



Ayuntamiento de Madrid
— LADY JANE GREY. —

VOL. V

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LADY JANE GREY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I HAVE been asked to tell you American children the story of one of the youngest and most beautiful of all the notable personages in English history—a girl who was at once a martyr, or saint, and a most noble gentlewoman, and who wore for a few unhappy days, unwillingly, the crown of a queen.

History has to deal with a great many terrible events, and a great many hateful people, and has to record bloodshed and misery and crime so often, that when there comes one lovely and gentle figure into it, our hearts are all the more touched, and tears gather in our eyes at the very name which suggests one chapter pure of all evil. This is the effect that is produced upon all elder readers by the name of Lady Jane Grey; and most of you, no doubt, have heard of the sweet young English girl who, without any ambition of her own, was taken out of her simple country life, and from her books which she loved, to be put upon a throne she had only a distant right to; and then she had to die, not quite eighteen, for a fault not hers.

There scarcely could be, I think, a more pitiful story; and yet it is more than pitiful, for Lady Jane had the soul of a true princess among women, and died royally, without a murmur, resisting all temptations to falsehood. Such trials and troubles do not come our way; indeed, they do not come in the way of our kings and queens now-days; but that does not make them less interesting when we meet them in the words of that far-distant past, which it is so difficult to believe was once to-day and to-morrow, just as our days are.

Lord Dorset's daughter, Jane Grey, though her mother was of royal blood, had no more thought of what was going to happen to her than any of you boys and girls have of the troubles which you will

meet in your future life. She was born in a high station, indeed, but not in one that seemed to expose her to special danger. Not like the king's daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth, who both had a melancholy and agitated youth. But little Jane Grey's troubles were no more than those which any little maiden might have in the humblest life. Her father and mother were not so kind and indulgent as most of your fathers and mothers are. Perhaps they loved her just as much; but they were hard upon her, and exacted obedience sternly. Whether she liked it or not, whether she could do it or not, she was always forced to obey. On the other hand, there was something to be said for these severe parents; they had no sons. And this girl was their eldest child, and, no doubt, they thought it their duty to harden her, and accustom her to endure trouble and overcome difficulty, as one who had royal blood in her veins, and of whom nobody could be sure what she might be called upon to do.

I must tell you, however, what was the strange state of affairs in England at this period, respecting the royal family. Nobody then had begun to think that a country could do without a king—that is, nobody in England. You know that we have never learned that lesson yet, and still want our Queen as much as we want our fathers and mothers, which is quite different from the ideas you are brought up in. And at this particular moment there was the greatest difficulty in knowing who was the right heir to the crown. The king then reigning was a delicate boy, Edward VI., who fell into a consumption and died in his seventeenth year, and his natural successors were his two sisters, both older than himself: Mary, who was the

daughter of Henry VIII. by his first wife, Katharine of Arragon, and Elizabeth, whose mother was Anne Boleyn, Henry's second wife. Both these princesses had been put out of the succession by act of Parliament, and declared illegitimate, although they were afterward restored, by their father's will, and a second act of Parliament. After Mary and Elizabeth, came the children of Henry VIII.'s sisters—Margaret, who had married the King of Scotland, and Mary, who, after having been nominally the wife of the old King of France, had married Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk. The elder of these ladies had one grandchild, Mary Stuart, afterward so well known as Mary, Queen of Scots; and the younger, also a daughter, who was the Marchioness of Dorset, and mother of Lady Jane Grey. You must try to master this account, although it is a little complicated. After poor young King Edward's death, there were only women who had any right to the throne. First, Mary; then Elizabeth; then little Mary of Scotland; then Frances Brandon, Lady Dorset, represented by her daughter, Jane Grey. Thus, there were two direct princesses, the sisters, and two farther off, the little cousins, the child-queen Mary of Scotland, and Lady Dorset's little daughter, of whom Mary had been sent to France, and was married to the young King Francis II.; and Jane grew up sweetly in her father's house, like a little English lady, and nothing more.

You must understand, however (but I cannot go into the whole story), that of these four, two—the two Marys—represented the Church of Rome; and two—Elizabeth and Jane—represented the party of the Reformation. Mary of England and Mary of Scotland were both brought up Catholics, and both taught to consider that the restoration of England to the old church would be the greatest and noblest work in the world, while young King Edward and his little cousin, Jane Grey, were fervent Protestants, thinking nothing in the world so important as the diffusion of the Bible, and the deliverance of England from Rome. Elizabeth was neither a devout Catholic nor a fervent Protestant. She was for England and her own right, and considered anything else secondary to these two things.

I need not tell you about King Edward's reign. He was said to have been a very wonderful boy,—so bright, so good, so clever, so wise, that the historians of his own time cannot say enough in his praise. But these great applauses do not always last, and some people tell you now that Edward was a little bigot, and if he had lived might have been as bloody on the Protestant side as his sister Mary was on the Catholic. Yet, you will easily understand that a poor boy who died at sixteen, and who had learned Latin and Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish, logic and philosophy, besides

the more ornamental acquirement of music; who "knew all the harbors and ports in his kingdom, as also in Scotland and France, with the depth of water and way of coming into them," and who played on the lute, and kept a journal in Greek characters, could not have had much time to govern England. The statesmen who were about him in the end of his life were, however, very strong Protestants, and the chief among them, the Duke of Northumberland, carried matters with so high a hand in this way, that the idea of the Princess Mary succeeding was very alarming to him when the young king grew ill. He was a man of great ambition, who desired nothing less than the chief influence in the kingdom, and in order to gain that high place, he had done many things for which vengeance was sure to overtake him.

He, therefore, cast his eyes about him to see what it was best to do. We may believe that, perhaps, in his heart Northumberland sincerely desired the safety of the Protestant Church, as well as his own safety and supremacy, which were, however, so very much in jeopardy as to make anything else secondary. Perhaps, also, it was the fact that his young son, Guildford Dudley, had fixed his affections upon Lord Dorset's daughter, which turned his thoughts that way. At all events, this bold and desperate man suddenly perceived, or thought he perceived, a way of raising and advancing himself, if it could be accomplished,—a way which would, at the same time, save the nation, secure the progress of the Reformation, promote religion, and bring about everything that was good, at the cost of but one thing that was evil (even good men have sometimes fallen under such a temptation). Henry VIII. had named the Greys next after his own daughters in his will; why should not poor young, dying Edward, for the good of England and the Protestant faith, put them first, and thus shut out Rome and preserve Northumberland? The dying boy and the innocent girl, and even his own son—who must rise or fall with his scheme—were nothing to the Duke in comparison. And thus this tragedy began.

It has taken me a long time to tell you this, which I am sure a great many of you already have read in your histories. While the plot was being formed, Jane Grey was growing up the sweetest of Puritan maidens, in all the freshness of English country life. The word Puritan was not in use so early, but in all we hear of her there is a gentle seriousness which suits the name. Though she had not any of the passionate force which belonged to the Tudors, she had their love of letters, and was as accomplished as her cousin, King Edward. Her parents were somewhat harsh to her, but her tutor was kind, and this gave her favorite studies a charm

the more. Roger Ascham, who was a scholar of the time, and has written an account of this visit in one of his books, went one day to her father's house in Leicestershire when all the gay party were hunting, and the great house empty. But he found Lady Jane seated in one of those windowed recesses which distinguish the architecture of the time, reading that dialogue of Plato which tells about the wonderful death of the philosopher Socrates. Do you think some angel had put it into the girl's young head that by and by she, too, was to die unjustly, under false accusations, like Socrates? Mr. Ascham wondered at her sitting there, with the pale spring sky shining in upon her, and the distant sounds of the horns and the hounds and horses' hoofs coming from the great park, where all the rest were enjoying themselves. "I have more pleasure in my book than they have in their hunting," she said. It is the only distinct glimpse of her that we get until she emerges out of this tranquillity of her youth into the blaze of light which surrounds a throne.

King Edward was very ill and suffering when his young cousin became old enough to marry. Lord Guildford Dudley was but a few years older than his bride, and does not appear to have been involved in his father's plot. They married, he as innocent as she was, so far as appears, and were very happy; and thus took the first step toward their death. When the king died, what was the wonder of Lady Jane to see her father and mother come with the great Northumberland into the room where she was sitting with her husband! They told her that Edward was dead. Poor cousin! No doubt the happy young creature was filled with awe as well as grief, to hear that out of all his grandeur and state, another young creature whom she knew so well had been taken away. But while the tears were dropping from her eyes, and her gentle soul was full of sorrow for Edward, suddenly, like a thunder peal out of a clear sky, came the strange intimation that she was to succeed him.

Imagine the consternation, the trouble of the girl, when her father and mother knelt and offered her their homage as Queen of England, and her stern father-in-law, the great statesman who controlled everything, kissed her trembling hand! She would not hear of it. She protested, like a generous creature as she was, that Mary or Elizabeth was the just heir, and not she. She turned to her husband, calling upon him to support her. But it is very few people who have the courage to refuse a great elevation, scarcely any who will put aside a crown when it is offered to them. Caesar did it, you will read, both in history and Shakspeare, but no one believed that he meant it. And your own Washington refused what, if not a crown, was at

least the supreme rank; for which you are all proud of him, and we, too; as you also may be proud of this English girl, standing far away in old London, weeping and protesting, amid all the older people, who were dazzled by the splendid prize that was offered to her. She was not dazzled; the wrong of it and the grief of it went to her heart. She turned to her husband, hoping that he would stand by her. But he did not; he was dazzled like the rest; perhaps, loving her as he did, he thought there was no one else in the world as worthy. But at least he added his own entreaties to those of the three others, all persons whom Jane was bound to obey. What could the girl do among them? She yielded; her own judgment, her own better instinct, were sacrificed sadly to their ambition,—her father and mother, against whom she never had rebelled; her husband, whom she loved; and his father, whom all England recognized as the most powerful noble in the kingdom,—how could Jane, seventeen years old, stand against them? They took her away to the Tower, which was then a royal palace as well as a prison, and proclaimed her queen.

Queen Jane! You will not even find her name in the roll of English monarchs. She was an innocent usurper, an unwilling offender against right and justice. And this poor, mock reign of hers, in which she never herself believed, lasted only nine days. Perhaps if England had known what Mary Tudor was, the country would not have been so determined to give her its allegiance; but few know which is the good and which is the evil till time has made it clear; and Jane had never a chance, never a hope. You hear people talk of a nine days' wonder; but hers was a nine days' reign. At the end of that time, even Northumberland, trying to save his head, himself proclaimed Queen Mary, and the melancholy little farce was over.

When they took the kingdom out of her hands again, the girl, as you may imagine, was not sorry. She had nothing to do with their schemes and conspiracies. She got her breath again when "the burden of that honor unto which she was not born" had been taken from her. But they did not let her go home. They kept her and her husband in that melancholy Tower of London, which has held so many prisoners. Most likely Mary and her advisers would have been glad, if they had dared, to let the young pair go free. They were not unkindly treated in the Tower, and though Northumberland lost his life, Jane's father, who had been made Duke of Suffolk, was spared.

But when six months had passed, there came a wild and desperate rising against Mary, which changed the aspect of affairs. It was put down, indeed, without much difficulty; but it was thought necessary to the Queen's safety that her innocent

rival, her little cousin, the girl who, blameless as she was, might be made the occasion of other risings, should be made an end of, too.

When Roger Ascham saw Lady Jane reading Plato, it was the Phædo, as I have told you, the story of the death of Socrates, which held her fast while all the household was abroad in the morning sunshine. It is a beautiful story. Some of you boys will know it, and I wish the girls could read it, too. It tells how the wise old philosopher, guilty of nothing but of teasing his countrymen in the truth which they could not understand, and questions they could not answer, was on false pretenses condemned to death as an enemy of the state. Now it was the young reader's turn to die on the same ground. And Lady Jane, though she was so innocent, was no doubt an enemy to the state. She did not complain any more than Socrates did. He was old and the wisest of men, and she was little more than a child. But she went out to the scaffold on Tower Hill with as great a courage. She wept and struggled when they made her a queen; but neither struggled nor wept when they led her out to die. The night before, she wrote a letter to her

sister, full of sweet and pious counsels; not a word in it of complaint; not an allusion to her undeserved fate. She saw her husband led to his execution, and waved her hand to him from her window, in token of their near reunion; then went out with a noble exultation in his courage and steadfast patience, and laid her own young head on the block.

I have not told you half what this young martyr had to go through. Mary tortured all her latter days, by sending priests to persuade her to the faith of Rome. But I think her story is too pathetic, too tender and touching, to bring religious controversy into it.

The most prejudiced critic has never tried to sully this pure and perfect picture. She died for the faults of others; but she lives forever in the pure light of innocence and simple heroism. The history of England, or of the whole world as far as I know, holds no parallel to this girlish figure, so true in the sense of justice, so brave to endure, obedient and humble even against her judgment, and bearing the penalty of that obedience with a valor so steadfast and a submission so sweet.

CHICKADEE.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

ALL the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below
Whirls the blast.

All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny, murmuring rill
Is frozen fast.

Come with me
To the tree
Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me
To the tree
Where the birds of summer sang!
There's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red nor blue nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;
And his cheery little voice
Makes my happy heart rejoice,
While he calls the live-long day—
Calls to me—
"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"
Then he hops from bough to twig,
Tapping on each tiny sprig,
Calling happily to me,
"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red nor blue nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,
"Chickadee!"



MARY JANE: "EDDY WHITE, IF YOU DARE TO JUMP OFF, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, THE LONGEST DAY THAT I LIVE! NEVER!"

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A POLAR BEAR.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

THE sun was just dipping behind the northern waves, tinging the waters from horizon to shore with a shimmering brightness. The sky, softly brilliant, was dotted with clouds of crimson and gold and purple, fading out to gray and snowy white, as they were borne far to the south. Ice-floes drifted in the distance, seeming like vast sheets of polished silver. A solitary berg came floating from the north-east, its topmost crystal peak glittering and flashing like a huge amethyst, and shading toward its base to pearly whiteness, dashed with tongues of flame. High up in air a wild swan's note sounded loud and shrill, the kittiwakes joined in with their mournful "Whree-e-ah! Whree-e-ah!" as they dipped and plunged in the bright waves, while innumerable flocks of dovekies hovered near, giving utterance to their plaintive cries.

Jon and Eirik Hjalmund watched the falling sun, the glowing berg, and crimson clouds, with all the admiration of young Icelanders, who are proverbial

for considering their land of glaciers, deeply seamed lava-beds, geysers, and vapor-spouts, the most beautiful the sun smiles upon; then, as the gorgeous beauty gradually faded out, they left their perch on the high fragments of lava overlooking the sea, and gathering their sheep together, drove them to their cot or yard.

Making them safe for the night—if so we may call the short twilight between sun and sun of the northern midsummer—the boys went to their own little stone and turf hut which served them for lodgings, and creeping among bags of eider-down, fell asleep.

This little islet, to which *bonder* (farmer) Hjalmund boated over his sheep every summer for the good herbage which grew upon its top, was at the entrance to the Eyja Fjord, on the northern coast of Iceland. Its shores were bounded by precipitous lava-cliffs, making the islet nearly or quite inaccessible, excepting by a steep and rocky path leading up from a narrow strand on the side next the

main-land. Up this path the boys first climbed with their pike-staff, then pulled up the sheep after them. When once on the top, there was no fear of their straying, and during the short summer, Jon and Eirik lived on this islet, and guarded the flock from the attacks of the white-tailed sea-eagles, whose bold raids among the lambs alarmingly lessened their number. And, too, if a sheep or its young, venturing too far over the cliffs, fell from the rocks into the sea, expert at climbing and rowing, the lads went immediately to the rescue. But, to avoid such falls, the sheep were not allowed to roam about the islet at night.

The *byre* (farm-house) of the bonder was on the main-land, and attached to it was a small hill-side "run," on which he pastured his flock of cows and some sturdy, rugged little horses. Immediately adjoining the byre was the *tún*, or paddock, about eight acres in extent, inclosed by a turf wall, from which the winter forage for the sheep and cows was cut. The tough little ponies—luckless brutes—were obliged to shirk for themselves through that rigorous season, coming home in the spring almost skeletons, and seeming as if a good strong gale from the *jökul* (mountain), getting into their voluminous, matted manes, and big, woolly tails, might lift them bodily into the air and spirit them away. To their voracious appetites, even the refuse fish-skins and offal thrown from the byre made a welcome meal.

In addition to whatever hay could be gathered from the *tún*, Jon and Eirik gleaned all that could be spared of the herbage from the islet, and tying it in bundles with thongs, rowed it across to the byre.

Bonder Hjalmund himself had at this time gone to bring home his "stock-fish" from the Guldbringe Syssel (gold-bringing country) on the western shores of Iceland, a district where, instead of the yellow metal which its name would seem to indicate, the precious golden cod harvest is gathered in by hundreds of islanders, who come flocking from far and near for a share in this rich product of the seas.

This season of cod-fishing begins the first of February, when the fish come to spawn in the shoal waters, from which they retreat into the deep sea by the middle of April.

Thus, in midwinter, when the pale sun scarcely shows himself above the horizon, and the fierce storms howl over the dreary waste of rock and *jökul*, these hardy fishermen make their way from the most remote districts of the island—more than two hundred miles—to the fishing-stations. Here they are hired by the proprietors of Dutch or Belgian sloops, or fishing-boats, and in payment for his services, each receives a share of the fish he

takes, with a daily allowance of "skier" (Iceland cheese), and also forty pounds of flour thrown in.

They launch to sea at early dawn, and only return to their damp and comfortless turf huts at night, after battling with inclement weather and rough seas for many hours.

Their fish are then split and hung upon lines, and exposed to the cold winds,—and the warm sun as the spring advances,—which process of curing renders them so hard that they are said to keep good for years. Thus preserved, the cod is called stock-fish.

By the middle of May the season is over, and nothing remains to be done but the final drying and hardening of the fish, which, as the inhabitants of Iceland entertain the greatest confidence in one another's honesty, is left to the care of the fishermen residing at the stations, and the stranger Icelanders, one and all, return to their homes.

At the end of June, the little, starved ponies have recovered somewhat from their emaciation of the previous winter, and are able to travel. Then, again, the true fisherman, or the bonder, who engages in this occupation only during its season, hastens with his horses to fetch home his "stock-fish" from the stations, for the consumption of his family, or else he carries them to the nearest port to exchange for coffee, sugar, or other luxuries.

Bonder Hjalmund's absence rendered it necessary that Jon and Eirik should care not only for the islet, but also for the byre at the main-land, distant about two miles, and every morning they alternately rowed across, to milk the cows and cultivate the little patch of turnips and parsley in the *tún*.

Though scarcely four o'clock, the sun had long since risen over the *jökuls* to the north-east before the boys emerged from the hut. The morning was cool and damp, and fog-banks hung low about the islet and headland in the Eyja Fjord.

After turning the sheep forth to graze, excepting three or four grandmothers of the flock, whose ragged fleeces betokened overripeness, Jon and Eirik returned to the hut and ate their breakfast of cakes and "skier," washed down by a stout draught of whey; then prepared to strip off the fleecy coats of the old ewes.

Taking them to a grassy knoll in front of the hut, the sheep were cast upon their backs by the combined efforts of the two boys, where they were held while the seemingly cruel operation of denuding the poor animals was being performed.

And a very primitive process it is; for, instead of clipping off the woolly covering, the Icelandic, disdainful of all improvements, or rather, perhaps, ignorant of more modern methods, clutches his helpless victim, and, in a series of pulls, tears the woolly coat, piecemeal, from its struggling body.

But it is said to be not necessarily a painful operation, for at certain periods of the year the young fleece pushes off the old covering, and eventually the creature would slough its outer woolly coat, as a snake or a toad casts its skin, only it would come off a little at a time.

Indeed, it must be confessed that our own method of shearing is far from being a humane one, for the poor sheep frequently is made to bleed by the sharp shears in the hands of some covetous owner, who is unwilling that an ounce of wool should be wasted.

The ewes were at last "picked" and set at liberty, and the fleeces carefully rolled together and tied. Then, with the bundles of hay which already had been cut and dried, together with the wool, Jon and Eirik proceeded leisurely toward the east side of the island, where the boat lay on the narrow strand.

As they went across the island, Jon, hay-laden and completely enveloped, and Eirik hidden under a mass of dirty-white wool, with nothing visible but a pair of sheep-skin moccasins, Jon looked rather like a huge, animated hay-cock crawling off behind its future devourer.

Hidden beneath their burdens, they were, as yet, unconscious of the approach of a guest whom all bonders of northern Iceland dread—the polar bear, which, floating from Spitzbergen or Jan Mayen upon berg or floe, makes a terrible onslaught upon their flocks and herds before his voracious appetite is sated, or he can be discovered and killed.

As the lads threw off their loads at the crest of the path leading down to the boat, a deep roar caused them to turn quickly. Not two furlongs off from the northern shore of the island, and bearing down toward it, a small berg, with its hungry occupant, was just emerging from a fog-bank.

For a moment the brothers stood speechless with terror. Then, "The bjorn [white bear], brother!" cried Jon, almost breathless. "Fleu! Fleu!" (Fly! fly!)

The berg drifted on, and it was evident to the boys, even before they reached the hut, that it would strand against the islet. They might save themselves by flitting across to the byre, but these flaxen-haired Norse lads had the blood of brave heroes in their veins, and they prepared to do battle with the bear, and protect their father's flock as best they might, for well they knew that the bjorn would spare neither themselves nor the helpless sheep.

Hastily collecting stones, turf, and lava shims, they piled them near the edge of the cliff where, by its setting in, the berg seemed likely to touch, and then, getting the pike-staff and scythe (very short-

bladed and not unlike the bush-hook used in New England), the courageous lads, with their few and rude weapons, stood waiting to receive the ice-giant.

His acute nostrils already had scented the flock; so, with muzzle distended and sniffing the air, he paced impatiently back and forth on the edge of the berg, and, as if impatient of its slow progress, he would now and then make feints of taking to the water and putting off to the islet, anxious to break his long fast.

The sheep were seemingly aware of coming danger, and, calling their lambs, hied them all to the cot, and huddled together in its farthest corner.

The bear had now come within a few yards of the islet, the long, yellow-white hair of his shaggy coat undulating in the breeze. His hoarse growl sounded louder and more savage each moment.

"Busk thyself quickly, brother! Bjorn is upon us!" shouted Eirik, grasping his scythe, as the berg ran upon a shelf-like projection and hung swaying to and fro in the tide.

Fortunately, upon that side of the islet the cliffs were not only very steep, but were higher by at least three fathoms than the berg itself, which sloped sharply away seaward; but, enraged by long-endured hunger, the bear reared himself upon the berg and began clambering ponderously up the jagged rocks.

Jon and Eirik watched his slow progress with anxious hearts. As the huge creature came within a yard of the top, they leaped to the brink, and, tumbling a pile of great stones and turf down upon his head, followed it by a frantic assault with the pike-staff and scythe.

Under the suddenness and violence of the stone-shower the bear slipped back to the berg, and stood there for a moment, chafing and roaring; then, more savage than before, he made up the cliff again.

The bear succeeded in getting one great paw up over the cliff, and striking its nails deep into the crevices and turf, clung there tenaciously, with glaring eyes and ears laid close—a pitiless monster, before which the brave boys for a moment recoiled in terror. Then, rallying, Jon shouted courageously to Eirik, and they again assailed him, Eirik engaging the attention of the bear by plunging at his head, while Jon got a great stone and threw it down with all his strength directly upon the big, shaggy paw lying over the edge of the cliff.

With great, gruff howls of pain, bjorn drew it hastily off, and began backing carefully down the cliff; but his courage returning as the pain abated, he once more began to scale the jagged rocks.

"Gae, Eirik! Gae! [Go! go!] Fetch the hay from the skiff!" cried Jon.

"Nai, nai [no, no], brother! Gae thyself. I am the stronger. I will stand in thy shoon here!" And with his blue eyes flashing, and his yellow hair flying in the breeze, Eirik stood on the cliffs and hurled great stones and turfs down into the very face of bjorn, who, though somewhat exhausted, climbed steadily up, unmindful now of these slight

moment, and then the cruel white face was above the cliff, and with a quick stroke the pike-staff was whirled round away, and the long claws were struck into Eirik's coarse vadmál trousers.

"Oh, speed thee! Speed thee, Jon!" shrieked Eirik, in great terror, wrenching himself free, as the sharp nails tore through the stout woolen cloth.



THE BOYS RESORT TO A DESPERATE PLAN.

missiles, his teeth showing angrily, and his eyes fixed grimly on the little Norse boy, who was so bravely defying his great, fierce strength.

Again a huge paw, bleeding slowly from previous wounds, was thrust up over the cliff, and again a series of quick, energetic stabs from Eirik's pike-staff forced him to let go his hold. But only for a

"Here I am, brother! Hold out! Hold out!" cried Jon, staggering up under the load of hay-bundles; and casting them on the ground, he drew a match from a little leathern pouch worn about his neck, struck it on a lava shim, and applied it to one of the bundles. In a second it was ablaze, and, smoking, hissing, and flaming, it was tumbled into

the big bosom of the cliff.

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the big bosom of the bear, now well over the edge of the cliff.

This was too much. His long hair caught the flames, and they sped over his yellow-white coat like a flash; and, retreating too hurriedly, the great brute went tumbling and roaring down the cliff, bumping and bounding from ledge to ledge, the burning bundles falling after and upon him.

There was now no berg to intercept his speedy exit for it had again drifted out to sea, and was

some distance away. It was fortunate, too, for the bear, as a sudden plunge into the sea *put him out*.

Emerging above the waves, he struck out for the berg, while Jon and Eirik watched his departure with deeply thankful hearts.

But, wedged into a crevice of the cliff, a long, sharp claw was left to them, either wrenched from the brute's paw by his hasty departure, or crushed off by the big stones hurled upon it—an ugly souvenir of the siege of bjorn.

MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * *

CHAPTER IX.

IN COUNCIL.

"AN honorary member!" repeated Kitty, elated by the title. "But you will have to tell me something about it all."

"In the first place," said the Chief, "you see, we have never had girls; we never meant to have; and if Lord Leicester had not said you would be here only a little while, I don't know that we should have agreed. But sometimes we need girls, and we must have a friend in the camp of the invader."

"Meaning our family?" said Kitty.

"Yes. And so the Brotherhood has decided to knight you."

"Do you mean, to strike me with a sword, and say, 'Rise, Sir Knight!' and all that, and do I have to watch over my arms?"

"What do you mean?" asked Don Quixote. "We strike you with a sword, but I don't know what you mean by 'watching your arms.'"

"Why, don't you remember," said Kitty, delighted to show her superior knowledge, and to prove to the Brotherhood how great an advantage to them it would be to have her as a member,—"don't you remember that young knights always sat up all night and watched their armor, the first night they had it? I think you ought to do that."

"I think it would be a capital plan," said Rob Roy, the Highlander, who was an old member, and in favor of new rules for new comers; "especially as she is to be only an honorary member."

"Isn't that a real member?" asked Kitty. "If you mean to begin that ceremony with me, I ought to be a member like the rest of you."

"Why, don't you see," said the boy with the skin cap, who was Robinson Crusoe, "that it is a compliment? Any girl ought to be proud of being an honorary member."

"I'd like it very much," said Kitty, feeling she never would like Robinson Crusoe, "if all the rest of you were honorary members, but I don't want to be anything different."

"You won't be," replied the Chief, "except that you can't vote, and that is of no consequence, for I don't often allow any of the Brotherhood to vote."

"But I want to vote," said Kitty. "Suppose you all want to do something, and I don't, why, I shall have to go along, and I can't even say anything about it."

"Oh, you can *say* whatever you choose," said Robinson Crusoe.

"I should not go," asserted Kitty.

"If the Chief said so, you would," replied Lord Leicester. "There is n't anything we insist upon like obedience. That was the trouble with the prisoner—he did n't obey orders."

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, looking around for him, and finding him close at her side, wearing a cocked hat and a pair of epaulets. "What did you do with him?"

"Pardoned him," said the Chief. "But will you be an honorary member?"

"I don't know," replied Kitty. "I don't know what it all means."

"We are a Band of Loyal Brothers," answered the Chief, in a very official manner, "and we help the poor, and defend the innocent."

"That's nice," said Kitty; "and do you all have names?"

"We all have characters," corrected the Chief.

"I am sure I don't know what character I ought to have," Kitty said.

"You can make up your mind about that after you are accepted," said the Chief. "We had Maid Marian, and that," pointing to the Indian girl, "is Pocahontas."

"She can have my part, if she wants it," said this personage. "I don't like being a woman."

"I don't want it," said Kitty. "I never thought much of Pocahontas. I don't know who I'd like to be. There's Queen Elizabeth, and Cleopatra; but I should n't like them. I think I'll be Sir Walter Raleigh."

"No, you can't," said Robinson Crusoe; "you've got to be a girl."

"Not unless I say so," replied the Chief, "and I don't see why she would n't make a good Sir Walter Raleigh. Of course he wore a cloak, and that would cover her dress, and her hair would do first-rate if she would unplat it."

"Oh, I am willing to do that!" said Kitty, at once beginning to act upon the suggestion; and then, shaking her hair loose, said, "Will that do?"

The little boy with a cocked hat, who was, she found, Napoleon Bonaparte, softly touched her hair, and said, in a whisper:

"It is longer than my sister's, and it is very pretty."

Kitty turned to him and smiled. "Perhaps," she said, addressing the Chief again, "Cousin Robert could tell me of a better character."

"You must n't ask him!" exclaimed the Chief.

"Oh, I shall have to," replied Kitty. "I have made up my mind not to do anything while I am here without his knowledge."

The Brotherhood wore an air of individual and general consternation.

"You must *not* tell," said the Chief, in a peremptory manner. "It would be the meanest thing in the world!"

"Then I can't belong," said Kitty, getting up. "Of course I should n't say anything to Sandy or Fred, but Cousin Robert is different."

"Did n't I say so!" said Robinson Crusoe, looking ready to hug himself. "I told you that girls would spoil the fun."

"Is it really a secret society?" said Kitty, addressing the Chief, after giving one withering look at Robinson Crusoe.

"Of course it is," the Chief answered. "No one knows of it. Not one of our relatives."

"I don't think that is right," said Kitty. "Your fathers might not come to the meetings, but they ought to know. I am sure Cousin Robert would say so."

"Now, see here, Miss Kitty Baird," said Lord Leicester, a little hotly, "it is n't nice in you to

talk in that way. We are not rascals, and our fathers would n't care anything about knowing."

"If I were to belong, I should have to tell Cousin Robert," stoutly maintained Kitty.

