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HOW BOBBY'S VELOCIPEDE RAN AWAY.

BY H. W. BLAKE.

BOBBY was a little tot in dresses, with long "dau-burn" curls, as he called them, hanging down on his shoulders. He would n't be four years old till October; and yet he had been off on the cars that spring day all alone by himself, and without saying a word to anybody. It all happened because Papa had just bought him a velocipede, painted black, with red trimmings, and having a cushioned seat and a silver-tipped steering-handle. Mamma had always said that there were two things which Bobby must not do till he was large enough to wear trousers, and one was to eat mince-pie and the other to ride a velocipede. But every boy on the street had a velocipede that spring, and there was no peace till Bobby had one, too. Yet Mamma never let him take it out of the yard till he had promised not to go out of sight of the house, and not to race with the other boys.

Bobby's father was an engineer on the railroad, and he was gone from home all day. On the morning when this story began to happen, he went away early, leaving Mamma with "oceans of work" on her hands,—that is, the week's ironing was to be finished up and some frosted cake made for a little party she was to have that evening; so as soon as Bobby had finished his breakfast, she put on his little gray cloak, with the cap to match,—which had a black tassel in the center,—and his red silk neckerchief, and mittens of the same color, and sent him out to play with the velocipede; then she made the cake while the irons were getting hot, going to the door every little while to see that Bobby was all right.

For a time, Bobby remembered all that he had promised Mamma, and kept near the house and

did not race; but after all the other children had come out on the walk with their velocipedes, and a grand open-to-all race around the square was started, he forgot himself, and followed the rest just as fast as his little legs could make the wheels go. And, what was stranger, Mamma forgot him, because, at that very moment, she made the unhappy discovery that while her irons were hot, her party-cake was burning up. By the time that Bobby had turned the first corner of the square, the other children were out of sight. He was tired, and would have gone home, and this story would never have been written. But it so happened that he looked down the street a long way to where the railroad track crossed the road, in front of the big depot, and saw a steam-engine; and then he thought to himself: "I'll go and see Papa," for he had an idea that all engines went to the same place, and that any one of them would take him straight to Papa; it would be fine fun to ride in the cab, on the engineer's seat, just as he rode one day when Papa's engine was going from the engine-house to the depot. So the velocipede flew down the street for the next few minutes in a way that made everybody stare.

But after a while it made a sudden stop, for Bobby spied a string of tobacco-pipes hanging in the window of a cigar store and he wanted one, because he remembered that Papa always had a pipe in his mouth when he started for the depot. So he left the velocipede leaning against the window, and went in and bought a long clay pipe with a yellow mouth-piece. The man asked him for a penny, and he paid him promptly from the bit of a purse which he always carried in the side pocket of his

cloak. And when he had put that pipe in his mouth, he felt so grand that he marched off to the depot, never once thinking of the velocipede.

When he reached the depot, the engine was hitched to a long train of cars, and the engineer stood on the ground oiling the machinery with a funny, long-spouted oil-can. The steam was shooting out of the steam-pipe, and the fireman sat in the cab all ready to ring the bell for starting the train. Bobby pulled the sleeve of the engineer's jacket and said, pointing to the cab, "Please put me up there; I want to go and see my papa!" But the engineer shook his head and said, "I could n't do that, my little man," and then he climbed up to his seat. This was a great disappointment to Bobby, and I dare say he would have cried right out if he had n't seen a man with a pipe in his mouth, just like his own, going into the third car from the engine. So he thought that that must be the place for him. Just how he contrived to pull himself up the steps nobody knows, for nobody saw him, but when the train moved out of the depot he was curled up on the front seat of the smoking-car, with the pipe still between his teeth.

That very same minute, his mamma was hurrying down Main street, looking very hot and exceedingly frightened, asking every one she met, "Have you seen my boy on his velocipede?"

The burning of that party-cake had so distracted the poor woman that she had not thought of Bobby for as much as ten minutes after it was out of the oven, and then none of the children, who had finished their race around the square by this time, had the slightest idea what had become of him. Neither did anybody else know, although a policeman told her that there was an idle velocipede down by Mr. Carter's cigar store. But all that Mr. Carter could tell her was that he had sold Bobby a pipe, to be used for blowing soap-bubbles, he supposed.

Mamma was very pale by this time, and her mind was full of all the terrible things that might possibly happen to Bobby, but she went straight on through the crowded streets of the city, till she came to the police office at the City Hall. The chief of police was very kind to her, and he wrote down all that she could tell him about how Bobby looked, and what he wore. He said that the City Hall bell should be rung to show that a child was lost, that all the policemen should look for Bobby all over the city, and that if he was n't found within two hours, the description he had written out should be printed in a hand-bill and posted everywhere. The big bell in the tower began to ring while Mamma went down the steps of the building, and it did n't stop until she reached home. By this time it was noon and her fire was all out.

A policeman brought home the velocipede a few minutes later, and, when he was gone, Mamma sat down and cried.

"Oh," said she, "where can my Bobby be, and what will Papa say when he comes home to-night?"

Conductor John Blackmer was a good deal surprised that day when he opened the door of the smoking-car on the fast New York express, just after leaving Brocton depot, to see Bobby and the pipe on the front seat. The little fellow was so nicely dressed that if it had n't been for the pipe, one would have supposed that he had just escaped from the infant class of some Sunday-school. The conductor stopped to ask him some questions, but the youngster was feeling his importance considerably just then, and about all that could be got out of him was that he intended to "see Papa"; so the conductor went on through the train, and he asked the passengers, while he was punching holes in their tickets, whose little boy that was in the smoking-car; but, of course, nobody knew. Then he went back to Bobby, and said:

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well," answered he, "my name is Bobby Bradish, and I live at 27 Garden street; my papa's name is Buxton Bradish; he is an engineer, and they call him 'Buck' Bradish, for short!"

All this was a speech that he had been taught to say at home, and one that always made Papa laugh.

The conductor knew "Buck" Bradish well, although he worked on another railroad; and he also knew what to do with Bobby. He first persuaded the young man to let him put the pipe into the side pocket of his own coat, to keep it from breaking, and then he carried him in his arms to the parlor-car, which was the next one in front of the smoking-car, and put him down in one of the big, red, stuffed chairs. He was facing a kind-looking lady, who got him to tell her about Mamma and Papa, and the velocipede. And when the boy with books and papers to sell came along, she bought for Bobby a children's magazine, and showed him the pictures; and also a little candy,—all, she was sure, Mamma would be willing he should eat. She made Bobby feel that the parlor-car was a much nicer place to ride in than the smoking-car.

It was twenty-five miles from Brocton to Sherman, where the express trains stopped next. When the conductor came into the car to take Bobby out, the little boy asked if his papa was there. The conductor told him that Papa was not there, but that he himself would take him to a lady who would tell him how to find Papa. Then he carried him across a track and into the depot, saying to a young lady who stood behind a door

that had a hole cut in it just large enough for Bobby to see her face, "Here he is." And she smiled, and, opening the door, said, "Bring him right in." So the conductor put Bobby on the lounge that stood behind the door, and the next minute he was gone off on the train.

It was the funniest little room Bobby had ever seen,—hardly wide enough to turn around in. There was one sunny window in it that looked out on the railroad. While Bobby was looking around him, the lady sat down at a table, having some very curious-looking machinery on it, and played with her fingers on a black button that moved up and down on a spring, and made a clicking noise; and when the bird heard the clicking noise, he sang as though his throat would split. You see that it was a telegraph-office in which Conductor Blackmer had left Bobby, and that this lady was sending Mamma word where Bobby was; and when she had finished playing on the button, she came and sat on the lounge, and took Bobby in her lap; then she explained to him that his papa had gone a long way off on another railroad, and that he could not see him till night; also, that Conductor Blackmer would come back with his train by and by, and take him home; and that he must be a good boy while he staid with her, and he would find both Papa and Mamma waiting for him in the depot at home. And when she was sure that the little boy understood it all, it was dinner-time. You see, Conductor Blackmer had written a letter while he was on the cars, telling all about Bobby, and had given it to her as soon as the train stopped, so that she would know what to do with the little boy; and he had also written a message for her to telegraph to Mamma.

All this time, Mamma was sitting in the kitchen at home, crying as though her heart were broken. She did not even notice that the fire was out and her irons were cold; she was so troubled because Bobby was lost. But she started up very quickly when the front-door bell rang, and was a good deal surprised to find that a telegraph-boy had brought her a message; there could be no mistake about it, for on the envelope were the words, "Mrs. Buxton Bradish, 27 Garden street, Brocton, Connecticut." So she opened it, and this was what the message said:

"SHERMAN, CONNECTICUT, April 5th, 1875.

"Bobby is all right. Will bring him home at 6.30 this evening.

"JOHN BLACKMER,

"Conductor New York Express."

Mamma wiped away her tears in a hurry when she had read the message, and asked the boy to

come in while she wrote a note, informing the chief of police that Bobby was at last found. And then she began to make up a new fire in the kitchen stove; and when the fire was lit she put away the ironing and made a new party-cake.

The lady who staid in the Sherman telegraph-office boarded at a large hotel across the road from the depot, and it was there that she took Bobby to dinner. Her friends stared a good deal when they saw her leading him through the long dining-room, but the waiter ran for a high chair and a bib, and the little boy enjoyed himself very much. After dinner, the lady went to a toy store and bought him some "sliced animals," and after they had gone back to the office, she showed him how to put the pasteboard strips together so as to make pictures of the lion, tiger, sheep, etc. Then she read him a story from the magazine which the other lady had given him on the train, and then Bobby fell asleep on the lounge. But he was wide awake when Conductor Blackmer came to take him, and the lady gave Bobby a good hug and a kiss before she let him go. The conductor put the magazine and the sliced animals in his overcoat pocket, and placed Bobby on a seat in the passenger-car. And when he had finished collecting tickets, he took him on his knee and told him stories about his own little children at home.

Papa's train came into the Brocton depot at six o'clock, half an hour earlier than the one Bobby was on. Mamma was there to meet him, and he was very much astonished to hear what had been going on.

When the New York express train came in, the first man who got off was Conductor Blackmer, with Bobby in his arms. And when Papa and Mamma had heard the whole story of Bobby's trip to Sherman, the conductor handed him over to them "safe and sound," along with the magazine, the sliced animals, and the pipe.

There was a very happy party at 27 Garden street that evening. Bobby was allowed to sit at the table and have a piece of the party-cake.

He is a large boy now, but he still remembers how he ran away to find Papa. And if you should go into the parlor of his house, you would see three photographs in the same frame. One of them is the picture of a little boy on a velocipede, another, that of John Blackmer, conductor of the New York express, and the third, that of the lady who stays in the Sherman telegraph-office. And over these pictures there is placed a clay pipe, with a yellow mouth-piece; a pipe that has never been smoked.



AN INTRODUCTION.—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

FOURTH OF JULY AT TOM ELLIOT'S HOUSE.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

THANKSGIVING is all well enough in its way,
Against Christmas and New-Year I 've nothing
to say,

But my dog and the fellows and I,—
That is, all the fellows who have any spunk,
Who save up for months to buy powder and punk,
And keep fire-crackers hid in my old leather
trunk,—

We just live for the Fourth of July!

Tom stays at his aunt's, near the end of the lane;
Her house is quite fine but she 's hateful as Cain;

And I 'm going to tell what she said,
One day when my dog and the fellows and I
Had gone to Tom's house to spend Fourth of July,
And thought, being under her window, we 'd try
To be quiet as mice, or the dead.

We said "Hurrah!" softly, for fear she 'd be mad;
We set off the littlest cannon we had,

As under the bushes we hid;
Tom screamed "Do be quiet!" at each little
sound,

And when my dog yelped as he tore up the ground,
To bring me a piece of a cracker he 'd found,
I cried "Lie down, sir!" And he did.

Yes, he did every time—but 't was all of no use;
When folks want to find fault they can make an
excuse;

So she popped her head out through the vines
And cried: "Tom, your father shall hear about
you;

To put up with this longer is more than I 'll do—
Come into the house, sir, and send off the crew
That are spoiling my flowers and lines!

"Independence, indeed! I 'd rather, I say,
Be under the rule of Great Britain to-day,
Than subjected to noises I hate!"
Oh! sharper than crackers the cruel words rang,
And quickly the window went down with a bang,
As up from the bushes my brave old dog sprang,
And followed me out of the gate.

She 's as cross an old party as ever could be!
She insulted my dog and the fellows and me,
And though they may forgive her, I can't!
No, I can't—and, besides that, I don't mean to
try—

And next year my dog and the fellows and I
Will go off on the rocks to spend Fourth of July,
With no thanks to Tom or his aunt!

U P.

BY GEORGE H. HEBARD.

POOR old Mr. *Preface* was tired,—not that he had been particularly busy,—no, that was the pity of it. Time had been when every caller at Dictionary Mansion had, first of all, paid their respects to him; in return, he imparted to each new visitor such little hints and general information as its founder, Mr. Webster, had thought they might need to aid them in their researches.

But, alas! those days were of the past! In the rush and hurry of modern American life, people could not wait to confer with him. There were constant callers at the mansion with whom he had never interchanged a word,—people who rushed through the halls, found the room of the Word they desired to consult, made their inquiries, and then bolted unceremoniously. All this worried Mr. *Preface* very much, for was he not an old and faithful servant? Mr. Webster himself had given him the position of janitor when Dictionary Mansion was first completed. It was comparatively a small house then; and through all its changes to the present enormous structure, with its numberless lodgers, he had remained faithfully at his post.

These were a few of the sad thoughts occupying his attention one night as he sat restlessly in his arm-chair, wearied with enforced idleness. It was rather late for him, too. He usually closed the doors early in the evening; but, that night, Orator Puff was to speak at the Town Hall, and had engaged many of the biggest Words to assist him, and Mr. *Preface* was awaiting their return.

Meanwhile, the poor old fellow was slowly going over his sorrowful thoughts, when he was suddenly startled by a scream. It evidently came from a distant part of the building. Going into the hall, he found it rapidly filling with excited Words, anxious to know the cause of the alarm. As the commotion appeared greatest in the corridor of the "U's," he hurried there, and soon found himself at the room of little Mr. *Up*. Crowding past *Curiosity*, who stood vacantly staring through the door, he saw the body of the little lodger lying prostrate on the floor. Bending over him were *Pity* and *Sympathy*, vainly trying to bring him to consciousness.

Miss *Upas*, the lady who lived in the adjoining chamber, gave this explanation: Her neighbor had come home unusually late that evening. After hearing him close his door, she felt the jar of some one falling. Hurrying to his room, she discovered him lying on the floor, apparently dead,

and, in her terror, she gave the piercing scream which alarmed the house. Mr. *Aid* was the first to appear on the scene, and was doing all he could to revive the sufferer.

When *Up* had sufficiently recovered, he told his story, as follows:

"Mine is simply a case of nervous and bodily exhaustion, caused by constant overwork. There has not been a night for the last two years that I have not come home so utterly fagged out that it seemed as if I never could begin my endless labor again. Ever since the Jones family came to this town, my services have been in constant demand from early dawn till late at night. It appears there is hardly an idea in their heads but they think my presence necessary for its expression. For instance, there is Father Jones. At first cock-crow, he 'wakes up'; then 'gets up' and 'makes up' the fire; 'does up' his chores; 'blacks up' his boots; 'eats up' whatever his wife 'cooks up' for breakfast; 'goes up' to the store; 'figures up' the cash account; 'buys up' more goods; 'marks up' the prices; 'fills up' the orders; 'foots up' the profits; 'shuts up' the store; 'dresses up' for dinner; 'sits up' awhile afterward, calling for my assistance continually, until he 'locks up' the house for the night and 'shuts up' his eyes in slumber.

"At the same time Miss Fanny 'dresses up'; 'does up' her hair; 'takes up' her book; 'gets herself up' in her lesson; 'hunts up' her bonnet; 'hurries up' to school; 'catches up' with a school-mate; 'stands up' to recite; 'passes up' to the head of the class; 'flushes up' at the praise of her teacher; 'divides up' her luncheon at recess; and, as she 'rides up' home in the horse-car, 'makes up' her mind to 'be up' at the head of the school ere the term is 'up.'

"Tommy Jones 'runs up' to the store on an errand; 'trips up' over a stick; cries out that he is all 'bruised up,' until his mother 'bandages up' his knee, and 'hugs him up' a dozen times, and tells him to 'keep up' good courage, and try to 'cheer up.'

"And so it is the long, long, weary day. I go from one to the other until I can scarcely totter. Nor would I complain even now if I thought my help were really needed. But there is the Brown family living next door; they are certainly quite as active as the Joneses, and, as they seldom require my services, I can only think that my presence on

every occasion (for it can not fairly be called assistance) is not indispensable, as the Joneses seem to imagine."

"Shameful, shameful!" was the indignant comment of the group of listeners, as *Up* finished his story.

Said *Incomprehensibility*: "I scarcely can believe the Joneses to be so cruel as to abuse such a little man as *Up* like that. Just think of it—only two letters high! And here am I, a very giant among Words, and yet have only been called out once for a month! Then it was for a spelling at a public school, and I was immediately dismissed. Why could not the work be more evenly distributed among us?"

"You have spoken my sentiments exactly," said *Procrastination*. "We ought to labor according to our size. My only work this week was in serving for an hour as writing-copy for Tommy Jones. I was very glad to be put to use, although the teacher did say I was a 'thief of time.'"

"Let us hold an indignation meeting," suggested another. "We can at least protest against such barbaric cruelty and injustice."

The idea met with favor, and the fast-increasing assemblage adjourned without delay to the main hall of the building, whither all the other inmates were soon summoned. *Arbiter* was chosen moderator, in acknowledgment of his wisdom, and because of his reputation as a settler of disputes. Vice-presidents were selected from Scripture proper names, abbreviations, and noted names of fiction, and *Record* elected secretary. The meeting being duly organized, the chairman announced the business to come before it, giving a brief but spirited account of *Up*'s history and sufferings.

He was followed by *Argument*, an old and experienced debater who had spent much time in court, and was noted chiefly for always being on the contrary side. For this once, however, he happily agreed with the prevailing opinion. Said he:

"No doubt the Americans are a well-meaning race. But they are extremely careless and seldom think. And no doubt the Joneses are, at this very

moment, serenely sleeping in utter unconsciousness of the pain and misery which their dullness has inflicted upon poor little *Up*. Of course they mean to do right, and would not knowingly injure any one. But that is a poor excuse. Now these same Americans have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. They seem to be in greater need of a society for the prevention of cruelty to the English language, a society whose rigid laws should be strictly enforced. Perhaps my words seem strong, but, my friends, *Up*'s case is not an unusual one. I see before me even now two Words, *You* and *Know*, who have had an equally bitter experience. Whenever some people summon us to the aid of their ideas, *You* and *Know* are hitched in with the other Words. Sometimes they trot before and sometimes behind. In either case, while they do not help the expressions, but are rather a hindrance, they become quite as fatigued as if doing regular and proper work. Now, if Mr. Jones, for instance, should see a pair of horses used in the same way, he would at once set down their driver as an idiot, if not something worse. But the two cases are not unlike, although our unthinking friends seem not to perceive this."

Another speaker thought that, "As the Joneses and others have probably never looked at the subject in that light, it might be that if it were so presented to them they would see the justice of the complaint and offend no more. I should, therefore, move, Mr. Chairman, that our friend *Preface* should be appointed a committee of one to call their attention to the matter, and urge a reform."

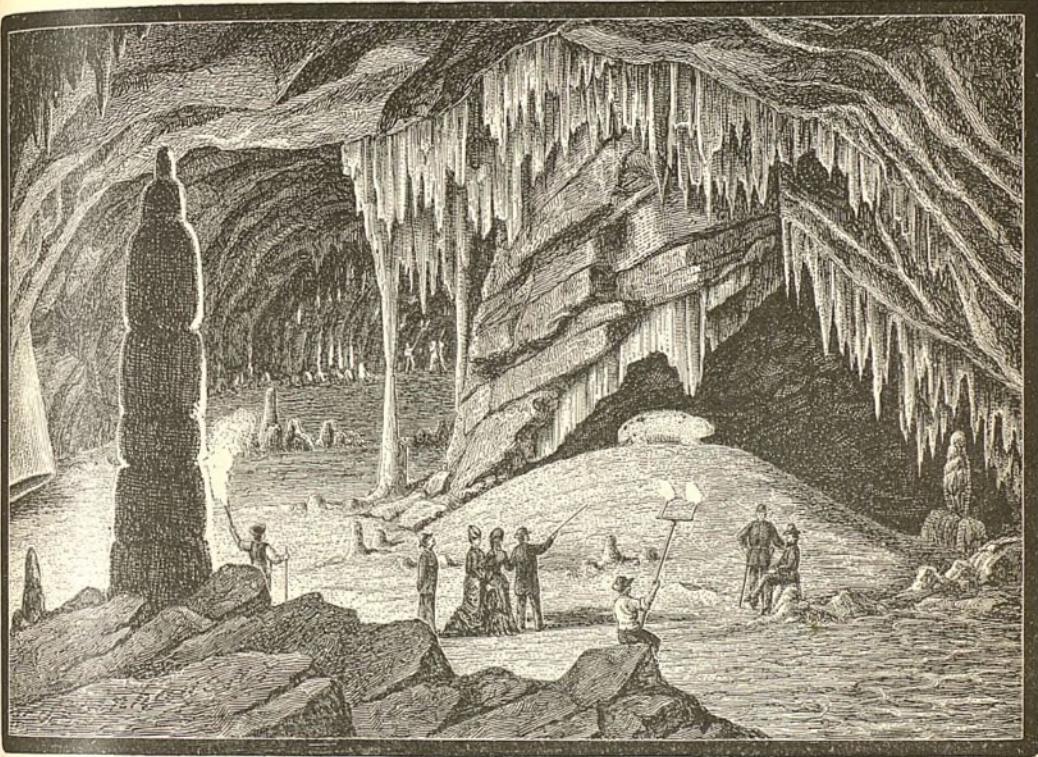
At this point, Mr. *Preface* arose and addressed the meeting in a sorrowful manner. He thought the appeal should be spread far and wide by some able and influential advocate. Reminding his hearers of his own neglected position and waning powers, he moved to amend by having an account of the whole affair sent to the ST. NICHOLAS for publication.

The amendment being accepted, the resolution as amended was passed by a unanimous vote, after which the meeting adjourned.



A DAY UNDER-GROUND.

BY DAVID KER.



IN THE "POLAR GROTTA" OF ADELSBERG, SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.—THE "WHITE BEAR."

A QUIET little village is Adelsberg, so hidden away among the mountains of Southern Austria that it might never have been heard of but for its famous "Grotto," which is what every one comes to visit. Just beyond the village, you see a great black tunnel in the hill-side, from which rushes a foaming river; and into this tunnel you go.

At first you seem to be entering some great cathedral, with a vast black dome overhead, and high, wide arches all around; and the lights that mark the way seem to be mere sparks. But the path turns suddenly upward, through a dark rock-gallery, the roar of an unseen river below growing fainter as you ascend. The guides light their torches, and the glare shows you many strange things in passing—palms, cypresses, willows, outstretched hands and turbaned heads, dogs, parrots, monkeys—all so life-like in the flickering light that, you think, the best sculptor might be proud of them. But no sculptor has ever chiseled these; they are formed by the solid parti-

cles in the water that drops from the roof, and keeps up a constant "tick-tick" all around.

Here extends a crimson-edged curtain, forty feet long, every fold distinct, but all stone. We come upon a crowd of strange-looking people, seemingly waiting for some one; but they have been waiting there for ages—they, too, are of stone. One guide taps a stalactite with his stick, and it chimes like a bell; another shouts, and his shout echoes like organ music far away.

Suddenly, we come out upon a level floor, set with tables and benches; and the guides tell us that every year the village-folk have a dance and supper down here, and that the Emperor himself attended one of these under-ground balls not long ago! From this point, rails have been laid for a mile and a half, and passengers may be pushed along them in trucks—a sort of street-car line underground!

But the side-gallery for foot-passengers is a startling place for a walk. It runs along the very

brink of a precipice, with no protection but a low hand-rail, from the black depths below. Far, far down, the river can be heard growling and muttering among its broken rocks. Half-way along this ledge, a sudden glitter breaks through the darkness, and, hanging right over the precipice, appears a monster stalactite, more than fifty feet long by twelve thick. It has been forming for centuries.

A little beyond the "Diamond Grotto" (as this passage is called) the cave formerly ended; but the guides having noticed that the rock sounded hollow in one place, a boring was made, and a second cave was discovered, almost as large as the first. The whole mountain is honey-combed with these under-ground streets, which may be seen winding away on every side; there are several of them into which no one has dared to venture, but many marvels are seen in others. There are the "Leaning Tower"; the "Gallery of Statues," along which you see a row of veiled figures standing on the very edge of a deep black pit, and bending forward as if just about to fling themselves in, head foremost; and the "Dropping Fountain," beneath which has been formed in the course of ages the

exact likeness of an enormous sea-shell, with all its ribs and hollows perfectly marked.

A little farther on, you come to the "Frozen Water-fall"—a strange sight indeed. At the first glance, the whole side of the grotto seems to be one great sheet of dashing water and boiling foam, but without the slightest sound. You look again, and you see that it is half stone and half ice, glittering like silver in the blaze of the torches, but noiseless and motionless as moonlight. And now, at the very end of the cave, you come upon the last and most curious sight of all.

This farthest recess is called the "Polar Grotto," and very polar it looks. Winter everywhere: in the bare white floor, which might well pass for a waste of eternal snow; in the monster "icicles" that hang overhead; in the pillars of ribbed "ice" that stand all around, with gloomy hollows between; in the aching chill that strikes to one's very bones before one has stood there half a minute. And here, as if to complete the picture, rises a huge snow-drift, upon which stands an enormous white bear, turning his back upon everybody in a very unsocial way, as if he did not approve of being disturbed in his den by a parcel of sight-seers.



BOB: "HALLO! WHAT 'S UP NOW? ARE YOUR BABIES IN HERE?"

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THE STORY OF A BAD BIRD.

BY DAVID D. LLOYD.

It is painful to think that any bird could be really wicked; for birds—especially chubby birds—almost always seem good and innocent, and look as if their fat little breasts grew so because there were warm little hearts inside. And a bird has a way of looking you straight in the face with his bright little eye, that makes you believe he is honest and is not ashamed of it. Birds have made a splendid record in the world. I never knew a bird to tell a lie, excepting this bad bird, and certainly no bird was ever known to rob a bank, or forge a check.

But, sad as it is to think so, there have been bad birds, and this one, whose story I am about to tell, was so very bad that, in fairness toward the rest of the birds, it should be understood that he was very unlike them. The fact is, he was a downright cheat. He was nothing but a common blackbird, who had never been to school a day in his life, and yet he set himself up for a bird-doctor, called himself Dr. Black, and put on all sorts of medical airs. He even went so far as to pretend that he was a crow, and had studied medicine, and been made a doctor at the famous Crow College out West, although he had never so much as seen it.

Perhaps you have never heard of Crow College before? Well, that is not strange, for if I had not had some very highly educated birds among my friends, I believe I should never have heard of it myself. A great deal depends upon the kind of birds you associate with. It is a college where crows study to be doctors. (The bird-doctors are always crows—did you know that?) There are forty teachers in the college, all of them crows, very learned and very black, and the head of the faculty is a solemn old raven, who came over from the Raven University in Arabia just to be the head of this college. He is so old that he can't remember how many hundred years it is since he was born, and, as he has never been known to open his mouth, excepting to eat, he is believed by everybody to be wonderfully wise.

The college classes meet in the upper branches of the trees in a great Western forest. If you passed by there, you would think, of course, that it was merely a flock of noisy crows chattering together. But if you could see up to the tops of the trees, you would see the old raven dozing, with his spectacles on his nose, and the teachers explaining, all at once, about the bones and veins of birds and their tiny diseases, and all the classes

studying hard, like good little crows. But there is one sad thing about the Crow College. Crow-doctors have trouble sometimes in getting paid, and, as crows must live, there is one crow-professor who gives his whole time to teaching the best way to steal corn. And I am sorry to add that the corn-class is always the largest class of all.

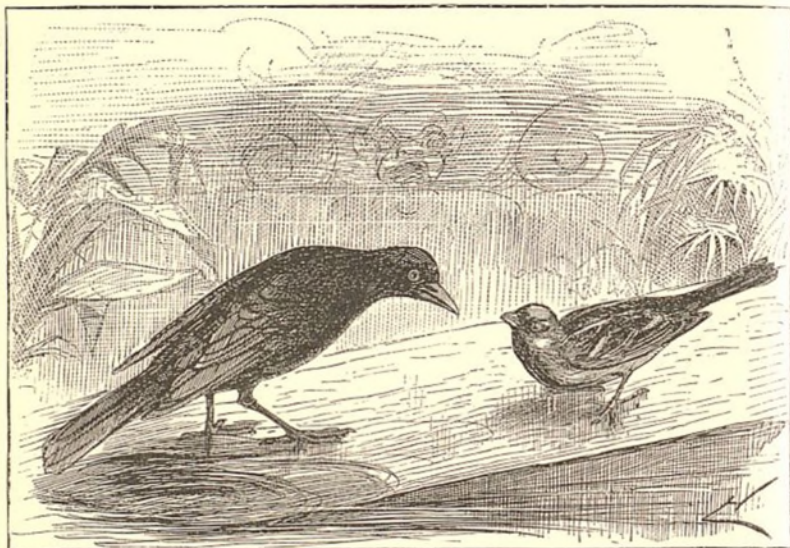
The way Dr. Black set himself up in practice will show you what a clever little rogue he was. Have you ever seen Stuyvesant Square, in New York? A good many of you must have seen it. It is one of the oldest parks in the city; St. George's Church stands beside it, and away up in the great towers of the church, the clock strikes every few minutes with a gentle, friendly sound, as if it were telling the children playing below that another quarter of an hour has gone, and they must enjoy all the hours and minutes that are left.

In this pleasant old park, there is a fountain, and in the fountain there is a little raft of wood about a foot square. This raft is anchored with a stone, and one end runs under the water just enough to let the birds skip down upon it into the water and have a splendid bath, and skip back upon the dry part of the board. Now it so happened that the park policeman was putting a new raft in its place when Dr. Black came flying over the park. That caught his wicked little eye, and he stopped; he alighted on a tree right at the edge of the fountain and seemed to be thinking very hard. It was a sign that he was doing this when he scratched himself as near to his head as he could get with his foot, and he scratched himself several times.

Finally, when his mind seemed to be made up, and the policeman had gone away, Dr. Black flew down to the board and stood on it. Meanwhile, he carefully stroked his feathers until he looked so smooth, so black, and so respectable that you would have said he was a bird-doctor, the minute you looked at him, and you would have thought him one of the most respectable birds alive. Now, down came the sparrows for their bath; they had been waiting, and they were impatient. Who was this dark stranger standing in their way? They flew around and around him, chirping to one another, and wondering, in their little brains, what it could all mean; and all the while, Dr. Black stood on the board, silent and black, and pretending to take no notice of them whatever; but he was watching them all the time, you may be sure.

Finally, the bravest of the sparrows—it was a little lady-sparrow—alighted on the board. She was so anxious to know who this strange-looking bird was, that she could n't stand it any longer. Dr. Black bowed to her very politely, and, putting his best and blackest claw foremost, he said he was very glad to see her; that he had built this bath at great expense, and hoped that the birds of the neighborhood would patronize him liberally. He was a doctor, he said, and had studied at Crow College—the little scamp!

together, the Mayor and the other city officers meet and make up their minds how it must be spent. Some of it goes to pay the firemen,—the brave men who put out fires and save people's lives; some of it to pay the policemen; some of it to pay men for keeping the streets clean; some of it for the meat the lions and tigers eat in Central Park, and some of it for the little baths for the sparrows. So, you see that when Dr. Black said he had paid for that bath, he had told what the boys call a "whopper."



DR. BLACK WELCOMES THE SPARROW TO HIS NEW BATH-FLOAT.

Little Mrs. Sparrow was greatly amazed. The bath had always been free before; why was n't it free now? But Dr. Black soon made her believe that the bath had always belonged to him, though he had never charged anything for the use of it, because he loved to do good to his fellow-birds. But now—and here he gave his breast a little heave and pretended to wipe a tear from his eye—he had been unlucky; he had lost his money, and he was forced, in his old age, to work to get enough to eat. Here the little humbug turned away from Mrs. Sparrow, and worked his shoulders up and down in such a way that she, kind-hearted little thing, thought he was sobbing hard. The truth was, he was winking to himself at the thought of his own smartness, and thinking what a soft-hearted little lady-bird she was.

Perhaps you don't know where these little baths for the sparrows come from. Well, every year every man in New York who owns a house pays some money to the city. This is what is called paying taxes. When all the money has been put

But little Mrs. Sparrow believed it all. Dear me! Sparrows never will be able to understand politics. She flew to her friends and told them all about Dr. Black. She said that he charged very little for the use of the bath. He would take worms, or pieces of cake or bread, or almost anything good to eat. You see, the Doctor was hungry, although he did n't tell Mrs. Sparrow so. She said, too, that he was a *splendid* doctor, and when her husband, Mr. D. Thomas Sparrow, asked her how she knew, she said that she was n't going to be talked to as if she were a mere child and did n't know anything. She *knew* he was a splendid doctor. Anyhow, he had *beautiful* black eyes!

