end of which they saw a wide stair-way, carpeted with the richest tapestry.

Reaching this, they concluded to go up and see what they could find upstairs. But as no one wished to be the first in such a bold proceeding, they went in a solid body. The stair-way was very wide, so that twelve boys could go up, abreast, and they thus filled three of the stairs, with several little boys on the next stair below.

On they went, up, up, and up, keeping step together. There was a landing above them, but it seemed to be farther up than they had supposed. Some of the little aristocrats complained of being tired; but as they did not wish to be left behind, they kept on.

"Look here," said one of the front row; "do you see that window up there? Well, we're not any nearer to it now than we were when we started."

"That's true," said another, and then the Smart-boy spoke up:

"I'll tell you what it is. We're not going up at all. These stairs are turning around and around, as we step on them. It's a kind of a tread-mill!"

"Let's stop!" cried some of the boys; but others exclaimed, "Oh, no! Don't do that, or we shall be ground up!"

"Oh, please don't stop!" cried the little fellows below, forgetting their tired legs, "or we shall be ground up first."

So on they kept, stepping up and up, but never advancing, while some of them tried to devise some plan by which they all could turn around and jump off at the same instant. But this would be difficult and dangerous, and those little fellows would certainly be crushed by the others if they were not ground up by the stairs.

Around and around went the stairs, each step disappearing under the floor beneath, and appearing again above them; while the boys stepped up and up, wondering if the thing would ever stop.



They were silent now, and they could hear a steady click, click, click, as the great stair-way went slowly around.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" suddenly exclaimed the Smart-boy. "We're winding it up!"

"Winding up what?" cried several of the others.

"Everything!" said the Smart-boy; "we're winding up the city!"

This was true. Directly, sounds were heard outside; a dog barked; some cocks crew, and windows and doors were heard to open. The boys trembled, and forgot their weariness, as they stepped up and up. Some voices were heard below, and then, with a sudden jar, the stairs stopped.

"She's wound!" said the Smart-boy, under his breath, and every aristocrat turned around and hurried off the stairs.

What a change had taken place in everything! From without, came the noise and bustle of a great city, and, within, doors were opening, curtains were being pulled aside, and people were running here, there, and everywhere. The boys huddled together in a corner of the hall. Nobody seemed to notice them.

Suddenly, a great gilded door, directly opposite to them, was thrown wide open, and a king and queen came forth. The king glanced around, eagerly.

"Hello!" he cried, as his eyes fell upon the cluster of frightened aristocrats. "I believe it is those boys! Look here," said he, advancing, "did you boys wind us up?"

"Yes, sir," said the Head-boy, "I think we did. But we did n't mean to. If you'd let us off this time, we'd never —"

"Let you off!" cried the king. "Not until we've made you the happiest boys on earth! Do you suppose we're angry? Never such a mistake! What do you think of that?" he said, turning to the queen.

This royal lady, who was very fat, made no answer, but smiled, good-humoredly.

"You're our greatest benefactors," continued the king. "I don't know what we can do for you. You did n't imagine, perhaps, that you were winding us up. Few people, besides ourselves, know how things are with us. This city goes all right for ten years, and then it runs down, and has to be wound up. When we feel we have nearly run down, we go into our houses and apartments, and shut up everything tight and strong. Only this hall is left open, so that somebody can come in, and wind us up. It takes a good many people to do it, and I'm glad there were so many of you. Once we were wound up by a lot of bears, who wandered in and tried to go upstairs. But they

did n't half do it, and we only ran four years. The city has been still—like a clock with its works stopped—for as long as a hundred years at once. I don't know how long it was this time. I'm going to have it calculated. How did you happen to get here?"

The boys then told how they had come in a ship, with the admiral, their master, and four philosophers.

"And the ship is here!" cried the king. "Run!" he shouted to his attendants, "and bring hither those worthy men, that they may share in the honor and rewards of their pupils."

While the attendants were gone, the aristocrats waited in the hall, and the king went away to attend to other matters. The queen sat down on a sofa near by.

"It tires me dreadfully to smile," she said, as she wiped her brow; "but I have to take some exercise."

"I hope they won't bring 'em here, bags and all," whispered the Tail-boy. "It would look funny, but I should n't like it."

In a short time the king came back in a hurry.

"How's this?" he cried. "My messengers tell me that there's no ship at our piers excepting our own vessels. Have you deceived me?"

The aristocrats gazed at each other in dismay. Had their ship sailed away and left them? If so, they had only been served aright. They looked so downcast and guilty that the king knew something was wrong.

"What have you done?" said he.

The Head-boy saw that there was no help for it, and he told all.

The king looked sad, but the queen smiled two or three times.

"And you put their heads in bags?" said the king.

"Yes, sir," replied the Head-boy.

"Well, well!" said the king; "I am sorry. After all you have done for us, too. I will send out a swift cruiser after that ship, which will be easy to find if it is painted as you say, and, until it is brought back to the city, I must keep you in custody. Look you," said he to his attendants; "take these young people to a luxurious apartment, and see that they are well fed and cared for, and also be very careful that none of them escape."

Thereupon, the aristocrats were taken away to an inner chamber of the palace.

When the admiral and his companions had been left on board the vessel, they felt very uneasy, for they did not know what might happen to them next. In a short time, however, when the voices of the aristocrats had died away as they proceeded into the city, the admiral perceived the point of a



gimlet coming up through the deck, close to him. Then the gimlet was withdrawn, and these words came up through the hole:

"Have no fear. Your navy will stand by you!"

"It will be all right," said the admiral to the others. "I can depend upon her."

And now was heard a noise of banging and chopping, and soon the cook cut her way from her imprisonment below, and made her appearance on deck. She went to work vigorously, and, taking the bags from the prisoners' heads, unbound them, and set them at liberty. Then she gave them a piece of advice.

"The thing for us to do," said she, "is to get

It was not easy to set sail, for the cook and the philosophers were not very good at that sort of work; but they got the sail up at last, and cast loose from shore, first landing the old master, who positively refused to desert his scholars. The admiral took the helm, and, the wind being fair, the ship sailed away.

The swift cruiser, which was sent in the direction taken by the admiral's vessel, passed her in the night, and as she was a very fast cruiser, and it was therefore impossible for the admiral's ship to catch up with her, the two vessels never met.

"Now, then," said the admiral the next day, as he sat with the helm in his hand, "we are free



THE KING'S CONSTERNATION. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

away from here as fast as we can. If those young rascals come back, there's no knowin' what they'll do."

"Do you mean," said the master, "that we should sail away and desert my scholars? Who can tell what might happen to them, left here by themselves?"

"We should not consider what might happen to them if they were left," said one of the philosophers, "but what might happen to us if they were not left. We must away."

"Certainly!" cried the admiral. "While I have the soul of the commander of the navy of Nassimias left within me, I will not stay here to have my head put in a bag! Never! Set sail!"

again to sail where we please. But I do not like to sail without an object. What shall be our object?"

The philosophers immediately declared that nothing could be more proper than that they should take a voyage to make some great scientific discovery.

"All right," said the admiral. "That suits me. What discovery shall we make?"

The philosophers were not prepared to answer this question at that moment, but they said they would try to think of some good discovery to make.

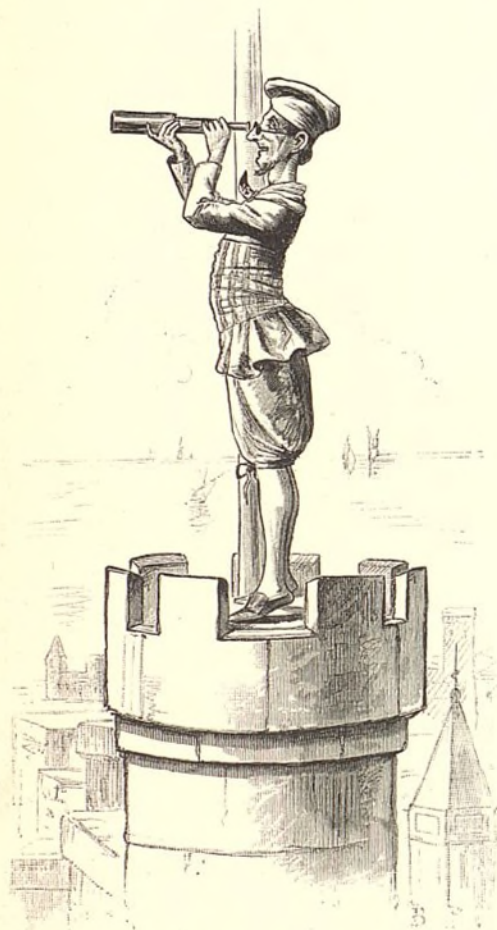
So the philosophers sat in a row behind the admiral, and thought and thought; and the admiral sat at the helm, with his blue-and-red stilts dangling in the water behind; and the cook pre-



pared the meals, swept the deck, dusted the sail, and put things in order.

After several hours, the admiral turned around to ask the philosophers if they had thought of any discovery yet, when, to his amazement, he saw that each one of them had put his bag upon his head.

"What did you do that for?" cried the admiral, and each of the philosophers gave a little jump; and then they explained that it was much easier to think



THE WATCH ON THE HIGH TOWER.

with one's head in a bag. The outer world was thus shut out, and trains of thought were not so likely to be broken up.

So, for day after day, the philosophers, with their heads in their bags, sat, and thought, and thought; and the admiral sat and steered, and the navy cooked and dusted and kept things clean. Sometimes, when she thought the sail did not catch the

wind properly, she would move the admiral toward one side or the other, and thus change the course of the vessel.

"If I knew," said the admiral one day, "the exact age of the youngest of those aristocrats, I should know just how long we should have to sail, before they would all be grown up; when it would be time for us to go back after them, and take them to Nassimia."

The cook remembered that the smallest boy had told her he was ten years old.

"Then," said the admiral, "we must sail for eleven years."

And they sailed for eleven years; the philosophers, with their heads in their bags, trying their best to think of some good thing to discover.

The day after the aristocrats had been shut up in their luxurious apartment, the queen sent a messenger to them, to tell them that she thought the idea of putting people's heads in bags was one of the most amusing things she ever heard of, and that she would be much obliged if they would send her the pattern of the proper kind of bag, so that she could have some made for her slaves.

The messenger brought scissors, and papers, and pins, and the boys cut a pattern of a very comfortable bag, with holes for the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, which they sent with their respects to the queen. This royal lady had two bags made, which she put upon two of her servants, and their appearance amused her so much that she smiled a great deal, and yet scarcely felt tired at all.

But, in the course of a day or two, the king happened to see these bag-headed slaves sitting in an ante-chamber. He was struck with consternation, and instantly called a council of his chief ministers.

"We are threatened with a terrible danger," he said to them, when all the doors were shut. "We have among us a body of Bagists! Little did we think, in our gratitude, that we were wound up merely that we might go through life with our heads bagged! Better far that we should stay stopped forever! How can we know but that the ship which brought them here may soon return, with a cargo of bag-stuffs, needles, thread, and thimbles, and that every head in our city may be bagged in a few days? Already, signs of this approaching evil have shown themselves. Notwithstanding the fact that these dangerous characters have been closely confined, no less than two of the inmates of my palace have already had their heads bagged!"

At these words, a thrill of horror pervaded the ministers, and they discussed the matter for a long time. It was finally decided that a lookout should be constantly kept on the top of a high tower, to give notice of the approach of the ship, should she



return; additional guards were posted at the door of the aristocrats' apartment, and it was ordered that the city be searched every day, to see if any new cases of bagism could be discovered.

The aristocrats now began to be very discontented. Although they had everything they could possibly want to eat and drink, and were even furnished with toys and other sources of amusement, they did not like to be shut up.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the Tail-boy. "I can't stand this any longer. Let's get away."

"But where shall we get away to?" asked several of the others.

"We'll see about that when we're outside," was the answer. "Anything's better than being shut up here."

After some talk, everybody agreed that they ought to try to escape, and they set about to devise some plan for doing so. The windows were not very high from the ground, but they were too high for a jump, and not a thing could be found in the room which was strong enough to make a rope. Every piece of silk or muslin in the curtains or bed-clothes was fine, and delicate, and flimsy. At last, the Smart-boy hit upon a plan. The apartment was a very long one, and was floored with narrow boards, of costly wood, which ran from one end to the other of it. He proposed that they should take up one of these boards, and, putting it out of the window, should rest one end on the ground, and the other on the window-sill. Then they could slide down.

Instantly, every aristocrat set to work, with knife, or piece of tin, or small coin, to take out the silver screws which held down one of the boards.

"It is very narrow," said the Head-boy. "I am afraid we shall slip off."

"Oh, there is no danger of that," replied the Smart-boy. "If we only go fast enough, we cannot slip off. We will grease the board, and then we shall go fast enough."

So the board was taken up, and, after having been well greased with oil from the lamps, was put out of the window.

Then the boys, one at a time, got on the board and slid, with the speed of lightning, to the ground. Most of them came down with such rapidity and force that they shot over the smooth grass to a considerable distance. As soon as they were all down, the Smart-boy took the end of the board and moved it to one side, so that it rested on the edge of a deep tank.

"Now, then," said he, "if any of the guards slide down after us, they will go into the tank."

It was now nearly dark, and the boys set about finding some place where they could spend the night. They soon came to a large building, the

doors of which were shut, but, as they were not locked, they had no trouble in entering. This building was a public library, which was closed very early every afternoon, and opened very late every morning. Here the aristocrats found very comfortable quarters, and having lighted a candle which one of them had in his pockets, they held a meeting, to determine what they should do next.

"Of course the ship will come back, some day," said the Smart-boy, "for that admiral would be afraid to go home without us. The giant would smash him and his old ship if he did that. So we shall have to wait here until the ship comes."

"But how are we going to live?" asked several of his companions.

"We can sleep here," he answered. "It's a nice, big place, and nobody will ever disturb us, for a notice on the door says it's closed two hours before sunset. And as to victuals, we shall have to work at something."

This was thought good reasoning, and they now began to consider what they should work at. It was agreed that it would be wise for them all to select the same trade, because then they could stand by each other in case of any business disputes, and their trade was to be chosen in this way: Every boy was to write on a piece of paper the business he liked best, and whatever trade or profession was written on the most papers, was to be adopted by the whole company.

When the papers were read by the Head-boy, it was found that nearly every one had selected a different calling; but three of the smaller boys happened to want to be letter-carriers, and so, as there was no business which had so many votes as this, it was determined that they should all be letter-carriers.

The three little boys shouted for joy at this.

"But where shall we get letters to carry?" asked some of the older fellows.

"Oh, we'll see about that in the morning," said the Smart-boy. "There'll be plenty of time before the library opens."

They slept that night on piles of parchments, and in the morning the building was searched to see if any letters could be found for them to carry. In the cellar they discovered a great many huge boxes, filled with manuscripts which had been collecting ever since the city was first wound up and started. These, they concluded, would do just as well as letters, and each boy filled his satchel with them, and started off to deliver them.

Each carrier was assigned by the Head-boy to a different street, and all went to work with a will. The people were glad to get the manuscripts, for many of them were very instructive and interesting,



and they gave the boys a small piece of money for each one. This went on, day after day, and every morning each person in the whole city got a letter.

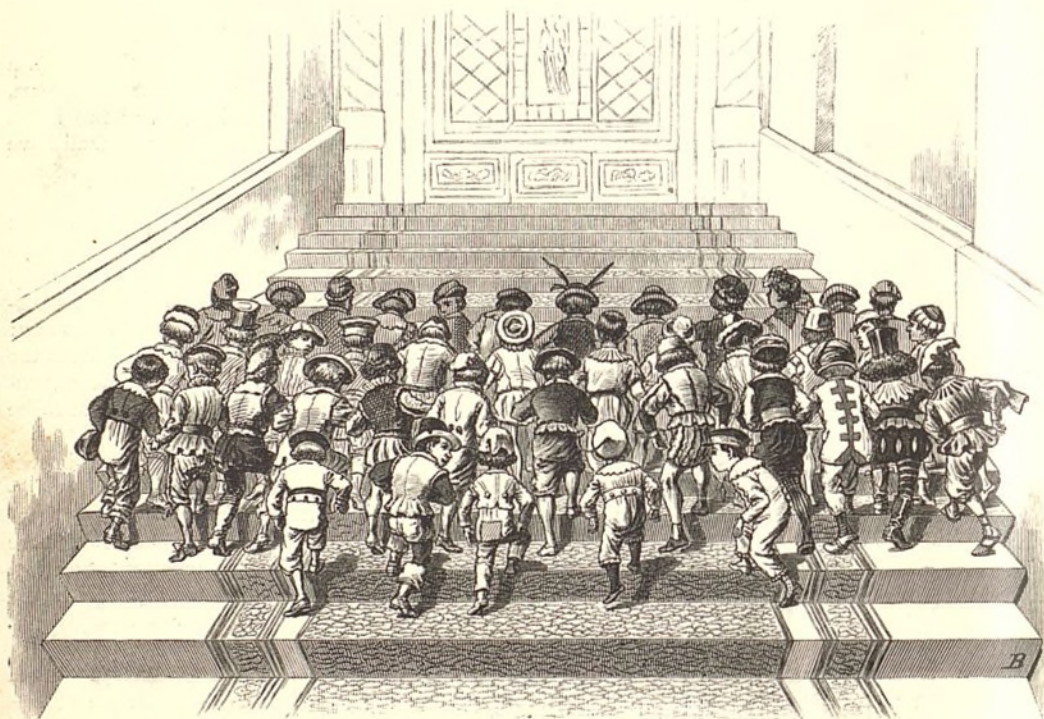
When the king was informed of the escape of his prisoners, he hurried, in great trouble, to see how they had got away. But when he saw the board which they had left resting on the edge of the tank, he was delighted.

"Those wretched Bagists," he exclaimed, "in trying to escape, have all slid into the tank. Let it be walled over, and that will be the end of it. We are fortunate to get rid of them so easily."

reading the old manuscripts, and sorting them out for the carriers. Nobody ever came into the cellar to disturb him.

The people of the city were very much benefited by the instructive papers which were brought to them every day, and many of them became quite learned. The aristocrats also learned a great deal by reading the papers to those persons who could not read themselves, and, every evening, the master gave them lessons in the library. So they gradually became more and more educated.

They often looked up to the high tower, be-



THE ARISTOCRATS WINDING UP THE CITY. [SEE PAGE 195.]

But the watch on the high tower was still kept up, for no one knew when the ship might come back with more Bagists.

One day, as the Head-boy was delivering his letters, he met an old man, whom he instantly recognized as his master. At first, he felt like running away; but when the master told him that he was alone, and forgave everything, they embraced in tears. The old man had not been able to find his boys in the town, and had wandered into the surrounding country. In this way, he had never had a letter.

The Head-boy took him to the library that night, and he afterward spent most of his time

cause they had heard that a flag was to be hoisted there whenever a ship with a pink-and-blue sail was seen approaching the city.

Ten years passed, and they saw no flag, but one day they saw, posted up all over the city, a notice from the king, stating that, on the next day, the city would run down, and ordering all the people to retire into their houses, and to shut up their doors and windows. This struck the aristocrats with dismay, for how were they to get a living if they could not deliver their letters?

So they all boldly marched to the palace, and, asking for the king, proposed to him that they should be allowed to wind up his city.



The king gazed upon them in amazement.

"What!" he cried. "Do you let-

carriers venture to come to me with such a bold request?

Do you think for a moment that you know anything about what you propose doing?"

"We can do it a great deal easier than we did it before," said one of the younger aristocrats, "for some of us were very small then, and did n't weigh much."

"Did it before?" exclaimed the bewildered king, staring at the sturdy group before him.

The Head-boy, who was by this time entirely grown up, now came forward, and, acknowledging that he and his companions were the boys who had been shut up in the luxurious apartment, told their whole story since their escape.

"And you have lived among us all this time, and have not tried to bag our heads?" said the king.

"Not a bit of it," replied the other.

"I am very glad, indeed, to hear this," said the king, "and now, if you please, I would like you to try if you really can wind us up, for I feel that I am running down very fast."

At this, the whole body of aristocrats ran to the



THE SCHOOL-MASTER AND HEAD-BOY EMBRACE.

great stair-way, and began quickly to mount the steps. Around and around went the revolving

stair-way, twice as fast as it had ever gone before. Click! click! click! went the machinery, and before anybody could really imagine that the thing was true, the stair-way stopped with a bump, and the city was wound up for another ten years!

It would be useless to try to describe the joy and gratitude of the king and the people. The aristocrats were loaded with honors and presents; they and their old master were sumptuously lodged in the palace, and, in their honor, the public library was ordered to be



THE PRISONERS ESCAPE.

kept open every evening, in order that the people who were busy in the day-time might go there and read the papers, which were no longer carried to them.

At the end of a year, a flag was raised on the top of the high tower, and the admiral's ship came in. The philosophers took off their bags, which were now very old and thin, and the aristocrats, with their master, were warmly welcomed on board. Being all grown up, they were no longer feared. In a few days, the ship sailed for Nassimia, and, as the aristocrats were taking leave of the sorrowing citizens, the Smart-boy stepped up to the king, and said:

"I'll tell you what I should do, if I were you. About a week before the time you expect to run down again, I'd make a lot of men go to work and wind up the city. You can do it yourselves, just as well as to wait for other people to do it for you."

"That's exactly what I'll do!" cried the king. "I never thought of it before!"

He did it, and, so far as is known, the city is running yet.

When the aristocrats reached the city of Nassimia, everybody was glad to see them, for they had become a fine, well-behaved, and well-educated body of nobility, and the admiral, standing high upon his stilts, looked down upon them with honest pride, as he presented them to the king and queen.

Lorilla shook each one of them by the hand. They did not recognize the little fairy in this



handsome woman, but when she explained how the change had taken place, they were delighted.

"To think of it!" cried one of the younger aristocrats. "We never missed that bottle-washer!"

"No," said Lorilla; "nobody ever missed her. That is one reason why she was such a good one to be made a fairy. And now you must tell us your whole story."

And so the king and the queen, the giant and his army, the chancellor of the exchequer, and as

many of the populace as could get near enough, crowded around to hear the story of the adventures of the aristocrats, which the Head-boy told very well.

"I should like very much to go to that curious city," said Lorilla, "especially at a time when it had run down, and everything had stopped."

"Oh, I don't believe it will ever stop any more," cried the Tail-boy. "We told them how to keep themselves a-going all the time."



THE FIRST TOOTH.



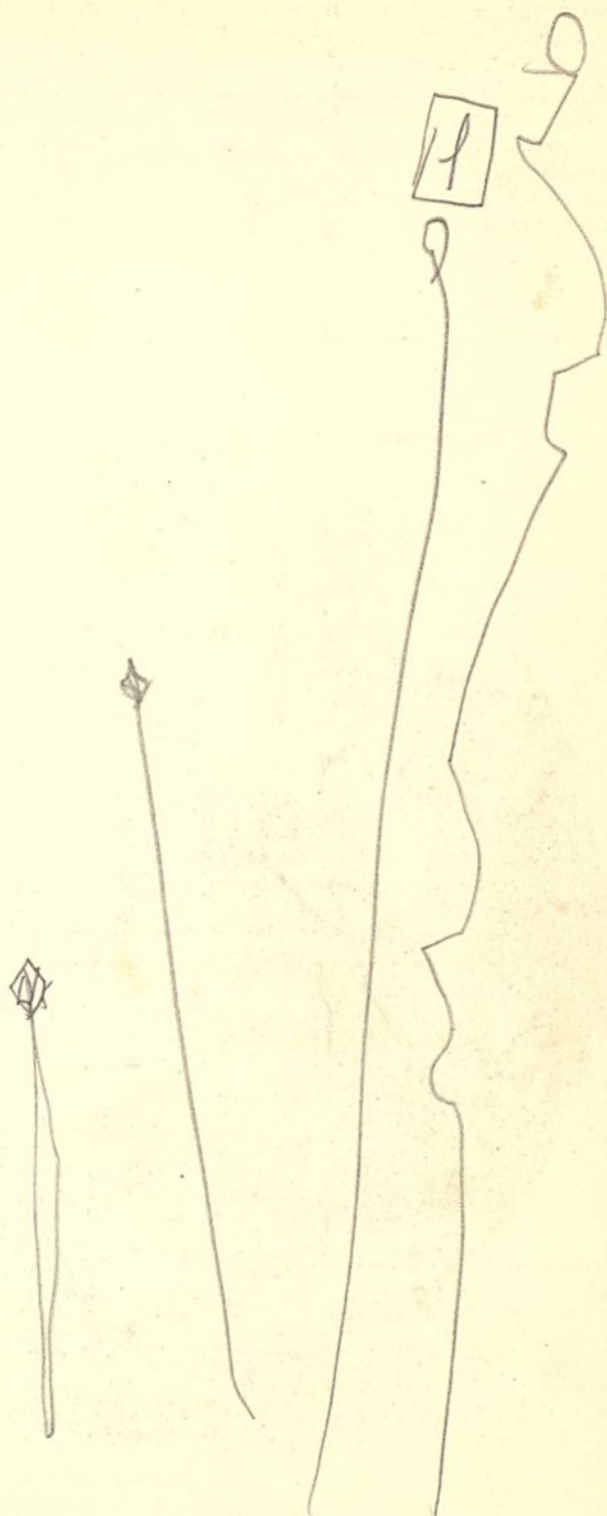
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Ayuntamiento de Madrid





*"We thought we almost saw them  
Looking at us through the light,  
Disappearing in the light." . . . Page 203.*

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## FIRE-LIGHT PHANTOMS.

*(See Frontispiece.)*

BY W. T. PETERS.

"MASTER CLINTON, Master Clinton and my golden-haired Adele,  
 Say what see you in the dancing flames to make you half so wise?  
 Sure the New Year bells a-ringing  
 Have such happiness been bringing  
 That the Christmas stars, still shining, seem reflected in your eyes,  
 In your glad and joyful eyes!"

Master Clinton answered quickly, glancing sideways toward Adele:

"We've been telling dreadful stories about ghosts who dress in white;  
 Till at last a creepy feeling  
 Over both of us came stealing,  
 For we thought we almost saw them looking at us through the light,  
 Disappearing in the light."