"Then you'd better not belong," replied the Chief. "For it is a rule not to tell any one who is not a member."

"Perhaps she will tell, anyhow," said Robinson Crusoe. "Girls can't keep secrets. I said from the first, she ought not to be let in."

The blood rushed to Kitty's face. Now she knew for certain that she did n't like Robinson Crusoe, and she was about to make an angry reply, when the sentry rushed in, hastily shutting the door, and crying, in a suppressed voice:

"To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!"

In a moment the candles were put out and thrust into pockets, Rob Roy picked up the sheep-skin; there was a swift and silent rush up the back stairs, and the honorary member was left in a darkened room, with a forgotten muslin-mask at her feet, to consider the situation.

CHAPTER X.

KITTY'S KNIGHTS.

"SPEAK it out, Kitty," said Sandy, at breakfast the next morning. "Ever since we came home yesterday, you have been brimful of something. Speak it out."

"Nonsense," said Kitty, getting very red for a moment; "I should like to know what I could have to tell."

"She wants to ask Papa something. Every two minutes she looks at him as if she were just going to do it."

"You are all crazy," Kitty replied, hastily drinking her cup of milk. "If I want to ask Cousin Robert anything, I shall do it."

"I am not afraid of that," said Sandy. "But I want to hear it."

"I have the greatest mind in the world not to do something for you," said Kitty. "Something that ought to be done, Sandy Baird."

"Ought I to do it?" asked Sandy.

"Yes."

"Is it hard?"

"No, not very."

"Is it pleasant?"

Kitty laughed.

"I am afraid you would n't think it very pleasant," said she.

"Then you do it. Certainly, you'd best do it."

"You say yes, do you?" asked Kitty.

"With all my heart."

"Very well," room.

"She has a about last night sorts of foolish society which sh

Kitty went int note-paper out and wrote this e

"A hunter searchir cardinal ostrich but s he is not a knight and who is the owner.

"I don't know will do," she sa have to pay for t for him, if I hav him when we ar and the letter. fables."

She soon had two of the Band arm close to the

"We just wan

"Here's a no minute. When three times, and brush over there. here's a pencil. house.

It was not long when she reache The note was th behind a tree wh

The drink Jacob Baird in a bit Jacob's he sat it an mad so. for it. In the night which is do it ha is spelt

OST we do away the

"Very well," said Kitty, and she ran out of the room.

"She has a secret," said Belle. "She jumped about last night as if she were crazy, and said all sorts of foolish things about my joining some society which she meant to get up."

Kitty went into the little parlor, took a sheet of note-paper out of her cousin Robert's portfolio, and wrote this epistle:

"A hunter searching for game, made a mistake. He shot, not a ostrich but a Turkey Roc, the hunter is honest although he is not a knight and he ought to pay the owner, and I want to know who is the owner.
SIR WALTER —"

"I don't know how to spell 'Raleigh,' but that will do," she said to herself. "Now, Sandy will have to pay for that turkey, or, rather, I shall pay for him, if I have money enough, and I shall tell him when we are far away. The next thing is to send the letter. It sounds like one of Aesop's fables."

She soon had a chance to send it, for she saw two of the Band of Loyal Brothers walking arm in arm close to the river, and ran down.

"We just wanted you," said Robin Hood.

"Here's a note," said Kitty. "I can't wait one minute. When you have the answer ready, whistle three times, and put it under the first blackberry bush over there. Here is a piece of paper, and here's a pencil," and off she went back to the house.

It was not long before she heard the signal, but when she reached the bush the boys were gone. The note was there, however, and Kitty sat down behind a tree while she read it. It ran thus:

*The turkey belonged to
Jacob Burgin a boy found it
in a bush and put it on
Jacob's hen coop and Jacob
eat it and he was awful
mad so you need not pay
for it. Wick boy shot it
the right way to spell
ostrich is not the way you
do it has not 2 Ts in it it
is spelt this way*

OSTRICH

*we do not wonder you run
away there is trouble in*

*the camp it is about girls
I should not be a*
TRAITOR

RH B
NB P

"I'd like to know who is a traitor!" cried Kitty, jumping up and looking around. "If I just had that Napoleon Bonaparte here,—for I know he wrote the letter!"

Then she whistled, and the boys at once appeared from a bush close by.

"Here, take your note," said Kitty. "I don't like such things. If you mean that I am a traitor, you are very much mistaken, and you don't know how to spell 'which,' and I am going to tell Cousin Robert this very day."

"Who has told, then?" exclaimed Robin Hood. "Somebody has; and I believe you are guilty, or you would n't have run away just now. All the girls over at Riverbank know it."

"I did n't tell any one!" cried Kitty; "of course I did n't. I know who did."

"Who?" asked Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Robinson Crusoe," said Kitty, wildly deciding on the Loyal Brother most objectionable to her.

"No, he did n't," said Napoleon. "He hates girls, and they are teasing him like everything. They call him General Washington. You see they don't fully understand it. But the Chief will give it to somebody! And all the girls over there call themselves all sorts of names,—Lady this, and Countess that. I never saw anything so simple! But I tell you, there is a row about it! If you should be taken prisoner now, I should be sorry for you."

"You ought to be ashamed to say such things," cried Kitty. "I wish I never, never had gone with Harry Briscom! I wish I had told Cousin Robert right away."

"Well, if you did n't do it," said Napoleon Bonaparte, who evidently did not mean to get excited on the subject, "you'd better tell the Chief so. He says the only thing he is sorry for is that you are not a member, for he would like to make an example of you."

"Make an example of me!" exclaimed Kitty. "Oh, I wish he would! Where is he? I just want to tell him this minute what I think of his charging me with such a thing!"

"It is fair enough for him to think so," said Robin Hood. "You know perfectly well you

said you would tell your cousin, and somebody told those girls."

"But I don't know them," said Kitty.

At this, the two Loyal Brothers looked at each other.

"That 's so," said Robin Hood.

"Now, look here," said Napoleon Bonaparte. "You see, we two are friends of yours. If we had n't been, we should n't have come over to give you warning, and we should n't have told you about

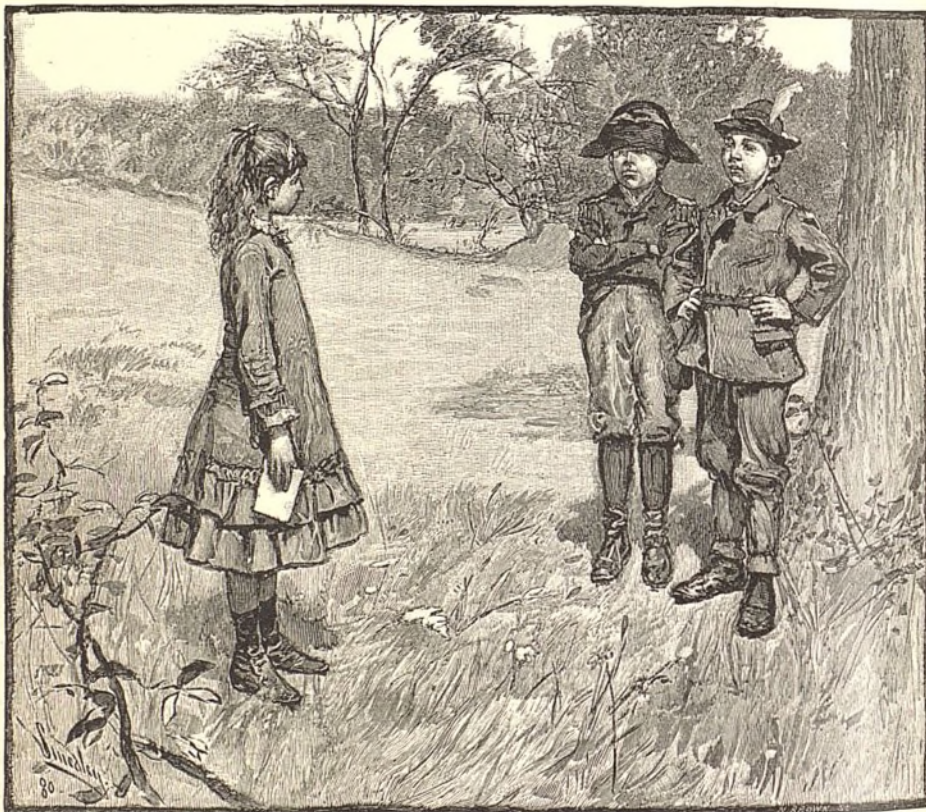
In a moment or two, the two boys returned, and Napoleon Bonaparte said:

"Now, see here, we believe you, and we are going, as knights, to see you set right. Now, you are sure you did not tell?" he added.

"I did not tell a soul!" said Kitty, solemnly.

"Then some one did," said he, "and we shall find out who it was."

"Oh, I wish you would!" cried Kitty; "and please do it before we go away. But I must go now,



"IF YOU MEAN THAT I'M A TRAITOR," SAID KITTY, "YOU'RE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN."

the turkey one of your boys shot. Now I want to know, did you tell *anybody*?"

"Not a soul," said Kitty. "I have not had a chance to tell Cousin Robert, and I should n't tell any one else first, but I did want to tell Sandy and Belle, and, of course, Fred and Donald, and they would like to join, but I did n't."

Napoleon Bonaparte hardly waited to hear this through, but beckoned Robin Hood away and they retired among the bushes to confer, and Kitty, being at liberty to pay attention to other matters, heard a shouting and clapping of hands up at the house that convinced her that Sandy was looking for her.

for Sandy is calling as if he were crazy; and mind, I don't promise not to tell Cousin Robert, and I wish you would have a council right away, so that I might come to it and say I did n't tell."

"Oh, you need not come," said Robin Hood, "for we shall clear you. It is part of our duty, speaking very slowly, "to aid the poor and defend the innocent, and you are innocent, you know."

"Of course I am," said Kitty; "anybody ought to know that. But I must go."

She ran but a little way when she had a sudden thought. She pulled the blue ribbon off her hair, and, turning, flew back.

returned.

"Oh, Robin, Robin Hood!" she cried. "Have you a knife?"

Robin had one, and Kitty cut the ribbon in half.

"If you are to be my knights," she said, "you ought to wear my colors. All knights wear their ladies' colors."

"And I say," said Robin, "we ought to have a tournament!"

Kitty clasped her hands, and looked at him in delight.

"And have horses, and lances, and I should have my hair all down, and look distressed, and after the battle was over I should crown you!"

"I don't know about the horses," said Robin, "and may be we'd better not fight."

"But you would have to," said Kitty. "The knights who wear colors always do, and you could choose some of the little fellows to fight with. It would be easy to beat them. But oh dear, there's Sandy calling again!"

"If the boys are half as jolly as she is," said Robin Hood, "I'd like to have them all in. Did you ever hear a girl talk as fast?"

"She's pretty enough," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "but I'm not sure about girls. You see, she will tell somebody yet."

"Where on earth have you been?" exclaimed Sandy. "It would have served you just right if you had gone off without you. They have all gone; so hurry up. We are going to have a regatta."

"That's lovely!" cried Kitty. "May I row? But look here, Sandy; you can't have a regatta with only one boat!"

"Of course you can't," said Sandy, scornfully. "We have two. We are not going to use the 'Jolly Fisherman' at all. Farmer Saunders has just offered Fred his two little boats. They are beauties. Just alike. His girls row in them. The 'Helen' and 'Marian.' We have been to look at them. It was the best of the regatta. Where were you? You might have gone along."

"Oh, Sandy," said Kitty, "if I could only tell you! It is perfectly splendid! It is all about Castles, and Knights, and the Chief, and Tournaments!"

"Is it a book?" said Sandy.

"Mercy, no!" said Kitty, walking past Sandy, who did not seem as much in a hurry as his words implied, and who, in fact, knowing that Donald and Fred were baling the boats out, did not feel anxious to join them too soon. "It is better than any book. Oh, I do wish I could tell you, Sandy. Now, see here—don't you think you could find out?"

"Of course I could, if you would tell me how."

"I can't do that," said Kitty, much perplexed. "But could n't you watch, and, if you see anything surprising, find out?"

"You might as well tell," said Sandy. "You know I told you that you had a secret. You are bound to tell, so out with it."

"Indeed, I won't tell!" cried Kitty. "And I can keep a secret. And I know whose turkey that was."

"Is that your secret?" said Sandy. "I knew it was n't much. Well, you can keep that one. I don't want to know that."

"Is that about Knights and Castles?" replied Kitty, laughing. "Oh, you can guess and guess, but I sha'n't tell you!"

"I don't want to know," replied Sandy, trying to look very indifferent. "It is n't much—I know that."

Kitty nodded her head, like one of the Chinese mandarins wound up by clock-work, and Sandy would have promptly shaken her, but she eluded him, and ran away so fleetly that he could not catch her.

Sandy was not lazy, and was always ready to do his own share of work, but he was very well pleased to find that the boats were baled out, and the party was almost ready to start. Belle was at the house helping Patty with the luncheon, and Fred, who was to bring it down, proposed that the others should take the "Jolly Fisherman," and the "Marian," and go up the creek, where the regatta was to be held, and he would bring Belle and the luncheon in the "Helen."

So this was agreed to, and the others left.

When Belle and Fred came down to the river-bank with their baskets, the boats were out of sight, and they got into the "Helen" and rowed down the river. They had just turned into the creek and had gone, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, when a man sitting on a log near the water's edge called to them:

"Are you looking for your folks?"

"Yes," answered Fred.

"They've gone up there," the man said, pointing inland toward the woods. "They told me to look out for you."

"In there!" repeated Fred, rowing up closer.

"What in the world did they do that for?"

"Don't know," said the man. "They told me to look out for you, and tell you. I've done it, and I don't know any more."

Fred stepped ashore, helped Belle, took out the baskets, tied the boat, and then they walked up the little path over the fields toward the woods.

"Do you think they have given up the regatta?" said Belle.

"Dear knows!" Fred replied. "They were just

in the humor to change their minds. Hark! Don't you hear them?" He halloed, and was cheerily answered.

In a moment they were in the woods, and saw, first, a bright bonfire, and, secondly, a group of boys gathered around it. The boys looked up in surprise, and Fred and Belle looked back in equal wonder.

"Have you seen another party — Why, Will Lewis!" exclaimed Fred, as a tall, dark-eyed boy came forward.

"Is it you, Fred?" said the boy. "I did n't

smiling mischievously. "But I wonder if Mr. Lewis does not mean that he left birds as his card?"

"It was some of the other boys," said Will, "and I believe they left some ridiculous message. It was your other sister I meant."

"You mean," said Belle, quickly, "our cousin, Kitty Baird. I am Fred's only sister."

"Is it your cousin?" said Will. "Well, she is a handful! I suppose she told you all about the Brotherhood, and all that. Of course, it does n't make any difference now, as it is all broken up."

"Oh, that is Kitty's secret!" cried Belle. "Do



BELLE AND FRED MAKE READY TO JOIN THE REGATTA.

know until yesterday that it was your family at Greystone. I meant to have called on you this evening, although," and here his cheeks grew brighter, "I suppose you have heard of some of our calls already?"

"No," said Fred. "Have you been there?"

"Did n't your sister tell you?"

Fred looked at Belle. "No, not a word! This is my sister, and, Belle, you have often heard of Will Lewis, my school-mate at Bagsby's."

"Often," said Belle, holding out her hand and

tell us! You don't know how provoking she has been. Of course, we knew she had found out something the day we left her at home, but she would never tell what it was. Do tell us! It will be such fun to pay her back!"

"Did she really never tell any one?" said Will.

"She said she meant to tell her cousin Robert."

"That is Papa," said Belle. "She never told us."

"Did she, Fred?"

"Not a word," said Fred.

"It was n't much," Will said. "We had a

city, and Harry Brisco brought her to the meeting that day. It was n't much."

"You have n't seen our family to-day?" asked Fred. "A man down by the creek told us they had come up here, but as we intended to have a regatta, I don't know what they meant."

"It was a mistake," said a rosy-cheeked little fellow who had joined them. "I guess the man meant Captain Kidd and Robin Hood. You know, he left word for them."

The tall boy colored furiously. "Why do you tell them by such ridiculous names?" he said. "Don't you know that 's all done with?"

"It must have been a mistake," said Fred, sadly; "and we ought to have followed the hints. We'd better go, Belle—they must be waiting for us."

"Are you going to have a regatta? You said

so," asserted the little fellow. "I wish to have one. Would n't you let us join you? The Chief would consent?"

"Who is the Chief?" asked Fred.

"There he is," answered the boy, pointing to Will, "and I am Napoleon Bonaparte. I can tell now, as it is all broken up, I am going to be Sir Walter, and have Robin Hood and I told her about it."

Having imparted all this information, Napoleon paused.

"I am sure your society must be fun in it," said Belle, laughing. "I would have it again and let us see how oh, sha'n't I tease Kitty!"

"We can't have it again."

"But if you would consent, I will have your regatta."

(To be continued.)



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?" said Will.
n Robert."
never told us.

"We had a

A DISPATCH TO
FAIRY-LAND.

BY HELEN K. SPOFFORD.

CONNECT me with Fairy-land please, pretty Vine,
With the Fairy Queen's palace of pearl,
And ask if her Highness will hear through your line
A discouraged and sad little girl.

O Queen, I'm so grieved 'cause my dolly wont play,
And so tired of pretending it all!
I must walk for her, talk for her, *be* her all day,
While she sits still and stares at the wall.

Her house is so pretty, with six little rooms,
And it has *truly* windows and doors,
And stairs to go up, and nice carpets, and
brooms—

For I do the sweeping, of course.

There 's a tea-set, and furniture fit for a
queen,

And a trunk full of dresses besides;
And a dear little carriage as ever was seen,
And I am her horse when she rides.

But never a smile nor a thank have I had,
Nor a nod of her hard, shiny head;
And is it a wonder I'm weary and sad?
For I can't love a dolly so dead.

I thought I would ask you if, in your
bright train,

You had n't one fairy to spare,

A naughty one, even,—I should n't
complain,

But would love it with tenderest care—

a poor little one who had lost its
bright wings,—

should cherish it not a bit less,—

besides, they'd get crushed with

the sofas and things,

be so inconvenient to dress.

en of the Fairies, so happy

'll be

you'll only just send one to

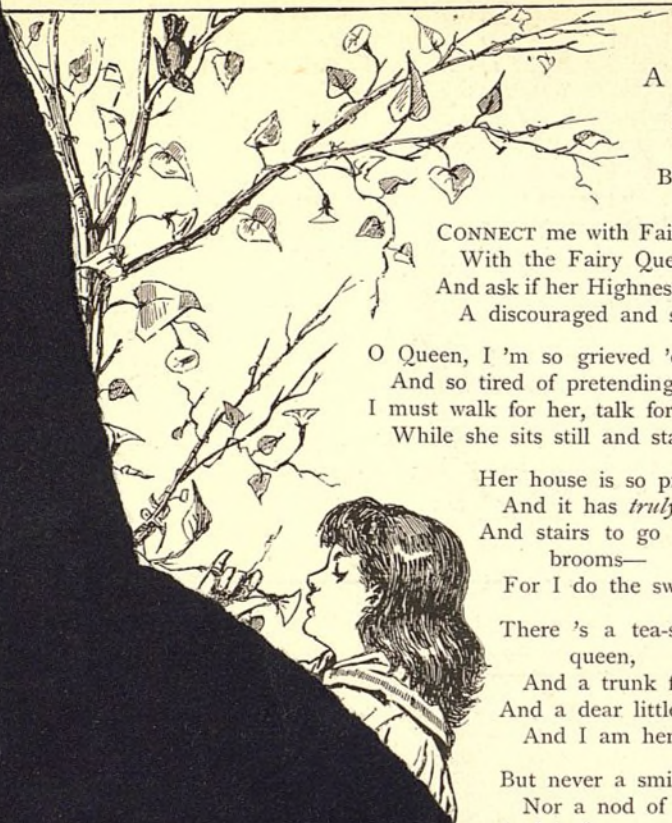
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'll be back again soon after

dinner to see

If you've left one here

for me. Good-bye!



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writes hers
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Mother," a
who kept t
I hope you
myself just
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another, an
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VOL.

MARY JANE DESCRIBES HERSELF.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

I AM going to write my autobiography.

An autobiography is a story that the heroine writes herself. From those I have read, I should say that the heroines of autobiographies are even superior to other heroines. This is my autobiography. I've written two before, and I dare say you have read them. One I called "Kitty's Mother," and the other was about "Tildy Joy," who kept the school at Tuckertown (and me); but I hope you have n't read them, for I have not done myself justice in either. It did n't sound near so nice as I expected, so I am just going to write another, and describe myself as a Sunday-school scholar; and you will see that I am a girl of some character, after all.

Folks say that Dot is the beauty of our family. To be sure, Lucy is her twin, and looks like her, but the scarlet fever, and the measles, and the mumps, and the whooping-cough have stolen her red cheeks, and left her as thin as a wafer. Anyhow, she has the best disposition of any of us, and I suppose that counts for something. As for Baby, he has the worst disposition, and the strongest lungs, and is the greatest nuisance every way. "But Mary Jane," my mother says, "is the smartest child I ever had."

I am Mary Jane.

Perhaps you think it is vain of me to tell this at all. But I am writing my autobiography, and must tell the truth, or it won't be authentic. My father says: "If it is not authentic, a work of this sort has little value." So, you see, I'm obliged to say that I am smart.

As I must be authentic, I shall begin by saying that, although I am so smart, I am not at all handsome. When they had the tableaux at our church, they never asked me to be in them, though Dot was stuck up in 'most every one. The idea of going to a show and having to look at Dot, whom I see every blessed day at home for nothing! Besides, when we have our pictures taken in a group, they always turn me sort of side-face. I s'pose they don't think I can see through that. Well, "beauty is only skin-deep," as Mamie Whyte said in her composition; so I don't care.

At our Sunday-school, there were to be two prizes given at the end of the year. The first prize was to be a Bible, and the second a prayer-book; and the two scholars who should learn the greatest number of verses in the Bible would get them. I

never thought of such a thing as getting a prize. I had a Bible and a prayer-book, and I did n't want another, anyhow. Ours was the most stylish class in school. We were the most stylish girls and had the most stylish teacher. We had the minister's daughter for our teacher. Well, she said one day:

"It's too bad that none of you girls will try for the prize. I really should like to have one of you get it."

Milly Briggs said that some one in the minister's daughter's class *ought* to get it, but none of us wanted to try. There was Mabel Pratt, but she was going to New York for a visit, so she would n't have time; and Jenny Gurney was so slow to learn, and Mamie Whyte and I did n't want the trouble.

Miss Parks had about the meanest class in the Sunday-school. All the poorest and dowdiest girls were in it; and Miss Parks herself wore a waterproof, and was so queer-looking. Jo Holland was in it, for one; and I always hated her. No, I don't hate her, of course, for that would be wicked. I mean I hate the evil that's in her, and that's a great deal.

One day, coming out of school, Jo whispered to me: "How many verses have you learned?"

"Not more than twenty," said I.

"Pooh!" said Julia Brown, one of Miss Parks's girls; "no one in that class will ever get it."

"I do believe," declared Mamie Whyte to me, "that Jo Holland thinks *she* is going to get the prize."

"Well, she just sha'n't, then," said I. "I can learn as many verses as she can, if I have a mind to; and I declare I will, just to spite her."

I made up my mind not to let Jo know that I was trying for the prize, thinking she would learn more verses for fear of being beaten; and then, too, it would be such fun to surprise her at the very last moment. I did n't even tell them at home, for fear they would let out the secret. I selected all the short verses, and left out the big ones between; and that next Sunday, when Miss Newell, our teacher, asked me how many verses I had learned, I said, "Fifty."

"Dear me! I can't hear you say so many to-day," said she, looking pleased.

Well, I did n't have time to say more than five or six, but she gave me credit for fifty, and so, with my other twenty, I had seventy in all.

It was nearly Christmas time, and I was so busy

getting my presents ready, that I did not have much time to study.

For Mother, I was making a lovely pin-cushion.

I began it for Aunt Jane, but that was two years ago, and I knew she had forgotten all about it. I told Mamie Whyte that I was going to give



MISS PARKS'S CLASS.

it to her, and she said it was lovely, and thanked me for it; but that was before I dropped it in the coal-hod, and I did n't believe she would want it after that. With Mother it's different, because she says she values anything her children have taken pains to make for her.

I meant to get something real handsome for Father, but I had only fifty cents to buy it with. Dot and I used to go shopping every day after school, and that was fun. We always went into the handsomest stores. I went into an elegant one once, and I told Dot that I knew we could find

something to suit us; but everything was so dear. The shop-keeper, although he looked like Deacon Tucker down in Tuckertown, was very polite, and we looked and looked and looked; by and by I found the loveliest little stand for cigars, and I knew Father would like it. It did n't look very expensive either, but the gentleman said it was five dollars and fifty cents.

Dot asked him to send us a postal card if he had anything before Christmas in his store for fifty cents. And then we went home. On the way we spent the fifty cents for pickled limes, and treated all the girls, so I could n't give Father any present, after all.

I was going to make Dot's doll a dress. Mothersaid that she would cut it out and I could make it. After a while, I told her that I would rather she should make it, and let me cut it out; but it was already cut out by that time, and

finally I got Mother to make it for me, too.

When it came to Lucy's present, I was tired of sewing, and Mother suggested that I should give Lucy my calla; but it had two buds on it, and I concluded to wait until summer, and give it to her on her birthday.

So, you see, I had lots to do; but I squeezed out time to learn a great many verses. One day, when Father came home, I heard him say:

"Mother, where is Mary Jane?"

And Dot answered:

"She is up in her room, reading the Bible."

It sounded beautifully.

That next Sunday I had fifty verses more; and the next, forty; and then fifty again, and so on.

Well, by and by, Jo Holland found out how many verses I had learned, and gave up trying for the first prize, and bent all her energies on the second prize. I was real mad with whoever told. I went right to Mamie Whyte and told her, and said: "Now, you must get that second prize."

"I can't; it's so late now," replied she.

But I told her how easy it was, if she only picked out the short verses, and so many that Miss Newell could n't hear them.

Mamie did n't like Jo any better than I.

"I will try," said she; "but it's lucky we are not in Miss Parks's class."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, 'cause she makes 'em recite every single verse. I know, 'cause I used to be in it. You could n't have beaten Jo Holland if you had been in her class, could you, Mary Jane?"

Sometimes Mamie Whyte can say as disagreeable things as anybody I know; but I never take any notice of her mean speeches, and that's the way we get on.

At last, Christmas came.

I did n't like my presents very well. One was a book—a history. I have n't read it yet. Mother gave me a new dress; but I should have had to have it any way, and I don't like clothes for presents. The worst was a horrid work-basket, with lots of needles and thread in it. Aunt Jane sent me that, and I was real glad I had n't given her anything. She said in her letter that perhaps I should like to sew better if I had a nice little work-basket of my own. I wanted a locket.

Dot and Lucy had lovely things; but Mother says I am getting too old for toys. In the toe of my stocking I found a five-dollar gold piece; but I was n't allowed to spend it, so I did n't care for it. I consoled myself by thinking what fun it would be to see Jo Holland's rage when Mamie and I got the prizes.

We were going to have our festival in the church, right after the evening service, and, of

emblem was lovely—a silver salver, with a stick all wound around with ribbons standing in the center of it, and heaped around with oranges. It was the most beautiful thing! The motto for Miss Parks's class was "No cross, no crown," and the emblem was n't half so pretty as ours—nothing but an old evergreen cross.

The church was as full as it could be. Mother could n't come, for she had to stay at home with Lucy, who had been more delicate than ever since she had had the scarlet fever. But all the other mothers were there, and lots of people besides. When each class was mentioned, the scholars in it all stood up, and the one that held the emblem carried it to the altar. The minister held it up so that the people could see it, and explained the motto; and then it was taken back again. Mabel Pratt carried our emblem. I suppose she was chosen because she has blonde hair and wears such handsome clothes; but she is a clumsy thing, and tipped it up so that some of the oranges rolled out on the floor, just opposite Miss Parks's class, too.

After all the emblems had been carried up, the prizes were given out.

"The first prize," said Mr. Newell (that's our minister), "is awarded to Miss Mary Jane Hunt, who has learned thirteen hundred and fifty-two verses in the Bible during the past year."

At the words "thirteen hundred and fifty-two verses," everybody turned and looked at me; and, as I stood up, a chorus of "O-o-o-o-h's" went 'way around the church. I should have liked to stand there all day, but Miss Newell pulled me down.

After I had received my prize and taken my seat, the second one was given to Miss Mamie Whyte, for nine hundred and thirty verses. Everybody stared again, and the "Oh's" went around; but not near so many as for mine. I tried to look at Jo, but she was sitting in front of us, and I could n't get a glimpse of her face. I think it was real hard to miss seeing her, after I had worked so.

Well, after Mamie came back from getting her prize, I supposed it was all over, but what was my surprise when Mr. Newell popped up again to say that they had originally intended giving but two prizes, but a third was now to be awarded, as a mark of approbation, "to Miss Josephine Holland, who had learned five verses regularly every week, without a single exception, during the entire year."

And up pranced Jo, as proud as a peacock!

Just then, Mamie grabbed my arm and whispered that somebody said that we were all to be called up to repeat our verses.

Mercy! How frightened I was! My heart came right up into my mouth. It did! And my knees shook so that I could n't have walked up to that



"SHE'S UP IN HER ROOM, READING THE BIBLE."

course, all the people would be there. Each class had a motto and an emblem. Our motto was "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the

altar again, to save my life. Of course, it would frighten anybody to have to recite thirteen hundred and fifty-two verses before a whole church full of people; but it turned out to be only a silly joke of Mamie's, by which she meant to scare me.

in my mouth, and I just hated to think of it. Every now and then, my father would say that he was going to hear me repeat those verses; and, whenever he looked at me, I thought my time had come. Everybody that I saw had something to



THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER'S CLASS.

After the congregation had been dismissed, I saw the third prize; and what do you think it was? A real lovely locket!

Any way, I heard lots of people say that it was a queer prize to give at a Sunday-school, and I'm sure I should n't want to wear jewelry for having learned verses in the Bible. Beside, Mother said that if I would break myself of my habit of procrastinating, she would give me a locket; so it came out right, after all.

It came out right, but, in spite of the glory of getting the prize, somehow it had left a bad taste

say about the festival, and how smart I had been; and the children called me "Miss Thirteen-hundred-and-fifty-two."

But, whenever the subject was mentioned at home, Mother looked at me in—well, such a suspicious sort of way, that I wished a hundred times it had never come into my head to try for that prize at all. I gave my Bible to Dot.