What do you suppose happened? There was a most alarming outbreak of sickness among the birds. They had been the healthiest, sturdiest sparrows in the world before—fat and chubby, and with tremendous appetites. But now there were invalids on all sides, among the lady-sparrows. And so, sly Dr. Black soon had all the patients he wanted, and all the fees he could eat. He became

the fashion, and no lady-sparrow felt that she was doing her duty to society unless it was known that he was her physician.

The gentleman-sparrows of the Square made a great deal of fun about all this. They did n't believe in Dr. Black, and said so, and very few of them went to his bath. It was a strange scene in the mornings when Dr. Black received his patients. He looked so wise and grave, and pushed the little birds into the water with such a polite way, and made such handsome bows when they paid him his crumbs. Meanwhile, the nurses and children who were in the park would be very much astonished to see fifteen or twenty little gentleman-sparrows sitting around the edge of the fountain and trying to sneer. Yes, to sneer. It is not an easy thing to do, for the gentleman-sparrow is usually a good-natured, nice little fellow. When he does try to sneer, the effect is very dreadful, and if you had been there, you also might have been astonished.

But one morning there was a new sensation among the sparrow colony in Stuyvesant Square. A young gentleman-sparrow, who had been a great traveler, had arrived, and there was as much of a stir in the best sparrow circles as an English duke or a French nobleman could make in higher society. You see, these city sparrows usually stay in the park where they are born. Very few of the birds in Stuyvesant Square knew that there was any world beyond Third Avenue, and so when this young gentleman came who had crossed the city five times to the Battery, and had once actually spent a whole summer in New Jersey, he was looked upon as a sort of explorer, and treated with great respect. They called him Mr. Jersey Sparrow, as a nice way of reminding people how far he had traveled. But he took care that nobody should ever forget it. He was always talking of the strange places he had seen, and spoke Sparrow language with a foreign accent; and the way he turned out his toes was almost French. He was a very vain little bird, and it vexed him to hear all the lady-sparrows, who seemed to admire him, talking so much about this Dr. Black. Secretly, his little breast filled with envy of Dr. Black, who was said to be such a handsome crow and such a wise doctor.

So, one morning, Mr. Jersey Sparrow appeared at the fountain.

"Why," said he, "he's not a crow! A crow is three times as big as that!"

Dr. Black was a little frightened, for he knew this was not a stay-at-home sparrow that he must deal with now. But, like a wise bird, he said nothing, and tried to look as if he thought it was not worth while to notice this loud young person.

"Why," said Mr. Jersey Sparrow, scanning him closely, "he's nothing but a blackbird!"

What a buzz and chatter went up from the sparrow colony! The little gentleman-sparrows all began to shake their heads and say they had always declared there was something wrong about this Dr. Black, while the little lady-sparrows divided into two parties. The lady-sparrows who had admired Mr. Jersey Sparrow most agreed that it was a shame a mere blackbird should have made them all believe he was a crow. But other lady-sparrows, headed by the little Mrs. Sparrow whom the Doctor had first welcomed to his bath-float, and who had ever since been his special friend, stood by him and declared that they knew he was a crow, though not one of the kind-hearted little things had ever seen a crow in her life!

By this time, Mr. Jersey Sparrow was very much worked up. He strutted up and down the edge of the fountain, and his little body shook with excitement. Finally, he screamed out: "If he is a crow, let him say, 'Caw!' Let him say 'Caw!'"

"Can he say 'Caw'?" the Doctor's party murmured among themselves anxiously, and little Mrs. Sparrow said softly in the Doctor's ear, "Do say 'Caw!' I'm sure you can!" But Mr. Jersey Sparrow and his friends chattered in a mocking way, "Yes, let him say 'Caw!' We should like to hear him say 'Caw!'"

If Dr. Black had been very wise indeed, he would still have kept silence, and scorned the charge that he was not a crow. A good many of the birds would have believed him, in spite of everything and everybody. That has often been the way, with birds as well as men. But a wild idea seized him. Perhaps he could say "Caw," if he tried hard! He swelled up his little lungs till his eyes stood out, and—tried.

How some of the sparrows laughed, and others' faces fell, and Mr. Jersey Sparrow strutted around! The "Caw" was something between a squeal and a squawk, a harsh cry unlike any crow's caw that was ever heard. Dr. Black saw that the game was lost. He stretched his wings, gave his raft a spiteful little push with his foot, and sailed up into the air, up, up—even over the great church towers and out of sight, leaving the astonished birds looking up into the sky, and wondering whether he had flown quite away from the world.

It is a curious fact in bird-nature that a great many of those innocent sparrows believed to the day of their deaths that Dr. Black was a great scientist and a most learned crow, and always declared that he had been driven away from them by ingratitude and persecution.

"ROCK-A-BYE, BABY!"

BY M. E. WILKINS.



*"Rock-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come Baby, cradle, and all."*

Sing a song to the baby, Lark;
Sing a song to the baby, Sparrow;
Merrily, oh, on the green hill-side,
The buttercups dance with the branching
yarrow.

The red cows stand by the glassy pool;
The little white lambs round their dams
are skipping;
And daintily over the grassy knolls,
I see the fair little shepherdess tripping.

Rock-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree-top;
And sing a song to the
darling, Swallow;

The rooks fly over the abbey-towers,
And, 'mong themselves, I hear them talking.

The monks are tinkling their silver bells;
And what do you think the rooks are say-
ing?

"There's a baby, up in a tree, like a bird,
His silken nest on a green bough swaying."

The green leaves whisper unto thee, Sweet;
Beautiful secrets over and over;
I am so happy—and yonder field
Is humming with bees, and sweet with
clover.

The monks are tinkling their silver bells;
Their strong young gardener trundles the bar-
row—

Sing to the baby, Swallow, sing;
Sing to the baby, Lark and Sparrow.



A bee was trapped when the sun went down,
For he staid too long in the lily-hollow.

I have slung thee, Love, in a silken scarf,
The west wind blows, to set thee rocking;

In the abbey-garden, the gardener spades
Around the roses, and helps their growing;
He is thinking of thee, and he's thinking of
me,
And the sweet rose-leaves in his face are blowing.



Rock-a-bye, Baby, upon the tree-top,
 Thou and the leaflets are just beginning;
 Spring lingereth yet with her dear rose-buds,
 And I will sing to thee over my spinning.

I have set the spinning-wheel 'neath the tree,
 May be the baby will like the whirring;
 Merrily, oh, in thy cradle, swing,
 The young green leaves at thy side are stirring.

I shall spin a frock for thee, Baby dear;
 The buttercups, oh, they are growing longer,
 The baby shall run o'er the grassy fields,
 One day, when his plump little legs are stronger

We will strew the rough roads with violets
 soft,
 With rags of roses and shreds of clover;
 All for the sake of the soft little feet,
 The cruel stones shall be covered over.

Sway softly, Love, in thy silken nest;
 Tenderly life around thee closes,
 And never a sting shall it bring to thee,
 For thy mother will always thorn thy roses.

Rock-a-bye in thy cradle, Sweet,
 The mother-bird from her nest is calling—
 What 's this?—ah me! the green bough
 breaks,
 And my darling baby, alas! is falling—

A cowed monk peered from the abbey-wall;
 The startled birds, overhead, were flying,
 And the gardener trampled a rose-bush down,
 In his haste to get to his baby crying.

The cowed monk turned to his glowing page,
 And painted a cherub with rays of glory;
 The wife and the gardener fondled and
 coaxed,
 And a smile from the baby endeth the
 story.



CAPTAIN SARAH BATES.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

SARAH BATES lived in New York Harbor. She slept in Oldport, New Jersey, went to school in New York City, and studied her lessons or helped her mother at housekeeping in the great bay behind Sandy Hook. Altogether, she lived over a great deal of space for one so young; more singular still, her father's house traveled more than fifty miles every day, stopping at night in Oldport, New Jersey, and spending the day at New York, or somewhere between these places. Sarah's chamber window sometimes looked out on the sea, and sometimes the trees cast pretty shadows on the carpet in the moonlight. At other times she had to keep the blinds closed, for there was a wide and noisy city street directly in front of the house. Her mother's kitchen and dining-room, her father's office, and all the other rooms, traveled, also, and it did seem as if the entire household establishment was always moving. For all that, it was a quiet and orderly household. Everything went on precisely as in any ordinary house, but the house itself and all the people in it had this singular habit of traveling from place to place every day in the week, excepting Sunday. On Sundays, the house stood still at Oldport, New Jersey, and Sarah went to the village church and sang in the choir, very much as any good country girl might do.

Sarah had been born on the move, and had been brought up on the go. For all that, she was a very steady girl. Her father's house might travel about, as much as it pleased, but you always knew just where to find Sarah. She was a quiet girl,—not talkative,—and trustworthy. Being the only child, and living nearly all the time in a moving house, and away from other children, she had grown up in the society of people much older than herself. She was her father's own girl, and, from the time she had been able to talk and walk, had been with him about his business. The family consisted of her father and mother and Sarah. There were also four men, who were in her father's employ, and they all lived together in the same house. Her father and mother had the best room upstairs; Sarah's room was next to theirs; the kitchen and dining-room were down-stairs, near her father's office; two of the men who lived with them had a room apiece, and the other two had a room between them. To get from Sarah's room to the kitchen, or dining-room and office, you had to go out-of-doors on a narrow piazza that extended all round the house; but none of the family seemed

to mind this, as it was very airy and healthful. There were several other rooms in the house, together with a small cellar, and a cupola on top of the house. This was a square room, with windows on every side, and comfortably carpeted, and provided with a large sofa. All parts of the house were warmed by steam in winter, and in summer the piazzas were shaded by canvas awnings.

To understand this rather queer household, you must know that Sarah's father was called the captain; one of the men—Mr. Cramp—was called the mate; one of the other men was known as the engineer; the other was called the fireman, and the last man—Jake Flanders by name—was known as the deck-hand. The house itself was named the "Mary and Sarah," and the name was painted in big white letters on the side of the house.

It was almost five when Sarah awoke that morning, and the sun was already up. She had been awakened by the noise the fireman made in stirring up his fire below, in the boiler-room, and she sat up and looked through the window. Just in front of the house was the river, and beyond it the grassy banks, with some cattle grazing in the fields, while the sun shone like a ball of silver through the rising mists. She heard teams driving down on the little pier, and knew that the cargo was arriving. She rose and dressed, and put her room in order; opened the door and stepped on the upper deck. Her home was a steam-boat, you see. She went aft a little way, and then down-stairs to the main deck. Here she met crowds of men unloading crates of strawberries from the teams on the pier, for the "Mary and Sarah" was to take a cargo of strawberries to New York. She would start in less than an hour, and already the decks were piled high with crates, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of ten thousand quarts of berries.

Sarah went forward, and, finding the door of the engine-room open, she stepped in and sat down on the sofa before the bright and glistening engine. The engineer was polishing up the brass-work, and she spoke to him pleasantly, and said she thought they must have the largest cargo of the season. After talking for a few moments with the engineer, she went on deck, and passed along till she came to another door. She opened this and entered her mother's kitchen, or the "galley," as it was called on the boat. She found her mother busy over the queer little stove, and getting breakfast; but she

seemed pale and weary. Sarah asked if she could help get the breakfast.

"Yes, Sally, I wish you would finish it for me. Father is in a great hurry to get off this morning to get the fruit into market early, and I do not feel very well. I think I'll go to my room and lie down for a while."

Without a word, Sarah took the breakfast in hand, and finished it, while her mother went upstairs to her state-room. In half an hour it was smoking hot on the breakfast table, and her father and all the men came in for it. From this we see that Sarah, while she did not say much, was a competent housekeeper, though hardly thirteen years of age. She cleared away the table, and put the room in order, went upstairs to see if her mother wanted anything, then went to her own state-room and made up the bed, and then took out her books to look over her lessons before going to school, twenty miles away.

The day seemed to begin badly. Her mother was ill in bed, and, just as they were taking the last crates on board, a box fell on Jake Flanders's foot and hurt him so much that he had to go ashore and see the doctor. So it was that the ship's company was partly disabled—the captain's wife sick, and the deck-hand gone ashore. The time came to start, and the lines were cast off, and the "Mary and Sarah" steamed away for New York short-handed.

Sarah gathered up her books, closed the blinds at her window, and went out on deck, and forward to the pilot-house. Her father was at the wheel, and Sarah slipped behind him to the sofa and curled herself upon it, and prepared to study her lessons. The boat steamed steadily on and on, and soon entered the great bay that opens in from the sea between Sandy Hook and the Narrows. It was a glorious day, and the cool sea-breeze, so salt and fresh, came in at the open windows of the pilot-house. To the right were the wooded hills of the Jersey shore, scored here and there with red streaks where the land-slides had uncovered the ruddy soil. Beyond, to the south-east, lay the low white beaches of Sandy Hook, with its light-houses and fringe of black cedars. To the east was the open sea, sparkling in the early sun. Directly ahead were the summer hotels on Coney Island, and to the left the wooded slopes and white villas of Staten Island, and the Narrows with the grass-clad forts. Here and there were ships moving about and giving life to the scene! What a glorious place to study vulgar fractions and the declensions of the verb *to be*!

The "Mary and Sarah" plowed ahead directly for the Narrows, and leaving a wake of fragrance from a million strawberries to mingle with the

sweet breath of the sea. They would reach the Narrows in about an hour, and enter the upper harbor, and in another hour would be at the dock, in good time for Sarah to go ashore to school. Just ahead of the boat was a long line of ships coming and going in the main channel that extends across the mouth of the bay from the Narrows to Sandy Hook. The wind was south-east, and quite a number of vessels were running in before it, while others were beating out against the wind, or were being towed down to the Hook, with their sails loose in the wind, ready to be spread as soon as they should clear the land.

The sun shone directly upon the girl's shapely head, and the cool salt air lifted her brown hair playfully. She was not exactly pretty, but pleasing—one of those sober girls who grow to be splendid women, strong, quick, and capable. Perhaps she was almost a woman now. She could cook, and sew, and make up a state-room, as well as any girl ashore. If need be, she could stand up and take that great wheel and steer the steamer from Oldport to New York and back again, and ask no favors of ship or ferry-boat. She knew all the bells for the engine, and the rules of the road, and had handled the boat many a time in the crowded Hudson, and twice she had put the boat in dock, without even scratching the paint on her sides.

"There's bound to be a collision!"

Her father's voice startled her, and she laid down her book and looked through the window. They had crossed the bay and had joined the procession of vessels in the main channel. Directly ahead was a large bark bound in, under full sail, and in front of her was a three-masted schooner, beating out. They were dangerously near each other, and the schooner seemed to be badly handled. She changed her direction, and the bark shifted her course to avoid her, and then the schooner came up in the wind on the other tack.

"What a dreadful pity! They are going to strike."

Almost before she could say this, the two vessels came together with a loud crash, and the bark's bowsprit broke off and fell into the water, and the schooner's foretop-mast snapped, and the foretop-sail came fluttering down to the deck. At the same instant, the engine-bell rang, and the engine stopped, but the boat had sufficient headway to bring her up alongside the bark.

Captain Bates leaned from his window and cried out to the men on the bark:

"Want any help?"

A man looked over the ship's side and said:

"Tow us to the city."

"Take the wheel, Sally, while I go on board the



bark. This is too good a job to lose. Keep her steady until I send Mr. Cramp up to you."

Sarah stood up and took the wheel as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and her father went out on deck and down to the deck below. The schooner had by this time drifted away from the bark, and falling off before the wind, bore away on her course without waiting to see what damage she had done. The tide was running in strong, and the bark, being much larger than the steamer and having her sails set, began to move away from the boat.

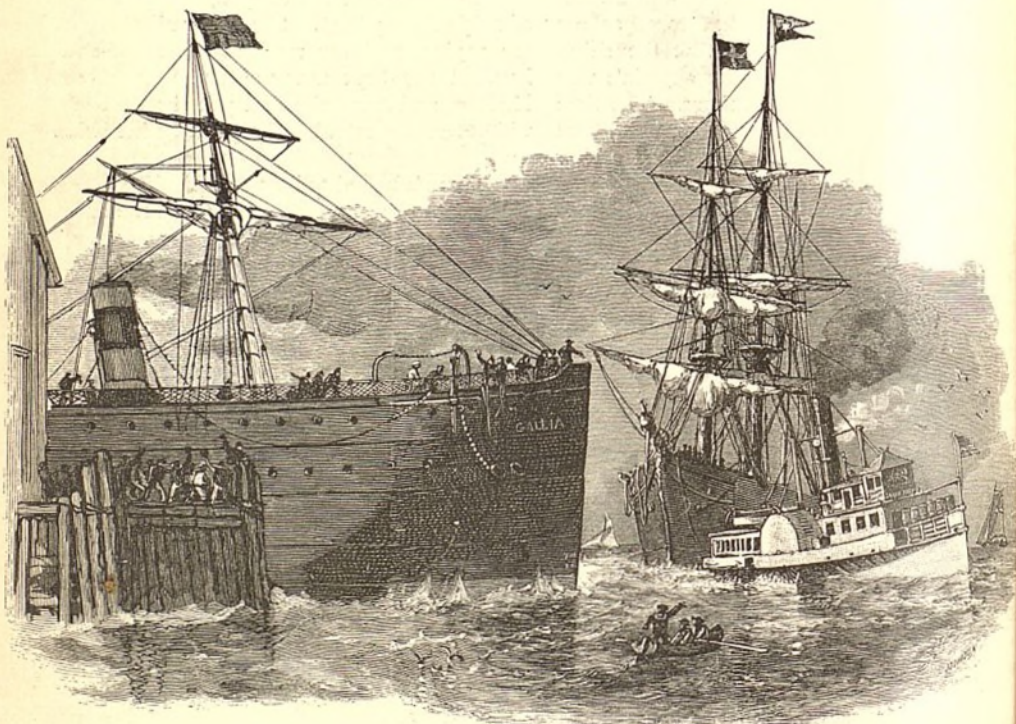
"Bring her 'longside, Sally," cried her father, from below. She pulled the bell and leaned forward and put her mouth to the speaking-tube to the engine-room. "Give her three strokes and stop." At once came back the engineer's voice from below, through the tube, "All right, Captain Sarah."

They all called her that, so Captain Sarah turned the wheel over and in a moment laid the boat alongside the bark, just as the engine finished its three

"And the berries will be a little late to market, but we shall get a good price for the job. 'T is n't every day freight-boats get a good paying tow like this."

Captain Bates climbed on board the bark, and the bargain was made. A long, heavy line was let down from the bark's bows, the broken spar was cut away, and the steamer was made fast, and then they set out, the steamer some distance ahead, and the disabled bark towing behind. Captain Bates meanwhile had remained on the bark, which left the "Mary and Sarah" still more short-handed. Sarah took up her books again and was presently lost in the contemplation of the beautiful rule that the nominative case governs the gender of the verb. At least, that is the way she read it, but what can you expect in the pilot-house of a steamer towing a wreck into New York Harbor?

The accident had taken place just outside the Narrows, and they now passed between Staten Island and Long Island, and entered the upper bay. As the people on the bark had said they



"THE GREAT OCEAN STEAM-SHIP CAME DIRECTLY TOWARD HER." [SEE PAGE 674.]

strokes. Sarah has a keen eye, you observe. Just then, Mr. Cramp, the mate, entered the pilot-house, and she gave up the wheel to him and sat down on the sofa.

"I am afraid I shall be late to school if we take the bark in tow."

wished to go to Pier No. 42, North River, they at once steered for the city. This pier was only twelve docks from the "Mary and Sarah's" landing-place, so that, after all, the berries would not be very late to market, and Sarah would reach school in time for the first lessons. She must study as

fast as possible to make up for lost time. For a little while nothing in particular happened, and then Mr. Cramp said to Sarah, in a stifled voice: "Take the wheel, Miss, for a bit. I feel rather queerish, and perhaps I'd better sit down awhile."

Sarah stood up behind the wheel to steer the boat while the mate sat down on the sofa.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Cramp?"

"Something's come over me. I shall feel better in a moment. I'll rest, and take the wheel again before we come to the Battery."

They had now made the turn in the channel off the Kill Von Kull, and Sarah drew the wheel over and steered directly for the city. There were a big steam-ship coming out and several schooners going up before the wind. She knew the channel and the rules for passing steamers and sailing-craft, and went confidently on. It was so far plain sailing and she let the mate rest. Now she was drawing nearer to the city and the navigation was becoming difficult. Already she could see the trees in Battery Park. She looked behind her and

found that the mate had lain down on the sofa and had fallen asleep, seeming pale and tired. He was an old man with iron-gray hair, and he seemed to be sleeping soundly.

"You had better take the wheel, Mr. Cramp; we are almost up to the fort," said Sarah.

He did not stir, and in a moment or two she spoke again; but he made no reply. The North River was crowded with vessels,—a great number being at anchor in the river off Governor's Island,—and she kept inshore to give them a wide berth.

"Oh, Mr. Cramp! take the wheel! Do wake up, sir; we are almost there!"

Just then a Staten Island ferry-boat came in sight, rounding the island and close inshore. It at once blew one whistle, as a signal that it wished to pass to the right. Sarah reached up overhead and pulled the cord for her whistle, and replied with one blast to signify that she understood, and

then she steered her boat to the right and entered open water off the Battery, where the East and North rivers unite. She must now turn in a great

circle to the west and north, and then make her course up the river, between Jersey City and New York.

"Please, Mr. Cramp! wake up! We can't stop, and we are in the river!"

The old man lay motionless, and



"SARAH DID NOT DARE TO LEAVE THE WHEEL."

made no reply. She did not dare to leave the wheel. She could just touch him with her foot, and that was all, and in spite of every appeal, he slept on, and paid no attention whatever. She looked all around to see if the way was clear into the Hudson. Oh, there's the "Bristol" heading down the East River, and just beginning to turn to pass the Battery, and behind the "Bristol" are the double smoke-stacks of the "Massachusetts"! Two of the largest boats plying in New York waters, and both heading for the same point! She would meet them both, unless her course was changed. No time to call Mr. Cramp now. She must take the boat on, at any hazard, as best she could. She blew her whistle once, as a signal to the "Bristol," and instantly there came two deep roaring blasts from her whistle. Sarah looked all around to see what this meant. They had refused her signal! There was danger somewhere! Oh, the bark towing behind! She had forgotten it. There was no room for the "Bristol" to pass! Sarah pulled the cord twice for the

whistle, and rang the engine-bell, and the engine stopped. Then she looked out behind to watch the bark. It would move on by its own momentum and overtake her, and she must keep out of the way. The enormous bulk of the "Bristol" came onward, like a great white mountain, to crush her, and Sarah rang to go astern. The steamer swept directly past her bows, and hundreds of people looked down from the lofty decks and admired the skill with which the pilot of the "Mary and Sarah" had managed her. Perhaps some of them saw a young girl leaning from the window, and watching the "Massachusetts" plowing through the water just behind the other huge vessel.

Before the "Bristol" had fairly passed, Sarah rang for full speed ahead, and plunged, rocking and swaying, into the foaming wake of the great boat. She pulled the wheel sharp over, to bring her boat around to the west and drag the bark away from the track of the "Massachusetts." The tow-line had fallen in the water, and the bark was quite near. She must work fast. There was a South Brooklyn ferry-boat just behind, waiting for her to move on. She saw the great wheels of the "Massachusetts" stop, and knew she would try to clear the bark. The tow-rope stretched and shook out a cloud of spray, and the "Mary and Sarah" churned up the water furiously. All right! The bark moved, and the "Massachusetts" swept on, clear of her stern, at full speed again.

"Oh, Mr. Cramp! wake up! Wake up! There's no one to help me," cried Sarah.

There was a rush of tears to her eyes, but he paid no heed, and slept peacefully through it all. No time for tears. There were two tow-boats, each with a canal-boat, coming down from the North River. They whistled for the "Mary and Sarah" to pass between them. She replied to each, and looked back at the bark. It was towing straight behind, and she went on and passed the tows in safety. Now, she must enter the river by keeping close to Pier No. 1, as the great white boats were on her left just ahead. Oh! worse than anything yet! The "Plymouth Rock," one of the largest excursion boats, was backing out from the pier into the stream. Sarah stood on tiptoe to look if there were masts or smoke-stacks to be seen beyond the "Plymouth Rock." There was nothing to be done but to squeeze in between the pier and the steamer's bows as she cleared the dock. She pulled the wheel over, and made directly for the third arch of the stone pier. If she had her boat alone she could stop and wait till the way was clear; but with a heavy ship towing behind, the case was very different. The bark could not stop, and would crowd down upon the steamer if that stopped. On came Sarah, and, at the right moment, she

whirled the wheel over, and blew her whistle furiously so as to urge the "Plymouth Rock" to move on. Ah! she could see clear water between the boat and pier. She swept on close by the pier—so near, in fact, that the people on the dock stared in at her window and wondered to see a young girl at the wheel, and with an old man asleep on the sofa behind her.

It would n't do to keep near the docks, and she struck out into the center of the river, when a warning whistle on the left startled her. It was a big ferry-boat coming up from behind the "Plymouth Rock" from Communipaw, and making for her slip. She rang to reverse the engine, and looked through the back window at the bark. She must keep clear of it. The ferry-boat swept across her bows just as the bark came up with her, and she called for full speed and went ahead again. With sharp eyes on the river, she watched every moving vessel to be seen, every ferry-boat crossing the river, lazy barges drifting on the tide, and swift excursion steamers loaded with passengers. She crossed the Jersey City and Erie ferry tracks, and began to feel safer. The worst of it was over. A little higher up, she would turn in toward the city, and creep slowly up to Pier No. 42, where the bark was to be left. A deep roaring whistle startled her, and she looked along the docks to see where it came from. Ah! The crowd of people on the next pier but one explained it. It was a steam-ship coming out of her dock. Sarah blew her whistle as a warning, but it was to no purpose. The huge black bows of an ocean steamer moved out directly in front of her. Either they had not seen her, or her signal had not been heard. It was too late for them to stop. She leaned forward and spoke down the tube: "Go astern, quick—quick!"

She felt the engine stop and reverse, and still the boat moved forward toward the vast black bulk before her. She saw an officer wave his hand on the bridge, and heard the boatswain's whistle. They were going to put out fenders to break the force of the collision. Sarah watched them calmly till she felt the boat stop, then she threw over the wheel and rang the bell for full speed ahead. The danger came from the bark towing behind. She looked behind and saw that it was coming up with her. In a moment she began to get speed again, and struck out into the stream at a right angle with the bark, and parallel with the steam-ship. If the tow-line held she would save the bark. If it broke—Well! it was all she could do.

A shadow fell on the pilot-house floor. She had come directly alongside the Cunarder, and had run into it sidewise, with a gentle jar. A rope fell down from the ship, and soon a young man in uniform stood on the deck in front of Sarah's pilot-house.

"What 's this, Miss? What 's your tipsy pilot doing there asleep on the sofa?"

Sarah did not turn, but looked steadily through the window behind. The "Mary and Sarah" fairly reeled under the sudden strain,—the tow-line held,—the bark was safe. She had stopped its headway, and it swung around under the Cunarder's stern, and all three vessels drifted out into the stream together. A hand was laid on hers, and Sarah found the young officer by her side.

"Oh, sir! the mate was sick, and I had to take the wheel."

"Yes, Miss, and it was a skillful turn, too. As clever a bit of seamanship as ever I saw!"

Then he bent over the sleeping mate and tried to rouse him. Another officer slid down the rope and came to the window of the pilot-house.

"What 's the matter, Hodson?"

"Matter enough, sir," answered Hodson, as he laboriously, but gently, tried to turn the pilot over; "and the girl 's had the wheel!"

"She 's a master hand at steam-boat work," said the other officer, as he came into the pilot-house. "Hello! Bring water! The man has fainted!"

But it was not a fainting fit, nor heavy sleep. What wonder the poor man had not heard Sarah! Even the men could not rouse him, and when, at last, he opened his eyes, it was evident that it would be many a long day before his hand could guide the wheel again.

"It 's his heart, poor chap," said one of the sailors looking on, "or else it 's a 'plectic stroke. I've seen folks took that way afore; but they came out of it all right."



A LITTLE old woman of Dorking
Said: "Well, there is no use a-talking.
When I get to a stile,
I must rest for a while,
Before I go on with my walking."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.—FOURTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

CIMABUE.

AFTER the decline of what is termed Ancient Art,—that is to say (in the strictest sense), Greek art,—there was a long period, of the individual art-



PORTRAIT OF CIMABUE.

ists of which we can tell almost nothing. Ancient Rome was full of wonderful works of art; but many of them were brought from Greece or other Eastern countries; many more were made by Grecian artists in Rome, and, after the time of the Emperor Augustus, there was a long period of which we shall not speak.

Giovanni Cimabue, the artist who is honored as the first Italian that revived any portion of the old beauty of painting, was born in Florence, in 1240. He was of a noble family, and his parents allowed him to follow his inclination for art until, at last, he painted the Madonna of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, which has always been, and must continue to be, a work of great interest. This was done when the artist was thirty years old.

I fancy that any boy or girl who sees this picture now, wonders at its ugliness, instead of being filled with admiration, as were the Florentines six hundred and ten years ago. But then Cimabue was watched with intense interest, and all the more because he would allow no one to see what he was painting. At length it happened that Charles of Anjou passed through Florence on his way to his kingdom of Naples. Of course the noble Floren-

tines did all in their power to entertain this royal guest, and, among other places, they took him to the studio of Cimabue, who uncovered his work for the first time. Many people flocked to see it, and expressed their delight so loudly that the portion of the city in which the studio was has ever since been called the *Borgo Allegri*, or "the joyous quarter."

When the picture was completed, it was borne to the church in a grand and solemn procession. The day was a festival,—music was played, the magistrates of Florence graced the occasion with their presence, and the painter must have felt that he was more than repaid for all that he had done.

After this, Cimabue became famous all over Italy. He died about 1302, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and above his tomb were inscribed these words: "Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting. While living, he was so. Now he holds his place among the stars of heaven."

GIOTTO.

ONE of the titles that is given to Cimabue is that of the "Father of Painting"; and this can well be said of him when we remember that it was Cimabue who found Giotto, and acted the part of a father to the boy who was to be such a wonderful painter. The story is that, when Cimabue was quite old, and very famous, he was riding in the valley of Vespignano, a few miles from Florence, and saw a shepherd-boy, who, while his flocks were feeding, was making a portrait of one of his sheep on a bit of slate with a pointed stone. Cimabue looked at the sketch and found it so good that he offered to take the little Giotto—who was only twelve years old—and teach him to paint. The boy was very happy, and his father—whose name was Bondone—was glad of this good fortune for his son; so Giotto di Bondone lived thenceforth with the noble Cimabue, and was instructed in letters by Brunetto Latini, who was also the teacher of the great poet, Dante; while his art studies were made under his adopted father, Cimabue.

In the first picture by Giotto of which we have any account, he introduced the portraits of Dante and his teacher, Latini, with several others. In later times, when Dante was persecuted by his enemies in Florence, this picture was covered with whitewash, and it was only restored to the light in 1841, after centuries of concealment. It is a

precious memento of the youth of two men of great genius—Dante and Giotto.

Pope Boniface VIII., hearing, in Rome, of Giotto's paintings, sent to invite him to his court. The messenger of the Pope asked Giotto to show him something of the art which had made him so famous; and Giotto, taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew quickly, with a single motion, a circle so perfect that it was considered a miracle, and gave rise to a proverb which the Italians still love to use:

Piu tondo che l' O di Giotto

(rounder than the O of Giotto). When in Rome, the artist executed both mosaics and paintings for the Pope; and by the time that he was thirty years old, the dukes, princes, and kings, far and near, contended for his time and labors.

When at Naples, in the employ of King Robert, one very hot day the King said: "Giotto, if I were you, I would leave work, and rest."

"So would I, sire, *if I were you*," said Giotto.

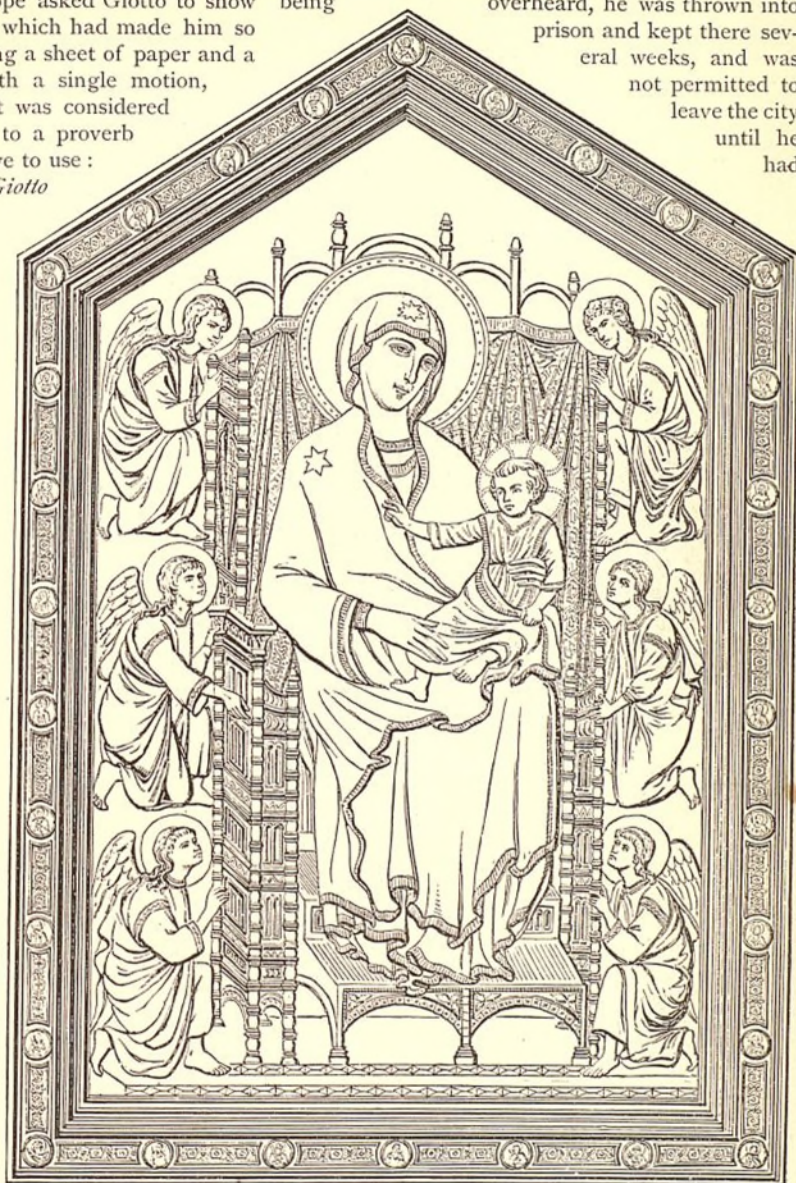
When the same king asked him to paint a picture of his kingdom, Giotto drew an ass bearing a saddle, on which were a crown and scepter; on the ground beside the ass was another saddle, with a very new and bright crown and scepter, which the ass was eagerly smelling. This was to signify that the Neapolitans were so fickle that they were always searching for a new king.

