



"MUSTERING ALL HIS STRENGTH, ANDY PLUNGED INTO THE FLOOD."

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THE A. STEELES.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

THE peculiarity of the Steele family lay in the fact that all their individual names began with the letter A.

Anthony Steele lived on the hill that stretched away from Mad River, in a long, bare, lonely lift of land, that looked, when you were below, as though it might be the very topmost height in the universe. His home was a red, roomy farm-house, and he was the venerable A. Steele, who had stood face to face with Indians, on the same spot, years before. Under the hill, near the river, was a story-and-a-half cottage, white and snug, where Albert Steele, the miller, lived.

Lastly, there was, close to the river, the brown grist-mill, with its biggest-in-the-region water-wheel, to which all the folk came, from far and from near, fetching their rye, wheat, corn, oats, and buckwheat to be ground.

March came, and the mill was full of grain. The earth began to stir and move uneasily beneath her snowy wraps, as though weary of her attire, and anxious for a change. First, she trimmed her garments with icicle-fringe. But that was stiff, and creaked and rattled to pieces when the wind blew, and made one feel as though things in general were about to break up.

Nature has spasms, and one was coming on.

The water-wheel had been out of order, and the winter had been so cold that very little had been ground in the mill; but now the wheel was as good as new, and so much grain was at hand that the heart of Albert Steele, miller, beat high with hope.

The miller had four children. Andrew Steele

(sixteen) looked at the length of wrist and arm below his coat-sleeve, and hoped that now a longer sleeve in a new coat would soon cover up his year's growth. Ann Steele, pretty as the May-flower, made the spinning-wheel fly, and had visions of a white dress for the next Fourth of July. Augustus Steele just hoped that now father would feel rich enough to let him have on his sled the iron runners that he had been waiting for pretty much ever since he could remember. Abby Steele, in the cradle, wanted her dinner, and cried for it, which cry drew Ann from her vision and the wheel, to lift up her motherless little sister; for there was no Mrs. Albert Steele to hope or wish for anything from the old mill on Mad River.

Nature's spasm was very near now. Sun, clouds, rain caused it.

"It'll be the biggest freshet that ever was," said the sage of the red house, when the rain began.

"I don't feel quite easy about the mill," said the owner of it, when ten hours' rain had fallen. The snow could accommodate ten hours' rain very well, in its many-crystalled chambers on a thousand hill-sides, and it did hold it without moving.

The next morning, everybody thereabout thought of bridges and of wash-outs—although there was not, at that time, a railroad within ninety miles of Mad River—and of taxes; for taxes began when the "Mayflower" paid wharfage to the Indians at Plymouth Rock, and have gone steadily on, beginning without ending, from that day to this.

Below the mill, a few hundred feet, there was a foot-bridge, the delight of boys and of daring girls,

but the terror of persons with nerves, whether young or old. It was like the half of an immense barrel-hoop, rising over the river, with its ends set into the banks. The rise and the round of this bridge were such that cleats were nailed up and down its sides, and a very shaky hand-rail had been provided to climb by. These cleats were constantly getting loose, helped oftentimes by small lads.

And to think that on this rainy March morning, of all mornings in that year, Albert Steele should be taken down with rheumatism!—the effect of his efforts of yesterday in getting home the sheep from across the river, in case of a freshet, which now seemed inevitable. He had driven them through the snow-water, and around by the wagon-bridge, above the fall a half-mile, and had been out until after the night came, making things snug at the mill, and so, as has been written, he was on this morning helpless. Before any one was up in the house, there came a thundering knock at the side-door, and a voice sang out:

"Ho! miller!—Ho!"

"Ho yourself! Who's there?" responded Andrew.

Andrew spoke from the little four-paned window, just beneath the point where the roofs joined.

"Call your father, quick! I want to get corn ground in a hurry, before the river breaks up. *Must be done!*" answered a breezy voice.

But, as we know, Mr. Albert Steele could grind no corn that day; he had been suffering terribly all night from the pain of his rheumatism, and Andrew so told the man.

"Come along yourself, then, and I'll help you, for my critters 'll starve to death, unless, indeed, I should give 'em whole corn," said the young man.

Andrew had never run the mill in his life, but he had helped often enough to know what should be done. The upper gate and the lower gate were raised, and the big wheel felt the stir of the water in its every bucket. In tumbled the corn from bag after bag into the hopper, and the upper millstone ground on the nether millstone, and the yellow corn became yellow meal, and was poured into the bags, and away went their owner, happy over his success. When he was gone, Andrew ate breakfast, and down came the water faster and in greater volume every instant; and the old mill thundered at every swift revolution of the great wheel, that actually groaned on its axis, as the water plunged and splashed, filling the wheel-race with foam.

Meanwhile, honey and buckwheat cakes kept Andrew busy at the table, until Augustus, who had breakfasted while his brother played miller, opened a door and called out:

"Father wants to know if Mr. Cook helped you shut the gates."

"Oh my!" whispered Andrew. "Don't tell Father, but the gates are both wide open. Come on, Gus, and we'll get 'em down."

Away went the boys. They darted under the door-way and ran through the mill to the race and the upper gate. The current was very strong; the race itself could not hold all the water that came to it. The force of it resisted the lads' united strength, for the water was full now of slush.

Ann stood in the door-way, baby Abby in her arms, and watched the boys at work.

"There's something wrong at the mill, Father," she said. "I'm going to run down and see, if you'll hold Abby."

The poor miller sat there, helpless, and groaning away his troubles to the baby, while Ann appeared at the race, sledge-hammer in hand.

"You must stop it at once," she cried, "or the wheel will break, and then what *would* become of us?"

With mighty blows from as many hands as could lay hold on the hammer, the gate went slowly down as far as it could be driven, and, by the time the lower gate was reached, it was easy to close that, but still the water came from somewhere. The old mill fairly shook amid the creaking cries of its straining wheels and timbers.

"The river is breaking up! The ice is coming over the fall! The water is up to the mill-floor!" cry one and another in horror.

"Out, out with the meal! Let us save all we can," shouts Andrew. "I can manage one bag, and you two can carry another. Take these first."

One, two, ten, twenty, forty bags of corn and rye the young Steeles saved before the water drove them out of the mill. And the wheel worked faster than ever all the time, and the air was full of the rush and the roar of Mad River at its breaking up.

Meanwhile, the miller himself set the baby a-crying out of pure sympathy with her papa's lamentations (but children did not say "papa" in those days), for he verily believed that he should be compelled to sit there until the flood came and carried him away—so long were the children gone, and so alarmed was he at the thundering noises.

He was about to do something desperate with Abby, when the arbutus face—a little poppy-like now, it must be owned—appeared in the door-way with:

"Oh, Father! I'm afraid the mill will go down, but we've saved every bit of John Lathrop's rye, and Mr. Holmes's wheat. We thought we'd get *theirs*, 'cause *they'd* need it most, and the river is rising so fast that you can see it come up, and—

and—but here comes Grandfather! He 's managed to come down the hill this morning."

"Where 's your father? Where 's your father? Where 's your father?" resounded through the kitchen before Ann had time to get into that room and to reply.

"Dreadful times, Ann, my dear," he said, "but I think there is n't much danger of the house's going, though there is an awful power of snow up the valley, to get away somehow. Don't be frightened, child," he added, as the warm color paled in the girl's face. "I 've seen many a freshet in my time, and paid taxes for more new bridges than—I declare, Albert, *you* down again with the rheumatism! Too bad! Too bad! We 'd better manage to get you up the hill afore night," he ran on.

"Meanwhile, I 'll see to things at the mill. Don't you worry now, my boy. Your old father is worth something yet," and away went the good old man, peering here and looking there, to see to this and that, and feeling very glad that all the sheep and the cows were on the hill side of the river. It would be so easy to escape up the long lift of land. Anthony Steele had built his house up there with due regard to possible times like the present one.

Nowhere could he find Andrew and Augustus. They had disappeared from sight.

"Where are the boys, Ann?" called their father.

"Why don't the boys come and see me? I want to speak to them."

Ann heard, but something made her hesitate.

"Ann, call the boys!" came, at last, in a tone that she felt, and that made her paler than she had been before.

"Father!" she said, "they wont hear me. They 've gone!"

"Gone where?" he thundered. "Where could the rascals go to, when we are all on the verge of destruction?"

"They went over the foot-bridge, Father, and I thought it would go while they were on it, it shook so; and they were hardly off it before one end gave way, and it snapped in two in the middle, and now it hangs by the other end."

"What on earth are they gone for?" questioned Mr. Steele.

"Why, Father, can't you guess? It 's Hester and her mother that they thought of. You know, somebody must save them."

"Oh, this rheumatism, this rheumatism! Ann Steele, do as your father tells you, and never marry a man whose father or mother, or uncle or aunt, ever had the rheumatism. Get out my crutches! Be quick about it, and get my great-coat. My boys! My boys!" he groaned. "Father," he added, as the good white head appeared at the door, "the boys have gone to try and save Hester

Pratt and her crazy mother. I am afraid we shall never see them again."

"Why, I never thought of the Pratts. They are right in the heart of the flood! Their house must have been surrounded early this morning. May the Lord forgive me for thinking only of my own, and so little of His other children!"

Meanwhile, no remonstrance kept Albert Steele from donning his great-coat and hobbling about on his crutches, in the vain effort to see down the stream to the mite of a house on the river-bank where sweet Hester Pratt spent her young life in caring for her insane mother, who was too weak and too helpless to harm a living soul.

When the boys started, they seized, instinctively, a coil of rope from the mill. As they crossed the bridge, they made the two ends fast, and clung each to the other, or rather clung to the rope, one end of which Augustus carried, while Andrew held the other.

On the farther side of the bridge they plunged into the river's overflow, and were again and again nearly forced to go down with the current.

"Hold on, Gus! Hold on, laddy! Remember everybody, and the baby," shouted Andrew (the baby was Augustus's pet), as the younger boy gasped. "Andy, I c-a-n-t get o-n—I 'm go-ing d-own!" he shrieked. He lost his footing and went under, carried down by the current, but still clinging fast to the rope.

In that moment, Andrew Steele became a dozen boys in one. He fought with ice-cakes, and water, and current; fought for the little figure that was bobbing up and down. So near, and yet so far! But he felt the strain on the rope, and it gave him courage.

There was no human eye to witness the strife, as he got to his brother and struggled with him to the firm land, on which the boys sank for a moment.

"That was a pretty bad time, was n't it, Bub?" said Augustus, as soon as his eyes and ears were clear of water. "I don't want any more of that."

"Oh, we pulled out first-rate, and now we must hurry, or there wont be a stone left in poor Hester's chimney, for I don't see how the house is going to stand up before this flood. May be it is gone now."

But the house with the stone chimney was not gone, and presently, it came into view.

"Good gracious!" cried Andrew, as he took in the sight. The cottage looked lower and smaller than ever. It was standing, window-deep, in a sea of snow-water, with ice-cakes thumping at the door every moment.

"Oh, they are out. Somebody must have thought of 'em. I know somebody must," argued Augustus, as they tramped through the water-soaked snow.

"Anyhow, we'll make sure of it. We are the nearest to 'em, and if we did n't think, who would? I declare, Gus, do see how the river rises! It's mad enough now, goodness knows, and I do believe the covered bridge will boom down and take the mill with it." They struggled on.

"See! see! the water is running in at the windows this minute. Run, Gus, run, or we can't get near the house."

They lost no time, poor wet lads, in getting to the highway and to the verge of the running water that came up to the road. The little house lay below the road, between it and the river, but well above the touch of an ordinary freshet.

"Let us call out," said Andrew.

"Hester! Hester!" they screamed.

All was silent within.

"Nobody there," thought Gus.

"But, suppose they are drowned in there. I'm going in," announced Andrew.

"Oh! Andy, Andy, don't. I can't spare you. Wait till somebody comes along."

"No time to wait. I must find out," urged Andrew.

Even as he spoke, he ran to the stoutest tree by the road-side and swung a rope-end about it, made it fast, and said to Gus:

"You stand by, whatever happens, and you pull with a will when I give the signal."

"Good-bye, Andy," whimpered Gus, shaking in his wet clothes, as his brother with the rope stepped into the cold flood.

At that moment a sash was raised in an upper window, and a pale, agonized face glanced up the river, and from that to the clouds.

Gus saw that it was Hester, and that she was praying, although no word escaped her lips.

She did not see the small figure standing by the great tulip-tree across the road, but suddenly Gus called out:

"Open the door for Andy! Andy is at the door. Let him in, quick!"

The sash was left up; the face disappeared. Never did feet descend steps with more willing speed to admit succor. As soon as Hester could get away the packing at the sill, the door was opened, Andy climbed in, and the door closed. The water went in with him.

"Hester! where's your mother?" was the first question.

"In bed; and oh, Andy! I've had such hard work to keep her from knowing. She thinks we've moved down by the sea, and she likes the waves so much. Oh, Andy, you must n't stay. You must go right now, or you'll go down too. Go! Go!" she begged.

"I am going, and you, too."

"I'll never leave my mother—never, Andy Steele."

"Of course not. Do as I tell you. Get a lot of dry blankets—all you can carry—bundle 'em up, quick." The blankets were tumbled out of a big chest that stood handy, and were wrapped up.

"Now, tell your mother that you've taken another house, 'cause the tide comes too high here, and you just wrap a blanket around her, and give her to me. I'm going to carry her."

Hester obeyed, and her mother assented, without trouble. She even permitted the rope to be tied about her waist.

"Got a clothes-line, Hester?" asked Andy.

"Right here," answered Hester.

"Put it around your waist, and give me the other end, in case anything happens to you while I am gone."

"Now, we are all ready. Going to move into another house, Mrs. Pratt," said Andy, gently.

"I'll carry you."

"Hester, Hester, Hester, Hester," moaned Mrs. Pratt. She never forgot Hester, even when she was at the wildest. She clung to that name, and it seemed sometimes as if that name were the one little ray of reason left in her darkened life.

"Yes, Mother; I'm going, too, but you know I can't carry you. You must let him," coaxed Hester.

She let him help, and, together, Andy and Hester lifted the light figure from the bed, and splashed through the water with it to the door, which Hester threw open.

It was not more than sixty feet to the highway and safety. The little rope-man stood at his post by the tulip-tree.

"Steady, now, Gus," signaled Andy. "Let go, Hester, and mind the line. You stay till I come for you."

Andy put a stout young arm about Mrs. Pratt's waist, and, mustering all his strength, plunged with her into the flood, knowing that every step would be a step into less of water.

The cold flood arose about the poor woman—so wan, so weak, so insane! She gave one shriek that might have pierced any heart; and then she shivered and clung and clung, and, but for the steady rope that Gus drew, she would have taken Andrew from his feet.

"It's all right, now, Mrs. Pratt," said the boy, as he got where he could lift her more easily and make his way out of the water.

"Yes, it's all right," said Mrs. Pratt; "but where is Hester? I want Hester."

"What the mischief!" cried a man on horse-back, suddenly splashing into the scene, his horse breathing twenty breaths a minute, as he threw

himself off, and proceeded to receive the helpless figure that Andrew bore.

"I thought I should be in time," he gasped. "Never rode a horse so in my life."

"I'm going now for Hester," said Andrew, paying no attention to the horseman's remarks, "and for some dry blankets. I'll hurry."

"Better let me go!" said the new-comer, who held Mrs. Pratt.

"Save Hester. Go!" moaned Mrs. Pratt.

For the third time that day, Andrew Steele plunged into the cold flood.

"Hold the bundle as high as ever you can, Hester!" said Andy, as Hester awaited him.

The water had become deeper. He swam with her a few strokes. He whispered, as he put her on her feet and received the bundle to paddle out with, and she heard the whisper above the flood, as Andy softly said: "I—I *believe*, Hester, that *your mother is all right now*."

"All right?" demanded Hester. "Andy Steele, what do you mean? Tell me!"

"Go and speak to her," was Andy's answer, "and you'll find out, may be."

"Here I am, Mother," said Hester, approaching her gently; "and we'll soon be in the new house, now," she added.

"Hester! Hester! My child! My darling! Why, Hester, I have n't seen such a flood since I was a little bit of a girl; and Father carried me out then; and the water made me feel, I remember, just as it did to-day."

Certainly, these were not words of insanity, such as Hester was sadly accustomed to hear from her.

Hester Pratt's fingers shook, and her heart was all a-tremble with gladness, as she and Augustus got the blanket-bundle open, and wrapped many a fold about the shivering figure.

"Did n't I tell you so?" whispered Andrew, as the tears began to well over from Hester's happy eyes.

"We must get out of this as soon as possible, or the highway will be covered before we can strike away from it!" exclaimed the horseman, for the water was rising faster than ever.

"There goes the bridge! There'll be no getting home to-night!" cried Gus, as sections of the covered bridge from above the mill went rushing down.

"My father helped build that bridge. I remember it," said Mrs. Pratt, feebly.

The new-comer, Augustus, and Andrew lifted the blanket on which they had laid the invalid, and prepared to march to the nearest house—Hester led the still panting pony. And it was her mother who had told her she "ought not to ride when so chilled and wet." Was not this what any mother would say to her daughter? Hester felt no chill, although her flesh was shaking—she would have walked forever in wet garments, with such joy in her heart, to keep it warm.

"After so many years!" she murmured. "After so many years, she will get well, at last—at last!" she repeated, her eyes fondly resting on the covered figure, borne on the blanket in front of her, and then on the seething waters, that rushed and crept, and crept and rushed even into the road-bed, as they went onward.

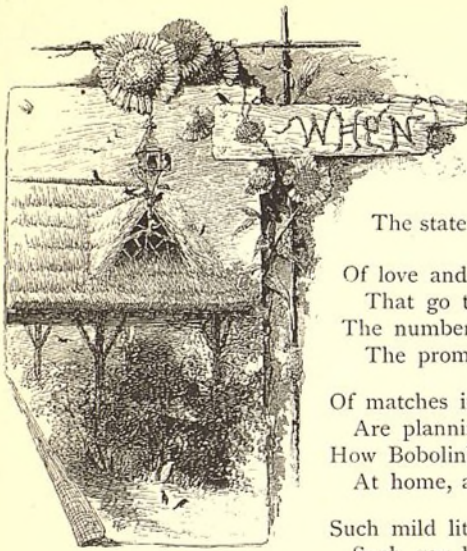
"Oh, you blessed, blessed Mad River!" cried Hester, in her joy, forgetting herself.

"What's the matter?" called back the bearers in front.

"Nothing," answered the happy follower; at which answer, the pony whinnied a remonstrance, and deliberately poked his nose over Hester's shoulder into her face.

That same afternoon, the Pratt cottage was swept away. News went over the flood that the boys were all right; but no code of signals then known could tell the glad tidings that Hester Pratt's mother was no longer "that poor crazy woman." Steele's Mill stood through the freshet, and, for a generation afterward, ground wheat and corn. Mr. Steele's rheumatism left him after a few weeks. The covered bridge, in due time, was rebuilt; but the quaint hoop-bridge with its shaky hand-rail was not "built up," and that river will never know its like again.

Hester Pratt rejoiced for many years in a sweetly sane mother, her sanity the work of a Mad River freshet. And of all the friends who rejoiced with them, there was none more truly happy than the lad who had carried the poor woman through the flood. So nobody was surprised when, later on, Hester and her mother went to live with him, and joined the respected family of the A. Steeles.



WHAT THE BIRDS SAY.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

they chatter together,—the robins and sparrows,
Bluebirds and bobolinks,—all the day long,
What do they talk of?—The sky and the sunshine,
The state of the weather, the last pretty song;

Of love and of friendship, and all the sweet trifles
That go to make bird-life so careless and free;
The number of grubs in the apple-tree yonder,
The promise of fruit in the big cherry-tree;

Of matches in prospect;—how Robin and Jenny
Are planning together to build them a nest;
How Bobolink left Mrs. Bobolink moping
At home, and went off on a lark with the rest.

Such mild little slanders! such innocent gossip!
Such gay little coquetries, pretty and bright!
Such happy love-makings! such talks in the orchard!
Such chatterings at daybreak! such whisperings at night!

O birds in the tree-tops! O robins and sparrows!
O bluebirds and bobolinks! what would be May
Without your glad presence,—the songs that you sing us,
And all the sweet nothings we fancy you say?

THE LOST STOPPER.

BY PAUL FORT.

A LARGE black beetle, with a pair of pincers in front, like the claws of a little lobster, was hurrying through the forest on a summer day, when he was accosted by a lizard.

"Oh, Beetle," said the lizard, "where are you going so fast? I never saw you in such haste before."

"I am trying to find something," said the beetle, "and I must not stop."

"What are you trying to find?" asked the lizard, who was very inquisitive. "Tell me what it is. I can run fifty times quicker than you, and can easily slip into nooks and crannies. I am sure I can find it, whatever it is. Is it anything that has been lost, or is it something that has to be discovered?"

"It is something that has been lost," said the beetle, a little vexed at being delayed.

"What is it, then? and whom does it belong to?" asked the lizard.

"I do not wish to tell you," said the beetle.

"There is a reward."

"Oh!" said the lizard. "Will you tell me if I guess?"

"Yes," replied the beetle, still hurrying on; "but you can't do it. You would never think of the right thing."

"Will you let me try twenty questions?" asked the lizard.

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"Vegetable."

"Useful or ornamental?"

"Both."

"Is it manufactured?"

"Yes."

"What are its dimensions?"

"It is about as long as I am with my legs stretched out; but it is much larger around."

"Ah!" said the lizard, "is it in the shape of a cylinder?"

"Not exactly," replied the beetle.

"Is it larger at one end than the other?"

"Yes."

"Is it heavy or light?"

"Light."

"Is it solid or hollow?"

"Solid."

"What is its color?"

"Its general color is yellowish brown, but one end of it has several colors."

"A light vegetable substance," said the lizard to himself; "made useful by being manufactured; as long as a beetle, and something like a cylinder, only larger at one end than the other; and ornamented with colors at one end. I believe it is a cork stopper."

"Is it a cork stopper for a bottle or a jar?" he then asked, aloud.

"Yes," answered the beetle, "but you don't know whom it belongs to."

"I have ten questions left," said the lizard. "Does it belong to a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"It must be for a bottle," said the lizard, "for such a cork would be too small for a jar. Is it for a bottle?"

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Is the stuff in the bottle useful, or for pleasure only?" asked the lizard.

"For pleasure only."

"Then it must be a perfume," said the lizard. "Does it belong to a high-born lady?"

"It does."

The lizard thought for a moment. "Does it belong to the mistress of yon castle?" he asked.

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Then it is the stopper of the perfume-bottle of the mistress of yon castle," said the lizard.

"That is it," replied the beetle.

"And five questions to spare," said the lizard. Then he went on:

"I'll help you to find it, and I shall only ask you to give me a quarter of the reward,—if we should succeed in winning it."

"All right!" replied the beetle, who was afraid the lizard would go and look for the lost stopper on his own account, and get all the reward, if he should not take him into partnership.

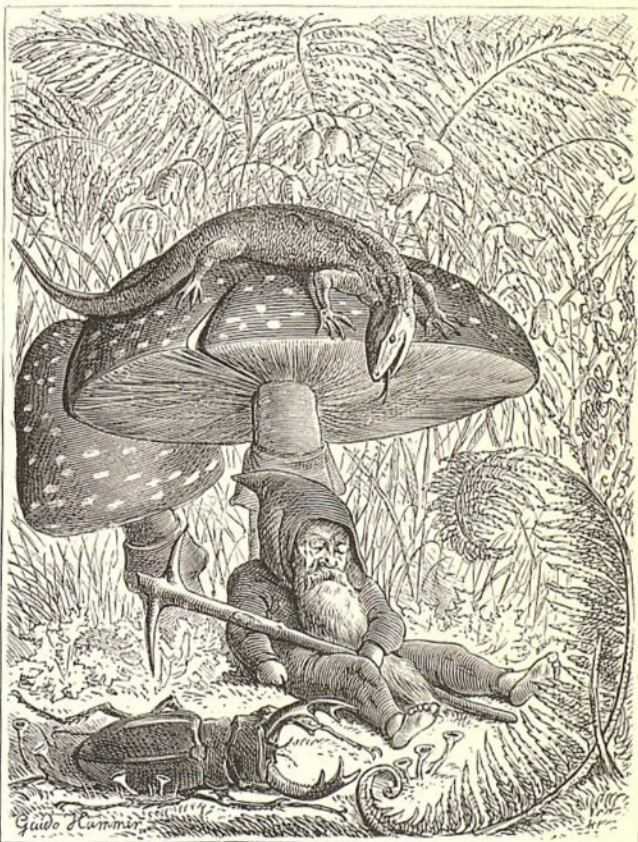
"You can find out anything in the world by asking twenty questions," said the lizard, who now seemed to be very much pleased with himself.

"I believe you can," replied the beetle.

They now journeyed on for some distance, when, passing a little thicket of ferns, they saw a small dwarf, not much bigger than either of them, asleep under a toad-stool. He was an old dwarf, for he had a long white beard, and he held in his lap a pickax, made of a strong twig, with two sharp thorns growing from one end of it.

"Hi!" whispered the lizard. "Here is one of those digging dwarfs. Let's capture him, and make him look for the stopper. If it has fallen into any crack, and been covered up by earth, he can dig for it."

"That is true," said the beetle. "But shall we have to give him any of the reward?"



"THE BEETLE SLIPPED QUIETLY UP TO THE DWARF."

"Oh, we can give him a little," said the lizard. "He will not expect much."

"But how are we to catch him?" asked the beetle. "If he hits one of us with that pickax, it will hurt."

"It will not hurt you," said the lizard. "Your shell is so hard. I am quite soft, so I will keep out of his way. I will climb on top of the toad-stool, and you can creep up, and seize him by the ankle with your pincers. Then, when he wakes up, he will see me sticking out my tongue over his head, and he will be frightened, and will surrender."

It all happened as the lizard said it would. The beetle slipped up quietly to the dwarf, and, turning over on one side, so as to get a better hold, he seized him by the ankle. The dwarf woke up suddenly, was greatly frightened at seeing the lizard making terrible faces above him, and surrendered. His captors then told him what they were trying to find, and ordered him to come and help them.

They all went on together, and the dwarf said to the beetle:

"If you had pinched a little harder, you would have taken off my foot."

"If you had not surrendered," replied the beetle, "I might have been obliged to do so; but if you will help us cheerfully, no harm shall come to you."

For a long time the three searched the woods diligently. They looked under every leaf, and in every crack; and the dwarf dug with his pick in many spots where the lizard thought the ground looked as if a cork stopper were concealed beneath it. But no stopper could they find.

"It is very necessary that it should be found," said the beetle. "One of the pages told me all about it. It was lost in these very woods, three days ago, by the lady of yon castle. And, since that time, her maids of honor have been obliged to take turns in holding their thumbs over the top of her perfume-bottle, to keep the valuable odor from escaping; and they are getting very tired of it."

After more fruitless search, the beetle and the lizard said that they must go and take a nap, for they were much fatigued; but they told the dwarf he must keep on looking for the stopper, for he had had his nap under the toad-stool.

When he was left to himself, the dwarf did not look very long for the stopper. "It will be a great deal easier," he said to himself, "to make a new cork stopper than to find that old one. I will make a new cork stopper for the lady in yon castle."

So he looked about until he found a cork-tree. Then, with his little pickax, he chipped off a small portion of the rough outer bark from the lower part of the trunk, and carefully cut out a piece of the soft cork which grew beneath. This piece was nearly as big as himself, but he lifted it easily, for it was so light; and carried it to his own house, which was not far away, in the forest.

There he took a sharp little knife, and carved and cut the cork into the shape of a bottle-stopper; making it very small at one end and large at the other, so that it would fit almost any bottle. With a small file he made it smoother than any cork stopper ever seen before. The lower end was cut off flat, while the top was beautifully rounded. Then he took some paint and little brushes, and painted the top in curious designs of green, and gold, and red. When he had finished it, it was the most beautiful cork stopper ever seen.

Then he put it on his shoulder and ran with it to the place where he had left the beetle and the lizard, taking their naps.

"Hi! hi!" cried the two companions, when they awoke. "Have you really found it?"

"No," said the truthful dwarf, "there was no use in looking any longer for that old stopper, and I have made a new one, which, I am sure, will fit the perfume-bottle of the lady of yon castle. Let us hurry, and take it to her. I am sure she would much rather have the new stopper than to find the old one."

"We should think so, indeed!" cried the others. And they all set off for the castle together.

When the lizard, the beetle, and the dwarf—the latter carrying the stopper on his shoulder—appeared at the castle, they were welcomed with great joy. The stopper was put into the lady's perfume-bottle, and it was found to fit exactly. Then everybody cheered merrily, especially the maids of honor, with their tired thumbs.

"But," said the lady of the castle, "my lost stopper is not found after all."

"No," said the dwarf, "it is not, but this one fits just as well, does it not?"

"Yes," said the lady, "but I wanted the same one that I lost."

"But is not this just as pretty?" asked the dwarf.

"It is a great deal prettier," said the lady, "but it is not the one. It is not the stopper I lost, and which I hoped to get back again."

"But it keeps the smell in just as well, does it not?" said the dwarf, a little crossly.

"Yes," answered the lady, "but that does not make it the same stopper, does it?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said the dwarf. "I think that will do just as well as the old one. It fits just as well, and it is a great deal prettier; and the old one can't be found. I think everybody ought to be satisfied with this new stopper, and forget all about the old one."

"So do we!" said the lizard and the beetle.

"And so do we," cried the maids of honor, and all the courtiers, and the people who stood about.

"Well," said the lady, "I suppose it will have to

do. It is very pretty, and it fits, and the reward can be paid to these little creatures. But it is not the same stopper, after all."

The reward was a large golden pitcher, with engraved sides. It was too heavy for the dwarf, the beetle, and the lizard to carry away with them, and they had to leave it on the shelf where it stood. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that it was their own.

"Let me go," said the dwarf, as he hurried away, "to finish my nap under a toad-stool. It may not be the same toad-stool I was sleeping

under before; but, if it is just as good, it will do quite as well. I have never heard as much silly talk as I have heard this day. If a thing is just as good as another thing, what difference does it make whether it is the same thing or not?"

"It makes no difference at all," said the lizard; "but some people are so particular. We ought to be satisfied with what we can get."

"Yes," said the beetle. "That is true; and I want you to understand that the handle of the pitcher is yours. The dwarf can have the spout, and all the rest is mine. Let us be satisfied."

HOW SHOCKING!

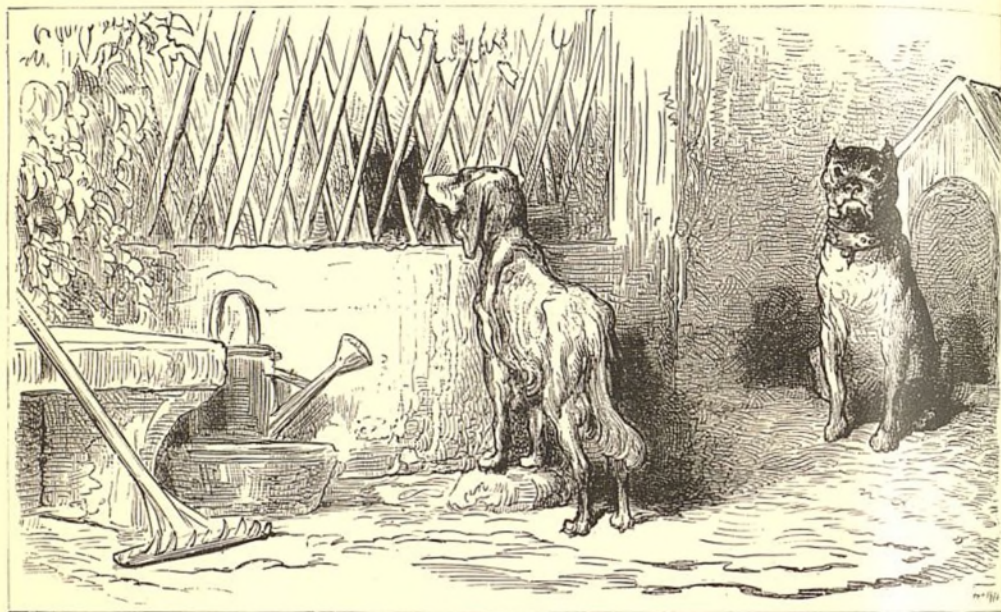
My grandma met a fair gallant one day,
And, blushing, gave the gentleman a daisy. *
Now, if *your* grandma acted in that way,
Would you not think the dear old soul was crazy?
O—h, Grandmamma!

And then the gentleman bent smiling down,
And told my grandma that he loved her dearly;
And grandma, smiling back, forgot to frown,
—Ah, Grandpa nods! So he recalls it clearly?
O—h, Grandpapa!



THE MASTIFF AND HIS MASTER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



A CERTAIN young mastiff being near dog's estate, his master judged best to trim and shorten his ears. This the mastiff thought hard, and complained accordingly. But as he grew older and met dogs of various tempers, he was often obliged to fight for himself and his rights: then his short ears gave great advantage, for they furnished no hold to the enemies' teeth, while the long-eared dogs, whom he had formerly envied, came from the fray torn and suffering. "Aha!" said the mastiff, "my master knew better than I what was good for me."—*Old Fable.*

"But why must n't I?" said Towser.

