

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 4.

[Copyright, 1881, by Scribner & Co.]

## IN THE TOWER.—A. D. 1554.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

By the river deep and black,  
Where the countless masts arise,  
London's Tower lifts its strength  
To the English skies.

Centuries ago it stood  
Grim as now, and seemed to frown  
On the river's rolling flood,  
And on London town.

There, one day, knowing not  
If for life or if for death,  
Led a prisoner through its gate,  
Came Elizabeth.

Not as yet the haughty queen,  
But a princess, young and fair,  
With no crown upon her head,  
Save of golden hair.

Trembling, passed she through the door,  
Door of dread and door of doubt,  
Where so many had gone in,  
Never to come out.

Foes behind, and spies beside,  
Questioned, menaced, and betrayed;  
None to counsel, none to help,  
Went the royal maid.

Through the heavy-hearted land,  
Good men prayed with bated breath:  
"Save her, Lord, for Thou canst save—  
Save Elizabeth!"

VOL. VIII.—17.

Musing in her dreary cell,  
Pacing, all alone, for hours  
In a little garden, set  
'Twixt the frowning towers,—

Slowly crept the lagging weeks,  
Sadly dragged the lingering day;  
Not a prisoner might dare  
Even to glance her way.

Not a foot might cross her path,  
Nor a signal meet her eye;  
Thus the edict of the Lords,  
Met in council high.

In the Tower lived children four,  
Baby-children, full of glee,  
And they nothing knew nor cared  
What the law might be.

A new playfellow they spied,  
That was all they cared or knew,  
And, like flies to honey-pot,  
Straight to her they flew.

It was vain to tell them nay;  
It was vain to shut the door;  
Under, over, any way,  
Went the children four.

In like leaping lines of light,  
Went they, danced they, full of fun,  
Flowers in their tiny hands,  
Flowers themselves, each one.

Soft and sweet the princess smiled,  
But, by some instinctive art,  
Well they knew, the little ones,  
She was sad at heart.

Much they longed to ease her pain,  
And they found a little key,  
Picked it up, and brought, and said,  
"Mistress, you are free.

"Now you can unlock the gate,  
And can go abroad at will,  
Only please come back sometimes  
To us children still."

When the mighty Council-Lords  
Heard the artless tale one day,  
Of the children and their words,  
Angry men were they.

"These are little spies," they swore,  
"Letter-carriers,—dangerous!  
We must look into this thing.  
Bring them unto us."

So before the Council-Lords  
Were the little children led,  
And of all their acts and words  
They were questionèd.

But the babies nothing told;  
There was nothing they could tell,  
Save "The Lady is so kind,  
And we love her well."

Then the great Lords chid the babes  
(While the parents held their breath),  
And forbade them to go near  
"Dame Elizabeth."

Threatening heavy punishments  
Should they dare to disobey,  
Or to pass the sentries set  
In the garden way.

Sorely grieved the little ones  
For their playmate fair and good;  
Oft they strove to reach the gate,  
But they never could.

For the soldiers, tall and strong,  
Stood to left and stood to right,  
And the mothers kept strict watch  
On them day and night.

Only once, a tiny boy,  
Slipping past the guardians all,  
Sought and found a little hole  
In the outer wall.

Put his rosy lips thereto,  
Whispering, "Mistress, are you there?  
I can bring you no more flowers,  
For I do not dare.

"It was naughty that we came,  
So the great, grand Lordships said"—  
Then he heard the sentry's step,  
And he turned and fled.

Did the Princess hear the boy?  
Or, astonished, long to know  
What could ail her little friends  
That they shunned her so?

Did she ever seek them out  
In the happier after-day,  
When she reigned great England's Queen?  
—History does not say.

But the tender, childish tale,  
Like a fragrance from dead flower,  
Lingers yet and maketh sweet  
London's great old Tower.

Still it stands as then it stood,  
Sullen, strong, and seems to frown  
On the river's rolling flood,  
And on London town.

And a traveler from far lands,  
Little known or thought of then  
By the haughty Virgin Queen  
And her merry men,

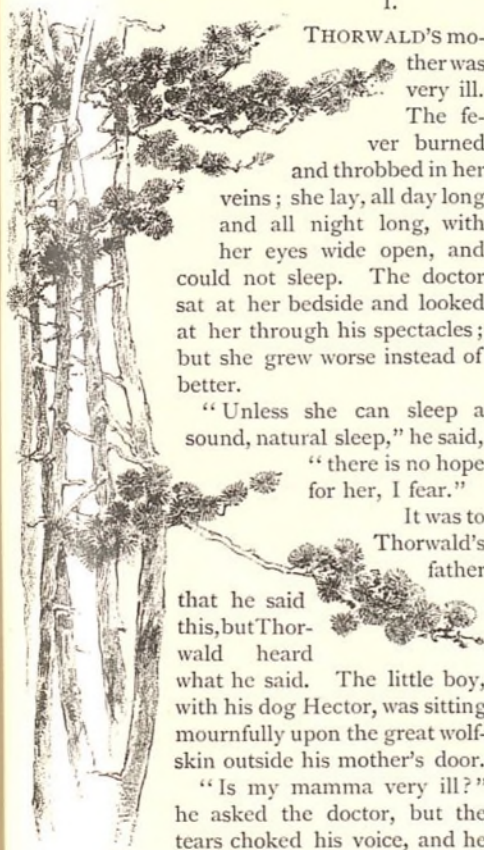
Standing 'neath its time-worn door,  
Where the busy river runs,  
Smiles to-day, remembering  
Those dear little ones.



## THORWALD AND THE STAR-CHILDREN.

A STORY OF NORWAY.—BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

## I.



THORWALD'S mother was very ill. The fever burned and throbbed in her veins; she lay, all day long and all night long, with her eyes wide open, and could not sleep. The doctor sat at her bedside and looked at her through his spectacles; but she grew worse instead of better.

"Unless she can sleep a sound, natural sleep," he said,

"there is no hope for her, I fear."

It was to

Thorwald's father that he said this, but Thorwald heard what he said. The little boy, with his dog Hector, was sitting mournfully upon the great wolf-skin outside his mother's door.

"Is my mamma very ill?" he asked the doctor, but the tears choked his voice, and he hid his face in the hair of

Hector's shaggy neck.

"Yes, child," answered the doctor; "very ill."

"And will God take my mamma away from me?" he faltered, extricating himself from Hector's embrace, and trying hard to steady his voice and look brave.

"I am afraid He will, my child," said the doctor, gravely.

"But could I not do something for her, doctor?"

The long-suppressed tears now broke forth, and trickled down over the boy's cheeks.

"You, a child, what can you do?" said the doctor, kindly, and shook his head.

Just then, there was a great noise in the air. The chimes in the steeple of the village church pealed forth a joyous Christmas carol, and the sound soared, rushing as with invisible wing-beats

through the clear, frosty air. For it was Christmas eve, and the bells were, according to Norse custom, "ringing-in the festival." Thorwald stood long listening, with folded hands, until the bells seemed to take up the doctor's last words, and chime: "What can you do, what can you do, what can you do?" Surely, there could be no doubt that that was what the bells were saying. The clear little silvery bells that rang out the high notes were every moment growing more impatient, and now the great heavy bell joined them, too, and tolled out slowly, in a deep bass voice, "Thor—wald!" and then all the little ones chimed in with the chorus, as rapidly as their stiff iron tongues could wag: "What can you do, what can you do, what can you do? Thor—wald, what can you do, what can you do, what can you do?"

"A child—ah, what can a child do?" thought Thorwald. "Christ was himself a child once, and He saved the whole world. And on a night like this, when all the world is glad because it is His birthday, He perhaps will remember how a little boy feels who loves his mamma, and cannot bear to lose her. If I only knew where he is now, I would go to Him, even if it were ever so far, and tell him how much we all love mamma, and I would promise Him to be the best boy in all the world, if He would allow her to stay with us."

Now the church-bells suddenly stopped, though the air still kept quivering for some minutes with faint reverberations of sound. It was very quiet in the large, old-fashioned house. The servants stole about on tiptoe, and spoke to each other in hurried whispers when they met in the halls. A dim lamp, with a bluish globe, hung under the ceiling and sent a faint, moon-like light over the broad oaken staircase, upon the first landing of which a large Dutch clock stood, in a sort of niche, and ticked and ticked patiently in the twilight. It was only five o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the moon had been up for more than an hour, and the stars were twinkling in the sky, and the aurora borealis swept with broad sheets of light through the air, like a huge fan, the handle of which was hidden beneath the North Pole; you almost imagined you heard it whizzing past your ears as it flashed upward to the zenith and flared along the horizon. For at that season of the year the sun sets at about two o'clock in the northern part of Norway, and the day is then but four hours long, while the night is twenty. To Thorwald that was a perfectly proper and natural



arrangement; for he had always known it so in winter, and he would have found it very singular if the sun had neglected to hide behind the mountains at about two o'clock on Christmas eve.

But poor Thorwald heeded little the wonders of the sky that day. He heard the clock going, "Tick—tack, tick—tack," and he knew that the precious moments were flying, and he had not yet decided what he could do which might please God so well that He would consent to let the dear Mamma remain upon earth. He thought of making a vow to be very good all his life long; but it occurred to him that before he would have had time to prove the sincerity of his promise, God might already

struck him before he seized his cap and overcoat (for it was a bitter cold night), and ran to the stable to fetch his skees.\* Then down he slid over the steep hill-side. The wind whistled in his ears, and the loose snow whirled about him and settled in his hair, and all over his trousers and his coat. When he reached Wise Marthie's cottage, down on the knoll, he looked like a wandering snow image. He paused for a moment at the door; then took heart and gave three bold raps with his skee-staff. He heard some one groping about within, and at length a square hole in the door was opened, and the head of the revengeful fairy godmother was thrust out through the opening.



THORWALD BY HIS MOTHER'S DOOR.

have taken his mamma away. He must find some shorter and surer method. Down on the knoll, near the river, he knew there lived a woman whom all the peasants held in great repute, and who was known in the parish as "Wise Marthie." He had always been half afraid of her, because she was very old and wrinkled, and looked so much like the fairy godmother, in his story-book, who was not invited to the christening feast, and who revenged herself by stinging the princess with a spindle, so that she had to go to sleep for a hundred years. But if she were so wise, as all the people said, perhaps she might tell him what he should do to save the life of his mamma. Hardly had this thought

"Who is there?" asked Wise Marthie, harshly (for, of course, it was none other than she). Then, as she saw the small boy, covered all over with snow, she added, in a friendlier voice: "Ah! Gentlefolk out walking in this rough weather?"

"Oh, Marthie!" cried Thorwald, anxiously, "my mamma is very ill —"

He wished to say more, but Marthie here opened the lower panel of the door, while the upper one remained closed, and invited him to enter.

"Bend your head," she said, "or you will knock against the door. I am a poor woman, and can't afford to waste precious heat by opening both panels."

\* Skees (Norwegian *skier*) are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, generally from five to nine feet long, but only a few inches broad. They are made of tough pine wood, and are smoothly polished on the under side, so as to make them glide the more easily over the surface of the snow. In the middle there are bands to put the feet into, and the front end of each skee is pointed and strongly bent upward. This enables the runner to slide easily over logs, hillocks, and other obstacles, instead of thrusting against them. The skee only goes in straight lines; still the runner can, even when moving with great speed, change his course at pleasure by means of a long pole which he carries for this purpose, and uses as a sort of rudder. Skees are especially convenient for sliding downhill, but are also, for walking in deep snow, much superior to the common American snow-shoes.



Thorwald shook the snow from his coat, set his skis against the wall outside, and entered the cottage.

"Take a seat here at the fire," said the old woman, pointing to a wooden block which stood close to the hearth. "You must be very cold, and you can warm your hands while you tell me your errand."

"Thank you, Marthie," answered the boy, "but I have no time to sit down. I only wanted to ask you something, and if you can tell me that, I shall—I shall—love you as long as I live."

Old Marthie smiled, and Thorwald thought for a moment that she looked almost handsome. And then she took his hand in hers and drew him gently to her side.

"You are not a witch, are you, Marthie?" he said, a little tremblingly. For Marthie's association with the wicked fairy godmother was yet very suggestive. Then, again, her cottage seemed to be a very queer place; and it did not look like any other cottage that he had ever seen before. Up under the ceiling, which was black and sooty, hung bunches of dried herbs, and on shelves along the wall stood flower-pots, some of which had blooming flowers in them. The floor was freshly scrubbed, and strewn with juniper-needles, and the whole room smelt very clean. In a corner, between the stone hearth and the wall, a bed, made of plain deal boards, was to be seen; a shaggy Maltese cat, with sleepy, yellow eyes, was for the present occupying it, and he raised his head and gazed knowingly at the visitor, as if to say: "I know what you have come for."

Old Marthie chuckled when Thorwald asked if she was a witch; and somehow her chuckle had a pleasant and good-natured sound, the boy thought, as he eyed her wistfully.

"Now I am sure you are not a witch," cried he, "for witches never laugh like that. I know, now, that you are a good woman, and that you will want to help me, if you can. I told you my mamma was very ill" (the tears here again broke through his voice)—"so very ill that the doctor says, God will take her away from us. I sat at her door all yesterday and cried, and when Papa took me in to her, she did not know me. Then I cried more. I asked Papa why God makes people so ill, and he said it was something I did n't understand, but I should understand some day. But, Marthie, I have n't time to wait, for by that time Mamma may be gone, and I shall never know where to find her; I must know now. And you, who are so very wise, you will tell me what I can do to save my mamma. Could n't I do something for God, Marthie,—something that He would like? And then, perhaps, He would allow Mamma to stay with us always."

The tears now came hot and fast, but the boy still stood erect, and gazed with anxious questioning into the old woman's face.

"You are a brave little lad," she said, stroking his soft, curly hair with her stiff, crooked fingers, "and happy is the mother of such a boy. And old Marthie knows a thing or two, she also, and you shall not have come to her in vain. Once, child, more than eighteen hundred years ago, just on this very night, a strange thing happened in this world, and I dare say you have heard of it. Christ, the White, was born of Mary in the land of the Jews. The angels came down from heaven, as we read in the Good Book, and they sang strange and wonderful songs of praise. And they scattered flowers, too—flowers which only blossomed until then in heaven, in the sight of God. And one of these flowers,—sweet and pure, like the tone of an angel's voice expressed in color,—one of these wondrous flowers, I say, struck root in the soil, and has multiplied, and remains in the world until this day. It blossoms only on Christmas eve—on the eve when Christ was born. Even in the midst of the snow, and when it is so cold that the wolf shivers in his den, this frail, pure flower peeps up for a few brief moments above the shining white surface, and then is not seen again. It is of a white or faintly bluish color; and he who touches it and inhales its heavenly odor is immediately healed of every earthly disease. But there is one singular thing about it—no one can see it unless he be pure and innocent and good; to all others the heavenly flower is invisible."

"Oh, then I shall never find it, Marthie!" cried Thorwald, in great suspense. "For I have often been very naughty."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Marthie, and shook her head.

"And do you think it is of no use for me, then, to try to find the flower?" exclaimed the boy, wildly. "Oh, Marthie, help me! Help me!"

"Well, I think I should try," said Marthie, calmly. "I don't believe you can have been such a dreadfully naughty boy; and you probably were very sorry whenever you happened to do something wrong."

"Yes, yes, always, and I always begged Papa's and Mamma's pardon."

"Then, listen to me! I will show you the star of Bethlehem in the sky—the same one that led the shepherds and the kings of the East to the manger where Christ lay. Follow that straight on, through the forest, across the frozen river, wherever it may lead you, until you find the heavenly flower. And when you have found it, hasten home to your mother, and put it up to her lips so that she may inhale its breath; then she will be healed, and will



bless her little boy, who shunned no sacrifice for her sake."

"But I did n't tell you, Marthie, that I made Thore Hering-Luck tattoo a ship on my right arm, although Papa had told me that I must n't do it. Do you still think I shall find the heavenly flower?"

"I should n't wonder if you did, child," responded Marthie, with a re-assuring nod of her head. "It is high time for you to start, now; and you must n't loiter by the way."

"No, no; you need not tell me that!" cried the boy, seizing his cap eagerly, and slipping out through the lower panel of the door. He jumped into the bands of his skees, and cast his glance up to the vast nocturnal sky, which glittered with myriads of twinkling stars. Which of all these was the star of Bethlehem? He was just about to rush back into the cottage, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and saw Wise Marthie's kindly but withered face close to his.

"Look toward the east, child," she said, almost solemnly.

"I don't know where the east is, Marthie," said Thorwald, dolefully. "I always get mixed up about the points of the compass. If they would only fix four big poles, one in each corner of the earth, that everybody could see, then I should always know where to turn."

"There is the east," said Marthie, pointing with a long, crooked finger toward the distant mountain-tops, which, with their hoods of ice, flashed and glistened in the moonlight. "Do you see that bright, silvery star which is just rising between those two snowy peaks?"

"Yes, yes, Marthie. I see it! I see it!"

"That is the star of Bethlehem. You will know it by its white, radiant light. Follow that, and its rays will lead you to the flower which can conquer Death, as it led the shepherds and the kings of old to Him, over whom Death had no power."

"Thank you, Marthie. Thank you!"

The second "thank you" hardly reached the ears of the old woman, for the boy had shot like an arrow down over the steep bank, and was now half-way out upon the ice. The snow surged and danced in eddies behind him, and the cold stung his face like sharp, tiny needles. But he hardly minded it, for he saw the star of Bethlehem beaming large and radiant upon the blue horizon, and he thought of his dear mother, whom he was to rescue from the hands of Death. But the flower,—the flower,—where was that? He searched carefully all about him in the snow, but he saw no trace of it. "I wonder," he thought, "if it can blossom in the snow? I should rather think that Christ allows the angels to fling down a few of them every year on his birthday, to help those that are sick

and suffering; they say He is very kind and good, and I should n't wonder if He sees me now, and will tell the angels to throw down the precious flower right in my path."

## II.

THE world was cold and white round about him. The tall pines stood wrapped in cloaks of snow, which looked like great white ulsters, and they were buttoned straight up to the chin—only a green finger-tip and a few tufts of dark-green hair showed faintly, at the end of the sleeves and above the collar. The alders and the birches, who had no such comfortable coats to keep out the cold, stood naked in the keen light of the stars and the aurora, and they shivered to the very marrow. To Thorwald it seemed as if they were stretching their bare, lean hands against the heavens, praying for warmer weather. A family of cedar-birds, who had lovely red caps on their heads and gray uniforms of the most fashionable tint, had snuggled close together on a sheltered pine-branch, and they were carrying on a subdued twittering conversation just as Thorwald passed the river-bank, pushing himself rapidly over the snow by means of his skee-staff. But it was strictly a family matter they were discussing, which it would be indiscreet in me to divulge. They did, however, shake down a handful of loose snow on Thorwald's head, just to let him know that he was very impolite to take so little notice of them. They did not know, of course, that his mother was ill; otherwise, I am sure, they would have forgiven him.

Hush! What was that? Thorwald thought he heard distant voices behind him in the snow. He looked all about him, but saw nothing. Then, following the guidance of the star, he still pressed onward. He quitted the river-bed and traversed a wide, sloping meadow; he had to take a zigzag course, like a ship that is tacking, because the slope was too steep to ascend in a straight line. He was beginning to feel tired. The muscles in his legs ached, and he often shifted the staff from hand to hand, in order to rest the one or the other of his arms. He gazed now fixedly upon the snow, taking only an occasional glance at the sky, to see that he was going in the right direction; the strange hum of voices in the air yet haunted his ears, and he sometimes imagined he heard words moving to a wonderful melody. Was it the angels that were singing, inspiring him with courage for his quest? He dared hardly believe it, and yet his heart beat joyously at the thought. Ah! what is that which glitters so strangely in the snow? A starry gleam, a twinkling, like a spark gathering its light into a little glittering point, just as it is about to be



quenched. Thorwald leaps from his skees and plunges his hand into the snow. The frozen crust cuts his wrist cruelly; and he feels that he is bleeding. With a wrench he pulls his hand up; his heart throbs in his throat; he gazes with wild expectation, but sees—nothing. His wrist is bleeding, and his hand is full of blood. Poor Thorwald could hardly trust his eyes. He certainly had seen something glittering on the snow. He felt a great lump in his throat, and it would have been a great relief to him, at that moment, to sit down and give vent to the tears that were crowding to his eyelids. But just then a clear, sweet strain of music broke through the air, and Thorwald heard distinctly these words, sung by voices of children:

"Lead, O star of Bethlehem,  
Me through death and danger,  
Unto Christ, who on this night  
Lay cradled in a manger."

Thorwald gathered all his strength and again leaped into his skees; he was now on the border of a dense pine forest, and as he looked into it, he could not help shuddering. It was so dark under the thick, snow-burdened branches, and the moon only broke through here and there, and scattered patches of light over the tree-tops and on the white carpet of the snow. Yet, perhaps it was within this very wood that the heavenly blossom had fallen. He must not lose heart now, when he was perhaps so near his goal. Thrusting his staff vigorously into the snow-crust, he pushed himself forward and glided in between the tall, silent trunks; at the same moment the air again quivered lightly, as with the breath of invisible beings, and he heard words, which, as far as he could afterward recollect them, sounded as follows:

"Make my soul as white and pure  
As the heavenly blossom,—  
As the flower of grace and truth  
That blooms upon Thy bosom."

Thorwald hardly felt the touch of the snow beneath his feet; he seemed rather to be soaring through the air, and the trunks of the huge dark trees marched in close columns, like an army in rapid retreat, before his enraptured vision. Christ did see him! Christ would send him the heavenly flower! All over the snow sparkling stars were scattered, and they gleamed and twinkled and beckoned to him, but whenever he stretched out his hand for them they suddenly vanished. The trees began to assume strange, wild shapes, and to resemble old men and women, with long beards and large hooked noses. They nodded knowingly to one another, and raised up their gnarled toes from the ground in which they were rooted, and tried to trip up the little boy who had dared to interrupt their solemn conversation. One old fir shook the

snow from her shoulders, and stretched out a long, strangely twisted arm, and was on the point of seizing Thorwald by the hair, when fortunately he saw the coming danger, and darted away down the hill-side at quickened speed. A long, bright streak of light suddenly illuminated the eastern sky. Something fell through the air, and left a golden trail of fire behind it; surely it was the heavenly flower that was thrown down by an angel in response to his prayer! Forward, and ever forward,—over roots and stumps and stones,—stumbling, rising again, sinking from weariness and exhaustion, kneeling to pray on the frozen snow, crawling painfully back and tottering into the skee-bands; but only forward, ever forward! The earth rolls with a surging motion under his feet, the old trees join their rugged hands and dance, in wild, senile glee, around him, lifting their twisted limbs, and sometimes, with their talons, trying to sweep the stars from the sky. Thorwald struggled with all his force to break through the ring they had made around him. He saw plainly the flower, beaming with a pale radiance upon the snow, and he strove with all his might to reach it, but something held him back, and though he was once or twice within an inch of it, he could never quite grasp it with his fingers. Then, all of a sudden, the strange song again vibrated through the air, and he saw a huge star glittering among the underbrush; a flock of children clad in white robes were dancing about it, and they were singing Christmas carols in praise of the new-born Savior. As they approached nearer and nearer, the hope revived in Thorwald's heart. Ah, there the flower of healing was, lying close at his feet. He made a desperate leap and clutched it in his grasp—then saw and felt no more.

### III.

THE white children were children of earth, not, as Thorwald had imagined, angels from heaven. It is a custom in Norway for the children of the poor to go about on Christmas eve, from house to house, carrying a large canvas star, with one or more lanterns within it, and sing Christmas carols. They are always dressed in white robes, and people call them star-children. Whenever they station themselves in the snow before the front door, and lift up their tiny, shrill voices, old and young crowd to the windows, and the little boys and girls who are born to comfort and plenty, and never have known want, throw pennies to them, and wish them a merry Christmas. When they have finished singing, they are invited in to share in the mirth of the children of the house, and are made to sit down with them to the Christmas table, and perhaps to dance with them around the Christmas tree.



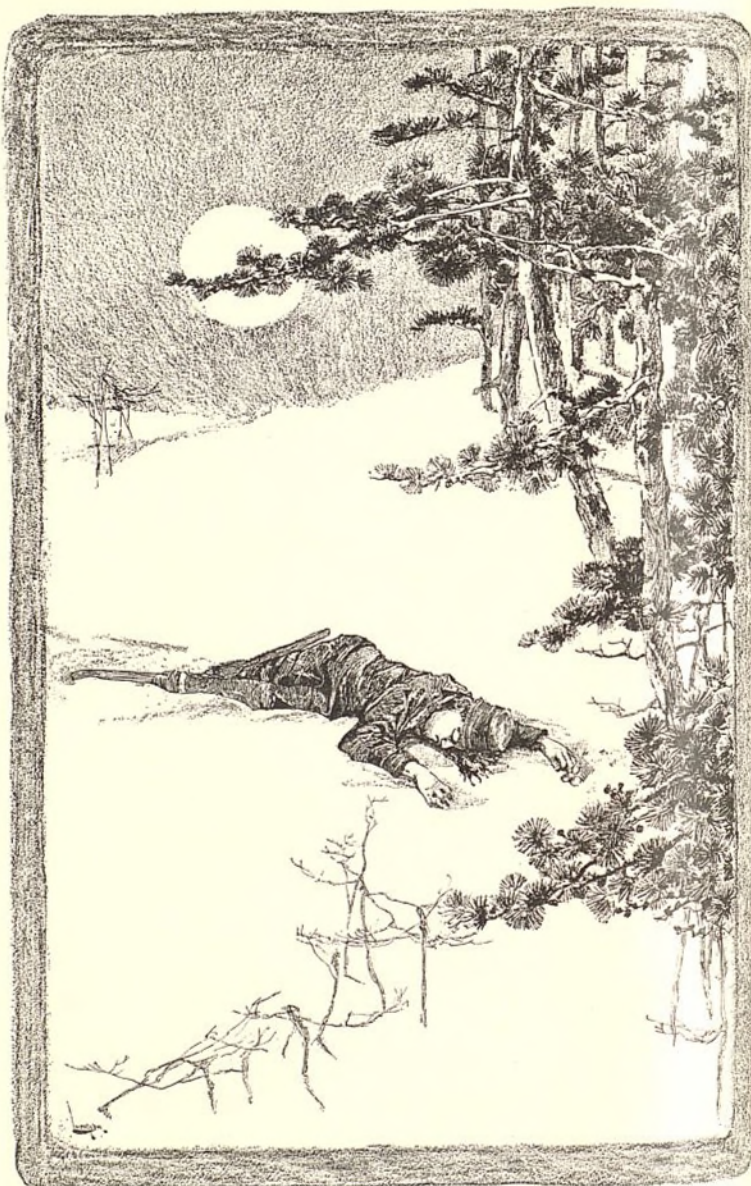
It was a company of these star-children who now found Thorwald lying senseless in the forest, and whose sweet voices he had heard in the distance.

The oldest of them, a boy of twelve, hung up his star on the branch of a fir-tree, and stooped down over the pale little face, which, from the force of the fall, was half buried in the snow. He lifted Thorwald's head and gazed anxiously into his features, while the others stood in a ring about him, staring with wide-open eyes and frightened faces.

"This is Thorwald, the judge's son," he said. "Come, boys, we must carry him home. He must have been taken ill while he was running on skees. But let us first make a litter of branches to carry him on."

The boys all fell to work with a will, cutting flexible twigs with their pocket-knives, and the little girls sat down on the snow and twined them firmly together, for they were used to work, and, indeed, some of them made their living by weaving baskets. In a few minutes the litter was ready, and Thorwald, who was still unconscious, was laid upon it. Then six boys took hold, one at each corner and two in the middle, and as the crust of the snow was very thick, and strong enough to bear them, it was only once or twice that any of them broke through. When they reached the river, however, they were very tired, and were obliged for a while to halt. Some one proposed that they should sing as they walked, as that would make the time pass more quickly, and make their burden seem lighter, and immediately some one began a beautiful Christmas carol, and all the others joined in with one accord.

It was a pretty sight to see them as they went marching across the river, one small boy of six walking at the head of the procession, carrying the great star,



THORWALD FALLS SENSELESS IN THE FOREST.

then the six larger boys carrying the litter, and at last twelve little white-robed girls, tripping two abreast over the shining surface of the ice. But, in spite of their singing, they were very tired by the time they had gained the highway on the other side of the river. They did not like to confess it; but when they saw the light from Wise Marthie's windows,



march-  
king at  
at star,

the oldest boy proposed that they should stop there for a few minutes to rest, and the other five said, in a careless sort of way, that they had no objection. Only the girls were a wee bit frightened, because they had heard that Wise Marthie was a witch. The boys, however, laughed at that, and the little fellow with the star ran forward and knocked at the door with Thorwald's skee-staff.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" cried Marthie, as she opened the peeping-hole in her door, and saw the insensible form which the boys bore between them; then flinging open both portions of the door, she rushed out, snatched Thorwald up in her arms, and carried him into the cottage.

"Come in, children," she said, "come in and warm yourselves for a moment. Then hurry up to the judge's, and tell the folk there that the little lad is here at my cottage. You will not go away empty-handed; for the judge is a man who pays for more than he gets. And this boy, you know, is the apple of his eye. Lord! Lord! I sent his dog, Hector, after him, and I knew the beast would let me know if the boy came to harm; but, likely as not, the wind was the wrong way, and the poor beast could not trace the skee-track on the frozen snow. Mercy! mercy! and he is in a dead swoon."

#### IV.

WHEN Thorwald waked up, he lay in his bed, in his own room, and in his hand he held a pale-blue flower. He saw the doctor standing at his bedside.

"Mamma—my mamma," he whispered.

"Yes, it is time that we should go to your mamma," said the doctor, and his voice shook.

And he took the boy by the hand and led him to his mother's bed-chamber. Thorwald began to tremble—a terrible dread had come over him; but he clutched the flower convulsively, and prayed that he might not come too late. A dim, shaded lamp burned in a corner of the room, his father was sitting on a chair, resting his head in his palms, and weeping. To his astonishment, he saw an old woman stooping over the pillow where his mother's head lay; it was Wise Marthie. Unable to contain himself any longer, he rushed, breathless with excitement, up to the bedside.

"Mamma! Mamma!" he cried, flourishing his prize in the air. "I am going to make you well. Look here!"

He thrust the flower eagerly into her face, gazing all the while exultantly into her beloved features.

"My sweet, my darling child," whispered she, while her eyes kindled with a heavenly joy. "How can a mother die who has such a noble son?"

And she clasped her little boy in her arms, and drew him close to her bosom. Thus they lay long, weeping for joy,—mother and son. An hour later the doctor stole on tiptoe toward the bed, and found them both there sleeping.

When the morrow's sun peeped in through the white curtains, the mother awoke from her long, health-giving slumber; but Thorwald lay yet peacefully sleeping at her side. And as the mother's glance fell upon the flower, now limp and withered, yet clutched tightly in the little grimy, scratched, and frost-bitten fist, the tears—happy tears—again blinded her eyes. She stretched out her hand, took the withered flower, pressed it to her lips, and then hid it next to her heart. And there she wears it until this day.

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

FRIGHTEN the children, do I? Pop with too sudden a jump?  
Well, how do you think I felt, all shut in there in a lump?  
And did n't I get a shock when the lid came down on my head?  
And if *you* were squeezed up and locked in, would n't *you* get ugly  
and red?  
If you think I'm so dreadful, my friend, suppose you just try it  
yourself;  
Let some one shut *you* in a box, and set you away on a shelf,—  
And then, when the lid is unhooked, if *you* don't leap out with a  
whack,  
And look like a fright when you spring, I'll give in, or my name is n't Jack.





## WINTER AND SUMMER.

BY H. O. KNOWLTON.

OH, I wish the winter would go,  
 And I wish the summer would come.  
 Then the big brown farmer will hoe,  
 The little brown bee will hum.  
 Ho, hum!

Then the robin his fife will trill,  
 And the woodpecker beat his drum,  
 And out of their tents in the hill  
 The little green troops will come.  
 Ho, hum!

Now the blossoms are sick in bed,  
 And the dear little birds are dumb,  
 The brook has a cold in her head,  
 Oh, summer takes long to come.  
 Ho, hum!

When in bonny blue fields of sky  
 And in bonny green fields below,  
 The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,  
 Then summer will come, I know.  
 Ho, ho!

Then around and over the trees,  
 With a flutter and flirt will go  
 A rollicking, frolicking breeze,  
 And away with a whisk, ho, ho.  
 Ho, ho!

Oh, the blossoms take long to come,  
 And the icicles long to go;  
 But the summer will come, and the bees will hum,  
 And the bright little brook will flow,  
 I know. Ho, ho!

## THE GIANT SQUID.

BY RICHARD RATHBUN.

ON a far-away part of our Atlantic coast lies a large and nearly desolate island, called Newfoundland. It was one of the first of the western lands discovered by the daring Norsemen, long years before Columbus visited America, and it is the first land approached by many of the ocean steamers coming from Europe.

Of its interior we know very little; but its shores are formed principally of rocks, heaped into high and rugged cliffs in places, and sending out into the sea many irregular prolongations, inclosing great bays or fiords, filled with clear, cold water. In the winter it is very bleak, and covered with snow, and in the summer it is much less warm than it is with us. In the spring-time, huge icebergs come down from the north and are stranded upon its shores, and, during a large part of the year, thick fogs settle over all the ocean about, and shut out sun and land from view.

A dreary picture this seems to us; and the sailor dreads to go that way at times, for he knows that his good old ship, however strongly built, may dash to pieces on some hidden rock when he least expects it. With a region like this, distant, thinly inhabited, and wild in the extreme,

we associate marvelous things in the animal creation. Nor should we in this particular instance find ourselves in the wrong, could we only sit and plainly watch the busy world of wonders contained in the limpid waters which surround that coast. There are surely many strange creatures living there, the like of which we never dreamed of; but as they generally swim beneath the surface, they seldom are encountered. Once in a while, however, they do appear, and generally it is the poor fishermen who suffer most from their attacks. Here is a true story about one of them:

It was on a bright October morning, not very many years ago, that two weather-beaten fishermen left their rude huts, built on the grassy slope back of the beach, entered their little fishing-boat, and sped away to tend their nets and lines. The sun had just appeared above the distant horizon, and the fierce wind that had been blowing for over a week past was stilled into a perfect calm. The surface of the water lay nearly as smooth as glass, relieved only by the long, incessant swell that rolled in from the open sea beyond. Without a breeze the single sail could only hang idly about the short mast, and the men were obliged to put out their oars and



row. They pulled along in silence for some time, quite unmindful of the beautiful things surrounding them on all sides, for they had but a single object in view, and were only thinking of the number of fish they might catch, and the money it would bring them. Thus many minutes passed, and the boat had gone perhaps a mile, when suddenly one of the fishermen espied a queer-looking rounded body floating on the water right ahead.

us go and see, for we may have found a prize that will pay us more than all our fishing for many a month to come."

So away they went, one working at the oars, the other standing in the bow, with gaff in hand. In a moment more they were close beside it, when, to their intense surprise, they saw that it was neither a wreck nor a bale of goods, nor aught they had ever seen or heard of before. It was a



THE FISHERMEN BATTLE WITH THE GIANT SQUID.

"What can that be?" he cried out, jumping to his feet and pointing toward the spot.

"Perhaps a wreck," replied his companion, who also had turned around, and was gazing intently toward the unlooked-for object—"a ship capsized in the last heavy storm, and now riding with her keel uppermost; or may be it is a bale of goods, washed in from the big steamer that went ashore on the outer rocks three days ago. At any rate, let

huge, soft, pinkish body, two or three times as long as their boat, and it evidently belonged to some sort of animal; but it lay so quiet and motionless on the surface that they were sure it must be dead, and were, therefore, not afraid to touch it. Much better would it have been for them had they refrained from the rash act which followed.