Giotto was a great architect besides being a painter, for he it was who made all the designs, and even some of the working models, for

the beautiful bell-tower or campanile of Florence, near the cathedral and baptistry; the picture of it, on the next page, is taken from a former number of ST. NICHOLAS. When the Emperor Charles V. saw this tower he exclaimed, "It should be kept

under glass." A citizen of Verona, who was in Florence while this tower of Giotto's was being built, exclaimed that "the riches of two kingdoms would not suffice for such a work." This speech being overheard, he was thrown into

prison and kept there several weeks, and was not permitted to leave the city until he had



"THE MADONNA OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA." PAINTED BY CIMABUE.

been taken to the treasury, and convinced that the Florentines could afford to build a whole city of marble. Giotto died in 1336, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, with great honors, and Lorenzo de' Medici afterward erected a monument to him.

BUFFALMACCO.

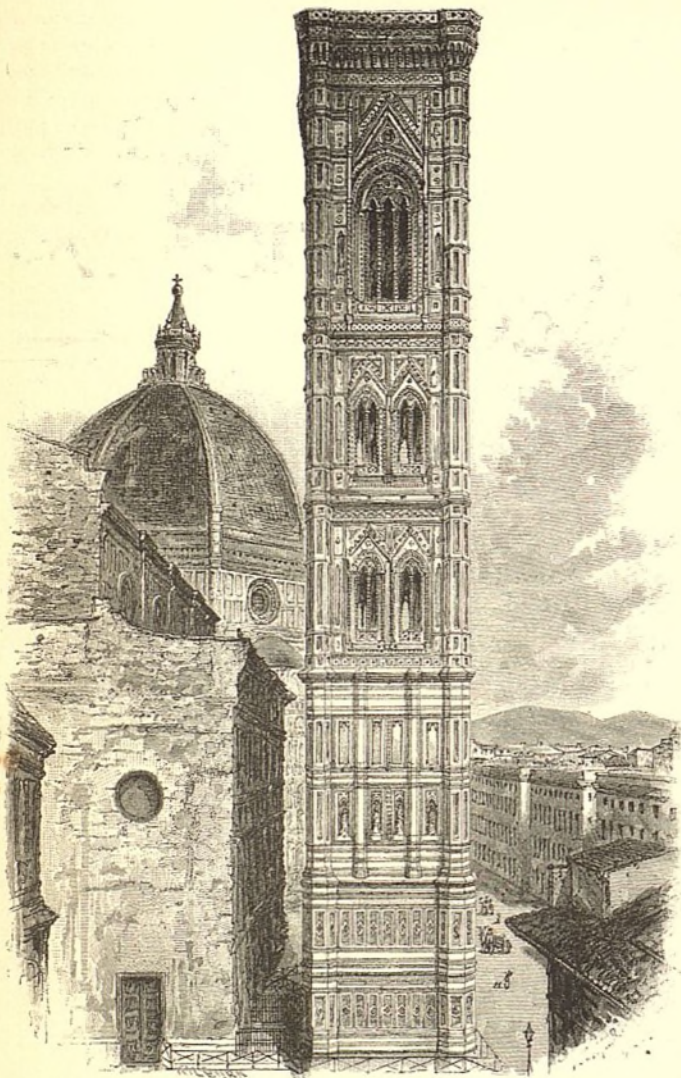
THE real name of this painter was Christofani Buonamico. He was born in 1262 and died in 1340, and while no one work can be pointed out

caught about thirty large black beetles, and fastened little tapers to their backs; these he lighted, and then he sent the beetles one by one into his master's room, about the time when Tafi was in the habit of rising and calling the pupils from their sweetest sleep.

When Tafi saw these creatures moving about in the dark, bearing their little lights, he did not dare to get up, and when daylight came, he hastened to his priest to ask what could be the meaning of this strange thing. The priest believed that he had seen demons, and when the master talked with Buffalmacco about it, that rogue confirmed this idea by saying that, as painters always made their pictures of demons so ugly, they were probably angry, and he thought it wise to work only by day, when these fearful creatures would not dare to come near. In the end, this trick of the young painter was so successful that not only Tafi, but all other masters in Florence abandoned the custom of working before sunrise.

Upon one occasion, when Buffalmacco had executed a commission to paint a picture of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, his employer failed to pay him his price. The artist needed the money sorely, and hit upon a means of getting it. He changed the child in the picture to a young bear. When his patron saw it, he was so shocked that he offered to pay him immediately if he would restore the child to the Virgin's arms; the painter agreed to this, and as soon as he had the money in his hand, he washed the bear away and left the picture as it had been before, for, in painting the bear upon the child's picture, he had merely used water-colors to

serve his joke, and had not injured the picture at all. The stories of this sort which Vasari tells of Buffalmacco in his "Lives of the Painters," are almost unending, and we feel that this merry fellow must have been light-hearted and happy; but alas! his end was sad enough, for, when seventy-eight years old, he died in a public hospital, not having saved enough out of all his earnings to buy a crust of bread, nor a decent burial.



GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE, OR BELL-TOWER, IN FLORENCE.*

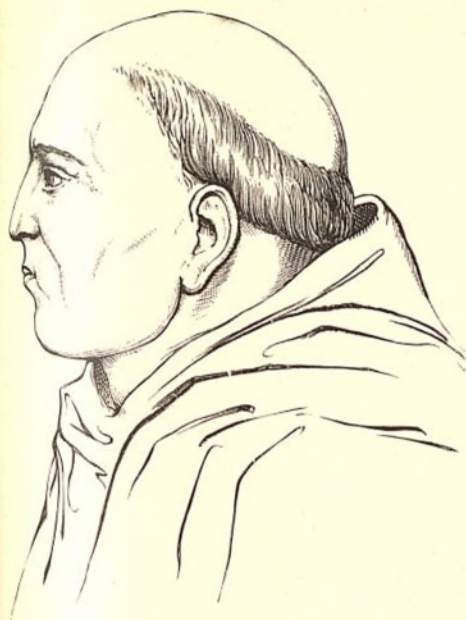
as positively his, he is always remembered on account of his love of fun and for his practical jokes. Ghiberti called him a good painter, and one able to excel all others when he set about it.

When he was a student under Andrea Tafi, that master compelled all his scholars to rise very early; this disturbed Buonamico so much that he determined to find some means of escaping the hardship. As Tafi was very superstitious, Buonamico

* See ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1880.

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

THE real name of this wonderful artist was Guido Petri de Mugello. He was born at Fiesole, near Florence, in 1387. When but twenty years



PORTRAIT OF FRA ANGELICO.

old he became a monk, and entered the convent of San Marco at Florence, from which place he scarcely went out during seventy years. He considered his painting as a service to the Lord, and would never make a bargain to paint a picture; he received his orders from the prior of his convent, and began his work with fasting and prayer; he never changed anything when once painted, because he believed that he was guided by God in his work. Pope Nicholas V. summoned him to Rome to paint in the Vatican; it is very curious that the key to the chapel which Fra Angelico painted, was lost during two centuries. All this time, very few people saw his beautiful works there, and those who entered were obliged to go in by a window. The chief merits in the works of Fra Angelico are the sweet and tender expression in the faces of his angels and saints, and the spirit of purity that seems to breathe through every painting which he made.

While he was at Rome, the Pope wished to make him the Archbishop of Florence; this honor he would not accept, but after his death he was called, and is still known, by the title of *Il Beato*, or "the Blessed." Many of his works remain in his own convent at Florence, and I love them most

there, where he lived and worked, and where he liked best that they should be.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS artist was born in 1452, at the castle of Vinci, in the lower Val d' Arno. He grew to be a handsome young fellow, full of spirit and fun, and early showed that he had unusual gifts; he was a good scholar in mathematics and mechanics, and wrote poetry and loved music, besides wishing to be a painter.

His master was Andrea del Verocchio, an eminent man of his time. Leonardo soon surpassed him; for while the master was painting a picture of the Baptism of Christ, the pupil was permitted to aid him, and an angel which he painted was so beautiful, we are told, that Signor Andrea cast aside his pencil forever, "enraged that a child should know more than himself."

Leonardo had a peculiar power of recollecting any face which he had seen, and could paint it after his return to his studio.

Once, a peasant brought him a piece of fig-tree wood, and desired to have a picture painted on it. Leonardo determined to represent a horror. He collected lizards, serpents, and other frightful things, and from them made a picture so startling, that when his father saw it he ran away in a fright.

This was sold to a merchant

for one hundred ducats, and later, to the Duke of Milan, for three times that sum. It was called the *Rotello del Fico*, which means "a shield of fig-tree wood."

After a time, Leonardo engaged his services to



OUTLINE COPY OF AN ANGEL PAINTED BY FRA ANGELICO.

the Duke of Milan. He was the court-painter and superintendent of all the *fêtes* and entertainments given at Milan. Leonardo afterward founded an

was in fair preservation, exist in other cities. It is said that the prior of the convent was very impatient at the time which Leonardo took for this work, and complained to the Duke. When the artist was questioned, he said that the trouble of finding a face which pleased him for that of the traitor, Judas Iscariot, caused the delay; and added that he was willing to allow the prior to sit for this figure, and so shorten the time. This reply amused the Duke and silenced the prior.

At length, the misfortunes of the Duke of Milan made it impossible for him to aid Leonardo farther, and the artist came to poverty. He went next to Florence, where he was kindly received, but some trouble ensued between himself and Michael Angelo, who was then winning his fame. They both made designs for painting the Palazzo Vecchio, and as jealousy arose, Leonardo left the city and went to Rome, where Pope Leo X. employed him in some important works. He could not be happy, however; he was not loved and honored as he had been at Milan, and when he heard that the Pope had criticised his work, he joined the French King Francis I. at Pavia, where he then was, and remained with this monarch until his death. When they went to Paris, Leonardo was received with much honor, and everything was done for his comfort;

but his health had failed, and he died at Fontainebleau, where he had gone with the court, in 1519. Leonardo da Vinci may be called the "Poet of Painters." One of his most famous pictures was the portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, sometimes called *La Joconde*. Leonardo worked on this picture at times, during four years, and was never satisfied with it. The painting is now in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

THIS great artist was born in the castle of Caprese, in 1475. His father, who was of a noble



PORTRAIT OF THE POET DANTE. PAINTED BY GIOTTO. [SEE PAGE 676.]

academy of painting there, and was engaged in bringing the waters of the river Adda into the city from Mortesana, a distance of more than two hundred miles. Thus he made himself much fame, while he led a very gay life, for the court of Milan was a merry court.

The greatest work which Leonardo did there was the painting of the "Last Supper," on the walls of the Dominican Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie. This picture has remained famous to this day, and although it is now almost destroyed by the effect of time, yet such engravings have been made from it that we can imagine how it looked when perfect. Some good copies, made while it

Florentine family, was then governor of Caprese and Chiusi. When the Buonarotti family returned to Florence, the little Michael Angelo was left with his nurse at Settignano, where his father had an estate. The home of the nurse was there, and for many years pictures were shown upon the walls of her house, which her little charge had drawn as soon as he could use his hands.

When Michael Angelo was taken to Florence and placed in school, he became the friend of Francesco Granacci, who was of noble family, like himself, and a pupil of the artist, Ghirlandajo, one of the best masters in Florence. Already, Michael Angelo was unhappy because his father did not wish him to be an artist. At length, however, he became a pupil of Ghirlandajo, and that at a time when the master was engaged on the great work of decorating the choir of the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence. Thus Michael Angelo came immediately into the midst of wonderful things, and he was soon remarked for his complete devotion to the work about him. One day, when the work-



PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

at work on it. When Ghirlandajo saw this, he exclaimed: "He understands more than I myself."



"THE LAST SUPPER." PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

men were at dinner, the boy made a drawing of the scaffolding and all belonging to it, with the painters

It was not long before he corrected the drawing of the plates which the master gave his pupils to

copy. Then the plates were refused to him, and, as Lorenzo de' Medici soon gave permission to both Michael Angelo and Francesco Granacci to study in the gardens of San Marco, Ghirlandajo was glad to be free from a pupil who already knew so much.



MONA LISA DEL GIOCONDO. PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

In the gardens of San Marco, Duke Lorenzo had placed many splendid works of art, and pictures and cartoons were hung in buildings there, so that young men could study them. Many young sculptors worked there, and one Bertoldo, an old man, was their teacher. Now Michael Angelo began to model, and his first work was the mask of a faun, which he copied so well as to attract the attention of Lorenzo. He praised Michael Angelo, but said: "You have made your faun so old, and yet you have left him all his teeth; you should have known that, at such an advanced age, there are generally some wanting." When he came again to the gardens, he found a gap in the teeth of the faun, so well done that he was delighted with it.

Soon the Duke sent for the father of Michael Angelo, and obtained his full consent that the boy should be an artist. The young sculptor was then taken into the palace; he was treated with great kindness by Lorenzo, and sat at his table, where he met all the remarkable men of the day, and listened to such conversation as is most profitable to a boy. It was the rule that whoever came first to the table should sit next the Duke, and Michael Angelo often had that place.

But all this happy life was sadly ended by the death of Lorenzo de' Medici, and Michael Angelo left the palace and had a room in his father's house for his work-shop. After a time, Piero de' Medici invited him again to the palace, but the young man was ill at ease, and soon went to Venice. There he met a sculptor of Bologna, who induced him to visit that city; but the commissions he received so excited the jealousy of other artists that he returned again to Florence. He was now twenty years old, and the next work of his which attracted attention was a "Sleeping Cupid," which so resembled an antique statue that it was sold in Rome for a very old work; two hundred ducats were paid for it, though Michael Angelo received but thirty ducats. By some means the knowledge of this fraud came to Michael Angelo, and he explained that he had known nothing of it, but had also been deceived himself; the result of all this was, that he went to Rome, and was received into the house of the nobleman who had bought the "Cupid."

He remained in Rome about three years, and executed the "Drunken Bacchus," now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and "La Pieta" (or the Virgin Mary seated, holding the dead body of Jesus across her lap), a fine piece of sculpture, now in the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome.

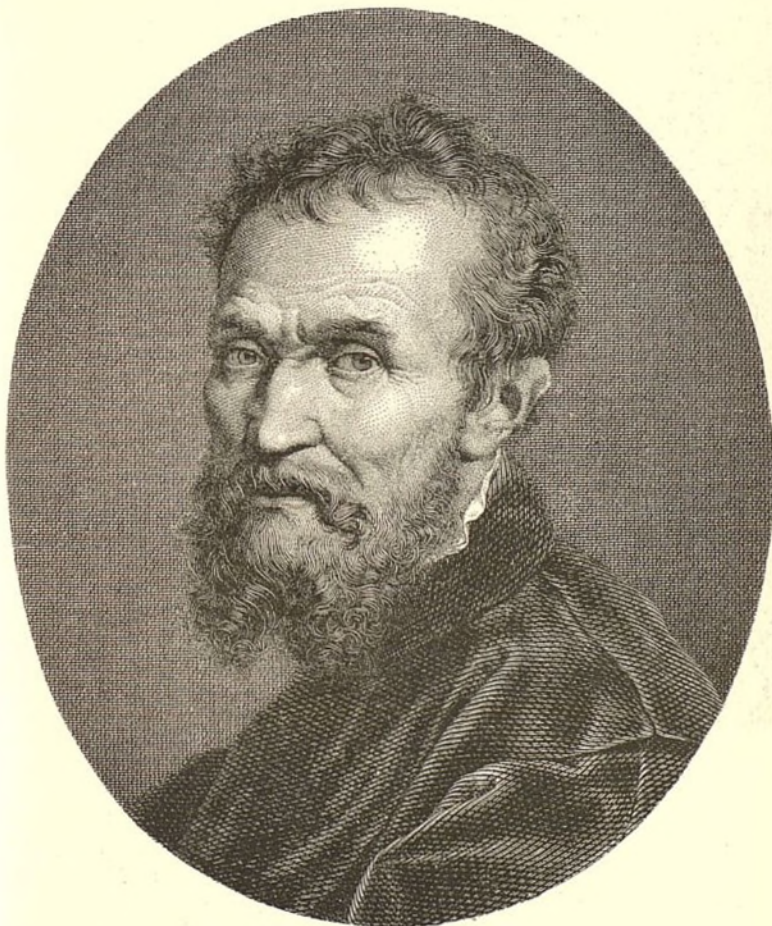
When he returned to Florence, he executed some paintings and sculptures, but was soon employed on his "David," one of his greatest works. It was completed and put in its place in 1504, and there it remained more than two centuries—next the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio. A few years ago, it was feared that the beautiful statue would crumble in pieces if longer exposed to the weather, and it was removed to a place where it now stands, safe from sun and rain.

When the "David" was completed, Michael

Angelo was not quite thirty years old, but his fame as a great artist was established, and through all his long life (for he lived eighty-nine years) he was constantly and industriously engaged in the production of important works.

He was not a great painter, a great sculptor, or a great architect, but he was all of these. His most famous painting was that of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. His most

these are, in truth, a small part of all he did. He served under nine popes, and, during his life, thirteen men occupied the papal chair. There were great political changes, also, during this time, and the whole impression of his life is a serious, sad one. He seems to have had very little joy or brightness, and yet he was tender and thoughtful for all whom he loved. He was an old man before he met Vittoria Colonna, who was a very wonder-



PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

His famous sculptures were the "David," "La Pieta," the "Tomb of Pope Julius II.," "Moses," "The Dying Youth," and the famous statues of "Day" and "Night"; and his greatest architectural work is the Cupola of St. Peter's Church. But

ful woman, and much beloved by Michael Angelo. He wrote poems to her, which are full of affection and delicate friendship; and the Italians add the gift of poetry to all the others which this great man possessed, and used so nobly and purely.

They associate the name of Michael Angelo Buonarroti with those of Dante Alighieri and the painter Raphael, and speak of these three as the greatest men of their country, in what are called modern days.

was borne to the church of S. Piero Maggiore. The funeral was at evening; the coffin, placed upon a bier, was borne by the younger artists, while the older ones carried torches; and thus it



UNFINISHED MEDALLION, MADONNA AND CHILD. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo died at Rome in 1564. He desired to be buried in Florence, but it was feared that his removal would be opposed. His body was, therefore, taken through the gate of the city as merchandise, and, when it reached Florence, it

reached Santa Croce, its final resting-place—the same church in which the poet Dante was buried.

A few months later, magnificent services were held in his memory in the church of San Lorenzo, where are his fine statues of "Day" and "Night,"

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made for the Medici chapel of this edifice. A monument was erected to him in Santa Croce, and his statue is in the court of the Uffizi; and the house in which he lived, and which is still visited by those who honor his memory, contains many very interesting personal mementos of this great man, and of the noble spirit in which all his works were done.

In 1875, a grand festival was made to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The ceremonies were very impressive, and, at that time, some documents, relating to his life, which had never before been opened, were given over, by command of the king, into the hands of suitable persons, to be examined. Mr. Heath Wilson, an English artist, residing at Florence, wrote a new life of Michael Angelo, and the last time that the King, Victor Emmanuel, wrote his own name before his death, it was on the paper which conferred upon Mr. Wilson the order of the *Corona d' Italia*, in recognition of his services in writing this book.

MOST IMPORTANT EXISTING WORKS OF THE ARTISTS NAMED IN THIS ARTICLE.

CIMABUE.

Enthroned Madonna, Church of S. Maria Novella, Florence.
Madonna, Academy, Florence.
Large Mosaic, in Cathedral at Pisa.
Frescoes in Upper Church of S. Francis, at Assisi.
Virgin, with Angels, Louvre, Paris.
Madonna enthroned, with Angels, National Gallery, London.

GIOTTO.

St. Francis Wedded to Poverty, Lower Church of St. Francis, at Assisi.
St. Francis in Glory, Lower Church of St. Francis, at Assisi.
The Navicella, Mosaic in the Vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome (much restored).
Virgin and Child, with Saints and Angels, Academy, Florence.
Portrait of Dante, Bargello, Florence.
Very Important Frescoes, in the Church of the Incoronata, at Naples.
Virgin and Child, Brera, Milan.
Three Pictures in the Pinakothek, Munich.
St. Francis, of Assisi, Louvre, Paris.
Two Apostles—part of a fresco—National Gallery, London.

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

A Collection of Ten Pictures in the Academy, at Florence.
Virgin and Child, with Saints, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Several Pictures in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Three Pictures in the Corsini Palace, Rome.
St. Nicholas of Bari, Vatican Gallery, Rome.
Madonna and Child, Museum, Berlin.
Enthroned Madonna, Stadel Gallery, Frankfurt.
God the Father, in a Glory of Angels, Pinakothek, Munich.
The Annunciation, Royal Museum, Madrid.

The Coronation of the Virgin, Louvre, Paris.
Christ in Glory, National Gallery, London.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo's Nun, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Adoration of the Kings, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Ecce Homo, Fresco, Brera Gallery, Milan.
The Last Supper, Convent, Milan.
St. Jerome, the Vatican, Rome.
Virgin, Child, and St. John, Dresden Gallery.
La Joconde, Louvre, Paris.
La Belle Féronière, Louvre, Paris.
(St. John the Baptist, and others attributed to Da Vinci, are also at the Louvre.)

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Mask of a Faun, National Museum, Bargello, Florence.
Statue of Bacchus, National Museum, Bargello, Florence.
Statue of David, at Florence.
Statues of Day and Night, Church of San Lorenzo, Florence.
Statue of Moses, Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.
Statue of a Captive, Louvre, Paris.
Painting of Sistine Chapel, Vatican, Rome.
Painting of a Madonna, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of Himself, Capitol Gallery, Rome.



STATUE OF MOSES. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

(To be continued.)

MY AUNT'S SQUIRRELS.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.



PERHAPS it was because she hated cats.

My aunt's house is a large one,—very like those you often see when traveling in the country,—square, with windows all shut, silent doors and empty porches. The beauty of my aunt's house was its back yard, and back door, with a great, flat stone step. A gate at the back of the yard opened on a lane, where trees grew on each side, and thickets, which, in summer, are full of birds, butterflies, and blossoms. The deep ruts are overgrown with grass; only the breezes pass to and fro, which flutter the leaves into little rustling songs. The back door led into a great kitchen, built ever so many years ago; the rafters were coffee-colored, for my aunt would never have them whitewashed. Lots of things were stowed away among those rafters,—pumpkin-seeds, ears of corn, bunches of herbs, an old saddle; and, in the winter, hams and links of sausage swung from the beams. Piles of paper bulged over their edges, and the rubbish of years was there, precious to my aunt, but useless to everybody else.

One day in autumn, Josh, my aunt's man-of-all-work, while hoisting a bag of dried beans into the rafters, discovered a pair of gray striped squirrels. He rattled the beans and "shooed," but they only skipped beyond his reach, chattering, and stood on their hind paws, making motions with their fore paws as if "shooing" Josh in return.

"I do believe, mem," he called to my aunt, "that these little thieves have come to eat up all my garden-seeds; but I can't make out why ground-squirrels should roost up here."

"Let them be, Josh," said my aunt; "I'd rather have squirrels overhead than cats under feet; the creatures wont trouble me."

Nor did they; but, when people talked in the kitchen, the squirrels chattered louder and faster than ever. Although they dropped seeds and straws on my aunt's muslin cap, and although Josh muttered about holes in bags, and muss, and noise, she would not listen. She declared they were company for her, and she was certain they would not forget her friendliness toward them; they

kept their distance, and were always the same bright, cheerful, happy little beings!

For all this, Josh pondered a plan, and carried it out. "*Ground-squirrels*," he argued, "had no business up in the air." So he prepared a bag, tackled the old horse to the wagon, caught the squirrels when my aunt went out, put them in the bag, and rode away up the lane and into the woods. When he got to a thick spot, dark with trees, he shook out the squirrels, turned about, and jogged home, with the satisfaction of having finished a good job, just a little dashed with dread of my aunt's scolding, which, any way, was not so bad as their chatter. Josh opened the kitchen door and went in. The silence pleased him, and he began to rub his hands, as his way was when pleased. He cast his eyes upward and was instantly greeted with a merry chatter. The squirrels had got home before him, and were all the more lively for their voyage in the bag, the ride in the wagon, and the picnic in the woods!

"Marcy on me!" he cried, his hands falling apart. Just then the squirrels let drop a hickory-nut on the bald spot of Josh's head.

"I missed their noise," said my aunt; "they have been cunning enough to go out nutting."

"Yes," said poor Josh. "They are very cunning, mem; I know *so* much about them."

Either the indignity of the raid upon them, or the find of the hickory-nuts, was too much for the squirrels; shortly after, they disappeared. My aunt was reminded more than once of their ingratitude, but all she said was—"Wait."

A cat was proposed for a pet once more. "No cats!" my aunt said, looking severely at Josh, who went out to the barn immediately.

When the spring came, and the lilac-bushes bloomed, I went to my aunt's—the old kitchen was my delight. We sat on the door-step in the afternoon when the sun-rays left the lane, and we could rest our eyes on the deep cool green of tree and shrub. My aunt watched the way of the wind, where the birds flew, and the coming blossoms, and I watched her. Once, when I happened to be inside, I heard a suppressed wondering cry from her, which made me hurry back; I saw her attention was fixed on the path below the step, and looked also, to see the most cunning procession that ever was. My aunt's gray squirrel was trotting toward us, with tail curled up, and accompanied by four little ones exactly like her, with their

mites of tails curled up also,—two were on her back, and two trotted beside her. She came up to my aunt fearlessly, and the little ones ran about us. Her motherly joy and pride were plain to be seen. Then we heard a shrill squeak from the lilac-bush,—it came from her companion, the father of the family, who watched the reception. My aunt sent me for pumpkin-seed, and to see them snipping the shells and feeding on the meat was a fine treat. The babies were about a finger's

length, but their tails had as stiff a curl as their mamma's, and never got out of place. Many a day afterward, the mother paraded the young ones on the door-step, and carried home her pouch full of pumpkin-seed, but the father never put his dignity off to come any nearer than the lilac-bush.

"Now, you unbelieving Josh," called my aunt once, "what do you say?"

"Say, mem," looking up at the rafters. "I say a *cat* might have druv them away."

DECORATIVE.



SHE sits and smiles through all the summer day;
The sea-gulls and the breezes pass her by;
Her eyes are blue, and look so far away,
She seems to see into another sky.

What does she think of, sitting there so long?
Ah, silly maiden! shall I guess your wish?
"Will some kind artist" [tell me, if I'm wrong]
"Just please to paint me on a plaque or dish?"

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XV.

RUNNING WITH THE MACHINE.

PRESENTLY we heard a tremendous noise behind us,—a combination of rumble, rattle, and shout. It was Red Rover Three going to the fire. She was for some reason a little belated, and was trying to make up lost time. At least forty men had their hands on the drag-rope, and were taking her along at a lively rate, while the two who held the tongue and steered the engine, being obliged to run at the same time, had all they could do. The foreman was standing on the top, with a large tin trumpet in his hand, through which he occasionally shouted an order.

"Let's take hold of the drag-rope and run with her," said Phaeton.

If I had been disposed to make any objection, I had no opportunity, for Phaeton immediately made a dive for a place where there was a longer interval than usual between the men, and seized the rope. Not to follow him would have seemed like desertion, and I thought if I was ever to be a boy of spirit, this was the time to begin.

When a boy for the first time laid his hand upon the drag-rope of an engine under swift motion, he experienced a thrill of mingled joy and fear to which nothing else in boy-life is comparable. If he missed his hold, or tired too soon, he would almost certainly be thrown to the ground and run over. If he could hang on, and make his legs fly fast enough, he might consider himself as sharing in the glory when the machine rolled proudly up in the light of the burning building and was welcomed with a shout.

There comes to most men, in early manhood, a single moment which, perhaps, equals this in its delicious blending of fear and rapture—but let us leave that to the poets.

Phaeton and I hung on with a good grip, while the inspiration of the fire in sight, and the enthusiasm of our company, seemed to lend us more than our usual strength and speed. But before we reached the fire, a noise was heard on a street that ran into ours at an angle some distance ahead. The foreman's ear caught it instantly, and he knew it was Cataract Eight doing her best in order to strike into the main road ahead of us.

"Jump her, men! jump her!" he shouted, and pounded on the brakes with his tin trumpet.

The eighty legs and four wheels on which Red Rover Three was making her way to the fire each doubled its speed, while forty mouths yelled, "Ki yi!" and the excited foreman repeated his admonition to "Jump her, boys! jump her!"

Phaeton and I hung on for dear life, although I expected every moment to find myself unable to hang on any longer. Sometimes we measured the ground in a sort of seven-league-boot style, and again we seemed to be only as rags tied to the rope and fluttering in the wind. The two men at the tongue were jerked about in all sorts of ways. Sometimes one would be lying on his breast on the end of it where it curved up like a horse's neck, and the next minute one or both of them would be thrown almost under it. Whenever a wheel struck an uneven paving-stone, these men would be jerked violently to one side, and we could feel the shock all along the rope. It seemed sometimes as if the engine was simply being hurled through the air, occasionally swooping down enough in its flight to touch the ground and rebound again. All the while the church-bells of the city, at the mercy of sextons doubly excited by fire and fees, kept up a direful clang. I doubt whether the celebrated clang of Apollo's silver bow could at all compare with it.

As we neared the forks of the road, the foreman yelled and pounded yet more vociferously, and through the din we could hear that Cataract Eight was doing the same thing. At last we shot by the corner just in time to compel our rival to fall in behind us, and a minute or two later, we burst through the great ring of people that surrounded the fire, and made our entrance, as it were, upon the stage, with the roaring, crackling flames of three tall buildings for our mighty foot-lights.

We had "jumped her."

The fire was in the Novelty Works—an establishment where were manufactured all sorts of small wares in wood and iron. The works occupied three buildings, pretty close together, surrounded by a small strip of yard. Either because the firemen, from the recent demoralization of the department, were long in coming upon the ground, or for some other reason, the fire was under good headway, and all three buildings were in flames, before a drop of water was thrown.

Phaeton whispered to me that we had better get away from the engine now, or they might expect us to work at the brakes; so we dodged back and

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forth through the crowd, and came out in front of the fire at another point. Here we met Monkey Roe, who had run with Red Rover's hose-cart, was flushed with excitement, and was evidently enjoying the fire most heartily.

"Oh, the fire 's a big one!" said he, "about the biggest we ever had in this town—or will be, before it gets through. I have great hopes of that old shanty across the road; it ought to have been burned down long ago. If this keeps on much longer, that 'll have to go. Don't you see the paint peeling off already?"

The "old shanty" referred to was a large wooden building used as a furniture factory, and it cer-

sis, "we have washed Cataract Eight, we can wash Cataract Eight, and we will wash Cataract Eight."

There were older people than Monkey Roe to whom the washing of Cataract Eight, rather than the extinguishment of fires, was the chief end of a company's existence.

"Yes," said I, catching some of Monkey's enthusiasm, in addition to what I had already acquired by running with Red Rover, "I think we can wash her."

The next moment I was pierced through and through by pangs of conscience. Here was I, a boy whose uncle was a member of Cataract Eight, and who ought, therefore, to have been a warm



FORTY MEN DRAGGING THE ENGINE AT FULL SPEED—FORTY MEN YELLING "KI YI!"

tainly did look as if Monkey's warmest hopes would be realized. I observed that he wore a broad belt of red leather, on which was inscribed the legend:

WE HAVE CAN AND WILL

"Monkey," said I, "what does that queer motto mean, on your belt?"

"Why, don't you know that?" said he; "that 's Red Rover's motto."

"Yes, of course it is," said I; "but what does it mean?"

"It means," said Monkey, with solemn empha-

admirer and partisan of that company, not only running to a fire with her deadly rival, but openly expressing the opinion that she could be washed. But such is the force of circumstances in their relative distance—smaller ones that are near us often counterbalancing much larger ones that happen, for the moment, to be a little farther off. It did not occur to me to be ashamed of myself for expressing an opinion which was not founded on a single fact of any kind whatever. The consciences of very few people seem ever to be troubled on that point.

"The Hook-and-Ladder is short of hands to-night," said Monkey. "I think I 'll take an ax."