Towser was not a dog, as you might suppose, but the nickname of a boy. Exactly why his school-fellows should have chosen this nickname for Tom Kane I don't know; perhaps because his brown, short-nosed face was a little like a dog's—perhaps because he was bold and resolute, a good fighter, and tough in defense of his rights and opinions. I hardly think it was this last reason, however. Boys are not much given to analyzing character, and are apt to judge things and people by a happy-go-lucky instinct, which sometimes leads them right and sometimes wrong. But whatever the reason may have been, Towser was

Tom's school-name, and stuck to him through life. Even his wife called him so,—when he grew up and had a wife,—and the last time I saw him, his little girl was stroking his hair and saying, "Papa Towser," in imitation of her mother. Towser is n't a pretty name, but it sounded pretty from Baby May's lips, and I never heard that Tom objected to the title, either as man or boy.

But to return to the time when he was a boy.

"Why must n't I?" he said again. "All the fellows are going except me, and I'd like to, ever so much."

"It is n't a question of like," answered his father, rather grimly. "It's a question of can and can't. All the other boys have rich fathers; or, if not rich, they are not poor like me. It's well enough that their sons should go off on camping parties. Twenty-five dollars here and twenty there is n't much to any of 'em, but it's a great deal for you. And what's more, Tom, there's this: that if they'd take you for nothing, it is n't a good thing for you, any way you fix it. I pay for your schooling, and I paid for those boxing lessons, and may be, another year, I'll manage the subscription to the boat, for I want you to grow up strong and ready with your fists, and your mind, and all parts of you. You'll have to fight your way, my

boy, and I want you to turn out true grit when the tussle comes. But when it's a case of camping out a week, or extra holidays, or spending money for circuses and minstrels and such trash, I shut down. You'll be all the better off in the end without this fun and idling and getting your head full of the idea of always having a 'good time.' Work's what you're meant for, and if you don't thank me now for bringing you up tough, you will when you're a man, with may be a boy of your own."

Mr. Kane was a silent, gruff, long-headed man, who never wasted words, and this, the longest speech he had ever been known to make, impressed Towser not a little. He did say to himself, in a grumbling tone, "Pretty hard, I think, to be cut off so at every turn," but he said it softly, and only once, and before long his face cleared, and, taking his hat, he went to tell the boys that he could n't join the camping party.

"Well, I say it's a confounded shame!" declared Tom White.

"I call your pa real mean," joined in Archie Berkeley.

"You'd better not call him anything of the kind while I'm around," said Towser, with an angry look in his eyes, and Archie shrank and said no more. Tom was vexed and sore enough at heart, but he was n't going to let any boy speak disrespectfully of his father.

"I say, though," whispered Harry Blake, getting his arm around Tom's neck, and leading him away from the others, "I'm real disappointed, old fellow. Could n't it be managed? I'd lend you half the money."

Harry's mother was a widow, well off, and very indulgent, and he had more pocket-money at command than any one else in the school.

Towser shook his head.

"No use," he said. "Father don't want me to go, for more reasons than the money. He says I've got to work hard all my life, and I'd better not get into the way of having good times; it'd soften me, and I'd not do so well by and by."

"How horrid!" cried Harry, with a shudder.

"I'm glad Mother does n't talk that way."

Harry Blake was fair and slender, with auburn hair, which waved naturally, and a delicate throat as white as a girl's.

Tom looked at him with a sort of rough, pitying tenderness.

"I'm glad, too," he said. "You'd die if you had to rough it much, Harry. I'm tougher, you see. It won't hurt me."

A sturdy satisfaction came with these words that almost made up for the disappointment about the camping out.

Still, it was pretty hard to see the boys start without him. Ten days later they returned. The mosquitoes were very thick, they said, and they had n't caught so many fish as they expected. Joe Bryce had hurt his hand with a gun-lock, and Harry Blake was half sick with a cold. Still, they had had a pretty good time on the whole. Mr. Kane listened to this report with a dry twinkle in his eyes.

"Two hundred dollars gone in giving twenty young fellows a 'pretty good' time," he said. "Well, all the fools are n't dead yet. You stick to what you're about, Towser, my boy."

And Towser did stick, not only then, but again and again as time went on, and first this scheme and then that was started for the amusement of the boys. Now it was an excursion to Boston; next, the formation of an amateur rifle company; after that a voyage to the fishing-banks. Every few months something was proposed, which fired Towser's imagination, and made him want to join, but always his father held firm, and he had no share in the frolics. It seemed hard enough, but Mr. Kane was kind as well as strict; he treated his son as if he were already a man, and argued with him from a man's point of view; so, in spite of an occasional outburst or grumble, Towser did not rebel, and his life and ideas gradually molded themselves to his father's wish.

At sixteen, while most of the other boys were fitting for college, Towser left school and went into the great Perrin Iron Works, to learn the business of machine-making. He began at the foot of the ladder; but, being quick-witted and steady, with a natural aptitude for mechanics, he climbed rapidly, and by the time he was twenty was promoted to a foremanship. Harry Blake came home from college soon after, having graduated with the dignity of a "second dispute," as a quizzical friend remarked, and settled at home, to "read law," he said, but in reality to practice the flute, make water-color sketches, and waste a good deal of time in desultory pursuits of various kinds. He was a sweet-tempered, gentlemanly fellow, not strong in health, and not at all fond of study; and Tom, who overtopped him by a head, and with one muscular arm could manage him like a child, felt for him the tender deference which strength often pays to weakness. It was almost as if Harry had been a girl; but Tom never thought of it in that light.

So matters went on till Towser was twenty-one and beginning to hope for another rise in position, when suddenly a great black cloud swooped down on the Perrin Iron Works. I don't mean a real cloud, but a cloud of trouble. All the country felt its dark influence. Banks stopped payment, merchants failed, stocks lost their value, no one knew what or whom to trust, and the wheels of industry

everywhere were at a stand-still. Among the rest the Perrin Company was forced to suspend work and discharge its hands. Tom was a trusted fellow, and so much in the confidence of his employers as to know for some time beforehand of the change that was coming. He staid to the end, to help wind up books and put matters in order, and he and Mr. Perrin were the last persons to walk out of the big door.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Mr. Perrin, as he turned the key in the heavy lock, and stopped a moment to shake hands. "You've done well by us, and if things are ever so that we can take another start, we'll do well by you in our turn."

They shook hands, and Tom walked away, with a month's wages in his pocket and no particular idea what to do next. Was he down-hearted? Not at all. There was something somewhere that he could do; that, he was sure of; and, although he looked grave, he whistled cheerily enough as he marched along.

Suddenly turning a corner, he ran upon Harry Blake, walking in a listless, dejected way, which at once caught his attention.

"Halloo—what's up?" inquired Tom.

"Have n't you heard?" replied Harry, in a melancholy voice. "The Tiverton Bank has gone to smash, with most of our money in it!"

"Your money!"

"My mother's. It's the same thing exactly."

"Was it much? Is the bank gone for good?"

"Sure smash, they say, and seven-eighths of all we have."

Tom gave a whistle of dismay.

"Well, Harry, what next?" he demanded.

"Have you thought of anything to do?"

"No. What *can* I do?" Harry's voice sounded hopeless enough.

What could Harry do? Tom, who had never wasted a night's sleep over his own future, lay awake more than once debating this question. Hard times were hard times to him, as well as to everybody else, but he had a little money laid by, his habits were simple, and a pinch for a while cost him small suffering; besides, he could turn his hand to almost anything—but poor Harry? One plan after another suggested itself and was proposed, but each in turn proved a failure. Harry lacked bodily strength for one position, for another he had not the requisite training, still another was unsuited to his taste, and a fourth sounded so "ungenteel" that his mother would not listen to it. It would break her heart, she said. Tom him-

self got a temporary place in a locomotive-shop, which tided him over the crisis, and enabled him to lend a helping hand, not to Harry only, but to one or two other old comrades whose families had lost everything and were in extremity. But these small aids were not enough. Permanent situations were what were needed. At last Harry obtained a clerkship in a drug-store. He disliked it, and his mother hated it, but nothing better offered, and it is to his credit that he did the work well and diligently, and only relieved his mind by private grumblings to Towser in the evenings.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom one night, after patiently listening to one of these lamentations, "you boys used to think my father strict with me when we were at school together, but I've come to the conclusion that he was a wise man. Where should I be now if I'd grown up soft and easily hurt, like you? Giving knocks and taking knocks—that's what a business man's life is, and it's a good thing to be toughened for it. I used to feel hard to my father about it too, sometimes, but I thank him heartily now," and he held out his brown, strong hand, and looked at it curiously and affectionately. Well he might. Those hands were keys to pick Fortune's locks with,—only I'm afraid Towser's mind was hardly up to such a notion.

"You're right," said Harry, after thinking a little, "and your father was right. You're true grit, Towser,—up to any work that comes along, and sure to succeed, while I'm as easily knocked down as a girl. I only wish I'd had a wise father, and been raised tough, like you."

Harry has repeated this wish a good many times in the years that have passed since then. Life has gone hardly with him, and business has always been distasteful, but he has kept on steadily, and his position has improved, thanks to Tom's advice and help. Tom himself is a rich man now. He was long since taken in as a partner by the Perrin Company, which re-opened its works the year after the panic, and is doing an immense business. He makes a sharp and energetic manager, but his open-handedness and open-heartedness grow with his growth, and prosperity only furnishes wider opportunity for a wise kindness to those who are less fortunate. His own good fortune he always ascribes to his father's energetic training, and Mr. Kane, who is an elderly man now, likes to nod his head and reply: "I told you so, my boy; I told you so. A habit of honest work is the best luck and the best fortune a man can have."

ENCHANTMENT.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



FROM my hammock I look toward the old willow-tree,

And I feel like a bird, while I lie there swinging,

And when nobody's near to listen to me,

I mock the cat-bird, whistling and singing.

I had my fairy-book yesterday,

Reading Tom Thumb and all the others,

And I cried when he took the crowns away,

And made that poor old Blunderbore slay

The princesses, thinking he had the brothers.

I lay there thinking, and singing a hymn,

Because I felt sad, and the church-bell was ringing,

Till the twilight made everything round me grow dim,

A little wind blew, and the hammock was swinging.

It was not the fence—they may say what they will,

There *was* a fence there, with the top cut all pointed,

But fences don't bow—they stand perfectly still,

They do not have voices, all mournful and shrill,

And they don't look like dolls, half alive and stiff-jointed.

And fences don't sing—oh! I heard them quite plainly,

Their sad little music came over the street,

They had all pointed crowns, though they looked so ungainly,

And though they were n't pretty, their singing was sweet!

At first it all jumbled, but after a while

I found out the words that each princess was wailing,

And, though I was sorry, I could not but smile,

For they sang, "Oh, who *has* nailed us up in this style?

What, what is life worth, if one's fast to a railing?"

The cat-bird flew over to comfort them—he

Sang better than they did—much louder and clearer.

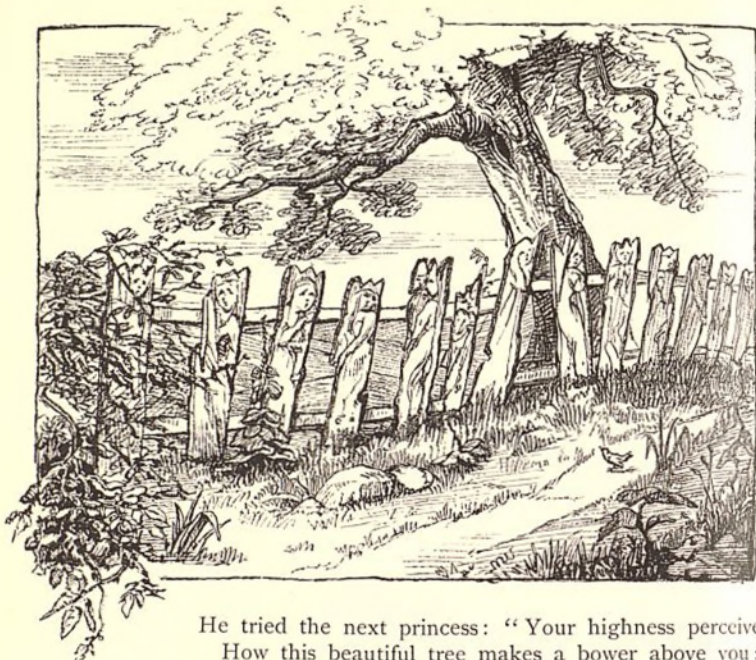
He sang to one poor little princess, "Just see!

Don't look at the dusty road, see what is nearer,

A wild rose is woven all over your crown,

And a daisy is growing right here at your feet;

A velvety mullein has made you a gown."
 But the poor little princess sobbed out, with a frown:
 "Life, fast to a railing, can never be sweet!"



He tried the next princess: "Your highness perceives
 How this beautiful tree makes a bower above you;
 You can listen all day to the whispering leaves,
 And they touch you so gently, they surely must love you.
 Then this blackberry-bush, with its wreath of white flowers—"
 But the princess broke in, with her sad little wailing:
 "Oh, don't talk to me of your flowers and bowers,
 They are nothing to me"—here her tears fell in showers—
 "Less than nothing at all, while I'm fast to this railing!"

The cat-bird, discouraged, came back to his nest,
 And the princesses still kept on sighing and weeping;
 They must have said more, but I don't know the rest—
 A great big black ant on my elbow was creeping,
 And he was the wizard, I really believe,
 Who had kept the poor princesses fast to the railing;
 For when I had shaken him out of my sleeve,
 I looked over the way, and I could n't but grieve;
 There was nothing at all but that old pointed paling.

But to-day, when the school-room was dusty and hot,
 And I thought of my hammock, and wished I was in it,
 Till I missed in my spelling, because I forgot;
 I felt like those princesses, just for a minute.
 Then I happened to think of that dear cat-bird's song,
 And I thought everybody is fast to *some* railing;
 But the flowers and cat-birds and trees can't be wrong,
 The time will seem only more tiresome and long
 If we spend it complaining, and weeping, and wailing.

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OSTRICH-FARMING.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

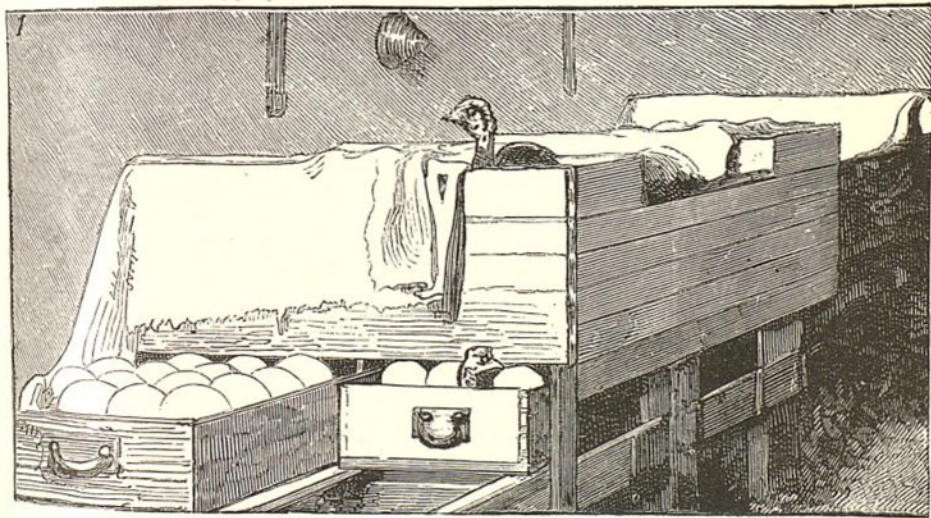
THOSE readers of ST. NICHOLAS who were so fortunate as to wander through the long aisles of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, will perhaps remember the South African section. It sticks in my memory on account of two things: One, a small, heavy stone ring used by the savage Bushmen; and the other, the ostrich-hatching oven.

Everybody knows what an ostrich looks like,—a bird standing as high upon its legs as a pony, and holding a very small and stupid-looking head upon a neck as long as its legs. As though all the feather-material in the bird's make-up had been needed for the plumes, the whole head and neck are almost bare, being sprinkled with only a few poor bits of down and hair in place of feathers, while the legs are positively naked. Even the gaunt body is but imperfectly clothed, and the tail is ridiculously bobbed. But in two rows on the wings, and falling over the root of the tail, is a wealth of plumage that makes up for all these deficiencies,—masses of black, white, and gray feathers of large size and graceful curve, crowding one another in exquisitely soft drapery, all the

on the desert; and they were perhaps the first ornaments in the hair of those old wild ancestors of ours who lived long before written history began.

There are two sorts of ostriches,—some naturalists say more,—both living in open country. One, the African "camel" ostrich, dwells in the Sahara deserts of the northern half of that continent, and in the wide dry plains at the south. The other, the "cassowary," belongs to the sterile pampas of Patagonia. Besides this, the sandy barrens of Australia have been, or are now, the homes of somewhat similar birds, of gigantic stature.

Ostriches are runners. They have no wings worth mention, and can no more fly than the jackals that chase them. Hardly raising their wings, then, but only taking enormous strides with their long and muscular legs, they will outstrip any but a fast horse, and, unlike the swift antelopes, they have endurance enough to continue the race a long time. Very wary in some respects, while excessively stupid in others, ostriches can not be killed easily without stratagem, and the natives of the countries which they inhabit, therefore, prac-



THE INCUBATOR, OR HATCHING-MACHINE.

more beautiful because surprising in a creature so uncouth in every other feature. These graceful ornaments are the "ostrich plumes."

From the very earliest times these great, soft, drooping feathers attracted the eyes of the men—or possibly the women first!—who found them dropped

tive various devices to entrap them, or to get near enough to shoot them. In one of these plans, the hunter stiffens out the skin of an ostrich so that its head stands up pretty naturally, and then, putting the skin over his head and shoulders, he approaches a flock slowly, making them believe that

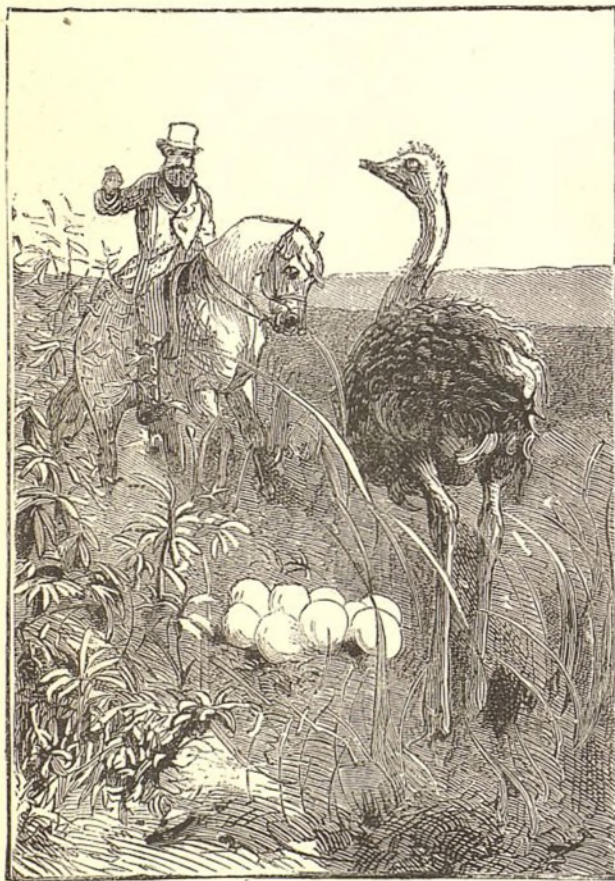
it is simply another bird coming up, until he is within arrow-range. When but slightly wounded, however, the ostrich is a dangerous animal to get near to, since a blow with its foot has force enough to knock a man down or to break his leg.

The Indians who inhabit the dreary, wind-swept, treeless and chilling plains of Patagonia, depend upon their ostrich for a large part of their food and clothing, and hunt it in a most exciting way. They own herds of tough and hardy ponies, that are swift of foot for a short distance, and very clever at hunting. They have also any number of fleet-footed mongrel dogs. When they discover one or two, or, rarely, a group of cassowaries, they endeavor, by creeping along behind ridges, to get as

When the Indian finds he can steal up no nearer to the ostrich, he spurs his horse and gives open chase. Grasping the thong of his bolas, he swings them rapidly around his head, and, as he comes close to his game, lets them fly. They strike the bird, twine around its body and legs, and throw it down. Before it can get free, the Indian has ridden up, and dispatched it with a knife or club. It requires great skill to hurl the bolas well; but when, mounted upon a wild Pampas-pony, you are racing over the breezy plains after the swift-fleeing bird and the close-pursuing hounds, you feel that nothing can stir the blood into keener action or can better be called sport.

The nests of ostriches vary greatly, though always built on the ground. Generally, a high, dry spot is selected, where there is plenty of herbage, which may be heaped into a rim around a depression scratched out by the feet. But some birds will choose a most ill-judged site, where the eggs may be drowned in a pool during the first rain-storm. Again, for some nests you must search long and closely, while others are placed in the most open positions. As a rule, it is the male that builds the nest, and he also sits the longest, and always at night, the female taking her turn during the day-time. In the care of the eggs the birds differ greatly, some being extremely anxious lest their treasures shall suffer exposure, or be interfered with, while others seem entirely careless about what may happen. So, too, one ostrich will defend his nest or young family to the last extremity of his strength, while another will desert his home or brood before an enemy in the most cowardly manner. Remembering these individual differences, one of the farmers at the Cape gave as his reason for enjoying the cultivation of the birds, that he never could make out their characters, and so was constantly amused by some novelty in their behavior.

The dozen or two eggs that are laid by the ostrich are precisely like turkey's eggs in color, but of greater size. One would hold three pints of water or milk, and when fresh, they are good to eat. But to the Indian or the Bushman, these eggs are chiefly valuable for their thick shells, out of which he makes his cups and pitchers and water-jars. In South Africa, particularly, water is extremely scarce and precious. The wild natives, therefore, empty the eggs through small holes, and



FINDING A NEST.

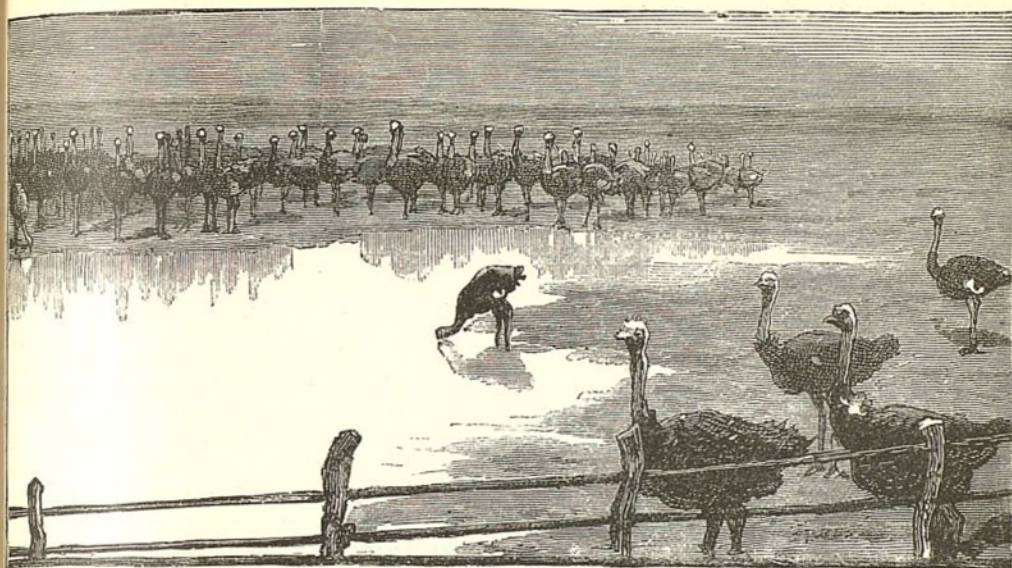
near as possible to the game without alarming it. Meanwhile, they throw aside their fur capes, and detach from the saddle their bolas, ready for use. The bolas are their weapons, and consist of two or sometimes three balls of lead—frequently, simply stones—covered with leather, and united by thongs about four feet long.

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fill the shells with water, corking up the orifices. When they are going on a journey, they make net-bags out of twine, formed from bark or rushes, and

day's journey in the sun, they bury the corked shells in the ground for an hour or two.

For the first three or four days after coming out



A HERD OF OSTRICHES AT THE WATERING-PLACE.

inclose each shell in a bag. Thus inclosed and protected in the netting, the stout egg-shells can be tied together and safely carried over a man's

of the shell, we are told, the chicks eat nothing whatever, "but sit on their haunches and imbibe their first impressions of nature." It would be a



FEEDING THE YOUNG OSTRICHES.

shoulder, or on the backs of oxen; and, in these ways, ostrich-egg shells supply drinking-water for long trips across the desert. To cool it, after a

curious thing to know just how the world looks to a baby ostrich; the first things eaten are not food, but pebbles, sand, and bits of the shells from which

the birds have recently been hatched. Later, they take mouthfuls of grass, then begin to snatch up insects and lizards, and meanwhile are becoming expert in the art of suddenly disappearing at a warning cry from the watchful parent. "This they do by diving under a bush where possible, and lying on the ground with their bodies as flat as possible, and their necks stretched out upon the earth. Here they lie motionless as a lump of clay—and not unlike it in appearance, even to the practiced eye—until the danger is over." Such native wisdom is early supplemented in their infant brains, however, by the farmer's lessons.

Sometimes a stout young ostrich serves as saddle-horse for a rider as adventurous as a Bushboy. It is strong and fleet enough for the purpose, but too stupid to be guided satisfactorily, or to be trusted not to run away and perhaps spill the rider. In the Zoölogical Gardens of London,* children are sometimes allowed to ride upon ostriches, in the care of an attendant. They are said by the people of the Cape of Good Hope to be very gentle and funny as pets, though full of mischief.

But I am forgetting the promise of my title—to describe ostrich-farming.

The ostrich-farm is a South African idea, and has become a great industry at the Cape colony. It is said to have been founded by accident. Formerly the supplying of plumes was almost wholly in the hands of the Arab traders, who traveled throughout the interior of Africa, and English merchants at the Cape had little hold upon it, though prices were high and great profits possible. The Arab dealers would bring to the coast from the interior, also, many ostriches' eggs to sell in the villages as food, or to send to Europe as ornaments, often with odd, elaborate carvings upon the shells. The story goes that one day, about twenty-five years ago, an Algerian trader, having a heavier cargo than he could carry, left a few eggs in a cupboard adjoining a bakery in the village. Two months afterward, he was astonished to find there a chick for every egg he had left. Of course, the young ostriches were dead, but it was evident that they had been artificially hatched by the warmth from the neighboring fire. A French army officer, hearing this fact, set himself to learn whether he could regularly hatch out the eggs in an artificial oven or "incubator," and afterward raise the young birds until they should grow of a size to bear salable feathers; and at last he succeeded.

It was hardly to be expected that the slow-going people of Algiers should turn the discovery to profit at once, but a wide-awake Englishman heard of it and immediately tried the experiment in South Africa, for there were plenty of ostrich-

eggs to be had there, and he knew that success would bring him plenty of money. The experiment led to many improvements upon the first one, until now ostrich-farming is a well-settled business; and of the several millions of dollars' worth of plumes exported from Africa every year, the Cape colony sends over three-quarters, wholly of artificial production, and procured from about half a million of tame birds.

The ostrich-farmer begins by having an immense grassy range inclosed by fences, which need be neither high nor stout. Then he buys a few birds from another farmer, for which he pays from one hundred to five hundred dollars apiece, builds his hatching-machine, or incubator, and is ready.

Incubators are of various patterns, but all are intended to serve the same purpose, namely, to imitate just as closely as possible the natural warmth of the bird when sitting. To accomplish this, a large chest or bureau is built, in which vats of hot water are arranged across the whole breadth. Between these vats are sets of sliding boxes, or drawers. In these are laid the eggs, wrapped in flannel, and then, by a system of screws, the drawers are placed close up under the hot-water vats. It sounds easy, but six weeks are required to hatch out the chicks, and we are told that "during all this period, three times each day, the farmer must turn the eggs, so as to present first one side and then another to the life-bringing warmth. He must follow nature as closely as possible, for the degrees of heat and moisture, and the like, must be just right, or otherwise mischief is done. He must, moreover, with delicate care, when the proper moment comes, assist the young chick to free itself from the shell, and then he must tenderly nurse the bird during its early helplessness days."

The young ostriches, after three or four days, eat all sorts of green food, and are regularly fed and cared for by a servant—thirty or forty youngsters keeping one man busy. They are tame and gentle enough, and when they get fairly grown are so hardy that no more anxiety is felt about their health, and they are turned out upon the great ranch to shift for themselves, excepting in times of unusual drought, when they must be fed. They eat nearly everything edible, and comical stories are told of their appetite and powers of digestion.

I read the other day that an ostrich at the Garden of Plants, Paris, having accidentally strangled itself, the stomach was opened and was found to contain fifteen pebbles, seven nails, a scarf-pin, an envelope, a franc piece and thirteen sous in copper money, two keys, a piece of a pocket-handkerchief with the letter "R" embroidered on it, a medal of Leo XIII., and a cross of the Legion of Honor.



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* And in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris; see ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874.



COLLECTING THE OSTRICHES INTO THE CORRAL, FOR PLUCKING.

The poor birds at the Cape do not get such luxurious fare, but must confine themselves to pebbles, of which, says a recent writer, as many as *nine hundred* have been found in a single bird's gizzard! These hard substances are swallowed to assist the crushing of the food and so make the process of digestion easier. Our domestic fowls follow the same plan on a small scale.

On the wide range of a Cape farm, the birds can build nests and lay eggs as though in a wild state, and in the spring it is a part of the farm-work to find these eggs and take them to be artificially hatched. This is not only difficult, but sometimes perilous; for the ostrich, although usually timid and inoffensive, will now and then defend his nest with great courage, and so becomes a dangerous enemy for an unarmed and perhaps unmounted man. Many a negro has been killed by a blow in the chest or face from the sharp-clawed foot.

The whole object of ostrich-culture being the plumes, the pluckings of the birds are the most important events of the year; these occur twice. Sometimes a bird will be ready when only a year old, but generally another six months are added to its age before the first plucking. The operation is performed in two ways. One is a rough-and-tumble method, requiring the help of six men, but this plan is less often followed than in former years, because, in the violent struggles with the birds, some injury frequently happens to the pluckers, and sometimes a leg of an ostrich is broken, in

which case the bird has to be killed, however valuable it may be.

On large farms, where there are plenty of birds, a more humane plan is pursued. Mounted men collect a herd of the birds to be plucked, and partly drive, partly entice, them into a small yard or "corral," by a liberal supply of Indian corn, called "mealies" in South Africa. The corral, or pen, has a movable side, and when it is full "this side is run in, and the birds are crowded so close together that they can not spread their wings nor kick. The men then go among them and pluck or cut the feathers. The operation seems to have little pain for the birds, and the feathers begin to grow again at once." There seems to be no limit to the time when feathers will be reproduced, birds eighteen or twenty years old still yielding plentifully. A good pair of breeding ostriches is now worth a thousand dollars, and feathers sell for three hundred and fifty dollars a pound, numbering from seventy-five to one hundred plumes, sorted according to color, those from the female being usually lightest. The feathers of the Patagonian ostrich are far inferior, and do not bring anything like so high a price.

And all the skill and fatigue of the hunter, all the risk, trouble, painstaking, patient care, and close observation of the ostrich-farmer, are given in order that the ladies of America and Europe may add the handsome flowing plumes of this ungainly bird to the already vast and varied store of ornaments for bonnets and dresses.



LITTLE MOTHER: "NO, NO, LUCINDA! CANDY IS NOT GOOD FOR CHILDREN."

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LYRIC STRAIN.

THE impulse which had sent Ned and me headlong toward Jimmy's home as soon as we heard of the accident, found itself exhausted when we reached the gate. As if by concert, we both came to a dead halt.

"What shall we do?" said Ned. "If Jimmy were alive we could whistle and call him out; or we might even go and knock at the door. But I don't know how to go into a house where somebody's dead. I wish we had gone first and asked Jack-in-the-Box what was the right way to do."

"Perhaps Jimmy is n't dead," said I. "There's no black crape on the door."

"That does n't prove it," said Ned; "for Jimmy's folks might not have any crape in the house."

While we were still debating what was proper to be done, the front door opened, and Jack-in-the-Box came out.

"You're the very boy—I mean man—I wanted to see," said Ned, running up to him, and speaking in a whisper.

"That's fortunate," said Jack. "What can I do for you?"

"Why, you see," said Ned, "we came right over here as soon as we heard about Jimmy. But we don't know the right way to go into a house where anybody's dead. We never did it before."

"Jimmy is n't dead," said Jack.

Ned gave a great bound. I suppose that perhaps

he felt as if he had been suddenly acquitted of a charge of murder.

"Oh, Jack, how lovely!" said he, and threw his arms around Jack's neck. "But I suppose he must be hurt, though?"

"Yes," said Jack, "he's pretty badly hurt."

"Still, if he's alive, we can do something for him," said Ned.

"Oh! certainly," said Jack. "A great deal can be done for him—a great deal has been done already. But I think you'd better not go in to see him just yet. Wait a few days, until he has become stronger," and Jack hurried away.