But no. Down came the light gaff with a rapid sweep, its sharp hook piercing deeply into the



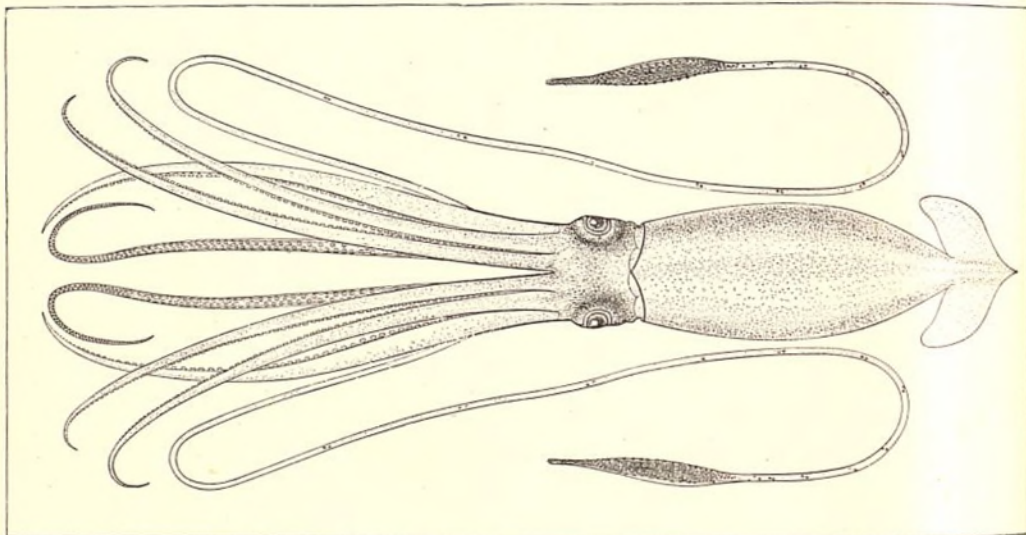
pulpy mass. The deed was done; it was too late now for repentance or retreat. They had rudely challenged to battle one of the largest and most ferocious of all living beasts; and he was far from dead. He had only been snoozing for a few moments, under the soothing influence, perhaps, of the morning sunlight, and now, smarting from the cruel wound he had received, he prepared to fight.

He backed off from the boat a few feet, opened two black, piercing eyes, large as saucers, and glared fiercely at his tormentors, as though to say: "Now you are in my power; you cannot escape me. I have had no breakfast yet."

A quick dart, a sudden splash, and he was upon them. His huge, sharp beak struck the boat vio-

fortunately, this was not to be. The sight of the slender, creeping arms had broken the spell, and aroused one of the men to a full sense of their danger. A little hatchet lay at his feet. In a moment it was raised high in the air and came down with two well-directed blows upon the serpent arms, where they crossed the gunwale. They were severed, and the giant fish, feeling the intense pain, which he so little expected, became fiercely enraged, lashed the water about him into foam, squirted out a black, inky fluid, and darted off. Very soon he was out of sight, and he never returned.

The half-dead men, overjoyed at their release, did no fishing that day, but went back to shore as



A DIAGRAM OF THE GIANT SQUID.

lently, and ground savagely against its side, but it safely resisted the attack.

And what were the men doing all this time? Nothing. They were paralyzed with terror; they seemed more dead than alive, and could neither move nor talk. The end seemed very plain and very near to them.

The monster giant, finding he could do no harm with his beak alone, suddenly threw out a long, slimy, snake-like arm, which the men had not seen before, and cast it with a squirming movement completely across the boat. Another followed, and perhaps others sped out on the under side. Thus the boat was being rapidly insnared in a living net, far more deadly and more secure than any the fishermen had ever used. Soon it would be drawn beneath the surface, and the two helpless mortals it contained would come within easy reach of the monster's jaws, and then good-bye to them. But,

quickly as they could. They had a very big story to tell, and no one could disbelieve them, for there in the bottom of the boat lay the two arms. When these were stretched out on the beach, one was found to measure thirty-five feet, or six times the length of a man, and the other less than ten feet. They were both covered, in places, with large round sucking-disks, which stuck to everything they touched, and horrible must be the sensation of any living object clutched by them.

Since the above adventure, other specimens of this curious sort of animal have been seen in the same region, and captured whole; and naturalists have studied them and determined what they are. Have any of our readers ever seen a squid—the common little squid that lives along our coast and feeds on young fish, and, in turn, is captured by the fishermen, and used as bait for catching larger fish? All young folk who have seen these little creatures



ht of the  
spell, and  
their dan-  
t moment  
own with  
ent arms,  
hey were  
ense pain,  
erely en-  
to foam,  
arted off.  
he never

ir release,  
o shore as

y big story  
n, for there  
ns. When  
h, one was  
x times the  
an ten feet.  
with large  
everything  
e sensation

ocuments of  
seen in the  
l naturalists  
at they are  
squid—the  
ir coast and  
ured by the  
larger fish  
le creatures



"NOW YOU CAN UNLOCK THE GATE!"

(Page 268.)



will at once rec  
as only a gian  
cod-fish is a gi  
that play about  
seldom grows  
to be half as  
long as a man's  
arm; but the  
giant fellow  
are sometime  
fifty times long  
er than their lit  
tle cousins.

The squid's  
body is lon  
and slende  
and round, an  
biggest ner  
the front. It  
and comes to  
broad fins.  
enter into an  
where the bl  
around than  
end of it ver  
eye on each  
pair of jaws  
it uses to tear

But the l  
weapons. T  
are very muc  
around the  
that may co  
arms are co  
small suckin  
mal, can st  
placed, and  
break off o  
release their



the ends li  
broad plac  
Now, tr  
sees a little



will at once recognize the monster of Newfoundland as only a giant squid, in the same way that a big cod-fish is a giant by the side of the little minnows that play about the shores. The common squid seldom grows to be half as long as a man's arm; but the giant fellows are sometimes fifty times longer than their little cousins.

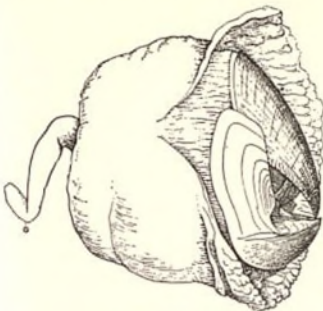
The squid's body is long and slender and round, and biggest near the front. It is partly hollow, like a thick skin, and comes to a point behind, where it has two broad fins. In front it is open, and lets the water enter into an inner cavity, where the gills are, and where the blood is purified. The head is smaller around than the body, and sticks out of the front end of it very loosely indeed. It has an immense eye on each side, and a mouth in front, with a pair of jaws shaped like a parrot's beak, which it uses to tear its prey to pieces.

But the head has other and more formidable weapons. Ten enormous fleshy arms, of which two are very much longer than the rest, reach out from around the mouth, and serve to capture any fish that may come near them. The eight smaller arms are covered all along the inner sides with small sucking-disks, which, at the will of the animal, can stick to anything on which they are placed, and stick so tightly, too, that they often break off or tear out the skin before they will release their hold. The long arms spread out near

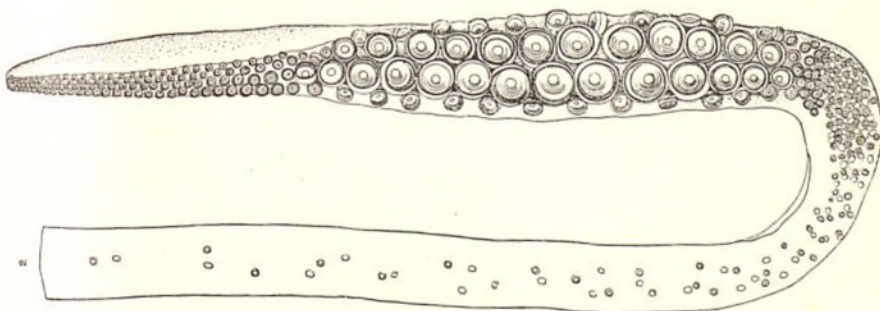
of his mouth, but just so that his two great arms can touch him. In an instant they are thrown about him, and the suckers made fast to the skin. The fish jerks and twists about, and does everything he can to get away; but in a moment he is drawn up close to the eight small arms, which also seize upon him and wind about him, and all the many suckers holding on make escape impossible. Now the squid is certain of his victim, but he always chooses to end his misery at once. So he thrusts out his sharp beak and nips him in the back, in such a manner as to cut his spinal cord in two. This finishes him, and the hungry squid begins to eat.

The squid swims very swiftly—in fact, we can almost say he darts like an arrow; and this is the way he does it: We already have explained that his body is partly hollow, and opens toward the front. When he breathes, he swells tremendously, and a great deal of water rushes in to fill the space. Now, when he contracts his body again, the water is forced out; but it cannot go out the same way it entered, for a large valve closes the opening. It all has to pass through a little pipe, called the siphon, lying underneath the head, and through such a small outlet it will, of course, come with great force, pushing the body backward like a flash. By constantly pumping water in this manner, he can travel long distances, and go at almost lightning speed. He generally travels backward, but can go forward, too, and his fins act as a rudder. He loves to chase and catch fish, and this is his principal occupation.

Inside the body there is always a little bag, filled with an inky mixture, which he can squirt out into the water, so as to discolor it for many feet around, and thus obscure his whereabouts, when he is pursued by an enemy. The squid, also, has a backbone, extending along the back, underneath



THE SQUID'S BEAK.



THE LONG ARM OF THE SQUID.

the ends like an oar, and have suckers only at these broad places.

Now, try to imagine how the squid hunts. He sees a little fish darting by him, far beyond the reach

of the skin; but it is very different from our backbone, as it is thin and nearly transparent, and is made in a single piece. The cuttle-fish bone on which the canary-birds sharpen their bills is the backbone of a



kind of squid that does not live on our coast; and there are still other kinds, with only eight arms, and with no bone nor fins at all.

You would scarcely believe that the squid is a near relative of the soft and harmless oysters and clams; but so he is, and he ranks as the very highest of his tribe, as he is the most active and the most intelligent.

Squids like the night much better than the day. At least, they come to the surface most frequently in the night time, and then it is that the fishermen go out to capture them in different ways. Sometimes they use a net, at others a bunch of hooks, stuck into a cork and smeared over with tallow, which the squid eagerly seizes, only to become firmly caught, and then hauled on board. A bright moon attracts them, and they are said to gaze upon it with astonishment. As the moon moves, they also move slowly backward, and frequently find themselves stranded high upon a beach, which they have failed to notice. The fishermen often go out in a boat with a big torch, and imitate the moon so successfully as to drive whole schools of them ashore.

This is the common little squid we have been describing so minutely, but our description answers just as well for the giant ones, which only differ in the matter of size. Their habits are probably also the same, and the reason we know so little about them is that they seldom appear in the daytime, unless they have been hurt or disabled in some way. The largest specimens ever measured were nearly sixty feet long, and must have weighed two or three thousand pounds. They are the largest animals living, excepting the whales and some kinds of sharks, and fearful stories are told of strong men being dragged down by them to certain death.

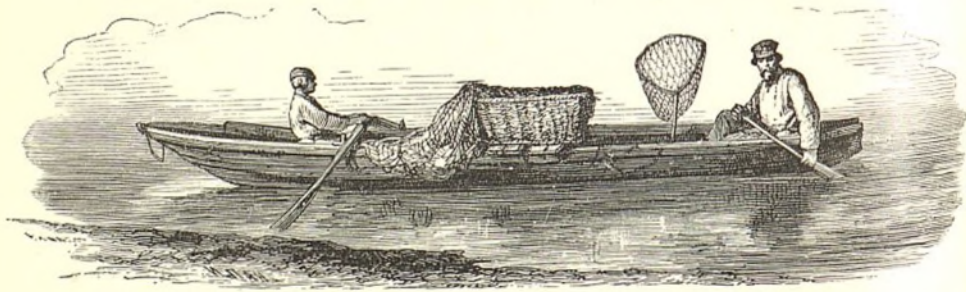
That their power must be tremendous, the fol-

lowing incident will show: A little vessel once lay at anchor in a northern harbor, and the sailors were busy about her, cleaning the deck and fixing the rigging. Suddenly she began to sink, although she had not sprung a leak. Down, down she went, until the poor affrighted sailors, thinking their last day had come, took to their row-boats and started for the shore. Still the little craft kept going down, until the water was just about to close over her, when instantly she rose up again to her former position. A moment afterward a monster squid sprang from underneath her, and darted off out of sight. He had evidently been trying his strength, by fastening his suckers on the bottom of the vessel, and trying to drag her down beneath the waves; but whether in earnest or in play, we shall never know.

The giant squids almost always appear suddenly, without any warning, and go as quickly; but they have been caught entire at times, and one fine fellow was captured not very long ago, and taken to the New York Aquarium, where he probably may be seen to-day. Whales often eat the big squids, and occasionally we find parts of them in the whales' stomachs.

In the olden times, squids gave rise to a fabled monster called the "kraken," but at present we cannot believe that the kraken is real. When floating on the sea, this creature was said to appear like an island, several miles around, and his arms stuck up like the masts of a big ship. The people were very much afraid of him, and declared that he could easily master the very biggest man-of-war, and pull it down to the bottom.

But our little readers who may sail the sea need have no fear of meeting giant squids, for these creatures, after all, are generally very shy of everything that is above the waves, and they very, very seldom appear to man.



HALF-P  
seems ver  
so Robbie  
hour and s  
Robbie we  
he felt so  
Mamma,  
to wait un  
"Why  
Helen?"  
sleep later  
But Gr  
"Let h  
he will sit  
by and b  
they want  
Aunt J  
o'clock, b  
Walter wa



## COUSIN CHARLEY'S STORY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



"HE THOUGHT HE 'D LOOK INSIDE." [SEE PAGE 274.]

HALF-PAST FIVE, or even a quarter to six o'clock, seems very early on a dark, winter morning; and so Robbie's mother found it when he woke at that hour and sat up in bed, calling: "Make it light!" Robbie went to bed at six o'clock, and no wonder he felt so bright and rested before dawn; but Mamma, who went to bed at ten, was quite willing to wait until the sun rose to make it light.

"Why don't you keep him up an hour later, Helen?" Aunt Jeanie said. "Perhaps he would sleep later in the morning."

But Grandmamma said:

"Let him go to sleep at six as long as he will; he will sit up late enough and lie abed late enough by and by. I always let my children sleep when they wanted to, and slept myself when I could."

Aunt Jeanie's little boy went to bed at eight o'clock, but he was five years older than Robbie. Walter was eight years old, and Robbie looked up

to him in all things quite as if he were a man. One evening Cousin Charley was telling Walter a long story. It was a story Walter had heard many times, but he was not at all tired of it. He never thought to ask Cousin Charley if he were tired of telling it. They sat together on the sofa in the dimmest corner of the room; Cousin Charley told the story in a low voice, for Grandmamma was reading, and Aunt Helen and Walter's mamma were talking over the pictures of boys' suits in a book of patterns.

"Don't you think this is pretty, Jeanie,—this one with a sailor collar and plaits in the back?" Aunt Helen was saying. "But do you think Robbie looks well in those large collars—his shoulders are so high?"

While the two mammas bent their heads over the book, Cousin Charley's voice could be heard, although he spoke so low: "The rain came down,



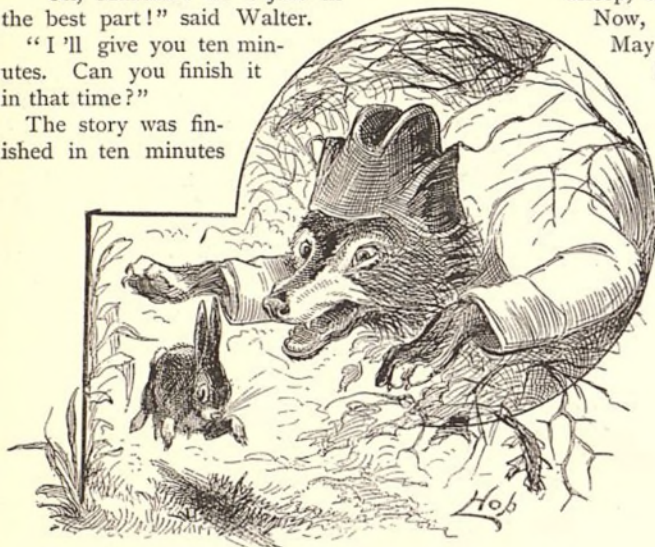
trickling down the trunk of the hollow tree, and wet his bed. So Mister Wolf thought he would look around for better quarters."

"Charley, don't make yourself too fascinating," said Aunt Jeanie; "it is nearly eight o'clock."

"Oh, Mamma! he's just in the best part!" said Walter.

"I'll give you ten minutes. Can you finish it in that time?"

The story was finished in ten minutes



"THE RABBIT JUMPED PAST HIM." [SEE PAGE 275.]

more, but Charley talked fast toward the end of the time.

The next morning, at five o'clock, all was quiet in Aunt Helen's room. The lamp was unlit, the fire unkindled, and a pale glimmer of moonlight shone through the curtain, for the moon had risen late and was making the most of her time. Tick! tick! sounded from the hall below, where the old clock talked to itself all night long and never slept.

Quarter past five, half past, and Robbie still asleep. Tick! tick! tick!—ten minutes' more rest for Mamma. Now there is a stirring and heaving of the counterpane; an arm, short and fat, clothed in white flannel, is thrown out. Robbie turns over on his back and breathes more quickly. Robbie is waking. Presently, up rises the tumbled white head: "Mamma! Mamma! Make it light!"

Mamma rouses herself, thinking she cannot have been asleep more than an hour.

"Robbie, do go to sleep again. It is n't morning yet. Can't Robbie sleep a little longer?"

Robbie throws off the coverlet and sits up in bed.

"Robbie don't want to sleep. Robbie did sleep! Make it light!"

"Come, lie in Mamma's arms a little while. See how dark it is! That is the moon shining."

Mamma takes Robbie close in her arms, feels his hands to know if they are warm, and slipping one hand under his night-gown, softly rubs his

back and smooth, fat legs, hoping to soothe him into quiet. "Listen to the clock ticking—tick! tick! tick! Everybody in the house is asleep! Grand-mamma is asleep, and Aunt Jeanie's asleep, and Walter's asleep, and Katy's asleep, and pussy's asleep, down in the dining-room, by the fire.

Now, Robbie shut his eyes and sleep, too. May be a little dream will come!"

Mamma is almost asleep herself by this time, and stops rubbing. "Want to see pussy!" Robbie says, lifting his head. "Mamma, get pussy!"

"Mamma could n't get pussy now. Poor pussy! She wants to sleep. Robbie shall see pussy after breakfast."

"Where is breakfast? Robbie want breakfast!"

"There is no breakfast yet. Katy is fast asleep,—the kitchen is all dark, and the dining-room is all dark, and the dishes are shut up in the closet, and the bread and butter are in the pantry, and—Robbie shut his eyes and try to sleep. When he wakes up again, may be it will be light."

"Robbie is 'wake! Make it light now!" Robbie places both hands on Mamma's chest and raises himself in bed; he crawls up a little higher and buries one hand in the pillow; a braid of Mamma's hair is under the hand.

"Oh, Rob! Don't pull Mamma's hair! Do lie down!"

"Make it light!" Robbie says, and mamma hears him drumming on the head-board with his fat feet. Mamma looks at the watch and finds that he has only awakened at his usual hour, so she puts on her slippers and wrapper, lights the lamp, places the screen before it, and touches a match to the kindlings, already laid in the fire-place. Robbie is so interested watching all these preparations for his comfort that he lies quite still. The fire roars and crackles, and a bright, dancing light chases the shadows across the ceiling. Mamma is just lying down again, when Robbie calls:

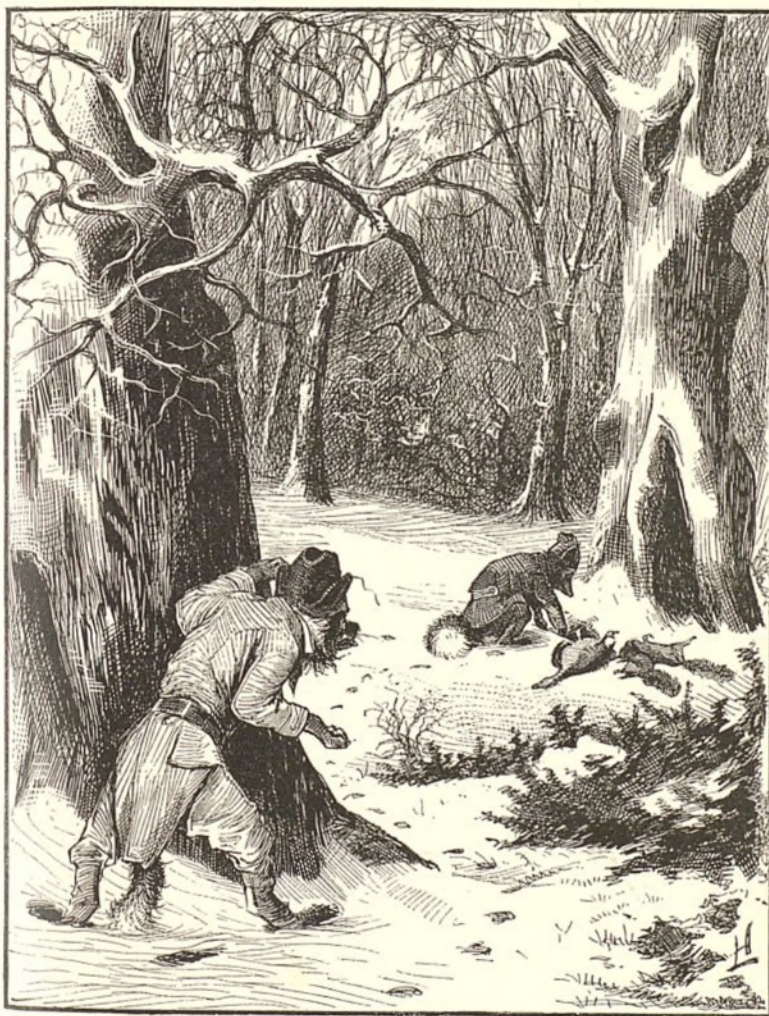
"Animals! animals! Want my animals!" Mamma puts on her slippers again, and gets the Noah's ark, with the animals rattling around inside, most of them without legs, and several of the species entirely extinct. "And the boat!" Robbie commands, from his high seat on the pillows. The boat is really the snuffer-tray, an old-fashioned silver-plated one, which had stood on the high-mantel, holding the snuffers, ever since Mamma could remember. The snuffers had not been used for almost as long a time, and were very stiff in



the hinges; but the tray was still in active service, playing various parts in the children's drama. At present it was used as a boat, in which the animals from the ark were ferried over the rolling sea of bed-covers. Robbie had no faith in the sea-worthy qualities of the ark. It stood on the bolsters,

and the piggy with one leg, left! He'p Robbie fin' his ammals, Mamma!"

Mamma was just falling into a doze, unconscious of the heavy sea and the shipwreck so near, but now she roused herself and began a search for the lost animals. The spotted deer had been recovered,



"AHA!" SAID THE WOLF TO HIMSELF. "I KNOW YOU NOW, MISTER FOX!" [SEE PAGE 275.]

against the head-board, and represented the city of New York. It was a stormy passage to New York. The snuffer-tray reeled and rocked, and Japhet, the captain, was lost overboard while trying to rescue the camel and the spotted deer. Robbie met with so many losses that at last he cried out, in his trouble: "Mamma, only one e'fant,

and two cats, when there came a rush of footsteps along the hall, and a knock at the door.

"Aunt Helen! May I come in?"

"Walter! Walter!" cried Robbie, bouncing about in the bed. "Oh, Walter!"

Walter was admitted, and joyfully embraced by Robbie, who was now quite willing that Mamma



should do whatever she liked. The room was cozily warm, and Mamma took off the flannel sack she had put on over Robbie's night-gown. She put a saucepan of water over the coals to heat, and sat in her low chair, before the fire, watching it.

"Can't you play some quiet play, Walter?" she asked. "The bed gets into such a state when you prance about like that. Can't you tell Robbie a story?"

"Oh! I know a story—a good one—Cousin Charley's story. Want to hear a story about a wolf and a fox, Robbie?"

Robbie was ready for anything Walter might propose.

"See! We can play it was right here," said Walter. "Play this is the wood where the wolf lived. He lived in a hollow tree; it was n't a very good place to live, because, when it rained, the rain ran down the trunk of the tree and fell on the bed. Play this was the wolf, Robbie." Walter had selected a yellow-and-white cat from the animals of the ark; and it resembled a wolf from having once had four legs and a tail. The resemblance was now very slight indeed; but Walter encouraged Robbie's faith by explaining to him that it was a "funny kind of wolf. We don't have that kind now."

"Nice wolf," said Robbie. "Where's the tree wolf lives in?"

"Aunt Helen, can't you find something we can play is the tree?"

"Will this do, Walter?" Aunt Helen handed him one of the tall, plated candle-sticks that stood on the mantel. "It is light-colored and smooth; you can play it's a beech-tree."

"Oh, yes! But where's the hollow in the tree? Never mind!—we'll play it's on the other side; and the wolf did n't live there long, anyhow. He's just going away now, Robbie, because he had such a bad night with the rain. Here he goes walking through the wood, and through the wood, and through the wood, and over the hill, and by and by he comes to a cave. A great big rock—two rocks, that lean up against each other,—and inside there was a big, dark hole, 'way in ever so far! Oh, Aunt Helen! Please, will you give me the 'froggy' book."

Aunt Helen handed the "froggy" book, and Walter opened it in the middle, and stood it up against the head-board.

"Well, he came to this cave, and he thought he'd look inside. So he went in, and it was a splendid place in there to live. It was pretty dark, but wolves don't mind the dark. It was dry and warm, and he scraped together a lot of leaves and made a bed, and so he slept there that night. See, Robbie, there's

the old wolf fast asleep in the cave! Hear him breathe!"

Robbie almost stops his own breathing as he peers into the cave, and listens to Walter's heavy snorts and sighs. The story is becoming exciting.

"And now it's morning, and he gets up and he feels lonesome. It's such a big place to live in alone. So he says to himself: 'I think I'll try to find some one to come and live with me.' He had nothing to eat but part of a chicken, so it did n't take him long to eat breakfast. Then he went out of the cave and he walked around, and walked around, and walked around, till he came to the hollow tree where he used to live, and there he found a fox, sitting in front of the tree. This is the fox, Robbie; it's a real fox, not a play fox; see what a sharp nose it has, and a bushy tail."

The fox was one of the few animals which had escaped mutilation or total destruction in the ark, and the perils of shipwreck afterward.

"Well, old fellow," said the wolf, "where are you living, nowadays?" "Oh, I'm not living anywhere in particular. I slept here last night, but I sha'n't try it again." "Pretty mean place to sleep," said the wolf—"I've tried it myself. I've found a first-rate place now; plenty of room for two. Come and see it, and if you like it you can live there with me." The wolf had heard a great deal about the fox's cleverness. He knew he was n't very clever himself, so he thought it would be a good thing to have the fox for a partner."

"What's 'partner'?" Robbie interrupted.

"Oh, never mind, Robbie! Cousin Charley said partner. It's Cousin Charley's story. Robbie will know what partner is when he gets to be a big boy. See, here they go, the wolf and the fox, through the wood, and over the hill, and now they go into the cave together. The fox says it is just splendid, just the very thing he had been looking for. 'All right,' said the wolf; 'make yourself at home.' So the fox scraped together some leaves and made a bed for himself. 'Look here,' said the wolf; 'my cupboard's empty!' Cousin Charley said there was a kind of shelf in the rocks, like a closet, where the wolf kept his food when he had any. Well, he had n't any that day, so he told the fox he would have to go hunting, and the fox said he'd go along, and they would divide between them what they caught. The wolf thought to himself, 'Now I shall live like a lord, for the fox must be a great hunter.' 'Now,' said the fox, 'you go along this side of the hill, and I'll go along the other side, so we won't miss anything, and we'll meet at the cave. I'll wait dinner for you if I get home first, and you wait for me.' So the wolf said he was satisfied with that plan, and he went along the hill,—here he goes,—and the fox goes on the other



side. Now, the wolf had good luck. He had n't gone far when he heard a rustling in the bushes, and he kept very quiet, and what does Robbie think he saw?"

"What he saw?" asked Robbie, too impatient to guess.

"He saw a 'itty, bitty rabbit, with long ears and a pink nose."

"Oh, a wabbit! A wabbit!" cried Robbie.

"And the wolf waited quiet in the bushes till the rabbit jumped past him; then he pounced on him and bit him behind the ears."

"Oh, no! No, he did n't!" cried Robbie, much excited. "He did n't bite wabbit!"

"Why, yes, Robbie—that's what Cousin Charley

thing. 'You've been long enough,' said the wolf; 'you must have had bad luck.' 'Luck!' said the fox; 'I had no luck at all. But I suppose you have enough for us both.' 'I have n't any more than I want for myself,' said the wolf. 'But I said I'd divide, and so I will.' And the wolf divided, but they had to get up very early next morning and go hunting again. The wolf was home first that day. It was a good day for hunting, and it seemed to him very strange the fox should come home again with nothing at all. But he did. He had had bad luck again, and so the wolf divided. But he began to wish he had n't asked the fox to live with him. The next day and the next day it was just the same. The wolf had to hunt for both, and he got very tired

of it. He thought about it a good deal, and the more he thought, the more it seemed to him very queer the fox had such bad luck. One day, when he was home early, he thought he would go in search of the fox, and see what he was about. There was snow on the ground, and he could follow the fox's tracks. He followed along till he came in sight of the hollow tree, and there he saw the fox. He had had good luck that day, sure enough! For, on the ground beside him, there were a fat goose and two squirrels. The wolf watched him; he was scratching and digging in the snow; by and by he had dug a big hole, and he put the goose and the squirrels in and cov-



"THE FOX DUG UP THE OLD GOOSE AND CARRIED IT AWAY."

ered them up, and wherever there were spots of blood on the snow, he licked them up. 'Aha!' said the wolf to himself. 'I know you now, Mister Fox! Fine good feeding you've had between my house and your cupboard! The sooner we part the better.' But the wolf did n't say a word to the fox, because he did n't want to quarrel with him. He was afraid of such a clever partner; but he made up his mind he would n't feed him any longer. He went home to the cave and ate all he wanted for his own dinner, and what was left he hid away. When the fox came, he found the cave empty. No wolf, no dinner. Nothing but the beds of leaves. The fox waited a long

said. He had to, because he had n't anything to eat. I don't believe it hurt the rabbit—only just a minute."

"Play it was n't a wabbit," said Robbie. "Play it was a big—big——"

"Wild-cat," said Walter.

"Yes, yes! A big wild-cat!"

"Well, never mind what it was; but the wolf got something for his dinner. He had enough for himself, and then he went back to the cave, and waited and waited. Here he is," said Walter, propping the wolf against the side of the cave. "He's so hungry he can't stand up. And now back comes the fox, over the hill here, and he has n't a single

erred them up, and wherever there were spots of blood on the snow, he licked them up. 'Aha!' said the wolf to himself. 'I know you now, Mister Fox! Fine good feeding you've had between my house and your cupboard! The sooner we part the better.' But the wolf did n't say a word to the fox, because he did n't want to quarrel with him. He was afraid of such a clever partner; but he made up his mind he would n't feed him any longer. He went home to the cave and ate all he wanted for his own dinner, and what was left he hid away. When the fox came, he found the cave empty. No wolf, no dinner. Nothing but the beds of leaves. The fox waited a long



while, and when the wolf did n't come, he went back to the hollow tree and dug up one of the squirrels for his supper. But he went back to the wolf's house to sleep. The next morning, the wolf lay asleep in the bed, beside him. The fox spoke to him and shook him; then the wolf turned over, and said he was sick and could n't hunt that day. So the fox went away by himself. It was a bad day for hunting—very windy; and the snow blew so, he could n't see far before his face. He lay in the bushes and watched, but he could n't find a thing to eat; so he had to go back to his own hole under the hollow tree. He was scraping the snow away from the hole, when a wind blew through the bare trees—a great wind that came from a long way off. The fox heard it coming, and heard the trees creak and rattle their dry boughs. It came on, whoo-oo-oo! till it struck the hollow tree; over it went, and the fox was underneath. He lay there all night; he was n't dead, but he could n't stir; the tree held him down, and one of his legs was broken. He lay there all the next day; and his leg hurt him so, he could not help crying, and he was awfully hungry. When it was evening again, and the moon shone on the snow, he saw a shadow coming, slow—slow—across the white moonlight. It was old Master Wolf, who had come to look for his partner. He was walking softly, for he thought the fox might be at some of his tricks; but the fox was quiet enough now. 'Well,' said the wolf, 'here you are!' 'Yes, here I am,' the fox said. 'I hope you have n't waited dinner for me.' The wolf saw the blood on the snow. He knew it was the fox's blood, and that he was hurt. 'It serves him right,' he said to himself. The fox turned his eyes up at him, for he was fastened down, and could n't move his head. 'You need n't come back to the cave,' said the wolf; 'there is n't room for two. Good-night;' and then he went back over the hill. But he walked very slowly. He kept walking slower and slower, and, by and by, he

stopped and listened. The fox had tried not to make a single moan while the wolf was there, but now his pain made him cry out, and the wolf heard him, for the woods were still. 'After all,' he said, 'he's my partner. I chose him myself.' He thought about it a little while longer, and then he went back to the tree. 'See here, now,' he said to the fox, 'I don't owe you anything, but I don't mind doing you a good turn if you wont expect anything more from me.' 'I don't expect anything,' the fox said. 'I never have. I have n't asked you to help me, have I?' 'No, you have n't, but I will.' He worked away at the tree, digging and gnawing, until he got the fox loose, and he crawled out and limped away over the snow. 'Better take along what you've got in your hole!' the wolf called after him. 'Thank you! I'll leave that for you,' said the fox. 'I owe you more than that.' The wolf did n't take it, though he was hungry. Somehow it seemed to him it would n't taste good. But the fox came back that night, and dug up the old goose and carried it away. The wolf never saw him again."

Now there was silence in the room, and Mamma, listening for Robbie's voice and not hearing it, rose and went softly to the bed. Robbie was fast asleep, and Walter lay on his back, making funny shadows on the wall with the wolf and the fox.

"Was n't that a nice story, Aunt Helen?"

"Yes; but do you think Robbie understood it, Walter?"

"But he liked it," Walter said. "He likes things he can't quite understand."

When Robbie awoke, Walter was standing by him, all dressed, and the sun was shining into the room.

"Where is the wolf and the fox?" he said, sitting up in bed.

There lay the old Noah's ark and the "froggy" book, but the wood and the cave and the hollow tree were gone.



KITTY  
THE r  
toiled ma  
but the p  
shaky, th  
shore app  
"If we  
Donald, '  
"That  
would det  
"We  
"and the  
"So w  
once acro  
"It is  
hat. "N  
that is no



## TWO VISIONS OF FAIRY-LAND.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.



NE, with her blue, faint eyes, could dream too much;  
One, rosily sun-stained, wanted things to touch.

She met him on the stair with half a blush:  
"How late you sleep!" he said. She whispered, "Hush!"

"I read that painted book last night, and so  
I dreamed about Prince Charming ——" "Did you, though?"

"Why, I was wide awake in time to see  
All Fairy-land! I wish you'd been with me."

"What was it like?" "Oh, it was green and still,  
With rocks and wild red roses and a hill,

"And some shy birds that sung far up the air,—  
And such a river, all in mist, was there!"

"Where was it?" "Why, the moon went down on one  
Side, and upon the other rose the sun!"

"How does one get there?" "Oh, the path lies through  
The dawn, you little sleeper, and the dew."

## MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY \* \* \*

## CHAPTER VII.

## KITTY MAKES A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

THE rowers on board "The Jolly Fisherman" toiled manfully in face of the approaching storm; but the patched oar was becoming more and more shaky, the tide was strong against them, and the shore appeared no nearer.

"If we could get over to that stone house," said Donald, "we might borrow a pair of oars."

"That would n't do," answered Fred. "It would detain us, and we are too late now."

"We might go across the creek," said Belle, "and then land and walk to Greystone."

"So we might," said Kitty, ruefully, "if we were once across; but that is not possible."

"It is not impossible," said Sandy, tossing up his hat. "Nothing is impossible to an American. If that is not true, there is no use in being one."

"You are right, Alexander; but *how* is it to be done?" asked Donald.

"This way," answered Fred. "We'll turn, go up the creek with the tide, and then, even with our broken oar, we can reach the bank."

It was not easy, still the young Americans did it; but when they came near the banks, they found they were in shallow water, where the spatter-docks grew thick and strong, and in front of them rose a high stone wall. They could not row over the docks; but with the unbroken oar Donald poled the boat along, and when at last it ran aground on the mud, some feet from the wall, Sandy took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his pantaloons, jumped into the water, and with many a cry of "gee" and "haw," brought the boat up close to the wall. Then Donald gave him a hoist, he found projections on the wall on which his feet could rest, and up he went. The next was Donald, the tallest of the party, and then, between him and Fred, the



two girls were pushed and pulled, until they also were up. The basket and shawl, the gun, Sandy's shoes and stockings, were then handed up, the boat was tied securely, and they were happily landed.