Then I said: "O Master Clinton and my golden-haired Adele,  
 Every heart may have its phantoms, have its ghosts and lovely elves;  
 But the ones who bring a blessing,  
 And the ones most worth possessing,  
 Only come and live with people who are lovely like themselves,  
 Good and lovely like themselves."

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

## CHAPTER II.

"MENITO is in there," said Mrs. Yegua, as we entered her grounds, next morning, and she pointed to a little log-house at the further end of the corn-field; "he's hid behind the door, and is going to shut it as soon as they come. Yes, here they are," said she, after a while; "do you hear them chatter? Now I have to go out and let them see me; they won't go near the corn-crib till they are sure that I am at the other end of the garden."

She hobbled out toward a thicket of mango-trees, where the troop of monkeys seemed to be holding a council of war. They would mount a stump at the edge of the grove, take a peep at the corn-crib and jump down again, and chatter to one another in an excited way; or congregate around a short-tailed youngster that was sitting at the foot of the stump, uttering a plaintive squeal every now and then, as if he were impatient at the delay.

"They have seen me now," said Mrs. Yegua, when she returned across the open field; "that's what they have been waiting for all morning, may be; I didn't notice them till I heard them chatter, my eyes are so weak, you know."

The monkeys seemed to know it, too; a crowd of mischievous boys could not have treated a short-sighted policeman with more disrespect. They followed her half-way up to the cottage, flourishing their tails and making faces at her until their leader, a big fat ceboo with a bushy tail, wheeled and made straight for the corn-crib, as much as to say: "Come on, boys; she's gone."

There were seven of them; and six, including the bobtail baby, entered the crib at once, but the fat leader squatted down on the threshold, just in front of the door, where he could survey the field as well as the interior of the crib. Five minutes passed, and the gratified grunts of the marauders showed that they were enjoying their breakfast.



"Why in the name of sense does n't Menito shut that door?" asked Tommy; "he's missing his best chance if he is waiting for that fat fellow to go in!"

The leader seemed in no hurry to leave his post, and looked almost as if he were going to fall asleep. He was leaning against the door in a half-reclining attitude, and began to stroke himself complacently, perhaps feeling proud of having led so successful



MRS. YEGUA TAKES LEAVE OF HER ENEMIES.

a raid, when he suddenly received a kick that sent him spinning to the middle of the road, and, a second after, the door was shut with a loud bang.

The leader bolted into the next thicket with a whoop of horror; the grunts of the lunch-party had suddenly turned into a hubbub of confused screams, and, even before we reached the crib, we could distinguish the piercing squeals of the little bobtail.

"Don't open the door!" cried Menito, when he heard us coming; "they are trying to break out.

Quick! Get me a forked stick, somebody; I have to catch them before I can put them into the bag."

While Tommy ran to the stable to get a pitchfork or something, I peeped through a knot-hole, and saw four middle-sized monos huddled together in a corner, screaming, and crouching behind a big female that tried to force her head through a crack in the floor. The little bobtail was racing around the crib with squeals of despair, but in the midst of his agony he suddenly grabbed an ear of corn and began to eat with furious dispatch, as if he were resolved to have one more square meal before his death. As soon as we handed the forked stick through the door, the general gallopade recommenced; but Menito was too much for them. One after the other he pinned them to the ground, and five minutes later the five senior monos performed their antics in a tied-up bag, while the bobtail youngster was crouching in a

corner with a long string around his neck. Still, the little sinner had not renounced all hopes, for, when we entered the crib, he jumped upon the widow's arm and pressed his face to her shoulder with a deprecatory chatter, as if he were pleading the most reasonable excuses.

"Where are you going to take them?" asked Mrs. Yegua, when we had caged the monos in our wire baskets.

"To France," said Menito. "This gentleman is going to turn them over to the French authorities."

"To France," mused the old lady—"yes, I remember; that's where Maximilian used to send our prisoners. Well, good-bye, then," said she, shaking hands with the little bobtail, that had taken a back-seat on Betsy's croup; "good-bye, my poor lads; I am sorry it has come to this, but it is

not my fault. I have warned you often enough."

The monkeys themselves did not seem to mind it very much. They examined every cranny of their wire prison, but soon found out that they were in for it, and began to make themselves at home. The foremost cage had not been strapped on very tight, and, whenever it swung forward, one of the prisoners reached out and pulled the mule's ears; and it took us a long while to identify the rogue, for, when we turned around, they all sat quietly together in a



corner, looking as innocent as possible. Our dog had stolen away for a still-hunt in the pine-woods, and when he returned, it set the monkeys all agog, and the little bobtail began to squeal. The others answered him with a low chatter, and, finding that talking was permitted, they soon jabbered away at a lively rate, especially if they perceived anything unusual at the road-side.

But, in the afternoon, when we reached the brink of a wooded plateau, they all turned their heads in the same direction, and the cackling suddenly stopped. What could that be? From a valley on our left came the echo of a curious sound, as if, far away, a hundred dogs were barking together, or joining now and then in a long-drawn howl. Menito stopped the mule and faced about.

"Listen!" said he; "do you hear those dogs?"

"Dogs could not yell like that," replied Tommy; "it must be a panther."

"No, sir; the boy is right," said the guide. "That's a pack of *perrones* [wild dogs] hunting a deer or a buffalo. They are heading this way, it seems."

The din came nearer and nearer, and, at the next turn of the road, our dog dashed ahead as if he had caught a glimpse of the game. At the same time, we saw two horsemen galloping across the road in the same direction. They had been herding mules on the grassy plateau ahead of us, and had put spurs to their horses when the noise reached the lower end of the valley.

"Let's hurry up!" cried Menito. "Let us find out what's the matter and have some fun, may be."

"All right," said the guide; "but we have to stop at that mulberry-wood down there. It's time for dinner, and there's a spring in that bottom—the only good one I know in this neighborhood."

Before we left the road, we stopped and listened intently, but the barking sounded more like a bay now; the *perrones* must have surrounded their game, or the horsemen had turned them back; anyhow, the chase did not seem to come any nearer, so we wended our way to the spring.

"Oh, dear! That's a cornexo-roost," said Menito, when we approached the grove. "We sha'n't get much rest there, I'll warrant you."

"Why? What's the matter?"

"You'll soon find out. Look at those birds."

*Cornexo* is the Spanish word for a rook or jackdaw, but in southern Mexico that name is applied to a kind of bush-shrike, about the size and color of a jay-bird, only that the blue of the wings is much darker. A host of these birds had taken possession of one of the mulberry trees, and began to congregate in the tree-tops when they saw us approaching.

"Now look out for a fuss," whispered Menito.

"You just leave them alone, and they won't bother you," said the Indian. "Here we are; look sharp now, boy, and help me get those baskets down."

There was a fine spring at the lower end of the grove, and Black Betsy drank and drank till we had to loosen her girth; but it puzzled us how to water the monkeys without giving them a chance to break out. At last, Menito solved the problem by simply placing the lower end of the wire baskets in the creek, so that the captives could help themselves without leaving their prison. While the Indian got our dinner ready, I set the boys to forage for grapes and ripe mulberries.

"Now I know what's the trouble with those birds," said Tommy; "they've a nest in that second tree there; look up here—you can see it quite plainly."

"For goodness' sake, leave it alone," said Menito. "You'll start the whole flock after you in a minute."

"Well, what of that?" asked Tommy. "You are not afraid of birds, are you? Just look at him: that's the boy who told us he was born in the Sierra de Jalisco, where people don't know what fear is!"

"Nor do I," said Menito; "but I know what a cornexo is, and you don't, it seems."

"Then I'm going to find it out right now," said Tommy, and began to climb the tree.

When he got near the tree-top, the old nest-bird flew up with a loud scream, and her cries soon brought up a flock of cousins and aunts from every tree, and before he reached the nest, the noise became actually deafening.

"There are five young ones in here, nearly full-grown," Tommy shouted down. "Shall I get them, Uncle?"

"All right," I called out. "If they have their eyes open, we'll take them along for specimens. Bring them down."

But that was easier said than done. Tommy took out his handkerchief; but the moment he put his hand upon the nest, the cornexos fell upon him like a swarm of angry hornets, fluttered around his face, dashed at his head from behind, clung to his clothes, and pecked away at his legs, in spite of his vigorous kicks.

Menito laughed till I thought he would choke. "You'd better ask their pardon, and come down," he called out.

Tommy made no reply, but wrapped up the birds well, put the bundle in his bosom, and began to climb down slowly with his knees and his right hand, using his left to shield his face. When he got back to the lower branches, the cornexos saw us and left him one by one—all but the old hen-



bird, whose boldness seemed to increase, for she pecked away at his ears, and at last dashed into his face, left and right, as if she wished to get at his eyes. Tommy then stopped a moment, and, when she came the next time, received her with a slap that sent her spinning through the air; but that only made matters worse, for her chattering now turned into piercing screams, and the whole swarm joined in the chorus, till we could not help thinking that we had paid too dear for our specimens. Still, they were pretty fellows, with large yellow beaks, and we made them a good comfortable home in one of the smaller cages.

By and by, the Indian resaddled the mule, and we were helping him to pack the dishes, when we heard the little bobtail monkey squeal away with all its might. Running toward the spring, we caught sight of a long-legged, wolf-like animal that slunk off through the high grass, and, seeing us approach, gathered itself up and darted into the prairie at the top of its speed.

"A perron, I declare!" said the guide. "He was going to drink at this spring, right under our noses. I guess he belonged to that hunting party. Yes, look over yonder," he added. "Here they come—the horsemen, I mean. They were chasing a buffalo, and they have got him, sure enough."

From the lower part of the valley, where we had left the road, the two herders approached at a lively trot, with a big, sluggish animal—a buffalo bull, that stumbled along as if he were tired or wounded, but every now and then broke into a plunging gallop. They had caught him with a lariat, a long strap of tough rawhide; and, while the first horseman dragged him along, his comrade brought up the rear and plied his whip whenever the bull became restive. If he plunged ahead, they let him have his way, for he never could outrun the little horse, that just kept ahead enough to keep its rider out of harm's way. Between the two men and their nimble horses the big brute was perfectly helpless. Tommy snatched up his hat, and was on the point of starting, but, seeing that the hunters headed for the spring, we all waited in the shade of the grove. At sight of our party, the bull stopped instantly and stared wildly at us, but a crack of the heavy whip set him going again, and the whole cavalcade came thundering down into the grove.

"*Casa barata!*" [Cheap venison], laughed the man with the lariat, when he stopped his captive in the creek. "We caught him without firing a shot. The perrones had tired him out before we took a hand in the game."

"I should say so," I replied. "Look at the poor fellow's legs; the wild dogs must have caught up with him, it seems."

From the knees down to the fetlocks, the buffalo's legs looked as if he had been dancing in a thicket of prickly-pears, and even on his dewlap the perrones had left the marks of their sharp teeth. It was clear that the poor beast had had a close race for his life.

"Yes, it's a shame," said the hunter. "But we'll take care of him when we get him home; the *hacienda* [farm-house] is not more than two miles from here."

"Look here, *amigo*," said I; "I should like to buy a young buffalo-calf; do you think you could catch me one, and bring it to Benyamo before the end of this week?"

"I don't know," said the herder. "It's a little late in the season for young calves; but if you are going to Benyamo, you might as well stop at the *hacienda* to-night, and the *ranchero* can tell you, if anybody in the country can. He's a great hand at hunting. All this land here belongs to his *cercada*. You had better come along."

"He's right," said the guide. "I know the place—the Hacienda del Rio; it's not much out of our road, anyhow."

"What does he mean by a '*cercada*'?" asked Tommy, when we proceeded on our journey.

"A hunting-preserve," I answered. "The *ranchero* has taken out a license which makes it a trespass for other people to hunt on his land."

The proprietor of the *rancho* received us with cordial hospitality, and seemed quite sorry to disappoint us when he learned the purpose of our visit.

"It's too bad," he said. "My herders caught dozens of wild calves last spring, but I did not keep them; there is not much demand for such things here. I sent two of them to my next neighbor in the Casa Morena, and he gave them to his old grizzly."

"A grizzly bear! Do you know how much he would charge for such a bear?"

"Not much, I reckon; he had two of them, and killed the bigger one because he ate so much. The one he has now is only half-grown. But, may be, a full-grown panther would suit you as well?"

"Yes, if it is n't crippled, nor sick."

"Then I think we can accommodate you, after all," said the *ranchero*. "My neighbor caught a splendid panther a few days ago, and meant to have a dog-test next week."

"What's that?"

"Oh, a dog-test is the best way of finding out if a shepherd-dog is a good fighter. If he will tackle a panther, he is n't afraid of anything."

"How far is the Casa Morena from here?" I asked.

"About seven miles," said the *ranchero*. "You



can get there to-morrow before noon, without difficulty, and reach Benyamo by a trail across the mountains."

After supper, we spread our blankets on the veranda, and the farm-hands crowded around us to examine our nets and wire baskets.

"What in the world are you going to do with all those wild animals?" asked one of the herders, staring at our load.

"Oh, they are going to have a grand *matanza* [a beast-fight] in France," said Menito, "and we came here to buy the most desperate brutes we can get."

"Why! Have n't they any bulls in that country?" asked the herder.

"Yes; but bull-fights are against the law in France," said Tommy.

"Oh, that explains it," said the Mexican. "Of course, then, you have to make shift with something else. It's a pity we have n't got any traps ready; we could catch lots of perrones for you to-night—just hear them!"

A moaning, melancholy howl sounded across the hills; the wild dogs seemed to have taken their disappointment much to heart.

"No wonder," laughed Tommy, "if they have to go to bed supperless after their hard chase—the poor wretches!"

"Why, it serves them just right," said Daddy Simon. "If the proprietor of this place has taken out a license, they had no business to hunt on his preserve."

### CHAPTER III.

BEFORE we reached the *hacienda*, the report seemed to have spread that we were going to collect all the wild brutes we could lay our hands on, for on the outskirts of the village we met a man, who inquired very politely if we did not wish to buy his old boar—"an outrageous hog and a powerful fighter," as he assured us. We declined the proposal, with thanks, but we had hardly got rid of him when another fellow offered us "a regular fighting-mule."

"A truly desperate animal," he said; "you never saw such a kicker."

"We cannot buy a fighting-mule on trust, you know. We'd have to write to France about it," said Menito; but Tommy laughed so much at the idea of the fighting-mule that the fellow suspected a joke and left us alone.

There is a kind of tree in Mexico called charca-wood, and which looks very much like black-walnut; but if you try to break a charca-stick, it splinters like bamboo, and if an animal should attempt to gnaw it, it would tear its gums

all to pieces. The panther had been confined in a large box of such charca-sticks, and the box was now standing on the threshing-floor of the barn. It was too big to be carried over the mountains, but they had a smaller cage of the same kind of wood, and, in order to get the cunning panther into this cage, the overseer had devised quite an ingenious plan.

In one corner of the barn they had removed a board, and placed the cage outside, with its open door just fitting the hole in the board-wall. It was a sort of sliding-door that could be raised and lowered with a string. Now, if the panther should try to escape through the hole in the wall, she would run right into the cage; and if we pulled the string, down would come the sliding-door, and we should have her just where we wanted her.

The panther was a female, as lithe and active as a weasel, and beautifully marked. She was not quite full-grown, but evidently a dangerous brute, and before they opened the box, the Señor (the owner of the *hacienda*) asked us to step behind a board partition, where they stored their grain. The box had been turned over sideways, so that the door was now on top, and one of the grooms went boldly up to it and removed the staple. He opened the door just a little bit, waited a second and then closed it again; opened it once more and waited about two seconds before he shut it; the next time three seconds, and so on.

The panther watched every action he made, with glittering eyes, and crouched down for a spring, but the continual motion of the door somehow confused her, and when the groom finally threw the door wide open and walked away, she remained quietly at the bottom of the cage, still watching the opening. By and by, she raised her head, eyed the aperture closely and carefully, and suddenly bounced out with a spring that landed her nearly in the middle of the threshing-floor. There she stood for a moment with glaring eyes, and then bounded away and galloped along the walls, hunting for a loophole or a hiding-place. She came close to the hole in the corner, but unfortunately stumbled over the loose board, took fright and bounded away to the opposite end of the barn, where she espied a little cranny between the floor and the boards of a side-door. In the next moment she was tearing away at the boards with claws and teeth.

"Bad luck—there she goes!" cried the overseer. "Quick! Somebody run down to the village and fetch the herder Tomas, the man who caught the bear with a lariat last year!"

"There is n't time. She will get through there in ten minutes!" shouted the Señor. "Get the dogs—every one of them!"



The groom ran out, and quickly returned with a pack of big shepherd-dogs, while one of the stable-boys came in with a powerful brindled deer-hound.

"Fetch them this way!" cried the Señor. "Now they see her. *Alza!* Forward, boys! Grab her!"

"They will tear her to pieces," I remarked.

"No danger," laughed the Señor. "She 'll take care of herself."

He was right. It was wonderful how easily the little brute held her own against five big hounds, two of them considerably heavier than herself. They dashed at her with a rush; but, in the nick of time, she flung herself on her back, and up went her four claws, the points bristling like sixteen daggers. The dogs started back as a man would from the muzzle of a loaded shot-gun, and the panther at once recommenced her work at the boards.

"Here, Joe, slip the deer-hound!" cried the Señor.

The hound leaped upon her with a fierce growl, but was hurled back by a blow that made his hair fly and tore a heavy leather collar off his neck.

"Have you ever seen such a lucky dog?" laughed the overseer. "If it had not been for that collar, she would have torn his throat from ear to ear."

The shepherd-dogs charged her again and again, but not one of them dared come within reach of those terrible paws, and in the intervals of the fight she tore away at the planks and boards.

"That wont do," said the Señor. "Get a pailful of hot water."

"I am sorry to say that wont do, either," I remarked. "I have no use for her if you spoil her fur. Can't we scare her out of that corner somehow or other?"

"I guess we can," said one of the herders, "and in less than two minutes. Have you any black pepper in the house, Señor?"

"Plenty of it. Why?"

"Well, then, let Joe get a red-hot pan and a handful of pepper. That will fetch her; it will start a balky horse that would not care for the heaviest cart-whip in Mexico."

"Now hand me that pan," said the herder, when Joe returned. "Let the panther alone for a minute; I 'm going to work this business from the outside, or you would all sneeze yourselves to death."

I thought so, too, for the mere scent of the pepper-smoke made my eyes smart as if I had washed them with lye, and the boys began to cough and rub their noses. The herder went out and placed the pan close to the cranny of the side door, fanned it with his shawl, and soon the smoke came through the boards in little curling white clouds.

I once heard five tomcats waul on the same roof, but the concert could not compare with the music of the she-panther when that smoke reached her nostrils. She pressed her nose against the floor, rubbed her eyes with her paws, and squealed in a way that made the boys laugh till they screamed; but still she held her ground, like a stubborn child that will rather stand any misery than yield its point.

"Have you any gunpowder handy, Señor?" asked the overseer.

"Here, take my powder-flask," I said, guessing what he would be about.

He went out, and, a second after, a big gray cloud puffed up through the cracks, and the panther bolted like a shot. The idea of facing that amount of smoke had suddenly overcome her powers of endurance. She darted to the opposite end of the barn, saw the loophole, and at once squeezed herself through and into the cage. A pull at the string, and we heard the sliding-door drop. We had her safe.

"Such a vixen!" laughed the Señor. "I warrant she had seen that hole long ago, but was bound to give us all the trouble she possibly could. Now, don't you think she is worth eight dollars?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, make it ten, and I 'll let you have the little grizzly, too. I 've not much use for him, anyhow."

"All right," said I; "I 'll take him."

"Well, but hold on," said the overseer. "This gentleman has n't anything to put him in, and we have only this one cage."

"Can you wait till to-morrow?" said the Señor.

"Not very well," I replied. "We have to get to Benyamo by Saturday night."

"Well, then, I 'm afraid we shall have to muzzle him and cut his claws. Our village teamster will start for Benyamo this evening, and we can put the grizzly in the back part of the wagon. He 's too contrary to go afoot."

"But how can you muzzle him?" I asked.

"Oh, we 'll manage that," said the overseer. "Come on."

The grizzly looked, indeed, as if he could not be trusted in his present condition. He was chained up near a little garden-fountain; and, when he saw us coming, he retreated toward a sort of dog-house, growling and showing a row of formidable teeth. The overseer went up to the dog-house from behind, dragged it back till the bear could not reach it with his short chain, and then called the groom.

"Now come on, Joe; turn the squirt on him."

The groom quietly unscrewed the pipe and turned the nozzle on the grizzly. In spite of his

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"Hold on,  
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"Stop, Joe  
trust him yet;

VOL. VI



chain, the bear leaped to and fro with surprising agility; but the jet followed him wherever he went, and drenched him till he weltered and groveled in a puddle of wet sand.

"Stop," said the overseer; "let us see if that will do." He fetched a long pole and held it close to the bear's head. "Look here, Jack, will you behave now?" he asked.

The bear eyed him, grabbed the end of the pole, and crushed it between his jaws like a turnip.

He took up the pole and poked him repeatedly; but the bear lay still, gurgling and snoring as in a dream. He was thoroughly stupefied, and before he could recover his senses, the men muzzled him and cut every one of his long claws. When he awoke, he found himself, gagged and tied in a nice straw-padded cart, on the road to Benyamo. The bear, the panther-cage and the monkeys were in the cart, and Black Betsy carried only our provisions and a few of the empty, wire baskets.



BREAKING A GRIZZLY.

"Look here, señor, have n't you a shawl or an old blanket to spare?" asked the teamster.

"Yes, I can give you a blanket," I said. "Why?"

"Just look at these monkeys," said he. "They are half dead with fear at being so near that old grizzly. We'd better cover up their cage, so that they won't see him."

I put all the wire baskets together and covered them completely with a large piece of tent-cloth. The monkeys then stopped their jabbering; but before long their curiosity got the better of their fear. They soon found out that they could lift one corner of the curtain, and, one after the other, they stole up to take a sly look at the bear. After every peep, they would put their heads together and confer in a kind of solemn whisper.

We made only seven miles that afternoon, for, toward evening, the road became so steep that it

"He won't give in yet. Go on, Joe," said the overseer.

The deluge recommenced, and the bear struck out left and right with a violence that spattered the water all over the gravel-plot. Twice he rose on his hind legs, and shook his dripping paws as if he longed to grapple with a less evasive foe; but by and by his legs gave way, he put his paws farther and farther apart, and finally rolled over and clutched at the empty air, as though he were going to choke.

"Hold on," I said, "or perhaps you'll kill him outright."

"Stop, Joe," said the overseer. "But I don't trust him yet; he's up to all kinds of tricks."

VOL. VIII.—14.



seemed dangerous to go any farther after night-fall. But when the sun rose the next morning, the view of the sierra was so glorious that we were glad we had not passed such scenery in the dark. The crests of the sunlit Cordilleras looked like gilded cloud-castles, and in a rocky mountain-range on our left, every creek and every water-fall glittered like a streak of silver. Our panther had been caught in this neighborhood, and I knew that these mountains were infested with other beasts of prey; but we had a swarm of dogs along. Old Rough had rejoined us at the *ranch*o, the owner of

the *hacienda* had lent us the deer-hound and two of the large shepherd-dogs, in case the bear should get loose, and our teamster had three big curs of his own. Before long, they started a peccary, one of those quick-footed wild hogs of the Mexican hill-forests, and the whole pack was off in hot pursuit.

"I think there's a troop of horsemen coming," said Tommy. "I hear trotting behind us."

The teamster stopped his cart and looked back. "Where are the dogs?" he whispered, glancing about anxiously. "They are always gone if you want them. Get your guns ready, gentlemen!"

(To be continued.)

## THE THING-A-MA-JIG.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"But especially Thing-a-ma-jig."—Lewis Carroll.

"NO, I DON'T think we exactly *spoil* him," said his mother, thoughtfully, and with a great air of impartiality.

"No, I don't think we *exactly* spoil him," said his father, like a judge giving sentence.

"Spoil him! You *could n't* spoil him! B'ess its 'ittle heart, it's whole heaps too tweet to be spoiled!" said his three young aunts, and in their struggle for possession of the inestimable treasure, they came near disproving their own words. Aunt Martha snorted. It certainly was not polite in her to snort, and perhaps it is not even polite in me to mention it, but truth is mighty and will prevail.

"Now, Aunt Martha, that is n't fair," said his mother, in an injured tone, and exactly as if the old lady had spoken. "We *could n't* be more judicious with him than we are. I try his bath every morning with the thermometer, myself, and he never eats a thing that I have n't tasted first, and he has never eaten a bit of candy but Ridley's broken, and that only at his dessert, and —"

"And you did n't walk the floor with him half the night, last week, because he had a few mosquito bites and a little prickly heat; and you shook him well for pouring cologne on the fire and nearly blowing himself up; and you sent him to bed without his supper the night he set fire to the curtains; and you did n't let him have your diamond ring to play with, and lose, because he cried for it, and —"

"Oh, come now, Aunt," said his father, interrupting the old lady as she had interrupted her niece, "you seem to forget how little he is. I don't wonder, for certainly his intellect is remark-

able for a child of his age; but he is only three years old, you know, and we can't begin to reason with him yet, poor little chap."

"If his intellect's so far in advance of his age, I don't see why not," said Aunt Martha, dryly, but nobody seemed to hear her, and she continued: "When mine were that size, I did n't reason with 'em,—I spanked 'em!"

"Yes, and see —" began one of the young aunts, excitedly, and then stopped short, blushing.

Aunt Martha rose abruptly, and left the room. It was only too well known in the family that her boys had grown up "wild," and her girls treacherous and deceitful.

"You ought n't to have said that, Katie," said the married sister, reproachfully.

"I don't care!" and Katie shrugged her shoulders fully. "She's all the time picking at you and Hal, and I'm tired of it; and as for this little angel's being spoiled—did it want its aunty's earrings, b'essed 'ittle pet? There—oh, *do* look, girls,—he's trying to put them in his dear little ears! Did you ever see anything so 'cute!"