We still lingered before the house, and presently a little girl came out, eyed us curiously, and then went to swinging on the chain which supported the weight that kept the gate shut. "You don't seem to go along," said she, after a while.

We made no answer.

"Did you want to know about my brother Jimmy?" said she, after another pause.

"Yes," said I, "we'd be glad to hear all about him."

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," said she. "Jimmy's hurt very bad—because he was runned over by a wagon—because he got in the way—because he did n't see it—because a gentleman wanted a paper on the other side of the street—because Jimmy was selling them—because he wanted to get money—because he had to pay a great lot of it to a naughty, ugly boy that lives over that way somewhere—because he just touched one of that boy's old things, and it fell right to pieces. And he said Jimmy'd got to pay money for it, and should n't come in his house any more. And Jimmy was saving all his money to pay; and he's got two dollars and a half already from the papers, besides a dollar that Isaac Holman gave him to write a poem for him. And that makes almost five dollars, I guess."

"Let's go home," said Ned.

But I lingered to ask one question of the talkative little maiden.

"What poem did Jimmy write for Isaac Holman?"

"I don't know," she answered. "It's the only poem Jimmy ever would n't read to me. He said it was very particular, and he must n't let anybody see it."

A literary light dawned in upon me, as we walked away.

Ned was silent for a long time. At last he spoke.

"I feel sick," said he.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"The matter is," said he, "that everybody seems to be trying to make out that it's all my fault that Jimmy got hurt."

"Patsy Rafferty and Jimmy's sister are not everybody," said I.

"Of course not; but they only talk what they hear other people say."

"I suppose you were a little to blame," said I.

"Perhaps I was," said Ned, "and I wish I could do something for him. I'd get any amount of money from Aunt Mercy—if money would do him any good."

As our way home led us past Jack's box, I suggested that we stop and consult him about it.

"Jack," said Ned, "please tell us exactly how it is about Jimmy."

"The poor boy is fearfully hurt," said Jack.

"One leg is broken, and the other badly bruised."

"Do you know of anything we can do for him?"

"What do you think of doing?" said Jack.

"If money was wanted," said Ned, and the tears started in his eyes, "I could get him any amount."

Jack drummed with his fingers on the arm of his chair, and said nothing for some moments. Then he spoke slowly: "I doubt if the family would accept a gift of money from any source."

"Could n't I, at least, pay the doctor's bill?"

"You might," said Jack.

"Yes, of course," said Ned; "I can go to the doctor privately, and tell him not to charge them a cent, and we'll pay him. That's the way to do it. What doctor do they have?"

"Dr. Grill."

"Dr. Grill!" Ned repeated in astonishment.

"Why, Dr. Grill does n't know anything at all. Father says somebody said if a sick man was made of glass, and had a Drummond light in his stomach, Dr. Grill could n't see what ailed him."

"We don't need a Drummond light to see what ails Jimmy," said Jack, quietly.

"Still," said Ned, "he ought to have a good doctor. Can't you tell them to get Dr. Campbell? Father says he has tied the croaking artery nineteen times. Dr. Campbell is the man for my money! But how queer it must feel to have nineteen hard knots tied in your croaking artery. Do you think Jimmy's croaking artery will have to be tied up, Jack? If it has, I tell you what, Dr. Campbell's the man to do it."

Jack laughed immoderately. But Ned was not the only person who ever made himself ridiculous by recommending a physician too enthusiastically.

"I don't see what you're laughing at," said he.

"It seems to me it's a pretty serious business."

"I was only laughing at a harmless little mistake of yours," said Jack. "When you said 'the croaking artery,' I presume you meant the carotid artery—this one here in the side of the neck."

"If that's the right name of it, that's what I meant," said Ned.

"And when your father said Dr. Campbell had tied it nineteen times," continued Jack, "he did n't mean that he had tied nineteen hard knots in one person's, but that he had had occasion to tie the artery in nineteen different persons."

"And will Jimmy's have to be tied?" said Ned.

"As the carotid artery is in the neck, and Jimmy's injuries are all in his legs, I should say not," said Jack.

"Of course not; I might have thought of that," said Ned. "But you see, Jack, I don't know much about doctor-things anyway, and to-day I don't know what I do know, for everybody's been saying I'm to blame for Jimmy's hurt, and making me feel like a murderer. I'll do whatever you say, Jack. If you say run for Dr. Campbell, I'll go right away."

"I think Dr. Grill will do everything that ought to be done," said Jack. "There's nothing you can do now, but perhaps we can think of something when Jimmy begins to get well."

"Then you think he will get well?" said Ned.

"I hope he will," said Jack.

"I tell you what it is," said Ned, as we continued our walk toward home, "that Jack-in-the-Box is the nicest fellow that ever waved a flag. Sometimes I think he knows more than Father does."

A day or two later, Ned went to see his aunt, and I went with him.

"Aunt Mercy," said he, "one of the best boys in this town has got badly hurt—run over down by the depot—and his folks are so poor I don't see what they're going to do."

"Yes, I heard about it," said Aunt Mercy. "It was that brother of yours who was to blame."

"Oh no, Aunt, Fay had nothing to do with it," said Ned.

"Don't tell me, child; I know all about it. Miss Pinkham came to call on me, and told me the whole story. She said the poor little fellow tipped over a type or something, and one of those Rogers boys drove him away, and made him go and sell papers under the wheels of the cars and omnibuses, to get money to pay for it. Of course I knew which one it was, but I did not say anything, I felt so mortified for the family."

It is difficult to say what answer Ned ought to have made to this. To try to convince his aunt that Miss Pinkham's version of the story was incorrect, would have been hopeless; to plead guilty to the indictment as it stood, would have been unjust to himself; to leave matters as they were, seemed unjust to his brother. And above all was the consideration that if he should vex his aunt he would probably lose the whole object of his visit—getting help for Jimmy. He remained silent.

"What were you going to say, Edmund Burton, about poor Jimmy Redmond?" said his aunt.

"I was going to say," Ned answered, "that I wished I could help him a little by paying his doctor's bill, and not let him know anything about it."

"You lovely, kind boy!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy. "As soon as you find out what the doctor's bill is, come to me, and I'll furnish you the money."

Jimmy had the best of care; Mrs. Rogers did a great deal, in a quiet, almost unnoticeable way, to add to his comforts; and, after a while, it was announced that he might receive short visits from the boys.

Phaeton, Ned, and I were his first visitors. We found him still lying in bed, in a little room where the sunbeams poured in at a south window, but not till they had been broken into all sorts of shapes by the foliage of a wistaria, the shadows of which moved with every breeze to and fro across a breadth of rag carpet.

The walls were ornamented with a dozen or twenty pictures—some of them out of old books and papers, and some drawn and painted in water-colors by Jimmy himself—none of them framed. The water-colors were mainly illustrations of his own poems. I am not able to say whether they possessed artistic merit, for I was a boy at the time, and of course a boy, who only knows what pleases him, cannot be expected to know what is artistic and ought to please him. But some of them appeared to me very wonderful, especially one that illustrated "The Unlucky Fishermen." It was at the point where Joe and Isaac were trying to catch a ride behind an omnibus. Not only did the heroes themselves appear completely tired out by their long day of fruitless fishing, but the dog looked tired, the 'bus horses were evidently tired, the driver was tired, the boy who called out "Whip behind!" was tired—even the 'bus itself had a tired look; and this general air of weariness produced a wonderful unity of effect.

Jimmy looked so pale and ill, as he lay there, that we were all startled, and Ned seemed actually frightened. He lost control of himself, and broke out passionately:

"Oh, Jimmy, dear Jimmy, you must n't die! We can't have you die! We'll get all the doctors in the city, and buy you everything you need, only don't die!"

Here he thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought out two silver dollars.

"Take them, Jimmy, take them!" said he, "just to please me. And we don't care anything about the type you pied. I'd rather pi half the type in the office than see your leg broken."

We can't any of us spare you. Live, Jimmy, live! and you may be proof-reader in our office,—we need one dreadfully, Jack-in-the-Box says so,—and you know pretty nearly everything, and can soon learn the rest, and we'll get you the green shade for your eyes, and you're awful round-sho—that is—I mean—in fact, I think you're the very man for it. And you can grow up with the business, and always have a good place. And then, Jimmy, if you want to use your spare time in setting up your poems, you may, and change them just as much as you want to, and we won't charge you a cent for the use of the type."

Ned certainly meant this for a generous offer, and Jimmy seemed to consider it so; but if he could have taken counsel of some of the sad-faced men who have spent their lives in reading proof, I think, perhaps, he would have preferred to die, rather than "to always have the good place" that his repentant friend had proposed for him.

Ned had scarcely finished his apostrophe, when Jimmy's little sister brought in a beautiful bouquet, sent by Miss Glidden to brighten up the sick boy's chamber.

Looking around, we saw that other friends had been equally thoughtful. Isaac Holman had sent a basket of fruit; Monkey Roe, a comic almanac, three or four years old, but just as funny; Jack-in-the-Box, a bottle of cordial; and Patsy Rafferty, a small bag of marbles.

"How do you amuse yourself, Jimmy?" said Phaeton.

"I don't have much amusement," answered Jimmy; "but still I can write a little."

"Poetry?" said Phaeton.

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "I write very little except poetry. There's prose enough in the world already."

"Perhaps," said Phaeton, after a short pause, "if you feel strong enough, you'll read us your latest poem."

"Yes, if you'd like to hear it," said Jimmy. "Please pull out a box that you'll see under the head of my bed here."

Phaeton thrust his arm under, and pulled out a pine box, which was fastened with a small brass padlock.

"The key is under the Dying Hound," said Jimmy.

Looking around the walls, we saw that one of Jimmy's pictures represented a large dog dying, and a little boy and girl weeping over it. Whether the picture was intended to illustrate the death of Gertie, or of some other heroic brute, I do not know. The corner of this picture being lifted, disclosed a small key, hung over the head of a carpet-tack, driven into the wall.

When the box was opened, we saw that it was nearly full of manuscripts.

"The last one," said Jimmy, who could not turn from his one position on the bed, "is written on blue paper, with a piece torn off from the upper right-hand corner."

Phaeton soon found it, and handed it to Jimmy.

"It is called an 'Ode to a Horseshoe'—that one over the door," said Jimmy. "I found it in the road the day before I was hurt, and brought it right home, and put it up there."

"Then it has n't brought you much good luck, so far, has it?" said Phaeton.

"I don't know about that," said Jimmy. "It's true I was hurt the very next day; but something seems to have brought me a great many good friends."

"Oh! you always had those, horseshoe or no horseshoe," said Ned.

"I'm glad if I did," said Jimmy; "though I never suspected it. But now I should like to read you the poem, and get your opinions on it; because it's in a different vein from most of my others." And then Jimmy read us his verses:

ODE TO A HORSESHOE.

THOU relic of departed horse!
Thou harbinger of luck to man!
When things seem growing worse and worse,
How good to find thee in the van!

A hundred thousand miles, I ween,
You've traveled on the flying heel—
By country roads, where fields were green,
O'er pavements, with the rattling wheel.

Your toe-calk, in that elder day,
Was sharper than a serpent's tooth;
But now it's almost worn away;
The blacksmith should renew its youth.

Bright is the side was next the ground,
And dark the side was next the hoof;
'Tis thus true metal's only found
Where hard knocks put it to the proof.

For aught I know, you may have done
Your mile in two nineteen or twenty;
Or, on a dray-horse, never run,
But walked and walked, and pulled a plenty.

At last your journeys all are o'er,
Whether of labor or of pleasure,
And there you hang above my door,
To bring me health and strength and treasure.

When the reading was finished we all remained silent, until Jimmy spoke.

"I should like to have you give me your opinions about it," said he. "Don't be afraid to criticise it. Of course, there must be faults in it."

"That's an awful good moral about the hard knocks," said I.

"Yes," said Phaeton, "it might be drawn from Jimmy's own experience. And, as he says, the poem does seem to be in a new vein. I noticed a

good many words that were different from any in his other pieces."

"That," said Jimmy, "is because I've been studying some of the older poets lately. Jack-in-the-Box lent me Shakespeare, and I got three or four others from the school library. Probably they have had an effect on my style."

Ned walked to the door, and, standing tiptoe, looked intently at the horseshoe.

"One thing is certain," said he, "that passage about the toe-calk is perfectly true to nature. The

because it's such a good poem, and I enjoyed it so much; but it seems to me you've strained the truth a little where you say 'a hundred thousand miles.'"

"How so?" said Jimmy.

"Calculate it for yourself," said Ned. "No horse is likely to travel more than about fifty miles a day. And if he did that every day, he'd go three hundred miles in a week. At that rate, it would take him more than six years to travel a hundred thousand miles. But no shoe lasts a horse



"JIMMY LOOKED SO ILL, AS HE LAY THERE, THAT WE WERE STARTLED."

toe-calk is nearly worn away, and the heel-calks are almost as bad."

"It's a good poem," said I. "I don't see how you could make it any better."

"Nor I," said Phaeton. "It tells the whole story."

"I'm glad you like it," said Jimmy. "I felt a little uncertain about dipping into the lyric strain."

"Yes," said Ned; "there's just one spot where it shows the strain, and I don't see another thing wrong about it."

"What's that?" said Jimmy,

"Perhaps we'd better not talk about it till you get well," said Ned.

"Oh, never mind that," said Jimmy. "I don't need my legs to write poetry with, or to criticise it, either."

"Well," said Ned, "I hate to find fault with it,

six years—nor one year, even. So, you see, this could not have traveled a hundred thousand miles. That's why I say the lyric strain is strained a little too much."

"I see," said Jimmy. "You are undoubtedly right. I shall have to soften it down to a dozen thousand, or something like that."

"Yes," said Ned; "soften it down. When that's done the poem will be perfect."

At this point, Phaeton said he thought we had staid as long as we ought to, and should be going.

"I wish, Jimmy," said Ned, "you'd let me take this poem and read it to Jack-in-the-Box. I know he would enjoy it."

"I've no objection," said Jimmy. "And if you can find time some day to print it for me, here's two dollars to pay for the job," and he thrust Ned's money back into his hand.

"All right!" said Ned, as he saw that Jimmy would not accept the money, and yet did not want to refuse it rudely. "We'll try to make a handsome job of it. Perhaps some day it will be printed on white satin, and hung up in the Emperor of China's palace, like—whose poem was it Father told about, the other day, Fay?"

"Derzhavin's," said Phaeton.

"Yes, Derzhavin's, whoever he was!" said Ned. "And this one of Jimmy's ought to have a horseshoe embroidered in gold thread on the corner of the satin. But those funny ladies with slant eyes and little club feet will have to do that. I suppose they have n't much else to keep them busy, as they're not able to do any housework. It might have a small gold horseshoe on each of the four corners, or it might have one big horseshoe surrounding the poem. Which would you like best, Jimmy?"

"I've no choice; either would suit me," said the poet.

"Good-bye, Jimmy!"

"Good-bye, boys!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ALARM OF FIRE.

EVERY day some one of us called to see Jimmy. He was well taken care of, and got along nicely. Jack-in-the-Box lent him books, and each day a fresh bouquet was sent in by Miss Glidden.

One day Monkey Roe called on him.

"Jimmy," said he, "you know all about poetry, I suppose."

"I know something about it," said Jimmy. "I have written a good deal."

"And are you well enough yet to do an odd job in it?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy. "A fellow does n't have to be very well to write poetry."

"It is n't exactly writing poetry that I want done," said Monkey. "It's a very odd job, indeed. You might call it repairing poetry. Do poets ever repair poetry, as well as make it new?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy. "I should think it might be done in some cases."

"Well, now," said Monkey, "I have a broken poem. Some part of every line is gone. But the rhymes are all there, and many of the other words, and most of the beginnings of the lines. I thought a poet would know how to fill up all the blank spaces, and make it just as it was when it was whole."

"I don't know," said Jimmy, doubtfully. "It might be possible to do it, and it might not. I'll do what I can for you. Let me see it, if you have it with you."

Monkey pulled out of his pocket the mutilated poem of Holman's, which Ned had pieced together, and, after smoothing it out, handed it to Jimmy.

As Jimmy looked it over, he turned every color which it is possible for an unhappy human countenance to assume, and then gave a deep groan.

"Where did you get this, Monkey?" said he.

"Found it," said Monkey.

"Found it—impossible!" said Jimmy.

"Upon my word I did find it, and just in the shape you see it now. But what of it?"

"Where did you find it?" said Jimmy.

"In Rogers's printing-office, kicking around on the floor. It seemed to be thrown away as waste paper; so I thought there was no harm in taking it. And when I read it, it looked to me like a curious sort of puzzle, which I thought would interest you. But you seem to take it very seriously."

"It's a serious matter," said Jimmy.

"No harm done, I hope," said Monkey.

"There may be," said Jimmy. "I can't tell. Some things about it I can't understand. I must ask you to let me keep this."

"If it's so very important," said Monkey, "it ought to be taken back to Phaeton Rogers, as it was in his office that I found it."

"No," said Jimmy; "it does n't belong to him."

"Then you know something about it?" said Monkey.

"Yes, Monkey," said Jimmy, "I do know considerable about it. But it is a confidential matter entirely, and I shall have to insist on keeping this."

"All right!" said Monkey. "I'll take your word for it."

A few days after this, we were visiting Jack in his box, when, as he was turning over the leaves of his scrap-book to find something he wanted to show us, Phaeton exclaimed:

"What's that I saw?" and, turning back a leaf or two, pointed to an exact fac-simile of the mutilated poem. It had evidently been made by laying a sheet of oiled paper over the original, and tracing the letters with a pencil.

"Oh, that," said Jack, "is something that Monkey Roe brought here. He said it was a literary puzzle, and wanted me to see if I could restore the lines. I've been so busy I have n't tried it yet."

Phaeton at once wrote a note to Monkey, asking him to bring back the original; whereupon Monkey called at the office and explained why he could not return it.

"All right! I'll see Jimmy about it myself," said Phaeton. "But have you made any other tracings of it besides the one Jack-in-the-Box has?"

"Only two others," said Monkey.

"Where are they?"

"One I have at home."

"And the other?"

"I sent it to Miss Glidden, with a note saying that, as I had heard she wrote poetry sometimes, I thought she might be interested in this poetical puzzle."

"Good gracious!" said Phaeton. "There's no use in trying to dip up *that* spilled milk."

In those days there was an excitement and pleasure enjoyed by many boys, which was denied to Phaeton, Ned, and me. This was the privilege of running to fires. Nearly all large fires occurred in the night, and Mr. Rogers would not permit his boys to turn out from their warm beds and run at breathless speed to the other side of the town to see a building burned. So they had to lie still and possess their souls in impatience while they heard the clanging of the bells and the rattling of the engine, and perhaps saw through their window the bright reflection on the midnight sky. There was no need for my parents to forbid me, since none of these things ever woke me.

Running to fires, at least in cities, is now a thing of the past. The alarm is communicated quietly by telegraph to the various engine-houses, a team is instantly harnessed to the engine, and with two or three men it is driven to the fire, which is often extinguished without the inhabitants of the next street knowing that there has been a fire at all.

At the time of this story, the steam fire-engine had not been invented, and there were no paid fire departments. The hand-engine had a long pole on each side, called a brake, fastened to a frame that worked up and down like a pump-handle. When the brake on one side was down, that on the other was up. The brakes were long enough for nearly twenty men to stand in a row on each side and work them. No horses were used, but there was a long double rope, called a drag-rope, by which the men themselves drew the engine from its house to the fire. They always ran at full speed, and the two men who held the tongue, like the tongue of a wagon, had to be almost as strong as horses, to control and guide it as it went bumping over the pavement.

Each engine had a number and a name, and there was an organized company, of, from forty to seventy men, who had it in charge, managed it at fires, drew it out on parade-days, took pride in it, and bragged about it.

The partiality of the firemen for their own engine and company was as nothing in comparison with that of the boys. Every boy in town had a violent affection for some one company, to the exclusion of all others. It might be because his father or his

cousin belonged to that company, or because he thought it had the handsomest uniform (for no two companies were uniformed alike), or because it was first on the ground when his uncle's store was on fire, or because he thought it was the company destined to "wash" all others. Sometimes there would be no discoverable reason for his choice; yet the boy would be just as strong in his partisanship, and often his highest ambition would be to be able to run with the hose-cart of his favorite company. The hose was carried wound on a reel, that ran on two light wheels, and was managed by six boys, fifteen or sixteen years of age.

When a fire broke out, the bells of all the churches were rung; first slowly, striking one, two, three, four, etc., according to which district of the town the fire was in, and then clanging away with rapid strokes. Thus the whole town was alarmed, and a great many people besides the firemen ran to every fire. Firemen jumped from their beds at the first tap of a bell; or, if it was in the day-time, threw down their tools, left their work, and ran.

There was intense rivalry as to which engine should get first to the fire, and which should pour the most effective stream of water upon it. But the highest pitch of excitement was reached when there was an opportunity to "wash." If the fire was too far from the water-supply to be reached through the hose of a single engine, one engine would be stationed at the side of the river or canal, or wherever the water was taken from, to pump it up and send it as far as it could through its hose, there discharging into the box of another engine, which, in turn, forced it another distance, through its own hose. If the first engine could send the water along faster than the second could dispose of it, the result would be that in a few minutes the box of the second would be overflowed, and she was then said to be "washed," which was a great triumph for the company that had washed her.

This sort of rivalry caused the firemen to do their utmost, and they did not always confine themselves to fair means. Sometimes, when an engine was in danger of being washed, some member of the company would follow the line of the other company's hose till he came to where it passed through a dark place, and then, whipping out his pocket-knife, would cut it open and run away. When there were not enough members of a company present to man the brakes, or when they were tired out, the fireman had the right to select men from among the bystanders, and compel them to take hold.

Monkey Roe was a born fireman. He never failed to hear the first tap of the bell, about ninety seconds after which he dropped from the casement of his window to the roof of the kitchen, thence to the roof of the back piazza, slid down a pillar, and

was off for the fire, generally following in the wake of Red Rover Three, which was the company he sided with. It was entertaining to hear him tell his exciting adventures; but it was also exasperating.

"I don't see," said Ned, after Monkey had finished one of these thrilling narratives, "what Father means by never letting us run to a fire. How does he suppose he's going to make men of us, if we never begin to do anything manly?"

"Perhaps he does n't think it is especially manly," said Phaeton.

"Not manly!" said Ned, in astonishment. "I should like to know what's more manly than to take the tongue of Big Six, when there's a tremendous fire and they jump her all the way down State street. Or to stand on the engine and yell at the men, when Torrent Two is trying to wash her. Why, sometimes the foreman gets so excited that he batters his trumpet all to pieces, pounding on the brakes, to cheer the men."

"Knocking trumpets to pieces is very manly, of course," said Phaeton, smiling. "I did n't mean to say Father would n't consider it manly to be a fireman. What I should have said was, that perhaps he thought there were other ways of becoming manly. I should like to run to a fire once in a while; not for the sake of manliness, but to see the fun."

The more Ned thought about it, the more it seemed to him it was a continuous wrong. At last he spoke to his father about it, and set forth so powerfully the danger of growing up without becoming manly, that Mr. Rogers laughingly told the boys they might run to the very next fire.

The next thing was to count me in. The only difficulty to be overcome in my case was sleepiness. We canvassed many plans. Ned suggested a pistol fastened to the side of my window, with a string tied to the trigger and reaching to the ground, so that he or Phaeton could pull it, on their way to the fire. The serious objection to this was that a shower would prevent the pistol from going off. It was also suggested that I have a bell, or tie the cord to a chair or something that could be pulled over and make a racket.

"The objection to all those things is," said Phaeton, "that they will disturb the whole family. Now, if you would make a rope-ladder, and hang it out of your window every night, one of us could climb up quietly and speak to you. Then you could get through the window and come down the ladder, instead of going through the house and waking up the family."

This suggestion struck us with great force; it doubled the anticipated romance. Under instructions from Phaeton, Ned and I made the ladder. In the store-room we found a bed-cord, which

answered well for the sides. The rungs must be made of wood, and we had considerable difficulty in finding anything suitable. Any wood that we could have cut would have been so soft that the rungs, to be strong enough, must have been very bulky. This was an objection, as I was to roll up the ladder in the day-time, and hide it under my bed. At last, Ned came over to tell me he had found just the thing, and took me to the attic of their house to see.

"There," said he, pointing to half a dozen ancient-looking chairs in a cobwebbed corner. "There is exactly what we want. The rounds of those old chairs are as tough as iron."

"Whose chairs are they?" said I.

"Oh, anybody's, nobody's," said Ned. "I suppose they are a hundred years old. And who's ever going to sit in such looking old things as those?"

It did seem preposterous to suppose that anybody would; so we went to work to take out the rounds at once. The old chairs were very strong, and after we had pulled at them in vain to spring them apart enough for the rounds to drop out, we got a saw and sawed off all the rounds close to the legs.

With these, the ladder was soon made, and I drove two great spikes into the sill of my window, to hang it by.

I used to hang out the ladder every night, and take it in every morning. The first two nights I lay awake till almost daylight, momentarily expecting the stroke of the fire-bell. But it was not heard on those nights, nor the next, nor the next.

"It would be just like our luck," said Ned, "if there should never be another fire in this town."

"It would be lucky for the town," said Phaeton, who overheard him.

"Perhaps so," said Ned; "and yet I could point out some houses that would look a great deal better burned up. I wonder if it would do any good to hang a horseshoe over the door."

"What for?" said Phaeton. "To prevent them from burning?"

"Oh, no," said Ned. "I mean over the door of our office, to—to—well, not exactly to make those houses burn, but to bring us good luck generally."

It did seem a long time for the town to be without a conflagration, and one day Ned came into the office looking quite dejected.

"What do you think has happened now?" said he. "Just like our luck, only worse and worse."

"What is it?" said I.

"The whole fire department's going to smash," said he.

"I should n't think you'd call that bad luck," said Phaeton. "For now when there *is* a fire, it will be a big one, if there's no fire department to prevent it from spreading."

"But the best fun," said Ned, "is to see the firemen handle the fire, and to see Red Rover Three wash Cataract Eight. I saw her do it beautifully at annual inspection. What I want is a tremendous big fire, and plenty of engines to play on it."

The explanation of Ned's alarming intelligence was that the fire department had got into a quarrel with the common council, and threatened to disband. One company, who had a rather shabby engine-house, and were refused an appropriation for a new one, tied black crape on the brakes of their engine, drew it through the principal streets, and finally, stopping right before the court-house yard, lifted the machine bodily and threw it over the fence into the yard. Then they threw their fireman-hats after it, and disbanded. This company had been known as Reliance Five. The incident frightened the common council into giving the other companies what they asked for; but there was never more a No. 5 Fire company in that city.

I had become pretty tired of hanging out my ladder every night, and rolling it up every morning, when at last "the hour of destiny struck," as Jimmy the Rhymer might say—that is, the court-house bell struck the third district, and steeple after steeple caught up the tune, till, in a few minutes, the whole air was full of the wild clangor of bells. At the same time, the throats of innumerable men and boys were open, and the cry of "Fire!" was pouring out from them in a continuous stream, as the crowds rushed along.

"Wake up, Ned!" said Phaeton. "Here it is at last, and it's a big one."

Ned bounded to his feet, looked through the window, exclaimed "Oh, glory!" as he saw the ruddy sky, and then began to get into his clothes with the utmost rapidity. Suddenly he stopped.

"Look here, Fay," said he. "This is Sunday night. I'm afraid Father won't let us go, after all."

"Perhaps not," said Phaeton.

"Then, what must we do?" said Ned.

"Do the best we can."

"The question is, what *is* best?" said Ned. "It is evident we ought to go by the window, but it's too high from the ground."

"Then we must make a rope," said Phaeton.

"What can we make it of?"

"The bedclothes, of course."

"That's a splendid idea!—that saves us," said Ned, and he set about tying the sheets together.

Before Phaeton was dressed, Ned had made the rope and cast it out of the window, first tying one

end to the bed-post, and, sliding down to the ground, made off, without waiting for his brother.

He came straight to my ladder, and had his foot on the first rung, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"So you're the one he sends in, are you?" said a deep voice, and Ned looked around into the face of a policeman. "I'd rather have caught the old one," he continued, "but you'll do. I've been watching this burglar arrangement for two hours. And by the way, I must have some of it for evidence; the old one may take it away while I'm disposing of you." And he turned and with his pocket-knife cut off about a yard of my ladder.



"NED LOOKED AROUND INTO THE FACE OF A POLICEMAN."

Holding this "evidence" in one hand and Ned with the other, he hurried away to the police station.

It was useless for Ned to protest that he was not a burglar, nor a burglar's partner, or to tell the

true story of the ladder, or to ask to be taken to his father. The policeman considered himself too wise for any such delusive tricks.

"Mr. Rogers's boy, eh?" said he. "Why don't you call yourself George Washington's boy, while you're about it?"

"Washington never had any boys," said Ned.

"Did n't, eh? Well, now, I congratulate George on that. A respectable man never knows what his sons may come to, in these times."

"Washington did n't live in these times," said Ned; "he died hundreds of years ago."

"Did, eh?" said the policeman. "I see that you're a great scholar; you can go above me in the history class, young man. I never was no scholar myself, but I know one when I see him; and I always feel bad to put a scholar in quod."

"If I had my printing-office and a gun here," said Ned, "I'd put plenty of quads into you."

"Would, eh?" said the policeman. "Well, now, it's lucky for me that that there printing-office and them 'ere quads are quietly reposing to-night in the dusky realms of imagination, is n't it, young man? But here's the quod I spoke about—it's reality, you see." And they ascended the steps of the station-house.

In the midst of sound sleep, I woke on hearing my name called, and saw the dark outlines of a human head and shoulders at my window, projected against a background of illuminated sky. I had heard Father reading an article in the evening paper about a gang of burglars being in the town, and I suppose that in my half-wakened condition that mingled itself vaguely in my thoughts with the idea of fire. At any rate, I seized a pitcher of water and threw its contents toward the light, and then, clubbing the pitcher, was about to make a desperate assault on the supposed burglar, when he spoke again.

"What are you doing? Don't you know me?"

"Oh, is that you, Fay?"

"Yes, and you've drenched me through and through," said he, as he climbed in.

"That's too bad," said I. "I did n't know what I was about."

"It's a tremendous fire," said he, "and I hate to lose the time to go back home and change my clothes. Besides, I don't know that I could, for we made a rope of the bedclothes and slid down from our window, and I could n't climb up again."

"Oh, never mind, put on a suit of mine," said I, and got out my Sunday suit, the only clothes I had that seemed likely to be large enough for Phaeton.

It was a pretty tight squeeze,



PHAETON IS
TAKEN FOR A
BURGLAR.

but he got into them at last.

"Why did you make your ladder so short?" asked Phaeton, when dressed.

"It reaches to the ground," said I, peering out of the window in surprise, but unable to see.

"No, it does n't," said Phaeton; "I had hard work to get started on it. I expected to find Ned standing at the foot of it, but he was so impatient to see the fire, I suppose he could n't wait for us."

We dropped from the shortened ladder to the ground, passed through the gate and shut it noiselessly behind us, and then broke into a run toward that quarter of the town where both a pillar of flame and a pillar of cloud rose through the night and lured us on.

At the same time our mouths opened themselves by instinct, and that thrilling word "Fire!" was paid out ceaselessly, like a sparkling ribbon, as we ran.

(To be continued.)



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.

BUTTERFLIES.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE bees were too busy making honey,
 The birds were too busy building nests,
 To carry one morning a message grave
 To Elfland, for one of the fairy-guests
 (For this was before the butterflies
 Had ever been thought of under the skies).

Then the vexed fairy who wished to send
 The message, leaned from a lily-bell,
 And in her tiny, silvery voice
 She scolded poor old Dame Nature well:
 "Find us," said she, "a messenger light,
 Or else we fairies troop home this night."

Dame Nature, who sat on a high green knoll,
 Spinning away in the golden light,
 Pushed her spectacles back on her brow,
 And thought for a moment with all her might;
 "I *must* do something, for well I know
 The flowers will pine if the fairies go!"

Then some pansies she plucked and gave them wings,
 A velvet poppy petal or two,
 Streaked them with gold and set them afloat,
 And they sailed away in the breezy blue.
 And this is the way that Dame Nature wise
 Fashioned the first of the butterflies.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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"THE CHILDREN'S ARTIST."

It is not often that a painter, or artist of any kind, gives up nearly all his time to making pictures for children, and yet we are going to tell you something about one of the best artists of this century, who has devoted a large portion of his life to drawing pictures for children's books.

His name is Ludwig Richter, and you may see his picture on this page. He was born in Dresden, Germany, in 1803, and, like most other good artists, he showed his talent when he was very young. But he did not begin at once to make pictures for children. It often takes a long while for people to find out what they can do best, and so it was in Richter's case.

For some time he occupied himself in painting beautiful little pictures on porcelain cups and saucers and vases. Very fine ware of this kind is made in Dresden, and it required excellent artists to paint the exquisite pictures with which it is decorated. So Richter, who had studied a great deal, and had worked very hard at his profession, was able to ornament this Dresden ware very carefully and beautifully, and the work that he put on it made it more valuable than before he painted it.

He had taken a journey to Italy, and, in order to have plenty of time to study and to sketch the beautiful scenery through which he passed, he walked all the way back.