In the first moment of this triumph, Belle distinguished herself. It was fast growing dark, it was beginning to rain, and they were a mile from Grey-stone. Their path for half of this distance lay on top of the wall, and this, the boys said, was so full of musk-rat holes that they would have to walk with great care, or an ankle might be sprained. At one side of the wall was the creek, at the other a dry ditch, well floored with stones. Belle sat down.

She then said she was going to stay there.

"All right," said Fred. "We'll blow a horn when breakfast is ready, and you can come over."

"What do you mean to do?" asked Donald, in perplexity.

"I don't know," she replied; "but I can't go over that walk. I shall be sure to fall one side or the other, or I shall go into a hole. I should a great deal rather stay here."

"But you can't stay!" cried Kitty. "You know you can't! And if you do, I shall have to stay with you, and you know I don't want to do that."

"You need not," said Belle. "The tide will soon be high, and then a boat can come up and take me off."

"I suppose you will light a beacon," Sandy said; then added, more gently, grasping her hand: "I can take you safely along; take hold of my coat and follow me. We must go at once, or Papa will be dragging the river for us."

Belle stood up, but she looked at him still in some terror.

"You must!" said Sandy, firmly. "Think how troubled Mamma must be."

Belle paused; then, with a little gasp, she took a firm clutch of his arm, and so he headed the small procession, carefully feeling the way with the gun, calling out all the holes, concealed even in the daylight by grass, but now in the darkness entirely invisible, and all his followers "larboarded" and "starboarded" as he directed.

It was not long before they were off the wall, and then they hastened, almost running, over the fields, Sandy singing, in a clear, high voice, as soon as they were near the house:

"Oh, say can you see, by the absence of stars,  
How bravely we climbed, and how carefully crept,  
Where the musk-rats made holes,  
And the —"

"Is that you, Sandy Baird?" cried a voice in the darkness.

"It is, your honor!" cried he,—"me and me family. An' is it you, Patty?"

"I am so glad that you have come!" said Patty,

who now saw them. "Is there anything the matter? Any one hurt? Your mother is almost wild, and your father and she have been down to the wharf a dozen and more times. As for your supper, that is just spoiled. It has been ready two hours."

"Don't say that, Patty," said Fred; "no supper could be spoiled for us! Here we are, Mamma!" he cried, as a figure ran down the steps of the porch; "safe and sound, hungry as bears, and with ever so much to tell you."

When Sandy came down-stairs, ten minutes later,—for all tales of adventure were forbidden, by Patty's request, until the party came to the table,—he went through the kitchen to the pump, and stopped in surprise.

"Why, Patty!" he exclaimed; "what a lovely, charming, delicious smell! What *are* you cooking?"

"Birds," said Patty, briefly.

"Birds!" he repeated. "Boys!" he called out to the others, who were trooping down, "Patty has birds—a stew of birds! Just come and smell them."

"Smell them!" said Fred. "Easily content should I be if I should stop at smelling them! Oh, Patty, do hurry!"

"Did Papa shoot them?" asked Sandy.

"No, he did n't;" and Patty pushed everybody aside and took the coffee-pot off the stove.

"They were left by some boys, with a whole pack of nonsense written on a piece of paper. There it is," and she pointed to part of an old show-bill, pinned against the wall.

Fred took it down, and on the back was written:

"For two days a truce is proclaimed. After that, rash invaders, beware!  
THE CHIEF."

"What in the world does that mean?" exclaimed Sandy.

"Birds!" cried Kitty, running in. "Oh, they are the very birds we meant to shoot and did n't! Did Sandy tell you of our luck, Patty? It was just as bad as it could be. First, there was the crane—and then—oh, Sandy, do you mean to tell? About the cardinal-bird, you know."

"You are not going to tell anything just now," snapped Patty. "Be off to the table, every one of you, and I'll bring in the dinner."

Poor Kitty's bad luck was not yet over, for the next morning, when she awoke, her face was sore and swollen by sunburn. Her eyes were red and weak, and she was a most forlorn object.

The boys laughed at her, Belle pitied her, and Patty at once said she must stay at home, and have her face bathed with sour milk.

"Oh, I can't do that!" she cried. "We are



going to Brighton to-day, and you know you want sugar and flour. I can't stay at home!"

"I think we really must change our plans," said Mr. Baird; "for you certainly can not go on the water with that swollen face. We shall go to Brighton to-morrow."

"We have no flour," said Patty, "and all the bread in the house, excepting a piece of a loaf, is on the table."

Kitty looked up. She was never selfish, and she at once said they must go, and she would stay at home. She tried to smile as she said this, but between her swollen face and a desire to cry, she made a poor success.

The bread, it was clear, must be had. The boys proposed to go alone. Belle offered to stay with Kitty, and Mrs. Baird said Belle must go, and she would stay; but Kitty was firm. She was n't going to spoil fun, she declared, and she would stay at home alone. Patty approved of this, and between them they carried the day. The party went to Brighton, while Kitty staid to devote herself to a book, and to a great bowl of sour milk and a soft handkerchief, and Patty went off to hunt up enough flour to make a little cake for her.

It was a long morning. Kitty read, and then she dozed; she walked out into the old garden, where the grape-vines trailed on the grass, where the roses and the syringas were knit together by masses of woodbine, and where the paths could be traced only by their short grass. She gathered roses and filled glasses for the parlor-table; she talked to Patty, pared potatoes, and then lay down on her cousin Juliet's bed and went to sleep.

When she awoke, it was growing late in the afternoon. The boat from the city was just going up toward Brighton, and the shadows on the lawn were lengthening.

She ran down to the pump and washed her face. The soreness was almost gone from it, and when she ran back to arrange her hair by Belle's little glass, she thought she looked a little like herself again. She had just finished plaiting her hair when she heard, she thought, voices down-stairs, and she ran gleefully down; but the rooms were empty, and Patty had seen no one, so Kitty returned to her toilet. Again she heard a voice. She looked through the window. No one was there. She went into the hall, and then she heard a slight noise. It was faint, but she was sure it was the regular beat of a footstep. It was very easy to understand this, and with a little chuckle of delight, she slipped off her shoes and stole softly upstairs. If the boys had come home, and thought to get in without her knowing it, how mistaken they would be! They knew she would watch below, and they therefore meant to steal upon her from above! But

she knew them too well for that; and all in a quiver of delight, she crept on silently. There was no one on the third floor, but she heard the step more plainly, and so she went on to the fourth.

She prepared for a sudden spring, and she sprang—upon a boy!

But it was not Sandy, nor Fred, nor Donald. It was a strange boy, and he had a gun in his hand! This gun he leveled at her, and he cried:

"Halt! My goodness, but you frightened me! I thought you people were all gone."

Kitty jumped when she saw the gun, but in a moment she cried out:

"Now, Harry Briscoe, put that down! Put it down this moment, or I'll tell Cousin Robert."

"Will you stand where you are?" replied the boy.

"I won't do anything," said Kitty, "until you put that gun down."

"You will have to do something; you must stand still or run away," and the boy returned the gun to his shoulder, and then, "grounding arms," leaned upon it.

"It will go off in your ear," said Kitty.

"No, it won't," the boy replied: "I am not afraid."

"I don't believe it is loaded," said Kitty.

"Never you mind," he replied. "Where are the other folks?"

"They have n't come back."

"Did n't you go along?"

"No," said Kitty.

"Why?" asked he.

"I chose to stay. But what are you doing here? Where did you come from? Don't you remember me?"

"Of course I do," replied the boy, "but I did n't expect to see you just now. I knew you were here."

"Tell me what you are doing here."

"I saw you out in the boat the other day," pursued the boy, "and I knew you right away. You 'caught a crab' just as you used to up in the Catskills, and you jumped up and looked all around to see if any one saw you. I never saw a girl, who could row as well as you do, lose her balance so completely."

"Don't you tell Sandy Baird!" exclaimed Kitty; "he will never stop teasing. Were you one of the boys in that boat with a striped sail? But what are you doing here? Does Patty know you are in the house? I had a lovely time that morning. I went out alone before breakfast. Did any one tell you about it?"

"I never saw a girl who could ask as many questions as you can," he replied, "and if Patty is that old woman, she does n't know I am here, and



I should be much obliged if you would n't tell her. When do you expect the others?"

"I don't know. I thought when I heard you that they had all come. Don't you want to come down-stairs?"

"Talking on guard!" cried a voice from a room in front of which they were standing.

Kitty gave a great jump, while Harry shouldered his gun and resumed his march, beginning to whistle.

"I do think, Harry Brisco," said Kitty, in an indignant voice, "that you are too silly for anything. I don't believe your father knows you are here."

To this, Harry replied by a shrug that was expressive, even if not graceful.

"And I am going into that room to see what you have in there."

He pointed his gun at her.

"Now, see here," said Kitty, "you will have to stop that. I am not going to have guns pointed at me, and, perhaps, come to be a dreadful accident in the newspapers. I do believe you have shot somebody, and you have shut them up in that room."

At this moment the voice was again heard, and it said: "Is that a girl? Ask her what time it is."

"I don't know," said Kitty, at once, "but the stage has gone down to the boat-landing. It must be after three. Who is that in there?"

"Look here, Harry," said the voice, and the door opened a very little. "I want to speak to you. It is something important."

Harry went into the room, then put his head out and bade Kitty stay there, and then disappeared again, a violent whispering following. In a moment he came out, and saying, "It's a real good idea," he turned to Kitty and asked:

"Would you like to turn State's evidence?"

"Turn State's evidence?" repeated Kitty. "I don't know what you mean."

"You ought to know," said the boy, "for you are likely to be arrested, and anyhow I don't mean to let you go before the Chief comes."

"You don't mean to let me go!" cried she. "I'll go this very minute."

"No, you won't," said Harry, stepping in front of her. "You will have to obey the laws, or be punished. You and your family are invaders, and now you come to play the spy; I am not sure but you'll have to be shot. I suppose you are a perfect Major André."

"Oh, if it is fun you mean," exclaimed Kitty, her eyes dancing with delight, "I'll be State's evidence or anything. But you ought to remember that this house belongs to my father."

"The Baron Baird?" said the boy.

"The Baron Baird," repeated Kitty, who could have screamed with pleasure, but who looked preternaturally grave.

"It is his no longer," said the boy, making his gun ring on the floor.

"It has n't any lock!" cried Kitty; "that gun has n't. No one need be afraid of it!"

"Never you mind about that," said he; "the castle has been besieged, and you, the Baron's daughter, are my prisoner. Go into that room!"

"I certainly will not," she replied, with unusual caution, "unless I know what is in there."

"Come forward, prisoner;" and the guard opened the door, a boy smaller than Kitty, and with a sunburnt, pleasant face, making his appearance.

"You are not afraid of him?" said the guard. "That's all. Now go in."

"I've seen him before. His name is either Jack Robinson or Sam Perry," said Kitty, obeying orders.

"Oh, you recognize him, do you?" said the guard. "I'll make a note of that. I don't know that it will amount to much, but it may prove his guilt, or that you are a spy," and then he closed the door; and as he did not at once resume his march, Kitty fancied he was making his note.

If Kitty had not been perfectly familiar with the room in which she was placed, she might have been frightened, for, with the exception of what light came in around the cracks in the door, it was perfectly dark. There was no window in it, but it was large and high. The Baird children had often wondered for what it was built. Belle said that the old china-merchant used it as a dungeon for his wives; Sandy, however, insisted that he did not, but, instead, that he cured the hams there.

It was now, however, a dungeon, as Kitty instantly thought, and the two prisoners stood side by side.

"I want you to stay there until I come back," called the guard through the door. "I should lock you in, but there is no key."

"We'll stay," said Kitty, cheerfully. "Make a rattle as if you had a great bunch of keys."

The guard felt in his pockets, but he had nothing to rattle; so he rolled out:

"R-r-r-r-r," and walked off.

"Have n't you a chair to sit on?" said Kitty.

"Not even a heap of straw," replied her companion.

"I am tired of standing," said Kitty. "Dear knows how long he will be gone."

"I should n't sit down on the floor,—not if I were afraid of spiders; there are hundreds, millions of them here."

"My goodness!" cried Kitty. "You horrid thing! Why did n't you tell me so before?" and



she dashed out of the room, calling loudly for Harry Briscorn.

Harry had not gone out of sight along the long entry, and he came back in a great hurry.

"I won't stay in there!" exclaimed Kitty. "That boy says the room is full of spiders."

"They won't hurt you," replied Harry, impatiently; "you ought to have staid there. There always are spiders in prisons."

"I can't," said Kitty; "no, not if they were lions."

"You'll have to be on your parole, then," said Harry; "and come when you are summoned."

"Oh, I'll do that," said Kitty, quickly. "When will the summons come?"

"Pretty soon," said Harry. "Before your folks come home."

The door opened, and out came the other boy.

"See here," he said, "if the girl's on parole, I think I ought to be."

"I don't know," replied his guard, doubtfully.

He tied the hands of the prisoner with a piece of twine he took from his pocket, and marched off with him, leaving Kitty in high delight looking after them.

"I do wish he had told me how he got here," she said to herself, as she ran down-stairs. "I thought they were Catskill people. And oh, I *do* hope Sandy and all of them are having a lovely time, and will stay ever and ever so late!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BARON'S DAUGHTER IS PROPOSED AS AN HONORARY MEMBER.

"DON'T be worried about me, Patty," cried Kitty, running into the kitchen. "After a while I am going out, I don't exactly know where, but I shall not be long."

"Do you want a piece of your cake?" was Patty's reply.



THE GUARD BLINDFOLDS KITTY. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"The Chief sentenced you; that makes a difference."

"Where is the Chief?" asked Kitty.

"Ha, ha!" replied the guard, in a deep voice.

"I don't care," said Kitty. "But you have to tell about me, and you can't leave your prisoner, so take him along."

"That's a good idea," said the guard; and he

To this, Kitty at once said yes, and taking her piece of cake, she went out to the front porch and sat upon the top step. She did this for two reasons. In the first place, she had not made any appointment with her guard about meeting him; but, she thought, here she would certainly be in sight; and besides, she wanted to watch for the boating party. At last, her piece of cake being all eaten up, she



became so nervous, between the long delay of the guard, and the fear that her cousin might come and she be prevented from unraveling this delightful mystery of chiefs, and State's evidence, and prisoners, that she had to get up and dance a little on the porch. She would have rushed off to hunt up the guard, but she feared to miss him.

But when the shadows were much too low and long upon the grass, she heard a low whistle, and she saw Harry Briscom standing near the end of the empty wing of the house.

She ran to him at once.

"Have they come?" he said.

"No," she answered, hurriedly. "Not yet. Where am I to go?"

"You must go around to the back of the house. By the garden-gate. There you will meet a messenger. Where is the old woman? In the kitchen?"

Kitty nodded.

"I hope she will stay there. And you must say, 'Is it well?' and he will say, 'It is well.'"

"Who?" said Kitty.

"The messenger, of course. But you will have to be blindfolded."

"Indeed I won't," promptly replied Kitty. "I won't go anywhere if I can't see."

"Nobody will hurt you. Just you have confidence. Now, don't you turn on me. I said you were the pluckiest girl I knew."

This went to Kitty's heart. Rather than forfeit such a reputation as this, she would have been carried. So she said she would go.

"Just wait one minute," said Harry. "Count five hundred, and then you come."

When the proper number was counted out, and Kitty reached the garden-gate, she saw no one, but in a moment a figure in an old water-proof cloak, wearing a large hat, and with a white muslin mask on its face, appeared from behind some lilac-bushes.

Kitty glanced at the figure. She could see the brown curly hair, and a shoe not properly tied, and she recognized both; but she made no sign. She simply thought that Harry had been quick, for she had hurried as fast as was fair in her count.

"Is it well?" asked Kitty.

"It is well," replied the figure, in a deep, husky voice, and then it produced a handkerchief, with which the prisoner's eyes were to be blindfolded.

"Would you mind using mine?" asked Kitty.

"No," said the deep voice; and when Kitty took it out of her pocket, it added, "It is too little."

Then Kitty took the ribbon off her hair, tied it to one end of the handkerchief, and gave it to the figure. It was now quite long enough, and so Kitty's eyes were tied up.

The guard then turned her around three times, and taking her hand, led her, as Kitty could easily tell, over the grass and but a short distance.

He then knocked at a door, and a voice said:

"Are ye true?"

"And loyal!" replied the guide. "Give the countersign."

"All is well, and the Duke is dead."

At this mysterious announcement, the door was at once opened. Kitty's other hand was taken, and she was led into a close, hot room. The handkerchief was then taken off her eyes, and she looked in amazement around her. She knew at once that she was in one of the class-rooms in the extreme end of the southern wing of Greystone. The shutters were closed; a fire burned on the hearth, making the room uncomfortably warm; in front of it sat a boy of fifteen, wearing a red cap and cloak, and behind him, at either side of the mantel-piece, stood a small boy, one holding a pitch-pine torch, and the other a Roman candle, which he promptly let off as soon as the handkerchief was removed from Kitty's eyes. There were but three balls in it, but they made Kitty dodge, and she did n't like it, and said so. The boy with the candle had bare legs and arms, and wore a bunch of feathers in his cap, which was turned hind-part before. He also had a piece of plaid around his shoulders, and was sufficiently suggestive of fancy balls to make Kitty sure he was a Highlander. The others puzzled her. One wore a dress of shining lead-colored muslin, made like a butcher's shirt, and had a tin basin tied down on his head. Another was dressed in green, and had a bow and arrows; another had a fur cap, and some sort of a blanket over his shoulders; and another, in a sailor's suit, had such a projection in one cheek that Kitty was sure he had an egg, or a "tom-troller," in his mouth. All these figures wore masks similar to that worn by the guide, which were made out of white muslin, with two holes cut for the eyes. Over at one side stood the little boy who had been Kitty's fellow-prisoner, and his hands were still tied.

"This is the prisoner," said the guide, pointing to Kitty, and addressing the boy who was sitting, and who wore the red cap. This figure, being the only one provided with a seat, was at once recognized by the prisoner as the Chief.

"Advance, O Champion, and read the charge!" said this personage.

At this, the guide disappeared into the out-shed, and in a moment came back attired in a blue cloak, gracefully draped over one shoulder, and a hat with a white feather. In his hand he carried a sheet of foolscap paper, and advancing to the middle of the floor, he began to read:



"Catherine Baird, the prisoner, was born thirteen years ago —"

"Twelve," calmly interrupted Kitty. "I shall not be thirteen until next December. And I hope you spell my name with a K, for I hate Katharine with a C."

The Champion at once borrowed a pencil and made the corrections.

"Twelve years ago," he resumed, reading with

"Oh, you all have names! What is that one with a tin basin on his head?"

"Your Majesty," said the person of whom she spoke, "is this proper language?"

"Truly, my worthy Don Quixote," said the Chief, skillfully answering the two questions at once, "it is not! Shall she be sworn?"

"Oh, he's Don Quixote," said Kitty. "I never read much of that book. It was n't interesting."



THE BROTHERHOOD UNMASKS.

great emphasis. "Her father is a minister, and she lives in a village called —"

"Goodness!" said Kitty; "do you consider all that interesting? I suppose Sandy Baird wrote it."

"Sandy Baird did *not* write it," said the Chief; "he is not here. You know very little of Brotherhoods if you don't know that they always read the histories of prisoners."

"Is this a Brotherhood?" said Kitty, eagerly. "Is that why you are all dressed up? I wish Harry Briscoe had told me, and I'd have dressed, too; but I am not a prisoner. I am State's evidence, — whatever that is!"

"Harry Briscoe is not known here," said the Chief. "Perhaps you mean Lord Leicester."

The Champion, or Lord Leicester, then cleared his throat.

"Please wait until I am gone before you read that," said Kitty. "I have ever so many questions to ask, and I am afraid Cousin Robert will come home."

There was a little discussion upon this point, the Champion—who probably was the author of the biography—being very much in favor of having it read; but it was decided, as the hour was late, to omit it.

At that moment, there was a knock at the outdoor, and the countersign being again given, an Indian girl entered, followed by the boy in green, who had slipped out unseen by Kitty.



"Approach and give your report," said the Chief, in a tone of solemn dignity. "Is it safe upon the rampart and the river?"

"It is safe upon the rampart, and on the river all is silent."

"And our good Robin Hood," said His Majesty, "let us hear from you. Have you played the scout upon the invader?"

"He has not returned," replied Robin, "and the old woman is alone."

"I war not upon women nor children," said the Chief.

Kitty at once concluded that all this meant that her cousin Robert had not come back, and Patty was in the kitchen; but, for a wonder, she did n't speak. She was thinking.

"Has she been sworn?" said the Chief, abruptly turning to Kitty.

"I don't want to be sworn," she replied. "I'll tell all I know without it."

"But you must swear," said the Chief; and he arose and unsheathed a small sword he wore at his side, and gracefully presented the blade to Kitty. "Kiss this, O maiden, and say thy words are truth."

Kitty was quite equal to this emergency, and she sank upon one knee, and kissing the sword, said her words were words of truth. Then she looked around for approbation; but, if this existed, she could not know, because of the masks. Then she arose.

"Now," said His Majesty, sitting down again, "we shall proceed."

"Would you mind taking off your masks?" said Kitty. "It is n't pleasant to talk to people when you can't see their faces."

"Is that the price of your revelation?" asked the Chief.

"It is," replied Kitty, promptly, and with great firmness.

"Unmask!" commanded the Chief, taking off his own bit of muslin with a relieved air. "It is awfully hot."

"I think," said Kitty, who was nothing if not suggestive, "that that back door might better be open."

"Then we might be surprised," replied the Chief, looking anxiously toward the door.

"Place a sentry," suggested the Sailor, after taking a hickory-nut out of his mouth.

"I shall. I appoint Captain Kidd as sentry," and the Sailor at once took up his station by the back door, after having opened it, much to every one's relief.

"In the first place, now," said the Chief, impressively, "how long do you—the invaders—desire to remain within these walls?"

"For six moons," said Kitty, who was looking around at the group and wondering who the Indian girl was, and who was also relieved not to see Sandy in the party—"that is to say, until next week."

"And then you go home?"

"We do."

"What does the Baron Baird mean to do with the property?"

"Is this State's evidence?" asked Kitty.

"It is," answered the Chief.

"Well, it is stupid," frankly replied Kitty. "Don't you ever play anything? Don't those other boys ever say anything?"

The Chief made no reply, but sat in silence for a moment, then he said:

"Soldiers, take the prisoner to the guard-house," and the Champion and Don Quixote at once advanced and conducted Kitty away, though, much to her relief, not up to the dark room, but to the out-kitchen. In a moment, the Highlander, without his torch, which had become much too smoky for comfort, came out to relieve guard, and the Champion and Don Quixote went back to what Kitty supposed was a council.

She sat down on the step, between the rooms, but was careful not to listen, and in about ten minutes, or, as she measured time, a half-hour, the Champion came back, and escorted her into the room again.

The Brotherhood was now arranged in a circle, sitting on the floor, and they gave Kitty a place in the middle. She could not help thinking of their own dining-room arrangements as she sat down, but she made no remark.

"We have sent for you," said the Chief, with a very impressive air, "to say that we have been considering whether or not we should make you an honorary member."

(To be continued.)



## MY LITTLE VALENTINE.

By M. F. BUTTS.

A LITTLE curly-headed rogue,  
With eyes that dance and shine,  
And voice as soft as any bird's,—  
Such is my Valentine.

He coos, and woos, and murmurs sweet:  
"I love 'oo, Mamma mine."  
What maiden fair in all the world,  
Has such a Valentine?

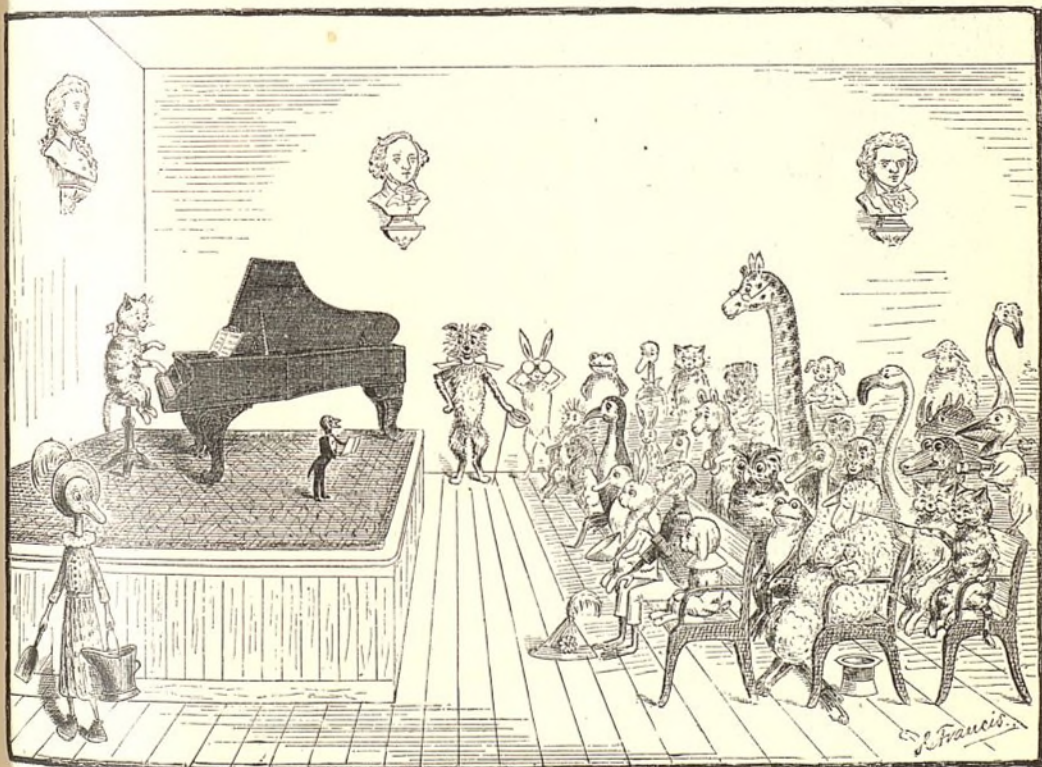
No matter who may come or go,  
His heart is always mine;  
No cause have I for jealousy—  
My little Valentine!

He tells his love a thousand times  
Each day by sweetest sign;  
And oh, I love him back again—  
My little Valentine!

## THE GOOSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A Fable.)

By J. H. T.



THE goose wished to give a concert, and invited the nightingale to assist her.

"But," timidly said the nightingale, "I understand you do not approve my style."

"Not altogether," replied the goose. "But the

audience is not highly cultivated, and it has been hinted to me that they would enjoy the entertainment more if you should sing the solos, while I tend the door, and keep up the fires."

So the nightingale sang.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE tumultuous sound of galloping increased behind us; so the teamster brought our cavalcade to a halt, and the fire-arms were made ready

"Is it robbers?" cried Tommy.

ram snorted and stamped his fore feet, but the rear sheep pressed the frightened leader forward.

"Oh, don't shoot, Uncle,—please," whispered Tommy. "Let us see how near they will come."

The foremost ram came within forty yards, when he got the scent of our wild beasts,—of

the she panther, probably, —turned short about, and started off in full gallop.

The sheep stared, but when the second ram

leaped back with a snort of horror, they took it for granted that something

or other must be frightfully wrong, and the whole

troop plunged down hill with a rush that sent the

stones flying in every direction. One good-sized

boulder rolled over a

precipice, and went bounding into the valley below and into a patch of corn-field. The sheep kept on at a mad gallop till they reached a creek-bed, far below, where we lost sight of them amidst the cliffs.

"Did you ever see such running!" laughed Tommy.

"Why, they were scared completely out of their wits!"

"They have n't any sense at all," said Daddy Simon. And then he added: "We are here in the State of Taxaca, and there is a very strict law against rolling rocks into a man's corn-field."

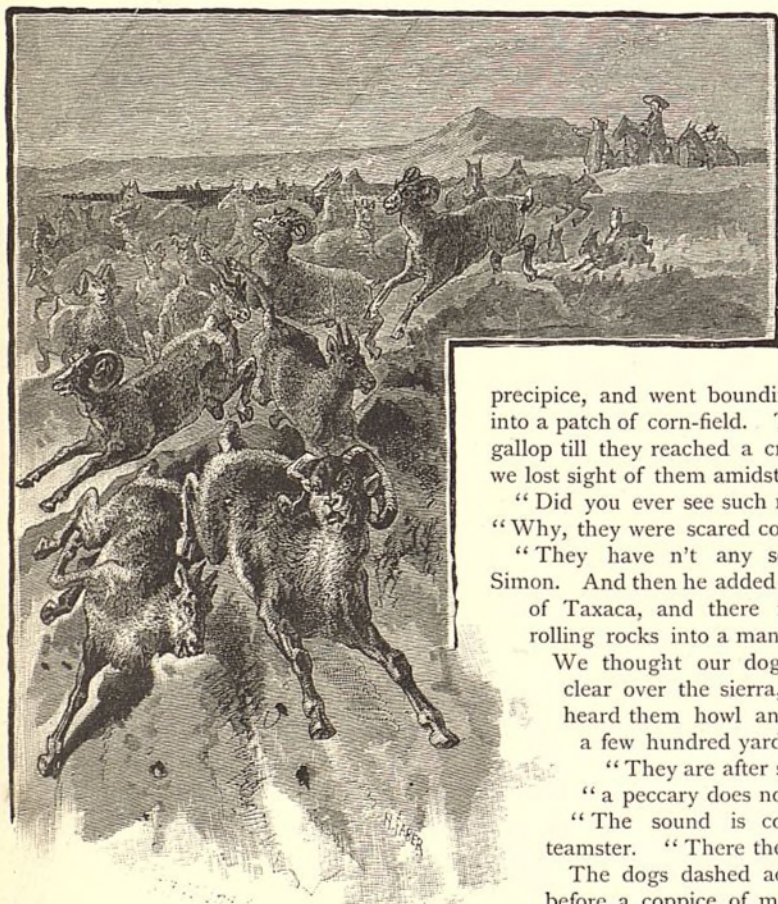
We thought our dogs had followed the peccary clear over the sierra, but, an hour afterward, we heard them howl and bark in a wooded ravine a few hundred yards ahead of us.

"They are after something else now," I said;

"a peccary does not turn upon its own tracks."

"The sound is coming this way," said the teamster. "There they are, now!"

The dogs dashed across the road, but stopped before a coppice of mesquite-trees at the edge of the declivity. There they stood close together, howling and yelping in chorus, when suddenly the brindled deer-hound whisked up the road with his nose close to the ground, making straight for the mesquite coppice. We saw him dive into the thicket, but in the next moment he rushed back, howling and bleeding, and ran up to us, with his tail between his legs, a pitiful sight!



THE HERD OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

"No, no," laughed the teamster.

"Cimarones—mountain sheep; look back—see their horns!"

A troop of bighorn sheep (*Ovis montana*) came trotting up the road, wheeled around the corner, stopped, and eyed us with surprise. The leading



"Heigho! that 's a *leon*" [a puma], said the teamster. "Look at this hound! Why! he ought to think himself the luckiest dog in Mexico! If he'd had that scratch a little lower, it would have cost him his eyes."

"Do you call that lucky?" said Tommy. "Look here; the poor fellow is nearly scalped; there must be a powerful brute in that bush!"

"A *leon*, I think," said the teamster. "Yes, I was right; here he comes!"

A magnificent puma stepped slowly from the coppice and advanced to the edge of the cliffs. There he crouched down and switched his tail left and right.

"Oho! That fellow means mischief," said the teamster, and took an old shot-gun from the cart. "He's going to turn upon the dogs again!"

The puma raised his head and advanced toward the dogs with cautious steps, switching his tail, just like a cat stealing upon a mouse. It would have been curious to see the end of his maneuver; but before I could interfere, the teamster leveled his gun and blazed away.

The puma reared up with an angry growl, then turned and whisked along the brink of the declivity, with the pack in full pursuit. He led them right toward the steepest part of the abyss, but just before he reached the edge he turned short, and with a magnificent side-leap, reached a crevice in the wall of the precipice, where he disappeared below an overhanging ledge.

The dogs rushed ahead, and their leader, one of the big curs, dashed over the brink and fell headlong into the dark chasm below. The next dog saw the trap in time to save himself by a sudden back-leap.

"Was n't I right?" said the teamster. "Is n't this deer-hound the luckiest dog, after all? If he had not had that scratch, he assuredly would have led the pack and broken his neck, instead of my poor cur."

We looked down into the gorge, but the abyss was too deep; the poor dog had disappeared forever.

"My! Just look away over yonder in that grass valley," cried Tommy. "There goes that same troop of bighorn sheep; and, I declare, they have not done galloping yet!"

"This road of ours is rather a roundabout way," I observed. "We have not made much headway in the last half-hour."

"Yes; but it's the only wagon-road through these mountains," said the teamster. "I'll tell you what we can do, though: if your guide will drive my car for an hour or two, I will show you a short cut across the sierras. It's a steep bridle-path; but we shall pass by a place they call the 'Altar,'

where you can see the *hornitos* [little volcanoes] of Tarifa. We shall strike this road again on the other side of the ridge."

"That's a good plan," I said. "Come on, Tommy."

"I shall take my old saddle-horse along," said the teamster. "She would break away or get restive if I should try to leave her behind."

Menito had fallen asleep in the cart. He had been hard at work carrying water the night before, so we did not wake him.

A few hundred yards above the wagon-road, we reached the cliffs of the upper sierra, and here the bridle-path became desperately rugged, but the teamster's old mare followed us closely over the rocks, like a dog. Where the ascent was too steep for her hoofs, she had a curious knack of laying hold of any bush or shrub with her teeth, and helping herself up in that way. She was a true mountain horse.

"This is the Plateau of Tarifa," said our new guide, when we had reached a rocky table-land near the summit of the sierra. That white knob on the right there is the highest point on this ridge, and no one has ever been on top of it, as far as I know."

The "white knob," as the Mexican called it, was a snow-clad peak of the central Cordilleras. Tier above tier of precipices rose straight up from the cañon, culminating in a tremendous tower of mingled rock and ice, and of such steepness that any plan of climbing it without poles and ice-shoes seemed too hopeless to be so much as attempted.

"Come this way, now," said the guide. "Do you see that steam rising from the valley ahead there? That's the smoke of the *hornitos*."

After a hard scramble over boulders and fallen trees, we came to a pulpit-like promontory on the southern slope, overhanging the valley of the Rio Negro, with the famous *hornitos*, or volcanic hillocks, of Tarifa.

"This is what we call the 'Altar,'" said the Mexican. "Now look down there, if you can. When I was a boy, we used to come here and try to keep our eyes on the *hornitos* without blinking; it's a courage-test, they say. Hunters generally blink at them with the left eye as they do in firing off a gun."

It was, indeed, a test which few human eyes could stand without wincing. There were about ten small volcanoes at the bottom of the precipice, and every now and then one or the other shot up a charge of fire and pumice-stones, that looked as if they would fly directly into your face. Experience had shown that the stones themselves never reached up to the cliffs of the "Altar," but the clouds of smoke and cinders rose much higher, and one larger burst gave us an idea of what it means to look into



the mouth of an exploding cannon. Immediately after, another *hornito* went off with a loud report, and we felt the rocks shake under our feet when the charge of flying stones scattered among the crags.

average, and the bottom was covered with heavy, gritty sand, as if the water had run through basalt-caves.

"They call this the 'Orphan-creek,'" said the



"THE ALTAR" ABOVE THE HORNITOS.

"Why! that's a regular mountain battery," laughed Tommy.

"How near did the stones come that time?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Tom. "I might better tell the truth: I shut both my eyes."

We had to clamber down on our hands and knees before we could reach the road, where we had to wait about twenty minutes before we heard the rumbling of our cart. They had made the steep ascent without accident, but Daddy Simon informed me that the dogs had started another puma and chased it into the cliffs of the river valley.

"Do you know what makes *leons* and panthers so plentiful here?" said the teamster. "It's the caverns; this valley is full of caves and crevices, where they find shelter for themselves and their young ones. There are caves here that reach far in toward the center of the mountain."

We entered one of these caverns, not far from the road-side, and found it as dark and chilly as a rock-cellar in winter-time. We sent Menito back for our field-lantern, and, until his return, sounded the depth of a creek that issued from a vault in the recesses of the cave. It was four feet deep on the

teamster. "Many years ago, a Mexican miner went in here to hunt for gold-quartz, and must have met with some accident, for he was never seen again. They say his boy came here every day for weeks and called his father's name, but only the cave-echo answered him."