On the fly-leaf was written, "Miss Mary Jane Hunt, from her affectionate pastor. Sunday-school festival," and the date; and Dot has written underneath: "She gave it to me."

GUARDING THE TREASURES; OR, THE SHAH'S CHOICE.

BY EMILY HINKLEY.

THE Grand Vizier was dying; and, as he had been such a faithful servant, the Shah promised that his last request, whatever it might be, should be granted.

"Let it be given me to know, O Commander of Slaves and Ruler of Thrones," said the dying man, "that one of my sons shall guard the treasures of the empire. Faithfully have I studied the interests of my country, never letting personal feeling prevail over judgment. Let me feel that my name shall descend in the position thou intrustest to one of my sons."

"It shall be as thou desirest, Rejerah, the Adviser," replied the potentate. "We will try thy sons; to the best fitted shall be given charge over our treasures. Justice shall be done thy memory!"

Loud were the lamentations of the nation, and great was the distress of the old Vizier's family, when at last he died. But the people soon became reconciled to the new Vizier; while the three sons of Rejerah were soon looking forward to the chance of "Holder of the Golden Key," as the title went. And shortly the eldest, Ramedab, known throughout Persia as the "Ready-Handed," was called to the palace.

He prostrated himself to the ground when brought before the Shah, who thus addressed him:

"This charge is given thee, Ramedab, son of Rejerah, in honor of thy father, a servant of servants—wise for his commander, discreet for himself, and wily toward his enemies. In token of our appreciation of these traits, we now lend thee, for a time, the Golden Key to the treasures. Remember, they are Persia's. It is a great commission,—thy duty is to *guard* them. Let not bribery, personal feeling, nor love of renown cause thee to forget thy charge. May the spirit of thy father be with thee, to lead thee to act as becomes his son."

Ramedab was then conducted to a large stone building used as a treasury by the Shah; here the gold and jewels of the kingdom were kept. It was guarded day and night by trusted sentinels, whose head officer ranked among the nobles of the land. The great house was rather isolated, on the top of a hill, but the guardian was given a silver whistle, which he blew if he saw danger; but was forbidden to use unless in extremity, when a band of soldiers, with shields and spears, would come at once to his relief. The Ready-Handed entered upon his watch in high spirits; of course his sovereign would decide on him: he was the strongest,

bravest, and oldest of his name. He would soon be among the grandees of Persia. He was too good a soldier to sleep on his post, so one o'clock found him awake and alert. A noise, a step,—his hand was on his javelin.

"Peace be with thee, and reward!" exclaimed a voice out of the darkness, and the son of the Shah, Hafiz, appeared before the astonished sentinel.

"Often have I seen thee in games of skill and strength, Ramedab," he continued, seeing the Ready-Handed was too surprised to speak. "But little did I think such honor was in store for thee. Changes are sudden and great."

"Why seekest thou me, 'most noble of the nobles'?" inquired the soldier.

"My father is stricken with illness."

"What, the Shah?"

"Even so. He may cease to live at any moment. What then will become of thy promised honors?"

Here a pause ensued, as if Hafiz wished to let his words produce an effect.

"Better look forward and plant thy foot on the next step, Ramedab. The ready are the lucky. A chance is now thine. I am in debt, as, perhaps, thou hast heard. Let me but obtain some gold, and thy future greatness is secured."

"Betray my trust?" demanded the other.

"I ask thee not to betray. Drop the key, go to the end of the walk: I will only secure a bag of gold, which will never be missed; or if it should be, who will know it disappeared during thy watch? Does not thy brother succeed thee here to-morrow? It would be easy for me to promote thee by degrees, and this I swear: Thou shall be made Grand Vizier when I succeed my father. Thy father would rejoice if, instead of Holder of the Key, thou shouldst rank as himself—second only to the Shah."

"My father!" shouted the young man.

"Enough! My father would curse me for bartering my honor. A thousand times NO! Let the Commander of Slaves live or die, I betray not my trust."

In vain the heir to the throne of Persia tried to recall the hesitating mood of a few minutes before: the name of his father had brought Ramedab to himself. The tempter left, and Ramedab passed the rest of the night in quiet. Contrary to his expectation, he received orders from the monarch to resume his watch the following night, which set in clear and serene; the heavens were illumined with myriads of stars, which shone down brightly on

Ramedab, who saw ere long a warrior approach, bearing a shield that gleamed in the starlight. Could it be Hafiz, come to fight for the treasures? A well-known voice—for what is so soon recognized as an enemy?—called out:

"Ah! Ramedab, I have come to seek thee. Thou thoughtest to escape me; but I have followed to fight thee here."

"Escape thee!" answered the indignant one. "When was the Ready-Handed ever known to avoid a fray? Thou little knowest to whom thou speakest, Mufta, the Brag. It shall never be told that Ramedab denied his spear to any man. But swear, that if I fall, thou wilt not touch the treasures, but blow on the whistle, and then flee."

"What care I for the treasures? It is thou I seek, destroyer of my fame! The jewels are safe from me. Should the Ready-Handed fail, the guard shall be called. Thou hast now no further excuse. Come on; I defy thee!"

They were well matched. Mufta called himself "the Invincible." Ramedab had disputed his title, which caused the enmity between them. Our hero fought bravely, but whether less skillful than his adversary, or pricked by conscience for allowing himself to be drawn into the fray, he lost the combat, and was left bleeding on the ground. Mufta blew the whistle, then departed. The Shah and an attendant appeared.

"It is a plot, then," Ramedab thought, as he beheld no less personages than his sovereign and the Vizier. But immediately all was a blank—he became unconscious.

"Let him be cared for and healed, if possible; it is a bad thrust. He could withstand bribery, but not a personal slight, for the sake of his trust. See that his brother be brought to me to-morrow."

So saying, the Commander of Slaves and Ruler of Thrones retired to the palace.

Amulfeda, while preparing to obey this summons, thoughtfully remarked to Freraddin, the youngest: "It is likely that Ramedab is accepted, as he is a noted soldier; but should his impetuosity displease the Shah, I shall, of course, be next choice, for my father's gracious manner has descended upon me. Thou hast his discretion, but it is all thou hast. Such a puny, slight person as thou art would ill become an exalted position. Besides, I love my country. Though not the warrior Ramedab, I hope to do some great work, to be celebrated through the length and breadth of the land."

The Shah repeated in the same words the charge he had given to the Ready-Handed, the key was presented, and the second son found himself by midnight alone under the stars. Hafiz found Amulfeda deaf to all appeals. Mufta also appeared; but Amulfeda replied to his taunts: "I care not

who calls me coward, so I hold the privilege of guarding the treasures."

He had passed two nights without wavering in his trust. On the third came the Grand Vizier.

"Knowest thou, Amulfeda," said he, "that thou hast been played a trick? The Shah hath given thee empty coffers. Thinkest thou he would trust an untried boy with the jewels of Persia, or that he would bestow upon a beardless youth the office of the Golden Key?"

"How darest thou malign the Ruler of Thrones, who was never known to break his word?"

"Sayest thou so? I could tell thee otherwise; but, with all thy devotion to him, thou fearest to draw thy saber in his defense, though I do say the Shah hath no intention of keeping his word."

"Draw and defend thyself for thy lie! I trust implicitly in the monarch of Persia." So saying, Amulfeda drew his weapon and prepared to attack the Vizier. After a short conflict, the Vizier made himself master of the key,—which Amulfeda had dropped in the struggle,—and withdrew.

On the following morning, Freraddin was informed he was to take his turn. "Why should I mount guard when the Shah has ere this decided on one of my brothers?" thought he. "I only plod along, doing what lies before me. But did not my dying father say, 'Do what comes to hand; do it well; let nothing take thy thoughts from it, and success will follow'? I trust it may prove true."

The Shah looked surprised when Freraddin prostrated himself before him.

"Thy brothers have inherited the most of thy father, we perceive. What has been left for thee?"

"His discretion and power of endurance, O Ruler of Thrones!"

"It may be so. The most useful blade owns not the finest scabbard. Receive this key! I say to thee, as to thy brothers: Let not love of gold, of self, nor of others, cause thee to forget thy duty."

Freraddin was in turn subjected to the temptations his brothers had undergone, only added was the promise from the Shah's favorite daughter, "that if he would let her enter to obtain her amulet, which was kept among the royal jewels, she would use her influence for his promotion, and, in time, persuade her father to agree to their marriage; for the amulet was especially precious to her, and she desired to wear it at the evening feast."

But Freraddin refused; her entreaties were hard to withstand, yet the memory of his father's words decided him, and the princess departed in tears.

Next morning, the three brothers were brought before the throne—Ramedab on a litter, Amulfeda with bandaged arm, and Freraddin holding the key.

"It is known to all," began the Shah, "the promise given to your father, and how it has been

kept. Each was tried. I commanded you not to let anything come between you and your duty. I showed not the treasures, for belief in them was part of your faith in me. You all refused the worldly bribes offered." Here Ramedab changed color. "It is needless to say," continued the Shah, "that the trials were permitted by me. I allowed Hafiz, who needed money, to endeavor to influence you. I did not make Mufta Ramedab's enemy, but agreed to his challenging him while on guard. The Grand Vizier requested the opportunity to test your zeal: should the family of Rejerah fail, his nephew might win. For I could not do Persia the injustice to bestow the Golden Key on one untried

by temptations. Ramedab, this was not the time for thee to think of thine own name; but as thou hast proved thyself brave, though a faulty sentinel, thou shalt receive a place in the cohorts of Persia. Amulfeda, thinkest thou not we had plenty to defend our name? That was not thy mission; let not visions of greatness make thee forget life's duties. Thou shalt be among the chroniclers of Persia. But thou, Freraddin, whom neither gold, nor taunts, nor woman's tears could move from the task appointed, thou keepest the key, for thou alone of the three hast learned self-control."

Loud praises greeted these words. And Freraddin always enjoyed the confidence of his monarch.

ODD MODES OF FISHING.

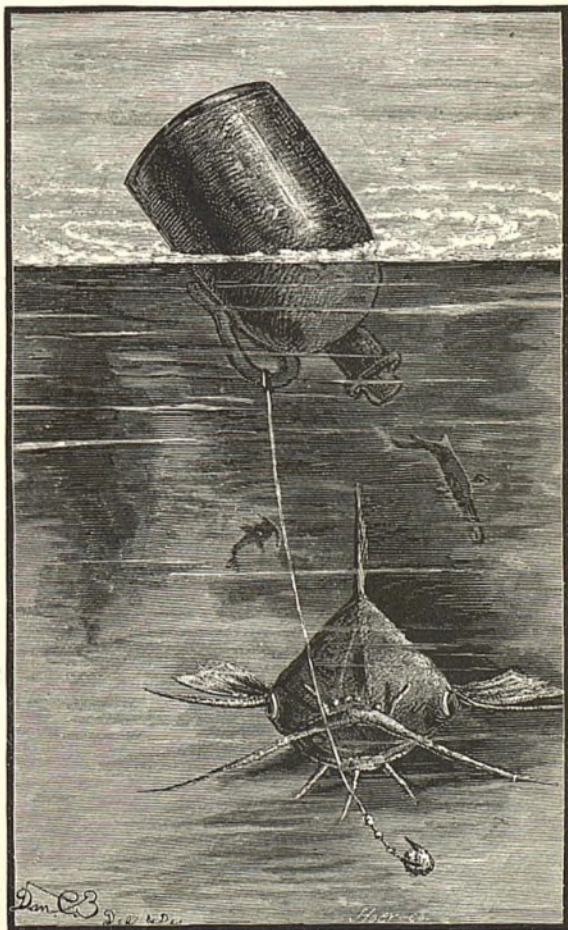
BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

"JUGGING for cats" is a most peculiar and original manner of fishing, common among the colored people of the Southern States. It combines exercise, excitement, and fun, in a much greater degree than the usual method of angling with the rod and reel.

The tackle necessary in this sport is very simple: it consists of five or six empty jugs tightly corked with corn-cobs, and a stout line five feet in length, with a sinker and large hook at the end. One of these lines dangles from the handle of each jug. Baits of many kinds are used, but a bit of cheese, tied in a piece of mosquito-netting to prevent its washing away, appears to be considered the most tempting morsel.

When all the hooks are baited, and the fisherman has inspected his lines and found everything ready, he puts the jugs into a boat and rows out upon the river, dropping the earthenware floats about ten feet apart in a line across the middle of the stream.

The jugs will, of course, be carried down with the current, and will have to be followed and watched. When one of them begins to behave in a strange manner, turning upside down, bobbing about, darting up stream and down, the fisherman knows that a large fish is hooked, and an exciting chase ensues. It sometimes requires hard rowing to catch the jug, for often when the fisherman feels sure of his prize and stretches forth his hand to grasp the runaway, it darts off anew, frequently disappearing from view beneath

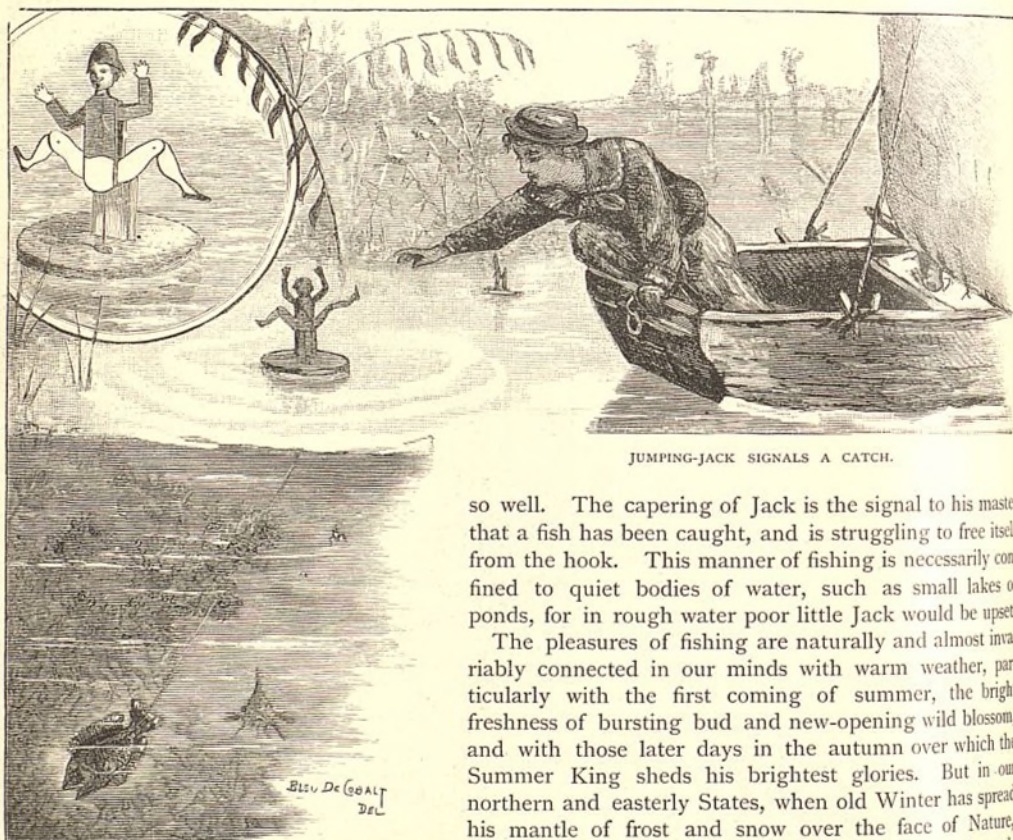


the water, and coming to the surface again yards and yards away from where it had left the disappointed sportsman.

One would think that the pursuit of just one jug, which a fish is piloting around, might prove exciting enough. But imagine the sport of seeing four or five of them start off on their antics at about the same moment. It is at such a time that the skill of the fisherman is tested, for a novice, in his hurry, is apt to lose his head, thereby losing his fish also. Instead of hauling in his line carefully and steadily, he generally pulls it up in such a hasty manner that the fish is able, by a vigorous flop, to tear itself away from the hook. To be a successful "jugger," one must be as careful and deliberate in taking out his fish as though he had

similar to juggling, is by means of a jumping-jack, or small, jointed man, whose limbs are moved by jerking a string attached to them. This little figure is fastened to a stick, which is secured in an upright position on a float, made of a piece of board. Through a hole in the float is passed the string attached to the figure, and tied securely to this are the hook and line. After the hook is baited, the float is placed on the surface of the water, and the little man, standing upright, is left to wait in patience.

Presently a fish, attracted by the bait, comes nearer the surface, seizes the hook quickly, and darts downward, pulling the string, and making the little figure throw up its arms and legs, as though dancing for joy at having performed its task



JUMPING-JACK SIGNALS A CATCH.

so well. The capering of Jack is the signal to his master that a fish has been caught, and is struggling to free itself from the hook. This manner of fishing is necessarily confined to quiet bodies of water, such as small lakes or ponds, for in rough water poor little Jack would be upset.

The pleasures of fishing are naturally and almost invariably connected in our minds with warm weather, particularly with the first coming of summer, the bright freshness of bursting bud and new-opening wild blossom, and with those later days in the autumn over which the Summer King sheds his brightest glories. But in our northern and easterly States, when old Winter has spread his mantle of frost and snow over the face of Nature, and hermetically sealed all the lakes and ponds under covers of ice, as an agreeable addition to the fun of skating, hardy, red-cheeked boys cut round holes in the thick ice, and through them rig their lines for pickerel-fishing. A very simple but ingenious contrivance enables a single fisherman to attend to quite a number of lines, if the holes be made within sight from one another, the fish itself

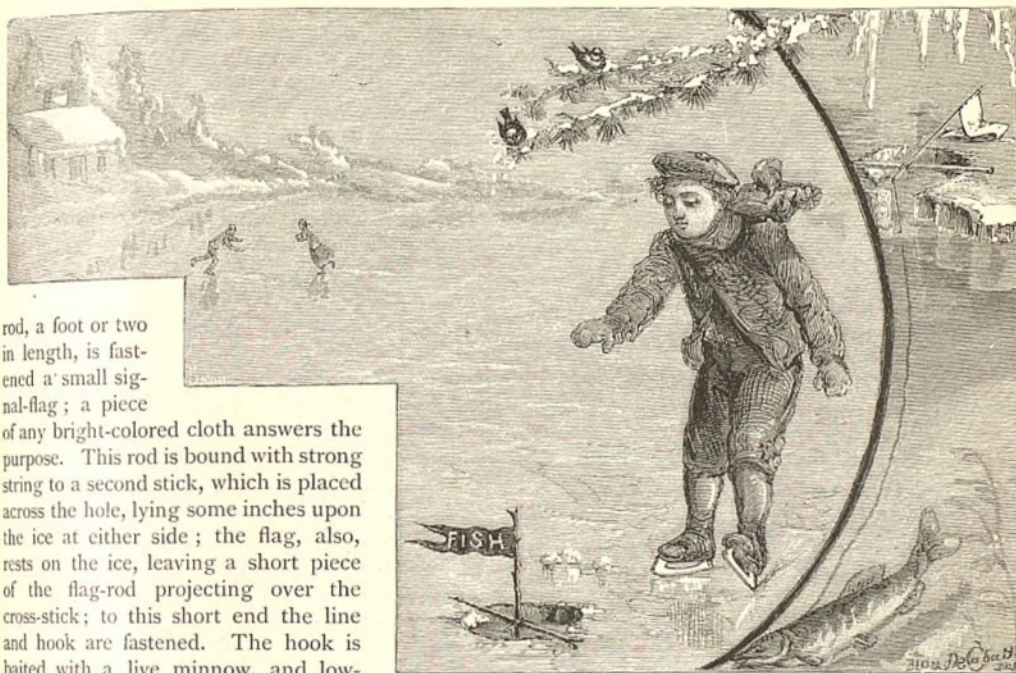
only that one jug to attend to, no matter how many others may be claiming his attention by their frantic signals. The illustration shows a jug turned bottom upward, the line having just been pulled by a fish taking a nibble at the bait, without having quite made up its mind to swallow it.

Another method of catching fish, in principle

giving the signal for the particular line that requires attention.

The construction of this automatic fishing-tackle is so simple that the accompanying illustration shows how it is arranged. At the end of a light

then in readiness for the capture of a pickerel. When the fish is hooked, his struggles keep the flag flying. The illustration shows a fish in the act of biting, and also a boy just about to pull up a line from a hole where the signal is waving.



rod, a foot or two in length, is fastened a small signal-flag; a piece of any bright-colored cloth answers the purpose. This rod is bound with strong string to a second stick, which is placed across the hole, lying some inches upon the ice at either side; the flag, also, rests on the ice, leaving a short piece of the flag-rod projecting over the cross-stick; to this short end the line and hook are fastened. The hook is baited with a live minnow, and lowered through the hole. The tackle is

"HEIGHO, THE FLAG IS STILL FLYING! HE MUST BE A BIG FELLOW!"

RABBITS AND BANK PAPER.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

MOLLIE FRENCH walked slowly into her father's library from the post-office one afternoon, with a puzzled face. She handed him some letters and then stood still, studying a big envelope, on which the card of a wholesale leather warehouse was printed, up in the left-hand corner, and across which her own name was strung in the most business-like writing ever seen,—not Mollie, but "Miss Mary French."

"This is the funniest thing yet for a holiday present!" she exclaimed. "Whom can it be from, Papa?"

"Perhaps if you should open it, you would find out."

Mollie hastened to do so, as though she had

never thought of *that* experiment, and found a big sheet with more printing about leather at the top, and read:

"BOSTON, June 1, 1860.

"MY DEAR NIECE: Remembering that this is your birthday, and remembering also your fondness for pets, I inclose my check for \$10, begging you to provide yourself with a rabbit-house, and a family of rabbits to live in it.

"Hoping that your birthdays may be many, and as sweet and sunny as they ought to be for a young lady born in the month of roses, I remain your affectionate uncle,

WM. HARBURY.

"P. S.—If this am't is not suffic't, draw on me at sight through the Farmers' National Bank for \$10 more.—Yours,

W. H."

"Well, that's very nice of Uncle William, I'm sure, and I'd like to thank him ever so much; but I—I guess he forgot to put the money in! And

what *does* he mean by that postscript? What are you laughing at, Papa?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Did n't I hear a girl saying, a day or two ago, that she would like to be a 'business woman,' and 'deal in railway stocks,' like her father?"

"Very likely; you hear lots of things, Papa," said Mollie, very demurely; then added, with more energy: "And I *should*, too. It must be grand!"

"But it requires much training if you are to succeed, and here 's a good beginning. I suspect your uncle had an object in writing in so commercial a manner. What is that folded paper in your hand?"

"This? Oh, I forgot to look at it. I suppose it 's the 'check' he speaks of, whatever *that* is."

"Read it to me," said her father.

It was a slip of stiff paper, about eight inches long by two inches wide. It was partly printed in ornamental type, and partly written where spaces had been left blank for the words. What Mollie read was this:

HARBURY, JONES & Co. BOSTON.	\$10.00.	Boston, June 1, 1860.
	FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON.	
	Pay to the order of.....Mary French.....	
Ten.....	Dollars $\frac{00}{100}$
	No. 712.	WM. HARBURY.

"But I can't go to Boston to get the money from that bank!" cried Mollie, when she had finished reading.

"No," said her father. "But perhaps you might find somebody who would be willing to give you the money here, and so save you the trouble."

"'Fraid nobody 'd bother to save *me* trouble!" sighed Mollie, with an attempt to be melancholy that brought out a laugh.

"But it might be for somebody's interest to do so. Supposing you were going to Boston to purchase a lot of goods, would n't you rather have your money already there safely, than to run the risk of losing it by carrying it around with you all the time? Now, if a person gives you ten dollars for that check, it 's just the same as though he himself had placed ten dollars in the bank in Boston, and he runs no risk of losing it."

"What if he should lose this?"

"That might cause some inconvenience; but they would give him another check, called a 'dupli-

cate,' and the money would lie safe in the vaults of the bank all the while. Do you know any one who is going to Boston to-day?"

"No, sir, and I don't want to wait a long time until I find somebody."

"If I should tell you, there is a gentleman in the village here who makes a business of giving money for such slips of 'commercial paper,' whom should you guess him to be?"

"Mr. Forbes, the banker, I suppose."

"Right. Now, I am busy and can't talk any more; but, if you wish, you may go down to the bank now, and ask Mr. Forbes if he will cash that check for you. Good-bye."

Mollie would have liked to have her way pointed out a little more explicitly, and she hesitated a moment, but her father did not look up again, and so she started down the street.

The little Canonset Bank of the village was on the most public street, and Mollie passed it once or twice before she finally mustered up courage enough to go in. There was a long desk or counter in the room, and the top of it was protected everywhere by a handsome wire-fence, excepting a little space like a window, above which hung the sign, "Cashier," in gilt letters. Behind the fence were some clerks, writing in immense account-books, piles of packages of bank-bills, and gleaming trays of gold and silver coins.

"Is Mr. Forbes in?" Mollie asked of a tall, kindly gentleman at the little window.

"No, he is out of town to-day. Can I do anything for you?"

"Well," Mollie ventured to say, rather timidly, "I wanted to ask him if he would give me the money for this," and she held out her check.

The gentleman glanced at it and then turned it over.

"Are you Mary French?" he asked, a trifle sternly, the girl thought.

"Yes, sir."

"But we don't know you. You must get somebody to identify you. Do you know any one here?"

"Why, of course; I know 'most everybody."

"Well," said he, and handed back the check, "we can't pay it until we know that you are the Mary French whose name is written there."

At first, Mollie was a little angry. It was the first time that anybody had doubted that she was herself.

"I just think he knows me himself, and only wants to plague me."

Perhaps he did, but he did not show it. Just then she saw the superintendent of her Sunday-school, and ran across the street, with an exclamation that stopped and astonished him.

"Oh, Mr. Thomas, you know I'm Mary French, don't you?"

"Know that—what? Why, of course."

"Well, wont you please go with me to that horrid bank, and tell them so? I want to get some money with a check."

"Certainly I will. But, Mollie, if you want to talk like a business man about this, you must say, 'I want to *cash* a check.'"

"Thank you," Mollie answered, rather meekly.

"Mr. Cashier," said Mr. Thomas, "this is my friend, Miss Mary French. You will find her a very pleasant person to do business with. Good-morning."

Then Mollie handed in her check again, sure she was all right now; but the cashier glanced at the back of it, and then returned it to her, saying quietly: "Indorse it, please."

"What do you mean?" asked Mollie, a little scared at this new complication.

"Write your full name across the back of it. Unless you do that, we could n't get the money from the bank in Boston where Mr. Harbury has deposited it. By writing your name, you at once show that we have paid you the money, and that you have transferred to this bank the right to collect the same amount from the fund Mr. Harbury has placed in Boston."

"But you have n't given me the money yet," objected Mollie.

"No," said the cashier, smiling, "and you must n't give me the indorsed check until I do. Here it is. Would you like five dollars or so in small change?"

"If you please," said Mollie, as she wrote her name at a little desk near by, carefully blotting the ink, and passing the paper across the counter. Then she picked up her precious crisp bills and shining silver, and had started almost to run out of the door, when the cashier again stopped her.

"It is always best to count your money before leaving. There might be some mistake."

Mollie counted, and it did not come out right! She tried it again, with no better success.

"I think, sir," she said then, "there are only nine dollars and ninety-eight cents here, when I thought I should get ten dollars."

"Yes, but I had to stamp the check. The stamp is required by the government as a tax, and costs two cents. See?"

I am afraid his customer did not "see" at all, but she thought she would rather lose two cents, if it were not all right, than show any further ignorance of banking customs, and so she tripped homeward.

Her father's first question was whether she had got her money or not.

"I cashed the check, if that is what you mean," Mollie replied, with dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes—I beg your pardon—that is what I intended to say. Now, tell me all your adventures."

She began, and they had a good laugh over them. When she told about the stamp, Papa looked grave.

"I think Uncle William did *that* for a purpose, too. He would tell you, as I do, that when you grow up and send away checks of your own, you should stamp them. It is a petty fraud to let your creditor pay the two cents that it is your duty to provide for. Now, about the rabbit-house?"

They put their heads together, but before full decision was reached, Mr. French was called away. When leaving, he remarked:

"If I were you, Mollie, I should write Uncle William as short and business-like but pleasant a letter in acknowledgment as he sent to you. Tell him," and Mr. French used a lot of phrases that Mollie strove to remember, with this result:

"CANONSET, June 2, 1860.

"MY DEAR UNCLE: It is with pleasure I acknowledge the receipt this morning of your letter of yesterday, inclosing check on the Farmers' Bank of Boston for \$10. Please accept my thanks for remembering not only that it was my birthday, but that I love pets. In case the expenses you propose should exceed \$10, I shall gladly avail myself of your further generosity, and make the sight-draft you suggest. Believe me, your affectionate niece, MARY FRENCH."

"Whew!" whistled Uncle Billy, in his counting-room in Pearl street the next day. "I rather guess I wont try to puzzle *that* girl any more with business forms. Could n't have written a better letter myself. I must have her as a partner!"

The rabbit-houses were at once begun, but before they were finished, about a week after this, Mr. French and his daughter were again together in the library. She had explained to him that her ten dollars would be all gone before her pets were housed, or, rather, before she could buy any rabbits at all, for the house was to be got ready first. Consequently, she would have to call for the other ten dollars, and she wanted to know what a draft was, and how to do it. This was not so easily learned by herself as the management of the check had been, and so he very willingly told her all about the matter at first.

"A check," he said, "is simply an order from a person who has deposited money with a banker to pay out that money, or a part of it, to a particular person. A draft is a different thing, for that is a demand from one person upon another person—sometimes, but not always, from one bank to another—to pay a certain amount of money at a certain time. The person who writes and signs the draft is called the 'maker,' and the person to whom he addresses the draft is the 'payer.' Now take a pen and I will dictate the proper form, since

I happen to have none of the printed blanks which are generally used for this purpose."

In a few moments she had done, and read :

"CANONSET, June 10, 1860.

"\$10.00.

"At sight, pay to the order of the Farmers' National Bank, Ten Dollars, value received, and charge the same to account of

"MARY FRENCH.

"To WILLIAM HARBURY, Boston, Mass."

"Very well," said Mr. French. "Now, if you send that to the bank in Boston which the draft names, they will get the money at once, and return it to you, if your uncle cares to pay it. Or perhaps our village bank might 'discount' it, as they say; that is, buy it from you for a little less than the face —"

"What's that?" asked Mollie.

"The 'face,' or 'face value,' is the sum the draft calls for,—in this case, ten dollars. But you do not need to pay for this accommodation; so simply send it to the Boston bank, inclosed with a little note to the cashier, asking him to be kind enough to collect it, and remit you the amount."