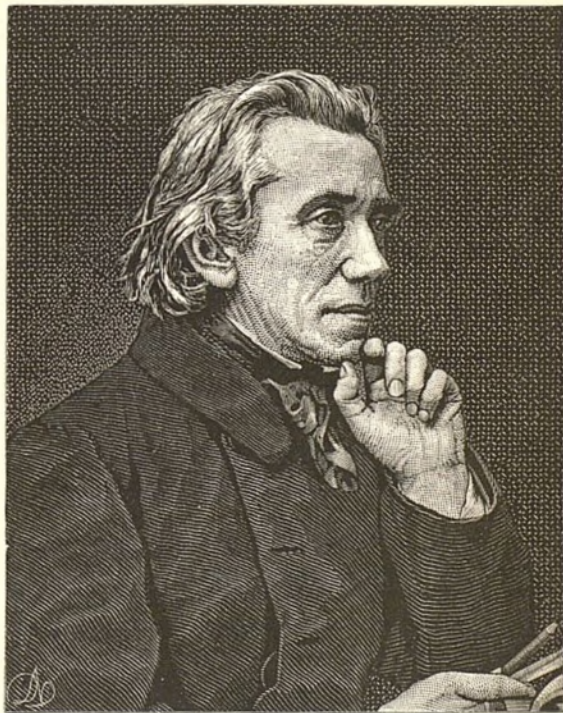
Whenever he saw some fine trees, or a pretty brook, or a nice little cottage, with children playing about it, or anything that he thought would make a good picture, he stopped and made a sketch of it. And so, when he reached home, he had a great many sketches of real things, which he afterward used in the pictures he drew and painted. Some artists draw people and houses and trees and animals in their pictures from their recollections of such things, or they get their ideas of them from other pictures.

But Richter makes his drawings directly from nature, and that is one reason why they are so good. Another reason is that he puts some of his own kind and tender feeling into his pictures. He tries to make the little children in them look as good and happy as he would always like little children to be.

Well, he did not always paint vases and cups and such things. After a time, he turned his attention to making pictures for books and maga-

zines. He drew these pictures on wood, and they were then engraved and printed, and these are the pictures which have caused him to become so widely known, especially in Germany, his native land, as the "children's artist."

He was so successful in making drawings for books intended for children that this soon became his principal business. He has drawn all sorts of pictures for all sorts of children—some for little toddlers, and some for the big boys and girls; and more than this, these pictures are so good and true that grown people take great delight in them. Richter's drawings are sometimes religious, such as the illustrations to the "Lord's Prayer," and sometimes lively and amusing, and they are almost always filled with quaint and pretty fancies.



LUDWIG RICHTER.

Some of Richter's pictures have been printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and thousands of them have been enjoyed by German little boys and girls, who like them all the more, perhaps, because they can easily see that it was among the children of his father-land that their artist went for his models.

PEASE-PORRIDGE COLD.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old."



"THE KNIFE-SWALLOWER MADE ROOM FOR IKE TO SIT BESIDE HIM." [SEE PAGE 611.]

I DON'T think that Mother Goose herself could make better pease-porridge than Barbara. Indeed, as Mother Goose was a literary lady, I doubt whether she could make as good. While she was gaining fame as a poetess she must, sometimes, have intrusted the porridge-making to somebody else; and we can not read the story of the four-and-twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie, who began to sing as soon as the pie was opened, without a painful suspicion that Mother Goose was accustomed to very "slack" ovens indeed, or that her knowledge of the art of cooking was very small.

Barbara read her Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Children of the Abbey," and she had a cloudy idea that the two latter were both religious books, and devoutly to be believed, by which it will be seen that literature was not Barbara's strong point. But cooking was. Even such

every-day and uninteresting things as meat and bread were delicious, as Barbara cooked them, and her soups were never the watery, flavorless things that are often unworthily dignified by that name. But when it came to her cream-cakes and peach-fritters, and pop-overs, there are no words that can do justice to them. And, besides all that, Barbara was an artist in dough. Her doughnut boys were so life-like that it seemed a wonder that they did not speak, and she could make a whole farm of gingerbread,—a house and barn, cows and horses, and sheep, hens, and turkeys, and ducks and geese, little pigs and big pigs, dogs that would almost wag their tails, and roosters that were going to crow the very next minute. And some of them were likenesses of individuals. You would have recognized Ebenezer, the hired man, in gingerbread, the moment you saw him, and old Buttercup,

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the yellow cow; and as for the cross gobbler, he was simply perfect.

There was one rather sad thing about it. The gingerbread which they were made of was so good that Ike and Dolly could not help eating them. They usually began with the cross gobbler—it was a double satisfaction to eat him—and they left Ebenezer, the hired man, until the very last, for it seemed unkind and disrespectful to eat him, he was so good and told such lovely stories, and, besides, Barbara always shook her head solemnly, and called them “cannyballs,” when they ate him. Ike did n’t mind that very much, for he was determined to be a cannibal, or a pirate, or something equally desperate, when he should grow up; but Dolly did. She had made up her mind to be a minister’s wife, because there were so many pound-cakes and tarts carried to the donation parties, and Barbara had explained that cannibalism was incompatible with being a minister’s wife.

But good as Barbara’s gingerbread was, it was not to be compared with her pease-porridge. “Pea-porridge,” they all called it. Mother Goose has been dead so long now that people have forgotten how to speak properly. It was not simply stewed peas, by any means. There were a richness, and a sweetness, and a flavor of savory herbs about it, that made it a dish to set before a king.

It was a gala day for the children when Barbara made pease-porridge; but they never coaxed her to make it, because it always made her eyes red, and they knew what that meant. It made her cry, because it reminded her of her little brother Elmathan, who ran away to sea, and never was heard from after the vessel sailed. She used to make pease-porridge for him. Only a little while before he ran away she took care of him through a long illness, and when he was recovering he would eat nothing but her pease-porridge. The children had heard about it a great many times, and she never spoke of it and never made pease-porridge without tears. And yet she often made the porridge on wild, tempestuous nights that make people think, with anxious hearts, of those at sea.

“I can’t help thinkin’ what if he should come a-knockin’ at the door some o’ these stormy nights—my little Nate, just as he used to be,” she would say. “And then, if I had some good hot pea-porridge for him, just such as he used to love so, he’d know I was always a-thinkin’ of him. I s’pose he’s layin’ drowned at the bottom of the sea, but folks can’t help hevin’ idees that aint jist accordin’ to common sense.”

And then Barbara would stir the porridge vigorously, and pretend that she was n’t crying.

Barbara was housekeeper and “help,” both in one, at Deacon Trueworthy’s, and Ike and Dolly

were Deacon Trueworthy’s grandchildren. Their father and mother and grandmother were all dead, and their grandfather was the kind of a grandfather that has almost gone out of fashion. He believed that children should be “seen and not heard.” He never laughed, no matter how many funny things happened, and he ordered Ebenezer to drown Beelzebub, the black kitten, because it would chase its tail in prayer-time. (Ebenezer did n’t do it, however. He gave Beelzebub away, and it is alive and flourishing at this very day. Ebenezer promised to find Dolly a kitten that would n’t chase its tail, but up to this time all his efforts have been unsuccessful.) In his heart, the Deacon was fond of his grandchildren, but he never let them know it. He would have thought fondling or petting them very “unseemly.” He never took them on his knee and told them stories, and he always thought that they made a noise. He was entirely lacking in the qualities which make most grandfathers so delightful, and Ike and Dolly would have had but a dull and dreary time if it had not been for Barbara and Ebenezer.

Barbara had a motherly heart, big enough to take in all the orphans in the country. She never thought any pains too great to take to make them happy, and she petted and cuddled and comforted them as if she were their own mother.

And Ebenezer! He was a real walking edition of fairy stories and true stories, funny stories and exciting adventures. He had been to sea, for years, as mate of the “Bouncing Betty,” and more wonderful things had happened to that vessel than to any other that ever sailed. Ebenezer had been cast away on a desert island, and the wonderful feats that he had accomplished there would make Robinson Crusoe “hide his diminished head.” He knew as much about gorillas, and leopards, and ourang-outangs as he did about sheep and oxen, and he talked as familiarly about giants, and wild men, and dwarfs with seven heads, as if he were in the habit of meeting them every day. And he knew stories that would make you laugh, even if you had the toothache. Nobody could be dull or lonesome where Ebenezer was.

But we must return to Barbara’s pease-porridge, which on this April day, at ten minutes before twelve, M., was smoking hot, just ready to be taken from the pot. They usually had pease-porridge for breakfast or supper, but to-day Deacon Trueworthy had gone to County Conference, and Ebenezer had gone to the next town to buy a new plow, and Barbara did n’t think it was worth the while to get a dinner when there were no “men folks” at home to eat it. The children were always delighted to have pease-porridge, and a slice of “company” plum-cake, instead of an

ordinary dinner, and Barbara wanted to pursue her house-cleaning all day, with as little interruption as possible—for this was Barbara's one failing: she liked to clean house, and she turned things upside down relentlessly. Even the attic, which was the children's play-room, did not escape.

On this day, Ike and Dolly had staid out-of-doors for that reason. They were in the barn-yard, getting acquainted with the new calf,—who was very fascinating, although somewhat weak on his legs,—when Zach Harriman, one of the village boys, came along.

"The performers is goin'!" he called out to them. "A special train is agoin' to come after 'em. If you aint seen 'em, now is your chance! Everybody's agoin' down to the depot to see 'em off. Never was no such a show in Cherryfield before! That educated pig he knows as much as the minister, and that feller that swallers snakes and swords, as slick as you'd eat your dinner, is worth goin' to see! Then there's the Giant, more'n half as tall as the meetin'-house steeple, and them little mites o' creturs that stands up in his hands, that you can't hardly believe is real live folks, and the Fat Woman—my eyes, aint she a stunner! There wa' n't never nothin' that you could call a show in Cherryfield before, alongside o' this one. And you can see 'em all for nothin', down to the depot. Of course, they aint a-swallerin', nor performin', nor nothin', but they're worth goin' to see, you'd better believe."

Ike and Dolly did believe it. They had longed, with an unutterable longing, to see the wonders of the "Great Moral and Intellectual National and Transatlantic Show," which had been advertised by flaming posters all over the village. The pictures on the posters, of the performing canaries, the educated pig, the marionettes, and the dancing dogs, to say nothing of all the other marvels, had aroused Ike's curiosity to the highest pitch. But, alas! his grandfather did not approve of shows, though they were never so "moral and intellectual." No pleadings nor tears could move him. Ike knew well enough, when he saw those enticing posters put up, that the delights which they depicted were not for him and Dolly. He never had expected such happiness as Zach Harriman's announcement seemed to promise—to see them all.

"Go, quick, and ask Barbara if we may go, Dolly!" he exclaimed, half wild with excitement and eagerness.

"But it's twelve o'clock," said Dolly, "and the porridge all hot! She called us while Zach was talking, and she might say no. Don't let's ask, Ike—let's go!"

It was one of Barbara's rules that they should never go out of sight of the house without leave,

but Ike fell in with Dolly's wicked little plan as readily as Adam did with our grandmother Eve's.

Because it would be such a dreadful catastrophe if Barbara should say no!

So it happened that, while the pease-porridge was standing, smoking hot, upon the table, and the frosted plum-cake was being cut, Ike and Dolly were running as fast as their legs would carry them toward the railroad station.

There was a great crowd upon the platform. It looked as if all Cherryfield had turned out to see the last of the "performers." But Ike was eager and adventurous, and pushed his way through the throng, and Dolly was always ready to follow where Ike led the way. But, when they stood close beside the cars, they were so surrounded by taller people that they could see nothing. It was too dreadful to lose the sight, after all. With the cheers of the people at sight of each wonder ringing in his ears, Ike grew desperate. The steps of the freight-car were within reach; mounted upon them it would be easy to see everything; and they always rang a bell and gave ample notice before a train started.

"Come along, Dolly!" he shouted, springing up the steps. And Dolly followed, nothing loth.

But when they had mounted the steps, nothing was to be seen but the crowd. The "performers" were getting into the forward cars.

Ike rushed through the freight-car, Dolly following.

They scarcely stopped to glance at a pig, in a box with slats that looked very much like a hen-coop. Indeed, he was not at all attractive to look upon. His education had not affected his appearance in the least, and he was expressing his discontent at the situation very much after the manner of an ordinary pig. The dogs were handsome, but Ike did n't stop even for them. He wanted to see the Giant, and the man who swallowed knives and snakes. Dolly had set her heart upon seeing the little people and the Fat Woman. She had had an extensive acquaintance with dogs and pigs, but giants and pigmies possessed the charm of novelty.

There they were—all the wonderful people—in the passenger car, just in front. The children's eyes grew big and round with wonder, as they saw the Giant, whose head almost reached the top of the car when he was sitting, holding on his outstretched hand one of the mites, a wee bit of a lady who looked like the queen of the fairies, as Ebenezer described her, and who was bowing and kissing her hand in the most fascinating manner to the crowd outside the car window. Was it to be wondered at that Ike and Dolly did not hear the bell when it rang? Not until the train was going quite fast did they realize that they were being carried away—away from home, where Barbara was

waiting for them, and the pease-porridge growing cold; away, nobody knew where, with the "Great Moral and Intellectual National and Transatlantic Show"!

When Dolly understood what had happened, she began to cry. Ike screamed to the conductor to put them off. The conductor was not at all a polite man.

"What business had you to get on, you little rascal?" he said. "I can't stop the train. I'm running on fast time, with not a moment to spare."

"Where are you going?" asked Ike, feeling very guilty and frightened.

"To Barnacle. There's no train back from there to-day, but I will see that you get back to-morrow morning."

He seemed somewhat mollified at sight of Dolly's tears and Ike's frightened face.

Barnacle was a large sea-port town, forty miles from Cherryfield. Ike and Dolly had never been so far away from home in their lives. It would not have seemed much more wonderful to them to be going to Paris. And Ike began to think that it was not, after all, a very unfortunate thing. It was a real adventure. They were going to see the world! Excitement and delight began to get the better of his fears.

The conductor had led them into the passenger car where the members of the troupe were, and—oh, joy!—the Knife-Swallower made room for Ike to sit down beside him. He looked astonishingly like an ordinary man—a big, burly fellow, with a good-natured face, weather-beaten, like a sailor's. Ike was amazed to see that knife and snake swallowing had not affected his appearance, any more than education had affected the pig's. Zach Harriman had confided to Ike that the man was made of gutta-percha inside; that was why the knives and snakes did n't hurt him; and Ike was devoured by curiosity to know whether this were really so, but he was afraid it would not be polite to ask.

The Fat Woman, who could not sit on an ordinary seat, but had one which was constructed expressly for her, motioned to Dolly to come and sit on her foot-stool. Dolly felt a little shy of this mountain of flesh, with features that were scarcely distinguishable, and a gruff voice that reminded her of the big bear's in the story of "Golden-hair." But, as the car was full, and there was no other seat for her, she obeyed.

"Have you lost your ma, dear?" said the gruff voice, in a very kindly tone.

"We've lost Barbara, and she'll be so worried, and the pea-porridge is getting cold, and—oh, dear!" and poor Dolly broke down, utterly overcome by her misfortunes.

"La! is the lopsy-popsy going to cry? Don't—

there's a deary. You'll get back to Barbara all safe, and just think what a privilege it is to travel with such a show as this—Moral and Intellectual, National and Transatlantic!—though they aint genooyne, child; don't you believe a word of it! Not one of 'em's genooyne but me an' the Mites. Me an' the Mites is genooyne!"

"Genooyne" was too large a word for Dolly's comprehension; but, by the Fat Woman's mysterious air and tone, she knew that she was telling her something very important.

"No bigger than common folks, the Giant aint, before he's built up and stuffed out," the Fat Woman went on, in a very low tone, and with a careful glance around, to see that she could not be overheard.

"Do you mean that he is n't a truly giant?" asked Dolly, with a crushing sense of bewilderment and disappointment.

"No more than you are. And as for the Bearded Woman, she takes it off and puts it in her pocket when nobody's 'round. The Two-headed Girl, the greatest scientific wonder of the age, they call her on the bills—why, she's two girls. They're dreadful slim, and they manage to stick 'em into one dress. The Talking Giraffe—why, it's a man behind the scenes that talks; ventriloquism, you know! The man that swallows knives and snakes—that trick is very well done, and folks is easy to take in, and he is so quick that you can't see where the knives go to, if you're watching ever so close. Swallow 'em, child? Of course he don't. He could n't swallow 'em, no more 'n you could."

"Oh, dear! I hope you wont tell Ike. He would be so disappointed," said Dolly, feeling keenly the hollowness of the world.

"But me and the Mites is genooyne! There aint a grain of humbug about me, and the little teenty-tonty dears is just as the Lord made 'em!"

Dolly had her own private opinion that the Mites were fairies. She wished Ebenezer could see them, for he would know. While she was deliberating whether she'd better tell the Fat Woman what she thought about them, a man came sauntering through the car, and stopped in front of Dolly, surveying her intently. He was very finely dressed, and wore a great deal of jewelry, which Dolly admired very much.

"My heyes! W'at a helegant hangel she would make!" he said, lifting Dolly's flaxen curls, admiringly. "Would n't you like to be a hangel, missy?"

Dolly wished very much that he had not asked her that question. She sang, "I want to be an angel," at Sunday-school, and Barbara had impressed it upon her mind that she *ought* to want to

be an angel; but she and Ike had exchanged views on the subject in private, and decided that the resemblance of angels' wings—in pictures and on tombstones—to turkey feathers was an objection that could not be overcome. She was afraid he would think her very wicked, but she said, honestly:

"I don't think I should like very well to grow feathers."

The man threw back his head and laughed at that, and the Fat Woman shook with laughter, and Dolly felt rather hurt, as if she were being made fun of.

"I think we could manage to 'itch them on, so you would n't 'ave to grow 'em," said the man. "The hangel that we 'ad belongin' to the company 'as gone 'ome, sick with the measles—not to mention 'er 'aving outgrown the business, and never 'aving no such hangelic face as yours. W're's your father and mother?"

"In heaven," said Dolly, as Barbara had taught her.

"Then they could n't wish for nothing better than to see their lovely child a hangel in the greatest Moral and Hintellectual National and Transatlantic Show in the world," said the man.

"They were carried off in the train by accident—she and her brother," explained the Fat Woman.

"The 'and of Providence!" exclaimed the man, rubbing his hands with delight. "W'at a hatraction she 'll be!"

The Fat Woman said something, too low for Dolly to hear, and the man—who was evidently the manager of the troupe—replied:

"Ho, I shan't do hanything hillegal. But she haint got hany parents——"

"But we 've got Barbara, and Ebenezer, and Grandpa: I should have to ask them," said Dolly. When he had first asked her if she wanted to be an angel, she had understood the question to be such a one as her Sunday-school teacher might have asked her. She knew now that he wanted her to become a member of the company, and there was something very dazzling and fascinating about the prospect.

"Ho, we 'll hask them," said the manager, re-assuringly. "But you 'll 'ave to stay at Barnacle to-night, and they could n't hobject to your happearing, just for once. 'Ere was I thinking I should 'ave to give up the 'ighly Hexciting, Moral, and Hintellectual Hellevating and Hemotional Play with w'ich we closes hour hexhibition, for want of a hangel, w'en, hastonishing to say, a lovely little himage, hexactly adapted and hevidently hintended by nature for a hangel, happears before me!"

Dolly thought he was a very funny man, he made so many gestures, and rolled up his eyes so, and

put h's in where they did n't belong, and left them out where they did. The Fat Woman explained to her, after he had gone, that that was because he was an Englishman. Dolly did n't believe that even Ebenezer had ever seen any Englishmen, and she felt as if she could hardly wait until she should reach home to tell him how queer they were.

She did not understand what the man wanted of her, not having the slightest idea what a play was, but she felt very much flattered, and thought it was delightful to be with such wonderful people. It was almost like one of Ebenezer's stories. She could scarcely believe that she was little Dolly Trueworthy, who lived on the old farm in Cherry-field, and whose greatest excitements had been coasting and going berrying. It seemed as if some fairy must have waved her wand over her, and changed her into somebody else. She had to look at Ike, once in a while, to re-assure herself. He was surely Ike, and he seemed perfectly at his ease, talking and laughing with the Knife-Swallower. One would have thought he had been accustomed all his life to riding on a train with a Great Moral and Intellectual Show!

The train went so fast that it almost took Dolly's breath away. The trees, and houses, and fields, and fences whirled by in the wildest kind of a dance, exactly as if they were bewitched, and, in what seemed to Dolly an impossibly short space of time, the forty miles were gone over, and they were whirled into the long, dark, crowded station at Barnacle.

Dolly and Ike were hurried, with the others, into a great, gaudily painted, open wagon, gayly decked with bunting. Behind that came two other wagons, containing all the animals belonging to the show—the Talking Giraffe standing, very tall and imposing, in the middle of the first. The procession was headed by a band of music, and accompanied by a shouting and cheering crowd of people.

"Oh, Ike, don't you wish Barbara and Ebenezer could see us now?" cried Dolly, feeling that it was a proud moment.

"Who is Barbara?" said the Knife-Swallower, who had taken Dolly on his knee, the wagon being somewhat crowded. "I used to know a gal by that name, away up in Brambleton."

"Brambleton? Why, that is where Barbara used to live!" cried Dolly.

"Her name does n't happen to be Barbara Pringle, does it?" asked the Knife-Swallower.

"Yes, it is!" cried Ike and Dolly, both together. "Do you know her?"

"I calkilate I used to, when I was a boy," said the man, and he held his head down, and there was an odd sort of tremor in his voice.

"And did you know her sister Sally that died,

and her litt
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and her little brother Elnathan, who ran away to sea?" asked Dolly.

"I knew Sally, and I b'lieve I've heard tell of Elnathan."

"Do you suppose he is drowned? Don't you suppose he ever will come back?" asked Dolly, anxiously. "I wish he would—Barbara cries so on stormy nights and when she makes pea-porridge, because she used to make it for him. Don't you think he will come back? People always do, in Ebenezer's stories."

"Well, folks does turn up, sometimes, and then ag'in they don't, and sometimes it's a marcy that they don't," said the Knife-Swallower. "Because,

one of her old friends had become such a distinguished man!

They went to a hotel,—a rather dingy and disreputable-looking one, on a narrow side street,—and after having dinner, Dolly was taken at once to the hall where the evening performance was to be given. Ike was allowed to go, too, at his earnest entreaty.

The "Ighly Hexciting Moral and Hintellectual, Helevating and Hemotional Play" did not need to be rehearsed, it had been given so many times, but Dolly was to be taught how to be "a hangel." The Knife-Swallower went with them; he seemed to have assumed a sort of guardianship over Ike and



"THE KNIFE-SWALLOWER STRAGGLED ALONG BEHIND." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

you see, they may have turned out bad, and not be any credit to their folks."

"Barbara would want to see her brother, if he had turned out bad," said Dolly, after a little reflection. "She says she loved him better than anybody in the world, and if he were ever so bad he would be her brother all the same—just like Ike and me."

The Knife-Swallower turned his head away, then, and did n't say any more. Dolly determined that she would find out what his name was before she went home. Barbara would be so proud that

Dolly—a very fortunate thing for them, as the cross conductor had entirely forgotten them.

The angel who had gone home with the measles had left her costume behind her, and it fitted Dolly very well, after it had been nipped in and tucked up a little. It was not a night-gown, as Ike had predicted,—judging from pictures of angels which he had seen,—but a beautiful dress of white gauze, with silver spangles, and the wings which were fastened upon it were not made of feathers, to Dolly's relief, but of silver paper. The angel was to descend through an aperture in the stage-ceiling,

on a frame-work of iron, with a foreground of pasteboard clouds; clouds seemed to be all around her, over her head and under her feet. Ike thought it was wonderful and delightful, and only wished that they wanted a boy angel, but Dolly was dizzy and frightened, and clutched the iron frame-work with all her might. The manager tried to coax her; promised her all the candy she could eat, and a whole shopful of toys. But all that did not have half so much effect upon Dolly as Ike's scorn. She could not bear to have Ike think her a coward. So she resolved and promised that, when evening should come, and the hall should be full of people, and the angel would have to step off her cloud platform and throw herself between the young man whose guardian she was and the Fiend who was pursuing him, she would not be afraid, but would do just as she had been told.

The hall was glittering with lights and thronged with people. Ike had a seat very near the stage—thanks to his friend the Knife-Swallower. Dolly peeped out from behind the scenes, while the animals went through their performances, the Fat Woman was introduced and her history related, the Knife-Swallower swallowed a whole dozen of table-knives and a large family of snakes, the Giant and the Mites exhibited themselves, and sang songs and danced. At last came the play.

In the most exciting part, while the Fiend was pursuing the poor, good young man with a red-hot poker, down came the clouds in an apparently miraculous manner, with no machinery in sight—with Dolly standing a tiptoe on them, in her pretty, if not strictly angelic, attire of gauze and spangles and silver paper, with her long golden hair hanging about her. The applause was, as the manager would have said, "himmense." There was a shouting and cheering and clapping of hands that was almost deafening. Ike was in such a state of excitement that he could not sit still—to think that that beautiful being was Dolly!

The angel had been looking at the people—such a crowd as she had never seen before—as she sailed down on her clouds. As she tripped down from them to the floor, she suddenly caught sight of the Fiend. He was a most awful fiend. He was as black as a coal, all over. He had horrid horns and hoofs; his eyes were like live coals, and a flame came out of his mouth, and he brandished his red-hot poker in a way that was enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

The poor little guardian angel's was not a very stout heart: and he looked exactly like a picture of the Devil in an old, old book of her grandfather's.

She uttered a piercing scream, and turned to run. Her dress caught on a nail that projected

from the cloud-frame, and held her fast. She screamed and sobbed in an agony of terror.

"Oh, Knife-Swallower! Dear Knife-Swallower! Save me! Save me!" she cried.

The audience had arisen in great excitement, half of them laughing, the other half trying to find out what was the matter, and one mischievous boy crying, "Fire! fire!"

The Knife-Swallower rushed upon the stage, took poor Dolly in his arms,—heedless that the nail tore a long rent in her gauze dress,—and carried her off, trying to soothe her and calm her fears, as tenderly as Barbara could have done.

But Dolly would not be soothed. She cried and sobbed hysterically, and begged, piteously, to be taken home. Ike made his way into the dressing-room where they were.

"Well, if that was n't just like a girl!" he exclaimed. "I knew in a minute that he was only make-believe. But he must have felt pretty mean with his insides all on fire. Oh, but the manager is mad, I can tell you! He is making a speech to keep the people quiet, and his face is so red."

The Knife-Swallower was wrapping Dolly in a shawl and putting her hat on. He told Ike he was going to take them both to a quiet house, where lived some people whom he knew. Ike felt somewhat disappointed at losing all the wonderful sights in the hall, but he did n't want to stay behind when Dolly was going.

It was a pleasant, home-like house to which the Knife-Swallower took them, and the people were very kind, and Dolly soon recovered from her nervous excitement; but she was very glad to hear the Knife-Swallower say that he was going to take them home on the first train in the morning. Ike, too, now that he was away from the novelty and excitement of the show, began to feel very home-sick, and he felt all the worse that pride prevented him from crying, "as girls did."

At eight o'clock the next morning they were homeward bound. When they stepped off the cars at Cherryfield, the station-master ran to tell the sexton to ring the church-bell, to tell the people that they were found. The manager had promised to telegraph to Cherryfield that they were safe, but he had not done it, and there had been a great fright about them.

Barbara was standing at the garden gate, with her apron over her head, and looking anxiously in every direction, when they came walking up—two little way-worn pilgrims, who had seen the world and were wiser than yesterday. The Knife-Swallower straggled along behind, as if he shrank from being seen.

Barbara wept for joy, and hugged and kissed them until they were almost suffocated.

But when the Knife-Swallower took off his hat and stood before her, looking fixedly at her, she uttered a cry and fell upon his neck, looking so white that the children were frightened. And she kissed him—the Knife-Swallower—and she called that great man, six feet tall, her “dear little brother Nate.”

They had brought her brother Elnathan home to Barbara!

When the children knew that, they were almost as wild with joy as Barbara herself.

“I might never have got courage to come if it had n’t been for them children,” he said. “For you see, Barbara, I got pretty low down. And I aint what I’d oughter be, now. It’s dreadful lowerin’ for a chap to pretend to be what he aint, and do what he can’t, even if it’s only pretending to swallow knives and such tricks, and I’m goin’ to

quit the business. What them children told me about your thinkin’ of me and feelin’ bad about me, after all these years, drove me to makin’ up my mind.”

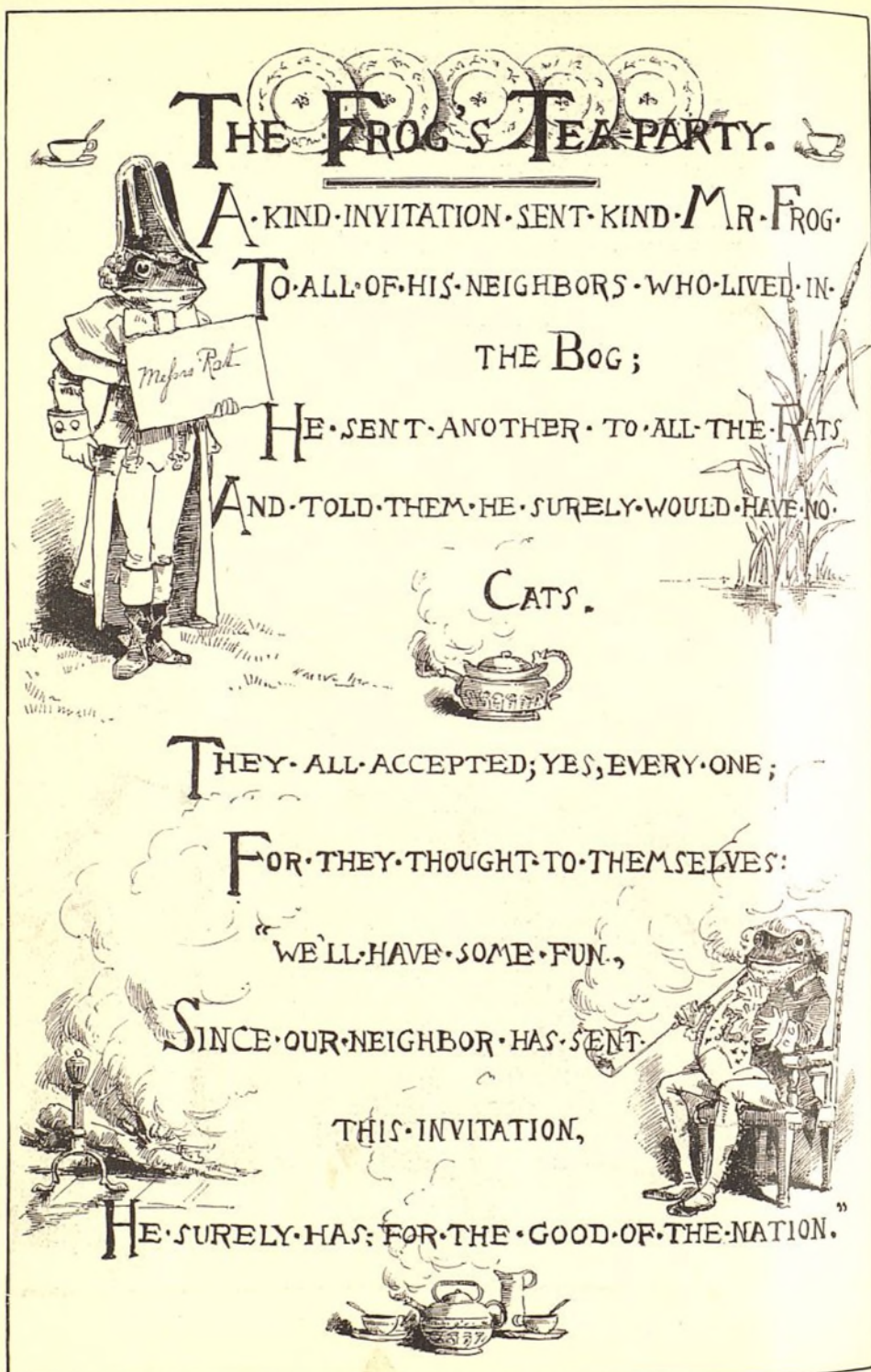
Barbara only hugged him again for answer, and then hugged the children.

By and by, Barbara remembered that they must be hungry, and bustled about and got them all the good things in the house to eat. Ike remembered the pease-porridge he had missed by running off, and now called for it.

“Sakes alive! There it is, jest as I put it into the blue nappy, yesterday,” said Barbara. “Ebenezer ’n’ I had n’t the heart to touch it. You blessed young ones! I had n’t no idea, when I made that porridge, that you’d find Elnathan, and bring him home to eat it—no more ’n I had that it would n’t be touched till it was stone cold.”



A QUIET TIME FOR ALL CONCERNED.



THEY ALL ARRIVED EXACTLY AT FOUR:
THERE WERE DOZENS & DOZENS—

PERHAPS THERE WERE MORE.