When Menito returned with the lantern, we advanced about a quarter of a mile into the interior of the cavern, till we came to an abysmal gorge,—the Caverna del Diablo, or Devil's-pit, as our guide called it. It seemed to be very deep, for a bowlder



dropped over the brink reverberated in its descent for several seconds, till the last rumblings died away in the abyss below. Clouds of bats rose from the chasm, and flopped about the cave with piercing shrieks, when they saw the glare of our lantern. There was a side-vault which led along the brink of the gorge, but we found the ground covered with wriggling cave-lizards and serpents, and our bare-footed Indians beat a hasty retreat.

"There is a puma, that has haunted this cave for years," said the teamster, "but no hunter has ever discovered its hiding-place. It must have its den away back in one of the side-caverns."

We camped in the valley of the Rio Negro that night, and had a better supper than we expected, for the river abounds with trout, and the ravines were full of wild pine-apples. In one of the ravines the boys found a fine spring, and we sent Menito down with our drinking-cup; but we had to wait a quarter of an hour, and it was nearly dark when he returned with the pail in one hand and a large bundle in the other. He had taken off his jacket, and we thought he had wrapped up a few more pine-apples.

"Look here, captain, what's a puma worth in this sierra?" he asked the teamster.

"About three dollars," said the Mexican.

"Well, señor, you owe me twelve dollars, then," said Menito, and laid the bundle at my feet. "Here are four of them."

"Four of what?"

"Pumas, señor," said Menito, and took four small, grayish cubs from the bundle. They were about as large as pug-dogs, but all blind yet, and wriggling about like caterpillars.

"I heard them mewling under a ledge in that same ravine," said Menito, "but it took me ten minutes before I could find them. Are n't they worth ten dollars?"

"Ten dollars!" cried Daddy Simon. "What manner of a boy are you, anyhow? Trying to cheat this gentleman, are you? In the first place, they are very young pumas; and in the second place, they are no pumas at all. They're young ocelots, worth about twenty-five cents apiece."

"Ocelots!" faltered Menito. "Why, they are just the color of a puma; an ocelot is speckled like a panther, is n't it?"

"Well, don't you know that young panthers are as gray as rats? Just ask the teamster, if you don't."

"Yes, you are right," said the teamster; "those kittens are young ocelots. They'll get speckled after a year or so."

"Of course they do," said Daddy Simon. "It's their wickedness, if you want to know the reason. Every time they kill or steal something, they get

marked with a black spot on their heads or legs, according as they bite or scratch something."

"If that is so, they must commit the most desperate cruelties with their tails," laughed Menito. "Just look at that panther! How's that, Daddy?"

"Never mind," said the Indian, evasively. "Hurry up now, and help me unstrap those blankets. The nights are too short to answer all your questions," he added, in an under-tone.

We broke camp before sunrise the next morning, and when we came to the next turn of the road,



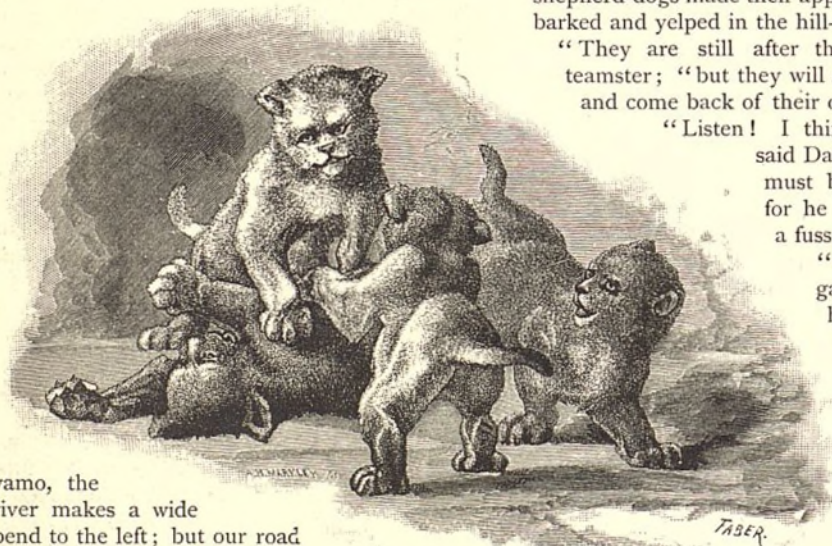
THE CAÑON OF THE RIO NEGRO.

we saw a broad valley at our feet, and in the distance the town of Benyamo, with its gardens and vineyards. But before we left the mountains, we made a detour to the right, to take a look at a strange rock-temple that used to be a place of worship before the Spaniards introduced the Christian religion into Mexico. This temple is a large cave,



which the ancient Indians fashioned into a sort of under-ground church. The entrance was arched and chiseled, like a portal, and the lower walls were covered with mysterious designs, some of them as fanciful as the emblems on a Chinese tea-chest. The interior of the temple was a mass of ruins; the Spaniards had smashed every idol they could lay their hands on, but a Mexican gardener, who lived near the entrance of the cave, showed us some queer statues he had picked from the *débris*. One of them had a nose like an ant-bear; and a fat little image, with its arms akimbo, had a hole through its head that went from ear to ear like a tunnel. The gardener told us about a strange idol that was worshiped with divine honors by the pagan aborigines. It was made of a kind of grayish-white stone, that looked like quartz in day-time, but became luminous after dark, and was supposed to be a supernatural image of the moon. When the Spaniards began to demolish the temple, this statue was removed by the superstitious Indians, and it is perhaps still worshiped in some secret cave of the sierra.

Between the rock-temple and the town of Ben-



YOUNG OCELOTS.

yamo, the river makes a wide bend to the left; but our road went straight ahead, and led us through a wild hill-country, full of ravines and thorny thickets. Farther back, the hills expanded into grassy slopes, and on one of these pastures we saw a queer little windmill whirling in the breeze. It was not more than three feet high, and some of its sails were colored with a bright purple red. If the wind turned the sails, it looked as if somebody was waving first a white and then a red handkerchief.

"What in the name of sense can that be?" I asked, pointing to the whirling vanes.

"It's an antelope-trap," laughed the teamster. "There's a pitfall near there."

The whirl-mill seemed to be a sort of bait, for antelopes are very inquisitive, and want to examine everything that excites their curiosity. Besides, it was very useful in warning strangers and children, who otherwise would be in danger of falling into the pit.

Our dogs kept up an incessant chase after the big rabbits that frequent these hill-slopes, but generally lost them in the hedges of cactus or prickly-pears that skirted every ravine with a belt of impenetrable thickets. Some prickly-pears grow to a surprising height, and we saw one that was high enough for a good-sized pine-tree, though it had only a few dozens of those big, fleshy leaves that distinguish a cactus from all other plants. In the desert, the thirsty horses and cattle often eat these leaves; but, in a well-watered country, a cactus is rather a nuisance, for its prickles are worse than buck-thorns, and its beautiful red fruit tastes like an over-ripe gooseberry. Before we entered the vineyards in the vicinity of Benyamo, we stopped to whistle our dogs together. But only two of the shepherd-dogs made their appearance; the rest still barked and yelped in the hill-thickets.

"They are still after the rabbits," said the teamster; "but they will soon get tired of that, and come back of their own accord."

"Listen! I think I hear our dog," said Daddy Simon. "There must be something at bay, for he would not make such a fuss about a rabbit."

"Is there any large game in this neighborhood?" I asked an old man, who came up the road with a load of dry sticks on his back.

"Not much," said he. "Your dogs have treed a brown bear in the bottom over yonder, but bear-meat is n't of

much account around here at this time of year, excepting to dogs, may be."

"A bear, you say? How far from here did you see him?"

"He's on a wax-tree in that broad gully back there," said the man.

"I thought so; why, that would be worth while looking after," said Daddy Simon.

"Yes, come on, boys," said I; "but the team-



ster can drive slowly ahead; we'll overtake him this side of the village."

We found the tree by following the sound of the dogs, and, sure enough, there was a bear in the top branches, and four of the dogs were baying him with long howls. It was a *moreno*, as the Mexicans call a kind of light-brown bear, about half as large as a grizzly. But how could we get him down without killing him?

"Just leave that to me," said Daddy Simon. "You stay where you are, Menito, and watch the dogs. I'm going to get something that will fetch him. It's only half a mile to town."

"All right," said I. "Stay here, Menito, till we get back. I owe you five dollars for the ocelots, and will give you something extra if we catch this bear. Don't let him get away."

"Indeed he won't!" laughed Menito. "You'll find him here if you come back before night." While we walked toward the village, Daddy Simon collected about a peck of cactus-pears and put them carefully in his big leather hat.

"I guess we can trust that boy," I observed. "We might as well find a place for our menagerie before we go back."

Upon inquiry, we were directed to a man who had charge of one of those empty convents that are found in almost every Mexican town,—a building with a fine garden and hundreds of empty rooms. We soon agreed on the rent-price, and one by one our boarders were transferred to more commodious quarters in a side-wing of the building, where most of the windows were secured with iron bars. The housekeeper was an honest-looking but rough sort of fellow, and jerked out some of the monkeys by their long tails, because they did not leave their wire house quickly enough to suit him. When he grabbed the bob-tail youngster by the leg, the little rogue bit his hand, and clung to the cage with all its might. The man ran off then, to get a poker or something, but, before he returned, Bobby bolted out, of his own accord, leaped upon Tommy's shoulder, and chattered away in great excitement.

"Uncle, will you do me a favor?" asked Tommy, taking the little fellow into his arms.

"All right. But what is it?" said I.

"Let me keep this little fellow for a pet," said Tommy. "He is so small that he won't bother us at all, and I will take good care of him."

"Very well," I answered; "put him back into his basket and bring him along."

Bobby seemed to understand every word we said, for he stuck out his tongue and jabbered defiantly when we passed the housekeeper on the staircase.

On the market-square of the village, Daddy Simon met us with a big bottle.

"I'm ready for the bear now," said he, "and if it suits you, we might as well fetch him home here."

The distance was not much more than half a mile, so we all went back to the ravine and found everything in its right place,—the dogs where we had left them, and the bear perched, disconsolate, on one of the upper branches.

"He has walked around and around that tree-top," said Menito, "but has not once tried to come down."

"He will try it now," said Daddy. "Just hold this bottle a minute."

He had put the prickly-pears into a little tin pail, and now proceeded to soak them with the contents of the bottle—a sort of strong-smelling spirit, made of distilled peaches. He then put the pail at the foot of the tree.

"Oh, I see," said Menito, "you are going to make him drunk! But will he like that mess?"

"Of course he will," said the Indian. "Now catch the dogs; they won't leave this tree if they can help it."

With his long leash-rope, he tied the four dogs together and dragged them off. "Come on now," said he, "we must give the bear a chance for his dinner."

He marched us off to a distance of about two hundred yards into a coppice of mulberry trees, where we could watch the bear unobserved.

The *moreno* noticed our departure, with manifest surprise, and peeped through the leaves, as if he suspected a concealed enemy at the foot of the tree. Seeing nobody, he descended from branch to branch, and finally grabbed the trunk of the tree and slid boldly down.

"Now he's going to have his dinner," whispered Daddy Simon.

The bear stopped, noticed the tin pail, and fixed



QUEER STATUES FROM THE OLD MEXICAN TEMPLE.



his eye on the pasty contents with a strange expression of mingled surprise and curiosity, as if he could not take it all in. He turned the pail around, and then, quietly seating himself, proceeded to scrape the pears out one by one, and gravely smelled them as they dropped on the ground. But their flavor did not seem to suit him at all. He cast a puzzled glance at the tree, but the wax berries looked very different from the strange mess at his feet. What could it be? After sniffing the breeze attentively, the bear fixed his eye on our coppice and cocked his head, as much as to say, "Aha! that accounts for it!" He then cleaned his paws by rubbing them against the tree, cast a satirical

look at the scattered pears, and trotted off rapidly, giving a guttural grunt, as if he were chuckling to himself.

"Confound the unreasonable beast! He has not even touched his dinner," said Daddy Simon, when we returned to fetch our pail.

"He was a great deal too smart to eat such stuff," observed Menito.

"Stuff! What are you talking about?" cried the Indian, feeling cross and disappointed. "Do you know what I paid for that bottle? It's the very best brandy in town. Stuff, indeed!" he muttered to himself. "That just shows what boys and bears know about such things!"

(To be continued.)

## JOHNNY'S ANSWER.

BY NORA PERRY.

JOHNNY, standing four feet two,  
In his suit of navy blue,  
Aged ten years to a day,  
Full of business and play,

Patronizingly looks down  
On the little downy crown,  
And the little upturned face,  
Of the cooing baby, Grace.

"What's a baby good for, now?"  
Johnny questions, with a brow  
Puckered up into a frown,  
As he stands thus looking down.

"I can do a heap, you know,—  
Fly a kite and shovel snow;  
Spaded up the garden bed  
Just this spring, as well as Ned;

"Mother said so; but that's not  
Half, nor quarter—there's a lot,  
Oh, a lot more I can do;  
Base-ball, hockey, cricket, too.

"But this little baby now,  
What's she good for, anyhow,  
'Cept to spoil a fellow's play,  
And to get in folks' way?

"Makes a lot of trouble, too;  
Such a heap of things to do!  
I don't see why folks can't be  
Born grown up as big as me!"

Just here, baby gurgled out  
Such a jolly little shout!  
Then began to babble fast,  
"Ma, ma, ma, ma," and at last,

Yes, as sure now as the world,  
Soft the baby lips uncurled,  
And commenced to stammer out,  
"Don-ny, Don-ny!" Such a shout

As our Johnny gave at this—!  
Then a great big smacking kiss  
Fell on baby's cheeks of pink.—  
"Mother, mother, only think!"

Mother heard him loud exclaim,  
"Somehow, baby's learned my name!"  
Mother, laughingly, looked on  
For awhile, as Master John

Kissed the baby in delight  
While he held her close and tight.  
Then she mischievously said,  
Glancing at the downy head,—

"But this little baby now,  
What's she good for, anyhow?"  
Johnny turned as red as fire,  
Then tossed baby up the higher.

While the baby laughed and crowed,  
Johnny, though his blushes glowed,  
Answered, bold as brass, just this:  
"Why, she's good to love and kiss!"



## HOW JUBE WAKED THE ELEPHANT.

*(A Story of a dreadfully naughty little Black Boy.)*

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

JUBE'S life, ever since he could remember, had been spent in "Ole Isrul's" cabin, underneath a spur of the Alleghanies,—and a very happy-go-lucky life it was.

After "freedom come," Israel and Hannah, Jube's nearest of kin, had drifted from the cotton-fields of the Mississippi back to "Ole Virginny," and to their old life of tobacco-raising on the Alleghany slopes. They had brought Jube with them, the motherless boy having from babyhood, as Hannah expressed it, "been fotch up by her hand in the way he or' ter go." If ever "fotch

display of show-papers glaring everywhere. Such riders, such vaulters, such gymnasts, surely had never been known before, even to Jube's vivid imagination. Such animals, too! the sacred bull, the ibex, the llama, the rhinoceros, fiercer than the lion, and the royal Bengal tiger, fiercer than the fiercest of all besides.

"Ki, yi, Juba!" saluted Aunt Hannah, as the boy rushed into her cabin that morning, his white eyeballs rolling, and his red lips parted in grins of delight. "Isrul, what you s'pose is up wid this nigger, now?"

"Humph!" grunted the cabin's patriarch, puffing, in the breaks of his sentences, volumes of smoke from his short corn-cob pipe. "I 'specs dat boy, Hannah"—puff—"have jes' done"—puff, puff, puff—"gone crazy ober"—puff—"Foreper's surcuss."

"What dat you say? Foreper's surcuss? Juba, whar dat money you fetch me fur de garden-sass an' dem eggs? Ef you jes' done bruk one ob dem dozen eggs wid yer capers, I'll Foreper's surcuss you, see ef I don't."

Jube dodged a blow from the hand that had "fotch him up," and proceeded without delay to give up every farthing of his evening's sales.

Aunt Hannah deigned to give a grunt of satisfaction as the last penny was counted into her hand. Then Jube sidled into the corner of the hearth where "Ole Isrul" sat enjoying his pipe. He stood for a moment digging his toes into the cracks of the hearth.

"Daddy!" he drawled, by and by. "Daddy!"

No answer. "Ole Isrul" never so much as winked an eyelash, but sat smoking his pipe as unresponsive as a Camanche Indian.

"Daddy, say! May n't I go to Foreper's 'nagerie? My! it's a show what is a show. There's beasts an' beasts—but it's the elerphunt what beats all holler! Whew! Daddy, dat elerphunt's a whale, I tell yer!"

"Juba," said Aunt Hannah, severely, "what you sayin'—eh? De elerphunt am not a whale. How kin it be? It's agin natur'."

Jube subsided.

"Daddy," he whispered, after a few more desperate digs into the seams of the hearth, and under cover of the clatter of Hannah's supper dishes,—“Daddy, may n't I go?”

"Whar to—whar to, Jube?"



"JUBE DODGED THE BLOW."

up" in the way he should go, the boy, at twelve years of age, had widely departed therefrom, for no more mischievous spirit than naughty little Jube infested the turnpike leading from the cabin to the village beyond.

The day came, however, when Jube was made to pay off at least a part of the score being continually added up against him. Yet the boy himself did not imagine that such a day of reckoning had arrived on that sunshiny morning, when he arose early to deck himself for a holiday, which was to be given entirely to the enjoyment of Forepaugh's Great Circus and Menagerie. Twice before, during that week, he had made a pilgrimage to the village, and had spent hours, each time, inspecting the wonderful



"To Forper's 'nagerie. You is gwine fur ter le' me go? Aint yer, Daddy?"

"Sartain, boy; sartain—ef yer kin find a silver mine 'twixt now an' show-day."

Jube looked disheartened for a moment. Then his face brightened. He was not lacking in expedients, and it was a great matter to have "Daddy's" consent. He began to do a double shuffle, but brought up in short order as he caught Aunt Hannah's eyes turned upon him.

"You, Jube! You jis' shuffle out 'er dis, an' hang dat last load ob tobaccy-cuttin's on de scaffold, down by de tree."

Jube obeyed with alacrity, as he felt it would not do to provoke "Mammy's" ire at that critical stage of his plottings. Having tossed up the pile of tobacco waiting for him, he quickly mounted upon the shed, in order to hang up the cuttings for drying. The scaffold was a swinging one, supported on its lower side by forked stakes driven into the ground, while on the back, or higher side, the horizontal poles supporting the stems were, after the shiftless manner of Jube's race, suspended by grape-vine twists to the low, spreading boughs of an oak tree. The tree itself should have been in the prime of strength and beauty, but, like a parasite, the clinging scaffold had, through years of gnawing, eaten into it, until now many of its lower branches were quite dead. Jube, however, briskly hanging the tobacco, while marvelously preserving his balance on the swaying poles, was not concerning himself with the fate of this tree. His brain, active as it was, had enough to do to work out the problem "Daddy" had set for it to solve. How was he to find that silver mine? Just two days more and Forepaugh's menagerie would make its grand entry into the village. Now, Jube was an expert at treeing coons, and had ceased to boast of the ground-hog and rabbit burrows which he had found—but a silver mine! That was different. He did n't believe "Daddy" himself had ever found one of them, though with a witch-hazel he had found more than one under-ground spring. But a silver mine! "Jeemes's River!" said Jube to himself; "how I wish a witch-hazel would point to one of them!"

But suddenly Jube narrowed his range of fancy to a more promising field.

If he could find a silver *dollar*, would n't "Daddy" think that the next thing to a silver mine? He had heard tell it took acres to make a silver mine—but a silver dollar a smart boy like him might find in a sheep's track, or thereabouts. A cunning look twinkled in the corners of the boy's eyes. He gave the tobacco a final shove with his toes, then leaped down and went whistling back to report to Aunt Hannah, and have his share of the mush and

milk, for which his afternoon's work had given him a hearty relish.

Next morning, two of Aunt Hannah's biggest melons were missing from the patch, and a brace of her fattest capons from the roost; but suspicion was diverted from the real culprit by the tracks of huge shoes freely displayed throughout the patch.

"'Pears to me, Isrul," said the woe-begone Hannah, "dat thief mus' have wore shoes made upon his own las'—I nebber saw sich a foot on any ob my acquaintance."

"Dat 's so, Hanner; dat 's gospel truf. Der aint no sich build of foot sca'cely sence de days ob Goli-er."

Yet, as Hannah turned off in perplexed thought, the old sinner slyly thrust forward his own huge shoes, giving a significant poke with the bowl of his pipe at the sand and clay filling the coarse seams.

"Ki," he inwardly chuckled, "dat boy Jube better not let de ole 'ooman know how close under her nose he done 'skiver his silver mine. She 'll have her shere of intrus' off o' him, shore as yer born."

But Jube was as sly as he was naughty. Aunt Hannah was unsuspecting.

"Juba," said she, tenderly, "ef I had the money, you should go ter Foreper's 'nagerie to-morrow."

Jube was prompt to seize his golden opportunity.

"Ef I arned the money, Mammy, mought I go?"

"Ye-es," drawled "Mammy," cooling a little; "ef Isrul s'poses he kin spar' yer from the 'bacy gathering, yer mought."

"Ef yer fines the silver mine, Jube, ef yer fines the silver mine, yer kin go," said Israel, pressing in the feathery ashes of his pipe with the horny tip of his finger.

This time, Jube executed a double shuffle in good earnest, and returned to the tobacco-field much relieved. That afternoon, when he went to the pasture for the cow, he turned old Brindle's nose homeward, and hurried off to the village to do a little trading on his own account. For this, Hannah had a well-seasoned hickory laid up for him when he came back, but Jube knew her weak point, and when he had hauled forth a whole quarter of a pound of good tea, "which," he said, "a feller at a store had gin him for runnin' of a arrant," she was so touched by his thought of her, that the rod was quietly slipped out of sight, and Jube felt quite enough in favor to exhibit the tiny square of cardboard which he had brought back as the result of his stolen expedition. Hannah's curiosity was at once aroused by the mysterious signs thereon.

"What 's dis, Juba?"

"Why, lor', Mammy! Dat 's a ticket of 'mission to Foreper's succuss."



"Dat is? Sho, now! An' what 's dis writin', Jube? You is a scholard. What do de writin' say?"

"It says to le' me into Foreper's 'nagerie an' big show," said Jube, who, having enjoyed three

to the village before the sun had lifted his head above the eastern hills.

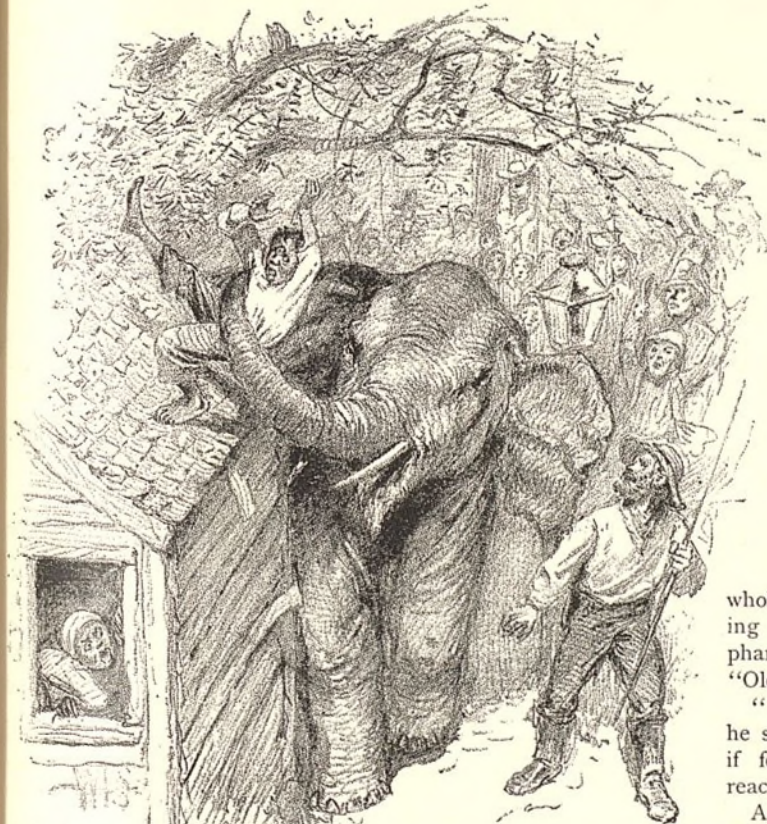
Such a day of rare fun and jollity as that was for Jube! His dusky skin fairly glowed and glistened with the fullness of his delight. In all the twelve years of his life he had never been to a circus, so, even before he had reached the climax of wonders under the canvas of this one, he had decided, like the Queen of Sheba, that he had not been told the half of the glories he was to see.

The *grande entrée* was of itself a stupendous revelation to him. Was there on the earth such another glittering line of men, women, horses, and band-wagons? There, too, were cages of wild beasts, poking out here a great foot and there a ferocious head, or the whole terrible animal pacing restlessly. But the elephant was, as Jube had told "Ole Isrul," the wonder of all.

"My! Aint he a whale!" he said, under his breath, as if fearful his words might reach Aunt Hannah.

And just here we may chronicle that Jube had an adventure with this gigantic brute before the day was

done. Not content with following in the wake of his Indian majesty through the whole morning, the boy, in the afternoon, formed part of an admiring retinue accompanying him to and from his bath in the mill-pond, which was the only bath-tub large enough for his high mightiness. As this procession returned through the village, Jube, anxious to secure a more elevated point of observation, rushed ahead of the throng to perch himself upon a projecting ledge of a corner storehouse, from which he might view the breadth and length of the elephant's mighty back; but, in his haste, Jube had not taken note of the fact that he was just at the point where two streets converged—that, but a moment later, the elephant must round the sharp angle, with barely room to crowd himself between the ledge and the iron lamp-post beyond.



"THE BEAST LIFTED HIM QUICKLY DOWN FROM HIS PERCH."

months of educational advantages at a free school, felt

tent to render a free translation of the hieroglyphics which so puzzled his illiterate relative.

"Well, land o' Canaan!" ejaculated Aunt Hannah. "But whar did yer git it, Juba?"

Jube was ready for the question, and he assured her that "one of Foreper's surcuss-men had gin it to him fur carryin' of his nags to water."

Hannah did not look convinced, but she had learned discretion in "argufyin'" with Jube, so contented herself with a word of "warnin'," by saying: "Remembah, you Jube, ef you 's a foolin' me, de truf will out some day!"

Jube, however, was content to risk any calamity, if it should only come after he had enjoyed one day with Forepaugh's circus. And he had his day, for next morning, as we have said, he was up and dressed betimes, and, indeed, was well on his way



He was only made conscious of his predicament when the beast was close upon him. On came the mountain of flesh to crush him to powder! Jube sickened with horror, and turned ashy with fright. He could feel the heated steam arising from the creature's moist sides—those monstrous flanks which would sweep him from where he clung, like a fly from a wall. The great ears flapped at and fanned him—the small, twinkling eyes were turned upon him. A shout or cry of warning and horror went up from the crowd. It was answered by a careless grunt from the elephant, and in an instant his proboscis was thrown into the air. Jube gave himself up for lost. He found himself enfolded as by the coils of a serpent, and immediately there followed a sensation as of flying. Another shout ascended from the crowd, but this time it was a shout of derisive laughter at poor Jube's expense, for the beast had lifted him quickly down from his perch, and dropped him, not too gently, into the middle of the dusty street. His majesty and retinue swept on, leaving poor Jube to whimper, and rub his shins, as he crept into an alley-way close by. He was not much hurt, he found, after an examination of his joints and bones, but he did have a regular ague-chill from the fright, and so felt revengeful enough as he crouched in the shelter of a garden wall to recover his strength and spirits.

"The ole tough-hided, ole stump-footed ole critter! I'll be even wi' 'im yit; ef I don't, I wish er may die," he muttered, nursing his wrath.

Nevertheless, he was quite ready to enjoy the night-exhibition under the canvas, and when the performance was over, he took his last look at the actors, horses, wild beasts, and elephant, regretting heartily that such days could not last forever.

"Only," he thought, sidling past the modern mammoth reposing in state upon his bed of straw, "I should like to git a twist at one o' them tails of his'n—like I twists ole Brindle's, sometimes, when he wont git outen the paster quick. I wonder, now, ef I 'd jist stick a pin into dat foremos' one, an' run fer it, ef he 'd think 't would pay 'im to chase me."

Fortunately, however, discretion, or cowardice, decided Jube not to encounter the risk, so he started home in safety from the village with a party of men and boys going in his direction. Reaching the cabin about midnight, he crept up the outside ladder to his bed in the loft, and was soon rivaling Hannah and Israel in their duet of snores below.

From the overeating or over-excitement of the day, his sleep was not of long duration. He was aroused, an hour or two before dawn, by the sound of wheels passing along the turnpike. In an instant he was wide awake and on the alert.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, in a quiver of excitement. "Ef 't aint Foreper's surcuss and

'nagerie on its travels! Wish-er-may-die, if I don't get one more blink at the elerphunt."

In a trice he had slipped from his bed, and was at the hole in the gable-end which did service for him as door and window. The moonlight was flooding the pike, and, as far as he could see along it, there was passing a ghostly procession of men, horses, vehicles, etc. It was Forepaugh's circus on its move to the neighboring town. Without more ado, Jube, in his airy costume, slipped down the rickety ladder to the ground. He found, near the tumble-down gate, an excellent covert and outlook. Crouching in the clump of Aunt Hannah's privet and lilac bushes, he watched with the utmost zest until every wagon of the lumbering train had rolled past, and disappeared, in shadowy outline, far up the road.

Then his heart sank, heavy as lead. He had not seen the elephant. It must have gone by, ahead of the train. He waited five minutes longer, to see if there were anything more to come. Excepting that a whip-poor-will, dreaming in the big oak-tree upholding Israel's drying tobacco-crop, now and then sounded its plaintive cry, not a sound disturbed the moon-flooded stillness of his watch. Heaving a profound sigh of disappointment, he took one more look up and down the turnpike, and was in the act of turning about to go back into the cabin, when an object some distance down the road caught his attention. He crouched again and waited. Whatever the object was, it drew slowly nearer, momentarily increasing in proportions, until it loomed up, a ponderous mass, clearly defined within the range of his enchanted vision.

It was Forepaugh's elephant, moving drowsily along. His keeper, riding alongside, seemed half asleep, too, as also did the pony he rode. It was evidently a somnambulist's trio, jogging leisurely along in the wake of Forepaugh's show. But Jube was wide awake, and there was a spirit of mischief awake within him, besides.

"I sed I 'd be even wi' the tough-hided, stump-footed ole thing," he chuckled, squaring himself for action. "He skeered me to-day, but I 'll gin him sich a skeer, now, as never was."

On came the somnolent three. Directly, they were abreast of the gate behind which crouched the waiting Jube. Suddenly this gate was flung wide on its hinges, and the boy leaped into the road with a screech and a yell, flinging his arms about, and flapping his very scanty drapery almost in the face of the beast. You may believe his Indian majesty napped no longer! In an instant his proboscis was waved frantically in the air, sounding his trumpet of alarm, the prolonged, screaming whistle fairly deafening its hearers.

Poor Jube had by no means calculated upon this

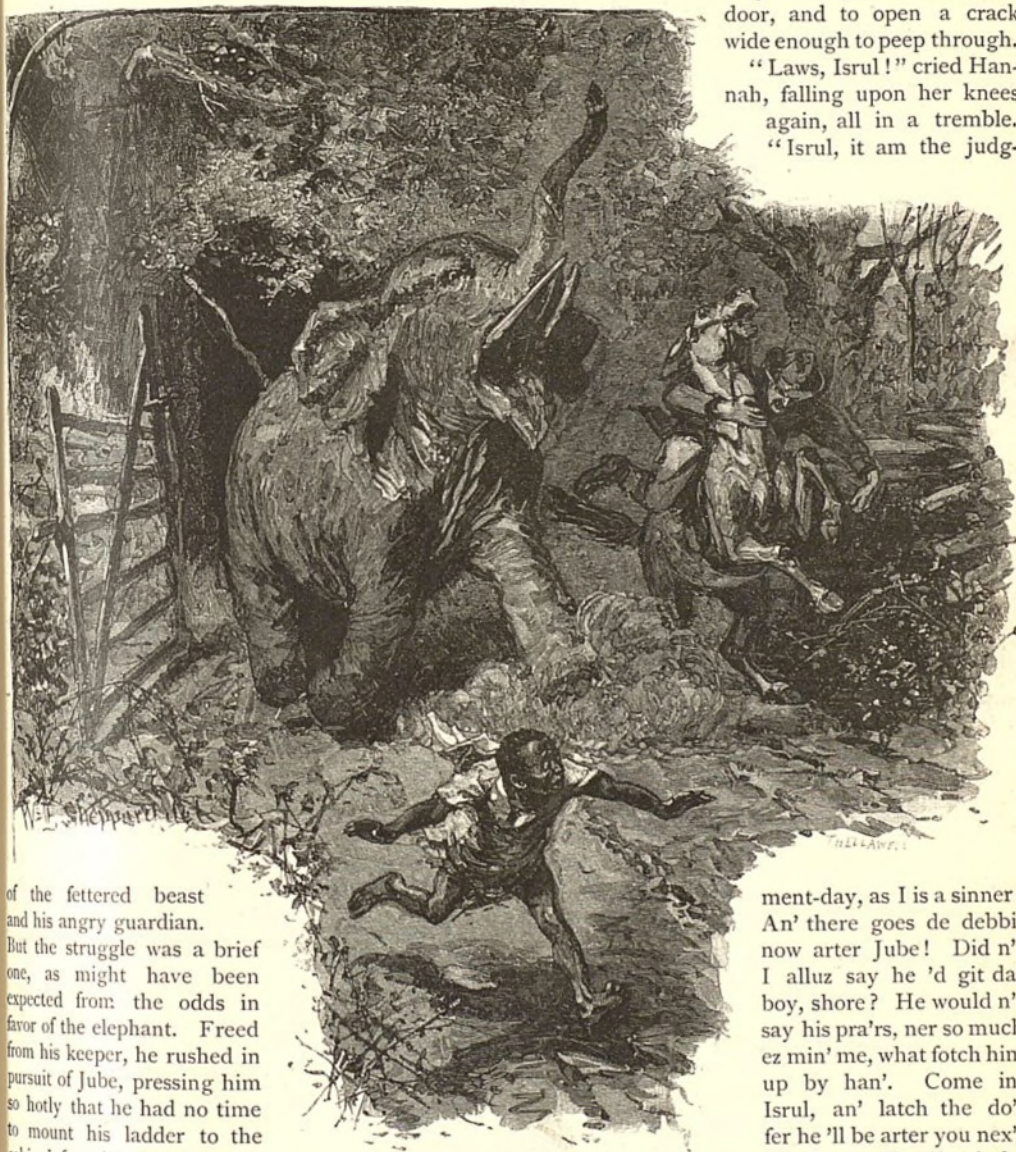


dire result of his attempt at revenge. His eye-balls rolled, wild and big with terror, as he watched for a second the cloud of dust veiling the wrestling

judgment could mean those yells and shouts and bellowings, turning the calm, moon-lit night into pandemonium? Clinging together, and quaking, they managed to reach the door, and to open a crack wide enough to peep through.

"Laws, Isrul!" cried Hannah, falling upon her knees again, all in a tremble.

"Isrul, it am the judg-



"THE RESULT OF JUBE'S ATTEMPT AT REVENGE."

of the fettered beast and his angry guardian.

But the struggle was a brief one, as might have been expected from the odds in favor of the elephant. Freed from his keeper, he rushed in pursuit of Jube, pressing him so hotly that he had no time to mount his ladder to the cabin loft. At almost every step, too, the infuriated beast sounded his trump. A roaring blast he gave, as, in his mad haste, he struck against a corner of the cabin, jostling Hannah and Israel from their deep sleep. Terrified out of their wits, the old couple tumbled out upon the floor, and fell upon their knees, thinking it was the horn of Gabriel summoning them from death to judgment. What but destruction and

ment-day, as I is a sinner! An' there goes de debbil now arter Jube! Did n't I alluz say he 'd git dat boy, shore? He would n't say his pra'r's, ner so much ez min' me, what fotch him up by han'. Come in, Isrul, an' latch the do', fer he 'll be arter you nex'. Oh, laws, ef he 'll only be satsified wi' you and Juba, Isrul! You is wick-

eder 'an me—wickedder sinners, you know yer is, ole man,—you know yer is."

Her "ole man" attempted no self-defense. With a dexterity quite unusual with him, he had managed to latch and chain the door, but now he was leaning up against the lintel, speechless and knock-kneed with terror.



All at once there was a quick, heavy rap upon the door.