"What does he mean by taking an ax?" said I to Phaeton.

"I don't know," said Phaeton, as Monkey Roe

turned to push his way through the excited crowd; "but let's follow him, and find out."

Monkey passed around the corner into the next street, where stood a very long, light carriage, with two or three ladders upon it and a few axes in sockets on the sides. These axes differed from ordinary ones in having the corner of the head prolonged into a savage-looking spike.

Monkey spoke to the man in charge, who handed him an ax and a fireman's hat. This hat was made of heavy sole-leather, painted black, the crown being rounded into a hemisphere, and the rim extended behind so that it covered his shoulder-blades. On the front was a shield ornamented with two crossed ladders and a figure 2.

He took the ax, and put on the hat, leaving his own, and at the man's direction went to where a dozen ax-men were chopping at one side of a two-story wooden building that made a sort of connecting-link between the Novelty Works and the next large block.

Monkey seemed to hew away with the best of them; and, though they were continually changing about, we could always tell him from the rest by his shorter stature and the fact that his hat seemed too large for him.

Before long, a dozen firemen, with a tall ladder on their shoulders, appeared from somewhere, and quickly raised it against the building. Three of them then mounted it, dragging up a pole with an enormous iron hook at the end. But there was no projection at the edge of the roof into which they could fix the hook.

"Stay where you are!" shouted the foreman to them through his trumpet. Then to the assistant foreman he shouted:

"Send up your lightest man to cut a place."

The assistant foreman looked about him, seized on Monkey as the lightest man, and hastily ordered him up.

The next instant, Monkey was going up the ladder, ax in hand; he passed the men who were holding the hook, and stepped upon the roof. While he stood there, we could see him plainly, a dark form against a fiery background, as, with a few swift strokes, he cut a hole in the roof, perhaps a foot from the edge.

The hook was lifted once more, and its point settled into the place thus prepared for it. The pole that formed the handle of the hook reached in a long slope nearly to the ground, and a heavy rope formed a continuation of it. At the order of the foreman, something like a hundred men seized this rope and stretched themselves out in line for a big pull. At the same time, some of the firemen near the building, seeing the first tongues of flame leap out of the window nearest to the ladder,—for

the fire had somehow got into this wooden building also,—hastily pulled down the ladder, leaving Monkey standing on the roof, with no apparent means of escape.

A visible shudder ran through the crowd, followed by shouts of "Raise the ladder again!"

The ladder was seized by many hands, but in a minute more it was evident that it would be useless to raise it, for the flames were pouring out of every window, and nobody could have passed up or down it alive.

"Stand from under!" shouted Monkey, and threw his ax to the ground.

Then, getting cautiously over the edge, he seized the hook with both hands, threw his feet over it, thus swinging his body beneath it, and came down the pole and the rope hand over hand, like his agile namesake, amid the thundering plaudits of the multitude.

As soon as he was safely landed, the men at the rope braced themselves for a pull, and with a "Yo, heave, ho!" the whole side of the building was torn off and came over into the street with a deafening crash, while a vast fountain of fire rose from its ruins, and the crowd swayed back as the heat struck upon their faces.

By this time, all the engines were in position, had stretched their hose, and were playing away vigorously. The foremen were sometimes bawling through their trumpets, and sometimes battering them to pieces in excitement. The men that held the nozzles and directed the streams were gradually working their way nearer and nearer to the buildings, as the water deadened portions of the fire and diminished the heat. And, through all the din and uproar, you could hear the steady, alternating thud of the brakes as they struck the engine-boxes on either side. Occasionally this motion, on some particular engine, would be quickened for a few minutes, just after a vigorous oration by the foreman; but it generally settled back into the regular pace.

And now a crack appeared in the front wall of one of the tall brick buildings, near the corner, running all the way from ground to roof. A suppressed shout from the crowd signified that all had noticed it, and served as a warning to the hose-men to look out for themselves.

The crack grew wider at the top. The immense side wall began to totter, then hung poised for a few breathless seconds, and at last broke from the rest of the building and rushed down to ruin.

It fell upon the burning wreck of the wooden structure, and sent sparks and fire-brands flying for scores of yards in every direction.

The hose-men crept up once more under the now dangerous front wall, and sent their streams in at

the windows, where a mass of living flame seemed to drink up the water as fast as it could be delivered, and only to increase thereby.

It might have been ten minutes, or it might have been an hour, after the falling of the side wall,—time passes so strangely during excitement,—when another great murmur from the crowd announced the trembling of the front wall. The hose-men were obliged to drop the nozzles and run for their lives.

After the preliminary tremor which always occurs, either in reality or in the spectator's imagination, the front wall doubled itself down by a diagonal fold, breaking off on a line running from the top of the side wall still standing to the bottom of the one that had fallen, and piling itself in a crumbled mass, out of which rose a great cloud of dust from broken plaster.

The two other brick buildings, in spite of the thousands of gallons of water that were thrown into them, burned on fiercely till they burned themselves out. But no more walls fell, and, for weeks afterward, the four stories of empty and blackened ruin towered in a continual menace above their surroundings.

That old shanty which Monkey Roe had hoped would burn, had been saved by the unwearied exertions of the firemen, who from the moment the engines were in action had kept it continually wet.

"The best of the fire was over," as an habitual fire-goer expressed it, the crowd was thinning out, and Phaeton and I started to look for Ned, who, poor fellow! was pining in a dungeon, where he could only look through iron bars upon a square of reddened sky.

We had hardly started upon this quest when several church-bells struck up a fresh alarm, and the news ran from mouth to mouth that there was another fire; but nobody seemed to know exactly where it was.

"Let's follow one of the engines," said Phaeton; and this time we cast our lot with Rough-and-Ready Seven,—not with hand on the drag-ropes to assist in "jumping" her, but rather as ornamental tail-pieces.

"I think I shall take an ax this time," said Phaeton, as we ran along.

"I've no doubt you could handle one as well as Monkey Roe," said I,—"that is,"—and here I hesitated somewhat,—"if you had on an easy suit of clothes. Mine seem a little too tight to give free play to your arms."

"Oh, as to that," said Phaeton, who had fairly caught the fireman fever, "if I find the coat too tight, I can throw it off."

The second fire was in Mr. Glidden's house. It had probably arisen from cinders wafted from

the great fire and falling upon the front steps. All about the front door was in a blaze.

At the sight of this, Phaeton seemed to become doubly excited. He rushed to the Hook-and-Ladder carriage, and came back in a minute with an ax in his hand, and on his head a fireman's hat, which seemed somewhat too large for him, and gave him the appearance of the victorious gladiator in Gérôme's famous picture.

He seemed now to consider himself a veteran fireman, and, without orders from anybody, rushed up to the side door and assaulted it vigorously, shivering it, with a few blows, into a thousand fragments.

He passed in through the wreck, and, for a few minutes, was lost to sight. I barely caught a glimpse of a man passing in behind him. What took place inside of the house, I learned afterward.

Miss Glidden had been sitting up reading "Ivanhoe," and had paid no attention to the great fire, excepting to look through the window a few minutes on the first alarm. Hearing this thundering noise at the door, she stepped to the head of the stairs, in a half-dazed condition, and saw ascending them, as she expressed it, "a grotesque creature, in tight clothes, wearing an enormous mediæval helmet, and bearing in his hand a gleaming battle-ax." She could only think him the ghost of a Templar, and scream in affright.

The man, who had gone in after Phaeton, passed him on the stairs, and soon emerged from the house, bearing the young lady in his arms. It was Jack-in-the-Box.

Phaeton came out a few minutes later, bringing her canary in its cage.

"This must be put in a safe place," said he to me; "Miss Glidden thinks the world of it. I'll run home with it, and come back again." And he ran off, just escaping arrest at the hands of a policeman who thought he was stealing the bird, but who was not able to run fast enough to catch him.

Meanwhile, the firemen were preparing to extinguish the new fire. There was no water-supply near enough for a single engine to span the distance. Some of them had been left at the great fire, to continue pouring water upon it, while the chief-engineer ordered four of them to take care of this one.

They formed two lines, Red Rover Three and Big Six taking water from the canal and sending it along to Cataract Eight and Rough-and-Ready Seven, who threw it upon the burning house.

As Phaeton, Jack-in-the-Box, Miss Glidden, and the canary emerged from the house, half a dozen men rushed in—some of them firemen, and some citizens who had volunteered their help. In a

little while, one of them appeared at an upper window, having in his hands a large looking-glass, with an elaborately carved frame. Without stop-



PHAETON AS FIREMAN.

ping to open the window, he dashed the mirror through sash, glass, and all, and as it struck the ground it was shattered into a thousand fragments.

Then another man appeared at the window with an armful of small framed pictures, and, taking them one at a time by the corner, "scaled" them out into the air.

Then the first man appeared again, dragging a mattress. Resting this on the window-sill, he tied a rope around it, and let it down slowly and carefully to the ground.

The second man appeared again, in turn; this time with a handsome china wash-bowl and pitcher, which he sent out as if they had been shot from a cannon. In falling, they just escaped smashing the head of a spectator. Bearing in mind, I suppose, the great mercantile principle that a "set" of articles should always be kept together, he hurriedly threw after them such others as he found on the wash-stand,—the cake of soap striking the chief-engineer in the neck, while the tall, heavy slop-jar—hurled last of all to complete the set—turned some beautiful somersaults, emptying its contents on Lukey Finnerty, and landed in the midst of a table full of crockery, which had been brought out from the dining-room.

Next appeared, at another upper window, two men carrying a bureau that proved to be too large to go through. With that promptness which is so necessary in great emergencies, one of the men instantly picked up his ax, and, with two or three blows, cut the bureau in two in the middle, after which both halves were quickly bundled through the window and fell to the ground.

The next thing they saved was a small, open book-case filled with handsomely bound books. They brought it to the window, with all the books upon it, rested one end on the sill, and then, tripping up its heels, started it on the hyperbolic curve made and provided for projectiles of its class. If the Commissioner of Patents could have seen it careering through the air, he would have rejected all future applications for a monopoly in revolving book-cases. When it reached the ground, there was a general diffusion of good literature.

They finally discovered, in some forgotten closet, a large number of dusty hats and bonnets of a by-gone day, and came down the stairs carefully bringing a dozen or two of them. Close behind them followed the other men, one having his arms full of pillows and bolsters, while the other carried three lengths of old stove-pipe.

"We saved what we could," said one, with an evident consciousness of having done his duty.

"Yes," said another, "and it's too hot to go back there, though there's lots of furniture that has n't been touched yet."

Meanwhile, the Hook-and-Ladder company had fastened one of their great hooks in the edge of the roof, and were hauling away, with a "Yo, heave, ho!" to pull off the side of the house. They had only got it fairly started, separated from the rest of the frame by a crack of not more than five or six inches, when the chief-engineer came up and

ordered them to desist, as he expected to be able to extinguish the fire.

And now the engines were in full play. A little trap-door in the top of Cataract Eight's box was open, and the assistant foreman of Red Rover Three was holding in it the nozzle of Three's hose, which discharged a terrific stream.

The same was true of Big Six and Rough-and-Ready Seven.

I never heard a more eloquent orator than the foreman of Cataract Eight, as he stood on the box of his engine, pounded with his trumpet on the air-chamber, and exhorted the men to "down with the brakes"; "shake her up lively"; "rattle the irons"; "don't be washed," etc., all of which expressions seemed to have one meaning, and the brakes came down upon the edges of the box like the blows of a trip-hammer, making the engine dance about as if it were made of pasteboard.

The foreman of Red Rover Three was also excited, and things in that quarter were equally lively.

For a considerable time it was an even contest. Eight's box was kept almost full of water, and no more; while it seemed as if both companies had attained the utmost rapidity of stroke that flesh and bones were capable of, or wood and iron could endure.

But at last four fresh men, belonging to Red Rover Three, who had been on some detached service, came up, leaped upon the box, and each putting a foot upon the brakes, added a few pounds to their momentum.

The water rose rapidly in Eight's box, and in about a minute completely overflowed it, drenching the legs of her men, and making everything disagreeable in the vicinity.

A shout went up from the by-standers, and Three's men instantly stopped work, took off their hats, and gave three tremendous cheers.

We had washed her.

Big Six was trying to do the same thing by Rough-and-Ready Seven, and had almost succeeded, when the hose burst. Phaeton and I were standing within a step of the spot where it gave way, and we ourselves were washed.

"Let's go home," said he, as he surrendered his ax and fire-hat to a Hook-and-Ladder man.

"Yes," said I, "it's time. They've poured water enough into that house to float the Ark, and all the best of the fire is over."

As we left the scene of our labors, I observed that my Sunday coat, besides being drenched, was split open across the back.

"Phaeton," said I, calling his attention to the rent, "you forgot to throw off my coat when you went to work with the ax, did n't you?"

"That's so," said he. "The fact is, I suppose I must have been a little excited."

"I've no doubt you were," said I. "Putting out fires and saving property is very exciting work."

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

It was not yet morning, and my rope-ladder was still hanging out when Phaeton and I reached the house. We climbed up, and as soon as he could tie up his wet clothes in a bundle, he went down again and ran home.

When our family were assembled at the breakfast-table, I had to go through those disagreeable explanations which every boy encounters before he arrives at the age when he can do what he pleases without giving a reason for it. At such a time, it seems to a boy as if those who ought to sympathize with him had set themselves up as determined antagonists, bringing out by questions and comments the most unfavorable phase of everything that has happened, and making him feel that, instead of a misfortune to be pitied, it was a crime to be punished. Looking at it from the boy's side, it is, perhaps, wisest to consider this as a necessary part of man-making discipline; but, from the family's side, it should appear, as it is, a cowardly proceeding.

It was in vain that I strove to interest our family with vivid descriptions of how we jumped Red Rover Three, how we washed Cataract Eight, and how we saved Mr. Glidden's property. I suppose they were deficient in imagination; they could realize nothing but what was before them, visible to the physical eye; their minds continually reverted to the comparatively unimportant question as to how my clothes came to be in so dreadful a condition. As if 't was any fault of mine that Big Six's hose burst, or as if I could have known that it would burst at that particular spot where Phaeton and I were standing.

The only variation from this one-stringed harp was when they labored ingeniously to make it appear that the jumping, the washing, and the saving would all have been done quite as effectually if I had been snug in bed at home.

Phaeton came over to tell me that Ned was missing.

"I don't wonder that we did n't happen to run across him in that big crowd," said he; "but I should n't think he'd stay so long as this. Do you think anything can have happened to him?"

"What could happen?" said I.

"He may have taken an ax, and ventured too

far into some of the burning buildings," said Phaeton.

"No," said I, after a moment's consideration; "that would n't be like Ned. He might be very enthusiastic about taking care of the fire, but he would n't forget to take care of himself. However, I'll go with you to look for him."

As we went up the street, we came upon Patsy Rafferty and Teddy Dwyer, pushing Phaeton's car before them, with Jimmy the Rhymer in it. They were taking him out to see what remained of the fire. Jimmy said he was getting well rapidly, and expected soon to be about again on his own legs.

A few rods farther on, we met Ned walking toward home.

"Hello! Where have you been all this time?" said Phaeton.

"Can't you tell by the feathers?" said Ned.

"What feathers?"

"Jail-bird feathers. I've been in jail all night."

Of course we asked him how that came about, and Ned told us the story of his captivity, which the reader already knows.

"But how did you get out?" said Phaeton, with natural solicitude.

"Why, when 'Squire Moore came to the office and opened the court, I was brought out the first one. And when I told him my story, and whose boy I was, he said of course I was; he'd known Father too many years not to be able to tell one of his chickens as soon as it peeped. He advised me not to meddle any more with burglar things, and then told me to go home. 'Squire Moore's the 'squire for my money! But as for that stupid policeman, I'll sue him for false imprisonment, if Aunt Mercy will let me have the funds to pay a lawyer."

"Aunt Mercy's pretty liberal with you," said Phaeton, "but she'll never give you any such amount as that."

When Ned heard of our adventures at the fire, he fairly groaned.

"It would be just like my luck," said he, "if there should n't be another good fire in this town for a year."

The lost brother being found, Phaeton said the next thing to be done was to take home the bird he had rescued. I went with him on this errand.

As we approached the house, Phaeton carrying the bird-cage, a scene of desolation met our eyes. Nearly everything it contained had been brought out-of-doors, and had sustained more or less injury. The house itself, with all the windows and doors smashed out, the front burned to charcoal, the side so far wrenched apart from the rest of the frame that it could not be replaced, and the

whole browned with smoke and drenched with water, was a melancholy wreck.

Mr. Glidden and his son John stood in the yard looking at it, and their countenances, on the whole, were rather sorrowful.

"Good-morning, Mr. Glidden," said Phaeton.

"Good-morning, sir."

"I should like to see Miss Glidden," said Phaeton.

"She is at her aunt's, on West street," said Mr. Glidden.

Phaeton seemed a little disappointed.

"I've brought home her bird," said he. "I carried it out when the house was on fire, and took it up to our house for safety."

"My sister will be very much obliged to you," said John Glidden. "I'll take charge of it."

Phaeton intimated his entire willingness to run over to West street with the bird at once, saying that he knew the house where she was staying, perfectly well; but John said he would n't trouble him to do that, and took the cage, which Phaeton gave up with some appearance of reluctance.

"I don't believe the smell of smoke will be good for that bird," said Phaeton, as we walked away. "Canaries are very tender things. He'd better have let me carry it right over to his sister."

"Yes," said I, "and relieve her anxiety of mind about it. But I suppose he and his father are thinking of nothing but the house."

"I don't wonder at that," said Phaeton. "It must be a pretty serious thing to have your house and furniture knocked to pieces in that way. And the water seems to do as much harm as the fire."

"Yes, and the axes more than either," said I. "But it can't be helped. Houses will get on fire once in a while, and then, of course, they must either be put out or torn down."

"I am inclined to think it can be helped," said Phaeton. "I've been struck with an idea this morning, and if it works out as well as I hope, I shall be able to abolish all the engines and ax-men, and put out fires without throwing any water on them."

"That would be a tremendous invention," said I. "What is it?"

"Wait till I get it fully worked out," said he, "and then we'll talk it over. It needs a picture to explain it."

A day or two afterward, Phaeton asked me to go with him to see Jack-in-the-Box, as he had completed his invention, and wanted to consult Jack about it.

"By the way," said he, as we were walking up the street, "I received something this morning which will interest you."

He took from his pocket, and handed me, a note

written on delicate scented paper and folded up in a triangle. It was addressed to "Dear Mr. Rogers," and signed "V. Glidden." It acknowledged the receipt of the bird, and thanked him handsomely for his "gallantry in rescuing dear little Chrissy from the flames."

"That's beautiful," said I, as I folded it up and handed it back to Phaeton, who read it again before putting it into his pocket.

"Yes," said he, "that's lovely."

"You never were called 'Mr. Rogers' before, were you?" said I. "No," said Phaeton.

"I tell you what 't is, Fay," said I, "we're getting along in life."

"Yes," said he; "youth glides by rapidly. It was only a little while ago that we had never run with a machine, never taken an ax at a fire, and—never received a note like this."

"And now," said I, "we—that is, you—have made an invention to abolish all fire departments."

"If it works," said Phaeton.

"I have n't the least doubt that it will," said I, although I had not the remotest idea what it was.

Jack, who had just flagged a train, and was rolling up his flag as we arrived, cordially invited us into his box.

"I want to consult you about one more invention," said Phaeton, "if you're not tired of them."

"Never tired of them," said Jack. "I have found something to admire in every one you've presented, though they were not all exactly practicable. The only way to succeed is to persevere."

"It's very encouraging to hear you say so," said Phaeton. "The thing that I want to consult you about to-day is a method of putting out fires without throwing water upon the houses or chopping them all to pieces."

"That would be a great thing," said Jack. "How do you accomplish it?"

"By smothering them," said Phaeton.

"I know you can smother a small fire with a thick blanket," said Jack, "but how are you going to smother a whole house when it is in a blaze?"

"If you will look at this drawing," said Phaeton, "you will easily understand my plan." And he produced a sheet of paper and unfolded it.

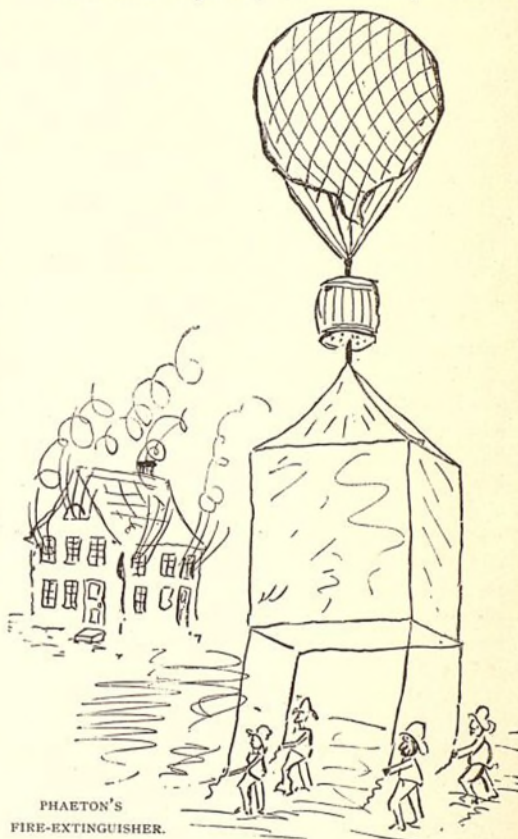
"I first build a sort of light canvas tent," he continued, "somewhat larger than an ordinary house. It has no opening, except that the bottom is entirely open, and there is a long rope fastened to each of the lower corners. Then I have a balloon, to which this tent is fastened in place of a car. The balloon lifts the tent just as far as the ropes—which are fastened to something—will let it go."

"That's plain enough," said Jack.

"Then," continued Phaeton, "whenever a fire occurs, the firemen (it needs only a few) take these ropes in their hands and start for the fire, the tent and balloon sailing along over their heads. When they get there, they let it go up till the bottom of the tent is higher than the top of the burning house, and then bring it down right over the house, so as to inclose it, and hold the bottom edge close against the surface of the ground till the fire is smothered."

"I see," said Jack; "the theory is perfect."

"I have not forgotten," said Phaeton, "that the



tent itself might take fire before they could fairly get it down over the house. To prevent that, I have a barrel of water below the balloon and above the tent, with a few gimlet-holes in the bottom; so there is a continual trickle, which just keeps the tent too wet to take fire easily."

"That's clear," said Jack. "It's the wet-blanket principle reduced to scientific form."

"And how shall I manage it?" said Phaeton.

"As to that," said Jack, "the most appropriate man to consult is the chief-engineer."

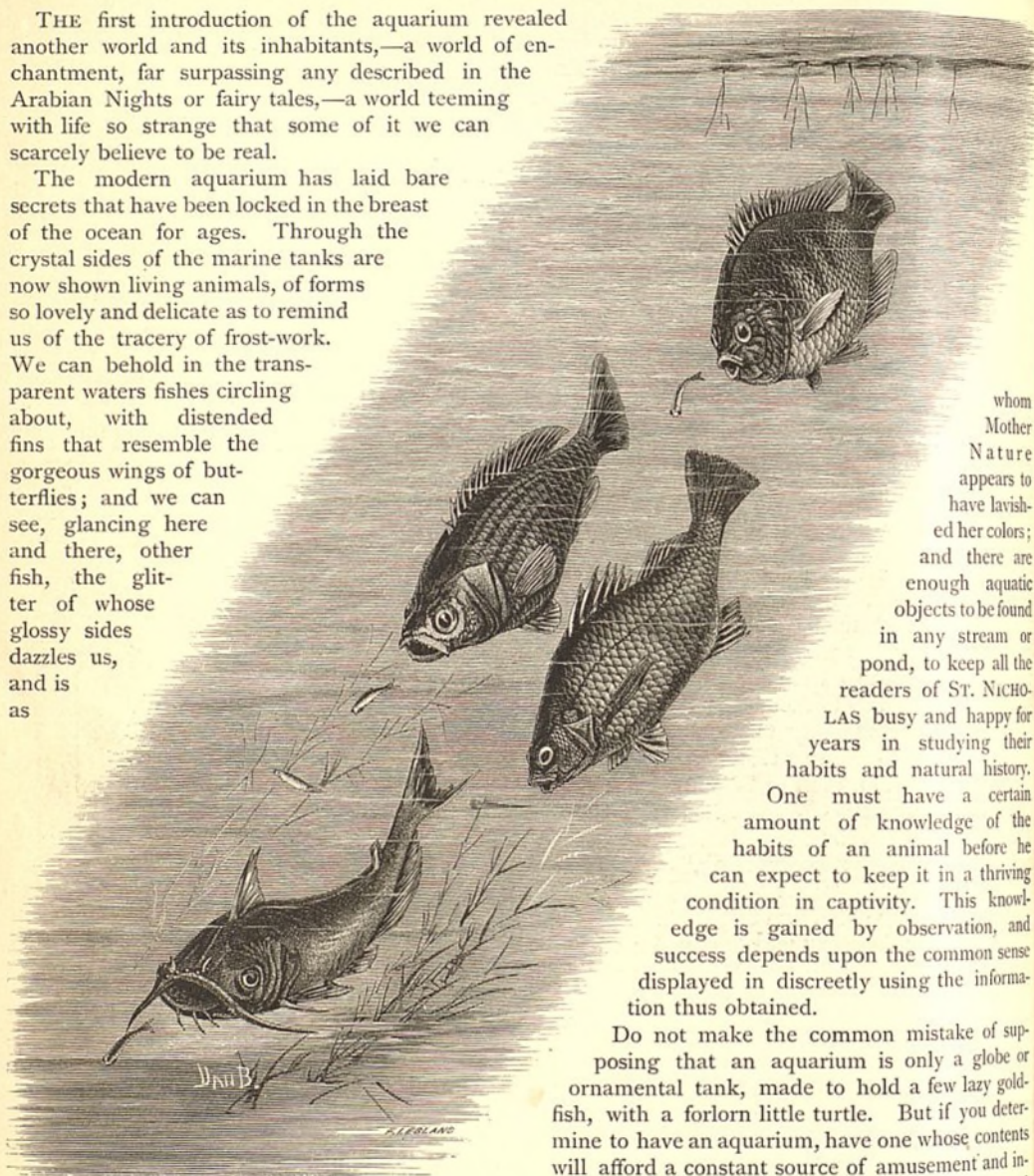
(To be continued.)

HOW TO STOCK AND KEEP A FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE first introduction of the aquarium revealed another world and its inhabitants,—a world of enchantment, far surpassing any described in the Arabian Nights or fairy tales,—a world teeming with life so strange that some of it we can scarcely believe to be real.

The modern aquarium has laid bare secrets that have been locked in the breast of the ocean for ages. Through the crystal sides of the marine tanks are now shown living animals, of forms so lovely and delicate as to remind us of the tracery of frost-work. We can behold in the transparent waters fishes circling about, with distended fins that resemble the gorgeous wings of butterflies; and we can see, glancing here and there, other fish, the glitter of whose glossy sides dazzles us, and is as



SOME HARDY SWIMMERS. [SEE PAGE 701.]

various in hue as the rainbow; and the rocks at the bottom are carpeted with animals in the forms of lovely flowers!

Although marine animals may surpass the inhabitants of fresh water in strangeness of form and tint, there are some fresh-water fish upon

whom Mother Nature appears to have lavished her colors; and there are enough aquatic objects to be found in any stream or pond, to keep all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS busy and happy for years in studying their habits and natural history. One must have a certain amount of knowledge of the habits of an animal before he can expect to keep it in a thriving condition in captivity. This knowledge is gained by observation, and success depends upon the common sense displayed in discreetly using the information thus obtained.

Do not make the common mistake of supposing that an aquarium is only a globe or ornamental tank, made to hold a few lazy goldfish, with a forlorn little turtle. But if you determine to have an aquarium, have one whose contents will afford a constant source of amusement and instruction—one that will attract the attention and interest of a visitor as soon as he or she enters the room where it is. Do not have china swans floating about upon the top of the water, nor ruined castles submerged beneath the surface. Such things are in bad taste. Generally speaking, ruined castles are not found at the bottoms of lakes and rivers, and china swans do not swim on streams and ponds.

Sea-shells, corals, etc., should not be used in a fresh-water aquarium; they not only look out of place, but the lime and salts they contain will injure both fish and plant. Try to make your aquarium a miniature lake in all its details, and you will find the effect more pleasing to the eye. By making the artificial home of the aquatic creatures conform as nearly as possible to their natural ones, you can keep them all in a healthy and lively condition.

At the bird-stores and other places where objects

the advantageous distribution of its bulk over large spaces." In other words, flat, shallow vessels are the best. When quite a small boy, the writer discovered this fact by pouring half the minnows from a pail into a large flat dish, that he might better see them swim about; here they were forgotten for the time; on the morrow all the fish in the pail were found to be dead, but those in the flat dish were perfectly lively and well.

In the light of this fact, he set to work to build



A STRANGE VISION. [SEE PAGE 703.]

THE CAUSE OF THE VISION.

in natural history are sold, you may buy an aquarium of almost any size you wish, from the square tank with heavy iron castings to the small glass globe; the globes come in ten sizes.

If the manufacturers of aquaria in this country had made it their object to build vessels in which no respectable fish could live, they could hardly have succeeded better, for they all violate this first rule: The greater the surface of water exposed to the air, the greater the quantity of oxygen absorbed from the atmosphere.

Amateurs never seem to learn that "the value of water depends not so much on its bulk, as on

himself an aquarium. The materials for its construction were bought of the town-glazier and sign-painter's son. The amount paid was several marbles, a broken-bladed Barlow knife, and a picture of the school-teacher, sketched in lead-pencil upon the fly-leaf of a spelling-book. In exchange for this heap of wealth, the author received four pieces of window-glass, some red paint, an old brush, and a lump of putty. Two or three days' work resulted in the production of

an aquarium. It was only twelve inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches high; but, although this tank was small, it was a real aquarium, and would hold water and living pets.

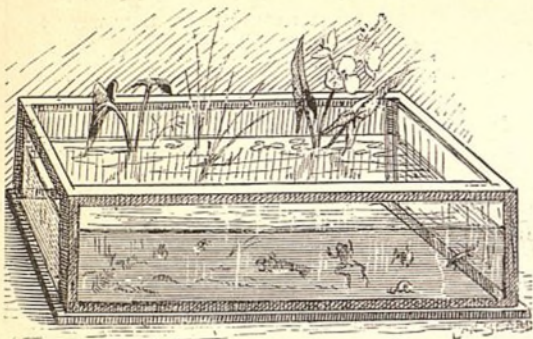


FIGURE NO. 1. PROPER FORM OF AQUARIUM.

If you wish to keep a turtle, a frog, a craw-fish, or any such animal, you should have your rockery so arranged that part of it will protrude above the water; or, better still, have a land-and-water aqua-

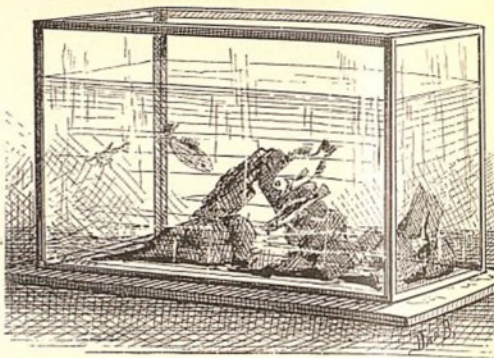


FIGURE NO. 2. IMPROPER FORM OF AQUARIUM.

With a dip-net, made of an old piece of mosquito-netting, what fun it was to explore the spaces between the logs of the rafts in front of the old saw-mill! and what curious little animals were found lurking there! Little gars, whose tiny forms

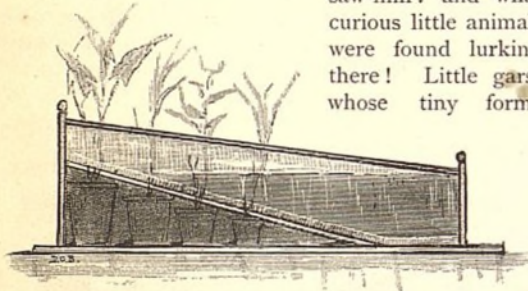


FIGURE NO. 3. LAND-AND-WATER AQUARIUM.—CROSS SECTION.

looked like bits of sticks; young spoon-bill fish (paddle-fish), with exaggerated upper lips one-third the length of their scaleless bodies; funny little black cat-fish, that looked for all the world like tadpoles, and scores of other creatures. Under the green vegetation in those spaces they found a safe retreat from the attacks of the larger fish.

If possible, have your aquarium made under your own eye. Suppose you wish one two feet long; then it should be sixteen inches wide and seven inches high, or $24'' \times 7'' \times 16''$. Figure No. 1 shows an aquarium of the proper form and proportions, in agreement with nature. Figure No. 2

shows the popular but unnatural and improper form. With a tank made upon this plan, you can have aquatic plants, as well as land plants and flowers, a sandy beach for the turtle to sleep upon, as he loves to do, and a rockery for the craw-fish to hide in and keep out of mischief. Some species of snails, too, like to crawl occasionally above the water-line. Such an aquarium makes an interesting object for the conservatory.

Figure No. 5 shows how a fountain can be made. The opening of the fountain should be so small as to allow only a fine jet of water to issue from it; the reservoir or supply-tank should be away out of sight and quite large, so that, by filling it at night, the fountain will keep playing all day. The waste-pipe should open at the level you intend to keep the water, and the opening should be covered with a piece of mosquito-netting, to prevent any creature from being drawn in.