Now the young aunts were, as they would have endearingly expressed it, "his own-y don-y aunts," while Aunt Martha was only his great-aunt.

It was very warm that night at bed-time, and doors and windows were left wide open.

The heat prevented Aunt Martha from sleeping until quite late, and she had just dropped off comfortably when she was roused by a wail of such deep despair that she sprang out of bed almost before she knew it, and then stopped to listen for some clue to the direction whence the sound had



come. She had not long to wait; another wail, more prolonged than the first, came unmistakably from the room on the opposite side of the passage, where the son and heir, watched over by his tender parents, slept secure. Aunt Martha stepped into bed again. But first she made a motion to close the door, and then drew back, with a quick bob of her head, leaving the door wide open.

Heart-rending sobs followed the wail, and then a little voice said, brokenly:

"I want my thing-a-ma-jig! I want my thing-a-ma-jig! And it is n't here—it's all gone!"

The mother made some tender suggestion which Aunt Martha could not catch, and once more that wail broke the silence of the night.

"No! No!" shrieked their darling. "I won't have it; take it away! I won't have anything but my thing-a-ma-jig!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to get it, dear," said the treasure's mother, a little reluctantly.

"He'll make himself ill if he cries so."

("It's of no consequence whether he arouses the house or not," said Aunt Martha to herself, with such fine scorn, that it was a dreadful pity it was wasted on an imaginary audience.)

"Do you know where it is?"—Aunt Martha heard the scraping of a match. "He left it in the library; it's my fault, dearie,"—penitently,—“for I meant to bring it up, and forgot it. There, there,—don't cry any more, darling; Papa's gone for his thing-a-ma-jig, and he'll have it in a minute."

The sobs ceased as the fond father was heard returning; but, presently, they broke forth afresh, and among them, Aunt Martha distinguished the words: "Papa did n't bring my button, and it won't play without my button, and I 'spect my button's lo-o-o-st!"

"Here are the scissors, Harry. Cut him off a button from your coat; I'll sew on another in the morning. I can't bear to hear him sob so, and he's only half awake, you know. Poor little chap! He can't be well. There, old fellow, there's a famous button for you. Now put your thing-a-ma-jig to sleep."

Silence reigned after this, broken just once by a low, sleepy little laugh, which somehow sounded like the bird-notes one hears in the stillness of the short summer nights.

Sheepishness, and a determination to brave it out, contended for the mastery on the faces of the parents, as they met Aunt Martha at breakfast.

"I'm afraid he disturbed you a little last night," said his mother, deprecatingly.

"He did—a good deal," answered Aunt Martha, grimly. "What ailed him?"

The parents looked at each other foolishly.

"I don't think he was quite ——" began his mother, meekly.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Martha, with withering scorn. "He's as well as I am, and better. What is it he calls his 'thing-a-ma-jig,' anyhow?"

"It's an egg-beater," said his mother, after an interval of embarrassed silence, in which she vainly looked her husband to come to the rescue.

"An egg-beater!" and Aunt Martha stopped, apparently struck dumb with astonishment.

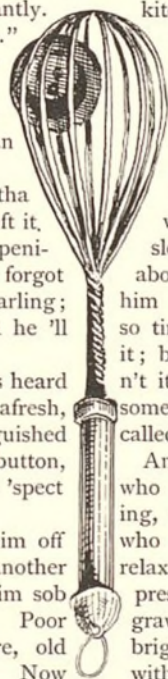
"Yes; it's a patent thing I bought when we first went to housekeeping; but it would n't work, somehow, and one day I was holding Baby in the kitchen, while I talked to the cook about breakfast, and she put a button in it,—*she* loves children *dearly*,—and rattled it around to amuse him, and he laughed and crowed so sweetly, that I took it upstairs to let his father see him with it; and, ever since, he takes it to bed with him every night, and the last thing he does, when he is n't too sleepy, is to 'put it to sleep,' as he calls it, by spinning the button about in it. I don't see how we came to let him go to bed without it last night. He was so tired, that he went to sleep before he missed it; but I'll try not to let it happen again. Was n't it clever of him? He heard his father call something a thing-a-ma-jig one day, and he's called it that ever since."

And the parents beamed fondly on their darling, who appeared at this juncture, fresh and smiling, with a "sweet, clean kiss" for every one who would take it. Aunt Martha's stern face relaxed for a moment, as the baby-lips were pressed to hers, and the clear little voice said gravely, "I hope you slept tight and waked bright, Aunt Martha!" But it froze over again, with startling suddenness, as she turned to the misguided parents.

"How many times do you suppose you've got up to give him that thi—that egg-beater, since he took this notion?" she inquired, sternly.

"Oh, not more than a dozen nor less than twelve," said her nephew, lightly.

"But he's not a bit spoiled!" said Aunt Martha, sharply. "Oh, no! Not at all! Humph!"







"THE KING OF FRANCE AND FOUR THOUSAND MEN  
DREW THEIR SWORDS, AND PUT THEM UP AGAIN."—*Old Rhyme.*

## EVERY BOY HIS OWN ICE-BOAT.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

VERY few skaters have not, now and then, to a moderate extent, made ice-boats of themselves by standing up straight, with their backs to the wind, and allowing themselves to be blown along before it. Coats, held wide open, umbrellas, shawls, and the like, have been used to gain greater speed; but, after all was done, there remained the long pull back against the wind—no laughing matter, with the thermometer in the twenties, or lower, and a howling north-wester sending the loose snow in stinging sheets along the ice. There was so much fun, however, in running down before the gale, that boys have always made light of working to windward. Why in the world it did not sooner occur to some ingenious lad that he could turn himself into an efficient ice-boat, is one of those things that cannot be explained; but certain it is that, until last winter, the world at large did not know that Canadians were in the habit of rigging themselves with spars and canvas, sailing "close-hauled," "running free," having themselves "taken aback," "missing stays," being struck by squalls,

and, in short, going through no end of fascinating maneuvers, with the aid of the wind, and without danger of a ducking in case of an upset.

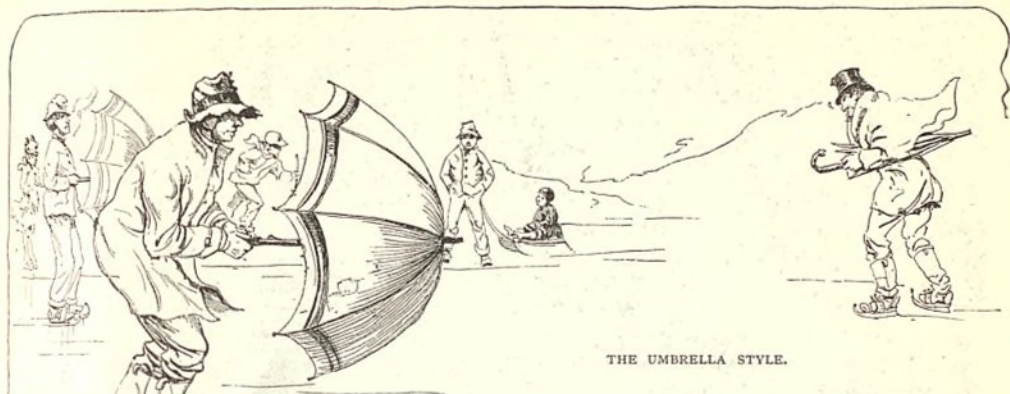
The name of the inventor of skate-sailing has not been announced, but his plan was the simple one of stretching an oblong sail on a light frame, and holding it by means of a spar reaching from end to end. With this, it is possible to do everything that an ice-boat can be expected to do. But the crew works at a disadvantage: the steersman can see only one-half as much as he ought to see, and of course stands in constant danger of collision. To lift or lower the sail, so as to see if the way is clear, is a somewhat awkward operation.

Another difficulty with this form of sail is, that its spars must be somewhat heavy, in order to bear the strain of sufficient bracing, as there is a tendency on the part of the sail to twist and make a complete wreck of itself and crew. The latest improvement does away effectually with both these imperfections, and seems to provide a nearly perfect device for skate-sailing.



In the first place, the sail is divided into fore-sail and main-sail, so that the crew has his whole course in plain sight between the two. Secondly,

smoothly on the floor, and mark out the sails, making ample allowance for heavy hems. Stitch stout tape all around where the edges are to be,



THE UMBRELLA STYLE.

the main spar is made double, so that it affords two points of support for each of the "yards" or cross-pieces, and renders the whole affair so strong

and have the hem as strong as possible, especially at the corners, sewing through the tape and several thicknesses of the sheeting. If the sails are to keep their shape, the tape is indispensable. Stout laid cord (cotton, or hemp), sewn around the edges and forming small loops at the clews, makes a desirable finish, but is not absolutely necessary. Instead, small brass or galvanized rings may be sewn to the clews. These rings must be large enough to catch easily on the pins or knobs in the spar-ends.

that comparatively light spars may be used. In the diagram given on the next page, A G is the main spar, from eight to twelve feet long, according to the size and strength of the crew. It is made of bamboo, or some light native wood like spruce or pine. The pieces should not be less than an inch and a half in diameter in the middle. They may be tapered toward the ends, but one side of each should be left flat.

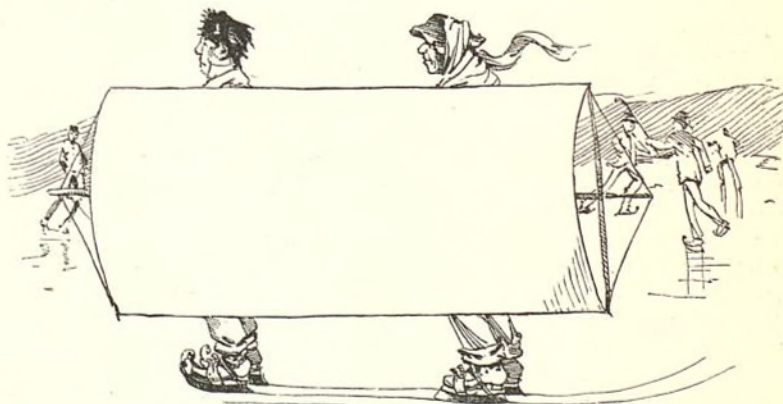
Each piece, in short, is shaped like an archer's bow, much lengthened. The flat sides are laid together, and the ends at A and G are lashed firmly with strong twine. In or near each end, at A and G, is set a button to hold the clew—corner, that is—of the sail.

The most perfect spar yet devised is made of four pieces of bamboo, with brass fishing-rod ferrules at the butts, fitting into one another at M. Brass tips hold the

smaller ends of the bamboos together at A and G. The butts join at the middle of the spar, which can thus be taken to pieces and easily carried.

The sails are made from the heaviest cotton sheeting—unbleached is best. Tack the material

The sails may range in size from three to five feet square, according to the size, strength, and weight of the skater. It is not difficult to arrange them for reefing, but they are so easily adjustable



THE OLD STYLE OF SKATE-SAILING.

to the wind without reefing, that this is hardly necessary.

The cross-yards are quite light. Bamboo, five-eighths of an inch thick at the smaller end, is probably heavy enough for the largest practicable



sail. They must be made three or four inches longer than the diagonal of the sail. Near the ends of the yards are buttons similar to those on

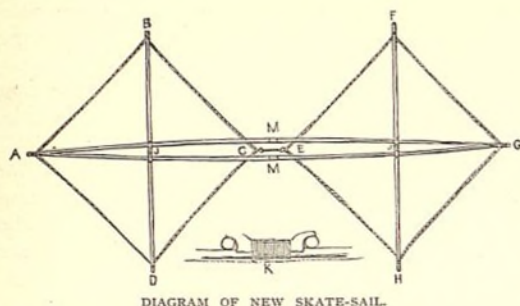


DIAGRAM OF NEW SKATE-SAIL.

the spar. To the middle of each yard is firmly lashed a cleat, some three to five inches long (K, in the above diagram)—whose ends are shaped so as to receive and hold the two pieces of the main spar, when they are sprung apart.

Two opposite clews of the sail are now hooked over the buttons at the ends of the yard, the main spar is sprung apart until the cleat can be inserted and held at right angles between its pieces, as at J. The yard is pushed along until the clew of the sail can be hooked over the button at the spar-end. The other sail is then put in position similarly at the other end of the spar, and the two remaining clews, at C and E, are strained together with a strap or cord as tightly as the material will permit. The whole affair is exceedingly light, strong, and elastic, and will stand any reasonable amount of strain.

Such is the rig. Now, the question is, how to manage it. This is a far less complicated matter than in the case of a sail-boat, although the principle is the same. If you are caught by a squall, all you have to do is to let go of everything, and your sails will fall flat on the ice and await your pleasure.

In running before the wind, all you have to do is to hold the spar across the course of the wind, steer with your feet, and go as fast as the wind does. You can vary your course at will considerably to the right or left without altering the position of the sail.

When your course is nearly at right angles to that of the wind, or against it, you will naturally take the spar under one or the other arm, and point the fore-sail more or less in the direction from which the wind comes.

Let us call this second diagram a pond, with the wind blowing from top to bottom. In this diagram, the black spots represent the skater, the arrows the direction in which he sails under different conditions, and the long line, etc., the spar and sails. In his first course down the middle of the pond, he grasps

the spar by the middle, or holds it under his arms behind him. Squaring away with his back to the wind, as at A, he sails before it to the lower end of the pond, moving his feet only for the purpose of steering. In order to make the wind take him back to his starting-point, he turns his sails at an acute angle to the course of the wind, as at B, C, D, and E, instead of across it, as at A. If pointed nearly as at B or C, it will carry him directly across the pond. If as at D and E, it will carry him more or less up the pond, as indicated by the arrows. When he reaches the shore on one tack,—say that represented by E,—he “goes about,” that is, changes the direction of his sails so that they point as at D. The wind will now carry him on a slant to the opposite shore, which he will reach at a point still nearer the head of the pond. Thus, by zig-zagging from one side to the other, now on one tack and now on the other, he may work his way to windward.

Experiment alone can show each individual how best to trim his sails, whether to carry his spar under his windward or leeward arm, or before or behind him. Tastes differ in all these particulars. So, in going about,—changing, that is, from one tack to the other,—each must adopt the method which he personally finds most convenient. One,

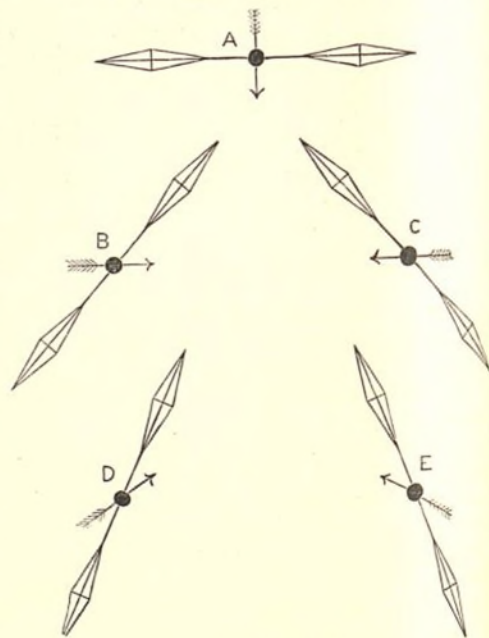


DIAGRAM FOR TACKING.

perhaps, will pass the spar over his head; another will let the fore-sail fall off to leeward, and bring up the main-sail on the other side, so that it will in turn become the fore-sail. In all these particulars,



each must be a law unto himself; but in regard to avoiding collisions, it is plainly necessary to have a general understanding, and the rules of the Hudson River Ice-Boat Club, adapted to skate-sailing, are perhaps the best.

#### RULES FOR SKATE-SAILING.

I. Skate-sailers on the port tack must give way to those on the starboard tack.

II. When skate-sailers are moving side by side, or nearly so, on the same tack, those to windward must give way to those to leeward when requested to do so, if there is an obstacle in the course of the leewardmost. But the leeward skate-sailer must

rules in the course of a race shall forfeit all claim to the victory.

VII. A touch, whether of person or of rig, constitutes a collision, either with another skate-sailer, or with a mark or buoy, and he who is responsible for it, under the rules, forfeits all claim to the victory.

VIII. No means of locomotion, other than that afforded by the wind, is permissible during a race.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with sea-terms, it should be stated that "running free" means sailing before, or nearly before, the wind. "Close-hauled," or "on the wind," means



A FLEET UNDER SAIL.

go about or change his course at the same time as the windward skate-sailer, or as soon as he can without coming into collision. The new direction must be kept, at least until the obstacle has been cleared.

III. When skate-sailers are moving side by side, as in Rule II., and approaching a windward obstacle, the leewardmost must give way when requested to do so. But the windwardmost must change his course at the same time as the leewardmost, or as soon as he can do so without coming into collision, and the new direction must be kept, at least until the obstacle has been cleared.

IV. When skate-sailers are running free, it rests with the rearmost ones to avoid collision.

V. Skate-sailers running free must always give way to those on either tack.

VI. Skate-sailers who violate any of the foregoing

sailing sharply across its course. When the skater's right side is presented to the wind, he is on the starboard tack; when his left side is presented to the wind, he is on the port tack.

The possibility of using the sail on an ordinary coasting-sled will naturally occur to every skater. This can be accomplished with the aid of a few additional fixtures. A regular ice-boat has three runners, two in front and one in the rear. The latter is pivoted, so that it can be turned from side to side like the rudder of a boat, and used in like manner for steering. The first thing to be done with a sled is to provide it with sharp shoes, which will not slip over the ice sidewise. A pair of skates, or skate-blades, fastened one to each runner near the bend, are as good as anything. The fitting of the after-runner is a more complicated affair, if fastened to the sled, and it is not worth while to



give directions for it here. The simplest way is to let the after part of the sled rest on its own proper runners, and depend on the feet for steering, or use a stout stick shod with iron. A blade-shaped iron is best, as it presents an edge to the ice.

It is possible to kneel on the sled and hold the sail under the arm, but a mast about three feet high, stepped at the side of the sled, is better. If but one mast is carried, it must be arranged so that it can be readily shifted from one side to the other. The head of the mast is croched to receive the upper spar; or a hook, large enough to hold it, is inserted an inch or two below the mast-head. The lower spar rests against the mast, and is held there by the crew with one of his hands. A crew of two, on a long sled of the so-called "pig-sticker" variety, can do very pretty work, one tending the sail and the other steering; but a crew of one will think that he needs at least two extra pairs of hands, until he gets the knack of the thing.

It is suggested that more sail can be carried by a single skater, if his yard-arms are shod with light metal disks, so that they can be allowed to rest on the ice and act as runners. So far as known, this

has not been actually tried. It looks promising, but will necessitate rather heavier yards.

This new winter sport opens for all skaters a fresh field of enjoyment. Races or, if you please, "regattas" can be indulged in to any extent, and individual skill in the management of one's self under canvas will afford exhilarating exercise for brain and body, without in the least increasing the danger. Girls as well as boys, ladies as well as gentlemen, can take part in this pastime, and, indeed, one of the best ways of managing a sail is to have a double crew, one holding the spar "for'ard" and the other "aft."

Of course, if the girls have anything to do with sails, they will very soon begin to decorate them, and use colored material. A set of sails made of silk would be amazingly pretty in combination with a tasteful skating costume, skimming across the gleaming surface of a frozen lake, and the effect would be heightened by little, colored streamers flying from the yard-arm. We shall expect, by another season, to hear of the organization of skate-sailing clubs, and the adoption of various constitutions and by-laws for their regulation.



A GENTLE CRAFT.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY BESSIE HILL.

"A HAPPY New Year to you, my lady!

To give you this greeting I came."

"Oh, thank you, indeed," said the sweet little lady,

"And, truly, I wish you the same."

"I wish you many returns, my lady,

A long chain of years, I may say,

Linked into garlands of joy, my lady,

And now I must bid you good-day."

"Yes, many returns," said the bright little lady,

"In sooth, I would wish for them, too;

A long, long chain," said the dear little lady,

"Of beautiful visits from you!"



## PHAETON ROGERS.\*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## CHAPTER III.

## AUNT MERCY.

THE fact was, Phaeton had spent more study on the question of landing his passengers safely than on any other part of his invention. It was not the first instance—since the days of the hand-mill that made the sea salt—in which it had been found easy to set a thing going, but difficult to stop it.

"There are several ways," said he, continuing his explanation to Ned and me, "to let the passengers off safely. I have n't decided yet what I'll adopt. One way is, to have a sort of brake to squeeze down on the cable and make it stop gradually. I don't exactly like that, because it would wear out the cable, and these cables are going to cost a great deal of money. Another way is, to throw the passengers against a big, soft mattress, like pins in a bowling-alley. But even that would hurt a little, I guess, no matter how soft you made the mattress. The best way is, to drop them in a tank of water."

"What! and get all wet?" said Ned.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Phaeton. "Each one would wear an India rubber water-proof garment (a sort of over-dress), covering him all over and fas-

tened up tight. Of course, these dresses would be provided by the company."

"But would n't it use up a cable every time you cut it?" said Ned.

"Not at all; it could be stretched again by hitching a team of horses to the end and drawing it back, and then we should solder it together with melted India rubber. Probably a dozen teams would be at work at night stretching cables for use next day. You see, we should have as many cables as the business of the road would require."

I have never known whether Phaeton was sincere in all this, or whether he was simply fooling Ned and me. I have since suspected that he had a purpose which did not appear at the time. At any rate, we took it all in and believed it all, and looked upon him as one of the world's great inventors.

"And what do you want the ten dollars for?" said Ned.

"Well, you know, nothing can be done without more or less money," said Phaeton. "The first thing is, to get up a model to send to the Patent-Office, and get a patent on it."

"What's a model?" said Ned.

"A model," said Phaeton, "is a little one, with tunnel and all complete, to show how it works."

"A tunnel," said Ned, "is a hole in the ground."



You can't send a hole in the ground to the Patent-Office, no matter how small you make it."

"Oh, pshaw! Don't you understand? There would be a little wooden tube or shell, painted red, to represent the brick-work that the real tunnel would be arched in with."

"Well, what then?"

"I suppose it would cost about ten dollars to get up a model. If it's going to the Patent-Office it does n't want to be botched up with a pocket-knife."

"Of course not," said Ned. "But the model will be only a beginning. It will take a great deal more money than that to build the real thing."

"Now you talk business," said Phaeton. "And I'm ready to talk with you. I've thought it all out. I got an idea from the way in which Father says Mr. Drake manages to build so many houses. There are two ways to get this thing into operation. One is, to try it first in this town. You know we boys could dig the tunnel ourselves, and it would n't cost anything. Then we could give a mortgage on the tunnel, and so raise money to buy the cable, and there you are."

"That's all very fine," said Ned; "but they foreclose mortgages. And if there was a mortgage on our tunnel, and they foreclosed it while we were in there, what would become of us? How should we ever get out?"

Phaeton laughed. "I'll tell you how we'll fix it," said he. "We'll have a secret shaft leading out of the tunnel, and not let the man we give the mortgage to, know anything about it."

Ned did n't exactly know whether he was being quizzed or not.

"What's the other way of getting the thing into operation?" said he.

"The other way," said Phaeton, "is to go to New York and see Uncle Silas, and have him get up a company to start it there."

"I think I like that way best," said Ned. "But, to tell you the truth, I had made arrangements to do something else with that ten dollars."

Phaeton looked disappointed.

"Then why did n't you say so in the first place?" said he, as he put his things into his pocket and turned to walk away.

"Don't get mad, Fay," said Ned. "Perhaps we can get another ten."

"Where can we get it?"

"Of Aunt Mercy."

"You might, but I can't."

"Well, I'll try to get it for you, if you'll let me take your machine."

"Well," said Phaeton. "When will you go?"

"I might as well go this evening as any time," said Ned.

So it was agreed that he should visit his Aunt

Mercy that evening, and see if she would advance the money for a model. I was to go with him, but Phaeton was to be kept entirely in the background.

"Do you suppose Fay can really make anything out of this machine?" said Ned to me, as we were on the way to his Aunt Mercy's.

"I should think he might," said I. "For he is certainly a genius, and he seems to have great faith in it."

"At any rate, we might as well get fifteen dollars while we are about it," said Ned.

"I suppose we might," said I.

"Good-evening, Aunty."

"Good-evening, Edmund Burton."

Aunt Mercy was sipping a cup of tea, and reading the evening paper.

"What's the news, Aunty?"

"Another railroad accident, of course."

"Nobody hurt, I hope?"

"Yes; a great many. I wonder that anybody's foolhardy enough to ride on railroads."

"How did it happen?" said Ned, beginning to think it was a poor time to get money for a railroad invention.

"Train ran off the track," said Aunt Mercy, "and ran right down an embankment. Seems to me they always do. I don't see why they have so many embankments."

"They ought not to," said Ned. "If they only knew it, there's a way to make a railroad without any track, or any wheels to run off the track, or any embankment to run down if they did run off."

"You don't say so, Edmund Burton! What sort of a railroad would that be?"

"I happen to have the plan of one with me," said Ned.

"Edmund Burton! What *do* you mean?"

"I mean this," said Ned, pulling from his pocket the little frame with a rubber string stretched on it. "It's a new invention; has n't been patented yet."

"Edmund Burton!" was all his aunt could say.

"I'll explain it to you, Aunty," said Ned, as he picked up the newspaper which she had dropped, and rolled it into a tube.

"This," said he, "represents a tunnel, a big round hole, you know, as big as this room, bored along in the ground. It goes right through rocks and everything, and is perfectly straight. No dangerous curves. And this"—showing the frame and then passing it into the paper tube—"represents an India rubber cable as large as a stove-pipe, and is stretched out as far as possible, and fastened tight to posts at the ends."

"Edmund Burton!"



"Now, Aunty, we'll call this end Albany, and this end Buffalo."

"Edmund Burton!"

"All the men and boys in Albany that want to go to Buffalo could come down to the depot, and get on the cable right there, sitting just as if they were on horseback, and there will be nice little straps for them to hold on by."

"Edmund Burton!"