MR. FROG KINDLY GREETED EACH ELEGANT

GUEST,

[BEST]

AND SWEETLY OBSERVED THEY WERE ALL IN THEIR

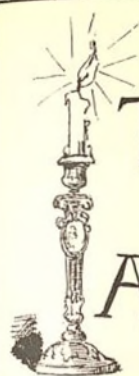




THERE WERE FROGGIES IN PLENTY &
 ALSO A DOG;
 THERE WERE CHICKENS & ROOSTERS; & EVEN A HOG,
 THERE WERE SWALLOWS & SPARROWS & PEACOCKS,
 AS WELL,
 WHO HAD PLENTY TO LAUGH AT
 & PLENTY TO TELL.



MRS. FROG WAS BORNE IN ON
 THE ARM OF A GUEST
 WHO SAID: "MRS. FROG, HOW
 SUPERBLY YOU'RE DRESSED!"
 MRS. FROG HEARD HIS WORDS,
 WITH PRIDE DID SHE FLUSH,
 "I THINK I DO DRESS
 WELL," SHE
 OWNED, WITH A BLUSH.



THE GUESTS DID COME IN THROUGH
 THE WIDE OPEN DOOR,
 AND THEY ATE; & THEY ATE; TILL
 THEY COULDN'T EAT MORE;
 WHILE KIND MR. FROG SAT SMILINGLY BY
 AND THOUGHT: "WHO'S THE HAPPIEST, YOU
 FRIENDS, OR I?"



HALF PAST TEN STRUCK FROM THE
 GREAT CLOCK AT LAST,
 AND EACH PROGGIE AGREED THAT THE
 CLOCK WAS TOO FAST;
 BUT THE CLOCK IT WAS RIGHT; &
 THE FROGS THEY WERE WRONG,
 FOR THE TIME THEY HAD STAYED
 HAD BEEN CERTAINLY LONG.





IN A MINUTE THE HOST IN



HIS NIGHT-GOWN WAS DRESSED;

AND TAKING A CANDLE HE LAY

DOWN TO REST;

ON HIS SOFT LEAFY PILLOW.

HE LAID HIS GREEN HEAD,

AND THEN; FEELING FRIENDLY;

HE TO HIMSELF SAID:



"THEY'VE HAD A NICE TIME & I'M AWFULLY GLAD;
[IF THEY'D HAD A BAD TIME, I'D BE
AWFULLY SAD]

SO I'LL GIVE 'EM A PARTY TEN TIMES IN

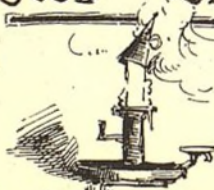
A YEAR,

TO WHICH THEY'LL ALL COME & HAVE LOTS

OF GOOD CHEER!



MRS.
F
R
O
G.



GOOD NIGHT.



MR.
F
R
O
G.

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Know ye what creatures these Lagunas breed,
Or what the pathless virgin-woods secrete?"—CHAMISO.

THE people of Guatemala had treated us so kindly that we were almost sorry to leave their mountains; but our agent wanted a number of animals which are found only in the Southern tropics, so we took our pets to the sea-port of San Tomas, and embarked for South America on board of a Venezuela schooner. When the first Spanish explorers set sail for the New World, their enterprise was aided by the western trade-wind, the Atlantic sea-breeze that blows continually from east to west, and the same wind now enabled our schooner to enter the mouth of the Orinoco, and ascend the river by keeping close to the southern shore, where the current is not very strong.

We had paid our passage to Port Gabriel, some twenty miles farther up; but, if the lower shores had not been quite so swampy, we could not have wished a better hunting-ground. Swarms of water-fowl hovered about the mud-banks; peccaries and river-hogs rooted at the edge of the cane-brakes, or scrambled for their hiding-places; clumsy manatees sported in the water; and on a log of drift-wood we saw an animal that our pilot recognized as a fish-ing-jaguar. The creature had ensconced himself in the fork of a floating tree, and seemed to have made a good catch, for we saw him crunch away at something—probably a river-turtle or a young manatee; but, when the passengers began to fire upon him, he managed to crouch behind a projecting bulwark of his log-boat, whose swaying, together with the movement of our own ship, would have made it a task for the best marksman to hit the few visible parts of his body.

"Never mind," said the pilot; "it's one of the common spotted jaguars. I thought it was one of the dark brown kind."

"Have you ever seen a brown jaguar?" I asked.

"Yes, and a coal-black one, too," said the pilot;

"though it may have been a different kind of animal—like my snake here: one of the 'what-is-its' that have never been seen in North America. You will come across some curious creatures, if you are going to hunt in these shore-thickets."

The pilot himself was a curiosity in his way. His hair was braided into a sort of diadem, and he was

hung around with trinkets like an Indian medicine-man. He had with him a tame snake that made its head-quarters in the upper sleeves of his shirt, and, judging from its color, the creature seemed really a nondescript—reddish-brown, with beautiful orange-yellow spots and rings, and with a black zigzag line along its back. He would not sell it; but, when we reached Port Gabriel, he took us to a house where we could buy four toucans, or rhinoceros-birds, besides some rare parrots, thus getting us a basketful of pets on the first day of our landing.

Near Port Gabriel, the banks of the Orinoco rise into high bluffs, and the ground is dry enough for foot-travelers; but the vegetation is still wonderfully luxuriant. Some of the larger trees were surrounded with such a wilderness of tangle-vines that it was quite impossible to distinguish their foliage and flowers; only the palms towered above the undergrowth, like steeples above a jumbled mass of houses; and a few of the lower plants could be distinguished by the peculiar shapes of their leaves. The children of the Indian settlers wore a grayish-green head-dress, which I mistook for a painted straw hat, with a short brim, until I found that it was made all of one piece—the pitcher-shaped flower-sheath of a species of tulip-tree. The store-keeper was the only white man in the settlement, and, hearing that we were bound for the western frontier, he procured us an extra guide, a swift-footed Indian lad, who could show us the way as far as the Lascar Mission, where we should find a good road to the mouth of the Rio Meta. The little fellow's speech was a queer muddle of Spanish and of Lascarese; but he evidently knew what he was hired for, and, pointing to the woods and then to our hunting implements, he gave us to understand that we should soon fill our baskets with birds and beasts. We certainly had dogs enough to do it. The village swarmed with Indian curs, and, when we started the next morning, ten or twelve of them followed us with gambols and merry yelps. The poor fellows probably thought we were out on a forage, and hoped to come in for a share of venison; but Daddy Simon chased them back—all but one, a long-legged wolf-hound, of a breed which the Indians often use in their panther-hunts.

About six miles from the landing, we came to a creek, with a hanging bridge of liana-ropes, and

an artificial ford of submerged logs, where our mule could wade across without getting beyond her depth. Our new hound cleared the creek with a



THE INDIAN PILOT AND HIS TAME SNAKE.

single leap; but old Rough, having entered the water rather cautiously, suddenly drew back, and ran up and down the bank as if he were afraid to repeat the experiment.

"What's the matter with that dog?" asked Tommy. "He is n't afraid of cold water, is he?"

"Come on," said I. "He will soon follow us if he sees us going away."

But Rough still ran to and fro, with an appearance of great uneasiness, until our vanguard had turned the corner, when he at last plunged in and paddled across, splashing and howling as if he were bathing in a tub of scalding hot water. Our little pioneer watched him with great attention, and repeatedly called out a word in his native language.

"What is it, Niño?" I asked, pointing to the creek—"alligators?"

"No, no!" cried he, and shook his head. "Here," holding out his finger with a repetition of the Lascarese word. We could not make out what he meant. But, seeing that Rough had got safely across, we continued on our way and had almost forgotten the incident when Tommy suddenly stopped short, and, throwing himself on the ground, caught Rough's head with both hands. "Good heavens!" cried he, "look here. No wonder the poor fellow would not cross that creek. Look at his throat!"

That explained it, indeed. From his throat to his flanks, the old dog was entirely covered with swamp-leeches, most of them not larger than a pencil-stump, but some as big as a man's finger. We removed them as well as we could; but, between the bites of the little pests and our clumsy operation, the poor dog lost half the blood in his body. He was hardly able to follow us; but the young Lascar and his hound were restlessness itself. Not content with keeping ahead of us, the little barefoot lad made detours to the left and right, and often through thickets of thorny mesquites, paying no heed to the sharp spines.

"Why, that's nothing," laughed Menito. "I could do that myself two years ago. That's what they call Indian sandals."

As a matter of fact, the sole of the human foot can become as tough as any shoe-leather; and, while shoes wear out from day to day, our natural sole-leather improves in course of time, till a barefoot man is actually able to crush a thorn by stepping upon it. Nay, the Indians of the Peruvian highlands walk unhurt with naked feet over old lava-beds, in places where the ground resembles a field strewn with heaps of broken glass.

The Indians of the lower Orinoco live on the spontaneous products of nature, and their forest is, indeed, an inexhaustible store-house of animal and vegetable food. The thickets swarmed with *gazapos*, a kind of short-eared rabbits, and, at the foot of a little hillock, a black cock-pheasant came fluttering across our road and was captured before it had reached the underbrush. "There must be hunters around here," said Tommy; "this poor rooster is crippled, I see."

The pheasant seemed to have broken one of its wings, and was too tattered-looking for a menagerie-bird, so Menito killed it at once and put it in our mess-bag. We supposed that there must be an Indian hunting-party in the neighborhood, but, when we reached the top of the hillock, a young puma jumped out of the liana-brambles and whisked up a tree when he saw our wolf-hound. There he stopped, and, peeping through the lower branches,

kept up a continuous growl, exactly like a tomcat on top of a fence with a swarm of dogs around. Tommy had already leveled his gun, but the young Lascar stopped him with a frightened exclamation, and pointed to the woods, shaking his head violently, by way of emphasizing his protest.

"He means the puma's relatives will come after us," said I, "but he is right: let the creature alone; we have no use for him, and he has not done us any harm."

"And that's more than the puma can say," laughed Menito. "I believe we have stolen his supper: this pheasant came running down-hill when I saw him first."

Before we were out of sight, we turned around to see if the puma was still on guard, and, sure enough, his yellow head was still peeping from between the lower branches. He had stopped his growling, but from the depths of the woods on our right we heard a singular noise, as if a herd of cattle were breaking through the underbrush.

"Listen! What can that be?" asked Tommy.

I was unable to tell; as far as I knew, the settlers of these river-bottoms kept no cows, and deer are rather scarce in eastern Venezuela. Before anything came in sight, the big wolf-hound dashed into the thicket, going straight in the direction of the mysterious noise. Roughly merely pricked up his ears; the swamp-leeches had cured his racing propensities for a day or two. I knelt down to examine his swollen throat, while my companions pursued their way, and I had not yet come up with them, when the crash of a mighty gallop came through the woods, and, looking up, I saw Menito pull his frightened mare behind a tree, while Daddy Simon snatched away Tommy's gun with a violence that almost knocked him down. The young Lascar had thrown himself flat on the ground, and in the

first terror of an unknown danger I followed his example, holding Rough by the throat, as Daddy Simon did Tommy, who seemed wild with indignation at such unceremonious treatment. But in the next moment he, too, crouched down, panic-stricken: a herd of peccaries came thundering through the bushes, in head-

long pursuit of the luckless wolf-hound, who, happily for the salvation of our little party, made straight for the place where he had seen us last, and before he could turn to the right, the boars in the vanguard had cut off his way and chased him straight ahead toward the river-bottom, where finally the uproar of the wild chase died away in the distant shore-thickets.

"That dog started the wrong game," laughed Menito.

"It's the luckiest thing he ever did that he managed not to start them running this way," remarked old Daddy.

"Why, would they have tackled us?" asked Tommy.

"Tackled us? They would have torn us limb from limb," said the Indian.

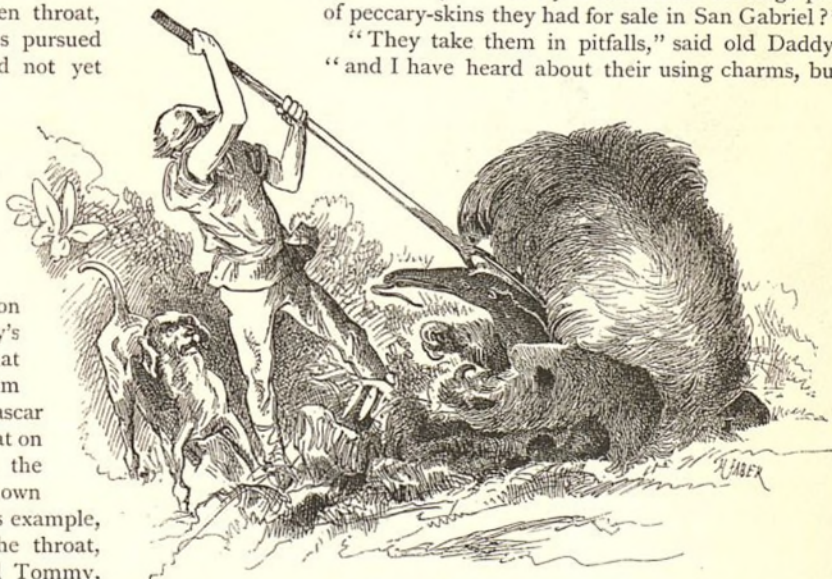
"Yes, indeed, Tommy," I added, "if you had fired that gun, it would have been your last shot."

"Then I have to ask Daddy's pardon," said Tom. "To say the truth, I thought he was going to rob me or kill me, by the way he acted. Why, according to that, peccaries must be quite unmanageable brutes."

"In large numbers they are," I replied. "A herd of them is more dangerous than a pack of hungry wolves. The old boars do not know any such thing as fear if they are in a rage."

"Then I wonder how the Indians catch them," said Tommy. "Don't you remember the large pile of peccary-skins they had for sale in San Gabriel?"

"They take them in pitfalls," said old Daddy, "and I have heard about their using charms, but



THE FIGHT WITH THE ANT-BEAR.

I don't believe it: peccaries have no religion whatever, and are very hard to bewitch."

As long as the echo of the crashing gallop was

still audible, our dog Rough had stood spell-bound, looking fixedly in the same direction, but, hearing a rustle in the thickets on the other side, he turned his head that way, and, suddenly setting up a fierce bark, trotted forward as fast as his weak legs would carry him.

"Dear me! More peccaries?" whispered Tommy. "Look out, or we shall get ourselves into a scrape, after all."

"No, look here—it's an ant-bear," cried Menito. "Quick—run! We can head him off—it's quite a young one."

The three boys started at the top of their speed, and soon their triumphant shouts told us that they had brought their game to bay.

Tommy's

his weak condition, was no match for it, but the presence of the boys kept it at bay until Tommy approached it with his forked stick.

"Let me handle that thing," cried Menito. "Yes, there he goes; give it here, quick!"

The ant-bear had suddenly started to its feet; but, before it had run twenty paces, Menito's fork caught it behind the shoulders and pressed it to the ground. Menito had to bear down with all his might to hold the little animal, but help was at hand. In spite of all his claws, Master Longnose was overpowered, and clapped into one of the wire prisons. While there was yet any chance of escape, the ant-bear had struggled in silence; but, when it gave itself up for lost, it broke forth in a noise unlike anything we had ever heard before—a droning snort, I might call it, accompanied with fierce coughs and grunts, as if a band of hogs were mingling their music with the melodies of a buzz-saw.

The shadows of the twilight began to spread through the forest when our little guide at last brought us to another creek, and seemed



"WHEN THE PASSENGERS BEGAN TO FIRE, THE JAGUAR CROUCHED BEHIND HIS LOG-BOAT." [SEE PAGE 621.]

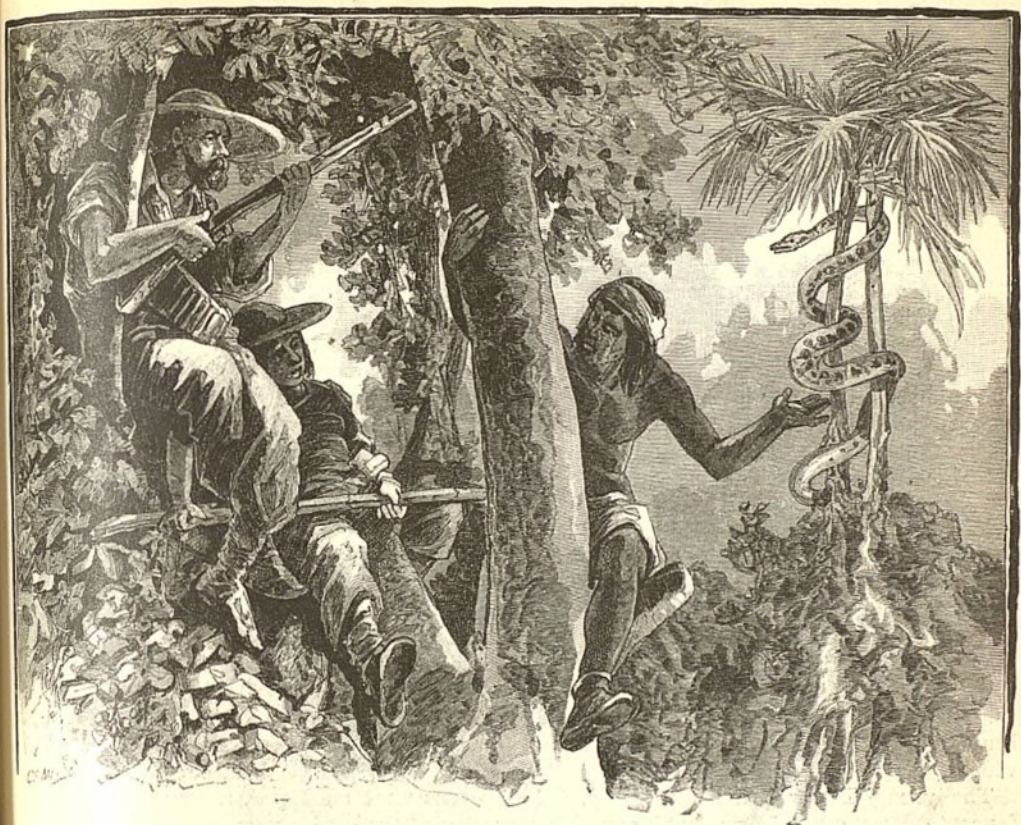
message confirmed my guess. "We've got him," he shouted, running up in hot haste. "He's down, going to fight us. Get your hatchet, Daddy: Menito says he can catch him with a forked stick. Oh, come on, Uncle, and see the fun!" cried he, and as soon as we had got the stick ready, the impetuous lad dragged me along until we came in sight of a strange scene. An animal about the size of a large badger lay flat on its back, flourishing its long nose, and poising its claws, ready for action. Rough, in

inclined to push on into the darkening woods beyond.

"That wont do," said Daddy Simon. "I can not hunt up water and fuel in the dark. We must camp here and cook our supper."

The young Lascar stared; but, seeing us unstrap our blankets, he seemed to guess our intent, and helped us to gather a large pile of fire-wood. If there were any dry hills ahead, our little Indian had been right, though. We found that the

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"WE MUST KILL IT AT THE FIRST SHOT!"

ground was a spongy swamp, drawing water wherever we stamped it. So, instead of pitching our tent, we spread it like a big hammock, and fastened it between two poles and a large cauchó-tree, whose hollow trunk formed a sort of roof. People going to camp in a tropical forest must not expect to be "lulled to sleep by the stillness of the night," as the northern poets say. In the Venezuela virgin-woods the time from sundown to midnight is almost the noisiest part of the twenty-four hours. Soon after dark, the *oriyas*, a species of whip-poor-wills, began to call to each other with a flute-like whistle; night-hawks whirled through the tree-tops; and from the depths of the jungle came now and then the scream of a larger bird; it was the time when the ocelot leaves its hiding-place and visits the thickets and the roosts of the crested bush-cock. A strange buzz was in the air. Swarms of beetles and night-butterflies seemed to be on the wing, and from time to time we heard the click of a large bat, as its jaws closed upon one of the poor buzzers. But there are bats that do not content themselves with insects, and, before we fell asleep, I noticed a black object crawling over the white

canvas of our hammock, and, slapping it with my hat, I recognized the squeaking chirp of a vampire, the *Vampirus spectrum* of the American tropics. Menito grabbed it just when it was about to take wing, and soon killed it. Whenever the night-wind stirred the woods, the trees above and around us flamed up with the glitter of a thousand luminous insects,—fire-midges, fire-flies, and fire-locusts,—most of them apparently dozing in the foliage till the wind waked them, although there were moments when they all seemed to join in a general torch-light dance, making the trees sparkle as if a shower of stars were drifting through the forest. I had been sleeping for an hour or two when Tommy shook me by the arm.

"What can be the matter with our dog?" said he, with a yawn, and rubbing his eyes. "Did you ever hear such howling? There must be something wrong!"

Rough had taken charge of our baggage at the foot of the tree, and, if there had been robbers or wild beasts about, he would have barked in a very different way. His voice sounded like the whining of a wolf—a most singular wailing howl, that might

have made a person dream of witches and werewolves. We hardly knew what to do. As soon as we tried to go to sleep and stopped talking to the dog, his howling grew worse than before. At last, we could not stand it any longer.

"We have now only that one dog," said Tommy, "or I should ask you to shoot him. He must be crazy. What shall we do about it?"

"I don't know," said I; "but I would give something if we could go to sleep."

"What will you give me?" asked Menito. "For half a dollar I will get him as still as a mouse. That dog is my countryman, and I do not want you to shoot him. Will you let me try?"

"All right," I laughed. "Go ahead."

Menito picked up his jacket and slipped down the tent-pole, and that was the last we heard of the were-wolf music. The next morning we found the two countrymen sleeping, cheek by jowl, at the foot of the tree.

The birds in the tree-tops had almost finished their morning concert when the creatures of the lower woods were still half benumbed with the heavy dew, and as we made our way through the long, wet grass we could have captured bagfuls of iguanas and lizards, if there had been room for game of that sort. By and by, however, the warmth of the rising sun penetrated the underbrush, and all flying and creeping things were now wide awake.

The young Lascar had led the way, a little faster than we could follow, until something or other seemed to draw his attention to a copse of tree-ferns at the road-side. He stopped, and, turning abruptly, grabbed me by the arm, looking as wild as a hawk.

"*Mira, mira!*" cried he, in Spanish. "Look there, what a —" but then followed a Lascarese word of about sixteen syllables; still, looking in the direction of the coppice, I thought that the length of the word really corresponded to that of a strange creature crawling swiftly across our path. For a stretch of about fifteen yards the herbs swayed up and down, but running up, with all guns cocked, we could find only a slimy streak in the grass; the reptile must have moved with the swiftness of a panther-cat.

"A boa!" cried Tommy. "Quick—there it goes, up the tree there! You can see the boughs moving."

About twenty yards from the road stood a cluster of sago-palms, and at a considerable height from the ground their stems were joined and intertwined with a maze of cordero-vines, but in the short time it had taken us to run up, the creature had actually forced its way through that mass of tangle-wood, and was now out of sight in the tree-top. Museum

managers pay a high price for the skins of such large boas, and we tried to dislodge the monster by throwing stones and clubs against the lower branches, when Menito bethought himself of climbing a taxus-tree on the other side of the road.

"Yes, I can see it now," he shouted. "Come up here—it is 'way up in that big palm-tree; you can shoot it down like a turkey."

The lianas or bush-ropes of the Southern forests are a great help to climbers, and even old Daddy managed to follow us to the upper branches of the taxus-tree. Menito was right; the boa had taken refuge in the top of the sago-palm, and seemed to have noticed us, to judge from its motions and the uneasy glittering of its little eyes.

"Now let us try," said Tommy. "Do you think buck-shot will hit at that distance?"

"Yes, they will," said I, "but we must kill it at the first shot; if it is only wounded, it will fling itself down and give us the slip, after all. Let us both aim at its head, and fire at the same moment."

But the boa now clung to the stem of the palm, with its head on the safe side, and we came near committing the imprudence of firing at the rear of its body, when old Daddy put his finger in his mouth and gave the shrill whistle of a Mexican muleteer. The boa started, and was still listening, with its head held out erect, when our two guns went off together. Somehow or other we had both aimed a trifle too low; but the buck-shot had done their work, and broken the monster's neck-bones in several places. It started back, and, suddenly reversing its coils, threw itself into the lower branches, and came plumping to the ground. There its struggles continued, and we could thank our good fortune that we were out of the way; the reptile was at least thirty feet long, and the tail-end of its body struck out left and right with a violence that made the branches fly in every direction. It took it nearly half an hour to die, and when it lay still, and our Indians came down and tied it to a tree to pull its skin off, the tail gave a twitch that made Menito take to his heels with a scream of horror.

"Come back here, boy!" cried old Daddy. "There is no danger, I tell you—that boa is only shamming, trying to scare us; in reality, it is as dead as a door-nail."

Thus far our road had led us through swampy bottom-lands and densely wooded hillocks, but toward noon we found that the ground was getting rather rocky, and when the sun inclined to the west our guide halted on top of a steep eminence, and pointed to the open country at our feet. It was a glorious sight: the broad valley

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of the Orinoco, with its bays and rocky headlands, and at the mouth of a tributary stream the mission-settlement of Soledad, in a thicket of orchards and banana-gardens.

"That is the missionary's house, I suppose?" said I, pointing to a large stone building at the junction of the two rivers.

"Yes, it used to be," said Daddy Simon. "The old government had put a Franciscan abbot in charge of the place, but the monks went away with the Spaniards, and the Indians have been left to themselves ever since."

"How are they getting on?" I asked. "Their orchards seem to be in first-rate condition."

"Oh, the trees take care of themselves," said the guide, "and the Rio Claro is full of fish the year round; there is not much danger of starving in this country."

The Rio Claro was a fine mountain-stream, with gravel banks, and we passed a place where the gravel had been piled up in mounds, some of them as much as twelve or fourteen feet high. "What is all this?" said I. "There have been gold-hunters at work here, it seems?"

"Yes, treasure-hunters," said Daddy Simon. "Some years ago, a fisher-boy found here a silver



THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER.

cup and a piece of a golden chain, and it was supposed that this must be the place where the Spaniards had buried their treasure; so a lot of people came up here from La Guayra in hopes of making fortunes. They found nothing but gravel, however, and it seems that the current of the river must have brought those things down here, and that the rest is buried somewhere farther up."

We stopped at the first cottage to inquire after a spring which old Daddy remembered to have seen near the banks of the Rio Claro. There was nobody at home but an old woman, who had nearly forgotten the language of the Spanish missionaries, but she understood what we meant when we pointed at the river and showed her our empty water-bucket. While she was jabbering away in her strange dialect, I noticed at the farther end of her porch a big cage full of little white things that seemed to move about like birds, till I came nearer and saw that they were rats—white and brown speckled tree-rats, looking somewhat like guinea-pigs, with long tails. Seeing me stare at the cage, the woman took it down and handed me a rat, with a sort of courtesy, as you would offer a stranger a flower or an orange. Tommy gave her a silver coin, about the equivalent of an American twenty-five-cent piece, whereupon we received five more rats—willy-nilly. The generous old lady would not be put off, and stuffed every one of them into one of our empty cages.

"What makes them keep such strange pets?" asked Tommy.

"They eat them," laughed old Daddy. "The old chief that lives in the big stone house fattens them by scores and hundreds. No proper person would touch such things; but what can you expect from people that do not know a Sunday from a Monday?"

The Lascar Indians seemed, indeed, to be in need of a missionary. Many of the children we met in the street were entirely naked, and when we had pitched our tent at the river-bank, some of their grown-up relations visited us in the strangest costume we had ever seen on human beings. One big chief strutted around in a stove-pipe hat, with a pair of embroidered slippers for epaulets; and a toothless squaw, looking old enough to be his grandmother, wore a boy's straw hat, with a bunch of parrot-feathers. Another woman, who could talk a little Spanish, was carrying a young child that looked as red as a boiled lobster, although her mother was almost too black to be called dark brown.

"What's the matter, Sissy?" asked Tom. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, sir; she has been steamed," said the mother.

"Steamed? How do you mean?"

"Why," was the parent's answer, "we put her in a willow basket, and hung the basket over a kettleful of boiling water."

"What did you do that for?" I asked. "Were you trying to kill her?"

"No, to save her life," said the woman. "She was bitten by an *arañon* [a venomous spider], and

that's the best remedy. The poison seems to pass out through the skin with the perspiration."

The arañon, or bird-eating spider of South America, is almost as big as a toad, red-brown, with long, hairy legs and claw-feet, and a pair of venomous, pincer-like fangs. The strangest thing about its poison is that most persons hardly feel the bite at first; but after an hour or so, their hands or feet begin to swell as if they had caught the erysipelas. The arañon often covers a whole bush with its grayish-white net, and catches birds as well as insects. The threads of its net are, indeed, as sticky as bird-lime, and strong enough to hold a good-sized canary-bird.

We made a very good bargain that afternoon. The Indians gave us a splendid king-parrot and several purple pigeons, in exchange for a few pounds of sugar and gunpowder, and the parents of our young Lascar guide sold us a nursing Midas-monkey, with a baby—a funny, nervous little young one that clasped his mother's neck as if he were trying to choke her.

While we ate our supper, a swarm of Indian children of all ages and sizes had gathered around our camp, and, after playing with our rats and monkeys, they began to throw stones at a mango-tree near the river-bank.

"What in the world can those children be after?" said I, seeing that they pursued their sport with a growing interest.

"Hallo! there is a big snake in that tree," said Tommy. "Not a boa, though," he added, when I jumped up. "It's a long red one, like those we saw in southern Yucatan."

A big coral snake lay coiled up in a fork of the tree, watching us with a pair of those glittering eyes that are supposed to paralyze birds and small animals.

"Make those boys stop, Tommy," said I. "Let us try an experiment. We can spare one of those white rats. I am going to see if the eyes of the snake will charm him."

The rats were quite tame, and the one we selected clung to the knob of my walking-stick, and stuck to his perch until I brought the knob in close proximity to the head of the serpent. They looked at each other for five or six minutes; but when the snake reared up, getting ready for action, the rat jumped back and slipped into my sleeve with

the nimbleness of a weasel. A few days after, we tried the same thing with a different result. The snake paralyzed our rat with a snap-bite, and gobbled him up when he began to stagger around like a blind puppy. So we almost suspected that little animals have generally been bitten before they act in the strange way which makes people suppose that the eyes of a snake must have bewitched them.

While we were watching the result of our experiment, one of the little boys fooled with the monkey-cage until the door came open, and, before we knew it, the Midas-monkeys jumped out, and would both have escaped if another boy had not caught them in the nick of time. But, in the scuffle, the old one dropped her baby, and, to our astonishment, the youngster whisked up an acacia-tree, with big, long thorns that prevented us from following him. All calling and coaxing was in vain, and, when we found that we could not shake him off, we fastened his mother to a long string to see if we could not make her go up and bring him down. But, for some reason or other, she refused to go, and threw herself on her back like a wild-cat when we tried to drive her up.

"Let us try Bobtail Billy," said Menito. "He likes to climb. I never saw him refuse a chance of that sort."

We at once put Menito's suggestion into execution, but it quickly proved almost too much of a success, for Billy bolted up the tree with a suddenness that nearly snapped the string. But, when he passed the baby, the little imp grabbed him, and in a twinkling had both arms around his neck. At the same moment, we pulled the string, and, though Billy struggled violently and snatched at the thorny branches left and right, the baby still stuck to him, resolved, as it seemed, to be skinned alive rather than lose this new protector fate had sent him. Down they came, locked together, and we dragged them to where the youngster's mother had been tied up in the interval. When she saw her bantling, she jumped up and made a grab at him; but, in a strange fit of jealousy, Billy now declined to surrender his charge, and he was making for the tree again, when Menito stopped him, and put all three of them in the same wire basket, to let them settle their family quarrels at their leisure.

(To be continued.)

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WAS KITTY CURED?

BY MARY GRAHAM.

KITTY BROWN was a nice little girl, but she had one fault; she never would remember to put down the piano-lid, when she had finished practicing. Now, there were two reasons why it was important for her to remember this duty: one was, that the piano was very much afflicted with asthma, and it always grew worse if it took cold in any way. Another reason was, in case of visitors coming in. When

little turn-over for you and your friends; but I shall only give it upon one condition."

"Oh! Mother, Mother," answered Kitty, joyfully. "You know I'll do anything for you, if you really will let me make a turn-over out of some of your good dough and mince-meat."

"But listen to the condition, Kitty: it is, that you will not forget, once, between this and then, to put down the piano-lid after you have finished practicing,—not once, remember!"

"That's a very easy condition, I'm sure, Mother, and I'm certain to earn my little pie, if that is all I have to do to get it."

"Very well; now be sure and remember, after this, for if you forget once, you know what you forfeit."

"Oh! I'll not forget," and away skipped Kitty, full of joy at the thought of her mother's kindness.