Mollie did so, and in a couple of days got an answer in a big engraved envelope, containing a brief letter that she could hardly read for the flourishes, and inclosing her own draft.

"What's the matter now, Papa?" she cried, in dismay. "My draft has come back."

"Is it protested?" asked Mr. French, making his face very long, but not quite hiding a twinkle of fun in his eyes. "If that's the case, Uncle William has changed his mind about your rabbits, and wont give the money. Moreover, you will have

to pay the banker two dollars or so for 'protest fees,' and other trouble. What does your letter say? Perhaps that will explain matters."

"Oh, it says something about 'New York funds,' and an 'accommodation' to me, and so on. I can't make the horrid writing out."

"Well, look again at your draft. What's that written across the face of it in red ink?"

"It looks like 'Accepted.'"

"That's the word. You are all right. The bank sent the draft by a messenger to Uncle William's office, to see if it was proper for them to pay it to you out of his money in their hands. When he wrote 'Accepted' and his name across the face, that gave his consent. A draft is of no more worth than a dunning letter, until it has been accepted or honored, as it is sometimes called. Now, what is that I see on the back of the paper?"

"Why," answered Mollie, reading slowly, "it says, 'Payable at the First National Bank of New York, Marcus Miserly, Cashier.'"

"Ah, that's all right again. Take that down to our bank, indorse it as you would a check, and Mr. Forbes will pay you the money, charging you nothing, as he would if it were a draft upon Worcester or Portland, or some city where he had only a little business; but drafts on New York are as good as gold, and cost nothing for collection."

"Well, I never!" said Mollie, filled with surprise at all these intricacies of business. However, she not only got her rabbits, but, a few years later, when her father died, she took up the reins of his business, and brought it to the end she desired.



"GRIEF CAN NOT DRIVE HIM AWAY!"

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A BAD BEGINNING, BUT A GOOD ENDING.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



MARCH came in like a lion,
 With a terrible growl and a roar,
 And the naked trees trembled and
 shivered,
 And the sea-waves fled fast to the shore;
 And old Winter came back for a mo-
 ment
 To start the north wind on a blow;
 And the breath of the lion froze white
 on the air,
 And his mane was all covered with
 snow.

Weeks passed, and the snow-flakes had
 melted,
 And the wind grown too weary to shout,
 But March was still grumbling, when
 lo ! a wee flow'r
 From a tiny green mantle peeped out.

"Oh, what is the use?" said she, gently,
 "Of being so dreadfully cross?
 I have three little sisters so frightened at you
 They are hiding away in the moss.

"And the buds of the trees are still ling'ring
 In the boughs, for they fear to burst forth,
 And only two birds, of the host that went South
 Last autumn, have dared to come North.
 Do smile once or twice ere you leave us,
 And the hearts of the timid ones cheer,

For believe me, dear March, it is better
 by far
 To be thought of with love than with
 fear."

As she paused, March was shaking with
 laughter.

"Why, you elf-bloom, you pale little
 thing,

Where got you the courage a lecture
 to give

To the rollicking son of the Spring?

But you 're right, pretty one, and to
 show you

There are other months worse than I
 am,

Here 's a smile of the very best sun-
 shine, my dear,"

And he turned and went out like a
 lamb.



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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER V.

"There is a land where Summer never dies,
A land forever green, 'neath cloudless skies,
A Paradise of birds and butterflies."

THE longest mountain-range on earth is the chain of the Cordilleras, or Andes, as they are called in South America, which stretches all the way from Cape Horn to Alaska—for the Rocky Mountains of the United States are only a continuation of the sierras of western Mexico. Three days after our departure from the *hacienda*, we crossed the main chain of this mountain-range, near a point the Mexicans call the "Wild Rose Pass," a defile where the head-waters of the Rio Verde have washed out a deep gap. It was in the month of December; the flowers of the wild rose-bushes were faded, and all around us rose tower-like masses of rock and ice, the glaciers of the central sierra. The roads were extremely rough, but Daddy Simon would never let us camp in the evening till we had made at least twenty-five miles.

"It's only a short time to Christmas," said he, "and I want you to pass the holidays in a more pleasant country than this."

We saw what he meant when we reached the eastern slope, on the morning of the fifth day. The precipices of the sierra descended in a series of sunny terraces, where the rocks were covered with ivy instead of snow, and the valleys below were clothed with endless woods, stretching away in the distance like an ocean of blue-green waves.

"That's the Valley of Tabasco," said our guide; "and near the little lake, at the end of that wooded ridge down there, is the farm of Colonel Garcia, the gentleman we met in Benyamo last week. We must keep our word and get there before Christmas eve."

We camped that evening in a cedar grove that supplied us with fuel, for the night was still too cold to sleep without a fire; but the next morning we got back to the tropical virgin-woods, where the shrubs swarmed with beetles and butterflies, and the paroquets screamed in the tree-tops. We found some wild pine-apples, and toward noon we passed an Indian garden, full of ripe bananas, oranges, and a plum-like fruit they call *chirimoyas*, and finer grapes than we see in our best northern vineyards in summer-time.

In the hills of southern Mexico there are herds of half-wild cows, and some of them are quite wild; that is, they take to the upper sierra, and flee like deer at the sight of a human being. But in winter-time, when the hill-tops are covered with snow, hunger often drives them back to the foothills, and the herders then get a chance to recapture them. They can be known by their savage appearance, and, as they are never stabled nor cleaned, their hide is generally full of burs. On the brink of a little mountain-creek, where we watered our mule, one of these wild cows passed us in headlong flight, and soon after a boy on a black colt came down the road at a tearing gallop. The colt was neither saddled nor bridled, but the boy clung to him like a monkey, and yelled so incessantly that he frightened the cow almost out of its wits. When the wild chase approached a fenced pasture the cow turned off to the left, but the boy made his horse leap the fence, knocking down a couple of rails, and then galloped away on the level lawn, while the cow had to break through the brushwood. A minute after, an old man came running up from the lower end of the pasture, swinging his hat and shouting at the top of his voice; but he was too late; the boy had leaped the fence a second time and disappeared in a thicket of willow-trees.

The man then replaced the rails, and could not help smiling when he saw us, though he had looked rather angry at first.

"That's Don Garcia's steward," whispered the guide. "He knows me; I'm going to ask him if the colonel is at home."

"How are you, señor?" he hailed the man. "How are all the folk at the *rancho*?"

The man clambered over the fence and shook hands with our guide.

"The colonel told me you were coming," said he. "He will be very glad to see you. He's out hunting in the sierra, but he will be back before night. We are going to have a great festival in the village to-morrow."

"Was that the colonel's son?" I asked—"that boy on the black colt, I mean."

"That boy? That's Little Mischief," said the steward.

"Little *what*?"

"Little Mischief," repeated the steward. "He

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has no other name. The colonel is a Cuban refugee, you know, and this boy followed him over to Mexico. His father was a horse-breaker in the Spanish army, and I think that's the reason he wants to be on horseback all the time. Our colonel likes him on account of his funniness; but I wish he would buy him a pony of his own, so he won't ride our colts to death. We call him *Dannito* [Little Damage], because he is so full of mischief and monkey-tricks."

The colonel's farm was situated at the lower end of the Indian village of Palo Pinto, and his house was the only decent building in the place; but the surroundings were beautiful; high blue mountains all about, the hill-sides covered with chestnut-groves, and down in the valley a lake with fine pasture-grounds. On one of these pastures the people of the village were mowing the grass for a race-course; they were going to have a foot-race and all kinds of games the next day, for Christmas is a great festival in Mexico, and the merriest holiday in all their year.

Just before sunset, the colonel came riding slowly up the road—his horse was so overloaded with game and fish. He had six wild turkeys, an antelope, and a big string of salmon-trout, and right behind his saddle a bundle of something I mistook for a pile of squirrels or rabbits. But when he halted at the garden-gate, the bundle jumped down and proved to be our cow-hunter, Little Mischief, who had been curled up behind the saddle-croup like a cat.

"I told you I would overtake that cow," he called out when he saw the steward. "I headed her off twice, but it's all of no use; we shall have to lariat her. There's something about catching cows in my father's book—what did you do with it?"

"I believe it's on my mantel-shelf," said the steward. "Never mind, now; I will —" but the boy was already gone.

The steward's house was at the other end of the garden; but while we were shaking hands with the colonel, Little Mischief came running back with a tattered memorandum-book.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "You must read me that piece now, and get me a good lariat. I know where that cow went to. I wish they would settle that match on horseback," he burst out when he saw the mowers. "I would show them what a race is! Hold on! There's a piece of rawhide rope behind the manger; that will do for a lariat," cried he, and ran away in the direction of the stalls.

"How old is that little fellow?" I asked.

"He's not quite eight years," said the colonel.

"But he makes more fuss than all the young Indians in this village. If he keeps on that way, we'll have to call him Big Mischief before long."

We staid at the *ranch* the next morning, on account of Christmas, and because Black Betsy needed a day's rest; but the Mexicans keep their church-festivals in a peculiar way of their own, and we never saw a noisier holiday. They had kettle-drum processions, music and round-dances, arrow-shooting and whirl-swings, and a game for children, called "box-luck." A box with a round hole in the top was placed on the green, and every one who wanted to try his luck had first to put something into the box,—a pine-apple, a banana, a piece of cake, or a handful of nuts,—and finally the box-keeper put a dozen of oranges in, one of them marked with a star. The youngsters were then blindfolded, and one by one had to stick their fists through the hole and make a quick grab; he who grabbed the marked orange won the whole lot. The races came off in the afternoon; first a foot-race for men, and then a wrestle-run for boys, or a rough-and-tumble race, as we should call it. The runners started off pair-wise, and tried to stop or trip each other, and if one got a little start, the other was almost sure to overtake him and pull him back before he got too far away. They had some first-rate runners in Palo Pinto, but the race was finally won by a boy from the neighboring village of Carmen, who had a trick of making two or three standing-jumps in quick succession. He pulled and rolled around in the usual way, till they were about twenty yards from the goal, when he suddenly broke away with one of his flying jumps, and, before his adversary could grab him, a second, third, and fourth leap landed him safe beyond the goal.

Three English miles from Palo Pinto there was a large *estancia* or stock-farm, and in the evening two herders drove up, with a car full of meat, as a Christmas present for the villagers. "*Carne rosario! Carne rosario!*" [rosary-meat] they cried, and flung out their presents left and right. Their rosaries were pieces of dried beef, about as large as a man's hand, strung together in a wreath, like the little bologna-sausages in our butcher-shops. The colonel's house was the last one in the village, and when they passed the garden-gate they had just three rosaries left, and flung them over the fence, while they wished us a merry Christmas.

"Here's a present for the pretty lady!" they shouted. "And here's one for your prettiest girl, and one for your prettiest cat. Now, pitch in, but don't scratch each other," they called out when they drove away.

The colonel's girls ran out laughing, and chased each other all over the garden, each one claiming the prize of beauty, till they got tired and agreed to divide it.

"But, here, what shall we do with this string?" asked the colonel. "We have n't a cat!"

"Give it to Robby," cried the girls; "he never had a Christmas present yet."

The colonel whistled through his fingers, and before long a big vulture, a sort of turkey-buzzard, flew up from a chestnut-tree in the garden and alighted on the gravel-plot before our feet. He snatched the meat and tried to take wing, but the bundle was too heavy, and he had to drop it. Coming down again, he seized the rosary by the string and dragged it slowly toward the next tree, but he had not pulled it very far when a big

the same the third and fourth time, till one-third of the meat had been eaten by the pig. But by making the string shorter, he also made it lighter, and now Robby's chance had come. The next time they took hold, he seized the string a little nearer the middle, and the moment the hog got his piece off, Robby spread his wings, and, with three vigorous flops, raised himself about thirty feet, and flew away with the string of meat dangling from between his claws.

The pig was still chewing the last piece, but



A MEXICAN BIRD-FANCIER.

pig trotted around the corner and grabbed the rosary by the other end.

"Oh! look at that greedy thing! Drive him away, somebody!" cried the girls.

"No, no—leave them alone," said the colonel; "let us see how they will settle their dispute."

The pig hauled one way and the vulture the other, till the rosary broke, and instead of pulling a wreath, they now had to tug at either end of a long string. But that gave the hog an unfair advantage, for while Robby could do nothing but pull, Piggy soon chewed a piece off, swallowed it, and grabbed the next chunk. They pulled again, and again the string gave way on the pig's side;

when he got it down he looked up, and a more astonished hog was never seen in America. Where was the vulture and what had become of the rosary? He looked left and right and all around with an expression of indescribable bewilderment, and then suddenly rushed down the road and around the corner. It seemed to strike him that there was no time to lose, if the vulture had run off in that direction.

The villagers had all left to carry their rosaries home, but before sunset they returned with drums and cow-horns, and the merriment now became so obstreperous that we prepared to eat our supper in a little chestnut-grove at the upper end of the

lake. The colonel's children had made that place their favorite play-ground, and while our boys were climbing the trees to catch the humming-bird moths that buzzed around the chestnut-flowers, the girls amused themselves with a pole-swing, big enough to seat two or three at once.

The people at the *rancho* had no menagerie animals for sale, but one of the villagers told us about a Mexican bird-fancier in the Sierra Honda, about ten English miles from Palo Pinto, where we could buy tame monkeys and parrots of all kinds. The next morning we saddled our mule at sunrise, and started right after breakfast, with the villager for a guide and Little Mischief for an outrider. He was going to protect us against the sierra bears, said the little monkey, and to catch all the wild cows that might cross his path. The groom had read him that piece in his father's book, and provided him with two stout lariats, so he was now prepared to deal with the wildest cow in the country, he assured us. Our road led along a well-wooded mountain-side, and when the sun began to dry the dew on the shrubs, the air fairly swarmed with winged insects. Glittering dragon-flies shot to and fro, large black wasps buzzed around the trees; and among the butterflies that hovered about the way-side flowers, we saw some specimens that set Tommy almost wild with excitement. He caught some large black ones with white and yellow dots, and a little moth-like sphinx, as red as fire, and one splendid purple swallow-tail, with a sheen like sky-blue satin. He had to climb a tree to catch that beauty, and when he came down again, an old man hobbled across the road and examined his butterfly-net.

"When I lived in Medellion I used to catch those things myself, and sell them in Vera Cruz; but I never saw a contrivance like that in my life. Why, that 's wonderful handy!"

"How did you manage to catch them?" asked Tommy.

"I used to take them with my hat," said the old man; "and sometimes I trapped them."

"Trapped them? How?"

"There is a thorny tree growing in this country," said he,—"a sort of buckthorn, with strong-smelling white flowers. They don't smell very nice, but butterflies seem to like them so much that they almost fly into your hands if you carry a bunch of that stuff. But this net beats all that! Don't you people come from across the sea?"

"Yes, from Europe," said Tommy.

"How wonderfully clever they must be in that country! Just let me look at that net once more. Why, I never saw the like in my life!"

The butterfly-catcher was made of a common wire hoop, with a bag-net of white gauze, similar to the material used for mosquito-bars—a stuff that

can be bought at a New York dry-goods store for ten cents a yard.

"Is n't that marvelous!" cried the old Mexican. "Threads as fine as gossamer, and as evenly worked as cells in a honey-comb. It seems almost impossible for a natural human being to do it. Excuse me, gentlemen—can you tell me who made this?"

"It was made by an old lady," said Menito. "She 's the only one in the world that can do it."

"I thought so. Is n't she kind of red-eyed?"

"Yes, a little," said Menito. "That sort of work will spoil one's eyesight."

"Pshaw! That 's only a pretext of hers!" cried the old man. "You ought to catch her at once. I felt sure there was witchcraft about it. That explains it, of course. I knew there was something supernatural about it," he muttered to himself when he hobbled away; "it would take a fellow about twenty years to make a thing like that."

Little Mischief, during this talk, had ranged the pastures along the hill-side in search of cows; but when we continued our road, he came down a mountain-valley at full gallop, and drew rein when he caught sight of us.

"What sort of country is this, anyhow!" he exclaimed. "I saw a crocodile on that mountain-meadow back there; and when I tried to catch it, it went up a tree like a shot."

"Up a tree!" we all cried. "That 's not possible. You must be mistaken!"

"Not a bit. It 's only a little way up the pasture. Come along; I will show it to you."

He took us to a tall mimosa-tree on the hill-side, and pointed to the upper branches.

"Yes, there it is," said he. "Do you see it now?"

"Why, that 's an iguana!" laughed Tommy. "It 's all right, though. Let 's catch her, all the same."

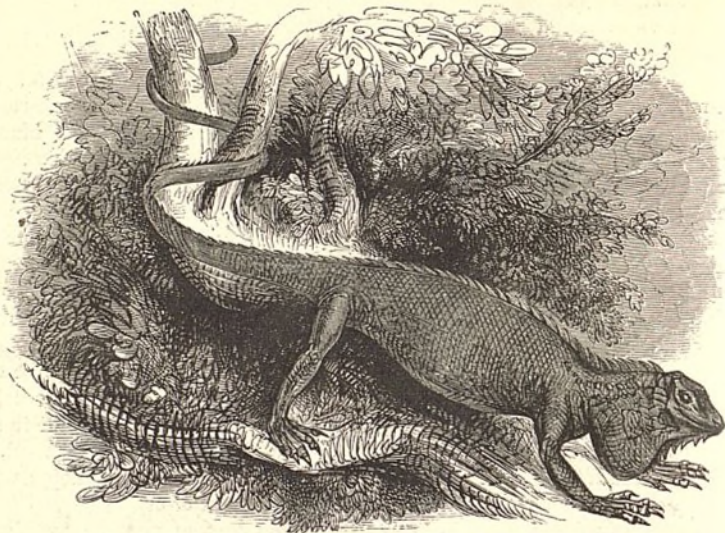
The thing in the tree-top looked like a young alligator, or a very large lizard, with a whip-like tail, about three or four feet long. It had long claws like a parrot, and clutched the branches with all its might when we tried to shake it down; but when Menito began to pelt it with pebbles, it leaped from bough to bough, and finally jumped off and scampered away across the pasture, with Rough in full pursuit. He overtook it before he reached the next tree, and chased it into a bush, where Tommy caught it with our squirrel-net. In catching it he broke off a piece of its long tail, but it was otherwise uninjured, and a very pretty-looking moss-green creature, so we put it in one of the wire baskets.

On the ridge of the mountain-range we stopped at the edge of a steep cliff, and when we looked

about for a place to sit down and rest awhile, a thing like a black fox jumped up among the rocks, and clambered up a big fir-tree as nimbly as a cat.

"Hello! That's a cedar-squirrel," said the guide,—"the biggest I have seen for a good while. There

into a trap; she could not possibly retreat without running right into Menito's clutches, nor jump off without falling into an abyss about six hundred feet straight down. But, instead of growing uneasy, she trimmed her fur with great complacency till Men-



"THE THING IN THE TREE-TOP LOOKED LIKE A VERY LARGE LIZARD."

she goes! Will one of you gentlemen lend me your gun for a minute?"

"No; but hold on!" cried Tommy. "It would be a pity. I wonder if we could not catch her alive?"

"I will do it for fifty cents," said Menito. "She can't get away from that tree."

The fir-tree stood close to the brink of a precipice, and was almost bare, with the exception of a few brushy twigs among the top branches.

"Do you think you could get up there?" I asked.

"Of course he can," said Little Mischief. "I will do it myself for fifty cents, if he wont."

"Why, you have as much sense as a human being; but you are too late, Master Slyboots," said Menito, and began to ascend the tree.

The squirrel clambered up higher and higher when she saw him come, and we thought she would go up to the very top. But when she got about half-way up, she jumped on to a stout side-branch that overhung the precipice, ran out to the farthest end, and then faced boldly about, as if she defied anybody to follow her to that stronghold.

"Look out what you are doing!" I sang out, when I saw that Menito was going to climb the same branch.

"It's all right, sir," he called down. "I have her just where I want her."

It looked really as if the squirrel had blundered

into a trap; she could not possibly retreat without running right into Menito's clutches, nor jump off without falling into an abyss about six hundred feet straight down. But, instead of growing uneasy, she trimmed her fur with great complacency till Men-

ito approached within about five feet, when she gathered herself up and jumped down without the least hesitation. With a very long-handled net we might have caught her as she came through the air; but, as it was, she fell into the abyss, and with every second her paws and tail spread out farther, till she looked as broad as a big bat, and, running to the edge of the cliff, we saw her alight on a rock at the foot of the precipice, and scamper away as if nothing had happened.

"Well, I declare, if she did n't land on her hind legs," said Tommy. "I should never have believed that if I had not seen it with my own eyes!"

"It is practice,—that's all," observed Daddy Simon. "She has tried that before; there's nothing wonderful about it."

"Oh, señor, will you do me a favor?" asked Little Mischief.

"Why, certainly, my boy; what is it?"

"Well, then, please make that big Indian jump down," said he, "and let us see if he will land on his hind legs, too."

"Hello! where did you leave your squirrel?" asked Tommy, when our bold climber came down empty-handed.

"I don't care," said Menito,—"the climb was worth fifty cents. I have seen something else: there's a nest with young harpy-eagles in the cliffs down there; we can reach them quite easily. Come this way—you can see the nest from here."

"Harpy-eagles?" I asked. "Are you sure? That looks more like a pile of crows'-nests."

"No, he 's right!" cried Tommy. "Look at that big bird there,—look out!"

A large eagle shot up from the cliffs, rose high in the air, and then swooped down and circled over our heads with fierce screams. Before we recovered from our surprise he rose up again, as if he wanted to survey us once more before venturing the attack; but when he came down again we had got our guns ready, two shots went off together, and the eagle tumbled down and flapped among the rocks. When Rough made a dash at him he struggled to his feet, but toppled over again, flapped his wings in a sort of convulsion, and then lay still,—dead, as we thought.

"Drive that dog away," I called out. "I want to stuff that bird, and send it to Vera Cruz."

Menito ran down, and reached the place just in time, for the dog had already begun to tear the eagle. Turning around to look at the nest, I noticed Dannito's mare grazing alone at the brink of the precipice.

"Why, where 's Little Mischief?" I asked.

"Here he comes," said the guide.

"He has been down and taken the young eagles."

"Yes, two of them," said Dannito, clambering up through the steep rocks, "nearly full grown. Don't you think they are worth fifty cents?"

"Yes, about a dollar," said I; "but you must give half of it to the other boy for seeing the nest first. Come up here, Menito, and bring the eagle along."

Menito grabbed the eagle by the neck, but had hardly raised it from the ground when the bird revived, struggled to its feet, and, before any of us could come to the rescue, it opened its wings and made a flapping spring at Menito's head. The poor fellow had not even a stick to defend himself, but used his palmetto hat as a shield, and retreated step for step, when the bird suddenly flew up and pounced upon him, with a swoop that would have knocked him down if he had not thrown himself on his knee. In clutching at the boy's face, the eagle struck its claws through the palmetto hat; but seeing us come, it rose high up in the air, and flew away, with the hat still sticking to its claws. But it did not fly very far; its wounds began to tell, and, after flapping heavily along the cliffs, it

alighted on a rock about a hundred yards farther down, and, lifting its right foot close to its face, gravely examined it, looking at the hat from the corner of its eyes, as if it could not make out what the strange appendage could be. I was going to



LITTLE MISCHIEF'S DANGEROUS FEAT.

shoot it where it was, but, before I could cock my gun, Little Mischief threw a stone at it, and the bird fluttered down to the next lower ledge and hopped behind a cliff, where we lost sight of it. The precipice at that point was as steep as a wall, and we had to give up our eagle for lost.

"Menito is out of luck to-day," said Tommy.

"Yes," laughed Menito, "that fellow had to rob me when he saw he could not fight me—the coward!"

"No, it's foolishness more than cowardice," observed old Daddy. "I don't think the foolish bird could tell a palmetto from a common straw hat."

Our road now turned into a mountain-valley, where fine meadows alternated with live-oak groves, and we were riding slowly along, when Little Mischief clutched my arm and pointed to an open lawn between the hill-side groves.

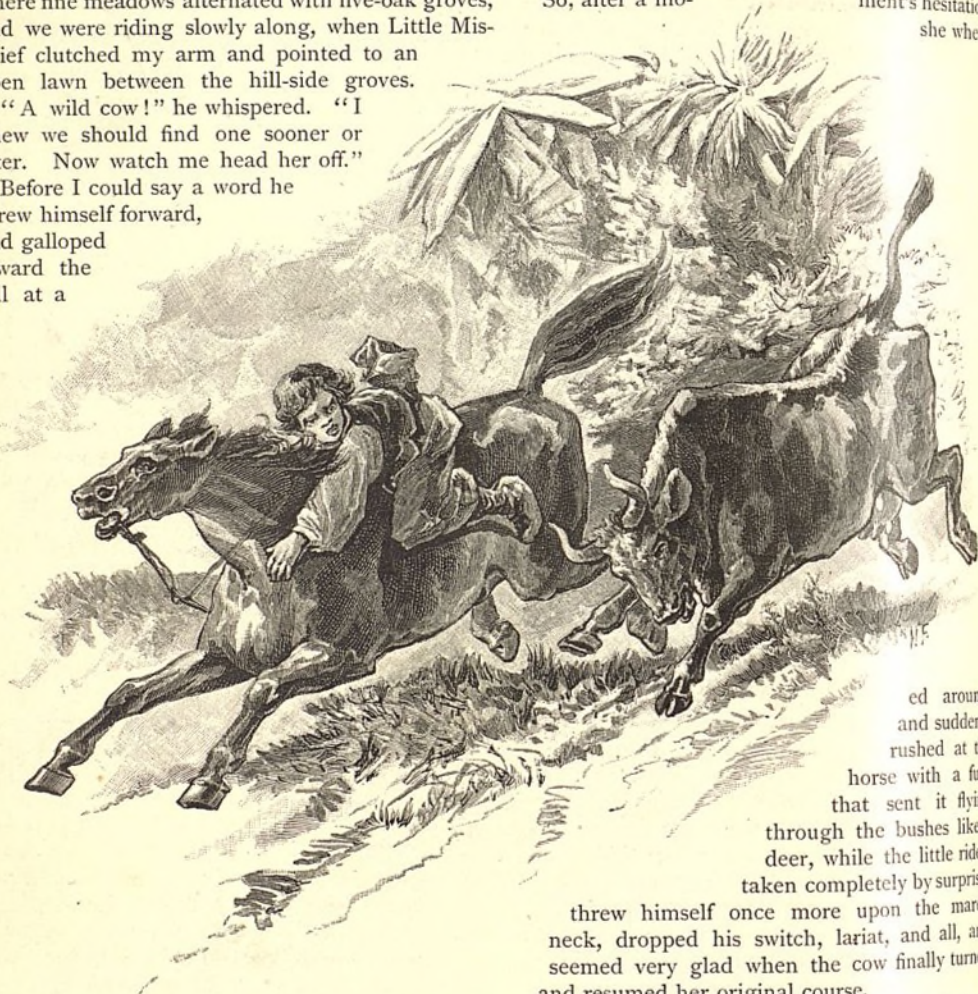
"A wild cow!" he whispered. "I knew we should find one sooner or later. Now watch me head her off."

Before I could say a word he threw himself forward, and galloped toward the hill at a

strength failed him: the cow made a spring forward, and not only tore the lariat from his hands, but would have jerked him out of his saddle if he had not clutched the mare's neck in the nick of time. He recovered his seat, and, urging his horse with slaps and shouts, uncoiled the second lariat. By this time, however, the cow had found out what sort of a manikin she had to deal with.

So, after a mo-

ment's hesitation, she wheel-



"THE COW SUDDENLY RUSHED AT THE HORSE WITH A FURY THAT SENT HIM FLYING."

break-neck speed. The cow grazed in peace till he was almost upon her, when she suddenly heard his whoops, and, not having seen us yet, came rushing down the hill-side toward our valley, with Dannito close at her heels. He was really a splendid rider, and knew something about handling a lariat, too, for at the second throw he got the noose over the cow's horns, and, wheeling his horse suddenly outward, tried to draw the rope tight. But here his

threw himself once more upon the mare's neck, dropped his switch, lariat, and all, and seemed very glad when the cow finally turned and resumed her original course.

"Hallo, where's your lariat?" laughed the guide, when the would-be cow-catcher rejoined us, rather crest-fallen.

"Why, it's all the cow's fault," said Little Mischief. "She took an unfair advantage: it's quite against the rules for a cow to chase a hunter. There's not a word about that in my father's book."

"Here's one of your lariats, Baby," said Daddy Simon; "the cow dropped it near the creek, down there. You ought to have tied it to your saddle-

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try to get

knob, and then she could not have jerked it out of your hands. You would make a fine *vagüero*!"

"Why, I never thought of that," said Little Mischief. "Give it here—you are just right there," and before we knew what he would be about, he had snatched the rope and tied it to his pommel. "I shall have her sure, this time," he shouted, and galloped away like the wind.

The bird-fancier's house was full of parrots and four-legged pets, but most of them of a kind that could be got very cheap in any Mexican sea-port town, so we contented ourselves with buying three pretty young capuchin monkeys, and a purple macaw that could talk like a Spanish barber. The fowler had a trained falcon that would catch rabbits and wild ducks, but he asked a very high price for it.

"He has a tame wolf down in the garden," whispered Tommy. "Please ask him how he wants to sell it."

"I have two of them," said the fowler, "and I won't charge you anything for the little one, if it's of any use to you. But my wife won't like to part with the big one: he is our churn wolf."

"Your *what*?"

"He's churning our butter," said the Mexican. "Step this way, please; you can see him at work right now."

In the shade of the porch stood a large butter-vat, with a churn-wheel that could be turned by stepping upon the spokes, and a big black wolf was performing that operation with an energy that made him puff and grunt, though that might be on account of his liberal diet, for he was as sleek as a pig. His companion was hardly half-grown, and looked very much like a Scotch shepherd-dog, when he rubbed his head against his master's knee.

We were all seated at supper, upon the *texado*,—a sort of balcony or platform on the roof of the cottage,—when Little Mischief trotted through the gate and haltered his mare to the next tree.

"This jade of mine is n't worth a bundle of corn-straw," said he, when he met the guide in the court-yard. "She ran away like a rabbit, at sight of the cow. I'll just saddle the black colt to-morrow; I can make him go wherever I want to."

Soon after, we heard him rush upstairs. "Get your guns—quick! quick!" he shouted, when he burst through the balcony door. "Down in the garden there's a big, fat wolf trying to get into the house. He has his feet upon the staircase, but it turns and turns and turns."

The fowler's daughters burst out laughing.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the boy.