"When everybody's ready, the train-dispatcher just picks up a sharp ax, and with one blow cuts the cable in two, right here, and zip! the passengers find themselves in Buffalo. No boiler to

"Edmund Burton!"

"And the great advantage of it is, that the car is perfectly round, and so whichever way it might happen to turn, it would always be right side up, for every side is the right side!"

"Edmund Burton, you *are* a genius!"

"But you mustn't tell anybody about it, Aunty, for it has n't been patented yet."

"Why don't you patent it, Edmund Burton?"

"We think of doing so, Aunty, but it will cost more money than we have just now. The first thing is, to get up a model."

"What's that, Edmund Burton?"



"EDMUND BURTON, YOU ARE A GENIUS!"

burst, no track to get off from, no embankment to plunge down, no wheels to get out of order."

"Edmund Burton, you *are* a genius! But ladies can't ride that way."

"Of course not, Aunty. We have a car for the ladies. This"—and he picked up from the table a spool of thread and a lead pencil, and passed the pencil through the hole in the spool—"represents it. The pencil represents the cable, and the spool represents the car, which is fastened tight on the cable. When the ladies are all in, it is locked up, and then the cable is cut behind it."

"A little one, with tunnel and everything complete, to show how it works. That has to go to the Patent-Office and be put in a glass case."

"And how much will it cost to make a muddle, Edmund Burton?"

"Fay says he thinks one *could* be made for ten dollars; but I suppose more money would build a better one."

"Your brother knows nothing about it, Edmund Burton. *He* would get up a miserable cheap muddle, and disgrace the family. Don't let him have anything to do with it. Jane!"—calling to





the servant—"bring me my pocket-book from the right-hand corner of my top bureau drawer."

Jane brought it.

"How much will it take for a good muddle, Edmund Burton?" said his Aunt Mercy, as she opened her pocket-book.

"I should think fifteen dollars ought to be a great plenty," said Ned, and she handed him a crisp new ten-dollar bill and a five.

"Thank you, Auntie."

"You're welcome, child. Always come to me when you want money to make a muddle. But mind what I tell you, Edmund Burton. Don't let that numskull brother of yours have anything to do with it, and be sure you get up a handsome muddle that will do credit to the family."

"Yes, Auntie. Good-night!"

"Good-night! But come and kiss me before you go, Edmund Burton."

"Don't you think," said Ned, as we were walking home, "before Fay goes any further with this invention, and spends money on it, he'd better talk with somebody who knows more about such things than we do."

I did n't quite know whether Ned said this because he was really anxious about the fate of the invention, or because he did not like to part with the money, now that he actually had it. Some people are always ready to say that they would lend money to a friend, if they had it; but, when they feel it in their hands, they are not in such a hurry to let it go out. However, I thought this was a good idea, whatever might be Ned's reason for suggesting it; so I said, "Certainly, he ought! Who do you think would be the best person for him to talk with?"

"I don't know anybody better than Jack-in-the-Box," said Ned. "Of course he knows all about railroads."

"Of course he does," said I, "and he'll be glad to help us. Jack-in-the-Box is the very one!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

THE box was a red box, about five feet square and eight feet high, with a pointed top. Jack was about five feet nine inches high, with a brown beard and mustache and dark hazel eyes, and might have been twenty-eight years old, perhaps older. When he was in the box, he wore a dark-blue blouse and dark trousers and a small cloth cap. The only time I ever saw him away from the box was on Sundays, when he always came to the Presbyterian Church, and sat in pew No. 79. One of the great

pillars that supported the gallery was planted in this pew, and spoiled nearly the whole of it; but there was a comfortable seat for one at the outer end, and Jack had that seat. The box had two small square windows on opposite sides. On another side was a door, with "248" over it. The fourth side was covered in summer with morning-glory vines, planted by Jack, and trained to run up on strings. A stove-pipe, about as large as your arm, stuck out at the top. When Jack looked through one of his windows, he looked up the railroad; when he looked through the other, he looked down the railroad; when he stepped out of his door, he stood beside the track, and on those occasions he generally had in his hand either a red flag or a red lantern.

Close beside the box rose a tall, heavy pole, with a cross-piece on the top, and short iron rods stuck through it at intervals all the way up. A rope passed over pulleys in the ends of the cross-piece, and Jack used to hoist sometimes three white balls, sometimes two red balls, at night tying on white or red lanterns below the balls.

To us boys, Jack was a delightful character, in an enviable situation, but to older people, he was a mystery. I remember, one day I was walking with father, when Mr. Briggs joined us, and as we came in sight of the box, Jack was rolling up his flag, a train having just gone by.

"What do you make of that young man?" said Mr. Briggs.

"I don't know what to make of him," said Father. "He is evidently not the sort of man they generally have in these positions. You can tell by his speech and manner, and his whole appearance, that he is an educated man and a gentleman."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Briggs. "If you peep in at the window, you will see a shelf full of books. He seems to have taken this way to make a hermit of himself—not a bad way, either, in these modern times, when there are no uninhabited wilds to retire to, and when a little money income is absolutely necessary to existence."

"I should like to know his history," said Father.

"Either he has committed some crime—forgery, perhaps—and escaped," said Mr. Briggs, "or he has quarreled with his family, or in some way been disappointed."

"I don't think it's for any crime," said Father; "his appearance forbids that."

"Still, you can't always tell," said Mr. Briggs. "I tried to make his acquaintance once, but did n't succeed. I am told he repels all advances. Even the Presbyterian minister, whose church he attends, can't get at him."

"I understand he likes the boys, and makes their acquaintance," said Father.

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We had now arrived at our gate, and Mr. Briggs said good-evening and passed on.

It was true that Jack-in-the-Box was partial to boys; in fact, nobody else could make his acquaintance. He liked to have us come and talk with him, but never wanted more than two or three to come at a time. Perhaps this was on account of the size of the box. We used to consult him on all sorts of occasions, and got a great many shrewd hints and useful bits of information from him.

The inside of the box was a romance to me. I never saw so many things in so small a space. In one corner was a stove about as large as a coffee-pot, and beside it a sheet-iron coal-box, not much larger. In another corner stood the red flag, when it was furled, and a hatchet. Behind the door, hung flat on the wall, was a large coil of rope. Overhead, on one side, was a shelf, nearly filled with tools and trinkets. On the opposite side—lower, but still over the window—was another shelf, filled with books. I took a special interest in this shelf, and studied the backs of the books so often, that I think I can give you the title of every one, in their order. They were, beginning at the left hand, a Bible, "Essays of Elia," "Henry Esmond," "Life of Columbus," "Twice-told Tales," "Anatomy of Melancholy," "Modern Painters," "The Shadows of the Clouds," "The Middle Ages," "Undine and Sintram," "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," "Sordello," "Divina Commedia," "Sophocles Tragedies," "Demosthenes Orations," "Platonis Dialogi," "Q. Horatii Flacci Opera," "Robinson Crusoe," "Byron's Poems," and "Shakspeare." I was so curious about them, that I copied off all the hard ones on a card, and, when I went home, tried to find out what they were.

Under the book-shelf, at one side of the window, fastened to the wall, was a little alarm-clock. Jack knew exactly what time every train would come along. As soon as one had passed, and he had rolled up his flag, he used to set the alarm so that it would go off two minutes before the next train was due. Then he could sit down with his book, and be sure of not forgetting his duty. On the other side of the window was a photograph of a very beautiful young lady.

Jack generally sat in a sort of easy-chair with one arm to it, on which a board was fastened in such a way as to make a little writing-desk. The space under the seat of the chair was boxed, with a little door at one side, and in there he kept his stationery.

Hardly a day passed that Jack did not have boy visitors. There were only two things about him that seemed singular to me. We could never find out his real name. He told us to call him simply Jack; whereupon Isaac Holman said the full name

must be Jack-in-the-Box, and after that we always called him by the full name. The other queer thing was, that he was never known to read a newspaper. The boys sometimes brought one to him, but he always said he did n't care about it, and would not open it. Father and Mr. Briggs appeared to think it very strange that he should live in that box and attend to the flag and signals. To me it seemed the most delightful life imaginable, and Jack-in-the-Box was one of my heroes. I often thought that, if I could choose my own station in life, my choice would be a flag-station on the railroad.

Phaeton adopted Ned's suggestion as to consulting Jack-in-the-Box about his invention, and we three went together to see him.

When we got there, the door of the box stood wide open; everything seemed to be in its place, but Jack had disappeared.

"Probably gone up the road, to flag an extra train," said Phaeton. "No, he has n't, for there 's his flag in its place in the corner."

"He can't have been murdered," said Ned, "or they would have robbed the box. Must be suicide. Perhaps we 'd better take charge of his things."

"I should n't be in a hurry about that," said Phaeton.

"Or he may have been run over by a train that he did n't see," said Ned, getting excited, and examining the rails in search of evidence. "If he were trying to remember all that funny-looking Greek stuff in some of those books, I should n't think he would notice a train, or anything else. And we 'll all have to sit on the coroner's jury. Poor Jack! I don't believe we can say the train was to blame, or make it pay damages. I think I should like to sit near the feet; for he had handsome feet, and only wore number six boots. He was a real good fellow, too. But that 'll take us out of school one day, anyway."

"So you think there is no great loss without some small gain," said Phaeton.

"I did n't say so!" said Ned, a little offended at this plain interpretation of his last sentence. "I feel as badly as anybody about Jack's death. But, at any rate, they 'll have to do something with his property. I suppose, if he had no relations,—and I never heard of any,—they 'll give it to his best friends. I think I should like the alarm-clock, and the chair, and perhaps a few of the tools. What will you take?" turning to me.

"I think I should like to take his place, if anything," said I.

Ned took a look at the box.

"I tell you what it is," said he, "the prettiest design for a monument over Jack's grave would be a box just like that,—all cut in marble, of course,—



with Jack's name and age on the door, and beside it a signal-pole struck by lightning and broken off in the middle, or something of that sort."

A slight noise, or else the allusion to the signal-pole, caused us to look up. There was Jack coming down, with an oil-can in his hand! He had been at the top oiling the pulleys, and probably had heard every word we had said, for there was a quiet smile all over his face.

"Good-morning, Jack!" said Phaeton, who seldom lost his presence of mind.

"Good-morning, boys! I'm glad to see you," said Jack.

As soon as Ned and I could recover from our abashment, we also said good-morning.

"Is there anything I can do for you, to-day?" said Jack, as he set away the oil-can, observing that Phaeton had the little frame and a small drawing in his hand.

"Yes, sir," said Phaeton. "I want to get your advice about a little invention that I've been making."

"It's a new kind of railroad," said Ned; "and we thought you'd be the one to know all about railroads. Beats these common railroads all to nothing. Why, three months after ours is introduced, and the public understand it, they'll have to take up this track and sell it for old iron."

Ned had thoroughly identified himself with the invention, and thought it was as much his as Phaeton's.

"But, then," he added, thoughtfully, "that would spoil your business, Jack. And we should be sorry to do that."

Jack smiled, and said it did n't matter; he would n't let his private interests obstruct the march of improvement.

Phaeton explained the invention to Jack, illustrating it with a rubber string stretched on the frame, just as he had explained it to us.

"I see," said Jack. "Quite a novel idea."

"We have n't yet made up our minds," said Ned, "what sort of depot we'll have. But it'll be either a big tank full of water, or an awful soft mattress."

"How is that?" said Jack.

"Why, you see," said Ned, "this railroad of ours is going to go like lightning. There's no trouble about its going."

"None whatever," said Jack.

"But it's going to stop rather sudden."

"How so?" said Jack.

"I mean the trains," said Ned. "That is, the cables. They're going to fetch up with a bang at the other end. At least, they would, if we had n't thought of a way to prevent it. Because it would n't do to break the heads of all the passengers every time."

"No," said Jack. "That would be too much."

"Too much," said Ned. "And so, you see, the depot must be some sort of contrivance to let 'em off easy."

"Of course," said Jack.

"And the first thing anybody thinks of is a bowling-alley, and the pins flying every which way."

"Quite naturally," said Jack.

"And that makes you think of a soft mattress to stop them. But Fay thinks it would be better, on some accounts, to drop them into a big tank of water."

"I suppose in winter you would have the water warmed?" said Jack.

"Of course we should; though we had n't thought of it before," said Ned.

"And that would give the passengers a ride and a bath, all for the price of one ticket," said Jack.

"Certainly; and you see that would be favorable to the poor," said Ned, willing to indulge in a joke.

"Exactly; a great boon to mankind," said Jack.

"And I think it would not only make them cleaner, but more religious."

"How so?" said Ned.

"Well, I think every passenger would feel like saying his prayers, as the train, or cable, drew near the getting-off station."

Phaeton and I burst out laughing.

"I'm afraid you're making fun of our invention," said Ned.

"Not I," said Jack. "I like to encourage the inventive faculty in boys."

"Well, then, tell us honestly," said Ned,—"where would you introduce it first? Would you go to New York, and build it under Broadway at once? Or would you go slow, and try it first in this town, on a rather small scale?"

"I think I'd go slow," said Jack.

"And where would be the best place to build it?"

"You'll have to survey the town," said Jack, "and find where there is the most travel."

"We thought we'd dig the tunnel ourselves," said Ned, in an off-hand way, "and then give a mortgage on the tunnel, and raise the money to buy the cable."

"I see you have the true business idea," said Jack. "In that case, I think you'd better dig it wherever you find the softest dirt."

"That's worth thinking about," said Ned. "And now, Jack, I'll tell you what it is. We don't want to throw you out of employment; and when our road's running, and this one stops, you shall have a good situation on ours. There won't be any signal stations, but you may be the train-dispatcher—the one that chops off the cable."



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"Thank you," said Jack. "I'll consider it."  
"It will probably be good pay," said Ned, "and it's certain to be lots of fun."

"Oh, there can be no doubt about that," said Jack, dryly.

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!"

"Jack-in-the-Box takes a deep interest in our invention," said Ned, in a low, confidential tone, as we walked away. "I can see that he thinks it's going to be a great success."

Phaeton burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing about?" said Ned.

"I am laughing to think how Jack-in-the-Box fooled you to the top of your bent."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the thing won't do at all; and he saw it would n't, as soon as he looked at it; but he thought he would n't say so. He just liked to hear you talk."

"Do you know so?" said Ned to me.

"I'm afraid it's true," said I.

"Well," said Ned, growing a little red in the face, "I don't care. It's no invention of mine, any way. It was all your idea, Fay."

"Oh, was it?" said Phaeton. "When I heard you talk to Jack-in-the-Box about it, I began to think it was all yours."

"If I was going to make an invention," said Ned, "I'd make one that would work—something practical."

"All right," said Phaeton; "you're at liberty to do so if you wish. I should be glad if you would."

"Well, I will," said Ned. "I'll make one to beat yours all hollow."

Three or four days afterward, Ned came to me with a look on his face that showed he had something important in his mind.

"Can you go?" said he, almost in a whisper.

"That depends on where you're going," said I.

"To see Jack-in-the-Box," said he.

"Yes, I always like to go to the Box," said I.

"But I've got to split these kindlings first."

"Oh, never mind your kindlings! You can split those any time. I've got a sure thing now; and if Jack says it's all right, I'll let you go partnership."

Of course, this was more important than any paltry consideration of lighting the fires next morning; so I threw down the hatchet, and we started.

"I think we'd better go by the postern," said I.

Postern was a word we had found frequently used in "The Haunted Castle; or, The Spook and the Spider," and we had looked out its meaning in the dictionary. Whenever we thought it desirable to get away from the house without being seen,—as,

for instance, when we were leaving kindlings unsplit,—we climbed over the back fence, and called it "going by the postern."

"All right," said Ned, for in these things he was a wise boy, and a word to him was sufficient.

"What is it?" said I, as soon as we were fairly out of sight of the house. "Tell me all about it."

"Wait till we get to Jack's," said he.

"Has your Aunt Mercy given you money to make a muddle of it?" said I.

"That troubles me a little—that fifteen dollars," said Ned. "You see, we got it honestly; we thought Fay's invention was going to be a great thing, and we must have money to start. But now, if Aunt Mercy knew it was a failure, it would look to her as if we had swindled her."

"Not if you gave her back the money," said I.

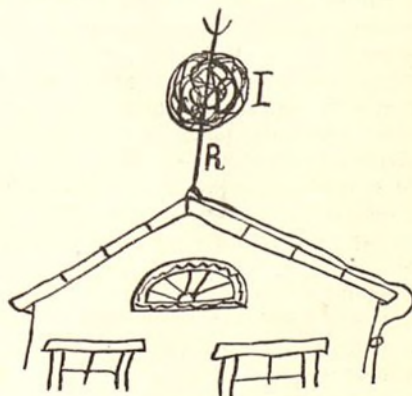
"But I don't exactly like to do that," said Ned.

"It's always a good thing to have a little money. And, besides, she'd lose faith in me, and think I could n't invent anything. And next time, when we had really made a good thing, she'd think it was only another failure, and would n't furnish the money. That's one reason why I made this invention that I have in my pocket now. We can use the money on this, and tell Aunt Mercy we changed off from the Underground Railroad to a better thing."

"How do you do to-day, Jack?"

"Pretty well, thank you! How are you. Come in, boys; I'm glad to see you."

"Would you look at another invention for us?"



NED'S INVENTION.

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure."

"I hope it will turn out to be better than the other—that is, more practical," said Ned. "But you see, Jack, that was our first invention, and I suppose we can only improve by practice."

"That is about the only way," said Jack.

"What is your second invention?"

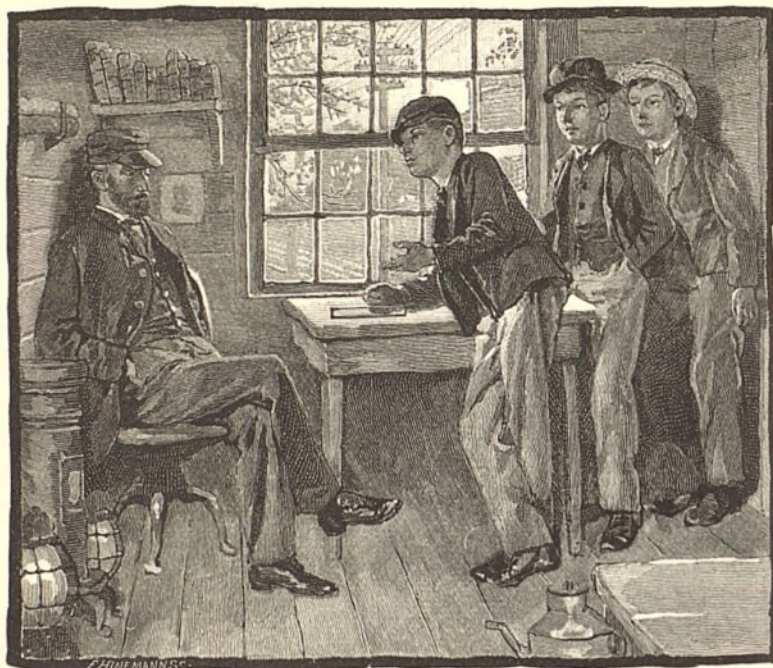


Ned drew a bit of paper from his pocket.

"The other day," said he, "I heard Father reading a piece in the newspaper about a church that was struck by lightning, although it had a lightning-rod. The reason was that the rod was broken apart at one place, and nobody had noticed it, or if

"Exactly so," said Ned. "And there you have it—action and re-action. That's the principle."

I don't think Ned borrowed his style of explanation so much from the school-master as from a young man who appeared in the streets one day, selling a sort of stuff to clean the teeth, calling a crowd



THE BOYS CONSULT JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

they had, they did n't take the trouble to fix it. People are awful careless about those things. And so they lost their church. Father says there are a good many things that spoil lightning-rods. He says, if there's rust in the joints they won't work."

"That's true," said Jack.

"Well, then, all this set me to thinking whether I could n't invent a lightning-rod that would be a sure thing. And here you have it," said Ned, as he unfolded his paper, with a confident air.

Jack looked at it. "I don't understand it," said he; "you'll have to explain."

"Of course you don't," said Ned. "I shall explain."

Jack said he was all attention.

"What does fire do to ice?" said Ned, taking on the tone of a school-master.

"Melts it," said Jack.

"Right," said Ned. "And when ice is melted, it becomes what?"

"Water," said Jack.

"Right again!" said Ned. "And water does what to fire?"

"Puts it out," said Jack.

around him, and trying it on the teeth of one or two boys.

"That's all true," said Jack; "but how do you apply it to lightning-rods?"

"Here is a picture," said Ned, "of a house with a rod on it. The family think it's all right, and don't feel afraid when it thunders. But that rod may be broken somewhere, or may be rusted in the joints, and they not know it. What then? We simply fasten a large ball of ice—marked I in the illustration—to the rod at R—freeze it on tight. You see it is n't likely there will be any break, or any rusty joint, between the point of the rod and the ball."

"Not likely," said Jack.

"But there may be one lower down."

"There may be," said Jack; "though there could n't be one higher down."

Ned was too intent on his invention to notice this criticism on his expression.

"We'll say a thunder-storm comes up," said he. "The lightning strikes this rod. What then? In an instant, in the flash of an eye, the lightning melts that ball of ice—it becomes water—in another



instant that water puts out the lightning—and the family are safe!"

"It would be if there were enough ice," said Jack.

"Oh, well," said Ned, "if there should happen to be a little lightning left over that was n't put out, why, you see, as lightning-rods are *generally* in good order, it would probably be carried off in the usual manner, without doing any harm."

Jack sat with the paper in his hand, and looked at it in silence, as if he were spell-bound.

"What do you think of it?" said Ned.

"I think it's a work of genius," said Jack.

"I'm glad you think so," said Ned.

"And yet," said Jack, "some things that exhibit great genius don't work well in practice."

"Certainly!" said Ned. "That was the way with Fay's Underground Railroad."

Jack smiled, and nodded.

"And now," continued Ned, "how would you go to work to introduce it? You would n't like to take it and introduce it to the public yourself, would you?—on shares, you know,—you take half of the profits, and we half."

Jack said his business engagements would n't permit him to go into it at present.

"Then we must manage it ourselves. Where would you advise us to put it first?"

"On a tall hickory-tree in Burke's woods," said Jack.

"Why so?" said Ned.

"Because the great trouble's going to be with the lightning that's left over. You don't know what that may do."

"I'm afraid the invention does n't look practical to you," said Ned, after a slight pause.

(To be continued.)

## NEDAWI.

(An Indian Story from Real Life.)

BY "BRIGHT EYES."

"NEDAWI!" called her mother, "take your little brother while I go with your sister for some wood." Nedawi ran into the tent, bringing back her little red blanket, but the brown-faced, roly-poly baby, who had been having a comfortable nap in spite of being all the while tied straight to his board, woke with a merry crow just as the mother was about to attach him, board and all, to Nedawi's neck. So he was taken from the board instead, and, after he had kicked in happy freedom for a moment, Nedawi stood in front of her mother, who placed

Before Jack could answer, Isaac Holman appeared at the door of the Box, with a Latin grammar under his arm. At that time of day, there was an interval of an hour and a half when no train passed, and Isaac had arranged to come and take of Jack a daily lesson in Latin.

"I see it's time for your school to begin; we'll finish talking about this some other day," said Ned, as he hastily thrust the paper into his pocket. For he did n't want Isaac (nor anybody else, I guess) to know about it.

"Don't hurry yourself; I can wait a while," said Isaac.

"To-morrow will do as well for us," said Ned.

"*Totus dexter!*—all right!" said Isaac, as we left the box, and made room for him to enter.

Isaac had been studying the language only a fortnight, but was fond of using Latin expressions in talking to the boys. Yet he was very considerate about it, and always gave an immediate translation, as in the remarkable instance just quoted.

As Ned and I walked away, I was the first to speak. "Ned, I have an idea! That ball of ice would only stay on in winter."

"I suppose so," said Ned, a little gloomily.

"And nearly all the thunder-storms are in summer," said I.

"I'm afraid they are," said Ned. "And this invention is n't worth a cent. It's not any better than Fay's." And he tore up the paper, and threw the pieces into the gutter.

"Then what will you do with the fifteen dollars?" said I, after another pause.

"I'll have to see Aunt Mercy about it," said he. "But here comes Jimmy the Rhymer. I wonder if he has anything new to-day."

Habazhu on the little girl's back, and drew the blanket over him, leaving his arms free. She next put into his hand a little hollow gourd, filled with seeds, which served as a rattle; Nedawi held both ends of the blanket tightly in front of her, and was then ready to walk around with the little man.

Where should she go? Yonder was a group of young girls playing a game of *konci*, or dice. The dice were five plum-seeds, scorched black, and had little stars and quarter-moons instead of numbers. She went over and stood by the group, gently rock-



ing herself from side to side, pretty much as white children do when reciting the multiplication table. The girls would toss up the wooden bowl, letting it drop with a gentle thud on the pillow beneath, the falling dice making a pleasant clatter which the baby liked to hear. The stakes were a little heap of beads, rings, and bracelets. The laughter and exclamations of the girls, as some successful toss brought down the dice three stars and two quarter-

wanted to stay and see who would win. She went to her mother's tent, but found it deserted. Her father and brothers had gone to the chase. A herd of buffalo had been seen that morning, and all the men in the tribe had gone, and would not be back till night. Her mother, her sister, and the women of the household had gone to the river for wood and water. The tent looked enticingly cool, with the sides turned up to let the breeze sweep



THE BABY WAKES UP.

moons (the highest throw), made Nedawi wish that she, too, were a young girl, and could win and wear all those pretty things. How gay she would look! Just then, the little glittering heap caught baby's eye. He tried to wriggle out of the blanket to get to it, but Nedawi held tight. Then he set up a yell. Nedawi walked away very reluctantly, because she

through, and the straw mats and soft robes seemed to invite her to lie down on them and dream the afternoon away, as she was too apt to do. She did not yield to the temptation, however, for she knew Mother would not like it, but walked over to her cousin Metai's tent. She found her cousin "keeping house" with a number of little girls, and stood

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to watch them while they put up little tents, just large enough to hold one or two girls.