That afternoon, she sat down to practice, and had it in her mind about closing the piano, after her

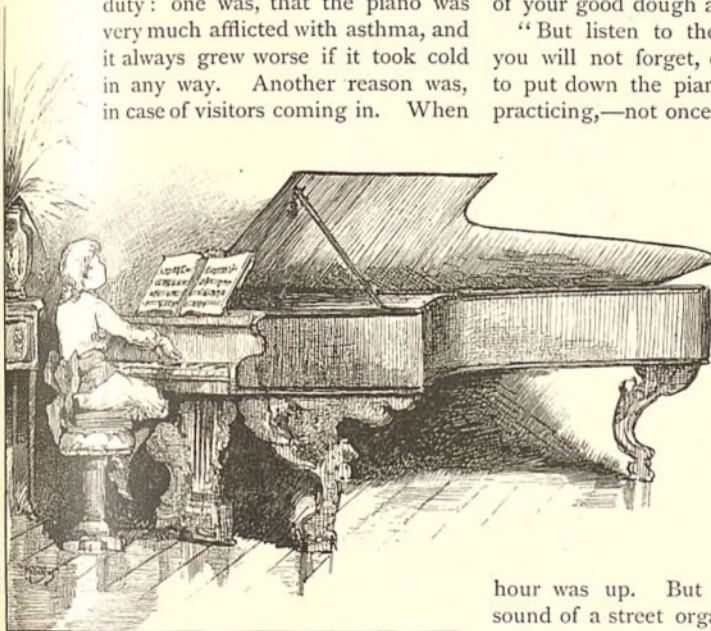
hour was up. But pretty soon she heard the sound of a street organ on the pavement outside, and she ran out to see if a funny little monkey, which had been there a few days before, had come again. Of course she did not stop to close the piano, for she fully intended to return in a few minutes, but sure enough, there was the monkey, performing all sorts of antics, and so long did it take her to watch him, and listen to the organ, and run up for some pennies, that she forgot all about the piano, until that evening at the tea-table her mother said to her, in a sorrowful tone of voice:

"Now, Kitty, you've forfeited your little pie already; you forgot to put the piano-lid down this afternoon."

"Oh-h-h-h! so I did, but indeed, Mother, the monkey made me; I should n't have thought of forgetting, if it had not been for him; wont you please try me again? I don't think I could possibly forget, to-morrow."

"Well, I'll try you again; but this time you must not forget it."

The next day, Kitty sat down to the piano with the best intentions; she was practicing very diligently,



KITTY PRACTICES "THE FAIRY WEDDING."

the piano-lid was down, and the nice, pretty cover which Mrs. Brown had embroidered was spread over it, no one would have suspected that this piano was not just as good as any other in the city of Philadelphia. But if the lid was up, the visitor, whoever it might be, was sure to try to play on it, while waiting for Mrs. Brown to come down. Now, no one could really play on that piano but Mrs. Brown and Kitty, and the music-teacher, so that you may imagine any visitor's disappointment at finding, instead of the sweet musical sounds they were accustomed to at home, only a wheezy, asthmatic noise, and what the Brown family had long ago named the "rattle-bone accompaniment."

"Kitty," said Mrs. Brown to her daughter one day, after she had been very much mortified by some of the comments of her visitors, about her piano; "Kitty, I am going to make some mince-pies next week, for Christmas, and I intend to give you some dough and mince-meat, to make a

for she hoped to know "The Fairy Wedding Waltz" well enough to play it at the entertainment which was to be given in their school the day before

just wait. Come up to the nursery and get warm. We have a splendid fire there in the grate."

Kitty had asked her mother's permission at dinner-time to go with her school-mates if they should come for her; and, as Mrs. Brown was now out, there was no one to remind her about the piano, so that she never once thought of it again until tea-time.

"Kitty," began Mrs. Brown, mournfully, "you have forfeited your little pie again. You know you were only to have it upon one condition, and that you have forgotten to fulfill."

"So I have, Mother. But indeed I would not have forgotten, only for Annie Peters and the other girls coming for me. We really did have to go to choose Miss Colton's present. Wont you let me try once more? Indeed, no matter who may come to-morrow, I shall be sure to remember it."

"Well, you may try just once more. But remember, you must not expect such a favor again."

"Oh, thank you, Mother!"

The next day, a great many important things took place, and when Kitty sat down to practice, her mind was full of the events of the



STARTING OUT TO SHOP FOR THE TEACHER'S PRESENT.

Christmas. Neither her school-mates nor teachers would have been able to recognize what Kitty was playing, had they listened to her as she played it at home. But Kitty knew it was the very same that she had been playing on the school piano every day at recess for the last week or so. To be sure, it sounded very differently on her own asthmatic instrument, and with the rattle-bone accompaniment, but Kitty had it so well in her mind, and at her fingers' ends, that she could almost hear the tune of it as she played, although the part in which she ran up the piano with her forefinger could not be performed in such a grandiose manner as usual. Toward the end of her practicing hour, she heard the door-bell ring, and then when Hannah went to the door she could hear the voices of some of her little school-mates asking for her. She knew what an important errand they had come upon, and she rushed out to greet them.

"You must go with us to choose Miss Colton's Christmas present," began Annie Peters, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes. I'll be ready in a minute, if you'll

morning, so that she played her scales and pieces without thinking much about them. When her hour was up, she arose from her seat in a kind of day-dream, and walked deliberately out of the room, without thinking of closing the piano.

That afternoon, some visitors came in, and Mrs. Brown, who was busy making mince-meat in the kitchen, could not come into the parlor immediately. The visitors, who happened to be very fond of music, took turns in trying to draw some out of the instrument; but, one after another, they gave up in despair.

"I should think Mr. Brown could afford to get something better than that for his wife and children; you can buy a good piano for a mere song, now, at auction," said one of the visitors—I will not say ladies, for a perfectly well-bred person would not have made such a remark.

At that moment, Mrs. Brown came into the parlor, just in time to catch the last part of what her visitor had said. Of course, neither she nor the others enjoyed the interview very much, and she felt exceedingly vexed with her little daughter for again having been the cause of such annoyance to

her. If Kitty had only left the piano closed, no one would have thought of doing anything to it but look at it, and in appearance it was very much like any other. Indeed, it had a pair and a half of very fine legs, and the pedal was quite respectable; while as for the embroidered cover, there were few prettier ones on this side of the Atlantic.

"And now, Kitty," said Mrs. Brown to her little girl, "you do not deserve that I should give you another chance. It is too bad that I should have suffered such mortification on account of your forgetfulness."

"Oh, Mother! I know I do not deserve another chance, but you've often given me things I did not deserve, because you say we all, grown people and everybody, get more than we deserve; so, if you'll only let me try once more, I'll not ask you again if I forget this time."

"Well now, remember, this must be the very last time. No little pie for you to bake if you forget to put the piano down between this and Monday, for that is the day I begin my baking. So you will only have to-day and to-morrow, for then comes Sunday."

"Oh! thank you, dear, kind Mother, and do

"I'll remember," said Kitty, quite as sure as if she had the best memory, for a little girl, in the world.

That afternoon, when Kitty was practicing, the door-bell rang, and some of her mother's friends were announced.

Poor, anxious-hearted Mrs. Brown, with face very white, rushed in by one parlor door, hurried Kitty from her position, and closed the piano, just as the visitors entered by the other door.

What a relief to Mrs. Brown, to know that she had succeeded in preventing any mortification to herself, for that afternoon! And what a relief to Kitty, to know that she would not have to remember any more for that day! Only one more day, and then she would be sure of her turn-over for Christmas. She would ask her mother to let her invite her little friends to help her eat it on Christmas afternoon.

The next day came, and Kitty felt sure she should not forget, this time. She practiced very diligently now, for in a few days they would have their school exhibition, and her music-teacher had told her she would have to know her piece a great deal better to play it before a room full of visitors,



"KITTY SAT DOWN AND WATCHED HER MOTHER."

you think I could forget now, when you have been so 'leaning' with me?" She meant "lenient."

"I don't know; but, if you do, you must not expect to bake any little pie; remember that."

than when she was only playing it to herself or some admiring friend. And so she played "The Fairy Wedding" over and over again, until she almost knew it with her eyes shut; then she played

her scales to make her fingers limber, then she played the waltz, until she grew fairly tired, and every finger ached.

Just as she was wondering whether it was time to stop, her father put his head into the parlor, and called her to him. It was such an unusual thing for him to be home so early in the afternoon, that she jumped up in joyful surprise and ran out to greet him.

"Here, Kitty," he said, holding a large parcel in his hand, "if you know how to keep a secret, just hide this, until the night before Christmas: it is my present to your mother, and I don't want her to know anything about it until then."

"Oh! I'll hide it in my closet: I know what it is, too; a set of furs, is n't it?"

"Never mind—you'd better not know, and then you can keep the secret better."

Kitty ran up to her room, and hid the parcel, and, sad to say, never once thought of the piano until the next morning, when her mother said to her, solemnly:

"Kitty, the piano was up all night, owing to your carelessness: I was too busy to go in there last evening, but discovered it this morning. I fear the piano will take a very bad cold."

"Yes—it is always cold in there at night," chimed in Mr. Brown, "and of course that is very bad for the asthma and rheumatism."

"I fear you will not be able to recognize your piece for a few days," said Mrs. Brown, sadly; then, after a preparatory pause, "and of course, Kitty, you will not now expect your little pie."

"Of course not——" answered Kitty, meekly: then, in a few minutes, brightening up, she said: "But indeed, Mother, if you only knew what made me forget, this time, you would not be hard on me. Do you think she would, Father?"

"S-s-h!" said Mr. Brown, very much fearing that Kitty would not be able to keep his little secret for him. Then he said, hurriedly: "No, don't be hard on her, wife."

"I don't really think I have been," replied Mrs. Brown; "but it seems to me Kitty ought to have

something to make her remember—no, I don't think she need expect to bake her little pie."

The next day, when Kitty came home from school, she found her mother in the midst of making her pies. She sat down in a corner of the kitchen, and watched her: it was so interesting to see the pieces of pastry which were cut off from each pie, as Mrs. Brown's deft fingers shaped them; these were the pieces which Kitty had once hoped to profit by, but now she had no such expectations.

Mrs. Brown looked over at her with eyes full of compassion.

"Of course, Kitty," she began, "you do not expect to get any of this dough, nor any of this mince-meat."

"No, Mother, of course I do not *expect* any; but you know you told me once that 'blessed are they that expect nothing' because they shall not be disappointed; and I should not be a bit disappointed if you should give me just enough to make a dear little pie for myself and Annie Peters, and Mamie Goodwin, and Alice Adams; and if I could only have them here Christmas afternoon to help me eat it, I'm sure I should never forget to put down the piano-lid again. You said I needed something to make me remember it, and I am sure this would, more than anything else I could think of. Of course I don't *expect* you to, and I will not even ask you, because I promised not to ask you again—but—oh! you dear, kind, good leaning mother—is all that for me? all that dough and that mince-meat? I can make two turn-overs, and that will be a half a one apiece, and I am very, very sure I shall never forget to put down the piano-lid again: and now I must run up and get my little pie-board and pastry roller."

And Kitty ran off with a light heart and with beaming eyes, feeling sure her mother would never have reason to be sorry that, after all her little girl's carelessness, she was going to let her bake her turn-over and have a good time at Christmas with her young friends.

But do you think Kitty ever again forgot to put down the piano-lid?

"STRAWBERRIES! Ripe straw-berries!"

Shouted big Johnny Strong;
And he sold his baskets readily
To folks who came along.

But soon a tiny voice piped forth,
"Me, too!" Nell could not shout

As John did. Yet she too must sell
The fruit she bore about.

"HO, STRAW-BERR-E-E-S!" roared lusty John.
"Me, too!" piped Nell, so sad.
And Johnny made good sales that day,
But Nell sold all she had.



THE MONTH OF ROSES.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

ALL who live in this favored land know the wealth of its lavish summer and rejoice that its "June may be had of the poorest comer"—June, with its songs, its roses, and its warm, swift breezes—and they will be ready to echo in their hearts every word of Lowell's beautiful verses which the Treasure-box offers you this month.

You will find, as you see more and more of literature, that almost every good writer has his special line or style of writing, and has won fame by excelling in that special line. For instance, of modern authors, we speak of Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens as great novelists; of Ruskin and Carlyle as great essayists or critics; of Scott and Hawthorne as romancers; and of Tennyson and Longfellow as poets. But now and then we find a man who, writing in all these ways, proves himself a master in each. Among the foremost

of such writers is James Russell Lowell. He is poet, essayist, critic, humorist, all in one. For a long time, he was a professor in Harvard University; but, as many of you know, he is now—to the honor of his country—serving as American minister to England.

Although Lowell has written almost entirely for grown-up readers, there is many a page of his works that would help you to appreciate good literature, and many a description or poem that would charm and delight you. For Lowell, with all his learning and deep thought, keeps himself forever young at heart,—as, indeed, do all true poets,—and his writings are full of the spirit and joy of youth and of youthful delight in life. This is shown clearly enough in the following short extract describing the sights and sounds of the happy month of June. It is taken from his noble poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

A JUNE DAY.—BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Just before June comes in with her peerless days, and while May still is awaiting her arrival, our people unite in doing grateful service to the many soldiers who fell in the late terrible national struggle known as our Civil War. They deck the crowded graves with flowers, and, while they recognize and mourn over the War as a great calamity, they love to remember the brave and true hearts who yielded up life for their country's honor and best prosperity. We cannot go into the story of the War,

here. It is written in the great book of Human Life, with which you all shall, day by day, grow more familiar, and which even now you are reading in the light of your own homes. Enough for the Treasure-box, to say that every great country, at some period of its history, has had to fight for its existence; and that, at such times, when the whole land is aglow with zeal and excitement, songs and utterances spring from the very heart of the hour and become forever a part of the nation's literature. Such an

utterance is the selection we give you this month,—the renowned speech of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication,

in November, 1863, of the soldiers' burial-ground, on the battle-field of Gettysburg:

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, consecrated it far above our power

to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

In connection with this grand and simple speech, you may fitly read, on "Decoration Day," the beautiful poem written by Judge Finch. It was inspired by a newspaper paragraph stating that, two years after the

close of the War, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, had shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead, strewing flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.*—BY F. M. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storms of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

* The Union or Northern soldiers wore blue uniforms; the Confederate soldiers wore gray.

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT THE CANDIDATES.

JIM SWAYNE did not fail to make a full report to Fanny of his talk with Mr. Ayring.

"I can bring along boys enough, too," he added, confidently; "but it won't do to be in too great a hurry. There are all sorts of talk about it among Madame Skinner's girls."

Fanny would hardly have told even her brother how keen an interest she was beginning to take in the matter.

She was a tall, showy-looking young lady, of full sixteen, and the slightly haughty expression of her mouth might have made some people think she would be above mingling with such an affair of mere boys and girls as a "May-Day Festival."

She had been present the previous year, however, and had now before her mind's eye a vivid picture of the crowded hall, with its brilliant lights, its hanging flags, its festooned evergreens, and its prodigal display of flowers.

She remembered, too, the music, the applause, and how very beautiful Belle Roberts looked, marching in upon the stage with her maids of honor and her bowing retinue of young gentleman attendants, and she was sure in her heart that she could herself exceed the triumphant success of that or any other "crowning."

It was to be a "public appearance," as the central figure, the observed of all observers, the mark for, perhaps, two thousand pairs of admiring eyes, and the prospect of it thrilled her from head to foot.

She had great confidence in James and his zeal and energy. Nothing could be better devised than the little plot of Mr. Ayring. The result seemed as sure as anything could be, but the flush of hope and gratified pride faded away from her cheeks as she muttered: "There's nearly a week for something to happen in. I may not be elected, after all."

The Park girls were not planning her election, when so many of them gathered, after school, in the parlor of the Roberts's dwelling.

They talked of many candidates, but there was one street, not far below the Park, beyond which no suggestion of theirs had big enough wings to fly.

"Beyond that," as one of them said, "all the girls go to Madame Skinner's."

No amount of grace or beauty could make up

for such a misfortune, as long as there were any Park girls to choose from.

There did once rise a faint voice with: "What if they should set up Fanny Swayne?"

"She?" exclaimed Dora Keys. "Why, she's too old. She was graduated from boarding-school last year. She'll be out in society in a season or two."

Belle Roberts had been barely fourteen when the May diadem had fallen upon her glossy brown hair, but she was a year older now, and her friends seemed still to regard her as a sort of queen-model to go by.

It was not long, therefore, with Dora's help, before a second line of exclusion was formed, as fatal to candidates as was the cross street this side of Madame Skinner's school.

The number "fifteen" began to have a kind of magic, and the girls who could not show a birthday with those figures upon it were pitilessly set aside as too young.

Half of the present company and a larger fraction of their absent school-mates were under the mark, and the problem was made more simple by having just so many girls less to pick from.

Old age was as fatal as extreme youth, and "sixteen, going on seventeen" was also ruled out by common consent.

Dora had a kind heart, and she could but put her plump, white hand on the shoulder of pretty Jenny Sewell, and whisper: "You may have a chance next year, darling."

Belle Roberts overheard it, and added, in her frank, smiling way: "Yes, Dora dear, and you'll be a year too old, then."

"I'm just barely fifteen now."

"But you could pass for more and not half try."

"I don't mean to try."

The young lady "caucus" was even more animated than that of the boys had been, but there is an old proverb in the army that "a council of war never fights." They could not and did not agree upon any one candidate, and so Belle had to tell Jack after they had gone.

"No candidate!" he exclaimed. "Now that's funny. It must be that they all want it."

"They all said they did n't,—all but Dora Keys."

"She did n't, eh? She would n't make a bad queen, if once she were upon the platform. The trouble is, she'll never get there."

"You could n't make her believe that."

"She 'd better, then. She 's a year too old and a head too tall."

"How would Jenny Sewell do?"

"Capitally, if Bob Sewell were not so high and mighty. The boys 'd vote for her, may be, but they wont want to set him up any higher."

"Making her queen would n't make him king."

"He 'd look at it that way. He feels bigger than the mayor now, and he is n't twenty."

"I don't see whom you can take, then, unless it 's Sarah Dykeman."

"She 'd do splendidly, if you could get her to take it."

"Don't you think she would?"



"THE TRAIN WILL BE THE MAIN THING," SHE SAID."

"Did n't she say she would n't?"

"Well, yes; she said so —"

"Then she wont. That 's just the difference between her and the rest. She and Dora Keys are honest."

"She 's worth ten of Dora."

"Of course she is, but Dora can't keep in anything she thinks about herself."

"She thinks a good deal, then."

It was all said good-humoredly enough.

Dora had gone home with a growing conviction that her prospects were bright, and getting brighter. "Not one of them said anything against

my running. They 'll have to vote for me or else it 'll be one of Madame Skinner's girls."

That night, Dora had as vivid a dream as had Fanny Swayne, herself, of standing on a brilliantly lighted platform, before a vast, enthusiastic crowd, and with a crown of roses on her head.

Fanny, indeed, had gone one step farther, for she had dreamed so vividly, while she was yet wide awake, that she had pulled out from its hiding-place the pretty white dress she had worn at her "graduation," and had decided upon what it would need to turn it into a royal "coronation robe."

"The train will be the main thing," she said. "It must be long enough for six maids of honor to hold it up,—three on a side. The end of it must fall to the floor behind them, with lilies on it. Yes, the skirt can be lengthened, easily, and it is n't very expensive stuff. I 'll have a prettier scepter, too, than Belle had. Hers was far too big and clumsy. It looked as if it weighed a pound."

Jim had been hard at work, and he had made his report.

"Candidates? Oh, they 're all talking about everybody. They don't seem to have fixed on any one name yet."

"But the Park set?" asked Fanny.

"Not a word. Some of our boys think they must have heard of what Mr. Ayring said, and mean to give it up. They know they can't do anything against him, with all the town to help him."

CHAPTER V.

THE ELECTION.

JEFF CARROLL was a quiet, near-sighted, careless sort of fellow, with a strong tendency to chuckle over the things close up to which his short vision compelled him to bring his face.

It was not often, however, that his chuckle seemed to have a deeper meaning in it than when he and Will Torrance came together, half an hour before school-time, in the morning.

Will was a character, in some respects, combining a queer disposition to write poetry with a liking for fancy poultry, and an ambition to be the champion athlete of his set. He was, as yet, a good deal more of a wrestler than of a poet.

He and Jeff were great cronies, and his entire boy rose within him to inquire the meaning of that chuckle.

"Can you keep a secret, Will?"

"I can try. What 's up?"

"Old Ayring's going to have the May Queen election come off next Tuesday evening."

"Everybody knows that."

"And I know whom he's going to have elected."

"How did you find out?"

"He's having some voting tickets printed in our office, on the sly. I saw the proof this morning, on Father's desk."

"You don't say!"

"Guess who it is."

"Can't do it. Some one of Madame Skinner's girls, I suppose."

"Not a one. Guess again."

"Give it up. Unless he's chosen me?"

"It's Fanny Swayne!"

"She's pretty enough, and would make a good queen. Is n't she too old, though?"

"He does n't care, as long as his show goes off to suit him."

"But Jim would be proud as a peacock."

"We won't let him, Will. Let you and I elect a May Queen of our own."

"You and I? Why, we count but two votes. Some of the boys might go with us, if the girls would let 'em; but I don't believe you and I have much influence with the girls."

"We don't need any. But I've picked out our queen, if you're agreed to try it."

"One's as good as another, for me, if it is n't Dora Keys, or Bob Sewell's sister, and if she's pretty enough and is n't too old."

"Did you ever see Milly Merriweather, Pug's sister?"

"Lots of times, but I never spoke to her. It seems to me the girls rather snub her."

"She's a quiet little thing, and the older girls just lord it over one of that kind. I tell you what, Will, that's the very reason we ought to elect her. But we must n't breathe it."

"We must ask her if she'll consent."

"Not a word of it. She'd say no, of course, and spoil it all. The first thing she knows of it must be her election. It must be a regular surprise, all around."

"It'll be a tremendous surprise to me, for one."

"No it won't. You come down town with me, after school. I'll show you. It's time to go in, now. Not a word to any of the boys."

The young politician blinked his gray eyes merrily and walked away in a fit of chuckles that seemed almost to choke him.

Will Torrance not only scribbled no poetry that morning, but he actually earned a bad mark in geometry, which was his especial stronghold, next after chickens. It was dreadfully severe on a boy of fourteen to have a big secret to keep and only know one-half of it, himself.

Even when the hour of noon recess came, Will was unable to obtain any consolation from Jeff.

That worthy did but blink at him in a most barbarous way and keep himself surrounded by a perpetual body-guard of the other boys, in whose quick-eared presence no secret could be safely hinted at.

They were all "talking May Queen" but not one of them spoke of Milly Merriweather.

"We shall be like a pair of mittens," growled Will. "Only just two of us. It'll take more than that to elect her."

Nothing unusual occurred in school, that afternoon, but the moment he reached the sidewalk at the close of it, all of Jeff Carroll's indifference vanished.

"Come on, Will. I've got it all worked out. Let's get away before any of the rest hang on."

Will was ready, and away they went, down town, at a pace that was almost a trot.

All the answer Jeff would give to any questions, was:

"It's all right. You'll see."

He paused, at last, before the shop of a thriving dealer in cheap literature and stationery.

That is, he did not so much pause as plunge in, and in half a minute more he was asking Will's opinion of a large assortment of embossed "cards" of staring colors, such as were greatly used for advertising purposes.

"Don't they blaze?"

"They're as big as my hand."

"Well, pretty nearly," said Jeff, chuckling. "But they're four times as big as the tickets old Ayring is having printed for Fanny Swayne's election. Don't you see the dodge, now?"

"I begin to. Every single small boy in the chorus will take one of these for a ticket, sooner than one of the little white ones."

"That's it."

"And that is n't all of it, Jeff."

"What more, then?"

"Every one of them'll keep your pretty card," objected Will, "and put Ayring's ugly one in the ballot-box."

"We must make them trade with us, where we can. They'll do it. And every chick and child of 'em must have two. One to vote and one to keep."

Jeff's electioneering powers were fit to make an alderman of him, some day, and he and Will divided between them the not very heavy cost of three hundred of the most extraordinary paste-boards in the stationer's stock.

"Now where, Jeff?"

"Where? Why, to our job-printing office. Old McGee, the foreman, is a pet of mine. He'll print Milly's name on the cards in bronze-gilt letters, bright enough to dazzle the little fellows."

Jeff had not at all overestimated his influence with the rotund and jolly-looking foreman, and it only needed a hint of what was up, to insure the most absolute secrecy. Anything in the way of election tickets was a direct appeal to the heart and conscience of Corny McGee.

"Now, Will, we must keep perfectly silent about this. We're the only party in this election that knows just what it's about."

Jeff knew that his friend could do far better than he could, in rallying active supporters. However, Jim Swayne and Mr. Ayring could have named another "party" that knew what it meant to do and how it meant to do it.

The next day was Saturday, and the boys of Mr. Hayne's school, as well as those of the Wedgwood, were scattered far and wide by the customary holiday duties of young gentlemen of their age.

There were several games of base-ball that needed to be played, and other affairs of equal importance to be attended to, and Will Torrance had a trip of two miles to make into the country, after a remarkable pair of Bantam fowls.

Jeff "stood by his guns."

That is, he stood as a sort of sentinel at Corny McGee's elbow until the last of that lot of gorgeous cards fell from the printing-press, with the name of "Amelia Merriweather" printed thereon in full, readable type, and the apprentice in attendance had powdered the same to brightness with a sift of glittering bronze.

If any small boy or girl could be proof against the power of such an attraction as that, Jeff felt that he should lose his confidence in juvenile human nature.

That Saturday was a day of trial among the young ladies.

There were endless "caucuses" but no "conventions," and no one of the several gatherings knew what the others might be doing.

Late in the day a direful rumor began to spread among the girls who had brothers, or whose friends had brothers, at the Wedgwood school, to the effect that Jim Swayne had pledged six of the best boys there to help him elect his sister.

"Fanny is to be a candidate, then!" came from many lips.

Fanny could have obtained a larger idea of her age, if not of her other qualities, if she could have listened to all the comments called out by that little piece of news, as it traveled so fast among the girls of Saltillo.

The next day was Sunday, and of course the May Queen business was dropped, but Monday could fairly have been described as "busy." So busy, in fact, that by sunset the confusion was worse than ever in all the camps and councils but those of Mr.

Ayring and Jim Swayne, and of Jeff Carroll and Will Torrance.

It is possible that Dora Keys imagined herself a camp and council or something of the sort, for at least a dozen of the smaller girls had said, or had allowed her to say without any contradiction, that her chances were as good as those of any other girl around the Park.

Belle Roberts asked her brother, at supper, what he thought of Dora's chances.

"That's just what I have n't been doing, Belle."

"Don't you think she has any?"

"There's no telling where the lightning may strike. But I think she's safe. The fact is, Belle, the Wedgwood boys and old Ayring are going to be too much for us, this time."

It looked a good deal like it, and the Park boys came together, on the morning of the decisive Tuesday, with despairing hearts.

That suited the shrewd mind of Jeff Carroll exactly, for they would be ready to bite at any kind of chance for a victory.

He worked with care, nevertheless, and only explained his plan of battle to a select few, under tremendous pledges of secrecy.

One after another, Charley Ferris, Otis Burr, Jack Roberts, and Joe Martin were engaged as lieutenants under the generalship of Will Torrance, with Jeff himself for what the army men call a "chief of staff," which means the man who knows more than the general, but does not wish to say so.

"You see, boys," said Jeff, "our best hold will be among the little chaps, just where Ayring means to get his. He means to have them all supplied with tickets and their votes put in, before the older girls and boys are ready. If he knew what we are up to, he might do something to head us off."

The idea that they were working out a mysterious plot supplied all the added energy required, and by tea-time on Tuesday evening every boy of them was a good deal more than ready.

The drilling for the vocal music of Mr. Ayring's annual "festival" had been going on quite successfully for several weeks, and it was a capital "singing-school" for the rank and file of the "chorus."

It would now be necessary to have the older performers in training, and so the time for choosing them had fully come.

When Will Torrance looked in, that evening, at the door of the "lecture-room" of the Presbyterian church, where the drills were held and the election was to take place, he exclaimed:

"Jeff, there are more'n two hundred voters, but we've tickets enough to go 'round. There'll be a good many who won't want 'em, so we shall have two apiece for the rest."

The "pretty tickets" had already been divided among the active workers, to whose ranks five or six more of the Park boys could now be safely added.

The best reinforcement of all came at the very last.

"Pug!—Pug Merriweather, come here!" loudly whispered Jack Roberts to the head-center of all the noise there was in his part of the room.

"What have you got for me?"

"Come here. We're going to elect your sister May Queen. Make every boy and girl you can get at, vote one of these tickets. If they have little white tickets, get them to exchange them for one of these. Give 'em two apiece, and they can vote one and keep the other."

"If they don't, I'll make it hot for 'em!"

His little hands were filled with the gaudy pasteboards and his keen black eyes were all a-sparkle with delight and energy.

"Look at him, Will," exclaimed Jack. "A wasp in a sugar-barrel is nothing to him."

Even after Mr. Ayring called the meeting to order, and all were listening to his business-like statement of what they were to do, Pug was slipping slyly along from seat to seat, till his tickets were out and he had to come back for more.

Mr. Ayring's own plan called for prompt action, with no useless time given to be wasted on writing out tickets or in "electioneering," a thing he had said something against in his opening remarks.

In less than five minutes after the appointment of four young gentlemen to act as "tellers," and ply their hats as "ballot-boxes," a good share of the voting had been "completely done."

Not a few had written ballots ready, and pencils and paper were busy, but there were signs of excitement speedily visible among the Wedgwood boys. Dora Keys herself handed Jim Swayne one of the colored tickets, although she did not drop one like it into his hat.

"Sarah," exclaimed Belle, "this is the work of our boys. We must help them. Pass the word among as many girls as you can. Will Torrance?"—he was passing her just then—"Can't you let us have some tickets?"

"Here they are. If you girls'll help, we're sure to win."

The "surprise" part of Jeff Carroll's plan worked to a charm.

Half the small-fry in the room had voted, before an effort could be made to check the sudden and unexpected flood of those very brilliant ballots.

If Mr. Ayring was vexed he did his best not to show it; but the color of Jim Swayne's face betrayed the disturbed condition of his mind.

Pug Merriweather was everywhere.

"Jeff," said Will, "that little piece of quicksilver is worth both of us put together."

They and their friends were by no means idle, however, during that exciting quarter-hour.

Poor Milly Merriweather sat among some of her friends, with a staring green ticket in her lap, hardly knowing whether to blush or to run away.

Otis Burr and Jim Swayne met in front of Mr. Ayring's desk, in their capacity of tellers, at the moment when it was announced that "the polls are closed."

"It's a regular trick!" exclaimed Jim.

"And of a shrewd kind," calmly responded the red-haired boy; "but you did n't make it work well. How does your hat feel?"

The other hats came swiftly in, and the tickets were piled in a great heap in front of Mr. Ayring. It looked as if the counting them would be a mere matter of form, but for form's sake it had to be done.

"Two hundred and fifty-three votes cast. I should hardly have thought there were so many in the room," said Mr. Ayring.

It was too late to count the voters present, however, and the separate count began.

For a few minutes, Jim Swayne's face grew a little more cheerful, for the white tickets were pretty numerous, though not making so much of a show, and there were a good many scattering votes written with pen and pencil.

Tally was made after tally, and now the Merriweather strength began to show itself, as the big tickets heaped up in a larger and larger pile.

Then, at last, came a moment when you could have heard a pin drop, although nobody took the trouble to drop one.

Mr. Ayring slowly arose to announce the result of the voting.

He drew a good long breath, for it was not what he had expected to read, when he had come there, early that evening.

"Miss Frances Swayne has received eighty-three votes; Miss Alice Bridge, seventeen; Miss Dora Keys, five; there are twenty-one votes scattered among other candidates; Miss Amelia Merriweather has received one hundred and twenty-seven votes, and is elected, by a majority of one over all competitors."

The Park boys cheered and stamped; all the children under twelve did their best to make the noise louder, and if there were any tokens given of discontent, vocal or otherwise, they were completely drowned.

"We shall now proceed with the other exercises of the evening," continued Mr. Ayring, "but I shall be happy to confer with Miss Merriweather at the close. I will add that, in my opinion, you

have shown excellent taste and good judgment in your selection."

Milly Merriweather hid her face in her hands, but the girls crowded around to congratulate her,

"Well, I don't know which side was most surprised. On the whole, I think it was Milly herself."

"She'll get over it."



"THE GIRLS CROWDED AROUND TO CONGRATULATE HER."

the Park boys raised a tempest of applause, and Jeff Carroll whispered to Will Torrance:

"We've done it, old fellow. See! Pug Merriweather is trying to stand on his head!"

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL JOURNALISM.

THERE was not a single boy of Mr. Hayne's school in danger of being late on the morning after the May Queen election.

Even Andy Wright was one of the earliest on the ground, and his first remark was to Otis Burr:

"I've heard that you had a kind of surprise party last night?"

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"That's more than Jim Swayne will. I say, Will Torrance! you've cut out a job for yourself."

"What kind of job?"

"Oh, Jim Swayne and the rest of 'em lay it all to you."

"Jeff Carroll deserves more credit than I do."

"All right. We'll give him the honors; and you may take the rest for your share."

That had not been Will's first intimation that the wrath of the defeated party was gathering upon him. Even Jeff Carroll had said to him, with a chuckle: "Jim says he'll make you eat one of those tickets, Will."

And Charley Ferris had put on a terribly pugnacious look in declaring: "Don't let 'em scare you, Will. I'll stand by you."

There was not a shadow of doubt that he would, either, nor of the sincerity of all the rest, one after another, in echoing his heroic declaration. The school would be as one man, or boy, in an affair of that sort. At the same time it was not likely that more than half a dozen of their rivals felt badly enough about it to do more than bluster.

They were talking very big, indeed, over at the Wedgwood, that morning, although Jim Swayne himself did not appear until just as the bell rang, and then he did not look as if he were anxious to talk to anybody.