"That's no staircase, you big baby," laughed Menito; "it's a—a trap for catching wolves. They try to get up, and it turns and turns till they are

tired to death, and you can catch them with your hands."

"Do tell!" cried the big baby. "Too bad! That spoils all our fun."

"How's that?"

"Why," said Little Mischief, "I thought he would come upstairs and eat some of these girls."

When we left the next morning, we tied the young wolf to a halter strap, and he soon followed us like a dog. The young monkeys we put in the same cage with Master Bobtail, and when they saw him they hugged him at once with the liveliest demonstrations of joy and confidence; but the little rogue pushed them away, and clambered, grinning, into the top of the cage. They seemed to have mistaken him for a parent or some responsible relative, for, when he shook them off, they fairly screamed with indignation, and then retreated into the farthest corner, pouting as if they were the worst-used babies in Mexico.

"How do they catch those little things?" asked Tommy.

"By trapping the old ones," said the guide. "That's the only way. They can climb almost as soon as they are born; but if you catch an old she-monkey with very young kittens, the young ones will cling to your arms or legs if you carry their mother away."

"And how does he catch all those parrots? Hunts up the nests, I suppose?"

"Yes, and in different other ways," said the guide. "Most bird-fanciers have a decoy-bird or a decoy-snake."

"A snake? You don't mean that they train a snake to charm birds!" I asked.

"No, no," laughed the guide. "The birds come of their own accord if they see a decoy, and you can take them with a net, or with bird-lime. My brother used to be a fowler, and once told me a trade-secret, but he is dead now, so I might as well tell you. You see, the matter is this: birds know that owls and snakes are their enemies, and if they see them exposed in day-time, they gather around from curiosity, and perhaps in hopes to be revenged upon them. So all you have to do is to put a tame snake in a wire cage, or hang her up in a bush where the birds can see her, and it would n't be long before they would flock to the spot. If crows and blackbirds flutter around a snake, people are apt to think that they must be bewitched, or 'charmed,' as they call it; but the truth is that the snake is often more in danger than the birds, and would like to charm them *away*, if she could."

When we returned to Palo Pinto, the colonel urged us to stay for another day or two, but our time was so limited that we had to decline his offer.

While we took leave of the kind people, Little

Mischief ran into the house, but just when we were going to start, he bounced out again, and cried:

"Oh, don't go away! Don't leave us, please."

"It can't be helped," said Menito. "Why, you are a good-natured little fellow, after all!"

"Yes, my good boy, I wish we could take you along," said Tommy; "but never mind—perhaps we may come back some of these days."

"Oh, I don't want you to come back," said the good boy, "but you might as well stay till two o'clock."

"What for, Dannito? What do you want us to do?"

"I want you to wait till noon, anyhow," said Little Mischief. "Cook says if you all go away there won't be any pudding for dinner!"

(To be continued.)

SARDINES AND SARDINIÈRES.

BY CAROLINE EUSTIS.

I OFTEN sit on the veranda of my pleasant tropical house, which overlooks the sea at Key West, watching the fishermen come down on the beach, and throw in their nets to catch the sardines that abound all along these shores. The water is very clear, and the little fish can be distinctly seen as they glide above the shining sand.

The nets are of circular form, made of fine cord, and have oblong leaden weights along the outer edge, like a string of heavy beads. The fishermen here are chiefly Spaniards, and seem to understand the art of throwing the net. They slip off their shoes and stockings, roll up their trousers just as far as they can, then, gathering the net firmly in one hand, they place the cord between their teeth, and walk out slowly into the water. When they see a favorable opportunity, with a very peculiar and graceful swing they cast the net into the water with a splash, and quickly draw it in crowded with small, quivering, silvery creatures, which are carefully picked out from among the entangling twine, and thrown into a basket to gasp their little lives away. The net is now ready for another toss. Often a boy is sent out with an oar, to make a splashing in the water and to startle the fish, so that in attempting to swim away they may be the more easily entangled.

Sometimes I go down on the beach to watch the operations, and the men point at their gleaming treasures with great delight, exclaiming: "Sardina! Sardina!"

They often go out some distance in boats, when the water is still, and usually they are very successful in securing large hauls.

The sardines caught around Key West are very small and delicate, but around Sand Key and many others of the Florida keys they are of large size and very fine flavor. They do not pack the sardines in

oil here, but fry them just as soon as possible after taking them from the water, which makes them very delicious eating.

Becoming intimately acquainted with these pretty denizens of our own waters, I felt a natural desire to inquire, generally, into sardines, since they have become, nowadays, so common an article of food in all parts of the world.

Sardines occur in great abundance in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and around the shores of Sardinia, whence they derive their name. When the warm weather comes on, they leave these pleasant waters, and are found in immense numbers along the coast of Brittany, between Brest and Belle Isle, where very extensive sardine-fisheries are carried on.

When the sea is calm and the day fair, often a thousand small fishing-boats start forth together, so that the bay is covered far and wide with them. Frequently, bad weather drives the fish into the bay, and the boats then do not have to go out a great distance. They are caught by the gills in nets, which are made of fine cord, in small meshes, and which are floated by having many pieces of cork attached to the upper edge. After the fishermen get out to where the water is deep, they lower their sails and mast, and cast overboard their nets, while the boat is worked along gently by two large oars, keeping her head to the wind. They then begin to throw out bait, usually the hardened roe of some fish, to attract the sardines, which approach the net in shoals and linger about it. Once in a while one of the fishermen in the boat will throw a heavy stone into the midst of a shoal, frightening them so that, as they attempt to dart away, they immediately become entangled in the meshes of the net, and die almost as soon as they touch it. When the corks disappear beneath the

water, it shows that the nets are full, whereupon they are dragged into the boat, and their contents are emptied into the hold of the vessel, while another net is thrown in. The holds of these boats often contain forty or fifty thousand sardines, since a single haul of the net will sometimes yield from fifteen to twenty thousand, although more often not more than four or five thousand.

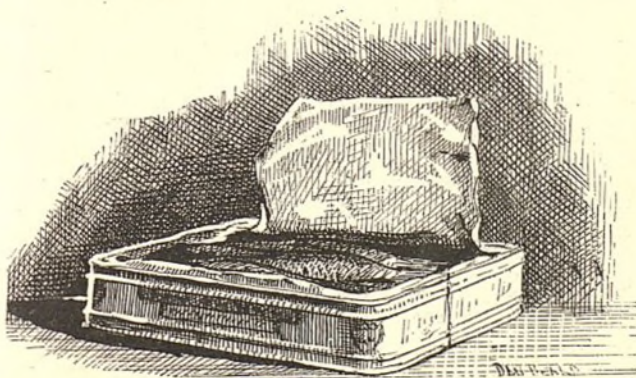
The sardine is a very delicate fish, and, to be eaten fresh, must be cooked as soon as it is taken out of the water. It cannot be kept for that purpose, therefore, but there are merchants and speculators in this business as in all others, and the fishermen can hardly touch the shore before the dealers are on hand to purchase, often buying up the entire cargo. The sardines are then immediately taken from the holds of the vessels and counted, then placed in a strong iron basket and dipped in the salt water until the fish are thoroughly cleaned. They are next removed to a large establishment called a "friture," where women and girls are principally employed to do the work, under the name of "sardinières." These *sardinières* have various officers, the most important of all being the "commise," who superintends the work, sees that everybody is busy, and keeps account of what is done, but is not required to touch the fish herself.

The sardines, washed and counted, having been given into the hands of the *sardinières*, one set of these people first removes the head and the entrails. The fish then are passed on to others, who put them carefully in salt, and allow them to remain there a short time. Next, they are taken from the salt and placed on gridirons, which are arranged on shelves exposed to the air, where they undergo a drying process. When they are considered sufficiently dried, each gridiron-full is taken from the shelf and

plunged into boiling oil. The best Italian olive-oil must be used, and the fishes are allowed to remain in it about five minutes, after which they are given a chance to cool. It only remains now to arrange them in the tin boxes ready to hold them, fill the boxes with oil, and solder on the air-tight covers. Thus inclosed, sardines will keep in a perfect state for many years. The women then polish the boxes, which then are all labeled with brass tickets, and are ready to be sent all over the world. The smallest boxes hold about twenty sardines, and the largest ones about a hundred. Sometimes, when the boxes are first soldered up, they are plunged in boiling water, since the fish are thought to keep longer by this process, but it is thought that this treatment takes something away from the savory flavor so highly esteemed.

The manufacture of the oblong, square-cornered tin boxes for sardines is quite a business by itself. They are all made in the "friture," where the fish are prepared for the market. Workers in tin are engaged by the year, and it is stated that from ten to fifteen millions of these boxes of different sizes are made in France every twelve months.

Thus we have watched the "life and progress" of the sardine in its pleasant home beneath the blue sea wave; in its entanglement in the net of the fisherman; in its unpleasant quarters in the hold of the vessel; next counted and washed, beheaded and cleaned, salted, dried, and dipped in boiling oil; then packed away carefully one by one in neat boxes; and by and by we shall see them upon our luncheon-tables, requiring a regular sardine-knife to open the firmly soldered lid of the box before we can help ourselves to his silvery little form, without a sigh of regret that, for our sakes, he was snatched from the sunny waters of the Mediterranean, or his summer home on the bold shores of Brittany.



The Donkey and his Company.

By S.C. Stone.



A DONKEY, going to Bremen, once,
O'ertook, upon his way,
A friendly little yellow Dog,
Who barked him a "Good-day!"

"Good-day!" replied the Donkey, then,
"Good friend, where are you bound?"
"To Bremen," barked the little Dog,
"To see my friend, the Hound."

So, on they journeyed, side by side,
Or loitered by the way,
Until they met a Pussy Cat,
Who mewed a sweet "Good-day!"

"Good-day, Dame Puss," they both replied;
"Pray, where may you be bound?"
"To Bremen," mewed the little Cat,
"To sing and look around."



Thereat, they begged her company
To cheer the lonesome way;
And, soon, all met Sir Chanticleer,
Who crowed a shrill "Good-day!"

"Good-day! good-day!" the three replied;
"Pray where, Sir, are you bound?"
"To Bremen," crowed the little Cock,
"To see some fishes drowned!"

"I'll gladly bear you company;
For, though I've not much goods,
I've heard a band of robbers live
Somewhere within these woods!"



They closer drew together, then,
And all began to hark,
But nothing heard; till, presently,
The night fell, still and dark!

Then, what to do they did not know,
So dim the wood had grown;
Till, all at once, a space ahead,
A glimmering light outshone!



So, one and all fresh counsel took,
And went, at once, to see
What, shining through the gloom and dusk,
That brilliant beam might be!

They found a house, all hushed and dark,
Save for one window high,
Whence strayed the beam of golden light
That they were guided by!

The Donkey, as the tallest, tried
To stand and peep within;
But nay! The window proved too high,
And great was his chagrin!

Then, mounting on the Donkey's back,
The Dog essayed to see!
But still the window was too high,
And quite dismayed was he!

The Pussy Cat next volunteered
Upon the Dog to stand!
Yet, even she, upon his back,
The distance had not spanned!

Sir Chanticleer then flapped his wings
And lit on Pussy's head!
And, standing thus, he saw within
"The Robber-band!" he said.

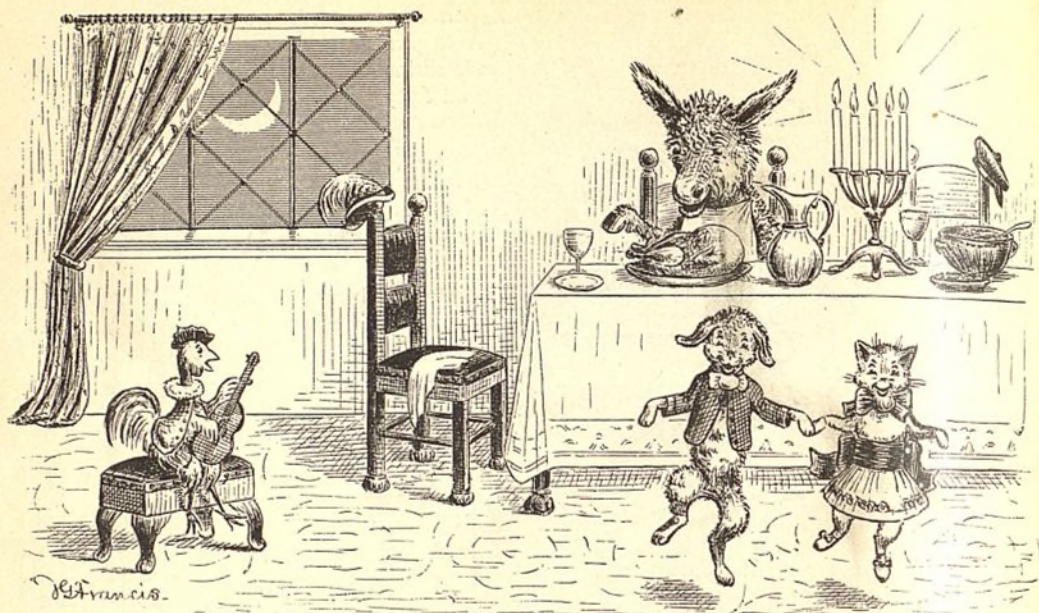


Reported, too, a table, spread
And garnished with a feast!
And, sitting there, around their wine,
Full forty thieves, at least!

Then quickly hunger tempted them
To plot to get within;
And so they planned to scare the thieves
By an unearthly din!

The Donkey brayed! the Dog did bark!
The Kitty cried and mewed!
Sir Chanticleer crowed loud and long,
As there they peeped and stood;





Oh, what alarm the thieves were in !
 They scattered to a man,
 As soon as, at a signal given,
 The concert first began !

They hither ran, they thither ran,
 As never men before !
 Whilst Donkey and his company
 Walked in and shut the door !

And so they feasted well and slept
 Until the following day ;
 When, being all thereby refreshed,
 They went upon their way.

To Bremen, strolling slowly on,
 At last the travelers came ;
 And there, by giving concerts, all
 Attained to lasting fame !



PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER VII.

PHAETON'S CHARIOT.

NED and I pushed on the project for a printing-office with great energy. We made the acquaintance of a man named Alvord, who kept a job-office, —where they never seemed to be in a hurry, as they always were in the newspaper offices,—and was never unwilling to answer questions or sell us old type. It was great fun to explore the mysteries of his establishment. I think he liked boys as much as Jack-in-the-Box did, and I'm sure it was a pleasure to us, in laying out Ned's capital, to pay so much of it to so pleasant a man.

But energy without skill is like zeal without knowledge; in fact, it is about the same thing, and we could n't really make much progress till Phaeton should take hold; and he would have nothing to do with it till he had finished his apparatus for "a horizontal balloon-ascension," which he was at work upon every minute that he could spare from sleep and meals.

With the help of the carriage-maker and the blacksmith, and Ned's capital—which he drew upon much more freely than had been bargained for—he constructed a low, broad, skeleton-like carriage, the body of which was hung below the axles of the wheels, instead of above them, and almost touched the ground. This was to prevent it from tipping over easily. The front axle turned on a swivel, and was controlled with two stout handles, by means of which the carriage could be steered. On the front of the box were three iron hooks. At the back there was a single hook. The wheels were pretty large, but the whole was made as light as possible.

When it was finished, Phaeton brought it home and put it away carefully in the wood-shed.

"I am afraid," said he, "that somebody will steal this car, or come in and damage it, unless we put a lock on this wood-shed door."

"Who would want to steal it, or damage it?" said Ned.

"The Dublin boys," said Phaeton, half under his breath. "Two of them were seen prowling around here the other day."

One section of the town, which was divided from ours by the deep gorge of the river, was popularly known as Dublin, and the boys who lived there, though probably very much like other boys, were always considered by us as our natural enemies—

plotters against the peace of boy society, capable of the most treacherous designs and the darkest deeds ever perpetrated in the juvenile world. Every piece of mischief not obviously to be accounted for in any other way, was laid to the Dublin boys as a matter of course.

"But we have n't a padlock," said Ned, "except that old brass one, and the key of that is lost, and we could n't turn it when we had it."

"I suppose we shall have to buy a new one," said Phaeton.

"All right—buy one," said Ned.

"I have n't any money," said Phaeton.

"Nor I," said Ned,—"spent the last cent for a beautiful little font of Tuscan type; weighed just five pounds, fifteen cents a pound—nothing the matter with it, only the Es are gone."

"The Es are gone?" said Phaeton. "Do you mean to say you have been buying a font of type with no Es in it?"

"Yes; why? What's the harm in that?" said Ned. "You don't expect everything to be perfect when you buy things second-hand."

"Of course not," said Phaeton; "but what can you do without Es? If the Qs or the Xs were gone, it would n't so much matter; but there's hardly a word that has n't at least one E in it. Just count the Es on a page of any book. And you've been fooling away your money on a font of type with no Es! Mr. Alvord ought to be ashamed of himself to cheat a boy like that."

"You need n't be scolding me for fooling away the money," said Ned. "What have you been doing, I should like to know? Fooling away the money on that old torrid-zontal balloon thing, which will probably make a shipwreck of you the first time you try it. And, besides, I did n't buy the type of Mr. Alvord."

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them of a boy that I met on the stairs when I was coming down from Alvord's."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. He lives on one of those cross-streets down by the aqueduct. I went to his house with him to get the type. He said he used to have a little office, but his father would n't let him keep it any more, just because his baby sister ate some of the ink."

"It's too bad," said Phaeton; "what do you suppose could have become of the Es?"

"I don't know," said Ned, a little morosely. "unless the baby sister ate them, too."

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"But," said Phaeton, suddenly, "how are we going to get a lock for this door?"

"I don't see that we can get one at all," said Ned.

I suggested that the door of the wood-shed might be nailed up, to keep out the Dublin boys, till we had a chance to get a padlock.

"That's a first-rate idea," said Phaeton, and he at once brought out the hammer and nail-box, and began to nail up the door. It was a heavy, paneled door, which had evidently come from some old mansion that was torn down.

"It's as well to make it strong while we're about it," said he; "for if those fellows should come, they'd pry it open if they could," and he put in a few more nails.

"Father showed me how to drive nails so as to make them hold," said I. "Let me show you;" and taking the hammer from his hand, I drove eight or ten more nails into the door, driving them in pairs, each pair slanting in opposite directions.

"That's a thing worth knowing," said Ned. "Let me practice on it a little."

He took the hammer, and drove one or two pairs in the manner I had shown him, and was so pleased with his success, that he kept on till he had used up all the nails in the box.

"No Dublin boy is going to get that car this night," said he, as he gave a final blow to the last nail.

"No," said Fay; "I think it's pretty safe."

As it began to rain, I was obliged to hurry home. That night, as I afterward learned, there was sorrow in the breast of the youngest member of the Rogers family. Little May Rogers, who never went to sleep without her favorite cat, Jemima, curled up on the foot of her little bed, could not go to sleep because Jemima was nowhere to be found in the house, and had not come when every outside door in turn was opened, and she was called from the vasty darkness. Even when Mrs. Rogers stood in the kitchen door and rasped the carving-knife on the steel, Jemima failed to come bounding in. That was considered decisive as to her fate. The cat would be sure to come at that sound, if she were able to come at all.

But a much more serious commotion shook the family next morning. When Mr. Rogers went down to his breakfast, it was not ready; in fact, the kitchen fire was not made.

"How is this, Biddy?" said he to the cook.

"Sure, I could not help it, sir; I could get no kindlings."

"Why so, Biddy?"

"Because, sir, the wood-shed door's bewitched. I could not get it open. And everything outside is

soakin' wet wid the rain, and so of course I could not kindle the fire."

Mr. Rogers walked out to the wood-shed door, and attempted to open it with an impatient and vigorous jerk, but the handle came off in his hand. Then he tried to get hold of it by the edge, but there was not a crack where he could insert his fingers. Then he took hold of it at the bottom, where there was considerable space, but it would not budge a hair. He was getting a little excited, for he had an engagement to leave town by the early train. He went into the house for some sort of tool, and brought out the poker. Cutting a little hole with his pocket-knife at the edge of the door, he inserted the poker, and pried; but the poker bent double, and the door did not stir. Then he went in again, and brought out the stove-wrench. Cutting the hole a little larger, he pried at the door with the wrench; but the wrench was of cast-iron, and snapped in two. "Biddy," said he, "I see a light at Robbins's,"—it was very early in the morning,—"go over and borrow an ax."

Biddy soon returned with an ax, and Mr. Rogers tried to pry the door open with that, but only succeeded in breaking splinters from the edge.

"Biddy," said he, "bring a light, and let's see what ails it."

Biddy brought out a candle, but trembled so at the idea of letting out the witches, that she dropped it at Mr. Rogers's feet, and it struck on its lighted end and went out. Biddy made rapid apologies, and ran in for another candle. But Mr. Rogers would wait no longer. He raised the ax in fury, and began to slaughter the door, like a medieval soldier before the gate of a besieged castle.

Slice after slice was torn off and flew inward, striking the opposite side of the shed; but the door as a whole would not fall. When a considerable hole had been made, a frightened cat, its eyes gleaming wildly, and its tail as large as a feather-duster, leaped out from the inner darkness, passing over Mr. Rogers's head, and knocking his hat off. It landed somewhere in the yard, and immediately made for the woods. Biddy, who arrived on the ground with the second candle just in time to witness this performance, dropped the light again, and fled screaming into the house.

This aroused two neighbors, who threw up their windows, thrust their heads out, and, hearing the powerful blows of the ax, thought a maniac was abroad, and halloosed for the police.

The watchman on that beat, ever on the alert, waited only eight or nine minutes, till he could call four others to his aid, when all five of them started for the scene of the trouble. Separating after they had entered Mr. Rogers's gate, they made a little circuit through the yard, and

cautiously approached him, two on each side, and one behind. As the one behind laid his hand on his shoulder, Mr. Rogers dropped the ax, whirled around, and "hailed off," as the boys say, but caught the gleam of the silver star on the policeman's breast, and lowered his fist.

"What do you want?" said he.

"If it's you, we don't want anything," said the policeman, who, of course, knew Mr. Rogers very well. "But we thought we wanted a crazy man."

with many nails, still clung tightly to the jambs, all the central portion having been cut away in ragged slices.

"This door has been nailed up with a great many nails," said he.

"I can't imagine who would do that," said Mr. Rogers; "this is n't the first day of April."

Neither could the policemen. In fact, I have observed that policemen have very little imagination. In this instance, five of them, all imagining



"ONE OF THE POLICEMEN PRODUCED A BULL'S-EYE LANTERN."

"Then you might as well take me," said Mr. Rogers, "for I am pretty nearly crazy. The mischief has got into this door, so that it could n't be opened, and the cook had no kindlings and I no breakfast; and I shall lose the early train, and if I don't reach Albany to-day, I can't tell how many dollars it will cost me, but a good many."

Mr. Rogers drew out his handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

One of the policemen produced a bull's-eye lantern, and examined the ruined door, passing it up and down the edge, where the outer frame, studded

at once, could not imagine who nailed up that door. The nearest they could come to it was, that it was probably done with a heavy, blunt instrument, in the hands of some person or persons unknown.

When, later in the day, we boys stood contemplating what Ned called "the shipwreck of the door,"—older people than he call all sorts of wrecks shipwrecks,—he remarked that he did n't know what his father would say, if he should find out who did it.

Mr. Rogers had taken the next train for Albany.

"He will find out," said Phaeton; "for I shall tell him as soon as he gets home."

The day that his father returned, Phaeton told, at the tea-table, the whole story of how the door was bewitched. A week had then passed, and—such are the soothing influences of time—Mr. Rogers laughed heartily at the whole affair, and at his own excitement most of all.

"I had no idea," said Ned, solemnly, "that so much trouble could be caused by a few nails."

His mother thought "few" was good.

The next day I heard little May Rogers telling another child about it. This was her story:

"You see, brother Fay and brother Neddie, they drove a nail in the wood-shed door; and Biddy, she lended Mr. Robbins's ax; and then Papa, he got besited; and so we have n't any wood-shed door any more."

Meanwhile, the preparations for the horizontal balloon-ascension had gone on. But, as Ned had remarked, nothing could be done without capital, and he was obliged to make another business call upon his Aunt Mercy.

"What's new down at your house?" said she.

"Nothing particular," said Ned.

"I hear that that idiotic brother of yours has been cutting up a pretty caper," said Aunt Mercy, after a pause.

"What was it?" said Ned.

"Why, don't you know?"

"I don't know what you have been told, and I can't think of anything very bad that Fay has done."

"Gracious me!" said Aunt Mercy, looking up surprised. "Don't you call it bad to go around slyly in the night and nail up every door and window in the house?"

"Yes, that would be pretty bad, Aunt. But Fay has n't done so."

"You admit that it was bad, then?"

"Why, certainly,—but it is n't true. Only one door was nailed up—the wood-shed door."

"I do believe you're standing up for him. But I tell you, a boy that would nail up one door would nail up a hundred."

"He might if he had nails enough," said Ned, in a low voice.

"That's just it," said Aunt Mercy. "That fellow would nail up just as many doors as he could get nails for. I've no doubt it was only the givin' out of the nails that prevented him from going through every house in the neighborhood. Mark my words, he'll come to some bad end. Don't you have anything to do with him, Edmund Burton."

Ned said he thought it would be rather hard not to have anything to do with his own brother.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Aunt Mercy. "But do the best you can."

"Yes, Aunt, I'll do my best."

"Now tell me," said she, "about your muddle. Have you made a muddle yet?"

I thought Ned might have answered conscientiously that he had made a muddle. But he said:

"No, Aunt, we've put that off for a while. We think it will be best to do some other things first."

"What are the other things?"

"One of them is a printing-office. We think of setting up a little printing-office to print little books and papers and cards and things, if we can get together enough money for it. It takes rather more capital than we have at present."

I suppose Aunt Mercy thought I was the other one besides himself included in Ned's "we."

"I should have supposed," said she, "that it was best to finish one muddle before going into another. But you know best, Edmund Burton. I have great confidence in your judgment." And she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, and seemed to be dreaming for some minutes. I doubt if she more than half knew which Edmund Burton she was talking to—the one who had long since gone down beneath the waters of a distant sea, or the young scapegrace who, without intending to represent anything falsely, had got so much money from her on false representations.

"I don't know how it is," said he to me one day. "I never intend to cheat Aunt Mercy; and yet, whenever I go to see her, things seem to fix themselves somehow so that she misunderstands. I guess it's her imagination."

"How much money do you need for your new muddle?" said she, when she came out of her reverie.

"Jack-in-the-Box says he thinks twenty-five or thirty dollars would fit up a good one," said Ned.

"Who is Jack-in-the-Box?"

"A gentleman connected with the railroad."

"Queer name for a railroad director," said Aunt Mercy. "But I suppose you've blundered on it. French, very likely. Might be Jacquin Thibaux. (I studied French two terms at Madam Farron's.) Some of those old Huguenot names have got into strange shapes. But it does n't matter. I dare say Monsieur Thibaux is right about it. I have n't any money with me to-night, but I'll send it over to you to-morrow. Don't let that ignorant brother of yours meddle with your printing-office; he'll misspell every word, and disgrace the family."

"I'll try to keep him straight," said Ned.

"Good-night, Aunt."

"Good-night, Edmund Burton, my dear boy."

"I thought part of this capital," said I to Ned,

as we walked away, "was for the horizontal balloon."

"So it is," said he; "but I could n't explain that to Aunt Mercy, because Fay has never explained it to me. I have no idea how he's going to make that thing go."

When Phaeton was furnished with a little more money, we soon saw how the thing was to go. He built three enormous kites, six feet high. They were not bow-kites—the traditional kite always represented in pictures, but seldom used in our country. They were the far more powerful six-cornered kite, familiar to the boys of the Middle States. He certainly built them with great skill, and Ned and I had the pleasure of helping him—if holding the paste-cup and hunting for material to make the tails was helping.

As each was finished, Phaeton carefully stood it up in the wood-shed to dry, where there was no more danger of Dublin boys; for Mr. Rogers had sent a carpenter to put on a new door and furnish it with a lock. Nevertheless, Phaeton took the first kite to his room for the night, and put it against the wall behind the bed. But Ned, who tossed a great deal, managed to kick a hole through it in his sleep. After that, they were left in the woodshed over night, where a similar misfortune befell the second. Biddy, breaking kindlings in an unscientific way with the hatchet, sent a piece of wood flying through the kite, tearing a large hole on what a sailor would call the starboard quarter.

When Phaeton complained of her carelessness, she seemed to think she had improved the kite, saying: "The two kites were not comrades before—they are now."

When an enterprising boy attempts to carry out some little project of his own, it is astonishing to see how even the best-natured household will seem to conspire against him. If he happens to leave a few of his things on the dining-room floor, they are carelessly stepped upon by his own mother, or swept out-of-doors by an ignorant servant. I have seen a boy trying to make a galvanic battery, and his sister looking on and fervently hoping it would fail, so that she could have the glass cups to put into her play-house.

However, Phaeton had about as little of this sort of thing to endure as any boy ever had. When the kites were finished and dry, and the holes patched up, and the tails hung, Phaeton said he was ready to harness up his team as soon as the wind was right.

"Which way do you want it?" said I.

"It must be a steady breeze, straight down the turnpike," said he.

One reason why Phaeton chose this road was,

that here he would encounter no telegraph wires. At the railway crossing, two men, riding on loads of hay, had come in contact with the wires and been seriously hurt. Another repetition of the accident might have been prevented by raising the wires on higher poles, but the company had chosen rather to run them down the pole on one side, under the street, and up the next pole.

"But I don't see how these kites are going to work," said Ned, "if you fly them side by side, and hitch the strings to those three hooks."

"Why not?"

"Because they'll interfere with one another, and get all tangled up."

"You might think so," said Phaeton, "if you had n't made a study of kite-flying, as I have. If you look at a dozen boys flying their kites at once on the common, you will see that, no matter how near together two or three boys stand, their kites will not go in exactly the same direction. Either the strings will slant away from each other a little, or else they will cross."

"How do you account for that?" said Ned.

"I suppose it's because you never can make two kites exactly alike; or, if they are exactly alike, they are not hung precisely the same; and so the wind bears a little more on the left side of one, and a little more on the right side of the other."

"I guess that's so," said Ned. "And yet it seems to me it would be better to fly them tandem."

"How would you get them up?" said I.

"First get up one," said Ned. "And when it was well up, fasten the end of the string to the back of the next kite, and let that up, and do the same with the third. Then you'd have a straight pull by the whole team in line."

"And the pull of all three kites would come on the last string, and break it," said Phaeton.