"Nedawi, come and play," said Metai. "You can make the fire and cook. I'll ask Mother for something to cook."

"But what shall I do with Habazhu?" said Nedawi.

"I'll tell you. Put him in my tent, and make believe he's our little old grandfather."

Forthwith he was transferred from Nedawi's back to the little tent. But Habazhu had a decided objection to staying in the dark little place, where he could not see anything, and crept out of the door on his hands and knees. Nedawi collected a little heap of sticks, all ready for the fire, and went off to get a fire-brand to light it with. While she was gone, Habazhu crawled up to a bowl of water which stood by the intended fire-place, and began dabbling in it with his chubby little hands, splashing the water all over the sticks prepared for the fire. Then he thought he would like a drink. He tried to lift the bowl in both hands, but only succeeded in spilling the water over himself and the fire-place.

When Nedawi returned, she stood aghast; then, throwing down the brand, she took her little brother by the shoulders and, I am sorry to say, shook him violently, jerked him up, and dumped him down by the door of the little tent from which he had crawled. "You bad little boy!" she said. "It's too bad that I have to take care of you when I want to play."

You see, she was no more perfect than any little white girl who gets into a temper now and then. The baby's lip quivered, and he began to cry. Metai said to Nedawi: "I think it's real mean for you to shake him, when he does n't know any better."

Metai picked up Baby and tried to comfort him. She kissed him over and over, and talked to him in baby language. Nedawi's conscience, if the little savage could be said to have any, was troubling her. She loved her baby brother dearly, even though she did get out of patience with him now and then.

"I'll put a clean little shirt on him and pack him again," said she, suddenly. Then she took off his little wet shirt, wrung it out, and spread it on the tall grass to dry in the sun. Then she went home, and, going to a pretty painted skin in which her mother kept his clothes, she selected the red shirt, which she thought was the prettiest. She was in such a hurry, however, that she forgot to close and tie up the skin again, and she carelessly left his clean shirts lying around as she had laid them out. When Baby was on her back again, she walked around with him, giving directions and overseeing

the other girls at their play, determined to do that rather than nothing.

The other children were good-natured, and took her ordering as gracefully as they could. Metai made the fire in a new place, and then went to ask her mother to give her something to cook. Her mother gave her a piece of dried buffalo meat, as hard as a chip and as brittle as glass. Metai broke it up into small pieces, and put the pieces into a little tin pail of water, which she hung over the fire. "Now," she said, "when the meat is cooked and the soup is made, I will call you all to a feast, and Habazhu shall be the chief."

They all laughed. But alas for human calculations! During the last few minutes, a shy little girl, with soft, wistful black eyes, had been watching them from a little distance. She had on a faded, shabby blanket and a ragged dress.

"Metai," said Nedawi, "let's ask that girl to play with us; she looks so lonesome."

"Well," said Metai, doubtfully, "I don't care; but my mother said she did n't want me to play with ragged little girls."

"My father says we must be kind to poor little girls, and help them all we can; so I'm going to play with her if *you* don't," said Nedawi, loftily.

Although Metai was the hostess, Nedawi was the leading spirit, and had her own way, as usual. She walked up to the little creature and said, "Come and play with us, if you want to." The little girl's eyes brightened, and she laughed. Then she suddenly drew from under her blanket a pretty bark basket, filled with the most delicious red and yellow plums. "My brother picked them in the woods, and I give them to you," was all she said. Nedawi managed to free one hand, and took the offering with an exclamation of delight, which drew the other girls quickly around. Instead of saying "Oh! Oh!" as you would have said, they cried "Hin! Hin!" which expressed their feeling quite as well, perhaps.

"Let us have them for our feast," said Metai, taking them.

Little Indian children are taught to share everything with one another, so it did not seem strange to Nedawi to have her gift looked on as common property. But, while the attention of the little group had been concentrated on the matter in hand, a party of mischievous boys, passing by, caught sight of the little tents and the tin pail hanging over the fire. Simultaneously, they set up a war-whoop and, dashing into the deserted camp, they sent the tent-poles scattering right and left, and snatching up whatever they could lay hands on, including the tin pail and its contents, they retreated. The little girls, startled by the sudden raid on their property, looked up. Rage possessed their little



souls. Giving shrieks of anger, they started in pursuit. What did Nedawi do? She forgot plums, baby, and everything. The ends of the blanket slipped from her grasp, and she darted forward like an arrow after her companions.

Finding the chase hopeless, the little girls came to a stand-still, and some of them began to cry. The boys had stopped, too; and seeing the tears flow, being good-hearted boys in spite of their mischief, they surrendered at discretion. They threw back the articles they had taken, not daring to come near. They did not consider it manly for big boys like themselves to strike or hurt little girls, even though they delighted in teasing them, and they knew from experience that they would be at the mercy of the offended party if they went near enough to be touched. The boy who had the dinner brought the little pail which had contained it as near as he dared, and setting it down ran away.

"You have spilt all our soup. There's hardly any of it left. You bad boys!" said one of the girls.

They crowded around with lamentations over their lost dinner. The boys began to feel remorseful.

"Let's go into the woods and get them some plums to make up for it."

"Say, girls, hand us your pail, and we'll fill it up with plums for you."

So the affair was settled.

But, meanwhile, what became of the baby left so unceremoniously in the tall grass? First he opened his black eyes wide at this style of treatment. He was not used to it. Before he had time, however, to make up his mind whether to laugh or cry, his mother came to the rescue. She had just come home and thrown the wood off her back, when she caught sight of Nedawi dropping him. She ran to pick him up, and finding him unhurt, kissed him over and over. Some of the neighbors had run up to see what was the matter. She said to them:

"I never did see such a thoughtless, heedless child as my Nedawi. She really has 'no ears.' I don't know what in the world will ever become of her. When something new interests her, she forgets everything else. It was just like her to act in this way."

Then they all laughed, and one of them said:

"Never mind—she will grow wiser as she grows older," after which consoling remark they went away to their own tents.

It was of no use to call Nedawi back. She was too far off.

Habazhu was given over to the care of the nurse, who had just returned from her visit. An hour or two after, Nedawi came home.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she saw her

mother frying bread for supper, "I am so hungry. Can I have some of that bread?"

"Where is your little brother?" was the unexpected reply.

Nedawi started. Where *had* she left him? She tried to think.

"Why, Mother, the last I remember I was packing him, and—and oh, Mother! you *know* where he is. Please tell me."

"When you find him and bring him back to me, perhaps I shall forgive you," was the cold reply.

This was dreadful. Her mother had never treated her in that way before. She burst into tears, and started out to find Habazhu, crying all the way. She knew that her mother knew where baby was, or she would not have taken it so coolly; and she knew also that her mother expected her to bring him home. As she went stumbling along through the grass, she felt herself seized and held in somebody's strong arms, and a great, round, hearty voice said:

"What's the matter with my little niece? Have all her friends deserted her that she is wailing like this? Or has her little dog died? I thought Nedawi was a brave little woman."

It was her uncle Two Crows. She managed to tell him, through her sobs, the whole story. She knew, if she told him herself, he would not laugh at her about it, for he would sympathize in her troubles, though he was a great tease. When she ceased, he said to her: "Well, your mother wants you to be more careful next time, I suppose; and, by the way, I think I saw a little boy who looked very much like Habazhu, in my tent."

Sure enough, she found him there with his nurse. When she got home with them, she found her mother,—her own dear self,—and, after giving her a big hug, she sat quietly down by the fire, resolved to be very good in the future. She did not sit long, however, for soon a neighing of horses, and the running of girls and children through the camp to meet the hunters, proclaimed their return. All was bustle and gladness throughout the camp. There had been a successful chase, and the led horses were laden with buffalo meat. These horses were led by the young girls to the tents to be unpacked, while the boys took the hunting-horses to water and tether in the grass. Fathers, as they dismounted, took their little children in their arms, tired as they were. Nedawi was as happy as any in the camp, for her seventeen-year-old brother, White Hawk, had killed his first buffalo, and had declared that the skin should become Nedawi's robe, as soon as it was tanned and painted.

What a pleasant evening that was to Nedawi, when the whole family sat around a great fire, roasting the huge buffalo ribs, and she played with



her little brother Habazhu, stopping now and then to listen to the adventures of the day, which her father and brothers were relating! The scene was truly a delightful one, the camp-fires lighting up the pleasant family groups here and there, as the flames rose and fell. The bit of prairie where the tribe had camped had a clear little stream running through it, with shadowy hills around, while over all hung the clear, star-lit sky. It seemed as if nature were trying to protect the poor waifs of humanity clustered in that spot. Nedawi felt the beauty of the scene, and was just thinking of nestling down by her father to enjoy it dreamily, when her brothers called for a dance. The little drum was brought forth, and Nedawi danced to its accompaniment and her brothers' singing. She danced gravely, as became a little maiden whose duty it was to entertain the family circle. While she was dancing, a little boy, about her own age, was seen hovering near. He would appear, and, when spoken to, would disappear in the tall, thick grass.

It was Mischief, a playmate of Nedawi's. Everybody called him "Mischief," because mischief appeared in every action of his. It shone from his eyes and played all over his face.

"You little plague," said White Hawk; "what do you want?"

For answer, the "little plague" turned a somersault just out of White Hawk's reach. When the singing was resumed, Mischief crept quietly up behind White Hawk, and, keeping just within the shadow, mimicked Nedawi's grave dancing, and he looked so funny that Nedawi suddenly laughed, which was precisely Mischief's object. But before he could get out of reach, as he intended, Thunder, Nedawi's other brother, who had been having an eye on him, clutched tight hold of him, and Mischief was landed in front of the fire-place, in full view of the whole family. "Now," said Thunder, "you are my prisoner. You stay there and dance with Nedawi." Mischief knew there was no escape, so he submitted with a good grace. He went through all sorts of antics, shaking his fists in the air, twirling suddenly around and putting his head close to the ground, keeping time with the accompaniment through it all.

Nedawi danced staidly on, now and then frowning at him; but she knew of old that he was irrepressible. When Nedawi sat down, he threw into her lap a little dark something and was off like a shot, yelling at the top of his voice, either in triumph at his recent achievements or as a practice for future war-whoops.

"Nedawi, what is it?" said her mother.

Nedawi took it to the fire, when the something proved to be a poor little bird.

"I thought he had something in his hand when he was shaking his fist in the air," said Nedawi's sister, Nazainza, laughing.

"Poor little thing!" said Nedawi; "it is almost dead."

She put its bill into the water, and tenderly tried to make it drink. The water seemed to revive it somewhat.

"I'll wrap it up in something warm," said Nedawi, "and may be it will sing in the morning."

"Let me see it," said Nedawi's father.

Nedawi carried it to him.

"Don't you feel sorry for it, daughter?"

"Yes, Father," she answered.

"Then take it to the tall grass, yonder, and put it down where no one will step on it, and, as you put it down, say: 'God, I give you back your little bird. As I pity it, pity me.'"

"And will God take care of it?" said Nedawi, reverently, and opening her black eyes wide at the thought.

"Yes," said her father.

"Well, I will do as you say," said Nedawi, and she walked slowly out of the tent.

Then she took it over to the tall, thick grass, and making a nice, cozy little nest for it, left it there, saying just what her father had told her to say. When she came back, she said:

"Father, I said it."

"That was right, little daughter," and Nedawi was happy at her father's commendation.

Nedawi always slept with her grandmother and sister, exactly in the middle of the circle formed by the wigwam, with her feet to the fire-place. That place in the tent was always her grandmother's place, just as the right-hand side of the tent was her father's and mother's, and the left-hand her brothers'. There never was any confusion. The tribe was divided into bands, and every band was composed of several families. Each band had its chief, and the whole tribe was ruled by the head-chief, who was Nedawi's father. He had his own particular band besides. Every tent had its own place in the band, and every band had its own particular place in the great circle forming the camp. Each chief was a representative, in council, of the men composing his band, while over all was the head-chief. The executive power was vested in the "soldiers' lodge," and when decisions were arrived at in council, it was the duty of its soldiers to execute all its orders, and punish all violations of the tribal laws. The office of "town-crier" was held by several old men, whose duty it was "to cry out" through the camp the announcements of councils, invitations to feasts, and to give notice of anything in which the whole tribe were called on to take part.



Well, before Nedawi went to sleep this evening, she hugged her grandmother, and said to her:

"Please tell me a story."

Her grandmother said:

"I cannot, because it is summer. In the winter I will tell you stories."

"Why not in summer?" said Nedawi.

"Because, when people tell stories and legends in summer, the snakes come around to listen. You don't want any snakes to come near us to-night, do you?"

"But," said Nedawi, "I have not seen any snakes for the longest times, and if you tell it right softly they won't hear you."

"Nedawi," said her mother, "don't bother your grandmother. She is tired and wants to sleep."

Thereupon Grandmother's heart felt sorry for her pet, and she said to Nedawi:

"Well, if you will keep still and go right to sleep when I am through, I will tell you how the turkeys came to have red eyelids."

"Once upon a time, there was an old woman living all alone with her grandson, Rabbit. He was noted for his cunning and for his tricks, which he played on every one. One day, the old woman said to him, 'Grandson, I am hungry for some meat.' Then the boy took his bow and arrows, and in the evening he came home with a deer on his shoulders, which he threw at her feet, and said, 'Will that satisfy you?' She said, 'Yes, grandson.' They lived on that meat several days, and, when it was gone, she said to him again, 'Grandson, I am hungry for some meat.' This time he went without his bow and arrows, but he took a bag with him. When he got into the woods, he called all the turkeys together. They gathered around him, and he said to them: 'I am going to sing to you, while you shut your eyes and dance. If one of you opens his eyes while I am singing, his eyelids shall turn red.' Then they all stood in a row, shut their eyes, as he had told them, and

began to dance, and this is the song he sang to them while they danced:

"'Ha! wadamba thike  
Inshita zhida, inshita zhida,  
Imba theonda,  
Imba theonda.'

[The literal translation is:

"Ho! he who peeps  
Red eyes, red eyes,  
Flap your wings,  
Flap your wings."]

"Now, while they were dancing away, with their eyes shut, the boy took them, one by one, and put them into his bag. But the last one in the row began to think it very strange that his companions made no noise, so he gave one peep, screamed in his fright, 'They are making 'way with us!' and flew away. The boy took his bag of turkeys home to his grandmother, but ever after that the turkeys had red eyelids."

Nedawi gave a sigh of satisfaction when the story was finished, and would have asked for more, but just then her brothers came in from a dance which they had been attending in some neighbor's tent. She knew her lullaby time had come. Her brothers always sang before they slept either love or dancing songs, beating time on their breasts, the regular beats making a sort of accompaniment for the singing. Nedawi loved best of all to hear her father's war-songs, for he had a musical voice, and few were the evenings when she had gone to sleep without hearing a lullaby from her father or brothers. Among the Indians, it is the fathers who sing, instead of the mothers. Women sing only on state occasions, when the tribe have a great dance, or at something of the sort. Mothers "croon" their babies to sleep, instead of singing.

Gradually the singing ceased, and the brothers slept as well as Nedawi, and quiet reigned over the whole camp.





## BRIER-ROSE.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

## I.



SAID Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:

"What *will* become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.  
You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;  
You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,  
The good-wife as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve;  
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:  
"Why, I shall marry, Mother dear," full merrily she said.

"*You* marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found  
To marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."  
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she trilled a merry lay:  
"Perhaps he 'll come, my Mother dear, from eight leagues away."

The good-wife with a "humph" and a sigh forsook the battle,  
And flung her pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle:



"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful days, and wild,  
That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,  
And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.  
And she, as e'er relenting, sighed: "Oh, Heaven only knows  
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!"

The sun was high and summer sounds were teeming in the air;  
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and swelling wood-notes rare,  
From field and copse and meadow; and through the open door  
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien,  
Whose little life has problems among the branches green.  
She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,  
She heard the summer singing its strange, alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;  
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,  
And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh, Heaven only knows  
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,  
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide;  
For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,  
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by,  
"You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie."  
But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head:  
"But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:  
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?"  
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the color flew:  
"However much you coax me, I'll *never* dance with you."

## II.

THUS flew the years light-winged over Brier-Rose's head,  
Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed.  
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord Almighty knows  
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!"

And while they wondered came the Spring a-dancing o'er the hills;  
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,  
With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,  
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,  
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its mane of spray;  
Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,  
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled  
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,



Now shooting through the rapids and, with a reeling swing,  
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline  
The waters plunged, and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine,  
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam  
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

### III.

AND yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in the night,  
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light,  
And wandering gusts of dampness, and 'round us far and nigh,  
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in the sky.



The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold and red,  
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the narrows sped.  
And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty tree-tops sway,  
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of spray.

"Now, lads," the sheriff shouted, "you are strong, like Norway's rock:  
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber-lock!  
For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil  
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of toil."

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbor would  
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen should.  
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,  
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm rock quake.



"Two hundred crowns!" the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.  
"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!" in anxious tones and loud.  
But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,  
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood,  
We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.  
We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,  
And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people 'round about.  
"Fling her into the river!" we heard the matrons shout;  
"Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself scarce knows  
Why ever he created that worthless Brier-Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little pensive smile  
Across her fair face flitted that might a stone beguile;  
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:  
"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said; "I think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:  
"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold."  
And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung,  
When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding spray;  
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play.  
And now and then faint gleams we caught of color through the mist:  
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,  
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still.  
For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking sound,  
And then a crash of thunder which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky steep.  
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;  
We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly bore  
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst nor weave nor spin;  
Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin;  
For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save  
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the valley of thy birth,  
When wayward children spend their days in heedless play and mirth,  
Oft mothers say, half smiling, half sighing, "Heaven knows  
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"



## A SNOW BATTLE.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS last winter, I told you how to build snow-forts, and how to make shields and ammunition-sleds. I also suggested rules to govern snow-ball warfare. To give some faint idea of the excitement and interest of the sport, I will attempt to describe from memory a snow-battle in which I took part when a boy.

It was a year when the Indian-summer had been prolonged into the winter. Christmas had come

when the bell tapped for recess, the first boy out gave a shout which passed from mouth to mouth, until it became a universal cheer as we reached the play-ground, for, floating airily down from a dull, gray sky came myriads of white snow-flakes!

Winter had come! Jack Frost was no longer a humbug! Before the bell again recalled us to our study, the ground was whitened with snow, and the school divided into two opposing armies. That night was a busy one. All hands set to work manufacturing ammunition-sleds and shields for the coming battle. It was my fortune to be chosen as one of the garrison of the fort. There was not a boy late next morning,—in fact, when the teachers arrived to open the school, they found all the scholars upon the play-grounds, rolling huge snow-balls. All night the snow had continued to fall, and it was now quite deep. When we went out at noon, a beautifully modeled fort of snowy whiteness stood ready for us, and from a mound in the center floated the battle-flag.

Our company took their places inside the fortifications. We could see the enemy gathered around their captain at their camp, some two hundred yards distant, their ammunition-sleds loaded with snow-balls. The lieutenant bore their battle-flag.

Our teachers showed their interest by standing shivering with wet feet in the deep snow to watch the battle. At a blast from a tin horn, on rushed the foe! They separated, and came in two divisions, approaching us from the left and right.

"Now, boys!" cried our captain. "Don't throw a ball until they are within range."

Then, calling the pluckiest amongst us, a flaxen-haired country-boy, to his side, he whispered a word or two and pointed to the flag in the enemy's camp. The boy, who had been nicknamed "Daddy," on account of his old-looking face, slipped quietly over the rear wall of the fort, dodged behind a snow-drift, and then behind a fence, and was lost to sight. Forward marched the enemy, their battle-flag borne in advance of the party to the right. Their captain was at the head of the division to the left.

Having engaged our attention on the two flanks, where we stood ready to receive them, as they neared us, by a quick and well executed maneuver, rushing obliquely toward each other, the two divisions unexpectedly joined, and advanced, shield to shield, with the ammunition-sleds in the rear. It was in vain we pelted them with snow-balls;



"DADDY" HAS THE FLAG!

and gone and a new year begun, but no snow had fallen on the river bank or neighboring hills.

Such was the condition of things one January morning, in a Kentucky town, upon the banks of the Ohio River, where I and some sixty other boys were gathered in a little, frame school-house.

We had about made up our minds that old Jack Frost was a humbug, and winter a myth; but

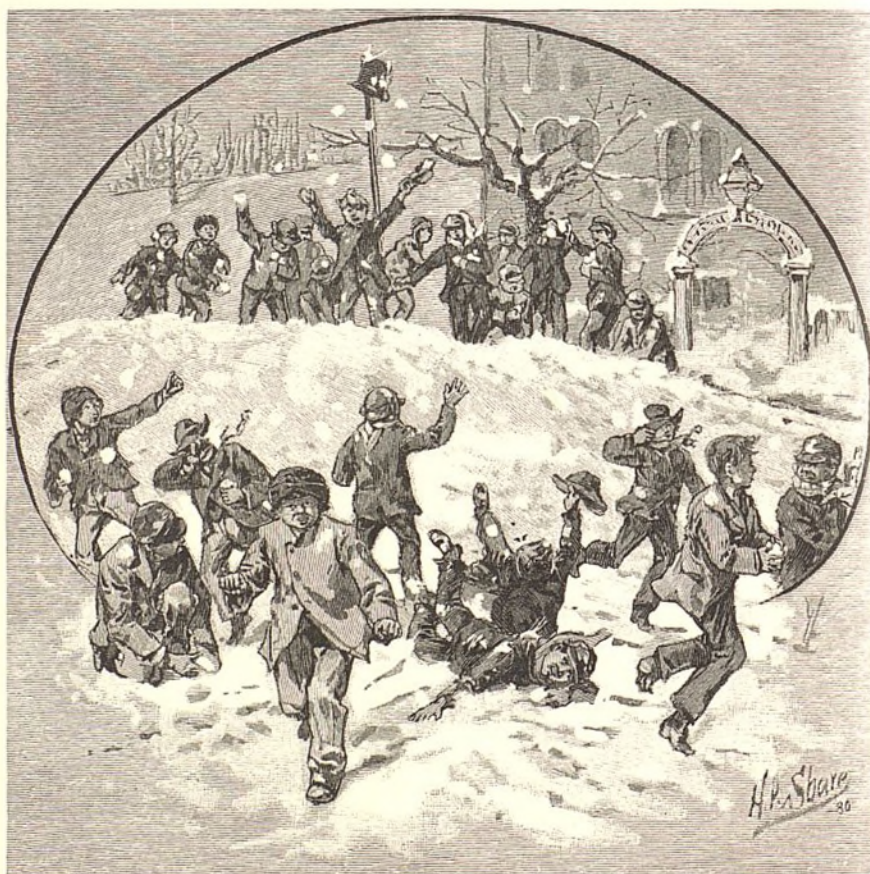


on they came, encouraged by a cheer from the teachers and some spectators who by this time had gathered near the school-house.

Three times had our noble captain been tumbled from his perch upon the mound in the center of the fort, when another burst of applause from the spectators announced some new development, and, as we looked, we could see "Daddy" with the colors of the enemy's camp in his arms, his tow hair flying in the wind, as he ran for dear life.

In an instant, the line of the enemy was all in confusion; some ran to head off "Daddy," while others in their excitement stood and shouted. It was our turn now, and we pelted their broken ranks with snow until they looked like animated snowmen. Another shout, and we looked around to find our captain down and the hands of one of the besieging party almost upon our flag. It was the work of a second to pitch the intruder upon his back outside the fort. Then came the tug of war. A rush was made to capture our standard, several of our boys were pulled out of the fort and taken

prisoners, and the capture of the fort seemed inevitable. Again and again a number of the enemy, among whom was their color-bearer, gained the top of our breastworks, and again and again were they tumbled off, amid a shower of snow-balls that forced them to retire to gain breath and clear their eyes from the snow. Once, their lieutenant, with the red-bordered battle-flag, had actually succeeded in reaching the mound upon which stood our colors, when a combined attack that nearly resulted in his being made prisoner, drove him from the fort to gather strength for another rush. "Daddy" was now a prisoner, and the recaptured flag again floated over the enemy's camp, when the school-bell called us, fresh and glowing with exercise and healthful excitement, to our lessons. The battle was left undecided, and our fort was soon captured by a force stronger than any our companions were able to bring against it, for a warm south wind sprang up from the lowlands down the river, our fortification quickly yielded to its insidious attack, and the snow-campaign was over.



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## A DEAR LITTLE GIRL OF NANTUCKET.



A DEAR little girl of Nantucket,  
Was sure she could sail in a bucket;  
The wind was quite strong,  
And she sailed right along,  
Did this dear little girl of Nantucket.



## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Wish you a happy New Year, boys!"

"Happy New Year!" responded three clear trebles, and the loudest of them added:

"Going to make calls to-day, Uncle Fred?"

"Of course I am, Johnny," responded the rosy, frosty-whiskered, middle-aged gentleman they were talking to, as he opened the door of his carriage. "What are you and your friends going to do?"

"We're going to make calls, too," sang out one of Johnny's comrades,—"he and I and Tracy Plumb."

"What, is Tom Fitch going with you? Where are you going to call?"

"Everywhere," sturdily replied Tom Fitch, with a hitch at his neck-tie. "All around the block."

"You are, are you! Have you any cards, for places where they're not at home?"

"Yes, sir, we've cards for everybody."

"Indeed! Let me see them."

Uncle Fred's good-humored face was all a broad grin as he held out his hand, for the two smaller boys could not have been much more than eight years old, and Johnny Cook himself, their head man, was barely ten.

"I wrote my own cards," said Johnny, with proud self-satisfaction, as he dragged a handful of bits of white pasteboard from his coat-pocket.

"Tip-top!" exclaimed Uncle Fred; "only you should always spell your name in one way. J-o-n-n-i is n't nearly as good as J-h-o-n-y, and that one's J-o-n-e. But they'll all do."

"Mine are better than his," said Tom. "Mother gave me some of her old ones; and so did sister Belle; and Tracy Plumb has some of his own father's. Show 'em to him, Tracy."

"That is grand!" said Uncle Fred. "Now you must always send your cards in ahead of you, so they'll know who's coming."