He had, in fact, done quite enough of mere talking the previous night, both before he went home and after he got there.

He even felt hurt at Mr. Ayring himself for his very calm and smiling way of treating the matter.

"To think," said Jim to his sister, "of his laughing about it as if it were a good joke of some kind."

There were many persons besides the music-teacher who were able to see a funny side to such a performance, and it was quite as well they were, for the sake of good feeling and the success of the "festival."

The girls of Madame Skinner's were hardly disposed to make merry, and their dignified "principal" did not refer to the election at all in her "morning remarks." Her pupils did, very freely, and so did the young ladies at Miss Offerman's. Of course these were all pleased, and said so, and many of them were able to add: "I voted for Milly. She'll make a capital May Queen."

Dora Keys was a good deal mystified, at first. She said to herself, and afterward to others:

"I never so much as heard Milly's name mentioned; and they certainly talked of me. Every ticket I wrote out was voted, too. It must be,—that's it. It was those hideous printed tickets. There were more of them to be put in and so they put them in. The children were crazy to get them. I never thought as far as that."

The remaining interest in connection with the May Festival would be in the selection of the "court," and in that, at least, Mr. Ayring was pretty sure to have almost everything to say.

The Park boys knew that some of them would be chosen, but that a good many more would not, and it may be they were all the better pleased over a new excitement that sprang up among them at the noon recess.

"I say, Joe Martin," began John Derry, "what is this about Friday afternoon?"

"Declamation and composition. Every boy will have to try. One thing or the other. Each week."

"I'll speak, then. What'll you try for, Jack?"

"Have n't you heard? It's Jeff Carroll's notion."

"He's always up to something. What is it, this time? Going to elect a queen every Friday?"

"No,—sir!—It's newspapers."

"I'll bring one —"

"Bring one! Every boy that wants to can get up one of his own and read it."

"But my father does n't own a printing-office. Does yours?"

"We're to write them,—editorials and all."

"Look here, Jack," interrupted Otis Burr. "Don't you think I look a little like Horace Greeley?"

"Can't say you do."

"I feel like an editor of some kind, anyhow. I'm going to start the 'Weekly Plunger.'"

"Mine'll be the 'Journal,'" said Charley Ferris. "Andy has his 'Review' half written. Joe Martin's will be the 'Register.' It'll be big fun."

The plan seemed to grow in popular interest every minute, but one o'clock came upon them before half of the proposed "periodicals" were even named.

The boys were hardly in their seats before they began to find out that Mr. Hayne himself had been thinking of the matter, for he made them a little speech about it.

The papers met with his approval, but once in two weeks would be often enough for them. Half the pupils each week. The editors were to be orators one Friday and writers the next. He would give them no sort of advice now, but wait and see how they would succeed. All who could be ready by the next Friday would be welcome to read.

It was a serious piece of business, but the boys could see that there was fun to come.

"Wont I report 'em?" remarked Jeff to his crony, after school.

"I've poetry enough on hand to run my paper all summer."

"That wont do, Will. Just a little of it, may be. Can't you give us a leader on chickens?"

"Perhaps I could. And I have another idea in my head. It's a Ramblers' Club."

"What's that?"

"Oh, you and I, and as many as want to, go somewhere in the country, every Saturday. We could get up some yarns about it."

"And have fun, too. I'm in for it. Let's go, next Saturday."

"But, Jeff, shall you have a newspaper ready by Friday?"

"Oh, wont I? You'll see!"

Jeff could not be induced to divulge anything more about his plans, but Will felt sure there was something of interest coming.

As for the rest of the boys, neither that day, after school, nor the next, was there any attention paid to leap-frog, base-ball, pull-away, or any other of their customary affairs.

On the contrary, there was a general scattering toward home, the moment they got out of the gate.

"They're all editing, Mr. Hayne," remarked John Derry to the teacher, when he found himself alone on the sidewalk, and was asked where the rest were. "I'm the only orator left, this week. I'll be ready, sir."

He said it soberly enough, but Mr. Hayne knew something of boys, and he felt sure his young friend would bring as much as anybody to the Friday's entertainment.

John Derry was always ready to do his share of anything he liked, and although he could not say he liked "declamation," when it took the shape of work, it was quite another thing when it could be made to look like mischief.

So he, too, went home and did his best, even carrying a big book of "rhetorical selections" up into the garret of his father's house, and very nearly missing his supper.

"They'll do it," remarked Mr. Hayne, to himself, as he walked along. "They'll get more practice out of it than they would from any amount of mere grammatical exercises. If I can keep them at it, there's no telling how much they may learn."

All the while, too, they would be doing their own driving, and that was a grand thing, of itself.

Thursday and the forenoon of Friday were crammed full of reserve and mystery.

The disposition to talk seemed to have vanished, and every editor in the school was as solemn as a young owl, over the intended contents of his "first number." The excitement was not less on that account, and for once the hour between twelve o'clock and one seemed altogether too long for endurance.

"Jeff," said Will, "do you know who's to read first?"

"No. Perhaps Mr. Hayne'll call the roll and have us read in turn."

"Then I'm away down the list and you'll come next after Ote Burr."

"Ote has something queer. He came within half an inch of laughing when I asked him about it."

"Did he?—There goes the clock. Come on."

Mr. Hayne was as calm and smiling as usual, and the boys half envied him his power of keeping cool under such exciting circumstances.

He had very little to say, however, seeming disposed to treat the Friday performance just like any other day's proceedings.

"As we have but one exercise in declamation, young gentlemen, we shall begin with that. Mr. John Derry."

John was ready and marched gravely forward to the platform. There was a faint flush on his face, but nobody could tell whether it arose from bashfulness or something else. He gave a low bow to Mr. Hayne, another to the school, and then launched boldly out into Daniel Webster's great speech in reply to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina. The boys all knew bits and slices of it, and thought John had made a good selection. That is, if he meant nothing personal to the Mr. Hayne he had just bowed to.

Up to that time, not one of his boy friends had dreamed how good a memory John Derry really had, but they began to know something about it, now.

Any other boy would have thought six inches of that speech quite enough for once, and been glad to get through and sit down.

Not so John Derry, on the present important occasion. He was to be the only speaker, and he had made up his mind that there should be speaking enough—as much as if a dozen boys had taken the business in hand, instead of one.

On he went, speaking more and more slowly, but never missing a word, until even Mr. Hayne himself looked at him with a queer sort of surprised smile on his face.

There could be no doubt of the hard work it had cost to get John Derry ready for such a feat as that, but all the editors he was addressing wished more and more strongly every minute, that his memory would fail him.

Would he—could he—go on in that way all the afternoon? They were afraid he would. And then what would become of the newspapers?

The thought of not reading them grew dreadful, and John was talking more slowly yet, and going straight on, when Mr. Hayne suddenly spoke:

"That will do, Mr. Derry."

"Not half through, sir."

"I know it. Any editor in the room is at liberty to publish the rest of it. You may sit down."

John's effort to look dignified, as he bowed himself off the platform, came near setting the school into a laugh, but Mr. Hayne promptly announced:

"The Park 'Review' will now be read by Mr. Andrew Wright."

"Beginning at the wrong end of the roll-call," grumbled Otis Burr, but Andy rose in his place and lifted from his desk several sheets of paper, neatly fastened together at the top with red tape.

"Remain where you are, Mr. Wright," said Mr. Hayne, and the reading began.

First came what the editor called a "prospectus," or, as John Derry said afterward:

"That means a 'what I'm going to do.'"

It was by no means long, and it was followed by a very well written "leader" on the general subject of "boys." There were two "book-notices," and a conundrum, but it had evidently not occurred to Andy to bring in any "fun." On the whole, every one of the other editors was glad when it was finished, if only for the sad conviction he had that the "Review" would get the habit of being the best edited paper in the whole school.

"Mr. Jefferson Carroll will now read 'The Spy,'" said Mr. Hayne.

"Skipping all around," was Otis Burr's mental comment, as a faint chuckle came to his ears from Jeff's desk. Jeff was promptly on his feet. Not a breath of anything like a "prospectus" opened "The Spy."

Instead thereof, began a high-sounding essay on the great question of "How did the cow get into the Park?" and this was followed by a vivid "report" of the May Queen election. Jeff was wise enough not to speak of any of the young ladies by their real names, but the boy politicians were described as acting under the leadership and direction of the great Pug Merriweather. Not one of them escaped a good taking off, the several criticisms upon them being set down as coming from the wise lips of Pug.

As Jeff himself declared, editorially, his list of "local items" would have been longer if he had been given more time to gather them.

Otis Burr was almost taken by surprise in being called upon next, for the "Plunger."

His face was as red as his hair when he arose, but it almost instantly grew solemn as he began to read a stirring account of the "Fight for a cocoa-nut," in which Jack Roberts was made to figure as at least a regiment and his antagonist as a whole tribe of Indians. Pug Merriweather appeared as a defenseless settler, and the cocoa-nut was described as nearly losing its scalp.

Otis had not given all his space to "war," for he followed that with an article severely pitching into a make-believe quotation from some imaginary former number of Andy Wright's "Review." Before he had read a dozen lines of the "extract" itself, Andy was squirming on his seat with vexation, for it was an odd mixture of bad grammar, Irish brogue, and all sorts of broken English, not to speak of slang.

It was easy enough to abuse a thing like that,

and even Mr. Hayne caught himself laughing when Otis gravely wound up with:

"The author of this wretched piece of nonsense does not know how to spell, much less how to conduct a 'Review.' He should at once place himself under the care of our gifted friend, Professor John Derry."

It was John's turn to squirm a little, for it was plain that he had been mentioned by his friend the editor of the "Plunger" as the last boy in school who was likely to be able to teach, even spelling, to Andy Wright.

Charley Ferris followed, with his "Journal," and Joe Martin with his "Register," but they complained of the short notice they had had of publication day.

Will Torrance had been waiting as patiently as he could, and when at last his name was called, it seemed to him as if something chilly had come over that school-room.

The fact was, he was conscious that everybody had heard enough.

He only read, therefore one of the three pieces of poetry he had selected from his own writings for the occasion.

It was pretty long, but it rhymed fairly well and paved the way for what Jeff Carroll had suggested to him—a leading editorial article on chickens.

There was a suppressed giggle all around the school when he announced his subject, but it died away when he added that he intended to write, this time, about "Our Coop," and went right on with a decidedly personal description of the young gentlemen around him.

It was pretty good fun, but some of the boys failed to see why Will need have been so careful to explain the difference between chickens and geese, and then to add that many people would be unable to see it plainly, after all.

He wound up with a notice of an excursion to "the lake," on Saturday,—to-morrow,—by "that ancient and honorable society, the Ramblers' Club," which hardly any of them had ever heard of before.

"Young gentlemen," said Mr. Hayne, after Will sat down, "the hour has arrived for closing school. I will examine these papers carefully, and give you my criticisms next week. I must say, however, that I am very well pleased with so good a beginning. It is much better than I expected."

All the editors were proud of that, and the boys whose turn was to come determined in their hearts to beat anything which had been read that day.

(To be continued.)



AN ITALIAN FISHER-BOY MENDING HIS NETS.

THE GIANT PICTURE-BOOK.

(A new style of Tableaux Vivants.)

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

This curious novelty can be produced with very little trouble in any parlor, by children, for the amusement of their friends, or in a public hall.

A little girl dressed in white is discovered on a couch strewn with picture-books and toys, as if she had fallen asleep at play. She is dreaming of the pictures as they are shown in the great book which leans against the wall in the center at her right. The Fairy Godmother rises from behind the couch, and stands on a cricket above and behind the child. She is dressed in red (paper muslin or some cheap material), with long pointed waist over a black skirt. Her high pointed hat and her shoes and stockings are red, and she wears a white ruff about her neck and another inside her hat, which has a wide black band and a gilt buckle.

She holds in her right hand a cane with a bar across the top, and after saluting the spectators, she sings:

Sleep, darling, sleep!
My fairy watch I keep,
In dreamy visions I call to view
Your childhood's friends so tried and true—
Sleep, darling, sleep!

The Fairy Godmother then springs down from her perch, and opens the picture-book (which will be explained hereafter), taking care to open the cover and fly-leaf together, and a life-sized picture is seen; after waiting a moment she shuts the plain or fly leaf, which she opens again as soon as the picture has been changed; and so on, until the effect produced resembles an actual exhibition of a great picture-book by turning over its leaves.

When all the pictures of one story or series have been shown, the Fairy may shut the book, which will be the signal for the curtain to be dropped or for the folding doors in front of the sleeping child to

be closed. After all the pictures selected for the evening have been shown, the characters, still in costume, are displayed in one group around the room, or stage, in a semicircle which is opened in the center, to allow the opened book, still containing a lovely picture, to be shown also.

After they have remained still in tableau for one moment, the Fairy, who has resumed her place upon the high cricket, waves her cane and sings to some pretty lullaby tune this verse, in which all join; during which the little girl wakes, rubs her eyes, jumps off the couch into the center of the room, makes a bow to each one in order; they return her civility, and all bow to the audience as the curtain falls:

Wake, darling, wake!
For we our leaves must take,
And go right back to our picture-book,
In which the little ones love to look.
Wake, darling, wake!

Now, we must explain how the picture-book is made, as it can be used hundreds of times for all sorts of pictures. By a little change of decoration on the cover, it can serve as a history in which historical pictures can be shown—or it can be made to illustrate miscellaneous selections, or some well-known story. Place a long, solid table against the back wall in the exact center, and procure two boards one inch thick, six inches wide, and just long enough to touch the ceiling when they stand upright, leaning against the table. They must fit well, for they must be firmly fastened to the floor as well as to each of the front corners of this table. Having found the exact height of the boards, lay them on the floor and see that they are straight and parallel and just four and a half feet apart. Fasten upon them four strips of board six inches wide and five and a half feet long, one at each end of the boards, one at thirty inches from the bottom,

and one six feet above the last-named. The strips must be fastened firmly with two-inch screws to each board, going through one into the other. Tack white bleached muslin on the upper strip and draw it tight by tacking it to the strip next below, then fasten another piece from the lowest strip to the strip which is thirty inches above it. Tack both pieces of cloth also to the outer edges of the long boards, and cover all the cloth and the boards which show, with white or tinted printing-paper; after this is done you will have an opening six feet high and four and a half feet wide. Then raise the whole until it is upright, and fasten it to the table by means of the second strip, which will lean against it, as most tables are about thirty inches high. If there should not be a chandelier near in front, to light it sufficiently, a gas rod with ten burners in it can be placed on the inner side of the upper bar, and fed with an elastic tube, which can be arranged by a plumber at a trifling expense; but unless a very elaborate exhibition is proposed, the ordinary light will probably answer. Shawls or curtains are hung on each side of this frame to the corners of the room, which will allow a passage for the performers; and a chair is placed at each end of the table so that they can step up and down out of the frame, behind which a curtain of dull green cambric is tacked on the back wall. The performers are to stand in a line behind the side curtains, at the right side of the hidden table, ready to step into the frame the moment the fly-leaf is shut and the former occupants have stepped down.

The fly-leaf must be made by covering a light wooden frame with muslin, on which printing-paper is pasted. It must be as high as the ceiling and five and a half feet wide, and it is hung on common hinges at the right outer edge of the upright board which forms one side of the frame. Behind these hinges a long strip of board, two inches thick and the height from the floor to the ceiling, is securely nailed, to hold the hinges of the cover so that it can swing freely apart from the fly-leaf without interfering with its motion, for although the fly-leaf is often opened with the cover, it is closed by itself when the pictures are changing, as the cover is only shut when one set of pictures is ended. The cover is like the fly-leaf only that it is decorated with pictures or ornaments at the corners and margin, and if in a large room it might have the title of the story to be shown. These titles can be made on strips of paper eight inches wide and three feet long, with black or colored chalk crayons, and can be changed whenever the curtain is shut. If for the entertainment of little children, the Fairy can tell the stories (which are too well known to require any description here), or she can read any of the stories aloud if she has no gift at story-telling. In the sketches of pictures introduced here, the very effective costumes and properties can be furnished in almost any house with very little trouble or expense, and the skill and taste used in preparing them will add much to the enjoyment.

SERIES NO. 1. CINDERELLA.

In the first picture, Cinderella is crouching in the left corner; her head is bowed, and her face is hid in her hands, as if crying at her disappointment in having to stay at home from the ball. The fairy godmother is bending over the prostrate girl, as if about to arouse her from her sad revery, and is pointing up with her stick, which she holds in her right hand. Cinderella wears a loose brown robe, under which is concealed a white muslin dress, richly trimmed with stars and fringe of gold-paper. The godmother's dress and stick are described on the preceding page; the colors of it may be altered if preferred.

Second Picture: The same characters as in the first; same positions, excepting that the godmother and Cinderella have changed sides. The loose robe has been pulled off, and Cinderella stands proudly in the center, in a dancing attitude, contemplating with delight her beautiful ball-dress. The godmother is lifting up a large yellow pump-

kin, as if showing Cinderella that her carriage will soon be ready; and a box lies at her feet, to represent the trap in which the horses are stabled, ready for the trip. Cinderella should be a blonde young lady, with small hands and feet, and a graceful, slight figure.

Third Picture: The Prince and Cinderella stand as if about to lead the dance, in the attitude of the old-fashioned minuet; his right hand holds hers high, as she holds her dress with the left. Their left feet are extended, and their heads turned toward each other. The dress of the Prince can be made of light-blue sateen, trimmed with puffs of pink on the shoulders and at the sides; he has loose trunks of pink with light-blue puffs, and pink stockings. Two ladies in court-dresses, similar to those described on the next page, may be introduced, one at each side, to represent other dancers.

Fourth Picture: Cinderella in terror is flying from the ball, her old ragged dress on, and a dingy handkerchief tied loosely over her head.

Fifth Picture: Cinderella is meekly asking the Prince to let her try on the glass slipper, which he holds, standing in the center. At the left, her angry sisters turn away in disgust, because they could not succeed in wearing the slipper. The sisters are dressed very showily, but Cinderella still wears her old brown costume, as she stands at the right of the Prince, with downcast eyes and extended hand.

Sixth Picture: Cinderella sits in the center. The enraptured Prince kneels before her, with the foot wearing the glass slipper resting on a foot-stool; the companion glass slipper she has just drawn from her pocket. The godmother stands over them, having changed the old brown robe into a ball-dress by her mystic power, and she seems to be waving her stick in triumph; and after this picture has been shown for one minute, the book is closed.

SERIES NO. 2. JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

FIRST PICTURE: A small boy stands looking up into his mother's face in terror; her right hand is raised above him in anger, as if she intended punishing him for selling the cow to so poor advantage. She wears a black dress with very high panier over a gray underskirt; a white kerchief over her shoulders, and a high pointed white cap.

Jack wears red stockings, yellow trunks, a loose red jacket trimmed with yellow points. He holds in his left hand a round red cap, which is partly filled with beans, some of which, being strung separately on fine black silk, seem to be falling out of the cap.

Second Picture: Jack is climbing up the bean-stalk, which is made of a rake-handle or long pole, one end being fixed in the table and the other out

of sight in the picture; a cross-stick on which he stands is made of an old broom-handle, two feet from the bottom of the picture; another cross-stick five feet higher he clings to with his hands; and all the sticks are covered with dark green cambric.

Third Picture: The Giant is seated at a table; before him is the celebrated hen, and behind her, several golden eggs lie on the table (these are easily made by covering china eggs, or real ones, with gilt paper), while the hen is easily cut out in profile (as only one side is seen), on which feathers are drawn with crayon or stuck with glue. The giant is partly concealed by the table upon which he really kneels, and a large cloak covered with red calico and stuffed with pillows makes him very large; and his head is made by covering a bushel basket with unbleached muslin, on which a face is drawn, red carpet yarn being sewed on the back to represent hair.

Fourth Picture: Jack and his mother sit one at each side of a table, contemplating with wonder the hen and the two bags of gold. The table used in all these scenes is only a board ten inches wide, covered with a white cloth and furnished with rough legs which do not show.

Fifth Picture: Jack is raising his hatchet to cut down the bean-stalk, and by his side is an enormous golden harp, which is made of pasteboard in profile, covered with gilt paper.

SERIES NO. 3. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

FIRST PICTURE: The merchant is taking leave of his daughters; Beauty is in the center winding a scarf around the neck of her father, while her proud sisters stand one at each side with extended hands, as if urging their father to bring them rich and costly attire. Beauty looks down, as if too modest to ask for any gift but a rose.

The sisters wear silk dresses of as brilliant color as they can find, with long trains and square necks, which are easily contrived by sewing a square of white muslin upon the dress waists of their mother's dresses, the skirts of which will do for court trains.

Their hair is rolled over a cushion, powdered, and dressed with feathers or flowers, which can be borrowed from bonnets. Beauty wears a plain loose waist of white muslin over a plain black skirt. Her hair falls loosely.

The father has a square-cut suit (to arrange which, fold the skirts of a sack coat away in front to form square corners, which, with the lapels, must be faced with white paper-muslin. The vest is covered, and also lengthened a quarter of a yard in front, with the same, and large flap pockets are added.

Pantaloon rolled to the knee do very well for

breeches, with long stockings and low shoes, and a felt hat can be pinned into a chapeau by turning up one side and fastening the other corner into a point.

Second Picture: The father is plucking the rose from a bush which stands in the center, covered with paper roses. The Beast, with uplifted club, seems about to destroy the old man, who stands with knees together and hands down in a comic attitude of despair.

The Beast wears a fur cloak or mat over his shoulders, pinned around his waist and reaching to his knees below the tops of long pink stockings. His arms may be bare, and he wears over his face a mask, which may be bought at a toy-shop, or made of brown paper.

Third Picture: The father introduces his daughter to the Beast, who stands as if bowing low at the right. Beauty is at the left, drawing back, and making a courtesy. She is dressed as before, with the addition of a shawl pinned over her shoulders, and a red handkerchief over her head.

Fourth Picture: Beauty's return home, in which scene she is embracing her old father, who seems in raptures; they are in the center while the proud sisters stand one at each side, one looking off in anger, and the other gazing with envy at the happy pair. Beauty has a rich silk dress of a style similar to that shown in the first picture.

Fifth Picture: Beauty is asleep in her chair in the center, while her sisters bend over her in triumph, one holding a vial containing the sleeping draught, of which they have administered a dose in order to make her overstay her time, and break her promise to the Beast.

Sixth Picture: Beauty stands weeping over the body of the poor Beast, which is represented by a roll of dark shawls, around which the robe of the Beast is wrapped, as his head and feet would be concealed by the sides of the frame: her face is covered with her hands and she seems overwhelmed with grief.

Seventh Picture: A handsome prince is kneeling at the feet of Beauty, who is overjoyed to find in him her faithful Beast, restored to his form and rank through her fidelity and truth. His dress can be arranged with a lady's velvet basque with an opera cape across the shoulders, a pair of white satin breeches made of paper muslin, white long hose, and low shoes with large bows; a sash may cross from the left shoulder to the waist, in case the basque is too small to meet neatly in front.

Wigs can be made of black and white curled hair, sewed upon a skull-cap, made of four conical pieces. Beards can be contrived by fastening the same articles, or white llama fringe, on a wire frame, which goes under the chin to each ear, around which it is fastened.

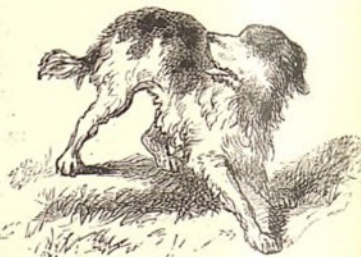
KATE AND JOE.



Do you know a nice girl named Kate, who lives up-town in New York? I do. And I know her broth-er Joe. Ev-er-y sum-mer, Kate and Joe leave the cit-y and go to vis-it their aunt, who lives in a big house in the coun-try. And on pleas-ant days, their aunt lets them go in-to the vil-lage near by to get the let-ters at the post-of-fice. They start ear-ly, and walk through the fields, and the pret-ty green lanes, in-stead of a-long the hot, dust-y road. Joe is not so big as Kate, but that is not his fault. He grows just as fast as he can, but as Kate is three years old-er than Joe, he can not catch up to her yet, nev-er mind how hard he may try. But he tells Kate that he is a BOY, any way, and he can take good

care of her. So some-times, when they start down the lane, she takes his arm just as if he were a big man, and then Joe feels ver-y proud.

One day when Kate and Joe were go-ing to the vil-lage, they saw a dog who was bark-ing at a ver-y lit-tle girl. The lit-tle girl cried with fear. But Joe came on just in time to say, in a ver-y loud voice, "Stop, sir!" and the dog stopped at once and crawled a-way. Joe thought it was be-cause he was a BOY, but the real rea-son was that the dog saw a man com-ing with a whip in his hand.



Next they saw an-oth-er dog, and what do you think this dog was do-ing? He was jump-ing af-ter a but-ter-fly! But the but-ter-fly did

not care one bit. He flew a-round and a-round the dog, just keep-ing out of reach of his mouth, un-til the dog was tired out.

"Joe," said Kate, who thought she would teach her broth-er some-thing, "that beau-ti-ful but-ter-fly will turn to a worm some day."



"Pooh!" said Joe. "Just as if I did n't know that. Now see me catch him in my hat!"

But Joe did n't catch him at all. For the but-ter-fly flew a-way, and left Joe sprawl-ing on the ground. The bright wings shook as if the but-ter-fly was laugh-ing at Kate and Joe. They made a ver-y fun-ny mis-take when they thought the but-ter-fly would turn to a worm. The worms change; but not the but-ter-flies. First, the worm slow-ly hides him-self a-way in a soft cov-er-ing which he makes for him-self un-til it looks like a lit-tle bun-dle. Then in time the bun-dle bursts o-pen and out comes a but-ter-fly.

When Joe picked him-self up that day, he rubbed his knees, and what did he see but an-oth-er dog! It was white and small and its tail curled nat-u-ral-ly, Joe said. This dog was a great pet and he be-longed to a pret-ty lit-tle girl whom Joe and Kate did not know. He would not leave the lit-tle girl at all, and barked if Joe or Kate came near her. But the lit-tle girl smiled at them sweet-ly, and Kate said, "What a pret-ty pair of pets they are!"

"These must be the dog-days," said Joe, as they walked on; and Kate said she thought so too.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JUNE is the boys' and girls' own month—fresh, rosy, busy, and full of plans for the season to come. This is the time when young feet twitch restlessly under school-desks and benches, and young eyes wander from school-books in hand to happy birds in the bush just outside the school-house door, and when the weary teacher has the same longings that make the children restless, though she may not think it best to confess it.

Some of you have outdoor work in the summer, and some of you have outdoor play; but whether it's one or the other, or both, June is eager for you to be at it; and the way she whispers and pulls and beckons is something wonderful.

Now, you shall hear about

A CATARACT THAT RUSHES UP THE RIVER.

IN most rivers, as I've heard, the cataracts and rapids flow down-stream, but one of my Canadian friends sends word that the St. John River, New Brunswick, has a cataract which has a queer habit of sometimes rushing up-stream.

A little above where the river flows into the ocean, there is a wide and deep basin that empties itself into the harbor through a narrow passage between two walls of rock. When the tide is going down, the water runs out of the harbor into the ocean far more quickly than the river can flow through the narrow channel above, and so the stream pours itself seaward through the harbor end of the passage in a roaring water-fall. But when the tide is rising, the ocean fills the harbor and passage so rapidly that the sea-water plunges down into the basin from the river end of the narrow channel, in a foaming cataract that falls up-stream!

Twice in every tide, however, there is a space of about twenty minutes when the waters are at one height in the harbor, passage, and basin, and then

the ships that are to go up or down must be hurried through before the river "gets its back up," as the boys say.

CHRISTMAS AT MIDSUMMER.

MY DEAR MR. JACK: In your Christmas remarks you mentioned a "curious winter-tree that lasts only a few hours." Well, now, please let me remind you that out here, in Australia, the winter weather does not come until June, and that it is full midsummer when Christmas comes. So, you see, our Christmas-trees can not be really "winter-trees," but they are "midsummer-trees." We enjoy them quite as well, though, and those of us who know you feel that we are just as much your youngsters as are the English and American boys and girls who are lucky enough to have their Christmas-trees in true Christmas weather.—Your little friend, W. T. V.

WHERE "CAT" AND "PUSS" CAME FROM.

A LADY who likes cats—and who also must be as fond of hunting up the origin of words as a cat is of hunting mice—sends the Little School-ma'am a nice long letter all about "puss" and "cat." As many of you may like to know where these familiar titles come from, you shall have an extract from the letter:

"Cat" is from the Latin "catus," which came into use in place of the older Latin "felis." The Romans brought the cats from Syria, where the name is "kato"—Arabic "kitt," from which we have "kitten," as I think. In Persian, the word is "chat," and the Persian language is allied to that most ancient tongue, the Sanscrit; so, perhaps, "chat" is the earliest form of our word "cat."

In Persian, also, a cat wild or tame is "puschak," from a word in Sanscrit meaning "tail"; and, to this day, Persian cats are noted for their handsome tails. This word "puschak" is pronounced "pichik" by the Afghans, and "puje" by the Lithuanians, and all these words are very like our word "pussy." Some derive "puss" from a Latin word "pusus," "pusa," meaning "little boy," "little girl." But where did this Latin word come from? Sanscrit is older than Latin. Since the Sanscrit word means "tail," and Herodotus, the ancient historian, in describing the Egyptian cat, calls it by a word that means "the creature with waving tail," I, for one, shall believe in the Sanscrit origin of our word "puss," and not in the supposed Latin origin. J. H. K.

JACK ASKS SOME QUESTIONS.

DEACON GREEN tells me that the Editors of St. NICHOLAS will give you, this month, a nice long talk about the ostrich, its ways and habits, and also some human ways of dealing with that nimble-footed bird. In this case, the sooner I show you my prize-bird, the better; for it's the most ostrich-looking bird for one that is not an ostrich, that you have ever seen.

Now, the question is, what is he? And where does he live? What is his Latin name? And what is his every-day name? Can he run like an ostrich, or is he one of your slow-goers?

And what of the little fellows down foot? They are striped, and the big bird is speckled. Why is this thus? And what means that queer house in the background? That may give my shrewd ones a clue as to the home of this no-ostrich bird.

There are encyclopedias and dictionaries and picture-books and works of travel, the dear Little School-ma'am tells me, that are even cleverer than my youngsters. I can hardly believe it; but if the dear little lady is right, as she always is, why not consult these cleverer things?

Let me hear from you soon, my hearties!



JACK'S PRIZE BIRD. WHAT IS IT?

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not be conveniently examined in the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who wish to favor the magazine will please postpone sending their articles until after the last-named date.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for their courtesy in allowing us to reprint in our "Treasure-box of English Literature" an extract from one of Mr. Lowell's poems; and to Hon. F. M. Finch, for kind permission to use his poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What is the proper way to spell the name of the poet Shakspear? In this town, which is only a few months old, I can not find out from any body. Uncle Robert knows, I think; but he is a tease, and all that I can get from him about it is such ridiculous things as, "Shakspear himself did n't seem to know how his own name ought to be written," and "once he even went so far as to say what's in a name," and "he never could have learned properly how to spell, for he wrote his words all crooked," and so on. But if you can help me, please do, and oblige your true admirer,

FANNY G., 12 years.

For an answer to Fanny G.'s letter, we can not do better than reprint a part of a communication relating to the subject, and which came to us lately from Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke, who, with her husband, has written many works concerning Shakespeare and his writings. She says:

The mode of spelling "Shakspeare" was used when printing my concordance to the great poet's plays, in deference to the wish of Mr. Charles Knight, its original publisher; otherwise I should have used the form "Shakespeare," which I have always adopted, because it was the one given in the First Folio Edition of his dramatic works by its superintendents and his brother-actors Heminge and Condell. The name is also given thus in the First Edition of his Sonnets; and it seems to have been the orthography used in print, where his name was given during his life-time. That as many as sixteen different modes of spelling the name have been found to have been used at the epoch when he wrote, and that he himself did not adhere to any particular one when signing his name, appears to be merely in accordance with a fashion of the time, which allowed of the utmost irregularity in the orthography of men's names.

CHESTER WHITMORE.—Your questions about a fresh-water aquarium will be answered by Mr. Daniel C. Beard in an article to be published probably in our next number.

ALL our readers who enjoy Mr. Rossiter Johnson's admirable story of "Phaeton Rogers" will appreciate the accompanying letter concerning the scene of Phaeton's exploits, and giving some interesting facts about the author of the story.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are very much interested in the story of "Phaeton Rogers," because the scene of it is laid in our native town. All the adventures recounted took place in that part of the city where I was born, and have lived fifteen years, and where my parents have lived nearly forty years; so it is all very familiar to me.

We have many times been over the railway crossing where that most interesting character, Jack-in-the-Box, lived in his delightful little flag-house. That flag-house is no longer standing, but mamma remembers having seen it, years ago, with its pointed roof, and one side covered with morning-glory vines. I wish she had looked inside, and seen the shelf full of books, and all the other things described. I am curious to know whether the story of Jack-in-the-Box will be spoiled by ending in a romance, or whether he was a veritable character, for I think he is made very interesting.