"I did n't think of that," said Ned. "I see your way is the best, after all. But hurry up and have it over with, for we want you to help with the printing-office; we can't get along without you."

"It never will be 'over with,'" said Phaeton. "I shall ride out every fine day, when the wind is in the right direction."

"Why, is that all it's for," said Ned,—"merely your own amusement?"

"Not at all," said Phaeton. "It is a great invention, to be introduced all over the country. Better than a locomotive, because it will run on a common road. Better than horses, because it does n't eat anything. But then, I'm going to enjoy it myself as much as I can. However, we'll find time for the printing."

CHAPTER VIII.

A HORIZONTAL BALLOON-ASCENSION.

PHAETON had to wait three days for a fair wind, and in that time the secret—for we had tried to keep it quiet—leaked out among the boys.

It was Saturday, and everything seemed favorable. As Ned and I wanted to go up-town in the forenoon, and Phaeton could not start the thing alone, he appointed two o'clock in the afternoon as the hour for the experiment.

On our way up-town we met Isaac Holman.

"I'm going down to see your brother's new flying machine, or whatever it is," said he.

"It won't start till two o'clock," said Ned.

"*Totus dexter!*—all right! I'll be around at that hour," said Holman.

Phaeton gave his apparatus a final inspection, newly greased the wheels, tested every string about the kites, and made sure that all was in perfect order.

Exactly at two o'clock, he took a strong stake and a heavy mallet, walked out into the street, and, amid a babel of questions from about twenty boys, who had gradually gathered there, drove the stake exactly in the middle of the road, leaving it a foot and a half out of ground. He answered none of the questions, and, in fact, did not open his lips, excepting to return the greeting of Holman, who sat on the bowlder by the horse-gate, and was the only one that asked nothing.

I saw Monkey Roe hanging on the outskirts of the crowd. His name was James Montalembert Roe; but he was never called anything but Monkey Roe, and he seemed to like it just as well. The moment I saw him, I began to fear mischief. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow, but was always plotting some new sort of fun, and was as full of invention, though in a very different way, as Phaeton himself.

When Phaeton had returned and put away his mallet, we all took hold of the car and ran it out to the street, where Phaeton fastened a short rope to the hook at the back, and tied the other end firmly to the stake.

Then I stood by the car, as a sort of guard, while he and Ned brought out the kites, one at a time, and got them up. When each had risen to the full height of the string, which was pretty long,—and they were the best-behaved kites I ever saw,—Phaeton tied the string to one of the hooks on the front of the car. When all three were harnessed up, they lifted the fore-wheels from the ground.

This work used up considerable time, and while it was going on, the crowd about us was increasing by the addition of Dublin boys, who kept coming, singly or in twos and threes, and were distinguishable by the fact that they were all barefooted, without

jackets, and had their trousers supported by one suspender buckled around the waist like a belt.

It seemed evident that somebody had told them about the horizontal balloon-ascension, for they did not come as if by accident, but as if by appointment, and made straight for the car, which they inspected with a great deal of curiosity.

Phaeton brought out four shot-bags filled with sand, and placed them in the front of the car.

Then he brought out a rope five or six yards long, with a small balloon-anchor fastened to it. A balloon-anchor is made of three iron hooks placed back to back, so that the points project in three different directions, and the three backs or shanks are welded together into one stem, which ends in a ring, through which the rope is tied.

Phaeton tied the end of the anchor-rope to the hook on the back end of his car, coiled it up in one corner of the box, and laid the anchor on the coil. His calculation was, that when he threw it out on the road it would catch a little here and there in the ground, as the hooks dragged over the surface, making the car go more slowly, till after a while it would take a firm hold of something and bring him to a full stop.

Phaeton also brought out a small American flag, on a light staff, and stuck it up in a place made for it, on one of the back corners of the car.

The kites were now tugging away at the car, with a steady and strong pull. The arrangement was, that when Phaeton was seated (on a light board laid across the top of the car) with the steering handles in his grasp, and all was ready, he would give the word, and I was to draw a sharp knife across the rope that held the car to the stake.

All now was ready. Ned, who had gone down the road a short distance, to see if any teams were coming, signaled that the coast was clear, and Phaeton stepped into the car.

"I say," said one of the Dublin boys; "why don't you put up the stake before we start?"

"The stake is all right," said Phaeton, just glancing over his shoulder at it.

"Who's holding it?" said the Dublin boy.

"Don't you see, the ground is holding it?" said Phaeton, arranging the sand-bags.

"Oh, don't try to get out of it in that way," said the Dublin boy.

"I don't understand you," said Phaeton. "What do you mean?"

"Did n't you say," said the Dublin boy, "that you'd give a dollar to any boy that could beat your machine in a mile run?"

"No," said Phaeton. "I have never said anything of the sort—nor thought of it. Who told you so?"

"Lukey Finnerty."

"And who told Lukey Finnerty?"

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"Teddy
"And w.
"Owney
"And w.
"Patsy I
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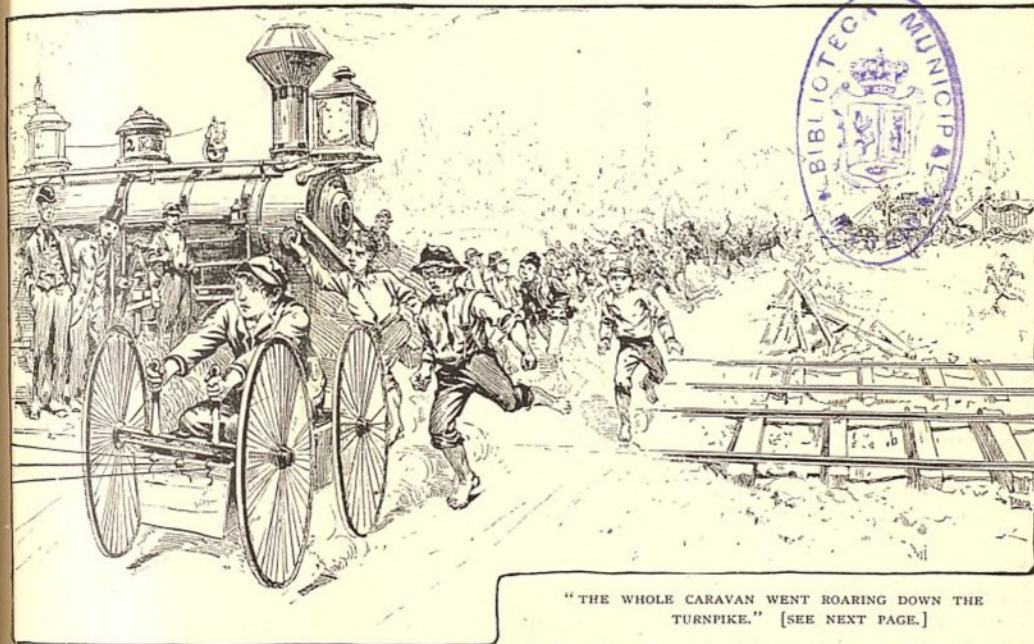
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"Berny Rourke."
 "And who told Berny Rourke?"
 "Teddy Dwyer."
 "And who told Teddy Dwyer?"
 "Owney Geoghegan" (pronounced Gewgan).
 "And who told Owney Geoghegan?"
 "Patsy Rafferty."
 "And who told Patsy Rafferty?"
 "Oh, never mind who told me," broke in another Dublin boy, who, it seems, was Patsy Raf-

Phaeton somewhat reluctantly said he would,—
 "although," he added, in an under-tone, "if you can beat it, I don't see why you should want to ride in it."

Casting one more glance about, to see that all was ready, Phaeton told me to cut the rope and let him start. Partly because he spoke in a low tone, wishing to make as little excitement as possible, and partly because I was watching what I considered certain suspicious movements on the part



"THE WHOLE CARAVAN WENT ROARING DOWN THE TURNPIKE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ferty. "The question is, are you going to put up the money?"

"I never offered to put up any," said Phaeton.

"And I have n't any with me, just now, to put up."

"Then somebody has played us a trick," said Patsy.

"I'm sorry for that," said Phaeton.

"Ah, well, we don't mind—we'll run all the same," said Patsy.

"But I don't care to have you run," said Phaeton.

"In fact, I'd rather you would n't."

"Well, we're all ready for it," said Patsy, giving his trousers a hitch, and tightening the suspender a little by giving another twist to the nail that fastened it in lieu of a buckle. "And I suppose the road 's as free to us as 't is to you?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Phaeton.

"If you have n't any money," spoke up another Dublin boy, "you might say you'll give a ride in your car to the fellow that beats it—just to lend a little interest to the race, you know."

of Monkey Roe, I did not hear nor heed what Phaeton said. There was a pause.

"*Littera lapsa!*—let her slide!" roared out Holman, who saw that I had not understood.

With a quick, nervous stroke, I drew the knife across the rope.

The machine started—at first with a little jerk, then with a slow, rolling motion, gradually increasing in speed, until at the end of six or eight rods it was under rapid headway.

The Dublin boys at first stood still, looking on in gaping admiration at the wonder, till they suddenly remembered that they were there to race it, when they started off after it.

Our boys naturally followed them, as, of course, we could n't see any more of the fun unless we should keep up with it.

It was a pretty even race, and all was going on smoothly, when down the first cross-street came a crowd of women, apparently very much excited, many of them with sticks in their hands. The sight of our moving crowd seemed to frenzy them,

and they increased their speed, but only arrived at the corner in time to fall in behind us.

At the same time, down the cross-road from the other direction came a drove of cattle, pelted, pounded, and hooted at by two men and three boys; and close behind them was Dan Rice's Circus, which had been exhibiting for two days on the Falls Field, and was now hurrying on to the next town. Whether it was because of the red skirts worn by many of the women in front of them, or the rumbling of the circus so close behind them, I did not know, but those cattle did behave in the most frantic manner.

And so the whole caravan went roaring down the turnpike—Phaeton in his flying car at the head, then the Dublin boys, then our boys, then the mothers of the Dublin boys, then the drove of cattle, and then the circus, with all its wagons and paraphernalia,—the striped zebra bringing up the rear.

It soon became evident that the mothers of the Dublin boys were proceeding on erroneous information—however they got it—and supposed that the contest between us and their sons was not a friendly one. For, whenever one of our boys lagged behind in the race, and came within reach of their sticks, he was pretty sure to get a sounding whack across the shoulders. I dare say the Dublin boys would have received the same treatment if they had not been ahead of us in the race, which they always were, either because they were better runners, or better prepared.

Foremost of all was Patsy Rafferty, who, by doing his prettiest, had closed up the distance that had been between himself and the car at the start, and was now abreast of it.

Phaeton became excited, and, determined not to be beaten, lightened his car by hurriedly throwing out one of the bags of sand. Unfortunately, it struck the ground right in front of Patsy, and the next instant he stubbed his toes on it and went sprawling into the gutter.

When the Dublin women saw this, they probably took it as full confirmation of the evil designs which somebody had told them we had on their sons, and some of our boys immediately paid the penalty by receiving a few extra whacks.

As for Patsy, he soon picked himself up and renewed the race, all the more determined to win it because he thought Phaeton had tripped him purposely—which I am happy to say was not true.

As we neared the railway crossing, Jack-in-the-Box was half-way up the signal-pole. Hearing the outcry, he looked down upon us, took in the situation at a glance, then descended the pole two steps at a time, seized his red flag, and ran up the track at lightning speed. He had calculated that the

Pacific Express would arrive at the crossing just in time to dash through some part of our procession, and as he saw it would be useless to try to stop us, with everything crowding on behind us, he went to flag the train and stop that. This he just succeeded in doing, and when my section of the procession passed that given point,—you know it is the inveterate habit of processions to pass given points,—there stood the great locomotive stock still by Jack's box, with its train behind it, and seemed to look down upon us like an astonished and interested spectator.

We swept on across the track, and as there was a straight, smooth piece of road before us, all went well till we neared the canal. There a stupid fellow, as we afterward learned, leading home a cow he had just bought, had tied her to the corner-post of the bridge by which the turnpike crossed the canal, and gone into a neighboring grocery. The cow had placed herself directly across the narrow road-way of the bridge, and there she stood contentedly chewing her cud, entirely ignorant of the fact that an important race was in progress, and that she was obstructing the track.

Phaeton saw her with horror; for if he kept on, the car would run into her—the foot-path over the bridge was too narrow for it. He threw out his anchor, which ricocheted, as an artillerist would say. That is, it would catch the ground for an instant, and then fly into the air, descend in a curve, catch once more, and fly up again. At last it caught on a horse-block, stuck fast, and brought the car to a stop.

But before Phaeton could climb out, Patsy Rafferty had come up, and, whipping out his jack-knife, cut the anchor-rope in two. In an instant the machine was off again.

Phaeton's situation was desperate. There stood the stupid cow like an animated toll-gate closing the bridge, and he rushing on to destruction at the rate of a good many miles an hour, with no way to stop the machine, and a certainty of broken bones if he should jump out.

In his agony, he half rose in the car and gave a terrific yell. The cow started, saw him, and then clumsily but quickly swung herself around against the truss of the bridge that divided the carriage-way from the foot-path. But the carriage-way had been newly planked, and the planks were not yet nailed down. As the cow stepped on the ends, four or five of these planks were instantly tilted up like a trap-door, while the cow sank down till she was wedged between the truss and the first sleeper, or lengthwise beam (the space not being quite large enough to let her drop through); the planks of course being held in an almost perpendicular position between her body and the sleeper.

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Into the abyss that thus suddenly yawned before him, Phaeton and his chariot plunged.

After him went Patsy Rafferty, who, on seeing the danger, had laid hold of the car and tried to stop it, but failed. Whether he jumped through, or let himself down more cautiously by hanging from the floor of the bridge and dropping, I did not see; but at all events, when the rest of us reached the tow-path by running down the embankment, the waters had closed over both boys and the car.

At this moment another accident complicated the

jerked the horses over the parapet into the water, where they floundered within a yard of the wrecked machine.

The Dublin women gathered on the tow-path, and immediately set up an unearthly wail, such as I have never heard before nor since. I think some of them must have "cried the keen," as it is called in Ireland.

Patsy soon emerged from beneath the wreck, hauling Phaeton out by the hair, and as half a dozen of the boys, from both parties, were now in the water, they had plenty of help. The bow-hand



"THE CLOWN COUNTED THE MONEY."

trouble and increased the excitement. This was a tow-path bridge—one which the boat-horses have to pass over, because at that point the tow-path changes from one side of the canal to the other. The "Red Bird" packet horses, coming up at a round trot, when they reached the crown of the bridge and saw the rushing, roaring caravan coming at them, and heard Phaeton's yell, stopped, and stood shivering with fear. But the packet was all the while going ahead by its own momentum, and when it had gone the length of the tow-line, it

of the "Red Bird" cut the tow-line with a hatchet, —if he had been attending to his business, he would have done it soon enough to prevent the accident,—and the horses then swam ashore.

Meantime, the circus had stopped, and many of the men came to the scene of the disaster, while most of the packet passengers stepped ashore and also joined the crowd.

The steersman brought a pike-pole, with which they fished out Phaeton's car.

Every one of the kite-strings was broken, and

the kites had gone down the sky, with that wobbling motion peculiar to what the boys call a "kite-broke-away," to find lodgment in some distant forest or meadow.

Great was the wonderment expressed, and many were the questions asked, as the packet passengers and the circus people crowded around the ruined car and the dripping boys. Two of the Dublin women were wringing out Phaeton's jacket, and talking rather fast with the other mothers.

A benevolent-looking old gentleman, who wore a white vest and a large fob-chain, said, "Something ought to be done for that boy,"—pointing to Patsy.

The Clown of the circus said "Certainly!" and taking off his hat, passed it first to the benevolent-looking old gentleman, who seemed a little surprised, but soon recovered, and hastily dropped in ten cents.

Then the Clown passed it all around, and nearly everybody, excepting the boys, of course, put in a little something. The Patagonian Woman of the circus, who had very red cheeks and very round eyes, and wore a large diamond ring on nearly every finger, gave the most of anybody,—half a dollar,—which she borrowed of the Strong Man, who used to lift the big iron balls on the back of his neck.

The Clown counted the money, and said there were three dollars and eighty-four cents, and a crossed shilling, and a bogus quarter, and two brass buttons, and a pewter temperance medal.

"Well," said he, in a solemn tone, looking down at the collection, and then around at the people, "I should say this crowd was about an average specimen of humanity."

I did n't see the Clown himself put in anything at all.

"Here, sonny," said he to Patsy, "we'll tie it up in your handkerchief for you."

Patsy said he had n't any handkerchief with him, just then; whereupon the Patagonian Woman gave him hers—excellent people, those Patagonians!—and the Clown tied it up with two hard knots, and Patsy tucked it into his trousers-pocket, which it caused to bulge out as if he had just passed through 'Squire Higgins's orchard.

The boss of the circus offered to give Patsy a place, and take him right along, at fifteen dollars a month and his board. Patsy was crazy to go; but his mother said she could n't spare him.

Some of the circus men got a pole and tackle from one of their wagons, and lifted the cow out of her uncomfortable position, after which they replaced the planks.

"All aboard!" shouted the captain of the "Red Bird," for the tow-line had been mended and the horses rubbed down, and all the passengers started on a run for the boat, excepting the benevolent-looking old gentleman, who walked very leisurely, seeming to know it would wait for him.

"All aboard!" shouted the boss of the circus, and his people climbed upon the wagons, whipped up the horses, and rumbled over the bridge at a rapid gait.

The Dublin women each laid hold of one or more of their boys, and marched them home; Lukey Finnerty's mother, arguing, as they went along, that her boy had done as much as Patsy Rafferty, and got as wet, and therefore ought to have a share of the money.

"Oh, there's no doubt," said Mrs. Rafferty, in a gently sarcastic tone, "but your boy has taken in a great deal of cold water. He shall have the temperance medal."

The other women promptly took up the question, some on Mrs. Finnerty's side and some on Mrs. Rafferty's, and so, all talking at once, they passed out of sight.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG MARCH WIND.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

A JOLLY fellow is young March Wind,
With all his bluster and noise;
Though he has no thought for the old and poor,
He's a thorough friend of the boys.
He joins their play with right good will—
Aha, do you see him go,
With a hi, hi, hi! far up in the sky,
While the boys stand tugging below?

Oh, a noisy fellow is young March Wind,
And almost any day
You may see him up in the highest trees,
Blowing his trumpet for play.
Oho! oho! now high, now low,
He blows with all his might:
Oh, dear Mr. Wind, would you be so kind
As to go to sleep at night?



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CONSISTENCY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE once was a stately Giraffe,
Whose motto was "Nothing by half!"
His old friend, the Tapir,
Said, "Cut me a caper,—
It's a year since I've had a good laugh!"

So, to please him, the gracious Giraffe
Jumped over a cow and her calf;
But when the old Tapir
Told folks of this caper,
They said: "That's just some of your chaff."

"He's a dignified chap, that Giraffe,
And we know he does nothing by half;
We can understand how
He might jump o'er a cow,
But he'd *never* jump over a calf!"

THE STORY OF A PEG.

BY PAUL FORT.

IN a small town, not far from the river Rhine, there was a large dam, built, in great part, of heavy timbers, which shut in the waters of a stream that ran into the river a few miles below. Quite a large body of water was thus held back by the dam, while below it the stream was narrow and shallow. In the dam was a sluice-gate, which could be raised by a lever, and by which the water could be let off, whenever it was necessary. It was not a very tight gate, and a good deal of water ran through its cracks; but that did not matter, for there was plenty of water left for the uses of the towns-people.

On the top of this dam, which was wide enough to serve as a bridge, four children were amusing themselves, one summer day. Oscar, the largest boy, had put on a bathing-dress, which was nothing more than a pair of short trousers, and had climbed down to the stream, to see if he could take a swim. But he had found that the swimming did not amount to much, for there was only one place—a moderately deep pool just under the sluice-gate—

where he could have any chance of striking out with his arms and legs. So he soon climbed up again to the top of the dam. He would have been glad to bathe in the great pond above the dam, but that was not allowed.

Little Lotta, the only girl in the party, had been watching Oscar, and had lost her cap, which had tumbled off into some bushes below, at the side of the stream. She had called to Oscar to get it for her, but he was already half-way up the face of the dam, and he did not want to go back. He was not related to Lotta, and she had two brothers there. If she wanted her cap, one of them could go down and get it. He did not consider that it was not a pleasant thing for a boy, with his ordinary clothes on, to scramble down the wet face of the dam.

Lotta began to cry, and her younger brother, Peter, said he would roll up his trousers and go down for her cap. This, however, made Carl, her other brother, laugh. He said he would try to get the cap with a stick, and if he could not reach it,

he would go down himself. He was nearly as big as Oscar, and could climb just as well.

So he got a long stick, and taking this in one hand, he got over the edge of the dam, holding with his other hand to a peg which was driven into a beam that ran along the top. Then he braced his feet against the dam, and grasping the peg very tightly, he reached down toward the cap with his stick. It was a white muslin cap, and hung lightly on the edge of the bush. If he could but hook his stick into any part of it, it would be easy to bring it up.

He had just worked his stick under the front of it, when crack! went the peg, and down went Carl!

Oscar, just before this, had reached the top of the dam, and had run into the house near by to dress. Little Lotta and Peter were so astounded when they saw Carl go down, and heard the great splash beneath, that they just stood, for a moment, with their mouths open. Then they began to cry, and ran off to find somebody to help.

Oscar soon came running out of the house, and some men, who happened to be working near by, were attracted by the children's cries, and went to them.

When they heard the story, they all hurried to the dam and looked over, but there was nothing to be seen of Carl. Then the men, with Oscar, ran to the end of the dam and hurried down to the edge of the stream. One of them waded in, and felt, with his bare feet, all over the bottom of the pool. He thought Carl might have been stunned by the fall, and was lying there. But he did not find him. Perhaps he had been carried down the stream, one of them suggested; but this was not likely, as the water was so shallow below the pool. Still, the men, with Oscar and the two children, went down the stream for some distance, examining it closely. But there was no sign of Carl.

Then the men came to the conclusion that the boy had not fallen off the dam at all, or else that he had jumped out of the water, and gone home in a hurry. He certainly was not drowned, for, if that had been the case, they could have found him. So they grumbled a little, and went back to their work, while Lotta and Peter ran home to see if their brother was there.

When the peg broke, Carl instinctively gave a great push with his feet, and this caused him to turn completely over, so that he went into the pool feet foremost.

The distance which he fell was not great, and the water broke his fall; but it was a very much astonished and startled boy who, for a moment, floundered and splashed in that pool. When he could really see where he was, he half-swam, half-

waded to the shore, and ran up the bank as fast as he could go.

As soon as he had recovered a little from the confusion into which this sudden accident had thrown his mind, he began to wonder if his body was all right. So he kicked out his legs, and he threw out his arms, and soon found that nothing was the matter with any part of him. But he noticed that he held in his hand the peg to which he had clung when he was reaching for his sister's cap. It seemed strange that he should still tightly grasp this little stick; but people often do such things when excited.

Carl looked at the peg with a good deal of interest.

"It's an inch and a half thick!" he exclaimed, "and made of hard wood. It ought not to have broken so easily. Oho, I see! Here is a knot, right where it broke, and there must have been an old crack there, for only half of the break looks fresh."

At this discovery, Carl grew very angry.

"A pretty man," he cried, "to put in such a peg, for people to hold to! I am going to speak to him about it this minute. It was Franz Holman who built the dam, and, of course, he put the peg in. I might have killed myself, and I shall just tell him what I think about it."

So, without considering his wet clothes, nor his little sister and brother, whom he had so suddenly left on the bridge, he ran off to the shop of Franz Holman, on the outskirts of the town.

He found the carpenter outside of his shop, hewing some logs.

"Hello!" cried Carl, running up. "Did n't you build the dam, down yonder?"

The man stopped his work, and looked with amazement at this earnest and flushed young fellow, without a hat, and with the water still dripping from his hair and his clothes.

"Yes," he said. "I built it—the timber part, I mean. What is the matter with it? You don't mean to say that it has broken?"

"No, it has n't," replied Carl. "But this peg has broken, and it came near killing me. If you built the dam, of course you put the peg in, and I think it's a shame to use pegs with knots and cracks in them, for people to hold on to."

"People need n't hold on to them, if they don't want to," replied the carpenter. "Let me see that peg."

"You can look at it in my hands," said Carl. "I don't intend to give it to you. Look at that old crack under the knot! And people do have to hold on to it, or else tie something to it. What else was it put there for?"

"Pshaw!" said Franz. "You are making a

great bother about a little thing. Any peg might break with a great, heavy boy, like you, hanging to it."

"Not if it was as thick as this and had no knots in it," said Carl, walking away, quite as angry as he came, for he saw that the carpenter cared noth-

to see what was the matter, and these all followed the poor mother; so that when they reached the bank of the pool, there was quite a little crowd collected. A new search was immediately begun, but it was soon very evident that Carl was not in the stream. There was a great deal of confusion, and



CARL REACHES FOR THE CAP.

ing at all for his mishap, nor for his own reputation in the matter of pegs.

When Lotta and Peter reached home they found no Carl, and when they told their mother what had happened, she was greatly frightened. Without waiting to put anything on her head, and followed by several neighbors who had been attracted by her cries, she ran to the dam. On the way, quite a number of people ran out of their houses and shops

advice, of every imaginable kind, was given by the by-standers to the men who were making the search. Some even thought that the pond, above the dam, ought to be dragged, as if the boy could possibly have been in that.

While all this was going on, and Lotta and Peter were crying, and some of the older men and women were trying to comfort the poor, distressed mother, who was certain that she had lost her boy, Carl

came walking down among them, with the broken peg still in his hand. He had been home, and finding no one there, had come to look for the family, supposing that Peter and Lotta, at least, might be playing by the dam. When he saw the crowd, he was almost as much astonished as the crowd was to see him. He was still hatless, and wore his wet clothes, although the air and the sun had dried them a good deal.

The moment his mother saw him, she rushed to him and caught him in her arms, while little Lotta and Peter clung to his legs. The people gathered around him and, as soon as he could get a chance to speak, they eagerly asked him where he had been, and how everything had happened. Carl told them about the broken peg, and how it had had a knot in it, and how he had been up to see Franz Holman about it, who did not care a snap of his finger whether people tumbled off dams and broke their necks or not. Then he passed around the peg, so that everybody could see that he was right in what he said about it, and that it was not his own fault that he fell from the top of the dam.

Some of the good people laughed as they looked at the peg, while others said that Franz Holman ought to know better than to use a piece of wood like that for such a purpose; but the most of them seemed to think the broken peg was a matter of very little consequence. They were glad the boy was safe, and there was an end of the matter.

But it happened that two or three of the principal men of the town had been attracted to the stream by the crowd, and an idea struck the mind of one of these.

"If Franz Holman was so careless as to use wood like this, in a peg which should have been a very strong one, he may have been equally careless in building the dam itself. And, now that I come to look, it seems to me that the water is running through a great many cracks and crevices."

Several persons now examined the face of the dam, and they thought that it did, indeed, look very leaky. It was not strange that this had not been noticed before, for it was very seldom that any one, excepting boys, came down to the bed of the stream, under the dam. After a little consultation among the older townsmen, it was thought that the dam might be weak, and that it ought to be carefully examined. Accordingly, the very next day, several carpenters—and Franz Holman was not among them—were set to work to make a careful examination of the condition of the timbers, and they soon found that many of them were very rotten, and that Holman, in trying to make as much profit as he could out of his work, had put in timbers which had been taken from an old bridge that had

been torn down, and which were, probably, unfit for use when they were put into the wood-work of the dam. Now, they were certainly unfit to stand the strain put upon them by the great body of water in the dam.

This discovery excited a great deal of indignation against Holman, for if the dam had given way, the whole body of water in the pond instantly would have poured down into the valley of the stream, where, a short distance below, there were a number of small cottages, inhabited by poor families. Had the accident occurred in the night, these houses might have been swept away, with all their occupants.

The sluice-gate was opened and the water allowed to flow gradually out of the pond. When the water was low enough, the old dam was to be taken down and a new and strong one built. Some of the officials of the town went to see Franz Holman, to call him to an account for his dishonest workmanship, but they did not see him. He did not want to talk to any one about the dam, and had gone away in the night, taking all his tools with him in his wagon, and leaving, unfinished, the work on which he was engaged.

As they walked home from their unsuccessful visit, the good townsmen began to talk of young Carl, whose strange accident had probably prevented a sad disaster to the town. One of them proposed making him a present, and when it was objected that the boy ought not to be rewarded simply for getting a tumble from the top of a dam, this man asserted that if it had not been for Carl's sturdy earnestness in charging Holman with his bad work, and in afterward bringing the attention of the towns-people to it, no one would have thought of examining the dam.

This view of the case was thought a fair one, and when the matter had been considered for a day or two, it was determined that the town should send Carl to school. He was known to be a good, smart boy, but his mother, who had lost her husband, could not afford to give her eldest son the education he ought to have.

When Carl was told that he was to have a new suit of clothes, and was to be sent to school to Baroles,—a town about five miles away, from which he could walk home on Sundays and holidays,—he was delighted. To go to school to Baroles was a thing he had longed for, during more than a year. And his mother was just as glad as he was, and very proud of him besides.

"What I want," said Oscar,—the big boy who had been on the dam with Carl and the others,— "is to find a rotten peg."

But he never found one.

THE MAGIC DANCE.

BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

IT is probable, dear readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that some of you have had an opportunity of seeing experiments in what is known as frictional electricity, performed by means of costly apparatus and powerful batteries. But by observing the following directions, you can now enjoy a similar exhibition, produced in a very few minutes by the simplest materials.

We shall require two bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, or any other books of similar bulk, so placed as to support a pane of glass, say twelve by ten inches in size, held between their pages, as shown in this picture—the glass being about one inch and one-quarter from the top of the table on which the experiment is to be tried. This done, you may exercise your skill with a pair of scissors, and cut out of *tissue* paper the figures that are to dance. They must not exceed one inch and one-eighth in length, and they may represent absurd little ladies and gentlemen, or any animal you happen to think of.

You will find admirable little figures of children in Miss Greenaway's charming book, "Under the Window,"—if you are so fortunate as to possess it. These can be traced on the tissue paper, and colored if desired, or you can cut small figures

out of the pictures in illustrated newspapers, the more comical the better.

Now place the dancers upon the table underneath the glass (see illustration), and with a silk, cotton, or linen handkerchief, apply friction to the top of the pane, by rubbing briskly in a circular manner; the figures soon will start into activity, execute jigs between table and glass, join hands, stand on their heads,—in short, it would be difficult to describe all their antics. Touch the glass with your finger, and they will fall, as if dead, upon the table.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITTLE PRIMA DONNA.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

A NUMBER of years ago, certain placards and programmes, posted and distributed upon the walls and streets of a small Southern city, heralded the coming of a wonderful entertainment.