There used to be, in the window of a jewelry store

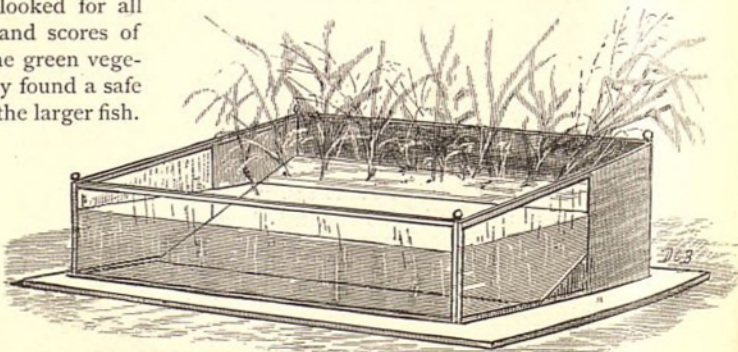


FIGURE NO. 4. LAND-AND-WATER AQUARIUM.

in Newark, Ohio, an ordinary glass fish-globe, in which lived and thrived a saucy little brook-trout.

Brook-trout, as most of my readers know, are found only in cool running water, and will not live for any great length of time in an ordinary aquarium. In this case, an artificial circulation of water was produced by means of a little pump run by clock-work. Every morning the jeweler wound up the machine, and all day long the little pump worked, pumping up the water from the globe, only to send it back again in a constant but small stream, which poured from the little spout, each drop carrying with it into the water of the globe a small quantity of fresh air, including, of course, oxygen gas. (See Figure No. 6.) And the little speckled trout lived and thrived, and, for aught I know to the contrary, is still swimming around in his crystal prison, waiting, with ever ready mouth, to swallow up the blue-bottle flies thrown to him by his friend



FEEDING THE POND-BASS. [SEE PAGE 703.]

the jeweler. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to change the water in an aquarium every few days. The tank should be so arranged as to require a change of water but very seldom. This is not difficult to accomplish, even without the help of a fountain or of clock-work. Both plants and animals breathe, and what is life to the plant is poison to the animal. They are like

to breathe. So you see that, by having plants as well as animals in your tank, both classes are supplied with breathing material. When you start your aquarium, first cover the bottom with sand and gravel. Then build your rockery; it is better to cement it together and into place.

After this is all arranged, go to the nearest pond, or creek, and dredge up some water-plants. Any that are not too large will do,—starwort, millfoil, bladderwort, pond-weed, etc. Fasten the roots of your plants to small stones with a bit of string, and arrange them about the tank to suit your taste. Fill the tank with water, and let it stand in the window for a week or two, where it will receive plenty of light, but no sun. By that time all your plants will be growing, and numerous other little plants will have started into life of their own accord. Then you may add your animals, and, if you do not overstock the tank, you need never change the water. Be sure not to handle the fish; but when you wish to remove them, lift them gently with a dip-net.

In an aquarium with a slanting bottom, only the front need be of glass; the other three sides can

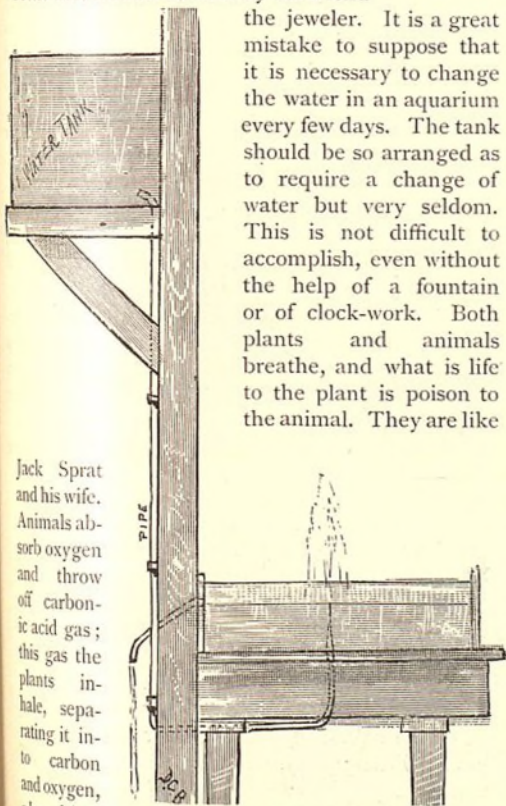


FIGURE NO. 5. FOUNTAIN WITH TANK.

Jack Sprat and his wife. Animals absorb oxygen and throw off carbonic acid gas; this gas the plants inhale, separating it into carbon and oxygen, absorbing the carbon,

which is converted into their vegetable tissue, and throwing off the free oxygen, for the animals

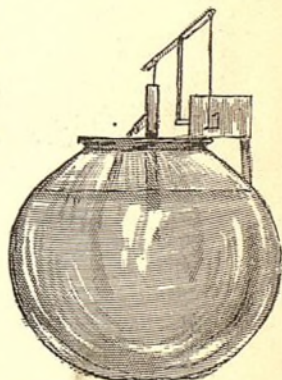
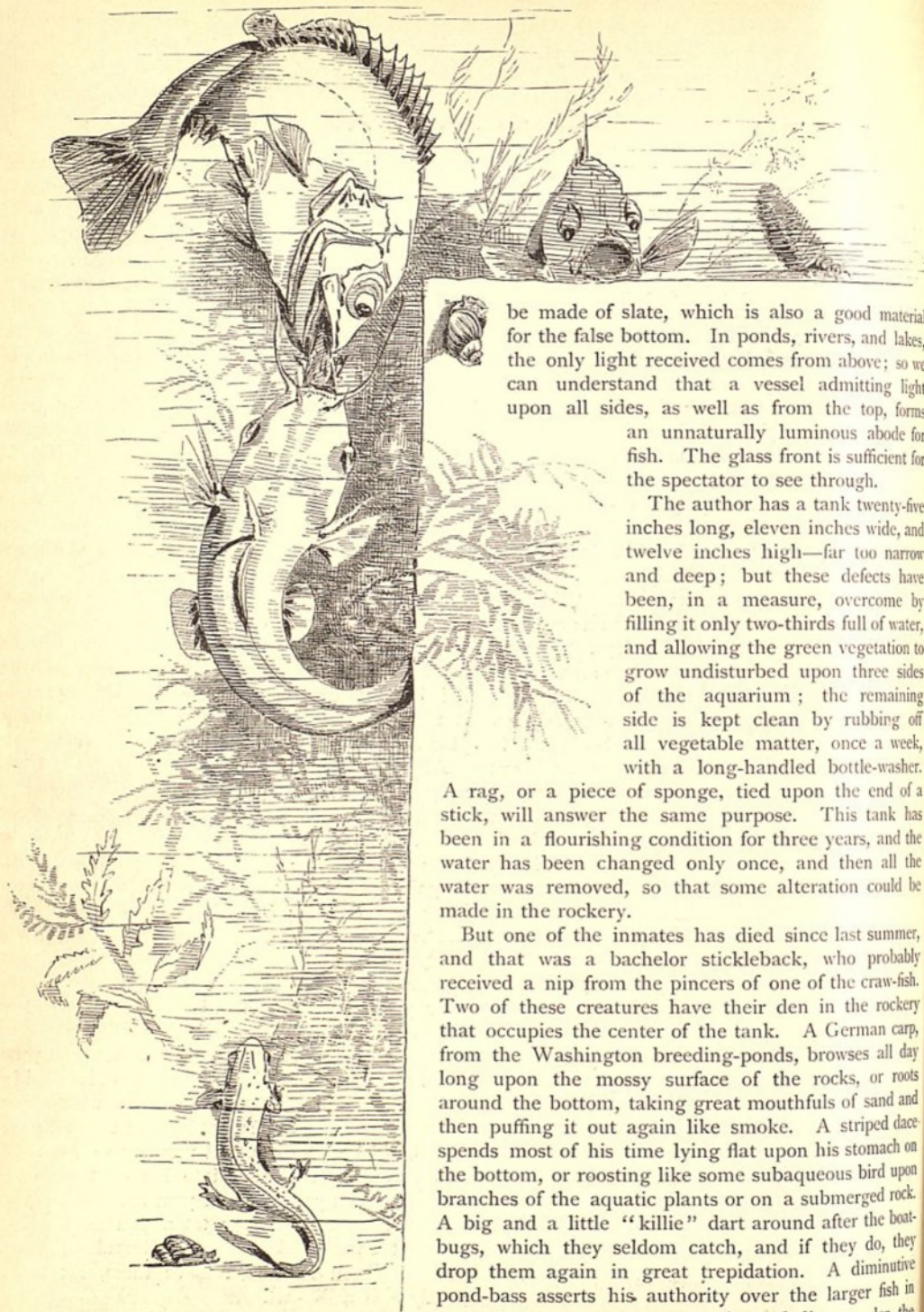


FIGURE NO. 6. CLOCK-WORK PUMP.



A TUG OF WAR IN THE AQUARIUM.

be made of slate, which is also a good material for the false bottom. In ponds, rivers, and lakes, the only light received comes from above; so we can understand that a vessel admitting light upon all sides, as well as from the top, forms an unnaturally luminous abode for fish. The glass front is sufficient for the spectator to see through.

The author has a tank twenty-five inches long, eleven inches wide, and twelve inches high—far too narrow and deep; but these defects have been, in a measure, overcome by filling it only two-thirds full of water, and allowing the green vegetation to grow undisturbed upon three sides of the aquarium; the remaining side is kept clean by rubbing off all vegetable matter, once a week, with a long-handled bottle-washer.

A rag, or a piece of sponge, tied upon the end of a stick, will answer the same purpose. This tank has been in a flourishing condition for three years, and the water has been changed only once, and then all the water was removed, so that some alteration could be made in the rockery.

But one of the inmates has died since last summer, and that was a bachelor stickleback, who probably received a nip from the pincers of one of the crawl-fish. Two of these creatures have their den in the rockery that occupies the center of the tank. A German carp, from the Washington breeding-ponds, browses all day long upon the mossy surface of the rocks, or roots around the bottom, taking great mouthfuls of sand and then puffing it out again like smoke. A striped dace spends most of his time lying flat upon his stomach on the bottom, or roosting like some subaqueous bird upon branches of the aquatic plants or on a submerged rock. A big and a little "killie" dart around after the boat-bugs, which they seldom catch, and if they do, they drop them again in great trepidation. A diminutive pond-bass asserts his authority over the larger fish in a most tyrannous manner. An eel lives under the sand in the bottom, and deigns to make his appearance

only once in several months, much to the amazement of the other inhabitants, all of whom seem to forget his presence until the smell of a bit of meat brings his long body from his retreat. Numerous little mussels creep along the bottom; periwinkles and snails crawl up and down the sides; caddice-worms cling to the plants, and everything appears

comprises some of the hardest and most readily domesticated to be found in small lakes or ponds. In selecting fish for your aquarium, be careful to have the perch, sun-fish, and bass much smaller than the dace, carp, or gold-fish; otherwise the last-named fish will soon find a resting-place inside the former.

Never put a large frog in an aquarium, for he will devour everything there. A bull-frog that I kept in my studio for more than a year swallowed fish, live mice, and brown bats; he also swallowed a frog of nearly his own size; but when he ingulfed a young alligator, we were almost as amazed as if he had swallowed himself.

Craw-fish are very mischievous; they pull up the plants, upset the rockery, nip the ends off the fishes' tails, crack the mussel-shells, pull out the inmates and devour them, squeeze the caddice-worm from his little log-house, and, in fact, are incorrigible mischief-makers. But, from that very fact, I always keep one or two small ones. The other inhabitants of the aquarium soon learn to dread the pincer of these fresh-water lobsters, and keep out of the way. Tadpoles are always an interesting addition to an aquarium.

Pickerel and gars should be kept in an aquarium by themselves.

Pond-bass make very intelligent pets. I once had three hundred of these little fellows, perfectly tame. Down in one corner of the corn-field I found two patent washing-machines, the beds of which were shaped like scow-boats. These old machines were fast going to ruin, and I readily gained permission to use them for whatever purpose I wished; so, with a hatchet, I knocked off the legs and top-gear; then removed a side from each box, and fastened the two together, making a tank about four feet

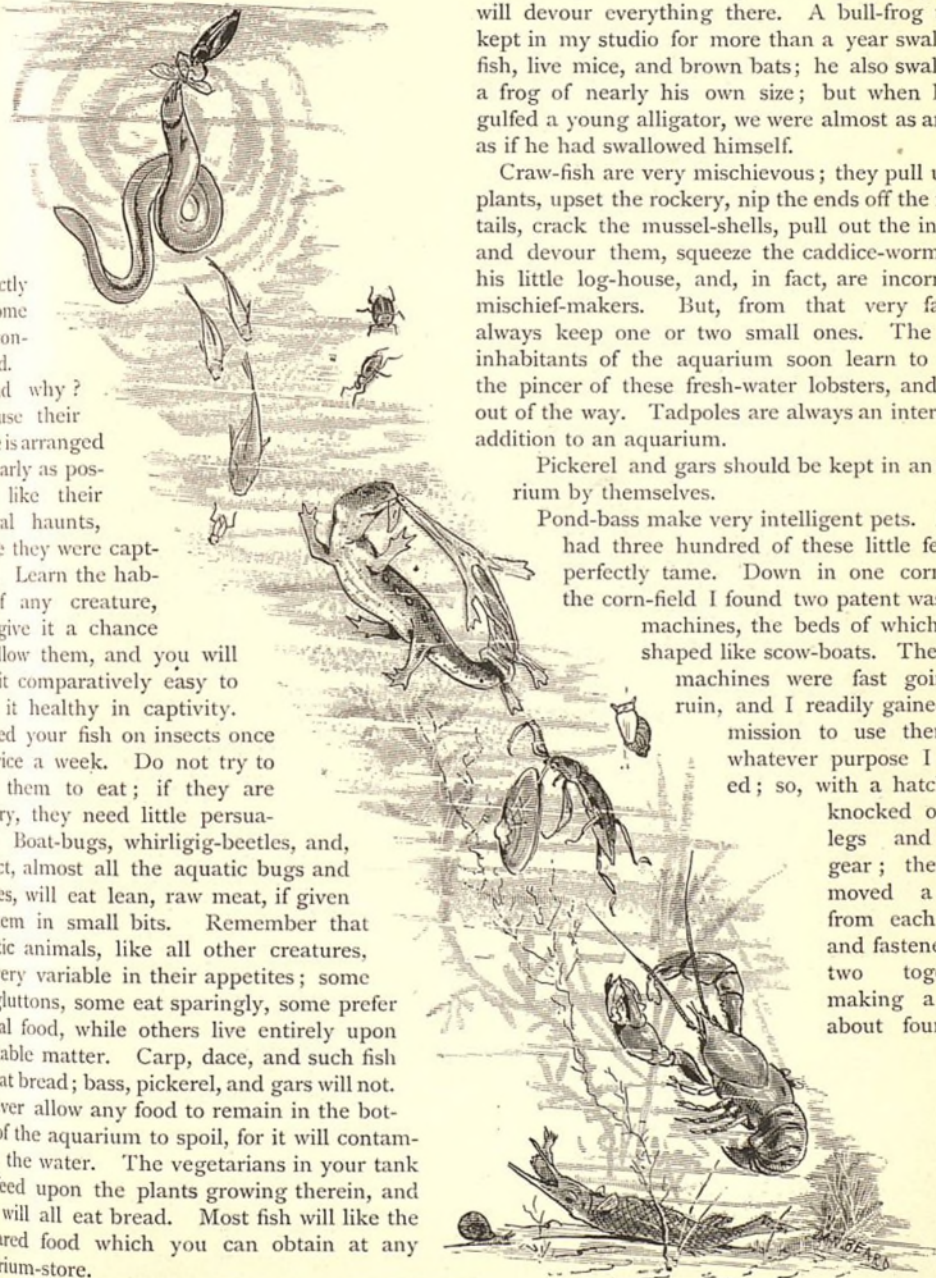
perfectly at home and contented.

And why? Because their home is arranged as nearly as possible like their natural haunts, where they were captured. Learn the habits of any creature, and give it a chance to follow them, and you will find it comparatively easy to keep it healthy in captivity.

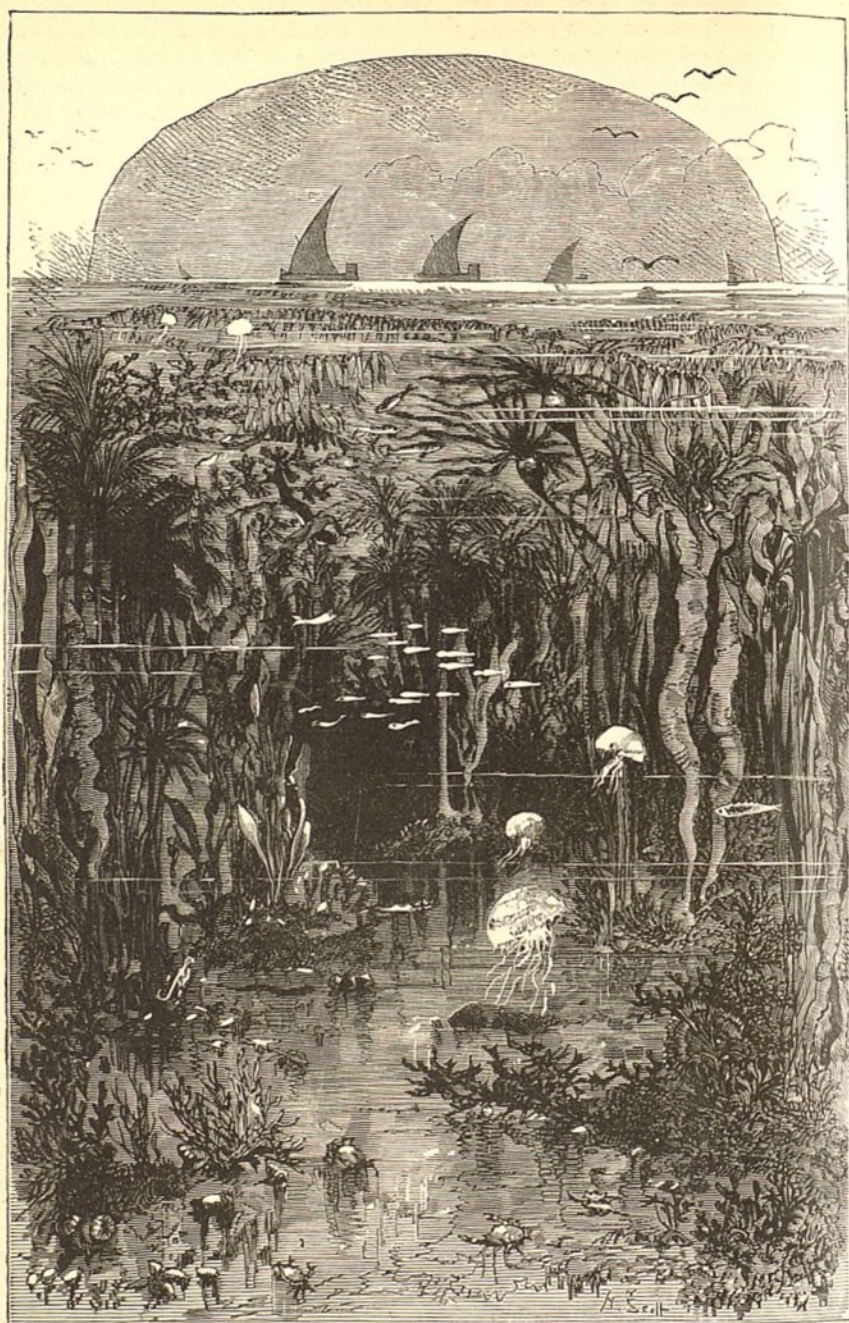
Feed your fish on insects once or twice a week. Do not try to force them to eat; if they are hungry, they need little persuasion. Boat-bugs, whirligig-beetles, and, in fact, almost all the aquatic bugs and beetles, will eat lean, raw meat, if given to them in small bits. Remember that aquatic animals, like all other creatures, are very variable in their appetites; some are gluttons, some eat sparingly, some prefer animal food, while others live entirely upon vegetable matter. Carp, dace, and such fish will eat bread; bass, pickerel, and gars will not.

Never allow any food to remain in the bottom of the aquarium to spoil, for it will contaminate the water. The vegetarians in your tank will feed upon the plants growing therein, and they will all eat bread. Most fish will like the prepared food which you can obtain at any aquarium-store.

The group of fish swimming across page 696



AQUARIUM INCIDENTS.



A NATURAL AQUARIUM.

square. The seam, or crack, where the two parts joined, was filled with oakum, and the whole outside was thickly daubed with coal-tar. The tank was then set in a hole dug for that purpose, and the dirt was filled in and packed around

the sides. Back of it I piled rocks, and planted ferns in all the cracks and crannies. I also put rocks in the center of the tank, first covering the bottom with sand and gravel. After filling this with water and plants, I put in three hundred little

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bass, and they soon became so tame that they would follow my finger all around, or would jump out of the water for a bit of meat held between the fingers. Almost any wild creatures will yield to persistent kind treatment, and become tame. Generally, too, they learn to have a sort of trustful affection for their keepers, who, however, to earn the confidence of such friends, should be almost as wise, punctual, and unfailing as good Dame Nature herself.

One of the same bass, which I gave to a friend of mine, lived in an ordinary glass globe for three years. It was a very intelligent fish, but fearfully spiteful and jealous. My friend's mother thought it was lonesome, and so, one day, she brought home a beautiful gold-fish—a little larger than the bass—to keep it company. She put the gold-fish in the globe, and watched the little bass, expecting to see it wonderfully pleased; but the little wretch worked himself into a terrible passion—erected every spine upon his back, glared a moment at the intruder, and then made a dart forward, seized the gold-fish by the abdomen, and shook it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, until the

transparent water was glittering all over with a shower of golden scales. As soon as possible, the carp was rescued; but it was too late. He only gasped, and died. The vicious little bass swam around and around his globe, biting in his rage at all the floating scales. Ever after, he was allowed to live a hermit's life, and he behaved himself well. At last the family went away for a couple of weeks, and, when they returned, the poor little bass lay dead at the bottom of his globe.

One more incident, and I must close: A certain young enthusiast in aquarium matters, waking suddenly one night, beheld the apparition shown on page 697. At one side of the room, in a wavering circle of light, a gaping monster was about to make one mouthful of a wriggling creature as large as a cat. The cause of this strange vision soon appeared. The curtain of the window had not been drawn down all the way, and a street-lamp, shining in, made a sort of combined magic-lantern lens and slide of a glass globe, in which some aquarium pets were quarreling. But the "wiggler" escaped somehow, and no harm was done.



"WHO ARE YOU?"

LE MARCHAND DE COCO.

PAR F. M. E.

WE shall be glad to receive translations of this from the girls and boys. The translators should give their full names, addresses, and ages, at the head of their papers, and should write on but one side of the sheet. That translation which seems to us to be the best will be printed in the October number. Translations received at 743 Broadway, New York, after August 1st will be too late to take part in the competition.



LE MARCHAND DE COCO.

MES chers petits amis, savez-vous ce que c'est que ce jeune homme si drôlement paré? Il est marchand de coco, cette boisson délicieuse faite du bois de réglisse broyé dans de l'eau glacé. À Paris on les voit partout, ces marchands, avec le beau bouquet argenté de leur fontaines, scintillant comme une oriflamme au-dessus de la tête. Ils se

promènent aux Champs Elysées, au Jardin des Tuileries, dans les rues, partout où se peuvent trouver des enfants, ou même des personnes plus âgées, car la soif vient à tout le monde; et quand il fait bien chaud, ils font de fameuses recettes. On les entend crier de leur voix pénétrante: "À la fraîche, qui veut boire! Voilà le bon coco! Régalez-vous, Mesdames—régalez-vous!" Et après ces assourdissants appels aux chalands, ils tintent la clochette argentée qu'ils portent dans la main gauche. Cette sonnerie fait la fortune du débitant de coco; elle fait tant de bruit qu'il faut bien lui faire attention, ce qui est toujours bonne chose dans le commerce. Et puis la fontaine est si belle, qui pourrait y résister? L'effet du velours cramoisi qui entoure les cylindres, est rehaussé par les bords cuivrés et par le bouquet luisant dans le soleil. Ce qui fait un ensemble visible de loin par les altérés. Et puis, cela ne coûte qu'un sou le verre!

Sur la poitrine, une des bretelles qui attachent la fontaine au dos du marchand, est percée à jour pour recevoir les gobelets dans lesquels il sert sa marchandise. Tout brille dans l'équipage, les gobelets sont argentés aussi bien que la clochette et le bouquet et les deux robinets qui passent dessous le bras gauche, l'un desquels donne du coco, et l'autre de l'eau pour rincer les gobelets. Il se sert d'un coin de son tablier de toile, éblouissant de blancheur et de propreté, pour essuyer ses verres. Et pourtant ce tablier n'est jamais sale, on y voit toujours les plis faits par le fer de la blanchisseuse. Notre marchand de coco dans la gravure est chaussé de gros sabots de paysan, mais cette partie du costume n'est pas de rigueur comme tout le reste.

Autrefois un beau casque empanaché coiffait le porte-fontaine, mais aujourd'hui la simple casquette d'ouvrier le remplace.

Qui ne voudrait pas être marchand de coco? Quel beau métier! Se promener toujours au soleil, et crier aux oreilles des petits enfants altérés: "À la fraîche, qui veut boire!"

SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



"MISS ROBERTS, WHAT 'S A PAGE?' ASKED PUG MERRIWEATHER." [SEE PAGE 709.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

THE Ramblers' Club was not a difficult body to form. All that was needed, as far as that Saturday was concerned, was for Otis Burr, Jeff Carroll, and Charley Ferris to come around to Will Torrance's as soon as possible after breakfast. Jack Roberts would also have been there but for a message Belle brought him from Milly Merriweather and Mr. Ayling. They wanted to consult with him about each May-festival appointments as were to be divided among the Park boys.

As for inviting anybody else on that first trip,

Otis Burr had vetoed it with: "No, Will, four of us 'll be enough if we 're going to have a good time, and it wont do to have more if we 're not."

There was sense in that, especially as they had only one dog and one gun among them, both belonging to Will.

Will Torrance's "Tiger" was a cross between a setter and a Newfoundland, and combined the brains of one with the size and shaggy coat of the other. He was bounding ahead of the boys now, in search of fun, and not only chickens but much larger animals, ill-disposed men included, were quite likely to treat him with civility.

The "ramble" of that day was to be made along the western shore of Oneoga Lake.

This was a pretty piece of fresh water, one end of which came down to the northern side of Saltillo. It was about six miles long and not more than two miles wide at the widest place, and the eastern shore was all villages and farms.

The western side was wilder, being about equally divided between swamps and woodland, and the lake itself had been long ago "fished out."

"Four boys and only one gun," remarked a farmer, from his seat in his wagon, as they passed him in the road, just before they climbed the last fence and struck off into the sandy flats along the lake shore.

"Will," exclaimed Charley, "we must kill something."

"There 's a chipping-bird," said Otis Burr. "You can make up a string of them."

"Hold on, boys ——"

Will suddenly darted ahead, for Tiger was standing still near the bank of a very small brook and seemed to be looking at something.

"He 's pointing," said Jeff; "he 's doing his best for his size."

The boys did not exactly hold their breaths, but nothing louder than a whisper came from them as they saw their sportsman slip along the bank of the brook and raise his gun to his shoulder.

It was a single-barreled gun, but it went off with a very encouraging report.

"Loud enough to scare any small bird to death," said Otis.

"Did you get him? Did you get him?" shouted Charley, as Will sprang forward.

"What was it?" asked Jeff. "I did n't see any geese."

They were smaller birds than geese, and it was no wonder Tiger had been the only member of the Club to detect their presence in the neighborhood. All the rest saw some kind of winged creatures fly away; but Will was picking up something.

"Six of em," he shouted, "at one shot!"

"What are they?"

"What are they, Charley? Don't you know sandpipers when you see them? They're the smallest kind of snipe."

"Give me one to carry," said Jeff,—"one in each hand, to balance me. Are n't they a heavy game!"

They were bigger than chipping-birds, but there was little more to be said about them, excepting that they were long-billed, long-legged, and "snipey" in their aspect, and could really be cooked and eaten.

"Two or three hundred of 'em would make a prime dinner for the Club," remarked Otis.

"We 'll get some more as we go along the flats. We can take turns shooting. I 'll load up."

That was quickly done, and Charley Ferris came in for the next turn, almost as a matter of course.

It was better fun now, with a beginning made, and a possibility of something more; and the Club marched on, with Charley about a rod in advance.

"Tip-up! tip-up!" exclaimed Will, before three minutes were over. "Tige is away. He never lets 'em 'light. There, Charley, one has lit. See it tip-up?"

Another kind of snipe—but, as Jeff observed, "not large enough to hurt him"—had alighted on an old log in the brook, and was "practicing his motions" in his own way,—that is, his head and tail rose and fell in quick alternation, as if he were trying to keep his balance on the log, and had a good deal of "tetering" to do to avoid falling off.

It was a short shot, but Charley was excited. He was sure he was aiming at that bird up to the moment when he pulled the trigger. The gun went off just as it should have done, and the report spoke well for the size of the charge; but the saucy "tip-up" only gave another "teter," and then flew swiftly away toward the lake.

"Missed him!"

"No, I did n't. I must have hit him; he flies as if he had been wounded. Tige is after him."

Tiger was running in that direction, certainly; but the bird was already out of sight ahead of him, and the wise dog gave it up and began to smell at some tracks on the sand.

"Your turn next, Jeff," said Will. "I've brought plenty of ammunition."

"My turn, is it? Well, then, you wait till I stick up a mark,—something that won't fly away after I've hit it."

By the time the gun was loaded, Jeff had pinned an old letter envelope to the bark of a tree not far away, and his "game," as he called it, was all ready for him. There was no danger of his getting excited about it, and he tried in vain to coax Tiger into making a "point" at the tree.

Bang! And then four boys ran forward to see if any of the shot had hit the paper.

"Six,—seven,—eight!" said Charley. "Jeff, if that had been a 'tip-up,' it would have been spoiled. I fired just a little above mine. It tears a bird all to pieces to put too many shot into it."

It was Otis Burr's turn to shoot, but Will reminded them that standing still and shooting at a mark was not exactly "rambling."

"Let's ramble, then," said Otis. "Put in your biggest shot for me; I'm after something larger than 'tip-ups' and sandpipers."

That end of the lake was as level as a floor, not only on land, but under water. The "sand-flat" reached nearly to the edge of the city itself, but

there were no houses on it,—nothing but long ranges of low, flat-looking, wooden-roofed sheds. The water at the margin was as shallow as it well could be, and any one of the boys could have waded out a quarter of a mile without getting beyond his depth. They knew this well enough, but it was too cold for wading yet, and no one proposed a trial. As for the sheds, they knew all about them, and there was no “ramble” to be had there. They were “solar salt-works,”—great wooden pans set up just above the ground,—and the shed-roofs were their sliding covers, which would not be removed till steady, warm weather should come. Acres on acres of sand-flats were covered in that way.

The boys walked along as they talked, and soon began to pass the curve toward the western shore. They could look back now and see the city, and the tall chimneys of the “boiling-works,” where salt was made in a quicker way than by drying it out by sunshine in vats.

Each one of those tall chimneys stood up at the end of a big wooden building, and that, they knew, covered a long, double row of huge iron kettles, set in a range of brick-work, with a fire constantly burning under them; and there were men busy there now scooping out the salt from the boiling-kettles with long-handled iron ladles.

It was agreeable enough to look at and think of, but the kind of rambling they were doing was more like “Saturday work,” as Jeff called it.

“Right out there, boys,” said Will,—“half a mile out,—there’s a salt-spring comes up, from the bottom of the lake. There’s a bigger one on the east side, and they’ve rigged a pump to it.”

“I don’t believe there’s any salt-spring,” said Jeff. “The lake would be salt, if it were fed in that way.”

“Look at the salt on the sand, then. There’s salt coming out of everything around here. It makes the sand-ferre grow.”

“William!” exclaimed Charley, with great dignity, “you astonish me. As Mr. Hayne would say, ‘What, a scholar of this school saying sand-ferre?’ No, young gentlemen, the proper word to employ is ‘samphire.’”

“You may call it as many names as you please, but it’s a good weed for pickles. Hello, Ote, it’s your turn. Do you see, out there?”

“On the water? I see —”

“Ducks, my boy—ducks!”

Two black spots bobbed up and down, at quite a distance from shore, and four pairs of eyes agreed in an instant as to what they were.

The shore ahead of them was dreadfully muddy, and the water at the edge somewhat deeper than at the southern end of the lake. A little way back,

too, were scattered a dozen or so of the rude cabins of the salt-boilers, and around these were to be seen a mixed population of ragged and happy children, pigs, poultry, cats, dogs, and even a cow or two.

Tiger was keeping an eye out for those dogs, several of whom had already sent a warning bark to notify him that he was a stranger, and they were ready for him.

“Keep right along, boys. They’re swimming toward the shore. They’ll come in farther up. Never mind the mud.”

Will was speaking of the ducks, and the rest of the Club imitated his example in tucking their trousers into their boots. Low shoes would have had a hard time of it in the rambling they did for the next five minutes.

Either those ducks were blind or they were so used to seeing the salt-boilers’ boys along the shore that they had lost all fear of human beings.

If they could but have known that those four now present were a Club, with a gun, and that it was Otis Burr’s turn to shoot!