Hannah howled, and sunk lower on her knees. "It's de debbil!" she whispered, in a sepulchral tone. "He's done come fer yer, Isrul! Speak up, ole man—speak perlite, sorter, an' may be he'll be easy on yer. Answer him, Isrul."

"Who-o—who dar?" chattered Israel, with a dismal whine.

"Open the door!" shouted an angry voice without. "I thought everybody was dead inside there. It's nobody but me—the keeper of Forepaugh's elephant, that's broke loose and will tramp down all your things here, to say nothing of your rascally boy, who ought to be well whipped. The beast will kill him if I can't get a pitchfork, or something. Have n't you a pitchfork somewhere? Hurry—your boy's in a lot of danger! Stir about—will you? Let's have a pitchfork!"

"Ki, yi, Hannah!" exulted Israel, beginning to straighten his bent knees. "Yer debbil's nothin' but Foreper's elerphunt, arter all. Hi—jes' yer run an' fetch the pitchfork fer de gemman."

"Yer go an' git it yerself, Isrul; I is engaged," was his wife's prompt response.

"Hurry up there!" shouted the voice outside. "Fetch me the fork, or the beast will kill your boy, for certain."

"I say," answered "Ole Isrul," with his mouth at the latch-hole—"I say, massa, I'se clean crippled, an' bed-rid with the rheumatiz, an' the ole 'ooman here, she's skeered clar inter spasims. You'll find the fork in the shed, so jes' help yerself, as we's onable ter, massa."

With loud mutterings of anger, the keeper departed in search of the pitchfork. While he was gone, the elephant had regularly treed Jube. Too closely pressed to secure the shelter of his room in the cabin loft, Jube instinctively had made for the only other accessible place of refuge. Into the big oak-tree he had scrambled, by the aid of the drying-scaffold suspended from its boughs. Nor, thoroughly scared as he was, did he stop in the lower branches. Not knowing what might be the stretching capacity of that awful proboscis which had once enfolded him, he clambered, hand over hand, until at a considerable elevation he reached the second forking of the tree. Perched therein, he took time to draw his breath, and look down at his enemy. Evidently this enemy was determined not to consider himself baffled. He was charging Jube's stronghold with the intrepidity of Napoleon's "Old Guard" and the concentrated strength of a battering-ram. But the oak, although its day of kingly glory was past, was stronger than Forepaugh's elephant. Its bare limbs trembled under the shock, yet the mighty roots held firm.

The blow, however, dislodged the drying-scaffold, so that, broken from its fatal clinging, it fell with a great crash to the ground. In default of other prey, the elephant at once charged upon this framework of poles, with its burden of half-dried tobacco-cuttings. He stamped and tore at and pulled to pieces the structure, tossing the cuttings until his eyes and mouth and proboscis were well filled with the dust of the dried tobacco. Frenzied by the fumes and the taste of the weed he hated with a deadly hatred, as well as maddened by the agony of its smarting and burning, the animal's rage seemed to know no bounds. Overjoyed at his reprieve from destruction, Jube began a faint, hysterical laugh as the infuriated beast plunged and charged, snorting and sneezing, about the tree. At last the elephant sounded his trump again frantically, setting off at the top of his speed for the river flowing at the base of the hill.

So, for a time, the coast was left clear, but Jube was too thoroughly scared to think of deserting his present place of security; and, in a little while, his majesty, relieved of the tobacco, again advanced to the attack. This time he was better armed, having filled his trunk at the river with a copious supply of water. Taking fair aim at poor Jube, he let him have the benefit of the whole stream, blowing it into his face with a directness and force for which the boy was utterly unprepared. Of course his balance was destroyed, and, tumbled from his perch, he doubtless would have fallen headlong to the ground, but that he had the good fortune to land in the fork below, where he was just beyond the reach of the dreaded proboscis. Encouraged by this success, the beast charged again, but the ground was now well strewn with the tobacco, and, as he rushed forward, he was again blinded and strangled by the pungent powder. Once more he made a frenzied rush for the river. This time, however, his hind legs became entangled among the grape-vines, linking the poles together, so that, after some vigorous but vain kicking and shaking, he was compelled to proceed on his way, dragging the scaffold, and much of the tobacco, with him.

At this juncture, the keeper, armed with Israel's long fork, appeared on the stage of action. Taking advantage of the elephant's blinded condition, he attacked him vehemently, goading him right and left. Yet the beast, infuriated, would not cry for mercy. But finally, in one of his blinded plunges, he rushed upon Hannah's empty root-pit, and, the slight covering giving way under the enormous weight, his majesty was pitched headlong in shame and terror to the bottom of the pit. Then his proud spirit was conquered by a vigorous assault, and he trumpeted for mercy.

It was not until he was thus subdued that Jube,



notified by Aunt Hannah, deemed it safe to descend once more to the ground; even then he did not think it necessary to show himself to the twinkling eye of his late adversary. Nor, perhaps, did he feel safe at all until, with the assistance of returned showmen and some of the neighbors, the elephant had been helped from the pit, and had quietly continued its journey toward the neighboring town.

"Now you, Juba, jes' you mark my words," was Israel's closing piece of advice when the tumult had finally subsided and Jube, clothed, and in his right mind, was sitting on the stool of repentance in the

cabin, "ef I ever does hear of you a findin' ob a silver mine *anywheres* when Foreper's surcuss am around, shore 's I is a livin' man, I 'll war out on yer back some ob dat extry shoe-leather what made tracks through the ole 'ooman's watermillium patch. You hear dat, Juba? Now, you jes' clar outer dis, an' gether up ebry spear ob dat tobaccy what you an' Foreper's elerphunt hab done scattered from Dan to Beershebeh. An' min' what I say, dat dis aint Hanner what 's foolin' long with yer, now."

And since that time Jube has never pined for the circus on his holidays.



THERE was a small maid of St. Paul,  
Who could not be happy at all:  
While the cat stole her dinner,  
Her dog, little sinner!  
Was quietly tearing her ball.



## THE PETERKINS TALK OF GOING TO EGYPT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

LONG ago, Mrs. Peterkin had been afraid of the Mohammedans, and would have dreaded to travel among them. But since the little boys had taken lessons of the Turk, and she had become familiar with his costume, and method of sitting, she had felt less fear of them as a nation.

To be sure, the Turk had given but few lessons, as, soon after making his engagement, he had been obliged to go to New York, to join a tobacconist's firm. Mr. Peterkin had not regretted his payment for instruction in advance, for the Turk had been very urbane in his manners, and had always assented to whatever the little boys or any of the family had said to him.

Mrs. Peterkin had expressed a desire to see the famous Cleopatra's Needle which had been brought from Egypt. She had heard it was something gigantic for a needle, and it would be worth a journey to New York. She wondered at their bringing it such a distance, and would have supposed that some of Cleopatra's family would have objected to it, if they were living now.

Agamemnon said that was the truth; there was no one left to object; they were all mummies under-ground, with such heavy pyramids over them that they would not easily rise to object.

Mr. Peterkin feared that all the pyramids would be brought away in time. Agamemnon said there were a great many remaining in Egypt. Still he thought it would be well to visit Egypt soon, before they were all brought away, and nothing but the sand left. Mrs. Peterkin said she would be almost as willing to travel to Egypt as to New York, and it would seem more worth while to go so far to see a great many, than to go to New York only for one needle.

"That would certainly be a needless expense," suggested Solomon John.

Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to see the Sphinx. Perhaps it would answer some of the family questions that troubled them day after day.

Agamemnon felt it would be a great thing for the education of the little boys. If they could have begun with the Egyptian hieroglyphics before they had learned their alphabet, they would have begun at the right end. Perhaps it was not too late now to take them to Egypt, and let them begin upon its old learning. The little boys declared it was none too late. They could not say the alphabet backward now, and could never remember whether "u" came before "v," and the voyage

would be a long one, and, before they reached Egypt, very likely they would have forgotten all.

It was about this voyage that Mrs. Peterkin had much doubt. What she was afraid of was getting in and out of the ships and boats. She was afraid of tumbling into the water between, when she left the wharf. Elizabeth Eliza agreed with her mother in this, and began to calculate how many times they would have to change between Boston and Egypt.

There was the ferry-boat across to East Boston would make two changes; one more to get on board the steamer; then Liverpool—no, to land at Queenstown would make two more; four, five changes, Liverpool six. Solomon John brought the map, and they counted up. Dover, seven, Calais eight, Marseilles nine, Malta, if they landed, ten, eleven, and Alexandria, twelve changes.

Mrs. Peterkin shuddered at the possibilities, not merely for herself, but for the family. She could fall in but once, but by the time they should reach Egypt, how many would be left out of a family of eight? Agamemnon began to count up the contingencies. Eight times twelve would make ninety-six chances.  $8 \times 12 = 96$ . Mrs. Peterkin felt as if all might be swept off before the end could be reached.

Solomon John said it was not usual to allow more than one chance in a hundred. People always said "one in a hundred," as though that were the usual thing expected; it was not at all likely that the whole family would be swept off.

Mrs. Peterkin was sure they would not want to lose one; they could hardly pick out which they could spare, she felt certain. Agamemnon declared there was no necessity for such risks. They might go directly by some vessel from Boston to Egypt.

Solomon John thought they might give up Egypt and content themselves with Rome. "All roads lead to Rome," so it would not be difficult to find their way.

But Mrs. Peterkin was afraid to go. She had heard you must do as the Romans did if you went to Rome, and there were some things she certainly should not like to do that they did. There was that Brute who killed Cæsar! And she should not object to the long voyage. It would give them time to think it all over.

Mr. Peterkin thought they ought to have more practice in traveling, to accustom themselves to emergencies. It would be fatal to start on so long a voyage and to find they were not prepared.



Why not make their proposed excursion to the cousins at Gooseberry Beach, which they had been planning all summer? There they could practice getting in and out of a boat, and accustom themselves to the air of the sea. To be sure, the cousins were just moving up from the sea-shore, but they could take down a basket of luncheon, in order to give no trouble, and they need not go into the house.

Elizabeth Eliza had learned by heart early in the summer the list of trains, as she was sure they would lose the slip their cousins had sent them, and you never could find the paper that had the trains in, when you wanted it. They must take the 7 A. M. train into Boston, in time to go across to the station for the Gooseberry train at 7.45, and they would have to return from Gooseberry Beach by a 3.30 train. The cousins would order the "barge" to meet them on their arrival, and to come for them at 3 P. M., in time for the return train, if they were informed the day before. Elizabeth Eliza wrote them a postal card, giving them the information that they would take the early train. The "barge" was the name of the omnibus that took passengers to and from the Gooseberry station. Mrs. Peterkin felt that its very name was propitious to this Egyptian undertaking.

The day proved a fine one. On reaching Boston, Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza were put into a carriage with the luncheon-basket, to drive directly to the station. Elizabeth Eliza was able to check the basket at the baggage-station, and to buy their "go-and-return" tickets before the arrival of the rest of the party, which appeared, however, some minutes before a quarter of eight. Mrs. Peterkin counted the little boys. All were there. This promised well for Egypt. But their joy was of short duration. On presenting their tickets at the gate of entrance, they were stopped. The Gooseberry train had gone at 7.35! The Mattapan train was now awaiting its passengers. Impossible! Elizabeth Eliza had repeated 7.45 every morning through the summer. It must be the Gooseberry train. But the conductor would not yield. If they wished to go to Mattapan they could go; if to Gooseberry, they must wait till the 5 P. M. train.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. Their return train was 3.30,—how could 5 P. M. help them?

Mr. Peterkin, with instant decision, proposed they should try something else. Why should not they take their luncheon-basket across some ferry? This would give them practice. The family hastily agreed to this. What could be better? They went to the baggage-office, but found their basket had gone in the 7.35 train! They had arrived in time, and could have gone, too. "If we had only been checked!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. The baggage-master, showing a tender interest, sug-

gested that there was a train for Plymouth at 8, which would take them within twelve miles of Gooseberry Beach, and they might find "a team" there to take them across. Solomon John and the little boys were delighted with the suggestion.

"We could see Plymouth Rock," said Agamemnon.

But hasty action would be necessary. Mr. Peterkin quickly procured tickets for Plymouth, and no official objected to their taking the 8 A. M. train. They were all safely in the train. This had been a test expedition; and each of the party had taken something, to see what would be the proportion of things lost to those remembered. Mr. Peterkin had two umbrellas, Agamemnon an atlas and spy-glass, and the little boys were taking down two cats in a basket. All were safe.

"I am glad we have decided upon Plymouth," said Mr. Peterkin. "Before seeing the pyramids of Egypt we certainly ought to know something of Plymouth Rock. I should certainly be quite ashamed, when looking at their great obelisks, to confess that I had never seen our own Rock."

The conductor was attracted by this interesting party. When Mr. Peterkin told him of their mistake of the morning, and that they were bound for Gooseberry Beach, he advised them to stop at Kingston, a station nearer the beach. They would have but four miles to drive, and a reduction could be effected on their tickets. The family demurred. Were they ready now to give up Plymouth? They would lose time in going there. Solomon John, too, suggested it would be better, chronologically, to visit Plymouth on their return from Egypt, after they had seen the earliest things.

This decided them to stop at Kingston.

But they found here no omnibus nor carriage to take them to Gooseberry. The station-master was eager to assist them, and went far and near in search of some sort of wagon. Hour after hour passed away, the little boys had shared their last peanut, and gloom was gathering over the family, when Solomon John came into the station to say there was a photographer's cart on the other side of the road. Would not this be a good chance to have their photographs taken for their friends before leaving for Egypt? The idea re-animated the whole party, and they made their way to the cart, and into it, as the door was open. There was, however, no photographer there.

Agamemnon tried to remember what he had read of photography. As all the materials were there, he might take the family's picture. There would indeed be a difficulty in introducing his own. Solomon John suggested they might arrange the family group, leaving a place for him. Then, when all was ready, he could put the curtain over



the box, take his place hastily, then pull away the curtain by means of a string. And Solomon John began to look around for a string, while the little boys felt in their pockets.

Agamemnon did not exactly see how they could get the curtain back. Mr. Peterkin thought this of little importance. They would all be glad to sit some time after traveling so long. And the longer they sat the better for the picture, and, perhaps, somebody would come along in time to put back the curtain. They began to arrange the group. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were placed in the middle, sitting down. Elizabeth Eliza stood behind them, and the little boys knelt in front with the basket of cats. Solomon John and Agamemnon were also to stand behind, Agamemnon leaning over his father's shoulder. Solomon John was still looking around for a string when the photographer himself appeared. He was much surprised to find a group all ready for him. He had gone off that morning for a short holiday, but was not unwilling to take the family, especially when he heard they were soon going to Egypt. He approved of the grouping made by the family, but suggested that their eyes should not all be fixed upon the same spot. Before the pictures were finished, the station-master came to announce that two carriages were found to take the party to Gooseberry Beach.

"There is no hurry," said Mr. Peterkin. "Let the pictures be finished; they have made us wait, we can keep them waiting as long as we please."

The results, indeed, were very satisfactory. The photographer pronounced it a remarkably fine group. Elizabeth Eliza's eyes were lifted to the heavens, perhaps, a little too high. It gave her a rapt expression not customary with her; but Mr. Peterkin thought she might look in that way in the presence of the Sphinx. It was necessary to have a number of copies, to satisfy all the friends left behind when they should go to Egypt. And it certainly would not be worth while to come again so great a distance for more.

It was, therefore, a late hour when they left Kingston. It took some time to arrange the party in two carriages. Mr. Peterkin ought to be in one, Mrs. Peterkin in the other; but it was difficult to divide the little boys, as all wished to take charge of the cats. The drive, too, proved longer than was expected—six miles instead of four.

When they reached their cousin's door, the "barge" was already standing there.

"It has brought our luncheon-basket!" exclaimed Solomon John.

"I am glad of it," said Agamemnon, "for I feel hungry enough for it."

He pulled out his watch. It was 3 o'clock!

This was indeed the "barge," but it had come

for their return. The Gooseberry cousins, much bewildered that the family did not arrive at the time expected, had forgotten to send to countermand it. And the "barge" driver, supposing the family had arrived by the other station, had taken occasion to bring up the lunch-basket, as it was addressed to the Gooseberry cousins. The cousins flocked out to meet them. "What had happened? What had delayed them? They were glad to see them at last."

Mrs. Peterkin, when she understood the state of the case, insisted upon getting directly into the "barge," to return, although the driver said there would be a few moments to spare. Some of the cousins busied themselves in opening the luncheon-basket, and a part led the little boys and Agamemnon and Solomon John down upon the beach in front of the house; there would be a few moments for a glance at the sea. Indeed, the little boys ventured in their India rubber boots to wade in a little way, as the tide was low. And Agamemnon and Solomon John walked to look at a boat that was drawn up on the beach, and got into it and out of it for practice, when they were all summoned back to the house.

It was indeed time to go. The Gooseberry cousins had got out the luncheon, and had tried to persuade the family to spend the night. Mrs. Peterkin declared this would be impossible. They never had done such a thing. So they went off, eating their luncheon as they went, the little boys each with a sandwich in one hand and a piece of cake in the other.

Mrs. Peterkin was sure they should miss the train, or lose some of the party. No, it was a great success, for all, and more than all, were found in the train: slung over the arm of one of the little boys was found the basket containing the cats. They were to have left the cats, but in their haste had brought them away again.

This discovery was made in a search for the tickets which Elizabeth Eliza had bought, early in the morning, to go and return; they were needed now for return. She was sure she had given them to her father. Mrs. Peterkin supposed that Mr. Peterkin must have changed them for the Kingston tickets. The little boys felt in their pockets, Agamemnon and Solomon John in theirs. In the excitement, Mrs. Peterkin insisted upon giving up her copy of their new photograph, and could not be satisfied till the conductor had punched it. At last, the tickets were found in the outer lappet of Elizabeth Eliza's hand-bag. She had looked for them in the inner part.

It was after this that Mr. Peterkin ventured to pronounce the whole expedition a success. To be sure, they had not passed the day at the beach, and had scarcely seen their cousins; but their object



had been to practice traveling, and surely they had been traveling all day. Elizabeth Eliza had seen the sea, or thought she had. She was not sure—she had been so busy explaining to the cousins and showing the photographs. Agamemnon was sorry she had not walked with them to the beach, and tried getting in and out of the boat. Elizabeth Eliza regretted this. Of course it was not the same as getting into a boat on the sea, where it would be wobbling more, but the step must have been higher from the sand. Solomon John said there was some difficulty. He had jumped in, but was obliged to take hold of the side in getting out.

The little boys were much encouraged by their wade into the tide. They had been a little frightened at first when the splash came, but the tide had been low. On the whole, Mr. Peterkin continued, things had gone well. Even the bringing back of the cats might be considered a good omen. Cats were worshiped in Egypt, and they ought not to have tried to part with them. He was glad they had brought the cats. They gave the little boys an interest in feeding them while they were waiting at the Kingston station.

Their adventures were not quite over, as the station was crowded when they reached Boston. A military company had arrived from the South, and was received by a procession. A number of distinguished guests also were expected, and the Peterkins found it difficult to procure a carriage. They had determined to take a carriage, so that they might be sure to reach their own evening train in season.

At last Mr. Peterkin discovered one that was empty, standing at the end of a long line. There would be room for Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, himself, and the little boys, and Agamemnon and Solomon John agreed to walk behind in order to keep the carriage in sight. But they were much disturbed when they found they were going at so slow a pace. Mr. Peterkin called to the coachman in vain. He soon found that they had fallen into the line of the procession, and the coachman was driving slowly on behind the other carriages. In vain Mr. Peterkin tried to attract the driver's attention. He put his head out of one window after another, but only to receive the cheers of the populace ranged along the sidewalk. He opened the window behind the coachman and pulled his coat. But the cheering was so loud that he could not make himself heard. He tried to motion to the coachman to turn down one of the side streets, but in answer the driver pointed out with his whip the crowds of people. Mr. Peterkin, indeed, saw it would be impossible to make their way through the throng that filled every side street which they crossed. Mrs. Peter-

kin looked out of the back window for Agamemnon and Solomon John. They were walking side by side, behind the carriage, taking off their hats, and bowing to the people cheering on either side.

"They are at the head of a long row of men, walking two by two," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"They are part of the procession," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"We are part of the procession," Mr. Peterkin answered.

"I rather like it," said Mrs. Peterkin, with a calm smile, as she looked out of the window and bowed in answer to a cheer.

"Where do you suppose we shall go?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"I have often wondered what became of a procession," said Mr. Peterkin. "They are always going somewhere, but I never could tell where they went to."

"We shall find out!" exclaimed the little boys, who were filled with delight, looking now out of one window, now out of the other.

"Perhaps we shall go to the armory," said one.

This alarmed Mrs. Peterkin. Sounds of martial music were now heard, and the noise of the crowd grew louder. "I think you ought to ask where we are going," she said to Mr. Peterkin.

"It is not for us to decide," he answered, calmly. "They have taken us into the procession. I suppose they will show us the principal streets, and will then leave us at our station."

This, indeed, seemed to be the plan. For two hours more the Peterkins, in their carriage, and Agamemnon and Solomon John, afoot, followed on. Mrs. Peterkin looked out upon rows and rows of cheering people. The little boys waved their caps. "It begins to be a little monotonous," said Mrs. Peterkin, at last.

"I am afraid we have missed all the trains," said Elizabeth Eliza, gloomily. But Mr. Peterkin's faith held to the last, and was rewarded. The carriage reached the square in which stood the railroad station. Mr. Peterkin again seized the lapels of the coachman's coat and pointed to the station, and he was able to turn his horses in that direction. As they left the crowd, they received a parting cheer. It was with difficulty that Agamemnon and Solomon John broke from the ranks.

"That was a magnificent reception!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, wiping his brow, after paying the coachman twice his fee. But Elizabeth Eliza said:

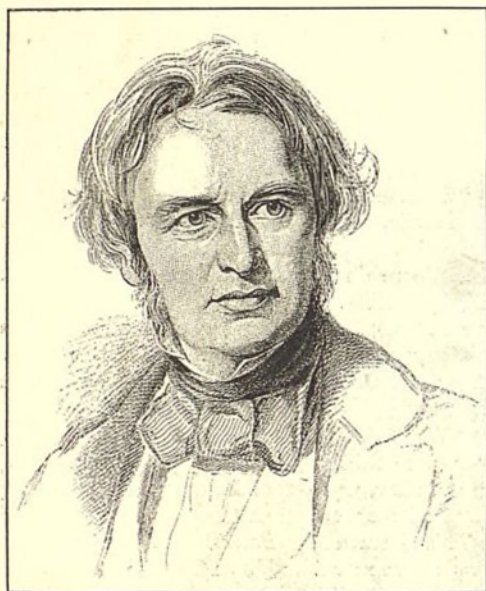
"But we have lost all the trains, I am sure."

They had lost all but one. It was the last.

"And we have lost the cats!" the little boys suddenly exclaimed. But Mrs. Peterkin would not allow them to turn back in search of them.



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



In the December number of this magazine, good readers, "The St. Nicholas Treasure-Box" was opened, and there you found a story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a poem by William Makepeace Thackeray. The first enabled you to hear "the airy footsteps of strange things that almost happened,"—and the second told you of a

king who made a great discovery—for a king—and helped you to hate more than ever the vice of flattery.

This time, what do we find? A ballad, famous for the past forty years, yet as fresh to-day as is the heart of the world-renowned American poet who wrote it. The portrait of Mr. Longfellow on this page was made more than a quarter of a century ago, but only yesterday he copied with his own hand, for the "Treasure-Box," the few lines from the poem which our artist has illustrated. The poet's preface to this ballad stated that it first came into his mind while he was riding on the sea-shore at Newport, Rhode Island. "A year or two before," it goes on to say, "a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor, and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors."

This old tower still is standing at Newport, a picturesque ruin, as you see it in the engraving on page 307. It is now understood to have been built eight hundred years ago by Norsemen, or Vikings, the most adventurous sailors of their time, who had even then landed on these shores, as has been already told to you in the third volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

What more likely, then, to a poet's fancy than that this skeleton in rusty armor had been one of the very Norsemen who, in the first days of the Old Tower, had "joined the corsair's crew" and flown there, over the dark sea, "with the marauders"? And what more likely, too, than that one of those rugged Vikings should have had just such a wild history as the ballad recounts?

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.—BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seem to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse!  
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the ger-falcon;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Track I the grizzly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.



"But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.



*I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gr. falcon,*

"Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out;  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once, as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning, yet tender.

Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.



“ While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

• When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

“ Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us;



*Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.*

“ She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen!—

And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as, to catch the gale,  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman's hail,  
Death without quarter!  
Midships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!



"As with his wings aslant  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

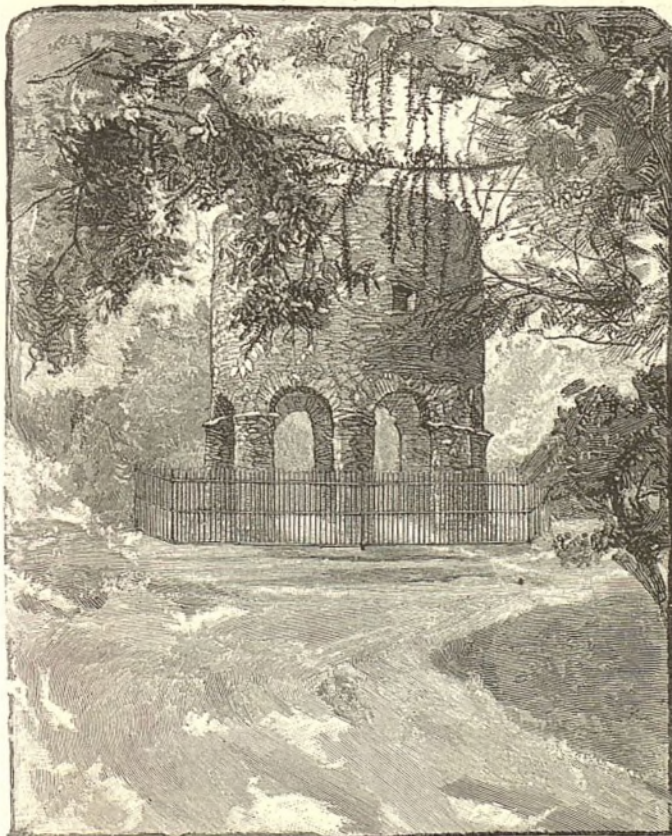
"Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

"There we lived many years;  
Time dried the maiden's tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;

Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended;  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool!* to the Northland! *Skool!*"\*  
—Thus the tale ended.



THE OLD TOWER AT NEWPORT.

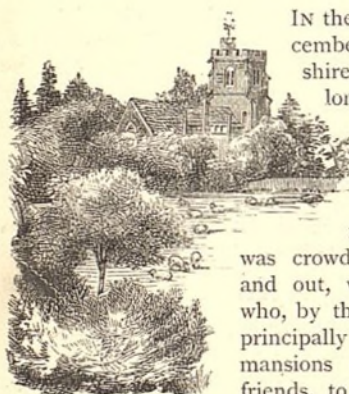
\* In Scandinavia, "*Skool!*" is the customary salutation when drinking a health.



A LITTLE more than twenty years before our American poet thus put life into the old ruin at Newport, our first great American prose-writer went over the sea to enjoy the living sights and sounds of old England. In his "Sketch-Book," published there in 1818, Irving not only made forever romantic the shores of his native Hudson—for when can "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" be forgotten?—but he also made England itself more interesting to Englishmen and to the world. He told of familiar things, but always his keen insight, tender, playful fancy, and exquisite literary skill gave a new value to the scene described. His histories and more profound works of biography and travel will interest you in time; we shall content ourselves for the present with putting into "The Treasure-Box" an extract from "The Sketch-Book."

To boys and girls, last month and next month both are a long way off; but to men and women, who begin to feel that the close of their life must now be nearer than its beginning, by-gone years are yesterdays, and the only future that seems far off is eternity. And so, in reading this vivid account of an English holiday-drive, you young folks may say, "Ah! Christmas went long ago. Why did not the editor put this in an earlier number of ST. NICHOLAS?" and the old folks may think, "Dear, dear! How timely this is! How pleasant to read it almost while the Christmas bells are ringing!" But one and all soon will forget, in the enjoyment of glowing words, that time has fled, or that time is coming. The Present is not always in to-day's almanac. In a moment, you will be with Washington Irving in Yorkshire, on a glorious December morning, in or about the year 1818.

#### THE STAGE-COACH.—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.\*



IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine, rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of

more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As

\* Born in New York, 1783; died 1859.



month both  
who begin  
be nearer  
rs, and the  
so, in read-  
drive, you  
long ago.  
er number  
sk, "Dear,  
to read it  
But one  
of glowing  
ing. The  
a moment,  
hire, on a  
ear 1818.

days of  
he could  
ce—there  
he could

anship of  
portunity  
ions, and  
s in the  
he more  
ce of the  
one side,  
ns stuck  
ys a per-  
but he is  
so many  
the great

ng seren-  
I fancied  
roughout  
ries ani-  
n motion  
I at the  
l bustle.  
with bun-  
d in the  
re of the  
eantime,  
issions to  
heasant;  
er to the  
th know-  
to some  
an odd-  
rer. As

the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops around the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty specter, in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright-red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations: "Now, capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton,—must all die,—for, in twelve days, a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now, plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire." . . .

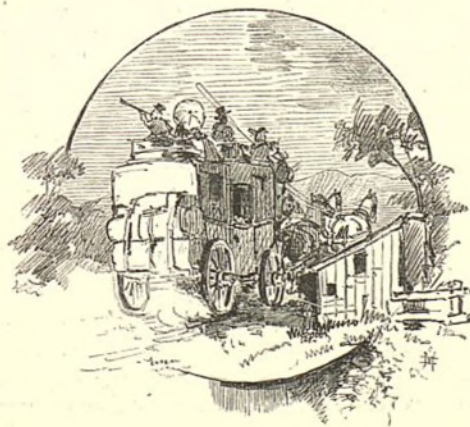
I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation

by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little, old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last: one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had known neither care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and, on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach-window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.



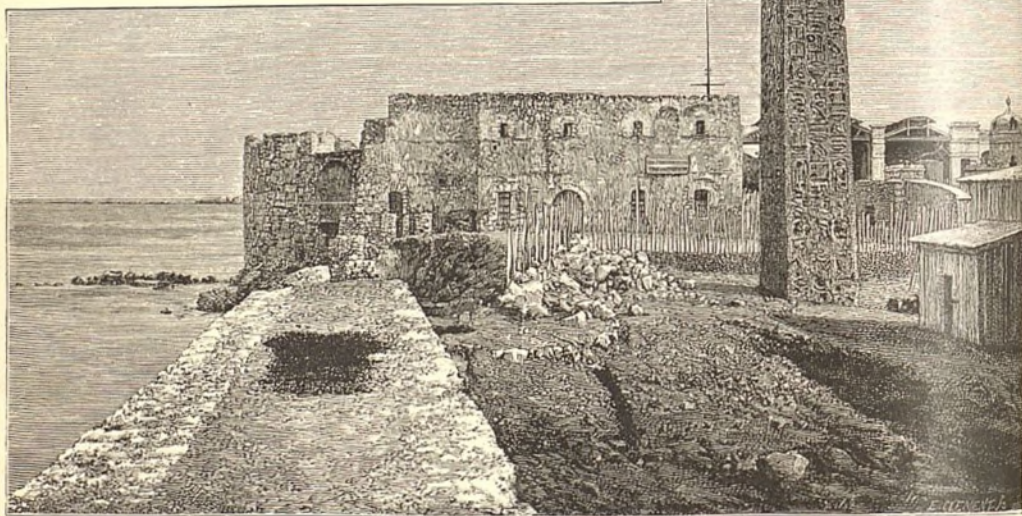
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## THE TRUE STORY OF THE OBELISK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

LONG, long ages ago, some men were at work in a stone-quarry on the banks of a great river. They found there a stone that looked much like the red granite now quarried on the coast of Massachusetts Bay, and known from its pale red color as "rosy granite." There was a city called Syene near this quarry, and so it happened that the blush-colored stone became known as Syenite. There is nothing particularly interesting about a stone-quarry; merely a big hole in the side of a hill, some steam-drills, a derrick or two, and a few workmen cutting out blocks of building-stone. The old quarries at Syene, where these men worked forty centuries ago, did not differ much from those we see to-day, yet travelers from all parts of the world visit them and



THE OBELISK AS IT STOOD AT ALEXANDRIA.

look in wonder at the work of those wonderful old quarry-men. The high, rocky mountains still stand bare and hot in the tropical sun; the very marks of their tools are there; but of the men and their way of working all trace and record are lost, and we can only guess at the manner of workmen they may have been.

If we want a large stone for a column of some public building, or for a monument, we go to the quarry with steam-drills and powder, derricks and steam-engines, and, if we cut out a solid block twenty or thirty feet long, we think we are doing something quite wonderful, and make a parade in the newspapers of our skill as stone-masons. When we stand beside the rosy mountains at Syene, we

feel pretty small. Here were stone-workers who cut and moved away blocks of stone of enormous size and immense weight,—vast columns, pillars, door-caps, and monuments,—some fifty, some sixty, and some more than a hundred feet long and ten feet square. Such a block we now call a monolith, which means "one stone," or a single stone. If we travel down the great river toward the sea, we find these great monoliths set up as parts of temples, palaces, tombs, and monuments. Not a few here and there, but by hundreds, scattered all over the land in profusion. All are now in ruins, some still standing, many more fallen down and broken in pieces, countless more lost in the sand, and yet, though only a small number remains, so vast and



wonderful are they, that even the ruins of the buildings of which they are parts are loftier, and cover more ground, than any other buildings. When we see these old quarries and these ruins, we feel sure that the old stone-masons at Syene must have been the master workmen of the world.

Among these ruins we find here and there a strange monument, a monolith, square at the bottom and gently tapering to the top, where it ends in a sharp point. Some such monoliths still stand, some are fallen; and many more are lost and buried out of sight in the sand. The sides of these monuments were beautifully polished and covered with writing of a strange kind—half letters, half pictures—which we now call hieroglyphic writing or hieroglyphs. Now you guess where these ruins stand. Syene was in Egypt; these wonderful old stone-masons were the ancient Egyptians.

The strange part of this is that, though we have learned to read the hieroglyphs, and found many pictures on the walls of the ruined temples, we know little or nothing of the methods the old workers used in quarrying and moving these monoliths, although we can see the quarries at Syene. Even unfinished stones have been found, and in one place is a big monolith lying broken in two in the bottom of a quarry. The entrance to the pit is narrow, and there is no room to turn the stone around, so it is clear that it must have been lifted straight up the side of the pit. Perhaps it broke in moving, and so was left there to puzzle us. It is certain that they did move and lift such great stones, and transport them hundreds of miles, and even raise them to the tops of lofty columns, and place them true and square in the buildings where they now rest.

How did these old fellows work? What tools did they use? How did they manage to carry these stones down the rivers? There is a picture on one of their ruined temples, representing hundreds of slaves harnessed to ropes and dragging a great monolithic statue, twenty-four feet high, on a sled. There is a man standing on the statue clapping his hands, as if to keep time while the men pull on the ropes. Another is pouring something from a vase on the ground in front of the sled. From this we may infer that the road was paved with planks covered with grease, and thus the sled slipped along over the greasy boards. We learn from other pictures that the old Egyptians were highly civilized, but we can only guess, for we have no way of telling, how they cut and moved these stones and built temples and pyramids.

To-day the stone-mason splits stones by blasting them with powder, or he makes a row of holes in a line, and fills them with steel wedges, on which he pounds till the stone breaks. Another way is to fill the holes with dry wooden pegs tightly wedged

in, and then to pour water over them, when they swell and split the rock.

Still another way is to make a row of holes in the stone, build a little fire in each, and then to put out all the fires by pouring cold water on them at the same instant, when the sudden cooling of the rock causes it to split. To lift the stone, the modern quarry-man uses levers, and ropes, and pulleys, and derricks. To move great weights, he uses a curious tool, called a hydraulic-jack, and in place of men and horses he uses a steam-engine.

Had the old Egyptian such tools, and did he work in this way? We cannot tell. He probably had simple levers and pulleys, and knew how to use a roller, and, perhaps, he had other and more wonderful tools, of which we know nothing. It is not likely he had steam-engines, and all his work must have been done with men and horses. All is lost and forgotten centuries ago, and now we can only wonder at his skill and power.