Among the artists announced upon the glaring

red, yellow, and blue bills there were two old and renowned names—Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, and Maurice Strakosch, the brilliant pianist; but the largest and leading letters spelled out the name of the youngest and tiniest member of the concert

troupe: "MADEMOISELLE ADELINA PATTI; AGED ELEVEN YEARS. THE WONDERFUL CHILD PRIMA DONNA!"

Tickets for the grand concert sold very rapidly, and there was every promise that a crowded house

sister-in-law, whom he had left already fretting and petulant.

He consequently at once made gentle advances toward acquaintanceship, by telling the two maidens about the lonely little girl over at the hotel,



ADELINA PATTI AND OLE BULL WELCOME THEIR YOUNG VISITORS.

would welcome to the town the young singer and her veteran companions.

The day was dreary and dismal; a sullen spring rain set in during the morning, and gave evidences of lasting many hours.

Upon the arrival of the troupe at the hotel, the business manager, together with Mr. Strakosch, came over to the music-store in the place to see about the sale of seats and tickets, and, while there, the pleasant musician discovered, playing behind the counter with their dollies, two little blonde-haired lassies.

He felt at once that here would he find a relief from the dreariness of a whole day in-doors, for his

who was counting rain-drops on the window-panes, and begging them to come and see the "Little Adelina." The children's interest was at once awakened. They obtained permission from their parents to visit the little singer, put on clean aprons, and soon, with their dollies in their arms, they skipped along in the rain beside "the greatest living pianist" of that day.

When they reached the hotel and the room where the strange little girl was to be presented, a curious tableau met the eyes of the lassies, and the first sound which they recollect ever hearing from that voice which has since sung "pearls and diamonds," was a merry, tinkling, mocking laugh.

The room was a great, dull, dark place, scantily furnished, and bare of comfort; in the middle of the floor there stood a tall gentleman with long, thick, gray hair, his eyes tightly bandaged, his arms outstretched in vain endeavors to catch the tantalizing sprite whose mocking voice had, for several minutes, led him an illusive dance all about the room.

There was a sudden pause as the door opened; the gentleman pushed up his bandage, and the little girl opened very wide a pair of brilliant dark eyes. Mr. Strakosch came quickly forward, leading the now timid little strangers, and said kindly to the famous little singer:

"I have brought you a couple of playmates, Adelina; you will release Ole Bull, now, from his chase of you, and after you have entertained the little girls, you are to go home with them to dine, and play until tea-time."

The little girl came toward the shrinking lassies, smiled in their faces brightly, and then kissed each on both cheeks, in a funny foreign manner.

By this time, too, the tall old gentleman had untied his bandage, and was also beaming down upon the little strangers with a gentle, kindly smile, kissing them as well, and saying, in a soft, low voice: "It is well

leave you now to make friends and play together." And he at once walked to the door.

But her imperial highness was not of the same mind. On the contrary, she insisted stoutly that the "more made the merrier," and again the mild blue eyes of the Norwegian were blinded, and down upon his knees knelt the famous artist, to "pick up pins and needles."

At the first symptoms of weariness on the part of the children, however, the kind old gentleman quickly went his way, and the little girls, left alone now, looked gravely at one another, from top to toe, with the curious, animal-like gaze with which newly acquainted children regard each other. Then the lassies offered the new friend their dollies, which had lain upon the table during the game; but such playthings were not in her line. She looked scornfully upon their waxen loveliness, and snubbed the idea of "making believe mammas."

"No," she cried, tossing back her long, blue-black braids. "No, I am going to take your pictures. Come, sit down and allow me to arrange you properly."

Poor child! She had herself been posed and taken so often that she was perfectly familiar with the whole performance.

"Hold up your chins. Ah, that is *parfait*! Now, if you please, look this way,—a trifle to the left. So; that is charming, my dears! Now!—a bright, pleasant expression, please!" So



"NOW! A BRIGHT, PLEASANT EXPRESSION, PLEASE!"

for the little Adelina to have some little ones with whom to play—she tires quickly of us older children. I am too big and tall for her, and I will

she went on, as she arranged to her satisfaction her wonder-eyed and very willing little companions. Then, taking a chair, she threw a towel over her

little shiny black head, looked at the children through the bars of its low back, and then for the space of a few seconds was invisible. Presently she re-appeared, looking very grave and mysterious, turned her back, and then, with an imaginary negative in her little hand, came toward her sitters, asking their opinion of the pictures. Over and over again was this play performed, to an admiring and

pepper in it—Papa would be terribly angry," she said, when helped at table, and then she told how beautifully they cooked macaroni at home, and wished ever so devoutly that she could have some "that very minute," and the lassies felt very



PLAYING AT OPERA—LUCIA AND EDGARDO.

delighted audience of two, though the actors were sometimes reversed, and the strange little girl herself assumed the part of sitter, and threw into convulsions of laughter her amused little photographers, by her sudden changes of face and position.

At noon, Ole Bull and "Maurice," as the little Adelina familiarly called Mr. Strakosch, returned to the room, and with them came a dark-browed, foreign-speaking gentleman, of whom the child appeared to stand in awe, calling him "Papa," with a more respectful tone than that in which she addressed the other two gentlemen. This dark gentleman assisted her in putting on the little hat and sack in which she was to cross the street and accompany her visitors home to dine, tying a handkerchief around her throat, and, in a sharp, severe tone, giving her a command which the lassies supposed meant that she must "be a good girl."

They afterward discovered that his words were really a strict injunction as to what she was *not* to eat at the strange table.

"No, thanks; I *dare* not taste it if there is any

badly indeed because a large dish of her favorite food could not be procured at once for their charming little guest.

After dinner, a few delightful hours were passed in the play-room; and such plays were surely never enacted before nor since. Dishes and dolls were swept aside with scarcely a look; but spying a little tin sword and belt in one corner of the room, the little "born actress" exclaimed:

"Come, we will play opera. I will be Lucia, you shall be Edgardo. See, with this sword and belt you will look like a man; and you must love me passionately and be killed; and I shall go mad and rave over your dead body."

Then the two curious little lassies were instructed in the art of killing and dying, with stage directions for *entrées* and exits, while the little Adelina unbound the glossy, long braids of her blue-black hair, and went "mad and raved" over her lover with the tin sword and belt, who lay dying before her.

Many years after, when the famous young prima donna, then but a mere girl, made her *début* at the

Philadelphia Academy of Music, the opera was "Lucia de Lammermoor," but the Edgardo of the play-room sat among the audience,—not in a tin sword and belt,—and wondered if there came a recollection to the diva of her childhood's performance in the old play-room.

But to go back to my story. That afternoon was all too short, notwithstanding a full *répertoire* of operas was gone through, with brilliant effect, and when the summons came for the little Adelina to return to the hotel to prepare for the concert, she was unwilling to obey, protesting forcibly in her pretty, half-broken English, and emphasizing her dislike with shrugs and stamps, and naughty-sounding French and Italian words, which made the lassies open their blue eyes, quite shocked at their diva's temper. "Maurice," who was very good-natured, listened laughingly to the tirade, and then compromised by allowing his mistress to take back with her to the hotel her beloved little friends, to see her dressed for the concert.

Oh, the wonder of it! To see the little pink silk robe, with its graduated bands of black velvet and lace, spread out upon the bed, not by a mother's careful touch, but by a father's hand; the tiny boots laced up neatly, and the tumbled locks braided, looped around the little ears, adorned with velvet rosettes, and diamonds hung therein; then a pair of kid gloves coaxed on the dark, lithe hands, and by degrees, before their eyes, the lassies beheld their little, frowzy, careless romp of the play-room transformed into a wonderful young lady in silk and jewels—a prima donna.

"Now, be sure to sit in the very *frontest* seats, so I can see you the whole time, and wait for me after the concert is over, so I can kiss you good-night; wont you?" she coaxed, as the lassies were hurried away to be dressed for the evening.

Was it "Addie," they wondered, when there was handed out upon the stage; to a round of rapturous applause, a little, self-possessed, low-courtesying damsel, who scanned the house with indolent, haughty eyes, until they fell upon the "frontest" seats, and then—ought it to be told of her?—actually winked her recognition, as the bright eyes discovered her playmates of the day, looking up in adoration at the marvelous creature before them.

Then, a pause, a prelude, and—was it a lark or a nightingale? "O Luce de Quest Anima," "Carnival de Venice," "Casta Diva," gushed out of the little brown throat, and the house rocked with merited applause. It was exquisite, wonderful—that voice—as all the world knows now.

The concert over, a low, sweeping bow, a bright smile, and a quick little nod toward the front row of seats, and presently a whirl of rose-colored silk

came rushing down the aisle, and half of the crowd, remaining behind, beheld a pathetic little tableau.

"We are going away to-night, now, and I never knew it!" cried the child, throwing her arms around her two little friends. "And Maurice says



THE LITTLE PRIMA DONNA AT THE CONCERT.

I must say good-bye, and I shall never see you again. Promise me you will never forget me!" and with a passion of embraces and tears, she repeated over and over: "Promise me you will never, never forget me!"

"Never! Never!" came back the sobbing replies. Then a long clinging of dark arms to two white little necks, a hurried snatching away of the tear-stained, tragic little creature, and the carriage whirled away—far away upon the "flood of years"—the much-beloved and never-forgotten little child prima donna.

THE FOX AND THE SQUIRREL.

BY BENJAMIN LANDER.



TWO squirrels on an oak-tree sat,
Engaging in a social chat,
When one,—the younger of the twain,—
Of his accomplishments quite vain,
Began to boast of what he 'd done,
How all his mates he could outrun;
And, if but half he said was true,
He could outjump a kangaroo.

Now, as it chanced, the jagged rocks
Beneath the tree concealed a fox,
Who, overhearing what was said
Among the oak-leaves overhead,
Bethought him of a sly design,
Whereby he might on squirrel dine;
So up he sat and clapped his paws,
Loud shouting, with a mock applause:

“Bravo! Bravo! my agile friend;
Your wondrous skill I must commend.
But, really, I should like to see
You jump from out this tall oak-tree
To yonder ash, ten feet away.”
(’T was twenty, I am bound to say.)
“The feat will please my children well,
When I their bed-time story tell.”

“Nay,” said the elder to young Frisky,
“Don’t undertake a jump so risky.”
To which the younger one replied,
Puffed up with flattery and pride:
“Though *you* may lack ability
I’ll show you *my* agility.”
Then wildly leaped with aim so blind
That—Mr. Fox on squirrel dined.

And when the stars winked overhead
That children should be put to bed,
Old Reynard to his young ones said:
These precepts I would have you heed:
Let others praise your own good deed;
Let not the flatterer mislead;
Despise not what your elders say;
Nor let blind pride your judgment sway.”

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. SECOND PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

CALLIMACHUS.

THERE are many of the ancient artists of whom very little is known, but that little is so interesting that it is well worth the telling. Such a one is Callimachus, who is said to have invented the Corinthian capital, which is so beautiful in architecture. The time when Callimachus lived cannot be given more nearly than by saying that it must have been between 550 and 396 B. C. The story runs that a young girl died at Corinth, and her nurse, following the usual custom, placed on her grave a basket which contained the food that the girl had liked best. It happened that the basket was placed upon an acanthus, and the leaves of the plant grew up around the basket, and were so graceful, thus holding it in their midst, that Callimachus, who saw it, used it as a design for the capitals of pillars, and the name of Corinthian was given to it.

It is also said, by some ancient writers, that Callimachus invented a lamp which would burn a year without going out, and that such a one, made of gold by him, was used in the temple of Minerva at Athens.

ALCAMENES.

THIS favorite pupil of the great Phidias has been mentioned already in the account of that master. The most celebrated work by Alcamenes was a statue of Venus. Most of his figures represented the gods, among them being one of Hephæstus or Vulcan, in which the lameness of that god was managed so skillfully that no deformity appeared.

Concerning the "Venus Aphrodite," as the famous statue is called, it is related that Agoracritus, also a pupil of Phidias, and a celebrated artist, contended with Alcamenes in making a figure of that goddess, and when the Athenians gave the preference to that of Alcamenes, Agoracritus, through indignation and disappointment, changed his figure, which represented the goddess of Love, into a Nemesis, or the goddess who sent suffering to those that were blessed with too many gifts. He then sold the statue to the people of Rhamnus, who had a temple dedicated to Nemesis, and made a condition that it never should be set up in Athens.

There is a difference of opinion as to the merits of Alcamenes and of Agoracritus; some writers

say, Phidias so loved the last that he even put the name of Agoracritus upon some of his own works; but the ancient writers generally consider Alcamenes as second only to Phidias, and the most famous of all that master's pupils.

PRAXITELES.

THIS sculptor stood at the head of a school of Grecian art, which differed from that of Phidias by representing youth and beauty, and more generally pleasing subjects, while the older artists represented grandeur and solemn dignity. Praxiteles was born at Athens about 392 B. C. He is supposed to be the son of Cephisdotus, who is also thought to be the son of Alcamenes—thus making Praxiteles the grandson of the latter. He chose for his subjects the soft and delicate forms of Venus, Cupid, the young Bacchus, youthful satyrs, and so on. His most famous work was the "Cnidian Venus." The story is that Praxiteles made two statues of the beautiful goddess, one being nude and the other draped; the people of Cos chose the latter, and the Cnidians bought the nude figure. They erected for it an open temple, so that the goddess could be seen from all sides. Many people went to Cnidos for the sole purpose of seeing this statue, and felt that they were repaid for their trouble; while the Cnidians themselves so valued it that, when their oppressor, King Nicomedes of Bithynia, offered to release them from a debt of one hundred talents (about \$100,000), if they would give the Venus to him, they refused, and declared that it was the chief glory of their state.

It is also related that Praxiteles had promised to give his friend Phryne whatever statue she should choose from his work-shop. She wished to select the one which the artist himself considered the best, and in order to ascertain which was his favorite, she sent a servant to tell him that his work-shop was on fire. He exclaimed, "All is lost if my Satyr and Cupid are not saved!" Then Phryne told him of her deceit, and chose the Cupid as her gift.

There is a Cupid in the Vatican Museum at Rome which is said to be a copy of that chosen by Phryne, but no one knows exactly whether this is true or not; it is, however, very graceful and beautiful, and the face has a sweet, dreamy expression.

VENUS DEI MEDICI.

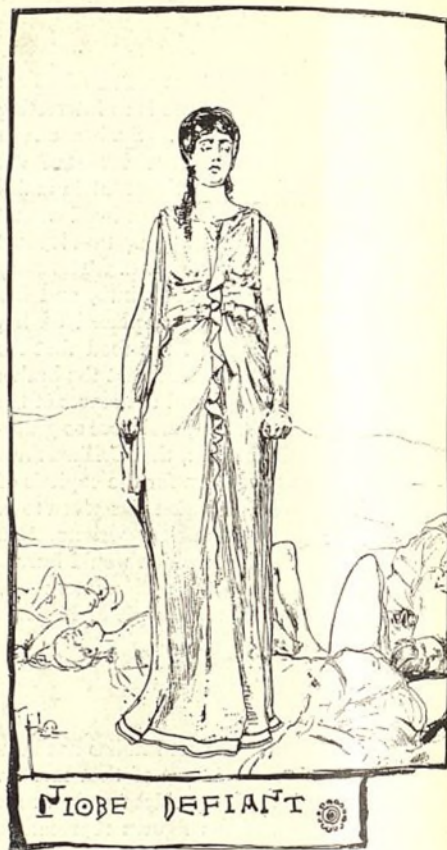
THERE are many works of art of so much importance that, although little is known of them, yet all the world is interested to see them, and to know all that it is possible to learn about them. The Venus dei Medici is one of these, and I place it here immediately after the account of Praxiteles because many art critics believe that it is a copy of the famous Cnidian Venus. The statue was made by Cleomenes, who lived, as nearly as can be told, between 363 and 146 B. C. He was an Athenian. There have been many copies of this statue found in different places, which proves that it was held in great esteem in ancient times. The one by Cleomenes is now the glory of the tribune of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence; it was dug up in the seventeenth century at Rome. There is a question as to the exact spot where it was found, but the Portico of Octavia is generally believed to have been the place; Cosmo III. removed it to Florence in 1680, and it is called the Venus dei Medici on account of its having rested in the Medici Palace, at Rome, from the time when it was found until it was taken to Florence.

As Venus was the goddess of Love and of Beauty, it was natural that many sculptors should make representations of her, and there are several very famous ones still existing in different museums. One in the gallery of the Louvre is called the "Venus of Milo," or Melos, from the place where it was found. It is very beautiful, and many people prefer it before all others, and some critics believe it to be a copy of a work by Alcamenes. You will see a picture of it on page 402. Another Venus, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, is called the "Venus of the Capitol," and is much praised. It was found among some ruins on the Quirinal Hill. The "Venus Callipiga," which was found in the "golden house of Nero," and is now in the museum at Naples, is the last one I shall name, although there are others worthy of admiration.

THE NIOBE GROUP.

THIS is the grandest and largest group of Greek statuary of which we have any knowledge or possess any copy. We do not know by whom it was made, but its fame rests between Praxiteles and Scopas: no one can decide between these two sculptors. Scopas was born on the island of Paros, which was under the rule of Athens, about 420 B. C. He was a very great artist, and many accounts of his works have come down to us, but of the Niobe group, we know nothing positively until the time of Sosius, who was appointed gov-

ernor of Syria and Cilicia, by Mark Antony, in the year 38 B. C. This Sosius built a temple in his own honor at Rome, and called it the temple of Apollo Sosianus; he brought many beautiful works of art from the East to adorn this temple, and



among them the Niobe group. It remained in its place at Rome about a century, and what became of it is unknown. In the year A. D. 1583, there was found, near the church of St. John Lateran, in Rome, a copy of this group; it was purchased by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and placed in the Villa Medici; in 1775 it was taken to Florence and placed in the Uffizi, in an apartment prepared especially for it; all the figures were restored, and each one was set up on a separate pedestal; this work was not completed until 1794.

There are but thirteen figures. Some must be missing, as sixteen are required to illustrate its sad story, which is as follows: Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, and was born on Mount Sipylus. As a child, Niobe was a playmate of the great goddess Leto, or Latona, and later she married Amphion, while Leto was the wife of the great god Jupiter.

Niobe
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Niobe had a very happy life, and was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters. This prosperity made her forget that she was only a mortal, and she became proud and insolent, even to the gods themselves.

Leto had but two children—Apollo, the god of the silver bow, and Artemis, or Diana, who was the archer-queen of Heaven. Amphion was the king and Niobe the queen of Thebes; so when the worship of Leto was established in that city, Niobe, who remembered the goddess as her playmate, was very angry that such honor should be paid her, and she drove to the temple in her chariot and commanded the Theban women to refuse this worship. She also held herself up before them as superior to Leto, and said that the goddess had only two children, while she, their queen, had fourteen lovely sons and daughters, any one of whom was worthy of honor. The goddess Leto was so enraged by this, that she begged of Apollo and Artemis to take revenge on Niobe. Then they descended, and in one day all the children of Niobe were slain,—the sons by Apollo and the daughters by Artemis.

Niobe, thus left alone, could only weep, until at last Jupiter took pity on her, and turned her into stone, and whirled her away from Thebes to Mt. Sipylus, the scene of her childhood. This myth seems meant to show that pride and insolence will meet with punishment. The picture on page 400, drawn specially for you by the ST. NICHOLAS artist, shows Niobe still defiant, although her sons are lying slain about her feet. The statue copied on this page represents the



THE ANTIQUE STATUE
of NIOBE IN THE
GALLERY AT FLORENCE

dreadful moment when Niobe sees the last of her children falling around her, and is trying to protect her youngest from the arrows of the sure-aiming gods.

Several different statues which exist in other cities and galleries have been thought to be the figures missing from the group in Florence; however, nothing has been fixed upon concerning them, and there is enough there to make it the most important group of ancient statues now remaining.

THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS.

THE ancient historians tell us of the "Seven Wonders of the World," and name them as the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging-Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias, the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos, or Light-house of Alexandria. Of these seven wonders of ancient times, one, the statue of Jupiter, was the product of sculpture alone, while all the others were the result of a combination of architecture as a fine art, and architecture as a useful art, with the arts of ornament, and what may be termed scientific art; thus they all come within the scope of stories of art and artists. The works of Phidias have already been spoken of; we will now speak of the tomb of Mausolus. He was the King of Caria, of which country Halicarnassus was the chief city, and the place where the tomb was built. He died about 353 B. C., and his wife, Artemisia, who had no children, was overcome with grief at his death. The body was burned, according to custom. Artemisia gradually faded away from the effects of her sorrow; and she lived only two years longer than Mausolus.

Meantime, she had commenced the erection of the Mausoleum, and although she died before its completion, the artists continued faithfully to execute her commands, and to vie with each other in the excellence of their work, for the sake of their own fame.

There were five artists engaged in the ornamentation of the Mausoleum. Bryaxis, who executed the reliefs upon the north face; Timotheus those of the south; Leochares the west, and Scopas the east, while Pythis was allotted the quadriga, or four-horse chariot, which crowned the whole. The tomb was erected upon a spot that rose above the city, and overlooked the entrance to the harbor. Writers of the twelfth century praised its beauty, but in A. D. 1402, when the Knights of St. John took possession of the place, the monument no longer remained, and a castle was built upon its site. The tomb had been buried, probably by an

earthquake. The name of Budrum was then given to the place. In A. D. 1522, some pieces of sculpture were found there, but it was not until much later that Mr. Newton, an Englishman, discovered to what great monument these remains had belonged. A large collection of statues, reliefs, parts of animals, and other objects was brought to London and



THE VENUS OF MILO. (SEE PAGE 400.)

placed in the British Museum, and called the Halicarnassus sculptures.

The whole height of the Mausoleum was one hundred and forty feet,—the north and south sides were sixty-three feet long, and the others a little less,—the burial vault was at the base, and the whole structure was a mass of magnificent design

and execution. It is said that the figure of Mausolus was in the quadriga, above all, and so placed that it could be seen from a great distance by land or sea. It was a work worthy to be called a wonder in its day, and from it we still take our word "mausoleum," which we apply to all burial-places worthy of so distinguished a name.

THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES.

THE art of the island of Rhodes was second only to that of Athens. This island is but forty-five miles long and twenty miles wide at its broadest part, and yet its works of art were so numerous as to make their number seem like a fable. At the city of Rhodes alone there were three thousand statues, and many paintings and other beautiful things. It was here that Chares, of Lindos, another city of the island, erected his famous Colossus, or statue of the sun. One hundred statues of the sun ornamented the city of Rhodes, and Pliny says that any one of them was beautiful enough to have been famous; but this one by Chares was so remarkable as to eclipse all the others.

It occupied twelve years, from 292 to 280 B. C., to erect it, and it cost three hundred talents, or about \$300,000 of our money. It stood quite near the entrance to the harbor of the city, but we have no reason to believe the oft-repeated story that it was placed with its legs extended over the mouth of the port, so that ships sailed between them. Yet its magnitude is almost beyond imagining, for a man of ordinary size could not reach around one of its thumbs with his arms, and its fingers were larger than most statues, while its whole height was one hundred and five feet.

The men of Rhodes obtained the money for the Colossus by selling the engines of war which had been abandoned to them by Demetrius Poliorcetes, when he laid siege to their city, in vain, in 303 B. C.

In the year 224 B. C., fifty-six years after its completion, an earthquake overthrew the Colossus, and the Rhodians were forbidden, by an oracle, to restore it. Its fragments remained scattered upon the ground 923 years, until A. D. 672, when they were sold to a Jew of Emesa, by the command of the caliph, Othman IV. It is said that 900 camels were required to carry them off, and they were estimated to weigh 700,000 pounds.

There are coins of Rhodes bearing a face which is supposed with good reason to be that of this Colossus.

When we consider what carefulness was necessary to cast this enormous figure in bronze,—in separate pieces,—to adjust them to each other, and in any sense satisfy the standard of art that

existed in Rhodes when it was made, we are quite ready to allow that Chares of Lindos was a worthy pupil of his great master, Lysippus, and that his Colossus merited a place among the seven wonders.

There were colossal statues in Egypt, the remains of which may still be seen, which were much older than the Colossus of Rhodes, and more remarkable, on account of their having been made of single stones and moved from the places where they were quarried to those upon which they were erected.

The largest one is that near the Memnonium, at Western Thebes. It was sixty feet high, twenty-two feet across the shoulders, and one toe is three feet long. This statue is estimated to have weighed 887 tons, and was moved 138 miles.

The two famous colossi—of which one was called "The Singing Memnon," and was believed to hail the rising sun with musical sounds—are on the plain of Quorneh. These were each made from one block, and were forty-seven feet high, each foot being ten and two-thirds feet long. They are in a sitting posture. These last statues were erected about 1330 B. C., and the one at Western Thebes about 270 years earlier.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

WITH a short account of this wonderful temple I shall leave the "Seven Wonders"; for the Great Pyramid, the gardens of Semiramis, and the Pharos of Alexandria do not come so strictly within our subject as do those of which we have spoken. A temple existed at Ephesus before the building of that which we describe. It had also been dedicated to Diana or Artemis, who was the same goddess who had aided her brother to slay the children of Niobe. The first temple was burned, and some writers say that the fire occurred on the night in which Alexander the Great was born, which was in the autumn of the year 356 B. C.

The second temple was 425 feet long by 220 feet wide, and was ornamented with 127 columns, each of which was the gift of a king, according to the account of Pliny. These columns were very large, and made of beautiful marbles, jasper, and other fine stones. Some of them were carved in elegant designs, one being the work of Scopas, who is believed to have made the Niobe group. It required 220 years to complete this temple, and the necessary money was so difficult for the people to obtain, that even the ornaments of the women were given to be melted down in order to add to the fund; and yet, when Alexander offered to pay for the temple if his name should be inscribed upon it, they refused his aid.

When it was completed, many works by the best

artists were placed therein. The Ephesian artists were proud to do all they could for its adornment, without other reward than the honor of seeing their works in so grand and sacred a place, while the works of other artists were bought in great numbers.

The great altar was filled with the sculptures of Praxiteles; a painting by Apelles, called the "Alexander Ceraunophorus," was there, and was a celebrated picture; and it is probable that many other artists of whom we have heard were employed in its decoration.

This great temple was plundered by the Emperor Nero; the Goths carried the work of its destruction still farther in 260 A. D.; and, finally, under the Emperor Theodosius, A. D. 381, when all pagan

dest place, and has the least to repay one who goes there, of all the ruined cities which I have seen.

THE LAOCOÖN GROUP.

THIS famous piece of statuary, now in the Vatican Museum, at Rome, is not very old in comparison with many of the works we have described, its probable date being the time of the Emperor Titus, who lived from A. D. 40 to 81. He was a liberal patron of art, and it is believed that Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, sculptors of Rhodes, executed this work at the command of Titus, in whose palace it was placed.

In 1506 it was found in the excavation of the



THE LAOCOÖN GROUP.

worship was suppressed, this temple was destroyed, and now almost nothing remains at Ephesus to remind one of its past grandeur. It is probable that the materials which composed the temple, and other noble buildings there, have been carried to Constantinople and other cities, and much may still be hidden beneath the soil; but it is the sad-

baths of Titus, and was placed in the Vatican by Pope Julius II. An arm, which was wanting, was restored by an Italian sculptor named Baccio Bandinelli. Napoleon Bonaparte carried it to Paris, but in 1815 the group was returned to Rome, together with other art treasures which he had borne away.

This work illustrates the story of Laocoön, who was a priest of Troy. When the Greeks left the wooden horse outside that city, and pretended to sail away, Laocoön warned the Trojans of the dan-

work of two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Rhodes, and was carried from Rhodes to Rome by Asinius Pollio, and placed in the baths of Caracalla. After being covered up in the ruins of these baths



THE FARNESE BULL.

ger of drawing it within the walls, and as he spoke he thrust a lance into the side of the horse. But Sinon, who had been left behind by the Greeks, contrived to persuade the Trojans that the horse would be a blessing to them, and it was drawn into the city, and feasts and sacrifices were ordered to do honor to the occasion. Laocoön was preparing a sacrifice to Neptune, when two huge serpents were seen coming from Tenedos. All the people fled; only the priest and his two sons remained by the altar, and to them the fearful creatures went, and soon killed all three by their horrible entwinings. When Laocoön and his sons were really dead, the serpents went to the Acropolis and disappeared behind the shield of Tritonis. This story has been told by several poets, and in Virgil's *Aeneid* is read by many boys and girls.

The famous group of the Vatican shows the moment when the serpents are entwined about all three figures, and represents the most intense suffering of mind and body.

THE FARNESE BULL.

This is another celebrated group, believed to belong to the first century of our era. It was the

work of two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Rhodes, and is now in the Museum of Naples.

This group tells a part of the story of Dirce, who had incurred the displeasure of Antiope, the mother of Amphion, the king of Thebes and the husband of Niobe.

Then Amphion and his twin brother, Zethus, in order to satisfy the wrath of their mother, bound Dirce to the horns of a wild bull, who dragged her to death. It is said that Dionysos changed her body into a well on Mt. Cithæron. A small river near Thebes was also called by her name.

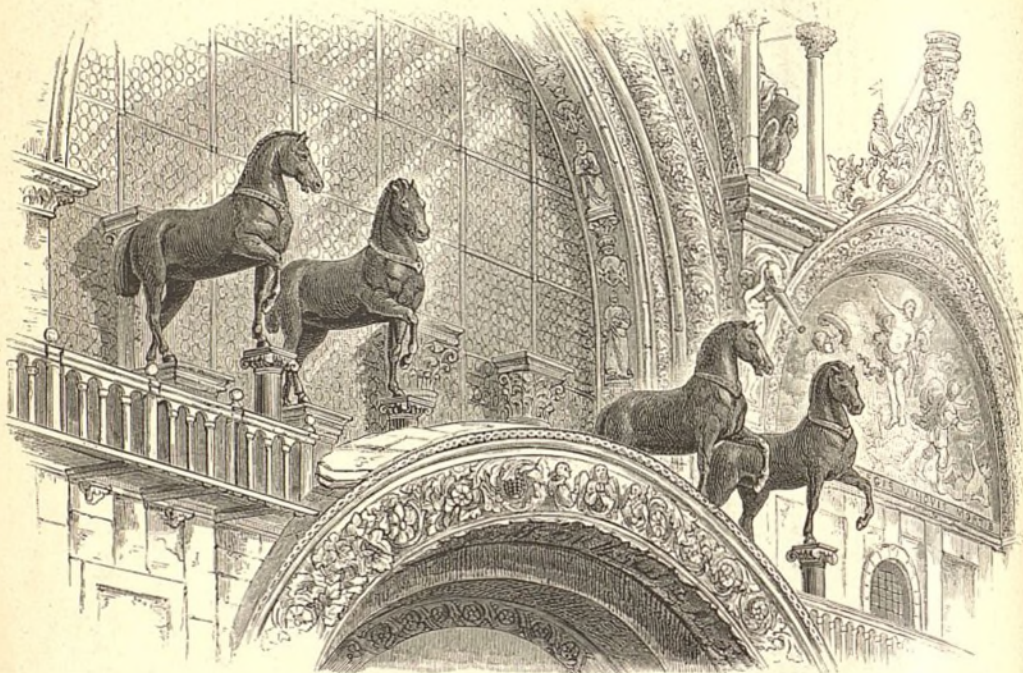
The moment represented in the sculpture is that when Dirce is struggling to free herself from Amphion and Zethus, who are fastening the cords to the horns of the savage animal.