We know the very spot where the author of the story used to live when all his adventures with Phaeton and Ned took place. The other day we walked out on the street where the boys rode when they took Uncle Jacob's horse to pasture, on purpose to see if we could recognize any of the places mentioned in that famous ride. But the city has changed very much since those days. Then, that street was a country road,

with barns and hay-fields on either side, but now it is one line of stores and houses, with a street-car track in the center. The only things we recognized were, the stone brewery, now transformed into a flour-mill, and the building that used to be the Quaker meeting-house, in front of which the boys sat when they were listening to Jimmy the Rhymers' ballad.

Deep Hollow, mentioned several times in the story, is a beautiful ravine. We have often explored parts of it in summer. My brother well remembers the strife between the Dublin boys and the boys on our side of the river, and it is said to continue, even now.

My older sisters once went to a school in this district, where they remember Mr. Rossiter Johnson as one of the scholars, and that he was considered the smartest boy in the school. So, children in reading "Phaeton Rogers," may know that the most uninteresting character in the story, who rarely says anything, and then only "ventures to suggest," is really an uncommon boy.

The name "Rochester" is certainly buried very plainly in the little couplet, where readers are given a chance to find out the name of the town in which the boys lived, but if I had not already recognized Rochester in the familiar scenes of the story, I don't think I should have discovered it. No author could find a more delightful place for the scene of a story than Rochester, especially that part of the city which includes Deep Hollow and the river.

Mr. Johnson is now well known to fame. His wife also is literary, and my sisters went to school with her at one time, when they attended Miss Dolittle's seminary on Fitzhugh street. She is the daughter of a Greek professor in the University of Rochester, who has a wide reputation.

I never read a story before where the scene was laid in Rochester, and it greatly adds to its interest to have it such a charming story as "Phaeton Rogers," and to know that its author is a native of our city.

The coming of the ST. NICHOLAS is always anticipated in our family, but now I hail its appearance with peculiar pleasure.—Very sincerely,

M. F.

THE responses to our request to hear from performers of "The Land of Nod," the operetta published in the number for December, 1880, have been very gratifying, and we are glad to know that the little piece has been successful in so many places. Among the most profitable performances that have been reported to us were those in Boston Highlands, at the Church of the Unity; Chatham, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y., at All Souls' Church; Jefferson, Ohio; and Santa Fé, New Mexico. And the following letter from Little Falls we are sure will interest everybody everywhere who has had anything to do with bringing out the operetta:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't usually read the letters in the "Letter-box," but going to the piano to try the piece of music entitled "Romance Without Words," I discovered the letter from Mrs. Flagg, which led me to think you would be pleased to know we have had the "Land of Nod" here in Little Falls. The ladies of our parish held a three-days' festival, and for one evening's entertainment, my mamma and Mrs. Ransom prepared the children of our Sunday-school, in "The Land of Nod." It was "too taxing for anything" to see the little "sleepy-heads" of three and five years of age act their parts so nicely. The red light thrown on the last scene brought great cheering from the audience. To finish the evening entertainment, mamma had drilled twelve little girls in the "Fan Brigade," after the description given in your January number. Mamma wishes me to say it will repay any one for the trouble and time spent in drilling them, when properly costumed, and successfully presented.

I meant to mention that I took part as one of the dream-spirits in "The Land of Nod" (as I am twelve years old), and I was also in the Fan Brigade. We repeated the operetta another evening, and after our expenses of \$120.00 were paid, we had over \$200.00 left. I hope you will publish some more pieces as nice.—Your subscriber,

JESSIE H. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried the magic dance described in your March number, and I wish to tell you it is a fraud. I followed the rules exactly, and it would not work. I like your book very much.

—Your constant reader,

C. M. H.

We are sorry that C. M. H.'s experiment did not succeed; but, as we ourselves have seen the magic dance performed successfully by merely following the directions given in the March number, we feel sure that there must have been some mistake in C. M. H.'s

arrangements. Moreover, several other readers have sent accounts very different from C. M. H.'s. Here is one:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On Saturday, March 12th, I had a few little girls come to visit me. I wanted something nice to amuse them with, so I tried the magic dance spoken of in the March ST. NICHOLAS. Mamma bought me a pane of glass and I traced some of the figures in Miss Kate Greenaway's little book, "Under the Window," and put the glass between two bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. The figures danced beautifully. With much love to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS,
A. S. K.

The question was asked in June, 1879, by Jack-in-the-Pulpit, how the strawberry got its name. Answers came, of course, but none of them appeared to be satisfactory. Here, however, are two letters that seem to settle the question:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Years ago, when strawberries grew wild about London, England, the children used to gather them, string them on the long, straw-like grasses, and sell them for a penny a "straw of berries," which soon was shortened into "strawberry."—
Yours sincerely,
HELEN M. LAMB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been told that strawberries are so called because in former times people used to string the berries on grasses ready for eating. I think this is a queer idea, but perhaps it is true, for folks *did* have funny notions.—Your friend,
JESSIE L. BELLOWS.

In connection with Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's article upon "Ostrich-Farming," in the present number, we print the following cutting from the London "Times" of May 14, 1880:

An ostrich, long on exhibition at Rome, having been suffocated by thrusting its neck between the bars, there were found in its stomach four large stones, eleven smaller ones, seven nails, a neck-pin, an envelope, thirteen copper coins, fourteen beads, one French franc, two small keys, a piece of a handkerchief, a silver medal of the Pope, and the cross of an Italian order.

And here is a slip from the New York "Tribune" of January, 1881:

A mania for ostrich farming possesses the settlers in South Africa, and vast tracts of sheep-pasture are being converted into ranges for the more profitable bipeds. As a result, the price of mutton has advanced two cents per pound.

KITTIE HANAFORD.—Any reader—whether a subscriber or not—who sends solutions of ST. NICHOLAS puzzles, will be named in the list printed at the end of the "Riddle-box."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Roller-skates are very nice—on other people. Gertie or Edie sweeps by on a "set of wheels," and you say: "Dear me! How nice it is! I'll ask Mamma to get me a pair;" and, on being assured that "it is the easiest thing in the world to learn," you go to your mother or father and say: "Please, please get me a pair of roller skates! I'll be so good! I saw Gertie on a pair to-day, and she went like everything. She says it is awful easy to learn. Ah, do now, please. I want 'em so!" And in the end your father goes and buys a pair.

Ah, how proud you are of the bright metal heels, the rattling buckles and straps, and the clicking wheels! And how impatiently you await the first fine day, that you may "go skating." It has come. Gertie or Edie is willing to give you a lesson, and you enviously watch the graceful ease with which she flies up and down the sidewalk. She takes your hand—you "strike out"—What is it?—Is the world waltzing?—Are you flying through air? Only a tenth of a second do you think this. Then,—Oh, the anguish of that moment! Gertie laughs. You think, "Oh, how heartless that girl is!"

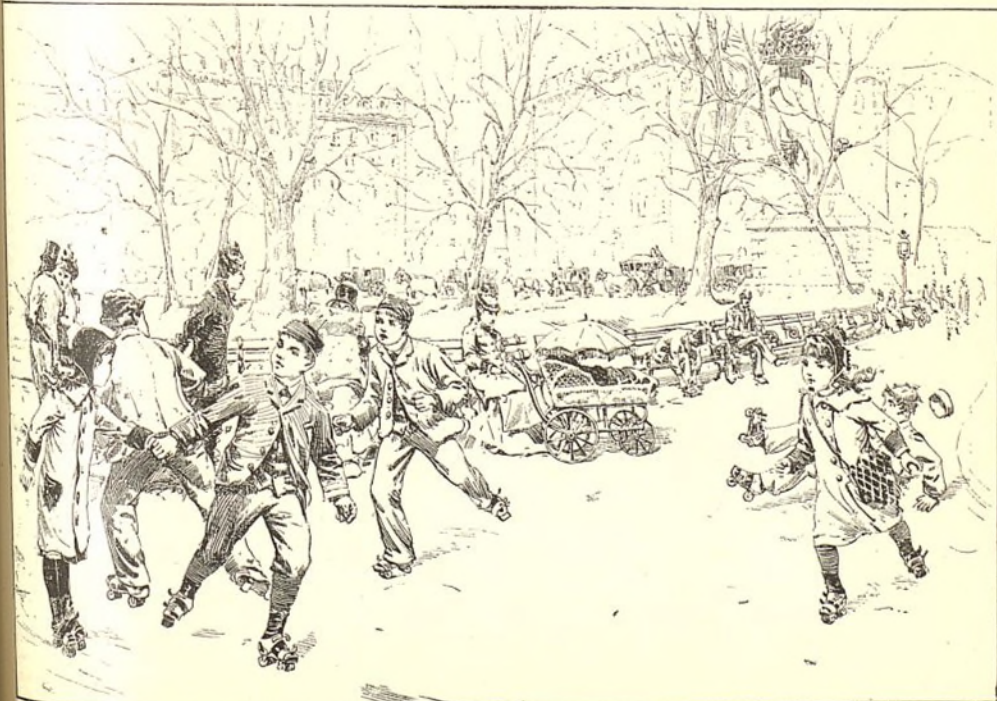
Then she helps you up. You try to smile, and when she asks: "Are you hurt?" you say "A-l-i-t-t-l-e."

Then you try again, only to repeat the same experience. Finally you learn to go the width of a flag-stone without falling, and slowly you learn to go, perhaps, a block alone. But this is only after about, "to dra' it mild," fifty falls.

If you think it worth while, "go ahead." If you think it easy, take warning, and stop while there is yet time.

HELEN N. STEARNS, 12 years.

Helen evidently has not had patience to master the art of roller-skating. But there are hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls who will not agree with her concerning it. For the city parks of New York of late have been almost transformed into rinks for the boys and girls on roller-skates. During the months of March and April, the whirl of the skates was heard on all the pavements there, and even the crowds upon Broadway were started by the swift young skaters shooting by on their way to school. We give below a scene on a bright April day in Madison Square, New York, which shows the enjoyment the young people of this city have taken in this style of skating.



ROLLER-SKATING IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in December number Jack-in-the-Pulpit's remarks about the gingerbread-tree, and it reminded me of an old-fashioned poultry-tree that I saw last September while out riding with papa. It was in this Connecticut village, and near a dilapidated house. There was a small orchard of old-fashioned apple-trees, one of which attracted my attention, for it bore both fowls and fruit. There were a great many apples upon the tree, so many I could not count them; the branches came near the ground, and a variety of poultry had taken lodgings there for the night, namely, turkeys, guinea-hens and chickens. These, together with the apples, were to me quite an amusing sight. I think if the readers of the "Letter-box" could have seen it they would have laughed as heartily as I did.—Yours truly, CARROLL S. SHEPARD (11 years).

WE have received from the publisher, James H. Earle, a copy of a neatly bound little book entitled "From Log-cabin to the White House," by William M. Thayer. It details the life of President Garfield, and gives many incidents of his boyhood; and it can be recommended to boys and girls as both interesting and helpful.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRD REPORT.

AS PROMISED last month, here are a few directions for collecting and pressing wild-flowers:

1. Bring your flowers home, roots and all, in a botany-box made like the picture in the other column, and not painted.

The most convenient length is eighteen inches. The ends are elliptical, with a long diameter of seven inches.

2. Specimens should be put to press as soon as possible after they have been collected. Each leaf should be smoothed and held in position by the finger or a bit of glass, until the paper has been pressed down upon it. When properly treated, pressed flowers retain a large degree of their grace of form and richness of color.

3. Roots and branches too thick to be pressed entire may be thinned with a sharp knife to a section not much thicker than the leaves. The petals of heavy flowers, like the water-lily, may be pressed separately and put together again when dry.

4. There is a kind of blotting-paper made expressly for drying plants, but an excellent substitute is newspapers. Lay a smooth board over all and use a heavy stone for pressure.

5. After the specimens are thoroughly dried, they may be transferred to a Plant-book or Herbarium.

We have devised a book for the use of our members, in which

The following verses are appropriate to these bright summer mornings, and are very cleverly written for a girl only eleven years of age:

GOOD-MORNING.

OVER the fields the sun shone brightly,
Among the trees the breeze blew lightly,
And seemed to say,
At peep of day,
"Good-morning, little girl!"

The little streamlet ran on in glee,
And on its bank waved many a tree;
They seemed to say,
At peep of day,
"Good-morning, little girl!"

The butterflies and the bumble-bees,
The bright blue skies and the bright blue seas,—
All seemed to say,
At peep of day,
"Good-morning, little girl!"

DAISY.

flowers can be fastened without paste, by the use of little slips of gummed paper. These directions are contained in it. We will send one of these books to the boy or girl who will send us the best set of specimens of pressed wild flowers, prepared unaided, and accurately named and dated. Each set is to consist of six specimens. Mount each specimen, after it is thoroughly pressed, on a card of bristol-board.

For your own collection, sheets of paper at least 10 X 16 inches should be used, but for convenience in mailing, use cards cut to the size of a page of commercial note-paper. The scientific and common names of each specimen are to be written in the lower right-hand corner of its card, together with the date and place of gathering the flower, and the name of the collector.

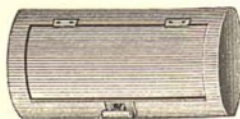
Write your name and address on the back of each card. Put two or three thicknesses of paper between the specimens, to prevent injury in the mail-bags, and send, as before, to H. H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., by the 15th of September, 1871.

See "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1877; and "The Sea-weed Album," ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1875.

Next month about insects.

The list of our correspondents is now enlarged to about 800. The following new chapters have been formed:

Address.	No. of Members.	Secretary.
Flint, Mich.	5.	H. Lovell.
Utopia, N. Y.	12.	D. E. Willard.
Hartford, Conn.	—	C. A. Kellogg, 27 Niles st.
Auburn, Ala.	—	K. B. Trichenor.
Hartford, N. Y.	10.	S. E. Arnold.
Nashville, Tenn.	20.	R. I. Tucker, 117 Monroe st.
Greene, Iowa, "Pine Croft" ..	6.	L. Price.
Glencoe, Ill.	—	O. M. Howard.
Philadelphia (D) Pa.	4.	J. McFarland, 1314 Franklin st.
Santa Cruz, Cal.	4.	C. W. Baldwin.
Pigeon Cove, Mass.	—	C. C. Fears.
Pittsfield, Mass.	4.	—
Ypsilanti, Mich.	33.	E. R. Shier, Care W. Snyder.
Northampton, Mass.	6.	Chas. Maynard.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.	13.	L. Leach.
Wright's Grove, Ill.	6.	Wm Greenleaf.
Waltham, Mass.	7.	H. Hancock, P. O. 1330.



FORM OF BOTANY-BOX.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. S-laver-y. 2. E-we-r. 3. S-event-y. 4. F-actor-y. 5. P-lent-y. 6. C-row-d. 7. C-luster-s. 8. P-ogod-a.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "She came adorned hither like sweet Shakespeare's Richard II., Act V., Sc. 1."

DIAMOND IN A SQUARE. 1. HeArt. 2. EAGLE. 3. AGONY.

RENDS. 5. TrYst.—PUZZLE. Poe-t.

WORD-BUILDING. I. A; pa; ape; pear; drape; spared; despair; paradise; disappear. II. I; it; tie; tile; stile; tinsel; tangles; needing; listening; glistening. III. M; am; man; main; mania; animal; laminar; marginal. IV. U; us; sum; muse; Remus; master; sumpter; trumpets.—CHARADE. The letter I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Honor the Brave. Finals: Declaration Day. Cross-words: 1. Herald. 2. Oriole. 3. Numismatist. 4. Octavo. 5. Recto. 6. Thalia. 7. Helmet. 8. Ell. 9. Banjo. 10. Ratio. 11. Antiquate. 12. Vista. 13. Elasticity.

PICTURE PUZZLE. Fagin, Sykes, and his dog.

TWO EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. 1. May. 2. Marbles.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR WEE PUZZLERS. Trailing Arbutus.

EASY ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. May-pole. Ape. Map. Mole. Lamp. Play.—RIDDLE. Spring.

ABBREVIATIONS. Hawthorne. 1. H-air. 2. A-we. 3. W-hen.

4. T-horn. 5. H-and. 6. C-O-at. 7. Pea-R. 8. Pri-N-ce.

9. M-E-an.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA. Heathens.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond:

1. C. 2. Mab. 3. Caleb. 4. Bee. 5. B. Upper Right-hand

Diamond: 1. B. 2. Lea. 3. Begin. 4. Aim. 5. N. Central

Diamond: 1. B. 2. Era. 3. Brown. 4. Awe. 5. N. Lower

Left-hand Diamond: 1. B. 2. Boa. 3. Bourn. 4. Art. 5. N.

Lower Right Diamond: 1. N. 2. Eos. 3. Noted. 4. Set. 5. D.

EASY HOUR-GLASS. Centrals: Peacock. Across: 1. LeoPard.

2. Bless. 3. Sad. 4. C. 5. Fog. 6. DeCks. 7. WilKins.

ANAGRAMS, FOR OLDER PUZZLERS. 1. Shadows. 2. Signature.

3. Credentials. 4. Revolution. 5. Patriotism. 6. Reformatory.

THREE EASY WORD-SQUARES. 1. Crab. 2. Rice. 3. Acre.

4. Beet. II. 1. Dive. 2. Iron. 3. Void. 4. Ends. III. 1.

Pond. 2. Over. 3. Neva. 4. Drab.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each of the following puzzles, the word which is to fill the first blank is to be such that its letters may be re-arranged to form a word that will fill the second blank and make sense.

1. You can not cross the _____ in a _____. 2. After saying a few _____ his enemy handed him a _____. 3. In spite of his _____ leg, he was as firm as the _____. 4. We found the doors of all the _____ and cottages _____. 5. The owner of the _____ house had a large collection of _____ antiquities. 6. The man who was playing the _____ uttered a _____ as he lifted it on his shoulder. 7. The _____ was obliged to _____ the book. 8. It was _____, and not Alice, who deserved the _____. D. W.

PI.

Kepas luf lewl, ni ganluges antiuq dan donle,
Kon how wedteli yb het tasdele nRih,
Hwe eh eladel eth lerfow,os uleb nad ogelnd,
Sasir, taht ni rathe's nirametm od hisen.

WORD-SQUARES.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

These differ from the ordinary word-square in that the words which form them do not read the same, horizontally and perpendicularly; in each square, the letters which are represented by stars in the diagram, when read across, or up and down, spell the name of the same pretty flower.

I. 1. The plant from which opium is obtained. 2. To withdraw. 3. A flower. 4. Fragrant blossoms. 5. The chief magistrate of a city. II. 1. A poisonous reptile. 2. Track followed by a hunter. 3. A flower. 4. A treatise. 5. Harmony of language. III. 1. One of a vagabond race. 2. To demand as due. 3. A flower. 4. A wooden frame for supporting pictures. 5. Kingly. IV. 1. A kind of tree. 2. A trap. 3. A flower. 4. Obscure. 5. Designate. V. 1. A fruit. 2. A fixed position. 3. A flower. 4. A large wild animal. 5. A stratum. RUTH A. CARLTON.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

In the month of a cape of New Jersey, a small island in the Irish Sea, named a lake in New York, went to the capital of Italy, in a lake at the north of Minnesota. He took for islands of Oceanica, his friends, two capes extending into Chesapeake Bay. The island near Scotland, was a cape of Southern Ireland, and rejoiced their mountains in Germany, although the air was a little country on the Pacific coast of South America. Each took for refreshments in a ranch, of a country in the north of Africa; an islands of Oceanica, and fitters made of chopped Bay of Long Island. For a beverage they carried an imitation of the wine of a city in France made from grapes gathered in an island south of Massachusetts. In their rambles, one of them lost a cuff-button ornamented with a river in Mississippi. They suspected that it was found by a person called a cape in Massachusetts, for they passed her and afterward met a river

in Brazil, who, when they questioned him, looked an island near England and said they must a cape of North Carolina for an island near Massachusetts.

LILY OLCOTT.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in jewel, but not in gold;
My second is in bugle, but not in horn;
My third is in young, but not in old;
My fourth is in even, but not in morn;
My whole is a pleasant time of year,—
A time of flowers and sunny cheer.

DYCIE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-five letters, and am a quotation from one of Coleridge's poems.

My 38-28-34-35-6 is an aromatic garden plant. My 39-10-15-26-23-43-5 is odious. My 42-13-8-30 is a prison. My 20-36-3-27-14 is a temporary building. My 44-22-40-9 is a corner. My 41-7-32-24-45 a layer or stratum. My 16-21-11-37-31 is a kind of bee. My 33-1-25-19 is desirous. My 17-29-12-4-2-18 is to explain. ARCHIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals name two countries of Europe often on the verge of war. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A leather strap. 2. Clamor. 3. A deserter. 4. A kind of hawk which, in India, acts as street scavenger. 5. A heroic poem. 6. Old times. F. A. W.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

The central letters of this puzzle, reading across, form a word of ten letters made of two words of five letters each. Upon the first half of the long word the Left-hand Diamond is based; and upon the other half is based the Right-hand Diamond.

CENTRALS ACROSS: A fruit. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND (across): 1. In bouquets. 2. An inclosure. 3. The dry stem of wheat. 4. A ruminant animal. 5. In flowers. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND (across): 1. In blossoms. 2. A kind of atmospheric moisture. 3. A small fruit. 4. Distorted. 5. In nosegay. W. H.

CHARADE.

ROMAN or Grecian, all the same,
My first is pleased my whole to meet.
Whether in delicate array,
Or, like my second, always gay,
Its blooming face we gladly greet. B.

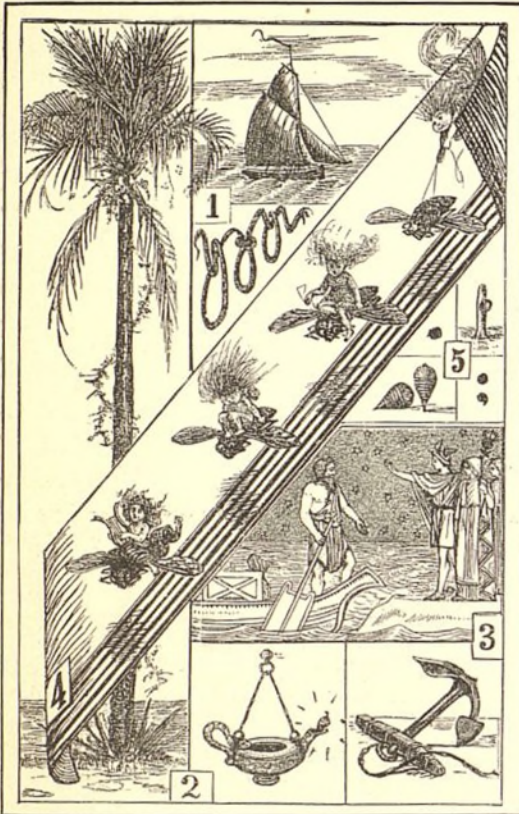
GERMAN COUSINS.

In the following puzzle, each pair of definitions refers to a word spelled alike in German and in English. The German definition is printed first, then the English.

1. A head-gear; a hovel. 2. A relative; to talk indistinctly. 3. An infant; beneficent. 4. A resting-place; to seize. 5. A definite article; a cave. 6. Acid; an annual plant. 7. A sort; skill. 8. An ablation; wicked. 9. Remote; a plant that grows in moist places. 10. A division of time; a label. 11. Part of a verb; a terrible contest. 12. A poison; a present. A. T. MOMBERT.

EASY PICTORIAL ANAGRAM.

AN anagram is a word spelled with all the letters of another word, the letters being, of course, arranged differently. In the present puzzle, there are five anagrams, and five sets of pictures to correspond. The puzzle is to be solved by taking the letters of a word



Crabbe, all—Arabella Ward, 4—Robert E. Coates, 14—Ollie and Inez McGregor, 3—Willie F. Woolard, 5—“Indian,” 1—A. B. C. all—Lulu Meisel, 1—“Fret Sawyer,” 2—De F. W. Chase, 1—W. Eyes, all—Frank R. Heath, 15—Mabel Thompson, 3—H. and F. Kent, 8—M. Nicure, 1—“Chic,” 2—Bessie and her cousin, 16—“Puck,” 2—Raymond Cilley, 1—Frank W. Crane, 7—“Crystale,” 3—Henry L. Mitchell, 14—Grace Crosley, 1—“Mystic Trio,” 11—Austin M. Poole, all—Ethel Gillis, 3—F. W. H. and G. U. C., 9—Elna Va Anthony, 14—Sadie Medary, 11—Willie D. Ward, all—Mamie and Annie Baker, 2—Willie Evans, 7—E. Matthews, 4—“Purple Seeker,” 4—Frank C. Caldwell, 2—H. O. Adley, 1—J. M. T., 6—Charlotte McIlvaine, 12—E. S. Meyers, 4—Wheeler, 13—Lillian R. M., 1—Jack R. Wrenshall, 2—Minnie Woodbury, 5—Virgie and Ettie, 2—Georgie Smith, 2—Isabelle, 13—G. H. and Charlie Albert, 5—Lizzie C. C., 4—Mary L. Thorne, all—Thos. Hillson, Jr., all—Mamie Williams, 1—Mamie Pifer, 1—“Mauch Chunk,” 15—C. H. Tibbits and W. E. Billings, 12—Dycie, 11—Archie and Charlotte, 4—Henry Rochester, 2—Violet, 3—Starr K. Jackson and Maud L. Lacey, 13—Willie L. Ross, 5—Willie R. Folsom, 1—Ruth Camp, 4—Alice and Walter, 7—Evangeline Wade, 5—Grace M. Fisher, 12—Herbert Barry, all—Estelle M. Beck, 3—Charlie F. Potter, 15—“Two Grown Folks,” 15—J. Harry Anderson, 6—Edward Browatzki, 4—Harry Heydrick, 5—Bessie S. Hickok, all—Bertha Hills, 1—J. Harry Robertson, 5—“Guesser,” all—“Fraud,” 4—Jennie Elliott, 15—Fannie E. Case, 10—B. B., 4—“The Inmates,” 15—Jeannie Osgood, 10—Gerard H. Oulton, 6—“Mignon,” 1—Grace B. Taylor, 5—Joseph Wheelless, 4—Fanny Bissinger, 1—Grace E. Hopkins, all—Jessie and Charles F. Lipman, all—“Jessie,” 15—Lizzie D. Fyler, 5—E. Wirth, 3—“Bab,” all—Frank E. Newman, 2—Bertha, Herman, and Charles, 6—Gustav T. Bruckmann, 11—Marie C., 14—“Belle and Bertie,” 14—Nettie and Willie Van Antwerp, 14—Warren Cook, 1—Harry Cook, 1—E. R. Conklin, 3—Herbert C. Thirlwall, 13—Daisy May, all—Helen, Florence, and Louise, 5—Wallace K. Gaylord, 13—E. H. Neville, 2—Fred C. McDonald, all—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 13—Frederick W. Faxon, all—R. O. Chester, 7—“Ulysses,” 13—Agnes Fulton, 1—R. T. Losee, 15—John H. H. Coleman, 5—Hattie Evans and Mary de N., 6—“Bosun,” 15—T. K. and N. B. Cole, 11—“80 and 81,” all—Elsie B. Wade, 8—Ned Thompson, 3—Emma and Lottie Young, 13—Edith and Alfred, 9—Nellie C. Graham, 15—May Farinholt, 1—B. Hopkins, 5—Mamie Hardy and Alice Lucas, 11—Henry C. Brown, all—Margaret S. Hoffman, 6—Ernest F. Taylor, 9—Lilla and Daisy, all—S. C. Thompson, 14—Willie O. Brownfield, 1—George S. and Carrie, 8—Dick Bab, 12—Myrick Rheem, 7—“Lode Star,” 11—Mamie L. Mensch, 5—Laura Moss, 5—“X. Y. Z.,” 12—May Copeland, 2—Sophie M. Gieske, 7—Charlie Wright, 2—Louie H. Monroe, 2—G. E. Hemmons, 10—Bessie Fannie Knobloch, 7—Estelle Weiler, 3—Carrie and Mary Speiden, 13—Three Little Subscribers, 1—Lulu M. Hutchins, 10—Bessie Meade, 8—P. S. and H. K. Heffleman, 4—Albert J. Brackett, 7—Bessie Taylor, 8—Anna and Alice, 14—Genie Smith, 6—Hope, 11—Lawrence, 2—Sanford B. Martin, 1—Lewis P. Robinson, 2—Deter and Meter, 14—Katie Williams, 6—H. R. Reynolds, 13—Mary Wild and W. H. Moyer, 14—Faith Walcott, 1—Rose Irene Raritan, 6—J. A. Scott, 12—Bessie C. Barney, 9—Grace E. Smith, 8—Lizzie Nammack, 8—Katie Nammack, 4—George and Frank, 15—G. T. Maxwell, 15—Sammie Dodds, all—Gabby, 6—Florence Wilson, 4—J. Belle W. Brown, 9—Letetia Preston, 5—Gracie Hewlett, all—“Phyllis,” 13—Ned and Loe, all—Williston, 3—P. S. Clarkson, all—G. J. 1—Edith Granger, 7—Charlie W. Power, all—W. and G. L., all—Cig A. Rette, 12—Edith B. Fowler, 15—Ella W. Faulkner, 15—“Chuck,” 15—Lyde and Will McKinney, 14—Edward Vultee, all—Chow Chow, 3—George D. Sabin, 8—Emma Nembeh, 4—Carl Howden, 6—Belle F. Upton, 2—Phebe, Hettie, and Annie, 7—Clara D. Adams, 4—Mabel Adams, 3—Isabel Chambers, 2—C. A. Chandler, 11—Al. Mond, 13—Georgia and Lee, 13—L. H. P., 8—Pierre Jay, 5—“Brownie Bee,” 12—“Carl and Norris,” 5—“Two Little Bees,” 13. Four solvers forgot to sign their names to their letters. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

that describes one picture of each set, and re-arranging them so as to spell a word or words that will fairly describe the mate picture or pictures. In the illustration, each numeral is so placed that it stands in, and thus indicates, all the pictures belonging to its set.

DIAMOND.

1. An invocation.
2. That which caused the death of a royal woman of great beauty.
3. A means for holding a door closed without locking it.
4. A bird.
5. A king whose city was taken by the ancient Greeks.
6. “Something accomplished, something done.”
7. An ill-used, too-often used, and too-little used, letter.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Carl and Norris, London, Eng., 2—“Brownie Bee,” 8—Lillie Keppelman, 1—“Two Little Bees,” Les Ruches, France, 6—L. Bradner, Paris, 6—A. Merrylees, Italy, 1.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 20, from Edwin Walker, Jr., 8—Alice M. Kye, 13—C. and J. Treat, all—J. S. Hunt, all—Kittie Hanford, 7—“Partners,” 12—Pearl and Birdie Bright, 4—Marion Booth, 7—Samuel D. Stryker, Jr., 7—“So So,” all—“Adam and Eve,” all—“Carol and her Sisters,” all—“F. H. R.,” 11—Georgia Jones, 5—Florence G. Lane, 2—C. Willenbucher, 10—E. S. Hosmer, 10—Harriet L. Pruyn, 1—J. Alvah Scott, 14—Clarence Haviland, 11—Lanman Crosby, 5—Robert K. Harris, 2—“Queen Bless,” 16—W. C. McLeod, 10—Richard Anderson, 3—Hallie B. Wilson, 4—Gussie and Anna Larrabee, 14—M. M. Libby, 13—Philip Sidney Carlton, 12—“K. F. M.,” 12—“Hallie and her Cousin,” 7—Jeanie and Edward Smith, 10—Edith Louisa Miner, 3—Natie Gordon, 12—“We, Us and Co.,” 13—Julia T. Pember, 3—Clarence W. Peabody, 5—Katy Flemming, 14—Lester D. Mapes, 12—Wilbur F. Henderson, 1—Willie Van Kleeck, 12—Mors O. Sloam, 15—Fred Thwaites, all—“Buttercup and Daisy,” 8—Engene A. Clark, 14—“Tom, Dick, and Harry,” 11—Sophie M. Dackow, 11—Nettie Richards, 1—J. Milton Gitterman, 3—The Stowe Family, all—“Carlyle,” 2—Florence E. Pratt, all—C. L. Brownell, all—Sallie Viles, 13—Mary E. Sprague, 4—“Olive,” 4—“Johnnie and Jessie,” 16—Annie Mills and Louie Everett, 16—Witch and Wizard, 12—Carrie Davison, 3—Estelle Merrill, 1—“M’Liss,” 4—Florence Leslie Kye, 13—“Sid and I,” 14—George A. Stahl, 2—“A. G. B. and M. G. B.,” 11—Edmund C. Carshaw, 9—John B. Miller, 7—“Willie F. P.,” 4—W. B. Potere, 8—John B. Wood, 4—Ellen L. Way, 12—“O. We R. Y. Y.,” 12—O. B. Judson, 13—Bertie Manier, 14—Louise and Nicoll Ludlow, 14—“Frenchy,” 10—Lulu M. Brown, 10—“Zaydee,” 11—Luzia and Elsbeth Hitz, 7—Caroline Larrabee, 5—Walter W. Silson, 1—Horace F., 7—Bernard C. Weld, 15—Nellie Caldwell, 4—Effie Wagener, 1—Mary Shepardson, 1—Jossie McCleary, 7—Leonie and Zella, 12—Mark L. McDonald, Jr., 3—Cora Gregory, 11—J. C. and L. Tones, all—W. F. Harris, 12—Archie and Hugh Burns, 12—Lulu G., all—A. B. C. all