His greatest works are these upright monoliths, now called obelisks. He cut them out of the hills at Syene, dragged them to the river, and put them on rafts to float down on the floods. He hauled them to the pedestals where they were to stand, and then, resting the base of each in a groove in the pedestal, pulled them up with ropes by main force till they stood erect. He used timbers and ropes in profusion, and thousands of slaves, and set up his splendid obelisks for our admiration and astonishment.

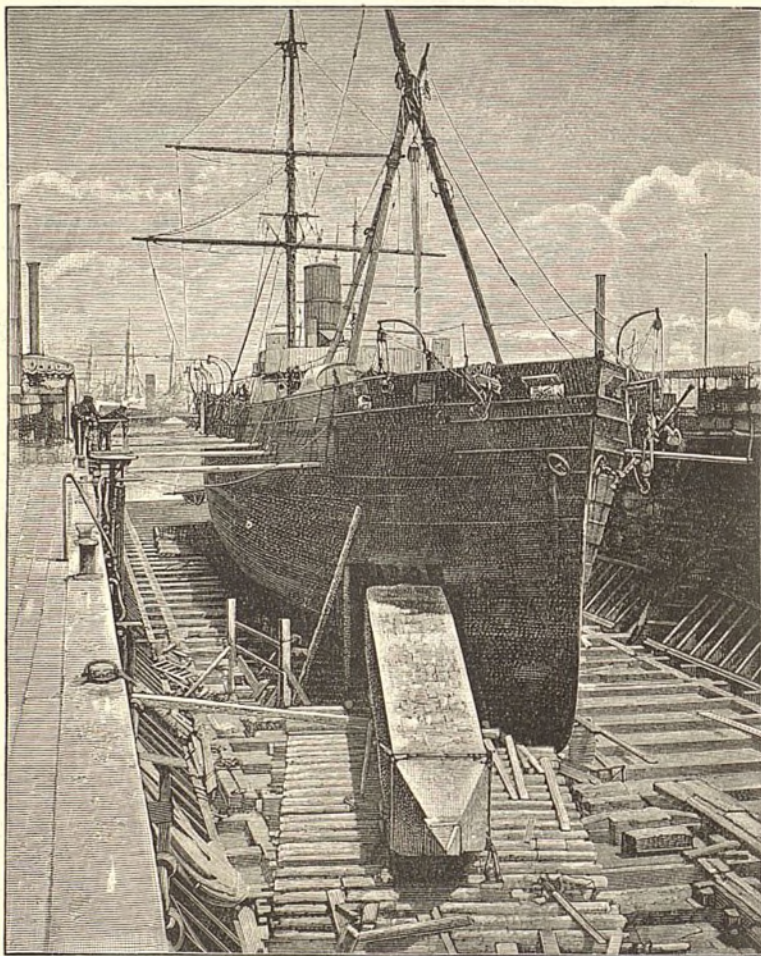
Centuries after these old workmen had erected their obelisks, their country was invaded by the Romans, who saw these beautiful monoliths, and took many of them down, and carried them away to other places, where some of them still stand. Here is a race of men trying to handle a big stone. We cannot now learn much of them, for there is no record of their work. They had curious ideas about history then. The doings of rulers whose only object in life seems to have been to make selfish wars, were recorded, while the splendid deeds of great workmen were forgotten. We only know that several obelisks now standing at Rome were by some means taken down and put on the deck of a huge ship, manned by three hundred oarsmen, and painfully rowed across the sea to the Tiber. They were pushed ashore, on to a low truck, and then dragged and pulled through the streets on rollers. They were supposed to have been set upright by pulling on ropes passed over the tops of tall wooden masts. These workmen had no better tools than the Egyptians, but they could build a larger boat to carry the stone, and actually conveyed it across the sea.

Long afterward, this obelisk, together with some others that had been brought to Rome, was thrown



down and buried in the ruins of the city, and in 1588 the Pope Sixtus V. had it dug up, and once more set upon its pedestal. These workmen still used horses and men to pull the great stone up into place, by passing ropes over the tops of tall wooden towers. They were more scientific workmen, and did their work so well, that the obelisk can be used as a sundial to this day. They knew more about the use

one of the big stones. It so happened that the Romans, under Augustus Cæsar, had taken down two of the stones in Upper Egypt, and had removed them to Alexandria, and set them up before one of their temples. The weather and the blowing sands of the desert had eaten away the bases of the obelisks, so that they would not stand up on their new pedestals, and the Romans put four bronze castings



PUTTING THE OBELISK IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER. [SEE PAGE 317.]

of ropes and pulleys, and it is recorded that they did the work with only forty horses, six hundred men, and forty-six cranes. The Romans found hard work to fasten their ropes to the obelisk, and had to drill holes in the top of the stone, through which the ropes were passed. The old Egyptians did much better. They left knobs or blocks on the side of the monument, and tied the ropes to these, and when the work was finished, cut off the blocks smoothly.

Then for a long time no one thought of moving

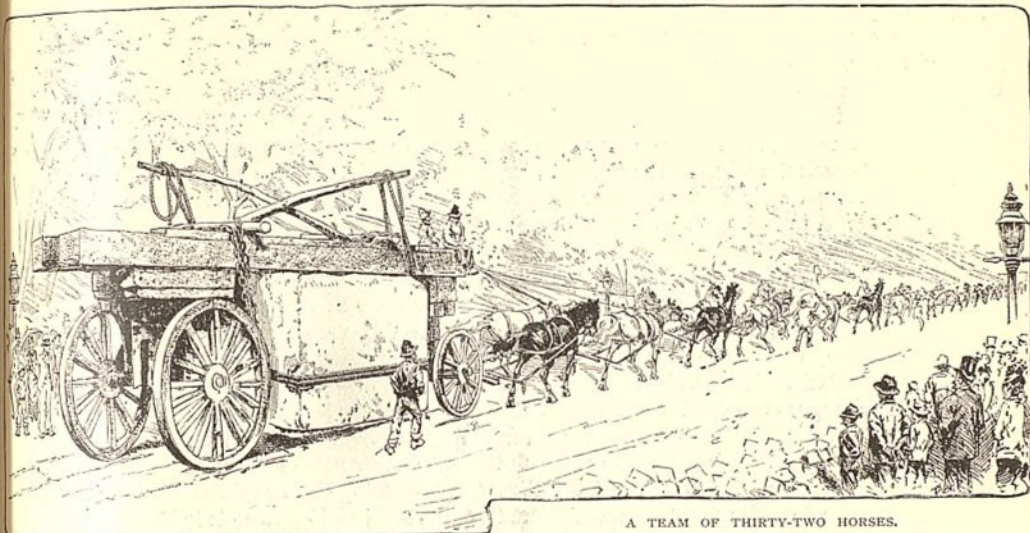
under the corners. These castings were in the shape of sea-crabs, and on one of the claws they put the date of the moving and the name of the engineer. Afterward, the unequal expansion of these bronze crabs in the hot sunshine caused them to give way, and one stone fell down. Alexandria was laid in ruins by war, and still the old stones remained, too big to be moved by anybody. It is just possible, however, that the soldiers found the crabs and stole parts of the metal, and



l that the  
taken down  
d removed  
ore one of  
ving sands  
f the obe-  
their new  
ze castings

that this caused the stone to fall. At any rate, there they remained, one fallen in the sand and the other standing, for hundreds of years.

two solid masonry piers, one on each side of it. One of these was straight and square, and covered with timbers, the other had a slope or inclined face

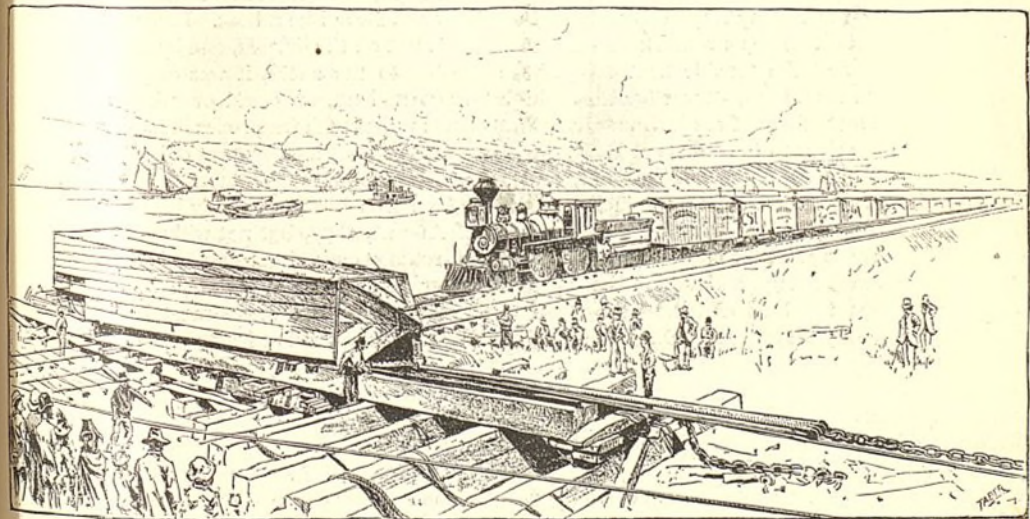


TRUCKING THE PEDESTAL OF THE OBELISK.

A TEAM OF THIRTY-TWO HORSES.

In the early part of this century came other workmen, from France. They first thought of taking one of the two obelisks at Alexandria, but finding a taller and better pair at Luxor, they decided to take one of these to Paris, that the people

reaching to the base of the great stone. They then erected eight enormous spars, pivoted at the bottom, and all fastened to the top of the monolith by heavy ropes. Then, from the top of the spars to the ground, were hung other ropes and chains, passed through blocks, secured to the ground, and



THE OBELISK CROSSING THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

in that great city might see and admire the skill of the old Egyptian stone-masons.

Let us see how they did the work. After clearing away the deep sand about the obelisk, they built

then to powerful capstans. These spars leaned away from the stone slightly, or about at an angle of seventy-five degrees. Then, at some distance away on the other side, were placed a number of



capstans, firmly anchored in the sands, and from these, ropes were taken to the top of the obelisk. It was now firmly held between the two sets of ropes, and, to lower it, hundreds of men took hold of the bars of the capstans—a part of them to pull the stone over, and the others to hold it back. As it slowly tipped and bowed itself toward the ground, the great spars lifted till they stood upright, then leaned over above the stone. The base of the monolith easily rolled up the sloping pier, and the center struck the edge of the upright pier, and there tilted as on a pivot. Rollers were laid on top of the piers, and in twenty-five minutes from the time it started it lay flat on the ground, and began to roll along toward the river. It was a magnificent piece of work, and showed great ingenuity on the part of the French engineers. With infinite labor the stone was carried on rollers down to the banks of the Nile. Here a ship, made for the purpose in France, was hauled close up to the shore. The entire stem of the ship was then taken out and lifted by ropes upon tall spars, so that the stone could roll under it into the ship. Five enormous pulleys were put in the stern, and fastened to chains passed through the stern-ports to anchors in the river; ropes were passed through the pulleys to others at the bows and then led to capstans beyond, and, with fifty men on each, the big stone was pulled slowly into the boat. The stem was lowered into place and made fast, and by the aid of pontoons the boat was launched. It was then towed down the Nile, through the Straits of Gibraltar, over the stormy Bay of Biscay, and up the Seine to Paris. It was a work of enormous labor; sickness and the terrible heat delayed the men sadly, but at last the boat was hauled up high and dry at the foot of one of the inclined roads that lead up from the river to the streets at Paris.

The bow of the boat was knocked out, and a railway of heavy timbers laid up the incline to the Place de la Concorde. Again the huge pulleys and massive ropes were brought into use. The great capstans were set up, and hundreds of men set to work to turn the bars and drag the stone on rollers slowly along the street. Once they had to turn it around, and they built an enormous turntable, such as would be used for a giant locomotive, and with infinite labor pulled it about, and placed it with the base toward the center of the square. Then an inclined plane of stone-work was built from the edge of the road to the top of the pedestal, and along this slanting path the great block was pulled up by hundreds of men, toiling at the capstans, while a trumpeter marked the time with a bugle. Again the great spars were erected on pivots. The top of the obelisk was fastened to these, as they hung at an angle of about twenty

degrees above it. Great ropes, passed through the big pulleys, were fastened to the capstans, and, in the presence of a vast multitude of people, the obelisk was pulled slowly upward till it stood upright. The people cheered and cheered, again and again, and the king rewarded all the people who had so manfully toiled to bring the great monument to Paris.

These workmen set out for the Nile with their ship in 1831, but it was not until the 25th of October, 1836, that the stone stood upright in the Place de la Concorde. It was a great work well done, but it took five years to do it; it required the services of one thousand men, and cost four hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

The next men were Englishmen. One of the twin stones at Alexandria was given to England. It had fallen down, and all they had to do was to clear away the sand, box it up in a round iron shell, roll it into the water, and tow it to London. These men used modern tools and steam-power, and handled the big stone in an entirely new way. Their work shows how different from the old are modern ways of doing great engineering feats. All the parts of the shell had been made in England, and sent out to Egypt. The stone was lifted upon timbers by hydraulic-jacks, and the shell was built under it and about it, so that, when it was finished, it was fastened securely inside the shell. [A hydraulic-jack is a powerful tool for lifting great weights; you should look in some mechanical dictionary to see how it is made and used.] This singular shell was round and smooth outside, and with a sharp bow and stern like a boat. Rings of heavy timbers were put on the outside, and by laying two tracks of timber to the shore, it was easy to roll the shell, cargo and all, over and over into the sea. Tug-boats pulled with wire-ropes in front, and jacks were placed behind, and, by dint of hard work, the thing slowly rolled into the water.

The iron boat was finally launched on the 28th of August, 1877, but not without an accident, for, in rolling over, it struck a hidden stone under water and sprang a leak. The water rushed in, and the poor old stone must have been chilled. Perhaps it felt sad at leaving its old home after so many rough journeyings and mishaps. However, the hole was mended, the water pumped out, and on the 8th of September the boat went into the dry-dock. A deck and cabin were put on, a rudder was shipped, and then it was floated again and named the "Cleopatra." It is rather odd that they gave it this name, for Cleopatra died several years before the Romans finished setting up the two stones at Alexandria, and it is not likely she had anything to do with either of the obelisks, called Cleopatra's "needles." The steam-ship "Olga" took the queer boat in tow and started for



London, but on the 15th of November it met a storm, and, to save the steam-ship, the "Cleopatra" was cast adrift. It seemed ready to sink, and in the storm the poor old stone was left to toss, helpless and deserted, on the sea. Three days after, another steam-ship found it and took it into port, and at last it came to anchor in the Thames on the 20th of January, 1878.

It was there I saw it, floating at anchor in the muddy river, just above Westminster Bridge. On one side were the dark and richly carved walls of Westminster Palace, with the Victoria tower rising high in the smoky air, and the gilded spire of the great clock-tower looking down on its rusty deck. On the other side stood the walls of the splendid hospital of St. Thomas, and not far away are the green old towers of Lambeth Palace.

Several weeks later I saw it aground lower down the river, with its rusty box-sides torn open. There it lay, the old red stone in its iron shell.

Hydraulic-jacks were used to lift the stone on to the bank, and then two great derricks of timber were erected on each side. A heavy iron box was placed about the center and securely fastened to the stone. Then, by means of timbers resting on the derricks, the stone was "jacked" up, a step at a time, till it lay at the top of the derricks. Strong steel points had been fastened to the iron box, and, when these rested on the tops of the derricks, the timbers were taken away. The stone was now supported by the center on pivots, and it took only a few moments to tip it over till it stood upright on its pedestal.

The Englishman's work was remarkably well done. He did what none before had tried—he stood the obelisk upright by supporting it in the center and tilting it over. The Egyptian and Roman and Frenchman had set the stone up by resting the base on the pedestal, and then pulling it up by main force, plainly the hardest and longest way. They took months and years to do the work, and employed hundreds and thousands of men and horses. The Englishman used only twenty-five men, and had he not lost the boat in a storm, would have moved the stone in a few months. On the other hand, he did not move the stone on land at all. He found it on the edge of the sea, where the Romans left it, and he set it up close to the water on the Thames. He certainly had the most simple and easy piece of work of all, and he did it quickly and cheaply.

Lastly came the American. He had received the obelisk that still stood at Alexandria, and it was his duty to take it down, put it on board a ship, take it across the Atlantic, and set it up in Central Park, in New York. His job was more difficult than the others, for he had a longer voyage to make, and

he was obliged to cross a greater distance on land than either the Egyptian, Roman, Frenchman, or Englishman. The way he did it was more original, more scientific, and far more interesting than any of their great works. He had greater difficulties to contend with than they, and he got over them in the most singular manner, and by methods never before used in moving such monoliths. He called the moon to help him lift the stone, he constructed a locomotive to drag it up hill and down through lanes and streets, and he hung it in mid air upon a single pair of trunnions, and even took it over a lofty bridge, right over the heads of horses and carriages in the street below. Lastly, he moved it a greater distance, and with less labor, and in less time than any workman who had gone before.

On page 310 is a picture of the great stone, as it stood when the American arrived with his tools, on the 30th of October, 1879. On the left is the seawall, at the back is the old fort, and to the right is the railway station. The stone stood with its base buried deep in the sand, in a common yard used to store building-stone.

The first step was to dig down nine feet, and clear away the sand that covered the pedestal. There were found the remains of the four bronze crabs on which the obelisk stood. The crabs rested on a huge block of syenite, that stood on three stone steps, resting in turn on solid masonry. The sand cleared away, stone piers were built at each side of the monument, and on these were erected great shears or derricks of steel, made in New Jersey, and brought out here for this purpose. At the top of each was a bearing, just like the bearings for the trunnions of a cannon. The stone was carefully cased in wood, and then on each side of the center was placed a steel plate, having on the edge lugs or projections that clasped the stone. These plates were joined together by heavy steel rods, six on each side, and strained up tight by means of screws and nuts. Then heavy steel bars were run under the stone between the crabs, and from these to the steel plates were led steel rods, carefully tightened up by screws. On the two plates were trunnions or round knobs, such as you may see on great guns. These were near the center of gravity of the stone, and rested on the bearings at the tops of the derricks. Now, you will observe that, if the crabs are knocked from under the stone, it will hang suspended on the trunnions, the center supported by the plates that tightly clasp it, and the lower half held up by the steel rods at the sides. You will see that this is a little like the plan by which the Englishman mounted his obelisk. Really, it is very different. The English engineers who were in Alexandria at the time, said that the



American's method would fail—that on turning on its trunnions the stone would break in two. But the stone was turned, and yet it did not break. For this reason: The plate in the center bore the larger part of the weight, leaving only the extreme ends unsupported. The stone would now tip over and hang suspended in the air, supported only in the middle. The steel rods reaching to the base would not help in the least after the stone began to turn over, and, no doubt, it would have broken in two in the middle had not the American done



THE STRAIN OF TENSION UNDERNEATH.

one thing more. To understand this matter, let us look at these diagrams. If an obelisk is supported only at the ends, and is not able to carry its own weight, it may break in two in the middle. You can test this with a common lath set on edge on two bricks, and by suspending one or more bricks at the middle till it snaps in two.

The first diagram shows such a broken obelisk. You see it is pulled apart at the bottom and pinched together on top. It broke under two strains: one was a pull at the bottom, and the other was a squeeze at the top. These we call the strain of tension and the strain of compression. You can understand that, if the bottom of the obelisk that was pulled apart in falling had been tied together, say with a piece of strong string, the obelisk would not have broken. This tying together of the lower edge of a beam is very common wherever long beams are to be supported. To understand this more clearly,



THE STRAIN OF TENSION ABOVE.

look at the iron-work between the columns on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. At the top is a heavy iron beam to withstand the squeezing or strain of compression; at the bottom are round rods to take the pulling or strain of tension.

This system of tying the lower edge of a beam together to prevent it from pulling apart is called trussing. But, in the case of the obelisk, the support was to be in the middle, and the ends were to be free. The squeezing and pulling are still there, but they have changed places.

The second diagram shows how such an obelisk would break, pulling apart at the top, and pinching

at the bottom. The American knew this might happen the moment he turned the stone over on its trunnions, and he put on a strong truss to tie the upper edge together, the lower edge in such a stone easily taking care of itself.

In the picture on page 317, we see the big stone just as it appeared on the 5th of December, 1879, the day it turned over and lay in a horizontal position, the top resting on a tower of wooden beams, the center supported by the trunnions resting on the derricks, and the lower half held up in the air. On top of the stone you see upright rods, with ropes passed over the top and fastened to the two ends of the stone. This is the truss that took the pulling strain, and held the stone together, thus preventing it from breaking in two. This was made of a pair of iron rods, fastened together, and resting on the stone. Steel ropes of great strength were fastened to rings at the ends of the obelisk and carried over the upright. Now, the tendency to pull apart is taken up by the ropes and given to the rods, but they rest securely on the stone itself, and would carry the whole weight of the ends easily. This curious and interesting work certainly reflects great credit on our engineer. The Frenchman and the Englishman knew how to use such means, but it was the American who turned them to account.

Having swung the obelisk over, it was comparatively easy to build up a second tower of wood, and then to gently lower the stone to the ground by taking out a beam at a time, aided by the hydraulic-jacks. First put the jack under the stone and lift it a trifle, then take off a beam from each tower and let the jack shut up like a telescope, till the stone rest on the next beam, and so on. This is called "jacking it down."

In the pit were the ribs and sides of a large, barge-like boat. This boat, or pontoon, was built there, and when the stone came down, it rested in the bottom of the boat. The derricks were taken away, the masonry was removed, and the sea-wall knocked down. The boat was finished, and, in April, 1880, with the big stone on board, it was launched into the sea. The big hole in the ground was filled up and the sea-wall repaired, and the stone was towed around to the other side of the city to the dry-dock.

The pontoon was floated into the dock as it lay sunk in the water, and a large iron steam-ship was brought in, close up to the pontoon. The steam-pumps were set to work to pump the water out of the dock, and like a great raft it rose under both ship and pontoon, and lifted them high and dry in the air. The plates of the steamer were taken off and the ribs cut away, making a great hole at the side of the bow.

On page 312 is a view of the old stone as it lay in

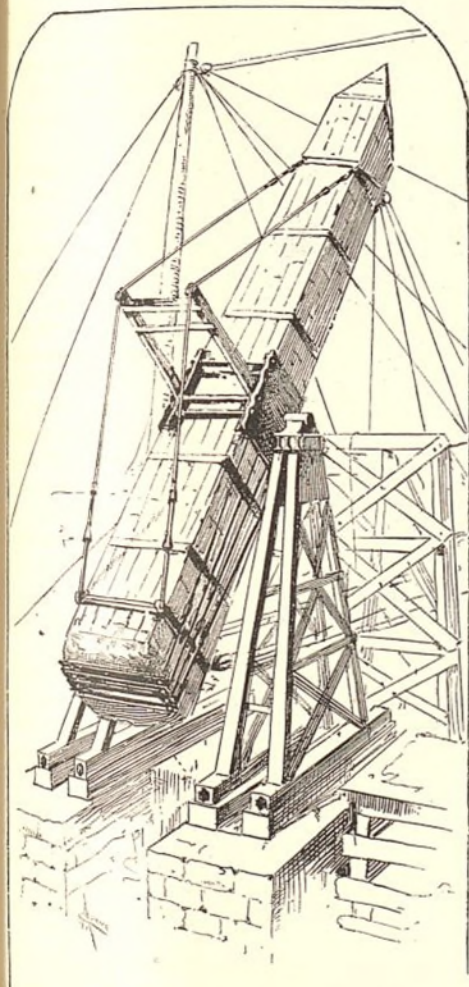


the dock. The pontoon had been pulled to pieces, and now it was only necessary to push the stone into the steamer, precisely as timbers are put into the bows of our schooners, as you may see at any lumber-yard along the East or North River. This job was really the hardest of all, for the stone touched the opposite side of the ship before it was half-way in, and twice it had to be moved sidewise before the tip end was fairly inside. At last it was on board, and snugly stowed away in the hold. The plates and ribs were repaired, and on the 12th of

steam-ship forged ahead, and the old, old stone, asleep in the hold, left its home forever. Three hundred slaves, whipped up to their work by cruel masters, toiled at their oars for weeks to take the Roman stone away. The Frenchman carried his off in a big boat, towed by a sailing ship. The Englishman carried his away in a melancholy box, that looked sadly like its coffin. Our big stone sailed 5382 miles over the seas in a steam-ship that dropped anchor, on the 20th of July, in the placid waters of the Hudson, under the shadow of the Palisades.

The pedestal and foundation-stones were landed and sent to Central Park, and the steam-ship was taken to Staten Island and hauled out of the water on the marine railway. Again the bows were opened and the stone rolled upon the land. Now came one of the most curious features of the work. The stone must be put on a boat and taken to the city, and the engineer called on the moon to help him. Three rows of piles were driven in the water, thus making a wharf. On these were laid heavy timbers, resting on the tops of each row. Upon this staging over the water the stone was placed, directly over the middle row of piles, and supported by the timbers. Two long and narrow pontoons, such as are used to raise sunken ships, were then towed up to the wharf at low tide. Such pontoons are hollow, and when filled with water just float on the surface. When the water is pumped out, and they contain only air, they float quite high out of the water. In this case, they were empty and floated high. Now, see how the moon picked up the stone and started it on another voyage. It was low tide when the pontoons were placed under the wharf. The moon, that controls the tide, lifted the waters of the sea, and the two pontoons rose and gently lifted the stone, timbers and all, and it hung suspended between them.

This was about an hour before high tide at Staten Island, and two tug-boats came up and towed the obelisk from there to the city. Now the tide at Ninety-sixth street, on the North River, is about an hour late, so that, by the time the tugs arrived at the wharf, it was still flood-tide. Here the pontoons were pushed between three rows of piles till the stone rested over the center line of piles. Again the moon might have been used, and, by waiting for the tide to fall, the stone could be gently laid on the wharf; but this would involve delay, and as it was in the night, it was thought best to sink the pontoons. The gates were opened, the water rushed in, and they slowly sank. The timbers rested on the piles, and in a few moments the enormous block of syenite was quietly lying on the pier. The idea of using the tide to load heavy weights on board a boat is not new, yet this



THE OBELISK SUSPENDED.

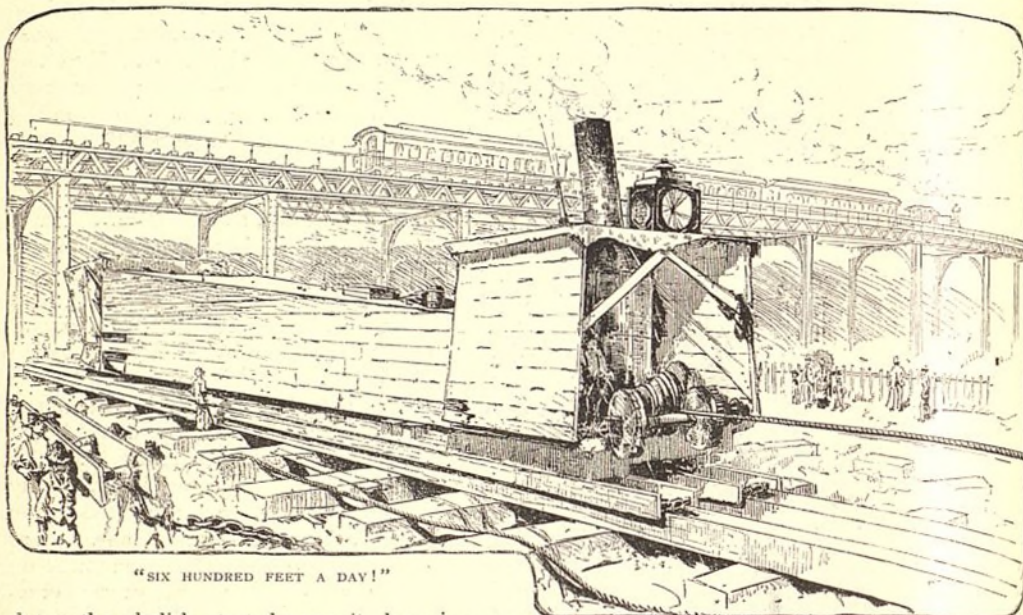
June the great dock sank in the water, and the ship with its precious cargo floated off. All the tools and the stones of the pedestal had been put on board. The steam was up, the flag flying, and all was finished. The bell rang to "go ahead," the screw churned up the sea, the great



is the first time it was ever used exactly in this manner, and to lift such an immense weight in a single stone.

In the lower half of page 313 is a picture which

edge) in the middle. These were fastened in the boxes in such a way they could not fall out, and were yet free to turn around. The stone was then placed on a heavy timber carriage somewhat longer



"SIX HUNDRED FEET A DAY!"

"JUST PAST THE ELEVATED RAILROAD."

shows the obelisk started upon its long journey to Central Park. Here is the broad Hudson, with the wooded Palisades in the distance. A railroad train is waiting for the stone to pass, and has come close up to the huge thing snugly sleeping in its wooden box. The pedestal was carried to its place on a huge wagon drawn by thirty-two horses. The obelisk itself was pulled along on iron shot, rolling in channel-bars. These are long iron beams, having two edges turned up on one side, making a channel in the middle, and giving them the name of channel-bars. One is laid on heavy timbers, and forms the rail. The other is laid upside down over it, and between them is placed a great number of small cannon-balls. The stone, resting on timbers, is placed over the upper bar, and may then be pulled along without much difficulty, a thirty-horse-power engine easily dragging it along by means of ropes and pulleys. This method of moving the stone on balls rolling in channel-bars is simple, but not suitable for long distances; and as soon as the obelisk had crossed the railroad, quite another plan was tried.

A double line of heavy timbers was laid in the street, and on each of these was spiked two flat bars of iron, leaving a narrow space between them. This made the railroad on which the stone was to travel. Strong wooden boxes, open at the top and bottom, were then made, and in each was placed a number of iron rollers, having a flange (or raised

than the obelisk, and iron bars, of the same pattern as those on the rails, were placed on the under side of the carriage. A number of the boxes were put on the track, and the carriage rested in these boxes on the rollers. A thirty-horse-power engine and boiler was mounted in front of the obelisk, strong tackle was run out in front and fastened to a stout stake stuck up in the street. Now, when the engine pulls on the rope, it drags itself, the car, boxes, obelisk, and all, along the railroad. As the boxes come out at the end, the men carry them forward and put them on the rails in front. In like manner, the rails are taken up behind and laid down in front of this strange locomotive as it travels through the streets. This kind of railway is known as a marine railway, and is used in dragging ships out of the water; but this was the first time it was ever used to move a great weight through the streets of a city.

The picture on this page shows this railway, the engine in front, protected from the weather by a house. The obelisk went up the hill at Ninety-sixth street to the Boulevard, then down to Eighty-third street, then through this street to the Park at Eighth avenue, passing under the Elevated Railroad on its way. To cross the Park it followed the winding sunken road to Fifth Avenue, and then went down to the narrow gate behind the Museum.

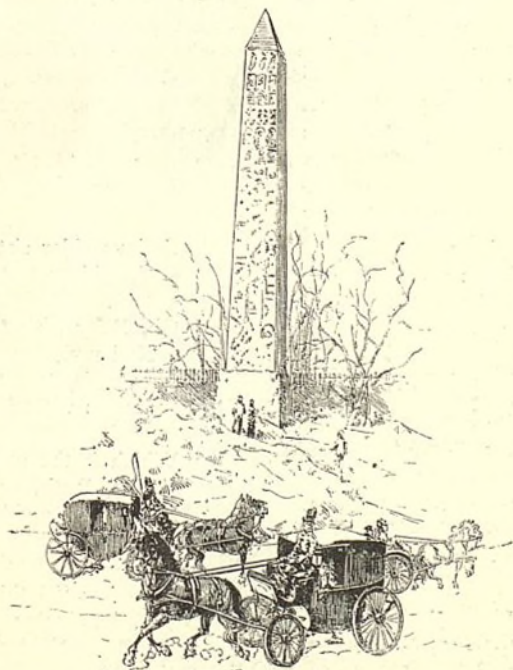


Then came its last great climb—up a steep wooden bridge to the very top of the steel derricks, once more erected on a hill in the Park. Again all the machinery is brought into use, the wire truss is put on, and it is tipped over till it stands upright, once more, on its bronze crabs and mighty pedestal.

This work of moving the monolith through the streets was the most interesting of all. On level ground it traveled about as fast as a boy can walk, and often made six hundred feet in a day. The engine pulled easily and without jarring or straining, and, when not at work dragging itself and its load, helped the men to move the timbers in relaying the rails as fast as it went over them. The Frenchman was a year in moving his block four hundred feet and turning it around once. The American took it nine thousand eight hundred feet and went around four sharp corners, besides eleven turns of from twelve to forty-seven degrees. The way this was done was most curious. When the stone came to a corner of the street it was run upon a curved railway, built in a half-circle. A ring of channel-bars and cannon-balls was placed on the ground, with a large hydraulic-jack in the center. Beyond it were two more curved rails, describing a quarter-circle. When the locomotive ran out on these tracks, the hydraulic-jack came under the lower end of the stone, and the engine rested on the outer quarter-circle. A rope was put out to a stake on the side

of the road, and with a gentle pull the whole affair swung around the corner with the greatest ease. The hydraulic-jack here assisted to lift the end and take off the weight, and thus make a pivot on which the stone might swing around.

By the time you read this, the work will be finished, and the great monolith will stand once more on its bronze crabs on its ancient pedestal. The full length of the obelisk is sixty-nine feet and two inches. This includes the point, or as it is called, the pyramidion, which is seven feet eight and one-half inches high. At the base, just above the broken portion, the stone is ninety-two and three-quarter inches thick, and at the top, at the edge of the pyramidion, it is sixty-three inches thick. The pedestal on which it will stand is eighty-three and three-quarter inches high, and its weight is ninety-eight thousand pounds, the obelisk itself weighing four hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred pounds. When finally set up, the entire monument, including the steps and pedestal, will be just eighty-one feet high. It must be the happiest stone of all, for it stands under a clear, blue sky, much like its old Egyptian sky, and it rests in peace among green fields and pleasant gardens. A stream of carriages passes close beside it under the trees, and happy children look up at its strange picture-letters, and wonder what it thinks of its final home in a land of which its old Egyptian master never so much as dreamed.



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.



## WHICH?

BY RACHEL POMEROY.



TIPTOE before the mirror  
 Ruth, Nell, and May;  
 Mamma, by the window, sewing,  
 Hears what they say.

Three in a row make a ladder,  
 Two; five; eight;—  
 Beautiful May is the youngest,  
 Wee curly-pate!

Three pairs of eyes scan the mirror,  
 Wide with amaze;  
 Three round, wondering faces  
 Back at them gaze.

"Which do you think is the prettiest?"  
 Asks Nell of Ruth,—

Serious elder sister,  
 Candid as truth.

"Oh, Baby May," answers Ruthie;  
 Nell nods assent;  
 May nods, too, though she barely  
 Knows what is meant.

"Which is the next?" questions Nelly,  
 "You, Ruth, or I?"  
 Ruth takes a critical survey,  
 Then artlessly

Answers: "I think that *I* am,  
 Nelly, don't you?"

"Yes," says Nelly (God bless her!),  
 "Yes, I do, too!"

JAMES  
 small for l  
 exactly hu  
 nearly up  
 so; and h  
 never cou  
 prises tha  
 no idea w  
 some year  
 get treated  
 were a lit  
 ment and  
 Jimmy  
 ing for his  
 among th  
 sticking to  
 rhyme an  
 him valua  
 poet. He  
 the polite  
 him if he  
 new poem  
 read it, se  
 in prose  
 ballad itse  
 "Hello  
 "Hello  
 "Got a  
 "Not r  
 "That  
 "Well,  
 of it."  
 This di  
 artists, w  
 Some of l  
 were so l  
 they wer  
 very hard  
 to Jimmy  
 boys wou  
 "Let t  
 "I'm  
 feeling in  
 So we  
 Quaker  
 edge of  
 off quite  
 fancy,—  
 Voi



## PHAETON ROGERS.\*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## CHAPTER V.

## JIMMY THE RHYMER.

JAMES REDMOND, the boys used to say, was small for his size and old for his age. He was not exactly hump-backed, but his shoulders came so nearly up to the level of his ears that he seemed so; and he was not exactly an invalid, though we never counted on him in any of the games or enterprises that required strength or fleetness. I have no idea what his age was. He must have been some years older than I, and yet all the boys in my set treated him tenderly and patronizingly, as if he were a little fellow who needed their encouragement and protection.