THE BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE.

HIGH up above the central portal of the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice, there are two bronze horses at each side of the arch. They are large, and weigh 1932 pounds each. It is wonderful to think of how they have been carried over the world, now raised to great heights, and again lowered and carried great distances. When we consider the diffi-

culties of thus moving them by land and sea, we understand how valuable they must have been considered. The positive truth concerning their origin is not known. Some critics believe them to be of the Greek school of Lysippus; but the general belief is that the Emperor Augustus carried

said to be the united work of the two great sculptors, Phidias and Praxiteles. They are colossal in size and spirited in execution. The Monte Cavallo is so named on account of these statues, which were excavated in the baths of Constantine. It is a portion of the Quirinal Hill, and is beside the Quirinal



THE BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE (SHOWING THE TOP OF THE ARCH ABOVE THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK).

them from Alexandria to Rome after his victory over Mark Antony, about 30 B. C.

Augustus placed them on a triumphal arch, and the emperors Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine, each in turn, removed them to arches of their own. At length, Constantine carried them to Constantinople, his new capital, and placed them in the Hippodrome; from there they were brought to Venice by the Crusaders in 1205. In 1797 Napoleon Bonaparte carried them to Paris, and in 1815 they were returned to Venice, where they now stand,—

“Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.”

The picture on this page is reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, in which number a fuller account of these famous horses may be found.

THE DIOSCURI ON MONTE CAVALLO, AT ROME.

THESE two figures on horses are believed to represent the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, and are

Palace, which is now the Roman residence of the King of Italy.

Castor and Pollux were famous for their brotherly love, and their legend relates that, as a reward for their affection, Jupiter placed them together among the stars, after their death, where they are called *Gemini*, the Twins. They were worshiped in Greece, and at Rome there was a temple erected to them, opposite the temple of Vesta, in the Forum, and on the 15th of July the *equites* (or soldiers on horses) went there in solemn procession to perform their rites in honor of the Dioscuri.

ANCIENT SCULPTURES NOW EXISTING.

COPY of the head of Asclepius after Alcamenes; in the British Museum.

Copies after those of Praxiteles.

Venus, as seen on the Cnidian coins.

Venus; the finest copy in marble is in the Glyptothek, Munich.

Cupid, National Museum at Naples.

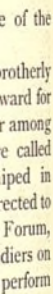
Cupid, Vatican Museum, Rome.

Satyr, Capitol, Rome.

Apollo with the Lizard, Louvre, Paris.

The Dioscuri on Monte Cavallo, Rome, said to be the joint work of Phidias and Praxiteles.

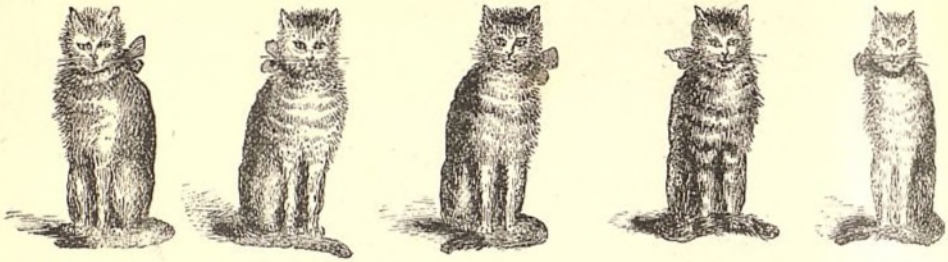
The Niobe Group, Uffizi, Florence; copy after Scopas.



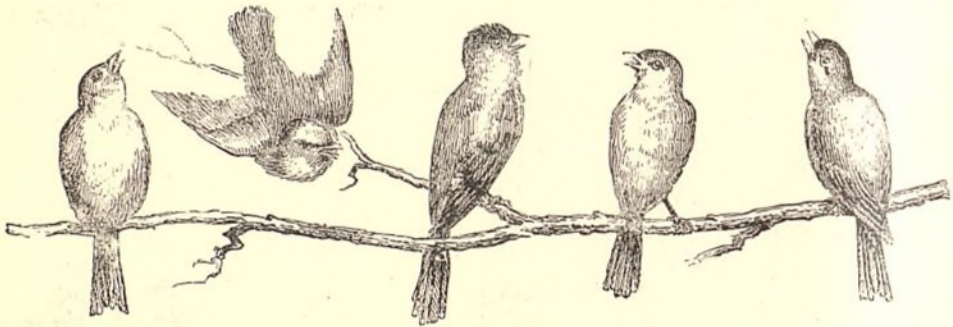
once there was a little
in the river's path
now the old bridge
with its arches and
stone pillars
is still standing
and the water flows
on as before.

joint work

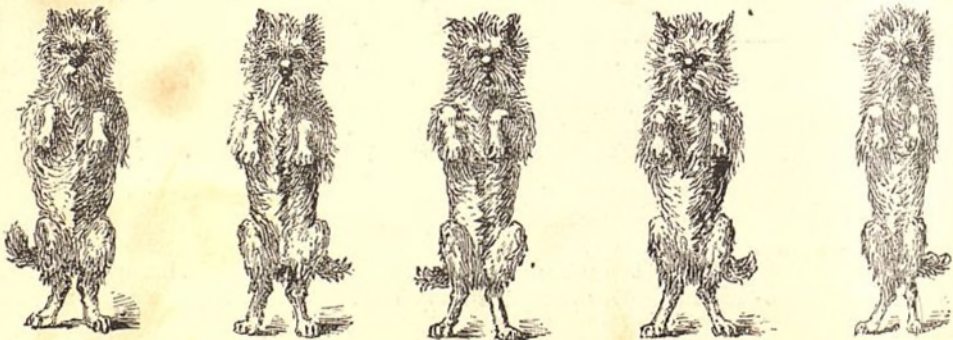
FIVE FIVES.



Five little pussy-cats, sitting in a row;
 Blue ribbon round each neck, fastened in a bow.
 "Hey, kittens! ho, kittens! are your faces clean?
 Don't you know you're sitting here, so as to be seen?"



Five pretty little birds, singing all together;
 Flitting round so joyfully in the pleasant weather.
 "Little birds, little birds, why not fret and cry?"
 "Oh, because we're good and glad: that's the reason why."



FIVE little fluffy dogs, standing on their toes ;
 Each with a sugar-plum balanced on his nose.
 Five eager listening doggies, still as any mice.
 "Pop!" you cry ; and all the candy 's vanished in a trice.



FIVE little boys with pipes. What are they doing here?
 Smoking? Not a bit of it! What a strange idea!
 Pray, put on your spectacles, then you wont see double;
 Every boy is blowing out a famous big soap-bubble.



FIVE rosy little girls with dollies sweet and small.
 Oh! *don't* you think the little girls are prettiest of all?
 Little loving, laughing things! Just take another look,
 Then smile, and kiss your hand at them. before you close the book.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MARCH!

No, no! my youngsters; don't go away! I'm giving an idea, not an order.

And yet, why *should* you stand still? Nothing young does or can do that, in the stirring month at hand.

Besides, there is no harm in giving an order that is sure to be obeyed; so

Attention, company!

Forward!—March!!

THE PURPLE FINCH.

KEEP a bright lookout just now for the purple finch, my gentle bird-lovers. That shy but merry fellow generally shows—in our north-eastern States—toward the beginning of March. His royally hearty spirit is regally clad, too, as all must say who see him flaunt his rich coat—which is more crimson than purple, by the way—and hear him carol gayly on the wing.

You may see him, in company with his humble mate, looking for a home-place in some tall tree. And when the eggs are lying in the nest, I know that you will be most likely to find the faithful fellow watching over his little wife as she cuddles down cozily over them, while he sings to her a sweet and cheering song,—like the loyal friend and tender helpmate that he is.

ABOUT ROOT-TIPS.

SOMEBODY signing himself or herself "Member of the Agassiz Association, St. NICHOLAS branch," sends you this scrap about the wonderful sensitiveness of the tips of those little roots which first strike out from buried seeds. "It is in a new book just out," says this person; so some of you may have come across the paragraph already. But, after reading it now, my tender-hearts, you will come

nearer to knowing some of an ordinary Jack-in-the-Pulpit's feelings, and at all events you will think more highly of that humble life which is forever moving, feeling, growing in the ground.

"If the tip of a seedling's root be lightly pressed or burnt or cut, it transmits an influence to the part next above, causing it to bend away from the affected side; and, what is still more surprising, the tip can tell the difference between a slightly harder and a softer object by which it may be pressed at the same time on opposite sides. If, however, the tip is pressed by a similar object a little above its point, the pressed part does not transmit any influence to the more distant parts, but it bends itself at once toward the object. If the tip perceives the air to be moister on one side than on the other, it then also transmits an influence to the part next above, which bends toward the source of moisture. When the tip is excited by light * * * the adjoining part bends away from the light; but, when excited by gravitation, the same part bends toward the center of the earth."

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

OF course you all know, my dears, what a useful invention is the mariner's compass, by which ships can be steered on a certain course, even in the darkest night, and through the thickest fog. It is a very simple-looking affair, I understand,—a brass box, a needle pivoted on its center, and rubbed with a loadstone or natural magnet, and a card marked with the directions in which the wind blows.

Before this invention the only safe way in which shipmen could navigate their vessels was by keeping within sight of land, or by watching the stars. So, on very dark nights, they were obliged to make guesses—too often fatal ones—as to their whereabouts. A captain might think that he had plenty of sea-room, when, in a few minutes, his poor ship might be wrecked upon some rocky coast.

"The compass, with needle pointing northward, was invented by an Italian about six hundred years ago," say some of the books. But I am told the people of China insist that they invented and used a compass there three thousand years ago. This Chinese compass was in the form of a man, with one movable, magnetic arm, made to point southward, no matter to what quarter the face might be turned. By its aid, the caravans or traveling bands of traders and pilgrims, with their loaded camels, their horses, and their guards or fighting-men, were enabled to journey across the vast, trackless, grassy plains of Tartary, without losing their way; and, with the help of the same trusty, little one-armed pilot, sailors could find a sure course over the wide waters of the Indian Ocean.

HOW SIR ROOSTER STOLE THE CHICKS.

PERHAPS he meant only to borrow them for a time, and so to punish Mother Brownie for being "off duty." But this is what a little girl, named Lizzie, tells me in her letter:

"Poor worried Brownie had gone off to look for one little 'peeper' that she missed, when up marched Sir Rooster, and led the other chicks away. He very soon found his hands full, so to speak, and learned that it was not easy to manage eleven small children, all crying at once; for their timid little hearts were throbbing fearfully at his fierce looks. He strutted and crowded and scratched, and told the children pompously to do as he was doing. But the poor little things only became more frightened, and at last they scattered wildly over the railroad tracks, just as a train was coming. At that moment, up scuttled Mother Brownie from around the corner of the long shed, every feather standing anxiously on end. And oh, but did n't she scold Sir Rooster, and give him a piece of her mind! (It seemed to me that she said he was a 'meddlesome old stupid.') This done, she

gave three comfortable clucks, and the whole trembling brood ran headlong under her wings, while my lord Rooster stalked away, trying to look as if it were far beneath his dignity to be concerned about a parcel of harum-scarum chicks.

LIZZIE H.

FACTS FROM THE FAIRY LAND OF SCIENCE.

Now, those of you who know the Multiplication Table, and Fractions, and such matters, just step to the front. Can you think a hundred? Can you imagine a thousand? Can you conceive how many a million baked potatoes would be?

Then listen to what a wise man says about you: "The surface of your bodies, as seen through the microscope, is covered with little scales. A single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales; and yet, every scale covers five hundred pores, or tiny holes, through which the moisture of the body forces its way."

Now, multiply 500 by 150 and you have 75,000, the number of pores in every space of your skin as large as a grain of sand. Look at your plump fists and think of these facts, my dears! But, listen further yet!

Another learned man tells of an insect which is so small that it would take twenty-seven millions like it to make a speck as large as a mite!

And each leaf, that you see swinging in the breeze, has whole colonies of insects grazing upon it, like cows on a meadow. And every drop of stagnant water contains myriads of beings, floating in it with as much liberty as whales enjoy in the ocean. The single drop of water is a vast sea to them.

MORE YET.

DEACON GREEN, with all his lively ways, is packed so full of facts that, I notice, he always has to hand out two or three to make room for any new one the dear Little Schoolma'am may give him. Here, for instance, are a few that he lately let fall near my pulpit:

A rifle-ball, shot into the water at right angles, will bounce up and become as flat as a wafer.

A bullet may be shot through a pane of glass, from close to it, without breaking or even shaking the glass; but there will be a clean round hole made by the bullet in passing through.

Cork sunk two hundred feet in the sea will not rise, for the water above it will keep it down.

And, if ever any of you should feel weary of listening to a weak-voiced speaker in a stuffy hall, just reflect that, in the Arctic regions, on a very cold day, every word of a speech can be heard at the safe distance of two miles.

A JELLY "MAN-OF-WAR."

THIS month's picture, my dears, shows you a jelly "man-of-war." It is the Portuguese man-of-war, a creature often seen floating near the southern shores of the United States. Its upper part is a transparent bluish bubble, and when the wind catches its delicate pink crest, the dainty boat glides smoothly along, rocking and swaying on the gently heaving sea. So, you see, its outward appearance is lovely and peaceful; but, under the water, it is at war.

Dangling from the bubble's lower surface are many blue feelers, or tentacles; some of these are short and thick, but the others—with which the creature wriggles itself along—are of great length, and twist and twirl about rapidly and gracefully, bearing myriads of very fine hairs that prick like those of the nettle. Perhaps a hungry or careless little sardine, seeing the squirming blue things,



THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

grabs one of them, hoping for a pleasant meal; but the tempting, worm-like feelers wind their folds around him, and he dies, poor fellow,—but he dies at once.

While he is being lifted toward the short thick arms, five or six very small blue fish dart out from among them, and presently join in the feast. These seem to belong to the man-of-war,—as the small boats belong to some huge fighting-ship,—and they flit about unharmed, and quite at home among the deadly tentacles.

ROMANCE WITHOUT WORDS.

FOR LITTLE HANDS.

BY WM. K. BASSFORD.

Andantino.

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THE LETTER-BOX.

THE Little Schoolma'am says, so many stories about the "Kitten" pictures, on page 251 of our January number, have been sent in, that the committee has been unable to finish the report in time for this number. In order that full justice may be done to all the contributions, in selecting the best one for publication, the report is withheld until next month.

THOSE of our young readers who are interested in "The Recollections of a Little Prima Donna," on page 393 of the present number, will be glad to read this note from the author:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "The Recollections of a Little Prima Donna," which I send to you, are strictly true. The town mentioned is Wilmington, Delaware; the year is 1854; and the little blonde-haired lassies were my sister and myself.

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

In answer to our request in the January "Letter-Box" concerning "The Land of Nod," many welcome letters have come to us, telling of the successful performance of the little operetta. The following letter in regard to it will, we think, interest our young readers:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been informed by a friend that, in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS, the question was asked by some one if any person had ever tried the little operetta entitled "The Land of Nod," given in your Christmas number. I am proud and happy to inform you that I went successfully through it on Christmas-eve, having drilled some thirty-two little performers, between the ages of seven and fifteen, for the occasion.

The operetta was given before a crowded house (for this little town a great turn-out)—I should judge six hundred. But everything went off splendidly, and it was pronounced a grand thing, and a perfect success. I did everything myself—the arrangement of stage, costumes, etc., etc.—a good deal of hard work, I found, for one person; but as everything went off so well, I felt paid for my hard work.

Should any one wish for help or information on this subject, I should gladly and willingly try to aid them.

Any one wishing information, please address

MRS. A. B. FLAGG,
Bernardston, Franklin Co., Mass.

"TWO SISTERS."—In the back volumes of ST. NICHOLAS you will find pretty and simple songs which "Two Little Sisters" can sing. Also songs and simple piano-forte music are to be given in future

volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. A remarkably good collection of just such music as you ask for is "A Book of Rhymes and Tunes," recently published by Ditson & Co., of Boston. The compilers (Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Louisa T. Cragin) have spent years in the preparation of this delightful treasury of home-songs, and the result is admirable.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so tired of seeing Xerxes always mentioned when a name beginning with X is wanted that I should like to remind the people of this century of several other fellows whose names begin or began with X. These are Xenophon, Xavier, Xenocrates, Xantippus, Xantippe (but she was a lady), Xenophanes, Ximenes. They can be read about in any biographical dictionary. Z, too, is supposed to be a very rare beginning for famous names; but while we are reading up the Xs, we can also turn to the end of the same biographical dictionary, and learn of Zamacois, Zeno (two of this name), Zeuxis, Ziem, Zinzendorf, Ziska, Zolius, Zoroaster, and Zwingli, who winds up the list with a snap.—Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE C. D.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.—By reference to the story, "Fine or Superfine," Trailing Arbutus will see it is not claimed that Clara "got" the baby-carriage through her bracelet, but that the "pushing" was done through the bracelet. She probably held the bracelet with the left hand close to the end of the carriage's handle; then passed some fingers of the right hand through the bracelet and pushed the carriage along.

A STRANGE CLOCK.

BOYS and girls in this country have read of the great clock in Strasburg Cathedral, and many have even seen it in the dim corner of that old building. The priest or sexton in the church draws a big curtain aside, and shows a large upright clock. At noon, small figures appear in the upper part of the clock, and, representing the twelve Apostles, pass in procession from one side to the other, and then disappear. For a long time, the Strasburg clock has been famous as the most wonderful piece of machinery for showing the time of the day, hour, month, and year; but now, it seems, there is in this country a still more wonderful clock, that marks the seconds and minutes, quarter-hours, hours, and days of the month and year.

It resembles one of the old-fashioned wooden clocks once common in New England, excepting that it is very much larger than any

hall clock you ever saw, being eighteen feet high. It is eight feet wide, and as handsomely carved and polished as a grand piano. There are thirteen dials to show the time of day in thirteen different cities in the world, the largest dial showing, for instance, New York time, and the other dials representing the time of day at San Francisco, or Paris, or St. Petersburg, or other places. And the curious part of it is that these clocks all move exactly together, and are not thirteen separate clocks, but one clock showing thirteen different times at once. So when we call at noon to see the clock, we can tell what time in the evening it is in London, and what time in the morning it is in San Francisco. In the center, between the dials, is a larger dial, with one hand pointing to the days of the month, while above are two dials giving the month and the day of the week. In the center is a golden ball representing the sun, and around it are the planets, the earth and the moon each turning around the sun, and in its own path and time; for instance, Mercury moves around the sun every eighty-eight days, Venus in two hundred and twenty-four days, the Earth in a year, and Uranus in thirty thousand six hundred and eighty-eight days. These all move at the same time and with the clocks, and show at any moment just how the planets stand in the heavens. There are four figures in little niches around the clock,—a boy, a young man, a man of middle age, and an old man,—and at the end of each quarter-hour they in turn strike on little bells, and at the end of the hour old Father Time strikes the hour on a larger bell. The most wonderful performance comes now. At the top of the clock sits Washington in a chair, and at each side is a servant standing at a door. As Father Time's bell strikes, a music-box begins to play, and the door at the right opens, and out walk all the Presidents in procession; they turn and bow to Washington, who rises, and then they pass on, and the servant closes the door behind them. Washington then quietly sits down, and remains sitting in dignified silence till his visitors again appear at the end of the hour, when he again rises to receive them. Wonderful as the Strasburg clock may be, the American clock does many more things, and is far more curious, and much more interesting, as a piece of complicated time-keeping machinery. In the "Letter-Box" for February and April, 1880, are accounts of two other curious clocks.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was looking over my spelling-book, I saw at the top of a column "Words Relating to Land," and down the column I saw the word "Llanos." What does "Llanos" mean?

J. M. HATCHER.

The Llanos are vast plains in South America, between the Caribbean Sea and the plains of the Amazon; they have no trees, and are not tilled, but grasses and bushes grow in some parts.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tell the boys they can make paper barometers, by dipping sheets of clean white paper into a solution of cobalt. The color will change just a little while before the weather changes. The French barometer-flowers are made on this principle.—Truly yours,

B. G. M.

HERE, now, is an agreeable idea, from M. V. W., and perhaps some of the girls would like to work it out.

"Take some black or brown broadcloth, double it, and cut out two pieces in the shape of a palette. The greatest length should not exceed four inches, and the greatest width should not be more than three inches. Button-hole stitch them around the edge with embroidery silk of the same color as the broadcloth, but not too closely, lest the cloth become stretched at the edge, and so spoil the shape of the palette. To make a very nice one, trace a faint outline of the palette on the cloth with a colored pencil, and button-hole stitch it very closely before cutting out. Having finished the edges of the two palettes, get some coarse embroidery silk of various colors. A piece three inches long should be untwisted until it looks like a small ball of fluffy ravelings. Make six or seven bunches of this kind in different colors, in the selection of which there is a good chance to study harmonious combinations. Sew them to that part of the palette where the colors are usually placed by artists.

"Nothing is better to wipe a pen on than kid. Cut from the palms of some old kid gloves several pieces shaped like the broadcloth palettes, but a trifle smaller. Place these kid palettes in the middle of the plain broadcloth one, lay the ornamented one on top, and baste all together. Next cut the hole which, in a painter's palette, is intended for the thumb. Button-hole stitch it closely with embroidery silk of the color of the broadcloth, taking the stitches through all the pieces of broadcloth and kid. Remove the basting and pass a piece of narrow ribbon through the hole, tying it around the narrowest part of the palette and making a neat bow on the upper side.

"To make one of these pen-wipers look more like a real palette, go

to a store where artists' materials are sold and buy two delicate brushes with slender wooden (not quill) handles, and cut these to the length of the pen-wiper. Stitch these on under the bow, and you have a pen-wiper which cannot fail to brighten any writing-table; and perhaps you will think as I do that the more you love the person to whom the pen-wiper is to be given, the more neatly and tastefully it should be made."

MORAL SUASION.

"COME, boys," says Marm Dinah, "I can't hab you here, You're too peart and too noisy by half, Now, hurry up, quick, don't be lazy no more, But clar out de snow from de paf. My washin's 'most done, and how do you s'pose I can wade fru dat snow to hang out de clo's?"

"Oh, Mammy, I can't; I aint well," cries Bob Lee,— "I've the dreffulest pain in my bones," While Tom doubles up with a stitch in his side, And the kitchen resounds with their groans. "Stop dat nonsense!" says Dinah, "hush up, I say! You no account chillun grow worse ebby day."

Uncle Caesar looks down at the cunning young scamps;

He chuckles and laughs at the sport.

"No need o' hard work, honies—jes' go an' play;

Now, s'posin' you build up a fort."

With a shout and a bound the boys rush around,

As they roll up the balls on the snow-covered ground.

They pile up the blocks and they lay them in place;

White and square soon the snow-fort is seen.

Says Dinah to Caesar, "That trick works fus' rate;

Now dem pafs is jus' lubly an' clean."

Says Caesar to Dinah, "Ob course, chile, ob course,

For pussuasion is often much better dan force." A. G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope you will introduce a brave little dog to the "Letter-Box" circle. For want of knowing his real name, I call him "Shush Biezzeh" (little bear), a common Indian name for a dog. This little fellow saved the lives of a detachment of United States soldiers.

Several years ago, when the large and powerful Indian tribe of Navajoes were at war with our government, a military post was established at Fort Defiance, Arizona Territory. One day a detachment was sent out scouting, and when only a few miles from the post, was suddenly hemmed in by Indians. The soldiers fought all day long, but when night came the situation was critical. The men were exhausted, and it was almost certain death for any one to try to reach Fort Defiance. "Shush Biezzeh" had followed his master, one of the soldiers, with whom he was a great pet. He suggested a happy thought. A note was written to the officer in command at Fort Defiance, and placed in a canteen, which was tied around the dog's neck. In the darkness he started off for the post unperceived by the enemy. He reached his destination safely, delivered the message, and re-enforcements brought the reply.

History is silent as to whether or not he received a medal, but he is still remembered in the vicinity of Fort Defiance.—Yours truly,

R. ELEANOR GRIFFIN.

THE following verses were written by a lady eighty-three years old:

RIDING DOWNHILL.

When I was a youngster, and Christmas had come,
And I for the holidays staying at home,
Of skating and sliding I then had my fill,
But most splendid of all was "riding downhill."
Three boards and two runners were all I desired,
An old rope to haul it aside if required,
Then off like an arrow! a shout and a yell,
The measureless height of my glory to tell.
I decided it then, I think it so still,
There's nothing so splendid as "riding downhill."
But now my gay cutter comes 'round to the door,
And I hand in my wife and one or two more;
They all look so happy, and prattle and smile,
My labors and cares are all banished a while.
'Tis easy to see in each dear little face
The wondrous excitement the sleigh-bells can place.
So, merrily jingling, we dash on our way;
Our horse shakes his head as if glad of the day.
We all are as joyous and blithe as can be,
And yet there seems something a-wanting to me
I said it at first, and I half think it still,—
There's nothing so splendid as riding downhill.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



DESCRIBE the first picture of the accompanying illustration in three words, and with all the letters of these spell one word, meaning moderate. With the letters in the second picture, make an old-fashioned word, meaning a heavy load. Describe the third picture in three words, and with all the letters of these spell one word, meaning freed from complications.

HALF-SQUARE.

READING ACROSS: 1. Recalled. 2. Stricken out. 3. An ill-tempered woman. 4. Short poems. 5. To know. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. A Roman numeral.

G. F.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

This differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in Paris, not in Rome," the second "in tavern, not in home," and so on, till the two words, of twelve letters each, have been spelled.

In Paris, not in Rome;
In tavern, not in home;
In heated, not in cold;
In saucy, not in bold;
In frighten, not in scare;
In ruddy, not in fair;
In lumber, not in block;
In fasten, not in lock;
In titter, not in sneer;
In ibis, not in deer;
In aloof, not in birch;
In looking, not in search.

1. Relating to the President;
2. An installation here is meant;

Connected, a looked-for event.

F. S. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters, and am a quotation from Shakespeare's play of "Julius Caesar."

My 13-20-9-11 is a shelter. My 5-17-18-12 is scarce. My 1-6-4-16 is to shine. My 3-10-7-8 is a preposition. My 15-14-2 is an enemy. My 19 is one hundred.

ANDREW.

THREE NUMERICAL DIAMONDS.

1
1 2 3
1 2 3 4 5
3 4 5
5

- I. 1. In March. 2. A covered carriage. 3. A pioneer's dwelling. 4. A large wooden box. 5. In cackination.
- II. 1. In March. 2. What Marcus Brutus was. 3. Land belonging to a nobleman. 4. A negative connective. 5. In March.
- III. 1. In March. 2. A vehicle. 3. A measure of weight. 4. A rodent. 5. In frost.

D. W.

A MARTIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS, a famous battle which took place 490 B. C. Finals, a famous battle which occurred 1815 A. D.

Cross-words: 1. The destination of an army, whose march is chronicled in verse by the poet Shelley. 2. A famous king of the Huns, who laid waste the Roman Empire about 434 A. D. 3. A dashing cavalry

general on the side of Charles I. in the Parliamentary war. 4. The name of a favorite pupil of Plato's, who was also the tutor of Alexander the Great. 5. The cape near which Nelson won his last and greatest naval victory. 6. The name of a great Carthaginian general. 7. The name of a Roman Emperor who died by his own hand after reigning three months. 8. The name of a Roman Emperor who died by his own hand after reigning fourteen years.

H. G.

CHARADE.

My first I see before me now,
My second, too, is here;
Yet search through earth and sea, my whole
Nowhere you'll find, I fear.

W.

LETTER PUZZLE.

1
6
2 7 5 9 4
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3

My 1-6-5-8-3 are used in music, commerce, and society. My 2-7-5-9-4 is a slender twig. My 1-2-3-4 is on all maps. My 1-4-2-3 is in the daily papers. My 1-4-3-5 is what a little boy likes to find. My 1-4-5-3 are used by fishermen. My 1-4-2-5 is a small lizard. My 2-4-3-5 is usually represented by its first letter. My 2-4-5-3 is what the rain does. My 2-4-1-5 is a word meaning "has gone." My 3-5-4-2 is what a cook may do, but not be in. My 3-4-1-5 is dispatched. My 3-4-5 is to fix firmly. My 3-4-2 is to join with stitches. My 5-4-1-3 are numbers.

E. H. R.

PUZZLE BIRDS.

EACH of the following stanzas is to be completed by adding, at the end of the fourth line, the name of the bird described in the preceding three lines. The stars show the number of letters in the name, which must rhyme with the second line.

1. What bird is fabled to bring pleasant weather,
And every sailor-boy is his well-wisher?
His coat is gay with many a bright-hued feather.
This bird is called *****.
2. What bird is ever prophesying rain,
Though often his prognostics seem to fail?
"More wet!" he cries: "More wet, more wet!" again.
Do you not know the *****?
3. What bird is he whose humming charms the ear,
And yet whose voice perhaps is seldom heard?
His plumage gleams like gems with brilliance clear.
This is the *****.
4. What bird so tame about our door-yards hopping,
Builds nests in boxes, trees, or grass and yarrow?
In city squares beguiles the ladies shopping?
Sure, this must be the *****.
5. In Noah's day this bird was very tame;
And it is one that all the children love.
Its gentle innocence bespeaks its name.
You surely know the *****.

LILIAN PAYSON.

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7- E. E.
Bessie," 7
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and Bessie
'Solomon"
ttie, Lizzie,
19, 2.