There was no one to warn them, however, and in they came, over the bright little waves, taking their own time to it, and giving Otis, therefore, time to get himself into such a fever of expectation that he thought he had never in his life seen so large a pair of water-fowl or such slow swimmers.

Bang!—at last.

Tiger gave his master a look that seemed to ask some kind of question, but he at once bounded forward and into the water.

He brought them in, one at a time—the first one dead and the second so badly hurt that it could not get away from him.

“Got ’em both,” said Otis, trying hard to look unconcerned, as if he killed ducks every day.

“Splendid pair!” said Charley, but Will Torrance was looking closely and silently at the one he held in his hand.

“We’ve done it, boys. We’ve done it. They’re tame ducks!”

“Will! You don’t say so!”

“Don’t I? And here comes the fine old lady they belong to.”

She was coming, sure enough.

“Don’t run, boys,” said Charley. “We must stand by Ote.”

Running was out of the question, in that mud, but Charley’s heroism was the correct thing, for all that.

“Murtherin’ me ducks? Is it that, ye spalpeens?”

Besides this they gathered little of the torrent of angry brogue that the elderly Irish settler poured upon them as she came up; but by the

time she was out of breath, Otis Burr was as calm as a fence-post.

"I've killed them for you, nicely, ma'am. Teach 'em not to run away again."

"Is it run away? Av ye don't pay me for them, then now!"

"Pay? Well, I don't care if I do. May be they are worth something. Ten cents —"

"Tin cints? Is it tin cints ye're talkin' of? Av ye don't pay me a quarther dollar for aich on 'em, I'll have the law on ye."

"Half a dollar for a pair of ducks like these? And carry 'em home myself?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN FROM THE CHASE.

JACK ROBERTS had been deprived of his intended day out with the Ramblers' Club, but he found compensation. He and Belle met Mr. Ayring and Milly Merriweather at the music store, and it soon became plain that the newly elected "Queen" was not disposed to be despotic.

She insisted on making Jim Swayne "First Herald," so he would be the first boy to come upon the stage, and that suited Mr. Ayring.



"IT WAS OTIS BURR'S TURN TO SHOOT."

"It takes Otis Burr!" Charley was whispering to Will. "She'd have scared me out of a dollar."

It was about a fair price, as ducks were going, and Otis soon consented, as the old lady said, "to hear reason." He paid for his game like a man, and picked them up.

"Carry one of 'em, Charley. I move we ramble. There's a crowd coming."

A glance confirmed him.

Every shanty in sight seemed to be sending out somebody, and it was plainly time to move on.

"You ought to put on Jeff Carroll next," suggested Jack, with a grin.

For some reason or other, Mr. Ayring preferred Will Torrance, and Belle herself said:

"Neither of them would care much for it. Jeff would n't, I know, and Will may think he's too big."

"They'll have to do it," said Jack, "whether they like it or not."

It was all settled nicely, in a half-hour's council, and when Milly went home, Jack walked off with

her; for, as he said, "I'm to be one of your marshals and I must begin to practice."

Belle had an errand at the book-store, but she might not have gone in, perhaps, if she had known whom she was to meet standing by one of the counters. There was no help for it, and, after all, she and Fanny Swayne were good friends, and had known and played with each other from the time they were both very little girls. They were "young ladies" now, and the gray-haired book-seller, who saw them shaking hands, thought he had never seen two prettier or more intelligent faces together.

"Hard to say which is the prettier," he said to himself: "splendid girls, both of them."

And Fanny took care to be the first to mention the May festival, very much to Belle's relief, and to say: "I am glad they made so good a selection. Milly is a sweet little girl,—just the right age."

Belle assented, and everything would have gone along nicely if it had not been for the arrival of more company.

Jim Swayne came in after his sister, and nobody knew what Pug Merriweather came for. His errand took him to the back end of the store, and he was on his way out when his keen little eyes began to study that group by the counter.

"Jack and Milly went home, Miss Roberts."

"Did they? And are you not going too?"

"Guess I am; pretty soon."

"Are you Milly Merriweather's brother? Do you know me?" asked Fanny.

"You're Jim Swayne's sister, are n't you? You're not the queen, though."

"No," said Fanny, with a laugh; "your sister is queen. Will you tell her I'm glad of it?"

"Yes, I'll tell her. So is everybody else but her. She says you'd have made a better queen; but you would n't. She voted for you; so I had to vote twice. Milly is n't real sharp."

"Well, but she's only a girl!"

"That is n't it. Some girls are as sharp as boys; some boys are n't sharp, either. Jeff Carroll says Jim'll be sharp enough to paint his tickets next time. Jeff's sharp."

"You'd better run home, Pug," snapped Jim, "or there'll be somebody after you, first thing you know."

Pug knew enough of Jim to take warning; but he had a question to ask before he went.

"Miss Roberts, what's a page?"

"Something to read, do you mean?"

"Is that it? Then I wont, that's all. Milly said I might be one of her pages, but if I've got to stand up and read anything —"

"Oh, they wont make you do that," laughed Fanny; "run right along now, and don't forget to tell your sister just what I told you."

He was out of the door, as Jim said:

"Like one of these little black-and-tan terrier dogs that can't stand still half a minute."

Pug had not done any harm by what he had said, however, and that was something, considering what a reckless tongue he had. There came still another chance to use it, later in the day, when he met the Ramblers' Club on their way home.

They had made good speed away from the neighborhood of the shanties, even Tiger setting them an example of rapid motion; and they had waded, and walked, and floundered for two or three hours along the lake-shore; at last, however, they had, as Jeff said, "given up finding a north-west passage around the lake," and had even caught a ride on a wagon, after they came out into a road and started for home.

The gun had been fired again and again, before that, and the Club had unanimously voted to keep all they killed.

"The mud'll stick to us," said Otis Burr, "and we might as well stick to our game."

It was that which called for remarks from Pug, as he trotted around them, staring at one "string" after another.

"Ote has a duck, so has Charley, and they must have stolen 'em. Jeff Carroll has three blackbirds. I know what Will Torrance is lugging. It's sandpipers and two tip-ups. Jeff's got,—well, I say, if it is n't a rat!"

The latter animal had been shot on their way home, and Jeff declared it a rabbit, and that he would carry it in. There were more blackbirds, and the only reason why there were no crows was, because they had fired at five in succession without killing one.

On the whole, it had been a grand day's fun, up to the moment when the Club reached the lower end of the Park, and a mob of Pug's small-boy friends came along from one direction, just as Mr. Hayne appeared on the other side.

"Boys! boys!" screamed Pug. "Look here! They've been a-huntin'! Stealin' ducks and rat-killin'. Look at what they've got. Birds, too!"

Mr. Hayne smiled, and the hearts of the Club sank as the smile on his face grew wide.

It was evident that he was trying to keep it down, or at least not to hurt their feelings, but smile he did, for he could not help it.

They were a muddy Club, and their faces were well marked with gunpowder. Their very dog was wet, and had a tired, slouchy look.

"I hope you have had a pleasant time, young gentlemen. Have you been hunting?"

"Oh, no, by no means," said Jeff. "We've been rambling."

"Rambling?"

"Yes, sir. This is a part of the Ramblers' Club. We've been shooting at a mark, a little."

"And brought your targets home with you, I see. What is that you have, Mr. Burr?"

"Ignorant people call it a duck, Mr. Hayne. They were common, once, but they're rare, now. I killed this one on Oneoga Lake."

"Ah! Yes. Very rare bird, excepting in barnyards. I hope the owner was paid for it."

"It's an Irish duck," interrupted Jeff. "Ote wanted a specimen to study."

"I see. And you mean to give your spare time to the study of rats and blackbirds?"

"Is that really a rat, Mr. Hayne? I suspected the blackbirds."

That half of the Club was, by all odds, better off than the other half in the kind of ability called for just then, and Charley and Will would have given something to let their friends do the talking, but Pug appeared between them with a hand on each of their strings of "game."

"Oh, Mr. Hayne, look at these, too. Sandpipers! Another duck and lots of things."

The second duck and the diminutive snipe were too much for Mr. Hayne. He laughed long and merrily. "Go ahead, young gentlemen. It's good fun, I dare say. Don't fail to let me know what you bring home, next time."

"The next time, Mr. Hayne?" said Jeff Carroll, gravely. "Every man is to take a gun."

"May I suggest an idea?" said the master.

"Do, please, Mr. Hayne," stammered Will, who now began to have fears for the future of his Club.

"Well, then, take hammers instead of guns, some day, and bring home a small piece of every rock you find, but no one of you to bring two pieces of the same kind." He bowed and smiled, and walked on, as he concluded; but the Club stood looking at one another for a moment.

"Let's try it," exclaimed Otis Burr.

"Next Saturday, Will. I'm ready," said Charley. "There's no end of rocks off south."

"Boys," remarked Jeff, "I can't talk till I've washed my face and had something to eat."

These being the urgent needs, the Club broke up and went home in peace.

(To be continued.)



Ayuntamiento de Madrid. FOURTH OF JULY, NIGHT.

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MOLLY MOGG AND LUCY LEE.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.



MISS MOLLY MOGG and Miss Lucy Lee
Were playing under the apple-tree,
Just as happy as happy could be;
When—all at once—
That little dunce,
Miss Lucy, began to scream and cry:
"Oh, Molly Mogg, make haste and fly!
Here's a horrible thing,
With a frightful sting,
Coming to catch us! Oh, dear! Oh, my!"

She dropped her book,
And her dolly, too,
Screaming: "Look! Molly, look!
He's close to you!
These dreadful things,
With wings—and stings—
I never could bear! Oh, kill him! Do!"

Said Molly Mogg, sternly: "Lucy Lee,
What a silly, absurd, little goose you must be!
It's plain to me
You don't know your Natural History;
If you did, you could see
That this is a beautiful, beautiful creature,
Of grace unrivaled in form and feature.

Just pause, Lucy, pause:
See his wings of fine gauze,
And his wonderful,—yes, my dear,—wonderful,
claws!
Would you like me to tell
His name, Lucy? Well,
It is 'Mega-thum-ollopod-tenter-hook-daws'!"

But poor Lucy Lee
Would n't listen—not she—
To a bit of this Natural History.
Away she ran crying,
Her road never eying,
While over her head the great insect was
flying;
So she ran till she came to the well,
When straightway into the bucket she fell!
In a half-hour after, with call and shout,
The farmer's family pulled her out;
While the "Mega-thum-ollopod" flew about,
And thought it was all very queer, no doubt.

Miss Molly Mogg, so wise and clever,
Said: "Such a goose I never saw,—never!
To think that she ran, without any cause,
From a 'Megathumollopodtenterhookdaws'!"

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER IX.

Two weeks after our departure from the Indian Mission, we reached the foot-hills of the Andes in a drenching rain-storm. It was the first bad weather

poor animals, we were glad to take refuge in a *cabaña*, or military guard-house, on the ridge of the Sierra de San Blas. The Indians of the upper Orinoco are almost as savage as our Camanches and Apaches, and the white people have to guard



THE ROCK-AVALANCHE. [SEE PAGE 716.]

we had experienced since our landing at Acapulco: the last ten days it had rained incessantly from every noon till night; at first it was merely a sort of drizzling fog, but when we reached the hills the water fell in torrents, and after a stormy night, without a camp-fire and without shelter for our

their settlements by a chain of military posts, generally located on the ridge of some mountain-range that affords a good lookout over the surrounding hills and valleys. But the republic of New Granada is a very poor country, and can not afford to maintain regular forts, with officers, garrisons,

and cannot charge easily, with habits and signs of danger, give the mountain little comfort, a fortress, a rather difficult, been so situated under a good

Still, we second evening, mayor from necessity it was the sentry, frontier for him, intended the storm accompany Captain, and sense, he was as found him jolly, adventure, and the Indians of entertainment.

The gray with coyotes met one of his horse, but general rendered at came across, or twenty, he called the long-legs the direction.

we caught to escape ravines.

That after through the and steeper seemed to find mountains; worst was the table-land, of the West and awful place that seemed land of the

"No, it is Captain, who road keeps

THE

refuge in a
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and cannons, and most of their cabañas are in charge each of a single soldier—a mere picket-sentry, who has to be well acquainted with the habits and haunts of the Indians, and at the first sign of danger gallops to the next settlement to give the alarm. The solitary guardsman then on the mountain of San Blas was so glad to have a little company that he did his utmost to make us comfortable, but his cabaña was a poor sample of a fortress, log-built, without glass windows and with a rather defective roof, and if the weather had not been so stormy we should have preferred to camp under a good tree.

Still, we did not regret the delay, for on the second evening there arrived at San Blas a *guarda-mayor* from Bogota, a military officer whose business it was to inspect the cabañas and see to it that the sentries were at their posts. San Blas being a frontier fort, Captain Matias, as the sentry called him, intended to return the next morning, and as the storm had at last abated, we were very glad to accompany him. Like many of his countrymen, the Captain treated Indians as things devoid of soul and sense, but in his intercourse with white people he was as courteous as a Spanish cavalier, and we found him a very agreeable traveling-companion—jolly, adventurous, well acquainted with the history and the Indian antiquities of the country, and full of entertaining stories.

The grassy table-lands of New Granada swarm with coyotes, or prairie-wolves, and whenever we met one of these creatures the Captain put spurs to his horse and chased the wolf till he ran it down, but generally let it off if it lay down and surrendered at discretion. On one of these chases he came across the nest of a crested turkey with fifteen or twenty young ones, and, reining up his horse, he called to us and helped us to hunt the little long-legs that darted through the grass in every direction. The boys never had such fun, although we caught only six of the chicks, the rest managing to escape into the thick juniper-bushes of the ravines.

That afternoon and all the next day, our trail led through the highlands of the Sierra Cauca, steeper and steeper uphill, until we came to a ridge that seemed to form the summit of all the surrounding mountains; but when we got up, we saw that the worst was to come yet. On the other side of the table-land, and high above us, rose the main chain of the Western Andes, with their glittering peaks and awful precipices—lofty, threatening battlements that seemed to defend the approach to the cloud-land of the central plateau.

"No, it is n't as bad as it looks," laughed the Captain, when he noticed our consternation. "Our road keeps along the northern slope, and you will

now find a good bridge over every ravine; this is the *camino real*, the old highway of the Incas."*

"Why, you are right," said I, when we passed a rock that rose in a series of regular terraces and parapets. "This looks like an artificial esplanade; there must have been a castle up there."

"No, it's an Indian cemetery," said the Captain—"the catacombs of Las Peñas, as they call it. Come this way—we can take a look at it before we go into camp; it is a curious old wizard's den."

We followed him over heaps of rubbish and broken columns to the upper platform, where a narrow portal opened into the interior of a dark rock-vault.

"We should have taken our lantern along," said I; "I am afraid we shall not see much of all those curiosities."

The Captain chuckled. "You will hear so much the more," said he; "just come along." At the entrance of the cave the ground was covered with all kinds of *débris* and potsherds, but farther back stood a vast number of massive earthen urns, as thick and wide as the kettles our asphalt-pavers use to boil their pitch in. The urns stood close together by scores and hundreds, although here and there narrow interspaces formed winding paths, that seemed to lead far back into a continuous labyrinth of pottery and rocks. If these vessels had really been filled with human bones, the cave must have been the cemetery of a populous city, for all the urns farther back were filled with something that felt like a mixture of ashes and bits of a harder stuff—perhaps fragments of the trinkets the Indians used to bury with their dead.

Following one of the winding paths, we came to a side-vault of the cave, where the Captain suddenly stopped, and, putting his hands to his mouth, gave a whoop that made the whole vault ring. Tommy clutched me with both arms, for, in the same instant, almost, the cave became a pandemonium of unearthly sounds,—shrieks, hoots, and croaking yells,—and from the recesses of the den came cries so nearly resembling the groans of a human being that our two Indians made a simultaneous rush for the door. The uproar drowned my exclamations, and I could not understand the Captain's reply, although I heard enough to suspect that he was almost choked with laughing.

"What, in the name of sense, was all that?" I asked, when we finally emerged from the den.

"Don't you see them?" laughed the Captain, pointing to the entrance, where a number of long-winged birds were now fluttering to and fro,—*caprimulgas*,—goat-suckers,—about forty or fifty thousand of them. They have their roosts in that cave, and if you wake one, you wake them all. They can out-scream a wild-cat."

* Incas,—rulers of the country before its conquest by the Spaniards.

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"Hallo, where is the dog?" asked Tommy, when we unhitched our mule.

"I saw him charging around in the rocks when we came out of that witch-hole," said Menito; "he was running down-hill the last I saw of him."

"I think he is after the 'sexton,'" said the Captain. "There is a panther who has long made his head-quarters somewhere near here. I have seen him three or four times. My soldiers used to call him the 'Indian Sexton.'"

We had pitched our tent on the shore of a little mountain-lake when Rough at last returned, as full of burs and stickers as if he had ranged the jungles of twenty sierras. We thought he had had his fill of hunting for that day; but, half an hour after, we heard him again barking and scratching in a copse of mesquite-trees behind our tent, and we found that he was routing out a nest of armadillos,—those strange creatures that look like a cross between a fox and a lizard, being mammals in their habits and the construction of their internal organs, but with the scales and the tail of a reptile. We caught three of them—two for our collection and one for Rough's supper.

It was a beautiful night—not a cloud in the sky; and the lake so clear that it reflected every bright star in the firmament. When the moon rose over the heights of the Sierra de Cauca, it painted the water with silver streaks and spangles, and revealed the fantastic outlines of the lime-stone cliffs along the shore.

"Do you see those tall rocks over yonder?" said the Captain. "They call this tarn the *Laguna de Tres Hermanas* [the "Lake of the Three Sisters"], and those rocks are supposed to be three enchanted virgins."

"They are? Oh, please tell us all about it!" cried Tommy.

"All right; only there is n't much to tell," said the Captain. "It is nothing but a strange old Indian tradition. About three hundred years ago, when the Spaniards first conquered this country, there lived up here a stadtholder of the Incas—an old chieftain, as poor as the barren heights of his sierra, but his three daughters were the handsomest girls in the land, and one of them was a Priestess of the Moon. But, after the downfall of the empire, Pizarro's troopers invaded this valley; the old chieftain was slain in the pass of Las Salsas, and, when the news of the disaster reached his house, the three sisters fled toward the lake, with a troop of soldiers in hot pursuit. At the head of this bay the girls hoped to find a canoe, and escape in the twilight to the opposite shore; but when they reached the landing the boat was gone, and, in their great distress, they prayed to the Moon to receive their souls and transform their

bodies. The moon was concealed by a veil of clouds, and the three girls gave themselves up for lost; but just before the troopers reached the lake, the clouds parted, and where a minute ago the three sisters had stood with uplifted arms, the soldiers found three rocks of white limestone,—*Las Tres Hermanas*, as they are called to this day. The Moon had answered their prayer."

The day before we left the cabaña, Tommy had



"THE ROCKS CALLED 'THE THREE ENCHANTED VIRGINS.'"

sprained his ankle, and, his foot being still a little stiff, I had permitted him to ride; but the next morning he dismounted of his own accord, and preferred to limp along as well as he could.

"I won't trust my life to a mule," said he; "if I am going to break my neck, I want to know the reason why."

To slip from the "highway of the Incas" would, indeed, have been a matter of life and death. The precipices at our feet descended like tower-walls, and we passed places where a stone, dropped from my outstretched hand, would have fallen a couple of thousand feet without ever touching as much as a projecting cliff. Farther up, though, the valley became narrower, and at last shrank to a mere gulch, hardly thirty feet across, but still of frightful

depth. On our other hand rose a steep mountain-wall, and often we had to pick our way between the broken boulders that had fallen from the cliffs above. But these wild rocks were not quite uninhabited. Small mountain-weasels gamboled in the clefts, and a little way ahead a bush-wolf was sitting at the edge of the cañon, and allowed us to approach within a hundred yards before he loped lazily away.

"Hallo, Captain! there is one of your friends," laughed Tommy; "he does not seem to be in any hurry. I suppose he knows that you cannot course him on a road like this."

"Listen! I hear a friar's bell," said Menito; "there is a priest coming down this way. Now that wolf is in a bad fix, after all; we shall get him somehow or other."

"Yes, he had better confess his sins to that friar," laughed the Captain. "His time is up, unless he can clamber up that rock-wall."

When the friar came in sight, the wolf seemed to realize its dilemma. It stopped, and, after an uneasy glance at the steep mountain above it, turned its head toward the cañon, and, crouching down till its breast almost touched the ground, it made a sudden leap at the opposite bank. It came nearer succeeding than we had thought possible, and, if the slope of the chasm had been a little less steep, the poor creature might have saved itself, after all. As it was, the loose sand gave way under its feet, and down it went, head over heels, into an apparently bottomless abyss. A second after, our dog reached the place from which the poor wolf had taken its fatal leap. Instead of barking, Rough looked silently at the cañon, and then averted his head with a sort of shudder.

"That cañon must be nearly a mile deep," said Tommy. "I am almost sorry for the coyote."

"Not I," said Daddy Simon; "he had no business to be so foolish as all that—to be afraid of a friar! The idea!—and a Franciscan friar at that! They don't carry as much as a knife!"

Our two monkeys, Billy and the Tamarin, were also getting uneasy, and began to chatter whenever the mule stumbled.

"Let me see that little bobtail," said the Captain; and before I knew what he would be at, he had grabbed Billy, and held him out over the precipice—merely to scare him, of course. But Billy yelled frightfully, and when he was lifted back, he rushed into his cage chattering, and wild with excitement; and, looking back at the Captain, he hugged the Tamarin, as if he meant to warn her against that wicked stranger.

The traveling friar greeted us very kindly, and advised us to keep a sharp lookout for rock-

avalanches. "That heavy rain has started them again," said he; "and the volcanoes cannot be trusted, either: Mount Cotopaxi is smoking like a factory-chimney."

"That man must have traveled a long way," said Tommy, when the friar was gone; "the volcano of Cotopaxi is down in Ecuador, is n't it?"

"Up in Ecuador, you mean," laughed the Captain. "The peak is quite immeasurably high; you can see it from any of these ridges near here. Wait until we are on the other side of the cañon, where the rocks are not so very steep; I am going to lend you my hook-stick, and if you can reach the top of those cliffs ahead there, you will probably see the peak due south, or south by southwest."

Tommy took him at his word, and borrowed the hook-stick as soon as we had passed the cañon.

"It is too cloudy," said he, when he came back; "but about a mile off I saw a troop of wild deer—about fifteen or sixteen head, as nearly as I could make out."

"They must be wild llamas," said the Captain; "deer are very scarce in this sierra. Hold on! If they are llamas, we can steal upon them unawares. They are not very sharp-scented."

We kept on for a mile or so, and then turned our mule into a ravine, leading gradually up to the top of a little plateau. Tommy had made a good guess at the distance. About four hundred yards ahead grazed a flock of llamas, evidently, as yet, unconscious of any danger. We approached step for step, taking advantage of every bush, until, in climbing over a broken lava-cliff, Tommy stumbled, and the motion sufficed to alarm the outposts of the herd. Away these went, followed by the flock, and at so swift a pace that all attempts to get a shot at them would have been in vain. Some fifty yards farther up they stopped, however, and looked back at us.

"Gone!" said Menito, "unless the Captain has a very good horse. Don't I wish we could catch one of them alive!"

"Catch a llama? You must be crazy," said Daddy Simon. "They can go uphill like the wind; and, moreover, they are white underneath; such llamas bear a charmed life, you know."

"Well, but may be the boy is right," said the Captain; "there is a young kid in that flock. I am going to see if I can not disenchant them somehow or other," he laughed, and galloped away over the level plateau. Finding he was on their tracks, the llamas again took to their heels; but two of them failed to keep up with their flying companions—the little kid and its mother were left behind when the main herd disappeared around the edge of the hill. When, however, the

rider got within rifle-shot range, the dam changed her mind, and, gathering herself up, bowled away at full speed, and left her child to its fate. It was wonderful to see the sagacity of the poor little thing. Finding that escape was impossible, it made for the next bush, and crouched down, evidently in the hope that the hunter would pass it unobserved. Its hope was disappointed, though, for, ten minutes after, Don Matias returned, with a pretty fawn-colored llama kid straddling the pommel of his saddle. We transferred it to a similar perch on Black Betsy's back, and the boys agreed that we must keep it for a private pet, if we could manage to tame it.

The friar's warning had not been in vain. As we continued on our road, avalanches of rocks and stones rumbled down all along the mountain-side, and some of them in places where they could do a great deal of mischief, for right under the steepest part of the overhanging cliffs the Indian village of Tacunga extended along the bank of a little mountain-stream. Some of the outlying ranches seemed, indeed, to have been damaged already, for we saw the people running to and fro as if they were getting their cows and horses out of the way.

We had nearly reached the cliffs above the village, when Captain Matias suddenly reined up his horse and snatched the halter-strap of our mule. "Hold on there!" he called out. "There's a *gar-rucha* ahead—a blockade! Confound it, that will cost us a roundabout ride of five miles at least!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are the Indians going to stop us?"

"No, but the avalanche. Look up there," cried he—"that whole promontory is ready to come down!"

A torrent of rolling stones drew our attention to the overhanging cliffs half a mile ahead, and, looking up, we saw that an enormous mass of rock was going to detach itself from the mountain-side. The split grew larger and larger;—from the valley below we heard the fearful cries of the *rancheros*, who had already seen the oncoming avalanche; but we could not help them, and in the next moment the promontory came down, with a crash that shook the mountains like an earthquake. A huge cloud of dust rose from the valley; ten or twelve houses had been completely buried, but by rare good luck the first shower of rocks had warned the poor people in time, and we learned afterward that they had saved all their children and the larger part of their cattle.

We had to make a five-mile detour to the left, and when we got back to the road on the other side of the promontory, we found a large crowd of natives congregated near the scene of the disaster. Ten or twelve of them had begun to clear the road,

but the larger number had gathered around a man who was performing a strange ceremony—an incantation, intended to propitiate the wrath of the fire-god to whom the Indians attribute the effects of the volcanic forces. In the far south-west a dim smoke-cloud curled up from the crest of the Andes: toward these mountains the sorcerer had turned his face, and high over his head he held a vessel with burning herbs, that diffused a peculiar aromatic odor. The Indians were so absorbed in their ceremony that they hardly noticed us, and, after watching them for ten minutes or so, we passed them in silence and continued on our road.

"That's a volcano-doctor," chuckled the Captain. "He makes them believe that he can bewitch the earthquake, and the poor wretches are silly enough to pay him for his hocus-pocus. There are volcano-doctors in every sierra, and they are sent for as soon as there is the least sign of danger."

"Can they tell an eruption beforehand?" asked Tommy.

"Not always," said the Captain, "but there are signs that can be generally relied upon—the opening of fissures in a mountain-side, for instance, or cold springs turning hot. Before the last outbreak of Mount Cotopaxi the snow on the peak began suddenly to melt, and the people of this neighborhood were once warned by a shower of sand from the clouds."

"Don't they sometimes hear a rumbling underground?"

"Yes, before earthquakes," said Don Matias, "but that is no infallible sign: about forty miles south from here there is a place they call the *Val de Bramidos*, or 'rumbling valley,' on account of the under-ground noises that have often been heard there—sometimes like continued discharges of heavy artillery. Twelve years ago the uproar lasted full three weeks, and at first all the *rancheros* took to their heels; but by and by they ventured back, and they have now found out that, in spite of all that racket, the Val de Bramidos is much safer than many of the northern villages."

"Is n't that the highway to Bogota?" asked Daddy Simon, when we crossed a broad wagon-road, paved with stones and stamped lava.

"Yes, that's the old military overland road," said the Captain, "though I can show you a much shorter way across the mountains. I have to inspect a sentry-post up there, and you won't repent it, if you come along: there is a glorious view from the ridge of the Sierra de Santa Maura, which alone would repay you; besides that, we shall have to pass a miner's camp, where they are washing gold from the mountain-creeks."

"Oh, yes—please let us go there," said Menito.

"I want to make my fortune before we get to Bogota—I need a new hat."

We camped that night near the hermitage of an old mountaineer,—Gil Hernandez, as the Captain called him,—who had made himself a snug home by fitting up a natural cave in the basalt-cliffs of the Sierra de Santa Maura; a homely-looking burrow from without, although the interior was as comfortable as any Spanish farm-house in the highlands. A larger cave farther up served him as a stable, and in the rock-clefts he kept a swarm of tame pigeons and martins. He was a most kind-hearted old fellow, and, seeing me bandage Tommy's sore foot, he offered to lend us his saddle-mule as far as Bogota, and to fetch it back himself the same day.

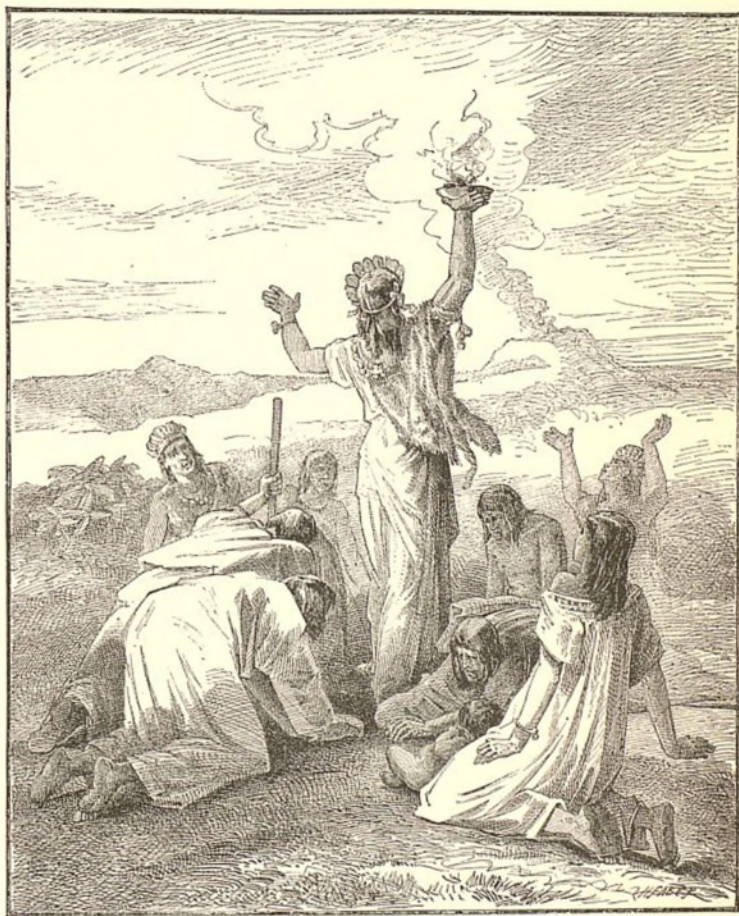
Next morning, the Captain waked us before day-break, and took us up to the top of the cliffs to see the panorama of the Andes, that stretched away for thousands of miles to the west and south-west. The glow of the twilight spread from peak to peak like a conflagration, and, when the sun rose higher, the summits became golden-red, while the light-blue heights of the central sierra revealed the shadows of every cliff and every ravine.

"Yes," said the hermit, "I would not give my home on this ridge for any king's palace in the lowlands; no fever, mosquitoes, or dust-clouds will bother you up here—no thieves nor bad neighbors. I have lived in these rocks nigh on sixteen years, and they've been the happiest years of my life."

He had built his cot on the very summit of the ridge, where his goats could find the short, sweet grass they call *yerba delgada*, in the Andes; the southern slopes of the sierra were full of berries of various kinds, and some three miles farther down was a valley the natives called "Santa Maria's Farm," on account of the abundance of wild potatoes and ground-nuts.

The hermit agreed to accompany us to the mining-camp; but before we reached it we stopped

on a little plateau where the Government had built a military cabaña, looking very much like the one where Captain Matias had first met us, three days before. The guardsman was Gil Hernandez's next neighbor, and he, too, had made himself a little farm around his place. We found him in a shed behind the cabaña, engaged in skinning a couple of condors. Below their rough outer plumage these birds have a sort of soft down that brings a good



"THE VOLCANO-DOCTOR."

price in the South American cities, and their enormous wing-feathers are used for different kinds of ornaments. Condors are much shyer than other vultures, but the Indians have devised an ingenious way of trapping them. They are great gormands, and when they have eaten all they can they are unable to fly up without first running along the ground, with flopping wings, so as to rise in a slanting direction; and knowing this, the Indians build a picket-stockade, about twenty yards in circumference, and

bait it with the carcass of some animal. On a clear day the condors rarely fail to make their appearance, and the hunter keeps out of sight until they have gorged themselves with meat, when he rushes up and attacks the old gluttons with a cudgel. They try to take wing then, but the narrow inclosure prevents them, and thus dozens of them are often killed in the same trap.

Four miles farther down we reached the mining-camp of Elmonte, in the valley of a creek that once might have been a pretty mountain-dell, but was now a vale of chaos, covered with mountainous heaps of wet gravel, fallen trees, and broken sluices. Some twenty Indians and Creoles were at work in different pits along the creek, and one of them seemed to be acquainted with our hermit and also with Captain Matias, for he shook hands with both and asked them to "jump in and try their luck."

"No, thank you," said the Captain, "but here are two boys who want to make their fortune; we have brought an extra mule along, in case they should find more than they themselves can carry."

"Come on," said the miner. "Here are picks and two trowel-spades; just help yourselves."

"Begin where you please," said the digger. "There's no saying where you may strike it."

Menito was an old hand at this business and went to work in regular Rocky Mountain miner style, but Tommy shoveled around at random, and examined every bit of gravel before he threw it away.