He was getting very red in the face just then, and the boys did not hear him mutter, as he hurriedly stepped into his carriage and drove off:

"Must n't let them see me laugh. Might scare 'em out of it and spoil the fun. But should n't I like to be somewhere when those three come in?"

There were no signs of laughter on the faces of Johnny Cook, Tracy Plumb, and Tom Fitch. It was decidedly a serious business for them, and they marched steadily away up the street.



"Where 'll we call first?" said Tom.

"Let Johnny tell. He knows," said Tracy.

"There's a basket on Mr. Jones's door-bell, boys. We 'll go there first. That 's to put our cards in."

Up the steps they went, and the bell was duly rung, but it had to be pulled again before any one came to the door.

"Well, thin, what is it? What do yiz want?"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Tom, "we 're calling! Did n't you know it was New Year's day?"

"It 's callin' ye are? An' did n't ye see the basket? Mrs. Jones is n't at home the day."

"Oh!" said Johnny; "she 's out making her own calls. Give Biddy your cards, boys."

"Howld on, thin, ivery wan of yiz, till I show her thim cards."

"I thought you said she was n't at home?"

"'Dade an' she is n't; but I 'd rather lose me place than not have her luk at thim. Shtand where yiz are till I come."

The Jones family were too near neighbors for Biddy not to know those three very young gentlemen; and in a moment more, a nice-looking lady upstairs was saying to herself:

"J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, C-o-o-o-k-e, Cook, and Miss Arabella Fitch, and Mr. Marmaduke Plumb —"

"It 's the three b'yes, mum!" exclaimed Biddy, with her plump sides shaking with fun. "Sure, an' it 's calls they 're makin'."

"Bring them in, Biddy. Call up the children, and bring a plate of cake. Quick as ever you can. I 'll come right down to the parlor."

She was there, sure enough, just in time to hear Tracy say: "There, Tom, I told you Johnny Cook knew. And Mrs. Jones would n't let Biddy tell stories about her."

"Wish you a happy New Year, young gentlemen. Have a chair, Mr. Cook. Please be seated, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Fitch. Our young people will be here in a moment."

"We 're not calling on the children to-day," said Johnny, "but you might let them come in."

And in they came, a round half dozen of little Joneses, and Biddy after with a big plate of cake.

"Tom," whispered Tracy, "Johnny said we must n't eat too much in any one place."

"I 'll put the rest of mine in my pocket."

And so he did; but it was a good while before Mrs. Jones got through asking them about their plans for the day, and after that it was hard work to keep Ben Jones from going with them. In fact, the moment they were out of doors again, Ben sat down in a corner and began to howl over it, so that he had to stay in the corner till dinner-time.

"Where 'll we go now, Johnny?"

"Judge Curtin's is the biggest house on the block, boys, and he has n't any children."

"That 's the place. They 'll have ice-cream there, see if they don't."

But the moment the bell of Judge Curtin's door was pulled, the door swung open wide, and there stood his big waiter, in a swallow-tailed coat and white cravat, looking down in wonder on his diminutive guests. It was in vain for Johnny Cook to look big and hold his head up as he handed out the cards, and Tom and Tracy edged a little behind him.

"Vot is dis? You poys vant sometings?"

"New Year's calls," explained Johnny. "Are the ladies at home?"

"So? Very goot. Valk right in. I dake in dose card, too. De madame vill be proud to see you. Valk in."

"Johnny knows," muttered Tom to Tracy. "They 'll have cream here."

"May be some candy, too."

But the big waiter was bowing them into the parlor now, where Mrs. Curtin and her grown-up daughters were entertaining quite an array of their gentlemen friends, and Johnny whispered back:

"Hush, boys! There 's a table, and it 's full."

A very large and stately lady was Mrs. Curtin, and it seemed to the three new-comers that everybody in that room was at least a size or two larger than common; but Johnny Cook led them on bravely, and all the ladies bowed very low when they said: "Wish you a happy New Year."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Cook," said Mrs. Curtin, as she held out her hand to him; "but which of you is Mr. Marmaduke Plumb?"

"That 's my papa, ma'am, and I 'm Tracy."

"Oh, you are making his calls for him?"

"No, ma'am; he 's out, too, but I use some of his cards."

"Exactly. I see. And this is Miss Arabella Fitch?"

"Please, ma'am, if you 'll give me back Belle's card, I 'll give you one of Mother's," said Tom, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, this is just as good. But I must introduce you to the company, while Pierre is getting you some refreshments. Plenty of cream, Pierre, and some confectionery."

"That 's it," whispered Tom to Tracy, and the latter answered: "Hush, Tom! Johnny knows."

It was remarkable how very polite were all those tall ladies and gentlemen. One great, thin, yellow-whiskered man, in particular, kept them so long with his questions, that Tom at last felt compelled to remark: "Don't talk to him any more, Johnny; the ice-cream 'll be all melted."

"So it will," said Mrs. Curtin. "Do let them off, Mr. Grant. Were you never a boy?—I mean, a very young gentleman?"



"Never," said Mr. Grant. "I was always old enough to want to eat my cream before it melted. Come, boys, I'll see you through. I like to associate with fellows of my own age. Come on."

He was very grave and dignified about it, but between him and Pierre and Mrs. Curtin, Johnny Cook was compelled to say to his friends:

"We must stop eating, boys, or we can't be polite in the next house."

But he made no objection to Mr. Grant putting confectionery in their pockets, and then the whole company bowed, as Pierre showed them the way to the front door. They wondered what he meant, as he smiled in their faces and said:

The door was opened by a gentleman with a coffee-colored face and curly hair, and who could not have been more than twice as old as Tom.

"Is dey anybody took sick at your house?"

"Sick? No," said Johnny. "It's New Year's calls. Take our cards to Mrs. Micklin."

"She knows my mother," Tom had said to Johnny, "and I'll send in her card instead of Belle's."

Mrs. Micklin was a little, black-eyed woman, with a nose that was almost too sharply pointed, and when the coffee-colored youth handed her those three cards, her first remark was:

"Julius! Julius Cæsar! How often have I for-



THE CALL AT MRS. CURTIN'S.

"*Bon jour, mes enfants.*"

"What's a bunjer?" asked Tom.

"Johnny knows," began Tracy; but their leader was thinking of something else just then.

"Can you eat any more, boys? I can, if we walk a little."

They said they thought they could.

"Then we'll go to Dr. Micklin's. He tended our baby when it had the measles."

"Do doctors have any New Year's day?"

"Don't you s'pose Johnny knows, Tom?" said Tracy Plumb. "Of course they do."

The doctor lived in a big brick house on a corner, nearly two blocks beyond Judge Curtin's; but the boys were only half sure they were hungry when they rang the bell.

bidden you to laugh in that way when you come into my presence? Mrs. Fitch? On New Year's day? Why, what can have happened! And Mr. Marmaduke Plumb with her? It must be something serious. And Johnny Cook? How I wish the doctor were here. Show them right in, Julius, and stop that giggling."

She had bounced from her chair and was smoothing the folds of her silk dress, nervously, as Julius Cæsar chuckled his way back to the front door, and just at that moment a whole sleigh-load of other callers came hurrying up the steps.

"Wish you happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Johnny," said Mrs. Micklin.



But, Tracy, where's your father? Tom, why does not your mother come in? I told Julius —"

"Why, Mrs. Micklin," said Tom, "it's only the cards. We passed 'em at Mrs. Jones's and at Judge Curtin's. Only I sent in Belle's there instead of Mother's."

"Why, you mischievous boys! And here you've frightened me so! I thought something dreadful had happened —"

But at that moment the other visitors came pouring in, and Mrs. Micklin had to say "happy New Year" to them, and shake hands and smile and talk, and the three boys were almost pushed out of the way, while Julius Caesar stood at the parlor door, and seemed to be trying to laugh without making any noise.

"Julius," whispered Tom, as he edged near him, "where's the ice-cream?"

But Tom's whisper was loud enough to be heard by everybody in the room, for it seemed to slip into a quiet little place in the conversation, and so did Julius Caesar's reply: "Dah aint none."

Mrs. Micklin blushed, and one of her gentlemen guests suddenly remarked:

"My dear Mrs. Micklin, I'm delighted to see that you have joined the reform movement. You won't ask your friends to stuff themselves."

And she said something in reply, and the others said something; but Tom Fitch put his lips to Johnny's ear, and said, pretty loudly: "Let's go. There's nothing in this house but med'cine."

"Bow to Mrs. Micklin before you go," said Johnny; but everybody in the parlor, excepting the doctor's wife, was laughing about something or other when Julius Caesar opened the front door for those three boys to go out.

"Where'll we go now, boys?" said Johnny, when they reached the sidewalk.

"There is n't any other place so good as Mrs. Curtin's," remarked Tom.

"Can't go twice to the same house," said Tracy. "Can we, Johnny?"

"No, I s'pose not. But we've plenty of cards. Let's try that white house over yonder."

"Who lives there?"

"I don't know. But we can find out when we get in."

It was a very nice house, and there were three young ladies in it, and one of them was at that very moment standing by one of the front windows, all hidden among the heavy curtains, and another was saying: "It's just too bad, girls. Here it is two o'clock, and we've only had five callers, and one of them was the minister."

"And nobody has eaten anything."

"Hush, girls; what can those three boys be

coming here for? I've seen one of them before. They're making calls!"

"Tell John to show them right in."

And John did, although Tom Fitch insisted that the cards must go in ahead of them.

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

Three on each side, and then the girls talked right on, so fast their callers had no chance to correct the names.

"Johnny, you'll have some cake?"

"Marmaduke, I must give you some ice-cream."

"Now, Arabella, some chicken-salad."

"My name's Tom."

"Your card says your name's Arabella."

"Here's my other card."

"No, my dear, you're not a married lady. And you must have a cup of coffee."

Very hospitable indeed were the three young ladies, and by the time they had helped their young callers to several times as much as any three boys could eat, Jenny was able to remark: "Now, girls, the table begins to look as if somebody'd been here."

"But I think we'd better go now," said Johnny Cook. "I can't eat any more."

"Oh, very well, my dear; and Arabella too, and Marmaduke."

"That's my father's name, and mine's Tracy Plumb."

"Just as good, Tracy. Won't you eat some more cream?"

"No, ma'am. Johnny says we'd better go."

The girls were in high glee over their young gentlemen callers; but when the latter reached the sidewalk, Johnny Cook remarked: "I guess we won't make any more calls. I'm going home."

"So am I," said Tom. "But I've four more cards."

"I've more'n that," said Tracy; "but I don't want to go anywhere else. I could n't be polite."

Not one of them could have been polite enough to eat another mouthful, and that or something else made them a very sober-looking lot of New Year's day callers, as they walked on down the street.

Tom and Tracy were not heard from again that day; but Johnny Cook wondered, when Uncle Fred came home that night, why he was compelled to give so careful an account of everything.

"You were very polite, everywhere?"

"Yes, Uncle Fred; and at the last place Tom Fitch forgot to bow when he came out, and I made him go 'way back into the parlor and do it."

"That was right. If there was any other place where he forgot it, he ought to go back there next New Year's day and bow."

But Johnny only said: "I don't think I want to eat any supper, to-night, Uncle Fred."

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## MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

By \* \* \*

## CHAPTER V.

## "MARIA MONTAGUE."

It rained gently nearly all night, but the morning came fresh and bright. The grass glistened in the sunshine, showers of soft, sunny rain were shaken from the trees, and the river breeze, Belle declared, beckoned them all out.

"I should have liked, however," she said, "to stay in the house this morning, and make things

wooden settee; I'll scrub it up, and it will make you a parlor-sofa."

"Oh, yes," said Belle; "but do look at Papa! Is n't he in splendid array?"

Mr. Baird, who had just entered, turned slowly around on his heels.

"I flatter myself," he said, "that I look the character I represent. Is that a lucid sentence, Fred?" and he gazed complacently upon his blue pantaloons, his blue flannel shirt, his rubber boots, and sailor neck-tie.



ON THE PORCH AT GREYSTONE.

comfortable. I am sure that everything could not have been moved out of a house as big as this one, and we might find a chair or two."

"I am afraid, Belle," said her mother, "that you are forgetting this is a wigwam, and not a house."

"Out in the shed," said Patty, "there is an old

"If I had guessed this," said Belle, sadly, "I should have had a flannel dress! I did not like to speak of it. I hoped Mamma would understand it, but she did n't. You are"—and then she arose and walked around him—"Papa, you are—nobby!"

When Sandy and Donald came in to breakfast,



they brought news. A boat, quite large enough, new and well built, by name "The Jolly Fisherman," could be hired for the two weeks, and the fishing, it was said, was capital.

So then Mrs. Baird decided she would stay indoors and help to settle the wigwam, and the others started out to see the boat, and they ended by rowing out in it, and coming home quite late to dinner.

"Mrs. Lambert was here," said Patty, bringing in the potatoes smoking hot, "and she made you an offer."

"An offer of her house!" said Mrs. Baird. "She is going to Kentucky next week, and she wants us to go over to her place and stay. We can use her ice and coal, her beds and parlor."

"She is very good," said Sandy, with great decision; "but we won't go. We do not intend to spoil our fun in that way!"

"She pities us. She is sure, although she did not say so, that only misfortune could have made us take our bags on our backs, and forlornly come to this place."

"She did not recognize us yesterday?" said Mr. Baird.

"No, indeed. She saw we were not tramps; but what we were she could not guess. She sent over early this morning to Farmer Saunders's to ask about us."

Belle had started to go upstairs, but stopped to hear what her mother said. Now, as she opened the parlor door, she gave an exclamation, and stood still.

The others rushed to see, and behold! there were a rocking-chair, a half-dozen camp-stools, a table, a cover, and a lamp. On the floor was a rug, and on the window-sill a pile of books!

"I love her very shadow!" cried Fred. "Did she send all these?"

"She did. And Patty has her share in the way of some pots and pans, a great china meat-dish, and a nutmeg-grater. She would have sent everything in her house, if I had consented."

The boys sat on the camp-stools, and Belle in the rocking-chair; they looked at one another.

"There is just one seat too many," said Donald. "Pretty good count, that."

"That's Kitty's," said Sandy. "We can call it hers."

At that moment Patty looked in. "Don't you know that dinner is on the table?" she said. Then they all took their places meekly, and dined.

The picnic was formally opened the next day by a fishing party, and every one, excepting Patty, went. They brought home a goodly string of perch and sunfish; but the day's delight cannot be described.

The sunshine, soft and mellow, the green, pellucid water crowned with white-caps, the rock of the waves, the wash against the shore, the sky, the wind, the dreams, the sense of freedom and of power, all these cannot be told; but they were felt. What they talked of around the table, still seated in Turkish fashion, were Donald's good luck, Sandy's laziness, and the eels that Belle caught.

Fred had given his mind to his work, and he noted the places where the best sport was had. He knew just where a family of perch, with silvery scales, had come to see why so many lovely worms should descend into the water, and he knew to how many of them this curiosity had been fatal. He knew where the lines were tangled up by eels, and where the sunfish bit; and where the cat-fish were not. He also had known how heavy the luncheon basket was when he carried it to the boat, and how preposterously light it seemed when, at three o'clock, he found that all that was left in it was some butter, and a cup half full of apple-sauce!

Upon one point all were agreed, and all were eloquent—it had been a splendid day; there never was a better one.

After supper was over, the young people sat on the porch. In the little parlor Mr. Baird read to his wife, and Patty dozed on her settee. It was warm, but a pleasant breeze blew up from the river; a few stars shone in the sky; on the river, lying misty and dim, passed now and then a boat bearing a light.

"I wonder," said Donald, "that the boat ever stops here, there are so few passengers. The day we came there was no one else for the landing."

"There were a little girl and her father to-day," said Belle. "I watched them from our boat."

"How do you know it was her father?" asked Fred.

"I only suppose it was. I don't *know* anything about it."

"Then you ought not to speak so positively. Half the misunderstandings in the world come from —"

"Dear me, Fred," said Belle, wearily, "could n't we postpone that until we reach home!"

"Hark!" interrupted Sandy, "some one is singing on the river! I wish it were moonlight—I should like to go down."

"And sail?" said Belle. "That would be lovely."

"Oh, I should n't sail," Sandy said. "I should bob for eels. Still, if I wanted to sail, I should as lief go on a night like this. I like these dim nights. They seem to shut us in, away from the rest of the world."

"Well, I wish it were moonlight," said Donald. "for then I could see what that is by the fence. I

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have been watching it for some time, and I cannot tell whether it is a dog or a boy."

"It is Mrs. Lambert's cow," said Fred; "it came up last night."

"There was a cow or a horse on the lawn last night," Belle added. "Patty woke me up and frightened me half out of my life. She insisted it was a man, but I knew better."

"It was a horse," said Sandy. "I saw its tracks this morning. I am going to see what that is."

He walked over the grass, then he stopped a moment, and then, going quickly to the spot where the something stood, spoke in a low, excited tone.

"What is it?" called Donald.

"Nothing much," replied Sandy; "but I'll show you!"

There was an instant more of talk, some resistance, and then Sandy re-appeared, bringing up a girl in a short-waisted dress and a large sun-bonnet. Sandy stood her at the foot of the porch steps, just where the light from the lamp fell on her.

"It is the girl who came on the boat, to-day," said Belle. "I remember her bonnet. It is like one of Patty's."

"It is Patty's," said the girl, taking it off. "I took it out of your hall-closet."

"Kitty Baird!" cried Belle, jumping up. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From home," said Kitty, composedly, sitting down on the lowest step. "Don't speak so loud. I don't want Cousin Robert to see me."

"You have run away!" exclaimed Belle.

"What if I have?" said Kitty. "That is no reason why you should spoil everything. Now, Isabella Baird, if you speak above your breath, I'll just go away this minute."

"Is n't she the greatest goose alive?" asked Sandy. "I do believe there is nothing too silly for her to do."

"How did you get here?" asked Fred.

"In the boat," replied Kitty. "Oh, I've been all around! I saw you all eating supper. My goodness, but you did look funny! All of you on the floor, and baskets, and what is that concern you have for a table? You must be having lots of fun. I was awfully hungry."

"Why did n't you come in?" said Donald. "I could n't see my own relations eating and not ask them to go shares,—that is, if I were hungry."

"I did n't want to," said Kitty. "Mrs. Lambert asked me to stay there, but I would n't. I say, Belle, have n't you some cake or something?"

"Mrs. Lambert!" exclaimed Belle. "What will your father say? Why, you look like a —"

"Guy," said Sandy.

"I did n't tell her who I was," said Kitty. "You must think I am silly! But I am very hungry."

"Come along," Sandy said. "Belle is over-come. I will get you something to eat."

"Wont Patty see me? The secret will be out if she does. She never could keep a secret."

"She's all right," said Sandy. "Look in the window, Fred, and see if she is asleep."

"Sound!" replied Fred, getting up a little. "Papa is reading poetry aloud; and that always settles Patty."

Sandy started off, Kitty meekly following, and so went on to the dining-room porch.

"You stay there," said Sandy. "There is n't much to stumble over, but you would be sure to find it. You will have to put up with poor commons, Kitty, for the meat and butter are in the well."

"I don't care," whispered Kitty. "A piece of bread will do. Anything—I don't care."

"There is some ham. I saw it to-night; but you don't like it?"

"Not at home; but just now I adore it."

"Well, but can't you come hold up this lid. Gracious! There goes my hand right into something! Cold tomatoes! Now, look out. There, that's all right! Here's the ham, but there is n't much cut. Here are some rolls. They are good—I can testify to that."

"I have a knife," said Kitty, "but don't haggle the ham."

"Hark!" whispered Sandy. "There is Papa moving."

Out flew Sandy's fingers! Bang went the lid, and away went Kitty.

"It's a lucky thing my fingers did n't get mashed," ejaculated Sandy. "I should never have forgiven her! And Papa was n't coming here!"

Kitty was nowhere to be seen when he rejoined the others, but after a time she came cautiously back.

"That was outrageously mean in you, Sandy," she said, "to drop the lid in that way. I lost nearly all my ham, and it was n't Cousin Robert, after all. I have been around to the back window, and he is reading again."

"Now look here, Kitty," said Belle, before Sandy had a chance to answer, "if you think we are going to keep your secret, you are much mistaken. You can run away from your own father, if you choose, but we don't treat our father so. I don't see, either, how you can keep it from him; he is bound to see you."

Sandy had that fine sense of fair play which always animates a boy when his sister scolds another girl, and he said, hotly enough, that he thought it was Kitty's own affair, and she ought to manage it her own way.

"You have to tell on her, or hide her," said



Donald, who was not Belle's brother. "I don't see how we can keep out of it."

"I can tell on myself," said Kitty. "I don't expect to keep it from Cousin Robert. I am going to stay and have a good time. But first I want to get my valise. It is over by the fence; and, Belle, where is your room?"

"Boys," called Mr. Baird, coming to the window, "we are going to bed. I will lock the front door, and you can come in some other way."

"How will you get in?" whispered Kitty. "Can I do it? Do you climb in?"

"We could," replied Sandy, "but we don't. This is one of our ceremonies. There is a splendid brass lock on the front door, so we always lock it. The other doors are open. There are about nineteen of them. Of course, the windows are open."

"Kitty, if you want to see Papa, you'd better hurry," said Belle.

"Oh, I'll wait until the morning," Kitty carelessly replied. "That will be plenty of time."

"No, you wont wait," exclaimed Sandy, who believed in his own authority, if not in Belle's. "Papa, here is some one who wants to see you."

When Mrs. Baird, a few minutes after, came out on the porch to see what kept her husband there, she was, reasonably enough, surprised.

On a chair by the door sat Mr. Baird, holding his lighted candle in his hand. The others stood around, and in the center of the group was a girl, in a queer, old-fashioned frock, and with a sun-bonnet in her hands.

"It is — Kitty," said Fred, with a laugh, seeing his mother's perplexity.

"Kitty!" exclaimed she—"Kitty, at this time of night—in that dress! What will your mother say?"

"She wont be worried, Cousin Jule. I left a note for her."

"How did she come here, Robert?" said Mrs. Baird.

"It is all right, Cousin Jule," said Kitty. "Mamma wont be worried. I did n't just say I was coming here, but she will understand. I said —"

"Well?" said her cousin Robert.

"I said," and Kitty looked at the floor, while her lips trembled with a smile, "'Dear Mamma: I flee as a bird to the mountain. Don't be anxious about me. I shall be all right. Your daughter, Kitty Kite.' You see, that will make it all right."

"I don't see it," replied Mr. Baird.

"And I came in the boat this afternoon," pursued Kitty, anxious to tell her story herself, "and I saw you all out fishing, but I did n't know you. I staid a good while at Mrs. Lambert's. May be you know her? She knows you, anyhow, and she called me in, and she said she was afraid you would

all get the chills, and she did n't see what you meant."

"She must have wondered what your mother meant by dressing you in that style."

"And she has cut off her hair," said Sandy.

Kitty put up her hand, took out a hair-pin, and let down a long plait of hair.

"I should n't do anything so silly," she said, "and Mamma would n't forgive *that!* Is n't this dress funny, Cousin Jule? It is one of Mamma's Dorcas frocks. Old Mrs. Witherspoon made it. It would n't have been any fun to come dressed just like common folks."

"Well, you did n't," said Sandy. "You are a perfect guy."

"That is the second time you have told me so," said Kitty, "and it is n't very polite. Of course it would n't do for the Rev. Mr. Baird's daughter to dress in this way, but I played"—turning to Fred—"that my name was Maria Montague, and that my father had gone to sea, and I had to help my mother support eight younger children. It is a very nice dress for Maria Montague!"

"Did you tell Mrs. Lambert that yarn?" asked Sandy.

"I don't understand how you got away unseen, in that dress," said Mrs. Baird. "Did no one in the village see you?"

"Oh, I had on my own clothes when I left home! I put these in the bag without Mamma's knowing it. I changed them on the boat in one of the little cabins. You ought to have seen the chambermaid stare! She thought I had come up out of the river, I think. She would n't believe she had sold me a ticket, until I showed it to her. She said she did n't remember me. As for Mr. Slade —"

Here Kitty stopped.

"Mr. Slade!" said her cousin Robert. "Was he on board?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, cheerfully. "Papa put me in his care."

"Put you in his care!" repeated Mr. Baird.

"Why, did your father know you were coming?"

"Of course he did! He took me to the boat. You see, it almost broke my heart not to come with you, and that almost broke Mamma's, and so Papa could n't stand it, and he said I could come, and if I should behave myself, and you should want me, I could stay."

Sandy turned to go into the house. "I should n't have believed it, Kitty," he said, in wrath. "To think that you should tell us you ran away!"

"I did n't tell you," stoutly replied Kitty,—"not once! You all took it for granted. You all said so, and I did n't contradict it. If you had n't been in such a hurry, Sandy Baird, to make me see

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Cousin Robert, I should have put on my own dress and explained it all to him. I did n't mean him to see me in this horrid old thing! But you all tease me all the time, and you tell everybody about the time I intended to run away when I was a very little girl, and now I only meant to surprise you. I should have staid just as long as I could if you had n't known me; but you all began to say I had run away, the very moment you found out who I was, and you have n't been fair,—and, Cousin Jule, can't I go to bed? Oh, there 's my bag!" and off she ran down the steps and to the fence.

The little group on the porch looked at one another and laughed. Kitty came back tugging her bag, which Donald took from her, and then they locked the front door and went up to bed.

In the hall, Mrs. Baird stopped a moment.

"Kitty," she said, "did you really write that note to your mother?"

"Of course I did, Cousin Jule; but it had n't anything to do with running away. It was just for a sort of comfort for her."

## CHAPTER VI.

### CRANES AND CARDINAL-BIRDS.

THE next day, Mrs. Lambert invited Mr. and Mrs. Baird to dinner. Dining out was not included in the plans the family had made for life in a wigwam, but it was not possible to decline, and so the younger ones were left to amuse themselves.