Jimmy used to make little ballads, generally taking for his subject some incident that had occurred among the boys of the neighborhood, and often sticking to the facts of the case—at the expense of rhyme and rhythm—with a literalness that made him valuable as a historian, whatever he was as a poet. He was called “Jimmy the Rhymmer,” and the polite thing to do, on meeting him, was to ask him if he had anything new to-day—meaning any new poem. If he had, he was always willing to read it, sometimes accompanying it with remarks in prose that were quite as entertaining as the ballad itself.

“Hello, Jimmy!”

“Hello, boys!”

“Got anything new to-day?”

“Not much.”

“That means that you have something.”

“Well, yes; a little one. I don’t think much of it.”

This did not satisfy us. Jimmy, like many greater artists, was a poor judge of his own productions. Some of his ballads of which he had been proudest were so long and dull that we had almost told him they were failures; but it would have required a very hard-hearted boy to say anything unpleasant to Jimmy. Others, which he thought little of, the boys would call for again and again.

“Let us hear it, please,” said Ned.

“I’m afraid I’ve left it at home,” said Jimmy, feeling in his pockets. “Oh, no; here it is.”

So we sat down on the horse-block in front of the Quaker meeting-house, and while Ned whittled the edge of the block,—which had not been rounded off quite enough, by previous jack-knives, to suit his fancy,—Jimmy read his newest ballad.

VOL. VIII.—21.

\* Copyright, 1880, by Rossiter Johnson. All rights reserved.

“It is called ‘The Unlucky Fishermen,’” said he; “and you probably will recognize some of the characters.

“Joe Chase and Isaac Holman,  
They would a-fishing go;  
They rose at sunrise Friday morn,  
And called their dog Fido.”

“What!” said Ned, interrupting, “the little yellow cur that Joe bought of Clam Jimmy for a sixpence?”

“Yes, that’s the one.”

“But his name is n’t Fido—it’s Prince. Have n’t you ever noticed that the smaller and snarlier and more worthless a dog is, the surer it is to be called Prince?”

“Perhaps that’s the way with princes,” said Jimmy, who had more than once uttered the most extreme democratic sentiments, expressing contempt for all royalty, merely because it was royalty. “But I don’t know,—I never saw one. At any rate, I did n’t know the dog’s name, and I had to call him something. I think you’ll find that everything else is correctly stated.”

I ventured to suggest that it did n’t make much difference whether the dog’s name were right or not, in a poem.

“Oh, yes, it does,” said Jimmy. “I always try to have my poems true to life; and I shall change that, and make it Prince—that is, after I have inquired of Joe, and found out that the dog’s name really is Prince. I am glad you spoke about it.”

Then he continued the reading.

“In two small willow baskets—  
One white, the other brown—  
Their mothers put the dinners up  
Which they were to put down.

“They’d dug their bait the night before,—  
The worms were live and thick;  
Their bamboo poles were long and strong,  
Their hooks were Limerick.”

“My brother Fay says there is n’t a Limerick hook in this whole town,” said Ned.

“You can buy plenty of them at Karl’s—two for a cent,” said Jimmy.

“Oh, no, you can’t,” said Ned. “Fay says you can’t get a Limerick hook this side of New York.”

“What is a Limerick hook?” said I, for I was not much of a fisherman.

“Why, don’t you know?” said Jimmy. “A hook that’s made like a little file on the end where you tie the line, instead of a flat knob.”



"A real Limerick hook is one that's made in Limerick," said Ned. "Those you get in this town are made in Connecticut, and are only imitations."

I began to suspect that Ned had been nettled at the failure of his lightning-rod invention, and was venting his spite on poor Jimmy's literary invention.

"I can't see," said I, "that it makes any difference with the poem, whether they were real Limerick hooks, or only imitation. The poetry is just as good."

"Oh, no, it is n't," said Jimmy; "and I'm glad to have my attention called to it. I'll inquire about that, and if I find they were not true Limericks, I'll change that line." Then the reading proceeded.

"Now let us make it doubly sure  
That nothing's left," said Joe.  
And '*Totus dexter!*' Ike replied—  
Which means 'All right!' you know.

"These jolly boys set off at once  
When everything was found;  
Their fathers said, 'We wish good luck!'  
Their mothers, 'Don't get drowned!'"

"Holman's father, has n't been at home for four months," said Ned. "He's gone to Missouri to see about an iron mine."

"I admit," said Jimmy, "that there I drew a little on my imagination. I did n't know what they said, and so I put in what I thought they would be likely to say. But if Holman's father was n't at home, of course he could n't have said anything at all. However, I think you'll find that the rest of the poem is entirely true to nature."

"When they unto the river came,  
Where they should cast the lead,  
The dew still glistened under foot,  
The robin sang o'erhead."

"I doubt if any robin sings so late in the season as this," said Ned.

"Still," said Jimmy, "if one did sing, it would certainly be overhead, and not on the ground. No robin ever sings when he's on the ground. You admit that?"

"Oh, certainly," said Ned.

"Then I think that line may stand as it is," said Jimmy.

"All down the road and through the woods  
They had a lovely walk;  
The dog did frisk, and chase the birds,  
And they did laugh and talk."

"He's been anything but a frisky dog when I've seen him," said Ned.

"Perhaps so," said Jimmy; "but there are exceptions to all rules."

"But here their luck all left them—  
The case seemed very sad:  
For everything was good before—  
Now everything was bad."

"Their sinkers were not large enough,  
The current was so strong,  
And so they tied on pebble-stones,  
To help the thing along."

"And bitterly they did regret  
They bought their lines at Karl's;  
For every time they hauled them out,  
They found them full of snarls."

"Of course they did," said Ned. "There's not a thing in Karl's store that's not a cheat—all imitation."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Jimmy. "I thought you would see that the rest of the poem was true to nature."

"When little fish got on the hooks,  
They soon flopped off again;  
When big ones bit, they gave a jerk,  
And snapped the line in twain."

"Isaac told me," said Jimmy, interrupting himself, "that that thing happened every time with him, and every time but once with Joe."

"He probably said that as an excuse for coming home with no fish," said Ned.

"Oh, no,—Ike would n't lie about it," said Jimmy. "He's one of the most truthful boys I ever knew."

"Everybody lies about fishing," said Ned. "It's considered the proper thing to do. That's what they mean by a fish-story."

"But I saw the lines myself," said Jimmy. And then he hurried on with the reading.

"The dog lay by the dinners,  
And was told to guard them well—  
To let no stranger, man or beast,  
Come near, touch, taste, or smell."

"But Fido—of course I mean Prince—fell asleep, and kicked  
The baskets in a dream;  
The contents tumbled o'er the bank,  
And floated down the stream."

"And once a bass robbed Isaac's hook,  
Just as he tried to haul;  
Which made him nervous, and in haste  
He let the bait-box fall."

"How could he know what kind of fish it was that robbed his hook?" said I.

"I did n't think to ask," said Jimmy. "But at any rate, he said it was a bass, and Isaac is generally pretty correct."

"It fell between two rugged rocks,  
Where out of reach it lay;  
And when with sticks they fished it up,  
The worms had crawled away."

"Now, when the golden setting sun  
Was shining down the glen,  
They sadly turned their steps toward home,  
These luckless fishermen."

"And when they came upon the road,  
All tired in foot and side,  
They said, 'Let's hide our poles away,  
And try to catch a ride.'"



"They caught upon an omnibus—  
They did not stir nor talk;  
But some one cried out, 'Whip behind!'  
And so they had to walk."

"That must have been a Dublin boy," said Ned.  
"Nobody on our side of the river is mean enough  
to holler 'whip behind!'"

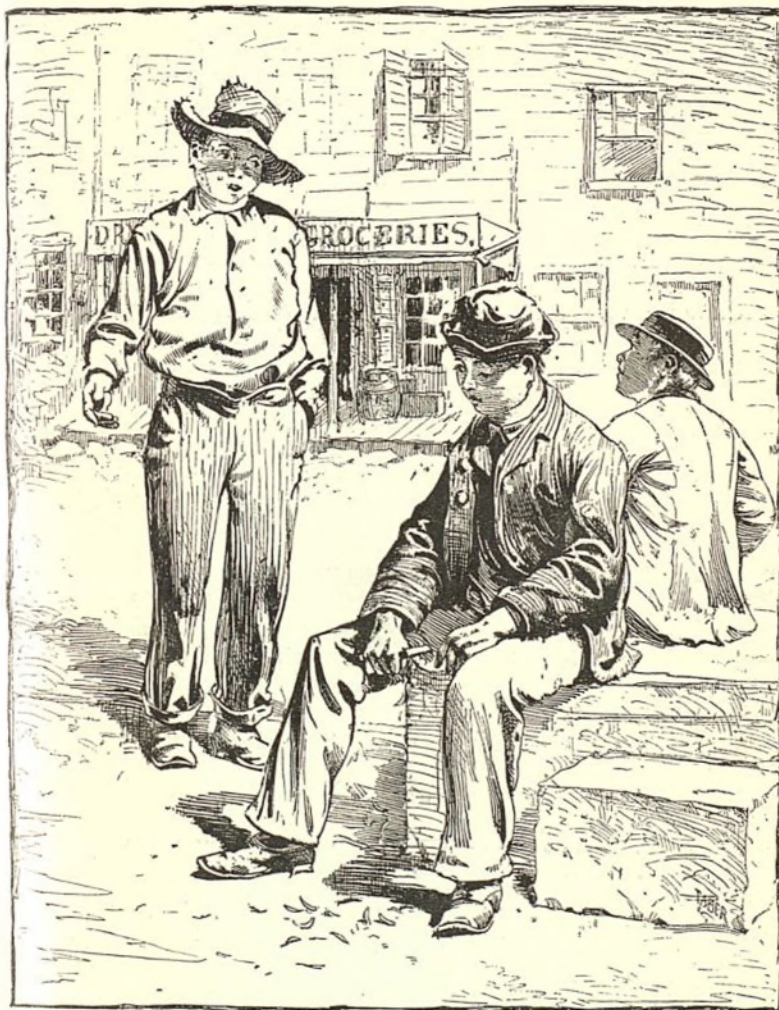
"I think it was a Dublin boy," said Jimmy. "If

"That's a good poem," said I, as we rose from  
the horse-block. "I like that."

"Yes," said Ned; "it ought to be printed."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Jimmy.  
"But I think I can improve it in a few spots, if I  
can get at the facts. At any rate, I shall try."

Jimmy continued his walk up the street, while  
we sauntered toward home.



JIMMY RECITES HIS POEM OF "THE UNLUCKY FISHERMEN."

I can find out for certain, I shall state it so in the  
poem.

"They came up slowly from the gate,  
And Fido—that is to say, Prince—walked behind;  
Their parents sat about the door,  
Or on the grass reclined.

"Their fathers said—at least, Joe's father did—"It grieves us much  
That you no luck have found."  
Their mothers said, 'Our precious boys,  
We're glad you are not drowned.'"

"I think you were too severe in your criticisms  
on the poem," said I. "I'm afraid Jimmy felt  
hurt."

"Do you think so?" said Ned. "Well, now, I  
did n't mean to be. I would n't hurt that boy's  
feelings for the world. I suppose I must have been  
a little cross on account of my lightning-rod. But  
I ought n't to have played it off on Jimmy, that's  
a fact." And Ned looked really sorry.



"I think he has great genius," said I, "and it ought to be encouraged."

"Yes, it ought," said Ned. "I've often thought so, myself, and wished I could do something for him. Perhaps I can, now that I have capital. Father says nothing can be done without capital."

"Jimmy's folks are very poor," said I.

"That's so," said Ned. "I don't suppose his father ever had fifteen dollars at one time in his life. Do you think of any good way in which I could help him with a little capital?"

"I don't know of any way, unless it is to print his poems. I should think if his poems could once be published, he might make a great deal of money out of them, and be able to support himself, and perhaps help his mother a little."

"That's so," said Ned. "I'll publish his poems for him. Come over after supper, and we'll talk it up."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PRICE OF POETRY.

WHEN I went over in the evening, I found that Ned had been to Jimmy's house and obtained thirteen of his poems in manuscript, and was now carefully looking them over, correcting what he considered errors.

"I tell you what 't is," said he, "Jimmy's an awful good poet, but he needs somebody to look out for his facts."

"Do you find many mistakes?" said I.

"Yes; quite a few. Here, for instance, he calls it a mile from the Four Corners to Lyell street. I went with the surveyors when they measured it last summer, and it was just seven eighths of a mile and three rods over."

"But you could n't very well say 'seven eighths of a mile and three rods over' in poetry," said I.

"Perhaps not," said Ned; "and yet it wont do to have that line stand as it is. It'll be severely criticised by everybody who knows the exact distance."

I felt that Ned was wrong, but I could not tell how or why. In later years I have learned that older people than he confidently criticise what they don't understand, and put their own mechanical patches upon the artistic work of others.

"Perhaps we'd better see what Fay thinks about it," said I. "He probably knows more about poetry than we do."

"He's in the library, getting Father to help him on a hard sum," said Ned. "He'll be here in a minute."

When Phaeton returned, we pointed out the difficulty to him.

"That's all right," said he. "That's poetic license."

"What is poetic license?" said I.

"Poetic license," said Phaeton, "is a way that poets have of making things fit when they don't quite fit."

"Like what?" said Ned.

"Like this," said Phaeton; "this is as good an example as any. You see, he could n't say 'seven eighths of a mile and three rods over,' because that would be too long."

"That would be the exact distance," said Ned.

"I mean it would make this line too long," said Phaeton; "and, besides, it has to rhyme with that other line, which ends with the word *style*."

"And if that other line ended with *check*, would he have called it a *league* from the Four Corners to Lyell street?" said Ned.

"I suppose so," said Phaeton, "though it would n't be a very good rhyme."

"And is that considered all right?"

"I believe it is."

"Then you can't depend upon a single statement in any poem," said Ned.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Phaeton—"a great many."

"Mention one," said Ned.

"Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,"

said Phaeton.

"That's true," said Ned; "but it's only because the words happened to come so. At any rate, you've greatly lessened my respect for poetry, and I don't know whether or not I'd better publish them, after all."

"These poems?—were you going to publish them?" said Phaeton.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"To make a little money for Jimmy. You know his folks are very poor," said Ned.

"The papers wont pay you anything for them," said Phaeton. "Alec Barnes's sister had a poem two columns long in the *Vindicator* last week, and Alec told me she did n't get a cent for it."

"But we're going to make a book of them," said Ned. "You can make money on a book, can't you?"

"I believe you can," said Phaeton. "Wait a minute."

He went to the library, and came back with three volumes of a cyclopedia, out of which, after looking through several articles, he read, at intervals, these bits of information:

"Moore received three thousand guineas for 'Lalla Rookh.'"



"How much is that?" said Ned.

"Over fifteen thousand dollars," said Phaeton.

"Whew!" said Ned.

"Scott made a profit of ten thousand dollars on 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

"Good gracious!" said Ned.

"Byron received more than seventy-five thousand dollars for his poems."

"Great Cæsar!" said Ned.

"Tupper has made thirty thousand dollars on his 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"

"That's enough!" said Ned. "That's plenty! I begin to have great respect for poetry, in spite of the license. And I suppose, if the poets make all that money, the publishers make a little something, too."

"They probably know how to look out for themselves," said Phaeton. "But who is going to publish this book for you?"

"I'm going to publish it myself. You know we have n't used up the capital I got from Aunt Mercy," said Ned.

"But you're not a publisher."

"Nobody is a publisher until after he has published something," said Ned.

"But that won't be capital enough to print a book," said Phaeton. "Printing costs like fury."

"Then I shall have to get more from Aunt Mercy."

"Yes, I suppose you can—she'd give you anything; but the truth is, Ned, I—I had a little plan of my own about that."

"About what?"

"About the fifteen dollars—or a part of it. I don't think I should need all of it."

"What is it? Another foolish invention?"

"Yes, it is a sort of invention; but it is sure to go—sure to go."

"Let's hear all about it," said Ned.

"Will you lend me the money to try it?"

"How much will it take?"

"Six or eight dollars, I should think."

"Yes; I'll lend you six dollars on it. Or, if it is really a good thing, I'll put in the six dollars as my share, and go partnership."

"Well, then, it's a substitute for a balloon," said Phaeton. "Much cheaper, and safer, and better in every way."

"How does it work?" said Ned.

"It makes a horizontal ascension. I could tell you all about it; but I should rather wait a week, and show you."

"All right!" said Ned. "You can have the money, and we'll wait."

"Thank you!" said Phaeton. "But now tell me how you are going to publish Jimmy's poems."

"Why, just publish them, of course," said Ned.

"And what do you understand by that?" asked Phaeton, amused by Ned's earnestness.

"Take this copy to the printer, and tell him to print the books. When it's done, load them into big wagons, and drive around to the four book-stores and leave them. After a few days, call around and get the money, and divide with Jimmy. We should n't ask them to pay for them till they had had a chance to look them over, and see how they liked them."

"I don't believe that would work," said Phaeton.

"Why not?" said Ned.

"The book-sellers might not take them."

"Not take them!" said Ned. "They'd be only too glad to. Of course they would make a profit on them. I suppose the price would be—well, about half a dollar; and we should let them have them for—well, say for forty-seven cents apiece. May be if they took a large number, and paid cash down, they might have them for forty-five."

Phaeton laughed.

"They don't do business for any such small profits as that," said he.

"I've heard Father tell of a man," said Ned, "who made his fortune when wheat rose three cents on a bushel. And who would n't rather have a volume of Jimmy's poems than a bushel of wheat? If nobody happened to buy the wheat for a year or two, it would spoil; but that volume of poems could stand on the shelf in the book-store for twenty years, and be just as good at the end of that time as the day it was put there."

"All that sounds very well," said Phaeton; "but you'd better talk with some one who knows about it, before you rush into the enterprise."

"I'll go and see Jack-in-the-Box, of course," said Ned. "He must know all about books. I never yet asked him anything that he did n't know all about."

Ned hardly could wait for the night to pass away, and when the next day came, off we posted once more to see Jack-in-the-Box. When we got there, Ned plunged at once into the business, before we had fairly said good-morning.

"Jack," said he, "did you ever publish a book?"

Jack blushed, and asked why he wanted to know.

"Because I am thinking of publishing one," said Ned.

"Indeed?" said Jack. "I did n't know you had written one."

"I have n't," said Ned. "Jimmy the Rhymer wrote it. But I am planning to publish it."

"I see," said Jack. "I did n't understand you before."

"I thought you would understand all about it," said Ned.

"Your expression might have meant either of



two things," said Jack. "When a publisher prints a book and sells it, he of course is said to publish it; and when a person writes a book, and gets a publisher to publish it for him, he also is said to have published a book."

"I see," said Ned. "And did you ever publish one?"

"I never was a publisher," said Jack.

"Still, you may know a good deal about it. You know so much."

"I know a little about it," said Jack, "and shall be glad to give you all the advice I can. Is this the manuscript?"

Ned said it was, and handed him a roll which he had brought in his hand.

"Ah, poetry, I see," said Jack, turning over the leaves.

"Yes, first-rate poetry," said Ned. "A few licenses here and there; but that can't be helped, you know."

"Of course not," said Jack.

"We want to make as much money as we can," said Ned, "for Jimmy's folks are very poor, you know, and he needs it, and poetry's the stuff to make money."

"Is it?" said Jack. "I'm glad to hear it."

"There was Sir Walter Scott," said Ned, "made thirty thousand dollars, clean cash, on a poem called 'The Lady and the Lake'—probably not half as good as these of Jimmy's. And Mr. Byron was paid seventy-five thousand dollars for his poem called 'The Lally Rook,' whatever that is. And there was Lord Moore got three thousand guineas—that's fifteen thousand dollars, you know—for some sort of philosophy all turned into rhyme. I don't see how a philosophy could be in rhyme, though, for you know everything in philosophy has to be exact, and in poetry you have to take licenses. Suppose you came to the five mechanical powers, and the line before ended with *sticks*, what could you do? You'd have to say there were *six* of them."

Jack laughed heartily.

"Yes, it would be ridiculous," continued Ned. "But that's Lord Moore's lookout. In these poems of Jimmy's, there is n't any trouble of that sort. They don't need to be exact. Suppose, for instance, one of them says it's a mile from the Four Corners to Lyell street. What odds? Very few people know that it's just seven eighths of a mile and three rods over. I might not have known it myself, if I had n't happened to be with the surveyors when they measured it."

Jack laughed again, and kept on turning over the leaves.

"Where is the title-page?" said he.

"What is that?" said Ned.

"The one with the name on it—the first page in the book," said Jack.

"Oh!" said Ned, "we never thought about that. Wont the printer make it himself?"

"Not unless you write it first."

"Then we've got to name the book before we go any further," said Ned.

"That's it, exactly," said Jack.

"Could n't you name it for us?"

"I might suggest some names," said Jack, "and let you choose; but, it seems to me, the person who wrote it ought to name it."

"Oh, never mind Jimmy," said Ned. "He'll be satisfied with anything I do."

"It might be called simply 'Poems. By Jimmy the Rhymers,'" said Jack.

"His name is James Redmond," said Ned.

"I'll write down a few titles," said Jack, as he reached into the box under his chair and took out a sheet of paper and a pencil; and in five minutes he showed us the list:

"Rhymes and Roundelays. By James Redmond."

"A Picnic on Parnassus. By James Redmond."

"The Unlucky Fishermen, and other Poems. By James Redmond."

"Jimmy's Jingles."

"Songs of a School-boy."

"Minutes with the Muses. By James Redmond." It did not take Ned very long to choose the third of these titles, which he thought "sounded the most sensible."

"Very well," said Jack, as he wrote a neat title-page and added it to the manuscript. "And how are you going to publish it?"

"I thought I'd get you to tell me how," said Ned, who by this time had begun to suspect that he knew very little about it.

"The regular way," said Jack, "would be to send it to a firm in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia."

"And then what?"

"They would have a critic read it, and tell them whether or not it was suitable."

"He'd be sure to say it was; but then what?"

"Then they would have it printed and bound, and advertise it in the papers, and sell it, and send it to other stores to be sold."

"But where would our profits come from?"

"Oh, they would pay you ten per cent. on all they sold."

"And how many do you think they would sell?"

"Nobody can tell," said Jack. "Different books sell differently—all the way from none at all up to a great many."

Ned borrowed Jack's pencil, and figured for two or three minutes.



"Then," said he, "if they should sell a hundred of our book, we should only get five dollars—and that would be two and a half for Jimmy, and two and a half for me."

"That's about it," said Jack.

"Then that wont do," said Ned. "Jimmy's folks are very poor, and he needs more than that. Is n't there some way to make more money out of it?"

"Not unless you pay for the printing and binding yourself," said Jack.

"And how much would that cost?"

Jack looked it over and said he guessed about two hundred dollars, for an edition of five hundred.

"We can't do it," said Ned, with a sigh. "Aunt Mercy would n't give me so much money at a time."

"There is one other way," said Jack.

"What is it?"

"To get up a little printing-office of your own, and print it yourselves."

"That sounds like business; I guess you've hit it," said Ned, brightening up. "How much money would it take for that?"

"I should think twenty-five or thirty dollars would get up a good one."

"Then we can do it," said Ned. "Aunt Mercy will let me have that, right away."

"Do you know anything about printing?" said Jack.

"Not much; but my brother Fay knows all about it. He worked in a printing-office one vacation, to earn money to buy him a velocipede."

"Indeed! What did your brother do in the printing-office?" said Jack.

"They called him second devil," said Ned; "but he was really a roller-boy."

"They're the same thing," said Jack. "There's no harm in a printer's devil; he's only called so because he sometimes gets pretty well blacked up

with the ink. Some of the brightest boys I ever knew have been printers' devils."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Ned, who had seemed a little ashamed to tell what Fay did in the office, but now began to think it might be rather honorable. "In fact, he was first devil one week, when the regular first devil was gone to his grandfather's funeral in Troy."

"Then he knows something about the business," said Jack; "and perhaps I can help you a little. I understand the trade pretty well."

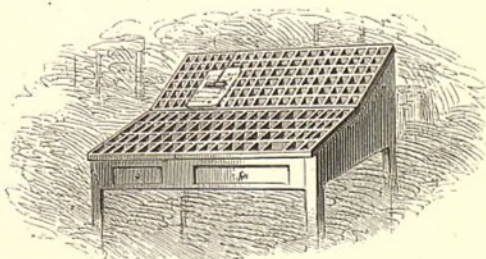
"Of course you do," said Ned. "You understand everything. And after we've finished Jimmy's book, we can print all sorts of other things—do a general business, in fact. I'll see what Fay says, and if he'll go in, we'll start it at once."

While Ned was uttering the last sentence, Jack's alarm-clock went off, and Jack took his flag and went out to flag the Pacific express, while we walked away. We must have been very much absorbed in the new project, for we never even turned to look at the train; and a train of cars in swift motion is a sight that few people can help stopping to look at, however busy they may be.

Readers who have followed this story thus far will perhaps inquire where the scene of it is laid. I think it is a pertinent question, yet there is a sort of unwritten law among story-writers against answering it, excepting in some vague, indefinite way; and I have transgressed so many written laws that I should like at least to keep the unwritten ones. But if you are good at playing "buried cities," I will give you a chance to find out the name of that inland city where Phaeton and his companions dwelt. I discovered it buried, quite unintentionally, in a couplet of one of Jimmy the Rhymer's poems. Here is the couplet:

"Though his head to the north wind so often is bared,  
At the sound of the siroc he's terribly scared."

(To be continued.)





## THE TAME CROW.

ONCE up-on a time there lived a crow. He had been tak-en from a nest when young, and had been brought up on a farm, so that he was quite tame. Now this crow was ver-y fond of eggs, and he would some-times vis-it the hens' nests and steal their eggs, and fly a-way with them to the mead-ow be-hind the barn, where he would break the eggs and eat them. He found that a nice way to break an egg was to take one in his claws and fly up in the air and let it fall on the ground. He would then fly down and dine on the nice white and yel-low egg, as it ran out of the bro-ken shell. Some-times the egg would fall on the grass, or on the soft earth, and would not break. Then he would pick it up a-gain and fly high-er in the air, and let it fall from a great-er height. If it did not break then, he would take it up a-gain and fly e-ven high-er, and the third time it would break, and down he would drop to feast upon the bro-ken egg.

One day, Mis-ter Crow found a nice, shin-y white egg in a nest, and picked it up and flew a-way to feast up-on it.

"My!" said Mis-ter Crow, as he flew a-long. "This is a ver-y heav-y egg. Per-haps it has a doub-le yolk. Here is a nice hard place. I'll let it fall on the gar-den walk, where it will be sure to break the first time."

He let it fall, but it did not break.

"That is strange!" said Mis-ter Crow. "I must try a-gain."

So he did. He flew up high-er in the air, and let the egg fall right on some stones. It did not break this time.

"The third time nev-er fails," said Mis-ter Crow. "I'll try once more."

A-gain he flew up with the egg and let it fall. It did not break e-ven this time, but just bounced like a rub-ber ball on the stones.

"Now, this is strange," said Mis-ter Crow. "It is the hard-est egg I ev-er saw. Per-haps it has been boiled for four min-utes."

He flew down and looked at the egg. It did not look like a hard-boiled egg, and he took it up a-gain, and flew as high as the wood-en roost-er on top of the barn.

"This time it must break," said Mis-ter Crow. And it only bounced high-er than be-fore, and was as whole as ev-er.

"I nev-er saw such an egg," said Mis-ter Crow. "I am a-fraid it is not





good. I am ver-y hun-gry, and this is tire-some work. I 'll sit on the top of the barn and rest."

Just then the dai-ry-maid came a-long, and see-ing the egg on the path, she picked it up and said: "Gra-cious me! Here is one of those Chi-na nest-eggs out in the gar-den."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MY snow-birds have found out a secret. They tell me that something came last year, and it's coming again—soon—this very month, about the 14th—not to me, your Jack, but to the Lady Earth. It's something like this:

## FEBRUARY'S VALENTINE.

ON this sheet of blue sky,  
Floating fair overhead,  
With the sun at the edge  
In a border of red,  
Canst read the true message  
I've written thee here?  
In dawn-light and cloud-light  
The writing is clear:  
"Sweet Earth! Thou art happy  
And patient and wise,  
Well knowing there cometh  
A balmy surprise,  
When brooks shall be singing  
And days shall be long,  
And fields shall be waving  
In verdure and song.  
And so by old Winter  
I send thee this line,  
And I'm thine—  
"FEBRUARY, thy true Valentine."

## A BIRD THAT "SELLS" UNWARY TRAVELERS.

It is that chatter-box the Honey-guide, whom my young hearers in Africa know pretty well.

He is very fond of honey, and is glad to have help in getting it; and he is also very much afraid of the honey-makers. Those brave fellows have stung many a Honey-guide to death in the very nest he came to rob, and then have shut up his body, where it lay, in an air-tight tomb of wax.

When a Honey-guide sees a man coming along in the woods, he perches on a branch and calls and twitters until he has attracted attention; then he starts toward some bee-nest of which he knows, flying in a wavy line, stopping now and then, often looking back to see if the traveler is following, and chattering all the while. Arrived at the store of honey, the man smokes out the bees and helps himself to their treasure, while the bird, perched near, waits for his reward in a share of the spoil.

When one nest has been robbed, the guide will perhaps lead to others. But now and then the faithless bird will "sell" the unwary traveler badly; and, instead of leading him to a store of dainty sweets, will suddenly leave him at the brink of a lion's den or in front of a crocodile's wide-open jaws.

At least, this is what some little birds told me.

## AN AFTER-CHRISTMAS LETTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We had delightful times in our house at Christmas. A large triangle was hung from the gas-fixture in the middle of the parlor, and dressed and festooned with evergreens, chains, little flags, candles, cornucopias, and so on. Some pretty plants were stood in pots underneath. It looked very pretty when lighted up.

After this, a clothes-horse was stood across the opening of the folding-doors, and covered with a shawl. On the floor in one room we scattered various toys, and on a step-ladder in the other room the very little folk sat and fished, dropping their lines beyond the clothes-horse. We older ones were hidden by the shawl, and now and then we hooked a toy to one of the lines. The lucky fishes were so happy!

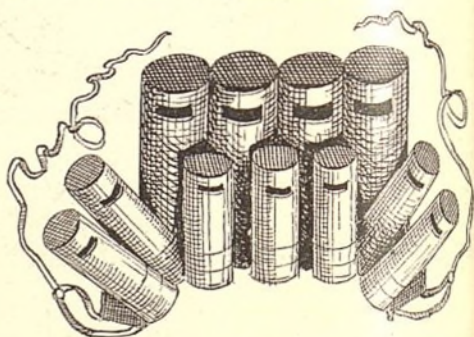
On another day, we had a Christmas-tree for the dolls, and that was fine fun; but I have told you enough already, so good-bye, now.—Yours truly,  
K. R.

## WHISTLES ON PIGEONS.

ONE of your Jack's friends, in Pekin, China, says: Walking near this city, one day, I heard a harsh, long-drawn whistling in the air. Looking up, I saw only a flock of pigeons overhead. "What," said I to myself; "do Chinese pigeons whistle!"

There was a Chinaman passing, so I asked him about it. He took from his dress a set of small bamboos, joined with fine wires,—as in the sketch which I send,—and handed it to me. It weighed only a few pennyweights.

"That is what makes the whistling," said he. "We tie these on the backs of carrier-pigeons, near their tails, looping the strings around the roots



of the wings. When the pigeon is flying, the wind rushes into the bamboos, and makes them whistle. This scares away the hawks, so that the pigeon



can bring its message safely. Sometimes, there is only one bamboo; but if there are more, they are assorted so as to make a harsh sound when blown all at one time."

Now, my young American pigeon-keepers, who of you will see if pigeon-whistles can scare hawks away from your own beautiful messenger pets?

#### HOW MANY?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you ask the children a question for me? Perhaps you will say it is "too easy." But I would caution them to investigate before they all answer together. I know a family of sixteen persons, old and young, not one of whom could answer it.

How many toes has a cat?

K. L.

#### JOHNNY-CAKE PLANT.

E. C. G. SENDS a letter with more information about the lovely *Victoria Regia*, of which your Jack told you, in November, that its leaves sometimes "are used for cradles." She says: "The fruit of the *Victoria Regia* grows as big as a girl's head, and has a prickly outside; but inside it is full of small seeds that look like maize, for which reason the fruit is called water-maize. These seeds are ground to meal, and cooked much as New England folk cook Indian-corn meal. My little brother, when we were in the Amazon country, years ago, on first tasting water-maize bread, at once called it 'Johnny-cake,' which it much resembles; and now, in our family, the *Victoria Regia* is best known as the 'Johnny-cake Plant.'"

#### STEAM-POWER AND WATER-POWER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: What you told us in a late number about the power of steam, makes me want to tell you what I have learned about the power of the water that plunges unused over the precipice at Niagara. Not quite unused, though, I believe; for the rushing water above the Falls is now made to drive machinery and produce the electric lights which illuminate the wonderful cascade at night. Here are the facts as they were told to me:

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls has been estimated at one hundred millions of tons each hour. The force represented by the principal fall alone, amounts to sixteen million eight hundred thousand horse-power. If that amount of force were to be produced by steam, it would require two hundred and sixty-six million tons of coal every year. Or, in other words, all the coal mined in the whole world scarcely would be sufficient to produce the amount of power that "runs to waste" every year in the principal fall at Niagara.—Yours truly,

L. H. F.

#### A FABLE FROM DEACON GREEN.

ON with your thinking caps, all of you! And study out the meaning of this picture and fable which Deacon Green sends to you. It may be that some of you pretty nearly grown-up listeners

can find in them a cheering message for yourselves. He says,—while a kindly light twinkles far back under the roof of his eye:

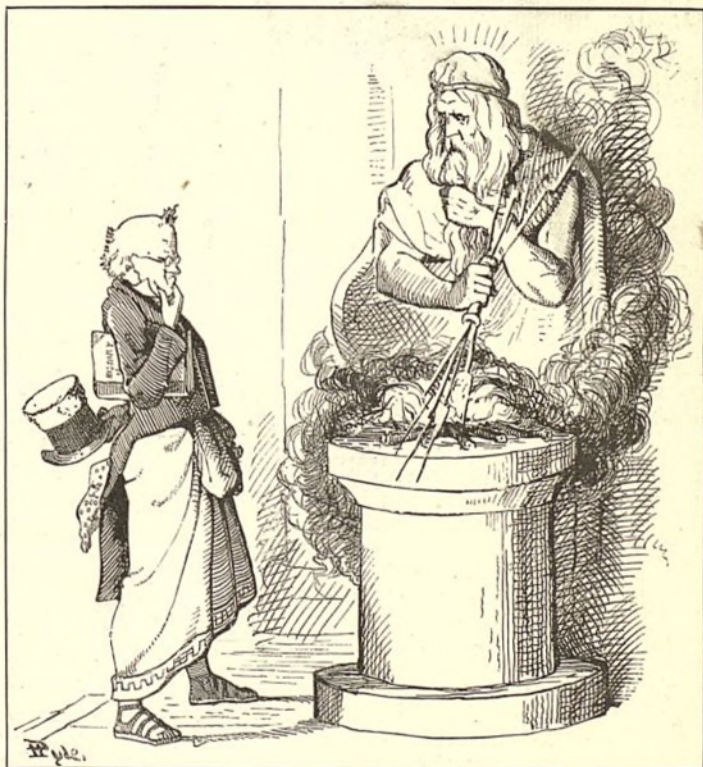
"Here is a little something that may help those of your friends who try to do too much all at once, or who are never satisfied, even when they have done their very best."

A certain philosopher offered sacrifice every day in Jupiter's temple, and made always the same prayer. At last, the god became weary of hearing over and over again the one request, and said:

"What would you have?"

"I crave to become a contented man," was the philosopher's reply. "Never yet have I enjoyed one really peaceful day, for I never have been entirely contented. Even now, aged as I am, there always is something that I long for."

"Consider well what you ask," said the god,



JUPITER AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

sternly; "there is but one way in which you can secure the boon you seek."

"And what is that?" asked the philosopher, eagerly.

"I must strike you dead; for in death only can man be free from discontent."

"Upon mature consideration," replied the philosopher, without hesitating a moment, "I think that I should be better contented to remain discontented." And, putting on his hat, he hastily withdrew from the temple.



## THE LETTER-BOX.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD'S first report concerning the St. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association (started by him in our November number) shows that a great many boys and girls are heartily interested in the project. We print the report in full, with much pleasure, and commend it to all our readers, only reminding them that letters relating to the Association must be addressed, not to us, but always to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts.