"Yes, it's all luck," said the miner. "I have known men to work a month in the same pit till they gave it up in despair, and another fellow jumped in and got out a handful of nuggets in twenty minutes."

"Please, is this gold?" said Tommy, not long afterward—"these little yellow grains, I mean," showing us a sample of his last shovelful.

"Now, did n't I tell you?" said the miner. "Yes, that's gold—gold-dust, as we call it. About seventy-five cents you made in ten minutes. Where did you find that?"

"Somewhere along the creek," said Tommy. "I do not remember the exact place."

"You don't? You will never find it again, then," said the miner. "You ought to have called me as soon as you found the first bit; may be we might have struck a vein."

"He is a new hand at this trade," explained the Captain.

"Oho, that accounts for his luck," said the miner. "Is n't it strange now? I never knew a person to try this business the first time in his life without striking a 'bonanza,' by sheer blind fortune; after you have been at it for a week or so, it's all work and no luck."

About a mile below the diggings, we came to the western slope of the sierra, and our road now went steadily down-hill through a most intricate maze of gullies and basalt-cliffs, till we reached the Spanish settlements in the plain of Bogota.

(To be continued.)



"CUT BEHIND!"

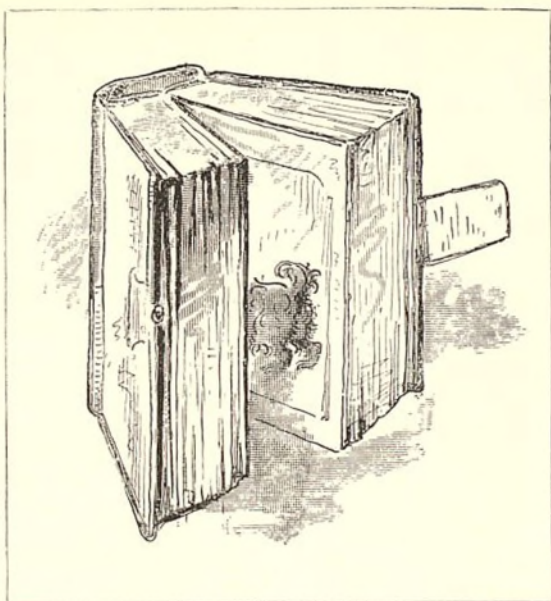
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DOG LOST!

BY S. K. BOURNE.



Oh, who has seen my doggy dear—he of the stubby tail—

He of the soft and liquid eyes, and melancholy wail?

No more I hear his gentle step, nor see his happy face,

When licking of his dinner-plate, or running on a race!

He was as ugly as they grow upon the Isle of Skye—

And that's what makes his loss so great, and made his price so high!

So tell me now, "ye wingèd winds that round my pathway roar,"

Will my dear doggy ne'er come back? Shall I ne'er see him more?

He was a brown and curly thing, who ran about the house,

And up and down the stairs he'd go, as still as any mouse;

I have never seen a dog so small, so horrible to see!

And will that darling, precious thing come never back to me?

Oh, no! he's gone! My heart will break! That terrier from Skye

Has left me for some other home! The tears fall from my eye.

Alas! If I should search the world, I know it could not be

That I should find another dog as ugly as was he.

And so I mourn my doggy lost. Good people join my wail:

He was the dearest little dog that ever wagged a tail.

He *was* so ugly! Precious dear! So blest I can not be

As ever to possess a dog as ugly as was he!

("U-r-r-r-r-r-r, Ow, Ow, Ow!")

But stay! What's that mellifluous sound that breaks upon my ear?

It is! Oh, can it then be true! It *is* his voice I hear!

And now, dull Time, bring all thy woes—I care not what they be—

Since my delightful ugly pet has been restored to me.

EUGENIO MAURICIO DENGREMONT.

BY MRS. JOHN P. MORGAN.

I WISH that all the children in the world might get together some beautiful June day, and then there certainly could be nothing more charming for them than that they should all be still for a while, and listen to the wonderful violin-playing of Eugenio Mauricio Dengremont, the child-artist.

Let me tell you what I know of him: He was born March the 19th, 1866, at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. His father, having other boys, as well as girls, and being a musician in moderate circumstances, had no idea of making musicians of his children, and did not dream that the son born to him this day was so gifted. But, at the age of four, Mauricio asked his papa to teach him to play the violin. This his father did not feel inclined to do. He was himself a violin-player in the theater orchestra, and felt the life of an ordinary musician an uncertain one and not desirable for his son; but the child never gave up the idea of being a violinist, and would leave his play at any time to stand near his father and eagerly watch his practice.

At last, in 1872, when the boy was six years old, his father removed to Montevideo, where he played again in the theater orchestra, whither the boy usually accompanied him. Here Mauricio begged so earnestly to study the violin that his father, taking him at his word, decided to gratify him, and said:

"Well, my boy, if you begin to study the violin, you will have to carry the business through."

"I shall do so, Papa," said the boy; and his lessons began.

He was so small! and so much in earnest! and his father spent hours bending over the tiny figure, and guiding the boy's little arm in the bowing. And now take notice, all boys and girls who "would so much love to play well, but can't bear to practice." Great as this child's natural gifts are, he, at first, practiced three and four hours faithfully every day. To be gifted, no doubt, makes the work easier, but a certain amount of real drudgery must be done by one who succeeds in any art, no matter how gifted he may be.

After four months' study, Mauricio could play the scales—and in thirds, also, (quite difficult on the violin)—as well and as rapidly as his father; and, besides, he played so remarkably that his father discovered him to be really a genius, as his name indicated, and so he faithfully and strictly attended to the boy's teaching.

After fourteen months' study, the father decided to allow the boy to give his first concert, but fearing lest his son might not have the self-control necessary for a successful public performance, he took him to a little town—Paysander—up the river, to make trial.

The concert at Paysander entirely satisfied the father of the boy's nerve and self-command, and, returning to Montevideo, he gave his first concert there to benefit the unfortunate victims of a railroad accident. Here his playing created a great excitement, and after that, every appearance of his in public concerts was an ovation.

Since this modest beginning in the South American town, the boy has been petted and flattered by all Europe, although he is singularly unspoiled, both son and father being of a generous nature. But I like to think of him, in his childish grace and beauty, beginning his musical career with this kindly deed. He seems to me capable of doing such a thing nobly.

After the concert in Montevideo, and a grand concert in Rio Janeiro, he left his brothers and sisters, and his mother,—whose personal beauty he inherits,—and went with his father to try his fortune in the Old World.

He went first to Lisbon; thence to Madrid, where he played before the King, and received no end of honors and decorations; and from there to Paris, where he gave ten concerts.

Think of it: scarcely ten years old!

From this time—1876—he had private lessons from Leonard, in Paris. These lessons hardly would have occupied more than a year, if given without a break, but they extended over a longer period, during which he traveled over all Europe, excepting Russia and Italy. Everywhere he met with great success.

Such is a meager history of this wonderful boy's child-life—enough, however, to give us hope of a glorious manhood for him, for Mauricio is not an unnaturally precocious child,—a forced hot-house blossom,—but a healthy, fun-loving, boyish boy, with buoyant animal spirit, and as ready for wholesome fun as for earnest study; and withal, certainly much more of a child than the average American boy of his age.

But, then, when his face is quiet, the violin under his chin, and his bow in motion, he is again something strangely above us,—a true musical genius.

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EUGENIO MAURICIO DENGREMONT.

[From a photograph by Anderson.]

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

NO. IX.—A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"WHY do I keep up that horrid habit of taking snuff?"

Perhaps, my dear boy, you would n't think it quite such a "horrid habit" if it had saved your life, as it did mine.

"Saved your life, Major?"

That's just what it did. What's the good of repeating what I said, in such a tone as that—just as if anybody had doubted it?

"Only wanted to hear the story," did you? Well, that's natural enough, boys, and I suppose I'm caught now, and in for telling it:

A party of three—myself and two negroes—had been collecting young animals. We had just captured a fine young rhinoceros and a very promising little crocodile, and had tied the captives in our wagon. We were taking a hasty meal before starting for home, when we perceived the parent animals advancing from different quarters to the rescue of their offspring.

In an instant our guns were cocked. Two aimed at the galloping rhinoceros, one at the waddling crocodile. We pulled together. One negro's bullet hit the reptile on the back; but he was a hard-shelled crocodile, and was n't a bit hurt. My gun and the other negro's missed fire. When we were struggling with the baby crocodile, the locks of our guns had got under water, and we had carelessly forgotten to unload and clean the weapons.

The oxen had not been yoked, and the wagon stood near a tamarind-tree, which we hastened to climb. The negroes got up it like monkeys, but I was indebted to the rhinoceros for the favor of a hoist. It arrived before I could pull myself up on the second branch, and it just managed to touch my foot with its horn, giving me a very useful and unexpected lift. The tamarind shook with the shock of the beast's charge.

Soon the crocodile arrived, too, and the blockade of the tree was complete. At first we had hoped the animals might contrive to release their young ones and retreat; but the cords had been too well tied, and the awkward parents could do nothing for their young without injuring the little creatures; so they waited on and on for their revenge. They were quite friendly to each other, and seemed to have formed a sort of alliance.

Half a hot day went by, and it became plain that the animals would outlast us, unless some-

thing turned up. They had two advantages over us,—in not being obliged to cling to branches, and in having water at hand, to which they went, one at a time, to refresh themselves. Before climbing, we had been forced to drop our fire-arms, wet and dry.

At last I got out my snuff-box, and took a pinch to aid my deliberations. I wondered whether the crocodile would think it "a horrid habit"; at all events, I thought it could do no harm to try. One of my negroes always carried whip-cord, to mend the whips and harness of the wagon. I borrowed this cord, and let down some snuff, in a piece of paper, within a few inches of the crocodile's snout, then I shook the string and scattered the snuff.

Shortly afterward, the crocodile made a sound so very human that I was almost going to call it a remark.

"Ackachu!" observed the reptile.

"Ackachu! Ackachu! Ackachu!" it repeated at intervals, opening its jaws wide every time.

The rhinoceros was surprised and grieved at this behavior on the part of its ally. It seemed undecided whether to take it as a personal insult or as a sign of insanity. This furnished me with an idea. I would sow the seeds of discord between the friendly monsters, and turn their brute strength against each other.

I could not get at the rhinoceros myself, but one of the negroes was just above it; so I passed him the box and the string, and directed him to give the beast a few pinches of snuff, as I had done to the crocodile.

The latter had just ceased sneezing, when, to its vexation and disgust, it heard the rhinoceros apparently beginning to mimic it.

"Ackachu!" remarked the rhinoceros; "Ackachu! Ackachu!" opening his mouth in the very way the crocodile had done.

It was too much for a crocodile to stand. To be mocked thus, and in the presence of its child! The blood of the Leviathans was up!

At this moment, we scattered the last of the snuff in the faces of both animals, impartially.

"Ackachu!" they roared, grimacing at each other hideously and threateningly for a few moments. Then they rushed to battle, uttering the same war-cry. "Ackachu!"

The rhinoceros had the best in the first round. He got his horn under the crocodile's lower jaw, and tossed it over on its back. The reptile now

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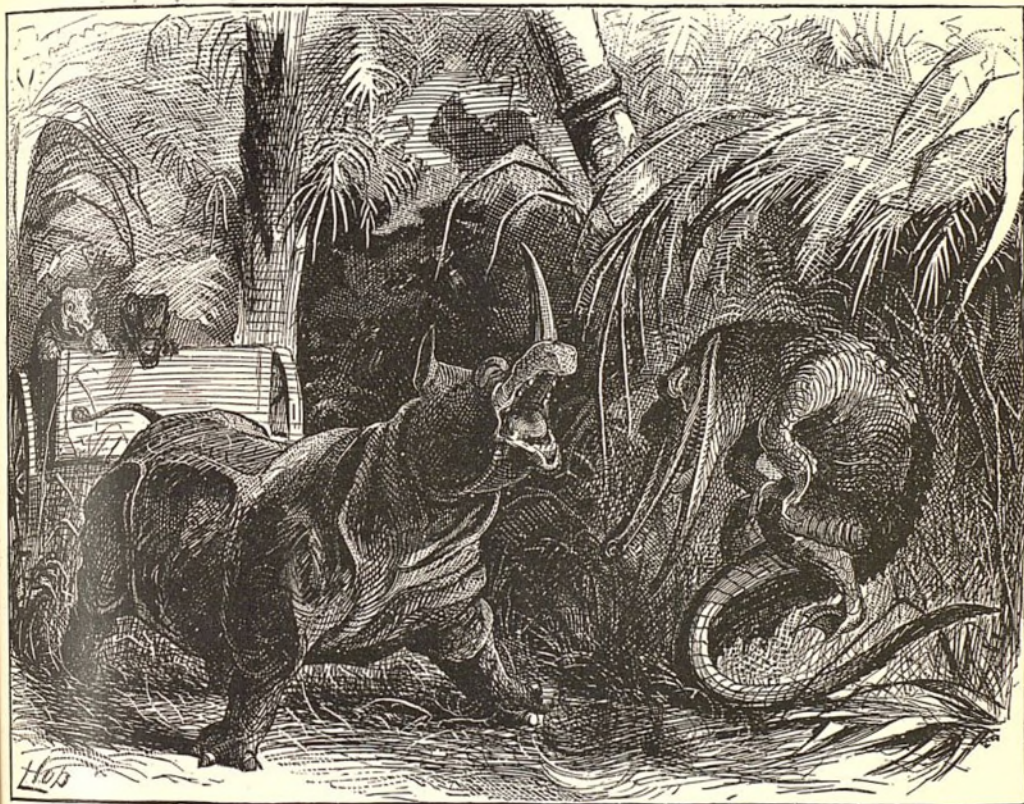
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seemed helpless, yet, with a sweep of its resistless tail, it knocked its enemy's fore legs from beneath him, and prevented his following up his advantage promptly. Soon, however, the rhinoceros got around the prostrate saurian, and was about to stamp upon the unarmored side of its body, when

must be numbered among the lost arts of snakes. There is a kind, though, that can as good as fly, and this may have deceived some respectable old pagans.

It was owing to my unlucky balloon that I got the chance of seeing this shy and retiring reptile.



"AKACHU!" SAID THE RHINOCEROS. "AKACHU!" SAID THE CROCODILE."

a convulsive sneeze came to the reptile's aid, and gave an electric energy to its muscles. With a triumphant "Ackachu!" it regained its feet, and clutched a leg of the rhinoceros in its huge jaws. This was turning the scales with a vengeance on the enemy, who now tried to crush the saurian's shell by means of his superior weight.

Such was the blindness of their fury that I now felt it was quite safe to descend and yoke the oxen. We drove off with their young ones before the very eyes of the monsters, who were too busy to note our departure. For the moment, their parental affection had been fairly snuffed out.

NO. X.—THE CATAPULT SNAKE.

"So you believe there were no such things as flying serpents in ancient times, Major?"

If the ancients were right, my boy, then flying

I was sailing over a grove, watching the antics of a parrot perched on the very top of a tall palm, when suddenly something like a bent arrow, or rocket, shot out of a lower tree, struck the bird, and sank down with it through the leaves of the palm.

Unlike an arrow in one respect, the strange missile coiled and curved in its passage through the air. Perhaps I should have likened it to a sling, dragged from the hand of an unskillful slinger by the force of the slung stone, and following the latter in its flight.

Anxious to read the riddle, I descended and anchored my balloon. Here, perhaps, I thought, was some new weapon, marvelous as the Australian boomerang, to grace my collection of savage arms. However, I saw no lurking savage, and no strange new missile, from the top of the tree on which I alighted; but I saw a family party of snakes on

the ground beneath. Two young ones were evidently being drilled by their parents in the mode of warfare peculiar to their race.

Placing the dead parrot aside, as the prize of valor or skill, the parent snakes formed a ring with their bodies. On entering this arena, each young one—by a strange contortion—formed a knot upon its gristly tail, and attacked the other with this artificial weapon. They would advance to the attack spinning like wheels, and, once within striking distance, down would come their knots with a surprisingly quick jerk. They could con-



"THE CATAPULT SNAKE STRUCK ME SHARPLY ON THE SHOULDER."

vert a circle into a straight line and a straight line into a circle, more rapidly than any professor of geometry I ever met; yet, though they hit each other several times, they seemed to do little damage, for these youngsters, of course, could not be expected to tie such hard and tight knots as their elders. A combat between two hardened old catapults—as I named these reptiles—would be a very serious matter, I should judge.

* [Strange to say, the remarkable Major has a foundation for his statement here. The records of some naturalists support him. If it is true, the viper certainly may claim disinterested parental devotion as an offset against its wicked ways.—EDITOR.]

This spirited tournament came to a sudden close. As I was straining forward to get a better view, a branch cracked beneath my foot, and the sound caught the heedful ear of the mother snake. In a second the wary reptile called "time," and issued a warning hiss; at which her well-trained offspring hastily retreated, jumping down her throat for protection.

The catapult is a great inventor—an Edison among snakes; yet it cannot justly claim a patent for this mode of sheltering its young in time of danger. Vipers and rattlesnakes are said to have practiced the same trick for a great many years.*

The color of the catapult is green; but it is not half as green as it looks. This I found out to my cost; for, although the mother had vanished beneath the long grass, the male began to make mysterious preparations for war.

He began operations by knotting his tail with an audible crack. He twisted its knotted end firmly around a projecting root of the tree on which I was perched. Then he reared his head toward a branch which lay directly between his tail and me. This branch, though seemingly too high, he reached with ease by simply shooting out an extra joint—for the catapult is the only serpent that is built upon the telescopic plan. Having grasped the branch in his jaws, he began shortening himself with wonderful contractile power, until his body, stretched between the root and the branch, looked like the string of a bent bow, or of a catapult at full cock.

I now thought it high time to set about unmooring my balloon, as I did not exactly know what to expect next. But, before I had untied the first rope, the snake unwound his tail from the root of the tree, let go his hold of the branch, shot himself into the air, and struck me sharply, with his knot, on the left shoulder.

The shock of the contact with my shoulder changed the snake's course in the air. He fell to the ground some little distance away. He was quite unhurt, and hastened to prepare for a second assault. However, I happened to be in as great a hurry as he was, and just when he had taken position for another flight, I let go my anchor-rope, and up went the balloon.

I had discovered what missile it was that killed the parrot, but I paid dearly for the knowledge. My shoulder ached for weeks afterward.



MAMMA, WHO IS READING THE LATEST NOVEL, BY THE WINDOW, IS DELIGHTED THAT LITTLE ROB SHOULD FIND SO MUCH FUN IN HIS LETTER-BLOCKS.

FAIRIES.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

"LITTLE fairy people!

Little fairy people!

'Tis your own midsummer day,

Hear the clock strike far away,

In the high church-steeple.

Come, you fairy people!"

So a little maiden sang

In the morning early;

Tying on her home-spun gown,

Tying up her tresses brown,—

Tresses long and curly,

In the bright morn early.

Nut-brown robin overhead

Listened to her singing;

Circled high above his nest,

Caught the sunlight on his breast,

Trills of laughter ringing

As he heard her singing.

Bees that swung in garden flowers,

Dressed in browns and yellows,

Heard her, though she did not know.

Buzzed their laughter to and fro.

Ah, what merry fellows,

Dressed in browns and yellows!

All around, without, within,
Sunbeams laughed and glistened;

And the brook beside the road

Rippled laughter as it flowed,

Dimpled as it listened

Where the sunbeams glistened.

"Fairies?" sang the brook and bees,

Sang the robin higher,

"If she wants them she must look

'Twixt the covers of a book;

They were never nigher!"

Sunbeams laughed close by her.

Still the little maiden sang,

Sweet the notes outringing.

To her childish faith supreme

Real was every tale and dream.

As the lark's upspringing,

Fresh and clear her singing:

"Little fairy people!

Little fairy people!"

Rang the accents sweet and gay,

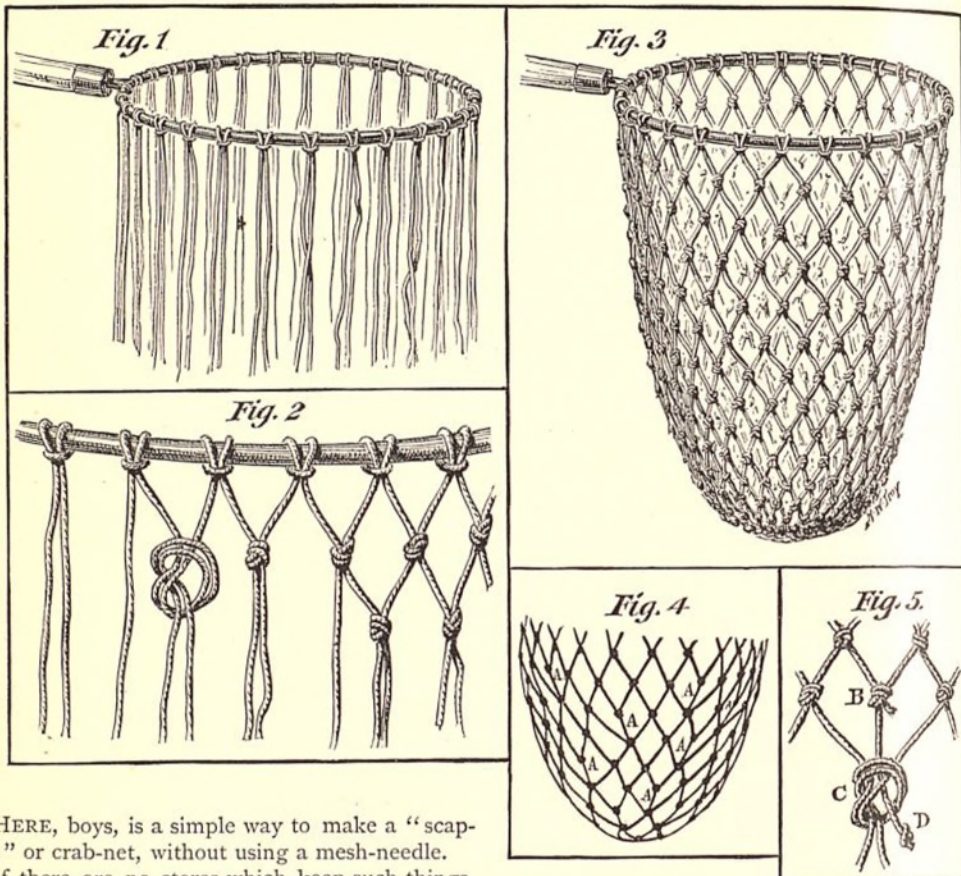
"Now the clock begins the day

In the high church-steeple!

Come, O fairy people!"

TO MAKE A NET WITHOUT A NEEDLE.

BY HENRY W. TROY.



HERE, boys, is a simple way to make a "scap-net" or crab-net, without using a mesh-needle.

If there are no stores which keep such things, any blacksmith can make the ring; and a pole is easily provided. The ring must have a spike to drive into the end of the pole, around which should be a ferrule to prevent splitting.

Having all ready, fasten the pole at some convenient height, so that the ring will be out toward you, and on a level with your eyes. Take a ball of twine and cut it in pieces three or four times as long as you wish your net to be deep. Double these and loop them, about one inch and a half apart, around the ring, as in Fig. 1. Of course they will be much longer than here represented.

Then, beginning anywhere, take two strings, one from each adjoining pair, and make one knot of them, as in Fig. 2. And so go once around the whole ring, before beginning the next row. Very little care and judgment will keep them even and regular. After five or six rows, you can begin

making the meshes smaller by knotting closer. Continue making them smaller until the knots become too crowded, when the opening at the bottom will be small enough to be tied across by the exercise of some home-made ingenuity. This will give a handsome-looking net, such as Fig. 3, which has the advantage of being strongest where the most wear-and-tear comes, and where other nets are weak.

But if you prefer to make the net lighter, and to narrow it like the regularly made nets, a method is suggested in Figs. 4 and 5.

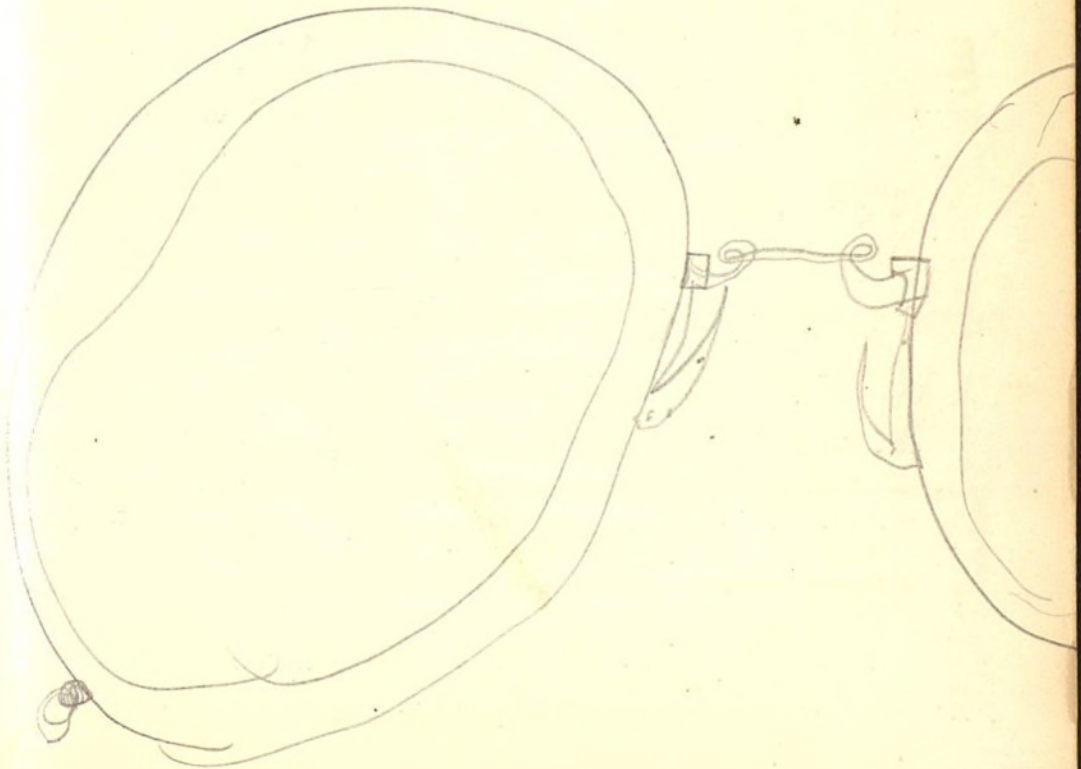
When you have made the requisite number of even rows, as before, begin narrowing by clipping off one string of a pair (see B, Fig. 5) at four places equidistant on the same row. Then proceed to knot as before, excepting at these places, where you



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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

[See page 727.]

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must take a string from the pair on each side of the single one, and knot them, allowing the single string to pass through the knot (C) before closing it. Be careful to make the tie long enough for the knot to come even with the others in the same row. Then pull down the single string, and tie a simple knot (D) in it, close up to the double knot. Then cut the string off close. Proceed in the same

manner with the next row, avoiding as much as possible having the dropped meshes come under one another. As you get down, you will have to increase the number of them in each succeeding row, in order to bring the net together at the bottom.

In this mode of finishing, the meshes toward the bottom need be made only a little smaller than those above.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

In order that all our readers may understand the frontispiece this month, we copy below, from *The American Historical Record*, some paragraphs relating the history of that famous song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

It was written during the war with Great Britain, which is generally spoken of in history as the war of 1812. The British forces had captured the city of Washington and destroyed its public buildings, and were preparing to attack Baltimore. Francis Scott Key, a patriotic American, and, at the time, a citizen of Washington, wrote to his mother, on the 2d of September, 1814 :

"* * * I am going in the morning to Baltimore, to proceed in a flag-vessel to General Ross. Old Dr. Beanes, of Marlboro, is taken prisoner by the enemy, who threaten to carry him off. Some of his friends have urged me to apply for a flag and go to try to procure his release. I hope to return in about eight or ten days, tho' it is uncertain, as I do not know where to find the fleet. * * * God bless you, my dear mother. F. S. KEY."

"The President, James Madison, granted Mr. Key permission to go, and he went with a friend in a cartel-ship,* under a flag of truce. They found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac, preparing to attack Baltimore.

"The British admiral agreed to release Dr. Beanes, but refused to let him or his friends return that night. They were placed on board of another vessel, where they were carefully guarded, to prevent them from communicating with their countrymen concerning the proposed attack. The vessel was anchored within sight of Fort McHenry, which the British fleet proceeded to bombard.

"The three Americans were compelled to endure all night long the anxiety of mind produced by the cannonade; and they had no means of knowing the result of the attack, until 'the dawn's early light.' They awaited that dawn with the most intense feeling. When it came, they saw with joy that 'the old flag was still there.'

"It was during this bombardment that Key,

spacing the deck of the vessel, composed that immortal song, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The rude, first draught of it was written on the back of a letter, and he wrote it out at full length on his arrival in Baltimore." Soon after, it was printed, and at once became exceedingly popular. "It was sung everywhere, in public and private, and created intense enthusiasm."

Although the famous song is no doubt well known to most of our readers, we here reprint it in full, as it was originally written by Mr. Key:

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

From the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner!—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may this Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST";
And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

*Cartel, or cartel-ship: A ship used in making the exchange of prisoners of war, or in carrying propositions to an enemy; it is a ship of truce, and must not be fired upon nor captured.

THE FIVE CATS.

By B. E.

LIT-TLE VIC-TOR was ver-y fond of dogs and cats, and all sorts of pets. But there was one thing he liked bet-ter than any pet, and that was to have his own way. There was a large cat in the house, which Vic-tor called his cat. Her name was Silk-y, and she was ver-y good for catch-ing mice.

One day, Vic-tor found four lit-tle kit-tens in her box; and his moth-er told him these were Silk-y's kit-tens. "Then they are mine," said Vic-tor, "for Silk-y is my cat, and her kit-tens are my cats."

"But I can not have so man-y cats a-bout the house," said his moth-er, "and I must give these young ones a-way as soon as they are large e-nough."

Then Vic-tor be-gan to cry, and he begged his moth-er so hard to let him keep the kit-tens that, at last, she said he might do so if he would feed them and take care of them. Vic-tor said he would al-ways do this, so his moth-er let him keep the kit-tens.

At first they ate noth-ing but milk, but when they grew big-ger they ate meat and bread, and man-y oth-er things. Vic-tor oft-en for-got to feed them, and then they would get ver-y hun-gry, and go a-bout the house mew-ing and whin-ing for some-thing to eat. The rest of the fam-i-ly did not like this, and his moth-er told Vic-tor that if he did not feed his cats she would give them a-way. Then Vic-tor prom-ised to do bet-ter, and for a few days he fed his cats. But he soon for-got a-gain to do this, and the cats be-came as hun-gry as be-fore.

One warm day, he took his bas-ket with him to the gar-den to gath-er some flow-ers for his moth-er. The cook had giv-en him a big slice of bread and but-ter, and he thought it would be a nice thing to eat this as he walked a-bout the sha-dy gar-den. But his five cats fol-lowed him, and mewed and whined, and begged so hard for some of the bread and but-ter, that he was o-blighed ev-er-y now and then to give them some.

Vic-tor did not like his cats to be-have in this way, and he said to his moth-er: "Sup-pose this whole world were full of cats, and on-ly one lit-tle boy to feed them. Would not that be bad?"

"Yes," said his moth-er, "it would be ver-y bad."

"It is not just like that," said Vic-tor, "but that is the way I feel."

"I think," said his moth-er, "that it would be well for you to let me give a-way some of the young cats."

"No," said Victor, "I want them all. They are my cats, and I will

try to teach them not to fol-low me a-bout and mew when I am eat-ing a piece of bread and but-ter."

"It would be bet-ter," said his moth-er, "for you to try to teach your-self to feed them at the prop-er time."

"I will try to do that," said Vic-tor. And for a few days he fed his cats at the prop-er time, and they did not trou-ble him at all. But he soon

for-got a-gain to do this, and the cats whined and mewed worse than they ev-er did be-fore. Then Vic-tor went to his moth-er and said: "Don't you think that one cat is e-nough for a lit-tle boy?"

"Yes, in-deed, I do," said his moth-er.

"And I think," said Vic-tor, "that a lit-tle boy ought to have a large cat, named Silk-y, who knows where to go to get her own food, and who nev-er went mew-ing af-ter him un-til he had five cats, who are so much trou-ble to feed that he could not al-ways re-mem-ber to give them some-thing to eat."

"Yes," said his moth-er, "I think the lit-tle boy had bet-ter keep Silk-y, and let his moth-er give a-way the young cats. And I think, too, that af-

ter this the lit-tle boy would do bet-ter if he should al-low his moth-er to de-cide for him what is right for him to do."

"I like to find out for my-self what is right," said Vic-tor, "but some-times it is a great deal of trou-ble."

"You will al-ways find that to be true," said his moth-er.

And then she gave away the four young cats.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I'M a plain Jack-in-the-Pulpit, young school-folk and play-fellows, as you all know, and given to speaking my mind, and what I wish to say now is this:

I do not want to be turned, this July, into a Jumping-Jack, as I generally am whenever the Glorious Fourth, as you call it, comes around. I want peace and quiet, and a chance to reflect upon this great country. But with cannon, pop-guns, and fire-crackers blazing, snapping, and banging about me, how can I do it?