Sandy proposed shooting a crane. He had watched these birds on the river banks with interest. They were slow and stupid, he said, and it would be easy enough to shoot one as it lazily rose and flopped itself into the air; so he invited the girls and boys to join the chase, and early in the morning they set off in the boat, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Baird and Patty at Greystone.

It was ten o'clock before they saw their bird, and they spent until nearly three o'clock chasing him.

And they never got even a fair shot at him!

He took a little nap on one shore, and then flew across the river, and took another. He watched for his dinner, but caught nothing; he made a trip up the creek, and once flew into the marsh. Everywhere he went, the persevering hunters followed. But it was all in vain, for he never came near, nor would he allow them to make any approaches. None of them knew very much about the proper way to shoot a crane, but they all agreed that they had learned most of his ways of avoiding being shot. At last he flew up the river, and, with his legs stretched out bravely behind, disappeared.

It was then decided that the crane-hunt was over.

Sandy then proposed that they should go after reed-birds, but Donald objected, because the law did not allow them to be shot so early in the season.

"But Sandy did not propose to shoot them," said Kitty. "He said we could go after them—as we did after the crane."

This argument was so convincing that Donald at once turned the boat, and rowed to the creek where, the day before, they had seen many flocks of the birds. Here they landed, and walked over the meadows to some marshes.

It was a clear, charming day, and they were all in the best of spirits. They had had a good luncheon, and they discussed how they should have their birds cooked, Donald and Fred being in favor of a pie, while the others declared for broiling and serving on toast.

"But, look here, Sandy Baird," said Belle, suddenly stopping, "do carry your gun differently, or let me walk ahead of you."

"I think I should rather be ahead," cried Kitty. "Goodness knows what he will do!" and off she ran.

"My senses!" said Donald, standing still. "I do believe she is going directly into the swamp! She will frighten every bird away."

"She will stick in the mud," said Belle, rushing after her. "Kitty, come back this minute!"

"By George!" ejaculated Fred, catching Belle by the shoulder. "What *are* girls made for? Between you we shall not get a bird!"

"Don't you shoot, Sandy! Don't you shoot!" cried Belle, jumping up and down. "You 'll hit her in the back! Don't you dare to shoot!"

"Here they are!" cried Kitty, cheerily, waving her hat and dashing on, as, with a whirl, up rose a flock of birds on speedy wing. "Here they are! Come on! Quick, Sandy, quick!"

The boys stood still. They looked at each other and then they laughed; but Kitty turned upon them with indignation.

"Why did n't you come on?" she cried. "If you had been quick enough, you could have shot a thousand!"

"I don't believe our spoil will be very great," said Donald, when Kitty, still scolding, came back. "I move that we do now sit down and sing a hymn."

"Well, I am not going home empty-handed," said Sandy. "I shall take something, if it is only a robin."

"So I should," said Kitty, in a pleased tone. "I should n't give up. You might have had those birds if you had shot at once; but I should get something. I wish there were bears here."

"I could easily have shot you," said Sandy, "if I had tried for the birds."

"Oh, I should have lain down," said Kitty, "and



you could have shot over my head. But, come; if the others don't want to go along, suppose they sit under that tree, while we go ahead and hunt for something."

"I'd rather have *you* sit under the tree, if I may choose, and have the others come along," said Sandy.

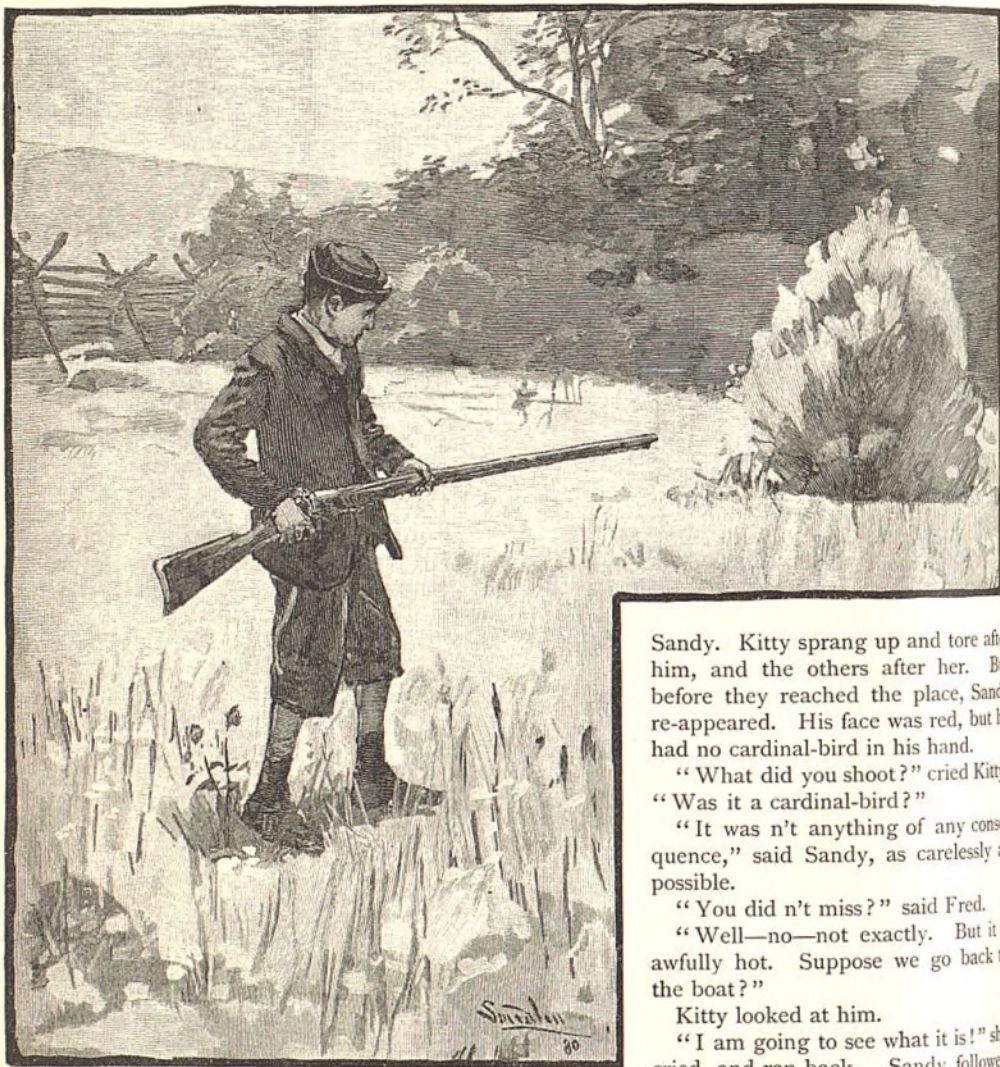
"Just as you please," said Kitty, and she at once

"Don't spoil all the sport," he said, crossly, and Kitty at once sat down again.

Skirting the edge of the wood was a thicket of bushes, and to this Sandy made his cautious way.

"It is a cardinal-bird," whispered Fred. "I can see its red crest. There—low in the bushes. Hish!"

Bang!—bang!—went the gun, and on rushed



SANDY, THE HUNTER.

sat down on the grass. "It is rather sunny here, but it will suit you all the same, I suppose."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sandy, and he started off on a quick, quiet run. Kitty sprang to her feet, and would have gone pell-mell after him, but Fred jumped forward hastily and caught her.

the spot where Sandy's victim had fallen, she gave a shout, and, a moment after, she came rushing out of the bushes, laughing as she ran.

In her hands she dragged a tame turkey, and it had a red head, and it was dead.

"It was a good shot, anyhow," said Sandy, try-

Sandy. Kitty sprang up and tore after him, and the others after her. But before they reached the place, Sandy re-appeared. His face was red, but he had no cardinal-bird in his hand.

"What did you shoot?" cried Kitty. "Was it a cardinal-bird?"

"It was n't anything of any consequence," said Sandy, as carelessly as possible.

"You did n't miss?" said Fred.

"Well—no—not exactly. But it is awfully hot. Suppose we go back to the boat?"

Kitty looked at him.

"I am going to see what it is!" she cried, and ran back. Sandy followed her. She was the quicker; reaching

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ing to look as if he did n't care. "But I say, boys, what are we going to do with it?"

"Take it home to Patty," said Fred.

"Advertise for the owner," Donald suggested.

"Bury it," said Belle.

"Tie it around the hunter's neck," said Kitty.

"I should n't like the owner to know of this, and yet I should like to pay him," said Sandy.

"Advertise," repeated Donald.

Sandy reflectively shook his head. "Let us go home," he said.

"But how about the game?" said Kitty, holding the turkey toward him.

"It can go home, too," said Sandy, taking it from her and throwing it into a bush. "Now, if we hear anything about it, I'll pay for it; if we don't, the waters of oblivion may cover it. At any rate, let us go home right off. I feel nervous."

As they hastened down to the boat, they met a boy, small, sandy-haired, and freckled, going for cows. "Been gunning?" he asked.

"Not much," said Sandy.

"I thought I heard a gun. Did you shoot anything?"

"Don't you think you are a little inquisitive?" said Sandy, who felt it was a tender subject.

"I had not thought about it," said the boy, walking on. Then he stopped, and, looking back, said: "Perhaps you would like to go fishing?"

"That would n't be a bad idea," said Fred.

"What do you want to fish for?" asked the boy.

"For fish," replied Sandy.

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought it might be for kangaroos!" and he started off again.

"I don't think that was very polite," said Fred; and he called after the boy, "Do you know a good place?"

"If you go up to those three oaks, draw a bee-line from there to that frame house, you'll catch perch, or my name is not Jack Robinson," said he.

"All right," said Fred. "Much obliged."

"Not at all," said the boy, laughing. "When folks are polite to me, I am polite to them."

The boy's directions were easily followed, and they soon rowed up the creek to the three oaks, discussed where the bee-line would run, settled the question, anchored, and began to fish. It was a charming afternoon. The sky was slightly clouded, the trees bent over the creek, the birds were chattering, and afar off some one was playing a flute. For a long time, the little party fished in silence. Every little while, one of the lines would be gently jerked, and the owner's heart would give a little jump; but when the hooks were drawn up, there were no fish on them, and no appearance even of the bait having been nibbled.

Then Sandy began to sing softly.

"Don't do that," said Fred.

"I shall not frighten the fishes," said Sandy.

"They are all from home, or else are asleep. I move that we go where there is no bee-line."

"I move that we go home," said Belle. "I am very hungry, and it must be five o'clock."

"It is," said Fred. "Supper must be nearly ready, for Patty promised to hurry up to-night. That boy is a fraud," he added, pulling up his line.

"I'd just like to see that boy!" exclaimed Sandy; and it was not long before he had his wish, for they had not rowed far before they overtook him, walking on the bank driving his cows.

Sandy rested on his oars.

"What's your name?" he shouted.

"Sam Perry," said the boy. "Hope you had luck! Next time you might better answer a civil question civilly." Then he added: "You can pay me back whenever you choose."

"Oh, I shall," said Sandy. "You need n't be afraid of that."

"The tide is running up very fast," said Donald, as they rowed down the stream.

"Yes," said Fred; but ——" and at that moment the oar snapped close to the blade!

They looked at each other in consternation. Now what was to be done?

"Can't you mend it?" said Sandy.

"Not very easily," replied Fred. "But lend me your fan, Belle."

Belle handed him the gigantic Spanish fan she wore at her side, but asked what he was going to do with it.

"Ruin it," was his brief reply. "And I wish it were longer and stronger." He then borrowed all the handkerchiefs, put the two pieces of oar together, laid the fan across the break, tied it top and bottom with two handkerchiefs, then taking some stout string which Kitty had in her pocket, he wrapped it around and around until the oar was comparatively firm and fit for use.

"I could n't have done that," said Sandy, admiringly; "but I knew you could invent something."

"I don't know how long it will stand this tide," answered Fred. "When we get back to the land of shops I'll buy you another fan, Belle."

"Very well," said she; "but let it be different. I was tired of that."

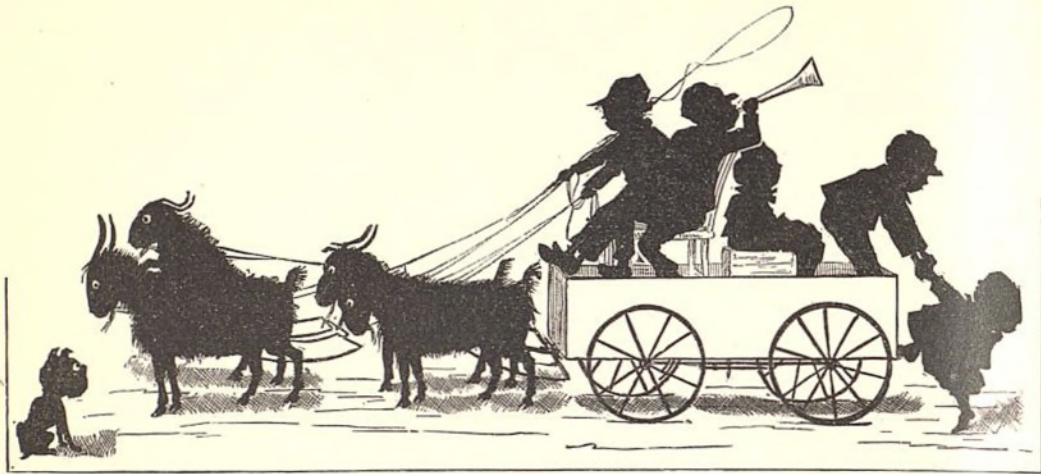
The oar did very well for a time, but it was evident from the way the bandages loosened that it would not stand much work. Fred took it in for the third time to tighten, and then said, looking at the darkening sky:

"We can never get home with this thing! It won't stand the river."

(To be continued.)



## THE FAST GOAT LINE.



Buck, Bounce, Bill, and Bob were four goats. Tom, Sam, and Jack were three boys. Sue and Ann Jane were two girls. Zip was a small dog, with a big head. Tom had a cart with four wheels; and he thought that if he made the four goats draw the cart, he could have a stage line from his house to the big tree at the end of the street. He said he would charge the boys and girls one cent for a ride. That would make him rich, if all the boys and girls in town took a ride.

When Tom had put the four goats to his stage, he took the reins in his hand, and got up on the front seat, which was a chair. Sam took his seat on one side of Tom, and blew his horn to let the boys and girls know they soon would start. When Sue came, she had to sit on a box, for there was no chair for her. Jack stood up in the back part of the cart and took hold of the hands of Ann Jane to help her in, for she was quite a small girl. Zip sat on the ground, near the goats. He did not know what all this meant, but he thought he would wait and see.

When there were no more boys and girls to come, Sam blew his horn again, and Tom sang out: "All on board the fast goat line for the big tree!" Then he cracked his whip, and said: "Get up!"

The goats knew how to pull a cart, and they set off on a trot. This was fine, for all the boys and girls. But Zip, the dog, thought the goats went too slow. "I can make them go fast," he thought, "if I bark at them, and give them each a right good bite."

So he ran close up to Buck and gave a great bark. Buck did not like Zip. So when Zip ran up and barked close by his ear, Buck set off on a run, and Bob, Bounce, and Bill ran, too.

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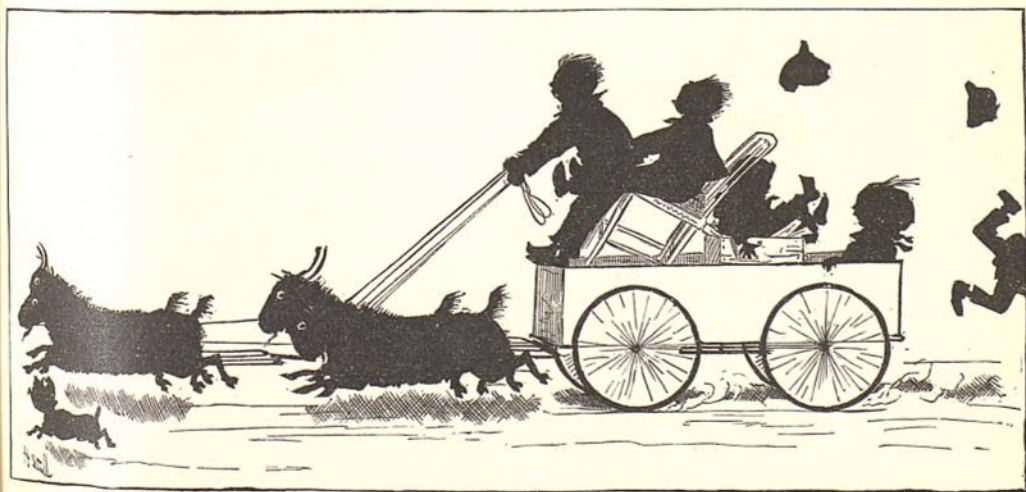


They ran so fast that Tom could not hold them in, and they gave such great jerks that the chair, with Sam in it, fell back on Sue, and made her break through the lid of her box, so that she went right down in it. As for Jack, he fell out of the cart at the first jump of the goats, and came down, head first, in the road. Ann Jane sat flat down at the back end of the stage, and held on with all her might. Tom's hat, and Sam's hat, blew off, and the wind made Ann Jane's hair fly. Tom drew in the reins as tight as he could, and said: "Whoa! Whoa!" But the goats would not stop, nor go slow. They ran on till the wheels went round so fast you could not see the spokes. Tom lost his whip, but he did not care for that. He did not want to whip the goats now.

At last, Buck and Bounce broke loose, and then Bill and Bob ran on; but they could not pull the stage fast, so they made a short turn, and broke off the pole of the stage close up to the wheels. But Tom let go of the reins, and so they did not pull him out.

Tom and Sam then got out of the stage, and Sam took hold of Sue's hand to lift her out of the box, while Tom went to see if Jack was hurt. But Jack got up and said he was all right. Then Sue sat down by Ann Jane on the floor of the stage, while the three boys took hold of it to pull it back home. They could not pull it as fast as the four goats could, and so, as they went on to Tom's house, the boys and girls of the town, who had not had a ride in it, said it was not a fast goat line, but a slow boy line.

As for Zip, when Tom came to the place where his whip lay in the road, he took it up, and he gave that bad dog two or three good cracks, to let him know he must not bark at the goats of the fast stage line.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"It's coming, boys,  
It's almost here;  
It's coming, girls,  
The grand New Year!  
A year to be glad in,  
Not to be bad in;  
A year to live in,  
To gain and give in;  
A year for trying,  
And not for sighing;  
A year for striving,  
And hearty thriving;  
A bright New Year,  
Oh! hold it dear;  
For God, who sendeth,  
He only lendeth."

## THE GINGERBREAD-TREE.

SOME of your English cousins, my dears all, are used to hearing, at this season of feasts and fun, a very old song that says:

"There 's naught so good in trees  
As plum-puddin' trees,—  
Cut and come again!"

Upon these trees, the song goes on to say, the plum-puddings hang like fruit, ready-cooked and waiting to be eaten; and every time you cut a slice, the hole you made fills up again, as good as new. And moreover, the trees grow in a land as curious as themselves, where roast turkeys and all sorts of savory and pleasant viands fly about, crying out: "Come eat me! Come eat me!" to any boys and girls who may be shipwrecked on the coast.

The Gingerbread-tree, however, is not a song tree, but a real, ordinary vegetable, known as the Doom Palm. It grows in Egypt, Arabia, and Abyssinia, and is remarkable because, although a palm, it branches near its top. The fruit is as

large as an orange, and hangs in clusters of about a hundred, the rind being of a shiny yellowish-brown outside, mealy and brown inside, nearly an inch thick, and tasting very like gingerbread; it is dry in the mouth, but the Arabs seem to enjoy it.

## A LONG BREATH.

A MAN once took in a deep breath and held it while he ran the width of four city blocks. But, dear me, that's a mere trifle! There is an engine that runs twenty miles with but one breath. It takes in a supply of compressed air, and, by its aid, drags a train ten miles and back along a track, before its breath gives out.

## THE TREE OF THE TEN THOUSAND IMAGES.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was surprised by what you told us in November about "Needles and Thread that Grow." But now it is your turn to be astonished, when I tell you of a tree, the bark and leaves of which are marked by nature with alphabetic symbols, or "images," in the language of Thibet!

It is called "The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images." I send you a rough drawing of one of the leaves, and also this account of all that I have learned about the history of the tree itself.

Far away, in the dreary land of Ambo, a part of Thibet, is a green valley, where, in a Tartar tent,—say the Lamas, or priests,—was born a wonderful boy named Tsong-Kaba. From his birth, he had a long white beard and flowing hair, and could speak perfectly his native tongue. His manners were majestic, and his words were few but full of wisdom.

When Tsong-Kaba was three years old, he resolved to cut off his hair and live a solitary life in the service of his god, Buddha. So, his mother shaved his head, and threw his long, flowing locks upon the ground outside the tent-door. From this hair sprang the wonderful tree.

Tsong-Kaba lived many years, did countless good and holy deeds, and at last died. But the tree which had grown from his hair lived on, and was called "The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images"; and, at last accounts, it still was alive and held sacred. The Lamas built high walls of brick around it, and Khang-Hi, one of the emperors of China, sheltered it beneath a silver dome.

Two French missionaries saw this tree some years ago, and they say that it seemed then to be very old. It was not more than eight feet high; but three men with outstretched arms scarcely could reach around its trunk. The branches were very bushy, and spread out like a plume of feathers. The leaves were always green, and the wood, which was of a reddish tint, had an odor like that of cinnamon. The bark of the tree was marked with many well-formed symbols in the Thibetan language, and alphabetic characters appeared also, in a green color, on every leaf, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself.

Now, Mr. Jack, all this seems marvelous, and some of it is more than we can believe; but the missionaries actually saw the tree, and were convinced that the marks upon it were of natural growth.

Truly yours,  
AGNES THOMSON.



## A STORY TO BE WRITTEN.

I PRESENT to you this month, with the pretty School-ma'am's compliments, twenty little pictures, drawn by brother Hopkins, which almost tell their own story. But remembering what a good time you had over "The Young Hunter," the dear little lady wants you to write down the story of this small girl and her pussy. She says: "Tell the boys and girls, dear Jack, to state their ages; to write only on one side of the paper; and not to send more than eight hundred words, at the very most. Then the



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## THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR readers, we think, will be specially interested in the simple story of "Nedawi," in the present number, not only because it is a sketch from real Indian life, written by an Indian, but because the writer, "Bright Eyes," is a proof in herself of the capacity of the Indian for education and the best enlightenment.

"Bright Eyes," named by her white friends *Susette La Flesche*, is a noble-hearted young lady, devoted to the cause of her people, and eager in the hope that our government will yet deal as fairly with the Indian as with the white man. The following extracts from her friendly letter to the editor will help you to know her, and to understand why "Nedawi" is truly an Indian story, although it tells only of peace and home-life:

"I have never attempted writing a story, and fear it is an impossible thing for me, but I can, at least, try. \* \* \* It seems so hard to make white people believe that we Indians are human beings of like passions and affections with themselves; that it is as hard for us to be good as it is for them,—harder, for we are ignorant,—and we feel as badly when we fail as they do. That is the reason I have written my story in the way I have. \* \* \* If I were only at home I could write many things that would be interesting to white people, as grandmother remembers when they saw the first white men, and when there were no houses at all. None of our family speak English, excepting my sisters and myself, and it is delightful to hear father, mother, and grandmother tell their thrilling adventures, and speak of the many changes that have come since grandmother was a young girl.

It would be so much better for my people if the white people had a more thorough knowledge of them, because we have felt deeply the results of their ignorance of us.—Yours truly,

SUSETTE LA FLESCHE.  
(Bright Eyes.)

WE are always glad to hear of the successful performance of any home or school exercises printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and we should like especially to hear from those of our readers who may have performed the little operetta of "The Land of Nod," printed in our December number.

X. Y. Z.—When the present Republic in France was first established, the titles of nobility then existing were not interfered with, and they still remain as they were in the days of Napoleon III.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS AFTER WALTER CRANE AND KATE GREENAWAY.—Ellen and Charley G. ask for "something new in the way of tableaux." *ST. NICHOLAS* has given and will continue to give, occasionally, subjects of this kind; but at present we shall suggest to Ellen, Charley, and others, that very pretty tableaux can be made from Walter Crane's books and from Kate Greenaway's "Under the window."

A correspondent sends the following directions for making tableaux vivants after Walter Crane's "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet":

The costumes can be easily made from cheap cambric, and the scenery is not difficult. While the music for each picture is being sung behind the scenes, the children should be acting it out.

The following has been found to be a good and effective selection: "Hey, diddle, diddle"; "Baa, baa, Black Sheep"; "King Arthur"; "Where are you going, my Pretty Maid"; "My Lady's Garden"; "Three Blind Mice"; "A Little Cock-Sparrow"; "The Four Presents"; "Little Bo-Peep"; and "Old King Cole."

When given in a hall where there is scenery, the landscape, which generally forms part of the stock scenery, makes a background for the outdoor pictures. For others, like "King Arthur," "King Cole," and "The Four Presents," a background can be made with screens.

"Hey, diddle, diddle" and "My Lady's Garden" require special scenery, which can be prepared at slight expense. For "Hey, diddle, diddle," make a curtain of brown cambric as near the color of the cover to the "Baby's Opera" as possible. Cut the cow, moon, birds, trees, etc., on a large scale, out of white paper, paste them on the cambric, and fill in the proper shading with charcoal. The dish is made of a large piece of pasteboard tied to the waist and neck of a small boy, who should be dressed in full red trousers and a flowered jacket. The spoon is shaped from a half-inch board, covered with paper, and proportioned to the size of the boy who carries it. Being in one piece, it is easily carried when the dish runs away with it (keeping his face to the audience).

If this and "My Lady's Garden" are to be given on the same occasion, the brown curtain can be hung on a wire, close to the front of the stage, and the garden scene placed directly behind. The personators of the dog and cat wear masks; the tails are made of stuffed cambric, and stockings outside of the trousers represent paws.