The plan proposed in the November St. NICHOLAS of organizing a Natural History Society is meeting with unexpected favor. More than two hundred boys and girls have sent their names to be enrolled as members of the "St. NICHOLAS Branch"; and "chapters," containing each from four to twenty members, have been started in many cities and towns. Still every mail brings letters full of eager questioning. Our Lenox Chapter has been obliged to resolve itself into a committee of the whole for the purpose of answering these interesting letters, and specimens of insects and minerals have begun to take long journeys in Uncle Sam's mail-bags. The questions which have puzzled most of our correspondents are these:

- I. How can I start a chapter?
- II. How can I join the Association if I can not get enough others to form a chapter with me?
- III. What are the "by-laws" of the Lenox Chapter?
- IV. Can any one be admitted to a chapter if he is not a subscriber to St. NICHOLAS?
- V. What can I do in a great city?
- VI. What can I do in the winter?
- VII. How can I make a cabinet?
- VIII.—M. I. Questions relative to the collection and preparation of specimens.

To these questions, answers have been sent equivalent to the following:

I. We have decided to let *four*, or more, members constitute a chapter. Therefore, to start one, get at least three besides yourself. Choose a president, secretary and treasurer, and curator. The curator will care for the cabinet, arrange specimens, etc.

Then appoint a committee to draft your by-laws. These are minor rules by which your meetings are to be guided; and embrace such points as what officers you will have, how long they shall hold office, what initiation fee you will require, what fines you will impose for absence, what duties shall devolve upon your officers and members, and what order of exercises you will follow in your meetings. Next, each member, in consultation with the president, should choose what subject he will work on. One may prefer to make a collection of flowers, another of insects; and a third to collect, *generally*, whatever he can find. You are now ready for work. Get your cabinet ready, collect your specimens; write a brief account of each to be

presented with it, telling where found, when, by whom, describing it, and giving any facts of interest you have been able to learn about it. These written accounts we call "reports." That's how to start a "chapter."

II. If you cannot form a chapter where you are, you can join our home-chapter at Lenox, on the same conditions as our boys and girls here can. These conditions are indicated in our by-laws, and this brings me to question

III. The more important of the by-laws in force in our chapter are:

1. "The name of this society shall be," etc. See St. NICHOLAS for November, 1880, page 29.

2. The initiation fee shall be the sum of twenty-five cents.

3. Each member shall work in such branches of natural history as he and the president of this chapter may agree on.

4. The order of exercises at each meeting shall be: a. Roll-call; b. Minutes of last meeting; c. Treasurer's report; d. Reports of members on specimens found and presented; e. Report of corresponding secretary; f. Miscellaneous business; g. Adjournment.

IV. With regard to the fourth question, it is not necessary that every member of a chapter be a subscriber to St. NICHOLAS. Get as many persons interested in the society as you can.

V. One of the things which those who live in cities can do, is to make drawings of snow-crystals to exchange for specimens more easily found in the country. Catch the crystals, as they fall, on a dark cloth. Look at them through a magnifying glass, if you have one, and draw as well as you can from memory.

The drawings should be made of a uniform diameter of half an inch. Six drawings may be made nicely on a card as large as a postal card. For convenience in exchanging, we all may make them of the same size and arrange them in the same way, as follows:

1	2	3
4	5	6

To have these crystal pictures valuable, we must notice the conditions which prevailed as the snow fell. Look at the thermometer and barometer, and note the strength of the wind, as well as the date. An attention to these details will enable us to decide whether or not snow-crystals vary in shape with heat and cold and density of air, etc.

Another thing you of the city can do is to suspend seeds over water in bottles, and study the growth of different plants as the tiny leaves unroll. Make neat cases also for insects, or minerals, and exchange these for specimens. Collect specimens of veneers from cabinet and piano shops, and prepare them for exchange. Nearly all the grains, and nuts, and spices, and fabrics, and seeds and barks, and woods and metals can be found in city shops, and for these you can readily get anything you may wish from the country. Again, many of you have books or pictures on subjects of natural history which are old to you, but which some member of the Association would be very thankful to get. These, also, can be exchanged.

VI. As these things can be done in winter, I have partially answered the sixth question; and need but mention, birds'-nests abandoned in leafless trees, cocoons suspended from bushes and tucked away under fence-rails, beetles burrowing in old stumps, sections of wood and bark, cones and buds,—to show that there is plenty of outdoor work even in winter; while, inside, cabinets are to be built, specimens labeled and arranged, minerals identified, philosophical experiments to be performed, books to be read, and letters to be written. But I am exceeding the limits kindly allowed for our department, and must postpone till another number answers to the remaining questions. Meanwhile, organize your chapters; or send us your names individually, if you prefer. If you have any specimens which you wish to exchange, send them along, and we will send you in return the best we can, and agree to "trade back" if you are not satisfied. If we have not what you wish, we will give you the address of one who has. Initiation fees may be sent in postage-stamps; and, speaking of stamps (would you believe it?), more than three-quarters of all who have written have forgotten to inclose a stamped envelope, addressed to themselves, for a reply! So, now, away and to work! and we will send a copy of *The Scotch Naturalist* to the boy or girl who shall send us the best collection of snow-flake drawings before March 1, 1881.

Drawings sent in competition for this prize must be made on cards of postal size, as before explained, and they will be preserved in our Home Cabinet. Each card must have the name and age of the artist plainly written on the back.

We give, from Mr. Ballard's letter, a list of those St. NICHOLAS Branches of the Agassiz Association which had been formed up to



the date of his communication. Undoubtedly a number more have been started since. Mr. Ballard has received, also, the names of seventy members who are not yet connected with any chapter.

#### No. of Members. Address.

Lenox, Mass.	35. H. H. Ballard.
Piedmont, N. Y.	6. Miss Annie Usher.
Peekskill, N. Y.	11. C. S. Lewis.
Nichols, N. Y.	7. G. M. Cady.
Sparta, Ga.	4. E. B. Baxter, Granite Farm.
East Orange, N. J.	8. Farnham Yardley.
Baltimore, Md.	6. J. S. Hughes.
Philadelphia, Pa.	7. L. B. White, 4410 Osage ave.
Washington, D. C.	6. Rose Purman, 1318 V st.
Aurora, Ill.	6. Lilian L. Trask.
Berwyn, Chester Co., Pa.	6. J. F. Glosser.
Foreston, Ogle Co., Ill.	4. Fae Winston.
Trenton, N. J.	5. Anne H. Green, 234 W. State st.
Detroit, Mich.	11. E. G. Root, 665 Cass ave.
Ottumwa, Iowa	6. W. Lighton.
Lebanon, Pa.	4. C. E. Hare.
Northampton, Mass.	6. F. Maynard.
Kenosha, Wis.	6. Norman L. Baker.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	7. Lucy Tupper, 171 Clinton st.
Fairfield, Iowa.	6. Walter S. Slagle.
Nashua, N. H.	4. F. W. Greeley, Box 757.
Grahamville, Marion Co., Fla.	4. E. P. Lisk.
Somerset, Gloucestershire, Eng.	6. G. C. Ruegg.
Boston, Mass.	6. Frank A. North, 52 Woodbine st.
Freeport, Ill.	5. Anne Jenkins.
Detroit City, Minnesota.	5. C. C. Dix.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	6. Mrs. R. H. Mellon, 19th Ward.
Portland, Oregon.	8. Alice M. Chance, 415 Second st.

In connection with this month's installment of the ST. NICHOLAS Treasure Box of English Literature, the editor's thanks are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for kindly permitting the use of Mr. Longfellow's poem of "The Skeleton in Armor," and to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for their consent to the reprinting of the extract from Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book."

THE two pictures of "Trucking the Pedestal" and "The Obelisk crossing the Hudson River Railroad,"—on page 313 of the present number,—are copied, by permission, from artotype views published by Messrs. Harroun & Bierstadt, No. 58 Reade street, New York City. These gentlemen have issued a series of beautiful views illustrating the history of the obelisk, from the time of its arrival in New York Bay until its setting up in Central Park. The views, although they resemble photographs, are not really photographs, being printed by a peculiar process.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was suggested a few months ago, by some good-natured body, that those of your readers who knew any simple games for home amusement in the long winter evenings should impart them through the "Letter-Box," for the benefit of their "mutual friends." There is one which my little people enjoy very much.

We take the alphabet in regular order and construct sentences in which the name of a place, a verb expressing action, and a final noun or adjective must all begin with the same letter. For instance, the first one says: "I went to Atlanta and Ate Apples." The second: "I went to Boston and Baked Beans." The third: "I went to Cleveland and Caught Crabs." The fourth: "I went to Dayton and Danced Delightfully." And so on.

To construct a grammatical sentence quickly requires rapid thinking, and will be found both instructive and amusing.—Sincerely yours,

Alice M. Middleton.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how to make my tapestry-work come straight when it is done? The canvas seems right before I begin, but all askew when the work is completed. The Germans have some way to remedy this. Do you know what it is? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Canvas-work can be kept straight only by doing it in a frame. The over-stitch being uniform, from left to right, or from right to left, the open-meshed foundation is necessarily dragged away, unless so held that the needle goes through perpendicularly, instead of horizontally and obliquely. Usually, tapestry-work done without a frame cannot be made perfectly straight. But if it be well dampened on the wrong side, carefully stretched, and very closely pinned to a matted carpet, where it should remain for some days, it will be much improved. Or a border of stout muslin or linen may be sewed around

the dampened canvas, which should be tightly stretched in a quilting frame, or tacked to an old table-top, or door, if you have any which would not resent such treatment.

HERE is some information about the green rose.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August (1886) "Letter-Box," several green flowers are mentioned, but nothing is said about a green rose. Mamma has a rose-bush that bears nothing but green flowers, and I have put one in a little box to send to you.—Yours truly,

HOWARD GOODWIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My wife has seen a veritable green rose. It was bought, one in a lot, as a dark red, but on flowering proved to be green. When she saw it, it had four pale-green blooms, perfectly double, and of good size.—Yours truly,

F. W. W.

There is such a thing as a green rose, and it may be explained in this manner. Theoretically, botanists regard a flower as a branch developed in a peculiar way for a certain purpose. Among other departures from the usual form of the branch, its joints—spaces between the leaves—are so shortened, as to bring the leaves close together, and the leaves themselves are different in shape and texture from the ordinary leaves of the plant—are often finely colored and known as petals. In the green rose, instead of the delicate and beautiful tinted petals, or "rose-leaves," Nature puts in their place a crowded cluster of green leaves. The green rose is not at all handsome, and is not like a rose as we usually know it—only with green petals. There are no proper petals, but in their place a confused mass of very irregular and badly shapen green leaves.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the ordinary books upon Geography, the highest mountain in the world is said to be Mount Everest, one of the Himalayas. But I have seen it stated lately that, on a voyage to New Guinea, a certain Captain Lawson made the discovery that Mount Hercules, in that island, has a height of 32,686 feet; thus being more than 3,000 feet higher than Mount Everest.—Truly yours,

G. A. J.

OF the books lately received at the ST. NICHOLAS office, the editors take pleasure in calling especial attention to the following:

ALL AROUND A PALETTE. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by J. Wells Champney ("Champ"). Lockwood, Brooks & Co.: Boston.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by J. E. Kelly. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

MORE BED-TIME STORIES. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With illustrations. Roberts Bros.: Boston.

A GUERNSEY LILY; OR, HOW THE FEUD WAS HEALED. A story for girls and boys. By Susan Coolidge. Illustrated. Roberts Bros.: Boston.

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR. A Companion Volume to "The Boy's Froissart." By Sidney Lanier. With illustrations by Alfred Kappes. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD. By Horace E. Scudder. With illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.

THE FAIRPORT NINE. By Noah Brooks. With illustrations by A. C. Redwood. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

FIVE MICE IN A MOUSE-TRAP. By Laura E. Richards. With illustrations. Estes & Lauriat: Boston.

JACK AND JILL. By Louisa M. Alcott. With illustrations by Frederick Dielman. Roberts Bros.: Boston.

ALL AROUND A ROCKING-CHAIR. By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrated. James Miller: New York.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS. An Account of the Vacation Tour of the Zigzag Club in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, and Greece; with its Adventures on Sea and Land. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Estes & Lauriat: Boston.

QUEER PETS AT MARCY'S. By Olive Thorne Miller. With illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.

HERE is an interesting letter from the other side of the world:

Sharp-Peak Sanitarium, Foochow, China.  
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is a missionary of the American Board, at the large city of Foochow, but during the hot months of July and August we come down to this place for the sea air and bathing. Sharp-Peak is an island at the mouth of the river Min, where there are three sanitariums belonging to three different missions. We children enjoy very much being here. We have a fine beach, and almost every evening we go down to the sea and



bathe. We can all swim, excepting my little sister Gracie, who is only seven years old. She floats on a triangular bamboo frame. We have fine times in the water. When not swimming, we sometimes lie on our backs and float. I have two brothers in America, and two sisters here. I have not seen my oldest brother for more than eight years.

At our home, in Foochow, we have pretty pet doves and a little white mouse. The mouse is very tame. We can hold it in our hands, and let it run up our sleeves.

We have no carriages, no horse-cars, nor rail-cars, here in China. The streets are very narrow, and roughly paved with large, flat stones. When we go out, we ride in sedan-chairs, carried by two or three men called coolies. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since it was published, and have the volumes bound. We like to read the stories over and over.

My elder sister Mary is twelve years old and I am nine; but we have never been to school. There are no schools here for foreign children, and Mamma has always taught us at home. When we are older, we shall have to go to America to be educated, as our brothers have done.—Your little friend,  
G. L. W.

PERHAPS those "Letter-Box" readers who also are students of the French language will find a useful hint in this letter from an industrious Chicago girl:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I will tell you how I came by my small knowledge of French. I have never taken one lesson, and I know very little about the verbs or pronouncing correctly. I can only translate a little.

A year ago, Mamma (who knows a little about French) began with me to read the New Testament in French, translating it into English and having the English Bible near by for a dictionary. We read from ten to fifteen verses a day, and it is astonishing how much I have learned by it.—Your constant reader, MARY M. MADISON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a new canary, and I want to know what to give him to eat, and how to tame him to eat from my hand. Give my love to "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" and the "Little School-ma'am."—From your constant reader,  
E. S. F.

In ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877, is an illustrated article which tells you how to feed and take care of a canary. To teach him to eat from your hand, you must be very kind and patient with him. Every day, before giving him fresh food, put a few seeds in your hand and offer them to him gently and quietly. At first he may not peck at them, but, after trying him once a day for some time, he will become used to you and feel that he can trust you; and, at last, he will eat from your hand without fear.

"OPERETTA."—Music has been written by Mr. W. F. Sherwin for the songs, "Now, nid, nid, nod, my bonny boys," "With my Lady Fortune's wheel," and "Cling, cling," of the operetta, the "Land of Nod," given in the Christmas number. Printed copies of the musical score may be had without charge from Messrs. Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York city.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls and live in Boston, and we thought that perhaps some of the readers of the "Letter-Box" would like to know how to make this kind of candy: Take a large sheet of paper and turn up the edges, pinning the corners together; then spread over the bottom of it some powdered sugar, and pour enough water over it to wet it all thoroughly; then put it on the stove, and keep turning it around so as not to let it get cooked more in one place than in another; but do not stir it at all, for that would burn it. Keep trying some of it in water, and when it becomes hard on first putting it in, put about a tea-spoonful of vanilla or lemon flavoring in it. Then take it off the stove and put it in a pan of cold water. When it becomes cool, take it out, and the paper will peel right off.—Your interested readers,  
O. AND H.

The following funny little letter is from a five-year-old little girl who lives in Washington, and who, it seems, called at the White House:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last week, on Saturday, I went to see Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Hayes was very well indeed. She seemed very glad to see all of her callers. There were a great many,—about twenty-one or twenty-three,—a great crowd! She shook hands with all her callers. She shook hands with me, and gave me a pretty rose out of her bouquet for my dollie. I took one of my children with me.

Mrs. Hayes's face was becoming to her, because she had her hair down over her ears. I can't remember her dress. Nurse wanted to know about it, because she wanted to make one like it. I don't see how she can do it, though.

She looked very happy all over her face. When she saw me coming, she said: "Oh, I see a dear little bright-eyed girl coming!"

And she hurried to finish up the others, so she could give me the rose. She lives at the White House. Her parlor is very pretty, indeed. All lights up high, and shineleers down below the lights. I went and looked out of the window, but I could n't see anything but carriages, they were so high up.  
ALLAN M. SHEPHERD.

The outline pictures representing the form and structure of the squid, printed with Mr. Rathbun's story in the present number, were prepared originally for a scientific memoir, and are the property of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. Our readers owe to the courtesy of Professor A. E. Verrill, of that Academy, the opportunity to study these pictures in ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know the authors of "Hail Columbia," "Red, White, and Blue," and "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Will you please answer these questions, and oblige a boy of fourteen years, who enjoys ST. NICHOLAS.  
WM. T. FROHWEIN.

"Hail Columbia."—This song was written in 1798, by Judge Hopkinson, LL. D., at 132 Spruce street, Philadelphia, to the well-known tune of the "President's March," which was either composed by Roth or Rpat (? Philip), at 25 Crown street, Philadelphia, between 1791-1799; or by Phyla, of Philadelphia, whose eldest son assisted in its performance at Trenton, when Washington was inaugurated. The descendants of Hopkinson hold Washington's letter of acknowledgment.

A young man, whose benefit was to take place at the Philadelphia Theater, being greatly discouraged by his prospects, called on Hopkinson for a patriotic song one Saturday afternoon, to increase his chances of success. By Sunday afternoon it was ready; on Monday morning it was advertised to be sung that evening. Its success was then so great that it was repeated more than once every night, and the audience joined in the chorus. War with France was then considered inevitable. The song was sung by crowds in the streets at night, both parties and members of Congress taking part, as the words suited either.

"The Red, White, and Blue."—This song was written and composed by Thos. A'Becket, Sr., and published by T. Osborn, Third street, above Walnut, in Philadelphia (but, on his failure, the plates went to Benteen, of Baltimore), under the title of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." It was written for David T. Shaw, of Philadelphia, to sing at a Philadelphia concert. He published it as his own work, and it was so copyrighted in 1843 by George Willy, of Philadelphia.

As "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," it was sung nightly in London, and published, without any author's name, by T. Williams, Cheapside. The name Nelson, in last verse, was substituted for Washington, and in 1847 it was claimed as an English composition. The author, T. A'Becket, was, however, English by birth, and this accounts for the order "red, white, and blue" being adopted. To be distinctively American, the order should be blue, red, and white. This song was extremely popular in England during the Crimean war, and in America during the late civil war.

"My Country 'tis of Thee," as "God Save the King" was first sung by Henry Carey, at a public dinner, to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (Nov. 20, 1739). The words and music first appeared in "Harmonia Anglica," 1742 or 1743. It became popular as a loyal song during the Scottish rebellion in 1745. The Pretender was proclaimed at Edinburgh Sept. 16, and the song was sung at Drury Lane Sept. 28, harmonized by Dr. Arne. Dr. Burney wrote the harmonies for Covent Garden Theater.

This song soon crossed the channel, and was used as a Danish national air, at Berlin as a Volkslied, and is now the Prussian and German national anthem. The words are said to be culled from many sources, and the music also. The melody, which was once claimed for Carey and Lully, is similar, in technical points, to the Scotch carol, "Remember, O Thou Man!" and the song "Franklin's Fled Away." Dr. John Bull also wrote a similar theme in his MS. sketches, page 98, in 1619.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your November number I read an article, in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," stating that the Victoria Regia was only to be found in the warmest parts of South America. I have myself seen it growing in great abundance in the island of Java, where I spent three months and a half, not long ago. I saw there, also, a great many curious trees. Among them were the Banyan and the Fan-palm, which is about thirty or forty feet high. It is perfectly flat, the leaves spreading out on either side, giving it the appearance of a giant fan.—Yours sincerely,  
L. L. S.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID.

REPLACE the dashes with consonants, using only eight of the twenty-five, and make a rhomboid consisting of twenty-seven words (none repeated),—thirteen reading across, and fourteen downward.

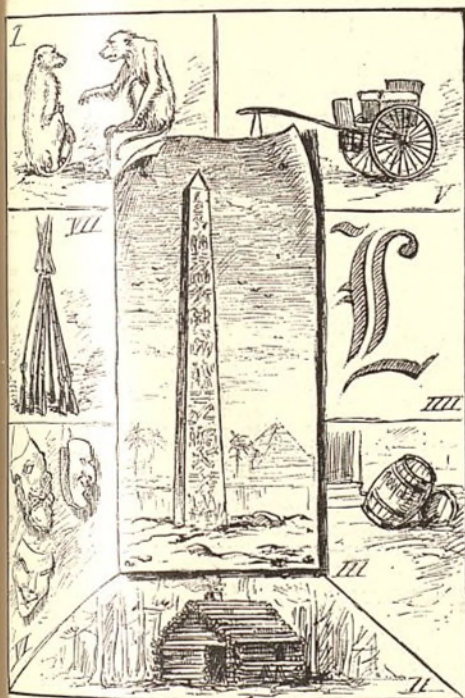
```

  - e -
 - e e -
  - e e -
 - e e e -
  - e e e -
 - e e e e -
  - e e e e -
 - e e e e e -
  - e e e e e -
 - e e e e e -
  - e e e e e -
 - e e e e e -
  - e e e e e -

```

M. C. D.

## ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.



This differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the pictures are numbered, and the central letters, reading downward, are represented by the central picture.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM COMPOSED of thirty-three letters, and am a line from Thomson's "Seasons."

My 7-11-20-29 is a large river in Scotland. My 25-12-2-28-9 is a name given to Afghan rulers. My 22-23-32-29 is that part which keeps both a man and a pin from going too far. My 14-15-8-6-21-11-13 is the name of a Grecian herald whose voice was as loud as those of fifty men combined. My 30-18-19-3 is the name given to the Christmas log which was placed on the hearth with much ceremony, in former times. My 17-16-1-10-5-18-14 is the name of a famous Roman actor. My 1-27-19-24-13-26 is a precious metal. H. G.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

THESE puzzles are to be solved by taking the letters of the first word described and re-arranging them so as to form the other words described. For example: Transpose the name given to an inhabi-

tant of a certain ancient city and form the name of a noted American artist; again, and form land belonging to a nobleman; again, and form the name of a celebrated opera. Answer: Roman; Moran; Manor; Norma.

1. Transpose a hard mineral and form a pacer; again, and form one who censures; again, and form to rove.

2. Transpose enmity and form scarcity; again, and form a small twist of flax.

3. Transpose poetry and form to cut through; again, and form to do duty; again, and form turns.

4. Transpose old and form a kind of stone; again, and form to pilfer; again, and form stories; again, and form certain web-footed fowls; again, and form smallest.

M. C. D. AND G. P. C.

## CHARADE.

My first awakened early this morning,  
Expecting some rare good fun,  
For my second from far in the north land,  
To make him a visit had come.

"Then dress yourself warmly," said Mother,  
"If down to the pond you would go,  
Or my whole will snap at your fingers."  
"Yes, yes," said my first; "that, I know."

LILIAN PAYSON.

## TWO WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. THE bend of the arm. 2. A cone-bearing tree. 3. A support or prop. 4. To happen. 5. At what place.

II. 1. Pertaining to a kind of poplar. 2. A drudge. 3. Plates of glass. 4. Incident. 5. Homes of certain animals. N. T. M.

## ZIGZAGS.

```

  1 * * *
    * 2 * *
      * * 3 *
        * * * 4
          * 5 *
            * 6 *
              7 * *
                * 8 *
                  * 9 *
                    * * 10

```

READING ACROSS: 1. Empty. 2. Made due return. 3. Recounted. 4. A story. 5. A girdle. 6. To obstruct. 7. A species of goat. 8. Soon. 9. A son of Noah. 10. A raised platform.

Zigzags, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, fanciful letters.

G. F.

## EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My name is composed of sixteen letters, and America does not contain my counterpart.

My 10-7-12-16-2 is used for edged tools. My 1-15-4-10-13-7 is a small apartment. My 5-8-6-11-1-3 is to spring or bound. My 2-9-14 is what every President of the United States once was.

E. J. N.

## DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.

```

  * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

```

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Fortified houses. 2. Declared openly. 3. Firm. 4. To taunt. 5. Conducted. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In prisons.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In Artaxerxes. 2. A pledge. 3. Firm. 4. Sense. 5. A Roman numeral. F. E.

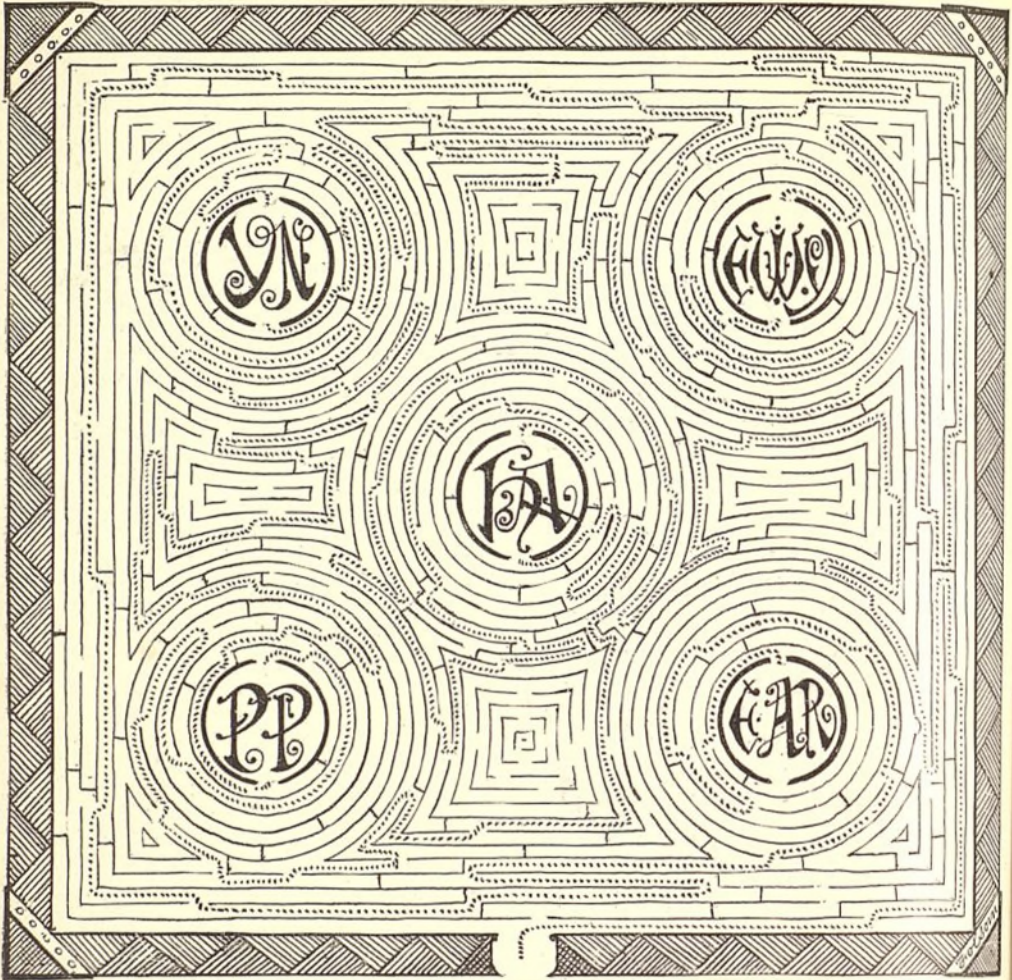
## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals spell the name of a former President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name given to the Angel of Death by the Mohammedans. 2. The surname of a musical composer who was born at Catania, in Sicily, in the year 1802. 3. A dried grape. 4. Pertaining to Asia. 5. A great river of China. 6. That which comes yearly. 7. The Syrian god of riches.

HARRY WITBECK.





THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS HOW TO SOLVE THE NEW YEAR MAZE—ANSWER: HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

- CHARADE.—Scarabee.—EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—January.  
CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.—Happy New Year.  
1. AcHes. 2. StAir. 3. RaPid. 4. HoPes. 5. PaYnc. 6. LaNce.  
7. BrEad. 8. PaWns. 9. WaYnc. 10. SpEar. 11. CoAst. 11.  
CuRbs.—NEW YEAR MAZE.—See diagram above.  
ANAGRAMS.—1. Sheridan's Ride, by Thomas Buchanan Read.  
2. The Charge of the Light Brigade, by Alfred Tennyson. 3. The  
Death of the Flowers, by William Cullen Bryant. 4. Pictures of  
Memory, by Alice Cary. 5. The Old Clock on the Stairs, by  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. — DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Initials  
Benjamin Franklin. Finals, The Water American. Cross-words: 1.  
BeaT. 2. EarTh. 3. NamE. 4. JackdaW. 5. AromA. 6. MenI.  
7. IrE. 8. NeveR. 9. FleA. 10. RuM. 11. AlonE. 12. NereI.  
13. KadI. 14. LaconiC. 15. IdeA. 16. NatioN.  
DIAMOND.—1. P. 2. CAP. 3. CaRat. 4. ParAgon. 5. Pafan.  
6. TON. 7. N.—WORD-DWINDLE.—1. Steamer. 2. Master. 3.  
Steam. 4. Team. 5. Mat. 6. Ma. 7. M.  
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Elephant.—RIDDLE.—Potentate.  
SOLUTIONS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the January number, from Isabel Ringo,  
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, 6—Cynthia and Donny, Hanover, Germany, 7—Kittie Hanaford, 2.  
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 20, from "Suzette," 5—Bessie and her Cousin,  
Henry and Haedus, 10—Eddie A. Shipman, 1—Cortlandt Field Bishop, 1—Helen Drennan, 3—Ed. Browaski, 1—H. G. Tomblor, 7—  
O. C. Turner, 9—Albert and Sheldon Emery, 7—Ella M. Faulkner, 3—Robert B. Salter, Jr., 8—Lizzie C. Fowler, 8—Olin W. Harwood, 1—  
Hattie Rockwell, 9—J. Buchanan Johnston, all—Anna and Alice, 7—Pansy, 1—F. W. Blodgett, 3—Kenneth B. Emerson, 4—Bessie  
and I," all—Louis M. Fanning, 9—Dydie Warden, 8—Mamie Goddard, 3—Hermann D. Murphy, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 7—  
De Normandie, 3—Belle and Bertie Baldwin, 9—Grace E. Hopkins, all—E. Stickney, 3—Sunflower and Daisy, all—Juliet S. Ryall, 1—  
Herbert Osborn, all—Wm. Jas. Battle, 5—Harriet B. Bandeau, 3—"Cal. I. Forney," 6—Willie Abbott, 5—Ellwood C. Lindsay, 9—  
Lettie and Edith Sands, 4—Bertie Bassett, 8—Geo. A. B., 2—W. M. H., 2—Charles H. Bigelow, 3—"Georgia and Lee," 7—"The Daring  
Boys, 6—"We Three," 7—Dora Landman, 4—Margaret S. McIlvaine, 8—Bessie Taylor, 4—"X. Y. Z." and "Nameless," 7—Henry  
B. Montague, 2—Frank Hill Moore, 1—Gertrude C. Eager, 8—Susie Goff, 5—Will J. Parkes, 1—Lecie Riggs, 1—Maud Worring,  
R. L. Milhau, 9—Floy, 6—E. C. Carshaw, 8—Laura Moores, 1—"Dandelion and Clover," 5—Clara Willenbucher, 7—F. H. Royer,  
John M. Gittelman, 3—Bessie L. Barnes, 3—Philip Sidney Carlton, 8—Marguerite, 9—Wm. T. Frohwein, 3—Richard O. Chester, 4—Wm.  
F. Woolard, 4—"The Stowe Family," 9—Constance M. Gerry, 1—"Firefly," 8—May Beadle, 6—Frank Heath, 9—R. T. Lovett,  
Lizzie D. Fyler, 1—Abie Ray Taylor, 5—"Buttercup," 1—G. A. Lyon, Jr., 6—Maggie and Louisa Kelsay, 1—S. Blair Fisher, 9—  
"Trailing Arbutus," 3—G. M. Fisher, 4—"Helen's Babies," 9—Ella Louisa Bryan, 7—Three Larrabees, 4—Tom and Dick, 6—E. Val-  
tee, all—A. M. Kyte, 8—T. B. Dixey, all—"So So," 8—R. A. Gally, 8—W. T. Mandeville, 4—F. L. Kyte, all—J. P. Cook, 9—  
B. Manier, 7—"Sid and I," 8. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



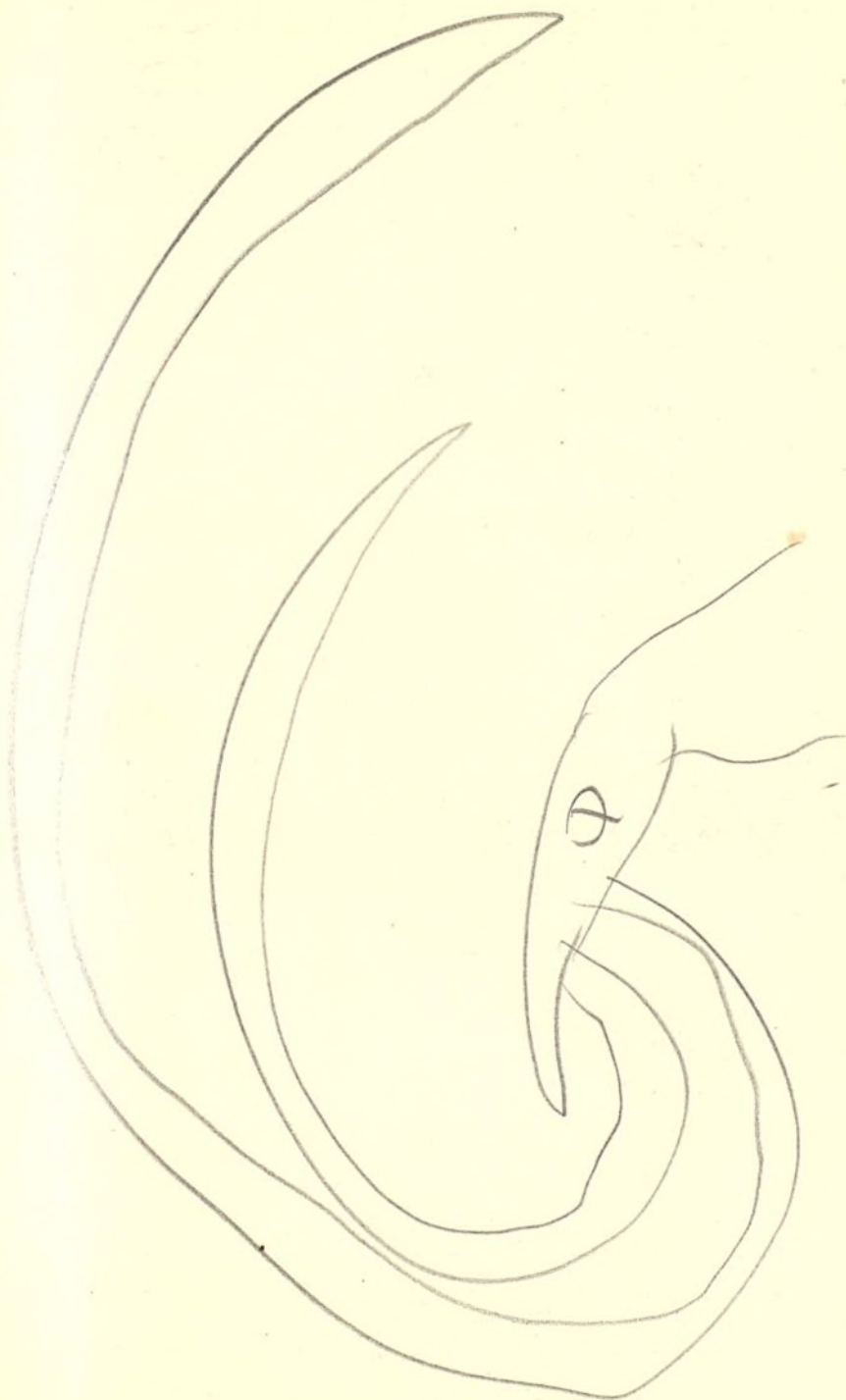


10. — Initials,  
 11. — words; 1  
 12. MenT.  
 12. Never.

5. Pafan  
 Master. 3

state.  
 bel Ring.

Cousin, 5  
 Comber, 2  
 Jarwood, 1  
 4 — "Penny  
 n, 2 — Philip  
 Ryall, 1  
 Lindsay, 1  
 The Dawley  
 7 — Henry  
 Voting, 1  
 Roger, 1  
 er, 4 — Wm.  
 . Loser, 1  
 Fisher, 1  
 6 — E. Vol  
 . Cook, 2



Ayuntamiento de Madrid