It is n't rational, this noisy way of celebrating things; it's positively dangerous, and besides—

Hey? Oh, that 's it, is it? It would n't be the Fourth of July without it, eh? Oh, well—if that 's the case, Jack begs pardon, and—by the way, if you have n't any punk you 'll find any number of cat-tails growing down in my meadow, and you 'd better get some and dry them so as to be ready.

TWO BRAVE LITTLE GIRLS.

A LONG time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the Fort, and went down into a hollow, to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessie, her sister, not yet six.

All at once, the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians, with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them. But she looked all about, saw that some of the creeping Indians already were between her and the Fort, and—went on picking berries, as before.

Soon, she called aloud to Bessie, with a steady voice: "Don't you think it 's going to rain?" So

they both turned and walked toward the Fort. They reached the tall grass, and, suddenly, Emmy dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie, too.

"What are you looking for?" asked the little sister, in surprise.

Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the Fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gate safely closed behind them!

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves, the Fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.

THE TOES OF CATS.

K. L. HAS answered her own question, "How many toes has a cat?" which your Jack passed over to you in February. She says: "Cats generally have four toes on each hind foot and five on each fore foot, eighteen in all." The Little School-ma'am thinks that this answer is right, for, of course, deformed cats are not to be included.

Belle Baldwin quotes an old punning rhyme:

"Can you tell me why A hypocrite's eye Can best describe On how many toes A pussy-cat goes?	"A man of deceit Can best count-er-feit [count-her-feet], And so, I suppose, He can best count her toes."
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Answers came also from Edward F. Biddle—"Sarpedon"—B. C.—M. E. G.—S. E. Coyle—V. Meredith—Ella M. Parker—and Nelly Loomis.

A HEN-GOSSIP AND OTHER HENS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Please let me have room to say a word about some bird acquaintances of mine and their queer ways.

We have a hen who is a great gossip. She made a nest in the yard close to our kitchen, laid eggs in it, and sat on them. But, at every noise in the room, she would leave the nest and run to the kitchen-door, to find out what was the matter. I am sorry to say that all her chicks were born deformed in some way, and we have an idea that this was the lesson sent to her by Dame Nature to teach her to be less careless and inquisitive in future.

We have a hen of better character, though,—one who is noted for taking the most tender and tireless care of her own children, and also for helping chicks in distress. One day, she saw a chick drowning in a water-bucket, so she jumped upon the edge of the bucket, reached over, laid hold of the chick with her beak, pulled him out, shook him to get the water off, and then set the scared little creature on the ground.

And we had, too, some Shanghai hens, who cherished high notions of hen-dignity. They sat on the nest four deep, one on top of another; and, when the maid pulled them off, they ran to the rooster, and all three told him at once of her harsh treatment of them. The rooster immediately flew at the maid, and stormed at her so fiercely that she ran away. It was very funny to look at, but the maid did not like it at all.—Yours truly, F. M. LEE.

ST. CUTHBERT'S BEADS.

YOUR Jack is informed by his friend E. C. G., that queer, round, flat, little "stones," with holes in the middle—similar to the "button-molds" mentioned by Shirley Martin in his May letter to me—are found in northern England. There, the children who play with them call them "St. Cuthbert's Beads"; E. C. G. could not discover why. She learned, however, that these beads really are fossilized joints of ancient "animals," now known as encrinurans, which once had the appearance of flowers growing on long, jointed stems from the

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surfaces of rocks. Sometimes, the body parts also are picked up, and these the children call "lily stones," from their resemblance to lily blossoms.

At one time, these curious "animals" covered the bottom of the sea as thickly as a wheat-field is covered with growing stalks; and vast beds of marble have been found which learned men say are made of the skeletons of encrinurans.

If the Little School-ma'am were here just now, I'd ask her whether these encrinurans were not plants as well as animals—a sort of connecting link. I've been told that they were. Who knows about this?

WONDERFUL GLASS-MENDING.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I know of something so strange that I must tell it to you:

A naval officer, at a banquet given to some Chinese mandarins on board his ship, showed to them with great pride a handsome drinking-glass of European make, studded with golden stars. The mandarins admired it very much, but said that their countrymen could do work far more extraordinary than that. And they offered to wager that, if the glass were broken, a Chinese workman should repair it, preserving its beauty, and also its use as a drinking-vessel. The wager was taken up, the glass was crushed beneath a boot-heel into hundreds of pieces of all shapes and sizes, and the fragments were given to a Chinaman to be put together.

When I saw the repaired glass, it not only showed every one of its golden stars, but it seemed to be delicately veined all over, and sprinkled with shining dew-drops. On looking closely, the veins were found to be the joinings of the pieces, and the drops of light proved to be the sparkling ends of metal rivets. Each rivet was fastened within the thickness of the glass,—not one of them passed entirely through; and the goblet held water when only part-filled; but in the middle of the side was a hole of about the size of a pin's point, and one tiny fragment of glass was wanting.

And so the mandarins gained the wager, and proved the mending skill of at least one of their patient countrymen.—You

HOW SOME SWALLOWS TREATED A JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NOT far from your Jack's pulpit is a place where there was a deal of twittering and chirping among the swallows, very early in the spring. And above the din rose shrill cries of "unlucky swallow were in trouble." It was toward that he had been guilty of sleeping too long, that morning he had darted to and fro, each with some object in his beak, and, pretty soon, hanging by his wings, near one of the nests, he was plastered to the barn-wall. He was brought by his companions, who worked, while the hanging one was Deacon Green came out to see what was wrong; and he soon found that the unlucky swallow was dead.

But—would you believe it?—for a short time, the little fellow was back to his nest to enjoy himself too much, and his neighbors, who were a twinkling and began to wonder how the matter came out, came the Deacon again in his hand. He set a ladder against the barn, climbed up, released the swallow, poured water over him and

This settled the matter. The swallow immediately flew up, and "and-so-forths" in the air. He certainly was not so full for that; but he seemed to be of the day, somehow, and it was deeply

A SUSPENSION-BRIDGE OF ANTS.

MEN and monkeys make suspension-bridges; men build them with strong wire ropes, and monkeys make theirs by clinging to one another's tails. But there are other creatures that make suspension bridges—the Driver Ants of Africa—fellows half an inch long, with big heads that must have clear brains in them.

They work on a plan similar to that of the keys. A large ant takes hold of the branch of a tree with his fore legs, and lets his body hang; then another ant climbs down the branch, whose hind legs he clings, letting his body hang; and so the little fellows keep on, chain of them hangs from the branch, swinging until the ant at the top has reached the tree they wish to cross, and the chain is complete.

As soon as the chain is complete, the bridge, the branch, and the tree; the bridge is complete.

dreds of years before that bright idea dawned in the mind of a European.

Sun-pictures of a simple kind were made in the fifteenth century by Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, engineer, architect, chemist, and natural philosopher. The art was forgotten, but was re-invented in 1760. It again perished, but was revived by James Watt, the father of the steam-engine. A third time it was lost, but only to be found once more, and firmly established by a Frenchman, named Daguerre, after whom the new kind of picture was called, for some time, the Daguerreotype.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse invented, and compelled the use of, the electric recording telegraph, in 1844; but in 1746 a Frenchman passed electricity through more than a mile of wire; and in 1774—two years before the first Fourth of July—a man in Switzerland actually sent messages by telegraph.

Some inventions were brought out at the same time by persons so widely apart that neither of them could possibly know what the other was doing. Thus the quadrant—an instrument used in navigating ships—was invented at the same time by one man in this country and by another in Europe. * * * H. K. G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I have two sisters and one brother, all older than I am. We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it real well. We keep a few sheep. In the spring of 1880, one of our sheep had two lambs, and would own only one of them. So Pa told us that if we would take care of the rejected lamb, we might sell it in the fall, and take the money that it brought to get the ST. NICHOLAS. So we named the lamb ST. NICHOLAS, and nick-named it "Nic." In the fall, "Nic" was n't quite as large as the rest of the lambs, but Pa gave us three dollars, and said that "Nic" was his. We bought the ST. NICHOLAS with the three dollars.—Yours truly, ALTA HANSELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We want to tell your readers about our rabbits. Three years ago we had one young one given to us, which was black and white; but a boy killed it, and then we got another, which was white, and is alive now. Since that, we have had forty-eight, of which eight are alive now. Seven of them are about three weeks old, and can run around faster than the old ones.

When we feed them, we set a saucer of milk on the floor of the rabbit-house, and the old ones begin to drink first; then the little ones begin to come out of the nest, one at a time, and get around the saucer, and try to drink. All but one are silk-haired rabbits. They have all got bright red eyes.

We are eight and twelve years old.
Yours truly, ALICE AND FRANK LANSING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We Old-London friends of yours have been very much interested in reading the story of Mary Queen of Scots, which you lately gave us, for not long ago we went to Westminster Abbey and saw her tomb. It is very fine, and the beautiful alabaster figure of the Queen resembles polished ivory, and the face is supposed to be a perfect likeness of her. We also saw the altar erected by Charles II. to the memory of the little princes who were murdered in the Tower. The inscription says: "Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England; and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard, the Usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after lying one hundred and ninety-one years in the rubbish of the stairs, were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678."

We saw many things in the Abbey to interest us, and which many of your boy and girl readers would like to see, also.—We are your delighted readers, CARL AND NORRIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Frank Greenwood's letter which you printed some time ago suggested to me that I might tell your readers about our Bird-saucer, which we set on last summer for the birds to drink from. For a long time the only way we knew the birds used it was by finding feathers in the water, and, as we filled the saucer every morning, the feathers showed plainly that there were frequent visitors. One morning, however, when my brother opened his blinds earlier than usual, he saw a robin in the dish, dipping his head into the water, flitting his feathers, and having a glorious bath, while, patiently waiting within a few inches of the saucer, stood another robin and a sparrow, watching every motion, and eager to hop in the instant he hopped out.

But there is also a sad history connected with the little saucer. This autumn we had a new kitty, who proved to be a remarkably fine mouser, and I grieve to say an equally successful bird-catcher. I was puzzled to know how he managed to bring in every day an old bird, for I had found that only the young and foolish birds were easily caught. But one morning I discovered puss crouched behind the tree which shaded Robin's "free bath," all ready for a spring at a fine, large fellow, who was so deeply engaged in a thorough wash

that he had no eyes for puss, hardly for me. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to add that puss did not catch *that* bird; or how indignant he looked at me for interfering with his sport. After this, the dish was placed in the center of the lawn, where kitty could find no shelter near enough for his plans, and I am glad to report that he has brought in but one bird since. O. O.

THE best reply we can give to "An Anxious Mother's" letter concerning her little girl is the following poem lately sent to us by Miss Josephine Pollard:

THE HANDSOME MISS RANSOM.

Victoria Ransom
Was really quite handsome
And stylish, so every one said,
And it would n't have mattered
Had she been less flattered,
Or had a more sensible head.

But these declarations,
From friends and relations,
So pleased Miss Victoria, alas!
That most of the morning
Was spent in adorning
Herself by the aid of the glass.

So vain and so silly
Her actions were, really
Her claims as a beauty grew small;
And after a season,
With very good reason,
She was n't admired at all.

But Victoria Ransom
Still thought herself handsome,
And daily her vanity fed;
And in my estimation,
Each friend and relation
Was to blame for thus turning her head.

H. M. R.—1. Pitcairn's Island is but seven miles around.

2. It was peopled in 1789 by mutineers from the English ship "Bounty." In 1856 there was not room on the island for the descendants of the first arrivals, and all the inhabitants were removed to Norfolk Island. Three years later, twenty-one of them returned to their former home; in 1864 a company of twenty-seven went back; and the latest count shows that there now are ninety-five persons on the island,—all of them descended from the mutineers who first settled upon it.

3. Of these ninety-five, there are ten boys and seventeen girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen years, and forty-two children not yet twelve years old.

THOSE of our readers who were interested in the article on school-luncheons, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1877, will be glad to read the following frank letter from a school-girl of Coldwater, Michigan:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, I came across the piece entitled "School-luncheons." I thought that some of your readers would like to hear about a "spread" five fun-loving school-girls had. Each of us brought different things. I don't remember exactly what we each took, but we had a grand dinner. The bill of fare was bread and butter, cold meat, pickles, six kinds of cake, oranges, pop-corn, candy, and lemonade. The janitor's wife kindly gave us the use of her dining-room, and loaned us plates, knives and forks, etc.

I suppose the "Little School-ma'am" will be shocked at reading our *menu*, and still more to learn that we *each* ate *every* kind of cake. We gave our teacher a plate of pop-corn, oranges, and candy. She seemed to be much pleased. After our dinner we danced in the halls until we were ready to drop. We were all sick that afternoon.

We have had several spreads since that day, but I never shall forget that one.—Your constant reader, MABEL R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had a black kitten that I used to call "Jet," because he was jet black. Once I had a bad cold, and my cousin May was visiting me; we could not go out-of-doors because of my cold, so we had to find amusement in the house. Mamma gave me alum and salt water for my sore throat, so we played that "Jet" was sick, too. We put him in my doll's bed, which is quite large, and gave him some of the alum and salt water, with a spoon. But the strangest thing was that he seemed to like it, for, every time he came into the house, he would go right to the bed and get in himself.—Your little friend, NETTIE L. FROST.

HERE are some curious arithmetical facts and puzzles. Some of our readers may already have come across them separately elsewhere, but we now print them in one budget, as sent by A. G.

If the number 3 be multiplied by any number, the sum of the figures in the product will be 3, or a multiple of 3.

If any number be multiplied by 9, the sum of the figures in the product will be 9, or a multiple of 9.

If any number be divided by 9, and the sum of its digits divided by 9, the remainders will be the same.

If from any number you subtract the same number written backward (*i. e.*, the figures reversed), the remainder will be a multiple of 9.

The product of any two consecutive numbers can be divided by 2, and the product of three consecutive numbers can always be divided by 6.

The product of two odd numbers is odd, while the product of any number of consecutive numbers is even.

TWO PUZZLES: A man was carrying a cake of maple-sugar. It fell and broke into four pieces, and with those four pieces he could weigh anything from one pound to forty. What was the weight of each piece?

Ans. 1, 3, 9, 27.

Find three square numbers, which shall be in arithmetical progression.

Ans. 1, 25, 49.



AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—FOURTH REPORT.

OF the thousand members of the Agassiz Association, more have expressed a preference for the study of entomology than for almost any other branch. Curiously enough, the girls seem to be quite as fond of insects as the boys are. It is not difficult to account for this preference. The many-hued wings of butterflies flashing in the sun, the metallic gleam of beetles, the feathery grace and rich coloring of moths, the dreamy pinions of dragon-flies, the excitement of the chase, and, above all, the mysterious and symbolic changes which attend insect-life, shed a bright fascination about insect-study.

Attracted by this light, our boys and girls are fluttering about the homes of bugs and beetles very much in the same manner that bugs and beetles flutter about the lights in our human habitations. Let me, then, hasten to answer the three questions which are puzzling so many of our correspondents: How catch? how kill? how keep? By far the best way to catch a butterfly is to find a caterpillar; keep him in a glass box; feed him with leaves of the plant on which you found him; and watch him day by day, as he changes his various garments, "spins himself up" till he bursts or perforates his cerements and unrolls his wings, with every painted shingle in its place, his "feathers" quite unruffled on his head, and his six legs under him in unmutated entirety. Full directions for raising insects, making glass cases, etc., are contained in a little book called "Insect Lives," published at a dollar, by Robert Clarke, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In addition to this method of capture, you will need a light gauze net. Any boy can make one of these in half an hour. Get three-fourths of a yard of silk veiling; ask Mother to make a bag of it, with a hem around the top wide enough to run a pipe-stem

through; pass a thick wire through this and bend it into the shape shown in the little picture; fasten the ends of this wire to a light stick, five or six feet long, and your net is made. A third method of capturing moths is that of painting trees with a mixture of rum, beer, and sugar. This is done in the early evening, and later, lantern in hand, you go about from tree to tree and tap into your net the insects stupefied by the sweet but fatal sirup.



To kill insects, provide yourself with a wide-mouthed jar. A candy-jar is good. Lay three or four pieces of cyanide of potassium, the size of a walnut, on the bottom of the inside; pour over these plaster of Paris, made liquid by water, until the lumps of poison are covered. The plaster will quickly harden, leaving a smooth and deadly floor, on which any insect, when dropped, will quickly and quietly pass away. The jar must be kept stopped with an air-tight cover. It will keep its strength all summer.

Never pass a pin through a living insect.

Chloroform, etc., have no permanent effect on large moths. We have had some heart-rending experiences, which would satisfy you of this; but we spare you the pain of their recital.

But the greatest problem is how to preserve our specimens. Well do I remember my dismay at finding, on my return from a summer vacation, that the wretched little *Dermestes* had turned a fine collection of *Lepidoptera* into sad little heaps of sawdust, and broken legs, and antennae.

To prevent this destruction, beetles and other small insects should be soaked in a solution of arsenic in alcohol (fourteen grains of arsenic to a pint and a half of alcohol). *Of course, you should ask your parents, or some older friend, to attend to these preparations which I have mentioned, as great care is necessary in handling the poisons.*

Butterflies and moths should be pinned into cedar cases, made airtight and strongly guarded by lumps of gum-camphor or cyanide of potassium. In addition to these precautions, all specimens should be subjected to a rigid quarantine of a month before being transferred to the collection. Even then, eternal vigilance is the price of success. The cases must be carefully examined every month, and any indications of danger must be regarded. In such event, pour a few drops of chloroform into the case, and close the cover. This will drive the destructive creatures into sight from crack and cranny. Kill them, preserving one or two for specimens, and renew your previous precautions. In the Southern States, tin cases will prove effectual against ants.

Another paper must be devoted, at a later time, to this subject, and we must tell you how to prepare your specimens for the cabinet; but for the present we must be content with cautioning you to pin beetles through the right wing case, and not between the wings. Next time, we must tell about some of our most interesting chapters,—where they are and what they are doing.

By the way, our summer vacation will begin in a few days, and we shall be off,—the trout know where; so we shall be obliged to ask our numerous unseen friends to reserve their letters until the fall term calls us back to the Academy. Please send no letters between July 1st and September 15th. After that, address, as usual,

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

UPON THE
CROSS-WORD
To reproach
A prognost
mischievous
New England

THE CENT
spell the first
ACROSS: 1
To equip
labeled. 9. 1
conjunction.
lamer. 16.

ALL THE
letters name
CROSS-WORD
3. To sum
conjunction.
division of a
exclude. 15

I am comp
dated Septen
commander-i
My 43-34-
belonging to
voted in war
69-12, when c
13-60-30-47-10

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PATRIOTIC DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

UPON the day named by the primals, America gained the finals.
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sudden growths. 2. A constellation. 3. To reproach. 4. A deserter. 5. A vegetable. 6. Enormous. 7. A prognostic. 8. A quarrel between clans. 9. A jest. 10. A mischievous boy. 11. The art of reasoning. 12. An inhabitant of New England.

F. A. W.

MONUMENT PUZZLE.



The central letters (indicated by stars), when read downward, spell the first name and surname of a person famous in history.

ACROSS: 1. In cannonading. 2. Nourished. 3. A slender stick. 4. To equip. 5. Past. 6. A small barrel. 7. To possess. 8. A label. 9. To inquire. 10. An exclamation. 11. Crime. 12. A conjunction. 13. A sweet substance. 14. To praise. 15. A learner. 16. Part of a church.

EDWARD F. BIDDLE.

EASY CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described are of equal length, and the central letters name a national holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place for storing corn. 2. A small insect. 3. To sum up. 4. To fondle. 5. Quick. 6. To annoy. 7. A conjunction. 8. Bustle. 9. A black mineral. 10. Finish. 11. A division of a play. 12. Recompense. 13. A lyric poem. 14. To exclude. 15. Forever.

DYCIE.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

I.

My first is in surf, but not in wave;
 My second in valiant, not in brave.
 My third is in powder, but not in cap;
 My fourth is in crackle, but not in snap.
 My fifth is in rocket, but not in light;
 My sixth is in power, but not in might.
 My seventh in racket, but not in noise;
 My eighth in balance, but not in poise.
 My ninth in knapsack, but not in gun;
 My tenth in jubilee, not in fun;
 My eleventh in banner, but not in flag;
 My twelfth is in steed, but not in nag.
 My whole make "music" once a year,
 Young patriotic hearts to cheer.

S. T. P.

II.

My first is in knight, but not in earl;
 My second in fold, but not in fur.
 My third is in sleep, but not in wake;
 My fourth is in give, but not in take.
 My fifth is in sand, but not in shore;
 My sixth is in heart, but not in core;
 My seventh in coy, but not in bold;
 My whole is welcome to young and old.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and am a victorious dispatch, dated September 10, 1813, which a famous naval officer sent to his commander-in-chief.

My 43-54-1 is an inclination of the body. My 7-45-63-27 is belonging to me. My 52-28-32-9-48-14 is a plant extensively cultivated in warm countries. My 21-50-56-68-26 is purport. My 22-42-69-12, when deferred, "maketh the heart sick," says Proverbs. My 12-62-30-47-10 can be no worse. My 11-55-19-13-24 is a sweet

fluid. My 5-37-60-2-46-25-58 is an acid fluid. My 29-38 is aloft. My 3-54-31-40-8-51-35 is a lady who entertains guests. My 36-57-18-44 is to attend. My 66-23-16-67-49 is the product of a tropical tree. My 61-6-41 is atmospheric moisture. My 64-39-65-59-17 is a treatise. My 53-15-4-20 is part of the body.

M. WELLS.

EASY CONCEALED CITIES.

1. THE captain had the rebel fastened securely with many chains. 2. Carl is lending his books and toys continually. 3. Jessie has had a beautiful new portfolio given to her. 4. She gave me the box for drawing the design so carefully. 5. Come and see my kitten, Tab, at her breakfast. 6. The clasp is almost broken. 7. The boy has already walked over ten miles.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR WEE PUZZLERS.

I AM composed of twelve letters, and am the first name and the surname of a general of the Revolutionary War.

My 2-11-12 is a boy's nickname. My 3-8-10 is to flee. My 1-9 is a personal pronoun. My 7-4-6-5 is to appear white.

LIZZIE C. C.

CHARADE.

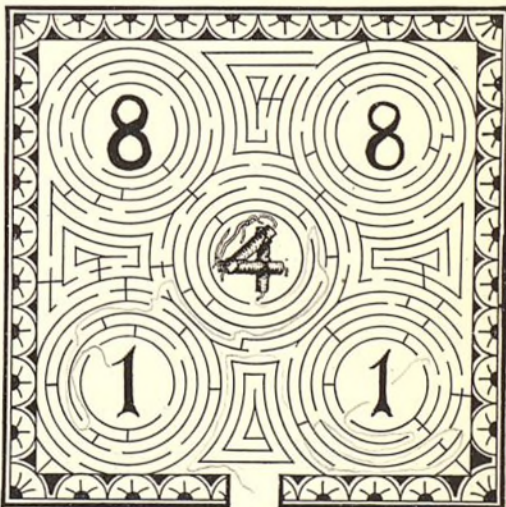
A CREATURE of time is my first,
 And time itself is my second,
 By which the days of one's life
 May always be safely reckoned.
 My second may nourish my first;
 My first may issue my whole;
 Animate and inanimate life
 I am, and I seek to control.

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAMOND.

1. In Andromeda. 2. The god of herdsmen. 3. The mother of Perseus. 4. What Pegasus might be called. 5. In Jupiter.

ALIDA B.

FOURTH OF JULY MAZE.



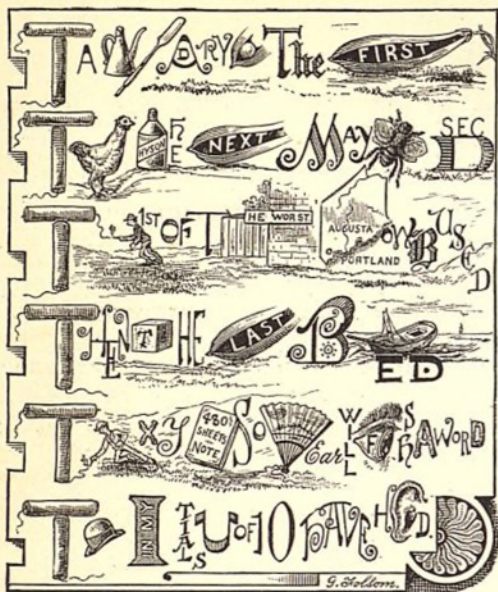
TRACE a way into this maze, without crossing a line, so as to enter the five circles, one after another, in the order of their inclosed numerals (which indicate the present year), reaching at last the fire-crackers in the center.

RIDDLE.

LITTLE 6-7-8 was neither a prince of the 6-7-8-9-10 family, nor a very good boy. One day his grandmother sent him to the store for a bunch of 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10; but instead of doing as she bade, he spent the 1-2-3-4-5 she gave him, and brought a rude 1-2-3 for his pet rabbit.

M. C. D.

PICTORIAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.



THE answer to the above puzzle is a word of six letters. To solve the puzzle, first read the pictures as a rebus, forming a stanza of six lines, each of which begins with a letter T. This stanza itself is an enigma, the solution of which reveals, in proper order, the six letters of the answer. G. F.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. TRANSPOSE a place where grain is stored, and make a sworn officer of an English forest. 2. Transpose a mournful piece of music, and make a range of mountains. 3. Transpose an omnibus, and make the barriers to openings in an inclosing fence. 4. Transpose a low, dwarf tree, and make the trophy of a fox-chase. 5. Trans-

pose a relishing condiment, and make that which produces a result. 6. Transpose wood sawed for use, and make a low, heavy sound. 7. Transpose the religion of Mohammed, and make bags for the conveyance of letters and papers. 8. Transpose covered with fine sand, and make thoughtful attention. 9. Transpose to climb by a ladder, and make delicate tissues of thread. 10. Transpose a substance used to give luster to metal or glass, and make a knave. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Ocean—canoe. 2. Words—sweat. 3. Cork—rock. 4. Huts—shut. 5. Manor—Roman. 6. Organ—groan. 7. Printer—reprint. 8. Mabel—blame. Pl. Spake full well, in language quaint and olden, One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine, When he called the flowers, so blue and golden, Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, in *Flowers*.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. PoPpy. 2. LeAve. 3. PANSY. 4. RoSes. 5. MaYor. II. 1. ViPer. 2. TrAil. 3. PANSY. 4. EsSay. 5. RhYme. III. 1. GyPsy. 2. CLAIM. 3. PANSY. 4. EaSel. 5. RoYal. IV. 1. MaPle. 2. SnAre. 3. PANSY. 4. MiSty. 5. StYle. V. 1. ApPle. 2. StAnd. 3. PANSY. 4. BiSon. 5. LaYer.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. May—Man—George—Rome (room)—The Woods—Society—Charles—Henry—Skye (sky)—Clear—Hartz (hearts)—Chili (chilly)—Morocco—Sandwich—Oyster—Bordeaux—Martha's Vineyard—Pearl—Ann—Negro—Scilly (silly)—Look-out—Nantucket (Nan took it).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June."

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE, in *The Ancient Mariner*, Part V.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials: Turkey. Finals: Greece. Cross-words: 1. ThonG. 2. UpRoR. 3. RenegadE. 4. KiE. 5. EpiC. 6. YorE.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

S	D
STY	DEW
STRAW	BERRY
YAK	WRV
W	V

GERMAN COUSINS. 1. Hut. 2. Mutter. 3. Kind. 4. Grab. 5. Den. 6. Herb. 7. Art. 8. Bad. 9. Fern. 10. Tag. 11. War. 12. Gift.—CHARADE. Nosegay.

EASY PICTORIAL ANAGRAM. 1. Sloop—loops. 2. Palm—lamp. 3. Anchor—Charon. 4. Sprites—stripes. 5. Spot—post—tops—stop.—EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. June.

DIAMOND. 1. O. 2. ASP. 3. LaTch. 4. OstRich. 5. Priam. 6. ACT. 7. H.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

SOLUTIONS of April puzzles were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Lillie Keppelman, Canstatt, 2—A. M. Gardner, 12.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from "Jessamine," 2—J. Milton Gitterman, 2—"Blanke Family," 17—H. A. Vedder, 10—H. Ickelheimer, 1—Walter K. Smith, 3—B. and G. Hallam, 2—Alice S. Rhoads, 4—Nellie Slidell, 3—Lottie Pearsall, 2—Mamie I. Stockwell, 3—A. Mabel Raber, 6—W. W. S. Hoffman, 3—Jane B. Haine, 1—May L. Shepard, 5—Willie R. Witherle, 3—Violet, 3—Alice B. Wilbur, 5—W. P. Measle, 5—E. L. Gould, 2—Howard Coale, 1—Florence Wilcox, 17—Kate T. Wendell, 8—Joseph G. Deane, 4—Hattie Varney, 6—J. H. Ingersoll, 3—T. G. White, 3—Reader, 1—Ruth Camp, 7—Frank S. Willock, 4—E. L. Gould, 1—George W. Barnes, 8—Effie K. Talboys, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 12—"Peasblossom," 1—Camille Giraud, 8—Lizzie McClannin, 1—A. H. Craft, 3—George Brown, 8—Clara L. Northway, 10—"Jessie," 15—Daisy Smith, 8—Henry C. Brown, 18—Annie W. Ingle, 4—Willie F. Harris, 12—Mrs. J. B. and Leon Stevenson, 6—Puss and Bob, 5—Gracie L. Street, 6—V. E. L. H., 14—Maude G. Fiero, 6—Edward Vultee, 18—Nannie M. Duff, 1—Mabel Thompson, 7—John W. Stebbins, 3—C. A. C., 13—John W. Wroth, 13—Gustav and Albert Tuska, 5—Kate Reynolds, 6—Bella A., 4—Frank G. Newland, 9—Rose I. Raritan, 8—Blinkenhoff, 6—Paul England, 3—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Barclay Scovil, 2—Caroline Larrabee, 6—"Professor & Co.," 12—Lalla E. Croft, 3—Bessie and Edith Nesbitt, 4—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 9—Alice Taylor, 4—W. Eyes, 18—Edith Boyd, 2—"Mignonette," 6—Marion and Daisy, 4—Henry Kerr, 13—Frank R. Heath, 13—J. Harry Robertson, 4—Buttercup and Daisy, 4—M. H. Huntington and E. K. Francis, 10—J. W. G., 2—Sadie B. Beers, 6—Marion Booth, 6—X. Y. Z., 8—Minnie Van Buren, 3—Annie C. Holton, 5—Percy Ryan, 1—"Wall and Thisbe," 13—Clara and Joe, 15—Maud E. Benson, 1—"Mauch Chunk," 15—Puzzler, 2—C. H. Young, 18—Ellen L. Bryan, 11—Lewis P. Robinson, 2—Jeanie and Edward Smith, 9—J. S. Jenks, 18—Rosie A. Palist, 4—"Phyllis," 12—Mabel Wagnalls, 5—"George and Frank," 17—Mary M. Mallison, 1—Isabel Bingay, 10—Alice Allsworth and Eleanor B. Farley, 4—Wisconsin, 8—Lilla and Daisy, 7—Sallie Viles, 16—Irrington, 15—Rubie and Grace, 13—Clara Mackinney, 7—Frank P. Turner, 17—"North Star" and "Little Lizzie," 9—Lulu M. Hutchins, 13—Daisy and Smith, 6—L. H. B., 12—G. Dreeme, 5—M. E. Hall, 9—B. C. C., 1—Belle and Bertie, 15—J. B. Bourne, 3—B. B. Potrero, 11—Daisy and Buttercup, 6—Florence, John, Alice, and Clem, 5—"Oakland," 11—A. P. Slone, 3—Letitia Preston, 4—P. S. Clarkson, 15—Fred C. McDonald, 18—Daisy May, 18—Thomas Denny, Jr., 3—Howard C. Warren, 14—"Queen Bess," 17—Lizzie Nammack, 13—Fred Thwaites, 18—Fanny Pellette, 12—"Chuck," 17—"Manuscript," 8—Bettie and Harry Stromenger, 5—Annie Mills and Louie Everett, 18—Lizzie C. Carnahan, 11—"M'liss," 5—J. Ollie Gayley, 6—Susie Goff, 7—M. M. Libby, 15—Chas. S. Emerson, 5—Katy Flemming, 11—Maie Stevenson, 1—George Totten Smith, 1—Gracie Hewlett and Lulu Crabbe, 18—Robert A. Gally, 10—C. G. Brownell, 16—O. W. and R. Y. Y., 9—E. M. and R. H. Pomeroy, 9—Alex, 8—From Va., 1—Madge K. L., and Frank Smith, 7—Gussie and Julia Larabee, 15—P. and I., 8—"Amos Quito," 9—Ed. C. Carshaw, 11—Willie and M. Conant, 13—Belle W. Brown, 12—Florence G. Lane, 8—Herbert Barry, 18—"Carol and her Sisters," 15—"Trailing Arbutus," 3—Virginie Callmeyer, 12—F. Benedict, 1—Willie F. Woolard, 3—Willie T. Mandeville, 9—Arlchie and Hugh Burns, 9—Alice Maud Kyte, 18—Florence Leslie Kyte, 18—"So-So," 12—L. and W. McKinney, 13—Sophie M. Geiske, 7—J. S. Tennant, 13—Harriet L. Pruynt, 3—Carrie and Mary Speiden, 11—Ella M. Parker, 5—C. J. and P. Durbrow, 18—Ella Boudy, 3—Harry H. Knowles, 13—Dycie Warden, 13. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

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8—Lizzie
18—Annie
—Maude G.
7—Gustav
—England, 3—
Nesbitt, 4—
—Frank R.
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—Maud L.
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