For "My Lady's Garden" a light frame must be made, of the width of the stage and proportioned to the height of the tallest flower. Cover it with green cambric, bordered on the top with a strip of blue, which, with the aid of a few streaks of charcoal, represents the boards of the fence. A narrow piece of cambric, reaching to just below the top of the fence, should be suspended about two feet back of the screen, to represent the sky. Cut the leaves and stems of the flowers from green tissue paper; the lilies and shells from stiffer paper (white lilies are more effective in the evening than the blue ones of the picture in the book). Paste these on the screen, and shade them with colored crayons. At the top of each stalk, cut a hole just large enough to admit the head of the child who personates the flower. The children stand behind the screen and put their heads through these holes; their hats and ruffs are put on, in front of the scene, after their heads are through. A pretty effect is produced by making each child represent a distinct flower. Thus, beginning on the left,—a sunflower (red hat); daisy (lilac hat); pink rose; forget-me-not; red rose. Any of these can be made by fastening paper on the turned-up brim of an old hat, which has been partly ripped from the crown; each is tied under the chin. This forms one of the prettiest tableaux imaginable.

If no real black sheep nor goat is to be had, for "Baa, baa, Black Sheep," the animal can be manufactured from a box covered with two Astrachan cloaks, and "headed" with a sheep's mask.

The "Three Blind Mice" can be made from gray cotton flannel, and should be very large, while the "Butcher's Wife" should be very small.

A spinning-wheel adds to the effect in "King Arthur."

In the "Little Cock-Sparrow," the bird should be only slightly fastened to the tree, and pulled off by a string, behind the scenes, when the boy shoots.

In the "Four Presents," the geese, crescents, and cherry-blossoms must be sewn upon the plain cloth foundation. The figures on the clothes in "King Arthur" and "King Cole" must be sewn in the same way.

Other pretty pictures for tableaux are "Little Bo-Peep," "Old Man in Leather," "Little Man and Maid," "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," and "The Three Ships"; but the last three would be more difficult, on account of the scenery absolutely necessary to make them complete.

B. F. H.

MARTIN D.—You will find plain diagrams and full instructions "How to make an Ice-boat" in *ST. NICHOLAS* for January, 1881. But perhaps you will prefer to follow the directions given by Mr. Norton in his article entitled "Every Boy his own Ice-boat," which is printed in the present number.

THESE New-Year verses were sent by L. E. L., a girl aged thirteen.

Chime on! chime on! ye merry bells,  
With mellow tone, so gladly rung;  
For when afar your music swells,  
'T is loved alike by old and young.

Chime on! chime on! To strife and care,  
Send sudden messages of cheer;  
Let all your music rend the air,  
And welcome in the glad New Year.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I thought I'd write to you and tell you some snow fun we have here. It is making snow-dishes. Here are the directions: Take a block of snow of any size you please, and make it the shape you want with a knife. Then smooth it on the top and bottom. Then hollow it out smoothly, set it out over night and let it freeze. Then you have a dish fit to be set on the table in the best of snow-houses.—Yours truly,

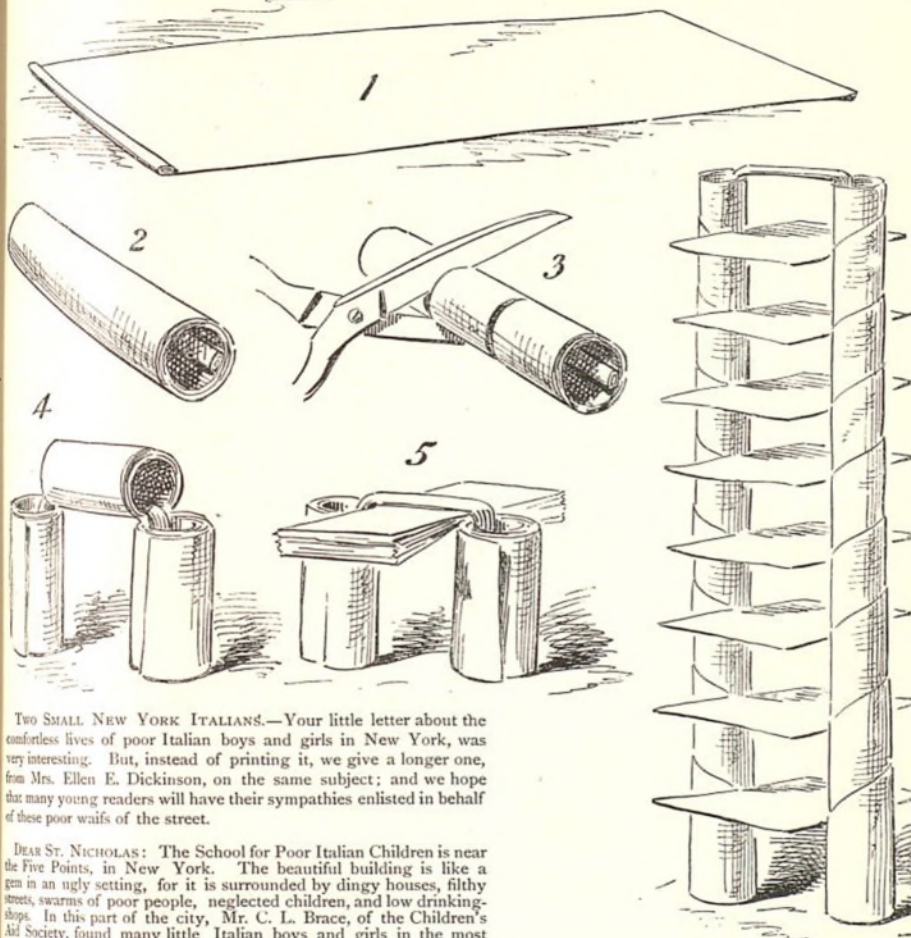
WILLIE CLIVE.

Snow sports even more interesting than that mentioned in your letter, Willie,—snow battles, the proper weapons, implements, and management of snow warfare, how to build snow-houses, and how to make snow-statues,—were described and fully illustrated in *ST. NICHOLAS* for January and February, 1880; and in the present number is a short account of a spirited snow-fight in which Mr. Beard, the historian of it, shared.



H. W. T. SENDS this description, with pictures, telling how to make a paper Jacob's ladder in one roll and three cuts; any boy or girl old enough to handle scissors can easily learn how it is done:

Take a piece of writing-paper, about three inches wide, and nine inches long; fold one end three or four times, as small, tight, and flat as possible (Fig. 1). Then roll up the piece loosely (Fig. 2). Make two cuts straight across and almost through the roll, allowing the scissors to be stopped by the folded part (Fig. 3). Bend down the end pieces (Fig. 4). Cut through the middle piece lengthwise (Fig. 5). Take hold of the folded part, and pull it up, when you will have a telescopic Jacob's ladder (Fig. 6). An imposing effect may be made by using a large piece of wrapping-paper or newspaper.



**TWO SMALL NEW YORK ITALIANS.**—Your little letter about the comfortless lives of poor Italian boys and girls in New York, was very interesting. But, instead of printing it, we give a longer one, from Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, on the same subject; and we hope that many young readers will have their sympathies enlisted in behalf of these poor waifs of the street.

**DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:** The School for Poor Italian Children is near the Five Points, in New York. The beautiful building is like a gem in an ugly setting, for it is surrounded by dingy houses, filthy streets, swarms of poor people, neglected children, and low drinking-shops. In this part of the city, Mr. C. L. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, found many little Italian boys and girls in the most terrible poverty. They were sent into the streets by their parents, or by *padroni* (masters), to make money for them by organ-grinding, playing on the harp or violin, gathering or picking rags, or blacking boots. They were told that they must bring back a certain sum of money every night, or they would be severely punished. They had no chance to learn our language, excepting as they picked it up in the street. Their condition was indeed pitiable, especially that of those under *padroni*, who beat and starved them. These *padroni* made a business of hiring boys and girls from their parents in Italy, to be sent to New York, and to work for them a certain time,—the *padroni* paying all expenses, and promising to return the children to their native land, with a fixed amount of profit.

When Mr. Brace had learned the necessities of these unfortunate children, he determined, with the assistance of Mr. Cheryua, an Italian gentleman, to open a school for them, where they might not only properly learn our language, but be taught some employment by which they could decently earn a living. Through the efforts begun by these two gentlemen, the slavery of the little Italians has been abolished, and the trade of the *padroni* is no longer allowed by the Italian government.

The first floor of the school-building is divided into school-rooms,

and a reading-room; the second story into a printing-room, and school-rooms, while the third story has a large lecture-room, a music-gallery, and sewing-rooms. In the basement are two large wash and bath rooms, one for boys, and one for girls. All the apartments are large, clean, airy, bright, and cheerful. The corridors and stairways are very wide.

It is a rule that the pupils must be as clean and neat as possible, and many go to the basement to wash and comb their hair, before entering the school-rooms; and, once during the week, each pupil can take a bath. Clothing is given, through the Aid Society, when it is really needed.

Three hundred boys and girls, of all ages, are gathered in the building in the afternoon or evening schools. In the infant school,

on the first floor, there are about one hundred children daily, mere babies. The reading-room is well furnished with newspapers, in both English and Italian, and has a fair collection of books. In the printing-room there are eight or ten boys learning the art of printing, serving an apprenticeship of two years. They have presses and type, and all the apparatus of learning this trade, under a competent master. Their work is so well done, that several business companies employ them to do printing. The young printers are paid for their work, and in the evening they go to the school. In the two school-rooms on the second floor are the most advanced classes; the boys are on one side of the room, and the girls on the other. Each pupil has a separate desk, and the room is well furnished in other respects.

I once heard these Italian children sing a beautiful hymn in their native language, a chorus from the opera of "Lombardi," and some songs, one in English. They seemed to enjoy the singing, and I am sure I did.

The large lecture-room, in the third story, is used for exhibitions. Mr. Remenyi, the great violinist, once played here for the children. Their delight was almost frantic when he gave them the "Carnival of Venice," in which he imitated the cackling of geese and braying of



donkeys, and all sorts of queer sounds. The gallery is used by the band, which is made up of pupils who show musical ability.

In the sewing-room, there are a dozen sewing-machines. Here the girls, who are not at work in shops during the day, come to be taught to sew, both by hand and by machine. They are allowed to make garments for themselves—the materials being given—or to make shirts and undergarments for manufacturers, who pay them. On Saturdays, the girls are taught to do fancy work.

When one remembers that were it not for Mr. Brace, Mr. Cheryua, and some other noble men, besides many women, these little Italians would be "street Arabs," wretched, and even wicked, one cannot but rejoice in all these efforts to teach them to be better, and to earn their own living in honest ways.

ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE ARE SURE all our young readers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just issued a new holiday edition of "Little Women." The book is beautifully bound and printed, and contains more than two hundred excellent illustrations.

Another welcome announcement is that the series of "Peterkin Papers," which have appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, have been collected into book form and published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. Nobody who has read ST. NICHOLAS regularly need be told that this volume by Miss Hale will bring much fun and amusement to any household into which it enters.

From Messrs. Roberts Brothers: "Verses." By Susan Coolidge. —"A Guernsey Lily." By Susan Coolidge. 130 illustrations. —"New Bed-time Stories." By Louise Chandler Moulton. Three full-page illustrations. —"We and the World." By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Eight full-page illustrations.

From Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company: "Queer Pets at Marcy's." By Olive Thorne Miller. Many illustrations.

From the Author's Publishing Company: "Harry Ascott Abroad." By Matthew White, Jun. —"A Visit to El-Fay-Gno-Land." By Mrs. M. M. Sanford. Seven full-page illustrations. —"Kin-folk." By Janet Miller. Illustrated.

From the American Tract Society: "Into the Light." Two full-page illustrations. —"Out of the Way." By Annette Lucille Noble. Four full-page illustrations. —"The Foot on the Sill." By Mrs. H. B. McKeever. Three full-page illustrations. —"The Blue-badger Boys." Three full-page illustrations. —"A Young Man's Safeguard." By Wm. Guest, F. G. S. —"Leo Bertram." From the German of Franz Hoffman. By H. T. Disosway. Four full-page illustrations. —"Frolic at the Sea-side." By Mrs. M. F. Butts. Three full-page illustrations. —"From Hong Kong to the Himalayas." By E. Warren Clark. 32 full-page illustrations. —Several sets of very beautiful text-cards printed in colors.

From James Miller: "All Around the Rocking-chair." By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrated.

BERTHA L. WATMOUGH writes about some queer home-pets—horned toads—which are the special favorites of her uncle and grand-mamma; and she asks how to feed these pets. Bertha will find an answer to this question in the "Story of Lizbeth and the 'Baby,'" printed in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1880.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all read with great interest your article in February, 1880, about "Hearing without ears" by means of an audiphone. But the audiphone you then described is costly, and not easily to be had. Here is a very simple way to make a good one:

You take a piece of smooth, stiff, brown paper, about fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide, and hold both ends together between the teeth, in such a way that the middle part bulges out round.

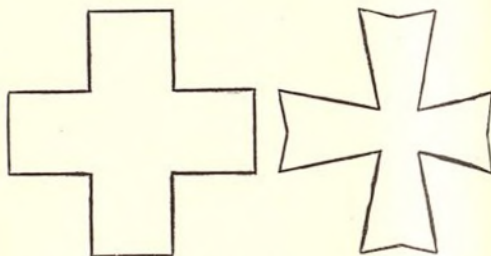
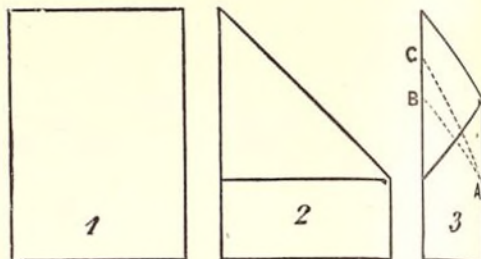
ROBERT.

The illustration of the little story of the "Three Friends," in the Very Little Folk's department of the December number, was drawn by Miss Jessie McDermott, not by Mr. Taber.

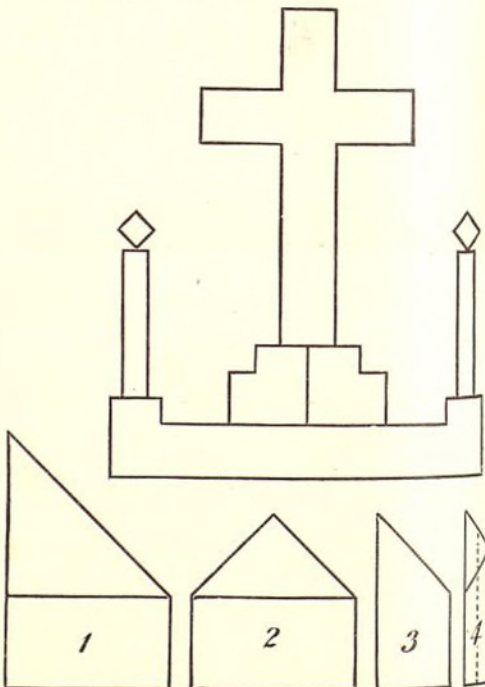
A CORRESPONDENT sends the following descriptions of how to cut paper crosses at one snip. These may not be quite new, but they will perhaps interest a good many readers of the "Letter-Box":

First Way.—Fold a half-sheet of paper in four—once lengthwise and once across. You will then have a shape like Fig. 1. The top line represents the double fold, and the left-hand line the two single folds. Now, double over the upper right-hand corner, and you will have the shape Fig. 2. Then fold the paper in the middle, the long

way. This will give you the shape Fig. 3. Cut right along the dotted line A B, and you will have two pieces of paper, one of which is a Grecian cross. If you cut along the line A C, you will have a Maltese cross.



Second Way.—Take half a sheet of paper. Fold the right corner over as in Figure 1 (second diagram). Then fold over the left corner till the paper looks as in Figure 2. Fold it down the middle lengthwise, Figure 3. Fold it again down the middle lengthwise, Figure 4. Then with your scissors cut right through the middle, the long way, following the dotted line in Figure 4, and you will find several bits of paper, among them a cross. You can, if you please, use all these bits of paper, and form a cross, steps to the cross, a platform, candles, and candle-flames.





## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



NEW YEAR MAZE.

TRACE a way into this maze, without crossing a line, and so as to enter the five circles, one after another, in the order of their inclosed letters, as the letters stand in a greeting appropriate to the season.

## CHARADE.

My first is unpleasant to wear or to view;  
My second in April comes first;  
My third helps to furnish our table with sweets,  
Though of enemies one of the worst:  
My whole is an insect; 't was worshiped of old,  
And is found in the tombs of Egyptians, I'm told.

M. C. D.

## CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell a kindly phrase.  
1. Syncopate continued pains and leave units on cards or dice. 2. Syncopate a step for ascending and leave a commotion. 3. Syncopate very swift and leave a sudden invasion. 4. Syncopate desires and leave instruments used by farmers. 5. Syncopate the surname of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" and leave a sheet of glass. 6. Syncopate a weapon of warfare and leave to fasten with a string. 7. Syncopate the "staff of life" and leave a kind of nail. 8. Syncopate pledges and leave shallow dishes. 9. Syncopate the surname of an

able American general, sometimes called "Mad Anthony," and leave to decrease. 10. Syncopate a pointed weapon and leave part of a ship. 11. Syncopate the sea-shore and leave the price paid. 12. Syncopate restrains and leave young animals of a certain kind.

F. S. F.

## EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in jug, but not in bottle;  
My second in valve, but not in throttle.  
My third is in pine, but not in oak;  
My fourth is in fun, but not in joke;  
My fifth in naughty, and not in good;  
My sixth in breakfast, but not in food;  
My seventh in trays, but not in dishes.  
My whole is a time to exchange good wishes.

H. G.

## DIAMOND.

1. IN capacity. 2. A covering for the head. 3. The weight of four grains. 4. A model of perfection. 5. A worshiper of false gods. 6. 2240 pounds, avoirdupois. 7. In January. DYCIE.



## ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND a word of seven letters describing picture No. 1. Omit one letter and, by transposing the remaining letters, spell a word describing picture No. 2; and so on, until there is but a single letter remaining. W. H.



won wider fame. 3. His \*\*\*\* was universally honored. 4. His conversation was not like the chatter of a \*\*\*\*\*. 5. The \*\*\*\*\* of wine never tempted him. 6. He was an inventor of much \*\*\*\*\*. 7. His \*\*\*\*\* was roused by dishonest practices. 8. He \*\*\*\*\* was intoxicated. 9. In argument he sent off an opponent with "a \*\*\*\*\* in his ear." 10. He used no \*\*\*\*\* nor brandy. 11. He was not afraid to stand \*\*\*\*\* for the right. 12. He \*\*\*\*\* scorned those who were unfortunate. 13. He was as firm as a Turkish \*\*\*\*\* when he took his stand. 14. He was noted for \*\*\*\*\* sentences. 15. His mind grasped and held an \*\*\*\*\* until possessed of its full value. 16. His death was mourned by a \*\*\*\*\*.

## RIDDLE.

I AM formed of nine letters, and am called a prince. In order to acquaint myself personally with my subjects, and with their real needs, I often take long journeys about my country, accompanied only by my body-guard, which I have named "the faithful 3-4-5." Whenever I am weary, they make use of my 1-2-3, and prepare for me my 8-9-7, which I drink in my 3-4-5. What am I? M. C. D.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA, FOR WEE PUZZLERS.

My whole has eight letters, and names a big animal. My 1-2-2 is a measure of length. In my 2-3-7-8 comes the day for hot cross-buns. My 4-3-8 is to fondle. My 5-6-8 is for the head. BESSIE.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

COMPLETE the following sentences with words, each of which is to contain as many letters as there are stars printed in its place. These words, in the order given, form the double acrostic.

The initials spell the name of a famous American philosopher; the initials, what he was called in London on account of his temperance principles. Each of the sentences, when complete, describes one of his characteristics.

1. In argument he was hard to \*\*\*\*. 2. Few on \*\*\*\*\* have

## ANAGRAMS: FAMOUS POEMS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

In the following anagrams, the letters of the titles of the poems are not mingled with the letters which form the authors' names; thus, Ether Van, by Dean Rolla Peag, is an anagram on "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe.

1. Her India Dress, by Athan Coburn Ashmead.
2. The Egg of Heibright Cathedral, by Fenton S. Darnley.
3. How the Elf Hated Forest, by Wilbur Allin McAlpine.
4. Music of Merry Poet, by Celia C. Ray.
5. Stoket Children at School, by Rowland Worthney Howell.

M. C. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. An empty bag cannot stand upright.

CONCEALED BIRDS. 1. Eagle. 2. Nightingale. 3. Heron. 4. Swan. 5. Hawk. 6. Hen. 7. Lark. 8. Flamingo. 9. Ostrich. 10. Dodo. 11. Dove. 12. Pewit. 13. Owl. 14. Emu.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Cowper.

DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Bagstock (Dombey and Son). Finals: Traddles (David Copperfield). Cross-words: 1. Bagnet (Bleak House). 2. Aggerawayter (Tale of Two Cities). 3. GeorgianA (Mutual Friend). 4. Small-weed (Bleak House). 5. Trotwood (David Copperfield). 6. Old Bill (Great Expectations). 7. Cuttle (Dombey and Son). 8. KenwigS (Nicholas Nickleby).

NUMERICAL OMISSIONS. Pepper-grass.

THREE EASY DIAMONDS. 1. T. 2. HUB. 3. TuRin. 4. Blg. 5. N.—II. 1. H. 2. DOg. 3. HoUnd. 4. GNu. 5. D.—III. 1. L. 2. COW. 3. LoUIS. 4. Wit. 5. S.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Centrals across: Break-water. Left-hand Diamond: 1. B. 2. ORE. 3. BrEak. 4. EAT. 5. K. Right-hand Diamond: 1. W. 2. LAW. 3. WaTer. 4. WEt. 5. R.

THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS. I. Tarpaulin. II. Lady Jane Grey. III. Combatale.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Santa. Finals: Chus. Cross-words: 1. Scholastic. 2. Accidental. 3. Nebraska. 4. Tableau. 5. Anonymous.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

"Cynthia and Donny" send from Hanover, Germany, the answers to six puzzles in the October number.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 20, from "Pork U. Pine," 12—Suzette, 6—Anna and Alice, 6—John M. Gittman, 2—Gertrude C. Eager, 8—Archie and Charlotte Warden, 13—Lizzie Monroe, 2—"North Star," 5—Walter K. Smith, 1—Frankie Hassaurek, 1—Minnie Hassaurek, 1—Daisy Vail, 2—"Midget and Blunderbuss," 4—John A. Chaffel, 1—Mary L. Shipman, 2—Kip and Phil, 2—T. M., 1—Ollie O. Partridge, 1—"Betsy and I," 12—Florence R. Radcliffe, 2—Lizzie C. Fowler, 10—"Tom, Dick, and Harry," 13—Edward L. Dufourcq, 2—Florence P. Jones, 1—Sherburne G. Hopkins, 2—T. Putnam and M. Abbot, 1—Arthur Boyd, 1—Henry M. Norris and Alan D. Wilson, 1—"K," 1—Grace and her Cousin, 13—H. L. C., 13—Allie, Clem, Florence, and John, 1—"Shady Rady and Rulpy Tulip," 7—S. Lagout, 2—Mary P. Bice, 1—Lizze H. D. St. Vrain, 13—Lillie, 10—Belle Chandler, 3—"Greene Horne," 10—Charlie and Josie Treat, 12—Bessie Taylor, 9—Willie C. Mains, 1—"Cal. I. Forny," 7—"Jack and Jill," 13—C. C. Tyler, 4—Sadie and Eddie Wuffield, 8—Edith McKeever, 5—Harry V. Witbeck, 9—Evans Preston, 3—Florence Wilcox, 9—Cora Fitz-Hugh, 4—E. C. Lindsay, 6—T. A. R., 1—W. L. K., 1—Minnie B. Leigh, 4—Clara and Annie, 1—Grace E. McIlvaine, 7—"Bonnie Brown Bessie," 13—Heath Sutherland, 12—M. J. H. and S. A. B., 9—Jessie M. Miles, 3—"Morning Glory," 2—Emma W. Fisher, 1—Nettie Dwyer, 10—Ellie Carter, 4—"Mab," 12—Matie Milliken, 2—Robbie Ludington, 6—"Nameless," 7—A. M. Poole, 10—"Topsy," 4—Cleveland A. Chandler, 1—"Woodpecker," 2—Belle and Bertie Baldwin, 3—Bessie C. Barney, 13—Will Ruter Springer, 7—Timie and Nellie, 3—"Buttercup and Daisy," 10—"Prince Jamie," 1—"Rubie and Grace," 8—Bessie and her Cousin, 13—Lucia F. Henderson, 1—Maggie Kelsey, 2—R. T. L., 11—Bessie Constock, 1—"Georgia and Lee," 10—"Doctor," 5—"Jill," 9—Carrie C. B. T., 5—Ella L. Bryan, 4—Nellie C. Graham, 5—T. K. M. and C. H. S., 1—Virginia Chinn and Willie B. Deas, 11—Bessie McClure, 6—Harry K. Caner and Willie C. Wiedersheim, 7—Annie and Willie Plumb, 10—Mars O. Slocum, 11—E. A. Mather and Sister, 7—Oscar Townsend, Jr., 1—"Edipus," 13—Roswell B. Lamson, 11—"Helen's Babies," 8—Mary G. Smith, 3—G. O. West, 9—Susie, Willie, and Payson Smith, 7—Elisha Cook, 5—O. C. Turner, 12—Frank J. Gutzwiller, 2—"Sairy Gamp," 7—Henry F. Archer, 11—Alice Maud Kyte, 11—May Beadle, 9—Ellie and Corrie, 9—Clarence H. Reeves, 1—Frank Osborne, 1—Marie P. C., 6—C. R. McMillan, 2—"The Stowe Family," 12—Charlie W. Power, 8—"Trailing Arbutus," 1—Robert A. Gally, 6—Nannie Mac and Em G., 8—Florence Leslie Kyte, 13—Mary L. Barclay, 5—Carol and her sisters, 11—Geo. T. Macauley, 7—Bella Wehl, 4—Edward Vultee, 12—Kitty Fulkerson, 3—Lida S. Penfield, 1.